

**DENNIS (CONT'D)**

We are putting together one of the biggest drug operations in U.S. history, maybe within the next few weeks.

**JACK**

Why is the Washington/British Columbia border such big drug entry point?

**DENNIS**

The Canadians just finger point at us and suggest our out-of-control drug consumption makes policing impossible elsewhere - too many US dollars in play. But Canada has a lot to answer for. Their close links to Hong Kong and immigration policies have permitted thousands of Asian drug mules to get status. The RCMP privately call it a national disgrace.

**JACK**

That sounds like a column for me.

**DENNIS**

God Jack, not right now. Keep this to yourself. I shouldn't be telling you anything. This current operation is enormous. I've got to go.

Dennis gets up. Shakes Jack's hand, kisses Lisa, departs.

**JACK**

*(to Lisa)*

Let's go get a pizza.

**LISA**

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- LATER

Some time has passed. They munch pizza, and sip red wine.

**LISA**

I have a big question to ask.

**JACK**

Okay.

**LISA**

What's the "A" stand for - J.A. Forbes.

**JACK**

Angus. John Angus.

**LISA**

How Scottish can you get?

**JACK**

100 proof. Born in Maine, family roots in Nova Scotia.

**LISA**

Why isn't your byline just Jack Forbes?

**JACK**

When I started in the business, all the great wire service reporters were proudly anonymous. They just used initials. With me, it was a young kid's affectation and it stuck.

**LISA**

How did you meet Annie?

**JACK**

She was a librarian at the British parliament buildings. I was doing an interview with a cabinet minister one day and we needed a lot of background. He instructed the Library to help me. Annie and I spent the next couple of days together.

**LISA**

Love at first sight?

**JACK**

For me. She was wonderful. Attractive, but no stunner. Like a teacher. Incredibly intelligent and always in an up mood. She was just 24 and already had three university degrees. It took Annie longer to get used to me. I was just a curiosity. In a sense, I experienced the life she knew from her world, which was books and video resources.

**LISA**

No kids?

**JACK**

Our joke was that we were never together enough. But our lifestyle made a family impossible.

Jack stops abruptly. Acutely uncomfortable.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

I haven't talked about myself like this in years. Sorry to bore you.

**LISA**

You need it Jack.

**JACK**

What do you mean?

**LISA**

Trust me. Let's go.

Lisa waves for the check.

CUT TO:

EXT. - PIONEER SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Lisa walk along the street.

**LISA**

Our next meeting is with Sadru's students and my two kids from the English company. I have some assignments for them.

**JACK**

Are you going to call Andy?

**LISA**

No need. We have lunch once a week.

**JACK**

Really?

**LISA**

I love him. Like a pet panda bear. There's been nothing sexual for 10 years, but he's always oozing with the most wonderful gossip.

**JACK**

The Bellingham newspaper says that Mordecai Levin, Dan MacKenzie and a Shuksan lawyer named Moses Joe want to get Raven going again. I think we should go see them.

**LISA**

This doesn't sound like rope A dope.

**JACK**

No - this is the jabbing Muhammad did at the end of each round.

They reach Lisa's car parked in front of Jack's building.

**LISA**

I had a nice time, Jack. You should come out of your shell more often.

She surprises him with a kiss on the cheek, hops in her car, waves and drives off. Jack stands on the sidewalk puzzled.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO, WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - BELLEVUE -- DAY

An outdoor Lake Washington patio (like Kirkland's Woodmark Hotel). Geoffrey Wu sits alone at a table. Sam Lam and the thug sit far away at another table. The limo is on the street. Boyd Jaekel drives up in his Rolls Royce. Parks at the curb, and walks over to join Wu.

**GEOFFREY**

*(looking at the Rolls)*

I'm impressed.

**BOYD**

1998 Rolls Royce Silver Seraph.

Geoffrey pauses, collecting his thoughts. A waiter arrives to take an order. Boyd pulls a silver cigar case from his inside suit pocket.

**BOYD (CONT'D)**

Care for a real Montecristo? A fringe benefit of our Cayman loans to the Cuban tobacco co-op.

**GEOFFREY**

No thanks.

Boyd fusses with his cigar while Geoffrey begins speaking, eventually lighting up.

**GEOFFREY (CONT'D)**

We don't like the noises coming from Raven.

**BOYD**

I told you to trust me with this and I must say you are taxing my patience.

**GEOFFREY**

Really?

**BOYD**

I think you are aware of some of my principals.

**GEOFFREY**

We are unconcerned about money, Mr. Jaekel. We are worried that Grant will crack and be indiscreet if any official confronts him.

**BOYD**

What do you know about him?

**GEOFFREY**

A lot. He's weak. Pathetic. When Raven was new, several Las Vegas casinos thought they had an opportunity. They did routine checks of their own records and - presto - one of them discovered that Raven's banker Chuck Grant sometimes blew too much at the tables. So they couldn't wait to comp him and he got the works - suite, girls, booze, big credit line ...and came home \$200,000 in hock. That's when you came in.

**BOYD**

I'm impressed. The casino offered me a double-edged retainer: a deal with the Indian band and Raven. Or their money. When I pressured Grant, the imbecile borrowed \$200,000 from his own bank. . He was more worried about his wife finding out about the girls than the money. I offered him a loan from one of my offshore banks and he was grateful. That's why he does what I say.

**GEOFFREY**

We don't want Raven public.

**BOYD**

I don't understand you Geoffrey. Before I got into the act, you and Gold Icon Properties had invested \$20 million in Raven.

**GEOFFREY**

We liked it at first. We have property everywhere from San Francisco to Canada. We didn't want to miss any big action.

**BOYD**

What changed?

**GEOFFREY**

Two things. It became too public with all of the groups opposing it.

**BOYD**

Raven could have beaten all that.

**GEOFFREY**

Your group's involvement cinched our exit.

**BOYD**

We could have been partners.

**GEOFFREY**

*(grunts sarcastically)*

We don't have partners. Our business with your people is arm's length.

He pauses to sip his drink.

**GEOFFREY (CONT'D)**

We made a lot of money. We bought at \$25 a share and sold at \$90...

**BOYD**

And then you took huge short positions.

**GEOFFREY**

You have good information too. But your clients followed our lead.

**BOYD**

Something spooked them. Maybe it was you. But they decided Raven was going nowhere, and started selling. We made lots of money selling short.

**GEOFFREY**

You and Grant disappointed us. He controlled the money. You controlled the legal side. But Raven survived.

**BOYD**

They had public support.

**GEOFFREY**

Yes. That's what worries us most. Eventually we decided that a nice quiet border was best for our business. Raven dies.

**BOYD**

It's in both our interests that Raven not proceed. But this will be handled my way. Leave Grant alone.

**GEOFFREY**

*(stares, evil look)*

You are instructing me?

**BOYD**

Let's say my clients are requesting your cooperation.

Geoffrey signals to Sam Lam.

**GEOFFREY**

*(points to the Rolls)*

Mr. Jaekel, that car is a work of art.

Jaekel looks over to his car. Lam punches a numeric code into a cell phone. Seconds pass before the Rolls Royce explodes. Boyd is shocked. Wu removes an envelope from his inside suit pocket.

**GEOFFREY (CONT'D)**

Let's say my clients are also requesting your co-operation.

*(passes envelope)*

That will buy you a news Rolls. As you say in America, have a nice day.

As Wu and aides walk toward the limo, Jaekel opens the envelope - pulls out a check with bold numbers: \$250,000.

CUT TO:

INT. *EXAMINER* BOARDROOM -- DAY

Lisa leads some students, including Mark, through the *Examiner* newsroom - they gape at the news activity. Jack emerges to greet them, as they move into the boardroom. The group is just settling around the table, when Lou Boudreau rushes in.

**LOU**

Boyd Jaekel's Rolls Royce just got blown up over in Kirkland. We heard it on K-NOW news....our reporter just got there.

Jack gets up and turns on the TV. Typical news coverage showing the scene of the bombing, the wrecked Rolls with occasional on camera by the reporter.

**TV ANNOUNCER**

". . witnesses said that prominent Seattle lawyer Boyd Jaekel met with a Chinese gentleman, just before the explosion. Mr. Jaekel - who is loosely linked to the Raven resort development - said that he had previously reported to police threats from eco-terrorists. But he and the police disregarded these as kooks ...this is Cindy Linquist for Eyewitness News.

Stunned silence follows as Jack turns off TV. Lou leaves. Lisa shuffles papers. Addresses the students.

**LISA**

Okay... We have got the names of 44 organizations that actively campaigned against Raven International Resorts - a few even bought media advertising.

We want you to contact all of them and politely ask about their fund raising during the Raven campaign. Most will be open and helpful. They are just decent concerned citizens, so be friendly. See if they had mysterious donors or cash windfalls. Jack...anything to add?

**JACK**

No...  
*(looking at the kids)*  
 Any questions?

**MARK**

Any limit to the hours we work?

**JACK**

No - we can afford it.

**STUDENT 2**

We might have to drive all over the place - maybe even to the North Cascades.

**JACK**

Keep bus receipts. 25 cents a mile if you have a car. Pool up if you can. \$35 a day for meals. No overnights.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S 4X4 VEHICLE - AT THE NORTH CASCADES -- MORNING

Scenic panorama of the North Cascades from I-5, as Jack's 4x4 Blazer approaches Bellingham. "Sapere Stables" and a horse's head are painted on the door. They pull up at the office of Raven International.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVEN OFFICE - BELLINGHAM -- LATER

There is a time lapse here. A meeting is in progress between Jack, Lisa, Levin, Moses Joe and Danny.



**DANNY**

Motty and Moses are hot to trot here, but the company is cautious because we're broke. If a majority of our shareholders got excited, the expectations would be high. We'd need millions to get going.

**MOTTY**

I could raise new money. The stock would rise. We have lots of undervalued assets. And, as confidence returns, we could go to the market with a new deal.

**LISA**

Were you ever suspicious about how much money the local associations had to fight you?

**MOSES**

Not really. Many of these people are our friends, despite the fact that they were against the development. I mean a high percentage of the people up here like things just the way they are. But we heard that they had several big anonymous contributions, though.

**MOTTY**

We guessed the big money might have come from real estate interests in Whistler, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Hood - no doubt we would have hurt them badly.

**JACK**

What do you know about Boyd Jaekel?

**DANNY**

He's the company lawyer. He has been since before Chuck Grant became chairman. Boyd brought a huge amount of investment to Raven.

**JACK**

Do you think he is behind you?

**DANNY**

Yes and no. He represents banks and big investors. They are pessimists by heart. They carry umbrellas even when the sun is out. We only see Boyd at Board meetings.

**LISA**

*(to Motty and Moses)*

I read that minority shareholders are thinking about suing K-NOW.

**MOSES**

I think we have a case and Motty is behind me. Many others too. But we agreed to wait for a Board meeting.

**DANNY**

Why don't you do another article, Jack. Tell the world we are still alive and kicking, even though our Board is careful.

**LISA**

*(laughing)*

Don't you give him any ideas. We are facing a tough law suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVEN OFFICE - BELLINGHAM -- MOMENTS LATER

As Jack and Lisa walk toward Jack's 4x4, Lisa spots the "Sapere Stables" logo on the door.

**LISA**

*(pointing at the logo)*

What's that, Jack?

**JACK**

Whenever I was on the verge of doing something dumb, Annie would admonish me with a quote from the Roman poet Virgil: "Sapere Aude" - have the courage to be wise. Sapere, as in Homo Sapiens, connotes intelligence. Annie used to say wisdom takes more strength than action.

**LISA**

I've got an idea, Jack.

**JACK**

Yes.

**LISA**

This is a beautiful part of the State. Have you ever been to Semiahmoo?

**JACK**

No - what's that?

**LISA**

It's a resort near Blaine, right across the water from a Vancouver suburb. It will be gorgeous on a day like today. Why not go for lunch?

**JACK (shrugs)**

Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - THE INN AT SEMIAHMOO -- LATER

The 4X4 travels down the peninsula and up to the door of the Inn at Semiahmoo. They walk through the lobby, settle on the patio and view the beautiful vista.

EXT. PATIO - THE INN AT SEMIAHMOO -- LATER

After a time lapse, Jack and Lisa are enjoying a drink.

**JACK**

Lisa, you are doing something special to me. But I'm not sure what.

**LISA**

*(a tender smile)*

You are just out of practice.

**JACK**

You're not at all like Annie.

**LISA**

The great measuring stick. You mean I'm dumb?

**JACK**

Oh no. You're just as bright - bur more animated. You also push me around. But Annie was cool, private and thoughtful - with you, I think I'm plugged into an electric socket.

**LISA**

Is that good?

**JACK**

For me, at this stage of my life, it's magnificent.

**LISA**

Thanks for that. But you know what bothers me about you?

Jack raises his eyebrows.

**LISA (CONT'D)**

I don't think you like yourself enough. You seem to believe the "good" part of you was Annie, and the rough part is yourself.

**JACK**

That's very profound.

They both stare at the water.

**LISA**

You're pretty thick, aren't you?

**JACK**

How many more of these defects do you have on your list?

**LISA**

You don't see it do you? The reason you so easily upset me is that I've grown very fond of you.

*(raising her voice)*

Boy-girl. Birds-Bees. Get it?

Jack winces, looks around (no one noticed) and whispers:

**JACK**

Your father is my best friend!

**LISA**

So. He's 10 years older than you. I'm 15 years younger than you. What the hell is the difference? We are all adults.

**JACK**

Sorry, Lisa. I'm not very good at this. I haven't had anything romantic since I lost Annie - nothing but accidents following bar situations.

**LISA**

Then it is time for rehabilitation. Let's spend the night.

**JACK**

Here?

**LISA**

No - the back seat of your Jeep.

**JACK**

It's a Blazer.

**LISA**

Of course here!

As they walk from the patio, Sam Lam and the Chinese thug are seen sitting at a back table.

CUT TO:

INT. INN AT SEMIAHMOO -- LATER

Montage. Evening at the resort and making love. Amid the montage, flash of Sam Lam on a cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE CAPITAL -- DAY

Aerial of Olympia - dome of the State Capital. Indoors, a busy corridor outside Governor's office. Next door, a spacious office, desk, conference table, sofa and chair. ANDREW KISSOCK on the door. Andy and Lisa are at the table.

**ANDY**

No problem on the charities. They file annual statements of significant donations and expenditures. I'll get you a full report.

**LISA**

What we really need to know is where Bob Kaye got his financial information. It was not his own research. He had an inside leak.

**ANDY**

I can't help there, unless there's a link with a regulated agency.

**LISA**

What about the charities?

**ANDY**

If there's evidence of impropriety there, we can subpoena their records - but we can't touch the radio station.

**LISA**

And the bank?

**ANDY**

Is there a problem there?

**LISA**

I'm suspicious about the bank Chairman and their lawyer Boyd Jaekel.

**ANDY**

We know Jaekel. Hey - his car blew up!

**LISA**

Yes.

**ANDY**

Don't tell anyone, but when the news broke, the Governor came out and said "pity he wasn't in it."

Lisa scowls.

**ANDY (CONT'D)**

Jaekel's a dead end for you. Every agency in western civilization has tried to investigate him. Anything unclear about him is offshore and beyond our reach.

**LISA**

But the bank?

**ANDY**

*(passing an envelope)*

This is for starters. It's the file on current officers and directors of the Cascades National Bank. Public domain stuff, but get me any real dirt and the State Banking Commission can move in.

**LISA**

Like someone at the bank improperly disclosing information to Bob Kaye?

**ANDY**

You're the attorney, Lisa, but my guess is that we could then subpoena the whole shooting match: bank, Bob Kaye and any links between them.

**LISA**

I'll try to get you a hook.

She gets up to leave. Putting the bank envelope in her case. Andy smiles, big hug and kiss, and they part.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - SEATTLE OPERA -- EVENING

Large number of well-dressed upper crust people surround an enormous table. Rebecca Goldberg and Richard Carling are among them. The meeting is in progress.

**BECKY**

We will be voting tonight on a new Chair for the Seattle Opera.

**(MORE)**

**BECKY (CONT'D)**

The name Richard Carling is before us for consideration.

Carling shows surprise and concern.

**BECKY (CONT'D)**

I'm sure most of you are aware that K-NOW Radio and the *Examiner* are presently engaged in litigation. My purpose in rising is to insist that this matter cause you no discomfort. Despite current business differences - which will pass - you should know I believe Mr. Carling would make an outstanding Chair. I intend to vote for him and I suggest you do too.

Richard looks puzzled, then pleased. As Becky sits down, he catches her eye, and nods an expression of thank you.

INT. INSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE -- LATER

We hear the final bars of the opera and the curtain falls on the performance. As the crowd starts to exit and disperse, Richard catches up to Becky.

**RICHARD**

That was gracious of you tonight. Thank you.

**BECKY**

It was the right thing to do.

**RICHARD**

You know this can't make a difference in our law suit?

**BECKY**

Richard, if you thought that was my motive, I'd be insulted. Besides, I'd rather win on the playing field.

**RICHARD**

What do you mean?

**BECKY**

My people are better than your people. And that's what competition is all about. Good night!

Becky leaves and Richard looks a bit helpless.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Jack, Lisa, Sadru and Mark Andrade are going over piles of papers. There is a large white board with multiple notes stuck around the frame, standing on a tripod in the middle of the room. Lisa stands by the tripod. Others are seated.

**LISA**

The kids have done a great job.  
Mark..

**MARK**

Bob Kaye's best ally was the Mayor of Lynden - a pretty, traditional town. But the mayor was only concerned about keeping his area quiet. And all the associations we talked to were quite straight forward too. Their concerns were obvious.

But the awesome thing was that every time anyone told us about money and donations, the same donors came up.

Lisa writes on the white board: PAN-PACIFIC EQUITY CORPORATION, GRAND CAYMAN HOLDINGS BANK and WATERFRONT PRESERVATION SOCIETY.

**LISA**

Andy is getting us a full report on the charities - at least what they declared.

**MARK**

It's clear that all of the groups that advertised on media against Raven had received donations, most of them anonymous. And just about every other association we checked had windfalls too.

**LISA**

More stuff is coming .. the court has granted us access to all of Bob Kaye's Raven files. I'm told there are boxes of material coming over.

**JACK**

I see that the Cascades Rod and Gun Club got \$6,000 a month from this Waterfront Preservation Society.

**MARK**

That name shows up quite a lot. Gifts of \$500 in most cases, but up to \$5,000 dollars.



**LISA**

That's a lot of money for some of these groups.

**SADRU**

You will note that many checks were drawn on the Pan-Pacific Equity Corporation, and others on an account at Seattle First Bank. The account of Grand Cayman Holdings Bank.

**JACK**

Pan-Pacific Equity. That's the outfit that tried to foreclose on the *Examiner*. A client of Boyd Jaekel.

**LISA**

I'd bet Grand Cayman is one of Jaekel's mysterious offshore clients.

**SADRU**

Are you suggesting the lawyer for Raven was financing the opposition?

**JACK**

That's my guess, but there are 100 lawyers in the Jaekel firm. In these big firms they often have associates on different sides of issues.

**LISA**

Do we ask Jaekel about these?

**JACK**

No. If a monster is tracking us, we shouldn't sound any warnings.

**LISA**

What do we do?

**JACK**

We need something on Chuck Grant. If Jaekel played games, you can be sure that Grant violated his fiduciary responsibility to both the bank and the Raven shareholders. That would be criminal.

**LISA**

There was something quite odd in the bank records Andy gave me. All of the Cascades bank loans to staff and officers seemed normal - mortgages, pensions, equity investments - but, about three years ago, there was an unexplained \$200,000 loan to Grant.

**(MORE)**

**LISA (CONT'D)**

The odd thing was that he paid it off three days later.

**SADRU**

That could have been anything. A quick investment, who knows?

**JACK**

Where does this fit in the Raven chronology?

Lisa starts reading through a long document.

**LISA**

Grant was just the banker then, and a board member. Not the Chairman. Jaekel wasn't involved at all. .

She reads further. Spots something, then instantly starts scrambling through reports.

**JACK**

Got something?

**LISA**

Yes sir, I do. In the Raven report to shareholders a month after this loan, Grant recommends Jaekel as corporate counsel. He says Jaekel's clients are prepared to invest heavily. But... listen to this:

*(reading)*

"Mr Jaekel has agreed to cease representing Sapphire Palace Casino of Las Vegas, which had hoped to make a representation to the Shuksan indian band and Raven."

**JACK**

So Jaekel became lawyer. Motty Levin was shoved out six months later and Grant became chairman. I wonder if Mr. Grant is a gambler? Who has contacts in Las Vegas?

**LISA**

*(grinning)*

Guess!

**JACK**

Andy?

**LISA**

He does.

**(MORE)**

**LISA (CONT'D)**

Andy can find out anything, but I was actually thinking about Moses Joe. He has good contacts among casino owners.

**JACK**

Call him.

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- LATER

Sadru and Mark have gone. Lisa cuddles with Jack on a chesterfield by the fire. They are sipping drinks...he has his Macallan and she has wine. Soft music in the background.

**LISA**

Is your rope A dope is over?

**JACK**

Almost. But your law suit is over.

She bolts upright.

**LISA**

What!

**JACK**

Oh we'll have to go through the motions, but this case is not going to court. There is something ugly here and I don't think we have yet seen a hint of what it is.

**LISA**

I don't like riddles, Jack. This is my life too!

**JACK**

Lisa - you know everything I know. But we have to keep setting traps - putting out bait. And sooner or later we will see the truth.

They watch the flames for a moment or two, listening to music in the background. Lisa cuddles back in.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

I haven't felt so alive in years. Surely you can do better than this old man?

**LISA**

You weren't an old man at Semiahmoo.

**JACK**

No? I'm quite rusty.

**LISA**

Jack, in your quiet way, you exude power. It scared me at first, until I found the private Jack, desperately trying to escape from wherever you hide him.

**JACK**

Doesn't this violate some kind of professional ethical code?

**LISA**

I'm a lawyer Jack, not a doctor. Haven't you heard the jokes. Screwing people is our specialty.

**JACK**

Can you stay the night?

**LISA**

No. But long enough.

She turns to kiss him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKSTRETCH EMERALD DOWNS -- MORNING

A groom is walking through the stable area and comes up to the stall for *Slew's Party Boy*. A dead horse lies in the stall. The groom runs off, panicky. Moments later, Mario Tanti comes running, goes into the stall. There is a sealed envelope on the horse's head with Jack Forbes' name on it.

Mario runs down the barn looking into other stalls, and relief comes to his face when he sees *Party Boy* in the wrong stall. He hugs the horse as if he was a girlfriend. As Mario pulls out his cellular phone, the groom interrupts.

**GROOM**

Who'd want to kill *Party Boy*?

**MARIO**

It's not *Party Boy*.

He connects on the cell with Jack Forbes.

**MARIO (CONT'D)**

Jack you better get out here right away. Somebody killed *Mystical Moments*, but put her in *Party Boy's* stall - I just about had heart failure before I realized the switch.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE ENGLISH OFFICE. -- DAY

Wayne English, Andy Kissock & Lisa.

**ANDY**

Where's Jack?

**LISA**

There is some kind of emergency at the racetrack.. I can handle this.

**ANDY**

I was looking forward to meeting him.

**LISA**

You will. I told him he had to write something nice about the Governor as soon as we're done.

**ANDY**

Now that's a deal!

Wayne English is amused.

**WAYNE**

Mr. Kissock, I am holding this meeting personally to assure you that the evidence Lisa has assembled is sufficient for the State to subpoena all records relating to the relationship between Boyd Jaekel, Childress Grant, Grants' bank and Raven - and any connection that these parties may have had with K-NOW Radio.

My letter is personally addressed to the State Banking Commission with a copy for the Governor.

**ANDY**

In a nutshell, what's the most damning item?

**WAYNE**

We have ascertained that immediately prior to Boyd Jaekel becoming counsel to Raven, he represented a certain Las Vegas casino. We can connect this casino to a \$200,000 gambling debt incurred by Childress Grant. This was mysteriously paid off. We believe that it came from Jaekel.

**ANDY**

That's not enough to attach the radio station.

**WAYNE**

I have included other documents that may link Jaekel to K-NOW Radio ads that were critical of Raven. We suspect that Mr. Jaekel - and possibly Mr. Grant - were conspiring to use the radio station to kill Raven.

**ANDY**

If you can prove that, you may have something.

**WAYNE**

Andy, I am certain my letter will get action. Further, we think the Commission should subpoena all phone records between these parties during the key 18-month period when Raven was most heavily criticized on the Bob Kaye show.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIO TANTI'S TACK ROOM - EMERALD DOWNS -- MORNING

Photos, memorabilia and assorted racing bric-a-brac decorate the walls of Mario's room. A TV monitor hangs from the ceiling. Despite the early hour, Jack and Mario are drinking a scotch. Lisa rushes in.

**LISA**

Isn't it too early to party? What happened?

Jack pours a shot of neat scotch and hands it to Lisa.

**MARIO**

Someone shot a horse and left this message for Jack.

He gives Lisa the envelope. She pulls out a negotiable bank draft for \$20,000. A note reads "Save the Environment." Boyd Jaekel's business card is attached.

**LISA**

Why is Boyd Jaekel's card attached to this? What does it mean? Is this some eco-terrorist group?

**JACK**

We don't know. But the message was clear. They killed my cheap mare *Mystical Moments* with a vet's bolt - it's like a stun gun. They put her in *Party Boy's* stall. It means lay off of Raven, I guess.

Lisa looks scared. Gulps her scotch.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

We were waiting for you - let's call Jaekel.

Jack goes to the speaker phone in the tack room. Talks on the phone. No dialogue. Time lapse. Then Mario, Jack and Lisa listen to the speaker.

**BOYD O.S.**

Mr. Forbes, I would not participate in such a crude stunt, but I must advise that dangerous people are involved. Be careful. Stay where you are and a message will be brought to you.

The phone clicks off.

**LISA**

Do you believe him?

**JACK**

Yes. He didn't do this, but he knows who did.

**MARIO**

I've got lots to do. Police and track security want to do their paperwork. I'll see you later.

As Mario exits, Jack grins, then laughs, oblivious to the fact that Lisa is so afraid she actually is shaking.

**LISA**

*(desperately)*

God, Jack, this is not funny!

**JACK**

Sorry, but Mario and I have been entering *Mystical Moments* in cheap claimers, praying that someone would take her for \$8,000 - \$5,000 was the next stop - now I suddenly have the problem solved and \$20,000.

Lisa grabs a piece of racing gear and throws it at him.

**LISA**

*(screaming, crying)*

You're an insensitive bastard!.. this is frightening. Why don't you do something?

**JACK**

Yeah...I'm sorry... it's just that they could have shot *Party Boy*!

**LISA**

Christ, you are a dumb ass! They could have shot you!

Jack leans forward and takes a strong hold of her arms and shoulders - rough but affectionate. He shakes her. Stares straight into her eyes and says with powerful conviction.

**JACK**

Lisa, when I know what I'm dealing with, you will see the real Jack Forbes - a guy who has been dead for 10 years. Please trust me!

**LISA**

*(regaining control)*

Tell me more, damn you!

**JACK**

I have an army of powerful friends all around the world - businessmen, warriors, policemen, mafioso presidents, kings, dictators - you name it. Good guys and bad guys, male and female. This is my war chest and it never fails me. When the fog clears we'll blast our way out of this.

He gives her a warm, reassuring hug as an Emerald Downs security guard enters the room.

**GUARD**

Someone asked me to give you this.

Jack looks at a card - he reads the note to Lisa.

**JACK**

It says: "If your horse was a Rolls Royce, the check would have been for \$250,000."

**LISA**

Ferchrissakes...Boyd Jaekel is warning you that the people who blew up his car were the ones who killed your horse!

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO, OVERLOOKING LAKE WASHINGTON -- AFTERNOON

Boyd Jaekel is sipping coffee, reading the newspaper. The phone rings.



**GEOFFREY (O.S.)**

Have you purchased your new car yet?

**BOYD**

Working on it.

**GEOFFREY (O.S.)**

My principals always insist upon such dramatic gestures. Part of their charm.

**BOYD**

Is this a social call?

**GEOFFREY (O.S.)**

Forbes and his lawyer had a long meeting in Bellingham. Your Raven people appear to be cooperating.

**BOYD**

Grant?

**GEOFFREY (O.S.)**

Mr. Grant was not there, but he fails to control the situation.

Boyd says nothing. There is a pause.

**GEOFFREY O.S.**

We also know that other investigators are at work in Olympia - checking out you and Grant.

**BOYD**

They are always investigating me for something. They never get anywhere.

**GEOFFREY (O.S.)**

As soon as you have a convincing plan for keeping Grant quiet, please give me a call.

**BOYD**

No. The race track foolishness was a serious mistake. You should fear the reach of J.A. Forbes. Our business is finished.

Jaekel hangs up, but looks worried.

INT. OFFICE OF AMOS VANDER SHAAF -- DAY

Lisa, Jack, a court steno and Amos are there to depose Bob Kaye. They've been at it for a while, so the scene picks up midway. Jack is half-asleep, bored by the process.

**LISA**

You never once went to the Raven office, despite their many invitations.

**BOB KAYE**

No.

**LISA**

And as Mr. Forbes said, in his column, neither you nor any of your staff went, in person, to any of those public agencies where government and business information is maintained?

**BOB KAYE**

Rarely.

**LISA**

Ever?

**BOB KAYE**

Once or twice, I think. My staff.

**LISA**

Over three years?

**BOB KAYE**

I think so.

**LISA**

You are a member of the Cascades Rod and Gun Club.

**BOB KAYE**

Proudly. I told my audience from the start that hunting and fishing in the North Cascades is very special to me. That's what got me interested in Raven.

**LISA**

You don't see that as an unprofessional bias?

**BOB KAYE**

It was a bias openly declared.

**LISA**

The Cascades Club spent a lot of money on advertising to fight Raven.

**BOB KAYE**

Yes they did.

**LISA**

Where did this money come from?

**BOB KAYE**

Donations. The more we hammered at Raven, the more money came in.

**LISA**

What is the Waterfront Preservation Society?

**BOB KAYE**

I have no idea.

**LISA**

Did anyone at the Club tell you they were getting \$6,000 a month from this Society?

**BOB KAYE**

Oh! I knew there was a big benefactor, but we never knew who it was. Still don't.

**LISA**

Weren't you curious?

**BOB KAYE**

Curious? Yes. Critical? No.

**LISA**

Did you ever tell your audience that you were on the payroll of the Cascades club?

**BOB KAYE**

*(a pained look)*

What?

**LISA**

You were paid money by this Club.

Bob looks desperately at Amos Vander Shaaf.

**AMOS**

*(looking at the steno)*

Off the record.

The steno stops.

**AMOS (CONT'D)**

Where are you going with this?

**LISA**

*(she stares at Amos)*

On the record, Amos.

Amos nods at the steno.

**LISA (CONT'D)**

You were paid \$4,000 per month by the Cascades Club to buy ads on K-NOW. But these ads only cost \$2,000 a month. Is this correct?

Amos shakes his head in dismay.

**BOB KAYE**

*(shaken..blurts)*

It's normal to get a talent fee. Performers do it all the time.

**LISA**

Did you tell your audience?

**BOB KAYE**

No.

**LISA**

Did the Cascades Club know?

**BOB KAYE**

*(very nervous)*

They might have. Some of them know how advertising works.

**LISA**

You received dozens of inside reports about Raven finances. Where did you get this information?

**BOB KAYE**

*(relaxing)*

These were confidential sources.

**LISA**

How many envelopes came from Everett?

**BOB KAYE**

Some.

**LISA**

Most?

**BOB KAYE**

I had a source there who knew some of the banking and financial stuff.

**LISA**

Could these have been stolen reports? Were you participating in a crime?

**AMOS**

*(angry)*

Let's not get carried away, Lisa.

**(MORE)**

**AMOS (CONT'D)**

Bob is not responsible for whomever puts material in the mail to him.

**LISA**

Did you ever try to verify these reports before putting them on air?

**BOB KAYE**

We often invited Raven to come on the air to discuss them. Every once in a while they'd come. The information was pretty accurate.

**LISA**

You call yourself a journalist?

**BOB KAYE**

Yes.

**LISA**

Where did you study journalism?

**BOB KAYE**

My school was real life. I was a merchant, a mayor, a state legislator - active in many things. My reporting started when I got the K-NOW program.

**LISA**

So you are a talker, a politician - right - not a real journalist?

**BOB KAYE**

Whatever that is?

**LISA**

*(pointing to Jack)*

I thought you had met J.A. Forbes?

*(to Amos and the steno)*

That's all.

**AMOS**

Lisa - catty, catty, catty

**BOB KAYE**

*(interrupting - begging)*

Ms. Sawchuk, do you have to use that information about ad money? Talent fees are normal. I generated the donations in the first place.

**LISA**

If your case goes to court - yes.

**(MORE)**

**LISA (CONT'D)**

It's time for your friends and audience see that you are a phony - and a thief.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER PORT ON SEATTLE WATERFRONT -- DAY

Lisa sits alone on a bench, going through papers. Jack pulls up in his 4x4 and gets out.

**JACK**

What's up?

**LISA**

You're going to meet Andy.

**JACK**

Good.

**LISA**

He's flying up from Olympia right now with some information he wants to give us face-to-face. . .

She points to the fat briefcase at her side and the files open around her.

**LISA (CONT'D)**

This material is fascinating. I've been through all the Bob Kaye files pulled together by the students. When we analyzed the criticism of Raven over the years - there was hardly a day that Kaye didn't have new negative information on Raven.

**JACK**

Factual?

**LISA**

Yes - some of it. There is a solid anti-development argument in wilderness protection debates. But the most damning anti-Raven material was anonymous. Absurd warnings about environmental disasters, avalanche dangers or exaggerated estimates of tax consequences for State highway and infrastructure development.

**JACK**

Then the kids are finished?

**LISA**

I'll need the law students if we get to court, and I really want to know who the Waterfront Preservation Society is.

A helicopter is heard in the distance. As it gets closer they have to shout.

**JACK**

No trace?

**LISA**

Just a post office box. I've got the students scanning every piece of paper for a clue, and phoning their contacts again. Even the bank doesn't know who they are. It's not an officially registered society of any kind, and there is no phone number.

The helicopter lands and the rotor goes through its usual cooling off period. Andy hurries from it to Lisa and Jack. Big kiss for Lisa. Handshake for Jack.

**ANDY**

I've got to get back right away - but here's the gist of it. A formal letter from the Governor will be going to Mr. English today thanking him for his inquiry. Both the State Banking Commission and the Securities Commission are now active on this. They cannot - and will not - release any files until their investigation is complete.

**LISA**

Oh shit! - you flew up here to tell us that?

**ANDY**

They are bound by law, Lisa. No - here's why I came. The Governor - personally - authorized me to tell you this. It is absolutely clear from the phone logs, that Childress Grant was frequently communicating with Bob Kaye and K-NOW - over a 14-month period. Office phones, home phones, fax lines and cell phones.

**JACK**

Kaye knew Grant was his source?

**ANDY**

No. All calls were placed by Grant.  
It looks as if Bob knew only that he  
had a mole inside Raven.

**JACK**

Thanks, Andy. We owe you.

**ANDY**

*(Big grin)*

Well....since you mention it...

**LISA**

Not now, Andy!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF CHUCK GRANT -- AFTERNOON

Chuck is packing his stuff, ready to leave. Secretary enters.

**CHUCK**

I better run. The China Express  
Airlines party is about to start.

**SECRETARY**

Two things, Mr. Grant. Mr. Jaekel  
is due here at 6 pm. And Mr. S.C.  
Lam of Seattle wants to see you.

**CHUCK**

I could have seen him this morning,  
but he couldn't get up here that  
quick. He's buying the Best Western  
on the I-5 - great mortgage deal for  
us. Maybe we can get payroll too!

**SECRETARY**

The reason he's coming here is that  
he's going to the same Chin-Ex party  
at Boeing. He said he'll find you  
in the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOEING 747 COMPLEX AT EVERETT -- MOMENTS LATER

Aerial of the vast 747/767/777 plant and Paine Field. Huge  
planes everywhere. A large cocktail party is underway in  
the VIP reception area, crowded with Chinese and Occidental  
faces. Big sign "Congratulations China Express."

Chinese gentleman, Sam Lam, squeezes Grant's elbow...

**LAM**

Mr. Grant, I am Sam Lam.



He bows slightly, presenting his card Chinese fashion, holding both corners. Chuck - more casually - exchanges it for his.

**CHUCK**

This is a happy coincidence. Welcome to Everett.

**LAM**

My company owns the building Chin-Ex uses in Seattle. I'm getting weary of these parties, they must have 25 747s - do you finance aircraft?

**GRANT**

I wish. Sometimes we have a piece of a syndicate, but my only connection today is that I do the personal banking of the Chin-Ex engineer who was here during construction.

**LAM**

Ah... then you probably don't get to go on the party flight?

**GRANT**

What's that?

**LAM**

Boeing's Chief Pilot hands off to a China Express captain... then they take the VIPs on a short flight."

**GRANT**

Are you going?

**LAM**

No. A mere landlord doesn't qualify. But why don't we go down to the end of Paine Field and watch them take off? Perhaps, I can discuss my business with you... and go see the hotel. I'd welcome any information about the history of the building.

**GRANT**

That sounds like a good plan. I'll drive. We can come back for your car later.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAINE FIELD -- LATER

No dialogue. A car drives along rows of 747s and 777s with colors of many of the world's airlines. The car stops at a shed. Grant and Lam get out.

Shielded from the control tower a mile or so away, the two men are silhouettes in the distance. A 747 roars as it takes off. A man points a gun. The other falls. A second car arrives. Lam gets in and they drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. JAEKEL'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Jaekel is in his office. A secretary enters the room with a well-groomed man and woman both in business attire. They hold credentials out in front of them. Four uniformed marshals follow. Jaekel get's up, startled.

**SECRETARY**

Sorry, sir, but. . . .

**FEMALE AGENT**

I am Special Agent Candice Smith of the State Securities Commission. This is investigator Lloyd Exworthy of the State Banking Commission.

Jaekel sits back down, trying to appear calm - even amused.

**FEMALE AGENT (CONT'D)**

I can also advise you that our people - at this moment - are also serving notice at the office of Cascades National Bank. We will be seizing all records related to Raven International Resorts, and any communication between you and Mr. Childress Grant, the bank president.

**BOYD**

This is an outrage. Everything in this office is protected by lawyer-client privilege.

**FEMALE AGENT**

Our job today is to seize the files. They will be sealed in your presence - and in the presence of your attorney if you so desire. The question of privilege will be argued before a judge at a later date.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- EVENING

Jack and Lisa are on the patio.

**LISA**

Why would Jaekel and Grant oppose Raven? What's in it for them?

**JACK**

Forget Grant - he was used. But why Jaekel? There must be some money people behind him who were desperate for Raven to fail - but why?

The phone interrupts. Jack takes it.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

*(into the phone)*

Jesus Christ!

He listens.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Let me know as soon as you hear anything more.

He hangs up. Looking dazed. Comes back to Lisa. She looks up expectantly.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

That was your father. Chuck Grant is dead. They found him beside Paine Field - shot in the head - in Everett an hour ago.

**LISA**

Wow.....

*(pausing for breath)*

Your instincts Jack! Is this getting ugly enough for you?

The phone goes again. Jack answers.

**JACK**

Yeah - we just heard... Lisa's here - you want her?.... okay?

*(to Lisa)*

It's Andy.

**LISA**

*(she listens)*

Thanks Andy . . . just a minute.

*(To Jack)*

The Governor has called an emergency news conference for 9 a.m. tomorrow.

**JACK**

Lisa..give me the phone

*(on phone, a bit irate)*

Andy, I'm in the news business. Can you give the *Examiner* a beat on this story? God knows, we deserve it.

*(he listens)*

Shit - well that's something. Just the paper, not me. Bye.

Jack goes back to his seat. Looks at Lisa.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

He says he'd get shot if he broke the news embargo, but the Governor plans to compliment the work of the *Examiner*, Wayne English and a certain young lawyer named Lisa Sawchuk.

Her eyes light up.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESSES ROLLING -- MORNING

Presses roll and newspapers drop off the conveyor. Headline: BANKER MURDERED - FRAUD SUSPECTED! And a slightly more modest headline: NEW HOPE FOR RAVEN PROJECT.

INT. *EXAMINER* BOARDROOM -- MORNING

Jack, Lisa, Lou Boudreau, Becky, Wayne English are watching TV. The governor has been rambling for some time - we pick up the comments mid-show.

**GOVERNOR**

...In view of the Chairman's death and the current absence of Raven's attorney Boyd Jaekel, I participated in a conference call earlier this morning with the remaining directors of this company. The founder, Mordecai Levin, is now acting in the capacity of Chairman.

The State Banking Commission and the State Securities Commission are cooperating in a detailed investigation of Raven finances.

Smiles all around the table - except a troubled looking Jack, and Becky Goldberg, who is staring at him.

**GOVERNOR (CONT'D)**

I have instructed our Economic Development Commission to make every effort to assist Raven in whatever has to be done to resuscitate this great project.

I must emphasize that there is no evidence linking K-NOW Radio of Seattle or any of its employees to this scandal.

(MORE)

**GOVERNOR (CONT'D)**

It is the belief of my officials that the station was a victim of this sorry affair - unwitting dupes to an apparent fraud.

Finally, we are grateful to two Seattle attorneys, whose diligent work brought this situation to State attention: Ms. Lisa Sawchuk, who represents the columnist J.A. Forbes, and Mr. Wayne G.R. English, who represents the Seattle *Examiner* newspaper. Thank you.

The State seal comes up on the screen.

**BECKY**

*(Smiling at Lisa)*

Two great lawyers!

Lisa blushes, embarrassed. Lou gets up - jubilant - and gives Becky a hug. Shakes Lisa's hand.

**LOU**

Congratulations.

Jack is lost in thought. Only Becky notices.

**BECKY**

What's wrong Jack?

Jack gets up to go, starting toward the door.

**JACK**

It's not over yet. I'll get back to you.

Lisa, looking deflated and confused, calls to Jack.

**LISA**

*(hurtfully - angry)*

Can I come?

Jack gives her a signal to come along - and they leave.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S 4X4 VEHICLE -- MORNING

Jack drives determinedly. The radio news is on.

**RADIO VOICE (O.S.)**

... It has been learned that the attorney for Raven International Resorts, Boyd Jaekel, left Seattle last night, on a flight to London.

**JACK**

He's gone for good.

**LISA**

*(really angry)*

What the fuck is going on, Jack?

**JACK**

No more rope a dope Lisa - this is the big time now!

Jack's cell phone rings.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

*(answering)*

Yeah! . . .oh hi Sadru.

**SADRU (O.S.)**

One of my students has hit pay dirt. He went through hundreds of files, and finally found a courier package from the Waterfront Preservation Society. It had a way bill attached that listed pick up at a warehouse address within the Port of Seattle.

**JACK**

That's a strange place for an environmental organization.

**SADRU (O.S.)**

Probably just the business office of some rich guy with liberal hobbies.

**JACK**

Are you doing an Internet check for the address?

**SADRU (O.S.)**

Already done. Pan-Oceanic Trading Corporation. Their real office is uptown on 4th Avenue.

**JACK**

Try to find out who owns or runs this company. ....thanks... bye.

He clicks off the phone.

**LISA**

The Waterfront Preservation Society has been located?

**JACK**

Yes.. but we have to check.....

**LISA**

*(interrupting)*

It's okay. I got the drift. Where in hell are we going?

**JACK**

We are going to see your father. I have to brainstorm this thing with a cop. Shit! He gave me a clue as big as the Goodyear blimp a few weeks ago, and it flew right over my head.

**LISA**

Jack - Daddy may not be happy to see you. My mother says he has hardly been home during the past week. He's been everywhere from Vancouver to Tacoma... whatever he has been working on is happening right now!

**JACK**

He has to see me!

CUT TO:

INT. CARLING'S OFFICE -- DAY

Richard Carling, Amos Vander Shaaf, Bob Kaye and Louise White. Meeting is in progress.

**RICHARD**

Amos is here because the law suit against the *Examiner* is now dead.

**BOB KAYE**

I was glad the Governor pointed out that we were unwittingly duped.

**RICHARD**

*(spitefully)*

Maybe it would be more accurate to say we were witless.

Richard hands Bob and Louise an envelope.

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

You will not be able to cash those checks until you sign the brief document inside. I'm sure you will find that I have been generous.

**BOB KAYE**

*(smiling, as if it were good news)*

What's this?

**LOUISE**

You are firing us?

**RICHARD**

A very satisfying moment.

**BOB KAYE**

We'll be on the air on another station right away.... your worst nightmare.

**RICHARD**

Amos?

**AMOS**

Mr. Carling would have grounds to dismiss you Bob for cause. You were clearly negligent in your research. You should have smelled a rat and tried to get corroborating evidence. Your situation is different, Louise, but you threatened to quit if Bob were terminated. The station has been very generous to you both.

**BOB KAYE**

What kind of friend are you?

**AMOS**

The best, Bob. Several times when we were at the racetrack, I warned you about the risks of your Raven campaign? I even offered to look at your evidence.

**RICHARD**

Bob, that check I gave you pays out your contract in full. We could keep you off the air for the term of the agreement, but nothing would give me more enjoyment than to kick your backside in public. You're free to work anywhere. Good-bye. You have the rest of the day to clear out.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG SQUAD HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Jack and Lisa are escorted by a uniformed sergeant into the outer foyer of the busy drug squad center. Something huge is going down. Lots of action. Cops are dressing for battle - operational activity. No dialogue. . Finally, Dennis - weary, frazzled, comes storming out.

**DENNIS**

Whatever it is Jack, not now!



**JACK**

Listen to me for five minutes.

**DENNIS**

Can't you understand that I've got important work too! We are at the fucking crunch

*(cringes, seeing Lisa)*

Sorry Lisa. I don't give a shit about Raven, the Governor, Jaekel and certainly not that fruitcake Bob Kaye. I can't do anything about Grant's murder. Talk to Everett Police. I've got to get back.

He turns to go. Jack - angry - grabs his sleeve. Dennis turns staring hotly at him.

**JACK**

*(a killer look)*

Ten minutes.

**DENNIS**

You said five.

Jack's cell phone goes.

**DENNIS (CONT'D)**

Oh fuck!

He stomps off. Jack answers the phone. Lisa is nervous. We see - but don't hear - Jack's conversation.... until the last comment.

**JACK**

Whatever you do, Sadru, stop that kid. I don't know what this is yet, but it is very dangerous!

He hangs up - turning to Lisa.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

The kid Mark who found the address for the Waterfront Preservation Society, is determined to pay them a visit.

Dennis returns. A little more calm.

**DENNIS**

You've got 10 minutes.

**JACK**

I've been trying to find a key to the puzzle for this case ever since my column - you handed it to me on a platter a few weeks ago.

**DENNIS**

What do you mean? - the whole state is talking about your victory. Grant murdered, Jaekel runs - he probably ordered the hit.

**JACK**

Jaekel is a money shyster, not a murderer. Remember, Jaekel was last seen with a Chinese businessman, before his car blew up.

**DENNIS**

Kirkland cops think eco-terrorists did this.

**JACK**

Come on Denny, surely you didn't believe that crap?

**DENNIS**

Just too busy to think about it.

**JACK**

Grant was last seen alive leaving a Boeing party with a Chinese businessman - a Mr. Lam - who does not exist.

**DENNIS**

It was a China Express event. Who'd you expect him to be with, a Zulu chief?

**JACK**

Let's go back to the start of Raven. Since the U.S.- Canada border is dominant for the drug syndicates, what would they think if a huge development like Raven were proposed for the border area?

**DENNIS**

I don't think they'd mind - as long as they could control it. More people. More confusion. More ways to smuggle drugs.

**JACK**

But if they couldn't get control? - Let's say other powerful underworld elements were involved?

**DENNIS**

They'd fear a turf war.

Jack's face explodes in discovery - the puzzle is solved.  
Jason Bendix (DEA) enters - annoyed.

**JASON**

Captain - it's action stations. We  
are starting to move.

**DENNIS**

Here we go. We are hitting over 100  
locations tonight from Vancouver to  
Portland. Border crossings. Ports.  
Rail yards. Warehouses. Even private  
homes.

**JACK**

Where do I find a who's who of the  
Chinese underworld in Seattle?

**DENNIS**

I'll send over our Asian guy.

As Dennis walks away, Jack looks at Lisa, who shows annoyance  
at being merely a spectator.

**LISA**

Is this the 8th round?

**JACK**

What?

**LISA**

When Ali knocked out Foreman in the  
Congo?

**JACK**

Muhammad had a distinct advantage.  
He knew where he could find George.

A Chinese police officer in a suit enters.

**CHINESE COP**

Special Agent John Wong, FBI -  
organized crime.

**JACK**

Is there one top Chinese underworld  
figure in Seattle?

**CHINESE COP**

Several. Different triads, and purely  
home grown gangs too. There's also  
a Vietnamese organization.

**JACK**

Is there one front man who appears  
richer than all his associates?

**CHINESE COP**

Geoffrey Wu - but he is just a banker and real estate front. His company Gold Icon Properties has land, buildings and activities from San Francisco to Alaska, including a lot of port and shipping businesses. Our money laundering section is always trying to pin him, but that's the extent of it.

**JACK**

Thanks.... Lisa let's go. See what we can find out about Mr. Wu.

CUT TO:

EXT. KID ON BUS -- LATER

Mark Andrade, carrying a clipboard, climbs aboard a bus in downtown Seattle. The clipboard holds a file folder with the name WATERFRONT PRESERVATION SOCIETY.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SEATTLE WATERFRONT -- LATER

Late afternoon. Port backlands - a sea of cranes, sheds and warehouses. One specific building. Inside, bags of heroin are being sorted by a number of Chinese hoods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWAT TEAM LOCALES -- LATER

Montage of police units over a vast geography moving into place at border crossings, ports, etc.. A huge police operation in progress. All over State.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA GOLDBERG'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Becky is at her desk - looks up to see Richard Carling.

**RICHARD**

Your secretary was away. Someone said I could come right in.

**BECKY**

*(standing, very pleased to see him)*

I'm glad this is over between us.

**RICHARD**

Me too.

**BECKY**

I know you don't want publicity, but Lou Boudreau thinks an article about the Carling family's new era would be good for our weekend magazine.

**RICHARD**

Let's give that some time . . .  
 But - an idea has been growing on me. . . it appears as if the integrity of our news programming could use some professional guidance... and I have viewed with deep regret the financial crisis the *Examiner* seems to be facing. . . money, as you know, is the least of our concerns.  
 . . .

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- EVENING

Mark Andrade searches port warehouses for the Waterfront Preservation Society. The young man doesn't notice the heavily equipped swat team stealthily approaching the same address he is seeking.

Mark finds his address: a grimy door with "Pan-Oceanic Trading Company" on the sign. He bangs the door. Inside, Chinese hoods look at each other, wondering about the noise. The kid bangs again. One of the Chinese opens the door.

**MARK**

I am looking for the Waterfront Preservation Society.

The Chinese hood - mystified - looks up and sees movement. He notices the cops. Looks back at the kid... looks up at the cops again... grabs the kid and pulls him inside. He shouts to the back room:

**CHINESE HOOD**

Police - it's a setup!

He takes out a gun and shoots Mark in the head. No questions asked and no hesitation. All hell breaks loose. The SWAT Team moves. Lots of gunfire. But over quickly as police secure the warehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SEATTLE WATERFRONT -- NIGHT

Activity. Lights. Ambulances and cop cars moving off. Jack, Lisa and Dennis (wearing police fatigues) stand over the body of the kid. Jack picks up the blood-splattered clipboard with "Waterfront Preservation Society" on it.

Tears almost come to his eye. Throws it down.

**DENNIS**

It's not your fault Jack.

**JACK**

I was too slow, Denny. Lisa will tell you. I saw the shadow lurking behind our story, almost from the beginning - but I couldn't grasp it. Now it seems so damned obvious.

**LISA**

Sadru is beside himself - doesn't know how he can face the boy's parents. He said to tell you that Pan-Oceanic Trading is owned by Gold Icon Properties.

**JACK**

Geoffrey Wu will pay for this.

**DENNIS**

We've got nothing on him. If he's the boss of this action, there are 10 layers between us and him. And in your case, what did he do? He sent all kinds of money and even applied some pressure to save the wilderness. No crime there.

**JACK**

Do you have Wu under surveillance?

**DENNIS**

Constant.

**JACK**

I'll want to know where he is in the morning. . Lisa - let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Lisa watches apprehensively. Jack rips through boxes of memorabilia searching through files and boxes within boxes.

**LISA**

Jack, please tell me what you are going to do.

**JACK**

Later.

He continues to search. Finally. A photo.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Ahah. Lisa - this is a face of evil.

Jungle photo of Jack, arm-in-arm with General U, a Chinese, guerrilla-clad soldier. Both are smiling.

Before Lisa can say anything, he gets behind his desk and picks up his phone, consulting a highly beat-up but large personal phone book.

He punches in a whole bunch of numbers.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

*(into the phone)*

Is that Reuters, Chiang Mai?....  
good.... I want to speak to Wally  
Little..... where is he?... does  
he have a cell phone?... all right,  
get him on the radio phone.

Time lapse. A few moments later. Jack's phone rings.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Wally - what's up. ...

Jack listens.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

The same old merry go round. Listen,  
do you still have your link with the  
friend we called King Bamboo?. . .  
right... I want to send a fax to you  
and for you to make sure he gets it  
fast... I'll fill you in later, we're  
in the middle of a situation. If  
you can't get through, let me know.

Jack listens.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Is it the same fax number? Okay..  
whatever you need. Hire a chopper  
if you have to. We'll pay. Make  
sure the King gets my fax.

Jack hangs up and, with Lisa watching, goes to the computer, and dispatches a fax by modem.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- LATER

**LISA**

Well?

**JACK**

Wally is an old buddy. He was up in the poppy fields above Chiang Mai when I called. The Thai government, with U.S. money to compensate the farmers, is burning the poppy fields. They do that every three years or so. The farmers don't mind because they get money, and a year off. It helps regenerate the soil. Then, when no one is looking, they plant poppies the next year.

**LISA**

It's that open?

**JACK**

It's just politics. They only do this near cities like Chiang Mai and Chiang Rai.. the world sees an illusion - government cracking down. But 90 per cent of the territory is ungovernable and no official would dare get near. This is the North Mekong River - Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, and - in my day - Burma. Now Myanmar.

**LISA**

Who's King Bamboo?

**JACK**

The name is just a code Wally and I invented. That's him in the picture.

**LISA**

What are you laughing about?

**JACK**

At that precise moment - in Burma - 1983, he asked me if he should hire a PR agency to help with his image.

**LISA**

What does he do?

**JACK**

It was a joke Lisa. General U Duc Chu runs a jungle army more terrifying than the Viet Cong. He is the one man government of the Golden Triangle and one of the wealthiest men in the world - not that it matters to him. Power is the game.

**LISA**

He can be reached by phone?



**JACK**

They've spent millions on their communications system. He has a scrambled signal he can bounce off a satellite. He likes Wally.

**LISA**

*(incredulous)*

A friend?

**JACK**

Wrong term. A news associate. It is not a nice business, as you have seen tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Jack is in bed - alone - middle of the night. Having a fitful sleep. The phone jars him awake.

**JACK**

Thanks General - no I am living the nice life in Seattle. Very boring.

He listens.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

General - you once said you'd do me a favor any time? I need a small one.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF GOLD ICON PROPERTIES -- MORNING

Jack's dress is a dramatic change. Open neck. War correspondent fashion. He enters the elegant, Oriental-decorated foyer of Gold Icon Properties. Greeted by an expensively dressed Chinese receptionist. He emphasizes Wu's Chinese name in perfect idiom.

**JACK**

I am J.A. Forbes. I would like to see Wu Hok Leung.

**RECEPTIONIST**

*(surprised.. hesitating)*

Is he expecting you?

**JACK**

No - please tell him I'm here.

She disappears. Jack wanders around the foyer looking at the valuable art pieces. The receptionist returns.

**RECEPTIONIST**

This way, please.

They enter a large, luxurious corner office overlooking Seattle downtown and the harbor. Wu gets up, very effusive and friendly, walking toward Jack.

**GEOFFREY**

I am honored to be visited by the legendary J.A. Forbes.

Jack shuns Wu's handshake. Greets Wu with a chilly stare.

**JACK**

Yesterday must have been an expensive day for Wu Hok Leung and 14K Triad?

**GEOFFREY**

*(calm, an evil smile)*

Ah, Mr. Forbes. You don't disappoint me. . . My business is like a river... some water gets diverted into ponds.. but the river keeps flowing.

**JACK**

The river could continue without Wu Hok Leung.

**GEOFFREY**

*(amused)*

Yes, the headwaters are large.

**JACK**

Have you been to the source - the North Mekong River?

**GEOFFREY**

I have not had . . shall we say. .  
.the pleasure.

**JACK**

The flies are the worst part, unless, of course, you are unwelcome to the locals - in which case you don't have an opportunity to worry about flies, snakes and the heat.

**GEOFFREY**

I do not have time today for National Geographic.

Jack takes out the smiling photo of himself with General U in Burma. Puts it in front of Wu.

**JACK**

Do you know this face?

**GEOFFREY**

*(perplexed..)*

What does an old photo mean?

**JACK**

14k Triad has dozens of rivers around the world, each with a person like Wu Hok Leung. This is where they meet.

Jack taps the photo.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Do you understand?

Geoffrey nods. Jack sits back in his chair, dialing his cell phone. Geoffrey appears worried. Confused.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

*(into the cell phone)*

Now.

**GEOFFREY**

What now?

**JACK**

We wait.

Just a minute passes and a private phone rings on Wu's desk. Wu listens. He's terrified. Explosive conversation in Chinese - assures caller that he will be on the plane tonight.

**GEOFFREY**

*(shaken)*

A sudden trip to Hong Kong.

Jack gets up to leave.

**JACK**

I am sure you will be back... I don't give a shit....because they'd just put someone else in place.... but, Wu Hok Leung, your life will never be the same again.

Wu nods. Still scared. Jack leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWSPAPER -- MORNING

More newspapers. Headline - LARGEST HEROIN BUST IN U.S. HISTORY...15 DEAD, 400 ARRESTED.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVEN OFFICE - BELLINGHAM -- MORNING

Scenic of Mt. Baker & Mt. Shuksan. Raven office. Huge new billboard by the roadside reads: RAVEN IS BACK! - THANK YOU - J.A. FORBES! No dialogue. Motty Levin, Dan MacKenzie and Moses Joe being interviewed by a TV news crew. KVO5 Bellingham on the truck.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STATION -- EVENING

The set of a typical TV talk show with a host and two guests at a coffee table. A marquee reads SEATTLE LAW. The guests are Wayne English and Amos Vander Shaaf. The program is well in progress.

**AMOS**

It would have been a strange libel case - my best arguments would have used J.A. Forbes' fame against him. His world respect was overkill in the face of a local situation. And the fact that he never before used such colorful language, or strong opinions, exhibited malice.

**WAYNE**

*(nodding)*

What we saw here, in the end, was not a libel case. It was not a demonstration of "reporting" - which has been Jack Forbes' history - but rather advocacy journalism. The strength of his argument was overwhelming. It will improve radio everywhere, and it has excised a cancer from the State of Washington.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Jack, Lisa, Sadru and Dennis come through the door, all dressed in dark clothes, Dennis in formal police uniform. They are returning from the student's funeral. Jack goes to the bar with Lisa. They fix drinks together.

**DENNIS**

That was a sensitive eulogy Sadru - the family seemed very grateful.

**SADRU**

It was deja vu.

**(MORE)**

**SADRU (CONT'D)**

One day back in Kampala, after I had condemned Idi Amin in an editorial, a young reporter was murdered. He was just an errand boy but it was a lazy way for Amin to send me a message.

**DENNIS**

Any veteran cop has dealt with that. Jack's stories are more horrible. He spent half his life witnessing unspeakable brutality.

**JACK**

You make me sound like a ghoul.

**LISA**

*(emotionally)*

How can you talk so casually about death?

**JACK**

*(pleading)*

Lisa, sanity demands a turtle psychology, keeping your real self inside the shell.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Night panorama of Seattle. The Space Needle. The restaurant. Jack and Lisa are finishing dinner.

**LISA**

What did you think about Mr. English's description of advocacy journalism?

**JACK**

He's right - I think I've always been frightened to cross the road. That's what Annie used to say.

**LISA**

What road?

**JACK**

When I hit 40, she reminded me that war was a young man's pursuit. That it was time I started using my knowledge and experience to teach students and to influence the world. . .you attacked me for the same thing, right after we met.

**LISA**

If this was your coming out, look at what you achieved.

**JACK**

I think subconsciously, all the time I listened to Bob Kaye's blathering, it simply reminded me of my own negligence - my own fear of getting involved in public debate.

They stop. Quietly appreciating the view. Then each other.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

You. . . Lisa.....

**LISA**

Me what...

**JACK**

You've helped me exorcise some demons. What's next? - personal, I mean.

**LISA**

*(teasing)*

We could shack up? Share an office? Provoke someone else into suing us? Any ideas?

**JACK**

As long as we are together.

Lisa laughs, perplexing Jack.

**LISA**

You, me and Annie - what a team!

**JACK**

And Andy - a foursome!

**LISA**

Heaven's yes. I couldn't do without Andy.

They pause. Tender smiles.

**JACK**

Change of subject. My big race - the Snoqualmie Invitational - is on Sunday. Becky Goldberg called today and said that she and Richard Carling wanted to meet with me - I suggested they might like to come to Emerald Downs for Sunday's race. I've booked a table in the Turf Club.

**LISA**

What about Daddy?

**JACK**

Dennis and Sadru - your mother and Sadru's wife are taking the box. Mario will be too busy with the race - and too nervous - to sit anywhere . . would you join us in the Turf Club?

**LISA**

I'd love to. How's *Party Boy* going to do?

**JACK**

He's 10-1 in the paper - but Mario says his times are now just as fast as *News Talk*. Our colt has not been tested. We have a chance.

**LISA**

I'll make some money!

CUT TO:

EXT. TURF CLUB - EMERALD DOWNS. -- AFTERNOON

The race card is in progress. White tablecloth atmosphere of the Turf Club. Festive. Jack and Lisa are seated side by side - Richard Carling and Becky Goldberg on the other. The Turf Club foursome are just finishing their meal..its about the third race of the card.

Dennis Sawchuk and Sadru Shivji are with their wives in Jack's usual box....the foursomes notice each other and wave.

**BECKY**

Before Jack gets preoccupied by his big race, remember who called this meeting. Richard and I have a marriage to announce.

**LISA**

*(stunned)*

You two?

*(She looks at Richard)*

Have you left your wife? A Carling split is big news!

Becky and Richard laugh.

**RICHARD**

Nope.. money has proposed to integrity and integrity has chosen to accept.

**BECKY**

*(beaming)*

We are merging the *Examiner* with K-NOW Radio... we'll now promote the socks off each other and really do something exciting for this city.

**RICHARD**

We're in the hunt for a television station too - a deal is in the works!

As Jack and Lisa reach to shake each of their hands, the booming voice of the track announcer P.A. fills the air.

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

We have a change in the 8th race, the \$200,000 Grade 2 Snoqualmie Invitational.

Jack is all ears. Worried.

**TRACK ANNOUNCER O.S**

The ownership line for the favorite, number three *News Talk*, should now read Transvaal Stables.

Jack laughs.

**JACK**

Bob Kaye has had a bad week - Amos was letting Bob pretend to be the owner.

**RICHARD**

Bob felt that Amos betrayed him.

Jack. Nods just as he spots above an ostentatious booth full of happy people. Amos Vander Shaaf hosts the Mayor of Seattle - among others - who wear a *News Talk* cap. Jack directs his table's attention to Amos who is smiling, looking down on them.

**JACK**

Amos is up there with the Mayor...

Jack holds his wine glass up, miming a toast to Amos. There's a pause as we listen to the call of a horse race.

Time lapse. Jack and Lisa are comfortably affectionate. Becky decides to comment.

**BECKY**

I'm jealous, Lisa, he's my favorite guy.

**LISA**

Me too!



**JACK**

It has just been a few weeks, but my Seattle life before Lisa now seems like a vague emptiness.

**BECKY**

She has worked magic on you, buster.

Jack just smiles. Hugs Lisa.

**RICHARD**

Well let's get some Dom Perignon and do this right!

Richard waves to a waiter.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACETRACK -- AFTERNOON

The horses are very close to the starting gate. A couple of horses are loaded, and then #3 *News Talk* goes to the gate.

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

And into the gate goes the 1-9 overwhelming favorite, the undefeated *Deputy Minister* colt *News Talk*.

**JACK**

*Party Boy* looks good.

They see the gorgeous #5 horse, nosing into the gate.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

The five hole is a good spot..

Then they are all in and they are off. We have the track announcer calling the race O.S.... *News Talk* breaks for the lead - gets off by a wide margin. *Party Boy* drops far back.

**JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

He always likes to come from behind.

**LISA (O.S.)**

Far behind! - that's another state!

But at the mid-point of the race, *Slew's Party Boy* starts charging the field, gobbling up one by one. Cheers of encouragement from Jack's group off screen and excitement from the crowd. At the top of the stretch there is only *News Talk* ahead...quite a distance... but *Party Boy* gains at every stride until, with 50 yards to go they are neck and neck.

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

It's *News Talk*, *Party Boy*... *Party Boy*...*News Talk*.. there's no quit in

(MORE)

**TRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

these horses...and at the wire . . .  
. shades of his grandpappy, our  
*Seattle Slew* . . .it's *Slewwwww's*  
*Party Boy!*

We heard Jack and Company cheering wildly in the background during the stretch drive and now at the finish, we see the four of them jumping for joy... there is a flash at the box where Dennis, Sadru and wives are equally happy

....and then a poignant moment: Jack looks up to Amos, who beams in friendly admiration. He salutes Jack. We see Jack's table, Dennis and Sadru running for the Winner's Circle.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMERALD DOWNS - WINNER'S CIRCLE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack - with Lisa, Becky, Richard, Dennis and Shivji - is holding a big trophy, but he demonstrably hands it to Mario... they surround the jockey and *Slew's Party Boy*. The horse wears a SNOQUALMIE INVITATIONAL blanket. Lisa has a bouquet of roses. Jack gives Lisa a gentle kiss on the cheek.

Frame freezes on this routine "Winner's Circle" photo.

FADE OUT: