

RETURN TO SENDER
the screenplay

by

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based on a story

by

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A drone flies above Atlanta, over the airport, freeway and business districts. It descends outside an office on the 20th floor of a tall municipal building.

SUPER: "ATLANTA, GEORGIA"

POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE

DR. SHELIA FRAMPTON, (38), a modestly dressed attractive woman, fidgets uncomfortably behind her tidy desk in a sparsely decorated office. She looks up from a folder at her patient, Atlanta Police LIEUTENANT WILLIAM QUANAH BAKER, (34), a tall muscular dour man, distractedly staring out the window.

DR. FRAMPTON

Enjoying the view, Lt. Baker?

Baker looks up.

LT. BAKER

What?

DR. FRAMPTON

Where did you drift off to? Are you ever going to take these sessions seriously?

Baker eye's the video camera on the ceiling.

LT. BAKER

Nothing more exciting than a department regulated chin wag. Though, I am curious why there's a drone hovering outside your window.

Baker sheepishly points and smiles.

DR. FRAMPTON

What?

The psychologist jumps to her feet and moves to the window.

LT. BAKER

You must have an admirer, Sheila.

Dr. Frampton turns to Baker.

DR. FRAMPTON
That's not the problem here,
lieutenant. Come and take a closer
look.

Baker stands and walks to the window.

LT. BAKER
What!

Both watch as a small digital billboard on the drone begins flashing a message: "WE'RE COMING FOR YOU, BAKER."...

ATLANTA POLICE DEPARTMENT - C.I.D.

Baker gets out of his old classic car in the Atlanta Police Department's central precinct Criminal Investigations Division parking lot and walks in the front entrance.

MAJOR CRIMES SECTION - MAIN ELEVATOR

He exits on the 5th floor at the Special Victims Unit.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - DETECTIVE SQUAD

Baker enters the large open squad room and looks around at various detectives lounging at their desks. He focuses on two buffed young slackers, tall and wiry DETECTIVE DEAN ANDERS, (28), and the shorter and heavier DETECTIVE ROBERT PERNELL, (27),

LT. BAKER
What?

Anders blatantly smirks, while Pernell feigns disinterest.

DET. ANDERS
Nothing, Baker... Just surprised to
see you show up this early.

LT. BAKER
Not in the mood for your crap,
Anders.

Baker crosses the room to the Captain's office. Knocks on the door and pauses a moment for the Captain to wave him in.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The gruff bleary-eyed CAPTAIN EARL LENNOX, (45), looks up wearily from the chaos of scattered files on his desk. Baker pushes the door open and walks in.

CAPT. LENNOX

Come in... What can I do for you,
Bill?

The Captain points to one of a few plain oak chairs. Baker sits.

LT. BAKER

A moment of your time, Captain?

Capt. Lennox immediately holds up a hand.

CAPT. LENNOX

If it's about your sessions with
Dr. Frampton, there's nothing I can
do.

LT. BAKER

Well, indirectly.

CAPT. LENNOX

What?

LT. BAKER

Earlier today at my appointment, a
drone approached the doctor's
window and hovered momentarily.
Then, it flashed a personal message
on a digital screen. Could be a
prank.

CAPT. LENNOX

That office is twenty floors up.
What was the message?

LT. BAKER

"We're coming for you, Baker."

CAPT. LENNOX

That's it?

LT. BAKER

Prank or not, someone went to a lot
of trouble to pull this stunt. I
want authorization to look into it.

CAPT. LENNOX

If you've got nothing better to do, why don't you check out one of your cold cases. Just keep showing up to those damn sessions on time and stay off the booze. Then, I won't have to fire your ass. Got it?

The Captain pauses and taps his fingers on his desk. Baker nods his head.

LT. BAKER

Yes, sir...

CAPT. LENNOX

Glad we understand each other. Don't obsess about this. If there's a real threat here, figure it out.

His cue to beat it, Baker gets up.

LT. BAKER

Thanks, Captain.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - DETECTIVE SQUAD

On his way towards his office, Baker stops for a word with Anders and Pernell.

LT. BAKER

Anders, Pernell. My office in five.

Anders and Pernell share a look. Baker carries on.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

Baker enters, flips on the overhead light and hangs up his coat and hat on a coat rack. He sits down at his desk and ponders. Anders and Pernell walk in and take a seat on the two plain wooden chairs.

DET. ANDERS

What's up, Baker?

LT. BAKER

Who have I pissed off lately?

DET. PERNELL

Besides everyone on the floor... You do remember some of your antics?

LT. BAKER

Stuff the lecture, Pernell, I've been sober six weeks now. Done my mandated counselling and made amends here in the precinct. So, who else?

DET. ANDERS

What's this about?

LT. BAKER

While at my psych appointment yesterday, a little drone birdie tweeted someone's gunning for me.

DET. PERNELL

Think it involves one of your old cases?

LT. BAKER

What else? Since Jennifer passed, I've lived a lost weekend that lasted a year. Otherwise, thanks to the union, business as usual.

DET. ANDERS

We closed the last of our active files last month, before your counseling began. Only loose end is that dumpster girl cold case.

LT. BAKER

Did we ever get an ID. on her?

DET. PERNELL

Not yet...

LT. BAKER

Nothing from Missing Persons?

DET. ANDERS

Pernell, you transferred in from there six months ago...

DET. PERNELL

Yeah, what of it?

DET. ANDERS

Kinda funny... Eighteen year old gets herself killed and no-one's looking for her?

LT. BAKER

Even dead junkies have family. Pernell, look into who's recently out of the pen. Who might have brains to fly a drone and a violent background in sexual abuse. Anderson, scan for media about missing friends. Maybe you can also find something about yesterday's drone mission to Dr. Frampton's office.

As the two officers stand, Baker motions to Anders.

LT. BAKER

One more thing, Anders. Bring me the Medical Examiner's file on that Jane Doe.

DET. ANDERS

Sure...

MIDTOWN - MAGDALENE'S BALM TAVERN - BAR

Baker steps inside the old dive and makes his way by a few of the usual suspects to his spot at the bar. The regular bartender, SALLY KOVACS, (27), slim and attractive, approaches with his drink.

MS. KOVACS

One large soda with lime.

BAKER

Thanks, Sally. Your charming limey company is the best part of my day.

MS. KOVACS

It's true I grew up in London, but my dad was Hungarian.

BAKER

I owe you an apology. Mostly, for not showing my appreciation for your kindness and support this past year.

MS. KOVACS

Being a good listener is a big part of the job. Though, I've been hoping you'd get around to helping me with my little problem.

BAKER

What problem?

MS. KOVACS

William! You're such a bonehead. Watching you drink yourself into oblivion this past year has not exactly been great entertainment. Now, you're ordering soda and lime, it gets my spidey sense tingling.

BAKER

Sorry, I've been on another planet. So, what's the tingle?

MS. KOVACS

You just might be sober enough to find my missing sister, Mary.

BAKER

Refresh my memory...

MS. KOVACS

After our mother passed away last year in a nursing home back in London, Mary left the UK. She got accepted to start training as a stewardess at the Alpha Airline's training facility here in Atlanta. She got a nice place and seemed happy.

BAKER

How long ago did she arrive?

MS. KOVACS

She started school a year ago September. After I finally got a green card, I took a break from London, found this job and my own apartment. Mary called regularly and we got together when we could, till the calls suddenly stopped.

BAKER

Got a picture you could spare?

Sally frowns, then grabs a small leather purse from under the bar. She pulls out a small headshot and hands it to Baker, as he stands up.

MS. KOVACS

Don't lose it. It's my last one.

A pained look comes over Baker's face, as he slips the photo into his breast pocket. Grabbing his wallet, he takes out a twenty and one of his "Special Victims Unit" cards. He sets them on the bar after slipping the billfold back in his pocket.

BAKER

Swear to you, Sally. This time I'm on the job. Did you file a report with Missing Persons?

MS. KOVACS

Sure I did. Just don't make any more promises you can't keep.

BAKER

I'll give it my best shot. Remember the officer's name you spoke to?

MS. KOVACS

Yes, I do. His name was Bob Pernell.

BAKER

You don't say... Could you meet me at my office tomorrow, around ten?

MS. KOVACS

I can do that.

Sally picks up the card and puts it in her purse. Baker takes her by the hand.

BAKER

Forgive me, but what's your family name?

MS. KOVACS

Kovacs... We're the Kovacs sisters.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

Baker watches as Anders and Pernell enter his office and sit down.

LT. BAKER

What have you got?

DET. ANDERS

Footage of a couple drones downtown yesterday from Facebook. One even has a digital billboard. Could be the one you're looking for.

LT. BAKER

See if you can get a clear screen grab of that thing. Maybe identify the make and model?

Pulling the picture of Mary Kovacs from his pocket, Baker slaps it on the table.

LT. BAKER

Pernell, how come you never identified this girl from the Medical Examiner photos?

Pernell leans over to take a good look.

DET. PERNELL

This is quite an attractive girl. The M.E. photos of the dumpster girl showed a poor thing much the worse for wear.

LT. BAKER

Maybe, maybe not. You did meet the sister, Sally Kovacs. Says she filed a Missing Persons report with you last year.

DET. PERNELL

Oh...

Baker's phone rings and he picks it up.

LT. BAKER

Baker, here... Escort her in.

Baker hangs up the phone.

That's the sister now.

After an awkward pause, the three officers stand, as Sally Kovacs enters the room. Anders offers his chair and she sits down. Baker also sits, while the other detectives keep standing.

MS. KOVACS

Thank you. Hello, William.

LT. BAKER
Ms. Kovacs. That's Det. Anders.
Believe you know Det. Pernell.

Glancing in his direction, Sally nods.

MS. KOVACS
Yes, from the Missing Persons
department. We spoke a few times.
Assumed you had no luck, as I never
heard back.

DET. PERNELL
Sorry, miss. As you say. No luck at
the time.

LT. BAKER
After you gave me your sister's
photo last night, I compared the
photo with those of a Jane Doe from
the Medical Examiner.

Baker opens the file and lays out various photos on his
desk.

MS. KOVACS
Oh, my, God!

Sally quickly covers her face with her hands and bursts into
tears.

LT. BAKER
I'm sorry, Sally. So, that
definitely is Mary?

MS. KOVACS
Yes, that's her. How did she die?

Sally takes a tissue from her purse and dabs her eyes.

LT. BAKER
We could go into the details some
other day.

MS. KOVACS
No, I've waited so long to learn
anything.

LT. BAKER
Well, we know technically how she
died. Not why, or the circumstance.
Now we finally have identification,
the case can move forward.

MS. KOVACS

Where did you find her body?

LT. BAKER

In a green plastic body bag, stuffed in a cardboard furniture box. Had been removed from a dumpster and emptied into a landfill.

DET. ANDERS

We did learn something important from the office at the landfill. They've been able to narrow down which truck dumped the box, to one of the last three unloaded the night before.

DET. PERNELL

We traced the loads back to where they originated. One from a central industrial area, called Old Town and one from a chemical processing site over on the southwest. The last was from a college campus in the northeast.

DET. ANDERS

We checked out the various locations. Nothing suggested suspicious activity. We hit a dead end.

MS. KOVACS

What about the forensic analysis?

DET. ANDERS

The Medical Examiner has filed his report.

LT. BAKER

Hold on, Anders... Sally, are you sure you're up for this?

Sally nods in the affirmative.

LT. BAKER

Forensics determined Mary was sexually assaulted some time before her death. Then washed with chlorine bleach. She... also had her heart ripped out.

MS. KOVACS

What?

LT. BAKER

Might have been harvested and sold to some organ trafficker. Just a theory at this point.

Sally begins to sweat profusely. She takes another tissue and wipes her brow.

MS. KOVACS

Why was she washed with bleach?

LT. BAKER

Most likely, to destroy any DNA evidence on her body.

MS. KOVACS

Can I assume she was killed before they took her heart?

DET. PERNELL

Chief Medical Examiner determined cause of death was the complete lack of blood.

MS. KOVACS

Complete lack of blood?

LT. BAKER

It is strange. All her blood was drained before they took her heart.

Sally rises and unexpectedly vomits over Baker's desk. Baker jumps to his feet, as she continues retching. Anders and Pernelle are thunder struck. Sally wipes her mouth with a tissue.

MS. KOVACS

Ah, sorry about that... Think I've heard all I can handle for now.

LT. BAKER

Yes, of course... Would you like a ride home?

MS. KOVACS

Actually, I could use a walk and some fresh air.

LT. BAKER

Right...

The detectives watch, as Sally leaves the room. Then sit back down.

LT. BAKER

Pernell, get your ass down to Missing Persons. Find that report on Mary Kovacs. If you don't find it, don't come back.

Anders and Baker watch, as Pernell nods and stumbles out.

LT. BAKER

Anders, get back to the drivers of those garbage trucks. See if they remember anything unusual about that day.

DET. ANDERS

I'm on it.

Anders leaves and shuts the door behind him. Baker looks at the mess on his desk and picks up the phone and dials a number.

LT. BAKER

Baker, in Special Victims... Could I get someone up here right away? Had a bit of an accident...

Baker hangs up the phone.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - REAR PARKING LOT

A 2011 Ford Crown Victoria Police Interceptor, car #51, pulls into a parking lot off a side street. The cruiser creeps up to the dumpster area and a window rolls down.

2011 FORD CROWN VICTORIA P.I. #51

Baker looks out, then turns to Anders.

LT. BAKER

OK, tell me again what that driver said.

DET. ANDERS

This was the only place he noticed anything strange. A couple delivery

DET. ANDERS
truck schmoes were unloading. They suddenly stopped what they were doing, when he pulled in.

LT. BAKER
Why did he think that was weird?

DET. ANDERS
There was a furniture box on the power lift. They immediately picked the box up, stuffed it in the dumpster, then drove away.

LT. BAKER
Find out what these factories do, who their clients are. Dig deep...

MIDTOWN - MAGDALENE'S BALM TAVERN - BAR

Baker makes his way to the bar. He sits down, as Sally smiles wanly and approaches. She pours him his new usual.

BAKER
Hope you're feeling better?

KOVACS
Long as I keep busy... Am so embarrassed about ralping on your desk.

BAKER
I'm the one should be embarrassed. Prattling on about your sister's horrible death. All I could think was how beautiful you are.

KOVACS
Should I give you a smack for what you were thinking? Don't feel bad about what was said. You were only doing your job.

BAKER
Not very professional, letting my personal issues interfere with my work and keep me from connecting the dots. You're more familiar with my story, while I'm only just beginning to get to know yours. Most of what you said to me in the past six months has been lost in the void.

KOVACS

Nothing important, as my life's a silly cliché. My mother was a hair dresser who fell for a bad boy, then shocked he treated her so bad. Dear ole Dad up and died of a heart attack, during one of his drunken rages when I was seventeen.

BAKER

Bet she was relieved.

KOVACS

Didn't even go to the funeral. Straight to the pub to celebrate, where she dragged home the first guy she met. Nine months later out popped Mary.

BAKER

How did that work out?

KOVACS

Remarkably well, as her new man was decent and never laid a hand on her. Mary had a good father for six years, before the cancer took him.

BAKER

While you were in England, what did you do for a living? Tend Bar?

Sally laughs...

KOVACS

I was a bad girl...

BAKER

Work the streets, Sally?

KOVACS

Nothing like that, as I was a shy kid. Got into computers and the internet became my life. Was only fourteen when I began hacking for some of the gangs, until Scotland Yard caught up with me.

BAKER

Did you do time?

Sally shakes her head.

KOVACS

No, they cut me some slack, as I was so young. Put me to work for them hacking local radicals. I've been with the Yard almost ten years, till I recently took a leave of absence.

BAKER

Wouldn't call your life a cliché.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - DETECTIVE SQUAD

Baker whistles a few bars of "What a Wonderful Life", as he enters the squad room with a takeout coffee. He stops, when he notices people staring at him.

LT. BAKER

Pernell, my office...

DET. PERNELL

Can it wait five minutes? My back teeth are floating.

Baker nods. Then crosses to his office.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

Baker sets the styrofoam coffee cup on his desk, hangs up his coat and flips his hat on the coat rack. It falls off and he bends over to pick it up. There's a deafening blast, as the office window blows in and Baker is flattened and covered in debris.

GRADY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM

Det. Anders and Capt. Lennox sit in metal chairs beside Baker's bed.

CAPT. LENNOX

Doctor Balki said Bill could wake up any time, or maybe not. No way to tell with these things.

DET. ANDERS

Like to know who Baker pissed off. Attacking police headquarters sure takes a massive pair. Never heard of a flying grenade launcher.

CAPT. LENNOX

The "Common Remotely Operated Weapon Station", or CROWS, was designed for vehicles or helicopters during the Vietnam war. On automatic, the old ones could fire grenades up to three hundred rounds per minute. This robotic bird could have destroyed the whole block.

Baker begins to twitch and comes to.

LT. BAKER

What are you guys doing here?

Anders bursts out laughing and the Captain snorts.

DET. ANDERS

You damn near gave up the ghost.

LT. BAKER

What happened?

DET. ANDERS

Someone with serious high tech weaponry blew the crap out of your office. You're lucky to be alive.

CAPT. LENNOX

Only fired a few rounds from a flying grenade launcher, enough to also take out my office and most of the squad room. Amazing no one was killed. What do you remember, Bill?

LT. BAKER

Not much...

CAPT. LENNOX

We found you on the floor behind your desk, cut up pretty bad from flying glass. Doctor B. says, you suffered a serious concussion. You've been in a coma for ten days.

Baker struggles to get up.

DET. ANDERS

Slow down, old boy, you're not going anywhere. Besides, if I was you, I'd stay put a whole lot longer.

What are you talking about?

CAPT. LENNOX

Anderson, go tell someone he's awake.

DET. ANDERS

Sure...

Anders exits the room and the Captain turns to Baker.

CAPT. LENNOX

You've had a regular visitor. Sally Kovacs has been coming by to keep you company.

LT. BAKER

No shit...

Anders returns with DR. PAUL BALKI, (48), slim and fit, though gaunt from chronic sleep deprivation. Dr. B. checks out Baker's eyes, heartbeat and blood pressure.

CAPT. LENNOX

Is he going to live?

Finishing his brief evaluation, the Doctor hangs his stethoscope around his neck.

DR. BALKI

Your guardian angel's been working overtime, Bill. Glad you've returned to the land of the living.

LT. BAKER

How much longer am I going to be laid up?

DR. BALKI

We'll keep you under observation for a few days of rest and physiotherapy. Then, you can go home. Providing you take a few months off.

LT. BAKER

The going home soon part sounds good. Captain, this has got to be related to the Kovacs case.

CAPT. LENNOX

Get this through your thick skull,
Bill. You're grounded.

DR. BALKI

You've gone through a serious
trauma. You need time off to
properly heal.

LT. BAKER

OK, OK! I hear you. Say, Anders...

DET. ANDERS

Don't expect me to change your
diapers. Anything else I can do for
you?

LT. BAKER

How did you know the size of my
balls? Did you sneak a peek?

DET. ANDERS

Wasn't yours I was referring to.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - DETECTIVE SQUAD

Baker enters the newly renovated squad room. He nods to
Anders and Pernell, on his way to the Captain's new office.
He knocks on the door, then pushes it open.

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The Captain waves him in.

CAPT. LENNOX

Feeling better?

LT. BAKER

Almost back to my old self.

CAPT. LENNOX

Long as you stay off the booze...
Are you on any pills?

LT. BAKER

Not to worry... I've been off the
meds, since I left the hospital and
haven't had a drink for months.
Went to my first AA meeting last
night, as I now have a good
sponsor.

CAPT. LENNOX
That's great, Baker. About time.

LT. BAKER
Noticed the renovation on my office
isn't finished. What's up with
that?

CAPT. LENNOX
Change of plan...

LT. BAKER
Oh...

CAPT. LENNOX
Brass decided to move me upstairs.
You'll be taking this office.

Assume not as the new Captain?

CAPT. LENNOX
Capt. Laura Bennett is coming over
from Special Enforcement, so she
gets a classier office. That's
taking extra fiddling with the
contractor. In the mean time,
you're back on active duty.

LT. BAKER
Music to my ears.

CAPT. LENNOX
Pernell's still at Missing Persons,
to track down that Kovacs file.

LT. BAKER
Probably an exercise in futility.

CAPT. LENNOX
Maybe so... Your good buddy, Anders
is now Special Detective Anders.
Been due for a promotion...

LT. BAKER
Good for him...

CAPT. LENNOX
Your top priority is to track down
whoever bombed the office.

LT. BAKER
Roger, that...

Captain picks up a folder. Then looks around the office.

CAPT. LENNOX
Some reason you're still here.

LT. BAKER
I'm on my way.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - REAR PARKING LOT

Crown Vic police cruiser #51 drives up a sideroad in Old Town. Then turns into the laneway between two factory buildings and stops at a large dumpster. The front passenger window rolls down and Baker peers out.

2011 FORD CROWN VICTORIA P.I. #51

Any other details you might not have mentioned? Did that garbage truck driver notice a name on the delivery truck? Were they picking up, delivering or just sneaking in to use the dumpster?

SP.DET. ANDERS
Didn't remember and he couldn't tell. I did check out both furniture factories.

LT. BAKER
What kind of furniture do they make?

SP.DET. ANDERS
Logan specializes in high-end office furniture and Henderson mostly discount home furniture. Main difference, Henderson Industries is on the verge of bankruptcy, whereas Logan International maintains high profitability.

LT. BAKER
Internal Revenue got any red flags on either one?

SP.DET. ANDERS
Henderson is behind on their taxes.
Logan's paid up and clean in their
last audit.

LT. BAKER
Let's go introduce ourselves to
Henderson Industries.

HENDERSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE OF MANAGING DIRECTOR

Henderson's Managing Director, GEORGE FREEMAN, (53), short and over-weight, rises from his desk and crosses to meet the detectives in the middle of the room. The officers show their identification. Freeman jovially shakes their hands.

GEORGE FREEMAN
Good to meet you gentlemen. What
can I do for you?

LT. BAKER
Got a report of suspicious activity
a while back, at the rear of the
building by the dumpster. We're
just following up on that.

GEORGE FREEMAN
We do get the odd dumpster diver
out here. No report of anything
untoward for some time.

SP.DET. ANDERS
This is more serious than dumpster
diving. A dead body was found in
the landfill. Tracked it down to
the bin in your back parking lot.

Freeman is visibly shaken.

GEORGE FREEMAN
We have had the odd dead animal and
kitchen appliance dumped in there
before. I can assure you, nothing
like this.

LT. BAKER
Who coordinates your waste
management program?

GEORGE FREEMAN
That would be Rod Fergus.

SP.DET. ANDERS
We'd like to have a word with Mr.
Ferguson. Is he in the building?

GEORGE FREEMAN
Should be... Give me a moment.

Freeman returns to his desk and picks up the phone.

LT. BAKER
Have him meet us in the back
parking lot.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - REAR PARKING LOT

Baker and Anders watch ROD FERGUS (28), casually dressed and in need of a shave, exit the Henderson Industries back entrance by the loading dock and approach them at the dumpster.

ROD FERGUS
What can I do for you?

The officers flash their Police ID.

LT. BAKER
We're investigating a body dumped
in the landfill by the incinerator.
Records indicate was from this
site.

ROD FERGUS
Our waste inventory is well
documented. We pay by the pound for
disposal. Am sure a strange box
would have been noticed.

Baker gives Fergus his Special Victims card.

LT. BAKER
If anything unusual shows up, give
us a call.

Nodding his head, Fergus takes the card and heads back to the building.

SP.DET. ANDERS
You mention anything about a box,
Lt.?

Baker and Anders watch as Fergus unlocks the back door and slams it shut behind him.

LT. BAKER
Not one word about a box. I've seen
that fellow before. Just can't
remember where.

SP.DET. ANDERS
What now?

LT. BAKER
We're done. Back to the precinct to
drop off the prowler.

SP.DET. ANDERS
Works for me...

Anders and Baker climb back in the cruiser. The car starts
up and moves back down the laneway.

2011 FORD CROWN VICTORIA P.I. #51

Anders weaves through light traffic.

ANDERS
So, what are you up to tonight?

BAKER
"Georgia Motor Trucking
Association" is having an
automotive trade show at the
"Atlanta Convention Centre".

ANDERS
Cool... Up for some company?

Baker checks his watch.

BAKER
Let's meet at my place in an hour.
I'll get us a bite at the
convention centre.

ANDERS
Aren't you Mr. Last of the Big
Spenders...

HOME PARK - ETHEL ST.NW. - BAKER'S HOUSE

Baker stands by the curb in front of his house, as Anders drives up in his Ford. Baker opens the door and climbs into the front passenger seat.

ANDERS' 1974 FORD GALAXIE SEDAN - NIGHT

Baker pulls the door closed behind him.

ANDERS

Mind if we eat first? I'm starved!

There's a fast food place at the convention center has great chicken sandwiches.

ANDERS

Are you going to check out the chicken sandwiches or for the flashy rides?

BAKER

That, and take my mind off the Kovacs case for five minutes.

ATLANTA CONVENTION CENTRE - MAIN FLOOR

Anders and Baker cruise the trade show munching their chicken sandwiches. Baker turns, pointing towards some of the booths.

BAKER

Well, look who's here...

Anders follows Baker's cue.

Henderson Industries and Logan International, side by side. Very cozy...

BAKER

Let's chat up the lady at Logan International.

ANDERS

Sure...

A.C.C. - LOGAN INTERNATIONAL BOOTH

Approaching the Logan International booth, the two detectives show their ID to a stylishly dressed woman, JULIE BABCOCK, (36).

LT. BAKER

Lt. Bill Baker, Atlanta Major Crimes. This is Special Detective, Dean Anders.

The Logan company rep smiles at Baker and Anders.

MS. BABCOCK

I'm Julie Babcock. Head of logistics at Logan International. You boys looking to get into the furniture shipping business?

LT. BAKER

Not at the moment, though it probably pays more than being a cop. We're checking out how one ships things around the country.

MS. BABCOCK

Find the right shipper for the right price. Moving anything you want is really quite easy.

LT. BAKER

Dead bodies... How does one go about shipping those?

MS. BABCOCK

You're joking, right?

SP.DET, ANDERS

Quite serious... Seems a while back, someone dropped one into the garbage bin you share with your neighbours. Neatly packaged in a cardboard furniture box...

MS. BABCOCK

How horrible!

LT. BAKER

Seems you're quite chummy with the neighbours.

Julie glances towards the Henderson Industries booth, where their rep is talking to a middle-aged couple.

MS. BABCOCK
Guess you're not familiar with the
company story.

SP.DET. ANDERS
Maybe you could fill us in?

MS. BABCOCK
Some twenty years ago, the founder
of the original company died and
the ownership passed to the two
Logan brothers, Barry and Gary.
Then one day, the brothers got into
a hissy fit and the business was
carved up into two separate
companies. Soon after, Gary, the
younger brother, died of a heart
attack and his half got bought up
by Henderson Industries.

SP.DET. ANDERS
Much communication between the two
companies now?

MS. BABCOCK
Not since I joined Logan
International, years after the
restructuring.

LT. BAKER
You've been very helpful, Ms.
Babcock. Time we continue checking
out the show.

MS. BABCOCK
You boys take care. Anything else I
can do, you know where to find me.

A.C.C. - TRUCKERS AGAINST PROSTITUTION BOOTH

Anders and Baker stop in front of a booth for "Truckers
Against Prostitution". Anders takes a pamphlet from a slim
and attractive young T.A.P. representative, LIDIA THOMAS,
(17).

LIDIA THOMAS
I'm Lidia. Can I help you
gentlemen?

The two officers show their identification.

LT. BAKER

Am not familiar with your organization. Is it based out of Atlanta?

LIDIA THOMAS

No, the charity's head office is in Denver. We follow the trucker conventions and trade shows around the country passing out literature. The mission is to encourage truckers to help stop under-age prostitution and human trafficking on their routes.

SP.DET. ANDERS

How does a trucker do that?

LIDIA THOMAS

We give them a phone app to post to local law enforcement. They can share comments if they see anything suspicious at a truck stop, bar or restaurant.

LT. BAKER

What type of behaviour would be classified as suspicious?

LIDIA THOMAS

Teenage girls or boys climbing out of a rig. Kids that look haggard and paranoid, avoiding eye contact... Stuff like that.

SP.DET. ANDERS

Do the drivers approach these kids to see if they're OK?

LIDIA THOMAS

We encourage them not to. Some of those that did have been shot at. Better they leave that to the law.

LT. BAKER

Find many truckers in on the trafficking of this sort of... product?

LIDIA THOMAS

The majority of truckers are good honest family men and women. There are the few who pick up a runaway

LIDIA THOMAS
and truck them around the country
in their bunk.

LT. BAKER
How do they usually dispose of
these kids, when they're done with
them?

LIDIA THOMAS
Plenty of pimps are more than
willing to buy a young kid for a
hundred bucks. They prefer them to
have their spirit stepped on. The
feisty ones are too much trouble.

LT. BAKER
We're investigating the murder of a
young girl. She was shipped from
somewhere in a box and found frozen
in a sitting position.

LIDIA THOMAS
The pamphlet should answer any
other questions you might have.

Baker reacts to the girl's change in tone.

LT. BAKER
Would you prefer if we continue
this discussion somewhere else?

Lidia reluctantly nods and gestures for them to follow. They
pass through a curtain at the back of the booth. The girl
runs up to hug a proud and similarly attractive woman,
ALICIA THOMAS, (43).

LIDIA THOMAS
Mom, these men are from the police.

The woman hugging Lidia looks seriously at the two officers.

LT. BAKER
Didn't mean to upset your daughter.
Sorry about that...

The mother turns to the girl.

ALICIA THOMAS
Lidia, go on out to the trailer and
keep your father company.

She watches the girl leave. The woman turns to the officers.

ALICIA THOMAS
I'm Alicia Thomas. Lidia's mother,
as well as the coordinator for this
booth.

Baker and Anderson show their ID.

SP.DET. ANDERS
Sp.Det. Dean Anders and this is Lt.
Bill Baker. We're from the Special
Victims Unit. We were talking to
your daughter about a young woman
found dead a while back.

LT. BAKER
After mentioning the victim was
found sitting in a box, your
daughter became upset.

ALICIA THOMAS
Could you gentlemen follow me?
There's a holding area set aside
for people working the booths. We
can talk better out there.

ATLANTA CONVENTION CENTRE - HOLDING AREA

Both men follow Alicia to a table in an empty section. They
sit down.

ALICIA THOMAS
My daughter went missing two years
ago. She was taken from a shopping
mall in Phoenix by some thugs who
sold her to a prostitution ring.
She was only fifteen.

SP.DET. ANDERS
Can't imagine what it was like for
her, and her family...

ALICIA THOMAS
How could you?

LT. BAKER
Can you tell us what happened to
her in that time?

ALICIA THOMAS
She's young and pretty, so they
worked her as a party girl.
Apparently, they ship girls from

ALICIA THOMAS
Phoenix all over the country for
rich corporate and government
private parties.

LT. BAKER
How did they move the girls?

ALICIA THOMAS
Inside specially made furniture
boxes, sitting on arm chairs.

SP.DET. ANDERS
How did they feed them?

ALICIA THOMAS
They were supplied with water
bottles, junk food, a chamber pot
and toilet paper. One arm tied to
the chair, the other one free.

SP.DET. ANDERS
What kept them from screaming their
lungs off when the truck stopped?

ALICIA THOMAS
They were drugged to keep from
being too rambunctious. Rarely the
girls were beaten. Better to not
damage the merchandise.

LT. BAKER
Do you know how many parties your
daughter got shipped to?

ALICIA THOMAS
Much of it became a blur. She
remembers being taken to many
wealthy mansions, cleaned up and
put into fancy clothes. The girls
were expected to strut around till
chosen, then taken to a secluded
room and raped.

Alicia becomes teary-eyed.
The despicable things they did to
my girl. If I ever found who was
behind this, I'd kill them myself.

LT. BAKER
How did she get away?

ALICIA THOMAS

The truck stopped at a weigh station and the operator noticed discrepancies in the paper work. After calling the state police, the driver was arrested and they unloaded the truck. Figured they had a major drug bust.

SP.DET. ANDERS

Was your daughter alone?

Alicia shakes her head.

ALICIA THOMAS

No, there were two other girls with her. Each sitting on a separate chair, inside a box marked "Return to Sender".

LT. BAKER

Would be helpful to have your daughter's testimony in this developing case. Could we trouble you and Lidia to drop by the office to make a formal statement?

ALICIA THOMAS

Already is a police report on record and it's disturbing for her to dredge this up. Especially depressing, as nothing came from the original investigation. Lidia would be willing to testify, if this time charges were laid and it went to court.

LT. BAKER

Mind sharing contact info?

ALICIA THOMAS

Not at all... I'll write down our phone number and email address.

Mrs. Thomas writes their info on the back of a T.A.P card, and Baker hands Alicia one of his Special Victims Unit cards.

LT. BAKER

Can't thank you enough.

MIDTOWN - MAGDALENE'S BALM TAVERN - BAR

Baker sips his usual soda and lime.

BAKER

Earlier today, I met a guy I've seen before. Just can't recall where.

KOVACS

Unless you arrested him, chances are you saw him here.

BAKER

Why so sure?

KOVACS

Been working here about seven months and known you for six. Sorry to say, you've only been sober for a few weeks now.

BAKER

Point being?

KOVACS

In that time, you've had three fights in the bar. If you weren't a cop and such a steady customer, my boss would have given you the boot long ago.

BAKER

Any idea who those guys were?

KOVACS

Two were regulars and the day after, you guys sat down and worked it out. The other one threw his card on the table and crowed, "if you want another round, I'd be happy to oblige, blah, blah, blah." Hold on...

Going to the end of the bar, Sally scans a bulletin board of cards pinned there. She reaches up and takes one down. She hands it to Baker.

KOVACS

Here's his card.

Baker strums the card with his finger.

BAKER

This is the guy. Strange, he didn't let on we'd met.

Standing up, Baker smiles at Sally.

BAKER

This Rod Fergus... What did we fight about?

KOVACS

You were bragging how you were going to find my sister and for some reason he lost it.

BAKER

Did he say he knew her?

KOVACS

No... He said, "Atlanta cops couldn't find a rabbit, if they stepped in its hole."

CENTRAL PRECINCT - PARKING LOT

Baker and Anders relax in the Ford Crown Vic police cruiser. Pernell approaches, opens a rear door and climbs in the back.

2011 FORD CROWN VICTORIA P.I. #51

Pernell closes the door behind him.

DET. PERNELL

Morning, Lt.... Anders...

LT. BAKER

Back for a ride-along, Pernell?

DET. PERNELL

Yes, sir. By the way, finally found the Kovacs file.

Baker turns to look back at Pernell, as Anders wheels the car into traffic.

LT. BAKER

Figured as much.

DET. PERNELL
How'd you know?

Baker chuckles.

LT. BAKER
You showed up... Find anything
useful?

DET. PERNELL
Not much... Three pages are missing
and no photos.

LT. BAKER
How odd...

DET. PERNELL
Quite... Did notice I'd written,
she may have been involved in the
sex trade.

Baker looks back at Pernell.

LT. BAKER
What made you think that?

DET. PERNELL
According to her landlord, she paid
six months in advance. How does a
pretty woman studying to be a
flight attendant afford that? Where
we headed, by the way?

LT. BAKER
Logan International... Time to
visit Henderson's neighbour.

SP.DET. ANDERS
I need to take a leak. You guys
want a coffee if I pull into Sandy
Springs?

LT. BAKER
Be quick about it, Anders.

DET. PERNELL
Double double, for me...

LT. BAKER
I'll pass...

SANDY SPRINGS COFFEE SHOP - FRONT PARKING

Anders drives into the lot and parks.

SP.DET. ANDERS

Back in a sec...

He jumps out and sprints for the door. Baker and Pernell climb out and lean against the car, enjoying the sunny day. Time passes...

What's taking Anders so long? Must be going for the Guinness Book of Records.

Pernell points at Anders leaving the building with the coffee.

DET. PERNELL

Probably making a call. Here he comes now.

Pernell opens the door to get in the back.

LT. BAKER

I'll take the back seat, Pernell. You ride up front. Hurry up, Anders, we can't mess around all day.

Anders hands Pernell his coffee, then jumps in behind the wheel. Pernell walks around and gets in the front passenger seat. Baker climbs in the back.

2011 FORD CROWN VICTORIA P.I. #51

Anders takes a sip of his coffee, then turns to look at Baker.

SP.DET. ANDERS

Sure you won't be more comfortable up front, Lt.?

LT. BAKER

Nope! I'm fine.

Anders sets his coffee in the console cup holder, then turns the ignition.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - LOGAN INTERNATIONAL

The Crown Vic pulls into the Logan International front drive. The cruiser creeps up to the front entrance and pulls into a vacant spot.

2011 FORD CROWN VICTORIA P.I. #51

SP.DET, ANDERS

Pernell, why don't you relax and enjoy your coffee. Lt. and I got this.

DET. PERNELL

What's up, Anders? Am I crowding your space? Now you've had your big promotion...

SP.DET, ANDERS

Whatever...

LT. BAKER

Take it easy, kids... I need both of you on the ball. Let's go...

LOGAN INTERNATIONAL - FRONT PARKING LOT

Pernell climbs out, a shot's fired and he drops to the ground. Baker and Anders roll out drawing their guns.

SP.DET. ANDERS

Where did that come from?

Baker moves to the back of the car and peeks around. Pernell is dead on the pavement. The top of his head blown off.

LT. BAKER

Pernell's dead...

Baker keeps his eyes peeled for the shooter. Anders grabs the mic and calls for backup.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK

Various police cars, SWAT team trucks and an ambulance approach the furniture factories.

LOGAN INTERNATIONAL - FRONT PARKING LOT

Police vehicles and the ambulance enter the parking lot. The SWAT TEAM, in helmets and Kevlar with automatic weaponry, fan out into the surrounding area. Baker and Anders approach the PARAMEDICS who check out Pernell.

LT. BAKER

Dammit, shooter's long gone...
Anders, can I borrow your phone?

SP.DET. ANDERS

Some reason you won't get your own?

Anders pulls out his Smartphone, then hands it over. Baker punches in a number.

LT. BAKER

Captain, shot fired and Pernell's down, at the Old Town Industrial park... Yeah, definitely deceased, caught one through the top of the head. Right, see you soon.

Baker walks to the back of the cruiser and leans against the trunk. Anders approaches and Baker returns his phone.

SP.DET. ANDERS

What's up?

LT. BAKER

M.E. dispatched, Captain's on the way and we're to sit tight. Regards your question, cell phones emit electromagnetic radiation.

SP.DET. ANDERS

You've got to be kidding...

LT. BAKER

Companies claim they're safe, what else they going to say? Jenni died of brain cancer. Spent half her life yakking on those damn things.

SP.DET. ANDERS

In our line of work, a cell phone is the least of our problems.

Fulton County Chief Medical Examiner, DR. JAN GORNIAK, consults with the PARAMEDICS, as they lift Pernell's body onto a gurney. The ambulance and cruiser are surrounded by the newly arrived media circus, snapping photos, shooting

video and asking questions. As Capt. Lennox arrives, Dr. Gorniak approaches the Detectives.

DR. GORNIAK
Hello, boys, no mystery here. Det. Pernell took a bullet in the forehead. Dead before he hit the ground.

CAPT. LENNOX
Any idea on the weapon?

Dr. Gorniak shrugs.

DR. GORNIAK
Some high powered military sniper rifle. Too early to say what exactly, till we get him back to the morgue. Sorry about your friend.

The Chief Medical Examiner walks away. Baker and the Captain eye each other in dismay.

CAPT. LENNOX
What the hell's going on, Baker? A high tech drone gizmo stalking you and blowing up the office. A military sniper taking out Pernell...

The detectives watch as the M.E. and the loaded ambulance drive off.

LT. BAKER
Dammed if I know, Captain. Never told anyone we were coming.

ATLANTA ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS CENTRAL

Baker listens to fellow alcoholics. He shakes hands with one of the regulars at the end of the meeting.

1958 CHEVROLET BEL AIR IMPALA SPORT COUPE

Baker drives home in the rain.

HOME PARK - ETHEL ST.NW. - BAKER'S HOUSE

The garage door rumbles open and the overhead light comes on, as Baker turns into the driveway. He drives into the garage and the door rumbles closed.

BAKER'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Baker unlocks the side door to the kitchen. He steps inside, closing the door behind him.

BAKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

As Baker flips the kitchen light switch, he's smacked in the head and crashes to the floor. Before passing out, he hears vague conversation and observes someone wearing expensive high heels standing close to him.

MYSTERY WOMAN

You hit him too hard.

MYSTERY MAN ONE

He'll come around in a minute.

MYSTERY MAN TWO

Think he knows what's going on?

MYSTERY MAN ONE

Just some fool drunk.

MYSTERY WOMAN

For a souse, he's a pain in the ass. Find out what he knows.

MYSTERY MAN TWO

Get out of here before he wakes up.

BAKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Baker finds himself strapped to a kitchen chair. TWO MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS face him, shining a light in his eyes.

MYSTERY MAN TWO

Sleepytime boy awakes...

MYSTERY MAN ONE

Been out a good half hour.

Man Two opens a case, pulls out a vial and syringe. He fills the syringe and returns the vial to the bag. He walks over to Baker, pulls up a sleeve and injects him.

MYSTERY MAN TWO
Sodium Pentothal will get the truth
out of him.

Man Two returns the syringe to his bag of tricks.

MYSTERY MAN ONE
We know you've been abducting
children and having your way with
them.

MYSTERY MAN TWO
Why did you whack your wife?
Apparently, a hot babe. Was she
stepping out on you?

BAKER
I'm a police detective. Who do you
think I am?

MYSTERY MAN ONE
We're not fooled by your cover.

MYSTERY MAN TWO
You're a sick bastard.

Man One grabs Baker by the hair and slams his head on the
kitchen table.

BAKER
Ouch!

MYSTERY MAN TWO
Easy, we're in no rush here. So,
when did you start torturing
animals?

BAKER
I love animals...

MYSTERY MAN ONE
We know you like the sauce. How
about a taste?

Man Two takes out a bottle of cheap whiskey from the bag and
unscrews the top. Man One wrenches Baker's head back, then
pinches his nose.

MYSTERY MAN TWO
All right, tough guy... Have a
drink.

Man Two pours liquor into Baker's mouth. Baker coughs and
sputters, spitting out what he can.

MYSTERY MAN ONE

You're a messy bastard. Didn't your
momma teach you better?

Man Two keeps pouring liquor. Baker chokes until his throat
begins to spasm.

BAKER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Two paramedics work on Baker lying on a stretcher, bandaging
his head and checking his vitals.

KOVACS

This isn't what it looks.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX

How did you get my number, Sally?

KOVACS

William's phone directory on the
kitchen counter. I called you
first, then 911.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX

He smells of liquor.

KOVACS

He just got home from Alcoholics
Anonymous.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX

You're sure?

KOVACS

Dropped me at work and was off to
his meeting. Hasn't drunk more than
soda and lime for ages. He knew I
was coming over after my shift.

Sally walks over and smiles at a bewildered Baker. Turning,
she faces Lennox.

KOVACS

Kept it to himself, but he's on
Vivitrol.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX

What's that?

KOVACS

Suppresses the need for a
drink. Whoever did this wants it

KOVACS
to look like he had a relapse, to
get him off the case.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX
Capt. Bennett will suspend him for
sure. Fact is, a medical leave
would not be a bad idea.

KOVACS
William needs you in his corner and
you need him on this case.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX
Let's get him to the hospital.
He'll need tests to convince her
otherwise.

KOVACS
His face should be proof enough.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX
There's blood on the edge of the
counter. He could have passed out
and hit his head.

Sally watches the paramedics wheel Baker out the door to the
ambulance.

KOVACS
Whoever did this was very
professional.

GRADY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM

Kovacs and the Deputy Chief stand beside Baker in a private
hospital room.

KOVACS
Sit tight, William.

BAKER
Just a mild concussion. I'm going
home.

LENNOX
Dr. Balki said your blood showed
only small traces of alcohol and no
recreational drugs.

Dr. Paul Balki walks into the room.

DR. BALKI

Just got off the phone with Capt. Bennett. She's faxing over the request paperwork for a "Medical Board of Evaluation". Good news, I'm one of the three doctors on it, the bad news, you're not going anywhere.

BAKER

You've got to be kidding?

DR. BALKI

Police psychologist, Dr. Frampton and our head of psychiatry, Dr. Wootten, will both be interviewing you.

LENNOX

Bennett's not fooling around. I have complete confidence in you, Baker, but I can't argue with her on this. Look at what you've been through recently.

KOVACS

I'll come by every day, till this is sorted. We can talk and you can get some rest.

BAKER

I've pissed off some powerful people. All because I re-opened the cold case on Sally's sister.

DR. BALKI

I'm on your side, Bill.

BAKER

You've been a rock for me, Dr. Paul and your Vivitrol treatment has helped, despite the side effects. There's no way I had a relapse. Yes, I'm confused about what happened last night, but not about why.

LENNOX

Side effects?

DR. BALKI

The side effects are certainly not related to this. May seem like

DR. BALKI

Capt. Bennett is pushing things. I understand she's just taken over Earl's job, so there's got to be a ton of pressure on her to stick to protocol.

KOVACS

You'll get through this, William.

DR. BALKI

You've been solid with your recovery. Give us a day or two. You'll be back on the job later in the week.

BAKER

You know I'm grateful for your efforts on my behalf.

Sally steps towards Baker and they hug.

LENNOX

You're in good hands, Baker. Kick back, if that's at all possible. I'll drop by tomorrow and we can discuss the case.

BAKER

Thank you, everyone...

GRADY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE

Sally strolls beside the Deputy Chief pushing Baker in a wheelchair. They cross from the front door to Baker's Chevy, where Baker stand up. Sally returns the wheelchair to the lobby.

BAKER

I've been such a dimwit. Anders must have tipped off someone we were going to the Industrial Park. Told them to shoot the person in the front passenger seat.

LENNOX

You're being paranoid...

BAKER

Makes perfect sense. Was suspicious of Pernell over the lost Kovacs file. But Anders was really shook,

BAKER
when he returned with the coffee
and found me in the back seat.

LENNOX
You sure about this? Just hard to
believe...

BAKER
Can't be sure of anything. Would
feel better, if you'd assign me a
partner from another unit. Thanks
for everything, by the way.

LENNOX
Modesto Morales would be perfect,
I've known him a long time. Sally
is the one you should be thanking,
for all the time she spent on your
convalescence. Was her suggestion I
bring the Chevy over for your ride
home.

BAKER
Never imagined I'd find someone
after Jenni. This girl is special.
She could be the one.

LENNOX
You do make a lovely couple.

Lennox takes his leave and waves as Sally approaches. She opens the door on the driver's side, then looks sharply at Baker.

KOVACS
Don't even think it, William Q.
Baker. Get in the passenger side.

BAKER
No problem with me. I'm happy to
let someone else do the driving.

Baker climbs into the front passenger seat and Sally jumps in behind the wheel.

1958 CHEVROLET BEL AIR IMPALA SPORT COUPE

Sally releases the clutch too quickly, as she steps on the gas. The Chevy lurches awkwardly and she struggles to steer through the hospital parking lot. She brakes at a stop sign and waits for the traffic to open up.

BAKER

Take it easy, Sally. This is my baby.

KOVACS

More like a relic, with this old fashioned three on the floor standard shift.

BAKER

Classic '58 Chevy Bel Air Impala Sport Coupe... Don't make 'em like this anymore.

KOVACS

Perfect for old war vets like us.

Baker chuckles.

KOVACS

Got something to get off my chest, William.

I'm listening...

Sally pulls out into moderate city traffic.

KOVACS

When first I learned your story, of course I was sympathetic, losing your wife and all. Then, you boasted about finding my sister's killer. Sure, I was hopeful, but you were such a mess.

BAKER

Hopeful, I'd find Mary's killer...

KOVACS

Not that, getting sober... Whoever is trying to kill you, has done you a big favour. Sobering you up...

Baker points to the upcoming intersection.

BAKER

What changed? That you trust me now?

KOVACS

You didn't back off, with all that's happened. I know you

KOVACS
understand my grief and anger at
losing my sister.

BAKER
I respect you're determined to find
who's responsible, but there's a
bigger picture here. We've gotta
help the abducted that are still
living.

Sally slows down as they approach a stop light.

KOVACS
Think I don't realize that? I'm
just sorry for trying to use you.
Sucking you into my drama.

BAKER
That's just not true, it's my job.
The real problem is my personal
drama getting in the way. Straight
through... this drive.

Sally pulls into Baker's driveway and stops. The car idles.

KOVACS
I'll call a taxi.

Baker reaches over to the remote clipped to the visor. He
pushes the button and the garage door opens and the overhead
light comes on.

BAKER
Since Jenni was buried, I never
considered bringing another woman
home, till now. Would you like to
come in and stay for dinner?

KOVACS
William Quanah Baker. Thought you'd
never ask...

HOME PARK - ETHEL ST.NW. - BAKER'S HOUSE

The Chevy moves up the driveway into the garage and the door
rumbles closed.

BAKER'S HOME - DINING NOOK

Sally and Bill unwind after a lovely meal. They sip filter coffee at the kitchen table by candle light.

KOVACS

Recently stumbled across an interesting government deal on the privatization of the Atlanta International Airport. Since World War II, it's been officially a military asset and big bucks are involved. Guess who are up to their legal briefs in this deal with Alpha Airlines and the Pentagon?

BAKER

Have no idea...

KOVACS

A U.S. arms dealer, Stonewall Inc. and their lobbying firm, Public Advocates. As Stonewall Inc. manufactures state-of-the-art military weaponry, it would make Public Advocates well-positioned to access a customized flying grenade launcher.

BAKER

Did you happen to find any names behind this law firm?

Sally nods.

KOVACS

Yes, I did. An attorney, named Julie Babcock, is the senior partner.

BAKER

I recently met her... A very charming lady who claims to be in charge of logistics for Logan International.

KOVACS

Public Advocates was involved in the purchase of Gary Logan's half of Logan International by Henderson Industries, a shell company owned by Stonewall Incorporated. Wondered if they might have money in Logan

KOVACS

International, but no. That's still completely owned by Barry Logan, though he spends a lot of time traveling and relies heavily on Ms. Babcock.

BAKER

Strange they haven't tried to absorb both companies. This Julie Babcock certainly has her fingers in a lot of pies.

KOVACS

Was wondering that myself. My take is Babcock set it up, so if things go south, the Henderson CEO, George Freeman, will be the patsy.

BAKER

A long and winding road.

KOVACS

Gets even more convoluted...

BAKER

Oh?

KOVACS

Julie Babcock is Dean Anders' ex-wife's sister. So, I checked his bank account.

BAKER

And...

KOVACS

Regular deposits of \$5000 a month over the last year. As well as an original \$200,000 used to pay off the mortgage on his new condo.

BAKER

Wonder what he does to justify that amount of fragrant grease. Not very bright flashing money like that. Think Anders is being set up as well?

KOVACS

Could be... Now what?

BAKER

Good question... Nice to have my own personal hacker. Enough shop talk, what do you think about dessert?

Sally leans over and blows out a candle.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WALTER HERBERT WARNER, (48), Vice President of Marketing for Stonewall Inc., sits comfortably in his handmade Italian Kulik System ergonomic office chair. He stretches in his expensive Caraceni three piece suit, as he unlocks a desk drawer to retrieve a burner phone. Resting his feet in their comfortable Testoni black leather lace ups on the empty Senato premium solid Teak hardwood executive desk, he punches in a number, then holds the Walmart burner phone to his ear.

WARNER

Hello?

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

Julie Babcock is preoccupied searching through a computer file, when she responds to a hum in a desk drawer. She pulls out a burner phone and punches a button.

MS. BABCOCK

Yes?

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER

Like to place an order. Required September 22nd at the Langley house. A full "Ballroom Suite" for an Autumn Equinox party.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK

OK... Same finish as last time?

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER

That would be fine. Have you resolved the production problem you mentioned?

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK

Yes. Everything's fine.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER

Excellent... Have a good day.

Warner disconnects. He sits up and puts the burner back in its drawer.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

Babcock disconnects and returns the phone to its home. She opens a notebook and makes an entry.

ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS

Baker and Kovacs meet Sir Robert Moray arriving on his flight from London Heathrow Airport. Sally rushes to give Sir Robert a hug. Baker maintains an awkward reserve.

SALLY KOVACS

Lt. William Baker, let me introduce Sir Robert Moray.

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Cut the Sir Robert crap... Makes me feel like a pompous ass. Lt. Baker, can I call you Bill?

Baker puts out his hand and Sir Robert takes a firm grip.

LT. WILLIAM BAKER

Bill's fine. What should I call you?

SIR ROBERT MORAY

For a good friend of Sally's, Bob will do nicely...

SALLY KOVACS
He's Uncle Bob to me.

LT. WILLIAM BAKER
Much luggage, Bob?

SIR ROBERT MORAY
Apart from my carry on, just the
one case.

LT. WILLIAM BAKER
Follow me. Baggage pickup is this
direction.

Baker plows through the crowd as Sally and Sir Robert follow
in his wake.

ATLANTA INTL. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE PICKUP

KOVACS
It's a treat to see you again.

MORAY
I've missed you, too, Sally.

Sir Robert spots his bag, elbows his way into the crowd and
snags it off the moving carousel. The group heads off to the
parking garage.

1958 CHEVROLET BEL AIR IMPALA SPORT COUPE

Sally sits in the front passenger seat beside Baker and
uncle Bob relaxes in the back. Baker taps the gas and chugs
through the parking garage labyrinth.

MORAY
This car is in excellent shape.
Wasn't 1958 the first year General
Motors made the Chevy Bel Air
Impala?

BAKER
Not many Americans would know that.

MORAY
My dad was a big fan of classic
American cars. Bet you have the 348
cubic inch Turbo-Thrust V-8.

BAKER

Yes, I do. Wonders never cease...
So, where are you staying?

MORAY

At the downtown Ritz-Carlton.

KOVACS

Bob loves putting on the Ritz?

Baker cruises out the main highway to downtown Atlanta.

MORAY

Enough of the working class
disdain. Some toff at the Yard
booked this for me.

KOVACS

Back in London, teasing uncle Bob
was my full time job. Though he is
one of the few down-to-earth types
of that high-toned bunch.

MORAY

A rare complement from Dame Kovacs.

Sally chuckles.

MORAY

We have much to talk about. I
booked a hotel conference room at
lunchtime tomorrow, for a
discussion with the FBI and Atlanta
poobahs about this human
trafficking ring. They're very
interested in what you have to
contribute on this topic.

BAKER

We'll be there.

KOVACS

We could get together in the
morning to catch up before the
meeting? There's an excellent
coffee shop in the hotel lobby.

MORAY

That would be perfect.

BAKER

Have a good rest and we'll pick
this up again tomorrow. Maybe we'll

BAKER
even have a chance to talk about
classic cars.

MORAY
I'd like that.

Baker pulls into the hotel front entrance.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE

Baker gets out, to let Bob escape from the back seat of the two door coupe. They shake hands, this time with more enthusiasm from Bill. Baker pops the trunk and a BELL BOY takes Bob's bag.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - JITTERY JOE'S

Kovacs and Baker cross to Sir Robert sitting at a table sipping a cup of tea.

MORAY
Good morning you two. Have a seat.

KOVACS
Hope you slept well.

A WAITER, (24), slim and fit, notices Sir Robert has company and approaches.

MORAY
Slept like a rock. Know what you want? They have a remarkable variety of options.

Kovacs and Baker scan the wall menu.

WAITER
Are you ready to order?

KOVACS
I'd like a large Matagalpa Nicaragua coffee and one of your freshly baked croissants.

BAKER
Regular Espresso would be fine for me.

MORAY

I'll have another pot of green tea.

WAITER

Very good...

The waiter crosses to the station and shares the order with an attractive female barista, (22).

BAKER

Would love to hear how you guys met.

KOVACS

Don't you dare...

Sally looks daggers at Uncle Bob.

MORAY

Poor lad deserves even a sanitized version of the memorable tale. Unlikely Sally has revealed much of her childhood. Sadly in this modern age, there remains rampant misunderstanding on the subject of autism.

BAKER

Autism?

MORAY

Shamefully, Sally was considered retarded for many years because of her reluctance to speak. Am sure you appreciate she's sharp as tack. After one of her teachers introduced her to computers, she dove into that digital world and rarely comes out.

KOVACS

What I've previously shared is the essential truth. Especially about my alcoholic and abusive father. I can thank the rotten bastard for permanently turning me off drugs, alcohol... and men, for the most part.

Sally pauses to smile at Baker, as the waiter returns with their hot drinks.

MORAY

The aroma from your excellent shop is wonderful. Thank you and the barista for the prompt and gracious service.

WAITER

Our pleasure, sir. The barista is actually my wife. This is a mom and pop outfit.

MORAY

Well, you certainly have a great location. All the best with your business.

WAITER

Thank you for the kind comment.

The waiter smiles and moves on.

BAKER

You were saying...

KOVACS

Right... As I got older and confident in the digital world, I began to reach out to others. Unfortunately, it was a great disappointment, as most just had sex on their mind. What excites me is solving problems and embracing mysteries.

MORAY

Once Sally discovered the Dark Net, she began to find what she was looking for, people with great respect for problem solvers. At fourteen years of age, while still living at home, her parents had no idea she was earning thousand of pounds a month and owned the most sophisticated computer gear on the market.

KOVACS

If not for autism, am sure I would have blabbed about my lucrative pay.

MORAY

One day she hacked the supposedly impregnable computer system at Scotland Yard. A major embarrassment having a bloody teenage punk rocker crack our sophisticated firewall. We ended up offering her a job, as it's a PR nightmare to put a child up on charges.

KOVACS

Having previously spent all my childhood in a London slum, Uncle Bob's occasional invitation for me and my family to visit his estate in Scotland was life changing. Being introduced to nature and especially swimming was magic to me. Nothing like getting out of the city into the serenity of the country.

BAKER

How odd, you grew up in the big city and moon about the country. I grew up in a rural native community in northwestern Oklahoma and dreamed of living in a big city. After many years in Atlanta, am only now awakening from some kind of amnesia of remarkable childhood memories on the land.

KOVACS

Thanks to uncle Bob, for the first time in my life, I wanted to talk and in time, he sort of weaned me off the Dark Net. Of course, ole dad was delighted to have me contribute financially to the family. Still didn't improve matters between my parents, as it threatened dad's bullshit machismo and incompetence as a hustler.

MORAY

Sort of?

BAKER

Don't talk much about my childhood either. Both my parents were mixed-blood, Irish-Comanche. Only

BAKER

my dad was still connected to his Indigenous Soul, while my mum had been shamed into rejecting her Comanche culture.

KOVACS

Didn't realize you're Native American. How cool is that...

BAKER

My mum was bitter, trying to escape a life of abject poverty. I shared my father's love of nature and the warrior code. Ironically, I was the only child of six who realized our mother's dream of escaping to a big city.

KOVACS

Fortunately, my dad's rotten health did him in, which spared me investing in having him whacked. Years later, after Mary was grown and on her own, mum became too sick from Alzheimers and had to live in a nursing home. I set up a trust account for them both, so when mum finally passed last year, Mary decided to come to Atlanta.

MORAY

We've been following human trafficking through the Atlanta International Airport for some years, so we realized having Sally here, unofficially, could be a major asset. Never imagined Mary would become a victim of this sex ring herself. You can count on Sally's determination to track down these despicable inhuman creatures.

BAKER

Speaking of which, where do we find the conference room for this meeting today?

MORAY

It's on the mezzanine, but take your time. Come by at one o'clock. Should be organized by then.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - MEZZANINE HALLWAY

Kovacs and Baker step out of the elevator into the hallway. A few FBI agents hover near the doorway to the conference room. Baker steps up to one close to the door and flashes his ID.

LT. BAKER

Lt. Baker, Atlanta Special Victims.
This is Sally Kovacs. We're
expected.

The agent waves them in.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM

Sir Robert motions for Bill and Sally to join the group relaxed in comfortable chairs around a large conference table.

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Gentlemen, this is Lt. Bill Baker from the Atlanta Special Victims Unit. Bill, assume you know CHIEF GEORGE TURNER, Deputy Chief Earl Lennox and MAYOR JASON SHIELDS. You may have heard of legendary FBI DEPUTY DIRECTOR, ALASTAIR MCAULEY and this is Counter Surveillance Specialist, SPECIAL AGENT ALLEN BRICKHOUSE.

Baker takes a seat beside Deputy Chief Lennox. Let me now introduce you all to Commander Sally Kovacs, my colleague with Scotland Yard. Sally has been on leave of absence over the past year in Atlanta. It's the Commander's remarkable breakthrough that brought us together.

Sally smiles and slides into a chair beside Baker, surprised to discover Sally outranks him.

DEP.DIR. MCAULEY

A pleasure to meet you both, as am dying to hear what's been discovered. However, would like to know what a high ranking British operative has been doing in the U.S. for the past year. Considering Scotland Yard's jurisdiction is the City of London...

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Alastair, the Yard has been completely forthcoming with the FBI, as our investigations relate to the United States. Consider for a moment the hysteria generated by allegations into Russian interference in a recent American presidential election. Might one imagine the extreme media shitstorm, if there was a leak, regards an international investigation into American interference with the British House of Lords?

The Deputy Director is shocked.

DEP.DIR. MCAULEY

Is this related to human trafficking?

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Trust me when I say, it was complete happenstance Cdr. Kovacs stumbled across the connection between a major American defense contractor and a Phoenix lobbying firm. These companies have been involved for some time on an international level abducting young children, male and female, for sexual favours with important politicians and celebrities. These high status individuals were subsequently blackmailed to influence their activities.

MAYOR SHIELDS

How does this operation involve Atlanta?

SIR ROBERT MORAY

This story has become very personal for Cdr. Kovacs, as her own younger sister, Mary Kovacs, was abducted and later murdered by this despicable cabal, possibly here in Atlanta. Since the Commander and Lt. Baker became acquainted, it appears that moles at both the Missing Persons Unit and the Special Victims Unit have contrived

SIR ROBERT MORAY
to sideline the murder
investigation of Mary Kovacs and
possibly other victims.

MAYOR SHIELDS
Moles in the Atlanta Police
Department?

SIR ROBERT MORAY
When Lt. Baker connected the dots
and re-opened this cold case, he
has been relentlessly hunted by a
sophisticatd cabal. He was blown up
in his own office, a colleague
murdered by a sniper assuming it
was him, then beaten and tortured
in his own home. The Lieutenant is
currently being threatened with a
medical discharge to get him off
this case.

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX
Mayor Shields, Chief Turner and I
have prepared a comprehensive
report, regards suspicion of moles
within the Atlanta Police
Department. We are in agreement the
FBI be involved in a sting to take
down this conspiracy and are
concerned details of this case be
shared with as few people as
possible. Regards the currently
pending report of the Medical Board
of Evaluation on Lt. Baker, our
recommendation is to go through the
motion of suspending the Lt. and
appear to close the Mary Kovacs
murder file for lack of evidence.

CHIEF TURNER
Thank you, Earl, and before I
comment further, I'd like to thank
Cdr. Kovacs for her contribution,
especially while still grieving the
tragic loss of her sister. Lt.
Baker has also gone above and
beyond the call of duty on this
case and Earl and I are in full
agreement, when the dust settles,
that the City of Atlanta Police
Department honour these two.

MAYOR SHIELDS

Representing the City of Atlanta, I too would like to thank Cdr. Kovacs and Lt. Baker, for their stalwart efforts and contribution. From what I understand, am happy to sign off immediately on that report.

Chief Turner hands the document to Mayor Shields. After a quick scan, the mayor pulls out a pen and signs it with a flourish. The mayor returns it to Chief Turner, then looks back at Sir Robert.

MAYOR SHIELDS CONT'D

Am also dying of curiosity to see this classified evidence Sir Robert has brought across the Atlantic to our fair city.

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Special Agent Brickhouse has already helped me connect a video camcorder to the large screen TV, the hotel has kindly supplied. Just have to install the memory card, then we can get on with the show.

Sir Robert pulls out a small black carbon fibre memory card case from his messenger bag. He removes a tiny 64GB memory card, which he hands to the agent. Brickhouse installs the memory chip in the camcorder.

SP.AGENT BRICKHOUSE

Ready for action, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Great... Could someone please get the lights?

SP.AGENT BRICKHOUSE

I've got it.

Brickhouse crosses to turn off the overhead. Sir Robert hits play on the camcorder.

LONDON - BELGRAVIA - LORD DUNCAN'S DEN

Facing the camera, LORD CROSBY DUNCAN, 7th EARL OF BOGSWATER, (53), is revealed, resplendent in a red embroidered silk smoking jacket. He sets down the remote on a sumptuous 17th century antique tiger oak desk.

LORD DUNCAN

My name is Lord Crosby Duncan, 7th Earl of Bogswater. My horror and shame for having sullied the honour of my venerable ancestors prompts me to clear the air with this formal confession.

Lord Duncan removes a hanky from his breast pocket and loudly blows his nose. He then pours a shot into a crystal brandy snifter from his bottle of obscenely expensive Henri IV Dudognon Heritage Cognac Grande Champagne and takes a belt.

LORD DUNCAN (CONT'D)

While at the Clermont Club one day, I was invited to join a motley crew of the Canary Wharf crowd and before I knew it, was swept up in the blandishments of an exotic menu, hot women, expensive liquor and cigars with a pronounced robust spicy flavor. Ah, the exhilaration of gambling the future of the planet's indigenous population on endless military intervention. Why else would the new kids in town with the best toys be executives from American defense contractors, most notably, Mr. Walter Herbert Warner, the self-important vice president of marketing for Stonewall Inc. of Langley, Virginia.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM

This touches a nerve and Deputy Director Alastair McAuley flags Sir Robert to hit the pause button.

DEP.DIR. MCAULEY

This pompous bastard loves to hear himself talk. How much of this bullshit do we have to endure?

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Alastair, I do agree. Much of his blather is exceedingly tedious. Please be patient, as he does eventually get down to the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

DEP.DIR. MCAULEY
All right... Get on with it.

Sir Robert releases the pause button, to once again run Lord Duncan's video clip.

INT. LONDON - BELGRAVIA - LORD DUNCAN'S DEN

LORD DUNCAN
Walter began lavishly regaling us with an exotic tale of an upcoming Summer Solstice celebration. Due to the unique nature of this feast, the horrendous price tag was one million pounds. Fool that I am, I couldn't wait to be part of that inner circle.

As Lord Duncan's mouth becomes parched, he pauses briefly to clear his throat and take another nip from his snifter.

LORD DUNCAN (CONT'D)
That evening, we waded through an indulgent fourteen course dinner, during which Walter teased us endlessly with oblique references to the final Ballroom Sweet, where the juiciest sweetheart amongst the provided female companionship was to be chosen as the Queen of the Bean. When the Spicy Fruitcake was served, each of us chewed carefully, searching for a dried cocoa bean, for whoever found the bean was to be dubbed King of the Bean and granted the honour of being first in line for the public rogering of the naked chosen one. This proved to be a rowdy and raucous affair, performed on a large and sturdy oak banquet table, until the chosen one eventually was fucked unconscious.

Lord Duncan cackles perversely. He pauses to wet his whistle from the brandy snifter. Then wipes spittle from his mouth with the hanky.

LORD DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Walter performed the ritual of draining the chosen one's blood and tearing out the young woman's

LORD DUNCAN (CONT'D)

heart, where upon we all spontaneously and vigorously applauded, as the heart was cut into portions and served to each of us by our own beautiful and scantily clad wench. Walter charged us all to raise our cups, to toast the Summer Solstice and savour the endless fruits of our labour, while with great gusto to a man, we tucked into our fresh raw heart and joyfully quaffed the blood of the innocent. Once engorged by the aphrodisiac qualities of this Ballroom Sweet, each of our wenches led us off to private rooms, where we spent a rapturous night consummating the ritual with randy great sex.

Lord Duncan pauses to press the palms of his hands into his eye sockets, to relax pressure in his eyeballs. Then, once again, he resumes his soliloquy.

LORD DUNCAN (CONT'D)

My horror has nothing to do with waking to the grim realization that I took part in the murder of some nameless young innocent, rather from receiving a text informing me I was being blackmailed to vote as directed in the House of Lords for the rest of my life term. Otherwise, explicit video footage of my glee in the enjoyment of this grotesquerie, would be shared in the most public of ways. Miserable and meagre though my parliamentary accomplishments may be, my votes are my choices for good or for ill and for that reason I make this declaration.

Lord Duncan opens up an antique carved walnut handgun case and lifts out a loaded "Anderson Wheeler Mark VII Webley .357 Magnum" pistol. He proceeds to press the gun barrel underneath his chin. Then, once again, faces the camera.

LORD DUNCAN (CONT'D)

My name is Lord Crosby Duncan. The 7th and last Earl of Bogswater.

Lord Duncan pulls the trigger. The blast takes off the top of his head and splatters blood over the camera lens. The video image pixelates, then fades to black.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM

Sir Robert hits stop on the camcorder and with a gesture to Allen Brickhouse, the overhead light comes on.

CDR. KOVACS

Oh Mary, you were a... chosen one.

Sally jumps up and runs from the room, closely followed by Lt. Baker. Bill stops at the door and turns to Sir Robert.

LT. BAKER

Nice one, uncle Bob... Thanks for the delightful surprise, especially memorable for Sally. Gentlemen...

Baker turns and leaves the room. Sir Robert is horrified.

DEP.DIR. MCAULEY

That went well...

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Sally is the last person I'd ever want to offend. Please excuse me a moment. Will be right back.

Sir Robert runs from the room in search of Sally.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - MEZZANINE HALLWAY

Kovacs and Baker stand in the hallway waiting for the elevator. Sir Robert opens the door and crosses to Sally and Bill.

MORAY

Thank God, you're still here.

Sir Robert strides up to the couple.

KOVACS

So sorry, Robert, it's all my fault. I should have mentioned about Mary's missing heart. Still can't wrap my mind around those pigs doing such a thing.

MORAY

You do realize, I'd not have let you watch that video...

KOVACS

It's not you I'm angry at.

MORAY

Am so relieved... Do you and Bill still want to be involved with this sting operation?

KOVACS

Absolutely...

BAKER

Bloody right...

MORAY

Come back to the conference room. This meeting is far from over.

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM

Sir Robert steps through the door back into the room. Cdr. Kovacs and Capt. Baker are close behind.

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Sorry for the delay. Cdr. Kovacs and Lt. Baker are back!

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

Baker looks up, as Captain Bennett bursts in.

CAPT. BENNETT

Looking relaxed for a man with your troubles.

LT. BAKER

Should I take that as a compliment?

CAPT. BENNETT

Considering everything that's happened...

LT. BAKER

Any updates from Forensics about who entertained me in my kitchen?

CAPT. BENNETT

It's only confirmed there were two of them. Nothing more. Whoever they were, they covered their tracks.

LT. BAKER

What about the Chief Medical Examiner's report on Pernell? Any lead on the bullet?

CAPT. BENNETT

Military assault weapon of some kind. High-end sniper weapon systems are available to anyone who can pony up the cash. No match in our data base on what was left of the bullet.

LT. BAKER

What about the FBI?

CAPT. BENNETT

They also ran the slug and nothing there either. We now have budget to divert more personnel to the case, as no one shoots an Atlanta police officer and gets away with it. However, you need to have a look at this.

LT. BAKER

Medical Board of Evaluation report?

Capt. Bennett slaps an envelope on Baker's desk. He opens it up and scans the contents.

CAPT. BENNETT

You're immediately suspended for six months on medical grounds.

Baker nods seriously.

LT. BAKER

Not surprised.

CAPT. BENNETT

Time off may be just the ticket to get a grip on your life. You've been generously granted paid leave. I'll be needing your badge, ID card and handgun.

Baker removes his badge and ID from his jacket and puts it on the desk. He unclips his holster with standard issue Glock 22 Gen4 handgun and sets it down as well. The captain picks them up.

LT. BAKER

Will clean out my desk and be gone by lunch.

CAPT. BENNETT

You're taking this better than I imagined.

LT. BAKER

No lack of imagination on my part. Just not a lot I can do about it.

CAPT. BENNETT

All the best, Baker.

Thoughtfully, Capt. Bennett turns and leaves the office.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

While checking her computer, Julie Babcock discovers an email from Deputy Chief Earl Lennox.

BABCOCK'S COMPUTER SCREEN

To: Julie Babcock

Re: Cover blown - get out

BODY OF EMAIL

Baker's girl friend, Sally Kovacs, is a Commander with Scotland Yard.

high level computer hacker.

her sister, Mary Kovacs, was a chosen.

she is heavily motivated.

you have been targeted.

enact fail safe.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

Babcock immediately retrieves the burner and calls Rod Fergus.

MS. BABCOCK
Hello...

HENDERSON IND. - WASTE MGT. OFFICE

After retrieving a burner from his pocket, Fergus answers.

ROD FERGUS
Fergus here...

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

Babcock settles back in her chair.

MS. BABCOCK
Fail Safe... Move up the loading.
Get the boxes out of the building,
now!

HENDERSON IND. - WASTE MGT. OFFICE

ROD FERGUS
Will take half an hour. Packaging
is ready to go. Enable detonation
for one or both buildings?

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK
Both...

HENDERSON IND. - WASTE MGT. OFFICE

ROD FERGUS
Right...

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK
Move all boxes to the estate for
now. Final destination may change.
Hold there, till I confirm.

HENDERSON IND. - WASTE MGT. OFFICE

Fergus rises from his chair.

ROD FERGUS

I'm on it. See you there.

Babcock disconnects. Fergus pockets the phone and cleans out his desk.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

Babcock punches a preset for another call. She waits impatiently for Warner to pick up.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

Walter Herbert Warner sitting at his desk reacts to a humming burner in a drawer. He retrieves it and punches a button.

WARNER

Yes...

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

Babcock presses the phone to her ear.

MS. BABCOCK

Received alert to enact fail safe.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

Warner remains calm and dismissive.

WARNER

Do what you have to. Call me, when its sorted.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK

Everything here is under control. However, suggest immediate change of location for the upcoming event.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER

If you insist... That does seem
overly paranoid.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK

You pay me for expertise. This is
merely a recommendation.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER

Yes, yes... Your advice is always
money in the bank. Better safe than
sorry.

LOGAN INTL. - DIR. OF LOGISTICS OFFICE

MS. BABCOCK

Exactly...

Babcock disconnects and puts the burner in her purse. She
begins removing the hard drive from her computer.

HOME PARK - BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker walks into the kitchen to pick up his ringing
wall-mounted phone.

BAKER

Baker here... Sally, what's up?

LINWOOD - KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally sits at her computer station with a Bluetooth in her
ear. She sets down her Smartphone on the desk.

KOVACS

Have been monitoring the servers at
both Logan International and
Henderson Industries, as well as
Atlanta Police traffic.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker sits down on a kitchen stool.

BAKER

Someone at Sir Robert's meeting
blew your cover to Babcock?

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

KOVACS

Was an email from Deputy Chief
Lennox...

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

BAKER

I don't believe it...

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

KOVACS

If I was able to hack the Atlanta
Police server, someone else could
set up your friend. However, much
as we might not want to accept the
obvious, we should be careful.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker stands up.

BAKER

If Babcock knows who you are, your
life's in danger. Last I heard,
Lennox and Turner are working with
the FBI, hitting both furniture
factories sometime today.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally gets up and paces the room.

KOVACS

Let's assume the worst about Earl,
until we know for sure who the mole
is. We have to immediately get hold
of the FBI. Hard to know what they
might be walking into.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker paces the kitchen.

BAKER

My liaison with the Feds is Special Agent Brickhouse. I'll give him a heads up. Suggest you pack a light suitcase and I'll be over to pick you up, as soon as possible.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally stands by her window and looks out on the back parkland.

KOVACS

Don't you think that's a bit premature. Where will we go?

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker pulls out his wallet and searches through various business cards.

BAKER

Have no idea. We can discuss it when we get there.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

KOVACS

I may have misrepresented my financial situation. Have already considered a getaway plan. See you soon.

Sally disconnects.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker picks out the business card from Special Agent Allen Brickhouse and dials his number. He waits patiently for Allen to pick up.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - FRONT PARKING

Half a dozen black FBI vans pull into the front parking lot adjacent both Logan International and Henderson Industries. Dozens of helmeted and Kevlar suited AGENTS with automatic weaponry bail out of the vehicles, prepared for their tactical search and takedown. The tall and burly Special Agent Brickhouse, (34), gruffly responds to his vibrating cellphone.

SP.AGENT BRICKHOUSE
Brickhouse...

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

BAKER
Baker here... have important intel from Cdr. Kovacs. High level mole in Atlanta Police gave a heads up to Babcock and your operation is compromised. Where are you?

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - REAR PARKING

Sp.Agent Brickhouse stands beside an FBI van in the rear parking lot.

SP.AGENT BRICKHOUSE
On site at the Industrial Park.
We're moving in. Give me a moment...

Brickhouse looks around for his commanding officer. Deafening explosions from both furniture factories blow Brickhouse back against a vehicle. As the buildings disintegrate, debris rains down.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

BAKER
Brickhouse?

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - FRONT PARKING

Brickhouse crawls over to where he dropped his phone. He grabs it and croaks.

SP.AGENT BRICKHOUSE
Baker... you still there?

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker paces anxiously.

BAKER
Thank God, you're all right.

OLD TOWN INDUSTRIAL PARK - FRONT PARKING

Brickhouse drags himself to his feet.

SP.AGENT BRICKHOUSE
Could have used that intel a bit
sooner. Men down, call paramedics.
Will get back.

Brickhouse disconnects and surveys the chaos.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker hangs up. Then immediately calls 911 for help.

BAKER
There have been massive explosions
at the Old Town Industrial Park.
FBI and civilian dead and injured.
What... yes, I'll wait.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sitting at her desk, frustrated with a busy signal on
Baker's number, Sally disconnects. She immediately re-dials.
Finally, it rings through...

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker hangs up the wall phone. It immediately rings. He
picks it up again.

BAKER
Sally?

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

KOVACS

That's horrible... though I have good news. While scanning Logan International's security system, I found video of a tractor trailer. It was loaded and recently took off shortly before the FBI arrived.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

BAKER

Might be a new batch of girls?

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally grabs a post-it.

KOVACS

Could be... Can I give you a description of the truck?

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker grabs a pen and pad on his kitchen counter.

BAKER

OK, Blue 2017 Peterbilt Legacy Class 379, heavy duty conventional-sleeper truck. Hauling a dirty white 2017 Great Dane Trailer Reefer Van, both with Georgia plates. That's great...

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally tosses the note back on her desk.

KOVACS

You're not officially a cop any more. How can you track them down?

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker rips the note off the pad.

BAKER

Remember me telling you about a mother and daughter Anders and I met at the Convention Centre? They work for the Truckers Against Prostitution non-profit. Maybe they can connect us with some helpful truckers.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally jumps on her keyboard and starts typing.

KOVACS

Just checked their website, but they don't have a hotline. Referred to the "National Human Trafficking Resource Centre" hotline. If you hold for a minute, am texting a nice lady explaining our problem.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker searches the midden on his counter and pulls out a T.A.P. business card.

BAKER

Worth a shot... Just found Alicia Thomas' phone number. Am going to give her a call.

Baker hangs up. Reading the number, he dials it into the old rotary phone.

BAKER

Lidia, how are you? Is your mother there. Sure, I'll hang on.

Baker drops the card and picks up the note with Sally's truck description.

BAKER

Alicia, it's Lt. Baker. Have a bit of a problem. Wondered if you could help...

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally taps her Smartphone after it rings once.

KOVACS

William, good news! Oh, you too...
Between long distance truckers and
local short haul drivers, we should
be able to track them down.

BAKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Baker picks up the card with Alicia's number.

BAKER

Let me give you Alicia Thomas'
number. I'll be heading your way in
a few moments.

1958 CHEVROLET IMPALA BEL AIR SPORT COUPE

Driving east on North Ave.NW. towards Linwood, the light turns green at the Spring St.NW. intersection. However, Baker immediately hits the brake and yards on the steering wheel, as out of his peripheral vision, he spots a speeding Mack wrecker tow truck tearing south down North. It narrowly misses Baker's precious Impala.

BAKER

Chingada!

Baker clears the intersection and pulls over to the side of the street. He steps out of the car to have a better look.

DOWNTOWN - SPRING ST.NW. & NORTH AVE.NW.

Baker spots the tow truck do a U turn and head back his way. On the passenger side someone leans out and starts unloading a Beretta ARX100 automatic in his direction. Baker hits the pavement behind a nearby parked car.

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

Detective MODESTO MORALES, (34), has been closely shadowing Baker. He picks up his mic.

DET. MORALES

Baker's taking fire downtown at
North & Spring. Get here, pronto!

Approaching the empty intersection, Morales hits the brake and drifts to a stop, blocking the oncoming tow truck. Grabbing his Remington pump-action shotgun beside him, he jumps out the door.

DOWNTOWN - SPRING ST.NW. & NORTH AVE.NW.

Morales immediately takes aim and fires at the driver's side of the windshield of the oncoming tow truck. The truck veers to its left and crashes into a light standard. Anders jumps out the passenger side, but Morales pumps and shoots before Anders can get off a shot.

BAKER

Morales, is that you?

Baker runs up to Det. Modesto Morales. Another unmarked police car screeches to a halt behind the crashed vehicle on North Ave.NW.

DET. MORALES

In the flesh...

BAKER

Your timing couldn't have been better. Where did you come from?

DET. MORALES

Been shadowing you since you became a civilian. Me and a dozen other stiffs have been keeping eyes on you and your English sweetie. As well as this asshole...

As they turn to look at Anders, the not quite dead asshole struggles to his feet and aims his Beretta at Baker and Morales. A shot rings out and Anders slumps to the ground. One of the two detectives coming up behind Anders puts his Glock back in its holster.

BAKER

Thank you, gentlemen, for having our back.

The detectives laugh. One kneels down by Anders to confirm he's truly dead. An oncoming car slows down to weave around Morales' Mustang Shelby.

DET. MORALES

Better clear the intersection. Boys, you want to call this in? I need a word with Baker.

Morales hops back in the unmarked police vehicle and pulls forward behind Baker's Impala. Baker follows and jumps into the passenger side.

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

Baker slides into the front passenger seat, as Morales turns off the ignition.

BAKER

Might have improved my sleep, if
I'd known you guys were out there.

DET. MORALES

Lennox figured it better this way.

BAKER

Thanks for saving my ass.

DET. MORALES

Would have been hell to pay, if
anything happened to you on my
watch.

BAKER

My heartfelt appreciation to all
the lads. Especially, owe a big
apology to Earl. Which reminds me,
there's important intel to share,
but we've got to get going.

Morales turns the key and the vehicle roars to life.

DET. MORALES

We can talk on the way.

CHIEF TURNER'S 2018 BMW 550 GT

The beefy beer bellied Chief George Turner, (41), shows off his 2018 BMW 550i Gran Turismo to his old friend, Deputy Chief Earl Lennox, as he toodles towards his home in the upscale Buckhead Village suburb of northern Atlanta. They pull into the driveway to the Chief's luxurious six bedroom Norman-style house, with three car garage and impeccably manicured yard.

BUCKHEAD - CHIEF TURNER'S HOME - DRIVE WAY

Turner and Lennox step out into a lovely sunny day and head up the walk. The Chief grandly gestures to his beautiful home.

CHIEF TURNER

What do you think Earl? Like one of your own?

DEP.CHIEF LENNOX

Get off the pot, George. I'm more likely to downsize my modest home in Johns Creek. Be more practical to grab a condo near the office, than waste money on something this extravagant.

The Chief unlocks the front door and they both enter.

CHIEF TURNER'S HOME - FRONT FOYER

The two men stash their jackets and hats in the front vestibule.

CHIEF TURNER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

They wander into the spacious living room with a massive stone fireplace and a full bar across an adjacent wall. Earl looks around at the garish furniture, fixtures, questionable paintings and bric-a-brac.

TURNER

Make yourself comfortable, Earl, we've got the place to ourselves. Brenda is off shopping with one of her pals. Could I fix you something special?

LENNOX

Whatever you're having, George.

TURNER

How about a Jack on the rocks?

LENNOX

Perfect...

Earl stretches out in one of a couple of dark Italian genuine leather upholstered chairs facing the fireplace. George grabs a bottle of "Jack Daniels Tennessee Whiskey

Silver Select" and sets two old fashioned glasses on the bar. He opens the bar fridge and drops cubes in both glasses from the ice cube maker.

TURNER

Getting settled into your new office?

George generously pours a couple of shots in both glasses. He picks them up and crosses to hand Earl his drink. George sits down in the matching chair.

LENNOX

Oh, sure... Thanks, George.

Earl sniffs the invigorating aroma and nods approvingly. George leans over and clicks glasses with Earl. They both take a sip.

LENNOX

After my usual work load in Special Victims, felt like a holiday moving upstairs. Till that recent meeting with Sir Robert Moray.

TURNER

Yes, that was a disturbing video. So much for the big FBI sting.

LENNOX

Seems to me, they walked into a trap. Babcock must've been tipped off.

TURNER

What makes you think that?

LENNOX

Would take weeks for professionals to set up demolition charges. These people are very organized to cover their tracks like that. Sir Robert is right this sex slave operation is run by people with deep pockets.

TURNER

Might want to give some deep thought to which side of this you're on, Earl.

Earl stiffens and sets down his drink on a nearby lamp table.

LENNOX

What side are you on, George?

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

Det. Modesto Morales deftly makes his way north through heavy traffic.

BAKER

Buckhead's a pretty ritzy neighbourhood. Does the Chief come from old money?

MORALES

Have no idea...

BAKER

Shit, completely forgot about Sally. Can I borrow your phone for a sec?

MORALES

Sure...

Without taking his eyes off the road, Morales palms his Smartphone from his jacket pocket and flips it into Baker's lap.

BAKER

Thanks. So, there are guys over at Sally's place keeping an eye on her, right?

MORALES

Twenty-four seven...

Baker punches in Sally's number and puts it on speakerphone. As the phone rings, he nods to Morales.

BAKER

That's a load off my mind. Sally!
So sorry...

LINWOOD - KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally's sweating over a hot keyboard, when the phone rings. She taps a button and immediately answers the call.

KOVACS

William, I've been so worried...

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

BAKER

Long story... Got distracted with Det. Modesto Morales. Am using his phone.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sally jumps up and starts pacing the room.

KOVACS

So, where are you? What's up?

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

BAKER

Deputy Chief Lennox has a special team watching our backs, so the mole has got to be Chief Turner. Anders is dead. The Chief invited Earl over to his place in Buckhead this afternoon and we're heading there right now...

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

KOVACS

Anders is dead? OK, long story... Alicia's husband, Geg, has a trucker friend, who spotted the blue Peterbilt Legacy Class heading south on I-75.

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

BAKER

That's fantastic! Will get back, soon as I can.

KOVACS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

KOVACS

One more thing, if they're heading south, they must have some hideaway where they stash the girls. Maybe all that's in the truck right now are the furniture boxes. Take care, William Baker.

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

BAKER

Will do...

Kovacs and Baker disconnect. He sets Morales' phone on the seat between them.

BAKER

Caught a major break. We need to grab Earl and pull together a team to save those girls.

Morales hits the gas.

CHIEF TURNER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Chief George Turner stretches out his legs on a hassock.

TURNER

What side am I on? Well, Earl... I'm on the side that's going to make America great again.

LENNOX

Since the end of World War II, the U.S. has squandered whatever good will was created helping put the boots to the Nazis. The U.S. could have shown genuine leadership maintaining global peace after the end of the Cold War. Instead, our government devoted itself to destabilizing countries around the world, for our corporations to loot and perpetuate endless war.

TURNER

You speak like this is a bad thing. We beat the Ruskies and established an American Empire that will last a thousand years.

LENNOX

Sure, we've created the most powerful armed forces in the world, spending half our budget on the Pentagon. But, we've turned our back on our people and the land, allowing corporations to shred our Constitution and dismantle most of our non-military manufacturing

LENNOX

sector. The police no longer serve and protect, unless they're rich, white and male.

TURNER

That's quite the rant. You should retire and run as a Green candidate in the next election.

LENNOX

As long as I'm in this line of work, I will continue to uphold my oath: "On my honour, I will never betray my badge, my integrity, my character or the public trust. I will always have the courage to hold myself and others accountable for our actions. I will always uphold the Constitution, my community and the agency I serve."

TURNER

That's an insult, quoting the chief's oath at me.

LENNOX

May not yet have all the evidence I need to prove it. Still, I believe you sold out the Atlanta Police Department and the FBI, at the cost of the lives of dozens of honest agents and innocent civilians. For that, I will see you roast in hell.

TURNER

On what do you base this slur on my character? Hold that thought, while I top up my drink. Like another shot?

LENNOX

I've had enough, George.

Chief Turner crosses to the bar and sets down his old fashioned glass. He bends over and picks up a loaded Sig Sauer P226 handgun sitting on top of the bar fridge. He looks up to see Earl standing, aiming his G22 Gen4 Glock at George.

TURNER

I'm disappointed in you, Earl.

Both men fire, but Earl is faster, throwing off George's aim. The Chief dies instantly from a bullet between the eyes. The Deputy Chief slumps to the floor with a bullet through his left shoulder.

CHIEF TURNER'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Morales wheels his Mustang Shelby into the Chief's driveway and screeches to a stop beside the Beamer. Baker and Morales jump out and race up the walk.

CHIEF TURNER'S LIVING ROOM

Baker rushes to the Deputy Chief's side. Morales spots the body of Chief Turner behind the bar and crosses to check him out.

BAKER

Earl, can you hear me? He's still breathing. What about the Chief?

Morales stands up and shakes his head.

MORALES

He's gone... Be right back with the first aid kit. Put pressure on the wound.

The detective runs out the door. Baker does what he can to stop the bleeding.

BAKER

Thanks for believing in me, Earl. For having the boys watch out for us.

The Deputy Chief comes around, groaning in pain.

LENNOX

Where's Turner?

BAKER

He's dead...

LENNOX

Better him, than me.

BAKER

Sally figured you'd been set up. Will fill you in later, but we got a lead on the trafficking ring. We

BAKER
 need backup and we have to get out
 of here now.

LENNOX
 Had no proof. Knew in my gut the
 mole had to be George. Will do what
 I can for you guys.

Det. Modesto Morales returns with the first aid kit. He
 kneels beside Earl and pulls out a field dressing. Baker
 moves out of his way and Morales slaps on the bandage.

CHIEF LENNOX
 Baker, my first act as interim
 Chief is to officially reinstate
 you and promote you to captain.

CAPT. BAKER
 Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

CHIEF LENNOX
 Lt. Morales, that is my second act.
 Help Baker organize the team to get
 those bastards and save the girls.

LT. MORALES
 Thank you, sir. I'll do my best...
 By the way, paramedics and the
 Chief Medical Examiner are on their
 way, as well as Major Crimes,
 Forensics and Internal Affairs.

CHIEF LENNOX
 Well done... I'll be OK. You two
 get out of here, now.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

GREG THOMAS, (45), is driving his rig down I-75, with his
 wife, Alicia, beside him and their teenage daughter, Lidia,
 behind them in the berth. Greg keeps a few miles between the
 blue Peterbilt hauling an unmarked white reefer van and his
 maroon 2015 Kenworth T680 conventional-sleeper truck. Alicia
 opens up her satellite internet laptop and skypees Sally
 Kovacs.

ALICIA THOMAS
 Sally, Alicia here...

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

Morales and Baker in front are focused on tearing south through Atlanta traffic. Sally in the back seat with her own satellite connected laptop responds to Alicia's call.

CDR. SALLY KOVACS
What have you got, Alicia?

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

ALICIA THOMAS
We caught up with the Peterbilt near Macon, after they turned onto I-16 southeast. We've followed them almost to Savannah. They've now just taken a left onto I-95.

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

Sally scribbles notes on a pad.

CDR. SALLY KOVACS
That's great... Can't tell you how important this is to us.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

ALICIA THOMAS
Finally being able to do something means a lot to us. Lidia's here with Greg and me and we haven't seen her so pumped for ages. Do you want the plate number?

MORALES' 2018 FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT350

Sally writes it down.

CDR. SALLY KOVACS
Baker's connected with the Georgia State Police and they're pulling together a team to catch up with you guys. Remember, no contact with these people. They're incredibly dangerous.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

ALICIA THOMAS

Got it... We've waited too long for a chance to see the police finally get these bastards.

BABCOCK'S 2018 MERCEDES-MAYBACK S650

Julie Babcock, cruising I-95, makes the turn onto Hwy. 21 towards Port Wentworth. The burner phone in her hand bag beside her hums. Babcock activates the car speaker phone and answers.

MS. BABCOCK

Yes...

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

Walter Herbert Warner sits comfortably at his desk holding a burner phone to his ear.

WARNER

Have a new address for you. Assume everything is running according to plan.

BABCOCK'S 2018 MERCEDES-MAYBACK S650

MS. BABCOCK

I'm driving. Give me a moment.

Babcock flicks on the turn signal and after letting a car pass, pulls over and parks by the side of the road. She turns off the ignition, then removes a hard cover notebook and a pen from her purse.

MS. BABCOCK

OK. Shoot.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER

The new venue is "The Falaise", a 13th century Norman style manor house on the north shore of Long Island. Bring by the Ballroom Suite the day before. So, they can be buffed and looking their best.

BABCOCK'S 2018 MERCEDES-MAYBACK S650

MS. BABCOCK
Got it... Will call to confirm
delivery.

STONEWALL INC. - V.P. OF MARKETING OFFICE

WARNER
Direct deposit, as usual, on
receipt of goods.

Warner disconnects and puts the burner back in its drawer.

BABCOCK'S 2018 MERCEDES-MAYBACK S650

Babcock finishes her entry and returns her pen and notebook to her purse. She starts up the car and slips back into traffic.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT GATE

Babcock's black Mercedes-Maybach stops at the Port Wentworth Estate electronic gate.

BABCOCK'S 2018 MERCEDES-MAYBACK S650

When someone doesn't immediately open the gate, Babcock retrieves a remote from the glove compartment.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT GATE

The electronic gate opens and Babcock drives in.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT ENTRANCE

The Mercedes-Maybach pulls up to the front entrance and parks. The trunk pops open, then Julie Babcock steps out with her purse and walks to the back of the car to retrieve her computer tote bag. She drops her purse in the bag, slings it over her shoulder, then walks to the front door and pushes the door bell.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT FOYER

ROBIN KENNDRIC, (48), the house mother, dressed in an exotic Japanese silk kimono, reacts to the chime and opens the door. Babcock enters.

MS. BABCOCK
Ms. Kenndric, one suitcase in the trunk.

MS. KENNDRIC
Yes, mum.

Robin Kenndric pauses for a moment.

MS. BABCOCK
Any problem with the girls?

MS. KENNDRIC
No, mum. They've been good.

MS. BABCOCK
Glad to hear it. Any problem with staff?

MS. KENNDRIC
Ah, well... the usual, mum.

Babcock checks her watch.

MS. BABCOCK
These professional mercenaries act like spoiled children.

MS. KENNDRIC
Yes, mum.

MS. BABCOCK
Is no one monitoring the video feed?

MS. KENNDRIC
Couldn't say... Most of that security bunch were up late partying.

MS. BABCOCK
Time to dump this batch. Have the girls had lunch?

MS. KENNDRIC
Yes, mum.

MS. BABCOCK
Fergus will be here soon. Get the girls organized and start packing.

MS. KENNDRIC
Very good, mum.

Babcock wanders off to the kitchen. Kenndric steps outside to grab Babcock's case.

GEORGIA DEPT. OF PUBLIC SAFETY - GRIFFIN GARAGE

Two helicopters are in the final stages of fueling and each being loaded with a combination of four man SWAT TEAMS from the Atlanta City Police and Georgia State Patrol, all outfitted with helmets, Kevlar and automatic weaponry. Two large school buses, with more STATE TROOPERS and PARAMEDICS head off towards Savannah. Cdr. Kovacs, the official liaison with Scotland Yard, skypes Alicia Thomas from her laptop.

CDR. KOVACS
We're at the "Georgia Dept. of Public Safety" garage at Griffin. Had to wait for two helicopters to arrive from the Perry Hangar. Should be taking off in the next few minutes.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

ALICIA THOMAS
The Peterbilt turned off I-95 onto Augusta Road. Travelled further on towards the coast, then hung a right onto Pinder Point Road. After a couple more miles, they entered a gated private estate.

GEORGIA DEPT. OF PUBLIC SAFETY - GRIFFIN GARAGE

Sally furiously makes note of the directions.

CDR. KOVACS
Good work... Hold for a sec.

Sally leans over to the PILOT (36) and they have a brief word.

CDR. KOVACS
Pilot said, we should catch up with
you guys in about half an hour.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

ALICIA THOMAS
Let's talk in fifteen and see
what's what.

GEORGIA DEPT. OF PUBLIC SAFETY - GRIFFIN GARAGE

CDR. KOVACS
Sounds good...

Alicia and Sally disconnect.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

Greg Thomas parks his rig just before the Port Wentworth Estate front gate. Greg picks up his CB mic and twists a knob, causing crackle.

GREG THOMAS
Poppa Bear, calling vet truckers
near Savannah. Get your ears on.

The radio crackles again, as one driver immediately gets back.

GATOR HARDY
Come in, Poppa Bear... Hear you
loud and clear. What's your 20?

GREG THOMAS
Location update... Augusta and
Pinder Point Road. Are you ready
for action?

GATOR HARDY
Me and buddy are in your
neighbourhood. We're both packing.
Could be there in five.

GREG THOMAS
You're a life saver. Look out for a
maroon Kenworth T680. Park up
Pinder from the turnoff and keep it
on the QT.

GATOR HARDY
 Right-o, Poppa Bear... See you
 soon.

Greg twists a knob again, causing more crackle, then shuts
 off the radio.

LIDIA THOMAS
 What are you up to, Dad?

GREG THOMAS
 We've done our bit, tracking these
 buggers down. Be damned, if I'm
 going to let them get away. Cops
 don't get their act together, we'll
 just have to step up.

ALICIA THOMAS
 Greg, you know these people are
 dangerous.

GREG THOMAS
 Least I can do is have a closer
 look. Mayhap, we been following the
 wrong guys. I'll call your cell if
 things get complicated.

Greg checks his loaded Sturm Ruger 1911 handgun. He stuffs
 it back in his waist holster, then cracks the door and jumps
 out.

ALICIA THOMAS
 You come back in one piece, Greg
 Thomas...

Greg waves, then disappears into the bush at the side of the
 road.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - REEFER VAN

Rod Fergus and his sidekick, JAZZ SHERMAN, load the last of
 the girls into the furniture boxes.

ROD FERGUS
 Good work, Jazz... Let's lock it
 up.

Jazz follows Rod to the back of the truck.

JAZZ SHERMAN
 Thirsty work, my man. Time for a
 cold one.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - DRIVEWAY

Rod Fergus and Jazz Sherman jump out of the trailer. Jazz slams the door shut. Taking a padlock out of his pocket, Rod locks it up.

ROD FERGUS

Get yourself a bottled water from the cooler, I'll be right with you. Got to have a final word with Julie.

JAZZ SHERMAN

Bottled water is not what I have in mind.

Fergus enters the front door.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - WOOD LOT

Greg realizes the Peterbilt could be leaving any time soon. He turns and runs back to his Kenworth and family.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT FOYER

Fergus walks into the front foyer.

ROD FERGUS

Julie, we're ready to go.

Babcock comes down the stairs to meet Fergus. She's holding a brown paper envelope. They hug warmly and kiss.

JULIE BABCOCK

Good work... Here's a float to cover expenses and directions to the new venue.

Fergus opens the envelope and scans the printout of the driving directions.

ROD FERGUS

Stopping halfway for the night around Fayetteville, North Carolina, makes for an easy run straight up I-95. Could be there early evening for a leisurely meal and a good rest. Up early and have the girls unloaded by late afternoon.

JULIE BABCOCK

Sounds good... Give me a call, when you're settled for the night. Or, if you have any problems.

ROD FERGUS

Will do... Looking forward to our little trip together. Once we nail down this payday.

JULIE BABCOCK

Me, too, Rod... Now get cracking!

They kiss once more. Then, Fergus heads out the door. Babcock turns and calls out.

MS. BABCOCK

Ms. Kenndric...

Robin Kendrics materializes, wearing a stylish Camel haired jacket, with a Navajo style tote bag around her shoulder. She pulls a stainless steel suitcase on castors behind her.

MS. KENNDRIC

Yes, mum?

MS. BABCOCK

Have something for you...

Babcock hands Kenndric a brown envelope. Kenndric drops it in her bag.

MS. KENNDRIC

Thanks, mum. Anything else, before I go?

MS. BABCOCK

No, I'm going to take a bath. Have a nice weekend, dear. I'll confirm, when the girls are on their way back.

MS. KENNDRIC

Yes, mum.

Kenndric walks out the door. Babcock climbs the stairs.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

Greg opens the cab door and jumps back in the driver's seat. Alicia and Lidia eagerly await the news.

ALICIA THOMAS
Thank God your back...

GREG THOMAS
Saw the girls being loaded on the truck. Better call Sally. The truck could be leaving any moment.

They all startle, when the electronic gate rolls open.

LIDIA THOMAS
Oh my God...

They're all relieved when a middle-aged lady in a late model Austin Mini Cooper comes through the gate and turns toward Augusta Road. A moment after the Mini disappears and the gate closes, two conventional-sleeper semi-trucks, a black 2009 Freightliner Century Class and a gold 2017 Navistar International LT625, arrive from the opposite direction. They park on the other side of the road from Greg's Kenworth.

GREG THOMAS
Going to have a word with our reinforcements.

Greg hops out of the cab.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT GATE

The two new arrivals, WADE HARDY and GATOR BAILEY meet with Greg on the road.

GREG THOMAS
Good to see you guys. Very impressive, sticking your necks out at a moments notice.

WADE BAILEY
You did call for vets.

GREG THOMAS
Brothers in arms. Just don't tell me your names.

GATOR HARDY

Don't mean we can't shake on it.

The three men take the measure of each other.

GREG THOMAS

Let me give you guys a hug, Poppa Bear style.

The three men hug and laugh like kids.

Don't have much time, as a Peterbilt Legacy Class hauling a Great Dane trailer reefer van is going to be coming through this gate any moment. It's loaded with abducted girls packed in furniture boxes. With any luck, we're going to rescue these young ladies.

WADE BAILEY

My goodness...

GREG THOMAS

While I move my truck to block the gate, take your rigs up the road a little. You guys are packing, right? Sneak back and hide in the bushes.

GATOR HARDY

Sounds like a plan.

WADE BAILEY

Are we packing, he says?

The two men chuckle as they run back to their trucks. Greg jumps in the Kenworth.

THOMAS' 2015 KENWORTH T680 - CAB

Greg slides into the front seat and starts up the truck.

GREG THOMAS

Did you get hold of Sally?

ALICIA THOMAS

Couldn't get through. Maybe she'll have better luck. So, what's up?

GREG THOMAS

The oldest trick in the book. Lidia, grab me a small vice grips,

GREG THOMAS
a roll of duct tape and a handful
of large plastic ties.

Lidia searches the tool box. Then hands them over. Greg pockets them.

GREG THOMAS
Want you guys out of the truck. If
things go south, don't want you
anywhere near the line of fire.
Hike back up the road to the other
rigs.

Without argument, Alicia and Lidia jump out. Greg pulls the Kenworth forward, until the tractor completely blocks the driveway in front of the gate. He turns off the ignition and jumps out again.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT GATE

Greg unhooks the clips and lifts the hood. He climbs up to take a look at the motor and smears some grease on his forehead while he waits.

FERGUS' 2017 PETERBILT LEGACY CLASS 379

Rod Fergus jumps into the cab behind the wheel and starts up the Peterbilt. Jazz is looking through a box of heavy metal, country and classic rock CDs. Fergus puts the truck in gear and starts rolling.

JAZZ SHERMAN
What kind of road music do you want
to kickstart this trip with?

ROD FERGUS
Good Question... Hmmm... How about
Bachman Turner Overdrive?

JAZZ SHERMAN
Roll On Down The Highway... Coming
right up. Oh yeah, those Canajun
rockers had it going on.

Jazz pops the CD in the player and cranks it up. They enthusiastically sing along.

ROD FERGUS
Let it roll...

JAZZ SHERMAN
Down the highway...

The two are in the groove, when the truck clears the last bend in the woods before the gate. Fergus hits the remote and the electronic gate rumbles open. Fergus is just about to step on it, when he realizes a truck is blocking the drive.

ROD FERGUS
What the fuck!

Fergus gears down quickly and pumps the air brake. The Peterbilt shudders to a stop just shy of ramming Greg Thomas' Kenworth. Outraged, Rod and Jazz jump out of the truck.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - FRONT GATE

Fergus and Sherman approach the Kenworth and spot Greg working on the engine.

JAZZ SHERMAN
Dude, not the best place to park.
We almost rammed you.

GREG THOMAS
Just where it stalled... Figure I
got a faulty sensor.

ROD FERGUS
We're on a tight schedule, buddy.
Gotta get you outta here.

GREG THOMAS
My ole dad used to say, if all else
fails, give it the old wiggle.
Could I get one of you fellers to
try wiggling the different sensor
connectors. Hard for me to turn the
ignition and wiggle at the same
time.

JAZZ SHERMAN
Just point me at what you're
talking about and I'll do the
wiggling.

Wade Bailey sneaks out of the bush beside the truck and steps up behind Jazz. Gator Hardy is right behind Wade.

WADE BAILEY

Would love to see you wiggle.

Jazz turns to look at the new arrival, as Wade Bailey steps forward and smashes him in the face with the butt of his Hungarian AMD 65 AK-47. Fergus is a little slow reaching for his Smith & Wesson SD40 in a shoulder holster. Gator taps him on the back with his gun barrel and when Fergus turns, knocks him unconscious with the butt of his Aero Precision AR-15.

GREG THOMAS

Cuff 'em, boys. We should be dining out on this for the rest of our lives.

Greg pulls out a handful of plastic zip ties and hands them to Wade and Gator. The two vets hogtie the unconscious boneheads, arms behind their backs and ankles as well. Greg rips off pieces of duct tape and wraps them over their mouths.

GATOR HARDY

Yee-hah!

GREG THOMAS

No rebel yells... Don't know what others are back at the house. This one has a padlock key we need to get the young ladies out.

Wade finds the key and heads back to unlock the trailer. Alicia and Lidia come out from behind the truck.

GREG THOMAS

What did I tell you?

LIDIA THOMAS

Dad, we heard you guys laughing. Was killing us to know what happened.

GREG THOMAS

We're not out of the woods yet... Could use your help getting the girls out of the boxes. Alicia, you and Lidia get some tools from the cab, whatever pry bars and box cutters you can find.

ALICIA THOMAS

We'll be right back.

Lidia jumps into the cab, quickly handing her mum what's at hand. Gator and Greg walk to the back of the trailer, where Wade is hauling open the door. Alicia and Lidia rush up with the tools and jump into the trailer with Wade.

GREG THOMAS

We need you to watch our back. Good chance someone will figure out the gate's blocked. There's a video camera on the gate, so they could be on their way.

Greg steps up on the bumper and climbs in the back.

2017 GREAT DANE TRAILER REEFER VAN

Gradually the crew open the boxes and release the girls, slowly working their way towards the back.

GREG THOMAS

Ladies, you have to be quiet, as we could be discovered any minute. There are two more trucks up the road, so very quietly walk up the road and wait there. Police will be here soon.

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER STATION

They discover at the very back of the truck two large open crates, one with a military drone and the other a computer station. Lidia sits down at the station and begins to tinker.

LIDIA THOMAS

Dad, this is just like my home flight simulator system.

GREG THOMAS

Leave it alone Lidia. This is complicated military technology.

LIDIA THOMAS

If one of those idiots could fly this drone, I certainly can.

GREG THOMAS

There's no power... How are you going to turn it on?

LIDIA THOMAS

There's a battery pack. Maybe they
charged it. I'll check...

Lidia flips a power switch. Computer LEDs come on and the
CROWS starts to hum.

ALICIA THOMAS

Good thing she's got her father's
looks and my brains.

GREG THOMAS

Hey! I thought it was the other way
around.

Greg playfully pinches Alicia. Wade approaches Greg, Alicia
and the remaining girls.

WADE BAILEY

You guys should step out of the
trailer. Let's see if your
brilliant daughter can get this
drone in the air.

GREG THOMAS

Give us a moment...

Wade returns to Lidia at the CROWS computer station. Greg,
Alicia and the last of the girls jump out the back. Gator
directs the girls away from the truck, through the gate and
back up the road.

Let her rip!

Lidia increases the gain and the powerful engine and quad
propellers start up, though remarkably quiet. With a final
shudder, the drone lifts out of its crate. Lidia gingerly
maneuvers it straight back, over the boxes and out the door.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - DRIVEWAY

Greg and Alicia are amazed at their daughter's
accomplishment.

GREG THOMAS

That's terrific, Lidia. We're so
proud of you.

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER SCREEN

The levitating CROWS camera reveals Greg and Alicia in awe at the side of the wooded driveway..

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER STATION

Lidia and Wade watch her parents on the screen. She turns on the digital billboard and types in a message.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - DRIVEWAY

Greg and Alicia hug each other in delight, as the digital billboard flashes: "YOUR DAUGHTER ROCKS!"...

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER STATION

Wade turns to Lidia.

WADE BAILEY

You know this isn't a toy.

LIDIA THOMAS

Yes, I realize. High tech grenade launcher.

WADE BAILEY

We don't know how many people are back in that house. Might have bit off more than we can chew. Could be looking at a serious firefight.

LIDIA THOMAS

Mum says the Atlanta and Georgia State Police are on their way in helicopters.

WADE BAILEY

If your dad waited for them to come, this truck with all those girls would be gone by now. Could put a real monkey wrench in their criminal enterprise, if we sneak up to the house with this drone and attack first.

LIDIA THOMAS

You're right as rain.

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER SCREEN

The CROWS climbs straight up quickly passing the tree tops. It's remarkably powerful, so Lidia slows it down to carefully follow the drive to the Manor house. The drone swings into the back yard and begins scanning the windows, until a few windows down there having a bubble bath in a monstrous tub is a naked Julie Babcock.

PORT WENTWORTH MANOR - MASTER BATHROOM

Babcock leisurely shampoos her hair. As she begins to rinse, it dawns on her there's a drone hovering outside the floor to ceiling bathroom window. The digital billboard flashes a message: "RETURN TO SENDER"...

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER STATION

Wade points to the switch that enables the grenade launcher on automatic.

WADE BAILEY

Like the honours, my dear?

LIDIA THOMAS

Believe I would...

Lidia grimly reaches over and flips the toggle switch.

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER SCREEN

The CROWS grenade launcher abruptly pours high tech destruction into the luxury master bathroom. The silent screaming face of Julie Babcock is momentarily revealed.

REEFER VAN - CROWS COMPUTER STATION

LIDIA THOMAS

Never thought I'd see the day this evil bitch gets what she deserves.

WADE BAILEY

A comfort to know her victims got payback.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - MANOR

The quantity of grenades rapidly pumped into the broken bathroom window cascade into a massive explosion. This completely disintegrates the large estate, blowing debris thousands of feet into the air. Babcock, assorted staff and all her team of mercenaries are killed instantly.

GEORGIA STATE PATROL - LEAD HELICOPTER

The pilot, Capt. Baker, Cdr. Kovacs and MAJOR TOMMY WALDROP, (48), the Commanding Officer of the Georgia State Patrol, stare in wonder, as the Port Wentworth Estate blows up a few miles in front of them.

REEFER VAN - DRONE COMPUTER SCREEN

As the CROWS was much too close to its target, the escalating explosions take out the drone and the screen goes dark.

PORT WENTWORTH ESTATE - DRIVEWAY

A light shower of debris rains down on the roof of the reefer. The surrounding forest of old hardwood provides partial shelter for the girls and their rescuers. Lidia and Wade jump down from the back of the reefer.

GREG THOMAS

What the hell did you guys do? The fire power of that drone was outrageous.

WADE BAILEY

Was my doing... I talked Lidia into it. Who knows what firefight we might have been looking at.

GREG THOMAS

What's done is done...

LIDIA THOMAS

We got that evil woman, mum. The one I told you about.

Alicia hugs Lidia. Greg turns to the two war vets.

GREG THOMAS

Listen, you guys, state troopers should be here any minute. Assume

GREG THOMAS
 those exotic guns you have might
 not exactly be legal. Can't thank
 you enough, but I recommend you
 hustle your butts on down the road.

GATOR HARDY
 Our assault weapons are
 grandfathered. So no probs there,
 good buddy.

WADE BAILEY
 Remarkable we survived this. So, it
 is a good idea not to push our
 luck. All the best to you and your
 family and all the young ladies.

Some of the girls, led by an older girl, CONNIE, 18), peek
 around the truck.

CONNIE
 When that explosion happened... We
 had to see what was up.

ALICIA THOMAS
 Hard to imagine anybody in the
 house surviving that. To be on the
 safe side, you girls should come
 back to our truck. Better stay out
 of sight til the state patrol
 arrive.

CONNIE
 Just want to thank you. Most of us
 gave up hoping this nightmare was
 ever going to end. Didn't think
 heroes like you guys exist anymore.

The men salute each other and Alicia and Lidia hug Wade and
 Gator. The shy crowd of relieved girls wave, as the vets
 turn and jog back to their trucks.

GEORGIA STATE PATROL - LEAD HELICOPTER

As the helicopters approach they have a bird's eye view of
 the devastation. The two "Georgia State Patrol Aviation"
 choppers set down on the estate's massive lawn far back from
 the conflagration.

ATLANTA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Standing on stage behind the podium, Atlanta mayor, Jason Shields, happily schmoozes with the receptive packed crowd. The Atrium is filled with FRIENDS and FAMILY come to honour the heroes of the day.

MAYOR JASON SHIELDS

Being a policeman is a hard job, many succumb to the temptations and many who remain devoted to their oath spend their lives largely unappreciated. We are here tonight to honour a team of our best and bravest who put themselves in harm's way to do the right thing, some receiving their medal of honour posthumously for making the ultimate sacrifice. Our new Atlanta Chief of Police, Earl Lennox, will read the names, so when called, please step forward to receive the award, including appropriate family members of the deceased.

Chief Lennox steps up to the podium and the crowd applauds enthusiastically.

ATLANTA CITY HALL - COUNCIL CHAMBERS

The award ceremony at the Atrium is followed by a catered dinner for the honoured and their families. After a generous meal and much ponderous speechifying, Cdr. Kovacs and Capt. Baker are joined at their table by an unexpected guest.

SIR ROBERT MORAY

Hello, you two... Pleased to see you again. Could I invite you outside for a breath of fresh air?

Sally and Baker immediately jump to their feet.

CDR. KOVACS

Sir Robert! How wonderful to see you.

CAPT. BAKER

Uncle Bob? More than ready to blow this pop stand.

MORAY'S 2016 BENTLEY MULSANNE GRAND LIMOUSINE

Sir Robert sits facing Sally and William.

SIR ROBERT MORAY
Bill, Sally and I have a little
surprise for you.

CAPT. BAKER
A surprise?

SIR ROBERT MORAY
Here in Georgia, you two have done
a great thing. However, elsewhere,
you succeeded in irritating some
powerful people. Sally asked me to
pull some strings, which I've been
happy to do.

Sir Robert opens his messenger bag and hands them both brown
paper envelopes.

CAPT. BAKER
What's this?

Baker is reluctant to open his envelope. Sally rips hers
open and eagerly explores the contents.

SIR ROBERT MORAY
Sally has long expressed an
interest in one day visiting
Australia, so the envelopes contain
legal Australian passports,
tickets, identity information and
individual bank books with a bonus
for services rendered. The Alpha
Airline tickets are for a flight
leaving in a couple of hours to
Sidney. My driver is currently
taking us to the airport.

CDR. KOVACS
Sir Robert, this is above and
beyond. I only asked for passports.

CAPT. BAKER
What if I don't want to go to
Australia? I've got...
responsibilities!

Kovacs is crestfallen.
Sally, it's not that I don't love
you. Or, that I don't want to spend

CAPT. BAKER
 the rest of my life with you. Just
 assumed I'd get input on plans for
 our future.

SIR ROBERT MORAY
 You're absolutely right, Bill. What
 was I thinking?

CDR. KOVACS
 So, you are open to the idea of
 retiring. To find somewhere else to
 live, together?

CAPT. BAKER
 Yes, of course! I appreciate the
 thought, Uncle Bob, I do... This is
 a good boot in the butt, to wrap my
 head around the notion of pulling
 up stakes.

SIR ROBERT MORAY
 Sally packed bags for you both,
 which my driver picked up
 earlier. Please understand, Bill,
 I only thought to provide an
 opportunity to escape a dangerous
 situation, for two people I've
 grown to love.

Sally snuggles up to Bill.

CAPT. BAKER
 I can walk away from my job and my
 house, right this minute. But,
 wherever we go, I want to take my
 Chevy. Please have your driver turn
 around.

1958 CHEVY BEL AIR IMPALA SPORT COUPE

It's a sunny day and Bill Baker and Sally Kovacs are happily
 driving west down I-20 out of Atlanta towards Oklahoma City.

SUPER: "Sally and Bill hide
 their money in an anonymous
 shell company and purchase a
 thousand acre horse ranch
 somewhere in Oklahoma."

FADE TO BLACK

