

PATSY

Written by

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BLACK

Phone rings. Rings. Rings. Answering machine clicks on.

POWERS (MESSAGE)

You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to hang-up. If you give up these rights anything you say can and will be recorded.

TAYLOR (OVER PHONE)

Powers, it's Taylor. Are you up? You don't want to be late for your own party. I hope you're certain about this. Absolutely, positively certain. I know I've said it a hundred times and you're tired of hearing it, but I can't stress enough how important it is that--

Toilet flushes, drowning out Taylor.

FADE IN:

INT. DIMLY LIT AUTO - DAY

One by one, handbills are removed from the windshield, revealing POWERS (late 20s). He wads-up and tosses them onto a pile of papers cascading from the passenger seat to the floor. Powers enters the green MGB, and pulls away into the rising sun and the Chicago skyline.

EXT. A TREE-LINED STREET OF BROWNSTONES AND SHOPS - DAY

Powers pulls up in front of a diner, flanked by a tavern and a convenience store. As he exits the car he nearly steps on a caterpillar, picks it up and moves it to a grassy area.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Powers enters. A MAN (20s) retreats through a draped doorway as CLERK (20s) enters through the same doorway. Clerk sees Powers, steps back, fans the air and flaps the drapes.

CLERK

Damn flies. Oh, hey, Powers. I didn't see you standing there.

Powers hands him a DVD.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Great flick, huh Man?

POWERS
Three times, some guy a few rows in front of you get's up out of his seat, his head bobbing across the screen, and then, of course, he comes back three times, not to mention the poor quality of--

CLERK
Shit! Sorry, Man. I don't know how *that* got into my stuff again.

They turn at the sound of a door slammed, look at each other, then look out the front window as the first man scurries by.

CLERK (CONT'D)
You know... I ah... must of missed it when... I cleaned shop. After our deal. I swear I--

POWERS
We'll discuss that next time. What I want to know now is if there's any news about todays performance?

CLERK
Curtain goes up as scheduled as far as I know, haven't heard otherwise. That's the only time the guy's been in here, but *I'll* never forget it.

POWERS
And you're certain it was him?

Clerk holds up his right hand.

CLERK
Cross my heart, man. Saw him with my own eyes, heard him with my own ears. *I'll* never forget it. He stood there, going through the stacks, on his phone the whole time, trying to whisper, but loud.

Clerk points to a camera hanging precariously on the wall.

CLERK (CONT'D)
How many times you seen the tape, man? It's him big as life. I saw him plain as day, heard every word. *I'll* never forget it.

POWERS

And if today goes well, will we have testimony as to what the big as life Gumba said?

CLERK

Forget it, man. We been over that an' no I ain't changed my mind. I don't remember him being in here. Didn't recognize him. *Sure as hell* didn't hear him say nothing 'bout no job. Film piracy might get me arrested, but testifying against this guy will get me killed.

POWERS

You could be subpoenaed.

CLERK

Got rights, Man. I'll plead the...

POWERS

Fifth.

CLERK

Right, man. The *fifth*. Maybe the sixth and seventh, too.

Clerk nods. Powers shakes his head.

POWERS

(ala Dirty Harry)
Do ya feel lucky, punk?

CLERK

Huh?

POWERS

Pick something out for me.

CLERK

Whoa! Like... what do you like, Man?

POWERS

I dunno. You choose.

CLERK

Comedy, tragedy--

POWERS

Toss a coin.

CLERK
So like, ah...

POWERS
How about something that won't get
you arrested.

CLERK
Oka-a-ay. That might take awhile.

POWERS
(ala Schwarzeneger)
I'll be back.

INT. SMALL DINER - DAY

Powers slides into a booth across from BUD (late 50s).

BUD
We'll, I'll be damned. *Hey,*
Maggie! Look what the cat dragged
in. How ya' been, kid?

POWERS
Meh, okay. How 'bout you, Bud?

BUD
Never better.

MAGGIE (50s) brings one menu and two cups of coffee.

MAGGIE
Hello, Stranger. 'bout damn time!

POWERS
Maggie.

BUD
Ah, geez, Maggie. Don't give him a
menu. You'll be serving dinner
before he orders breakfast.

POWERS
Bullshit!

BUD
Good! I'm glad you made up your
mind for a change. Maggie, our
young friend wants bullshit.

POWERS

Well, then I've come to the right guy. Cancel that bullshit, Maggie. I know what I want.

BUD

Now, *that's* bullshit. You *never* know what you want. Right, Maggie?

MAGGIE

H-m-m-mn. Yeah, that's bullshit.

BUD

Charlie?

CHARLIE (60s), thin, balding, at the counter, face in the paper.

CHARLIE

Bullshit.

BUD

Shorty?

SHORTY (O.S.)

He reads the two-page menu like it's the WALL STREET JOURNAL. He contemplates, meditates and seeks divine intervention. *Then* he changes his mind, and *finally* after all that he orders the same thing you're having. *Bullshit.*

POWERS

Charlie, Shorty, I love you guys too.

BUD

And, it's not just breakfast. It's your life. The *job*. *Women!* The last girl. The current girl. Hell, even the *next* girl isn't the *right* girl. You don't know what you want. You don't have a clue my friend. Which, by the way, is not good for a detective.

POWERS

It's not good for anyone.

BUD

What's this? No retort? Don't tell me I'm getting to ya.

(MORE)

BUD (CONT'D)
Do I smell blood in the water,
'cause I will eat you alive.

POWERS
Oh, for crying out loud. Give me--

SHORTY (O.S.)
The same thing Buds' having.

Powers hands Maggie the menu.

MAGGIE
You *know*. My niece is a *knockout!*

BUD
Forget it Maggie. She's sweet,
smart, and *absolutely* a knockout,
but for this guy... she's not the
right girl.

MAGGIE
Just like I wasn't the right girl?

BUD
Ouch, Maggie! That's not fair.
That's hitting below the belt.

MAGGIE
I never *touched* you below the belt.

Charlie turns from his paper. Shorty bangs on pots.

BUD
Oh, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, Maggie!

POWERS
What's this? Do you smell blood,
Maggie?

Maggie high-fives Powers, dances from the table, high-fives
Charlie, and leans through the kitchen door to five Shorty.

POWERS (CONT'D)
Retort?

BUD
Yeah! Retort! There *is* one here I
need your help with.

He retrieves a newspaper from the bench.

BUD (CONT'D)
Here it is. Eight letters. Starts
with b-u-l-l. Ends with s-h-i-t.

They throw wadded-up napkins at each other.

BUD (CONT'D)

I worry about you, kid. You're in a rut. You never smile. You go through the motions. You play it safe all the time.

MAGGIE

I'm telling you, she's a knockout.

POWERS

I'll... I'll think about it.

Bud moans, shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

BUD

You're still pining for---

MAGGIE

Bud! Leave him alone.

She wraps her arm around Powers and kisses his forehead.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Powers and Bud exit the diner. Powers turns to Bud, swipes a forefinger down his nose (ala THE STING). Bud returns the gesture, but with the middle finger.

BUD

What's this? You're not coming in for an eye-opener?

POWERS

Nah, best behavior today.

BUD

You *sure*?

POWERS

Absolutely, positively one hundred percent sure.

Bud laughs and waves him off.

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Powers enters. TAYLOR (late 40s) straightens his tie, adjusts his jacket

TAYLOR

I was starting to wonder about you.

POWERS

Starting?

TAYLOR

C'mon, I am absolutely, positively one-hundred percent behind you.

(beat)

Big day. You're absolutely, positively one-hundred percent certain about your intell?

Powers knocks on Taylor's desk. Taylor snatches a tissue and wipes the spot where Powers's knuckles struck the desk.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Pupano has *no* record. *No* arrests. *No* indictments; clean as a whistle. Then, one day you're in some dump getting a slurpee and you stumble across the opportunity of a career.

POWERS

Yeah, but, they're *really good* slurpees.

Taylor shakes his head, steps briskly to a large area map.

TAYLOR

We'll go over it one last time, then you'll speak to the men.

POWERS

Speak to the men? Isn't that something you're better...

He looks Taylor over.

POWERS (CONT'D)

...suited for?

TAYLOR

It wouldn't hurt for you to say... something.

POWERS

Wouldn't that depend on *what* something I said?

TAYLOR

You need this one. Are you sure about it? Absolutely, positively one-hundred percent sure.

He brushes nothing from the sleeves of his suit-coat.

POWERS

You mean is this one going to go better than the last couple?

He crosses his fingers.

POWERS (CONT'D)

I'm hoping for a good, clean bust.

Taylor returns to his chair, adjusts the crease in his pants.

TAYLOR

I'm hoping it doesn't go bust.

Both men knock on the desk. Taylor snatches a tissue.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY CITY HUSTLE AND BUSTLE REFLECTED IN SUNGLASSES, A PRICE-TAG HANGING BETWEEN THE LENSES.

Powers mans a sunglasses kiosk, checks his watch, gazes across the street, shakes his head and adjusts his earpiece.

TAYLOR (O.S., OVER EARPIECE) (CONT'D)

C'mon, Powers, you can't win 'em
(beat)
all.

POWERS

Half-an-hour. That's all I ask.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

TAYLOR

It's been *all* day. Some of the guys have to get back to real crimes. The vendors are on their way back. I'm at Starbucks.

POWERS (O.S., EARPIECE)

Which one?

TAYLOR

It's the one by...

He looks down the street and sees another Starbucks. He turns the other way and sees yet another.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Meet me at the hotdog cart.

Powers removes the sunglasses and hangs them on a rack.

EXT. HOTDOG CART ADJACENT TO ALLEY - DAY

Taylor and another OFFICER approach from one direction, Powers from the other. VENDOR (60s) rushes up to Taylor, shaking his head and his finger.

VENDOR
Hey! Why'd you put the fat guy
here? He ate more than he sold.

The other officer hands the vendor forms to fill out. Vendor wails, shakes his head, and throws his hands in the air.

TAYLOR
Powers... What can I say? I was
hoping thing's would go better
today. The brass isn't impressed.

His phone rings. He helps himself to a hotdog as he listens.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Listen. I've gotta get back, but
we'll... I'll... I've gotta go.

Powers watches Taylor, talking and eating, walk away. Powers puts three dollars beneath the condiment boxes. He serves up a dog for himself, turns as he hears something in the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

POWERS
Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

He crouches, hotdog in hand, reaching between a dumpster and the wall. A door opens, concealing Powers between it and the dumpster. PUPANO (60s), looks up and down the alley.

PUPANO (LOUD WHISPER)
Okay, let's go. Let's go.

THREE MEN exit the building, bags in each hand. As Pupano steps away from the door it swings shut. Powers steps from behind the dumpster, hotdog in one hand, gun in the other.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR (40s), Hawaiian shirt and shorts, amid a tropical paradise, turns island music off, and the volume on the TV up.

TV. SCREEN.

REPORTER

Not a police *dog* mind you, but an alley *cat*. The cop and the cat. A truly dynamic crime fighting duo. An unlikely pair that teams up to tame the mean streets of Chicago. So, for officer Powers, anyway, a *cat* is mans best friend.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director turns the TV off, picks up a newspaper, reads, nods and places the paper on a large, green felt mat on his massive desk. He peers at something on the wood, gently pulls open a drawer, retrieves a soft cloth with one hand and pushes a button on the intercom with the other.

AMAZON (O.S., OVER INTERCOM)

Sir?

DIRECTOR (INDISTINGUISHABLE ACCENT)

Get me Chicago P. D.. A Captain Taylor. This Powers might be someone we can use.

AMAZON

To replace Johnson?

DIRECTOR

I see Powers as a better fit. Check to see if he's cross-referenced in our files. He sounds familiar.

AMAZON

Well, you're seldom wrong sir.

DIRECTOR

Excuse me?

AMAZON

I said, you're never wrong, sir.

DIRECTOR

You'd better come in here.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

THREE COPS (50s) watch TV. One COP with the remote, switches from channel to channel, Powers's image on all of them.

1ST COP

Unbelievable! There he is again.
Let's try two, shall we. *O. M. G.*,
also Powers. Maybe nine?
Surprise, guess who. How about
seven. Well, whada'ya know. Hey,
Charlie how many channels ya got,
'cause we had enough of this clown.

2ND COP

See if you can find the cat.

The third cop thrusts a hand at the first.

3RD COP

Gimme that, for crying-out-loud,
and don't let Bud hear you bad-
mouthing the kid.

He snatches the remote from the disgruntled detective, waves it to get Charlie's attention, and tosses it to him.

3RD COP (CONT'D)

So he got lucky. So what!

The 1st cop gestures toward the TV and Powers image.

1ST COP

This guy never bothers himself with
any of us, on or off the job.

3RD COP

He keeps to himself. So, that
makes him a bad guy?

2ND COP

There's the cat. *Love* that cat.

1ST COP

We bust our asses on the job, and
this guy bumbles his way into a
crime-scene, because of a cat, no
less, and suddenly he's Dick
fucking Tracy. It's--

INT. POWERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Powers sits on a coffee-table in front of the TV, shaking his head. Switching to one channel after another.

POWERS
Unbelievable.
(beat)
Maybe Telemundo.

(V.O.) TELEVISION
Los policia y el gato.

POWERS
No es believ'able.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Charlie behind the bar and Bud across it on a stool amid a cluster of others laugh at the TV coverage. When the cat comes on-screen they point and burst into louder laughter.

INT. BUSY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Powers enters to a chorus of meows from the detectives.

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

TAYLOR
How are you and your new best
friend getting along?

Powers shows his bandaged arms and hands. Taylor tosses him a report. Powers catches it awkwardly.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You *can't* turn that in. Think of
how it looks. How it reflects on
you, on this department.

POWERS
On *you*?

TAYLOR
Re-write it. Get rid of the cat.

POWERS
Surely, you're not serious?

TAYLOR

Absolutely, positively one-hundred percent serious, and I'm *not* going to play your game.

POWERS

Get rid of the cat? Have you *seen* the news. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't get rid of the cat. He's a hero. They *love* the cat. There's all ready a 'cat song'.

TAYLOR

Yea, it's kinda' catchy.

He snaps his fingers, mutters, trying to remember the lyrics and melody. Powers snaps his fingers at Taylor.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Huh, oh! Make it seem a coincidence.

POWERS

Coincidence? It's because of the cat that we got these guys.

TAYLOR

No! It's your *tireless* work and *skill* as a detective that resulted in the arrest of four criminals. This is no time to get all high-and-mighty. There may even be a promotion comes of it.

POWERS

Promotion? For you maybe. They'll probably want to get rid of me. What'd you think of the headlines?

INSERTS - DOGGED DETECTIVE CAT-CHES HUSH-PUPPY PUPANO. CAT SAVES PIGS BACON. REAL PET DETECTIVE.

TAYLOR

Oh, there were *so* many.

POWERS

Al-l-l-righty, then.

Powers tosses the report on the desk and storms from the office to catcalls and hisses. Taylor's phone rings. He swipes at the receiver, knocks it across the desk.

TAYLOR
Son-of-a-bitch!

He throws the report aside, and walks around the desk to retrieve the phone, wiping as he goes and as he answers.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Hello. *What?* Who? Yes, but--
 No, but-- *What?*

Taylor wipes slower and slower as he listens. He presses the phone against his chest, looks through the open doorway.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Unbelievable!

INT. DIMLY LIT BAR - DAY

Powers sits alone, empty bottle, empty glass and an empty bowl before him. He shakes his head.

TV. SCREEN. STILL-SHOT OF POWERS IN UNIFORM.

INT. POWERS AT BAR - DAY

Charlie sidles over, points folded newspaper at the TV.

CHARLIE
 That's a good picture of you.

Powers groans.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 No, *really!* You're smiling in that picture. You should smile more.

Powers waves the empty bottle and bowl.

POWERS
 You wanna' see me smile? How about a fresh beer and peanuts that didn't go stale during the Bush administration.

CHARLIE
 Which Bush?

POWERS
 The *first* one, smart-ass.

Charlie sets a bag of peanuts and a cold bottle before Powers, leans on the bar and stares at him. Powers leans in and forces a smile. Charlie laughs, turns away.

CHARLIE

Hey! You might wanna hear this.

He grabs the remote from the bar and turns up the volume.

TV. SCREEN.

Pupano and LAWYER (60s) swarmed by media as they leave the courthouse.

LAWYER

I will only say that Mister Pupano will be vindicated of what was simply an honest mistake.

1ST REPORTER

Paulie, you seem to have made a lot of *honest* mistakes, but you were caught red-handed this time. What do you have to say about that?

LAWYER

Mister Pupano has no comment at this time.

2ND REPORTER

Some thought you'd never get caught, but no one thought you'd go down without a fight, what do you have to say--

LAWYER

Mister Pupano has no comment--

Pupano puts his arm around his lawyer.

PUPANO

(to lawyer)

's all right. 's okay.

(to press)

Listen fellas... *and* ladies. I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. One a those things. That's all it was. As for going down without a fight... *hey*, I'm a law abiding citizen.

The crowd of reporters and onlookers break into laughter.

INT. POWERS AT BAR - DAY

POWERS
H-m-mph. The dude abides.

TV SCREEN.

PUPANO
Besides, what was we gonna do. He
had a *hotdog* on us.

The crowd breaks into louder laughter.

PUPANO (CONT'D)
An' he had the cat for backup.

The crowd breaks into even louder laughter.

INT. BAR - DAY

Charlie changes the channel.

CHARLIE
Here we go. Love that cat.

POWERS
Really? The cat from hell.

He holds up his bandaged hands.

POWERS (CONT'D)
I'm allergic to him. The little
bastard won't go near anyone but
me, yet we just this morning got to
the point where he doesn't try to
cut me to ribbons. I can't leave
him at my apartment 'cause he'll
rip *it* to shreds. He spends most
of the day in my car.

Charlie gazes lovingly at the screen, shaking his head.

CHARLIE
Ya' gotta love that cat.

POWERS
Oh, for crying out loud.

Powers tears open and pours the bag of peanuts into the bowl.
Charlie starts to fill Powers's glass.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Wait!

He puts his face down level with the bar.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Okay, a little more.

Charlie pours.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Stop! There. That's just right.

Powers sits up, gestures toward the glass.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Half-empty or half-full?

CHARLIE

Half full. Life is loaded with potential, endless opportunity.

He snaps his fingers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't I think of this before. I've got an idea that can't miss. Bring the cat here. People will line-up to see him, pet him. We'll make a pile of dough.

POWERS

See him! *PET* him!

CHARLIE

I gotta do something to improve business. You guys chased away my best customers. Bud had a fit.

POWERS

Bud may be a *silent* partner, but he's not deaf and blind. Sexual *orientation* is one thing. Sexual *solicitation* is quite another.

Charlie spreads his arms wide, indicating the empty bar.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, you can see why I need something to kick-start business again, turn things around.

POWERS

And you think the cat can save you?

CHARLIE

Yeah, but we gotta act right now. Strike while the iron is hot. Ya' know how fickle the public is. Another couple days they'll forget all about it. Make hay while the sun shines. It's free enterprise at it's best.

POWERS

Everyone will forget all about it?

CHARLIE

Oh, yeah. Two, three more days. *Poof!* Ancient history.

POWERS

The way of the dinosaurs.

CHARLIE

Exactly. That's why we have to act right now. I mean... who remembers the dinosaurs?

POWERS

Who indeed, and who am I to quash free enterprise and send this fine establishment to extinction? Deal!

CHARLIE

Really? No shit?

POWERS

No shit. Really. The cat's in my car out front. Strike my good man. No time like the present.

Charlie rushes around the bar and out the door. Powers picks up his glass, examines it, shakes his head.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Three. Two. One.

(O.S.)Cat screeches, Charlie screams.

Powers raises his glass.

POWERS (CONT'D)

To free enterprise.

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

TAYLOR
Please come in.

Taylor glares at the room of staring detectives, ushers Director in, waves frantically for the detectives to get back to work and closes the door.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Please, have a...

Director is already seated. Taylor hustles behind the desk. Director runs a hand along the grain of the desk.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
It's a beauty isn't--

DIRECTOR
About your detective?

Taylor reaches for a tissue, hesitates as he sees Director pull a handkerchief from his breast pocket. Director wipes his hand, replaces the handkerchief and examines his finger nails. Taylor leans over the desk, wipes the spot, then sits.

TAYLOR
I'm afraid I just don't get it.

Director runs his fingers along the crease on each sleeve of his imported suit.

DIRECTOR
I would think it clear crystal.

Taylor looks askance, pulls on the sleeves of his suit.

TAYLOR
Did you read the report? *His*
actual report?

DIRECTOR
Yes, and thoroughly researched his
background. I'm very exited about
adding him to my program.

TAYLOR
It's just that we have some more
experienced, very capable men here.
Did you have a chance to read any
of the other files I sent you?

DIRECTOR

The *other* files were a total of three. One officer is near retirement, another is assigned to desk duty, and the third is... oh, yes, that's your file, isn't it?

TAYLOR

I'm proud of the work I've done, and interested in advancement. There's no shame in wanting to better oneself.

(beat)

No shame at all.

DIRECTOR

I can see that.

Taylor tugs nervously at his tie.

TAYLOR

What about the publicity? I would think that's the last thing your outfit wants.

DIRECTOR

The notoriety will fade, and the position entails minimal exposure to the public in general. Our charges want to be able to trust us. That's what they want. We give them what they want.

Taylor shakes his head, pushes the speaker-phone button and punches in a number.

TAYLOR

Well, you've got my information. I'd be very interested in hearing from you in the future.

Powers's message clicks on. Taylor tries a second number. He glances furtively at his fingernails, writes hurriedly in a small note-pad. Voice-mail clicks on. Taylor ends the call.

Taylor extends the small sheet of paper across the desk. Director sits motionless. Taylor leans over the desk, stretching as far as he can. Finally Director leans forward and accepts the slip of paper. Taylor collapses back into his chair.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

The first address is his apartment.
The second is a bar he frequents.
I'd try the bar first.

Director starts to rise in his seat as if to stand, but does not. Taylor rises rapidly to a nearly upright position, hesitates, then stands. Director rises slowly.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

So you're absolutely, positively
one-hundred percent certain that
Powers is the man for your program?

DIRECTOR

Trust me.

He turns and walks thru the door.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

He's... *purrfect*.

Taylor snatches tissues, wipes and rubs frantically. He bolts upright and looks through the open door.

INT. MENS ROOM - DAY

Charlie's at the sink with a fist-full of paper-towels, attending to his bleeding hand. Powers is in the stall.

POWERS (O.S.)

Sorry, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I need stitches, for Christ's sake.

Charlie storms out as Director enters.

DIRECTOR

I'm looking for Powers.

POWERS (O.S.)

I'm crappin' here for Christ's
sake. What the hell do you want?

DIRECTOR

I apologize, but I have very little
time and a proposition for you.

Toilet flushes.

POWERS (O.S.)
 A proposition, huh? I'll bet you
 do. Wait, wait, don't tell me.
 You wanna pet the cat?

Powers steps out, buckles his belt, looks the Director over.

POWERS (CONT'D)
 That's not it. Let me guess. You
 wanna spank the monkey. You wanna
 choke the chicken. I know what
 you're looking for, but you won't
 find it here, Pal. You picked the
 wrong day to screw with me.

Powers zips-up, pulls his weapon, and displays his badge.

POWERS (CONT'D)
 Put your hands against the wall!

DIRECTOR
 No, you misunderstand. That's not--

Powers grabs him by the collar, but as he does so, he himself
 is pinned against the wall by an AMAZON of a woman who
 disarms him, and grabs him by the throat.

POWERS
 (weakly)
 This is the mens room lady. I'm
 afraid I have to ask you to leave.

DIRECTOR
 Ah! A sense for humor. Very good.
 (to Amazon)
 You can release him.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 I'm afraid there was confusion.
 Sometimes I struggle with my
 English. I failed to consider our
 location and my choice of words.

POWERS
 (ala Strother Martin, *Cool
 Hand Luke*)
 What we have here is... *failure* to
 communicate.

Powers slumps against the wall, rubs and clears his throat.

DIRECTOR
 This setting may not be appropriate
 for the business at hand.

POWERS

Please, don't say anything about hand business. You're giving me the creeps again.

Powers holds his hand out to Amazon.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

DIRECTOR

Let him have it.

She steps back and aims the gun at Powers. Powers jumps back from her. Director grabs her arm, pushes it aside.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Give... *his weapon...* to him.

Amazon hands the gun to Powers, barrel first, but doesn't release her grip on it. Powers holds the top of the gun and side-steps the line of fire. There is a slight, brief tug-of-war. Director grabs the gun, leans in and whispers something to Amazon, then offers the gun to Powers.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Your weapon sir, and again, my apologies.

Powers takes the gun and turns it on them.

POWERS

Wait till Taylor reads *this* report.

DIRECTOR

Oh, come now Powers. There's no need for the gun, a report. This was all an honest mistake.

POWERS

There's a lot of that going around.

DIRECTOR

It was your Captain Taylor who told me where to find you. I have a position that may interest you.

POWERS

And by position you mean...?

DIRECTOR

Employment of course. A position on my staff. Come. We'll talk.

POWERS

More of your nonsense, or are we going to talk turkey?

DIRECTOR

Turkey? I hadn't anticipated any demands, but if turkey is something you would like stipulated I'm sure we can accommodate you. You'll find our compensation package most satisfactory. Certainly, beyond what you have with C. P. D..

POWERS

In that case. Show me the money.

Director motions for Powers to follow, and leaves.

POWERS (TO AMAZON) (CONT'D)

Is this guy for real? Geez, look who I'm asking. What did he whisper to you?

AMAZON

Later.

POWERS

Oh, c'mon, tell me now.

AMAZON

Please. Follow the Director.

POWERS

The Director.

(in British accent)

Well then, 'at's a 'orse of a different color.

(in falsetto)

Mister DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Powers sips coffee, stares at the papers in his hands, one, then another, then another, shaking his head.

POWERS

Unbelievable. Who do I have to kill to get this job?

(beat)

This is very tempting, but...

DIRECTOR

Please don't let your decision be influenced by understanding.

POWERS

What? That I was propositioned and mugged in the men's room. *Nah!* Happens all the time.

DIRECTOR

Do you need to discuss this with someone? Perhaps a... young lady?

POWERS

This decision is mine alone. I've made some bad choices with in life, and am in no hurry to make another.

DIRECTOR

If you find yourself dissatisfied in this position I would understand if you wanted to move along.

Amazon leans in and whispers in his ear.

DIRECTOR (TO AMAZON) (CONT'D)

That is different, *how?*

He waves her off before she can explain.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Move on.

POWERS

Move on sounds as if there's a reason to leave, a destination. *Move along* sounds... aimless.

DIRECTOR

Seriously, Officer Powers...

He looks at a file.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Jed K. Powers. Is it Jedidiah? May I call you Jed?

Powers shuffles the papers together, studies the Directors card and places it in his shirt pocket.

POWERS

I prefer Jake or J.K. May I call you--

DIRECTOR

Seriously, Jed, this is a real opportunity for you. *Consider* your position. Some think you the laughing stock, a jackass. I believe you're someone who can give me the results I want.

POWERS

That's the worst pep-talk I've ever heard. Even worse than Taylor's.

DIRECTOR

Taylor is very interested in this position. Did you know that?

POWERS

No, but I'm not surprised.

DIRECTOR

Very interested, but you're better suited for what I have in mind.

Powers laughs, smiles.

POWERS

Better suited!

DIRECTOR

Well... yes, I think so.

POWERS

No, it's just that... Never mind.

He glances through the paperwork, then whistles.

POWERS (CONT'D)

All this *and* turkey.

DIRECTOR

Of course. We mus'nt forget the turkey.

POWERS

(British accent)
God bless us, everyone.

He offers his hand.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Powers shakes hands with a line of well-wishers. He's wearing a new suit and holds a ribbon-wrapped bottle of champagne. He hugs Maggie, shakes hands with Bud and Charlie and leans forward to shake a hand extended from between them.

1ST COP
Unbelievable.

TAYLOR
Absolutely, positively, totally one-hundred percent unbelievable.

INT. WITNESS PROTECTION (WITSEC) - DAY

Amazon leads Powers through security checkpoints to the offices of the Witness Protection Program.

AMAZON
The building and facilities are shared by a number of government agencies, but the Director has managed to secure the best offices for our small staff. He has also procured the latest equipment and best and most advanced weaponry.

She stops and faces Powers.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
We have a taser that can take down a horse (beat) maybe an elephant.

POWERS
(ala Groucho)
Once, on safari, I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas I'll never know.

She rolls her eyes, pushes through the door and into the office. The door swings back before Powers can enter. He struggles with his briefcase, a box of personal effects and a dying ficus, shifting around one after the other to keep from dropping all. He hurries to catch-up.

AMAZON
You're a baby-sitter. You make sure they show up in court and...

She stops in her tracks and turns to Powers who stumbles to a halt, juggling his load.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
That's pretty much it.

She steps off lively. Powers lurches forward and follows.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
Do you think you can assume such a
demanding position?

POWERS
(under his breath)
I'll bet *you* assume some demanding
positions.

AMAZON
What's that?

POWERS
I said, what about problems they
might have? They might need
something, or want something.

AMAZON
Their needs have been anticipated,
analyzed and allotted for as
allowed. As for what they want...
Well, we give them what they want.

POWERS
Yes, but, what if--

AMAZON
Powers!

She scrawls on her note-pad as she continues down the hall.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
Make... sure... they... show-up...
in... court.

She rips the page off and holds it back over her shoulder for Powers. He snatches it from her in his teeth.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
Any problems they cause, um...
have, will be dealt with, er...
handled by the Director. Capish?

POWERS
Mm-hm. Yeth. Capeeth.

AMAZON

Agent Van Dyke should be able...
H-m-mn, yes she *should* be able
 shouldn't she? Well, I imagine
 she'll be of *some* assistance.

She taps an open door with her pen.

AMAZON (CONT'D)

This is you.

She continues down the hallway and around a corner.

POWERS

Thang... hew.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - DAY

VAN DYKE (40's) slides papers into a shredder.

VAN DYKE

You must be Powers.

POWERS

Yeth. I muss.

She takes the page from his mouth, folds it, slides it into
 and takes the box from him. They scan the room, but find
 nowhere to put anything, and place it all on the floor.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Yes. I'm Powers. Call me Jake.
 Agent Van Dyke?

VAN DYKE

Yes. Peg.

She takes his right hand, pumps it with hers, and sweeps the
 panorama of the tiny, paper-choked office with her left.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Witness Protection.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director swivels in his chair, presses speaker button.

DIRECTOR

What did you find on Powers?

AMAZON (O.S.)

On your screen, sir.

He leans forward, reading the information, elbows propped on the mat, one hand cradling his chin, the other drumming.

DIRECTOR

Hello! It *is* a small world after all. I'll be damn.

AMAZON (O.S.)

You're sure this is the guy, Sir?

He steps over to a table and peers into a display bordered with polished wood.

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

Sir?

He hums, steps lightly to a large window and gazes below.

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

You think he'll be a good fit, Sir?

He raises his arms as if to hold a dance partner and waltzes.

INT. COMPANY CAFETERIA BELOW DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

AMAZON (O.S.)

Sir?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Like a glove, my dear. Like a glove.

AMAZON (O.S.)

Anything else, sir?

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

AMAZON locks the door and wraps her arms around herself.

AMAZON

I'm--

PARROT

Cold! Cold! Cold!

The parrot dances from foot to foot.

AMAZON

I *am* cold.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Agent VAN DYKE tiptoes into the office.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

Parrot dances.

AMAZON (O.S.)
I'm getting warmer.

PARROT
Warmer! Warmer! Warmer!

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Van Dyke searches through papers on the desk.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

Parrot dances.

AMAZON (O.S.)
Hm-m-mn, warmer

PARROT
Warmer! Warmer! Warmer!

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Van Dyke searches through drawers, jots down quick notes.

AMAZON (O.S.)
So hot!

PARROT
Hot! Hot! Hot!

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Van Dyke looks over a calendar, makes quick notes. She hustles from the outer office and down the hallway.

VAN DYKES OFFICE - DAY

She reads the notes and translates them onto a legal pad, verbalizing as she does so.

VAN DYKE
Eet-may ient-clay day-Fri-ay.

Powers stands in the doorway, waving a a folder.

POWERS
Got a... *it-min-ay*? Is that right?

Van Dyke covers the pad with her arms.

VAN DYKE
Powers! Sorry... not right now.

She jumps to her feet, ushers him into the hallway and closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

POWERS
Ut-whay the uck-fay?

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director feeds crackers to parrot.

DIRECTOR
You're such a pretty boy.

He tosses Amazon her bra.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Hand me that newspaper.

She retrieves paper. He lines the cage-bottom with it.

INSERT. PAPERS HEADLINE - DETECTIVE IS CATS MEOW.

Bird crap plops across DETECTIVE.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

A luggage laden station wagon pulls to the side of the road.

VOICE OVER THE RADIO
H-o-o-w-wl! Good morning out
there. This is WSQL, *we squeal!*

(Sound effect) pigs squeal.

VOICE OVER THE RADIO (CONT'D)
 Werewolfman Jack here. Wherever
 here is, but that's neither here
 nor there. I'm live. For now
 any way, in the middle of nowhere,
 with a dedication. I hope you're
 still out there, my friend.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Man and woman, KETCHUM and KELLUM (both late 60s), look up
 and down the road, side to side. Ketchum turns radio off,
 puts car into park, and leans back.

KETCHUM
 Doesn't make any sense.

Kellum studies a road map, shakes her head.

KELLUM
 It's nowhere on the map, but I
 guess *that* makes sense.

KETCHUM
 So much for your precious map.

Kellum sighs, rolls up the map and smacks him on the head
 with it. Ketchum rubs his head.

KETCHUM (CONT'D)
Ouch! You trying to kill me?

Kellum pulls out a cell phone and punches a number. Ketchum
 turns away, looks out window.

KETCHUM (CONT'D)
 (laughing under his
 breath)
Precious map!

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

WEREWOLFMAN JACK (30s) shirtless, long hair and beard, sits
 at a control-panel. On the wall behind him is a poster of a
 cat hanging from a branch with the words. 'Hang In There
 Baby.'

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

RESCUE ME drifts down the hall. A MAN (50s) clad only in
 underwear lies asleep on an austere mattress and bed-frame.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - DAY

Powers strategically moves his nameplate from one position and angle to another on his desk. He tries to change the station on a small radio playing RESCUE ME.

VAN DYKE

Good luck with that. It only gets
the one station.

Powers turns the radio off, looks at a poster of a cat hanging from a branch with the words, 'Hang In There Baby.' Van Dyke crosses the room, searches in the closet. Agents GRIESE (40s) and MUDD (30s) lean casually into the doorway and look around.

GRIESE

Powers. Noon in the cafeteria.
Join us for lunch.

POWERS

What? Lunch?

MUDD

Just don't tell the dyke.

Powers glances at the closet.

POWERS

Thanks, but I already have plans
with... a lady.

The agents straighten/tense-up, exchange glances.

GRIESE

A lady?

POWERS

Yes. A lady, and I learned a long
time ago *not* to disappoint a lady.

The agents leave. Van Dyke comes out of the closet.

POWERS (CONT'D)

So! We're on for lunch?

INT. CAR - DAY

Kellum sets her phone on the dashboard.

KELLUM

There's a Motel Six. Three miles.

KETCHUM

Sixty-three miles! Why the hell--

She slaps him repeatedly with the rolled up map.

KELLUM

No you idiot. There's a Motel Six
in three miles.

Ketchum checks odometer.

KETCHUM

We just came three miles from the
Seven-Eleven.

Kellum tosses the map onto the dashboard.

KELLUM

Well, apparently everything *around*
here is three miles *from* here.

Ketchum moves the map out of her reach, rubs his head.

KETCHUM

You *are* trying to kill me, aren't
you?

He starts the car. Kellum turns away, looks out window.

KELLUM

(under her breath)
Kill you! H-m-mp!

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

The station-wagon travels around bend in the road. LOOKOUT a woman (40'S), camouflaged (Desert Storm), face-painted, steps out of the green treeline and pulls out a cell phone.

LOOKOUT (INTO PHONE)

All clear, Deputy. I repeat. All
clear. Threat is over. Over.

A nasal, southern drawl comes over the phone.

DEPUTY (O.S., ON PHONE)

You're killing me sister. Once
again, *cell phone!* You don't have
to say 'over'. Okay?

LOOKOUT

Okay. Over.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Small brick building. A hand printed sign hangs in the window. 'Sheriffs Office.'

DEPUTY (O.S.)
NO! No... Problem, no intrusion?

LOOKOUT (O.S.)
Negative. No need for alert.
Threat is over. I repeat. No need
for alert. Threat is over. Over.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY (40s) leans back in his chair, sighs, shakes his head and pushes his hat back on his head.

DEPUTY
How long?

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

Lookout steps further from the treeline, and scans the road.

LOOKOUT
Five minutes. They never left the
vehicle, never saw the road. Over.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY
Hold your position.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT
Okay, but now there's another sign
around the turn, on the other side.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY
You can do that later.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT

Where do they keep getting these signs? *Why* do they keep getting these signs?

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY

Okay! Don't worry about that now.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT

In the city I had a pothole in front of my house. I couldn't get them to fix it. Yet, out here in the middle of nowhere things get fixed right away, almost magically.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

Deputy bolts upright and shoves his hat back further.

DEPUTY

Okay! It can wait. Are you deaf?

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT

I told them over, and over, and--

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

Deputy jumps to his feet.

DEPUTY

Will you shut up about your damn pothole. Get over it!

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT

Sorry. Did you say something?

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY
Nothing. Not a thing, Darlin'.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT
Has the lunch wagon been there yet?

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY
Negative.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT
I hope they get it right this time.
Sometimes they give me rye. I
always order wheat. I've told them
over, and over, and over. Over.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY.

Deputy throws his hat across the room.

DEPUTY
OKAY, I get it! Okay? Okay?
Over, and over, and over and out!

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

LOOKOUT
Okay, over and out.
(She mutters to herself.)
What's eating him?

She scurries out to the road, and starts removing the sign.

INT. WITSEC CAFETERIA - DAY

Powers and Van Dyke enter the serving line. Van Dyke nods toward, and Powers waves to Griese and Mudd as they leave the line. They do not acknowledge Van Dyke or Powers.

VAN DYKE
You remember Griese and Mudd.

POWERS
 (Laughing)
 Greasy and mud.

Van Dyke nods.

POWERS (CONT'D)
Oh! Really, Griese and Mudd?

VAN DYKE
 Not only really, but very fitting.
 (beat)
 Listen... I'm sorry I gave you the
 bum's rush earlier. I'm beginning
 to think I can trust you.

Powers smiles, nods. He sees mirrored glass, high up on the
 opposite wall.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
 The throne-room. That's where they
 hold court and... *other* things.

POWERS
 It looks like an observation deck?

Powers turns his attention to the serving line.

VAN DYKE
 It *is*. The little creep is
 probably listening as well. *Huh!*
 Did I say that out loud?

POWERS
 I'll de damned. *Turkey!*

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director looks down into the cafeteria. Amazon waits.
 Director carves a small piece of wood.

DIRECTOR
 Schedule meetings for Powers next
 week, and Van Dyke for tomorrow.

EXT. LUCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

LUCY, a woman (20s) made-up to look like Lucille Ball pulls a
 surgical mask from her face and whistles through her teeth.

LUCY
Lunchtime! Let's go. Lunch is
 ready and people are hungry.

A young BOY wearing a battered top-hat, black cape and red bandana over his face pulls a red wagon filled with lemons. He bows then pulls a fistful of flowers from under the cape.

BOY
TA-DA!

Lucy applauds then pulls Boys mask.

LUCY
 Oh, sweetie, you don't need this.

BOY
 Then how come do you need a mask?

LUCY
Why do I need a mask.

Boy awaits an answer. She looks up and down the deserted street, shakes her head.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Why indeed?

She lifts the hat from Boy's head, kisses him on the forehead, puts the hat back and pulls it down over his eyes. He giggles and readjusts it.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Just habit, I guess.

Boy looks at his feet, rocks from side-to-side.

BOY
 Sometimes I just like wearing it.

LUCY.
 I know you do, but don't... don't
 make a habit of it.

Phone rings inside the luncheonette. She presses the flowers to her face, inhales, sighs. Phone rings. She tilts Boys hat forward again, laughs, enters the shop, and answers the phone. Boy looks in through the doorway.

LUCY
 Hello!

She makes a face for Boy to see.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Yes, hello Deputy.

Boy lifts his arms in the air.

BOY
Abbra cadabbra. Deputy *disappear!*

He frowns, shakes his head as she continues listening.

BOY (CONT'D)
One of these days.

He trudges into the building.

LUCY.
Yes, he's on his way, but listen,
are you sure about rye for the--
Really? Because-- Well. *Okay!*

INT. SHERIFFS (OUTER) OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY
Okay indeed.

Deputy replaces the phone, sees a light flash on the control panel, and a silhouette rush past the opaque glass door.

INT. SHERIFFS PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF (50s) (from behind) in western attire, stands at attention.

SHERIFF (INTO PHONE)
Situation averted.

He hears the phone disconnect, sighs and sags. He ambles over to the intercom.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Where the hell's lunch?

INT. SHERIFFS (OUTER) OFFICE - DAY

Loud banging on the back door. Deputy opens it, revealing Boy and the wagon holding half-a-dozen brown paper bags.

DEPUTY
Well, if it isn't the mini-
magician.
(MORE)

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
The pint-sized prestidigitator.
The Great Kiddo, himself. How's
tricks?

Boy hands bags to the Deputy.

BOY
I been working on a special trick.

DEPUTY
You'll have to show it to me one of
these days.

EXT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

Deputy closes the door. Boy smiles, nods.

BOY
One of these days.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY

Lookout walks back into the tree-line pushing the road-sign end-over-end until she comes to a steep drop-off of ten feet or so, that then slopes away into the forest.

She pushes the sign over. It tumbles, bounces and spins past a section of fence-line, and on to the bottom of a ravine and comes to rest atop other signs. The signs all say REDEMPTION 3 MILES ->. She returns to the road, hears an approaching vehicle, and scampers back into the treeline.

A beat-up pickup truck races from the trees, veers onto and off the road, onto the gravel and turns sharply throwing gravel and dust. A brown paper bag is tossed from the truck. Before Lookout can retrieve the bag, another vehicle races around the turn and runs over her lunch.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - SUNSET

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Werewolfman Jack slides a disc into the player.

JACK

Ho-o-w-w-l! This is the
Wherewolfman signing off, turning
our programing over to a computer,
much the same way our lives have
been turned over to a cold, steely
machine of sorts. But first,
something special for our
listeners.

SOMEWHERE (WEST SIDE STORY) plays. He stands, naked before
the poster, shakes his head, and collapses onto the cot.

SOMEWHERE plays over.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The lethargic underwear clad Prisoner wipes his dry, chapped
lips, stares at a water cooler in his cell.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lookout toasts marsh-mellows over a campfire.

INT. BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Boy practices magic.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy looks through several DVDs of *I LOVE LUCY*, sets them
aside and picks up a bridal magazine.

INT. DEPUTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Deputy watches the *THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW*.

INT. SHERIFF'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff watches the *LONE RANGER* ride again.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Powers reads a file, reaches for his cup, finds it empty.

POWERS

Damnit!

Van Dyke stands in the doorway.

VAN DYKE
Going that well, is it?

Powers turns the radio off.

POWERS
The evil queen said you'd be of
some assistance.

VAN DYKE
Wow! Cruella DeVille was *that*
generous with the compliments?

POWERS
Seriously! I've got a lot of
questions. How about some answers?

She lifts an eyelid with a finger, taps an ear.

VAN DYKE
Ix-nay. Let's go get some coffee.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Powers and Van Dyke sit at the farthest table in an empty diner. WAITRESS sets two cups of coffee before them. They watch her walk away then lean in close to each other.

VAN DYKE
I am *not* paranoid.

POWERS
Overly suspicious, perhaps?

VAN DYKE
Listen to me. There's something
odd about this whole operation.
Johnson. The canneries. Redem--

POWERS
Canneries?

VAN DYKE
I overheard bits of discussions
between the Director and Amazon.

POWERS
Are you sure that's what he said.

VAN DYKE

Something about business. Then there's Johnson. I'd been there a week when he disappeared.

POWERS

Disappeared? Oh, you don't really believe that, do you?

VAN DYKE

Johnson went to see the Director. To confront him, I think. He had a folder and a CD. An hour later the Amazon took a folder into the copy room and locked the door. While she was in there I peeked into her office. Something was downloading. The next day Johnson was gone.

POWERS

Transferred.

VAN DYKE

Transferred? Gone? You say potato, I say potah'to.

She hums nervously. They both lean in closer.

POWERS

Surely, you can't suspect foul-play?

VAN DYKE

Oh, I *can*. I *do*, and don't call me Shirley.

They both lean back, sip coffee.

POWERS

Why would they copy anything incriminating? The guy may be a bit odd, but... *Say*, what is he, anyway? Russian? German?

VAN DYKE

I think he's Martian.

POWERS

That's how far out your theory sounds. How could he ever hope to get away with something like that?

VAN DYKE

Well, *something's* going on, and
someone needs to look into it.

POWERS

Someone as in *me*?

VAN DYKE

If not you, then who?

POWERS

And of course, if not now, then
when?

VAN DYKE

Redemption is yours.

POWERS

Redemption?

VAN DYKE

That's where your charges are.
Have they told you nothing? What
have you been doing?

POWERS

Training. Protection details with
Griese. With Mudd. With both.

VAN DYKE

Maybe the Czar's just keeping you
busy. Keeping you from Redemption.

POWERS

I'll get around to it.

VAN DYKE

We need to get into his office.

POWERS

Hold your horses, Calamity Jane.

VAN DYKE

They're out of town in a couple of
days, just for the night. They do
this a lot lately; drive so there's
no paper trail. *They're* gone, and
we're already in the building.

POWERS

I don't know. It's a big risk.

VAN DYKE

Yeah, it's a *little* risky.

They stand. Powers shakes his head.

POWERS
It's the point of no return.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Amazon searches Powers office.

INT. POWERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Powers and Van Dyke enter the apartment. Powers makes coffee. Van Dyke looks about the cluttered apartment.

VAN DYKE
Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

POWERS
Forget it. *This* cat is not a pet.
He's dangerous.

VAN DYKE
Pfhfff! Not with me. I have a...
a way with animals.

POWERS
A way? Like the horse whisperer?

VAN DYKE
Let's just say... We understand
each other.

POWERS
Uh, *huh!* *Understand?* As in...

VAN DYKE
I... Commune with them.

POWERS
Commune? As in...

VAN DYKE
You'll laugh.

POWERS
Amused laughter or nervous
laughter?

VAN DYKE
Animals and I can sense each others
... Thoughts... Needs.

She rolls her eyes, shakes her head.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
I know. You think I'm crazy.

POWERS
*Wow! You can sense my thoughts.
 That's proof enough for me.*

VAN DYKE
Oh, stop! I'm serious.

POWERS
*Well, I'm serious. Never, ever
 tell that to anyone else. Never!*

VAN DYKE
Oh! There he is.

She runs from the kitchen.

POWERS
No! Stop. That's not a good idea.

He closes his eyes, puts his hands to his temples.

POWERS (CONT'D)
*I sense that he'll rip you a new
 asshole.*

Cat screeches, Van Dyke screams.

INT. SAME

Powers sits across from Van Dyke at a small, cluttered dining table, dressing her wounded hand.

POWERS
Are you sure you're all right?

She sobs, her face buried in her folded arms.

POWERS (CONT'D)
Peg?

VAN DYKE (MUFFLED)
I'm fine.

POWERS
*Shouldn't you have seen this
 coming? Your animal ESP and all.*

She looks up, tears and makeup running down her face.

VAN DYKE

Once he gets to know me we'll be fine. Really.

POWERS

Let's see if you live that long. How 'bout we call it a night.

VAN DYKE

Oka-a-ay.

Powers helps her from the table.

POWERS

We'll get a fresh start tomorrow.

VAN DYKE

Oka-a-ay.

She turns to look back. Powers stops her.

POWERS

No! It's better if you don't.

VAN DYKE

Oka-a-ay.

INT. VAN DYKES OFFICE - NIGHT

Amazon searches Van Dykes office.

INT. POWERS APARTMENT - DAY

Van Dyke sits at the tiny cluttered dining table. Powers sets a strapped bundle of folders before her.

POWERS

I'd just started to go through those last night. See if they're any different from your files.

He sits and searches the internet.

VAN DYKE

What are you working on there?

POWERS

WITSEC data base. Standard bio on Johnson, nothing pertinent regarding canneries, and not the *slightest* mention of REDEMPTION.

Van Dyke looks through Sheriffs folder.

VAN DYKE
Picture. Bio. Police reports.
Court docs. It all seems in order.

She studies the picture.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
Not a bad looking guy.

She hands the file and picture to Powers, he glances at the picture and looks through the file. She looks through Lookouts file, studies her picture.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
Too much makeup.

She hands the file and picture to Powers, he glances at the picture and looks through the file. She looks through Deputy's file, studies his mug shot.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
I've seen worse mug shots

She hands the file and picture to Powers, he glances at the picture and looks through the file. She looks through Wherewolfman Jack's file, studies his picture.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
I've seen *better* mug shots.

She hands the file and picture to Powers, he glances at the picture, looks through the file. She looks through Lucy's file.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
Hmnn! Pretty. Don't you think?

She hands the picture to Powers. He freezes, eyes wide.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
Powers? You've seen this one.

POWERS
This is... I know this... woman.

VAN DYKE
You *know* her? As in...

POWERS
We were... High-school sweethearts.

VAN DYKE
O-o-o-h! OH! Powers.

POWERS
When do Boris and Natasha leave?

VAN DYKE
We're going in?

POWERS
It's too risky for two of us, and
as you said, Redemption is mine.

She takes the picture from him.

VAN DYKE
Pretty. Have you seen or heard from
her since?

Powers retrieves and opens a small box from a bookcase
crammed with boxes and books. He pulls out a folded note.

POWERS
I was half way across the country
when I found this in the car.

Van Dyke takes, unfolds and reads the note.

INSERT - NOTE. Don't forget to write!

Van Dyke looks at the picture again.

VAN DYKE
Very pretty. Did you... love her?

Powers hands her the box. It holds a picture of two
teenagers, and a withered corsage in a plastic bag.

POWERS
I've always loved her.

EXT. WOODS GATE - SUNRISE

Lookout exits and climbs a steep trail. Ketchum and Kellum
emerge from the trees, armed and dressed in hunting attire.

INT. SHERIFF'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Deputy sees a light flashing and picks up his phone.

SHERIFF (O.S. ON PHONE)
There's a hunter out on the fence-
line.

DEPUTY (INTO PHONE)
 Nothing worth shooting 'round here.
 He'll wander off before long.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF
 Is that how you want my report to
 read?

The Sheriff hears the outer door slam. He stands before a full length mirror, trying salutes, then a tip of the hat.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
 Situation... averted. Situation...

EXT. FENCE-LINE - DAY

The pick-up truck pulls up in a cloud of dust. Deputy jumps from the cab and points to the back of a sign on the fence.

DEPUTY
Hey! Can't you read?

Ketchum steps to and reads the sign aloud.

KETCHUM
 Danger. Electricity. Yeah, So?

Deputy looks down the fence-line and walks to another sign.

DEPUTY
 Come 'ere y' all. Read this one.

KETCHUM
"No Hunting. No Trespassing."

DEPUTY
 What'ya make of that?

KETCHUM
 Turn around and tell *me* what you
 make of *that!*

Deputy turns to Kellum, her shotgun trained on him.

DEPUTY
 'course I don't think a little
 huntin' 'ill do any harm.

KELLUM
Shut up!

DEPUTY
 Yes 'm.

Kellum shoves the Deputy to the gate, opens it with her card, and she and the Deputy join Ketchum on the outside.

KELLUM
 We're going hiking.

DEPUTY
Hiking?

KETCHUM
 He doesn't get it.

DEPUTY
 Get what?

KELLUM
 Sal sends his regards.

DEPUTY
 (Thick New York accent)
 Yo! Now wait youse guys. Sal's got it all wrong about me. I didn't squeal. I ain't no stoolie.

Deputy crosses his heart and raises his right hand.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
 If I'm lying may God strike me down where I stand.

There's the sound of something cutting through the brush, faster, louder, closer. The hunters lower their weapons and scan the hillside. A tumbling, spinning road-sign flies in front of them. Deputy tries to dive out of the way.

CLOSE-UP OF KETCHUM AND KELLUM.

KELLUM
Ohhh, Jesus!

KETCHUM
 I'll be a son of a bitch.

KELLUM
 You are a son of a bitch.

They step closer and wince.

KETCHUM

Are we still gonna get paid?

EXT. DEEP IN TREES (TIGHT SHOTS) - DAY

Kellum drags the Deputy by his arms. Ketchum drags him by his feet. They emerge from trees, wide shot revealing them each dragging a half. They throw the Deputy over a cliff.

INT. SHERIFFS OUTER OFFICE - DAY

There's a timid knock on the back-door, and after a moment, another. The door slowly opens, and Boy peeks in.

BOY

Deputy?

Boy looks around nervously, jumps as Sheriffs office door opens with a pop. Sheriff conceals himself behind the door.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Hey... Kid. Have you got my lunch?

Boy grabs lunches from his wagon and runs into the office.

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

Just set 'em on the desk there,
kid. I'll get it in a minute.
I'm, uh... busy right now.
Important police matters.

BOY

The Deputy wasn't here yesterday,
too. Is he... is he... sick?

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Well, the thing is...

Boy's expression changes from nervousness to one of fear.

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

The Deputy's gone.

Boy's expression changes to one of panic. He drops the bags and backs away from the Sheriffs door.

BOY

Gone where?

INT. SHERIFFS INNER OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff leans against the door jamb.

SHERIFF
I dunno, kid. He's... just gone.
Vanished into thin air, maybe.

Sheriff opens the door more, and leans into the gap.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Kid? Kid?

Sheriff dons oversized dark glasses.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff opens the door cautiously, sees the back-door open, and the kid running in the distance. He picks up the bags.

SHERIFF
As if I don't have enough to do.

EXT. FENCE-LINE - DAY

Boy curls up against one of a small cluster of lemon trees.

INT. LUCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Lucy rings her hands, checks her watch.

EXT. FENCE-LINE - DAY

Boy lies asleep against the tree. A garbled voice calls. A blurred figure approaches. Boy stirs uneasily, bolts upright and looks around frantically.

BOY
What? Father?

Lucy kneels beside him, grabs him with both hands, shakes him, hugs him.

LUCY
I was worried sick.

Boy struggles free, looks anxiously beyond her, is disappointed, then clings to her, sobbing.

BOY

I've done something terrible. It's awful, and it's all my fault.

LUCY

Calm down. It can't be that bad.

BOY

Yes, it *is*, and it's my fault.

She stands and pulls him to his feet.

LUCY

Maybe I should be the judge of just how terrible this thing is and where the blame should fall.

They walk slowly down the hill. He takes her hand in one of his and wipes tears from his eyes with the other.

INT. LUCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - NIGHT

Boy sits at the counter. Lucy sets a bowl of ice cream before him, but he doesn't respond.

LUCY

Wow! You are upset if ice cream doesn't snap you out of it. Listen to me. The Deputy might be--

BOY

Not might be, *is*... and it's--

LUCY

Not your fault. It... is not your fault. It's only a coincidence that you wished he'd disappear and then he left.

BOY

I didn't just wish he'd disappear.

He looks around furtively.

BOY (CONT'D)

I cast a spell.

LUCY

O-o-h! You cast a spell, did you? Well, you've cast a spell on me, that's for sure.

She leans over the counter and kisses him on the forehead. She fishes under the counter and produces two spoons, sets one before Boy and digs into the ice cream with the other. Boy makes no response, does not react.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Come on. Don't make me eat it *all*.

BOY
I had my dream again.

Lucy sets her spoon down and wipes her mouth with a napkin. She brushes the hair from his face.

LUCY
Oh, sweetie! It's just a dream.

BOY
He called me. He was coming for me. Someday he will. I know it.

She shakes her head slowly, sadly. He looks around, jumps from the counter and retrieves the top-hat.

BOY (CONT'D)
He *will* come. I know so 'cause I got the magic hat.

She steps from the counter, kneels beside and hugs him. Boy dons the hat and spreads his arms.

BOY (CONT'D)
Abbra-cadabra!

LUCY
Abbra-cadabra.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - DAY

Powers's phone brays. He snatches it.

POWERS
Hello, Jackass, about damn--
(beat)
Maggie?

INT. VAN DYKES OFFICE - DAY

Van Dyke works at her desk. Amazon enters.

AMAZON

Be a good girl, give this to Powers
and tell him a funeral is arranged.

Amazon tosses a file on the desk and leaves.

VAN DYKE

I'd like to arrange *your* funeral.

She clasps her hands to her chest and looks to heaven.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

I *did not* mean that. YOU *know* I
didn't mean that.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - DAY

A knock on the door. Van Dyke opens it, peeks in and enters.

VAN DYKE

I heard about...

Powers is slumped in his chair, his hands covering his face.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Are you all right? My goodness,
you're taking this hard.

Powers looks up, glaring at her.

POWERS

He was my *best friend*.

She opens the file, leafs through it.

VAN DYKE

Good lord, you knew this one, too?

She sets the file before him.

POWERS

No! Jesus, Van Dyke. My friend...
My only friend.

She points to the file.

VAN DYKE

I'm sorry. I thought *this* guy died.
I mean... he *did* die. I know that.
I didn't know your friend... died.
I'm sorry. You were close?

POWERS

He was my first partner, my first... mentor. The father I never had... should have had.

VAN DYKE

Oh, dear! Your father died when you were young?

POWERS

Possibly?

VAN DYKE

I'm... *sorry?*

POWERS

My mother was Eve Knight. She didn't know my father. Not for very long, anyway. She was a big *Star Wars* fan. There's a party after one of the screenings, where everybody dresses in costume.

VAN DYKE

I *am* sorry. You don't have to--

POWERS

The birth certificate lists my father as *Guy Powers*. She got his last name somewhere in the night.

VAN DYKE

No Powers, really--

POWERS

It was just some *guy* named Powers. He was in costume as a Jedi... *Knight*.

VAN DYKE

You don't owe me any...

They exchange sad, sorry glances.

POWERS

That's right.

(beat)

Jedi Knight Powers, at your service, my lady.

He bows, takes and kisses her hand.

POWERS (CONT'D)

And that was just the beginning of my lousy childhood.

VAN DYKE

I take it you didn't have a sled.

She slaps herself on the forehead.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Cheese and crackers! I'm... I'm so sorry, Powers. I don't know what's gotten into me lately.

POWERS

Calm down, Rosebud. That's... not bad. Not bad at all.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR

I pulled string so I testify first things first tomorrow. If I can sell them right off I can get to New York, meet the client and be back before anyone misses me.

AMAZON

You could sell ice to Eskimos, sir.

DIRECTOR

Without doubt, but there's no ice where... we're going.

INT. POWERS OFFICE - DAY

Powers's phone rings. He presses a finger to his lips, motions Van Dyke away from the desk and puts the call on speaker.

POWERS

Sir?

DIRECTOR

It's good of you to perform dutifully. I know you're eager to wake your friend. I like my agents to be dedicated, committed.

(beat)

Oh, yes, and too bad about your friend, but that's the cycle of life. Ten minutes.

The line goes dead. Powers and Van Dyke shake their heads.

POWERS
Maybe he *is* from Mars!

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY
Director stands before several monitors, watching Powers and Van Dyke from multiple camera angles.

DIRECTOR
Fools!

INT. POWERS OFFICE - DAY

POWERS
I'll make contact with... I'll see what I can find out.

He grabs his ready-bag, and extends his keys to her.

POWERS (CONT'D)
Just *feed* the cat. Nothing more.

VAN DYKE
Phffft! I'll have him eating out of my hand.

She holds out her bandaged hand, snatches it back and takes the keys with her other, bare hand.

POWERS
I'm afraid he'll actually eat your hand. Stay away from the cat *and* the Directors office. I don't want you to get torn-up or *transferred*.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Powers closes a file and shakes his head.

POWERS
This doesn't tell me much, Sir.

DIRECTOR
It's all you need know. Cause of death and where to take the body.

He throws the door open and steps from the helicopter.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Do you understand?

POWERS

Yes...

Director shuts the door.

POWERS (CONT'D)

... Sir.

INT. REDEMPTION JAIL (OUTER OFFICE) - DAY.

Powers opens the coffin, unbuttons Deputy's jacket and shirt.

POWERS

(under his breath)

Yikes!

He steps over to the desk and picks up the phone.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Hiking? He was killed in a hiking accident?

SHERIFF (ON PHONE)

Some of the trails around here are treacherous. Deadly in fact.

Powers turns and catches a glimpse of a silhouette through the opaque door to the inner office. He walks to it.

POWERS

I'd hoped we could speak in person.

SHERIFF

Urgent police matter, otherwise...

Powers tries the door, but finds it locked.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Otherwise I'd be there to say goodbye to...

POWERS

Vinnie.

SHERIFF

Vinnie! Poor... poor Vinnie.

POWERS

Well, thanks for your... time.

SHERIFF

It's the least I could do for...

POWERS

Vinnie!

SHERIFF

"Yes, Vinnie. Poor Vinnie."

Powers looks again at the corpse, closes the casket.

POWERS

Deadly indeed.

EXT. REDEMPTION - DAY

Powers tries to enter a shop but finds it closed.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director holds a thick envelope in one hand, phone in the other.

DIRECTOR (INTO PHONE)

A wise decision, Sir.

EXT. REDEMPTION - DAY

Powers tries another shop, but finds it locked as well.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR

Using my people simplifies things.

EXT. REDEMPTION - DAY

Powers is unsuccessful in an attempt to enter a third shop.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR

It's been my pleasure.

EXT. REDEMPTION - DAY

Powers turns at the sound of a door locking. He starts across the street, but sees a hearse pull up to the jail.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR
My pleasure indeed.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

A tiny beam of light moves slowly. Phone rings. The tiny light moves wildly then disappears.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

POWERS (INTO PHONE)
Hello? Peg? Are you there?

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

The light from her phone reveals Van Dyke sitting, cramped under a desk.

VAN DYKE (INTO PHONE, WHISPERING)
This isn't a good time, Powers.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

POWERS
What's wrong? Are you okay?

INT. UNDER DESK - NIGHT

VAN DYKE
I'm fine. Never better. Fit as a fiddle. In the pink. Tiptop.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

POWERS
Why are you whispering? *Christ!*
Did the cat get your *tongue*?

INT. UNDER DESK - NIGHT

VAN DYKE
No, no. I'm whispering because I'm... I'm at the library.

She smacks herself on the forehead.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

POWERS

What library is open *this* late?

INT. UNDER DESK - NIGHT

VAN DYKE

It's... um, a new program, kinda like 'Friends of the Library', but it's for... night-owls. 'Night-owl Friends of the Library'. I'm a night-owl. *Birdwatcher!* I'm also a birdwatcher. *Fascinating* creatures, birds. I commune with birds, *animals*. I told you that.

She smacks herself twice on the forehead.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

POWERS

You're a terrible liar. What are you up to, Van Dyke?

INT. UNDER DESK - NIGHT

VAN DYKE

Listen, Powers the librarian is shushing me, gotta go, bye.

She slaps herself on the forehead three times, punctuating her self admonishment.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

You're... a... *birdbrain*, Peg.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

The tiny light appears from under the desk.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A MAN with a briefcase exits a large dark sedan, gives it to Amazon. She steps into Directors limo.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

The tiny beam of light shines on the desk as Van Dyke works on it with a pic-lock. She unlocks and opens it.

VAN DYKE

TA-DA!

From the other end of the building overhead banks of light go on, one after the other, until the Directors office lights up revealing Van Dyke in a security guard's uniform.

PARROT

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

VAN DYKE

Shut up!

PARROT

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

VAN DYKE

Shut up!

She rushes to the office door, peeks through the blinds, sees the cleaning lady wearing headphones, vacuuming.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Phew! Okay, now. Where to begin.

She stands at the door, arms folded, one hand to her chin.

PARROT

Cold. Cold. Cold.

VAN DYKE

Can't help you there, Pal.

She returns to the desk, leans over and opens the top drawer.

PARROT

Warm. Warm. Warm.

VAN DYKE

First you're cold, now you're...

She looks back at the bird, leans over further.

PARROT

Warm! Warm! Warm!

She bends over to open the bottom drawer.

PARROT (CONT'D)
Hot! Hot! Hot!

She tosses aside crackers and birdseed, and finds a box-safe.

VAN DYKE
 Thanks, Pal. Crazy, huh? How do
 ya' like them apples, Powers?

Van Dyke opens the safe with her lock-pick, removes a file
 and skims through it.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
 I think I've got it. Good boy.

PARROT
 Pretty boy! Pretty boy!

VAN DYKE
Yes, you are! Such a pretty boy.

She feeds crackers to the parrot.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
 My parents wouldn't let me have a
 pet. Not even a bird. *Oh*, I
 didn't mean it like *that*. There's
 nothing wrong with having a bird,
 or *being* a bird. Our neighbors had
 a bird. Not a big bird like you,
 though. He was a... *canary!*

She starts to run, stops at a covered table, and pulls away
 the cover revealing a model of Redemption. She gasps at a
 tiny town and hand-painted, wooden figures: Lucy, Sheriff, D.
 J., Lookout, one in shorts and tee, and one broken in two.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
 Welcome to Crazytown!

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

POWERS (INTO PHONE)
 I've been calling you for an hour.
 Don't tell me you were in the
 Directors office.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

VAN DYKE (INTO PHONE)
 I cannot tell a lie, but I'm clear.

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

POWERS
Was it worth the risk?

EXT. WITNESS PROTECTION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

VAN DYKE
I've got numbers that don't add up,
an interesting pattern and plenty
more. When do you get back?

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

A cab arrives.

POWERS
Bud's wake is tomorrow, funeral the
next day.

EXT. WITNESS PROTECTION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

VAN DYKE
First thing the day after that,
then. Be there or be square.

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

POWERS
In that case I'll be there. See you
then.

EXT. WITNESS PROTECTION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

VAN DYKE
Be there or be square, Peg?

INT. DIFFERENT FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY.

Powers stands by the coffin. He sees Maggie talking with
someone near the end of the line, realizes it's Van Dyke.

MAGGIE
Bud took him under his wing. Not
just the job. Bud was a... father-
figure. Powers became a different
kid with Bud. He became a man.
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Then, when Bud had to leave the force, they grew even closer.

VAN DYKE

You say Bud *had* to leave the force?

MAGGIE

Oh, Bud was terribly wounded, shot three times. Nearly died. Would have, he said, if not for Powers.

VAN DYKE

Powers got him out of danger?

MAGGIE

Powers rushed *into* danger and dragged Bud to cover, while himself wounded and under fire. Bud says he was fearless, heroic. Powers says Bud exaggerates.

VAN DYKE

So, who's right?

MAGGIE

Bud was not one to exaggerate.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY. FROM BACKSIDE OF OPEN CASKET.

Powers, Maggie and Charlie stand before the open casket.

POWERS

It'll never be the same. I don't know what I'll do without you.

He chokes back tears. He and the others look to Maggie.

MAGGIE

You were the nicest, the sweetest.

They look to Charlie.

CHARLIE

We'll miss you, pal.

They all look to their left and down.

SHORTY (O. S.)

So long, big guy.

WIDE SHOT OVER THE PEWS FROM A SIDE AISLE SHOWS THE GROUP LEAVING VIA THE MIDDLE AISLE.

POWERS

I'll be along. I just need a minute.

Powers sits in one of the pews, staring blankly. He bends over (revealing Shorty next to him) head and hands on his knees. Shorty pats Powers on the back, squeezes his shoulder.

SHORTY

Don't be a stranger, kid. We'll dish the bullshit for you.
(beat)
You'll be okay, Son.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Powers slides into a booth across from Van Dyke. Her Eyes red and puffy. She pops pills and sips coffee.

POWERS

Jesus, Peg. Are you okay?

VAN DYKE

I didn't get any sleep last night, and now a cold.

She puts a file on the table. Powers reaches for it. She pulls it back, out of his reach. Both her hands are wrapped.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Did you talk to her? Did you see her? How'd it go? What did you say? What did *she* say?

POWERS

What happened to your other hand?

VAN DYKE

Later. First tell me all about it.

POWERS

There's nothing to tell. I didn't see *anyone* and only spoke to the Sheriff by phone. I think he may be in on it. He was hiding. They were all hiding.

VAN DYKE

Hiding from you?

POWERS
Or what I represent to them.

VAN DYKE
The program.

She nods, hands him the file.

POWERS
Your hand?

VAN DYKE
He was nicer to me this time. I think I'm winning him over.

POWERS
And the Director. Naughty or nice?

VAN DYKE
He gets coal in *his* stocking.

She shows him photos (some selfies) from her phone of the miniature Redemption and residents.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)
And. It wasn't canneries I heard them talking about. It was *canaries*. Get it? Canaries... songbirds... stoolies.

POWERS
Or!

VAN DYKE
Or?

POWERS
Or, Canaries as in *Islands!* He'll run with the big dogs. An offshore account, beach-front property. Maybe his own, private Canary.

VAN DYKE
That might add up. At the very least there's a case to be made for misappropriation of funds.

POWERS
He's skimming off the top?

VAN DYKE
He's billing for goods and services that aren't delivered and overcharging for those that are. *And!*
(MORE)

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

The facility is an old military base built on an even older landfill, yet it's being funded as if it were a luxury resort. *And!* Records indicate a dozen or more have been housed there during his tenure, when it was only six.

POWERS

Five now.

VAN DYKE

That's where it gets scary. No family or friends. No ties to the outside world. No loose ends. For one reason or another these are people that won't be missed.

POWERS

Til now.

VAN DYKE

The prior deaths had been of witnesses that had all ready testified. They could've been retaliation, revenge killings.

POWERS

Prior *deaths*, as in others?

AN DYKE

Vinnie was the third in less than two years, out of eight at most.

POWERS

And *no one* finds that suspicious?

VAN DYKE

The first was a whistle blower.

(FLASHBACK) EXT. WOODED FENCE LINE - WINTER NIGHT

VAN DYKE (V.O.)

The first was a whistle blower.

Director snaps a thin, short MANS neck.

VAN DYKE

Cause of death. A broken neck.

POWERS (V.O.)

Let me guess, hiking?

VAN DYKE (V.O.)
 No. Close, though. Riding.
 Oddly enough, there aren't any
 horses in Redemption.

(FLASHBACK) EXT. WOODED FENCE LINE - SUNRISE

VAN DYKE (V.O.)
 The second was a broker who went
 public on insider trading. Cause of
 death. Drowning.

Director watches Amazon pull an elderly MAN into shallow
 water and hold him under.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director sits at his desk, studying Lucy's file, her photo.

VAN DYKE (V.O.)
 She fits the profile.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY.

Powers gazes at the same photo.

POWERS
 It was just she and her mother when
 we were in high school. Her mother
 wasn't well then.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR
 No known family. No listed next of
 kin, friends or associates. Only
 Powers. *Hmmph! Powers!*

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Powers and Van Dyke exit the coffee shop

POWERS
 These poor souls are sent to
 Redemption instead of being
 relocated conventionally. They're
 being marketed to those they
 testify against.

(MORE)

POWERS (CONT'D)

I would think it's been played out.
Why hasn't he pulled the plug?

VAN DYKE

He's greedy. He wants one more?

POWERS

Or!

VAN DYKE

Or?

POWERS

A grand finale.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Director hands the file to Amazon.

DIRECTOR

Contact the client. Tell him we
should talk.

AMAZON

We're going to be busy.

DIRECTOR

You might say business is *booming!*

AMAZON

Booming! Yes, sir. Very good.

DIRECTOR

Think of it as a clearing sale.

AMAZON

Clearance sale, Sir.

DIRECTOR

Clearance sale.

He turns for the door, rolls his eyes.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

What would I do without you?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Powers and Van Dyke wait for his car.

POWERS

He wants to go out, not with a
whimper, but a bang.

VAN DYKE

Such as?

POWERS

He works all five, gets the guilty
parties into a bidding war against
each other, drives up the price,
gets a fortune, kills everyone,
covers it up and disappears.

VAN DYKE

How does he cover it up? Get away?

POWERS

A... *fire!* Sure. Old decaying
military base sitting on a methane
field. It's a giant land-mine. A
massive firebomb. With enough
methane... Do the documents or
notes show stored munitions?

Van Dyke searches through another file. Powers looks at the
high school and file photos, then a newspaper clipping.

INSERT. PASTRY CHEF WITNESSES TRIPLE-MURDER

MGB pulls up. Van Dyke looks up from the file, fearful.

VAN DYKE

It'll be like hell itself.

INT. LIMO - DAY

DIRECTOR (INTO PHONE)

Just moments ago I explained to
someone in the same situation that
urgency would inflate the price.

INT. MGB - DAY

Powers and Van Dyke race along city streets.

VAN DYKE

Can we trust the local police?

POWERS

No, we can't risk it. *State Police, FBI and Taylor with C.P.D.*

VAN DYKE

He won't get away. He'll end up living on the run, in poverty.

POWERS

No! He dies in the fire.

VAN DYKE

He dies, as in...

POWERS

He gets some poor schmuck, doctors and swaps dental and medical files, financial records. He sets this guy up and offs him with the others. The fall-guy gets the blame, leaving the little Nazi free and clear. Our dear, departed Director lives happily ever after, not in poverty, but in opulence.

INT. LIMO - DAY

DIRECTOR (INTO PHONE)

You must realize the urgency of the job affects the price.

INT. LIMO - NEW ANGLE - DAY

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Yes, but, I've been on the phone with several others--

INT. DARK LIMOUSINE - DAY

Pupano is outraged. Grabs phone in two-handed strangle hold.

PUPANO (INTO PHONE)

You'll take what we agreed on, or you'll get more than you bargained for.

INT. LIMO - DAY

DIRECTOR
That won't be--
(phone goes dead)
Necessary.

Director throws his phone, turns to Amazon.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Find someone who will deal with
Pupano after the fact. I want to
repay his kindness in kind.

There's tapping on the window. Director opens the door to
Griese and Mudd in SWAT gear. Rain starts to fall.

INT. MGB - DAY

The MGB weaves in and out of traffic.

POWERS
He's toying with them, giving them
roles to play. He's sure as hell
toying with me. He saw the 'cat
story', and figured I was the
perfect chump. He must have been
giddy when he made the connection
between myself and---

VAN DYKE
Is he on to *us*? Watching us in a
crystal ball, getting ready to
release the flying monkeys?

POWERS
I think that's what happened to...
Johnson! Johnson's alive.

VAN DYKE
What makes you say that?

POWERS
Because he's a poor schmuck, just
like us.

Van Dyke retrieves a folder from her valise.

VAN DYKE
His notes and hand-drawn maps. And
the mystery CD.

POWERS

Where did you get those?

VAN DYKE

A little bird told me. Actually, a good sized bird. Very sweet and--

POWERS

Make the calls. Not on your cell, not from the office. After that lay low until you hear from me.

VAN DYKE

Okay! Okay!

(beat)

Let's hear what's on this.

She displays the CD with a flourish, inserts it into her laptop.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

This could be what blows the case wide open.

Hot, Hot, Hot! (Buster Poindexter) plays. MGB races through town.

EXT. POWERS APARTMENT - DAY

They pull-up behind Powers's staff car.

POWERS

Peg. Promise me you'll steer clear and stay put.

VAN DYKE

I'll *make* the calls. I'll *lie* low.

Powers gives her thumbs up and exits the MGB.

INT. POWERS APARTMENT - DAY

Van Dyke enters. The place is in shambles.

VAN DYKE

Cheese and crackers!

She searches for the phone, finds it ripped from the wall. She looks out the window, sees a dark sedan parked below.

INT. HALLWAY OF POWERS BUILDING - DAY

Van Dyke peeks into and tip-toes across the hall. Just as she raises a finger to tap on the neighbors door, someone enters the building. Van Dyke darts back into the apartment.

MOVING. EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH HEARTLAND AMERICA - DAY

The staff car races past other vehicles.

INT. STAFF CAR - DAY

Powers slows, and scans both sides of the road as he passes through small clusters of buildings.

POWERS

You can never find a cop when you need one.

He tries his cell phone, but now cannot get a signal. He checks his watch, floors the gas.

INT. POWERS APARTMENT - DAY

Van Dyke paces, stepping around and over the rubble. She stops at the window, sees that the sedan is gone, does a double-take and races from the apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Van Dyke drives to the bus stop where a TEENAGER waits.

VAN DYKE

Excuse me, young lady. Is there a pay-phone nearby?

TEENAGER

A *what*?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Van Dyke drives to the next corner where a SCRUFFY OLD MAN holds a sign proclaiming he's homeless and in need.

VAN DYKE

Excuse me, sir. Is there a pay-phone nearby?

SCRUFFY OLD MAN
Shit, Bitch, do I look like Ma
Bell?

VAN DYKE
No. No! I'm sorry. *Sorry!* It's
just that I have some very
important phone calls to make.

SCRUFFY OLD MAN
Portant calls, heh? Tell ya what.

He pulls out his smart phone.

SCRUFFY OLD MAN (CONT'D)
It's your lucky day, 'cause it just
so happen I got a special on
portant calls t'day. This a
lim'ted time offer. T'day and
t'day only, *portant* calls go for...
fi... ten dolla a call.

VAN DYKE
Oh, for goodness sake.

She reaches for her purse, sees a large dark sedan in the
review mirror, and the interstate on-ramp ahead.

SCRUFFY OLD MAN
C'mon, bitch. Clock's tickin'.

Van Dyke hits the gas pedal and roars onto the interstate.

INT. LUCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Boy sits in a booth, staring out the window, uneaten lunch
before him. Lucy slides in on the other side.

LUCY
Hey, Kiddo.

Boy makes no response.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Cat got your tongue?

She takes his hands in hers, and hangs her head.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

JACK

Okay listeners. If indeed *anyone* is out there. Keep the faith, don't lose hope, and enjoy this dedication to that special someone.

James Taylor's, YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND plays.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH HEARTLAND AMERICA - DAY

Powers races past other vehicles, screaming down the highway.

INT. MGB - DAY

Van Dyke glances up at the rearview mirror, then back at the rain-slicked road; mirror, road; mirror, road.

VAN DYKE

I think we lost them.

She pulls out her cell phone, but doesn't get a signal.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Darn it. *Oh, there!*

She turns off toward a dark, shuttered gas station, a pay phone at the end of the blacktop.

VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

Here we go. It's going to be okay.

She pulls alongside the phone only to see that the receiver is missing from the dangling cord.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

The lethargic underwear man chips away at a hole in the wall.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff stands before the phone ringing on his desk.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Director watches Sheriff, on his lap top. Sheriff looks into the camera, picks up the phone.

EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - TWILIGHT

Powers slows as he passes the sign-post. He checks Johnson's map, backs up and turns into the treeline. Lookout steps from treeline.

INT. SHERIFFS' OFFICE - TWILIGHT

Sheriff clutches the phone to his chest with one hand and presses a speed-dial number with the other.

SHERIFF

God help me.

EXT. MAIN GATE - TWILIGHT

The staff car approaches the gate, dust flying.

INT. STAFF CAR - TWILIGHT

Powers sees the open gate.

POWERS

Welcome to my lair, said the spider
to the fly.

He races for REDEMPTION.

EXT. MAIN STREET - REDEMPTION - TWILIGHT

The staff car screeches to a stop in front of the radio station. Powers exits the car, runs to and peers through the window of the WSQL booth.

Jack claps his hands together, raises and shakes them. Powers tries the door, finds it locked. He presses a photo of Johnson against the glass.

JACK (ON AIR)

They say when one door closes,
another one opens. And, let me
just add. Do not pass go, do not
collect two hundred dollars.

Powers presses Patsy's photo against the glass.

INT. LUCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - TWILIGHT

JACK (ON AIR)
Our sponsor is Lucy's Luncheonette.

Lucy and Boy look at each other. Lucy shrugs.

LUCY
Don't look at me. I don't have a
clue as to what's going on.

INT. RADIO STATION - TWILIGHT

Jack slides a disc into the player.

JACK
I've been saving this one. It's
dedicated to... *us!*

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE (Animals) plays over.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Powers steps from Sheriff's office into the cellblock.

POWERS
Johnson?

Johnson struggles to his feet and the cell door. Powers displays his badge.

POWERS (CONT'D)
I'm Special Agent Powers of WITSEC.

Johnson stumbles back, away from the cell door.

POWERS (CONT'D)
I know what's going on. I'm here
to help. Are you injured? Ill?

JOHNSON
Water's drugged. Mine more so.

Powers tries his cellphone.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Forget it. You can't get an
outside signal here. What signal
there is, is three miles at most.

Powers takes a large key-ring, with several keys from the wall. Johnson grabs it from him.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Get the others out. If I'm not
right behind you don't wait.

INT. LUCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - NIGHT

Powers steps through the door. Lucy drops her cup, staggers
back.

POWERS
Hello, Patsy.

He stoops and picks up the broken pieces.

PATSY
Of all the gin joints in all the
towns in all the world you had to
walk into mine.

POWERS
You've got gin?

He steps toward her. She steps back.

POWERS (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't mean to startle
you.

PATSY
It's just that I expected you...
what, eight, nine years ago?

Powers slumps onto one of the stools.

POWERS
Something like that. Listen,
Patsy. You have to come with me.

Patsy steps behind the counter, putting it between them.

PATSY
I would have gladly gone with
you... what did we say, eight--

POWERS
Patsy! There's no time for this.

PATSY
I thought I'd never see you again.
Thanks to my new acquaintances in
organized crime I thought I'd never
see *anyone* again.

POWERS
Your mother?

She shakes her head.

PATSY
Cancer.
(beat)
So! What's new with you?

Powers jumps to his feet.

POWERS
Damn it, Patsy, you're in danger.

PATSY
Didn't think I'd ever...

He grabs her by the shoulders.

POWERS
Snap out of it. We're leaving *now*,
the clothes on your back.

She nods.

PATSY
Yes. *Yes!*

She grabs his arm and leads him through living quarters, and into a small room. She turns on a table lamp and rouses Boy wearing tuxedo pajamas. She steps past a stunned Powers, turns on the overhead light, returns to and sits on the bed.

PATSY (CONT'D)
This man is going to help us get
away from here

Boy rubs his eyes. He and Powers stare at each other.

POWERS AND BOY
Is *he*...

Patsy jumps to her feet, fetches boys clothes and top-hat.

PATSY
No time to explain. We have to go
now, the clothes on our backs.

She lifts BOY into her arms, rushes past Powers from the room, re-enters, grabs Powers by the arm, and pulls him away.

PATSY (CONT'D)

*Let's go! Clothes on our backs.
Remember?*

INT. CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

Johnson struggles with the key-ring. He looks up, sees Sheriff, dark glasses, pistol drawn.

SHERIFF

Those are just for show. A prop if you will.

Johnson steps back from the bars. Sheriff swipes a card through a slot in the lock, and opens the cell-door. He hands Johnson the key card, draws the second pistol, twirls both impressively, holsters them, and shrugs.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Empty. Also props. Just for show.

JOHNSON

Well then, let's get the show on the road.

Sheriff helps him down the hall. They reach the door just as Powers bursts through it, gun drawn. Powers trains his weapon on the Sheriff. Johnson holds up the card.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

He's with us.

POWERS

Will that card unlock the radio station? The gates?

SHERIFF

The radio station, maybe. The gates may have been shut down.

POWERS

Can we shut the fence down?

SHERIFF

The power plant is outside the fence-line and itself fenced off.

POWERS

The fence isn't meant to keep anyone out is it?

Powers puts Johnson's free arm over his shoulder. The three of them exit the building. Patsy and Boy wait outside.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

POWERS

Are there others?

SHERIFF

The lookout makes camp along the fence-line. It's just Jack and us.

POWERS

Get to the gate, get out if you can. I'll make a sweep to be certain no one is left behind.

SHERIFF

No need. This place, Jack's place, the luncheonette, the barracks where myself and, um...

POWERS

Vinnie.

SHERIFF

... had rooms. That's all the housing. The other buildings are all used for storage.

POWERS

Storage?

SHERIFF

Furniture. Boxes of paperwork, material. Lumber. *Piles* of stuff.

POWERS

Tinderboxes.

SHERIFF

Damn! I guess so.

Powers takes Johnson and Sheriff aside.

POWERS

There's underground storage here. Do you know how to get to it?

SHERIFF

No. Why?

POWERS

Between the piles of stuff and a massive field of methane is a stockpile of munitions and jet-fuel.

(MORE)

POWERS (CONT'D)

I think the fence is rigged so that any attempt to disarm or dismantle it will set it off.

SHERIFF

What... what 'ill we do?

POWERS

No way to contact the State Police?

JOHNSON

There's no outside communication. Everything comes or goes through HQ. That way the Director controls it all. All communication, all information. That's why there's no real radio, TV, internet, phones.

POWERS

Get Kelly, and get out. Leave the card under a rock by the gate.

He steps over to Patsy and Boy.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Go with them.

Boy grabs Power's sleeve.

PATSY

Why aren't you coming?

POWERS

I'll be right behind you.

PATSY

You're already eight years behind us.

POWERS

After this I'm sticking like glue.

He kneels next to Boy.

POWERS (CONT'D)

I promise.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Amazon shows photos to Griese and Mudd.

AMAZON
This is a matter of national
security. These people need to be
captured or killed.

MUDD
National security?

GRIESE
Killed?

AMAZON
There's no time to explain. This
one...

She holds up a picture of Sheriff.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
... is Marshall.

EXT. REDEMPTION - NIGHT

Sheriff runs toward the radio station.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

AMAZON
This next one...

She holds up a picture of Jack.

AMAZON (CONT'D)
... is Kelly.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Jack pounds against the glass with a metal stool.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

AMAZON
Next is-

She holds a picture of Johnson.

GRIESE AND MUDD
Johnson?

AMAZON
He was a mole within the program.
He is *extremely* dangerous.

EXT. REDEMPTION - NIGHT

Johnson stumbles along, helped by Patsy and Boy.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

AMAZON

Then we have these two.

She holds pictures of Powers and Van Dyke.

MUDD

Powers?

GRIESE

Van Dyke?

EXT. REDEMPTION - NIGHT

Powers runs through the compound.

INT. MGB - NIGHT

Van Dyke nods, snaps to, and turns the wheel sharply. Car turns sideways and slides off the road.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

AMAZON

Do not hesitate to fire on these
traitors, they will not hesitate to
kill you. Finally we have Baker.

She holds a picture of Patsy.

EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Patsy helps Johnson to his feet, looks over her shoulder.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

GRIESE

Do we have any backup?

AMAZON

There's another team on the way.

INT. STATION-WAGON - NIGHT

Ketchum drives. Kellum looks through photos.

KELLUM

We've got the D. J., the cook, the new agent, lady agent, Sheriff and these two schmucks.

She studies pictures of Griese and Mudd.

KELLUM (CONT'D)

And last, but not least we have ...you're gonna love this.

She shows him the picture of the Amazon.

KETCHUM

He is one *cold* son-of-a-bitch.

KELLUM

We'd better watch *our* backs.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Director watches on-screen as the gate in Redemption closes.

EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

A stool breaks through the glass pane. Sheriff and Johnson jump back, Patsy and Boy a few yards behind them. Jack bangs away until the hole is big enough to climb through.

JOHNSON

Kelly?

The naked man steps up to the window.

KELLY

In the flesh.

JOHNSON

Put some clothes on, we've got a woman and child with us.

KELLY

I refuse to wear clothes provided me by my keepers.

JOHNSON

What did you have on when you got here? You must have something.

KELLY

Oh, I have something, all right.

JOHNSON

Get it. Get to the gate. Get out.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS INTERIORS - NIGHT

Powers breaks through one door after another, his flashlight revealing large amounts of flammable and toxic materials.

EXT. FENCE-LINE - NIGHT

Johnson tries the key-card again and again to no avail.

EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Powers races around the corner of the building.

POWERS

Johnson!

KELLY (O.S.)

They went to the gate.

He climbs through the window, wearing a clown costume.

POWERS

Why the nose and wig?

KELLY

I'd feel naked without them.

POWERS

Of course you would.

They start toward the gate but, are met by Johnson and the others.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Director watches on his laptop as Powers and the others climb through the broken window into the radio building.

DIRECTOR

Try to get some good night sleep.
You've got a big day ahead of you.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Powers and Patsy sit on the floor, backs against the wall, Boy asleep between them. Powers lifts the top-hat from Boy's head, removes the rolled-up bandana and places the hat on his own head. Boy stirs, mumbles, clings to Powers's arm.

POWERS
Why didn't you--

PATSY
I couldn't go through with it.

POWERS
Why didn't you--

PATSY
Stop you? Make you do the right thing? See you give up on your dream and resent me and your child because of it. Which begs the question. Why are you here working for WITSEC, when you're supposed to be in California making movies?

Powers removes the hat, puts the bandana into, and places it on the floor.

POWERS
It was a long shot at best. The odds were against me.

PATSY
Long-shot, hell! You were going to be king of the world. Screw the odds! What happened?

POWERS
It's not much of a story. I guess I forgot... I abandoned my muse.

He takes the note from his shirt pocket, unfolds it and holds one side. Patsy holds the other.

POWERS (CONT'D)
It turns out that the man who would be king needed his queen.

He brushes a strand of hair from her face.

PATSY
Nothing to say about my new look?

POWERS

I like the red. It's better than the purple and green.

PATSY

I'd forgotten all about that.

POWERS

Your hair was *purple* and *green*. How do you forget something like that?

PATSY

Some things are easier to forget than others.

Powers hangs and shakes his head.

POWERS

Patsy, I'm...

PATSY

Maybe a heart-felt, 'oops, my bad.'

POWERS

Jesus, are you trying to make me break down and cry laugh or .

PATSY

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you... cry alone.

Johnson approaches, throwing a thumb over his shoulder.

JOHNSON

That clown can't pickup or transmit anything except the direct feed.

Powers and Patsy smile.

POWERS

Well, he's not a radio technician. He *is*, after all, a... *clown*.

Johnson shakes his head, locks eyes with Patsy, looks away.

PATSY

What happens when they get here?

EXT. REDEMPTION - NIGHT

Powers closes the trunk of his staff car. He holds a shotgun, a box of shells, and a small, black case.

He gives the shotgun and shells to Johnson. He checks his pistol. Marshall and Kelly each have one of the prop pistols.

POWERS

Help is on the way, but Voldemort may get here first. Five maybe six. Hopefully they won't know your pistols are empty. Barricade yourselves, the woman and boy in the cell area. If they get past the two of us, show the pistols. Maybe you can buy some time. Bluff them.

He looks at Kelly.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Or confuse them. Go.

Johnson aims the shotgun, looks down the barrel.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Is your head cleared yet?

JOHNSON

I won't miss much with this.

He glances at the radio station.

POWERS

We'll be along.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Director rolls the window down as a PILOT runs to the car amid a wind-swirled downpour. The pilot shakes his head.

PILOT

Radar shows this and worse for most of the night. We can't fly until--

Director rolls the window up, taps on the dividing glass.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Boy sleeps on the cot, Patsy next to him. Powers opens the black case, removes a taser, demonstrates and replaces it.

POWERS

Be careful with this thing. I'm told it can take down a horse, maybe an elephant.

PATSY
Once, on safari...

Her voice cracks. She strokes Boy's face with one hand, wipes away tears with the other.

POWERS
We're going to the jail.

Patsy smiles.

PATSY
My mother always said you'd end up in jail and take me with you.

POWERS
She had me pegged from the start.

PATSY
She cared for you a great deal. She just thought you were a *round* peg in a *square* hole.

Powers removes his suit-coat, drapes it over Patsy's shoulders, lifts the sleeping child to his shoulder.

PATSY (CONT'D)
This will be one hell of a story to tell the grand-kids. Speaking of stories, tell me about the cat.

POWERS
The *cat*? Again?

PATSY
You can tell me about the cat again, or what's going to happen when they get here. You know me. I like a happy ending.

EXT. ROADSIDE TREELINE - NIGHT

The limo and station wagon turn off the road at the signpost.

INT. LIMO - TWILIGHT

DIRECTOR
Let's put and end on this.

INT. JAIL - TWILIGHT

Powers and the group rush to the windows when cars pull up to the front and woods gates. The headlights go off, and the compound goes dark. Shrieks, gasps and groans.

POWERS

Don't panic. Stay calm. We don't want them to sense fear.

Floodlights illuminate the radio station. Shrieks and gasps.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Calm down. Stay focused.

EXT. FRONT GATE - TWILIGHT

A flash from beyond the front gate flies into the radio station, exploding and setting it on fire.

INT. JAIL - TWILIGHT

Panic. Shrieks, gasps and groans. Powers holsters his weapon. He and Johnson exchange glances, shake their heads.

EXT. FRONT GATE - TWILIGHT

Ketchum and Kellum whoop it up, high-five each other.

INT. JAIL - TWILIGHT

A floodlight illuminates the jail. Pandemonium.

POWERS

Shit!

DIRECTOR (OVER SPEAKER)

Powers.

GROUP

Gasps, curses. *Oh, my god!*

Powers quiets the group. Everyone huddles together, looking up and around the room for the source of Director's voice.

DIRECTOR

Powers!

GROUP
Gasps, curses, muttering. *Over there, on the desk.*

The group shuffles en masse to the desk.

DIRECTOR
Powers!

GROUP
Gasps, curses, muttering. *No, it's over there by the---*

DIRECTOR
It's on the wall by the clock, you idiots. What difference... Powers!

The group moves to the wall, they crane their necks, and strain their eyes at the unit on the wall.

INSERT - DIRECTORS LAPTOP.

Group (faces distorted) peers into the camera.

INT. JAIL - DAWN

DIRECTOR
Can you hear me *now?*

The group flinches, cranes their necks toward the speaker.

POWERS
What do you want?

INT. LIMO - DAWN

DIRECTOR
I want three things. First of all I want, and correct me if I'm wrong, but I've been told the phrase is to...

Director and Amazon exchange glances.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
... 'Talk turkey.'

EXT. FENCE-LINE - DAWN

Powers approaches. Amazon, Griese and Mudd stand within the fence-line, Director without. Amazon takes Powers's gun. Griese and Mudd head for the jail.

INT. MGB - DAY

Van Dyke wakes with a start, dried blood on her forehead.

VAN DYKE
Darn it, Peg!

She pushes the door open against thick brush, and climbs out.

EXT. ROADSIDE DITCH - DAY

Van Dyke staggers to the road, sees a road-sign walking from the tree-line. The sign stops. Van Dyke rubs her eyes, squints and leans forward. The road-sign runs back into the treeline.

EXT. ROADSIDE DITCH - DAY

Van Dyke tries again and again to start the MGB. The MGB finally starts, but is stuck. Van Dyke tries to rock it free.

EXT. TREELINE - DAY

Lookout steps into the trees and curls-up under the road-sign.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Mudd handcuffs the group, hands through the cell bars.

JOHNSON
What next?

GRIESE
Our instructions are to--

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

KELLUM
--wait.

Ketchum aims rocket launcher at the jail.

KETCHUM
I know, but it's killing me.

KELLUM
Killing you!

EXT. FENCE-LINE - DAY

POWERS
 Okay, I'm here to talk... *Turkey!*

DIRECTOR
 First, the second thing I want.

POWERS
 Which is?

DIRECTOR
 Not which. Who. *B!* I want to meet your young lady.

POWERS
 There's no reason for that.

DIRECTOR
 Ah, but there is. I'm a big fan of true love and a hopeless romantic. And, of course the boy. The heir of the throne. The *Powers* that be.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Boy removes Johnson's handcuffs, bows, doffs hat.

BOY
TA-DA!

Patsy, Kelly and Marshall applaud, as best they can. Johnson quiets them.

INT. JAIL - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Griese and Mudd turn from the window toward the cell.

GRIESE
 Go check on them.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The MGB launches across the road and down the path.

INT. MGB - DAY

The wrappings on Van Dykes hands get caught up in the steering wheel. The car careens off the path and into the brush and trees. She pumps the brakes, but they fail. The car turns sideways, she straightens, but cannot stop it.

EXT. WOODS GATE - DAY

DIRECTOR

It's a simple matter of supply and demand. You can supply what I want. I demand you give it to me.

He turns at the sound of something in the trees.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Now what?

The MGB bursts through the treeline, bounces once and rolls to a stop a few feet from Director.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You missed.

Van Dyke climbs out of the car, reeling, staggering.

VAN DYKE

Yur unner...

She reaches for her gun, fumbles with and drops it, falls to her knees at Director's feet. Director kicks the gun away, puts a foot on Van Dyke and shoves her to the ground.

DIRECTOR

Now. How were we?

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Johnson opens the back-door. The group steps from the building, Griese and Mudd (cuffed and gagged) in tow.

DIRECTOR (OVER SPEAKER)

Lucy... oh. I'm sorry. Patsy.
You and the boy must join us.
Griese, send them out.

Patsy draws Boy close. Johnson puts a hand on both.

EXT. FENCE-LINE - DAY

DIRECTOR

It's not as if you and Van Dyke
were going to bring me out.

Amazon whispers into his ear.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Bring me *down!*

He and the Amazon turn back toward the woods, at the sound of something cutting through the treeline. A road-sign flies from the trees. Director jumps aside, toward the fence and the group watches the sign bound, bounce and spin away.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Are you *done?* Have you anything
else? Perhaps a bolt of lighting?

Amazon and Van Dyke move away from Director.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You give me what I want, the women
and the boy go free. If not...

He walks to Van Dyke, steps on and pushes her prone.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Where to begin? Where to begin?

Patsy and Boy step in front of Powers, backs to Director.

PATSY (WHISPERING)

The others are safe.

She nods toward Boy. He smiles, shows Powers the handcuffs. Powers tips Boy's hat forward, and steps in front of them.

DIRECTOR

Such a touching reunion, but I'm
afraid we still have business.

POWERS

I don't like the... odds. It's too
much of a... long-shot.

DIRECTOR

I have cards and you've nothing on
your sleeve. No ace up your hole.

POWERS

Oh, *come on!* Even to you that
can't sound right.

DIRECTOR
Well, *excu-u-u-s-s-e* me!

POWERS
The boy and women won't be harmed?

DIRECTOR
Not the hairs on their heads. You can trust me with this.

POWERS (WHISPER)
Like hell!

He glances at the MGB. Van Dyke lifts her hands and shrugs.

POWERS (WHISPERING TO PATSY) (CONT'D)
Screw the odds!

Powers walks to the gate. Director lifts his foot from Van Dyke, pushes a button on, then pockets his cell phone.

DIRECTOR
Your lovey family should join us.

He beckons them. They rush to Powers' side.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Now for the just of the matter.

Amazon whispers in his ear.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
The *gist* of the...

He waves her aside frantically, and steps away from her.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Whatever the matter. Where do we go to get what I want?

POWERS
You're not going anywhere. It's all behind you.

Director backs up to the MGB, reaches for the trunk.

POWERS (CONT'D)
It's under the drivers seat.

Director moves around the side of the car, peers in behind the seat.

INSERT. A WITSEC folder sticks out from under the seat.

Director nods to Amazon.

AMAZON (INTO PHONE)

Fire!

Director leans into the car, reaches under the seat.

POWERS

(ala Al Pacino, SCARFACE)

Say hello to my little friend.

Rocket explodes in the jail, muffling the cat's screech and Director's scream. He staggers back from the car. Van Dyke rolls under him sending he and Amazon to the ground.

Powers is on top of Director before he can pull his pistol. Amazon aims her pistol at Powers, but Patsy tasers her. Powers, Director and Van Dyke struggle for the gun. Patsy tasers Director, but in doing so tasers all three.

PATSY

Oops! My bad.

A state police car pulls up. Lookout looks out the back window. Two TROOPERS (50s) and (30s) jump from the vehicle, guns drawn. They look at the trembling group on the ground. Patsy tosses the taser aside, straightens up and brushes hair from her face.

PATSY (CONT'D)

Officers.

They scan the scene, the burning jail, the smoking remains of the radio station, the fleeing station wagon, a clown, a masked man, and a man in underwear leading a pair of cuffed and gagged men in black. First trooper turns to the second.

FIRST TROOPER

Not the usual suspects, are they?

(beat)

Call it in.

SECOND TROOPER

Saying... *what?*

FIRST TROOPER

Yeah, we'll workout all the *kinky* later. For *now*, four down, eleven in custody, and a vehicle fleeing the scene. Request fire crew, medical team, paddy-wagon, back-up, intercept a brown station-wagon.

He turns to Patsy.

FIRST TROOPER (CONT'D)
 (ala Desi Arnez)
 You got some 'splaining to do,
Lucy!

Patsy looks from trooper to trooper.

FIRST TROOPER (CONT'D)
 Well?

PATSY
W-a-a-ah!

INT. STATE POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Powers and Van Dyke sit at a table. The troopers and their
 CAPTAIN (40s) enter.

CAPTAIN
 We can't reach anyone at this
 office you claim to be assigned to.
 The Washington and local offices of
 Witness Protection each claims the
 other oversees your band of
 misfits. You're a stooge short.

VAN DYKE
N'yuk, n'yuk, n'yuk!
 (beat)
 Sorry.

The captain leads Powers and Van Dyke to a wall with a large
 glass pane. A light goes on revealing a lineup in an
 adjacent room.

CAPTAIN
 Okay, Mister Movie-tone, let me see
 if I can make this plain enough
 for you. Left to right. The young
 lady is a baker, correct?

POWERS
 Pastry chef.

CAPTAIN
 Potato, potah`to; tomato, tomah`to.

Van Dyke hums. She blushes.

VAN DYKE
Sorry! Sorry.

CAPTAIN

Nevertheless, she does bake, right?
Let's say, for instance... *pies*?

POWERS

What kind of pie?

CAPTAIN

My point exactly. So, in addition
to the baker we've got this...
colorful cast of characters
straight out of Central Casting.
Clown, guy in underwear, masked
man, senior assassins, Amazon
queen, men in black... and lastly
who? Howard? Spielberg?

POWERS

No, he's not that kind of director.
Think Doctor Evil.

CAPTAIN

Of course. Doctor Evil. That was my
next guess.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Maybe I can help.

Taylor enters, displays his badge and I. D..

CAPTAIN

You can make sense of this?

TAYLOR

Absolutely, positively one hundred
percent certain that I can.

CAPTAIN

This could the beginning of a
beautiful friendship.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Patsy and Powers emerge from City hall, new dress, new suit,
she with flowers, he with top-hat, his hands bandaged. Behind
them Van Dyke and Boy, Johnson and Taylor.

TAYLOR

That's some wedding present. You
must have pulled some big strings
to arrange that.

JOHNSON

It's good to be the king.

TAYLOR

Which brings us back to my point.
Powers and Van Dyke are moving on.
You need someone who can hit the
ground running and I am absolutely,
positively that guy.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Powers, Patsy and Boy pose for pictures. A butterfly lands on the top-hat. Handshakes and hugs. Van Dyke steps into drivers seat of the MGB, the caged parrot on the passenger side. She transfers pictures from her phone to her laptop.

INSERT. PICTURE OF POWERS, PATSY AND BOY.

DISSOLVE TO MOVING PAVEMENT.

Pan up to license plate (WHTIWNT), over the hood, zoom-in to Powers, Boy and Patsy. Patsy at the wheel.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

The limo turns into the setting sun.

ZOOM-IN ON PET CARRIER IN CAR.

Just as camera gets to cage-door, cat screeches.

GO TO BLACK

PHONE RINGS. RINGS. RINGS. ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS ON.

POWERS (MESSAGE)

Sorry. The Powers aren't here.
We're going to the movies.

HOO-RAY FOR HOLLYWOOD (instrumental) plays over credits.

THE END