

STAKE-OUT

by

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STORY DEPARTMENT

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - BOISE, IDAHO - 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.

THE TRUCK

rumbles to a stop at the main gate. MEDI-SUPPLY COMPANY is stenciled on the side.

A GUARD

leans out of the MAIN GATE GUARD HOUSE as a hand flashes an i.d. pass from the truck. The DRIVER is wearing a uniform and glasses. He's in his late thirties.

GUARD

Little late.

DRIVER

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

The guard opens the gate and the truck enters the prison yard. The gates close behind it.

CUT TO:

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 a handsome guy. Much better looking than the normal run-of-the-mill criminal.

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 and small eyes.

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. The bunk crashes to the floor.

OTHER PRISONERS

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.

A GUARD - INT. CORRIDOR

hears the fight. Looks through the bars.

GUARD

Shit!

The guard hits the ALARM. It ECHOES down the prison corridors. Inciting the prisoners to even more YELLING and CHEERING.

INT. CORRIDOR

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

INT. CELL - NIGHT

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.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

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

DOCTOR

Up here.

The guards lift Stick up, none to 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 pushes a table under an air vent. Jumps up onto it. Starts to cut through the wire mesh. 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 and into the vent. Stick crawls in. Caylor jumps down, grabs a supply cart and pushes it out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VENT - NIGHT

Stick makes his way through the narrow air shaft. It's not easy. His side is still bleeding.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

Caylor moves down the hallway. Checks his watch. Stops at a guard station elevator. Tries to hide his nervousness. The GUARD, in no hurry, opens the gate for him.

GUARD

Picked a good night.

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

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

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 ALARM BOX on the wall.

CUT TO:

A VENT GRATING - EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

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 and starts down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

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:

THE DOCTOR

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

CUT TO:

STICK

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.

CAYLOR

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 moving past. He lets go. Drops hard to the ground. Pain shoots through his side. The truck is passing. He moves, sliding --

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. Nothing to see.

THE GUARD

waves the truck through the gate.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR

losing consciousness as he tries to hit the alarm. Falling. And missing it. He hits the floor hard, fading into unconsciousness.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OLD PRISON - NIGHT

The truck passes through the gates which close behind it.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - NIGHT

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.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE PRISON

as they leave it behind.

EXT. OLD PRISON - NIGHT

The truck rumbles down the road away from the prison.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL - MARIA

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.

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 MAN next to him.

LUSK

Who's this?

The man glances at the photo.

CUT TO:

A MIDDLE-AGED PRISON OFFICER - INT. OFFICE - DAY

handing a file folder to Lusk.

PRISON OFFICER

Maria McLean. She came a couple times to see Montgomery. Seemed like a nice girl.

Lusk looks through the file.

LUSK

642 Blaine Road, Seattle. This address current?

PRISON OFFICER

Don't know. She stopped comin' about two years ago. That's the last we had.

LUSK

What about these others, Clark, Stevenson, Carter?

PRISON OFFICER

The kinda people we get as visitors in here have a tendency to stay on the move.

Lusk turns the --

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIA

-- over and writes her address across the back - 642 Blaine Rd, Seattle. CAMERA MOVES IN ON "SEATTLE" as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

HELICOPTER SHOT OF SEATTLE - MORNING

the biggest city in the Pacific Northwest. Tall buildings rising along the shores of the Puget Sound. The city's Space Needle pinpoints Seattle Center. In the distance, Mount Rainier rises through morning fog.

EXT. CAFE - MORNING

A small cafe with daily specials posted in the window. TWO MEN are sitting at the table next to the window. One of the men is reading the morning edition of the SEATTLE TIMES. A WAITRESS is just setting down their food.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

BILL HENDERSON, forty-five with a large bushy mustache is glancing at the front page of the newspaper. The HEADLINES read - PRISONER KILLS TWO IN ESCAPE FROM IDAHO PEN.

CHRIS LECCE, thirty, 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.

BILL'S P.O.V.

of a PAWN SHOP across the street. A FEW PEOPLE passing in front.

BILL

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)
People to see, places to go, things to do.

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.

CHRIS' P.O.V.

of the Pawn Shop across the street. And a MAN with SHOULDER LENGTH BLONDE HAIR, in his twenties, has just come out and is moving down the street.

CHRIS

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

CHRIS

There he goes.

Chris throws down some money and is out the door as Bill turns, sees the blonde man.

BILL

Sonuvabitch.

Bill 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.

MOVING SHOT WITH CHRIS AND BILL

as they come out of the cafe and move down the street after the blonde man on the opposite side.

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 down an alley.

CHRIS AND BILL

break into a run, crossing the street. Dodging cars. They make it to the other side. Moving up to the edge of the alley. Bill is breathing hard. He hates to run. Chris peers carefully around the building.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE ALLEY

Dark. No sign of the blonde man.

CHRIS

turns quickly to Bill.

CHRIS

He must've spotted us. I'll go in here, you take the side alley.

BILL

(still catching his
breath)

Screw you. I'll stay here and you
take the side alley.

CHRIS

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

Chris takes off down the street. Bill watches him with a "smart
ass" look. Then moves slowly into --

THE ALLEY

-- narrow - between tall brick buildings - darker than the street
because of shadows. This is an older section of down town
Seattle. Bill moves slowly down the alley.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE ALLEY (MOVING SLOWLY)

-- trash bins and doorways give it uneven sides - old fire
escapes angulate their way up building walls. A noise to the
left.

BILL

turns. Putting a hand on his gun. Then a RAT scampers across
the wet potholed pavement, disappearing through a broken window
into a building. Bill breathes a little easier.

CUT TO:

CHRIS

tearing down the street. Dodging people. Turning down a side
alley. He slows to a walk. The alley is like the other. Dark.
Dirty. He looks right, left. But his attention is on the
intersecting alley ahead.

CUT BACK TO:

BILL

moving up to a closed doorway. Peering into the darkness first,
before attempting to open the door. Nothing. The door is
padlocked. Bill moves on.

CUT TO:

CHRIS

approaching the intersection of alleys. He stops at a broken
warehouse window. Looks in carefully.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE INTERIOR

dark - a few old wooden boxes stacked here and there - shafts of light from broken windows. Dust.

CLOSE UP - A KNIFE

the five inch blade gleams.

CHRIS

moves away from the window. As he does, something drops from a ledge above. Just a flash as the blonde man falls behind Chris - coming up in one motion with the knife - at Chris's back.

Chris turns with the sound - deflecting the blonde man's wrist just in time - grabbing his wrist and slamming it against the brick wall of the building.

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.

Chris throws another punch, but it's blocked. And the blonde man throws another into the side of Chris' head. Chris is getting the worst of it.

CUT BACK TO:

BILL

unaware of the fight and looking into an open doorway. Getting a little frustrated. Where the hell did he go?

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Chris blocks a punch and throws his shoulder into the blonde man - knocking him back - off balance - they fall - Chris on top --

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 hits him hard. But the blonde kicks him off. Getting quickly to his feet - hitting Chris again - kicking him in the shin. Chris falls forward.

CHRIS
AHHHH SHIIIIITT!

CUT TO:

BILL

hearing Chris. The YELL is FOLLOWED by a LOUD CRASH. Bill takes off running down the alley. He reaches the intersecting alley just in time to SEE --

THE BLONDE MAN

-- running down the alley and disappearing around the corner onto the street. Chris is lying on the ground.

BILL

paces down the alley in pursuit, passing Chris. But when he reaches the street --

HIS P.O.V.

-- the blonde man is nowhere in sight. Just non-descript people moving up and down the sidewalks.

BILL

turns and runs back up the alley. Chris groans. Lying behind a broken wooden crate. Bill moves quickly to his side. Helps him up. Sees the blood smeared on his face.

BILL
We better get you to a hospital.
I'll get the car.

Bill starts to move. Chris grabs his arm.

CHRIS
It's his.

BILL
What?

CHRIS
(wipes away blood)
The blood... Most of it anyway...
Cut his hand on the knife --

Chris motions to the knife on ground. Bill picks it up by the blade, carefully closes it and puts it in his pocket. Chris winces as he touches his cut lip.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Shit, that sonuvabitch can hit.

Bill picks up Chris' badge lying on the ground. Hands it back to Chris. It's now coated with a thin layer of alley filth. Chris wipes it on his jeans. Puts it back into his pocket.

BILL

Why didn't you yell or something?

CHRIS

It was kinda difficult with his fist in my mouth.

Chris holds out his hand. Bill pulls him up. Chris leans over and rubs his ankle.

CHRIS

Lousy bastard kicked me in the shin...

They start down the alley together. Chris limps slightly.

CHRIS

Next time I see that sonuvabitch, boy --

Chris stops, takes a couple of deep breaths, holding his stomach.

CHRIS

-- the next goddamn time...

BILL

Yeah. It's tough enough gettin' the shit kicked outa you first thing in the morning... but it's a real pisser on a full stomach.

Chris gives him a look, then they both continue down the alley together.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE POLICE STATION - DAY

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

INT. DODGE - DAY

Bill pulls into a parking space. Shuts off the engine. Chris is checking his cut lip in the 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.

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Filled with metal desks, CLACKING TYPEWRITERS, RINGING PHONES, and COPS. Chris and Bill cross the room. Bill removes the knife from his pocket and puts it on a desk in front of a WOMAN COP.

BILL

I need some prints taken. And
there's some blood on the blade,
might as well have it typed while
you're at it.

She nods. And Bill follows Chris to their respective desks across from each other.

Next to them are TWO OTHER DETECTIVES - JACK PISMO, thirty-eight, curly haired and tan (even in the winter in Seattle), and PHIL COLDWELL, forty, always with a cigarette dangling out of the corner of his mouth.

Jack, who has the phone lodged between his shoulder and ear while he takes notes, is the first to notice Chris' wounds. He throws a pencil at Phil who is typing up a report with his two index fingers. Phil looks over. Jack motions to Chris. Phil looks. Smiles.

PHIL

Looks like somebody got in a fight,
Jack.

JACK

Sure does, Phil. A couple a nice
cuts and nobody in cuffs. That can
only mean one thing.

PHIL

Somebody got their ass kicked.

Chris finally looks over.

CHRIS

Gee, are you guys detectives?
You sure are a couple of smart
asses.

A YOUNG COP enters. Moves to Chris and Bill, Jack and Phil.

YOUNG COP

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

BILL

Why?

YOUNG COP

Don't look at me. All I heard was
the F.B.I.'s involved.

The young cop exits. Chris turns, looks at Jack and Phil.
Disgusted.

CHRIS

What did you guys do now?

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

GILES

Shut the door.

Bill shuts the door. Giles eyes Chris.

GILES (CONT.)

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

Jack and Phil love this.

CHRIS

Had a run-in with a suspect.

GILES (CONT.)

I guess you did... This is Agent
Thomas Lusk from Regional F.B.I.
headquarters.

(motions to cops,
introducing them)

Officers Bill Henderson, Chris
Lecce, Phil Coldwell, and Jack
Pismo.

(MORE)

GILES (CONT.)

(they shake hands with
Lusk)

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

CHRIS

Reassigned. Captain, wait a minute,
Bill and I are close to cracking --

GILES

(interrupting)

From now on, Mr. Lecce, you and
your colleagues are working full
time on this.

(gives Chris a warning
look)

Mr. Lusk is in charge of the
operation so I'll let him do the
talking.

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

I don't know if any of you are
familiar with Montgomery, but just
in case you're not, there's a rap
sheet, psych evaluation, and bio
included.

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 bacon and
toast. Bill looks up at Chris who reaches into his pocket and
hands him a pen. This has not gone unnoticed by Captain Giles.

PHIL

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

LUSK

And a prison supply driver. Two
days ago. With the help of an
accomplice. A man named Caylor
Reese. His picture's included.
They crossed the border into
Oregon, ditched the truck they were
driving and apparently had a car
waiting. Once they crossed the
border, we took over... I'll be
honest with you, that's what we
wanted. Montgomery was serving

(MORE)

LUSK (CONT.)

thirty years for killing one of our agents. He should've gotten the death sentence, but he had a sharp attorney, and the local police in charge of the investigation were a little too zealous in their pursuit of evidence. A plea bargain kept him from the chair.

PHIL

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

LUSK

We're not taking any chances. We think he'll head for Mexico, but he has friends in this area and, with the cooperation of several departments, we're setting up half a dozen stake-outs in and around Seattle. We'd like to do this one ourselves, but we don't have the manpower to go around.

GILES

That's where you guys come in.

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

JACK

(trying not to sound
too depressed)

Who we watchin'?

LUSK

He has a girlfriend in your precinct. Or did have. We're not sure of the status. Her name is Maria Mclean.

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 of her isn't very good. But we've included a detailed physical description.

ANOTHER ANGLE

LUSK (CONT.)

A house has been rented down the street from hers. The keys are in the envelope. We need to get this one set up right away. I know it's short notice, but this is a real ruthless sonuvabitch we're after.

Chris flips to another photograph. An older shot of Stick. Early twenties.

BILL

Do we get a bug?

LUSK

Hopefully within twenty-four hours.

(glances at watch)

I've got to get going. The numbers I can be reached at are in the file. I'll be checking in and keeping you posted.

(closes briefcase)

One more thing... if you spot Montgomery, report it... do nothing more. Remember, this is an F.B.I. operation.

(turns to Giles)

Thank you, Captain.

Giles nods. He doesn't really like Lusk, but he doesn't have much choice. They all watch Lusk exit, then --

JACK

What an asshole.

GILES

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)

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

Phil groans.

GILES

Something bothering you, too, Mr. Coldwell?

PHIL

No.

GILES

Come on, Philip, if something's bothering you, get it off your chest.

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.

GILES

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 ate our food --

PHIL

You left half eaten pizza on the floor --

JACK

You never once replaced the toilet paper.

CHRIS

We never replaced the toilet paper, cause you used it all!

BILL

And you let your goddamn dog piss on the rug.

PHIL

That's a goddamn lie!

CHRIS

If it wasn't your dog it was you!

Phil starts to stand.

GILES

Sit down!

(Jack starts to speak)
That's enough.

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

GILES (CONT.)

No one is getting out of this. I know it's not the most exciting assignment you boys have ever had, in fact you'll probably be bored stiff, and I'm sorry, I really am...

(leans toward them for very menacing emphasis)
... but if you slack off on this one, and it's my department that fucks up, I guarantee you the next assignment you get will be tracking down the shit from the men's room.

All are quiet for a moment, then we --

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Bill drives. Chris is in the passenger seat, staring out the window. Neither looks too happy. A beat, then --

CHRIS

Another stake-out with Coldwell and the clam. What did we do to deserve this?

BILL

It must've been that fruit-cake we gave the Captain for Christmas.

CHRIS

Well, I tell you what, if Coldwell lets his dog piss on the floor this time, I'm gonna piss on his dog.

BILL

Better get some supplies.

Chris takes out his notepad. Starts writing.

CHRIS

Beer, beer nuts, coffee...

BILL

Better get toilet paper.

CHRIS
 (jotting it down)
 God forbid we forget toilet paper.
 Donuts?

Bill thinks a beat, then --

BILL
 Why not, we're cops.

Bill turns into a MARKET PARKING LOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The stake-out. A well kept, lower middle-class, stucco house. White picket fence. On the corner (which allows them access without being seen). Bill pulls the car to the curb. He and Chris get out.

BILL
 Home sweet home.

CHRIS
 Bonnie's gonna kill me when she finds out.

BILL
 Then don't tell her.

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

Chris grabs the grocery bags from the back seat. Bill opens the car trunk, grabs a heavy suitcase and follows Chris up the front walk. They're moving in.

CUT TO:

OUT OF FOCUS - TELESCOPE P.O.V.

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 honey.

CAROL'S VOICE
 Where are you?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is sparsely furnished with cheap rental furniture. Bill is looking through a telescope on a tripod in front of the window. He's got the phone pressed to his ear.

BILL

I'm looking through a telescope at a green and white house over on Blaine Road.

CAROL'S VOICE

You got stuck with another stake-out?

BILL

The nightshift.

CAROL'S VOICE

Again?

Chris comes back into the room. Two beers and two t.v. dinners in hand.

BILL

Yeah. Guess who with.

CAROL'S VOICE

Not the slob.

BILL

Yep.

Chris hands one of the beers to Bill, points at the phone and waves.

BILL

Chris says hi.

Then Chris pantomimes holding her by the waist and humping her.

BILL

I think he wants to go to bed with you.

CAROL'S VOICE

That's nice. Tell him I'd like to go to bed with him, too.

BILL

(to Chris)

She says okay.

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

CAROL'S VOICE
Will I ever see you again?

BILL
I'll be home before you leave in
the morning.

CAROL'S VOICE
I mean how long is this one
supposed to take?

BILL
Two weeks.

CAROL'S VOICE
Famous last words.

BILL
I know... I'll call you later.
Love you.

CAROL'S VOICE
Love you, too. Have fun.

CHRIS'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

of the house across the street and six houses down. No activity.

CHRIS

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

BILL
Wanna 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
If you really wanna help me out,
why don't you move in with her?

BILL
Carol might not understand.

CHRIS
Friendship requires sacrifice now
and then.

BILL
So does love.

Chris slowly turns, looks at Bill.

CHRIS
Where's a pencil and paper when you
need it most?

Bill pulls out a pencil and paper hands it to Chris. Chris ignores it and picks up the phone, dials. It rings several times. No answer. Chris hangs up.

CHRIS
Probably too paralyzed with worry
about my whereabouts to even
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 McLean.
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, I'm not goin' through this
one alone.

CHRIS
(looks back through
binoculars)
Christ, maybe she is the house.

CUT TO:

TWO CUPS OF BLACK COFFEE

half empty. On the coffee table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chris is staring out the window, between the cracks in the
blinds. Bill is looking through a PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. Chris
yawns, steps away from the window.

BILL
Here we go, Playmate Data Sheet.
(reading)
Name: Kitty Louise Loughlin.
Birthplace: Miami, Florida.
Height: 5'5"; Weight: 105; Bust:
34; Waist: 24; Hips: 34. Turn Ons:
swimming in the nude, hiking in the
nude, sky diving in the nude, and
archery.
(looks up)
Just the girl you've been looking
for.
(reading)
They even tell you what kind of pet
she'd like: a baby Bengal tiger.

CHRIS
And I took mine to the pound
yesterday. Just my luck.

BILL
Now these people know how to put
together a data sheet. Why can't
our department supply us with
detailed information like this?

CHRIS
Because the pages would get stuck
together.

Chris takes the magazine away from Bill.

CHRIS (CONT.)

You're disgusting. You should be reading Sports Afield or National Geographic.

Bill moves to the window as Chris settles down on the couch and opens the Playboy to the centerfold.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Whoa. I guess it is kinda like National Geographic.

DISSOLVE TO:

A QUEEN OF HEARTS

being played on a KING OF SPADES. A RADIO is PLAYING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is watching the house. Chris is playing solitaire. Bored.

CHRIS

Shit. I hate this game. And I hate stake-outs.

Chris gets up, moves to the window.

CHRIS (CONT.)

Why wasn't I born rich?

BILL

Your parents didn't have any money.

CHRIS

We coulda cracked that case. You know that? Two more weeks we woulda had it nailed.

BILL

If it'll make you feel any better, whoever got our case probably'll have an i.d. on the blonde by morning, based on the fingerprints and blood type from the knife he tried to stab you with. The arrest will be made by late afternoon. The blonde will then confess to the murder and smuggling by early evening and all credit for the collar will go to the arresting officer just in time for a round of congratulatory drinks.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT.)

(puts hand on Chris'
shoulder)

But you'll have the personal
satisfaction of knowing it was all
based on your lead and your
bruises.

Chris stares at Bill for a moment, then --

CHRIS

Thanks.

Bill nods, hands Chris the binoculars, and moves to the couch. Bill looks at the cards. Then he starts rearranging them - moving one group to another, freeing another stack - finding another ace. Chris watches Bill zip through the game. Bill looks up, smiles.

BILL

When in doubt, cheat.

DISSOLVE TO:

BILL

asleep on the couch. In the b.g. Chris is sitting at the window, phone to one ear. Listening to the unanswered RING. After a couple more RINGS he hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHRIS

looking out the window. Just starting to nod off when something catches his attention. He rubs his eyes, looking hard through the window, then grabs the camera with the long lens and tosses an empty beer can at Bill. Hitting him in the head.

CHRIS

Wake up you lazy bastard.

Bill's eyes open. He looks over at Chris.

CHRIS

I think it's her.

Bill sits up slowly on the couch. Half asleep. Bill picks up the binoculars.

THEIR P.O.V.

of the house down 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 suddenly stops. She's remembered something and turns back to the car. And we get a full view of her. With her long brown hair and blue eyes, Maria Guadalupe McLean is very pretty. Chris is surprised.

CHRIS V.O.

She must've gone on a diet.

BILL

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

(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.

BILL'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

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...

Maria disappears from sight for a moment. Bill PANS THE CAMERA TO THE BEDROOM WINDOW. A LIGHT GOES ON.

BILL

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.

THEIR P.O.V.

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.

CHRIS AND BILL

look at each other.

CHRIS

I love my work.

Bill smiles and we --

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - A MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A back road. Dirt. Rutted and potholed. Winding through a high mountain pass. Snow capped peaks on either side. Pine forest covers the slopes. A CAR'S HEADLIGHTS are the only illumination

other than the moon and stars above. The car is moving fast down the rugged road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Stick is behind the wheel. Caylor is asleep in the passenger seat. Stick slows down. Shuts off the headlights. Coming to an intersection. A TWO LANE HIGHWAY. Stick stops the car. Checks the road in both directions. It's dark. Desolate. Stick turns onto the highway. Flicks the lights back on.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car moves down the highway. CAMERA PANS REVEALING DAWN BREAKING over the rolling hills in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAWN

A non-descript American car pulls curbside. Phil and Jack get out. Phil has a small Silke DOG with him. They move up the driveway as the dog immediately trots to Chris and Bill's car and lifts his leg on the front tire.

PHIL

Good boy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

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 this time, okay?

They watch Chris and Bill exit, then Jack flips them off.

JACK

Assholes.

Phil looks through the telescope as his dog jumps up on the couch.

JACK

I'm gonna take a leak.

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

HIS P.O.V. OF THE BATHROOM

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE - MORNING

Chris' car moves through downtown traffic.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - MORNING

Chris is tired. He turns a corner, looking out the window. It's a familiar neighborhood. And now we see why.

CHRIS' P.O.V. OF THE PAWN SHOP AND ALLEY

where he first tailed the blonde man.

CHRIS

cruises slowly past the pawn shop. But there's no sign of the blonde. He continues past the alley. Still nothing. Then he continues on down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEATTLE - CAPITOL HILL - MORNING

Once the favored zone of the wealthy, Capitol Hill fell from grace when the dissecting lanes of Interstate 5 cut it in two. Large homes line the street. Many in need of refurbishing. Some getting it and some not.

Chris cruises Boyer Avenue alongside Portage Bay. He turns onto a side street. Moving up Capitol Hill.

EXT. CHRIS' HOUSE - MORNING

This is one of the houses that needs refurbishing. Two stories. At one time a grand home. Chris pulls into the driveway. Gets out, heads up the front walk, picks up the morning paper, unlocks the front door and enters.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

The interior of the house is much like the exterior - in need of work. 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. No stamp. He opens it, reads, then looks up --

CHRIS

Bonnie?

Chris moves down the hall to the circular staircase - up the stairs - down another hall - and turns into --

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

-- 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:

BILL - INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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 THIRD 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.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BILL AND CHRIS

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.

BILL

She took the shades?

CHRIS

She paid for 'em.

A beat as Bill tries to figure this one out, then --

BILL
You drinking?

CHRIS
Of course.

BILL
How depressed are you?

CHRIS
Depressed enough to wake you up.

BILL
Did you fight?

CHRIS
She didn't give me the chance. She
just left a note and left.

BILL
She leave a number?

CHRIS
Nothing.

Silence for a moment. Bill is trying hard not to fall asleep.

CHRIS
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.

BILL
Give her a day or two. I'm sure
she'll call. There's nothin' you can
do right now anyway. Try and get
some sleep... And put the bottle
away.

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

CHRIS
See you tonight.

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

BILL

hangs up. Then takes the phone off the hook. Pulls the covers up around him. A beat, then his eyes open.

He stares at the phone, then reaches out, puts the receiver back. Closes his eyes again.

Then we HEAR A DOOR SHUT FROM OUTSIDE. A BASKETBALL BOUNCES. FOLLOWED BY BOY'S VOICES AND SOUNDS OF A BASKETBALL GAME IN THE DRIVEWAY NEXT DOOR. Bill's eyes open.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LAB - DAY

Everyday activity. Chris is waiting at a window. A CLERK comes up to the window.

CLERK

Your case has been reassigned. The fingerprints and blood type were sent up to Jackson. He got the job.

CHRIS

Shit. It would be Jackson.

CUT TO:

JACKSON

sitting behind his desk in the homicide division. Eating lunch. Jackson is a big, chunky, lunk. In his thirties. Fifteen years ago he was the star high school running back. Unfortunately for the public he didn't have the ambition or the talent for the pros. But he still wanted to run over people so he became a cop. Chris is sitting opposite him.

JACKSON

Why should I give it to you?

CHRIS

Because I'm asking you for it.

JACKSON

It's my case now.

CHRIS

I know it's your case now. I'm not trying to take anything away from you. In fact if I could give you my bruises, I would.

JACKSON

What's that supposed to mean?

CHRIS

(getting impatient)

It means I just wanna know who the sonuvabitch is that tried to knife me in the back.

JACKSON

I'm gonna get the guy. Don't worry.

CHRIS

(lying)

I know you'll get the guy, Jackson. You're a good cop. Just tell me who it is.

Jackson hesitates, then --

JACKSON

His name's Ted Carter. But that's all I'm tellin' you. And for your own good. I don't want you gettin' your ass kicked twice.

Chris forces a meager smile and gets up.

CHRIS

Thanks.

CUT TO:

TELEPHOTO SHOT OF MARIA - NIGHT

getting out of her car and heading up the front walk to her house. We HEAR THE CLICKING OF A CAMERA SHUTTER. She enters.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ANGLE PAN OF SEVERAL PHOTOS OF MARIA TACKED TO A WALL - CAMERA CONTINUES PAN TO Chris looking through the camera which is now mounted on a tripod. He looks tired. He glances at his watch and jots down the time Maria arrived home on his notepad.

Bill enters with a glass of water and a bottle of Aspirin. Bill also looks tired. He hands the water and aspirin bottle to Chris.

Chris takes a couple aspirin, chews them, downs the water, then looks back through the camera.

CHRIS

She's in the kitchen... putting a frozen dinner in the oven. Poor girl, dining alone tonight.

BILL

The price you pay when you fall for a con.

CHRIS

Now's she's pouring herself a drink...

Chris twists the zoom lens.

HIS P.O.V. - TELEPHOTO

of Maria in the kitchen. Pouring from a bottle. And as she pours CAMERA ZOOMS IN TIGHTER.

CHRIS'S VOICE

Looks like vodka and... seven... I think I'm in love.

INT. LIVING ROOM

BILL

Must've been a hard day at the office.

CHRIS

She comes back into the living room, switches on t.v., and... sits down for an evening with Tom Brokaw.

Chris sits down.

BILL

Looks like it's gonna be another thrill a minute evening.

CHRIS

If you wanna sack out, go ahead. I owe you a couple hours.

BILL

And miss all this excitement? This is why I became a cop. Never a dull moment.

Bill sits down on the couch.

BILL (CONT.)

You wanna play cards or make obscene phone calls?

CHRIS

I want to get back on a real case.

The PHONE RINGS. Bill answers.

BILL

Yeah....

(perks up)

Great... Thanks.

(hangs up)

We got the bug.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY DINER - NIGHT

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.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A FEW TRUCKERS are scattered about booths and counter stools. Lots of caps, cowboy hats, and boots. A blonde beehive-hair-does 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. Caylor is reading from a pocket Bible as he eats.

CAYLOR

You ever thought about what happens
when you die?

STICK

I'm goin' to hell, just like you.
And it'll be just like where I've
been for the last five years...
Except thirteen to a cell.

The waitress deposits a check on the table.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

STICK

You got a payphone?

WAITRESS

Down the hall. Back by the
restrooms. But use it at your own
risk. It's like playin' a slot
machine.

(picks up dishes)

Except with a slot you have better
odds.

The waitress leaves. Stick finishes his last bite of food.

CAYLOR

You sure she's still got the money?

STICK

I'm sure.

CAYLOR

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

Stick leans in close to Caylor.

STICK

Because she doesn't know she's got it. I trust nobody, not her, not my own mother, and especially not bible readers. When you trust somebody you die...

(gets up)

Pay the bill, then go to the car.

Stick gets up and heads toward the back. Caylor watches him for a moment, then looks back at his Bible. He shuts it, puts it back into his pocket.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAY PHONE

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

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Directory assistance.

(line STATIC)

What city?

STICK

Seattle.

CUT TO:

ALLIGATOR CLIPS

being attached to wires.

EXT. PHONE POLE - NIGHT

Chris is strapped to the phone pole in the alley behind Maria's house. He's dialing a portable phone.

BILL'S VOICE

Yeah.

CHRIS

Don't you ever say "hello"?

BILL'S VOICE
You ready?

CHRIS
Ready when you are.

BILL'S VOICE
Let her answer before you cut it.

CHRIS
I'll give her one hello.

Chris hangs up. Takes out a pair of wire clippers. Placing them over a red wire, ready to clip.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill dials the phone. Watching Maria's living room phone through the telescope. But instead of ringing, Bill gets a BUSY SIGNAL. Not what he expected.

EXT. PHONE POLE - NIGHT

Chris waits. Watching the bedroom window. We CAN SEE HER PHONE on the nightstand. We can HEAR it RINGING. Finally Maria appears.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria picks up the phone.

MARIA
Hello?

CUT TO:

STICK - INT. RANGE CAFE - NIGHT
on the pay phone.

STICK
Maria --

CUT TO:

WIRE CLIPPERS - CLOSE ANGLE
as they clip the wire.

CUT TO:

MARIA
hearing the line go dead.

MARIA

Hello?...

(no response)

Hello?

Still no response. She taps the button. No dial tone. She hangs up. But she recognized the voice.

CUT TO:

STICK - INT. RANGE CAFE - NIGHT

still on the phone, 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.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The drunk cowboy is washing his hands at the sink as he sings. He looks over at Stick as he enters. Nods a howdy and smiles. Then goes back to his hand washing. He glances in --

THE MIRROR

-- just in time to see Stick's gun come crashing down. It's the last thing he sees. The Cowboy slumps forward. Stick picks him up, drags him into the stall, sits him on the toilet and starts going through his pockets.

EXT. BACK OF BAR - NIGHT

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.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

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, then --

STICK

Hell, they're too goddamn small.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill is watching Maria's house through binoculars.

P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

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.

MARIA

Yes?

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

QUICK CUT TO:

BILL

watching through binoculars.

BILL

Come on, apologize. Tell her you're with Ma Bell.

CUT BACK TO:

CHRIS AND MARIA

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

One of your neighbors called in. I guess it's pretty widespread.

MARIA

Oh...

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

CUT TO:

BILL

watching through binoculars.

BILL

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

CUT BACK TO:

CHRIS AND MARIA

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, Chris. 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

We have that bad a reputation?

Maria stares at Chris for a moment.

BILL'S VOICE

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

MARIA

It isn't the most honest face I've
ever seen, but...

(steps aside)

Come on in.

Chris enters the house.

CUT TO:

BILL

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

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maria leads Chris into the living room.

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

INTERCUT WITH MARIA IN HER BEDROOM

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

CHRIS

finishes with the phone. He 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 --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- and moves to the nightstand next to the bed. The room is now very clean. Chris looks around. Taking in the surroundings. He sits down on the bed. Unscrews the receiver on the phone, takes the bug out of his pocket and drops it on the floor.

He reaches down to get the bug when he notices a NEWSPAPER on the floor - headlines and story about Montgomery's escape. Then he quickly 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, then stuffs it back under the bed. He goes back to work on the phone.

He finishes with the bug, then moves to the doorway, looks out. No sign of Maria.

CUT TO:

BILL'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

of Chris through the bedroom window. At the door.

BILL

watches for a moment.

BILL
What the hell're you doing?

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

Chris listens for a moment, then moves to her dresser.

BILL (V.O.)
Come on, Chris, she's in the house
for chrissake. Don't screw around.

P.O.V. PANS ACROSS HOUSE looking for Maria. PAN 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, I'm gonna kill you.

CUT BACK TO:

CHRIS

closing the second dresser drawer and opening the third. He looks quickly through the contents.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maria rinses out her dishes in the sink. Looks at the clock on the wall. Then heads for the living room.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

of Maria leaving the kitchen --

BILL (V.O.)
She's coming.

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

BILL (V.O.)
Where the hell are you!

Chris suddenly comes into view. Moving across the room to the closet. Opening it up. He stops. Listening.

CUT TO:

BILL

going crazy.

BILL
Goddammit! Chris! She's coming!

BINOCULAR P.O.V. PANS QUICKLY BACK TO HALLWAY
and Maria is almost to the bedroom.

BILL'S VOICE
Jesus Christ!

CUT TO:

MARIA - INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

moving down the hall and entering the --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- where Chris is examining the phone jack and wires. Just like
he should be.

MARIA
How's it goin'?

Chris looks up. The picture of innocence.

CHRIS
Not too good.

MARIA
I really have to get going.

CHRIS
I'm done here. It's not inside.
(stands up)
I'll have to check the pole outside.

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 --

MARIA
How long before you get it fixed?

CHRIS
Shouldn't be long once I find the
problem.

Chris starts down the hall.

MARIA
Excuse me.

CHRIS
(turns back)
What?

MARIA
(points other
direction)

That way.

Chris smiles awkwardly, then changes course, moves back down the hall. Maria watches him.

CUT TO:

PHONE WIRES

being reconnected.

EXT. MARIA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Chris is on the phone pole. Fixing the break. Finished, he glances down at Maria's house. Maria is standing in the window looking up at him.

Chris signals her to try the phone. She does and waves a thank-you. Then she moves away from the window. Chris watches her for a moment, then starts down the pole.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is standing at the window. Watching with binoculars. We HEAR THE BACK DOOR OPEN. Bill turns as Chris enters, pulling off his phone company overalls. Back to street clothes.

BILL

What the hell were you doing?

CHRIS

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

BILL

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

CHRIS

I thought I might find something that'd tell us if she'd talked to Montgomery. I think I saw something in the nightstand.

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

CHRIS (CONT.)

She's gone. How long ago?

BILL

Ten minutes.

CHRIS

I'm goin' back to check it out.

BILL

Chris, this is an F.B.I. operation. And I don't want to get my ass canned for illegal procedure if it's alright with you.

CHRIS

I'm just gonna look around. If I find something that tells us where he's going, it's gonna make life easier for everybody. And I guarantee you the F.B.I. won't give a damn as to how we got it.

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

BILL

Wait a minute!

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 and exits. Bill stares at the door for a beat, then shakes his head and picks up the binoculars.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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 opens the nightstand drawer. 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

Car!

Chris shuts off the light, moves to the window. A car passes on the street outside. Chris watches the car move down the street.

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. You haven't written me anything. I counted on you. 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. But that's okay. I understand. It's not easy being alone. I know from being in here. But I guess I expected a little more. 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. With the connections I've got, you'll have all the money you want, just as soon as things get straightened out."

BILL'S VOICE

He makes bein' in prison sound like a minor inconvenience.

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."

CUT TO:

BILL - INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

standing watch.

CHRIS' VOICE (CONT.)

You'll be reading about it. You know you'll never have anybody like me again -- "

BILL

At least he's got a healthy self-image.

CHRIS'S VOICE

Here's something. Better take this down. Looks like this T.C. pal of his is in Seattle.

BILL

Another car.

Bill watches the car move down the street. It closes on Maria's house, then passes. Continuing on.

CHRIS'S VOICE

You're worse than my mother.

BILL

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

Bill puts the binoculars down, gets paper and pencil.

BILL

Okay.

CHRIS'S VOICE

Apparently T.C.'s been down to Boise several times. There's no address or name.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHRIS AND BILL

CHRIS

(reading)

"T.C.'s coming down to see me in a couple days..." He was living in Bend, Oregon... "working on the docks again."

BILL

(writing)

T.C., Bend, Oregon... got it.

CHRIS

(reading)

... there's a phone number 550-4273...

BILL

(writing)

... 427 what?

CHRIS

3. Now he's talking about some chair he gave her for her birthday.

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

BILL'S P.O.V.

of Maria's car in her driveway.

BILL

panics.

BILL

Jesus Christ!

Grabs the binoculars. We continue to HEAR --

CHRIS'S VOICE

Apparently this chair means alot to him. Maybe I --

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.

MARIA

shuts the front door, heads for the bedroom. She's now in a waitress's uniform. And there is a huge red ketchup and gravy stain across the front. She's not happy about it.

INT. BEDROOM

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 shoes. A moment later her stockings fall to the floor.

CHRIS

can't believe this is happening. Next her dress falls 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 the SHOWER start. Then the DOOR OPENS, CLOSES. Chris waits another moment, then crawls out.

He 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.

He peers slowly around.

HIS P.O.V. (SLOWLY REVEALING)

the bathroom and the shower with Maria's naked figure visible behind the opaque glass.

CHRIS

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. Suddenly the SHOWER shuts off. The door opens.

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. Drying her hair with a towel.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

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.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill is still watching through the binoculars as Chris comes in through the kitchen with two beers. Bill looks over as Chris tosses him a beer and sits down on the couch.

BILL

Any more bright ideas?

CHRIS

Yeah. Get a new partner. The one you've got is really dumb.

Bill pops his beer and drinks. Then tosses him the note pad.

BILL

Here's the number you gave me. Give it a try.

Chris looks at the number, then dials. We HEAR THE PHONE RINGING ON THE OTHER END.

CUT TO:

A PHONE

RINGING. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND we see we're inside a PAWN SHOP.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The same pawn shop from which they chased the blonde man. The
PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

CUT BACK TO:

CHRIS AND BILL

CHRIS

No answer.

Chris hangs up, redials.

CHRIS (CONT.)

(into phone)

Lynn, this is Chris Lecce, I need you
to check a phone number for me...
550-4273... Thanks.

(hangs up)

Well, at least we know Bonnie's not
there either.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

as Chris cruises slowly past in his car.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - MORNING

Chris checks out the pawn shop as he passes. He turns a corner
into a SEVEN ELEVEN.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVEN/ELEVEN - MORNING

Chris is at the check-out. He looks tired and worn out. A cup
of coffee and a package of powdered donuts on the counter. Two
of the donuts are missing. Chris is eating the missing donuts.
The CLERK rings it up.

CLERK

Dollar fifty-eight.

Chris pays. Waits for the change, then picks up his donuts and
coffee and heads for the door. He takes another sip of coffee.
And as he lowers the cup he sees --

HIS P.O.V. OF TWO MEN

-- just entering the seven/eleven. And it takes a moment to
realize it, but one of the men is the blonde.

FULL SHOT

The Blonde recognizes Chris at almost the same instant. Chris has his hands and mouth full of donuts and coffee. The blonde turns and runs.

CHRIS
 (trying to swallow as
 he yells)
 Stooppphh --
 (swallows)
 Police!

Chris takes off after him. Spilling coffee onto his hand as he bursts through the door. Burning his hand, dropping the cup. He tears after the blonde.

EXT. SEVEN/ELEVEN - MORNING

The blonde races across the parking lot, dashes into the street, right into traffic. HORNS HONK. BRAKES AND TIRES SCREECH. He dodges cars and runs down the sidewalk on the opposite side. Chris races after him.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The blonde dodges a couple of people as he runs past the pawn shop. Chris in pursuit. But the blonde is fast. And Chris isn't gaining on him.

The blonde turns the corner. Disappearing. Chris turns on the speed. Reaches the corner.

CHRIS P.O.V. OF THE BLONDE

turning into a side alley on the other side of the street.

CHRIS

races across traffic again. Reaches the alley. Breathing hard. Slows down as he enters. He doesn't want to get caught from behind again.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Chris moves cautiously down the alley, but there is no sign of the blonde. Chris stops. Listens. Not even the sound of running. Nothing.

Shit!

CHRIS

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS' HOUSE - MORNING

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.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - MORNING

As he enters the house, 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.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MORNING

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 driveway. Turning onto the street. And leaving Chris alone in the drive.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

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.

CUT TO:

A REFRIGERATOR - INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

BILL (O.S.)

The bastards.

INT. WHITE 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 --

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- where Chris is hanging up a 16X20 print of Maria on the wall.

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 and as he catches them we --

CUT TO:

INT. RALPHS MARKET - NIGHT

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 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.

He rounds the corner. Stops at the end of the aisle. And breathes a little easier. Then he peers slowly back around.

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. Past the meat section and ducking down the --

PAPER AISLE

-- rounding the corner so fast he doesn't see the YOUNG WOMAN bending over to grab some kleenex off the bottom shelf. It's too late to stop. He smacks her. Sending the poor woman head first into the shelf full of tissue boxes.

CHRIS

(sotto)

Shit.

He glances quickly over his shoulder, then moves to help the struggling woman.

YOUNG WOMAN

What are you doing?!

Chris turns on the charm as best he can, considering he wants to get out of there fast.

CHRIS

(helping her up)

I'm really sorry. It was my fault.
I didn't see you, I was looking at
the sale price on trash bags and --
(shrugs; glances over
shoulder)

Are you alright?

The woman is slightly disarmed by this handsome stranger, who apparently is genuinely concerned.

YOUNG WOMAN

Well I suppose. But I just don't
believe --

CHRIS

I know, I know, it was a stupid thing
to do. I just want to know if you're
alright.

Chris gives her his best charming smile, putting a hand on her shoulder. The young woman looks at his hand on her shoulder.

YOUNG WOMAN

I guess I am.

CHRIS

Good.

Chris smiles again, then moves slowly down the aisle. Not wanting to draw any more attention.

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

(forces a smile)

How are you?

MARIA

Good. How 'bout you?

CHRIS

Okay.

MARIA

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.

There's an awkward moment of silence. Then Maria smiles. Chris returns it. Then --

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, nods. Then picks up a bag and exits. Maria watches him go.

EXT. RALPHS MARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chris crosses to his car, angry with himself. He gets into the car.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

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 into bag)

Pretzels, potato chips, crackers, beer --

CHRIS

I did.

MARIA

The guy called to you, but I guess you were in such a hurry you didn't hear him. Anyway, I'm glad I caught you.

Chris sighs, takes the bag from Maria.

CHRIS

I haven't been able to sleep much lately.

MARIA

No offense, but if this is what you're eating, no wonder you can't sleep.

CHRIS

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

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. I've been trying to get more exercise.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT.)

But this bag is already getting heavy
and I'm not even out of the parking
lot.

Now what does he do?

CUT TO:

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

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

BILL - INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

TELESCOPE

-- and sees Chris and Maria getting out of the car. Chris is
helping her up the walkway with her groceries.

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 of apology.

BILL

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

Look, I just stopped off for a cup a
coffee.

BILL

Are you out of your mind?

CHRIS

I'll be home 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. Is she in the room with you?

CHRIS

Yeah.

BILL

Good, just wanted to make sure she didn't miss out on any of this.

CHRIS

I'll see you in half an hour.

BILL

Can't wait.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris, sitting at the kitchen table, hangs up the phone as Maria joins him with two cups of coffee.

MARIA

Everything okay?

CHRIS

Yeah. I was gonna meet a friend of mine for drinks. I just had to make it a little later.

They both sip their coffee for a moment.

MARIA

Girlfriend?

CHRIS

No, a guy at the phone company.

MARIA

You like being a phone man?

He doesn't like lying, especially looking into her big blue eyes... Instead he looks down at his coffee cup.

CHRIS

It's alright.

MARIA

What would you rather be doing?

CHRIS

Anything.

MARIA

Then why don't you?

CHRIS

I'm just kidding. It's not so bad.

MARIA

But why not do something you really like?

CHRIS

It's not easy finding a job doing something you really like.

MARIA

What do you really like?

CHRIS

(a beat, then --)

Ballet.

Maria stares at him for a moment, then she smiles.

MARIA

Okay, quit with the career guidance; huh?

CHRIS

If I went off to dance, who'd fix your phone?

Maria smiles.

MARIA

I started back to school last year, to get an accounting degree... I guess I'm just trying to convince myself I made the right choice.

CHRIS

What were you doing before that?

MARIA

Secretary... At least I knew I hated that. You want something to eat?

CHRIS

No, I'm fine.

MARIA

It's no trouble. I was gonna make something for myself anyway... Just 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

Never had it.

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 uncomfortably in his chair.

CUT TO:

BILL - INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

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 --

THE TELESCOPE

-- 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.

BILL

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

BILL

I must be crazy. This cannot be happening.

He looks back through --

THE TELESCOPE

-- and sees Chris popping the cork on a wine bottle. Maria is talking away and Chris is now laughing.

BILL'S VOICE
I'm gonna kill him.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
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.

MARIA
I'll think about it. You want some more wine?

CHRIS
No, thanks. You ever been married?

MARIA
No. Close once...

CHRIS
Me, too.

MARIA

One mistake I fortunately didn't go through with.

CHRIS

How long ago?

MARIA

Couple years. What about yours?

CHRIS

About the same. 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 as if everything were just fine. But I don't answer. You'd think he'd take a hint.

CHRIS

Some guys have a tendency to miss some of the signs.

MARIA

This guy missed the billboards.

CHRIS

Where is he?

MARIA

(hesitates)

He's got a job out of state.

CHRIS

What's he do?

MARIA

He's with the government.

CHRIS

Mmm. Lot of security with the government.

MARIA

Not enough.

CHRIS

If he still writes to you, you think he'd try to see you again?

MARIA

He's not the kind of person you can predict. Why're you interested?

CHRIS

(a little off guard)

Well, I just wondered, you know... if you were seeing anyone in particular now?

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

MARIA

You think I fix Camarones
Veracruzanos for just anyone.

Chris smiles and we --

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill is sitting on the couch when Chris comes in with the groceries in hand. Chris shuts the door and they just stare at each other for a moment. Chris has the warm glow of a pleasant alcoholic buzz.

CHRIS

Look, I know what you're thinking.

BILL

I doubt it.

CHRIS

It was nothing I planned.

(Bill shakes his head;
agreeing)

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

Besides, nothing happened. We just talked. That's all.

Bill nods. Sure, what's the big deal about some talk?

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.

CHRIS

Look, don't worry. She needed a ride home, I gave her a ride home. That's all.

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.

BILL

Didn't give her your number?

CHRIS

Didn't give her my number.

BILL

Address?

CHRIS

Nothing. Bill, it was just that once. Over and done with.

Chris sits down in the chair. 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

What?

BILL

Something inside is telling me I should really be pissed at you. But, you know, we've been partners too damn long for me to believe that you would jeopardize my career. So I'm gonna let it ride... But next time, let me know before you do something like this again. Okay?

A beat, then Chris nods. He 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.

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

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIA

tacked on a wall. Sunlight streams in through open blinds.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Chris is sitting up in bed, drink in hand. Staring at the photograph tacked over the dresser. He takes a sip from his drink. He looks very tired. He hasn't shaved. And he hasn't bothered to get undressed. And sleeping is out of the question because of the ROAD CONSTRUCTION (JACK HAMMERS AND BULLDOZERS) going on right outside his window.

DISSOLVE TO:

BILL - INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Bill is lying in bed. Eyes open. Staring at the ceiling. The room is as dark as he can make it considering it's day. We HEAR the ROAR of a gardner's LEAF BLOWER from right next door. Making it impossible to sleep. But that's not what's keeping Bill awake. He's worried - about his partner.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MAN - INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - DAY

with his back to us. Standing at the urinal across the room. Suddenly a BLEACHED BLONDE 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. HAIR BLEACHED. 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.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - PUBLIC RESTROOM - PARKING LOT - DAY

In the distance the wide Columbia River flows past. Stick exits the restroom, crosses the parking lot to a 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:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris pulls curbside. Glances down the block at Maria's house, then moves up the front walk.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris enters. Jack and Phil and his dog are ready to go. Jack is picking up the recorder.

CHRIS

Anything?

JACK

One phone call 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.

PHIL

In case you didn't know, your partner's pickin' up a new recorder. This one conked out.

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

CHRIS

If your dog bites me, he dies.

PHIL

Yeah, from food poisoning.

Phil and Jack exit. Chris watches them through the front window as they get into their car and Phil's dog pisses on Chris' tire again. Chris 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 out the window as Jack and Phil drive away. Then he crosses to the photograph and tears it off the wall. He rips it in half and tosses it to the floor. Then he moves to the telescope. Peers through it.

HIS P.O.V. OF MARIA

in her kitchen. It looks as if she's preparing dinner.

CHRIS

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

MARIA'S VOICE

Hello.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MARIA AND CHRIS

CHRIS

Hi, it's...

(can't remember,
panics; then -)

... Steve.

MARIA

Oh, hi. How are you?

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

CHRIS

Good. Look, the reason I called... I know we talked about going out to dinner or something, but --

(this isn't easy)

-- maybe we shouldn't. There are things about me you don't know.

Silence. 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? To get to know each other?

CHRIS

Yeah, but there are a few things about me that I can't tell you. And until I can --

MARIA

Are you in some kind of trouble?

CHRIS

Kind of.

MARIA

With the law?

CHRIS

... In a way.

MARIA

Look, let's not worry about your past or mine right now. Let's have dinner together, if it works out, great. If not? It's only a dinner. And maybe I can help. Will you be home tonight?

CHRIS

I have to work.

MARIA

Then give me your number, I'll call you tomorrow.

CHRIS

My phone number?

MARIA

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

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah, I've got a phone. 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 arrived.

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. Chris hangs up.

BILL

Can you give me a ride tomorrow? I
gotta take my car in for a tune.

CHRIS

Sure.

BILL

... Everything okay?

CHRIS

(forces a smile)

Bonnie.

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

CUT TO:

A TELEPHONE - INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Chris is in bed. Asleep. Curtains drawn. 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. Probably been crying.

MARIA (CONT.)

It's Maria.

(cries a little)

I'm sorry.

Chris' eyes open. Maria!

CHRIS

What's wrong? Is someone there?!

MARIA

No, no...

(regains control)

I shouldn't have called. But I needed someone to talk to. I'm sorry...

CHRIS

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:

THE TAPE RECORDER

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 BACK TO:

CHRIS' CAR - EXT. STREET - NIGHT

roaring down the street. Screeching around a corner.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Chris and Bill are riding together. Bill is gripping the door handle. He looks over at Chris.

BILL
In a hurry?

Chris looks over.

CHRIS
Me?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car roars over a bump. Bottoming out.

CUT TO:

THE TAPE

being removed from the recorder.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phil is looking through the binoculars and Jack is pulling the tape off the recorder as the front 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 Giles 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 heads for the kitchen.

BILL

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

CHRIS

Yeah.

Bill exits O.S. Chris turns to the window. Looks across at Maria's house for a moment, gazing blankly into the darkness.

HIS P.O.V.

of a man moving quickly up the front walk. Knocking on the door.

CHRIS

picks up the binoculars. Watches as Maria opens the door. The man pushes his way into the house. Chris lowers the binoculars. Something's not right. He quickly raises the binoculars again.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

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

CHRIS

drops the binoculars and runs out the door.

BILL (V.O.)

I don't think you're gettin' enough
sleep, Chris. I'm havin' trouble
myself, but...

Bill comes into the room with two cups of coffee. No Chris.

BILL

Chris?

Then he SEES --

P.O.V. THROUGH FRONT WINDOW

-- Chris running down the street toward Maria's house.

BILL

can't believe it.

BILL

What the...

He sets down the coffee and picks up the binoculars.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

Chris is moving up to the house. Drawing his gun. Then he SEES the OTHER MAN in the window with Maria. And now Chris kicks open the front door and enters Maria's house.

BILL

drops the binoculars --

BILL

Shit!

-- and races out the front door, drawing his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris has his gun leveled at the man who has his hands in the air. Scared stiff. Chris is looking at Maria.

CHRIS

Who?

MARIA

Tony Harmon. He's a friend of mine.

The man, TONY HARMON, nods.

TONY

I just came lookin' for my wife.

MARIA

They had an argument and she left and Tony thought I was hiding her here.

TONY

That's right. I was a little mad, that's all.

Now it's Chris' turn to be mad. Did he blow the whole operation over a marital scrap?

CHRIS

What the hell were you doin' pushin' Maria around?

TONY

I was upset. I didn't mean nothin'. I just got a little crazy.

CHRIS

That doesn't give you the right to come over here and push her around!

Maria watches this exchange. It's been a long time since anyone stood up for her.

TONY

(edging to door)

Okay, man, okay. I won't do it again. Believe me.

CHRIS

If I ever hear you pulled this crap again, I'll be comin' over to your house.

TONY
Never again, man. Never again!

Chris lowers his gun and Tony dashes for the front door.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony flies out the front door, running for his car, almost running into Bill. Bill jumps back into the bushes unseen and LEVELS HIS GUN AT TONY. He doesn't know whether or not to blast him. Did he kill Chris and Maria? No gunshots. He's got to make a split second decision. He glances quickly back over his shoulder.

HIS P.O.V. OF CHRIS AND MARIA

in the living room. Facing each other.

CHRIS
... After you called, I got
worried... I thought maybe I should
come over...

Maria walks into Chris' arms and hugs him tightly. He doesn't know quite what to do.

CHRIS (CONT.)
... and see if you were okay.

MARIA
Nobody ever came to my rescue before.

Then she kisses him. And Chris can't help himself. His arms slowly go around her.

BILL

watches in disbelief. Only the SCREECHING TIRES pull him back around. His gun is still leveled in the direction of Tony's CAR AS IT SPEEDS away. Bill lowers his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill enters. Moves to the couch and sits down. His life is crumbling before his very eyes. He sits silently for a moment, then picks up the binoculars.

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

PANNING ACROSS THE EMPTY KITCHEN WINDOW, EMPTY LIVINGROOM WINDOW, AND STOPPING ON THE BEDROOM WINDOW. Maria, her blouse unbuttoned, is just pulling the curtains closed.

BILL

lowers the binoculars.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria returns to the bed. Chris is sitting on the edge.

CHRIS

I shouldn't be here...

MARIA

Where would you rather be?

Maria starts to unbutton his shirt.

CHRIS (CONT.)

That's not the point...

MARIA

Then what?

CHRIS

I like you, I really do...

MARIA

I like you, too.

(smiles)

So far so good. What else?

CHRIS

You don't know where I live, you've never been to my house, you don't know if I drink too much or smoke too much or anything.

Maria stares at him for a moment, then --

MARIA

What d'you want to do, fill out an application?

CHRIS

Don't you even want to meet my parents?

MARIA

Do you have some kind of sexual disease?

CHRIS

No.

MARIA

Then I know you work for the phone company, you like coffee and spicey food, you drive a not so great American car, you have a gun, and you're concerned about me. I know you're concerned about me because otherwise you wouldn't be here and you wouldn't be putting up such a struggle. And you're nice and I find you very attractive. That's not an easy combination to find. So I'm willing to take a few extra chances. And if I find out tomorrow that you're a lying sonuvabitch with a wife and two kids and you like to wear women's underwear, then I'll kick myself tomorrow and feel like an idiot for awhile. But what can I do? If you've got a shady past you probably won't tell me the truth anyway. Would you?

CHRIS

Not till I got to know you better.

Maria smiles.

MARIA

I feel better with you than I've felt with anyone for a long time. And it's been a long time. I don't think it'll make any difference if I've known you for another month or ten years. I want you to hold me and I want you to make love to me.

Chris stares up at her, then --

CHRIS

I can't tell you anything about me right now... I just wanted you to know that.

Maria slips his shirt off his shoulders. She smiles.

MARIA

I guess that's better than nothing.

Then she leans in and kisses him. Chris slips Maria's shirt off her shoulders as they lie back on the bed. And as reason takes a powder and passion takes over Chris reaches over to turn off the light next to the bed. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS HAND TO THE NIGHTSTAND PAST THE .357 LYING NEXT TO THE PHONE AND UP TO THE LAMP. As the light clicks off and we're plunged into darkness we --

CUT TO:

A DARK HAND

pulling a cigarette lighter from a dashboard. CAMERA FOLLOWS HAND UP TO THE 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 hair is dark again. 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 --

EXT. MARIA'S STREET - NIGHT

-- 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:

THE TELESCOPE - INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

BOOTS

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.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stick moves silently down the hall toward the bedroom. He stops outside, cocks the hammer back on the .44, then reaches for --

THE DOORKNOB

-- his hand curling around it, slowly turning it.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE DOOR OPENING

and Chris sitting bolt upright in bed. He looks at the door. But it's Maria entering. Two cups of coffee in hand. Chris breathes a sign of relief as he realizes it was a nightmare.

MARIA
Did I scare you?

CHRIS
Bad dream.

MARIA
(sets coffee on
nightstand)
You really slept hard.
(kisses him on the
cheek)
When you finally got to sleep.
(snuggles up to him)
I guess I know a little more about
you after last night.

Then it hits him - there is light coming though 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 clothes.

MARIA
What's wrong?

CHRIS
It's morning!

Maria watches Chris as he frantically dresses.

MARIA
I realize it's morning. Are you
gonna be late for work?

He hobbles to the window putting on pants.

CHRIS
Very.

He looks out the window.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE WHITE HOUSE

down the street. Phil and Jack's car is parked in front.

CHRIS

groans and dashes back to the bed for his shoes.

MARIA

Can you call and tell 'em you're gonna be late?

CHRIS

They wouldn't understand.

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

MARIA

Steve.

Chris turns and stops when he SEES MARIA HOLDING HIS GUN. Chris looks from the gun to Maria.

MARIA

I'd rather not have this lying around.

Chris takes the gun from her, slips it into his pocket. He stares at her for a moment, then kisses her.

CHRIS

I'll call you.

Then he exits fast. Maria is slightly bewildered.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - MORNING

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 sun light seems to
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT.)
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. Just a
sensitive skin thing.

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... but
it's yours if you need it.

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 and Chris 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:

TELEPHOTO P.O.V.

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

PHIL'S VOICE
Jack!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

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, Blaine Road stake-out. We have a man running from the house.

PHIL

Caucasian. Six foot, blue jeans, jacket, pink hat, heading south...

JACK

Caucasian, six foot, 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:

CHRIS

running hard. He glances over his shoulder. In the b.g. Jack and Phil's car is screeching out of the drive. 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. SIRENS in the distance.

CUT BACK TO:

JACK AND PHIL'S CAR

SCREECHING around a corner, roaring toward camera. A BLACK AND WHITE UNIT is in the b.g. moving in behind.

CUT TO:

MARIA

in her robe, standing on her front porch, sipping her coffee and

listening to the SIRENS.

CUT BACK TO:

CHRIS

climbing another wall, edging his way along the top, leaping to the roof of a garage. From here he can SEE TWO BLACK AND WHITE UNITS CONVERGING at one end of the block and JACK AND PHIL'S CAR AND ANOTHER BLACK AND WHITE 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. Chris just makes it over another gate before the Shepherd.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Chris runs into the street, turns, 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.

INT. BILL'S CAR - MORNING

Bill hits the gas, roars down the street. A BLACK AND WHITE UNIT SCREECHES TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THEM.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

TWO OFFICERS GET OUT behind their car doors, guns leveled at Bill's car. Bill holds HIS BADGE OUT THE WINDOW. Chris's BADGE appears out of 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.

INT. BILL'S CAR - MORNING

They watch the black and white disappear down the street. Then Bill looks at Chris.

BILL
Oversleep?

On Chris' expression we --

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Dark. Close to empty. Bill and Chris occupy a corner booth. Each has a beer.

BILL
Have you thought about what else you
wanna do?

CHRIS
What d'you mean?

BILL
When they find out you fucked up their
stake-out you'd better have another
career picked out.

Chris looks at Bill for a moment, then looks down at his beer.

BILL (CONT.)
I hope she's worth it.

CHRIS
Look, Bill, you saved my ass and
I'm grateful. But I don't need a
lecture right now. I know I'm fucking
up.

BILL
That's comforting.

CHRIS
Look, I tried to stop, I really did.
Maybe not hard enough, I don't know. I
had to give her my number otherwise she
would've called the phone company
lookin' for me. What the hell was I
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT.)

supposed to do? I was tryin' not to blow my goddamn cover... Anyway, what the hell're the chances of Montgomery showing up. Pretty goddamn slim.

(Bill starts to say something)

Alright, that was a dumb thing to say. I don't know anymore. I didn't ask for this goddamn assignment.

BILL

You may not have asked for it, but you got it. And you're being paid to do it. Whether or not you like it has nothing to do with it.

Bill looks at his watch.

BILL (CONT.)

Finish your beer. We've got a briefing in fifteen minutes.

CUT TO:

A TAPE RECORDER - EXTREME CLOSE UP

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

CHRIS' VOICE

(half asleep)

What?

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 Giles 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

Where are you?

MARIA'S VOICE

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

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

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 Blaine 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:

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

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, buddy, I have had it. I'm not goin' down with you! I've got too many goddamn years in to get nailed like this!

(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:

EXT. THE FOUR HUNDRED TAVERN AND CAFE - DAY

Down town Seattle. Seaside. CAMERA PANS TO CHRIS WAITING IN HIS CAR. Staring at the restaurant. Finally he gets out and heads for the cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Lunch time crowd. Chris enters. Approaches the HOSTESS.

HOSTESS

(pulling menu)

One?

CHRIS

Is Maria working?

HOSTESS

Yes. Would you like her section?

CHRIS

Yeah.

The hostess leads Chris into the cafe. She seats him at a side table. Next to the window. He glances outside, then down at the menu.

MARIA
This is a nice surprise.

Chris looks up. Maria smiles.

CHRIS
I have to talk to you.

MARIA
I don't get off till five.

CHRIS
When's your break?

MARIA
That serious?

Chris nods. Maria gives him a reassuring smile.

MARIA
I'll be right back.

She moves to the hostess. Chris would rather be someplace else. He picks up his glass, sips some water. A moment later Maria reappears, sits down opposite him.

MARIA
I'm good for ten minutes.

CHRIS
Maria --
(this is difficult)

MARIA
-- Just don't tell me you really do have a wife and two kids. That doesn't give me enough time to cry.

CHRIS
I can't see you for awhile. I can't explain why. Not right now anyway.

MARIA
If you're in some kind of trouble, tell me about it. I've had more experience with this than you know.

CHRIS
I'm not in any kind of trouble. At least not yet...

The CAR PULLING UP OUTSIDE catches his attention. He looks over. TWO MEN are getting out. Chris turns quickly. The two MEN ARE

COPS - ONE OF THEM IS DETECTIVE JACKSON. And they're turning into the cafe.

MARIA
What's wrong?

CHRIS
(stands)
I have to go.

MARIA
I thought you wanted to talk.

Jackson and Crosby are already in the restaurant. Chris has no choice. He sits back down. Leans into Maria.

CHRIS
Two men are coming into the restaurant.
(Maria turns; looks)
If they see me, I'm in trouble. Is there a back way out?

MARIA
Through the kitchen.
(gets up)
Follow me.

Maria quickly picks up a tray of dishes that ANOTHER WAITRESS has just set down next to a table of FOUR.

WAITRESS
Hey, what're you doin'?

Maria starts for the back with the tray held high, using it as cover for Chris.

MARIA
(over her shoulder; on the move)
There was a cockroach on the fries.
I'll be right back.

The table of four reacts to the news about their fries as Maria leads the way to the kitchen. Chris stays low, hiding behind the tray.

They just make it past the last booth as Jackson turns the corner.

INT. KITCHEN

Chris and Maria burst through the swinging doors to safety. Chris immediately turns to her.

CHRIS
You saved my life. Thanks. I'll
explain...
(heads for back door)
... someday. I promise.

Maria watches Chris disappear out the back. Then she turns and reenters the dining area.

CROSBY AND JACKSON

are just being seated into a booth when Maria walks over to them. Sets down two glasses of water.

MARIA
Hi, my name's Maria, I'm your waitress.
I'll be back in a moment to take your
orders.

Suddenly a PAGER goes off. Jackson reaches for it, pulling back his coat and REVEALING HIS BADGE ON HIS BELT. Maria stares at the badge as we --

CUT TO:

A GAS NOZZLE - EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

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 --

GAS STATION OFFICE

-- 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.

CAYLOR

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

INT. CAR

-- 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 --

REAR VIEW MIRROR

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

STICK

looks back ahead. He slowly puts his foot down on the gas. And the car picks up speed.

CUT BACK TO:

THE MAN

entering the station office. Looking around.

MAN
Anybody here?!
(no response)
Hey! Anybody here?!

He opens the door to the garage and stops suddenly --

MAN
Oh my God.

-- when he SEES THE STATION ATTENDANT lying on the garage floor, head bloody. The man backs up quickly and grabs the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. STICK'S CAR - DAY

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

CAYLOR
Two hundred seventy-three.

STICK
Shit.

Caylor looks up.

THEIR P.O.V.

OF A BLACK AND WHITE ahead. Moving toward them.

INT. CAR - DAY

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 --

REAR VIEW MIRROR

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

INT. STICK'S CAR - DAY

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.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

INT. CAR - DAY

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

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

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

THE POLICE CAR

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

INT. CAR - DAY

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.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

With the windshield gone both cops can fire at the fleeing car right through the front.

INT. CAR - DAY

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.

LOW ANGLE - EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car whips past. The patrol car only fifty feet behind. But suddenly it starts to drop back.

INT. CAR - DAY

CAYLOR

They're slowin' down... I musta hit the engine.

Stick watches in the rear view mirror. They're approaching a curve ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY -DAY

The car rounds the corner. And now they know why the patrol car slowed down.

THEIR P.O.V. OF THE ROAD BLOCK - THREE PATROL CARS

blocking the highway ahead. SIX COPS WITH GUNS READY. In front of a two lane BRIDGE OVER A RIVER. No way around. But there is a dirt road running alongside the river in either direction. And open fields of cotton on both sides. A couple of passenger cars have been stopped on the far side of the bridge. This has been a hastily set up road block.

STICK

backs his foot off the gas.

CAYLOR

It's over, man.

Stick glances in the rear view mirror again, then --

STICK

I'm not goin' back.

Stick floors the accelerator. Spins the wheel. And the --

CAR

-- takes off through the field of cotton.

THE COPS

open fire.

BULLETS

hit the side of Stick's car. Blowing out a back window.

INT. CAR - DAY

Stick fights the wheel. They're almost to the dirt road. Banging across the last rows of cotton.

COPS

are getting into cars. One COP takes aim with a rifle - there's a CRACK and recoil.

THE FRONT TIRE

of the car is blown out.

STICK

loses control.

THE CAR

roars across the road, straight for the river, tearing through a wall of trees and brush. It sails out over the water. Landing grill first in the swiftly flowing river.

STICK AND CAYLOR

are thrown into the dash. Caylor's head smashes against the window. WATER POURS IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

THE CAR

sinks swiftly as it's carried quickly down river toward the bridge.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

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.

THE CAR

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:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is packing up the telescope when Chris enters.

CHRIS

What're you doin'?

BILL

The call just came in. We're through.

CHRIS

They got Montgomery?

BILL

I guess. I didn't get many details, but I heard there was a shoot out and they've got him trapped in a car

(MORE)

BILL (CONT.)

under about five feet of water in the Nisqually River. So they called off the stake-outs and are concentrating their efforts down there. Anyway, job well done.

Chris and Bill stare at each other for a moment, then --

CHRIS

Yeah, medals all around...

Chris sits down on the couch. Bill goes back to packing up equipment.

BILL

You are one lucky sonuvabitch.

CHRIS

Yeah.

BILL

She know you're a cop?

CHRIS

I don't know what she knows, except that I work for the phone company and I'm in some kind of trouble.

Bill continues the packing job.

CHRIS (CONT.)

I really surprised myself this week. I didn't think I'd ever fuck up this bad.

BILL

What're you gonna do about her?

Chris is silent for a moment, then --

CHRIS

I'm not sure I believe it, but I think I've fallen in love with her.

BILL

You're gonna have to tell her sometime, so why don't you get it over with. She's in the house.

CHRIS

You don't want any help?

BILL

You can help by takin' the bugs out of her phones. I'm just sorry I'm not gonna be there to hear you explain it.

Chris gets up, heads for door.

BILL

By the way.

Chris stops in the doorway.

BILL (CONT.)

The phone number you got from Montgomery's letter checked out to the pawn shop on 32nd.

CHRIS

When did you find that out?

BILL

Last night. Slipped my mind during all the excitement.

CHRIS

Yeah. Well, it might've been a good lead.

Chris shrugs, then exits. Bill turns back to packing, then looks out the window at Chris' car moving down the street.

Bill watches for a moment, then looks up at the PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARIA still on the wall. Her smile seems to hint that she's known all along.

CUT TO:

A YOUNG BOY - EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

trying to sell flowers from a large plastic tub to passing motorists. He hasn't had much luck tonight because he's still got a lot of flowers left. Chris' car pulls over.

CHRIS

Hey, kid.

The boy moves to Chris' car. Chris says a few words to him. And whatever they are has made the boy's night because he runs back to the plastic tub with a big smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - NIGHT

An old metal trestle over a river. A FREIGHT TRAIN IS CROSSING. As BOX CARS pass under the cross beams, the BODY OF A MAN suddenly dangles down from above.

Stick hangs from the cross beams. The TRAIN CARS ROLL PAST UNDERNEATH. He's waiting, waiting - finally he drops - hitting the top of a car. Rolling to the edge. Grabbing hold just before he goes over.

He hangs on, straining. Then slowly he pulls himself up, getting a foothold. He pulls himself back on top of the car, breathing hard and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris' car pulls up in front. Parks on the street.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

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 with his badge.

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION - NIGHT

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 against the car is making it extremely difficult to pull it from the water. It is not yet confirmed but it is believed that the body of escaped prisoner Richard Montgomery is still trapped inside. The body of his accomplice, Caylor Reece, was found two miles down river.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS TO Maria. Sitting on the corner of a chair. Watching.

REPORTER (O.S. CONT.)

Normally police divers would have tried to pull Montgomery free, but because of the car's precarious position and the force of the river, that has been impossible. But as of
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT.)

six o'clock this evening, the manhunt for Richard Montgomery has moved to the Nisqually River and to, what appears to be, an inevitable end.

(a KNOCK at the door)

Allen Gubser reporting live from the Nisqually River, highway 507, 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 THE TUB FULL OF FLOWERS. Maria smiles.

MARIA

I suppose you want to look at my phone.

CHRIS

You working tonight?

MARIA

Depends.

CHRIS

What d'you say to dinner?

MARIA

What d'you say to telling me what's going on?

CHRIS

How about I tell you over dinner?

Maria stares at him for a beat, then pulls him into the house. He sets the tub of flowers on the floor and she puts her arms around him.

MARIA

Are you alright?

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm alright.

He hugs her tightly. Then she kisses him.

CHRIS

Maybe we should talk...

MARIA

I've heard that one before.

She kisses him again. And it's getting more and more passionate.

CHRIS

All action and no talk, huh?

MARIA

All action, then talk.

She slips his coat off his shoulders, lets it fall to the floor.

MARIA

I'm afraid if I let you start explaining things, you'll jump out the window and run away.

(kisses him again)

Besides, maybe I don't want to know what you're going to tell me. It might ruin everything.

Then Chris picks her up and carries her down the hall. They continue to kiss. He turns into --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- carrying Maria to the bed. Chris lays her down. Kisses her. Then pulls her shirt out of her pants, unbuttons it. She slides her arms out of the sleeves. Then she pulls him down on top of her. Kissing him hard as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

The main train yard. Lots of tracks. Lots of trains. A freight TRAIN moves slowly through the yard. As a BOXCAR PASSES, Stick lets himself down off the ladder. He's still wet. And freezing cold. AS THE LAST BOX CARS PULL PAST IT REVEALS THE SPACE NEEDLE IN THE DISTANCE. SEATTLE.

He starts across the tracks toward a depot building. Only one light inside. No activity.

A TRAIN YARD WORKER in hard hat and overalls is just coming out of the building when he sees Stick coming, across the tracks.

WORKER

Hey! You!

(moves toward Stick)

What the hell're you doin'?

Stick, shivering, moves up to him.

WORKER (CONT.)

Get outa there before you get yourself run over!

The worker reaches out to grab Stick when he pulls his revolver and levels it at the worker's head.

STICK

Is there anybody in the building?

WORKER

Hey, take it easy.

STICK

Is there anybody in the goddamn building?!

WORKER

No.

Stick shoves him back toward the building.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A small warehouse. The door opens. Stick shoves the worker inside. Shuts the door.

STICK

Take off your clothes.

WORKER

What?

Stick cocks the gun.

STICK

Do you want to die?

The worker immediately begins to strip.

WORKER

Jesus Christ, man, you can have my clothes, anything. Just don't shoot me.

Stick starts to strip out of his wet clothes. We can HEAR A TRAIN MOVING THROUGH THE YARD. Stick glances toward the sound.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

A train is moving slowly past the building. As the TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS it MUFFLES the SOUND OF A GUNSHOT as we --

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Maria are lying in bed. In each other's arms. A beat, then --

MARIA

Did you leave the restaurant today because of the cops?

Chris looks at her.

CHRIS

How did you know they were cops?

MARIA

They sat at my station. I saw their badges. Besides you can tell cops.

CHRIS

You can?

MARIA

These two you could.

CHRIS

Yeah, they don't exactly blend in.

MARIA

Plus the phone call, the police cars yesterday. I'd be pretty stupid not to notice something was weird.

CHRIS

You'd make a good cop.

MARIA

I can't believe whatever you've done is all that bad.

CHRIS

You think I'm a criminal?

MARIA

No, every law abiding citizen runs from the police. Look, I just think you got into something over your head. I'm not saying breaking the law is okay. But don't think you're going to shock me, either. I want to help.

Chris just looks at her for a moment.

CHRIS

You know, I don't think I realized until this moment, the size of the hole I'd dug for myself.

The PHONE RINGS. Maria ignores it.

MARIA

Go on.

CHRIS

Go ahead and answer. It's gonna take me a moment to figure out where to start.

Maria reaches across Chris and answers.

MARIA

Hello.

MAN'S VOICE

You moved.

Maria immediately stiffens. Looks at Chris. Trying to hide her fear and surprise. She thought he was dead.

MARIA

Where are you?

CUT TO:

STICK - INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

now dressed in the workman's clothes.

STICK

Come on, baby, don't you care about me anymore? Aren't you gonna ask how I am?

MARIA

How are you?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TAPE RECORDER is running. Still hooked up. Bill is just about to pull the plug when the voice makes him stop.

STICK'S VOICE

Considering half the state's after my ass, I'm in the fuckin' pink.

Bill suddenly realizes who it is.

BILL

Jesus Christ.

He gets up immediately, picks up the other phone, dials.

INTERCUT WITH MARIA AND STICK - INT. BEDROOM/INT. PHONE BOOTH

MARIA

What d'you want?

STICK

I need a place, I need a car, and I need you.

Maria doesn't know what to say. Chris senses something. Touches

her shoulder. She gives him a smile.

CUT TO:

BILL

listening as he talks into the other phone.

BILL

I need a confirmation on Montgomery.
Did they pull the body out?

CUT BACK TO:

STICK

also sensing something wrong.

STICK

You don't sound all that glad to hear
from me.

MARIA'S VOICE

It's kind of a surprise.

STICK

You used to like surprises. Hey,
baby, things are gonna be alright. I
can't stay here. I'm on my way over.

Stick hangs up. Exits the phone booth next to a GAS STATION MINI
MART. CAMERA CRANES UP AND PANS WITH STICK AS HE MOVES DOWN THE
STREET - HOLDING ON THE STREET SIGN - BLAINE ROAD. We now
realize he's on Maria's street.

CUT TO:

BILL

waiting on the phone. He glances out the window to Maria's
house. Finally --

A VOICE

They've been unable to pull the car
from the river.

BILL

I'll call you back.

He pushes the receiver down, dials again.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maria is getting dressed. Chris is also getting dressed, but
he's a bit confused by the abrupt change of things.

MARIA

-- I don't know why she wants me to come over right now. My mom's a little crazy. Maybe she had a fight with the landlord, she's always having fights with her landlord. All I know is I've gotta get over there now. I'm sorry.

CHRIS

It's alright.

The PHONE RINGS. Maria turns quickly. But she doesn't move to answer it. It RINGS AGAIN.

MARIA

God, she makes me crazy. She won't leave me alone till I'm there.

Maria stands suddenly and walks out of the room. Leaving Chris a little perplexed.

CUT BACK TO:

BILL

looking out the window at Maria's house.

BILL

Answer the goddamn phone!

Something catches his eye. He quickly rummages in a box. Can't find what he's looking for, dumps the box over. Equipment spills out, including the binoculars. He grabs them.

BINOCULAR P.O.V. OF MARIA'S HOUSE.

A MAN is standing next to the front window. He suddenly disappears into the shadows at the side of the house.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill drops the phone and binoculars and heads for the door.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS WITH BILL as he runs out of the house, pulling his 9mm from his shoulder holster. He tears across the front yard, leaps the white picket fence and runs down the street toward Maria's house.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

as Maria opens a hall closet. She reaches in, grabs a coat.

Chris comes out of the bedroom. She moves down the hallway, putting on her coat.

CHRIS
Do you need my help?

MARIA
No, it'll be okay. Promise you'll call me tomorrow?

CHRIS
Look, there's a few things we have to get straight.

MARIA
Please, Steve, not now.

CHRIS
My name is not Steve. I'm not a phone man and I've never worked for the phone company.

Maria looks at him. She didn't expect this.

CHRIS (CONT.)
I'm a --

Before he can say "cop" there's a .44 magnum pressed to Chris' head. Maria reacts.

STICK
You're a what?

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.

MARIA
Richard, don't. He was just leaving.

STICK
Sorry, baby, nobody goes now.

Stick pats Chris down.

MARIA
He's just a friend.

Stick finds Chris' wallet. Opens it, removes the money.

STICK
Friends get treated pretty good around here. Am I still a friend?

He flashes Maria a smile. Then he looks at Chris' license.

STICK

Christopher Lecce. You're right.
You're name isn't Steve. A lotta
surprises tonight. So what is it you
do, Chris?

Stick tosses the wallet to the floor.

MARIA

He's wanted by the police.

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.
Maria also looks at him, trying to make the same decision.

STICK

(to Maria)

Really come up in the world, haven't
you.

MARIA

If you want me to help you alright.
If you want my car, take it. But
there's no reason to bring him into
this.

STICK

You still have that chair I bought
you?

MARIA

Yeah.

STICK

Where?

MARIA

In the kitchen.

STICK
(smiles)
Good girl.

Stick motions with the gun for them to head for the kitchen.

CUT TO:

BILL - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ducks down outside the living room window as they move past.

BILL'S P.O.V.

as they cross the living room. He tries to take aim at Stick. But Stick is behind Chris. Bill moves along the outside of the house. Staying low.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

They enter. Maria points to an upholstered chair in the corner. Ethan Allenish.

STICK
You really do take good care a
things.

Stick motions to the table.

STICK
(to Chris)
Sit down.

Stick moves to the refrigerator, opens it. Takes out an apple and cheese.

STICK
Get me a knife.

Maria obeys. Stick takes the knife, cuts off a slice of cheese and apple.

STICK
(to Chris)
You do time?

CHRIS
Some.

Stick crosses to the chair, turns it around and jabs the knife into the back. Ripping it up.

MARIA
What're you doing?

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.

STICK

Where'd you do your time?

CHRIS

Year and a half in Walla Walla.

Stick finally pulls out a package. Slices it open. Pulls out
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.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill moves quietly around the house. Trying to get a shot
through a window. But there isn't a clear view from this side.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

We can HEAR THE PHONE RINGING FROM THE OTHER END.

STICK

I had some friends at Walla Walla.
Maybe you knew some of 'em. John
French.

(Chris shakes his head)

Barry Preston.

CHRIS

No.

STICK

Eddie Gant...

CHRIS

Yeah.

STICK

In for what?

CHRIS

Killed a cop.

Maria glances at Chris. This is not what she expected from him. Someone answers the phone.

STICK

(into phone)

Where you been?... The news was wrong pal. I'm right here in the city...

Maria exchanges a look with Chris.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill moves down the driveway until he's under the side kitchen window. He waits for a moment, then cocks the hammer back on his automatic and slowly stands.

HIS P.O.V. (RISING)

as he peers into the kitchen, staying low, just above the sill. Stick is still on the phone.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

STICK

(into phone)

Well, do it... What number?...
Twenty-three, got it... No, Caylor's
dead.

(looks at watch)

This is it, pal. We're goin'.

BILL - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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 casting a --

SHADOW ON THE KITCHEN WALL - INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- which Stick sees before Bill ducks back down. Stick whirls. Then drops back away from the window.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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 away from the window toward the back of the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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. But don't try anything because I will be the last one that dies.

Then Stick quickly heads for the front.

CHRIS - EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

moves around the back of the house. Dark. He listens. No sound. Nothing behind him. Then he turns and moves quickly toward the front of the house.

BILL

is turning the knob on a side door when he HEARS FOOTSTEPS.

STICK

moves cautiously around the side. Turning a corner, .44 ready to fire. Nothing there. He listens. Then starts back in the opposite direction.

CHRIS

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.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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.

STICK

Check the coat.

Chris exchanges a look with Bill, then checks his coat pocket. Pulls out Bill's badge.

CHRIS

He's a cop.

Stick moves in, aiming the gun at Bill. Just having a cop close by is enough to set him off.

STICK

How'd you know I was here?

Chris holds out Bill's badge in front of Stick. Stopping him.

CHRIS

He didn't. He followed me.

Bill looks at Chris, so does Stick.

CHRIS (CONT.)

He's been following me for a week. I spotted 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 who's probably out there somewhere.

STICK

Goddammit!

(turns angrily to
Maria)

Why didn't you tell me this was going on?!

MARIA

I didn't know!

STICK

I oughta kill all three a you.

CHRIS

That .44'll make a lotta noise. And if his partner's out there, he'll have cops all over this place before you can get her car out of the driveway.

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:

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIGHTS FLASH. A MUSTANG pulls out. Turns onto the street and roars away.

INT. MUSTANG (MARIA'S CAR) - NIGHT

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 marina. Number
twenty-three. Take Fourth to Union.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang turns onto a main street.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Stick watches Maria for a moment, then --

STICK

You know, at night in my cell, I used
to think a you, baby. I used to
think 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.

MARIA

Stop it.

STICK

Why?

MARIA

Because what was good for you was bad
for me.

Stick is quiet for a moment, then. --

STICK

Bad for you? You must have me mixed
up with some other guy. Baby, we had
nothin' but good times.

Maria just looks away, shakes her head. She's angry, but holds her temper.

STICK

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 your a low
life scum sucking dog.

Chris looks up at Stick in the rear view mirror. Stick leans
forward, close behind Maria.

STICK (CONT.)

You know, I used to dream of you
every night.

(plays with a strand of
her hair)

I'm leavin' the country, baby. I
want you with me.

Maria closes her eyes. Trying to maintain control.

CHRIS

You goin' to Canada?

STICK

You a travel agent?

CHRIS

I figure since we've kidnapped a cop
and they're lookin' to bust me
anyway, now's a good time to get out.

STICK

I don't need any partners.

CHRIS

I'm not lookin' for a partner, I'm
lookin' for a ride.

Stick stares at Chris for a long beat, then --

STICK

Take a left at the next corner.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Chris makes a left turn onto another street. Drops down a hill.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

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:

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Number twenty-three. A marina filled with expensive yachts - large three masted luxury schooners to one hundred fifty foot cabin cruisers. The Mustang moves slowly along the marina.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

STICK

Stop here. Park it.

Chris pulls the Mustang to the side of a pier. A row of yachts are moored alongside. Chris shuts off the engine.

STICK

Keys.

Chris hands Stick the keys.

STICK (CONT.)

Everybody out.

Stick gets out, holding the gun ready. Chris and Maria get out. Maria opens the door for Bill and helps him out.

MARIA

Richard, you don't need us anymore.
Why don't you let us go?

Ignoring her, Stick tosses the car keys into the water. Then motions for them to move down the pier.

STICK

Move.

They head down the pier.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

They pass expensive boats. Chris slips his hand into his pocket and pulls something out. Keeping it concealed in his hand. Stick is checking the slip numbers.

STICK

This one.

Slip number eighteen. A thirty-five foot cabin cruiser docked alongside.

STICK

Get on.

ON BOARD CABIN CRUISER

Maria boards first, helping Bill up next. Then Chris, followed by Stick. No sign of anyone else on board. Stick glances at his watch.

STICK

We're early. Sit down. Relax...

Stick motions with the gun and Bill and Chris sit down on boat railing bench. About three feet apart.

STICK

How long you been with this guy?
(motions to Chris)

MARIA

Why?

STICK

I'm curious how come you keep pickin' losers.

MARIA

So am I. Look, If I go with you, will you let them go?

STICK

You're trying to appeal to my better side. Sweetheart, I don't have a better side.

MARIA

What good will it do? They've done nothing to you.

STICK

(smiles)

But they would if they could. You know, you still look real good.

(to Chris)

She's pretty good in the sack, isn't she?

Chris just stares at Stick. Bill watches Chris.

STICK (CONT.)

We used to have some times, boy. She'd fuck my brains out. Days at a time. Anywhere. Bedrooms, bathroom, the back seat of a car --

MARIA

You are unbelievable.

Chris opens his hand to Bill. Revealing a set of handcuff keys. Stick is unaware.

STICK

What? You don't remember?

MARIA

How can I possibly remember what you've made up?

STICK

Come on, honey, you shouldn't have secrets from your boyfriend here.

MARIA

You don't know it, but you are really sick. Somehow you've made up a past that never happened. At least not with me.

STICK

Then who?

MARIA

I don't know. I have no idea what's going on in your head. We weren't even together that long.

STICK

Now who's the one that's crazy? You don't call two years long?

MARIA

(angry)

Two years, yes. But we were together seven months. And I was trying to get out of it for the last two.

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, come on, you doin' this for his benefit?

(motions to Chris)

Because it's startin' to piss me off.

MARIA

The last time we saw each other I told you I never wanted to see you again and I meant it. Whatever happened up there --

(points to Stick's head)

-- has nothing to do with me.

STICK

I never stopped loving you.

MARIA

Loving me?! You treated me like garbage. You hit me! You don't remember that?

Never taking his eyes off Stick, Bill slides his hands across his back, and picks up the keys.

STICK

Once maybe! That was all. And you deserved it!

Maria glares at Stick for a moment, then --

STICK (CONT.)

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. Just you. The night you beat me up because I wouldn't go

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT.)

to bed with you. The night you were caught. Remember? When the police picked you up at the bar?... Well how the hell d'you think they found out?

Stick stares at Maria for a long beat. Chris and Bill exchange a look. Bill tries as best he can to get the key into the handcuff lock.

STICK

Why're you saying this? Do you want to die?

MARIA

I just want you to leave me alone.

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 CAR DRIVE UP. A DOOR SLAMS. SOMEONE IS RUNNING DOWN THE DOCK.

For a moment, this diverts Stick's attention. They all look down the dock.

STICK

Time to go.

THEIR P.O.V.

A man with long blond hair is running toward the boat. It takes us a moment to realize it, but it's the blond that Chris has been after from the very beginning.

CHRIS AND BILL

exchange a look. This is it. When the blond gets to the boat 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

The blond waves up to Stick.

STICK

T.C.!

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

The blond man starts to climb aboard.

BLOND (T.C.)

We gotta move. They pulled your car outa the river. They found Caylor. They think you might still be alive. Especially after they found some worker at the train yard with a .44 in his back.

As T.C. turns and sees Bill and Chris --

CLOSE ON THE KEY IN THE HANDCUFF LOCK

turning, clicking open the metal gates.

FULL SHOT

T.C. recognizes Chris.

T.C.

Jesus Christ, man! This guy's a cop!

STICK

Yeah he's a cop. Do I look stupid? His hands are cuffed.

T.C.

Not him! The other guy!

Stick turns to look at Chris. So does Maria. That's when Bill suddenly leaps, hitting T.C.. And Chris dives at Stick. Stick's gun goes off. Hitting a lantern. Maria is hit by flying glass. She falls. Hitting her head. Dazed.

Chris and Stick crash back against the large wooden steering wheel. Chris grabs the barrel of the .44.

BILL AND T.C.

hit the railing and go over the side. Falling hard to the dock below. Bill gets the worst of the fall. T.C. gets to his feet. Bill struggles to get up. T.C. hits him hard in the jaw. Bill staggers. Then T.C. flicks open a knife and shoves it into Bill's stomach --

BILL

Ahhhh! Goddammit!

Bill grabs T.C.'s hand holding the knife. And throws a fist into T.C.'s throat. Hard. T.C. staggers backwards, holding his throat, gasping for breath, unable to breathe. Bill falls. Pulling the knife from his stomach. Then he slumps forward, unable to move. T.C. falls weakly to his knees in front of Bill.

Bill presses his hand against his bleeding wound as he watches T.C. gasping for breath, slowly suffocating.

MARIA

looks up, blood oozing from a cut over her eye. Just in time to see --

CHRIS AND STICK

-- crash back against the boat cabin. The .44 explodes again. Taking a chunk out of the side of the cabin. Stick loses his grip on the .44 as they break through the doors and fall into the cabin below.

INT. BOAT CABIN

Small. Galley, beds and a table. Chris and Stick crash into the table. He hits Chris hard in the chin, then the stomach, sending him falling into a bunk. Stick reaches into his pocket, pulls out Bill's 9mm. But before he can aim, Chris hits him waist high. Grabbing for the gun. Getting his hand over the muzzle when it goes off.

THE BULLET

tears through Chris' hand as --

THEY CRASH

-- back into the galley. With one hand useless, Stick now has the advantage. He kicks Chris in the ribs. Pushing him off. Chris grabs for the gun again. But Stick has the power. They struggle on the bunk. Slowly Stick moves the gun toward Chris' face. And just as it's pointed at him and Stick smiles, there's a LOUD EXPLOSION AND BLOOD SPLATTERS AGAINST CHRIS' FACE.

Stick's smile fades and the gun drops from his hand. He looks down at the hole in his chest, then slowly turns.

MARIA

is holding the smoking .44. Leaning into the cabin hatchway.

STICK

just stares at Maria for a moment, then --

STICK

Sonuvabitch.

Stick falls back to the floor. Staring straight up at the --

SKYLIGHT

-- in the roof above him. There are bars on the skylight. Just like the bars on a cell. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES INTO THE BARS AS WE --

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BARS OF A CELL DOOR (SLOW MOTION)

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:

THE WHITE MOVES

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

(to Paramedic)

Is this on here right?

The paramedic gives him an annoyed look.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Yeah.

CHRIS

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. Bill waves to
Chris. He's going to be alright. They shut the doors. The
second paramedic points at another ambulance.

SECOND PARAMEDIC

You can get in the back of that one.

But Chris sees something O.S.

HIS P.O.V.

of Maria being taken to a PATROL CAR. Lusk and Captain Giles are
talking with her.

CHRIS

starts toward them.

PARAMEDIC

Hey, we gotta get you to a hospital.

CHRIS

Just a second.

Chris runs up to Maria just as she's getting into the back of the
patrol car.

CHRIS

Wait!

Maria looks over. Chris starts toward her. But Giles steps in-
between them.

GILES

What the hell're you doin' here?

Chris stops. Maria is staring at him. It suddenly becomes
painfully aware that there is a wall between them - he can't go
to her.

CHRIS

I just wanted to make sure she's alright.

GILES

She's alright. Now get in that ambulance.

Chris hesitates.

GILES (CONT.)

You hear me?

Giles closes the door, shutting Maria into the car. The car pulls away. Chris watches it.

GILES

She's a little shook up, but she'll be okay.

Giles takes Chris by the arm, leads him toward the ambulance.

GILES

I think she's pretty grateful.

CHRIS

Why?

GILES

She kept going on and on about what a good cop she thought you were. Because you saved her life.

Chris looks at Giles.

GILES (CONT.)

Hell, it was as if she thought you were gonna get in trouble.

Chris looks back over his shoulder at the --

PATROL CAR

-- carrying Maria. It turns the corner. Disappearing from sight.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MARIA looking out the window AWAY FROM CAMERA. Toward the dock. Then she turns front. Staring blankly ahead. And we

can see her eyes are moist with tears. We HOLD ON HER FOR A LONG MOMENT AS WE --

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

A DOOR - DAY

It 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?

CHRIS

Off.

Chris opens his coat so she can see he doesn't have his gun.

MARIA

If you came by to explain... I think I figured it out.

CHRIS

Actually... I came by because I heard you make a pretty good Camerones Veracruzano.

MARIA

Where'd you hear that?

CHRIS

Not important... But I understand that this particular dish might lead to a proposal... That true?

Maria stares at Chris for a moment.

MARIA

Are you serious?

CHRIS

I'm willing to find out if you are.

Maria hesitates, then she steps aside. Chris enters. And as Maria closes the door we can see that Chris takes her in his arms.

FADE OUT: