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# Out of Sight

By Scott Frank

**BLACK:**

We hear TRAFFIC, some STREET NOISES, then...

**FADE IN:**

The financial district. Lots of people in suits. A shaky, spasmodic ZOOM IN finds...

JACK FOLEY -- forty, big, focused expression -- as he rips a tie from around his neck and throws it down in the gutter. He starts across the street, now peeling off his suitcoat and dropping that, too, right there on the asphalt as we then...

WHIP PAN OVER TO REVEAL: A BANK ACROSS THE STREET

As Foley goes inside, we then...

**CUT TO:**

LOOKING FOR MONEY?

YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

We then PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we're now...

**INSIDE THE BANK:**

as Foley stands at a counter holding the above CREDIT APPLICATION while he studies the bank layout.

Foley watches a MAN IN A SUIT, carrying an attache-case, enter the bank and move through the gate into the fenced-off business area at the front. An EXECUTIVE rises from his desk, shakes hands with the man and they both sit down.

Foley tosses the brochure in the trash, then crosses to a teller window where a nameplate on the counter tells us the young woman with the pile of dark hair smiling at him is LORETTA.

TELLER/LORETTA

How can I help you, sir?

**FOLEY:**

Loretta, you see that guy talking to your manager, has his case open?

Foley takes out a ZIPPO LIGHTER and casually, yet expertly, begins to fiddle with it as the teller looks across the bank.

**LORETTA:**

That's Mr. Guindon, one of our assistant managers. Our manager is Mr. Schoen, but he's not in today.

**FOLEY:**

But you see the guy with the attache case?

**LORETTA:**

(looks again)

Yes.

**FOLEY:**

That's my partner. He has a gun in there. And if you don't do exactly what I tell you, or you give me any kind of a problem, I'll look over at my partner and he'll shoot your Mr. Guindon between the eyes.

Loretta goes stiff, swallows, stares back at Foley.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Now take one of those big envelopes and put as many hundreds, fifties and twenties as you can pack into it. Nothing with bank straps or rubber bands. I don't want any dye packs. I don't want any bait money. Start with the second drawer and then the one over there, under the computer. Come on, Loretta, the key's right there next to you. No bills off the bottom of the drawer.

(as she works)

First time being robbed?

(she nods)

You're doing great. Just smile, Loretta, so you won't look like you're being held up.

(she smiles awkwardly)

That's the way, you're doing fine.

We hear a bit of thunder and Foley cuts a fast look out the front door. When he turns back, he sees that Loretta's having some trouble fitting all the bills into the envelope.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Here, give me the twenties. I'll put 'em in my pocket. Okay, I haven't had to give my partner a sign; that's good. Now, he's gonna wait thirty seconds till after I'm out the door, make sure

you haven't set off the alarm. If you have, he's gonna shoot Mr. Guindon between the eyes. Okay? I think that'll do it. Thank you, Loretta, and have a nice day.

**LORETTA:**

You, too.

Foley heads for the door. He pauses by Mr. Guindon's desk, looks back at Loretta. Foley smiles at her, then turns to the Man sitting with Mr. Guindon, indicates Loretta...

**FOLEY:**

She's cute, isn't she?

The man looks across the bank at Loretta.

**MAN:**

Uh, yeah, I guess so.

Foley winks at Loretta and walks out.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Guindon)

Who was that?

EXT. BANK - SAME

As Foley comes out, he calmly walks to a Honda Civic and gets in.

INT. CAR - SAME

As Foley tries to start the car. No go. He tries again.

**FOLEY:**

Come on...

But the car won't start. Foley bangs on the wheel...

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Foley then stiffens as a cop sticks his gun through the open window into Foley's ear...

**COP:**

I think you flooded it.

Foley looks to the passenger window, where ANOTHER COP, smiling, now has his gun pointing at him.

**SECOND COP:**

Get out've the car, sir.

**FOLEY:**

Wanna hear a funny story?

**SECOND COP:**

Shut up and get out've the car.

And as Foley obliges, we then...

FADE TO WHITE.

We hear a MAN GRUNT. Then see Foley in SLOW MOTION as he jumps through frame, now we see a basketball come up in his hand as we realize he's on his way to the rim when...

...ANOTHER GUY rams into him in mid-air, knocks him down.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

A BASKETBALL GAME in progress. All of the men, Foley included, are dressed in blue coveralls and white T-shirts. The game is rough. Hair is pulled. Eyes are poked. Faces punched.

**A title reads:**

FLORIDA."

Foley is the oldest player here. He's getting tired, starts to lose his breath. He finally walks off the court, breathing so hard he can't even talk. He simply motions to SOME YOUNG CONVICT to come in and take his place.

Foley sits down on a bench, tries to catch his breath. He looks across the yard to where...

A GROUP OF ELDERLY INMATES

sitting around a wooden picnic table are playing cards. All of them are over sixty. One of them, a one-legged guy on crutches hops away from the table, spits out some tobacco as we...

INTERCUT THE OLD TIMERS WITH FOLEY WATCHING THEM:

As we see one old guy is making a picture frame out of old Pal Mal and Lucky Strike packs. Another tends to a tomato bush in a tiny patch of garden near the wall. Another one sits nearby painting a picture of a man and a boy fishing from a rowboat. Foley is about to get up off the bench when something catches his eye. He watches as...

**TWO LATINO MEN:**

both little guys, jog past the game, slow to a walk, then stop and begin stretching out. One of them nods to Foley. Foley nods back, waits for the Latin guys to walk off, then walks over to a guard, PUPKO ("PUP"), heavy-set, dumb as dirt.

**PUP:**

You want something, Foley?

Foley keeps his eyes fixed on the basketball game.

**FOLEY:**

Some people are going out of here.  
What if I told you where and when?

**PUP:**

How many?

**FOLEY:**

I expect you to look out for me, Pup,  
let me run off work details.

**PUP:**

Okay. How many going out?

**FOLEY:**

I hear six.

**PUP:**

When?

**FOLEY:**

Looks like tonight.

**PUP:**

You know who they are?

**FOLEY:**

I do, but I won't tell you just yet.  
Meet me in the chapel at eight-thirty,  
right before lock-down.

INT. MESS HALL - LUNCH

As Foley takes his tray up the centre aisle, he scans the sea of white T-shirts until he sees the two little Latins sitting at a table full of other little Latins. CHINO -- fifties, in shape -- shovels macaroni in his mouth.

Chino's "wife", LULU, nineteen, looks up from his own neat tray of macaroni and jello and watches Foley walk past and sit down with a bunch of bikers.

Foley watches as the guy across from Chino scrapes some macaroni off his plate and on to Chino's and Chino wolfs that down, too.

EXT. MESS - DAY

Chino steps outside and lights a cigarette. He puts an arm around Lulu, starts to walk off...

FOLEY (OS)

Today's the day, huh?

Chino looks over, watches Foley approach, lets his arm slip down so he can hook his thumb into Lulu's belt... the next thing to having him on a leash.

**FOLEY:**

You excited?

**CHINO:**

I told you, man, Super Bowl Sunday.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, but I see you moved it up.

**CHINO:**

(beat)

Why you think is today?

**FOLEY:**

You were out running this morning, sticking to your routine, anybody happened to notice. But you only did a couple of miles instead of your usual five. Saving yourself for the main event. Then I see you inside eating ten pounds of macaroni. Carbohydrates for endurance.

Chino and Lulu exchange looks.

**CHINO:**

You want, I tole you you can come.

You all right, Foley. I like you.

**FOLEY:**

You told me I can come 'cause I caught you digging the fuckin' tunnel, saw you and Lulu coming out of the bushes, thought maybe you two were making out. Foley smiles at Lulu, who glares back at him.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

So what, you finish ahead of schedule?

Chino looks towards the fence along the front of the yard.

**CHINO:**

You see what they doing, those posts out there? Putting up another fence, five metres on the other side of the one that's there. We wait until Super Bowl Sunday, they could have the second fence built and we have to dig another nine, ten days. So we going soon as it's dark. You want -- I mean it -- you can still come.

**FOLEY:**

I appreciate the offer. And it's tempting.

Foley looks off towards the visitors' parking area, the fence not twenty yards away.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

But, man, it's a long run to civilization. A hundred miles to Miami? I'm too old to start acting crazy, try a stunt like that. You make it out, send me a postcard.

**CUT TO:**

where we see someone has written "IT'S MAGIC!" then crossed out the "IT'S" and replaced it with the word "LIKE". We hear THE PHONE RING AND...

**REVEAL:**

Miami Beach Moderne. ADELE -- mid-thirties, pretty, Foley's ex -- sits at her kitchen table writing on a pad. She grabs the phone.

**ADELE:**

Hello?

(then, sighs)

Yeah, I accept.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

Foley on the phone...

FOLEY'S VOICE

Hey, Adele, how you doing?

INTERCUTTING FOLEY & ADELE:

**ADELE:**

Hey, Bank Robber, want some advice?



Next time, leave the engine running.

**FOLEY:**

That's funny, Adele. How many more times you gonna gimme that one?

**ADELE:**

Till it's not funny any more. What do you want, Jack?

**FOLEY:**

You know that Super Bowl party? They changed the date. It's on tonight, eight-thirty.

**ADELE:**

Didn't you tell me one-time calls aren't monitored?

**FOLEY:**

I said not as a rule.

**ADELE:**

So why don't you come right out and tell me what you're talking about?

**FOLEY:**

Listen to Miss Smarty Mouth. Out there in the free world.

**ADELE:**

What's free about it? I'm looking for work.

**FOLEY:**

What happened to Mandrake the Magician?

**ADELE:**

Emil the Amazing. The bastard fired me and hired another girl, a redhead. I'm working on a new business card, pass out to the cafes. How's this sound--

**FOLEY:**

(cuts her off)

Listen, Adele, the reason I called, that party is today instead of Sunday. About eight-thirty, like only a few hours from now. So you'll have to get hold of Buddy, whatever he might be doing...

**ADELE:**

And the one driving the other car?

**FOLEY:**

What're you talking about?

**ADELE:**

Well, seeing as you have so much luck with cars, Buddy thought it might be better to bring two. He got this guy he says you know from Lompoc, Glenn something.

**FOLEY:**

Glenn Michaels.

**ADELE:**

Yeah, that's him. Buddy says Glenn thinks you guys are real cool.

**FOLEY:**

He did, huh. Well, tell Buddy I see Glenn wearing his sunglasses I'll step on 'em. I might not even take 'em off first.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

As MARSHALL SISCO -- fifty -- slides a small wrapped box across a table...

**MARSHALL:**

Happy birthday.

...to where KAREN SISCO -- twenty-eight, black suit, long hair, a knockout -- sits. She picks up the box and shakes it.

**KAREN:**

You fit another Chanel suit in here?

**MARSHALL:**

Something better. Open it.

Karen starts to carefully unwrap the present. Marshall watches, takes a sip of his drink, looks around the bar, sees how everyone's looking at the two of them...

**KAREN:**

(opens the box)

Oh my God...

She pulls a gleaming automatic pistol from the box...

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

**MARSHALL:**

It's a --

**KAREN:**

--Sig-Sauer .38. I love it.

She leans across the table and kisses him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Dad.

**MARSHALL:**

Happy birthday, kid.

(then)

You want another Coke?

**KAREN:**

(checks her watch)

Can't. I gotta drive out to Glades, then I'm meeting Ray Nicolet at ten.

**MARSHALL:**

Which one is that? The ATF guy?

**KAREN:**

He was. Ray's with the F.B.I. now, he switched over.

**MARSHALL:**

He's still married though, huh?

**KAREN:**

Technically. They're separated.

**MARSHALL:**

Oh, he's moved out?

**KAREN:**

He's about to.

**MARSHALL:**

Then they're not separated, are they?

**KAREN:**

Can we change the subject?

**MARSHALL:**

What're you doing at Glades?

**KAREN:**

Serving process, a Summons and Complaint. Some con doing mandatory life doesn't like macaroni and cheese. He files suit, says he has no choice in what they serve and it violates his civil rights.

**MARSHALL:**

You know you can always step in, work with me full-time as one of my investigators.

**KAREN:**

No thanks.

**MARSHALL:**

You used to like it.

**KAREN:**

Dad...

**MARSHALL:**

You'd meet doctors, lawyers -- nothing wrong with them necessarily if they're divorced. Why settle for some cowboy

cop who drinks too much and cheats on his wife? That's the way those hotshots are, all of 'em.

**KAREN:**

I really gotta go.

**MARSHALL:**

We don't get to talk much any more.

**KAREN:**

How 'bout I come next Sunday and watch the Super Bowl with you?

**MARSHALL:**

I'd like that.

She gets up, kisses him again.

**KAREN:**

Thanks for the gun, Dad.

INT. FOLEY'S CELL - BELLE GLADE - DAY

Foley comes in, lies down on the bunk. He looks about the cell. All he's got to show for himself. It's now quiet on the cellblock. Foley closes his eyes and we...

**CUT TO:**

A few hundred cons scream encouragement/insults as MAURICE "SNOOPY" MILLER, a lanky, scary, mean-looking black man in boxing trunks, hits a white guy with a ferocious hook.

**Title reads:**

And then... TWO YEARS AGO.

AT THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

Foley leans in a doorway watching with BUDDY BRAGG -- black, Foley's age, shaved head.

The BELL SOUNDS and the white guy staggers to his corner, as does Maurice. GLENN MICHAELS -- surfer look, dark shades -- counts cash in Maurice's corner, whispers something into the fighter's ear.

**BUDDY:**

Ref don't call it pretty soon, Snoopy's gonna send this guy out in a body bag.

Foley watches a MAN -- fifties, out of place, not as hard-looking

as those around him. The guy looks nervous, can feel the other cons' eyes on him as he tries to find a seat.

The BELL SOUNDS and the white boxer staggers to his feet.

Maurice steps in and resumes the bloody pummelling. Foley turns and watches the fight now...

**FOLEY:**

Anyone ever tell you why they call him Snoopy?

Buddy shakes his head. Maurice dances around the other guy now. Teases him.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

He was Maurice "Mad Dog" Miller back when he was pro. Now you pet him, he goes down.

The white guy throws a tired, loping roundhouse that barely glances off Maurice's jaw. Sure enough, Maurice makes a big show out of snapping his head back, staggering, before he finally goes down.

**BUDDY:**

I don't believe it.

Foley watches the new inmate as fights erupt all around him and, anxious now, he tries to get out of there.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Foley and Buddy sit atop a cement picnic table watching as nearby, the "winning" BOXER -- still wearing last night's pummelling on his face -- gloats to a group of cons. He throws a fake punch at one of them as he demonstrates his winning technique...

**BUDDY:**

Guy's braggin' he won a thrown fight.

Fuckin' pathetic.

Foley looks at the other side of the yard where Maurice now stands at the far side of the yard coldly watching the guy, one hand thrust into his pocket. Foley watches as Maurice stops the NEW INMATE -- the older guy who looked out of place at the fights -- as he comes out into the yard.

**FOLEY:**

It's Richard Ripley.

**BUDDY:**

(looking now)

The Wall Street guy? Oh, yeah. I didn't recognize him without his rug. Foley watches as Maurice talks to the new inmate, the guy nodding, acquiescent, respectful.

**FOLEY:**

Dick the Ripper they called him, on account of all the people he ripped off.

Foley watches as Ripley now makes a note in a BLACK BOOK.

**BUDDY:**

What's he doin' here?

GLENN (OS)

Three years.

They look to where Glenn Michaels, the blond guy in dark shades we saw in Maurice's corner, works out on the bench press a few feet away. He's shirtless, tan, in shape.

**GLENN:**

He got three years and fined fifty million dollars and wrote 'em a fucking check. Like that, fifty mil, signed his name.

(struggles with the  
bar)

Whoa-- little help here!

**FOLEY:**

Who you talkin' to, Studs? Me, or Buddy. I can't tell, you got those shades on.

**GLENN:**

You guys-- come on-- this is too heavy!

**FOLEY:**

I guess the bright glare out here made it hard to see the numbers on the weights.

**GLENN:**

I'll take the shades off. Just get

this fuckin' thing off me.

Foley helps him get the bar up. Glenn sits up.

**BUDDY:**

How do you know he wrote a check?

**GLENN:**

He told me. He works the laundry with me. The guy loves to talk.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, to the U.S. Attorney. I hear he rolled over on all the snitches he was doing business with and got 'em all brought up.

He watches Snoopy talking to Ripley, one eye always on the swaggering boxer across the yard, one hand in his pocket.

**GLENN:**

Hey, anybody that can write a check for fifty mil, he says anything I'm all fucking ears. Like the other day, he tells me how he's got all this money in foreign banks, plus around five mil in uncut diamonds at his house. He said, quote, "Where I can put my hands on it anytime."

**BUDDY:**

Cool. Where's the guy live?

Foley watches a few more of Maurice's friends surround Ripley. Again, Ripley takes out his black book, starts nodding, making notations...

**GLENN:**

Detroit. Snoopy Miller told me uncut diamonds are as easy to move as cash.

**FOLEY:**

Ever seen an uncut diamond, Studs? They look like plain old rocks.

**GLENN:**

So. What's your point?



**FOLEY:**

My point is, that's probably what you're gonna end up with.

**GLENN:**

You think he's lying?

**FOLEY:**

Use your head. The guys got five million lying around his house, you really think he's gonna tell some motormouth he just met in prison about it?

A BELL SOUNDS. Everyone starts walking for the gate. Foley watches as the Boxer and his crew head for the gate, Maurice still standing there with his hand in his pocket. SLOW MOTION AS the boxer gets to the gate, sees Maurice who moves to him now, smiling like he's so glad to see him... his left hand clapping the guy on the back, saying something like congratulations as now his right hand comes out of his pocket and we see the long metal shiv--

**BUDDY:**

(watching Snoopy)

Here it comes.

Maurice wraps his left arm around the boxer's shoulder and hugs him tight for a moment, then quickly moves away. The Boxer stands there like a statue, doesn't move until he's at last jostled from behind and his legs fold and he drops to the cement.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I guess the Snoop doesn't like to lose, even if it's on purpose.

We hear a WHISTLE BLOW as a GUARD spots the body. And now everyone moves like hell for the gate... except for...

Richard Ripley who stands there frozen, staring down at the body.

Foley glances back at the approaching guards, casually takes Ripley by the arm as he passes, leads him away from there, talks to him as they walk into the block...

**FOLEY:**

You don't wanna be standing there, the hacks start asking questions you don't

wanna answer.

**RIPLEY:**

Oh, uh, right, thanks...

Foley then moves away. He sees Maurice looking back at him, giving him a hard stare just before he melts into the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOLEY'S CELL - BELLE GLADE - DAY (NOW)

He lies there another moment when...

A PAIROF LEGS swings down over the side from the top bunk.

Foley's CELLMATE jumps down, walks the three feet or so to the toilet, casually pulls down his pants and starts to go to the bathroom. Foley shakes his head and turns away...

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

As Buddy walks up to a Cadillac Sedan DeVille Concours pulling a slim-jim from the back of his pants, about to jimmy the door, when he sees...

A WOMAN -- middle-aged, wearing pearls and high heels -- come out of the Winn Dixie pushing a grocery cart full of groceries. Buddy sticks the jimmy back in his pants, waits until the woman is opening her trunk before coming forward...

**BUDDY:**

Here, lemme help you with those, ma'am.

She doesn't seem too sure about it, but lets him load the groceries in the trunk and take the key out of the lock.

**WOMAN:**

I didn't ask for your help, so don't expect a tip.

Buddy smiles, waves her off.

**BUDDY:**

That's okay, ma'am. I'll just take your car.

She stands there stupidly as he gets in and drives off.

INT. CHAPEL - DUSK

In the midst of a remodel. As door opens and Pup comes in. Foley puts a finger to his lips...

**FOLEY:**

They're right underneath you, Pup.

They dug a tunnel.

Foley watches Pup creep up the aisle towards the front of the

chapel, eyes on the floor, listening...

**PUP:**

I don't hear 'em. Where's the tunnel  
come out?

Pup turns his back, walks up the aisle and across the front of  
the pews to a window.

**FOLEY:**

Second fence post from the tower out  
there. Go on, take a look.

As Pup stares out the window...

**PUP:**

I don't see nothing there.

Foley reaches down into a pew where's stashed a FOUR-FOOT  
CRUCIFIX. He picks it up, starts up the aisle...

**FOLEY:**

You will directly. Keep watching.

INT. KAREN SISCO'S CAR - DUSK

As the high beams from her car show the prison parking area,  
then the fence strung with razor wire. Karen parks near the  
fence, lights a cigarette and dials her car phone.

**KAREN:**

Hi. Karen Sisco again for Ray Nicolet.

(beat)

He's not? Could you tell him that...

never mind. I'll call back.

Headlights hit Karen's rear-view mirror, a car pulling in behind  
her. The lights go off, then come on again. She adjusts the  
mirror to deflect the glare.

INT. THE CAR BEHIND HER - DUSK

As Buddy sits watching the cons come in from the athletic field.  
He sees the mirror flash in the car in front of him as Karen  
checks her face out in the rear-view.

INT. CHAPEL - DUSK

As Foley moves up behind Pup, he lets his jacket fall to the floor,  
holds the crucifix down against his leg.

**PUP:**

There some car headlights out there...

(then)

Jesus Christ...

Now he pulls his radio from his belt, says into it...

PUP (CONT'D)

Man outside the fence! By tower six!

(responds to radio)

This is Officer Pupko...

(then)

I'm looking at him, for Christ's sake!

Okay-- now Foley raises the metal cross, steps in and lays it smack against the side of Pup's head. Drops him clean with one swing, bouncing him off the window frame and down without a sound coming from him.

INT. KAREN SISCO'S CAR - NIGHT

As Karen grabs the court papers off the seat, opens her car door, glances at the fence and pauses as she sees A FIGURE there, crouching down.

Karen turns on her headlights. No, not crouched. The guy is coming out of the ground. On this side of the fence.

Head and shoulders appear and another guy comes out of the ground. Right in front of her.

Karen leans on the horn, holds it down and sees the two guys by the fence -- Chino and Lulu -- look into her headlights, poised there for a moment before taking off into the dark. Karen gets out of the car...

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - SAME

As Buddy watches a spotlight from the tower come on and follow the two cons as we then hear the sound of RIFLE REPORTS before the men disappear into the dark.

Then Buddy sees Karen in his headlights, whistles softly as he gets a good look at her long legs as she raises the lid to her trunk...

**BUDDY:**

What's she doing?

He watches her duck her head in the trunk and come out with a holstered pistol.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

But then she throws the pistol in the trunk, ducks in there again and comes out this time racking a shotgun.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

And now Buddy watches her hurry to the front of her car and raise the shotgun as we hear A WHISTLE BLOW IN THE COMPOUND.

Buddy gets out of the car...

EXT. PARKING AREA - SAME

As Karen puts the shotgun on two more cons, both filthy dirty, standing by the hole they just crawled out of.

**KAREN:**

Get your hands in the air!

Buddy watches the two cons, both Latins, make up their minds, start edging away -- shit, they've come this far.

They look out at the spotlight sweeping around in the dark, then look the other way, along the fence towards the main gate, to see armed hacks coming out on the run, and that decides it for the cons. They take off running...

Now Buddy watches as Karen puts her pump gun on them, but doesn't fire...

The hacks running from the gate with rifles beat her to it, open up all at once and keep firing until the two convicts are cut down as they run.

The hacks glance at Karen, but don't bother with her, more interested in the hole the convicts had come out of. Now they're standing by it peering in, edging closer with their weapons ready, then they all step back at once, bump into each other as...

A head appears wearing a guard's baseball cap, the guy now saying something to the guards, his face smeared with muck, excited, pointing towards the orange grove.

They run off, pausing briefly to kick the convicts they shot to see if they're alive, then keep going.

The man in the hole, Foley, climbs out. He takes his time, puts on a show, standing with his hands on his hips like an honest-to-God hack, that serious cap down on his eyes.

Buddy waves to Foley to come on and Karen turns and puts the shotgun on Buddy. Buddy raises the palm of his hand.

**BUDDY:**

It's okay, honey, we're good guys.

**KAREN:**

What're you doing here?

Not so much asking, but putting it to him the way cops do when they're already pretty sure what you're doing. She glances around to include Foley, now coming at her like some creature out of the swamp, giving Buddy time to take her around the neck. She fights him, jabs him in the gut with the butt end of the

shotgun before Foley wrenches it from her grip. They drag her to the rear end of her car, the trunk lid still up, and crouch there as some hacks come running along the fence, past the dark gun tower and cross the road towards the orange grove. A moment later, they hear bursts of gunfire, then silence.

**FOLEY:**

I bet that's all the hacks they send out. Otherwise nobody's left to mind the store.

**BUDDY:**

Why don't we talk about it later? He turns to see Foley and Karen staring at each other in the headlights from Buddy's car; Karen not at all afraid.

**FOLEY:**

Why you're just a girl. What do you do for a living you pack a shotgun?

**KAREN:**

I'm a federal marshal and you're under arrest, both of you guys. Foley keeps staring at her like he's giving the situation serious thought, but what he says is...

**FOLEY:**

I bet I smell, don't I?  
(then)

Listen, you hop in the trunk and we'll get out of here.

Karen looks at him, then gets up, climbs into the trunk. She's reaching around, trying to find her pistol, when...

Foley gives her a shove and gets in with her, wedging her against the wall of the trunk, pressing against her back like they're cuddled up in bed.

He holds her to him, giving her no room to turn and stick the gun in his face. Buddy reaches for the trunk lid and then everything goes...

**BLACK:**

Total darkness, not a crack or a pinpoint of light showing. Then we hear the engine come to life, the car moving along.  
FOLEY (VO)

You comfy?

KAREN (VO)

If I could have a little more room.

FOLEY (VO)

There isn't any. All this shit you got in here. What is all this stuff anyway? Handcuffs, chains... what's this can?

KAREN (VO)

For your breath. You could use it.

Squirt some in your mouth.

FOLEY (VO)

You devil, it's mace, huh? What've you got here, a billy? Use it on poor unfortunate offenders.

A BEAM OF LIGHT appears as he finds a flashlight and turns it on. He plays the beam along Karen's leg, calms down some as he looks at all of her now and finally says...

FOLEY (VO)

Where's your gun, your pistol?

**KAREN:**

In my bag, in the car.

They go over some bumps. We hear men's voices from somewhere far off, outside.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You know you don't have a chance of making it. Guards are out here already, they'll stop the car.

He runs his hand down her thigh, looking for her gun, but also, just, well, looking.

**FOLEY:**

They're off in the cane by now chasing Cubans. I timed it to slip between the cracks, you might say.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

As Buddy floors it away from the prison, checks the rearview mirror...

INT. TRUNK - SAME

As Jack tries to wipe some of the mud off his face.

**FOLEY:**

Boy, it stunk in there.

**KAREN:**

I believe it. You've ruined a nine-hundred-dollar suit my dad gave me.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, went real nice with that twelve gauge, too.

(then)

Tell me, why in the world would someone like you ever become a federal marshall?

**KAREN:**

The idea of going after guys like you appealed to me.

**FOLEY:**

Guys like me, huh. Well, listen, even though I've been celibate lately, I'm not gonna force myself on you. I've never done that in my life.

**KAREN:**

You wouldn't have time anyway. We come to a roadblock, they'll run the car, find out in five seconds who it belongs to.

**FOLEY:**

If they get set up in time, which I doubt. And even if they do they'll be looking for a buncha little Latin fellas, not a big black guy driving a Ford.

**KAREN:**

Must be quite a pal, risk his own ass like this.

More bumps. Then picking up speed as the road smooths out.

**FOLEY:**

Who, Buddy? Yeah. He's a good guy. Back when we jailed together, he'd call his sister every week without



fail. She's a born-again Christian,  
does bookkeeping for a televangelist.  
Buddy calls her up, confesses his sins,  
tells her about whatever bank he  
happened to rob.

**KAREN:**

Buddy. That's his given name?

**FOLEY:**

(woops, beat)

One I gave him, yeah.

(mouths)

Fuck...

INT. CAR - SAME

As Buddy rifles through Karen's bag while he drives. He looks up  
from her badge and ID case at the road.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

**KAREN:**

So, what's your name? It'll be in the  
paper tomorrow anyway.

**FOLEY:**

Jack Foley. You've probably heard of  
me.

**KAREN:**

Why, are you famous?

**FOLEY:**

Time I was convicted in California?  
FBI told me I'd robbed more banks than  
anyone in the computer.

**KAREN:**

How many was that?

**FOLEY:**

Tell you the truth, I don't know. I  
started when I was eighteen, driving  
for my Uncle Cully and his partner,  
Gus. They go into a bank this one  
time in Slidell, Gus jumps the counter

to get the tellers and breaks his leg.  
All three of us ended up in Angola.

**KAREN:**

That's funny.

**FOLEY:**

I thought so, too.

**KAREN:**

It was me, I woulda left ol' Gus on  
the floor.

**FOLEY:**

I believe you would have. Another fall,  
I did seven years at Lompoc. And I  
don't mean the place next door where  
some of Nixon's people went.

**KAREN:**

I know the difference. You were in  
Lompoc USP, the federal penitentiary.  
I've delivered people there. So  
basically you've spent half your life  
in prison.

**FOLEY:**

(beat)

Basically. Yeah. If I go back now, I  
do a full thirty years, no time off.  
Can you imagine looking at that?

**KAREN:**

I don't have to. I don't rob banks.  
He looks at her, then looks away as we...

EXT. CAR - SAME

As the car turns into a main highway now...

INT. TRUNK - SAME

As Foley plays the light down the length of her...

**FOLEY:**

You don't seem all that scared.

**KAREN:**

Of course I am.

**FOLEY:**

You don't act like it.

**KAREN:**

What do you want me to do? Scream? I don't think it would help much.

(then)

I'm just gonna sit back, take it easy, and wait for you to screw up.

**FOLEY:**

Jesus, you sound like my ex-wife.

**KAREN:**

You were married? All those falls, I'm surprised you had time.

**FOLEY:**

It was just a year, give or take a few days. I mean, it's not like we didn't get along or anything. We had fun, we just didn't have that... that thing, you know? That spark, you know what I mean? You gotta have that.

**KAREN:**

(thinking)

Uh-huh.

**FOLEY:**

We still talk, though.

**KAREN:**

Sure.

EXT. CAR - SAME

As Buddy passes a sign that says "MIAMI, 74 MILES."

INT. TRUNK - SAME

As she tries to get a look at him...

**KAREN:**

You know, this isn't gonna end well, these things never do.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, well, if it turns out I get shot like a dog, it'll be in the street, not off a goddamn fence.

**KAREN:**

You must see yourself as some kind of Clyde Barrow.

And for a few moments, all we hear is the sound of the car on the road. Then...

**FOLEY:**

Oh, you mean of Bonnie and Clyde? Hm. You ever see pictures of him, the way he wore his hat? You could tell he had that don't-give-a-shit air about him.

**KAREN:**

I don't recall his hat, but I've seen pictures of him lying dead, shot by Texas Rangers. Did you know he didn't have his shoes on?

**FOLEY:**

Is that right?

**KAREN:**

They put a hundred and eighty-seven bullet holes in Clyde, Bonnie Parker and the car they were driving. Bonnie was eating a sandwich.

**FOLEY:**

You're full of interesting facts, aren't you?

**KAREN:**

It was May, 1934, near Gibsland, Louisiana.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Quiet. Empty. A moment later the car flies past.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

**FOLEY:**

That part in the movie where they get shot? Warren Beatty and... I can't think of her name.

**KAREN:**

Faye Dunaway.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, I liked her in that movie about TV...

**KAREN:**

Network. Yeah, she was good.

**FOLEY:**

And the guy saying he wasn't gonna take any more shit from anybody...

**KAREN:**

Peter Finch.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, right. Anyway, that scene where Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway get shot? I remember thinking at the time it wouldn't be a bad way to go, if you have to.

**KAREN:**

Bleeding on a country road.

**FOLEY:**

It wasn't pretty after, no, but if you were in that car -- eating a sandwich -- you wouldn't have known what hit you.

We HEAR FAINT SIRENS OS...

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

As Buddy sees FLASHING LIGHTS approach from the opposite direction. He stays cool as the green and whites get closer... closer... then fly right on past.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

As the SIRENS SCREAM AT US FOR A MOMENT, then FADE.

**FOLEY:**

You're sure easy to talk to. I wonder -- say we met under different circumstances and got to talking, say you were in a bar and I came up to you -- I wonder what would happen.

**KAREN:**

Nothing.

**FOLEY:**

I mean if you didn't know who I was.

**KAREN:**

You'd probably tell me.

**FOLEY:**

I'm just saying I think if we met under different circumstances...

**KAREN:**

You have to be kidding.

Silence. Foley tries to get back to where it was working...

**FOLEY:**

Another one Faye Dunaway was in I liked, Three Days of the Condor.

**KAREN:**

With Robert Redford, when he was young.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah...

They lie there a moment, think about that as we hear THE CAR SLOWING DOWN, coasting, then bumping along the shoulder of the road to a stop.

**KAREN:**

I never thought it made sense, though, the way they got together so quick.

**FOLEY:**

Really.

**KAREN:**

I mean, romantically.

**FOLEY:**

Uh-huh.

(then)

Well, but if --

The trunk goes dark again as the car's turned off.

BUDDY (OS)

You still alive in there?

And the trunk lid raises so that we see Karen and Foley lying in the back. Foley gets out. Karen doesn't move.

FOLEY (OS)

Where in the hell are we?

**BUDDY:**

That's the turnpike up there. Glenn's waiting with the other car.

**FOLEY:**

Okay, honey, come on out of there.

Karen pushes off, rolls from her right side to her left, brings up her Sig Sauer in both hands to put it on them, both standing in the opening, in the dark, but right there.

**KAREN:**

Get your hands up and turn around.

Now.

**FOLEY:**

Shit...

Foley brings the lid down, he and Buddy moving in opposite directions as she begins firing from the inside...

As Buddy and Foley hook up again in front of the car. We can see they're beneath an overpass. Foley stares at the trunk.

**BUDDY:**

We may as well leave her, we're leaving the car and we gotta leave her some place anyway, what's the difference where?

**FOLEY:**

She's coming with us.

Foley walks to the passenger seat, reaches in the window.

**BUDDY:**

Jesus Christ, what were you doing in there?

**FOLEY:**

Get the shotgun. And her purse. I'd like to know who she is.

Foley takes her wallet, looks at her driver's licence photo.

**BUDDY:**

I already looked. Her name is Karen Sisco. Like the Cisco Kid only spelled different, S-i-s-c-o.

A sheriff's green-and-white goes screaming past and they keep to the narrow space between the car and the concrete abutment of the overpass. When the road quiets down, Foley moves to the trunk and bangs on it once with his fist.

**FOLEY:**

Karen? Be a good girl now, you hear?

Now, I'm gonna open the--

Foley jumps at the sound of a pistol shot.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You're putting holes in your car!

He looks up to see Buddy holding her shotgun, staring at him.

He settles down, then...

FOLEY (CONT'D)

We're not leaving you. I'm gonna open the trunk enough for you to throw the gun out. Okay? You shoot -- Buddy's got your shotgun, says he'll shoot back if you do and I can't stop him.

So it's up to you.

Foley puts his hand out and Buddy, still looking at him funny, gives him the keys.

**VOICE:**

Hey!

Coming from somewhere above them.

VOICE (CONT'D)

It's me, Glenn.

Foley steps out into the open, Buddy close behind him. They



look up to see a figure, head and shoulders against the evening sky, leaning on the concrete overpass rail. We can see his long blond hair falling beside his face, now half-concealed behind dark sunglasses.

**GLENN:**

Hey, Jack, good to see you, man. The fuck're you guys shooting at? Foley looks at Buddy.

**FOLEY:**

Do we need him?

**BUDDY:**

The green-and-whites saw us. One of 'em starts thinking, what's that car doing there? Ties it to the break and turns around... Foley thinks about it, then looks up at the overpass again.

**FOLEY:**

Oh, hey, Studs? We thought you were somebody else.

**GLENN:**

Studs. Man, I haven't heard that since Lompoc. What's going on?

**FOLEY:**

Oh, nuthin'. Foley shakes his head, then walks back to the Ford and bangs on the trunk. FOLEY (CONT'D) You coming out? Foley sticks the key in the lock as Buddy steps up to the trunk and racks the pump on the shotgun. Foley leans close to the metal. FOLEY (CONT'D) You hear that? He turns the key and raises the lid. Karen, bunched in there, extends her arm, her hand holding the Sig Sauer by the barrel.

**KAREN:**

You win, Jack.

"Jack." Buddy gives him another funny look.

EXT. TOP OF OVERPASS - NIGHT

As Glenn removes a note stuck in the side window of a stolen Audi that reads "GONE TO GET GAS."

**FOLEY:**

Have your clothes cleaned and send me the bill.

Glenn looks over as the three of them reach the top of the grade, move through the scrub. Glenn leans against the car, flashers blinking.

**KAREN:**

I'll send it to you at Glades.

**GLENN:**

Jesus, what'd you crawl through, a sewer?

**FOLEY:**

Take your sunglasses off.

**GLENN:**

I see better with them on.

**FOLEY:**

You don't take 'em off, I'm gonna throw 'em off the overpass while they're still on your head.

Glenn shrugs, takes them off and sticks them in his jeans.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Wait in the car.

**GLENN:**

You're in civilization now, man, ease up.

**FOLEY:**

I'd like you to go wait in the car. How's that? Take her with you and put her in back.

**GLENN:**

In the trunk?

**FOLEY:**

The backseat.

Foley stares at him, waiting. Glenn motions to Karen...

**GLENN:**

Come on. I have to do what I'm told.

She walks past Foley without looking at him.

**FOLEY:**

Wait a minute. Let me have your  
raincoat.

(looks at Buddy)

Somebody forgot to bring me clean  
clothes.

**BUDDY:**

I brought 'em, they're back at Glades  
in the Cadillac. You wanted to take  
her car.

**KAREN:**

You can blame me if you want. I don't  
mind.

He doesn't say anything as Glenn takes off the raincoat, folds  
it up, then throws it at Foley's feet.

**GLENN:**

Here you are, sir.

Foley watches as Glenn gets his sunglasses out, puts them back  
on and takes Karen by the arm.

**BUDDY:**

What's wrong with you?

Karen looks over at Foley, then ducks her head and gets in the  
backseat.

**FOLEY:**

Why you brought Glenn into this, I'll  
never know.

**BUDDY:**

How 'bout the score was his idea to  
begin with?

**FOLEY:**

His idea? Gimme a break. Fuckin' guy's got a vacant lot for a head. Was you and me figured the whole thing out.

Buddy watches Foley struggle with the buttons on the uniform, all of them caked with muck.

**BUDDY:**

You're pulling at it. Here...

He lays the shotgun in the grass and comes up, takes the guard shirt in his two hands and rips it open, popping buttons and tearing the shirt.

**FOLEY:**

I don't know why, but every time he opens his mouth I want to punch him out.

**BUDDY:**

He ain't the problem, Jack.

Foley looks at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You wanna pull your head outta your ass and tell me why we're bringing her with us?

INT. CAR - SAME

As Karen watches Glenn get into the car, sees him as the dome light comes on for a second or two before he closes the door. He half turns, laying his arm along the top of the seats, runs his hand through his hair...

**GLENN:**

...if he thinks he can talk to me like this. Shit, I don't even know what I need them for.

Karen leans forward to have a look, sees Foley and Buddy against the dark foliage.

GLENN (CONT'D)

I got a big score lined up up north. They wouldn't even know about it, it wasn't for me. I could do it right now myself, except it's so fucking cold up there in January--

**KAREN:**

Glenn?

His head turns so that we can see his designer shades.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You don't remember me, do you?

**GLENN:**

(beat)

It couldn't have been out at Glades,  
if that's what you're thinking. I was  
never out there.

**KAREN:**

No, that's not what I'm thinking.

He raises his hand, strokes his hair away from his face.

**GLENN:**

But you're sure we've met, huh?

**KAREN:**

Last fall, I drove you from the Palm  
Beach county jail to the federal  
courthouse, twice. You're Glenn  
Michaels.

(then)

I never forget anyone I've cuffed and  
shackled.

He doesn't move or say a word, staring at her now like he's  
been turned to stone.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Let's think for a minute, Glenn, see if  
we can work this out...

He turns away, all the way around to look straight ahead...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Do we have a gun in the car?

**GLENN:**

I remember you now. Shit.

**KAREN:**

Foley's not going to make it. And if  
he goes down, Glenn, you go with him.  
She touches his shoulder and he jumps.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Look, I can understand if you and Foley are close.

**GLENN:**

We're not. I'm helping him, yeah--

**KAREN:**

Wait. Have you helped him, Glenn? At this point, technically, I doubt you could be charged with aiding a fugitive. So you still have a choice. You can help him and risk going down again, get cuffed and shackled, hope to God you pull a reasonable judge, not some hard-on. Or, if you want to play it another way...

She pauses. He turns and looks at her.

**GLENN:**

Like how?

EXT. OVERPASS - SAME

Foley watches a car pass on the highway.

**BUDDY:**

You want to take her to my place and get cleaned up? You come out of the bathroom with your after-shave on and she goes, "Oh, I had you all wrong"?

**FOLEY:**

I want to talk to her again, that's all. See what would happen under, you know, normal circumstances.

**BUDDY:**

You're too late, Jack.

Foley doesn't say anything. Just takes a deep breath as we HEAR THE CAR START and they both look over...

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He wants to get out of here and I don't blame him.

They start towards the car. Then stop and watch as it takes off, tires squealing as the rubber hits pavement. Their backs

to us, they stand there watching the taillights until they're out of sight down the turnpike, neither of them saying a word. We hear SQUEAKY FOOTSTEPS OVER...

**CUT TO:**

As Maurice Miller and his "man" -- a big black bulk named HIMEY -- strut purposefully up the hall. They step into...

THE PRISON LIBRARY

Where Richard Ripley sits at one of the tables reading a big coffee-table book called "THE WARM WORLD OF TROPICAL FISH."

**MAURICE:**

Dick. My man.

Ripley looks up as Maurice and Himey come strolling into the library, sit down on either side of a now very anxious Ripley.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I got your fishies for you.

He sets a small Ziploc with two tiny fish inside down on the table.

**RIPLEY:**

(reaches for them)

Thank you...

**MAURICE:**

(pulls them back)

Not so fast, Dick.

(off Ripley's look)

Starting now, there's gonna be an across the board cost a living increase.

**RIPLEY:**

What?

**MAURICE:**

Year ago, I come in here on credit card fraud, but after I shanked that loudmouth pussy on the yard the other day, my Dunn & Broadstreet, has gone way the fuck up.

**RIPLEY:**

I think it's Dunn & Bradstreet. But then, I could be wrong...

**MAURICE:**

Whoever. The point is, prices are goin' up, too. Better get your little black book out, Richard. We got some business to talk about.

Ripley sighs, takes out his black book and opens it.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Let's start with the fish. They was two grand, but now they's three.

Ripley looks at the two tiny fish in the bag.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

That Bausch & Lomb Saline shit you asked for is gonna be eighty bucks.

**RIPLEY:**

(writing)

Well, I need that...

**MAURICE:**

...and that extra pillow's gonna be an even three c's.

**VOICE:**

Hey.

They all look to where...

**JACK FOLEY:**

Sits at the far end of the table, reading a thick manual of some kind. Himey gives him a mean stare. Foley points to a sign that says "QUIET PLEASE."

**FOLEY:**

Sign says "Shut the fuck up." Or can't you guys read?

**MAURICE:**

(beat)

There a problem, Foley?

**FOLEY:**

Yeah.

Foley shuts the big book -- CHILTON'S AUTO REPAIR.



**FOLEY:**

Yeah, I got a problem. This is the dumbest fucking shakedown in the history of dump shakedowns. Three hundred bucks for a pillow?

**MAURICE:**

That's right.

**RIPLEY:**

Sounds high, doesn't it?

**FOLEY:**

Must be a real soft pillow.

**MAURICE:**

Faux goose down.

**RIPLEY:**

Still...

**FOLEY:**

How much for your company at chow?

**MAURICE:**

Company, shit. I watch the man's back.

**FOLEY:**

I bet. How much?

**MAURICE:**

Another C.

Foley shakes his head, turns to Ripley.

**FOLEY:**

You're smart, Ripley, you'll tell this guy to fuck off.

**RIPLEY:**

Really? Well, I uhhh...

**FOLEY:**

First of all, if he kills you, he's not gonna get any more money out of

you.

Ripley looks at Maurice: Good point.

**MAURICE:**

Man doesn't have to get killed. He could accidentally fall on something sharp, like a shiv. Or my dick.

Ripley turns back to Foley now: Also a good point.

**FOLEY:**

You stick anything in this guy, Snoop, they transfer his ass outta here faster'n you can throw a fight, and you still end up with nothing.

Ripley nods, takes this in.

**MAURICE:**

This doesn't concern you, Foley. Why don't you go on out to the yard, have yourself a smoke?

**FOLEY:**

I don't smoke.

**HIMEY:**

(slowly rising)

You heard the man. Go on outta here.

Foley doesn't move, just gives the guy a bored once over.

**MAURICE:**

Himey here's a pro-toh-jay of mine.

He's ranked number thirty-two in the federal prison system.

**FOLEY:**

(looking at Himey)

Thirty-two outta what, twenty?

Himey bulldozes forward, pulling his massive fist back to clock Foley in the head when...

...in one swift motion Foley brings his book up in one hand, like he's throwing a pie, and drives the hefty repair manual into Himey's face, snapping the big guy's head back, sending his feet flying out from under him so that he hits the floor back-first with a loud thud.

Maurice goes for Foley who picks up the chair just as we hear A WHISTLE. They all freeze, look to...

A PRISONER AT ANOTHER TABLE

Who nods towards the door. We PAN OVER just as A GUARD APPEARS, takes in the scene as a dazed Himey slowly pulls himself up, covers his now bleeding nose.

**GUARD:**

What's going on here?

**MAURICE:**

Oh, you know, reading's funamental an' shit, we just excited.

**GUARD:**

Clear outta here.

The guard exits. Maurice and Foley are still staring at each other.

**RIPLEY:**

Excuse me. Snoopy? Did we settle the fish thing?

**MAURICE:**

(looks at Foley)

Yeah. Sure. It's all settled.

He pours the water out of the bag and drops the fish into Ripley's open hand. Maurice then squeezes Ripley's hand into a fist, crushing the fish. He taps his fist to Ripley's.

**RIPLEY:**

That's how you do it.

Maurice gives Foley a last look, starts out of the room with Himey. Ripley looks at the crushed fish in his hand, then at Foley.

**RIPLEY:**

Thanks for your help.

**FOLEY:**

Any time.

We hear a PHONE RING and then...

**CUT TO:**

As Maurice lies in bed watching a boxing match on television.

**MAURICE:**

Stick and jab, fool. Stick and jab.

A frisbee whizzes past the television. We hear A DOG YELP OS.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Hey! Watch that shit!

Maurice's girlfriend MOSELLE - about thirty, sleepy-eyed, in a green bathrobe - picks the frisbee up off the floor as THE PHONE RINGS AWAY on the bedside table right next to Maurice.

**MOSELLE:**

(calls OS)

Tuffy. C'mere, boy...

**MAURICE:**

You gonna answer the phone?

**MOSELLE:**

What for? It's not for me.

Maurice watches as Moselle now tries to throw the frisbee to a little wire-haired terrier, but it just bounces off the dog's head.

MOSELLE (CONT'D)

Bad dog.

**MAURICE:**

(scoops up the dog)

Moselle, the fuck are you doing to my little Tuffy?

He lovingly nuzzles the dog like it's his child.

**MOSELLE:**

I'm trainin' Tuffy, so he can be on a Kal Kan commercial, make us some extra money.

He looks at her.

**MAURICE:**

That's the dumbest thing I heard in my life. Everybody knows Kal Kan doesn't pay for shit. You gonna get a gig, it's gotta be for one of the big three: Science Diet, Iams or that Cycle shit

for the fat dogs. Now answer the fuckin phone.

She comes over, picks up the phone.

**MOSELLE:**

Hello?

(hands it to Maurice)

For you.

**MAURICE:**

(takes it)

This is me.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - GAS STATION - NIGHT

An antsy Glenn with his shades on talks on the phone.

**GLENN:**

Snoopy. Glenn Michaels.

INTERCUTTING GLENN & MAURICE:

**MAURICE:**

Studs. Hey, son, you must be one a them psychic friends. I was just thinkin' about you.

Glenn watches as some guy in a suit gets out of a black Lincoln Town Car and jogs to the john.

**GLENN:**

Listen, Snoopy, I'm on my way up to Detroit and need a place to crash.

**MAURICE:**

You crazy, come up here? It's fuckin one degree outside.

**GLENN:**

I wanna talk to you about a job.

**MAURICE:**

Uh-huh.

**GLENN:**

I can't really go into it right now. I'll just tell you it's someone big.

**MAURICE:**

Someone? Gimme a hint.

**GLENN:**

It's a guy you know.

**MAURICE:**

Gimme another hint.

**GLENN:**

It's Richard Ripley.

Maurice doesn't say a word.

GLENN (CONT'D)

You there?

**MAURICE:**

Oh, I'm here, all right. I'm very here.

Question is, why aren't you here?

EXT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - SOMEWHERE IN FLORIDA - NIGHT

As Foley and Buddy hurry up the front steps.

**FOLEY:**

I'm just saying she wasn't scared.

**BUDDY:**

Cause she had her hand on her gun the

whole time, waiting to make her move.

Buddy opens the door, looks at Foley.

**FOLEY:**

You're just jealous it was me in the

trunk with her and not you.

**BUDDY:**

You're right.

INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A "hideout." Not much in the way of furnishings. Foley follows

Buddy inside, watches as he bolts the door.

**FOLEY:**

First thing I'm gonna do is get all

this mud off me.

Foley starts for the bathroom.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I've been dreaming about a hot bath for the last six months. Soak the prison off me.

**BUDDY:**

There's some lilac oil, you want some, a vanilla candle under the sink.

**FOLEY:**

Oh, man.

**BUDDY:**

There's something about a nice hot bath, transforms a person. It's not just about opening up your pores, know what I mean? There's just something about the heat and the wet that's calming you know? Settles me in a way that I really can't articulate.

**FOLEY:**

I know exactly what you mean. It's just a feeling.

(beat)

You know, I could go for some wine tonight.

**BUDDY:**

There's a store around the corner, I'll be right back.

**FOLEY:**

Sounds great.

Foley goes into the bathroom. A moment later WE HEAR THE BATH RUNNING.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

As Buddy leaves the apartment, starts down the hall, KAREN STEPS INTO FRAME, watches as he disappears down the stairs. Gun drawn, she then moves towards the apartment.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

As Foley undresses, picks up a candle off the sink and smells it. He notices his nude image in the mirror and checks himself out.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

As Karen slips the door. She looks around, HEARS THE WATER RUNNING.

She racks the slide on her gun, snicks off the safety and starts for the bathroom. Suddenly, the water is turned off. She stops where she is. She then moves a careful step at a time towards the open doorway.

Gradually the tub comes into view, beginning with Foley's feet resting crossed on the other end, then the middle of the tub, then she's in the doorway, looking down at...

Foley, lying there in the tub, his eyes closed. Karen cuts her eyes down the length of him, taking a moment here to check him out, long enough for Foley to open his eyes and grab her hand, the one holding the gun.

**FOLEY:**

Hey.

They look at each other a moment. He then pulls her down to him and kisses her. She kisses him back. He then pulls her into the tub with him as we now hear...

MARSHALL SISCO (VO)

Karen...?

**CUT TO:**

As she opens her eyes.

**KAREN:**

What?

**REVEAL:**

Flowers everywhere. Karen -- bruises on her face -- lies in bed. Her father, Marshall, sits on the chair beside her.

**MARSHALL:**

You were talking in your sleep.

**KAREN:**

(beat)

What'd I say?

**MARSHALL:**

"Hey, yourself."

**KAREN:**

Huh.



We hear A KNOCK at the door. They look to where Special Agent DANIEL BURDON -- black, forties, expensive suit -- stands in the doorway, file in one hand.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hello, Daniel.

**BURDON:**

(to Marshall)

Daniel Burdon, FBI.

**MARSHALL:**

Marshall Sisco. Karen's dad.

**BURDON:**

You mind please waiting outside. We have some business to do here.

Marshall looks at him a moment. Then, to Karen...

**MARSHALL:**

I need to go to the john anyway.

Burdon waits for Marshall to walk out, then sits down.

**KAREN:**

I wanna be on the task force, Daniel.

**BURDON:**

That's nice of you to offer, Karen, but I got all the help I can use right now. Instead, let's talk about how you got the bump on your head.

**KAREN:**

(indicates file)

Isn't that my report you're holding onto?

**BURDON:**

Yes, but I want to hear you tell it. Starting with when you tried to grab the wheel -- where was this?

**KAREN:**

Coming to the Okeechobee exit...  
And now we see it...

**INSIDE THE CAR:**

Going over a hundred miles per hour, blowing past cars...

**KAREN:**

Take the next exit.

**GLENN:**

What am I supposed to do now?

**KAREN:**

Glenn, take the exit.

**GLENN:**

No way, man, no fuckin' way am I gonna turn myself in.

She reaches over and grabs the wheel.

GLENN (CONT'D)

The fuck are you doing?!

He hits the brakes. The car goes off the road, down the grade, the abutment coming right at us as we go back to...

THE HOSPITAL ROOM

As Burdon sets the file down, sits back now.

**KAREN:**

The next thing I knew, the paramedics were taking me out the car.

Burdon looks at Karen a moment, then...

**BURDON:**

There's a couple of points I keep wondering about have to do with the two guys that grabbed you. Buddy is it? And this fella Jack Foley. I swear the man must've robbed two hundred banks in his time.

**KAREN:**

Really? Huh. He told me he didn't remember how many he robbed.

**BURDON:**

You talked to him?

**KAREN:**

In the trunk, yeah?

**BURDON:**

What'd you talk about?

**KAREN:**

Oh... different things, prison, movies.

**BURDON:**

This fella holds you hostage, you talk about movies?

**KAREN:**

It was an unusual experience.

**BURDON:**

Foley made me think of that fella Carl Tillman, the one you were seeing, it turns out the same time he was doing banks. You recall that?

**KAREN:**

When I was seeing Carl Tillman, I didn't know he robbed banks.

**BURDON:**

Yeah, but I had enough reason to believe he did, and I told you. So you had to at least suspect him.

**KAREN:**

And what happened to Carl?

**BURDON:**

The time came, you shot him. But you didn't shoot Foley or the guy with him. They're unarmed, you had a shotgun and you let them throw you in the trunk. Okay, now you got your Sig in your hand. You say in the report you couldn't turn around, he had you pinned down. But when the trunk opened, how come you didn't cap the two guys then?

**KAREN:**

Is that what you would've done?

**BURDON:**

You say in the report Glenn didn't have a gun, but you let him get away, too.

**KAREN:**

Daniel, what do you work on most of the time, fraud? Go after crooked bookkeepers.

**BURDON:**

Karen, I've been with the Bureau fifteen years, on all kinds of investigations.

**KAREN:**

Have you ever shot a man? How many times have you been primary through the door?

**BURDON:**

I have to qualify, is that it?

**KAREN:**

You have to know what you're talking about.

We hear CHUCKLING OS. Burdon glances at the doorway where we see Marshall now standing, enjoying this.

**BURDON:**

We'll talk another time, Karen. All right? I'd like to know why Foley put you in that second car when he didn't need you any more.

**KAREN:**

You'll have to ask him.

**BURDON:**

Sounds to me like he liked having you around. I'll see you, Karen. Mr.

Sisco.

**MARSHALL:**

Agent Burdon.

Marshall waits for him to walk out...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

The white man's Burdon. That's what everybody calls him in Miami. The Metro-Dade guys. He's got a knack for pissing people off.

She's not listening. He sits down, takes her hand...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

What are you thinking about?

**KAREN:**

The Sig Sauer you got me for my birthday.

**MARSHALL:**

Tell you what, you're a good girl, you might get another one for Christmas.

She looks at him.

**KAREN:**

I'll get it back when I get Foley.

EXT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A dozen GERIATRIC RESIDENTS sit on chairs out front as Buddy climbs the steps carrying a bag of groceries under one arm, newspaper under the other. An old woman comes out the door as Buddy opens it and squints at him.

**OLD WOMAN:**

Oh-- Are you delivering the oxygen?

**BUDDY:**

Uh, no, ma'am. Sorry.

INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Buddy's REAL apartment, not the one Karen pictured in her dream. This one's nicer, with a view of the beach. Jack stands on the balcony going through KAREN'S PURSE.

He pulls out her wallet, checks out her driver's licence photo. He does the same with her gym I.D. card. He finds her address book and opens it up. A photo of her father slips out. Jack examines it a moment, then flips through the book.

He stares at something in her bag a moment, then reaches in and comes up with her us Marshal I.D. He slips it open and studies the badge and the picture opposite.

He holds on to it, looks out at the ocean, but really sees...

THE OPEN TRUNK OF THE CAR - LAST NIGHT

As Karen gets out, saying...

**KAREN:**

You win, Jack.

BACK IN THE APARTMENT

Foley turns away from the view as Buddy walks in, sets the grocery bag down on the coffee table.

**BUDDY:**

You made the front page.

He holds up the newspaper so that Foley can see his picture on

**the front page:**

that much like him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They pass this picture around you can go anywhere you want, nobody'll know you.

**FOLEY:**

I wasn't feeling my best that day.

I'd just drawn thirty to life.

**BUDDY:**

Maybe this'll make you feel better.

Buddy reaches into the bag, tosses Foley a NEW ZIPPO.

**FOLEY:**

Thanks.

Foley catches the lighter, immediately begins playing with it.

He looks at the paper on the coffee table as Buddy sits down, pulls some groceries and a sixpack from the bag.

**BUDDY:**

Paper says there's ten grand each on you, Chino and Lulu.

**FOLEY:**

Say anything in there about Karen Sisco?

**BUDDY:**

Just that she got away.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, but what happened after she drove off with Glenn?

**BUDDY:**

You'll have to ask Glenn. And most likely, he's on his way to Detroit, where we should be.

Foley walks back out on to the balcony, looks at the contents of Karen's bag spread out on the table.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You realize what you're doing? Worrying about a person that works in law enforcement. You want to sit down and have cocktails with a girl that tried to shoot you. You hear what I'm saying? Foley holds up the picture of Marshall Sisco.

**FOLEY:**

Think this old guy is her boyfriend? It's the only picture she carries.

**BUDDY:**

Am I going to Detroit by myself? Foley picks up her drivers licence photo.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Longer we hang around down here, Jack, better chance there is either Glenn's gonna fuck up the whole score, or we gonna get busted, or both.

**FOLEY:**

We'll leave first thing in the morning.

EXT. MARSHALL SISCO'S CONDO - DAY

Right on a marina. Boats bobbing on the water.

MARSHALL (VO)

Is this Foley?

INT. MARSHALL SISCO'S CONDO - DAY

Marshall sits in his chair holding up a newspaper as Karen hands him a drink. She stares at the photograph.

**KAREN:**

He doesn't even look like that.

**MARSHALL:**

No?

**KAREN:**

No, he looks a lot...

She realizes Marshall's watching her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Different.

The doorbell RINGS. She ignores his look, gets up. Walks to the door and opens it to reveal RAY NICOLET, boots, leather jacket, etc. Cowboy Cop.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hi, Ray.

**RAY:**

You look great. Your dad taking good care of you?

**KAREN:**

He took the week off so we'd have time together. So far he's worked on his boat every day. Dad? Ray Nicolet. Marshall gets up, shakes his head.

**RAY:**

I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Sisco.

**MARSHALL:**

Likewise.

**KAREN:**

Ray's with the F.B.I. Task Force, working on the prison break.

**MARSHALL:**

(eyeing his T-shirt)

I see that.

Ray turns to Karen, holding his jacket open to show the task force inscription on his T-shirt in red, the guy's .357 tucked into his waistband.



MARSHALL (CONT'D)

In case no one knows what he does.

Tell me, Ray, you ever wear one says,  
"Undercover"?

**RAY:**

No. Course not.

**KAREN:**

(changing the subject)

How's it going?

**RAY:**

Great. We got one of 'em.

Karen looks at him.

**KAREN:**

Was it Foley?

**MARSHALL:**

(before he can answer)

Off a tip?

**RAY:**

Yeah, someone spotted two of 'em in  
this hobo camp out by the airport,  
called the number--

**MARSHALL:**

I knew it, soon as I saw they were  
offering a reward.

She grabs Nicolet by the arm.

**KAREN:**

Was it Foley?

Marshall looks at her.

**RAY:**

Foley? Oh. No, it was one of the  
Cubans. Linares.

**KAREN:**

Oh...

**RAY:**

We went out there, full SWAT, two choppers, the whole bit, but Linares started shooting anyway. We put him down, but somehow Chirino got away.

**MARSHALL:**

Did you pay the guy the reward?

**RAY:**

Yeah, as soon as we got back.

**KAREN:**

Foley hadn't been there?

Her father gives her a look.

**RAY:**

This place was strictly Cuban. If Foley had a ride he must have his own agenda. He seems to be the only one knows what he's doing.

THE PHONE RINGS. Marshall moves to it.

**MARSHALL:**

Hello?

(beat)

Yeah, she is. Just a minute.

(hands her the phone)

For you.

**KAREN:**

Hello?

**CUT TO:**

On the balcony. Flipping through a copy of Vogue while Buddy watches television inside.

**FOLEY:**

Hi.

INTERCUTTING KAREN & FOLEY - DAY

Karen just stands there, sees her father looking at her as Ray drones on.

**FOLEY:**

You know who this is?

**KAREN:**

Yes.

She walks out to her father's balcony now.

**FOLEY:**

I just wanted to see if you're okay,  
make sure Glenn didn't hurt you or,  
you know, anything.

**MARSHALL:**

Something I've been wondering, Ray...

Marshall picks up the newspaper...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

It says in the headline, "I slept with  
a murderer, says shaken Miami woman."

She lives in Little Havana, her  
husband's out of town working when one  
of the escapees shows up at her door...

She closes the glass door, so that they won't hear her.

**KAREN:**

How'd you get this number?

**FOLEY:**

Who was it answered the phone?

**KAREN:**

None of your business.

**FOLEY:**

I'm just worried maybe I'm not old  
enough for you.

**KAREN:**

That's my dad.

**FOLEY:**

Really. He has a cop's face.

**KAREN:**

How do you know? Wait-- you have my  
wallet.

**FOLEY:**

And your gun.

**KAREN:**

Think I could have them back?

**FOLEY:**

How do we do that?

**KAREN:**

Let's see. You could come on by my dad's place, drop 'em off.

**FOLEY:**

Sure. I'll just leave 'em with the S.W.A.T. guy answers the door.

Foley stops flipping through the magazine, stares at what he's been looking for: an ad for Defiance perfume.

**KAREN:**

There's a guy here on the task force right now. Maybe I should put him on the phone, let you two work it out.

**FOLEY:**

You won't do that.

**KAREN:**

Why not?

**FOLEY:**

Because you're having too much fun.

She doesn't know what to say to that. Foley smells the ad.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

**MARSHALL:**

...She fixes him pork chops and rice, the next thing you know they're making love on the sofa. She says he was very gentle.

**RAY:**

I spoke to her. The guy told her he

missed his little girl and she felt  
sorry for him.

**MARSHALL:**

That's how you score now?

**ON THE PATIO:**

Karen looks inside at her father talking with Ray Nicolet.

**KAREN:**

My dad's retired. He was a Private  
Investigator. Forty years. I used to  
work for him.

**FOLEY:**

I can just picture that, a cute girl  
like you following slip-and-fall and  
whiplash cheaters.

**KAREN:**

Something I've been wondering, what  
ever happened to your Uncle Cully?

**FOLEY:**

Why? You think he might tell you where  
I am?

**KAREN:**

Unless you wanna tell me.

**FOLEY:**

He's dead. He did twenty-seven years  
before he came out and died not too  
long after in Charity Hospital, I think  
trying to make up for all the good  
times he'd missed.

(then)

That's not gonna be me.

**KAREN:**

One last score, that the idea? Move  
to some island.

**FOLEY:**

I'm partial to mountains myself. But if you like islands, we'll make it an island.

**KAREN:**

Whatta you mean we'll make it an island?

**FOLEY:**

I just thought maybe you and me could--

Buddy opens the door, sticks his head out, startles Foley.

**BUDDY:**

Who you talking to?

**KAREN:**

Is that Buddy?

Foley's caught off guard, hangs up the phone. He looks at Buddy.

**FOLEY:**

What?!

**BUDDY:**

You better come see this.

INT. MARSHALL'S CONDO - DAY

As Karen stands on the balcony another moment, then hangs up, opens the sliding door and walks back into the living room.

**RAY:**

The woman also said he stole her husband's gun, a twenty-two pistol, and some of his clothes.

**MARSHALL:**

So the woman's married. She goes to bed with this prison escapee because he misses his little girl and then tells the world about it. But you don't reveal her name, you protect her. It sounds like you're saying it's okay as long as her husband doesn't find out about it. Like the guy who cheats on his wife, saying what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

**KAREN:**

Dad.

He looks over at her now. Gives her an innocent look.

**MARSHALL:**

What?

INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Foley and Buddy watch a news report on the earlier events at the hobo camp. We catch a glimpse of RAY NICOLET, GUN IN HIS WAISTBAND, STICKING HIS CHEST OUT FOR THE CAMERA.

Foley shakes his head as they show a shot of Lulu's body covered with a sheet.

**FOLEY:**

Chino's gonna wanna talk to me.

**BUDDY:**

He's running for his life, he doesn't give a shit about you.

**FOLEY:**

He's gotta know by now that I gave him up back at Glades. He does, he's gonna try to find me. Maybe go see Adele, see what she knows.

**BUDDY:**

He knows where she lives?

Foley doesn't answer. Buddy mutes the set. Turns to Foley.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Jack?

**FOLEY:**

We were talking one time, drinking rum. I may've mentioned Adele, how she worked for a magician. Chino got interested. He's like, Yeah? How does he saw the woman in half? He wanted to meet her. Or get a look at her if she ever came to visit.

**BUDDY:**

So call her up. Tell her don't talk to any Cubans.

**FOLEY:**

Her phone's probably tapped.

**BUDDY:**

And you know they're gonna have some people watching the hotel.

**FOLEY:**

Shit.

EXT. MARSHALL SISCO'S BOAT - DAY

Karen stands there with her car keys and purse as Marshall paints the trim on the boat.

**MARSHALL:**

Remember, pay attention to how she talks about Foley, her tone. Do it right, she'll tell you things she wouldn't tell Burdon. Tell her you think he's a nice guy. No, first tell her about being in the trunk with him, in the dark for half an hour, and see how she takes it. If she's in on it, what does she get for all the aggravation; cops breathing on her? I bet nothing. So she still likes him enough to stick her neck out. You think that's possible? What kind of guy is he?

**KAREN:**

He's pretty laid back, confident.

**MARSHALL:**

He remind you of that guy, Tillman?

**KAREN:**

Not at all.

**MARSHALL:**

But you know he's dirty and you still wanna see him again.

**KAREN:**



I want to bust his ass, put him in shackles.

**MARSHALL:**

Maybe. But you're also curious about the man. Twice last night you asked your married boyfriend Nicolet about him. You were concerned, but you didn't want to show it.

**KAREN:**

My married boyfriend - setting him up with that news story so you could talk about infidelity. I couldn't believe it.

**MARSHALL:**

You like the wild ones, don't you? Tillman, Nicolet and now Foley. You know, I've always said there's a thin line between the cowboy cops and the armed robbers, all those guys that love to pack.

**KAREN:**

Foley kidnapped me.

**MARSHALL:**

Yeah, but you talked all the way from GCI to the turnpike. It sounds more like a first date than a kidnapping. She gives him a look. He goes back to his painting.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Go talk to the ex-wife.

INT. ADELE DELISI'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Adele comes in, drops a stack of her cards on the glass-topped dining table and turns on the window air-conditioner when THE PHONE RINGS. She grabs it...

**ADELE:**

Hi, this is Adele speaking.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

Adele's neighbourhood. Near the beach. Chino on the phone. He wears a painter's cap and a white jumpsuit...

**CHINO:**

Oh, is this Adele?

ADELE (PHONE)

Yes, it is.

**CHINO:**

Uh-- sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up, glances about, then checks the little .22 stuck in one of his pockets. As he then starts off down the street, we can see the name "COLOR MY WORLD HOUSEPAINTING" on the back of the jumpsuit.

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

Buddy drives. Foley -- in a bright orange and ochre beach outfit -- is beside him. Buddy looks at him, shakes his head.

**BUDDY:**

Nice disguise.

**FOLEY:**

I'm a tourist.

**BUDDY:**

You at least bring the gun?

**FOLEY:**

(lifts straw bag)

In here with my suntan lotion and beach towel.

(points)

That's her place.

As they drive past, Buddy indicates a MAN on the steps out front, obviously FBI...

**BUDDY:**

There. You see the guy sitting on the porch? The old ladies and one guy?

You know they'll have a couple more in a car somewhere.

**FOLEY:**

(watching something  
else)

Uh-huh...

Buddy follows Foley's gaze to...

ACROSS THE STREET

As a car door opens and Karen Sisco gets out, rifles her purse for change. She drops a quarter, Foley now watching as she bends down to grab it, her skirt hiking way up her thigh...

**BUDDY:**

Oh, my.

Foley watches, her hair in her face as she tries to reach under the car and grab it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Okay, you saw her. That's all you get.

They watch as she walks to the Normandie and shows the YOUNG AGENT her ID...

**FOLEY:**

I guess Adele's in good hands.

**BUDDY:**

Sure looks that way.

**FOLEY:**

(finally)

Let's go to Detroit.

**BUDDY:**

Now you're talkin'.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADELE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Adele has the chain on the door, talks to Karen through the narrow opening.

**ADELE:**

You were both in the trunk? Together?

**KAREN:**

From Glades to the turnpike. Then I left with Glenn.

Karen watches Adele's face in the opening, freshly made up, heavy on the eye shadow and lip gloss.

**KAREN:**

The FBI didn't tell you I was with them?

**ADELE:**

They didn't tell me anything, they asked questions.

**KAREN:**

But you know what I'm talking about, don't you? About Glenn, don't you, and the second car?

**ADELE:**

I know a Glenn.

She thinks a moment. The door closes and opens again, all the way. Adele stands there in a robe, hanging partly open, panties, but no bra.

ADELE (CONT'D)

I'm getting ready to go out. You can come in if you want, sit down for a minute. Would you like a Diet Coke?

**KAREN:**

No, thanks.

She comes in, checks out the place. She turns a chair from the glasstop table and sits down as Adele comes out of the kitchenette with a Diet Coke and packet of cigarettes.

**ADELE:**

Those are cute shoes. The kind of jobs I get, I have to wear these killer spikes, they ruin your feet.

She walks away, comes back with an ashtray.

ADELE (CONT'D)

When you were in the trunk with Jack...

Karen waits, watches her light her cigarette.

ADELE (CONT'D)

He didn't hurt you or anything, did he?

**KAREN:**

You mean, did he try to jump me? No, but he was kind of talkative.

**ADELE:**

He gets that way when he's nervous sometimes.

Adele sits down at the other end of the table.

**KAREN:**

You didn't visit him in prison.

**ADELE:**

He didn't want me to.

**KAREN:**

Why not?

**ADELE:**

I don't know. He was different after he was sentenced, looking at thirty years. Said it depressed him every time the younger cons called him an old timer.

**KAREN:**

But you spoke to him on the phone.

**ADELE:**

He'd call every once in a while.

**KAREN:**

He called the day he escaped.

**ADELE:**

He did? I don't remember. Did he say about me? In the trunk?

**KAREN:**

(beat, lies)

He said he wished the two of you could start over, live a normal life.

**ADELE:**

Huh. Problem is, Jack's idea of a normal life is robbing banks. It's all he's ever done.

**KAREN:**

Did you know that when you married him?

**ADELE:**

He said he was a card player. I could live with that. I never knew he robbed banks till he got busted with that car that caught fire -- if you can imagine something like that happening, comes out of the bank and the car's on fire. I did go see him in jail to tell him I was filing for divorce. He said, "Okay." Jack's so easy going.

(then)

He was fun, but never what you'd call a real husband.

Adele looks out the window. Karen waits, looks to an end table where she sees a photograph of Jack and Adele on a boat somewhere ten years back.

ADELE (CONT'D)

I'll say one thing for Jack, he was never ugly or mean, or drank too much. He was very considerate, lights on or off, if you know what I mean.

**KAREN:**

Really.

(looking at the picture)

Hm.

She realizes Adele is looking at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Adele, sooner or later, he's gonna get caught. I'd like to get him before he does something else, makes it worse on himself.

**ADELE:**

Buddy'll take care of him. Keep him out've trouble. He's Jack's conscience. Always has been.

(chuckles)

He tell you how they met?

Karen shakes her head.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Jack came out of a bank he just robbed in Pasadena, couldn't get his stolen

car to start. Battery was dead. He looks over, sees Buddy sitting in a burgundy Bonneville, goes up, offers him a thousand dollars for a jump. Turns out, Buddy was casing the same bank and saw the whole thing. Buddy says, I'll take the thousand, but we're leaving in my car, not that piece of shit you come in.

(then)

They musta robbed fifty banks together.

**KAREN:**

Till they got busted.

**ADELE:**

That wasn't Jack's fault. No, that was on account of Buddy, for some reason, decided to call his sister and confess to a job before they'd done it instead of after. She called the FBI and they both went down, ended up at Lompoc.

(then)

I think Buddy felt kinda bad about that.

**KAREN:**

Any idea where I could find Buddy? Or Glenn?

Adele looks at Karen, then jumps at the sound of three quick raps on the door.

CHINO'S VOICE

Adele? You in there?

**ADELE:**

Yes.

**CHINO:**

I want to speak with you, please.

**ADELE:**

Who is it?

CHINO'S VOICE

I talk to the guy you work for, Emil.  
He tole me your number and where you  
live. See, I'm looking for an assistant  
and would like to speak to you.

**ADELE:**

Oh. Uh-huh.

CHINO'S VOICE

You did work for Emil, right?

**ADELE:**

Yeah, I was Emil's box-jumper for almost  
four years.

CHINO'S VOICE

You were his what, his box?

**ADELE:**

His assistant.

Karen looks at the door. Something's wrong... through the glass  
bricks that line one side of the door, we see blurred movement  
on the other side, someone doing something...

ADELE (CONT'D)

You say you perform in the Miami area?

CHINO'S VOICE

Yes, around here. I was a mayishan in  
Cuba before I come here. Manuel the  
Mayishan was my name.

And now Karen and Adele look at each other.

CHINO'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Can you open the door?

Karen shakes her head "no."

**ADELE:**

I'm not dressed.

CHINO'S VOICE

Listen to me.

(lowers his voice)

I'm a good friend of Jack Foley.

Boom. Karen gets to her feet, brings her bag to the edge of  
the table, sees Adele staring at her.

**KAREN:**

Ask him his name.



**ADELE:**

Who are you?

CHINO'S VOICE

(beat)

Jose Chirino.

Karen brings her Beretta out of the bag.

CHINO'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Or maybe you hear Jack Foley call me

Chino. I'm the same person.

Karen moves along the table to Adele...

**KAREN:**

(soft)

Tell him to wait in the hall, you have to get dressed. Say it loud.

As Adele speaks, Karen racks the slide on her 9mm.

**ADELE:**

Wait in the hall! I have to get dressed!

CHINO'S VOICE

Tell me where is Jack Foley, I don't bother you no more.

Karen motions for Adele to keep talking as she takes a position beside the door, where we now see Chino's silhouette in one of the three glass panels in the centre of the door.

**ADELE:**

I don't know where he is.

CHINO'S VOICE

Listen, I'm the one help Jack escape from prison. He tole me, I can't find him to see you. So why don't you open this fucking door. Okay? So we can speak.

**ADELE:**

(staring at Karen)

Go away, or I'll call the police.

CHINO'S VOICE

Why you want to do that, to a frien'?

Adele says nothing. Then...

CHINO'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Okay, you don't want to help me, I'm

leaving.

(then)

I'm going now. I see you maybe some time, okay? Bye bye.

**KAREN:**

(low)

Go in the bedroom and --

Suddenly, Chino's fist -- wrapped in his shirt -- explodes through one of the glass panels. Adele and Karen both jump as Chino pushes his arm through, reaches for the door knob...

...but Karen grabs the knob first and, using all of her weight as leverage, pivots and flings the door open with Chino's arm still sticking through the glass...

...the force of which slingshots the man into the room where he bangs against a wall and falls to the floor. Dazed, Chino reaches for his .22 as he now tries to get to his feet.

Karen brings up her Beretta in two hands, cocks it and puts the front sight on his chest.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Leave it where it is.

**CHINO:**

(frowning)

Wait. You not Adele?

**KAREN:**

I'm a federal marshal and you're under arrest. Put the gun on the table. I mean, now.

**CHINO:**

Oh. Then this must be Adele...

He now aims the gun point-blank at Adele.

**KAREN:**

Put it down or I'll shoot.

**CHINO:**

You wouldn't shoot me, would you?

**KAREN:**

What do you want to bet?

**CHINO:**

(beat)

I could walk out of here.

**KAREN:**

If you move, if you look at her again,  
you're dead.

Chino doesn't move. Keeps his gun on Adele. Karen starts  
walking towards him...

KAREN (CONT'D)

You can live or die, it's up to you.

**CHINO:**

Oh, is that right? You going to shoot  
me? Nice girl like you?

(smiles)

I don't think so.

**KAREN:**

You don't, huh?

And with that, she kicks him in the knee. Chino buckles over  
and she hits him on the side of the head with her gun...

ADELE (CONT'D)

On your knees.

He does as he's told. Karen raises his jacket, feels around  
his waist from behind.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Lie face down on the floor.

**CHINO:**

(hurting)

What?!

She kicks him over onto his stomach and stays there. She puts  
her foot to his back as she reaches for the phone, dials. She  
sees Adele staring at her.

CHINO (CONT'D)

(to Adele)

Excuse me...

Karen looks at Adele a moment, then says into the phone...

**KAREN:**

Daniel Burdon, please. Karen Sisco.

**CHINO:**

Excuse me, Adele?

**ADELE:**

Yes.

**CHINO:**

You do the sawing of the box in half  
trick with you inside?

**ADELE:**

(beat)

Yes.

**CHINO:**

Tell me, how do you do that?

Adele looks at Karen, who shoves Chino's head to the floor with  
her foot.

**KAREN:**

Shut up.

BURDON (PHONE)

Karen. Where are you? I been trying  
to get a hold of you.

**KAREN:**

Daniel. Listen --

BURDON (PHONE)

Where are you? I been trying to reach  
you.

**KAREN:**

I'm at Adele Delisi's.

BURDON (PHONE)

What-- we already talked to her. That's  
a dead end.

**KAREN:**

(looking at Chino)

Yeah, I know. I was just leaving.

Why were you trying to reach me?

BURDON (PHONE)

There was a Buddy Bragg at Lompoc around  
the same time Foley was there. We got  
an address for him at the Adams Hotel

in Hallandale. I want you to go there, see if you can get the manager to i.d. him as the other guy. If he does, you call me right away...

**KAREN:**

All right, but...

BURDON (PHONE)

But don't you do anything. You just have a seat, wait for me to get there.

**KAREN:**

Sure, Daniel.

BURDON (PHONE)

Now. What is it you wanted to tell me?

**KAREN:**

Oh, I was just wondering, if I were to bring in Chirino, would you put me on the task force?

BURDON (PHONE)

(impatient)

What? Is that what you're calling me about?

**KAREN:**

Yes or no, Daniel. If I get him, will you let me go after Foley?

BURDON (PHONE)

Yeah, sure, Karen. You bring in Chirino, you can be on the task force.

**KAREN:**

That's all I wanted to know.

BURDON (PHONE)

Good. Now forget about the ex-wife and get over to the Adams Hotel.

Karen hangs up, looks at Adele. Adele nods.

**ADELE:**

You're good.

**KAREN:**

Thank you.

INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Foley and Buddy quickly pack up their stuff.

**FOLEY:**

First thing we do, we get to Detroit,  
we find Glenn, then we find a window  
to throw him out of.

**BUDDY:**

I been thinkin', if I was Glenn, I was  
up there to take down the Ripper, where  
would I go?

**FOLEY:**

Well, first off, if you were Glenn,  
you wouldn't be thinking.

**BUDDY:**

Remember Snoopy Miller, his old pal  
from Lompoc?

**FOLEY:**

Snoopy. Christ, I thought he'd be  
brain dead by now.

**BUDDY:**

He isn't fighting no more. Glenn told  
me the Snoop's been managing some guys  
up there now, works out at the Kronk.

INT. SHALAMAR APARTMENTS - LOBBY - NIGHT

The ancient residents stop what they're doing as Burdon enters  
with eight guys in jackets and wool shirts hanging out, running  
shoes, half of them carrying what look like athletic bags.  
Karen meets them as they all walk to the elevator.

**BURDON:**

You get the key?

**KAREN:**

They're in 7D.

She hands it to him as they wait for the elevator.

**BURDON:**

I want two men outside, front and back.

Conway and Jessup go on up to seven,

cover both ends of the hall.

Burdon, Karen and the remaining four SWAT team agents. Burden looks at them one at a time.

BURDON (CONT'D)

You're primary, you're secondary, you're point man.

**KAREN:**

You're gonna use a ram?

**BURDON:**

Yeah, why?

**KAREN:**

The manager's door is metal.

They all look at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You know what I mean? They might all be.

And a ram on a metal door makes an awful lot of noise for what good it does.

Burdon looks at her, not all that happy she spoke up. The fourth man raises the shotgun, a three-inch strip of metal taped to the muzzle.

**FOURTH MAN:**

I got a shock-lock round in my shotgun oughta do the trick.

**BURDON:**

Fine. Whatever.

He sees the elevator still hasn't come down.

BURDON (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Let's take the stairs.

Karen...

Burdon pauses, looks at Karen, hands her a radio.

BURDON (CONT'D)

Take the radio, stay down here in the lobby, watch the elevator.

**KAREN:**

What? Daniel, I wanna go upstairs.

**BURDON:**

You can go wait out in the car, you want to.

She doesn't say anything.

BURDON (CONT'D)

Now you see Foley and this guy Bragg come in behind us, whatta you do?

**KAREN:**

(pissed)

Call and tell you.

**BURDON:**

And you let them come up. You don't try to make the bust yourself. You understand?

Before she can answer, an old woman steps in, asks Burdon...

**OLD WOMAN:**

Are you delivering the oxygen?

Burdon looks at her, then nods for his men to start up the stairs.

ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

Everyone's in position as Burdon eases the key into the lock, turns it. The door won't budge, a dead bolt holds it shut.

The guy with the shotgun puts the strip of metal against the seam, where the lock enters the frame, the muzzle of the shotgun exactly three inches now from the dead bolt, and looks over his shoulder at Burdon.

With the sound of the blast, we then...

**CUT TO:**

As Foley and Buddy ride down with an old lady. The doors open. The woman doesn't move.

**BUDDY:**

Is this your floor, mother?

**OLD LADY:**

Oh. Yes, it is.

INT. THE LOBBY - SAME TIME - DAY

As an old gent in a golf cap smiles at Karen sitting there on the couch in front of the elevator...



**OLD GENT:**

Like to play some gin?

**KAREN:**

No, thank you.

He creeps off towards the elevator.

INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Burdon and his men fan out through the place...

INT. LOBBY - DAY

As we hear Burdon's voice.

BURDON (RADIO)

Karen. They're not up here. Keep your eyes open.

Karen looks off towards the street entrance, then back at the elevator where the man is still waiting, leaning on his cane. The elevator door opens to reveal Buddy and Foley.

**OLD GENT:**

Going up?

Buddy and Foley don't answer. The old man starts to get on, feeling with his cane, taking forever.

Karen and Foley are staring at each other. He doesn't move. Not until the elevator door begins to close.

Buddy sees Karen, helps the old man aboard as...

Karen picks up her radio, is about to speak into it when...

Foley raises his hand. And waves as the door closes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

As the elevator resumes going down.

**OLD GENT:**

Shit, I wanted to go up.

**BUDDY:**

Let's just hope there's no one in the garage.

**FOLEY:**

She looked right at me. She didn't yell or get excited. She didn't move.

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

As they get in and Buddy starts the car...

**BUDDY:**

They know where I live, I guess they know what I drive, so maybe we should pick up another car on the way.

**FOLEY:**

She just sat there, looking right at me.

Buddy gives him a look, shakes his head and then burns rubber out of the garage as we...

**CUT TO:**

Staring straight ahead.

BURDON (ON THE RADIO)

Karen. Report. You see anything?

Karen? You there? Karen...?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

As Marshall walks Karen to the gate.

**MARSHALL:**

He waved to you?

**KAREN:**

I couldn't swear to it, but I'm pretty sure he did.

**MARSHALL:**

You wave back?

**KAREN:**

I didn't have time.

**MARSHALL:**

I imagine you would've though.

She shakes her head.

**KAREN:**

Buddy's sister Regina Mary Bragg got two calls from Buddy up in Detroit this morning, called Burdon. She's also the one gave Burdon Buddy's address.

**MARSHALL:**

So?

**KAREN:**

So what I want to know is why Buddy still calls his sister every week even after she turned him in.

**MARSHALL:**

He doesn't seem to hold a grudge.

(then)

What I want to know is why, they got such a big score up north, did Foley hang around Miami for so long?

(looks at her)

Any thoughts on that one?

**KAREN:**

None I'd like to share.

She gives him a kiss...

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'll call soon as I get in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS - DETROIT - DAY

Snow. Everywhere. A black Lincoln Town Car creeps through the neighbourhood full of big, beautiful snow-covered homes.

MAURICE (VO)

I don't just manage fighters, or deal product any more...

INT. CAR - SAME

Glenn -- sunglasses -- sits in the back with Maurice, aka "Snoopy" -- wearing a purple bandanna and his own dark sunglasses.

**MAURICE:**

I've diversified since the last time you saw me. I've vertically integrated and now I'm into home invasions and the occasional grand larceny.

Glenn just nods, stares out the window.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

White Boy Bob's my all-around man, my bodyguard when I feel I need one, and my driver.

Maurice indicates WHITE BOY BOB, a fucking huge, depraved-looking white guy now squeezed in behind the wheel.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Watch the road, boy.

(then)

I like this Town Car. We can cruise the man's neighbourhood without getting the police or private security people on our ass.

**GLENN:**

Sure, right, they see Bigfoot driving around a black guy wearing shades and a lavender fucking bandanna, no, they won't think anything of it.

**MAURICE:**

It's lilac, man, the color, and the style's made known by Deion and other defensive backs in the pros. I could be one of them living out here with doctors of my race and basketball players. Okay, here comes Mr. Ripley's house up on the left. Yeah. The brick wall. There's his drive, right there. The car creeps past a huge Tudor-style country house.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

You sure Foley and his pal aren't coming up here, do this themselves?

**GLENN:**

If they're not busted now, they're gonna be.

(then)

It's wide open.

EXT./INT. CAR - MAURICE NEIGHBORHOOD IN DETROIT - LATER

People on the street with vacant expressions watch as the black Town Car moves past the broken-down homes, cars on blocks and snow-covered trash.

**GLENN:**

So you still haven't said, how you wanna do it?

**MAURICE:**

I'll show you, soon as I get one more guy I'm gonna need, Moselle's brother,

Kenneth. Along with White Boy there.

**GLENN:**

What?

The car pulls to the kerb and KENNETH -- a wiry black man in a bright yellow T-shirt and red baseball cap backward, always seems to be high on some chemical or another - gets in.

**MAURICE:**

You get everything?

Kenneth tosses a gym bag into the back seat. Glenn stares at it. Something about the bag makes him uneasy. Maybe it's the HACKSAW that sticks partially out of the opening.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Cool. Kenneth, this is the man I told you about, Glenn.

**KENNETH:**

The one gonna help us rip off the rich guy?

**MAURICE:**

That's right.

**GLENN:**

Help you...

White Boy Bob pulls out again. Glenn looks at the two psychos in front, then turns to Maurice.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. I'm letting you in on this, not all your friends.

**MAURICE:**

You just ask me how we gonna do it.

That's what I'm here for, tell you how. We the experts.

Glenn can't believe this is happening.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Thing I'm worried about is you.

**GLENN:**

Me?

**MAURICE:**

Yeah. If you can step up and actually do it. Understand? 'Stead of just talking the talk.

**GLENN:**

Can I do what?

**MAURICE:**

Walk in a house with me, do this cross-dressin' nigga named Eddie Solomon I used to sell to been dealin' on his own.

**GLENN:**

What-- when?

**MAURICE:**

Right now, son.

**GLENN:**

I don't have to prove shit to you. The Ripley job is my job. You're either in or you're not. You wanna pop some crack dealer pissed you off, that's your problem, not mine.

**MAURICE:**

Look, Glenn, I know you cool, but you don't have to give me no tone of voice, okay? You don't like what I'm saying, you can get out anywhere along here you want.

**GLENN:**

I think you're forgetting, this is my car. I drove it up here.

**MAURICE:**

Hey, shit, come on. I say I want this car, man, it's mine. You go get yourself another one. I say I'm in on Ripley? I'm in, with or without your ass. I say I want you to come along on another job, see if you for real or

not, guess what you gonna do?

Glenn looks at Maurice, now ice-cold behind the shades.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

We're here.

Glenn looks out the window as they pull up in front of a decrepit-looking two-story house. Maurice opens the gym bag, passes the hack saw and a HAND AXE up to White Boy Bob, a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN to Kenneth, and takes out a big .45 for himself.

**MAURICE:**

Let's go see Eddie.

Glenn hesitates, then slowly gets out of the car as we hear...

RIPLEY (V.O.)

Must take balls, do what you do.

EXT. LOMPOC FPC - YARD - DAY

As Foley walks with Ripley across the yard.

**RIPLEY:**

Tell me something. What's it like, walk in a bank with a gun, stick it up?

**FOLEY:**

I don't know. I never used a gun.

**RIPLEY:**

Really?

**FOLEY:**

You'd be surprised what all you can get, you ask for it the right way.

**RIPLEY:**

(smiles)

You're the reason, Jack, I don't keep all my money in banks.

**FOLEY:**

No? Where do you keep it, Dick?

(Ripley smiles)

I'm talking about all those uncut diamonds you told Glenn about.

**RIPLEY:**

(still smiling)

I know what you're talking about.

**FOLEY:**

You're the one with balls, Dick, say something like that to someone like Glenn. Or maybe you just forgot where you were for a minute.

**RIPLEY:**

Yeah, but who's gonna believe Glenn?  
I mean, do you believe Glenn?

**FOLEY:**

Of course not.

**RIPLEY:**

Plus, even it was true, he'd still have to figure out where I keep 'em.

**FOLEY:**

Doesn't have to figure out shit. You told him you keep 'em at your house.

**RIPLEY:**

(shrugs, big smile)

It's a big house.

Ripley sits down on one of the picnic tables, looks around the yard.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Tell me something, Jack, how much longer you in here?

**FOLEY:**

Twenty-two months, three days, two hours. Why?

**RIPLEY:**

I was just thinking that I could use a guy like you, someone knows how to ask for things the right way. I'm talkin' about when you're outta here. I mean, you can't rob banks for ever.



Foley looks at Ripley.

**FOLEY:**

It's a little late for me.

**RIPLEY:**

Hey, Jack? Bullshit. I didn't make my first million until I was forty-two. Forty-two. You really want to change, it's never too late.

**FOLEY:**

I don't know. I'm not exactly the nine-to-five type.

**RIPLEY:**

Who is? But then you gotta look at a job as more than just work. You gotta look at it as peace of mind. As security, you know what I mean? I got offices in Detroit, Miami, Boston, take your pick.

**FOLEY:**

My ex-wife's in Miami. It's nice down there.

**RIPLEY:**

No need to decide now. Be like the fish. Let whatever happens happen.

**FOLEY:**

The fish?

**RIPLEY:**

Yeah, fish live in the present. They don't dwell on yesterday and they don't worry about tomorrow. Even when a big fish attacks a little fish, there's no neurosis involved. No guilt afterward. No whining on some fish-shrink's couch. They just do it. They accept.

**FOLEY:**

I can't say that I've paid that much attention to 'em before.

**RIPLEY:**

The fish saved my life. Two years ago, I found out I had high blood pressure. So my doctor, he tells me to go get an aquarium, look at the fish every time I felt myself stressing out.

**FOLEY:**

And the guy sent you a bill for this?

**RIPLEY:**

It works. You should try it sometime.

**FOLEY:**

The next time I walk into a bank. Ripley shakes his head, then gets up...

**RIPLEY:**

Think about my offer, Jack.

Foley watches him go.

BUDDY (V.O.)

Hey, Jack...

**CUT TO:**

As he turns to us.

**FOLEY:**

What?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: WE'RE INSIDE A CAR

Across the street from the KRONK RECREATION CENTER -- a red-brick building in a bleak, depressing neighbourhood.

**BUDDY:**

You see this one...

Buddy reads from a newspaper while Foley watches the gym.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

"Fight over tuna casserole may have spurred slaying." Seems this woman's live-in boyfriend, seventy years old, complained about her tuna noodle

casserole and she shot him in the face with a twelve-gauge. Police found noodles in the woman's hair and think the guy dumped the casserole dish on her before she shot him. They'd been together ten years.

**FOLEY:**

Love is funny.

Buddy looks at him. Notices something over Foley's shoulder.

**BUDDY:**

Hey--

And now Foley turns and looks over as the black Town Car pulls into the Kronk parking lot.

INT. TOWN CAR - SAME

Kenneth and White Boy Bob nod along to some rap tape in the front seat. Glenn sits in the back, looking pale, hugging himself, shaking. Maurice looks out the window...

**MAURICE:**

Was a time you see a gold Mercedes over in the parking lot has a license plate on it say HITMAN? You know Tommy Hearn's is inside. Seeing the car would get our juices flowing.

Maurice looks at Glenn now and grins.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

You already got your juices flowing, huh? Pissed your pants back there at Eddie's house, didn't you?

Glenn just looks at Maurice.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

That was some shit, huh?

**GLENN:**

(indicates Kenneth)

Why'd he have to do that to that girl?

**MAURICE:**

Yeah, Kenneth, why you have to do that to that poor girl.

**KENNETH:**

(smiles)

Do what?

Glenn says nothing, just looks at Kenneth.

**MAURICE:**

Just wait till we get inside Ripley's house.

And he and Whiteboy start laughing as they get out of the car.

**GLENN:**

It's all right with you, I'll just hang in the car.

**MAURICE:**

(beat)

No. You gonna stay close to me from now on. So you don't disappear on me.

**GLENN:**

Why would I do that?

Maurice looks at him, starts laughing. White Boy Bob and Kenneth join in. Maurice leans over... Glenn flinches as Maurice opens Glenn's jacket so that we can see the BLOOD splattered on his T-shirt.

**MAURICE:**

Was worse than you imagined, wasn't it?

(then, smiles)

Baby, you with the bad boys now.

INT. FOLEY AND BUDDY'S CAR - SAME

As they watch Glenn and Snoopy and White Boy Bob get out of the car.

**BUDDY:**

Whatta you think?

**FOLEY:**

I think Glenn opened his big mouth and now we got us another partner.

**BUDDY:**

Or two.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Glenn sits on a bench near the rear wall, facing the ring. Kenneth grabs a magazine, walks into the john. A shirtless White Boy Bob lifts weights while Maurice moves around the ring calling to the boxers inside.

**MAURICE:**

Stick and jab!

**VOICE:**

Hey, Studs, how you doing?  
He looks up, sees Buddy and Foley coming this way.

**GLENN:**

Jesus Christ, what're you guys doing here?  
They sit down on either side of him, close.

**FOLEY:**

Weren't you expecting us?

**GLENN:**

That broad you picked up -- did you know she was a US Marshal, for Christ sake?  
Now he turns to Buddy as Buddy stands up, takes off his overcoat and sits down again.

GLENN (CONT'D)

She knew me from some bullshit dope bust. She drove me to court. Twice. You know what she said, we're in the car on the turnpike? "I never forget anybody I've cuffed and shackled."

**FOLEY:**

Yeah? She said that to you?  
Glenn turns to see Foley with a mild expression on his face, almost smiling.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

What happened to your shades? Someone finally step on 'em?

**GLENN:**

(touches his head)  
I don't know...

Foley notices the blood on Glenn's shirt.

**FOLEY:**

Whose blood you got all over you?

**GLENN:**

These guys, man, they're crazy.

(looks off)

Shit.

Foley follows his gaze, sees Maurice coming this way, White Boy Bob beside him, carrying his shirts.

**FOLEY:**

Is that Snoopy? In the purple doo rag?

**BUDDY:**

What's he do now, tell fortunes?

Maurice stands at the edge of the ring apron, looks from Foley to Buddy and back again, pretty serious about it.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

We have a problem here?

**MAURICE:**

(walking over)

Jack Foley, famous bank robber.

**FOLEY:**

Snoopy Miller, famous fight thrower.

**MAURICE:**

It seems to me I been reading about you in the newspaper. Busted out of some joint in Florida, huh?

**FOLEY:**

Low class of people there, Snoop.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

You call him that again I'll put your head through the wall.

**BUDDY:**

What? You mean Snoop?

**MAURICE:**

Nobody calls me Snoop no more or Snoopy,  
is what White Boy's trying to say.  
He's a little crude, you understand.  
No, I left that Snoopy shit behind me.

**BUDDY:**

But you call this bozo White Boy?

**GLENN:**

White Boy Bob.  
(baiting)  
White Boy used to be a fighter.

**BUDDY:**

What's he do now outside of shoot his  
mouth off?  
White Boy Bob stares down Buddy who couldn't give a shit.

**FOLEY:**

Like being back in the yard, huh?

**MAURICE:**

Just like it. Nobody backing down.  
You back down, you pussy. Tell me what  
you and Buddy doing up here in the  
cold?

**FOLEY:**

Glenn didn't tell you?

**GLENN:**

I thought you guys were busted.

**FOLEY:**

Why? Just because you left us standing  
on the side of the road?  
Foley looks at Glenn. Glenn shrugs, laughs nervously. Foley  
smiles, laughs with him, maybe a little too hard. Now Maurice  
starts laughing. Buddy, too. White Boy's lost, looking from  
one guy to the next as Foley gets up, faces Maurice, his smile  
going away as he says...

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Look, Snoop, I don't know what Glenn promised you or what you think you're gonna get, but the deal is me and Buddy get half of whatever we take from Ripley, understand? How you and Glenn cut up the rest is up to you.

**MAURICE:**

Let's go outside and talk.

**FOLEY:**

What's the matter with right here?  
It's nice and warm.

**MAURICE:**

Warm? Man, it's ninety-five degrees in here, sometimes a hundred -- the way Emanuel always kep' it so his boys'd sweat, get lean and mean like Tommy Hearn's. No, I ain't talking any business in here. To me this is holy ground, man. You understand? I got to be someplace anyway. Y'all want to talk, come to the fights tomorrow night, we'll sit down and look at it good.  
The State Theater.  
Foley nods then looks at Glenn as Buddy gets up.

**FOLEY:**

We'll see you tomorrow then.  
Maurice then watches as they walk out.

**MAURICE:**

White Boy, how much is the reward on the man again?

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

Ten gees.

**MAURICE:**

Uh-huh.  
(then)  
You recall, did it say dead or alive?



EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

The same decrepit two-storey place Maurice et al hit earlier. Now it's a CRIME SCENE. A SMALL CROWD of neighbourhood gawkers stand just behind the yellow tape. A HUGE SPOTLIGHT lights up the front yard.

Karen pulls up in her rental car, gets out and badges the visibly-freezing COP at the tape, working crowd control.

**KAREN:**

I'm looking for Ray Cruz.

**COP:**

He's inside.

(pissed)

With everybody else.

Karen ducks under the tape and starts up the walk. She pauses to watch as two CORONER'S ASSISTANTS cover with a sheet a DEAD BLACK WOMAN who lies just below a broken upstairs window.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Hell. Karen has to step over a body minus a face that lies in the doorway. Straight ahead on the stairs is another body, A MAN ON HIS BACK, head down the stairs, shotgun blast to the chest. He wears a dress, now bunched up around his waist. Congealed blood runs down the stairs. COPS and CRIME SCENE TECHS are everywhere. Karen looks at the guy on the stairs.

**VOICE:**

Called themselves the Youngboys.

Karen looks over as RAYMOND CRUZ, a stocky, genial-looking detective comes out of the kitchen.

**CRUZ:**

Ironic, isn't it?

**KAREN:**

How are you, Raymond?

**CRUZ:**

Freezing. But I'm getting warmer.

He kisses her on the cheek. She indicates the body by the door.

**KAREN:**

Quite a mess.

**CRUZ:**

Yeah. And I thought everyone liked Eddie.

**KAREN:**

Who?

**CRUZ:**

Dude in the dress is Eddie Solomon, used to buy scag off a corner till he kicked it and found his happiness with crack and then started dealing himself. Word on the street was he was saving up for an operation.

**KAREN:**

What is it with crack and transsexuals?

**CRUZ:**

Yeah, Eddie was a real character. Had these girls cooked the rocks he called the Rockettes.

**KAREN:**

Yeah. I saw one of 'em outside.

**CRUZ:**

Yonelle. Looks like someone raped her, shot her, then threw her out the window.

(shakes his head)

Fuckin' animals.

This shuts them both up. Cruz indicates the door.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Let's get some air.

She starts to follow him out, pauses as she sees something on the ground...

A BROKEN PAIR OF SUNGLASSES

Wrap-around... a lot like the ones she remembers Glenn wearing.

Karen stares at them a moment, then walks out.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

As Cruz and Karen walk to his car, STROBES FLASH as press photographers struggle to shoot the crime scene.

**CRUZ:**

Other than we had so much fun the last time we worked together. You gonna tell me why you're comin' to me instead of the FBI?

**KAREN:**

I report to the FBI, first thing they're gonna do is ask me to go get some coffee.

**CRUZ:**

You know, I'm not in homicide any more.

**KAREN:**

No, I didn't know that.

**CRUZ:**

Yeah, I'm crimes against persons and property now, also sex crimes and child abuse.

**KAREN:**

Detroit, you must be pretty busy.

**CRUZ:**

Yeah, and, as you can see, home invasions are big, too.

**KAREN:**

Listen, Raymond, a year ago, DEA had this guy Glenn Michaels on possession with intent but couldn't make it stick. In his statement, Glenn said he went up to Detroit to visit a friend and look into job opportunities -- if you can believe that.

**CRUZ:**

Who was the friend?

**KAREN:**

Guy named Maurice Miller, also known as Snoopy, a former prizefighter.

**CRUZ:**

Christ, I know Snoopy Miller. He's a fuckin' wackjob thinks he's Sugar Ray Leonard. Hangs out with a couple other Grade-A nutcases over on the West side.

**KAREN:**

I'll need a last known address.

**CRUZ:**

That's fine, but I don't want you to talk to Miller alone.

**KAREN:**

Come on, Raymond, I'm a federal officer, I'm armed.

He turns and looks at her.

**CRUZ:**

Yes, you are. I'll call you tomorrow with the address.

As he gets into his car, we then:

**CUT TO:**

The crime scene from the night before. A shot of Karen and Ray Cruz as they exit the house. A headline reads "TRIPLE MURDER" blah-blah-blah...

BUDDY (PHONE)

You have the paper?

**REVEAL:**

Foley, wearing a suit now, no shoes, no tie, looks at the newspaper photograph of Karen.

**FOLEY:**

It's a terrific shot of her.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - SAME

Buddy looking at the same shot...

**BUDDY:**

Outside of that.

INTERCUTTING FOLEY & BUDDY

**FOLEY:**

Doesn't say what she's doing up here,  
but I don't think it has anything to  
do with us.

**BUDDY:**

She came up here on her vacation, 'cause  
she likes shitty weather.  
Foley reaches in one of the bags from the Jewish Recycling Center  
and pulls out a tie.

**FOLEY:**

I think she's after Glenn. The girl  
still with you?

**BUDDY:**

They don't stay the night, Jack, 'less  
you pay for it.

**FOLEY:**

You tell your sister about it?

**BUDDY:**

Just hung up.

**FOLEY:**

How long you talk to her?

**BUDDY:**

Two hours.

**FOLEY:**

How long were you with the girl?

**BUDDY:**

Forty-five minutes.

**FOLEY:**

You didn't tell your sister about  
Ripley, did you? 'Cause I don't wanna  
go through that again.

**BUDDY:**

Forget about my sister. If Karen

Sisco's tailing Glenn, we're fucked.  
Tomorrow night at the fights we all  
get picked up.

**FOLEY:**

Let's drive by where we're meeting and  
have a look. Maybe take a look at  
Ripley's place while we're at it.  
Foley hangs up. He faces the mirror, starts to tie his tie.  
RIPLEY (V.O.)

I guess next time I see you, you'll be  
wearing a suit and tie...

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - DAY

Foley leans in the doorway watching as Ripley, dressed in a  
jogging suit, and under the watchful eye of A GUARD, gathers up  
his belongings. He's going home.

**FOLEY:**

I still haven't made up my mind yet.

**RIPLEY:**

What's to think about?

**FOLEY:**

You goin' right back to work?

**RIPLEY:**

First, I'm goin' to Israel for a year,  
study the Talmud, work on a Kibbutz...  
then come back, maybe take some tennis  
lessons.

He tears a picture off the wall...

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Here...

(hands it to Foley)

Something to remember me by.

Foley stares at the photograph of sea life.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

It's not the real thing, but it's still  
nice to look at.

Foley looks at Ripley, who extends his hand.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

See you on the outside, Jack.

INT. FOLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Foley finishes tying his tie, stares into the mirror, takes in the overall effect.

**FOLEY:**

(smiles)

Hi! I just broke outta jail!

His smile fades, he then sits down heavily on the bed, looks at the picture of Karen another moment, then sets the paper aside, grabs the Yellow Pages, flips to HOTELS, and dials the phone...

VOICE (PHONE)

Atheneum Hotel.

**FOLEY:**

Karen Sisco, please.

**VOICE:**

(pause, then)

I'm sorry, but there's no one by that name registered.

**FOLEY:**

Thank you.

He dials the next number...

**VOICE:**

Best Western...

EXT. MAURICE "SNOOPY" MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Red brick, showing its age. Karen rings the doorbell and then waits with her hands shoved into the pockets of her dark, navy coat. The door opens to reveal Moselle in her green silk robe holding her arms close against the cold.

**KAREN:**

Moselle Miller?

**MOSELLE:**

What do you want?

**KAREN:**

I'm looking for Maurice.

**MOSELLE:**

You find him, tell him the dog got run over and I'm out of grocery money.

**MALE VOICE:**

Moselle. Who you talking to?

**MOSELLE:**

Lady looking for Maurice.

**MALE VOICE:**

What's she want?

**MOSELLE:**

Hasn't said.

**KAREN:**

That's not Maurice?

**MOSELLE:**

That's Kenneth, my brother. He's talking on the phone.

**MALE VOICE:**

Ask what she want with him?

**MOSELLE:**

You ask her. Maurice's business is none of my business.

Sounding tired or bored. She turns from the door and walks into the living room. Karen steps inside, pushes the door closed and steps into the foyer.

**MALE VOICE:**

How do I know?

Karen peers into a study, a small room with empty bookcases and sees Kenneth in his backward red baseball cap as he talks on the phone...

**KENNETH:**

The State, huh. Who's fighting?

Karen walks into the living room, where Moselle sits on the sofa lighting a cigarette.

**MOSELLE:**

You like to sit down?



**KAREN:**

Thanks.

Karen takes a chair and looks around the room: dismal, gray daylight in the windows, dark wood and white stucco, the fireplace full of trash, plastic cups, wrappers, a pizza box.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm looking for a friend of mine I think Maurice knows.

**MOSELLE:**

You not with probation, one of those?

**KAREN:**

No.

**MOSELLE:**

You a lawyer?

**KAREN:**

(smiles)

No, I'm not. Maybe you know him.

Glenn Michaels?

Moselle draws on her cigarette, blows out a stream of smoke.

**MOSELLE:**

Glenn? No, I don't know any Glenn.

**KAREN:**

He said he stayed here last November.

**MOSELLE:**

Here? In this house?

**KAREN:**

He said he stayed with Maurice.

**MOSELLE:**

Well, he ain't even here that much. I like to know where he goes, but at the same time I don't want to know, you understand?

**KAREN:**

(beat)

Your dog was killed?

**MOSELLE:**

Got run over by a car.

**KAREN:**

What did you call it?

Moselle looks at the couch, where a MANGLED FRISBEE sits.

**MOSELLE:**

Was a she, name Tuffy.

**KAREN:**

(nods, then)

Where do you think I might find Maurice?

**MOSELLE:**

I don't know -- the gym, the fights.

I know he don't miss the fights. Having  
some tomorrow night at the State  
Theater. He use to take me.

**KAREN:**

The State Theater?

**VOICE:**

What you want with Maurice?

Karen turns, sees Kenneth standing in the arched entrance from  
the foyer.

**MOSELLE:**

She looking for a man name of Glenn.

**KENNETH:**

Did I ask you? Go on out of here. Do  
something with yourself.

He waits until Moselle gets up, not saying a word, walks away  
from them through the dining room. Karen watches him come toward  
her now in kind of an easy strut. She indicates the scar over  
his eye...

**KAREN:**

You're a fighter?

**KENNETH:**

How you know that?

**KAREN:**

I can tell.

**KENNETH:**

I was...

He moves his head in what might be a feint.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Till I got my retina detached two time.

He's standing so close to her, Karen has to look up at him.

**KAREN:**

What'd you fight, middleweight?

**KENNETH:**

Light to super-middleweight, as my  
body developed. You go about what,  
bantam?

**KAREN:**

Flyweight.

**KENNETH:**

You know your divisions. You like the  
fights? Like the rough stuff? Yeah,  
I bet you do.

(moves closer)

Like to get down and tussle a little  
bit? Like me and Tuffy, before she  
got run over, we use to get down on  
the floor and tussle. I say to her,  
"You a good dog, Tuffy, here's a treat  
for you." And I give Tuffy what every  
dog love best. You know what that is?  
A bone.

(real close)

I can give you a bone, too, girl.

**KAREN:**

You're not my type.

**KENNETH:**

Don't matter. I let the monster out,  
you gonna do what it wants.

**KAREN:**

Just a minute.  
Her hand goes into her bag next to the chair.

**KENNETH:**

Bring your own rubbers with you?  
Her hand comes out of the bag holding what looks like the grip  
on a golf club. Kenneth grins at her...

KENNETHN (CONT'D)

What else you have in there, mace?  
Have a whistle, different kinds of  
female-protection shit?  
Karen pushes out of the chair to stand with him face-to-face.

**KAREN:**

I have to go, Kenneth.  
She gives him a friendly poke with the black vinyl baton that's  
like a golf club grip.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Maybe we'll see each other again, okay?  
She steps aside and brushes past him. He grabs her left wrist...

**KENNETH:**

We gonna tussle first.  
Karen flicks the baton and sixteen inches of chrome steel shoots  
out of the grip. She pulls an arm's length away from him and  
chops the rigid shaft at his head, Kenneth hunching, ducking  
away...

KENNETH (CONT'D)

God damn...  
He lets go of her and Karen gets the room she needs, so that  
when he comes at her, she whips the shaft across the side of  
his head and he howls, stops dead, presses a hand over his ear.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

**KAREN:**

You wanted to tussle, we tussled.  
And she walks out. She sees Moselle standing there in the foyer.  
Karen looks at her a moment, puts the baton in her purse and  
comes out with a business card.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I wrote my hotel number on there -- in case you run into Glenn.

Moselle slips the card into the pocket of her robe. Karen smiles at her and walks out the door.

EXT. RICHARD RIPLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

It's snowing pretty hard when Foley and Buddy pull up out front.

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - SAME

Buddy wipes the condensation off his window, so they can see the house.

**BUDDY:**

Now that's a really big house.

**FOLEY:**

Jesus, look at that wall. Place almost looks like a prison.

**BUDDY:**

No doubt the man's got some big-ass security system.

**FOLEY:**

Time comes, we knock on the door. See if he wants to talk about old times. Go in the easy way.

**BUDDY:**

Yeah? You think he'll let us in, we got Snoopy and the muscle-bound asshole with us?

**FOLEY:**

Who says anybody's gonna be with us? I say we go to the fights tomorrow, find out what the Snoop's big plan is, then go in ahead of those guys -- alone.

**BUDDY:**

Let Glenn deal with the Snoop, while we're off livin' the good life.

**FOLEY:**

Tell me something, Buddy. You know anyone who's actually done one last big score and gone to live the good life? Cause it occurred to me that everyone talks about doing it, but I don't know anyone who's actually gone and done it. Do you?

**BUDDY:**

(beat)

What about that D.B. Cooper guy?

Foley looks at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I mean, they don't know for sure he's dead.

(then)

Look, there's always a chance we'll walk out've there with nothing. I say let fate decide.

**FOLEY:**

Let fate decide? What're you, the fuckin' Dali Lama now?

**BUDDY:**

My sister believes in fate, but not hell. That's why she stopped praying for the lost souls since you don't hear that much about purgatory anymore. But every day she asks her boss to pray I don't fuck up. Whatta you think, you think there's a hell, Jack?

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, it's called Glades Correctional Institution and I'm sure as shit not going back there or any place like it.

**BUDDY:**

You might not have a choice.

Foley looks at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They put a gun on you, you'll go back.

**FOLEY:**

They put a gun on you, you still have a choice, don't you?

Foley turns back to the house. And now we hear...

MR. HEARN (VO)

I think you're gonna fit right in...

INT. RIPLEY ENTERPRISES PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY

The personnel guy, MR. HEARN, sits behind his desk, squeezing a grip exerciser and smiling warmly at Foley, who wears a shitty suit and tie.

MR. HEARN

Now Mr Ripley and I have had a long discussion about your role in the company and it was his feeling that you would be happiest working down here in Miami. How's that sound to you?

**FOLEY:**

Great.

Mr. Hearn pauses, looks down at Foley...

MR. HEARN

You're about a 42 long, right?

**FOLEY:**

What?

But Mr. Hearn walks out without answering. Foley looks at the desktop, where a spoon sticks out of a half-eaten fruit-on-the-bottom yogurt, which in turn sits beside a half-eaten Powerbar. Foley shakes his head, takes out his zippo, starts to play with it.

MR. HEARN

Okay. Let's see how she fits.

Foley turns as Mr. Hearn bounces back into the room with what looks like a UNIFORM draped over one arm.

**FOLEY:**

What is this?

MR. HEARN

Your uniform.

**FOLEY:**

My what?

Mr. Hearn shows him the yellow patch that reads SECURITY on one

arm. Foley smiles... amused... angry... hurt...

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

RICHARD RIPLEY'S OFFICE

View. Wet bar. Huge fucking aquarium.

RECEPTIONIST (OS)

Sir, you can't go in there...

Ripley looks up from his desk as Foley steps in, the receptionist right behind him now.

**RIPLEY:**

Jack? Whoa-- what's the problem?

Take it easy, let's talk...

Meanwhile, Ripley pushes a PANIC BUTTON beneath his desk...

**FOLEY:**

A security guard? Are you fucking kidding me?

Ripley considers Foley a moment, then...

**RIPLEY:**

You know, I wasn't sure you'd show up.

But I was pretty sure that, if you did, you'd throw the job in my face.

(then)

Understand something, Jack. Up to this point, everything you've done with your life means absolutely nothing in the real world. Less than nothing.

Foley says nothing.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

You're a bank robber. This is not a marketable skill. There are no old bank robbers out in the world living on pensions. You know this. That's why you're here right now.

Still Foley says nothing.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Today, I'm offering you a lousy job at a lousy wage. You think you're better than that? Fine. Show me. Show me that you're really willing to change and we'll talk about something better. A lot better. But first, Jack, you



gotta earn it.

**FOLEY:**

How, Dick? The way you earned it? By marrying some rich broad owns the company, selling it off a piece at a time, then divorcing her? What is this Knute Rockne, pull yourself up by the bootstraps bullshit? Back in prison, guy like you, place like that, you were ice cream for freaks. You were a goddamn dumpling. Maurice and a dozen other guys coulda bled you till you had nothing. Till you were nothing. I saved your ass. So you'll pardon me if I don't wanna sit on a fuckin stool all day saying "sign in here please" or "hey, pal, you can't park there." Okay, Dick? I can't do it.

**RIPLEY:**

Jack, I'm disappointed. I guess I misjudged you.  
Two massive SECURITY GUARDS appear in the doorway...

**FOLEY:**

Hey, what job he promise you guys?

**GUARD:**

There's two ways we can do this.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah? What are they?

**RIPLEY:**

Gentlemen. I think we've calmed down now. Haven't we, Jack?

**FOLEY:**

Oh, yeah, I'm calm. In fact, I'm totally "relaxed..."  
And with that he picks up a paperweight (A LEAD FISH) and wings it at the aquarium, shattering the glass.

EXT. RIPLEY'S BUILDING - FLORIDA - DAY

As Foley is physically thrown out of the building by the two guards. He picks himself up. He kicks at the guards, who wave him off, go back inside.

Foley then starts down the steps, pauses as he sees...

THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET

The one from the opening. Foley looks at it a moment, then calmly starts to take off his tie, drops it in the gutter as he starts across the street...

**CUT TO:**

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

As Buddy pulls away from the house, Foley pulls out the clipping of Karen he tore out of the morning paper. He's written the name "WESTIN" on it.

**FOLEY:**

Listen, I gotta get some better shoes, few other things before tomorrow. Why don't you drop me off at the Ren Cen, we'll hook up later?

**BUDDY:**

Yeah, and I better call my sister.

**CUT TO:**

It's really coming down. We then PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're looking out of a window inside the cocktail lounge at the top of the Westin.

A table of three young EXECUTIVE-LOOKING GUYS in suits are laughing at something until Karen is ushered by a WAITRESS to an adjacent table.

**KAREN:**

Jack Daniel's, please, water on the side.

She turns, sees her reflection in the glass against the overcast sky, snow swirling, blowing in gusts, seven hundred feet above the city, down there somewhere.

EXECUTIVE GUY'S VOICE

Celeste, do us again, please, and put the lady's drink on our bill.

She turns to see them raising snifter glasses to her, smiling, pleasant-looking guys in dark suits.

**KAREN:**

Thanks anyway.

**WAITRESS:**

(drifting over)

They want to buy you a drink.

**KAREN:**

I get that. Tell them I'd rather pay  
for my own.

She then watches the three guys looking at the waitress  
delivering the message. Then they look at Karen. She gives  
them a shrug, turns to watch the snow. Her drink arrives. She  
takes a sip, looks up as one of the guys comes over...

**EXECUTIVE GUY:**

Excuse me. My associates and I made a  
bet on what you do for a living.  
She glances at the table, the other two watching.  
EXECUTIVE GUY (CONT'D)  
And I won. Hi, I'm Philip.

**KAREN:**

If it's okay with you, Philip, I'd  
like to just have a quiet drink and  
leave. Okay?

**PHILIP:**

Don't you want to know what I guessed?  
How I know what you do for a living?

**KAREN:**

Tell you the truth, I'm not even mildly  
curious. Really, I don't want to be  
rude, Philip, I'd just like to be left  
alone.

She turns back to the snowstorm. She sees his reflection turn  
and leave. A moment later, the next one appears at the table.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2

I think I know why you're depressed --  
if I may offer an observation.  
She just looks at him. So sure of himself.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2 (CONT'D)

I have a hunch you're the new sales rep and your customer isn't exactly knocked out by the idea of a young lady, even one as stunning as you, handling the account. Am I close?

Hi, I'm Andy.

She says nothing to him.

**ANDY:**

We're ad guys. We flew in from New York this morning to pitch Hiram Walker Distillery, present this test-market campaign for their new margarita mix. What we do, we show this guy who looks like a Mexican bandido, you know, with the big Chihuahua hat, the bullet belts--

**KAREN:**

Andy? Really. Who gives a shit?

He gives her a sympathetic expression.

**ANDY:**

Want to tell me what happened?

**KAREN:**

Beat it, will you?

She stares at the guy until he turns away. She sips her drink, stares once more out at the blizzard. After a few moments, another dark suit appears, reflected in the window.

**VOICE:**

Can I buy you a drink?

Boom. Not one of the executive guys. She stares at the reflection for a moment, then slowly turns, looks up at JACK FOLEY now standing there in his new navy blue suit.

**KAREN:**

(beat)

Yeah, I'd love one.

(then)

Would you like to sit down?

He pulls the chair out, looking at her. The three guys at the other table now staring as he sits down. Foley offers his hand...

**FOLEY:**

I'm Gary.

She hesitates, then shakes his hand...

**KAREN:**

I'm Celeste.

She smiles with him. When she lowers her hand to the table, his hand comes down to cover hers. She watches his expression as she brings her hand out slowly, his eyes not leaving hers, and lays her hand on his. The tips of her fingers brush his knuckles, lightly back and forth.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It takes hours to get a drink around here. There's only one waitress.

**FOLEY:**

I can go to the bar.

**KAREN:**

Don't leave me.

**FOLEY:**

Those guys bother you?

**KAREN:**

No, they're all right. I meant, you just got here.

She picks up her drink and places it in front of him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Help yourself.

She watches him take a sip, smack his lips.

**FOLEY:**

You like bourbon?

**KAREN:**

Love it.

**FOLEY:**

(passes the glass  
back)

Well, we got that out of the way.

(then)

Tell me, Celeste. What do you do for a living?

**KAREN:**

I'm a sales rep. I came here to call on a customer and they gave me a hard time because I'm a girl.

**FOLEY:**

Is that how you think of yourself?

**KAREN:**

What, as a sales rep?

**FOLEY:**

A girl.

**KAREN:**

I don't have a problem with it.

**FOLEY:**

I like your hair. And that suit.

**KAREN:**

I had one just like it -- well, it was the same idea, but I had to get rid of it.

**FOLEY:**

You did?

**KAREN:**

It smelled.

**FOLEY:**

Having it cleaned didn't help, huh?

**KAREN:**

No.

(then)

What do you do for a living, Gary?

**FOLEY:**

(beat)

How far do we go with this?  
This stops her, throws her off balance.

**KAREN:**

Not yet. Don't say anything yet. Okay?

**FOLEY:**

I don't think it works if we're somebody else. You know what I mean? Gary and Celeste, Jesus, what do they know about anything?

**KAREN:**

It's your game. I've never played this before.

**FOLEY:**

It's not a game. Something you play.

**KAREN:**

Well, does it make sense to you?

**FOLEY:**

It doesn't have to, it's something that happens. It's like seeing a person you never saw before -- you could be passing on the street -- you look at each other and for a few seconds, there's a kind of recognition. Like you both know something. But then the next moment the person's gone, and it's too late to do anything about it, but you remember it because it was right there and you let it go, and you think, "What if I had stopped and said something?" It might happen only a few times in your life.

**KAREN:**

Or once.  
They look at each other a moment, then...

**FOLEY:**

Why don't we get out of here.

They both get up. The ad guys at the table watch as she follows Foley to the elevator. Karen winks at them.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

As they ride down to Karen's room. She looks at him, looks away. The doors open and they exit.

INT. HER HOTEL SUITE

As he follows her in. She walks to the bar, fixes them each a drink. He checks out the room, takes in her view.

**KAREN:**

How'd you find me?

He comes over to her, takes out the newspaper clipping with her picture and shows it to her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

**FOLEY:**

I called your room from downstairs.

**KAREN:**

If I had answered, what were you gonna say?

**FOLEY:**

Well, I'd say who I was and do you remember me and ask if you'd like to meet for a drink.

**KAREN:**

If I remembered you. I came looking for you. I would've said sure, let's do it. But for all you knew I could show up with a SWAT team. Why would you trust me?

**FOLEY:**

It would be worth the risk.  
She looks at him, touches his face with her hand...

**KAREN:**

You like taking risks.

**FOLEY:**

So do you.



He kisses her now, puts his arms around her.

**KAREN:**

What's the hurry, Jack? You have to be somewhere?

She hands him his drink. They both drink, then...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sooner or later...

She stops and he looks at her over the rim of her glass.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You really wear that suit.

**FOLEY:**

That's not what you were about to say.

She shrugs, lets it go. He puts down his drink, kisses her.

She lets him, then moves to the couch.

**KAREN:**

Remember how talkative you were? In the trunk? Adele said you do that when you're nervous.

**FOLEY:**

She did, huh.

**KAREN:**

You kept touching me, feeling my thigh.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, but in a nice way.

He sits down and they kiss again. This time she peels his jacket off. He does the same with hers. He's starting to unbutton her blouse when--

FOLEY (CONT'D)

(unbuttoning)

I might've smelled like a sewer, but you could tell I was a gentleman.

They say John Dillinger was a pretty nice guy.

**KAREN:**

He killed a police officer.

He stops. Looks at her.

**FOLEY:**

I hear he didn't mean to. The cop fell as Dillinger was aiming at his leg and got him through the heart.

**KAREN:**

You believe that?

**FOLEY:**

Why not?

She looks at him, decides to get off this subject. Anyway he's finished unbuttoning her blouse and is now putting his hands inside her shirt. She closes her eyes.

**KAREN:**

You know that Sig .380 you took was my favourite. My father gave it to me. As he kisses her on the neck.

KAREN (CONT'D)

What were you gonna do with me?

**FOLEY:**

I don't know. I hadn't worked that part out yet. All I knew was that I liked you, and I didn't want to leave you there, never see you again.

**KAREN:**

You waved to me in the elevator. She's loosening his tie, unbuttoning his shirt.

**FOLEY:**

I wasn't sure you caught that.

**KAREN:**

I couldn't believe it. I was thinking of you by then, a lot, wondering what it would be like if we did meet. Like if we could take a time-out...

**FOLEY:**

Really? I was thinking the same thing. If we could call time and get together for a while.

They look at each other a moment.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You know I saw you on the street.

**KAREN:**

Where?

**FOLEY:**

Outside Adele's.

He starts to kiss her again, but--

**KAREN:**

You were going to see her?

**FOLEY:**

To warn her about Chino.

**KAREN:**

So she did help you?

**FOLEY:**

I don't think we should get into that.

**KAREN:**

No, you're right. Or Buddy. I won't ask if he's with you or what you're doing here in Detroit. Or if you've run into Glenn Michaels yet.

**FOLEY:**

Don't talk like that, okay? You scare me.

And he moves to kiss her, but she stands up, holds out her hand.

**KAREN:**

Come on.

He gets up and she leads him across the room...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Jack sits on the bed to take off his shoes, stands up to take off his pants.

**KAREN:**

Are you gonna leave your tie on?

He looks at her, down to her bra and panties, watches as she

gets out of the rest of her clothes and comes over to him, standing close to help him with the tie...

**FOLEY:**

My God, look at you.

When her clothes are off, she loops the tie around his neck again and then as she turns off the light...

She kisses him. He sits down on the bed, drawing her back with him, the only light now coming from the sitting room.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You having fun?

She smiles and then they start to make love as we then...

FADE OUT.

**CUT TO:**

Eyes open, serious now.

**REVEAL:**

She's lying in Jack's arms. She looks at him a moment, then moves away from him to sit up and swing her legs off the bed.

**FOLEY:**

You coming back?

**KAREN:**

I'm just going to the bathroom.

She gets up and crosses the room to the bathroom and closes the door. Foley picks up his Zippo off the night table.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

She comes in. Looks at herself in the mirror. Suddenly feels self-conscious. She grabs a bathrobe off the door.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Foley lies there, fiddling with the Zippo, staring up at the ceiling. She comes out again and stands looking down at him.

**KAREN:**

I want you to know something. I wasn't looking for just a fuck, if that's what you're thinking.

**FOLEY:**

Why are you mad?

**KAREN:**

Or I did it for some kind of kinky thrill. Score with a bank robber the way some women go for rough trade.

**FOLEY:**

What about my motive? Now I can say I fucked a US Marshal. You think I will?

**KAREN:**

I don't know.  
He raises the covers, but she just stands there.

**FOLEY:**

I know of a guy he goes in the bank holding a bottle he says is nitroglycerin. He scores some cash off a teller, he's on his way out when he drops the bottle. It shatters on the tile floor, he slips in the stuff, cracks his head and they've got him. The nitro was canola oil. I know more fucked-up bank robbers than ones that know what they're doing. I doubt one in ten can tell a dye pack when he sees one. Most bank robbers are fucking morons. To go to bed with a bank robber for kinky thrills, as you say, you'd have to be as dumb as they are. I know you're not dumb, so why would I think that? Why would you think I might think that?  
She comes over and sits down on the bed.

**KAREN:**

You're not dumb.

**FOLEY:**

I don't know about that. You can't do three falls and think you have much of a brain.

They lie there for a few moments, Karen watching him. He senses this, looks at her...

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You getting serious on me now?

**KAREN:**

I'm trying not to. I just wanna know what's gonna happen.

**FOLEY:**

(beat)

You know.

And he kisses her.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

The sun is out. The snow has stopped falling. A white blanket covers everything.

INT. KAREN'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Karen opens her eyes, wakes up. She closes them again, lies on her side, but doesn't move for a moment. Then...

**KAREN:**

Oh, for Christ sake, grow up.

She opens her eyes and rolls on to her back. She turns her head: Foley's gone. She gets out of bed.

INT. SITTING ROOM - SAME

Karen comes into the room tying her robe. She looks at the coffee table where...

Something wrapped in a napkin lies by the half-empty bottle and the ice bucket. She picks it up and slowly unfolds the "gift"

**from Foley:**

INT. FOLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Buddy stands at the window looking out as Foley -- in his underwear -- sits at the table reading the newspaper, a room-service breakfast, a bottle of Jim Beam close by.

**BUDDY:**

It took you, what, seven hours to buy a pair of shoes?

**FOLEY:**

I saw Karen Sisco.  
Buddy turns to him.

**BUDDY:**

And she saw you?

**FOLEY:**

Yes, she did.

**BUDDY:**

So how's that work, a wanted felon socializing with a U.S. Marshal?

**FOLEY:**

You know how I felt about her.

**BUDDY:**

Did you give her a jump? If you did I might begin to understand where your head's at.

**FOLEY:**

It wasn't about getting laid. I just wanted to know what might've happened if things were different.

**BUDDY:**

You find out?

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, I did.

Buddy watches Foley pour a shot of Jim Beam in his coffee.

**BUDDY:**

So what's that mean? That you're disappointed by what you found or you're sorry you robbed all those banks?

**FOLEY:**

I don't know.

INT. KAREN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Karen sits there staring at a Wild Turkey bottle, a couple of glasses. She reaches for the phone, dials. A moment later, we hear MARSHALL SISCO'S ANSWERING MACHINE and she hangs up.

INT. STATE THEATER - NIGHT

A ring set up on stage. Men hang out on the side. Where movie seats used to be are rows of round nightclub tables; a row of them on each of four levels rising a step at a time up through the theatre to the bar. Rap music booms out of speakers as fighters are announced.

Everyone in here is black except for Glenn and White Boy Bob who sit at a table in the front row while Maurice in a dude black felt cap set on his head just right and shades walks along the apron of the stage.

**MAURICE:**

Stick and jab, stick and jab!

White Boy Bob throws down a beer and gives Glenn's shoulder a jab.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

You drink like a girl.

White Boy looks around to see if there are any other morons sitting nearby who think it's funny. Kenneth comes through for his pal and laughs.

INT. THEATER - SAME

As Karen walks through the bar, pauses as she sees Glenn sitting with White Boy and Kenneth. She steps back into the shadows as Glenn glances anxiously about.

**ON GLENN:**

As he pushes his chair back.

**GLENN:**

I got to go take a piss.

He hesitates, sees the car keys on the table in front of White Boy Bob. But before he can grab them...

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

What're you telling us for? You want somebody to hold your little pecker?

Glenn gets up, sees his coat on the back of the chair, but knows he can't take it with him. He walks away from the table.

EXT. STATE THEATER - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Glenn exits the theater and crosses to the parking lot.

Karen exits right after, watches him get into the Town Car.

INT. TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

Glenn behind the wheel, half lying on his right side as he tries to rip open the locked glove compartment. His head jerks around as Karen opens the door. He sits up straight as she gets in with him.

**KAREN:**

Glenn, are you trying to steal this car?



**GLENN:**

Jesus, I don't believe it.

**KAREN:**

Another one of those days, huh, nothing seems to go right?

He raises his empty hands.

**GLEN:**

I don't have the keys.

**KAREN:**

I see that.

**GLENN:**

I mean I'm not stealing the fucking car.

**KAREN:**

You're not?

**GLENN:**

I already stole it. Last week or whenever it was, in West Palm. I can't be stealing it again, can I?

**KAREN:**

The two guys you were with -- that one, that isn't Maurice Miller, is it? I've seen Snoopy's mug shot and that didn't look like him.

**GLENN:**

Jesus. How'd you know about Snoopy? Karen looks at him, shakes her head.

**KAREN:**

Glenn, I know your life history, who your friends are, where you've been and now, it looks like, where you're going. Put your hands on the wheel.

**GLENN:**

You're gonna bust me for picking up a car?

**KAREN:**

For the car, for aiding and abetting a prison escape, and conspiring to do whatever you came here for.

**GLENN:**

Listen, these guys, they're gonna be out here any minute looking for me. They're fucking animals.

**KAREN:**

What's going on, Glenn?

**GLENN:**

Nothing. I just wanna get the fuck outta here.

**KAREN:**

But I thought the whole thing was your idea?

**GLENN:**

Rippin' off Ripley was my idea, but these guys, man, they're into shit I can't handle.

**KAREN:**

Ripley? You mean the wall street guy?

**GLENN:**

Yeah, the plan was to pick him up at his office tomorrow, take him out to his house in Bloomfield Hills. Now, I don't give a shit what they do.

**KAREN:**

And is Foley a part of this?

**GLENN:**

He's supposed to be, but he hasn't shown up yet, which is a good thing

for him.

**KAREN:**

Why's that?

**GLENN:**

Maurice is gonna kill him, try and collect the reward.

**KAREN:**

(beat)

But you say he hasn't shown up, you think he backed out?

**GLENN:**

I don't know-- he doesn't exactly confide in me.

**KAREN:**

Gee, I wonder why not.

**GLENN:**

I'm freezing my ass off.

**KAREN:**

You want to get out of here, run, it'll warm you up.

**GLENN:**

Really?

**KAREN:**

But listen, Glenn. If you're lying to me...

**GLENN:**

I know, you'll find me. Jesus, I believe it. I keep thinking if you hadn't driven me to federal court last summer, you wouldn't even know who I am.

**KAREN:**

If I didn't know you, Glenn, by tomorrow

you'd be in jail or dead. Look at it that way. Go on.

And he takes off. She sits there another moment, then flicks her cigarette out the door, gets out the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Karen looks across the street at the theatre, sees people leaving. A few seconds later, she steps behind a car and watches as Buddy and Foley pull into the lot.

INT. THEATER - SAME

Maurice sits with White Boy and Kenneth as Foley and Buddy come down the aisle to their table.

**MAURICE:**

Where you been? You miss the big boys, come in time for the walkout fights. Well, shit, you may as well pull up a chair.

Foley and Buddy remain standing.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Kenneth, this is Mr. Jack Foley and this is Mr. Buddy, famous bank robbers.

Foley nods to the raincoat draped over the back of a chair.

**FOLEY:**

Who's sitting here?

**MAURICE:**

Your homie, Glenn. Only thing, he went to the men's about a while ago and never came back.

Foley gives Buddy a look. White Boy Bob grins at them.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

I think he must've fell in.

**MAURICE:**

I sent these two looking for him, they come back shaking their heads.

**FOLEY:**

Well, if he left his coat and he's been gone a while.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

The car's still there. I looked.

**MAURICE:**

(to the ring)

Reggie, push off and hit, man. Push him off.

**FOLEY:**

We're leaving.

**MAURICE:**

The fuck you talking about?

**FOLEY:**

Snoop, if you don't know where Glenn is...

Maurice takes Foley by the arm, moves him away from the table.

**MAURICE:**

Look, what you worried about Glenn for? What's he know?

**FOLEY:**

I thought everything.

Foley watches the fighters: one of them patient, moving in while the other one takes wild swings and misses...

**MAURICE:**

Glenn knows everything we suppose to do tomorrow. Glenn could tell somebody that, yeah, but it don't mean shit. You understand? 'Cause Glenn don't know I changed the plan.

(then)

It's happening tonight.

Foley looks at Maurice now.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Soon as we leave here. Stop home and pick up what we need and go do it.

**FOLEY:**

(beat)

Give me a minute, talk to Buddy.

**MAURICE:**

You got two minutes, that's all. Make up your mind.

**FOLEY:**

I wasn't asking permission.

Foley walks up to the bar with Buddy.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

They want to go tonight, before Glenn gets in any trouble, opens his big mouth.

**BUDDY:**

Whatta you wanna do?

Foley takes out his lighter, begins playing with it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You know they gonna set us up.

**FOLEY:**

I get that feeling, yeah.

**BUDDY:**

But you still think you can get the diamonds fore they do?

Foley looks at him a moment, then...

**FOLEY:**

I'll make you a deal. Get out of here. Right now. I'll do the job with the Snoop, meet you wherever you want and give you half.

**BUDDY:**

Half for doing what?

**FOLEY:**

Getting me out of Glades for starters.

**BUDDY:**

And who watches your back?

**ON MAURICE:**

As he sits down with White Boy Bob and Kenneth, watches as Buddy and Foley talk up at the bar.

**MAURICE:**

Man has all that reward on his head  
and still talks like a con in the yard.  
You know what I'm saying? Like he's a  
man you don't mess with. Yeah, well,  
what I say to Jack Foley is buuullshit.

EXT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's snowing as Maurice, White Boy Bob, Kenneth, Buddy, and  
Foley pile into the back of a van, the name of some plumbing  
and heating company on the side.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we're watching from inside Karen's  
car. She waits for the van to pull away, then follows.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Kenneth -- the fucking maniac -- at the wheel. Buddy and Foley  
piled into the back of the van full of plastic pipe and  
equipment. Maurice pulls on a pair of white coveralls.

**FOLEY:**

That what they're wearing these days  
to break and enter?

**MAURICE:**

Break and enter, shit. Take it and  
git, how it's done. Don't waste any  
time. That's how you do it.

**FOLEY:**

So you've done this before, huh?

**MAURICE:**

Shit, yeah. White Boy even got busted  
for it.

(then)

White Boy, tell these boys the reason  
you went down on that burglary that  
time.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

I left my wallet in the house I robbed.  
The guy grins at them. Foley can't believe it.

**MAURICE:**

Takes the TV, the VCR, some other shit

and leaves his wallet on the floor.

**FOLEY:**

That's a wonderful story, Snoop. I'm very excited about tonight.

**MAURICE:**

Hey. You learn from doing.

Foley and Buddy exchange looks. Maurice turns around, a Beretta in his hand. Foley looks at him. Buddy tenses.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

You know how to use one a these?

**FOLEY:**

I've seen 'em used on TV.

Maurice hands Foley the Beretta. Then reaches into a bag, comes up with a .38 he hands to Buddy.

INT. KAREN'S CAR - SAME

As Karen tries to keep up with the van. But with the snow and the way Kenneth drives, she starts to lose them. She speeds up around a corner and loses control of the car.

EXT. STREET - SAME

As Karen's car does a 360 in the ice and snow.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Buddy and Foley are jostled about the back from Kenneth's insane driving.

**BUDDY:**

Slow down.

Kenneth grins in the mirror, punches it more. Buddy gets out the .38 and touches it to the back of Kenneth's head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Get ready to grab the wheel when I shoot this asshole.

Kenneth, his eyes freaked with speed, glares at Buddy in the mirror.

**MAURICE:**

Do like he says, man. Slow down.

EXT. KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT

As a pissed-off Karen gets out of her car, watches the van disappear.

**KAREN:**



Shit --

INT. KAREN'S CAR - SAME

She takes out her cellphone, punches a number, re-orientes her car at the same time.

EXT. RICHARD RIPLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As the van creeps by one way, then the other, then pulls into the driveway.

INT./EXT. VAN - RIPLEY'S HOUSE

All five of them in the back end of the van now, bumping into each other until Maurice lets White Boy out the rear end, leaving the doors open enough so he can watch. He then racks the slide on a .45.

**MAURICE:**

"An army .45 will stop all jive."

Huey P. said that.

**BUDDY:**

You think he was talking about walking into people's houses when he said it?

Maurice looks at Buddy. Buddy holds his gaze. Then the coach lights on either side of the front entrance come on.

**MAURICE:**

(pulls his mask down)

Get ready to go skiing.

Now the front door opens...

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Here we go.

We catch a glimpse of a WOMAN in the doorway, arms folded over her bathrobe as White Boy gives her a push and steps inside the house with her.

Maurice is out of the truck and Kenneth, with a shotgun, is scrambling to be next. Buddy catches him by his jacket collar and holds him squirming until Foley is out.

The minute Kenneth's feet hit the driveway he turns the 12-gauge on Buddy, still in the truck. Foley takes the barrel in one hand and shoves it straight up in Kenneth's face.

**FOLEY:**

Go on in the house before you get hurt.

Kenneth puts his face up close to Foley's and stares at him good before going inside. Foley turns to Buddy...

FOLEY (CONT'D)

There's still time, take me up on my offer.

**BUDDY:**

I'm not leaving you alone with these assholes.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

Where Maurice has the woman backed against a table. She's in her forties, with thick red hair hanging free. She looks ready to take a swing at whoever approaches...

**WOMAN:**

I work here. I'm the maid.

Kenneth reaches out, opens her robe and we get a flash of flimsy bra and low-cut panties before she slaps him away.

WOMAN/MAID

Fuck off.

**KENNETH:**

Hey, shit, we're gonna have a party.

**MAURICE:**

Not yet. Where's Mr. Ripley?

**MAID:**

I told you, he isn't here.

**MAURICE:**

Out for the evening?

**MAID:**

He's in Florida. Palm Beach.

**MAURICE:**

(beat)

When's he due back?

**FOLEY:**

Jesus Christ, what difference does it make? You want to wait for him?

**MAID:**

Mr. Ripley's down for the season. Christmas to Easter.

**MAURICE:**

You here all by yourself?

**MAID:**

(beat)

That's right, just me.

Foley catches the hesitation, glances at Buddy.

**MAURICE:**

Where's Ripley's safe at, he keep his valuables in.

**MAID:**

I don't have any idea.

**MAURICE:**

Let's go upstairs, have a look at the man's bedroom. All right now, you and Mr. Buddy check the rooms down here. Look at the wall behind any pictures hanging on it. Look at the walls in the closets. The man has a safe, it's gonna be up there somewhere.

**FOLEY:**

How about his place in Florida? If you'd called, we could've checked his walls down there before we left. That is, if you'd checked to see where he was. You follow me?

Maurice gives him a look, pulls the maid up the stairs. Kenneth and White Boy Bob follow...

**MAURICE:**

You set off any kind of alarm and you're a dead Hazel. Understand?  
Kenneth puts his arm around the maid.

**KENNETH:**

What's your name, mama?

He hooks a finger in the waist of her panties, pulls on the elastic, is about to look in there when Maurice backhands him across the face.

**MAURICE:**

First money, then pussy.

Alone with Buddy now, Foley rolls his mask up on his head.

**FOLEY:**

You ever wear one of these?

**BUDDY:**

I don't ski.

**FOLEY:**

Stay with the maid. I'm gonna have a look around.

INT. KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Karen on the phone... snow falling all around her.

RAYMOND CRUZ (PHONE)

I'll send a unit over there, see if there's anything going on.

**KAREN:**

Tell me where Ripley's house is. I'll meet them there.

CRUZ (PHONE)

Karen, you gonna promise me you're not gonna go in, do anything stupid till I get there...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Full of fat, cushy chairs and a sofa, everything white or black, a wet bar, a big TV, CD player. Buddy moves into the doorway, peers inside.

Kenneth is trying to find a radio station while Maurice and White Boy Bob ransack the place. White Boy Bob checks under the mattress...

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

Hey--

Maurice and Kenneth look over expectantly.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)

I found a rubber.

**MAURICE:**

White Boy, the man's not gonna hide no diamonds under the fuckin' mattress.

Maurice looks out the door, sees Buddy in the doorway.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Where's Foley?

**BUDDY:**

Checkin' the other rooms, like you said.

**MAURICE:**

(to White Boy)

Go keep an eye on him.

White Boy Bob slips out of the room. Maurice turns to Kenneth, who's still playing with the stereo.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Kenneth, fuck the radio, put on a CD.

**KENNETH:**

(looking them over)

I don't recognize none of these bands.

**MAURICE:**

Just pick one, put it on.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

White Boy Bob watches from the end of the hall as Foley peers into each of the bedrooms. Foley sees a back staircase and starts down. A moment later White Boy Bob follows.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

White Boy Bob comes down the stairs. No sign of Foley. White Boy starts down one hallway, then turns back. Now he's lost. He opens a door, starts to walk into a closet, then backs out. He goes down the hall, turns into...

THE KITCHEN - SAME

Where White Boy Bob enters, calls out tentatively.

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

Uh, Foley?

He takes in the huge room, the massive sub-zero refrigerator. He moves to the freezer, opens it, takes in the FROZEN STEAKS.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)

Cool.

INT. HALLWAY (DOWNSTAIRS) - SAME

As Foley quietly moves to the doorway, peers into the kitchen, watches White Boy Bob starts going through the freezer, taking out steaks and stacking them up on the counter. Foley shakes

his head and moves on.

INT. LIBRARY (DOWNSTAIRS) - SAME

Dark. As Foley steps into the doorway, we BOOM DOWN to reveal a LIGHTED AQUARIUM in f.g. He comes into the room, sits down in an armchair beside the fish tank.

He leans close to the glass, stares at the fish a moment. He sees a door reflected there and turns to look across the room, sees how the phone cord disappears underneath.

**FOLEY:**

They cut the lines, Richard.

Silence. The door opens and we see a terrified Richard Ripley sitting on top of a toilet, the phone in his lap.

**RIPLEY:**

Foley? That you?

**FOLEY:**

How are you, Richard?

**RIPLEY:**

Jesus Christ, what the hell are you doing here? What's going on? Who's upstairs?

**FOLEY:**

Maurice Miller, couple of his friends.

**RIPLEY:**

Maurice? From Lompoc? Good God.

Ripley moves to the doorway.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Have they got Midge up there?

**FOLEY:**

What kinda man lets a woman answer the door, this time a night?

**RIPLEY:**

We thought it might be her husband.

Sometimes he comes and checks up on

her. She told him I was down in

Florida.

**FOLEY:**

A minute or two, you're gonna wish you were.

Ripley looks at him. Foley pats the back of a chair.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Why don't you come on over here, sit down, Richard, have a look at your fish.

EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS - ROAD - SAME

As Karen slowly negotiates her way through the snowstorm.

INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

The music ON LOUD (Herb Alpert -- Tijuana Taxi). Buddy stands in the doorway, watches Maurice, out of his coveralls, as he takes suits and sport coats from the walk-in closet to look them over. He tries on a coat, turns to the maid.

**MAURICE:**

How do I look, mama?

**MAID:**

Like a fag.

Maurice smiles at her, goes back into the closet. Kenneth stares at the maid, nodding slowly.

**KENNETH:**

I think she like to tussle with me.

Get boned a way she gonna remember.

She looks to the doorway, where Buddy now starts to take a step into the room, when Maurice comes out of the closet...

MAURICE (OS)

Motherfucker!

He sticks his head out of the closet.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I found the safe.

Buddy backs out of the room.

EXT. RICHARD RIPLEY'S HOUSE - SAME

As Karen drives slowly past the house. White Boy Bob emerges with an armload of steaks and sets them on the front steps.

**MAURICE:**

White Boy! Get your ass up here!

White Boy Bob hurries back into the house.

INT. RIPLEY'S LIBRARY - SAME

Ripley sits on the couch across from Foley. He keeps looking

up at the ceiling.

**RIPLEY:**

What do you want from me, Jack? Name it. You want money?

**FOLEY:**

You gonna write me a check?

**RIPLEY:**

We'll go to my bank. I'll make a withdrawal.

Foley just looks at him. Buddy sticks his head in the room.

**BUDDY:**

They found the safe.

**FOLEY:**

You remember Buddy, don't you, Richard?

**BUDDY:**

Yeah, hi. Nice house.

**RIPLEY:**

Thank you.

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSET DOORWAY - SAME

White Boy Bob comes in as Kenneth and Maurice are getting ready to blast the safe with the shotgun and pistol.

**MAURICE:**

We gonna open up this fucker...

Maurice and his boys open fire on the safe. The maid covers up as bullets begin ricocheting all over the room.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Jesus...!

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

Karen sees the muzzle flashes in the upstairs window and quickly gets out of the car.

INT. STUDY - SAME

As Buddy and Ripley look up.

**RIPLEY:**

(gets up)

Good God... they're shooting Midge!



**FOLEY:**

(pushes him down)

Siddown, Dick. They're trying to open the safe, not your maid.

INT. BEDROOM

As Maurice, Kenneth and White Boy Bob get ready to fire again.

**MAURICE:**

A'ight, this time we gotta get the motherfuckin' trajectory right...

(pause)

**Okay, on three:**

**MAID:**

The combination is three-ten-forty-four.

They all turn to look at her, guns still pointing at the safe.

MAID (CONT'D)

Richard's birthday.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

As Karen cautiously makes her way towards the front door.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

As Maurice finally gets the safe open. They all anxiously peer inside. Maurice narrows his eyes, reaches in, pulls out one of three toupees. He stares at it.

**MAURICE:**

...the fuck is this...

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

Are they dead?

He looks at White Boy Bob...

**MAURICE:**

Go find Foley. NOW!

INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY - SAME

As Foley leans forward in the chair now...

**RIPLEY:**

I can't believe you're still angry with me, Jack, after all this time.

**FOLEY:**

I'm not angry, Richard.

(staring at the tank)

In fact, I'm completely relaxed. Thing is, I can't tell if it's the fish that're cooling me out or all those uncut diamonds on the bottom of the tank there.

Ripley sags, closes his eyes.

**BUDDY:**

Damn--

And now Buddy takes a closer look and now we, too, see that strewn about the bottom of the aquarium are dozens of uncut diamonds of various sizes.

**FOLEY:**

Dumbfuck Glenn was right, there's about five million worth in there, wouldn't you say, Richard?

**RIPLEY:**

Five point two.

**BUDDY:**

They look like plain old rocks.

**FOLEY:**

They sure do.

He gets up, looks at Buddy.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Go get a bag.

Foley turns to Richard as Buddy comes back into the room with a plastic bag, starts reaching into the tank.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I were you, I'd get up and run.

**RIPLEY:**

I'm not leaving Midge.

**FOLEY:**

Don't be an asshole, Richard. They're gonna kill you.

**RIPLEY:**

If that's my fate, so be it. I'm not leaving.

(then)

I love her, Jack.

Foley looks at Buddy. Now what?

**BUDDY:**

C'mon.

Foley just looks at Ripley, who doesn't move.

**FOLEY:**

Good luck, Richard.

MAURICE (OS)

Someone down here?

Buddy and Foley slip out the other door, down the hall, just as Maurice walks in, some of Ripley's clothes over his arm.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Well, if it isn't the Ripper hisself.

**RIPLEY:**

Are those my suits?

**MAURICE:**

Where you been hiding, Dick?

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

A now-freezing Karen hugs a retaining wall, watches as Foley and Buddy emerge from the house.

**AT THE VAN:**

As Buddy leans under the dash. Foley looks up at the house where we see shadows moving about in the upstairs window, hear the faint pumping of the music. We hear the VAN START.

**BUDDY:**

Okay.

Buddy straightens up, looks at Foley.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Come on.

**FOLEY:**

Shit.

**BUDDY:**

What?

**FOLEY:**

They're gonna rape the maid, aren't they.

**BUDDY:**

From the looks of those boys, the Ripper too.

**FOLEY:**

And then they'll kill 'em.

**BUDDY:**

At least.

Foley looks at the diamonds in the bag.

**FOLEY:**

We made it, didn't we?

**BUDDY:**

All you gotta do is get in.

Again Foley looks at the diamonds, then...

**FOLEY:**

I'm going back inside.

**BUDDY:**

I'll go with you.

Foley finally hands him the bag with the diamonds in it...

**FOLEY:**

No, you dump the van, meet me at the airport.

I'll take one of Ripley's cars.

**BUDDY:**

Jack --

**FOLEY:**

Listen, Buddy, the shit that's about to go down, you'll be on the phone with your sister for a month. Let me do this part alone.

Buddy just looks at him.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I'm saying this isn't your problem.

Far as I'm concerned, we're square.

Foley turns to go.

**BUDDY:**

Hey...

Buddy hands him his gun. Foley takes it, stuffs it in the back of his pants, and then turns back to the house.

**FOLEY:**

Now get outta here.

**KAREN:**

As she watches Foley go back inside. A moment later, the van pulls out of the driveway. Karen makes a decision, starts for the side of the house...

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - THE FOYER - SAME

Foley enters and we hear the maid scream. Foley starts up the stairs.

INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY

Maurice and White Boy Bob both have their guns to Ripley's head.

**RIPLEY:**

(hears the scream)

Midge.

**MAURICE:**

Forget about her. Tell me where the money's at.

**RIPLEY:**

Foley's got it.

**MAURICE:**

Where the fuck is Foley?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - SAME

Foley comes up the stairs, heads for Ripley's bedroom. The door is closed now...

**FOLEY:**

Midge?

He steps to one side, is about to reach for the knob when suddenly the DOOR IS BLASTED OFF ITS HINGES.

INT. KITCHEN (DOWNSTAIRS) - SAME TIME

Karen comes through the door, hears the gunshot, stops cold.

INT. HALLWAY (UPSTAIRS) - SAME

As Foley steps into the doorway and we see Kenneth and the maid bare, both sitting up in bed, Kenneth racking the shotgun, the maid turning away from him, gathering the covers that hang off her side of the bed...

...and coming around to throw them like a net at Kenneth as the shotgun goes off and the covers catch fire as Foley pumps one two three shots into Kenneth somewhere under there.

INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY - SAME

As Ripley tries to get away...

**RIPLEY:**

Midge!

Maurice grabs him by the collar, spins him around and whips him across the face with his gun. He and White Boy Bob then both hit Ripley on the head until he goes down and stays down.

**MAURICE:**

(to WBB)

You take the front stairs, I'll take the back.

INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

As the maid jumps up and drags the burning covers from the bed and sees Kenneth now, the bullet holes in his chest, staring blankly back at him. She then looks at Foley.

**MAID:**

(cold)

Where's Dick?

**FOLEY:**

Downstairs.

(then)

But wait here. There's two more.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As Foley starts out of the room and immediately hears...

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

Hold it, asshole!

Foley sees White Boy Bob at the bottom of the stairs.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)

Drop the gun.

Nowhere to go, Foley has to comply.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)

Now stay right there. Don't move.

White Boy Bob starts to jog up the stairs two at a time, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on Foley.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)

Maurice! I got Foley!

INT. RIPLEY'S BACK STAIRCASE - SAME

As Maurice starts up the backstairs...

**WHITE BOY BOB:**

Maurice! Up here!

...and a moment later, Karen comes out of the kitchen into the downstairs hallway -- just missing each other.

INT. STAIRCASE - SAME

As White Boy Bob gets maybe half way up when he catches a toe on one of the risers and pitches forward. Stupidly, he tries to break his fall with the elbow of his gun hand and ends up jamming his chin down onto the muzzle of his gun which, unfortunately for him, goes off, firing a bullet through his head and killing him instantly.

To say the least, Foley is stunned by this freak accident. He stands there looking at the dead bulk on the stairs.

**FOLEY:**

(finally)

You learn from doing.

Foley bends down to pick up his gun and we see MAURICE COMING UP THE BACK STAIRCASE, his gun raised, and now firing away... Foley is forced to jump back behind a pillar as Maurice keeps firing at him, shots ricocheting off the pillar, the railing, the wall...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As Karen hugs the wall at the sound of gunshots, sees Ripley lying on the floor of the study...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As we hear CLICK as the breech opens on Maurice's now empty .45 And now Foley steps out from behind the pillar and calmly bends down, picks up his gun, Maurice still walking forward...

**MAURICE:**

Jack, you don't use a gun, do you?

**FOLEY:**

Not until recently.

**MAURICE:**

(still coming)

Nervous?

**FOLEY:**

A little.

**MAURICE:**

(getting close)

This kind of setup, you don't have any idea what the fuck you're doing -- do you?

**FOLEY:**

You're right. So why take a chance--

Foley pulls the trigger. CLICK. Maurice hesitates, surprised that Foley would pull the trigger, then the two of them at the same time rush each other, begin a messy mano a mano, now using their spent guns as bludgeons.

INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY - SAME

As Karen carefully comes into the room, Ripley lets out a low GROAN. She's bending down to check him when HER PHONE RINGS.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As Foley and Maurice grapple on the floor near the head of the stairs.

INT. STUDY - SAME

As Karen answers her phone, checks Ripley...

**KAREN:**

Hello?

CRUZ (PHONE)

We're a few minutes away. Just sit tight, stay outta the house till we get there, understand?

**KAREN:**

Oh-kay...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As Foley finally shoves Maurice down the stairs. Maurice rolls down a few steps, right over White Boy Bob, as...

Foley gets up, runs back to the bedroom.

INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME



As Foley enters, goes straight to Kenneth's body, begins searching for the shotgun (lifting the covers, turning over the body, etc) with no success...

**FOLEY:**

Shit...

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

As Maurice attempts to prise the gun out from under the dead bulk of White Boy Bob.

INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

As Foley, exasperated, stands back up...

MIDGE (O.S.)

This what you want?

Foley looks to where Midge stands -- now back in her bathrobe, but more importantly, clutching the shotgun. Foley crosses and takes it from her, begins to stride out of the room, when --

MIDGE (CONT'D)

It's empty.

Foley just looks at her.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

As Maurice finally rolls White Boy Bob over, grabs the gun...

INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

As Foley sticks his hand in Kenneth's coveralls, comes out with a shell, loads the gun, snaps it shut...

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

As Maurice cocks the pistol, takes a step up the stairs...

KAREN (OS)

Maurice--

Maurice spins around, points his gun down at Karen, now standing in the foyer, her own gun pointing up at him...

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

As Raymond Cruz and several green-and-whites arrive...

INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

As Jack, about to exit, stops cold as he HEARS TWO GUNSHOTS, then a BODY FALL.

He stands still. Not sure who was just shot. After a long moment,

**we then hear:**

KAREN (OS)

Jack?

He sees Midge looking at him, closes his eyes, sags against the wall.

KAREN (OS) (CONT'D)

I know you're up there.

INT. FOYER - SAME

As Foley steps into the hallway, his ski mask now pulled down over his face. He holds Kenneth's shotgun in one hand and his pistol in another.

**KAREN:**

Come on, Jack -- don't.

**FOLEY:**

Pretend I'm somebody else.

**KAREN:**

You think I'd shoot you?

Foley brings up the pistol and the shotgun. AND NOW WE HEAR THE SIRENS...

**FOLEY:**

If you don't, one of those guys will.

**KAREN:**

What're you now, a desperado? Put the guns down.

**FOLEY:**

I told you, I'm not going back.

He raises the guns hip-high and we hear sounds behind Karen, but she's quick to raise her hand, though she doesn't turn or look around.

**KAREN:**

Don't do this. Please.

They stand there staring at each other.

**FOLEY:**

No more time outs.

He raises the guns. She sadly shakes her head.

**KAREN:**

You win, Jack.

She fires and he falls to the staircase, dropping the guns, grabbing hold of his right thigh. And now Cruz and several other cops enter... Karen motions them to stop...

**CRUZ:**

Karen, I told you not to--

**KAREN:**

Wait, I know him --okay?

She goes up the staircase to where Foley is lying and gently lifts the ski mask and looks at his sad eyes.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jack, but I can't shoot you.

**FOLEY:**

You just did, for Christ sake.

**KAREN:**

You know what I mean.

She glances about, makes sure no one can hear, then leans closer to him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I wish things were different. I'm sorry, Jack.

Foley looks like he's in pain. He watches as she walks back down the stairs. As a couple of uniform cops rush past her and pick up Foley, a shaky Ripley staggers into the foyer.

**MIDGE:**

Richard!

She comes running down the stairs into his arms. They embrace. He looks at Foley over her shoulder...

**RIPLEY:**

(sympathetic)

Listen, Jack...

(but then)

What'd you do with my diamonds?

Foley just looks at him.

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

As Buddy pulls the van into an alley. He jumps out, jogs back to the street and hails a cab...

INT. CAB - SAME

Buddy suddenly gets in, bangs on the bulletproof glass.

**BUDDY:**

The airport.

The cab pulls away. Buddy glances up front, then pulls the

Ziploc bag from his coat and holds it up. There's a bit of water in along with the diamonds. A tiny fish swims in the water. Something about this makes Buddy smile as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KAREN'S HOTEL - MORNING

The sun is out. The sky is clear.

KAREN (VO)

They don't know yet if they want to bring him up on the homicides.

INT. KAREN'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Karen on the phone. Her suitcase on the bed.

**KAREN:**

I doubt if they will. The Bureau's put a detainer on him, so when they're through with him here he'll go back to Florida.

INT. MARSHALL SISCO'S SITTING ROOM - SAME

Marshall on the phone...

**MARSHALL:**

You gonna go get him?

**KAREN:**

It's possible. Why?

**MARSHALL:**

I was just thinking... you could have a nice time with him on the plane -- like picking up where your interlude, or whatever you call it, left off. And then throw him in the can.

**KAREN:**

He knew what he was doing. Nobody forced him to rob banks.

**MARSHALL:**

My little girl, the tough babe.

Karen hangs up, stares thoughtfully out the window.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Where Foley stands staring out of his window.

**VOICE:**

Foley.

As Foley turns around and faces a FEDERAL MARSHAL in the doorway, we see that Foley's hands and feet are shackled.

INT/EXT. PRISON STATION GARAGE - DAY

The Marshal leads Foley from the building to where a black government van waits. The Marshal helps Foley inside.

**FEDERAL MARSHAL:**

Have a nice trip.

(looks OS)

I'll get the other one.

INT/EXT. VAN - SAME

As Foley sits down, stares at the floor. He looks depressed.

We hear the front door open, then close.

KAREN (OS)

Jack?

He looks to where Karen looks at him through a steel grate that separates the front from the back.

**KAREN:**

I got you a present, something for the road.

She pushes A ZIPPO THROUGH the grate.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I have to take it away, though, soon as the ride's over.

Before Foley can say anything, the back door is opened once more and the Marshal helps ANOTHER PRISONER -- a black man with a shaved head -- into the back of the van.

**FEDERAL MARSHAL:**

Jack Foley meet Hejira Henry.

An annoyed Foley stares at the guy as the marshal shuts the door then gets in up front with Karen.

**FOLEY:**

Hejira? What kinda name is that?

**HEJIRA:**

Islamic.

**FOLEY:**

What's it mean, "No Hair"?

**HEJIRA:**

The Hejira was the flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 622.

**FOLEY:**

The flight?

**HEJIRA:**

The brothers in Leavenworth gave me the name.

**FOLEY:**

You were at Leavenworth, huh?

**HEJIRA:**

For a time.

**FOLEY:**

Meaning?

**HEJIRA:**

Meaning time came, I left.

**FOLEY:**

You busted out?

**HEJIRA:**

I prefer to call it an exodus from an undesirable place.

**FOLEY:**

(interested now)

And how long was it before they caught up with you?

**HEJIRA:**

That time?

**FOLEY:**

There were others.

**HEJIRA:**

Yeah. That was the ninth.

**FOLEY:**

(really interested)

The ninth?

**HEJIRA:**

Ten, you count the prison hospital in Ohio I walked away from.

**FOLEY:**

You must be some kinda walker, Henry.

**HEJIRA:**

Hejira.

**FOLEY:**

And so now you're off to Glades.

**HEJIRA:**

Apparently, yeah. I was supposed to leave last night with the lady marshal, but for some reason she wanted to wait.

**FOLEY:**

(looks at Karen)

She did, huh.

**HEJIRA:**

Cheaper I guess, take us both down in one van.

**FOLEY:**

Yeah, could be. Or maybe she thought we'd have a lot to talk about.

**HEJIRA:**

Like what?

**FOLEY:**

I don't know.

(then)

It's a long way down to Florida.

Foley glances at her, then turns back to Heiira Henry and considers the guy; a smile on Foley's face, his spirits a little higher than when he first sat down, as we then...

CUT TO BLACK.