

"FAST FLASH TO BANG TIME"

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&
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RELATIVITY MEDIA
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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Filthy puddle. Reflection of a man appears edge of frame.
MO HARDY, 35, cropped hair, a bit ragged in a dark suit.

On his face. Needs a shave. Short depth of focus, because
Hardy is caught in a fog that is his life. He stands waiting.
Finishes a smoke. Sparks another. Shots are tight, slightly
wide angle, gently distorted, the camera low, somewhat
dutch, suggesting all that is not right with this man.

Isolation, shame, discomfort, fear, double-life, trapped,
and insanity are words that describe Mo Hardy.

A polished BLACK LIMO pulls up. Tinted rear window rolls
down. Alone in the back sits GERALD CHAMALES. 50's. Mob Boss.
Gestures Hardy to get in.

INT. CHAMALES LIMO, PARKED CITY STREET - NIGHT

Up front ride two bodyguards. TALL & SHORT. Tall looks around
at Hardy. They know each other. Short keeps his eyes always
on the street. Professional. Hardy looks at Chamales.

HARDY

I took care of the thing. It's done.

CHAMALES

So I heard. How you got to that
Judge, I'll never know.

HARDY

How is she?

CHAMALES

Coming around. I took care of that
punk who got her started.

Hardy doesn't want to know.

CHAMALES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I love my daughter. What do you expect
me to do?

Hardy nods, opens the door to get out.

TALL BODYGUARD

You dropped something.

Out of his hand falls a ROLL OF \$100 BILLS in a rubber band.

CONTINUED:

Hardy looks down at the money. Maybe \$10 G's. Hesitates.

CHAMALES

You okay, Mo? Taking care of
yourself?

Hardy picks up the wad of cash. Pulls out only two bills.
A lousy \$200 bucks. Tosses back the rest of it.

HARDY

You owe me one.

Hardy gets out. Walks toward a parked MUSTANG.

EXT/INT. SEEDY BOULEVARD / MUSTANG - NIGHT

Cheap motels. Neon washing over a windshield. MO HARDY,
drives his beefy MUSTANG, frustrated, twitchy, poking at
the keypad on his CELLPHONE. He gets the BEEPING of a pager
network. Hardy punches in his digits. Hits pound. Waits.
Lights a CIGARETTE.

Over the car RADIO comes a news item. *"Four people found
murdered in their home. Police have made no arrests, nor
identified any suspects at this time."*

But Mo Hardy only wants his phone to ring.

HARDY

FUCKING ANSWER YOUR PAGE!

EXT. LIQUOR STORE / MINI MART - NIGHT

Pan from a TOPLESS BAR, to HARDY locking his Mustang, and
walking to the 24-hr market next door, where a haggard STREET
PERSON wants a handout.

STREET PERSON

I'm on the street. Can you
help me out?

Hardy brushes past, as if the street-person did not exist.

INT. LIQUOR STORE / MINI MART - NIGHT

Hardy walks past PEOPLE playing a row of VIDEO ARCADE GAMES,
to the counter. Addresses the CLERK.

HARDY

A glass rose.

CONTINUED:

The clerk eyes Hardy's nice suit. Doesn't feel comfortable.

MINI-MART CLERK
We don't have that.

HARDY
C'mon, I've bought here before.

MINI-MART CLERK
I'm sorry, sir. Don't have it.

HARDY
Look, I'm not a cop, alright?
Just sell me the rose.

The clerk looks past Hardy at the next CUSTOMER in line.

HARDY (cont'd)
DON'T GIMME THIS sorry-sir
kiss-off! You keep 'em stashed
there behind the counter.

Mo Hardy leans over the counter.

MINI-MART CLERK
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

He shoves the clerk away. Gropes the shelves below the register, other customers looking, the clerk panicking.

MINI-MART CLERK (cont'd)
Okay, okay. Here.

The clerk quickly produces a thin 4" GLASS TUBE, corked at both ends, with a dried small flower inside.

HARDY
Some Chore Boy.
(grabs a 99-cent lighter)
And this.

The clerk produces a Chore Boy BRILLO PAD.

MINI-MART CLERK
Four fifty.

Hardy looks out toward the parking lot. He yanks a quart of KING COBRA MALT out of an iced tub by the counter, then grabs a handful of SLIM JIMS.

HARDY
This too.

CONTINUED: (2)

Hardy pays the clerk, whose eyes are casting judgement. Mo stashes the glass flower, Chore Boy, and cheap lighter in this coat. Leaves the food in the bag.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE / MINI-MART - NIGHT

Hardy walks out. Turns to the STREETPERSON. Tersely hands him the beer and Slim Jim's. The man is thrilled at his feast.

STREET PERSON

Thank you. May God bless you.

Mo Hardy shrugs. He climbs in his Mustang. Drives off.

INT/EXT. SEEDY BOULEVARD / MUSTANG - NIGHT

Mo Hardy angrily pages the number again. No luck.

HARDY

Fuck it.

Tosses down his Cellphone. Drives past seedy strip of cheap motels. Trashy STREET HOOKS prowl the boulevard. Hardy is checking them out. Shopping. His anxiety red zones. Wipes his mouth. This is dangerous.

One HOOKER catches his gaze, gesturing him to pullover. He slows -- but spots a POLICE CAR coming the other way. Hardy stiffens. Drives past. Eyeing the cop in his rearview.

HARDY (cont'd)

Tuesday. Vice Tuesdays. Shit.

Up ahead a bottle blonde hooker, PAULA, slutty hot, fishnet legs & stilettos, catches his eye. The coast seems clear. No cops. He slows. Motions her to meet him on the side street.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG / SEEDY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Hardy pulls over. In shadows. Cuts the lights. Watches the hooker high-heel around the corner. He unlocks his passenger door as she draws close. She leans in the window.

PAULA

Wanna date?

HARDY

Fuckin' get in. Vice is out.

She climbs in. He drives off, slowly, scanning the rearview.

CONTINUED:

HARDY (cont'd)
Seatbelt. Don't wanna give 'em
a reason to stop us.

She buckles up. Upon closer look she's worn out. Haggard.
Bad skin. Bruises on her legs.

PAULA
I'm Paula. Whada you into?

HARDY
Party. Do some rock. You know
where we can cop?

PAULA
Maybe. How much? And how much
for me, baby?

HARDY
Get a hundy. Five good doves. That
enough? Give you a hundred more?

PAULA
Prove you're not a cop.

Mo Hardy unzips. Pulls out his cock offcamera.

HARDY
Okay?

She grabs it, pulls at it. Likes it. But she ain't stupid.

PAULA
Had plenty cops show their tool
then still ring me up.

That fast she is putting a resin-coated glass tube in his
lips. CRACKPIPE. Like the glass rose. Scorched wad of Brillo
stuffed into one end. She sparks a LIGHTER.

PAULA (cont'd)
Gotta hit already melted on.
Prove you ain't no cop.

She takes the wheel, putting flame to the brillo. Mo Hardy
gladly hits the crackpipe. Draws the thick white smoke deep
as he can into his lungs. Swoons from the rush. Melts away.

PAULA (cont'd)
That's da bomb, baby. Cream,
solid white. Know the Holiday Motel?
It's cool there. Got pornos. I
gotta spot we can cop on the way.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAULA (cont'd)
(giving back the wheel)
Drive cool, baby. You okay?

HARDY
(hardly able to speak)
Oh yeah.

She pulls a frayed HOLY BIBLE out of her purse. Flips to the book of Ezra. A divet has been cut out -- through 50 or so pages -- just enough to stash a ROCK OF COCAINE.

PAULA
It's only Ezra through Job, I
was careful not to cut up Psalms.

Stuffs the rock into the end of her pipe. She kneels down below the dashboard, out of view of cops, and sparks a wicked hit. After a moment, she twists toward Hardy, blowing the crack smoke over his cock (out of frame).

PAULA (cont'd)
Like to freak? You're gonna
love me, baby.

The slutty bottle blonde starts giving him head.

INT/EXT. STREET IN "HOOD" / MUSTANG - NIGHT

Flashing cherry lights. Paranoid Hardy drives past TWO POLICE CARS stopped, COPS arresting GANG MEMBERS.

HARDY
Fuck this.

PAULA
No. Turn here. It's cool. Turn.

HARDY
Get rid of your pipe. *Chuck it!*
Felony if they stop us.

PAULA
Don't tweak. We're cool. Cops
are busy. Turn here. I know a
guy servin'.

Hardy is jonesing for more. Takes the foolish risk. Turns down the dark street. Low rent houses. Dangerous silhouettes.

PAULA (cont'd)
Drive slow. Slower. Slow.
(looking)
There he is. Pull over.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

PAULA (cont'd)
Right here. Kill your lights.
(out the window)
T-Bone, it's me.
(to Hardy)
Gimme the money. Quick.

Hardy digs out one of his two \$100 dollar bills. Hands it to her. A GANGBANGER leans in the window. Cautious. Streetwise. Headlights approach in the distance. Hardy is all nerves.

T-BONE
Whats' you need, Paula?
(eyeing Hardy)
How good you know him?

PAULA
Total rock star. Need a hundy.

The gang member sticks his fingers in his mouth. Pulls out five saliva-soaked ROCKS OF COCAINE wrapped in cellophane. Up the street, HEADLIGHTS start approaching--

PAULA (cont'd)
Shit, T-Bone, do me better.

HARDY
Headlights coming! Fuck what
he's giving. Just take it.

Drops it into her hand. Snatches the cash. Hardy pulls out.

PAULA
Drive easy, baby. Easy!

The headlights slow up, pull over. Another buyer.

PAULA (cont'd)
See? This street's a superstore
with a drive-thru window.

HARDY
(eyeing the drugs)
We didn't do so bad.

PAULA
He woulda done better. Let's
just get the room.

EXT. HOLIDAY MOTEL - NIGHT

Cheap dump. Hourly rates. Mo Hardy drives in. Parks.

INT. ROOM FIVE / HOLIDAY MOTEL - NIGHT

Hardy and the hooker hurry into the room. She locks it. Bolts it. Tucks the back of a CHAIR under the knob.

PAULA
You gotta horn? My Brillo's
all charred out.

Hardy takes out his BRILLO. And the GLASS ROSE, peeling off the cork caps, and pulling out the dead flower.

HARDY
Let me take a hit off yours
first. My gut's all tight.

PAULA
It's charred. Let's do it right.
Burn some fresh. Tastes better.

HARDY
Gimme a hit.

PAULA
Don't tweak, you're not a tweaker,
are you? Shit, last guy, fuck, he
kept lookin' out the curtains, all
paranoid, you ain't gonna do that
on me, are ya?

HARDY
No, no way, just gimme a hit, then
I'll fix the pipe. Here. Here's your
money. Sixty, right?

He lays out the other \$100. She takes the bill.

PAULA
I'd be more fun for one fifty.

HARDY
We said a hundy. Shit...
(lays out more cash)
Fine. That's all I got. You happy?
Can we start?

She loads a rock into her blackened pipe.

PAULA
Sure, baby. Here. Nice big piece.

Passes it to Mo Hardy. He eagerly sparks his lighter.

CONTINUED:

HARDY
(fiendish grin)
Fast Flash to Bang Time.

The street hooker starts undressing in b.g, as Hardy burns the rock. Sucks the pipe. We push in on the flame, thick white smoke filling the glass...

PORNO VIDEO

Hot moans. We pull back from a cheesy porn video on the grainy motel room TV. Time has passed. Paula, half undressed, is lying on the bed reading her BIBLE. She uses the TV remote. Switches channels. Finds Baptist religious channel.

PAULA
Oh this guy's a trip.

BAPTIST MINISTER (TV)
--Our society is sinking on a
Titanic of moral bankruptcy. Sodom
and Gomorrah would turn themselves
to stone if they could see what I
see, what God is seeing.

Mo Hardy is fishing through an ashtray holding the crack. Loading the pipe. Sex isn't important. Only the cocaine.

HARDY
Don't put on this shit when I'm
smoking crack.

Hardy turns off the TV set. Takes another hit off his pipe.

PAULA
Said you wanted to fuck. Slow down.
Shit. It's makin' you soft.

A NOISE outside. Hardy panics. Paranoia. Heart pounding. Head spinning, he peeks out the curtain.

PAULA (cont'd)
Don't do that. Close the curtain.
You're tweakin'. I said close it!

HARDY
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

Suddenly a POUNDING on the wall from next door. Hardy panics, knowing he's made too much noise.

CONTINUED: (2)

PAULA
(standing up to leave)
See? Gonna get us busted. Fuck
this, I'm outta here.

HARDY
No -- I'm sorry. I'll slow down.

An urgent LOUD KNOCK at the door.

HARDY (cont'd)
Flush the dope! Break the pipes!

They erupt into a full-blown frenzy. Mo grabs both pipes,
ready to stomp on them, when a WOMAN'S VOICE is heard outside
the door.

CRAZED HOOKER (OS)
Paula. You in there? It's Glory.

Paula stops Hardy from smashing the pipes.

PAULA
DON'T! -- shit, I know her. Good
resin on those horns. Fuckin' slow
down. Gonna have a heart attack.
Had a guy die on me once. What a
pain that was. SLOW DOWN!
(calling out)
Yo, girl. What chu need?

CRAZED HOOKER
Lemme in, Paula. Paula--

HARDY
No. Don't open it. We don't need--

But she is already opening the door. A CRAZED HOOKER storms
in. Locks the door. One look tells us she's strung.

CRAZED HOOKER
I NEED MY FLOW. GIVE IT UP.

PAULA
I DON'T OWE YOU, GIRL. What was
that dove I dropped on you? Shit.
I don't owe you jack. Fuck you,
comin' in here all pushin' up on me.

Somebody next door KNOCKS on the wall again.

HARDY
QUIET DOWN. Shit!

CONTINUED: (3)

CRAZED HOOKER

Who's this?

PAULA

He all tore up. Tweaking like a motherfucker. AWAY FROM THE CURTAINS I SAID! Sit down. And stop pacing.

CRAZED HOOKER

I needa hit. Hook me up. C'mon. It's bad out, Five-O's thick. Can't work. I need flow. My fuckin' hospital bill, you know, when they pumped my stomach? I can crash here? I can, right? That motherfucker Twe threw me out, believe that, stole my clothes, gonna jank his ass when I see him. Wanna do a double?

(to Hardy)

You like my titties, honey?

She pulls up her top, exposing saggy breasts, that have suckled too many babies. She puts Mo's hand on her.

HARDY

(disgusted, removes his hand)

Already spent what I had.

PAULA

Fuckin' soft anyway. All tore up. Stop pacing. SIT DOWN.

Crazed Hook is helping herself, takes a big hit.

HARDY

NOT SO MUCH! That's all we got--

CRAZED HOOKER

(in Hardy's face)

You gotta ATM card, right? Visa? Getta cash advance. We'll score more rock. I gotta pager number. D-boy be here in ten easy. He gives it sweet. But I gotta have money. You gotta pay. Hands all on my tits. Who the fuck you think you are gropin' my titties for free. Twenty bucks.

HARDY

You put my hand on your saggy tits. I'm not paying you anything.

CONTINUED: (4)

CRAZED HOOKER

YOU OWE ME. Let's see that wallet?
C'mon, where is it? Give it up.

HARDY

Get the fuck away from me.

CRAZED HOOKER

I need my flow. I ain't leaving til
I get it. You owe me, MOTHERFUCKER.

Mo Hardy is half naked, sweating, heart pounding on crack,
reaching for his BOOTS--

--when the crazed hook jams a .22 PISTOL into his skull.
Cheap Saturday Night Special. Duct taped handle.

CRAZED HOOKER (cont'd)

Gimme up that wallet, motherfucker!
Now! DO IT 'fore I cap your tweaky
ass. Think I won't? THINK I WON'T!

She **FIRES** the pistol in the air!

Before Mo Hardy can react, she SMACKS him with the gun.
He stumbles, semi-conscious. Still crawling for his boots.

CRAZED HOOKER (cont'd)

He gotta car? Gimme up his keys.

PAULA

It's decent. We can chop it.

Now the phone is RINGING. The Crazed Hooker kicks Hardy in
the ribs. Steals his WALLET, KEYS, and his ROLEX.

PAULA (cont'd)

So shall it be at the end of the
world; angels shall come forth, and
sever the wicked from among the just.

CRAZED HOOKER

Fuck your Bible spewage, c'mon!

Both hookers leave.

Sluggish Mo Hardy grabs the boot he was reaching for. Hidden
inside is a GLOCK-17 PISTOL. With it another WALLET. Smaller.
He flips it open. Thankfully.

Tight on **FBI CREDENTIALS**. His picture. Mo Hardy is
a Special Agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

CONTINUED: (5)

SIRENS are heard in the distance.

Hardy peeks out the curtain, seeing the two hookers drive off in his Mustang.

HARDY
Fuck. FUCK! **FUCK!**

Mo gets dressed in a panic, stumbling, face red with panic. Hardy sees they left behind a crack PIPE. Brown with resin.

The SIRENS are closing in.

He peeks out the curtain again. Sees two POLICE CRUISERS swerve into the parking lot. The motel CLERK hurrying out, pointing at Hardy's room.

Hardy spins. Sees the BATHROOM WINDOW facing the alley.

POLICE OFFICERS burst into the room. Find nobody. They hear noise in the bathroom, running in to see Hardy getting away.

EXT. FENCED-IN SPACE BEHIND HOLIDAY MOTEL - NIGHT

Hardy drops awkwardly into the narrow space behind the motel and the FENCE that separates it from the alley. He stumbles over JUNK, trying to squeeze past it, frantically trying to get away! A FLASHLIGHT beam washes over him as COPS lean out the bathroom window, coming after him.

The cops climb out to give chase. Hand-held camera follows Hardy struggling to climb up & over the fence--

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOLIDAY MOTEL - NIGHT

--only to FALL face-first to the asphalt on the other side. Scraped up, he gets to his feet, and starts running!

The OFFICERS hop the fence and pursue him.

We follow Hardy running. He is crazy with drugs, fear, and adrenaline -- MOTION SENSOR LIGHTS tripping as he bolts past. Hardy turns a corner and runs down another alley!

We swish-pan back to officers giving chase, HEADLIGHTS fast approaching, blinding us, the officers stepping aside, as a POLICE CRUISER to races past then, charging at us!

Following Hardy, who hears the siren coming. He steps up on a parked CAR, climbing over another FENCE--

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - NIGHT

--and tumbles into a grass backyard. We HEAR a dog inside the crappy house BARKING as Hardy runs down the side-yard, heading for the street. Lights turn on inside, as we follow Hardy huffing across the street. He ducks down into--

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

--an underground parking lot. Sirens approaching, Hardy ducks behind two TRASH DUMPSTERS. He is sweating, gasping for air, shaking, freaked out. He nestles behind them. Sitting in the filth.

Mo takes out a CRACK PIPE from his coat pocket. One end of the glass has busted. He pushes the brillo with a bent PAPER CLIP. From one end of the glass tube to the other, back & forth, cutting his fingers on the jagged edge, bleeding on the glass, until the brillo is thick with gooey resin.

Puts the pipe in his mouth. He sparks his cheap LIGHTER. He struggles, suddenly overwhelmed with emotion.

Mo Hardy smashes the pipe under his fist. He starts crying. Beyond despair. Full of self loathing. Utterly pathetic. Tormented over what he's become.

HARDY

What am I gonna do? *What
the fuck am I gonna do...?*

EXT. BOULEVARD, LUXURY HOTEL - NIGHT

Illuminated by his CIGARETTE, Mo Hardy, maybe a half hour later, looking like shit, walks along the Boulevard. He approaches a luxury hotel. Tosses his spent cig. Fishes into his pocket. His PACK OF CIGARETTES are empty. Finds a crumpled up \$5 BILL. His last. He heads toward the lobby of the luxury hotel.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Hardy sits at a bar with the lobby behind him. The BARTENDER serves him a BEER and a SHOT. Takes the crumpled up five dollar bill. But it's not enough.

BARTENDER

It's five *fifty*.

Downing the shot, chasing it with the beer, Hardy shrugs.

CONTINUED:

HARDY

What? You want this back?

The bartender frowns, walks away. Camera follows him, focusing on a very sexy lady. MARILYN PESNER. She sits alone across the bar. Tight blouse, skirt, nylons, high heels. Even the way she sips a GREEN APPLE MARTINI is sexy.

Marilyn is no hooker. Though she appears available, the confidence she exudes might intimidate most men. There is something detached, damaged about her. Although she looks untroubled, she doesn't seem to be having much fun either.

Mo Hardy regards her. She is clearly out of his league tonight, considering the condition he's in. But to his surprise, she turns to meet his gaze. Maybe he does have a chance. Her eyes are an invitation. Bedroom eyes.

Before making his move, Hardy leans to the BLUE-HAIRED OLD LADY next to him, smoking a CIGARETTE.

HARDY (cont'd)

Got another choke?

BLUE-HAIRED OLD LADY

Excuse me?

Hardy helps himself to her pack of Marlboros. Lights one.

HARDY

You don't mind, do you?

BLUE-HAIRED OLD LADY

(gestures it's okay)

Hate the damn things. Been trying to stop for 37 years. Wish I'd never had that first one.

FLASHBACK: INT. CRACKHOUSE / NEW YORK - DAY

MO HARDY, when he was a brilliant Donnie Brasco, holding thousands in CASH. Before him is a brick of freshly cooked CRACK COCAINE. A hostile DEALER is cooking more crack.

CRACK DEALER

Whadaya mean?

HARDY

I'm cool.

CRACK DEALER

What do you mean?

CONTINUED:

HARDY

I'm cool, dude. Do the deal
is all I'm saying. I hit this
shit I'm here all night.

CRACK DEALER

WHADAYA MEAN YOU'RE COOL? This
is cream. Fuck me you're cool.
Nobody's cool with a brick of
cream laying out for 'em to hit.
Fuckin' making me nervous.

He pulls a .9MM. Jams it against Hardy's head.

CRACK DEALER (cont'd)

Hit the fucking pipe. Make me
happy. HIT THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

HARDY

Whoa, easy, no need--

CRACK DEALER

YOU'RE A COP. MOTHERFUCKIN' COP!

HARDY

No, no -- see?

Hardy calmly starts loading a hit.

CRACK DEALER

Bigger. BIG HIT. I wanna see your ass
take one SERIOUS MOTHERFUCKIN' HIT!

The dealer jabs the gun into his head. Mo Hardy knows he
better take this hit or he's dead. Stuffs a huge piece of
rock cocaine into a GLASS PIPE.

CRACK DEALER (cont'd)

HIT IT!

HARDY

I'm doing it, shit, cool out--

Hardy puts the pipe to his lips. The Dealer flashes a LIGHTER
with his free hand. Puts the flame to the Brillo.

Mo Hardy takes his very first hit of crack. Sucks the white
smoke deep into this lungs.

CRACK DEALER

Too hard. You're sucking too hard.
This ain't a joint. You ain't hit
no crack before -- FUCKIN' COP!

CONTINUED: (2)

But Mo is melting away. Pure cocaine pleasure steaming like a locomotive through his entire body. He staggers backward, his eyes rolling, ears ringing.

CRACK DEALER (cont'd)
YOU'RE SO DEAD, MOTHERFUCKER!

FBI AGENTS burst through the doors. Lead by Special Agent MIKE THOMAS. Guns up!

THOMAS
FBI! DROP IT!

The dealer spins, SHOOTING. The agents RETURN FIRE. Kill the dealer on the spot.

Mo Hardy hits the floor, blowing out the smoke, enough presence of mind to shove the pipe under a torn up carpet, then smash it with his fist.

Thomas hurries to Hardy's side.

THOMAS (cont'd)
MO -- YOU OKAY. MO! You didn't smoke that, did you?

Mo shakes his head no.

BLUE-HAIRED OLD LADY (VO)
You okay, mister? Mister?

INT. LUXURY HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Hardy's flashback crashes.

HARDY
Fine. I'm fine. No problem.

Mo Hardy takes a pull off his beer. Then gazes back at MARILYN, who now has her back to him. She has been approached by a MAN-IN-A-SUIT, who politely chats her up.

Reverse shot, on Marilyn engaging this gentleman, with Mo Hardy in the b.g. She is complimenting him, sending all the right signals, yet somehow impatient.

MAN-IN-A-SUIT
--Oh thanks, yeah, I got this in London. Tagheuer makes a good watch. I wear in the shower, swimming, never have to worry about it.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

So... want to get out of here?

MAN-IN-A-SUIT

(caught off-guard)

Right now?

PESNER

We're going to know each other eventually, why not now?

Mo Hardy watches as Marilyn rises, standing very close to the Man in a Suit, as he quickly pays her tab, and leads Marilyn out of the bar. Mo shakes his head at this guy's luck.

HARDY

Damn.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

FBI Field Office. A TAXI drops off Mo Hardy. Fresh suit. Showered. Still looks like hell. Steps on his cigarette. Agent SNYDER, an unattractive weasel of an man, is walking out of the entrance.

SNYDER

Hardy. Where's the Mustang?

HARDY

In the shop.

SNYDER

(looking at his watch)

Just getting in?

HARDY

Had to drop it off.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

Mo Hardy sits at his desk, cancelling his credit cards.

HARDY

(into the phone)

What does it matter how I lost it? The wallet's gone. Just cancel the damn card. Circuit City? *Ma'am, no, I did not buy a home entertainment center last night.* A cash advance for HOW MUCH? Don't put me on hold--

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

HARDY (cont'd)
(he's put on hold)
Fuck.

Special Agent MIKE THOMAS sits opposite Hardy.

THOMAS
You lost your wallet? What next
with you?

HARDY
Shut up.

Thomas has a MOVING BOX. Starts packing up his desk.

HARDY (cont'd)
It came through?

THOMAS
City of Angels.

HARDY
Thought you were holding out for
New York?

THOMAS
Getting out of this town is enough.
It's purgatory. Background checks
on Fed employees. Nothing happens
here. It's a Gulag. The Bureau
ships their screw-ups here. I did
my time.

HARDY
I'm your partner. This is how
you fucking tell me?

THOMAS
Look at you, Mo. Think I don't
know what's going on? Where's your
Rolex? Sell that too?

Mo Hardy stammers. His face breaks, emotion showing, a man
desperately needing to confide in somebody. But he can't.

HARDY
C'mon, Mikey, it's not like that.
Jeweler's putting in a new battery.

THOMAS
Look at you. You used to really be
something. A regular Donnie Brasco.
But you got used up.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS (cont'd)

Now the Bureau's waiting for you to fuck up again so they can deny your pension. And Mo, you are fucking up.

Mo has no comeback. No defense. The PHONE breaks the moment, the credit card rep coming back on the line again.

HARDY

NO, NO, NO. I did not buy a fucking mink coat!

INT. FBI, MEN'S WASHROOM - DAY

Mo Hardy splashes water on his face. God he wants a hit. Looks at his watch, but it isn't there. *Shit*. Hardy turns, finding SNYDER, staring curiously at him.

AGENT SNYDER

Richardson wants you in his office.
(Hardy starts out)
Hear about your new partner? A real piece of work. Bureau chased her outta the Atlanta office--

HARDY

Her?

AGENT SNYDER

That's right. There was a messy sexual harassment case involving a fellow agent.

HARDY

Some guy pinch her ass?

AGENT SNYDER

Other way around, pal.

INT. FBI, RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A framed PICTURE shows Special Agent in Charge, DON RICHARDSON, shaking hands with FBI Director Lewis Freeh. We pull back, finding MO HARDY looking at it.

RICHARDSON

Your lapel, Mo. Got a spot.

HARDY

(scratching at it)
Gonna have to get a new photo.
That FBI Director's old news.

CONTINUED:

RICHARDSON

You flying out with me for the swearing in? All the hot shots are going to be there.

HARDY

(shaking his head)

His successor and I aren't exactly the best buddies..., he was my SAC back in New York.

RICHARDSON

Maybe it's time you put that right. Put a lot of things right. People are watching, Mo. Your partner transfers out. Refuses to say why. Talk to me. Everything okay at home?

HARDY

Sure. I'm the bachelor, remember?

RICHARDSON

Don't gloat. My wife threw away all her high heels cause they make her *wittle* feet hurt, then wonders why there's a credit card charge from Hooters.

(a beat)

You getting to the gym?

HARDY

'Course. I catch a burn.

RICHARDSON

You look thin.

Richardson is staring at Hardy. Scrutinizing him. It is an awkward moment, Hardy needing to change the subject.

HARDY

Sir, these things I'm hearing about my new partner--

RICHARDSON

She's had her problems. That's why most of us are here, isn't it? This is the last chance ranch.

Hardy looks down, obviously having a history.

RICHARDSON (cont'd)

Just don't sleep with your partner, Mr. Bachelor. I'm serious.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDY

Way I hear it, you might wanna
tell her that.

Suddenly the boss looks up, his office door opening--

RICHARDSON

Mo Hardy, meet Marilyn Pesner.

Mo stands up, turning to greet--

--MARILYN PESNER as she walks in. This is the woman from
the bar last night. Wearing a completely different look.
Different hair. Pinned up. Last night must have been a wig.
She is dressed conservative. Professional. Flat shoes.
Pleasant face. Little makeup. No wedding ring.

PESNER

Good to meet you.

She recognizes Hardy. Makes her uncomfortable, yet far from
embarrassed. But he isn't sure. Her make-over leaves him with
only a suspicion. He is curious, but otherwise unimpressed.

HARDY

Welcome to the big city.

RICHARDSON

Marilyn's out of the Atlanta office.
Raised there, weren't you?

PESNER

Birmingham. From the Bible Belt
to the big city.

RICHARDSON

We're a family town. Which means
dysfunctional, repressive, with lots
of crabgrass in the lawn. Give her
the tour, Mo. Well, that's all.
(they start out)
By the way, drink plenty of water.

HARDY

Huh?

RICHARDSON

Mandatory drug testing this
afternoon. Gotta fill that cup.

Hardy's heart starts pounding. He says nothing. Gives a nod,
walking out. Richardson scrutinizes his reaction. Concerned.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

Hardy leads Pesner into the bullpen. Gives her another look.

HARDY
Have we met?

PESNER
(gazes at him)
I would have remembered.

But her eyes only make him more suspicious. Hardy's scrutiny is interrupted by his departing partner, THOMAS, who walks up holding his MOVING BOX.

HARDY
Meet my ex.

PESNER
I'm Marilyn. So what am I getting myself into with this guy?

Thomas grunts, not an endorsement, preferring to say nothing. He's got a FAX between his fingers. Wags it at them.

THOMAS
There was a multiple homicide in Henderson yesterday.

PESNER
I heard. Mom, dad, their son and daughter. Terrible thing.

THOMAS
What the press doesn't know is the daughter's in a coma, probably won't make it, but she's fighting. Dad was a high security clearance guy at a weapon's lab. That makes the case yours.
(looks at Pez)
See if you can motivate your new partner into getting something done.

HARDY
Nice, Mikey. *Shit.*

INT. FORD TAURUS / HIGHWAY - DAY

Scorching heat. Hardy at the wheel, saying nothing. He's grumpy, jonesing for a hit. Instead sparks a CIGARETTE. But Pesner clearly hates cigarettes, and shoots him a look.

CONTINUED:

HARDY

Roll down your window. My
head's gonna fast flash if
I don't suck down this choke.

PESNER

I'm wearing wool.

Mo cranks up the AC to full blast.

HARDY

We shouldn't even be out here.
This is a police thing.

PESNER

What is your problem?
(Mo doesn't answer)
Okay, let's get this over with.
Ask me. Go ahead, ask me.

HARDY

You're not a fucking psycho, are
you, I mean, 'cause I got enough
shit to deal with. I don't need
my partner stalking my ass 'cause
I won't jump her bones.

PESNER

My, you've got a way.

HARDY

What? You wanted the candy coated
version, believe me, you're in the
wrong car if you do.

PESNER

I had a thing with a senior agent.
My husband left me over it. Now I'm
wearing a wool suit in 100 degree
heat. What else you want to know?

HARDY

Then it's true? You sexually
harassed the guy?

She grabs Hardy's annoying cigarette, and puts it out. Mousey
Marilyn Pesner suddenly isn't so mousey anymore.

PESNER

Most men say they like aggressive
women. But when it comes down to it,
most men are full of shit.

CONTINUED: (2)

On Hardy, grinning, impressed in a bored sort of way.

HARDY

Okay then.

EXT. JENKINS HOME, CRIME SCENE - DAY

This is a nice house on a lazy street, a home to raise your children in, and grow old together. Only now POLICE, official VEHICLES, and CRIME TAPE tell of the tragedy inside. PEZ & HARDY drive up. They get out. Hardy pulls out another SMOKE.

PESNER

You just had one.

But Hardy gives her a look, as he LIGHTS it, takes a drag.

PESNER (cont'd)

Stay out here then.

Pesner walks to the front door, badging a cop standing with DETECTIVE RIONDA on the porch. Hardy watches her walk, takes a last puff, then puts it out, and follows her inside.

INT. JENKINS HOME, CRIME SCENE - DAY

The bodies have been taken away. But what is left is enough to make even Hardy stop as he enters. Evidence of people having fought for their lives. Splattered blood, arterial spray over the carpet and walls. Bloody hand prints and smears. Police crime photographs tacked up. Tape outlines where the bodies finally fell and bled out.

PESNER

Hardy, this is Detective Rionda.

The Police detective routinely shakes Hardy's hand, who's eyes are still prowling this foyer and living room.

HARDY

They really fought for their lives.
Nobody overheard this?

The police detective shakes his head no. He points to a SLIDING GLASS DOOR, now SHATTERED, bloody shards everywhere.

DETECTIVE RIONDA

The mother was thrown through
that slider, the glass in her neck
must've bled like crazy.

CONTINUED:

A BUSTED RAILING from the second story balcony to a body outline and DRIED PUDDLE OF BLOOD on the marble below.

DETECTIVE RIONDA (cont'd)
That's where the daughter went over the railing. Appears she was already severely beaten up before the fall.

PESNER
She's the survivor?

DETECTIVE RIONDA
In a coma over at County General, she's not going to make it.
(gestures upstairs)
Her younger brother was found strangled up in his bedroom.

Hardy shakes his head. Turns to the 3RD BODY OUTLINE.

HARDY
The father's last stand?

Near him FURNITURE is overturned, DENTS in the dry-wall, as if a brutal battle occurred, people crashing about.

DETECTIVE RIONDA
Someone used the guy's own golf club on him. These were nice church going folks. And we don't have squat. No prints, the neighbors saw nothing. It will take the labs days to sort through the rest of it. Shoe prints, hair samples, the fluids.

PESNER
(to Hardy)
What do you think?

HARDY
I'm thinking it wasn't self inflicted.

Hardy walks out.

INT. TAURUS / SUBURBS - DAY

They are driving through this suburban stretch of new homes. Pez is frustrated with Hardy, who is grumpy, low energy.

PESNER
So that's it?

CONTINUED:

HARDY

What? You wanted to do the
interviews all over again?
Knock on doors for eight hours?
Nobody saw anything. Wait for
the lab reports.

Mo pulls into a the PARKING LOT of a PUBLIC PARK.

PESNER

Why are we stopping?

HARDY

I gotta take a leak. Just hang
here a minute.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK PLAY AREA - DAY

CHILDREN are playing. MOTHERS are watching infants & toddlers
by the swing set. MO HARDY walks slowly. Eyeing the children.
Focuses on a BOY, 8-yrs-old, heading for the RESTROOM.

INT. PARK, MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

The boy approaches the urinal.

HARDY

Hey, kid.

The boy turns around. Surprised to see this stranger.

HARDY (cont'd)

Can you help me out. I need a favor.

Mo pulls out a small JAR. Unscrews the lid.

HARDY (cont'd)

Can you pee in this jar? Pay you ten
bucks. Buy some Super-Legos, or those
Transformer robot guys, whadaya say?

8-YR-OLD BOY

Twenty bucks.

EXT. PARK PARKING LOT - LATER

Mo Hardy walks back to the Taurus. Discretely checks the
JAR in his coat pocket.

CONTINUED:

Suddenly a CONCERNED MOTHER holding the \$20 is following, dragging the 8-YR-OLD BOY by the arm, who is pointing. Hardy can figure out the rest. He quickens his pace.

INT. TAURUS

Hardy hops inside. Quickly keys the ignition. Marilyn HEARS the concerned mother SHOUTING over the sound of the engine. Mo is already pulling out. Marilyn turns, seeing the mother.

PESNER
Is she yelling at you?

Hardy shrugs, dismissing it. Marilyn looks at him, curious.

EXT/INT. TAURUS, BOULEVARD - DAY

Driving back to the office. Hardy pulls out a bottle of ASPIRIN. Chews them without water. Marilyn reacts, grimacing.

PESNER
So, *partner*, hope you don't mind my asking, but I'm not the only one here carrying baggage. What happened in New York?

HARDY
I fucked up.

PESNER
That's it?

HARDY
Somebody got hurt.

Suddenly the tone ALERT on their RADIOS goes off.

RADIO DISPATCH
Reported bank robbery on North Nellis Blvd at the Bank of America. Shots fired. Nobody hurt.

PESNER
We close?

HARDY
Twelve blocks.

PESNER
So we're going to respond?

CONTINUED:

HARDY

We aren't bank robbery. Don't be so perky. I gotta headache.

PESNER

Twelve blocks, Hardy. Chew more Aspirin. And DON'T CALL ME PERKY.

Hardy grumbles, reluctantly pulling over. Pops the trunk. Hardy gets out. His head pounding. Retrieves two H&K MP-5 SUBMACHINE GUNS from the trunk. Finds a blue TRAVELING CASE. Doesn't recognize it. Loads the weapons. Slams the trunk.

Hardy gets back behind the wheel. Hands her the weapon.

HARDY

Don't shoot yourself.

PESNER

Two suspects. Black. Wearing blue gang colors. Mid twenties. Driving a grey Buick Skylark.

Suddenly a GREY BUICK SKYLARK turns from Nellis onto the Boulevard, northbound, occupied by TWO MALES, wearing what appears to be gang colors.

HARDY

Whoa, *shit!* THERE THEY ARE!

He whips a U-Turn, punching it. Pesner already on the radio, calling it in. She places a magnetic red LIGHT on the roof.

PESNER

Agents Hardy & Pesner in pursuit of bank robbery suspects in a grey Buick Skylark proceeding northbound on..., uh--
(she doesn't know)

HARDY

(grabs the mic)
North Branaman Boulevard. Passing Nellis Hospital!

Hardy weaves hard thru traffic. Finally Hardy catches up, positioning to make a felony stop.

The Buick pulls over.

Hardy stays behind them, partially blocking the road with his vehicle. The agents chamber rounds. Unbuckle their seat belts. About to open the doors--

CONTINUED: (2)

--When backup TAIL LIGHTS come on the Buick.

PESNER
Watch-out! He's *backing up!*

The Buick accelerates backward, tires squealing, and smashes into the front of the agent's car.

The AIR-BAGS activate, pinning both agents in place. They watch helplessly as the Buick sedan accelerates away.

HARDY
SonofaBITCH!

The air-bags deflate. But the car has stalled. Hardy tries to restart the engine. No luck. As the Buick disappears over the crest of the hill near I-15.

PESNER
Forget it. Gas pump quits when the air bags deploy.

A PEDESTRIAN is clicking photographs. Hardy notices him.

HARDY
Hey! Fuck you! No pictures!

The Pedestrian scrambles away.

HARDY (cont'd)
COME BACK HERE! Shit! Asshole.

PESNER
What are you, retarded? Didn't you see them backing up?

A Metro POLICE CRUISER arrives.

HARDY
You deal with these cops.

Mo Hardy, his back turned, Hardy discretely checks the JAR OF URINE in his coat pocket. It's okay. Sweet relief.

He unloads both SUBMACHINE GUNS, returning them to the trunk. He finds the impact jarred open the blue TRAVELING CASE, revealing LADY'S SEXY CLOTHES, LINGERIE, AND MARILYN'S WIG. He picks up a **PAIR OF 5" SILVER STILETTO HEELS** on top.

HARDY (cont'd)
Whoa.

CONTINUED: (3)

He puts back the shoes. Shuts the case before anybody sees.
Slams the trunk. Looks up at Pesner with a big ass grin.

HARDY (cont'd)

Whoa.

INT. POLICE CRUISER / DOWNTOWN - DAY

Humiliated HARDY & PESNER sit in the backseat of the cruiser, being given a ride back to the Federal Building. The BLUE TRAVELING CASE sits beside Pesner. Along with the sub-machine guns, everything of value from the Taurus. Hardy looks at the case, then at her, keeping a poker face.

HARDY

Yours?

PESNER

My field gear.

Hardy nods, not tipping his hand.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

Laughter. Snickering AGENTS hold SEAT CUSHIONS pressed up against their faces, as Hardy & Pesner return.

SNYDER

Help me, I'm stuck, *they're getting away!*

Waiting angrily is Special Agent in Charge DON RICHARDSON.

RICHARDSON

That Taurus, that shiny brand new Taurus, had 461 miles on it.

Hardy and Pesner have nothing to say.

RICHARDSON (cont'd)

Auspicious debut, Pesner. And Hardy--
(at a loss for words)
--the medical examiner is waiting.

INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

Mo Hardy walks nervously down an empty hall. Stops outside a MAINTENANCE CLOSET. Finds the doorknob locked. Seeing the coast is clear, Mo quickly picks the lock.

CONTINUED:

Obviously a man of many skills. He slips inside.

INT. FBI MAINTENANCE CLOSET

Mo drops his trousers. He feeds a CAPPED FLEXIBLE TUBE from his pant's pocket down his leg. Tapes it around his thigh. Takes the JAR OF URINE. Puts a THERMOMETER in it. It reads 82 degrees. Hardy takes his LIGHTER. Heats up the urine. The thermometer rises to 98.6 degrees. Body temp. He pours the heated urine into the tube.

Suddenly a KEY is fitted in the lock. The door OPENS. A JANITOR stands looking at Hardy. He is fifties, calm, intelligent. His unflustered reaction is hard to figure. He simply looks at what Hardy is doing. Then up into Hardy's frightened eyes. Grabs some CLEANSER and closes the door.

Mo is left standing there, pants down, totally freaked out.

INT. FBI MEN'S WASHROOM - DAY

A MEDICAL EXAMINER in a lab coat stands in the restroom. An AGENT zips up, walking out past Mo Hardy.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Identification, please.

Hardy hands over his CREDENTIALS, as the examiner hands him the CUP. Hardy is nervous. Trying not to show it.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (cont'd)
Anytime, sir.

Hardy unzips his fly. Pulls out his cock. Looks at the examiner, who is staring at Hardy's crotch.

HARDY
You mind?

Hardy turns toward the urinal. Just enough, so the examiner can't see him fish out a CLEAR TUBE from out of his zipper, extending up into his trousers. Uncaps it.

The LITTLE BOY'S CLEAN URINE flows out of the tube. Fills the cup. He recaps the tube. Hides it back in his pant leg. Hardy pretends to shake his dick. Zips up. Hands the cup of urine to the examiner, who routinely examines the THERMOMETER tab glued on the cup. It reads okay. Hardy starts out.

HARDY (cont'd)
See ya at the next whizz quiz.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - LATER

Hardy returns. PESNER sits at her new desk, working on her COMPUTER. Hardy starts packing up to leave.

PESNER
We going somewhere?

Hardy yanks a FILE out of a desk cabinet. Slaps it down in front of her.

HARDY
Here's the Bible. Know it. Love it. Gets thicker everyday with new names. New Federal employees we gotta do Background checks on. Start at the top of the stack.

PESNER
What about the Jenkins case?

HARDY
The cops have it. This is what we do. Run names through the computer, review their sheets, and start making calls.

Hardy turns to go.

PESNER
Where are you going?

HARDY
Coming down with something.

PESNER
You can't leave me with this. I've got a date tonight.

HARDY
Yeah?

PESNER
It's our first date. A doctor. Real nice guy. Don't leave me hanging with this.

HARDY
You got any money?

Hardy moves toward her PURSE. She grabs it first.

HARDY (cont'd)
Lost my wallet last night.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

Stick around and trying working
for a paycheck.

HARDY

Seriously. I'll hit you back in a
couple days.

She pulls out her WALLET, but isn't sure. Hardy grabs it
from her. Opens it up. Lots of crisp \$20s from the ATM.

HARDY (cont'd)

I'm taking a hundred. Okay?
(returns her wallet)
A doctor, huh? Happy hunting.

Hardy walks out.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

The JANITOR is mopping the FBI seal on the floor. HARDY
spots him. Walks up. Gets in the Janitor's face. Flashes the
MONEY from Pesner. Sticks it in the guy's shirt pocket.

HARDY

You forget what you saw. Or I
promise you more trouble than
you can handle.

The janitor isn't scared. Stays calm. Shows inner strength.
Pulls out the money. Looks at it. Gives it back.

JANITOR

Sound like you're describing
yourself.

HARDY

WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?

Tough guy Hardy wrestles the janitor into an alcove.

HARDY (cont'd)

Take the money, motherfucker.

JANITOR

I got enough to get by.

Hardy looks at him. Angrily pulls out a RAP SHEET.

HARDY

You wanna fuck with me? Let's
see here.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

HARDY (cont'd)

Mac Johnson, how many felonies has it been? We got the arrest for dealing coke, the armed robbery, lots of felony B&Es, or should we just skip ahead to your stays at Soledad and San Quentin?

JANITOR

I'm all that. And I'm something you ain't. Clean. Twelve years. Shot heroin since I was sixteen, smoked crack, lived for that pipe. You, mister, you like the pipe, doncha?

The words hit Hardy like a lightning bolt. He realizes he is no longer invisible. He's been figured out.

RICHARDSON (O.S.)

Congrats, Hardy. You're famous.

Hardy turns, finding DON RICHARDSON approaching. The SAC gruffly hands him the LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

RICHARDSON (cont'd)

You made the afternoon edition.

Front page features a PHOTOGRAPH of Hardy & Pesner stuck in the Taurus, AIR BAGS inflated, looking pretty stupid. Richardson walks on, not pleased.

The Janitor goes back to mopping the floor. Hardy feels naked. Uncomfortable. Finally he walks off.

EXT. HERTZ RENT-A-CAR - DAY

Mo Hardy pulls out driving a cheap rental.

EXT. HARDY'S CONDO - DAY

Hardy pulls the rental car into his modest condominium. He walks around the pool to his unit. The doorstep plants are dying from neglect. Newspapers piled up. He walks in.

INT. HARDY'S CONDO - DAY

Crap everywhere. Dirty dishes. A dried-up small X-MAS TREE he's neglected to take down. Only items in the fridge are vodka, old pizza, and ROOTBEER. Hardy cracks a soda, lies on the couch. Clicks on Sports Center. Instantly falls asleep.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

MARILYN PESNER is working the phone. She hangs up. Her finger tells us she's only halfway down the list. She's tense. Her eyes glance up at her COMPUTER. She checks her mail. Nothing. Looks around to see if anyone is watching, then logs on again under a new name. "**DELILA69.**" She's got mail. Lots of it. From porn web sites and electronic sex partners. Marilyn squeezes her legs together. This excites her.

Looking again to make sure the coast is clear, she clicks the first E-mail at the top of the list. A GRAPHIC SEXUAL IMAGE of a naked man appears--

--On Marilyn's panic as she immediately gets rid of it. She checks to see if anybody else saw it. Apparently not. But Marilyn has been aroused. She grabs her PURSE. Walks out.

INT. FBI WOMEN'S WASHROOM - DAY

Marilyn enters the woman's room. She checks the stalls. All empty. She enters one, furthest away from the sinks.

Marilyn locks the door. Puts a paper ring around the toilet seat. Hikes up her mid length skirt. Sits down. She pulls down her panty-hose. Opens her PURSE. Fishes through it. Pulls out a battery-powered VIBRATOR.

We tighten on Marilyn's face as she closes her eyes. Nothing but a BATTERY HUM as she pleasures herself off-camera.

The restroom door OPENS! Another WOMAN has entered.

Marilyn SHUTS OFF her vibrator. Accidentally drops it. The appliance rolls away under the stall door. Marilyn panics, scrambling to pull up her panty-hose, and bolts out of the stall--

--She grabs it, just as a FEMALE FBI AGENT turns to look. Marilyn stuffs the vibrator into her purse with an awkward smile, wondering if this woman saw anything.

Marilyn quickly walks out of the bathroom.

INT. HARDY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Hardy wakes up hours later. ESPN still blaring. Removes a "Cannonsafe" GUNBOX from under the sofa. Pushes the buttons. Inside is his drug stash. CRACK COCAINE PIPE. Some resin on it. Pushers. Ziplock with MARIJUANA. Vial of VALIUM. He smells the resin coated pipe. Picks up his cheap lighter.

CONTINUED:

Looks at the inside of his thumb, raw from repeatedly hitting the spark wheel. Hardy wants a hit. Oh so badly.

He looks off at a FRAMED PHOTO. A *fresh-faced Mo Hardy being congratulated by FBI brass after cracking a big case*. Hardy remembers who he was. He puts down the crackpipe. This poor soul is tormented, full of self-loathing. He wants to stop.

EXT. PESNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A LEXUS COUPE pulls up in front of a small one story house. A REAL NICE GUY gets out. Conservatively dressed. And he's come with FLOWERS. He knocks. We stay on his expression, as the door opens. How do you spell *shock*.

EXT/INT. PESNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

What little there is of Marilyn Pesner's outfit looks fucking outrageous, with the emphasis on *fucking*. She instantly sees she has overwhelmed this guy.

PESNER
You don't like it.

REAL NICE GUY
No..., wow..., I mean, it's
just this restaurant's rather--

PESNER
I can change. It's okay. Come
pick out my outfit.

She takes his hand, pulling him inside. The door slams.

INT. PESNER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

They stand by her half-open wall CLOSET, sipping COCKTAILS. Marilyn has her usual GREEN APPLE MARTINI. She bypasses the sexy stuff and picks something Anne Klein.

REAL NICE GUY
You must hate me for making you
change. You really do look great
with what you're wearing.

PESNER
I want to look nice for you.

The drink has calmed him down, and while nervous to be in her bedroom so fast, his libido is kicking in, until she starts removing her top, changing in front of him.

CONTINUED:

He is caught between arousal and shock, as she calmly stands in a SEXY BRA, not shy in the least.

REAL NICE GUY
I should go refill our drinks
while you finish up... but somehow
I'd rather stay.

She looks down at his crotch. He has an erection. She smiles, gently placing her hand upon it.

PESNER
I'm flattered. Shouldn't we
go to dinner first.

INT. PESNER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn lies in the sheets, recovering from sex. Both she and NICE GUY appear uncomfortable now that the sex is over. They free themselves from each other's embrace. He starts getting dressed.

REAL NICE GUY
Guess we missed our reservation.

PESNER
(distant)
It's okay, getting late anyhow.

REAL NICE GUY
I have an early day at the
hospital tomorrow.

PESNER
Then go.

He looks at her, awkward, feeling he has to get out of here, and realizing she isn't protesting.

REAL NICE GUY
I'll call you..., I will, we'll
go someplace fancy.

PESNER
You don't have to try and be nice.

REAL NICE GUY
No, I just--

PESNER
(flatly)
What?

CONTINUED:

He swallows his words and finishes getting dressed in awkward silence as she turns away. He can't get out fast enough. She says nothing, her expression turning to genuine sadness, as she hears him leaving the house.

She looks out the bedroom window, as his LEXUS starts up and quickly drives away. She looks up, sees DOWNTOWN beckoning in the distance.

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR, STREET IN "HOOD" - NIGHT

Hardy is back in crack-town. Silhouettes lean into cars, stopped in the middle of the street. Hardy cruises slowly. Dark shapes WHISTLE to him. Serving.

INT. PESNER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The camera finds her usual GREEN APPLE MARTINI. A CIGARETTE burns in an ashtray -- surprising considering her dislike when Mo smokes. Marilyn opens her closet, starts picking through her clothes, enjoying her ritual of looking for something sexy to wear out. The phone RINGS. She ignores it. The MACHINE picks up. It's a female voice.

COUSIN SUE (VO)

Hey, Mare, it's cousin Sue again.
Hoping to catch you in, maybe coax
you out for a movie. Still haven't
seen you since you moved to town.
Don't be a stranger. The kids keep
asking about you. Call me back soon,
okay? You got our number.

Marilyn has paused to listen, as Cousin Sue hangs up. We sense a hint of sadness at the isolation her addiction causes. But she's aching for satisfaction.

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR, STREET IN "HOOD" - NIGHT

Hardy is still cruising crack town. But he's looking for someone specific. Spots him. T-BONE. Hardy slows. The dealer is leery, doesn't recognize the car or the driver.

HARDY

I need a forty.
(T-Bone is suspicious)
You're T-Bone, right? You've
sold to me. Do me a forty.

CONTINUED:

T-Bone comes to the window. **Hardy grabs the banger, yanks him through the window into the car, sprawled across his lap, kicking & screaming.** Hardy jams a Glock into his neck.

HARDY (cont'd)
YOU'RE MINE, ASSHOLE!

Hardy drives off, tires squealing, turning at the corner. Other gangbangers reacting, converging, shouting! T-Bone is squirming, pressed against the door, gun at his head. Hardy takes a .22 PISTOL off the banger.

HARDY (cont'd)
Remember me, T-Bone? That hooker bitch I was with stole my car. And you're taking me to her.

T-BONE
I don't know fuck about--

Hardy punches him.

HARDY
I'm a tweaky rock star jonesing for a hit. That makes me the last guy you wanna fuck with.

T-BONE
Paula keeps a room at the Comet.

EXT. COMET MOTEL - NIGHT

Another skanky hotel off the strip. The RENTAL CAR pulls in. MO HARDY roughly ushers T-BONE out the car.

HARDY
Call to her.

T-BONE
Yo, Paula. It's T-Bone. Paula!

Hardy twists the doorknob. It's unlocked--

INT. COMET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

--The room is empty. Cleaned for the next customer. Hardy glares at T-Bone, pushing the Glock into his ribs.

T-BONE
This was it. I swear.

CONTINUED:

COMET HOTEL CLERK
(walking in, deadpan)
Twenty bucks, sweethearts.

INT. RENTAL CAR - LATER

Parked in the dark alley behind the motel, Hardy sits at the wheel. Gun on T-Bone, who is nervous as hell.

T-BONE
Told you everything, I don't know
that other chick, I swear it!

HARDY
You holding?
(T-Bone doesn't answer)
You *fucking* holding?

T-BONE
Yeah, yeah, sure, take it.

He digs out a clear plastic CIGARETTE WRAPPER FULL OF CRACK. Hardy picks out three good rocks. Hands the rest back to T-Bone. Then digs into his own pocket, pulling out a WAD OF TWENTIES. Peels off SIXTY BUCKS.

HARDY
Sixty, okay?

T-BONE
Sure.

HARDY
(holstering his gun)
You gotta pager? My regular guy's
outta his skull, wants me to lend
him big money for a fucking condo.
You believe that shit?

T-BONE
Yo, write this down. 250-4025.

HARDY
(writing on his hand)
Cool.

T-BONE
Can I, uh, have my gun back?

Hardy returns his dinky PISTOL. Thumb-pushes out the BULLETS from the magazine. Hands them over too.

CONTINUED:

HARDY
Gotta horn?

He produces a dirty CRACK PIPE from his shoe. The end busted off, jagged glass edge. Charred Brillo stuffed into it.

T-BONE
Yo, I know me some fine pussy
we could party with.

Hardy regards him. Hardens.

HARDY
Get the fuck outta my car.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

We rise from MARILYN's silver stiletto heels, following her inside, as she takes a seat at the bar. Incognito under her wig, she returns a coy smile to a handsome GENTLEMAN sitting alone, a couple stools down, sipping his Scotch.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Killer view from this suite. MARILYN's sweaty hands are on the full length window, as she stands partially naked in those silver stilettos. Tight on her face, hair in her eyes, her painted lips making that ooh as she is penetrated from behind, the GENTLEMAN panting into her ear, as he fucks her.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE - LATER

Marilyn lies naked on a sofa, sexually spent, her face blank.

GENTLEMAN
It's late. You need to leave.

PESNER
I have to use your bathroom.

GENTLEMAN
Don't steal anything.

That stung. She grabs her clothes.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Bathroom door opens. Marilyn dressed. She walks straight to the door. The guy trailing behind her, quickly checking to see nothing is missing.

CONTINUED:

GENTLEMAN

Sure you didn't take anything?
I've been ripped off before.

PESNER

I do not appreciate being spoken
to like a slut.

GENTLEMAN

What else are you? Cruising bars
for men? At least if you asked for
money I'd know you were honest.

PESNER

Fuck you, pencil dick.

He backhands her hard, knocking Marilyn against the wall.
Snake-quick she grabs his neck, fierce, with one hand, some
FBI learned nerve pinch, which completely freezes him.

PESNER (cont'd)

You fucking hit me.

Marilyn has him gasping, helpless. After a long moment, she
shoves him to the bed, the guy now completely freaked out.

GENTLEMAN

Don't hurt me! I'm sorry! Take
my money! Take whatever you want.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Marilyn emerges into the lobby. Walks into a familiar face,
FBI AGENT SNYDER, having a drink at the bar. Marilyn stops
short. Panics. Snyder is sizing her up, when recognition
crosses his face. Spooked, Marilyn walks past. Snyder turns,
wondering? He watches Marilyn keep going straight for the
exit. Snyder pays for his drink, then follows after her.

Marilyn hurries along, when a hand grabs her arm, spinning
her into an ALCOVE where two HOTEL SECURITY MEN confront
Marilyn. These guys mean business, and enjoy hassling the
professional girls.

HOTEL SECURITY MAN #1

Got a call from upstairs, honey.
When the tarts rough up our hotel
guests, we make certain they don't
come back. Turn around--

He curtly spins Marilyn around, as the other guard pulls out
a pair of HANDCUFFS--

CONTINUED:

PESNER

Get your hands off of me!

She angrily twists free, pulling out FBI CREDENTIALS.

PESNER (cont'd)

I'm a Federal Agent, dammit.

Working undercover.

(they are shocked)

That's right. Now just walk
away before you completely blow
everything. *I said walk away!*

The security leave. Marilyn turns away, emotionally shell-shocked. She quickly exits the hotel. We find AGENT SNYDER watching her go. Curious.

EXT. JENKINS HOME - NIGHT

The crime scene is deserted. Sealed up tight. Hardy emerges from shadow, drifts under a street light. Stands alone on the sidewalk. Looking at the dark house. Why? Is this guilt? Old instincts not yet completely extinguished?

Cut to Hardy at a side door. With criminal precision, he jimmy's a lock. Steps inside. Uses a tiny MINI-MAGLITE from his pocket to see his way into the darkness.

INT. JENKINS HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moving with Hardy as he enters the crime scene. Shines his Maglite over the splattered blood and tape outlines. Points his light with precise sweeps. Seems to understand every nuance of the violence. Nothing new.

Then Hardy stuffs the Maglite under his armpit. Removes a folded up GUM WRAPPER from his wallet. Inside are the three big rocks of CRACK. Fishes out his CRACKPIPE. Loads a big piece. Sparks his 99 cent LIGHTER. Takes a slow, deep hit.

Hardy melts away. Has to sit. He splays out on the floor. The bell ringing in his head. The Maglite drops, rolls, the beam searing a white swath across the floor.

On Hardy's eyes. Coming back. Focusing. Seeing something.

The Maglite has stopped rolling. The beam shines underneath a couch, cutting underneath the fabric ribbon.

An object. Small, plastic, innocuous. Something missed.

CONTINUED:

Mo Hardy blinks, trying to clear his vision. He repositions himself, grabs the Maglite, shining it, as he reaches under the sofa. Pulls back his hand.

In his palm is a BABY PACIFIER.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - NIGHT

Hardy double-parks his Sunfire. Gets out. Moves fast.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE UNIT, KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

KRISSY JENKINS lies in a coma on life support. She is maybe 20-yrs-old. Hard to tell if she was pretty, because her face is swollen, broken, and bruised.

MO HARDY stands looking at her. He is a wreck. Rumpled, hair tossed, bloodshot eyes giving him away.

The SURGEON comes in. Taken aback by Hardy's condition.

THE SURGEON
Special Agent Hardy?

Hardy flashes his CREDs, his eyes remaining on the girl.

HARDY
How long before she comes around?

THE SURGEON
She's hemorrhaging, vessels leaking throughout her cranial cavity. We've put her into an induced coma.

HARDY
Then you can wake her up.
(looks at the Surgeon)
Right now, doctor.

THE SURGEON
This is a last line of treatment.
We don't stop the bleeding, the build-up will crush her brain tissue.

HARDY
Just five minutes. Then you can put her back under. But I need to talk to her right now.

The Surgeon is looking at Hardy now, diagnosing, skeptical.

CONTINUED:

THE SURGEON

Are you okay, Mr. Hardy?

HARDY

I'm tired. I'm beat. And I'm not asking.

THE SURGEON

No. You're more than tired. What are you on?

MARILYN PESNER walks in.

PESNER

(looking at Krissy)

Jesus. What the hell, Mo?

Shows her the BABY PACIFIER, now in an evidence packet.

HARDY

There was a baby.

PESNER

Just because you found a pacifier doesn't mean--

HARDY

(cuts her off)

It checks out. Krissy is a single mother to a three month old boy. The baby was with her. *The killer took him.* Must've taken all the baby stuff. That's why the cops missed it. We've got to wake her up.

THE SURGEON

I need a family consent signature before even considering--

HARDY

(cuts him off)

They're all dead. I'll sign it.

THE SURGEON

I'm not convinced that you're in any shape to take that responsibility.

HARDY

Wake her up. Five minutes. Please.

Both men glare at each other. Pesner looks at Hardy with a curious new respect. She takes a leap of faith.

CONTINUED: (2)

PESNER
Do it. I'll sign.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The agents stand waiting, as the SURGEON & NURSES tend to Krissy. He notices her BLACK EYE, underneath heavy makeup.

HARDY
Somebody hit you? That fucking doctor didn't--

PESNER
No, no..., I walked into a door.

HARDY
He didn't hit you?

She turns away, touched, yet annoyed by his concern.

HARDY (cont'd)
You sure, Pez?

PESNER
Pez?
(looking at him a beat)
Since when am I Pez? Quit calling me that. Do I resemble a candy dispenser?

HARDY
Candy dispenser? I dunno. Maybe let your hair down, hem line up, pair of 5-inch silver stilettos.

PESNER
Snyder talk to you? 'Cause I don't believe I was wearing those shoes the night we first met.

HARDY
(disbelief)
You got something goin' with Snyder?

PESNER
Give me *some* credit.

The Surgeon emerges.

THE SURGEON
Five minutes. Not a second more.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE UNIT, KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

Both agents come in quietly. Take a good look at Krissy. She is groggy, yet frightened at having woken up in this condition. Finally her eyes turn to Hardy.

HARDY
Krissy?

KRISSY
Where's my mother? Why isn't she here?

Hardy takes a breath before answering, but the young woman sees PESNER leaning in, another unfamiliar face.

KRISSY (cont'd)
My dad? Are they here? Can I talk to them?

Krissy is getting emotional, agitated.

PESNER
Krissy, you need you to stay calm or we can't help you.

KRISSY
Where are they?

PESNER
They're gone, Krissy. Whoever hurt you, hurt them too.

The poor girl squeezes her eyes shut, tears squeezing out.

PESNER (cont'd)
Who did this?

But Krissy's chest starts heaving, the young mother so upset she starts gulping, trying to catch her breath.

HARDY
Was your baby with you?

KRISSY
Chet is 13 weeks. *He wouldn't hurt my baby!*

HARDY
Who wouldn't, Krissy?

CONTINUED:

KRISSY

Tell me my baby is okay!

HARDY

Who did this?

KRISSY

My ex-boyfriend, that fucker!

It was Corky. He did this.

Corky took my baby!

INT. CORKY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

Corky McGwinn's Residence, 312 Dune Road, Apt 203.

A dog can be heard BARKING beyond the door. Behind HARDY & PEZ, four FBI ARMORED AGENTS acknowledge they are ready.

INT. CORKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

They flatten the front door. HARDY & PESNER charge inside holding GUNS. Nobody is home. A TERRIER, starved, scared, growls at them. The terrier goes after an agent.

HARDY

Get the dog. *Shit.*

The dog is grabbed by agents and removed.

Hardy & Pez move through this small, ratty apartment. Somebody has left in a hurry. Food and dirty dishes left out, some crashed on the floor where the dog got into it.

Hardy spins into the BATHROOM, nobody anywhere. He relaxes, holsters his weapon.

HARDY (cont'd)

Clear.

PESNER

Mo... the blanket.

It is scary as she points to a BLANKET crumpled up by the bed, looking like a little body is underneath it. Hardy steps forward, slowly pulls it up, hoping not to find something awful. It is a PILLOW.

HARDY

(relieved)

What kind of asshole keeps a dog cooped up like this?

CONTINUED:

Cut to them searching for clues, opening drawers, closets. Pesner finds some POLAROIDs of Krissy & Corky tacked up on a board. Very cute, happy. One of her pregnant.

Hardy opens a bed stand DRAWER. Finds a broken GLASS PIPE with a bowl soured with resin. He sniffs it.

HARDY (cont'd)
Crystal. Our guy's a Meth Head.

PESNER
Explains the violence.

Hardy finds something else. PAYCHECK STUBS.

HARDY
We got where this guy works.

EXT. CORKY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Hardy is about to get into the FBI SEDAN, when he notices a DUMPSTER by the building. They walk toward the trash.

PESNER
You don't think--

HARDY
Where they usually end up,
isn't it?

PESNER
Mo, don't say that.

Hardy starts searching the dumpster. Throws out stuff. Soon he is climbing in, standing on top of garbage -- but finds nothing. Finally he climbs out. Pez brushes him off.

PESNER (cont'd)
This used to be a nice suit.

Hardy shrugs, staring at a PAYPHONE on the nearby corner.

HARDY
We have to find out if Corky
uses a cellphone.

INT. RHINO'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

A hard-core drinking hole for dangerous types. Boneyard speed metal is turned up loud. HARDY & PEZ huddle at the bar with the gruff owner who calls himself RHINO.

CONTINUED:

RHINO

Corky stopped in the night before last, late, wasn't his shift. He was stressing hard, wouldn't say why. It had to be him who ripped off that \$600 bucks from the cash drawer. 'Cause last night he never showed.

His SLUTTY WIFE, 40's, too plump for her skin tight outfit, slaps down her cocktail tray, impatient for drinks.

RHINO (cont'd)

(off her look)

Step around 'n pour 'em yourself.

PESNER

He say anything about a baby?

RHINO

A baby? Nope. Not a thing. You think he took Krissy's kid?

HARDY

Corky the father of Krissy's baby?

A muscled-up BOUNCER sits by the door, watching, picking his teeth with a swizzle stick.

RHINO

I don't think even Krissy knew. That girl's no angel, but to her credit she never drank or drugged during her pregnancy.

PESNER

You think he killed them?

SLUTTY WIFE

Margarita salt, where the fuck?

Rhino reaches under the bar for a TUB OF SALT, revealing a .38 SNUBNOSE within easy reach, as he hands off the salt.

RHINO

Corky's got this bi-polar thing, like flipping a switch he goes maniac, I swear. Never treated Krissy right, always trying to make up for the shit he'd pull.

Hardy digests this, turning, shocked to see--

CONTINUED: (2)

--T-BONE, easy smile, putting thumb and forefinger to his mouth, like he's sucking a glass rose, invitation of a crack dealer open for business.

On Hardy, fighting anxiety, turning back to Rhino.

HARDY

There's no phone at his apartment.
Corky got a cellular?

RHINO

Nope. He bums phones off customers,
uses pay phones, whatever.

T-Bone comes up behind Hardy, leaning into his ear.

T-BONE

Yo, my rock star, looking to get
your huff on?

HARDY

Get the fuck away from me.

T-Bone steps back, Pez eyeing him coldly, while Rhino regards Hardy with a knowing grin.

EXT. RHINO'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

HARDY exits, PEZ following after. We see this tired joint has a 2nd story apartment, extending toward the back fence.

PESNER

You know that joker?

Mo is tired, frustrated, showing emotions we haven't seen. He looks grimly at a DUMPSTER beside the building.

HARDY

Nobody's seen a baby with Corky, I
mean c'mon, what does that tell you?

PESNER

Don't say it. We both need sleep, the
police will turn up something.

INT. FBI SEDAN, I-15 HIGHWAY - DAY

Pesner is at the wheel. She keeps glancing at Hardy, saying nothing, then finally speaks up.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

You opened my blue case.

HARDY

When the air-bags went, the jolt must've opened your case. I'm returning the HK's to the trunk, and I get these silver stilettos gleaming at me. Then I put together that it was you I was looking at across that hotel lobby bar.

PESNER

High heels get you off?

HARDY

Love to see you wear 'em to the office. Sex up the place.

She laughs wryly. He laughs too. She gets serious again.

PESNER

Find anything else?

HARDY

I closed it. A girls' gotta have her secrets, right?

Pesner shrugs. Driving has caused Marilyn's skirt to hike up her thighs. Mo Hardy can't help but notice her fantastic legs. She catches him looking, but doesn't adjust her skirt.

PESNER

Ever had anything like this?

HARDY

(unsure how to respond)
Uh, no..., I haven't.

If it was an invitation, the moment has passed.

PESNER

God I hope we don't screw this up.

Hardy looks away, fearful that is exactly what he will do.

PESNER (cont'd)

What makes you like babies so much?

HARDY

I always kinda admire how completely unfucked up they are.

EXT. SEEDY BOULEVARD, ALLEY - NIGHT

The hooker, PAULA, walks through an alley to a motel's neon glowing beyond. She wears a \$5,000 dollar MINK COAT over her thrift shop mini-dress. She crouches behind a DUMPSTER. Fishes crack out of her BIBLE -- the stash is full -- loads her PIPE. Fires up a hit. She stands, wobbling.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)

Sweet coat.

She spins, her motion having activated a motion-sensor garage light, which illuminates a HOMELESS MAN lying on a cardboard box, covered with NEWSPAPERS as a blanket.

HOMELESS MAN (cont'd)

Why doncha give it to me?

Her eyes widen, but not in fear. She grabs a NEWSPAPER off his stomach. FBI agent Mo Hardy stuck in an air-bag.

HOMELESS MAN (cont'd)

It's cold. Gimme that back!

PAULA

Wanna lick my come fuck-me heels?

She kicks him. Hard, brutal. Then walks off staring at the newspaper photo.

INT. HARDY'S CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hardy rises from his bed. Can't sleep.

Cut to Hardy at a desk. Rolling a PIPE between his fingers. Eying his gum wrapper of CRACK. He pours the rock & crumbs onto a MIRROR. Uses a credit card to brush it into a pile. He readies his pipe. He stops. It takes all of Hardy's willpower to pick up the mirror, walk to the SINK, and wash the DRUGS down the drain.

INT. PESNER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn lies in the sheets. We sense that uncomfortable coldness that overwhelms her every time the sex is over. Out of her bathroom comes the SURGEON from the Hospital. He regards her, already pulling his trousers on.

THE SURGEON

That was certainly unexpected.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

Don't you have an early morning?

THE SURGEON

Actually, I'm starving.

PESNER

Now I'm supposed to cook for you?

THE SURGEON

No, I..., uh..., are you okay?

PESNER

I'm tired.

Cut to a familiar pose, Marilyn looking out her window, watching the Surgeon walk to his CAR, get in, and drive off. Marilyn is antsy, most definitely not satisfied. She looks up toward the beckoning DOWNTOWN.

Apple Vodka splashes into a MARTINI GLASS. Marilyn sparks up a CIGARETTE. Her ritual beginning again. But something stops her. She crushes out her smoke. Pours out the drink.

Marilyn returns to her bedroom, lays down, and pulls a sheet over herself. Tries to sleep. The phone RINGS. She answers.

INT. FBI OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Pan down from a clock reading 2:13 a.m. Mo HARDY the only agents working at this hour. He speaks into his CELLULAR.

HARDY

Meet me at the Drugstore on Branaman
and Lincoln. Right now.

EXT/INT. RENTAL CAR, DRUGSTORE PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

HARDY sits alone in his cheap rental at the end of the empty lot, waiting.

PESNER walks up. He opens the door.

HARDY

Quick. Lay down in backseat.
Corky's dealer is coming.

She does, quickly climbing in, keeping low, laying back. Her skirt hikes up her leg. The lighting is dark, sensuous.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

How'd you get his dealer?

INT. RENTAL CAR, DRIVING THRU TOWN - NIGHT

Hardy is driving alone, jonesing, looking at his cellphone.

HARDY (V.O.)

Kept thinking our guy's a dooper
with stolen cash who's gone home
to pack up, and now he wants a hit.
So he needs a phone, right?

EXT. PAY PHONE, CORKY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Hardy checks out a PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH (near the DUMPSTER at
Corky's apartment.) Sees it lists a phone number. He dials it
on his CELL. The pay phone RINGS back.

HARDY (V.O.)

A dooper knows which pay phones
ring back. These days most of 'em
don't, prevents dopers from hanging
out by 'em, waiting for dealers to
answer their pagers. So I cruised
by that pay phone near Corky's place.
Guess what? It rings back.

INT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is empty. Hardy sits at his COMPUTER, printing out
a copy of pay phone log from last night.

HARDY (V.O.)

Did some checking. About an hour
after the murders, there was a number
dialed three times in one minute.

INT. RENTAL CAR, DRUGSTORE PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Back to the present, Hardy talking, looking ahead, scanning
the lot, with Pesner in the back seat, keeping out of sight.

HARDY

Same number over and over. Corky
was paging his dealer. So I paged
him, said I was Corky's bro.

CONTINUED:

PESNER
(impressed)
What got you all FBI like?

HARDY
Screw you.

PESNER
And would that be real hard or
comfortably slow?

Pesner gives a sassy grin, looking very fuckable in the back seat. Hardy wonders if Pez is actually coming on to him.

HARDY
Still seeing *the doctor*?

PESNER
God no. Scared them off. You?

HARDY
More than one?

PESNER
(evasive)
So who keeps you up at night?
She have a name?

HARDY
No name. Lots of names.

PESNER
So what kind of lady is Mo Hardy
longing for?

HARDY
I dunno..., I guess somebody
with a tight ass and a good
heart who wants to change her
life as badly as I do mine.

She looks at him, puzzled, as a HARLEY DAVIDSON rolls in.

HARDY (cont'd)
Keep down.

The BIKER veers toward them. Pulls up, idling on his gorgeous Harley with distinctive custom painted flames and heavy chrome. A tough tattooed leather gorilla is a meth dealer who we will come to know as BUMP.

Hardy steps out, head down, coming closer, until finally looking up, flashing his CREDENTIALS and holding a .9MM.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDY (cont'd)
FBI! Don't move!

Bump freezes, staring, twitchy. His open shirt reveals a ripped muscular chest with no body fat.

HARDY (cont'd)
Keep both hands on the handlebars.
Now slowly, I mean slow like ketchup,
you take one hand and dig out an ID.

Hardy circles the biker, keeping a wary eye on his hand as he reaches inside his jacket, and pulls out a WALLET -- but as he opens hands it over, a CELLOPHANE PACKET accidently falls out, and DRUGS spill over the pavement.

Pushing in on Hardy's eyes, looking down at the ground, his drug cravings calling to him.

Hardy's POV of the drugs. CRACK. Big white rocks of it. Then suddenly he is punched and his vision twists sideways!

Now Hardy is wrestling this cranked-up leather gorilla for Hardy's pistol! Hardy's nose bleeding, he hangs onto his pistol for dear life. The biker ACCELERATES HIS HARLEY, DRIVING OFF, DRAGGING HARDY!

Hardy forces the biker's arm grasping the gun down against the hot engine, BURNING him, which sends THE MUZZLE INTO THE WHEEL SPOKES, LAUNCHING THE PISTOL, WHICH SKITTERS AWAY!

This JARS the Harley, sending BOTH MEN TUMBLING TO THE ASPHALT, as the riderless motorcycle DUMPS.

Hardy and Bump get up, exchanging punches, but the out-of-shape FBI agent takes more blows than he is able to land.

On PESNER, reacting to this melee, and scrambling out of the rental car with her GUN raised--

PESNER
Stop or I'll shoot!

--but this crazed biker is all over Hardy, landing punch after punch, and has no intention of stopping. Pez can't get a clean shot. Plus he's unarmed. So SHE SHOOTS THE HARLEY. CLANG! Bump turns in horror!

Hardy charges Bump, angrily muscling him into a vicious headlock. Hardy drops the biker to the ground, jams a knee in his back, and wrenches back his arm. Having taken control, Hardy pauses, trying to catch his breath. Pesner stands over Hardy, not happy with his performance.

CONTINUED: (3)

PESNER (cont'd)

How do you have a .9mm on a guy and
end up getting your ass kicked?

Hardy ignores her, frisking Bump, finding a PAGER, and
checking the NUMBER.

HARDY

Same number. You're the guy I
talked to. So where is Corky?

PESNER

I'm supposed to be okay with a partner
who can't work a routine ID check?

BUMP

Took his eye off the ball.

PESNER

You looked away?

HARDY

Shut up. Where the fuck is Corky?

Hardy squeezes harder, twisting, putting the biker in pain.

BUMP

I don't know any Corky.

Pesner SHOTS the Harley Davidson again.

BUMP (cont'd)

Fucking bitch! The Lucky-21! He's
at the Lucky-21 Motel on Fremont!

HARDY

Did you see a baby?

BUMP

My bike, look what you done? I
dunno shit about any baby. I didn't
go in the room, Corky came out to me!

EXT. LUCKY-21 MOTEL - LATE NIGHT

The NIGHT CLERK is being pulled by Hardy to a room.

HARDY

That's the only number he called?

As Pesner follows, she is on her CELLPHONE to the Bureau,
reading off a motel PHONE SHEET printout.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

I need the name and address on
702 445 6788.

HARDY

Open it.

LUCKY-21 NIGHT CLERK

The room's been cleaned. I've got
new customers in there.

Hardy pushes past, KNOCKING loudly on the door--

INT. LUCKY-21 MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A MAN & WOMAN in the bed, stirring as a key turns in the
lock, and Hardy enters. He turns on the lights, holding
CREDENTIALS, Pesner, and the clerk right behind him.

HARDY

FBI. Very sorry people. This
is not an arrest.

PESNER

(listening to her cell)
Greyhound Bus?
(hanging up)
Hardy, he called Greyhound.

HARDY

Did he call information first?

NIGHT CLERK

No -- dialed it straight.

Ignoring these frightened customers, Hardy looks around.

HARDY

Is there a phone book in here?

NIGHT CLERK

Should be in that drawer.

Hardy finds the PHONE BOOK stuffed in the drawer. He opens
it to Greyhound Bus. Sure enough he finds HAND-WRITTING ON
THE PAGE. *"Laredo. Departs 8:00 a.m. Arrives 2:45.p.m."*

HARDY

Laredo. Fucking Texas, he's
going for the border.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

The JANITOR is cleaning a corridor. HARDY & PESNER hurry up, Hardy having a CIGARETTE. He pauses upon seeing the Janitor.

HARDY
(to Pez)
Gonna finish this choke. Be
there in a minute.

She nods, walks on. Hardy stops, surmises the janitor.

HARDY (cont'd)
So how'd you stop?

JANITOR
Just leave me to my work.

HARDY
Was it 12-step that helped you?

The Janitor looks Hardy in the eye. Says nothing.

HARDY (cont'd)
They gave me a key fob, then some
speaker got up there recounting
his glory days hitting the pipe,
and I'm jonesin', my gut knotting
up, I didn't last one meeting.

JANITOR
12-Step doesn't deal with the
cravings. It's about spirituality.
People can stop, gut it out for a few
weeks, months without the program, but
nobody lasts unless they do the work.

Hardy is genuinely reaching out to this stranger.

HARDY
I gotta stop.

JANITOR
You don't have to. You locked up
in a jail cell? Not yet. You can
use. You don't *have* to stop.

HARDY
Thought you could help me.

JANITOR
Who says I want to?
(a beat, softening)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JANITOR (cont'd)

What happens when somebody says
you can't do something? You wanna
go do it, right? Truth is you don't
have to stop, whether you like it
or not. Tell you what you do. Tell
yourself '*I can use. I don't
have to stop. I want to use.*' Tell
it to yourself five times an hour.

HARDY

Fuck this Yoda bullshit.

Hardy stubs out his CIGARETTE on the floor.

JANITOR

You wanna stop, *really* want to
stop? Make a list. Write down all the
benefits you wanna get by stopping.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

On MARILYN, waiting, when SNYDER drifts uncomfortably close.

AGENT SNYDER

Were you at the Ritz Carlton
the other night?

PESNER

There's a Ritz in town?

AGENT SNYDER

Sure looked like you.

Hardy walks up. Sees that Snyder is bothering Marilyn.

HARDY

Go away, Snyder.

INT. FBI, RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The agents stand before the boss.

RICHARDSON

Good work, the Laredo Field
Office and Mexican authorities
are taking it from here.

HARDY

No, no way, *it's our case.*

This surprises Pesner, and makes Richardson curious.

CONTINUED:

RICHARDSON

They can pick up the trail easier.

HARDY

No. You gotta send us. I know how this guy thinks. I've done these dooper cases. Maybe he hasn't crossed the border yet.

RICHARDSON

Nobody remembers a baby on the bus with our guy.

HARDY

Somebody else could have the child. Or the driver missed the baby.

RICHARDSON

Mo, I'm sorry, this doesn't look like it's got a happy ending.

HARDY

And what if this child is dying in a ditch? We gotta find this asshole, Corky, and find him now. Please.

RICHARDSON

What's got you so revved up?

Hardy doesn't know exactly why himself. Pesner bails him out.

PESNER

Please, sir. There's a chance.

RICHARDSON

...Okay, okay, I'll fix it. Book yourself on the next flight.

Hardy nods with satisfaction, then starts to walk out.

RICHARDSON (cont'd)

Oh, Hardy, by the way, congrats. You kicked it.

(Hardy looks puzzled)

Cigarettes. Your urine test came back negative. No nicotine. No alcohol, nothing.

Hardy finds Marilyn Pesner glaring at him. *She knows he hasn't stopped smoking cigarettes.* She turns and walks out. This does not go unnoticed by Richardson.

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARDSON (cont'd)
You did stop smoking, didn't you?

HARDY
(awkward)
Cold turkey. Just woke up one
morning and said fuck it.

Richardson nods, studying Hardy.

RICHARDSON
I don't have to tell you what good
this case can do for the Bureau.
There's a lot of press on this.

HARDY
Yes, sir.

RICHARDSON
And Mo, you and your partner,
hands off. She's had enough trouble.
Both of you have.

HARDY
You said that already.

RICHARDSON
Easy, Mo. Her reputation does
proceed her. And I've been hearing
things. She's been spotted alone at
a swanky hotel bar late at night
dressed like a lap dancer.

HARDY
Sir, I encourage that in a woman,
And tell Snyder to go fuck himself.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

Hardy walks out of the SAC's office. Eyes wide. Nervous.
He sees Marilyn waiting sternly at her desk.

PESNER
In the hall. *Right now.*

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

Hardy follows Pesner to a quiet spot. She turns, immediately
fishing into his coat, and pulls out a pack of CIGARETTES.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

Who's urine did you use? Was it that kid at the park? Was it? What are you hiding, *partner*? Coke? Meth? Junk? What? TELL ME!

Mo Hardy wants to confess. He needs to confess.

PESNER (cont'd)

You talk to me, or we walk right back into Richardson's office.

HARDY

Few weeks ago I had some pot. I was drunk, this chick, she said it was great for sex, so uh..., but it stays in your blood for months.

PESNER

I've got a flash for you, Mo. We both got overlooked for employee of the month. We need to get our A-game going. Can't be lying to each other. I've got to be able to trust you. I can, Mo, right?

HARDY

Yeah. Yes.

She thinks about it. Tosses back the cigarettes.

PESNER

I'm only doing this because you've been fighting for this kid.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - LATER

Mo Hardy sits diligently working at his desk, across from Marilyn, who's making reservations on her COMPUTER.

PESNER

We're booked on the three o'clock.

Hardy nods, his phone RINGING.

HARDY

Special Agent Hardy.

PAULA (VO)

Hey Tweaky, you still lookin' out the curtains between hits?

EXT. SEEDY BOULEVARD, PAY PHONE - DAY

Paula the hooker stands at a PAYPHONE on the boulevard.

PAULA
Too busy smokin' crack to
mention you were an FBI agent?

INTERCUTTING

HARDY
W-what can I do for you?

PAULA
Money. Unless they started lettin'
Feebies smoke rock with crack
whores. Lots of money.

Marilyn Pesner is watching, mouthing the question *who is it?*
Hardy covers the mouthpiece, talks to Pez.

HARDY
It's the shop calling about my car.
(back into phone)
How much will that run me?

PAULA
Ten thousand.

HARDY
HOW MUCH?

PAULA
He that coverth his sins shall
not prosper sayeth the Lord.
Ten K 'n I'm outta your hair.
It's that or your career, G-man.

HARDY
When do I get my car back?

PAULA
I smoked it. It's chopped, gone.
Didn't get much, the bastards,
but I needed to cop.

HARDY
I think we should talk about
this in person.

PAULA
Yeah, right, Tweaky. I'll call back,
tell you where to drop the cash.

CONTINUED:

Click. She hangs up. Marilyn Pesner smirks at her partner.

PESNER

Don't you hate mechanics?

HARDY

Listen, Pez, I uh, I need a couple hours to get some things together before we hit the airport.

PESNER

Sure, go. I got stuff too.

Mo leaves. Marilyn returns to her computer. Making sure nobody is watching, she keys in her online alias. *Delila69*. Lots of nasty E-Mail is waiting. She looks down at a SLIP OF PAPER on her desk. It simply reads "12:30 p.m 4423 Fleder Boulevard." Marilyn turns off her computer, grabs the slip of paper, and leaves.

EXT. RENTAL CAR, DRIVING THRU "HOOD" - DAY

Mo Hardy drives slowly. STREET DEALERS eye him from sidewalks, whistling to him. He sees T-BONE. Drives on past.

HARDY

(over & over)

I can use. I don't have to stop.
I want to use.

He's looking for Paula the Hooker. Spots a blonde TRAMP up ahead -- it isn't her. Mo keeps driving, searching.

INT. RENTAL CAR, PARKED - DAY

Hardy sits parked, writing on a NOTEPAD.

"I want to stop using so I can: Get rid of this hooker. Stop lying. Have friends. Feel better. Get out of debt. Have better sex. Do my job.

Hardy struggles to find reasons not to use. He adds the words "Save this kid."

INT. SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS MEETING - DAY

Tight on a rack of PAMPHLETS. "Sexaholics Anonymous." "12 Steps Toward Recovery From Lust." A group of MEN & WOMAN sex addicts sit on steel chairs listening to a new member--

CONTINUED:

--which is MARILYN PESNER, incognito in a wig. She's nervously turning a "Newcomer" KEYFOB over in her hands.

PESNER

Lost my virginity my wedding night.
Lights out under the sheets. I was
never interested in sex. And my
husband, William, he wasn't much
either. We hardly ever did it, and
when we did...

(not a fond memory)

Years later, I'm in law enforcement--

People start reacting negatively.

PESNER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'm NOT anymore. Don't worry.

(back to her story)

Anyway, they were after this bad guy.
I was ordered to pose as a call girl.
I didn't want to, but it was the job.
I'd never even worn a garter belt.

TIGHT ON MARILYN'S EYES, remembering--

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marilyn, dressed sexy, fastening a GARTER BELT. This is awkward for her. She's trying not to be nervous. An aristocratic JOHN walks past, his caressing hand making her stiffen, as he crosses to the bar.

ARISTOCRATIC JOHN

How about a drink first?

PESNER

I don't drink.

He pulls down a bottle of APPLE LIQUOR.

ARISTOCRATIC JOHN

Like green apples?

PESNER

Sure.

ARISTOCRATIC JOHN

Then you'll like this.

INT. SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS MEETING - DAY

Marilyn has never told anybody this story.

PESNER

He made me this martini. Lit me
a cigarette. I hate cigarettes.
Then he opened this big closet--

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marilyn sips her GREEN APPLE MARTINI, smoking a CIGARETTE,
as she stands before his CLOSET, having never seen so many
sexy women's clothes. Fetish wear. Sex toys.

ARISTOCRATIC JOHN

Try something on. Anything you like.

PESNER

Isn't what I'm wearing--?

ARISTOCRATIC JOHN

DO IT! The boots. Put on those red
boots.

INT. SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS MEETING - DAY

Tight on Marilyn, remembering.

PESNER

I was afraid not to do as he said.
And he hadn't broken any laws yet,
so my squad -- outside, listening --
they couldn't bust in yet. Soon this
guy had his hands all over me, and
something happened, I mean, I'd never
felt like that before. I was overcome.
I went wild. I'd never given head
before. When the agents finally did
barge in, I told them he'd forced me.

(a beat)

I suddenly got what all this fuss
was about. Sex, I mean. And ever
since I can't seem to get it right.

The group seems to understand exactly what she is saying.

PESNER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

A year later, my husband's left me.
I'm *fired* for having an affair with
my boss.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

PESNER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
When he tried to call it off,
I - I wouldn't let him. The sex was
too good. Guess I was making up for
lost time. Now I fuck like a guy. Go
looking for it. Picking up guys.
Married men. I don't care.

Marilyn pauses, sadly...

PESNER (cont'd)
I just feel... disconnected. I
dunno, lately I -- I'd like to
be with somebody, really be with
somebody. I can't have a normal
experience. I realize I've never
been in love. And I keep killing
any chance that I ever will be.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

The Janitor is fixing a water fountain. HARDY approaches
again. Hands the Janitor his LIST, who says nothing, just
reading it, nodding in agreement at the scribbled list.

JANITOR
Be nice to have these things,
wouldn't it?

HARDY
Yeah. Really would.
(despair)
I've been saying it. What you
said. Over and over. I'm jonesing
hard. Gut's so tight I can hardly
breathe. And I gotta leave on a flight
in an hour. I'm afraid I'm gonna use
and screw everything...
(frightened)
Can you help me? Please.

JANITOR
You're leaving. How am I--?

Hardy presents the Janitor a new CELLPHONE.

HARDY
Bought you this. On the house.
It's billed to me, so we can talk
anytime, no matter where I am.
Take it. You said you could help me.

CONTINUED:

JANITOR

You need to go to a meeting. Ninety
in ninety days. Work the program.

HARDY

I've no time. I need to stop now.
Today. Stay clean until I finish
something. I need to gut it out.

JANITOR

Maybe I can help you deal with your
cravings. Even welcome 'em.

HARDY

Welcome them?

JANITOR

*Because if you're experiencin' a
craving, means you're ain't using.
(waving Hardy's list)
And you're gettin' your benefits.
It's about makin' choices. You
have to retrain your thinkin'.
Me, I wanna use, and I can, shit
I know 'xactly where to cop, and
I might. I might tonight. Who knows?
I also know one hit and that's it,
I'm fucked. So I make choices. I
make 'em all day long.*

Hardy looks hard at this simple man.

JANITOR (cont'd)

*Keep tellin' yourself 'I want to
use. I can use. If I stop I can
have these.*

The Janitor hands back the list to punctuate his point.
Hardy looks at it, wanting it, really wanting it.

INT. AIRLINER - COACH CLASS - DAY

HARDY & PESNER sit crunched together in silence. Hardy sits
holding a police FOLDER reading Coroner's Report. But it's
closed and he's not reading it. Hardy is tense, jonesing,
fidgeting around. Pez is annoyed.

PESNER

Stop moving around. You're making
me nuts. Keep still. Study the
Coroner's Report.

CONTINUED:

HARDY
I'll tell you what it says.

In a bored fashion, Hardy flips open the folder, revealing graphic crime PHOTOGRAPHS of the victims.

HARDY (cont'd)
Corky got into it with Krissy and she went over the railing. He thinks she's dead, so now he's gotta strangle her kid brother to shut him up.

We glimpse a picture of the strangled boy.

HARDY (cont'd)
Then the parents walk in, home from the Country Club, so Corky launches Mom through the glass slider, grabs a 7-iron from Dad's golf bag, and takes a home run swing on the guy.

We glimpse a PHOTO suggesting the golf club's imprint across the father's bloody skull. Hardy closes the folder, tosses it on Pesner's lap.

HARDY (cont'd)
The drugs made him crazy.

INT. AIRLINER - LATER

Marilyn falls asleep. Her head drops on Mo's shoulder. He smells her hair. She smells nice. She starts SNORING softly. Hardy gently adjusts to make her comfortable. He closes his own eyes. Tries to relax.

INT. AIRLINER - NIGHT

The plane has landed, taxing to the gate. Hardy gently shakes Marilyn, still sleeping. She is surprised to find her head on his shoulder. She pulls back, groggy, realizing where she is.

PESNER
I'm sorry.

HARDY
You were out. Snoring.

PESNER
I wasn't snoring.

She stretches, waking up.

CONTINUED:

PESNER (cont'd)

I was?

HARDY

Nobody tells you that?

PESNER

They're never there when I wake up.

Mo and Marilyn look into each other's eyes -- really look -- for the first time. Face to face. Lips to lips. A ding sounds, passengers rising from their seats. It breaks the moment, as both partners get up to disembark.

EXT. BUS STOP, LAREDO BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Laredo, Texas. Moving from the word "LAREDO" on a billboard ad, revealing a depressed area of this border town. SPECIAL AGENT CHRISTIAN LONG, 30's, cowboy masculine, briefs HARDY & PEZ on what the Laredo office has found out.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

This is where the airport bus dropped your guy. No child. One carry-on bag.

HARDY

The border is the other way.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

Exactly. He might not have crossed.

PESNER

So we go door-to-door.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

People in this neighborhood won't talk to Feds. Let the local cops work this. Use their contacts.

He swings open the car door, gesturing them back inside.

HARDY

We just got here and you're sending us to the fucking hotel?

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

That's right, I am.

Pesner senses Hardy is about to blow, and gently intervenes, pulling him into car.

CONTINUED:

PESNER
Let them do their thing, Mo.
They'll call us first thing
(looking at Long)
Right?

Agent Long nods, as he closes the door.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hardy & Pesner walk a hotel corridor of this dismal hotel.
She checks her keycard.

PESNER
This is me.

HARDY
(checking his key)
I'm next door.

She unlocks her door. Smiles back at him. Hardy opens his door. She is still looking at him.

PESNER
Going straight to bed?

HARDY
I dunno.

PESNER
We could maybe do something?

She steps closer, seductive, undoing her hair, shaking it loose, beautiful curls falling over her shoulders.

PESNER (cont'd)
I see the way you look at me.

Mo Hardy is caught unprepared by her overture.

PESNER (cont'd)
It's okay, Mo. I like it. We
can make it if you want to.

She runs a red fingernail down his chest to his belt buckle.

PESNER (cont'd)
I know you can keep a secret.

Mo Hardy finds the willpower to back away toward his door.
Rejected, Marilyn suddenly feels terribly embarrassed.

CONTINUED:

HARDY

Don't think I don't wanna.

PESNER

Oh God, Mo, I'm sorry, I've
screwed us up, haven't I?

HARDY

No. It's cool, Pez.

(corrects himself)

Marilyn. It is. Really. I'm just
gonna slip into this room, probably
stay up all night jerking off.

Marilyn manages a wry grin, then ducks into her room.
Mo Hardy is left alone, shocked at what just happened.

EXT. LAREDO RAMADA, URBAN BOULEVARDS - NIGHT

HARDY leaves the hotel. He walks the streets. Lights a
CIGARETTE. Starts showing VENDORS the POLAROID of Corky.
Nobody recognizes the face.

Hardy walks another street. He doggedly keeps asking PEOPLE.
A TAXI DRIVER says no. A BARTENDER shakes his head.

Hardy is heading back to the Ramada when he stops, looking
keenly in the distance, somewhat shocked--

--Sees MARILYN coming up the sidewalk. Her long coat is open,
revealing a short skirt, tight blouse, and stiletto heels.
She is approaching the entrance of a late night BAR, hungry
eyes of BOOZY MEN by the door welcoming her--

--when Marilyn looks up, sees Hardy approaching. She is
caught. She hardens as he looks her over. Hardy is no fool,
knows what she is looking for, but never judges her.

PESNER

I was, uh... just a nightcap.

HARDY

Let's get back, Pez.

She refuses to look at him. Part of her wants to say fuck it
and go inside with the men.

HARDY (cont'd)

And they tell me I've got an
extra party chromosome.

CONTINUED:

She finally looks at him. Ashamed. Mo Hardy doesn't know what to say, but he is not judging her. The awkward moment is interrupted by Hardy's CELLPHONE.

HARDY (cont'd)
Hardy... We'll grab a cab.
(hangs up)
They've got something.

PESNER
Mo... at least let me change out
of these shoes.

INT. LAREDO, 24-HOUR DINER - LATE NIGHT

We sense the tension between Hardy & Pez, as they stand with a veteran WAITRESS at this dump that never closes.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
This guy, he sat alone, right at
that booth, then she comes in, I've
seen her before, they eat and he
leaves with her. That's it.

Agent Long is on his CELLPHONE to the Field Office.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
(into the phone)
...Okay, let me get a pen.

Long steals a PEN from the waitress.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG (cont'd)
I'm getting the address belonging
to the credit card she used.

HARDY
Said you'd seen this Carmela
Diaz before? What did it appear
their relationship was?

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
He had his hands all over her.

Hardy's CELLPHONE rings.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - NIGHT

SNYDER relays a message over the phone.

CONTINUED:

SNYDER

It's Snyder. Got a weird call.
Some crazy woman, wouldn't give
a name, said she was your crack-
whore. Said she wants her money.

INTERCUTTING:

HARDY

Yeah, she's, uh, an informant.
Next time give her my cell number.

SNYDER

You sure about that, Hardy?

HARDY

Just give her my cell.

Hardy clicks off his Cellphone. Distracted, worried.

PESNER

Anything?

HARDY

Nah. Nothing. Uh, Pez, I gotta
make a call. Gimme five minutes.

PESNER

But we gotta go!

But Hardy is already gone.

EXT. GERALD CHAMALES ESTATE - NIGHT

A gorgeous estate. Two young GRANDKIDS crawl over Gerald
Chamales, who sits on his veranda. Their young MOTHER -- his
daughter -- sits watching, reading a magazine.

Two bodyguards, TALL & SHORT, stand casting a protective
gaze. Tall delivers a CELLPHONE to the Mob Boss.

JERRY CHAMALES

Not now. I'm with my grandchildren.

TALL BODYGUARD

Sir, it's Mo Hardy again. Insists
it's very important.

The name causes the young mother to turn, recognizing it.
Jerry Chamales acknowledges her look. Takes the phone.

EXT. LAREDO, 24-HR DINER - NIGHT

Hardy talks on his Cellphone, having found some privacy.

HARDY
Thanks for taking my call,
Jerry. How're the grandkids?

INTERCUTTING:

Chamales tickles the children, resulting in adorable laughter, then pats their butts, sending them off.

JERRY CHAMALES
Beautiful, Mo. Beautiful.

HARDY
And your daughter, everything okay?

JERRY CHAMALES
You gave her that second chance.

HARDY
She needed rehab. Not a jail cell.

JERRY CHAMALES
What can I do for you?

HARDY
I gotta cash in that favor.

EXT. LAREDO, BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Iron bars are bolted over windows in what was once a family neighborhood. GANG-BANGERS congregate on the sidewalks.

1827 Oak Ave, Laredo, Texas. Home of Carmela Diaz.

A CAR drives slowly, stopping in the middle of the street. The BANGERS jockey to make the sale, the fastest one leaning in the driver's window, elbowing out the competition.

NIGHT-VISION SURVEILLANCE POV. We see the exchange in monochrome green. The drug deal is completed in seconds, the car driving away.

HARDY (VO)
It's a drugstore out there.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN

HARDY spies out one-way windows with NIGHT-VISION BINOS from this mobile command post parked down the street.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
Texas crack. Straight across the border. Scary pure.

PESNER
Lone star state's gotta have something to be proud of.

Hardy wipes his mouth, jonesing, his stomach tightening.

HARDY
You sure they aren't in there?

Images of the house on VIDEO MONITORS fed from VIDEOCAMERAS mounted in the van and one handheld out in the field.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
(into a microphone)
Check the bedroom again.

The handheld night-vision unit moves forward, toward a bedroom window, looking inside past a curtain.

PESNER
Nobody there. You okay, Hardy?

The truth is HARDY is jonesing. Badly. He again eyes the crack dealers outside the van.

HARDY
Gonna go grab a couple tacos from around the corner.

EXT. LAREDO, BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Hardy exits the VAN. Slips away into the poorly lit streets. Silhouettes dealing drugs. He turns a corner, out of sight of his own surveillance cameras. He spots a BANGER whistling to a passing CAR. It stops. The kid makes a quick sale. Hardy makes sure the coast is clear.

HARDY
That dope any good? Isn't soap or battery acid is it? FBI, candyboy.

CONTINUED:

Hardy shoves the kid over the hood of a parked car. Pats him down. Finds a BAGGIE OF CRACK tucked in his underwear.

HARDY (cont'd)
Shoulda keisted it. This just
got you ten to fifteen.
(pockets the crack)
Get lost. Go. GET OUTTA HERE.

INT. LAREDO, LIQUOR STORE - LATE NIGHT

Hardy walks in about closing time. The FBI agent goes to the counter, speaks very quietly.

HARDY
A glass rose.

The OWNER doesn't know what he's talking about.

HARDY (cont'd)
C'mon, you know.
(whispering)
A *glass pipe*. And some brillo.

LIQUOR STORE OWNER
Oh. For smoking crack? Why
would a nice looking fella like
you wanna go and smoke crack?

Hardy is mortified. He looks around, hoping nobody heard, but spots a WOMAN IN A WHEELCHAIR staring. Hardy exits

INT. LAREDO, TACO JOINT - NIGHT

Hardy sits in the far corner of this dive. A SANDWICH & COFFEE sits untouched. He is staring at his BAGGIE OF CRACK, held discretely under the table. God he wants a hit.

HARDY
I - I want to..., and I can.

INT. JANITOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Janitor sits in his cozy kitchen helping his 11-yr-old SON with homework. His pleasant WIFE cooks dinner.

JANITOR
Carry the two. Now add that up.

CONTINUED:

His cellphone RINGS. Not used to owning one, it takes a moment for him to figure out how to answer it.

JANITOR (cont'd)
Hello? ...*Hello?*
(only hears breathing)
It's gonna be okay, Hardy. Just
talk to me.

INT. LAREDO, TACO JOINT - LATE NIGHT

Hardy takes a moment longer to say anything.

HARDY
I - I wanna use so fuckin' bad.

INT. JANITOR'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

This man sits alone in his simple home, counseling Hardy.

JANITOR
What's the shittiest thing ever
happened to you?

INTERCUTTING:

HARDY
I - I uh...,
(bitterly sad)
I shot a women. Back in New York.
It was an accident, but not really.
Paralyzed her from the waist down.
I was in my car getting high when
the call came over the radio...

JANITOR
High on crack. Crack's the worst
thing ever happened to you.

HARDY
Yeah.

JANITOR
It's you refusing to accept
discomfort, because that's all a
craving is, some temporary discomfort.
That's what's causin' all your real
suffering. Gotta realize the value in
riding out the jones. That's how you
beat the pipe.

CONTINUED:

HARDY

I'm gonna fuck up. One minute I'm swearing I'll never hit the pipe again, minute later I'm paging my dealer.

JANITOR

For this moment choose to welcome the craving so you can get your benefits. You're the one in control. Worry about a minute from now when you get there.

HARDY

I'm fucked. That's what I am.

JANITOR

FEELIN' SORRY FOR YOURSELF AIN'T GONNA HELP. Only lead you back to using. Guaranteed. Who's responsible for you using as long as you have?

HARDY

My job.

JANITOR

You did this to yourself.

HARDY

THERE WAS A GUN AT MY FUCKING HEAD. YOU GET ME? I HAD NO CHOICE. NONE. HE PUT THE PIPE IN MY MOUTH AND SAID SMOKE IT OR FUCKING DIE!

(a beat, softening)

And that was it. I started dreaming about doing more. Would get the shakes just thinkin' about it. The shit had me.

JANITOR

That gun at your head now?

Hardy doesn't answer. Sees PESNER approaching.

PESNER

The next shift came. Lets grab a few hours sleep.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Deja Vu. HARDY walks with PESNER to their motel rooms again.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

You're weirded out by me, huh?

HARDY

Believe me, I've got no problem with you being heavy into sex. It's just we start fucking, I mean, we're partners, I - I can't even keep friends.

PESNER

Men can't be friends with a woman he finds attractive. I figured let's just cut to it. I'm sorry I made you uncomfortable. You're a good man.

HARDY

What makes you think that?

PESNER

You are, Mo. Something's going on with you. Haven't figured out what. But you are.

Mo Hardy feels awkward, touched by her words. But Hardy has drugs on his mind. He nods, entering his room, and closing the door. Marilyn feels his rebuff.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HARDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The BAGGIE OF CRACK waits as Hardy fashions a crude pipe out of a plastic MINI-LIQUOR BOTTLE of Smirnoff. He's carved a hole, placing cigarette pack foil over it to make a bowl. Pricks some tiny air holes. Uses cig ashes as Brillo.

He readies a monster hit. Raises the homemade CRACKPIPE to his lips. Clicks his LIGHTER. Brings the flame close... His hand trembles... Mo Hardy can't do it.

Mo puts down the pipe. Looks up at the DOOR connecting to Marilyn's room. He shoves everything into a drawer. Gets up, knocking on Pez's door with a vengeance.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, PESNER'S ROOM - NIGHT

MARILYN PESNER opens up, wearing nothing but a silk slip in this heat, and incredibly sexy. They stare at each other.

HARDY

(awkward)

Can I - I stay with you?

CONTINUED:

PESNER

Stay *how*?

Mo walks past the willing Marilyn into her room. She is more than ready if he wants her.

HARDY

Just hang out.

Hardy plops in a CHAIR, grabbing the TV REMOTE, finding a seat, and kicking off his SHOES.

PESNER

Mo, are you okay?
(he says nothing)
Sure Mo..., whatever.

She sits back on her bed, looking at him curiously. Pez sees he is sweating. She goes to the sink, soaks a WASHCLOTH, then walks behind him, and gently wipes his forehead.

PESNER (cont'd)

You're sweating.

Hardy doesn't turn around, just clicks through the channels, finding nothing on of interest. She keeps dabbing him with the washcloth, Pez getting sexed up, and driving Hardy crazy, his resistance only making her hotter.

PESNER (cont'd)

Why so nervous? It's okay, Mo.
Kinda sweet actually.

HARDY

You're getting me crazy with
that fucking washcloth.

PESNER

I hope so.

Mo gently holds her wrist, turns to her.

HARDY

Marilyn, if we hit those sheets,
I'll be just like the others.
That's not what you want, is it?

This rattles Pesner, but it's exactly what she needs to hear. After a beat she shakes her head.

HARDY (cont'd)

Have a seat, watch the tube
with me. Just watch TV, okay?

CONTINUED: (2)

He pulls over a chair for her. She sits beside him.

PESNER

Okay.

They exchange a glance. Hardy keeps clicking through channels, trying to keep his mind off the drugs. She gently takes the clicker. Helps him to be still. There is an unmistakable tenderness that is shared. Something beautiful in them just being still.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, PESNER'S ROOM - LATER

Hardy is curled up on the chair asleep. TV on quietly. Pesner is on top of her bed, half asleep, just staring at him. Somebody KNOCKS on the door to Hardy's room. The knocking stops. Now somebody is KNOCKING on Marilyn's door.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG (OS)

Pesner. Marilyn. *Marilyn!*

Both Hardy & Pesner snap wide awake. He staggers to his feet.

PESNER

Hold on, give me a second.

She yanks the bedspread, wrapping it around her, waiting until Hardy ducks into his own room. Finally Pez opens up. AGENT LONG stands eyeing her, and the room.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

You alone?

PESNER

Of course.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

Where's Hardy? I've been knocking on his door.

PESNER

I'm sure he's sound asleep. It's five in the morning.

Long notices her bed sheets haven't been pulled back.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

You don't pull back the sheets?

PESNER

I just came in and crashed.

CONTINUED:

He picks up Hardy's SHOES left on the carpet. She's busted.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
Size eleven. Uh huh. Get dressed.

Agent Long KNOCKS on the door connecting the rooms.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG (cont'd)
That means you too, Hardy.
Our guy showed up at the house.

EXT. LAREDO, BAD NEIGHBORHOOD, CARMELA DIAZ HOUSE - DAY

The sun is rising over this dangerous neighborhood. FBI SNIPERS take position on rooftops. COMMAND VEHICLES roll quietly up the street.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

A surveillance VIDEO MONITOR displays a handheld camera peering through the window of Carmela Diaz's residence. She is a 27-yrs-old, topless TATTOOED BLONDE in combat pants, guzzling a BEER at 5:35 a.m.

PESNER
It's Miss America. Straight
from a Jerry Springer taping.

Then comes CORKY, a crudely handsome, unkept man badly in need of a haircut. His face is badly SCRATCHED, appearing as if somebody with long fingernails clawed him.

PESNER (cont'd)
See the scratches on his face?

HARDY
Krissy's fingernails.

INT. CARMELA DIAZ HOUSE - DAY

The front door is KNOCKED off it's hinges. FBI SWAT move in. Fast. Deadly. HARDY & PEZ move inside behind them.

CORKY has CARMELA in the bedroom, crazy on drugs, about to get down to sex. But he pulls a hidden PISTOL, as Swatters burst in, their SUB-MACHINE GUNS trained upon the fugitive.

With drug-fueled rage, Corky jams the gun to Carmela's temple, curling his other arm tight around her neck.

CONTINUED:

CORKY
BACK THE FUCK OUT, or I'll blow
this dumb bitch to Mars!

Carmela is SCREAMING as Hardy pushes past the swatters.

HARDY
(to the Swatters)
NOBODY SHOOT! Stay easy.

PESNER
Hardy, no, get back!

HARDY
Forget her, Corky. You want me,
'cause I'm the G-Man Grim Reapin'
motherfucker who's come for you
and that baby. Put the gun on me
instead, and let's have at it.

Hardy pulls his .9mm, only to set it down.

PESNER
Hardy, don't!

CORKY
You so fucking brave?

Eyes amphetamine wide, **Corky puts the gun on Hardy, grabbing the Fed, and letting Carmela Diaz run away.**

CORKY (cont'd)
I'm draggin' this meat's stupid
ass outside with me.

On Pesner, scared, adrenaline pumped, aiming her pistol straight at this killer's forehead.

PESNER
Nobody shoot!

But Hardy isn't letting himself be pushed anywhere.

HARDY
Not moving one fucking inch until
you tell me where that baby is.

CORKY
Fuck you. SHUT UP. I didn't take
no baby. Move your legs.
(at the Swatters)
EVERYBODY MOVE BACK!

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDY

Nobody shoot this guy. Don't worry about my sorry ass. I'd be going to a better place.

PESNER

Shut up, Hardy.

HARDY

You shut up!

Hardy makes his move. **He throws an elbow, sweeps the gun muzzle away, spinning free--**

--**as a Swatter SHOOTS Corky in the chest.** He goes down bloody. As he lay dying, Hardy & Pez rush to his side.

HARDY (cont'd)

GODDAMMIT, I had 'em down!

PESNER

(quietly to Corky)

Where is the baby? Tell us.

HARDY

Put it right before you die, Corky, tell us the truth.

(leaning closer)

Give us the child.

But Corky's eyes register that he doesn't understand.

PESNER

Is the kid dead?

CORKY

(weakly)

Had to kill the boy..., he saw me throw Krissy over.

HARDY

Not the boy, the BABY.

Corky goes out. His lungs let go. His eyes no longer see. Hardy **slams** his fist in bitter frustration.

EXT/INT. CARMELA DIAZ RESIDENCE - LATER

The chaotic aftermath. FBI moving around the crimescene. REPORTERS trying to poke their MICROPHONES & CAMERAS inside.

CONTINUED:

A distraught Carmela Diaz is being grilled by agents, but genuinely appears to know nothing.

CARMELA DIAZ
Think I wouldn't tell you if
I knew anything about this baby?
*Of course I would tell you! You
saved my life.*

Hardy believes her, and walks off alone. He is a broken man. Exhausted. Ashamed. Finding this baby meant so much to him.

PESNER
She doesn't know.

HARDY
I'm sorry, Marilyn...
(rubbing his face)
What am I gonna tell the mother?
(looking at Pez)
And that look in his eye. *I don't
think he knew where the baby was.*

PESNER
Mo, ease up. Forget it. We got
this guy. You did everything you
could and more. We knew that baby
was gone. We always knew it.

Hardy rubs his face, sees that Pesner is holding a WALLET.

HARDY
That his?

He grabs it, immediately going through it. Lots of CASH. Phone numbers written on SCRAPS OF PAPER. His real ID. And a FAKE DRIVER'S LICENSE with the correct photo.

HARDY (cont'd)
Fake ID, you can buy these in
the hood for fifty bucks.

Finds a PHOTO of KRISSY in high heels & bikini ala Miss Tool Girl posing beside a Harley Davidson. Hardy's Cellphone RINGS. He pockets the photo, answers.

EXT. SEEDY BOULEVARD, PAY PHONE - NIGHT

PAULA THE HOOKER is at a PAY PHONE.

CONTINUED:

PAULA

Tweaky. I need my money. Now.
I get it or you get famous. Rock
star G-Man. Like that headline?

INTERCUTTING:

Hardy steps aside for privacy. This is the very last thing
he needs right now. He speaks with quiet rage.

HARDY

I have what you want.

PAULA

Put it in a knapsack. There's a
Sambos on Branaman Boulevard.
Lots of lights, people.

HARDY

Look for a black limo.

PAULA

You coming from the prom?

HARDY

Just look for it.

PAULA

Any bullshit and I make you
famous. Resist the devil, and
he will flee from you.

He hangs up. Hardy sees PARAMEDICS wheeling the DEAD BODY
into the AMBULANCE. The agent hardens. Dials another number.

HARDY

It's Mo Hardy. Sambos on Branaman
Boulevard. Make her go away.

EXT/INT. SAMBOS - NIGHT

Wearing her mink coat, Paula sees a LIMO pull up. It parks at
the edge of the lot. She walks outside, cautious, staying in
the light. Paula knocks on the tinted window.

PAULA

You in there, Tweaky? Where is
my money?

Jerry Chamales TWO BODYGUARDS step out. Fierce killers with
blank expressions. Paula reacts, but TALL politely extends
a PLANE TICKET.

CONTINUED:

TALL BODYGUARD

This is a first class ticket to Antigua. Your flight leaves in two hours. We will escort you to the airport. Upon arrival, you will be admitted free of charge to the Crossroads Centre for the treatment of addiction to drugs and alcohol.

PAULA

Lying piece of shit. You ain't sending me to no rehab.

TALL BODYGUARD

You call it, sweets. We can give you life. Or we can give you death.
(gestures to the limo)
A shame to miss your flight. It is very beautiful this time of year in the West Indies.

The hooker has lived on the streets too long to let herself believe anything this good could be true.

PAULA

Free of charge?

TALL BODYGUARD

Forget Special Agent Mo Hardy. You never knew him. Our boss owes the Fed a favor. Get in, sweets, considering your present vocation, this is the deal of the century.

He again gestures to the door. Paula nods her approval as she moves for the Limo. Shines a promiscuous grin.

PAULA

Boys, you're gonna love me.

She kicks Short in the balls. Runs! But Tall is faster. He grabs her, spins her around, and punches her in the face. He throws Paula into the Limo, next to SHORT, who despite moaning in pain, manages to jam a pistol at the bitch's head. Tall climbs behind the wheel. Screeches away.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HALLWAY - DAY

Hardy & Pez walk slowly to their adjacent rooms. Mo is depressed. Distraught. Feeling the weight of the world.

CONTINUED:

PESNER
You alright?

HARDY
(raw)
What the fuck have I done?

PESNER
Mo, it's okay.

HARDY
It's not fucking okay. Nothing
I do anymore is okay. Thought
maybe if I could save that kid...
Just one little baby... But I only
know how to hurt people.

He is beaten. There's nothing left to give. Marilyn presses up close, looking at him, really looking at him.

PESNER
You're staying with me tonight.

He isn't sure. She squeezes his hand.

PESNER (cont'd)
Just stay. I really need you to.

Marilyn gently pulls Hardy into her room. Closes the door.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HARDY'S ROOM - DAY

The AIR CONDITIONER is blowing. Afternoon sun cuts past the curtains. HARDY & MARILYN stir, still in their clothes, spooning on the bed. They share a beautiful innocence we haven't seen before in either. Hardy stirs. He gently gets up. Walks through the side door into his adjacent room.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HARDY'S ROOM

He pushes the door so it closes behind him. Hardy gets a thought. Opens a DRAWER. Inside is his CRACK STASH. Hardy considers it. But moves away. Turns on the SHOWER. Starts getting undressed, when his cell RINGS.

INT. JETLINER - DAY

Paula sits in first class, sipping a CAPPUCINO, eating a lovely meal, with the TWO BODYGUARDS sitting behind her.

CONTINUED:

PAULA

Hey, Tweaky. Guess if my new friends were gonna hurt me, they would've already.

INTERCUTTING:

HARDY

They won't.

PAULA

With all the lousy shit I've pulled, not only with you, but...
(emotional, voice breaking)
I don't get why this is happening to me. *Why're you doing this?*

HARDY

We all need a break.

PAULA

God bless you, Mo. I'm so ready to stop. Get off the street. Why don't you join me. Clean up together?

HARDY

Maybe.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, PESNER'S ROOM - DAY

She stirs, realizing Hardy isn't there.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HARDY'S ROOM - DAY

Pesner quietly pushes the door open. Hardy is now in the shower and can't see or hear her. She sees the half-opened DRAWER. Her heart stops. She picks up his **BAGGIE OF CRACK** and the unused HOMEMADE PIPE. She pours some rocks into her hand. Tastes one. Puts it all back. Freaked out, Marilyn hurries back into her own room, closing the door behind her.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HARDY'S ROOM - DAY

Alone, nicely dressed, Hardy opens the drawer. Grabs the CRACK STASH and PIPE. Crosses into the BATHROOM. Locks the door. Looks at his cocaine. Flushes the drugs down the toilet. Wraps the pipe in tissue, crushes it under his shoe. Flushes it too. Looks in the mirror, dignity, and walks out.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, PESNER'S ROOM - DAY

Hardy knocks, then without waiting for a response, steps into Pesner's room. She is dressed, with her back to him, applying a last touch of MAKEUP in the MIRROR.

HARDY
You look nice.

Acting cold, she returns the makeup to her purse.

PESNER
We're late for the press conference.

Marilyn walks out of the room.

INT. LAREDO, FBI FIELD OFFICE, PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE stands at the podium before a crowd of MEDIA, all furiously raising hands to ask questions.

LAREDO SAC
Sadly, the child is still missing,
and although efforts are being made to
find baby Chet, we fear the worst.

HARDY, PESNER, AND AGENT LONG stand to the side. Marilyn's body language is ice cold toward her partner.

LAREDO SAC (cont'd)
But if it were not for the tenacity
of FBI Special Agents Mo Hardy &
Christian Long this killer would still
be at large, and a danger to others.
We owe these agents our thanks.

APPLAUSE. But Pesner is conspicuously left out of this big-wig's praise.

LAREDO SAC (cont'd)
I would be remiss not to thank
the Laredo Police, the FBI
Hostage Rescue Team, and all the
investigative personnel involved.

INT. LAREDO, FBI FIELD OFFICE, HALLWAY - LATER

The press conference is over. HARDY is walking, receiving congratulations. He sees PESNER through the crush of people, who turns, avoiding his gaze. He finally pulls Pesner aside.

CONTINUED:

HARDY

That was shitty, not mentioning you. I'm sorry he did that.

PESNER

That's not what's bothering me.

HARDY

What is? Talk to me. Ever since we got up you've been this way.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG walks up, interrupting.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

Hardy it's your SAC on two.

INT. LAREDO, FBI FIELD OFFICE, PHONE ALCOVE - LATER

Hardy hangs up. Stiff. He finds PESNER standing behind him.

HARDY

Richardson wants me on the next flight back home.

PESNER

Couldn't have anything to do with the baggie full of crack you travel with, could it?

Hardy reacts like he's been hit with a sledgehammer.

HARDY

I, uh, Pez, it's not like you think.

PESNER

FUCK YOU AND YOUR LIES. Marijuana in your urine. And I believed you.

HARDY

You turned me in?

PESNER

No. I don't do that. But I did put in a request for a new partner.

(a beat)

For a minute I thought there was something more between us, but you're just a drug addict and a liar.

Disgusted, betrayed, she starts walking away. Hardy grabs her arm, breaking down.

CONTINUED:

HARDY
Marilyn, please, *I'm sorry.*

PESNER
Get help, Mo.

INT. JETLINER - DAY

HARDY sits alone, dejected, scared.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY

HARDY walks like a condemned man toward Richardson's office. AGENTS pretend not to notice -- all except SNYDER, staring smugly, as Hardy knocks on the door. Steps inside.

INT. FBI, RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

We are shocked to see the 6-YR-OLD BOY from the park (same boy he bought urine from). His CONCERNED MOTHER is holding the NEWSPAPER CLIPPING of Hardy from the bank robbery fiasco. She bolts to her feet upon seeing Mo Hardy!

CONCERNED MOTHER
THAT'S HIM.

We push tight on Mo Hardy. Game over.

INT. FBI, RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Deeply ashamed Mo Hardy is alone with Richardson.

RICHARDSON
I need your creds and your piece.

The suspended agent sadly removes the GLOCK from his holster. Places it on Richardson's desk. Hardy is doing his best to hold back tears. Richardson is compassionate. His voice soft.

RICHARDSON (cont'd)
We'll get you through rehab,
but I dunno, Mo, you know how
the Bureau is.

Hardy opens his CREDENTIALS. Takes a last look at his face alongside the FBI seal. Lays it beside the gun. Richardson puts a comforting hand on Mo's shoulder.

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Special Agent CHRISTIAN LONG walks PESNER to her hotel room.

PESNER
You didn't have to walk me.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
My pleasure, Marilyn. Do they
have mini-bars in these rooms?

INT. LAREDO RAMADA, PESNER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Long's eyes are on her body, as she takes off her coat,
opens the mini-bar, and turns to present him a can of BEER.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
Sorry if I can't take my eyes
off of you.

This handsome man pushes close.

PESNER
I don't mind.

She allows him to put his hands all over her.

PESNER (cont'd)
It's your hands that concern me.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
I'm very good with my hands.

PESNER
C'mon, Christian, stop it.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
You don't mean that.

PESNER
Yes I do. C'mon, please. Don't.

But he isn't stopping. Still holding the BEER, Marilyn shakes
it, then pops the tab, spraying it over his suit.

PESNER (cont'd)
You're wet and I'm not.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG
Shit. Goddammit, Marilyn. Is it
Hardy? That drug addict? You heard,
didn't you? The guy's a crackhead.

CONTINUED:

PESNER

He needs help. Who doesn't?

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

You deserve each other.

PESNER

What's that supposed to mean?

SPECIAL AGENT LONG

Think anybody takes you seriously?
Why do you think the boss didn't
introduce you to the media? You're
an embarrassment. You're Pez the
Candy Dispenser. The Bureau slut.

Marilyn coldcocks this asshole in the chops. Long staggers,
his cheek bleeding, badly cut by her RING. He wipes the
blood, seeing his face in the MIRROR.

SPECIAL AGENT LONG (cont'd)

Look at my face!

PESNER

Get the fuck out.

She pushes Christian Long out the door. Marilyn shuts it
behind him, so angry she doesn't know what to do.

INT. FBI, HALLWAY / MAINTENANCE CLOSET - DAY

The JANITOR is polishing a floor. HARDY walks up carrying a
MOVING BOX, having emptied out his desk. The janitor looks up
at Hardy, seeing the moving box, and figuring out the rest.

JANITOR

Oh no.

Hardy shrugs, standing there, holding his box. The janitor
looks Hardy in the eye.

JANITOR (cont'd)

Thinkin' about hittin' the pipe?

HARDY

I sure as hell am.

(a beat)

I can. I might walk right out of
here and go bang-time a big fat rock.
One hit and that's it. Right back
in the life. And this time I might
never stop.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

HARDY (cont'd)
(struggling)
But for right now, I'll take this
temporary discomfort, so I can...
(searching for words)
--stop being an asshole.

Janitor nods, proud.

JANITOR
Wrap up your case?

HARDY
I fucked that all up. Now
I've got a mother calling me
about her dead baby.

JANITOR
And you're afraid to talk to her?

HARDY
What do I say? Sorry, honey, I
have issues, I had to get high?

JANITOR
Did you get high?

HARDY
I haven't had a hit since I learned
that baby was missing.

JANITOR
If you ever do start going to
meetings, turn it over to a higher
power, do the steps, you'll have to
start making amends. Like to that
mother. You might be amazed by the
power of forgiveness.

Hardy isn't sure.

INT. HARDY'S CONDO - DAY

Hardy puts his MOVING BOX on a table. Sits down. He pulls out the photo found in Corky's wallet. Krissy posing by the Harley Davidson... the distinctive custom paint job. Flames and chrome...

FLASHBACK: EXT. DRUGSTORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Meth Dealer incident. Pez shoots the HARLEY DAVIDSON again. It's the same bike.

CONTINUED:

BUMP

My bike, look what you done?
I dunno about any damn baby!

INT. HARDY'S CONDO - DAY

On Hardy, certain.

HARDY

That fucker's lying.

INT. HOSPITAL, KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

MO HARDY walks quietly into the room. KRISSY JENKINS is still badly bruised, but strength has returned. Seeing him makes her emotional. She tenses up, lashing out verbally.

KRISSY

You killed Corky before he told
you where my baby is. What is wrong
with you?

HARDY

It wasn't supposed to go that way.

KRISSY

And that's it?

HARDY

I'm sorry.

She starts crying. Softly at first, but soon it's all coming out of this poor heartbroken mother. Hardy sits, distraught.

HARDY (cont'd)

Krissy, I went to him, right up to
him as he was going out, and I asked
him, I asked *please*, make it right,
where's the child? He said he had to
kill the boy. And I said not the boy,
the baby. Corky gave me this look,
then he went out. It was like he
didn't know what I was talking about.
The guy was crazy on Meth. Maybe
that's all it was, but...

Hardy pulls out the PHOTO found in Corky's wallet.

HARDY (cont'd)

Who's Harley is this?

CONTINUED:

He stands, crossing, showing Krissy the picture.

KRISSY JENKINS

That's Bump's bike. Where did you
get this old picture?

HARDY

Krissy, who's the father?

Her silence makes it clear she isn't sure.

HARDY (cont'd)

Is Bump on the list?

KRISSY JENKINS

Shut up... Maybe. I dunno. I got
pregnant. I didn't mean to. Doesn't
mean I didn't love my baby.

HARDY

It didn't stop Bump from dealing meth
to Corky.

(off her silence)

I know all about it, I put the guy in
jail. Talk to me.

KRISSY

Once I was couple months along, I got
in the program, and put together some
time. But Corky was still using,
buying from Bump, and couldn't get me
out of his head. Would come around
saying crazy shit about getting
married. Bump kinda kept an eye out
for me, especially when Corky got out
of his head on the crystal.

On Hardy, thinking, as a HOSPITAL SECURITY COP enters.

HOSPITAL SECURITY COP

Sir, the nursing station says
you didn't check in. I need to
see some ID.

HARDY

They know me. I'm FBI.

HOSPITAL SECURITY COP

Still need to see something.

But Hardy doesn't have his Credentials anymore. He realizes
he is going to have a problem with this guy.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDY

I'm Special Agent Mo Hardy,
out of the Bureau Office here.
(quietly)
Listen, I just got suspended.
They took my creds. Have a heart.
This was my deal here.

KRISSY JENKINS

You were suspended?

Hardy didn't want to get into this.

KRISSY JENKINS (cont'd)

Over this?

HARDY

No.

KRISSY JENKINS

Then what? I'm gonna find out.
I have lawyers. Tell me why.

HARDY

It, uh, was a drug test thing.

KRISSY JENKINS

You're an addict? What are you
telling me? The FBI assigned a
doper to find my baby? AND YOU GOT
CORKY SHOT? *Oh my God*, get out of
here. GET THE HELL OUT OF MY ROOM!
What's wrong with you people?

EXT. BOULEVARD, BAR - DAY

HARDY stands dejected. A neon MARTINI beckons him inside to
forget his pain. He doesn't want to feel this. He fumbles for
a CIGARETTE. Lights it. Takes a drag.

INT. PESNER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARILYN sits half-undressed. A few sexy items picked out,
thrown on the bed. A fresh apple MARTINI is on the bedstand,
a CIGARETTE burning in the ash tray. The ritual is on...

INT. HARDY'S CONDO - NIGHT

HARDY sits at his messy kitchen table, beside his FBI box,
the CASE FILE open, as he works on his LAPTOP.

CONTINUED:

He pops a root beer. He's got a CASE OF ROOT BEER and a quart of vanilla ICE CREAM he's eating out of the container. The doorbell rings. Who the hell? Hardy crosses to the door.

But nobody is there.

EXT. HARDY'S CONDO, POOL - NIGHT

Hardy steps outside. The pool casts a gorgeous light. There, her back turned, stands MARILYN. Her vulnerability rendering her more lovely than we've ever seen her.

He approaches. She turns, looks at him. Deep, intense, so many things she needs to tell him. They stand quietly, not knowing where to start.

Suddenly they kiss. Madly passionate. The intimacy both have craved for so very long.

PESNER
(breathless)
I'm sorry, Mo...

HARDY
What were you supposed to do?
I understand.

Finally they break apart, he gestures her inside.

INT. HARDY'S CONDO - NIGHT

She walks in, not taking a seat.

HARDY
You like root beer? I bought like a fucking case of it. And vanilla Haagen Dazs. I'm bottoming out on ice cream floats.

Marilyn could care less. He stops being cute. Gets to it.

HARDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I clipped that stuff off a banger by the stakeout. But I didn't use. I'm not saying that I didn't want to. I'm an addict. And the bottom isn't so far away anymore. But I've been getting help, Pez, I am, and I'm gonna do whatever it takes.

PESNER
Can I help?

CONTINUED:

HARDY

You would?

PESNER

If you help me.

(a beat)

We've both got that extra party chromosome. You know what I was doing that night you caught me sneaking out of the Ramada.

HARDY

Pez, you don't have to say anything.

PESNER

Or that night Snyder saw me at the Ritz Carlton.

HARDY

Hey, Pez, I get it.

PESNER

NO YOU DON'T! Nobody does. I was a little girl and a friend of my father...

(she breaks down)

I was just a little girl...

Pez starts SOBBING.

HARDY

I'm sorry, Marilyn. I'm sorry.

PESNER

I'm so fucked up, Mo. I gotta stop. I need somebody to help me.

Heavy silence -- interrupted as his cell phone rings.
Mo checks the Caller ID.

HARDY

Shit, sorry. Hold on a sec.

(answers)

This is Hardy...

(listening)

...Sonofabitch. Thanks.

(hangs up)

Pez, the Coroner just verified there was an unaccounted for shoe print in that blood. Size 12 boot.

PESNER

Mo, you're suspended.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDY

That doesn't matter. I think I've got a lead on the baby.

EXT/INT. RENTAL CAR, RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Neon washing over his windshield, HARDY accelerates this cheap RENTAL CAR along a sleazy boulevard on the edge of town. PEZ senses a confidence in him she hasn't seen.

HARDY

(eyes on the road)

I find this meth dealer's made bail. He's out on the street. So I pressed his bondsman to give up who posted the dough. It's the owner of that shitty bar Corky worked. Something's up with this crew. Time we kick loose some fucking answers.

EXT. RHINO'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Hardy & Pez walk up. Hardy pauses, pops the magazine in his .9mm, checks the load, putting one in the pipe, and gesturing for Pez to do the same -- when her cellphone RINGS.

PESNER

Sir, I'm glad it's you.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A very upset DONALD RICHARDSON on his CELL PHONE.

RICHARDSON

(cutting her off)

--YOU LISTEN. I just got an ear-full from the SAC from Laredo. What the hell happened with Agent Long?

INTERCUTTING:

Marilyn doesn't know what to say.

RICHARDSON (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Marilyn, he claims you sexually harassed him, and when he resisted, you physically assaulted him.

PESNER

Sir, this isn't the time--

CONTINUED:

RICHARDSON

Are you saying you didn't assault him? Because someone sure did. He's threatening to file charges, Marilyn, and with your history, I don't have to tell you the rest.

PESNER

Sir, would you please listen for one Goddamn second.

RICHARDSON

--IN MY OFFICE first thing tomorrow, Pesner. And bring a lawyer.

Richardson hangs up. Marilyn cannot believe this absurdity.

HARDY

You okay?

PESNER

We're alone on this.

They share a look, one of loyalty, that partner thing, as she checks her weapon.

INT. RHINO'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

We follow HARDY & PEZ into this boozy inferno. Boneyard heavy metal plays loud, CREATURES of the night in force. The BOUNCER picking his teeth with a swizzle stick, regards them darkly, as the agents step past, surveying the scene.

RHINO works the bar, pouring cheap tequila shooters, too busy to notice... unlike his SLUTTY WIFE serving cocktails, who looks over, hardening.

At rear table is BUMP chatting up two HOT DOLLIES. The meth dealer looks up -- too late as Hardy straddles a chair, and leans in. Pez stands to the side. Uneasy tension.

HARDY

Get lost, sweethearts.
(both girls go)
You told me you didn't know anything about Krissy's baby?

BUMP

I got a lawyer, don't gotta talk to you.

CONTINUED:

Hardy is snake-quick brutal, grabbing Bump's hair, slamming him down into the table.

HARDY
You'll talk.

Pez is caught off-guard by Hardy's violence, and quickly has her hands full doing damage control, as CUSTOMERS react.

PESNER
(to rough customer)
Sit back down.

There is iron in Pez's voice, these rough customers suddenly wanting no part of this. The Bouncer approaches, Pez backing him off with FBI CREDs in the hand she raises to stop him.

BOUNCER
I don't care--
(trying to get at Hardy)
--he can't do that here!

Rhino is watching now. He acknowledges his wife, who nods, and quietly disappears into the back.

On Hardy watching, seeing the wife go through a door. With a look to Pez, he muscles dazed & bleeding Bump up out of his chair, and steers him in the same direction--

HARDY
Let's go have that talk. One foot in front of the other. Atta boy. Nice boots, Slick. Size 12? Bother to clean the blood off of 'em after you went back for Krissy's baby?

Over Rhino's shoulder, hand behind his back, under his shirt, stuffing something into his belt, camera moving under the bar counter, to the empty HOLSTER with .38 snub-nose now missing.

With Pez backpedaling behind Hardy, watching his back.

PESNER
For Chrissakes, Hardy.

Hardy shoves Bump through the door--

INT. RHINO'S, KITCHEN - NIGHT

--into a small industrial kitchen with a LONG CORRIDOR leading toward the apartment in back. Bump gets his feet under him, squaring up against Hardy.

CONTINUED:

BUMP

This how we gonna play it, Fed?
Sure you can keep your eye on the
ball this time?

Rhino and the Bouncer bust in.

RHINO

What the fuck? This is private.
You've no right bringing him back
here. Show me a warrant? Show me
some fucking paper?

Hardy twists Bump around, fishing out his WALLET, rifling
through it, finding a few DIME BAGS of crystal meth, and
waving them up for all to see.

HARDY

Here's my fucking warrant.
(at Pez)
Get them outta here! Do it!

Pez pushes Rhino and the Bouncer backing out the door, but
Rhino resists, shouting, refusing to go.

RHINO

This is fucking bullshit, he can't
go all cowboy in my place--

Pez puts it to Rhino--

PESNER

Sir, back out of the door.

--as Hardy is busy getting his answers.

HARDY

Figured the kid might be yours, so
you went back and took him. Look at
me, asshole. I've got your boot print
in that blood. Where's the baby? You
kill it? Sell it? You fucking sold it.
Everybody was dead so you figured
you'd do the kid a favor, find some
rich couple desperate for a white boy.

Bump throws a punch! Hardy blocks, grabs Bump's arm, bring
it down, brutally snapping it. Bump writhes in pain.

Pez is stunned at Hardy's brutality. Rhino struggles to push
past her, the Bouncer too, as Hardy throws Bump to the floor,
flipping him over, and pulling off his boot.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
This size 12's going to the lab.

Both men overwhelm Pez, charging at Hardy, who quickly gut punches Rhino, buckling him over. Pez cracks her gun over the Bouncer's head, dropping him into a TRASH CAN, which topples, garbage spilling. Pez trains her gun on Rhino.

PESNER
Don't you fucking move!
(over her shoulder)
Fuck, Hardy... where we going with
this?

Hardy sees a BLENDER. Pulls Bump up, slumping him over the counter. Turns it on! Firmly grabs Bump's busted arm, shoving the biker's fingers down into the whirling blades...

HARDY
Tell me! You fucking tell me now!
Where is that baby?

PESNER
Hardy! Fuck no!

Pez can't handle the brutality... her gun on Rhino, her eyes swiveling from him to the blender... when she sees it--

PESNER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Hardy!

On the floor... spilled with the trash... empty cans of BABY FORMULA, a PAMPERS wrapper.

PESNER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Stop, Hardy! Look! The trash!

Hardy turns, follows Pez's eyes... sees the baby items... Pez & Hardy sharing a look, taking their eyes off Rhino, who raises the .38 Snubnose hidden in his belt.

Hardy pulls Pez down, as Rhino OPENS FIRE!

The agents roll, ducking behind a counter. Hardy twists upward, RETURNING FIRE.

Rhino disappears down the corridor, which suddenly goes dark!

INT. RHINO'S, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slutty wife, pulling a HEFTY BAG from a roll, turns at the sound of gunfire.

CONTINUED:

Urgency turning to panic, she struggles to open up the trash bag.

INT. RHINO'S, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wounded Bump scrambles after Rhino into the dark corridor, taking a bullet in the back, stumbling, struggling on.

Hardy & Pez rise up, hearts pumping. These are not supercops. They are frightened. Pez sees Hardy is bleeding. Flesh wound where a bullet grazed him in the ribs. He stuffs a rag under his shirt to slow the bleeding.

HARDY
It's nothing. C'mon.

INT. RHINO'S, DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The FBI agents advance cautiously into the darkness. Reloading with jittery fingers. Hardy's head snaps up at the sound of a baby CRYING.

INT. RHINO'S, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slutty Wife is lifting the SCREAMING BABY from a CARDBOARD BOX used as a crib. She lays him down, as she grabs bedding from the box. Collects any and all baby items, formula, diapers, dumps it all into the Hefty bag.

INT. RHINO'S, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Bouncer rises up, grabbing a KITCHEN KNIFE, entering the dark corridor going after the FBI agents.

INT. RHINO'S, DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Hardy & Pez move further into the darkness.

INT. RHINO'S, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rhino turns into the room where his Slutty Wife is gathering up baby items. He throws her a terse look, as he rummages through a BUREAU DRAWER for bullets--

RHINO
I fucking told you to incinerate
all the baby trash!

CONTINUED:

SLUTTY WIFE

What does it look like I doin'?

RHINO

Just get rid of him. Go! Hurry!

Without hesitation, she stuffs the baby into the Hefty Bag. The poor infant screaming, tossing, kicking at the plastic.

INT. RHINO'S, DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Hardy & Pez stalk further into darkness, music vibrating... turning a corner, Hardy suddenly braces himself in front of her, before realizing the dark shape before them is BUMP, collapsed, bleeding out.

They check him, he's bad, still enough strength to grab Hardy's collar--

BUMP

I tried to protect Krissy from him...
knew somethin' was bad the way Corky
was vibin' that night..., So I went to
check on her... found 'em like that.

INT. RHINO'S DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The Bouncer moves up behind the Feds.

INT. RHINO'S, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rhino rummages, finds a BOX OF BULLETS, waving for her to go, as he reloads. She stomps on the cardboard crib, flattening it, taking it and the Hefty Bag down a back staircase.

INT. RHINO'S DARK CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Bump is fast fading, getting good with his maker.

BUMP

Kid woulda gone through the system.
This way was better than I ever
got... Some rich couple adopting
through Rhino's attorney--

GUNFIRE rings out, Rhino popping out of the darkness, Hardy and Pez hitting the floor, RETURNING FIRE!

Rhino retreats.

CONTINUED:

But not before finishing off Bump, head shot, gone. Hardy yanks Pez up, hurrying after the shooter, seeing the doorway ahead, and going through it!

INT. RHINO'S, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hardy pauses, gun out firmly in both hands, Pez at his side, both swiveling... finding nobody... an open door... Hardy sees it leads to a back staircase--

--when the Bouncer comes up behind Hardy, PLUNGING THE KNIFE INTO HIS SHOULDER. Hardy topples forward, falling--

INT. RHINO'S, BACK STAIRCASE TO BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hardy tumbles down the tight staircase, the knife breaking off in his shoulder...

INT. RHINO'S, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pez is still standing at the side of the door, the Bouncer having run past her. She raises her pistol to his head, point blank, pulling the trigger. BOOM! Blood splashes back into her face.

INT. RHINO'S, BASEMENT INCINERATOR - NIGHT

Hardy thuds to stop, sprawled on the cement floor, never quitting, rising up, his .9mm raised, focusing, sighting Rhino, and PUMPING ROUNDS into him!

Rhino is hit, trying to return fire, forcing Hardy to empty his piece into him, preventing Rhino from getting off a shot.

The wife screams, poised beside the iron door of an INCINERATOR, searing flames inside, vaporizing the cardboard she just tossed in.

She stands ready to toss in the Hefty bag. We hear the baby screaming inside it, thrashing against the plastic.

Hardy shoots..., click, click, click... but he's empty.

INT. RHINO'S, STAIRCASE TO BASEMENT - NIGHT

Following Pez, blood on her face, on auto-pilot from the heavy violence, descending the staircase.

INT. RHINO'S, BASEMENT INCINERATOR - NIGHT

Pez emerges, sees Hardy struggling to stand, ejecting his clip, bloody hands trying to slot another. She turns, sees the wife raising the Hefty Bag toward the flames. On Pez never hesitating, walks right up--

SLUTTY WIFE

Don't make me!

--and puts a bullet into the wife's brain. Medulla Oblongata shot. Drops her like a puppet with the strings cut. Pez grabs the bag before it hits the floor, the wife's body collapsing dead in a heap.

Pez sinks to a knee, opening the bag, pulling out the baby, holding him to her chest.

We rack to Hardy, watching. Quietly incredulous. It's over.

Pez slides into focus close beside Hardy, embracing the child. After a beat, Pez releases her emotions, overwhelmed..., shaking..., weeping...

INT. HOSPITAL, KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

Moving with HARDY & PEZ as they slowly walk into her room holding the BABY. Hardy is banged up. Shoulder in a sling. The child is cleaned up and is quiet in his good arm.

On KRISSY's face, the most unbelievable expression of joy you can imagine. She takes her baby into her loving arms and holds it tight, overwhelmed, kissing the child.

KRISSY JENKINS

*My baby? MY BABY! Oh my God
it's my sweet baby.*

Hardy & Pez take pleasure in seeing Krissy weeping in joy, holding her baby again. This is thanks enough for Hardy. The HOSPITAL SECURITY COP enters.

HOSPITAL SECURITY COP

What are you doing back here?
Is that her baby?
(turning to Pez)
Who are you?

PESNER

Federal Agent.

CONTINUED:

Pesner opens her FBI CREDENTIALS, takes a last look, then tosses the leather wallet to the cop.

PESNER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Keep it.
(to Hardy)
I don't want it anymore.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

They start walking away together. Tracking shot following Hardy & Pez out of the hospital.

HOSPITAL SECURITY COP
Where you going?

Marilyn drops her head on Mo's good shoulder, as they walk away from a life that has nearly destroyed them.

A cover of David Bowie's "Heroes" plays. *"I will be King. You will be Queen. Though nothing can drive them away. We can beat them just for one day. We can be Heroes..."*

Hardy fishes a crumpled pack of CIGARETTES from his back pocket. Has one left. Pulls out out. It's badly crooked. He tries to straighten it out. But now he can't find a lighter.

Pez pulls out a ZIPPO and lights his cigarette.

PESNER
You know, Hardy, these screw up your sex drive.

He grunts, taking a drag.

PESNER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
We gonna be okay?

HARDY
(a beat)
I go back to that pipe I'll die.
How 'bout you?

She doesn't know. They walk on, stepping outside.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

The camera rises as Hardy & Pez walk away. They stop across the street, leaning into each other. We can't hear what they are saying, but a question has been posed.

CONTINUED:

"Cause we're lovers and that is a fact. Yes we are lovers and that is that."

Hardy & Pez hold each other tight.

"We're nothing 'n nothing can help us, Maybe we're lying, you better not say. But we could be heroes just for one day."

A decision has been made. She takes his hand. They walk off arm-in-arm. They are a couple now. Together they exit frame to an uncertain future. At least they have each other.

"We can be Heroes..."