A COMPANY OF PARROTS

Ву

HARRIS TOBIAS

Based on the novel A Felony of Birds by harris Tobias

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Harris Tobias

1 EXT.ROADSIDE.DAY

Police cars and an ambulance at the scene of a hit and run. Body of a Hispanic youth is removed from the ditch and put in an ambulance.

GREER

Well, that's it, Bill. Your excitement for the month.

BILL

(ignoring the jibe)
So what do you make of it Ben.
Think he was dumped here?

GREER

I'm calling it a hit and run, Bill.

BILL

I don't see how you can say that. There's no skid marks, his face is battered, and who wears a t-shirt in November?

GREER

Look, Bill, You know how many hit and runs I see a year? You know my motto-- Keep it simple. Let's not go looking for trouble. I say it's a hit and run, case closed.

2 EXT.TRAILER PARK.DAY

mid June, seven months later

Establishing shot of trailer park. Most sites are neat, one is a dump.

3 INT.BILL'S TRAILER.DAY

Clock radio turns on coffee maker and classical music at 6:30 AM. Bill wakes, brushes teeth, shaves, has cold cereal breakfast.

Uncovers bird cages, canaries sing lustily. Bill talks to them while feeding them slices of apple. Bill in uniform leaving trailer.

4 INT.POLICE CAR.DAY

Bill is driving through beautiful country

RITA(OS)

(Voice on police radio)
Bill, you better get over to the
Prairie Moon Trailer Park. Go to
1212 Peach Tree. Shots fired.
Domestic disturbance in progress.
Sounds like your neighbors are at
it again.

BILL

OK Rita, I'm on my way. I should be there in about ten minutes

5 EXT.TRAILER PARK.DAY

Bill pulls up to domestic disturbance. Gus Stoddard is tossing firecrackers at his protesting wife.

BILL

Put 'em away Gus. Do it now or I'll write you up for possession of illegal explosives, disturbing the peace and terrorism.

GUS

Hands over the remaining firecrackers without a fight.

BILL

So, Syl, what's this all about?

SYLVIA

Big dumb bastard don't do nothing Just sits around drinkin' beer and watchin' TV all day the big slob. Ask him to do somethin' all I get is shit.

BILL

Ok, Sylvia, I got the picture. Try to keep it quiet, Gus. If I have to come out here again in the next two weeks I'm taking you in. I mean it this time.

6 INT. POLICE CAR. DAY

RITA(OS)

(on police radio)

Bill I have two for you-- a fender bender on Rte.7 near the quickie mart and a cat in a tree at Miss Holloway's. Which one you want?

BILL

I'll take the accident. Send Harvey to Holloway's.

RITA (OS)

Right-o.

7 EXT.TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.DAY

Bill pulls his cruiser to the side of the road at the scene of a fender bender. Two senior citizens are involved.

SENIOR 1

I couldn't stop in time. He came out of nowhere.

BILL

Is anyone hurt?

SENIOR 2

This man is a menace on the road. He pulled out without looking. I want him arrested

BILL

I'll write up a report, Mrs. Demish. Just be happy no one needs the ambulance.

Gives accident report to lady and is getting back in car. Finds plastic bag of clothes, tosses them in trunk.

8 EXT.PARKING LOT.DUSK

Bill goes out to the parking lot to get the bag of clothes just as Harvey drives up in the department's old cruiser.

HARVEY

Hello Boss

BILL

Hey Harv. How's it going?

HARVEY

Just another day serving and defending. The old cruiser's acting up again. Overheating.

BILL

Take her to Archie's tomorrow. You can use the new cruiser until it's fixed. I'll use my Honda there's a radio in it.

HARVEY

What do ya have there? Looks like you took something from a bag lady.

BILL

I found it on the road near that hit and run. You'd think Greer and the crime scene guys would have found it.

HARVEY

May have been tossed later.

BILL

Maybe, but maybe not. Let's just see what we got.

9 INT.SHERIFF'S OFFICE.NIGHT

Bill dumps bag on desk. The two men go through the pockets. They find sunflower seeds, a handkerchief, and a soggy matchbook from Dell's Inn.

HARVEY

I know that place. It's a classy joint south of here in the tourist area. Maybe the kid worked there.

BILL

Maybe. The hitchhiker had seeds in his pocket too didn't he?

HARVEY

Yeah, lots of people eat sunflower seeds. That's why they sell em all over the place.

BILL

(examining the matchbook)
Does that look like a number or a
name or something to you?

Bill rummages through Rita's desk.

HARVEY

What are you looking for?

BILL

Magnifying glass. Rita keeps one here some place.Looks like an 'I-N-E' and '726' or is that e-n-e?"

HARVEY

Christine, Irene, Madelene? Could be any of those. Assuming it's a woman's name that is.

BILL

I guess we ought to turn this over to Greer. Let the lab see what they can find. Let's see if they even find the match book.

Bill puts the stuff back in the pockets.

10 INT.BILL'S TRAILER.NIGHT

BILL

(Talking to his birds)
I just might look into Dell's Inn
myself. What do you think of that.
Do a little investigating. Might be
able to ID that kid.

Bill feeds his birds and feeds himself. We see his lonely life. Bill covers cages for the night. Goes to bed.

11 INT.BILL'S TRAILER.DAY

The next morning coffee maker turns on at 6:30. Bill has lonely breakfast and uncovers the cages. Birdsong fills the trailer. Bill gets into personal car and goes to work.

12 INT.LEVINE MANSION.DAY

Sumptuous breakfast table at Gerald Levine's Milwaukee mansion. Levine is a sixty-ish pudgy business man. He sits opposite his younger bookish brother and accountant Arthur.

ARTHUR LEVINE

The restaurants were down this month, but the bird business is up as is loansharking and the sports book.

GERALD LEVINE

(reading newspaper)

Hmmm.

ARTHUR LEVINE

Are you even listening?

GERALD LEVINE

What. Sure. Birds up restaurants down.

ARTHUR LEVINE

You know Ger, if I had as many businesses going as you I'd be a little more attentive.

GERALD LEVINE

That's what I have you for. I'm more a big picture man. You know, bottom line, that sort of thing.

ARTHUR LEVINE

That's just the sort of attitude that's gonna get you in trouble.

GERALD LEVINE

 Hmmm .

13 EXT.BIRD HOUSE.DAY

Hugo drives black Lexus to bird house.

14 INT.BIRD HOUSE.DAY

Old farm house converted to parrot aviary. Filled with noisy squawking parrots.

Marta, middle aged, Czech woman, runs the bird house with the assistance of four illegal Mexican aliens.

MARTA

Talking to parrot on arm but directing innuendo to handsome young Mexican boy standing nearby.

What a pretty boy. Give Marta a kiss. Pretty boy.

Marta gives the Mexican kid a kiss.

Door opens and a huge man enters kitchen. Hugo Dunn is the enforcer for the crime boss who owns the bird smuggling operation. Hugo is insanely jealous of Marta and she inflames his jealousy by flirting with the Mexican boys.

HUGO DUNN

(to Mexican)

Get your greasy hands off of her.

Hugo slaps boy.

MARTA

Ah, leave the kid alone. Pick on someone your own size

HUGO DUNN

No one's my size. I'm here for the money, Marta.

MARTA

Hands over an envelope. Hugo puts it in his pocket. Cup of coffee, Hugo?

HUGO DUNN

Nah, gotta be gettin' back. See you next week.

To Mexican kid

I see you touching her again I'll tear your head off.

Hugo leaves, phone rings.

 ${\tt MARTA}$

(on phone)

Hello? Julio! How nice to hear from you. You have birds for me? Six more? Good, I'll be in town tomorrow. I can swing by the Topeka and pick them up then. I know it's a hassle but that's how it is.

15 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

Bill arrives at the office early. He starts the coffee and checks the fax machine. Rita comes in at Eight followed by Harvey.

BILL

Bill hands Rita the bag of clothing.

Rita, would you give Greer a call and give him this when he comes by. Say, Rita, where's the file on that John Doe hitchhiker we had a few months back?

She walks to the big file cabinet along the wall and finds it in a second.

RITA

Right here under Doe.

Bill takes the slim file to his desk and reads his original report and the Medical Examiner's report in the folder.

BILL

To Harvey

The clothes I found are the same size the kid was wearing.

HARVEY

Go Bill! Who needs the State cops anyway?

(Several days later)

Greer enters office. Greetings, small talk. Sits at Bill's desk.

GREER

The clothes came up negative for a connection to the John Doe.

BILL

Is there a report?

GREER

What, you don't believe me? Here.

Greer reaches into his jacket and hands over a piece of paper. It's a state police lab report.

The report says the clothes were the same size as the deceased but could not say for sure that they belonged to him. BILL

So that's that, I guess, huh?

GREER

Yeah. Nice try Billy Boy. But even if it turned out that the clothes were the kid's, it's still is a dead end. Finding his wardrobe doesn't get anybody any closer to solving this thing.

Greer leaves. Bill examines the report more closely. He notices listed under contents of pockets is typed the word EMPTY.

BILL

To Harv

Hey Harv, it says the pockets were empty. What the hell is Greer up to? I'm gonna check with the crime lab.

Bill dials the crime lab

Hello. This is Sheriff O'Halleran over at Oconee. I need a copy of a lab report. I sent over a bag of clothes with Ben Greer a couple of days ago. No I lost my copy. You can't send me one? Well can you tell me if anything was found in the pockets. I'll hold. They were empty. Thanks.

16 EXT.SMALL MEXICAN VILLAGE.DAY

Anna Maria Alvarez, worried old woman. Leaves her tiny house in San Miguel, and walks to church for Mass. She is the mother of missing boy.

ANNA MARIA

Waits behind after Mass to speak with priest.

(in Spanish)

It is not like my Victor to be silent for so long. I am afraid something bad has happened to him.

PRIEST

You know where he was when you last heard from him?

ANNA MARIA

Yes father. I have his last letter. It was sent from Oconee, Wis-con-sin, in America.

PRIEST

Perhaps you can send another family member to see what has happened to him.

ANNA MARIA

I will talk to my husband. Perhaps we can send my Pacho. We will lose him soon anyway. He will go north like all the other young men. What is here for them?

17 INT. ALVAREZ HOUSE. DAY

Anna maria at table talking with family.

ANNA MARIA

Father Alfonso thinks we should send someone north. I cannot rest until I know where my boy is. I want to send send Pacho there.

PACHO

I want to go.

FATHER

We could lose another son.

ANNA MARIA

I have to know where my Victor is. If he is gone I will mourn him. But I have to know.

FATHER

We have no money to give Pacho.

ANNA MARIA

God will watch over him.

PACHO

I can make it. I'm not afraid.

18 EXT.MEXICAN VILLAGE. DAY

Maria gives her son a few coins and a cloth bundle of food and clothes. She weeps as he boards an old bus.

Bus pulls away taking Pacho into the unknown.

19 INT.BILL'S PERSONAL CAR.DAY

RITA (OS)

Bill, we have a fire at the old packing plant. I called the volunteers.

BILL

Call Harvey. See if he's closer. I'm on my way.

Bill hurries to scene.

20 EXT.OLD PACKING PLANT.DAY

Abandoned building on fire. Harvey, driving Bill's cruiser, has already arrived. Bill notices the driver's door is open. Harvey is just sitting there. Bill walks over and realizes that Harvey is shot in the chest and losing lots of blood.

Bill blunders around afraid of snipers, finds first aid kit which is much too small for the amount of blood. He presses his handkerchief to Harvey's chest wound. Bill calls Rita to send an ambulance.

BILL

Hang in there Harv, help is on the way.

(siren is heard approaching)

A volunteer fire truck pulls in followed by several volunteers in private cars. The volunteers have much better medical equipment. Those among them with EMT training get to work with stretchers and pressure bandages. They work on Harv to stop the bleeding. Another group of volunteers begins dragging hoses off the pumper and begin wetting down the roof.

An ambulance arrives and there is plasma and medics and a fast trip to the emergency room. Bill calls Rita.

BILL

Rita, it's me. No he's bad. Lost a lot of blood. Call Cantress and the State Police.

RITA (OS)

I already did. Call me when you can

Bill begins to investigate the scene starting with the cruiser. There is a bullet hole in the windshield about midway down. A trajectory that points roughly to the roof of the burning building. The volunteer firemen are getting the fire under control. Bill circles the building looking for clues.

Bill finds a ladder to the roof. A hole in the fence behind the building. Bill looks through the hole and sees a makeshift ball field. Some ten year old kids with baseball gear are standing around watching the firemen.

BILL

(to the kids)

Any of you kids see anything?

Some kids shake their heads yes some no. Bill addresses one of the yes nodders.

Did you see anything?

KIDS (ALL AT ONCE)

A man running, holding something, a car, then gone.

Bill takes a few names

BILL

(To fire chief)

How's it going, Ron?

RON BARROW

The roof's a total loss. You figure out what's happened yet?

BILL

Looks like someone doesn't like cops.

Greer pulls up with the crime scene van and a couple of uniformed officers.

GREER

So what do you make of this, Bill? A random shooter or someone who just didn't like your deputy?

BILL

I think someone mistook him for me.

GREER

Now why would anyone want to hurt you, Bill?

BILL

I'm hoping you can find that out,

GREER

We'll do the usual crime scene stuff, but barring any miracles of modern science, which in my opinion only tends to fuck things up, what you're left with is your gut. And my gut's telling me we got crap here. We'll poke around, but my money's on this being a random thing.

BILL

I have the names of some kids here who might have seen something, And there's a ladder around back might have some prints on it.

GREER

You leave the police work to me. If there's anything to find out here, I'll find it.

BILL

Yeah, you do that, Ben. I have to go check on my deputy.

21 INT.HOSPITAL.DAY

CANTRESS

(worried and weeping.)
The bullet pierced a lung. He lost
a whole lot of blood but they say
he's going to make it. Oh, Bill, I
was so scared.

BILL

Bill murmurs comforting words. hugs her and promises to do what he can to see that justice is done.

DOCTOR

He's going to be alright. We'll have to keep him in the ICU for a few days. I expect he'll be well

DOCTOR

enough to see visitors in a day or two.

CANTRESS

Thank God.

BILL

Greatly relieved. Says his goodbyes.

22 EXT.OUTSIDE HOSPITAL.NIGHT

Reporters and news vans are just arriving as Bill is leaving the hospital. He walks through shouted questions with a terse "no comment". He gets into his old Camry and drives to the office.

23 INT.SHERIFF'S OFFICE.NIGHT

There are more reporters in front of the town hall but Bill gives them the silent treatment too. He enters the office with a sigh of relief. Rita is still there even though it's hours past the end of her workday.

RITA

The phone hasn't stopped ringing. Everyone wants a statement.

BILL

They'll have to wait for the State Police to fill them in. The good news is Harv's gonna be all right.

RITA

Thank God. What kind of maniac would do such a thing?

BILL

There's a lot of sick people in the world. Go home and get some rest, Rita. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day.

RITA

You too, Bill. You look like hell. Oh, there's some messages on your desk. Greer called before the fire. he wanted to know if you were in.

BILL

Thanks, hon. Go on home, I'll lock up.

24 INT.BILL'S TRAILER.NIGHT

BILL

Talking to his birds.

Hey fellas. Some day, huh? What's with that Greer? Harvey's gonna be fine, don't worry. Someone took a shot at him, imagine that. You think maybe they thought it was me?

He covers the cages, gets into bed and covers himself.

25 EXT.MOTEL PARKING LOT.DAY

Marta's old pick up truck pulls in to the Topeka Motel. The Motel is a run down dump near the Milwaukee Airport. She gets out and takes a wire cage out of the back and walks up to a door.

She is admitted into the room by Julio a handsome young Hispanic low level bird smuggler.

26 INT.MOTEL ROOM.DAY

MARTA

You're looking good Julio. Come and give Marta a kiss.

Laid out on the bed are eight unconscious parrots.
Well well what have we here?

JULIO

High quality stuff as always. How's business?

MARTA

Booming. It's getting too big to be wasting time on these visits. If you weren't so cute I wouldn't be here. What do I owe you?

JULIO

The usual ten thou.

MARTA

Pays him. Puts parrots in carrier.

Gotta run pretty boy. Next time
bring something special. Black
Palms are hot. Can you get Palms?

JULIO

I'll see what I can do. Later.

27 EXT.MARTA'S TRUCK.DAY

Marta and Mexican kid load parrots onto truck and drive away.

28 EXT.HUGO'S CAR.DAY

camera follows Hugo's black Lexus to mansion gate.

HUGO DUNN

into speaker at gate It's me.

Gate opens. Hugo drives in, parks and enters house.

29 INT.LEVINE MANSION.DAY

Hugo goes through beautiful rooms to back patio.

GERALD LEVINE

Putting golf balls on private green. Missing most shots.
You're back early

HUGO DUNN

Four pick ups today.

GERALD LEVINE

Give the money to Artie and fix yourself a drink.

Levine calls for Artie

Artie! Hugo's back. Where the hell is he?

30 INT.AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER.DAY

Julio is boarding flight to Miami with a connection to Costa Rica. He is being watched by customs agents.

31 INT.OFFICE.DAY

Washington D.C. office of Fish & Wildlife Enforcement.

SECRETARY

Ned, call for you on one. A Karl Costas from Costa Rica.

Split screen shows both sides of conversation.

KARL COSTAS

Hey Ned, Karl Costas here in sunny Costa Rica. I'm not sure if you remember me, we met last year at the CITES Conference in Mexico, how're things in Virginia?

NED CARPENTER

Hello Karl. I remember you. How's it goin' down there? Keepin' the wildlife wild?

KARL COSTAS

Trying to. Say, listen Ned, I called because we're on to something big down here. Something that concerns you and your people.

NED CARPENTER

Go ahead Karl. I've got a few minutes before the next meeting. What's up?

KARL COSTAS

We nabbed a small time freelance bird smuggler down here named Julio Guzman. He was walking rare birds out under his coat and delivering them to, get this, rural Wisconsin. He flies into Milwaukee where he meets his dealer.

NED CARPENTER

Wisconsin, huh? That's a new wrinkle.

KARL COSTAS

Anyway, We can deliver Guzman to you in Miami with a load of birds. He's agreed to cooperate. You escort him to Milwaukee, follow his contact, a woman named Marta. Follow her to where she keeps the birds and work the case up the chain we'll work it on this end.

NED CARPENTER

You make it sound so easy, Karl. But it's a good opportunity. I have to work out a ton of bureaucratic shit. What's our time frame here?

KARL COSTAS

Our boy Julio delivers every six weeks or thereabouts. He's a freelancer so if he's late or misses a drop he's the only one who cares.

NED CARPENTER

Well that's good news give me few days to get things moving--budgets, assignments that sort of thing.

KARL COSTAS

I hear you. Get back to me when you're all set.

NED CARPENTER

I have to run, Karl. My meeting's starting. I'll call you.

Ned buzzes secretary

Sarah, get me region four's director on the line.

SARAH

That would be Terry Winter. (sometime later)
Ned. I have Terry Winter on line three.

KARL COSTAS

Terry, Ned Carpenter here. We have a break in a smuggling case in your neck of the woods. Who do you have down there you can assign to it right away?

32 INT.F&WS REGIONAL OFFICE.DAY

RHODA

You wanted to see me, chief?

TERRY WINTER (VO)

Rhoda, I want you to pack your bag and fly to Miami.

Rhoda boards plane.

TERRY WINTER (VO)

There you're to meet up with Karl Costas. He's the CITES agent in Costa Rica.

34 EXT.AIRPORT.DAY

Plane taking off. Landing in Miami.

35 INT.AIRPORT.DAY

Rhoda meets Karl at airport.

TERRY WINTER (VO)

He's escorting a small time bird smuggler named Julio Guzman to Miami. Guzman will be bringing in a few birds.

Camera shows Julio in custody with parrots strapped to body. Julio is young, handsome Hispanic. He looks approvingly at Rhoda.

TERRY WINTER (VO)

You'll have a couple of hours layover in Miami where we'll get Julio outfitted with a wire.

Julio gets transmitter taped to his thigh and microphone inside his fly.

TERRY WINTER (VO)

You'll fly with Guzman to Milwaukee where you'll set up the meet. He's cooperating with us so no cuffs on him.

Shots of Rhoda and Julio on plane flying north. Landing and renting car,

TERRY WINTER (VO)

With the wire on Guzman, you can be next door at the Motel where Guzman meets the buyer, a woman named Marta.

36 INT. TOPEKA MOTEL.DAY

Rhoda signs in to dumpy motel. Behind her a leering Julio also signs in and gives the desk clerk a big wink.

37 EXT.TOPEKA MOTEL.DAY

Rhoda and Julio going in to adjoining rooms.

TERRY WINTER (VO)

You'll be gathering evidence only at this point, so don't attempt any arrests. We're hoping Marta leads you to where she keeps the birds. You'll work your way up the food chain to the top.

38 INT.TOPEKA MOTEL.DAY

Julio takes off shirt and we watch as he unwinds the cloth holding a half dozen parrots to his body. He carefully lays them on the bed.

RHODA

Time to call your contact.

Rhoda sits next to Julio and listens while he calls marta.

MARTA (OS)

Hello?

JULIO

Marta, honey, it's Julio. I'm back with another load.

MARTA (OS)

Julio darling. I hope it's something good this time. You know, it's not like a couple of years ago when we needed your few birds.

JULIO

Ah but these are real beauties, Marta. How's your supply of Black Palms?

MARTA (OS)

You have some Black Palms for me you darling man?

JULIO

I have only one today but there's more where he comes from.

MARTA (OS)

OK baby, I'll be down to get them in a couple of hours. What's the bite?

JULIO

Say 15k for the lot. You can get more than that for the Palm alone.

MARTA (OS)

I'll pay the usual 10k. I have a business to run.

JULIO

Make it 12 and you have a deal.

MARTA (OS)

Twelve thousand only because you're cute. You have to promise to bring more Black Palms next trip.

JULIO

Agreed.

(Hangs up phone. Says to Rhoda)

Ok, Missy, what we do now? We got time for a quickie.

RHODA

I'm going next door and test the equipment. why don't you talk to yourself or better yet put on the tv so I can hear if this thing is working.

JULIO

I need to take these birds off and take a shower Sure you wouldn't like to shower with me?

Rhoda goes next door and takes out the recorder and turns it on. She can hear Julio's television set and Julio moving around and muttering to himself in Spanish.

39 EXT.MOTEL PARKING LOT.DAY

Marta's old red pickup truck pulls into the motel lot.

Marta gets out and removes a fair sized carrier from behind the seat. She mounts the stairs and knocks on Julio's door.

40 INT.MOTEL ROOM.DAY

Rhoda switches on the recorder and puts on the headphones. She can hear as clearly as if she were in the room with them.

JULIO

Marta! Come in. Good to see you again.

MARTA

Good to see you too, Julio. Looking as handsome as ever.

JULIO

You're the looker here, Marta. How's business?

MARTA

It's getting to be more than we can handle. We're thinking of expanding. Building a second bird house. It'll mean we'll need more help so keep your eyes open.

JULIO

I'll tell my brother. Just say the word.

MARTA

So what have we here? That Black Palm is a beauty. Here's your fee. Let's pack 'em up. I gotta run.

She hands Julio an envelope. He puts it in his jacket pocket without counting it.

Bring us more Palms and I'll arrange a bonus for you.

She takes the birds to the waiting truck and gets in. Rhoda waits until the truck starts to pull away before she leaves her room, gets into her rental car and follows.

41 INT. RHODA'S CAR. DAY

Rhoda follows old pick up. Truck stops at feed store and picks up sacks of sunflower seeds.

42 INT.HUGO'S CAR.DAY

Hugo is passing by feed store and sees Marta's truck. He decides to turn around.

Hugo notices Rhoda following Marta.

Marta drives to bird house and pulls into driveway.

Rhoda passes by and turns around.

Hugo now follows Rhoda back to motel.

43 INT.TOPEKA MOTEL.DAY

Rhoda arrives back at motel. Julio is gone.

Hugo slips a bribe to Motel Clerk.

MOTEL CLERK

The woman's name is Rhoda
Deerwalker, she checked in this
morning with a Mexican fellow
named, let's see, here it is--Julio
Guzman, a regular customer.

Hugo drives off to report to Levine.

RHODA

On phone to Terry Winter

RHODA

I'm checking out of the Topeka. Julio's gone. I'm sorry about loosing him but you told me not to arrest him. I'm setting up a meeting with the local sheriff in the morning.

TERRY WINTER (OS)

Don't worry about Julio, he's finished. If he tries to fly back to Costa Rica we can pick him up at the airport. If he slips past us, he has to worry about the Costa Rican authorities. Besides, The CITES people are shutting down his whole network.

RHODA

Still, I hate to think of that slime ball running around making trouble.

TERRY WINTER (OS)

Tomorrow is the 4th of July. Every thing's going to be shut down. Take the day off. Think about your next move. Call again when you have something. Good luck.

Rhoda gathers her belongings and heads out of the Topeka. She drives into town and finds a more appealing place to stay.

44 EXT.LEVINE MANSION. DAY

Hugo drives through gate and up to house. Hugo enters house.

Hugo finds Levine practicing his putting on his private green in the backyard.

HUGO DUNN

I found something interesting today.

GERALD LEVINE

Do tell.

HUGO DUNN

I saw someone following Marta. So I followed her. She was staying at the Topeka Motel with a bird smuggler guy.

GERALD LEVINE

You get any names?

HUGO DUNN

Yeah, sure. Her name is Rhoda Deerwalker.

GERALD LEVINE

Rhoda Deerwalker?" Levine says. Can't say the name rings a bell. I'll ask around. So tell me Hugo, after following this mystery woman to the Topeka Motel. you found out her name and left?

HUGO DUNN

Well yes, I mean no. I forgot to tell you. I found out that she checked in with that bird guy. You know the one we get the Mexicans from.

GERALD LEVINE

You mean Julio Guzman?

HUGO DUNN

Yes. Yes. That's the guy. They told me he checked in with her.

GERALD LEVINE

Well that's very interesting, Hugo, Julio Guzman. What's that little Spic up to? I'll tell you what you're going to do. Go back to that flea bag motel. Keep an eye on this Deerwalker person. See where she goes, who she meets. Take Artie with you, it'll do him good to get some experience.

HUGO DUNN

OK, you're the boss.

45 EXT.MOTEL PARKING LOT.DAY

They don't see Rhoda's car in the parking lot and assume she's out. All through the hot dusty day they wait.

Rhoda is having breakfast in her hotel coffee shop. Across town Hugo and Artie sit in the parking lot of the Topeka Motel hot and miserable.

Rhoda has the 4th of July off and uses it to drive to Oconee.

46 EXT. OCONEE TOWN PARADE. DAY

Bill, in his best uniform, sits in the front seat of a bright red convertible. Rita is at the wheel, Harvey and Cantress occupy the back seat. The two women are wearing sunglasses and sun dresses. Harvey is wearing his uniform. His arm is in a sling.

The parade itself is a piece of small town Americana. Led by the Mayor in his convertible and followed by the High School Marching Band, the ambulance, the fire trucks, a couple of floats from the Scouts and the Future Farmers of America, the Precision Ride-on Mower Drill Team, the Rotarians, the police and the occasional politician running for office.

The route is lined with flag waving families. Bill sits in the passenger seat besides Rita, who is driving. Harvey, still recuperating from his wound, sits with Cantress in the back seat.

Big increase in volume as they pass the banner stretched across main Street reading 'Oconee honors its hero Harvey Brent'. On Main Street the cheering is deafening. Bill feels proud of his town and happy for Harvey who is waving his good hand and grinning like an idiot.

BILL

They're cheering for you Harv. You're a local hero.

Parade ends.

CANTRESS

We're having a few people over later, Bill. Can you come?

BILL

Thanks Cantress but I have to be at Greer's annual police cookout at two.

CANTRESS

Well have fun.

(To Harvey)

Come on hero, let's get the grill going.

47 INT.SHERIFF'S OFFICE.DAY

After the parade Bill drives back to the office ostensibly to check messages and faxes but in reality for lack of anything better to do.

It's still a couple of hours until the Greer cookout. There's nothing of interest on his desk but Bill welcomes the quiet of the empty office. He puts his feet up on his desk, leans back and naps. He is roused after an hour or so by a tapping on the door.

BILL

OK I'm coming.

RHODA

Sheriff O'Halleran?

BILL

That's me. Come in. Sit down, Miss...? Let me put on some lights. Would you like some water?

RHODA

No thanks, Sherriff. I'm so glad I found you in. I just took a chance stopping by on a holiday. That was a fine parade.

BILL

I just stopped in for a minute. Guess you got lucky. What can I do for you Mrs., Miss, er ---

RHODA

Ms. Deerwalker. Rhoda Deerwalker. I'm a Special Agent for the Fish and Wildlife Service Enforcement Division.

BILL

That's quite a mouthful, What can I do for you Ms. Deerwalker?

RHODA

I'm working a case in your neighborhood and I just wanted to give you a heads up as a professional courtesy. Maybe enlist your help catching some bad guys.

BILL

I appreciate that Ms. Deerwalker. I'll do what I can to help.

RHODA

Please call me Rhoda.

BILL

OK Rhoda, You'll have to call me Bill then.

RHODA

I'd like to discuss the case with you sometime soon. Are you free this afternoon?

BILL

Today's not looking good. I have to be somewhere in a few minutes. But tomorrow's fine. We can meet for breakfast or, after, if you like. Where are you staying?

RHODA

Breakfast sounds good. I'm staying in Milwaukee at the Albert Hotel. Can you get a good pancake in this part of the world?

BILL

I'll meet you at the Dairyland Diner. It's halfway. Best breakfast in Wisconsin. Take the interstate south to exit 46. You can't miss it. 10:00 sound good?

RHODA

Ten AM. I'll see you there.

48 EXT. GREER'S COOKOUT. DAY

Bill arrives at Greer's house for the annual fourth of July law enforcement cook out.

Everyone wants to talk about the shooting and the fire so Bill is a focus of interest. He finds himself just about the only person there in uniform. He grabs a cold beer and looks for a shady place to drink it.

After a while Greer comes over and sits down besides Bill with a tired grunt. Greer is wearing a Hawaiian shirt and shorts. His shirt is untucked to hide his belly.

GREER

I'm beat. I must have cooked 200 hamburgers and a thousand hot dogs. I'm getting too old for this.

BILL

Well you'll be retiring soon. What is it another two three years?

GREER

Two more years. I can't wait to get up in the morning and go back to sleep. Did I tell you we got the crime scene reports on your shooting? No surprises. The shooter didn't leave much or if he did the fire took care of it. The Arson squad thinks it was deliberately set but we already knew that.

BILL

Were there any prints on the ladder?

GREER

Nah. Clean. The guy knew what he was doing.

(beat)

There's something I've been meaning to ask you about that day. How come Harvey was driving your cruiser?

BILL

The old one was in the shop again. Why?

GREER

Well did you ever think someone might have mistaken Harvey for you?

BILL

The thought has crossed my mind, I just can't think of a reason for it. You have any ideas on the subject?

GREER

None. Care for a cigar?

Greer hands Bill a cigar and tosses a pack of matches on the table. Bill lights up, looks at the matchbook. It says 'Dells Inn'. It's exactly like the one he found in the bag of clothes.

BILL You know this place?

GREER

I took the wife there for dinner last week. Had a good meal. A bit pricey. I wouldn't recommend you going there.

Greer gives Bill a knowing look and walks away.

49 EXT. ROADSIDE MEXICO. DAY

Pacho on the side of the road waiting for a bus or a ride.

A car with a half dozen tough kids pulls over. Instead of a ride, the group pummels and kicks Pacho into submission.

They take what money he has in his pockets. They even take his small bundle of clothes and food. They laugh at him and call him country bumpkin and drive away.

Dazed and bloody Pacho crawls to the side of the road and takes stock of what has happened. He's bruised and bloody but otherwise unhurt. He's badly shaken and his vulnerability is painfully obvious.

He walks into town to complain to the local Police they laugh and jeer and run him off with threats of a worse beating.

Struggling North, Pacho is reduced to begging. He sleeps in sheds, eats at church kitchens when he finds them. Now and then he meets with kindness. Once a priest gives him a few pesos and a blessing. Once a kitchen maid gives him a meal of leftovers and a napkin of stale tortillas.

There are rainstorms without shelter but mostly there is desert heat and unrelenting thirst. It is fifteen weeks on the road before a gaunt and tired Pacho trudges the last dusty miles into Juarez on the Texas Mexico border.

The boy who arrives in Juarez is a different creature than the one who left San Miguel on his boyish adventure. Physically he is leaner, tougher and more wary; mentally he is hardened and focused and no longer naive.

50 INT. DINER. DAY

Rhoda enters the Dairyland Diner and looks around. The place is busy. She scans the dining room for a police uniform.

HOSTESS

Table for how many?

RHODA

I'm meeting someone here. All right if I take look around and see if he's here?

HOSTESS

Sure, honey. Help yourself.

She looks around the crowded dining room finally seeing a man in a uniform waving at her from a corner booth.

RHODA

I was getting worried we'd never find each other.

BILL

I hope you're hungry. This place makes a serious breakfast.

RHODA

I'm starving. Breakfast is my favorite meal.

BILL

Good, You know what they say about breakfast.

RHODA

No. What do they say?

BILL

(flustered, blushing)

They say it's the most important meal of the day. You know, the foundation.

They both laugh at the pretentiousness of that statement and the artificiality of the whole conversation. But the ice is broken and they begin to feel comfortable with each other.

A waitress comes over bringing menus and pouring coffee. They take a few minutes to decide on their orders. When the waitress returns, Rhoda orders eggs over easy, grits, sausage patties and a side of buttermilk pancakes. Bill orders the same but asks for a couple of biscuits.

BILL

The biscuits are not to be missed.

When breakfast comes on two huge platters, it is a picture of perfection. Rhoda and Bill dig in uninhibitedly. The waitress refills their cups and delivers a pitcher of real maple syrup.

The only sound for the next few minutes are grunts of pleasure and praise for the perfection of the biscuits, the sausage, the pancakes and the eggs. When the last bite is eaten, Rhoda sits back, heaves a contented sigh and begins to tell Bill her story.

RHODA

There's a house in the country not far from Oconee that is part of a large, well organized bird smuggling ring. I have to watch the house for a week or two, make a case, arrest the perps and close it down.

Bill listens and nods and lets her tell her story. She is younger than him by about ten years. She wears no wedding ring.

RHODA

We caught this small time smuggler who supplies the birds. He also supplies them with Mexican illegals.

BILL

Now that's interesting. We had a Hispanic kid killed here a few months back. I'm trying to find out who he is and what happened to him.

RHODA

Maybe we can help each other. I mean it's only fair if you're helping me that I help you with your case.

BTT_iT_i

That would be nice. There is one lead I want to follow up. There's a restaurant I need to visit. It's a fancy place about twenty minutes away. If you could come with me I wouldn't feel so self conscious eating alone.

RHODA

Are you asking me out Sheriff O'Halleran?

BILL

Ah, no. I mean yes. Think of it as going undercover. Strictly professional. Well you offered,

RHODA

I'd love to go. At the very least I'll have a good meal and a break from my surveillance.

BILL

Good, it's a date. I mean a deal.

RHODA

I just thought of something. I don't have anything to wear. Nothing suitable for dinner at a fancy restaurant. I have jeans and this outfit I'm wearing now.

BILL

I still have some of my ex-wife's things at my place. She was about your size.

Rhoda gives him a quizzical look
Probably not a great idea. How
about you borrow something from
Rita, our dispatcher. She's a good
sport and about your height. We
should go over to the office now
anyway. It would be good to look at
some county maps and see if we can
locate the bird house on them.

51 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

Bill introduces Rhoda to Rita. The two women fall immediately into a conversation about wardrobes.

Bill goes upstairs to the County Clerk's office to borrow some detailed maps and atlases. These he brings back to his office. He interrupts the conversation to get the women's attention back to criminal matters.

Bill locates the the state road and Rhoda locates the house. Bill points to a house opposite and asks Rita.

BILL

Isn't that the Maples' farm right there?

RITA

That's the Maples' place.

BILL

See here, the Maples' farm backs up to your bird house. I bet there's a tree line separating the two properties. It's going to still be quite a distance to the house but with good binoculars...

RHODA

I brought a spotting scope. Think we can get permission from the property owner?

RITA

The Maples are his deputy's in-laws. Nice people. Permission and access should be no problem.

At just this moment, Harvey shows up. After greetings and introductions they fill him in on the developments of the morning.

HARVEY

Count me in. If we all take turns we can keep a pretty tight watch on this bird house. And this is something I can do even with one good arm. (Beat)

Tropical bird smugglers in Wisconsin, huh? Man. Fires, snipers, organized crime you'd never think to look at it but Oconee's quite the crime capitol.

BILL

Let's take a ride over there. I'll let Harvey introduce you. While we're gone, Rita, why don't you check with the county clerk and see if you can find out who owns the bird house.

52 EXT. MAPLE'S FARM. DAY

Bill takes Rhoda out to the Maples' Farm and introduces her to Sam and Martha Maples. They decline the offer of coffee and traipse through the pastures and cornfields to the wooded tree line separating the Maples' fields from the Bird House's.

They get their first real look at the house. It's a typical white farmhouse badly in need of paint. Nothing distinguishes it from its neighbors. It's about 150 yards from where they stand concealed in the trees.

Bill has thought to bring along some water, a couple of aluminum chairs and his bird watching binoculars. Rhoda has a small spotting scope mounted on a tripod and a notebook. Their vantage point is elevated and they can see the entire rear yard and most of the driveway.

RHODA

This is perfect. Better than I hoped. I'm glad I called you guys first. My second choice was the State Police. I doubt if I'd have gotten such attention.

BILL

Anything for a fellow officer. I have to get to work too now. Anything comes up, call the office. Rita knows how to reach me. See you Harv.

HARVEY

(to Rhoda)

I'll be by in a couple of hours and give you a lunch break.

RHODA

Thanks. I'll be fine. So long, Bill.

Rhoda settles in for the slow work of surveillance.

HARVEY

So what exactly are you looking for?

RHODA

I observe the comings and goings. Get an idea of the rhythm of the place. Get a lead on who the big boss is, then bust him.

HARVEY

Sounds like police work--long boring stretches punctuated by moments of sheer terror.

Several days later Rhoda's routine drudgery is broken by Bill's arrival.

BILL

I have reservations for two at Dell's Inn. 8:00 tonight. Rita has clothes for you at the office. It should be a nice break from sandwiches and surveillance. So if it's all right, I'll pick you up at around 7:30.

RHODA

Sounds great. I could use a break from watching the back porch all day.

53 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

Greer stops in to see Bill who is not there.

GREER

Hi Rita, Bill around?

RITA

No, sorry Ben, he's out on a stakeout.

GREER

Ooo, sounds like real police work. What's he staking out?

RITA

They're working on a parrot smuggling case with a Federal agent.

The news stuns Greer.

GREER

Right. Er...tell him I was by. I'll see you later.

54 EXT.LEVINE MANSION. DAY

Greer pulls through the mansion's gates.

55 EXT. STAKEOUT. DAY

Out in the woods behind the Bird House Rhoda keeps her vigil. This is the fifth day of her surveillance. She is learning the rhythms and is getting familiar with the residents.

On this afternoon she watches a black Lexus pull into the yard. An enormous man gets out and goes into the house.

56 INT. BIRD HOUSE. DAY

What Rhoda has witnessed is Hugo arriving at Marta's for the weekly cash pickup. Hugo sits in Marta's kitchen drinking a cup of coffee.

He likes the color and sound of the birds, he likes being in Marta's company but he hates seeing her flirt with the young Mexicans. Marta can sense this and puts on a show to tease the big man.

It drives Hugo crazy and he clenches his fist so tightly around his coffee cup you'd think it would crumble into powder. Hugo pretends it's a Mexican neck he's crushing. When his coffee is finished, Hugo collects the week's receipts, gets back in his car and drives away.

Marta is rinsing out the cups when her cell phone rings.

MARTA

Yes?

JULIO

Marta, it's me, Julio.

MARTA

Hello Julio. I didn't expect to hear from you so soon. Don't tell me you have another load for me already.

JULIO

No Marta. No birds this time. I have other things on my mind. I've been thinking. I can't go home to Costa Rica. The fucking cops are on to me. I gotta lay low. I need

JULIO

money. A lot of money. Comprende? I need for you to giver me a hundred grand to make me happy. That way I don't do nothing can get you into trouble. You understand what I'm sayin'?

MARTA

That's a dirty rotten thing you're saying. I've always treated you fair. it's not my fault your operation's blown.

JULIO

I know it ain't your fault but that's how it is.

MARTA

Ok. Stay calm. Let me talk to my people and see what we can work out. How can I reach you?

JULIO

No. I'll reach you. I'll call you back at six. Get the money.

Marta immediately calls Hugo.

MARTA

Hugo. We got a problem.

She tells him about Julio's proposition.
You need to give me a decision by
six. Either pay him or don't pay
him but take care of it.

57 EXT. LEVINE'S MANSION. DAY

Hugo drives to Levine's.

58 INT. BIRD HOUSE. DAY

At six o'clock Julio calls Marta.

JULIO

You got the money?

MARTA

I'll have it. Just tell me where to meet you.

JULIO

Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Be on the corner of Stanley and tenth in Milwaukee. Come alone and bring the money.

As soon as he hangs up Marta calls Hugo and tells him the time and place.

59 INT. BILL'S TRAILER. DUSK

Bill knocks off work at 5:00 and goes home and dresses for dinner. He puts on his best and only suit, tie and white shirt.

BILL

(To his birds)

this is strictly a police matter and thats a fact. Just because Rhoda Deerwalker is a beautiful woman has absolutely no bearing on the matter...

Dials Rhoda

I'm on my way.

60 INT. BILL'S CAR. DUSK

Rhoda gets in the car. She looks fantastic. They drive toward restaurant.

BILL

You look fantastic.

RHODA

Thanks. You don't look half bad yourself.

(They drive in silence for a while)

Tell me why we're going to this restaurant again.

BILL

I found a matchbook from there in a bag of clothing I believe belonged to the dead Mexican kid I found. Greer thought the the clothes were nothing and the matchbook disappeared after I gave it to him.

RHODA

Did you ask him about it?

BILL

I don't have to ask him. I know he threw it away. I called the crime lab and they never saw it.

RHODA

This is getting serious. I hope you know what you're getting yourself into.I don't trust this Greer fellow. What do you think he's up to?

BILL

That's why we're going to dinner. See if we can get some answers. If I don't investigate then what kind of cop am I? I don't want to be that kind of cop.

61 EXT. DELL'S INN. NIGHT

Establishing shot of old country inn. Bill passes up the valet parking and parks his car himself.

62 INT. DELL'S INN. NIGHT

Maitre'd greets them and shows them to a candle lit table. He hands them enormous menus.

RHODA

(checking the prices)
Bill, are you sure you want to do
this?

BILL

Not to worry. Tomorrow I'll go to the bank and get a second mortgage.

WAITER

Good evening. Welcome to Dell's Inn. I'm your waiter, George. Would you care for something to drink?

BILL & RHODA

(together)

Just water for me thanks.

WAITER

The waiter arrives bringing water and a bread basket. He takes their dinner order--trout for Rhoda, pork chops for Bill.

BILL

(impulsively)

And two glasses of wine, white for the lady and red for me.

The waiter nods, takes the menus and leaves. When the wine comes, Bill lifts his glass and offers a toast.

To success in our investigations.

RHODA

Your investigations are a lot more glamorous than mine.

BILL

How's the surveillance going?

RHODA

Things are getting clearer. There are three young Hispanic men who do the work of feeding and cleaning up and there is the woman, Marta, who makes the deals, picks up and delivers the birds. My next move is to follow Marta and see where she goes.

BILL

Let me know if you want me to go along. It could be tricky. I can watch your back.

RHODA

I may need help, Bill. It all depends on what I find.

the food arrives

BILL

(to the waiter)

So tell me George, have you worked here a long time?

WAITER

A long time. I worked here before this place was rebuilt. Since before the fire. I waited tables at the old Tropicale. Place burned to the ground September 22nd 1996. BILL

Was anyone hurt?

WAITER

The original owner was killed. He'd just sold the place too.

RHODA

How'd the fire start?

WAITER

No one ever figured it out. Can I get you folks anything else?

He takes out his notebook and writes down the date to make sure he doesn't forget. Rhoda watches him.

RHODA

What are you thinking? You think a ten year old fire is connected to your hit and run?

BILL

I have no idea. but it's the only piece of information to come out of this dinner. Maybe it's something, probably it's not. But that's enough talking shop. Let's forget we're cops for a while and just enjoy ourselves. Tell me something about yourself.

RHODA

Sure. What would you like to know?

BILL

Tell me how you wound up working for the Fish & Wildlife Service.

RHODA

Did you ever hear of Spix's Macaw?"
Macaws are truly gorgeous tropical
birds. They are distinguished from
parrots by their long tails.
They're highly prized by
collectors. They're really
intelligent and a joy to look at.
Some of the rarest and most
endangered birds are macaws. In
fact of the 17 macaw species 12 are
endangered. The most endangered and
rarest of them all is the Spix
Macaw. It's the single rarest bird
in the world.

Rhoda pauses and takes a sip of wine There is, at last count, only a single individual Spix left in the wild. There are a dozen or so left in zoos and a few in private collections but in its native habitat, in Brazil, there is only a single lonely individual looking in vain for a mate. Every other Spix has been stolen. The pressure on all tropical birds is tremendous. It says something about our human arrogance, stupidity and greed that we will hunt and remove the last creature of its kind even though it makes far more sense to leave them alone and let them breed. "It makes me sad and very angry whenever I think about the Spix.

Her intense passion brings tears to her eyes.

After I heard the story of the Spix
I wanted to do something to help. I
became a biologist then joined the
Wildlife Service right out of
college. Now that I'm in
enforcement, I can do something.
Maybe actually make a difference.

BILL

That's quite a story. I've got a soft spot for birds myself. I keep a few canaries at my place. I tell them my troubles. They're my friends.

RHODA

I'd like to meet your friends.

WAITER

Removes plates. Offers dessert.

BILL

Just the check, thanks.

63 EXT. DELL'S INN. NIGHT

RHODA

When they get into the car Rhoda leans over and kisses Bill full on the mouth.

RHODA

Just to prevent any awkward moments later I like to get the good night kiss out of the way early. Thanks for a lovely evening.

64 INT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT

They drive home in silence the radio playing softly. Bill drives past Rhoda's exit and continues South to Oconee. They enter his trailer and kiss again this time accompanied by the joyful singing of a dozen birds.

65 EXT JUAREZ. DAY

In Juarez, Pacho finds a bustling underground economy dealing in the housing, feeding, transporting and smuggling of illegal aliens into the United States. For a few pennies he finds a blanket in a tin shack in a Juarez slum.

In a crowded room with no water or electricity Pacho rents a few square feet of space with 20 or so other would be Americans. Mostly young men but a few families with children are represented.

It is a veritable cross section of Latin American nations. The majority are Mexicans but there are representatives from Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala, Panama, Costa Rica. There's even a young fellow from Chile who claims to have walked the entire three thousand miles.

66 INT. TIN SHACK. NIGHT

The border takes on mythic importance in conversations in that crowded shack. It is at once goal and obstacle. A terrible gauntlet that must be run.

Once across the border their imaginations are free to paint pictures of better lives, healthy families and high paying jobs. Everyone knows someone who made it and with luck and courage they would make it too.

Coyotes who guide the individuals on the perilous crossing charge ever higher rates. The best Coyotes charge hundreds of dollars for their services. While this might be the safest way across, to Pacho it is far too expensive. He is broke and hungry with only the clothes on his back and those are threadbare and filthy.

67 EXT. MEXICAN PARK. DUSK

Out of desperation Pacho joins three equally desperate youths in a mugging. They jump an old man in a park take his watch and wallet and beat a hasty retreat before the police arrive.

The crime nets Pacho the equivalent of \$15.00 but the act sickens him. The money eases his hunger and improves his immediate condition but does nothing to improve his long range prospects.

It is at just this point in his journey that Pacho hears about the train. The train is referred to as El Desperado, the desperate one, by the would be immigrants. It is a freight train that makes its run North through Juarez into the heart of the U.S.

68 INT. RAILROAD TRACKS. NIGHT

Pacho falls in with six companions and together they gather their strength and their resolve. They huddle near the tracks and wait for nightfall.

As they wait they support each other but in the silences each man harbors private fears. The train announces its approach with light and noise.

The six young men in the ditch tense and wait. Soon the train is upon them. It is moving faster than they imagined. They sprint up the rail bed. The train is a thundering moving wall. They run along side and grab for the passing ladders.

Pacho leaps and grabs the iron rung high and, in an arm wrenching tug that sweeps him off the ground, he pulls himself on board. He looks back to see at least one of his companions left behind.

He crouches on a small platform between the cars shaking and winded. The train picks up speed and roars away into the night. In an hour or two he will leap into the darkness and hope he does not break a bone.

Pacho leaps from speeding train. He tumbles down an embankment. He staggers around in the dark and falls asleep.

69 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

Bill arriving late.

RITA

Well look who's here. Big night last night?

BILL

(ignoring her)

When you have a minute would you see what you can find out about a fire at the Tropicale Restaurant in 1996?

RITA

Sure thing. Want to hear what I found out about who owns the bird house?

BILL

Fire away.

RITA

the property is owned by a PLG Corporation. Unfortunately I haven't been able to find anything on PLG. They're not registered in Wisconsin, but I have a call in to the Secretary of State's office to see if they have any information.

BILL

Good job Rita. Keep digging. Let me know what you turn up.

70 INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

Stanley Street in Milwaukee is a mixed residential/commercial street in a working class neighborhood.

On the tenth street corners are a pool hall, a laundry, a grocery and a boarded up storefront covered with graffiti. Julio is standing inside the grocery drinking coffee from a paper cup. He is waiting for Marta to arrive.

At nine sharp he sees her old pick up pull into a parking space. She is alone. He gives it a few minutes to make sure no one else is following. Finally he steps outside and walks over to her.

She is standing outside the truck leaning on the fender smoking. He startles her out of her reverie.

JULIO

Hello Marta. You have my money?

MARTA

I told you I'd have it. It's in the truck under the seat. You want me to get it for you?

JULIO

No. Stay there. I'll get it.

Julio walks around the truck to the driver's side and opens the door. As he bends down to look under the seat, Hugo, lying concealed under a tarp in the bed of the truck, leaps out with surprising agility for so big a man and smacks Julio a mighty punch on the back of his head.

He pushes him into the truck and in one motion gets behind the wheel. Marta jumps in the truck bed and they pull away. The whole episode takes less than three minutes.

71 INT. PICK UP TRUCK. DAY

Hugo drives South. Julio is mostly unconscious. Every time he groans and stirs a little Hugo slams him in his head. They drive into the country then turn off the main road after entering the state forest.

Hugo finds his way on to a gravel road and then a rutted dirt trail deep into the woods. After a mile or so he finds a clearing and pulls over. He gives Julio a couple of more punches.

72 EXT. STATE PARK. DAY

Hugo gets out and walks around to the passenger side. He slings Julio over his shoulder, picks up a shovel from the truck bed and walks into the woods without a word.

Marta gets into the truck and turns on the radio. She listens to soft jazz and jumps at the sound of a gunshot.

RITA

Hey Bill. Tough day?

BILL

The usual. Any luck with your research?

RITA

Yeah. I found a good article on line from the Milwaukee herald Sept 16th 1996.

(reads from article) The Tropicale was a popular tourist trap with umbrella drinks and a fake Polynesian atmosphere. It even had parrots in the lobby. It burned to the ground in the middle of the night in 1996. The fire was deemed suspicious by the local fire inspector so the State Arson Squad was called in. The State investigator determined that the fire was caused by an electrical short. The case was closed and the insurance paid. The only interesting thing I could find is that the arson squad investigator assigned to the case was none other than our own Ben Greer.

BILL

Now that's interesting. Did you find out who owns the new restaurant and who collected the insurance money?

RITA

That kind of information is not available on line, But I have a call in to the town clerk in Talon. I expect to hear back from her at any moment.

As if by magic the phone rings and it's the Talon Town Clerk.

Oconee Sheriff's Department, Rita speaking. Oh, hi Dolores. Great, you have the name. How do you spell that. That's great, Dolores, thanks a million. Goodbye.

RITA

The new owner's name is Gerald Levine. I know, I'll see what I can find out about Mr. Levine.

BILL

Good job, Rita. You can save it until tomorrow. You did a good day's work.

74 EXT. DESERT. DAY

When day breaks in the desert Pacho finds himself cold and alone. He walks North but away from the tracks.

After a few hours walking Pacho finds a small band of country men. They share some water and food and discuss what to do next. Everyone urges Pacho to stay with them. They are heading to the closer and friendlier cities of the South West. No one can believe Pacho wants to travel another eleven hundred miles to a place called Wisconsin where they have no family, no friends and no support.

And so they part company. Pacho with no money and almost no English heads into America's heartland. The route Pacho takes to Wisconsin is a circuitous one. He walks most of the way.

He begs for food or money from strangers, he eats from dumpsters and sometimes sleeps in them. Some encounters are more charitable than others. There are nights in jail for vagrancy, nights in shelters for the homeless, nights in ditches after a beating from local toughs.

75 EXT. OCONEE TOWN. DAY

The journey takes ten weeks. And against all odds Pacho arrives in Oconee in mid July.

There doesn't seem to be much chance of employment but Pacho settles in to an empty shed on the edge of town and looks for work.

He gets lucky and scores a dish washing job at the only restaurant in town, the Oconee Cafe. Phyllis, the owner and manager, is tickled to have an employee she can afford and doesn't look too closely at Pacho's work history, citizenship and legal status.

For Pacho the job is perfect. He not only gets a paying job in Oconee, Phyllis feeds him lunch and allows him to take home stale and leftover food to eat for his supper.

On summer evenings and days off, Pacho walks around town looking for what exactly he isn't sure maybe signs of his brother maybe another Spanish speaker maybe a house filled with birds.

76 INT. OCONEE CAFE. DAY

Pacho's meanderings have proved fruitless. He has learned nothing except the layout of the town. But the work at the cafe and the idle evenings have given his exhausted body and mind a chance to heal. His English is improving and he has begun to speak with Phyllis, his only friend.

After a week or two he has enough command of the language to ask her if she has ever seen Victor Alvarez and he takes out a dim and dirty photograph of a handsome youth standing in the sun with a soccer ball under his arm.

Phyllis squints at the photo for a long time and hands it back to Pacho with a shake of her head.

PHYLLIS

I don't know him. I mean he might have been in here but to tell you the truth all you Mexicans look alike to me. Don't get me wrong, I like you, kid. It's just that we don't to see a lot of Mexicans around here.

PACHO

It's ok Phyllis. You don't hurt my feelings.

Pacho takes this news in stride and goes back to chores. A few days later Pacho is standing at the sink when a Mexican boy about his age comes in to the cafe and asks Phyllis for change to use the pay phone.

Pacho goes out of the kitchen door and around the front and calls after then boy in Spanish.

Hey there, wait up a second. Please.

The Mexican kid, also an illegal, takes off running. Pacho runs after him and catches him a couple of blocks away. They fall in the dirt of the roadside panting and sweating from the chase.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you. I only wanted to ask you a question.

TINO

I thought you were Immigration.

PACHO

No. I'm like you. Far from home. You're the first Mexican I've seen in weeks.

TINO

No there aren't many of us in this town. What's your name?

PACHO

I'm Pacho.

TINO

Pacho holds out his hand. The boy takes it and Pacho pulls him to his feet.

I'm Roberto, they call me Tino.

PACHO

How long have you been in Oconee?

TINO

Eight months.

PACHO

Let's go back to the cafe. I'll buy you a beer and we can talk.

TINO

That's a good idea.

77 INT. OCONEE CAFE. DAY

Tino and Pacho at a table having a beer. It's four o'clock and there are no customers in the place. Phyllis is busy in the kitchen cooking.

PACHO

After talking about home for a while, Pacho asks Tino if he would look at a photograph and tell him if he recognized the face. Pacho lays the photo before him and says the name of his brother, "Victor Alvarez." Tino blanches at the name.

You know him don't you? You can tell me, I'm his brother. I've come here to find him.

TINO

I do not think you will find him. We worked together. He was here before me. He was a nice guy. We were friends. He disappeared.

PACHO

What do you mean 'disappeared'?

TINO

Victor, me and Louis, we live and work in this house around here. We take care of birds. It's easy work, real easy.

Pacho gets a couple of more beers from the fridge.

The woman who runs the place, I can't give you her name. or they'll kill me too. This lady likes young boys and is always trying to fuck around with us. We try to resist but, hey, you know how it is.

She really liked Victor. She was always after him. The trouble was the boyfriend, man. A real jealous fucker and big, a giant. He goes crazy when she messes around. He caught them in her bed. He beat him real bad, then he threw him in his car and drove away. That's all I know.

PACHO

Please Tino, tell me where is this house of birds where you work.

TINO

No I can not, I am afraid. I was told to never speak of it. The big man warned us.

(two days later)

Rita eats at the Oconee Cafe a couple times a week when she grows tired of brown bagging it.

Rita likes small town cafes and she likes talking to Phyllis about the sorry state of American manhood and their ex-husbands.

So it is inevitable that Rita has seen Pacho at the cafe.

Rita has seen him twice now and has been wondering what the boy is looking for. Now sitting at the lunch counter enjoying a chicken salad sandwich Rita asks Phyllis about the boy.

RITA

Who's the new kid?

PHYLLIS

That's Pacho, he wandered in here a couple of weeks ago hungry and weak. You know I've always had a soft spot for strays so I took him in and gave him a job washing up. He's real quiet. A good worker though. Doesn't speak much English. From what I can make out he's looking for his brother who used to work around here. Something about birds, I couldn't quite understand. I only had a year of Spanish and that was umpteen years ago.

At the mention of birds, Rita snaps to attention.

78 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

RITA

Rita relates the conversation to Bill.

There's this Spanish kid down at the Cafe. Doesn't speak much English but he's looking for his brother who used to work around here taking care of birds and has recently disappeared.

HARVEY

You know the kid is more than likely an illegal. If you go over there to interview him dressed as a cop he'll clam up so fast you'll never get anything out of him.

BILL

Good point, Harv. Besides, I know maybe three words in Spanish so it wouldn't be much of an interview. I wonder if Rhoda speaks Spanish.

HARVEY

Cantress spent 3 months in Spain before we were married, maybe she can get his story.

BILL

I'll talk to Rhoda about it first. It's her case and her call.

79 EXT. MAPLE'S FARM. DAY

BILL

Bill walks over to Rhoda at the stakeout.
Hi. How's it going?

RHODA

Going good. What's up?

BILL

There's a young Mexican working at the cafe. He's looking for his missing brother. The brother used to work in there. I was wondering if you spoke Spanish.

RHODA

You're in luck. I lived in Mexico for a year.

BILL

Great, would you...

RHODA

Interview him for you? Sure. Wouldn't it be something if your hit and run turns out to be the missing brother? Do you have a photograph of the dead kid? Of course you must. Give me a copy and I'll ask the kid if its his brother We just might be working on the same case.

80 EXT. LEVINE'S MANSION. DAY

Gerald Levine is lounging by his pool under a sun lamp. Dark glasses protect his eyes and his pasty body is bathed in an eerie light.

ARTHUR LEVINE Someone to see you, Ger.

GERALD LEVINE

Who is it?

ARTHUR LEVINE

Detective Greer.

GERALD LEVINE

What the hell...Send him in.

Greer sits at a table under a big umbrella and fixes himself a drink.

This better be important. I told you to keep away from here.

GREER

Greer sips his drink, puts his muddy shoes on another chair Trouble, Gerry, trouble. There's a cop sniffing around the bird operation. Remember that woman Hugo followed to the Motel? A Rhoda Deerwalker? Well I did some checking on her through the police computer. Turns out she's an investigator with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. That slime ball Julio must have ratted you out. I'm glad the little prick got what he deserved. Anyway, I ran a trace on her and found she's registered at the Alfred Hotel in Milwaukee. I got her room number and everything.

GERALD LEVINE

Sits up and pays attention.

So what do you think she's up to?

GREER

She's probably got the bird house under surveillance. And since she didn't ask for any help from the state cops, she's probably working with the locals.

I know the local cop in Oconee. A clown named O'Halleran, a incompetent cop wannabe. Not too bright. I've already had to warn him off the case a couple of times

GREER

when I found him sniffing around after Hugo messed up that Mexican kid.

GERALD LEVINE

Warned him off how exactly?

GREER

I took a shot at him and missed. But I think he got the message

GERALD LEVINE

Jesus Christ Greer. Who told you to go and do a stupid thing like that? You're supposed to come to me if there's problems.

GREER

I don't need your permission to protect my interests. You wouldn't even have the parrot business if it weren't for me.

GERALD LEVINE

All right, all right, let's just calm down. This isn't productive.

Levine walks over to the bar and mixes himself a drink.

The question now is how far these
cops have penetrated, how much they
know. And how we can stop them from
messing everything up. You got any
ideas, Greer?

GREER

No. You're the idea man.

GERALD LEVINE

OK. Give me a couple of minutes to think.

He walks to the edge of the pool and jumps in. Swims to the ladder, gets out and dries himself from a towel he takes from a stack. Then he joins Greer at the table

Here's what we'll do. You go and visit your friend Bill. See how much he knows and try to get him to back off.

GREER

What if he won't listen to reason?

GERALD LEVINE

Try warning him off, if that doesn't work try bribery, threats, blackmail, I don't know, try anything you can think of. If nothing works you'll have to kill him but make it look like an accident.

GREER

What about the Deerwalker woman?

GERALD LEVINE

She'll have to disappear too.

GREER

She's probably been reporting to her superiors. They're bound to miss her and send people to find out what happened.

GERALD LEVINE

By that time we'll have shut down and moved the operation. They'll have to start all over again. Nobody has any evidence to tie us directly to anything. So relax. Get this local cop off our necks. I'll take care of the Fed.

When Greer leaves Levine calls for Artie get Hugo over here, I have a job for him.

Artie calls Hugo on his cell. Hugo's hanging out at the bird house with Marta. He grunts ascent when he hears the summons. Hugo tells Marta he has to leave, glowers at the Mexicans in the next room and heads for his car.

81 INT. OCONEE CAFE. DAY

Rhoda drives over to the cafe to interview Pacho. She finds him in the kitchen washing pots and pans. She says hello to Phyllis and asks her permission to ask Pacho a few questions.

PHYLLIS

Hey Pacho. Someone's here to see you. Don't worry she's a friend.

He is frightened and uneasy until he hears Rhoda explain in Spanish in her calm voice.

RHODA

Don't worry, Pacho, I don't care anything about your immigration status. I wanted to ask you about your missing brother. I may be able to help you find him. You told Phyllis he was working around here taking care of birds. I'm investigating a ring of bird smugglers who work out of a house in this town. My interest is only in protecting the birds. Whatever you tell me can help me in my work.

Pacho listens still suspicious. He doesn't really give a damn about birds. This woman seems nice but it may be a trap. He looks down at the table, shakes his head and says nothing.

Rhoda sees that she is getting nowhere. She tries another approach.

Well, maybe we can help each other. Four months ago the local sheriff found the body of an young Hispanic kid. A hit and run. I have a photograph of that boy. Would you look at the photo?

PACHO

Pacho feels torn. He is both afraid to look and afraid not to. He nods

Si.

Rhoda takes the morgue photo of the hitchhiker from an envelope and passes it face down to Pacho. He turns it over, tenses and bursts into tears.

It is his brother. Victor is dead. In a minute he regains his composure and says to Rhoda.

that is my brother Victor Alvarez. My older brother. We haven't heard from him in months. I have come to find him. Do you know how he died?

RHODA

He was hit by a car. I'm so sorry for you, Pacho. I wish it wasn't him. He was hit by a car. At least that's what the police report said. He died of massive trauma. He had no identification so no one knew who he was. You told Phyllis that

RHODA

your brother worked around here taking care of birds. Isn't that what you said?

PACHO

Yes, that is what I told her. What do I do now? Where is his body? I must tell my mother.

Suddenly Pacho is a bewildered child and Rhoda provides what comfort she can.

Pacho is greatly relieved. He tells her "Gracias. Gracias" over and over.

With very little prompting Pacho tells Rhoda about Victor's last letter. The one that tells of of the flirtatious woman and the big jealous man.

RHODA

I'm sorry to be the one to bring you such sad news. If there is anything I can do to help, I hope you will ask me. I will talk to the state authorities and find out where Victor's body is.

PACHO

Thank you. You have been very kind. Now if you will tell me where this house of birds is, I will find this big man who killed my brother.

RHODA

I'm sorry Pacho. That is one thing I cannot do. I am a police officer, I cannot condone revenge. I can promise you that I will find this person and justice will be done.

82 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

RHODA

The kid I.D.'d your John Doe. He was Victor Alvarez from San Miguel, Mexico. He was working at my bird house and was most likely killed by this big fellow who comes around to collect the money.

BILL

You've seen this big guy around there, huh?

RHODA

Yeah, several times. I guess we've been working the same case after all.

BILL

I'm going to have to tell the State Police that we have an I.D. They have control of the body. Potters Field somewhere I'm sure. They're going to want to interview the kid, what's his name, Pacho? They'll turn him over to immigration but that can't be helped. At least he found what he was looking for.

RHODA

Lets leave those decisions up to Pacho for now. I'll explain to him how the system works and we'll see which way he wants to go.

BILL

Fine with me.

83 INT. BILL'S TRAILER. NIGHT

Another day ends and Bill heads home to his trailer and a frozen entree. Bill pops his Hearty Man meat loaf into a preheated oven and sets his kitchen timer for the required 25 minutes.

He tells his birds about the breakthrough in getting the hitch hiker's name. And how he and Rhoda are solving the same case. He is cleaning a cage when there is a knock on his door. It's Greer.

BILL

"Well, Ben Greer. This is a surprise. You're working late, Ben. Come in. Can I get you some coffee? Something stronger?

GREER

You have any scotch?

Greer pulls a chair to the table.

I'll get right to the point. I hear you're playing detective and poking

GREER

your boy scout nose in something you should be keeping your nose out of.

BILL

What the hell are you talking about?

He puts a bottle of whisky on the table and takes a clean glass down from the cupboard. Greer pours himself a hefty shot

GREER

I'm talking about this bird business. You're mucking up a serious ongoing police investigation. You're way out of your depth here. I can't blame you for being curious, but this snooping has to stop. The State cops have been working this case for months. We have people undercover; I'm telling you to back off before someone gets hurt.

BILL

Now just a minute, Ben, this is my town, my jurisdiction. If the State Police are doing an investigation here, why wasn't I notified? That's procedure, hell, it's the right thing to do. What ever happened to professional courtesy?

And as far as being out of my depth, who found the bag of clothes that you missed? Who I.D.'d the hitchhiker? It wasn't you or your super cop buddies at State Police headquarters. And one more thing, detective, if you guys are investigating bird smuggling, how come no one told the Fish & Wildlife people?

GREER

Professional courtesy? Who are you kidding? Your little two bit operation is about as professional as the Keystone Cops.

BILL

At least I'm an honest Keystone Cop.

GREER

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

BILL

It means I didn't cover up a murder, commit arson, falsify reports, loose evidence and sell my principles. I'm not sure exactly what you're into, Greer, but I'll bet Internal Affairs will be plenty interested in what I have to say.

GREER

At the mention of Internal Affairs, Greer's demeanor changes abruptly. He leaps to his feet shouting.

Why you stinkin' son of a bitch.

He picks up the chair he was just sitting in and smashes it down on Bill's head knocking him senseless. A dazed and bloody Bill crawls toward the coat rack where his service revolver is hanging. Greer brings the chair down on him a second time and Bill's lights go out just as his oven timer rings dinner is done.

Bill comes to in his kitchen, arms and legs securely taped to his chair. Greer is moving around the room looking and acting pretty strange. He is muttering to himself.

Bill. Bill. If only you'd minded your own business. How many warnings do you need? You brought this on yourself, you know. Sticking your nose where it doesn't belong. Now you're going to have a most unfortunate accident. I learned a lot of useful stuff in the Arson Squad. Twenty years trampin' around in burnt out ruins gives a man an appreciation for fire's finer points.

While delivering this speech, Greer is busy preparing his timing device. Bill struggles with his bonds to no avail. He watches Greer take a light bulb and carefully break the glass without breaking the filament

Take your average arsonist, for example. He makes a lot of

GREER

mistakes, leaves a lot of incriminating evidence behind. You gotta know what's traceable and what isn't. Take that tape you're tied with. Most amateurs use duct tape. That's a big no no. Too much adhesive residue. Very easy to trace. The crime scene boys find duct tape residue and they know it's a homicide. Always use electrical tape. No adhesive. Just melts away.

All the while Greer keeps up a running commentary as if he were delivering a seminar on how to blow up a trailer. He screws the modified bulb into a table lamp and carefully props a couple of wooden matches against the filament. Then he plugs the lamp into a timer, sets the timer for 40 minutes and plugs the timer into an electrical outlet.

Another common mistake is using accelerants like paint thinner or gasoline. Very traceable stuff. Real pros use propane or natural gas. The problem with gas is, of course, ignition. How to get that initial spark to set off the explosion while you're miles away having cocktails with your girlfriend. Now I don't want to sound boastful, Billy boy, but I have solved that little problem in a most elegant way. Now pay attention, Bill, you just might learn something.

There, Bill, you see what I've done? Genius, no? All materials obtained on site. No messy chemicals. No tell tale evidence. It's a real pitty about that gas leak, though. It's going to be a spectacular explosion. Luckily, I'll be many miles away having dinner with my family but there you have it, Billy boy, if you had a family you'd understand. A man has to provide for his family. And sometimes that means compromising your principles. A man also has to make sacrifices for his family. And I'm afraid you're the sacrifice, get it, I'm sacrificing you, ha ha.

Greer sets the stove so there is gas but no flame. Before leaving he pushes Bill's chair backwards, kicks him twice in the ribs and leaves. It doesn't take much time for the trailer to fill with gas. One by one Bill hears the tiny thumps as his birds fall from their perches.

84 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT

In Milwaukee, Hugo pilots his black Lexus through the dark streets and finds a parking space a couple of blocks from the Albert Hotel. He checks his watch, it is nine fifteen. He strides purposefully into the hotel's grand but fading lobby.

85 INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT

Only three people are in the lobby and only one of them notices the big man walk to the bank of elevators and enter a car which takes him to the sixth floor.

When the elevator reaches the sixth floor, Hugo walks directly to room 603. Thanks to Greer's inside information Hugo knows exactly where to find Rhoda.

VINCENT DESALVO

Vincent DeSalvo watches Hugo get in an elevator. He's a retired Milwaukee policeman with nineteen years service twice wounded on the job, DeSalvo limps over to the check in desk and asks Jerome, the night manager

Did you notice that monster of a man take an elevator a minute ago?

JEROME

Yeah, I saw him.

VINCENT DESALVO

Is that guy a guest here?

JEROME

He didn't check in on my watch and I haven't seen him around. He'd be hard to miss.

VINCENT DESALVO

I'm gonna check it out.

Takes elevator to 6th floor.

86 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Hugo knocks on Rhoda's door and waits. Rhoda has just showered. She is in her pajamas, a towel wrapped turban style around her head.

RHODA

Who is it?

HUGO DUNN

Hotel security.

RHODA

There's no peephole in the door so Rhoda slips on the security chain and opens the door a crack. She recognizes the big man from her surveillance and quickly slams the door.

Her gun is in the dresser drawer half a room away. She dives in that direction. Behind her the door explodes inward, the security chain and splinters of door jamb fly into the room as Hugo hits the door with his massive shoulder.

Rhoda gets as far as the dresser but before she can open the drawer Hugo is upon her. He tosses her across the room like an old rag. She crashes into the table and lamp that separate the beds. The lamp shatters and the table overturns.

Rhoda screams for help and looks around frantically for something she can use as a weapon. Nothing useful presents itself. She picks up the telephone and slams it into Hugo's head. Hugo hardly notices the blow as he bends down, picks her up bodily and tosses her on the bed.

She screams again as loud as she can but the sound is cut short when Hugo's hand closes around her throat. With his tremendous strength Hugo squeezes and Rhoda's struggles quickly become feeble and her vision grows dark.

Vincent De Salvo arrives on the sixth floor just in time to hear Rhoda's scream and the crash of the broken lamp. He limps down the hall as fast as his bum leg will allow and takes out the only weapons he carries—a small can of mace and a pair of brass knuckles.

He enters room 603 in time to see the giant man strangling a young woman. His instincts take over and he yells,

VINCENT DESALVO Stop. Police. Let her go or I'll shoot. Hugo turns to meet the new threat. He sees an elderly man pointing a spray can at him.

With a growl, Hugo lets go of Rhoda's throat and starts toward Vincent. Vincent squirts the mace into Hugo's face. Blinded, Hugo cries out in pain and grabs Vincent in a fierce bear hug that crushes his ribs and squeezes the breath from his lungs.

Vincent flails away at Hugo's head with his brass knuckles cutting him in a dozen places. The pain and blood only serve to enrage Hugo more and he throws Vincent violently into the wall.

Vincent goes down. There is no fight left in him. Hugo moves in for the kill intending to crush Vincent's head and neck with his foot. Hugo never gets to squash the life out of the old man.

The first of six bullets, fired in rapid succession, enter his body. Hugo turns to see Rhoda, pistol in hand. He gives her a crooked smile and falls dead. The attack is over.

Rhoda calls 911 for an ambulance and the police. She does what she can for Vincent until they arrive. The medics take him to the hospital and Hugo to the morgue.

She is bruised and beaten and her throat hurts when she speaks. Her voice sounds like a throaty whisper. She declines a ride to the hospital. Instead she stays with the uniformed officers until the crime scene detectives arrive and she slowly and painfully gives them her statement.

The hotel management, embarrassed by the entire episode, gives her a better room and offers to let her stay as long as she likes free of charge.

She is hurting, adrenaline keeps her heart racing and she is worried about Bill. If this gorilla could find her so easily, he must be able to find Bill. She dials his number and hears the phone ring over and over. There is no answer.

87 INT. BILL'S TRAILER. NIGHT

Bill is taped to his kitchen chair dazed and delirious on the floor of his trailer. Greer has just kicked him twice in the ribs and left him to die in a gas explosion.

Bill struggles with his bonds. They do not yield. He can manage to rock back and forth and roll from side to side but that accomplishes nothing.

He calls out for help but the trailer door is closed and no one hears him. His thrashing does manage to knock over the lamp which dislodges the matches propped against the filament.

This may remove the danger of explosion but the gas will kill him long before that happens. The smell of gas is very strong now and Bill can feel his consciousness slipping away. He has no strength left to struggle. He lies still.

He feels very tired and strangely peaceful. The last thing he sees before his eyes close is Sylvia Stoddard, his neighbor, opening his door and walking in.

When Bill comes to, twenty minutes later, he is in his front yard, still on his back and still taped to his kitchen chair. His head is aching something fierce but he is breathing clean air and he is alive.

From his awkward position he can just make out the figure of Gus Stoddard standing over him grinning, a large bread knife in his hand.

GUS

Well sheriff I guess you owe me one. You're plum lucky Sylvia needed some butter or something. Else you'd be as dead of those little birdies of yours.

And with that he slices the electrical tape holding Bill to the chair. Bill struggles to get up. He is still woozy.

BILL

Shakes Gus Stoddard's hand.

Did you turn off the gas?

GUS

Yep. Sure did. I turned it off from the outside right after I drug you outta there. How you feeling sheriff?

BILL

I'll be all right. I owe you, Gus. Thanks.

GUS

You better let the place air out. Too bad about your birds.

BILL

Yeah, too bad.

88 INT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT

Bill has a splitting head ache as he drives the 60 miles to Milwaukee. He speeds the whole way and makes it in record time.

Bill pulls up to the Albert Hotel in time to see a ambulance pull away and the lights of a dozen police cars paint the night in red and blue lights. His heart sinks.

89 INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT

He's sure he's too late. He races into the lobby and shows his badge to the first cop he sees.

BILL

Can you tell me what's going on?

COP

There's been a shooting. I'm not at liberty to give out any information. If you want details speak to the Captain.

 BILL

Instead of looking for the captain, Bill goes up to the reception desk and asks Jerome, the night manager, if he can fill him in on the night's events.

Hey buddy, can you fill me in on what happened here?

JEROME

(Very excited)

One man shot dead, two people hurt. Quite an exciting night.

BILL

I'm looking for a Miss Deerwalker. Do you know if she was involved in tonight's drama?

JEROME

That's the lady who got hurt. She's okay, though. She's still here. We moved her to another room compliments of the management. I'm not supposed to give out room

JEROME

numbers but I can ring her and see if she'll see you. You a friend of hers?

BILL

(shows his badge)

A good friend. I'd like to surprise her.

JEROME

Well, I guess it's Okay seeing as how you're a cop and all.

BILL

Thanks. I appreciate this.

Bill heads for the elevator.

90 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

The Rhoda Deerwalker that opens the door to Bill is a different woman than the one he saw that morning. She is wearing a neck brace, her eyes are bruised and swollen, there is sticking plaster on several cuts, she looks like she's been in an auto accident.

She falls into Bill's arms with relief. They are both so happy to find the other alive. They each have so many questions. Bill sits them down and asks Rhoda to tell her story first. Her words tumble out in a raspy whisper.

RHODA

Oh, Bill, I killed a man. I shot him six times. It was so horrible. I don't think I'm cut out to be a cop. I never thought I'd ever have to shoot anyone. That security man. He saved my life, then I saved his. The man I killed, Hugo Dunn, he almost killed me. I really thought I was dead.

BILL

There, there. It's all over now. You had no choice, he would have killed you both.

RHODA

Bill pours her a glass of water and they sit on the bed together. Rhoda sobs softly and Bill rubs her back and

shoulders. She finally calms down and looks at Bill for the first time since he came. She sees how banged up he looks. There's dried blood in his hair he looks a battered mess. Rhoda notices Bill's condition for the first time.

My God. What happened to you?

BILL

I had a little visit from Detective Greer. He tried to blow me and my trailer to smithereens. My next door neighbors saved me. He did manage to kill my canaries, the bastard. I was so afraid he'd try to kill you too. I'm so glad you're okay.

They embrace and kiss each other.

RHODA

What a night. We both had a brush with death. I'm really glad you're still alive. I've been calling you all night.

This time their kisses are more passionate. One thing leads to another and before long, their naked bodies reveal the myriad cuts, scrapes and bruises of their life threatening encounters.

Bill's ribs are especially tender. Their lovemaking is punctuated with winces, ouches and I'm sorries as they struggle to touch each other without causing pain.

BILL

It's like porcupines in love, You have to be oh so careful.

91 INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY

RHODA

Rise and shine handsome, Todays going to be a busy day. What are you going to do about Greer?

BILL

I intend to do what I can to bring down the wrath of the law on his head. I'm going to swear out a complaint with Internal affairs and the district attorney. How about you?

RHODA

It's time I rolled up the bird house before Marta flies the coop.

BILL

(dailing the phone)

Hi Rita. It's me. I won't be in today until late afternoon. Yeah everything's okay. See you.

(dials again)

State police? I need to see someone in Internal Affairs. The earlier the better. Eleven o'clock it is.

Bill makes himself look presentable. Rhoda hands him a cup of coffee. He gives her a kiss.

Thanks. I gotta run. I have an eleven o'clock appointment in Madison. You take care of yourself.

RHODA

You too big guy. Call me later.

92 EXT. CITY STREET. DAY

The IAD for the Wisconsin State Police is housed in a small office suite in Madison, the state capitol, a two hour drive north.

93 INT. OFFICE. DAY

Bill knocks on the office door of Lt. Jack Davidson.

LT. DAVIDSON

Enter.

Bill enters and sits opposite Davidson. So tell me Sheriff O'Halaran. What's your problem.

BILL

One of your officers tried to kill me last night.

LT. DAVIDSON

That's quite an accusation. Who was this officer.

BILL

Detective ben Greer.

LT. DAVIDSON

(buzzes intercom)
Mary, bring me the personnel file
on a Detective Greer, please.

While we're waiting, why don't you give me your statement.

(fifteen minutes pass) That's quite a story Sheriff, This is a very serious complaint. Detective Greer has been an exemplary cop for thirty years. He has no complaints, no investigations, from either the public or his fellow officers. In addition, he has four citations for bravery and excellence on the job. It's unique in my experience to see such a record in a career officer just two years short of retirement. So I have to warn you Sheriff, that unless Detective Greer has had a complete personality change since his last performance review, you're going to have a hard time convincing me that he's a bad cop.

BILL

I've known and respected Ben Greer for ten years. I've respected, even liked the man. It's just as hard for me to believe that the Detective Greer in your records, the man I've been working with all these years, is not the real thing. The real Ben Greer is deeply involved in various criminal activities, including murder, arson, smuggling and bribery to name just a few.

LT. DAVIDSON

That's quite an accusatiuon, Sheriff. Do you have any evidence, anything concrete to back up your charges?

BILL

Take a look at my face. You think I'm making this up?

LT. DAVIDSON

You can't just accuse a man of attempted murder, Sheriff. If you're going to impeach an officer with a record like Greer's, you're going to need strong evidence, witnesses and even then the review board will decide if it warrants criminal charges.

BILL

How long could the bureaucratic rigamarole take?

LT. DAVIDSON

several months.

BILL

I could be dead next time he tries. There could be some of his fingerprints in my trailer, maybe on the tape he used to tie me up. Any of that be of any use?

LT. DAVIDSON

It's not conclusive but it can't hurt your case. Of course we're going to treat this complaint seriously. We, I, fully intend to investigate every one of your allegations. I'm going to write up a complaint form just as soon as we're through here. Then I'll assign a pair of IAD officers to interview Detective Greer and get his statement. You can rest assured this department will be looking into your charges.

BILL

Well, thanks for your time, Leutenant. I'll expect to hear from you one of these days.

They shake hands goodbye. Bill mutters to himself all the way back to Oconee.

Damn bureaucracy.

94 EXT. MAPLE'S FARM. DAY

Rhoda is on the phone with her boss, Terry Winter.

RHODA

I'm fine Terry. I have a sore throat that's all. I'm at the bird house now. I could use some backup. See if you can get FBI bodies over here. I imagine they're in a panic and I don't want to see any of those birds harmed. If you can come up with a couple of warm bodies to give me a hand, have them meet me out at the Maple's Farm. Thanks, Terry.

Rhoda resumes her surveillance.

95 INT. LEVINE MANSION. DAY

Gerald Levine yawns and stretches. His silk sheets and king sized bed never felt better. He slept well thinking his problems were behind him. He throws on a robe and steps out on his patio. He sits pool side waiting for his breakfast to be served.

His brother, Artie, sits across from him drinking a cup of decaf. A small screen tv is tuned to the local news and the local newspaper is neatly folded beside him. Levine pours himself a cup of coffee stopping in mid pour to listen to what the news anchor is saying.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

And to recap today's top story. A shooting in a Milwaukee hotel leaves one man dead and two people hospitalized. The dead man has been identified as Milwaukee resident, Hugo Dunn. The name's of the two injured parties have not been released.

GERALD LEVINE

Did you hear that? Let me see the newspaper.

Artie hand over the paper. Picking up the newspaper, Levine sees that the shooting of Hugo Dunn is the top story there too. The newspaper story has more details.

Listen to this. "Police are looking into Mr. Dunn's connections in an

GERALD LEVINE

effort to find his employer and possible motive for the attack."

ARTHUR LEVINE

What's the matter, Ger? You don't look so good.

GERALD LEVINE

Gimme your phone. I gotta call Marta.

96 INT. GREER'S HOUSE. DAY

In his big suburban house in the country, Ben Greer dresses for another day of rural policing.

He comes downstairs for breakfast. Kisses his wife and looks over the newapaper. He sees the headline about the shooting at the hotel but nothing about a trailer explosion.

He begins to be concerned.

IDA GREER

Something wrong honey?

GREER

Nothing I can't handle.

Kisses wife goodbye and gets into his car.

97 INT. GREER'S CAR DAY

Turns on radio searches for news ststion. He fully expects to hear about the fatal fire and explosion on his car radio as he drives.

There is no mention of an explosion in Oconee or the passing of the town's sheriff. On a hunch he dials Bill's home number and blanches when Bill's answering machine picks up. That answering machine was supposed to have been blown into a million pieces. Something has gone wrong.

Greer pulls into State Police HQ. Goes into office.

98 INT. STATE POLICE OFFICES, DAY

Greer sits at his desk and broods about his situation.

99 INT. BIRD HOUSE. DAY

There is suddenly lots of activity at the bird house. Gerald levine has passed the word to marta to pack up the operation and get out of there.

MARTA

We've got to be out of here by this afternoon. Tino, Juan start putting the office stuff in boxes. I'm going into town to rent a truck.

TINO

What do you want us to do with the birds?

MARTA

Get rid of the goddamn birds any way you can. Give them away, let them loose, kill them, I don't give a damn. Just get them out of here today.

The Mexicans open the cages and very gently they capture the birds and take them outside and let them go.

Rhoda Deerwalker watches through her scope as the Mexicans set the parrots free one by one.

The birds don't fly far and land on the roof and nearby tree adding splashes of gaudy color to a drab scene.

100 EXT. MAPLE'S FARM. DAY

Two sturdy FBI agents arrive to assist Rhoda in the bust.

They wait for Marta to return with the rental truck and watch the parrot release.

After an hour or so, Rhoda and the agents watch a Ryder truck pull into the drive. Marta gets out of the cab. Looks around at the parrots everywhere. She shrugs and heads for the house.

RHODA

Okay fellas. This is it. Let's shut this operation down.

Rhoda and the agents make a dash for the farmhouse and in no time Marta and the Mexicans are cuffed and Mirandized.

They load the prisoners and take them away.

RHODA

(calls Rita on her cell phone)
Hi Rita. It's me. Would you ask
Bill or Harvey to stop at the Bird
House. I'll be here cleaning up.

Rhoda spreads birdseed around and starts re-capturing the birds.

101 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE.DAY

Later that day, on his way home, Bill stops in Milwaukee at the State Office Building. On the third floor he enters a suite of offices belonging to the District Attorney.

He identifies himself to the receptionist. She has him wait a few minutes until a young lawyer in business attire offers her hand and greets him.

ANITA BENTLEY

Anita Bentley, Assistant DA. How can I help you Sheriff?

BILL

I'm hoping to get an arrest warrant against a citizen for a charge of attempted murder.

ANITA BENTLEY

That's a serious charge, Sheriff, To secure a warrant, any warrant, we must first convince a judge that there is probable cause. Meaning that there is a strong presumption of guilt backed up by evidence like a witness, physical evidence, something linking your suspect to the crime. Do you have any evidence, Sheriff?

BILL

I have a witnesses to the crime but only one person can ID the perp. I think I have fingerprints but won't know for sure until the crime lab gets a look at them.

ANITA BENTLEY

You gather your evidence, Sheriff, and bring it to me in the form of affidavits and lab reports and I'll make your case for you and get your warrants. Until then, there's nothing the DA's office can do.

102 INT. STATE POLICE OFFICES. DAY

Detective Greer sits in his office cubicle chewing his thumbnail nervously. He trying to think of some way to save the situation and his own ass.

On his desk is a phone message slip asking him to call the DA's office. This could be about something else entirely. Greer has to deal with Assistant DA's all the time. But, maybe Bill managed to convince one of them to investigate.

A knock on the cubicle wall brings Greer back to reality.

CAPTAIN SHULTZ You got a minute, Ben?

GREER

I always have time for you, Captain, what's up?

CAPTAIN SHULTZ

Jim Schultz sits across from Greer and whispers This is a little awkward, Ben, so I'll just spit it out. I just got off the phone with a Lt. Davidson. He's with Internal Affairs. I know the guy. A cold fish but thorough. Anyway, it seems there's been a complaint lodged against you. It's probably a load of crap, a big mistake and all, but they have to investigate charges like this. They want to see you in Madison tomorrow. They want a statement, so they can can show they've done their jobs. That's it. I'm sorry for the bad news.

GREER

You know what this is about?

CAPTAIN SHULTZ

Davidson didn't offer any details other than to say it was serious. I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

GREER

Yeah, well thanks cap.

CAPTAIN SHULTZ

You all right Ben?

GREER

Uh, I'm not feeling very well. I have to go home and lie down.

103 EXT. BILL'S TRAILER. DAY

Bill drives to his trailer and secures the evidence. He gathers the pieces of electrical tape, the bits of glass from the light bulb and the timer. He secures these into evidence bags. He labels the bags and puts them in his pocket.

He looks around his home. It is strangely quiet. There are small dead birds on the floor of every cage. Bill cannot bear to see them like that. He gathers up the tiny bodies in a paper bag and buries it in a flower bed.

Next he drives the few miles to his office.

104 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY

Harvey is there having a soda break. Rita, in contrast, is a whirl of energy, answering phones and taking messages. They both freeze when Bill walks in. He looks a fright, scratched, dirty and exhausted.

HARVEY

Rough night, Bill? You look a sight.

RITA

My god, what happened to you?

BILL

I had a disagreement with Detective Greer last night.

HARVEY

What did that bastard do to you?

BTTIT

He tried to blow up my trailer with me in it. I guess you heard about the shooting at the hotel last night?

RITA

Was that you doing the shooting?

BILL

No that was Rhoda.

HARVEY

You guys sure lead exciting lives.

RITA

But you have proof, right?

BILL

Bill takes out his evidence bags.

Not all that much. There may be some prints. We were alone. We have to go back and take photographs and get statements from the Stoddards. Once the prints are matched with Greer's we'll be able to get a warrant and make an arrest.

RITA

And how long do you think that'll take?

BILL

I'm just back from Internal Affairs and the D.A.'s office, trying to get the bureaucracy to move. It's like trying to move a battleship.

It's not quite procedure, I know, but it hardly matters anyway because Greer's not going to wait for me to build a tight case and then go and arrest him.

HARVEY

You think he'll try again?

BILL

Wouldn't you if you were him?

RITA

But now everyone would know it was him.

BILL

He'll have plenty of time to plan an 'accident' or skip the country.

HARVEY

So how do we stop him?

BILL

I've been giving it a lot of thought, and I have an idea. But first I have to get something to eat or I'll die of hunger and Greer will get his wish. Let's go to the Cafe and get some food.

RITA

Wait just a sec. Before you go; I have messages from Rhoda. She's at the birdhouse waiting for you. And here's an article from the Milwaukee paper that talks about Gerald Levine. Remember, you asked me to look into it? The guy who owns Dell's Inn?

105 EXT. BIRD HOUSE. DAY

Bill and Harvey pull into the yard just as Rhoda has re-caged most of the birds.

BILL

How did it go?

RHODA

Pretty smooth. Can you guys do me a favor and see if you can round up the rest of these guys. I have a mountain of paperwork. I'll be back as soon as I can.

BILL

Sure thing. I think we can handle a few parrots.

Bill and Harvey do as Rhoda asks. Harvey finds a net on a long pole. Together they chase some birds around and even succeed in catching a few.

They soon grow weary of the exercise. Bill is hungry and tired. It's been a long day and they have to talk about what to do about Greer. So they leave some seeds scattered around for the birds and head into town.

HARVEY

(eating)

I say arrest the bastard. Ruin him. He's a disgrace to the profession. I'm sure now it was him who shot me. And for what? To protect his dirty little racket. I guess he didn't think his police pension was going to be enough. I always wondered how he could afford that new house and pool.

BILL

I can't arrest him. He'll be free in ten minutes. I don't have any proof.

HARVEY

Well one thing is sure, we can't sit around and wait for him to cook up another accident.

BILL

I don't think there's too much chance of that happening now. I think Mr. Greer's criminal career is finished. His professional career too for that matter. No, Harv, what I think we should do is pay Ben Greer a visit. Try and talk some sense into him. Tell him we're building a case against him. Give him a chance to do the right thing. Turn himself in. Give evidence against this Levine character. He's a murdering son of a bitch but I think we owe the guy a chance to make things right.

HARVEY

That's fine with me. I'd like nothing better than to confront the bastard. You going to eat those fries?

BILL

No go ahead.

106 INT. GREER'S CAR DAY

On the drive home he can think of nothing but his predicament. He dials Levine on his cell phone as he drives. Levine answers.

GREER

I guess you heard about last night.

GERALD LEVINE

You talking about Hugo getting shot? I heard.

GREER

Jesus, what a fucking mess. I fucked up royally on this end. That meddlesome sheriff is still alive and he's making trouble for me. I'm sick to my stomach from aggravation.

GERALD LEVINE

Where are you now?

GREER

I'm going home to think. Got any helpful suggestions?

GERALD LEVINE

You could disappear. Go to Mexico or Brazil. You have enough money.

GREER

Yeah, well I'll think about it. What a fucking mess.

He drives home shaken and distraught.

107 INT. GREER'S HOUSE. DAY

Greer remains locked in his office. Ida comes by every fifteen minutes and asks if everything is all right. Greer says he's fine, he wants to be left alone.

His office is sparsely furnished, a desk and chair, his many police commendations on the wall. On the desk are photos of his three children and Ida in happier times.

In front of him is his service revolver. Twice now he has put it to his head and put it down again unable to summon the courage to pull the trigger. He is so confused. His family, his retirement, his career all gone.

IDA GREER

(knocking on door)
Honey, there are two police
officer's at the front door to see
you. Should I invite them in.

GREER

I'll be right down.

What can this be? Have they come for him already? He looks at his gun again and thinks of the peace it can bring. He puts it back in the drawer and goes down stairs to meet his fate.

Greer is both surprised and relieved to see Bill and Harvey at the door and not the State Police.

What do you two want?

BILL

I thought we might have a word with you before this crazy business goes any further. Is there someplace we can talk privately?

GREER

We can sit out here on the porch.

Greer motions them over to some chairs and they sit.

Ida comes out and offers them all iced tea. Only Harvey accepts. When she brings the glass, Greer tells her they want privacy.

When at last they are alone Greer's tough guy facade crumbles and and he looks at Bill a sad and defeated old man.

BILL

It's all over, Ben. The Feds have busted Marta and closed down the bird house. It's only a matter of time before they arrest your partner, Levine. The only way I can see for you to keep from spending your retirement behind bars is to offer the government your cooperation, plead guilty and testify against Levine. It's the

BILL

only thing that can help you, Ben. It's time to do the right thing. If you do this, Ben, Harvey and I won't press charges against you. You'll probably have to do some time for the smuggling but it won't be more than a couple of years. Just so you know, I've been to the DA and Internal Affairs and told them about last night. So what do you say, Ben, are you going to cooperate?

Greer doesn't say a word. He just sits there vacant and distant.

Bill and harvey take their leave.

Greer sits there remorseful, paralyzed with indecision and shame.

Wearily, he brings himself to his feet and climbs the steps to his office. He takes his gun from the drawer and this time he does not hesitate. He puts the gun to his head and pulls the trigger.

108 INT. OCONEE CAFE. DAY

Several weeks later

CUSTOMER 1

So do they know who's behind it all?

CUSTOMER 2

Some rich guy in Milwaukee named Levine.

Pacho is nearby working and listening.

CUSTOMER 1

What about the lady who ran the bird racket?

CUSTOMER 2

You mean Marta? She's doin' time but not talkin'. They say she's takin' her lumps.

CUSTOMER 1

Hey Phyllis, hear any new developments?

PHYLLIS

Nothing's changed in the last few days. She's not talking and Mr. Big has an army of lawyers defending him.

109 EXT. OCONEE CAFE. DAY

A week later

Pacho has decided to move to Milwaukee. He has an old pick up truck filled with his possessions.

PHYLLIS

You keep in touch now hear? And if that landscaping job doesn't work out, you come on back.

PACHO

Thank you Phyllis for being my friend.

110 INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT

BILL

So what's the special occasion?

RHODA

They gave me a promotion.

BILL

Who?

RHODA

The Fish & Wildlife Agency. Head of enforcement for northern Wisconsin.

BILL

Are you going to take it?

RHODA

It's a great opportunity. I'd be a fool to let it pass.

BILL

What about us?

RHODA

Green Bay's not that far. We can still see each other and there's always email.

BILL

Oh, right email. I almost forgot.

RHODA

C'mon Bill, you're supposed to be happy for me.

BILL

I am happy for you. This is a big step up, congratulations.

RHODA

Please don't make this any harder. I'll write, you'll visit, you'll see, it won't be so bad.

BILL

(sighs)

I kind of liked having you around.

111 INT. LEVINE MANSION. DAY

Gerald Levine sits on his patio speaking on his tiny cell phone to one of his high priced lawyers.

GERALD LEVINE

I can't hear what you're saying. Hold on a second, let me close this door.

He is forced inside by the noise from the team of Mexican gardeners who are mowing, blowing and trimming all over his yard. He retreats inside the house and slides the big glass door shut.

You can tell the goddamn IRS from me that they can go to hell. If they want to see my tax records from 1999, they'll have to issue a subpoena. I'm paying you shiesters big money to protect me from that kind of harassment. So protect me.

112 INT. BILL'S CAR. DAY

RITA (OS)

Bill, I have a report of a parrot sighting in the new Rancho lakes subdivision. Lady says it's big and blue and ate her apricots. I also have a call of a domestic disturbance at your trailer park. It sounds like the Stoddards again.

BILL

Roger that Rita. Send Harvey for the parrot, I'll see the Stoddards.

113 EXT. TRAILER PARK. DAY

Bill arrives at the Prairie Moon Trailer Park.

Gus Stoddard is terrorizing Sylvia Stoddard by throwing marbles at her. She is brandishing a broom.

BILL

That's enough Gus. Hand over the marbles.

SYLVIA

Charges in with the broom.

You goddamn wife beating son of a bitch, I'll kill you.

BILL

Ok, that's enough. What is it with you two? I ought to lock you both up. What's the trouble this time?

114 EXT. LEVINE MANSION. DAY

Two years later.

Gerald Levine is in his hot tub. He is annoyed by the noise the Mexican grounds keepers are making and puts on his headphones to drown out the noise, closes his eyes and relaxes.

A shadow falls over his face. He opens his eyes wide with fear as an unknown someone tosses the stereo into the tub electrocuting Mr. Levine.

The camera pans from the hot tub and body to the grounds keepers truck parked at the curb. The truck's lettering says Pacho's Lawn Service--Mowing, Planting, Landscaping.

THE END