

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

JERRY walks alone through the large underground garage on the way to his car. He pauses, thinking he's heard something.

Nothing.

He continues walking. He reaches his car. Suddenly someone comes up behind him fast. JERRY spins--

--it's DEAN.

DEAN
(whispering)
Jerry--

JERRY
Christ!

DEAN
Ssh!

JERRY
Bobby--

DEAN
It's the NSA. They're the ones
doing this.

JERRY
Bobby--

DEAN
The NSA's doing this 'cause they
think I have something. And they
killed--

JERRY
Calm down.

DEAN
They killed Rachel.

JERRY
(pause)
Rachel's dead?

DEAN
Yes.

JERRY
Jesus.

DEAN
My stuff's all over her apartment.

JERRY

Bobby--

DEAN

They're framing me.

JERRY

Why would they--

DEAN

I don't know. I mean--

JERRY

Why would the NSA--

DEAN

I don't know!

JERRY

You're tired.

DEAN

Jerry--

JERRY

Listen to me.

DEAN

You gotta--

JERRY

No, listen to me. You gotta let me bring you in.

DEAN

No, I--

JERRY

You gotta let me bring you in to the police.

DEAN

I won't make it to the police. They won't let me get there. You go.

JERRY

To the cops?

DEAN

To the NSA. Make a deal. Tell 'em to stop. Tell 'em I don't have what they're after. Make a deal.

JERRY

Bobby, you're in way over your head.

DEAN

Go to 'em, Jerry.

JERRY
I have a family.

DEAN
So do I!

JERRY looks at the ground for a long moment...

JERRY
I'm sorry, man.

DEAN
No. No, it's okay.

DEAN starts to leave...

JERRY
Bobby? Piece of advice?

DEAN
Yeah?

JERRY
Turn yourself in.

DEAN
Jerry?

JERRY
Yeah?

DEAN
Go fuck yourself.