

Harley

Pilot teleplay by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - MORNING

Close on Harley Jackson(38), as he moves through the lobby.

His appearance speaks volumes: exquisite bespoke suit; Tom Ford shoes and briefcase; Hermes tie; and Rolex Daytona watch. Harley has a habit of grabbing attention.

He presses the elevator up button. Two Women(early-20s,mid-50s), appreciatively look his way. The elevator door opens, Harley smiles and gestures...ladies first.

INT. KAUFMAN BROS. OFFICES, RECEPTION - WALL STREET - DAY

The elevator opens and Harley enters the richly appointed offices of Kaufman Bros., an iconic Wall Street Investment firm. He approaches the Receptionist(late-20s).

HARLEY

Harley Jackson to see Steven Kaufman.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Mr. Jackson. I'll let Mr. Kaufman know you've arrived. Please, have seat.

Harley smiles his thanks and takes a seat. From Harley's POV: people bustle about. Women/Men(30s), their dress and attitude a reflection of their environment and status. The air smells of money, privilege and power.

An attractive, confident Woman(early-30s), approaches Harley with a warm smile and extended hand. He stands to take it.

WOMAN

Mr. Jackson. Lisa Fredricks.

HARLEY

A pleasure.

LISA

Mr. Kaufman and the others are ready.

EXT. PAST - A COUNTRY HOME, MONROE COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA -
MORNING

SUPER: 25 Years Earlier

At one time, the house must have been something. Strong bones.

It's the home of Candice Jackson(38) and her son Harley Stonewall Jackson(12) and it's failing, one rotting board, one lost shingle at a time.

The once grand porch, where lemonade was served following church, is now occupied by two worn chairs and is sagging in a dangerous direction.

Harley's single speed bicycle, painted black and spit shined, leans against the porch. It's his his pride and joy, his freedom.

And under a massive oak tree sits an old, pick-up truck desperately in need of a paint job that will never come. It's another hot, still morning in Monroe County, West Virginia... ..when Harley bursts through the front door, leaps off the porch and hops on his bike. As he's set to take-off, his mother appears on the porch, wrapped in an aging floral bathrobe. Strikingly beautiful, in a tired, spent kinda way.

CANDICE

Harley, honey. I need you home by four. I have to go into town and I'll need some help.

HARLEY

Okay, Momma.

Just then, a shiny Cadillac roars up the dirt drive, coming to a stop just feet from Harley. Its driver, Kelvan Caldwell(38), an imposing man, gets out.

On his way to work, he's wearing one of his custom tailored, pale blue shirts, cufflinks and red silk tie. He moves with the swagger of an ex, small time jock.

KELVAN

(To Harley, laughingly)
Boy, you better get pedal'n, school ain't gonna wait for ya.

Used to these early morning visits, Harley stares at this intruder with cold contempt, then shifts his gaze to his mother. She has that look of anxious resignation, but flashes a welcoming smile as Kelvan mounts the steps.

CANDICE

See you at four, sweetie.

Harley sits astride his bike, and watches Kelvan slide his arm around his mother's waist as they enter the house.

KELVAN

(to Candice, loud enough
for Harley to hear)

Thought I'd get me a little
exercise before work.

The screen door squeaks shut behind them. Harley stands frozen, barely breathing. Taking in a scene he's seen way too many times.

Close on Harley: His face hard, too wise and angry for his 12 years. Only his eyes reveal the emotion he feels...hate.

Wheeling his bike around, he rides off hard...as though his survival depends on it.

EXT. COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE - MORNING

Harley rides up fast and parks his bike. As he's about to enter the school, three Older Boys(14) begin to taunt him.

Boy #1 is the aggressor.

BOY #1

Hey, Harley? How's your Mamma
doing?

(the boys laugh)

My Mamma says "she likes the
company of men a little too
much"... "but then, every town has
one".

As Harley walks over to the Boys, the school bell rings. Each has 3 inches and 15 pounds on Harley. Harley stands 6 inches from Boy #1 and looks up into his eyes.

HARLEY

What'd you say?

BOY #1

I said---

Before he can utter another word, Harley hits him hard, dropping him, then gets in a few more good ones before the other boys wrestle him off.

Boy #1 is bloody and in no hurry to get up. Harley shakes off the other boys and stands, fists clenched, ready for more.

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA FIDELITY BANK - LATE MORNING

Kelvan Caldwell pulls into his reserved parking spot. The parking plate reads: Kelvan Caldwell, President, West Virginia Fidelity Bank. He exits his car and....

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

...enters the bank. He smiles at customers and staff, the picture of a prosperous country banker. His glass office door is etched with: Mr. Kelvan Caldwell, President. He enters. His secretary, Delia(early-30s), pops her head in.

DELIA

Kelvan, your brother's here and wants to know if you've got ten minutes.

An annoyed grimace quickly turns into a smile.

KELVAN

Sure, send him in.

As Kelvan is hanging up his suit coat, Bobby Caldwell(late-20s) enters. He's dressed in a crisp Deputy Sherriff's uniform.

BOBBY

Hey, big brother, I see you got in late again. Morning workout?

KELVAN

(glaring)

You keepin' tabs on me smart ass? Just because you're now wearing that uniform don't mean you're still not my dumb ass little brother who pissed the bed until he was ten.

It's obvious who's the top dog in this relationship.

BOBBY

Gee...thanks for the memory... good morning to you, too.

KELVAN

Without gettin' into details
beneath my position as a community
leader... yes, I had myself a
little morning cardio. That's why
I'm in such a fuck'n good mood.

BOBBY

Well, you know what they
say...morning exercise can kick
start one's day, but---

KELVAN

What I don't need this fine fucking
morning is advice from a rookie
Barney Fife. When you become
Chief...

(Kelvan laughs)

...then and *only* then... *Deputy*...
you come and talk to me. Until
then---

BOBBY

Okay. Okay. Fair enough. Just a
friendly reminder big brother...all
this...

His hand sweeps the room.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

...could go away if Daddy finds out
about your morning exercise. I'm
just saying...this shit's gonna
bite you in the ass.

KELVAN

You just worry about your own punk
ass.

If looks could kill.

KELVAN (CONT'D)

The difference between you and me
little brother, is that men like me
make the rules for limp dicks like
you. So get in line.

Bobby's eyes flash with anger, but he responds with calm.

BOBBY

Why do you always have to be such
an asshole?

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Just stopped by to remind you that
Daddy expects everybody at the
house on Sunday. No excuses.
Daddy's pissed and you don't want
that.

Off a not too pleased Kelvan.

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPALS'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harley, defiant, with blood on his t-shirt, waits. Deputy Sherriff Booby Caldwell enters the office just as Mrs. Stillwell, longtime school Secretary(early-50s), exits the Principal's office and sits behind her desk.

MRS. STILLWELL

Morning, Bobby. Congratulations on
your new position. The Sherriff's
department is lucky to have you.
Make us proud now.

BOBBY CALDWELL

Thank you, Mrs. Stillwell. I'll
certainly do my best.

MRS. STILLWELL

That's all anybody can ask.
(she looks disapprovingly
at Harley)
Principal Roberts is expecting you,
Bobby.

Deputy Caldwell gives Mrs. Stillwell an appreciative smile then enters Principal Roberts' office, closing the door behind him. Mrs. Stillwell glares at Harley. Harley glares back.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the door to Principal Roberts' office opens.

PRINCIPAL ROBERTS (O.S.)

Young man, come in.

Harley rises, flashes Mrs. Stillwell a dismissive glance and defiantly enters the Principal's office. The door closes behind him.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. KELVAN'S CADILLAC - MOVING - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Kelvan drives through an imposing gated entrance. A large sign reads: Caldwell Farms. He enters and parks before an impressive country home.

Bobby Caldwell's police vehicle is in view, with Kelvan's Father(mid-60s), sitting alone on the front porch. From Kelvan's POV: he anxiously studies his father before exiting. As he climbs the stairs...

KELVAN
Afternoon, Daddy.

FATHER
Glad you could make it, son.
Where's Evonne?

KELVAN
She has that church charity thing.
You know, they have it every year.

FATHER
That's right. Forgot. Getting old I
guess. Have a seat, or are you
planning on leaving?

Kelvan sits and waits on his father. Uncomfortable silence.

FATHER (CONT'D)
It's a beautiful day. Cool breeze
from the hills.
(pronounced beat)
Boy, are you happy with your life?

Kelvan looks at his father who continues to look off into the distance.

KELVAN
I am, most days.

FATHER
Glad to hear it...because, you
know... it can all change in a
heartbeat.

Kelvan sits more erect.

FATHER (CONT'D)
I hear that you're being careless
again.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Making company with Candice Jackson. I though we talked about that.

KELVAN

Daddy---

FATHER

Don't try and spin me boy. What the fuck do you think you're doing? I made you President of the bank because I thought you were ready to handle the work and the community responsibility that goes with it. Was I wrong?

KELVAN

Daddy---

FATHER

In some corner of that brain of yours, you decide that it's okay to take up with Davis Jackson's widow less than a year after his unfortunate death.

KELVAN

Daddy...she came on to me. What's a man to do?

Daddy looks at him with undisguised skepticism and disappointment.

FATHER

Don't fuck with me boy. I know you Kelvan, and I know that for every good decision you make, you make two bad ones. You've been like that since you were a boy. And I also know that you like to get rough with the ladies. If you need to do that shit, do it in another county. You just stay away from her. She's a good woman going through a lot... and she has a young boy. He don't need you droppin' in and droppin' your pants. Mark my words, if you keep this up, it'll bite you boy...hard...sure as shit. Worse than that, it'll bite me.

He looks hard into Kelvan's eyes, then without emotion, turns away and calmly sips his drink. Close on a chastised Kelvan.

INT. JACKSON HOME - LATE AFTERNOON - FAST FORWARD

Super: 6 Years Later

Harley enters and calls out to his mother (Candice). No longer a skinny kid, Harley is now a specimen of a man: tall, wiry muscular and what people call...country strong.

HARLEY
Momma, I'm home.

His stops and listens for a response. None comes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Momma?

Harley walks into the kitchen and washes the day's work grim off his hands, then proceeds up the stairs to his mother's bedroom. The door's ajar. He knocks softly, then enters and sees his mother curled up on the bed.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Momma...are you alright?

He hears a soft whimper and walks to the side of the bed where he sees his mother's battered face. She looks up at him.

CANDICE
I'm sorry sweetie.

Horrified, Harley kneels down to comfort a now sobbing Candice. He gently brushes the hair from her face. Her eye is turning blue and her upper arms are red and bruised.

HARLEY
Momma...don't. Never apologize.

Close on a very focused and angry Harley.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Did that son a bitch do this?

CANDICE
He didn't mean it. I shouldn't have said what I did. Without his help--
-

Harley's rage is building.

HARLEY
Momma...when did he leave?

CANDICE

Don't go doing anything Harley.
Promise me.

HARLEY

Where is he now?

CANDICE

He said he was headin' home after a
few stops. Please Harley. He'll
hurt you.

Harley kisses his mother's cheek then stands.

HARLEY

Don't you worry, Momma. Are you
gonna be alright for a bit?

She Nods yes. Harley kisses her forehead, then races down the
stairs and out to his truck. He jumps in and roars off.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Following Harley as he drives around town looking for Kelvan.

Roaring down a deserted country road, Harley spots Kelvan's
Cadillac up ahead, hood up. Harley slams on the brakes within
an inch of the Cadillac and jumps out.

KELVAN

Well, look who's here to give me a
ride.

Harley stands before Kelvan, now eye-to-eye.

KELVAN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Look at you. You think because
you've grown a few inches that
you're a man. You're just a dumb
punk with no prospects and no fut--
-

Before Kelvan can utter another word, Harley hits him hard.
Kelvan staggers and Harley hits him again. Kelvan finds his
balance and connects hard with Harley's face. In a blind
rage, Harley continues to attack.

HARLEY

This one's for my Momma... and this
one's for my Daddy.

He hits Kelvan again and again, until he goes down, stops moving, stops breathing.

A bloody and bruised Harley looks down at Kelvan, his face unrecognizable. Harley takes a deep breath and looks up to the blue sky. A billowing white cloud holds his attention.

INT. JACKSON HOME - LATER THAT DAY

A battered Candice Jackson walks into the kitchen and sees an envelope on the table. She opens it. Inside is a hand written note and some cash.

Close on letter. It reads: Had to leave Momma. Will be in touch. Love, Harley

Off a worried Candice.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK- DAY

Harley, with beat-up backpack, waits at the side of the tracks. TRAIN WHISTLE. A freight train comes into view.

As freight cars pass, Harley takes off in a sprint, grabbing onto a side ladder, pulling himself up and climbing to the top of the car. He immediately sees that he's not alone, another traveler has beat him to it.

From Harley's POV: standing atop the moving train, he sizes up his unexpected traveling companion. The Man is big, black and not to be messed with. He menacingly holds Harley's gaze, then looks away.

Harley walks toward him, takes a good look and sits a couple feet away. After a moment of tense silence, Harley looks the Man in the eye and extends his hand. The man takes the measure of Harley, then extends his. They shake.

HARLEY

Name's Harley.

YOUNG MAN

Trevon.

HARLEY

Good to meet you, Trevon. Where you headed?

TREVON

Clarksburg.

HARLEY

Me too.

TREVON

Looking for work. My momma needs
some help. What's up with the face?

Harley touches his bruised cheek, then smiles.

HARLEY

What... this? Clumsy. I kinda fell
into a fist.

Trevon lets out a small laugh. Harley studies this stranger.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You play football?

Trevon Nods yes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Sure got the size for it. I'd guess
linebacker, maybe tackle.

They lock eyes, each taking stock. Then Harley gives Trevon
an easy, confident smile.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Why don't you come with me. Thought
I'd join the army. A good way to
disappear and make a few bucks.
Three squares and regular money to
send home.

Trevon studies him, but there's something about this stranger
that puts him at ease.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

How old are you?

TREVON

Just turned eighteen.

HARLEY

Same here. Think of it as a chance
to start over where nobody knows
you.

Harley looks at his watch.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Figure you have five hours to
decide.

With that, Harley leans back, rests his head on his backpack and closes his eyes. From Trevon's POV: we see a relaxed Harley taking a nap.

EXT. TRAIN - AERIAL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

Bird's eye view of the the long, ambling freight train, with Harley and Trevon hitching a ride.

INT. KAUFMAN BROS. OFFICES - **RETURN TO PRESENT DAY**

Lisa Fredericks escorts Harley through a busy trading floor to a conference room, opens the door and enters, holding it for Harley.

Seated around a large conference table are eight Men(late-30s/early-40s), two Women(late-40s) and Steven Kaufman(75), seated at the head of the table.

From Harley's POV: he sees ten pair of questioning, hostile eyes locked on him. He expected it. To the bone arrogance. People who've never had to worry about making tuition or next month's rent.

Harley flashes a confident, friendly smile as Steven Kaufman jumps up to greet him.

STEVEN

Thank you, Lisa. Harley, welcome.

Lisa exits and Steven shakes Harley's hand. No one else stands.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Harley, I'd like to present my executive management team. These are the people I count on to run Kaufman Bros: Gayle Michaels, Amanda Chisholm, Brent Crawford, Todd Steinmark, Gil Crestwell, Peter Bergdorff, Thornton Billings, Jonathan Avery, Timothy Hodgeson and Richard Adams.

Harley Nods a collective "Hello", then places his briefcase on the table opposite Steven. He passes out his card.

HARLEY

It's a pleasure to meet you all. And, thank you Steven, for the invitation.

POV from Thornton Billings. Close on Harley's card: STONEWALL SOLUTIONS, Harley Stonewall Jackson, 1000 Park Avenue, Suite 500, New York, New York 100386 email: harley@stonewallsolutions.com 212-645-1212

THORNTON BILLINGS
(a dismissive smirk)
Harley Stonewall Jackson. Any
relation to the Confederate
traitor?

A knowing smile from Harley.

HARLEY
Eight generations removed, father's
side.

THORNTON BILLINGS
Really. Wow. I've never met a real
live Confederate before. I thought
we killed all your rebel asses.

Thornton laughs, a few others join in. They think they've got this guy. Harley lets the laughter die before speaking.

HARLEY
You know, as a kid, if I took that
name out of my back pocket, I used
to get a free soda pop. Never had
to pay. Not that I ever had the
fifty cents to buy one.

THORNTON
Well, Mr. Harley Stonewall Jackson,
I think we could all dig deep and
buy you that soda pop. What's your
brand, Dr. Pepper? Isn't that what
you southern boys drink?

Thornton flashes his trademark smirk, then digs into his pocket, takes out a quarter and SNAPS it down on the table.

THORNTON (CONT'D)
Anyone else?

Everyone, save Steven and Amanda (she loathes Thornton), thinks this is very funny. Thornton dismissively studies Harley's card again.

THORNTON (CONT'D)
Harley Stonewall Jackson comes to
the big city. Sounds like one of
those old black and white Capra
films.

(MORE)

THORNTON (CONT'D)

If my memory of American History is correct, wasn't General Jackson shot dead by one of his own men?

Harley smiles, feeding off the arrogance.

HARLEY

That's true. The name Stonewall was given to him by Union soldiers at the battle of Manassas. Legend has it that he was immovable under fire. Fearless.

Harley locks eyes with Thornton as Thornton flicks the card to the center of the table. Steven smiles to himself.

STEVEN

I think I should properly introduce Mr. Jackson. Born in rural West Virginia, Harley hopped a freight train and joined the army at eighteen with five dollars in his pocket, became an Army Ranger at twenty-one, rose to the rank of Captain, served two tours in Iraq, fought in the Second Battle of Fallujah, where he was awarded the Silver Star for Gallantry, earned his BA in Mathematics and Anthropology from Vanderbilt, Masters in Economics and Anthropology from Oxford and Phd. in Economics from MIT. All by the age of thirty.

Steven looks around the table. All are now sitting up a little taller, studying the mysterious, impeccably dressed man with the disarming accent.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Did I leave anything out, Harley?

HARLEY

That was spot on Steven, thank you. Although in the spirit of absolute truth, I should make one small correction. I had ten dollars in my pocket when I hopped that train. At that stage of my life, an extra five dollars was a lot of money.

He takes a second to measure the room. Anger and impatience have been replaced with anxiety and confusion.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're all wondering why you're sitting here. So, Let's end the mystery. We're here to talk about Kaufman Bros. More specifically, how each of you contributes to its successes, and, to its failures as an organization.

(beat)

Or, to put it another way, why the firm is not performing to Mr. Kaufman's expectations and its God given potential. And, what each of you needs to do to change that.

He looks around the table. He finally has their attention.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Let's begin with a simple exercise.

All glance Steven's way for some sign or explanation. Harley reaches into his briefcase and takes out a stack of paper, then hands out 1 sheet per person, excluding Steven.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I want each of you to describe, in fifty words or less, why you walk through the doors of Kaufman Bros. each morning and...now this is important... the core objective of the firm. In other words, why does the firm exist and why do you exist for the firm. And please, sign it.

He looks at the stunned faces around the table, then looks at his watch.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Okay... Go. You have one minute.

They all look at one another and like school children at exam time, start to write...frantically. Enjoying this, Steven winks.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Harley has the 10 sheets of paper taped to the wall. He studies each briefly as the room waits, anxious, silent.

HARLEY

What jumps out at me, is that none of you seem to agree on the firm's core objective, besides the "making money" part. Nowhere, in any of your responses, do I see key words like performance, innovation, global, leadership... service.

Harley pauses to consider something.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Help me out. If you add up all the salaries in this room, excluding Steven, how much would that be? I'm guessing, eight, maybe ten million.

He locks eyes with each of the rattled, hostile faces.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

That's a hell of lot of money. Hard to imagine really. And with bonuses, I'm guessing again... maybe another twenty million?

He has their full attention.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

How could the very people who have been given the privilege of running this firm and are paid so handsomely for it...not even come close to agreeing on why this company exists. Anybody? Thornton?

Thornton looks like he's about to explode.

THORNTON BILLINGS

Steven, please. This is ridiculous. The people around this table have degrees from Harvard and Princeton for fuck sake.

Looking contemptuously at Harley.

THORNTON BILLINGS (CONT'D)

This may work where you come from, but we do things differently here.

AMANDA CHISHOLM

(contemptuously to
Thornton)

Chicago, London School of
Economics.

THORNTON BILLINGS
 (irritated)
 What?

AMANDA CHISHOLM
 Not everyone went to Harvard and
 Princeton Thornton. There is
 another world out there you know.

GIL CRESTWELL
 Yeah...Cornell for one.

Thornton dismisses Amanda with a glance then condescendingly
 responds to Gil.

THORNTON BILLINGS
 Sorry Gil, good, but second tier.

Gil glares, as Thornton decides he's had enough and stands.

STEVEN
 (authoritative)
 Sit down, Thornton.

Thornton grudgingly takes his seat.

The others sit quietly.

HARLEY
 Thornton, everyone...relax. I
 believe that this firm has the
 potential to double its earnings
 within the year just by changing a
 few fundamentals, and if necessary,
 personalities. Right now, your
 numbers are respectable, but
 average. Just imagine what could be
 accomplished if the talent in this
 room actually worked together,
 pursued the same core objectives,
 collaborated, talked. Had each
 others' backs.

Making eye contact with all ten.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
 As it stands now, every day you
 walk through the front doors of
 Kaufman Bros., you're not bringing
 your best. You're flying solo.

His tone warming.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Every single person who works for you is looking to you for direction, leadership, maybe even a little inspiration from time to time. If you're cruising, you're failing them. You're failing Kaufman Bros.

Thornton and a few others look to Steven for a sign that this is all some bad joke.

STEVEN

I agree. Harley and I have been talking for about a month now and I have total faith in him. Harley, it's your show.

Steven gets up and leaves the room. Everyone is in shock.

HARLEY

I guess it's just us now.

He looks around the table.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to show you something that will blow your minds.

He turns out the lights as the large flat screen on the wall comes to life with the series 'Planet Earth'.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Meet the Spotted Hyena.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Super: 1 Month Earlier

Steven Kaufman sits alone at a back booth, nursing a HARP Ale. He looks up and sees a Man walking toward him. The Man stops at his table (it's Harley).

HARLEY
Mr. Kaufman?

STEVEN
As a matter of fact, I am.

HARLEY
Harley Jackson.

They shake.

STEVEN
Great to finally meet you Harley.
Please, join me. And, it's Steven.

As Harley slides into the booth, he takes a good look at this billionaire, Wall Street icon.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
What's your pleasure Harley?

HARLEY
I'll have what you're having.

Steven holds up the Harp bottle and signals for 2 more.

STEVEN
This is my favorite pub in New
York. Nobody I know comes here and
they always have my favorite beer,
ice cold.

HARLEY
A man after my own heart.

Harley flashes an appreciative smile.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
It's the little things that never
let you down.

Steven smiles then turns to business.

STEVEN

You come highly recommended. I hear you're an assassin with a heart.

Harley laughs. The waiter places two Harp Ales on the table.

HARLEY

I've never heard that one before.

Harley takes a satisfying pull on his ice cold beer.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Wow, this is good. I'll have to add it to my list.

Looking at the bottle label, then at Steven, he returns to the conversation.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure assassin accurately describes how I approach things or what I do...

A sly smile.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

...although, I do prefer to attack problems rather directly.

STEVEN

Harley, over the years, I've had to deal with every kind of person you can imagine. And you know what most have in common? Especially the new generation of corporate warriors. They all think they're hot shit...from the first day on the job...the second coming of something. Soft, and the worst thing you can say about someone...uninteresting. Too much Ivy League bullshit and entitlement. To be honest, the best person I've hired in the last five years has a business degree from Queen's College. What does that tell you?

(ironic smile)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

My executive team is filled with very smart people with enviable pedigrees, but they all seem to lack the hunger to kick ass.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I've been told that you're a very hungry guy.

Steven pauses. They lock eyes.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you what I'm looking for and then we can talk about things other than business. I'm seventy-five and I'm told by my doctor that I probably won't live forever.

He chuckles. Harley smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

As a company, our reputation is better than our performance, but that can't last. I need to find out if anyone on my management team has the chops to succeed me.

A look of disgust crosses his face.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I've come to the conclusion that for too many, planning their weekend in the Hamptons is more important than the future of Kaufman Brothers. To tell you the truth, I'm exhausted by the delicate egos and bullshit. I want you to shake them up. Scare the piss out of them and see how they react.

Steven's face becomes more serious. A distant look comes to his eyes.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

My plan was for my daughter, Rachel, to take over one day. MBA from Chicago, smart, smart girl. And tough. Fought her way to the rank of Captain in the Army.

Picking at the label of his bottle.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Not an easy task, as I'm sure you can appreciate.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I tried to talk her out of joining,
but she said she had to do it.

Harley nods, understanding.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Never made it home from
Afghanistan. Nearly killed me.
Eventually did kill her mother.

HARLEY

I'm so sorry, Steven.

STEVEN

So, now I'm looking for people to
either step up, move over or
fucking leave. I have no time to
waste and I've run out of patience.
I'd prefer to find someone
internally...easier, but, if I have
to go outside, I will.

Harley slowly flashes a mischievous smile and takes another
pull on his beer.

HARLEY

I think I have just the thing for
them. Do you want me to make them
cry?... or would that be pushing
it?

Steven laughs, enjoying his new friend.

STEVEN

I grew up as the only Jewish kid on
a tough block in South Boston and I
learned very young that life wasn't
going to give me anything, and no
matter what, crying was not
allowed.

(smiling)

But you know, a few tears might be
exactly what this delicate bunch
needs.

Both laugh at the thought as they clink beers.

EXT. STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - DAY

Harley is walking home from work. It's old Brooklyn, an
authentic pocket not yet touched by gentrification and
Starbucks.

When he's steps away from an aging walk-up, Rita, a Black Woman(65), sitting on the building's steps, greets him.

O.S. - a dog can be heard BARKING excitedly.

RITA

Harley, I swear that dog of yours can smell you a block away. As soon as you hit that corner, he loses his mind.

The BARKING grows more intense.

HARLEY

And, how are you, Rita? I have to say, you're looking awfully good today.

RITA

Just today?

HARLEY

Every day, my love. Will I be seeing you later?

RITA

You bet. Been looking forward to it all day. And you tell that granddaughter of mine to call her Nanna. She's beginning to think she's too fancy for the neighborhood.

Harley looks down at her, smiling.

HARLEY

I have an idea. Why don't you visit her? We can all go to lunch. You know you want to.

She waves him away, loving the attention. He bounds up the steps.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Harley enters the building, walks past the ancient elevator and runs up the 3 flights to his apartment. O.S. - behind his apartment door, his Dog(Connie), is BARKING MADLY.

When he inserts his key, the BARKING STOPS. He pauses, smiling to himself, then opens the door and enters.

Sitting six feet from the door, we see a powerful looking mutt sitting and looking at Harley with big, excited eyes.

Connie looks like he's about to jump out of his skin, but stays put, waiting on Harley. Harley stands perfectly still then nods his head in greeting, prompting Connie to spin three times in place before pouncing on a crouching Harley.

HARLEY

How's my boy. Oh yes, oh yes.
You're such a beautiful boy. It's
soooo good to see you. Did you miss
me? Huh? Are you ready to run?

Connie instantly stops and sits, looking up at Harley, then BARKS, barely able to contain himself.

EXT. PARK, RUNNING PATH - LATER - EARLY EVENING

Harley is RUNNING FULL-TILT with Connie (leashed). They leave the running path and cut across a wide expanse of grass to where 12 PEOPLE(Mixed Ages/Genders/Races), have gathered.

Harley removes Connie's leash and he joyfully bounds into the crowd. Rita(the lady from the steps) is there. She catches Harley's eye and smiles.

Connie sits by Harley as everyone quickly claims their spot.

HARLEY

Okay, everyone...let's begin. Fill
your lungs as you reach for the
sky.

In unison, all take a deep breath and stretch.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful evening. Take it
all in. Reach. Reach. Now hold it,
hold it. Now, exhale. And let's
begin.

Harley begins to lead them in slow, flowing Tai Chi.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Birds eye view of Harley and group moving as one with the vast park around them.

INT. **PAST** - MONROE COUNTY, GROCERY STORE - DAY

Harley(17), is bagging groceries at the local supermarket. He hands a Woman(40s), her filled bag and smiles as she leaves.

He then smiles broadly at the next customer in line, Mrs. Connor(late-30s), his English Teacher.

HARLEY

Hi, Mrs. Connor.

MRS. CONNOR

Hello, Harley.

HARLEY

I'll have that essay in tomorrow morning. Just want to look it over one more time. I like to let it sit all by itself for a day.

Mrs. Connor smiles at the wisdom of one of her favorite students as Harley bags her groceries.

MRS. CONNOR

That's always wise, Harley. Go back and look at it with fresh eyes.

He smiles, appreciating the compliment.

MRS. CONNOR (CONT'D)

I hope you're considering what we talked about?

HARLEY

I am. I just don't know where I'll get the money. As it is Mrs. Connor, the money I make here goes straight home.

MRS. CONNOR

Harley, where there's a will... scholarships will cover a large part of it. I know some good people.

HARLEY

Yeah, but that'll still leave a lot. And I don't have it.

(smiling)

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, maybe Mr. Kelvan Caldwell and his bank will spot me the rest.

Mrs. Connor is not smiling.

MRS. CONNOR

Harley, your test scores are the best I've ever seen. You need to seriously think about this.

HARLEY

Yeah, but my grades suck...sorry...
...and I haven't always been what you'd call a model student.

MRS. CONNOR

The smart colleges are looking for potential and you have that Harley. I can think of ten excellent schools that would be proud to have you.

She leans in and whispers.

MRS. CONNOR (CONT'D)

And you need to get out of this town.

HARLEY

I know. I will. Somehow.

He hands Mrs. Connor her bagged groceries. She smiles warmly, then leaves. Harley watches her go, then turns his attention to the next customer, a middle-aged Black Woman.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Afternoon, Mrs. Hastings.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, LECTURE HALL - **RETURN TO PRESENT** - DAY

Dr. Carol Calipari(late-30s, confident, attractive), is at a lectern facing a room packed with medical students (50/50 Male, Female). She scans her binder notes, then looks up.

Super: Columbia University, School of Medicine - Course: Psychiatric Medicine

DR. CALIPARI

Good Morning, all. I am Dr. Carol Calipari and this is Psychiatric Medicine.

From her POV: A very attentive group.

On Dr. Calipari.

DR. CALIPARI (CONT'D)

The objective of this course is to provide you with a grounding in psychiatric medicine. Important information that will help each of you in your career no matter which direction you choose. Some of you will choose psychiatry, most will not. Over the next few months we will focus on a number of key elements such as the critically important 'psychiatric interview' and major psychiatric disorders such as schizophrenia, acute anxiety and bi-polar depression. We have much to cover...so, let's get started.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - PRESENT - DAY

Harley and Connie are out for a walk. Harley is dressed in tight black t-shirt, slim jeans and black runners, his body lean and muscled. He walks with a physicality that attracts attention.

Stopping at a coffee shop, Harley ties Connie to a dog post and enters. He immediately notices a woman in line(it's Dr. Calipari).

A Young Man(early-20s), enters the shop in a state of agitation. As he approaches the cash, he begins to shout at his invisible demons.

MAN

I need to talk to you. Now! It's too late! It's too late! I told you not to look! Why are you looking at me!?

All eyes are fixed on the disturbance. Harley studies the Man, then non-threateningly, approaches him. Angle on Dr. Calipari observing the encounter.

HARLEY

Hey, Buddy. What's your name?

The Man looks at Harley with wide, excited eyes, then lowers his head and answers quietly.

MAN

Joshua.

HARLEY

Mind if I call you Josh. I had a good friend named Josh. My name's Harley.

The man slowly Nods yes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Do you like dogs, Josh?

JOSH

(Quietly)

Yes.

He looks into Harley's eyes, searching.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I had one.

HARLEY

Really? What was his name?

JOSH

She. Black Lab. Minny.

HARLEY

That's amazing. My dog's half Black Lab, half Bull Terrier. At least I think so. Spotted her at the shelter and it was love at first sight.

(beat)

Here's what we're going to do, Josh. I'm gonna buy you a coffee and sandwich and introduce you to my dog, sitting right out there.

Josh looks wide-eyed at Harley then toward the door.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(to the cashier)

Can I have a tuna sandwich. You like tuna, Josh?

Josh Nods yes, enthusiastically.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Make that two tuna sandwiches and two large coffees.

Josh looks at Harley, his new friend.

EXT. TABLE, OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Harley and Josh are sitting at a patio table, eating their sandwiches as Josh pets Connie. Suddenly, the woman from the line(Dr. Calipari), is standing before their table. Harley looks up.

DR. CALIPARI
(to Harley)
Hi, I'm Carol.

HARLEY
Harley.

CAROL
You're a very unusual man, Harley.
Mind if I sit?

Harley jumps up and pulls a chair out for her.

HARLEY
Not at all. Isn't that right, Josh?

Josh Nods yes and smiles with a mouthful of sandwich.

Connie gravitates to Carol. She pets him.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
You just passed the Connie test.

CAROL
Connie?

HARLEY
Short for Conrad.

Carol pauses to think.

CAROL
Isn't Connie the same length as
Conrad?

He smiles at her playfully.

HARLEY
You got me on that one. Story for
another time.

Josh studies them studying one another as he devours his sandwich.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HARLEY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Harley is at his dining room table on his laptop.

His apartment: tasteful, but spare. It suits him. His boyhood bicycle is mounted on the wall. Connie is beside him.

Close on laptop: his banking/investment page.

He clicks on Cash Account: the total reads \$5,888,000, then Investments: \$32,345,869. Harley studies the page, no emotion. He closes the laptop, pets Connie, and walks to the refrigerator.

It's filled with healthy foods and beer. He grabs a can of Harp Ale, walks out to his balcony and takes a satisfying pull. A busy street scene below.

O.S. a SOFT KNOCK on the door. He turns to listen; another SOFT KNOCK. Beer in hand, Harley exits the balcony and opens the door to find Carol from the coffee shop. She's holding a bottle of Tattinger Champagne.

CAROL

Hi, remember me?

HARLEY

Of course. You're not easy to forget. How'd you find me?

She enters and Connie is immediately there to greet her.

Carol bends down to say hello.

CAROL

I have sources.

HARLEY

Should I be afraid?

CAROL

You don't look like you've ever experienced that emotion.

She holds out the bottle of champagne. He smiles and takes it.

HARLEY

Tattinger. One of my favorites. A subtle sweetness to it. Did your sources tell you that too?

CAROL

No... I swear. A nice coincidence.
I just wanted to officially welcome
you to the neighborhood.

HARLEY

(smiling)

Actually, I've lived here for two
years. But then, I'm sure your
sources told you that as well. I'm
having a beer.

Holding up the beer can.

CAROL

Sounds good. Save the bubbly for
another time.

He walks to the refrigerator, deposits the Tattinger and
grabs a can of Harp Ale, handing it to Carol.

HARLEY

I'm a can man as well.

CAROL

I knew that.

Smiling mischievously, she pops the top, raising her can for
a toast.

CAROL (CONT'D)

To new friends, shelter dogs, truth
wherever you can find it, and joy.
In whatever shape it comes.

HARLEY

I certainly like the sound of that.

They clink cans and drink. He takes a good look at her. From
his POV: stunning; blue/green eyes; tight, terrific jeans.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

So, tell me, who is this Carol
person?

CAROL

Harley Stonewall Jackson, what an
intriguing name.

They look into each others eyes and smile. Connie sits next
to them looking up with wide, expectant eyes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, NYC - MORNING

Close on Strawberry Fields Imagine Circle.

Harley stands to the side of the Circle along with the Executive Team from Kaufman Bros. and Connie. He's dressed for the adventure ahead; runners; work-out clothes; backpack.

The others are dressed in Saturday casual; most with backpacks. The outliers are Amanda Chisholm, in full workout gear, runners and Yankees cap and Thornton Billings, dressed for lunch at the Princeton Club.

HARLEY

Great to see all of you again.
Those of you who dressed and
prepared for the day ahead will be
glad you did.

Nodding to Amanda and flashing a smirk at Thornton.

THORNTON

Can we just get on with this.

Amanda glares at Thornton.

HARLEY

For the next twenty-four, sleepless
hours, you will need to perform to
your absolute best, as individuals
and as a group. Today, I want you
all to think like a hyena. Nature's
most misunderstood creature and one
of its most accomplished. Often
thought of as dirty scavengers and
through the centuries, associated
with Satanic worship, not unlike
many of you Wall Street types...

Thornton looks at the others with an 'I can't believe this asshole' look.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

...the hyena is actually a
brilliant hunter and carnivore,
highly individualistic and
competitive. Yet, when there is a
clear clan objective, brilliant at
working within a complex hunt and
kill structure. Today, we're going
to divide into two hunting parties.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

The instructions I'll be handing out will provide each party or pack with basic information on the rules for the hunt and clues to help you successfully achieve step one. At the successful conclusion of each step, you will be greeted by a hunt monitor and given another set of instructions. If you fail to complete a step, you will need to regroup, rethink and try again.

He pauses to look around at the mostly miserable faces.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You will need to find a way to work as one, otherwise, I assure you...you will fail. So, starting now, imagine that you're all hyenas. The only thing that matters is achieving the ultimate objective, or in hyena speak, the kill. If you fail, you will go hungry.

From Harley's POV: he sees what he was hoping for - growing anxiety, insecurity and fear. They're beginning to realize that the next 24 hours does not include lattes and lunch.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Pack One: Gayle, Brent, Peter, Todd, Richard. Pack Two: Amanda, Gil, Thornton, Timothy and Johnathan.

Harley hands out the 1 page instruction. The shot pulls back: all swallowed by Central Park and Manhattan.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

A fast paced MONTAGE of the frantic and humorous doings of each Pack: HUDDLING, DISCUSSING, FIGHTING, RUNNING, HIGH-FIVING and consuming take-out on the run in identifiable Manhattan locations: Ellis Island; China Town; Brooklyn Bridge; Harlem; Little Italy; a crowded bus and subway.

At first they appear frazzled and anxious, but increasingly confident and collaborative as we move through the montage.

We see Amanda, confident and collaborative, with Thornton, in frustration, shedding his silk tie and cashmere jacket and handing them to a surprised homeless man.

INT. TAVERN - NEXT DAY

Harley sits alone at a big table sipping a beer. Members of Pack Two straggle in.

He looks at his watch; it reads: 12:01. They look exhausted.

Each collapses into a chair and stares at Harley with a mixture of awe and contempt. After a few moments, Pack One enters. Harley claps as they too collapse. Exhausted and exhilarated, all high-five around the table.

HARLEY

I congratulate every one of you as individuals and... as members of a successful kill pack. Be proud, you are all now honorary hyenas.

They all look at Harley, their tormentor. Smiles begin to appear and a few begin to laugh. Soon all join in. They're giddy from stress and exhaustion.

Harley throws a bunch of baseball caps onto the table; each branded with the image of a hyena with bared teeth and the words: Honorary Hyena, Kill Pack.

Each dons a cap, even Thornton.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I have one more challenge.

A few groan and begin to protest.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

The two packs must now join forces and work as one clan to achieve one last objective.

They all look at one another in disbelief.

THORNTON

Really?

JOHNATHAN

I can't.

AMANDA

(smiling, mocking)

Come on boys, time to put that legendary Ivy grit to the test.

Thornton, looks her way with a mixture of respect and contempt.

GIL

Jesus, I need a beer.

Harley stands and passes out one last sheet of instructions.

HARLEY

Good hunting hyenas.

He smiles and walks out as they all sit speechless.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, PARK AVENUE- DAY

Elevator doors pop open and it's Harley, briefcase in hand.

He exits and walks down a hallway toward double glass entrance doors that read: Stonewall Solutions.

INT. STONEWALL SOLUTIONS RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Danielle(25), his Assistant, is sitting behind the reception desk. She is young, black and wholesomely pretty.

DANIELLE

Harley, the mystery man has arrived. I have a ton of messages. All urgent.

HARLEY

Things are rarely as urgent as they seem.

She gives him a look.

DANIELLE

I didn't know that so called 'important people' could whine like little children.

He smiles, enjoying Danielle's slant on the world.

HARLEY

If you only knew.

He walks into his office which is tastefully, but simply decorated. It's Harley. He sits behind his desk and turns on his computer.

On his desk is framed quote that reads: "Not everything that is faced can be changed. But nothing can be changed until it is faced." James Baldwin

Danielle places a cup of coffee on the deak. The mug is stamped with the quote: "No problem can withstand the assault of sustained thinking." Voltaire

DANIELLE

I've logged in all your calls in order of importance. The louder the whine, the further down the list. For a man with a funny accent, you're very popular.

HARLEY

(sternly)
Go see your grandmother.

DANIELLE

Where'd that come from?

HARLEY

Every day she tells me about her ungrateful granddaughter who's becoming too fancy to visit the old neighborhood.

She looks at him with feigned pique.

DANIELLE

I call her every week, sometimes twice.

HARLEY

You don't know how long she'll be around.

DANIELLE

Are you kidding? With your Tai Chung, what-ya-ma-call-em classes in the park and her compulsive need to meddle, my Nanna will live to be a hundred. She has you wrapped around her little finger.

(smiling)

Anyway, 'Mr. Sticking his nose into my business', I was planning to see her this weekend. I can't believe I'm takin' advice from a white boy from cracker country. Unbelievable.

She turns and leaves. Close on Danielle smiling to herself.

Close on Harley. Smiling. Happy.

He scrolls through his messages. From Harley's POV: the name Trevon Washington appears on the computer screen. Harley looks concerned and calls up the message.

TREVON

(recorded message)

Hey Harley. Long time. Hate to put this on you man, but I'm in the middle of some trouble. Got mixed up with some nasty mother fuckers. Could use your advice.

Harley dials. Trevon's voice mail picks up.

TREVON (CONT'D)

Hey, it's Trevon. Will get back asap. Have a good one.

HARLEY

(into phone)

Trevon, it's Harley. Glad that you called, buddy. You need to get your ass to New York...pronto.

Off Harley as he hangs up: a look of concern.

INT. CAROL'S CO-OP - EVENING

She enters and throws her keys into a crystal bowl. The Co-Op is beautifully decorated. It's her: tasteful; elegant.

Carol walks to the bar fridge, removes a bottle of white wine and pours herself a glass and takes a satisfying sip.

She asks Google to play Miles Davis, 'Someday My Prince Will Come', then walks down the hall to the bathroom, begins to fill the tub and then walks to her bedroom.

Her eyes lock on a folded paper resting on her pillow. She slowly approaches the bed and picks up the note. From her POV it reads: "You will never get rid of me. Nobody gets rid of me. Xo"

Close on Carol: pale; horrified.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HARLEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harley is fast asleep with Connie sprawled out on the floor.

EXT. **DREAM SCENE - PAST** - CITY STREET, FALUJA, IRAQ - DAY

Harley and best friend Connie Fratelli are in the middle of an intense FIRE FIGHT, pinned down behind a burnt out Humvee.

HARLEY

We'll be fucking toast if we stay here.

Harley looks around for a possible escape route. The FIRE becomes more intense.

A sniper's bullet hits Connie in the chest. Connie SCREAMS.

CONNIE

I'm hit. I'm hit. Fuck! I'm gonna die in this shit hole.

Harley checks out Connie's wound. It's serious.

HARLEY

Nobody's gonna die today.

Harley frantically looks around for shelter, slings both his and Connie's rifle over his left shoulder and hoists Connie onto his right, then sprints across the open road. Intense FIRE.

He lays a now unconscious Connie down, checks for a pulse and finds none. He begins chest compressions.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Come on buddy. You're not gonna die on me. Not here.

He again checks for a pulse and resumes compressions.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Connie! Come on! Stay with me!

SMACH CUT:

INT. **BACK TO PRESENT** - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dreaming Harley calls out.

HARLEY
 Connie! Connie!

Startled awake, Connie (the dog) responds to Harley's cries and excitedly begins licking his face.

Sweating and disoriented, Harley sits up in bed, realizing that it was a dream. Connie, still agitated, continues to comfort him. Harley takes a deep breath and pets Connie.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
 It's okay, boy. It's okay.

INT. BROOKLYN COMMUNITY CENTER, MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A group of 10 Men(25-65), sit in a circle. The Session Leader is in his early-40s.

SESSION LEADER
 We all come from different places,
 different experiences, but we share
 things others can't begin to
 understand or imagine. Each one of
 you has a very personal story. This
 circle is ours... no one else's.
 What is said here is sacred and
 stays here.

He looks around the circle. Nods of agreement.

SESSION LEADER (CONT'D)
 So, who would like to start?

Traveling around the circle... silence. We stop at one Man with his head down...it's Harley. He breaks the silence.

HARLEY
 I came from not much.

Smiling to himself.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
 Country boy. Poor. Lots of trouble.
 Potential, but no prospects.
 (beat)

HARLEY (CONT'D)
 Growing up, I never really trusted
 anyone, except maybe my father, but
 he died when I was twelve. My
 mother? Loved her with all my
 heart, but...

His eyes convey a guarded vulnerability.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

The Army changed everything for me.
At first it gave me a place to
hide. A safe place to blend in,
test myself, where nobody knew me.
The guys I served with became my
family.

The circle listens. Some Nod their understanding.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I felt connected for the first time
in my life.

He looks around at the supportive faces.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I trusted my guys with my life and
they trusted me with theirs. Then,
I started losing them. One by one.
Fallujah. Operation Phantom Fury
they called it. What a shit storm.
Door to door, very personal.

(shaking his head)

Not a day goes by that I don't
think of them.

Off a deeply sad Harley.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Harley and Connie are on their way home after a run, when Harley spots Carol sitting on his building's steps. He unleashes Connie and she runs to Carol, enthusiastically licking her face, then sits protectively by her side.

HARLEY

(sitting)

Well, this is a nice surprise.

(leaning in)

I'd lick your face too, but I'm
afraid what the neighbors might
say.

He smiles, but there is no reaction from Carol. She then turns her head and Harley sees the bruises and black eye.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She begins to tear up. Harley puts his arm around her.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

What happened?

She pauses to catch her breath before answering.

CAROL

I need to tell you a few things.

(tearing up)

A long time ago, I married a man who turned out to be a monster. I know, not a very clinical term coming from a psychiatrist.

HARLEY

Wait a minute. You're a psychiatrist? You said you were a doctor...but---

CAROL

Yeah, I was planning to tell you...eventually. Thought it might scare you.

He's speechless for a moment.

HARLEY

Later...just tell me what happened?

CAROL

My Ex showed up. I was leaving my office late and there he was. I've had three restraining orders, but he just ignores them. The police can't be bothered. He just smiled, said "hello sweetheart" and hit me. Knocked me out. When I regained consciousness, he was gone.

Harley softly kisses her forehead. Gently holding her face in both hands,

HARLEY

Have you seen a doctor?

CAROL

Not yet.

HARLEY

Then that's where we're going.

(helping her up)

Where is he now?

CAROL

I don't know. But I'm afraid to go home. He got in somehow and left this note.

She takes it out of her purse and hands it to Harley. He reads it without expression.

HARLEY

Can I keep this?

She Nods yes. He slips it into his pocket.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Tell you what...on the way back from the hospital, we'll stop at your place, grab some clothes and you stay with me for a couple of days.

CAROL

I didn't expect that, Harley. Really.

HARLEY

I know that, but I insist. Just until we sort this out. Besides, I think it's time we got to know one another better.

He looks at her and smiles tenderly.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

A shrink, huh?

She smiles as tears pool in her eyes.

CAROL

I know I should report this. Maybe this time they'll do something. Forth time the charm, right?

HARLEY

Let's hold off on that for now. There might be a better way to resolve this.

CAROL

I don't want you to confront him Harley. He'll just get worse and he has an explosive temper. I don't want you getting hurt.

HARLEY

Nobody's going to confront anybody
and nobody is gonna get hurt.
Besides, it's a big city. I'd have
to find him first.

(a warm smile)

And, I make it a rule to never
throw the first punch. I'm a lover,
not a fighter.

As they walk, she nuzzles into his shoulder. Close on Harley:
hard deadly eyes.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

Harley sits at the bar nursing a beer. He glances at a
Man(40) who has taken a seat three stools down. He's tall,
well dressed, good looking and looks to be in shape.

MAN

(To bartender)

Bushmills and a draft.

He looks around and fixes his eyes on Harley.

MAN (CONT'D)

Heard this is the place to meet the
local talent.

HARLEY

Wouldn't know about that. Just
having a beer.

He twigs to Harley's accent.

MAN

What's a good old boy doing in big
bad New York.

Harley takes his measure before answering.

HARLEY

It's a great city to get lost in.
Where you from?

MAN

Originally Chicago, then Tampa. My
Ex is in New York. Thought I'd try
and reconnect.

HARLEY

You know what Wolfe said..."you
can't go home again".

MAN

Who?

HARLEY

Thomas Wolfe. Never mind.

The bartender sets a draft and Bushmills in front of the Man.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Good luck with the reunion.

Harley raises his glass.

MAN

Thanks, but no luck needed.

HARLEY

How's that?

MAN

I get what I want.

He looks at Harley with cold, arrogant eyes, then smiles and drains his Bushmills. Harley studies the man, then gets back to his beer.

INT. BAR - LATER - CONTINUOUS

The Man rises, pounds down a last shot and leaves. Harley hangs back, then follows him out to the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Man walks down the street for a half a block, then turns into an alley. Harley follows, spots him taking a piss and walks toward the him, stopping three feet away.

MAN

(startled)

What the fuck!? I never took you
for a pillow hugger.

Harley stares, silent. The man zips up and faces Harley, threatening in his stance.

MAN (CONT'D)

I think you'd better move unless
you want a beating. Or, is that
what you're into?

Harley just stares into his eyes. The Guy laughs.

MAN (CONT'D)

Do we have a bitch here?

HARLEY

I've known too many guys like you.
Arrogant, nasty little boys who
never grow up.

Harley looks at him with cold contempt.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Daddy's money, daddy's connections.
You just do whatever the fuck you
want, when you want. You destroy
everyone and everything you touch.

The Man's confidence is beginning to crack.

MAN

You don't know who you're talking
to, dick wad.

HARLEY

I know all about you... Christian.

The Man is startled that Harley knows his name.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You know, I've always hated that
name, Christian. It sounds...what's
the word I'm looking for...a little
too fancy... pretentious. That's
it...pretentious.

CHRISTIAN

(Increasingly agitated)
Who the fuck are you?

HARLEY

A friend of Carol's. You know, the
Ex you're "reconnecting with".

Harley pulls the note Carol gave him from his jean's pocket.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You left her a little love note...
(reading)
"You'll never get rid of me. Nobody
gets rid of me. xo"

Harley smiles.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Not much of a writer... are we Christian? And to answer your question, "who am I"?

Looking deep into Christian's eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm the guy who's gonna stop you from shitting on the world.

Christian takes a wild swing at Harley, who easily side-steps the blow.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Why is it that the cut, pretty boys are so fucking slow? I bet you're one of those guys who shaves his chest. Am I right? And your legs. You like to look in the mirror and admire your smooth, pretty body.

Harley bitch slaps him hard. Then again. Christian lunges forward, stunned, fists flying, missing Harley.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Shit, Christian. Now, I know you can do better than that. A big, strong, man like you. But then again, you prefer to sucker punch softer targets.

Harley hits him hard in the face. Again. And again. He keeps it up until Christian's pretty face is a pulpy, bloody mess. Christian is finding it difficult to stand.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Now, going forward, we can handle this in a number of ways. You can get stupid again.
(smiling, malevolently)
More country boy anger, you don't want that. Or, you go away forever, and well, we'll see.

Looking into the eyes of an unsteady, bloody Christian.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Because... if you come back or ever contact Carol again, I will track you and hunt you and do whatever it takes to stop you. You hear me... Christian?

Christian falls to his knees and groans, Nodding yes.

Harley crouches down, holding Christian's chin.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You're going to leave Carol a message apologizing for what you've done and tell her that you're leaving town, for good. You understand?

Christian nods his understanding.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

That's a good boy. I believe that everyone has a little good in them. Even the worst shit heads.

Harley looks deep into his eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You'd better find yours.

He gives Christian a slight shove and Christian falls to the pavement. Harley stands and with cold, merciless eyes, looks down at a semi-conscious Christian.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Carol, waiting for Harley, sips on a glass of wine. Harley appears and kisses her cheek.

HARLEY

Am I late?

CAROL

Right on time, as always.

A Server, Female(20s), appears.

HARLEY

I'll have what the lady is having.

The Server smiles and leaves. Harley studies Carol's face.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Wow...you're looking much better.

CAROL

Time and a makeup. Works wonders.

HARLEY

Well, whatever you're doing, you look beautiful.

The Server returns with Harley's wine. Harley smiles his thanks.

CAROL

That Southern charm of yours. Is it genetic or a learned skill? I think you're trying to get me to fall for you.

HARLEY

That's the plan. I have it all mapped out.

CAROL

You do, do you?
(smiling)
You clean up rather nicely, Mr. Jackson.

Harley's wearing jeans, a black Armani jacket and charcoal gray shirt.

HARLEY

So, tell me about your day. What does a strikingly beautiful psychiatrist, professor do all day?

She gives him a playful sneer.

CAROL

Well, today, I began seeing patients at seven-thirty and was fully booked until three, then I raced over to Columbia to present a lecture to fifty stressed-out medical students, then... I met with the Dean for an hour about a few research issues, and now... I'm here with the lovely man who has taken me in.

HARLEY

Gosh...my empty world of making money seems so - what's the word I'm looking for?...Relaxing.

She laughs and Harley looks at her adoringly. Suddenly she becomes animated.

CAROL

You'll never guess what happened. My Ex left me a message. He's left town and said he won't be coming around again, ever. Something about a new job in Dallas and a new life.

HARLEY

I like the sound of that.

CAROL

He apologized. Not that an apology means anything.

(smiling mischievously)

Maybe I should cancel the hit on him. What do you think?

HARLEY

Probably a wise idea.

CAROL

You didn't contact him, did you?

HARLEY

I tried, but no luck. The only thing that matters is that for now, you're safe. Just promise me something. If you get even a whiff of him again, you'll let me know. Promise me.

She reaches across the table and takes his hand.

CAROL

Promise.

Close on Carol: Smiling, her eyes glassy with tears.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GYM - EARLY MORNING

Harley is facing a mirrored wall. A 200 lb. load rests across his shoulders. After a series of squats, he drops the barbell. He's in the zone.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Harley aggressively attacks a heavy bag with punches and kicks; precise, balletic and powerful in his movements.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harley slips on his suit jacket, checks his watch, looks into a nearby mirror, then exits, briefcase in hand.

INT. KAUFMAN BROS. OFFICE - MORNING - LATER

Steven Kaufman's Executive Assistant, Lisa Fredricks, ushers Harley into Mr. Kaufman's office. Lisa gives Harley a warm and inviting smile as she leaves.

Steven jumps up to greet him.

STEVEN

Harley, so good to see you.

HARLEY

Hello, Steven.

They shake.

STEVEN

Whatever you did out there, it worked. I've never seen my people more energized and insecure. It's a beautiful sight.

Harley laughs.

HARLEY

That's great, but that was summer camp. We'll see who's standing after boot camp.

Steven smiles and gestures that they sit. Coffee service is on the table.

STEVEN
Coffee?

HARLEY
No, thanks.

Steven pours himself a cup.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
We need to channel this energy and insecurity before they crawl back into their entitlement caves.

STEVEN
Whatever you need, just arrange it through Lisa. And let me know when you need me to jump back in.

HARLEY
Soon, but first I need to piss them off a few more times.

STEVEN
(smiling broadly)
I heard that Thornton gave a homeless man his jacket and tie. I would have loved to see that.

Steven laughs, enjoying the image.

HARLEY
I found that oddly encouraging.

They both laugh.

STEVEN
Anyone stand out?

HARLEY
Yeah, but I'd rather keep you guessing. You'll be surprised.

STEVEN
I like your style, Harley.

He studies Harley for a moment.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I get together with a few guys every few weeks for a friendly game of poker.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Nothing serious, just a few
billionaires shooting the shit,
solving the world's problems. It's
time for new blood at the table.
Want in?

HARLEY

Yeah...just tell me when and where.

STEVEN

But there's an entry requirement.

A slight smirk as he gauges Harley's reaction.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Everyone has a public life, a
private life and a secret life.
(playful smile)
The cost of admission is sharing
something from the vault. And, it
has to be a doozy. Whatever you
tell us will never leave the
room... and, to make it fair...we
have to tell you ours.

Steven locks eyes with Harley. A moment passes before Harley
nods his agreement, and smiles. Steven returns it.

EXT. HARLEY'S STREET - DAY

Harley is finishing a walk with Connie. A young girl,
Molly(13), is sitting on his building's front steps. Harley
frees Connie from his leash. He runs to Molly.

MOLLY

(Sadly)
Hi, Harley.

HARLEY

Hi, Sweetie. Why so glum?

She shrugs as tears fill her eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Now, what's a pretty girl like you
doing crying on a sunny day?

MOLLY

I'm ugly.

She shows him an Instagram message from a classmate. It shows her face contorted. Harley looks at it and sets the phone down.

HARLEY

I'm gonna tell you something very important. But, you have to look at me first.

Molly shyly looks up at him.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

That's better.

He gently wipes away her tears.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

First of all, you're a beautiful young girl who will become even more beautiful as you get older. Trust me on that. The problem is, most people don't understand beauty like I do. Take your nose for instance. Let's just take it off your face and look at it.

He pretends to hold her nose in his hand.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

All on its own, it's amazing. It's straight and has a beautiful, symmetrical shape.

MOLLY

What's symmetrical?

HARLEY

Well, it means balanced or that both sides match. Very unusual.

She smiles and looks into his eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Now, let's put your nose back and look at your eyes.

He pretends to put her nose back, tweaking it as he does and looks directly into her eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Big and almond shaped, hazel green in color, with what's that I see, a hint of ocean blue. Now that's very unusual.

(MORE)

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Only one in a million girls are lucky enough to have that color combination. Soon, your beautiful eyes will be melting the hearts of men. Believe me. Now, let's take a look at that hair of yours.

He gently fluffs her hair with his fingers.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Curly, thick and dark brown, like the finest chocolate. Probably the most beautiful hair I've seen in... at least a year.

Looking into her eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

When you take all those unique parts and put them together, it makes Molly and there's no one on the planet like her. Nobody has her beautiful nose, or her colorful eyes, or her thick, beautiful hair.

Molly is transfixed, looking up at Harley.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You see sweetie, I'm old and I've been all around the world. And I have yet to see an ugly person on the outside.

Looking into her eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

What makes people ugly is what's on the inside and sometimes, it takes a while to see it. But when you see it, you'll know it and believe me, it's not pretty. Am I making any sense?

She looks adoringly into his eyes.

MOLLY

You really think I'm beautiful, Harley?

HARLEY

No question about it. Isn't that right, Connie?

Connie barks in agreement. Molly giggles with joy. Harley gives her a quick hug and bounds up the apartment steps, Connie right ahead. Off a smiling, radiant Molly.

INT. HARLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harley enters his apartment, opens his laptop and types.

His POV: A Department of Defense home page asks for a password. Harley types and he's in. In the search box he types in a name: Captain Rachel Kaufman. A photo and brief bio appear.

Harley then types in a phone number. RINGING. Major Claudette Baker(37), answers. Her face fills the screen.

MAJOR BAKER

Well, well... Captain Harley
Stonewall Jackson. It's been too
long.

HARLEY

Major Baker, you're looking more
beautiful than ever. And congrats
on the promotion. It was long
overdue.

MAJOR BAKER

Still charming. Even a girl in
uniform likes to be noticed once in
a while. And yes, they finally came
to their fucking senses.

She laughs.

MAJOR BAKER (CONT'D)

I miss you, Harley. The army hasn't
been the same since you abandoned
us. I have no one to complain to.

HARLEY

When they pin on your first star,
I'll be the one in the front row
making faces.

She smiles.

MAJOR BAKER

So what can I do for you Captain?
Or, are you calling to ask me out?

Harley laughs.

HARLEY

I make it a rule never date a woman who can take me. And, let's face it, you're way out of my league.

MAJOR BAKER

You should call more often Captain, you're good for my self-esteem.

HARLEY

I need some background on a Captain Rachel Kaufman. Killed in Iraq. I think in 0-Seven.

MAJOR BAKER

You know I'll be violating at least ten protocols if I agree to that...

She pauses, thinking.

MAJOR BAKER (CONT'D)

...how deep do you need me to go?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY EVENING

Harley leads his group in Tai Chi, with Connie sitting nearby.

The group has grown to 25 people. Josh (from the coffee shop) is among them, so is Rita.

We see the focus and joy in Harley's face and in the faces of the others as they move in harmony. A crowd of onlookers has gathered to watch.

INT. HARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harley is on his laptop when an email notification PINGS.

Harley's POV: it's from Major Baker. He opens the email and clicks on the attachment. It's a file on Captain Rachel Kaufman.

As he scans the document. His eyes fix on a sentence that reads: 'Captain Rachel Kaufman killed in action on September 30, 2007'. He scrolls down and fixes on another sentence. It reads: 'Sexual harassment complaint filed against Colonel William Tyler on September 20, 2007'.

On Harley: he stares at the screen then leans back in his chair as he considers what he's just learned.

EXT. DADDY CALWELL'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Daddy and Bobby Caldwell are sipping drinks. Daddy is now in his 80s, Bobby late 40s. Bobby is in his Sheriff's uniform, now wearing Chief's bars.

DADDY

I don't have many years left Bobby. I refuse to go to the Lord before I know who killed your brother. It's been twenty years. I want to see that fucker dead. You're Chief now Bobby, I want the case reopened.

He looks over at a skeptical Bobby.

BOBBY

Daddy, any evidence is likely long lost by now. It was twenty years ago. And, let's face it, Kelvan pissed off a lot of people. Half the husbands in Monroe County.

DADDY

Don't give me excuses. You just find the evidence. You hear me!

They lock eyes. A skeptical Bobby nods his agreement.

INT. EXCLUSIVE CO-OP - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Harley enters the lobby of one of New York's most exclusive Co-Ops. A Concierge/Security Guard(Male, 40s), greets Harley.

GUARD

Evening, Sir. Can I be of help?

HARLEY

Yes, Harley Jackson for Mr. Kaufman.

GUARD

Yes, Mr. Jackson. Mr. Kaufman and guests are expecting you. Mr. Kaufman's private elevator is waiting.

Harley nods his thanks walks to the elevator and enters. The door closes. Close on Harley: Brioni driving jacket, open neck shirt, black jeans. The elevator door opens and Harley is immediately greeted by Dalton, Steven's Man Servant(50s).

DALTON
Mr. Jackson, welcome.

Steven appears and takes over.

STEVEN
Thank you, Dalton. If you could get
Harley a Harp Ale, I'm sure he
wouldn't say no.

With that, Dalton smiles and leaves.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Great to see you, Harley.

They shake.

HARLEY
Thanks for the invitation.

STEVEN
Follow me. The guys are excited to
meet you.

As they walk, we get a glimpse of the Co-Op. It's
magnificent. A mix of traditional and modern.

Steven and Harley enter a large study with a poker table dead
center. The three men stand to greet their new poker partner.

They are instantly recognizable to Harley.

Three of the biggest names in business and politics.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Abe Goldstone, Tom Prentiss and
Senator and interim CIA Director,
Oscar Cavanaugh.

Harley goes to shake hands with the Men who are all in their
60s and 70s.

HARLEY
Mr. Goldstone---

STEVEN
No Misterns here Harley. First names
only and just so you
know...swearing is not only
allowed, it's encouraged.

Harley lightens as he shakes hands beginning with Abe.

HARLEY
Great to meet you, Abe.

ABE
My pleasure, Harley.

Harley smiles and extends a hand to Tom Prentiss.

TOM
Hello, Harley.

HARLEY
Tom.

Harley moves to Oscar Cavanaugh and extends his hand.

OSCAR
I hear you're a killer Harley.

Harley looks toward a grinning Steven.

HARLEY
I've also heard a few things about
you, Senator.

Oscar laughs as they shake. Dalton enters and hands Harley a
can of Harp Ale and a glass.

STEVEN
(to Dalton)
Dalton, bring another round and
maybe some of your famous
sandwiches.

Dalton nods and exits.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Everyone sit. Harley, you're next
to me.

They all take a seat around the table and for a
moment...silence. Steven breaks it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Before we get this game going, we
need to take care of some business.

Close on Harley. If he's feeling anxious, it doesn't show.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Harley, remember our conversation.
Every person invited to sit at this
table must share something about
their secret life.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

So secret, that if it got out, it could ruin you. And it goes without saying...your secret never leaves this room. Once you've revealed yours Harley, we'll go around the table and tell you ours.

Abe excitedly rubs his hands together.

ABE

I've been looking forward to this all day.

Tight on a deadly serious Harley.

.

FADE OUT:

THE END