

# **Street Boss**

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A stark and empty mall parking lot. LILY, about twenty one, streety, looking even younger, argues with JOE GIACOMO, about 35, Italian American, unshaven, dark eyed. Joe throws open the passenger door, indicates she should get in.

JOE

Get in, we're going someplace we can talk.

LILY

We can talk right here.

JOE

Alright. You think you can just start selling on my corner, to my customers, just 'cause you want to?

LILY

I didn't see any signs that said you owned the street.

JOE

You weren't looking close enough.

LILY

You got a map in the car?

JOE

Yeah, I got a map in the car.

LILY

(sarcastic)

Well maybe you could just show me what part of the city you don't own and I'll go sell over there.

JOE

Better yet, get in the car and I'll give you a ride over there and drop you off.

He grabs her arm and pulls her roughly to the car. She turns into him, suddenly turning coy, seductive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Why don't you just front me some  
dope and I can stay where I am and  
we can both be happy.

Joe changes attitude, smiles, lets her go.

LILY (CONT'D)

What?

JOE

That was good, you didn't get in  
the car, I like the attitude,  
you're not a pushover, but you  
can't ask him to front you the  
dope. He's gotta make the  
suggestion that you sell for him.  
Let him come to you.

LILY

Oh, okay, yeah. I was just trying  
to keep it alive, it felt like when  
you said "get in the car" the  
second time that you were ready to  
blow me off if I didn't do  
something.

JOE

Yeah, don't be afraid to let a guy  
blow you off a couple of times,  
that's the way it is, until they  
get used to seeing you around a few  
times. What you did, getting sexy  
with me, don't do it unless you  
plan on going all the way with it.

LILY

Okay, yeah, I wasn't sure that was  
right.

JOE

Let 'em blow you off, they'll come  
back eventually. If they think  
you're eager, they're gonna peg you  
for undercover.

LILY

Otherwise?

JOE

Otherwise, it was okay.

(CONTINUED)

LILY

Okay.

JOE

Okay, well, I guess we better get a move on, get you started.

LILY

Tonight, I'm starting tonight?

JOE

(checking his watch)

Yeah, that's the plan unless you got another one. We gotta hustle, I gotta pick up this other guy.

He starts for his door. Lily's a little panicky.

LILY

I was under the impression we were going to have more time to rehearse, practice, go over things.

JOE

You'll be fine, it's no big deal.

He climbs in, she drops in the passenger side.

INT. JOE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Dangling from the rear view is a collection of good luck charms: St. Jude, St. Christopher, a pair of ivory die, a liberty bell, dog tags.

Lily is getting increasingly nervous as they travel.

LILY

What am I supposed to be doing exactly?

JOE

You're gonna be on the street, watching a dope dealer down in the Tenderloin.

LILY

I didn't realize the bureau did dope cases. Isn't that DEA, not FBI?

CONTINUED:

JOE

We don't usually, but it's the best way to train recruits, see if you can handle undercover. If something big comes out of it, you stumble into a serious operation of some kind, then we let the DEA or the local narcs know about it.

LILY

I'm getting a little nervous, maybe we could use another day or so of practice -

Joe reaches into the back seat to find a shoebox, brings it forward, as:

JOE

You got identification on you?

LILY

Yeah. What am I gonna play?

JOE

You're a panhandler. Put the i.d. in the shoebox.

Lily puts her i.d. in the shoebox.

LILY

A panhandler, okay. Have I got a name?

JOE

Whatever you wanna be, your own name is probably okay. How much cash you got on you?

LILY

About seventy bucks.

JOE

That goes in there too.

Lily dumps her cash in the shoebox.

LILY

How long have you been a handler?

JOE

Four, five years. I worked u.c. for seven before that. Here we go -

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO/INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

Joe pulls around a corner, pointing to a corner opposite.

JOE

You see the guy in the dreadlocks  
on the corner?

Lily looks across the street and as they cruise past, sees.  
On the corner, an African American man, in dreadlocks, RICO.

LILY

Okay, yeah, the guy with the  
dreads.

JOE

He's a street dealer, mostly weed,  
probably moves a couplea pounds a  
week, but we're looking for his  
dealer, and the dealer behind him,  
so keep your eyes on him, where he  
goes, you go.

Joe pulls to the curb around the corner, out of view of the  
dealer Rico, climbs out. Lily climbs out after him.

EXT. JOE'S CAR - TRUNK - STREET - NIGHT

Joe opens the trunk of the car to reveal: A cardboard box of  
clothes, sweaters, hats, shoes, etc.

JOE

Pick something out, here, this is  
warm.

He hands her a ratty sweater.

LILY

Very attractive, thank you.

JOE

And gimme your shoes.

LILY

My shoes? I just got these,  
they're warm, waterproof -

JOE

You ever see a panhandler with new  
shoes? Wear these.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her a pair of worn out sneakers. She takes off her own and tosses them in, as he writes on a piece of cardboard with a felt marker.

JOE (CONT'D)

There you go, now you're legit.

He hands her the cardboard, which now reads: Need Ticket Home. Please Help., and an empty coffee cup.

LILY

That's it? I just sit on the street all night?

JOE

That's how it starts. See ya tomorrow. You're free to keep what you earn.

LILY

Great, thanks.

He slams the trunk and heads for driver's door.

LILY (CONT'D)

What time tomorrow, where do I find you?

JOE

I'll find you.

Joe drops into the front seat and pulls away, smiling and giving her a thumbs up as they pull away.

JOE (CONT'D)

Break a leg.

Lily is bewildered a moment, then moves to the street corner, takes a look across at Rico across the street, and settles into a squat in front of a storefront opposite. She places her cardboard sign and coffee cup on the ground. No sooner than she settles, a coin drops into her coffee cup.

MAN

Good luck.

She glances at the MAN walking away.

LILY

Thank you.

CUT TO:

## EXT. TENDERLOIN - STRIP BARS - NIGHT

A heavysset, life of the party SERGEI emerges from his stretch Mercedes carrying an arm load of steaming takeout food. THE BOUNCER opens the door for him and the music pounds. Sergei speaks with a thick Russian accent.

BOUNCER

Smells good.

SERGEI

Yeah, lemme feed the guys and I'll send some down for you.

## INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sergei moves through the sad strip club, nodding to customers, dancers, and past the stage where a stripper - SONYA - dances, past the shadowed lap dancers and up the back stairs and moves down the corridor, passing another DANCER followed by a satisfied "customer" from the back private rooms. Sergei raps on a door and enters:

## INT. STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Where two RUSSIANS sit over a broad desk, blueprints and building plans on the desk top. Through the window behind, the club lays out below. IVAN is dumpy, balding, pasty. He idly examines the blueprints and plans, casually snorting a line of coke as he does.

VLADIMIR

The carpets are being put in next week, the washrooms are done. We're ready to open as soon as the girls arrive.

Sergei tosses a pack of smokes for the rail thin and sallow VLADIMIR on the desk and begins to unload the takeout bags. Vlad and Ivan immediately make room for the food, rolling up sleeves, pouring drinks to accompany the meal.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

Sergei, when are the new girls coming?

SERGEI

Two, three weeks. What'd you order?

VLADIMIR

Honey garlic ribs.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Sergei finds the ribs and sets them out.

IVAN  
How many this time?

SERGEI  
Fifteen or twenty, as soon as I get  
the passports.

Ivan snorts another line of blow. He offers to Sergei,  
Sergei stoops and snorts a line.

IVAN  
Are the girls fresh?

SERGEI  
All of them under eighteen, from  
Odessa. Real beauties, as fresh as  
they come.

VLADIMIR  
I need a fork, I can't use  
chopsticks.

IVAN  
How many am I getting?

VLADIMIR  
I'll keep half of them here, you  
get half for the new club, plus you  
take five or six from here, your  
pick.

Vladimir waves at the window that overlooks the dance floor  
below, where the dancers/prostitutes stage or lap dance. We  
can see SONYA exiting the stage as another dancer begins.

SERGEI  
I'm going to take a plate down to  
Fred at the door.

VLADIMIR  
Bring me a fork. When are you  
getting the passports?

SERGEI  
As soon as I can get them. Two,  
three weeks. They're coming.

Sergei takes a plate and exits into:

THE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

9.

SONYA appears at the top of the steps, where she turns into her dressing room. SERGEI quickly follows her inside.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

SONYA moves to the dressing table. Several photos of a two year old are stuck to the mirror. The child is in the arms of a grandmother, somewhere in Russia. Sonya's face falls further and a deep sadness and exhaustion replaces the "I'm available" outlook. Here in the fluorescent light, the brutal reality of her life is revealed in her face. The pounding music continues muffled under. Sergei comes up behind her, strokes her shoulders, moves in for a kiss, and realizes Sonya's crying. He comforts her:

SERGEI

What's the problem.

SONYA

I can't do this any more. I want out of my contract.

SERGEI

When it's paid off, then you can get out.

SONYA

And how much longer is that?

SERGEI

I don't know. I can ask.

SONYA

You can buy me. They will sell me to you. Please, Sergei, please ask.

SERGEI

I will. It'll be alright.

He kisses her and exits. She looks to the mirror, and the photo of her child. She begins to wipe off her makeup.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Joe pulls up to the curb and climbs out. He crosses the street and steps up the stairs of a modest building.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Joe raps at a door that is answered by SFPD HOMICIDE DETECTIVE CAMILLE HERNANDEZ, 30. She smiles as he steps inside.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

JOE

You guys never call me anymore,  
what's going on?

Joe kisses Camille on the cheek, in the Italian manner, gives her a squeeze. Camille is wiry, scrappy.

CAMILLE

We can't afford you highpriced FBI  
handlers anymore is what's going  
on. Nice to see you -

SAM

That you Joe?

Joe turns to greet SAM WORTHY, late 30's, Homicide Detective, black, portly. They shake hands heartily.

JOE

Samuel. What's the story tonight?

SAM

Let me tell you what we got. Back  
here in the bedroom.

As they move toward it and enter:

JOE

You got nothing, that's why I'm  
here, am I right.

SAM

Exactly. We got sweet nothing.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Camille frames the doorway, leaning on it, as SAM spreads his arms out for Joe, who examines the bedroom of a young woman, apparently tidy, athletic, fond of the outdoors. Sam holds two bedside framed photos, MARIANNE and RAY:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11.

SAM

Twenty three year old Marianne Forbes here is having a fight with her boyfriend, this guy, Ray Means. He's threatening her, so she calls her parents up in Sacramento to tell them she's coming home to spend some time to think about things.

(re the closet)

She takes enough clothes for a couple of weeks, packs her bags.

Joe looks at the closet, opens a couple of drawers with a hankie withdrawn from his pocket.

JOE

Okay. When was this?

Camille leads him out and down the hall to the bathroom.

CAMILLE

Three months ago. First report of her missing is the next day, when her parents can't contact her after she didn't arrive.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sam indicates an immaculate medicine chest.

SAM

She packed up all her toiletries, toothbrush, makeup, everything.

Joe glances around. On the shower - there's no curtain.

JOE

Even the shower curtain.

SAM

Exactly. Forensics looked for blood traces, didn't find anything, but the bathroom here was recently scrubbed with an industrial cleanser.

JOE

You're thinking maybe she was killed here, wrapped up in the shower curtain, carried out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMILLE

It's a thought. Truth is, we don't know what the hell happened or where the hell she's gone.

SAM

Everything points to the boyfriend. We talked to a couple of his old girlfriends, they both said he'd threatened them when they said they were gonna leave him.

JOE

He's got a pattern of threats, violence.

CAMILLE

Yeah. Both ex's said they were afraid of him, he's real jealous.

JOE

Why are you coming to the FBI for help if it's a city homicide. Why don't you handle it yourselves?

CAMILLE

We don't have anybody we like for the job. We need a fresh face, and you guys at the bureau got the talent roster.

JOE

You got a decent budget for this?

SAM

We can probably afford a week of undercover work.

JOE

That's not a lotta time.

SAM

It's all we can squeeze outa the department. And they won't approve overtime.

They move into:

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Joe is poking through everything by this time, closets, corners, cupboards, drawers, chairs, photos, books, music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

13.

JOE  
You want me to find the body, that  
right?

CAMILLE  
Find the body, yeah.

Joe's phone rings. He checks it.

JOE  
'Scuse me, I gotta take this.  
(into phone)  
Yeah, hello.

EXT. STRIP BAR - INTERCUT - NIGHT

SERGEI exits, the music trailing behind him. He's on his  
cell phone. He remote opens his MERCEDES at the curb.

SERGEI  
(into his cell)  
I need to talk about the new  
carpets.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

Joe picks up another picture of Marianne and Ray, squints at  
it as:

JOE  
(into cell)  
Okay, yeah, make it ten, I can be  
there. Okay. Yeah, I know where  
that is. Okay.  
(hangs up)  
Okay, gimme the file, let me take a  
look at it.

SAM  
Appreciate it.

Joe indicates the photograph, and MARIANNE.

JOE  
Can you ask her parents what it is  
she has around her neck there, if  
they recognize it? She's wearing  
it in all the photographs.

CAMILLE  
We know what that is, it's a key to  
a safety deposit box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

What'd she keep in it, you know?

CAMILLE

Some of her grandmother's jewelry.

JOE

And she wore it all the time, since before she met this Ray guy.

CAMILLE

Yeah.

JOE

Send me the file. I got another meeting, sorry, I gotta fly.

CAMILLE

How's your mother, say hi for me -

JOE

She's good, she's hanging in, I will.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN CAFE - NIGHT

SERGEI sits drinking heavily in a back booth in the near empty cafe, eating idly. He looks up as someone appears, and drops the thick Russian accent he used earlier:

SERGEI

Thanks for making this on short notice. I needed to let off some steam.

JOE sits opposite. Throughout, Joe observes Sergei closely for signs of stress. They're obvious: Smoking, drinking, eating, his hand trembles.

JOE

Tell me what's going on, you look like shit Alex.

SERGEI

Yeah, they got me running all over, driving the girls to dates all over town. It's a lotta work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

These guys are hard working gangsters, plus they're snorting coke all the time, I gotta try and keep up, it's ridiculous.

JOE

You using, that what you're trying to tell me?

SERGEI

No, c'mon, I been doing this a long time, you think I'm gonna do dope with these guys? I'm just saying I'm tired, these guys don't sleep.

JOE

So, where are we with these guys, you making progress?

SERGEI

Yeah, they been lining up a dozen new girls from Odessa they're gonna bring in as soon as I get them the passports, which I need soon.

JOE

They asked you to get the passports, okay, good. I'll get that started, and we should start working on an exit strategy for you.

SERGEI

Yeah, eight months is a long time. I'm gonna take a nice long holiday with the family when we're done.

JOE

How're they doing? Joey still playing basketball?

SERGEI

Yeah, he's in the playoffs, he's gonna make all city. It's the younger one, Pete, giving me grief. He stole the family car, cracked it up, he was drinking with some buddies. I think he does it to piss me off.

JOE

You want to take a weekend, we can arrange something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (CONT'D)

I can have you stopped on a traffic violation, they'll think you're in lockup for a couplea days on some chump charge.

SERGEI

Okay, yeah, that'd be a good break.

JOE

I can pay a visit to Melanie if you want, let her know you're okay.

SERGEI

Would you? See if she's handling the kids alright.

JOE

Okay, good. You're alright, nothing else? Cause I can pull you off the case if you can't make the finish line. I can't let this thing go sideways.

SERGEI

No, I'm just tired, man, tired. I'm okay. Leave me in. You talk to my wife, get me the weekend with the family, I'll be okay.

JOE

Okay.

He rises, grasps Sergei by the hand, holds it a long time, looks him in the eye.

JOE (CONT'D)

Let me work on getting you the weekend thing set up, I'll get back to you tomorrow, the latest, okay?

SERGEI

Yeah, thanks Joe. I appreciate it.

JOE

And try and cut down on the booze.

Joe exits. Sergei goes back to drinking.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. F.B.I. BUILDING - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Joe pulls up to the parking garage, flashes his i.d. to security, and rolls inside.

INT. F.B.I. - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

HEATHER GROGAN walks the corridor. She's late twenties, casually dressed, dark hair. The offices she passes are filled with suited FBI agents. Heather finds the doorway for Joe's office, and enters.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A reception desk where Joe's receptionist MARCY WASHINGTON rules. She's African American, mid twenties, presently toiling at the computer. Beyond, we can see Joe at his overloaded desk within. His casual dress and outlook in stark contrast the other agents in the building.

MARCY

Can I help you?

HEATHER

Agent Grogan to see Joseph Giacomo.

MARCY

Oh, go on in, he's expecting you.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Joe examines photos of Heather. Each photo reveals her appearing markedly different. From the top:

JOE

(off the resume)

You've been working in the east for the last while.

HEATHER

Yeah, New York, uhhuh. We just wrapped that one.

JOE

You played a big role?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

Yeah, uhuh. Spent a lot of time preparing, then, about four months doing the character.

JOE

Who were you playing?

HEATHER

I was an Irish bar maid, Sheila Ryan.

She indicates one of the head shots - a blonde, with dark roots.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(slipping into Irish brogue)

Sheila'd come from Dublin to work for a summer for art college and found a part time job in a bar in lower Manhattan, where she got involved with a guy who was laundering a lot of money for the Irish mob. It ended badly when he got sent down for ten years.

Joe smiles at her easy charm. She's not gorgeous, she's got character, a bit of wit -

JOE

That's a good accent.

HEATHER

I got a good ear.

Joe flips to another photograph, studies it.

JOE

What'd you do before Sheila?

HEATHER

(indicating another of the photos)

Ginger Leason, I was a teller at a money exchange That was a big production, money laundering.

Joe's beeper goes off. He checks it as:

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I'm looking for a fresh face. You ever work San Francisco before?

HEATHER

No, nobody knows me here, I won't get burned. What's the case?

Joe passes a file over the desk.

JOE

It's a Frisco homicide file, they came to us for help, so you'll be working for them on contract. They got a suspect that looks good for it, but no body. I think we could send you in playing the victim's cousin. You could pass for family with a little work.

Heather reviews photos of victim and suspect in the file.

HEATHER

Why'd you pick the cousin scenario.

JOE

We checked with the victim Marianne's family, they never had contact with Ray, plus he's a skirt chaser. All three of his latest girlfriends were blondes, so going blonde's probably a good idea.

Joe starts to pull on his jacket and Heather rises.

JOE (CONT'D)

Why don't you study the file, let me know if you got questions, and we'll be in touch, okay?

HEATHER

Sure, great. Nice to be working with you, thanks for the opportunity.

JOE

Yeah, likewise -

Heather exits as Marcy enters.

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Marcy)

I gotta go see Alex's wife, call homicide and let 'em know I got an operator so they gotta get a surveillance team ready to go.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - OAKLAND - DAY

MELANIE (wife of Sergei) picks fruit and vegetables. She tends a young kid in a stroller as she does. She looks up at Joe's call.

JOE

Melanie.

MELANIE

Joe, oh my god, what are you doing way over here?

JOE

Came to see you. We need to talk about a couple of things.

Melanie stiffens.

MELANIE

What's wrong. What happened to Alex?

JOE

Nothing happened, nothing bad, we had dinner last night, and he wants to get a weekend with you and kids, and I'm trying to set that up.

MELANIE

You know why he wants a weekend, 'cause he got the divorce papers, and he thinks he can sweet talk me back. Not gonna happen.

Joe wasn't aware of the divorce action, and his reaction tells us he is more sad than surprised.

JOE

It's that bad, huh.

MELANIE

Yeah, it's that bad.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I'm sorry to hear that. You guys obviously gotta get together and do some serious talking.

MELANIE

We don't talk at all, Joe, never. He never tells me what he's doing anymore. Can you tell me, is it dope, guns, terrorists, or will like, the free world collapse if I know.

JOE

He's doing a prostitution file, the Russians are bringing in girls from the east.

MELANIE

A prostitution file. Great. A fox in the henhouse, okay, you see what I'm talking about.

JOE

C'mon, he wants to see you, give him a chance to repair the marriage. Let me set up a visit for this weekend okay?

MELANIE

(finally)

Yeah. Nice to see you. You doing okay?

JOE

Yeah, good.

MELANIE

You get married again?

JOE

Nope, you know anybody?

MELANIE

Call me after the weekend, I'll let you know if I'm free. I'm not looking for commitment, just company, you know?

Joe gives her a hug. She lets a tear fall, wipes it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE  
I know. Take care.

INT MEXICAN CAFE - LATER - DAY

Same cafe as last night. Joe finds Sergei sitting in a back booth, halfway into his breakfast, looking haggard and anxious. Joe slides into the booth, irritated.

JOE  
You wanna tell me why you forgot to mention yesterday that Melanie served you with divorce papers? What the hell's going on? I'm supposed to know.

Sergei grins sheepishly.

SERGEI  
You know, I been married eighteen years, never looked at another woman.

JOE  
Yeah.

SERGEI  
I don't like lying to the wife.

JOE  
You wanna tell me, maybe it's not as bad as you think.

SERGEI  
Yeah. So. So I'm seeing one of the Russian girls. Sonya. She's got a little kid back in Russia, so she signed on with these guys. She's...anyway, I made a mistake.

Joe's anger is restrained.

JOE  
Yeah, no shit you made a mistake.

SERGEI  
All I can think of is Melanie finding out, I'm thinking, she's gonna leave me, take the kids if it gets out.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

She'd kill you first, then take the kids.

SERGEI

Yeah. I'm not afraid of the villains, I'm afraid of my wife. Of hurting her. Funny, huh.

JOE

Yeah. Look, I don't think Melanie's gonna wait till you wrap up this job. I'm gonna take you off it.

SERGEI

It's only a couplea weeks more. The bureaus' put a lotta money into this op, they're not gonna be happy if I pull out to sort out a domestic problem.

JOE

I don't have a choice. You chose a hooker, a player in an investigation, over your family. Your judgment's in the toilet. You're off the job.

SERGEI

Yeah, you're right. Okay.

JOE

Okay. So gimme a couplea days, lemme figure out a way to get you out of there and put somebody else in for the wrap up.

SERGEI

Okay, good. By the way, I think maybe I could turn Sonya as an informant, if you think you might want to use her. She's looking for a way out, she could be helpful.

JOE

Let's take care of you first. You got this weekend with the family, I set that up, don't blow that, okay.

SERGEI

Thanks Joe.



CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

You're gonna be alright?

SERGEI

Yeah, yeah. I'm taking a trip up to Reno tonight, I gotta deliver a couple of girls up there, I'll be back tomorrow.

JOE

Okay, I'll get back to you soon as I can.

Joe exits, leaving Sergei looking tired. The waitress approaches and Sergei again adopts his Russian accent and orders another drink. Suddenly Joe is back at the table, leaning in close.

JOE

You're not bullshitting me, right? You're not gonna run away with this chick Sonya, she's not leading you around by your dick.

SERGEI

No, no, man. Just get me out of this thing, I'll be alright.

JOE

Okay, I'll get you out. But you gotta put your marriage back together. You got no more chances left, this is it.

SERGEI

Yeah. I know. I will.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S STREETCORNER - DAY

RICO continues dealing on his streetcorner. LILY continues to watch him from her panhandling spot. JOE cruises the corner, catching Lily's attention. He pulls his car around the corner.

Lily rises from her squat and walks quickly along the street, around the corner and drops into Joe's car.

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Lily accepts a cup of steaming coffee and sandwich from Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

Thank you.

She launches hungrily into the sandwich. She's amped.

JOE

What's the story so far.

LILY

(spilling it fast)  
Okay, so every half hour or so, every dozen deals, he goes into the grocery store, the guy in the store goes in the back, they talk, then he's back on the street -

JOE

Okay, slowdown. He's getting supplied outta the store there?

LILY

Yeah, I think so.

JOE

And you were watching him the whole time.

LILY

Yeah, except for one time I went for a bathroom break.

JOE

So his dealer coulda come by when you were doing that, right.

LILY

How am I supposed to use the washrooms?

JOE

That's part of the deal, you gotta work that out. You blink, you miss the guy making his connection, you've blown a week of surveillance, you end up spending another week on a cold sidewalk waiting for him to show up again.

LILY

Okay. I'm sorry.

Joe fires up the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

You gotta figure these things out,  
that's what we go through the  
training for.

LILY

Okay. Thanks for the sandwich.

JOE

See you later.

Lily climbs out. Joe pulls off. Lily returns to her corner

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Joe pulls up to security as a mid thirties African American,  
CHESTER FINLAY, raps on his window.

JOE

Hey Chester, how ya doing?

CHESTER

Good, I got a baby now, so I'm  
freelancing, but tell the truth, I  
need the work.

JOE

You can always come back to the  
bureau.

CHESTER

No, my wife, she's got her career,  
she makes good bread. I'm just  
looking for short jobs, so keep me  
in mind...anything parttime.

JOE

Thanks, I will, congratulations on  
the baby.

Chester waves as Joe enters the underground parking.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe takes a file from MARCY as he enters his office.

MARCY

Homicide approved your operational  
plan, they got a couple of budget  
questions, and they wanna keep an  
eye on the overtime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Okay, call Heather, let her know she's been approved, she can get her hair done, and she should be here for rehearsal in a couple of hours.

MARCY

Melvin from the DEA called, returning your call, and your mother called, where are you, you were supposed to call, your little brother's getting out tomorrow, can you please come to dinner and talk some sense into him.

Joe reacts with a slight hesitation at the news of his brother.

MARCY

You want me to tell her you're busy, you got other obligations -

JOE

No, no, I'll be there.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENDERLOIN - SERGEI'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

A couple of DANCERS exit and climb into SERGEI'S Mercedes, as he holds the rear door open.

SERGEI

Let's go, let's go, we got a long drive.

SONYA emerges from the club as Sergei closes the rear door. She takes him aside a moment.

SONYA

Did you talk to Vladimir about my contract?

SERGEI

Yeah, yeah, I mentioned I wanted to buy it out, he said he's going to think about it.

SONYA

He agreed, I can leave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEI

We come back from Reno tomorrow,  
he'll have a price for us.

SONYA

Thank you, thank you.

SERGEI

Yeah, I told you, it's all going to  
work out.

She kisses him and sits in.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE

They told you they think I killed  
your cousin?

HEATHER sits opposite Joe's desk, with her hair now dyed  
blonde and cut short. They're rehearsing:

HEATHER

(as cousin Louise)

No. They said they usually look at  
the boyfriend in these things.

JOE

(playing as Ray)

What else did they say?

HEATHER

There's been no sign of her and  
they'd be in touch.

JOE

(as himself again)

Good, good, and the two big things  
you gotta hit him with are, one,  
you want to see your cousins'  
apartment for yourself -

HEATHER

Wanna see the apartment -

JOE

And you want to hire a private  
detective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

How do you want to do this, am I  
being introduced by a friend, or  
what?

Joe waves Marcy in.

JOE

No, it's a cold opening, you okay  
with that?

HEATHER

I love cold opens.

Marcy enters.

JOE

Go shopping with Heather, get her  
some wardrobe, secretarial,  
conservative, okay?

MARCY

Your mother's on line two.

Marcy and Heather exit, Joe answers the phone, settles into  
his chair.

JOE

Hey ma.

(beat)

When's he coming out?

(beat)

Well, he doesn't listen to me  
either.

(beat, finally)

Okay. I'll pick him up. Okay.  
Tomorrow morning, okay. Love you  
too. Bye...

He hangs up, sighs heavily, and turns to some paperwork.

EXT. STREET - LILY AND RICO -- DAY

Lily dozes. Her head snaps up as somebody shakes her leg.  
There he is, right in front of her, offering her a cup of hot  
coffee, RICO. She takes the extended cup.

LILY

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICO  
I haven't seen you before. You're  
new, aren't ya?

LILY  
Yeah. On my way back to L.A.

Rico indicates the cup.

RICO  
Couple more weeks of this and you  
might have enough for a bus ticket.

LILY  
I'll get by.

He squats and passes her a lit joint.

LILY (CONT'D)  
No thanks, I just smoked up.

RICO  
You wanna make some good money?

LILY  
I dunno. Maybe. What do I have to  
do?

RICO  
You hold my dope for me, I take the  
money, send my customers over here.

LILY  
Um, no, I don't think so.

RICO  
Okay. I'm just across the street  
over there if you change your mind.

He heads off, turning to smile widely and wave at her.  
Lily's heart pounds.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Heather spins to show off her new wardrobe. Marcy holds  
another change on a hanger, displays it.

JOE  
Okay, great, I like it, lose the  
earrings. You're on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

Wish me luck.

JOE

Break a leg. Marcy...

Marcy hangs back as Heather exits.

JOE (CONT'D)

I gotta pick my brother up at San  
Quentin tomorrow morning, eight  
o'clock.

MARCY

Oh, okay.

JOE

(re: Heather)

Let Homicide know she's ready,  
she's gonna need the surveillance  
team.

Joe's cell phone rings. He answers as Marcy exits.

JOE (CONT'D)

(into cell phone)

Yeah. What's going on, you  
alright?

EXT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - INTERCUT - DAY

We see SONYA and the other DANCERS in the gas station buying  
cigarettes as SERGEI talks on the pay phone.

SERGEI

(into phone)

Yeah yeah, I'm just outside of  
Reno. This girl, Sonya, I can't  
let her stay with these guys. They  
won't let her out, they'd kill her  
first. We gotta help her out.

JOE

Alex, you're making me nervous  
here. We talked about this.

Sonya approaches the pay phone, smiling. She puts her hand  
on the glass. Sergei matches her hand with his.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SERGEI

I know, listen, just let me bring her in, you talk to her, maybe we can cut a deal for her of some kind, she testifies against these guys.

JOE

(finally)

Okay, bring her in.

SERGEI

Thanks Joe

He hangs up, exits the booth, puts his arm around Sonya, walks her back to the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - DAY

A TAXI lets HEATHER out in front of the cafe. She enters. Across the street, a plainwrap VAN pulls up, parks. TWO PLAINCLOTHES U.C. operators inside, dressed as workmen.

INT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Ray Means sticks his head out of the kitchen. A waitress points out Heather at a table.

WAITRESS

She says she's Marianne's cousin.  
Louise is her name.

Ray approaches Heather and she rises to greet him.

RAY

Louise?

HEATHER

Yes, hi.

RAY

I'm Ray.

HEATHER

Hi, I'm sorry to just barge in on you like this but I only have a couple of days off and...

RAY

That's okay, it's good to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

Have you heard anything about  
Marianne recently?

RAY

No, nothing.

HEATHER

I was just with the police. They  
don't seem very concerned.

RAY

What'd they say?

HEATHER

Nothing, nothing. Do you have time  
to talk a little? I need to talk.

RAY

Let me just get somebody to take  
over for me, okay?

He heads back to the kitchen. Peers back through the door at  
her, puzzling.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A panorama of the night life.

EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

An apartment tucked away with an overlook of the city.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Various case files lay strewn around the living room. Take  
out containers on the coffee table. Joe is stretched out on  
the couch, asleep.

- Joe's old CAT wanders through the apartment and climbs up on  
the couch beside him. CAT is old, with a broken tail, half  
an ear. SUDDENLY: the phone rings. Joe startles awake,  
answers.

JOE

Yeah.

(startled)

What? Where is he?

(scribbles a note)

Okay, I'm on my way.

EXT. BAY BRIDGE - SAN FRANCISCO NIGHT

Joe travels the bridge at top speed. Anxious, the lucky charms rattling.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

A horrendous traffic accident. TROOPERS wave traffic past.

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Joe flashes some i.d. to a trooper.

JOE

Joe Giacomo, F.B.I.

The Trooper waves Joe forward, past the cordon and parks on the shoulder. The twisted wreck of a SEMI TRAILER sits on the shoulder.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Joe moves through the flashing lights and firemen and tow trucks and CORONER'S WAGON with the TROOPER in charge.

TROOPER

We ran his name through the system, and it said call your number in any emergencies. There weren't any family contact numbers provided.

JOE

Any sign of what happened?

TROOPER

Yeah, the trucker there says this guy here was asleep at the wheel, drifted into oncoming traffic.

Joe descends to the twisted car wreck down in the gully, past the Troopers, Firemen, and Paramedics crawling up the slope towards them. Joe makes his way to the driver's door. The front end is crushed, windshield shattered, and the driver is horribly bloodied. As Joe peers inside, he recognizes SERGEI. As he recoils in reaction, the Trooper points to another body nearby - SONYA.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

The passenger there got thrown out on impact. She didn't make it.

Joe stands and overlooks the scene, staring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROOPER (CONT'D)

You want us to notify his family  
for you?

JOE

(finally)

What?

TROOPER

If you have a contact number, we  
can call the family.

JOE

No, no. I'll handle that.

He starts up the slope, devastated at the loss, yet already  
thinking of how to put the pieces back together.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - OAKLAND - DAY

Melanie's trying to make coffee and is simply confused. She's been crying, her eyes are wet.

JOE

Let me do that.

Melanie stands back as Joe makes the coffee.

MELANIE

I don't know whether I should call the boys at school, or what.

JOE

Let's do that in a little while, we have some things to talk about.

Melanie finds a seat at the kitchen nook. Joe searches for coffee cups in the cupboard.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's kinda complicated.

He passes her coffee, and sits opposite.

JOE (CONT'D)

He was driving back from Reno. He'd taken up a couplea of these girls up there for the night, and was bringing one of them back down.

MELANIE

Was he having an affair with this girl? Don't bullshit me Joe.

JOE

No, not that I'm aware of.

MELANIE

Who was she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Her name was Sonya, she came over from Odessa about a year ago, has a baby back home, that's the insurance they keep on her if she tries to run away before her contracts paid off, they keep the baby.

MELANIE

Am I supposed to start feeling sympathetic for her right about now, is that what you're doing? Because it's not working.

JOE

I saw Alex yesterday. He wanted you to know he was going to quit, come home, try to fix things between you.

MELANIE

Don't do this, please. Don't try to make it palatable. We weren't happy, we were unhappy.

JOE

He asked me to find somebody to replace him, and that's what I was doing.

MELANIE

I've got three kids. What am I gonna do? Who's gonna fix things now?

Joe reaches out to hold her hand.

JOE

You want me to go pick up the boys at school?

MELANIE

No. I deliver the bad news in this family. Always have.

JOE

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stoops, kisses her on the top of her head, and leaves.  
She stares out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

JOE pulls up to the release office gate. He produces i.d.  
and is waved in.

EXT. HOLDING OFFICE - DAY

Joe's brother LOU GIACOMO exits. He's younger by five years,  
looks older. He grins widely at the sight of Joe, as Joe  
emerges from his car. They embrace tightly.

LOU  
Thanks for coming.

JOE  
Yeah. Good to see you.

LOU  
I wanna say some things -

JOE  
Let's do it somewhere else, when we  
got some time. I gotta fly, the  
shit hit the fan last night -

LOU  
How's ma, she okay?

JOE  
Yeah, she's good. Been cooking for  
three days, expecting you.

They drop into the car and pull away.

INT. JOE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

LOU  
I've been thinking I want to get a  
little fish boat, maybe like  
something Pop used to have.

JOE  
Yeah? Not a lot of money in  
fishing these days -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOU

I don't need a lot of money, I need work. I need something to do.

JOE

Lemme know what I can do. I got a couplea bucks put aside.

LOU

Thanks man, I'm gonna do it myself.

He reaches out to touch the good luck charms on the rearview

LOU (CONT'D)

I hope you can forgive me.

Joe looks at him. Tears well in his brother's eyes.

LOU (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what I did. For everything I did.

Joe reaches out and clasps his brother's hand.

JOE

I love you. Always will. I just gotta work on the forgiveness bit for a little while.

Lou turns away to hide his tears.

LOU

I understand.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe's with MELVIN FORTUNE, a 30ish mixed race long haired tattooed DEA agent. Joe reads a file as:

MELVIN

We popped her on a heroin smuggling charge, she's got a record for prostitution, goes way back.

JOE

She's a junkie, a user?

MELVIN

Used to be, she's clean for a couplea years now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MELVIN (CONT'D)

She came into the country as a prostitute, she's got the background you need.

Marcy steps into the office.

MARCY

George is here if you're ready for him.

Joe nods, Marcy steps out to get GEORGE PULOS, 45.

JOE

(to Melvin)

This is my supervisor, he runs the section, he just wants to say hello and put his blessing on the deal -

GEORGE, a round shouldered senior AGENT IN CHARGE, enters.

GEORGE

Sorry about Alex, Joe, I know you two were close.

JOE

Yeah, thanks. George, this is Melvin, he's the DEA handler I spoke to you about.

George shakes his hand.

GEORGE

Good to meet you.

JOE

Mel's got an informant in lockup who might be able to help salvage some of Alex's operation.

Joe hands George the file on the informant.

GEORGE

You're her handler?

MELVIN

I've been developing her for about a year, she's Russian, she has the background you need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

I'll defer to you Joe, if you like her, send me the paper on it, I'll review it and get back to you as soon as I can.

He returns the file, shakes Melvin's hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Thanks for helping us out on this, we appreciate it.

(exiting, to Joe)

How's that new recruit working out?

JOE

She's hanging in, time will tell.

EXT. MARIN COURTHOUSE/JAIL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Joe pulls up into the parking lot.

INT. MARIN COURTHOUSE/JAIL - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Joe meets Melvin, they move up the stairs.

JOE

What'd she say?

MELVIN

I pitched the deal to her, she's a hard ass, she knows you need her, so she's gonna wind you up for a few extra perks. Her name's Elena, she's a trip -

INT. MARIN COURTHOUSE/JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER - DAY

Melvin and Joe sit at a table opposite ELENA. She's almost thirty, looks older, hardened, still attractive, a mild accent. She studies Joe hard throughout.

ELENA

You want me to be a prostitute, is that right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

No, I'm not asking you to do that, but I do need somebody who's gonna pass the test with these guys, they're big time pimps, they run a lot of girls in from out of country, and one of the problems we have is finding people with your kind of experience who can handle themselves in this kind of situation. Is that going to be a problem?

ELENA

You have to understand that I have family back in the Ukraine.

JOE

I understand.

ELENA

So I can't ever go to trial and testify against anybody.

JOE

We don't need you to do that, all we need you to do is deliver some passports, that's it.

ELENA

And you have a good story for me?

JOE

Yeah. You were married to this guy called Sergei, he brought you over as a prostitute, now he's dead.

ELENA

So, it's a romance and a tragedy, simple, like a soap opera.

JOE

Simple, like a soap opera.

ELENA

So, if I was married to Sergei, he's a big pimp too, yes?

JOE

Uh huh, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELENA

So, I'll need a nice big ring,  
maybe something you confiscated  
from some drug dealer. Okay?

Joe looks to Melvin, who shrugs.

JOE

We can probably come up with  
something.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Joe exits with Melvin.

JOE

I like her. She's ambitious.

MELVIN

Yeah, she's good. You understand  
she's mine, this is a loaner, I  
don't want you stealing my  
informants.

JOE

Yeah, yeah.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICES - CORRIDOR - DAY

Heather walks with Joe, animated and excited. Joe has his  
morning coffee and newspapers in hand.

HEATHER

It was great, it went pretty much  
like you said, he didn't know she  
had a cousin, did I know that he  
was being treated like a suspect,  
all that, bla bla bla, he bought it  
all.

JOE

What about the apartment?

They enter Joe's offices.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - FBI - CONTINUING - DAY

Past Marcy, working the computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

Oh yeah, so okay, so I told him I want to go over there, he said he'd like to come along, I said I dunno, I'm playing him, he says he'd like to see the place, I say, finally, okay, so I'm going back today, he's gonna drive me over there. He's buying my whole thing, it's good.

JOE

Okay, so we should get you ready for the next stage, we'll get the warrants and get you wired up.

HEATHER

This is a good one, I like this one.

They enter Joe's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S STREET CORNER - DAY

Lily hurries across the street to where Rico holds his corner. He smiles as he sees her approaching.

RICO

You change your mind? You wanna come to work for me?

LILY

No, I need to use the washroom. Can you watch my spot for me, make sure nobody takes it?

Rico looks back to her spot, where she now has a small blanket, the sign up against the cup.

RICO

Yeah, sure.

Lily smiles and enters the grocery store. He watches through the window as she enters into:

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Lily gets a washroom key from the CLERK and heads into the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR - DAY

Melvin pulls up with Elena in his car, he exits, moves to Joe's car, driver's window. He hands Joe a manilla envelope.

MELVIN

Okay, DEA says they're cool with your operations, we want you to share intelligence. Turns out we know these Russians, they're into dope on top of the hooking.

JOE

Fine, that's not up to me. They want in, they gotta deal with my super, as long as everybody stays out of my way till this is wrapped up.

MELVIN

Yeah, no pressure.

JOE

Appreciate it.

Melvin heads back to the car, and Elena gets out, hustles to Joe's car, sits in. Melvin pulls away.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS - DAY

JOE

Okay, you understand the situation, did Melvin fill you in, you're cool with the deal

ELENA

I go to Sergei's funeral, I introduce myself, tell them I'm his ex wife, and I have the passports they've been waiting for.

JOE

Right, okay. The funeral's tomorrow, the announcement was in the papers yesterday.

ELENA

You promised me a wedding ring.

He digs into the manilla envelope, brings out a jewelry box. Hands it to her. She opens it with mock surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELENA (CONT'D)

For me? Oh, I wasn't expecting this.

(giggles)

I think he loved me very much.

JOE

Listen, don't hustle these guys too hard - just tell them you're his ex, his business partner, and set up a meeting to hand over the passports.

She tries on the ring, gives him a hard, sarcastic shot:

ELENA

I hustled my ass halfway across the world, I don't need lessons.

JOE

Right. And you don't need junk anymore, right?

ELENA

Right. I'm clean, sober, being a good girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CAMILLE and SAM watch the apartment from down the block.

CAMILLE

Here they come

Ray and Heather pull to the curb in Ray's car and step out.

INT. HOMICIDE CAR - INTERCUT - DAY

Camille and Sam watch as Ray and Heather enter. Sam inserts an earpiece, Camille adjusts hers.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Heather wanders through the apartment. It's an emotional experience for her. Ray follows. Heather stops suddenly and finds a framed picture of her cousin and herself.

HEATHER

That was back in Philadelphia about five years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ray pauses to examine the photograph, then:

RAY  
What are we looking for?

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Heather searches the bookshelves, sorts through the paperbacks. Peeks under the couch. Ray watches her.

HEATHER  
Her diary. She wrote everything  
down, every little detail.

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Heather goes into the dresser drawers. Going over her cousins' things, she starts to get emotional, and more frantic in her searching as:

HEATHER  
Was she dating somebody else, do  
you know?

Ray hides a reaction.

RAY  
No, she wasn't dating anybody else.

HEATHER  
Are you sure, because...I know you  
don't want to hear any of this,  
but, she was pretty secretive and  
she sometimes had guys she wouldn't  
tell anybody about.

RAY  
I don't think so.

Heather finds an answering machine half hidden under the bed. She picks it up. Pops the tape deck open. There's no tape inside.

HEATHER  
There's no tape in here.

RAY  
Yeah, that's odd. Maybe the police  
took it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HEATHER

They didn't mention it. Did she tell you she was getting threats on the answering machine?

RAY

No.

HEATHER

She told her mom and dad she had the tapes. Maybe she was going to take them to the police or something.

RAY

I didn't hear about that.

Heather sits heavily on the bed. Ray sits and puts his arm around her to comfort her.

RAY

I know it's hard.

HEATHER

It is.

He brushes a piece of hair away from her face. Heather smiles, he squeezes her.

RAY

It's gonna be okay. She'll turn up okay, you'll see.

He kisses her gently on the brow, then the lips, and pushes her back on the bed.

HEATHER

Stop it. Stop it, please.

She pushes him away and stands up.

RAY

I'm sorry, forgive me, I'm sorry.

HEATHER

Let's just try and get through this, please.

She exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - DAY

Among the mourners are Vladimir, Ivan, and Elena. Elena watches as they pass the open casket. They return to their seats, and Elena approaches the casket, leans in, and kisses the deceased Alex/Sergei. Ivan and Vladimir whisper, stare hard at Elena.

EXT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Vladimir and Ivan move to their cars. Elena interrupts Ivan as he opens the car door.

ELENA

Excuse me. You are friends of Sergei's, yes.

IVAN

Yes.

ELENA

I'm Elena. I was Sergei's wife.

IVAN

I didn't know he was married.

Elena flashes her ring.

ELENA

For a long time. You are his business partner, is that right?

IVAN

Yes, me and my brother.

ELENA

I have the passports you ordered.

IVAN

- let me introduce you to my brother. Come.

He waves Vladimir over and takes Elena to him.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Camille strips the wire from under Heather's shirt as:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

I'm sitting there, crying my eyes out, probably not ten feet from where he killed her, and he's getting all hot and heavy, trying to stick his tongue halfway down my throat, why don't you come stay with me in my place, he has a spare room, the whole pitch.

SAM

You were good, that was really real.

HEATHER

Good? I killed, right? Camille, tell him.

CAMILLE

Yeah, you killed, and we appreciate it, thanks. You set him up nicely for us.

Marcy enters. CHESTER is in reception, beyond.

MARCY

Chester's here.

JOE

Okay, introduce him to these guys, willya?

They head out and Marcy introduces them to Chester.

HEATHER

I was good, you gotta admit, I was good.

JOE

Yeah, pretty good.

HEATHER

You got anything else for me, I'm hanging out for a couple of days.

JOE

No, nothing, but I got you on file here, anything comes up you're good for -

She lets out a sigh, relaxes in the chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEATHER

I had fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEETCORNER - LILY - DAY

Joe cruises the corner. He looks to Lily's spot, it's empty. No Lily. He looks across to Rico's corner, and there she is, sitting on the ground near Rico. Rico sends a buyer to her, she passes the buyer some dope. Rico gets motioned to the corner, and Joe passes behind his back, attracting Lily's look. He smiles, nods, she smiles back, he pulls off, she goes back to working for Rico.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - DAY

Ray works behind the cash, tallying up receipts. Chester approaches.

CHESTER

Ray Means?

(producing a card)

Charles Webber. I'm a private investigator, I think my client Louise, Marianne's cousin, she might have mentioned I was going to give you a call.

RAY

Oh, right, she did, yeah.

CHESTER

Have you got a minute?

RAY

Yeah, sure, go ahead.

CHESTER

I've been over to the apartment, Louise took me through this morning.

RAY

Okay, oh, okay.

CHESTER

And I was wondering, uh, you see this photograph here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reveals a photograph of MARIANNE.

RAY

Okay.

CHESTER

You see the key she has around her neck?

RAY

Sure.

CHESTER

Have you got any idea where that might be, did she have it on the last time you saw her do you know?

RAY

I don't, I'm sorry, I don't remember.

CHESTER

That's a safety deposit key, I talked to her parents, and I was wondering if you had any idea what bank she might have had this safety deposit box at.

RAY

No, no idea, why?

CHESTER

A couple of things. One, Marianne's parents talked about her having taped some threatening phone calls from somebody, and those tapes might be in there, and two, her cousin mentioned a diary. Anyway, I was hoping we could find the bank, open the box, see what's in there, if anything. We're shooting in the dark here, anything helps.

RAY

Sorry, I have no idea where she did her banking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHESTER

Oh, okay. Well, look, here's my card, I'm going to be making the calls to all the banks in the area, it's gonna take me a week at least chasing it down, I just thought if you knew we'd save some valuable time.

RAY

Sorry, I wish I could help.

CHESTER

You got my number there, I know the police are looking into it too, but they got a million other things to do, and Marianne doesn't seem to be a priority, so if you do remember about her bank, call me.

RAY

Okay, I will.

Chester moves off. Ray watches him go, moving to the window to see Chester settle in his car and pull away.

INT. CHESTER'S CAR - SECONDS LATER - DAY

Chester pulls off in his car, on his cell phone:

CHESTER

Okay, he's all wound up and ready to go.

Chester passes Sam and Camille's car on the corner.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - NIGHT

Ray emerges and heads to his car, sits in.

INT. SAM AND CAMILLE'S CAR - NIGHT

As they see Ray's car light up and pull away.

CAMILLE

(into radio)

He's moving.

They pull into traffic a couple of cars behind Ray.

CUT TO:

EXT. MESSAGE PARLOR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Joe heads down the sidewalk, past a GUY sitting in his car. Joe gives him a head nod. He highsigns back. Joe approaches the message parlor door, a sign reads: Closed. Joe buzzes, the door opens, he head upstairs.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The place is comfortable, tacky. A young FBI agent plugs in a phone at the desk.

JOE

This looks good. This place been closed down long?

AGENT

No, the city just shut 'em down last week, everythings' working.

JOE

Okay, you ready to do this?

AGENT

Yeah, we're all set. We got a spotter on the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Yeah, he's a little too close, send him down the corner. When's everybody else rolling in?

AGENT

Any time now.

Joe's cell phone rings, he answers. As he does, the AGENT goes to the front door again, and lets in two young women, garishly made up, short skirts.

JOE

(into cell)

Say what? When?

He heads quickly for the front door and bangs into the street.

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Joe pulls up and heads inside. A PARAMEDIC VEHICLE is at the curb.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MELVIN greets JOE at the door of the apartment.

JOE

What happened?

MELVIN

I came over to the safe house here to check on Elena, I talk to her on the phone, told her I was on my way over. She sounded kinda funny, so I gun it over here, the doors locked, I get the super to let me in, she's passed out on the floor, a needle in her arm.

- Joe heads down the hall to the bedroom.

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Two PARAMEDICS stand over Elena, now on the floor. One of the Paramedics digs out a syringe from his kit.

JOE

Can you jump start her?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC

Yeah. We got fifty cc's of narcon going in.

The Paramedic gooses the i.v. full of narcon. No reaction.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

She should be waking up.

JOE

Hit her again. Go on, hit her again.

The Paramedic inserts more narcon. No reaction.

PARAMEDIC

I don't think she's gonna make it.

JOE

Hit her again.

The Paramedic plunges the syringe. Five, four, three, two, one - Elena wakes up with a start and starts kicking and flailing. Joe and Melvin step away.

JOE (CONT'D)

She's got a meeting with the Russians in less than an hour.

MELVIN

What do you wanna do?

JOE

Clean her up and get it done.

Joe checks his watch. Melvin watches Elena, dazed, still fighting back at the paramedics.

MELVIN

She gonna be alright to do this?

JOE

She better be, or we can kiss the whole operation off. She'll feel like shit for a few hours, but she'll live.

He starts pulling clothes from her closet as the Paramedics bring Elena around.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Ray smokes, a sheen of sweat on his brow. He checks his rear view mirrors. Clear. He changes lanes, checks his mirrors again.

INT. SAM AND CAMILLE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

CAMILLE

(into radio)

Going south on the Embarcadero again.

(to Sam)

He's trying to see if he's got a tail. We've been going round this block half a dozen times.

SAM

We're cool, he's just checking. I think he's gonna make some kinda move.

EXT. STREET - INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Ray pulls into a parking spot and parks. Looks in his mirror. Gets out and heads down the street.

INT. SAM AND CAMILLE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

SAM

Okay, he's parking, getting out.

He pulls over and parks.

CAMILLE

(into radio)

We're out on foot.

She and Sam get out of the car and split - she heading across the street, Sam heading down the sidewalk.

EXT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

Ray approaches. He keys himself in to the storage facility.

Sam and Camille in the distance.

EXT/INT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

Through the office window, we can see RAY signing in the sign in log. The CLERK hands him another key.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S CORNER - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the curb, and honks. Rico moves over to the vehicle and talks through the window. After a moment, he turns and approaches Lily.

RICO

You wanna go for a ride with me?

LILY

Where you going?

RICO

Over my partner's place, c'mon, we'll get something to eat on the way. C'mon.

Lily hesitates, then decides to go. She climbs into the back seat with Rico. A sinister looking JOSE drives. The car pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe walks Elena towards his car. She fights him off.

ELENA

Let go of me, I can walk.

JOE

Yeah, and you can bullshit pretty good too. You said you were clean.

ELENA

I lied.

Joe releases her. She walks wonkily towards his car.

JOE

And you look like hell. You might wanna get cleaned up a little.

He opens the car door for her and guides her in, hands her her purse.

INT. RICO'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Lily sits in the back seat, Rico up front. Rico lights a fat joint, passes it to JOSE, he passes it back to Lily.

RICO  
You don't want to get high? What's up with you?

LILY  
Sure, I want to get high.

She takes the spliff and inhales. Passes it back to Rico.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(exhaling)  
Where we going?

RICO  
Just up here.

Lily looks for familiar landmarks outside. It's lonely, isolated, a few homes, remote.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

RAY emerges and heads back up to his car.

INT. SAM AND CAMILLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sam and Camille watch as Ray climbs into his car and pulls out.

CAMILLE  
(into radio)  
He's back in his car, heading north. Unit 7, pick it up.

UNIT 7  
Unit 7 taking the eye.

Ray's car pulls past. Moments later, a plainwrap sedan passes Camille and Sam, following Ray.

SAM  
Let's get a warrant and see what he's got in storage that he's gotta make a midnight trip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam dials his cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

In the hills overlooking the city, RICO'S car pulls into a driveway. Lily, Rico and Jose climb out and head inside the house. Lily hangs back a little.

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Vladimir and Ivan exit their car and head to the parlor. They ring and are buzzed in.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - CONTINUING - NIGHT

Half a dozen young women lounge in the foyer. Elena leads Vladimir and Ivan towards the back room, past massage rooms.

ELENA

I have an office in the back here.

She indicates the young women as they pass.

ELENA (CONT'D)

You like my girls, good, yes?

VLADIMIR

Very nice. How many you got?

ELENA

Twenty, more or less, all young, like this. Not bad, eh?

She indicates her office.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Take a seat, I'll get you drinks, okay? Let me take your coats.

She takes Vladimir's overcoat, hangs it up, Ivan declines, keeping his on.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Make yourselves comfortable.

Vladimir and Ivan enter the office.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Elena enters to find Joe and TWO flak jacketed FBI AGENTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELENA

They're both carrying, shoulder holsters.

JOE

Okay, go, stay out of the way when it happens.

The AGENTS set for the jump.

INT. OFFICE CONTINUING - NIGHT

Elena returns. One of the young women enters with a tray of drinks.

ELENA

Alright, gentlemen.

She opens a desk drawer and removes a thick package, slides it across the table.

ELENA (CONT'D)

There you go, fifteen United States of America passports.

Vladimir takes the package, opens it, hands one to Ivan, who examines it.

ELENA

Okay?

VLADIMIR

Okay, very good.

He withdraws a package of cash from his coat and slides it to Elena.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

That's the first payment. You get the second when the girls arrive.

Elena takes the cash. At that moment, the FLAK JACKETED AGENTS appear in the doorway. Vlad and Ivan are momentarily befuddled.

AGENT

FBI! Put your hands on the desk where we can see them.

Vladimir and Ivan put their hands on the desk, and the second AGENT moves in to remove their weapons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT (CONT'D)

Stand up and put your hands behind  
your backs and spread your legs.

Vladimir and Ivan stand, and are immediately cuffed, as is  
ELENA. She acts bewildered as she is handcuffed and led  
away.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Joe speeds through the city. His cell phone rings.

JOE

(into phone)

Yeah. Uh huh. I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rico bolts the front door - three bolts. Lily looks for the  
alternate exit.

JOSE

What are you drinking Lily?

LILY

Just water, I'm okay, I feel a  
little sick. I get car sick. I'll  
be alright if I lie down for  
awhile.

RICO

You want to lie down, I got a  
waterbed in the back -

LILY

No, no, I'm okay, I feel alright.

She moves to the couch. Rico and Jose move off down the hall  
together. Lily looks to the windows - they've got bars all  
around. She hears whispering down the hall. She sees a  
portable PHONE lying on the coffee table. Grabbing it,  
stuffing it in her shirt, she stands, moves towards the front  
door.

RICO

Where you going? You just got  
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
I need some air, I guess I'm still  
feeling sick.

RICO  
Come on back here to the patio, we  
got air back here...

Lily moves towards Rico, following him to the back.

RICO  
You are a cute little thing.

He puts his arm around her. She shrugs it off.

LILY  
I gotta use the washroom. I'm  
gonna throw up.

Rico steers her to the washroom.

RICO  
Right in there.

She heads in. Rico and Jose exchange a grin.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lily locks the bathroom door, pulls the phone out of her  
waist, goes to the window. It's tiny, only opens at the top  
a crack. She sits on the tub. Dials the phone.

LILY  
(into phone)  
Hello, Joe?

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rico's on the extension.

RICO  
(into phone)  
No, this is Rico. Who's Joe?

He stands outside the bathroom door, lowers the phone.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

RICO  
Who's Joe, Lily? He your  
boyfriend?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Rico rattles the doorknob, laughs.

RICO (CONT'D)

You can wait in there all night,  
Lily, you ain't going nowhere.  
Scream all you want, the neighbors  
are used to it.

Lily opens the medicine cabinet. Finds a pack of razor blades, a roll of adhesive tape. She scrambles to make a knife, taping one side of the blade so it won't cut her.

CUT TO.

EXT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

RAY MEANS is cuffed in the back seat of a POLICE CRUISER as JOE walks past him, and is greeted by Sam at the entrance. As they move inside:

SAM

We tailed him down here, he's in here five, ten minutes, walks outside, carrying nothing. We got our warrant, we're going over the locker and, hey, surprise surprise.

INT. MINI STORAGE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Along the rows of lockers, narrow, confined, poorly lit, to where Camille, now wearing latex gloves, stands by the open door.

CAMILLE

Take a look.

Joe turns into the storage locker. It's full of furniture, a bicycle, skis, etc. In a corner, a small freezer.

JOE

In there?

CAMILLE

Yeah.

She passes him a glove. He uses it to open the top of the freezer:

There, inside, frozen, curled up, MARIANNE FORBES.

JOE

What'd he come down here for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMILLE  
The safety deposit key. They found  
it in his pants pocket when they  
searched him.

SAM  
Good job Joe. Thanks.

JOE  
(on the move)  
Yeah, you too, stay in touch.

CAMILLE  
Catch you later.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lily sits on the toilet, poised to attack. She has a razor  
blade in each hand. There's distant noise, muffled talk.

RICO  
Lily. Lily. I'm coming in now.  
I'm coming in, I don't want any  
trouble.

There's a long beat, some whispering. The door opens, Lily  
coils to spring - JOE is in the door. Lily is bewildered.

JOE  
Never go anywhere without talking  
to your handler first.

Lily nearly bursts at the sight of Joe.

LILY  
You asshole. I coulda sliced your  
throat open.

JOE  
And never go inside a location  
without having your back up team  
outside.

LILY  
Okay. Okay. I'm sorry.

JOE  
Lily, this is Darnell.

(CONTINUED)

RICO/DARNELL

Hey Lily. Sorry. We all have to go through it.

JOE

You passed, congratulations.

LILY

(beat)

Can I have some privacy please?

She slams the bathroom door on them.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe and DARNELL (Rico) walk down the hall.

DARNELL/RICO

She's gonna be good.

JOE

Yeah, pretty good.

DARNELL/RICO

You done for the night, wanna grab a beer?

JOE

No, I gotta couplea things to wrap up.

CUT TO

EXT. BUNGALOW - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The city laid out below, sparkling. Joe heads up the walk, carrying flowers. He raps at the door, wipes his feet, enters.

INT. JOE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe's mother, LUCIA, about sixty, greets him, embraces him. It's obvious she's been woken up.

LUCIA

I'll make you a plate, it's still hot.

JOE

Thanks ma. Where's Lou?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCIA  
He waited for you, then went out.

JOE  
He went out?

LUCIA  
A friend called, and he went out.  
She heads into the kitchen.

JOE  
I'm sorry, I had some things to do.  
Who's the friend, did he say?

INT. JOE'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

LUCIA  
He's a big boy, he's not your  
responsibility.  
She sets him a plate, pours him a glass of red wine from the  
table bottle.

JOE  
Yeah, I know. This smells good.  
He sits, tucks his napkin in his shirt, breaks bread. After  
a beat:

JOE (CONT'D)  
Did his friend call here?

LUCIA  
That's what I said, his friend  
called, they made plans, Lou left.  
Joe untucks his napkin, moves to the telephone.

JOE  
I'm just gonna check the number -  
anybody else call since Lou's  
friend?  
Lucia puts a hand on his, preventing him.

LUCIA  
He's gotta make it on his own. Sit  
down and eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
(finally)  
Yeah, okay.

Lucia turns back to the stove. Joe dials to retrieve the last number - listens, and jots down the number, as:

FADE OUT:

THE END

