Street Boss

by

Chris Haddock
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

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

LILY
We can talk right here.

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

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

JOE
You weren't looking close enough.

LILY
You got a map in the car?

JOE
Yeah, I got a map in the car.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Joe changes attitude, smiles, lets her go.

LILY (CONT'D)
What?

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

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

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

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

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

LILY
Otherwise?

JOE
Otherwise, it was okay.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

LILY
Okay.

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

LILY
Tonight, I'm starting tonight?

JOE
(checking his watch)
Yeah, that's the plan unless you got another one. We gotta hustle, I gotta pick up this other guy.

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

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

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

He climbs in, she drops in the passenger side.

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

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

Lily is getting increasingly nervous as they travel.

LILY
What am I supposed to be doing exactly?

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

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

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

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

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

JOE
You got identification on you?

LILY
Yeah. What am I gonna play?

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

Lily puts her i.d. in the shoebox.

LILY
A panhandler, okay. Have I got a
name?

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

LILY
About seventy bucks.

JOE
That goes in there too.

Lily dumps her cash in the shoebox.

LILY
How long have you been a handler?

JOE
Four, five years. I worked u.c.
for seven before that. Here we go -
EXT. SAN FRANCISCO/INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

JOE
You see the guy in the dreadlocks on the corner?

Lily looks across the street and as they cruise past, sees.

On the corner, an African American man, in dreadlocks, RICO.

LILY
Okay, yeah, the guy with the dreads.

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

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

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

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

JOE
Pick something out, here, this is warm.

He hands her a ratty sweater.

LILY
Very attractive, thank you.

JOE
And gimme your shoes.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

**JOE (CONT'D)**

There you go, now you're legit.

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

**LILY**

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

**JOE**

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

**LILY**

Great, thanks.

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

**LILY (CONT'D)**

What time tomorrow, where do I find you?

**JOE**

I'll find you.

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

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Break a leg.

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

**MAN**

Good luck.

She glances at the MAN walking away.

**LILY**

Thank you.

**CUT TO:**
EXT. TENDERLOIN - STRIP BARS - NIGHT

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

BOUNCER
Smells good.

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

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

INT. STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

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

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

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)
Sergei, when are the new girls coming?

SERGEI
Two, three weeks. What'd you order?

VLADIMIR
Honey garlic ribs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Sergei finds the ribs and sets them out.

IVAN
How many this time?

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

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

IVAN
Are the girls fresh?

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

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

IVAN
How many am I getting?

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

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

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

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

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

Sergei takes a plate and exits into:

THE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

INT. STRIP CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

SERGEI
What's the problem.

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

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

SONYA
And how much longer is that?

SERGEI
I don't know. I can ask.

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

SERGEI
I will. It'll be alright.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Joe pulls up to the curb and climbs out. He crosses the street and steps up the stairs of a modest building.
INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

SAM
That you Joe?

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

JOE
Samuel. What's the story tonight?

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

As they move toward it and enter:

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

SAM
Exactly. We got sweet nothing.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

(re the closet)
She takes enough clothes for a couple of weeks, packs her bags.

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

JOE
Okay. When was this?

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

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

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT
Sam indicates an immaculate medicine chest.

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

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

JOE
Even the shower curtain.

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

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

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

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

JOE
He's got a pattern of threats, violence.

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

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

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

JOE
You got a decent budget for this?

SAM
We can probably afford a week of undercover work.

JOE
That's not a lotta time.

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

They move into:

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

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

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

CAMILLE
Find the body, yeah.

Joe's phone rings. He checks it.

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

EXT. STRIP BAR - INTERCUT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

SAM
 Appreciate it.

Joe indicates the photograph, and MARIANNE.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOE
What'd she keep in it, you know?

CAMILLE
Some of her grandmother's jewelry.

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

CAMILLE
Yeah.

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

CAMILLE
How's your mother, say hi for me -

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

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN CAFE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOE
How're they doing? Joey still
playing basketball?

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

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOE
Okay.

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

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

SERGEI
Yeah, thanks Joe. I appreciate it.

JOE
And try and cut down on the booze.

Joe exits. Sergei goes back to drinking.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

Joe pulls up to the parking garage, flashes his I.D. to security, and rolls inside.

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

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

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

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

MARCY
Can I help you?

HEATHER
Agent Grogan to see Joseph Giacomo.

MARCY
Oh, go on in, he’s expecting you.

INT. JOE’S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

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

JOE
(off the resume)
You’ve been working in the east for the last while.

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

JOE
You played a big role?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

JOE
Who were you playing?

HEATHER
I was an Irish bar maid, Sheila Ryan.

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

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

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

JOE
That's a good accent.

HEATHER
I got a good ear.

Joe flips to another photograph, studies it.

JOE
What'd you do before Sheila?

HEATHER
(indicating another of the photos)
Ginger Leason, I was a teller at a money exchange. That was a big production, money laundering.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

Joe passes a file over the desk.

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

Heather reviews photos of victim and suspect in the file.

HEATHER
Why'd you pick the cousin scenario.

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

Joe starts to pull on his jacket and Heather rises.

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

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

JOE
Yeah, likewise -

Heather exits as Marcy enters.

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CONTINUED: (3)

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

EXT. GROCERY STORE - OAKLAND - DAY

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

JOE
Melanie.

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

JOE
I came to see you. We need to talk
about a couple of things.

Melanie stiffens.

MELANIE
What's wrong. What happened to
Alex?

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

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

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

JOE
It's that bad, huh.

MELANIE
Yeah, it's that bad.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

MELANIE
(finally)
Yeah. Nice to see you. You doing okay?

JOE
Yeah, good.

MELANIE
You get married again?

JOE
Nope, you know anybody?

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

I know. Take care.

INT MEXICAN CAFE - LATER - DAY

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

JOE

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

Sergei grins sheepishly.

SERGEI

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

JOE

Yeah.

SERGEI

I don't like lying to the wife.

JOE

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

SERGEI

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

Joe's anger is restrained.

JOE

Yeah, no shit you made a mistake.

SERGEI

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

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

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

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

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

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

SERGEI
Yeah, you're right. Okay.

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

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

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

SERGEI
Thanks Joe.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
You're gonna be alright?

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

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

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

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

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

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

SERGEI
Yeah. I know. I will.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S STREETCORNER - DAY

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

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

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LILY
Thank you.

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

JOE
What's the story so far.

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

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

LILY
Yeah, I think so.

JOE
And you were watching him the whole time.

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

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

LILY
How am I supposed to use the washrooms?

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

LILY
Okay. I'm sorry.

Joe fires up the car.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

LILY
Okay. Thanks for the sandwich.

JOE
See you later.

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

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

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

JOE
Hey Chester, how ya doing?

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

JOE
You can always come back to the bureau.

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

JOE
Thanks, I will, congratulations on the baby.

Chester waves as Joe enters the underground parking.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

JOE
No, no, I'll be there.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENDERLOIN - SERGEI'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

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

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

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

SONYA
Did you talk to Vladimir about my contract?

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

SONYA
He agreed, I can leave?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

SONYA
Thank you, thank you.

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

She kisses him and sits in.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE
They told you they think I killed your cousin?

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

HEATHER
(as cousin Louise)
No. They said they usually look at the boyfriend in these things.

JOE
(playing as Ray)
What else did they say?

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

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

HEATHER
Wanna see the apartment -

JOE
And you want to hire a private detective.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Joe waves Marcy in.

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

HEATHER
I love cold opens.

Marcy enters.

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

MARCY
Your mother's on line two.

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

JOE
Hey ma.
   (beat)
When's he coming out?
   (beat)
Well, he doesn't listen to me either.
   (beat, finally)
Okay. I'll pick him up. Okay. Tomorrow morning, okay. Love you too. Bye...

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

EXT. STREET - LILY AND RICO -- DAY

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

LILY
Thanks.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

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

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

Rico indicates the cup.

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

LILY
I'll get by.

He squats and passes her a lit joint.

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

RICO
You wanna make some good money?

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HEATHER
Wish me luck.

JOE
Break a leg. Marcy...

Marcy hangs back as Heather exits.

JOE (CONT'D)
I gotta pick my brother up at San Quentin tomorrow morning, eight o'clock.

MARCY
Oh, okay.

JOE
(re: Heather)
Let Homicide know she's ready, she's gonna need the surveillance team.

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

JOE (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Yeah. What's going on, you alright?

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

JOE
(finally)
Okay, bring her in.

SERGEI
Thanks Joe.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - DAY

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

INT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

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

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

Ray approaches Heather and she rises to greet him.

RAY
Louise?

HEATHER
Yes, hi.

RAY
I'm Ray.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HEATHER
Have you heard anything about Marianne recently?

RAY
No, nothing.

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

RAY
What'd they say?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A panorama of the night life.

EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

An apartment tucked away with an overlook of the city.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

JOE
Yeah.

(startled)

What? Where is he?

(scribbles a note)

Okay, I'm on my way.
EXT. BAY BRIDGE - SAN FRANCISCO NIGHT

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

EXT. FREeway - NighT

A horrendous traffic accident. TROOPERS wave traffic past.

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - NigHT

Joe flashes some i.d. to a trooper.

JOE
Joe Giacomo, F.B.I.

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

EXT. FREeway - CONTINUOUS - NigHT

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

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

JOE
Any sign of what happened?

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

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

TROOPER (CONT'D)

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

Joe stands and overlooks the scene, staring.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TROOPER (CONT'D)
You want us to notify his family for you?

JOE
(finally)
What?

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

JOE
No, no. I'll handle that.

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - OAKLAND - DAY

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

JOE

Let me do that.

Melanie stands back as Joe makes the coffee.

MELANIE

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

JOE

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

It's kinda complicated.

He passes her coffee, and sits opposite.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

MELANIE

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

JOE

No, not that I'm aware of.

MELANIE

Who was she?
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Joe reaches out to hold her hand.

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

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

JOE
I'm sorry.
CONTINUED: (2)

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

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

EXT. HOLDING OFFICE - DAY

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

LOU
Thanks for coming.

JOE
Yeah. Good to see you.

LOU
I wanna say some things -

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

LOU
How's ma, she okay?

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

They drop into the car and pull away.

INT. JOE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

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

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

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

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

LOU
Thanks man, I'm gonna do it myself.

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

LOU (CONT'D)
I hope you can forgive me.

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

LOU (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for what I did. For everything I did.

Joe reaches out and clasps his brother's hand.

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

Lou turns away to hide his tears.

LOU
I understand.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

JOE
She's a junkie, a user?

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  
MELVIN (CONT'D)  
She came into the country as a  
prostitute, she's got the  
background you need.

Marcy steps into the office.

MARCY  
George is here if you're ready for  
him.

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

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

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

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

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

George shakes his hand.

GEORGE  
Good to meet you.

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

Joe hands George the file on the informant.

GEORGE  
You're her handler?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

He returns the file, shakes Melvin's hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Thanks for helping us out on this, we appreciate it.
(exiting, to Joe)
How's that new recruit working out?

JOE
She's hanging in, time will tell.

EXT. MARIN COURTHOUSE/JAIL - PARKING LOT - DAY
Joe pulls up into the parking lot.

INT. MARIN COURTHOUSE/JAIL - MINUTES LATER - DAY
Joe meets Melvin, they move up the stairs.

JOE
What'd she say?

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOE
I understand.

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

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

ELENA
And you have a good story for me?

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

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

JOE
Simple, like a soap opera.

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

JOE
Uh huh, yeah.
CONTINUED: (2)

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

Joe looks to Melvin, who shrugs.

JOE
We can probably come up with something.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Joe exits with Melvin.

JOE
I like her. She's ambitious.

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

JOE
Yeah, yeah.

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

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

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

JOE
What about the apartment?

They enter Joe's offices.

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

Past Marcy, working the computer.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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

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

HEATHER
This is a good one, I like this one.

They enter Joe's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S STREET CORNER - DAY

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

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

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

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

RICO
Yeah, sure.

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

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

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

CUT TO:
EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR - DAY

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

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

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

MELVIN
Yeah, no pressure.

JOE
Appreciate it.

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

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

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

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

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

ELENA
You promised me a wedding ring.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ELENA (CONT'D)
For me? Oh, I wasn't expecting this.
(giggles)
I think he loved me very much.

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CAMILLE and SAM watch the apartment from down the block.

CAMILLE
Here they come

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

INT. HOMICIDE CAR - INTERCUT - DAY

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

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

HEATHER
That was back in Philadelphia about five years ago.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ray pauses to examine the photograph, then:

RAY
What are we looking for?

INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

HEATHER
Was she dating somebody else, do you know?

Ray hides a reaction.

RAY
No, she wasn't dating anybody else.

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

RAY
I don't think so.

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

HEATHER
There's no tape in here.

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

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

RAY
No.

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

RAY
I didn't hear about that.

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

RAY
I know it's hard.

HEATHER
It is.

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

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

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

HEATHER
Stop it. Stop it, please.

She pushes him away and stands up.

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

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

She exits.  

CUT TO:
EXT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - DAY

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

EXT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - MINUTES LATER - DAY

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

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

IVAN
Yes.

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

IVAN
I didn't know he was married.

Elena flashes her ring.

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

IVAN
Yes, me and my brother.

ELENA
I have the passports you ordered.

IVAN
- let me introduce you to my brother. Come.

He waves Vladimir over and takes Elena to him.

CUT TO:

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

SAM
You were good, that was really real.

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

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

Marcy enters. CHESTER is in reception, beyond.

MARCY
Chester's here.

JOE
Okay, introduce him to these guys, willya?

They head out and Marcy introduces them to Chester.

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

JOE
Yeah, pretty good.

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

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

She lets out a sigh, relaxes in the chair.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

HEATHER

I had fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETCORNER - LILY - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - DAY

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

CHESTER

Ray Means?

(producing a card)

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

RAY

Oh, right, she did, yeah.

CHESTER

Have you got a minute?

RAY

Yeah, sure, go ahead.

CHESTER

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

RAY

Okay, oh, okay.

CHESTER

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

(CONTINUED)
He reveals a photograph of MARIANNE.

RAY
Okay.

CHESTER
You see the key she has around her neck?

RAY
Sure.

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

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

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

RAY
No, no idea, why?

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

RAY
Sorry, I have no idea where she did her banking.
CHESTER
Oh, okay. Well, look, here's my card, I'm going to be making the calls to all the banks in the area, it's gonna take me a week at least chasing it down, I just thought if you knew we'd save some valuable time.

RAY
Sorry, I wish I could help.

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

RAY
Okay, I will.

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

INT. CHESTER'S CAR - SECONDS LATER - DAY

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. RAY MEANS' CAFE - NIGHT

Ray emerges and heads to his car, sits in.

INT. SAM AND CAMILLE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

CAMILLE
(into radio)
He's moving.

They pull into traffic a couple of cars behind Ray.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

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

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

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

JOE

This looks good. This place been closed down long?

AGENT

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

JOE

Okay, you ready to do this?

AGENT

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

AGENT
Any time now.

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

JOE
(into cell)
Say what? When?

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

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

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

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MELVIN greets JOE at the door of the apartment.

JOE
What happened?

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

Joe heads down the hall to the bedroom.

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

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

JOE
Can you jump start her?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
She should be waking up.

JOE
Hit her again. Go on, hit her
again.

The Paramedic inserts more narcon. No reaction.

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

JOE
Hit her again.

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

JOE (CONT'D)
She's got a meeting with the
Russians in less than an hour.

MELVIN
What do you wanna do?

JOE
Clean her up and get it done.

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

MELVIN
She gonna be alright to do this?

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. RAY'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

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

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

CAMILLE
(into radio)
Going south on the Embarcadero again.
(t to Sam)
He's trying to see if he's got a tail. We've been going round this block half a dozen times.

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

EXT. STREET - INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

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

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

SAM
Okay, he's parking, getting out.

He pulls over and parks.

CAMILLE
(into radio)
We're out on foot.

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

EXT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

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

Sam and Camille in the distance.
EXT/INT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S CORNER - NIGHT

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

RICO
You wanna go for a ride with me?

LILY
Where you going?

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

ELENA
Let go of me, I can walk.

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

ELENA
I lied.

Joe releases her. She walks wonkily towards his car.

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

He opens the car door for her and guides her in, hands her her purse.
INT. RICO'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

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

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

LILY
Sure, I want to get high.

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

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

RICO
Just up here.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

RAY emerges and heads back up to his car.

INT. SAM AND CAMILLE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

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

UNIT 7
Unit 7 taking the eye.

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

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Sam dials his cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO – NIGHT

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

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR – NIGHT

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

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR – CONTINUING – NIGHT

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

ELENA
I have an office in the back here.

She indicates the young women as they pass.

ELENA (CONT'D)
You like my girls, good, yes?

VLADIMIR
Very nice. How many you got?

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

She indicates her office.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Take a seat, I'll get you drinks, okay? Let me take your coats.

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

ELENA (CONT'D)
Make yourselves comfortable.

Vladimir and Ivan enter the office.

INT. BACK ROOM – NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ELENA
They're both carrying, shoulder holsters.

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

The AGENTS set for the jump.

INT. OFFICE CONTINUING - NIGHT

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

ELENA
Alright, gentlemen.

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

ELENA (CONT'D)
There you go, fifteen United States of America passports.

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

ELENA
Okay?

VLADIMIR
Okay, very good.

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

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)
That's the first payment. You get the second when the girls arrive.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AGENT (CONT'D)
Stand up and put your hands behind your backs and spread your legs.

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

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT
Joe speeds through the city. His cell phone rings.

JOE
(into phone)
Yeah. Uh huh. I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Rico bolts the front door - three bolts. Lily looks for the alternate exit.

JOSE
What are you drinking Lily?

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

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

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

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

RICO
Where you going? You just got here.
CONTINUED:

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

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

Lily moves towards Rico, following him to the back.

RICO
You are a cute little thing.

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

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

Rico steers her to the washroom.

RICO
Right in there.

She heads in. Rico and Jose exchange a grin.

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

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

LILY
(into phone)
Hello, Joe?

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rico's on the extension.

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

He stands outside the bathroom door, lowers the phone.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Rico rattles the doorknob, laughs.

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

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

    CUT TO:

EXT. MINI STORAGE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. MINI STORAGE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

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

    CAMILLE
    Take a look.

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

    JOE
    In there?

    CAMILLE
    Yeah.

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

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

    JOE
    What'd he come down here for?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

SAM
Good job Joe. Thanks.

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

CAMILLE
Catch you later.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

JOE
Never go anywhere without talking to your handler first.

Lily nearly bursts at the sight of Joe.

LILY
You asshole. I coulda sliced your throat open.

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

LILY
Okay. Okay. I'm sorry.

JOE
Lily, this is Darnell.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICO/DARNELL
Hey Lily. Sorry. We all have to go through it.

JOE
You passed, congratulations.

LILY
(beat)
Can I have some privacy please?

She slams the bathroom door on them.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe and DARNELL (Rico) walk down the hall.

DARNELL/RICO
She's gonna be good.

JOE
Yeah, pretty good.

DARNELL/RICO
You done for the night, wanna grab a beer?

JOE
No, I gotta couplea things to wrap up.

CUT TO

EXT. BUNGALOW - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

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

INT. JOE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

JOE
Thanks ma. Where's Lou?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LUCIA
He waited for you, then went out.

JOE
He went out?

LUCIA
A friend called, and he went out.

She heads into the kitchen.

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

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

LUCIA
He's a big boy, he's not your responsibility.

She sets him a plate, pours him a glass of red wine from the table bottle.

JOE
Yeah, I know. This smells good.

He sits, tucks his napkin in his shirt, breaks bread. After a beat:

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

LUCIA
That's what I said, his friend called, they made plans, Lou left.

Joe untucks his napkin, moves to the telephone.

JOE
I'm just gonna check the number - anybody else call since Lou's friend?

Lucia puts a hand on his, preventing him.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOE
(finally)
Yeah, okay.

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

FADE OUT:

THE END