

For Educational Purposes Only

EXCESS BAGGAGE

FADE IN:

EXT. PORTLAND, OREGON (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

Portland, home of rivers, bridges, and more parks than you can shake a stick at. The Columbia River, spanned by the Highway 5 and 205 bridges, glistens a muddy brown in the sunlight; the Willamette glitters off to the South.

INT. PARKING GARAGE/UPPER LEVEL - DAY

EMILY ROSE T. HOPE cut her teeth on a million dollar teething ring, and it was bitter -- too bitter. It left her an old woman's attitude in a young woman's body.

She idly taps a cellular phone's keypad with one perfectly manicured nail as she stares through the parking level's open struts at a distant bridge -- and an approaching river barge.

The barge draws closer to the bridge. Closer. Closer still. She takes a drag off a cigarette, stubs it out, and dials a number on the phone's keypad.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

AMADEUS T. HOPE, an older man who most assuredly broke his teeth on a Rolls Royce, stands in a phone booth just off the bridge, waiting for the phone to ring and caressing a briefcase like it contained a million dollars -- which it does. Nearby, idle joggers in the park are more than obviously undercover cops. The phone rings and Amadeus lifts it.

AMADEUS

I'm here.

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

Amadeus T. Hope?

AMADEUS

Yes.

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

Did you bring the money.

AMADEUS

Yes.

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

Listen carefully.

AMADEUS

I wish to speak to my daughter.

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

I'm not interested in what you wish, Mr. Hope. Just follow directions and stick to the plan. Am I clear?

AMADEUS

Very.

INT. PARKING GARAGE/UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Emily watches the barge move towards the bridge and readjusts her speaking apparatus -- it's a voice filter and it's a real bitch talking through this rig.

EMILY

Do you see the barge approaching the bridge?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Amadeus squints through glass booth walls, notes the approaching barge, nods.

AMADEUS

I see it.

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

Walk to the bridge, throw the briefcase onto the barge, and come back to the phone booth for further directions.

AMADEUS

How do I know you'll release her?

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

You don't.

INT. DETECTIVE VAN - DAY

DETECTIVE DAN SIMS is the kind of guy who does his job well, but everything always goes to hell anyway. This gives him a grim take on life, but he keeps trying. He watches a fellow COP fiddle with telephone tracing equipment. Sims' less than garrulous partner, BARNABY, listens in on an extra set of headphones.

COP

Shit. Cellular phone.

SIMS

What did you expect? A silver platter?

COP

Would'a been nice.

Sims stares out the van's polarized window at Amadeus, who's walking steadily out along the bridge.

SIMS

It's probably hers -- where's he going?

BARNABY

To throw the money over the side.

SIMS

What?

BARNABY

That's what they just told him to do.

Sims, glaring, grabs for a walkie talkie.

SIMS

Were you going to tell me before or after he tossed it?

Barnaby shrugs.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(into walkie talkie)

He's throwing the money onto the barge. I want full surveillance -
- don't lose that barge --

INT. PARKING GARAGE/UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Emily's got the phone balanced precariously on one shoulder as she flips open the trunk of a gray Mercedes Benz and extracts some heavy duty tape. She stands again to stare out at the distant bridge.

Amadeus, stick figure tiny with distance, heaves his briefcase over the side and starts back to his phone booth at a steady pace.

EMILY

Nice throw, Dad.

Joggers (i.e. under cover cops), looking like ants from here, scramble to keep pace with the barge. Emily laughs softly as she tapes her ankles together.

The phone crackles to life.

AMADEUS (V.O.)

You've got the money. Where's my daughter?

Ankles taped, Emily hops to the edge of the trunk to rummage for more bondage paraphernalia and holds the voice filter carefully in place while she speaks:

EMILY

You'll find her in the trunk of her car, which is in fifth level parking at --

She pulls a wrinkled slip of paper from her jeans pocket and squints at it --

EMILY (CONT'D)

352 East Tenth Street.

She hangs up and, working fast now, because time is running out, gags herself -- a real gag: stuffing, knots, the works.

Lifting hand cuffs -- the final touch -- she crawls into the car's trunk and, still clutching the handcuffs -- presumably for later use -- slams the lid closed from the inside.

The ECHO of the slamming trunk reverberates through the dim garage, and dies.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Judging from the number of plain cars screaming out of parking spaces, it's a good bet they got that address.

INT. DETECTIVE VAN - DAY

Sims comes out of the van at a dead run, talking into a walkie talkie, as undercover cars peel out, SIRENS wailing on as they go.

SIMS

Odds are someone's still inside
monitoring --

He glances at the distant parking structure.

SIMS (CONT'D)

They can still see us from there,
turn off the god damn sirens!

INT. PARKING GARAGE/UPPER LEVEL - DAY

The Mercedes sits innocently in its parking slot. Silence -- except for the slap slap slap of approaching footsteps, and a light, airy tune being whistled by the person approaching.

WILL POGUE ambles nonchalantly between cars, well dressed yuppie at large, just picking up his car and heading home -- or that's what you'd think, until he saunters to the Mercedes, casually glances both ways, and a slim jim flashes in the gloom.

He's inside the car, yanking the ignition and starting the motor, between whistles.

EXT. RIVER BARGE - DAY

B.g., a helicopter drones. The barge MATE steps out of the wheelhouse, notices the briefcase on the aft deck, frowns, walks to it, picks it up, shakes it, opens it -- and ogles a million bucks, cash.

MATE

Holy shit!

He spins back to the wheelhouse -- a plea for help.

MATE (CONT'D)

Larry! Larry! You gotta come see
this!

The PILOT (let's take a wild guess and assume this is
Larry) sticks his head out the wheelhouse cabin's door
-- just as a helicopter zooms down and a SHARP SHOOTER
aims a high powered rifle straight at the mate. A
HELICOPTER COP leans out with a megaphone.

HELICOPTER COP
(MEGAPHONED)

This is the Portland Police
Department. You with the
briefcase, set it down and put
your hands on your head.

MATE

What the -- ?

HELICOPTER COP
(MEGAPHONED)

You in the cockpit, pull over
immediately.

The mate drops the briefcase and money starts
fluttering all the hell over.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The sharp shooter smirks at the helicopter cop in a
superior way --

SHARP SHOOTER

It's not a car, John, it's a boat.
You don't pull over --

-- when he sees the money take wind --

SHARP SHOOTER (CONT'D)

-- Oh shit, the money!

The helicopter cop pales -- still yelling through the
megaphone --

HELICOPTER COP
(MEGAPHONED)

-- Oh fuck, the money. You!
Pick the briefcase back up!

Below, the mate wants nothing more to do with that briefcase and has gotten down on his knees to say a few Hail Marys.

HELICOPTER COP

(CONT'D) (MEGAPHONED)

You with your hands over your head, pick that briefcase up immediately!

EXT. RIVER BARGE - DAY

The pilot abandons the wheelhouse to try to stop the money's pell mell trail into the sky --

He stops dead when the sharp shooter brings the rifle to bear on him -- going after the money *is* threatening behavior --

The helicopter cop is still yelling through his megaphone --

HELICOPTER COP

(MEGAPHONED)

Pick up that briefcase! You moron! Pick it up!

The mate is staring up at the helicopter, eyes big, shaking his head back and forth -- no way is he touching that brief case --

The barge, minus its pilot, hits bottom, the jolt spinning the briefcase out along the deck --

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Dan Sims wrestles his seat belt, struggling to snap it into a mechanism that just doesn't want to work, riding shot gun as the undercover car careens around the corner and down the street toward the parking structure --

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The gray Mercedes slips out the structure's exit -- as miscellaneous undercover cars careen past it on their way in -- and turns down the street towards Sims' car.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Dan, cursing his seat belt, glances up in time to see the Mercedes pass, does a double take and turns to read the license plate --

SIMS

Holy shit, that's her car!

Barnaby, at the wheel, speeds along in the opposite direction.

BARNABY

What?

Sims, still clutching his seat belt, grabs for the siren as they hit a bump, drops the siren, grabs it again.

BARNABY (CONT'D)

I thought you said no sirens.

SIMS

Turn around! That's her god damned car!

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Will, whistling casually, hears tires squeal behind him and checks the rear view mirror -- in time to see Sims slap the SIREN atop the undercover car.

WILL

Holy shit!

Will steps on it, sliding between two more unmarked cars that screech around corners to cut him off -- he cranks the wheel and avoids a third --

Will drives better than well -- but he's sweating, cursing under his breath, fighting to outdistance cop cars converging behind him, to dodge incoming cars that keep adding up --

WILL (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, all this for a lousy grand theft auto?

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Life is not looking good here. Money scattered all over the ground, all over the water, the barge pilot and mate shaking in their shoes, the barge grounded in mud at an awkward angle -- and glum undercover cops milling to and fro. The helicopter cop talks into a radio mike.

HELICOPTER COP

Dan, we lost the money.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Dan Sims, rocking around each curve, hangs onto his swinging seat belt for dear life and yells into his radio.

SIMS

What do you mean, you lost the money? It's on a barge! How hard could it be to keep track of a barge?

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)

We didn't lose the barge. We lost the money.

SIMS

For Christ's sake, where'd it go?

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The helicopter cop stares glumly up at all those fluttering bills in the sky. . . down at all those floating bills on the water. . . .

HELICOPTER COP

Half is air borne, and the other half sank.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Dan's about three shades of purple, still clinging to his dysfunctional seat belt, yelling into the radio --

SIMS

Well fish it out! --

When the car slows. Dan rounds on Barnaby, the driver.

SIMS (CONT'D)

What are you slowing down for!

BARNABY

We lost him.

Sims looks up from the radio at the abandoned street.

SIMS

God damn it, where are the helicopters.

BARNABY

They lost him too.

Sims slumps.

SIMS

I don't believe this.

Barnaby shrugs.

BARNABY

He can't have gone far. They'll pick him up.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is large, immaculate, and dark -- ground level windows are painted black and barred. Shelves hold engine parts. An old beat up Porsche Speedster sits in a corner. Loft steps lead to living quarters above.

An electric garage door slides open, triggering a ceiling light, and Emily's Mercedes glides in. The garage door shuts behind it and Will climbs from the car to run a shaky hand through his hair.

B.g., a helicopter DRONES. He lets out an explosion of breath, frowning at the ceiling, willing the copter away.

WILL

Jesus.

He pats the car.

WILL (CONT'D)

Who'd you belong to, sweetheart?
The president or what?

He checks the car, inside and out, admiring the interior, checking underneath the chassis.

WILL (CONT'D)

Last job, and I nab the president's car. It figures.

He pops the trunk -- there's Emily, bound and gagged, looking the worse for the ride, glaring up at him -- it might have been a mistake, her cuffing her arms *behind* her back.

WILL

Jesus Christ!

He slams the trunk.

Muffled POUNDING inside. He opens the trunk cautiously, to stare incredulously at Emily.

WILL (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

EMILY (MUFFLED)

Mmmmmphmmmmphmmmmphmmmmph!

WILL

I don't need this.

He lowers the trunk lid and scrubs his face with a weary hand.

EMILY (MUFFLED) (O.S.)

MmmmmMmmmmph-ph-ph!

He raises the trunk lid.

WILL

Can you breathe?

EMILY (MUFFLED)

MMmmmmmmmmMMphmmmmmm!

He nods.

WILL

Have you had water within the last
twenty-four hours?

EMILY

MphMphMph!

WILL

You look healthy to me.

He slams the lid, jumps into the driver's seat, and
hits the control for the garage door.

WILL

Sweating, revving the engine, waiting for clearance
under the door --

WILL

It's okay. She doesn't know your
name. She doesn't know the
address. Nobody saw you come in.
We're just going to leave the car
somewhere for the cops to find.
No. She could die by then. Okay,
we'll call the cops -- an
anonymous tip. No problem. Find
a corner. Dump the car. Stay
calm. Everything is all right --

As the garage door opens, the helicopter DRONE fills
the warehouse.

Will sits, listening to that drone in the sky, tapping
the steering wheel -- he turns off the engine and
listens a second longer, before closing the garage
door against that sound.

WILL

Shit.

INT. AMADEUS'S STUDY - EVENING

An ad for the house would boast five fireplaces,
parking for nine cars, two hundred feet of river
frontage, a dock. . . we are talking exceptionally
expensive -- and frighteningly neat.

THOMAS PERKINS steps into the study: Thomas has scars
to prove he's been bad places and lived to *not* talk

about them, which conflicts with his million dollar suit only insofar as he wears it well.

Amadeus, intently manicuring what looks like a perfectly manicured Bonsai, nods.

AMADEUS

Someone's kidnapped Emily.

Perkins snorts. Amadeus pinches off a microscopic section of tree, discarding it in an empty waste basket.

AMADEUS

The police --

(Amadeus uses the word "police" much the way a bull dyke says "penis")

PERKINS

You called the police.

AMADEUS

No. They called the police.

PERKINS

They.

AMADEUS

Yes.

PERKINS

Well she's got your attention now, hasn't she?

Amadeus shoots him a dour glance.

AMADEUS

I fail to see the humor in the situation, Thomas. There's a precedent at stake here.

Thomas snorts again -- no way is he believing this.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

The police informed me a man drove her car away from the pick-up zone.

Thomas frowns -- less sure of himself.

PERKINS

An accomplice? That doesn't sound like Emily.

A peremptory KNOCK and Dan Sims pushes into the study. Thomas turns, giving Sims a view of the back of his head and not much else.

SIMS

Mr. Hope, I'd love to answer phones in your foyer all day, but this man --

Sims glowers at Thomas's back.

SIMS (CONT'D)

-- is not on my roster of household staff -- or guests.

AMADEUS

Mr. Perkins is a private associate, Detective Sims. He'll be taking over.

SIMS

Excuse me?

AMADEUS

Your services are no longer necessary, Detective Sims. If you will excuse us?

Amadeus drops another nothing into the waste basket -- a move not lost on Sims.

SIMS

We are not a cleaning service, Mr. Hope. We are the police.

Amadeus stares blankly, like "what's the difference?"

PERKINS

I think what Detective Sims is trying to say, Amadeus, is you can't fire the police.

SIMS

Exactly.

AMADEUS
(to Perkins)
Are you sure about this?

Perkins nods solemnly.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)
Very well, Detective Sims may
maintain surveillance.

Sims chokes.

SIMS
I. May.

AMADEUS
(to Sims)
That will be all, Detective Sims.

Sims stands his ground, mutely refusing dismissal.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)
Unless you'd like to discuss the
money.

SIMS
I'll be in the foyer.

Sims spins for the door -- the door handle fights him.

AMADEUS
Turn to the right, Detective Sims.

Sims, crimson, turns to the right.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)
And Detective Sims? If you're
going to remain a fixture in this
household, speak to my assistant -
- he'll cut you a wardrobe check.

The door slams behind Sims.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)
Nobody holds me hostage.

Perkins stares into a glass case -- one of those
pedestal jobs you find museum displays in, but this
holds photographs:

Emily at three; Emily at the military academy; Emily at graduation; Emily at a high powered reception beside her father -- Thomas Perkins loves that little girl.

PERKINS

We'll make that clear.

INT. AMADEUS'S ANTEROOM/OFF THE STUDY - EVENING

Wires run from phones to phones to black boxes -- presumably the latest in police tech surveillance -- monitored by bleary eyed COPS.

Amadeus's ASSISTANT attempts to work around the squad room squalor.

Barnaby, being a calm soul, doesn't jump when Sims slams in.

SIMS

Mr. Hope just *fired* us.

Shocked silence from the cops -- sounds perfectly reasonable to Hope's assistant, though.

HOPE'S ASSISTANT

You'll be leaving, then.

Dan stares at the assistant, incredulous.

SIMS

No we won't be leaving!

COP

Can he do that?

SIMS

No he can't do that!

BARNABY

(aside to the cop)

We're the police, Corey.

COP

Oh, right.

SIMS

Let's get this straight. We are
the police. And we are in control
here.

ASSISTANT

Not on this planet.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The Porsche is gone. The Mercedes sits in the gloom.

INT. MERCEDES/TRUNK - EVENING

Emily is in a minor fix -- and judging from the sweat
and discontent factor, has been for some time. It's
not easy to pass arms, handcuffed behind you, under
your legs to in front of you -- especially when you're
lying on your side in a trunk -- and Emily's stuck
mid-way.

She struggles again to get her hands past her feet.
Struggles some more. They come free.

Next job is to wrench the gag away -- she tied a good
gag, so it's tough going, but she gets it off. She
yanks stuffing from her mouth, takes a big breath --
spits, tries to wet her mouth.

EMILY

Thank God.

Smiling grimly at success, she extracts the handcuff
key from her front jeans pocket and releases the
cuffs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Can you breathe. What an asshole.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Will's old Porsche glides down a dimly illuminated
street.

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE (WAREHOUSE DISTRICT) - NIGHT

Will's checking the neighborhood for signs of stress,
and what he sees isn't good. On the corner, a
cruiser.

WILL

Cop.

Across the street, another cruiser.

WILL (CONT'D)

Cop.

Overhead, a helicopter.

WILL (CONT'D)

Cop.

On the sidewalk, a German Shepherd --

WILL (CONT'D)

Cop -- dog?

He shakes his head.

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't be paranoid. That is not a
cop dog.

He cranes his neck to stare up through the windshield.

WILL (CONT'D)

But that is definitely a cop
helicopter.

He eyes the passing cruiser.

WILL (CONT'D)

And that is definitely a cop car.

Another cruiser sits quietly on the corner, lights
out, but there's a guy in uniform in the car all
right.

WILL (CONT'D)

Cop cop cop.

Will jerks the steering wheel hard, swerving down a
dark street and away --

INT. MERCEDES/TRUNK - EVENING

Emily searches around the trunk lid's key slot --
frustrated, not finding what she wants, then finding
it -- a small hole in the metal --

There's a piece of metal blocking the mechanism that would usually allow someone to open the trunk from the inside.

EMILY

Why does it always have to be the hard way?

She squirms around to face the back of the trunk --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MILITARY SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Impeccable grounds, impeccable buildings -- except for one, the corner of which has been reduced to rubble by an explosion, if the burn marks are any indication.

Thomas Perkins, hands clasped behind his back, rolls forward and backward on the balls of his feet, studying the rubble.

Emily (young) stands beside him, dressed "academy," suitcase by her feet, and grins, proud.

PERKINS

You're lucky no one was in there.

Emily's offended.

YOUNG EMILY

That wasn't luck. I called.

PERKINS

Voice I.D.

Emily grimaces chagrin.

YOUNG EMILY

That won't happen again.

Thomas lifts her suitcase and strides across impeccable lawn, towards a faraway and expensive automobile with tinted windows.

PERKINS

You won't call? Awful messy, when bodies blow.

She stumps along at his side.

YOUNG EMILY

I won't use a cold phone.

PERKINS

Emily, if we could keep you in school long enough to get an education, you'd have a real future in Secret Service.

They're at the car. He opens the passenger door for her. She pulls out a cigarette and lights up.

YOUNG EMILY

I don't need a future. I'm rich.

Thomas plucks the cigarette from her mouth, grinds it under his heel, and extends his open palm, waiting.

She glares, sighs, and hands over the pack.

INT. PERKINS' DISCREET AUTOMOBILE - DAY (FLASHBACK CONT'D)

Thomas drives. Young Emily broods in injured silence.

YOUNG EMILY

He could have come. Probably playing with those damn trees.

PERKINS

Maybe he doesn't appreciate paying for a new wing.

Injured silence.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

You know what this means.

YOUNG EMILY

Uh oh.

PERKINS

Back to Catholic school.

YOUNG EMILY

Nuns? Again?

PERKINS

It's going to take a while for me to get you in anywhere else.

YOUNG EMILY

Nuns are the worst.

PERKINS

Look in the glove box.

Emily brightens and digs, coming up with a gift wrapped box.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Emily.

Emily shoots him a grateful smile, reads the card, grimaces.

YOUNG EMILY

Thank you, Uncle Thomas.

PERKINS

It's from your father.

YOUNG EMILY

It's a nice lie. Thanks for remembering.

She tears wrapping.

PERKINS

You're locked in a room. What do you do?

YOUNG EMILY

Check windows.

PERKINS

The windows are barred.

YOUNG EMILY

Check doors.

PERKINS

The doors are locked.

YOUNG EMILY

Check the ceiling.

This is a very old routine, almost sing song.

PERKINS

Ceiling's clean.

Emily lifts a delicate necklace from the wrapping.

YOUNG EMILY

This is beautiful, Uncle Thomas.

She leans over, kisses his cheek.

YOUNG EMILY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

PERKINS

Ceiling.

YOUNG EMILY

I don't want to play today.

Silence.

YOUNG EMILY (CONT'D)

Why don't you take me out to
dinner, Uncle Thomas?

Silence.

YOUNG EMILY (CONT'D)

It's my birthday.

More silence. Emily sighs.

YOUNG EMILY (CONT'D)

I hate rooms. Let's do
explosives.

He cocks an eyebrow at her -- explosives are not a
good subject right now.

PERKINS

We're doing rooms.

YOUNG EMILY

Okay, rooms, but you have to buy
me a *real* drink.

He snorts laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The Mercedes' back seat pops loose and Emily, scuffed, crawls from the trunk, over the back seat, into the car's interior.

EMILY

You owe me a drink, Thomas.

The first thing she reaches for is the Mercedes' cellular phone. The cord is cut.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, you creep.

She pulls her purse from the trunk, rearranges the back seat, and considers a cigarette -- sniffs the air, wrinkles her nose, shakes her head sorrowfully, and puts the cigarette away -- before climbing out of the car to survey her surroundings. No phones.

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Will steers down a dark street he knows by heart -- takes an alley by rote, a short cut, passes a sign: "Portland International Airport" --

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Porsche idles, headlights illuminating Will as he shoves aside a fence marked "Airport Personnel Only" -
-

He pulls the car into an abandoned lot off the runway, settles onto the car's hood with a weary sigh, stress falling away as he stares up at planes taking off for Somewhere Else.

And watching his face, you know he wants to be going to Somewhere Else -- has wanted that for all his life --

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Whoever designed this place was more than security conscious. Bars and locks on what few windows there are, each requiring a key. Emily strokes the bars in

disgust, shoves a finger through to scratch a thin line in the black paint covering the glass surface.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Shit.

There're a couple of doors on the ground floor. First one's a bathroom. She checks it out. Nothing in there but toilet paper, toilet, sink, and soap.

The second door is locked.

She pads upstairs to study the door to the living quarters -- also locked. Not with a household doorknob. With a key lock.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What a control freak.

She turns to study the garage door. No buttons for getting this baby open -- ceiling and door mechanisms out of reach. Everything locked down, barred, keyed, bolted.

She pads to a tool bench and rummages in its drawers - - the only things not locked down.

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Will's still watching those planes -- but he's calmer, more together, and it's time to shake it off.

Moving stiffly, he climbs off the hood, walks around to climb into the Porsche's driver's seat.

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE (PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT)
- NIGHT

Starting the engine, shooting one more "Wait for me, I'm coming back" grimace at those rumbling planes.

WILL

Another day. Another life.

He pulls out and away.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily, surrounded by tools, works to disassemble the lock on the living quarters door -- this is one killer lock.

The tool slips, stabs into her finger -- adding to a growing assortment of insults to what used to be a perfect manicure -- she pops the injured digit into her mouth, studies the nicks, cuts, and abrasions with contempt.

A police SIREN flares outside.

She brightens, till the siren FADES into the distance.

EMILY

To protect and serve. Yeah, right.

She rises stiffly, shoves sweaty hair off her forehead, glares angrily at the lock -- which looks intact as hell -- stretches, sighs, and pads to the bathroom.

EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Porsche glides to the warehouse's garage door.

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Will triggers the garage door with the opener that never leaves his side -- preferably, as high tech a coded mechanism as God put on this green earth, when it comes to garage door openers. The door slides open.

INT./EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/BATHROOM/MAIN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily's on the toilet when the electric garage door HUMS, b.g.

EMILY

No!

It's hard to hurry these things up, but she's ready to pee her jeans to get out of there -- she reaches automatically to flush the toilet, jerks her hand back.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What, am I nuts?

Struggling to get her pants put to rights as she stumbles to the door --

MAIN WAREHOUSE

Will guides the Porsche into the slot beside the Mercedes, swings out of the Porsche, approaching the Mercedes, as the garage door starts down, pauses --

He doesn't want to open that damn trunk. He eyes it, apprehensive --

WILL

This is ridiculous.

He pops the trunk.

It's empty.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

He stares around the warehouse -- nothing -- spins to eye the closing garage door in horror.

WILL (CONT'D)

No!

He smacks the control, halting the door in mid-close, ducks under it to stare up and down the street of a run down warehouse district.

Emily slips from the bathroom, working her way stealthily along the wall towards the open door.

WILL (CONT'D)

God damn it!

An OLD WOMAN stops picking through a dumpster to glare defiantly at him. He rakes a hand through his hair --

Emily's almost to the open door --

Will turns, ducking back inside -- looking both ways -
-

Emily, busted, lunges for the opening --

He lunges to cut her off --

It's a flying, freewheeling tackle -- they hit the concrete floor -- inside -- and hard.

POV

Outside the door, the old woman gawks.

WILL AND EMILY

Will's fighting to hold Emily down as he clicks the garage door opener -- the door starts going up --

WILL

Damn it!

Clicking again -- going down --

Fighting -- it's not a sure thing who's winning here -
- she kicks the door's bottom edge -- going up --

He's cursing, hitting buttons -- going down --

She's kicking -- there's a lot of defense training in those kicks -- which is unfortunate for Will's jaw -- going for the door again with that foot --

He heaves, dragging them both backwards across concrete, out of reach -- and the door slams closed.

Silence.

Will rolls onto his toes, breathing heavy, waiting for the next attack.

Emily stares at the closed door in disgust, rubs her concrete burned elbow.

WILL

If you were smart, you would have pulled that stunt when I pulled in.

EMILY

I am smart. I had to pee.

Not what he was expecting -- and he almost laughs, stops when he touches his injured chin.

Wincing -- that elbow hurts -- she studies him.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This place is harder to get out of
than a convent.

WILL

How'd you get out of the trunk?

She surveys the Mercedes, the warehouse, him.

EMILY

You're not a kidnapper. You're a
thief.

Will snorts.

WILL

And the handcuffs.

EMILY

Hah. You were after the car.

WILL

Lady, you're giving me a headache.
Who are you?

She smiles, all winsome charm.

EMILY

Tell you what. Give me the car
keys, let me out of here, and
this'll be our little secret?
Deal?

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Emily sits on the commode, handcuffed again, this time
to the sink. She's wearing pants this time, too, but
that doesn't appear to cheer her up.

Will, flaunting a new and improved jaw injury, smiles
grimly and pockets the handcuff key.

EMILY

You scum sucking, arrogant, peg-
headed, sadistic --

Will touches his jaw gingerly.

WILL
I liked you better in the trunk.

EMILY
I hope you go bald.

A doorbell CHIMES above in the living quarters.

WILL
Oh, hell.

He shuts the bathroom door -- on a few stifled yells -
- and punches an intercom button on the wall.

WILL
Yeah?

JOE (V.O.)
Will?

WILL
Joe?

JOE (V.O.)
Yep.

Will winces.

WILL
What are you doing here, Joe?

JOE (V.O.)
Plates ring a bell? Maybe tags?
Maybe you were supposed to be at
my place five hours ago?

WILL
Oh. Great.
(he doesn't sound great)
Hang on -- I'll be right up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The old woman from the dumpster stalks, stiff backed,
to a parked police cruiser and raps on the window. A
startled PATROLMAN rolls it down. She stares him
straight in the eye, daring him to notice her dirt
swept hair.

OLD WOMAN

I would like to report a case of domestic violence.

PATROLMAN

You need to call it in. I'm on special assignment.

OLD WOMAN

Excuse me, while I pull out my portable phone.

PATROLMAN

You want a ride downtown, Sister?

OLD WOMAN

There is a man beating his wife down the street.

The patrolman winces. She radiates indignation. He lifts his radio.

PATROLMAN

Central, I've got a report of domestic violence in the neighborhood. Request backup. Over.

VOICE OVER

Negative, 223. All cars in the vicinity on special assignment. I'll have to send someone else out. Over.

The patrolman rolls his eyes at the old woman.

PATROLMAN

(to old woman)

What'd I tell you?

She snorts.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Central, there is a man beating his wife down the street. Over.

A pause.

RADIO (V.O.)

Sit tight, 223. I'll see what I
can do.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

(Uncle) JOE POGUE is a pretty good indication of what Will's going to grow up to be, if Will doesn't get on one of those planes pretty quick. Not that Joe's a bad guy -- he isn't -- but he's got a habit, namely a bottle, and a tired stoop to his shoulders that says bad news has perched on his doorstep one too many times.

Will opens the door, ready to say something appropriate, like maybe this is a bad time -- but doesn't get the chance.

JOE

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Where
have you been?

Joe barges right in, waving a crinkled up brown paper shopping bag under Will's nose -- about the size and shape of license plates.

WILL

Oh god, I forgot.

JOE

You forgot? You forgot? I
thought you were in jail.

Stalking to the refrigerator.

JOE (CONT'D)

He forgot. You got anything to
drink around here?

The question's moot, as Joe's got his beer and is headed for the door to downstairs.

JOE (CONT'D)

Did you get her?

Will panics for a quick second.

WILL

Her?

JOE

The car?

WILL

Oh, right, the car. Yeah, I got her.

Joe, much to Will's chagrin, is headed straight for the door to downstairs.

JOE

Well let's take a look.

Joe stops at the door, studying the knob, which is loose.

JOE (CONT'D)

When are you going to quit this business, Will?

Will, at a loss, shrugs. Joe snorts and studies the warehouse side of the doorknob and lock. Scratched.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought. Last job, my ass.

Joe stomps down the steps.

JOE (CONT'D)

He forgot.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Joe, stroking the Mercedes, whistles. Will attempts to arrange his hands in some sort of natural pose and look nonchalant.

JOE

She's pretty.

WILL

I don't think I can unload her.

Joe's head snaps up.

JOE

Why? What's wrong with her?

WILL

Long story.

JOE

Then it'll have to wait --

Joe smacks the bag and beer into Will's numb hands.

JOE (CONT'D)

There're your papers, tags, and plates -- whether or not you can unload her -- and there's my beer. I gotta talk to a man about a horse.

Joe's on his way, steamrolling right up to that bathroom door.

WILL

Uncle Joe?

Joe's hand's on the doorknob, turning --

JOE

Yeah?

The door's opening --

WILL

Nothing.

Emily, sitting on the commode, shoots Joe one wide, fake, frosty smile, and waves at him with her free hand.

JOE

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

Joe simultaneously leaps up, backward, and slams the door. He stands, hand on knob, thinking for a moment, before turning heavily to the stairs and starting back up for the living quarters.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe's sitting at the table, stone cold still. Will's filling a coffee pot with water, just as quiet.

JOE

Get me another beer, Son.

Will gets the beer, pops it open, sets it down beside Joe's empty. Joe drains it, then sets the can carefully down on the table.

JOE (CONT'D)

Pardon me for intruding in your affairs, Will, but there is a girl downstairs chained to the commode.

Will nods, pouring water into the coffee maker.

JOE (CONT'D)

Of course, it's nice to see you with a girl, Will. I've been kinda worried about you in the girl department of late.

Will ogles Joe, mouths "In the girl department?" -- coffee splatters from the coffee machine -- Will jams the pot in place to catch the stream.

JOE (CONT'D)

But it was somewhat of a surprise.

WILL

I can see that.

JOE

I think I'll be heading home now, Will.

Joe stands and heads creakily for the door.

WILL

Uncle Joe, would you like to know why I have a girl chained up downstairs?

Joe thinks a moment, slowly shakes his head.

JOE

Nope. Nope. Don't want to know nothing about it.

He's at the front door, opening it, turning.

JOE (CONT'D)

But Will?

WILL

Yes?

JOE

Flowers are a good alternative.

Joe closes the door behind him. Will sits at the table, trying to take it all in. The door opens again and Joe sticks his head in.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, and Will?

WILL

Yes?

JOE

She's a real pretty girl, Will.
Your parents would've been proud
to know you're seeing such a real
pretty girl.

And then he's gone. Will rises slowly and starts closing down locks -- all keyed from the inside. There's a window running alongside the door -- barred, natch, but you can see through the upstairs windows, 'cause they aren't painted black.

INT. POLICE CAR (BEHIND WILL'S WAREHOUSE) - NIGHT

The patrolman eyes back entrances to warehouse buildings. They all look pretty much the same in the gloom. The old woman leans forward and points.

OLD WOMAN

That's the one.

PATROLMAN

You sure?

She nods.

OLD WOMAN

Across from the dumpster.

PATROLMAN

Okay.

Through the patrol car's back window, you can see a second patrol car following them as he glides down the back street and turns the corner.

EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/FRONT - NIGHT

Joe's climbing into his old Chevy -- a small, slumped figure in all that darkness -- when the two police cars cruise around the corner and down the street towards the warehouse's front entrance.

WILL (O.S.)

Oh, shit.

The police cars are slowing, checking buildings --

WILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go, Uncle Joe, Go.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will's at the window, every tendon in his body pushing for Joe to get out of there --

WILL

Don't stop, old man.

EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/FRONT - NIGHT

Joe's leaning forward in his car, eyeing the approaching cruisers in his rearview mirror -- casually, oh so casually, adjusting that mirror -- you can see the indecision in him, sitting there, adjusting the mirror just a little too long --

But he starts his old car up and pulls away from the curb, gliding slowly down the block --

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will, standing pensive by the window, watching --

WILL

Keep going, Joe, keep going --

EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/FRONT - NIGHT

Joe's Chevy glides around the corner as the two cruisers halt in front. Their doors creak open, and the patrolman and a COMPANION COP climb out.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will drags a pre-packed duffel bag from under the bed, checks to make sure a stack (we are talking a serious STACK) of money is in there, and hoists the duffel, heading for the stairs.

A KNOCK sounds behind him.

Another KNOCK.

He sets the bag softly down and eyes the door.

WILL

Okay, they're serious. But how serious?

EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/FRONT - NIGHT

The patrolman knocks on the door again, looks at his COMPANION COP, shrugs.

COMPANION COP

Lights are on.

The patrolman nods, starting back for his car.

PATROLMAN

Call it in and see what they say.

He leans into the cruiser, pulls out the radio mike.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

Central, I've got a situation here in the warehouse district. Over.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will hoists his duffel bag.

WILL

Too damn serious for me.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Will, coming down stairs two at a time, tossing the duffel bag into the back of the Porsche, yanking the bathroom door open on Emily --

EMILY

You running a peek show here or what?

WILL

Up.

He's undoing the handcuff on the sink, jerking her to her feet, dragging her towards the car --

EMILY

Who was that old man?

Shoving her headfirst through the Porsche's passenger door, he slaps the cuff to the passenger brace bar --

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hey! God Damn It!

She jerks backwards -- stuck.

WILL

Get in.

She doesn't.

He's headed around the car, slipping into the driver's seat, revving the engine as he slaps control keys to open the garage door -- he pauses to stare at her, hard and cold.

WILL (CONT'D)

You can ride inside or outside the car, but either way, when that door opens, we're leaving.

Emily climbs into the car and slams the door.

EMILY

You're a real fun date, you know that?

WILL

You aren't my idea of a good time.

The Porsche squeals out of the warehouse.

INT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

The coffee pot steams on its burner.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Joe slows to a crawl, pulls the Chevy over, and sits there idling -- tapping the steering wheel, indecisive.

JOE

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

He squints at approaching headlights in the rearview mirror.

The approaching car slows, pulls alongside him. Natch, it's a COP. The cop shines a flashlight in at Joe, rolls down a window, forcing Joe to roll down his window and squint into the glare.

COP

Everything all right here?

JOE

Oh, yeah, just fine. I just kinda lost my way.

The cop's getting out. Joe winces.

COP

Could I see some identification, please?

JOE

Oh, sure.

Joe fumbles for his wallet, pulls out a license, extends it with a shaky hand -- the cop eyes him, takes it, studies it, then Joe.

COP

Mr. Pogue, would you please step out of the car?

JOE

Excuse me?

COP

Please step out of the car, Sir.

Joe opens the door and climbs out.

JOE

Hey, I just got a little lost, is all. If you could give me directions to the freeway --

COP

Have you been drinking tonight, Mr. Pogue?

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Will winds up Highway 5, North. Emily, still cuffed to the brace bar, broods in the passenger seat.

EMILY

I can see you are a master economist of words.

Will grunts, spots a lone gas station and phone booth on an abandoned stretch, slows to pull off the highway.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're a kidnapper now, you know. I mean, before, it was just an accident, but this is definitely a hostage situation.

Silence.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, and in case you didn't notice that sign back there?
"Washington."

Silence. She shakes her head in mock chagrin.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Crossing a state line with a hostage. That's a federal offense.

Will idles in front of the phone booth, unlocks the cuffs, leans across her to push open the passenger door.

WILL

Get out.

Emily eyes him, the phone booth, him.

EMILY

Get. Out?

The car idles. Cold wind sweeps through the open door, ruffling anything not nailed down.

She sits, not moving. Comprehension dawns on his face.

WILL

Oh. Here.

He fishes in his pocket, pulls out a quarter, smacks it into her palm.

She studies the quarter in her palm like it's some sort of alien relic -- slowly looks up at him.

EMILY

Are you mad?

WILL

Excuse me?

EMILY

You think, after being locked up, starved, bullied! Brow beaten! Robbed! And you forgot my purse. You think now you're going to give me a quarter and leave me *here*?

WILL

This'll do.

EMILY

Forget it. I want a cigarette. I want breakfast. I want a shower. And I want my car.

She crosses her arms. He struggles for an appropriate response --

WILL

I don't allow smoking in my car.

EMILY

Are you for real?

The engine idles.

Will eyes the car's dimensions, gauging the feasibility of a fight in close quarters, touches the bandage on his chin.

She smiles, smug -- his odds don't look good.

WILL

I'm a hardened criminal.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm Emily Rose T. Hope. And you do not want to mess with me before I get my morning cigarette.

Emily snaps her seat belt on with finality.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - NIGHT

Dan Sims wrestles his seat belt as the undercover car screeches through the warehouse district.

SIMS

I thought I told you to get this fixed.

Barnaby shrugs.

BARNABY

I did get it fixed.

SIMS

Then why isn't it fixed?

BARNABY

New car assignment.

Dan, at a loss, studies the car's interior -- it sure as hell looks like the same car, right down to the gum on the dashboard. He sighs.

SIMS

Get it fixed.

Barnaby shrugs.

SIMS (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

Dan squints through the windshield at a column of black smoke.

BARNABY

Looks like smoke.

SIMS

I am really trying to like you,
Barnaby, but you just make it so
damn hard.

Barnaby shrugs. The car speeds on --

SIMS (CONT'D)

Oh no. It can't be. . . .

But it is. Will Pogue's warehouse roars away in a
fire to beat all fires. Out front, police and firemen
jostle shoulder to shoulder with newscasters.

EXT. WILL'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Sims climbs from the car to stare in appalled silence
at the blaze. Barnaby climbs from the car to stand
cheerfully at his side.

BARNABY

Fire started in the kitchen.

SIMS

You knew about this?

BARNABY

Car's inside, though, so this is
definitely the place.

SIMS

How do you know this?

Barnaby shrugs.

BARNABY

Daniels called it in. Too bad
they couldn't get those locks off,
before the building went. Gonna
lose a lot of evidence.

SIMS

Barnaby.

BARNABY

Yes?

SIMS

I'm not sure there's a legal precedent for arresting my partner for withholding evidence, but I am going to check the books.

B.g., Perkins watches the blaze, watches Sims and Barnaby, taking it all in with an impassive expression. A REPORTER slams a microphone into Sims' face.

REPORTER

Detective, is it true this is the suspected lair of kidnappers?

SIMS

What?

REPORTER

Isn't it true, Detective, that --

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - DAY (OVERCAST)

Dawn streaks the sky. Will drives down a dirt road, ominously silent. Emily sucks on a cigarette, blows smoke out the open window, studying the deserted surroundings warily.

EMILY

A speech class could do wonders for you. Maybe instill some of that inner confidence needed to carry on a conversation.

He keeps driving -- we're talking past the middle of nowhere, here -- the landscape grows more and more barren.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Want to tell me where we're going?

No response. Emily is winding tighter and tighter.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Nice place to hide a body.

Not even a peep.

She stubs out her cigarette, glares at the open window.

EMILY (CONT'D)

How can anyone live without air conditioning?

He turns into an abandoned field.

She rolls up her window, surreptitiously glides her finger across the door lock -- pushes it down.

He stops the car, shuts off the ignition, turns to rummage in the duffel bag.

She slams him hard with her elbow, hits him again to keep him down, lunges across him to knock his door open --

He's coming up -- she kicks him, sending him backwards out the door -- kicks again, to send him all the way out --

Will hits dirt as she slams the door, locks it, slides into the driver's seat, and reaches for the ignition -
-

No key.

Will, rising stiffly, jingles the car keys outside the window and smiles, grim.

She punches the ignition switch --

WILL

Open the door.

She punches the ignition switch again. It pops free. She reaches for its wires.

Will winces -- he did not want to do this -- doubles up his fist, and punches a hole through the driver's side window.

Emily lunges backwards, out of reach, into the passenger seat, still holding the limp ignition.

He unlocks and opens the driver's side door.

WILL

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Emily is breathing hard, tensed to kick him again.

Seconds tick by. She relaxes -- barely.

EMILY

What are you doing?

Will reaches cautiously into the car to lift a running shoe from the floorboard -- what he dropped when the assault began -- dangles it for her inspection.

Emily, pale, eyes it, him.

He looks pointedly at the driver's seat, raises a brow in a question.

She bites her lip, nods, gathering herself into a small ball as he sits gingerly on the glass littered driver's seat and pulls off his shoes.

WILL

It's six o'clock.

This means nothing to Emily. Lacing up, he shoots her a skeptical glance.

WILL (CONT'D)

I run at six o'clock.

She bites her lip harder. Will lifts the limp ignition and studies it, her, pops the hood and climbs out.

EMILY

Now what are you doing?

He jerks the distributor cap and pockets it, before limping down the road at a slow lope.

Emily watches him go in consternation.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Will, bloody but unbent, doggedly runs, ignoring Emily, who trots by his side, puffing a cigarette.

EMILY

You're angry.

Silence.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Well what did you expect me to think?

Silence.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He shoots her an appalled glance.

WILL

For beating the crap out of me, or my car?

Emily smiles, winsome charm.

EMILY

How can I make it up to you?

WILL

Go home.

EMILY

I'd love to do that for you, but then I'd have to explain about how you stole my car.

WILL

I'll buy it.

EMILY

Excuse me?

WILL

I'll buy the damn car.

EMILY

But I love that car.

He seethes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Fifty thousand dollars.

WILL

What?

A slow drizzle is beginning. Will, breathing hard, stops and braces his hands against his knees. Emily looks him up and down, takes a pull off her cigarette.

EMILY

For a runner, you're not in very good shape.

WILL

Fifty thousand dollars. It's used.

EMILY

Cash.

His jaw tightens.

WILL

Fine.

Will picks up the pace. Emily, fascinated, follows.

EMILY

You've got fifty thousand dollars cash?

WILL

Yes.

EMILY

On you?

WILL

Yes.

EMILY

How barbaric.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Will's Porsche sits outside the dingy motel structure.

INT. MOTEL/ROOM - DAY

Emily hums, toweling her hair. Will taps the phone, impatient as hell. Emily grins.

EMILY

You oughta take one. Nice to be human again.

WILL
What's the number?

EMILY
What, no breakfast?

Judging from his expression, it looks like breakfast is out.

WILL
The number.

EMILY
Where's my money?

Will throws a packet of cash on the table.

EMILY
Five-oh-three, five-five-five,
eight-nine-seven-six.

WILL
Thank you.

He dials. It RINGS on the other end. Emily lifts cash and counts under her breath.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
Hope residence.

Will extends the phone to Emily. She shrugs him off, still counting.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
(CONT'D)
Hope residence. May I help you?

WILL
I'd like to speak to Mr. Hope,
please.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
May I ask what this is regarding?

WILL
His daughter.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
One moment please.

The line CLICKS a few times.

WILL
(whispering)
You are going to talk to him.

EMILY
Forty seven, forty eight --

AMADEUS (V.O.)
This is Amadeus T. Hope. To whom
am I speaking?

WILL
Your daughter would like to speak
to you, Mr. Hope.

Will extends the phone to Emily. She takes her time.
Will shakes the phone at her. She touches off the
last bills.

EMILY
Forty-nine, and fifty.

She smiles sweetly and takes the phone.

EMILY
(into phone)
Daddy?

AMADEUS (V.O.)
Emily?

EMILY
Daddy, he made me suck his penis -
-

WILL
What!?

Will rips the phone away and slams the receiver into
its cradle. Emily collapses on the bed, laughing.

WILL (CONT'D)
What the hell is the matter with
you? You think that's funny?

He rips the money from her hands.

WILL (CONT'D)

Give me that!

She's still laughing. He ogles her, horrified.

WILL (CONT'D)

You look human. . . you sound
human. . . but underneath it all -

-

Emily stops laughing.

EMILY

We'd better leave.

WILL

You leave.

EMILY

They traced that call.

Emily heads for the door. Will's not going anywhere.

WILL

They didn't have time.

She pauses, exasperated.

EMILY

My father doesn't need time.
We've got to go. Now.

He stands firm. She stalks out.

WILL

Shit. This is definitely a
hostage situation.

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - DAY (RAINING)

Will, driving, squints against rain splattering through the hole in the driver's side window. Emily, smoking with her window cracked, is quiet.

WILL

Family reunions must be a blast at
your house.

She taps cigarette ash out the window -- wind and rain blow it back into the car. Will winces.

EMILY

I'm just having a little fun here.
Don't take it personally.

WILL

This is fun?

EMILY

This car isn't safe anymore.

WILL

You want another car, you steal
your own.

EMILY

Excuse me. I have a car. It
happens to be in your garage.

They drive in stony silence --

WILL

Lemme let you in on a little
secret, Princess. The cars I
steal are business. Not fun. Not
boredom. Not rich kid curiosity
or life on the wild side.
Business.

He's pissed. Emily laughs.

EMILY

I like you.

WILL

What do you do to people you don't
like?

Will sighs, swerves to the curb, turns to her, engine
idling.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look, I don't like being chased by
police. I don't like police
coming to my door. I don't like
strangers in my house. I don't
like strangers in my car. I don't
like strangers, period.

Emily studies him with a clear steady gaze.

WILL (CONT'D)

So I'm sure you're a real nice girl, though you've got a few problems and a real strange sense of humor, but I didn't ask for you, I don't want you, I don't need you, and I don't like you. I want off this ride.

EMILY

Okay.

WILL

Okay?

EMILY

Okay.

WILL

Good.

EMILY

Pay me for my car, and I'm gone.

WILL

What?

Emily shoots him a look. His jaw tightens.

WILL (CONT'D)

Fine.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Thomas Perkins' discreet automobile -- tinted windows, Oregon plates -- sits in the motel parking lot Emily and Will just left --

And past the car, through the motel office window, you can see Perkins conversing with a very pale motel office clerk -- who opens a registration book, no questions asked, for Thomas to examine.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY (RAINING)

It's not night, but it's damn dark, what with rain and clouds. A gaudy neon light flashes welcome at the interstate. Fluorescents pierce the gloom above gas pumps and semis. Occasional burly figures dash beneath slickers for the yellow glow of a coffee shop.

Will and Emily stand in shadow by the Porsche. Will casts a doubtful glance around -- Emily extends her hand.

EMILY

Well, have a good life.

Will awkwardly accepts the handshake.

WILL

Same to you.

EMILY

And lose that car --

Will opens his mouth to protest --

EMILY (CONT'D)

Just for a while. Park it somewhere. And stay away from phones. Trust me on this.

She strides away, a slim, erect figure in the gloom -- looking, suddenly, awfully frail and abandoned. Will frowns, a hint of concern, then touches his bruised jaw and eyes his broken window.

WILL

Who am I kidding? She can take care of herself.

He shakes his head -- Emily turns --

EMILY

Hey, what's your name?

Will pauses, indecisive --

EMILY (CONT'D)

Never mind. Probably better if I don't know.

WILL

Right.

EMILY

Right.

He watches, until she disappears around a corner --

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - DAY (RAINING)

Will collapses into the Porsche's rain soaked seat, grimaces at the wet and the hanging ignition, then starts the car and pulls onto the highway. But he checks the rearview mirror one last time, watching the truck stop lights fade away into the gloom.

WILL

Good-bye, Emily Hope.

And he breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. FARMHOUSE/DRIVE - DAY (RAINING)

Dusk is falling as Will's Porsche turns up a dirt drive and halts at an old gate --

Will climbs out to unlock a rusty key lock on an old chain, swings the gate open, drives through, climbs out to relock it, before continuing up the drive.

INT. WILL'S PORSCHE - DAY (RAINING)

Will follows the drive through trees, an overgrown field, around a bend -- there's an old dilapidated farmhouse and a boarded up barn ahead.

He stops at the barn and clicks his trusty garage door opener -- the barn door rolls back on tracks.

INT. BARN - DAY (RAINING)

Inside, the barn's similar to Will's Portland warehouse: illuminated by overhead fluorescents, a clean, if dusty, cement floor, a couple cars under dusty covers.

Will climbs wearily from the Porsche, pats its side affectionately, and heads out the side door --

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (RAINING)

-- making his way to the old farmhouse --

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A big old place, dusty and unused. But the utilities work -- Will swings into the kitchen, flicks on lights, dials a phone -- pauses, shakes his head --

WILL

Don't be ridiculous.

And continues dialing. He drags a coffee maker from under the counter, rinses as he listens to the phone RING on the other end.

JOE (V.O.)

This is Joe. I'm not here. Leave a message.

Will sighs.

INT. TRUCK STOP/COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Emily, rain soaked and looking less than able to pay for a cup of coffee, sits at the counter wearing a pair of large, black sunglasses, sipping the aforementioned coffee and studying a map.

The WAITRESS shoots her a suspicious glance, ambles up to refill her cup and smack a bill on the counter.

WAITRESS

Lotta glare on the road today, is there?

She indicates the rain swept night outside the windows. Emily touches her sunglasses and laughs, self conscious.

EMILY

Oh, these.

The waitress waits for Emily to take off the sunglasses. Emily doesn't.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This is very embarrassing --

Emily touches a finger to the skin beneath her sunglasses -- implying a black eye -- shrugs, lifts her coffee cup, bringing her scabbed over elbow into full view --

In two seconds flat, the waitress goes from smart ass to sympathetic.

WAITRESS

Do you need help?

Emily casts her gaze around the room, smiles wryly.

EMILY

Do you know any of these people?
I hate to just ask a stranger, and
I guess they have rules about
people riding along, but. . . do
you know anyone, a nice guy maybe,
who would be willing to give
someone a lift out of town?

WAITRESS

Where do you want to go?

EMILY

It doesn't matter where, it just
needs to be tonight.

WAITRESS

You just sit right here, Honey,
I'll be right back.

The waitress stiff legs it to a table and whispers to truckers.

INT. FARMHOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will revels under a hot shower.

EXT. FARMHOUSE/DRIVE - NIGHT

The gate to the drive hangs open.

A car approaches -- a very expensive car with tinted windows and Oregon plates -- headlights off, it parks out of sight of the farmhouse.

You guessed it: Thomas Perkins.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Scrubbed and dressed in a robe, Will pours himself a cup of coffee, ambles into the spartan living room, switches a radio on to MUSIC, lifts a phone, dials, and listens to it RING on the other end as he lifts a remote control and switches on the MUTED TV.

JOE (V.O.)

This is Joe. I'm not here. Leave
a message.

Will frowns, hangs up, and relaxes into a chair to stare at the TV. Boring. He flips channels --

Jerks forward in his chair, and switches back a channel to stare in horror at --

The TV screen shows an anchorman, the warehouse fire, a charred Mercedes, more fire --

Will's jaw drops.

WILL

Oh shit.

Will's high school yearbook photo flashes by, a picture of Emily --

WILL

Shit shit shit.

PERKINS (O.S.)

Interesting viewing?

WILL

Jesus!

Will spins to stare at Thomas Perkins, who steps silently into the room.

WILL (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

PERKINS

I'm Uncle Tom. Who the fuck are you?

Perkins holds up photocopies of mortgage deeds, studies one in mock annoyance.

PERKINS

William Pogue, who owns a warehouse in Portland, Oregon --

Studying another photocopy --

PERKINS (CONT'D)

-- William Danny, who owns a farm in Denton*, Washington?, or maybe William Baker, who owns another warehouse -- you like warehouses, don't you? -- in Seattle, Washington.

Perkins lowers the papers.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

I'll just call you William. Now, William, where's Emily Hope?

Perkins brings out a gun and casually begins screwing a silencer into place.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT (RAINING)

Standing beside a rumbling semi truck, the waitress embraces Emily and shoves a bag into her hands.

WAITRESS

There's food in here, to hold you over.

EMILY

Thank you Norma.

WAITRESS

Don't even think twice about it. You just get yourself somewhere safe.

Emily gives her a hug, shoves bills into her big waitress pockets, and swings up into the truck cab.

WAITRESS

Now blast you, I told you --

EMILY

You take that money, Norma. It's all I've got to give you, and money isn't enough.

Emily slams the cab door, waves, and the semi rumbles out of the parking lot.

INT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Norma, the waitress, is wiping down a deserted counter, when Will, face cut up and a bit wild around the eyes, stalks up -- wearing a really nice suit.

WAITRESS

Coffee, Hon?

WILL

I'm looking for a girl.

Norma looks Will up and down, not liking what she sees.

WILL (CONT'D)

She may have come in here. About yeah high, such and such hair, thin, kinda delicate looking?

WAITRESS

She's gone.

Will sighs in relief.

WILL

You've seen her. Do you know where she went?

WAITRESS

Somewhere you can't get your lousy hands on her, is where. Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.

WILL

What?

WAITRESS

Bobby? Joe?

The place is not entirely deserted -- two very burly TRUCKERS glance up from their booth.

TRUCKER #1

Norma, you need something?

WAITRESS

This gentleman is looking for the little girl Mike gave a ride to --

She indicates Will with her chin --

TRUCKER #2

That so?

The truckers are rising -- rising being an understatement -- to approach Will.

TRUCKER #1

He the one gave her that black eye?

Norma's got her hands on her hips, staring Will down.

WILL

Now wait a minute --

TRUCKER #2

I think maybe we need to have a talk outside, Son.

INT. SEMI TRUCK CAB - DAY (MORNING)

Emily wakes up, ensconced in the bed of the truck cab, as MIKE the trucker climbs into the cab with two styrofoam cups of coffee.

MIKE

Morning. Want some coffee?

EMILY

Thanks.

He hands it back to her and she cracks its cover to happily breathe in steam, before taking a sip.

MIKE

Your eye looks pretty good.

Thomas Perkins' tinted windows car pulls into the lot outside.

EMILY

I'm a fast healer.

She sets the cup down and crawls to the front of the cab, to get a better look -- it is definitely Thomas's car. She sucks in breath. Mike frowns at the car.

MIKE

Someone you know?

She nods, tired, and drags on her shoes.

Mike's glowering at the car.

MIKE

You don't have to go out there.

Emily gives him a tired smile and a kiss on the cheek.

EMILY

Thanks for the ride and the
coffee, Mike. I'll be okay.

She drops down out of the cab. Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

Why do they always go back, I
wonder? Nice pretty girl, could
have anyone she wanted, and she
goes back to the black eye patrol.

EXT. TRUCK STOP #2 - DAY (MORNING)

Emily braces her shoulders and walks towards Thomas's
car.

EMILY

Aw, well, it was a fun ride, Em.

She sighs, and opens the passenger door.

Will glares at her from the driver's seat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You!

WILL

Get in.

EMILY

Fuck you. You burned my car!

She whirls and stalks back towards the truck.

WILL

I what!?

He slams out and stands there, breathing hard. She turns, glaring.

EMILY

No wonder you were in such a hurry to get out of there. You torched the place!

WILL

The hell I did. More likely one of your relatives came to visit.

She stares at the car, his suit --

EMILY

Where's Thomas?

WILL

In the last twenty-four hours, I've been beaten up by three people, threatened with a gun, insulted by a waitress, and I had to run naked through the woods. So I'm not in the mood to hold this conversation in the god damned rain. Now get in the car.

EMILY

You ran naked through the woods?

She glances at her watch: five thirty.

EMILY

Wow. It's not even six o'clock.

INT. PERKINS' DISCREET AUTOMOBILE - DAY (RAINING)

Emily smokes like a fiend. Will drives by reflex.

EMILY

I'm not going back.

WILL

The hell you aren't.

EMILY

You wouldn't be in this mess, if you hadn't gone around making a bunch of phone calls.

The car's cellular phone rings. Will stares at it, appalled. Emily eyes it, curious.

WILL
Don't answer that.

EMILY
Who is it?

Silence. Will's jaw works.

EMILY
Uncle Tom? Uncle Tom is calling
you on the phone?

She laughs, delighted. He glares.

WILL (CONT'D)
If I'd known the fucking marines
were on my ass -- but no. It
wasn't the marines. It was Uncle
Tom, a much more frightening
individual. Where the hell did you
think you were you going?

EMILY
Fort Lewis.

WILL
Oh, that explains everything.

EMILY
If you must know, I was going to
visit a priest.

Will snorts.

WILL
Well now you're going to visit a
policeman. Who the hell is Uncle
Tom?

Emily stares around the car in fascination.

EMILY
I can't believe you stole Uncle
Thomas's car. And his clothes.
How did you do it?

WILL

I ran.

EMILY

You outran Uncle Tom?

WILL

He wasn't counting on me jumping
through that plate glass window.

She reaches up to touch one of his facial nicks.

EMILY

But how --

Will shoots her a deprecating glance, grits his teeth
--

WILL

The clothes were in the car.

He's waiting for an explanation, seething. She sighs.

EMILY

He's not really my uncle, that's
just what I call him.

He rubs his eyes, tired to death of subterfuge. She
sighs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Uncle Tom does clean up for my
father.

WILL

He's a janitor. Why didn't I
think of that.

Will jerks the steering wheel, straightening the car's
path out on the road.

EMILY

When's the last time you got some
sleep?

He grits his teeth.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Jesus, I bet you haven't slept at all. You can't even stay on the road.

WILL

I can stay on the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (RAINING)

Perkins' car screeches off the road -- slamming to a halt amid flying pebbles and mud.

WILL (O.S.)

Uncle Tom is a hit man?

INT. PERKINS' DISCREET AUTOMOBILE - DAY (RAINING)

Will stares, horrified, at Emily.

EMILY

Not exactly.

WILL

Then I wish to hell you'd tell me what "exactly" Uncle Tom is.

EMILY

Okay, he's a hit man.

Will plunges off the shoulder, through weeds and mud, onto the feeder road.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

WILL

I have to make a call.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY (RAINING)

Will listens grimly to Joe's answering machine.

JOE (V.O.)

This is Joe. I'm not here. Leave a message.

Will hangs up.

WILL
Jesus, Joe, where are you?

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY (MORNING)

Uncle Joe stands at the common phone, amidst the glamour and glitz of a holding cell.

VOICE OVER
I'm sorry, but the number you have dialed is disconnected or no longer in service at this time. If you feel you have reached this recording in error --

Joe drops the phone into its cradle.

JOE
Damn. Looks like I'm walking.

A gnarled VISITOR laughs.

VISITOR
Joe, you miser, why don't you cough up for a cab?

JOE
Already had to pay the damn fine.

A GUARD clangs the cell door.

GUARD
This ain't a hotel, you know, Pogue. You going or staying?

JOE
I'm going. Hold your britches.

Joe shambles out.

VISITOR
Damn idiot's going to walk. Crazy assed white son of a bitch.

INT. AMADEUS'S VIEWING ROOM - DAY

It truly is a viewing room, in every sense of the word. Amadeus sits in a massive chair, watching a newscaster harass Dan Sims on the enormous TV screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Is it true Emily Hope, daughter of
billionaire Amadeus T. Hope the
Third, has been missing for three
days?

SIMS (V.O.)

No comment.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Is it true the recent grounding of
a river barge was a failed attempt

--

Amadeus snaps off the telecast, stares at the dark
screen. Thomas rises silently and refills their
drinks.

AMADEUS

Do you realize how embarrassing it
is to call a bank president and
tell him you need one million
dollars replaced?

Thomas drops ice in the drinks.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

Do you realize there are eleven
news vans parked outside this
residence?

Thomas hands Amadeus a drink. Amadeus sips, brooding.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

Privacy, Thomas, is a rare
commodity.

PERKINS

Amadeus, it's Emily.

AMADEUS

That's no longer an issue.
Someone must take public
responsibility for this fiasco --
that someone will not be a Hope.
She's in Washington?

Perkins nods. Amadeus shakes his head.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

Please tell me we aren't involving
the Bureau in this.

PERKINS

It's unconfirmed. It will remain
unconfirmed.

AMADEUS

Is there any way we can --

Amadeus gestures helplessly at the TV.

PERKINS

Short of killing everyone in the
news departments?

Amadeus considers the possibilities --

PERKINS (CONT'D)

No.

Amadeus sighs, strokes one of his Bonsai.

AMADEUS

They're so perfect. So
controlled.

Perkins' face twitches.

PERKINS

Will you permit me to make an
observation, Amadeus?

AMADEUS

Certainly, Thomas.

PERKINS

Emily is not a plant.

Amadeus frowns.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Just an observation.

Amadeus turns the tree to a more complimentary angle.

AMADEUS

I'm experiencing the strangest emotions, Thomas. Relief. And shame. Because I thought my daughter was dead --

He strokes the moss at the plant's base.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

-- and the thought was oddly comforting. I suppose that makes me a terrible person.

Perkins doesn't say a word. Amadeus sighs.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

I don't care how you do it. Shut the circus down.

Thomas nods and heads for the door, leaving -- Thomas turns to the right.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

Thomas?

Thomas pauses.

AMADEUS (CONT'D)

My father was rarely present, while I was growing up, yet I didn't terrorize every living soul I came in contact with.

Thomas's eyes are sad in that hard masked face of his.

PERKINS

I'm not judging you, Amadeus.

AMADEUS

Aren't you?

PERKINS

No. Just making an observation.

And Thomas is gone, leaving Amadeus alone in that big, beautiful, perfectly controlled, and very empty room.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY (RAINING)

If you want to talk grease and engine parts, "Joe's Auto Parts" is sacred, if grimy, ground. The phone is RINGING. Uncle Joe, looking the worse for his visit with the authorities, not to mention his walk, appears outside the window and unlocks the shop door. The answering machine clicks on.

UNCLE JOE (V.O.)

This is Joe. I'm not here. Leave a message.

The door JANGLES as Joe pushes in. The machine beeps. He stumps across the room to pick up, just as the caller hangs up.

JOE

I hate it when they do that.

Sighing, he pulls a bottle from under the cash register, takes a long pull, and collapses onto a beat up stool.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Dan Sims studies reports, reading each sheet, setting it aside, and wearily going on to the next. He pauses.

SIMS

Barnaby? You see this DUI report?

Barnaby, at the next desk, glances up.

BARNABY

You mean that old guy Pogue?

SIMS

Yeah.

BARNABY

Sure.

SIMS

Did it occur to you, this old guy Pogue, who was pulled over in the vicinity of a warehouse that just happens to belong to a suspect named Pogue, might be a relative?

BARNABY

Sure.

SIMS

Sure?

BARNABY

Yeah, it's his uncle.

SIMS

His uncle?

BARNABY

Yeah.

Sims stares ceilingward, praying for patience.

SIMS

Barnaby, were you going to tell me this?

BARNABY

Yeah, I probably would have gotten around to it.

Sims struggles into his jacket.

SIMS

Barnaby, I am really trying to like you.

BARNABY

We going somewhere?

SIMS

Yeah, Barnaby, I thought we might pay a visit to Mr. Pogue's uncle.

INT. MOTEL #2/ROOM - DAY (RAINING)

Emily comes out of the bathroom, wearing a towel and rubbing her hair with another, smoking a cigarette.

The key rattles and Will stalks in, soaked, halts dead.

EMILY

Did you get him?

WILL

Who?

He settles warily into a chair, as far from her as physically possible -- by the door.

EMILY

Whoever it is you keep calling.

WILL

You take too many damn showers.

She grabs her clothes off the floor and stalks into the bathroom, leaving the door partially ajar.

Will, uncomfortable as hell, tries to ignore flashes of flesh, as she walks back and forth in there, to the accompaniment of zippers and sliding material.

WILL (CONT'D)

Is there really a priest?

EMILY

The nuns at school used to make us go to church -- which was boring as hell -- so I used to go to confession -- to shock the priests. Told 'em I slept with all these army guys and stuff.

WILL

What's so shocking about that?

EMILY

I was nine.

She comes out of the bathroom, tosses herself on the bed, sniffs her shirt sleeve, grimaces, shuts her eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

God I hate dirty clothes.

WILL

These priests all believed a nine year old girl was sleeping with army guys?

EMILY

I think Father Douglas is the only
one who caught on.

She shuts her eyes.

He shuts his eyes.

He puts his feet up on the table.

Shifts. Shifts again. Opens his eyes. Shuts them.
Emily opens her eyes and glares.

EMILY

If the chair's so god damned
uncomfortable, sleep on the bed.
Your virtue will remain intact.

WILL

I'm used to sleeping alone.

EMILY

I'll bet. All those frigging
locks.

She tosses back down into the pillows, turning away
from him.

He turns onto his side, facing away from her.

The rain beats down.

There they both lie, wide awake.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Pogue, are you planning on being a
car thief all your life?

WILL

Are you planning on being a thorn
in your father's side all your
life?

Stony silence. Will sighs.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm going to Tahiti.

EMILY

You're going to steal cars in Tahiti? That's progress.

WILL

I'm going to fish. And I'm going to go first class.

EMILY

Oh, right. So what will you live on? Fish?

WILL

I have investments.

Emily laughs -- bitter.

WILL (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

EMILY

Here I thought I'd met an honest thief -- and you have investments.

She's really laughing now -- but it's a brittle laugh.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Just like my father. Next, you'll tell me you have a tree fetish.

WILL

Believe you me, hard as I tried, I could never fuck someone up as bad as you're fucked up over your old man.

She stops laughing. He glances over at her.

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't tell me I hurt your feelings.

She throws back the covers, stumps out of bed.

EMILY

You take the bed. I'll sleep in the chair.

He shakes his head no, crosses his arms.

WILL

Chair's by the door.

EMILY

Jesus, God. Look, I give you my word, I will not leave, while you're asleep. Okay? Because I would rather see you get some sleep than end up somewhere dead on the highway. Will that work? My solemn oath.

He looks at her, skeptical.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

The bell JANGLES over the door and Dan Sims walks in, Barnaby plodding along behind him. The only living thing in sight is an old German Shepherd in the corner -- it wags its tail.

SIMS

Anybody here?

JOE (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, hold on.

Sims leans down to pet the dog. Joe comes out of the back, glares at the dog.

JOE

Veronica, you're supposed to bite the burglars, not welcome them in.

Veronica's tail wags harder.

JOE (CONT'D)

What can I do you for?

Dan flashes a badge.

SIMS

Are you Joseph Pogue?

JOE

Nope. He ain't here.

Sims squints at Joe.

SIMS

When do you expect him back?

JOE

Dunno. He went on a fishing trip.
Maybe a week or so.

SIMS

Would you happen to know where?

JOE

Nope.

SIMS

How about his nephew, William
Pogue? You ever see him around
here?

JOE

Sorry. Only worked here a coupla
weeks.

Sims gives him a hard look.

SIMS

And what would your name be?

JOE

Dennis Hodges.

SIMS

You got any identification, Dennis
Hodges?

JOE

Nope.

Sims glowers. Joe shrugs.

JOE (CONT'D)

I don't drive.

SIMS

You know it's against the law to
lie to a police officer, Mr.
Hodges?

JOE

Now I do.

Sims slaps his card on the counter.

SIMS

You hear from Pogue, you call me.

JOE

Will do.

Sims and Barnaby JANGLE out the door. Joe picks up the card, studies it.

JOE

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

The Shepherd flops its tail.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR (OUTSIDE JOE'S AUTO PARTS) - DAY

Sims steams. Barnaby starts the engine.

SIMS

There is something wrong here. I don't know what, but something is not right.

BARNABY

You mean with Pogue?

SIMS

What do you mean, "Do you mean with Pogue"?

Barnaby inclines his head towards Joe's Auto Parts.

BARNABY

That was him back there.

SIMS

How can you tell? The station picture is shit.

BARNABY

Went to school with him.

Sims' jaw drops.

SIMS

You might have said something sooner.

Barnaby shrugs.

BARNABY

You want to go back and talk to him?

SIMS

Oh, right. Excuse me, Mr. Pogue. My partner just happened to mention. . . he won't tell us anything now.

BARNABY

Nope.

SIMS

But I want the place watched.

BARNABY

Okey-dokey.

Barnaby pulls out. Sims jerks his seat belt forward - it sticks. Disgusted, he drops it, past trying to get the damn thing to work.

INT. THOMAS PERKINS' NEW AND IMPROVED DISCREET AUTOMOBILE (OUTSIDE JOE'S AUTO PARTS) - DAY

Thomas, expressionless and immaculate as always, watches Barnaby and Sims pull away.

Beside him on the seat, the red LED on a high tech phone monitoring device blinks.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Barnaby drives, nonchalant. Dan Sims broods.

SIMS

Barnaby, let me ask you a question.

BARNABY

Shoot.

SIMS

What do you think is happening here?

Barnaby scratches his neck, thinks a moment.

BARNABY

You want to know what I think?

Sims is getting belligerent.

SIMS

Yeah. Just out of curiosity, I want to know what you think.

BARNABY

Well, lemme see. I think old man Hope thought his daughter was setting him up, so he didn't get too riled, thought he'd just play along. Then, when the car wasn't there with her in it, he got worried and called in the big guns -- that'd be our mysterious Mr. Perkins. But the kidnapper we're after wasn't a kidnapper, he was a car thief -- seeing as he's Joe Pogue's nephew, and Pogues aren't into kidnapping, they're into cars. You know his daddy was a racer? So the kid took the car, but then he found the girl in it, which put him in a fix. So he was trying to figure out what to do about it, without getting tangled up with the law, when that old lady put the finger on him and the cops showed up. Then he ran -- skittish lot, the Pogues -- and the girl probably went with him -- but he forgot to take the coffee off, so the whole place burned down. Now old Pogue's sweating it, 'cause he hasn't heard from his nephew in a while, and young Pogue and that girl are somewhere out in tarnation.

Sims just stares, slack jawed. Barnaby glances at him.

BARNABY (CONT'D)

That's what I think.

SIMS

You thought that all out.

BARNABY

Yep.

SIMS

And you never thought to mention it.

BARNABY

You didn't ask.

Sims collapses back into his seat, thinking.

SIMS

What makes you think the kid's a car thief?

BARNABY

Got busted way back, musta been about fourteen at the time, for auto. Bad crowd he was running with, after his daddy died.

SIMS

He did.

Barnaby nods.

BARNABY

You'd know these things, if you were from around here.

SIMS

You don't like me much, do you Barnaby?

BARNABY

I got nothing against you. I just wonder, sometimes, how come you're out here, instead of back in your own town.

Seconds tick by as Sims considers.

SIMS

You ever been to Los Angeles, Barnaby?

BARNABY

Nope.

INT. MOTEL #2/ROOM - DAY (RAINING HARD)

RAIN beats against the roof. Thunder RUMBLES and Will jerks awake, stares around the room panicked, relaxes when he remembers where he is --

And stiffens when he sees Emily's gone.

WILL

God damn it.

He struggles free of tangled bed clothes, jerks open the door to stare out at the gray sheet of rain, and cursing, plunges into it.

EXT. MOTEL #2/PARKING LOT - DAY

Will, dashing through the rain --

WILL

Stupid stupid stupid --

The car is still there, and intact.

He turns to stare at the abandoned lot.

The neon motel sign spits in the gray rain, shooting weak illumination. Even the office looks dead.

WILL (CONT'D)

Shit. I give you my solemn oath.
Yeah, right. Stupid stupid
stupid.

LIGHTNING shoots across the sky, casting everything into black and white lines, and there, on the hill behind the hotel, is a small, still figure standing in the rain.

WILL (CONT'D)

Emily?

He wipes rain off his face -- like that does any good -- and trudges up the hill through a growing stream of mud and water. And sure enough, it's her.

WILL (CONT'D)

Emily, what are you doing out here?

She just stands there, holding the front of her shirt away from her body to stare down at an enormous black blotch on it, as the rain sleet down her.

EMILY

I stained my shirt.

WILL

What?

EMILY

I was playing with the god damn motel pen, and it broke, and now I've got ink all over my shirt.

Will stares at the ragged shirt -- scruffy, torn, dirty -- he laughs.

WILL

Emily, that shirt needs to be burned.

EMILY

I hate god damn stains.

Emily starts crying. He blanches, puts his hands on her shoulders, staring at her in consternation.

WILL

Hey, hey, it's just a beat up old shirt.

This isn't having the desired effect -- she's bawling.

WILL (CONT'D)

We'll buy you a new one. Here, you can have my shirt --

He's struggling out his shirt.

EMILY

No no no. The rain comes and it washes the whole world clean. It just doesn't wash the people clean. We're all stained, Will.

WILL

How long have you been out here,
Emily?

She shrugs. He takes her hands, rubs them.

WILL (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're cold. Come on.

He tugs. She resists, rain plastering her face and hair. He wipes a sodden strand out of her face.

WILL (CONT'D)

Anybody can change, Emily.

EMILY

Like you're going to change, Will,
when you get to Tahiti?

INT. MOTEL #2/ROOM - DAY (RAINING)

They're soaked and Emily's teeth are chattering as Will pushes her into the motel room chair and crouches to drag her shoes off and rub her feet.

EMILY

That hurts.

WILL

I bet.

He grabs a discarded towel, rubs her hair.

EMILY

Rain never killed anyone.

WILL

The hell it didn't. You've got to
get out of these clothes.

She smiles, tired. He meets her eyes -- eyes for once candid and just plain young and tired.

WILL (CONT'D)

Thanks for not leaving.

She reaches out with a cold, gentle hand, to touch his face, so close, leans forward, kisses him. . . .

It's a long kiss -- before he breaks away. She frees the first button of her shirt.

WILL

No.

EMILY

I need you.

WILL

You don't need me. You need something, but it's not me.

EMILY

Don't you ever get lonely, Will Pogue? Living behind all your locks and chains and secrets, don't you ever need another human being?

WILL

I can't afford the stakes you play for, Emily.

EMILY

Yes you can, Will. Just for a moment. Just to be human.

And she kisses him again, and what he should do -- or might regret -- doesn't matter.

INT. MOTEL #2/ROOM - DAY

Emily lies awake by Will's side in the bed, staring at the ceiling, listening to Will's soft breathing. He rolls over, kisses her, smiles one of those shit eating grins everyone wears, when they're in love with the world because they just got laid.

WILL

Hi.

EMILY

Hi.

She's distant. Will drags clothes off a chair, frowns at the wrinkled suit, but climbs into it anyway.

WILL

You okay?

EMILY

I don't want to go back.

He loses a bit of the rosy glow.

WILL

Emily, it's hard truth time. I have to go back. I have to check on someone. And you have to go back. To clear up this mess.

He straps on his watch. She turns to stare at the wall. He touches her face.

WILL (CONT'D)

I would truly love to hide out here with you forever, but that's not going to work, and you know it. For one thing, because Uncle Tom is going to come through that door one of these days and kill me dead for making you suck my penis.

He smiles, trying.

EMILY

Fine.

She grabs her clothes off the floor and drags them on, purposefully ignoring the stain.

WILL

God, I could eat a horse.

INT. RESTAURANT/PAY PHONE - DAY

Will, relieved enough to be rude, speaks into the phone.

WILL

Where the hell have you been?

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS/LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Joe, casual, speaks into the phone.

INTERCUT:

JOE

Jail.

WILL
Jail?

JOE
Yep.

WILL
What the hell --

JOE
Pardon me for intruding, Will, but did you know your warehouse burned to the ground?

WILL
Yeah, I know.

JOE
I ask because I don't know if you've got TV's where you're at.

WILL
You want to know what's going on?

JOE
Nope. Nope. I don't want to know. I'd rather not know. But I thought it might be good to be sure you know.

WILL
I know.

JOE
Then I figure you'll take care of it. When're you coming home?

WILL
I'm on my way.

JOE
Well that's good. Things're a might peculiar around here, though. You might want to wear a hat.

WILL

I'll do that, Uncle Joe.

(beat)

Uncle Joe, there haven't been any strangers around, asking questions, have there? Maybe a guy in a suit?

JOE

A nice suit, or a cheap suit?

WILL

A nice suit.

JOE

Just cops.

WILL

That's good.

INT. THOMAS PERKINS' NEW AND IMPROVED DISCREET
AUTOMOBILE - DAY

Thomas smiles -- not a nice smile -- snaps off his phone tapping device, and straightens his cuff, obscuring a military tattoo.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Emily, shivering slightly, picks at her food, looking miserable. A plate of fish sits across the table from her, growing cold.

Will slides into the booth.

EMILY

You get through?

WILL

Yep.

EMILY

Congratulations. I ordered you the fish.

WILL

Oh.

He eyes the congealing creature with an expression less than rapturous, but takes a manful bite and swallows.

WILL (CONT'D)

Said the cops have been by.

EMILY

What's wrong with the fish?

WILL

Nothing. What I'm going to do is drop you off at the police station. Then I'm going to get the hell out of there, while you go in and introduce yourself.

Emily, watching him wince his way through the fish, eyes his plate, frowns.

EMILY

What's wrong with it.

Will sets down his fork with a sigh.

WILL

Emily, I'm sorry. I hate fish.

EMILY

You hate fish.

She stares out the window -- coming to a decision here, building up inside defenses --

EMILY (CONT'D)

I think you should go to Tahiti, Will. Just get on that plane and go. Forget all this mess -- and take a few steaks along, for insurance purposes.

WILL

Am I missing something here?

EMILY

Missing something?

She gives him a cool stare.

WILL

Maybe I'm taking a lot for granted. But I thought something happened here.

EMILY

Yeah, something happened here. It's called sex, Will.

WILL

Uh huh.

EMILY

And suddenly, after having sex, you seem to be thinking I'm going to be changed into a nice person and I'm going to go trotting into some police station and announce myself to the world.

Will isn't attempting to eat fish anymore.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Don't ever make that mistake, Will, of thinking I'm a nice person, just because we had sex, because if there's one thing I'm not, it's nice.

Will's sitting there, waiting for the punch line. It doesn't come. The silence grows.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant, Will.

He stares at her blankly.

WILL

There's no way.

EMILY

Not last night. Before last night.

WILL

How -- oh, shit.

He's working through it, adjusting -- comes back at her just as tough as she's coming at him.

WILL (CONT'D)

I can live with that.

Ouch -- she didn't expect that -- she recovers fast.

WILL (CONT'D)

Who?

She hits him with a hard, cold stare -- these are the big guns.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't really remember.

She pulls out a cigarette, lights up.

Will stares at it, at her, the implications sinking in.

She blows smoke, a thin cloud growing between them.

WILL

Emily?

EMILY

What, you're still here?

WILL

No. You're right. I think it's time I go.

He stands stiffly and stalks for the door.

Emily watches him go with a crooked, pained smile.

EXT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

Thomas Perkins strolls to the door of the shop, sparing a casual glance for the undercover car outside --

INT. SECOND UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

A weary detective watches Joe's place, Will's high school yearbook photo on the seat beside him, and, unfortunately, the detective doesn't know, or care, who Thomas Perkins is, and spares him only a passing glance.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

The door JANGLES and Thomas strolls to the counter. The German Shepherd flops its tail against the wall. Joe, behind the counter, glances up, studies Perkins' suit.

JOE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm closed.

PERKINS

Joseph Pogue?

JOE

He ain't here.

THOMAS

Really? Then perhaps you can tell me where he is?

JOE

Got no idea. You wanna leave a message, though, I'll see he gets it when he comes back.

Thomas slides a fifty dollar bill onto the counter.

THOMAS

I would like very much to speak with him.

Joe eyes the money.

JOE

That's too bad, 'cause he ain't here.

Thomas's eyes narrow and he retracts the fifty.

PERKINS

Mr. Pogue, you may not want my money, but you are going to speak to me.

Silence.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Perhaps you don't understand, Mr. Pogue. I'm very serious.

JOE

I told you, Joe Pogue ain't here.

Thomas pulls a gun (silenced) from his shoulder holster, turns, and shoots the German Shepherd dead.

JOE (CONT'D)

Veronica?

PERKINS

As I said, Mr. Pogue, I'm very serious.

Joe wobbles around the counter's edge, not quite believing that old dog is dead.

JOE

Oh, shit, Veronica?

INT. PERKINS' DISCREET AUTOMOBILE - DAY

Will drives, seriously pissed, passing Highway Five South signs too fast -- and then it hits him.

WILL

She's lying.

He jerks the wheel and screeches to a halt on the shoulder -- which gets him an unfriendly HORN blast from the car behind him -- and laughs, amazed.

WILL (CONT'D)

Man, she is good. Those poor priests.

And then he sobers.

WILL (CONT'D)

If she's not lying, you are about to make one hell of a fool of yourself, William Pogue.

He stares out the window, drumming his fingers on the wheel. Drumming drumming drumming --

WILL (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

He spins the wheel and makes a very illegal U-turn.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

Will rings the bell, shifts feet a few times, waiting.
The RECTORY PRIEST opens the door.

RECTORY PRIEST

May I help you?

WILL

I'm looking for Father Douglas?

The Priest studies Will, who's not up to boy scout standards today -- in fact, Will resembles a seriously scruffy character.

RECTORY PRIEST

I'm sorry, he's unavailable.
Perhaps you could tell me what
this is regarding?

WILL

No, I need to speak to Father
Douglas personally. Could you
tell me where he went?

The priest checks his watch.

RECTORY PRIEST

He should be back in a couple of
hours, if you'd like to come back.

The priest starts to shut the door -- starts, only,
because Will blocks it.

WILL

This is urgent.

RECTORY PRIEST

If it's urgent, you can talk to
me.

Will's losing patience.

WILL

No, I need to speak to Father
Douglas.

RECTORY PRIEST

Then I can't help you.

The priest starts to shut the door again --

Will strong arms the door.

WILL

Look you, I need to speak to
Father Douglas, and I need to
speak to him now.

The priest blanches.

RECTORY PRIEST

Father Douglas is taking
confessions.

WILL

Thank you.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Will Pogue's footsteps echo, slap slap slap, across
the hard floor. It's an intimidating church, but he's
not into being intimidated right now, he's into
getting to the confessional. Still -- he genuflects
and shoots a token knee bend at the alter, old habits
dying hard.

At the confessional, there's a line. He pauses, less
sure of himself, takes his place at the end.

And way up there, at the front of the line, there are
two confessionals. He studies them.

WILL

What now?

A WOMAN in front of him turns.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

WILL

Nothing. Sorry.

She eyes his wrinkled clothing, before turning a stiff
back on him.

Nothing for it, he waits -- receiving odd glances from
little old ladies ahead of and behind him.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

The rectory priest dials an old fashioned, black, rotary phone.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Will's next in line. An elderly woman steps from one of the confessionals. He plunges in.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Will sits awkwardly in the booth. The shade rolls back.

WILL

Are you Father Douglas?

The PRIEST clears his throat -- a hint. Will crosses himself.

WILL (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned repeatedly and it's been years since my last confession, but if you aren't Father Douglas, I don't want to talk to you.

PRIEST

May I ask why, then, you're here?

WILL

I'm looking for a girl.

Silence.

WILL (CONT'D)

So if you could just tell me --

PRIEST

Did you say you were looking for a girl?

WILL

Uh, maybe I should explain --

PRIEST

Next door.

Will boggles.

WILL

Excuse me?

PRIEST

Next door.

WILL

A girl?

PRIEST

You'll find *Father Douglas* in the next confessional.

WILL

Oh. Uh, okay.

PRIEST

Unless, of course, you'd like to take advantage of the circumstances.

WILL

No, I'll just be going now.

Will reaches for the door --

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Will, crimson faced, takes his place at the end of the line again. He's getting truly curious glances from waiting confessors.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Will's first in line again. An elderly woman steps from the confessional he entered the first time. Drat! He pretends not to notice, shifts his weight, staring at the second confessional.

WILL

(under his breath)

Come on, come on --

A WOMAN behind him taps him on the shoulder.

WOMAN

I think it's free now.

WILL

Uh, no, you go ahead. I'm waiting
for the next one.

She ogles him, before going ahead. He's embarrassed
as hell, getting stares, standing there, trying to be
cool. A woman steps out of the second confessional
and he bolts for it.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

A police cruiser pulls to the curb. As the COP steps
from the cruiser, the rectory priest Will had the
doorway altercation with steps forward to meet him.

INT. SECOND CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Will sits awkwardly in the booth, relieved to be off
display -- until the shade rolls back.

WILL

Father Douglas?

The PRIEST coughs, a hint. Will genuflects -- stops
himself.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look, the guy next door said you
were Father Douglas, and I've got
to talk to Father Douglas, so you
either are or are not Father
Douglas.

Silence. Will starts to sweat.

WILL (CONT'D)

If you are, I need to talk to you.
If you aren't, just tell me where
Father Douglas is -- I'll get out
of your hair and you won't have to
worry about me till last rites.

It is, by the way, FATHER DOUGLAS.

FATHER DOUGLAS

It might be wise to see me sooner
than that.

WILL

Are you Father Douglas, or aren't you?

FATHER DOUGLAS

I'll be through here in an hour. Perhaps we could speak at that time?

WILL

You're Father Douglas.

FATHER DOUGLAS

Yes.

Will expels a big sigh of relief.

WILL

I have a message for Emily Hope.

Silence.

WILL (CONT'D)

You do know Emily Hope?

FATHER DOUGLAS

Are you Catholic?

WILL

What does that have to do with it?

FATHER DOUGLAS

Answer the question, please.

Will glances around guiltily.

WILL

Yes.

FATHER DOUGLAS

Then you know I can't answer your question.

Will's about had it with obstacles. He rips out paper and pen, and scribbles.

WILL

Fine. I'm writing down an address and phone number. And if you should happen to see Emily Hope, you tell her I can be reached here for the next twenty-four hours. And then I'm gone.

Will shoves the paper through the grill.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh, and Father? Tell her I thought she was tougher than this.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Will, stepping out of the confessional, stops dead when he sees the rectory priest approaching with the COP.

WILL

Aw, shit.

RECTORY PRIEST

That's him, officer.

Will, looking for somewhere, anywhere, to hide, ducks back into the confessional.

The confession crowd is wild with anticipation.

The cop comes to a dead stop outside the confessional.

COP

I can't go in there.

The rectory priest raps on the door.

RECTORY PRIEST

Young man, come out of there immediately!

No answer.

RECTORY PRIEST

(CONT'D)

Do you hear me, young man? I said come out!

Father Douglas, looking holier than God, steps from the confessional, to the further excitement of the crowd --

FATHER DOUGLAS

What is the meaning of this?

The cop pales -- he wasn't prepared for a stand off with God.

RECTORY PRIEST

The man inside --

FATHER DOUGLAS

Is a confessor. Since it is not, as far as I know, yet a crime to attend confession, we are not yet in the habit of dragging confessors out of the booth. Am I clear, Father Michael?

RECTORY PRIEST

Very, Father Douglas.

Father Douglas turns to the cop.

FATHER DOUGLAS

Thank you for coming. Your services won't be necessary today.

The cop nods, gulps, and goes. Father Douglas turns to the rectory priest.

FATHER DOUGLAS

(CONT'D)

Would you care to explain?

The rectory priest falters, casts an anxious glance at the avid spectators -- at this point, no one is entering either of the confessionals. He lowers his voice.

RECTORY PRIEST

I was concerned for your safety, and. . .

(oh, this is going to sound bad)

RECTORY PRIEST
(CONT'D)

I called the police.

FATHER DOUGLAS

I see.

The rectory priest shoots a dour glance at the booth.

RECTORY PRIEST

He was quite forceful.

Father Douglas sighs, opens the confessional door.
Will and he lock eyes.

FATHER DOUGLAS

It was good seeing you again,
William.

Will reacts, eyes narrowing momentarily.

WILL

Right. Good seeing you again,
Father.

Will steps awkwardly from the booth.

FATHER DOUGLAS

And William?

WILL

Yes?

FATHER DOUGLAS

Ten Hail Marys, ten Our Fathers.

Will's jaw drops.

FATHER DOUGLAS
(CONT'D)

You may go.

WILL

Right.

Will GOES. Father Douglas turns back to the rectory priest.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS/LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The place is a reflection of Joe: old, worn -- too much bad news has passed through here, leaving behind a yellowed, tarnished tone of loss that clings to every item in the room. Joe himself is not looking too good right now either -- probably because Thomas Perkins is beating the crap out of him.

Thomas pauses. Joe coughs. Thomas lifts Joe's bottle and offers Joe a swig, which Joe takes thankfully.

PERKINS

Joe, you have to understand, I don't enjoy beating up old men. Especially military men like yourself. But your nephew is in possession of something I must find.

JOE

Don't know where he is. Haven't heard from him. In days.

PERKINS

Really, Joe.

Perkins gently removes the bottle from Joe's hands.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

We both know you're lying.

Joe reaches pleadingly after the bottle.

JOE

Please --

PERKINS

Sorry, Joe.

Thomas hits him again.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Will stands in the shadows, watching the cop study Will's "borrowed" automobile.

WILL

What is this, pick on Will Pogue week?

The cop eyes the out of state plate, scribbles the number on a pad, lifts his radio mike.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look, I promise to say the hail marys, I promise to say the our fathers, hell, I promise to confess, next chance I get, if that bozo just walks away from the car. Honest. A full confession. And no more cars. Not ever.

The cop's radio SQUAWKS, the cop hops into his cruiser, turns on his SIREN, and screams out of the parking lot.

WILL (CONT'D)

You're kidding?

Thunder rumbles. Will casts an appalled glance at the sky.

INT. PERKINS' DISCREET AUTOMOBILE - DAY

Will's screaming down the highway, muttering under his breath.

WILL

Hail Mary, full of grace. . .

EXT. GARDEN - DAY (OVERCAST)

Emily sits on a rock, staring into space, as dark clouds rumble past. Father Douglas walks up behind her.

FATHER DOUGLAS

I have a message for you.

Emily covers her face with her hands.

EMILY

Aw, shit.

Father Douglas drops Will's paper into Emily's lap.

FATHER DOUGLAS

There's a phone in the rectory.
You may use it.

He turns away.

EMILY
Don't you judge me.

He turns back.

FATHER DOUGLAS
I don't judge you, Emily. That's
not my job.

EMILY
Then what do you call this
superior attitude?

FATHER DOUGLAS
(CONT'D)
Frustration? What did you tell
him, anyway?

EMILY
It doesn't matter. It didn't
work.

Father Douglas laughs.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What did he say?

FATHER DOUGLAS
He said he thought you were
tougher than this.

EMILY
Shit shit shit.

Father Douglas raises his eyebrows.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Sorry, Father.

FATHER DOUGLAS
We'll make a Catholic out of you
yet, Emily.

Emily shakes her head, almost smiles at the old joke.

FATHER DOUGLAS
(CONT'D)

Emily, that young man is in a great deal of trouble because of you.

EMILY

It's not like he's a saint, Father. He did steal a car. A lot of cars.

FATHER DOUGLAS

That he did. I have to return. Will you be all right?

EMILY

I'll be fine.

Father Douglas starts down the path, pauses, and turns.

FATHER DOUGLAS

Oh, and Emily?

EMILY

Yes?

FATHER DOUGLAS

He appeared to have a great deal of -- character.

Emily watches Father Douglas disappear down the path.

EMILY

Touché, Father.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

Emily squints at the number on Will's paper, lifts the phone, dials -- and hangs up.

EMILY

I can't do this.

She picks up. Hangs up. Picks up.

A grotesque crucifix stares down at her from the wall. She glares back at it.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I can't do this, all right!

The crucifix glowers -- no, it's not all right.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Same to you, buddy.

But she picks up and angrily dials, glaring at the crucifix the whole time.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This is not a good idea. You know that.

The phone RINGS on the other end, and is picked up by Thomas Perkins.

PERKINS (V.O.)

Joe's Auto Parts.

Emily freezes.

PERKINS (V.O.)
(CONT'D)

Hello?

She hangs up gently, backs slowly from the phone, turns, and bolts for the door.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

Joe is definitely looking the worse for wear. Thomas hangs up the phone, smiles.

PERKINS

We should be expecting company soon now.

JOE

Coulda been anybody.

PERKINS

I doubt it.

Perkins gives Joe a good whack -- enough to put him out, which is a damn hard whack.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Nothing personal.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

The rectory priest huffs into the study to ogle Father Douglas.

RECTORY PRIEST

Are you aware a young woman just
drove off in the Church sedan?

FATHER DOUGLAS

Yes. I gave her the keys.

The rectory priest pauses, reassessing.

RECTORY PRIEST

She appeared rather distraught.

FATHER DOUGLAS

I believe she was, yes.

RECTORY PRIEST

Should we. . . ?

FATHER DOUGLAS

No, Michael. We should not.

Father Douglas drapes an arm around the rectory priest's shoulders, walks him gently towards the door.

FATHER DOUGLAS

(CONT'D)

Michael, police are only men.
Around here, we rely on God to
sort things out.

RECTORY PRIEST

Yes, Douglas, but --

Father Douglas raises a finger to hush him.

FATHER DOUGLAS

No buts, Michael. I learned a
long time ago, his way is the best
way.

EXT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

Will saunters up the street, just a casual guy in a
baseball cap and sunglasses, just ambling along to

pick up some parts for his car -- and pushes through the front door of Joe's Auto Parts.

INT. SECOND UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

The cop in the under cover car glances at him, at the picture, but hey, nobody actually looks like their high school yearbook picture. Not really. And the cop goes back to his long wait for nothing.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

Will slouches in. No one around.

WILL

Joe?

Silence. Will glances at Veronica's corner -- empty.

WILL

Joe? Veronica?

Silence. He strides to the cash register --

WILL (CONT'D)

'Bout time you walked that dog.

-- bangs the cash drawer open -- too much cash in there.

WILL (CONT'D)

God damn it, Joe, I keep telling you, don't leave this stuff around.

He opens the safe in the cupboard below the register, takes a passport out, stashes it in his front pocket, grabs cash from the register drawer and stows it in the safe --

PERKINS (O.S.)

Are you robbing the place?

Will spins to see Perkins in the doorway to the back.

WILL

Uncle Tom.

PERKINS

Very good. Do you know what Uncle Tom wants?

WILL

I didn't make her suck my penis, if that's the next question.

PERKINS

Her father will be relieved to hear that.

Perkins motions.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

In back, please.

WILL

I don't think so.

PERKINS

It's not a request.

WILL

Sorry.

Perkins shoots Will in the leg -- the gun's silenced, natch.

PERKINS

Now. Shall we try again?

EXT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

The church sedan, if the logo is any indication, screams into the parking lot -- which actually does get the undercover detective's attention -- and a very recognizable Emily falls out of the car in her hurry to get to the door.

INT. SECOND UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

The undercover detective scrabbles for his radio.

UNDERCOVER DETECTIVE

Jesus Christ, I've got Emily Hope here -- I need back up, now!

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

Emily slams in the door, knocking the jangling bells clean off their hook, glances around -- no one there -
- sees the door to the back and keeps going --

To stop dead in the doorway.

LIVING QUARTERS

Joe's still out cold. Will, however, is very much awake, not to mention in pain, leaning against a table, his leg bleeding. Perkins holds his gun at a nonchalant angle, addressing Will.

PERKINS

A medical team could --

EMILY

Thomas.

Perkins turns to study Emily.

PERKINS

You did do it.

EMILY

Yes. Let them go.

PERKINS

It would be best if you waited in the car, Emily.

EMILY

It's just a game, Thomas.

PERKINS

Sometimes, the game becomes real. That's something I forgot to teach you, evidently.

EMILY

There's a cop outside, Thomas, and his friends are on their way.

WILL

Emily --

EMILY

Shut up, Will.

Emily fingers the necklace at her throat -- Thomas's gift of long ago.

PERKINS

In sixty seconds, that won't be a problem. Never start something you can't finish, Emily.

Will is reaching under the table -- cautious, so cautious not to attract Perkins' attention with his movement -- because the thing Will is stretching fingers for is a good old fashioned revolver strapped to the bottom of the table --

Perkins turns and draws down on Will --

EMILY

Uncle Tom!

And she's bringing a gun up to bear on Thomas -- staring at his face --

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Emily, a little girl, crying at her mother's funeral -- Amadeus, too distracted to notice a three year old child -- Thomas taking her hand, leading her away --
- B) Emily, a little girl, running down the steps of that big, empty, Hope house --

YOUNG EMILY

Uncle Tom!

And Thomas lifting her up in the air to swing her around while she laughs --

- C) Amadeus, studying a young Emily --

AMADEUS

Emily, you're growing too attached to Thomas. It's important you understand what Thomas does for this family

- D) Emily, teenaged, crying in a car, as Thomas slides into the driver's seat

EMILY

But you hurt people!

PERKINS

Emily, that's my job.

EMILY

Why do you hurt people --

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS/LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Everything is slowing down as Thomas goes combat, eyes flat, instinct taking over, turning and drawing on Emily --

Her finger isn't moving on the trigger, isn't responding, because she is not going to be able to shoot this man --

But he *is* able, is going, to shoot her, his finger tightening -- and then he meets her eyes --

Combat mode switches off, and he's human again, staring at her, knowing her, Emily, not the enemy --

EMILY

I love you, Uncle Thomas.

PERKINS

I love you too, Emily.

All those shared years, all those lessons, and in that look, he's saying good-bye, because they both know what the last lesson is -- Thomas spins away, drawing down on Will --

EMILY

NO!

Will draws that old revolver, firing -- missing --

Thomas pulls the trigger, hitting Will in the shoulder, spinning him back against the wall --

EMILY (CONT'D)

NO!

And Emily raises her gun and fires ---

EXT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

Cop cars screaming into the lot, cops coming out guns drawn and heading inside, as GUNSHOTS blast O.S. --

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS/LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Thomas takes a solid hit -- Emily's -- as he fires at Will again, the hit throwing his aim off -- the bullet slugging into the wall as Emily ducks, hands over her ears, screaming --

EMILY (CONT'D)

No no no no no --

Will firing and this time he isn't missing --

Thomas falling, falling, as Cops come in the door, weapons drawn --

COP

Freeze!

Will turning in surprise -- not a good move, holding a gun --

WILL

Not me --

-- dropping the gun as a cop squeezes the trigger --

EMILY

Stop it --

Will slamming back into the wall, surprised, because he just took another bullet in the shoulder --

EMILY

Stop it! He didn't do anything!

And Thomas still falling, to land and bounce, land and bounce, land and lie still --

WILL

I'm hit?

Cops grabbing Will, SIRENS Screaming b.g. --

Emily crawling to Thomas, crying --

EMILY

Uncle Tom! God no no no --

Will looking back at her as she raises her tear
streaked face and mouths "Please" --

Uniforms surrounding her, AD LIBBING are you hurt, are
you all right, where does it hurt, blocking Will out -
-

Emily looks down at Perkins --

EMILY (CONT'D)

I finished it, Uncle Thomas. Oh,
God, I am so sorry, I finished it,
and I should never have listened
to you --

And just closes her eyes, not wanting to see any more
-- as Will passes out.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Amadeus, Emily, and Father Douglas stand grave side.

FATHER DOUGLAS

Would you like to say a few words,
Mr. Hope?

Amadeus shakes his head no.

FATHER DOUGLAS

(CONT'D)

Emily?

Emily removes that long ago birthday necklace, and
places it on the headstone, shakes her head.

FATHER DOUGLAS

(CONT'D)

I'll leave you alone with him.

Father Douglas strides away, and there they are:
Emily and Amadeus. Alone at last.

Seconds tick by.

Amadeus removes a sub-atomic speck of lint from his
cuff.

AMADEUS

Thomas was a good man.

EMILY

Thomas was not a good man. Thomas was an assassin. But he was the only father I ever had.

AMADEUS

That would explain why you shot him in the back.

She jerks, struck hard, studies him through hard, unshed tears.

EMILY

All these years, I thought it was me. That there was something ugly and wrong about me. And if I just tried hard enough, you'd care. But it's always been you. Ugly and broken.

AMADEUS

He was my friend, God damn it.

EMILY

I was your daughter.

AMADEUS

As distasteful as you may find it, Emily, you're still my daughter. And I'm still your father.

EMILY

No. I just buried my father.

She turns and walks away, across that big expanse of death, towards waiting cars, and life.

Amadeus watches her retreating back, turns away, adjusts his cuff.

SUIT #1 (O.S.)

Amadeus Thadeus Hope?

Amadeus turns to face two stern faced, over-barbered, sunglass wearing SUITS -- i.e., federal agents.

AMADEUS

Yes?

The suits flash badges.

SUIT #1

You're under arrest for conspiracy
and withholding information
related to a federal crime.

SUIT #2

If you'll step over to the car,
Mr. Hope?

AMADEUS

What are the grounds for these
charges, gentlemen?

SUIT #1

Were you aware, Mr. Hope, that Mr.
Perkins kept a ledger of his
activities?

Amadeus pales. The suit cracks a grim faced smile.

SUIT #1

It's quite comprehensive.

EXT. SIDEWALK BY CEMETERY - DAY

Sims and Barnaby lean against a limousine, much to the
CHAUFFEUR's chagrin, watching Amadeus and the suits.

SIMS

They got him.

BARNABY

Yup.

SIMS

Amazing.

Emily, ignoring the detectives, strides to the limo,
where the chauffeur leaps to open her door.

CHAUFFEUR

Will we be waiting for Mr. Hope,
Miss?

Emily is pulling herself together, getting frosty.

EMILY

No. Mr. Hope has provided his own transportation.

SIMS

Miss Hope?

Emily frowns at the detective.

EMILY

This is not the time or the place, Detective.

SIMS

I'm running out of times and places, Miss Hope. And you're a little hard to reach.

Silence.

SIMS

Look, we know about the car.

EMILY

What about the car, Detective?

SIMS

We found the car in William Pogue's warehouse.

EMILY

I sold that car to Mr. Pogue.

SIMS

While you were kidnapped, you sold the car?

EMILY

No. Before my abduction, I sold the car.

SIMS

This would be before Thomas Perkins abducted you, then?

EMILY

Precisely.

SIMS

Miss, do you know lying to a police officer is a crime?

EMILY

Yes, I'm perfectly aware of that, Detective. I'm also aware you have no case.

Sims settles back on his heels to study her warily.

SIMS

Actually, I have quite an interesting case, Miss Hope.

Emily smiles, winsome, charming -- the angel again.

EMILY

Detective Sims, I owe you an apology. I'm sure my father has put you through living hell -- and I'm largely responsible for that. Please accept my apology.

Sims blinks. Emily's face hardens.

EMILY (CONT'D)

However, Detective Sims, you should also be aware I'm a superb liar.

Sims opens his mouth -- Emily raises a hand to cut him off.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Superb, Detective Sims -- and stinking filthy rich. In other words, if you attempt to pursue this further, I will drag your ass through the worst press campaign it has ever seen -- I will embarrass you to death, Detective Sims, and then I will obliterate you in court. Is that clear?

SIMS

Quite.

Emily smiles, steps into the limo, and the chauffeur slams the door.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Sims and Barnaby sit watching the limo disappear down the street, its exhaust trail dissipating until there's nothing left but a thin cloud.

SIMS

What do you think, Barnaby?

BARNABY

I believe her.

SIMS

So do I.

Sims casts a sideways glance at Barnaby's profile.

SIMS (CONT'D)

You know, I'm beginning to like you, Barnaby.

Barnaby shrugs and starts the engine. Sims reaches for his seat belt, stops, scrutinizes it. The damn thing works. He eyes Barnaby.

Barnaby doesn't bat an eye, just pulls away from the curb -- and Dan snaps his belt home.

INT. JOE'S AUTO PARTS - DAY

The bell JANGLES, and Emily Hope stalks in, puffing a cigarette. Uncle Joe squints at her from behind the counter. She extends her hand.

EMILY

I'm Emily Hope.

Joe ignores the hand.

UNCLE JOE

I know who you are. And I don't allow smoking in my shop.

EMILY

You have Will's winning personality, I see.

UNCLE JOE

Yep.

She smiles.

EMILY

Then we ought to get along just
fine.

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (DUSK)

Will leans against his Porsche -- the window's fixed -
-watching his planes.

A cab approaches, its tires crunching gravel.

He glances over his shoulder at it. It stops and
Emily climbs out. Will turns his back on her.

She crunches up to lean against the Porsche beside
him, as the cab pulls away.

WILL

Letting that driver go might have
been a mistake.

EMILY

Yep.

WILL

I tried calling, you know.

EMILY

I didn't get the messages.

WILL

For a month.

EMILY

You called twice.

WILL

What do you want, Emily.

EMILY

Thought you'd be in Tahiti by now.
Catching fish you won't eat.

Silence.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Decided to stick around and steal cars instead?

WILL

I'm retired.

She lights a cigarette.

WILL (CONT'D)

You were never pregnant, were you?

EMILY

Nope.

WILL

You're a damn fine liar. I just think I've had enough of liars for the time being.

EMILY

I'm retired too.

Will rounds on her.

WILL

Jesus God, Emily. I killed a man. Because of you. And I don't know how I can live with that. Let alone if I can live with that.

EMILY

I'm sorry, Will.

WILL

You don't know what sorry means. And you probably never will.

He stalks to the Porsche, drags the door open, leaving.

EMILY

I know what sorry means. I know damn well what sorry means, Will Pogue.

She throws her cigarette away, hugs herself, staring off into the growing dusk. . .

EMILY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She fumbles a plane ticket out of her purse and throws it on the ground.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I bought two tickets to Tahiti, Will Pogue. And you can either be on that plane, or you can sit here staring at them for the rest of your life. Frankly, I don't give a damn which you choose. But I do know what sorry means.

She turns and crunches away across gravel, headed for the distant terminal lights.

It's starting to rain, big wet drops out of the sky, falling down.

WILL

Are they first class tickets?

Emily slaps an angry tear, or maybe it's a raindrop, away.

EMILY

What?

WILL

I said, are they first class tickets?

EMILY

What do you think?

Will lifts the ticket, wipes a raindrop off it, which is quickly replaced by another, and another.

WILL

Round trip?

Emily crosses her arms and shoots him a "don't push your luck" type glare.

He opens the passenger door.

She's thinking about it? He rolls his eyes.

She crunches back, climbs in.

He climbs in, starts the car.

And the Porsche pulls away, crunching over gravel,
turning onto tarmac, as a plane crosses over our heads
and we:

FADE OUT:

THE END