

STAKE-OUT

by

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STORY DEPARTMENT

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FADE IN: .

1 EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - STONEHURST, COLORADO - NIGHT

The old prison is set back amid foothills. The only lights in the dark desolate landscape.

FLOOD LIGHTS

illuminate GUARD TOWERS and the long wall which runs along the perimeter.

~~COILS OF BARBED WIRE~~ -----

with razor blade edges top the wall. The metal blades gleam with the FLASH from the SWEEPING SPOT.

PRISON GUARDS

wearing heavy coats against the cold night, stand guard, rifles in hand. Breath steaming. They watch a TRUCK wind up the road toward them.

EXT. MAIN GATE - GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck rumbles to a stop at the main gate. MEDI-SUPPLY COMPANY is stenciled on the side. The DRIVER, wearing a uniform and glasses, gets out of the truck. He's in his late thirties.

A GUARD comes out of the MAIN GATE GUARD HOUSE.

GUARD

Little late.

DRIVER

Tell me about it. Second flat this week and no spare. I shoulda been home two fuckin' hours ago.

The driver moves to the back of the truck, opens the doors. The Guard shines his flashlight inside on boxes of medical supplies. Nothing unusual.

GUARD

Okay.

The Driver shuts the doors and returns to the cab as the Guard opens the gate. The truck pulls into the prison yard. The gates close behind it.

CUT TO:

2 A 5X7 PHOTOGRAPH OF A GIRL

about twenty-five. Pretty. Dark hair. Smiling. The corners of the photograph are taped to a wall. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A MAN LYING ON A TOP BUNK INSIDE A SMALL CELL

RICHARD "STICK" MONTGOMERY, thirty-five, is smoking a cigarette. Looking up at the photograph. He is an unusually intense looking man with something definitely imminent on his mind.

He glances at his watch. Then puts out his cigarette. He leans over the bunk. Looks down at his CELLMATE in the bunk below - BILLY STEEKS - a forty year old ex-marine with a thick chest, small eyes and several tattoos on arms and chest.

Stick blows out the smoke, then drops the cigarette to the floor. Billy looks up at Stick.

Stick jumps off the bunk. Looks out between the cell bars. Billy ~~gets up and removes a sharpened piece of metal from it's hiding~~ place - inside the bed post. Stick turns back to Billy. Billy holds out his hand.

BILLY

Give my regards to Broadway.

Stick smiles. They shake. Then Billy's expression turns to rage and he screams --

BILLY

FUCKER!

Billy slams a fist into Stick's gut, knocking him back against the wall. Billy comes after Stick. But Stick throws his shoulder into him. Knocking him into the bunk. They fall. Hitting and knocking over a shelf with a t.v. and stereo. Everything crashes to the floor.

3 OTHER PRISONERS

3

hear the FIGHTING and YELLING. They jump down from bunks. Looking through the bars of their cells. They start YELLING. This is going to be tonight's entertainment - STEEKS VS. MONTGOMERY.

4 A GUARD - INT. CORRIDOR

4

Looks through the bars. Then hits the ALARM. It ECHOES down the prison corridors. Inciting the prisoners to even more YELLING and CHEERING.

5 INT. CORRIDOR

5

GUARDS run down the corridor. BARRED DOORS CLANK open. Guards pour through. Ready for battle.

6 INT. CELL - NIGHT

6

Everything turned over, upended. Stick is bleeding from a cut lip. Both men stop fighting when they HEAR GUARDS RUNNING. Stick grabs a hunk of skin from his side.

STICK

Do it!

A FLASH OF METAL in Billy's hand as he shoves the blade at Stick. THE POINT OF A KNIFE PROTRUDES FROM FLESH. Glistening red. Stick screams.

The cell door opens. Guards swarm in. Beating Billy with clubs. Stick is dragged from the cell. Clinging to his side. He looks back once to his cell at --

BILLY

-- who crumples under the blows from guards. Blood splattering ---- on the cold cement and across the photograph of the girl taped to the wall. The YELLING OF OTHER PRISONERS is DEAFENING.

7 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

7

Feet dragging, unable to stand, Stick is pulled down the hall by the guards. Passing through barred gates that thud shut behind them.

8 INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

8

Small. A basic battlefield set-up. Doors open. The guards pull Stick in. The DOCTOR, a young man in his thirties, is waiting. He appears nervous. He motions to a table.

DOCTOR

Up here.

The guards lift Stick up, none too gently.

STICK

(in pain)

Ahh, shit, you assholes!

FIRST GUARD

Fuck you!

The second guard exits. The first guard remains. The doctor opens up Stick's shirt. Revealing the bleeding wound. Minor. Then we HEAR THE CLICK OF A PISTOL HAMMER and --

VOICE

Don't move motherfucker or I'll blow your head off.

The guard turns. Face to face with a .357. It's the driver of the truck.

Stick is quickly off the table. Not as injured as he first appeared. He pushes the doctor away, moves to the guard. Grabs the billy club from him.

STICK

Fuck you, too.

Stick slams the billy club into the guard's stomach. The guard doubles over.

The driver, CAYLOR REESE, late twenties, grabs a small duffel bag. Begins to unpack rope and wire cutters. He looks back at Stick. Stick is glaring down at the guard.

CAYLOR

Hey, we gotta move!

~~Stick slams the club down onto the guard's head. The guard collapses. Then Stick raises the club and slams it down again. Cracking the guard's head open. Stick stands above him. As if he might hit him again.~~

CAYLOR

Come on, man, let's go!

Caylor grabs his push-cart. It's holding a large packing crate. He maneuvers it under an air vent as Stick moves to the doctor.

STICK

Turn around!

The doctor obeys. Stick grabs some bandaging tape. Wraps it around the doctor's hands and across his mouth. He stuffs the tape into his pocket, then hits the doctor over the head with the club.

The doctor crumples to the floor. Stick tosses the billy club to one side, then moves quickly to Caylor.

STICK

Three minutes.

Caylor cups his hands, hoists Stick up onto the crate.

CUT TO:

9 INT. INFIRMARY HALLWAY - NIGHT

9

Caylor pushes his cart with the packing case out the door. Moves down the hall. Turns a corner.

10 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

Caylor moves down the hallway. Checks his watch. Stops at a guard station elevator. Tries to hide his nervousness. The GUARD, in no hurry, begins to check the contents of the packing case. Caylor watches. Wipes the sweat from his upper lip. But the Guard finds nothing unusual.

GUARD

Picked a good night.

Caylor forces a smile and pushes the cart into the elevator.

CUT TO:

11 INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

11

The doctor awakes. Blinks. Trying to focus. Sees the unconscious guard on the floor. Pool of blood glistening on the yellowing tile. He looks up at the PHONE on the wall.

CUT TO:

12 A VENT GRATING - EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

12

as it's suddenly kicked open. Then Stick crawls out. Looks around quickly. Then moves. Staying low. Crossing to a large air duct.

Stick wraps the rope around it. Pulls it taut. Then moves to the edge.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE PRISON WALLS

- the guard houses - the spot lights. From where he's positioned he's hidden from sight. The prison yard is fifty feet below.

STICK

checks his watch, then throws the rope over the side. Trouble. A fifty foot drop. A twenty foot rope. But there's no choice. He starts down.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

13

Door opens. Caylor exits. Moves to his truck. Throws his hand cart into the back. Moves to the driver's side. Gets in.

CUT TO:

14 THE DOCTOR

14

on his feet. Leaning against the wall. Trying to keep from collapsing. He moves toward the phone.

CUT TO:

15 STICK

15

climbing down the rope. Forty feet above ground. He can HEAR the TRUCK below. He can see the edge of a guard house directly to one side. He strains to hold on.

THE TRUCK

rounds the corner of the building.

16 CAYLOR

16

looks out the truck windshield. He can see Stick dangling on the rope against the building. But the guard house and main gate are straight ahead. He can't slow down.

CAYLOR
(to himself)
Let go!

STICK

watches the truck passing. He jumps, pushing off the building. He hits the truck at an angle, falls to one side. Grabbing frantically for any kind of handhold. He hits the ground, holding on tenuously to the truck. At any second his legs may be crushed by the wheel. He lets go with one hand, quickly grabbing the undercarriage. Then manages to work his way --

UNDER THE MOVING TRUCK

-- grabbing hold of the exhaust. It's hot. Burning his hands. The truck drags him along the ground.

CAYLOR

looks into the side mirror. Half expecting Stick to have been run over by the wheels. But there's no sign of him. Caylor speeds up slightly. Moving closer to the gate.

STICK

reaches for a hatch in the truck floor. Trying to keep hold of the exhaust pipe. Hand burning. He tries to push open the hatch. Slips back. Almost losing his grip on the pipe. He lunges forward, hitting the hatch, knocking it open.

He grabs hold and slowly pulls himself into the truck just as it slows at the gate. As he disappears inside, and the hatch cover closes, a GUARD peers underneath the truck. Checking with flashlight. Nothing to see.

THE BACK TRUCK DOORS OPEN

The Guard peers in. Stick is nowhere to be seen. The doors shut.

THE GUARD

waves the truck through the gate.

CUT TO:

17 THE DOCTOR

17

losing consciousness as he tries to grab the phone. Falling. And

missing it. He hits the floor hard, fading into unconsciousness.

CUT BACK TO:

18 EXT. OLD PRISON - NIGHT

18

The truck passes through the gates which close behind it.

19 INT. BACK OF TRUCK - NIGHT

19

Filled with medical supplies. A piece of the floor moves. Then fingers appear. Shoving the flooring aside. Revealing Stick. He climbs up from the false floor compartment below. Looks out the back window.

20 HIS P.O.V. OF THE PRISON

20

as they leave it behind.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

21 THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL - MARIA

21

on the wall of the cell. Some blood now dried to it. A HAND reaches in and peels it off the wall. CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING --

INT. STICK'S CELL

-- being turned upside down. THREE MEN looking for anything that might lead them to Stick Montgomery. A PRISON OFFICER is watching.

The man that has pulled the picture off the wall is TOMMY J. LUSK. He's thirty-eight. He studies the face of the girl for a moment, then turns to the Prison Officer.

LUSK

Who's this?

The man glances at the photo. Then he hands a file folder to Lusk.

PRISON OFFICER

Maria McGuire. She came a couple times to see Montgomery.

Lusk looks through the file.

LUSK

2221 Speck Road, Seattle. This address current?

PRISON OFFICER

Don't know. That's the last we had.

Lusk turns the --

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIA

-- over and writes her address across the back - 2221 Speck Rd, Seattle. CAMERA MOVES IN ON "SEATTLE" as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

22 HELICOPTER SHOT OF SEATTLE - MORNING

22

Tall buildings rising along the shores of the Puget Sound. The city's Space Needle pinpoints Seattle Center. (X)

23 EXT. WATERFRONT CAFE - MORNING

23

A small cafe on the second floor of a warehouse overlooking the waterfront. A warehouse/shipyard area. TWO MEN are sitting at the table next to the cafe window. One of the men is reading the morning edition of the SEATTLE TIMES. A WAITRESS is just setting down their food.

24 INT. CAFE - MORNING

24

BILL HENDERSON, twenty-eight, a scar across one cheek (a reminder of having grown up on the streets), is glancing at the front page of the newspaper. The HEADLINES read - PRISONER KILLS TWO IN ESCAPE FROM STONEHURST FEDERAL PEN.

CHRIS LECCE, thirty-eight, of Italian-Irish descent, is watching the Waitress deposit their food in front of them. Chris plucks a piece of toast off the plate and takes a bite before it even hits the table. The Waitress gives him a look.

BILL

Just don't put your hands too close to his mouth.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

CHRIS

(chewing)

More coffee.

BILL

(puts aside paper)

Nothing for me.

The waitress leaves. Bill glances at his watch.

BILL

Ten minutes.

Bill looks out the window as Chris picks up another piece of toast while cutting into his eggs.

BILL
You don't suppose there's a back way
out.

Chris shakes his head as he stuffs another bite into his mouth.

25 BILL'S P.O.V.

25

of a WAREHOUSE across the wharf. LONGSHOREMEN loading and unloading with forklifts, handcarts, etc. A woman dumps a bucket of fish-cuttings onto the dock. SEAGULLS swarm in.

26 BILL

26

turns back to his food. Starts to pick up a piece of bacon, but stops when he SEES Chris's plate - half empty. Bill looks up at Chris who is chewing.

BILL
I've seen half-starved dogs eat slower
than you.

CHRIS
(mouth full)
They obviously weren't hungry.

BILL
It's not healthy to eat like that.
You're supposed to take your time.
Savor the qualities of the cuisine.
The aroma --
(sniffs the bacon)
-- the texture --
(breaks the bacon in
half)
-- and finally, the taste.

Chris watches Bill bite off a tiny piece of the bacon as he wipes his last bite of toast in yoke, plops it into his mouth and sees something out the window.

27 CHRIS' P.O.V.

27

of the Warehouse across the street. And a MAN with SHOULDER LENGTH BLONDE HAIR, in his twenties, has just come out and is moving down the street. He's a big guy. Looks like one of the longshoreman.

28 CHRIS

28

slurps down one last gulp of coffee as he quickly stands up from the table.

CHRIS
There he goes.

Chris heads for the door as Bill turns, sees the blonde man.

BILL

Shit.

Bill throws down some money, then grabs his bacon and toast, stuffing one piece into his mouth and the rest into his pocket. He turns, almost running into the waitress returning with more coffee --

BILL

Sorry.

-- and quickly exits behind Chris.

29 ~~EXT. CAFE/STAIRWAY - MORNING - - - - -~~

29

Chris and Bill come tearing down the stairs.

MOVING SHOT WITH CHRIS AND BILL

as they move down dock after the blonde man.

THEIR P.O.V. (MOVING)

of the blonde man. He doesn't know he's being followed. Or doesn't let on that he knows. He turns a corner.

CHRIS AND BILL

break into a run, moving down the dock. They reach the corner. Chris peers carefully around the building. Breathing hard. He hates to run.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE WHARF

The wharf dead-ends into the water. Large FISH PACKING PLANTS line one side. Lots of activity. But no sign of the blonde man. A WOMAN comes out of one of the packing plants and dumps another bucket of fish next to Bill and Chris, hardly noticing them. SEAGULLS swarm in around them.

CHRIS

turns to Bill.

CHRIS

He must've made us.

(points to packing
plant)

I'll take the dock, you go in here.

BILL

Screw you. I picked up the check,
you take the fish.

CHRIS

If you ate a good breakfast in the morning you wouldn't be so goddamn cranky.

Bill gives him a look. Then Chris turns into the packing plant and Bill moves down the dock.

30 INT. FISH PACKING PLANT - DAY

30

Chris enters. SEVERAL WORKERS clean fish with very large knives. Lots of blood and fish guts. The stairway leading to a second floor is the only exit. Chris moves to it. Looks up, cautious. ~~Then starts up.~~

CUT TO:

31 BILL

31

moving down the dock. He stops, glances into another fish packing plant. Just more FISH-CUTTERS cleaning fish. Bill continues down the dock.

CUT BACK TO:

32 CHRIS - INT. FISH PACKING PLANT - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

32

moving down a hallway. Past a lunch room. He stops outside, looks carefully around the corner. Nothing. He continues on. The hallway ends at a doorway to an outside FISH PUMPING MACHINE - used to suck fish out of boat holds. It's NOISY because it's in full operation. Chris exits. We SEE HIM MOVE PAST THE WINDOW. THEN SOMETHING DROPS from up above. It's the blonde man.

CLOSE UP - A KNIFE

the five inch blade gleams as the blonde man comes up in one motion with the knife - at Chris's back.

33 CHRIS - EXT. MACHINERY WALKWAY - DAY

33

turns with the sound - deflecting the blonde man's wrist just in time - grabbing it and slamming it against the metal railing.

CLOSE UP - AS THE MAN'S HAND

slides forward onto the blade. Slicing the inside of his fingers before he drops the knife.

CHRIS

turns to hit the blonde man but instead is met with a strong left hook. Chris hits the wall - blocks another fist - throws one back which catches the blonde man's shoulder.

The blonde man is no easy opponent. Obviously had some boxing experience because he takes the shot and throws another quick jab right back at Chris's jaw - then another at his gut. The fist that hits Chris's face is the one cut by the knife - leaving smeared blood on Chris' cheek. They fall back onto the catwalk. On either side - FISH, by the ton, are falling from a conveyor belt into huge metal bins - fish disappearing into man-sized openings into the building.

CUT BACK TO:

34 BILL - EXT. DOCK - DAY

34

unaware of the fight and looking into an open doorway. Getting a little frustrated. Where the hell did he go? At the end of the dock he can see the two story metal fish unloader. But from his angle he can't see the fight. And it's too noisy to hear it.

35 EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

35

Chris throws another punch, but it's blocked. And the blonde throws another into the side of Chris' head. Chris falls --

HIS BADGE

-- falling out and open.

THE BLONDE MAN

sees the badge. And by his expression we can tell he didn't know Chris was a cop.

Chris throws his shoulder into the blonde man - knocking him back - off balance - they both fall over the railing - hitting metal struts. Grabbing hold and hanging precariously over the metal bins as fish slide past underneath. Facing each other, unable to throw a punch.

CHRIS

You are under arrest. Anything you say may be held --

Suddenly the blonde man kicks out, hitting Chris in the chest and knocking him from the bar. Chris falls down into the fish bin and slides toward the hole. He tries desperately to crawl his way up the steep metal sides - against the onslaught of fish. It's no use. He is carried along with the fish. INTO THE HOLE. At the last moment -

HIS HANDS

-- grab hold of the sides of the opening - KEEPING HIM FROM BEING SUCKED IN.

THE BLONDE MAN

pulls himself up. Looking down at Chris' hands. SLOWLY THE FINGERS GIVE WAY. AND CHRIS DISAPPEARS as we HEAR A FEINT --

CHRIS' VOICE
SHIIIIIIIIiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiittttt!

The blonde swings back up onto the catwalk and takes off running toward the ladder which leads to the dock below.

CUT TO:

36 BILL

36

hearing Chris. Bill takes off running toward the end of the dock. He reaches the ladder just as the the blond man is coming down. The blonde kicks out, hitting Bill, knocking him back. Then the blonde turns, goes back up the stairs into the building. Bill gets up and gives chase.

CUT BACK TO:

CHRIS - INT. PACKING PLANT - DAY

as he finally slides out of the fish slide - into the packing plant. And he's covered with fish scales, fins, and filth. His presence amidst the salmon surprises SEVERAL WORKERS who are moving the fish. He slides off the conveyor and takes off running for the exit - dodging WORKERS.

CUT TO:

BILL - INT. FISH PACKING PLANT - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

racing down the hallway. In pursuit of the blonde who's just ahead of him. But the blonde is fast. He races down a stairwell, Bill losing ground behind.

INT. FISH PACKING PLANT - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The blonde races through WORKERS, FORKLIFTS, and PACKING CRATES as he runs for the dock outside. Bill jumps down the last couple of stairs. The blonde is almost to the door. No chance for a shot. Instead Bill jumps onto a forklift that a DRIVER is just stepping off. (V)
(V)

BILL

Police!

Surprised, the driver starts to protest but Bill guns the engine (V)
and the forklift shoots forward almost losing its cargo of metal (V)
drums. (V)

CUT BACK TO:

37 CHRIS

standing on the dock. Wondering where the hell everybody is. He looks up one side, down the other. And is just about to give up when the blonde comes charging out - two doors down. Chris has had enough. He pulls his gun, aims at the blonde --

CHRIS
Stop or I'll shoot!

The blonde man stops, breathing hard, and turns slowly. Facing Chris.

CHRIS
Hands on your head! Move!

The blonde obeys. Suddenly the FORKLIFT, Bill behind the wheel, shoots out of the packing plant. And unfortunately he's come out in between Chris and the blonde. Blocking Chris' shot. That's all the incentive the blonde needs. He pulls a gun, fires at Chris. The bullet ricochets off a crate next to Chris. Chris fires back. The bullet ricochets off the forklift. The blonde runs as --

BILL

-- slams his foot down on the accelerator. Trying to get out of the way. Trying to turn it. But the forklift shoots right off the end of the pier. Bill, metal drums, and all.

CHRIS

now has to decide - chase the blonde or dive in and save his partner. He'd rather chase the fleeing blonde, but instead he kicks off his shoes and dives into the bay.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. WHARF - DAY

Chris and Bill move down the wharf together. Heading for their car. Both are soaking wet. Only Chris' shoes are dry. Both look very dejected. It hasn't been a good day.

CHRIS
Next time I see that sonuvabitch --
(pulls a fish fin out
of his shirt; drops
it)

BILL
Yeah. It's tough enough gettin' the
shit kicked outa you first thing in
the morning...
(MORE)

3-

38

BILL (Cont'd)
(they stop at their
car)
... but it's a real pisser on a full
stomach.

Chris gives him a look, then they get into their car.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. SEATTLE POLICE STATION - DAY

39

An old building - at one time considered a candidate for
demolition, now considered an historic architectural monument.
The unmarked Dodge pulls into the parking lot.

40 INT. DODGE - DAY

40

Bill pulls into a parking space. Shuts off the engine. Chris
checks his cut lip in the rear view mirror.

CHRIS
Shit. I look like I got my ass
kicked.

BILL
You did get your ass kicked.

CHRIS
I don't mind getting my ass kicked.
I just don't like lookin' like I got
my ass kicked.

Bill gets out. Chris examines himself for another moment, then
follows.

41 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

41

Chris and Bill enter. Lots of activity. COPS moving in and out.
Chris removes the knife from his pocket and puts it on a desk in
front of a WOMAN COP.

CHRIS
I need some prints. And there's some
blood on the blade, have it typed.

She nods. That's when we HEAR --

PHIL (O.S.)
Looks like somebody got in a fight,
Jack.

JACK (O.S.)
Smells like it, too, Phil.

Bill turns. Chris doesn't need to. He recognizes the voices. JACK PISMO, forty, curly haired and tan even in the Seattle winter, and PHIL COLDSHANK, forty-four, always with a short cigar protruding from his smacker, move up next to them at the desk. Phil fingers Bill's wet clothing. Jack closely examines Chris' face, starts to reach for a bruise.

JACK

A couple a nice cuts and nobody in cuffs.

(Chris bats Jack's hand away)

That can only mean one thing. . . .

PHIL

Somebody got their ass kicked.

BILL

Thank God for cops with a sense of humor.

Chris pushes past, Bill follows. The phone rings at the desk and the woman cop answers. A beat, then --

WOMAN COP

(to Chris and Bill)

Hey, Captain wants to see you guys in his office a.s.a.p.

CHRIS

Mind if I take a shower first?

WOMAN COP

I don't. But by the sound of his voice I think he'll take you as is.

(X)

Jack and Phil laugh and start down the hall.

WOMAN COP (CONT.)

Wait a minute, chuckles, Captain wants to see you, too.

Chris turns, looks at Jack and Phil. And smiles. With Childish pleasure.

CUT TO:

42 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

42

Bill and Chris, Jack and Phil, enter. CAPTAIN AL GILE, a portly cop in his late fifties, and Tommy J. Lusk are at the head of the room.

GILE

Shut the door.

Bill shuts the door. Lusk and Gile eye Bill, then Chris. Then they smell him.

GILE (CONT.)

What the hell happened to you? Looks like you got your ass kicked.

Jack and Phil love this.

CHRIS

I had a --

GILE (CONT.)

Save it. This is Agent Thomas Lusk from Regional F.B.I. headquarters.

(motions to cops,
introducing them)

Officers Bill Reimers, Chris Lecce, Phil Coldshank, and Jack Pismo.

(they shake hands with
Lusk)

The F.B.I. has requested some help over the next couple of weeks, so for now, your cases are being reassigned.

BILL

Reassigned --

CHRIS

-- Wait a minute, Bill and I are close to breaking --

GILE

(interrupting)

-- a forklift, wasn't it?

This stops Chris. The Captain is slightly better informed than he counted on. He gives Chris a warning look.

GILE (CONT.)

From now on you're working full time on this. Mr. Lusk is in charge of the operation so I'll let him do the talking.

LUSK

I don't know if you're familiar with Montgomery, but just in case you're not --

Lusk hands a series of photographs and papers to each man. Jack and Phil sit down. Bill sits on the edge of the desk and Chris leans against the wall.

LUSK (CONT.)

A couple years ago he killed one of our agents.

The TOP PHOTO IS A MUG SHOT of Stick Montgomery. Phil pulls out a pen to take notes. Bill does the same, except that when he reaches into his coat pocket he comes up with the now soggy bacon and toast. Bill looks up at Chris who reaches into his pocket and hands him a pen now covered with fish scales. This has not gone unnoticed by Captain Gile.

LUSK (CONT.)

He'd've had the chair except he had a sharp attorney, and the local police were a little too zealous in their pursuit of evidence. A plea bargain kept him from frying.

PHIL

He just busted out of Stonehurst, didn't he? Killed a guard?

LUSK

He and his accomplice crossed into Wyoming, ditched their truck and had a car waiting.

PHIL

If he's in Wyoming, why're you here?

LUSK

We think he'll head for Mexico, but he has friends in this area so we're setting up half a dozen stake-outs. We'd like to do this one ourselves, but we don't have the manpower.

All four men look disappointed. A stake-out is not their favorite pastime. Gile gives them all a warning stare.

JACK

(trying not to sound
too depressed)
Who we watchin'?

LUSK

He has a girlfriend here. Her name is Maria McGuire.

Chris flips through the file. Coming upon a --

PHOTOGRAPH

-- of Maria. A BLOW-UP of the photograph that was taped to the wall of Montgomery's cell.

LUSK (V.O. CONT.)

We don't know much about her. She doesn't have a record. Even the photograph we have isn't very good.

(MORE)

LUSK (Cont'd)
But there's a pretty good physical description.

ANOTHER ANGLE

LUSK (CONT.)
We've rented a house across the street from hers. Keys are in the envelope. You'll have to move on this one quick. I know it's short notice, but this is real bad people we're after.

Chris flips to another photograph. It's of Caylor Reese.

BILL
Do we get a bug?

LUSK
Hopefully within twenty-four hours.
(closes briefcase)
One more thing... if you spot Montgomery, report it... nothing more. Remember, this is an F.B.I. operation.
(turns to Gile)
Thank you, Captain.

Gile nods. He doesn't really like Lusk, but he doesn't have much choice. Lusk picks up his briefcase.

CHRIS
Wait a minute, wait a minute, there's something a little ripe here.

Lusk looks at Chris. So does everyone else.

CHRIS (CONT.)
You're telling us to go sit on our butts until we locate this "bad people", then we're supposed to call you guys, let you make the arrest and get the keys to the city? I don't mean to be negative, but that's bullshit. We're cops, not security guards. If I see him, I'm gonna be too busy to make a phone call.

Lusk and Chris stare at each other for a beat, then --

GILE
Are you through, Mr. Lecce?

Chris thinks about it for a moment, then nods. Lusk turns to Gile. Gives him a look that says "you handle it," then picks up his briefcase, heads for the door, but just as he opens it --

GILE

Lusk.

Lusk turns.

GILE (CONT.)

We're cops. Not security guards.

Lusk stares at Gile for a moment now. That about sums it up.
Lusk exits. Silence in the room for a beat, then --

JACK

What an asshole.

GILE

Hey! I don't want to hear that kinda
crap. And I don't want to hear that
someone else heard it either. Got
it?

(Jack nods
reluctantly)

This is twenty-four hour surveillance.
Jack and Phil will take day shift,
Chris and Bill nights. Same routine
as last time.

Phil groans.

GILE

Something bothering you, too, Mr.
Coldshank?

PHIL

No.

GILE

Don't bullshit me. What's on your
so-called mind?

PHIL

If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd
just as soon not be on a stake-out
with them again.

He jerks his thumb toward Chris and Bill who give him an offended
look.

GILE

Why?

Phil really doesn't want to talk about this, but it's been bugging
him for a long time. He glances at Bill and Chris, who are
waiting to hear the answer as well.

PHIL

Chris and Bill are slobs, sir.

(Bill and Chris groan
protests)

The last stake-out Jack and I were
on with them, they never once cleaned
up after themselves.

BILL

That's bullshit. You left goddamn
cigar butts all over the place.

JACK

You never once replaced the toilet
paper.

CHRIS

You guys are so full of shit, you used
it all!

BILL

And you let your goddamn dog piss on
the rug.

PHIL

That's a goddamn lie!

CHRIS

(to Bill)

Don't blame the dog, Phil did that.

Phil starts to stand.

GILE

Sit down!

(Jack starts to speak)

That's enough.

Everyone settles down. Gile looks them over for a moment, then

GILE (CONT.)

This is not an invitation to a prom,
boys. I don't give a shit if you
don't like the date. You gentlemen
are going to watch this broad until
the fat lady sings or I say different.
And if you fuck this up, I'm gonna
tie your nuts in a knot and run 'em
through the shredder.

All are quiet for a moment, then --

CHRIS

Sir?

(Gile looks at Chris)

Phil doesn't have any nuts, sir.

Bill tries to hide a smile. Phil does a slow burn. Gile stares at them for a moment, then he simply points to the door.

GILE

Out.

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43

44 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

44

The stake-out. A well kept, two story, lower middle-class, house.
Bill pulls the car to the curb. They look at the house.

BILL

Home sweet home.

(refers to address
on paper)

That's hers.

They both look over at the well kept two story house across the street. Then Bill pulls the car away, drives around the corner and pulls down --

45 AN ALLEY

45

-- moving toward the back of the house. Several trash cans are set out for pick-up. One pile of garbage has a ratty old couch. Bill pulls into the car port at the rear of the stake-out house.

CHRIS

Bonnie's gonna kill me when she finds out.

BILL

Then don't tell her.

They get out of the car.

CHRIS

It may take a couple of days but eventually she'll notice I'm not home.

Chris grabs grocery bags from the back seat. Bill opens the car trunk, grabs a heavy suitcase and follows Chris. They climb the stairs to the second floor. They're moving in.

Chris opens the door and they enter --

46 INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

46

-- and stop just inside the door. Not thrilled with what they see - a house in the middle of remodeling. Chris and Bill enter. Amazed at the lousy condition the house is in - walls unplastered, floorboards missing. Chris moves to the bathroom. Peers in. It, too, is in pretty grim shape.

Bill moves through the living room.

CHRIS' VOICE

This is what I like about working for
the Feds --

Bill turns. Chris is looking through a hole in the wall - into
the bathroom. So much for privacy.

CHRIS (CONT.)

- first class all the way.

CUT TO:

47 OUT OF FOCUS - TELESCOPE P.O.V.

47

Slowly focusing - a house. Light green with white trim. View
of the front door, living room window, and bedroom window. It's
just starting to get dark. We can HEAR a PHONE RINGING. A
woman's voice, CAROL, answers.

CAROL'S VOICE

Hello.

BILL'S VOICE

Hi, baby, it's me.

CAROL'S VOICE

Where are you?

BILL'S VOICE

I'm looking through a telescope at
a brown and white house on Speck
Road.

(X)

(X)

48 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

48

Bill is looking through a telescope on a tripod in front of the
window. He's got the phone pressed to his ear. And he's wearing
a heavy coat. It's cold.

CAROL'S VOICE

Didn't anyone ever tell you that's
against the law.

BILL

Chris and I got a stake-out. The
nightshift.

INTERCUT WITH CAROL - INT. BILL'S HOUSESE - NIGHT

(X)

CAROL, Bill's wife, is in the kitchen. Trying to do half a dozen (X)
things at once - talk on the phone, clean up some fallen food, (X)
and feed their two year old BEN. (X)

CAROL

That does it, I'm crossing the Captain
off the Christmas list.

Chris comes back into the room. Also wearing a heavy coat. And
gloves. Carrying two cokes and two t.v. dinners.

BILL

And guess who with.

CAROL

Not the slob.

----- Little Ben suddenly spits his food onto the floor, laughing (X)
hysterically. (X)

Chris sets a dinner and coke in front of Bill, points at the (X)
phone and waves. (X)

BILL

Chris says hi. (X)

Then Chris pantomimes holding her by the waist and humping her. (X)

BILL

I think he wants to go to bed with (X)
you. (X)

CAROL

(wiping baby food (X)
off her blouse) (X)
That's nice. Tell him I'd like to (X)
go to bed with him, too. (X)

BILL

(to Chris)

She says okay. (X)

Chris nods, gives him an A-okay sign, then picks up a pair of (X)
binoculars, peers out the window. (X)

CAROL

How long is this one supposed to (X)
take? (X)

BILL

Two weeks.

CAROL

Two weeks? Great. You're son'll be
fully grown the next time you see him.

BILL

I hope he remembers me. I'll call
you later. Love you.

CAROL
Love you, too.

Carol hangs up just in time to duck Ben's spoon as he chucks it across the room. (X)
(X)

49 CHRIS'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS 40
of the house across the street. No activity.

50 CHRIS 50

lowers the binoculars, turns to Bill as he hangs up.

CHRIS
Just our luck, we're good for every
room except the bathroom.

Bill holds out the phone.

BILL
Maybe you should call Bonnie.

CHRIS
All she'll do is yell and I'm not in
the mood.

Chris picks up a camera and attaches a 300mm telephoto lens.

BILL
Want me to call her?

CHRIS
No.

A beat, then Chris hands Bill the camera and takes the phone, dials.

CHRIS (CONT.)
I can handle my own love-life you
know.

Bill nods. The phone rings several times. No answer. Chris hangs up.

CHRIS
Probably too paralyzed with worry
about my whereabouts to answer.

BILL
Naw, she's probably in bed with some
other guy.

Chris thinks about this for a moment, then --

CHRIS
Poor bastard.

He picks up the binoculars and looks back out the window.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Who we supposed to be watching anyway?

Bill picks up the folder, flips through pages. Then reads --

BILL

Miss Maria Guadalupe McGuire. Irish Mexican. A waitress going to night school, but apparently not this quarter. Drives a '78 Mustang and... lives alone. Long brown hair and blue eyes... Five foot, six. Single and... the moment we've all been waiting for, three hundred thirteen pounds.

Chris turns and looks at Bill.

CHRIS

Three hundred thirteen pounds?

BILL

I would imagine that's fully clothed.

CHRIS

(takes out his gun;
hands it to Bill)

Put me out of my misery.

BILL

Sorry, don't want to jeopardize my career.

CHRIS

(looks back through
binoculars)

Christ, maybe she is the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 OMITTED

51

52 TWO CUPS OF BLACK COFFEE

52

half empty. On the coffee table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chris is staring out the window, between the cracks in the blinds. Bill is sitting on the "new" couch (the ratty old couch from the alley), looking through a PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. The couch is tilted at an angle because one leg is missing. Bill is now wrapped in a very worn blanket. Chris yawns, steps away from the window, sips a cup of steaming hot coffee.

CHRIS

You're disgusting. You should be reading Boy's Life or National Geographic.

BILL

Here we go, I've found just the woman for you.

(reading)

Name: Kitty Louise Loughlin.

Birthplace: Farady, North Dakota.

Height: 5'5"; Weight: 105; Bust 36:

Waist: 24; Hips: 34. Turn Ons:

Swimming in the nude, hiking in the nude, sky diving in the nude, and archery.

CHRIS

Perfect. I love archery.

BILL

How come our guys can't give us details like this?

Bill gets up, moves to the window, handing the Playboy to Chris. He looks out the window as Chris settles down on the couch, pulls the worn blanket up around him, and opens the Playboy to the centerfold.

CHRIS

Whoa, I guess this is kinda like National Geographic.

Bill yawns as he looks out the window. Then something catches his attention. He grabs the binoculars. And tosses an empty soda can at Chris. Hitting him in the head.

BILL

I think it's her.

(on Chris'

disbelieving look)

Hey, a '78 Mustang right?

Chris gets up, moves to the window. Keeping the blanket around his shoulders. Picks up the camera with the 300mm telephoto.

53 OMITTED

53

54 OMITTED

54

THEIR P.O.V.

55

of the house across the street. A Mustang has pulled up in front. And MARIA is getting out. But they can't quite get a clear view. Her back is to them. But one thing is for sure, she doesn't weigh 313 pounds. More like 113.

CHRIS V.O.

Turn around.

Maria heads up the front walk. She's wearing a coat over a waitress uniform.

CHRIS V.O.

Come on, turn!

Maria reaches the front door. Pulls the mail out of the box. And now we get a full view of her. With her long brown hair and blue eyes, Maria Guadalupe McGuire is very pretty. Chris is surprised.

CHRIS V.O.

She must've gone on a diet.

56 BILL

56

lowers the binoculars and looks at Chris. Waiting for a moment, then --

BILL V.O.

Are you going to shoot pictures or draw some from memory?

Chris immediately starts clicking off pictures with the auto drive. Then she turns, heads up the walk, and enters the house. Bill puts the binoculars aside and looks through the telescope.

CHRIS

She's cute.

BILL

Yeah, don't tell Carol. She'll think I'm enjoying this.
(glances at watch)
Two-thirty.

Chris sets aside the camera, picks up his notepad, jots down the time.

BILL

She's makin' a call. Better make a note of it.

Chris jots it down.

57 BILL'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

57

of Maria on the phone. Not talking. Just waiting.

BILL V.O.

No one's answering.
(Maria hangs up)
She hung up.

BILL PANS THE TELESCOPE AS MARIA MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM.

BILL (V.O.)

She's walking across the room...

BILL PANS THE CAMERA TO THE BEDROOM WINDOW. A LIGHT GOES ON.

58 BILL

58

continues his report to Chris.

BILL

She's in the bedroom.

Chris perks up.

CHRIS

What's she doing?

BILL

Ahh... looks like...

CHRIS

Like what?

BILL

... she's undressing.

Chris chucks his notepad aside and looks through the telescope.

59 THEIR P.O.V.

59

of Maria pulling off her dress. Unaware she's being watched. She's wearing a slip. She starts to take the slip off. Then thinks better of it, moves to the window and --

BILL AND CHRIS V.O.

Nooooo...

-- draws the curtains. BLOCKING THEIR VIEW.

60 CHRIS AND BILL

60

look at each other.

CHRIS

I love my work.

Bill smiles and we --

CUT TO:

61 LONG SHOT - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

61

A dirt road, rutted and potholed, winding through a high mountain pass. Pine forest covers the slopes. A CAR'S HEADLIGHTS are the only illumination in the darkness.

The car is moving fast down the rugged road.

62 INT. CAR - NIGHT

62

Stick is behind the wheel. Caylor is asleep on the passenger side. Stick slows down, shuts off the headlights. Glides the car up to an intersection with a two lane highway. He stops, checks the highway in both directions. Dark. Desolate. Stick pulls onto the highway.

63 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

63

~~The car moves down the highway for a moment, then the lights click back on. CAMERA PANS REVEALING DAWN breaking over the hills in the distance.~~

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

64

A woman is hanging out wash on a back porch. A couple of kids are riding bikes to school. And a non-descript American car pulls up behind the stake-out house. Phil and Jack get out. Phil has a small ugly Silke DOG with him. They move up the driveway as the dog, following Phil's instructions, immediately trots to Chris and Bill's car and lifts his leg on the front tire.

PHIL

Good boy.

65 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

65

Chris and Bill are still on watch as Jack and Phil and the dog enter. Chris and Bill look over. Tired. They get up, grab coats and head for the door.

CHRIS

Just replace what you steal, okay?

The dog growls at Chris and Bill. Jack and Phil watch them exit, then Jack flips them off.

JACK

Assholes.

Phil looks through the telescope as his dog jumps up on the couch and starts tearing a cushion apart.

JACK

I'm gonna take a leak.

Jack heads for the bathroom. He opens the door and is confronted with --

66 HIS P.O.V. OF THE BATHROOM 66

-- FULL OF ROLLS OF TOILET PAPER - stacked to the ceiling.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. CHRIS' CONDO - MORNING 67

Two stories. Chris pulls up in front. Gets out, heads up the front walk, picks up the morning paper, unlocks the front door and enters.

68 INT. CONDO - MORNING 68

The interior of the house is pretty bare - only the basics. Chris picks up the stack of mail on the floor. Thumbs through it as he enters. He stops when he sees a letter addressed to him. With just his name. Then he sees SEVERAL CARDBOARD BOXES stacked to one side.

CHRIS

Bonnie?

Chris moves down the hall to and turns into --

69 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING • 69

-- the CLOSET IS PARTIALLY OPEN. Chris moves to the closet, opens it. Only his clothes remain. He stares at the empty closet for a moment, then --

CHRIS

Sonuvabitch.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY 70

Not much neater than Chris' house. But in a different way. KID'S TOYS are scattered everywhere. A family lives here. Not much happening except for the GARBAGE TRUCK making it's way LOUDLY down the street - TWO MEN emptying cans and letting them THUD back down against the street. We HEAR a PHONE RINGING.

71 BILL - INT. BEDROOM - DAY 71

is asleep. Curtains drawn and door shut to make the room dark. The PHONE RINGS. Bill doesn't wake. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Bill's eyes slowly open. He stares at the phone. The PHONE RINGS A FOURTH TIME. Bill reaches for it.

BILL

Yeah.

Bill closes his eyes as he talks, trying to sleep through the conversation.

CHRIS'S VOICE

Bonnie moved out. That's why she didn't answer.

BILL

D'you know what time it is?

CHRIS' VOICE

I know, you're sleeping... I tried.
It's too goddamn light.

BILL

Pull the shades.

CHRIS

I can't. She took 'em.

72 INTERCUT BETWEEN BILL AND CHRIS

72

Chris is still dressed. Shirt untucked. Shoes off. Tie loosened. Sitting on the bed, phone in one hand, drink in another. A bottle is beside him on the nightstand. And there are no shades or curtains on the windows. SUNLIGHT BLASTS IN. Only the hardware remains.

BILL

She took the shades?

CHRIS

She paid for 'em.

A beat as Bill tries to figure this one out, then the bedroom door opens and little Ben wanders in. Looking for his daddy. Bill picks him up.

CHRIS (CONT.)

You want me to let you go back to sleep?

BILL

No... if you need someone to talk to,
I'm here. I may not be awake, but
I'm here.

Chris smiles, drinks.

CHRIS

Thanks.

We HEAR a gardner start up a POWER MOWER somewhere outside Chris' room. Chris glances toward the window.

Carol enters the bedroom looking for Ben. She sees him with Bill.

CAROL

(whispering)

I'm sorry. He got away from me.

BILL
(nods it's "okay";
into phone)
Try and get some sleep. There's
nothin' you can do right now anyway...
And put the bottle away.

Chris looks at his half full glass. Then downs it. Sets it on
the nightstand.

BILL
By the way, good news, we get the bug
tonight.

CHRIS
Oh boy. See ya.

Chris hangs up. Squints at the sunlight for a moment, then picks
up the bottle and pours himself another drink.

73 BILL

73

hangs up. Carol picks Ben up.

CAROL
Your daddy's got to get some sleep,
honey. You come with me.

She starts to take him away from daddy. And he starts crying.

CAROL
Honey, he can't play with you right
now.

But that's no comfort to the crying child. His crying only
increases as they get closer to the door.

BILL
Carol.

Carol stops. Bill motions her back. Carol reluctantly moves back
to the bed and hands Ben back to Bill. And Ben immediately stops
crying as he starts to pull at daddy's hair. Carol sits down on
the bed with them. Giving in.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. HIGHWAY DINER - NIGHT

74

Typical two lane highway truck-stop diner with neon sign humming
overhead - THE RANGE CAFE. Semi trucks parked in front amid the
pick-ups. OREGON license plates. COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC drifts
out from a jukebox inside.

75 INT. DINER - NIGHT

75

A FEW TRUCKERS are scattered about booths and counter stools. Lots of caps, cowboy hats, and boots. A blonde beehive-hair-doed WAITRESS weaves across the room with two plates. She deposits them at a table with TWO COWBOYS, then proceeds to a back booth.

Two men are in the booth - Stick and Caylor. Both look tired. Unshaved. Just finishing dinner. Stick is eyeing a PAIR OF RATTLESNAKE SKIN COWBOY BOOTS on the feet of a cowboy at the next table. Caylor is reading from a pocket Bible as he eats.

CAYLOR

You ever thought about what happens when you die?

STICK

You mean am I goin' to heaven or hell?

(X)
(X)

CAYLOR

Yeah.

(X)
(X)

STICK

I'm not goin' anywhere. I'm gonna be reincarnated as a judge.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CAYLOR

(smiles)

Le'me know where you're gonna be.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Stick nods, finishes his last bite of food.

(X)

CAYLOR

You sure she's still got the money?

STICK

I'm sure.

CAYLOR

How d'you know? You haven't seen her in two years.

(X)

Stick leans in close to Caylor.

STICK

Because she doesn't know she's got it.

The waitress deposits a check on the table.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

Stick stares up at the pretty waitress for a moment, then he stands and puts his arms around her. Hugging her.

(X)
(X)

She's not completely surprised because working in this joint she gets a lot of passes. (X)
(X)

WAITRESS (X)
Hey, I'm not on the menu. (X)

Stick hugs her for a moment longer - it feels good to hold a woman again. (X)
(X)

MAN'S VOICE (X)
Hey, Lorrie, that guy botherin' you? (X)

~~Stick tenses slightly. The waitress waves the man off. She can~~ (X)
handle it. Then Stick lets go. Smiles at her, a little (X)
embarrassed. (X)

WAITRESS
You okay now? (X)

STICK
Yeah, sorry. (X)

Stick turns, looks at the man who made the remark - it's the guy (X)
with the snakeskin boots. He's a bit drunk and he's watching (X)
Stick as well as he downs another straight shot of whiskey. Stick (X)
turns back to the waitress, who starts to clear away the dishes. (X)

STICK
You got a payphone?

WAITRESS
Back by the restrooms. But watch out.
It's like playin' a slot machine.
Except with a slot you have better
odds.

The waitress smiles at Stick as if to say what he did was (X)
alright. Then she leaves. Stick looks at Caylor. (X)

STICK
Pay the bill, then go to the car.

Then he heads toward the back.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAY PHONE

76

Stick pulls some change out of his pocket, drops in two dimes, dials. The COWBOY with the expensive rattlesnake boots squeezes past him and enters the men's room. He's singing an out of tune Country Western song.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Directory assistance.
(line STATIC)
What city?

- NIGHT

80

O:

77

one. Watching Maria's living room phone through
it instead of ringing, Bill gets a BUSY SIGNAL.
ed.

NIGHT

81

thing the bedroom window. We CAN SEE HER PHONE
We can HEAR it RINGING. Finally Maria

behind Maria's
ALSA MUSIC.

NIGHT

82

78

phone. She thinks it's the same person she
because her tone is less than joyful.

e's wearing (X)
PHONE RINGS. She (X)
wly her dancing (X)
s hearing. (X)
xpress herself

MARIA

lo.

CUT TO:

Then she holds
ing at her. And
making a face
Then she
alking to

CAFE - NIGHT

83

STICK

ia --

79

CUT TO:

l --

LOSE ANGLE

84

ire.

CUT TO:

85

o dead.

MARIA

lo?...

(no response)

lo?

She taps the button. No dial tone. She hangs
s she recognized the voice.

CUT TO:

Placing them

CAFE - NIGHT

86

, waiting.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
(bad connection;
STATIC)

I'm sor--, sir, that --ne seems --
have gone -ead.

STICK

Shit!

He slams the receiver down. Angry. Bangs the unit a couple of times, then checks for a refunded coin. Nothing. This makes him even angrier. He can HEAR FAINT OUT OF TUNE SINGING coming from the men's room.

87 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

87

The drunk cowboy is washing his hands at the sink as he sings. He looks over at Stick as he enters. Stops singing. Then goes back to his hand washing. (V)

STICK

Nice boots.

The cowboy looks up again.

STICK (CONT.)

Mind if I try 'em on?

The cowboy is a little surprised by the request.

COWBOY

You kiddin'?

STICK

No, I wanna buy 'em.

COWBOY

Buddy, either I'm too drunk to hear right or you're too drunk to know what you're askin'.

Stick pulls the .44 from under his jacket, points it right between the cowboy's eyes, cocking the hammer back.

STICK

Which do you think it might be?

The cowboy starts to take off his boots as we --

CUT TO:

88 EXT. BACK OF BAR - NIGHT

88

Stick climbs out the men's room window carrying a pair of snake skin cowboy boots. He runs across the dirt parking lot to the car. Engine already running. Caylor behind the wheel.

89 INT. CAR - NIGHT

89

Stick gets in, slams the door.

STICK

Go!

Caylor hits the gas and the car tears out. Stick is going through the man's wallet. Pulling out six one hundred dollar bills.

STICK

You can always tell what some assholes
got in his wallet by the boots he
wears.

He tosses the money onto the seat, then proceeds to put on the boots.

STICK

I always wanted a pair of snakeskin
shitkickers.

Stick struggles with the boots for a moment, pulling them on, then he sticks one foot up on the dash to admire the boot.

STICK

The Lone Ranger rides again.

90 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

90

The car tears down the highway. TWO OLD SHOES suddenly come flying out the window as the car disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

91 INT. STAKE-OUT - NIGHT

91

Bill is watching Maria's house through binoculars.

92 P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

92

of Chris moving up the front steps. He starts to ring the bell then stops. He checks his reflection in a window. Combing back his hair.

BILL (V.O.)

I don't believe it.

Satisfied, Chris turns back to the door. But before ringing the bell he glances at Bill (TOWARD CAMERA) and smiles.

BILL (CONT. V.O.)

What an asshole.

Chris rings the DOORBELL. Waits, then RINGS AGAIN. Maria opens the door. She's still in her sweats. She was just ready to leave.

MARIA

Yes?

Chris stares at her for a moment. She's even prettier than the photographs.

CHRIS

Sorry to disturb you so late, I'm with the phone company. Apparently there's been a line problem in your neighborhood.

MARIA

Seriously?

CHRIS

There's nothing wrong with your phone?

MARIA

No, I mean yes, my phone's dead, I just can't believe you're already here.

CHRIS

We got a lotta calls, whole neighborhood's down.

MARIA

Oh...

They stare at each other for a moment as we --

CUT TO:

93 BILL

93

watching through binoculars.

BILL

Quit lookin' at her tits and turn on the charm. Get in the house.

CUT BACK TO:

94 CHRIS AND MARIA

94

MARIA

I've got to leave in a few minutes.

CHRIS

It shouldn't take too long, but if it's easier I can come back tomorrow.

BILL'S VOICE

Smile, Lecce. Show her you're a nice warm guy.

As if Chris could hear Bill, he smiles warmly.

BILL'S VOICE
That's it. Beautiful.

MARIA
I suppose if I don't let you fix it
now, I'll be without a phone for a
week.

CHRIS
No, five days max.

Maria stares at Chris for a moment. Then he smiles.

BILL'S VOICE
Come on, Maria, how can you resist
him? He's charming, handsome,
witty... well, maybe not witty --

MARIA
If it won't take long...
(steps aside)
Come on in.

Chris enters the house.

CUT TO:

95 BILL

95

lowering the binoculars. He smiles. Picks up a coke, pops the
top, toasts to Chris, and drinks.

CUT BACK TO:

96 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

96

Maria leads Chris into the living room past her BICYCLE leaning
against the wall.

MARIA
There's one phone in here.
(motions down hall)
And another in the bedroom.

CHRIS
I'll make it as fast as I can.

Chris crosses to the phone. Maria watches him. He notices
SEVERAL ART OBJECTS and a COUPLE OF PAINTINGS all depicting
SKELETONS (singing, dancing, etc.) - Mexican Folk art - reflecting
the celebration of the "Day of the Dead". She's obviously a
collector of this stuff.

He goes about checking the phone - listening to it, examining the
wiring.

He is aware that Maria is watching him. He glances at her. Smiles. She returns it. Chris turns back to the phone. Maria moves back down the hall.

Once she's gone, Chris quickly places a earplug into his ear.

BILL'S VOICE
(over earphone)
She's heading for the bedroom.

Chris unscrews the receiver, takes a small device from his pocket and inserts it.

97 INTERCUT WITH MARIA IN HER BEDROOM AND BILL AT THE WINDOW 97

Maria is hurriedly cleaning her bedroom up. Quickly making the bed. Throwing her robe and shoes and pants into the closet. Stuffing socks and a bra under the bed.

Bill watches from the window with his binoculars as he talks to Chris through a radio mic.

BILL
She's cleaning up. Trying to make
a good impression. Don't look under
the bed.

98 CHRIS 98

finishes with the phone.

BILL'S VOICE
She's coming back.

Chris pulls the plug out of his ear and looks up as Maria comes back into the room.

CHRIS
This one looks alright. Okay if I
check the other?

MARIA
Sure.

Chris moves down the hall, enters the --

99 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 99

-- and moves to the nightstand next to the bed. The room is now very clean. Chris looks around. Taking in the surroundings. He puts the ear piece back into his ear. Sits down on the bed.

BILL'S VOICE
-- hits a long drive to centerfield,
(MORE)

BILL'S VOICE (Cont'd)
 Jackson goes back, awaaaaay back.
 She's gone.
 (hisses like crowd
 cheering)

Chris gives a look toward the window as he unscrews the receiver on the phone. He knows Bill is looking at him.

BILL'S VOICE
 She's in the kitchen, just in case
 you were curious.

Chris mouths a "thank you" then takes the bug out of his pocket and drops it on the floor.

BILL'S VOICE
 Uh-oh, losing finger dexterity as you
 close in on your twilight years.

Chris very precisely flips Bill off, showing how dexterous his fingers really are. Then he reaches down to get the bug when he notices a NEWSPAPER on the floor - headlines and story about Montgomery's escape.

BILL'S VOICE
 Now is no time to be pausing for the
 news.

Chris reaches under the bed, coming up with the bug and a bra with a sock stuck on the clip. He stares at the bra and sock.

BILL'S VOICE
 It's a bra, Chris.

Annoyed by the commentary, Chris stuffs it back under the bed, then goes back to work on the phone. Finishing with the bug. He moves to the doorway, looks out. No sign of Maria.

CUT TO:

100	BILL'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS	100
	of Chris through the bedroom window. At the door.	
101	BILL	101
	watches for a moment.	

BILL
 (into radio)
 What're you doing?

102	BINOCULAR P.O.V.	102
	Chris listens for a moment, then moves to her dresser.	

BILL'S VOICE

Come on, Chris, she's in the house
for chrissake. Don't screw around.

Chris turns toward the window, mouths something that looks like
"just shut up and tell me when she's coming, alright?" P.O.V. PANS
ACROSS HOUSE looking for Maria. CONTINUES TO KITCHEN AND STOPS
when Maria appears. Closing the refrigerator door.

BILL (CONT. V.O.)

If you blow this and we get the shit
detail...

CUT BACK TO:

103 CHRIS

103

closing the second dresser drawer and opening the third. Trying
not to pay any attention to Bill's comments. Chris looks quickly
through the contents.

CUT TO:

104 BINOCULAR P.O.V.

104

of Maria leaving the kitchen --

BILL'S VOICE

Chris, she's coming.

-- moving across the living room. P.O.V. PANS QUICKLY TO BEDROOM.
Chris can't be seen.

BILL'S VOICE

Where the hell are you?!

105 BILL

105

is going crazy, trying to locate Chris with the binocs.

BILL

Goddammit! Chris! SHE'S COMING!

CUT TO:

106 CHRIS

106

at Maria's closet as Bill's voice almost blows his ear out. Chris
pulls the earphone out, rubs his ear. But he got the message.
He shuts the closet door.

CUT TO:

107 BINOCULAR P.O.V. PANS QUICKLY BACK TO HALLWAY

107

and Maria is almost to the bedroom.

BILL'S VOICE
JESUS CHRIST!

CUT TO:

108 MARIA - INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

108

moving down the hall and entering --

109 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

109

-- where Chris is examining the phone jack and wires. Just like
he should be. Maria is a little upset. On edge.

MARIA

Look, I really have to go. It's just
a lousy time. I'm embarrassed to tell
you, but I've gotta go over to a
friend's house and borrow some money.
Reynaldo, my brother, got himself
in jail. Maybe you could come back
tomorrow or something. I'm sorry.
I should've told you...

(X)

(X)

CHRIS

It's okay, I'm done.

MARIA

It's fixed?

CHRIS

Almost. It's not inside. I'll check
the pole outside.

MARIA

Thanks.

Chris moves toward the door. They pass at the door and Chris'
equipment bag accidentally brushes her.

CHRIS

Sorry.

They stare at each other again. For just a moment, then Chris
smiles, and heads down the hall. Maria watches him.

CUT TO:

110 INT. STAKE-OUT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

110

Bill is pacing in front of the window. We HEAR THE BACK DOOR OPEN
and --

CHRIS' VOICE

I'm in love.

Bill stops pacing. Takes a deep breath to calm himself. Chris enters, pulling off his phone company overalls. Back to street clothes. He gives Bill a very serious look.

CHRIS

I'm leaving you, Bill. I must face up to my heterosexuality. But don't worry, I'll provide for you.

BILL

(not listening)

What the hell were you doin'?

CHRIS

Puttin' in the bug, what d'you think I was doin'?

BILL

(upset)

I don't call goin' through the woman's drawers puttin' in a goddamn bug!

CHRIS

Calm down, don't blow a bowel. I thought I saw something in the closet that coulda told us if she'd talked to Montgomery.

(X)

Chris takes the binoculars from Bill, looks out the window.

CHRIS (CONT.)

She's gone. How long ago?

Bill tries to calm down, looks at his watch.

BILL

About ten minutes.

CHRIS

I'm goin' back to check it out.

Chris puts on his jacket. Bill just watches him for a moment, then --

BILL

Chris, for Chrissake, this is the Fed's party. I don't want to get my ass canned for illegal procedure okay?

CHRIS

(mimics)

Chris, for Chrissake, this is the Fed's party. I don't want to get my ass canned for illegal procedure okay?

(normal voice)

You're not gonna get your ass canned.

(MORE)

CHRIS (Cont'd)

The worst that can happen is they
suspend you for a couple years.

(Bill gives him a
look)

Look, if I find something that helps
nail Montgomery I guarantee you
nobody's gonna give a damn as to how
we got it.

Chris hands the binocs back to Bill and heads for the door.

BILL

Chris.

Chris stops in the doorway. Bill opens an equipment case, pulls
out a walkie-talkie. Tosses it to Chris.

BILL

If I tell you to get out, get out.
Okay?

Chris smiles then points his finger at him, pulls the trigger,
and exits. Bill stares at the door for a beat, then shakes his
head and picks up the binoculars.

CUT TO:

111 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

111

Dark. We HEAR the SQUEAK of HINGES and the WINDOW opens. Chris
climbs into the room. Flicks on the walkie-talkie.

CHRIS

You there?

BILL'S VOICE

You in?

CHRIS

I'm in.

BILL'S VOICE

Then hurry up.

Chris moves to the closet, takes down a shoebox marked LETTERS,
returns to the bed. He opens the box, removing a stack of papers.
He quickly flips through the stack. Finding a letter. He takes
a small penlight out of his pocket, turns it on and starts to
read. The WALKIE TALKIE suddenly BUZZES.

BILL'S VOICE

(LOUD)

CAR!

Chris jumps. Shuts off the light, moves to the window. A car
passes on the street outside.

Chris watches the car move down the street. Then looks out the window toward Bill.

BILL'S VOICE

Sorry.

CHRIS

(into w.t.)

Will you quit worryin'. You're makin' me nervous.

(moves back to bed)

BILL'S VOICE

I'm making you nervous?

CHRIS

(flicks on penlight)

I think I found something. A letter from Montgomery. Addressed to her.

(glances at envelope)

Envelope's dated four months ago.

(reads letter)

"You haven't come here in three years. I gave you everything and now I don't hear from you. But I know what you're doing. I've got friends, remember? They tell me you were seeing a couple of guys. I guess I gave you more credit than you were worth. In fact I think it's fucked, but I'll deal with that when I get out."

BILL'S VOICE

Now how could she have dumped a charmer like him?

CHRIS

She's obviously got no taste.

(continues to read)

"Look, baby, the stuff I said to you still holds."

BILL'S VOICE

You don't know how much that means to me, darling.

CHRIS

I'm reading the letter.

BILL'S VOICE

Oh, sorry. I got caught up in the emotion of the moment.

CHRIS

(reading)

"T.C.'s been down to see me. He says he's called you, but you won't talk to him. Well things are gonna happen soon."

112 INTERCUT WITH BILL - INT. STAKE-OUT - NIGHT

112

standing watch.

CHRIS'S VOICE

Here's something. Better take this
down. Looks like this T.C. pal of
his is in Seattle, works on the docks.

BILL

Another car!

Chris shuts off the light.

Bill watches the car through his binocs as it moves down the street. It closes on Maria's house, then passes. Continuing on.

CHRIS

You're worse than my mother.

BILL

I guess it's about time you knew the truth... I am your mother.

CHRIS

(flicks on light;
reading)

... there's an address. 727
Hamilton...

BILL

(writing)

... 727 what?

CHRIS

Hamilton.

BILL

Got it.

CHRIS

Now he's talking about some furniture he gave her for her birthday. Wants to know if she still has it --

Bill looks up for the first time since he started taking notes.

113 BILL'S P.O.V.

113

of Maria carrying her bicycle up the stairs.

'14 BILL
panics.

114

BILL
Jesus Christ!

Grabs the binoculars. We continue to HEAR --

CHRIS'S VOICE
Apparently it means alot to him.
Maybe --

BILL
(grabs walkie-talkie)
Get out! She's coming in!

CHRIS
What?

BILL
SHE'S AT THE DOOR!

Then Chris HEARS the KEY in the LOCK. He shuts off the walkie-talkie.

115 MARIA

115

shuts the front door, leans her bicycle against the wall and heads for the bedroom. She's in a hurry.

116 INT. BEDROOM

116

Chris stuffs the letters and papers back into the nightstand. FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. He looks quickly for a place to hide. Holy Shit! The window is still open. He leaps for the window, pulls it shut, then dives and rolls under the bed just as Maria comes into the room.

She flicks on the light. Crosses to the bed.

ANGLE UNDER BED

Chris is trying hard not to breathe.

HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA'S LEGS

as she kicks off her gym shoes. A moment later her sweat pants fall to the floor.

CHRIS

can't believe this is happening. Next her shorts fall to the floor. Now he can see her naked legs. Then he remembers the walkie-talkie. He looks around quickly. Then he remembers --

ANGLE INCLUDING WALKIE-TALKIE

on the nightstand. Maria is continuing to undress. She hasn't seen it.

CHRIS

strains to see if he can see the walkie-talkie. But Maria is still undressing. He's stuck. Finally her bare feet pad across the room, disappearing into the bathroom. We HEAR MUSIC from a small TAPE PLAYER start.

Then we HEAR the SHOWER. Then the DOOR OPENS, CLOSES. A beat, then Maria starts to sing along with the tape. Chris waits another moment, then crawls out.

MARIA'S VOICE

(singing)

-- "Todo el mundo busca su comodidad
y esto ha sido asi toda la vida" --

Chris quickly grabs the walkie-talkie. Then looks at the clothes on the floor. He glances toward the bathroom. SHOWER RUNNING. Chris hesitates. Temptation. Then he crosses slowly to the bathroom door.

MARIA'S VOICE

(singing)

--"y el que va adelante casi nunca
mira atras para ayudar al que lo pida.
Pero hoy dia llega la necesidad de
seguir un rumbo diferente."

Chris peers slowly around.

117 HIS P.O.V. (SLOWLY REVEALING)

117

the bathroom and the shower with Maria's naked figure visible behind the shower curtain. She's still singing. And her voice isn't bad.

118 CHRIS

118

is mesmerized for a moment by Maria's shapely figure. Then he suddenly feels a little guilty watching this private moment, overstepping the bounds of his job. She stops singing for a moment as she gargles. Then suddenly the SHOWER shuts off. The curtain draws open.

Chris pulls back quickly and makes a beeline for the window. Climbing out and falling back, but pulling the window shut just before Maria enters, wearing a robe. Humming the song and drying her hair with a towel.

119 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

119

Chris lies on the ground under the window where he fell, gritting his teeth in what looks like pain, but careful not to move. Pressing himself back against the wall.

The curtains close in the bedroom above. Now he can move. And when he does, he pulls his badge out from under him - PIN OPEN - and bent slightly where he landed on it. He rubs his side, then slips painfully into the night.

FADE OUT:

120 OMITTED

120

FADE IN:

121 EXT. CHRIS' CONDO - MORNING

121

A VOLVO STATION WAGON is parked in the driveway. Chris' car rounds the corner. Parks in front. Chris gets out, moves up the front walk. Looks at the Volvo as he walks past. The rear door is open and boxes are inside.

122 INT. CHRIS' CONDO - MORNING

122

As he enters the condo, Chris is met in the doorway by BONNIE. She's attractive, thirty-seven, and moving out a few forgotten items. Both stop in the doorway.

BONNIE

I thought I could get this done before you got home.

CHRIS

Why didn't you call?

BONNIE

I couldn't think of anything to say that we hadn't already screamed.

CHRIS

You could've left me a phone number.

BONNIE

Why?

CHRIS

So I coulda sent you a letter why d'you think?

Bonnie stares at him for a moment, then moves past, heading for the car. Chris follows.

123 EXT. CONDO - MORNING

123

Bonnie carries the box to the car, slides it into the back, then shuts the tailgate.

CHRIS

Sure you got everything?

BONNIE

Everything but the year and a half.

Bonnie moves to the driver's side, gets in.

CHRIS

What about your mail?

Bonnie hesitates for a moment, then --

BONNIE

I moved back with Frank.

CHRIS

Your divorce became final six months ago and you're moving back? Why don't you go out on your own for a change? Be alone for awhile.

BONNIE

(starting car)

Because I had too much of being alone when I was with you.

They stare at each other for a moment, then --

BONNIE (CONT.)

Why don't you get some sleep. You look horrible.

Bonnie hits the gas and pulls down the waterfront street. Leaving Chris alone in front of the condo.

CUT TO:

124 INT. SHOWER - MORNING

124

Chris is standing in the shower. Letting the water pound onto him. He's holding a glass. It's empty. He bends down, picks up a bottle of scotch on the shower floor, pours some into the glass, then holds the glass under the shower to add water. Instantly mixed, he drinks. Then, almost unconsciously, he starts humming the tune Maria was singing in the shower.

CUT TO:

125 INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

125

Chris is nailing a blanket over the windows. Trying to get it dark. It works fairly well. But there is no way he's going to keep out the NOISE of the JACK HAMMER digging up the street outside. He steps down from the chair. Moves to the bed. Picks up the phone, dials.

CHRIS

Lynn, Lecce. I want you to run a name. Reynaldo McGuire... Yeah. Find out if he was arrested, when, and what for? Thanks. Good-night.

Chris hangs up, lies down, and stares at the ceiling with the SOUNDS of the new day reverberating in the room.

CUT TO:

126 A REFRIGERATOR - INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

126

as it's opened. Revealing a dog turd on a plate and nothing else.

BILL (O.S.)

The bastards.

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill is standing in front of the empty refrigerator. Angry.

BILL

They ate everything and left us a goddamn dog turd.

He takes out the plate and throws it in the trash. He heads into the --

127 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

127

-- where Chris is hanging up a 16X20 print of Maria on the wall. The room is now even homier than before - some make-shift curtains - a couple of ratty chairs. And a portable heater is keeping things warm.

BILL

I'm gonna get those guys. I don't know how, but I'm gonna get 'em.

CHRIS

Gimme the keys. I'll go to the store.

Bill tosses the keys to Chris. He puts on his jacket over his hip HOLSTER and heads for the door as we --

CUT TO:

128 INT. ORIENTAL MARKET - NIGHT

128

A small neighborhood market. Just a few aisles and one check out. Chris pushes his cart down the aisle. Half full with their usual junk food. He stops at the cookie shelf. Picks a box from the shelf and drops it into the basket. That's when he sees --

A YOUNG MAN

-- in his twenties take something from the shelf and stick it into his jacket pocket. Shoplifting right in front of him. The young man starts down the aisle toward Chris.

CHRIS

hesitates. But duty calls. He moves to the young man.

CHRIS

Hey, pal.

The young man stops. Nervous. Chris reaches into the man's pocket, pulls out a can of sardines.

CHRIS

If you're gonna shoplift...
(the young man's eyes
go wide; caught)
... do it right.

Chris adeptly demonstrates the true art of shoplifting. Slipping the can of sardines into his own pocket with a magician's skill. The young man, not knowing what to make of this guy, forces a smile.

YOUNG MAN

Thanks.

CHRIS

Don't mention it.

Then the young man backs off a couple steps, then hurriedly makes his exit. Chris watches him, then puts the sardines into his cart and pushes the cart down the aisle. That's when he sees something that makes his heart stop.

HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA

pushing a cart down the aisle right toward him.

CHRIS

quickly turns - not wanting to be seen. He quickly pushes his cart down the aisle in the opposite direction. Rounds the corner. Stops at the end of the aisle. And breathes a little easier. Then he peers slowly back around.

2/2/87

HIS P.O.V. OF THE AISLE

as ANOTHER WOMAN is pushing her cart toward him. But no sign of Maria.

ANGLE INCLUDING CHRIS AND THE AISLE

Chris can't believe she's disappeared that fast. He carefully turns around and looks down the aisle behind him and WHAT HE DOESN'T SEE ON THE AISLE BEHIND HIM IS MARIA STAND UP BEHIND THE OTHER WOMAN.

Maria had been kneeling down to get a box on a lower shelf. Now she puts it in her basket and heads toward Chris.

Chris doesn't see Maria on this aisle either. And he doesn't realize she's closing in on him from behind. Stumped, Chris turns back around. He's now facing the aisle Maria is coming up. And she's almost to him just as he decides to peer around the aisle one more time.

But he's going to be dead if he does because she's only ten feet from running right into him. But as he leans out to look, Maria stops to examine a box of food. Just missing seeing him.

Chris pulls his head back fast. Then spins around and pushes his cart quickly away.

129 ANGLE - THE CHECK-OUT REGISTERS

A long line of them. Each with SHOPPERS in line. And at the far end - the door to freedom. CAMERA PANS TO CHRIS. Watching. Waiting. There's a lot of open space between himself and the exit. But there's no sign of Maria.

Chris hesitates, then heads for the exit. And just as he gets half-way there, a CART is pushed out from one of the aisles and MARIA IS PUSHING IT. Chris makes a sharp left into one of the check-out lines. Turning his back quickly.

CHRIS

carefully positions his back to Maria as he unloads his cart. In the b.g. Maria is moving her cart right to his line. There is an OVERWEIGHT MAN in front of Chris, checking out, and blocking any path of escape. Chris can feel someone getting into line behind him.

MARIA

Excuse me.

He doesn't want to turn around.

MARIA (CONT.)

Excuse me, could you hand me the divider?

Chris still doesn't turn around. But the overweight man comes to her rescue. He picks up the rubber divider and hands it to Chris.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

You wanna give this to the lady behind you.

No way out. Chris reluctantly takes the rubber divider and slowly turns. Her face immediately brightens when she sees him.

MARIA

Hi.

CHRIS

Hi.

MARIA

The phone man, right? Remember me?

CHRIS

How are you?

MARIA

Good. How 'bout you?

CHRIS

Okay. How's the phone?

MARIA

Still works. Do you live in the neighborhood?

CHRIS

No, I was in the area... working.

As they talk, the overweight man exits and the cashier checks Chris' through.

MARIA

More phones out?

CHRIS

Always.

Maria smiles. Chris returns it. Then --

CHRIS

You get your brother out?

(X)

MARIA

Not yet.

(X)

CHRIS

It serious?

(X)

MARIA

It's stupid if you ask me. He and
a friend took a girlfriend's father's
car. They thought it would be okay.
It wasn't. He thinks he's teaching
them a lesson.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

CLERK

Thirteen, thirteen.

Chris looks at the clerk, then pulls out his wallet. Pays. He
looks back at Maria.

CHRIS

Well, see you later.

MARIA

Next time my phone breaks.

Chris smiles again, picks up a bag, exits. Maria watches him
go.

(X)

130 EXT. ORIENTAL MARKET - NIGHT

130

Chris crosses to his car, gets in.

131 INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

131

Chris starts up the car and rolls down the window. And he's just
about to pull away when he HEARS --

MARIA

Wait a minute, don't go!

Chris looks over at Maria, who is quickly running up. A grocery
bag in each arm.

CHRIS

(sotto)

Oh God.

MARIA

I'm glad I caught you. You forgot
this.

She holds out one of the bags. Chris looks at the bag.

CHRIS

I did?

MARIA

(looks in bag)

Pretzels, potato chips, crackers,
Coke...

(MORE)

MARIA (Cont'd)

(Chris nods)

The guy called to you, but you
didn't hear him. Anyway, I'm glad
I caught you.

(X)

Chris sighs, takes the bag from Maria.

CHRIS

Yeah. Well, thanks... see you around.

Chris and Maria stare at each other for a moment.

MARIA

Yeah...

Chris starts to shift, then --

MARIA (CONT.)

You wouldn't be heading in my
direction, would you? I'm sorry, I
don't know your name.

CHRIS

(hesitates)

Steve...

MARIA

I'm Maria. I'll trade you a cup of
coffee for a ride home, Steve. My
bike's got a flat and this bag is
already getting heavy.

Now what does he do?

CUT TO:

132 TELESCOPE P.O.V. OF CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

132

coming down the street. But instead of passing Maria's house,
it turns into the driveway.

133 BILL - INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT

133

jerks back from the telescope. Did he just see what he thinks
he saw? He quickly looks back through the --

134 TELESCOPE

134

-- and sees Chris and Maria getting out of the car. Chris pulls
her bike from the back seat and carries it up the stairs for her.

BILL'S VOICE

I don't believe it.

Chris and Maria arrive at the front door. She enters. But before Chris does, he turns toward CAMERA (BILL) and offers a little shrug.

135 BILL

135

stands in complete and utter disbelief for a moment, then sits down on the couch. And stares blankly at the wall.

BILL
I don't believe it.

The PHONE RINGS. The TAPE MACHINE immediately kicks on. Bill looks at the tape machine, then the phone. And answers.

BILL
Yeah.

CHRIS
I'm gonna be a little late.

BILL
No, no, take your time.

CHRIS
I just stopped off for a cup a coffee.

BILL
Are you nuts?

CHRIS
I'll be there as soon as I can.

BILL
Don't hurry on my account, have two cups. There's nothin' goin' on here. Just some dull old police work.

CHRIS
Sure you don't mind. Great. I'll see you in half an hour... or so.

BILL
Can't wait.

CUT TO:

136 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

136

Chris, sitting at the kitchen table, hangs up the phone. He is staring out the window, toward the stake-out, with a large grin. He's oddly enjoying this. Maria approaches with two cups of coffee.

MARIA
Everything okay?

CHRIS

Yeah. I was gonna meet a friend of mine for drinks.

They both sip their coffee for a moment.

MARIA

Girlfriend?

CHRIS

No, a guy at the phone company.

MARIA

You must be roasting. You wanna take off your jacket?

Chris tenses slightly. He can't take it off because of his gun.

CHRIS

My jacket? No, I'm fine.

MARIA

You sure?

CHRIS

Yeah, really. I'm fine.

(changing the subject)

What's with all the skeletons?

MARIA

Oh.

(smiles)

I was born on the day of the dead.

That's a big day in Latino cultures.

It's a day to make fun of death.

(shrugs)

So every year, as long as I can remember, someone in my family has always given me some kind of skeleton on my birthday. As a joke. So now I've got a full graveyard.

CHRIS

You have a big family?

MARIA

My younger brother, still living at home with my mom, except this week, one sister in Los Angeles, and about two hundred cousins, aunts and uncles in Vera Cruz.

(V)

(V)

CHRIS

What's your brother do?

MARIA
(shrugs)
Trying to decide what to do.

CHRIS
How old is he?

MARIA
Nineteen.

A beat, then --

(V)

CHRIS
Look, I know a couple of cops. I
could ask, you know, see what's goin'
on.

MARIA
You think they'd tell you?

CHRIS
If they want their phones to work.

Maria stares at Chris for a moment, then --

MARIA
I'd appreciate it... You want
something to eat?

CHRIS
No, I'm fine.

MARIA
It's no trouble. I gotta be at work
in about an hour so I'm just gonna
make something quick.

Chris glances out the window, then --

MARIA (CONT.)
Come on, I'm not gonna poison you.

Maria gets up, opens the refrigerator and starts pulling stuff
out.

CHRIS
Well...

MARIA
You like Mexican food? I make a mean
Camarones Veracruzanos.

CHRIS
How mean?

MARIA
You like spicy food?

CHRIS

I love spicy food.

MARIA

Then you're gonna want to marry me
after this.

Maria goes about preparing the meal as Chris settles back in his chair. He looks out the window toward the stake-out. Then looks back toward Maria.

CUT TO:

137 BILL - INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Bill is sitting on the couch. Playing solitaire. Cheating. Finally, completely frustrated, he throws down the cards. Looks at his watch. It's eight. He gets up, moves to the window and looks out --

138 THE TELESCOPE

138

-- at Maria's KITCHEN WINDOW - We can see Maria and Chris eating dinner. And apparently having a grand ol' time. Chris says something and Maria laughs.

139 BILL

139

pulls back from the telescope. Steaming. He rubs his face with his hands.

BILL

I gotta be nuts. This cannot be
happening.

He looks back through --

140 THE TELESCOPE

140

-- and sees Chris popping the cork on a wine bottle. Maria is talking away and Chris is now laughing. He turns to the window as if wanting Bill to know what a good time he's really having. And without Maria seeing him, he points his finger and pulls the trigger at Bill.

BILL'S VOICE

I'm gonna kill him.

CUT TO:

141 INT. MARIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

141

Dinner is over and Maria and Chris are finishing off the wine. The first round of small talk has ended. Leaving a bit of an awkward silence. Chris is looking a little warm. They exchange a look and smile, then round two begins.

CHRIS

That really was one of the great meals
of my life.

MARIA

I don't know. I must've made a
mistake. I still haven't heard a
proposal.

CHRIS

(smiles)

Okay, what the hell. Will you marry
me?

MARIA

Not so fast. I can cook, but what
can you offer me?

CHRIS

(a beat, then --)

Long distance.

MARIA

(smiles)

I'll think about it.

CHRIS

You ever been married?

(X)

MARIA

No. Thought about it once. A couple
years ago. One mistake I fortunately
didn't make.

CHRIS

Was it the guy or you just don't like
the idea of gettin' married?

MARIA

The guy. My fault. I should've known
better.

CHRIS

You ever hear from...

MARIA

No.

Maria finishes off her wine. Both of them are feeling the
effects.

MARIA (CONT.)

Well, he still writes to me a couple
times a year. But I don't answer.
You'd think he'd take a hint.

CHRIS

Some guys miss some of the signs.

MARIA

This guy missed the billboards.

Both are quiet for a moment, then --

CHRIS

Well, look, I really should get going.

Maria looks at her watch.

MARIA

Me, too. I got the late shift tonight.

She makes a face - obviously not her favorite shift. They get up from the table. Chris starts to pick up his dishes.

MARIA

No, leave 'em. I'll do 'em in a couple of years.

Maria walks Chris into --

THE LIVING ROOM

-- toward the door.

CHRIS

Where is he?

MARIA

Who?

CHRIS

Your ex.

Maria opens the door for him. Chris hesitates in the doorway.
She stares at him for a moment, then --

(X)

(X)

MARIA

Why're you interested?

CHRIS

(a little off guard)
Well, I just wondered, you know...
if you were seeing anyone in particular.

A beat, then Maria can't help a smile.

MARIA

You think I fix Camarones Veracruzanos for just anyone.

Chris smiles. And suddenly he'd like to kiss her. She's awfully damned pretty. And her smile, ~~so~~ warm. Then reason regains a foothold --

CHRIS

Thanks.

Maria nods and Chris heads down the steps. She watches him for a moment. And we get the feeling that she wouldn't have minded if he had given her a kiss. Then she shuts the door and we --

CUT TO:

142 INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

142

Bill is throwing away his t.v. dinner when Chris comes in the back door. Chris shuts the door, takes off his jacket. Bill just stares at him.

CHRIS

I ran into her in the store. She recognized me as the goddamn phone man -

(Bill nods)

- what the hell was I supposed to do, pretend I'd never seen her before?

Bill shrugs. He knows just how it must have been. Not another choice in the whole wide world.

CHRIS

And anyway we're supposed to be watching the house, right? So I was watching it from inside.

Bill looks at Chris. This logic he's never heard before.

BILL

You gonna see her again? Take her out to dinner? Dancing maybe?

CHRIS

Bill, come on. She fixed me something to eat and that was it.

BILL

Nothing more.

CHRIS

Nothing more.

Chris picks up the binocs, looks toward the house. Both men are silent for a moment, then Chris becomes aware that Bill is staring at him.

CHRIS

We just talked, alright? She had a flat tire and needed a ride home, I gave her a ride home.

BILL

Lynn called. Said Reynaldo McGuire was arrested on the seventeenth for stealing a car. It's Bailey's case. File number -

(looks at notes)

- 090234. Mean anything to you?

Chris is silent for a moment, then --

CHRIS

Gimme a break. I hear her talkin' about someone in jail, I check it out.

BILL

Look, man, you've got seniority here. If you tell me you're checkin' out a lead, I'm gonna believe you're checking out a lead. Just cause you're acting like a teenager in heat is no reason for me to get excited... Is it?

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

CHRIS

If I start acting like a teenager in heat, you won't have to ask.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Chris puts down the binocs. Bill picks them up. Looks toward Maria's house. Chris' gaze wanders up to the large photograph of Maria on the wall.

(X)

Bill puts down the binocs, looks over at Chris who is staring up at the photo. Then Bill moves to the photograph, calmly tears it off the wall and returns to his seat.

CUT TO:

143 A MAN - INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - DAY

143

with his back to us. Standing at the urinal across the room. Suddenly a MAN stands up in the immediate f.g. Shaving cream covering his face. He slides the razor over his cheek. It's takes us a moment to realize it's Stick. LOOKING INTO A MIRROR. The man in the b.g. is the reflection in the mirror.

Stick glances at the man in the b.g. Watching his every move through the mirror.

144 EXT. CAMPGROUND - PUBLIC RESTROOM - PARKING LOT - DAY

144

In the distance the wide Columbia River flows past. Stick exits the restroom, crosses the parking lot to an early model CAMARO with its hood up. He's wearing blue jeans, black t-shirt, and sport coat. Clean shaven and dressed in the jacket he's a handsome and different looking guy.

Caylor is leaning over the Camaro engine.

STICK

How much longer?

Caylor holds out one finger. A moment later the engine starts up and Caylor backs out. Shutting the hood.

CAYLOR

The carburetor sucks. But what can you expect when you steal a used car, you get somebody else's problems.

They get into the car. And roar out of the lot. Past a SIGN which reads WASHINGTON STATE BORDER 5 MILES.

CUT TO:

.5 STEAM - INT. SHOWER - DAY

145

filling up the shower stall. A hand turns up the hot water even hotter. In the midst of all the moist air we find Chris. Letting the water pour down on him. The hotter the better.

146 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

146

We can HEAR the WORK CREW OUTSIDE DIGGING UP THE STREET. Chris comes out of the bathroom. Dressed in a ratty old green terrycloth robe. Hair still wet. He crosses to the dresser. Reaches into a small papersack. Pulls out a bottle of sleeping pills. Pops the top as he moves to his bed and sits down. He stares at the two pills in hand for a moment. Then he sets them on the bed table, gets up and starts to dress.

CUT TO:

147 CLOSE UP - CHRIS

147

watching something. Or someone. Chris is sitting in his car outside a restaurant. CAMERA PANS TO HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA inside the restaurant. She's carrying a tray filled with orders. What she doesn't see is A BUSBOY carrying another tray filled with dirty dishes. They can't see each other. And they're on a collision course.

Chris' eyes widen as he watches the impending crash. But at the last minute, as she rounds the corner, Maria does an incredible move, that only an experienced waitress could get away with, almost ballet like in its beauty, avoiding the busboy as if he weren't there, and continuing on to her table.

Chris smiles. Then it fades. Is he really doing this? What kind of mess is he setting himself up for? He starts up the engine, pulls away.

CUT TO:

148 INT. INTERVIEW CELL - DAY

148

Wire dividing the room in half. A door opens. A YOUNG MAN, nineteen, is lead in. He sits down. Stares at someone we can't see.

YOUNG MAN
So what'd I do now?

CHRIS' VOICE
Reynaldo, right?

REYNALDO
Ray.

CAMERA PANS TO TWO SHOT INCLUDING CHRIS.

CHRIS
I hear you got yourself in a little trouble.

REYNALDO
You a cop?

CHRIS
You a criminal?

REYNALDO
No. This girl's father's got it in for me.

CHRIS
Why?

REYNALDO
He doesn't want me seeing his daughter.

CHRIS
She's pretty precious, huh?

REYNALDO
(he likes her)
Yeah.

CHRIS

Why'd you hotwire the car?

REYNALDO

She said it'd be okay. I was stupid.

CHRIS

Not great bein' in here is it?

REYNALDO

Why d'you care?

CHRIS

I wanna find out what kind of guy you are before I get you out.

A beat, then Reynaldo leans forward, the edge gone.

REYNALDO

Get me out. I can't take another night of this.

CHRIS

You like workin' with your hands?

(hands Reynaldo a
piece of paper)It's seven-thirty to five.
Construction. You start Monday. And
you go home everynight. And I mean
everynight. That's the deal. Take
it, you're out. Break it, you're back
in. Deal?

A beat, then --

REYNALDO

Yeah.

Chris nods, then gets up, exits.

149 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

149

Chris exits the room, heads down the hall past a bench where SEVERAL CRIMINALS are sitting. Not because they like it. But because they're handcuffed to the bench. Chris recognizes one of the criminals -a SEEDY, VERY THIN BALD MAN WITH A BEARD. His name is NED BRAVO. Chris stops.

CHRIS

Well if it isn't my favorite scumbag.

Bravo looks up. He doesn't smile when he sees Chris.

BRAVO

Just when you think nothin' can get worse, look what happens. I find out you ain't dead, yet.

CHRIS

What'd we get you for this time -
pandering, bestiality, or just being
you.

Bravo smiles. Revealing a couple missing teeth.

BRAVO

Illegal u-turn.

CHRIS

Next time, do me a favor, make it in
front of a bus.

Chris smiles back, then continues down the hall. Chris turns --

150 THE CORNER - INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

150

-- and stops dead in his tracks. And his heart sinks --

CHRIS

(under his breath)

Holy shit.

-- as he sees Maria AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL, talking with a
POLICE OFFICER. The officer points right at him, giving her
directions. Chris does an immediate about-face and heads back
down the hall. He turns the corner. And, oh God, now he's face
to face with Captain Gile, coming right toward him. Chris starts
to turn.

GILE

Hey, Lecce. I wanna talk to you.

Chris stops, stuck. Gile approaches --

GILE (CONT.)

You're supposed to be gettin' some
sleep. What're you doin' here?

CHRIS

I thought you wanted to talk to me.

Gile motions for Chris to walk with him. Unfortunately for Chris
it's right back toward the hallway Maria is walking down. And
any second Maria is going to appear.

GILE

A couple cops sitting on a stake-out
in seventh princinct just got caught
on a procedure. Seems they got
overanxious and blew their cover.

Chris is sweating bullets. The cross the intersecting hallway
-Chris trying his best to hide on the opposite side of Gile -
using him as a shield. He glances over Gile's shoulder.

CHRIS' P.O.V. OF MARIA

almost on them. In fact she's moving past them, in back of them, just after they pass through.

CHRIS

holds his breath and watches her out of the corners of his eyes as she continues down the perpendicular hallway. Gile stops at an office doorway, still talking --

GILE CONT.

I don't want that happenin' here.
You pass it on. No funny stuff.

CHRIS

(sigh of relief)
No funny stuff.

GILE

Right.

Gile starts to enter. Chris turns away. And then, to his utter dismay, Maria is just rounding the corner, seemingly lost, and heading RIGHT TOWARD HIM.

GILE

One more thing.

Chris turns back toward Gile, his back now to Maria. He's sure his career is over.

GILE CONT.

Jackson pulled in the blonde guy that tried to knife you in the back. He got an i.d. on him from the prints on the blade. And got a confession last night... Thought you might want to know.

CHRIS

(dying)
Thanks.

Chris holds his ground. Finally Gile enters the office, shutting the door. He starts to turn when he HEARS --

MARIA

(behind him)
Excuse me, I'm looking for --

Chris turns, completely surprising Maria.

MARIA

Steve? What're you doing here?

Chris glances quickly around. Who's watching?

CHRIS

I ahh... what're you doing here? I thought you were at work.

MARIA

They let me off early. I came to see my brother. They only have certain hours --

They are suddenly interrupted by --

BRAVO'S VOICE

Hey, Lecce --

Chris and Maria turn. Bravo is being led away by a UNIFORMED COP. But he's getting in one last word. Pointing at Chris.

BRAVO CONT.

-- one day just you and me, brother.
Just you and me.

It's hard to tell if he's being friendly or he's challenging.

MARIA

Are you in some kind of trouble?

CHRIS

No, ahh, well, kind of. But it's not something that --

Now Chris' eyes really widen because Gile is coming out of the office right next to them.

CHRIS

Look, I gotta go. I ah... I'll talk to you.

Chris heads down the hall very quickly. Leaving behind a very perplexed Maria.

151 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

151

Chris bursts out the doors to safety. He stops, looks back once to make sure she hasn't followed him, then takes a deep breath. He made it. He starts down the steps.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

152

Bill pulls up the alley, parks. He looks up at the house for a moment, then opens the back car door and pulls out a cage with a CAT inside. He gingerly takes the cat out of the cage (for this is one very ornery cat) and puts him into the back of Jack and Phil's car. He quickly shuts the door, then heads up the back stairs.

153 INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

153

Bill enters. Jack and Phil and his dog are ready to go. Phil is picking up the recorder. The floor is damp underneath it.

BILL

Anything?

JACK

The usual. Logged five calls. One from Gail, some friend of hers who just had a fight with her husband. And one from her mother about a recipe for some kind of shrimp dish. At least my wife'll get something outa this.

BILL

She in?

PHIL

Been gone a couple hours. This recorder's shot. You gotta pick up a new one.

Jack and Phil and his dog head for the door with the tape recorder. Phil's dog yips at Bill.

BILL

If your dog bites me, he dies.

PHIL

Yeah, from food poisoning.

BILL

Hey.

(Phil and Jack stop
in the doorway)

Your dog pissed on it, didn't he.

PHIL

You're a detective. You figure it out.

The dog barks and they exit. Bill watches them --

154 THROUGH THE WINDOW

154

-- as Phil instructs his dog to piss on Bill's tire. Then Jack and Phil and dog get into their car. They pull away, moving down the alley just as Chris pulls in. Parks. Gets out. He sees Phil and Jack's car pulling away. Then all hell breaks loose - the car jerks to a stop - doors fly open - Jack and Phil leap out. Jack has the cat clawing at him. Phil's little dog, terrified, leaps out of the car and the cat jumps out and tears down the street after him. Phil then goes chasing after his dog, yelling for him to come back.

And Jack turns and looks back down the alley toward the stake-out house. Mad.

Chris looks up toward the house and sees --

155 BILL

155

in the window. Laughing hysterically. Triumphant. Chris puts two and two together. Then Bill comes out of the house, unable to contain himself.

Chris can't help but enjoy this. He laughs along with him. Bill sits down on the step for a moment, still laughing. Then he settles down.

BILL

Well, the recorder's shot. Phil's dog pissed on it. I gotta go in and pick up another. You'll be okay without me?

CHRIS

Never.

Bill gets up heads for his car. Chris moves up the stairs. Bill starts laughing again as he gets into his car. Chris watches him for a moment, then enters --

156 INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

156

-- and turns toward the kitchen. But something catches his eye.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIA

has been tacked back up on the wall again. But this time SOMEONE HAS DRAWN HUGE BREASTS ON HER.

CHRIS

glares at the photo for a moment, then tears it off the wall. He rips it in half and tosses it to the floor. He looks back out the window as Phil and Jack's car is just pulling away. Then he moves to the telescope. Peers through it.

157 HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA'S HOUSE

157

dark. No one home.

158 CHRIS

158

is no longer relaxed about this. He's worried about her. About him. About everything. He looks at his watch. Then starts to pace.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 BINOCULAR P.O.V. OF MARIA - INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

159

She's wearing baggy grey sweat clothes, having just been on her bike ride. And she's preparing dinner. We HEAR the faint SOUNDS of SALSA MUSIC coming from her house. She opens a bottle of wine and pours a little into the pot on the stove. She hesitates, then pours in more, then takes a swig from the bottle.

160 CHRIS

160

watches for a moment. Then looks at his watch, then the telephone. He glances out the window. No sign of Bill. He picks up the phone, dials. Looks through the telescope again.

MARIA'S VOICE

Hello.

161 INTERCUT BETWEEN MARIA AND CHRIS

161

CHRIS

Hi, it's...
(can't remember,
panics; then -)
... Steve.

MARIA

Oh, hi. How are you?

Chris can see, THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, that she's excited about talking with him.

CHRIS

Good. Look, the reason I called...
I wanted to explain --
(this isn't easy)

MARIA

Thank you.

CHRIS

What?

MARIA

Your friend, the policeman, got my brother out. And he got him a job.

CHRIS

Yeah?

(X)

MARIA

He starts Monday.

CHRIS

That's great.

MARIA

I can't tell you how much it means to me. And to my mother. She wants to meet you. She wants to cook dinner for you. For the next ten years.

Chris suddenly feels a little better.

CHRIS

Well, you know, you needed some help.

A moment of silence, then --

MARIA

We talked about getting together again. I thought maybe you could come over tomorrow --

CHRIS

Maria...

(this isn't easy)

Look, there are things about me you don't know.

Chris is still looking through the telescope. And he can see the disappointment in Maria's face.

MARIA

There are things you don't know about me either. Isn't that why people go out?

CHRIS

Yeah, but there are things about me I can't tell you.

(X)

MARIA

Are you in trouble?

(X)

CHRIS

Kind of.

MARIA

... With the law?

CHRIS

... In a way.

Chris can see that Maria is disappointed. He can also see that the pot on the stove behind her is beginning to burn. Before he can think about the ramifications --

(X)

(X)

(X)

CHRIS

You're food's burning.

(X)

(X)

MARIA

What?

(X)

(X)

We HEAR SIZZLING. Maria turns quickly. Her food is smoking now. She grabs the phone and rushes to the aid of her dinner. Pulling it off the flame. Setting it under running water in the sink. (X)
(X)

MARIA (X)
How'd you know my food was burning? (X)

Now he realizes what he said. (X)

CHRIS (X)
What? (X)

MARIA (X)
My food was burning. Are you (X)
psychic? How'd you know? (X)

CHRIS (X)
I ahh, I heard it. The sizzling. (X)
I just took a guess. (X)

Maria thinks about this for a beat, then -- (X)

MARIA (X)
You have pretty good ears. (X)

CHRIS (X)
Yeah, yeah, I guess I do. (X)

MARIA
Look, let's not worry about our pasts
right now, okay? Give me your number.
I've gotta work tonight, but I'll call
you tomorrow.

CHRIS
My phone number?

MARIA
Yeah. You do have a phone, don't you?

CHRIS
Yeah, yeah, but I'm not there much.

MARIA
Then I'll call you at the office.

CHRIS
No! At home's better. 767-4650.

Just as he finishes giving Maria his number, the door opens and Bill enters. Carrying a new TAPE RECORDER. Chris stiffens slightly, waves at Bill. He wanted to have this phone call over before Bill got back.

MARIA

(writing)

Got it. Don't worry, most things
aren't as bad as they seem. I'll talk
to you tomorrow. Okay?

Bill unpacks the tape recorder, sensing something strange about
Chris' call.

CHRIS

Okay.

Maria hangs up and tries to put out her now flaming food by
pouring the rest of the wine on top of it.

Chris hangs up.

BILL

... Everything okay?

CHRIS

(forces a smile)

Women.

Bill eyes him for a moment, then goes about hooking up the
recorder.

CUT TO:

162 A TELEPHONE - INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

162

Chris is in bed. Asleep. The phone RINGS. Once, twice. One
of Chris' eyes opens. Staring at the phone. It RINGS again.
Chris closes his eye and reaches over. He pulls the receiver back
to him.

CHRIS

(half asleep)

Hello?

MARIA (O.S.)

I'm sorry to call you right now. I
know you're probably asleep...

By her voice we can tell she's upset.

MARIA (CONT.)

It's Maria. I'm sorry.

Chris' eyes open. Maria!

CHRIS

What's wrong? Is someone there?!

MARIA

No, no... I shouldn't have called.
But I needed someone to talk to. I'm
sorry...

CHRIS

It's alright. Where are you?

MARIA

At home.

Suddenly it hits Chris. At home! He looks frantically around
for his watch.

MARIA (CONT.)

Gail and her husband got into another
fight. She's a friend of mine. I
just took her to the --

Chris grabs his watch off the nightstand. It's 4:00 in the
afternoon!

CHRIS

(sotto)

Shit!

(starts coughing;
lowers voice)

I have to call you back.

MARIA'S VOICE

Are you alright?

SMASH CUT TO:

163 THE TAPE RECORDER

163

recording Maria and Chris. MORE COUGHING.

CHRIS' VOICE

(low voice)

I can't talk now.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE JACK AND PHIL listening to
the conversation. Taking notes. It's definitely a suspicious
call. And maybe it's Stick.

MARIA'S VOICE

What is it? Is it the police?

With that the line CLICKS DEAD. Jack and Phil exchange a look.
Maybe something's cookin' afterall.

MARIA'S VOICE

Hello?... Steve?

CUT TO:

164 CHRIS' CAR - EXT. STREET - LATE DAY 164
roaring down the street. Screeching around a corner. Chris
behind the wheel. Bill next to him.

CUT TO:

165 OMITTED 165
166 OMITTED 166
167 THE TAPE 167

~~being removed from the recorder.~~

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Phil is looking through the binoculars and Jack is pulling the
tape off the recorder as the door opens and Chris enters. Phil
looks at his watch.

PHIL

Fifteen minutes early? This must be
some kind of record.

Chris' eyes immediately go to the tape that Jack is putting into
its box. Labeled PHONE CONVERSATION 2/17 - UNKNOWN SUSPECT
"STEVE". Bill comes in the door.

CHRIS

What's up?

JACK

Got a phone call today.

CHRIS

(trying not to sound
interested)

Yeah? A new recipe?

PHIL

Uh-uh. A Steve somebody.

JACK

Sounded like he was trying to disguise
his voice. Might've been Montgomery.
But he hung up before we could run
a trace.

PHIL

Nap time's over, boys. You better
keep your eyes open tonight.

Jack and Phil head for the front door.

CHRIS

Maybe we should listen to it?

JACK
This is the F.B.I.'s show. I don't
want Gile coming down on our butts
for dickin' around.

Jack and Phil exit. Chris can't help but watch the tape box as
it disappears out the door under Jack's arm. Bill can't help but
notice Chris' interest.

BILL
Hey.

CHRIS
(looks up)
What?

BILL
You're up to something. If you want
to tell me about it, okay. If you
don't, that's okay, too... as long
as it doesn't screw up my life. I
think you owe me that much.

Chris is hesitant for a moment, then nods. Bill moves to the
window. Picks up the binoculars. Looks out the window for a
moment. Then sets them back down. However, now he's left with
TWO BLACK RINGS AROUND HIS EYES.

BILL
You want a cup a coffee? I need one
to settle my nerves after that ride
over here.

Chris just stares at Bill for a moment.

BILL
What's wrong?

CHRIS
They did it again.

BILL
What?

Chris picks up the binoculars, rubs his finger around the eye
piece. Then holds his finger up for Bill to see. It's black.

Bill moves to a mirror in the hallway. Looks at himself. And
the big black rings around his eyes. Bill is not amused.

BILL
Shit.

Bill exits O.S. Chris wipes the black off the binoculars with
his handkerchief, then turns to the window. Stares blankly across
at Maria's house for a moment.

168 HIS P.O.V. 168
of Maria's house. And a MAN IS MOVING QUICKLY UP THE STAIRS.
It's not easy to make him out because of the fading light and
shadows.

169 CHRIS 169
looks through the now clean binoculars. Watches as the man pushes
his way into the house. Chris lowers the binoculars. Something's
not right. He quickly raises the binoculars again.

170 BINOCULAR P.O.V. 170
of the living room window. The man is yelling at Maria. And it
looks like he's just hit her.

171 CHRIS 171
drops the binoculars and runs out the door.

BILL (V.O.)
Those bastards are going to die.

Bill comes into the room wiping the black off his face with a
towel. No Chris.

BILL
Chris?

Then he SEES --

172 P.O.V. THROUGH FRONT WINDOW 172
-- Chris running across the street to Maria's house.

173 BILL 173
can't believe it.

BILL
What the...

He picks up the binoculars.

174 BINOCULAR P.O.V. 174
Chris is moving up to the house. Drawing his gun. Then he SEES
the MAN through the window. And now Chris is running up the
stairs.

175 BILL 175
drops the binoculars --

BILL
Shit!

-- and races out the back door, down the stairs, drawing his gun.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

176

Chris is just about to kick in the door when he SEES THE MAN THROUGH THE WINDOW. It's not Stick. Chris hesitates and HEARS the man yelling --

MAN'S VOICE

(angry; drunk)

-- don't lie to me, she's here! I
know she's here!

Then Chris sees the man push Maria. She falls.

CHRIS

(under his breath)

Shit!

He has no choice. He holsters his gun, then enters --

CHRIS

(overly LOUD)

Anybody home?

177 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

177

The man is just pulling Maria off the floor, ready to do some serious drunken damage to her. Both turn. Surprised. The drunk squints.

CHRIS

Sorry, the door was open --

MARIA

(moving away from man)

Steve.

MAN

Who're you?

CHRIS

I'm a friend of Maria's. We're goin' out to dinner. I guess I'm a little early.

Maria looks at Chris. She didn't know anything about this date, but she's not going to stop him now.

MARIA

Steve, this is Tony. Tony, Steve.

(X)

MAN (TONY)

(weaves slightly)

I'm lookin' for my wife.

CHRIS
Where'd you lose her?

TONY
She ran out. She came here. She's
hidin'. (X)

Chris turns to Maria.

CHRIS
Is she here?

MARIA
No. I've been trying to tell him... (X)

CHRIS
(to Tony)
You must've made a mistake.

During this, Chris moves to Tony, takes him by the arm and leads
him to a couch. (X)

CHRIS
Look, Tony, you're in no condition
to talk with your wife right now.
You've been drinkin' and might say
things you don't mean. I tell you
what you do. Go home. Calm down.
Maria and I'll make a few phone
calls. (X)
(X)

178 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

178

Bill, gun ready, is peering in the window at his partner sitting
on the couch with Tony. Apparently in no danger. What the hell
is going on now? Then he sees Maria sit beside Chris. Then she
puts her hand on Chris' shoulder.

Bill watches in disbelief for a moment, then he lowers his gun.
And starts back down the stairs. CAMERA FOLLOWS BILL down the
stairs. He stops at the curb, looks back at Maria's house once.
Then continues back across the street. We HOLD ON MARIA'S HOUSE
and --

DISSOLVE TO:

179 A TAXI - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LATER

179

is waiting in front, engine running. Chris is helping Tony into
the back. Maria is next to him. Chris hands the CABBIE some
bills. Tony is forever grateful.

TONY
Thanks, man, thanks a lot. (X)

The cab pulls away. Leaving Maria and Chris in the middle of the
street. In no man's land. Bill on one side, Maria on the other.

Chris glances up at the stake-out house.

MARIA

I guess I'm just lucky we had dinner plans.

(smiles)

Thanks.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

CHRIS

I was in the neighborhood...

MARIA

This neighborhood must have lousy phones.

Maria stares at Chris.

(X)

MARIA (CONT.)

Nobody ever came to my rescue before.

She takes him by the hand starts to lead him back toward the house. Chris hesitates.

CHRIS

I really should get going --

(X)

MARIA

Uh-uh, a date's a date. I know a great little lobster place...

CHRIS

I can't.

(X)

Maria stops. Stares at him for a moment, then --

MARIA

Steve, I don't want to be alone tonight.

(X)

(X)

Chris just looks at her for a beat. The good news is - it's not a sexual invitation. The bad news is - it's not a sexual invitation.

CHRIS

What's wrong?

(X)

Maria hesitates, then...

MARIA

Well, you saw Tony. Just cause he went home doesn't mean he'll stay home.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CHRIS

You sure it's Tony you're worried about?

(X)

(X)

MARIA

Just stay with me.

(X)

Chris glances back over his shoulder at stake-out house, then looks back at Maria.

CHRIS

Yeah, okay.

Maria smiles. This means a lot to her. She takes his hand and leads him up the stairs into the house.

CUT TO:

180 OMITTED 180

181 A T.V. DINNER 181

about half finished. A fork plucks out dripping Salisbury steak. CAMERA FOLLOWS IT UP to Bill. Sitting on the couch. Eating dinner. Alone. It's quiet. He picks up the binoculars.

182 HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA'S HOUSE 182

PANNING ACROSS THE EMPTY KITCHEN WINDOW, EMPTY LIVINGROOM WINDOW, AND STOPPING ON THE BEDROOM WINDOW. The blinds are closed. And the LIGHT BLINKS OUT. No sign of Chris.

183 BILL 183

lowers the binoculars. And has trouble swallowing the last bite.

DISSOLVE TO:

184 OMITTED 184

185 A LIGHTER FLARES 185

CAMERA FOLLOWS A HAND UP TO A CIGARETTE dangling from lips. The cigarette lights. Smoke puffs from between lips. The face is unshaven.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The cigarette belongs to Stick. Behind the wheel. His beard is back. He returns the lighter to the dashboard. Caylor is in the passenger seat. Asleep. Dashboard lights are the only illumination on this dark street. He turns a corner onto --

186 EXT. MARIA'S STREET - NIGHT 186

-- the lights from the car blink off. Followed by the engine. The car silently coasts to Maria's house. Pulling to one side NEXT TO CAMERA. Caylor wakes up.

CUT TO:

187 THE TELESCOPE - INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT 187

No one is looking through it. CAMERA PANS TO BILL lying on the couch. Asleep.

CUT TO:

188 BOOTS 188

walking up a driveway. A CIGARETTE DROPS TO THE GROUND. CAMERA PANS UP THE BLUE JEANS TO A HAND HOLDING A .44 SMITH AND WESSON. CAMERA CONTINUES UP TO --

STICK

-- PANNING WITH HIM as he moves quietly up Maria's front porch. He looks at Caylor who is moving around the back. He opens the door, enters.

189 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 189

Stick moves silently down the hall toward the bedroom. He stops outside, reaches for --

THE DOORKNOB

-- his hand curling around it, slowly turning it. Pushing the door open.

190 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 190

CLOSE ANGLE ON CHRIS in bed, asleep. In the b.g. we SEE MOVEMENT around the bed - and the .44. A FLOORBOARD SQUEEKS. Chris' eyes open. He senses something in the darkness. His eyes dart. But he doesn't move. The movement is closer. Chris closes his eyes. Waiting. Surprise is his only weapon.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE .44 as the hammer clicks back, cylinder turning.

Stick moves up on Chris and Maria. He's not happy with what he's seen. He slowly lowers the gun barrel toward Chris. Closer... closer... then suddenly --

191 CHRIS 191

-- lunges. Only now it's light. And his head smacks into a tray. Sending juice and toast flying. Maria steps back, completely surprised. Chris doesn't move for a moment, dazed slightly by smacking his head into the tray. He focuses on Maria.

MARIA
Are you alright?

CHRIS
(breathes easier)
Bad dream.
(sees mess on floor)
I'm sorry.

Chris gets out of bed. He's wearing his pants and shirt, untucked. He starts to pick up the toast and plates. Maria helps.

MARIA
Don't worry about it. Fortunately
it wasn't the coffee.

She smiles, trying to make him feel better about feeling like an idiot. They put the glasses and toast back onto the tray. (X)
That's when it hits him - there is light coming through the window shades.

CHRIS
What time is it?

MARIA
Little after seven.

Chris scrambles for his watch. Just to make sure. 7:10 a.m.

CHRIS
Jesus Christ!

Chris leaps out of bed and scrambles for his shoes.

MARIA
What's wrong?

CHRIS
It's morning!

Maria watches Chris as he frantically dresses.

MARIA
You gonna be late for work? (X)

He hobbles to the window putting on his shoes.

CHRIS
Very.

He looks out the window.

.2 HIS P.O.V. OF THE WHITE HOUSE

192

across the street. And Phil's little dog is pacing on the balcony.

103 CHRIS

193

groans and dashes back to the bed for his coat. It's folded up. And he has to be very careful about how he unfolds it because he's hidden his gun and holster inside. With slight of hand, reminiscent of his shoplifting abilities, Chris stuffs the gun down the back of his pants as he puts on his jacket.

MARIA

Can you call and tell 'em you'll be
late?

(X)

(X)

CHRIS

They wouldn't understand.

Chris ties his shoes and heads for the door, buttoning up his shirt on the way.

CHRIS

I'll call you.

Then he exits fast. Maria is slightly bewildered.

194 INT. FRONT ENTRY - MORNING

194

Chris moves quickly to the front entry. Peers out the window. Then turns and heads down the hallway toward the back door. But stops when he sees Maria.

MARIA

Are you okay?

CHRIS

Yeah, fine.

He glances at the back door. No way to explain going out the back.

CHRIS

D'you have a hat I could borrow?

MARIA

A hat?

CHRIS

Yeah, I ahh, have this skin thing that
early morning sunlight seems to
cause... uh... like uh...

(motions to chin)

... red thing...

MARIA

Like a rash?

CHRIS

Yeah, like a rash... Kind of.

MARIA
Is this one of the things you didn't
want to tell me about?

CHRIS
No, no, it's nothing serious.

Maria stares at him for a moment, then she moves to the hall closet, opens it, and takes out a bright pink straw sun hat. With big floppy sides.

MARIA
I'm not sure it's your color...

Chris stares at the floppy pink hat for a moment. He has no choice. He takes the hat.

CHRIS
Thanks.

Chris puts the hat on. And, indeed, he looks pretty silly.

CHRIS
Well... see you.

Maria smiles. Chris gives her a quick kiss, then turns back to the front door. He opens it. Hesitates a moment, then bolts out, running. Maria didn't expect an exit quite like this.

CUT TO:

195 TELEPHOTO P.O.V.

195

of Chris running down the stairs to the street. He's holding the hat pulled down - hiding his face.

PHIL'S VOICE
Jack!

196 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

196

Phil snaps a couple of photos. Jack is sipping a cup of coffee as he munches a donut.

PHIL
This may be him!

Jack springs into action. Grabbing the phone, dialing --

JACK
Lynn, Jack Pismo, Speck Road
stake-out. We have a man running from
the house.

PHIL
Caucasian. About five ten, blue jeans, jacket, pink hat, heading south...

JACK
Caucasian, five ten, blue jeans, jacket...
(turns to Phil)
Pink hat?

PHIL
Yeah, pink hat! Heading south!

JACK
(into phone)
And a pink hat. Heading south.

Jack slams the phone down. And both men tear out.

CUT TO:

197 CHRIS

197

running hard. He glances over his shoulder. In the b.g. Jack and Phil's car is screeching out of the alley. Chris darts into a driveway - jumps a gate - runs across a back yard.

He climbs a fence and drops over the other side into another yard.

He runs past the pool, out the gate, down the driveway, and onto another street.

CUT BACK TO:

198 JACK AND PHIL'S CAR

198

SCREECHING around a corner, roaring toward camera. AN UNMARKED CAR is in the b.g. moving in behind.

CUT TO:

199 MARIA

199

in her robe, standing on her front porch, sipping her coffee and listening to DISTANT SIRENS.

CUT BACK TO:

200 CHRIS

200

climbing another wall, edging his way along the top, leaping to the roof of a garage. From here he can SEE A BLACK AND WHITE UNIT at one end of the block and JACK AND PHIL'S CAR AND the BACK-UP UNMARKED CAR heading down another street.

CHRIS

Shit!

Chris runs down the rooftop, leaps to another back yard fence and drops over the other side. Only to find himself FACE TO FACE WITH A GERMAN SHEPHERD. The dog GROWLS.

CHRIS

Easy boy, nice dog --

Neither moves for a moment. Then Chris slowly takes off his pink hat and flings it across the yard. The dog tears after it and Chris tears across the yard. The German Shepherd grabs the hat, then races after Chris.

TELEPHOTO SHOT OF A SERIES OF BACKYARD FENCES

aligned like a row of hurdles. Chris leaps one, then another. And right behind him is the German Shepherd, leaping one, then another, pink hat in its mouth.

Chris just makes it over the last gate before the Shepherd. And fortunately this one is too high for the dog. Chris pants, catching his breath as the Shepherd goes nuts behind him. Chris gives him a look, then runs into --

J1 EXT. STREET - MORNING

201

-- and heads toward an intersection. Suddenly a CAR ROARS into the intersection and turns heading directly toward him.

Chris turns, runs in the opposite direction. He darts to one side as the car roars up, screeching to a stop. The door flies open as Chris continues to run.

BILL'S VOICE

CHRIS!

Chris looks, stops. It's Bill. Chris leaps into the car. Bill hits the gas. The car roars down the street. But a BLACK AND WHITE UNIT screeches to a stop in front of them.

TWO OFFICERS get out, behind car doors, guns leveled at Bill's car. Bill holds his BADGE OUT THE WINDOW. Chris' BADGE appears out the passenger window.

BILL

Police officers.

The officers lower their guns. Disappointed.

BILL

We saw him head down an alley.
(points)

Over there.

The police officers get back into their car and roar away.

202 INT. BILL'S CAR - MORNING

202

They watch the black and white unit roar away, then Bill looks at Chris.

BILL

Oversleep?

On Chris' expression we --

CUT TO:

203 A TAPE RECORDER - EXTREME CLOSE UP

203

TAPE WINDING through. We HEAR A PHONE RINGING, then a pick up and a SLEEPY VOICE --

CHRIS' VOICE

(half asleep)

Hello?

MARIA'S VOICE

I'm sorry to call you right now. I know you're probably asleep... It's Maria. I'm sorry.

CHRIS' VOICE

What's wrong? Is someone there?!

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES PAST TAPE RECORDER REVEALING --

A ROOM FULL OF COPS - INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Tommy J. Lusk and Captain Gile at the head of the room. POLICEMEN sitting in rows among them Jack and Phil and --

MARIA'S VOICE

No, no... I shouldn't have called. But I needed someone to talk to. I'm sorry...

CHRIS AND BILL

-- all listening to the tape. Chris is sweating. Trying not to give away the secret. As they listen to the tape, Bill slowly recognizes the voice.

CHRIS' VOICE

It's alright. Where are you?

MARIA'S VOICE

At home.

Bill slowly turns and looks at Chris. Chris doesn't want to look, but he can feel his eyes burning into him.

MARIA'S VOICE (CONT.)

Gail and her husband got into another fight. She's a friend of mine. I just took her to the --

CHRIS' VOICE

Shit!

(We HEAR COUGHING,
then the VOICE
LOWERS)

I have to call you back.

Chris slowly turns and looks at Bill.

MARIA'S VOICE

Are you alright?

CHRIS' VOICE

I can't talk now.

MARIA'S VOICE

What is it? Is it the police?

The line CLICKS DEAD.

MARIA'S VOICE

Hello?... Steve?

Tommy J. Lusk flicks off the recorder.

LUSK

We don't have the identity of the caller yet, and we don't know if he has any relationship with Montgomery, but we're not taking any chances. Also, this photograph was taken of a man running from the Speck Road house.

Tommy J. hangs up a 16X20 BLACK AND WHITE BLOW UP OF A MAN, face hidden by the pink hat, running from Maria's house. It's Chris but nobody can tell that. Except for his jacket.

Bill and Chris look up at the photograph. And the jacket which Chris is still wearing. Chris slumps a little in his chair.

LUSK

We also found this.

Lusk holds up the pink hat. It's been chewed to bits by the German Shepard. Chris closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

204 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

204

Chris and Bill exit the building, heading for their cars. Silence. Bill is seething. Suddenly he turns, grabbing Chris and throwing him against a car.

BILL

This is it. The last fuckin' straw!
It ends! Right now! You decide.
It's her or me. Either you break it
off, today, or you get your ass
reassigned. Because I have had it.
I'm not goin' down with you! I busted
~~my ass to make detective before~~
thirty, I'm not gonna let you fuck
it up!

(lets go; backs off)

So you decide.

(starts walking away)

I don't even want to talk to you till
I know where the hell you stand!

Bill walks away. Chris watches him and on his expression we -

CUT TO:

5 A GAS NOZZLE - EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

205

in a gas tank. CAMERA MOVES UP THE ARM TO CAYLOR. Wearing dark glasses. Keeping an eye peeled as he fills the gas tank. This is a small town gas station. Off the main highway. He looks back toward the --

206 GAS STATION OFFICE

206

-- Stick is holding a gun to the back of the STATION ATTENDANT'S HEAD. The attendant is emptying the cash register. Handing the money to Stick, who then pistol whips him from behind. The attendant crashes forward.

207 CAYLOR

207

finishes filling the tank. Pulls the nozzle out, hooks it back onto the pump. Gets into --

208 INT. CAR

208

-- and starts up the engine. ANOTHER CAR pulls up to the other pumping station. A MIDDLE AGED MAN gets out of the car. Looks toward the station office, then at Caylor. Caylor looks away, then glances at the office. No sign of Stick.

CAYLOR

(sotto)

Come on.

Finally Stick appears. Moving quickly toward the car. He sees the man standing by the car.

Stick gets into the driver's seat, pushing Caylor over. He pulls slowly out of the station.

STICK
You think he saw?

CAYLOR
No. He came in after.

They pull onto the main highway. Stick looks into the --

209 REAR VIEW MIRROR 209

-- and sees the man slowly beginning to walk back toward the station house.

210 STICK 210

looks back ahead. He slowly puts his foot down on the gas. And the --

211 CAR 211

-- picks up speed. Heading quickly out of town to open spaces.

DISSOLVE TO:

212 INT. STICK'S CAR - DAY 212

On the main highway. Two lane. Caylor is counting the money.

CAYLOR
Two hundred seventy-three.

STICK
Shit.

Caylor looks up.

213 THEIR P.O.V. 213

OF A BLACK AND WHITE ahead. Moving toward them.

214 INT. CAR - DAY 214

Stick grabs a baseball cap from the back seat, puts it on. Slows the car to 55. He pulls his pistol from his jacket pocket, laying it on the seat. They pass the police car. Stick looks into the --

215 REAR VIEW MIRROR 215

-- watching as the RED BRAKE LIGHTS on the patrol car blink on. The car begins to slow and turn.

216 INT. STICK'S CAR - DAY

216

CAYLOR
They're coming.

Stick hits the accelerator. The car surges forward. Caylor takes out his pistol. Then they HEAR THE SIREN.

STICK
Use the shotgun. I'll let 'em get close.

Caylor grabs the shotgun from the back seat. Pumps in a shell.

217 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

217

Farm land on either side. Stick's car roars down the highway. The Police car in pursuit. Slowly closing the gap.

218 INT. CAR - DAY

218

Caylor rolls down the passenger window. Leans out with the shotgun and starts blasting. PUMPING OFF FOUR SHELLS ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

19 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

219

The DRIVER swerves as Caylor fires. SHOT SPARKS OFF THE HOOD, SHATTERS THE WINDOW. GLASS FLIES BACK OVER THE COPS.

220 THE POLICE CAR

220

swerves, losing control - going off the side - into the ditch.

221 INT. CAR - DAY

221

Caylor crawls back inside. Smiling.

CAYLOR
Got him!

He starts to reload. Stick glances into the rear view mirror just as the patrol car comes roaring back onto the highway. In pursuit again. Stick grabs Caylor hard by the jaw, yanks his head so he's looking out the back window.

CAYLOR
What the hell -

Then he sees the patrol car. His eyes widen. Because now they're SHOOTING BACK.

222 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

222

Stick's car roars around a curve. Patrol car in pursuit.

- 223 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY 223
- With the windshield gone both cops can fire at the fleeing car right through the front.
- 224 INT. CAR - DAY 224
- The rear WINDOW SHATTERS. Caylor falls back onto the floor.
- CAYLOR
Jesus, I'm hit. I'm hit.
- ~~Tries to get up, can't. Blood is oozing from his shoulder. Stick~~
~~grabs him by the wounded shoulder and pulls him painfully back~~
onto the seat.
- CAYLOR
AHHH! CHRIST!
- Stick shoves his gun into Caylor's hand.
- STICK
SHOOT!
- Caylor glares at Stick for a moment. ANOTHER BULLET RICOCHETS OFF THE ROOF. Then Caylor aims and FIRES. THE NOISE IS DEAFENING INSIDE. He empties the gun.
- 225 LOW ANGLE - EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 225
- The car whips past. The patrol car only fifty feet behind. But suddenly it starts to drop back.
- 226 INT. CAR - DAY 226
- CAYLOR
They're slowin' down... I musta hit the engine.
- Stick watches in the rear view mirror. They're approaching a curve ahead.
- 227 EXT. HIGHWAY -DAY 227
- The car rounds the corner. Up ahead is a bridge over a river. The car roars up over the bridge. And now they know why the patrol car slowed down.
- 228 THEIR P.O.V. OF THREE PATROL CARS 228
- roaring right toward them across the brige from the other side. Blocking both lanes. Red lights flashing. No way around.
- 229 STICK 229
- backs his foot off the gas.

CAYLOR
It's over, man.

Stick glances in the rear view mirror again, then --

STICK
You wanna live behind bars, you get (X)
out now. I'm not goin' back. (X)

Stick slams on the brakes. The car skids to a stop. Stick looks (X)
at Caylor. Then Caylor shakes his head. Then Stick shifts into (X)
reverse and floors the accelerator. And the --

~~230 CAR~~ ~~230~~

-- takes off, backing up the way it came. Patrol cars closing
the gap from over the bridge.

Up ahead the other patrol car is moving toward them. Not having
reached the bridge yet.

231 STICK 231

guns the engine. Straight for the patrol car. Caylor glances
at Stick. Is he going to ram them? Stick looks out the left
window.

232 HIS P.O.V. OF A DIRT ROAD 232

running alongside the river. Only problem: How to get to it.

233 THE PATROL CAR 233

turns across the road, blocking their escape. The car races
toward it. Three police cars right behind. And Stick doesn't
slow down. He rams the car blocking the road, sending it
spinning, then shifts into drive and floors it again.

TIRES SPIN as the car shoots forward again, turning sharply onto a
narrow dirt slope. It slides down the side, bangs onto the dirt
road, spins around, kicking up a cloud of dust, and roars down
the dirt road.

234 TWO PATROL CARS ON THE BRIDGE 234

stop. POLICEMEN jump out. Running to the edge with rifles. The
third car continues the chase.

235 THEIR P.O.V. OF THE CAR 235

tearing up the dirt road. Right next to the river. It might get
away.

236 THE COPS 236

open fire.

237 BULLETS 237
rake the back of Stick's car.

238 INT. CAR - DAY 238
Stick fights the wheel.

239 COPS 239
run for their cars. One COP takes aim with a rifle - there's a
CRACK and recoil.

240 THE FRONT TIRE 240
of the car is blown out.

241 STICK 241
loses control.

242 THE CAR 242
roars off the road and up over the embankment, tearing through
a wall of trees and brush. It sails out over the water. Landing
grill first in the swiftly flowing river.

243 STICK AND CAYLOR 243
are thrown into the dash. Caylor's head smashes against the
window. WATER POURS IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

244 THE CAR 244
sinks swiftly as it's carried quickly down river toward the
bridge.

245 EXT. RIVER - DAY 245
POLICE CARS skid to a stop where the car went in. POLICE leap
out. Just in time to see the car sink under. Only the car trunk
is still visible. Nobody comes up.

Police run along the bank. Trying to keep up. But the river is
too fast. They get back into their cars and follow on the river
road.

246 THE CAR 246
passes under the bridge. Crashing into one of the pylons, rolling
over, then continues under, moving down river. CAMERA HOLDS ON
THE PYLON - bubbles - then Stick bursts to the surface, gasping
for breath. He grabs hold of the pylon. In one hand he's still
holding his gun. He catches his breath and watches the police
following the half-submerged car down river.

CUT TO:

247 INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 247

Bill is packing up the equipment when Chris enters carrying Chinese food. (X)

CHRIS
What're you doin'?

BILL
The call just came in. We're through.

CHRIS
They got Montgomery?

BILL
A couple hours ago. I didn't get many details. There was a shoot out and they went into the Nisqually River and didn't come up. So we got a pat on the back, job well done, next case. (X)

Chris sits down on the couch. Bill goes back to packing up equipment.

BILL
You are one lucky sonuvabitch. What're you gonna do about her? (X)

Chris is silent for a moment, then --

CHRIS
I think I'm in love with her.

Bill looks at Chris.

BILL
Well, I'd hate to think you risked it all just cause you liked her. (X)

Chris is quiet.

CHRIS
You know, I always thought it'd be you that'd screw up.

BILL
Well hopefully I'll learn from your mistakes.

CHRIS
Somebody better.

BILL
You're gonna have to tell her sometime... She's in the house. (X)

CHRIS

You don't want any help?

BILL

You can help by takin' the bugs out
of her phones.

Chris gets up, heads for door.

BILL

I'm just sorry I'm not gonna be there
to hear you explain it.

~~Chris stops in the doorway. Looks at Bill. Then Bill points his~~
finger at Chris and shoots him. Chris exits. Bill looks up at
the PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARIA still on the wall. Her smile seems to
hint that she's known all along.

CUT TO:

248 EXT. FERRY LANDING - NIGHT

248

A big FERRY BOAT is loading up for the crossing into the city.
Several cars and trucks are lined up. Moving onboard. Among them
is a double TRACTOR TRAILER RIG - two flatbeds with construction
equipment covered with tarps.

THE SEMI RIG

passes CAMERA, pulling onboard. Before the truck even stops, the
back flap of the tarp is pulled up, revealing Stick. He is still
wet and cold and shivering. He watches for a moment.

HIS P.O.V. FROM UNDER TARP

of a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN getting out of a car with a SMALL CHILD.
A PICK-UP TRUCK PULLS in right next to him. A HONK IF YOU LOVE
JESUS bumper sticker is on the tailgate. The engine stops. And
a GUY gets out. He's about the same height and weight as Stick.
And he's wearing a nice warm down jacket. Stick shivers, watching
the guy smile at the young woman with child. Then he lets the
tarp drop back down.

CUT TO:

249 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

249

Chris' car pulls up in front. Parks on the street.

250 INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

250

Chris shuts off the engine and sits for a moment, staring at
Maria's house. Then he takes his gun and holster off and puts
them into the glove compartment.

CUT TO:

251 A TELEVISION - NIGHT

251

NEWS BROADCAST. REPORTER and COPS. And Tommy J. Lusk is among them. A HELICOPTER ROARS past overhead, just above the river. A crane is trying to pull Stick's car out of the river. It's up against a bridge pylon and --

REPORTER

-- the force of the water is making it impossible to pull the car from the river. Police believe that the bodies of escaped prisoner Richard "Stick" Montgomery and his cousin Caylor Reese are still trapped inside. So as of this moment, the manhunt for Richard Montgomery has ended.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS TO Maria. Sitting on the corner of a chair. Watching. We HEAR a KNOCK at the door.

REPORTER (CONT.)

Allen Gubser reporting live for CNN from the Nisqually River outside of McKenna.

The KNOCK AGAIN. This time Maria hears it. She shuts off the t.v., moves to the door. Opens it. Chris is standing on the porch. Holding a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. Maria smiles.

CHRIS

Busy?

MARIA

Are you alright?

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm alright.

Maria stares at him for a beat, then pulls him into the house and puts her arms around him.

(X)

CHRIS

Maybe we should talk...

MARIA

Maybe...

They stare at each other for a moment, then Maria kisses him. (X)
For the first time. And this time Chris goes with it. No reason (X)
not to anymore. (X)

MARIA (CONT.)

Maybe not.

It's getting more and more passionate.

CHRIS

All action and no talk, huh?

MARIA

All action, then talk.

A beat, then Chris dramatically picks her up in his arms like Butler with O'Hara. And carries her down the hall as fast as he can. Maria laughs. He turns into --

252 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

252

-- carrying Maria to the bed. Chris lays her down. They stare at each other for a moment. ~~Maria is still smiling. Then Chris~~ kisses her. And she pulls him down on top of her. Kissing him hard. A beat, then --

MARIA

You're wanted by the police, aren't you.

Chris looks at her.

CHRIS

You think I'm a criminal?

MARIA

You've got a lot of secrets for a phone man. And I heard sirens this morning just after you ran out.

(X)

(X)

(no response)

Did the police follow you here?

Chris just looks at her for a moment.

CHRIS

You know, I don't think I realized until now, the size of the hole I'd dug for myself.

MARIA

I want to help.

Chris sits up on the bed. Stares at Maria for a moment, then -

CHRIS

Look, you're probably not going to like me very much after I tell you. I should've never let this happen. But I did. So, I just want you to know, before you start hating me, that I ahh...

(this is the hard
part)

... I've fallen in love with you.

Maria didn't expect this. But it's not bad news. She starts to move to him --

CHRIS (CONT.)

No, wait a minute. Don't interrupt a confession.

Chris reaches into his pocket and pulls out his badge. Hands it to Maria. She stares at the badge for a moment, then she looks up at Chris.

MARIA

Where'd you get it?

CHRIS

It's mine. I don't work for the phone company. And my name isn't Steve, it's Chris.

She's feeling a little betrayed now.

MARIA

You're a cop?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Detective, ninth precinct. Working on a Federal case... Staking out the ex-girlfriend of an escaped federal prisoner in the chance that he might've wanted her help.

Chris was right. Maria is getting angry. She stands up. Backs away from him.

MARIA

You've been watching me?

Chris nods.

MARIA

And my phones...

Chris nods again.

MARIA

From where?

CHRIS

Across the street.

Maria goes to the window. Stares at the stake-out house across the street. Chris just watches her. He stands --

CHRIS

Maria --

Suddenly Maria turns, exits.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Maria!

253 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

253

as she exits, moves quickly down the stairs. Chris comes out behind her.

CHRIS

Where you going?

~~No response. She moves into the middle of the street and points to the upstairs window.~~

MARIA

From there?

CUT TO:

254 BILL - INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT

254

standing at the window, taking down the telescope. He sees Maria pointing up at him. Suddenly she starts toward the house. Chris right behind.

BILL

Uh-oh.

Bill hurridly starts packing up the last of the equipment. We HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE. Bill stuffs the telescope into the box, shuts the lid, pushes it into the corner of the room.

MARIA'S VOICE

Let go of me!

CHRIS' VOICE

Maria!

Suddenly the door opens and Maria bursts in. Stops when she sees Bill. Chris is behind her.

Then she moves to the window, stares across at her own house. Chris and Bill exchange a look. Then Maria turns on both of them. And she just stares at them for a moment, then --

MARIA

I hope I didn't disappoint you.

Then she turns to Chris.

MARIA

When I thought you were in trouble with the law you had some dignity.

Then she crosses the room and exits, pushing past Chris. Leaving Bill and Chris alone. Staring at each other.

BILL

Sorry, man.

Chris suddenly turns and bolts out the door after her. Bill moves to the window.

255 HIS P.O.V. OF THE STREET BELOW

255

as Chris catches up with Maria. He grabs her arm. She tries to pull away. But this time he won't let go.

CUT TO:

256 CHRIS AND MARIA

256

in the middle of the street. She's crying, angry, hurt.

CHRIS

-- Goddammit, listen to me, I was doing my job whether you like it, I like it, it doesn't make any difference. There wasn't any fun in it. And what happened between me and you was real. That wasn't part of it. That was my mistake. That was my fuck up. I wanted to tell you but I couldn't.

Maria breaks away from Chris. And she throws his badge, which she's been holding, back toward the stake-out house. Then she moves to her house. Chris follows.

257 BILL

257

watches for a moment longer, then steps away. Maybe he's watched too much. Then something catches his attention.

258 HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA AND CHRIS

258

moving up the steps into Maria's house. But IN THE SHADOWS next to the house, something moves. Bill can't quite make it out. Then a MAN steps out into half light.

259 BILL

259

quickly rips open a box, pulls out the binocs, looks back out the window.

BILL

Jesus Christ.

He gets up immediately, picks up the other phone, dials.

BILL

I need a confirmation on Montgomery.
Did they pull the body out? And
hurry!

CUT TO:

260 INT. HALLWAY - MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

260

Maria opens a hall closet. She reaches in, grabs a coat. Chris is right behind her.

CHRIS

I shouldn't've told you anything!
That's another of my fuck-ups! I
shouldn't've done a lot of things but
I did 'em all! At least I told you
there were things about me I couldn't
tell you about.

MARIA

Just go! Leave me alone! I don't
want to talk to you, I don't want your
explanations!

CHRIS

Maria, I couldn't tell you I was --

Before Chris can finish, there's a .44 magnum pressed to his head.

STICK

Was what?

Maria turns quickly at the sound of Stick's voice.

MARIA

Richard!

Stick comes around Chris, keeping the barrel of the gun pressed against his head. Chris reacts to the face - the man that was supposed to be dead. He's now wearing different clothes and the down jacket of the man who drove the pick-up onto the ferry.

MARIA

I thought you were dead.

STICK

Yeah, I heard that, too. Too bad,
I was a nice guy.

MARIA

Richard don't. He was just leaving.

STICK

Sorry, baby, nobody goes now.

CUT TO:

261 BILL - INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT 261
looking out the window toward Maria's house, waiting on the phone.

A VOICE
They've been unable to pull the car (X)
from the river. No definite
confirmation.

262 BINOCULAR P.O.V. OF MARIA'S LIVING ROOM WINDOW 262
as Maria, Chris, and Stick all move into view.

~~263 BILL 263~~
drops the binocs -

BILL
Shit!
- and runs for the door.

CUT TO:

264 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE 264
Stick is patting Chris down. Finds Chris' wallet. Opens it, (X)
removes the money. Then looks at Chris' license. (X)

STICK
Christopher Lecce. So what're you
doin' botherin' nice young ladies,
Chris?

Stick tosses the wallet to the floor. Stick jams the gun under
his chin a little harder.

CHRIS (X)
Just a disagreement. (X)

STICK (X)
About what? (X)

Chris hesitates, glances at Maria. (X)

CHRIS (X)
I got arrested. I'm out on bail. (X)

Maria stares at Chris. (X)

STICK
No, really?
(looks at Chris;
sizing him up)
What'd you do, Chris? Steal some old
lady's handbag?

No response. Stick presses the gun into Chris' cheek.

STICK (CONT.)
What'd you do!

CHRIS
... Banks.

Stick looks at him, trying to decide if he's telling the truth.

STICK
(to Maria)
Really come up in the world, haven't
you.

CUT TO:

265 BILL - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

265

darts across the street to Maria's house. He moves inbetween
Maria's house and the house next door. Climbs up on a fence.

CUT BACK TO:

266 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

266

MARIA
If you want my car, take it. If you
want me to help you alright. But
let's just go.

(X)
(X)
(X)

STICK
Take it easy. I've been movin' a
lot lately. We'll go when I'm ready.
You still have that chair I bought
you?

(X)
(X)

MARIA
Yeah.

STICK
Where?

MARIA
In the other room.

STICK
(smiles)
Good girl.

Stick motions with the gun for Chris to move into the dining room.

STICK
After you.

(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

267 BILL

267

watching from the fence as they cross the living room. He tries to take aim at Stick as he struggles to keep his balance. But Stick is behind Chris. Bill moves along the fence. Staying low. He climbs up a back ladder to Maria's rear balcony.

CUT BACK TO:

268 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

268

They enter. The kitchen opens onto the dining room through a breakfast bar. Maria points to an upholstered chair in the corner. ~~Ethan Allenish.~~

STICK

You really do take good care a things.

Stick grabs an apple from a basket of fruit on the table.

(X)

STICK

(to Maria)

Get me a knife.

Maria goes into the kitchen.

STICK (CONT.)

(to Chris)

Sit down.

Chris starts to sit in Stick's "gift" chair.

STICK

Not there.

Chris takes another seat. Maria can see and hear them through the bar.

STICK

(to Chris)

You do time?

CHRIS

Year and a half.

STICK

Where?

CHRIS

Walla Walla.

Maria returns with the knife. Hands it to Stick. She looks at Chris. Stick moves to the chair and jabs the knife into the back. Ripping it up.

(X)

(X)

MARIA

What're you doing?

(X)

(X)

STICK

I always wanted to know what they
stuff these with.

Stick pulls out some stuffing. Reaching around inside. But
always keeping the gun trained on Chris. He finally pulls out
a package. Slices it open. Removes three stacks of MONEY. By
her expression it's obvious Maria didn't know anything about the
cash.

STICK

Thanks, baby, I knew I could trust
you.

(to Chris)

She's safer than a bank.

Stick moves to the table, picks up the phone, dials.

STICK

I had some friends at Walla Walla.
Maybe you know some of 'em. Cletus
Zink, Drake Kewit.

(X)

(X)

CHRIS

No.

STICK

Eddie Gant...

CHRIS

Yeah.

STICK

In for what?

CHRIS

Killed a cop.

Maria glances at Chris. Someone answers the phone.

STICK

(into phone)

Where you been?... The news was wrong
pal. I'm right here in the city...

269 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

269

Bill crawls out onto a slanted roof, over the alley, trying to
get a shot through a side window. He almost slips, regains his
footing. Then waits for a moment and cocks the hammer back on
his automatic.

270 HIS P.O.V. (RISING)

270

as he peers into the kitchen, staying low, just above the sill.
Stick is still on the phone.

271 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

271

STICK

(into phone)

Well, do it... Where?... Yeah, I
know it... No, Caylor's dead... He
played it out. They'll pay.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(looks at watch)

This is it, pal. We're goin'.

272 BILL - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

272

slowly raises his gun to take aim as Stick suddenly stands up and
~~a LIGHT TURNS ON IN THE WINDOW OF THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.~~
ILLUMINATING BILL and creating a --

273 SILHOUETTE IN THE WINDOW

273

-- which Stick sees before Bill ducks back down. Stick whirls.
Then drops back away from the window.

274 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

274

Bill doesn't know if he's been seen. He glances up angrily at
the light from the house next door. The SOUNDS OF DISHES AND A
GARBAGE DISPOSAL can be heard. Bill moves quickly down the roof,
then jumps the six foot gap to the roof on the house next door.
He makes it. Slips, slides, catches himself on the rain gutter,
then drops to the alley ten feet below.

275 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

275

Stick points the gun at Chris.

STICK

Someone's out there. You take the
back. And don't get any ideas about
takin' off. Maria ain't goin'
anywhere.

Stick motions with the gun. Chris heads for the back door. Stick
watches him. As soon as he's out --

STICK

(to Maria)

Lock it.

(Maria locks the door)

I don't know if I can trust you
anymore. It's been a long time. Just
don't test me because I will be the
last one that dies.

(X)

(X)

Then Stick quickly heads for the front.

276 CHRIS - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

276

moves down the back stairs. Stops at the bottom. Dark. He listens. No sound. Nothing behind him. Then he turns and moves quickly toward the front of the house.

277 BILL

27

is turning the knob on the front door when he HEARS FOOTSTEPS.

278 STICK

27

steps over a balcony and drops silently to the ground between the two houses. He winces with pain from the knife wound. He stays low for a moment, listening, then moves cautiously around the side. .44 ready to fire. Nothing there. He listens. Then starts back in the opposite direction.

279 CHRIS

27

rounds a corner. He can see his car parked curbside. If he can just get to his gun -- Suddenly a BLUR - A MAN IS IN FRONT OF HIM WITH A GUN LEVELED AT HIS FACE. It takes them both a moment to recognize each other.

BILL

Jesus Christ!

Suddenly there's a SOUND BEHIND THEM. But before Bill can turn -Chris hits him hard in the jaw, knocking him to the ground.

AS BILL FALLS, HE REVEALS STICK standing fifteen feet behind him, gun aimed, ready to pull the trigger. But now the gun is aimed directly at Chris. Bill is out cold.

Stick doesn't lower the gun.

STICK

Pick him up, carry him inside.

Chris glances at Bill's gun on the ground. Not a chance. He has no choice but to pick Bill up. Stick picks up Bill's gun and follows them back inside the house.

280 INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

Chris carries Bill into the room and lays him down on the couch. Stick comes in behind. Bill is slowly regaining consciousness.

STICK

Search him.

Maria enters from the kitchen as Chris starts going through Bill's pockets. Pulling out wallet, etc.

STICK

Toss it here.

Chris tosses the wallet to Stick. He glances inside. Bill not realizing what's going on, pushes Chris' hand away.

BILL

Hey, what the hell --

Chris back-hands Bill hard.

CHRIS

Shut up!

Maria is surprised by Chris' violence. Bill shakes his head, clearing it. Now he sees Chris, Maria and Stick with the .44. Chris avoids Bill's coat pocket. Maybe Stick won't notice. Stick tosses Bill's wallet to the floor. He motions Chris aside with the gun, then moves to Bill and goes through the coat pockets. (X)

Chris exchanges a look with Bill as Stick pulls out Bill's badge. Just having a cop close by is enough to set Stick off. (X)
He points the gun at Bill. (X)

STICK

How'd you know I was here?

CHRIS

He didn't. He followed me. (X)

Bill looks at Chris, so does Stick. So does Maria. (X)

CHRIS (CONT.)

He's been following me for a week.
I made him Saturday and again
yesterday. He's not very good at his
job.

Bill gives him a look. Chris turns to Stick.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Look, if you want to get outa here,
you better go. He's gotta partner
out there somewhere. (X)

Stick glares at Bill. (X)

STICK

Where is he? (X)

BILL

He's not here. (X)

STICK

Where? (X)

BILL

He's havin' personal problems so I
told him to take off early. I didn't
think anything was gonna happen. (X)

STICK

(turns to Maria)
Why didn't you tell me this was going on?!

(X)
(X)

MARIA

I didn't know!

STICK

I oughta kill all three a you.

CHRIS

That gun'll make a lotta noise. I'll take you were you wanna go. We can tie them up. My car's outside.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Stick thinks this over for a beat, then --

STICK

See if he's got cuffs?

Chris searches Bill, pulls his handcuffs from a pocket.

STICK (CONT.)

Cuff his hands behind him.

(Chris obeys)

If he gets loose, you die. You may think servin' time and having a couple cops on your ass gives me a reason to trust you. Let me tell you something, pal, the last people I trust are ex-cons. Let's go.

Stick points the gun at Chris. Motions to the door.

CUT TO:

281 EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

281

LIGHTS FLASH. Chris' car pulls away from the curb. Roars away. (X)

282 INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

282

Chris drives. Maria sits next to him. Bill and Stick are in the back seat. Stick keeps the .44 leveled at Bill.

STICK

We're goin' to the river. Take Fourth to Union.

(X)

283 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

283

The car turns onto a main street.

284 INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

284

Stick watches Maria for a moment, then --

STICK

You know, at night in my cell, I used to think a you, baby. On the good times we used to have.

Maria looks away from Stick, out the window. She has different memories.

STICK (CONT.)

There was never a day I didn't think about you.

Stick is quiet for a moment, then --

(X)

STICK (CONT.)

So you in love with this guy?

Maria looks at Chris.

MARIA

I don't even know who he is.

Chris glances at Maria. She turns away. Stick likes this.

STICK

(to Chris)

Isn't love great, Chris. One minute you're a God, next minute you're a low life scum sucking dog.

Chris looks up at Stick in the rear view mirror. Stick leans forward, close behind Maria, and plays with a strand of her hair.

STICK (CONT.)

I'm leavin' the country, baby. I want you with me.

Maria closes her eyes.

(X)

CHRIS

You goin' to Canada?

STICK

You a travel agent?

CHRIS

If I stay I'm busted. Now's a good time to get out.

STICK

I don't need partners.

CHRIS

I'm not lookin' for a partner, I'm lookin' for a way out.

(X)

Stick stares at Chris for a long beat, then --

STICK

Take a left at the next corner. And (X)
don't make any plans. (X)

285 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 285

Chris makes a left turn onto another street. CAMERA PANS. The (X)
car drops down a hill. And in the distance we can see the river. (X)

286 INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT 286

Tense. Bill moves slightly. Stick presses the gun to Bill's
stomach. Chris watches in the rear view mirror.

STICK

I can read minds, pal. Up here --
(points to head)

-- you've got your hands free and
they're around my neck and you're
chokin' me to death. And then you
take my gun, you get a medal, and you
piss on my grave.

(leans in very close
to Bill)

It ain't gonna happen that way. And
you wanna know why?

Bill just stares at him.

STICK (CONT.)

I am immortal.

Stick smiles and leans back. Chris holds his anger. There is
nothing he can do without jeopardizing his life and Bill's.

CUT TO:

287 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 287

Next to the river. The car slows down, pulls onto a side road. (X)
Stops. (X)

288 INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT 288

Stick is looking through the window. (X)

STICK

Pull through the gate.

289 EXT. RIVER SAWMILL - NIGHT 289

The car pulls through the gate of an old sawmill beside the wide
river. It's dark. Not much activity. Lights cast eerie shadows
across the huge mill equipment. Smoke rises from the huge cone
shaped furnace.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

-- Chris pulls the Car to the side of a pier. Shuts off the engine.

STICK

Keys.

Chris hands Stick the keys.

STICK (CONT.)

Everybody out.

290 EXT. SAWMILL - NIGHT

290

Stick gets out, holding the gun ready. Chris and Maria get out. Chris opens the door for Bill and helps him out. Then Stick tosses the car keys into the water. Then motions for them to move down the pier.

(X)

(X)

STICK

Move.

They head down the pier. Logs float in the water. A huge machine is across the channel, logs stacked up against it and on its conveyor. Nothing is working at this time of night.

(X)

(X)

(X)

STICK

In here.

Stick motions to a doorway. They enter. Stick bringing up the rear.

(X)

(X)

291 INT. SAWMILL - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

291

Not a lot of room. Most of it's taken up by the huge furnace. But at least it's warm. Stick glances at his watch.

(X)

(X)

STICK

We're early. Sit down. Relax...

Stick motions with the gun and Bill and Chris sit down on a work bench about three feet apart. Then Stick glances out a small window. He can see the channel below.

(X)

(X)

MARIA

If I go with you, will you let them go?

Stick turns, looks at Maria.

(X)

STICK

You're trying to appeal to my better side. Sweetheart, I don't have a better side.

(smiles)

You still look real good.

(X)

(MORE)

STICK (Cont'd)

We used to have some times, boy.
Didn't we? We'd fuck our brains out.
Days at a time. Anywhere. Bedrooms,
bathroom, the back seat of a car --

MARIA

Richard, you can't do this.

(X)

Chris opens his hand to Bill. Revealing a set of HANDCUFF KEYS.
Stick is unaware.

STICK

Do what?

(X)

MARIA

You're going to kill them. You can't
do this.

(X)

(X)

STICK

Sure I can. You don't think the cop
would if he could? Hell, he gets paid
for it. And his name on a plaque.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MARIA

If you want me to go with you, you
can't.

(X)

(X)

STICK

This guy must be somethin' special.

(X)

MARIA

I don't want you to kill either of
them. Don't you understand? I just
want you to get away. Get out.

(X)

(X)

(X)

STICK

What, you got the hots for the cop
now, too?

(X)

(X)

MARIA

You're sick.

(X)

As Stick and Maria get more heavily into their argument, Chris,
with a flick of his finger, sends the keys sliding down the bench
to Bill.

STICK

Hey, they're nothin' to me.

(X)

(motions to Chris)

Maybe they mean something to you,
but that ain't good enough.

(X)

(X)

Never taking his eyes off Stick, Bill slides his hands across his
back, and picks up the keys.

MARIA

What about me? You gonna kill me,
too?

(X)
(X)

STICK

Hey, we're not talkin' about you,
were talkin' about them! You got
nothin' to do with them! It's a
separate issue.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Stick moves to Bill and puts the gun against his head. Cocks
the trigger back.

(X)
(X)

MARIA

No!

(X)

STICK

Don't tell me what to do. Don't ever
tell me what to do. I've had my fill
of people tellin' me to do this, do
that, bend over! Never again. Never.
You understand?! He is a cop. Cops
killed Caylor. Cops put me in prison.
He is less than nothing!

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Stick glares at Maria, then turns to Bill. He is going to pull
the trigger. Chris will have to do something. He starts to move.
Maria sees him.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MARIA

The last time we saw each other I told
you I never wanted to see you again.

Sticks looks up. Chris hesitates. What is she doing?

(X)

STICK

Then why'd you come to see me?

MARIA

(hesitates, then -)

Because I was afraid of what you might
do if you found out.

STICK

Found out what? About other guys?

MARIA

No other guys. The night you beat
me up because I wouldn't go to bed
with you. The night you were caught.
Remember? When the police picked you
up at the bar?...

(X)

STICK

(sarcastic)

No, it's just a vague episode in my
life. What're you talkin' about?

(X)
(X)

Maria hesitates. She didn't want to talk about this, but -- (X)

MARIA (X)
Well how d'you think they found out? (X)

Stick stares at Maria for a long beat. Takes the gun from Bill's (X)
head. Moves slowly to Maria. Chris and Bill exchange a look. (X)
Bill tries as best he can to get the key into the handcuff lock. (X)

STICK (X)
Why're you saying this? D'you want (X)
to die? (X)

MARIA (X)
I just want you to leave. (X)

Stick moves the gun toward Maria. Chris is going to have to make
a move. Bill can't get the key into the lock. Then we HEAR A (X)
BOAT ENGINE. For a moment, this diverts Stick's attention. He (X)
stares at Maria for a moment, then moves to the window. (X)

HIS P.O.V. OF A ~~SMALL~~ SMALL BOAT (X)

moving through the channel toward them. It's got a small cabin (X)
big enough for sleeping. (X)

STICK (X)
backs away from the window. (X)

STICK
Time to go.

Stick motions for them to exit. They go out another door. (X)

292 EXT. SAWMILL - CHANNEL - NIGHT 292

They climb down a ladder. To the dock below. Lots of pylons. (X)
The boat boat pulls up. (X)

STICK
to Chris (X)
You hold it. (X)

Chris holds the boat as Stick climbs aboard. Then he motions (X)
for Bill and Maria to climb on. Then Chris. (X)

THEIR P.O.V.

of a man coming down from the cabin above. It takes us a moment
to realize it, but it's Bravo, the criminal Chris talked to in
the station house.

CHRIS AND BILL

exchange a look. This is it. When Bravo sees them he'll
recognize them both as cops.

CLOSE ON BILL'S HANDCUFFED HANDS

working frantically to get the goddamn key into the fuckin' lock. He keeps missing.

FULL SHOT

BRAVO

You get the money?

STICK

Yeah.

~~CLOSE ON BILL'S HANDCUFFED HANDS~~

as he gets the key into the lock. He tries to turn it. It won't go. He tries again.

FULL SHOT

Bravo steps down from the ladder.

BRAVO

We gotta move. They pulled your car outa the river. They think you might still be alive. Especially after they found some guy on the 8 o'clock boat with a .44 in his back.

(X)

As Bravo turns and sees Bill and Chris --

CLOSE ON THE KEY IN THE HANDCUFF LOCK

turning, clicking open the metal gates.

FULL SHOT

Bravo recognizes Chris.

BRAVO

Jesus Christ, man! This guy's a cop!

STICK

Yeah he's a cop. Do I look stupid? His hands are cuffed.

BRAVO

Not him! The other guy!

Stick turns to look at Chris. So does Maria. That's when Bill suddenly leaps, hitting Bravo. And Chris dives at Stick. Stick's gun goes off as they fall into Maria. She falls. Hitting her head against a bench. Dazed.

Chris and Stick fall back over the side of the boat. To the dock. Chris grabs the barrel of the .44.

(X)

(X)

BILL AND BRAVO

struggle on the boat deck. Bravo gets to his feet. Grabs a (X)
grappling hook hanging from the ladder. And as Bill comes at him, (X)
Bravo hits him hard - Bill trying to block the blow with his arm. (X)
It knocks him back. Then Bravo, using the hook, pulls it through (X)
Bill's shoulder - hook popping through flesh. Bill staggers -- (X)

BILL

Ahhhh! Goddammit!

Then Bravo kicks him in the chest, knocking him over the side (X)
of the boat. Bravo climbs the ladder. (X)

MARIA

looks up, blood oozing from a cut over her eye. Just in time to
see --

CHRIS AND STICK

-- crash back against the boat. The .44 explodes again. Taking (X)
a chunk out of the side. Stick loses his grip on the .44 as they (X)
fall over timber on the dock. The .44 falls into a crack between (X)
planks. Chris and Stick struggle. Chris trying to reach the (X)
.44.

Stick hits Chris hard. Then reaches into his pocket, pulls out
Bill's 9mm. But before he can aim, Chris grabs for the gun.
Getting his hand over the muzzle when it goes off.

THE BULLET

tears through Chris' hand as --

THEY ROLL

-- over the edge of the dock, a three foot drop into the water. (X)

BRAVO

(X)

throws the throttle forward on the boat. Spinning a tight fast
turn in the channel. He can't make it all the way around without
running into pylons. He throws the throttle into reverse. He's
got a one track mind - gut the fuck outa here. He backs right
toward Stick in the water. Splitting Chris and Stick apart.
Chris swims for shore.

BILILL'S HAND

(X)

is gripping the boat railing. He pulls himself up over the side (X)
of the moving boat. Straining. Shoulder bleeding. Maria sees (X)
him, grabs his arm, helps him over. He falls to the deck. (X)

BRAVO

(X)

shoves the throttle forward, spins the wheel. He doesn't see Bill climb up behind him. Then he hears him, turns, just as Bill hits him. Bravo falls back against the throttle.

THE BOAT

(X)

shoots forward. Just missing a pylon. Heading straight for another. It spins at the last moment, going between pylons - under the dock.

BILL AND BRAVO

(X)

fall back against the steering wheel. Spinning it. Bill hits Bravo hard.

THE BOAT

(X)

spins again. PLOWING RIGHT INTO A PYLON. Stopping dead.

Bill and Bravo are thrown hard into the cabin side. Maria falls against railing.

The ENGINE STILL RUNNING AT FULL SPEED - CHURNING THE WATER UP FROM BEHIND.

CHRIS

(X)

climbs up onto the dock. Hand bleeding. Stick is crawling up thirty feet away. Chris runs. Stick crawls up. He's still got the gun. He aims, fires. The bullet smacks into the building next to Chris. He ducks low. Races up the ladder two stairs at a time.

Stick tears after him.

(X)

THE BOAT

(X)

slips off the pylon, ENGINE STILL CHURNING WIDE OPEN. It races between pylons again. Heading right for a log loader - a machine which picks the logs up from the water.

CHRIS

(X)

runs into the mill. Past HUGE SAW BLADES. Control panels to one side. He stops. Listens. Catching his breath. He hates to run. Then he sees Stick, parallel him, on another catwalk. Chris ducks just as Stick fires. The bullet clangs off the sawblade.

THE BOAT

(X)

shoots across the channel - hitting the log loader full speed - knocking Bravo through the front windshield of the boat. The boat climbs half way up the loader - Bravo falling off, onto it. The boat slides back into the water - knocking loose a PILE OF LOGS ABOVE. The LOGS TUMBLE DOWN THE LOADER. Right toward Bravo.

He sees them coming. Tries to jump but he's crushed beneath tons of rolling logs. (X)
(X)

THE LOGS SMASH THE BOW OF THE BOAT. Sending it back with the force of a tidal wave. WATER POURS THROUGH THE SHATTERED BOW - BOAT SINKING FAST. Bill scrambles to get out. But he's hurt badly.

STICK (X)

moves through the sawmill. Past more machinery. Looking for Chris. Gun ready. Suddenly the log machine next to him starts up. Sticks spins. Ready to fire. No sign of Chris. He continues on. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

CHRIS (X)

is sitting on the floor inside a control booth. Control panel above. Tying up his wounded hand with a dirty rag as he peers through the crack in a door. He can see Stick thirty feet across the machines, moving past. When he's out of sight, Chris slips out the door. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

STICK (X)

moves past saw blades and logs being cut into planks, then sees something move off to one side. He crouches, turns, SEES Chris - just a glimpse of him staying low - moving next to an unoperating log conveyer. He can't get a shot. But he smiles. He now knows where he is. He climbs onto the logs, moving straight for Chris. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

293 EXT. CHANNEL - NIGHT 293

Bill is struggling through the water. Trying to make it to shore. Getting weaker. Suddenly someone grabs his arm. He looks over. It's Maria. In the water with him. She pulls him toward shore. (X)
(X)
(X)

294 INT. SAWMILL - NIGHT 294

Chris crawls alongside the edge of the conveyor - underneath. The conveyor is open beneath. It's a forty foot drop to another set of conveyors below. (X)
(X)
(X)

295 EXT. CHANNEL - DOCKSIDE - NIGHT 295

Maria pulls Bill onto the dock. They exchange a look. Then she immediately leaves him. Heading into the mill.

296 INT. SAWMILL - NIGHT 296

Chris crawls out from under the conveyor. Waits. Listening. No sounds. He's right next to the control booth again. Having doubled-back. He gets up slowly. And finds himself facing Stick. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

STICK

How's it feel to know you got ten
seconds to live?

(X)
(X)
(X)

Stick is standing on the logs, twenty feet from him. Gun
pointing right at him. Stick smiles.

(X)
(X)

MARIA'S VOICE

Richard!

(X)
(X)

Stick turns. Maria is behind him. Chris dives at the control
panel. Hitting every button he can. The conveyor starts up.
Stick loses his balance. Tries to jump. Falls. In between
moving conveyors. Losing the gun. But grabbing hold of the
conveyor side. He looks down. IT'S A FORTY FOOT DROP TO SAW
BLADES BELOW.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

And he can't hold on much longer because a log is moving right
toward his hands. Maria runs to him.

(X)
(X)

MARIA

Shut it off!

(X)

Chris looks at the control panel. Which button. He starts
pushing. More machinery starts up. INCLUDING THE SAWBLADES BELOW
STICK.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Maria tries to reach Stick. But can't across the moving
conveyors. THE LOG HITS STICK'S HAND. He can't hold. Has to
drop. Just as Chris finds the right button shutting down the
conveyor.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

STICK

(X)

falls hard next to the conveyor. Missing the blades. He looks
at them buzzing next to his head. Smiles. Tries to get up.
Can't. His smile fades. Then he sees the metal shaft protruding
through his chest --

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

STICK

Sonuvabitch.

He looks up. Maria is looking down through the conveyors. The
conveyor belts look like bars on a cell. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES
IN AS WE --

(X)
(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

297 THE BARS OF A CELL DOOR (SLOW MOTION)

297

opening and on the other side is Maria. Smiling. Waiting for
Stick to come out and take her by the hand. Stick reaches out
for her and as his hand touches hers we --

FADE TO WHITE:

298 THE WHITE MOVES

298

REVEALING STICK'S LIFELESS FACE. And we realize the white was a sheet covering him.

EXT. DOCK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Agent Lusk is looking down at Stick's dead body on a gurney. He pulls the sheet back over the face. SEVERAL POLICE CARS, lights flashing, have the area sealed off.

CAMERA MOVES to a waiting ambulance. Bill is being treated and lifted into the back. Chris is next to him. Staying with his partner. A PARAMEDIC tries to bandage Chris' hand as he moves with them. Chris is looking at Bill's bandage.

CHRIS

(X)

Where you takin' him?

FIRST PARAMEDIC

County general.

CHRIS

Is he gonna be alright?

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Not if you don't get out of the way.

SECOND PARAMEDIC

(to Chris)

Will you hold still?!

Bill taps the paramedic, points to Chris.

BILL

Give him a sedative will you? Before he has a heart attack.

Chris gives Bill a look.

CHRIS

Maybe I should ride with him in the back.

BOTH PARAMEDICS

No!

They lift Bill into the back of the ambulance. He's going to be alright. They shut the doors. The second paramedic points at another ambulance.

(X)

(X)

SECOND PARAMEDIC

You can get in the back of that one.

But Chris sees something O.S.

299 HIS P.O.V. 299
of Maria being taken to a PATROL CAR. (X)

300 CHRIS 300
starts toward her.

PARAMEDIC
Hey, we gotta get you to a hospital.

Chris doesn't hear. He runs up to Maria just as she's getting (X)
into the back of the patrol car.

CHRIS
Wait!

Maria looks over. Chris starts toward her. Maria turns away. (X)
The PATROLMAN with her shuts the door. Looks at Chris. (X)

CHRIS
I just wanted to make sure she's
alright.

The car pulls away. Chris watches it. (X)

PATROLMAN (X)
She's a little shook up, but she'll
be okay.

Chris watches the --

301 PATROL CAR 301
-- carrying Maria. It turns the corner.

302 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT 302

CLOSE ON MARIA looking out the window. Toward Chris. Then she
turns front. We HOLD ON HER FOR A LONG MOMENT AS WE --

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

303 A DOOR - DAY 303
opens. Revealing Maria.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chris is standing opposite her. Hand still bandaged. Silence
for a moment, then --

MARIA
You off duty or on?

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CHRIS

Off.

Chris opens his coat so she can see he doesn't have his gun. A beat.

CHRIS

I'd like to talk.

Maria stares at him for a moment, then she opens the door wide and Chris enters. The door shuts and we --

FADE OUT: