# UNTITLED BOUNTY HUNTER PROJECT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

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

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

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

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

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

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

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

MARIO
Yeah, that's right.

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

MARIO (CONT'D)
Shiiii--

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

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

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

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

-- bounty hunter MACKENZIE "MACK" GREEN. Her keen intellect is masked by an odd and absent-minded demeanor, but she'll go John McClane on your ass if you test her. This is a test.

MACK
Damn it.

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

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

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

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

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

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

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

WENDELL
I'm not going to let you --

MACK
Go!

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

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - CONTINUOS

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

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - SAME TIME

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

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

CONTINUED:

MACK (O.S.)
Where are you?

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

WENDELL
I'm in.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - INTERCUT

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

MACK
Here skippy...

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

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

WENDELL
Wait for me.

MACK
We're gonna lose him.

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

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - INTERCUT

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

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

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

Mack just walked into a black market CHOP SHOP.

MACK
Huh.

CONTINUED:

WENDELL (O.S.)
Do you see our guy?

Mack retrieves a PHOTOGRAPH from her jacket pocket: a mugshot of our car thief Mario Williams.

MACK
A few of him, actually.

Some of the men sport goatees, have shaved heads, or are wearing beanies. Four of them potentially match the photo.

WENDELL
I'm coming in.

MACK
Super bad idea. We're outgunned.

WENDELL
By how many?

MACK
They all look like they work out.

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

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

Mack studies the men as though staring at a chessboard.

MACK
Give me five minutes.

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

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED:

PAPA BEAR
Who the hell are you?

MACK
Mackenzie Green. I'm a bounty hunter.
(re: one of his men)
I'm here for him.

She eyes another GOATEE-SPORTING THUG wearing a beanie.

MACK (CONT'D)
Or, possibly him.
(nodding to two others)
Maybe one those guys.

The crew gets jumpy when she reaches into her jacket.

MACK (CONT'D)
Relax.

She shows them a BADGE that seems preternaturally shiny.

PAPA BEAR
Is that even real?

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

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

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

MACK
Mario Williams failed to appear and the judge issued a bench warrant. Grand theft auto... imagine that.

Mack studies her potential skips. One of them stands behind Papa Bear, taking measured breaths, with FRESH MUD peeking out from under his shoes. Mack's got her guy.

MACK (CONT'D)
Sorry but I gotta take you in, Mario.

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

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I don't bite. Maybe if you bought me flowers....

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

MACK
Because he's more of a liability than I am.
(a beat, then)
Listen, I get it. He's your son so you've got a soft spot.

No one said anything about him being Papa Bear's son, but their reactions tells us she's right.

MACK (CONT'D)
But he's also an idiot. He led an officer of the law right to the front door of your operation. He missed court dates, probably because he didn't bother to write them down. And I'm guessing this piece of junk is also his handiwork.

She's referring to a NISSAN SENTRA parked nearby, with the hood up. She's got everyone's attention now.

Mack kicks one of the Sentra's tires.

MACK (CONT'D)
Fifty dollar rims on some-weather tires tells me the guy missing this beater barely cared enough to keep it running.

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

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

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

Mario is pissing himself. Papa Bear is impressed. He stares down his son, then eyes Mack.

CONTINUED:

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

MACK
I'm not the one bleeding profits.

PAPA BEAR
(considering, then)
Alright. Take him.

MARIO
Dad.

PAPA BEAR
Some lessons are tougher than others, kid.

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

PAPA BEAR (CONT'D)
There's still the matter of you, knowing about...
(re: chop shop)
... this.

MACK
Turn him in, twenty grand goes back in my pocket. Turn you in, well, that's just bad for business. Crime pays the bills. In fact, I'm counting on your guys calling me if they get popped.

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

MACK (CONT'D)
That's M-A-C-Kensie and Green with no "e" at the end.

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

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

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

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

The main warehouse doors suddenly open behind him. He ducks behind a dumpster.

CONTINUED:

WENDELL
(to himself)
Some warning would be nice.

The Nissan Sentra sputters out of the warehouse. Mack is behind the wheel, with a cuffed Mario in the backseat.

Mack spots Wendell as the warehouse doors close behind her. She rolls down the window.

MACK
Car's hot. Need to dump it. I'll meet you back at the office.

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

MACK (CONT'D)
Any good breakfast places around here? I'm starving.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

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

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Mack stands before JUDGE RAYMOND PARKER (mid-60's) at the front of the courtroom. Next to her is Assistant DA KATE MICHELSON. Mack is bored out of her mind.

KATE
Your Honor, she's had five months to find Nicholas Halperin, how long are we going to let this slide?

JUDGE PARKER
Your recovery record is excellent, Ms. Green. Nearly 100%.

MACK
It is 100%.

JUDGE PARKER
Until now.

MACK
He's a slippery one, Your Honor.

JUDGE PARKER
And it's about to cost you. If you can't deliver Halperin by the end of the week, I'm ordering forfeiture of the bond and that the entire $30,000 be remanded to the Court.

MACK
That sucks.

JUDGE PARKER
Yes, it does. Good luck, Ms. Green.

While Kate gathers her paperwork, Mack is already halfway out the door. She catches up with her in the --

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY

-- where she falls in alongside Mack.

KATE
Sorry about that.

CONTINUED:

MACK
No, you're not.

KATE
Not really, no. What's the deal with this Halperin guy anyway? You brought in a skip last night twenty-four hours after you got the notice.

MACK
Sixteen hours.

KATE
Okay... so how's this guy still out there? It's not like you.

Mack doesn't answer, keeps walking. Kate infers.

KATE (CONT'D)
They're not trumped up charges.

MACK
Then you shouldn't have to defend them, should you?

They make their way through the glass doors --

EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- headed for a COFFEE CART set up outside the building, operated by a handsome young BARISTA.

KATE
You're not a fan of the new legislation, I get that.

MACK
(to barista)
Mocha latte and one coffee... black.

She turns back to Kate.

MACK (CONT'D)
It's either legal or illegal. Not kind of legal in some cases but super illegal in others. Chutes and Ladders has stricter rules.

KATE
I don't write the laws --

MACK
You just enforce them.

CONTINUED:

KATE
So it *is* an ideological thing.

MACK
You think I'd write a $15,000 check to make a political statement?

KATE
No one knows what you'll do at any given moment. Probably why you're so good at this.

MACK
Not good enough, apparently.

The barista hands the two COFFEE CUPS to Mack, who offers the latte to Kate. They step away, sipping their drinks.

MACK (CONT'D)
How's the boyfriend?

KATE
Broke up.
(off her look)
You were right. He's an ass.

MACK
He's a lawyer.

Kate smiles, doesn't take it personally.

KATE
You ever try online dating?

MACK
I'd rather get a cat.

She gulps down her coffee as Kate changes the subject.

KATE
Oh, hey, I heard about Josie. Congratulations.

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

KATE (CONT'D)
Early admission into Stanford? That's quite a feat.

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

CONTINUED:

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

MACK
Well, we can't let that happen. My job depends on people getting out of jail, not going in.

Off Mack's smile, disguising unease under the surface...

EXT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

PAPERS and FILE FOLDERS are stacked indiscriminately around the office. SCRAPS OF PAPER with names and numbers are scattered everywhere. The broken limb of a PLASTIC PLANT is bandaged with tape. The place is a mess, yet we still get the impression there's a method to the madness.

Mack and Wendell sit with HANNAH CHEN (30's, fidgety). She occasionally glances over at 16-year-old NICO, seated at a desk, writing in a notebook. We assume it's homework.

Behind Nico is a white board with a MUGSHOT attached to it. The name SEAN HUGGINS is scrawled next to it. We learn:

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

MACK
And yet you put up the money for his bond.

HANNAH
Lisa begged me to bail him out. She said it was all a misunderstanding.

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

Wendell steps in, softening the tone.

WENDELL
We've written bonds on domestic violence cases before. Usually they get a slap on the wrist so we don't have to worry about them skipping on us.

CONTINUED:

HANNAH
Then why didn't he show up to court?

WENDELL
Mr. Huggins has a prior charge for aggravated assault, so this is a probation violation.

HANNAH
Lisa never mentioned that.

WENDELL
She probably didn't know.

Hannah's more concerned now than when she walked in.

HANNAH
Please, you have to find her. She's in way over her head.

MACK
The one thing guys like Sean have in common... they're great apologists. We find him, we find her.

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

NICO
The address we have for Sean is bogus.

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

NICO (CONT'D)
Unless he plays for the Mariners.

HANNAH
(a beat)
You work here? I assumed you were, you know...

Her gesture implies he's the sire of Mack and Wendell.

NICO
Oh, no, we're not related.
(without elucidation)
Do you have any information that might help us? Addresses, phone numbers...

HANNAH
Lisa changed her number. I tried it this morning but it didn't go through.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(rifling through purse)
I wrote it down somewhere.

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

NICO
Another dead end.

Mack's stares out the window. Wendell recognizes the look.

MACK
It's not raining. That's weird. It only not-rained sixty four days last year. Only car accident I've ever been in? Not raining that day. What are the odds?

She takes the scrap of paper from Nico.

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

WENDELL/NICO
Pagliacci's.

Mack grabs the phone off the desk and dials.

HANNAH
What's she doing?

WENDELL
No idea.

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

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

CONTINUED:

She scrounges for a pen. Nico tosses her one.

MACK (CONT'D)
827 Davies? Huh, that's the right address. Maybe you have the wrong apartment number. Eleven? Thanks.

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

Mack notices everyone staring at her.

MACK (CONT'D)
The car accident. Happened on a dead end street.

NICO
What does that have to do with pizza?

MACK
Nothing.

What goes on inside Mack's head is beyond comprehension, and that's the fun. She stands, raring to go.

MACK (CONT'D)
Grab your vests.

Wendell removes a KEVLAR VEST from the coat hanger.

WENDELL
You expecting trouble?

MACK.
No.

WENDELL
Then why do we need protective gear?

MACK
(re: Nico)
I'm letting him drive.

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

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

MACK (O.S.)
Go around, jerkface!

INT. SUBURBAN - INTERCUT

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

MACK
Now ease off the brake.

WENDELL
(checking his watch)
When does the warrant expire?

Mack and Nico ignore him.

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

WENDELL
Like going the speed limit, getting places...

NICO
(re: a building)
I think that's it on the left.

MACK
Turn signal.

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

MACK (CONT'D)
Okay. We're here. Nice job.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. DAVIES STREET APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

NICO
No problem.

Mack nods and heads into the building. Wendell follows.

WENDELL
He only has a permit.

CONTINUED:

MACK
Oh, come on. Live a little.

WENDELL
It's not my life I'm worried about.

INT. DAVIES APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

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

NAKED GUY
You here to fix the toilet?

WENDELL
We're looking for Sean Huggins.

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

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

NAKED GUY
The guy who lives here.

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

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

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

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

MACK
Lana?

WENDELL
Lisa.

MACK
Lisa?

CONTINUED:

NAKED GUY
Could be.

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

She shows him a MUGSHOT PHOTOGRAPH of Sean Huggins.

NAKED GUY
How'd you know about that?

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

NAKED GUY
No.

MACK
That's a very handsome robe.

Mack moves off, leaving Wendell staring at Naked Guy.

NAKED GUY
Bet she's a tiger in the sack.

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

MACK
Talk to the neighbors.

WENDELL
Where are you going?

MACK
To get Laura's deposit back.

EXT. DAVIES APARTMENTS - COURTYARD - DAY

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

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

MACK
When'd the boyfriend move in?

JAVIER
He didn't, but he might as well have. He was over all the time.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JAVIER (CONT'D)
(re: cigarette)
Pretty sure this is his.

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

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

EXT. DAVIES APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

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

MACK
Find out anything?

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

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

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

NICO
Any leads?

WENDELL/MACK
No. / One.

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

EXT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - DAY

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

INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK

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

WENDELL
Holes in the hardwood floor.

CONTINUED:

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

WENDELL
A cat?

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

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

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

WENDELL
What?

MACK
Puppies need shots, and vets keep files.

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

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

A lab coat-wearing VETERINARIAN approaches.

VETERINARIAN
Are you the ones asking about the Huggins dog?

MACK
We're trying to find its owner.

VETERINARIAN
Us, too. Come with me.

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

INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM

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

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

CONTINUED:

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

WENDELL
They just left it here?

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

MACK
Or they've left town.

VETERINARIAN
Yeah, that too.

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

WENDELL
We're too late.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT

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

MACK
He's still in town.

WENDELL
How do you know?

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

MACK
He hasn't won her back yet.

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

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

Mack doesn't react, instead she casually moves to the door to unlock it. Standing in the doorway is LLOYD GREEN, 71, former owner of the establishment and Mack's father.

Lloyd retrieves a sheet of BUBBLE WRAP from under the mat.

LLOYD
What the hell is this?

MACK
Doorbell's broken.

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

WENDELL
This is the kind of thing I'm talking about.

Lloyd steps inside, making himself at home. As he and Mack exchange a cheek kiss, she casually drapes a coat over the top of the cardboard box.

MACK
What are you doing here?

CONTINUED:

LLOYD
I was driving by, saw the light on.

MACK
Just driving by, thirty minutes out of your way to anywhere?

Mack looks to Wendell expectantly.

WENDELL
Your dad called. I told him Huggins was still MIA.

Lloyd glares at him as though he's been betrayed.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Sorry, boss... new boss.

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

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

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

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

Nico notices the coat draped over the cardboard box.

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

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

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

Smelling the food, a RUSTLING SOUND from the cardboard box escalates to an explosion of adorableness as the PUPPY jumps out and beelines for Nico.

LLOYD
You can't find your skip but you have time to get a dog?

MACK
He sort of followed us home.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD
This is a business. You can't just take in every stray off the street.
(to Nico)
No offense.

NICO
No, that's cool. I mean, you only just compared me to a dog.

The puppy looks up at Nico, tongue hanging out and tail wagging. No offense taken.

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

MACK
I have a system.

LLOYD
The old system worked fine.

MACK
Dad. I've got this.

Lloyd throws up his hands, letting it go.

LLOYD
No, you're right. I'll be out of the way in a second.
(moves to the desk)
Left the paperwork for my hunting license in the desk somewhere.

He's clearly stalling, but Mack plows ahead anyway. She turns to Wendell.

MACK
You're leaving town.

WENDELL
I'm what?

MACK
Theoretically. What do you do before you go?

WENDELL
Pack.

NICO
Tell your friends.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD
Empty your bank account.
(off their glances)
Plane tickets, bus tickets, gas for the car. It all costs money.

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

MACK
Does the application list anything for employment?

It takes Wendell a second to find the right application.

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

NICO
The girlfriend's a hair stylist.

He consults his notes.

NICO (CONT'D)
Worked at a place called the Chop Shop, last the sister knew.

Off the team, with a fresh lead...

EXT. CHOP SHOP SALON - NEXT MORNING

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

INT. CHOP SHOP SALON - MORNING

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

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

SUSIE
So what are we doing today?

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

CONTINUED:

SUSIE
How about we take it in a little on the sides, maybe adjust your part so the hairline's not so obvious?
(and then)
What do you think about a little color?

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

EXT. HOME DEPOT - MORNING

A bustling, warehouse-style home improvement store.

INT. HOME DEPOT - CHECKOUT AREA

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

SALES CLERK
So many people come through here. It's hard to remember a particular face.
(and then)
You really a bounty hunter?

MACK
State prefers to call us bail enforcement agents.

SALES CLERK
That's lame.

MACK
Totally.

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

MACK (CONT'D)
Pass this around. And call me if he comes in.

The clerk flips the paper over, comes away disappointed.

SALES CLERK
No reward? Dawg offers rewards.

INT. CHOP SHOP SALON - SAME TIME

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

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

CONTINUED:

SUSIE
Oh, Lisa's great. Rents a chair at a couple other places so we don't see her much anymore.

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

SUSIE
I can check if you want.

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

Susie's not entirely comfortable with where this is going.

SUSIE
I don't know, I think so.

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

SUSIE (CONT'D)
This needs to stay put for ten minutes. You want a magazine or something?

WENDELL
No, I'm good.

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

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Mack has moved outside, talking with a SECURITY GUARD.

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

MACK
Alright, then.

As she starts to move off:

SECURITY GUARD
But you should check with the illegals.

CONTINUED:

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

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
If your guy's wanted --

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

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

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

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

NICO
[Does he look familiar at all?]

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

LABORER #2
[He usually has a truck.]

NICO
[Like a moving van?]

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

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

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

Nico spots Mack on approach, meets her halfway.

NICO
(pointing)
The white truck!

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

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

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

CONTINUED:

MACK
Don't--

But he's off to the races...

EXT. SEAN'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

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

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

EXT. STRIP MALL SALON - INTERCUT

LISA CHEN, our skip's girlfriend, steps away from customers to speak privately.

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

SEAN
About me?

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

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

LISA
Then who is this guy?

SEAN
Maybe he's got a thing for you.

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

SEAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it. I'll call ya later.

He hangs up, jumping behind the wheel of the truck. He manages to take off before Nico gets to him.

CONTINUED:

NICO
Damn.

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

INT. CHOP SHOP SALON - INTERCUT

Wendell answers, still in the stylist's chair.

WENDELL
What's up?

NICO
(breathing hard)
Mack's in pursuit. Outside the Home Depot on Lakeview headed east on Fifth Street.

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

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

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

WENDELL
That might've been me.

As he races out the door --

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

INT. SEAN'S TRUCK - INTERCUT

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

INT. SUBURBAN - INTERCUT

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

MACK
Crap.

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

CONTINUED:

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

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

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

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

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

NICO (CONT'D)
Mack turned left.

EXT. CHOP SHOP SALON - INTERCUT

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

WENDELL
I thought you said he went right.

NICO
I did. How far away are you?

WENDELL
Maybe twenty minutes.

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

NICO
Can I get a ride?

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

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

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

MACK (O.S.)
Sorry, sorry.

Mack appears and takes the seat across from Josie.

JOSIE
It's fine.

MACK
No, it's not.

CONTINUED:

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

MACK (CONT'D)
There was a car chase.

JOSIE
Did you get the guy?

MACK
(no)
Next time.

JOSIE
You called off a chase to meet me for lunch?

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

She picks up the menu.

MACK (CONT'D)
I heard it's bad here.

JOSIE
You picked this place.

MACK
I don't like fish.

A friendly, twenty-something WAITER approaches.

WAITER
Can I get you girls something to drink?

MACK
Just water for me.

JOSIE
Me, too.

The waiter moves off.

MACK
You don't want a Coke?

JOSIE
I don't drink soda.

CONTINUED:

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

JOSIE
I can feed myself. And her name is Marie. Dad really likes this one.
(realizing how that sounds)
You know what I mean. And I don't want to talk about Dad.

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

The cat just ate Josie's canary.

JOSIE
I was going to tell you.

MACK
When?

JOSIE
Over garlic bread.

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

MACK
Congratulations.

JOSIE
Thank you.

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

JOSIE
I know.

REVEAL the waiter is still standing there, pad and pen in hand ready to take their order. Awkward.

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

JOSIE
Screenplay. His shoes wer e cool before they were cool.

CONTINUED:

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

WAITER
I'll give you guys a minute.

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

JOSIE
So who's the skip?

MACK
Sean something. Domestic violence case.

JOSIE
Is that why Grandpa made you keep Wendell? So at least someone knows who you're chasing?

MACK
Higgins. Wait, no, Huggins. And it was my decision to keep Wendell.

Josie grabs her phone and starts inputting.

JOSIE
You like being the boss?

MACK
There's a lot of paperwork.

JOSIE
So you're really just doing it for the chase.

Mack isn't sure how to respond to that.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I guess it makes sense. You've always been a few moves ahead of everyone else. No one ever knows what you're thinking. Or feeling.

MACK
Is that what you think happened with me and your Dad?

But Josie doesn't want to get into it. Off her smartphone:

JOSIE
How old is he? Your skip.

CONTINUED:

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

JOSIE
What about MySpace?
(off Mack)
Everyone's so busy moving on to the next thing, they forget to delete the old thing.

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

MACK
What?

JOSIE
He's in a band.

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

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SCUTARO HOUSE - DAY

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

MACK
It's really good to see you.

JOSIE
Yeah, I'm pretty awesome.

Mack smiles, watches as her daughter disappears inside --

INT. SCUTARO HOUSE - DAY

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

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

JOSIE
Be nice.

PETE
I'm always nice.

EXT. SCUTARO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pete steps outside and approaches his ex-wife.

MACK
Stanford?

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

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

JOSIE
Our "spawn" just broke my case open.

PETE
So when Josie said to be nice...

Mack smiles not-so-innocently.

CONTINUED:

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

Pete sighs, accustomed but displeased.

PETE
I don't want her around any of this stuff anymore.

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

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

MACK
(surprised)
Nico?

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

MACK
Totally agree.

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

PETE
An IP address, huh?

INT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

Mack returns to the office to mock fanfare from the team.

WENDELL
How was the roadtrip? Hope you got to see all the sights.

NICO
(off her empty hands)
No souvenirs?

MACK
I had a lunch date with Josie.

This shuts Wendell up. He knows this is important to her.

NICO
Josie? How's she doing?

CONTINUED:

Mack address him with an index finger aimed at his chest.

MACK
No.

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

MACK (CONT'D)
What's all this?

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

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

WENDELL
(backtracking)
Oh, right?

MACK
I went on the postal services's website a couple days ago, had her mail forwarded here.

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

MACK (CONT'D)
Anything interesting?

NICO
Mostly junk. Lots of unpaid bills.

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

MACK
Is that for Club Deuce?

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

CONTINUED:

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

WENDELL
I'll check it out.

MACK
Nico and I'll go.

WENDELL
What am I supposed to do?

NICO
Somebody's gotta watch the dog.

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

WENDELL
(very funny)
I'm being punished.

MACK
No.

WENDELL
You're taking a 16-year old to a nightclub.

MACK
He has to wait outside.

NICO
*I'm* being punished?

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

Nico complies. Mack addresses Wendell as they head out:

MACK (CONT'D)
And call my dad. Somebody's gotta watch the dog.

Off Wendell, <u>this</u> is his punishment...

EXT. CLUB DEUCE - DAY

It's a shithole on the outside --

INT. CLUB DEUCE - DAY

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

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

MACK
Why?

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

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

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Raging Whoremones are playing tomorrow night.

MACK
Classy.

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

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

MACK
(answering it)
You get an address for me?

EXT. SEEDY DINER - NIGHT

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

INT. DINER - NIGHT

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

LISA
(off his face)
What is it?

Sean slams the laptop shut.

CONTINUED:

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

LISA
It's okay. California can wait...

SEAN
We're going.

Realizing that came out harsh, he softens.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I don't want to wait to start our life together.

LISA
I can take a few extra appointments --

SEAN
Don't worry. I'll handle it.

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

LISA
Forgive me for trying to help.

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

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

Before she can ask:

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)
Gotta run. Love you.

INT. CHOP SHOP SALON - NIGHT

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

WENDELL
You said I was creepy?

CONTINUED:

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

WENDELL
Depends how far down the rabbit hole he drags her.

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

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Anything you can think of that might help us find him?

SUSIE
I only met him once.

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

WENDELL
Do you know where Lisa's staying?

SUSIE
No idea.
(off Wendell)
It's not like we talk every day or something.

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

WENDELL
Answer it.

SUSIE
She's my friend.

He offers her back the phone. She hesitates.

WENDELL
There's a reward.

Susie takes the phone from him, answers it:

SUSIE
Hey, girl, how are you?
(and then)
I'd love to grab a drink.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

He pushes Sean up against the truck.

SEAN
Whoa, hey --

LOU
Where is it?

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)
How much for her?

Lou eyes Lisa for a moment. She *is* hot.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I know your boss has a thing for Asian chicks.

LOU
She ain't worth ten.
(a beat)
But she'll cover the vig.

With a final shove, Lou lets Sean go and moves off.

LOU (CONT'D)
Tomorrow.

INT. IRISH PUB - LATER

Lisa sits at the bar, her purse holding the empty seat next to her. After a moment, someone steps up and moves the bag to the counter. It's Mack. She sits down.

LISA
I'm waiting for someone.

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

CONTINUED:

LISA
(confused)
Did Susie send you?

MACK
I don't know Susie, but I am friends with Creepy Guy.

She nods to the entrance and waves at Wendell, who's just walked in. Lisa grows nervous.

LISA
Is this about Sean?

MACK
He's been lying to you. Probably ever since you met.

The news doesn't seem to surprise Lisa.

LISA
You're that bail lady.

MACK
Something like that.

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

MACK
I wouldn't be here if it was.

Lisa's not sure how to respond to that.

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

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

Mack immediately latches onto the throwaway admission.

MACK
Is anything missing?

EXT. CHOP SHOP SALON - NIGHT

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

INT. CHOP SHOP SALON - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MACK (O.S.)
Try this.

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

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

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

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

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

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

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Don't move!

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

MACK
This is only kinda what it looks like.

Off Mack, under arrest --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

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

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

OFFICER
Boss's orders, sorry.

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

MACK
Thank you.

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

PETE
What the hell's wrong with you?

MACK
I wasn't trying to rob the place.

PETE
You'd be in a cell right now if you were. We saw the security footage. That was your skip?

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

PETE
We saw that, too.

MACK
Then what am I still doing here?

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

PETE
Any idea where he is now?

MACK
No.

CONTINUED:

PETE
Would you tell me if you did?

Mack doesn't answer.

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

MACK
I hope you find him.

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

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

He leans in, speaks more softly.

PETE
This is me being mad at you in front of the guys. You're making them look bad.

MACK
But not you?
(off his look)
Are you charging me with anything?

PETE
No.

Mack gets up, leaves quietly. Pete offers a shrug to his sympathetic fellow officers.

INT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

MACK
Where else has he played?

CONTINUED:

LISA
What?

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

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

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

She looks around.

MACK (CONT'D)
Where's Nico?

WENDELL
With your dad, doing a drive-by of the motel they were staying at.
(off her, shrugs)
He wanted to help.

MACK
Sean's not there.

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

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

EXT. GAS STATION - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

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

SEAN
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. NITRO CLUB - <u>INTERCUT</u>

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

CONTINUED:

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

SEAN
Yeah, yeah. That's me. Sean.

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

Sean runs his hand through his hair, immediately torn.

SEAN
Tonight?

JAMES
Yeah, man. You guys free?

Frank looks across the bar. Mack is here, on a house phone, listening in. She nods to James, prodding him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You'd really be saving my life.
(sweetening the pot)
Tell you what, I'll give you half the door.

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

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

JAMES
Yeah, alright.

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

SEAN
What time?

EXT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CONTINUED:

REVERSE to REVEAL our POV belongs to a DARK SUV parked across the street from the office. We can't see inside, but we do not get a good feeling about this.

INT. NITRO CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Carrying a GUITAR CASE, Sean enters the club. We watch from afar as he makes a beeline for James. They exchange pleasantries we can't hear before Sean heads backstage.

James looks over at camera, nods to us.

REVEAL Mack, looking sexy as hell in a dress befitting the location. She turns heads as she follows Sean into --

INT. NITRO CLUB - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sean doesn't see Mack at first. He's busy checking himself out in the mirror. He senses someone's presence.

SEAN
(without looking)
Drinks are on the house, right?
I'll take a Macallan on the rocks.

Mack's about to say something, stops herself. Sean turns. It takes him a moment to realize this is same chick from the salon, but when he does he's immediately on his heels.

MACK
Miss me?

He charges, but Mack dodges the punch easily. In one smooth move, she picks up Sean's guitar case and SMACKS HIM upside the head with it. He goes down hard, out cold.

MACK (CONT'D)
That's how you hit a girl.

INT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Coffee in hand, Lisa stares out the window as the rain pounds down. We hear it hitting the awning outside the office.

WENDELL
Weather's slowing everyone down.

Lisa says nothing. It's quiet for a moment.

LISA
How long have you been doing this?

WENDELL
I worked with Mack's dad for a few years before he retired.

CONTINUED:

LISA
She must be aggravating to work for.

WENDELL
Mack? Yeah, she's... one of a kind.

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

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

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

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

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

He opens the door. THWACK! He takes the butt of an ASSAULT RIFLE to the head and goes down in a heap. Lisa freaks out as Lou steps inside with one of his equally enormous THUGS.

LOU
Sorry to barge in, but we've got dibs on your boyfriend. And you.

The thug grabs Lisa and shepherds her out the door. Wendell scrambles to his knees and reaches for her, <u>getting a kick to the gut from his trouble</u>.

He's about to receive a potentially fatal blow, when-- WOOF! The puppy flies in, biting Lou hard in the leg.

LOU (CONT'D)
Get off me!

He kicks the dog away and exits, with Lisa in tow. Off Wendell, writhing in pain on the floor...

SLAM TO BLACK.

<u>END OF ACT FIVE</u>

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT

The Suburban comes to a SCREECHING halt outside the office. Mack emerges and pulls a handcuffed Sean out of the back.

SEAN
You're not taking me to jail?

She ignores him, shoving him inside:

INT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - CONTINUOS

Mack parks their skip on the couch as Nico enters from the back room with an ICEPACK. He gives it to Wendell.

MACK
How many were there?

WENDELL
Two.
(off her look)
A very big two. Guy in charge had watermelons for forearms.

MACK
Bald? Big fan of leather?

WENDELL
(a beat)
Did you know this was gonna happen?

MACK
I saw him at the diner. He's Joey Burrard's number two.

Wendell and Nico both recognize the name. Mack is officially pissed off. She turns to Sean:

MACK (CONT'D)
How deep in the hole are you?

SEAN
Ten grand.

MACK
He doesn't play around. He'll kill her. Or worse.

Sean has no reaction. Wendell's not surprised.

CONTINUED:

WENDELL
He only cares about himself.

NICO
What's he doing here anyway?

MACK
Better to hold onto him. He's the only bargaining chip we have.

Wendell recognizes the look washing over Mack's face.

WENDELL
Whatever it is, it's a dumb idea.

MACK
We call the cops, he kills her. We do nothing, he kills her. Dumb's all we got.

EXT. SKETCHY PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Between two storefronts is a door with no signage leading nowhere good. Parked out front is the dark SUV, which we now know belongs to our friend Lou.

INT. GAMBLING DEN - NIGHT

The place is deceptively large. Separate lounge and dining areas with a full bar in the back.

A scantily-clad YOUNG WOMAN crosses frame and sits on the lap of the boss, JOEY BURRARD. He's seated at the table where a high stakes card game is taking place.

JOEY BURRARD
You sure you don't want in?

REVEAL Mack standing next to the table.

MACK
I'm here about Sean Huggins.

JOEY BURRARD
You know, your father was never this big a pain in the ass.

MACK
He was also drunk most of the time.

Joey shrugs, fair point. Mack gets down to business.

MACK (CONT'D)
You've got Huggins for ten grand.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MACK (CONT'D)
I've got him for thirty. That's on me if I don't turn him in.

JOEY BURRARD
Ain't that a quandary.

Joey shows his cards. Three of a kind. His OPPONENTS scuttle their hands and he takes the pot. Mack leans in.

MACK
Let the girlfriend go. She doesn't have anything to do with this.

JOEY BURRARD
She does now. Your guy cut a deal.

Mack is rarely surprised, but this is one of those times.

MACK
Even for you, that's-- I don't even know what that is.

JOEY BURRARD
It's business. And I'm a businessman. If you've got an offer, I'll hear it.

Mack weighs her options. All of them suck.

MACK
A trade, straight-up. The girl for my skip.

JOEY BURRARD
That's a lot of cash down the shitter.

MACK
I'd rather lose skips than lose sleep.

JOEY BURRARD
How do I know you won't go to the cops?

MACK
Because I've gotta catch more bad guys. And bad guys don't rat on other bad guys if they can't trust you not to rat on them.

Joey considers this. It makes a sordid kind of sense. But he's not in a particularly generous mood.

CONTINUED:

JOEY BURRARD
It'll take Huggins a year to raise the cash. At least the girl has... potential.

MACK
Joey, c'mon--

JOEY BURRARD
If you want a marker, that I can help you with. Who knows, maybe you can *win* her back.

Before Mack can consider it, a NOISY RUCKUS breaks out in the other room. Loud voices, chairs overturning.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
He's lying! Check his pockets!

Lou emerges from the back, along with some THUGS. While they intervene in the fight that's breaking out, Mack uses the distraction to disappear into --

INT. GAMBLING DEN - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mack sees a thug guarding the door. She races over to him.

MACK
Somebody's got a gun! I think they're after Joey!

The thug quickly moves off, allowing Mack to slip into --

INT. GAMBLING DEN - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOS

-- where she finds a scared and confused Lisa. Mack takes her by the arm.

MACK
C'mon.

She leads Lisa into the hall. They head in the opposite direction from which Mack came.

EXT. SKETCHY PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Outside the entrance, Mack's dad Lloyd is unceremoniously dumped onto the street by Lou and a pair of security guards. We realize he was the one causing the ruckus.

LOU
You're no longer welcome here.

For good measure, Lou kicks him in the ribs. An ALARM starts blaring. No one knows where it's coming from.

CONTINUED:

Lou and his men move off to search for the source. As Lloyd picks himself up off the ground...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME

The alarm is louder here. Mack and Lisa have just emerged from an EMERGENCY EXIT.

They head towards a waiting car. It's the NISSAN SENTRA from Act One. Mack and Lisa quickly get in.

Lou and his thugs exit in time to see the Sentra sputter out of the alley. They run around to the front of the building, headed for Lou's dark SUV.

INT. NISSAN SENTRA - NIGHT

The Sentra barrels down the street. Mack puts the pedal to as much metal as possible.

MACK
Probably should've put some oil in her.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Lou's SUV is hot on their tail, follows the Sentra into --

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

This is the same warehouse complex that houses our friendly neighborhood chop shop from Act One.

LISA (O.S.)
Where are we going?

INT. NISSAN SENTRA - NIGHT

Mack screeches to a halt between warehouses. They abandon the vehicle. Mack gestures to the back of the building:

MACK
Run!

LISA
What are you gonna do?

MACK
Let me worry about that.

Mack stays put as Lisa races around the corner and out of sight. Lou's SUV pulls up out front. Mack allows herself to be seen ducking through the side door of the chop shop.

Lou and his thugs chase her inside --

INT CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - CONTINOUS

They maneuver through the back room, following the VOICES coming from the main floor of the warehouse.

INT. CHOP SHOP - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Guns drawn, Lou and his men step out onto the main floor. They're surprised by what they find.

The chop shop is in full operation. Papa Bear and his crew react, several pull WEAPONS in response.

PAPA BEAR
Who the hell are you?

LOU
Where are they?!

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - SAME TIME

An armada of POLICE CRUISERS descend on the warehouse. Mack's ex, Pete, emerges from one of them.

Pete follows the TACTICAL RESPONSE TEAM inside --

INT. CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The SWAT team moves in to find Lou and his thugs in a stand-off with Papa Bear's crew.

TEAM LEADER
Police! Everybody down!

Surrounded on all sides, the bad guys comply. Pete stands in the doorway, witnessing the biggest bust of his career...

MACK (O.S.)
Psssssst. Hey.

Pete's eyes widen. He steps back into --

INT. CHOP SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- where he finds Mack emerging from hiding.

PETE
Get out of here.

MACK
The words you're looking for are
thank you.

CONTINUED:

PETE
It's bad enough you're on Joey Burrard's list, you don't want these guys after you, too.

Mack hands Pete a stack of BUSINESS CARDS.

MACK
After you book them, you mind handing these out?

PETE
Go.

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mack exits the warehouse, where the Suburban is now waiting for her. Her team is inside as well as Lisa.

We realize now that every bit of this was engineered by Mack. Her "dumb" idea. As she gets in the Suburban:

NICO
He wouldn't let me drive.

He nods to the man behind the wheel... Mack's father, Lloyd. Even he was in on it. He smiles, revs the engine.

As they disappear into the night...

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

INT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT

The gang returns to the office wearing weary smiles. Waiting for Lisa inside is her sister, Hannah. Not sure how to react, Lisa doesn't approach.

Hannah steps over and wraps her sister in her arms.

HANNAH
Are you okay?

LISA
I am now.

Hannah turns to Mack and her team.

HANNAH
I don't know what to say.

WOOF! The puppy accepts the gratitude for the group.

CONTINUED:

MACK
Good luck.

As the sisters start to exit, Lisa turns to Mack --

LISA
Thank you.

Mack nods, smiles. Lisa exits with her sister. A long beat as the team assesses the crazy night they just had. Then:

NICO
Uh, Mack?
(off her look)
Where's the skip?

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the lid of the GARBAGE DUMPSTER on the side of the building. A hand slides the latch and opens it.

Inside is their skip, Sean. He's gagged and his hands are tied behind his back.

MACK
I don't know... he looks kind of comfy in there.

Off Sean, pleading with his eyes...

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - NEXT MORNING

A gorgeous day in the making.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Mack walks down a long hallway towards the lobby.

KATE (O.S.)
Mack?

She turns to see Kate hurrying to catch up to her.

KATE (CONT'D)
What're you doing up here?

MACK
Halperin case. Had to pay off the bond.

Kate's taken aback by the admission.

CONTINUED:

KATE
Last night you took down the largest car theft ring the Pacific Northwest has ever seen and somehow this pothead escapes your grasp?

MACK
Pretty sure he left the country.

KATE
Well, he's not on our radar anymore either. DA's office thinks it's only matter of time before legalization is on the table, not just for possession. Wants us to focus on the --

MACK
The real bad guys?

Kate smiles. She respects that Mack doesn't pull punches. One of the big reasons why they're friends.

KATE
Not that we don't have enough to do. For some reason I've got Feds running around everywhere trampling on our jurisdiction.

Echoing their prior conversation, roles reversed:

MACK
Sorry about that.

KATE
No, you're not.

MACK
No, I'm really not.

Mack moves off, headed for the exit.

KATE
We still on for poker Thursday? I'll float you some cash, since you're running low...

Mack shakes her head, smiles, and continues on...

EXT. RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

The team has reunited at a popular local dining hole. Mack, Wendell, and Nico sit around a table finishing up a meal.

The puppy snores at Wendell's feet, her leash tied to a chair.

CONTINUED:

WENDELL
I suppose we should probably name the thing.

NICO
Skip?

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

WENDELL
Monster?

They all look down at this sweet, innocent puppy.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
We're going to have to beef up security. Monster's not gonna cut it. You pissed off a lot of people this week.

Mack's phone DINGS with another appointment reminder.

MACK
We'll talk about it tomorrow. You should get back to the office. I have a feeling a lot of calls are gonna come in tonight.

She gets up from the table, turning to Nico:

MACK (CONT'D)
Need a ride?

NICO
No, thanks. I'm meeting some friends later.
(preempting her)
Not those kinds of friends.

Mack starts to go. Wendell eyes the dog at his feet.

WENDELL
Whoa, whoa, hang on. Who's taking him?

NICO
Her.

MACK
I think she's made her choice.

She moves off. Nico follows her out. Wendell grabs the DINNER BILL off the table.

CONTINUED:

WENDELL
(to himself)
No, it's cool. Don't worry about it, guys. I'll get this.

Out of earshot of other diners, Nico sidles up to Mack.

NICO
How'd it go today?

MACK
The new legislation's confusing everyone. Judges are backing down on a lot of the bonds. Only a matter of time before the case goes away.

NICO
I'm going to pay you back, I swear.

MACK
I know.

Nico nods, starts to head back inside.

MACK (CONT'D)
Nicholas.
(he turns)
Stay out of trouble?

Nico smiles. We realize Nico is actually Nicholas Halperin, the "white whale" whose bond Mack just paid in full. He's been right under our noses the whole time.

Off Mack's exit, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW