

UNTITLED BOUNTY HUNTER PROJECT

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

Rain pelts the mostly empty streets. The SPACE NEEDLE hovers protectively over the city. Neon lights from the PACIFIC SCIENCE CENTER reflect off puddles to create a kaleidoscope of color. The BEN BRIDGE STREET CLOCK tells us it's 3:10 AM.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

All is calm, quiet. After a moment our reverie is broken by the sounds of SCREECHING. Water pooling in the gutter is violently disrupted by a pair of all-weather tires.

A white, early-model DODGE CHARGER screams around the corner in an attempt to avoid pursuit.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is MARIO WILLIAMS, 28, with a shaved head and sporting a goatee. He's nervous, looking over his shoulder every chance he gets.

Quick cuts reveal a SLIM JIM on the passenger seat, a keyless ignition switch, and CROSSED WIRES under the dash. This is a stolen vehicle. We assume his pursuers are police cruisers.

Mario makes another sharp turn, racing through an alleyway and emerging onto a major street. Another turn, another look back over his shoulder. All clear.

MARIO

Yeah, that's right.

He's cocky, believing his evasive maneuvers were successful. A glance to his left says otherwise when a pair of HEADLIGHTS fill the windshield. A blue SUBURBAN comes within feet of causing a T-bone collision.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Shiiii--

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

The Suburban's tires SQUEAL as it momentarily hydroplanes, then falls into position behind the fleeing Dodge Charger.

We get a surprising glimpse of who's behind the wheel --

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

-- bounty hunter MACKENZIE "MACK" GREEN. Her keen intellect is masked by an odd and absent-minded demeanor. She suffers from ADD, but it's more of an Attention Surplus Disorder. When she does focus, you'd better hope it's not on you.

*
*
*

MACK

Damn it.

Holding on for dear life in the passenger seat is her ever-cautious associate, WENDELL HICKS (mid-40's).

*
*

WENDELL

Please tell me you weren't *trying* to hit him?

Mack manages to straighten out the Suburban in time to make another turn into --

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

The Dodge Charger races through an industrial area, screeching to a halt at a DEAD END. Our car thief Mario ABANDONS the vehicle and takes off on foot up a hill through some trees.

He disappears from view just as the Suburban rolls up. Both Mack and Wendell hop out.

MACK

We've got to cut him off. Find another way in.

WENDELL

I'm not going to let you --

MACK

Go!

Mack takes off up the embankment, on her skip's heels.

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

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Mack reaches the top of the hill to discover a long row of WAREHOUSES. There's no sign of Mario, but she's not giving up quite yet. She races towards the first warehouse.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - SAME TIME

Wendell navigates the Suburban through the industrial park, searching for a way into the warehouse complex but every driveway is guarded by a CHAIN-LINK FENCE.

Mack's labored voice comes over an old-school WALKIE TALKIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK (O.S.)
Where are you?

Wendell makes a decision that surprises even him, ramming the Suburban through the next fence.

WENDELL
I'm in.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - INTERCUT

Mack maneuvers between warehouses, looking for clues as to her skip's whereabouts. She quietly calls out to him:

MACK
Here skippy...

She stops in her tracks, noticing that the BACK DOOR to the next warehouse has been left AJAR. Over the walkies:

MACK (CONT'D)
Fifth one from the end. I'm going in.

WENDELL
Wait for me.

MACK
We're gonna lose him.

Wendell sighs, knows she's already made up her mind.

WENDELL
Be careful. He really doesn't want to go to prison -- who knows what he'll do.

*

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - INTERCUT

BEAMS OF LIGHT from outside filter in through high windows, reflecting off METAL PANELS. It looks like the storage room of an auto body shop.

Mack creeps towards a door, accidentally knocking a CYLINDER off a table but catching it before it hits the floor. Whew.

She opens the door a crack, peering onto the main floor of the warehouse. What she sees surprises her: a DOZEN MEN, some wearing MECHANIC UNIFORMS, standing around VEHICLES in various stages of disassembly.

Mack just walked into a black market CHOP SHOP.

WENDELL (O.S.)
You want me in there?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK
Super bad idea. We're outgunned.

WENDELL
By how many?

MACK
They all look like they work out.

Wendell furrows his brow. Not exactly what he meant, but moving on...

WENDELL
Alright, new plan. You get the hell out of there while I call the cops.

Mack studies the men as though staring at a chessboard.

MACK
Give me five minutes.

Wendell doesn't know what to say to that, mostly because what he has to say won't matter. He can't stop her.

MACK (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Hello? Excuse me?

She walks right out into the open. Two men instinctively pull WEAPONS and train them on her.

MACK (CONT'D)
My car is making a weird thumping sound... you guys take walk-ins?
(off their looks)
A joke to break the ice. Because
brrrrrrr.

The crew's leader -- we'll call him PAPA BEAR in deference to his age and authority -- takes a step toward her.

PAPA BEAR
Who the hell are you?

MACK
Mackenzie Green. I'm a bounty hunter.
(re: Mario)
I'm here for him.

After a beat, Papa Bear starts laughing. His crew joins in.

PAPA BEAR
(incredulous)
You're a bounty hunter?

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mack reaches into her jacket, shows him a BADGE that seems preternaturally shiny. *

PAPA BEAR (CONT'D)
Is that even real? *

MACK
The state makes official ones for bail enforcement agents, but I'm not paying sixty bucks for a piece of plastic. Got this one at Party City.

PAPA BEAR
Well, I'm afraid you made a wrong turn somewhere, lady. Ain't no criminals in here.

Some of his men stifle smiles. An obvious lie to everyone.

MACK
Mario Williams failed to appear and the judge issued a bench warrant. Grand theft auto... imagine that. (and then) Sorry but I gotta take you in, Mario. *

She takes a step towards him, pulling a pair of HANDCUFFS from her waistband. Mario shuffles closer to Papa Bear. *

PAPA BEAR
What makes you think I'm gonna let you walk out of here with him? *

MACK
Because he's an idiot. And some lessons are tougher than others. *

This earns a laugh from a few guys not named Mario. *

MACK (CONT'D)
I mean, really. Your boy led me right to the front door of your operation. What else is there to say, except-- *

Without warning, her focus has shifted to a NISSAN SENTRA parked nearby. The hood is up. *

MACK (CONT'D)
Wow, what a piece of junk. *

She walks over and kicks one of its tires. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D)

Fifty dollar rims on some-weather
tires? Whoever owned this beater
barely cared enough to keep it
running. *

She leans over to inspect the engine. Papa Bear is equal
parts listening to her and evaluating her ass.

MACK (CONT'D)

Cams, plugs, transmission assembly...
all after-market. I'm guessing once
you get in there you'll find a
hydrolocked cylinder.

Papa Bear turns to one of his guys for confirmation. *

CREW MEMBER

She's right, boss. It's a dump.

PAPA BEAR *

Who picked this one up? *

The eyes of his fellow thieves all drift to Mario, who looks
like he's about to piss himself. Clearly, it was him. Papa
Bear stares him down, then eyes Mack. *

PAPA BEAR (CONT'D) *

Any chance you're looking to get
into a new line of work? *

MACK

I'm not the one bleeding profits.

PAPA BEAR *

(considers, then) *

Alright. Take him. *

MARIO

Dad. C'mon... *

Mack pulls Mario's hands behind his back. As she cuffs him: *

PAPA BEAR

There's still the matter of you,
knowing about...

(re: chop shop)
... this.

MACK

Turn him in, twenty grand goes back
in my pocket. Turn you in, well,
that's just bad for business. Crime
pays the bills.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm counting on your guys
calling me if and when they get
popped.

*
*

Mack hands him a stack of BUSINESS CARDS from her jacket.

MACK (CONT'D)

That's M-A-C-Kensie and Green with
no "e" at the end.

Not only is Papa Bear letting her go, he likes her.

PAPA BEAR

Okay, we can deal. But first I need
you to do something for me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Wendell creeps up to a side entrance, the Suburban parked in
the shadows nearby. He has a HANDGUN at the ready, trying
to make out MUFFLED VOICES coming from inside the warehouse.

The warehouse doors suddenly start to open. He dives behind
a dumpster... into a pile of fresh mud. The Sentra sputters
out of the warehouse with Mack behind the wheel and a cuffed
Mario in the back. Wendell emerges from hiding.

*
*
*
*

MACK

(rolls down window)
Car's hot. Need to dump it. I'll
meet you back at the office.

*
*

Wendell stares at his partner in disbelief... as do we. As
she drives off, casually turning to her captured skip:

MACK (CONT'D)

Any good breakfast places around
here? I'm starving.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Downtown Seattle. Early morning dew drips from a police car parked out front as we head inside --

INT. COURTHOUSE - COUNTY CLERKS OFFICE

Mack stands at the front desk of the County Clerks Office. She hands a cuffed Mario Williams over to a uniformed OFFICER.

CLERK

Your bond's revoked, Mr. Williams.
Officer Davis here will book you.

The BOND CLERK signs off on some PAPERWORK and hands Mack a CHECK for \$20,000. Mack offers Mario a smile as she exits:

MACK

Call me!

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Mack steps up to a COFFEE CART outside the court, operated by a handsome young BARISTA.

MACK

Mocha decaf latte with half half-and-half and half whole.
(checks her watch)
And one coffee... black.

She hands the barista a \$20 bill, only gets \$6 change.

MACK (CONT'D)

Seriously?

Behind her we see Assistant DA KATE MICHELSON on approach, arriving to work with BRIEFCASE in hand.

KATE

Highway robbery.

MACK

If only I knew someone in the DA's office...

The barista hands the coffee to Mack, who hands it to Kate. Kate checks her watch.

KATE

Am I this predictable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

That's not a bad thing. I happen to know some people prefer boring.
(and then)
How is the boytoy, by the way?

KATE

Broke up. Turns out you were right.
Total asshat.

MACK

What do you expect? He's a lawyer.

Kate shrugs, unoffended. Their easy banter gives us a great sense of their friendship, grounded in honesty and bluntness.

KATE

You ever try online dating?

MACK

I'd rather get a cat.

The barista hands Mack her specialty drink. As she and Kate step away:

KATE

Oh, hey, I heard about Josie.
Congratulations.

Mack doesn't respond, unsure what she's referring to.

KATE (CONT'D)

Early admission into Stanford? That's quite a feat.

MACK

Yeah. Smart kid. Maybe too smart for her own good sometimes.

KATE

She's killing the summer internship. DA's office would be lucky to have her when she graduates.

MACK

No way. My job depends on people getting out of prison, not going in.

Mack smiles, disguising unease under the surface.

KATE

What are you doing here anyway?

MACK

Mario Williams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE

The GTA? I didn't know he was your client.

*
*

MACK

Yeah, I sort of misplaced his bond application. For like a month.

*
*

(and then)

*

I should probably get a file cabinet.

KATE

That'd be a good idea.

*
*

Kate reaches for a CASE FILE in her briefcase, hands it over.

*

KATE (CONT'D)

Sean Huggins.

*
*

MACK

That sounds familiar. One of mine?

*
*

KATE

Domestic violence case. Guy missed his court date. Warrant expires at the end of the week.

*
*

Mack scans the file, which includes a photo of a YOUNG ASIAN WOMAN with a fresh BRUISE on her cheek.

*
*

MACK

She lied about the charge.

*
*

KATE

If you can't deliver him by Friday, the twenty grand you put up will be remanded to the Court.

*
*

(and then)

*

How is it you always seem to pick the ones who jump?

*
*

MACK

Just lucky, I guess. Can I keep this?

*
*

KATE

I have five copies.

*
*

MACK

Of course you do.

*
*

(as she moves off)

*

I owe you one, Kate.

*

KATE

Let's hold off on the counting. It's only Monday.

*
*

*

EXT. MACK'S HOUSE - DAY *

The bail bonds office is run out of the living room of this
quaint suburban home. *

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - LATER *

PAPERS and FILE FOLDERS are stacked indiscriminately around
the room. The place is full of half-finished PROJECTS that
Mack has started and stopped. *

Wendell takes a seat opposite HANNAH CHEN (30's). She looks
very much like the woman in the crime scene photo. *

Hannah occasionally eyes 18-year-old NICO, seated at the
dining table, writing in a notebook. We assume it's homework. *

WENDELL *

Thanks for coming in. *

Hannah eyes a nearby white board with a MUGSHOT attached to
it. The name SEAN HUGGINS is scrawled next to it. *

HANNAH *

This is about Sean? *

WENDELL *

How well do you know him? *

HANNAH *

I've never met him. He's my sister's
boyfriend. I'm not even sure how
long they've been together. *

WENDELL *

And yet you put up the 10% to secure
the bond. Two thousand dollars is a
lot of money. *

Mack ENTERS from the kitchen, offers Hannah a cup of COFFEE.
She eyes Wendell disapprovingly. *

MACK *

I can't believe you wrote this one
up. *

WENDELL *

I didn't. *

(off her look) *

Look at the signature on the
application. *

Mack takes the APPLICATION from him. Much of it has been
left blank, but the signature clearly starts with an M. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She glances at Hannah, remembering. *

MACK *

Oh, right. There were two of you. *

HANNAH *

We're twins. *

MACK *

This is my fault, then. I didn't do my homework. *

(to Hannah) *

We don't bail out abusers. *

HANNAH *

Lisa said it was all just a misunderstanding. *

MACK *

Yeah, you'd be surprised how many women accidentally run into their boyfriend's fists. *

Mack hands her the PHOTO of her sister from the case file. *
Hannah can barely stomach it. *

HANNAH *

She begged me to help. I probably should've asked more questions... *

MACK *

You did what we'd all do in your situation. You believed your sister. *

(and then) *

I believed her, too. *

WENDELL *

Sean missed his court date. If we don't bring him in, we lose the bail money we put up. Although, since you're the undersigner, technically you're on the hook for-- *

MACK *

I don't care about the money. *

WENDELL *

Okay, but someone has to-- *

HANNAH *

I don't care what it costs. I just want my sister back. *

MACK *

We'll find her. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH

How? I don't even know where she's
living now.

*
*
*

MACK

One thing guys like this have in
common: they're great apologists.
We find him, we find her.

*
*

She turns to her team. Nico suddenly pipes up, surprising
Hannah and us. As he types into a LAPTOP on the desk:

*
*

NICO

The address we have for him is bogus.

*

He turns around the laptop so everyone can see. ON SCREEN is
a GOOGLE EARTH IMAGE of Safeco Field and its parking lots.

NICO (CONT'D)

Unless he plays for the Mariners.

HANNAH

(a beat)

You work here?

*

NICO

I'm... new. Do you have anything
that might help us? Addresses, phone
numbers...

*

HANNAH

Lisa changed her number. I tried it
this morning but it didn't go through.
(rifling through purse)
I wrote it down somewhere.

She pulls a SCRAP OF PAPER out of her bag, gives it to Nico.
He dials the number using the office phone, puts it on
speaker. We hear a TONE that tells us it's DISCONNECTED.

*

NICO

Another dead end.

Mack takes the scrap of paper from him.

*

MACK

425 area code... that's outside the
city. Bellevue, maybe.
(to her team)
What's that great pizza place on --

*

WENDELL/NICO

Pagliacci's.

Mack grabs the phone off the desk and dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH
What's she doing?

WENDELL
No idea.

He looks out the window, trying to locate her inspiration.

MACK
(into phone)
Yes, hi. Good morning. We ordered
pizza last night and it never showed.
I had to make peanut butter and jelly
sandwiches for the kids and hear
them whine about it all night so
thanks for that. You probably
delivered it to the wrong address or
something. My number is--
(glancing at paper)
425-634-9926. What address do you
have listed for that, the one on
Jefferson or --

She scrounges for a pen. Nico tosses her one.

MACK (CONT'D)
827 Davies? Huh, that's the right
address. Maybe you have the wrong
apartment number. *
(listens, then) *
Great, thanks! *

She abruptly hangs up the phone. Even Hannah regards her
with a mixture of bewilderment and respect.

WENDELL *
Pizza? *

MACK *
No thanks. I had a big breakfast. *

She stands, raring to go. What goes on inside her head is *
beyond comprehension, and that's a big part of the fun. *

MACK (CONT'D)
Grab your vests.

Wendell removes a KEVLAR VEST from the coat hanger.

WENDELL
You expecting trouble?

MACK.
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDELL

Then why do we need protective gear?

MACK

(re: Nico)

I'm letting him drive.

Off the broad smile on Nico's face...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The team's Suburban inches down the street, sitting so long at a stop sign as to earn a HONK from the car behind it.

MACK (O.S.)

Go around, jerkface!

INT. SUBURBAN - INTERCUT

Nico is behind the wheel. Mack is in the passenger seat with Wendell in the back.

MACK

Now ease off the brake.

WENDELL

(checking his watch)

When does the warrant expire?

Mack and Nico ignore him.

MACK

You want to check your mirrors every now and then so you're aware of what other drivers are doing.

WENDELL

Like going the speed limit, getting places...

NICO

(re: a building)

I think that's it on the left.

MACK

Turn signal.

Nico flips on the signal then hits the accelerator a little too hard. The car jerks forward and speeds into the parking lot. It comes to an abrupt stop in front of the building, leaving behind a trail of burnt rubber.

MACK (CONT'D)

Okay. We're here. Nice job.

EXT. DAVIES STREET APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS *

Mack and Wendell step out, leaving Nico in the car.

MACK
You think you can turn it around in
the parking lot?

NICO
No problem.

Mack nods and heads for the building. Wendell follows. *

WENDELL
It's not our job to teach him to
drive. We're not his parents. *

MACK
We might as well be. *

INT. DAVIES APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY *

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. A FIST raps on the door. KNOCK KNO--
The door suddenly opens. An older gentleman stands before
them wearing an untied robe, his underwear plainly visible. *

NAKED GUY
You here to fix the toilet?

WENDELL
We're looking for Sean Huggins.

NAKED GUY
Don't know 'em. It's making a noise,
like it's leaking or something.

MACK
I'm Mack, this is Wendell. He's
great with toilets. Who are you?

NAKED GUY
The guy who lives here.

MACK
But not for very long, maybe the
last month or two?

Naked Guy isn't in a talking mood. Must be constipated.

MACK (CONT'D)
I'm sure I don't need to tell you
that opening mail addressed to someone
else is a federal crime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAKED GUY

I said I don't know any Sean.
(a beat)
But maybe there was a girl.

MACK

Lana?

WENDELL

Lisa.

MACK

Lisa?

NAKED GUY

Could be.

MACK

The guy who came by here looking for
her... is this him?

She shows him the MUGSHOT PHOTOGRAPH of Sean Huggins. *

NAKED GUY

How'd you know about that?

MACK

Thanks for your time.
(starts to go, then)
Do you have a dog?

NAKED GUY

No.

MACK

That's a very handsome robe.

Mack moves off, leaving Wendell staring at Naked Guy.

NAKED GUY

Bet she's a tiger in the sack.

Wendell offers a weak smile, mortified. He catches up to
Mack at the elevator.

MACK

Talk to the neighbors.

WENDELL

Where are you going?

MACK

To get Laura's deposit back.

EXT. DAVIES APARTMENTS - COURTYARD - DAY

Mack walks with JAVIER GIRARDO, the building's landlord. He stops to pick up a discarded CIGARETTE in a planter box.

JAVIER
Deposit? They still owe me two months
back rent.

MACK
When'd the boyfriend move in?

JAVIER
He didn't, but he might as well have.
He was over all the time.
(re: cigarette)
Pretty sure this is his.

Mack takes the cigarette, studies it, then shoves it in her pocket much to Javier's disgust and confusion.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Who'd you say you were again?

EXT. DAVIES APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mack rejoins Wendell outside the lobby, headed for the car.

MACK
Find out anything?

WENDELL
They're big fans of 90's alternative
rock, Indian food, and morning sex.
As far as where they are or who they
associate with, neighbors are
clueless.

They approach the Suburban. It's been turned around to face the street as Mack requested, but Nico's not inside. They spot him over by a grass divider, using his weight to push a dislodged VACANCY SIGN back into the ground.

Wendell turns to Mack to say something, but she gives him a look cautioning otherwise. Nico races over to them.

NICO
Any leads?

WENDELL/MACK
No. / One.

MACK
(off Wendell)
You didn't notice the holes?

EXT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Not as well-funded as some, but it runs on love.

INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK

A VET TECH walks past camera holding an adorable kitten, revealing Mack and Wendell standing at the front desk.

WENDELL

Holes in the hardwood floor.

MACK

More like dents. Tiny ones. I've been thinking about getting a cat.

WENDELL

A cat?

MACK

No, the dents are from a dog. Probably under a year old.

WENDELL

I still don't get why we're here.

MACK

Cats clean themselves. That's a huge selling point.

WENDELL

Mack --

*

MACK

Puppies need shots, and vets keep files.

Wendell finally gets it. He eyes her for a moment.

WENDELL

At some point you'll actually share things as you think of them, right?

A lab coat-wearing VETERINARIAN approaches.

VETERINARIAN

Are you the ones asking about the Huggins dog?

MACK

We're trying to find its owner.

VETERINARIAN

Us, too. Come with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leads them down the hall, making a left into --

INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM

-- where a gorgeous HUSKY PUPPY sits in a box on the floor,
a BANDAGE wrapped around her abdomen.

VETERINARIAN

Dropped her off two days ago, but
never authorized treatment. She has
a minor skin infection.

Mack steps over to the dog, who is instantly affectionate.

WENDELL

They just left it here?

VETERINARIAN

Happens sometimes. People can't
afford the medical bills or they
decide they don't want the
responsibility anymore.

MACK

Or they've left town.

VETERINARIAN

Yeah, that too.

Wendell knows what this means, and it's not good.

WENDELL

We're too late.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - LATER *

The team regroups in the office. There's a CARDBOARD BOX on the floor near Mack's desk that wasn't there before. Mack paces as Wendell plops down on the couch.

MACK
He's still in town.

WENDELL
How do you know?

Mack pulls out the cigarette she took from the apartment building, showing it to Wendell like the answer's obvious.

MACK
He hasn't won her back yet.

WENDELL
I think maybe you skipped a few steps in there.

Mack starts pacing, her mind racing a mile a minute. Wendell glances over at the huge stacks of files everywhere. *

WENDELL (CONT'D) *
Listen, I've been meaning to talk to *
you about the finances. *

MACK *
Money's not important. *

WENDELL *
Yeah, that's kind of the problem. *

POP! POP! POP! Wendell instinctively grabs a nearby BASEBALL BAT in response to what sounds like GUNSHOTS.

Mack doesn't react at all, instead glancing over to the entryway as the front door opens. Standing in the doorway is LLOYD GREEN, 71, Mack's father. *

Lloyd retrieves BUBBLE WRAP from under the welcome mat. *

LLOYD
What the hell is this?

MACK
Doorbell's broken.

Wendell tries to play it cool as he puts the bat away. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LLOYD
Since when?

MACK
Since it stopped working.

Lloyd steps inside, making himself at home.

NICO (O.S.)
So, I picked up some --

Nico enters from the back, stopping in his tracks when he sees Lloyd. He holds a BOWL full of brown pebble-y things.

NICO (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, Mr. Green.

LLOYD
Go ahead. You're in the middle of a chase, don't let me interrupt.

NICO
Oh, I was just-- I made a grocery run. Picked up some cereal.

Using his fingers, he pops one of the pebbles in his mouth. He does an admirable job pretending he enjoys it.

NICO (CONT'D)
Forgot the milk, naturally.

A JINGLING SOUND escalates to an explosion of adorable as the PUPPY emerges from the other room and beelines for Nico.

Lloyd stares down Mack.

MACK
He sort of followed us home.

LLOYD
This is my house, Mackensie. You can't just take in every stray off the street.
(to Nico)
No offense.

MACK
Dad.

NICO
No, that's cool. I've been called worse.

He sets the bowl of food down in front of the puppy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LLOYD

Look at this place. It's a mess.
How do you find anything in here?

MACK

I have a system. *

Lloyd shakes his head as he moves off into the kitchen. *
Mack turns to Wendell, plowing ahead. *

MACK (CONT'D)

You're leaving town.

WENDELL

I'm what?

MACK

Theoretically. What do you do before
you go?

WENDELL

Pack.

NICO

Tell your friends.

A loud, disembodied voice from the other room: *

LLOYD

Go to the bank. *

Mack shrugs. It's a valid point. *

MACK

Plane tickets, bus tickets, gas for
the car. It all costs money. *

WENDELL

If they had money, they wouldn't
need the sister to pay the bond.

MACK

Does the application list anything
for employment? *

It takes Wendell a second to find the right application.

WENDELL

It says Sean works in construction.
Not exactly a lot to go on.

NICO

The girlfriend's a hair stylist.

He consults his notes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICO (CONT'D)

Worked at a place called Chop Chop
last the sister knew.

*
*

Mack eyes Wendell, tussles his hair a little.

*

MACK

Yeah, that'll work.

*
*

EXT. CHOP CHOP SALON - NEXT MORNING

*

The morning sun bathes the entrance to a medium-end beauty
salon in downtown Seattle.

*

INT. CHOP CHOP SALON - MORNING

*

Like a bullfighter's cape, a RED SMOCK fills the screen,
wielded by an attractive young hair stylist named SUSIE.

REVEAL Wendell settling into the chair as Susie ties the
smock behind him.

SUSIE

So what are we doing today?

WENDELL

I don't know. Something different.
I've had the same style for... a
while.

SUSIE

How about we take it in a little on
the sides, maybe adjust your part so
the hairline's not so obvious?

(and then)

What do you think about a little
color?

Off Wendell, wondering what he's gotten himself into...

EXT. HOME DEPOT - MORNING

A bustling, warehouse-style home improvement store.

INT. HOME DEPOT - CHECKOUT AREA

Mack stands with a twenty-something SALES CLERK, showing him
a PHOTOCOPY of the skip's mugshot.

SALES CLERK

So many people come through here.
It's hard to remember a particular
face.

(and then)

You really a bounty hunter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

State prefers to call us bail enforcement agents.

SALES CLERK

That's lame.

MACK

Totally.

She writes a phone number on the back of the photocopy.

MACK (CONT'D)

Pass this around. And call me if he comes in.

The clerk flips the paper over, comes away disappointed.

SALES CLERK

No reward? Dawg offers rewards.

INT. CHOP CHOP SALON - SAME TIME

*

Wendell is mid-cut, engaging in girl talk with the stylist.

WENDELL

Last time I was in here, this cute Asian girl helped me. I think her name was Lisa?

*

*

SUSIE

Oh, Lisa's great. I've known her for years. She rents a chair at a couple other places so she's not here much anymore.

*

*

*

*

WENDELL

Do people call here if they want to make an appointment, or does she have another number?

SUSIE

I'm not sure. I can ask.

*

WENDELL

I wonder if she's still with that guy she was always talking about. I forget his name.

Susie's not entirely comfortable with where this is going, decides she's given Wendell enough information.

*

*

SUSIE

I don't know, I think so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts a piece of foil in place in his hair.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

This needs to stay put for ten minutes. You want a magazine or something?

WENDELL

No, I'm good.

Susie moves off. With Wendell's back to her, she steps to the front desk and makes a phone call...

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Mack has moved outside, talking with a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

It's my job to watch what they're doing, not what they look like. Only time I notice people is if they've got legs like yours.

MACK

Alright, then.

As she starts to move off:

SECURITY GUARD

But you should check with the illegals.

He indicates a large group of MIGRANT WORKERS standing on the sidewalk near the parking lot entrance.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

If your guy's wanted --

MACK

He'll be working for cash, not a paycheck.

Mack spots Nico already over there, speaking with the workers. She offers a proud smile, heads that way...

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Nico speaks in Spanish with a pair of DAY LABORERS, one of whom holds a photocopy of the skip's mugshot.

NICO

[Does he look familiar at all?]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LABORER #1
[Actually, yeah. He's been here the
last few mornings.]

LABORER #2
[He usually has a truck.]

NICO
[Like a moving van?]

LABORER #2
[No, pickup. Contractors like when
you have your own transportation.]

LABORER #1
[Isn't that it, over there?]

He directs Laborer #2's attention to a WHITE PICKUP TRUCK
parked at the opposite entrance to the lot.

Nico spots Mack on approach, meets her halfway.

NICO
(pointing)
The white truck!

She follows his gaze. There's a man standing outside the
driver's side door, but they're not close enough to ID him.

NICO (CONT'D)
I'll check if it's him.

He takes off on foot, eager to please his boss.

MACK
Don't--

But he's off to the races...

EXT. SEAN'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

SEAN HUGGINS stands there, nodding to drivers as they pass
to let them know he's looking for work. His phone BUZZES.
Caller ID tells us it's LISA. He answers.

SEAN
What's up, babe?
(listens, then)
Who's Susie?

EXT. STRIP MALL - CONVENIENCE STORE - INTERCUT

LISA CHEN, our skip's girlfriend, steps outside with a bag
full of snack food... aka her groceries for the week.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*

CONTINUED:

LISA

A stylist at the Chop Shop -- she says there's some creepy guy in there asking questions.

SEAN

About me?

LISA

Both of us. You're not in trouble are you? You said all that stuff was done.

SEAN

It is. I told you, the judge dropped the case. We're all good. Once I get the money together, we're off to California like we said.

LISA

Then who is this guy?

SEAN

Maybe he's got a thing for you.

Something in the side view mirror catches his eye. It's Nico, ducking between cars and closing in on him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. I'll call ya later.

He hangs up, jumping behind the wheel of the truck. He takes off, nearly running over Nico in the process. Nico has to dive out of the way.

*
*
*

NICO

Damn.

From his POV, we see Mack in the Suburban pulling out of the parking lot in pursuit. Nico reaches for his phone, dials --

INT. CHOP CHOP SALON - INTERCUT

*

Wendell answers, still in the stylist's chair.

WENDELL

What's up?

NICO

(breathing hard)

Mack's in pursuit. Outside the Home Depot on Lakeview headed east on Fifth Street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendell bounds out of the chair, ripping off the smock.

NICO (CONT'D)
I think he was tipped off.

Wendell eyes his stylist Susie at the front desk, who immediately looks away confirming her guilt.

WENDELL
That might've been me.

As he races out the door --

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Suburban weaves through cars, catching up to the truck.

INT. SEAN'S TRUCK - INTERCUT

Sean thinks he's in the clear, having no idea the Suburban is on his tail until he looks behind him. It's three cars back and gaining fast.

INT. SUBURBAN - INTERCUT

Mack is closing in when suddenly there's a DING from her phone on the passenger seat. She ignores it until it DINGS again. ON SCREEN is an appointment reminder for **LUNCH WITH JOSIE**. Mack eyes the clock on the dashboard. It's 12:55.

MACK
Crap.

She eyes the truck up ahead. It moves into the right lane and makes a sharp turn.

MACK (CONT'D)
Crap. Crap. Crap.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Nico reaches an intersection on foot, in time to see Sean's truck make the RIGHT TURN ten blocks ahead.

NICO
(into phone)
He turned right, don't know the street. Maybe Brooks or Carlton.

Nico watches as the Suburban doesn't follow the truck. Instead it makes a LEFT TURN at the same intersection.

NICO (CONT'D)
Mack just turned left.

EXT. CHOP CHOP SALON - INTERCUT

*

Wendell hops into his car across the street from the salon.

WENDELL

I thought you said he went right.

NICO

I did. How far away are you?

WENDELL

Maybe twenty minutes.

They both realize they've lost the skip. After a beat:

NICO

Can I get a ride?

Off the two men, resigned to the near miss...

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

A young woman, 17, sits alone at a table. She takes a sip of water as she checks the time on her phone. This is JOSIE SCUTARO. And it's 1:10 PM.

MACK (O.S.)

Sorry, sorry.

Mack appears and takes the seat across from Josie.

JOSIE

It's fine.

MACK

No, it's not.

Mack's a little out of breath, clearly she got here as fast as she could. She attempts an explanation:

MACK (CONT'D)

There was a car chase.

JOSIE

Did you get the guy?

MACK

(no)
Next time.

JOSIE

You called off a chase to meet me for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

It'll be more fun now that he knows
we're after him. Don't get the fish. *

She picks up the menu.

MACK (CONT'D)

I heard it's bad here.

JOSIE

You picked this place.

MACK

I don't like fish.

A friendly, twenty-something WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Can I get you girls something to
drink?

MACK

Just water for me.

JOSIE

Me, too.

The waiter moves off. We feel an undercurrent of unresolved
anger coming from Josie, directed toward Mack. *

MACK

You don't want a Coke? *

JOSIE

I don't drink soda.

MACK

Since when? You're not on a diet,
are you? What's she feeding you
over there?

JOSIE

I can feed myself. And her name is
Marie. Dad really likes this one.
(realizing how that
sounds)

You know what I mean. And I don't
want to talk about Dad.

MACK

Let's talk about school. Unless I'm
not supposed to know about Stanford.

JOSIE

I was going to tell you. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

When?

JOSIE

Over garlic bread.

The waiter returns with GLASSES OF WATER and a BASKET OF GARLIC BREAD. Mack sighs; she's jumped the gun as usual.

MACK

Congratulations.

JOSIE

Thank you.

MACK

It's just that... sometimes I'm left out of stuff... *

JOSIE *

Maybe you should've thought of that before you walked out. *

REVEAL the waiter still standing there, pad and pen in hand ready to take their order. Long awkward beat, then: *

MACK

You think he's going to put this in his novel?

JOSIE *

Screenplay. His shoes were cool before they were cool.

Mack and the waiter look down at his worn, checkered Vans.

WAITER

I'll give you guys a minute.

The waiter begs off as the girls share an easy smile. As they review the menu:

JOSIE

So who's the skip?

MACK *

Domestic violence case. Sean something. *

She's busy fiddling with the wrapper from her straw. *

JOSIE *

Is that why you hired Wendell? So at least someone knows who you're chasing? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

Paperwork's not really my thing. *

JOSIE *

Isn't that like 95% of being a bail
bondsman? *

(no response) *

So you're really just doing it for
the chase. You're hoping they run. *

MACK *

Sean Higgins. Wait, no, Huggins. *

Josie grabs her phone. As she starts inputting: *

JOSIE *

I guess it makes sense. That's the
ADD, right? That's why you're so
easily bored by everything? Why you
don't see things through. *

MACK *

Is that what your dad told you? *

JOSIE *

(a beat) *

You never bought the chairs. *

MACK *

What? *

JOSIE *

He said you'd been talking for years
about getting new chairs for the
dining table. And you never did. *

MACK *

It wasn't because of the chairs. *

But Josie doesn't want to go down this road right now. She
returns her attention to her smartphone. *

JOSIE *

How old is he? Your skip. *

MACK

Thirty-five. Plus or minus a few.
Nico already Googled him. Facebook,
Twitter, he's a ghost.

JOSIE

What about MySpace? Everyone's so
busy moving on to the next thing,
they forget to delete the old thing. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls up a PROFILE PAGE on her phone. Smiles.

MACK

What?

JOSIE

He's in a band.

Off Mack, staring down at her skip and a new lead --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SCUTARO HOUSE - DAY

The Suburban pulls up to a modest, two-bedroom home. Josie emerges from the passenger side. Mack steps around to give her a hug.

MACK
It's really good to see you.

JOSIE
Yeah, I'm pretty awesome.

Mack smiles, watches as her daughter disappears inside --

INT. SCUTARO HOUSE - DAY

PETE SCUTARO [40's, blue collar handsome] watches this unfold from the living room window. Pete eyes Mack with conflicting emotions -- there's a rich history here. Instead of getting back in her car, Mack leans against it... waiting.

Pete crosses to the front door. As he passes Josie in the entryway, they exchange a high-five/low-five combo like they've done it a million times.

JOSIE
Be nice.

PETE
I'm always nice.

EXT. SCUTARO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pete steps outside and approaches his ex-wife.

MACK
Stanford?

PETE
I know, right? Our spawn's a genius.

Not sure whether to go in for a hug or kiss, he does neither.

MACK
Our spawn just broke my case open.

PETE
So when Josie said to be nice...

Mack smiles not-so-innocently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

I need a trace on an IP address used
to update a website.

Pete sighs, accustomed but displeased.

PETE

I don't want her around this stuff
anymore. *

MACK

It was just lunch, Pete. Not a job
interview.

PETE

She told Marie she had a crush on
that kid in your office.

MACK

(surprised)
Nico?

PETE

She's going to college in the fall.
Nothing interferes with that. *

MACK

Totally agree.

They regard each other for a moment, making us wonder if any
flames are still burning here. *

PETE

An IP address, huh?

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - DAY *

POP! POP! POP! The front door opens and Mack steps inside. *
Wendell and Nico are hard at work. She joins them. *

NICO *

Hey, how's Josie doing? *

Mack addresses him with an index finger aimed at his chest. *

MACK

No.

Nico reacts, no clue what that's about. Mack notices the
floor is littered with OPENED and UNOPENED MAIL. The puppy
does his best to not-help. *

MACK (CONT'D)

What's all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDELL

Addressed to Lisa Chen.
(aiding her memory)
The skip's girlfriend. It just
started showing up in our mailbox.

MACK

Oh, right. So, get this, our guy's
in a band. Pete's running the site's
IP. We should have something soon. *

WENDELL

(backtracking)
Oh, right?

MACK

I went on the post office's website
a couple days ago, had her mail
forwarded here. *

Wendell and Nico share a look -- they'll never be this good
and they're okay with that.

MACK (CONT'D)

Anything interesting?

NICO

Mostly junk. Lots of unpaid bills.

WENDELL

(reading a flyer)
Since when do bars offer frequent
customer coupons?

MACK

Is that for Club Deuce?

Wendell turns the flyer around so Mack and Nico can see. It
says CLUB DEUCE in big bold typeface.

MACK (CONT'D)

Our skip's band is due to play there
tomorrow night. Might be why he's
stuck around this long.

WENDELL

I'll check it out.

MACK

Nico and I'll go.

WENDELL

What am I supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICO

Somebody's gotta watch the dog.

MACK

Go back to the hair salon, press the friend for information. It's clear you've established a level of trust already.

WENDELL

(very funny)

I'm being punished.

MACK

No.

WENDELL

You're taking the kid to a nightclub. *

MACK

He has to wait outside.

NICO

I'm being punished?

MACK

Don't take off running after a skip. Ever. Now grab your coat.

Nico complies. Mack addresses Wendell as they head out:

MACK (CONT'D)

And call my dad. Somebody's gotta watch the dog.

Off Wendell, this is his punishment...

EXT. CLUB DEUCE - DAY

It's a shithole on the outside --

INT. CLUB DEUCE - DAY

-- but appearances can be deceiving. Not a high-end club, but it's cool, it's clean, and the furnishings are updated. Mack stands with the manager, TREVOR LANGHAM [35].

TREVOR

Pussy Dragon? I cancelled on them a few hours ago.

MACK

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

They're terrible. Hiring them was a last resort. I called twenty other bands first, thankfully one of them came back to us.

He indicates a BAND POSTER on the wall near the bar.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Raging Whoremones are playing tomorrow night.

MACK

Classy.

TREVOR

Drummer's a chick. Gets 'em in the door.

Mack's phone BUZZES. She checks the caller ID... it's Pete.

MACK

(answering it)

You get an address for me?

EXT. SEEDY DINER - NIGHT

A sign out front reads FREE WI-FI. Pretty much the only reason anyone would want to eat here.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Sean Huggins sits at a booth across from his girlfriend, Lisa. He's checking emails on a LAPTOP.

LISA

(off his face)

What is it?

Sean slams the laptop shut.

SEAN

Email from Lance. Bastard promoter at Deuce cancelled our gig tomorrow. We needed that money.

LISA

It's okay. California can wait...

SEAN

We're going.

Realizing that came out harsh, he softens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to wait to start our
life together.

LISA

I can take a few extra appointments --

SEAN

Don't worry. I'll handle it.

Lisa puts her coffee down, gets up from the table.

LISA

Forgive me for trying to help.

Sean watches her disappear into the RESTROOM. He puts his
head in his hands, unsure of his next move. When he looks
up he sees Lisa's PURSE, sitting on the seat opposite him.

Better angels don't intervene. He grabs the bag and rifles
through it. Lisa emerges from the bathroom, catches him
putting it back. No idea if he actually took anything.

Before she can ask:

SEAN

I was checking the time.
(waving his cell)
My phone's dead.

He gets up from the booth, plants a kiss on her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Gotta run. Love you.

EXT. CHOP CHOP SALON - NIGHT

*

Wendell, his BADGE now hanging prominently from a lanyard,
peppers stylist Susie as she locks up for the night.

WENDELL

You said I was creepy?

SUSIE

Because of what you were asking, not
how you look.
(and then)
How much trouble is she in?

WENDELL

Depends how far down the rabbit hole
he drags her.

He watches as she sets the ALARM, turns out the LIGHTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Anything you can think of that might help us find him?

SUSIE

I only met him once.

Susie locks the door. Wendell walks her to her car.

WENDELL

Do you know where Lisa's staying?

SUSIE

No idea.

(off Wendell)

It's not like we talk every day or something.

Her cell phone RINGS. She digs for it in her purse. The way she looks at the CALLER ID leads Wendell to grab it from her. It's LISA. Susie shrugs, caught.

WENDELL

Answer it.

SUSIE

She's my friend.

He offers her back the phone. She hesitates.

WENDELL

There's a reward.

Susie takes the phone from him, answers it:

SUSIE

Hey, girl, how are you?

(and then)

I'd love to grab a drink.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sean walks to his truck up the street. As he reaches it, a scary-looking dude steps out and GRABS him. Big, bald, and displeased, this is LOU (mid-30's). He's a shakedown man.

He slams Sean up against the truck.

*

SEAN

Whoa, hey --

LOU

Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Ten grand's a lot of money. I can't
get it together overnight.

Lou's not playing around and Sean knows it. He considers
his options. He nods to the diner, where we see Lisa still
seated in the window booth.

SEAN (CONT'D)

How much for her?

Lou eyes Lisa for a moment. She is hot.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I know your boss has a thing for
Asian chicks.

LOU

She ain't worth ten.

(a beat)

But she'll cover the vig.

With a final shove, Lou lets Sean go and moves off toward
the diner. *

LOU (CONT'D)

Tomorrow. *

INT. IRISH PUB - LATER

Lisa sits at the bar, her purse holding the empty seat next
to her. We see Lou enter the bar, slowly maneuvering towards
Lisa. He's followed her there. *

Before he gets to her, someone steps up and moves Lisa's bag
to the counter. It's Mack. She sits down. *

LISA

I'm waiting for someone.

MACK

I know. I'm just glad I'm not too
late. *

Mack catches Lou's glance as he takes a seat at the end of
the bar. We get the feeling they've had a run-in before. *

Lisa studies Mack, recognition hitting her. *

LISA

I know you. You're that bail lady. *

MACK

Your sister's worried about you. So
am I. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
Sean said he went to Court... that
everything was settled.

MACK
I wouldn't be here if it was.

LISA
He's not like you think. He can be
really sweet.

MACK
When he's apologizing? Yeah, I'm
sure he is.

Mack leans in, looks her dead in the eye.

MACK (CONT'D)
He's one of the bad guys, Lisa. And
I think you know that.

LISA
(after a beat)
I caught him going through my bag.

Mack immediately latches onto the throwaway admission.

MACK
Is anything missing?

EXT. CHOP CHOP SALON - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SECURITY KEYCARD as it's waved in front of a
control panel. The light turns from RED to GREEN. The
locking mechanism releases, giving us access to --

INT. CHOP CHOP SALON - CONTINUOUS

Sean steps through the door. He heads straight for the front
desk where he liberates a LOCKBOX from under the cabinet.

He uses a SCREWDRIVER to pry it open. Fails. He picks up
the heavy metal box and bangs it on the desk a few times.
Still no luck.

MACK (O.S.)
Try this.

REVEAL Mack standing in the open doorway, holding up a:

MACK (CONT'D)
Lockpick kit. Comes in handy when
trying to break into safes containing
little to no cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sean takes the lockbox and heads full speed towards Mack at the front door. She steps outside, closes the door, braces herself against it. CRASH! Glass shatters around them.

Looking for another way out, Sean starts toward the back of the store. Mack grabs a huge SHAMPOO BOTTLE from a nearby display case. She throws it, hitting him in the neck.

Sean drops the lockbox and it BREAKS OPEN on impact, spilling LOW-DENOMINATION BILLS onto the floor.

POLICE SIRENS interrupt the stand-off. Mack's eyes follow the sound. Sean uses the opportunity to take off out the backdoor, leaving the cash behind.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Don't move!

The place is lit up by headlights as POLICE OFFICERS move in, weapons in hand. Mack has no chance to escape. She slowly turns, hands over her head.

MACK

This is only kinda what it looks like.

Off Mack, under arrest --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

A cuffed Mack is walked through the precinct by an OFFICER, who sits her down in a chair at a detective's desk.

MACK
(re: handcuffs)
You can take these off now.

OFFICER
Boss's orders, sorry.

Annoyed, Mack is forced to sit there. And wait. After a moment, a hand reaches behind her. The cuffs come off.

MACK
Thank you.

She turns to find her ex-husband, Pete. Just perfect.

PETE
What the hell's wrong with you?

MACK
I thought we worked that out in the
divorce agreement. *

PETE
You're lucky you're not in a cell
right now. *

MACK
Why aren't I? *

PETE
We saw the security footage. That
was your skip?

MACK
His girlfriend works there. He used
her keycard to get in.

PETE
We saw that, too.

MACK
Then what am I still doing here?

Pete stares at her for a moment, well-aware the eyes of his fellow DETECTIVES are on him right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE
Any idea where he is now?

MACK
No.

PETE
Would you tell me if you did?

Mack doesn't answer.

PETE (CONT'D)
He's ours now, Mack. The whole
department's on it. He won't get
far.

MACK
I hope you find him.

PETE
But you're gonna try to get there
first. Why do you have to be such a
pain in the ass?

MACK
It's one of the few things I'm really
good at.

He leans in, speaks more softly.

PETE
Don't do this right now. Not in
front of the guys. *

MACK
What am I doing? *

PETE
That vice-grip you have on my balls. *

MACK
Oh, I get it. I'm embarrassing you. *

Her phone BUZZES. She looks at the CALLER ID. *

MACK (CONT'D)
Are you charging me with anything? *

PETE
No.

Mack gets up, leaves. Pete offers a shrug to his sympathetic
fellow officers. Mack answers the call on the way out: *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK
You're late.

*
*

INT. COURTHOUSE - DA'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

*

Kate sits behind her desk, at the other end of the call.

*

KATE
For what?

*
*

MACK
Isn't this the call where you remind
me how long I have before the warrant
expires?

*
*
*
*

KATE
(a beat)
I was just seeing how your day was
going. Maybe you want to grab lunch
tomorrow after you drop off the skip
right before the warrant expires?

*
*
*
*
*

Off Mack, smiling, shaking her head as she exits --

*

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - DAY

*

Lisa sits on the couch. The puppy acts as therapy dog,
resting its head on her lap, while Wendell finishes a phone
call. As he hangs up:

WENDELL
Your sister's on the way. Should be
here any minute.

She nods. Wendell pours her a cup of coffee. Mack enters
with a head of steam, addresses Lisa.

MACK
Where else has he played?

LISA
What?

WENDELL
(handing her the coffee)
Sean's band.

LISA
They played at Circus once. And
Nitro a couple times, I think.

MACK
Nitro. I know the owner over there.
Owes me a favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around.

MACK (CONT'D)

Where's Nico?

WENDELL

With your dad, doing a drive-by of the motel they were staying at.

(off her, shrugs)

He wanted to help.

MACK

Sean's not there.

WENDELL

Yeah, we figured he's on the move by now.

MACK

If we're lucky, it's not too late to turn around.

EXT. GAS STATION - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

Sean stands at the pump, putting a few bucks worth of gas into his truck. His cell BUZZES. He checks the number.

SEAN

Hello?

INT. NITRO CLUB - INTERCUT

*

Owner and operator JAMES OAKLEY [mid-30's] paces the floor, phone to his ear. A far cry from Club Deuce, this place is old, rundown, and has a lingering mold smell. Trust me.

JAMES

Not sure if I have the right number. I'm trying to track down someone from Pussy Dragon?

SEAN

Yeah, yeah. That's me. Sean.

JAMES

Oh, hey dude. This is James from Nitro. Listen, I need a huge favor. My guy dropped out at the last minute and I need someone to play tonight.

Sean runs his hand through his hair, immediately torn.

SEAN

Tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Yeah, man. You guys free?

James looks across the bar. Mack is here, on a house phone, listening in. Sean smartly decides against it. *

SEAN *

Sorry, man. I can't. *

He hangs up. Back at the club, Mack nods to James, prodding him. He makes the call again. Sean debates, then picks up. Before Sean can say anything: *

JAMES *

I'll give you half the door. *

(a beat) *

You'd really be saving my life. *

SEAN *

I won't be able to get the guys together in time. It'd have to be an acoustic set... just me.

Wide-eyed, James looks to Mack as if to say, "Don't do this to me." Mack nods. Swearing under his breath:

JAMES

Yeah, alright.

Sean stares at the pump. He only had enough cash to put in \$4.00 worth of gas.

SEAN

What time?

EXT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT *

It's starting to rain. From the outside looking in, we see Wendell sitting with Lisa. They've ordered PIZZA. Wendell chases the puppy when it steals a slice.

REVERSE to REVEAL our POV belongs to a PICK-UP TRUCK parked in the shadows across the street. We can't see inside, but we do not get a good feeling about this. *

INT. NITRO CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

We watch from afar as a TWENTY-SOMETHING MAN enters the club and makes a beeline for James. They exchange pleasantries we can't hear before the man heads backstage. *

James looks over at camera, shakes his head. It's not him. REVEAL Mack, looking sexy as hell in a dress befitting the location. She checks her watch. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something's not right. As she takes off out of the club... *

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - SAME TIME *

Coffee in hand, Lisa stares out the window as the rain pounds down. We hear it hitting the metal gutter. *

WENDELL

Weather's slowing everyone down.

He's attempting to make the place look presentable, organizing the files scattered everywhere. We get the sense that picking up after Mack is a big part of his job. *

LISA

How long have you been doing this? *

It's just, you don't seem the type. *

WENDELL

I used to be an accountant. I did Mack's taxes. She figured I was good with numbers so she brought me on last year. *

LISA

She must be aggravating to work for.

WENDELL

Yeah, she's... one of a kind. *

LISA

You don't seem fazed by it at all.
(sips her coffee)
Does she know how you feel?

The question takes Wendell by surprise. He's not sure how to respond, but he doesn't deny anything either.

LISA (CONT'D)

Don't tell her. When they don't feel the same way, they either use you or lose you. Trust me.

POP! POP! POP! Lisa jumps, but Wendell's now accustomed to the sound. Someone's at the door. He tries to explain:

WENDELL

That's our-- Nevermind. Your sister's here.

He opens the door. THWACK! He takes the butt of a HANDGUN to the head and goes down in a heap. Sean steps inside. *

SEAN

Let's go. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
What are you doing?! Where'd you
get a gun?

*
*
*

He grabs Lisa and shepherds her to the door. Wendell reaches
for her, gets KNOCKED OUT by Sean for his trouble.

*
*

SCREECH! A car has just pulled up outside. Sean looks out
the window... it's the Suburban.

*
*

SEAN
Damn it.

*
*

With Lisa in tow, he escapes out the back just as Mack bursts
through the front door.

*
*

She kneels down next to Wendell, unconscious on the floor...

*

SLAM TO BLACK.

*

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT *

Wendell, dazed, starts to come around. *

WENDELL *

He took her. *

MACK *

I know. *

(off his look) *

He never showed at the club. She
must've tipped him off. *

WENDELL *

(a beat) *

This is why I'm the numbers guy.

VRROOM! Outside, the pickup truck's engine comes to life. *
Wendell tries to get to his feet, but Mack stops him: *

MACK *

No way. Call my dad. Have him take
you to the hospital. *

Off Mack, her hyper-focus skills fully engaged, as she tears
out of there in pursuit -- *

INT. SUBURBAN / EXT. STREETS - NIGHT *

Mack hops in the Suburban, takes off. Reminiscent of the
opening scene, she's chasing down a skip. *

She pulls out her phone:

MACK *

Hey, it's me. I need you to trace a
call. This one, actually... *

INT. SEAN'S PICKUP TRUCK - SAME TIME *

Lisa argues with a paranoid Sean, as he weaves through lanes
and repeatedly checks his rear-view. *

LISA *

This isn't what I wanted! I was
just trying to help you. *

SEAN *

And you did, baby. You don't even
know how much. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Lisa, growing more nervous by the second: *

LISA *
Where are we going? *

INT. SUBURBAN / EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - SAME TIME *

Not a lot of traffic to contend with. A pair of TAILLIGHTS *
in the distance tells us we've caught up to the truck. *

Mack shuts off her HEADLIGHTS, hangs back. She follows *
without alerting him to her presence. *

We see her cell phone on the car seat next to her, the clock *
still ticking on a call-in-progress. *

EXT. SKETCHY PART OF TOWN - NIGHT *

Between two storefronts is a door with no signage leading *
nowhere good. A MAN IN A DARK SUIT guards the entrance. *

The pick-up truck pulls up front on the opposite side of *
the street. We can hear Sean and Lisa ARGUING from here. *
Sean steps out of the driver's side, leaving the door open. *

SEAN *
Stay here. *

Lisa doesn't listen. She gets out and starts walking away. *
He chases after her, grabbing her roughly. *

LOU (O.S.) *
There a problem? *

REVEAL Lou, stepping out of the club. He nods to the security *
guard, who ducks back inside. Sean grabs Lisa's wrist, pulls *
her toward the street. *

SEAN *
No problem. Deal's a deal. *

LISA *
What is this? Sean. *

Without warning, the Suburban bears down on Sean. He dives *
out of the way just before it reaches him, ripping the driver *
side door off the truck. *

The Suburban screeches to a halt. Mack emerges. *

MACK *
That was for Wendell. *

As she makes her way over to Sean: *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Don't come any closer. I'll kill her.

He puts the gun to Lisa's head. Lou isn't sure what's going on, but he's not the least bit intimidated by any of it.

Keeping her eyes on Sean:

MACK

Actually, you'd kill me. It's a reflex thing. If I were to try something, first instinct is to put the gun on the moving target.

Sean isn't quite sure what to make of her.

MACK (CONT'D)

You might as well give up. I can wait here all night if I have to.
(beat, fidgets)
Okay, no, I can't. C'mon, please?

SEAN

What the hell's your problem?!

MACK

Procrastination, impulsive behavior, difficulty following through...

She's slowly inching towards him, encouraging Sean to --

SEAN

Stop!

MACK

You won't shoot me, Sean. You're a lowlife and, judging by this guy --
(re: Lou)
-- probably into gambling and drugs. But a killer? I don't think so.

SEAN

What makes you so sure?

MACK

Because at one point you loved her.

She nods to Lisa, who's starting to lose it.

MACK (CONT'D)

I know the feeling.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D)

I mean, I didn't love *her* -- not
that there's anything wrong with
that -- but I loved someone. And I
screwed up. I screwed up really,
really bad. I'm still trying to
make it right. But at least I'm
trying. As soon as you start trying,
things get better. Trust me.

(steps toward him)

Now, c'mon, help me make this right.

Sean considers this, slowly lowers the gun. Lou steps over
and takes it away, SHOVING Sean to the ground in the process.

LOU

Enough of this.

He trains the gun on Mack, who DIVES out of the way and rolls
behind another car.

BANG!

But the SHOT isn't from Lou's gun... it's from Pete's. Lou
goes down with a BULLET WOUND to his side.

PETE

Don't move!

Pete and a group of TACTICAL OFFICERS swarm in. Lou is
disarmed, turned over, and HANDCUFFED along with Sean.

Mack leads Lisa away from the scene.

MACK

Everything's gonna be okay.

Once the bad guys are secured, Pete steps over to Mack.

PETE

You're insane.

MACK

You're welcome.

She puts Lisa into the Suburban, closes the door.

PETE

(re: Sean)

You don't want to take him in?

MACK

Nah, he's all yours.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D)

(and then)

You did bet the guys you'd beat me
to him, didn't you?

No answer, which means she's right.

MACK (CONT'D)

As long as you know that I could've
taken him.

PETE

(he knows)

Thank you.

Mack pulls a stack of BUSINESS CARDS out of her pocket, hands
them to Pete. She nods back towards Sean:

MACK

When you book him, pass these around
to the other guys in lock-up.

All Pete can do is shake his head as Mack gets into the car,
disappears into the night...

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The entire city is asleep. Well, everyone except --

EXT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mack returns to home base and emerges from the Suburban with
Lisa. Waiting in the doorway is Lisa's sister, Hannah. Not
sure how to react, Lisa hangs back.

Hannah hurries over and wraps her sister in her arms.

HANNAH

Are you okay?

LISA

I am now.

Hannah turns to Mack and her team.

HANNAH

I don't know what to say. Thank
you.

WOOF! WOOF! The puppy bounds outside, accepting gratitude
for the group. As Hannah leans down to pet him, Mack steps
over to Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

Guys like Sean... they tell you you're special while treating you like you're worthless. Keeps self-esteem low so you don't think you can do better. You can always do better.

Lisa hugs her. Ever awkward, Mack pats her on the back. Off her team, taking in the scene from the front door...

EXT. SEATTLE - DAWN

The city never knew what hit it the night before.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mack, Wendell, and Nico sit around the dining table finishing up breakfast. Mack's father, Lloyd, is present as well.

The puppy snores at Wendell's feet.

WENDELL

I suppose we should probably name the thing.

NICO

Skip?

MACK

Less obvious, more vicious. Something like... Monster.

WENDELL

Monster?

They all look down at this sweet, innocent puppy.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

We're going to have to beef up security. Monster's not gonna cut it. Now you're on that bookie's radar.

MACK

I've always been on his radar.

She gets up from the table, starts clearing it off.

MACK (CONT'D)

We'll talk about it later. I have a feeling a lot of calls are gonna come in today. I suggest you go home and get a couple hours sleep.

Wendell nods. Mack turns to Nico:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D) *
You need a ride? *

NICO *
Can I drive? *

MACK / WENDELL *
No. *

Lloyd retrieves his CAR KEYS, slides them in front of Nico. *

NICO *
You serious? *

LLOYD *
Better get moving before I change my *
mind. *

Nico grabs the keys and jumps to his feet. Wendell starts *
to head out, and the puppy follows him step-for-step. *

WENDELL *
Whoa, whoa, hang on. Where do you *
think you're going? *

MACK *
Home... looks like. *

Wendell sighs and exits with the puppy. Nico follows. Lloyd *
shares a smile with his daughter. *

LLOYD *
Can't say I get your methods, but *
you always manage to bring 'em home. *

Mack watches him leave, starts putting food back in the *
fridge. When she closes the door, a PHOTO catches her eye. *
It's Mack with a younger Josie, together and happy. *

She may be great at chasing down skips, but a relationship *
with her daughter is still out of reach... at least for now. *

FADE OUT. *

END OF SHOW