

WITHOUT A TRACE

"Out and Gone"

by
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TEASER

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - AMPHITHEATRE - 2:15 PM EST

ON STAGE

"CABANA DAWGS" -- a pop group of six energetic, handsome guys in their early-twenties -- sing an UPBEAT SONG accompanied by WILD MUSIC

JEREMY WHEELER (22), blond, dressed in jungle-patterned board shorts and a tank top that shows off his tanned, well-toned muscles, soaks up the attention as he and his bandmates SING and DANCE.

TREY FORRESTER (also 22), athletic, whose face and hairstyle resemble that of a young Vanilla Ice, performs near Jeremy. Their bandmates sport similarly colorful beach attire.

Teen and college age girls in the crowd HOLLER and SQUEAL. MEMBERS OF "MORALITY ROCKS!" -- a youth ministry -- scatter themselves throughout the crowd. They whip out MATCHING ARMBANDS bearing their symbol: a gallant LAMB.

BEN HOLLINGS (23), slender, wavy brown hair, cups his hands together and shouts.

BEN

Sinner!

Jeremy and his bandmates try to ignore the taunt. LEVI (26), another heckler, starts in.

LEVI

Songs won't wash away your evil!

As the "Cabana Dawgs" continue their number, AUDIENCE MEMBERS HISS at the hecklers. In unison, "MORALITY ROCKS!" MEMBERS raise armband-clad wrists and repeatedly chant: "LOVE THE SINNER, HATE THE SIN!" The crowd JEERS at "Morality Rocks!"

BEN
This is Satan's music!

LEVI
Prepare to burn in hell!

The band members look uncomfortable.

BEN
Freaks!

Jeremy glances around at his bandmates, lost and confused. Furious, Trey throws up his hands, shoots Ben a murderous glare.

TREY
Asshole! Go back to your cave!

SECURITY GUARDS escort the hecklers out.

A guilty, helpless expression overtakes Jeremy's face.

INT. MOBILE TRAILER - 3:38 PM EST (DOD)

Jeremy hangs out with his bandmates on couches or armchairs, surrounded by POSTERS, EMPTY CANS AND BOTTLES, and GUITARS. They drink assorted beverages.

Two of them, BLAKE (22) and ELI (21), sit on the couch, flanking either side of Jeremy. COREY (23) reads a magazine. MICAH (22) reclines on an armchair, plays with a slinky.

JEREMY
Guys, I'm sorry --

ELI
Hey, man, it's not your fault.

JEREMY
You sure about that?

Blake punches Jeremy's shoulder in support.

BLAKE
Dude, they're looking for excuses to preach.

Climbing into the trailer, Trey joins them. RICK MEADOWS (33) -- the band's manager -- wearing a snazzy polo shirt and designer slacks, follows Trey inside.

TREY
They shouldn't be able to get away
with that crap, Rick!

RICK
I hear you, Trey. But you have to
let Security handle them.

TREY
And that's worked out really well
so far.

RICK
Going off on those morons makes
things worse.

Jeremy rises from the couch, ready to exit.

JEREMY
I should quit the band. You'd be
better off.

His bandmates all stare, agape.

MICAH
We go on tour next week!

COREY
It'll blow over, believe it.

Jeremy wears a pained expression.

TREY
Maybe you should.

RICK
(warning)
Trey.
(then)
Jeremy, I know how you feel --

Jeremy holds back tears.

JEREMY
No, you don't! None of you do!

Jeremy storms out of the lounge area; Trey follows after him.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - 3:40 EST

Trey approaches a couch where Jeremy rests, looks pissed.

TREY

This has gone too far.

Jeremy whips around, eyes blurred, then turns away.

JEREMY

Leave me alone.

Trey sighs, then leaves. Jeremy opens a tabloid magazine -- titled "STARSPOT" -- turns to an ARTICLE, stares at it.

A PHOTOGRAPH of Jeremy kissing his boyfriend, AARON MICHAELS (23), skinny with spiky dark hair.

He rolls it up, throws it on the ground in anger. Buries his head in his arms... then VANISHES in front of our eyes.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - 10:00 PM EST (6.3 HOURS MISSING)

JACK MALONE picks up the magazine, studies it. He holds onto it as evidence.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - AMPHITHEATRE - 10:05 PM EST

Jack finishes talking indistinctly with Rick and the band members from "Cabana Dawgs." Rick hands Jack several PHOTOGRAPHS of the band: individual headshots and a group shot.

SAMANTHA joins Jack, who shows Jeremy's photo to her.

JACK

Jeremy Wheeler, rising pop star.
Last seen around four by the other
band members and their security.

SAMANTHA

Outed by the tabloids just before
he was about to make it big.

JACK

Hanna worships this guy.

SAMANTHA

How long has it been?

JACK

Two months since *StarSpot* magazine first broke the story.

(then)

According to Rick Meadows, the band's manager, a youth ministry group has been dogging them ever since Jeremy was exposed. Sneaking in... heckling...

Samantha looks incredulous.

SAMANTHA

Must have a lot of time on their hands. Restraining order?

JACK

Not until recently. The band was supposed to pre-tape a remote with the local news at seven. Jeremy never showed up.

Samantha glances over at the huddle of "Cabana Dawgs," counts only four members of the band.

SAMANTHA

I thought there were six guys?

JACK

Trey Forrester, Jeremy's best friend. Went off to look for Jeremy around eight.

SAMANTHA

So Jeremy's not answering his cell.

JACK

Goes to Voicemail. When Meadows couldn't reach Jeremy by phone, he went out looking for him. Just got back.

SAMANTHA

Where did the band last see Jeremy?

JACK

In their trailer. Said he was threatening to quit. All of them tried to persuade Jeremy otherwise...

(then)

Except for his supposed best buddy, Trey. There's been some tension between the two of them lately.

SAMANTHA

So how does a boy band idol from
the front page of every tabloid in
town just disappear into thin air?

Samantha consults with AGENTS. Jack explores the perimeter.
Something catches his sight. He looks down and sees:

An upside-down PROMOTIONAL CARD on the ground.

Jack picks up the card, studies it. A stately lamb logo
accompanied by a slogan: "FINDING SALVATION FROM OUR CULTURE
THROUGH CHRIST." A URL appears at the bottom.

Jack narrows his eyes, stares at the card.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 10:35 PM EST

Jeremy's PICTURE goes up on the WHITEBOARD.

Into CREDITS...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. FBI OFFICES - HALLWAY - 8:30 AM (16.8 HOURS MISSING)

MARTIN approaches Jack and Samantha, who emerge from the elevator.

MARTIN

Any new sightings of our missing pop star?

JACK

No. We've been re-interviewing the band members. Nothing so far.

SAMANTHA

Rick Meadows, the band's manager, will be here shortly. Got any leads on your end?

MARTIN

A big one. NYPD just picked up Trey Forrester. Claims he's been searching for Jeremy all night.

JACK

Let's see what he has to say.

Jack nods at Samantha, and they head for Jack's office.

INT. FBI OFFICES - JACK'S OFFICE - 8:45 AM EST

Jack and Samantha sit across from Trey, who looks constrained.

JACK

Where were you last night?

TREY

Looking for Jeremy. To protect him from those Jesus-freaks.

JACK

You mean "Morality Rocks?"

TREY

A bunch of psychos who keep stalking him.

SAMANTHA

And by association, the rest of
your band.

TREY

No, they just heckle Jeremy. But
you haven't seen what this
attention has done to him.

(then)

I was the first one he called when
the article came out.

We PAN TO...

INT. JEREMY'S LOFT - 9:30 PM (2 MBD)

Jeremy answers the door, fights back tears. Trey is on the
other side, comes in. He gives Jeremy a big hug.

TREY

Hey, it'll be okay. No one cares.

Jeremy holds up a crumpled copy of the MAGAZINE ARTICLE.

JEREMY

How could this happen?

TREY

It's not your fault, man.

JEREMY

I just...

(sniffs)

You guys shouldn't have to suffer.
Your careers --

TREY

Don't even worry about that. We're
all in this together, remember?

Jeremy nods, still distraught. Trey puts his arm around him.

INT. FBI OFFICES - JACK'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Trey squeezes his eyes shut.

JACK

But then you and Jeremy had a
falling out?

TREY

Two weekends ago. I made a dumb comment, he took it the wrong way.

We PAN INTO...

INT. TREY'S DRESSING ROOM - 6:00 PM (2 WBD)

Jeremy and Trey enter, remove their jackets.

JEREMY

Man, that one was rough.

TREY

That director was the worst. Bossy, arrogant... he was so gay.

Trey stops.

TREY (CONT'D)

Sorry, dude. I didn't mean that.

JEREMY

So what did you mean?

TREY

It just slipped out. I'm sorry.

JEREMY

You know, every time I try to talk to you about what I'm dealing with, you change the subject.

TREY

Hey, it gets old having to think about this twenty-four/seven.

Jeremy looks hurt.

JEREMY

Sorry I'm cramping your style, Trey.

TREY

Dude, it was different when we were the only ones who knew. But now, it's all I ever get asked about.

Jeremy's hurt turns to anger.

JEREMY

So I won't hang around you anymore.
Sorry for making your image too
"gay."

Jeremy flings open the door. Trey tries to stop him.

TREY

Dude, I didn't mean it that way --

JEREMY

Screw you!

Jeremy storms out in a huff. Trey looks pained.

INT. FBI OFFICES - JACK'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Trey opens his eyes.

TREY

Things haven't been the same since.
I've tried to make it up to him,
but I can feel the distance between
us.

(then)

If something happens because I left
him alone in that trailer --

Trey curls his fingers, scrapes nails against the table.

JACK

Other than your bandmates, who else
figures into Jeremy's life?

TREY

His dad's a real jackass. Always
has been. He freaked when *StarSpot*
outed Jeremy.

Samantha makes a note.

JACK

Anyone else?

TREY

He's been fighting a lot with his
boyfriend, Aaron. Even before
Jeremy was outed.

Samantha shows Trey the tabloid photo.

SAMANTHA
I assume this is Aaron?

Trey nods.

JACK
Last name?

TREY
Michaels. But Aaron would never hurt Jeremy.
(then)
You've got to find him. If those assholes do anything to Jeremy... I'll never forgive myself.

Jack and Samantha share a "look."

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 9:30 AM (18 HOURS MISSING)

ELENA browses the "MORALITY ROCKS!" WEBSITE on a laptop.
Samantha pages through PHONE RECORDS.

ELENA
This "youth ministry" is more like McCarthyism. Posting names of doctors who perform abortions, ACLU lawyers, gay celebrities --

SAMANTHA
Do they advocate violence?

ELENA
Not directly. But their website insists that people should be punished in God's name.

SAMANTHA
I'm sure God has bigger things to worry about than whether a male pop star dates another guy.

VIVIAN arrives with some files.

VIVIAN
Here's the lowdown on Jeremy's father. Frank Wheeler, fifty-three, a tobacco CEO.

SAMANTHA
Upstanding.

VIVIAN

There's more. Frank Wheeler has contributed to conservative political groups. Including a non-profit called *Youth For American Values*... which funds "Morality Rocks!"

ELENA

No wonder Jeremy and his dad have a rocky relationship.

VIVIAN

Also, the elder Wheeler recently formed an exploratory committee to run for the State Assembly.

ELENA

So he couldn't have been too thrilled with the outing.

SAMANTHA

What about Jeremy's mother?

VIVIAN

Killed by a drunk driver in '05.

ELENA

Can't imagine that helped the estrangement.

Sam points to an item on the sheet in front of her.

SAMANTHA

Jeremy's cell records show he made an outgoing call to Frank Wheeler about two weeks ago. Lasted just under thirty seconds.

VIVIAN

Who says Jeremy necessarily made the call? Someone else could have gotten ahold of his phone.

Elena clicks to a "WHO WE ARE" page of the website. BEN'S PHOTOGRAPH appears at the top. Elena swivels the laptop so Vivian and Samantha can see.

ELENA

Ben Hollings, the group's East Coast President.

SAMANTHA

God's soldier. Yelling out orders
to his flock.

DANNY joins them.

DANNY

We've intercepted Ben Hollings
outside his apartment.

SAMANTHA

When will he be here?

DANNY

In twenty. Still trying to arrange
a meeting with Frank Wheeler.

VIVIAN

Okay, Danny, you take the interview
with Jack.

(to Elena)

You and Sam find out anything else
you can about this Hollings
character.

Elena nods. The feds get to work.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - FLYOVER - 10:15 AM (18.6 HOURS MISSING)

The mid-morning skyline.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

Ben sits across from Jack and Danny, gives them a slight
smirk.

JACK

You violated a restraining order.

(then)

We've got probable cause to hold
you here for as long as we want.

BEN

I never saw any restraining order.
Can't obey what I'm not aware of.

DANNY

What exactly is your problem with
Jeremy Wheeler?

BEN

I don't have a problem with him. I oppose his lifestyle.

JACK

And that gives you the right to disrupt his concerts?

Ben tightens his lips in silence.

DANNY

Are you jealous, Ben? That this gay pop star has more girls swooning over him than you do?

BEN

We have a responsibility to expose these so-called role models when they sin.

DANNY

But why? Why is it your responsibility?

BEN

To prevent my generation from being corrupted.

JACK

How does someone else's sexuality affect you personally?

BEN

It goes against nature. God intended for sex to be only between a man and a woman.

JACK

And God told you this over lattes and biscotti?

DANNY

Let's cut to the chase, Ben. We've now made you aware that the *Cabana Dawgs* have taken out a restraining order against you.

BEN

I can't say their hypocrisy surprises me.

DANNY

What makes it hypocrisy?

BEN

After that lame concert yesterday,
we staged a demonstration.
Peaceful, non-violent. That Trey
guy -- the hotheaded one --
threatened us.

We PAN INTO...

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CENTRAL PARK - 2:30 PM EST (DOD)

Ben and PROTESTORS from "Morality Rocks!" form a mob outside
the entrance to the concert grounds. They hold picket signs
and chant. Trey walks up to the sidewalk, confronts them.

TREY

If I see any of you jerk-offs
following us ever again --

BEN

Shouldn't you be inside your limo?

TREY

Jeremy is family to me. Don't mess
with my family.

BEN

The only family that matters is our
Lord and savior Jesus Christ.

TREY

I'm warning you --

Rick's authoritative voice wafts toward them.

RICK (O.C.)

Trey!

Trey turns, sees Rick standing behind him.

RICK (CONT'D)

They're on public property. We
can't make them leave.

TREY

They're pigs!

Jeremy appears, having tailed Rick to the sidewalk.

JEREMY

Trey, come back inside. Please.

BEN

Oh, look. There's Satan's queen.

Trey moves toward Ben, but Rick steps between them.

RICK

That's enough.

(to Jeremy)

Jeremy, go back to the trailer.

JEREMY

Trey --

TREY

Dude, let me handle this! You're just getting in the way!

Jeremy looks as though he's been slapped in the face.

RICK

Jeremy, back to the trailer! Now!

Jeremy obeys Rick, retreats back into Central Park. Rick plods away from the picketers. Trey makes a threatening gesture to Ben, as Rick pulls Trey into the park.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - RESUMING

Jack and Danny continue to interview Ben.

BEN

The pansy is whipped. He's no man.

DANNY

A real man doesn't need to put others down to build himself up.

JACK

What you're doing to Jeremy is harassment. If you don't stop, you'll find yourself in prison.

Ben gives them a hard, unforgiving stare.

DANNY

Have you had any private contact with Jeremy Wheeler?

BEN

No! Why would you think that?

JACK
He's gone missing. You wouldn't
happen to know why?

BEN
So you think it's me?

He shakes his head, stares at them almost with pity.

BEN (CONT'D)
God knows the truth: I would never
harm one of his children, no matter
how misguided.

DANNY
What about the other members of
your group? Do you know anyone who
might want to hurt Jeremy?

BEN
None of us want that. We want him
to choose the right path.

JACK
You'd better call off your lackeys.
We'll be watching you.

BEN
With or without us, his day of
reckoning will come.

Ben wears a defiant grin. OFF Jack and Danny...

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 11:00 AM

Jack talks with Sam, but Martin interrupts his boss.

MARTIN
Rick Meadows is in your office.

JACK
Great. Let's do it.

Jack and Martin head out of the bullpen.

INT. FBI OFFICES - JACK'S OFFICE - 11:15 AM EST

Rick sits across from Jack and Martin.

RICK
When Jeremy didn't come back, I
became worried.

JACK
So you thought you'd find him on
your own?

RICK
I looked everywhere I could think
of... Jeremy's loft... his
boyfriend's place...
(beat)
Going off alone doesn't make any
sense. Jeremy's never late.

Jack makes a note.

MARTIN
How would you describe him?

RICK
Introverted... always seems to hold
back while the other guys go crazy.

JACK
Have you noticed interpersonal
conflicts among the group?

RICK
They've all been on edge ever since
Jeremy was outed.

MARTIN
Do the other guys feel
uncomfortable around him?

Rick contemplates his answer, then speaks.

RICK
Not because of his sexuality.
Jeremy told us way before *StarSpot*
broke the story.
(then)
But the coverage is overwhelming...
it's busting the band's morale.

JACK
Today wasn't the first time
"Morality Rocks!" crashed one of
your events.

RICK

No. Trey gets really protective of Jeremy. He lashes out. Like what happened a few days ago.

MARTIN

Tell us about it.

RICK

The guys had an autograph signing.

We PAN INTO...

INT. MALL - 11:30 AM EST (3 DBD)

HOARDS OF TEENAGERS, mostly girls, swarm around an autograph table. The band signs posters and CDs. One fan, DOREEN (13), spreads her "CABANA DAWGS" POSTER in front of Jeremy.

JEREMY

And who should I make this out to?

DOREEN

Doreen. "Jeremy's biggest fan."

Jeremy smiles shyly, pen in hand.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

So is that guy you made out with really your boyfriend?

Jeremy doesn't respond. He scribbles his autograph.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

He is, isn't he?

(then)

What's it like to kiss another guy? I couldn't see his whole face in the picture. Is he hot, just like you?

Jeremy slides the autograph across the table.

JEREMY

There you go.

A WATER BALLOON hurtles from afar -- lands with a gigantic splash on the table, soaks Doreen's poster. Doreen shrieks. Jeremy slides his chair back, startled. Trey, seated next to Jeremy, leaps to his feet.

TREY
What the hell...?

DOREEN
My poster!

Ben, wearing a tight baseball cap, and OTHER MEMBERS of
"Morality Rocks!" push through the SHRIEKING CROWD.

BEN
Cleansing your polluted souls.

TREY
Hey, jackass! Get out of here!

Trey vaults the table, infuriated.

BEN
We have a message to spread.

TREY
Yeah, and my fist has a message for
your face...

Trey takes a swing at Ben, but Jeremy restrains him.

JEREMY
(to Trey)
Hey man, chill. It's not worth it.

The SECURITY TEAM breaks up the crowd, pushes back Ben and
others from "Morality Rocks!" Ben yells at Jeremy as he is
escorted off. Rick steps into the fray.

BEN
Jeremy Wheeler: sinner!

Trey knocks over a CARDBOARD CUTOUT of the band.

RICK
Trey, buddy, get it under control.

TREY
(turns to Jeremy)
How much longer are we going to
have to deal with this?

Trey stalks away. Jeremy stares after Trey, hurt. Rick and
the other four "Cabana Dawgs" watch Trey storm off.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - RESUMING

Jack and Martin continue to interview Rick.

RICK

It's been like this ever since
Jeremy was outed by that damn
magazine.

JACK

Why didn't you get a restraining
order earlier?

RICK

We couldn't identify Ben Hollings
until recently. They're sneaky.
(then)
His cult has so many followers...
our security can't remember every
face.

MARTIN

Know anything about Jeremy's dad?

RICK

Just that he's running for office.
He gave me a call after the story
broke, expressing "great concern."
I told him to take a hike.

JACK

How'd he react?

RICK

Like I'd expect. I've only met the
guy once or twice, but that's all
it took to see he's a blowhard.

Rick sighs in exasperation.

RICK (CONT'D)

Disowning your own child because
he's gay. Some father.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 11:20 AM EST

TIMELINE SHOT:

2 MBD - FRANK WHEELER DONATES TO YFAV ---> "Morality Rocks!"
Stalks Jeremy Wheeler

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - FLYOVER - 12:25 PM (20.3 HOURS MISSING)

The city's traffic increases beneath skyscrapers.

INT. FBI OFFICES - JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Trey sits across from Jack and Sam, hostile.

TREY
Am I a suspect?

JACK
You didn't tell us about
confronting Ben after the concert.
Get angry much?

TREY
No! I just --

JACK
We opened your juvenile records.
Assault in high school.

TREY
I was defending my girlfriend!

SAMANTHA
And word has it you didn't like how
Jeremy's scandal affected your
reputation.

TREY
I'd never do anything to Jeremy.
He's my bro.

JACK
Then start talking. What enemies
has Jeremy made?
(then)
And don't hold back anything else.

Trey's shoulders deflate slightly.

TREY
Well, there's Ben Hollings.
(then)
And last weekend. The call he made
to his dad.

SAMANTHA

Keep going.

TREY

We'd been doing a photo shoot.
They had us there until ten.

(then)

So Jeremy and I went to our suite,
kicked back a few.

JACK

Does he get drunk very often?

TREY

Not a lot. But when he does,
Jeremy loses control.

We PAN INTO...

INT. HOTEL SUITE - 1:20 PM EST (2 WBD)

Jeremy lies on a luxury hotel bed, shirtless -- he downs a bottle of wine from a gift basket. He glances at his father's "GRIND" MAGAZINE ARTICLE, spread open on the bed.

Trey sits nearby, watches Jeremy with concern. Jeremy's speech is slurred.

JEREMY

I can't believe he did this.

TREY

Dude, no one cares what your dad thinks. He makes a living clogging people's lungs.

JEREMY

I wish he could, for one day...
walk in my shoes.

TREY

Okay, you've had enough.

Trey reaches for the wine bottle, but Jeremy pulls away.

JEREMY

What do you care? I'm just making
you look bad.

TREY

Come on, bro. I said I was sorry.

Jeremy glares.

TREY (CONT'D)
I didn't mean it.

Jeremy reaches over, begins dialing his cell phone.

TREY (CONT'D)
Who are you calling?

JEREMY
(listens)
Voicemail.
(into phone)
Hey, Frank Wheeler. This is your ungrateful faggot of a son, Jeremy. Just wanted to let you know I read your interview, when you told the whole world how ashamed you are to be my father. Well, I'm going to do my own "tell-all." Let everyone know what it was like growing up with such a hateful bastard for --

Trey wrenches the phone from Jeremy's grip.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Hey, I wasn't finished!

TREY
Yes, you are.

Trey wrangles the bottle away from Jeremy, pulls his friend into the adjoining bathroom.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy struggles against Trey's strength.

JEREMY
Let go of me!

Trey manages to throw Jeremy into the shower, turns on cold water. Jeremy wails, doused by the spray.

TREY
You'll thank me for this later.

JEREMY
I hate you, dude!

Jeremy continues to shout, becoming more drenched by the second. Trey blocks Jeremy's potential exit.

INT. FBI OFFICES - JACK'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Trey continues to talk to Jack and Sam.

TREY

Once he'd sobered up, we talked it out. Everything was cool.

JACK

But then you went off on him after the concert yesterday.

TREY

I say stupid things, okay? I was pissed at those religious nuts.

(then)

You've got to find him. That can't be the last thing he remembers about me.

Trey wears an expression that craves death. Jack and Sam look at him, concerned.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 1:05 PM EST

Martin, Viv, and Elena review the evidence.

VIVIAN

So assuming Hollings is telling the truth, could Trey have lost it and gone after Jeremy?

ELENA

Well, no one can account for Trey's whereabouts after eight.

MARTIN

Seems like a red flag to me.

(then)

But check this out. Trey was telling the truth about Jeremy's dad.

Martin sets another MAGAZINE ARTICLE on the table.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Two weeks ago, Frank Wheeler did an interview with *Grind* magazine. A current events publication.

ELENA

And?

MARTIN
Denounced his son. Totally raked
him over the coals.

ELENA
Fatherly love.

VIVIAN
What about the columnist who
originally outed Jeremy?
(reads from *StarSpot*)
Kim Zernow. Has anyone gotten in
touch with her?

ELENA
Her secretary keeps giving me the
runaround.

VIVIAN
Martin, send some agents down to
StarSpot. See if we can catch Ms.
Zernow on her lunch break -- or at
least before she leaves for the
day.

Martin nods, leaves. The phone RINGS. Viv answers.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Johnson.
(listens)
Will do. Thanks, Jack.

Viv hangs up, turns to Elena.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Jack just snagged an interview with
Frank Wheeler. He wants you there.

Elena picks up the copy of "GRIND," nods in consent.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - 1:26 PM EST (21.8 HOURS MISSING)

Jack and Elena sit across from FRANK WHEELER (53), a beefy,
balding man with a perpetual scowl. Jack throws the issue of
"GRIND" on Frank's desk.

JACK
Quite the interview you gave.

FRANK

I had to make it clear to potential supporters that I don't approve.

ELENA

Your comments went way beyond disapproval.

FRANK

I don't have to justify my feelings to either of you.

JACK

Where does such viciousness come from?

FRANK

Do you have kids, Agent Malone?

JACK

Two daughters. And if either of them were gay, I wouldn't love them any less.

Frank looks away.

ELENA

Where were you last night, Mr. Wheeler?

FRANK

Business meeting. With a client at his timeshare in the Hamptons.

JACK

We'll need his name and phone number.

Frank gives Jack a slight nod.

ELENA

Tell us about the phone call you received from Jeremy two weeks ago.

FRANK

He begged me to retract my statements. I stuck to my guns.

Jack looks at him.

JACK

How noble.
(then)
(MORE)

When was the last time you saw your son in person?

FRANK

A few months ago. Before that disgusting photo was published. I didn't want this gay crap to interfere with my campaign.

ELENA

What a shame that would be.

FRANK

So I invited him to dinner, tried to reason with the boy. Rented out the entire place, so we could talk in private.

We PAN INTO...

INT. PRIVATE RESTAURANT - 9:15 PM (3 MBD)

Jeremy sits across from Frank at a table, amid a sea of empty tables and chairs covered with fancy tablecloths and fine china. Frank waves a WAITRESS out of earshot.

JEREMY

Why am I here, Dad?

FRANK

I wanted you to know I'm running for office. State Assembly.

JEREMY

Congratulations.

FRANK

I really want this. I want to make a difference.

JEREMY

Right.

(then)

So, what? You want me and the guys to headline a rally for you?

FRANK

No. On the contrary.

(then)

If people find out about your lifestyle --

Jeremy flinches.

JEREMY

Oh, so that's what this is about?
You're embarrassed by your queer
son. I might ruin your chances.

FRANK

That's not --

JEREMY

You thought you'd wine and dine me,
try to make sure I don't suddenly
march in next year's Pride parade.

FRANK

I don't like your tone.

Jeremy pushes his chair back, rises.

JEREMY

And I don't like your agenda.

(then)

You know what, Dad? My sexuality
is nobody's business, including
yours. Your political ambitions
aren't my problem.

FRANK

You ungrateful brat! After what
I've done for you. I gave you and
your pals the money to record your
first CD, when you were nothing.

JEREMY

And we paid you back double.

He starts to exit.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

If you lose your election because
people care about who I am, then it
sucks to be you.

Jeremy storms out. Frank is livid.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Frank continues to talk with Jack and Elena.

FRANK

I never agreed with his lifestyle.
But I wouldn't go after my own son.

ELENA

Not even through your generous
endowments to YFAV?

Frank bristles.

FRANK

I'm trying to reach out to younger
voters. I have no control over
what that group does.

ELENA

Don't you?

JACK

You might want to be careful who
you give money to, in the future.
(then)
Just some fatherly political
advice.

Frank glares as Jack and Elena exit.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 2:05 PM

Danny and Elena sit in front of the suspect board. Sam hangs
up the phone.

SAMANTHA

Jack and Martin are doing a sweep
of Jeremy's loft. The landlord
gave us access.

ELENA

According to the building's
security cameras, Jeremy never came
back to his apartment after the
concert.

DANNY

Any luck tracking down Aaron?

SAMANTHA

We checked with Meadows and the
rest of the band. No sign of Mr.
Michaels in the past forty-eight
hours.

DANNY

Our agents have been canvassing the
Upper West Side for Jeremy.

ELENA

Anything useful?

DANNY

Some eyewitness sightings of Jeremy
along Broadway early last night.
But nothing after six.

SAMANTHA

Then where did he go?

The feds exchange stumped expressions.

INT. JEREMY'S LOFT - BEDROOM - 3:20 PM EST

Jack, Martin, and ND AGENTS search Jeremy's bedroom. It's
filled with ELECTRONICS, music-industry PARAPHERNALIA, and
TRENDY CLOTHING strewn across the bed and floor.

Jack's stare lingers on a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF JEREMY AND HIS
MOTHER.

Martin, wearing plastic gloves, unplugs a LAPTOP from atop
Jeremy's desk. He hands the computer to one agent.

MARTIN

Have this delivered to Tech.

The agent nods. Martin resumes his search.

JACK

Martin, look for any loose disks.

Martin nods. Jack stares at Jeremy's UNMADE BED.

**Jeremy GHOSTS IN, holds a copy of Kim Zernow's MAGAZINE
ARTICLE that displays the steamy photo of himself and Aaron.**

**Jeremy tears the magazine in half, flings it to the floor...
and then, GHOSTS OUT.**

The TORN MAGAZINE remains dormant on the floor. Jack reaches
over, picks it up. He stares at the ripped pages.

MARTIN

Hey, I've got something else.

Martin holds up a BROWN APPOINTMENT BOOK, opens it. The cover page includes a handwritten scrawl containing the name of "AARON MICHAELS" and a corresponding APARTMENT ADDRESS.

JACK

His boyfriend left this behind.

Martin bags the evidence.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 4:05 PM

Danny sits at a computer, talks with Elena.

DANNY

Sam's trying to confirm the alibi for Jeremy's dad.

ELENA

He still could have conspired with Hollings to target Jeremy. Wanted revenge after his run for office was complicated.

DANNY

But how could Wheeler have predicted his son would wander out of the park?

ELENA

Maybe he asked them to keep tabs on Jeremy until they saw an opening?

DANNY

Then where was Trey all night? He missed the photo shoot too. Shouldn't he have come back?

Viv enters the bullpen, addresses Danny.

VIVIAN

We just picked up the boyfriend. A coffee bar in Midtown.

ELENA

Where did that lead come from?

VIVIAN

Martin found Aaron's appointment book in Jeremy's apartment. The bar is one of Aaron's hangouts.

DANNY

Obviously not when he's with
Jeremy.

ELENA

The paparazzi would have been all
over that place by now.

VIVIAN

Danny, you're on this one with me.
(to Elena)
Elena, see if we've run across
anything on that background check
of Trey Forrester.

Elena nods. Viv and Danny head out of the bullpen.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - 4:40 PM EST

Aaron sits across from Danny and Viv.

DANNY

Trey mentioned you and Jeremy are
having problems.

AARON

Ever since the article was
published, Rick told me to stay
away from all the concerts and
signings. Said I'd be a
distraction.

(then)

I still went. Stayed near the back
of the crowd, wore a hat.

VIVIAN

And did Jeremy agree with Rick's
decision?

Aaron inhales, chooses his words carefully.

AARON

I think he felt he had to go along
with it.

VIVIAN

And how did you feel about that?

AARON

I wouldn't hurt Jeremy!

DANNY
Hey, hey -- relax. We're not
accusing you.

VIVIAN
But we need to retrace his steps.

Danny pushes the picture of Ben across the table.

DANNY
Do you recognize this guy?

Aaron looks at the photo.

AARON
That's the jerk from "Morality
Rocks!"
(then)
Ironic that he's their leader.

VIVIAN
What do you mean by that?

AARON
A couple of days ago. I was
hanging out at the baths with a
buddy of mine.

DANNY
(suspiciously)
The baths?

AARON
It's not what you think. I needed
to unwind. Zane and I chill there
sometimes.

We PAN INTO...

INT. TRIBECA DAY SPA - 10:30 PM (2 DBD)

A dimly lit bathhouse. Aaron and his platonic friend, ZANE (24), clad only in towels, take seats in the lounge area. Other MEN IN TOWELS walk past them.

Zane looks relaxed -- but Aaron glances around, anxious.

ZANE
Things okay between you and... "J"?

AARON
Did I say they weren't?

ZANE
Why else would we be here?

AARON
I just needed to get away.

Zane tilts his head. Yeah, right.

ZANE
To Hottie Central?

AARON
No. I mean, I want to keep my
options open --

ZANE
Aaron, talk to me.

AARON
I wish he would just be comfortable
with himself. We had a blowup
after the concert last night.

We PAN INTO...

INT. HOTEL SUITE - 11:05 PM (3 DBD)

Jeremy unbuttons his shirt. Aaron lies on a king-size bed,
pouts. Jeremy smacks his boyfriend on the thigh.

JEREMY
Hey, let's go hit the showers.

Aaron responds with a sullen glare.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Dude, what's your problem? You've
been giving me the cold shoulder
all night.

AARON
My problem? Oh, I don't know,
Jeremy. Maybe seeing you flirt
with all those drooling girls as
they try to tear off your clothes.

JEREMY
You're exaggerating.

AARON
Am I?

JEREMY

I was only being nice. Rick told me to give them extra attention.

AARON

Yeah, so they'll think they have half a chance with you.

JEREMY

Now isn't the right time.

AARON

When will it be? Your secret is out. Why can't we be together in front of everyone?

JEREMY

I can't do that to the guys.

AARON

So you care more about them than you do about me?

JEREMY

I never said that. Not everything is always about you, Aaron.

Aaron looks away.

AARON

It never is.

JEREMY

You're being unfair.

Aaron turns back to Jeremy.

AARON

When has any of this ever been fair to me?

JEREMY

So what am I supposed to do? Give up my career because it's making you uncomfortable?

(then)

I'm doing this for our future.

AARON

If that were true, you wouldn't be ashamed of who you are. Of us.

JEREMY

I'm crashing in Trey's room.

AARON
You didn't deny it.

JEREMY
I shouldn't have to.

Jeremy grabs his room key and bolts.

TRIBECA DAY SPA - RESUMING

AARON
I feel like a jerk.

ZANE
Hey, your feelings matter too.

AARON
We've barely talked since then. I just hate seeing him hide it. I know it's eating him up inside.

ZANE
Sounds like you both need to have a long, honest heart-to-heart. Maybe with someone to mediate?

AARON
Would you -- ?

ZANE
If he's cool with it. I'd definitely try to help you guys.

AARON
Thanks, man.

They hug.

ZANE
Now let's get out of here. Before you swallow the apple and the worm.

Aaron reacts to Zane's ribbing, makes a face. They rise from their chairs, head back through the locker room.

LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aaron and Zane trudge through the open shower area, past SILHOUETTES OF MEN. Aaron glances over, does a double take as he meets the gaze of...

BEN HOLLINGS -- nude from the waist up, flirting with a good-looking bodybuilder.

Ben meets Aaron's gaze. They share a moment of faint recognition, but Aaron continues to walk behind Zane.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - RESUMING

Aaron focuses on the table. Viv and Danny trade looks of skepticism. They turn back to Aaron.

VIVIAN

So just to be clear, there's been no cheating in your relationship with Jeremy?

Aaron shakes his head.

DANNY

And you're positive it was Ben Hollings who you saw?

Aaron nods.

AARON

He must have some serious issues.
(then)
Do you think he went after Jeremy?

Viv and Danny look at each other again. Aaron looks concerned.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 5:05 PM

TIMELINE SHOT:

Next to the heading

Trey Forrester ---> Anger Problems

A HAND draws another arrow, writes

Ben Hollings ---> 1 DBD Spotted at Gay Bathhouse ---> Sexual Guilt?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TRIBECA DAY SPA - 5:35 PM (24.9 HOURS MISSING)

Martin and Danny approach the check-in area. KARL (30) -- the shift manager -- acknowledges them. Both feds show their badges.

MARTIN
Special Agents Fitzgerald and Taylor, FBI. We spoke on the phone.

DANNY
You had the evening shift two nights ago?

Karl tries to smile.

KARL
Gotta love that one.

Martin shows Karl a COLOR PRINT of Ben from the website.

MARTIN
You remember this guy?

KARL
Of course. He's a regular.

Martin and Danny share a "look."

KARL (CONT'D)
Cute boy. But really nervous. Asks a lot of questions about confidentiality.

Danny shows Karl a printed copy of AARON'S DRIVER'S LICENSE.

DANNY
How about him?

KARL
He comes here some nights too. Not nearly as often as that other boy.

MARTIN
Thanks.

KARL
Could I interest either of you gentlemen in a membership?

Martin and Danny exchange uncomfortable glances.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - 6:50 PM EST

Jack and Martin stand over Ben, who looks unnerved.

BEN

You can't keep me here. I haven't done anything wrong.

JACK

You haven't, huh?

MARTIN

Ever heard of the Tribeca Day Spa?

Ben flinches.

BEN

What's that?

JACK

You were spotted there two days ago. By a friend of Jeremy Wheeler.

BEN

That's a lie!

MARTIN

Is that why you went after him, Ben? Afraid your church buddies would discover your secret?

BEN

I'm not queer!

Jack gets in Ben's face.

JACK

We know you teamed up with Frank Wheeler to target Jeremy! You're trying to bury everything you hate about yourself! Right?

Ben sweats, loses it.

BEN

I hate being a sinner! I hate it!
And I hate myself!

Tears flow from Ben's eyes. Jack quietly speaks to him.

JACK

Being gay doesn't make you a sinner, Ben.

MARTIN

Tell us where Jeremy is.

BEN

Frank asked us to do everything we could to break up the band. But I never saw Jeremy after we left the park yesterday. I swear!

Jack and Martin look to each other for reactions.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 7:05 PM EST

Sam hangs up the phone, turns to Danny and Martin.

SAMANTHA

Frank Wheeler just alibied out. For last night, anyway.

DANNY

His business meeting?

SAMANTHA

There until eleven. Surveillance shows him arriving back at his penthouse around midnight.

MARTIN

But it's still possible he conspired with the youth ministry, sent them after Jeremy.

DANNY

Especially if Frank wanted to prevent his son from slandering him to the press.

MARTIN

According to Ben, Frank gave them at least some marching orders.

SAMANTHA

Plus, Ben had a reason to go after Jeremy personally. If he recognized Aaron at the bathhouse...

MARTIN

He'd assume Aaron told Jeremy. Ben wouldn't want his Mr. Hyde to out his Reverend Jekyll.

SAMANTHA

All the more reason for Ben and Frank to work together. Shutting up Jeremy was a mutual goal.

DANNY

Although Ben had a lot more to lose. Personally, at least.

Viv enters the bullpen.

VIVIAN

We finally got through to the tabloid writer who outed Jeremy.

SAMANTHA

Does she seem eager to talk?

VIVIAN

Thrilled.

INT. KIM ZERNOW'S OFFICE - 7:45 PM (27.1 HOURS MISSING)

Viv and Elena sit across from KIM ZERNOW (36), short red hair, average weight, trendy clothing.

VIVIAN

Ms. Zernow, why did you break the story on Jeremy Wheeler?

KIM

We run a franchise here, Agent Johnson. Our readers expect juicy revelations. I deliver.

ELENA

But did you bother to get Jeremy's side of the story before you printed the photo?

KIM

Of course I tried. I offered him a full feature if he'd dish.

VIVIAN

But he obviously refused to "dish."

KIM
There was no convincing him.

We PAN INTO...

INT. KIM ZERNOW'S OFFICE - 4:10 PM (2 MBD)

Kim sits across from Jeremy, who looks unhappy. Rick sits next to Jeremy, glances at his client with sympathy.

JEREMY
What makes you think I'd want to do this?

KIM
Well, buddy, you don't have much of a choice.

RICK
What do you mean by that?

Kim hands Jeremy a COLOR PRINTOUT of a photo that depicts Jeremy and Aaron locking lips. The background appears tiled, as though it was taken at a poolside location.

Jeremy fumes, crumples up the printout. Rick takes the ruined picture from Jeremy, unfolds it so he can get a look.

KIM
That's not the only copy.

JEREMY
Where did you get this?

KIM
I can't reveal that information.

Jeremy stares at her. Rick puts his hand on Jeremy's shoulder.

RICK
Hey, it's going to be okay.

KIM
We can do this one of two ways, Jeremy. You give me a tell-all exclusive, a firsthand account as life as a gay celebrity sensation --

JEREMY
Or I do nothing, and you out me anyway?

KIM
Wouldn't you rather have some
control over how this goes public?

Jeremy shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. KIM ZERNOW'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Kim tilts her head at Viv and Elena.

KIM
So what was I supposed to do? Sit
on the story?

ELENA
You could have authenticated the
photo, to make sure it wasn't
doctored.

KIM
Aren't most photos doctored, Agent
Delgado?

VIVIAN
So who gave it to you?

KIM
You know I can't tell you that.

ELENA
Can't or won't?

VIVIAN
Would an obstruction of justice
charge loosen your lips?

KIM
You can't touch me unless you have
a court order.

ELENA
Well, Viv, I believe Judge Parker
is on my speed dial.

KIM
I'll save you gals the trouble.

Kim hands over her laptop.

KIM (CONT'D)
It was an anonymous sender. Good
luck locating the source.

Vivian confiscates the laptop, gives Kim a "look."

INT. FBI OFFICES - TECH OFFICE - 8:15 PM

Jack and Vivian sit behind a TECH AGENT, who analyzes the DIGITAL IMAGE of Jeremy and Aaron.

JACK

Were you able to track the email that Zernow received?

TECH AGENT

The IP originated from the Butler Hotel in Providence.

VIVIAN

I'll contact someone from the Butler. Cross-reference the email date with the hotel's guest log.

TECH AGENT

One more thing. Photo analysis indicates this background was clearly inserted behind the contours of these two guys.

JACK

Someone altered it.

INT. FBI OFFICE - COMMAND POST - 9:00 PM

Vivian enters the bullpen with a faxed document. She joins Jack, Sam, and Martin.

MARTIN

Anything?

VIVIAN

All six band members and their entourage stayed at the Butler that same weekend Kim Zernow received the photo. Aaron included.

SAMANTHA

So any of them could have used the hotel's Internet cafe to email a photoshopped image.

VIVIAN

Including Jeremy himself.

They stare at Viv, in shock.

JACK

Why would Jeremy have implicated himself like that?

VIVIAN

Could have been trying to set up Zernow for a lawsuit.

SAMANTHA

Or it could have been impetuous. Something Jeremy did while throwing back beers.

MARTIN

Or maybe he just wanted the secrecy to end.

SAMANTHA

And he got more publicity than he bargained for. Couldn't handle the stress anymore.

The feds all stare down at the tabloid photo.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - FLYOVER - 10:10 PM (29.5 HOURS MISSING)

The night skyline is lit.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - SAME

Jack, Viv, Danny, and Elena discuss the situation.

VIVIAN

If Hollings is involved, he's not admitting it.

JACK

I think we can rule him out. He basically confirmed for us that he's a homosexual.

VIVIAN

Just because he didn't confess to abducting Jeremy doesn't mean he wasn't involved.

DANNY

Guilty or not, that kid's going to need a lot of therapy.

ELENA

We still have reason to suspect anyone associated with the band. It can't be a coincidence that the photo was sent from their hotel.

DANNY

But Rick and the *Cabana Dawgs* aren't happy about the media blitz.

ELENA

And by everyone's account, it's taken a severe personal toll on Jeremy.

Viv taps her fingers against the table.

VIVIAN

Okay, we know for sure that Aaron would have been there when they were photographed.

DANNY

He said he couldn't remember when
that picture would have been taken.

JACK

Then we make him remember.
(to Elena)
Get him in here.

Elena reaches for the phone.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - 11:05 PM

Jack, Danny, and Viv surround Aaron, who sits at a table.
The TABLOID PHOTO lays on the surface.

JACK

Aaron, think. When would this
photo have been from?

AARON

I don't know!
(then)
You think I plotted with someone to
release this?

DANNY

We didn't say that. But you're the
only one who can help us figure out
who photographed you and Jeremy.

VIVIAN

The clothes you're wearing don't
bring back any memories? From a
hotel or a spa?

AARON

No! I mean, it doesn't look like
any of the rooms Jeremy and I have
slept in.
(then)
Not that I can remember.

DANNY

Aaron, this is important.

Jack leans in. Hand on Aaron's shoulder, he speaks firmly.

JACK

Think. When did someone have a
camera in your face? Even if it
was someone who you trusted.

Aaron ponders, realizes.

AARON
Blake and Micah.

VIVIAN
Two of the band members.

AARON
They did it as a prank. But that
picture shouldn't exist anymore.

We PAN INTO...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - 12:05 AM EST (2 MBD)

Jeremy and Aaron lip-lock passionately on the couch,
surrounded by GIFT BASKETS and POSTERS of the "Cabana Dawgs."

Blake mischievously pops up from behind an armchair, snaps a
photo of Jeremy and Aaron with his DIGITAL CAMERA.

BLAKE
Say "ricotta!"

The spontaneous FLASH snaps the two lovers out of their kiss.

JEREMY
Blake, you're going to die!

Jeremy leaps to his feet. Blake tosses the camera to Micah,
who darts out of his own hiding spot from the adjoining room.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Come on, guys! Give it back!

AARON
Jeremy, just let it go.

JEREMY
No!

MICAH
Aw, you lovebirds look so cute
together.

JEREMY
Dude, I mean it!

Rick walks in from the next room.

RICK
What's going on?

Blake and Micah stop laughing. Jeremy tenses up, quivers.

AARON
They took a picture of us, Rick.

Rick confiscates the camera from Micah, stares through the viewfinder at the suggestive screen shot.

MICAH
It was just a joke.

Jeremy glares at them.

RICK
You guys need to get serious. I worked hard to get you that tour.

BLAKE
We didn't --

RICK
This is your career. What happens in the next few weeks could make it or break it for you guys.

MICAH
We'll erase it.

RICK
I'll erase it. No more candid camera.
(then)
Stay focused.

Rick leaves, Blake's camera in tow. Jeremy stomps out of the dressing room.

MICAH
Man, we were just playing!

Aaron looks down, conflicted.

INT. FBI OFFICES - INTERVIEW ROOM - RESUMING

Aaron's eyes linger on the photo.

JACK
And you're sure Rick erased it.

AARON
He said he did.

Jack looks at Viv and Danny.

INT. FBI OFFICES - COMMAND POST - 11:20 PM EST

Jack, Viv, Martin, and Elena convene. Jack hands Viv a document, which she reads. Martin stands at the computer, searches a database.

JACK
Sam found this little gem. Fell through the cracks.

VIVIAN
Rick Meadows paid a fine in '02 for repeatedly writing bad checks.
(looks up)
Not exactly homicidal, but fairly shady.

ELENA
So his greed drives him to extremes. Enough to expose Jeremy, hoping to drum up free publicity?

Danny enters the bullpen, a TRADE MAGAZINE in his hand.

DANNY
I just discovered this nugget, while perusing the most recent trades. *Cabana Dawgs'* sales have skyrocketed to the top of the charts since Jeremy's outing.

JACK
So that "cult" was a blessing-in-disguise for his clients. In a manner of speaking.

VIVIAN
Fame doesn't come cheap.

Martin looks up from the computer.

MARTIN
We've got an address on Meadows.

JACK
Get a team down there. Now.

The team disperses.

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - 11:55 PM

Jack, Martin, Elena, and ND AGENTS burst in, wearing vests.

JACK
FBI! Don't move!

They swarm inside, spot Rick handling a tote bag. Rick tries to run, but raises his arms in surrender when he realizes he's surrounded.

RICK
What's this about?

Elena fingers the bag, unzips it.

ELENA
Going somewhere?

RICK
Just running some errands.

Elena digs through the bag, pulls out A PAIR OF GLOVES and some SYRINGES.

JACK
How fashionable.

ELENA
Planning to play drug dealer on someone?

Martin points to A LARGE STAIN on the carpet.

MARTIN
Jack, Elena. Blood stains.

Jack grabs Rick by the collar, slams him against the wall.

JACK
Where is he?

Rick looks anguished.

RICK
It wasn't supposed to happen this way! He wasn't supposed to find out.

JACK
That you did some creative
photoshopping!

RICK
I did it for him -- for them. So
the band would hit it big.
(then)
After the concert, I found him
wandering the streets alone. In a
daze. So I brought him back here.

We PAN INTO...

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - 5:35 PM (DOD)

Jeremy and Rick enter Rick's cluttered apartment. Jeremy is
distressed, while Rick pats his client on the back.

JEREMY
Why won't they just leave me alone?

RICK
Hey. We had to expect this would
happen.

JEREMY
What do you mean?

Rick hesitates, uncomfortable. Did he just spill the beans?

RICK
After you were outed --

JEREMY
Wait a minute. We never did find
out who gave Kim Zernow that shot
of me and Aaron.

RICK
Probably someone lurking while we
were on the road. Got into the
dressing room --

JEREMY
The picture. The one *StarSpot*
used. That was the one Blake took,
wasn't it?

RICK
It couldn't have --

JEREMY
You never erased it, did you? You
sent it to Zernow.

RICK
Jeremy --

JEREMY
So this was a publicity stunt?

Rick struggles to explain.

RICK
You guys needed the buzz. Any
publicity is good publicity.

JEREMY
You had no right!

Jeremy makes a move for the door. Rick blocks him.

RICK
Where are you going?

JEREMY
You're done working for me!

Rick grabs Jeremy, tries to calm him down.

RICK
Jeremy, get ahold of yourself!

As Jeremy makes an attempt to squirm away, he falls and
cracks his head against a bookshelf.

Rick leans in, shakes Jeremy -- a stream of blood gushes from
Jeremy's skull.

RICK (CONT'D)
Jeremy? Jeremy!

Panic sets in.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh, God!

Rick desperately tries to wake Jeremy, who is no longer
breathing.

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - RESUMING

Rick cowers in front of Jack.

RICK
It wasn't supposed to go this far.

JACK
Where is he?

RICK
A warehouse at Kenmare and
Elizabeth. Alley.

Jack releases Rick, disgusted.

EXT. ALLEY - 12:25 AM

ND AGENTS scour a back alley, search through numerous dumpsters. Jack gives Martin and Elena, who flank him, a nervous gaze.

ONE OF THE AGENTS waves to the feds.

AGENT
Over here.

Jack looks at Martin and Elena. They approach the edge of a brick wall.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND

A corpse -- covered with day-old NEWSPAPERS, miscellaneous TRASH, and murky SEWAGE RUNOFF. Jack lifts a newspaper page off the body's head.

Jeremy's lifeless face is pale, BLOOD smeared over its neck and chin. One agent lifts Jeremy's arm, reveals numerous PUNCTURE WOUNDS.

RETURN TO SCENE

JACK
What a waste.

Jack looks away from the body, closes his eyes.

END OF ACT FOUR