

"Out of Time"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN QUICHO - NIGHT

Detroit's skyscrapers shoot up on the horizon. Quicho's ten miles from Detroit, but it might as well be a hundred.

Quicho's got it all: freezing weather, a closed down steel mill, and a diner that advertises a burnt cup of Maxwell House as "The World's Greatest Coffee." If Dr. Kevorkian took towns as patients, Quicho would be at the top of his list.

A police truck stops in front of the bank. Chief MARTY WALSH hops out of the truck and walks over to the bank. Checks to make sure that the doors are locked.

Marty's in his mid 30's. He'd be a good-looking guy if he followed through on his perennial New Year resolutions to switch to light beer and eat less red meat.

He walks across the street to the Post Office. Checks the doors. Locked up tight.

Marty climbs back into his truck.

EXT. QUICHO COUNTRY STORE - NIGHT

Marty walks up to the front door. The store's closed. He pulls out a large key-ring, shuffles through the keys. Finds the one he wants. Opens up the store. Walks in.

INT. QUICHO COUNTRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marty walks through the dark store. He grabs a six-pack of Bud out of a cooler. Walks over to the cash register. Does a double-take at the porn magazines. Picks up a "Playboy." Flips through the pages for a quick beat.

MARTY

(off centerfold)

Nineteen eighty-one? Jesus, I'm getting old.

Marty tosses it back on the rack. Then he throws a \$5 bill and a note that reads, "6er of Bud -- Marty" on the cash register.

INT. QUICHO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The station is small. It's made up of a large bullpen area, Quicho's single jail cell, and Marty's office, which looks out on the bullpen.

Marty lays on the cot in the cell, watching "Sportscenter" on TV as he sips a Bud.

The phone rings. Marty pulls himself up, reaches between the cell bars and answers it.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Chief Walsh.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Chief, it's Ann Harrison.
Somebody broke into my house.

MARTY
I'll be right over.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty walks up the walkway to a small house. Before he gets there, the door opens. ANN HARRISON stands in the doorway, wearing just an oversized t-shirt.

Ann is beautiful -- especially by Quicho's standards. She's Marty's age, but even if he kept up his New Year's resolutions she'd probably be out of his league. If Ann's face couldn't launch a thousand ships, it could get at least a couple hundred out of the harbor.

Marty takes a long, less than professional, look at Ann as he walks into the house.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A modest house. A lot of things are still boxed up. Can't tell whether Ann is moving in or moving out.

MARTY
Did you get a look at him, Ann?

ANN
Yeah. He's about your height,
your weight. Come to think of it,
he kinda looked like you.

MARTY
So he was good looking.

ANN
No.

Marty stares at her for a beat. She stares right back. A smile escapes from her full lips.

ANN
Sorry. Just not my type.

MARTY
(under his breath)
Well, bony dyed blondes aren't my
type.

ANN

What?

MARTY

(out loud)

So -- this ugly man -- do you know
how he got in the house?

ANN

The bedroom window.

Marty follows her into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Marty checks the windows. They're all locked now.

MARTY

Why don't you tell me what
happened?

ANN

Okay...

Ann jumps in bed, pretends to be asleep.

ANN

... I was asleep. But then I woke
up, 'cause I felt the cold. I saw
the window was open. Then I saw
him. He was standing right where
you are.

MARTY

Right here?
(she nods)
Then what'd he do?

ANN

He came toward me...

Marty comes closer to her.

MARTY

Like this?

ANN

Uh-huh. Then he grabbed me.

Marty grabs her arms. Pins her to the bed.

MARTY

Like this?

ANN
 But he was much stronger than you.
 (beat)
 Then he forced himself on top of
 me.

Marty gets on top of Ann.

MARTY
 Like this?

ANN
 (nods)
 Uh-huh. And his breath reeked.
 Kinda like yours.

MARTY
 Then what happened?

— ANN
 He kissed me.

Marty kisses her.

ANN
 Then he stripped me naked.

Marty starts to pull Ann's shirt over her head as he
 continues to kiss her. Ann starts to moan.

ANN
 I'm sorry, I was confused. He
ripped my shirt off.

Marty rips her shirt down the middle, exposing her breasts.
 He licks at her breasts, teasing them with his tongue. Ann
 moans in pleasure.

MARTY
 You didn't put up much of a fight.

ANN
 Oh, really?

Ann flips Marty over so that she's on top of him. She
 fumbles with his belt, kicks his pants off of him. She rips
 open his shirt -- the buttons fly off. In seconds, they're
 both naked.

Ann straddles Marty... grinds her hips into him... She
 arches her back, pushes her breasts into his face... He pulls
 her closer to him... Pushes deeper inside of her...

The bed starts to shake. The springs squeak. Sweat begins
 to pour off of them as they claw at each other.

They groan louder, both racing toward climax. As they move together in perfect rhythm we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Marty and Ann lay in bed, both spent and wearing expressions of contentment.

MARTY

Did I tell you how glad I am that you moved back here?

ANN

Well, that makes one of us.

MARTY

Come on, Quicho's not that bad.

She gives him a look as if to say, "who you kidding?"

MARTY

(laughs)

Alright, it's awful. But it's a lot better with you here.

Marty's cell phone rings. He starts to get out of bed, but is jerked back -- his right hand is handcuffed to the headboard.

MARTY

Can you get that, babe?

Ann hops out of the bed and looks around Marty's discarded clothes until she finds the cell phone. She tosses it to Marty.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Chief Walsh.

Marty listens for a long beat.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

I'm on my way.

Marty hangs up the phone.

MARTY

(to Ann)

Jay Guiney just tore up the Crowbar again. I gotta put him in the tank.

ANN

I don't think you're going anywhere.

She smiles and holds up the keys to the handcuffs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN QUICHO - DAY

Marty, in his button-less police shirt, walks down the street, waving and talking to people. He stops at a newspaper machine. Puts his quarter in and grabs a paper.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - DAY

Marty is parked along a country highway, a radar gun sticking out his window. Marty is reading the newspaper that he bought. The lead story reads: "Sarcetti Found Guilty." A picture of Marty testifying in court is tucked under the headline.

A Ford Escort whips past Marty. The gun reads 70 MPH. Marty starts up the truck, hits the sirens. Pulls out after the Escort.

The Escort pulls over. Marty stops his truck. Jumps out.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marty walks up to the Escort. The DRIVER flashes a cocky smile at Marty. It's clear that there is no love lost between these two.

DRIVER

Problem, Chief?

MARTY

You were speeding.

The driver is CHRIS HARRISON, Quicho's 1985 Homecoming King. Chris is built like a brick shit-house, still waiting for that day when they let 35 year old has-beens suit up for their high school football team.

CHRIS (DRIVER)

C'mon. You're not gonna write me a ticket for that.

MARTY

Chris, see, since you left town, things have changed a little. We actually made a new law -- now speed limits apply to former high school quarterbacks as well as everybody else.

The unseen passenger laughs. And we recognize that laugh... it's Ann. But instead of Marty flipping out at seeing his lover in another man's car, Marty barely even looks at Ann.

CHRIS
C'mon, we're late for Ann's
doctor's appointment.

MARTY
(real concern)
Everything all right?

ANN
(leans forward)
I'm fine, Marty.

Chris pats Ann's knee. Ann moves her leg so that Chris' hand falls off. Marty rips up the ticket.

MARTY
I'm gonna let you off with a
warning. Consider it your welcome
home present, Chris.

CHRIS
(under his breath)
Fuck you.

MARTY
What?

CHRIS
I said, "thanks."

MARTY
You should put your seatbelt on,
Ann.
(beat)
Chris, you can keep yours off.

ANN
(smiles)
Thanks.

Marty tips his hat and walks back toward his car. As Marty walks back to his truck, he lowers his mask. It kills him that Ann is married to Chris.

In the b.g. Chris peels back onto the highway. By the time he's out of sight, he's going faster than when Marty pulled him over.

EXT. QUICHO'S POLICE STATION - DAY

Marty pulls up. A beat-up Mazda RX-7 is parked in Marty's clearly marked parking spot. Marty turns into another space, but makes sure that he leaves a nice dent on the Mazda's back bumper.

INT. QUICHO'S POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marty walks in, carrying the radar gun.

TONY DALTEN, Marty's second in command (and Quicho's only other full time cop), sits at his desk. Tony's at the age where he's more concerned about fighting acne than fighting crime.

MARTY
Hey, T. Chae here?

TONY
(nods)
Bathroom.

Dr. CHAE YI walks out of the bathroom, a newspaper tucked under his arm. He's the county coroner and Marty's best friend.

Chae is an Asian man who could be anywhere from 30 to 60. His steady diet of nicotine and alcohol have virtually guaranteed that he'll be on the receiving end of an autopsy in the next couple of years.

He walks over to Marty, wipes his wet hands on Marty's shirt.

CHAE
You need paper towels.

MARTY
(gestures to parking lot)
Maybe I'll buy 'em with the money
I get from your parking ticket.

Marty walks into his office, Chae on his heels.
Chae holds up the newspaper with Marty's picture on it.

CHAE
I thought the camera only added
ten pounds.

MARTY
I was wondering how long it was
going to take you to bring that up.

CHAE
Maybe now is a good time to
revisit my offer to invest the
money--

MARTY
"Investing?" I always thought it
was called "misappropriation of
funds."

CHAE

Seven hundred grand in a stock fund, figure ten percent return over a year. Dean could set it up.

MARTY

You mean Dean could launder it.

CHAE

You say "to-mato", I say "tom-ato."

MARTY

(deadpan)

Let's call the whole thing off.

CHAE

This could be our seed money.

TONY

(laughing)

You two still going to Costa Rica to open that fishing business?

MARTY

(taps his watch)

T, it's almost two-thirty.

Tony nods glumly as he grabs a crossing guard sash and a handheld stop sign off the wall. He checks his gun to make sure it's loaded.

MARTY

Make sure you shoot to kill out there.

Tony leaves.

CHAE

I spoke to my buddy who runs the charter business there--

MARTY

"Buddy?" You met him in a chat room.

Marty goes to a wall-size safe. Marty dials the combo, then unlocks it with a key. He opens the safe, walks in. Chae follows behind him. The safe is the evidence locker.

EVIDENCE LOCKER

The evidence locker is sparsely filled with a collection of guns, knives, and other odd pieces of evidence. But Chae is not interested in any of that. He is looking at a large evidence bag of \$100 bills. The bag is marked, "Sarcetti case - No. 23432."

CHAE

You know it's very tough to
extradite from Costa Rica.

Marty ignores him, puts the radar gun on a shelf.

CHAE

What the hell they gonna do with
the money anyway? Print up some
"Just Say No" bumper stickers.

MARTY

If they do, I'll make sure you get
a whole bunch.

Marty pushes Chae out of the evidence safe. Locks it.

CHAE

(defeated)

Ten years we've been talking about
this. About getting out of here.

Chae's cell phone rings. He answers it, listens for a beat,
then hangs up.

CHAE

Shit. What kind of prick dies
this late on a Friday afternoon
before a three day weekend?

MARTY

The nerve of some people.

Chae walks out of the station. Marty sits down at his desk.
Chae walks back in.

CHAE

Hey.

Marty looks up to see Chae giving him the finger.

CHAE

Thanks for the dent, asshole.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marty sits on a tired couch, talking on the phone and looking
at his Palm VII.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Hey, T. It's me. How's
everything at the office?

TONY (O.S.; ON PHONE)

Uh, good, good.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Great, great. Then I just have
one question for you? Why the
hell are you at the god damn diner!

MARTY'S PALM: The GPS (Global Positioning System) module is
activated. He's looking at a map of Quicho. Tony is
represented by a blinking blip on the screen.

TONY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Shit!

Knock-knock. Marty looks up. Ann walks in.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Get your ass back there, T.

Marty hangs up, then walks over to Ann. She looks troubled.

MARTY
You okay?

ANN
Can you take a ride with me?

INT. ANN'S CAR - NIGHT

Marty and Ann drive into Detroit. The skyscrapers tower
around them. They drive in silence. Marty starts to say
something, but stops himself. They pull into a hospital
parking lot.

MARTY
(nervous)
Annie. What's going on?

EXT. PARKING LOT / DETROIT MERCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Marty and Ann walk toward the hospital.

ANN
Can you walk a little behind me?
This is Chris's hospital.

MARTY
He's working now?

ANN
No, I'm just worried about his
friends.

Ann walks into the hospital. Marty waits a beat and then
follows.

INT. DETROIT MERCY - DAY

Ann talks to a nurse. Marty hangs back. He notices a sign above the nurses' station: Oncology Department.

MARTY
(under his breath)

Shit.

Ann comes back out. Marty follows Ann downstairs.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

It's almost empty. Ann and Marty walk into...

DR. FRIELAND'S OFFICE

A small, cramped office. Furniture and files are scattered everywhere. Ivy League diplomas dominate the walls. DR. FRIELAND looks up when they enter the room. Frieland is in his mid 30s. And he seems very nervous. He plays with a bronze letter opener, turning it in his fingers.

DR. FRIELAND

Ann.

ANN

Hi, Bob.

They hug.

ANN

(re: office)

Who'd you piss off?

DR. FRIELAND

(forces a laugh)

They've got me down here in the dungeon while they fix up my office.

ANN

(re: Marty)

This is my brother Marty.

Marty and Dr. Frieland shake hands.

DR. FRIELAND

Bob Frieland.

(gestures to seats)

Please.

Ann and Marty sit down. Frieland pulls a file off his desk, studies it. Starts to say something and then stops. Goes back to the file.

DR. FRIELAND

Ann. I'm afraid, well, ah...
there's been a bit of a setback...

Marty looks at Ann. But she doesn't meet his eyes. She steels herself. Whatever Frieland is about to say, she's been expecting it.

ANN

So this visit isn't just to pad your bill?

DR. FRIELAND

(weak smile)

I'm, uh, afraid not.

(beat / refers to charts)

The cancer's not in remission. In fact, it's come back very aggressively. It's attacked your liver and lungs...

Marty looks worse than Ann. He's devastated. Watching as his world comes crashing down.

ANN

How long?

DR. FRIELAND

Well, that's difficult--

ANN

Come on, Bob. What'd we agree to when I first came to you?

DR. FRIELAND

(smiles)

No bullshit.

ANN

So...

A long, tortured beat of silence. Dr. Frieland spins the letter opener in his fingers.

DR. FRIELAND

(pains him)

Six months...

Ann shakes her head, refuses to believe it.

ANN

But I feel fine--

DR. FRIELAND

And you will... for a little while longer.

Ann reaches out, grabs Marty's hand.

ANN
 (trying to smile)
 Next time, give me the bullshit,
 Doc.

Frieland goes over to her, puts a hand on her arm.

DR. FRIELAND
 Ann, there's a counselor here at
 the hospital I'd like you to see.
 She's, uh, she's... very good.

But Ann's no longer listening. She stares out the window.
 Marty tries to console her, but she doesn't respond.

After a beat, Ann stands up, extends her hand to Dr. Frieland.

ANN
 Thanks for staying so late to see
 me, Bob.

DR. FRIELAND
 Ann... This is not--

ANN
 I appreciate everything you've
 done for me. I really do.
 (turns to Marty)
 Can we go now?

DR. FRIELAND
 Ann, please--

ANN
 (to Marty)
 I'd like to go.

MARTY
 Wait a second.

Ann turns and leaves. Marty turns to Frieland.

MARTY
 There's gotta be something--

Frieland shakes his head slowly -- this is the toughest part
 of his job.

MARTY
 What about different doctors?

DR. FRIELAND
 She's been to New York, to the
 Mayo Clinic--

MARTY

What about experimental treatments? You know, that stuff you see on "60 Minutes?"...

A long beat.

DR. FRIELAND

(shakes his head)

I'm so sorry.

Marty stands there, absorbing it. He drops his chin to his chest, takes a deep breath. Dr. Frieland puts his arm on Marty's shoulder.

MARTY

Thanks, Doctor.

Marty stumbles out of the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT / DETROIT MERCY HOSPITAL - DAY

Ann leans against her car. Her tough facade has crumbled. She's bawling. Marty runs up to her. He's crying, too. He buries her head in his chest as she cries even louder.

ANN

(after a beat)

I locked the keys in the car.

After a beat, they both start laughing their tears.

INT. ANN'S CAR - NIGHT

Marty drives in silence. Ann stares out the window. Marty keeps stealing glances at her. His heart is breaking. She catches him looking at her. She takes his hand.

MARTY

Why didn't you tell me, Annie?

ANN

Because when I was with you, I forgot about it. For a couple of hours, I didn't think about dying. I just, I... You made me feel good.

She squeezes his hand. They pass a sign that reads, "Entering Quicho."

MARTY

This why you came back?

ANN

No. We came back because we lost our house.

MARTY
Chris's gambling?

ANN
(nods)
And since I couldn't sell my mom's house, I figured we might as well live in it. So, I was born in this shitty town and now I'm gonna die in this shitty town.

MARTY
Don't say that.

ANN
What? This place is shitty.

MARTY
You know what I mean.

ANN
It doesn't matter if I say it or not.
(resigned)
I'm dying.

MARTY
We'll go to other doctors--

ANN
(laughs)
I've been to ten doctors in three states, Marty. And the only thing that changes is the magazines in the waiting rooms.

She stares out the window. He reaches over and grabs her hand.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They lie in bed, both lost in their own thoughts. After a beat, Marty leans over and kisses Ann's forehead. Pulls her closer to him. She kisses his chest.

MARTY
Let's leave.

ANN
What?

MARTY
You said you didn't want to die here. Well, let's leave.

ANN
And go where?

MARTY

Wherever you want. The Caribbean,
Europe...

Ann kisses him softly. She's touched by the gesture, but knows that it's not realistic.

ANN

Should we take your millions or
mine?

MARTY

We'll figure out the money.

ANN

Well, it won't take us long to
figure it out since your ex-wife
gets most of your money and Chris
bet all ours on losing football
teams.

Ann pulls his face to hers. Kisses him.

ANN

(beat)

Marty, I can't leave with you. I
mean, this, this is great, but
it's not real.

MARTY

Not real? Ann, I've been in love
with you since we were in first
grade.

ANN

(smiles)

Mrs. Green's class, right?

Ann pulls herself up in bed, clutching the sheet to her. She
grabs her panties and pulls them on. Stands up and starts to
get dressed.

MARTY

Where you going?

ANN

I don't think we should do this
anymore.

MARTY

What?!

ANN

It wasn't right for me to drag you
into this.

Marty swings out of bed, grabs her arms.

MARTY

"Drag me into this?" Are you kidding? This past month has been the best month of my life. Hell, this month has been better than most of my years.

ANN

Marty, I'm dying...

MARTY

I don't care if you have six months or six minutes left. I just wanna be there for all of them.

She gently takes his hands off her arm. Kisses him. Looks into his eyes.

ANN

You know when you take off a band-aid.

MARTY

(confused)

What?

ANN

It's always better to pull it off quickly. It might be painful, but it's better than peeling it off slowly.

MARTY

(starts laughing)

That is the worst example I've ever heard.

Ann starts laughing, too. But she catches herself.

ANN

I'm sorry, Marty. I'm so sorry.

She kisses him again. Turns to leave.

MARTY

I'm tough. I can take the pain of peeling it back slowly.

ANN

I'm the one wearing the band-aid.

She turns, heads for the door. Fights every urge to turn back to him. By the time she reaches the door, the tears have already started falling.

Marty watches as she disappears out the door. Continues to stare even after he hears her car start.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marty walks out of his apartment. Jumps into his truck. A Post-It note is stuck to the steering wheel -- "I'm sorry. Love, A". He stares at the note for a beat, then tosses it to the cluttered floor.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Marty fills out a card, attaches it to a bouquet of flowers.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - DAY

Marty drives an ELDERLY LADY home with her groceries. She BLABS on, but Marty's not listening. All he can think about is Ann.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ann, dressed in a hygienist's uniform, talks with DR. SNYDER, the dentist who owns the practice.

DR. SNYDER

... Well, obviously your health is the most important consideration.

A DELIVERYMAN brings in a large bouquet of flowers. Gives it to Ann. Ann carries it over to her cubicle. NIKKI, a gum-popping hygienist, comes over to check out the haul.

NIKKI

Oooh... nice. Lemme see.

Ann turns away, opens the card.

CARD: A band-aid is taped to the card. "Pull slowly" is written on it.

As hard as she fights it, a smile creeps out of Ann's mouth.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marty flips through his high school yearbook. They might as well have subtitled it, "A photo history of Ann & Chris's senior year." They're in nearly every photo. Football captain... Head Cheerleader... Homecoming King and Queen. Marty flips to Ann's senior photo.

ANN'S SENIOR PHOTO: She's radiant. Under, "Plans for the future", she's written, "Leave Quicho the day after graduation."

Marty's cell phone rings. He jumps up, grabs it.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah.

He listens for a beat, then tears out of the apartment.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty walks into the house.

MARTY

Annie...

No response. Marty follows the DRONING of a TV. Finds her in the kitchen.

KITCHEN

She notices Marty, gives him a weak smile. She looks bad: thinner, dark circles under her eyes.

ANN

I think he combined the "Death do us part" and the "For richer or poorer"...

She hands him a pile of papers. It's an insurance policy.

INSURANCE POLICY: Scanning over all the legal mumbo-jumbo. Certain things jump out at us... INSURED: Ann Harrison... BENEFICIARY: Chris Harrison.

But it's the amount that causes the record to SCREECH to a halt in Marty's head: \$1,000,000.00.

MARTY

Jesus...

ANN

I just found it. It was locked in his desk.

Marty continues reading the insurance policy. Ann gets up, starts pacing. Her self-pity morphing into anger.

MARTY

You didn't know about this?

ANN

(shakes her head)

I remember signing some things, but he told me it was about health insurance.

MARTY

(reading policy)

He just took this out six months ago...

ANN

I know. My cancer probably saved me from a "fall" in the shower. God, it's so typical of him, too.
(bitter laugh)

How many dental hygienists do you think are insured for a million dollars?

Ann stops pacing, starts crying. She laughs to cover her crying. Marty kisses the top of her head. She looks up at him.

ANN

Can I ask you something? Were you serious when you said you would leave with me?

Marty nods. He was never more serious about anything in his life.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris's car pulls in the driveway. He gets out.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann hears the front door open. She panics. Pushes Marty towards the back door. He resists.

MARTY

No.

ANN

Please.

MARTY

(holds up the insurance policy)

We're gonna have this out. Right now.

ANN

If we're gonna leave, he can't know. He can't know.

(beat)

Please...

After a beat, Marty gives in, leaves out the back door. She shuts the door just as Chris walks into the kitchen.

CHRIS

Hi...

ANN

Hi, I, uh, was going to take the trash out.

She walks over to the garbage can.

ANN

I, uh, thought you were working a double tonight.

Chris walks over to the door, looks outside.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marty's just out of Chris' view.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris opens the garbage can. It's only a quarter full. Chris moves in close to Ann, forcing her into a corner.

CHRIS

How was your appointment yesterday?

ANN

Appointment?

CHRIS

With Dr. Frieland.

ANN

What? I, ah, didn't see--

CHRIS

Jay saw you going into his office. Said you were going in with another guy.

ANN

No, no... I stopped by. I, ah, had some questions. But I, I was by myself.

Chris grabs her arms, shakes her.

CHRIS

How can I help you, Annie, if you're not honest with me?

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARTY'S POV: Chris pushes Ann against the wall.

CHRIS (O.S.; MUFFLED)

Don't lie to me!

MARTY: Trying to decide what to do.

He runs around the house, goes to the front door. Rings the doorbell. After a beat, Chris answers the door.

MARTY
 (smiles)
 Howya doing, Chris?

CHRIS
 Chief.

MARTY
 (gestures to their
 neighbor's house)
 Judy Anderson said she saw a
 prowler outside her place. You
 happen to see anything?
 (Chris shakes his head
 'no')
 What about Ann? She home?

CHRIS
 She didn't see anything.

MARTY
 (laughs)
 You didn't ask her.

CHRIS
 She didn't say anything about it.

MARTY
 Maybe I should ask her, you know.
 Not that I don't trust your mind
 reading abilities or anything.

Ann comes to the door. She and Marty share a quick look.
 Marty looks her over, makes sure that Chris didn't hit her.

ANN
 I didn't see anything.

Marty waits a long beat.

MARTY
 All right. G'night then.
 (starts away)
 I'm just gonna be checking out the
 woods. If you see something,
 gimme a holler.

Chris shuts the door.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - LATER

Marty's in his truck, watching Ann's house through a set of
 binoculars. The lights go off in the house. Marty starts up
 his truck.

INT. THE CROWBAR - NIGHT

No Sam Adams or Heineken served here. Marty sits at the bar by himself, finishing up a Bud. Chris walks in. Marty stares at him for a beat, then turns back to the basketball highlights on TV.

Chris walks over to the bar and sits next to Marty.

CHRIS

(re: TV, shakes head)

Pistons. I come back after ten years and they still suck.

Marty shrugs.

CHRIS

Let me get you a refill there.

MARTY

I'm all set.

CHRIS

C'mon, it ain't a bribe.

Chris gestures for two beers to the bartender.

CHRIS

Lemme ask you something. Tonight, when you were looking for that prowler, did you see anybody else out there?

(Marty shakes his head)

Nobody leaving my place?

MARTY

No, why?

CHRIS

I don't know why I'm even telling you this.

(looks Marty straight in the eye)

I had a feeling last night when I came home that Ann was with some other guy.

A beat.

MARTY

Really?

CHRIS

Yeah, and I think he snuck out the back when I got home.

MARTY
(pretends to think)
Didn't see anybody.
(beat)
What'd Ann say?

CHRIS
That I was crazy. She said she
was just taking out the trash.

MARTY
Maybe the garbage was full.

CHRIS
(laughs)
In the fifteen years we've been
married I can count the number of
times she took out the garbage on
my thumb.

MARTY
I didn't see anything.

Chris nods to himself.

CHRIS
Thanks, anyways.

The bartender brings their two Buds. Chris takes a long swig
of his beer.

CHRIS
I tell you, though, next time that
little pussy comes around I'll be
waiting.

MARTY
"Little pussy?"

CHRIS
Sure, he scurried out the back
door the second he heard my voice.
I mean, I could almost respect a
guy who had the balls to confront
me, to tell me, "Yeah, I'm fucking
your wife." Right?

(Marty shrugs)
Like that guy who was fucking Amy.
I mean, shit, that had to kill
you, that your wife's fucking some
guy. But still, I mean, you gotta
respect that guy a little, right?

Chris smiles at Marty.

MARTY

Maybe Ann is fucking somebody. Except, that unlike my ex-wife, your wife won't let this guy tell you that you're a shitty husband and you don't deserve Ann. Maybe there's nothing he'd rather do than walk up to you, look you in your eyes--

(Marty stares into Chris' eyes)

And say, "Chris, I'm fucking your wife." Is that what you'd want?

Chris LAUGHS.

CHRIS

I'd respect him at least. And if he did, I'd look him in the eye--
(stares at Marty)

And say, "if you ever come near my wife again, I'll kill you."

They stare at each other for a long beat.

MARTY

I think you're telling the wrong guy here, Chris.

A beat, then Marty taps his gun.

MARTY

Because as a cop, I can't let you go around making threats on people's lives. If I thought you were serious, I'd be obligated to do something.

CHRIS

Lucky for both of us, I don't think we'll have to find out how serious I am. I think Ann understands where I'm coming from.

Marty finishes his beer and stands up.

MARTY

Thanks for the beer, Chris.

CHRIS

Thanks for listening.

Marty starts for the door, then turns and stops.

MARTY

Give Ann my best, willya Chris?

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY

Marty is talking on the phone.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Deano, it's Marty. Listen, does your dad still rent his house on the lake?... Really. What's his number?

Marty writes the phone number down. His other line rings.

MARTY

Thanks, Deano. Gotta run.
(picks up second line)
Chief Walsh.

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)

We've got a change of plans...

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN DETROIT - DAY

Marty and Ann walk down the street, hand-in-hand. Ann's a bundle of nervous energy.

They stop in front of a brownstone. Ann checks the marquee: "The Living Gift."

ANN

This is it.

They walk up the steps.

INT. LOBBY - THE LIVING GIFT - DAY

Ann and Marty are greeted by ROBERT GUILLETTE, a tall, impeccably dressed salesman. Robert was put on this earth to do one thing: sell.

ROBERT

Mrs. Harrison. Robert Guilette.
A pleasure to meet you.
(to Marty)
And this must be your husband.

Marty gives Ann a quick look. She shrugs, 'go with it.'

MARTY

(smiles)
Yeah. Chris Harrison. Nice to meet you.

INT. OFFICE - THE LIVING GIFT - DAY

Marty and Ann sit in the dark, watching a slide show.

The pictures CLICK by: A smiling man next to the Eiffel tower... A woman on a sun-drenched beach... A family reunion...

ROBERT (O.S.)

... These are just some of the people we've helped.

Robert turns on the lights. And here's the pitch...

ROBERT

Ann, a viatical settlement is all about opportunity. About giving you the opportunity to do things that you've only dreamed of, whether that be walking along a deserted beach in Hawaii or running with the Bulls in Pompeii--

ANN

Pamplona. The bulls run in Pamplona. The volcano erupted in Pompeii.

Robert LAUGHS.

ROBERT

My point was -- before the geography lesson -- the only limit is your imagination.

ANN

And by how much money you offer me, right?

ROBERT

Someone's done their homework.

ANN

Okay, let me make sure I've got this straight. I name you the beneficiary on my life insurance policy--

ROBERT

Well, not me personally. You name the Living Gift as your beneficiary. After, of course, we purchase your policy from you.

ANN

And you-- I mean, the Living Gift-- collects on the policy when I die.

ROBERT

(nods)

As the beneficiary, we collect on the policy after you've passed on, yes.

However, I want to take this opportunity to assure you, at the Living Gift maximizing profits is not our objective. Last year our return on investment fell below that of the average mutual fund.

ANN

How much do I get?

Robert smiles, waits a beat. Knows he's got her.

ROBERT

We determine the buyout after your consultation with our medical staff.

ANN

And the amount depends on how long your medical staff says I have to live, right?

ROBERT

(laughs)

It's dependent on a variety of factors. But yes, life expectancy is one of the many factors we consider.

ANN

How about a ballpark figure?

ROBERT

Now don't quote me on this. But people who are generally in your category--

ANN

My category?

ROBERT

Those whose life expectancy falls below, ah, your ah, expectancy, ah, six months... the standard payout for this category is between seventy five and eighty percent of the policy.

It doesn't take long for Ann to do the math in her head.

ANN

Seven hundred and fifty thousand?

Robert nods slowly. Ann's trying to temper her enthusiasm.

ROBERT

Now, if this is something you're interested in, we just have to move quickly.

ANN

(smiling)

Yes.

(beat)

Is that quick enough?

ROBERT

You can sleep on it--

ANN

I don't need to. I -- I mean my husband and I -- want to do this.

EXT. THE LIVING GIFT - DAY

Ann and Marty walk out of the office. Well, Ann practically floats out. As soon as they're outside, she jumps into Marty's arms and lets out the loudest scream of joy you've ever heard.

EXT. DETROIT MERCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris, wearing a security guard uniform, walks out of the employee parking lot.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DETROIT MERCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris flips through "Car & Driver" magazine, oogling the expensive sports cars.

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah, a Humvee. That's the one...

A MORGUE ATTENDANT walks into the office.

ATTENDANT

Hey, little help here, Chris.

Chris nods and walks out of the security office. Another Attendant stands over a gurney holding a body bag, waiting to go into the morgue. Chris unlocks the morgue door.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Boxes are everywhere. Marty is packing his apartment up. The phone RINGS.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah.

As he listens, his face registers bad news. He runs out the door.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty's trying to console Ann. She looks awful -- a mixture of desperation and anger. Ann starts pacing.

MARTY

What'd Robert say?

ANN

One of their investors pulled all his money out... they're broke.

MARTY

We'll go somewhere else. Have someone else buy your policy.

ANN

I can't go anywhere else. There's only two days left to change the policy.

MARTY

What do you mean?

ANN

There's some provision in the policy -- the beneficiary can't be changed after six months. And that's in two days--

MARTY

We'll call 'em. There has to be something--

Ann turns on him, channeling all her anger at Marty.

ANN

It's too late!

She grabs a glass. Hurls it against the wall. SMASH!

Marty tries to touch her, but she shakes him off.

MARTY

Maybe--

ANN

Don't!

MARTY

There's got to be--

ANN

(holds up her hand)

Don't. This is not fixable.

Marty looks at her for a beat. Then he takes the broom and dustpan out of the closet. Starts cleaning up the glass.

Ann watches him. But instead of being touched by this small gesture, it pisses her off.

ANN

(cold)

I don't need you to clean up my messes.

Marty continues sweeping. She takes the broom away from him. Their eyes lock.

She puts the broom in the closet. She turns and walks out of the kitchen.

Marty watches her go. Then, after a beat, he grabs the broom and dustpan. Finishes cleaning up the glass. O.s. Ann's car peels out of the driveway.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marty's on the phone. After a beat, Ann's machine picks up. Marty hangs up.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Marty locks a DRUNK in the cell. He takes the Drunk's wallet into the evidence safe. He lingers for a bit, staring at the evidence from the Sarcetti trial -- the \$660,000. He picks up a stack of \$100 bills. Stares at it.

INT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Marty directs traffic. He catches a glimpse of Ann and Chris down the street. Ann looks awful. The last twenty-four hours have seemingly aged her twenty-four years.

Marty tries to make eye contact with her. Just wants some acknowledgement. But he doesn't get it.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Marty's laying on the cot in the cell, staring blankly at the TV. He looks like shit.

The front door opens. It's Ann.

She smiles weakly at Marty, walks up to the cell. She looks just as bad as Marty.

ANN
What'd they lock you up for?

MARTY
Ignored somebody.

ANN
(smiles)
I thought that was just a
misdemeanor?

MARTY
Nope. It's a felony in this town.

ANN
Didn't realize the punishment was
so stiff.
(beat)
Do we have to keep talking like
this?

Marty smiles, shakes his head.

ANN
I'm sorry, I just... I just needed
some time.

She pulls a bundle of papers from her purse, pushes them
through the cell bars to Marty. He looks at the papers, then
at Ann.

MARTY
What's this?

PAPERS: Ann's insurance policy. Marty's listed as the
beneficiary.

ANN
My going away present.

Marty stares at the policy for a long beat.
He's moved by Ann's gesture.

ANN
Buy that fishing boat you and Chae
have always been talking about.

MARTY
You can't--

ANN
Please.
(beat)
Hey, name the boat after me, okay?

Ann doesn't look at Marty as she turns to leave. His hand
shoots out of the cell, grabs her arm.

MARTY
You can't leave.

ANN
I can't stay here any more. I
need some... peace. I talked to
a friend who lives in Chicago.
I'm going to stay with her--

MARTY
You're not going--

ANN
Please, don't make this harder...

Marty sticks his hand outside the cell, tries to unlock it,
but the key is stuck. He jingles the key around.

MARTY
Can you help me here?

Ann plays with the keys, finally unlocks the cell.

MARTY
You can't leave.

ANN
Marty--

MARTY
You wanna know why you can't leave?
(beat)
'Cause we're leaving.

ANN
What?

Marty gives her the insurance policy back.

MARTY
And you can't give this to me.

Marty leads her into his office. He unlocks the evidence
safe... walks in. Gestures for Ann to follow.

EVIDENCE SAFE

MARTY
Because I'm going to buy it from
you.

Ann stares at the Sarcetti money, shocked. After a beat, his
plan dawns on her. She starts shaking her head.

ANN
No. I can't-- I won't let you do
that.

MARTY
I've worked it all out...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

A window's been smashed in. Marty and Tony look at the evidence locker. There's crowbar marks all over it.

Marty takes the \$660,000 out of the safe.

MARTY
(to Tony)
I'm gonna put this in a safe
deposit box at the bank...

Marty puts the money into a briefcase.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marty takes the money out of the briefcase, puts it into a duffel bag.

He shuts the now empty briefcase, locks it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Marty puts the empty briefcase into a safe deposit box. Locks it. Marty's buddy DEAN, the bank manager, looks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marty stares at the \$660,000 in the duffel bag for a beat.

Then he ZIPS the bag up. Heads out.

ANN (V.O.)
... So I name you the beneficiary
on my life insurance policy...

INT. NOTARY PUBLIC'S OFFICE - DAY

ANN'S INSURANCE POLICY: Marty's listed as the beneficiary.

Marty and Ann watch as a NOTARY PUBLIC stamps the policy, seals it in an envelope and puts it in the mail slot.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANN (V.O.)
 ... And when I die, you'll replace
 the money we took with the money
 from the insurance company?

(END OF MONTAGE)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ann and Marty sit at the kitchen table, staring at the
 \$660,000 in the duffel bag.

ANN
 What if they want it back?

MARTY
 By law, the money has to stay in
 the possession of the arresting
 department for one year from the
 conclusion of the trial.
 (beat)
 It's all yours.

ANN
 (kisses him)
 No, it's all ours.

MARTY
 (checks his watch)
 I better get going.

Marty gets up and kisses her.

MARTY
 Chris still working the graveyard
 tomorrow?

ANN
 (nods)
 He's on at ten.

MARTY
 Then we'll leave at eleven.

Ann walks over, kisses him.

ANN
 My life starts tomorrow.

MARTY
 No, our life starts tomorrow.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Marty drinks a beer with Tony.

TONY
 How long do you think you're gonna
 be taking care of your mother?

MARTY
 Not sure, T. Probably five or six
 months.

TONY
 (shaking his head)
 Cancer, man...

MARTY
 So you ready to be acting Chief or
 what?

TONY
 I think so.

MARTY
 You're gonna do good.

Marty stands up. Tony follows. They share a quick embrace.

MARTY
 I'll be in touch.

Marty heads for the door.

MARTY
 Don't let Chae off on those
 parking tickets.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marty hangs up the phone. Rubs his face, worried. He
 glances at his watch -- 11 PM. Starts pacing.

EXT. ANN'S STREET - NIGHT

Marty parks down the street from Ann's place.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann and Chris's cars are in the driveway. But no lights are
 on in the house. Marty quietly approaches the house.

Marty sneaks around the house, looks in windows -- nobody's
 home. He tries to open the windows. No luck -- they're all
 locked.

Something catches his eye on the ground: an electronic hotel
 key (the ones they magnetically charge) with "Ramada Inn"
 written across it. He picks it up, looks at it. Pockets it.

Marty dials Ann's number on his cell phone again. It just
 rings and rings...

INT. ANN'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An ELDERLY WOMAN walks to the window. Looks out.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S POV: Marty, standing under a light, tries the back door -- it's locked. She has a perfect view of him.

Marty looks up. Sees the old woman staring at him. He quickly jumps back into the shadows and heads off.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marty hurries back to his truck.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marty's looking at the Ramada Inn hotel key.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah. Do you have a guest by the name of Ann Harrison there?... How about a Chris Harrison?...
Nothing, huh.

Marty hangs up, tosses the key on the floor.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (3:02 AM)

Marty paces his barren apartment as he talks on the cell phone.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, Tone, it's me. You hear of any accidents or anything tonight?

He hangs up, dials Ann's number again. Gets the machine.

He kicks his suitcase across the room.

MARTY

Fuuuuck!

FADE TO BLACK:

RING!

RING!!

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - DAWN (6:32 AM)

Marty, half-asleep in a chair, grabs the phone.

MARTY

(instantly alert)
Yeah... WHAT?!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - DAY (6:45 AM)

Marty's truck slams to a stop outside Ann's house. Or more accurately, what used to be Ann's house...

The house is completely burned down.

Quicho's rag-tag volunteer fire department finishes watching the house burn. The fire hasn't spread to their neighbor's house.

Marty jumps out of his truck, runs up to the smoldering house. He grabs the FIRE CHIEF (Paulie).

MARTY
Paulie... where?

The Fire Chief leads Marty over to the debris. They stomp through the embers, come up to: TWO CHARRED CORPSES. Burned beyond recognition.

MARTY: Turns away from the corpses and PUKES all over the Fire Chief's boots.

FIRE CHIEF
Jesus, you all right here, Marty?

MARTY
Yeah... Just...

FIRE CHIEF
I'll grab ya some coffee.

The Fire Chief leaves Marty staring at the corpses. He starts shaking his head slowly. Trying to remain composed.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - DAY (7:24 AM)

Marty, devastated, leans against Ann's car, talking with the Fire Chief.

MARTY
...The propane tank?

FIRE CHIEF
(nods)
I just woke up Jack. He said Chris called last week saying he wanted his tank looked at, been having some problems with it.

Marty nods, walks over to where the corpses lay. He stares, numb.

CHAE (O.S.)
Who ordered them well done?

Marty turns, grabs Chae by the collar.

MARTY

How about showing a little fucking respect?

Marty shoves him to the ground and storms off.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - LATER (8:12 AM)

Marty watches as Chae's people load the corpses into a truck. Chae walks up, notices how devastated Marty is.

CHAE

Sorry about that back there. I'm an asshole...

Marty waves him off.

A van labeled "County Arson Investigation" pulls up to the site. A police car with "Cole County Sheriff's Department" painted across it pulls up right behind the arson van.

Detective ALEX COLE (early 30s) steps out of the passenger side. Chae stares at her as she makes her way toward them.

His attentiveness is easy to understand. Even Alex's off-the-rack pants suit can't hide the fact that she could be making three times a detective's salary dancing at one of the local gentlemen's clubs.

But the people who can't get past the Playboy figure are usually the worse for it. Especially if they've committed murder.

Alex does a double-take when she sees Marty. He recognizes her as well.

MARTY

Hey.

ALEX

That's the kind of greeting I get?

She offers her hand. He shakes it limply.

ALEX

By the way, you owe me fifty bucks for that room service bill.

Marty nods. Too devastated to have any interest in catching up with Alex. She surveys the scene.

ALEX

Looks like somebody forgot to listen to Smokey, huh?

Marty doesn't respond. She turns back to him.

ALEX
Smokey the bear. You know --
"Only you can prevent forest
fires."

Marty still doesn't respond. Alex waves her hand in front of his face.

ALEX
Bear. Could talk. Anyway...

MARTY
Excuse me for a sec.

Marty heads off. Alex watches him for a beat.

FIRE CHIEF
-(waving his hands)
Detective.

Alex walks over toward the Fire Chief and two ARSON INVESTIGATORS.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - DAY (9:25 AM)

The two Arson Investigators stand with the Fire Chief, sifting through the ashes, talking in HUSHED tones.

Marty leans against his truck by himself.

Alex WHISTLES at Marty, gestures for him. Reluctantly, he walks over to them.

ALEX
Smokey wouldn't be happy at all.
(beat)
This was arson.

MARTY
What?!

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - DAY (9:50 AM)

It's buzzing with activity. And at the center is Alex, barking into her cell phone. Marty stands off to the side. The fact that Ann and Chris were murdered has shaken him out of his daze.

ALEX (INTO PHONE)
... That's bullshit! I caught
this thing... Tell Yaeger to suck
my dick!... Fine, twenty-four
hours.

Alex snaps her phone shut, goes over to Marty.

ALEX

Listen, I've got 'til tomorrow before the Sherriff pulls me for the old boys club on this thing. And if I run this thing out of my office, they're gonna be trying to trip me up. So if it's alright with you, I want to run it out of your place here.

Marty considers it a beat.
He wants to stay close to the investigation.

MARTY

Sure.

ALEX

Good, I'll have some of my men set up shop at your place.

(beat)

And why don't I ride back with you. That way we can catch up on old times.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - DAY (10:02 AM)

Marty stares out the window, preoccupied. Alex watches him. She notices his Palm on the dashboard. She picks it up.

ALEX

(off Palm)

Yep, here's my number. Right where I wrote it.

Marty doesn't answer. Alex continues to play with the Palm. Opens the GPS application.

ALEX

Oh, you've got the GPS thing on here. Pretty high-tech for a bunch of hicks.

MARTY

We hicks prefer to be called hayseeds.

ALEX

Oh, so he can speak...

She waits for Marty to say something. He doesn't.

ALEX

... Just not much.

Marty nods his head. Alex laughs and goes back to the Palm.

PALM: Alex clicks "Locate." A list pops up: Locate who? -- Tony, Ambulance, Fire Truck?". She clicks "Tony." A beeping blip appears on a map of Quicho.

ALEX
Tony your gay lover?

MARTY
(laughs)
He works for me.
(takes the Palm)
This thing allows me to track
wherever he is.

Marty tosses the Palm on the dashboard.

MARTY
Pretty useless. But Tony's
brother sells 'em and he gave us
a bunch of 'em so he could use us
in the advertising.

ALEX
(imitating advertising)
Local hicks -- I mean hayseeds --
swear by our GPS tracking system.

Alex looks at Marty, expecting a laugh. But he doesn't say anything. His mind is back on Ann's death. Alex notices how despondent and distracted Marty looks.

ALEX
You seem pretty shaken up by this.
You know 'em well?

MARTY
(he shrugs)
Went to high school with them.
They had just moved back here a
couple months ago.

ALEX
So, any idea who did it?

Marty shakes his head -- he truly is at a loss.

MARTY
No idea.

ALEX
They have any enemies?

MARTY
No, nothing like that.

ALEX
Money troubles?

MARTY
Nothing I heard of.

ALEX
Either of them fucking around on
the side?

Marty hesitates for a beat.

MARTY
(shakes his head)
No. I always heard they had a
perfect marriage.

ALEX
(scoffs)
The perfect marriage? I thought
they stopped making those back in
the fifties.

Marty pulls up to the police station.
There's already three sheriff's cars here.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (10:18 AM)

Alex is huddled with Deputy BASTE, her second in command.

Baste (40s) is the kind of guy who is actually thankful he
doesn't have a sense of humor. When he isn't working as a
cop, Baste is at home cleaning his guns and watching "Cops."

Other DEPUTIES are taking over the office: talking on
phones, carrying in evidence.

MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty is oblivious to the activity. He's staring at a photo
of he and Ann. It still hasn't quite sunk in.

ALEX (O.S.)
Hey, lazy bones.

Marty hides the photo, spins around in his chair.

ALEX
I'm gonna go by their dentist's
place to pick up dental records.
How 'bout coming along?

Marty nods, then gets up.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY (10:42 AM)

Dr. Snyder (Ann's boss) hands Alex two sets of dental records.
Marty stands there, feigning interest.

DR. SNYDER

Here you go.

Alex looks over the dental records.

ALEX

How long had Ann worked for you?

DR. SNYDER

About two months. Ever since she and Chris got back into town.

ALEX

Where's her desk?

DR. SNYDER

(pointing)

It was over there.

ALEX

"Was?"

DR. SNYDER

She stopped working last week.

ALEX

She quit?

DR. SNYDER

Uh, kind of.

(beat, sadly)

Ann had terminal cancer.

ALEX

She was dying?

Dr. Snyder nods. Alex looks to Marty, who pretends to be shocked.

DR. SNYDER

I think she was trying to keep it quiet.

MARTY

Bruce, can you think of anybody who would've wanted to kill her?

Dr. Snyder thinks for a beat, then shakes his head.

ALEX

Is there anything else you can tell us? Weird behavior?

DR. SNYDER

(shakes his head)

Sorry.

NIKKI (O.S.)

I think she was having an affair.

They all spin around. Nikki (the other hygienist) stands there, chewing gum. Marty eyes Nikki warily.

ALEX

She told you she was having an affair?

NIKKI

(shakes her head)

Nah, she wasn't too talkative with me. I mean, we'd talk about stuff, you know like what was happening on our stories and stuff. But I just got that feeling you know, like sometimes when she was on the phone she would...

(whispers)

Talk real quiet and stuff--

Marty jumps in, not liking where this is going.

MARTY

("skeptical")

C'mon. She was whispering? That's your proof, Nik?

ALEX

Any idea who it was?

NIKKI

(shakes her head)

Nah...

(snaps her fingers)

But he was classy. A couple weeks ago she got this real nice thing of flowers. Remember, Bruce?

Dr. Snyder nods. Nikki continues, emboldened.

NIKKI

And, I, uh, dated Chris back in high school -- when they broke up for a couple of weeks -- and Chris definitely wasn't the type of guy to send flowers.

Marty whips out his cell phone. Dials a number.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Hey, Nancy. It's Marty. Howya doing?...

(more)

MARTY (cont'd; INTO PHONE)
 Listen, uh, somebody sent flowers
 to Ann Harrison a couple weeks
 ago. Any idea who it was?...
 (after a beat, for
 Nikki's benefit)
 Chris sent 'em. Thanks.

Before Marty hangs up we hear:

VOICEMAIL LADY (O.S.; FROM PHONE)
 ... Dial your password, then press
 pound--

Marty hangs up.

MARTY
 (sarcastically)
 Thanks for all your help, Nik.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (10:45 AM)

Alex pulls onto a highway on-ramp.

MARTY
 This isn't the way back.

ALEX
 Snyder gave me the name of Ann's
 doctor off her insurance forms.
 I wanna find out about her cancer.

Marty shifts uncomfortably. He has no interest in meeting up
 with Ann's doctor.

MARTY
 Well, how 'bout dropping me off
 then?

ALEX
 What? You don't like hanging
 around with me unless you've
 downed six margaritas?

MARTY
 I just don't think both of us need
 to sit around reading "Highlights"
 while we wait to talk to her
 doctor.

(be at)
 Plus, I only had a couple
 margaritas.

ALEX
 They were doubles.

MARTY
You gonna drop me off?

ALEX
I will if you can tell me why you never called me after the conference.

MARTY
I apologize.

ALEX
That's not a reason.
(beat)
Well, it's your loss. 'Cause I usually give it up on the second date.

INT. DETROIT MERCY HOSPITAL - DAY (10:56 AM)

They walk up to the front desk. Marty looks around, trying to figure out how to avoid seeing Ann's doctor. He sees someone walk out of the bathroom.

MARTY
I gotta hit the head. I'll meet you in there.

Alex shrugs and Marty starts for the bathroom.

ALEX
(to receptionist)
Where's Dr. Donovan's office?

RECEPTIONIST
(checking files)
Uh, let's see... Oh, here it is.
Her office--

MARTY
(turning around)
"Her"?!

Alex and the Receptionist shoot Marty a dirty look.

ALEX
We can vote now, too, Chief.

RECEPTIONIST
(for Marty's benefit)
Her office is on the third floor.

ALEX
Thanks.

Alex starts for the elevators. Marty follows.

ALEX
 (shakes her head)
 A liar and a chauvinist. I sure
 wish I knew that about you before
 I invited you back to my hotel
 room.

But Marty isn't listening. He's still wondering why the hell
 Ann's doctor is a she.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (11:05 AM)

Marty and Alex sit across from DR. DONOVAN (female, 40s.)
 Dr. Donovan reads from a file.

DR. DONOVAN
 It says here that Miss Harrison
 chose me as her internist from the
 HMO directory, but I've never met
 her.

ALEX
 She's never been here for an exam?

Dr. Donovan shakes her head. Marty is still trying to figure
 out why they're talking to this doctor instead of Dr. Frieland.

ALEX
 It just doesn't make any sense --
 She was dying of cancer but she
 never came into your office.

MARTY
 Maybe she saw another doctor here?

Dr. Donovan goes over to her computer. Clicks a few buttons.

DR. DONOVAN
 (off computer)
 No, she's never been a patient at
 this hospital.

Marty looks like he's going to puke for the second time today.

MARTY
 Excuse me.

Marty lurches out of his chair.
 Throws open the door.
 The two women watch him go, surprised by his exit.

HALLWAY

Marty staggers out of the office.
 He steadies himself against the wall.
 His brain is having a hard time processing what he just heard.

After a beat, Marty runs down the hall.
Hits the stairwell.

STAIRWELL

Marty bounds down the stairs.
Takes them four at a time.

BASEMENT

Marty emerges in the basement.
Runs down the hall.
Finds Dr. Frieland's office.
Throws open the door...

The office is completely empty except for a desk and chair.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex hurries down the hall as she talks into her cell phone.

ALEX (INTO PHONE)

Listen, I want you to find out who
her doctor is.

INT. DR. FRIELAND'S "OFFICE" - CONTINUOUS

Marty walks around the empty office in a daze.
Stares at the bare walls that used to hold Ivy League diplomas.

Then Marty grabs the chair.
Tosses it against the wall.
The chair is reduced to firewood.

Marty flips the desk over.
Starts kicking it.
And kicking it.

Out of breath, he backs into the wall.
Slumps against it.
Slides down to the floor.

Then something catches his eye on the floor next to the desk...
The letter opener that Dr. Frieland kept fiddling with.

Marty picks it up with his fingertips.
Turns it over, lets the light catch it...
There's fingerprints on it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY (11:13 AM)

Marty runs out of the hospital.
Jumps into the police car.

INT. POLICE CAR

Alex taps her fingers on the wheel.

ALEX
You get a check-up or something?

Marty pats his stomach.

MARTY
Bad coffee.

Alex shakes her head and starts the car.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (11:20 AM)

They head into downtown Quicho.
Marty stares out the window, catatonic.
Ann's betrayal still sinking in.
Alex's cell phone rings.

ALEX (INTO PHONE)
Yeah... I don't give a shit.
Figure out who I have to blow to
get my phone records.

MARTY: The words "phone records" shake Marty out of his trance.
Knows his number is all over those records.

ALEX (INTO PHONE)
(listens for a beat)
Results, not excuses, Baste.
That's what they pay us twenty-
five grand for.
(listens)
We're pulling in now.

Alex snaps her cell phone shut.

ALEX
God damn phone company's dragging
their feet on the phone records.

Marty doesn't answer.
Alex looks over at him -- he's pale.

ALEX
(off his expression)
That must've been some bad coffee.

Alex pulls into the police station parking lot.
They hop out of the car.

EXT./INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alex follows Marty up the stairs.
Marty opens the door and walks in.

BULLPEN

Baste and Tony talk with TWO WOMEN and a MAN.

JUDY, one of the women, turns around, sees Marty and waves.

JUDY
Hey, Chief.

MARTY'S FACE: Pure terror.
Marty turns away from Judy, bumping into Alex.

The other woman, JUDY'S MOTHER, turns around.
Just in time to see the back of Marty's head.
Now we realize why Marty turned away...

Judy's Mother is the one who saw him at Ann's last night.

The man is a SKETCH ARTIST.
He finishes his drawing and shows it to Judy's mother.

SKETCH ARTIST
How's this look, mam?

Judy's Mother scrutinizes the sketch (we don't see it.)

BASTE
(to Alex)
We've got an eyewitness here.

Alex looks at the sketch.
Marty turns to go, keeping his back to Judy's Mother.
Alex reaches out and grabs his shoulder.

ALEX
Take a look at this.

Alex holds out the sketch for Marty.

Marty turns around slowly, scratching an "itch" on his face...
So that he partially obscures his face from Judy's Mother.
He looks at the sketch.

SKETCH: Looks like Marty in a general way.
Eighty year old eyes and a hack artist have spared him.

ALEX
Ring any bells?

JUDY'S MOTHER: Watches Marty.
She tries to get a good look, but his hand blocks her view.
Her synapses firing... where has she seen that face?

MARTY
(shakes his head)
Sorry.

TONY
Kinda looks like you, Chief.

MARTY
(forced laugh)
Yeah, if I was as ugly as you, T.

Marty turns to leave.

JUDY
Chief, I don't think you've met my
mother yet. She just came up from
Dearborn.

Judy and her mother approach Marty.
Marty turns so that Judy's mother is looking at his profile.

MARTY
Marty Walsh. Nice to meet you.

JUDY'S MOTHER
Carol Anderson.

MARTY
Thanks for all your help, mam.

JUDY
Such a shame... They were so young.

MARTY
Awful. Excuse me, Judy.

JUDY'S MOTHER
You look very familiar--

MARTY
(snaps his fingers)
Yes, that's right. I met you at
the supermarket last week.

Judy's Mother tries to remember... is that it?

JUDY
I don't think so.

JUDY'S MOTHER
Supermarket?--

MARTY
Yes, out in front. It must've
been last Tuesday.

JUDY
But mother didn't get in until
Thursday.

Baste comes over, holding a book of mug shots.

BASTE
Mrs. Anderson, we need you again.

Marty seizes the moment to escape.
 He turns and ducks into his office.
 Judy's mother turns back to Marty, but he's gone.

MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty grabs his phone, dials 411.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
 Yeah, the number for the Living
 Gift in Detroit.

Marty dials the number -- it starts ringing.

Marty grabs a newspaper article off his corkboard.
 It reads, "Police Make Drug Bust -- \$660,000 Seized."
 He reads the date off the article: May 15, 2001.

MARTY
 (off article)
 May fifteenth.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 The Living Gift.

MARTY
 Yeah, uh, is, uh, Robert there?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Who should I say is calling?

MARTY
 Uh, Chris Harrison.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 One moment, please.

Marty digs through his files as he waits.

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 This is Robert.

MARTY
 Robert. This is, uh... Chris
 Harrison. Ann Harrison's husband--

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Of course. How's Ann?

MARTY
 She's ah... fine. Listen, I, uh,
 this is a weird question, but did
 you guys go bankrupt?

FILES: Marty pulls out his copy of Ann's insurance policy.
 Technically he's a millionaire today.

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 (laughs)
 Bankrupt? If we did, somebody
 forgot to tell me.

MARTY
 Did, uh, did Ann talk to you after
 we met?

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Of course. She called me with the
 good news.

MARTY
 "Good news?"

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Sure. That her doctors believed
 she was going to make a full
 recovery...

It hangs there for a long beat.
 Marty scans Ann's policy, finds what he's looking for...
 The date of inception: May 24th, 2001.
 Less than a week after Marty made the drug bust.

MARTY
 (sotto, off date)
 Couldn't even wait a fucking week.

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Excuse me?

MARTY
 Nothing.

ROBERT (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Well, needless to say, I'm very
 happy for the two of you. It's a
 miracle.

MARTY
 Yeah. A real fucking miracle.

Marty slams the phone down.
 Alex looks in at him.
 He smiles, realizes he can't freak out here.

MARTY
 (calling out)
 Hey, T.

Tony walks into his office.
 Marty pulls Dr. Frieland's letter opener out of his jacket.

MARTY

I need you to run this over to the lab in Detroit and have 'em run the prints.

TONY

(points to deputies)

Is it for this thing?

MARTY

Uh-huh. I want you to wait there 'til they're done. And then call me.

Alex raps on Marty's door.

MARTY

Yeah.

ALEX

An Agent Stark from the DEA is on line one for you.

MARTY

Who?

ALEX

Agent Stark. DEA. Says it's about the Sarcetti case.

MARTY

(long beat)

Thanks.

Marty stares at the blinking button on the phone. He takes a deep breath, picks up the phone.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

This is Chief Walsh.

AGENT STARK (O.S.; ON PHONE)

Chief Walsh. Agent Stark with the DEA. How you doing?

MARTY

Busy.

AGENT STARK (O.S.; ON PHONE)

You and I both. Listen, I understand you're holding the evidence from the Sarcetti case.

MARTY

(tortured beat)

Uh-huh.

AGENT STARK (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Great. That means you're my new
best friend. Listen, I'm going to
send a couple of my agents up from
the Detroit office to pick up that
cash. We think the money might be
linked to one of our investigations.

Drip... A bead of sweat drops on to Marty's desk.

MARTY
I'll tell you what. How 'bout I
call you tomorrow and we'll figure
out a time--

AGENT STARK (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Chief. This had to be done the
day before yesterday.

MARTY
I'm sorry. But that evidence has
to stay in my possession for a
year--

AGENT STARK (O.S.; ON PHONE)
I guess I'm not making myself
clear here. This has been a two
year ongoing investigation.
I have the cooperation of the FBI,
the ATF, and two foreign
governments... So you'll have to
excuse me if I don't give two
shits about your rules of evidence.
(beat)
My men'll be up sometime this
afternoon. Oh, yeah, and Chief?

MARTY
Yeah.

AGENT STARK (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Have a nice day.

EEEEHHH... Stark hangs up on the other end.
Marty holds the phone to his ear for another beat, dazed.

TONY
You okay, boss?

Marty nods, then hands Tony the letter opener.

MARTY
Tell 'em we need this thing quick.
(glances at the bullpen)
Really quick.

TONY
(gestures to deputies)
Then we should just give it to
them--

MARTY
Just do it! Alright!

BULLPEN

Alex looks in at Marty and Tony, curious about the outburst.
Baste hurries over to Alex.

BASTE
I just got off the phone with her
doctor -- she's over at Detroit
Medical Center. Anyways, she says
that she's been Ann's doctor for
the past five years. And that as
of her last check-up three months
ago, Ann was perfectly healthy.

ALEX
She didn't have cancer?

Baste shakes his head.

ALEX
I pretended I was a size four
once, but why the hell's someone
gonna pretend they had cancer?

MARTY'S OFFICE

TONY
(confused by Marty's tone)
Sorry. I just thought these guys
could do it faster.

MARTY
No, no, I'm sorry.

Marty puts his arm around Tony's shoulder.

MARTY
Just tell 'em we need it fast.

Tony nods and goes to the door.

MARTY
Hey, T, still friends, right?

Tony smiles and heads out.
Marty sits down at his desk.
There's no way he's going to be able to keep this up.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (11:36 AM)

Beats of the investigation:

- The fax machine spits out Ann and Chris' bank records. We watch as their old checks come out. Hold on a copy of a check to Equity Life Insurance.

- Several deputies catalogue evidence from the scene.

- Judy's Mother goes through the book of mug shots. She shakes her head at each one.

INT. QUICHO FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY (12:03 PM)

Marty's huddled over a computer with DEAN, the bank manager. They're looking at Ann's bank account. The account has \$400 in it.

— MARTY

Can you check around with other banks? See if she made any large deposits yesterday?

DEAN

I'll see what I can find out.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (12:39 PM)

Alex stares at a bulletin board of evidence. BULLETIN BOARD: Sketch of "Marty", photos of Ann. Baste hangs up the phone and hurries over to Alex.

BASTE

We should have the phone records soon.

ALEX

Remind me to do a jig.

DEPUTY (O.S.)

Detective.

They hurry over to a Deputy. He hands Alex the check to Equity Life Insurance.

ALEX

(off check)

"Equity Life Insurance?"

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (12:43 PM)

Marty runs in, sees Alex huddled with a couple deputies.

ALEX

... Just find it.

MARTY
What's up?

ALEX
This just came through.

Alex shows him the Equity Life Insurance check.

MARTY
She's got a life insurance policy?

ALEX
And we've got a potential motive.
(beat)
Only problem is we haven't been
able to find where their office
is. Hey, you got any pull at the
bank?

MARTY
Sure, why?

Alex hands him the check.

ALEX
See if they can get us an address.

Marty walks into his office.

MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty dials a number.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Anything, T?

INT. CRIME LAB - CONTINUOUS

Tony's holding the letter opener.

TONY (INTO PHONE)
Nah, they're not gonna be able to
check it out for another hour.
(beat)
Holy shit, Marty, you should see
the rack on this chick who just
walked by. Oh my God...

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARTY
Just call me when you got
something.

Marty SLAMS the phone down.
He hears a BEEPING o.s.
Looks over.

It's the fax machine.

Marty bolts for the fax machine.

BULLPEN

FAX MACHINE: Comes to life.
Cover page reads "Bell Atlantic Telephone."
Marty drops a different cover page on the incoming fax.

ALEX
Those the phone records?

Marty shakes his head "No."
Taps his feet as the phone records come through...

He grabs the phone records.
Runs into his office.

ALEX (O.S.)
(yelling)
Baste, I'm feeling unloved.
Where are my phone records?!

MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty stares at the phone records.
"248-234-5853 - Walsh, Martin A." all over the bill.
"248-234-4000 - Quicho Police Department" numerous times.

He fires up his computer.
Looks out at the bullpen.

BULLPEN

BASTE
(to Alex)
... He said he faxed 'em over.
I'll call him again.

Baste, pissed, picks up the phone.

MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty scans the last page of the records into his computer.

COMPUTER: The phone records are on the screen.

Marty copies and pastes non-incriminating numbers over his.
But it's a slow process...
He has to do it one number at a time.

Alex runs in.

ALEX
I need your computer for a sec.

MARTY

Gimme a couple a minutes.

ALEX

They e-mailed me a bunch of warrants.

MARTY

Five minutes.

Marty steals a look at Baste.

BASTE: Talks on the phone as he gestures to the fax machine.

BASTE

I'm staring at the god damn fax machine. They're not here. Just send 'em again...

MARTY: Sees Baste hang up the phone. He continues to Copy and paste one number at a time.

Alex walks over to Marty, glances at the computer...

COMPUTER: A blank document.

ALEX

You got writer's block?

MARTY

I've got to do a report.

ALEX

For what? Somebody jaywalking?

(beat)

I need to get these warrants. You know, for this little double murder case we're working.

MARTY'S POV: Baste stands vigilantly above the fax machine.

MARTY (O.S.)

A couple minutes, alright?

The fax machine BEEPS, starts up.

MARTY: Starting to sweat.

ALEX

I just don't--

Marty stands up, gets in Alex's face.

MARTY
Five minutes!
(calming down)
Just gimme a couple minutes,
alright?

BASTE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Phone records coming in.

Alex gives Marty a look, then heads over to the fax machine.
FAX MACHINE: A "Bell Atlantic" cover page drops into the tray.
BEEP!... BEEP!

BASTE
Shit.

FAX MACHINE: "Out of Paper" flashes.

MARTY: Working the keyboard like a stenographer.
At his feet is a stack of paper.

BASTE
(calling to Marty)
Where the hell's the paper?

Marty ignores him.

COMPUTER: "248-234-5853 - Walsh, Martin A" replaced by...
"248-234-5100" - House of Pizza."
Marty's phone numbers are disappearing...
But not fast enough.

BASTE AND ALEX: Both looking for the paper.
Baste grabs some paper from the printer.

MARTY: Copying and pasting blocks of numbers now...
No time to do it one number at a time.
Marty deletes the last couple pages of records.

BASTE: Trying to figure out how to load the paper.

COMPUTER: Marty loads the fax program.

BASTE: Slams the paper drawer shut.
The fax BEEPS, comes to life.

COMPUTER SCREEN: Marty hits "fax."
That annoying Microsoft hourglass appears.
The sand starts flowing down...

MARTY: Bolts out of his chair.
Runs over to the fax machine.

FAX MACHINE: The 2nd page starts to print.

MARTY

Here. You gotta wiggle it a little.

BASTE

No, it's fine.

Marty shakes the fax machine...
 "Accidentally" pulling out the cord.
 WAAH! The fax stops dead... the second page half-printed.

MARTY

Shit.

Marty grabs the half-printed second page.
 Tosses it into the trash.
 He plugs the fax machine back in.
 CONTROL PANEL: "2 faxes in memory."

MARTY: On the sly, hits the 'DELETE' BUTTON.
 CONTROL PANEL: "Delete first fax?"
 Marty hits "YES."
 The fax starts printing again...

Marty glances at the control panel.
 CONTROL PANEL: "Receiving - Quicho Police Department."
 Marty covers the control panel with a box of paperclips.

Marty walks into his office.

MARTY'S OFFICE

He grabs the phone, dials a number.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Any word, T?

TONY (O.S.; ON PHONE)

They should have 'em in fifteen minutes or so.

BASTE (O.S.)

They're coming through.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Alright, let me know.

Marty sprints into the bullpen.

BULLPEN

Alex grabs the "phone records" off the fax machine.

ALEX

(off fax)

What's this? I can't read this.

Marty's alterations have made the phone records barely legible.

ALEX
 (to Baste)
 Tell 'em to fax 'em again.

Baste picks up the phone.

MARTY
 No, no. It's our fax. Toner's
 all screwed up.
 (off records)
 This one's Charlie Maroni, he's
 been friends with Chris since high
 school...

EXT./INT. POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER (1:10 PM)

Chae walks into the police station, carrying a folder.

Marty and Alex look over the "phone records."
 Behind them, the fax machine chirps.

ALEX
 ... The last call they made was to
 American Airlines at eight PM.

Chae hums the "Dragnet" theme.

CHAE
 The prom King and Queen were
 already dead when somebody made
 smores out of 'em.

ALEX
 What?

He hands her the autopsy report.

CHAE
 No sign of smoke in their lungs.
 If they'd been alive when that
 place went up, their lungs would
 look like a tobacco lobbyist's.

Alex looks over the report.
 Marty sidles over to Chae.

MARTY
 (whispering)
 I gotta talk to you.

BASTE
 Detective...

Baste hands Alex a piece of paper.

BASTE
Here's the cell phone calls.

MARTY: Oh shit.

MARTY
"Cell phone calls?"

BASTE
Yeah, they're on a different
database than land lines.

CELL PHONE RECORDS: Top two entries read:
"248-234-3494 - Town of Quicho - 12:23 AM."
"248-234-3494 - Town of Quicho - 12:18 AM."

ALEX
(off records)
234-3494.

CHAE: He knows that number.
His eyes lock with Marty's: What the hell?

ALEX
(excited)
What time did that old lady say--

BASTE
It was at the end of Leno.

Alex starts to dial the cell phone number on the speakerphone.
Marty tries to conceal his terror.
Knows that his phone will ring in one second.

He turns away from Alex.
Slips out his cell phone...
Starts scrolling through the functions...
Trying to find the RINGER option...

Alex's call goes through.
The speakerphone starts RINGING.

MARTY'S CELL PHONE: Marty's on the ringer function.
Marty's cell phone starts to RING.
Marty scrolls to "VIBRATE"...
The phone stops ringing mid-ring.

SPEAKERPHONE: Continues to RING.

Marty "answers" his cell phone.

MARTY (INTO CELL PHONE)
Yeah, hi. Hold on a sec. The
connection's going out.

SPEAKERPHONE: Second RING.

MARTY'S CELL PHONE: Marty scrolls through the options...
"PHONEBOOK"... "PAGER"...

SPEAKERPHONE: Third RING.

MARTY'S CELL PHONE: 'VOICEMAIL'...

SPEAKERPHONE: The fourth RING...
The CLICK as the call is forwarded to voicemail.

MARTY'S CELL PHONE: Marty hits 'OFF' on voicemail.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
That better?... Yeah, I don't know
about fishing tomorrow...

SPEAKERPHONE
(recording)
The cellular customer you've
called is either unavailable or
has traveled outside the calling
area...

ALEX
Shit!

She hangs up the phone.
Marty continues "talking" on the phone.

BASTE
(off records)
They must work for the town.

ALEX
(to Marty)
How do we find out who's assigned
to this phone?

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, it's kind of crazy here.
Let me call you back.
(hangs up, then to Alex)
I don't know. I'll call over to
town hall.

ALEX
What's the number, I'll call.

MARTY
Ah, ah... Gimme a sec. I'll look
it up.

BASTE
Here it is.

Baste points to a list of numbers by the phone.

ALEX
(off list)
Accounting.

Alex starts to dial the number.

CHAE: Watching this...
Sees Marty's sweating.

Chae reaches over, hangs up Alex's phone.

CHAE
It's mine.

ALEX
What is?

CHAE
The phone. It's mine.

Everyone, including Marty, looks at Chae, incredulous.

ALEX
Your phone? I thought you're
County--

CHAE
I work as a paramedic in town part
time. Football games, school
stuff... The phone's supposed to
be for business.

Alex absorbs this.

CHAE
I was trying to call Chris last
night.

ALEX
For what?

CHAE
I was over at the Crowbar. I
wanted him to meet me for a couple
drinks.

Alex nods, taking this in.

ALEX
You're friends with him?

CHAE
Sure. Drinking buddies.
(beat)
I would've mentioned it earlier,
but, uh...
(more)

CHAE (cont'd)
(chuckles)
To be honest with you, I don't remember all that much about last night.

ALEX
So you were at a bar?

CHAE
I, ah, closed down the Crowbar and then went home with a "friend" of mine. Valerie Hanson...

ALEX
Where's she live?

CHAE
Over in Fallbrook.

ALEX
Number?

CHAE
Ah, 534-2348.

ALEX
And she'll say you were there all night?

CHAE
Yeah, because I was.

Alex looks Chae up and down, doesn't believe he killed them.

ALEX
You should've told me about this at the scene.

CHAE
And I would've if I didn't have about fifteen drinks last night.

ALEX
I need a statement.

CHAE
Do it for you right now.

Chae follows Alex into an office.
Marty watches them go, relieved.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY (1:22 PM)

Chae walks in, shuts the door.

CHAE

What the--

MARTY

I was sleeping with her.

Not what Chae was expecting.

CHAE

Jesus...

(shakes his head)

So you didn't--

(makes explosion sound)

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

The whole thing, them moving back to town. It was all part of their plan.

CHAE

Hold on -- "plan?"

Marty hesitates for a second.

MARTY

I gave her the Sarcetti money.

Chae stares at him in disbelief for a long beat. Shakes his head.

CHAE

Jesus Christ.

(beat, laughs)

Would you have given it to me if I fucked you?

BULLPEN

Alex looks at the autopsy report. Glances over at Marty's office. Marty and Chae still talking.

MARTY'S OFFICE

CHAE

... There's no trace of the money?

Marty shakes his head.

CHAE

Christ, and I thought I had trouble with women.

Chae looks out at the bullpen, takes in the investigation. Notices a copy of the sketch of "Marty."

CHAE
(re: sketch)
They were pretty generous with the hair.

Marty. laughs wearily.

CHAE
And you don't think you can explain the whole thing?

MARTY
(counting on his fingers)
Let's see, motive: I'm the beneficiary on her million dollar life insurance. Opportunity: they've got an eyewitness who saw me at her house right before it blew up. Should I go on?

CHAE
How's your alibi?

MARTY
Home, by myself.

CHAE
That good, huh?

Chae stares out at the bullpen for a beat.

Marty's phone rings.
He grabs it.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Yeah.

TONY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
They matched the prints on that thing. The guy's name is "Paul Cabot." They got his prints from his military file.

MARTY
You got an address?

TONY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Yeah. Thirty-six Fiske Road, Magaway.

Marty scrawls down the address.

MARTY
Good job, T.
(to Chae)
Wanna take a ride?

INT. CHAE'S CAR - DAY (1:59 PM)

Marty and Chae drive through Magaway, a small suburb.
Marty scans the addresses on the houses.

CHAE

There! That's it.

Chae screeches to a halt in front of a dilapidated duplex.

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY (2:00 PM)

Marty tries the door.

It's locked.

He smashes a window, fishes his hand through the glass.
Pops the lock.

INT. DUPLEX - MINUTES LATER (2:02 PM)

Nobody's home.

Marty and Chae rifle through the apartment.

Marty grabs a photo off of the wall.

PHOTO: Ann, Chris, and Frieland (5 years ago).
They're grinning, looking like the best of friends.

Marty stares at the photo for a long beat.
Ann's smile taunts him.

CHAE (O.S.)

Oh, what tangled webs we weave...

Marty tosses the photo to the ground.
Goes over to Chae.

Chae holds a work ID from Detroit Mercy Hospital.
The name reads "Paul Cabot - X-ray technician"...
But the picture is of Dr. Frieland.

INT. CHAE'S CAR - DAY (2:23 PM)

Chae drives as Marty stares at Frieland's hospital ID.
Chae slams on the brakes, comes to a dead stop.

MARTY

What the hell?!

Chae points out two road signs.
The signs point in opposite directions.
One reads "Quicho - 1 mile"...
The other reads "Canadian Border - 85 miles."

CHAE

Canada's nice this time of year.

MARTY
 Canada's never nice.
 (beat)
 You think I'm that fucked?

CHAE
 It's the bottom of the ninth and
 you're down by a lot of runs.
 (beat)
 And I've seen you play softball.

MARTY
 I'm glad you still have your sense
 of humor.

CHAE
 I've got a couple grand. It'll
 get you down to Costa Rica. You
 could scout out some boats for us.

MARTY
 'Preciate the offer.

CHAE
 Of course, the vig's twenty
 points. If you're late with the
 payments, it gets tacked on to the
 principal.

MARTY
 Of course.
 (beat)
 But I'm not running.

CHAE
 Well, the idea was that I'd drive
 you.

MARTY
 You want to drive me somewhere?
 Drive me back to the station.

CHAE
 I'll cut the vig to ten points.

Marty shakes his head.
 Chae sighs, then heads for Quicho.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (2:43 PM)

Alex and Baste are huddled over a speakerphone.

ALEX
 (singing with hold music)
 "If you like being a pina colada"--

Marty walks in.

Heads over to Alex.

MARTY
What's up?

ALEX
(to Marty)
We got the insurance company on
the line.

The hold music stops.
Marty looks around, measuring the odds.
No way he's going to fight his way out of here.

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
That policy number corresponds to
a one million dollar term life
insurance policy for an Ann
Harrison.

Marty edges toward the door.

ALEX
A million bucks?!
(beat)
Who's the beneficiary?

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
One moment...

He opens the door.

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Ah, here it is. The beneficiary
is listed as...

Marty is out the door.

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
...Chris Harrison, her husband.

ALEX
Shit!

Marty breathes a huge sigh of relief.
Alex notices him at the door.

ALEX
Where the hell you going now?

Marty walks back over to her.

MARTY
Get some air. It's stuffy in
here.

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Oh, wait--

ALEX
What?

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Got a note here. It seems the
policy holder requested a form to
change the beneficiary last week.

ALEX
She changed it?

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
If she did, it hasn't made it into
our system.

ALEX
You mean it might be in the mail?

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Or it could be downstairs in our
processing center waiting to be--

ALEX
Processed?

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Yes.

ALEX
Can you connect me to the
processing center?

EQUITY LIFE OPERATOR (O.S.; ON PHONE)
They're closed on Saturdays.

ALEX
Well get me someone who can open it.

EXT. EQUITY INSURANCE - ALBANY, NEW YORK - DAY (3:01 PM)

INT. EQUITY INSURANCE - PROCESSING CENTER

A SECURITY GUARD flicks on the lights.
Four pissed-off PROCESSING CLERKS walk in.
They take their seats at a long table.

PROCESSING CLERK #1
We're getting OT right?

PROCESSING CLERK #2
Better be. 'Cause we're gonna
miss the god damn Giants game.

Their equally pissed-off BOSS wheels in a huge mail bin.

PROCESSING CLERK #1
Who we looking for?

PROCESSING BOSS
Some bitch named Ann Harrison.

They start sorting through the huge mail bins.
Tearing open the envelopes.
Searching for Ann's policy.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY (3:02 PM)

Marty is at the computer.
Looking up "Paul Cabot."
No rap sheet, no outstanding warrants.

MARTY
(under his breath)
Just a law-abiding citizen.

BASTE (O.S.)
Detective.

Marty looks up, sees Baste calling over to Alex.

BULLPEN

Baste holds a credit card receipt.

BASTE
Found it wedged under the seat of
their car. It's a credit card
receipt from a gas station--

Marty joins them.

ALEX
(off receipt)
"Paul Cabot?"
(to Marty)
Know him?

Marty shakes his head.

BASTE
(looks at phone records)
No incoming or outgoing calls to
a Cabot here.

ALEX
Call the credit card company. See
what they got.
(to another Deputy)
Check every motel and hotel in the
area.

The word "hotel" hits Marty.

Marty heads for the door.
Starts to open the door...
When it's opened from the outside.
TWO MEN in cheap suits enter the station.

MAN #1
Chief Walsh?

MARTY
(hesitantly)
Yeah.

MAN #1
Agent White. DEA.

Marty smiles weakly.

INT. EQUITY INSURANCE - PROCESSING CENTER - DAY (3:04 PM)

The processing clerks begin sorting through the mail bins.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (3:04 PM)

Five deputies are calling local motels and hotels...
Working the phones like volunteers at a Jerry Lewis telethon.

DEPUTY #1 (INTO PHONE)
Yes, I'm looking for a Paul Cabot.

DEPUTY #2 (INTO PHONE)
... Name's Paul Cabot.

MARTY'S OFFICE

DEPUTY #3 (O.S.; INTO PHONE)
... Cabot.

Marty's talking with Agent White...
As he helplessly watches the Deputies making their calls.
Agent Fetzer is on the phone.

MARTY
... What do you want me to do?!
The bank's closed!

AGENT WHITE (MAN #1)
You were supposed to have the
money here.

MARTY
I'm sorry, but we've been a little
busy. We're trying to solve a
murder here.

AGENT WHITE

And we're trying to break up a drug cartel that murders hundreds of people. Now, how do I get into that bank?

MARTY

How 'bout robbing it?

(beat)

Listen, I'm sorry, it's my fuck-up.

AGENT WHITE

Tell me something I don't know.

MARTY

I'm trying to apologize here...

Agent Fetzler hangs up the phone.

AGENT FETZLER

Stark said he's getting a warrant. Shouldn't be more than a couple hours.

Marty flinches.
Just a little.
But enough.

AGENT WHITE

The money is in the bank, right Chief?

MARTY

(laughs weakly)

No, I stole it. I'm going to Costa Rica. You wanna come?

AGENT WHITE

(shakes his head)

No thanks, I like the cold.

MARTY

(picks up the phone)

I'll call the manager at home again.

AGENT WHITE

'Preciate that. We're gonna go grab something to eat.

(beat)

Some place close by.

The DEA agents leave.
As soon as they're gone, Marty runs for the door.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - DAY (3:05 PM)

Marty digs through the crap on the floor of his truck.
 Finally finds what he's looking for...
 The Ramada Inn hotel key he found outside Ann's house.
 He dials Ramada's number on his cell phone.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
 Paul Cabot's room.

The call is put through.
 Marty hangs up.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - DAY (3:06 PM)

Marty's breaking land speed records on his way to the hotel.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (3:14 PM)

A Deputy slams down the phone.

DEPUTY #1
 (to Alex)
 There's a Cabot at the Ramada over
 in Amherst!

Alex and Baste run to the door.

EXT. RAMADA INN - DAY (3:15 PM)

Marty SLAMS the truck to a stop.
 Runs into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (3:16 PM)

Dr. Frieland (aka Paul Cabot) talks on the phone.
 (NOTE: We'll refer to him as Cabot from now on.)

CABOT (INTO PHONE)
 I've already watched the god damn
 pay per view...
 (listens)
 Just get the god damn passports!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (3:16 PM)

Baste and Alex whip down the road.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY (3:17 PM)

Marty's talking with the CLERK.

MARTY
 (holding room key)
 ... Like a complete idiot I forgot
 what room I'm in.

The Clerk nods sympathetically.

CLERK
Happens all the time, Mr. Cabot.
I just need some ID.

MARTY
Oh yeah, sure.

Marty pulls out Cabot's hospital ID.

MARTY
Wallet's in the room.

The Clerk barely glances at the ID.

CLERK
Room 215.

MARTY
("remembering")
215. Yeah, that's it. Thanks.

Marty heads for the stairs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (3:18 PM)

Cabot lays on the bed.
He hears FOOTSTEPS stop outside the door.
He perks up, listening intently.

HOTEL HALLWAY

Marty pauses outside Room 215.
Draws his gun.
Inserts the electronic key.
It CLICKS open.

HOTEL ROOM

Marty BURSTS into the room.
Probing everywhere with his gun...

Cabot's nowhere to be seen.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (3:19 PM)

Alex and Baste pass a sign reading: "Ramada Inn - Next Exit."

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (3:19 PM)

Marty bursts into the bathroom.

Pulls back the shower curtain...
Nothing.

Starts checking the main room.

WHAM!

Cabot bursts out of the closet.
Tackles Marty, throws him onto the bed.
Marty's gun flies out of his hand.
Slides into the bathroom.

CABOT: Jumps on Marty.
Starts pummeling him...
Raining punches down on Marty's face.

MARTY: Pushes Cabot off of him with his legs.
Cabot SLAMS into a wall.

MARTY: Dives off the bed, searching for his gun.
His hand darts under the bed, probing...

CABOT: Recovers, grabs the bedside lamp.
He throws the lamp at Marty's head.
The lamp glances off Marty's head, dazing him.

CABOT: Pulls Marty to his feet...
Throws Marty into the bathroom.
Marty bounces off the toilet and crumples to the ground.

Cabot pulls the still-dazed Marty up by his neck.
Starts choking him.

MARTY
(gasping for air)
Eeeee...

MARTY'S FACE: Turning red...
Marty claws at Cabot's face.

CABOT: Tightening his hands around Marty's throat.

MARTY: Works his hands down to Cabot's waist...
And grabs his balls.
Hard!

CABOT
Aaah!

Cabot reflexively lets go of Marty.
Writhes on the floor in pain.

Marty stands there for a beat, dazed.
Trying to suck in as much air as possible.

Cabot notices Marty's gun on the bathroom floor.
Reaches for it -- gets it.
Staggers to his feet.
Turns toward Marty.

But he never gets a chance to shoot.
Because Marty swings the top of the toilet at Cabot's head.
The 15 lb. porcelain top hits Cabot's face at about 65 mph...

And the laws of physics take over...
Bones crack, teeth shatter, blood splatters...

And Cabot falls backward into the bathtub...

CYYYH!

His neck snaps as he hits the bottom of the tub head first.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (3:33 PM)

The police car passes a car as if the car was standing still.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (3:33 PM)

Marty, in a state of shock, stares at Cabot.
He takes a couple deep breaths, tries to compose himself.

He walks over to the sink.
Hands shaking uncontrollably, he splashes water on his face.
He looks at his reflection in the mirror.
Not the same man he was this morning.

He pauses, notices something in the mirror.
He runs into the main room.
Grabs a metal briefcase that's tucked next to the dresser.
Tries to open the briefcase, but it's locked.

He fishes through Cabot's pockets.
Finds a set of keys.

Marty unlocks the briefcase, pops it open...
The briefcase is stuffed with \$100 bills.

MARTY

Hello, Mr. Franklin.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (3:33 PM)

Alex and Baste are a hundred yards from the Ramada.

INT. HALLWAY / RAMADA INN - DAY (3:33 PM)

Marty stumbles out of Cabot's room.
Heads to the stairs.

EXT. RAMADA INN - DAY (3:34 PM)

The police car screeches to a stop in front of the hotel.
Alex hustles into the hotel.
Baste right behind her.

INT. LOBBY - RAMADA INN - CONTINUOUS (3:34 PM)

Marty walks out of the stairwell.

CLERK
See ya, Mr. Cabot.

Marty ignores him and heads to the door.
And then stops abruptly.
He sees Alex, just about to enter the hotel.

Alex is just about to see him when...
Marty, turns, looks around...
Searching for an escape.

He sees the elevators and stairs.
Walks/runs back across the lobby.
The Clerk has noticed his quick "180."
Alex and Baste walk in.
Head for the Clerk.
Marty is almost across the lobby.

Marty gets to the stairs.
Notices an Emergency Door leading outside.
No good -- the alarm will give him away.

ALEX AND THE CLERK: The Clerk points to the stairs.

STAIRS: The door closes.

Alex and Baste bolt for the stairs.

EAST STAIRWELL

Marty takes the stairs two at a time.
Not sure what to do.
A couple floors below, footsteps POUND up the stairs.

ALEX & BASTE: Rushing up the stairs.
They can hear Marty a couple floors above.

MARTY: Gets to the 4th floor.
Throws open the door.
Runs into...

4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Marty sprints down the hall, still clutching the briefcase.

LOBBY

A couple Security GUARDS spread out.

4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Marty sprints down the hall, knocks over a cleaning cart.

EAST STAIRWELL

Alex and Baste come to the 4th floor.
The door hasn't closed yet.

ALEX
I'll take four. You keep going.

4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Alex runs down the hallway.
The stairwell door at the other end of the hallway closes.

WEST STAIRWELL

Marty jumps down the stairs, a half landing at a time...
But then STOPS.
Pauses for a beat...
Stashes the briefcase against the wall.

He catches his breath for a second.
Hears the door open above him.
He starts running up the stairs.
Runs right into Alex, knocks her over.

ALEX
What the--

MARTY
(labored breathing)
I pulled in right after you.

ALEX
He come down--

MARTY
(shakes head)
Nobody passed me.

Alex considers this for a beat.
Then turns, starts running up the stairs.

ALEX
I'll meet you in the lobby.

Marty waits a beat, then heads down the stairs.
Retrieves the briefcase.
Cautiously makes his way down to the first floor.

He opens the door and bumps right into...

The Clerk!

CLERK'S EYES: Instant recognition.
MARTY'S EYES: Oh Shit!

CLERK
(yelling)
It's him! It's--

LOBBY

Baste and a couple of Security Guards hear the Clerk.
Run toward the stairs.
Eh-eh-eh-eh... The Emergency Alarm blares.

STAIRS

Baste and the Guards run over.
The Emergency Door's open.

The Clerk lies on the floor, unconscious.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Marty standing above the Clerk.
The briefcase isn't visible.

MARTY
(points out door)
Out there.

EXT. RAMADA INN - CONTINUOUS

The guards burst out of the door.
Run past a dumpster...
Where the tip of the briefcase sticks out of the trash.

INT. OFFICE - RAMADA INN - DAY (3:40 PM)

The unconscious clerk lies on a couch.
Marty watches him nervously.
He doesn't want to be here when the clerk wakes up.

Baste walks in, gestures to Marty.

BASTE
She wants to see you upstairs.

Marty follows Baste out.
Marty catches a glimpse of his neck in a mirror.
Pulls up his jacket to cover Cabot's handprints.

INT. CABOT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY (3:56 PM)

Cops are busy dusting the room for fingerprints.

COP
Prints are everywhere.

ALEX
How long 'til we can run 'em?

COP
Couple hours.

Marty goes over to where they're dusting for prints.
"Accidentally" puts his hand down.

COP
Chief!

MARTY
 ("noticing" his mistake)
 Shit. I'm sorry.

COP
 (shaking head)
 That's alright. We'll just get a
 set of yours to disqualify.

MARTY
 Thanks.

Marty heads over to Alex.

COP
 (under his breath)
 Idiot.

Alex is looking through Cabot's wallet.

MARTY
 (pointing to Cabot)
 This Cabot?

ALEX
 (shakes her head)
 It's one of 'em. The clerk
 pointed out Cabot when we came in.

MARTY
 The guy we were chasing?

ALEX
 Yeah. But that wasn't Cabot.
 (gestures to Cabot)
 Because Cabot was up here taking
 a bath.

MARTY
 ("confused")
 So somebody was pretending they
 were Cabot?

ALEX
 That's what it seems like. We'll
 know more when the clerk wakes up.

MARTY
 He looks like he's gonna be out
 for a while.

ALEX
 Ah, we'll get him some smelling
 salts or something.

COP
 Excuse me here.

Marty and Alex step out of the cop's way.

MARTY
I'm gonna head back.

Alex nods as Marty starts to leave.

ALEX
Hey.

MARTY
Yeah.

ALEX
How'd you get here so fast?

MARTY
I, uh, heard it on the radio.

Alex nods.
Marty waits a beat, then leaves.

ALEX
(into walkie talkie)
Yeah, this is Alex. Did anybody
put it over the radio that we were
heading to the hotel?

A beat.

DEPUTY (O.S.; OVER WALKIE-TALKIE)
Yeah, I think I heard Billy
mention it.

ALEX (INTO WALKIE-TALKIE)
(smiling)
Thanks.
(sotto; sing-song)
Paranoid.

INT. EQUITY INSURANCE - PROCESSING CENTER - DAY (3:59 PM)

RIP... RIP...

The Processing Clerks have multiplied to eight now.
They're halfway through the mail bin.

PROCESSING CLERK #1
Hey, you know what? This chick
lives in Michigan, right?
(beat)
We should just be looking for
envelopes with Michigan postmarks.

This epiphany sinks in for a beat.

PROCESSING CLERK #2
Shit, you're right.

PROCESSING CLERK #1
(excited)
Giants game at my house!

They laugh as they dig in, energized.

PROCESSING CLERK #2
We should be done in an hour.
(beat)
You, my friend, are middle
management material.

They just glance at the envelopes, checking the postmark.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK / RAMADA PARKING LOT - DAY (4:02 PM)

Marty talks to Chae on the phone as he looks out the window.
The unconscious Clerk is loaded into an ambulance.

CHAE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
... So you killed your only
suspect? Well, not exactly the
way I would try and prove my
innocence--

MARTY
(rubbing his temples)
It was self-defense.

CHAE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
But you got the money, right?

MARTY
Yeah.

CHAE (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Well get the hell out of here.

MARTY
I told you. I'm not running.

Marty starts to pull out.
KNOCK-KNOCK.
Marty stops, looks out the window.
Alex throws open the passenger door and jumps in.

ALEX
Going my way?

Marty hangs up the phone.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - DAY (4:23 PM)

Marty drives.

Alex stares out the window.
Notices a diner up the road.

ALEX
(pointing to diner)
Lemme buy you a cup of coffee.

MARTY
What?

ALEX
For the bang-up job you're doing.

MARTY
(skeptical)
You want to stop for a cup of
coffee now?

ALEX
I need ~~my~~ fix.

INT. DINER - DAY (4:25 PM)

Marty and Alex sit across from each other in a booth. Neither say anything for a long beat. Marty keeps stealing looks at Alex, trying to figure out if she knows or suspects that he's involved.

MARTY
Is this how the Sheriff's
department recommends solving
murders now?

ALEX
Sometimes it helps me to step away
for a couple minutes.
(beat)
Though I do have an ulterior
motive.

MARTY
And I thought you just had a thing
for bad coffee.

ALEX
It's not that bad.
(beat, takes a sip)
Actually, it is pretty awful.

She pushes the coffee away.

ALEX
I just wanted you to know, at that
conference--

MARTY

Listen, I'm sorry I never called you--

ALEX

No, No. That's not what I mean. I just wanted you to know, I'm usually not that... forward.

MARTY

Except on the second date, right?

ALEX

That was a slight exaggeration to make you feel stupid for not calling me.

Alex smiles at him. And in spite of the day he's had, Marty smiles back at her.

ALEX

Did it work?

MARTY

Depends on how slight of an exaggeration it was.

Alex smiles coyly.

MARTY

It didn't need to work. Right now, I'm thinking not calling you was pretty much the stupidest thing I ever did.

Alex blushes, touched. And Marty is speaking the truth. All he can see in Alex is the road not taken. And unlike Robert Frost, he regrets the hell out of his choice.

ALEX

Now if you said something like that at the hotel, you wouldn't have had to wait for the second date.

MARTY

My kingdom for a time machine.

A beat. Then Alex slams the table in mock anger.

ALEX

So why the hell didn't you call me?!

(he doesn't answer)

Were you seeing somebody else?

Marty considers how much he should tell her. After a beat, he nods.

MARTY
It started right after I met you.

ALEX
(afraid to ask)
You still seeing her?

MARTY
(laughs wearily)
No. No, it's definitely over.

ALEX
I'm sorry. Well, actually I'm not. I mean--
(quickly to cover)
Did it end badly?

MARTY
(another weary laugh)
Yeah, you could say that.

Alex reaches over, takes Marty's hand. She thinks his weary laugh is a way to mask the pain. Marty looks down at her hand on top of his. Can't help thinking of the last woman who comforted him. But when he looks up at Alex's eyes he sees something he never saw in Ann's -- genuine affection.

The moment is interrupted by Alex's ringing cell phone.

ALEX (INTO PHONE)
Yeah...
(listens for a beat)
We're on our way.

Alex snaps her phone shut.

ALEX
That was Baste. Our buddy Cabot made some calls from the hotel before he went to Heaven.

MARTY
(excited)
To who?

ALEX
They're not sure. Phone company's trying to run the numbers right now.

Marty tries to control his excitement. He's not done yet, not with Cabot's calls as a possible lead.

MARTY

We should probably get back.

Marty stands up, throws a \$5 bill on the table. He and Alex head for the door.

ALEX

So, after this thing is over, you think you'd want to go out?

MARTY

(points to \$5 bill on table)

As long as this counts as our first date.

Alex punches him good naturedly. She gets to the door first. Marty pushes past her, makes a big production out of opening the door for her. Alex makes an equally big production of walking out the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY (4:54 PM)

Marty's truck pulls into the parking lot. He squeezes into his parking spot.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Alex tries to open her door, but she can't. Marty has parked too close to another car.

ALEX

Pretty subtle.

MARTY

What?

ALEX

Your parking job.

(beat)

Did you really think I was gonna crawl over you to get out?

MARTY

(sarcastically)

Oh, yeah. That was my plan.

Alex pushes Marty toward his door.

ALEX

Why don't we go solve this thing?

(beat, smiles)

Then maybe I'll crawl over you.

Marty hops out.

Alex slides over to his door.

A Post-It note from the floor sticks to her shoe.

Alex jumps out.

They start to walk toward the station.
 Alex stops, notices a Post-It stuck to the bottom of her shoe.
 Marty, oblivious, heads into the station.

Alex grabs the Post-It.
 It reads -- "I'm sorry. Love, A"
 She stares at the Post-It for a long beat.
 Wondering what we already know -- that the note is from Ann.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (4:55 PM)

Alex walks in, looking distracted.
 The place is buzzing with excitement.
 Everyone knows they're close.

Alex looks over at Marty in his office.
 He catches her and smiles.

INT. EQUITY INSURANCE - PROCESSING CENTER - DAY (5:08 PM)

The processing clerks fly through the mail bin.
 The bin is almost empty.

PROCESSING CLERK #1
 Kick-off's in half an hour!

They kick it up a notch.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (5:10 PM)

Alex talks to a Deputy.

ALEX
 I want you to go over to the
 dentist's office. See if you can
 find something with Ann's
 handwriting on it.

The Deputy nods and takes off.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY (5:18 PM)

The pressure is taking its toll on Marty.
 Alex walks into his office.

MARTY
 Hey, any word on those phone
 calls?

ALEX
 They should have them soon.

MARTY
 Good.

Alex watches him -- one thought running through her head...

Did he do it?

ALEX

Oh, and the hospital just called.
The clerk just woke up. He should
be here in like half an hour.

Alex watches his reaction -- did he wince?

MARTY

Great.

ALEX

Listen, I know it's premature.
But I just wanted to let you know
something about me.

MARTY

What's that?

ALEX

Honesty is really important to me.

They stare at each other for a long beat.
As they speak, neither breaks the stare.

MARTY

Honesty, huh?

ALEX

I've been burned before by guys
who weren't--

MARTY

Honest with you?

ALEX

(nods)

I dated a guy for three months
before I found out he was married.

MARTY

I'm not married.

ALEX

So, I just wanted you to know, if
there's anything going on with you
and your old girlfriend, please
tell me now.

Their eyes bore into each other.
Each waiting for the other to break the stare.

ALEX

'Cause I'll understand. Just
don't lie to me. 'Cause I'll
eventually find out.

98.

Marty wonders, should he tell her everything?
Take his chances...

DEPUTY (O.S.)
Detective.

Alex continues staring at him.
After a beat, she turns and leaves.
Marty watches her as she walks into the bullpen.

BULLPEN

She walks over to the Deputy she sent to the dentist's.

ALEX
Did you find anything?

DEPUTY
(shakes his head)
Sorry.

Alex walks over to Baste.

ALEX
Get me the phone records and
credit card statements for the
Chief.

BASTE
(gestures to Marty)
Him?

Alex nods and walks away.

MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty sees the look Baste gives him.
He turns away.

Stares out the window.
Catches his reflection.
And his reflection tells him what he already knows...
He's too tired to keep up this charade.

He starts for the door.

His phone rings.
He pauses a beat, then answers it.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
Chief Walsh.

A long pause on the other line.

MARTY
Hello?

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Oh, Marty... Oh, thank God--
 Marty...

MARTY'S FACE: What?!
 His knees buckle.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ann sits on the floor of a cabin.
 Her clothes are stained with blood.
 She looks awful.

ANN
 Oh, Marty-- It's...
 (sobbing)
 I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. It
 was never--

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 (beat)
 This is a surprise.

ANN
 (sobbing)
 Oh, Marty. There's so much I have
 to-- Marty. I need to--

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 You've got a lot of people worried
 around here, Ann. See, we all got
 the funny idea that you were dead.

ANN
 I... I'm so sorry. I'm so
 sorry...

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 What about Chris?

Ann looks over to her right...
 Chris is laying on the floor, dead.

ANN
 I, I killed him. I told him I was
 going back to you... I didn't care
 what happened to me.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marty stands there frozen, listening.
 Every fiber in him wants to believe Ann.

BULLPEN

Alex watches Marty.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

ANN

... He and Cabot planned it. They got the bodies from the hospital.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)

And you switched the dental records?

ANN

I had to... He was going to kill me if I didn't go along with it. And I was so scared to tell you. I was scared you wouldn't forgive me... And every day I didn't tell you was another day I fell more in love with you.

(NOTE: Cut between Marty's office and Ann.)

MARTY'S FACE: Softening just a bit.
What if she's telling the truth?

ANN

... Another day I couldn't stand the thought of you leaving me. So I figured, okay, I'll do it. Chris and Cabot would get the money. But you'd get the insurance money. And you'd be able to replace the money you borrowed. And then, maybe, maybe, when you found out I wasn't dead, you might somehow, I don't know, forgive me...

BULLPEN

Alex grabs the sketch of "Marty."
Now she is seeing the similarities instead of differences.

MARTY'S OFFICE

MARTY: Still on the phone.
The logical and emotional sides of his brain at war.
Can she be telling the truth?

Marty looks out.
Alex is watching him intently.
He sees the sketch in her hands.

They lock eyes for a beat.
Marty looks away.

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 ... We can still get away, Marty.
 Just like we talked about.

Marty stares out at the bullpen.
 At all the people working feverishly to uncover him.

MARTY
 What about the money?

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 I, I don't know. Cabot has it, I
 think. But I don't care about the
 money. I never did. I just care
 about you.

Marty is actually buying it.

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 Please... let's just go.

MARTY: Agonizing over the hardest decision of his life.

MARTY
 (looks outside)
 Shit.

MARTY'S POV: Robert, the viatical salesman, hops out of a car.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
 Gimme your number.

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
 What?

MARTY
 Gimme your number. 'Cause when I
 call you back, I'm gonna need you
 to pick me up so we can get the
 hell out of here.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Robert walks to the entrance.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marty walks/runs out of his office.
 Heads for the bathroom.
 He passes right by Robert, who is just entering the station.

Marty opens the bathroom.
 Or rather... tries.
 It's locked.

ROBERT: Looks around, sees the back of Marty's head.
 Starts to approach Marty.

ROBERT

Excuse me?

MARTY: Ignores Robert.

He BANGS on the bathroom door, quietly, but insistently.

The toilet FLUSHES on the other side of the door.

Marty's praying they're not going to wash their hands.

But they obviously practice good hygiene...

We hear the CREAKING pipes as the FAUCET is turned on.

ROBERT

(annoyed)

Excuse me?

Marty pretends not to hear.

Robert taps Marty on the shoulder.

ALEX: Hangs up the phone.

Sees Robert.

The bathroom door opens.

A Deputy walks out.

Marty quickly jumps in.

BATHROOM

Marty locks the stall.

Pulls out his cell phone - dials 411.

AUTOMATED 411 VOICE (O.S.; ON PHONE)

City and listing, please.

MARTY

Detroit. Living Gift.

A long beat.

AUTOMATED 411 VOICE (O.S.; ON PHONE)

I'm sorry. I didn't understand that. City and listing, please.

MARTY

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

(beat; over-enunciates)

Detroit. Living Gift.

And he waits...

BULLPEN

Alex is seated across from Robert.

And she is very interested in what he has to say.

ROBERT

... I didn't think anything of it, until I saw a news report this afternoon, saying that Ann and her husband had died sometime last night.

ALEX

And you're sure you spoke to her husband this morning?

ROBERT

Yes, around eleven-thirty.

ALEX

(to Baste)

Where's Marty?

BASTE

I think he just went in the can.

BATHROOM

Marty's talking on his cell phone.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)

Listen, I need his cell phone number.

(listens)

Okay, okay. Thank you.

He hangs up, dials Robert's cell phone number. Knock-knock.

ALEX (O.S.; MUFFLED)

Hey, you almost done in there? I need you for a sec.

MARTY (TO DOOR)

Just finishing up.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Robert's cell phone sits on the passenger seat, RINGING.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Robert scrutinizes the sketch.

ROBERT

Could be him, yeah, I mean, eyes were closer together, face was a little fuller, and he was balder. But yeah, that's probably him.

Alex nods, satisfied.
She heads into Marty's office.

BATHROOM

MARTY: On the cell phone.

ROBERT (O.S.; ON VOICEMAIL)
Hi, you've reached Robert Guilette--

Marty hangs up.

MARTY'S OFFICE

Alex digs around his desk.
Throws open the drawer.
Finds what she's looking for -- a photo of Marty.

BULLPEN

Alex comes over to Robert.

DEPUTY (O.S.)
Excuse me, Mr. Guilette. Your
office is on line one.

Robert grabs a phone as Alex reaches him.

ROBERT (INTO PHONE)
Yeah.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
You know who this is, right?

Robert does.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
I've got ten thousand dollars in
cash if you forget you ever met me.

A long beat as Robert digests this.
Alex hands Robert a photo of Marty.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Ten grand, cash. You'll have it
in ten minutes.

ROBERT: Trying to decide.

ALEX
Is that her husband?

ROBERT: Looking at the photo, listening to Marty.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Twenty grand...

ALEX
Well?

ROBERT: The picture... the phone...
What will it be: civic duty or cash?

ROBERT (INTO PHONE)
Tell them we can't close the deal
for less than twenty-five.

A beat.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Done.

ROBERT (INTO PHONE)
Tell them if we don't get their
answer in five minutes the deal's
off.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Just keep talking once I hang up.

ROBERT
(to Alex; re: photo)
I'm sorry, this isn't him.

BATHROOM

Marty hangs up the phone.
He walks out of the bathroom nonchalantly.

BULLPEN

Marty heads over to Alex and Robert.

ROBERT (INTO PHONE)
No, I should be finished here
soon.

MARTY
(to Alex)
Sorry. It's all this coffee.
What's up?

Robert "finishes" up his call.
He turns to Marty.
Stares at him blankly for a beat.

ALEX: Watches Robert for a reaction.
None.

MARTY
Who's this?

Alex looks on, surprised.
She was so sure.

ALEX

Uh, Robert Guilette. He, uh,
talked to Ann about buying her
insurance policy.

MARTY

Really? Any idea who she had as
the beneficiary?

ALEX

Her husband.

Marty nods, looks to Alex.
Marty notices his photo on the table.
He picks it up.

MARTY

How'd this get out here?

Marty scoops up the photo, starts for his office.
He stops at Tony's desk.
Starts looking around the desk for something.

A totally deflated Alex finishes up with Robert.

ALEX

... Well, give me a call if you
remember anything else.

Robert shakes hands with Alex and leaves.

Alex goes over to Baste.

ALEX

Get me my hotel clerk.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY (5:32 PM)

The clerk, still groggy, is loaded into a police car.
They pull out, sirens blaring.

INT. DEA AGENT WHITE'S CAR - DAY (5:33 PM)

The two DEA Agents pass a sign, "Welcome to Quicho."

INT. EQUITY INSURANCE PROCESSING CENTER - DAY (5:33 PM)

Processing Clerk #1 jumps out of his seat.
He's clutching Ann's insurance policy.

PROCESSING CLERK #1

I got it!

He does a victory lap.
High-fives his buddies as they all hoot and holler.

PROCESSING CLERKS
(chanting)
Giants! Giants! Giants!

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE - DAY (5:33 PM)

Marty watches Alex.
When she is in a blind spot, he hurries out of his office.
Walks into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Marty locks the door.
Opens the window.
Jumps out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marty hits the ground.
He duck-walks to his truck.
Hops in the bed.
Pries open the window to the cab.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alex stands over the fax machine.
In the f.g. we see Marty crawling into the cab of his truck.

INT. MARTY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Marty crawls back out to the bed of his truck.
He's dragging the metallic briefcase with him.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alex grabs something off the fax machine.
Looks around the police station.
Notices Marty's not there.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marty runs down the street to Robert's car.

ROBERT
Where's my money?

Marty hands him a stack of \$100 bills.

MARTY
Another five for a ride?

ROBERT
Get in.

MARTY
Pop the trunk.

Robert pops the trunk.
Marty jumps in, pulls the trunk closed.
Just as DEA Agent White's car flies past them.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (5:34 PM)

Alex walks over to Baste.

ALEX
Where's Marty?

BASTE
I don't know. Check the bathroom?

Baste walks over to the bathroom.
Tries the door: Locked.

DEPUTY
Detective. It's somebody from the
insurance company.

Alex grabs the phone.
Listens for a long beat.

She drops the phone.
Runs to the bathroom.
Kicks the door.
The lock SNAPS.

She runs in.

ALEX
Shit!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (5:35 PM)

Robert's car rips down the street.

INT. POLICE STATION - (5:40 PM)

Total chaos.
Deputies scurry around like the proverbial chickens sans heads.
But Alex is calm and focused -- the eye of the storm.
Totally confident she's going to nail the guy who betrayed her.

ALEX
... I want roadblocks set up at a
twenty mile perimeter. Get the
state police on all the major
highways...

The door opens.
DEA Agents White and Fetzer walk in.

ALEX
Can I help you?

AGENT WHITE
We're looking for Chief Walsh.

ALEX
(laughs)
Well you sure as hell came to the
right place.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT (5:45 PM)

A cop car pulls up behind Robert's car.
Hits the sirens and pulls Robert over.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (5:45 PM)

DEPUTY
(calling out)
They just pulled that guy over.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (5:46 PM)

A cop talks to a very nervous Robert.

COP
(to Robert)
Pop the trunk, sir.

Robert pops his trunk.
The cop goes over to the trunk...
It's empty.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (5:47 PM)

Marty sprints through the woods.
He clutches the briefcase as he talks to Ann on his cell phone.

MARTY (INTO PHONE)
... Meet me at the Gower's old
place on Pond Road.

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
I'll be there in ten minutes.

Marty stops running.
Catches his breath.
Looks at the briefcase.

MARTY
They found the money.

ANN (O.S.; ON PHONE)
What?

MARTY
The Sarcetti money.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

ANN (INTO PHONE)
I don't care about the money.

Ann stares at the floor.
The floor is littered with thousands of \$1 bills.
And a smattering of \$100 bills.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
I've got the money with me.

ANGLE ON a money-colored piece of paper amongst the \$1 bills.
PIECE OF PAPER: "Don't spend it all in 1 place. Love, Chris."

ANN
I don't care about the money...

Ann picks up a stack of "\$100" bills.
Thumbs it. —
And we see how Chris fucked her...
TOP AND BOTTOM BILLS: \$100
EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN: \$1

ANN
I never cared about the money.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Well, you better start caring
about it.
(beat)
You should get going.

ANN
I love you...

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
I love you, too.

Ann hangs up the phone.

She steps over Chris's dead body.
Walks over to the dresser.
Stares into the mirror for a beat.
Takes a deep breath.
And then...
She SMASHES her face down on the dresser.

ANN
(blood curdling)
Ahhhhhh!

Ann nearly passes out from the pain.
She checks herself in the mirror...
A mean black eye starts to form.
Ann smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (5:55 PM)

Alex paces as she talks to DEA Agent White.

AGENT WHITE

He was supposed to have it here
when we got back.

ALEX

How much was it?

AGENT WHITE

Almost seven hundred thousand.

Alex shakes her head in disbelief.

Beep-beep... beep-beep...

ALEX

Shut that up!

Beep-beep... beep-beep...

ALEX

What the fuck is that?!

Beep-beep... beep-beep.

Everybody looks around for the source of the alarm.
Then Alex sees it -- it's Tony's Palm.

She smiles as she grabs it.

The alarm reads: "Mom's Birthday."

But Alex doesn't bother with the alarm.

She finds the GPS application.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - NIGHT (6:01 PM)

Marty emerges out of the woods.
Runs over to an abandoned house.

Marty throws open the door.
Runs in.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (6:03 PM)

Alex works the GPS application on Tony's Palm.

A map of Quicho appears.

Alex finds the "locate" option.

A list pops up: "Locate who? -- Chief, Ambulance, Fire Dept."

Alex selects "Chief."

After a beat, a blinking dot appears on the map.

INT. ANN'S CAR - NIGHT (6:04 PM)

Ann breezes past a road block on the other side of the road.
She passes a sign: "WELCOME TO QUICHO."

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (6:05 PM)

Marty checks his gun.
Then snaps the gun shut.
Puts it on the hall table.
And then does the only thing he can do...
Wait.

EXT. POLICE STATION - (6:08 PM)

Alex runs out of the station, clutching Tony's Palm.
She jumps into a police car.
The car rips out of the parking lot.

INT. ANN'S CAR - NIGHT (6:09 PM)

Ann guns the car down the dirt road.
Passes the deputies who are doing the house to house search.
She turns on to Pond Road.
She starts "crying."

ANN

(into rear view mirror)

I'm so sorry, Marty...

(more "pain")

I'm so sorry...

INT. ANN'S CAR - NIGHT (6:11 PM)

Ann stops a couple of houses down from Marty's safe house.
She looks around, checking for an ambush.
Nothing.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (6:13 PM)

Marty stares out.
Sees Ann walking up toward the house.
He smiles, relieved.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann hurries to the house, cautious.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (6:16 PM)

Alex stares at the Palm.
They're getting closer to the blinking dot.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (6:16 PM)

Ann walks in the house.
Marty stares at her for a long beat, overwhelmed.
As she gets closer, he notices her swollen eye.
She starts crying.

ANN

I'm so sorry...

MARTY
(softly)
Don't. Don't say anything.

She melts into his arms.
He hugs her tightly.
His eyes -- tearing up. All doubt washing away.
Her eyes -- cold. Scanning the room for the money.
She notices his gun laying on the table.

He breaks the hug.
Looks into her eyes...
Which gaze at him, full of love.

MARTY
I was worried you weren't going to
come.

ANN
I was worried you wouldn't be here.

MARTY
I wasn't about to lose you twice.

He kisses her.

ANN
We should get going.

MARTY
(smiles)
First day of the rest of our
lives, right?

ANN
Right.

He starts for the door.
After a couple of steps, he notices she's not following.
He turns around...
Ann is facing him, his gun in her hand.

ANN
Where is it?

MARTY
What's that saying? Fool me once,
shame on you. Fool me twice,
shame on me--

ANN
Where's the money, Marty?

MARTY
I thought it didn't matter.

ANN
It matters.

Ann pulls the trigger...
CLICK.

MARTY
Whoops... No bullets.

Marty takes a step toward Ann.

MARTY
It's over, Ann.

Ann drops his gun to the floor.
And pulls her gun out of her jacket.

ANN
Whoops... A lot of bullets.

She aims it at Marty and smiles.
Marty freezes -- he wasn't expecting this.

ANN
Where is it?

MARTY
I... I--

BANG!
She shoots him in the leg.
Marty falls to the floor, writhing in pain.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (6:19 PM)

Alex and Baste are a hundred yards away.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (6:20 PM)

Marty stares at the blood pouring out of his leg.
Then looks up at Ann, who stands over him, gun extended.

ANN
Where is it?

Marty doesn't answer.
Ann aims the gun at his head.
Slowly draws the gun's hammer back...

MARTY
Okay, okay.
(beat)
It's in the closet.

Ann cautiously walks over to the closet.
Opens it.
The briefcase is in there.

She pulls it out.
Tries to open it.
But it's locked.

ANN
Where's the key?

MARTY
I swallowed it.

ANN
(smiles)
Well, I guess I can afford to pay
a locksmith.

Ann walks over to Marty.
Stands above him.
Points the gun at his head.
The only thing colder than the gun barrel are Ann's eyes.

GUN'S HAMMER: Cocks back. Starts to go forward...

BANG!

A beat as time stands still.

Then Ann staggers for a couple steps.
And crashes to the floor.
Revealing...
A window with a bullet hole behind her.
Alex is on the other side of the window, her gun still drawn.

Marty looks over to Ann.
A pool of blood forms around her.

Alex bursts through the door, gun still drawn.
Marty smiles up at her.

MARTY
Ah... There's my knight in shining
armor.

Alex doesn't even acknowledge him.
She kicks Ann's gun across the floor.
Checks her pulse.
Nothing.

Finally, she looks over to Marty.
But she's not smiling.

ALEX
You almost got away with it.

MARTY
Got away with what?

ALEX
(gestures to briefcase)
The Sarcetti money.

Marty lowers his head.
Doesn't say anything.

She tosses Tony's Palm to him.
Marty stares at the Palm for a beat.

Alex takes out her handcuffs.

MARTY
You're not serious.

She points her gun at him.

ALEX
You want a matching hole in your
other leg?

Marty holds out his hands.
She cuffs him.
Grabs the briefcase.
Tries to open it.

MARTY
Here.

Marty fishes the key out of his pocket.
She takes it.
Opens the briefcase.

Her eyes widen in surprise.

BRIEFCASE: Full of newspapers.
And sitting on top of the newspapers...
Marty's Palm -- the GPS application active.

MARTY
Do you know if Tony called his
mother to wish her happy birthday?
He's always forgetting...

ALEX
(dawning on her)
You wanted me to find you.

Marty nods.

MARTY
Sure. We've got a second date,
remember?

ALEX
Why didn't you tell me?

MARTY

I couldn't take the chance that
you wouldn't believe me. That you
wouldn't let me come and meet Ann.

Alex stares at the whole scene for a long beat -- Ann's body,
the briefcase of newspapers, then finally Marty. He grins up
at her.

ALEX

So the money's back at the station?

MARTY

Yeah.

(beat; defensive)

Where else would it be?

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Chae climbs out of Marty's truck, carrying a grocery bag.
The bag is full of the evidence money.

Chae walks into the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Chae walks in.

Nobody is here -- they're all trying to find Marty.
Chae goes into Marty's office and opens the evidence safe.
He stares at the money, then at the evidence safe.

CHAE

(to himself)

He's your friend...

He looks at the money, then at the evidence safe.

CHAE

(to himself)

A good friend.

He picks up a stack of cash.
Smells it.

CHAE

(to himself)

But not your best friend.

Chae's cell phone rings.

CHAE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah.

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Everything work out alright?

CHAE
What? You don't trust me?

MARTY (O.S.; ON PHONE)
Nah, I trust you. I just know
you.

CHAE
(sighs)
It would've been a good boat.

Chae hangs up.
Then, with a heavy heart, he puts the money back into the safe.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marty snaps his cell phone shut. Alex looks down at his
bleeding leg.

ALEX
We should get you to the hospital.

MARTY
Maybe just a band-aid.

Marty tries to stand up. He falls down from the pain.

MARTY
Or we could go to the hospital.

Alex helps him to his feet. She slings his arm around her
shoulder and ushers him out of the house.

ALEX
And on the way, why don't you fill
in a couple hundred details I'm
missing? You know, for my report.

Alex smiles sweetly at him.

MARTY
Well, it started a couple months
ago.

(beat)

Actually, it started six months
ago.

(beat)

No, no, that's not right either.

(takes a deep breath)

It all started in high school...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. COVE IN COSTA RICA - DAY

It's the kind of place you see on a postcard. Blue water and white beaches as far as the eye can see.

Marty and Alex sit in a small boat. Marty's fishing over the side. His leg still bandaged. Alex is soaking up rays.

ALEX

(checks her watch)

Our flight's in four hours.

MARTY

A week's not long enough.

ALEX

Well, if it's any consolation, my mom said we got a foot of snow last night.

MARTY

Can't wait to get back.

Marty starts up the motor and heads into shore.

EXT. HUT - MINUTES LATER

Marty and Alex walk hand-in-hand up the beach to a small hut.

MARTY

You think we have time for some second date before we have to leave for the airport?

Alex kisses him.

INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS

Marty and Alex walk inside. A white-as-a-ghost Chae sits on a chair wearing a gaudy Hawaiian shirt.

MARTY

(without missing a beat)

Nice shirt.

CHAE

I think it works.

Marty starts laughing.

MARTY

What the hell you doing here?

Chae hands him a stack of mail.

MARTY
(incredulous)
You flew down here to bring me my
mail?

CHAE
I didn't want you to ruin your
credit by being late with your
electric bill.

Marty looks at the mail. Most of it, including his
Publisher's Clearinghouse Sweepstakes envelope, has been
opened already.

CHAE
(re: opened mail)
Long flight.

Marty flips through the mail.
Stops at one envelope.
Pulls a piece of paper out of the envelope.
Well, actually it's a check.

MARTY
Holy shit.

ALEX
Is everything okay.

MARTY
I think we're way past okay here.

It's a check for \$1,000,000 from Equity Life Insurance
Company. The lower left corner of the check reads, "Policy
116423 - Ann Harrison."

FADE OUT:

THE END