

RETRO COWGIRL

Written by

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TV|EPISODIC SERIES: PILOT

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OPENING TEASER

EXT. BRIDGESTONE COUNTY | HOME RANCH - DAY

CHARLOTTE WINSLOW, a young and strikingly attractive cowgirl, rides her white, brown-spotted quarter horse named GRACE. On horseback, she stops at a mountain hilltop overlooking a countryside Valley, Bridgestone County.

[Establishing shot] In the distance, Charlotte sees the Home Ranch estate, Charlotte's home. A large amount of acreage with a nice-sized country house.

Charlotte taps Grace and rides toward the Home Ranch. She rides fast and hard, kickin' up dust in her wake.

EXT. HOME RANCH | HOUSE | FRONT PORCH - DAY

Charlotte rides her horse, Grace, and stops in front of the house. She dismounts and ties Grace to the front porch railing.

JAMES FOSTER, a handsome cowboy, is Charlotte's childhood friend and neighbor who helps tend to the property. He opens the front door and steps outside, making a grand entrance.

FOSTER

I knew that was you I seen riding
up. You still need to grip tighter
with your knees when slouching.

Charlotte flashes a sly grin, her eyes glinting mischievously as she steps away from Grace.

CHARLOTTE

Ah! You noticed. Good to see you
too, Foster.

Foster pauses, taking in Charlotte's beauty.

FOSTER

Well, looks like we've got some
catching up to do, I reckon.

CHARLOTTE

(Sarcasm)
Ya think?

Foster opens the front door, which creaks slightly, inviting Charlotte to step inside.

FOSTER
Might as well get to it. Come on
in.

Charlotte sways up the steps onto the porch, her silhouette dances in the golden light as her boots tap softly on the weathered wood of the front porch.

CHARLOTTE
(Sarcasm)
Geez, thanks for inviting me into
my own house.

Foster returns the humorous attitude and tips his hat.

FOSTER
Much obliged, Ma'am.

He smiles at her as she walks up the porch stairs, and she smiles back.

CHARLOTTE
I missed you, too, Foster.

Charlotte sways her way into the house, a bright smile lights up her face as she skips past Foster.

FOSTER
Welcome home... Charlotte.

Foster closes the door behind them as they step inside.

FLASH TITLE: *"Retro Cowgirl"*

[ROLL OPENING CREDITS]

Theme Song - Recommend: "Crystal Gayle - Deeper in the Fire"

NOTE: STOP! *Play it now & Listen | Get in the mood |*
That's Retro Cowgirl...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. HOME RANCH | HOUSE | KITCHEN - DAY**

Foster makes a pot of coffee. He pours two cups and places them on the wooden kitchen table, where Charlotte sits. He sits across from her, and they share a quiet moment, sipping from their mugs.

CHARLOTTE

Ahh! Tastes like home.

Foster reclines, a glint of pride in his eyes, relaxed yet commanding in his stance.

FOSTER

Some things never change.

Charlotte sets her mug on the table and gazes over toward the living room, where a picture of her father hangs on the wall; the weight of unspoken sorrow is expressed in her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

If only that were true.

Foster follows Charlotte's gaze over to the picture on the wall. He takes a deep, sympathetic breath.

FOSTER

Listen! If you need anything,
anything at all... Done! If you
need a hand with anything...
Please, don't hesitate!

Charlotte Zooms in on her daddy's picture.

CHARLOTTE

Thanks!

She turns to Foster.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Did you really find him on the
front porch?

FOSTER

Sure did! Darnedest thing I ever
saw.

The sun casts shadows through the window as they lift their steaming mugs and sip. A quiet moment of reflection stretches briefly, as if time stands still.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
He's over at the funeral home right
now if you wish to pay him a visit.

Charlotte gazes at Foster, her expression filled with
curiosity.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Aaron is taking good
care of him.

Charlotte gazes out the window as the sun shines its light
upon her face through the windowpane.

CHARLOTTE
I just might do that.

Foster nods.

FOSTER
Good! You go on now. I'll be right
here when you get back.

Charlotte stands, finishes her coffee, and places the mug in
the sink. Foster rises to clean the dishes as Charlotte heads
for the exit. She stops at the door and looks back.

CHARLOTTE
You're a good man, Foster.

Charlotte turns back around and exits, her voice carries like
an echo of appreciation as she leaves.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A damn good man.

The front door swings open and slams shut, THUMP!

Foster stands, washing the dishes. He looks out the window to
the sky above and grins silently, pleased.

EXT. HOME RANCH|HOUSE|FRONT PORCH - DAY

Charlotte unhinges Grace, her horse, and saddles up. She taps
the horse to move, and Grace takes off. Charlotte rides off.

[PLAY MUSIC]

EXT. BRIDGESTONE COUNTY|VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

RETRO COWGIRL RIDES: Charlotte rides Grace.

Montage: Sequence of Shots

- On horseback, Charlotte rides through the country.
- On horseback, Charlotte and Grace make jumps.
- On horseback, Charlotte and Grace stop at a couple of various eye-catching spots to enjoy the views.
- On horseback, Charlotte and Grace weave through dense brush.
- On horseback, Charlotte and Grace climb hills.
- On horseback, Charlotte and Grace stop on top of a hill overlooking the city of Bridgestone. [Establishing Shot]
- Final shot: On horseback, Charlotte and Grace ride into town. Heading toward the funeral home.

[END MUSIC]

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME|LOBBY - DAY

Charlotte walks in.

AARON (O.S.)
I'll be with you in one second.

Charlotte gazes around the lobby, captivated by vibrant paintings that dance along the walls and stunning flower arrangements that burst with color and elegance.

AARON, the funeral home owner and intake specialist, is an older man dressed in a sharp business suit, well-groomed and clean. Aaron makes his entrance and walks into the lobby from the back.

AARON (CONT'D)
Why, Charlotte Winslow... as I live
and breathe.

Aaron opens his arms to embrace Charlotte with a welcoming hug, and they hug briefly.

AARON (CONT'D)
How's Life?

CHARLOTTE
Ahh! You know... Work.

Aaron chuckles with a grin.

AARON

Just like your daddy. I read all about that high-profile bust you made in the big city.

CHARLOTTE

Did you now?

AARON

Rumor has it, you got a promotion.

CHARLOTTE

(Sarcasm)

Is that what they call more work for an increasingly short pay bump these days?

AARON

These days? Darling, that's what we elder folks call... welcome to the real world?

They both let out a brief chuckle, their eyes twinkling with mischief. Aaron steers toward his back office, inviting Charlotte to follow him with a warm, welcoming gesture.

AARON (CONT'D)

Right this way, if you will.

Charlotte slips into the back office, her footsteps soft against the floor. Aaron follows closely, pulling the door shut with a quiet CLICK.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

Flash Text: "Case# BSC84-7254"

"Charges: Receiving Stolen Property" [Buying stolen firearms]

[Establishing Shot]

An unmarked Dodge Ram Van/Tradesman: Similar to the Ford Econoline, the Dodge Ram van was also used for specialized roles within police departments. It sits parallel parked curbside on 4th St., Near Main St.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|VAN|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

SGT. FRANK MILLS, the strike team leader, sits in the van, headphones on. He listens intently with one earpiece while leaving the other off to communicate with his partner, also in the van.

OFFICER LEROY JONES, African-American Male with a thick shiny mustache and short-fade fro, sits in the van listening, also with one earpiece while leaving the other off to communicate.

OFFICER HENRY MILLER, a white male cop, is in the shop, wearing a wire, setting up the arrest sting. He is trying to sell a stolen, unregistered firearm.

Mills & Jones listen to the audio coming from within the pawn shop across the street.

MILLER (V.O.)
You ain't gonna find a piece like
this anywhere around here.

JOEY, the shop owner and clerk, replies with curiosity.

JOEY (V.O.)
Well! Let's have a look-see.

Mills leans closer to his tech gear, eyes gleaming with anticipation as the mini cassette tape recorder spins into action.

MILLS
That's it! Joey-Joey... you
dirtball.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY | PAWN SHOP - DAY

Miller stands at the counter with Joey, near the cash register. The shop is empty, except for the two of them. Miller pulls out and opens a pistol case, which is nicely polished and shiny.

MILLER
That's a 1847 Colt Walker Six-
shooter.

Joey's eyes light up as he views the pistol.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Mint condition.

Joey picks up the pistol, his eyes glinting with excitement as he scrutinizes its every detail, as if it were a hidden treasure, cold in his grasp.

JOEY
Where did you come across such a
fine piece as this?

MILLER

That's none of your concern. What is of concern is how much you are willing to offer.

Joey sets the pistol down with a casual grace, his eyes shift to Miller as he considers the price of a profitable scheme.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Now, Joey, before you go off the deep end, let me remind you that... that there is one of the top ten collectibles in the world.

Joey looks at Miller. Miller meets his stare with a hard gaze.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Don't you go all cheap on me now.

Joey looks at the pistol again, with a sharp, keen eye.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|VAN|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

In the van, Jones leans back in his chair and reaches for the radio behind him.

JONES

Should I call this in now?

Mills turns to Jones.

MILLS

For Joey?

Mills reclines in his chair, laughter bursting forth as he lets out a big hearty 'Ha!'

MILLS (CONT'D)

I think we can handle this one on our own. Just get ready to move.

Jones puts the radio back on the hook.

JONES

Whenever you're ready. Just say the word, boss.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME|OFFICE - DAY

Charlotte sits at a desk, across from Aaron. She signs papers.

Her pen-hand dances across the documents, the scratching sound filling the silence. She slides the papers toward Aaron after she finishes.

Aaron reaches out to gather the papers, his hand moving eagerly, fingers brushing against the edges as he collects them, a hint of satisfaction in his eyes.

AARON
That should do it.

Aaron arranges the scattered documents on the desk, tapping them lightly to align their edges, creating a neat, organized stack ready for filing.

CHARLOTTE
Anything else I can do to help?

AARON
That about covers it.

Aaron pauses briefly. [Beat]

AARON (CONT'D)
Oh! You could pick out a better outfit.

Charlotte's gaze fixates on the wall, where a mismatched outfit hangs—an oversized, faded, and frayed-at-the-cuffs shirt, paired with high-waisted, patterned trousers that clash in vibrant hues. The fabric looks worn, and the overall look exudes a quirky charm that feels out of place.

AARON (CONT'D)
Your daddy wasn't the most... what we call... fashionable.

Charlotte nods along.

CHARLOTTE
I see that! But the man did know how to make a statement.

They chuckle. Aaron stands up, as if wrapping things up.

AARON
Maybe go through his closet and see if you can put together something more soothing.

Charlotte rises out of her chair and stands up.

CHARLOTTE
I think that could be arranged.

AARON

I'll be here tomorrow afternoon.
Say, anytime between noon and four.

CHARLOTTE

Perfect! Anything else?

Aaron pauses. [Beat]

AARON

As a matter of fact... There is.

Aaron pivots on his heels, gently lifting a small, empty cardboard filing box. A hint of a smile crosses his face as he meets Charlotte's gaze. The warm light catches the box's edges, giving it a subtle glow as he hands it to her.

CHARLOTTE

What's this?

AARON

If there's anything you want to
bury with your father, please place
it in the box. I will ensure it is
included in the casket.

Charlotte eyes the empty box. A flicker of skepticism crosses her face as she contemplates what to do next.

AARON (CONT'D)

And don't worry about any mishaps.
I assure you, the items will be
placed in the casket and plot
safely and soundly. We take that
seriously around here.

CHARLOTTE

Noted.

Charlotte begins to walk toward the exit door. Aaron embraces her one last time before she leaves.

AARON

Before you leave, know that
everything is done; just choose an
outfit and select some
emblems. That's it.

Charlotte nods along.

AARON (CONT'D)

They say the process can be
quite... therapeutic.

Charlotte raises a brow, a look of concern.

AARON (CONT'D)

Going through a loved one's belongings can be painful, but you might discover items that bring back memories, often good ones. Although your loss is tragic, those memories can spark feelings of joy in such times. Trust me, it's my job to know these things and to help in any way I can.

CHARLOTTE

Thank You!

Charlotte exits the office. Aaron sits back down and looks at the ugly outfit hanging on the wall. He chuckles as he lifts his head to the heavens and utters aloud.

AARON

You're lucky you got such a wonderful daughter, buddy.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

Pedestrians scatter around the busy intersection of 4th and Main Street. On the corner, Jones and Miller press Joey against the wall, his hands cuffed tightly.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN HILL [POLICE CHIEF/BOSS], in uniform, arrives on the scene in a Continental luxury car and is greeted by Sgt Mills, the strike team leader, for a quick update briefing.

CAPTAIN HILL

This better not be another one of your wild goose chases, Mills.

MILLS

No, Sir, just another scumbag trying to buy illegal guns.

CAPTAIN HILL

Didn't I assign you to the Fielding case?

MILLS

Which led us to Joey here.

Captain Hill arches an eyebrow and awaits an explanation as Miller strides up from behind and grips Mills' arm, trying to pull him backwards, urgency etched across his face as if he has something crucial to share.

CAPTAIN HILL
Is there something I can help you
with, Officer Miller?

Mills glances at Miller, and a subtle nod of approval passes between them. With a confident stride, Miller steps into the pow-wow circle to disclose the situation.

MILLER
Joey wants to cut a deal.

MILLS
What's he got to offer, and it
better be good?

Hill and Mills give Miller a keen eye.

MILLER
says he's got a shipment of
unregistered Remingtons coming
through tomorrow.

Intrigued, Captain Hill interrupts.

CAPTAIN HILL
The same missing Remingtons from
the Fielding case.

Mills turns to Hill with a confident stride in his tone.

MILLS
Like I said, Captain, that's why
we're here.

Miller looks back at Jones, who is holding Joey pinned against the wall, awaiting instruction. Miller turns back around to Mills and Hill.

MILLER
What do you want to do?

Mills addresses the Captain with conviction.

MILLS
Getting those guns back might prove
to the Feldings that we're on the
case. It might ease the tension
some, while my team and I solve
this case, Captain.

Hill ponders the situation [Beat].

MILLS (CONT'D)

One day... that's all I'm asking.
If this tip pays off, we'll have
those guns in evidence by closing
time tomorrow, and another clue to
solving the Fielding case.

Hill nods.

CAPTAIN HILL

One day... Then you're back on the
case.

MILLS

Yes Sir.

Miller interrupts.

MILLER

Do you want to un-cuff him now?

Mills turns to Miller.

MILLS

No way! Take that scumbag to the
jailhouse and book him. Get his
statement first, then we'll release
him, but don't drop the charges
until that piece of shit delivers
those Remingtons. No guns... No
Deal. Got it?

MILLER

Got it!

Miller strides back to Jones, following orders without
hesitation. In the background, Officers Jones and Miller read
Joey his rights and begin to lead him towards a squad car
parked on the curb.

Captain Hill walks back to his Continental luxury car. Mills
escorts the Captain.

CAPTAIN HILL

Are you really going to cut that
guy loose?

MILLS

Joey's on my radar for life now.

Hills swings his car door open and hesitates, locking eyes
with Mills.

CAPTAIN HILL

C.I.?

MILLS

More like probation... On my terms.

CAPTAIN HILL

I see! Carry on then. As you were,
Mills.

Hill hops into his vehicle and drives away. Mills watches him leave.

Charlotte, on horseback, trots by passing the scene. She tips her hat to Mills, a friendly gesture as she rides past.

CHARLOTTE

Nice collar, Sergeant.

Charlotte winks at Mills and then passes Jones and Miller.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Book 'em, Dad-e-o.

Jones and Miller slide Joey into the squad car, the door thudding shut behind him.

Charlotte rides off down Main Street, her silhouette shrinking in the distance.

Mills watches Charlotte, curiosity etched on his face. Did she say something? He can't shake the feeling as he follows her departure with a keen, unexpected gaze.

INT. HOME RANCH|HOUSE|BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte digs through her father's closet, looking for a decent outfit to bury him in. She finally finds his best suit, neatly pressed in the back.

CHARLOTTE

There you are.

She yanks the suit from the rack. His wedding suit, the one he wore when he married her mother. It gleams, perfectly preserved. She studies it, her eyes sharp and curious.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You always said this was the best
day of your life.

Charlotte eyes the tag, checks the sizes to ensure a proper fit.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Hmmm! Still fits.

She tidies up her clutter, then carries the nice suit from the closet into the bedroom. The empty box from Aaron sits prominently on the bed. She lays the suit beside the box, and her gaze lingers on it.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Now! What to do with you?

Charlotte scurries through the drawers and pulls out small emblems and trinkets. She finds a miniature compass, a faded photograph, and a worn pocket watch.

Each item holds a memory. She lays them carefully on the bed, next to the box, a tribute to her father's life. She closes the box and exits the bedroom.

INT. HOME RANCH|HOUSE|OFFICE STUDY - NIGHT

Charlotte enters and turns on the light. She looks around the room: the walls, shelves, and anything in sight. Clustered with possibilities, she sits at her father's desk.

CHARLOTTE
C'mon! There has got to be
something in this place worth
finding.

Charlotte rummages through some desk drawers, mostly filled with office stationery. She leans down and opens a file cabinet. There is a letter in front, it has a postage stamp and a seal.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
What do we have here?

She picks up the letter and begins to read. As she reads, she can hear her father's voice in her head [Narration].

LATE FRANKLIN WINSLOW
(Narration)
Dear Kimball Jenkins,
I regret to inform you that I will not be
selling this property to any interested parties
or parties thereof.
I appreciate your generous offer, but I have
decided to keep this estate within the family.
This property was given to me, and I intend
to pass it on to my daughter.
(MORE)

LATE FRANKLIN WINSLOW (CONT'D)

What she chooses to do with this inheritance is entirely up to her, and she has my full blessing to make her own decisions regarding it.

This property has been in our family for generations. It's not just land; it's home, and there's no place like home—not now, not ever, at least not for me. I do not doubt that she will do the right thing when the time comes. Once again, thank you for your offer, but I must respectfully decline. I wish you the best of luck.

Sincerely,
Franklin L. Winslow

Charlotte looks at the address on the letter. It's addressed to '*FRS: Farmers Ranchers Solutions*', a supposedly reputable distribution company. Doubts begin to coil in her suspicious, detective mind as she sets the letter down.

Charlotte glances out the window, her eyes drifting over the vast land under the moonlight. The green valley sways like whispers, carrying secrets and a mystery yet to be solved.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. POLICE STATION|INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

The sterile gray interrogation room buzzes with fluorescent lights. A large clock ticks loudly, heightening Joey's anxiety. The silence is interrupted by the THUD of footsteps in the hallway.

Joey sits, tight cuffs biting into his wrists, secured to the cold metal desk. He glances at the observation glass window, its surface grim.

Mills and Miller open the door and stride into the room. Mills flings papers onto the desk, and then they both sit down, facing Joey, across from him.

MILLS

Those cuffs tight enough?

MILLER

Not tight enough in my opinion.

MILLS

Relax! I think Joey here wants to play ball.

Miller looks at Joey with a keen eye, a hard stare.

MILLER

Is that true? You want to play ball, Joey?

Joey remains still, confused and silent.

MILLS

Of course he does! We just need to go over some terms and conditions. Then we can all be on our way.

Joey wrestles with the tight cuffs on his wrists. Miller leans over and pulls out his cuff key.

MILLER

Here! Let me loosen those for you.

Miller loosens Joey's cuff.

JOEY

Deal's a deal, right? I deliver those Remingtons, and you agree to let me go.

Mills places his right hand over the paper files.

MILLS

That's what the paperwork says, but
here's my deal. The only deal
you're going to get.

Joey pays attention.

MILLS (CONT'D)

One year... Probation... No crap.

MILLER

Off the record.

MILLS

That's right. You have my word.
This stays strictly between us.

Joey fidgets and gets comfortable in his chair. He leans forward.

JOEY

What's this... Probation?

MILLER

Your only lifeline.

MILLS

One Year! Your full cooperation. I
ask... You tell. Whatever I need,
you deliver. That's the deal. You
break it, and the deal's off.

MILLER

And you go to jail. Bye-bye Joey.

Joey leans back.

JOEY

Deal!

Mills smirks with a satisfied, pleasant grin.

MILLS

Smart move.

EXT. HOME RANCH - SUNRISE

[Establishing Shot] The sun rises over the Home Ranch property, indicating a new day has begun. A beautiful spectacle of nature, country, homestead, and sunrise.

INT. HOME RANCH|HOUSE|BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Charlotte stirs awake, sunlight spilling through the curtains. She sits up, stretches, and swings her legs over the side of the bed, her feet landing softly on the cool wooden floor.

INT. HOME RANCH|HOUSE|KITCHEN - SUNRISE

The dawn light casts a golden hue across the kitchen walls and tiled counter.

Charlotte strolls into the kitchen, the scent of fresh coffee greeting her as she moves past the quaint table set for breakfast, complete with a small vase of cheerful flowers.

Foster stands by the coffee maker and pours two fresh cups of coffee. He hands Charlotte a cup.

FOSTER

Here ya go!

Charlotte grips the cup, and they both sit at the table together. Charlotte reaches out for some fresh fruit.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

I didn't have time to cook, but this should settle you just right. You can stop at the Diner in town later on.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah! I have to drop off some things at the funeral home.

FOSTER

Did you find a better outfit?

Charlotte spews coffee from her mouth, laughter bubbling up as she nods. Foster bursts into chuckles alongside her.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

CHARLOTTE

Geez, ya think. Who the heck picked out that God awful thing in the first place?

FOSTER

Who do you think?

They both chuckle a good morning laugh.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

I've got to head out to Perkins.
Since you're riding into town, what
do you say I accompany you to Creek
Falls? See if Grace can keep up
with Shadow.

CHARLOTTE

Oh! Race you to the falls?

Foster lets out a hearty mock "Ha".

FOSTER

Not with that slouch. Besides...
Grace is a good horse, no doubt,
but Shadow's the fastest
thoroughbred in Bridgestone County.

Charlotte sips her coffee as she looks out the window and
sees Grace and Shadow playing around outside.

CHARLOTTE

Alright, Cowboy. I think I'll
accept that challenge.

EXT. HOME RANCH - SUNRISE

Grace, a spirited horse, gallops playfully alongside Shadow,
a striking black stallion. They dart through the open field
on the side of the house, their manes flowing in the breeze.

The rising sun warms their backs as they playfully nuzzle and
chase each other, embodying a joyful sense of freedom in
their untethered romp – a sense of freedom and playfulness
that is genuinely remarkable.

INT. POLICE STATION|CAPTAIN HILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Hill's office is a quaint space filled with history.
Dust motes dance in the light from the windows, illuminating
a wooden desk cluttered with reports and walls adorned with
old photographs.

Captain Hill sits at his desk, scrambling through paperwork
as Mills bursts into his office, closing the door behind
him.

MILLS

The sting is a go, Captain.
Everything's already in place.

Hill directs Mills to have a seat with a hand gesture.

CAPTAIN HILL
Have a seat, Mills.

Mills sits.

CAPTAIN HILL (CONT'D)
You're on your own today. I don't
have enough units available, so I
need to know, now, if you can
handle this.

MILLS
I'll make it work. My team will get
the job done.

CAPTAIN HILL
Once you make the bust, I'll call
some Unies in, but as for backup, I
just don't have it right now.

Mill stands up, a stride of confidence surging from his
presence.

MILLS
Like I said, Captain, my team will
get it done.

CAPTAIN HILL
Very well. You have my approval.
Keep me posted, I want to know
everything about those Remingtons.

MILLS
Yes, Sir.

Mills exits, and Captain Hill watches him leave with a keen,
concerned, watchful eye.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE COUNTY|VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

RETRO COWGIRL RIDES: Charlotte rides Grace, racing Foster
riding Shadow.

[Start Music]

Montage: Sequence of Shots

-- On horseback, Charlotte and Foster ride through the
country.

-- On horseback, Shadow is fast and takes the lead.

-- On horseback, Grace is swift, taking shortcuts, regaining a position against Shadow.

-- On horseback, Charlotte and Foster pass each other back and forth through the countryside.

-- On horseback, Charlotte and Foster reach Creek Falls, a waterfall location in the country. It's too close to call.

[END MUSIC]

EXT. BRIDGESTONE COUNTY | CREEK FALLS - DAY

Charlotte and Foster stop at Creek Falls. The waterfall is elevated and pours down a rocky cliff slope into a river creek that flows through the countryside, all the way to Bridgestone City.

CHARLOTTE

I thought you said Shadow was the fastest in the land.

FOSTER

You know this land all too well.

Charlotte pats Grace.

CHARLOTTE

And so does Grace... Don't ya girl!

Grace, the horse, HEE-HAWS and nods, as if agreeing. Shadow HISSES and shrugs. Foster pats Shadow and talks to him.

FOSTER

She didn't mean any harm, Shadow.

Foster looks at Charlotte.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

It's not wise to insult a horse.

CHARLOTTE

Especially while mounted.

Charlotte looks at Shadow.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We're just teasing, Shadow. You are still the fastest stallion in the county.

Shadow proudly HEE-HAWS and nods, as if agreeing.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Oh! You like that.

Charlotte looks at Foster.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Nothing like a horse that knows its value.

FOSTER
Amen to that, my dear.

CHARLOTTE
I guess I'll see you back home later?

FOSTER
Not tonight, but I'll catch up with you at the funeral tomorrow. Are you going to be alright?

Charlotte nods.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah! Thanks for asking. I'll see you tomorrow. Ride safe.

Foster tips his hat.

FOSTER
Yes, Ma'am!

Foster rides off. Charlotte shouts to him as he rides.

CHARLOTTE
You're a good man, Foster. A damn good man.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME|LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is empty and still, with the lobby music playing. The flowers sway lightly in the cool breeze coming from the AC.

Charlotte walks in, carrying the closed box full of some emblems, and the nice suit she found over her shoulder.

Aaron enters from the back to greet her.

AARON
Right on time.

CHARLOTTE
What can I say... mission
accomplished.

Charlotte hands Aaron the box, and he notices that she is sweating.

AARON
You Ok? That's quite a sweat.

CHARLOTTE
Had a little race against Shadow on
the way.

AARON
Shadow might be fast, but it looks
like Grace held up her end.

CHARLOTTE
Never underestimate good ole'
Grace.

AARON
Amen! Here, let me give you a hand
with that.

Aaron takes the suit as well. Holding the box and suit, he gestures Charlotte toward the back, but she pauses.

CHARLOTTE
Actually, I have a couple of to-
dos... If that's ok?

AARON
That's fine. I'll take care of
everything. Just remember, tomorrow
morning... Eight A.M.

CHARLOTTE
I'll be there, or here. See you
tomorrow, Aaron... Oh! And thank
you!

Charlotte exits, and Aaron walks back to his office, items in hand.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE CITY | 4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

[Establishing Shot] The Strike team's unmarked Dodge Ram Van/Tradesman sits parallel parked curbside on 4th St., Near Main St.

Jones is undercover, pressure washing the sidewalk, slowly, in the near distance of the Pawn Shop entrance.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|VAN|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

Mills sits alone in the van, headphones snug against his ears. He commands his team with intensity. Jones is covering the front door, and Miller is covering the back door. Mills talks to them on the radio.

MILLS

Is everyone in position?

MILLER (V.O.)

Ten, four.

JONES (V.O.)

Copy that!

MILLS

Remember, we don't move until he shows the Remingtons.

MILLER (V.O.)

Hello Remy.

MILLS

That's right. When Joey says, Hello Remy, that's the code word.

JONES (V.O.)

We're putting a lot of trust in this guy--

MILLS

-- Hey! Our only trust is the fact that this scumbag doesn't want to go to jail.

MILLER (V.O.)

Copy that, ring leader. That's a big ten, four.

MILLS

Let's keep the radio clear until this guy shows up. Stand by.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|CAFÉ DINER - DAY

The café diner bustles with life as sunlight streams through large windows, illuminating the cozy booths. Vintage decor adorns the walls, telling stories of years gone by.

Patrons chat animatedly over steaming plates of pancakes and hearty sandwiches. The cheerful clatter of dishes mixes with bickering and laughter, creating a warm atmosphere.

Charlotte settles her bill, leaving a generous cash tip on the table. She stands and smiles at TIFFANY, the young waitress working her way through college. Charlotte strides toward the exit, the cafe bustling around her.

BENJAMIN JOSEPH HARPER, Mr. Harper, the wealthiest man in the county, sits in a booth, discussing issues with his foreman, TONY, a Young gun and muscle for hire. Mr. Harper sees Charlotte as she approaches and makes his introduction.

MR. HARPER

Sorry to hear about your daddy, darlin'. Please accept my deepest condolences.

Charlotte stops, caught off guard and surprised as she remembers the two disputing. She crosses her arms, taking a stance, to call out Mr. Harper to his face, respectfully, of course.

CHARLOTTE

Why, Mr. Harper, mind me if I have my doubts towards your intentions? I don't know if you're sincere or just being prudent.

Charlotte takes her hands off her hips and places them on the tabletop as she leans closer.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

If my memory serves me correctly, you and my daddy were not on pal terms last time I checked.

Mr. Harper puts his fork down on the plate beside his pancakes and smirks a devilish grin.

MR. HARPER

Your daddy and I shared many differences, but the things we agreed on... We strongly agreed. And that's a fact.

CHARLOTTE

You might be the richest man in the county, Mr. Harper, but I know you got rich off the backs of this county's laborers.

Mr. Harper wipes his mouth clean swiftly with a napkin.

MR. HARPER
Better me... than the bank.

CHARLOTTE
Some might argue that.

MR. HARPER
I never took one farm. Only a cut
of the profits, and for the record,
my offers and services do have
outages. It's just business, Ms.
Winslow.

CHARLOTTE
Well, in that case, I can't wait to
hear your offer for my land, Mr.
Harper.

Mr. Harper chuckles, enthused by Charlotte's demeanor.

MR. HARPER
Deep down, I respected your father.
Out of respect for him, I wouldn't
dream of causing you any trouble.
You know where to find me if you
need to. Other than that, I look
forward to attending the funeral
tomorrow, and I assure you that no
business will disturb you.

CHARLOTTE
Well then, Good to see you, Mr.
Harper. Have a nice day.

Mr. Harper picks up his fork and picks at his food.

MR. HARPER
And a mighty fine day to you, too,
ma'am.

Charlotte walks away and exits. Tony leans closer across the
table and whispers in a low tone.

TONY
You want me to take care of that?

Mr. Harper takes a bite and talks with his mouth full.

MR. HARPER
Let that one be... for now.

TONY

You sure, Boss? She's asking about offers and stuff. She might know something.

Mr. Harper swallows and puts down his fork.

MR. HARPER

Charlotte Winslow is a highly decorated investigative detective. If she knew anything, we wouldn't be here so comfortably. That's for damn sure.

Tony leans over and watches Charlotte walk away outside.

TONY

You want me to follow her?

MR. HARPER

She'd spot you a mile away, Tony.

Tony looks back at Mr. Harper.

MR. HARPER (CONT'D)

That little lady just lost her daddy; The only family she's got left in this world. She might hide it well, but trust me, she's all twisted up right now. Let's just wait and see what happens. Patience is the practice of saints. You remember that.

TONY

Yes, Sir.

Mr. Harper turns around and watches Charlotte walk away outside, down the sidewalk. She walks on Main toward 4th St.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY | PAWN SHOP - DAY**

Joey stands at his register, eyes glued to the door, eagerly awaiting the gentlemen bringing Remingtons. He wipes down the counter, glancing at the clock as the seconds tick slowly by.

The door swings open and the doorbell RINGS.

TERRY HAMAL, Late 20s-early 30s, Male, dressed in a flannel button-up with worn jeans but pressed and clean, walks through the door carrying a cardboard Remington box (Shipment Crate) that holds twelve rifle shotguns.

Terry approaches Joey at the register and places the box on the countertop. Joey eyes the box.

JOEY

I remember when these things used to come in wooden crates. They don't make 'em like they used to.

TERRY

Yeah! But each rifle has its own box now, give or take.

JOEY

Well, there goes my carry case up sale.

They both chuckle a good laugh.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Let's see! Twelve mint, boxed rifles retail for about two-forty each.

Joey looks at the box with a keen eye.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'll give you one thousand for the lot.

Terry shrugs, displeased and ready to negotiate.

TERRY

I'll take a hundred a piece. Twelve rifles, that's twelve hundred, and you got yourself a deal.

JOEY

You do realize that I'm going to have to hold off on these for a bit before I get my money back?

TERRY

That should be just in time for hunting season.

Joey smirks and nods.

JOEY

Let's see what you got. What you say, we open this baby up, and take a peek at the merch.

Terry places his hand firmly on the box.

TERRY

Let me see the cash first.

Joey opens the register, pulls out \$1200 in cash, and places it into an envelope, then puts the envelope on the counter.

JOEY

There! Satisfied?

Terry nods and removes his hand. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a box cutter. He carefully cuts open the box and takes out an individual boxed rifle, placing it on the counter.

TERRY

These should sell no problem, come hunting season.

JOEY

I'm just going to double the price; they're only saving forty bucks.

TERRY

Hey! A deals a deal. Especially around these parts.

Terry opens one up and pulls out a fresh mint Remington hunting rifle: sleek design, sturdy wood stock, matte finish, precise scope, and perfect for a reliable outdoor experience.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Take a ponder at this bad boy.

Terry hands Joey the rifle, and he looks it over, gets a good feel, and cherishes the fine art of craftsmanship.

JOEY
(utters softly)
Hello, Remy!

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|VAN|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

Mills sits in the van with his headphones on and a radio walkie-talkie in hand. He hears Joey say the magic word.

MILLS
That's it! Go now.

Mills stands up, urgently.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|PAWN SHOP - DAY

Terry stands at the counter, watching Joey inspect the rifle, when suddenly he catches movement out of the front window. It's Jones moving in, and Terry knows the gig is up.

TERRY
Oh crap! It's the cops.

Terry grabs the money envelope, gripping it tightly as he pulls out a single-action, 38 Special, Colt Python (pistol, handgun) from his waist.

Joey puts the rifle down, hands up, and steps back.

JOEY
Hey! Easy now!

Terry takes off, dashing for the back door. He kicks the door open and exits.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|PAWN SHOP|BACKDOOR - DAY

The backdoor bursts open, and Terry charges out. Miller approaches, handgun (9mm) drawn, but lowered. Terry sees Miller.

TERRY
Not today!

Terry opens fire before Miller can raise his gun. He fires three SHOTS! Two fly wide, but one slugs into Miller's left shoulder. He stumbles back and crashes against the wall. In a flash, Terry bolts away into the alley.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|VAN|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

Mills stands in the van opening the door, ready to leap out. He hears three SHOTS, muffled in the distance. He grabs his radio walkie-talkie and calls it in.

MILLS

Shots fired! I repeat, Shots fired!

Miller's voice comes over the radio.

MILLER (V.O.)

I'm hit... Officer down.

Mills hits the radio again, calls for backup.

MILLS

Shots fired. Officer down. I repeat, Officer in need of assistance.

Mills looks up. He catches a glimpse of Terry's shadow running in the back alleyway. He drops the radio.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Not today, Ass whole.

He charges out of the van in pursuit of Terry.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|ALLEYWAY|4TH & MAIN ST. - DAY

Terry runs and attempts to flee the scene in the back alleys, a maze of alleyways that lead him to a dead end with only two ways out: (1) exit to Main St. (no good), (2) the way he came. Terry pauses.

Mills runs through the alleyways and chases after Terry.

Terry spots a trash dumpster as a potential ambush. The dumpster is placed in the perfect position. Terry barricades himself behind the dumpster, Colt in hand, ready for the ambush.

Mills turns the corner sharply, fast, and runs right into Terry's trap. Unable to raise his 9mm, Terry has him dead to sights.

Terry has his Colt aimed squarely at Mills' forehead. Time stands still as Mills freezes, the barrel glinting in the dim light. Adrenaline surges between them, thick with tension.

TERRY

Get out of my way... Now!

MILLS
Whatever you say.

Mills steps back, keeping his gun lowered. Each movement is deliberate and controlled, as he moves slowly and steadily. The tension thickens.

MILLS (CONT'D)
Let's think about this. Maybe we
can work something out, you and I.

Terry becomes aggressive; anger and rage consume him.

TERRY
Yeah, right!

Terry raises his Colt to fire, but out of nowhere, Charlotte comes charging at Terry's blindside. She charges from the Main St. alleyway, and reaches out, both arms, (1) wraps around Terry's waist to tackle him, and the other (2) she grabs the Colt pistol, steering it away from Mills.

The Colt FIRES, but the bullet misses Mills. Mills jumps back in shock.

Charlotte tackles Terry up against the wall behind the dumpster. With his left arm, he punches Charlotte in the face, cheekbone, hard. She shakes it off and knees him in the ribs, breaking a rib or two. Terry moans and shouts.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You bitch.

Mills rushes into action to assist, but it's too late; Charlotte has Terry pinned to the ground, her knee pressed firmly into his back while she holds his gun tightly, keeping him subdued. Charlotte looks up to Mills.

CHARLOTTE
Mind giving me a hand?

Mills steps forward to assist.

MILLS
Gladly.

Mill stomps his foot on Terry's gun hand, crushing his hand.

MILLS (CONT'D)
That's for shooting a fellow
officer, you piece of shit.

Terry Moans while Charlotte reaches behind and pulls out her cuffs.

Charlotte cuffs Terry and looks up, Mills hovering over her, happy to assist with a look of satisfaction on his face. He looks at Charlotte.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Nice collar.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The funeral service has ended, and the guests mingle. Soft background mood music plays as Charlotte steps out of the bathroom in the hall in the back.

Charlotte walks down the hall and is greeted by Foster, who is dressed in a nice suit. Charlotte is also well-dressed in appropriate attire. Foster walks up to Charlotte casually.

FOSTER

Everyone liked the suit you picked.

CHARLOTTE

Funny, all the chitter-chatter seems to be about his departure.

FOSTER

A man passes away in his rocking chair on the front porch, here in Bridgestone County, some folks might call that a miracle.

CHARLOTTE

Is my front porch about to become a tourist attraction? How much do you think I should charge for tickets?

Foster smirks, chuckles, and sips his drink.

FOSTER

He looked good. I haven't seen the old man look that good in a long time.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah! He did.

FOSTER

Aaron did a good job.

Charlotte sees Aaron talking to guests across the room.

AARON

I should go over and thank him.

INT. POLICE STATION|BOOKING - DAY

Terry sits in the holding cell moaning over his bandaged, broken ribs as Mills stares at him from behind the booking window.

Captain Hill steps up behind Mills and hands paperwork to the desk officer. She takes it and walks away to file it. Hill Leans into Mills.

CAPTAIN HILL

Instruct Miller that he cannot come into contact with the perp.

MILLS

Save it, Captain. I know the formalities. The perp shot Officer Miller; therefore, it's a conflict of interest that could jeopardize the prosecution.

CAPTAIN HILL

Good! I'm serious. I know you guys are working this case, but he cannot go near the perp who shot him.

Mills stares with an angry, keen eye at Terry.

MILLS

He won't have to.

Hill stands upright.

CAPTAIN HILL

Come with me. I'd like to run something by you... In my Office.

Mills turns away from the window and gestures to Hill.

MILLS

Lead the way, Captain.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The guests at the funeral mingle, and soft mood music plays in the background. Charlotte walks toward Aaron to thank him, but is bumped into by Miller, wearing a suit with a sling around his wounded left arm. BUMP!

MILLER

Excuse me... Ma'am!

CHARLOTTE

Save the ma'am. You here collecting donations for wounded warrior?

Miller chuckles with a good laugh, amused.

MILLER

Well, I must say that is one of my favorite charities; however, my reason for stopping by--

CHARLOTTE

--Save it! I know who you are. You're the officer who took one in the line of fire.

MILLER

Yes, Ma'am. That is correct. They call me Miller, and first let me say that I am truly sorry for the loss of your father. I had no idea.

A guest walks by and says a quick condolence to Charlotte as they pass. Charlotte acknowledges and then turns back to Miller.

CHARLOTTE

So, how can I help you, Miller?

MILLER

Now might not be the best time.

CHARLOTTE

Hey! You're here... Shoot!

Miller looks around the room.

MILLER

I just wanted to thank you personally for helping catch the guy who shot me.

CHARLOTTE

No biggie! Glad to help--

MILLER

--And to tell you... That I owe you one.

CHARLOTTE

You don't owe me.

MILLER

No! I owe you big time. As long as I live and breathe, you can count on that. That's all I wanted to say. Sorry to interrupt.

CHARLOTTE

Thanks. Hey! Stick around... Everything you need to know about Bridgestone County is standing in this room.

Miller looks around the room, eyeing the guest.

INT. POLICE STATION|CAPTAIN HILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hill and Mills walk into the office and take a seat. Hill pulls out a record file, Charlotte's, from his desk.

CAPTAIN HILL

I found a consideration for that fourth you requested.

Hills slides the folder to Mills, and he picks up the file.

MILLS

I put in that request months ago. Nice to see the department is finally coming around.

CAPTAIN HILL

I have to admit, your team has done extraordinary work, especially one officer short of a full team. This opportunity fell into my lap. Take a look for yourself.

Mills opens the file and recognizes Charlotte immediately from her picture. He is shocked that the recommendation is female, but intrigued by Charlotte.

MILLS

I've got to be honest with you, Cap. I have no problem supporting a female officer, especially this one, but I've never had a female officer on my team.

CAPTAIN HILL

Well, at least you're honest.

Mills overlooks the file, skims as he talks to Hill.

MILLS

What do we know about this Special Detective Winslow?

CHARLOTTE

Her Captain called from big city, notifying me that she's taken a leave of absence to bury her father here in Bridgestone. She extended that leave today. I recognized her at the bust. Technically, she's on leave, but with a little persuasion, say, from you, she's qualified to join your team... and she's available.

Mills places the file down, closed.

MILLS

Is it all right if I look it over?

CAPTAIN HILL

Absolutely! But you'd better move fast. If Miss Winslow is available, I wouldn't want to lose this one.

Mills stands up to leave.

MILLS

If she's a fit, I'll be... persuasive. You have my word.

CAPTAIN HILL

Good! Then you shouldn't have any problems solving the Feldings Case.

MILLS

No, Sir. Just know, The Feldings case, it ain't gonna solve itself. Just give my team time, and we'll deliver.

CAPTAIN HILL

That's all I ask. You can see yourself out, Sergeant Mills.

Mills walks toward the door to exit.

CAPTAIN HILL (CONT'D)

Oh! And one more thing... Good job today.

Mills smiles, pleased as he exits.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The guests at the funeral mingle, and soft mood music plays in the background. Charlotte follows Aaron, and they both walk toward the office. At the office door, closed, Aaron comforts Charlotte.

AARON

Before we go in here, I want you to know that I'm here for you. You have nothing to worry about.

Aaron opens the office door, and Charlotte peeks inside. She sees Mr. Hanson, the family lawyer, in a suit, sitting at Aaron's desk. She sees Mr. Harper as well and takes a step back, looks at Aaron.

CHARLOTTE

What the hell is he doing in there?

AARON

Let's find out.

Aaron gestures.

AARON (CONT'D)

After you.

Charlotte and Aaron walk in, closing the door behind them.

INT. BRIDGESTONE CITY|FUNERAL HOME|OFFICE - DAY

Aaron and Charlotte enter the office and take a seat. In the room, Mr. Hanson and Mr. Harper both stand up in respect as they sit. Charlotte looks at Mr. Harper.

CHARLOTTE

You gave your word.

MR. HARPER

And I intend to keep every bit of it.

Mr. Harper takes a seat. They all sit following.

MR. HANSON

Ms. Winslow, please don't be offended by Mr. Harper's presence.

Charlotte pays attention.

MR. HANSON (CONT'D)
Mr. Harper has decided to pay all
fees, as a gift--

MR. HARPER
-- That means... No strings!

CHARLOTTE
Just business.

Mr. Harper smirks a grin.

MR. HARPER
No! You got me all wrong.

MR. HANSON
MS. Winslow, trust me when I say
that these things can get caught up
for lengthy periods. Mr. Harper's
gift assures this matter will be
done by the end of this meeting,
and, as stated, there are no
strings or obligations.

AARON
It's a gift. accept it.

Mr. Harper stands up to exit.

MR. HARPER
If that's all, I'll leave you to
your business. I wish you the best,
Ms. Winslow. I truly do.

CHARLOTTE
Why are you doing this?

Harper walks slowly toward the exit door.

MR. HARPER
I told you. The things your father
and I agreed upon... We strongly
agreed.

Mr. Harper opens the door and looks back at Charlotte.

MR. HARPER (CONT'D)
He left it all to you, and I
respect his decision. You'll do
just fine. Oh! And you're welcome
for the gift, it's my honor.

Mr. Harper Exits.

EXT. HOME RANCH - SUNSET

A shiny new black Crown Victoria car rides up the driveway. Mills is driving the vehicle, and Foster stands on the front porch.

EXT. HOME RANCH|HOUSE|FRONT PORCH - SUNSET

The Crown Vic stops in front of the house. The door opens, and Mills gets out of the car. He walks up to Foster on the front porch.

MILLS

Sorry to bother you. I'm looking for Special Detective Charlotte Winslow. Is she available?

FOSTER

Not at the moment.

MILLS

I know it's been a rough day. I don't want to add any more grief.

Mills pulls out a business card and hands it to Foster.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Could you have her give me a call back?

FOSTER

May I ask what you acquire?

MILLS

Job offer! If she wants it.

Foster smiles a grin.

FOSTER

Well, in that case, she's at the Tavern Saloon.

MILLS

Off forty-seven?

FOSTER

Yes, Sir.

MILLS

Thanks! I owe you one.

Mills walks toward his car, and Foster steps down the porch stairs as he chases after Mills.

FOSTER

Hold up!

Mills stops by the car door. Foster approaches him.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

A couple of things you should know
before you go.

MILLS

I'm all ears.

FOSTER

One! That tavern is where her
parents fell in love. There's deep
roots there. You might want to
tread lightly on that turf.

MILLS

Thanks for the tip. And two?

Foster grins humorously, as if he finds the next issue
amusing.

FOSTER

Charlotte always rides Grace, her
horse.

MILLS

Anything I should be concerned
about?

FOSTER

As a matter of fact, there is.

Foster shuffles his feet and takes a firm stance.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Charlotte's mother died in a car
crash when she was little... coming
home from that tavern.

MILLS

What's the connection?

FOSTER

Her mother was driving drunk.

MILLS

So, Charlotte doesn't drive--

FOSTER

--Ever! Always rides Grace.

INT. TAVERN SALOON - NIGHT

The bar room is hoppin', packed with guests. Lights illuminate the room, while laughter and clinking glasses fill the air. A lively band on stage strums catchy tunes, and the dance floor is packed with country line dancers.

Charlotte stands at the bar, alone, waiting for the BARTENDER, an attractive country lady, to take her order.

Mills enters at the front door. He scans the room and finds Charlotte at the bar. He eagerly approaches her.

The Bartender approaches Charlotte.

TAVERN BARTENDER
What'll it be, Darlin'?

Charlotte leans in and shouts.

CHARLOTTE
I'll have a Guinness!

Mills approaches from behind and steps in.

MILLS
Make that two... and put it on my tab.

TAVERN BARTENDER
Coming right up.

The bartender prepares the order. Mills and Charlotte stand together at the bar.

MILLS
I didn't think you drank.

CHARLOTTE
I drink... I don't drive.

MILLS
Tonight, the drinks are on me...
for saving my ass today.

CHARLOTTE
Aww! A gentleman.

Mills smirks a grin, and leans closer.

MILLS
I believe the proper term is...
Professional courtesy.

Charlotte nods along.

CHARLOTTE
A professional courtesy. In that
case... I accept.

The bartender places the beers in mugs on the countertop.

TAVERN BARTENDER
There ya go!

Mills and Charlotte nod at the bartender and pick up they're
beer mugs.

CHARLOTTE
What should we toast to?

MILLS
How about... New beginnings.

CHARLOTTE
(Sarcasm)
You sure you can afford that bill?

They chuckle and toast to new beginnings.

MILLS
Speaking of new beginnings, this
isn't a social visit. I came to ask
you something.

CHARLOTTE
What'll be, Partner?

MILLS
There's an opening on my team, and
after reviewing your profile, I'd
like to offer you the position.

CHARLOTTE
Hate to burst your bubble, but I
work alone.

Charlotte takes a sip of her beer.

MILLS
That's fine. We all do.

Mills puts his beer down on the bar counter and leans closer.

MILLS (CONT'D)
Jones and Miller are great cops. We
all do our own thing, but when push
comes to shove... We're a team.

Charlotte puts her drink down beside Mill's.

CHARLOTTE
Why the offer?

MILLS
I just got this huge case dumped on my desk. I'll shoot it to you straight. This case ain't no walk in the park. I need a full team. After seeing you in action today, which was very impressive, the job is yours if you want it.

Mills picks up his beer.

MILLS (CONT'D)
Do me a favor... think it over?

Mills sips his beer.

CHARLOTTE
No need.

Charlotte picks up her beer and gulps, downs her beer completely, and puts the empty mug on the bar top.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
When do I start?

MILLS
Relax! You just buried your father today. Whenever you're ready.

CHARLOTTE
How about Monday?

MILLS
Sooner than I thought, but Monday's perfect.

Charlotte leans closer to Mills.

CHARLOTTE
I'll shoot it to you straight. I just inherited my father's lot. So, I'm going to be around for a while, until I figure everything out. Plus, there's something I want to look into while I'm here. As long as I can do my thang, you've got a deal.

MILLS

Hey! You got our backs out there today, and... you kick ass. Not only do you have my, sorry, our respect. But we've got your back, too. I mean it.

CHARLOTTE

We'll see.

MILLS

Yes... You will. I guarantee it.

Mills gulps his beer down and takes a deep breath, as if proving his manhood and equality in toughness.

On Stage: JOHNNY, the band's lead singer and host, calls Charlotte to the stage.

JOHNNY

Ladies and gentlemen, let's give a warm welcome home and welcome back Miss Charlotte Winslow.

The crowd cheers.

CHARLOTTE

You'll have to excuse me. My audience calls.

MILLS

Side hobby: Musician?

Charlotte turns sharply to Mills and leans in.

CHARLOTTE

My parents fell in love in this bar. Both my mom and dad used to sing on that stage. Especially mom. After she died, my father couldn't come here anymore.

MILLS

I heard.

CHARLOTTE

Well! This is my way of dealing with it. Although Dad never came back, I did. The only thing I miss about Bridgestone is singing on that stage.

MILLS

So it's therapeutic, not A hobby.

CHARLOTTE
Now you got it, Cowboy! Excuse me.

MILLS
Go get 'em.

Charlotte sways and trots away swiftly. She works her way to the stage. Johnny welcomes her and hands her the microphone.

JOHNNY
(whispers in her ear)
Welcome home, Cowgirl.

Charlotte steps center stage and nods to the band to play. The music starts, Charlotte sings, and the final credits roll.

PLAY Song: Charlotte Sings

Recommend: "Kiki Dee - You Put Something Better Inside Me"

[ROLL FINAL CREDITS]

NOTE: STOP! Play it now & Listen | Feel the Inspiration |
That's Retro Cowgirl...

THE END