

Revenge

"Secrets and Lies"

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. THE HAMPTONS BEACH - EVENING

We move along the beach, watching the waves ROAR as they rush to shore. It is silent except for the water.

EMILY (V.O.)

Every one has secrets, and every
one lies to hide them. Nothing is
as good or peaceful as it appears
to be.

We watch the waves beat the shore. The tranquility is broken by the sounds of construction

INT. STOWAWAY TAVERN - EARLY EVENING

JACK is supervising the rebuilding of his bar. There are construction workers building walls on newly laid foundation. A makeshift bar stands where the original had been. Jack is focused on blueprints as he listens to the FOREMAN. SPECIAL AGENT PAUL REGAN taps on the bar. He looks out of place in a suit and tie.

EMILY (V.O.)

Sometimes our secrets expose our
lies and we have to either cut off
the web, or spin a new one.

SPECIAL AGENT ALEXANDER JONES joins Agent Regan at the bar. He taps something shiny and metal on the wood.

JACK

What can I do for you, Agents?

REGAN

We need to speak to you, at the
station.

The foreman frowns and clears his throat. Jack gives the agents an apologetic look and refocuses on the blueprints. He marks on the page and the Foreman nods. Jack looks back to the agents.

JACK

What do we need to talk about?

REGAN

It's sensitive to my case. I would rather not have a conversation in a construction zone.

JACK

Can't we use my office? I have a deadline.

JONES

No. You have to come with us, now.

Jack nods as Agent Jones opens his hand to reveal a pair of handcuffs. A circular saw WHIRS against wood.

JACK

(Very loudly)

EDDIE!

The foreman comes back over to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have some business to attend to.
Tell the guys to pack it up and go home for the night.

EDDIE

Sure thing, boss.

Agent Jones grabs Jack's arm and leads him away.

EXT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SUNRISE

A black SUV pulls into the driveway. It idles for a few moments and turns off. The doors open.

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

EMILY and BEN are sleeping. Ben's arm is draped over Emily's body, above the blankets. A trio of loud KNOCKS echoes from the hall. Emily stirs. Ben's arm tightens against her.

BEN

(Incoherent) Idonwaschul

The sound repeats. Emily sits up and holds the sheets to her chest. She is naked. Ben pulls the pillow over his head. His back is now exposed to the air.

BEN (CONT'D)

Make it go away.

Emily uses one hand to search under the covers for something. She pulls a T-shirt out. The knock repeats again, louder as she pulls the shirt over her head.

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The knock has become a POUND accompanied by indistinct shouting. Emily is now dressed in sweats and an obviously too large T-shirt. She opens the front door to Agents Regan and Jones.

EMILY
Can I help you?

REGAN
Ms. Thorne? I am Special Agent Paul Regan, FBI. This is my partner, Agent Alexander Jones. May we come in?

The men show Emily their badges and she opens the door wider. She steps back and gestures them inside.

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emily shows the Agents into the living room. Ben is sitting on the couch in his uniform. He looks at Emily inquisitively.

EMILY
You don't want to be late for work, Ben.

Ben frowns and Emily nods towards the door. Ben walks out of the room. He closes the door behind him.

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ben leans against the living room door.

EMILY (O.S.)
What can I do for the FBI.

REGAN
We have a few questions regarding the disappearance of Special Agent Kate Taylor.

Ben leaves the beach house quickly.

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emily invites the agents to sit down and sits in a chair. She folds her hands and straightens her posture.

EMILY

I thought Agent Taylor had left. I didn't know she was missing.

Agent Jones declines to sit. He wanders around the room. Agent Regan sits on the couch. He pulls a notebook out of his coat.

REGAN

The last contact the FBI had with Agent Taylor was four weeks ago. She reported that she had a lead regarding the murder of Conrad Grayson. She indicated that she would be talking with you.

Emily adjusts her position on the chair. She looks at Agent Jones, who has picked up a picture of: **Emily and DANIEL smile at each other as Daniel leans into her. The ocean and stars are behind them.**

JONES

You are quite the liar, aren't you?

Emily is put off. She scoffs.

REGAN

Jones!
(To Emily)
Jones is a little rude and he is barely housebroken. I'm sorry.

Emily smirks as Jones glares at Regan.

EMILY

Agent Taylor did contact me about Conrad's murder. But I couldn't really tell her anything. Just like I can't help you now.

Emily stands and Agent Regan does too, a second later.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I have plans for today. Please let me know if you need any information. In return, I will tell you if I have it.

Jones puts the picture back. He follows Regan out of the room and glares at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Have a nice day!

She sits back down as the door closes.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - MORNING

Ben knocks hard on the glass door. He looks around and peers through the pane.

BEN
Come on, Jack.

He knocks again, harder. He drops his hand to his side and shakes it. He puts both hands against the glass and puts his eyes between them. He POUNDS on the door and shakes the pain from his hand again.

BEN (CONT'D)
(mutters)
I know he's awake.

He raises his fist to knock again.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is alone in his bed. He is sprawled diagonally and his pillows are on the floor. So is his blanket. He is twisted in the sheets as though they had tried to smother him. His eyes are open.

He can hear the knocking.

JACK
Go away. I am sleeping

He hears the pounding

JACK (CONT'D)
Who could possibly want me this
early?

He fishes himself out of the sheets and stands. The pounding repeats followed by someone shouting his name. Jack stretches his arms and tries to walk out of his bedroom. He trips over the sheet instead.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ben pauses as he is about to knock again when he hears a CRASH from the side of the house. He puts his hand on his gun and knocks again.

BEN

JACK!

He can see someone in the hallway. He pounds on the door again. The person moves towards him.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR

Jack opens the door just enough to poke his head through. he is disheveled, his pants are crooked and he has a bruise forming on his forehead.

JACK

What?

Ben sizes him up and smirks.

BEN

Rough night?

Jack glares. Ben clears his throat.

BEN (CONT'D)

I came about Emily

JACK

What about her?

BEN

I think she is in trouble.

JACK

(mutters)

When isn't she in trouble anymore?

(louder)

What now?

Ben raises his eyebrow at Jack's tone.

BEN

The FBI is at her house.

Jack shrugs. So?

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't you care about what's going on?

Jack pulls his head from the door.

JACK

Emily is a big girl. She can handle herself, and is in no danger from the FBI. Go to work, Ben. Like a good soldier.

BEN

How can you say that? She is living under a stolen identity!

Jack pokes his head through the door again.

JACK

What are you talking about?

Ben stares at him.

BEN

She is really Amanda Clarke. And you know it!

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

She is Emily Thorne. Amanda Clarke died. Emily Thorne is a big girl and can handle herself with the FBI.

BEN

This is not over. I will get to the truth and I will keep Emily safe. Even if you wont.

Jack closes his back door, locks it and walks away. Ben slaps the door.

BEN (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Coward!

He walks away and clenches his fist. He releases it.

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN

Emily stands at her stove. She is cooking breakfast for one as coffee brews in the coffee pot. She is freshly showered and is wearing jeans and a shirt that fits. Her feet are bare.

A loud knock echoes around the kitchen. She turns off the stove and answers the back door. Jack is standing there in sun glasses, paint stained jeans and a T-shirt.

EMILY

Hi.

He pushes passed her plops into one of her kitchen chairs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Please come in.

She closes her door. Jack hops back to his feet. He paces.

JACK

Ben came to see me this morning. He woke me up.

Emily looks at her breakfast still on the stove as Jack puts his sunglasses on the counter. She looks back to him.

EMILY

And?

JACK

What did the FBI want?

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY

Agent Kate Taylor is officially missing. They are investigating it.

Jack stares at her, horrified

JACK

Don't you think you should have told me?

EMILY

They don't have anything on either of us.

Jack hops up onto the counter. His glasses CRUNCH underneath him. Emily snorts.

JACK

Kate had enough on you and your father. She knew who you are.

Emily shrugs.

EMILY
I can handle that.

JACK
Ben is going to investigate it.

Emily shrugs again. She returns to the stove and turns it back on.

EMILY
I'm not worried and you shouldn't be either.

JACK
I am worried about it! I have a vested interest in this situation! I SHOT her!

Emily turns around.

EMILY
I will protect you from that. You were saving my life, after all.

Jack gets off the counter.

JACK
Who is going to protect you?

Emily smiles and dishes her breakfast into a bowl.

EXT. STOWAWAY TAVERN - LATER

Jack helps his construction workers mark out the floor layout of the Tavern on freshly dried concrete. They place a roughly made bar and immediately use it as a table for the plans.

Ben's squad car pulls up to the site. He gets out and walks over to the men.

BEN
Can I talk to you, Jack?

Jack shrugs and stands up. His jeans are covered in white dust, and he tries to brush them off.

JACK
What do you need?

Ben hands him his badge. Jack stares at it.

BEN
You joined to protect and serve.
Just like me. That includes people
who can protect themselves.

Jack hands the badge back.

JACK
I quit for a reason, Ben.

Ben nods.

BEN
I meant what I said. I will find
out what is going on and I will
protect Emily.

JACK
I believed you this morning. Look
in Agent Taylor's files. Before the
FBI does.

Ben nods again and looks away. Jack hands him a key.

BEN
Is there anyway to protect her
without compromising my career?

Jack laughs and walks away. Ben hangs his head and takes a deep breath. He returns to his car and drives away.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - FILE ROOM - LATER

Ben is digging through the file cabinet that the Chief had given to Agent Taylor. He has his briefcase next to him. It already has a laptop with the federal logo on it. He adds a few hard files and closes the briefcase. He locks the filing cabinet and leaves the room.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOCKER ROOM

Ben is alone in the locker room. He shoves the briefcase into his locker. He turns it sideways and slams the door quickly. There is a metallic THUMP and the door visibly shakes as he locks it. He takes his keys out of his pocket and walks out.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY

Ben is briskly walking away from the locker room. He sees the POLICE CHIEF leading Agents Regan and Jones into the file room. He pauses briefly, then continues walking.

EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Ben text's someone on his phone: **Dinner tonight?**

His phone immediately chimes: **Emily: sure what time?**

END ACT ONE