

**SCARECROW AND THE SNOWMAN**

a screenplay  
by  
Eric Dickson

December 27, 2019

1651 N CR 19-A, #204  
Eustis, FL 32726  
352-901-1273

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN PACIFIC COASTLINE - DUSK

A two story log cabin on stilts perched on a very steep but picturesque cliff. The yellow haze of some decorative desk post lamps illuminates the property.

A picture perfect scene of peace and serenity.

EXT. GUNTHER'S CABIN - REAR DECK - DUSK

With his back to us, LLOYD "SNOWMAN" GUNTHER---30s, albino, snow white hair, stares into the wonders of the Pacific, enjoys a fresh mug of coffee.

He is still. Calm. A razor sharp focus. He is also the most lethal man in the world. The LOW GROWL of an approaching car steals his attention.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DUSK

An all black government vehicle cuts through tall, windswept blades of grass as it climbs a steep dirt trail, leading to the log cabin at the top of the hill.

EXT. GUNTHER'S CABIN - DUSK

The black vehicle creeps up a gravel driveway, parks just in front of the private home.

Out steps SPECIAL AGENT DEVINE---30s, baby faced and clean cut, sporting a black suit.

Devine is cautious as he moves for the door.

A barely visible WHITE STEAM spirals into the air from the hood of Gunther's decked out jeep.

Devine takes notice, steps closer.

He's close enough now to recognize the source of the white steam as a fresh mug of coffee. So close he could almost snatch the mug from the hood.

But before he can make such a move...

POW! The mug EXPLODES!

Devine drops. Hands on his head.

INT. GUNTHER'S HOME - DUSK

From an open front window, a pair of cold, dead eyes pop up from behind the scope of a high powered and highly exotic sniper's rifle.

EXT. GUNTHER'S HOME - DUSK

The reverb of the LOUD RIFLE SHOT still ECHOES the steep canyon walls as Devine curls in a fetal position.

With rifle in hand, Gunther walks down a spiral staircase with a calm and fearless stride.

Devine paralyzed with fear. A DARK SHADOW eclipses him.

DEVINE

If we wanted you dead, there'd be fifty agents crawling through your windows.

GUNTHER

Wiseman's file.

DEVINE

On a thumb drive. In my coat pocket.

Gunther retrieves it.

DEVINE (CONT'D)

He's staying at a safe house ten miles outside of Tacoma. You'll be watching him from a rental home across the lake.

Devine sneaks a peek at Gunther--stuffing the drive in his shirt pocket.

DEVINE (CONT'D)

We've supplied you with everything you asked for. Keys to the house and boat are in my other pocket.

Gunther reaches in a second pocket, grabs the key ring and a small envelope.

GUNTHER

How many agents on his detail?

DEVINE

Four. But no more than two at a time. They run in shifts.

GUNTHER

That's three cold bodies.

DEVINE

The offer is a million a head. How many you put down is up to you.

A quiet pause.

GUNTHER

And passports?

DEVINE

In the backseat. Along with credit cards and driver's license. Where you go after that is up to you, as long as it's across the border.

More silence.

GUNTHER

Stand up. And keep those hands on your head.

Devine slowly pushes himself up. Before he can get fully upright, Gunther forces a white rag over his mouth and quickly chokes him out.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

The black SUV flirts with the sloping edge of a steep cliff. The white crest of the crashing waves below are barely visible under the soft moonlight.

Devine behind the wheel, still passed out.

With little to zero emotion, Gunther drenches the upholstery with bourbon, throws it in neutral, watches as it rolls over the ravine...

CRASH! The night sky lit by a fiery orange glow as the twisted metal bursts into flames.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

A weather worn Toyota station wagon with a loaded down overhead luggage rack pulls in the driveway.

SUPER: ANDERSON, WASHINGTON

Out of the wagon steps --

Gunther, sporting the world's most boring sweater and some not so stylish eyeglasses. His hair has also been dyed a more distinguished salt and pepper.

He politely nods to a MAN mowing his lawn.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Gunther enters, suitcase in tow, stares through a rear pane glass window and onto the calm waters of a lake.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Gunther sets his suitcase on the bed. He unzips, grabs a screwdriver from a side compartment.

His attention drawn to a leather chair and round footstool just under an overhead air vent.

Gunther positions the stool, steps up, unfastens the vent, one screw at a time. He reaches inside, pulls out a long GYM BAG, drops it to the floor.

Unzips. It's full of cash.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Some scuba gear laid out in pieces on the dining room table. An air tank, flippers, oxygen hose. Gunther enters in a black wet suit and matching gloves.

He checks his watch: 5:35 AM

INT. BOAT HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Gunther walks onto a covered pier with the scuba tank slung over one shoulder and duffel over the other. He slings the bag into a modest fishing boat.

EXT. ANDERSON LAKE - EARLY MORNING

The beat up two-seater crawls out of the aging boat house and into the calm lake waters. A COUGHING MOTOR going as fast as it can possibly muster.

EXT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - PIER - DAWN

An extravagant and modernistic three story home on the other side of this still and quiet lake. CHRIS WISEMAN---20s, gym rat, wild black hair, workout clothes, stands on the boat pier with fishing rod in hand.

U.S. MARSHAL TERRY LONNIGAN---30s, chiseled, flannel shirt and jeans, walks the pier with a cool and confident efficiency.

LONNIGAN  
(to Wiseman)  
How're the fish biting this morning?

WISEMAN  
I think they're still sleeping.

Wiseman's face quivers. He winces uncomfortably as the brisk morning chill hits his spine.

WISEMAN (CONT'D)  
You think it would've killed you guys to pack me a coat? It's freezing out here.

LONNIGAN  
Yeah. I bet it's nice and warm back in that jail cell.

Wiseman smiles, shrugs him off.

PARKER (O.S.)  
There's coffee up here if anyone's interested.

LONNIGAN  
(to Wiseman)  
You want coffee?

WISEMAN  
Yeah. Make it a big one.

Lonnigan, into a shirt collar mic:

LONNIGAN  
(to Parker)  
Roger that. Better make that a thermos for Mister Wiseman.

Lonnigan heads back.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

MARSHAL DALE PARKER---30s, shaved head, sweatshirt and jeans stares through a high powered telescope and across the smooth, early morning water.

PARKER'S POV:

An anchored FISHING BOAT in the near distance. An unidentified MAN sits with his back to us.

PARKER (O.S.)  
What the hell is this?

Just behind Parker...

Lonnigan pours himself a tall cup of coffee from a carafe rested on a breakfast table.

Parker turns to him.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Looks like we got company.

Lonnigan rushes to the telescope, looks for himself.

LONNIGAN'S POV:

The fishing boat rocks in place. The motor cut off. The man in the boat with his back to us.

LONNIGAN (O.S.)  
I don't see any fishing gear.

EXT. LAKE - FISHING BOAT - MORNING

A full scale plastic mannequin in winter coat and hat faces away from the safe house. A life sized decoy and no sign of the real Gunther.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Parker keeps his eyes on the boat as Lonnigan loads a magazine into his rifle.

LONNIGAN  
I'm gonna walk the grounds. Keep your eyes on our guy and don't move.

EXT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - PIER - MORNING

Wiseman tosses out a long cast, slowly reels in.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Wiseman stares at his feet, and through the thin cracks of the dock below him.

WISEMAN

What the...

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Two more about ten or so feet in front of him. Wiseman quietly kneels, sets his rod down.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

Three more near the edge of the dock.

Wiseman edges toward it. He is calm, quiet, careful as he stares over the side.

A GLOVED HAND bursts from the water.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Parker still at the telescope.

PARKER

Come on. Show yourself.

PARKER'S POV:

The boat still in the same spot. An OLDER COUPLE stand on their dock, point at the boat with utterly confused looks on their faces.

PARKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What are they looking at?

Parker checks the pier. Wiseman now missing. He checks left and then right.

PARKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't have eyes on Wiseman.  
Over.

EXT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - NEARBY WOODS - DAY

Lonnigan quietly walks the perimeter, rifle in tow. All is calm and still in the surrounding trees.

PARKER (O.S.)

Come in.

LONNIGAN

Stand fast. I'm headed to the pier. Do-not-move.

Lonnigan races around the side of the home, stumbles down a steep hill, almost trips on his own feet.

EXT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - PIER - DAY

Lonnigan walks the pier, rifle aimed and ready for action. No sign of Wiseman anywhere.

LONNIGAN

Wiseman!

Next to the pier, a boat is docked. The engine seems to CRANK UP all on its own.

Lonnigan runs toward it, spots a bulky tarp near the center and OPEN FIRES.

The boat ripped to pieces.

He jumps in, peels back the tarp, finds nothing.

Just behind the motor...

Gunther pops out of the water.

...fires three shots from his silenced twenty-two...ZIP ZIP ZIP!

Lonnigan thrown in the lake.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gunther drips gobs of water all over the hard wood floor as he stealthily moves from room to room. He hears the RUNNING WATERS of a nearby shower.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Gunther enters. A bathroom door cracked open. WHITE STEAM BILLOWS OUT from inside.

He rushes toward the door, ducks his head in

THE BATHROOM

where a shower runs behind a dark curtain.

Gunther open fires. He pulls back the curtain. No one there.

A trap. But before he can react...

POW!

A bullet strikes Gunther's LEFT ARM. He's spun in a circle and spots...

Parker at the door. Gun drawn.

Gunther empties his weapon. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP!

Parker's bloody body flung onto a bed.

Gunther walks to Parker, follows the sound of a muffled voice to a smart phone in Parker's right palm.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Parker! Parker, talk to me!

Gunther picks up the phone. The name C. WARGARTEN on screen.

He hangs up. An ear to ear grin.

LATER THAT DAY

CHIEF ANDREW KOCH---50s, salt and pepper hair, matching beard, simple collared shirt, stares at Parker's bloody corpse.

CHIEF KOCH

So. We got two dead bodies, no ID. Both rocking a shoulder holster and your standard issue Glock Forty. And both wired up like they're on detail.

IN THE BATHROOM

DEPUTY NATHAN HUTCHINS---20s, young, clean cut, earnest, inspects a bullet dotted shower curtain and some blood spray on the side wall.

HUTCHINS

If they're cops, then someone forgot to invite us to the party.

Chief Koch stares down at Parker's exposed ankle and the pistol strapped to it.

CHIEF KOCH

We have three suitcases. All unpacked. Which means what?

Hutchins steps out of the bathroom.

HUTCHINS

They just got here or were just leaving.

CHIEF KOCH

Right. But I doubt they planned on staying long. No working phones. No TV. No computer. It's like they just walked in off the street.

Hutchins thinks back. He snaps his fingers as he's hit with a sudden realization.

HUTCHINS

Wait a minute. Wasn't this Dale Curtis's old place?

CHIEF KOCH

Doc Curtis? The chiropractor?

HUTCHINS

You mean Doc Curtis, the disgraced chiropractor and now infamous philanderer.

CHIEF KOCH

Last I heard, old lady Curtis took him to the cleaners. House was so far underwater he needed a snorkel from what I hear.

HUTCHINS

What're you thinking, boss?

CHIEF KOCH

Why don't you get the bank on the horn.

(MORE)

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
 Find out who's holding the note and  
 keeping the lights on. Maybe  
 someone's leasing the place out.

Hutchins heads for the door, stops...turns to Chief Koch.

HUTCHINS  
 Say. What in the hell happened  
 here, boss?

CHIEF KOCH  
 Well. Until a third body surfaces,  
 we work under the assumption that  
 he's our guy. What do we know  
 about our mystery man so far?

DEPUTY SGT. BUD WHEELER---40s, balding, too much apple pie,  
 steps in with a long gym bag.

WHEELER  
 One thing's for sure. He was a  
 health nut.

Wheeler sets the long bag on a corner chair, unzips and dumps  
 out the contents on a desk.

WHEELER (CONT'D)  
 A got vitamins, meal supplements.  
 Protein bars. This guy was serious  
 about his body.

CHIEF KOCH  
 Any scripts in that bag?

WHEELER  
 No. Just off the shelf stuff.  
 Nothing with a name.

CHIEF KOCH  
 You touch anything?

WHEELER  
 Nope.

CHIEF KOCH  
 Good.

EMILY (O.S.)  
 You can call off your search,  
 Chief. I just found your third  
 man.

CHIEF KOCH  
(into a walkie)  
Be right there.

Chief Koch walks to the

BEDROOM WINDOW

and stares down at DEPUTY EMILY BILLINGS---35, frizzy blonde, ponytail, tough and no nonsense. Emily lays face down on the pier, stares into the water.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Better make it fast. This guy's head is barely hanging on to his body.

CHIEF KOCH  
(into walkie)  
Roger that.

Wheeler kneels down, grabs a black object from underneath the bed frame.

WHEELER  
Got something here, Chief.

Chief Koch observes the phone.

CHIEF KOCH  
Where'd you find that?

WHEELER  
Under the bed. Staring me right in the face. Surprised you missed it.

Chief Koch snags it from Wheeler, checks recent calls. One name in particular stands out.

CHIEF KOCH  
Does the name Wargarten ring any bells to you guys?

Wheeler and Hutchins think hard.

HUTCHINS  
Not really.

CHIEF KOCH  
Well. I'll tell you one thing. He's got some explaining to do.

EXT. PUBLIC BOAT RAMP - PIER - DAY

A large and curious CROWD gather around the docks and point at something in the water.

A seafood shack and local pub named "Andy's Lobster Pot" sits on the other side of the canal. Some of the DINERS watch on with plastic cups of beer as...

A Sheriff's patrol boat tows a second boat. Hutchins behind the wheel.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

A government issue black suburban barrels through the busy lot as A RED LIGHT flashes on the dash. The growing crowd part like the Red Sea.

Out of the vehicle jumps --

DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR CHARLES WARGARTEN---50s, gray, weathered and worn, dead serious eyes. He moves with a purpose for the two boats at the pier.

From the suburban's rear doors rush TWO FEDERAL AGENTS in dark suits who follow Wargarten's lead.

One of them being SPECIAL AGENT CRAIG VAUGHN---40s, a sharp eyed and chiseled faced career soldier who knows and sees everything.

EXT. PUBLIC BOAT RAMP - PIER - DAY

Wargarten stares down at the fully dressed plastic dummy as Hutchins ties off Gunther's boat.

WARGARTEN

What is this?

Hutchins pops his head up. A warm smile.

HUTCHINS

Director Wargarten. Excuse me.

Hutchins hops out, shakes his hand.

HUTCHINS (CONT'D)

Deputy Sheriff Nathan Hutchins.  
It's a real pleasure, sir.

Wargarten follows Hutchins off the pier as they meet Chief Koch and Emily halfway. The on-looking crowd all form a circle around the crew of law enforcement.

CHIEF KOCH

Director Wargarten. Chief Koch.  
You sure made it here fast. If you  
don't mind me saying.

WARGARTEN

(to Hutchins)  
And just where exactly did you find  
this boat?

HUTCHINS

Looks like your shooter anchored it  
about a quarter mile out and swam  
to shore. There's water dripped  
all over the inside of the house.  
That, plus we...

Chief Koch nudges Hutchins out of the way.

CHIEF KOCH

Sir, I have three dead bodies at a  
lake house, just two miles north of  
here. Strangely enough, none of  
them holding any forms of  
identification.

Chief Koch pulls a cell phone from his pants pocket. Emily  
watches as Wargarten reacts.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Lucky for us, we found this cell  
phone at the scene. It appears our  
John Doe attempted to contact you  
shortly before his death.

Chief Koch hands Parker's cell phone to Wargarten.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

This guy must've been someone real  
important. But with you being here  
personally, I guess that goes  
without saying.

Wargarten checks the large crowd forming around the dock.  
Too big of an audience to suit him.

WARGARTEN

Not here.

CHIEF KOCH

Okay. Say we step into your office.

Wargarten and his two suits head for the Suburban. Chief Koch and Emily follow behind.

INT. WARGARTEN'S SUBURBAN - DAY

Wargarten and his right hand guy sit across from Chief Koch and Emily. Vaughn stands guard outside. There is something strangely off putting about him.

Emily stares up at him from the back seat.

Vaughn feels her look, throws a cold look at her as she quickly faces forward.

WARGARTEN

The house on the lake is an FBI safe house. A kid named Chris Wiseman was under protective custody. About six months ago, he was recruited into our cyber crimes division after he was caught hacking online accounts.

CHIEF KOCH

I see.

WARGARTEN

Wiseman was assigned with about fifty of the country's top hackers to a Dark Web cyber team. Black market deals. Human trafficking. Anything off the books. Well as you know, since the election, The President has given national security top priority. This particular team has been spending the past six months red flagging any and all sites having to do with domestic terrorism.

Chief Koch already bored.

CHIEF KOCH

What's the short version?

WARGARTEN

In the process of this ongoing investigation, Wiseman comes across this soldiers of fortune web page. Guns for hire, bounty hunters. This sort of thing.

(beat)

After trolling the message boards, he discovers key evidence that someone's been selling the identities and aliases of over a hundred undercover agents in the field.

Emily checks with Chief Koch who quickly loses his smug smile and turns serious.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

That's not all. This list includes government witnesses who've gone through relocation. All stolen and sold to the highest bidder.

CHIEF KOCH

How'd he know it was an inside job?

WARGARTEN

This person claims to have worked as a security consultant for the DOJ. In the process has hacked the passwords of over thirty five thousand government employees. He's all over the message boards bragging about it. Apparently, it's working. Wiseman's already tracked several cash transactions involving our guy.

CHIEF KOCH

Are you anywhere close to finding this guy?

WARGARTEN

These government passwords could've come from a hundred different places. A thousand. DOJ, FBI, or even the OIG.

CHIEF KOCH

So you have no idea who this person is?

WARGARTEN

This is where our Mister Wiseman comes in. He's been working around the clock on tracking this man's location. He's been so obsessed, in fact, that he's engaged our mystery man in some very heated online discussions.

CHIEF KOCH

This is how you got your hooks in him.

WARGARTEN

Precisely. Wiseman attempts to blackmail this man by threatening to go public. He tells him his exact location on where they can meet to discuss payment. One hundred thousand or he goes to the FBI with what he knows.

CHIEF KOCH

The lake house?

Wargarten sighs with exhaustion. A sadness about him.

WARGARTEN

The idea was to lure the subject out of hiding and take him down. Our plan backfired.

EMILY

I'm sorry about your men.

WARGARTEN

One thing we know for sure... this person did their homework. Found out exactly who these witnesses were hiding from and who wanted them dead. Because the first ten names on that list have already been terminated.

EMILY

Ten names in less than a couple weeks time?

WARGARTEN

That's right. Now we believe these witnesses, and Wiseman, were all killed by the same man.

Wargarten hands Chief Koch a computer printout and federal rap sheet of LLOYD "SNOWMAN" GUNTHER. It's ten inches thick as Chief Koch flips through the pages.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

Lloyd Gunther. A career Soldier of Fortune. Interpol just named him in their top five most dangerous people in the world. We believe our guy first made contact with Gunther on this Soldiers of Fortune website.

CHIEF KOCH

What makes you so sure it was this guy?

WARGARTEN

Gunther's profile came up number one on an FBI's list of most likely to complete the job. Our hacker was in possession of this same information. That, plus the last intel we had on Gunther puts him in the Seattle Tacoma area where the first witness was killed.

CHIEF KOCH

So, you're telling me this computer hacker and a contract killer were a two man team on this thing?

WARGARTEN

Gunther seized Wiseman's computer. Everything he's been working on. Now, with Wiseman dead, and those files missing, we're back to square one on this thing.

Chief Koch nods with appreciation. Emily looks overwhelmed and they're just getting started.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

Gunther's hurt. He's bleeding and he's on the run. If I know anything about Gunther, he's still here. Holding up in your town. Somewhere quiet and out of sight. At least until he knows I'm gone. We need to find whatever rock he's hiding under...  
...and blow it up.

EXT. SPRING LAKE HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The stolen government issue Suburban sits just outside the emergency room. Most of the parking spaces are marked reserved or hospital personnel.

INT. STOLEN FBI SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Gunther holds a bath towel to his bullet ridden shoulder as he boots up a laptop computer mounted on the dash. His attention drawn to...

A Mercedes parked near the ER doors.

Gunther types the tag number into a Department of Motor Vehicles mainframe: DOC FARM

The name Douglas Farmer and a full color photo of a man in his fifties appear in the upper corner. A short list of traffic citations.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Emily and Hutchins stand near a parked bus as THE DRIVER swings open the door and steps down. Emily boards as Hutchins stands guard.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Emily walks the middle aisle, seat to seat, makes eye contact with each of the passengers. She glances down at Gunther's mug shot, compares with a WHITE HAired MAN in the back.

She studies his eyes but it's clearly not him.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Wheeler walks bench to bench, shows Gunther's picture to a SMALL CROWD waiting for a bus. All of them quickly shake their heads no.

Wargarten, super focused and on alert, stands between the men's and ladies restroom.

Chief Koch shares an exchange with a line of TICKET CLERKS at the front desk. His frustration is palpable. He finishes his questioning, meets Wargarten halfway.

CHIEF KOCH

Our girls at the front desk are positive they've never seen Gunther before. But he could've already purchased a ticket. Before tonight.

WARGARTEN

Please. Even if he were here, he'd be in disguise.

CHIEF KOCH

What do you mean if he were here?

WARGARTEN

Come now, Chief. Gunther knows we put an APB out on the stolen suburban. He all but left us a middle finger on the back window.

CHIEF KOCH

Okay, Mister Deputy Director. So why did he ditch the suburban at the bus station if he's not taking a bus ride?

WARGARTEN

Because it's his job to stay one step ahead of you. He knows investigative procedure like the back of his hand. To the point that he's become so bored with the blind arrogance of his pursuers that it's become a real source of irritation for him. Believe me, he won't mind showing you just how irritated.

Chief Koch smiles and nods. Wargarten speaks into a walkie:

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

(to Vaughn)

Awfully quiet out there. Judging by your silence, I take it there hasn't been any movement on the suburban?

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Vaughn blocks the path of a second black suburban parked near the back of the lot. A government issue tag.

VAUGHN  
That's affirmative. Over.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Wargarten and Chief Koch still by the men's room.

CHIEF KOCH  
According to the ME, your men were  
killed less than two hours ago.  
Now it's a thirty five minute drive  
from the lake house to the depot.  
Exactly three buses left within the  
last hour. Seattle, Portland and  
Vancouver. I've already forwarded  
ETA's and Gunther's picture to PD  
and all three depots.

Wargarten is unimpressed.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
But I suppose all of that was just  
a big waste of time.

Wargarten smiles.

WARGARTEN  
A waste? I suppose it's all  
necessary. But if you're asking me  
what I believe?

Chief Koch nods.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)  
He's here. Gunther is here.  
Watching us spin our wheels. And  
just when you think you've got him  
and you and your men are busy  
patting yourselves on the back,  
that's when he'll strike.  
When he does, you won't have time  
to blink let alone react.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Emily ducks her head in the passenger window of a marked taxi  
cab stopped at the curb.

Further down the line, Wargarten's men question a few more  
DRIVERS as they wait at their shuttle buses.

An SUV also at the curb. An Uber sticker on the rear window. The UBER DRIVER leans on the passenger door, cell in hand, bored and tired.

Wheeler flashes Gunther's photo.

UBER DRIVER

Oh, yeah. I gave him a ride.

WHEELER

(into a walkie)

Chief. Meet me out front. Over.

(to Uber Driver)

When?

UBER DRIVER

Not that long ago. Maybe an hour.

Why? He do something?

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

The Uber van, with lights off, cruises slowly down the quiet streets of the subdivision. Two black suburbans, also lights out, follow shortly behind.

INT. UBER VAN - NIGHT

Wargarten, super attentive and focused, sits up front with our Driver while Chief Koch takes the back seat with a twelve gauge racked and ready.

CHIEF KOCH

Okay, Mister FBI Director. You wanna tell me how your super deadly international assassin and master of disguise could waltz into a bus station bleeding from the shoulder and out of disguise?

The Driver turns to Wargarten, intrigued, awaits his response.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Sounds kind of out of character if you ask me.

Wargarten eyeballs Chief Koch from the rear view mirror. Shakes his head. Annoyed.

WARGARTEN

If I were you, Chief, I'd spend a little less time talking and more time looking. Remember what I said.

Wargarten faces him.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

We're playing his game now.

CHIEF KOCH

You're right. He could be hiding in one of these bushes with a grenade launcher. I better watch out.

WARGARTEN

I wouldn't rule out the possibility.

Chief Koch smiles.

DRIVER

(to Wargarten)

Okay. We're coming up on it. It's this next street to the right.

WARGARTEN

What side of the road is it on?

DRIVER

Left side.

The Uber Van approaches a corner stop sign. He's about to pull ahead. And then --

WARGARTEN

Stop here and wait.

The Driver throws it in park.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

(into walkie)

Take a left here. Park it at the curb. Right side.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

Roger that. Over.

Wargarten taps the driver's arm, motions to his left.

WARGARTEN  
(to Driver)  
Go ahead.

The Uber Van quietly makes a left, pulls against the right hand curb. The two suburbans pass them, park against the curb in front of the Van.

EXT. DR. FARMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

US MARSHALS suited in blue coats and kevlar and armed with flashlight fitted MP5s storm the front lawn like carpenter ants to a half eaten candy bar.

All the interior lights are out. No sign of life inside.

TWO MARSHALS use a BATTERING RAM on the front door as the troops file into the home.

INT. DR. FARMER'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

A rear glass door also bursts open. A second crew of US MARSHALS pour inside, crunch their feet over the glass littered tile.

INT. DR. FARMER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The BEAMING LASER SCOPES of multiple weapons cross streams like an intergalactic space battle.

IN TWO MAN TEAMS

they search every room in the house with the efficiency of a well oiled machine.

MARSHAL #1  
Clear!

MARSHAL #2  
All clear here!

WARGARTEN AND CHIEF KOCH

hold up behind a fancy kitchen island countertop. Out of the way as the agents flip the house.

INT. DR. FARMER'S HOUSE - KIDS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chief Koch stares down at a toy ridden floor and kicks some sophisticated legos aside. Two empty dresser drawers laid out on a pair of twin beds. He steps into

THE HALLWAY

and meets Wheeler who holds a stack of magazines.

WHEELER

I got medical journals here mailed to a Doctor Douglas Farmer.

(reads)

Alternative Medicine. Medical Mysteries. Medical Directory. So on and so forth.

CHIEF KOCH

So much for picking this place out of a hat.

Chief Koch sighs with exhaustion.

WHEELER

What're you thinking, Chief?

CHIEF KOCH

Well. Looks like someone packed the kids a bag. And did it in a hurry.

INT. DR. FARMER'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

On the wall hangs Farmer's Master's Degree in Medicine from Northeastern University. Wargarten looks at several other photos of Farmer in various stages of his most impressive medical career.

INT. DR. FARMER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

A cheap folding chair rests on several dozen opened up newspapers soaked with blood.

Farmer's Mercedes still there.

Emily shows Chief Koch a waste basket full of bloody bath towels and two bottles of rubbing alcohol.

EMILY

Looks like Gunther's injuries are worse than we thought.

Emily digs her hand around the bottom of the trash bin, comes up with clipped remnants of sewing thread.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Cotton swabs. Sewing thread.  
Alcohol. Sutures. It's all here.

CHIEF KOCH  
So he's lost a lot of blood.  
That's good. Maybe he'll do us a  
favor and croak.

Hutchins pops his head in.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
(to Hutchins)  
Nate. Run Angela Farmer through  
DMV. Find out what she's driving.  
And do it five minutes ago.

Hutchins nods, hops to it. Vaughn steps in, snaps a piece of chewing gum. He is strangely calm and collected.

VAUGHN  
Twenty Eighteen Mercedes GLC.  
Grey. License tag 976 NOV. As in  
November Ninth. Angela Farmer's  
birthday.

CHIEF KOCH  
How do you know that?

VAUGHN  
Insurance bill on the kitchen  
counter.

Emily rolls her eyes. Chief Koch with his tail between his legs and visibly embarrassed.

CHIEF KOCH  
Of course. I'll get it on the air.

Chief Koch heads for the door...

VAUGHN  
Already did.

Chief Koch stops, turns back, throws an annoyed stare at Emily who is just as done.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
But I wouldn't put too much stock  
in the wife's car. Probably  
already ditched it.

CHIEF KOCH

Really?

VAUGHN

One thing you should know about  
Snowman Gunther. Just when you  
think you're one step ahead, you're  
ten steps behind.

Emily is visibly put off by Vaughn's creepily robotic vibe.

EMILY

Sounds like you have some first  
hand experience with this guy.

Vaughn stares over Emily's shoulder. Entranced by something  
behind her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What is it?

Vaughn nods to something just behind Emily as she quickly  
turns around.

Nothing else but tool racks and shelving units.

CHIEF KOCH

(to Vaughn)

What the hell is it already?

Vaughn moves toward an emergency cord dangling from the  
inside of the garage door.

He grabs a family photo taped to the red pulling mechanism.  
It's Farmer, his wife and two kids.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

What is this?

Wargarten steps up behind Chief Koch. Vaughn picks up a  
single bullet from the garage floor.

WARGARTEN

A warning.

CHIEF KOCH

What kind of warning?

Vaughn stares at the bullet a sec.

VAUGHN

Just an educated guess. But I'd  
say to back off.

INT. SPRING LAKE POLICE STATION - MORNING

Chief Koch shuffles in the modest police house, red circles under his tired and bloodshot eyes as he totes the world's fattest thermos.

UNIFORM COP  
Morning, Chief!

Chief Koch barely nods in response. A UNIFORM COP and his PRISONER pass on the way to booking.

PRISONER  
Yo, Chief. I gotta talk to you.  
I seen him, man. I seen him.

INT. SPRING LAKE POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Chief Koch steps inside the cubicle lined office, watches as UNIFORM COPS and plainclothes DETECTIVES take statements, answer an onslaught of ringing phones.

EMILY'S DESK

Hutchins leans his butt on the edge, gulps a large soda, looks completely whipped.

Emily rocks in her chair, rubs a sore neck. It's been a long and restless night.

Her PHONE RINGS.

EMILY  
Are you kidding me already?

Emily answers.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Detective Billings.

Hutchins leaves her to it, goes about his business.

GEORGIA---60s, an aging beauty, department issue polo and long khaki skirt, spots Chief Koch heading for his corner office and chases him down.

GEORGIA  
Where the hell ya been? Phone's  
have been ringing like its St.  
Helens around here.

CHIEF KOCH

You can thank our friends in the FBI for that. Until we hear otherwise, our house is their house.

GEORGIA

This isn't a police station. It's a Jerry Lewis telethon.

Chief Koch smiles. Takes a good look at all the RINGING PHONES at empty desks going unanswered.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

The FBI. Contract killers. What the hell's going on around here? I'm gone a few days and the place goes crazy.

CHIEF KOCH

You've been saying you needed a little excitement in your life.

GEORGIA

A nice candlelight dinner and a few laughs would've sufficed, Andy.

CHIEF KOCH

Come on old girl. Don't come unglued just yet. I need you.

Chief Koch smiles and ducks inside a

BREAK ROOM

--- where a crapped out Wheeler who is elbows down at a corner round table. He pours his third pack of sugar into a foam cup.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Good morning, Bud. Any more tips on the wife's truck?

WHEELER

Yeah, about three hundred. And that's just in the last hour. Nice of you to join us by the way.

CHIEF KOCH

I've been up all night. Studying this guy's file.

WHEELER

Where are the Feds? Why are we the only idiots answering phones?

Chief Koch sips his coffee and leans on the counter. Too tired to argue.

Georgia shakes her head.

GEORGIA

A half a million smacks for this guy's scalp. For that kinda cash, people will tell ya they saw Elvis having lunch at the Space Needle. Meanwhile, we gotta deal with every crazy and attention starved nut from here to Spokane.

WHEELER

(to Georgia)

You thinking about making some anonymous calls, are you?

GEORGIA

Funny.

Chief Koch ducks out, heads for his glass enclosed office marked CHIEF ANDREW J KOCH. Georgia follows behind like a lost puppy.

THROUGH THE OFFICE GLASS

he spots a tall but wiry man in a black stetson and a sloppy denim shirt and jeans. This one's made a lifestyle of sleeping in his clothes.

This is DALTON "SCARECROW" PERRY---50s, impressive mustache, thin but strong, crows feet, worldly swagger. He rests his hat on a coat rack.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

By the way. You have company.

CHIEF KOCH

I see that. You know, there is a reason we have chairs out here.

GEORGIA

He's been waiting for near an hour. Re filled his cup four times.

Georgia blushes a bit.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Not that I mind. Kind of a nice looking gentleman.

CHIEF KOCH

Let me guess. He has information pertinent to our case?

Georgia winks at Dalton through the glass. He smiles and winks back.

GEORGIA

He says it's important. Like life or death important.

Georgia leaves him to it. Chief Koch drags his feet to his office. No real rush.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Chief Koch enters. Dalton quickly stands, extends a hand.

DALTON

Chief Koch?

The two shake, but briefly. Chief Koch sizes him up, not at all hiding his disinterest.

CHIEF KOCH

I hear you've been waiting awhile. Sorry about that.

DALTON

And I hear you've been a very busy man the last twenty four hours.

Chief Koch heads around a messy desk and plops down in his leather swivel chair.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, sir. Secret government witnesses. Dead agents. The Feds tramping all over your crime scene without so much as a phone call. I'm guessing this kinda thing don't happen on the regular round here?

CHIEF KOCH

Okay. So you can read the papers. And you are?

DALTON

Forgive me. Dalton Perry.

Dalton smiles. They shake for real this time. Chief Koch tries hard to muster up a grin.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Just flew in this morning. From Texas. Abilene. Just as soon as I saw my boy got himself into some trouble with those feds out at your lake house.

CHIEF KOCH

(squints)

Your boy?

DALTON

Yes, sir. As it turns out, your recently deceased, secret undercover witness Chris Wiseman was pulled over by a state trooper a few weeks back. On suspicion of murder.

Chief Koch is all ears.

CHIEF KOCH

You don't say? And this was back in Texas?

DALTON

Yes, sir. They say he shot a man in his apartment then fled with his girlfriend. Of course, when Chris and his lady friend got caught, they cry self defense.

CHIEF KOCH

How's that?

DALTON

Said that the weapon used wasn't his gun at all. That in the process of wrestling this guy's gun away, a shot went off. And out the door with this guy's piece they go. Just like Bonnie and Clyde.

CHIEF KOCH

I see. Well, that's some story, Dalton. If that's true, why didn't they just go to the cops? Give their side of the story.

DALTON

You see, Chief, they ended up testing this gun. Ran the serial numbers and traced it back to a federal agent that's supposedly been dead for the last ten years. And I'm thinking...  
..."how 'bout that"?

CHIEF KOCH

How 'bout that.

DALTON

So Chris's girl comes to my employer to post a fifty thousand dollar cash bond. Only Wiseman skips town leaving my boss holding the bag. Fast forward a couple weeks, I see Wiseman's face on the news. Killed at some FBI safe house half way across the country.

Dalton shakes his head. Not buying it.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Well, I'll tell you. Can't help but notice this whole thing has a real Cloak and Dagger ring to it.

Chief Koch tries to read Dalton. Not really following any of his non-stop ramblings.

CHIEF KOCH

I'm sorry. I missed what it was you do again?

DALTON

I'm what they used to call in the old west a bounty hunter. A skip tracer. I help remind folks like Mister Wiseman the importance of keeping their trial date.

Chief Koch nods. It's all sinking in now.

CHIEF KOCH

Okay, now I'm really confused. As you already saw on the news, Wiseman's dead. Not real sure why you flew out here.

Dalton hands him a stapled stack of white papers. Chief Koch flips through them.

DALTON

Wiseman's off shore account.  
Courtesy of his girlfriend. If  
you'll notice right there near the  
top you'll see a wire deposit with  
today's date in the amount of fifty  
thousand dollars.

Chief Koch lays it on his table, spots the \$50,000 with  
today's date. He then checks the account balance.  
Just shy of 750K.

DALTON (CONT'D)

As you can see there, it's just one  
of several large deposits made  
within the last two months.

CHIEF KOCH

The girlfriend handed you this?  
Just like that.

DALTON

We're here to bring Chris home.  
While he's still breathing and in  
one piece.

CHIEF KOCH

You're telling me Chris Wiseman is  
still alive?

DALTON

For now. Yes, sir.

Chief Koch cracks a grin. Unconvinced.

CHIEF KOCH

You're crazy.

DALTON

Crazy, Chief? Let's take a closer  
look at the last twenty four hours.  
The federal government's most  
secret lists of trial witnesses has  
been cracked. Sold to the highest  
bidder by someone on the inside.  
Now, can you imagine that actually  
getting out?

Chief Koch ponders the question.

DALTON (CONT'D)

The general public finding out the Department of Justice of the United States of America not only can't protect its people, but are responsible for having them killed for money?

Dalton shakes his head at the thought. Chief Koch slowly comes around.

DALTON (CONT'D)

We're talking the end of the federal justice system as we know it. Needless to say, this is a very sensitive matter for the government.

CHIEF KOCH

What are you saying to me?

DALTON

I'm telling you he's got the drop on some real heavy hitters. The kind of men who won't stop until he's six feet under.

CHIEF KOCH

Okay, so why didn't they just kill him? They had him in custody. Why go through all of this?

DALTON

They didn't have him in custody. What they had was a decoy. A look alike. One that has yet to be identified I might add.

CHIEF KOCH

What're you talking about? They made a positive ID.

DALTON

According to who? The Feds?

Dalton laughs.

DALTON (CONT'D)

After Wiseman jumped bail, he made a little deal with our federal boys. Stage my death. Make it look legit and I'll disappear. Nice and quietly. If not, I go to the press with everything I got.

(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

Figures no one will come looking for him if he's already dead.

CHIEF KOCH

How do you know this?

DALTON

How do you think?

Chief Koch stares through his office window at a young blonde waiting in chairs. This is KRISTEN---20s, Chris Wiseman's blissfully ignorant girlfriend.

CHIEF KOCH

The girlfriend told you this? She just spills her fugitive boyfriend's story to a down on his luck skip tracer?

DALTON

She's scared to death, Chief. Desperate. And smart enough to know her boyfriend's a dead man if he's not back in my custody within the next forty-eight hours.

CHIEF KOCH

The money. Someone gave him this money. Who? And why?

Chief Koch rubs his chin, carefully ponders it all as Dalton patiently watches.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

He's blackmailing them. That's why all the big deposits. But who?

DALTON

That's just it. Wiseman won't say who. He's not telling. Not even his girlfriend.

Chief Koch catches eyes with Kristen still in the waiting area. Her arms clenched tightly, worried for Chris, scared to death.

DALTON (CONT'D)

One thing's for sure. No matter who it is or how many are involved, the US government wants this one closed. Even if they have to leave a few cold bodies in their wake.

EXT. PRIVATE TRAIL - LA CONNER, WA - DAY

On a steep hillside, a beat up old PICK-UP with monster tires cruises this out of the way dirt path. The most beautiful DOUGLAS FIRS dot both sides of the road.

As the truck turns a sharp bend, it meets a brief clearing in the trees. A few hundred feet below sits

La Conner. A salt water inlet, dozens of boats parked at marinas and a long line of tourist shops make up the small yet rustling community.

INT. PICK UP - DAY

A scruffy OLD MAN in flannel shirt behind the wheel. His beard so long it tickles his chest. Riding shotgun is the real CHRIS WISEMAN---30s, wild black hair, goatee, musician type.

CHRIS

Let me ask you something. You ever reach a point in your life when things just weren't good enough anymore?

OLD MAN

How do you mean?

CHRIS

You know. That point where you just had it. You knew you couldn't go on any longer the way things were.

The Old Man smirks.

OLD MAN

Ah, hell. Sure. About forty five years ago.

CHRIS

No, seriously. What did you do about it?

OLD MAN

I didn't. I accepted things as is. Realized that if I were supposed to be someone else or somewhere else, I'd already be there.

CHRIS

Come on. Everyone in life goes through changes. You can't just stay the same your whole life.

OLD MAN

Let me tell you something. I've had the same job. Been with the same woman. Hell, I've had the same truck now for twenty five years.

CHRIS

Really?

OLD MAN

The reason I still have what I have is because I treat them with respect. Give em' the care they deserve.

Chris is affected by this. He stares aimlessly out the window. In deep thought.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to keep changing. Hell, if you're sitting around thinking "I need to make some changes"...that must mean you're doing something seriously wrong.

CHRIS

Okay, so what if I'm doing wrong and know I'm doing wrong and wanna change it? You can't just keep on making the same mistakes.

OLD MAN

You know what you're doing is right or wrong. Even before you do it.

Chris grows frustrated.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

This is something young people need to realize. There's a big difference between wants and needs. You find something good, you hold onto it. You don't gamble with it. Next thing you know, you mess around and you ain't got shit.

EXT. CHRIS'S HILLSIDE CABIN - DAY

The pick-up stops at a secluded and very modest cabin overlooking the town of La Conner. Chris steps out, duffel bag in tow.

OLD MAN

Whatever it is you're searching  
for, I wish you luck. Just  
remember what I said.

Chris shakes his hand and shuts the door. The pick-up leaves some dust in the air as it speeds off.

INT. CHRIS'S HILLSIDE CABIN - DAY

Chris enters, drops his heavy bag on the floor. He takes a walk to the front living room windows, peeks through the blinds and down at the town below.

Boats cruise the inlets. Tourists walk the boulevard.

Chris takes a moment, pulls AN ENGAGEMENT RING from his shirt pocket and gives it a good look. A gleam of excitement and anticipation in his eyes.

INT. SPRING LAKE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Wargarten, Vaughn and some other fresh faces in dark suits rush the ER, still focused, in hot pursuit. All of them dead serious and out of patience.

They pass the ADMIT NURSE at the check in counter.

ADMIT NURSE

May I help you?

The slew of hurried agents ignore the admit nurse as if she isn't there. She stands, watches as they disappear around a bend and down a hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

A woman in blue scrubs sits at a lone table in the corner. A soda before her. This is CAROL---30s, ponytail, ER nurse. Her mascara ruined from crying.

Vaughn approaches her.

VAUGHN

Carol Leffers?

CAROL

Yes.

Vaughn offers his hand.

VAUGHN

I'm special agent Vaughn. FBI.  
This is Deputy Director Wargarten.

CAROL

Of course. Hello.

WARGARTEN

I hear from Chief Koch you might  
have some information regarding  
Doctor Farmer and his family?

CAROL

Where's The Chief?

WARGARTEN

The FBI is taking point on this  
investigation.

Carol nods.

CAROL

Oh. Of course.

Carol toys with her soda, a bit reluctant.

CAROL (CONT'D)

This is kind of hard for me. Kind  
of why I couldn't do this on the  
phone.

WARGARTEN

Miss Leffers, we don't have much  
time.

Carol stalls.

CAROL

Doctor Farmer has a vacation home.  
On Whidbey Island. I know because  
I've been there.

Wargarten and Vaughn share a look. Vaughn nods to a FIELD  
AGENT behind him. He hurries from the room.

CAROL (CONT'D)

He took me there. A couple of  
times. It's when his wife and him  
were still having problems.

Wargarten almost huffs in boredom.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Look, I know there's a reward out for catching this guy --

VAUGHN

And you don't want your name mentioned. We get it. Now, if you could just give us an address.

CAROL

That's just it. I don't know it. Not off the top of my head. I'd have to show you. I mean, I remember how we got there, just not the actual address.

EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A long line of all black suburbans with LIGHTS FLASHING and SIRENS BLARING tear down the two lane blacktop on a mission to kill. They almost collide with an oncoming car crossing the double line.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY

Vaughn behind the wheel. Wargarten in the back with the nurse Carol. A cell to his ear.

WARGARTEN

What the hell are you talking about, a roadblock??? Pull your men out of there!

(listens)

If you tip this guy off, we're looking at four dead hostages! That's why!

Vaughn stares back at Wargarten in the rear view mirror. Carol and Vaughn share a look. There is something odd about this relationship.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

Our ETA is five minutes! You think you can keep your pricks in your pants for that long?!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A large wooden horse roadblock parked dead center of this narrow dirt road. Police cars at the scene with RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING.

The long line of Black Government Vehicles slow to a stop on the soft shoulder and out jumps

Wargarten and crew. Along with a dozen or so US MARSHALS in tactical gear and all armed to the teeth.

A POLICE CAPTAIN

in a hunter's jacket and ball cap meets them halfway. He's toting a bull horn and a quick draw holster. A real jerk off wannabe who never was.

POLICE CAPTAIN

What took you boys so long? You waiting for this guy to kill these four people or what?

Wargarten angrily snatches the bullhorn from his hands.

WARGARTEN

Get these cars out of here and turn off those lights.

Wargarten nudges him out of the way and heads toward the roadblock with an assured quickness.

WARGARTEN (CONT'D)

Why don't you just call Gunther and announce we're here.

The Police Captain rushes to keep up.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Well, excuse me. If this guy's as nuts as you say he is, we weren't taking any chances.

SNIPER (O.S.)

Captain. Come in. Over.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(into walkie)

I'm here. Over. You got eyes on our guy or what?

SNIPER (O.S.)

That's a negative. All the windows are open and we got nothing. If you ask me, the place looks empty.

POLICE CAPTAIN

The truck is there! That means they're in the house! Keep looking!

WARGARTEN

Who are you talking to?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Nothing. Just a little back up plan. We didn't think you guys were gonna show.

Vaughn rushes to the roadblock. Grabs the attention of all the UNIFORM COPS at the scene who are otherwise bored and waiting for instruction.

VAUGHN

Kill the lights! And let's get these cars out of here! Right now!

The local PD all turn, stare at each other, not moving a muscle, shaking their heads in quiet protest.

WARGARTEN

You heard him! Let's move it!

POLICE CAPTAIN

I got my best man in the water. All he needs is eyes on this guy and we don't have to touch the beach. We end this nice and quietly.

WARGARTEN

He'll see them coming a mile away. Pull them out of there.

The Police Captain rolls his eyes. About to boil over with anger but huffs and gives up.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(into walkie)

Roberts, pull out of there! FBI is taking it from here! I repeat! The Feds are running the show!

EXT. SECLUDED LAKE - WHIDBEY ISLAND - DAY

An unmarked police boat carrying a SNIPER and another PLAIN CLOTHES COP behind the wheel. The Farmer's lake house with a private beach in the near distance. Most of the pane glass windows open as no one seems to be home.

SNIPER

That's a ten four. Over.

The boat pulls away from the house.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Wargarten stares into the surrounding trees and forestry. He senses something amiss. As if someone or something is watching. Vaughn follows his look.

GUNTHER

watches within the trees. Between the twisted branches of forest, he spots the spinning red and blues of the patrol cars shutting down.

GUNTHER

Special Agent Vaughn. Welcome to the party.

He cracks a stupid grin, retreats into the woods. All camo clothes and hiking boots.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - FARMER'S CABIN - DAY

SEVERAL MARSHALS in tactical gear converge on the Farmer house just visible behind the pines.

GUNTHER

spots them coming from deep in the trees.

EXT. FARMER'S CABIN - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Several Marshals run for the door, squat just under the front pane glass windows in two by two formation.

GUNTHER

looks to the back yard where Wargarten, Vaughn and the other Marshals charge a hill and cover the rear.

Gunther smiles, opens an aluminum case equipped with a complicated detonator, meters and switches.

An ORANGE LIGHT BEEPS at a steady beat.

GUNTHER

Don't you boys look all spiffy  
today with your big black guns.  
I'm getting so scared, I just might  
break a sweat.

EXT. FARMER'S CABIN - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Two Marshals use a BATTERING RAM to breach the front door as the entire team charge the home.

GUNTHER

watches the back yard as they storm the rear and file inside. Wargarten and Vaughn out of eye's sight.

GUNTHER

(sings)  
...And the rockets' red glare...

Gunther turns a key, punches a red button.

EXT. FARMER'S CABIN - DAY

Within seconds, the home EXPLODES into the tallest FIREBALL man has ever witnessed. What's left of the log cabin collapses and implodes into a massive mound of dust and debris.

Gunther smiles, retreats into the woods.

EXT. SECLUDED LAKE - WHIDBEY ISLAND - DAY

Gunther stumbles down a hill, through the sharp and twisting branches of the woods and into a lakeside...

BOAT HOUSE

...holding an upscale salt water fishing boat. Dr. Farmer's personal fishing boat. Gunther hops aboard.

INT. FARMER'S FISHING BOAT - DAY

Gunther goes below deck and greets FARMER, bound hands and feet to a bed, a gag in his mouth.

GUNTHER

I'm afraid we had to say goodbye to  
your little weekend cottage,  
Doctor.

Farmer stares up at him.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

If it makes you feel better, she  
went to a good cause.

Gunther moves closer, hovers over Farmer.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I guess you're wondering about the  
wife and kids. And what I've done  
with them.

Farmer screams through his gag.

Gunther grabs a beer from a small refrigerator, cracks it and  
takes a generous swig.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I supposed I could tell you. After  
all we've been through together.  
But then again, I'd hate to ruin  
all this suspense.

Farmer's face turns red with rage.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Looking a little parched, my  
friend.

Gunther smiles, pours his beer all over Farmer's face and  
body in an act of utter contempt.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Here. First round's on you.

Gunther gleefully chuckles.

INT. SPRING LAKE HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Dalton squeezes a stress ball, paces the room as news of the  
federal siege gone wrong plays on a mounted television  
towering over the room.

ON TV

Gunther's image on the left. Live feed of the Farmer home on  
the right.

FIREMEN and COPS swarm the area as the fire dwindles down. The SMOKE still so thick you can barely make out people stepping in and out.

Dalton shakes his head.

INT. SPRING LAKE HOSPITAL - HUMAN RESOURCES - NIGHT

Hutchins and the female HR DIRECTOR appear from the back of a hospital records room empty handed. Chief Koch waits on the other side of the desk.

HUTCHINS

We've been through every personnel file here. All the way from the attendings to the lunch lady. There's most definitely no one here working by the name of Carol Leffers.

CHIEF KOCH

Maybe she's a fill in. Or a travel nurse.

(HR Director)

Who's in charge of scheduling the nurses?

HUTCHINS

Who do you think sent us up here?

A defeated Chief Koch RAPS HIS HAND on the counter.

HR DIRECTOR

Sorry I can't be of any more help, Chief.

Dalton watches the outburst from the waiting room. He and Chief Koch catch eyes.

INT. SPRING LAKE HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Chief Koch opens the all glass door as Dalton stands waiting. The Farmer home all over the tube.

DALTON

They just found Farmer's wife and two kids at a rest stop Ten miles off of Whidbey Island. A little shaken up, but okay.

CHIEF KOCH

A rest stop?

DALTON

It seems old Mrs. Farmer received an anonymous phone call that night claiming her husband had been in an major auto accident near exit two seventeen. Along with about twelve other cars.

CHIEF KOCH

I heard about it. Saw it on the news.

DALTON

Clever prick tells her he's still at the scene getting pulled from his Mercedes. Jaws of life and the whole works.

CHIEF KOCH

And she fights traffic for hours trying to get through.

DALTON

While the Feds are out looking for a Mercedes truck that's been sitting in traffic for a better part of the evening.

CHIEF KOCH

Smart bastard.

DALTON

Looks like he's holding onto the Doctor. At least for now.

CHIEF KOCH

No record of a Carol Leffers anywhere in the building.

DALTON

Are you surprised?

Chief Koch can't stand still, paces the room. His nerves just about fried.

CHIEF KOCH

That's why the phone call to the station.

Dalton nods.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

She called us instead of the FBI hotline.

(MORE)

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Even with half a mil on the line. She wanted us, specifically, to know about Farmer's house in the woods.

DALTON

Because that's what she was told to do. Set up an airtight alibi for your FBI friends. She was a plant.

Chief Koch not quite believing it but shares a knowing look with Dalton all the same.

DALTON (CONT'D)

You starting to get the picture, Chief?

Dalton motions to the TV.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Take a look at that house. There's nothing left. Now, how did this guy get his hands on that kind of hardware?

Chief Koch angry as hell as he paces the carpet.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Impossible. Not without help. There's only one place you can get explosives that will do that kind of damage.

CHIEF KOCH

Someone on the inside got him those explosives. Why?

DALTON

Think about it. Wiseman's got the drop on someone on the inside. Someone high up. Now, who's the one been pulling all the strings since this whole thing started?

CHIEF KOCH

Wargarten.

DALTON

He's beating Wiseman at his own game. Stages his own death. And disappears just like Wiseman. After all. You can't prosecute a dead man, now can you, Chief?

CHIEF KOCH

If Wargarten's the leak, that means they're working with Gunther. Wargarten's bankrolling his entire mission.

DALTON

You know what that means. Gunther ain't gonna stop until Wiseman is fitted for a toe tag. Those Feds will see to that.

CHIEF KOCH

We don't have much time. If they're working with Gunther, it's a matter of days before they reach this kid. We gotta bring him in. Any big ideas on how we're gonna do that?

DALTON

Think about it. What's Wiseman most scared of? Of anything in this world?

Dalton stares up at the TV. Chief Koch follows his look. Wargarten's face featured next to the fire.

CHIEF KOCH

Even if he were in that house, it could take days, even weeks before they can pull Wargarten's dental records and make a positive ID.

DALTON

That doesn't matter. As long as he thinks Wargarten's dead and buried, he'll come in. But first, he'll need some convincing. From someone he trusts.

INT. KRISTEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen on the edge of the bed.

KRISTEN

What do you mean it's up to me?  
He won't listen to me.

Dalton rests his hands on his knees. A desperate plea as he hovers before Kristen.

DALTON

Because, darling, you're the only one he trusts. The last people he'll listen to at this point are a bunch of cops.

KRISTEN

What am I gonna say to him? That it's okay? You don't have anything else to worry about? I don't know if that's true, Dalton. Neither do you.

DALTON

One thing's for sure. He's a lot safer back in Abilene, sleeping it off in county lock up than he is out there. Looking over his shoulder. Yeah?

KRISTEN

You guys really think you can protect him? The FBI wants him dead. Do you even know what that means?

Dalton removes his hat, a tired sigh.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

They can still get to him. Even behind bars.

She looks Dalton over. None too pleased.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

You and Chris are the same. All you care about is the money. Both of you. Nothing else matters. Just say it!

DALTON

You're right. I'm wasting my time here. I figure you're probably better off on your own. I'll leave you to it.

Dalton throws on his hat, heads for the door.

KRISTEN

Wait.

Dalton stops. Kristen wilts in defeat.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?

INT. SPRING LAKE POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Kristen sits at a fold-out table near the front end. A tall podium and mic close by. Her cell phone wired to a pair of cheap portable speakers.

Dalton plants himself in one of several schoolhouse style desks before the podium.

Chief Koch, Wheeler and Emily gather near Kristen. All very anxious for the phone to ring.

CHIEF KOCH

Remember. The key is keeping him on the line. Don't worry about the details. Don't get wrapped up in what he's telling you. You let us worry about that.

Kristen nods in agreement.

KRISTEN

He hasn't called me in over a week. How are you so sure he'll call today?

WHEELER

Because. After what happened at the lake house, he knows you're scared. He's not gonna leave you hanging. If he's as smart as we already know he is, he's got a back up plan.

EMILY

And there's a good chance he's thinking about coming home. But he might need some encouraging. Get mad if you have to. Don't let him off the hook.

CHIEF KOCH

No. Don't get mad.

Emily gives up, walks the room, rubs her neck.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

You're his only support system. In all of this. You're the reason he's even doing this.

(MORE)

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
 You blow up, he blows up. He just  
 might decide calling you is more  
 trouble than it's worth.

Kristen rubs her sore temples. A train wreck.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
 You're not mad at him. Just  
 concerned. It's not just his life  
 he's gambling with.

KRISTEN  
 Okay, okay! I get it!

The entire room shocked by her outburst.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)  
 Just...give me a few minutes. If I  
 could just be alone for a sec,  
 please.

Chief Koch motions to Wheeler to back off. He does, and  
 joins Emily in a front row desk.

Dalton pops a piece of gum, kicks his feet up, covers his  
 eyes with his Stetson. A short nap.

EXT. DR. FARMER'S FISHING BOAT - BOAT DOCK - DAY

Gunther stands on the edge of the private dock. His morning  
 coffee in hand as all is still and quiet on the lake.

He speed dials a number on his smart phone.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 Yeah.

GUNTHER  
 It's time.

INT. SPRING LAKE POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Dalton re fills his coffee. Chief Koch sits a few chairs  
 away from Kristen, still very much on edge.

Wheeler and Emily play cards.

In walks Georgia. They all turn to her.

GEORGIA

Chief. We have a gentlemen here  
who'd like to speak to a detective.  
He says it's about our guy.

WHEELER

I got it.

Wheeler heads for the door.

CHIEF KOCH

Emily, you wanna go with him? See  
what that's about.

Emily follows behind. Before she can get to the door

Kristen's CELL RINGS.

She freezes, stares up at Chief Koch who is just as startled.

Dalton gathers himself, sets his feet down, at full  
attention.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Okay, Kristen. Here we go.  
Remember the game plan.

Kristen answers. The phone ON SPEAKER.

KRISTEN

Chris?

A pause. Some heavy BREATHING.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Yeah, baby. It's me. How're you  
holding up?

KRISTEN

You haven't called me in days,  
Chris. The FBI wants you dead.  
How the hell do you think I'm  
doing? Where are you?

INT. CHRIS'S HILLSIDE CABIN - DAY

Chris on the other line as he stares out the front window and  
down at the small city of La Conner. Twirls the diamond ring  
in his fingertips.

CHRIS

Why do you sound a million miles  
away?

Chris grows suspicious. He turns away, paces the carpet.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Are you on speaker?

KRISTEN (O.S.)  
Yeah, well. I was just crawling  
out of the shower.

He sighs, pockets the ring.

CHRIS  
Well, don't just sit there. Aren't  
you gonna introduce me to your  
friends?

INT. SPRING LAKE POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Kristen on the line with Chris. Chief Koch and Dalton both  
sigh in unison. They've just been busted.

KRISTEN  
I'm with Dalton, baby. Back in  
Spring Lake.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Dalton. What the hell's he...

KRISTEN  
Because I brought him here. I  
asked him to bring you back home.  
Where you're safe.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
And what about the cops? I suppose  
they're all there too?

Chief Koch hovers over the cell phone.

CHIEF KOCH  
(with authority)  
This is Chief of Police Andrew  
Koch. Kristen's here at the  
station. Where she's safe. And  
that is exactly where you need to  
be. Here with her.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
What would you know about what I  
need, cop?

CHIEF KOCH

I hear you and Kristen have been real busy taking hush money from the federal government.

CHRIS (O.S.)

(to Kristen)

Why are you talking to these guys, baby? They got no interest in helping us.

KRISTEN

You didn't give me a choice, Chris! I thought you were dead! You leave me sitting here like --

Chief Koch SLAMS HIS HAND on the table. Startles the hell out of Kristen. He makes direct eye contact with her and mouths the word "no".

CHIEF KOCH

Chris, listen to me now. Wargarten and your FBI pals are gone. You don't have to worry about them. They can't hurt you, or Kristen.

KRISTEN

Listen to him, baby. Please.

CHIEF KOCH

The way I see it, you got one play here. You let Dalton take you back to Texas and he'll see to it they get your story on record. With the evidence you have in your possession, there's not a DA in Texas who'll wanna touch you with a twelve foot pole.

DALTON

He's right, Chris. You ran because you were scared for your life. Everyone's gonna know that now. You play your cards right, you may come out a hero in this thing.

INT. CHRIS'S HILLSIDE CABIN - DAY

Chris paces the room as real worry sinks in. He runs a hand through his hair, about to tear it out.

DALTON (O.S.)

But the longer you run, the more likely those deals become null and void, if you know what I mean.

CHRIS

And why should I trust you, cowboy? Huh? How do I know you're not working with the Feds and they're not sitting there with you? Waiting for me to come back?

Chris throws a concerned look at the front door. As if someone is waiting on the other side.

CHIEF KOCH (O.S.)

One thing's for sure, Chris. Your girlfriend is in my custody. And as long as you're out there with a target on your back, I'm not planning on letting her out of my sight.

INT. SPRING LAKE POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Chief Koch hands down on the table. Eye level with Kristen as he shoots her a serious stare.

CHIEF KOCH

If you wanna be with her again any time soon, I suggest you head on back here...

Chris HANGS UP.

KRISTEN

What happened to not scaring him off?

Kristen slumps in defeat.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Chief Koch checks with Dalton---looking unimpressed with his policing skills.

DALTON

So much for coming in peacefully.

FROM THE HALLWAY

Emily ducks her head in.

EMILY

Chief.

Chief Koch, Dalton both turn.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Line one. I think you'll wanna  
take this one.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief Koch rests on his desk. Before him stands a very tired Emily, Wheeler and Hutchins. In desperate need of a shower, some dinner and a nap.

CHIEF KOCH

Alright. We got a couple of  
promising tips come in. First, we  
got a positive ID from a man  
swearing Gunther rented a house on  
the lake a quarter mile from our  
safe house. Recognized the boat on  
the news and called it in.

Chief Koch nods to Wheeler.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Bud and I are gonna ride out, check  
this place out.

Hutchins looks bored by it all.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Second, we got a motel manager out  
on Whidbey Island who swears he  
rented a room to a couple of guys  
matching Gunther and our Doctor  
Farmer's description.

Chief Koch looks to Hutchins and Emily.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

There's a ferry leaving every hour.  
I want you two on the next one out.  
Give Whidbey PD a call once you're  
on dry land. Not one second  
before. I don't want any hero  
crap. From us or them. We're  
gonna do this smart.

Hutchins stares at his feet. Uninterested.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Hutchins. What's the matter? You need a nap?

HUTCHINS

Look. Chief. We've been sitting around here for two days. Running all these dead end leads. Every one of them a bust. I just don't see how we --

CHIEF KOCH

Do you have any other bright ideas?

Hutchins folds his arms and gives up.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

If you don't like it, Hutchins, maybe you'd like to go back to cutting parking tickets.

Emily and Wheeler look just as frustrated.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)

Alright then. It's a done deal. We meet back here tonight and compare notes. Everybody watch your six and get back here safe.

EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND FERRY - DAY

Emily sits on a rooftop bench, enjoys a cool breeze, watches some GULLS fly over the boat as Hutchins returns with a couple sodas.

HUTCHINS

White or red?

Emily smiles, points at the lemon lime soda.

EMILY

White.

Hutchins hands her the soda, leans on a rail, stares off, into the water. He seems lost. Something is seriously bothering him and it's in his eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What's going on, Hutch? You gonna tell me what crawled up your crack and died or what?

HUTCHINS  
Chief really laid into me.

EMILY  
Yeah. He did. That bothering you?

HUTCHINS  
He's right, ya know?

Emily stares up at him, not following.

HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
About this guy. He's just screwing  
with us. Setting us up.

EMILY  
That may be. But we can't just sit  
around and wait for him to strike  
again. We're doing all we can do.

HUTCHINS  
I'm serious. Take a look at what  
we have so far. If it weren't for  
him leaving a trail of breadcrumbs,  
we wouldn't have shit. And this  
other guy just shows up out of  
nowhere with all the answers. It's  
too neat.

EMILY  
And you don't trust Perry?

HUTCHINS  
I don't know what to think. Who to  
trust. Somehow I get the feeling  
this is all gonna lead to one big  
fuck you from this guy.

Hutchins stares down at Emily with real concern. The kind  
that comes from someone who loves you.

HUTCHINS (CONT'D)  
It's bugging me out. That's all.

Emily returns his loving stare, grabs his hand. Squeezes it.  
There may be something going on between them. Something  
behind closed doors.

EMILY  
Yeah. Me too.

Hutchins takes a swig of his cola.

HUTCHINS

With that in mind, I'm gonna take a  
piss.

Emily laughs.

EMILY

So much for the tender moment.

EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND ERRY - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Hutchins quickly finds the Men's Room and ducks inside.

Vaughn, still alive and well, wears black shades and sits on a bench, goes unnoticed. He ever so carefully follows into the men's room after Hutchins.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Vaughn spots a pair of police issue khakis under the first stall door. A TOILET FLUSHES on the other side. Out walks Hutchins who wipes his wet hands on his polo.

He looks up, face to face with Vaughn. In total shock.

Vaughn shoves him into the stall---jabs a syringe into his carotid artery. Within seconds, Hutchins is dead.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Chief Koch and Wheeler park a police bronco in an all too familiar driveway. They step out.

Chief Koch spots the same man who was mowing his lawn when Gunther arrived. This time, retrieving some mail from his curbside box.

Chief Koch waves hello.

A security camera mounted on the roof follows Chief Koch and Wheeler as they head to the door.

INT. DR. FARMER'S FISHING BOAT - DAY

Gunther stands below deck, with his laptop open, and watches live video surveillance of Chief Koch and Wheeler entering the lake house.

GUNTHER

Good news, Doc. We're right on schedule.

Gunther stares over his shoulder at a barely awake Farmer still tied to the bed.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Yeah. I can tell you're beaming with excitement.

Farmer faces away from him.

On the laptop, the footage cuts to the interior of the home as Chief Koch and Wheeler enter the foyer.

Meantime, Gunther grabs a handful of potato chips and stuffs a generous amount down his snack hole.

All of the sudden, the screen goes blue and begins a regularly scheduled update.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(mouthful)

Oh, come on.

(to Farmer)

Where's the Geek Squad when you need them?

Farmer just stares back in silence.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Hey, quiet down over there.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - FOYER- DAY

Chief Koch and Wheeler stare through the rear sliding glass door and at the smooth lake waters.

The furniture sparse. A simple couch. A TV. A modest dining room table.

WHEELER

What exactly are we looking for?

CHIEF KOCH

I guess we'll know when we find it.

Chief Koch inspects the kitchen. Nothing left on the counter. A meticulously clean sink.

He opens the fridge. Nothing.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
Looks like no one's been here in  
forever.

He shuts the door.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
Snowman Gunther was definitely  
traveling light.

Wheeler checks a side broom closet.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
What're you doing?

WHEELER  
I don't know. Checking for a  
rocket launcher. A small arsenal.  
That kind of shit.

Chief Koch shakes his head. He's drawn in by the alluring  
scenery behind the home.

EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND FERRY - DAY

Emily stretches both arms over the back of the bench. Her  
playful sea gulls fly off.

She checks her watch. Then the staircase. No sign of  
Hutchins.

EMILY  
You fall in?

A YOUNG FED with thinly shaved hair, a trench coat and a wire  
ear piece watches her from a bench on the other side of the  
ferry deck.

Emily spots him, digs out her cell, speed dials.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Hutchins, where are you? Call me  
right away.

Emily hangs up. The Young Fed still watching. He plays  
uninterested and stares at the gulls.

Emily stands, walks the rooftop, stays close to the railing  
and away from the crowd. She stares back at

A now empty bench. A COUPLE takes a seat.

Emily hurries toward a staircase...bolts down the steps.

INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND FERRY - GARAGE - DAY

It's dark down here if not for the few rays of daylight that seep in from the on ramp.

Emily now in the belly of the ferry where several parked cars, SUVs and pick-ups occupy the space. She rests her back against a wall and texts Hutchins.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - REAR DOCK - DAY

Chief Koch gets some air on the rear porch as he stares off into the calm lake waters. He dials a number. Waits with the cell to his ear.

INT. MEN'S ROOM STALL - FERRY - DAY

Hutchins lifeless body slumped on the toilet. His PHONE RINGS in his pants pocket.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - REAR DOCK - DAY

Chief Koch holds his cell to his ear. Lets it ring over and over. Nothing.

CHIEF KOCH  
Come on, Hutch. Answer.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Wheeler inspects the nearly spotless sink and interior of the recently scrubbed down shower. Not one drop of water or hair left anywhere.

He walks back into the

MASTER BEDROOM

and spots a small object on the carpet. Just under the legs of a footstool.

Wheeler bends down, picks up A SCREW. He stares up at the air vent overhead. A screw missing.

WHEELER  
Hey, Chief!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - REAR DOCK - DAY

Chief Koch gives up on Hutchins.

CHIEF KOCH  
Fine. Don't answer me.

INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND FERRY - GARAGE - DAY

Emily checks her phone. No new text from Hutchins.

EMILY  
Where are you, Hutch?

Emily spots the Young Fed pop his head in. He pulls a silenced uzi from his long coat.

Emily draws down on him.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Freeze!

The Young Fed SPRAYS BULLETS in her general direction.

Emily drops to the ground. Her pistol goes sliding across the cement.

Now frightened for her life, she crawls under one parked car after the next. She spots some feet roaming about and in between the vehicles.

YOUNG FED  
I know we've got some explaining to do. Don't be scared. Come on out and let's talk about it.

Emily's PHONE RINGS. She answers:

EMILY  
Hutchins! Get down here! He's got me closed in!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - REAR DOCK - DAY

Chief Koch on the other line as he listens to Emily panic. Frightened for her life.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Hutchins, please! You gotta hurry!

CHIEF KOCH  
 Billings? What's happening? Where  
 are you?

EMILY (O.S.)  
 It's a set up! You gotta get out  
 of there! You hear me?! Get-out!

Chief Koch turns to the house. Wheeler still inside. He hurries for the sliding door.

INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND FERRY - GARAGE - DAY

Emily still on the line. She fails to notice the Young Fed's legs behind the car.

EMILY  
 Chief! Do you hear me? Get out of  
 there!

She's drug out by her feet. A loud SCREAM.

The Young Fed holds her down. A syringe in hand. Filled with a green fluid.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - REAR DOCK - DAY

Chief Koch keeps the phone to his ear. Listens to Emily's FINAL SCREAM. Her phone goes silent.

CHIEF KOCH  
 Emily!

Chief Koch slides open the glass door.

CHIEF KOCH (CONT'D)  
 Wheeler!

MASTER BEDROOM

Wheeler on the footstool as he removes the last screw holding up the air vent grate. He removes the hatch, reaches in and grabs the black gym bag.

WHEELER  
 Hey, Chief! You better get in  
 here! I got something!

Chief Koch runs in. Out of breath. He spots the GYM BAG in Wheeler's hand. He watches as

Wheeler ZIPS IT OPEN.

CHIEF KOCH

WAIT!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - REAR DOCK - DAY

The entire home EXPLODES with the same ferocity as Doctor Farmer's vacation home. SHARDS OF GLASS, FLAMING WOOD and other SCORCHED DEBRIS shoot into the air.

Some BOATERS pass, cover themselves as the deadly remnants blanket the calm waters.

INT. SPRINK LAKE POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - DAY

Georgia in full blown panic mode as she answers multiple phone calls at once. All lines FLASH WHITE.

GEORGIA

Spring Lake Police Department.  
Please hold.

Georgia peeks down the hall. Not a soul in sight. Just a bunch of empty desks.

Punches line two.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Spring Lake Police. Please hold.  
(listens)  
Whadd'ya mean you've been holding  
for ten minutes? It's only been  
five.  
(listens)  
Yeah, well! It's kind of busy  
here!

Punches line three.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Spring Lake Police. Hold please.

She hangs up, runs into the

SQUAD ROOM

where every phone on every desk lights up like the fourth of July meets Christmas.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Someone answer the damn phone!

GARBER---20s, a rookie in uniform, steps out of the BREAK ROOM, chomps on a donut.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Garber. Where the hell is everybody? Chief and Bud not back yet?

GARBER  
I don't know. I just got here.

Georgia motions to the ringing phones.

GEORGIA  
Yeah, well, you see all those pretty lights going off?

GARBER  
I've been off the clock for like twenty minutes.

Garber deep throats the rest of the donut. Washes it down with some coffee. Georgia rolls her eyes.

GEORGIA  
Ya know what? Never mind. Enjoy your donut.

She hurries out.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Don't want you to pull something.

Georgia plops down at her desk.

Dalton pops his head in the squad room and observes the rows of empty desks. His face full of real tension that suggests he's suspecting the worst.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The fire now dwindled down and under control. Smoke billows out of shattered windows and off a damaged roof.

FIREMEN step in and out of the garage.

The road blocked by fire engines, ambulances, police cars and other emergency vehicles. No one with the wrong credentials getting through here.

The neighbor across the way hugs his wife. The two of them sickened by this shocking turn of events.

On a side street, a pick-up truck drifts to a slow halt at a stop sign.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Dalton behind the wheel. Kristen rides shotgun.

KRISTEN  
Oh, God. I hope they made it out  
in time.

DALTON  
Get your head down.

Kristen turns to him, confused.

KRISTEN  
What?

He grabs her by the collar, forces her in his lap.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)  
Hell are you doing?!

DALTON  
Shut up and stay down.

Kristen, on his lap.

KRISTEN  
Is this some weird sexual thing?  
Like an advance on payment.  
Because forget it!

Dalton eyes the crowd. Some NEIGHBORS here and there watch from their front lawns.

A WHITE HAired MAN---50s, watches the action from the road, hands in his pockets. He turns, stares back at

DALTON

who studies his face. He reaches behind the seats, gets his Winchester ready.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

The White Haired Man is joined by his THREE TEENAGE SONS. They point at the home and gossip.

Dalton sighs in relief, lets go of his rifle.

TWO PARAMEDICS covered in ash and soot carry a BODY BAG from the home, rest it on the driveway. They COUGH and take a moment to catch their breathes.

Kristen, from his lap.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)  
Dalton, what's happening? Don't just sit there. Say something.

DALTON  
Something.

Dalton makes a left, away from the busy scene.

INT. DR. FARMER'S FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Farmer is tied to a chair below deck. A gloved hand holds a smart phone to his ear.

FARMER  
Yes. You too. Goodbye.

Gunther hangs up.

FARMER (CONT'D)  
There. It's done.  
(sighs)  
How long are you gonna keep this up?

Farmer turns his head---tries to keep an eye on Gunther who is somewhere behind him.

FARMER (CONT'D)  
Why are you doing this? What do you want from me? Talk to me!

He hears some RUSTLING of plastic.

FARMER (CONT'D)  
Look. I've been listening to the TV. I know there's a half million dollar bounty out on you. How far do you think you're gonna get dragging around a hostage?

GUNTHER  
You're right, Doctor. I think we've taken this relationship as far as we could.

FARMER

Now wait just a damn min ---

Without warning, Gunther wraps a plastic bag over his head. Farmer fights it as best he can with both arms behind his back, slowly suffocates himself.

EXT. DR. FARMER'S FISHING BOAT - SECLUDED LAKE - NIGHT

Gunther positions Farmer's limp and lifeless body on the edge of the stern. A heavy boat anchor rests on the floor as we notice a rope tied to his feet.

Gunther picks up the anchor, chucks it into the lake along with Farmer's corpse.

SPLASH!

A POLICE BOAT surprises Gunther with a SPOTLIGHT to the face as he squints and covers his eyes.

He quickly throws on the hoodie of his sweater. His snow white hair disguised.

WATER DOG #1

You there! What're you doing out here!

Gunther stumbles a bit, as if playing intoxicated.

GUNTHER

(thick British accent)

Nothing, mate! Just having a few pints, that's all! Blowin' off some steam!

Gunther reaches for his rear pocket.

WATER DOG #1

Keep-your hands-up!

Gunther keeps them raised.

GUNTHER

Why are you all bent out of shape, mate! I haven't done nothing to you!

WATER DOG #2

(to Water Dog #1)

This guy's gone.

The police boat drifts closer and comes to a swift halt.

Water Dog #2 comes aboard, shines his police flashlight in Gunther's face.

GUNTHER

Do you mind? That's fucking bright.

WATER DOG #2

Alright. What are you doing out here?

GUNTHER

I wasn't aware I was doing anything other than minding my fucking business.

Still behind the wheel, Water Dog #1 also flashes a light in Gunther's face.

WATER DOG #1

Careful, partner. Real careful. He could be our guy.

Water Dog #2 rests a hand on his sidearm.

WATER DOG #2

Lose the hoodie. Let's go!

Gunther plays up the drunk bit as he stumbles back and forth with his hands in the air.

GUNTHER

Ya know, you're making me nervous the two of you.

WATER DOG #2

I said take it off!

Gunther reluctantly removes his hoodie. A head full of white hair exposed.

Water Dog #2 quickly draws his sidearm.

WATER DOG #2 (CONT'D)

I got him, partner. Check his ID.

Water Dog #1 hops aboard.

WATER DOG #2 (CONT'D)

(to Gunther)

Alright, you. Turn around. Real slow like.

Gunther slowly begins to turn.

GUNTHER

I don't want any trouble. I've got  
it right here.

With his back to the two cops, he reaches in his rear pants  
pocket for his wallet.

WATER DOG #2

HEY! Don't you move!

Still the bumbling drunk, Gunther sloppily drops his wallet  
on the boat floor.

WATER DOG #2 (CONT'D)

Keep em in the air!

GUNTHER

Alright, mate. Don't shoot for  
fuck sakes.

WATER DOG #1

(to Gunther)

Face front! Don't move!

Water Dog #1 bends down to retrieve it...stands back up and  
opens the wallet. Now standing directly between Gunther  
and his partner.

WATER DOG #2

Watch out!

Gunther hurls himself into the water.

SPLASH!

Both cops hurry to the edge, shining their flashlights,  
checking all around the boat.

WATER DOG #1

Where is he?!

WATER DOG #2

Shit! Check the other side!

Water Dog #1 rushes to the other side, spotlights the front  
and rear end.

WATER DOG #1

I got nothin!

WATER DOG #2

Get on the horn and get everybody  
out here!

Water Dog #1 hurries back to the patrol boat, straight for the police scanner and radio.

He grabs a transmitter.

WATER DOG #1  
Dispatch, come in, damnit!

Gunther pops up behind him, quickly slices a blade across the cop's throat. Before his body can drop to the floor, Gunther pulls the cop's sidearm.

Water Dog #2 hears some commotion, aims his flashlight at Gunther's face.

WATER DOG #2  
Hey!

Before he can get a shot off...

Gunther unloads on him. Water Dog #2 thrown in the lake.

Gunther snags the transmitter.

GUNTHER  
(into radio)  
Cancel that, over.

INT. KRISTEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen cracks open the front blinds, peeks into the dark parking lot. On the lookout. Her phone in her hand and on speaker.

KRISTEN  
Everybody's dead. Dalton. Those  
cops in Spring Lake. I'm scared.  
What if we're next?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Where are you?

KRISTEN  
I'm in a hotel. In Spring Lake.  
This place Dalton rented.

INT. CHRIS'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chris gawks out his front window.

It's beachfront property as a ferry leaves the docks across the street. A cruise ship and its GLOWING LIGHTS in the near distance.

CHRIS

Are you absolutely sure Dalton's dead?

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Of course I'm sure. He was with The Chief and them. Came and picked him up at the motel over an hour ago. Where the hell else would he be?

Chris isn't so sure. He stalls.

CHRIS

Alright. As soon as you hang up with me, find his keys, take his car and get the hell out of there. Do not stop until you're out of town.

Chris takes a second look out the window. The coast is clear, not a soul in sight. And then...

A GREY HAIRE D MAN walks past his room, makes eye contact.

Chris almost jumps out of his clothes. He grabs his chest, breathes a sigh of relief.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Chris, just tell me where you're --

CHRIS

Shut up and listen to me! To what I'm trying to tell you!

Kristen sighs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Get out of town. I want you to get a room somewhere in Seattle. I'll call you tonight sometime. After you get settled. In a couple days, this whole thing will be over and I'll come get you. We can leave town together.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

And then what, Chris? We can't just keep running.

CHRIS

We're not gonna run. I got a place  
already set up for us. Someplace  
they can never find us.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Okay. I'm leaving.

CHRIS

I love you and I'll see you soon.

INT. KRISTEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen hangs up. She stares up at Dalton who leans on the  
wall by the door.

KRISTEN

Now what? What's the plan?

DALTON

Now? We go find Chris and bring  
him home.

Kristen cracks a smile. She turns to the window and peeks  
outside. The lot still quiet.

KRISTEN

You know they could be watching us.

Dalton picks up a sawed off double barrel shotgun from a bed.  
Loads some shells.

DALTON

Yeah. Maybe.

Kristen grows worried.

KRISTEN

Are you sure no one followed us  
here from the station?

Dalton peeks through the blinds. A bit on edge himself.

DALTON

No. Not really.

KRISTEN

So they could bust in here and kill  
us whenever they want.

DALTON

Sure.

Kristen stares back at him.

KRISTEN

Really?

Dalton rolls his eyes.

DALTON

If there's anyone out there, we'd already be dead.

KRISTEN

Maybe. Or maybe they're just waiting for us to walk out the door and shoot us.

Dalton shoots her a hard stare. A bit annoyed with her non stop ramblings.

DALTON

You know, darling, you sure do complain a lot.

Kristen scoffs.

KRISTEN

Oh. I'm sorry if exploding houses and secret government hit squads get me a little on edge. Forgive me. I guess I'm not the emotional rock you are.

Dalton cracks a grin.

DALTON

Yeah, well. We all have your boyfriend Eddie Snowden to thank for that.

Kristen stubbornly looks away. Unwilling to accept the damage he's done.

KRISTEN

You don't know what you're talking about.

DALTON

Maybe. Maybe not. But one thing's for sure. Chris is holding out on me. And I'm starting to think you're holding out on me. And I can't help him or you unless I know what's really going on.

KRISTEN

You think I know what he's doing?  
You're not the only one he's  
holding out on.

DALTON

Tell you one thing. You and your  
boyfriend even think about giving  
me the slip following your little  
reunion, I'll put one in his back.  
And I'll haul your ass in as an  
accessory.

Kristen looks offended by the mere suggestion.

KRISTEN

Don't worry, cowboy. You'll get  
your money. After all. That's  
what this is all about, right?

Kristen storms off to the bathroom. Dalton snickers at her  
with disgust. As Dalton's back is turned, she snags his  
wallet and keys from a sink.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kristen quietly locks the door and walks to a corner window.  
She ever so slowly unhooks the latch and opens. She checks  
the door.

The SHADOW OF FEET under the crack.

EXT. MOTEL - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

Halfway out the window, Kristen drops to the ground. She  
checks both ways, hurries around the building.

A WOMAN walks her dog behind a chain link fence that  
separates her property from the motel. She watches Kristen  
make a run for it.

WOMAN

And they said romance was dead.

INT. POOL HALL - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

SUPER: SEATTLE, WA

The place is bumping as a local garage band does a set  
downstairs. A lively crew of girls in short shorts  
tote burgers and craft beers.

INT. POOL HALL - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

A more relaxed, quiet vibe. The local grunge play a round of nine ball. Nothing but chin whiskers and unwashed hair in this hipster joint.

In a far corner, young cop BOBBY VANCE---20s, marine build, all muscle, re racks for a new game.

VANCE

When's this dude supposed to show?

A second cop steps to the table. This is DEL GRECCO---30s, blonde dye job, scruff beard, undercover cop.

DEL GRECCO

Who says he's gonna show? For all we know it's IA pulling our dicks. Trying to run a game on us. Whoever this guy is, odds are he's wired.

Vance sets up another shot. Del Grecco picks up the ball from the table as Vance looks up.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

So do me a favor and let me do the talking. I don't need you going off and putting some poor slob in the ER again. You got two strikes against you already.

Vance nods. Lays down his cue.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

Someone's been doing some talking. Okay. Fine. So we find out who. Only we do it quietly.

His PHONE BUZZES. Answers.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

Del Grecco.

He looks up.

GUNTHER

at the other end of the room, in a corner high top, barely recognizable in a ball cap, fake beard and eyeglasses. A phone to his ear and a scotch rocks before him.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

Yeah. Sure. I'll be here.

He hangs up.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)  
(to Vance)  
He's running late. Ten minutes.

Del Grecco eyes the crowd. Squints as he spots someone.  
Vance follows his look.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)  
Hey, I just saw this girl I know.  
I'm gonna go say hello. Try to get  
something going tonight.  
Meanwhile, why don't you get us a  
refill?

VANCE  
Got it.

Vance heads for the stairs.

Del Grecco waits until his partner is all the way down and  
walks to Gunther's table.

Gunther checks to see if anyone's watching. Del Grecco  
hovers over him. Looks him up and down.

DEL GRECCO  
I hear you've got some information  
for us.

GUNTHER  
Aren't you gonna check me for a  
wire? Officer?

DEL GRECCO  
I don't think that's gonna be  
necessary.

Gunther motions to a second chair. Del Grecco has a seat.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)  
There's a lot of people out looking  
for you. You strike me as a man  
with real confidence in his  
abilities.

Gunther smiles. Takes a sip of his scotch.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)  
Just in case you're worried about  
me dropping a dime, our friend in  
the FBI called me in advance.  
(MORE)

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

He said you were gonna help us take care of our little problem.

GUNTHER

That all depends.

DEL GRECCO

On what?

GUNTHER

On what the Seattle PD is willing to give up in return.

Del Grecco smirks. Shakes his head.

DEL GRECCO

I'm afraid you're confused. If arrangements were made between Scarza and the FBI, then that's between them and you. Not us.

GUNTHER

Yeah. Well. I'm not happy with the current arrangement. So I'm upping my price. I figure the job is worth an extra three hundred.

DEL GRECCO

Three hundred. What're you, high?

GUNTHER

No. Just cautious. The FBI is working overtime saving face. That includes permanently cutting ties with certain unsavory types. Especially ones with half a million dollar bounties on their heads.

DEL GRECCO

You're thinking they just assume kill you than pay you.

GUNTHER

You're smarter than you look.

Del Grecco looks up, spots Vance watching them with a couple beers in hand.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I'd hate to call Mister Scarza and explain how their missing witness could make it to that grand jury in one piece. All because you refused to cooperate.

Del Grecco bounces his knee. His nerves get to him. He checks with Vance---pretending to shoot a game.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

You can read about Charlie Wilbur on the front page or in the obituaries. You choose.

Del Grecco loses his cool smile. He nods with understanding.

DEL GRECCO

Well. We'll definitely consider your offer.

GUNTHER

You have until midnight tomorrow.

Gunther tosses down a tip and leaves. Vance looks nervous as hell. Del Grecco cracks a grin. A combination of terrified and super impressed.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL - DAY

The front lobby is bustling with activity. Guests enter and exit fancy elevators. Lots of business suits and power ties pass the front desk.

But something here doesn't belong. Lots of LONG COATS AND BLACK WIRES hanging from ears. The FEDS are in the house. On a stakeout.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Any sign of Farmer or Gunther?  
Talk to me.

LOBBY FED #1 grabs his ear device.

LOBBY FED #1

It's all quiet down here, boss.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - OUTER DECK - DAY

A posh rooftop suite with art deco furniture and the most beautiful view of Downtown Seattle.

FEDERAL AGENTS walk the room wearing surveillance ear pieces and long coats. One of them is a real standout. This is Special Agent DANIEL LAWSON---40s, slick black hair, serious eyes.

Lawson holds a walkie.

LAWSON  
 (into walkie)  
 Do me a favor. Get with the desk.  
 Kindly remind them the presidential  
 suite is off limits. We're not  
 looking to blow a hole in Billy The  
 Bellhop.

LOBBY FED #1 (O.S.)  
 Roger that.

LOBBY FED #2 (O.S.)  
 Affirmative. I got it.

Lawson seems unsure of himself. Distraught.

A female agent named TESS---20s, fresh face, earnest, notices  
 Lawson's trepidation.

TESS  
 What're you thinking?

LAWSON  
 Why would he use Farmer's credit  
 card? And why get a place like  
 this? He's too exposed.

Lawson eyes the city landscape. As if he's searching for  
 something.

LAWSON (CONT'D)  
 Something's not right.

Tess checks to see what he's looking at. An aimless stare as  
 she scans the entire city.

EXT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - DAY

Gunther uses the world's longest zoom lens fitted on a tripod  
 as he watches the Feds roam the rooftop.

GUNTHER  
 My very own welcoming committee.  
 You shouldn't have.

He snaps a few still shots.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - PLAYGROUND - DAY

A beat up old clunker parked at the curb near a children's  
 swing set and playground. The windows tinted an almost  
 illegal black.

A BLACK SUBURBAN

slows to a halt at a stop sign across the street.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Dressed in a hoodie and dark shades, Gunther secretly watches the suburban from down the street.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY

Behind the wheel is an agent from Wargarten's team and riding shotgun is Vaughn.

VAUGHN

Pull it against the curb and wait.

The agent turns a left corner and parks at the curb in front of the basketball court fence.

Vaughn steps out and watches the parked clunker on the other side of the fence with great interest.

He walks around the fence, turns a corner, heads for the parked car with caution.

INT. CLUNKER - DAY

Vaughn opens the passenger door and is surprised to see the car unoccupied. A PHONE RINGS on the center console.

Vaughn answers.

VAUGHN

Where the hell are you?

GUNTHER (O.S.)

Special Agent Vaughn. Back from the dead. Welcome to Emerald City.

Vaughn stares down the side streets. Across the playground. No Gunther.

He checks the rear view mirror. Adjusts so that he's watching the hood rats at the bus stop.

VAUGHN

Cut the bullshit, Gunther. Where are you? And where the hell is Wiseman?

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
Don't blow a hole in your shorts, G  
Man. Open the glove box.

Vaughn pops open the glove compartment and spots a stack of eight by ten stills. They are of Lawson, Tess and company on the rooftop suite.

VAUGHN  
Where did you get these?

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
Never mind that. Give me a name.

VAUGHN  
Dan Lawson. He heads up the Organized Crime Task Force that put Joe Scarza away. He probably got wind you were in town looking to rat out the location of his star witness.

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
Gee. You think?

VAUGHN  
Yeah, well, maybe he wouldn't be here if it weren't for you using Doc Farmer's name to rent the biggest suite in Seattle.

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
It's called doing your homework, Agent Vaughn. As in...you should've done yours.

VAUGHN  
He won't be a problem. You just take care of Wiseman quietly, just like you promised and I'll deal with Lawson.

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
And how're you gonna do that, Vaughn? You're dead, remember?

VAUGHN  
Look. Just finish the job. You might think you're untouchable. But you're not. You have two days. Then consider your contract cancelled.

Vaughn hangs up on him.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Gunther watches as Vaughn steps out of the clunker and the suburban picks him up.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - SEATTLE, WA - NIGHT

Dalton steps off the bus, luggage in tow. He checks the benches of a waiting area.

ROY KAMPUS---50s, bad leg, jeans and nasty sweatshirt, spots Dalton, uses his cane to stand up.

ROY

Now look at this. I've been  
telling people you were dead.

Dalton barely cracks a grin. He's about whipped.

DALTON

Working on it.

ROY

I see that.

INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT

Roy behind the wheel. Dalton rides shotgun, rubs his tired, bloodshot eyes. They cruise the roads just outside of downtown Seattle.

ROY

So, you look good. A little  
crapped out but good.

DALTON

You don't know the half of it.  
How's the retired life?

ROY

Why do you think I picked up a no  
good trouble making hillbilly like  
you if I had shit going on?

DALTON

What's the story on my truck?

Roy shakes his head, laughs.

ROY

Yeah. Enough about me. Don't  
worry.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

It's in one of those pay by the day  
lots a couple blocks from Market  
Square. Nice and safe. But there  
is some bad news.

Dalton turns to him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Your girl locked your keys inside.

Dalton grins.

DALTON

She's not exactly the mastermind  
Wiseman is.

ROY

Yeah, it takes a real mastermind to  
blackmail the federal government  
out of a million smacks. More like  
crazy.

DALTON

Actually it's only around Seven  
Fifty.

ROY

Oh. Sorry. He's keeping it  
modest.

Roy hands him a printed out white sheet.

ROY (CONT'D)

A list of every hotel, motel and  
flop house in a two block radius  
of your truck.

Dalton reads them over.

ROY (CONT'D)

As you can now see, you'll have to  
do the leg work yourself. Pun  
intended.

Roy motions to the glove box.

ROY (CONT'D)

I also printed those pictures you  
wanted.

Dalton pops the box---pulls out two printed out images of  
Chris and Kristen.

ROY (CONT'D)

So, you gonna tell me what's going on or do I have to guess?

Dalton hands him a printed internet article with the front page headline SEATTLE PD LINKED TO HOMELESS PROBE.

DALTON

Found this in the girl's luggage. Probably did some snooping around and found it on Wiseman's laptop.

Roy takes a look.

DALTON (CONT'D)

So whadd'ya know about this?

ROY

A few months back, a local scumbag dealer was nailed in connection to a drug operation involving the inner city homeless. The scumbag in question being Joey Scarza Junior. I know you heard of him.

DALTON

Oh, yes.

ROY

Yeah, well, when Joey Senior shit the bed, Joey Junior got involved in all things wrong. Drugs, prostitution, pornography.

DALTON

Sounds like Junior's running for scumbag of the year.

ROY

Oh, he's a real sweetheart.

(beat)

Anyways, one of these homeless guys running smack for Scarza gets a bright idea. He makes a deal with the Feds. Set me up with a new life. New identity. A few bucks to start over. And I'll testify against this Joe Scarza in open court.

DALTON

Tell me about this new investigation.

ROY  
I'm getting there.

Dalton rolls his eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
During the trial, it came out that some local cops were working with Scarza. Problem is, no one's talking. They can't find a single witness on the street willing to testify.

DALTON  
These cops got them off the street before they could talk. Paid off.

ROY  
So that just leaves one possible witness who can corroborate this so called link between Scarza and the cops. And he's currently in witness protection under an assumed name. Formerly known as the artist Charlie Wilbur.

DALTON  
What did you find out about Wiseman?

ROY  
Well. Your boy's been asking around alright. He's looking for a sit down with the cop in charge of the drug operation.

DALTON  
He's gonna sell out this witness. Collect his money while him and girlfriend make a run for it across the border.

Dalton shakes his head.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Wiseman never uncovered any leak in the DOJ. Wiseman was the leak.

EXT. PAY BY DAY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Roy pulls his car against the curb. The sound of FERRY HORNS audible in the distance. Close to Market Square. Dalton steps out, bag in tow.

ROY

Okay. This is where I leave you.  
Let me know if anyone gives you  
shit.

DALTON

Will do.

ROY

Do me a favor though. Stay out of  
trouble this time. From the sounds  
of things you got going on, I won't  
be able to afford your bail.

Dalton grins.

ROY (CONT'D)

Give me a call when you hear  
something.

Roy speeds off. Dalton heads into the lot and greets a  
PARKING ATTENDANT skimming porn on his laptop.

DALTON

(to Attendant)

So how much do I owe you for the  
Chevy truck?

ATTENDANT

So you're the guy. Some cop came  
by earlier. Said not to tow it.  
That it was stolen or something.

DALTON

It was stolen. From me.

ATTENDANT

I see. Well, if you can get the  
door open, good luck.

Dalton dips his head to him. He heads for his truck at the  
far end of the lot. He checks if anyone's watching.

He opens a tool box on the bed of his Chevy. Reaches in and  
snags up a spare set of keys. About to open, but he pauses.  
Looks behind the chain link fence that surrounds the lot.  
It's all too quiet.

He bends down, lays on the asphalt.

UNDER THE CAR

a complicated PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE is wired to the ignition.

Dalton stands, looks around the lot. He spots a chunk of busted rock, picks it up and BUSTS OUT the driver's side window.

The Attendant ducks his head out.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
You okay over there?

DALTON

snags up his Winchester from behind his seat. He unzips the carrying case, pulls it out.

A SUSPICIOUS CAR

behind the fence speeds off. Dalton tries to get a make and model but it's long gone.

The Attendant approaches, soda in hand.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
You alright?

DALTON  
Shit no.

EXT. BAYSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT

A Taxi Cab arrives at the front lobby of this waterfront motel with an almost full lot. Dalton steps out and hands the CABBIE a wad of loose cash.

DALTON  
This is two hours worth. You hear any gun play, you call this number.

Dalton hands him a torn piece of paper. The Cabbie looks scared to death.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Just kidding.

The Cabbie squeaks out a forced laugh. Dalton's smile turns dead serious.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
But seriously. Call that number.

The Cabbie loses his grin.

INT. BAYSIDE MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dalton flashes the black and white images of Chris and Kristen to the front DESK CLERK.

DESK CLERK  
Yeah. They're here. Room Two  
Fifteen.

The Desk Clerk points at Chris's photo.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)  
This one rented the room. The girl  
came later.

Dalton stares through the lobby window at The Cabbie watching from the front lot.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)  
May I ask why you're carrying a  
rifle?

DALTON  
No.

The Desk Clerk nods with appreciation.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
But do me a favor. If you hear any  
gunplay...

Dalton reaches in his pocket.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Well. Oh, hell. Never mind.

Dalton heads out.

EXT. BAYSIDE MOTEL - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

From the back seat of the taxi...

Dalton watches ROOM TWO FIFTEEN like a hawk. A hot young BLONDE steps out, flips the top lock, leaves the door opened.

She heads down a hallway.

Dalton steps from the back seat---rifle in hand.

CABBIE  
Are you gonna shoot somebody?  
Or...

DALTON  
Hand over the keys.

CABBIE  
Excuse me?

Dalton swings the rifle in the Cabbie's direction. Through the passenger window.

DALTON  
You gotta hearing problem? Maybe you need your ears cleaned out.

The Cabbie quickly snags the keys out of the ignition and holds them out to Dalton.

EXT. ROOM TWO FIFTEEN - NIGHT

Dalton quietly steps to the door. He opens, steps inside as the cabbie watches from his taxi.

INT. ROOM TWO FIFTEEN - NIGHT

Dalton shuts and locks the door behind him. He hears a SHOWER RUNNING and turns off the lights.

He slowly walks to the sink area and spots a box of shells and a concealed gun holster.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

Dalton turns to the door. KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

BLONDE (O.S.)  
Hey! You locked me out!

KNOCK-KNOCK!

The SHOWER TURNS OFF. Dalton hides near the bathroom door. Out steps a MAN IN A TOWEL.

WHAP! Dalton smashes the butt of his rifle into the Man's face as he crashes to the floor.

DALTON  
Keep down!

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

Dalton heads to the door. Unlocks as THE BLONDE storms inside and spots her man on the floor.

It's not Kristen.

BLONDE

What is this? What did you do to him? Scottie!

She runs to her boyfriend "Scottie" knocked out on the carpet. She turns him over.

Dalton sucks his teeth. A real predicament.

EXT. BAYSIDE MOTEL - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Dalton now sits in the back of a squad car. Del Grecco is busy taking a statement from the cab driver.

Vance crawls in the front passenger seat. Del Grecco finishes with the cabbie, heads back to the car.

DEL GRECCO

Okay, Mister Skip Tracer. Why didn't you identify yourself as a bounty hunter to the motel manager?

DALTON

Why wallet was stolen. ID. Permit. All gone.

DEL GRECCO

I see. I also hear you threatened the cabbie with that rifle of yours.

DALTON

He's mistaken.

Del Grecco stares back at him. Not buying it.

DEL GRECCO

Well. That's some story you told us. This Wiseman character sure sounds like he's in deep.

DALTON

Yes, sir, he is.

DEL GRECCO

Okay, cowboy. I'll give it to you straight. That was a cop you knocked out back there. Now we could charge you with assault. Threatening the cabbie. Carrying a gun without a permit.

(MORE)

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

All kinds of shit. But, ya see, we got ourselves a bit of a sensitive situation here.

DALTON

How so?

DEL GRECCO

Well, you see, this cop is married. And the young lady he was sharing a room with was not his wife. So, we're all thinking about it. Putting our heads together and we came up with a solution.

Del Grecco smiles back at him from the mirror.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

One that benefits all.

DALTON

Well. I can't wait to hear it.

DEL GRECCO

You leave town. Tonight. Catch the first bus outta here. Forget about Chris Wiseman. Forget you were ever here. And consider it your official get out of jail free card.

Dalton thinks it over---nods in agreement.

DALTON

Ya know, the more I think about it, that's a real coincidence.

DEL GRECCO

What is?

DALTON

Your cop friend. His girl looks just like Wiseman's girl. The bullets just sitting there on the sink. An empty holster. And here they are just a block and a half from where she ditched my truck. It's almost like fate just set me up to fail on this one.

Dalton shoots him a knowing stare.

DALTON (CONT'D)

I just think the whole thing's a crazy coincidence.

Del Grecco laughs. Vance joins him.

DEL GRECCO

Yeah. Life is funny that way. So do we have a deal or not, Mister Perry?

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Dalton and his luggage stand in line as a bus loads with passengers. Del Grecco and Vance bid him well.

DEL GRECCO

Well, Mister Perry. I hope everything works out for you. You sure have been through it this week. Tell you what. We'll keep an eye out for this Wiseman character for you.

Dalton smiles back at Del Grecco and Vance. Letting them know he knows they're full of crap.

DALTON

You be sure to give me a call when you find him.

DEL GRECCO

You'll be the first one I dial.

Del Grecco slaps Vance on the shoulder and they head out. Dalton cracks a grin.

INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gunther sits stark naked on his imported Italian leather sofa as a pair of high dollar CALL GIRLS do a strip tease under a laser light show.

Some techno music bumps from his stereo.

Gunther sips champagne and watches passively as thongs are tossed in his face.

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE - OUTER DECK - DAY

Del Grecco walks the outer circle, enjoys the panoramic view of Downtown Seattle. He surveys a crowd of tourists.

CHRIS

leans on the outer rail. Some paperwork in hand.

DEL GRECCO

Excuse me, friend. You look awfully familiar to me. Do we know each other?

CHRIS

I think so.

KRISTEN

watches from a table behind the glass. A soda and purse before her. She is super nervous.

Chris hands Del Grecco a thick manila file and he quickly looks it over.

A large color image of CHARLES WILBUR with official FBI letterhead: Witness Protection.

DEL GRECCO

And here's another familiar face.

Looks at Chris.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

I heard about you. Aren't you supposed to be dead?

CHRIS

You'll find his entire history in that file. Everything except his new name and address. That's not something I'm just giving away.

DEL GRECCO

You know where Wilbur is? That what you're telling me?

CHRIS

You're right. I could be lying. That's why the Feds have one of the most dangerous men in the world on my tail. Because I'm a fake. No way I have access to those files.

Del Grecco laughs.

DEL GRECCO

Okay, okay. So you're the real deal Holyfield. Good for you. What do you want?

CHRIS

Lucky for you, my needs are small. I'm willing to trade you Wilbur's file for a cool Two Fifty. From what I hear you got going on with Joey Scarza, that's a couple weeks pay for you and your cop friends.

DEL GRECCO

You heard that, did you?

CHRIS

Not sure how many of Seattle's finest are on the payroll, but I'm guessing legal fees alone will be in the ballpark of five mil. All out of Scarza's pocket, of course, since it's his name he's trying to keep out of all those cops mouths looking to cut a deal.

Del Grecco nods with understanding.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm not planning on being here all week. I've got places to be. If I were you, I'd seriously think about taking up a collection from the Seattle PD before things really do get expensive.

Chris hands him a cell number.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I can see you need some time to think it over. Weigh your options. You have until tonight. Or consider my offer rescinded.

Chris stares back at Kristen behind the glass. She stands to leave as she and Chris walk off in unison.

Del Grecco stares back at Vance who leans on a rail, sips a drink, eventually joins him.

VANCE

How did it go?

DEL GRECCO

He wants Two Fifty for Wilbur. We go through him, we save Fifty K. On the other hand, we'll be double crossing a professional assassin and putting targets on all our backs.

VANCE

Probably not the best idea.

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER MONORAIL - WAITING AREA - DAY

Chris and Kristen wait near the back of the crowd. They keep an eye out for Del Grecco and Vance. Too many people to make out who is who.

KRISTEN

You sure this is gonna work?

CHRIS

You should've seen how he was looking at me. Like he was holding in some big secret. Something I don't know about.

Chris eyes the crowd.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Snowman's here.

A panicked Kristen also checks the crowd.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Not here. Not right now. Here in Seattle. They already made a deal with him to snuff out Charlie Wilbur.

KRISTEN

So why would they need you?

CHRIS

I don't know. Maybe they thought I'd make a better offer.

KRISTEN

Or you could be walking straight into an ambush.

Chris's smile grows ear to ear. Kristen squints, confused and not following.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

You're smiling. Why are you smiling?

CHRIS

I'll tell you all about it on the train. Come on.

Chris grabs her hand. They head for the front of the crowd. Waiting to board the train.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - LT. DAVISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dalton sits before IA LT. DAVISON---40s, slick hair, flash suit, a bit too pretty for a cop. He nervously spins a ball point pen in his fingers.

LT. DAVISON

So, let me get this straight. You want all the files we have on a case we may or may not have open against a crew of dirty cops funneling drugs.

Lt. Davison shakes his head, walks to the office window and suspiciously shuts the blinds.

LT. DAVISON (CONT'D)

And I'm supposed to just...hand them all over to you. Just like that.

DALTON

I'm not asking you to hand over anything, Lieutenant. All I'm asking for are names. From what I'm reading in the papers, you could use the help.

LT. DAVISON

Sorry, cowboy. But that's classified. But I think you know that already.

Lt. Davison pours himself a fresh cup and loads it up with sugar and cream.

DALTON

I appreciate your hesitation, Lieutenant. Some strange skip tracer just waltzes into your office. Asking for your files. Okay, fine.

(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

But If I were you, I'd get on the horn with those Feds staking out The Sheraton. Something tells me they just might have information pertinent to your investigation. If, in fact, you do have an open investigation, of course.

LT. DAVISON

If the FBI had anything solid, we'd already know about it.

DALTON

What they have, Lieutenant, is your witness.

Lt. Davison at full attention.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Snowman Gunther shows up in town and here comes your Agent Lawson. Who just happened to be the Agent in charge of the Scarza case last year. I can't help but notice there's a sort of connection there.

LT. DAVISON

So far you're not telling me anything we don't already know, Mister Dalton.

DALTON

Good. Then you'd have to be a bona fide idiot to not have Chris Wiseman under twenty four hour surveillance.

LT. DAVISON

I promise you, if we did have Wiseman under surveillance, and I'm not saying we do, that would be...

DALTON

Classified. Yes, sir.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Dalton on his way out the door spots a live computer monitor with Vincent Del Grecco's image. His arrest record, name, age, rank and home address.

On the same desk are stacks upon stacks of official police files and other materials.

Dalton turns around, spots Lt. Davison watching him through the cracks of his venetian blinds. Lt. Davison gives him a quick nod, shuts the blinds.

Dalton smiles.

INT. SEATTLE PD METRO - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Del Grecco changes into civilian clothes as his cell BUZZES from a steel bench. He checks a recent text. It's a VIDEO FILE of CHARLIE WILBUR bound and gagged.

Del Grecco smiles. He checks to see if anyone's watching. The coast is clear. He speed dials Gunther.

DEL GRECCO  
Yeah. Del Grecco.

INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gunther paces the living room with lights out. The balcony door wide open as the CITY LIGHTS GLOW behind this dark figure.

GUNTHER  
Change in plan, cop. As you can see, I have your witness. Just in case you were thinking of taking Wiseman's deal and saving yourself fifty K, I'd seriously reconsider.

DEL GRECCO (O.S.)  
I'm listening.

GUNTHER  
I'm proposing we make an even switch. You keep your meeting with Wiseman. As soon as I see his lifeless body, I take out Wilbur. You and your cop friends will be saving yourself three hundred K.

INT. SEATTLE PD METRO - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Del Grecco not so sure. A couple of UNIFORM COPS walk in, talk amongst each other.

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
I'm waiting, cop.

He stalls.

DEL GRECCO  
Consider it done.

INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gunther smiles, hangs up, speed dials another number.  
Vaughn's voice on the other line.

VAUGHN (O.S.)  
Alright, Gunther. What's the word?

GUNTHER  
Our cops took the bait. Kill him.

INT. CHARLIE WILBUR'S SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several FEDERAL AGENTS lay dead on the carpet. All riddled  
with bullets and soaked in blood.

GUNSMOKE still looms in the air. Dozens of spent shell  
casings blanket the floor.

Tied to a chair, bound and gagged is CHARLIE WILBUR---40s,  
federal witness. He tries to wrestle himself free.  
Unsuccessful.

Vaughn and his men are all in black. Leather gloves. All  
tote MP5s fitted with silencers.

VAUGHN  
(into phone)  
Roger that.

Vaughn pockets his cell. He gives the nod to his right hand  
man who draws down on Wilbur. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP! Three shots  
center mass. Dead.

EXT. RANIER MOTOR LODGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris rests his full ice bucket on the ground as he drops  
some change into a soda machine.

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
Stupid machine ate my dollar.

Chris spins around in a panic, spots a DARK FIGURE hiding in  
the shadows next to a snack machine.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

It's a dangerous game you're playing, sporto. I hope you're up to it.

CHRIS

You gonna kill me now?

GUNTHER

Nice looking girl. Does she know what her man's been doing behind her back? I'm gonna go out on a limb and say no.

CHRIS

What do you care?

GUNTHER

Because, sport. I need assurance she won't be a problem.

CHRIS

She only knows what I tell her.

GUNTHER

Do you know what the real funny thing is about money, Chris? It tends to change people. It's even been known to get in the middle of relationships. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, they say. Next thing you know, lawyers are involved. And then things get real messy.

CHRIS

I told you I'll handle it.

Gunther steps out of the dark, gets uncomfortably close.

GUNTHER

You know something, Chris. I think me and you are gonna be real good friends.

Chris nervously swallows. Frozen with fear.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

You got any change? I'd kick an old lady down a flight of stairs for a Milky Way right about now.

CHRIS

I think you'd do it just to see the  
look on her face.

Gunther cracks up.

GUNTHER

You're a funny guy.

Chris fumbles in his pockets and comes up with some quarters  
for Gunther.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(smiles)

Tell the little lady I said hi.

Chris cautiously steps backwards, away from Gunther, and  
heads back to his motel room.

INT. CHRIS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Chris sits at a small table, records some sample footage of  
the room with a high def video camera. Kristen cracks open  
a soda, chugs it down.

KRISTEN

I still don't get it. How do you  
know he'll even be there?

CHRIS

Because. Vaughn and three of his  
crew have been watching those cops  
since they got into town.

Kristen almost spit takes.

KRISTEN

You've seen them? How? When?

CHRIS

Yeah, I've seen them. Still very  
much alive and well. They've been  
staking out Del Grecco and his  
partner for days.

Kristen scoffs with disgust at Chris as he changes his  
clothes.

KRISTEN

So you went to their houses.  
That's great.

(MORE)

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

And what if you got caught? Did the possibility ever cross your mind?

CHRIS

Yeah, well. Being a hero is hard work, baby. Agent Vaughn doesn't know it yet but we have a hot date tomorrow. More of a blind date actually.

Chris points the camera down at his own face. A big smile.

KRISTEN

Why didn't you tell me what you were doing? You didn't think I'd understand?

Chris sets the camera down.

CHRIS

Why do you think? Dalton was there. Standing over your shoulder. Did you actually think he'd just pat me on the back and say 'good luck' or take me back to jail?

KRISTEN

I don't know.

Kristen watches him with concern.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Just promise me one thing. That you'll come back this time. I don't wanna lose you again.

Chris walks to her. Gives her a tender hug. A guilty as hell look on his face.

EXT. DEL GRECCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The black suburban parked across the street. Vaughn behind the wheel. His crew in the back. They all sit in silence and watch the building.

DOWN THE STREET - ROY'S CAR

at the curb. Behind the wheel is Dalton. He keeps his eye on Vaughn and the apartments. Pops some tobacco chew while he waits patiently.

A CAR

slowly cruises up the street. Slows to a halt next to the black suburban.

Dalton spots a blonde behind the wheel. Kristen pokes her head out the window.

Vaughn rolls down the driver's side.

DALTON  
Are you kidding me?

DOWN THE STREET - KRISTEN AND VAUGHN

KRISTEN  
(to Vaughn)  
Wiseman says he's ready to make a deal. No more running. No more bullshit. No more bodies.

An Agent opens the rear door. Steps out. Kristen holds out her cell phone.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)  
One more step and I send this text!  
All deals will be off the table!

Vaughn calms his man down.

VAUGHN  
(to Agent)  
Back off!  
(to Kristen)  
What kind of deal?

The Agent in the back seat keeps a hand on his gun. He checks to see if anyone's watching.

KRISTEN  
Look, man. Are you ready to end this thing or not? Either you take his deal or he takes his story to the press. Every detail, every name. You decide. Right here. Right now.

Dalton watches the interaction with confusion.

INT. LUCKY'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Del Grecco, Vance and TWO MORE OF HIS CREW gather at a corner high-top. It's the middle of the day and the place is dead. They all stand, swig mugs of beers.

Del Grecco stares back at a seemingly uninterested BARTENDER who wipes down the counter.

VANCE

What the hell are we doing here?  
Is this thing going down or what?

DEL GRECCO

We're making the drop somewhere close. Wiseman's gonna be calling the phone behind the counter. Make sure we're not backing out of the deal last minute.

COP #1

I don't like it.

DEL GRECCO

Relax.

COP #1

He could be watching us right now. Watching the money. Just waiting to set us up.

DEL GRECCO

What're you talking about? Set us up how?

VANCE

I don't like it either. All this secretive crap. Where is he?

The PHONE RINGS. They all turn to the BARTENDER as he answers.

BARTENDER

Yeah?  
(listens)  
One sec.

He hands the phone out to Del Grecco who faces his team.

DEL GRECCO

Alright, boys. Look alive. It's game time. We do this jerk and Wilbur's as good as dead. Done deal. End of story.

(MORE)

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)  
We get our lives back and we never  
discuss this again.

They all nod in agreement. Del Grecco heads to the bar and  
snags the phone.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)  
(to Chris)  
You ready to make some money?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
I see the gang's all here.

Del Grecco turns to his team.

CHRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're not making me feel good  
about our deal, Officer. Looks  
more like a gang bang to me.

DEL GRECCO  
Yeah, well. It's not just me and  
my partner at stake here.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
So much for to protect and serve.  
Nothing worse than a dirty cop.

DEL GRECCO  
Enough with the Sunday sermon. Are  
we doing this or not?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Take the rear exit. Make a right  
up the back alley. I'll be coming  
up the other end in a suburban. A  
black one. I hope you don't have  
any tricks up your sleeve, cop.

DEL GRECCO  
No tricks. Just a big fat bag of  
money. Do you want it or not?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Three minutes. Starting now. The  
clock is ticking.

Chris HANGS UP. A dial tone.

EXT. LUCKY'S BAR AND GRILL - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Del Grecco and crew exit the back door and step into a trash ridden alley between two tall buildings. They take turns looking in all directions.

A BLACK SUBURBAN

careens around a corner and storms up the alley towards Del Grecco and crew.

DEL GRECCO

As soon as he shows his face, put a bullet in it.

The suburban SCREECHES TO A HALT. Out jumps Vaughn and his team from all four doors.

Del Grecco's team all draw their guns.

DEL GRECCO (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

VAUGHN

Who are you?! Where's Wiseman?!

DEL GRECCO

Who am I? Who the hell are you?!

VAUGHN

I'm not gonna ask you again, shit stick! Where is he?

Vaughn and team don't back off. They keep walking up the alley toward Del Grecco and crew.

Vance gets nervous.

VANCE

Back off!

VAUGHN'S GUY #1

Drop your gun!

VANCE

I don't think so! You drop yours!

Del Grecco rolls his eyes, turns to Vance.

DEL GRECCO

(to Vance)

They're not holding guns, dumbass.

VAUGHN  
(to Del Grecco)  
What is this?! Some kind of joke?!

EXT. LUCKY'S BAR ROOFTOP - DAY

Chris records all of it on camera. He also grips a hand-held sonic device wired to a pair of headphones. He laughs like a giddy school kid.

INT. LUCKY'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Del Grecco grabs the phone from the bartender---who secretly presses record on an old style tape deck hidden on a shelf under the bar. A few wires connect the back of the phone receiver to the simple recorder.

DEL GRECCO  
(into phone)  
You ready to make some money?

EXT. DEL GRECCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kristen hits record on her smart phone and holds it out the window for Vaughn and crew in the suburban.

KRISTEN  
One more step and I send this text!

Vaughn unknowingly stares straight into the handheld video recorder already in progress.

KRISTEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
All deals will be off the table!

EXT. LUCKY'S BAR ROOFTOP - DAY (PRESENT)

Chris aims his camera and sonic device at Vaughn's face. Vaughn stares up and spots Chris.

CHRIS  
Busted.

Chris makes a run for it---across the roof and toward a fire escape on the other side.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

He hurries down the rusted out ladder, camera and sonic device still in hand.

Kristen and Chris's car comes to a swift halt at the bottom. She HONKS her horn repeatedly.

KRISTEN

Come on!

Chris unhooks the bottom ladder and slides down the iron bars with the high wired energy of a kid. He practically leaps in the car and they're gone.

INT. CHRIS'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

ON THE TV

is footage of Del Grecco and Chris at The Space Needle. Recorded from Kristen's purse.

CHRIS

You'll find his entire history in that file. Everything except his new name and address. That's not something I'm just giving away.

He fast forwards a bit. Then stops on footage of Del Grecco, Vance and crew in the back alley.

DEL GRECCO

As soon as you see his face, put a bullet in it.

Chris pauses the footage. Kristen hovers behind his chair. He plays an AUDIO CLIP on his laptop.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

Where's Wiseman?!

Chris laughs. Shuts his laptop and unhooks the video camera from the television.

CHRIS

I can see the headline now. Dead Agents Hunt Dead Witness.

Chris zips up his bag and turns to Kristen.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We're talking over two dozen indictments involving some of the highest ranking officials in the FBI and Justice Department.

Kristen smiles. Super proud.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I figure with the evidence we have, plus the video, it won't take them long to tie Vaughn to Chief and Director Wargarten's murder.

KRISTEN

You did it, baby.

Chris slumps down on the bed. His eyes glazed over with a sense of childlike pride.

CHRIS

We did it.

Chris quickly stands, slings his laptop bag over his shoulder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But it's not over yet. Those cops are gonna be busting down doors all over town. Get Dalton on the phone and let's get outta here.

Kristen grabs her phone from the sink. Speed dials Dalton and waits for the other end.

KRISTEN

Dalton? It's me. It's Kristen. I'm here with Chris. He wants to talk to you.

Kristen hands the phone to Chris.

CHRIS

Glad to hear the rumors of your demise have been greatly exaggerated.

DALTON (O.S.)

What's the word, Wiseman? You ready to turn yourself in?

CHRIS

Not exactly. Kristen and I have some celebrating to do first.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 But I'm not gonna leave you empty  
 handed. A deal's a deal.

Chris smiles back at Kristen.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 A hundred grand, right? Well we  
 got it. But first you're gonna  
 have to do us one more favor.

DALTON (O.S.)  
 Son, I think you're out of favors.

CHRIS  
 I'm leaving you a little present  
 here at the motel. Ranier Motor  
 Lodge. Room Two Thirty Three. I  
 want you to deliver it to Channel  
 Nine. Make sure they run it.  
 Tonight. The whole thing.

DALTON (O.S.)  
 Wiseman, what in the hell --

CHRIS  
 Trust me. You'll wanna see this.  
 We gotta deal or not?

Chris waits. All quiet on the other end. Kristen passes  
 behind him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Come on, cowboy. We got a bus to  
 catch. What's it gonna be?

DALTON (O.S.)  
 Well shit. Guess I don't have much  
 choice. Now do I?

Chris checks the door. It swings open. No Kristen. He  
 turns, checks the rest of the room and she's gone.  
 Vanished.

CHRIS  
 (serious)  
 Hey, cowboy. I gotta go.

EXT. RANIER MOTOR LODGE - FRONT LOT - DAY

Dalton arrives in Roy's car and parks near the front end. The  
 ferry docks across the road. Dalton steps out, stares up at  
 the second floor.

INT. CHRIS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dalton creaks open the unlocked door. He immediately spots an envelope of cash rested on a round table. Next to it, a tape recorder and note: "Dalton"

He pushes the door open further. No sign of Chris or Kristen anywhere as the room is eerily quiet.

He slowly turns to the tape recorder and envelope of cash on the corner table. He picks up the recorder, takes a seat, presses play.

GUNTHER (O.S.)

Hello, Dalton. Congratulations on finally finding your man. I thought it only appropriate to leave you your hundred thousand. A little parting gift from me to you. Call it a professional courtesy.

Dalton on the verge of tears and his eyes shut. Full of guilt and regret. He stops the recorder, picks up the envelope and Kristen's engagement ring spills out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP AND DINER - DAY

A totally crapped out Dalton helps himself inside and plops down in the first booth he sees. His elbows on the table and weary face buried in his hands.

He is greeted by a WAITRESS.

WAITRESS

Good afternoon, handsome. Can I get you something to drink or some coffee to start with?

The roaring sounds of POLICE SIRENS and SQUAD CARS WHIZZING BY on the outside street distract Dalton.

The Waitress also turns, stares out the window.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Never a dull moment, is there?

DALTON

No, ma'am, there sure aren't.

WAITRESS

You need some coffee today, sweetie?

DALTON

Yes, please. Cream and sugar. And another quick one to go. Just the coffee, thanks.

She heads for the kitchen.

Dalton is distracted by the roaring of POLICE SIRENS and it's only getting louder and crazier by the second. He finally stands, walks to the window, takes a look.

An ambulance arrives on the outside street---honking and maneuvering its way around idle cars.

The coffee shop's MANAGER frantically locks the front door, flips the sign from OPEN to CLOSED.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What's going on?

MANAGER

Some nut with a carload of guns supposedly ditched his van at the stoplight.

The Waitress hands Dalton his to go cup of coffee.

WAITRESS

Cops are saying he ran a red light and killed a woman.

MANAGER

The whole street's on lock down. Supposedly doing door to doors looking for this guy.

Dalton takes a moment, thinks it all over. He returns to his seat in the

DINING ROOM

---only to find Chris's VIDEO CAMERA on the table next to his Stetson hat. He looks to a table across the room. Gunther is hurt and bleeding. His arms wrapped around his mid section.

GUNTHER

(to Dalton)

So you're the one they call Scarecrow. I've heard stories. You've been around a bit.

Dalton nods to the camera at his table.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

It's what you're looking for. It's what this whole thing was about. The way I see it...I can give it to the Feds or I can give it to you. Consider it my last good deed. Take it and leave before I change my mind.

DALTON

You're just handing it over to me after killing those two kids? I'm not buying it.

GUNTHER

You found what I wanted you to find. What he wanted you to find. An empty motel room. That was our deal.

DALTON

What damn deal?

Gunther smiles, coughs up some blood. Dalton draws his forty five auto.

GUNTHER

You can put your gun away, Dalton. I'm not going anywhere.

DALTON

Where's Wiseman?

GUNTHER

Halfway to paradise, I'd imagine. Counting his money.

DALTON

I don't believe you.

GUNTHER

Of course you don't. That was his game. Making you believe that. And making her believe enough in him to sell his story to you.

DALTON

So I was right. Wiseman was the DOJ's secret leak.

GUNTHER

Come now, Dalton. You can do better than that.

Dalton thinks back.

DALTON

Vaughn. He's the one who got you those explosives.

GUNTHER

Very good.

DALTON

If Vaughn hacked the Witness list, that means he's...

GUNTHER

...still very much alive and starring in a new home movie directed by Chris Wiseman. Caught in a most compromising and unflattering position.

DALTON

You mean somewhere other than six feet under.

GUNTHER

Exactly.

DALTON

You were the one who gave Wiseman Charlie Wilbur's case file. His new name. New address. All of it. You were playing both sides this whole time.

GUNTHER

Congratulations, cowboy. You cracked the case.

DALTON

Why? Why all of this?

GUNTHER

Wiseman knew he'd never be safe as long as he was alive. He had to die. Cease to exist. That's where you come in.

DALTON

And with Wiseman's little home movie, you get the Feds by the ass and get to bleed them for a few more million.

GUNTHER

As you can see, things have taken a turn. I figure I got another five or maybe ten minutes before those cops come back. How long do you think I'll last on the inside with that footage in my possession.

DALTON

Probably not long.

GUNTHER

That's right. It's up to you now.

Gunther slowly stands, bleeding from his mouth, barely able to stand upright.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

You better run if you're gonna make the six o'clock news.

Gunther moves for the door. Dalton aims his gun at his back.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

You gonna shoot me, Dalton? After everything I've done for you.

The Waitress appears from around the corner. Gunther snags her by the waist, pulls her closer, sticks a steak knife to her throat.

Dalton steps closer.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(to Dalton)

That's far enough.

WAITRESS

I've got a Camry in the garage next door. Just take the keys and go. It's got a full tank and everything.

GUNTHER

You see, Dalton. Even your girl knows how to negotiate.

He nods at Dalton's gun.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Magazine first. On the table.

Dalton ejects the magazine from his gun, rests his forty five on a dining room table.

## GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Like I said, Dalton. You can still win this thing. Show the world who the real bad guys are. It's not the Chris Wiseman's of the world. Or me. We're just playing the game they started. Don't do nothing stupid like try to play hero.

Gunther backs his way to the door with the knife still stuck in his hostage's throat.

Dalton holds his hands in the air.

With his one free hand, Gunther unlocks the front door and keeps the Waitress close as they walk side by side up the sidewalk.

Out of Dalton's sight. The Manager rushes in and faces Dalton still standing in shock.

## MANAGER

He took her. He took Jess!

Dalton quickly re loads the ejected magazine into his forty five and bolts for the door.

## EXT. COFFEE SHOP AND DINER - STREET CURB - DAY

Dalton reaches in the backseat of Roy's Riviera and snags up his Winchester pump action.

He stares down the street at a spectacle of POLICE LIGHTS and FIRE ENGINES. A TOW TRUCK loads the wreckage of Gunther's car onto a flatbed.

Dalton spots A PARKING GARAGE next door.

## INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Dalton rushes up the first floor ramp with rifle in hand as he inspects the interiors of parked vehicles.

No sign of life in any of them. He hears the SCREECHING SOUNDS of TIRES scorching the pavement.

THREE GUNSHOTS loudly ECHO the walls of the garage.

Dalton races toward a corner stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Dalton chases up the steps with his rifle, approaches the second level door propped open by a brick.

He enters the...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SECOND LEVEL - DAY

...and finds A POLICE CAR with RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING and the driver's door swung open. A DEAD COP riddled with gunfire, face down on the pavement.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - FIRST LEVEL - DAY

Gunther and his frightened hostage race her Camry down the first level ramp---only to be blocked in by a pair of POLICE CARS on the outside street.

UNIFORM COPS branding shotguns jump from their vehicles and chase up the ramp towards them.

UNIFORM COP #1  
Out of the car!

THROWING IT IN REVERSE...

Gunther SQUEALS HIS TIRES and charges back up the first level ramp backwards.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SECOND LEVEL - DAY

The Camry charges up the second level ramp as Gunther evades eminent arrest by pursuing officers. The idle POLICE CAR and DEAD COP still at the scene.

INT. CAMRY - DAY

GUNTHER'S POV:

From behind the cop car's trunk stands DALTON---pumping one into the chamber of his Winchester, aiming directly at Gunther's head and firing the KILLSHOT.

POW!

CUT TO BLACK

THE END