

Jack & Dan

"Pilot"

by  
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Network Draft 9/29/09

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CAST LIST

JACK BAILEY  
DAN STARK

LIEUTENANT KATHERINE ANDERSON  
LIZ TOWNSEND  
JULIUS BROWN  
DETECTIVE BARRIOS  
DR. BARRY KALFUSS  
EILEEN  
PEDRO  
ROMERO  
MANUEL ESCALANTE  
ROGER  
SIMON  
CLERK  
MINI MART CLERK  
TOURIST

THE BEST ASSASSIN IN THE WORLD (NON-SPEAK)

ACT ONE

1 EXT. ROAD - DAY

1

A stretch of highway. From offscreen, we hear the WAIL OF SIRENS and the TERRIBLE SOUND OF METAL TEARING, the sounds of an unseen COLOSSAL TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.

After a moment, several TANGERINES ROLL ONTO THE ROAD, moving at a good sixty miles an hour. They're just an orange blur until we see them rolling in SLOW-MO... it's like bullet-time, except for tangerines.

Back to normal speed as the tangerines are overtaken and squashed by a PONTIAC SUNFIRE, which screams along, driving as fast as a subcompact car can go.

Close on its heels is a TRANS-AM, which pulls up alongside it. The two cars moving at a breathtaking pace, especially considering that a MAN is struggling to climb OUT THE WINDOW of the TRANS-AM. He is JACK (30). He leaps toward the window of the Sunfire, screaming...

JACK  
AAAAUUUUGH!!

We FREEZE FRAME with him in midair, as we cut to black.

A title reads: **Four Days Earlier.** Dissolve to:

2 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

2

We move through a busy police station. Cops bustle this way and that, as we move past perps being dragged to cells...

The man who leaped from the car, Detective JACK BAILEY (30) sits at a desk. He's goodlooking, smart, and good at his job but with a smart-ass quality that explains why he hasn't gone further in life. He picks up a phone reluctantly, dials:

JACK  
Dan, get up. You're two hours late.  
(listens, then:)  
You have no sick days. And there's  
no such thing as a cramped liver.

Jack holds the phone away from his ear. There is the faint sound of VOMITING on the other end of the line.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Crawl to the shower. Around the  
puddle of sick, Dan. I'm not going  
to bathe you again.

He hangs up. He looks over at a nearby OFFICE for a beat, steeling himself as he gets up and walks over...

Before he can make it to the office, the door opens and LIEUTENANT KATHERINE ANDERSON (50) emerges. She's attractive and professional, and clearly has no interest in talking to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant Anderson, can I talk to-

LT. ANDERSON  
The answer is no.

JACK  
I haven't asked a question.  
(off her impatient look:)  
I'd like to request a reassignment to another department. Working in property crimes with Dan Stark-

LT. ANDERSON  
I've said it before. *Someone* has to be his partner. Talk to the captain if you don't like it.

JACK  
With all due respect, Lieutenant, the Captain hates me.

LT. ANDERSON  
With all due respect, Detective, that's why you're Dan's partner.  
(re: the file in his hand)  
Looks like you've got a case to crack, there. I suggest you get on it.

She hurries off, leaving Jack standing there with the file.

3 EXT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

3

Jack is parked in front of a run-down apartment building in a Ford Taurus. DAN STARK (50's) slides into the car. He's an older, worn-looking version of a classic 1970's cop, with sideburns and a moustache. He sips clear liquid from a mug.

DAN  
Didn't think I'd make it through that shower. But guess what I found in the conditioner bottle?

JACK  
I can't imagine. Conditioner?

DAN

Peppermint schnapps! Put it there a week ago, just in case. It's called thinking ahead. Where we going?

JACK

There was a burglary on Alarcon and 12th. Some missing appliances.

DAN

Burglary, huh? Hey, I ever tell you-

JACK

Yes. Whatever it is, you told me.

DAN

I don't think so. See, back in '85, me and Frank got a call about a stolen car. Went in thinking it was-

JACK

-"just grand theft auto." It was Laotians smuggling heroin in the engine blocks of '86 Mustangs.

DAN

Yeah, but I tell you about the part-

JACK

-where you drove a Mustang into the river? Yes. Yes you did.

DAN

Hell, it's a good story. So we're in the water, and Frank, he looks over at me, and says "Surf's up!"

JACK MOUTHS THE WORDS "Surf's up" as Dan says them. He sighs.

JACK

Maybe we'll find out heroin dealers stole this lady Eileen's stuff. Then if you're lucky you can drive her car into the river.

DAN

You watch, college boy. I bet before this is over we're gonna be dealing with some major criminals.

JACK

Major criminals. Right. That'll happen.

As they pass a MOTEL in a seedy area, we stay with the motel. We RAMP across the street, to a motel room door.

4 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 4

The face of MANUEL ESCALANTE (40). He's short, with acne scars, bad teeth, and a single heavy eyebrow. He eats a fast food burger, drinking an orange soda as he writes a letter. Behind him, a giant of a man, SIMON (28), gathers some MACHINE GUNS and a large GREEN GOLF BAG.

We hear Escalante's voice in accented English as he writes:

ESCALANTE (V.O.)

*Dear Romero... For five years, I am your errand boy, making deliveries to the States. Always I stay at budget motels, to save you money.*

He looks around the motel room, scowling and furious. It's a pretty shitty motel, all right.

5 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 5

Escalante and Simon pack the GOLF BAG and the guns into a PONTIAC SUNFIRE. Escalante fumes as they climb into the car.

ESCALANTE (V.O.)

*I rent my car, always driving a subcompact because you are so cheap to pay for a midsize sedan.*

6 EXT. UPSCALE HOUSE - DAY 6

The Pontiac Sunfire is parked at a beautiful modern home. Escalante and Simon emerge, walking to the door with the GREEN GOLF BAG. A SLICK DRUG DEALER lets them in.

ESCALANTE (V.O.)

*I sell your cocaine for you, and you call me your chihuahua and pay me less than your pool boy.*

7 INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 7

Two DRUG DEALERS stand in the living room. Cocaine sits on the table. Simon packs cash into the golf bag. Escalante smiles at the drug dealers, then PULLS OUT A PISTOL.

ESCALANTE

*No more.*

BANG! BANG! He shoots the drug dealers.

8 EXT. STREET - LATER

8

Escalante and Simon stand at a FedEx Box by the road.

ESCALANTE (V.O.)

*I took your money, you son of a  
whore. I hope that we meet again  
someday, so I can crush the life  
out of you with a crappy subcompact  
rental car. Adios. Escalante.*

Escalante puts the blood-spattered letter into a FedEx envelope and drops it in the box. He turns to Simon, happy.

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

What a country. A man can make a better life just by killing two men and stealing three million dollars.

SIMON

Yes. But... what about the police?

ESCALANTE

Don't worry, Simon. In the USA, the police are slow, and lazy, and afraid to use their guns. They are like sheep, and we are like snakes.

SIMON

Do snakes eat sheep?

ESCALANTE

The point is, in a country like this, who can stop us? Who?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Jack and Dan walk up the front walk of a pleasant suburban house. They go to the door, knock... a beat, and the door opens. EILEEN WOLFE (40, attractive) smiles out at them.

JACK

I'm Detective Bailey, and this is Detective Stark.

9 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

9

DAN wiggles his finger in his ear, bored. He and Jack examine a smashed TV sits on Eileen's living room floor.

EILEEN

I think someone tried to steal my TV. Looks like they dropped it and ran out the back when I got home.

JACK

And the only thing missing was  
An EZ-Steam Humidifier?

EILEEN

The guy probably grabbed it after  
he dropped the TV. It was worth  
about \$45. I was surprised the  
police sent anyone out. Are you  
guys, like, the small property  
crimes guys, or...?

JACK

We, ah... work a range of cases.

EILEEN

(to Dan)

I'm sorry, it's driving me crazy-  
do I know you from somewhere?

DAN

Maybe... Name's Detective Stark.

EILEEN

That's right. You saved the  
governor's son. Back in... '85?

DAN

Yeah. Me 'n my old partner, Frank  
Savage. They made a TV movie about  
it. "Heroes in Blue."

She looks him up and down, obviously impressed. He checks her  
out, turns to Jack:

DAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you look for evidence?  
I'm gonna interview the victim.

(to Eileen)

Anyplace private we can talk? I  
find it's good to relax when  
remembering details of a crime.

Jack watches them go, sighs, then pulls out an evidence kit.

10 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

10

Jack waits on the porch, bored out of his mind. He looks up  
as Dan emerges from the house with Eileen. They are tousled.

DAN

Hey there. Find anything?

JACK

Blood and hair samples. Two fingerprints. And I read a back issue of a quilting magazine.

Jack pulls out some paperwork, holding it out for Eileen to sign. She signs it, eyes on Dan, ignoring Jack entirely.

JACK (CONT'D)

You've got our number, so if you think of anything else, call us and we'll send out another minor celebrity to sleep with you.

Dan and Eileen cuddle. She makes eyes at him...

EILEEN

You sure you're done? You could investigate some more.

DAN

Later, sweetheart. I gotta fight the bad guys.

11 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

11

Jack and Dan drive away from Eileen's house. Dan pulls out an airplane bottle of Creme de Menthe.

DAN

Whoo! She was a firecracker. You know she's a Sociology Professor over at the University? Part time yoga instructor, too, which is always nice. Found this in her pantry... want a snort?

JACK

You know, when we interview robbery victims, we're not supposed to *rob them too*. Or sleep with them.

DAN

Hey, a lot of these victims are so tense they can't remember squat. A roll in the hay and a smoke and they open right up. Got an I.D. on a possible perp... a guy selling alarm systems door to door.

Dan tosses some notes to Jack, who looks unsure whether to be disgusted or impressed. Dan frowns at Jack's car, thinking...

DAN (CONT'D)

You need a new car. We'll need some horsepower when this humidifier thing heats up.

JACK

It's a \$45 humidifier. The burglar probably didn't know what it *was*. It's not going to heat up.

DAN

There are no small crimes, college boy. Only small cops.

(off Jack's look)

Crime's like a sweater. One string ain't much. But pull it, and it's all connected. This humidifier's just the tip of the iceberg.

JACK

So it's an iceberg *and* a sweater.

Dan winks, nodding - *exactly*. Jack looks out the window, glum. As they pass a MEDICAL OFFICE we RAMP to it...

12 INT. DR. KALFUSS'S OFFICE - MORNING

12

A well-appointed doctor's office. DR. BARRY KALFUSS (40), a self-satisfied, pudgy Beverly Hills plastic surgeon sits across a desk from Escalante and Simon.

KALFUSS

As I explained in my email, for a... *discreet* facial reconstruction surgery like this, I ask for cash up front. It's easier for-

Escalante places a STACK OF CASH on the desk. Wow.

KALFUSS (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Now, have you thought about what you want done, *exactly*-

ESCALANTE

I wish to look like Erik Estrada.

Escalante unfolds a publicity photo of Erik Estrada circa 1983. Kalfuss looks at the tiny, pockmarked Escalante...

KALFUSS

Ah. Well... You'll look much more like Mr. Estrada than you do now.

ESCALANTE

I have no worries. You are the best, yes? Also, if you fail, your last hours on earth will be spent begging for death.

Kalfuss laughs nervously. Forces a smile.

KALFUSS

Yes, well, we can't have that, now can we? Let's get started.

13 INT. DR. KALFUSS'S OFFICE - OPERATING ROOM - HOURS LATER 13

A small in-office operating room. Escalante lies on the table with an anaesthesia drip in his arm. Simon sits in the corner wearing a surgical mask, holding his pistol. Watching.

Kalfuss works on Escalante's face, in the middle of the surgery. He glances at Simon, nervous about the hulking armed man glaring at him. His hand shakes slightly as he cuts...

As he turns to grab a retractor, his arm catches on one of the heart monitors attached to Escalante's chest. The machine beeps. Kalfuss jumps, startled. Simon stands, gun ready.

SIMON

What is wrong with Senor Escalante?

KALFUSS

Please, just calm down. It may be a reaction to the anaesthesia, or, uh... just put the gun away...

SIMON

Fix him. Now.

Kalfuss looks at Simon, who cocks the gun.

KALFUSS

I'm trying to perform surgery here-

Kalfuss looks over at the monitors... Escalante appears to be flatlining. A beat, and he DIVES under the table. Simon FIRES at Kalfuss... His bullets SMASH into the delicate equipment, then hit an OXYGEN TANK.

WITH KALFUSS, under the table, as the tank EXPLODES in a FIREBALL... Kalfuss whimpers in fear. There is a beat... nothing. Kalfuss peeks out. Simon lies dead on the ground. Escalante, motionless on the table. Off Kalfuss's look...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Jack talks to LIZ TOWNSEND (30), an attractive assistant DA. These two have a history Jack hasn't recovered from, and you can see why - she's smart, sexy, with a quick wit not entirely unlike Jack's. She looks at him, bemused...

LIZ

A humidifier? What, you want me to see if we can hire a special prosecutor for small appliances? Maybe convene a grand jury?  
(off his look)  
Jack, it's not like anyone's dead.

JACK

Just give the department a nudge. Get me some lab work done. Maybe with a legit conviction or two I can get off Dan Stark babysitting duty.

LIZ

You think that's going to help? Your problem was never getting convictions, Jack. Your problem-

JACK

Not this again-

LIZ

No, you need to hear it. You're a very smart cop. But cops, no matter how smart they are, do not climb the department ladder if they insist on making their *fellow cops* look like idiots. Like that murder case last year, downtown-

JACK

So I'm supposed to stand and watch while a detective just *doesn't notice* a major piece of evidence?

LIZ

When that detective is your supervisor, maybe you do.

JACK

It was a *signed confession!* With the victim's *blood* on it-

LIZ

It wasn't just that, and you know it. You've pissed off every cop in the precinct one way or another. Dan Stark is just the only one too oblivious to care.

(off his look)

I'll look into it, okay?

Jack nods, grateful. He looks at the picture of Liz and her absurdly handsome boyfriend on the desk. Sighs.

JACK

How's Kyle?

LIZ

Good. We're going sailing Sunday.

(off Jack's look)

Before you say something about the fact that Kyle has a boat, consider what I said about not pissing people off. Think about the fact that I just agreed to do you a favor. Nice seeing you, Jack.

16 EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

16

Jack walks out of the office. His cell phone rings.

JACK

What?

DAN (O.S.)

Hey there. S'me.

17 INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Every inch of Dan's place is a disaster except for the immaculate mantle, which displays Dan's commendations, photos of him and Frank, and a videotape of "Heroes in Blue." Dan sits with a bowl of Lucky Charms and a bottle of schnapps. INTERCUT with Jack in front of the D.A.'s office.

DAN

How'd it go with the D.A.?

JACK (O.S.)

We'll see. How was your nap?

DAN

Good. Been thinking about the humind- the hudimifiner thingy. I think it's big. Maybe drugs.

JACK (O.S.)

A humidifier made of drugs? Bold theory.

DAN

Why don't you come over? We'll kick it around. Me and Frank used to do that... Couple drinks, and before you know it, the case is cracked-

JACK (O.S.)

I think I'm going to go home, Dan.

DAN

Oh. Well... See you tomorrow, okay? We'll bust some punks.

CLICK. Dan sets the phone down, disappointed. He sits in the fading light with his cereal and schnapps. All alone.

EXT. DR. KALFUSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The parking lot of Kalfuss's office. Kalfuss waits nervously with Escalante's Sunfire; some ends of clothing stick out of the trunk - clearly, Escalante and Simon have been stuffed inside.

JULIUS BROWN (30's), a pleasant, intelligent African American guy in hip clothes walks into the lot and over to Kalfuss.

KALFUSS

Thank you for coming. You can... take care of this?

JULIUS

Dump a car? Shouldn't be too complicated. This an insurance thing like last time, or...

KALFUSS

No. It's... I just need it gone.

Julius notices the clothes sticking out of the trunk. Raises an eyebrow. Kalfuss pulls an envelope from his pocket.

KALFUSS (CONT'D)

Ten thousand, cash. Plus, uh... this golf bag.

JULIUS

Sounds like we got a deal.

Kalfuss smiles, nervous, then hands Julius the keys and hurries off. Julius HOISTS THE GOLF BAG, gets in the car and drives off as we FADE TO BLACK.

18 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING 18

Jack walks past the front counter of the police station, carrying a cup of coffee. A clerk stops him...

CLERK

Detective. A package came for you.

Jack takes the package; it's from the crime lab. A note is paperclipped to the front; it reads: "**Had the lab do this for you overnight. Hope it helps - Liz.**" Jack carries it back to his desk as DETECTIVE BARRIOS (40's) smirks in his direction.

DETECTIVE BARRIOS

How's the big case going? Heard you and Stark are makin' the city safe for small appliances.

Jack smiles, lets it go. Barrios turns to another detective:

DETECTIVE BARRIOS (CONT'D)

Hey didn't you lose a pen the other day? You should see if Ace here can find it for you...

Jack tries to let it go. Tries so hard... then:

JACK

Aren't you the guy who misspelled the word "cocaine" on all your reports last year?

DETECTIVE BARRIOS

What're you talking about, man? I-

JACK

I did document review last month. I corrected your reports.

(off his look)

Spell it. Go on. Spell cocaine.

The two men look at each other. Barrios grits his teeth.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's c-o-c-a-i-n-e. There's an "i."

Barrios glares at Jack, as Jack walks to his office...

DETECTIVE BARRIOS

There's an "i" in "prick," too.

19 INT. PROPERTY CRIMES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

19

Jack walks in. Dan sits at his desk, dozing... Jack squeezes by Dan and SITS AT THE COMPUTER. Dan wakes up, looks over...

JACK

Results from the crime lab... Got a lead on the humidifier thing.

DAN

How'd you swing that? Those guys don't even answer our calls.

JACK

Talked to Liz Townsend in the D.A.'s office.

DAN

The sexy one. You two used to hop on the wild pony, didn't you-

JACK

Let's focus on the lab results.

DAN

Lab work? Yeah, well... I'm not so sure I believe in little things floating around in your blood filled with this so-called DNA-

JACK

You don't believe in *blood cells*?

DAN

Just saying, the jury's still out.

Jack types... a mug shot appears on the computer screen. It's Julius Brown, who we saw talking to Kalfuss. Jack reads the name under the picture as Dan walks over, curious.

DAN (CONT'D)

There we go. Spitting image of the suspect Eileen described. Told you I'd find him.

JACK

You didn't *find* him. You gave me some vaseline-stained notes with a physical description and no name.

DAN

I put you on the 5 yard line, let you put it in the end zone.

JACK

Julius Brown works out of a thrift store downtown, mostly... Selling stolen goods, it looks like. Let's go.

Off the picture, we MATCH CUT to...

20 EXT. STREET - DAY

20

JULIUS BROWN emerges from a MAZDA on a quiet downtown street. We see that he is carrying the GREEN GOLF BAG. He walks to a THRIFT SHOP, unlocks it, and goes in.

As he does, we WHIP PAN around to JACK AND DAN, who stand up the street next to their car, watching. Jack checks a file.

DAN

Why the hell does he have a green golf bag?

JACK

I don't know. Maybe he plays.  
(checks a file)  
Convictions for theft, receiving stolen property, ten different kinds of insurance fraud...

Dan looks at Jack's computer printouts...

DAN

Computers. I can't get used to 'em. Don't you worry they're going to... you know... turn on you?

JACK

I'm not particularly worried my computer is going to attack me, no.

DAN

Sometimes I just look at the one in the office. It's like it's... thinking. Making plans. You know?

JACK

Well, until it decides to rise up and overthrow humanity, it's a pretty good tool for police work.

DAN

I dunno. There's a lot of stuff a computer can't do. I ever tell you about the time me and Frank found five thousand quaaludes-

JACK

In a sock monkey? Yes. You did.

DAN

Point is, we didn't need a computer. We just had a hunch, started cutting open sock monkeys.

JACK

If there's a sock monkey in there, feel free to knife it. Let's go.

As Jack and Dan walk up the street to the thrift shop, we see a SOUTH AMERICAN MAN walk into the store. Jack and Dan don't pay much attention, however... Dan's telling his story, and Jack is getting more and more annoyed.

DAN

You're missing the point. See, there's a bigger picture you gotta pay attention to-

Jack turns on Dan, frustrated. He yells:

JACK

Enough! There's no bigger picture, all right? No major criminals, no quaaludes, just a THRIFT STORE and a STOLEN HUMIDIFIER-

Suddenly, behind him - BANG! BANG! BANG! There is a series of deafening GUNSHOTS. The window SHATTERS, glass cascading into the street in a hail of buckshot. Jack and Dan both hit the deck, looking at the shop as more gunfire explodes from inside, glass showering into the street...

DAN

What the hell's going on?

JACK

How am I supposed to know?

Jack and Dan crawl through the street to get a better view. From their POV: THE SOUTH AMERICAN MAN, his face visible through the blasted window.

DAN

WHO THE HELL IS THAT?

Back to the SOUTH AMERICAN MAN as we MATCH CUT TO:

22 INT. MANSION - DAY

22

The South American man is led through a mansion by a couple of armed guards. A title card reads "**Lima, Peru. 24 Hours Earlier.**" We see the man closer, now. His face is weathered, tough. He is PEDRO (40's).

We follow him into a lavish living room. ROMERO (50's), a sleek drug lord, lounges on the couch in a bathrobe, watching "The Nanny" in Spanish on a large TV. He chuckles at the program, glancing back at Pedro as he enters.

ROMERO

Pedro. Thank you for coming.

PEDRO

Senor Romero. You have a job for me?

Romero turns off the TV. Business time. He sighs.

ROMERO

For years, my cousin Escalante goes to the U.S. to deliver a product. He takes shipments of cocaine in a golf bag to my buyers and returns with cash. Yesterday, though, he was not on the flight from LA. Then I hear my buyers are all dead, and I get this in the FedEx.

Romero hands over Escalante's blood-splattered letter.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

I pay him twice what he made as a dry cleaner in Cuzco. And this is how he repays me. Fortunately, my cousin has the brain of a potato. My men found this in his villa.

Romero holds up a brochure featuring a smiling picture of Dr. Kalfuss. A caption reads: "*A Whole New You. Cosmetic surgery for Men and Women with Dr. Barry Kalfuss.*"

PEDRO

So. He hopes to disappear with a new face. Why don't you send your men for him?

ROMERO

They can't find a chicken in the yard. You have CIA training... you are the second best assassin in the world.

PEDRO

Yes. That is what they say. The  
second best.

ROMERO

You can do the thing, with the gun.

PEDRO

Yes. I can do the thing.

ROMERO

Do the thing for me?

PEDRO

I do not feel like it.

Romero turns to a guard, grinning.

ROMERO

You. Throw him your pistol.

Pedro sighs, closing his eyes as the guard tosses his pistol. Pedro catches it, FIRING SIX TIMES at the GUARD'S REFLECTION in a large mirror. Two in the eyes, one in the forehead, and three in the heart. The guard looks on, horrified...

Romero smiles at the guard - Awesome, huh? He turns to Pedro.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

Go to the U.S. Find Escalante and  
the golf bag. Prove to us all why  
you are the second best.

Pedro nods, his eyes cold, as he looks up at the "Body By Kalfuss" brochure. MATCH CUT off of Dr. Kalfuss's picture:

EXT. KALFUSS'S HOME - DAY

To DR. KALFUSS, walking up the front walk of his large, modern house, checking some mail. He opens the door...

23 INT. KALFUSS'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

23

Kalfuss walks into his living room, looks up... And sees Pedro, standing in the middle of the living room. Waiting for him. With a gun.

KALFUSS

How did you get in here? Who-

PEDRO

My name is Pedro. You were not at  
your office, so I came here.

(raises the gun)

(MORE)

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Where is Escalante? Where is the  
golf bag?

KALFUSS

I have an automatic security  
system. The police are already-

Pedro takes a SECURITY KEYPAD from his pocket and tosses it  
on the ground at Kalfuss's feet. Kalfuss looks at it, then:

KALFUSS (CONT'D)

Um... Mr. Escalante hired me to  
perform some cosmetic surgery. I  
informed him of the risks, of the  
fact that a percentage of patients-

Pedro cocks his pistol. Kalfuss's voice cracks with fear.

KALFUSS (CONT'D)

He's dead! I think it was a drug  
reaction. I paid a guy to dump the  
body, the golf bag, all of it. The  
guy's name is Julius Brown. Please,  
don't kill me...

PEDRO

Tell me where this Julius Brown is.

Off Pedro's look, we MATCH CUT TO:

24 EXT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY 24

Pedro WALKING INTO thrift shop; behind him, we see Jack and  
Dan in the middle of the argument they were having earlier...

25 INT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY 25

Pedro walks up to the counter of the thrift shop. Julius  
stands behind it. He smiles pleasantly. Pedro looks around,  
sees the green golf bag behind the counter.

PEDRO

Por favor, give to me the golf bag.

JULIUS

You speak Spanish? I'm learning.

Pedro nods, uncertain, as Julius sets the bag on the counter.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

*Este bolsa de golf?* You don't want  
it. I been trying to open it all  
day. It's locked or something.

PEDRO

The bag belongs to my employer.  
Good luck with your Spanish. Your  
grammar is good, but your accent  
needs work. I take the bag now.

Pedro reaches for the bag, but Julius yanks it away,  
frowning. He pulls a SHOTGUN from behind the counter.

JULIUS

That ain't how it works. Who are  
you? Why you want this bag?

PEDRO

That is a private matter. Please. I  
do not wish to kill you.

JULIUS

Kill *me*?

Julius racks the shotgun. Pedro sighs, then, lightning-fast,  
pulls a PISTOL from his pocket, diving in slow-motion... He  
FIRES. The bullets hit the TV by Julius' head. It EXPLODES.

Julius dives behind the counter, alarmed, as he FIRES BACK  
with the shotgun. The blast sends the window into the street-

26 EXT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY

26

We rejoin Jack and Dan in the street, as Dan runs toward the  
side of the thrift shop. Jack runs after him.

DAN

Police! Drop your weapons!

From inside, there are TWO MORE GUNSHOTS. Dan grins...

DAN (CONT'D)

Cover me. I'm going in.

JACK

You're serious? You drank a quart  
of Southern Comfort in the car-

DAN

That was a *fifth*. It lubricates the  
joints.

Dan runs for the door. Jack hesitates, then runs after him.

27 INT. THRIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

27

Jack and Dan burst into the thrift shop.

JACK  
*Freeze! Police!*

DAN  
DROP YOUR WEAPON, SON OF A BITCH-

PEDRO turns, graceful and deadly, guns in both hands, and FIRES. Dan tackles Jack as Pedro fires; TWO NEAT BULLET HOLES appear exactly where their heads were.

Jack and Dan roll behind a rack of amplifiers. Dan looks up, sees one of the bullets has hit an EZ-STEAM HUMIDIFIER.

DAN (CONT'D)  
*The hudimifiner!*

Pedro steps forward, as Julius seizes this brief lull to emerge from hiding and LEAP out the broken window, carrying the golf bag. He hits the ground running like a rabbit...

Dan peeks up from behind the amplifiers as Pedro RUNS OUT AFTER JULIUS. As he goes, HE FIRES at the thrift store's STEEL SECURITY GATE mechanism. The gate falls, blocking the windows and doors.

Dan yanks on the security gate, but it won't budge. He looks out at Pedro, who runs after Julius...

JACK  
I'm calling for backup-

DAN  
Knock yourself out. I'm gonna bust me some punks.

Dan runs to the back of the store, where a FIRE ESCAPE LADDER is visible through a back window.

JACK  
DAN! Dan, get back here-

But Dan is gone. Jack runs to the phone, dialing, furious...

28 EXT. THRIFT SHOP - ROOFTOP - DAY

28

Dan scrambles onto the roof from the fire escape ladder. FROM HIS POV we see Pedro in the street, firing after Julius as he pulls away in the Mazda.

DAN  
Hold it right there! Don't move!

Without breaking stride, Pedro SPINS and FIRES AT DAN. Dan ducks behind an air conditioning unit as he runs...

29 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

29

Pedro gets into his car, starting it. He looks around. Dan is nowhere to be found, until... WHAM! Dan lands on the hood of the car. It's a hard impact, as painful as it looks.

DAN

FREEZE!

Pedro sighs as he puts the car in gear and hits the gas. Dan looks around, alarmed at the swiftly accelerating car.

PEDRO

You are a brave man. I do not want to kill you.

DAN

Stop this car, Damnit!

Pedro shrugs and SLAMS on the brakes. Dan flies off the car. Pedro watches... a beat, and he drives off. FADE TO BLACK.

30 INT. LT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

30

Anderson sits behind her desk, reading a report. Jack sits with Dan, who is banged up, but in one piece.

LT. ANDERSON

So you exchanged fire, then called for backup *after* the firefight... Stark jumped on the hood of the suspect's car...

DAN

It's a start. What we need now is some of those fancy costumes the SWAT guys have.

JACK

I think what Dan is trying to say is that some more department resources would help us move this case forward-

LT. ANDERSON

Actually, I think it's safe to say this is outside the scope of your original investigation. I'll take it from here.

Jack and Dan share a look, both surprised and unhappy.

DAN

What the hell? You're taking our case? After all I did for you? After all I taught you-

LT. ANDERSON

This isn't personal, Dan. Now, I'd appreciate it if you would get out of my office. We're serving a warrant on Julius Brown's place in the morning. We've got work to do.

Dan glares at Lt. Anderson, then turns to go.

31 INT. BAR - NIGHT

31

Jack and Dan sit in a bar. Dan drinks something green and strong-looking. Jack drinks a beer.

JACK

What was that about back there? "All you did" for the Lieutenant?

DAN

Me'n Kate used to be partners. She bailed out as soon as she got the chance. Just like Grady, Quentin, Franco, LeBarge, D'Antonio, and the rest. It's not like the old days. Me and Frank, we were... It was like we were one guy, you know?

JACK

You probably don't want to talk like that when you're drinking a Midori sour.

DAN

Well, if Frank was here, we'd be down at that thrift shop now-

JACK

Dan, we got thrown off the case.

DAN

That means we're doin' a good job!

JACK

Good job? We broke damn near every rule the department has-

DAN

And we *found the bad guys*. I know you think you're just baby sitting me. I also know this: a real cop doesn't bail on a case like this.

JACK

So a "real cop" risks his career for a \$45 small appliance?

DAN

There are *no... small... crimes*. Only small cops. You put that in your computer, college boy. You want to get rid of me? Work on your precious career? Well, it's not gonna happen until you grow a pair and crack some cases.

Dan looks at Jack for a long moment as this sinks in. Then:

JACK

So what do you propose?

DAN

We're still on the humidifier case.

JACK

Our only lead is Julius Brown. And Julius belongs to Lt. Anderson.

DAN

Then she's gonna have to share.

32 INT. JULIUS BROWN'S HOUSE - MORNING

32

Julius sits in his living room with the golf bag on the ground as he hastily packs a bag, looking out the window as he dials the phone.

KALFUSS (ON TELEPHONE)

Hello?

33 INT. KALFUSS'S DINING ROOM - INTERCUT

33

Kalfuss lies tied spread-eagle on the dining room table. Pedro holds the phone to his ear.

JULIUS (ON TELEPHONE)

What the hell did you get me into?  
Who's golf bag is this?

KALFUSS

Julius! Thank God. There's a man here. Talk to him. Please. I'll give you *anything*-

Pedro takes the phone from Kalfuss's ear.

PEDRO

Mr. Julius. I was hoping you would call. *Como estas?*

JULIUS (ON PHONE)

*Como estas? Yo soy enojado.*

PEDRO

You're angry? The verb "ser" is an identifier. Estoy refers to states of being. You mean *yo estoy enojado*.

(a beat, then:)

Give me the golf bag, or I must hunt you down and kill you.

JULIUS

Give you the golf bag? Uh uh. I tell you what. You meet me where and when I say, we negotiate a finder's fee.

PEDRO

Fine. Where?

JULIUS

I'm part owner in a little place called Sage Hen's Ranch, out in the desert. Five PM tomorrow.

Pedro hangs up as he slaps a clip into his pistol.

IN JULIUS' HOUSE: Julius GRABS THE GOLF BAG and hurries out the back as we FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Jack stands in his driveway by his car, holding his cell phone. He is clearly torn, as he considers the phone... Finally, he dials. A few rings... LIZ answers.

LIZ

Liz Townsend.

JACK

It's me. I'm sorry to bother you on your cell. I just...

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I need to ask you something. It's  
sort of important.

INT. LIZ TOWNSEND'S OFFICE - MORNING

Liz sits in her office, with a mug of coffee. Intercut  
between Liz and Jack...

LIZ

What is it? Is something wrong?

JACK (O.S.)

When you and I, um... when we broke  
up... why did we break up, exactly?

LIZ

Exactly? Um... as I recall you got  
into an argument at my birthday  
dinner with a guy who said Einstein  
invented the light bulb, and we got  
kicked out of the restaurant.

IN THE CAR Jack winces at the acutely painful memory. Then:

JACK

Yeah, I know that was the actual  
day. But on a deeper level, wasn't  
it more that you thought I should  
take more risks? Be more assertive  
with my career?

LIZ

Jack. You *always do this*. Can't it  
just be that we were younger, and  
we were at different places in our-

JACK

Forget it. I'll... call you later.

Jack hangs up. A beat. He dials the phone again...

JACK (CONT'D)

Dan. It's Jack. I'm on my way over.

34 INT. JACK'S CAR - MORNING

34

Jack drives. Dan sits in the passenger seat, drinking a  
bottle of peach schnapps. Jack looks over, annoyed.

JACK

Just so I'm clear, Dan: your plan  
is to get drunk and follow the  
Lieutenant around while she  
investigates our case?

DAN

I know what'm doin', all right?

Dan belches. His eyes half closed, he peers out at JULIUS BROWN'S HOUSE, up ahead, surrounded by police cars.

35 INT. JULIUS BROWN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

35

Lt. Anderson searches the room, talking into a tape recorder. Some CSI guys dust for prints. Clothes and papers are strewn on the floor. It's clear Julius left in a hurry.

LT. ANDERSON

...room's disarray seems to indicate a hurried departure, with-

The door opens, and Dan lurches into the room, followed by Jack. Anderson looks at Dan, wincing at his breath.

DAN

Hey there, Lieutenant.

LT. ANDERSON

Um... if memory serves, I took you off this case yesterday. Have you been drinking, Detective Stark? Something... peach-flavored?

DAN

It's for the nightmares. Since the shoot out, every night, it's coming back to me...

LT. ANDERSON

It happened yesterday, Dan.

DAN

I just came by, you know, to try to get some whadyacallit... closure. It's some post-traumatic stress thing. I can't take a piss without screaming. I stuck a gun in my mouth last night, nearly blew my molars out the back of my skull.

Dan falls to his knees sobbing, VOMITS, then passes out. Anderson and looks on, disgusted. She turns to Jack.

LT. ANDERSON

If you're trying to repair your reputation in this department, letting your partner vomit on a crime scene is not a good start.

(MORE)

LT. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
He'll wake up in a minute. Let's  
get out of here and get some air.

Everyone leaves... ANGLE ON Dan, who opens one eye.

36 INT. JACK'S CAR - LATER

36

Jack drives. Dan sits in the passenger seat.

JACK  
What the hell was that?

DAN  
Never heard of good cop, sick cop?  
When everyone left I poked around.  
Got the last number Julius called.  
We ask on the street, find someone  
who recognizes the number... Should  
have an address in a few days.

JACK  
I'll look it up on the computer. It  
can give us the address a little  
faster than asking random people on  
the street.

Dan hands a slip of paper with a phone number to Jack.

DAN  
Pull over again. I need to puke one  
more time before we go.

37 EXT. KALFUSS'S HOUSE - DAY

37

Jack and Dan stand at the doorway to Kalfuss's house. Dan  
rings the doorbell. A beat. Nothing. He tries the door...

DAN  
S'open. Let's go in, take a peek.

JACK  
Dan, anything we "peek" at is  
inadmissable in court. We've got no  
probable cause to walk into-

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The door SPLINTERS under a HAIL OF BULLETS.

DAN  
Howzat for probable?

Off Jack's look...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

38 EXT. KALFUSS'S HOUSE - DAY 38

Jack and Dan are flat on the ground, covering their heads as AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE destroys the door and perforates Jack's car in the driveway.

DAN  
You think the lawyers are gonna be cool if we go in?

JACK  
You have no idea who's in there!

The gunfire stops... Dan peeks around. Grins.

DAN  
I will soon.

Dan raises his gun and CHARGES through the door, GUN BLASTING. Jack follows-

39 INT. KALFUSS'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39

Pedro DIVES FOR COVER. All around him the room explodes in a rain of bullets from Jack and Dan. Pedro returns fire as he runs to the next room...

In slow motion, we watch the living room destroyed: The picture windows EXPLODING... The Bose stereo SPLINTERING... The baby grand piano PERFORATING...

ANGLE ON KALFUSS, still tied to the table in the dining room, screaming in horror.

Jack and Dan follow Pedro, stopping at the door to the kitchen.

DAN  
He's empty.  
(off Jack's look)  
That's a .45. The clip holds nine slugs. I counted.

JACK  
Since when can you count?

Dan KICKS open the door.

DAN  
You're under arre-

There is a high pitched swish as several KITCHEN KNIVES come flying out of the kitchen. One hits Dan in the chest.

JACK

*Dan!*

Dan falls, a DARK STAIN spreading on his shirt...

DAN

*Go...*

Furious, glancing back at his fallen comrade, Jack takes Dan's pistol and pulls his own, RUNNING FOR THE DOOR...

Dan pulls the knife from his chest, and we see it has pierced a small FLASK OF LIQUOR in his pocket, which is leaking.

40 INT. KALFUSS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 40

Jack BURSTS into the kitchen, where Pedro stands LOADING his .45's. A sitting duck.

Jack OPENS FIRE, double-fisted... BANG! BANG CLICK CLICK! The pistols RUN DRY. Dust and smoke fill the room. Debris everywhere.

In the center of it all stands PEDRO. Untouched. Jack looks at him, incredulous.

JACK

Not even one?

PEDRO

It's more difficult than it looks,  
with two guns. Breath control is  
key. Yoga, perhaps, would help.

With that Pedro raises his own weapons and Jack DUCKS BEHIND THE KITCHEN ISLAND as a hail of gunfire comes his way. Then nothing. He peeks out... Pedro is gone.

Jack moves to follow, moving out of the kitchen into a hall.

41 INT. KALFUSS'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 41

Jack emerges from the hall into the living room, where they started. He rolls, and brings his gun up into the face of... DAN. Who also has his gun TRAINED ON JACK. A beat.

Then the sound of a CAR SCREECHING out of the driveway.

Jack runs to the window... Pedro is gone.

From behind them, we hear a low moan... they turn and see Kalfuss, tied to the dining room table, near tears.

42 INT. KALFUSS'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

42

Jack and Dan sit with Kalfuss in the destroyed living room. Kalfuss is shaking, terrified...

KALFUSS

And then he came back to my house, tied me up, and waited. He just sat on the couch with his gun.

JACK

Do you have any idea what was in the golf bag?

KALFUSS

God knows what criminals keep in their golf bags! I'm a plastic surgeon! What do I know about-

DAN

Plastic surgeon, huh? You do tits?  
(jots down a number)  
I was thinkin' for Eileen... poor girl got her humidifier stolen. Maybe it'd be nice. You know, like a surprise. Give her a call. I figure we saved your life. Least you could do is throw in a pair of-

JACK

Back to the attempted homicide... any idea where Julius Brown is meeting the man who tied you up?

Kalfuss nods at a computer in the corner. Untouched.

KALFUSS

He checked Mapquest on my computer. Shoot him for me, OK? This guy's a cold-blooded killer.

43 INT. INTERNATIONAL PASSENGER ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

43

Pedro is talking on a cell phone. We hear his conversation, in subtitled Spanish.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

*I will not discuss this. Do as I say or suffer the consequences.*

Pedro's face hardens, as he listens to the response.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

*Then take it away from him. Esteban-*

Pedro scowls - the first time we've seen him lose his cool.

44 INT. PEDRO'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

44

ESTEBAN (15) sits watching TV in a baseball cap and a tee shirt. He watches, annoyed, at his little brother FELIPE (2), who is playing with a fork.

ESTEBAN

*It's the only thing he likes. He cries all the time.*

PEDRO

*It's not safe for him to play with a fork! He could put it in an outlet and electrocute himself! Esteban, if I come home and find Felipe playing with a fork, I will shoot the TV with my pistol.*

Esteban takes the fork from Felipe, who starts crying.

ESTEBAN

*OK. I did it. He's crying now.*

Esteban puts the phone to Felipe's ear.

PEDRO

*Hello, mijo. Don't cry. Papa will bring you a toy.*

Esteban takes back the phone.

ESTEBAN

*He's still crying.*

PEDRO

*He's little. Esteban, I must tell you something. This mission, it is-*

ESTEBAN

*...dangerous and if you are killed I must take care of the family now that mama is gone. Right?*

45 INT. INTERNATIONAL PASSENGER ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

45

Pedro looks over at the gate as Romero walks in. Pedro's eyes narrow when he sees who he's with... The BEST ASSASSIN IN THE WORLD.

PEDRO

*Yes. I love you. I have to go.*

Pedro hangs up, nodding to Romero. Romero smiles, eyes hard.

ROMERO

Pedro, you know the Best Assassin in the World? He was at a film festival, but now he is available.

PEDRO

We have met.

Pedro glares at The Best Assassin, who stares back. Hate.

ROMERO

So. Did you find Escalante's body?

PEDRO

No. There was no time.

ROMERO

Sad. I had hoped to urinate on his corpse. So. What is the plan?

PEDRO

The man with the golf bag is a part owner in a brothel. We will meet him there, and get the bag.

The three men walk through the airport. The crowds part for them as they go... these guys are scary. FADE TO BLACK.

46 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

46

Liz sits on the phone in her office, talking to Jack.

LIZ

Jack... what, exactly, are you trying to say?

JACK (O.S.)

I'm just asking for your legal opinion. As a district attorney.

LIZ

Okaaay... legally, the fact that you're not officially assigned a case should not affect prosecution. Provided all else is in order.

(a beat)

Jack. Are you staying on that case?

47 INT. JACK'S CAR - INTERCUT

47

Jack sits in his car with Dan, driving through the desert in his ruined car as he talks on the phone.

JACK

I didn't say that.

LIZ (O.S.)

Here's a non-legal opinion: don't work cases you're not assigned to. You fail, you look stupid. You succeed, everyone else looks stupid. It's a terrible career move.

JACK

Appropriate, as I seem to have a terrible career. Thanks, Liz.

Jack hangs up, as he and Dan drive into the outskirts of a small desert town.

DAN

I'll never get over that. You used to date that lady D.A. and you stay *friends* with her even after she hooks up with some rich guy? You need to stop by the testicle shop, college boy. I'm serious-

JACK

You know, telling you about me and Liz is one of the biggest regrets of my entire life. She's a friend, and if you keep talking about it I'll push you out of the car. Let's leave it at that.

(a beat)

Besides, with what we're doing, we need all the friends we can get.

DAN

Ahh, Back in the old days, Frank'n me did this all the time. Being a cop's not about rules - It's about people. It's looking Eileen in the eye and say "I caught the bastard that stole your hudimifiner."

JACK

And then sleeping with her.

DAN

I swore to protect and serve.

Jack drives for a long moment, then:

JACK

I wanted to say thanks for saving  
my life back at the thrift store.  
If you hadn't tackled me-

DAN

Ooh! Looky there!

Dan points out the window at a dusty little used car dealership. Among the usual Honda Civics and Datsun hatchbacks is a black 1975 TRANS-AM BANDIT.

DAN (CONT'D)

That's a Trans-Am, just like me'n  
Frank used to have! Pull over.  
(off Jack's look)  
Trade in this crapmobile, and we  
could have ourselves a CAR!

JACK

We're not buying a Trans-Am.

Dan looks back at the car dealership, disappointed, as they continue into the night.

48 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - NIGHT

48

A tattered trucker brothel. Women hang around in sexy clothes; men drink at the bar. Julius sits talking to ROGER, an aging biker. Roger is a thoughtful, intelligent man despite his many flaming skull tattoos.

JULIUS

Listen, it'll be good. You bring  
your biker pals for security. I do  
my deal. Five grand.

ROGER

Okay, so I get a whole biker gang,  
locked and loaded, to watch your  
back... For five grand. I think a  
percentage seems fairer, don't you?

JULIUS

Okay, uh... six percent.  
(off his look)  
It's what real estate agents get.  
It's a starting point.

ROGER

Putting that aside, how about the cops?

JULIUS

Cops? If there are cops, then we can negotiate-

ROGER

No, I'm saying, what about *those* cops? Right there, behind you.

Julius turns, alarmed, and sees... JACK AND DAN, walking in, badges ready, guns drawn.

DAN

Don't you move, you son of a-

Julius BOLTS FROM THE TABLE, running toward the back with the golf bag. Jack and Dan run after him...

49 EXT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - NIGHT

49

Julius bursts through the back door with Jack close on his heels. He takes off into the desert.

JACK

FREEZE! NOW!

Jack runs hard, gaining on Julius and CATCHING HIM. In a series of PRECISE MARTIAL ARTS MOVES, he puts Julius on the ground in a painful arm-bar.

DAN (O.S.)

Atta boy! For a moment, I coulda sworn you were Frank. Where'd you learn that fancy ninja stuff?

Jack turns and sees Dan at the back door of the brothel, surrounded by scantily clad women.

JACK

The police training academy. They prefer the term "suspect apprehension tactics" to "fancy ninja stuff."

Dan pulls some cuffs...

DAN

Whatever. Let's round this punk up. We got a golf bag to open.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - BEDROOM - LATER 50

A Sage Hen's "party room." Lots of pink, velvet, and lace. A large mirror on the ceiling. Julius is handcuffed to the bed, which conveniently has a designated place for handcuffs.

Dan carefully aims his gun at the golf bag's lock, and FIRES. A BULLET RICOCHETS and shatters a mirror by Julius' head.

JULIUS

Cut that out, man!

Jack runs in from the hallway alarmed; he is on the phone.

JACK

DAN! What are you-

DAN

I'm investigating.

JACK (ON PHONE)

Everything's fine, Lieutenant. I'll call you in a minute.

Jack hangs up, angry.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm on the phone trying to save our asses, and you're SHOOTING THE EVIDENCE WITH YOUR PISTOL?

DAN

Evidence? We don't even know what the Hell it is. The brass is on the way. We gotta move the ball up the field before they get here.

Dan FIRES at the golf bag again, which falls over and OPENS. Stacks of CASH tumble out. Jack, Dan, and Julius stare...

JULIUS

I was gonna sell that for a *hundred grand*. Damn.

JACK

Sell it? To who?

JULIUS

I don't know the dude! You were there... He just showed up in my store, corrected my Spanish, and tried to shoot me.

DAN

You best tell us where you got the bag. Because if you don't, college boy here is going to figure it out anyway with his computer, and I'm going to hit you in the mouth.

JULIUS

All I know is it belongs to a dead guy. He was in the trunk of a car I dumped for that doctor. He's gone, and he *ain't coming back*.

Off Dan's look, we SMASH CUT TO:

51 EXT. MEXICAN GORGE - DAY 51

Escalante's Pontiac Sunfire lies crumpled at the bottom of a gorge in Mexico. A title reads: **Mexico. Two Days Earlier.**

From inside the trunk, a thump. Another thump, and the trunk opens. Escalante emerges, in a surgical gown, screaming.

ESCALANTE

AAAAAAAUUUUUGGHHH!!!!

Birds fly into the sky. Escalante climbs out of the trunk, looking around, bewildered. He sees the crumpled Pontiac, sees the reflection of his mangled face in a side mirror.

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAUUUUGH!!!!

Escalante pulls a picture of Erik Estrada from a pile of bloodstained pictures in the bottom of the trunk. He looks at the picture. Looks at his reflection.

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

*Revenge...*

Grimacing, he takes a pistol from the trunk. He looks up at the wall of the steep gorge... And begins to climb.

52 EXT. MEXICAN HIGHWAY - MORNING 52

Escalante stumbles along the side of the road, his clothes filthy and torn. His mangled face is grim, determined.

Escalante sees a car on the horizon. A yellow Pontiac Sunfire. He stares at it in disbelief, waving it down. It pulls to a stop. A TOURIST, pokes his head out the window...

TOURIST

You need something, buddy?

Escalante puts the pistol to the tourist's forehead.

ESCALANTE  
Get out of the car.

53 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY 53

The front room of the Sage Hen's Ranch is filled with police. Jack sits at a table with Lt. Anderson...

LT. ANDERSON  
What the hell were you thinking,  
letting Dan Stark pursue this case?

JACK  
We recovered \$3 million in drug  
money. Have you ever considered Dan  
might be right about some things? I  
mean, ever since he and Frank-

LT. ANDERSON  
Do you *know* what happened to Frank  
Savage? Ever wonder why he's not  
still in the department like Dan?

JACK  
I heard it was a nervous condition-

LT. ANDERSON  
Dan got him to jump out a car  
window when they went after the  
governor's kid. Frank had a nervous  
breakdown... he teaches art to  
retarded kids now.

She closes her eyes, shuddering... She recovers, then:

LT. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
You want to stay on the case? Fine.  
But Dan goes home. Now.

Dan emerges from the back area of Sage Hens in a bathrobe.

DAN  
What'd I miss?

54 INT. DR. KALFUSS'S OFFICE - DAY 54

Kalfuss sits in his office, haggard and bruised. He tries to put a good face on as he talks to a very confused Eileen.

EILEEN  
You're just calling me out of the  
blue and offering me a boob job?

KALFUSS

It was Detective Stark's idea. He wanted it to be a surprise.

Eileen's eyes well up. She is deeply touched.

EILEEN

Dan? Really? That is *so sweet*. It's like the perfect post-feminist gift, isn't it?

KALFUSS

Right. So, uh... we just need to schedule the procedure. Have you thought at all about-

From OS, there is the CRASH of some glass breaking. Kalfuss looks up, hesitating.

KALFUSS (CONT'D)

I should just see what-

Suddenly the GLASS DOOR of Kalfuss's office SHATTERS, and ESCALANTE BURSTS IN. He twists his scarred face into a horrifying grimace as he points his gun at Kalfuss.

ESCALANTE

You think you can kill me, yes? Kill me, and steal my money?

KALFUSS

WAIT! WAIT, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

ESCALANTE

YOU PUT ME IN THE TRUNK OF A CAR AND PUSHED IT OFF A MOUNTAIN!

Escalante cocks his pistol, levelling it at Kalfuss. Eileen looks on, stunned and terrified.

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

*Where is my golf bag?*

KALFUSS

It was in the car! I paid a guy named Julius to dump it. The cops are after him, and, uh... a man from your country. Pedro?

A flicker of concern on Escalante's face.

ESCALANTE

Pedro? The thing with the gun...

KALFUSS

You can follow them! I can tell you where they went. You can take her as a hostage!!

EILEEN

What? What are you-

KALFUSS

She's the girlfriend of one of the cops! Please... just take her. Get your golf bag. Then I'll fix your face! You'll look just like Erik Estrada, I swear.

Escalante gazes at his reflection in the mirror on the wall... Thinks for a moment. Then turns to Eileen.

ESCALANTE

You. Come with me.

55 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

55

Jack and Dan sit in a diner. Dan looks at his phone, annoyed.

DAN

I was kinda hoping I'd get a call from Eileen. See what she thought of my little present. She was s'posed to talk to that doctor...

JACK

Listen, Dan. I talked to the Lieutenant. She wants you off the case. For real this time.

DAN

C'mon, Jack... working a case is like riding a horse. You get thrown off, you gotta climb right back on.

JACK

Not us, Dan. You. I'm staying on.

DAN

What? What the *hell* are you taking about? Jack, partners don't stab each other in the back-

JACK

I'm not stabbing you! Dan, this is the biggest case of my career!

DAN

The only reason there's a case at all is I dragged you here kicking and screaming! So you know some fancy "evidence rules" and you can work a computer machine! I was busting punks before you were born-

JACK

So? At this point I wouldn't trust you to bust a Goddamn balloon!

DAN

Frank never woulda done this. Frank-

JACK

HE HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN BECAUSE YOU CONVINCED HIM TO JUMP OUT THE WINDOW OF A MOVING CAR!

Dan blinks. That *hurt*. A long moment... then Dan gets up and walks out of the restaurant. Jack watches him go. CUT TO:

56 INT. ROMERO'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

56

Romero walks into the motel room in his pajamas and slippers. Pedro and The Best Assassin sit glaring at each other.

ROMERO

I take this bed. You two take that one. It will be the assassin bed.

PEDRO

I am fine with the chair.

ROMERO

Pedro. How will you do the thing with the gun, if you do not sleep? Be ready, because tomorrow, if I do not get the golf bag? I will kill your sons. Esteban and baby Felipe.

The Best Assassin smiles at this. Pedro's fists clench.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

I like to give clear incentives for my employees. Goodnight.

Pedro sits in the darkness, his gun ready.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

57 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY

57

Julius sits in the Sage Hen's bar with the golf bag, wearing a large orange sweatshirt with "Vegas, Baby!" written across the front in sparkly letters. He looks over at Jack, sitting a couple of tables away.

JULIUS

Do I really have to wear this?

JACK

It's the only thing big enough to hide a bulletproof vest. We went over this, okay? Just stay cool, do the deal. We'll be listening in the back on a wire. If there's any trouble-

JULIUS

Trouble? Like me getting my ass shot off?

JACK

Not likely, but that's what the vest is for. If there's any trouble, we'll move in.

JULIUS

Where's that other cop, the one that smells like peppermint schnapps? I want a second opinion.

JACK

He's... not around. It'll be fine.

Jack looks out at the window, a flicker of concern crossing his face... DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. GAS STATION MINI-MART - DAY

58

A little gas station mini-mart. A CLERK behind the counter. A beat, and Dan walks in, walks to the counter.

DAN

A quart of whatever's strongest.

The Clerk nods, takes a bottle of Bacardi 151 from under the counter, scans it with a "beep"... Dan watches, misty-eyed.

DAN (CONT'D)

Howzat work? The laser thing?

CLERK

It reads the bar code, I guess.

DAN

Man. You wake up one day and it's all lasers and robots and people shaving places they didn't used to shave. Y'know?

CLERK

Yep. That'll be 25.72.

Dan digs in his pants pocket, pulls out some bills...

DAN

I got, uh... \$17. Say I throw this in and we call it even?

He puts his DETECTIVE BADGE on the counter.

CLERK

A detective badge?

DAN

Gotta be worth a few bucks.

They are interrupted by a MUFFLED SCREAM from outside. Dan looks, curious... RACK FOCUS TO a car getting gas outside: It's ESCALANTE. Eileen is bound with duct tape in the passenger seat. Her eyes meet Dan's as she screams again.

Escalante points his gun at her and she shuts up. He gets into the car, oblivious to Dan watching from the mini-mart.

DAN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Dan SNATCHES HIS BADGE BACK and runs out...

59 EXT. STREET - DAY

59

Dan runs into the street as Escalante turns a corner.

DAN

HEY! STOP!!

Too late. Desperate, he looks around... ANGLE ON the car dealership they passed the day before. The TRANS-AM.

60 INT. ESCALANTE'S SUNFIRE - CONTINUOUS

60

Escalante drives, twisting his scarred face into a grim smile as he looks at some Mapquest directions. Eileen glances behind them, clearly searching for Dan...

ESCALANTE

Almost there.

(to Eileen)

You know, soon I will be a rich man. And once my surgery is done, I will be very attractive. Maybe you leave your boyfriend for me, no?

Escalante laughs. Eileen forces a laugh, terrified.

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT! SHUT UP!

Eileen is quiet. A beat, then:

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

So. What is your job, before you were my hostage?

EILEEN

I'm- I'm a flight attendant.

ESCALANTE

When I am rich, I will fly first class. You can bring me a mimosa.

Eileen stares at Escalante, who is clearly going insane.

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

YOU WILL BRING ME A MIMOSA!!

EILEEN

Please, let me out. I can talk to them for you, maybe-

ESCALANTE

No, it is better this way. I get my money, or I take us both to Hell.

He pats her knee as the car continues into the desert.

61 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY

61

Julius sits with the golf bag as the door opens and ROMERO enters with PEDRO and THE BEST ASSASSIN. Julius nods to Pedro, and the three converge at a table.

JULIUS

Buenos dias. Como estas?

PEDRO

Your Spanish is coming along well. This is my employer. The bag you have belongs to him.

Julius nods at Romero. Romero nods back...

JULIUS  
I gotta ask... why a golf bag?

ROMERO  
I had it made. When people see a  
golf bag, they don't look too hard.

62 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS 62

Jack sits with Lt. Anderson and the other cops, listening on  
headphones...

63 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS 63

ANGLE ON Pedro, who scans the room. He looks at Julius'  
sweatshirt, frowns...

ROMERO  
Pedro, check the bag.

Pedro opens the bag... he checks inside.

PEDRO  
(in Spanish)  
*Looks like it's all here.*

JULIUS  
Right. So... let's talk about my  
finders fee?

ROMERO  
Ah, yes. Your money.

JULIUS  
Yeah. I was thinking a hundred k...

ROMERO  
I have a better idea.

Romero SHOOTS JULIUS IN THE CHEST. Julius goes SPRAWLING...

A beat, and Jack and Lt. Anderson burst through the door,  
guns drawn...

JACK  
POLICE! FREEZE!! PUT DOWN YOUR  
WEAPONS-

Instantly, the room EXPLODES WITH GUNFIRE as Pedro and the  
Best Assassin fire at the back room, driving the cops back...

JACK AND LT. ANDERSON dive for cover as Pedro and the Best Assassin take up positions at opposite ends of the room.

Romero runs for the door with the golf bag.

Julius, meanwhile, lies on the floor, with a bullet hole in his sweatshirt, yelling...

JULIUS

*I knew it! I knew I'd get shot!*

Pedro and The Best Assassin continue BLASTING AWAY. Each *amazing*. Pedro kicks a table over to block the door, leaving Jack and Anderson cut off from the rest of the cops...

Jack manages to reach out and grab Julius, dragging him behind some furniture and under cover...

64 EXT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY 64

Romero emerges from the bar, running for his car. He is almost at the car, when he hears a noise at the other end of the parking lot. He looks up, curious...

65 INT. ESCALANTE'S SUNFIRE - CONTINUOUS 65

Escalante ROARS into the PARKING LOT, Eileen at his side. From his POV, we see Romero at the car with the golf bag. Escalante grins. His dreams have come true.

ESCALANTE

*Romero...*

66 EXT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - PARKING LOT - DAY 66

Romero sees the Sunfire SCREAMING TOWARD HIM. He squints at the driver, in shocked disbelief:

ROMERO

*Escalante?*

WHAM! Romero is CREAMED by Escalante's car. Inside, Escalante howls with triumph as he jams the car into reverse. The car thumps over Romero's body again...

67 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY 67

Jack, still PINNED DOWN. Through the front window, Jack sees Escalante, with Eileen tied up in the Sunfire...

He looks for a path to the door, but PEDRO AND THE BEST ASSASSIN have them completely pinned down. Pedro looks out at Escalante. He frowns, disapproving...

BACK TO JACK, who looks through the bullet-riddled bar. He SEES PEDRO'S EXPRESSION. He thinks, weighing some decision...

68 EXT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - PARKING LOT - DAY 68

Romero is on the ground, his hand clutching the golf bag in a death grip. Escalante begins kicking Romero again and again.

ESCALANTE

That is for taking my frequent  
flyer miles! That is for calling me  
your chihuahua at Hernan's wedding-

Escalante continues kicking and screaming unintelligibly.

69 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY 69

Jack stares out the window at the scene. He's got to get to Eileen. To Julius:

JACK

Will you cover me?

JULIUS

With what, my winning smile?

A beat. Jack holds up his gun. Offering it. Lt. Anderson watches Jack in disbelief from the bar...

LT. ANDERSON

Jack. Do *not* give the suspect your  
weapon-

A bullet ZANGS! off the metal bar behind her, and she ducks. Jack looks through the window, where Escalante is getting back in the car with the golf bag. He looks at Julius, who TAKES THE GUN. Cocks it. Ready. He peeks out...

JACK

On three. One, two, *three!*

Julius and Jack SPRING UP, simultaneously. Julius SHOOTING, Jack RUNNING for the door...

Pedro and The Best Assassin spin towards Julius, FIRING...

Julius ducks back down behind the bar with Lt. Anderson. The bar is shredded by gunfire. Jack is almost at the door, when-

CLICK. The sound of Pedro's gun. Trained on Jack's head.

Jack looks at Pedro. Waiting for death. He looks out the window at Escalante driving with Eileen. Then, simply:

JACK (CONT'D)  
Please. Let me save her.

Pedro stares. Jack stares back. Something passing between them. The Best Assassin looks at Pedro...

And suddenly, Pedro and the Best Assassin SPIN TOWARDS EACH OTHER, weapons up. A STAND-OFF. Pedro mutters to Jack:

PEDRO  
Go.

Jack bolts. Pedro and the Best Assassin don't move. A final showdown. Julius peeks over a table to watch. Excited.

JULIUS  
Oh, man. It's on, now...

70 EXT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY 70

Jack emerges from the ranch. He looks around, desperate for some way to follow Escalante. Nothing. He keys his radio:

JACK (CONT'D)  
*Backup! I need backup here! Are there any units available-*

Cut off by the LOW GROWL of a BIG ENGINE...

ANGLE ON DAN. At the wheel of the Trans-Am. Grinning.

71 INT. ESCALANTE'S SUNFIRE - CONTINUOUS 71

Escalante drives like a maniac down the desert highway; cars swerve to stay out of his way... Eileen screams as they barely miss a SEMI, weaving through the traffic.

72 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS 72

Pedro and The Best Assassin are locked in a double Mexican standoff. No one moves. Julius watches, fascinated.

JULIUS  
I read about this kind of thing.  
Kinda like the Samurai in ancient Japan. See, a killing machine's got a whole different mind set-

Lt. Anderson looks at Julius, incredulous...

73 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 73

Back to the chaos of the chase. Escalante weaves through traffic, narrowly missing three cars as he drives on THE WRONG SIDE OF THE MEDIAN STRIP.

74 INT. TRANS-AM - CONTINUOUS 74

Dan turns to Jack as he eyes Escalante on the other side of the freeway. He CRANKS THE WHEEL, launching the Trans-Am over the median. It comes down BONE-CRUNCHINGLY HARD in a shower of sparks...

75 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - DAY 75

Back to Pedro and The Best Assassin. No movement.

Then the Best Assassin makes a SLIGHT STEP to the left. Pedro MIRRORS this instantly. Julius grins, excited:

JULIUS

See that? My man mirrors the move,  
so that sunglasses dude don't get  
the drop on him with an angle.

Lt. Anderson looks up, a little curious... it's true. Pedro mirrors The Best Assassin's slightest twitch. Silent.

76 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 76

The Trans-Am gains on the smaller Sunfire, both cars weaving through traffic.

INSIDE THE SUNFIRE, Escalante pulls his pistol and FIRES at an approaching FRUIT TRUCK, which SWERVES... And TIPS OVER as they pass, sending a cascade of TANGERINES onto the road. It's the IMAGE FROM THE OPENING, tangerines rolling along...

INSIDE THE TRANS-AM, Dan hits the gas, and they pull up alongside the Sunfire.

INSIDE THE SUNFIRE, Eileen sees who is at the wheel...

EILEEN

*Dan...*

ESCALANTE

That is your boyfriend?

He FIRES out the window at the Trans-Am...

ESCALANTE (CONT'D)

*Your woman dies with me!!*

77 INT. SAGE HEN'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

77

Back to Pedro and The Best Assassin. Lt. Anderson is watching openly, now. Enthralled.

LT. ANDERSON

How long can they stay like that?

JULIUS

Hours. Days, maybe. They're waiting for a tiny advantage. Then it's gonna be over just... like... *that*.

He SNAPS HIS FINGERS to prove the point. As he does ALL FOUR GUNS ROAR. Julius and Lt. Anderson dive behind tables... silence.

On Pedro and the Best Assassin. Neither has moved. The Best Assassin stands there, stonefaced... then CRUMPLES to the floor. DEAD. Pedro turns to Lt. Anderson. Drops his guns.

PEDRO

I wish to go home.

78 INT. TRANS-AM - DAY

78

Jack turns to Dan, desperate...

JACK

He's going to kill her before we can get him off the road.

DAN

Yeah. Unless...

Dan looks at Jack, hesitating... Jack realizes what Dan is not saying. He looks out the window, then unbuckles his seat belt. For the first time, Dan Stark looks really scared...

DAN (CONT'D)

Jack-

JACK

It's okay.

Dan hands Jack his .45 and hits the gas.

ANGLE ON - the SPEEDOMETER, which reads 95 mph.

Dan grips the wheel, desperate to hold it steady...

Jack gets on the seat. Moment of truth...

JACK (CONT'D)

AAAUUUGH!

Jack LEAPS FROM THE WINDOW OF THE Trans-Am...

Dan, holding his breath...

Escalante, stunned to see a man flying towards him...

WHAM! As Jack FLIES through the window onto Escalante.

79 INT. ESCALANTE'S SUNFIRE - CONTINUOUS

79

The tiny compact car is a confusion of limbs and grunting, as Jack wrestles with Escalante, trying to pry the gun out of his hand, and Eileen struggles to help with bound hands.

BLAM! Escalante FIRES the .45 into the dashboard. The AIRBAG DEPLOYS, adding to the confusion as Jack struggles to pry the gun out of Escalante's hand. Eileen knees Escalante in the face with a vicious CRUNCH...

IN THE TRANS-AM, Dan watches the Sunfire SWERVING ALL OVER THE ROAD, careening toward a MOUNTAIN UP AHEAD.

Dan grips the front of the steering wheel, edging the Trans-Am toward the front of the Sunfire. Rapidly running out of road... He JERKS the brake hard as he turns.

With a SPECTACULAR SHOWER OF SPARKS and GRINDING OF METAL, the TRANS-AM AND THE SUNFIRE LOCK TOGETHER, screeching along the road... And grind to a stop INCHES FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROCK.

A moment, and the door of the Trans-Am opens. Dan struts to the Sunfire, his mojo back. He looks in at Eileen.

DAN

Hey there. You all right?

Eileen nods as he helps her out of the car. He peers at Jack, who sits in the drivers seat with a bloody nose, crumpled under an unconscious Escalante. He grins.

DAN (CONT'D)

Nice work, partner. You're learning.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

80 INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - SOME TIME LATER

80

Jack and Dan sit in Liz's office with a very unhappy looking Lt. Anderson. Liz talks to the three of them, uncomfortable.

LIZ

I wanted you all here because the case is... challenging, shall we say. What with three suspects that were shot, the other suspect that was run over, and the \$1.5 million in property damage. But I do see here that we had... one arrest.

DAN

It was a good one, though.

LIZ

Escalante *is* testifying against the cartel. Julius Brown, however, gets to walk. You violated over thirty procedural rules. That's a record.

DAN

Better we keep him as a snitch, anyhow. We get a medal, or what?

LT. ANDERSON

A medal? This morning, the FBI and the DEA both called to scream at me for letting two local property crimes detectives get involved with an international drug case. Your reward is you keep your jobs.

JACK

Will we be reassigned? I would understand, under the circumstances-

LT. ANDERSON

No, I think it's best you stay in property crimes. For now. And the foreseeable future.

Lt. Anderson walks out, leaving Liz and Jack alone. Liz looks Jack... Then, quietly:

LIZ

Completely unofficially and totally off the record? Nice work, Jack.

She smiles. A tiny thing... that means *everything* to Jack.

81 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY 81

Jack catches up with Dan as they walk to the ruined Trans-Am.

DAN

I thought we'd go down and talk to Julius. See if he's got any leads.

JACK

Leads on what?

DAN

Whatever. Leads. You know.

JACK

Sounds... great.

Jack sighs. Dan fishes in his pocket, remembering something.

DAN

Oh, hey... This came in the mail.

Dan hands Jack a letter written in small, neat script. The return address is Cuzco, Peru. In V.O., we hear Pedro:

PEDRO (V.O.)

*I am not a man of many words, but I feel the need to send this to you. In all of my years as an assassin - first as the second best in the world, and now as the first - I have seen much. But never have I encountered men such as yourselves. I have returned to my country, where I will tell my children of the bravery and honor of the two American police, Dan and Jack. Sincerely, Pedro.*

Jack looks in the envelope, and finds a picture of Pedro, with Esteban and Felipe. Felipe holds a fork, smiling. Jack smiles despite himself, tucking the letter in his pocket.

DAN

You ready to go bust some punks?

JACK

Yeah. Let's go bust some punks.

They get into the beat-up Trans-Am. It roars to life, tires squealing on the pavement as we... FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE