

Out on Bail

"Pilot"

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ACT ONE

EXT. NEW YORK CONTAINER TERMINAL - STATEN ISLAND - NIGHT

A blindfolded and handcuffed man sits on his knees on the dock with a bag over his head. This is JIMMY O'NEILL (40s). He's dressed in black jeans and a black t-shirt that struggles to hold his biceps in.

Standing on either side of him with guns constantly trained on his head are a couple of MUSCLE-BOUND GOONS (20s) in black leather jackets and slicked back hair.

JIMMY

Is this going to take long?

GOON #1

Shut up.

JIMMY

It's just that... I think I forgot to set my Tivo, and there's this show I wanted to watch tonight.

GOON #2

He said shut up.

JIMMY

I'd really hate to miss it.

Goon #1 slaps the back of Jimmy's head, hard.

GOON #1

I told you to keep your mouth shut.

A black Town Car pulls onto the dock and stops. The back door opens, and TOMMY CAPPS, JR. (20s), a handsome man in an impeccably tailored dark suit and expensive red silk tie, steps out.

Tommy, Jr. walks up to Jimmy and the Goons and motions for the Goons to take off Jimmy's hood.

Jimmy blinks a few times, adjusting to the light as Tommy, Jr. leans down and gets up in Jimmy's face.

TOMMY, JR.

You know who I am?

JIMMY

Judging by the suit, the hair cut, the fancy manicure and the fact that you're hanging around the docks at night with these two, I'm thinking some kind of...

Before Jimmy can finish his insult, Goon #1 slaps Jimmy on the back of the head again. Jimmy flinches in pain.

TOMMY, JR.

How 'bout I give you a hint.

Tommy, Jr. holds up a copy of the NEW YORK POST with Jimmy's picture on it and big, bolded headline that reads: HERO COP DROPS CRIME BOSS

JIMMY

If you want an autograph, you'll have to take these handcuffs off.

Tommy, Jr. smiles.

TOMMY, JR.

You're a funny guy, Jimmy O'Neill. I like funny guys. You know who else liked funny guys?

Jimmy just shrugs his shoulders.

TOMMY, JR.

My father, Tommy Capps, Senior.

A look of recognition flashes over Jimmy's face.

JIMMY

You're Tommy, Jr.?

The smile disappears from Tommy, Jr.'s face.

TOMMY, JR.

Yeah. And you're the *hero cop* who killed my father.

JIMMY

A lifetime of poor eating habits killed your dad. I just tried to arrest him. It was his choice to try and run at his...

(beat)

Advanced age and...

(beat)

Size.

TOMMY, JR.

You're responsible for the death of my father, and it's my duty to take revenge in his name.

Tommy, Jr. lifts a gun to Jimmy's forehead.

TOMMY, JR.
Good bye, hero cop.

Jimmy shuts his eyes tight, waiting for the end.

CLICK.

Jimmy opens his eyes to see a disheveled man in a Hawaiian shirt, MARTY RUSSO (40s), holding a gun to the back of Tommy, Jr.'s head.

MARTY
Hey partner, need some help?

JIMMY
I needed help ten minutes ago. Where were you then?

MARTY
The lights were against me.

Marty grabs the gun from Tommy, Jr.'s hand and stuffs it in the front of his worn blue jeans.

He motions at the Goons.

MARTY
Throw 'em down and put 'em up.

Tommy, Jr. nods his head at the Goons, who then throw their guns at Marty's feet and put their hands in the air.

JIMMY
You're a cop. You're allowed the run red lights.

MARTY
Only when there's an emergency.

JIMMY
What would you call this? Another second and they're power washing my brains off the dock.

Marty shoves Tommy, Jr. toward Jimmy.

MARTY
Unlock him.

TOMMY, JR.
I don't have the key.

Marty sighs in exasperation.

MARTY

Okay. Who's got the key?

The Goons look at each other and shrug their shoulders and shake their heads.

GOON #1

I haven't seen them.

GOON #2

Me either.

MARTY

What kind of idiots forget to bring the handcuff key?

JIMMY

They weren't planning on having to unlock 'em.

MARTY

If you want anything done right....

Marty lowers his gun and begins to dig in his pocket for a handcuff key.

With Marty distracted, Tommy, Jr. leaps for the Goons' guns laying on the ground. He quickly grabs one and hops up.

Before Marty can even react, he's staring down the barrel of a 9mm Glock.

Tommy, Jr. smiles.

TOMMY, JR.

It will only hurt for a second.

Tommy, Jr. slowly squeezes the trigger.

Before he can fire, Jimmy jumps up and headbutts Tommy, Jr., knocking both of them a little senseless.

Seizing the opportunity, Marty throws his arm around his dazed friend and rushes them both to the edge of the dock as Tommy, Jr.'s goons shoot at them.

Before Jimmy gets a chance to resist, Marty throws him in the water, jumping in himself a split second later.

IN THE WATER, Marty grabs Jimmy and drags him underneath the dock.

Jimmy starts to protest, but Marty hushes him.

Tommy, Jr. and the goons look out over the water from the dock.

GOON #2

I don't see them.

Tommy, Jr. holding his head and blinking his eyes hard to deal with the pain in his head, staggers over to the side of the dock and peers over the edge, seeing nothing in the water.

TOMMY, JR.

Dammit!

Tommy, Jr. turns to his goons and wags his finger at them.

TOMMY, JR.

I don't care if you have to stand here all night, the second you see either one of their heads pop out of the water, you shoot them. Understand?

The goons nod in agreement.

INT. JIMMY O'NEILL'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy and Marty zig zag through the light late night traffic.

JIMMY

You could say thank you, you know?

MARTY

For what?

JIMMY

For saving you back there.

Marty laughs.

MARTY

You saved me?

JIMMY

Yeah.

MARTY

You saved me?

JIMMY

Yeah. I saved you.

MARTY

That's not how I remember it.

JIMMY

Remember it? It was like ten seconds ago.

Marty's ringing cellphone interrupts their bickering.

Marty pulls out his phone and looks at the caller ID.

MARTY

It's the captain.

JIMMY

Good, you can tell him all about how I saved you.

Marty answers the phone.

MARTY

This is Marty.

On the other end of the line is CAPTAIN PAUL HALLEY (40s).

HALLEY

We just got a report of gunshots out on Staten Island, so naturally I thought of you guys.

MARTY

I was just about to call that in.

HALLEY

Is O'Neill with you?

Marty hands the phone to Jimmy.

MARTY

He wants to talk to you.

JIMMY

Hello?

HALLEY

What's going on?

JIMMY

Nothing important. Just a little run-in with Tommy Capps, Jr.

HALLEY

Yeah. The Organized Crime Task Force just briefed me. Said Tommy, Jr. put out the word. He wants you dead. FBI wants to put you in protective custody. And I'm inclined to agree.

JIMMY

I can take care of myself, captain.

HALLEY

It wouldn't be for long. Just until the heat dies down.

JIMMY

He thinks I killed his dad. He's not going to stop gunning for me.

HALLEY

All the more reason to go into protection.

JIMMY

It's not going to happen.

Halley sighs on the other end of the line. After a short pause, he continues.

HALLEY

Then I strongly suggest you take a vacation until things calm down.

Jimmy sits speechless for a moment.

JIMMY

Is that an order captain?

HALLEY

Yeah. I think it's going to have to be.

EXT. MARTY RUSSO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jimmy and Marty sit on Jimmy's trunk in front of a decent but unspectacular apartment building.

MARTY

Leave town?

JIMMY

That's what he said.

MARTY

Where you gonna go?

JIMMY

Only one place I know to go.

Marty scoffs.

MARTY

Yeah, right. You're going to go live *there* with *her*.

JIMMY

She's the only family I got.

MARTY

And you haven't talked to her since when?

JIMMY

If I can't stay here, she's all I've got.

Marty hops down off the trunk and walks over to Jimmy.

MARTY

If it's gotta be goodbye.

He throws his arms around Jimmy, hugging him tight.

MARTY

I'm gonna miss you.

JIMMY

Are you crying?

Marty lets go of Jimmy and takes a couple of steps back, wiping a tear from his eye.

MARTY

Of course not.

JIMMY

I'm not leaving forever. I'll be back when things die down.

Marty sniffles.

MARTY

I know. I know. It's just....

Before he can finish his thought, Marty bursts out in tears. He covers his face and runs into his apartment building, leaving Jimmy sitting alone on his car.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. OUTSIDE FORT WORTH - MORNING

As the sun rises over the horizon, Jimmy drives down the highway. Some steel and glass skyscrapers reflect in the water of the Trinity River as Jimmy passes a sign reading: FORT WORTH CITY LIMITS.

EXT. O'NEILL BAIL BONDS - MORNING

Jimmy pulls up in front of a nondescript storefront in downtown Cowtown. The buzzing neon sign reads: O'Neill's Bai Bods, the L and the N having long-since burned out.

Jimmy steps out of his car and heads toward the door.

As he walks on the sidewalk, a woman in a business suit passes him. She smiles at him and nods.

WOMAN

Good morning.

A look of confusion washes over Jimmy's face as he turns toward the woman.

JIMMY

Excuse me?

She stops, still smiling.

WOMAN

I said good morning.

JIMMY

Do I know you?

WOMAN

A stranger is just a friend you haven't met.

She winks at Jimmy and continues on her way as Jimmy stands stunned on the sidewalk.

JIMMY

What the heck was that all about?

He regains his composure, takes a deep breath and enters the building.

INT. O'NEILL BAIL BONDS - MORNING

Jimmy steps inside to find a stunning young woman with curly red hair wearing jeans and boots fussing with a photocopier behind a counter. This is CASSIDY O'NEILL (20s).

A bell dings to signal someone coming in the door, but Cassidy doesn't turn around.

CASSIDY

Just fill out that form on the counter there, and I'll be right with you.

Jimmy steps up to the counter as Cassidy struggles with the copier.

CASSIDY

This stupid machine.

She fruitlessly punches the copier buttons and opens and closes various compartments and doors with increasing frustration.

CASSIDY

Why does it say there's a paper jam when there is no paper jam.

She pushes the buttons harder, but fails to bring the copier to life.

CASSIDY

I swear I'm going to kick the crap outta that copier guy.

She kicks the copier hard, giving up on making copies ever again. After taking a deep breath and calming herself, she turns around.

CASSIDY

Sorry about that, I just....

She stops when she sees Jimmy's smiling face.

CASSIDY

Uncle Jimmy.

Her tone does not suggest she's happy to see him.

JIMMY

Cassidy.

Jimmy holds out his arms, waiting for a hug that will never come.

CASSIDY

What are you doing here?

Jimmy drops his arms and loses his smile.

JIMMY

I was in the neighborhood.

Cassidy scoffs.

CASSIDY

Funny you couldn't find your way to the neighborhood for the funeral.

As anger drips from her voice, Cassidy begins to nervously rearrange stacks of paper on the counter.

Jimmy lowers his head, a little bit ashamed.

JIMMY

Yeah. I was working undercover. It was an important case.

CASSIDY

Oh. Of course. How silly of me to think that being a cop would ever take a backseat to your only brother's funeral.

JIMMY

I'm here now.

Cassidy seethes.

CASSIDY

You're not welcome here now. Not anymore.

Before Jimmy can form the words to respond, a frantic older woman walks in.

CASSIDY

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got paying customers.

Cassidy walks out from behind the counter to comfort the frantic woman.

As he turns to leave, Jimmy eyes a silver sticker pasted to the malfunctioning copier that reads: THIS COPIER SERVICED BY LITTLE EARL'S OFFICE SUPPLY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Head held low, Jimmy takes one last look at Cassidy before walking out the door.

EXT. LITTLE EARL'S OFFICE SUPPLY - DAY

Jimmy pulls up to a store front with a sign reading LITTLE EARL'S OFFICE SUPPLY. He gets out of his car and begins to walk up to the building.

Before reaching the door, he passes an attractive twenty-something woman who smiles at him.

TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN
How are you doing today?

Jimmy returns her smile.

JIMMY
I'm doing just great.

The twenty-something woman keeps walking. Jimmy stands and watches her walk away.

JIMMY
That's it? Are we done?

The twenty-something woman just keeps walking away. Jimmy finally turns and heads toward the door.

JIMMY
I don't get this town at all.

INT. LITTLE EARL'S OFFICE SUPPLY - DAY

Jimmy walks in and takes a long look around at the rows and aisles of office supplies. He walks further into the store before spotting a man bent over a large photocopier on the far side of the room.

Jimmy calls out.

JIMMY
Are you Little Earl?

The man doesn't stray from his work.

LITTLE EARL
Who's askin'?

Jimmy slowly walks toward the man.

JIMMY
My niece has one of your copiers.

LITTLE EARL
Oh yeah?

JIMMY
Yeah. She needs it fixed.

Jimmy finally reaches the man just in time for him to stand up from his work.

The man, LITTLE EARL (30s), towers over Jimmy by at least two feet, and his biceps are about the size of Jimmy's head.

JIMMY
You're Little Earl?

LITTLE EARL
Yeah.

Jimmy silently reassures himself.

JIMMY
(under his breath)
Terrific.
(to Little Earl)
Like I said, my niece has one of
your copiers, and...

LITTLE EARL
Fill out the form at the front desk,
and I'll get to it whenever I get a
chance.

JIMMY
Yeah, see. She really needs it fixed
right away.

Little Earl moves closer to Jimmy, invading his personal space with his own brand of intimidation.

LITTLE EARL
Fill out the form. I'll get to it
when I get to it.

Jimmy raises his voice a bit.

JIMMY
Don't make me do something I don't
want to do.

At this, Little Earl engages in a full-on belly laugh that throws his head back in laughing spasms.

JIMMY
Alright. You asked for it.

Jimmy slams his fist deep into Little Earl's gut, taking his breath away. Earl throws himself forward, gasping for breath.

Jimmy follows up with a right hook to Little Earl's jaw, knocking him around 180 degrees. A loud thud echoes through the office supply store as Little Earl hits the ground.

Jimmy stands over the only-slightly-conscious Little Earl.

JIMMY
My niece has a working copier in an
hour or we do this all again tomorrow.

The Woozy Little Earl struggles to respond coherently, managing only to nod his head and grunt out something that sort-of sounds like agreement to Jimmy's terms.

Jimmy steps over Little Earl's prone body and heads out the front door.

INT. SUNSHINE DINER - DAY

Jimmy enters a crowded diner filled to the brim with cowboy-hat, blue jean-wearing clientele. Jimmy spots an empty booth and sits down.

He grabs a menu and quickly scans it as a WAITRESS (50s), all big hair and too much make-up, sets down a napkin and some silverware.

WAITRESS
How you doin' today?

Jimmy looks up from his menu.

JIMMY
(re: menu)
I don't even understand this.

WAITRESS
That there's called a menu. We put a list of all the things we can fix for ya on there, and you pick the one you want and tell me. And then I go and have the cook whip it up for you. This one's even got pictures of the food in case you don't read so good.

JIMMY
I understand the concept of menus.

WAITRESS
Great, what can I get you?

JIMMY
What's this chicken fried chicken?

The confusion is evident on Jimmy's face.

WAITRESS
You want the chicken fried chicken?

JIMMY
No. I want to know what it is.

Now the waitress arches her drawn-on eyebrow in confusion.

WAITRESS

What it is?

JIMMY

Isn't all fried chicken "chicken fried"?

WAITRESS

It's just a chicken fried steak with a chicken breast instead of steak.

JIMMY

Chicken fried steak? That means even less sense.

WAITRESS

Honey, as much as I'd love to stand here all day debatin' the finer points of southern cuisine, I do have other customers.

Jimmy closes the menu and sets it down on the table.

JIMMY

Just coffee.

The waitress scribbles in her order pad.

WAITRESS

Coffee for the big spender. Comin' right up.

She scurries away as Jimmy stares out the window, seemingly lost in thought.

The waitress whips by and slams a mug of coffee in front of him, sloshing a bit of coffee onto the table, and disappears into the crowd.

Jimmy pulls out his cellphone and dials.

JIMMY

(to phone)

Marty? I think I'm coming home.

INT. O'NEILL BAIL BONDS - DAY

Cassidy comes into the building and sees a brand new photocopier topped with a giant red bow that has replaced her crummy old copier.

Astonished, she inspects the new copier and finds a note that reads: HEARD YOU WERE HAVING COPIER TROUBLE. I HOPE THIS SOLVES ALL YOUR PROBLEMS. - LITTLE EARL

She puts down the note and smiles.

INT. SHADY ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Jimmy is busy packing up his clothes and other sundries into his suitcase with the door hanging open.

A knock on the door jamb causes Jimmy to look up to see Cassidy standing in the open doorway.

CASSIDY

Going back to New York?

Jimmy continues to pack up his stuff.

JIMMY

Gotta go somewhere, and it was made clear I'm not wanted here.

CASSIDY

What did you do to Little Earl?

JIMMY

What makes you think I did anything to Little Earl?

CASSIDY

You trying to tell me that bonehead suddenly got religion and, after months of chewin' him out to no avail, he up and gave me a brand new copier out of the goodness of his heart?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

CASSIDY

I don't want you to leave.

Jimmy stops packing and looks at Cassidy as his smile grows bigger.

CASSIDY

Not because I forgive you or anything like that. But you strike me as a man who can get things done, and it has become abundantly clear to me since taking over Daddy's business that I am in dire need of such a man.

JIMMY

You want me to get things done for you?

CASSIDY

Yes. A business arrangement. You do things for me, and I will pay you... at a discounted rate, of course, since I am family and all.

Cassidy lets slip a smile.

CASSIDY

So get unpacked because first thing in the morning, you're workin' for me.

Jimmy smiles and reaches into his suitcase to begin unpacking.

Cassidy turns and starts to leave but stops herself before she gets more than a step away.

CASSIDY

Oh, and if you're gonna work for me, you gotta get legal. You need to go down to the courthouse and get you a license.

EXT. TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jimmy walks up the front steps to this historic courthouse. Halfway up the stairs, a younger man in a grey suit and Stetson passes him, tipping his hat as he walks by.

COWBOY HAT MAN

Howdy.

Jimmy turns, confused.

JIMMY

What did you just say?

The man stops, turns and smiles.

COWBOY HAT MAN

Just givin' ya a friendly howdy.

The man tips his hat again and sets off on his way.

JIMMY

What is it with this town?

Jimmy continues up the steps and into the courthouse.

INT. TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

A clerk with big Texas hair and horn-rimmed glasses with rhinestones glued to the frames calls Jimmy up to the Licensing Counter.

Jimmy hands her a form, and she begins to check it over.

CLERK

Oooh. Bail Enforcement license.
Excitin' work, I'll bet.

JIMMY

I don't know yet, I haven't started.

CLERK

I'd hope not since you're just this
minute applyin' for the license.

Jimmy laughs politely.

JIMMY

Hey, let me ask you something.

Jimmy leans in and the clerk follows suit.

JIMMY

Does this license allow me to carry
a gun?

The clerk leans back and begins to type on her computer.

CLERK

I'll check for you, but I'm pretty
sure that every license in the great
state of Texas allows the license
holder to carry a firearm. It's
kinda what we're all about down here
in....

She reads off the computer screen.

CLERK

Nope. No gun.

JIMMY

No gun? I'd kinda like to carry a
gun.

CLERK

The closest we've got that lets you
carry a gun is the private
investigators license.

Jimmy eyes brighten.

JIMMY
Private investigator, huh?

CLERK
Yeah. You can do everything a bail enforcement agent does, but you get to carry a gun, and, I assume, shoot at people from time to time, but don't quote me on that last part.

JIMMY
Let's do that then.

The clerk gets out a different rubber stamp and stamps the form Jimmy gave her.

CLERK
I'd be happy to process that for you, but this ain't the right form for a private investigators license.

The clerk hands Jimmy a different form and points to the back of the long, long line behind him.

CLERK
Fill out the proper form and get back in line..

Jimmy takes the form and reluctantly heads to the back of the line.

CLERK
Next!

EXT. TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - LATER

Jimmy gleefully exits the courthouse with Private Investigators License in hand.

He smiles and waves at a young woman coming the other way.

JIMMY
How are you doin' today?

The young woman gives Jimmy a disgusted look and rushes inside.

JIMMY
I can't win with these people.
(beat)
Forget it. I'm gonna be happy.

He reattaches his smile and bounds down the courthouse steps.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. O'NEILL BAIL BONDS - DAY

Jimmy practically skips into the office as Cassidy smiles at him from behind the counter.

CASSIDY

Well aren't you fat and sassy today?

Jimmy stops, puzzled. He takes a look at himself.

JIMMY

Fat?

CASSIDY

It's an expression. It's like being high on the hog.

The puzzlement remains on Jimmy's face.

JIMMY

I don't get that one, either.

CASSIDY

Why don't we just start again, then?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Okay.

CASSIDY

My don't you look happy today.

Finally Jimmy gets it.

JIMMY

You coulda just said I looked happy the first time.

CASSIDY

Where's the fun in that?

Cassidy grabs a large, stuffed file folder and plops it down on the counter.

CASSIDY

You ready to get some things done.

JIMMY

Whattya got for me?

Cassidy opens the folder and begins to sort through the files and pictures within.

CASSIDY

These are all my skips. People I wrote a bond for who didn't show up for court. If I find 'em and bring 'em in, I get my bond back.

A photo of a particularly ugly and mean looking guy with a shaved head and muscles on top of his muscles catches Jimmy's eye.

JIMMY

Who's that one?

He points to the picture.

Cassidy scoffs.

CASSIDY

Oh no. That's Kyle Massey. You don't want him.

Jimmy holds up the picture of the very tough looking Kyle Massey.

JIMMY

He doesn't look so tough.

CASSIDY

Yeah? When the cops arrested him, it took six sheriff's deputies to handcuff him and put him in the patrol car. And that was after they had tear gassed him.

Cassidy grabs the picture from Jimmy and puts it back in the file.

CASSIDY

Maybe we ought to be thinkin' a little bit smaller for your first day and all.

She grabs a picture of a scrawny white guy with inch-thick glasses and holds it up.

CASSIDY

Here's a good one. Milton Albert.

Skepticism washes over Jimmy's face.

JIMMY

I know you said something about starting small, but this guy? Really?

CASSIDY
He's a skip, and I need him brought
in. Are you a man who gets things
done or aren't you?

JIMMY
Yeah, but...

Jimmy starts to protest more, but one look into Cassidy's stern eyes stops him in his tracks.

CASSIDY
Let me know if you have any trouble.

Jimmy laughs quietly at the very suggestion that he might have trouble.

JIMMY
Okay, boss. I'll give you a ring if
I have any trouble with
(beat)
Milton Albert.

Cassidy smiles and turns away from Jimmy to do some other work.

While her back is turned, Jimmy grabs the photo of Milton Albert. Before leaving, he sees the menacing photo of Kyle Massey again.

Without Cassidy noticing, Jimmy grabs Massey's photo, too, before heading out the door.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jimmy stands in the middle of a field with a herd of goats and a handful of cows nearby.

He looks around, lost, and then takes a look at a map before looking around again.

JIMMY
Where the hell is this place?

He continues to look at the map, meanwhile a couple of goats begin to eye Jimmy and start to head toward him.

A goat lightly pushes into Jimmy's leg, knocking him slightly off balance.

Jimmy shoos the goat.

JIMMY
Go away, goat.

Jimmy looks again at the map and at the horizon, trying to find his way.

The goat nudges against him harder, knocking him a few steps.

Jimmy pulls out his gun and points it at the goat.

JIMMY

Stop it.

Another goat knocks into Jimmy from behind.

Jimmy spins around and aims his gun at the new goat.

JIMMY

Oh, com'on.

INT. O'NEILL BAIL BONDS - DAY

The phone rings.

Cassidy picks it up.

CASSIDY

Hello?

JIMMY

Am I allowed to shoot goats?

CASSIDY

What?

JIMMY

Goats. Am I allowed to shoot them.

CASSIDY

Like if you're bringing in a goat who skipped bail?

JIMMY

Like if there's a couple of goats who're givin' me a hard time.

Cassidy pauses, trying to make sense of the situation.

CASSIDY

How about we just go with a solid, across the board no on the shooting of any livestock or farm animal.

JIMMY

Okay.

CASSIDY

Okay.

A beat before she hangs up.

JIMMY

Hey.

CASSIDY

What?

JIMMY

Do goats have rabies?

CASSIDY

Good bye, Uncle Jimmy.

Cassidy hangs up the phone.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jimmy hangs up his cellphone and puts it away.

He leans in to talk to one of the goats, waving his gun in the goat's face.

JIMMY

It's your lucky day. No matter how much I want to, the boss says I can't shoot you.

As soon as he puts the gun away, the goat slams into him hard, nearly knocking him over completely.

Anger sweeps across Jimmy's face, but before he can react, another goat slams into him, followed quickly by another.

JIMMY

What the hell?

Goat after goat rams into Jimmy, coming closer and closer to knocking him over each time.

His anger turns to fear, and he makes a break for it.

He runs at full sprint toward a barbed-wire fence with the whole herd of goats in pursuit.

Jimmy reaches the fence and leaps over it, landing face first in the dirt on the other side.

Thwarted, the goats go back to wandering and grazing in the field as Jimmy spits a mouthful of dirt out on the ground.

As he begins to help himself up, a scrawny hand reaches out to help him up.

Jimmy grabs the hand and pulls himself up, dusting the dirt off of him as he stands.

JIMMY

Thanks.

Jimmy looks up at the face belonging to the hand that just helped him to see the bespectacled face of MILTON ALBERT, looking just like his photo.

MILTON

You're not supposed to harass the goats.

JIMMY

You're Milton Albert, right?

Milton squints his eyes, suspicious.

MILTON

Who's askin'?

Jimmy reaches for his handcuffs and gun.

JIMMY

I work for your bail bondsman.

Before Jimmy can even get all the words out, Milton dashes away, his long, wiry legs beating against the dirt road at incredible speed.

JIMMY

Oh, com'on.

Jimmy takes a deep breath before starting to give chase on foot.

Despite running at his full speed, Jimmy fails to gain any ground on the surprisingly quick-footed Milton Albert.

Giving up the chase, Jimmy breathlessly pulls out his cellphone and dials.

CASSIDY

(on phone)

You solve your goat problem?

JIMMY

You didn't tell me this guy was freakin' Jay Garrick.

CASSIDY

I don't know who that is.

JIMMY

You don't know who Jay Garrick is?

CASSIDY

Not a clue.

JIMMY

He was the Golden Age Flash. From the comic books.

CASSIDY

I recognize all those words, but I'm still fuzzy on what it all means.

JIMMY

Milton Albert took off running, and he's really, really fast.

CASSIDY

When you left here going after what I described as an "easy" skip, you had a car.

JIMMY

Oh, right.

CASSIDY

I know it doesn't seem fair, but you're allowed to use mechanized transport to catch a guy running away on foot.

Jimmy hangs up the phone, grabs his keys and looks around for his car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Jimmy, in his car, pulls up next to the still-running Milton Albert.

He rolls down the window while keeping pace with Milton.

JIMMY

Let me ask you a question.

MILTON

Shoot.

JIMMY

If I say 'Jay Garrick', what pops into your head?

MILTON

Golden Age Flash.

JIMMY

Exactly! Thank you. My niece didn't know who I was talking about.

Milton scoffs.

MILTON

Some people have no respect for the classics.

Jimmy pulls out his handcuffs and dangles them from his finger out the window.

JIMMY

I'm still going to have to take you in, you know.

Milton takes a look at the handcuffs.

JIMMY

Just slip these on and hop in the car.

Milton hangs a quick left, hopping over a barbed wire fence, sprinting across an open field.

Jimmy slams on his brakes and jumps out of his car to see Milton with a huge head start.

JIMMY

Crap!

He slams his hand on the top of his car in anger.

Jimmy takes a long look around. Seeing that he's in the middle of nowhere, he smiles and jumps back in the car.

He floors the gas pedal, slams the gear shifter into drive and tears out, leaving a huge spray of dirt and dust in his wake.

Jimmy sharply turns the wheel to the left, piloting the car through a roadside ditch and smashing through the barbed wire fence into the field.

JIMMY

He's not getting away from me.

The car bucks and sails over the uneven terrain. Goats bleat and hurry out of the way of the fast-moving car.

Within a few seconds, Jimmy passes the fleeing Milton. Turning sharply in front of him, Jimmy cuts him off.

Unable to stop in time, Milton runs headlong into the side of the car and skips over the hood and onto the ground on the far side.

Jimmy calmly walks over and throws the handcuffs into Milton's lap.

Jimmy smiles a big toothy grin as Milton snaps the handcuffs on his own wrists.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives, smile on his face, while Milton Albert sits in the middle of the backseat, handcuffed hands in his lap, scowl on his scrawny face.

MILTON

If I'da known you were just gonna arrest me, I would let the goats get ya.

JIMMY

Sometimes Texas Friendly doesn't pay off.

MILTON

Didn't think they'd send somebody all the way out to pick me up.

JIMMY

I wanted to go after a bigger fish, too, but the boss insisted I start with a small fry like you.

Milton Albert smiles.

MILTON

Start? Is this your first day on the job?

JIMMY

Yeah.

MILTON

Now that you mention it, that accent of yours does seem a bit more metropolitan that we're used to around these parts.

Milton Albert stares out the window for a few seconds.

JIMMY

I'm from New York.

Milton Albert laughs.

MILTON

New York!

JIMMY

Yep. Up until a couple of days ago,
I was a New York City detective.

MILTON

Well, la di da.

(beat)

So how did a dazzling urbanite like
yourself end up chasing low-level
criminals and making friends with
goats in this decidedly more rural
end of the country?

JIMMY

I think that's enough of my life
story. What about you? What were
you arrested for?

MILTON

I ran down some guy's fence with my
car. Apparently that's a felony in
Texas.

Jimmy looks back, nervously.

JIMMY

Really?

Milton Albert laughs uproariously.

MILTON

Naw. Naw, man.

Jimmy turns his eyes back to the road, unamused.

JIMMY

Funny.

Milton's laughter drops off. He reaches his handcuffed hands
up and wipes a tear from the corner of his eye.

JIMMY

What'd you really do?

MILTON

Stole a car.

JIMMY

Joyride or chop shop?

MILTON

I do not deny that earning some cash
was foremost on my mind when I went
out looking for a car to...

(beat)

...borrow.

Jimmy rolls his eyes at the euphemism.

MILTON

But when I slid behind the wheel of
that cherry red Cayman, I decided to
do a little bit of living before I
resigned that car to its cruel fate.

Milton Albert eyes drift off at the memory. He pauses a
moment to reflect.

MILTON

I was *three blocks* from Massey's
chop shop when a DPS trooper pulled
me over.

A wave of surprise crosses Jimmy's face.

JIMMY

Who's chop shop?

MILTON

Massey. Kyle Massey.

Jimmy slams on the brakes, throwing Milton Albert flying
into the back of the front seats.

Jimmy grabs Kyle Massey's picture from his stuff and holds
it up in front of Milton Albert's face.

JIMMY

This guy?

Milton Albert blinks and looks around, trying to regain his
senses.

MILTON

First of all. Ouch.

Jimmy shakes the picture in front of Milton Albert's face.

JIMMY

You know this guy?

MILTON

(angrily)

Yeah. I know Kyle Massey. Big deal.

Jimmy smiles, deviously.

MILTON

What are you all smiling about?

JIMMY

You're gonna help me catch Kyle
Massey.

Milton Albert shifts nervously in his seat as Jimmy restarts the car and heads down the road again.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SHADY ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Jimmy hovers over a map on the small, built-in desk in the motel room. Milton Albert slouches in a chair a few inches away, wrists still shackled in handcuffs.

MILTON

You've gone completely loony if you think I'm going to help you catch Kyle Massey.

JIMMY

What? Are you scared?

Milton Albert nods his head vigorously.

MILTON

Damn right I'm scared. That guy could rip my spine out of my body with one hand... without even breaking a sweat.

JIMMY

I'll be there to protect you.

Milton looks Jimmy up and down.

MILTON

What're you? Like a hundred?

Jimmy stands up and flexes.

JIMMY

Does this look like the body of a hundred year old?

MILTON

If you take on Kyle Massey by yourself, you're going to look like a dead hundred year old

(beat)

With no spine!

Milton stands up and begins to pace nervously around the room.

JIMMY

Are you saying I need some back up?

MILTON

I'm saying you need psychiatric help. Lots of it.

Jimmy smiles and picks up his cell phone.

EXT. SHADY ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Jimmy stands tall in the parking lot of the motel room next to a slouching and still-handcuffed Milton.

Jimmy smiles as a taxi pulls up. The back door of the cab opens and out steps Marty.

Marty smiles and walks over to Jimmy, arms outstretched.

The two men hug like long lost family while Milton looks on with disbelief.

JIMMY

You made it.

MARTY

You said you needed me, so here I am.

Milton looks Marty up and down and shakes his head no.

MILTON

This? This is your back up?

JIMMY

This is Marty Russo. One of New York's finest.

Milton just shakes his head and begins walking back to the motel room.

JIMMY

Hey, where're you goin'?

MILTON

I think it's time I put my affairs in order and get right with my maker. I suggest you do the same because Kyle Massey is going to kill us all.

Marty turns to Jimmy, smile gone from his face.

MARTY

What's with Captain Downbeat?

JIMMY

Don't listen to him. He just doesn't know how good we are.

Marty's smile returns as he playfully punches Jimmy in the gut.

Marty finally looks at the run-down motel building.

MARTY

Wow, you really spared no expense.
Are you sure you can afford to put
me up in this palace?

Jimmy throws his arm around Marty's shoulder and begins walking him toward his motel room.

JIMMY

This is where I'm staying. I'm
putting you up in a cardboard box I
found out back.

MARTY

Sounds wonderful.

JIMMY

Nothing but the best for you, partner.

They laugh with each other as they walk off back to the motel room.

EXT. CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Marty sit in the front seat of Jimmy's Crown Vic.

Milton leans forward from the middle of the backseat, still handcuffed.

Jimmy peers through binoculars at a warehouse at the end of the block.

JIMMY

So that's the place?

MILTON

That's the place.

MARTY

How do you know this Massey character
will even be there?

Jimmy puts down the binoculars.

JIMMY

I thought of that.

Jimmy grabs a pre-paid cell phone, still in the package, from the back seat and holds it up.

JIMMY

Milton here is going to give him a call on this burner phone and tell him he's bringing him a car. Massey shows up to check out the car, and we pop out of the trunk and arrest him.

MARTY

That's a horrible plan.

JIMMY

Oh, you think you can do better?

MARTY

My idiot cousin could come up with a better plan, and he can't even spell the word 'plan'.

JIMMY

I didn't ask if your idiot cousin could come up with a better plan, I asked if you could...

Milton taps both Jimmy and Marty on the shoulders.

MILTON

Um. Guys?

JIMMY AND MARTY

(angrily)

What?

MILTON

That's him right there.

Milton points out the windshield to a giant, hulking mass walking into the warehouse.

MILTON

So just point me to the stolen car, and I'll drive it on in there to him.

JIMMY

I thought we'd use my car.

Milton looks around at the car.

MILTON

I would never steal this car.

MARTY

Why not?

JIMMY

It's a perfectly fine car.

Milton looks around again.

MILTON

No offense, but your car is a piece of junk.

Marty turns around, angry.

MARTY

Hey. You don't talk about a man's car that way.

JIMMY

This is a great car. It's rock solid reliable and the trunk can hold five whole sets of golf clubs.

Milton just laughs.

MILTON

Fine. Fine. It's an awesome car, but if I pull up to Kyle Massey in this... fine example of Detroit craftsmanship, he's going to shoot me because he'd never believe that I would steal this piece of junk car.

Marty slaps Milton on the head.

MARTY

I told you. You don't insult a man's car.

JIMMY

If this car won't work, what do you suggest we do?

MILTON

Start the car. I know a car we can *borrow*.

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders, starts the car and drives off.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls to a stop in front of an ultra-swank McMansion with a stately circle driveway.

Milton smiles grows three miles wide.

MILTON

There she is.

Milton points out the window to a Slate Gray Aston Martin DBS.

MARTY

What's so great about that one?

Milton scoffs.

MILTON

You, sir, have no appreciation for the finer things.

Marty shrugs his shoulders.

MILTON

That, my friends, is an Aston Martin DBS. It's hand-built V-12 engine pushes through 510 horsepower and can race from zero to sixty in just over four seconds.

(beat)

Also, it's freakin' gorgeous.

Milton sticks his still-handcuffed hands forward between Jimmy and Marty.

JIMMY

What?

Milton jingles the handcuffs.

MILTON

If you please.

JIMMY

No way. I'm not taking those off.

MILTON

You want me to steal a car with handcuffs on?

MARTY

Com'on, Jimmy. Give the guy a break. It's not like he's going to run away.

JIMMY

You say that, but this guy is really fast.

MARTY

I doubt the handcuffs make him any slower.

JIMMY

Fine. Fine. But if he runs away,
it's on you to get him back.

Marty pulls out his gun and holds it up.

MARTY

Oh, if he runs, I'll get him back.

Jimmy and Milton both look at Marty like he's gone crazy.

MARTY

Don't worry, buddy. I'll try to
shoot you in the leg.

Jimmy unlocks the handcuffs.

After they're off, Milton rubs his wrists as he continues to
stare at Marty incredulously.

MILTON

You need help, man.

Milton hops out of the car and shuts the door.

Before he walks away, he leans in to Marty's window.

MILTON

Serious help.

Milton sneaks over to the exotic car and begins his work.

MARTY

I can't believe we're letting somebody
steal a car right in front of us.

JIMMY

He promised he'd bring it back when
we're done with it.

MARTY

Still... it kind of works against
all those years of police training
to just sit here while some guy boosts
a quarter million dollar car.

JIMMY

We're not cops down here. Sometimes
we have to cut corners to get things
done.

Before their conversation can progress any further, Milton
starts up the DBS and quietly idles it out of the driveway
and onto the street.

Milton flips on the headlights and tears off down the street.

Jimmy starts up his car and follows as best he can.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Milton pulls the Aston Martin into an otherwise empty parking lot, doing a half donut into a parking space, before turning off the engine and hopping out with a giant smile on his face.

Jimmy and Marty pull into the lot soon after and get out of their car.

Milton lets out a loud whoop of excitement and claps his hands together.

MILTON

That is one fine ride there, fellas.

JIMMY

Don't get too attached to it.
Remember we're taking it back after
we're done with it.

MILTON

I know. I know. Without a scratch
on it.

Milton opens the trunk and the three of them look inside at the tiny trunk.

MARTY

You want me to get in there?

JIMMY

I'm sure it just looks small. Once
we're in there...

Jimmy climbs into the trunk and crouches down, trying to fit himself into the too-small space.

JIMMY

I think this is going to work.

Jimmy moves around some more, grabbing his leg and contorting it into what's surely a very uncomfortable position.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay. I'm in.

He is very clearly not in, his head and knees still sticking above the trunk compartment.

MARTY
You're not in.

JIMMY
No. I'm in. I'm in.

MARTY
You're not in.

JIMMY
I can do it. I know I can do it.

Jimmy starts to contort himself again. Marty turns to Milton.

MARTY
This isn't going to work.

MILTON
I know, but it sure is fun to watch
him try.

Jimmy finally sits still.

JIMMY
This isn't going to work.

He struggles to get out from the trunk but can't.

JIMMY
Somebody wanna give me a hand?

Marty reaches in and helps Jimmy out of the trunk.

Once out, Jimmy brushes himself off.

JIMMY
So.... who's got a better plan?

Milton shakes his head.

MILTON
Just follow my lead. I'll get us
in.

INT. CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle Massey lords over a couple of grease-covered underlings who go about their business chopping up high-end cars.

A honking horn causes everyone to look toward the large rolling door at the front of the building.

Kyle Massey pulls out his pistol and motions to one of the underlings.

KYLE

Go see who that is.

The underling runs to a peephole and looks out into the driveway.

UNDERLING

It's Milton and some guy in an Aston Martin.

Kyle puts his gun away and smiles.

KYLE

Let him in.

The underling presses the big green button that opens the rolling door.

Once it's open, Milton drives the gleaming silver Aston Martin into the warehouse and shuts off the engine.

Milton hops out of the car, all smiles, and reaches his arms out to give Kyle a big hug/handshake.

Kyle returns the hug/handshake with his own smile.

KYLE

Good to see you.

MILTON

I brought you a present.

As Kyle starts taking a long look at the car, Jimmy steps out from the passenger seat and stands next to the car with his arms crossed, trying to look as tough as possible.

Kyle's smile shrinks.

KYLE

Who's your friend?

MILTON

Aw. That's nobody, man. Just a friend.

Milton puts his arm around Kyle.

MILTON

Now tell me, what're you gonna give me for bringing this gorgeous automobile to you?

Kyle throws Milton's arm off his shoulder and gets up in his face.

KYLE

A friend?

Milton's nerves begin to show.

MILTON

Yeah, man. A friend.

KYLE

How many times do I have to tell you. This place is like the Bat Cave. And...

MILTON

(sheepishly)

You don't bring people into the Bat Cave.

Kyle pokes Milton in the chest, hard, and turns his attention to Jimmy.

KYLE

So what's your story, Milton's friend?

JIMMY

I'm new in town, and Milton was just giving me the lay of the land.

KYLE

The what of the what?

JIMMY

Lay of the land. It's an expression we use back where I come from.

KYLE

An expression, huh?

Jimmy nods his head, nonchalantly.

KYLE

There's an expression we have around these parts, too.

Kyle pulls out his gun again and pokes it in air violently to accentuate his point.

KYLE

It's called don't show up at somebody's chop shop unannounced unless you want to get killed.

MILTON

Massey, Massey, Massey. Hold up.

Kyle turns his attention back to Milton.

KYLE
Nobody's talking to you.

Milton throws his hands up in surrender.

Jimmy makes his way around the car and next to Milton.

JIMMY
Milton said you run this town.

Kyle looks at Jimmy with interest.

KYLE
Yeah?

JIMMY
So in a show of respect, I came to
you for permission to operate in
your town.

Kyle relaxes a little and puts his gun down on the hood of
the car.

KYLE
Yeah. Good thinking. Smart thinking.

Kyle reaches out to shake hands with Jimmy. As Jimmy starts
to return the gesture, his cellphone begins to ring.

JIMMY
Just ignore that. I'm sure it's
nothing.

The phone continues to ring as Jimmy tries to ignore it.

KYLE
No. No. No. It might be important.

JIMMY
Seriously. I'm sure it's nothing.

KYLE
If you're not going to...

Kyle reaches into Jimmy's jacket pocket and pulls out his
cellphone.

Kyle glances at the Caller ID and Picture on the screen of
the phone and sees "CASSIDY O'NEILL" and a picture of Cassidy.

Confusion briefly washes across Kyle's face.

KYLE

Hey, that's the lady who bailed me out of jail. What does she want with you?

Jimmy and Milton are both at a loss for words.

KYLE

I guess I'll find out.

Kyle answers the phone and puts it to his ear.

CASSIDY

(on phone)

I've been trying to get hold of you for hours, Uncle Jimmy...

KYLE

Uncle Jimmy?

Kyle's face turns red with anger. He throws the cellphone down, smashing it into hundreds of pieces.

MILTON

Oh crap.

Milton turns to Jimmy.

MILTON

Run.

Milton and Jimmy launch themselves over the Aston Martin and duck down behind the other side of the car.

Kyle grabs his gun off the hood of the car and starts shooting toward the car and Jimmy and Milton behind it.

Jimmy pulls out his gun and begins to return fire.

KYLE

You're not taking me back to jail.

Kyle takes cover behind a half-gutted car on the warehouse floor, still firing wildly toward Jimmy and Milton.

MILTON

The first thing you do. The very first thing you do when you're going into hostile territory is turning off your cellphone.

JIMMY

I'll keep that in mind for next time.

Jimmy reaches his hand over the side of the car and fires a few rounds.

Kyle returns fire, punching bullet holes all over the side of the Aston Martin. The car's window glass shatters and flies around the room.

MILTON

I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die.

JIMMY

Get yourself together. I've been in a lot worse than this.

The glass above their heads shatters, covering Milton and Jimmy with broken safety glass.

Jimmy notices a side door about ten feet from their perch behind the Aston Martin.

JIMMY

You see that door there?

MILTON

That's your plan? Run for the door?

JIMMY

You got a better one?

Milton shakes his head no.

JIMMY

Okay then. On three.

Kyle continues to fire wildly, flattening the tires of the car and knocking seemingly hundreds of holes in the side.

JIMMY

One.

Milton closes his eyes tight.

JIMMY

Two.

Milton closes his eyes even tighter.

JIMMY

Three.

On three, Milton opens his eyes, and the two of them jump up and make a break for the door.

Milton's high speed run gets him to the door a full second before Jimmy can make it.

A trail of bullets hits the wall just behind Jimmy, barely missing him as he sprints for the door.

Milton punches the exit bar on the door and lies out into the night. Jimmy follows close behind.

KYLE

They're not getting away from me.

Kyle stops firing long enough to give chase. He runs to the door, slams into the exit bar and rushes out into the night.

EXT. CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy exits the warehouse and immediately trips, falling onto the ground. The speedy Milton has already disappeared in the distance.

Before he can get up, Kyle bursts through the warehouse door and stops.

He sees Jimmy on the ground and smiles.

He begins to raise his gun and aim at Jimmy.

KYLE

I told you I'm not going back to jail.

Behind him, the warehouse door starts to close.

As the door moves out of the way, Marty's hiding place is revealed.

As Kyle cocks his gun, Marty tiptoes up behind him.

Just as Kyle begins to squeeze the trigger, Marty coldcocks him with a tire iron.

Kyle falls to the ground, unconscious. Marty smiles in victory.

MARTY

You're welcome.

Jimmy stands up and brushes himself off.

JIMMY

Took you long enough.

Jimmy pulls out his handcuffs and attaches them to Kyle's wrists.

MARTY

I just saved your life again, and that's the first thing you say to me?

JIMMY

Give me a hand with this guy.

Jimmy grabs one of Kyle's arms and Marty grabs the other.

MARTY

Saving your life is like a full time job.

They grunt and struggle to lift Kyle up, ultimately resorting to dragging his limp body to Jimmy's car.

JIMMY

I don't know why you gotta keep acting like you're constantly saving my life.

MARTY

It's probably because I'm always saving your life.

JIMMY

I'm sure I've saved your life just as many times.

MARTY

Oh, I doubt that.

JIMMY

You doubt that?

MARTY

That's what I said.

Their voices fade out as they drag Kyle to Jimmy's car.

EXT. DALLAS STREETS - NIGHT

Milton runs down a downtown street.

Jimmy and Marty pull up next to him in Jimmy's car.

MARTY

You were right. He is fast.

JIMMY

Didn't I tell you?

Jimmy rolls down the window.

JIMMY

You can stop running now.

Milton looks over at Jimmy, takes a few more steps, then stops. Jimmy stops the car and gets out.

MILTON

Where's Kyle Massey?

JIMMY

Tarrant County Jail.

Milton smiles.

Jimmy gets out of the car and holds up his handcuffs in front of Milton's face.

MILTON

What?

JIMMY

I gotta take you in.

MILTON

After all I did for you?

Milton turns around and puts his hands behind his back as Jimmy gently puts the handcuffs on him.

JIMMY

I'll make you a deal.

MILTON

What kind of deal?

JIMMY

I'm going to go to the prosecutor and tell them all about how invaluable you were in getting Kyle Massey back off the streets.

MILTON

You think that will help?

JIMMY

Couldn't hurt.

Jimmy smiles as he helps Milton into the back seat.

JIMMY

And maybe when you get out, I can help you find a job.

Milton smiles as Jimmy shuts the door.

Jimmy gets in the car, puts it in gear and drives away.

EXT. SHADY ACRES MOTEL - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls into the parking lot and Jimmy and Marty get out of his car.

MARTY

I guess this is where I get off,
too.

JIMMY

You don't have to.

MARTY

What do you mean?

JIMMY

You could stay here. Work with me.

MARTY

Catching bail jumpers?

JIMMY

Yeah. And maybe we could do some
private investigations. I already
got the license.

Marty thinks for a second.

MARTY

I'm a New York City cop.

JIMMY

So am I. And when it's time to go
back home, we'll go back home. But
until then....

Marty thinks for a moment again before smiling wide.

MARTY

I guess you do need someone here to
keep saving your life.

Jimmy smiles broadly as they hug each other like the old
friends they are.

Before the break their embrace, Cassidy screeches into the
parking lot in her pick-up truck and slams to a halt right
next to them.

MARTY

Uh-oh. I think you're in trouble.

Cassidy jumps out of her pick-up and slaps Jimmy across the chest.

CASSIDY

Don't you ever do that to me.

She slaps him again.

JIMMY

Ouch.

She hits him again.

JIMMY

Stop doing that.

CASSIDY

I was worried sick, figuring you were dead in a gutter somewhere.

JIMMY

You remember my partner Marty?

Cassidy briefly turns her head to Marty and nods.

CASSIDY

Good to see you, Marty.

Marty smiles.

MARTY

You, too.

Cassidy slaps Jimmy across the chest again.

CASSIDY

Never, ever do that to me again.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay.

Cassidy calms down.

CASSIDY

Thank you very much for catching Kyle Massey.

She leans in and gives Jimmy a light peck on the cheek.

CASSIDY

I'll see you tomorrow at work.

She climbs back into her truck.

CASSIDY

Eight a.m. Don't be late.

(beat)

Good seeing you again, Marty.

Cassidy starts up her truck and drives away as Marty and Jimmy laugh.

MARTY

She's feisty.

JIMMY

You know it.

MARTY

This is going to be a lot of fun.

INT. TOMMY, JR'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy, Jr. sits behind an ornate desk in an expensively decorated but yet still tacky office.

One of his goons enters holding an article printed out from the newspaper.

GOON #1

Boss. You gotta see this.

TOMMY, JR.

What?

The goon hands the piece of paper to Tommy, Jr.

The headline on the article reads: "FORMER NEW YORK COP BRINGS DOWN DALLAS CRIME LORD"

A picture of Jimmy O'Neill accompanies the story.

Tommy, Jr. seethes with rage. He stands up and slams his fist on his desk.

TOMMY, JR.

Pack my bag. I'm going to Texas.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A uniformed police officer knocks on the door of the house where Milton "borrowed" the Aston Martin.

A well dressed and put-together man, Mr. Tunnell (50s) with silver hair and a lantern jaw answers the door.

POLICE OFFICER

Good news, Mr. Tunnell. We recovered your car.

The officer steps out of the way to reveal a tow truck pulling into the drive-way.

Dragging behind the tow truck is the now destroyed Aston Martin DBS. The car is a wreck - hundreds of bullet holes pockmark the sides, all the glass is broken out, and all four tires are flat.

Mr. Tunnell's jaw hits the floor as he walks over to inspect his formerly beautiful automobile.

The police officer pulls out a clipboard and pen.

POLICE OFFICER

If you could just sign for it, that'd be great.

The officer holds out the pen and clipboard.

Mr. Tunnell falls to his knees, devastated.

The tow truck driver lowers the car off the truck, The car slams to the ground with a loud thud.

END OF SHOW