

LEGAL CUSTODY

Teleplay by

Bill Froehlich

Story by

Sybil Danning & Bill Froehlich

Series Pilot Script

Series Created by Bill Froehlich & Sybil Danning

Registered WGAw

ATTORNEY: Wayne Alexander @ *Alexander, Lawrence, Frumes & Labowitz*
1880 Century Park East Suite 914
Los Angeles, CA 90067
310-552-0035 / walexander@anlf.com

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A swab of saliva and "23 & Me" tells you who you're connected to.

But who are you?

You are forged in the heat of family dynamics then thrust out into the world to do your job...a job which keeps society running.

This is the driving DNA of LEGAL CUSTODY and the Double Helix gets really twisted when in our chaotic out-of-balance times moral fiber is frayed, truth is trumped by whatever one "wants to believe" and society's pendulum swings straight up and gets stuck.

We are untethered in the wind.

A desperately dysfunctional family -- a cop, a lawyer, and a black-tie vigilante turn to Google for answers.

Perhaps there's a website...for a radically new life.

You press Enter and...

LEGAL CUSTODY

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION STUDY - DAY (*FLASHBACK*)

Elegantly appointed. East coast -- old money. Walls of leather bound books and showcased paintings. *It's 1963.*

A large cats-eye MARBLE rolls across the floor and BEHIND a dark Resolute-style desk of heavy oak...

Five-year-old JC KELLY chases after the marble... and DISAPPEARS BEHIND the desk.

UNDER THE DESK

JC's little hand grasps the marble. Then he HEARS the footsteps of two adults -- and huddles fully within the darkness of the three-sided space.

CONGRESSMAN ROLF (O.C.)

I must impress upon you I can not be dissuaded. I intend to vote for the bill, it's a necessary piece of legislation, sir, and--

LOCHLAN KELLY (O.C.)

Congressman Rolf, I would expect no less of you.

CONGRESSMAN ROLF (O.C.)

Then Mr. Kelly, you must realize that your money has no influence on me, unlike some of my colleagues.

Curiosity bubbles over and little JC gently pushes against the front panel of the desk... and it softly CLICKS OPEN... REVEALING the young boy's POV of his imposing FATHER.

LOCHLAN KELLY

I wouldn't insult your principles with such an offer. No, indeed.

CONGRESSMAN ROLF

Then if you know that about me, sir, why am I here?

LOCHLAN KELLY

To talk about your wife.

CONGRESSMAN ROLF

My wife?

LOCHLAN KELLY

Yes, Claire. She's having another lunch today with a man who's interested in her bookkeeping services--

CONGRESSMAN ROLF

How do you know--

LOCHLAN KELLY

--and I understand him to be a rather charming fellow. Handsome also I'm told.

CONGRESSMAN ROLF

What is this?

LOCHLAN KELLY

Claire knows him to be persuasive and persistent. He is well paid for his interest... in her.

Congressman Rolf's steely resolve is shaken.

LOCHLAN KELLY (CONT'D)

If he's not her type, there are others who enjoy being well paid.

CONGRESSMAN ROLF

I know my wife... I will just tell her about your--

LOCHLAN KELLY

And will you also tell her about a young congressional aide who was well paid for her interest... in you? Interest that was... reciprocated.

The congressman is broken...

LOCHLAN KELLY (CONT'D)

My driver will see that you are back in time for your vote.

The congressman slinks OUT as Lochlan steps toward the desk... his feet stop right in front of the cracked-open desk panel. JC draws his knees up and shivers in fear...

LOCHLAN KELLY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

JC... You can not hide from me. I know everything, JC.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

JOHN CARLYLE "JC" KELLY -- now a tough, fit 60 year-old man who is haunted, driven and determined -- stares in remembrance as his CELL PHONE RECORDS a VIDEO of him.

JC KELLY

It's like I'm always five... and stuck there.

He STOPS recording... uncomfortable in his vulnerability.

HIS CELL PHONE SCREEN

Shows a website command button that reads: *Post Video.*

BACK ON JC

As he posts the video and keeps staring...

CHIEF BRADDOCK (O.C.)

JC... JC.

JC in a Tom Ford tuxedo looks up at his old, stalwart friend, CHIEF ED BRADDOCK, who's in full police dress blues.

CHIEF BRADDOCK (CONT'D)

Hey -- asshole, join the party.

JC snaps back into *confident mode* -- a man in command.

JC KELLY

Mr. Asshole to you, Chief Dickhead.
(re: Braddock's uniform)
Dusted off the dress blues. Think it'll get you laid?

CHIEF BRADDOCK

The wife said Saturday -- maybe.
Did you bring a big check?

JC KELLY

Not for this.

CHIEF BRADDOCK

This is a worthy charity, goddamn it.

JC KELLY

It's there to make Varden look good.

CHIEF BRADDOCK

Well, it does -- and he does.

They look across the banquet hall to KARL VARDEN, a hard-edged hedge fund manager turned businessman -- a player. He's conversing with two attractive, married women.

JC KELLY
He's dirty, Ed.

CHIEF BRADDOCK
You stickin' your rich nose in his business?

JC KELLY
Just following the smell.

CHIEF BRADDOCK
Is this gonna get messy?

JC KELLY
I feel it. And why don't you?! You got to be Chief of Detectives knowin' when shit was shit.

CHIEF BRADDOCK
(nods at Varden and the two women)
His wife and my wife are good friends. Don't fuck this up for me.

Braddock pulls out his cell phone...

JC KELLY
Then listen to what I'm tellin' ya.

Braddock MOVES OFF then stops to TEXT to a four-digit number.

INT. THE LANYARD - NIGHT

A longshoreman's bar. Two crusty stevedores press against CATLIN "Cat" RAYNARD as she bangs back a whiskey shot.

Cat is a rough-road 30, dyed blonde with an unsettling gaze and stiletto attitude. Her current outfit says *full-on skank*.

Cat cranks a stevedore's head to her face.

CATLIN
(through alcohol haze)
You're lookin' better now.

The stevedore, GRABOWSKI, mashes his lips against hers.

GRABOWSKI
You are one scuzzy skank.

Cat grabs both stevedores by the hair.

CATLIN

Which one of you really knows how to fuck?!

Cat's cell phone DINGS with a new TEXT MESSAGE. TOMMASO, the other stevedore, flicks his hand at her cell phone.

Tommaso

That your mother?

CATLIN

Yeah, she'll fuck the lousy one. Who's workin'? You, Grabowski? You, Tommaso? I'll do a workin' man, but you dickheads have been hard-timing the shipping lines -- no dinero!

GRABOWSKI

Gonna be rollin' in it soon.

TOMMASO

The wharfinger's got some drayage on the QT tonight.

GRABOWSKI

Slippin' us chunks of cash.

CATLIN

You get some money...
(grabs her crotch)
...you get the honey.

She shoves her way out from between them and heads OUTSIDE...

EXT. THE LANYARD - NIGHT

...and slips her cell phone out of her rag bag of a purse. She brings up the text from just a four-digit number...

HER CELL PHONE SCREEN

Received a one word text: **Anything?** She responds: **Imminent.**

Catlin looks out at the wharf... then activates an APP on her phone. We catch just a GLIMPSE of the name: **FdUpFamily.** She presses a command button labeled: **Record Video.**

CATLIN

I don't much like men... except to use them. They're so fuckin' easy.

She stops recording herself and presses: **Post Video.**

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The text: *Imminent* APPEARS on Braddock's cell phone, but he's not careful about blocking its view and...

JC KELLY

(re: text message)

Imminent -- that connected to the death threats you've been getting?

CHIEF BRADDOCK

You askin' to be back on the force?

JC KELLY

Your staff says you're not takin' this seriously, buddy.

CHIEF BRADDOCK

I've had 'em before. Old news.

JC KELLY

Then why's Jessie -- your toughest watch commander -- worried?

CHIEF BRADDOCK

She's gettin' soft.

JC KELLY

Jessie? Not gonna happen.

CHIEF BRADDOCK

Make a fuckin' donation, will ya?!

Braddock MOVES OFF through the crowd when he spots JESSICA (Jessie) HELLER working her way toward them. Jessie's also in police dress blues, a savvy veteran who moves like a panther through the crowd -- formidable -- all woman.

JC KELLY

Jessie...

JESSIE

(looks off at Braddock)

You pull his head out of his ass?

JC KELLY

What do you think?

JESSIE

These threats are different. Been thought out. He's gotta listen.

JC KELLY

Any leads?

JESSIE
 Just gut sense.
 (looks off at Varden)
 Well, well, well...

A young, attractive black woman, GRACE TURNER, in her mid-twenties has joined the group around Karl Varden.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
 Bet you didn't expect Grace to be here. But if you'd been around...

JC watches Grace with keen interest -- and concern.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
 You got your eyes on Varden while her law firm has her handling his charity. Kinda cozy.

JC KELLY
 You enjoying this?

JESSIE
 Are you ever going to tell Grace?

JC KELLY
 Is it ever going to be safe?

Jessie leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

JESSIE
 Coward.

She MOVES OFF leaving JC staring at Grace.

ACROSS THE BANQUET HALL

Varden takes champagne glasses from a passing waiter and hands one to GRACE TURNER. Grace is elegant, poised and sophisticated with a razor sharp mind. He raises his glass...

VARDEN
 Grace, much of the success of my charity is due to you.

GRACE
 Thank you, Mr. Varden, but it's really the firm's work.

VARDEN
 You're a lousy liar, Grace -- and it's Karl, not Mister.
 (she raises her glass)

(MORE)

VARDEN (CONT'D)
I just might have to lure you away
from the firm -- pay you properly.

GRACE
My mind is open.

VARDEN
And so's my check book.
(his cell DINGS a text)
Not the last of this then.

Varden SEES his text message: **Arrival.**

VARDEN (CONT'D)
(to his guests)
Excuse me for a moment.

He walks AWAY for privacy as he calls out on his cell.

Grace sips her champagne... then notices a man staring at her from across the banquet hall -- it's JC -- and he turns away when she notices him. Grace stares... who is this man?

EXT. THE SAN PEDRO WHARF - NIGHT

The dock lines are secured from a massive container ship that has just arrived. On the dock, a scarred and tattooed ASIAN man, KENJI, watches a large container unloaded by crane.

KENJI
(on cell phone)
It's here. Smooth. No questions
asked.

Kenji points -- directing the crane operator to place the container over by a truck where Grabowski and Tommaso wait.

KENJI (CONT'D)
I'll text you when delivered.

He hangs up as the metal container is set down by the truck.

KENJI (CONT'D)
Open it.

Grabowski and Tommaso break the seal and swing open the container door. They're surprised when an Asian man EMERGES.

CHEN ZHOU is early twenties with a fierce intensity and an assured physical manner that's constantly alert.

Kenji sees that Grabowski and Tommaso are staring...

KENJI (CONT'D)
Load the crates.

The two stevedores step INTO the container and grab one of the crates -- each crate is marked with a *jagged slash*.

Kenji hands some papers to Chen.

KENJI (CONT'D)
These'll get you set up. They're clean.

CHEN
I owe you.

KENJI
I'm gonna collect.
(hands him a cell)
I can use your skills.

Chen nods then heads off into the darkness as the two stevedores heave crates onto the truck.

ACROSS THE WHARF

Cat watches the loading of the slash-marked crates. Grabowski spies her and holds up one hand rubbing his fingers together signifying "money" while his other hand grabs his crotch.

Cat mimes a "blow job" with her hand then flips him the bird.

INT. GRACE'S TOWNHOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

A clean, elegant style. Nothing in excess. An almost forced attempt to be... just right. Grace ENTERS and drops her keys in a bowl by the front door.

GRACE
You here?

RANDALL (O.C.)
Since you gave me a key I am.

Grace heads into--

INT. GRACE'S TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

And finds RANDALL CUNNINGHAM sprawled on the couch reading. He's a rakishly handsome black man -- fit and successful with an arrogant confidence and a cunning mind.

GRACE
I like you being here, Randall...
(a little annoyed)
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

...but I would've also liked if you'd gone with me to the charity ball.

RANDALL

Babe, you got Varden's charity covered, the firm's got me wrangling the deals on his real business -- the one that pays for everything. Had to choose.

GRACE

Good to know.

Grace moves quickly toward the kitchen, swallowing her hurt, but Randall pulls her down on the couch into a kiss.

RANDALL

Hey -- nothing's changed in how I feel about you.

(she tries to pull away)

Who put you up for partnership?

(holds her)

And it wasn't just because you're beautiful.

(kisses her again)

But until you're a partner...

GRACE

(gets up)

We shouldn't be doing this.

Randall goes after her...

RANDALL

That's right.

(kisses her neck)

You wanna stop?

GRACE

(faces him)

No, I just... I just--

RANDALL

You miss me. I get it.

But he doesn't get it.

GRACE

I don't like *us* being a secret.

RANDALL

You and I are the only ones who matter.

GRACE

If you'd been there maybe Varden
wouldn't be trying to lure me away.

RANDALL

He pays really well, that could--

GRACE

And you would've seen this guy
watching me -- really strange.

RANDALL

What guy?

GRACE

Some older white guy. It's like
I've seen him around somewhere.

RANDALL

Where?

GRACE

I don't know... Do you have someone
following me, checking up on
partnership due diligence?

RANDALL

No. I said I'd investigate you.
(kisses her sensuously)
A thorough investigation.
(unbuttons her blouse)
Leaving nothing uncovered.

GRACE

(melting from his kisses)
Then you better do a good job,
counselor.

EXT. CITADEL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The truck from the wharf pulls through the gates up to the
loading dock. The name *Citadel* is emblazoned on the door.
Kenji, Grabowski and Tommaso climb out of the cab.

ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

A figure on a motorcycle in a black helmet and leathers
watches until the warehouse door is opened, then leaves.

EXT. MURPHS' WINE & LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The helmeted motorcyclist rolls past the front and the neon
sign blinking *Murph's* and pulls around back. The figure parks
and heads up a back stairs to an apartment above the store.

INT. CATLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The figure ENTERS and removes the black helmet and leathers. It's Cat -- still in her short, skanky dress underneath.

She tosses the helmet on the threadbare couch knocking off an empty pizza box. Pure function, not a lick of style to the place. Clothes are strewn about. Dishes piled in the sink.

Cat brushes a pair of sweats off of a card table revealing a laptop underneath. She flips the computer open, signs on, then quickly SIGNS IN to a WEBSITE -- FdUpFamily.com.

THE SCREEN

Has a message: *Catlin, you have two action directives.*

CATLIN

Grabs her cell phone and records a video.

CATLIN

Why the hell am I doin' this?!
Nothin's gonna change! He's not
gonna change! Why would he?! So I
don't give a shit! What the fuck?!

The pain in her eyes clearly indicates she does give a shit. She stops recording and presses *Post Video*. A moment later, her computer DINGS, and a WOMAN'S VOICE on the website says:

WEBSITE VOICE

You posted a new video.

She sinks into the couch... like a broken little girl. She reaches for her leathers and withdraws a stiletto -- then hurls it into a dart board across the room -- dead center.

WEBSITE VOICE (CONT'D)

Please click on the link to access
your action directives.

INT. THE BLACK TIE YACHT - STATEROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

As a CURSOR CLICKS ON A LINK and the screen CHANGES to a page with TWO VIDEO IMAGES with a PLAY BUTTON on both.

WEBSITE VOICE

Here are your action directives.

The CURSOR CLICKS on one of the PLAY BUTTONS. The SCREEN IMAGE MORPHS into a fire-breathing DRAGON.

WEBSITE VOICE (CONT'D)
The dragon is fear. Your fear.

A KNIGHT on horseback with sword drawn rides to the dragon.

WEBSITE VOICE (CONT'D)
Fortune Favors the bold. To change
you must be bold. Plan an action
that is bold. Take that first step.

The SCREEN IMAGE slants downward as the computer lid is closed and--

JC KELLY

Stands up from his king-sized bed set into the wall. He is dressed now in stealth black -- slacks and turtle neck.

The walls and furniture in the stateroom of the yacht are teak and mahogany. A spa jacuzzi rests on a center island and opposite is an entertainment wall. This is the lap of luxury.

JC swipes a pair of BLACK LEATHER GLOVES from a dresser and--

INT. THE BLACK TIE YACHT - SALOON - NIGHT

--strides through the elegant living room area past a Van Gogh and a Monet, then--

EXT. THE BLACK TIE YACHT - NIGHT

--EXITS off the stern... and as he leaves the dock, we see the name painted on his yacht's stern: *Black Tie*.

INT. CITADEL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A BURST of AEROSOL SPRAY rushes into the darkness of the INNER storage area entrance and ILLUMINES the INFRARED BEAMS of the security alarm system.

JC steps over and under the array of beams... sprays the aerosol can again to REVEAL one final beam, then freely steps past it and into the open warehouse storage area.

He moves quickly and quietly down an aisle of crates stacked on top of each other. With little problem -- as if he knew right where to go -- he finds the crates marked with a jagged slash from the container ship.

With a knife, he slashes open the security seal on the crate then wedges the blade under the lid and pries it up exposing coffee beans. He reaches his gloved hand down into the beans and GRABS ONTO something METAL & BLACK & CYLINDRICAL when--

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM

Cuts through the darkness and swings across to JC's face.

A SECURITY GUARD

Levels a G21 Glock 45 caliber automatic at JC.

SECURITY GUARD
Freeze! Hands up. Slowly!

JC

Withdraws his hand slowly from the crate, dropping coffee beans which bounce against the floor and ECHO in the dark.

JC KELLY
(with hands raised)
Hi there.
(re: coffee beans)
Cup of coffee?

The security guard is not amused.

EXT. CATLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The darkness before dawn. A figure clad in black motorcycle helmet and leathers climbs the stairs... reaches up and unscrews the dim light bulb by the door, breaks it open, extracts the filament wires, twists them into a loop, and maneuvers them in the key hole until... the lock CLICKS OPEN.

INT. CATLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door OPENS... and the figure steps into the room. Cat is passed out on the floor by the couch. An empty whiskey bottle lies on the floor by the figure's foot. The figure kicks it across the floor... against Cat's head.

CATLIN
(jerks awake, hung over)
Jesus Christ...

Cat gazes up at the figure who removes the helmet -- it's Jessie! She unzips the leathers -- dressed for the gym.

CATLIN (CONT'D)
How'd you know about this place?
Am I blown?

JESSIE
Undercover doesn't mean under the
influence. Get your ass up!

CATLIN
You're not draggin' me to the gym.

JESSIE
Your father's in jail.

CATLIN
(clearing her head)
What?

JESSIE
You're going to get him out.

CATLIN
My father... he's back?

Jessie grabs clothes out of Cat's closet then peels Catlin out of her skanky dress and forces the other clothes on her.

JESSIE
They'll release him to you. I took care of it. Down at Twin Towers.
(holds her shoulders)
It's time. Deal with it.

CATLIN
Are you comin' with me?

JESSIE
(shoves her out the door)
He's your father.

Jessie closes the door... picks up the empty whiskey bottle and drops it in the trash. She's more worried than angry.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Goddamnit.

EXT. TWIN TOWERS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

The world's largest jail -- in downtown Los Angeles. The kind of imposing structure you would build to contain hell.

A limousine pulls up out front and Grace Turner exits with her jaguar green, Swaine Adeney Brigg Westminster legal briefcase. Nothing says sleek, team player more than this.

INT. TWIN TOWERS CLEARANCE PROCESSING - DAY

Grace stands before SERGEANT JAMES, who logs her in.

GRACE
Here for a new client.

SERGEANT JAMES

Thought your type dealt with the uptown crowd.

GRACE

Oh this guy's very uptown. John Carlyle Kelly. Art collector, philanthropist, investor. Very wealthy and influential. Hired my firm this morning. Asked for me specifically.

SERGEANT JAMES

Impressive.

GRACE

Not sure why I'm meeting him here.
(smiles)
Probably buying the building. Is he here with the mayor?

SERGEANT JAMES

Well he's here for Breaking and Entering.

GRACE

Excuse me.

SERGEANT JAMES

Yeah -- seedy warehouse in San Pedro -- by the port.

GRACE

John Carlyle Kelly?

SERGEANT JAMES

I think he likes "JC."
(hands her a badge)
Here's your security pass. You know the drill. Elevator to the holding cells.
(wicked grin)
Good luck with Mr. Uptown.

Grace struggles to clip on her badge and steps...

GRACE

Ahh, thank you...

...into the elevator like Alice through the looking glass.

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA - DAY

Catlin's pissed off at being here... and she's hurt, though repressing those feelings as much as she can. Arms folded, she stares silently at JC's holding cell. JC sits with his head down and hands folded against his forehead. When he looks up, he's thrown off guard by seeing Catlin.

JC KELLY

What're you doing here?

CATLIN

I love you too, Daddy!

JC KELLY

I've obtained counsel, I didn't want you to know--

CATLIN

--that you didn't give a shit! Not a big fuckin' secret.

JC KELLY

I didn't want to draw you into this right now. But we need to talk.

CATLIN

(spits it out)

I got your check. Thank you. Is that what you want to hear?

JC KELLY

The money's always been to take care of you.

CATLIN

So you can stay away and not feel guilty. I get it!

JC KELLY

So you can be safe. You know what I do. The stakes are too--

CATLIN

Safe? You know what I do.

JC KELLY

We can't get into this now. Why are you here?

CATLIN

Jessie said I had to haul your ass outta here... and deal with things.

JC KELLY

Jessie...

CATLIN

Yeah, Jessie. She's my friend, my mentor so don't fuck that up too!

JC KELLY

I didn't call her about this.

CATLIN

Well... there's not much she doesn't know. I don't get why she's helping you.

JC KELLY

We go back...

CATLIN

Yeah, you served together and you tried to keep her off the Metro Squad -- the first woman -- and you tried to shut her down!

JC KELLY

Yeah... didn't work.

CATLIN

'Cause she's a bad ass and you couldn't stop her!

JC KELLY

So you're only here because of her.

CATLIN

Well it's not for you.

JC KELLY

I have counsel, so you can leave.

JC doesn't mean it to be, but this is a real slap in the face and he is surprised to see how off balance this makes Cat.

CATLIN

You're the one always leaving...
(a dark laugh)
...and now you want me to leave.
(stares at him, then)
Jessie said deal with it. So fuck it. Let's have it out now. Whatever you wanna say -- say it -- say it all -- it's time -- lay it out!

JC KELLY
This is not the place to--

CATLIN
Yeah it is -- and if you hold back
now I'll reach into your throat and
rip the fuckin' words out myself!

GRACE (O.C.)
Get away from my client!

Catlin turns to see Grace defiantly facing her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Step away from his cell or I'll
call the guard!

CATLIN
On me?!

JC KELLY
It's okay.

GRACE
Are you John Carlyle Kelly?

JC KELLY
JC Kelly, yes.

GRACE
I'm Grace Turner, your new attorney
from Bandel, Grimes & Ridgeway.

CATLIN
(to JC)
You got yourself a hoity-toity
hoochie mama.

JC KELLY
Now Catlin...

CATLIN
Cat!

GRACE
Who are you?

CATLIN
Cat Raynard. His daughter -- Ms.
Bitch.

Grace glares at Cat, but composes herself and turns to JC.

GRACE

I'm here to get you released.

CATLIN

That's my job, Sally Slick.

GRACE

(a deep breath)

Mr. Kelly, do you wish to retain me
as your counsel?

JC KELLY

Yes, I do.

GRACE

Then do not speak to anyone else.
Including -- your daughter -- on
any matters concerning this case.

CATLIN

That'll last five fuckin' minutes.

GRACE

You do not want to tangle with me,
Miss Raynard, even if he is your
father. This is for his protection.

CATLIN

Ohh, she's good. This is gonna be
fun.

GRACE

Not for you. You're leaving.

CATLIN

(to JC)

You wanna straighten her out.

GRACE

Mr. Kelly--

JC KELLY

Grace, it's okay.

GRACE

Well, I advise against it, but...
all right.

Catlin pats Grace on the back...

CATLIN

That's a good little girl.

Grace grits her teeth and slides Cat's arm away. For a moment, Grace stares at JC trying to place a memory... then--

GRACE

Were you at the Varden Charity ball last night?

JC KELLY

I was.

GRACE

And watching me?

CATLIN

(concerned)

Varden -- Karl Varden?

JC KELLY

Yes, and now you are my attorney.

GRACE

And have I seen you before last night?

JC KELLY

You may have.

CATLIN

(to JC)

So you weren't there for Varden?

GRACE

Mr. Kelly, were you in the Citadel warehouse in San Pedro last night?

Cat's alarmed at the name!

JC KELLY

Yes, but with good reason.

GRACE

Did you enter the premises without--

CATLIN

What the hell were you doing there?!

JC KELLY

I had business--

CATLIN

I'm working that -- do you know what that means?!

JC KELLY
You're working it?!

GRACE
(to Cat)
Were you there? Are you involved in
this?

CATLIN
You're in way over your head,
Sally, so just fuck off.
(to JC)
What the hell're you into this
time?! Who're you after?!

GRACE
Breaking and entering is a serious
crime.

CATLIN
So's getting killed, so stay outta
this!

Cat shoves Grace backward and Grace grabs onto her arm!

GRACE
Are you threatening me?

CATLIN
This has nothing to do with you so
fuck off!

Cat shoves Grace away again -- and turns to JC.

CATLIN (CONT'D)
You're gonna level with me or
you're not gettin' outta here!

Grace recovers and pushes Cat away from JC and the bars.

GRACE
Stand aside, I'm taking care of
this!

CATLIN
Fuck you!

Cat grabs Grace, who then grabs Cat and won't let go.

CATLIN (CONT'D)
You wanna do this?!

Cat's eyes light up as she tries to flip Grace with a judo throw, but surprisingly, Grace counters it and they both fall down in front of the bars in a tangle of arms and legs.

CATLIN (CONT'D)
You black bitch!

GRACE
You...disgusting...douche bag!

JC grabs Cat's arm and then Grace's arm through the bars as they wrestle!

JC KELLY
Girls stop!
(they don't listen)
Cat, you can't do this!

CATLIN
Watch me!

JC KELLY
She's your sister.

CATLIN
What?

JC KELLY
Grace is your sister.

GRACE
What?

Grace and Cat hang onto each other and stare at each other.

JC KELLY
Grace, I didn't want it coming out this way, not until you got to know me a little, and when the timing was better, but... I'm your father.

CATLIN
My sister?!

GRACE
My father?!

Cat leans back against the bars completely depleted...

CATLIN
Oh, fuck me.

Grace stares at JC utterly bewildered, then slumps against the bars... JC sits helpless on the floor of his cell.

GRACE

Oh my God...

Hallmark has no card for this.

INT. GRACE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

TIGHT ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

As the GOOGLE SEARCH ENGINE page activates... and typed letters quickly fill in the search window: *family therapist*.

The search results APPEAR and the SCREEN SCROLLS past several ads and websites for family therapists: *Adams Family Therapy, Jennifer Werner, Community Family Counselors, FdUpFamily.com, Healing Hearts Family Therapy, Rachel Stern--*

The SCREEN QUICKLY SCROLLS BACK UP TO *FdUpFamily.com*... the cursor HOVERS OVER IT... then CLICKS.

The WEBSITE OPENS and the SCREEN is FILLED with the IMAGE of a CLASSIC HEART-SHAPE ripped into THREE SEPARATE PIECES. In reading order, the pieces are labeled: Fd -- Up -- Family.

TIGHT ON GRACE

Her eyes widen and she listens as...

WEBSITE VOICE

The first step in healing is honesty. We call ourselves Fd-Up-Family because that's what we deal with, and once you acknowledge the truth of your own circumstances the healing process can begin. We guarantee your privacy. We are not doctors, but rather, facilitators.

Grace pours herself a glass of red wine... a big glass.

WEBSITE VOICE (CONT'D)

At FdUpFamily, you are your own guide. We will help you to understand that you know yourself better than anyone, but you are probably not being honest with yourself, and so, there is confusion and hurt and anger.

Grace swallows a big gulp of wine.

WEBSITE VOICE (CONT'D)

We will guide you through a series of self-made videos that you make on your mobile device. When you post a true video -- emotionally honest -- then over time you will see your real feelings telling you who you are and who you want to be, then we can guide you on how to follow those authentic feelings to create the family you desire. Let's get started.

The SOUND of the front door opening filters in...

JANELLE (O.C.)

Grace...Honey...it's your mom.

Grace SLAMS SHUT the computer just as JANELLE TURNER enters the alcove that Grace has set up as a work space.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

The publisher gave me the first copy of my new book.

Janelle places it in front of Grace on the alcove desk space. The book's title is **DEEP BREATH** with the sub-heading of **Surviving Environmental Collapse**.

Janelle Turner is a classy and beautiful black woman who came up from nothing -- an autodidact. Fierce determination with a strong moral center and a practical approach to life.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

(sees the wine)

Let's celebrate.

Grace removes a wine glass from the alcove cabinet and fills it to the brim with wine... And pushes it over to her mom...

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Okay... Something at work?
Something to do with Randall maybe.

GRACE

Well, Mom...

JANELLE

You know we can talk about anything.

GRACE

Apparently not.

JANELLE

I'm your mother. I'm here. So...

Grace stares at her, taking a deep breath to calm herself.

GRACE

I have a sister. She's white.

Calmly, Janelle reaches for the wine and takes a slow drink.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And you know what else?
(Janelle merely waits)
She's an asshole.

Janelle takes another calming sip of wine...

GRACE (CONT'D)

Then there's my father.

JANELLE

I told you the truth -- that you
were a child of love -- and you
are, my darling daughter.

GRACE

And that my father was dead.

Grace stares at Janelle and Janelle stares back for an
uncomfortably long moment...

GRACE (CONT'D)

Which was surprising when JC Kelly
hired me to get him out of prison.

JANELLE

Oh no!

GRACE

Yes, the dead man hired me.

JANELLE

I'm so sorry.

GRACE

Really.

JANELLE

What he does -- did... and insists
on doing -- is dangerous. For your
own safety, it was better that he
be "dead." It's what he wanted and
I said I would honor that.

GRACE

He wasn't dead to the asshole
sister!

JANELLE

Grace... the "asshole" sister --
Catlin -- was five when her mother
was killed by someone trying to get
to JC. It changed everything. I
didn't want that to happen to us.

GRACE

And you? Has he stayed away from
you?

JANELLE

Yes...

Grace sees a flicker of emotion in her mother's eyes.

GRACE

Do you still love him?

JANELLE

I've honored our agreement.

Grace drains her wine glass. Janelle drains her wine glass.

GRACE

This is... fucked up.

We HEAR the DING of a computer message alert tone.

INT. FDUPFAMILY OFFICE - DAY

PETRA (O.C.)

We have a new client.

On the far wall, a colored banner: ***Bless This FdUpFamily.***
Framing the banner are a crucifix and a star & crescent.

A WEBSITE START-UP OFFICE with two desks facing each other. A
beat-up credenza against the wall holds a printer, microwave
and Mr. Coffee machine with a small refrigerator next to it.

PETRA OCHOA, 22, looks up from her computer screen pleased.

PETRA (CONT'D)

She's a lawyer.

JORDAN

(pleased)

Oh, they're always messed up.

JORDAN KUMAR, 24, remains focused on his computer screen.

Petra and Jordan are two millennial entrepreneurs -- Mexican Catholic and Indian Muslim -- very bright -- starting out.

PETRA

She completed her profile.

JORDAN

Finishing the new algorithm...
 (with final key strokes)
 ...right now. Okay -- feed it into
 the personality chart. Any videos?

PETRA

Not yet. I sent her the Starter
 Prompt.

JORDAN

When we get the bugs out of our new
 app--

PETRA

We'll never run out of clients.

JORDAN

Death and taxes and--

PETRA

Fd up families.

Jordan lays a prayer rug on the floor and kneels upon it...

JORDAN

God is good.

PETRA

(re: prayers)
 Don't take too long. We've got
 action directives to generate.

Jordan nods to her, then bows in prayer.

INT. THE BLACK TIE YACHT - SALOON - DAY

Braddock pours himself a whiskey neat at the bar area.

CHIEF BRADDOCK

That's a sexy, slick lawyer you got
 there. Who is she?

JC evades Braddock's look by tying a monkey fist knot in a
 length of nautical rope.