

"CHASE"

TEASER

TEXT, OVER BLACK:

*"Dusted off my Dingos, got my Levis pressed. Gonna break
into your heart and steal what I love best."*

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSTON, TEXAS - NIGHT

The forth largest city in the U.S. Otherwise know as Space City... H-Town... The most air-conditioned place on earth.

FLYING IN from the Gulf of Mexico... the second-largest U.S. port... Drug trafficking, hurricanes, 100% humidity... Moving up Buffalo Bayou toward the magnificent skyline... Skirting past the glimmering lights to Briar Forest, one of the many neighborhoods nestled in this sprawling southern metropolis...

CHYRON: *"A week ago."*

*[VISUAL NOTE: Text in italics will be shot in documentary/
Cinéma Vérité style.]*

EXT. EDWARDS HOUSE - NIGHT

*An affluent mix of old and new just behind Memorial Park.
We ZERO IN on a house as a CAR pulls into the garage...*

INT. EDWARDS HOUSE - KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

MIKE EDWARDS (42) and KATE EDWARDS (40, as of today), full of life and optimism, enter their kitchen from the garage, a little tipsy, the ease of a successful 15-year marriage--

KATE EDWARDS

*40's the new 30, right? How bad can
it be?*

MIKE EDWARDS

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

KATE EDWARDS

*(thinks)
Eleanor Roosevelt?*

MIKE EDWARDS

*Jonathan Swift.
(beat)
I think. We could Google it.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE EDWARDS

Google shmoogle. Thank you. For the best birthday ever.

MIKE EDWARDS

Looking forward to the next 40...

They kiss. Till Kate sees a card on the counter, "Happy Birthday, Mom!" Only a mother's love for her daughter could interrupt this moment. She opens it. Reads, smiles--

KATE EDWARDS

Look at the card Kayla left for me.

MIKE EDWARDS

Sweet. She asleep? I'm gonna turn on the news...

KATE EDWARDS

I'm gonna sleep off three martinis...

Kate squeezes Mike's hand and heads upstairs. Mike flips on the news and gets comfortable on the couch...

INT. EDWARDS HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Mike jerks awake-- a gun pointed in his face. A MAN in a ski mask and gloves is staring down his automatic at him--

MAN

Hands.

Mike's eyes go wide. Taking in the threat. Trying to process--

MAN (CONT'D)

Gimme your hands.

--Things moving fast and slow at the same time. Mike leaps, trying to get to his family. The Man cracks him in the head with his gun, dazing him. Puts a plastic zip tie around his wrists and drags him upstairs to--

INT. KAYLA EDWARDS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Where he rouses KAYLA (13) from sleep, the gun in her face--

MAN

Gettup.

KAYLA EDWARDS

Daddy--?

MIKE EDWARDS

Do what he says. I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Man zip-ties Kayla's hands, keeping the gun on her. Indicates for them to continue down the hall to the--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Kate is asleep, stirs when the light flicks on--

KATE EDWARDS
Babe...?

MIKE EDWARDS
Kate--

MAN
Up.

KATE EDWARDS
Oh my God-- Kayla--

KAYLA EDWARDS
Mommy--

MAN
Hands.

Kate sees Mike's and Kayla's bound hands. Extends her own. The Man ties them--

MAN (CONT'D)
Go--

He pushes Kate into the--

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The Man in the doorway, and Kate--

MAN
Open it.

KATE EDWARDS
What--?

MAN
The safe.

Right. Kate opens a cabinet door. Inside is a large SAFE. She studies the lock... Please, let me remember... She turns the swivel several times. Wrong. Back again. Excruciating. Then. Click. She scrambles out of the way to give him room--

MAN (CONT'D)
Your ring.

Her engagement ring. Kate slips it off. Tosses it to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He empties the safe into his backpack and pushes Kate--

INT. EDWARDS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Back into the bedroom. Points his gun toward the wall.

MAN

Kneel.

Kate, Mike and Kayla kneel down facing the wall.

MAN (CONT'D)

Be quiet and everything's gonna be fine...

Mike and Kate share a glance, ever hopeful, when--

BAM. BAM BAM. The Man opens fire. Three shots. And we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

UNDER WHICH WE HEAR:

A HEARTBEAT, working overtime. Like a symphony, other instruments join in: Rapid BREATHING, POUNDING footsteps.

CLOSE ON THE FACE OF A WOMAN, early thirties. Running.

Her name is ANNIE FROST. And if you're wondering why you're instantly drawn to her, it's probably because she's a Texan. Wholesome. Open. Lethal--

Cowboy boots pounding the dirt like a machine. Nothing else in the world except whatever she's running from. Or towards.

CHYRON: "Today."

WIDER TO REVEAL A MAN

About 50 yards in front of her. Let's call him "The Bull." Because he's big and mean as a bull, and struggling mightily to make the distance between them wider. Might pull it off too, as he merges into the crowd of tourists at--

EXT. THE SKYWALK GLASS BRIDGE AT GRAND CANYON WEST - DAY

Annie arrives a step behind, searching FACES for her target. People LAUGHING. SNAPPING photos. And below her feet--

A "U"-SHAPED GLASS BRIDGE extending 70 feet out from the canyon rim, 4,000 feet above the canyon floor. Annie braces herself, vertigo kicking in, as she walks out onto the bridge-- the Bull, nowhere to be seen amongst the CROWD.

Annie eyes the bridge's railing. And something clicks. She

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

scans the crowd. Spots a BURLY BIKER carrying a MOTORCYCLE LOCK/CHAIN over his shoulder. She flashes her BADGE--

ANNIE

U.S. Marshal. The chain. Now.

The biker opens the lock in a hurry, hands it over--

INTERCUT WITH:

ANNIE'S TEAM--

JIMMY GODFREY (late-thirties; gritty but handsome; an East Texas kid who never grew up);

MARCO MARTINEZ (mid-thirties; loves to talk); and

DAISY OGBAA (early-thirties; second-generation Nigerian-American; a woman of few words)

--as they secure the highly-trafficked tourist area. But mostly we're focused on--

ANNIE

Doing the impossible as she climbs over the glass railing, using the motorcycle chain as a sling. Sucking in air as the chain gives-- then grabs-- suspending her mid-air.

She pulls herself against the infrastructure. Struggling to keep her eyes straight ahead--

Where she spots her man hiding in a support beam. They connect eyes, locking in on each other. His look, one of utter shock. *No fucking way this bitch is still on me.*

But oh yes, she most certainly is.

He shimmies further away from the side of the canyon, Annie moving after him-- forcing him to the far end of the bridge. Nowhere to go but up. And damn if that big boy doesn't drag himself all the way back up to the bridge...

Annie scrambles along the underside, watching his feet retreat along the glass floor above her. Until he stops. Pulls out his gun and aims it down at Annie through the glass, *an easy target.* A half-beat from squeezing the trigger when Annie draws her own weapon and--

BLAM-- fires first-- the bullet piercing the glass and catching the Bull in the leg-- downing him.

Annie then watches in horror as that section of glass floor SPIDER-WEBS-- threatening to give way-- holding just long enough for Daisy and Macro to grab the Bull--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then SHATTERS-- raining down on Annie in relentless knives of glass. She blocks her face-- losing her balance--

AND FALLS

--Barely grabbing hold of the last beam by one hand, gravity fighting her grip. She GASPS-- *not wanting to die*--

AND HURLS HERSELF up onto the beam-- pure survival instinct. When a hand reaches down. It's Jimmy. He helps her up to safety. Then grins at the destruction, impressed--

JIMMY

Nice job, Boots.

A beat as she catches her breath. Then smiles, a tiny bit prideful. Just enough so we love her even more--

ANNIE

We got him, huh?

JIMMY

Got him good.

ANNIE

Alrighty. Let's get outta here.

INT. SOUTH TEXAS VIOLENT OFFENDER FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - DAY

Welcome to the South Texas Violent Offender Fugitive Task Force. Four walls. *One*: A map of Texas, its iconic shape, the state known 'round the world. *Two*: The Texas Flag with its Lone Star. *Three*: The U.S. Marshals Star badge. *Four*: The U.S.M.S. "Top 15 Most Wanted," a.k.a. "The Bitch List," 15 wooden frames with the fugitive's mug shot and stats, lovingly adorned with horns, fake mustaches, etc. The room itself is filled with low-walled cubicles for the deputies' desks. A few offices off the main room. Nothing fancy.

The Task Force members (including Jimmy, Marco and Daisy) start their day with coffee and kolaches (*ko-lah'-chee*: a Czech pastry filled with pretty much anything you want and an essential part of any Houston cop's day). [Note: Unlike clean-cut, suit-wearing FBI agents, these deputies are in jeans and T-shirts, allowing them to blend in in places where fugitives and their associates hang out.]

They ERUPT WITH APPLAUSE when Annie enters, her signature boots and faded Levis--

MARCO

Hey-- it's the famous Annie Frost!
Looked good on the 10 o'clock news!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

Got a fugitive on Mt. Rushmore, you
wanna go wreck that too.

JIMMY

Gonna sic you on my ex next time she
comes 'round lookin' for alimony.

Annie LAUGHS. This is a crowd that lives to toss each other
shit. But Annie can take it. And they know it. The more
shit they toss, the more they show their love for this woman
who has, in 8 short years, become their de facto leader in
the field. Their heart and soul.

ANNIE

Which ex we talking about, Jimmy?
Number five or six?

More LAUGHTER. Task Force Commander CHIEF TYLER (45, had an
earring and long hair before they offered him the job) enters.
LUKE WATSON (25, clean-cut, fresh-faced) trails a step behind.

CHIEF TYLER

Okay, Annie, so you nab the slimeball
drug-slinger we've been chasing 5
years. Now you wanna tell us how
you destroyed part of a \$14 million
architectural marvel and nearly got
yourself killed in the process?

The room CHUCKLES. But there's pride in Tyler's eyes.
Annie's the best he's got.

CHIEF TYLER (CONT'D)

Contractor just called Washington.
Glass panel's gonna run us 70K.

JIMMY

We got enough in the seized assets
fund to cover that one?

ANNIE

Tell 'em to file a claim.

More LAUGHTER, till Luke Watson pipes up, in earnest--

LUKE

Good thing there were no ricochets.
Could've shot yourself, instead of
the Bull.

Everyone turns and looks. *Who the fuck is this?* Dressed
D.C. preppy, shiny new loafers for his first day on the job--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF TYLER

Sorry, people. Luke Watson, our latest P.O.D. Rotated outta hook-and-haul in D.C. to join us.

(to Annie and Jimmy)

He's your tag-along. Show 'em the ropes, get him acclimated.

As Tyler turns to go, Annie and Jimmy catch up--

ANNIE

Never been one for tag-alongs, Chief. Except for ol' Jimmy here, of course.

JIMMY

Look at the kid. He'll last as long in Texas as a fly in a frog swamp.

CHIEF TYLER

What you get for being the best.

Just enough sarcasm to shut them up. Tyler exits. Luke smiles at the gang--

LUKE

Just wanna tell you how psyched I am to be on the Task Force. It's been a dream of mine. Seriously.

Daisy and Marco share a look.

DAISY

Tuna?

MARCO

Totally. The sooner the better.

Whatever that means, we'll find out later, as Jimmy holds a phone out to Annie--

JIMMY

Wes Lawson from HPD Homicide. Says he's got a bad one, needs our help.

Annie nods, her whole demeanor going serious, as we SMASH TO--

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A MAN'S FACE (26, blond hair, green eyes) illuminated on the wall as Annie turns off the lights. Luke reacts, *Huh?*, till Annie turns on the "smart board" (a wall-sized computer touch screen that lets her call up images, save what she writes to a file), and pulls up one of her famous "LINK CHARTS" (looks like a family tree with the fugitive in the middle, everything they know about him branching out).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I want you to look at that face and don't forget it. Already asked the Chief to call HQ, get him put on the Bitch List.

MARCO

Top 15? What'd he do?

ANNIE

Invaded a house in Briar Forest. Shot the entire family. Mother and father in the head, daughter in the back...

JIMMY

(fuck)
They survive?

ANNIE

Father was DOA. Mother's still undergoing surgeries at Ben Taub. Daughter Kayla got lucky, in-and-out to the shoulder, she's gonna be okay.

MARCO

... Maybe on the outside.

ANNIE

Guy made them kneel in front of the wall together... Supposed to be safe in your own home, right? Guy tore up a family...

Annie's gaze turns back to Mason's photo. And that's when we see it. *What Annie sees*. *Mason's photo-- not just a static image-- it's almost three-dimensional in its detail... brought to life by Annie's heightened sense of perception...*

As she talks, she fills in Mason's name and stats...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Name is Mason Boyle. 26-year-old white male, 5'11", 185 pounds. Presumed armed and dangerous.

JIMMY

How'd Homicide get up on him?

ANNIE

Took six days, but they matched a partial tattoo Kayla saw on his neck to a "W" tattoo in the Scars, Marks & Tattoos database. Looks homemade,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

dunno what it stands for, but it's
how they got paper on him...

Annie writes "'W' TATTOO" in the "TRAITS & HABITS" section
of the Link Chart. *We see the tattoo, a block-letter "W"
with jagged exterior edges, through Annie's eyes...*

DAISY

Seen better ink on cattle.

MARCO

What's he in the system for?

ANNIE

Cut a woman's finger off to steal
her ring when he was 18. Served
eight years in Huntsville for ag
robbery.

JIMMY

Any credit history?

ANNIE

Nothing, not even a cell phone. All
DMV's got is a license, used his
mother's South Houston address...

Annie writes "JAN BOYLE" in the "MOTHER" box. *We see Jan
Boyle's DMV photo and the Google Earth image of her ramshackle
house through Annie's eyes...*

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Parole records laid him down at a
Spring Branch address. HPD hit it
this morning. Girlfriend was there,
said she hasn't seen him in a week.

Annie writes "LAURA ROSS" in the "GIRLFRIEND" box. *We see
Laura Ross's DMV photo and the Google Earth image of her low-
rent apartment complex through Annie's eyes...*

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Expect him to change his appearance...

Annie runs Mason's DMV photo through the Link Chart program:
*Mason's face with various hair lengths, colors, and facial
hair; in baseball caps, skullcaps and sunglasses, etc.*

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(to Luke, the newbie:)

You can't look at the whole picture.
Gotta memorize the different pieces.
The eyebrows, the chin, the nose...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But it's not just what he looks like.
We gotta figure out who this guy is.
Fugitives are no different than us.
Need food, shelter, companionship--

DAISY

Some more than others. Right, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Watch it, Hurricane.

ANNIE

We're all creatures of habit. Things
we do, day in, day out. Places we
haunt. People we turn to...

MARCO

Figure out those things for this
guy, we anticipate his moves, get
there first.

DAISY

Lay 'im down and lay 'im down good.

ANNIE

We have two addresses to turn up.
The mom's and the girlfriend's.

LUKE

Thought HPD already talked to the
girlfriend.

ANNIE

Big difference between us and the
police. They care where he's been.
We care where he's going.

(beat, then:)

Who wants to go hunting?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ESCALADE / EXT. LOW-RENT APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Annie, Jimmy and Luke pull up to Mason's apartment in an SUV outfitted by TOG (*Tactical Operations Group, basically the domestic CIA*). Dashboard computer, gun locker, radios--

LUKE

Where'd you get the ride?

ANNIE

(smiles)

Seized from a crook doing 30 up in Robertson.

They jump out of the car and gear up-- tactical pants over their jeans, vesting up in Kevlar, grabbing their AR-15s and pistols out of the the gun locker--

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Alrighty. Let's make this look good.

EXT. BRONCO / EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

Marco and Daisy finish gearing up by their Bronco in front of Mason's mother's house. Marco fastens a piece of velcro--

MARCO

Hey Daisy-- you remember what we did before velcro? I can't remember how we kept things shut. Zippers... buttons... Snaps?

DAISY

You wanna keep talking? Cause I got all day.

MARCO

(ha ha)

Let's go clean this house--

EXT. LOW-RENT APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Annie, Jimmy and Luke arrive at Mason's door. Annie puts her ear up to it. Listens. Beat. Beat. She gives a thumbs-up. *Every fiber of their beings on high alert.* They pound--

JIMMY

Open up! Police! Open up!

They knock. The door opens tentatively. LAURA ROSS (23, blonde) peeks out in a "Waffle House" waitress uniform--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

U.S. Marshals. Is Mason Boyle home with you?

LAURA ROSS

I already told them, he ain't here--

ANNIE

Need you to step aside. Now--

Luke watches Laura, as Annie and Jimmy charge inside--

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

Daisy and Marco sweep the house, checking closets, inside furniture, looking for hidden walls, as Mason's mother, JAN BOYLE (43, blonde from a bottle) watches in horror.

DAISY

Living room's clear--

MARCO

--Bathroom's clear. No sign of him.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/BEDROOM - DAY

Annie and Jimmy in Mason's apartment--

JIMMY

Kitchen's clear--

ANNIE

--Bedroom's clear. He's not here.

She lets her AR-15 swing down in her 3-point sling and scans the bedroom, oddly devoid of personal effects, as Jimmy enters--

ANNIE (CONT'D)

No clothes on the floor. No magazines or receipts on the dresser... He cleaned up.

(opens the closet)

Just a couple old shirts. Wouldn't even know the guy lived here...

She gets an idea. Picks up a pillow on the bed. Smells it. Removes the pillow case. Smells the pillow itself.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

... Cologne, lots of it.

JIMMY

Can't hide that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
Seventh deadly sin.

JIMMY
Lust?

ANNIE
(rolls her eyes)
Vanity.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Annie looks around the kitchen. Spotless. Zeroes in on--

--THE SINK. She reaches her hand into the disposal. Pulls out a few mangled Maraschino cherry stems.

--THE REFRIGERATOR. Empty. She opens the butter dish door. Finds a hot sauce packet from "Tico's Tacos." Pockets it.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daisy and Marco talk to Mason's mother. She's wearing a tidy waitress uniform. There are religious icons around.

JAN BOYLE
I ain't seen Mason since he went away to jail.

DAISY
Eight years ago?

JAN BOYLE
Some people are givers, some people are takers. Boy's always been a taker.

MARCO
He hasn't come to you looking for money? A place to stay?

DAISY
(sarcastic)
A shoulder to cry on?

JAN BOYLE
Tried to call me from prison in the beginning. But I didn't accept the charges, no thank you, ma'am.

MARCO
He have brothers or sisters?

JAN BOYLE
You kiddin'? Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daisy and Marco share a glance. *Piece of work, this one.*

DAISY
How 'bout his father?

JAN BOYLE
Bartlett State Prison, last I heard.
(then)
Kid's brain is like his dad's. A
broken six shooter. You might get
five good shots. But every sixth
time, kid fires a blank.

INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy and Luke hang on the periphery as Annie talks to Laura.
Laura thrusts a PHOTO of herself and Mason at Annie--

LAURA ROSS
Just look at him. He ain't the type
to kill someone--

ANNIE
When's the last time you saw him?

LAURA ROSS
Monday morning, when he left for a
job. He does construction, goes
outta town sometimes...

ANNIE
You know where he likes to drink?
Hang out? Play pool?

LAURA ROSS
... Not really.

ANNIE
If you lie to me, Laura, makes you
an accessory after the fact.

LAURA ROSS
We're still gettin' to know each
other. Hasn't been that long, okay?

ANNIE
Where'd you meet him?

LAURA ROSS
At the Waffle House, when he was
back from Mexico.

ANNIE
Mexico?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA ROSS

Where he was buildin' houses. Didn't have a place yet, so I said he could stay. Let him use my car, too.

ANNIE

Where are his things? He take everything with him?

LAURA ROSS

He doesn't have much. Possessions tie you down.

ANNIE

... Is that what he told you?

Laura looks at Annie. Doesn't realize she's being baited.

LAURA ROSS

He wouldn't lie to me. Ain't just my boyfriend, he's my fiancé. Asked me to marry him night before he left.

Annie and Jimmy share a glance. Laura holds her chin just a little bit higher. Annie looks at Laura's hand--

ANNIE

He forget the ring?

Laura gives Annie a look. Proudly fishes a necklace out from under her uniform, an engagement ring hanging from it.

LAURA ROSS

He didn't have a chance to get the size right yet. But it's big.

A good two carats. Annie eyes it...

ANNIE

There was a lot of jewelry stolen from that house...

LAURA ROSS

... What? No. Mason bought it for me. It's mine.

ANNIE

If that's true, I'll bring it back.

Laura looks at the ring, a lump rising in her throat. Blinking, she hands it to Annie.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You know, Laura. If he lied about
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 your ring, probably other things
 he's lying about too...
 (re: the photo)
 ... handsome guy like that.

Laura stares at Annie, determined not to break down.

LAURA ROSS
 I'm late for work. Can I go now?

EXT. LOW-RENT APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Annie, Jimmy and Luke exit the apartment.

ANNIE
 Let's set up on her 'round the clock.
 See if she leads us to Mason.

LUKE
 Or if Mason comes to her...?

ANNIE
 Oh, no. Mason's done with her.

WHOOSH --

INT. HOUSTON GROCERY STORE - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL (3) wanders down the aisle of a Houston grocery store. Lost. A cart, empty except for three jars of Maraschino cherries, rolls up to her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Are you lost, sweetheart?

The little girl looks up at the Man.

LITTLE GIRL
 Do you know where my mommy is?

The Man crouches down. It's Mason. He smiles at her.

MASON
 Whaddya say we try and find her?

He takes her hand-- and walks her straight out of the store...

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rain. A MOTHER searches frantically for her child. Mason walks up to her with the little girl.

LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER
 Oh my God--! Sophie--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She falls on her knees. Envelops her daughter in her arms. Never gonna let go. Then looks up at Mason. Her hero.

LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Mason shields his face from the rain.

MASON

Nice weather we're having. Lemme help ya to your car.

The woman smiles and picks up her child. Mason follows with her cart and umbrella, as they reach her station wagon...

MASON (CONT'D)

Got the keys?

Mason holds out his hand. The woman hesitates. Mason picks up on it, gives an embarrassed laugh--

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Here I am, a stranger, askin' for your keys--

LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER

--No, I'm the one who's sorry. You're helping me out and... Here.

She gives him the keys. Mason unlocks the station wagon. He opens the glove compartment and finds her registration.

MASON

Ruthven Street. Nice neighborhood.

(off her look)

Tell anyone 'bout me or your car and I'll come lookin'. Sayin' what happens next just don't feel right in front'a the little one.

Mason smiles. Then drives away. PAN FROM the woman and her little girl... to an abandoned late-model Honda Accord, a "Waitresses Make Better Lovers" bumper sticker on it...

INT. TICO'S TACOS - DAY

Jimmy and Luke eat tacos, blending in and keeping an eye out as Annie discreetly shows Mason's photo to a BLONDE WAITRESS--

BLONDE WAITRESS

'Course I remember him. Guy asked me out every time he came in here.

ANNIE

Ever take him up on it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLONDE WAITRESS

I wanted to. Trust me. But...
(her wedding band...)
He liked extra habaneros and I'd
always forget to bring 'em.

ANNIE

He get mad?

BLONDE WAITRESS

No way. Should'a seen that smile of
his... Like the break of dawn.

ANNIE

When's the last time he came in?

BLONDE WAITRESS

Not for a while. Good thing, too.
My husband and I hit a rough patch...
I was finally gonna say yes.

ANNIE

Remember how he dressed?

BLONDE WAITRESS

Work boots and jeans. Like every
other dope in here.

Annie watches a few guys get up after lunch. They head across
the street to a door with a sign, "Cartwright Construction."

ANNIE

You got a lipstick I can borrow?

INT. CARTWRIGHT CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Hole-in-the-wall office, immigrant day-laborers milling.
Annie walks in: Red lipstick, hair up, shirt tied in a knot,
snapping a piece of gum. She spots the MANAGER (50s)--

ANNIE

Howdy. Y'all seen my brother, Mason?

She shows him the photo. He looks at it. Then back at Annie.

MANAGER

Sorry. Dunno 'im.

He goes back to work. Annie takes a breath, "determined."

ANNIE

Sir-- I dunno what kinda brother you
got for yourself. But me and Mason
ain't talked in a long crooked trail

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

and now our daddy's passed and I got
a heap a money to hand 'im and-- I
just gotta find 'im. Okay?

Annie puts a few bills on the counter. A long beat as the
Manager stares at the money. Then pockets it.

MANAGER

Guy quit on me a couple weeks back,
nerve to say he needed a vacation.

ANNIE

He friends with anyone 'round here,
might know where he hangs out?

MANAGER

Kept to himself, far as I could tell.

ANNIE

Remember what kinda car he drove?

MANAGER

His girlfriend's Jap piece o' crap.
But he was always goin' on about
Dodge Chargers. Old ones. Said it
was the only car a man should drive.
(oh, what the hell?)
I know it ain't my business, but ya
ask me, guy was all hat and no cattle.

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The team is gathered, Mason's Link Chart up on the board
with the new info: "*PRIOR JOB: Cartwright Construction.*"
"*VEHICLES: '97 Honda Accord/classic Dodge Chargers.*" "*MOTHER:*
Waitress/Religious/unloving." "*FATHER: Bartlett State*
Prison/Deadbeat." *We see it through Annie's eyes...*

ANNIE

I'm Mason Boyle... born in Odessa,
Texas. My daddy's been in jail since
the day I was born. My mama took
every chance she got to tell me I
was just like him, a no-good outlaw.
All I wanted was to earn her love,
but I knew that wasn't gonna happen...

DAISY

Maybe when hell freezes over.

ANNIE

Instead I go for girls who remind me
of her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCO

... Blonde waitresses.

ANNIE

Girls who fall for my cologne and my lies and my handsome smile. I ask them to marry me, then pack up my things and never come back, hurt them as bad as my mama hurt me.

JIMMY

Problem is, you can't afford the rock.

ANNIE

So I steal it.

LUKE

Then kill the whole family...?

ANNIE

... Because I don't want to go back to jail. Because I don't want any witnesses.

JIMMY

But when it comes time to pull the trigger, he couldn't put a bullet in the girl's head.

DAISY

Maybe he has a kid too. Even low-lives get sperm.

MARCO

I checked with the State Bureau of Vital Statistics. Kept me on hold for 20 minutes. No music, just this incessant beeping sound. Like one of those old Casio synthesizers I used to have, remember those?

JIMMY

Got a point in there, Cathy?

LUKE

(glances at Daisy)
'Cathy'?

DAISY

As in 'chatty.'

MARCO

Point is, he's not listed as the father on anyone's birth certificate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Maybe the mother didn't want his name on it.

DAISY

Sure as hell know I wouldn't.

ANNIE

Kayla remembered the tattoo. Whatever Mason's deal is with her, it was his first mistake, because the kid remembers what happened that night...

WHOOSH --

INT. UPSCALE HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT

It's happening again... this time to a YOUNG COUPLE in the upscale River Oaks section of Houston. Mason has them on their knees facing a wall. He rips a distinctive gold necklace from the woman's neck. Then:

MASON

Be quiet and everything's gonna be fine...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. KAYLA EDWARDS' HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Annie brings flowers to Kayla Edwards in her hospital room.

ANNIE

Hi, Kayla. I'm Annie Frost, U.S.
Marshals. Hope you like daisies...

Kayla smiles. Doesn't come close to selling it--

KAYLA EDWARDS

Did they tell you? My dad died...

Annie nods, a flash of something deeper than sympathy--

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

KAYLA EDWARDS

Do you-- Is your dad still alive?

Annie looks at Kayla for a long beat. The truth:

ANNIE

I don't know.

(then)

Hardest part is not getting a chance
to say good-bye. You look for them
everywhere, but you can't find them...

Kayla nods at Annie, comforted by her understanding...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I need to ask you about that night,
Kayla. You told the police you
remembered the man singing?

KAYLA EDWARDS

(nods, simple)

After. When we were lying on the
ground.

ANNIE

Do you remember what kind of song it
was?

KAYLA EDWARDS

It was about Dingos. The boots.

A beat. Then Annie begins to sing softly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

*Dusted off my Dingos/Got my Levis
pressed/Gonna break into your
heart/And steal what I love best.*

Kayla goes still at the memory. Then nods. That's the one.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Waylon Jennings. "Armed & Dangerous."

KAYLA EDWARDS

His voice...

She can't get the words out. A beat. She tries again:

KAYLA EDWARDS (CONT'D)

... was nice.

On Annie, as this twisted truth lands. She turns to go--

KAYLA EDWARDS (CONT'D)

He's still out there, isn't he?

Annie stops. She faces Kayla, who's struggling to hide just how alone she feels right now.

ANNIE

I knew a little girl like you once.
She used to lie in bed at night,
wondering the same kinda things you're
wondering right now...

(beat)

He's out there... But I'm gonna catch
him. So you can sleep at night
instead of wondering.

(beat)

We got a deal, kiddo?

KAYLA EDWARDS

... Deal.

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - NIGHT

The Task Force is buzzing with activity, all the TFOs (Task Force Officers) following leads, staying "balls to the wall" during a big case like this. Luke sniffs the air. Looks under his desk...in the trash. Daisy and Marco share a look.

LUKE

You guys smell something?

DAISY / MARCO

Nope. / I don't smell anything.

Daisy and Marco go back to work as Annie returns from the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

hospital. Jimmy notices her expression.

JIMMY
Boots. Y'alright?

ANNIE
That "W" tattoo... sides of it are
messed up cause they're supposed to
be wings. It's a flying "W."

JIMMY
For Waylon Jennings?

LUKE
... Who's that?

Annie gives Luke a look. *You're kidding, right?*

ANNIE
Original outlaw cowboy. You better
learn some music, Luke. Quickest
way to see into a person's soul,
listening to the songs they like...

AT HIS DESK, Marco hangs up the phone, urgent news--

MARCO
A house in River Oaks was invaded an
hour ago. Empty safe, same industrial
zip ties, husband and wife-- Paul
and Lisa Wilson-- shot in the head.
Guy was a gem trader, \$100K in stones.

JIMMY
Edwards house had \$40K. What're the
chances a tush-hog like Mason Boyle
gets lucky-- twice?

ANNIE
Mason stopped relying on his luck a
long time ago... He's gotta be
targeting specific houses.

MARCO
Or the people who live in them.
Could be finding people with nice
jewelry, following them home.

JIMMY
Trolling country clubs... High-end
jewelry stores...

ANNIE
Get everything you can on the Edwards
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

and Wilson families, see what they have in common.

LUKE

Mason works construction. Maybe he helped build the houses. Knows where the safes are.

ANNIE

But how does he know what's in them? Not many people know the contents of your home safe...

JIMMY

Lawyer who draws up your will?

ANNIE

... Or the company who insures them.

JIMMY

Thinking this is an inside job?

ANNIE

Sure seems like it. Let's find out who insured both safes. See if there's a connection.

Daisy joins them from the other side of the room--

DAISY

We lost Laura Ross at the Pancake House.

ANNIE

What happened? TFOs said they had a good position--

DAISY

Only traffic to the back was a delivery truck. Laura went into the kitchen when it got there. When our guys didn't see her for a few minutes they went inside to check and she was gone. They tracked down the driver and jacked him up. Says he dropped her off a couple blocks away.

ANNIE

... Can't protect her from herself...

WHOOSH --

EXT. PALMER'S ICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mason exits an "ice house" (a low-rent bar with a garage door opening to the outside), a self-satisfied grin on his face till he finds Laura Ross waiting for him in the shadows--

MASON

Laura? Hell you doin' here?

LAURA ROSS

They're gonna find you pretty easy,
you keep comin' to the same places--

MASON

--Who? Who's gonna find me?

LAURA ROSS

(Annie's CARD--)

Sayin' you broke into a house and
shot a family.

MASON

(reads it, pockets it--)
Marshals? They find anything?

LAURA ROSS

How could they, way you spic'n'spanned
the place before you left? I didn't
know it was cause you were never
comin' back.

MASON

Who told ya that? Damn feds?
Company's got me shackled up with the
rest of the crew near the job site.

LAURA ROSS

I don't get it, Mason. I thought
you wanted to marry me. You do this
just to hurt me?

(takes out her necklace--)

They even took my ring...

Mason shakes his head, kicks some gravel... Time to confess:

MASON

Those back taxes I told ya about...?
Really it's money I took from a bank.
They're gettin' back at me now.
Tryin' to turn you against me...

Mason stares at Laura. Laura stares at Mason. Finally:

LAURA ROSS

You dumb sonovabitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON

(smiles)

C'mon. Car's 'round back. You and me got weddin' bells to talk about...

He puts his arm around her and leads her into the alley, his other hand reaching for the knife in his back pocket...

INT. BOLLINGER INSURANCE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

PAN OFF a "Bollinger Insurance" coffee mug to find Annie and Jimmy talking with a MANAGER, a couple of his suited BOSSES looking over his shoulder.

ANNIE

Mike Edwards and Paul Wilson both had policies with you. We need to know how Mason Boyle knew about them.

The manager taps at his computer keyboard throughout:

MANAGER

...Not an employee... Name isn't coming up as an outside adjuster...

ANNIE

... You do any business with Cartwright Construction?

OFFICE MANAGER

Sure, some. Not one of the more reputable companies...

JIMMY

Edwards and Wilson-- those houses built by Cartwright?

MANAGER

... Yes.

ANNIE

Who was the appraiser for them?

MANAGER

Pete Lofgrun...
(looks up, realizing)
... on both.

ANNIE

Pete ever go to the houses while they're still under construction?

MANAGER

Yes. He inspects the safes in new builds before we insure them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Explains how he met Mason.

ANNIE

How many other Cartwright houses was
Pete the adjuster on?

MANAGER

Total of... 12.

ANNIE

I want that list. And everything
else you know about Pete Lofgrun--

WHOOSH --

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - NIGHT

Mason is lurking in the back of a truck stop diner. His hair is now black. PETE LOFGRUN (50s) hurries in, nervous as hell. Takes a beat to recognize Mason, sits down--

MASON

*Hell's wrong with you, Pete? Sweating
like a virgin at a prison rodeo.*

PETE LOFGRUN

*You shot another family. I'm doing
this for my sister's medical bills--
and you're killing people--*

MASON

I got a strict no-witness policy.

PETE LOFGRUN

*The U.S. Marshals showed up at my
office today. They're coming for us--*

MASON

You talk to 'em, Pete?

PETE LOFGRUN

Hell no. Why would I do that?

Mason stares at him. Maybe wondering the same thing.

PETE LOFGRUN (CONT'D)

*Listen, I just need my money. I
can't go back to my house. Dunno
where I'm gonna go...*

MASON

You get it at the end, like we said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE LOFGRUN

This is the end--

MASON

Ain't over till I say it's over.

A WAITRESS (30s, fragile) arrives at the table.

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS

What'll ya have, boys?

Mason looks up at her, shifting gears on a dime. Smiles. Like the break of dawn...

MASON

*You're what I'll have, darlin'.
Breakfast, lunch and dinner.*

The waitress blushes as Mason stares at her. It's intense and weird but damn if she isn't just a little bit seduced... customers at other tables picking up on it... Mason looks around, realizing. Abruptly throws a \$20 on the table and walks out. As the waitress straightens herself, she catches eyes with a terrified-looking Pete Lofgrun...

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jimmy drives as Annie talks on her Blackberry--

ANNIE

Hey, Wes, looks like this Pete Lofgrun is an accomplice in your murder case. We're set up on his house, but he's in the wind, no doubt in my mind...

(looks at caller I.D.--)

Listen, I got the com center calling me... Okay, talk soon.

(she clicks over--)

It's Annie...

*(glances at Jimmy,
holy shit--)*

Put him through... Pete?

PETE LOFGRUN (O.S.)

I know you're looking for me and I wanna come clean. I never thought anyone was gonna get hurt, I swear. This guy's a lunatic--

ANNIE

It's all gonna work out, Pete. Just tell me where you are--

WHOOSH --

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT / INT. PETE LOFGRUN'S CAR - NIGHT

Pete gets in his car parked in the truck stop parking lot, his nerves shot. He glances in his rear-view mirror. And there is Mason, staring at him from the back seat. Before Pete can react, Mason has his knife at Pete's neck--

INT. ESCALADE - INTERCUT

Annie can hear the sickly sound of Mason slicing Pete's neck--

ANNIE

Pete? Pete.

INT. PETE LOFGRUN'S CAR / EXT. TRUCK STOP - INTERCUT

Pete goes limp. Mason picks up the fallen cell phone. Puts it to his ear as he gets out of Pete's car, steps over to a '68 Dodge Charger, and gets inside...

ANNIE (O.S.)

... Mason? Is that you?

INT. ESCALADE - INTERCUT

Annie listens to Mason BREATHING-- her mind racing, knows she only has a couple seconds--

ANNIE

Mamas don't let your babies grow up
to be cowboys/Cause they'll never
stay home and they're always alone/
Even with someone they love.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - INTERCUT

Mason sits listening as Annie quotes the Waylon Jennings song, a little unnerved. A beat, then:

MASON

You don't know me.

INT. ESCALADE - INTERCUT

Back with Annie, she's losing him--

MASON (O.S.)

Good-bye, Annie Frost.

Click. And as Annie slams down her phone in frustration--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Annie, Jimmy and Luke with Mason's Link Chart. The new information: *A photo of Waylon Jennings circa 1978, long hair and handlebar mustache... A photo of Pete Lofgrun: "Accomplice/Victim." A MAP with 12 "Cartwright/Bollinger house" location markers across Texas...*

ANNIE

I am Mason Boyle... an outlaw cowboy. They might'a got me the first time, but it ain't gonna happen again. Not with my prison education. So as soon as I get out, I look for a gig. I meet Pete Lofgrun, and I set out to rob 12 safes with a street value of 1.3 million.

JIMMY

That ain't drinking and whoring money.

ANNIE

No, that's retirement money. That's money with a plan...

Annie studies the board... Huntsville State Prison...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I pay attention in jail. I find out Mexico doesn't extradite for capital offenses because of the death penalty.

LUKE

Laura said he went there for a job.

ANNIE

.. I go there and get to know my way around. I see that with 1.3 million you can live like a king. Which is what I am. A king.

Annie writes "Mexico" on the board...

JIMMY

Let's talk to our connections in Laredo, El Paso and Brownsville... all the border towns.

Daisy and Marco enter the briefing room, rapid-fire--

MARCO

We got a hit on our BOLO. SAPD pulled
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCO (CONT'D)
over a '68 Dodge Charger in downtown
San Antonio ten minutes ago.

DAISY
A rollin' stolen from Houston. Driver
fired shots and is on the ground.
Cop got a look, I.D.'d him as Mason.

ANNIE
He's making his run...

*Annie puts a marker in San Antonio, half-way between Houston
and the Mexican border...*

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy and Luke)
I'll call TOG, get the Cessna to fly
us over--
(to Marco and Daisy)
Shoot a lead to the San Antonio Task
Force. Tell 'em what we got, and to
lock down the city tight.

WHOOSH --

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - NIGHT

*A crowded country/western bar in San Antonio, "Ramblin' Fever"
on the juke box. Mason is cowering in a back corner, eyes
scanning the crowd, aware of each and every guest including
a COWBOY and his GIRL in a nearby booth, paying their bill.*

*Mason spots two UNIFORM COPS through the front window. He
tenses, watching their every move. Till they walk past.*

*Mason downs a bourbon, eats the three Maraschino cherries in
his glass, and watches as the Cowboy couple heads for the
parking lot out back. Mason tosses a bill on the table and
follows them out to--*

EXT. SILVER SPUR - BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

*Mason watches the Cowboy couple hop into their jacked-up
F150 Turbodiesel. He glances around, nervous, unsure...*

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN ANTONIO STREET - NIGHT

*SAPD sets a perimeter around a '68 Dodge Charger as Annie,
Jimmy and Luke arrive. A San Antonio TFO approaches Annie--*

SAN ANTONIO TFO
You're gonna wanna see what's in the
trunk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie and Jimmy share a glance. CSIs step aside as they reach the open trunk. Oh. Fuck.

Laura Ross's body is inside.

JIMMY

Couldn't protect her from herself...

SAN ANTONIO TFO

Blonde female. Approximately 25 years of age. No ID--

ANNIE

Her name's Laura Ross. Please contact her family in Houston.

(then)

Let's find this sonovobitch--

WHOOSH --

INT. FORD F150 - MOVING - NIGHT

The Cowboy couple driving in their truck. The girl is hysterical, dialing 911 on her cell phone, hands shaking--

COWGIRL

Some freak just tried to jack our car! My boyfriend has a gun, thinks he got 'im in the leg. He ran into the woods behind the Silver Spur... Six feet, maybe? Black hair, jeans and a brown hoodie... We're goin' to the police station now--

--As her boyfriend in his ten-gallon hat GUNS the truck...

EXT. STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Annie, Jimmy and Luke gear up in night vision goggles, Kevlar vests, and cold weather gear, as a Schweizer 300-C Texas Ranger helicopter equipped with high-powered spotlights and F.L.I.R. (Forward Looking Infrared Radar) arrives. Annie, Jimmy and Luke climb into the helo--

EXT. HILL COUNTRY - NIGHT

Annie, Jimmy and Luke fly through the night sky like a bat out of hell in the Schweizer 300-C. Annie leans out the open door, in her fucking element as--

ON THE GROUND BELOW-- Local and federal cops fan out into the forest with dogs, following deer trails and streams...

WHOOSH --

EXT. HILL COUNTRY - NIGHT

Mason is running through the woods, limping. He hears the helicopter. Looks over his shoulder and trips. He scrambles to his feet. Running for his life...

EXT. ROADSIDE CHECK-POINT - I-10 - NIGHT

The cowboy's truck comes to a checkpoint at the edge of town.

STATE POLICE
Gonna need to see some ID.

Cowboy and his girl hand their IDs to the cop, who's listening to the helicopter chase on his radio. He waves them through.

STATE POLICE (CONT'D)
Be safe now, ya hear?

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Annie's got Mason in her sights. Ready to take him down.

She jumps out of the helicopter--

Flattening Mason to the ground. Roughly cuffing him. Spinning him onto his back like a prize bull--

But it's not Mason.

It's the cowboy from the Silver Spur in Mason's clothes. Traumatized--

COWBOY
He shot me in the leg! Said he'd shoot my girlfriend if I stopped running! Where's my girlfriend? Where's Lizzy?!

WHOOSH --

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT

The cowboy's truck speeds down the open road. Pulls over long enough for the driver to kick "Lizzy" to the shoulder.

Then the cowboy speeds away, removing his ten-gallon. And as he does we MOVE IN TIGHT ON HIS FACE...

Revealing that it is not the cowboy driving. Never was. It's Mason. Smiling that smile of his.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

OVER BLACK:

The sound of a razor scraping skin...

WHOOSH --

INT. ROADSIDE BATHROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Mason finishes shaving his head with a straight-edge razor. He runs his hand over his scalp. The new feel of it...

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Annie turns her iPod to "Armed & Dangerous" by Waylon Jennings. Clicks in her headphones. Presses "play." As the music swells:

- Annie puts a metal file case on the table. Opens it like it's the Holy Grail. Inside? Link Charts of every fugitive she's ever caught. As she flips through them...

INT. ROADSIDE BATHROOM - INTERCUT

- Mason uses a glass stopper to put peroxide on his eyebrows, bleaching them...

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - INTERCUT

- Annie looks at Mason's Link Chart, lining up all the women: His mother, Laura Ross, the waitress from Tico's Taco's...

INT. ROADSIDE BATHROOM - INTERCUT

- Mason covers his tattoo with thick foundation makeup...

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - INTERCUT

- Annie looks at Mason's criminal history. Focusing on the fact that he severed a woman's finger to steal her ring...

INT. ROADSIDE BATHROOM - INTERCUT

- Mason dabs some cologne on his neck. A little behind the ears...

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - INTERCUT

- Annie focuses on "Odessa Christian High School." She draws a new Link Chart box: "High School Girlfriend?"

TIME CUT TO:

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - DAWN

Annie steps out of the Briefing Room with TOG on the phone--

ANNIE

Hey, Alfredo. Gonna need the Cessna again. We're looking for a ride to Odessa... Right, thanks.

Annie hangs up, surprised to find Luke still at his desk.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Gotta sleep at some point, Luke.

LUKE

You don't.

He's got a point. Annie smiles.

ANNIE

C'mon. I'll show you where we hide the good coffee.

LUKE

Thanks.

(then)

Why're we going to Odessa?

ANNIE

It's where he's from.

LUKE

So?

ANNIE

Mason robbed the first Houston house, then gave the engagement ring to Laura Ross, right?

LUKE

Right.

ANNIE

So his mom was wrong when she called him a taker. He takes, sure. But he takes so that he can give.

LUKE

... Uses the stolen jewelry to impress girls.

ANNIE

What's missing is where it all started. His first crime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE

When he cut off the woman's finger to steal her ring? He was still in high school.

ANNIE

Exactly. So who'd he give that ring to?

LUKE

... His high school sweetheart.

ANNIE

His first love. Mason needs someone to shack up with till the heat dies down, and I think it's gonna be her.

LUKE

You think Mason Boyle has a first love?

ANNIE

You know someone who doesn't?

On Luke, eyes brimming with excitement, and Annie, finding a new role: Mentor. *This could be fun after all.*

INT. ODESSA CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Annie, Jimmy and Luke walk down the high school's main hallway. Students turn to look. *Who's in trouble now?*

INT. ODESSA CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The female PRINCIPAL (60s, gold cross necklace) hands Annie a few yearbooks.

PRINCIPAL

All the years Mr. Boyle was enrolled.

ANNIE

Only three? I'm looking for his senior page. Quotes. Activities...

PRINCIPAL

He didn't make it that far. Expelled for setting the boys' room on fire.

ANNIE

...Do you remember any girls he dated?

PRINCIPAL

I'd like to think the girls here are too smart for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie won't be deterred.

ANNIE

What about band? Glee club? I understand Mason likes to sing...

PRINCIPAL

This is a religious school. Only way to sing here is in the choir...

Annie opens a yearbook to the choir photo. Off to the side, sticking out like a sore thumb with his long hair and handlebar moustache, is Mason. Annie points to his neck--

ANNIE

There's his flying "W" tattoo.

JIMMY

... Waylon frickin' Jennings.

Annie points to the girl standing next to him.

ANNIE

Looks like his arm's around her...
(reads caption)
Jessie Lyn Peele. What about her, did she graduate?

PRINCIPAL

Of course, she was from a good family. She never would've dated someone like Mason Boyle.

Annie opens to Jessie Lyn's senior page: A portrait, a couple candids, and a close-up exposing the "W" tattoo on her neck.

ANNIE

Guess Jessie Lyn's got a little outlaw cowboy in her too. She still live around here?

PRINCIPAL

No, she moved away after graduation. I haven't seen her since.

Annie looks at Luke.

ANNIE

Let's go find Mason's first love.

WHOOSH --

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL (EL PASO) - MASON'S ROOM - DAY

JESSIE LYN PEELE (now 8 years older), a "Rio Grande Real

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Estate" pin on her lapel, her "W" tattoo still intact, puts a plate of Mexican food down in front of Mason. Mason opens packet after packet of hot sauce, pours it on...

JESSIE LYN

*Hell'd you do to your hair, Mason?
And your eyebrows-- they're white.*

Mason smiles at her.

MASON

*What, it's cool, right? Did it just
for you...*

Jessie Lyn shakes her head...

JESSIE LYN

*You call me outta the blue, ask me
to bring you food... You gonna tell
me what you're doing in El Paso now?*

MASON

Well it ain't for the tex-mex.

*He shows her that smile again. Jessie Lyn smiles back. But
it's short-lived...*

JESSIE LYN

Been a long time, Mason.

MASON

*I wrote you letters, ya know. All
got sent back. Near broke my heart.*

Jessie Lyn is surprised.

JESSIE LYN

*I never saw 'em. Musta been my daddy.
(then)
How long you stickin' around?*

MASON

Depends on you. Hopin' it's awhile.

*Jessie Lyn stares at him for a long beat. Then gets up and
retrieves something from the entryway. An old guitar.*

JESSIE LYN

Told you I'd watch this for ya...

MASON

--You still got it?

*He picks it up, an old friend. And there's no way he can
help it, he's got to fire off a quick ditty, fingers like*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

lightening. He's good. A glimpse of what could've been...

MASON (CONT'D)

I got somethin' for you, too.

... He retrieves a distinctive gold necklace. One we should recognize...

MASON (CONT'D)

Jessie Lyn. I spent the last year saving up good so I could come back to you with my head held high.

... Almost like he's taking a vow...

MASON (CONT'D)

I know I been missin' a long time. But if anything teaches you to cherish what you got, it's bein' on the opposite side of freedom.

Jessie Lyn studies him. Then moves closer. They kiss.

JESSIE LYN

... Now I remember how good you always smelled...

... A beat longer, and she gently pushes him away...

JESSIE LYN (CONT'D)

You gotta give me some time, okay?

MASON

Take as long as you need. I ain't goin' nowhere...

INT. N.D. RENTAL CAR / EXT. EL PASO STREET - DAY

A suburban house. A car with a "Rio Grande Real Estate" logo on the side pulls up. Jessie Lyn gets out and goes inside. PULL BACK to reveal Annie, Jimmy and Luke watching from a rental car. Luke looks at Jessie Lyn's DMV photo--

LUKE

That's definitely her. We gonna jack her up?

ANNIE

Can't do it here. If Mason sees us he'll sky up again...

Annie pulls out her Blackberry. Dials the "Rio Grande Real Estate" number on the side of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hi, my name's Vivian Powers. My husband and I are moving to El Paso and we'd like to look at houses...

EXT. EL PASO - HOUSE FOR SALE - DAY

Parenting magazines, scissors and glue are strewn across the front seat of the rental car... as Annie and Jimmy walk up to a house for sale. Annie hands Jimmy a wedding band.

ANNIE

Here. Will you marry me?

JIMMY

I thought you'd never ask.
(puts ring on, then:)
Where'd you come up with Vivian?

ANNIE

I dunno. Just popped in my head.

JIMMY

Better than what you came up with for me...

Annie gives him a look. Knocks. Jessie Lyn opens the door--

JESSIE LYN

Hi, Vivian. Hi, Dwayne. Welcome to El Paso.

Jimmy glances at Annie as they step inside...

INT. EL PASO - HOUSE FOR SALE - DAY

Jessie Lyn walks Annie and Jimmy through the house...

JESSIE LYN

So, when are y'all relocating?

ANNIE

Next month. Not much time... How're the schools 'round here?

JESSIE LYN

This house is in a great district. How old are your children?

ANNIE

Eight and ten.

Annie shows Jessie Lyn a photo of an 8-year-old girl and 10-year-old boy (cut out from the magazines).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Maggie and Jake. You have kids too?

JESSIE LYN

A girl, Sissy. She's eight.

Jessie Lyn shows Annie a photo of an 8-year-old GIRL. Annie studies it. *We see the photo from Annie's perspective...*

ANNIE

She has her father's eyes.

JESSIE LYN

... Excuse me?

ANNIE

Her eyes, they look exactly like Mason's.

Jessie Lyn looks at Annie, confused...

JESSIE LYN

... How do you know Mason?

ANNIE

We're not here to look at houses, Jessie Lyn. We're U.S. Marshals. We need your help to find him.

JESSIE LYN

... U.S. Marshals?
(a dreadful beat)
What did he do?

JIMMY

Killed three people in home invasions. Another two along the way.

JESSIE LYN

Oh God--

Jessie Lyn searches for a place to put her hands. Looks around the empty house, trying to get her bearings...

JESSIE LYN (CONT'D)

... I believed him. I actually believed him...

ANNIE

These guys'll tell you anything you wanna hear...

Jessie Lyn's hand goes to the distinctive gold necklace around her neck. She takes it off, gives it to Annie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE LYN

This isn't mine... I gave him his old guitar back. Shoulda known that's all he wanted...

JIMMY

You know where he's staying?

JESSIE LYN

The Sun City Hotel. I just talked to him. He's in his room right now.

EXT. SUN CITY HOTEL - DAY

Annie and Jimmy gear up in tactical vests, helmets, and weapons behind the hotel. Everyone else, including Luke, is in plain clothes. An El Paso TFO reports to Annie--

EL PASO TFO

Corners 1 through 4 are covered. Got a tight perimeter 'round the hotel, all units in place.

ANNIE

We have verification he's in his room?

EL PASO TFO

10-4. Last 38 minutes. No movement.

ANNIE

How'd we do with the neighboring rooms, Luke?

LUKE

All adjacent rooms are clear.

ANNIE

(to Jimmy)

Alrighty. Let's make this look good.

Annie and Jimmy enter the back stairwell...

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Annie and Jimmy take the stairs three at a time till they reach the fifth floor. Annie signals to Jimmy. They break out of the stairwell--

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Moving down the hallway to room 509. Jimmy uses the key card to pop the door. Ducks out of the way as Annie enters with the shield. Jimmy sweeps in after her--

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - MASON'S ROOM - DAY

Annie and Jimmy enter, guns drawn. They search under the bed, in furniture, closets. The room's clear.

Annie signals to Jimmy: Maraschino cherry stems in a glass by the bar. Ice still cold.

Jimmy nods to the bathroom door: The shower is running.

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - MASON'S ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

They pop the bathroom door. Sweep in. Annie opens the shower curtain. The tub's empty. *WTF?*

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - MASON'S ROOM - DAY

They scour the room further. And then they see it. Mason punched his way through a wall in the closet into the adjoining room. One of the rooms Luke just evacuated--

ANNIE

(into radio--)

He's on the ground! No one leaves the premises! And find out who was checked into room 511!

EXT. SUN CITY HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A TFO leads Annie and Jimmy toward a female hotel guest in a bathrobe. Her hair is wet.

WOMAN IN BATHROBE

I was in the shower-- I heard a loud banging-- then he just walked in. He was going to take me hostage till someone knocked on the door.

ANNIE

A U.S. Marshal?

WOMAN IN BATHROBE

(nods)

He said there was a situation, and that we had to evacuate the room.

Annie and Jimmy have heard enough. Annie nods to the TFO from earlier--

ANNIE

Keep Jessie Lyn detained. I want her phones monitored and someone on her house 'round the clock. Send a marked unit to her daughter's school.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Keep the perimeter covered and two officers inside.

SAN ANTONIO TFO

Yes, ma'am.

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Annie, Jimmy and Luke watch the security video footage of the hallway. Luke looks like he'd rather be dead.

ON THE VIDEO: Luke escorts the woman in the bathrobe and her shaved-headed "boyfriend" out of the room Mason punched into.

Jimmy turns to Luke, ready to eat him alive--

JIMMY

That how you been walkin' 'round here the whole time? Nice tailored shirt all tucked in?

Luke's shirt is indeed tucked in, unlike seasoned Deputies who always wear lose, untucked shirts to conceal their guns.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Turd must've looked out his window and seen your weapon.

Jimmy exhales, shakes his head-- walks out. Luke is crushed.

LUKE

You said to look at the different pieces. The eyebrows... the nose...

ANNIE

Gotta go through the mill, Luke. Can't pick it up overnight...

Annie's cell phone rings. She steps out into the--

INT. SUN CITY HOTEL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Where Jimmy is pacing, letting off steam. Annie picks up--

ANNIE

Annie Frost.
(fuck--)
We're on our way.

She hangs up, turns to Jimmy--

ANNIE (CONT'D)

He took Sissy. Must've gone straight to the school--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

He knows Jessie Lyn talked to us--

ANNIE

--Already had a plan if something went south.

JIMMY

What's he want with the girl?

ANNIE

Two birds with one stone-- get back at Jessie Lyn, use Sissy to help him cross the border.

JIMMY

But she's only eight--

ANNIE

It doesn't matter how old she is--

JIMMY

She'll only slow him down--

ANNIE

He'll use her any way he can. I know what I'm talking about, okay?

More forceful than she intended. Jimmy looks at her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(then, softer)

We gotta find that girl.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

WHOOSH --

INT. LATE MODEL TOYOTA PICK-UP - DAY

Mason is driving a late model pick-up, gardening equipment in the back. He checks addresses as he passes abandoned storefronts, looking for a number scribbled on a bar napkin.

SISSY, a street-savvy 9-year-old, is in the passenger seat, stealing looks at him. Surprisingly, she doesn't seem scared. More like she's enjoying this adventure with her dad.

SISSY

You look different than your picture.
Mom hides it in her wallet, but I
know where it is...

Mason doesn't respond. Just keeps driving.

SISSY (CONT'D)

She calls you her outlaw cowboy,
cause you were in jail and all. But
I can tell she still likes you...

(off his silence)

You never shut up, do ya?

(then)

Where're we going anyway? This
neighborhood is lame.

Mason looks at her. Curious. His blood. Then finds the address, pulls into an alley around the corner.

SISSY (CONT'D)

Why'd you drive past it? So they
wouldn't see you? Good idea.

MASON

Be quiet and-- stay put. Y'know...
like partners.

A beat. And Sissy smiles. The happiest girl in the world.

SISSY

I always knew you'd come back.

INT. PAWN SHOP - OUTSKIRTS OF EL PASO - DAY

CLOSE ON jewels seen through a gem scope. WIDER as a GEM DEALER looks up from the scope. Glances at Mason-- then at the wanted poster under the counter. He knows Mason's vulnerable, is looking to take advantage--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASIAN GEM DEALER

\$5,000.

MASON

... Let's see. That's \$95,000 shy
of what I'm sellin' 'em for.

ASIAN GEM DEALER

Best offer.

Mason stares at him. He's been on the run a while and it's
taken its toll. Mason pulls out his automatic.

MASON

Ya sure 'bout that?

ASIAN GEM DEALER

(nerves of steal)

Take it or leave it.

MASON

Alright. I'll take it.

Mason grabs the cash and the gems as TWO ARMED security guards
appear. Mason shoots and misses-- off his game, desperate--
and bolts as they fire after him--

EXT. STREET/ALLEY - DAY

The guards run out onto the street. Mason's gone. They fan
out as we PAN UP to a security camera, taping it all...

EXT. ALLEY / INT. LATE MODEL TOYOTA PICK-UP - DAY

Sissy sees Mason running down the alley toward the passenger
door. He jumps in, shoves her into the driver's seat.

MASON

Drive.

SISSY

I don't know how to--

MASON

Drive.

The look in his eyes, and Sissy does as she's told. She
lurches out of the alley, passing one of the security guards
who's looking for Mason.

SECURITY GUARD'S POV: He sees Sissy driving. No one in the
passenger seat.

BACK INSIDE THE CAR: Mason is lying on the floor.

INT. WHOLESALE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: The pick-up drives past, Sissy at the wheel.

PULL BACK to reveal Annie and her team watching the video-taped surveillance footage with a technician.

ANNIE

See if you can enhance it-- grab the plate. I need that plate.

The technician gets to work...

MARCO

Why's he taking the kid with him?
Doesn't make any sense--

JIMMY

Drop it. Okay?

Jimmy glances at Annie. She meets his look, gratitude in her eyes.

ANNIE

Three bridges in El Paso alone...

DAISY

Any word from border patrol?

LUKE

I'll check again.

JIMMY

Marco-- go with him, will ya?

Luke gives Jimmy a look, he's never gonna live it down, as the technician shows Annie the enhanced surveillance video--

ON THE VIDEO: ZOOM IN on the license plate...

WHOOSH --

EXT. CESAR CHAVEZ BORDER HIGHWAY - DAY

The same plate, as Sissy and Mason drive. They're on the Cesar Chavez Border Highway on the banks of the Rio Grande.

MASON

Stop here.

Sissy pulls over, stops the pick-up. Mason gets out. Scans the river. The Bridge of the Americas to the east, The Good Neighbor Bridge to the west. He reaches into the truck-bed. Hands Sissy his guitar as she joins him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (CONT'D)

I just tuned it.

SISSY

What, you're not taking me with you?

Mason looks at his daughter, a flash of something almost resembling emotion.

MASON

I was gonna... Just too many damn ways for you to get hurt.

He slips into day-laborer coveralls and a gardening hat--

SISSY

Please-- I wanna go with you--

She clings to him. He has to pry her off--

MASON

Sorry kid. For everything.

He looks at her, surprised by the genuine emotion he feels with this kid... Not quite sure what a father would do, he kisses her forehead. Then walks away, blending in with the other day-laborers walking along the highway. Sissy watches him go, tears streaking her cheeks...

TIME CUT TO:

Marshals surround the pick-up. Annie swoops in, gun drawn. Finds Sissy sitting behind the wheel. She opens the glove box, finds the vehicle registration, name JOSE GONZALEZ--

ANNIE

Where did he go? Sissy-- where is he?

SISSY

I-- I dunno-- okay?

Annie holsters her gun. Crouches down next to the girl.

ANNIE

Listen, kiddo. I know it might be hard to believe, but one time I was sitting exactly where you are...

Sissy locks eyes with Annie, instantly senses she's telling the truth...

SISSY

'Kiddo.' Is that what your father called you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie is surprised by Sissy's insight. Till she remembers:
This is how she got her insight, too.

ANNIE

Yes. That's what he called me.

SISSY

Before he left?

ANNIE

Before he left.

(beat)

You're gonna be okay, you know that?

SISSY

... Like you?

ANNIE

The one thing I found that makes me
feel better? Doing what's right.
No matter how hard it is. Catching
the guys running away, even when you
feel like running away yourself.

SISSY

I wanted to run away with him, but
he didn't want me.

Annie flinches almost imperceptibly. More in common with
this little girl than even she had thought... Then:

ANNIE

You think if I let your daddy get
away, he'll come back for you?

SISSY

(yes)

Maybe...

ANNIE

You gonna tell me which way he went
anyway?

A long beat. Sissy swats a tear away. Then points.

SISSY

That way.

ANNIE

West? To the Good Neighbor Bridge?

Sissy nods. Annie looks at her, then calls into her radio:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 He's going east. To the Bridge of
 the Americas...
 (re: the registration)
 Possibly with I.D. for Jose Gonzalez.

Annie stands, ready to go. Looks at Sissy one last time.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 I used to cover for my dad, too.

They lock eyes for a moment. Till Annie takes off running.
 And as Sissy watches her go--

EXT. BRIDGE OF THE AMERICAS (BOTA) - DAY

A massive complex of four bridges with eight lanes for
 passenger vehicles, four lanes for commercial trucks, and
 two sidewalks for pedestrians. 1400 passenger cars and 40
 commercial vehicles cross this bridge. Per hour.

Not to mention the thousands on foot. The southbound traffic
 is backed up the I-110 and down Paisano Street, causing a
 dangerous mix of vehicular and foot traffic. Idling semis,
 agriculture trucks, cattle trucks, pick-ups, day-laborers.
 And now Mason's one of them, lost somewhere in the throng.

Annie heads into the maze of vehicles and people. A
 harrowing, nerve-wracking search for the bald man with the
 blond eyebrows amidst all that humanity...

WHOOSH --

*Mason dodges, ducks and weaves between people, trucks and
 cars. Yet somehow, he can see Annie getting closer. He
 keeps catching glimpses of those damn boots...*

*He's got the border guards coming up in front of him, and
 the U.S. Marshals closing in behind. He spots--*

A CONVOY OF CATTLE TRUCKS

*Transporting bulls back to Mexico after a stateside rodeo.
 Mason ducks his way toward them. He gets to the last truck.
 Throws open the latch in the back, hoping to flood the aisles
 between cars and trucks with stampeding bulls.*

But they don't move. Fuck.

He gets another idea. Starts knocking on windows--

MASON
 Hey. Gotta smoke? Anyone spare a
 cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally a grizzled old GAUCHO hands Mason a cigarette and a lighter. Mason takes off with both...

GAUCHO

Pendejo...

Back to the cattle truck. He reaches through the front slats of the trailer and lights the hay on fire. The bulls freak the fuck out, exploding onto the bridge. Mason runs to the three other trucks and does the same.

Fucking Pamplona on the B.O.T.A.

ON ANNIE AND THE REST OF HER TEAM--

As 60 angry bulls charge down every lane toward them. It's all they can do to get out of the way, losing sight of Mason.

Annie manages to dive into the front opening of the enclosed pedestrian lane. She hoists herself up on the inside of the cage canopy and spider-crawls her way forward over the throngs of terrified people. She looks out--

And there is Mason.

On the other side of the cage, crouched next to one of the cattle trucks. He looks up. And sees Annie. *And WHAM--*

Their two POVs collide.

Mason stares at her in disbelief. Then hauls himself onto the TOP of the cage canopy and starts running for the border.

ANNIE

Stop! U.S. Marshals!

SHOTS ring out. Mexican Border Patrol is firing on Mason.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hold your fire! *No tire!*

Mason turns towards Annie.

MASON

(fuck you)

I ain't going back.

And he means it--

MASON JUMPS.

Down into the muddy, industrial waters of the Rio Grande.

Annie looks down through the grated bridge floor, watching the water carry Mason off. Stuck above-- an excruciating

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

reversal of the Glass Bridge chase with the Bull.

And damn if Annie doesn't do the same thing. She finds a service access hatch, bolted shut with four large padlocks.

ANNIE

Stand back! Everyone-- back!

Pedestrians back away in terror as Annie fires at the locks, popping them open and--

ANNIE JUMPS TOO.

EXT. RIO GRANDE - DAY

Annie's a good twenty yards behind Mason. Using her best strokes to close the gap. She pumps harder and harder as Mason swims frantically-- desperate to get to the Juarez side of the river. But Annie reaches him and--

They fight-- borne along by the current. Mason gets in a solid punch and Annie goes under. All is still for a moment as Mason looks around, thinking he might have won until--

ANNIE POPS UP BEHIND HIM. SLAMS his skull with the butt of her automatic. Mason goes out cold. Annie watches him float off, tempted to let the river do her job...

But she gets him in a headlock and begins the arduous swim cross-current, back to the shores of the U.S.A.

EXT. BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE - DAY

Annie drags Mason's limp body onto the concrete shoreline and cuffs him. She stands back to catch her breath, as Mason comes to, sputtering water, realizing he's busted.

ANNIE

Glad we got to meet in person. After our phone call was cut short.

(then)

Good-bye, Mason Boyle.

Mason glares at Annie as Daisy, Marco and Luke take him away... Jimmy joins Annie.

JIMMY

Nice job, Boots.

Annie smiles that smile.

ANNIE

We got him, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Got him good.

ANNIE
Alrighty. Let's get outta here.

Annie and Jimmy walk off. As they go, we see Annie stop. Take off a boot, and pour water out of it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KATE EDWARDS' HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Annie looks into a hospital room. Inside, Kate Edwards is recovering, Kayla by her side. Kayla sees Annie, steps out--

KAYLA EDWARDS
Annie... You caught him.

ANNIE
Deal's a deal, right?

Kayla nods, they share a small smile...

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Here, something I want you to give your mom...

Annie gives Kayla the engagement ring Mason took from Kate...

KAYLA EDWARDS
Thanks, Annie.

ANNIE
You got it, kiddo.

Kayla hugs Annie, then goes back inside the room and gives her mother the ring. Kate holds it tight, remembering... Nods her silent thanks to Annie through the window.

Annie nods back, watching mother and daughter, their first glimpse of hope... The reason Annie does this job.

INT. FUGITIVE TASK FORCE - NIGHT

Luke approaches his desk, recoils--

LUKE
--the hell?

Something really stinks. He starts opening drawers, searching for the source. Finally comes up with an open can of tuna fish. He looks up to see Marco and Daisy, stifling laughs.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Thanks, guys. Really appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE ROOM

Annie sits at her desk. She adds Mason Boyle's completed Link Chart to her file case of catches. A private ritual.

She stares at the case for a long beat. Then flips to the back. Pulls out another chart.

This one is her father's.

She stares at his picture, circa 1985... The nearly empty Link Chart... Then focuses on the words, "At large." As...

CHANTING VOICES (O.S.)
Hur-ri-cane! Hur-ri-cane!

INT. GILLEY'S BAR - LATER

The team kicks back at Gilley's. Straw on the floor, beer on the table, Charlie Daniel's Band on the speakers. Jimmy is leading the "Hur-ri-cane" chant, directed at Daisy--

Who's riding the mechanical in the middle of it all. She holds on till the end, then jumps down, triumphant. Annie high-fives her as they head back to--

THEIR TABLE

Where Jimmy yells to the WAITRESS (SUE, 20s) above the music--

JIMMY
Round of beef ribs, Sue!

SUE
Extra sauce?

JIMMY
You bet!

Sue nods and heads off. Luke stops her--

LUKE
Um, sorry-- you have anything, you know, vegetarian?

Sue looks at him blankly.

SUE
You mean with pork?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY
This is H-Town. Not Georgetown.
Eat some ribs, Green Bean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luke gives Jimmy a look, as Annie puts a coin on the table. A challenge coin. Something U.S. Marshals carry wherever they go. Jimmy, Marco and Daisy quickly do the same.

Luke looks around the table. They're all grinning at him.

LUKE

You haven't even given me a coin yet.

ANNIE

Sorry, Luke. As my old friend George Jones once wrote, "*There's more old drunks than there are old doctors, so I guess we'd better have another round.*" Looks like you're buying.

And as Luke digs out his wallet...

INT. GILLEY'S - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

CLOSE ON ANNIE'S BOOTS, as our team country line dances on the packed dance floor. Swept up in the beat, the whole crowd moving as one. Clap-step-step. Clap-step-step. LAUGHING, enjoying the hell out of this.

Luke, the outsider for now, watches from the sidelines as:

WE PUSH IN ON ANNIE'S FACE. A brief moment of peace. This music, her escape...

Until her cell phone rings. She looks down at it, her whole demeanor going serious. And as the chase begins again--

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END