

BELTWAY CONNECTIONS

"Pilot"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE: Reston, Virginia - 2025

Hunched over his chair, TYLER JENKINS (early 40s) looks wearily over his shoulder. The suit and tie have seen better days, as have the bags under his sunken eyes.

BARTENDER (V.O.)
What'll you have?

TYLER
Bourbon. On the rocks.

BARTENDER
Sure.

Through dim lighting, Tyler checks his surroundings again. He's weary alright. But the bar is nearly empty.

TYLER
(mutters)
Alright, Tyler. Get a grip.

Tyler opens up a notebook, begins writing.

BARTENDER
Here you go.

TYLER
Thanks.

Tyler closes his eyes as he sips the bourbon.

INT. DORM COMMON ROOM - AFTERNOON [FLASHBACK]

SUPERIMPOSE: Gainesville, Florida - 2000

YOUNG TYLER and YOUNG CALEB, friends in their early 20s, play chess at a round table in a Spartanly decorated room.

YOUNG CALEB
This year's Rush is riding on this.
Can I count on your help again?

YOUNG TYLER
What else are old friends good for?

Young Caleb grins. He knocks over Young Tyler's Queen with a Knight.

YOUNG CALEB
Good, glad to hear it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get over to the House.

He rises, reaching for his sunglasses.

YOUNG CALEB (CONT'D)
Oh, and Tyler...

Tyler sees it.

YOUNG CALEB (CONT'D)
Checkmate.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tyler opens his eyes. It's 2025 again. He drains the glass.

TYLER
Give me another!

BARTENDER
Coming right up.

The bartender reaches for an remote. With a click, a television begins playing the news.

NEWS ANCHOR
Officials continue to negotiate a cease-fire in the trade war with Europe. They are hopeful that--

Click! A different channel.

ANNOUNCER
--Next on NBC. Friends: The Next Generation.

Another click.

SPORTSCASTER
Nationals won in the 10th inning against the Braves, extending this year's unexpected winning streak--

Tyler sighs. After tearing a sheet out, he stuffs it in an envelope.

TYLER
--Do you mind?

The bartender grunts. He finds the bourbon and fills Tyler's glass a second time.

Tyler drains the glass again.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MOMENTS LATER

An electric car whizzes by. Rosy-cheeked, Tyler walks quickly along the sidewalk.

He turns a corner and sees the distinctive blue of the mailbox set against empty newspaper bins and graffiti. This neighborhood has seen better days, too.

He pulls out a handful of envelopes.

He looks over his shoulder. He's definitely paranoid now, and maybe a little drunk. The street is empty.

He opens the mailbox.

TYLER
(whispers)
Checkmate? Not this time, Caleb.

The envelopes fall in with a soft thud.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN

The sun rises. The Lincoln Memorial. Washington Monument. Traffic fills up the city streets around the familiar landmarks of the capital.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Senator Adams's office, Kelly
speaking. How may I help you?

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

An elegant, brightly-lit room. Behind a large wooden desk sits a RECEPTIONIST. She types on a flat touch-screen keyboard as she listens in her ear piece. She nods.

RECEPTIONIST
Yes, yes-- that's an interesting
point. The Senator--

She's interrupted. She rolls her eyes.

JEFF SIMON enters. A few years out of college, Jeff's calm demeanor helps in his job as the Senator's press secretary.

The Receptionist points to her ear piece and silently mocks the caller's verbosity. Jeff laughs as he exits into...

INT. STAFF WORKSPACE - MORNING

A cubicle farm. Each desk is rather clean, with stacks of compact discs on shelf space that once held briefing books.

He pulls out an iPad, and attaches it to a docking station at his cubicle. He turns on the television above his cubicle, which is preset to CNN.

CNN ANCHOR

The Senate is expected to take up the nomination of Peter Easley later this week. The Supreme Court pick could tilt the balance--

Jeff mutes the television. Time to get to work.

Needing a break, the Receptionist visits, sans ear piece.

RECEPTIONIST

You're here early.

JEFF

Important day.

RECEPTIONIST

Hopefully.

JEFF

Is he over there now?

She checks her watch, and nods.

RECEPTIONIST

He's probably already raving about their menu.

INT. BISTRO 525 - EARLY MORNING

An upscale eatery near the Capitol building.

SENATOR ADAMS and the MAJORITY LEADER are talking. The Majority Leader, in his mid 60s, eyes the younger Senator Adams (in his early 40s) through a thin pair of bifocals.

SENATOR ADAMS

So that's why I always order their
Southern Omelet.

Senator Adams grins as a waiter delivers the same and gives
the Majority Leader a plate of Eggs Benedict.

MAJORITY LEADER

Maybe I'll try it next month.

SENATOR ADAMS

Great. I guess now we can talk.

MAJORITY LEADER

Let me guess - you want the Supreme
Court seat?

They laugh.

MAJORITY LEADER (CONT'D)

Okay... so we're talking NASA?

SENATOR ADAMS

It's been fifteen years since we
took its mission seriously.

MAJORITY LEADER

But how are we going to fund it?
The Republicans have already
squeezed Medicaid twice this year.

SENATOR ADAMS

I have a few ideas.

EXT. RESTON VILLAGE - EARLY MORNING

A blue sedan whizzes to a stop. A group of condominiums.
Yellow crime tape marks a broken, blood-stained window.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON steps out of the sedan. Early 40s female.
Wicked smart, her experience allows her some self-assurance.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

New day, new crime.

A sharp intake of breath. Through an arched entrance.

Two OLD LADIES give statements to a PATROLMAN.

A youthful OFFICER WATSON takes notes outside the crime
scene. He notices the Detective. Suddenly self-conscious.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
What do we have today?

Officer Watson clears his throat.

OFFICER WATSON
Suicide, Detective.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Shall we?

OFFICER WATSON
Yes, ma'am.

They duck under the crime tape and enter--

INT. TYLER'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

A forensic PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures. A typical reporter's apartment. No obvious signs of distress.

OFFICER WATSON
Middle-aged male. Gun shot wound
to the head. An exit wound.
Bullet breaks through the window.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Foul play?

OFFICER WATSON
Door not locked. No forced entry.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Any note?

Detective Thompson checks the window seen from the road.

OFFICER WATSON
Not that we can tell. But an e-
mail could have gone anywhere.

The victim is still sitting at his computer.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
My God. Tyler Jenkins.

The same Tyler from the bar!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TYLER'S CONDO - MORNING

A camera light flashes. A grandfather clock chimes. Detective Thompson re-enters, still talking on her cell.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Thanks so much.

She hangs up and pockets the phone. She looks around the modest apartment, getting her first good look at the place.

Many clocks in the living room, from a grandfather clock in the corner to a time piece on the mantle. Modest decorations. A lot of crates and boxes.

She steps into the kitchen, where a piece of dried-out steak sits in a pan on the stove. Grimy dishes in the sink.

She returns to the victim's desk.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
The apartment is a mess.

OFFICER WATSON
Yes.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Own or rent?

OFFICER WATSON
Uh, rent. Victim moved in three months ago.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Where's his family?

OFFICER WATSON
Uh...

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
He had a wife. She needs to know.

Detective Thompson circles back through the living room. She eyes the television monitor. Next to it is a small docking station for an electronic device.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
The victim owns an iPad.

OFFICER WATSON
Not on his person. I didn't see--

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
--Find it.

INT. BISTRO 525 - MORNING

Senator Adams and the Majority Leader rise from their table.

SENATOR ADAMS
Thank you for your time, Mister
Leader.

MAJORITY LEADER
The pleasure was mine, Senator.

Senator Adams turns to leave.

MAJORITY LEADER (CONT'D)
Oh, Mike. What do you think, of
the Easley thing?

SENATOR ADAMS
Huh. You know, to be honest, I
hadn't given him that much thought.

MAJORITY LEADER
Really?

Senator Adams's phone rings. He checks the caller id.

SENATOR ADAMS
Thanks for the breakfast.

He exits. The Majority Leader sits back in his chair,
closing his eyes.

Someone else arrives. An intense lobbyist in his mid-40s,
CALEB LOCKWOOD, has a wardrobe matching his expensive tastes
and sharply cut demeanor.

Caleb coughs. The Majority Leader opens his eyes, frowning.

MAJORITY LEADER
We may have some work to do.

CALEB LOCKWOOD
Yes.

MAJORITY LEADER
It's time for you to earn that high
fee of yours.

CALEB LOCKWOOD
Don't worry. I'm worth it.

EXT. RESTON VILLAGE - MORNING

Detective Thompson walks over to the two old ladies.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Mind if I ask you a few questions?

OLD LADY #1
No.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Did you know Mr. Jenkins?

OLD LADY #2
A nice young man.

OLD LADY #1
Always said hello at the mailbox.

OLD LADY #2
He was a morning runner, too.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
How about yesterday? Anything
unusual?

A camera flashes. A shout. Several people waving cameras and smartphones are elbowing each other to get to the arched entrance. Detective Thompson moves to stop them.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Excuse me. This is a crime scene.
Back away.

REPORTER #1
What brings the famous Yasmine
Thompson to Reston Village?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Police--

REPORTER #2
--Is it a murder?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I'm not at--

REPORTER #1
--What do you think about the
hearings in the Senate?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I have not paid any attention to--

REPORTER #2
Do you think Mr. Easley can be
trusted, after what you found out
about Justice Browning?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I investigate crimes. I don't
speculate about politics.

She turns to leave. The patrolman blocks the reporters from
getting in.

REPORTER #1
Can you tell us anything?

REPORTER #2
Detective!

Detective Thompson shrugs.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
What vultures.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A muted monitor shows an empty Senate floor. A quorum call.

An open, well-lit space with plush chairs and a glass
entrance. College-age INTERNS answer phones.

SENATOR ADAMS (O.S.)
No, I'm not saying that. I'm
saying he may give us a hearing.

Senator Adams enters with a phone to his ear. He is tough-
minded but approachable. The kind of boss that might expect
you to work late, but only if he is working late too.

Still, his appearance causes a commotion among the STAFF.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
Yes, that is good news. I'll talk
to you later. Bye.

He pockets the phone and rushes past the reception area.

INT. STAFF WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS

Senator Adams stops at Jeff's desk.

JEFF
 Senator, Helen Baker of the
 Washington Post called-

SENATOR ADAMS
 I don't have time for press this
 morning.

JEFF
 I under---

SENATOR ADAMS
 --What was this about Tyler
 Jenkins?

JEFF
 He's in the news.

Jeff taps his iPad. A video plays on the television of a
 REPORTER speaking with bated breath outside a police station:

REPORTER #1
 You've heard it here first: Tyler
 Jenkins, noted reporter, committed
 suicide late last night. Stay
 tuned to eye news dot com for more
 on this developing story.

The feed ends. The Senator sinks into the nearest chair.

SENATOR ADAMS
 Tyler's dead?

INT. DORM HALLWAY - AFTERNOON [FLASHBACK]

SUPERIMPOSE: Gainesville, Florida - 2000

ADAMS is much younger now. He seems shy, even bookish. His
 clothes are not stylish but faded, maybe even secondhand.

He knocks. Young Tyler, an eager-to-please Resident
 Assistant, pulls back the door. A happy, childish grin.

YOUNG TYLER
 Hi! What can I do for you?

ADAMS
 Eh...

Adams lifts up a blue object.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
 I found this in my room.

YOUNG TYLER
You know, I've just been looking
for this!

Young Tyler re-enters with the object. Adams follows.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Young Tyler sets the object on his desk.

 ADAMS
What's so special about it,
exactly?

 YOUNG TYLER
You're not serious?

 ADAMS
It's just a model phone booth,
right?

 YOUNG TYLER
 (laughs)
No, it's a TARDIS.
 (beat)
You know, from Doctor Who?

 ADAMS
Haven't watched it.

 YOUNG TYLER
That's your loss... Mike? Right?

 ADAMS
Mike Adams. Yep.

They shake hands.

 YOUNG TYLER
Name's Tyler. Welcome to Willard
Hall. You're gonna love Florida.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - DAY

It's 2025 again. Senator Adams and his SCHEDULER walk in.

One wall prominently displays a framed, autographed Gator
basketball jersey. An unfinished chess game sits near a
window. Pictures and news clippings fill the other walls.

SENATOR ADAMS

It's such a shame. He was a good man and a good reporter.

Senator Adams turns on a muted television.

SCHEDULER

Senator, is there anything--

SENATOR ADAMS

--See if you can get a hold of Mrs. Jenkins for me.

SCHEDULER

Yes, sir.

SENATOR ADAMS

Thanks, Adrian.

SCHEDULER

You have some time before your lunch with the Florida Teachers Association.

SENATOR ADAMS

Do you have the callback list?

She hands it to him as he drops a tattered, old leather-bound notebook on his desk. A dull thud.

SCHEDULER

I'll get a hold of Mrs. Jenkins.

SENATOR ADAMS

Thanks. That's all for now.

She leaves. Senator Adams looks at the list. He recognizes one of the names instantly.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

Yasmine?

INT. MIKE'S DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON [FLASHBACK]

A brand-new leather-bound notebook stacked atop textbooks.

Adams scribbles a word onto a legal pad, tears off the page, and folds it in half. He dumps it into a baseball cap.

ADAMS

Anthropology goes into the pile.

A modest room of identical twin furniture, and a number of unopened moving boxes. One wall is emblazoned with a 2000 Democratic National Convention poster.

That poster belongs to DAVID, Adams' Jewish best friend. David's ever-present smile cannot help make everyone around him comfortable.

David sits on a bed with an open course catalog. He reads.

DAVID
Accounting or business?

David's girlfriend LAUREN shakes her heads. Her cheerleader-like good looks belies an incredible intelligence and appreciation for academics.

LAUREN
You can't pick a major like this!

DAVID
Why can't he? If it doesn't work, he'll change it. Besides, not all of us knew what we wanted to do since eight grade.

ADAMS
Business it is. Next?

DAVID
Pre-med or pre-law?

LAUREN
Well, I happen to think--

ADAMS
That's easy. Pre-law.
(pause)
Sorry, Lauren.

A knock. Young Tyler enters, holding a small stack of postcards.

YOUNG TYLER
Mike? Oh, hello! You must be David. And this is?

DAVID
Lauren.

YOUNG TYLER
Hi. You've all settled in?

DAVID
Yeah, I guess.

YOUNG TYLER
Good. If you need anything, just
stop by my room whenever.

ADAMS
Sure. Thanks.

YOUNG TYLER
And if you're looking for something
to do, you should check out the
events planned for this week.

ADAMS
Like?

Young Tyler hands out postcards.

YOUNG TYLER
Tonight, for example, we're holding
a Karaoke Night.

ADAMS
(stifling a laugh)
Really?

YOUNG TYLER
Yep. In the basement.

ADAMS
Thanks.

Young Tyler nods and leaves.

LAUREN
You know, maybe we should go.

ADAMS
Do we have to?

DAVID
Oh, come on! There'll be music.
Dancing. Girls.
(beat)
Picking a major can wait.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - DAY

It's 2025 again. Senator Adams scribbles on a Post-It note and attaches it to a page of his leather notebook. The underlined note reads: "Yasmine".

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NOON

Detective Thompson slams a file down on the table.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I can't believe this!

POLICE CHIEF
Mrs. Jenkins was the one to get his
goodbye via e-mail.

Detective Thompson snorts, and flips open the file.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
"Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have Immortal longings in me."

POLICE CHIEF
Shakespeare. Cleopatra's suicide.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Only because she expected the
Romans to humiliate her before
killing her anyway.

POLICE CHIEF
And you think he really meant it
the same as Shakespeare? Do you
have any proof for such a theory?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
No. But there was no clear sign--

POLICE CHIEF
--I can't officially reopen this
case, even for a freelancer with
your stellar record, Detective.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
But chief--

The police chief raises a hand to stop her.

POLICE CHIEF
--Mr. Jenkins killed himself. I'm
sure of it.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
That's not good enough!

POLICE CHIEF
Then you're on your own.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Outside, the overcast sky covers the Capitol with shadows.

A knock.

Senator Adams glances down at the unfinished chess game. He picks up a postcard from the stack. He sighs.

The Scheduler enters.

SCHEDULER

Senator? Congressman Roberts asked for any five minutes you can give.

SENATOR ADAMS

I'll meet with him as soon as he can get here.

SCHEDULER

Yes, sir. And Detective Thompson is on line two.

She leaves. The postcard flutters out of the Senator's hand and lands on the end table.

His hand shakes as he grabs the phone. He slowly breathes out, and smiles.

SENATOR ADAMS

Detective. It's been a long time.

INT. DORM STAIRWAY - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

It's the year 2000. A sign with a directional arrow reads: "Willard Hall Basement". Adams, David, and Lauren follow the sign down the stairs.

DAVID

The convention was--

LAUREN

--Crazy. Packed.

DAVID

And amazing!

Adams laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Seriously! I can't wait to help
the College Democrats.

The trio stop at the base of the stairs. Behind a table,
Tyler hands them markers and name tags.

ADAMS
Thanks!

After affixing their name tags, the trio enter.

INT. DORM BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A large, semi-circular basement with a small gathering of
PARTIERS. Modest decorations: a karaoke machine and
refreshments. A STUDENT sings badly.

LAUREN
I'm so glad we made it.

DAVID
Yeah, but it has potential.

ADAMS
It's no political convention, but I
was hoping for... I dunno.
Something.

Young Tyler arrives. Right behind him is a younger THOMPSON,
who appears soft, sensual, almost like she's floating. Her
date is a GRAD STUDENT. Thompson soft features turn sharply
into a frown.

The room quiets down as the song ends. Adams and his friends
turn their attention to the punch bowl.

DAVID
Give it time, Mike. Besides, if
this doesn't work out, we've got
the org fair to check out tomorrow.
And if the brainier stuff doesn't
work, there's always rec sports.

A new singer, Thompson, begins. Few notice at first.

ADAMS
Ah, no! You're going to make me
sign up for intramural soccer,
aren't you?

DAVID
It can't go as badly this time,
right?

Adams shudders.

ADAMS
I suppose.

DAVID
That's what I'm talking about!

Adams shakes his head.

Young Tyler joins them, his eyes focused on the singer.

YOUNG TYLER
Damn!

Adams turns toward the karaoke machine.

ADAMS
Woah.

Thompson continues singing a beautiful ballad. Her voice is now drawing everyone's attention.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
Who is she?

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

It's 2025 again. Detective Thompson cannot help but smile as she talks on her cellphone.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I'm so glad we could talk.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Senator Adams paces.

SENATOR ADAMS
It's just a shame the
circumstances.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ADAMS AND THOMPSON

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
But you'll be at the funeral?

SENATOR ADAMS
I already promised Mrs. Jenkins.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Do you think David or Lauren--

SENATOR ADAMS
--No. No, I wouldn't think so.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
You're probably right. At least
I'll see--

SENATOR ADAMS
--Yasmine?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Yeah?

SENATOR ADAMS
Let me know if--

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
--You'll be my first call.

SENATOR ADAMS
Thanks.

Detective Thompson sighs.

INT. DORM BASEMENT - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

Thompson arrives with her date, a Grad Student. She pokes
Young Tyler on the shoulder. He spins around.

YOUNG TYLER
I had to come. Dorm Assoc--

THOMPSON
--I know.

Young Tyler glares as the Grad Student grabs the binder of
karaoke options.

YOUNG TYLER
Grant?

THOMPSON
Yes.

YOUNG TYLER
Really?

THOMPSON
Yes. But it's not like that.

The bad singer ends her song.

YOUNG TYLER
So why did you bring him?

THOMPSON
Does it matter?

YOUNG TYLER
Just don't--

THOMPSON
--I'm not a Greek like you and
we're over. I'll do what I want,
talk to whoever we want. Okay?

Thompson grabs the binder from the Grad Student and hastily
picks a number.

Young Tyler slinks away, regrouping near David and Mike.

Thompson begins singing a ballad.

YOUNG TYLER
Damn she can still sing.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Detective Thompson hangs up, and unlocks her car. She
hesitates, her mind wondering.

Officer Watson, exiting the station, calls out.

OFFICER WATSON
What makes you so convinced he
didn't kill himself?

Jolted, Detective Thompson turns around as he catches up.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I've been a detective and a
prosecutor for nearly twenty years.
I've seen a lot of suicides and
more than my share of homicides.

Officer Watson nods.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
That crime scene... And quoting
Shakespeare as a suicide note?
(MORE)

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Besides, depression tends to create
methodical, deliberate suicides.

OFFICER WATSON
His place was a mess.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Right. It's not adding up. And I
owe it to him to figure this out.

Detective Thompson gets into her car.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Can you help me?

OFFICER WATSON
What do you have in mind?

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Find Tyler's missing iPad.

She keys the ignition, and Officer Watson leaves. Looking
down at her smart phone, Detective Thompson sees a picture of
Senator Adams. She sighs.

INT. DORM BASEMENT - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

Adams leers at Thompson. As she continues singing, they make
eye contact. He swallows hard.

ADAMS
I think I'm going to be sick!

He turns away, reaching for a glass of punch.

DAVID
You going to be okay, Mike?

Thompson finishes.

Adams turns, swallowing again.

ADAMS
I think so. Just jitters.

DAVID
That was more than just jitters!

ADAMS
I don't know what you're talking
about.

DAVID
You did the same thing in AP
English. When you had to read the
part of Romeo?

Thompson approaches. Adams twirls around, blushing.

ADAMS
Can we talk about something else,
please?

David eyes Thompson's name tag.

DAVID
Yasmine, I have to say, you were
pretty good up there.

THOMPSON
Oh, thank you.

Mike glances at Thompson, and begins blushing again. She
smiles, and notices David's name tag.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Your father isn't Jacob Zimmerman,
the Congressman?

DAVID
Yeah. He is.

David reaches for and hugs Lauren.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And this is my girlfriend, Lauren.

LAUREN
Are you a music major?

THOMPSON
Nah. I'm more of a "singing in the
shower" kind of girl.

She pulls fliers out of her pocket, passes them around.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
I spend my free time as treasurer
of the Green Gators Club.

ADAMS
So you're, uh, like an
environmental science major?

DAVID
Mike's still finding his major.

Thompson chuckles.

THOMPSON

Good luck. But yeah, I'm studying environmental policy with an eye toward going to law school.

ADAMS

(looks to David)

Environmental science should go in the hat.

THOMPSON

You're going to pick out of a hat?

LAUREN

It's horrible.

THOMPSON

No, no, I think it's cute. And it's only your first year. You have time to fix it.

Thompson looks around and recognizes one of the new arrivals.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Well, good luck with that! And maybe I'll see you around.

Thompson departs, briefly chatting with the girl she recognized, and settles in by the door.

Adams watches her.

David pokes him.

DAVID

Man, Mike. You totally blew it.

ADAMS

What?

DAVID

Just now. She's into you.

Adams's eyes widen. Lauren pokes David.

LAUREN

Don't encourage his jitters.

INT. CAPITOL VISITOR CENTER - DAY

A TOURIST gets poked by his WIFE. She points to the marble Statue of Freedom. Other TOURISTS mill about, gawking at the wide open space. The couple head for the museum exhibits.

INT. CAPITOL SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Subway car doors open. A youthful CONGRESSMAN steps in.

The Congressman watches as a CROWD OF BUREAUCRATS rush past. The car doors close.

CALEB LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Congressman.

He turns and sees the lobbyist Caleb Lockwood. Slightly surprised, he recovers quickly.

CONGRESSMAN
I was wondering how long it would
take for you to call in this favor.

CALEB LOCKWOOD
You're only now in a position to
actually help me.

The subway car begins to move.

CONGRESSMAN
So what is so important?

Caleb pulls out a thin orange folder.

CALEB LOCKWOOD
The Majority Leader needs you to
talk to Senator Adams. You have
his ear, unlike anyone else.

CONGRESSMAN
I have a long history with the
Senator.

CALEB LOCKWOOD
Yeah, we all do. But you're the
only one he still listens to. We
want you to give him this.

Caleb hands over the folder.

CONGRESSMAN
What is this?

CALEB LOCKWOOD

An offer that even your friend the
political saint can't refuse.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Officer Watson looks at a series of forensic photographs on a wide screen monitor. He taps the screen to move from one photo to the next.

He finds what he needs: an electronic docking station. He zooms in, revealing the device's serial number.

He looks around. His busy colleagues ignore him.

He types the serial number into his computer. The screen spits back its response: "Searching".

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - DAY

Knock, knock! The Scheduler enters.

SCHEDULER

Senator?

Senator Adams, bespectacled, gazes up from a briefing book.

SENATOR ADAMS

He's here?

SCHEDULER

Yes, sir.

SENATOR ADAMS

Send him in.

She leaves. Senator Adams sets down his reading glasses.

A moment later, the Congressman enters.

CONGRESSMAN

Senator.

SENATOR ADAMS

Rick. I've been expecting you.

Senator Adams smiles. The Congressman sits.

CONGRESSMAN

You know why I'm here?

SENATOR ADAMS

Yes. You're hoping to convince me to avoid the press this week.

CONGRESSMAN

The thought had crossed my mind.

Senator Adams notices the folder.

SENATOR ADAMS

Tyler doesn't deserve--

CONGRESSMAN

--I thought being friends--

SENATOR ADAMS

--I'm going, but I'm not bringing the press.

CONGRESSMAN

Oh, good. I guess I came for nothing. Well, not entirely...

The Congressman hands over the folder. Senator Adams pulls out a photo. An attached Post-It note reads: "Chairman of Science and Space". Senator Adams smiles.

SENATOR ADAMS

This is Caleb's handy work, then?

The Congressman nods. Senator Adams laughs.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

The Majority Leader must need my vote pretty badly.

CONGRESSMAN

He seems to think so.

SENATOR ADAMS

Of course! That's how this town works. Connections. Second-hand sources. Not very subtle bribery.

CONGRESSMAN

And you're not persuaded by the chairmanship?

SENATOR ADAMS

Even I don't think NASA matters enough to let myself be bought.

Senator Adams begins pacing. He stops at his chess set.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

The real question here is why would Caleb resort to this at all?

CONGRESSMAN

Maybe he wants favors from the Leader and Mr. Easley that he can later collect.

SENATOR ADAMS

Maybe he needs the influence for his associates.

CONGRESSMAN

His associates are my associates.

SENATOR ADAMS
Either way...

Senator Adams picks up a chess piece.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
... I learned the hard way. My
vote isn't for sale.

The Congressman eyes the open folder. The photo: a much younger Adams holding a model space shuttle, standing next to Young Tyler holding a TARDIS.

INT. MIKE'S DORM ROOM - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

Adams and David enter, chuckling.

DAVID
Does he really have a TARDIS?

ADAMS
Tyler? Yeah.

DAVID
A nerd and a frat guy. Huh.

ADAMS
I guess we've seen everything?

Looking at the boxes, David sighs.

DAVID
Well, time to unpack the computer.

He grabs a wad of wires and begins untangling them.

ADAMS
What did you mean?

DAVID
About what?

ADAMS
Yasmine.

DAVID
Surge protector?

Adams hands him the surge protector.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So what did I say?

ADAMS

You thought I had a chance?

DAVID

Right. Well, she doesn't know you yet. You're a blank canvas to her.

ADAMS

And that's a good thing?

DAVID

You get her to know everything good about the real you, and I think you have a chance.

ADAMS

Really?

DAVID

Really. Now hand me the keyboard.

Adams hands it over, watching as David sets up the computer. Adams begins to fidget. He needs something to do, anything to keep his mind off Yasmine Thompson.

Adams opens the mini-fridge atop their dressers. He laughs.

ADAMS

You know, there's only one thing missing in here.

DAVID

What?

ADAMS

Food.

Adams opens the fridge wider. David looks, shrugs.

DAVID

Eh. We've got plenty of ketchup.

Adams shakes his head and heads for the door.

ADAMS

I'll be back.

DAVID

Just add water and we've got soup!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Adams pauses in front of the entrance.

ADAMS
 (grumbling)
 Friggin' ketchup.

He enters.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Rows of snack foods, drinks, and dorm essentials. Off to the side is a small sandwich counter. A CUSTOMER steps in front of the CASHIER.

CUSTOMER
 French fries. Large.

CASHIER
 That'll be a dollar ninety-nine.

Adams picks up a grocery basket.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
 Have a good day!

The customer leaves. Adams starts looking around.

Thompson and her date, the Grad Student, enter.

GRAD STUDENT
 Yaz, I'm telling you. Don't
 believe Cosmo.

Mike ducks around a corner to avoid being seen.

GRAD STUDENT (CONT'D)
 Orange is not the new pink.

THOMPSON
 But I don't like pink.

GRAD STUDENT
 It's not your color.

THOMPSON
 So what do you think?

GRAD STUDENT
 Green has always worked best. I
 know a florist who can help us add
 some great color for your room.

Thompson grabs a Diet Dr. Pepper. The Grad Student takes a bottle of Perrier. They both head toward the Cashier.

Adams looks over the top of an aisle. Thompson turns around, and he ducks back under.

GRAD STUDENT (CONT'D)
What is it, Yaz?

THOMPSON
It's probably nothing.

GRAD STUDENT
Come, we've got things to do.

THOMPSON
Okay.

They pay and leave. Adams sighs.

ADAMS
She just had to like Doctor Pepper.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Thompson enters her office, carrying a small handful of mail and a can of Doctor Pepper.

Old books, case files, photographs litter her office.

She heads over to a table covered by stacks of books. We realize that this is her desk.

As she sits down, she unlocks a drawer. From it she pulls out the only sight of modernity in the office - a sleek laptop - placing it on top of the smallest stack of books.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (V.O.)
Where have you been, Tyler?

She reaches into her pocket for an old-school notepad. She flips to the right page. She types into the laptop, and pulls up a website.

TYLER (V.O.)
For The Jenkins Report, this is
Tyler Jenkins. The Everglades...
Will they survive the next
hurricane?

She clicks through to the next video.

TYLER (V.O.)
Are funding cuts for Phys Ed
classes to blame for the obesity
crisis?

She shakes her head.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (V.O.)
Come on, Tyler.

Another click.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (V.O.)
Give me something. Anything.

TYLER (V.O.)
Will the filibuster survive another
Court battle?

She leans back in her chair.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Did you?

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

An overworked INTERN crashes into Jeff as he arrives. A box of flash drives goes flying through the air, landing near the Receptionist's desk.

The intern retrieves the drives and skedaddles. Jeff approaches the Receptionist, who takes off her ear piece.

RECEPTIONIST
The phone lines have been ringing
off the hook! Even our berries and
cells. Somehow, reporters across
town discovered--

JEFF
--It was only a matter of time.
One-bit news stories like Jenkins
aren't going to hold them for long.

RECEPTIONIST
So now everyone wants to interview
the Senator.

JEFF
Geez, every idiot with a webcam
thinks they're a journalist.

RECEPTIONIST
They want to know.

JEFF
The Senator will discuss Tyler
Jenkins when he chooses.

RECEPTIONIST
That won't satisfy them.

JEFF
It'll have to do.

RECEPTIONIST
Yeah? Try telling them that.

The receptionist puts her earpiece back in.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - DAY

Senator Adams and the Congressman stand at the side door.

SENATOR ADAMS
Don't worry. I'm not going to let
K Street decide how I vote on this
or any other issue.

CONGRESSMAN
Frankly, I wouldn't expect anything
less.

SENATOR ADAMS
Thanks.

The Congressman leaves.

Senator Adams twists around. Eyes TARDIS photo. Laughs.

He picks up the photo and sets it on a side table with framed
pictures. He notices one: his much younger self and Lauren,
with David hugging them both from the middle.

He holds his gaze there briefly, letting out a low whistle.

INT. DORM CAFETERIA - MORNING [FLASHBACK]

David and Lauren finish breakfast. Adams slinks into their
booth, pushes his food aside to open the notebook.

A pause.

DAVID
So, I figured we'd--

LAUREN
What's up with him?

DAVID
He just stayed up late.

LAUREN
With his journal?

DAVID
So? He's taking a class. Maybe--

Adams clears his throat.

ADAMS
You know I can hear you two?

DAVID
Sorry, Mike.

LAUREN
It's just that--

DAVID
--We didn't--

LAUREN
--I was only joking about jitters.

ADAMS
Still... I couldn't sleep.

LAUREN
You were writing? All night?

ADAMS
Trying. Yeah. But I'll be fine.

Adams resumed scribbling in his notebook.

LAUREN
Yeah? Promise?

Adams waved them off.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
(to David)
I'm headed to the bookstore.

DAVID
I'll meet you there.

LAUREN
Kay.

Lauren exits.

DAVID
How's the writing?

ADAMS

I'm beginning to understand how Shakespeare, Poe, King, and others could be so prolific.

David laughs.

DAVID

Already comparing yourself to the giants of literature?

ADAMS

No. But they too found a Muse--

THOMPSON (O.S.)

You found a Muse already?

Adams slams his notebook shut as his cheeks burn red. Thompson steps up to their booth, amused.

DAVID

He's a bit of a writer.

THOMPSON

A Muse helps.

Adams swallows hard. David glares at him.

DAVID

Yep. Don't mind him. He didn't sleep well last night.

THOMPSON

Aww. That's a shame.

Thompson looks across the room, sees Grant waiting. She pats Adams's shoulder.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Hope you feel better.

She leaves them to join Grant at his table.

ADAMS

This whole idea is a mistake. She's way out of my league.

DAVID

No! She's not. We've been through this before, right?

ADAMS

Yeah, well, she's clearly taken.

DAVID
The guy in the tweed jacket?

ADAMS
Yeah. Grant.

DAVID
So what?

ADAMS
He's a grad student. She'd never
choose me over him.

DAVID
Only because she hasn't met the
real you yet.

ADAMS
And who's that exactly?

DAVID
Someone who knows better than to
give up on something important.
You just need to learn how to
approach her.

David turns to see a pair of sorority girls ogling them.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Here, I'll show you.

David drags Adams over to the sorority girls.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Just don't tell Lauren about this.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - DAY

Senator Adams shakes his head, stifling a laugh.

SENATOR ADAMS
(whispers)
I won't!

A knock. Jeff.

JEFF
We've updated your schedule.

SENATOR ADAMS
Okay.

A SPEECHWRITER whisks past Jeff and drops a manuscript on the Senator's desk.

JEFF

Your call into The Florida Order of Police is tomorrow. On drug trafficking.

Senator Adams returns to his desk.

SENATOR ADAMS

We're talking narcotics, not prescriptions?

JEFF

We are.

SENATOR ADAMS

Good.

Senator Adams' gaze wanders.

JEFF

Next, the National Association of Manufacturers asked to meet with you after the subcommittee--

SENATOR ADAMS

--Sure.

JEFF

Then, leadership insisted--

SENATOR ADAMS

--Easley?

JEFF

Uh--

SENATOR ADAMS

--How are the calls going?

JEFF

Crazy.

SENATOR ADAMS

Helen Baker was only the first.

JEFF

Yeah.

SENATOR ADAMS

We said hello at breakfast. Shoulda expected this.

JEFF

So, on Thursday--

SENATOR ADAMS

--the day after I bury a friend,
I'll sit, smile for the cameras,
and pretend that a half-hour
meeting can tell me if a judge is
worthy of the Supreme Court.

JEFF

Right.

SENATOR ADAMS

Should be fun!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ADAMS TOWNHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Senator Adams exits, baggage in tow and cellphone in hand.

SENATOR ADAMS
No, no. I got it.

He nods as he approaches his mailbox.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
Got it.

He pauses.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
Got that, too. Adrian, there's
only so much about a judge I can
read in twenty four hours. Y'all
need to lay off the briefing books.

He nods again, reaches in, grabbing a handful of letters.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
Thanks.

He puts away the phone, glances at his mail. At the second letter, he gasps. It is from Tyler Jenkins.

INT. DORM COMMON ROOM - AFTERNOON [FLASHBACK]

Young Tyler puts away the chess set.

Adams and David enter. Adams, exhausted, slumps into a chair.

YOUNG TYLER
What's got you beat?

Adams sighs.

DAVID
I introduced him to a few of the
girls at Delta Delta Gamma.

YOUNG TYLER
The Drop Dead Gorgeous sorority?

DAVID
Yeah. Tried to be his wingman.

YOUNG TYLER

Did it work?

Adams smiles weakly, pulls out one crumpled flier.

DAVID

Got one of their pledge sisters.

YOUNG TYLER

Not bad!

DAVID

He needs more practice.

YOUNG TYLER

Perhaps at tonight's Rush parties?

David turns to Mike.

DAVID

Are you up for another go?

Adams rises from his seat, stretching.

ADAMS

I dunno, maybe. Isn't Lauren going to one of those?

DAVID

Yeah. She mentioned something about a mixer for Epsilon Xi Alpha. I suppose it wouldn't hurt to go to a frat or two if she's hitting...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Orlando - Wednesday

Detective Thompson is walking with Tyler's ESTATE LAWYER.

ESTATE LAWYER

I just don't get it.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

What do you mean?

ESTATE LAWYER

I guess I just never expected him to go first. The guy was healthier than his wife's horses.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

Yeah?

ESTATE LAWYER

Healthy and frugal about expenses.
This all just happened so fast.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

It's come as a shock to many of us.

ESTATE LAWYER

Not him. He updated his will a few
weeks after moving his business up
to Virginia.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

Really? Were he and Mrs. Jenkins
having problems?

ESTATE LAWYER

Hardly. They loved each other.

They exit the terminal.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

Then why did she stay in Florida?

EXT. APOPKA HORSE FARM ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A lush farm. A JOCKEY rides a horse parallel to the road as
a black sedan drives by.

ESTATE LAWYER (V.O.)

Her family has owned the Apopka
Horse Farm for generations. She
wasn't going to give that up for
anyone. Not even him.

The sedan pulls up to a magnificent Colonial-style manor.

INT. JENKINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Thompson meets Tyler's WIDOW, an aerobics
enthusiast with just a hint of gray hair at the temples
disturbing an age-less beauty.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

Mrs. Jenkins, I am so sorry for
your loss.

WIDOW

Thank you, Detective. I'm... I'm
still getting used to... the idea
that he's gone.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
So he hadn't said, or did--

The widow fights back tears.

WIDOW
--I don't know. He was always
deeply involved in his work.

The Estate Lawyer reenters the room, looking concerned.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Well, I don't want to keep you from
your preparations.

Detective Thompson follows him out to...

EXT. JENKINS HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

The well-maintained backyard to the Jenkins house. Several
WORKERS are busy setting up a tent for the memorial service.

ESTATE LAWYER
Mrs. Jenkins has taken his death
pretty hard.

Detective Thompson watches the tent poles going up.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
The funeral is family-only, right?

ESTATE LAWYER
Yes. But the memorial service is
open to the public. Senator Adams
has agreed to come, which is
fortunate as he and I have business
to discuss.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Business?

ESTATE LAWYER
The will. You were not the only
one whose name came up.

INT. JENKINS HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Senator Adams eyes his reflection in the mirror. He's tired.
And he's found a new wrinkle around his temple.

He stretches. A tugs on his shirt collar. A sigh.

INT. MIKE'S DORM ROOM - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

David shows Adams how to tie a tie.

DAVID
There. Easy, eh?

Adams tugs at his shirt collar.

ADAMS
You know, one benefit of poverty
was having a childhood free of
"Church Best" this and "Business
Attire" that.

Adams groans as he examines himself in the mirror.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
Why do ties have to be so
uncomfortable anyway?

DAVID
You'll get used to it.

ADAMS
If I ever do, please shoot me.

INT. JENKINS HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Senator Adams rearranges his tie. He twitches. A groan.

SENATOR ADAMS
Damn ties.

EXT. JENKINS HOUSE - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Senator Adams exits the house.

A CROWD mingles. A somber, subdued affair. Everyone dressed
in black. Several dab their eyes with handkerchiefs.

The estate lawyer greets Senator Adams.

ESTATE LAWYER
Senator? Thank you for coming.

They begin walking toward the tent.

SENATOR ADAMS
I wish it were for a happier
occasion.

ESTATE LAWYER
Indeed. Are you ready for this?

Detective Thompson approaches.

SENATOR ADAMS
Uh... I have a few words ready.

ESTATE LAWYER
Good. Well, excuse me.

The estate lawyer departs, headed for a small gathering surrounding the Widow. Detective Thompson fakes a smile.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
The Muse must be overworked these days, eh?

Senator Adams chuckles, composes himself.

SENATOR ADAMS
Yeah. I could write a whole other novel on this.

An awkward pause.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
It's been a long time.

SENATOR ADAMS
We've been busy.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
Tyler, too.

SENATOR ADAMS
Clearly.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
I want you to--

SENATOR ADAMS
--I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
For what?

SENATOR ADAMS
For letting things change between us. All of us.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
But you can't--

SENATOR ADAMS

--I will. I do.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

Look, what's done is done.

Senator Adams clears his throat. Jitters.

SENATOR ADAMS

Thanks.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

We'll talk?

SENATOR ADAMS

After.

EXT. JENKINS HOUSE - TENT - MOMENTS LATER

The estate lawyer stands next to a large screen television displaying muted news clips of Tyler in front of the camera.

The Widow is with her family and Senator Adams.

ESTATE LAWYER

Today, we say goodbye to a dear friend of ours. Tyler Jenkins--

The Widow tears up.

ESTATE LAWYER (CONT'D)

--Tyler has moved on, leaving a legacy of hard work, family, and fraternal brotherhood.

A number in the crowd nod.

ESTATE LAWYER (CONT'D)

He wanted his last day to be here, on the farm, with his wife and friends. I'm sure he's smiling down on us today.

Senator Adams gently takes hold of the widow's hand.

ESTATE LAWYER (CONT'D)

I will now ask one of his oldest friends to come up and say a few words. Senator Adams?

Senator Adams quietly rises, and takes over for the estate lawyer. Detective Thompson straightens up.

SENATOR ADAMS

I'm usually pretty good at giving speeches. Yet, I've tried for three days now to put into words what Tyler has meant to me. And all I keep thinking about are my earliest memories of him.

He looks around, sees Detective Thompson.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

Karaoke in the basement, parties, picking a major. I also keep thinking of the day he first met the love of his life.

He smiles at the Widow.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

He had driven a few of his frat brothers for a day at the tracks. And the horse he bet on was ridden by a young female jockey. He told me it was love at first sight. The very next day he switched his major to sports journalism.

Mild chuckles from the crowd.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

Today, we say goodbye to Tyler. Whether we met him in college or in his work, Tyler affected us all. He always knew what to say or do, to get us back on the right path.

A pause. Silence.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

It's interesting. You can meet someone new. Build a connection. And your life is forever redefined. Tyler had that kind of impact. And in death, what he meant to each of us will ensure his spirit lives on.

INT. JENKINS HOUSE - LIBRARY - LATER

A spacious two-story room. The walls covered with shelves of books, corkboards and framed photos.

A much smaller group is gathered in a semi-circle, with the estate lawyer standing next to another television.

ESTATE LAWYER

As was his custom in recent years,
Tyler left a message with his will.

A tap on his iPad starts the video: Tyler stands in the very
same library as they are now.

TYLER (V.O.)

Hello. For the Tyler Jenkins Will,
this is Tyler.

Tyler chuckles uncomfortably.

TYLER (V.O.)

If you are watching this video, I
have made my last contribution to
journalism - the obituary page.
Sorry! No Tardis help this time.

Senator Adams grins.

TYLER (V.O.)

Of course, I owe my life to my
love, and so she shall have
whatever I left behind. But for
the rest of you watching this
video, all I ask is that you take
these tokens of my appreciation and
affection as a reminder of our
times together.

The estate lawyer steps behind several boxes.

TYLER (V.O.)

Mike Adams. A Senator now. That
alone is a tide in the affairs of
Washington. For my favorite
writer, there can be no greater
guide than my copy of the complete
works of Shakespeare.

The estate lawyer hands Senator Adams the giant book.

TYLER (V.O.)

Miss Thompson, always the fighter
for what's right, I leave you with
this diary and key. I found the
pair at a used bookstore you helped
save. They have always reminded me
of you, and your uncanny ability to
solve mysteries others give up on.

Detective Thompson, confused, accepts the slightly worn diary
and outsized golden key.

TYLER (V.O.)
 Kelly, my neice, I hope...

EXT. JENKINS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Senator Adams sets the Shakespeare book down on a blue sedan. After turning his phone back on, he begins feeling around for his keys. Detective Thompson approaches.

SENATOR ADAMS
 That was...

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
 Unexpected?

She tilts her head at the book.

SENATOR ADAMS
 No, I was going to say it was a nice service.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
 It was... I just wish we had--

SENATOR ADAMS
 --I know. I've been feeling the same way.

Senator Adams opens the backseat and places the book inside.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
 Do you think... maybe... he was trying to get us to talk again?

SENATOR ADAMS
 By his suicide?

RING!

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
 (to Thompson)
 Excuse me.
 (into the phone)
 Hello? No... no, I told him no such thing! Hold on.

Senator Adams pockets the phone.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
 My phone was off for three hours. The staff is in a panic. Can we do a rain check?

Detective Thompson nods. Senator Adams smiles, and pulls out his phone again.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

Alright, start from the beginning.

Detective Thompson departs for her own car.

She settles in, placing the bequests in the passenger seat. She shakes her head.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

Where have I seen these before?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAWN

Officer Watson, in plain clothes, exits the building with cellphone in hand.

OFFICER WATSON
--traced its GPS records. The iPad
was here. It's gone.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (V.O.)
What do you mean it's gone?

OFFICER WATSON
Scrapped for parts. But get
this... he sold it without its
memory card.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson sits at her desk.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
The memory?

OFFICER WATSON
He took it with him, I suppose.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON
But why go through the trouble?
(beat)
Can't thank you enough, Watson.
I'll take it from here.

Thompson drops her phone on the desk. She leans back, pondering the diary in front of her.

She leans forward, pulls the golden key out of her desk, and tries to unlock the diary. The key is far too big to work.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Silly me. It was never going to be
that easy.

INT. STAFF WORKSPACE - MORNING

Jeff listens to his hands-free phone.

JEFF

I talked to a poker buddy of mine over at HHS. Your grandmother's Medicare problem should be fixed by Monday.

LOBBYIST (V.O.)

Thanks. Don't work too hard today.

JEFF

I think my boss may have other ideas.

A chuckle.

LOBBYIST (V.O.)

Indeed. I owe you one. Bye.

Jeff takes off his earpiece, turns on the television. The Scheduler slows down as Jeff un-mutes the CNN feed.

CNN ANCHOR

The Cook County district attorney just announced the indictment of Jason Petrovich, director of the prestigious Phoenix Club, on charges of voter fraud--

Jeff's cellphone vibrates, rattling his desk. A new text message. Jeff reads. He jumps out of his seat.

SCHEDULER

What is it?

JEFF

They're on their way. Where's the Senator?

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Senator Adams, sporting an unusual orange-and-blue tie, paces around his desk, around Tyler's unopened letter.

SENATOR ADAMS

I'm being silly. Tyler's not a timelord.

He finally grabs the letter and tears it open, revealing a single sheet of torn notebook paper.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
 "When bad men combine, the good
 must associate... Edmund Burke,
 Seventeen Hundred Seventy."

He sets the letter down, notices a small scribble at the bottom. Grabbing his reading glasses, he bends down to read.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
 Why didn't I--

A knock. Jeff enters.

JEFF
 --Sorry, Senator. Judge Easley is
 in the building.

SENATOR ADAMS
 Thanks, Jeff.

Senator Adams sweeps the posthumous letter into a drawer, and puts on his suit jacket.

EXT. FRATERNITY DRIVE - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

On the hilltop, Alpha Iota Chi fraternity.

David stuffs another business card in his pocket. Adams shuffles his feet aimlessly. Young Tyler pats Mike's shoulder.

YOUNG TYLER
 Are you doing alright?

ADAMS
 What? Who doesn't like loud
 parties and watching sports?

YOUNG TYLER
 Well, maybe this, our last house of
 the night, will be different...

They enter.

INT. ALPHA IOTA CHI COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room decorated with a classic preppy style and pictures of pledges and alumni.

A particular picture grabs David's attention.

DAVID
Is that--

YOUNG TYLER
--Yes, it is.

ADAMS
Who?

DAVID
My dad. Standing with the
Secretary of State.

Young Tyler leaves them, finds Young Caleb.

YOUNG TYLER
That photo is working like a charm.
Well, they're all yours.

YOUNG CALEB
Thanks, man.

Young Caleb approaches, but David and Mike do not notice.

YOUNG CALEB (CONT'D)
These photos are some of Alpha
Iota's most distinguished brothers.
The stand-out crowd in the stand-
out fraternity on campus.

Adams turns around.

ADAMS
Really?

YOUNG CALEB
Yeah. And it's my job to keep us
that way. I'm Caleb Lockwood,
president of Alpha Iota Chi.

Adams shakes his hand.

ADAMS
Mike Adams.

INT. SENATE HALLWAY - MORNING

An older, balding gentleman dressed in a tweed jacket, JUDGE
PETER EASLEY struts down the hallway, with an ENTOURAGE of
photographers and handlers following in his wake.

Senator Adams and Jeff wait for Easley outside the entrance
to their office suite.

SENATOR ADAMS
Judge Easley.

Senator Adams and Easley shake hands. Camera lights flash. Reporters shout. Jeff block them, and Senator Adams grins.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
Wow. If only I could get the attention of y'all like this for returning humanity to the moon.

A few chuckles.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Senator Adams and Easley, seated, smiling and nodding, wait for the flashing lights to end.

After a moment, Jeff steps forward.

JEFF
Alright, people. The Senator will be available this afternoon. Let's give them some privacy.

The office empties out, leaving just the two of them behind. After an uncomfortable silence...

EASLEY
So where shall we start?

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Detective Thompson, standing over a small toolbox, finds a pair of pliers. Gleefully, she returns to her desk.

The laptop displays a news feed: reporters milling about in front of a podium in a hallway. The feed is headlined: "Senator Adams Press Conference."

She looks around her desk. The pile of mail catches her attention.

She drops the pliers.

The envelope on top was from Tyler.

INT. SENATE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Senator Adams arrives. Yet more pictures. He approaches the set of microphones. Jeff stops him short of it.

JEFF
 (whispering)
 Remember - the Post, first.

Senator Adams nods.

INT. SENATE CLOAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Plush leather sofas. C-SPAN on the televisions. The Majority Leader watches smugly. His WHIP, late-50s with a round face and a comb-over, fidgets.

WHIP
 Are you sure he's with us?

MAJORITY LEADER
 Definitely. He's not Lieberman.
 He's a loyal Democrat.

WHIP
 Only when he wants to be.

MAJORITY LEADER
 Which is most of the time. Look, I spoke with him on Monday. He has every reason to vote with us, including the promise of Science and Space after this is all over.

WHIP
 You offered him a subcommittee?!?

MAJORITY LEADER
 (smirks)
 He was going to get it anyway.

INT. SENATE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Senator Adams adjusts the microphones.

SENATOR ADAMS
 I just had a thoughtful discussion with Judge Easley about his nomination.

Cameras flash.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)
 The next Justice will decide the future of privacy, civil liberties, abortion rights.
 (MORE)

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

The American people deserve a fair process for selecting that Justice, whoever that may be.

Senator Adams clears his throat.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

I owe it to my fellow Floridians not to rush to judgment on a lifetime appointment, one that cannot be revoked.

(pause)

Questions?

A CYNICAL REPORTER, tall and sharp-edged, smirks.

CYNICAL REPORTER

So you'd consider voting for a filibuster on Easley if you think he's holding something back?

SENATOR ADAMS

I only know about today. I'm not going to speculate about tomorrow. Nex--

CYNICAL REPORTER

--What reassurances would it take to get your vote?

SENATOR ADAMS

I was a lawyer once - environmental law. I respect the role of judges in our system. I won't play the game of guessing how Easley might rule on cases. Next?

The Cynical Reporter snorts, frustrated.

REPORTER #3

There are reports-- a former Easley aide has been indicted. Voter fraud.

Senator Adams, eyes widen.

TYLER (V.O.)

(whispers)

When bad men combine...

Senator Adams pulls from his suit pocket a frayed, leather-bound notebook, sets it upon the podium. He strains to conceal anger.

SENATOR ADAMS

A former President once warned us about the concealment of facts, that 'the very word secrecy is repugnant'. Kennedy's views are more relevant now than ever.

A cacophony of questions.

SENATOR ADAMS (CONT'D)

Hey! Look, you don't get far in this town without making choices, making alliances.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Detective Thompson cradles Tyler's letter in her hands. She listens to Senator Adams.

SENATOR ADAMS (V.O.)

And some choices... some you might come to regret. I've learned the hard way to try to not make that mistake.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON

(whispers)

So have I, Mike. So have I.

She rips open the envelope. She reads.

TYLER (V.O.)

I won't stop you from doing what comes naturally. But what is done is done. Instead, finish my work.

(beat)

Find David.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC SKYLINE - DUSK

The sun sets on the slow-moving traffic and hallowed monuments of the nation's capital.

INT. SENATE CLOAK ROOM - EVENING

Cable news reports on the Adams press conference, muted.

The Majority Leader and CALEB LOCKWOOD, mid-40s, sit. The Whip paces. Judge Easley stares at the television.

Easley turns around, face red.

EASLEY

Damn guilt by association. How the hell did Senator Adams happen? I thought this vote was a lock!

MAJORITY LEADER

(resigned)

It was.

EASLEY

How bad is it?

WHIP

Copeland is avoiding me. Weaver--

MAJORITY LEADER

Our lone Republican supporter.

WHIP

-- Not anymore. She's waiting to see what Adams does.

MAJORITY LEADER

Where does that put us?

WHIP

He's put us at least three votes short of ending the filibuster.

Caleb Lockwood pours himself a Scotch.

EASLEY

Caleb, is there anything we can do?

The Senators, normally powerful men, suddenly powerless and speechless. They hang in anticipation of Caleb's every word.

INT. ALPHA IOTA CHI COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS [FLASHBACK]

David and Young Caleb talk with Adams, who has his leather notebook out, taking notes. Young Tyler watches and drinks from a corner.

CALEB LOCKWOOD (V.O.)

My associates and I have known Senator Adams for nearly twenty five years...

INT. SENATE CLOAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Caleb grabs the remote suddenly, and freezes the image on Adams pulling out a well-worn leather notebook.

CALEB LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
... Everyone has secrets.

EXT. GATED LAWN - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Adams leaps over the gated fence. A fraternity's pledge pin glistens off his collar.

Adams is terrified. He looks back through the gate, waiting.

Dogs bark. Blue lights of police cars shine in the distance.

Caleb grabs a hesitant Adams.

More barking.

They run.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW