

THE ROCKFORD FILES

Disclosure

By

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03/02/2021 PILOT SCRIPT

Based On
The Rockford Files Series
And Characters created by

Roy Huggins
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EXT PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY MALIBU CALIFORNIA DAY

A 2000 GREEN PONTIAC BONNEVILLE merges onto Pacific Coast Highway, clock on the dash reads 6:30 AM. Close behind, black MERCEDES SL 550, passenger leaning out window, 9 MM GLOCK, BOOM. . . BOOM.

Bonneville's rear window SHATTERS driver loses control, car spins, stops. Mercedes stops. . . Facing each other.

Bonneville SCREAMS in reverse, tires smoke, a j-turn, speeds South, Mercedes on it's tail, 90 mph.

POINT MUGU STATE PARK. Rounding curve, Mercedes catches up, taps drivers side rear bumper.

Bonneville SPINS, empty parking area POINT MUGU ROCK, hits rock formation, SPLITS in two.

The rear EXPLODES, front FLIPS over rocks, lands upside down in the Pacific Ocean.

Mercedes stops, CA LICENSE PLATE falls from the sky, lands on the pavement, 853-OKG. Mercedes pulls in, parks.

INT SARA'S BIKINI SHOP DANIA BEACH FLORIDA NIGHT

Sun's just below the horizon, Sarah Butler, business suit, 70s, tall, blonde, attractive, doing paperwork. Pictures adorn the wall, 70s California. Phone rings, caller ID JIM ANDERSON, California number.

SARA BUTLER

Sara's. How can we help you?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON (VO)

Afternoon, Jim Anderson, LAPD. I'm trying to reach Sara Butler, emergency contact for James Rockford.

Silence.

SARA BUTLER

I'm Sara, everything OK?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON (VO)

Mr Rockford was involved in an accident this morning, on the PCH,

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON (VO) (CONT'D)
I'm very sorry to inform you that
he passed away.

SARA BUTLER
(shock) What happened?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON (VO)
We're conducting an investigation,
according to a witness, he was
driving too fast for the
conditions, appears he lost
control of his car. That's all I
can say at this time.

SARA BUTLER
Jim was too good of a driver to
lose control of his car. . . I'll
be in California tomorrow, I'll
contact you when we land.

She hangs up on him, dials the phone.

EXT MANSION STAR ISLAND MIAMI OUTSIDE GATES NIGHT

Man's SILOUETTE, all in black, looking at a 2020 C-8 CORVETTE
behind secured electric gates, phone rings.

JIMMY BUTLER
Hey, you canceling?

SARA BUTLER (VO)
(Crying) Jimmy, can you come by
now.

JIMMY BUTLER
No, sorry, working, I'll get there
as quick as I can, OK?

SARA BUTLER (VO)
OK. thanks. (hangs up.)

He walks the 8 ft RETAINING WALL surrounding the MANSION,
dials phone.

JIMMY BUTLER
Where you at?

CARLOS (VO)
(Spanish accent) 10 minutes away.

JIMMY BUTLER
OK, when I get it, I'll call you.

CARLOS (VO)
Should be easy.

JIMMY BUTLER
Never easy! (hangs up)

CABLE BOX next to wall, climbs on it, pulls himself over. Approaches car, pulls handle, SURPRISED, it opens, laughs to himself.

Slides in, pushes start button, nothing. Pushes it again, nothing. Turns light on, nothing. Checks key fob, smacks it a few times, pushes button again, nothing. A knock on the window, door swings open, WILLIS JENKINS a LARGE BLACK MAN, pulls Jimmy out.

WILLIS JENKINS
Battery's dead!

THROWS him on the ground, Size 18 sneaker on Jimmy's chest, 345 pounds, LEANING on him.

WILLIS JENKINS
What the hell are you doing in my wife's car?

JIMMY BUTLER
Name is Jimmy Butler, Mr. Jenkins, the banks a bit concerned about their property, asked me to come talk to you!

WILLIS JENKINS
How come you didn't knock or ring the bell.

JIMMY BUTLER
Had I known you were going to be this polite, I would have.

WILLIS JENKINS
Hold on.

Pulls out his cell phone, dials.

WILLIS JENKINS
Wendy, it's me.

WENDY JENKINS(VO)
What you want, told you I was out with the girls tonight.

WILLIS JENKINS
You pay the bill on the car?

WENDY JENKINS (VO)

Why?

WILLIS JENKINS

Tell me you paid the damn bill.

WENDY JENKINS (VO)

Honey, I was gonna do it. . .

He hangs up on her, takes his foot off, extends a hand, helps Jimmy up.

WILLIS JENKINS

Sorry, she's a good woman, but she forgets things, I'll pay it right now, you can watch.

Willie pulls up the bank's app on his phone, pulls the account up, pays the past due balance in full.

JIMMY BUTLER

Not supposed to do it this way!

WILLIS JENKINS

I'm glad we straightened it out.

JIMMY BUTLER

Otherwise, I would have had to kick your ass!

WILLIS JENKINS

You're a funny guy Jimmy, you like football?

JIMMY BUTLER

Why?

WILLIS JENKINS

You got balls, I like that, here's my card. Anytime you want to see the Dolphins play, call me, I'll hook you up, let you meet some of my guys. . .We good?

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah, we good. Want to open the gate for me, or do I have to climb it? (laughs)

WILLIS JENKINS

Funny, here you go.

Gate swings open, shake hands, Jimmy heads out.

INT TOW TRUCK DRIVING MIAMI NIGHT

CARLOS

We can't make money like this!

JIMMY BUTLER

I got him to pay, good enough,
I'll talk to the bank, they'll pay
us for that, trust me.

Truck pulls in a parking lot off Biscayne Blvd, up to Jimmy's car.

CARLOS

Dude, the car's looking sweet,
Candy Apple red makes it. Your dad
would be proud.

JIMMY BUTLER

He always loved the color. I gotta
go. . . Mom, crying again.

CARLOS

Go easy on her man, losing a
spouse ain't easy, my mom, she
never got over it, dressed in
black for years.

JIMMY BUTLER

Been 3 years. I can't handle
another cry fest. . . or lecture
on how I make a living. . . Talk
to you tomorrow.

CARLOS

See ya.

Jimmy gets out of and into his 1970 PONTIAC TEMPEST GT37.
Turns the key, 400 RAM AIR III engine roars to life, heads
north on Biscayne.

INT SARA'S CONDOMINIUM HOLLYWOOD BEACH NIGHT

Sara's done well, PENTHOUSE, beautiful ocean view. She's
going through PHOTO ALBUMS. Pictures of her and Jim Rockford,
70S, California. A knock at the door.

SARA BUTLER

Jimmy, thanks for getting here so
fast.

JIMMY BUTLER

No problem Mom, what's goin on?

Living room, Sara sits on the couch, Jimmy makes himself a drink at the BAR.

SARA BUTLER

I need to talk to you about your dad?

JIMMY BUTLER

What now?

SARA BUTLER

Not your step-dad, Jim Rockford.

JIMMY BUTLER

The sperm donor?

SARA BUTLER

Why do you do that?

JIMMY BUTLER

I don't know. . . maybe because he wasn't part of my life, dad was.

SARA BUTLER

I told you, your step-dad was a good man, I loved him, just like he loved you. . . as his own.

JIMMY BUTLER

As far as I'm concerned, he's my dad.

Jimmy finishes his drink, makes another.

SARA BUTLER

Well your biological father, died today in California.

JIMMY BUTLER

Are you kidding me, how?

SARA BUTLER

Car accident, I was going there next month to finalize paperwork for the new shop. But now. . . I'm going tomorrow morning. I'd like for you to come! I'm not sure how long I'll be there.

JIMMY BUTLER

I can't just drop everything and leave!

SARA BUTLER

Jimmy, if I can, you can. I'm the one who kept you from him Jimmy, he didn't even know I had you. You knew, he didn't.

JIMMY BUTLER

Why didn't you tell him?

SARA BUTLER

After what happened to Aura Lee, I found out I was pregnant, I was 25, young. . . I didn't want him to marry me because of you. I figured I'd move to Florida, if he loved me, he would come too.

JIMMY BUTLER

How'd that work out?

SARA BUTLER

It didn't, over the years. . . we lost touch. I met David, he loved us both, we got married and that was that. So don't hate him for what I chose to do.

JIMMY BUTLER

Look Mom. . . I gotta go, I can't deal with this right now. I need to think.

SARA BUTLER

I have two tickets waiting, 11:00 AM. I'll swing by in the morning, you want to come, you come, if not, I'll handle it myself.

He kisses her goodbye, leaves.

EXT MOBILE HOME DANIA PIER MORNING

Modest MOBILE HOME, Tempest parked haphazardly, front tires in the sand, BEER CANS next to it. Small CACTUS IN POT on steps. Black JAGUAR pulls up, parks next to the PICNIC TABLE.

Sara, business suit, gets out, kicks empty beer can, SHAKES her head, up the steps knocks on the door, knocks again. Lifts Cactus, key under it, opens door.

INT MOBILE HOME DANIA PIER MORNING

More BEER CANS on the floor, PHOTO ALBUMS on the table. In the bedroom Jimmy, on floor in just a pair of shorts.

SARA BUTLER
Jimmy? Jimmy, you OK?

He stirs, grabs his head.

JIMMY BUTLER
Crap.

SARA BUTLER
Happy now?

JIMMY BUTLER
Not really.

SARA BUTLER
So. . . what are you going to do?

JIMMY BUTLER
About what?

SARA BUTLER
Are you coming?

JIMMY BUTLER
Right now, I need coffee.

SARA BUTLER
Fine, get up, I'll make the coffee. Do you have any?

JIMMY BUTLER
Yeah, make it strong.

Sara looks at her watch.

SARA BUTLER
We have to leave in an hour, so get dressed.

JIMMY BUTLER
Sara, I never said I'm going?

SARA BUTLER
You're coming, Jimmy, I need you.

He realizes. . . Resistance is futile.

JIMMY BUTLER
Make the coffee.

Enters bathroom, she goes into the kitchen.

EXT/INT. MOBILE HOME PARKED DANIA BEACH FL DAY

Outside picnic table, OCEAN BACKDROP, drinking coffee. An orange long haired CAT, on the table, Sara's petting him.

SARA BUTLER
How long's he been here?

JIMMY BUTLER
Showed up a few months ago, comes and goes. I put food out for him, beach is his litter box, low maintenance.

SARA BUTLER
Just like you.

JIMMY BUTLER
(Sarcastically) HA, HA! I don't use the beach as a bathroom.

SARA BUTLER
Who's going to feed him while we're gone.

JIMMY BUTLER
Spoke to Carlos, his sister will come by and feed him. His brother's gonna bring my car out in a few days on his transport. He's delivering another car, so he said he'd do me a favor and bring it. Should be there by Wednesday.

SARA BUTLER
Why not rent a car, I'll rent you one.

JIMMY BUTLER
Sara, be happy I'm coming. I just want my car there, OK?

SARA BUTLER
Fine, you packed?

JIMMY BUTLER
You know me, jeans, boots, t-shirt, I'm good. I need more coffee, some aspirin.

SARA BUTLER
Maybe you should stop drinking.

JIMMY BUTLER
Lots of things I should stop doing
Sara, make sure you put the key
back for Jose.

SARA BUTLER
I appreciate you doing this.

JIMMY BUTLER
Did I have a choice?

She smiles.

JIMMY BUTLER
Let me grab my luggage.

Scratches Rusty's head.

JIMMY BUTLER
See you soon buddy, guard the
place.

Sara grabs the coffee cups, put's key back. Jimmy tosses
empty beer cans in the garbage, checks car, it's locked,
grabs large black suitcase from inside the trailer, locks
door, they get in her car. Drive off.

EXT/INT. LAX AIRPORT DAY

A PLANE on approach. Inside LOST AND FOUND terminal. Sara and
Jimmy waiting.

JET BLUE REP
Sir, I've told you several times,
your luggage went to New York. We
will do everything we can to get
it to you ASAP.

JIMMY BUTLER
What am I supposed to do about
clothes?

SARA BUTLER
C'mon Jimmy, we'll figure it out.
Let's get to the police station
first.

JIMMY BUTLER
Fine, here's my information, call
me when it gets here.

JET BLUE REP

Yes sir, can we offer you a free meal in town if you like. . . for your trouble.

JIMMY BUTLER

lost my appetite.

They exit terminal, grab a cab. Drive off.

INT LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT LOBBY DAY

Late afternoon, Sara and Jimmy, waiting, crowded lobby. Man in business suit approaches, a BOX in his arms, FOLDER in his hand, places them down.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Mrs. Butler, Sergeant Lindsey told me you were here. Jim Anderson, we spoke yesterday.

SARA BUTLER

My son, Jimmy.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Nice to meet you.

JIMMY BUTLER

Sure it is, listen, I'm tired, and a little annoyed. . . just tell us what happened?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Like I told you on the phone, it seems Mr. Rockford was traveling at a high rate of speed, lost control of his car, ended up in the ocean, on the side of the PCH, by Point Mugu Rock. It happens quite often at that location.

JIMMY BUTLER

Maybe you should make it so it doesn't!

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Listen, we have a witness, she saw the whole thing happen.

SARA BUTLER

Excuse me, but Jim Rockford was the best driver I ever knew. He didn't just wreck his car. I'm

(MORE)

SARA BUTLER (CONT'D)
done, we're going to his place
from here.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Do you have his new address, he
just moved, about a month ago?

SARA BUTLER
I didn't know that, what is it.

Anderson opens the folder.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
28128 Pacific Coast Highway #64,
Malibu, CA, 90265. I'm not
supposed to share this, here's a
copy of the police report. It's
all there.

SARA BUTLER
Thanks.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Here's Mr Rockfords things, found
at the scene.

SARA BUTLER
Thanks, we'll be in touch.

JIMMY BUTLER
Yea, we'll be in touch, when we
find out what happened.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Told you what happened, do that
and you may find yourself in a bit
of trouble.

JIMMY BUTLER
Won't be the first time.

Jimmy smiles, follows Sara out the door.

EXT ROCKFORDS TRAILER MALIBU CA NIGHT

The sun has set, a CAB DRIVER pulls up to the trailer,
UPSCALE MOBILE HOME.

SARA BUTLER
Gee, this sure looks different.

CAB DRIVER

A lot has changed around here
ma'am.

A white VAN parked in front, dark tinted windows, smoke coming from the exhaust.

JIMMY BUTLER

Mom, do me a favor, stay here for
a minute. driver, can you wait a
few minutes for me to make sure
it's safe inside.

CAB DRIVER

Your dime.

JIMMY BUTLER

Be right out.

Jimmy gets out, notices a Black MERCEDES SUV parked on the street, two men inside. Makes his way around the van and up the stairs to the front door, it's ajar, steps inside.

INT ROCKFORDS TRAILER MALIBU CA NIGHT

Short curly haired man rifling through a file cabinet in the dark.

JIMMY BUTLER

Hey asshole, his body isn't even
cold yet.

Jimmy grabs him, SPINS him around.

ANGEL MARTIN

Oh My God, don't kill me. . .
Jimmy?

JIMMY BUTLER

I don't know you!

Sara RUNS in, turns the lights on.

SARA BUTLER

Angel?

ANGEL MARTIN

Yeah. . . it's me.

SARA BUTLER

What are you doing here?

ANGEL MARTIN

Long story.

Jimmy GRABS him, pushes him against the kitchen counter.

JIMMY BUTLER

We just flew across the country, I think we deserve to know. Let's start with how you know my name.

Sara SCREAMS, TONY MARTIN rushes in, presses SHOTGUN against Jimmy's head.

TONY MARTIN

You OK Pops?

ANGEL MARTIN

Yeah Tony, I'm good, put it down. They're old friends. Lets all just relax a minute.

INT. ROCKFORDS TRAILER MALIBU CA NIGHT

living room, Angel nervous.

ANGEL MARTIN

Like I said, Jimmy was helping me, I sold my brother-in-laws newspaper building, to this middle eastern businessman. Jimmy drove me to the closing, the guy wasn't happy, all hell broke loose. Jimmy got caught in the middle.

JIMMY BUTLER

What do you mean he wasn't happy.

ANGEL MARTIN

He found out. . . I didn't own it. The bank did. . . they were foreclosing.

TONY MARTIN

What did you do now Pops?

JIMMY BUTLER

You were scamming someone, that's why he got killed?

ANGEL MARTIN

I don't know, he was my friend, you know, you look a lot like him.

JIMMY BUTLER

What are you talking about?

ANGEL MARTIN

He was proud of you. Look. . . on his desk.

PHOTOGRAPH of Jimmy and his buddies, in the Army, on the desk. Picks it up, looks at Sara.

JIMMY BUTLER

You know about this?

SARA BUTLER

Not a thing, he never mentioned it. . . ever.

JIMMY BUTLER

Why are you going through his stuff Angel?

ANGEL MARTIN

He left me a message, said he came across something. Said if we could get the information to the police, we could put them away forever. I was going to meet him, but he never showed up. Then I saw what happened on the news.

TONY MARTIN

Pop's, you're such a pain in the ass, you're always scamming people, my whole life, that's all you do.

ANGEL MARTIN

C'mon, that's not true.

JIMMY BUTLER

Right now. . . none of that matters. I'm tired, gotta get to our hotel. Least you can do is give us a ride, start fresh in the morning. I want to go to the crash site.

ANGEL MARTIN

What do you mean start fresh? I'm getting out of town.

TONY MARTIN

Dad, you're not going anywhere, you owe this to Mr Rockford and to them.

SARA BUTLER
 Appreciate that Tony, our hotel is
 THE HUNTLEY, Santa Monica.

TONY MARTIN
 Nice, we'll take you. Let me grab
 your bags.

Grabs Sara's bag turns to Jimmy.

TONY MARTIN
 Where's yours?

JIMMY BUTLER
 They lost it.

ANGEL MARTIN
 Yup, your Jimmy's kid, same luck.

Tony carries the luggage to the car, they lock up and get in
 the van and drive away. Black Mercedes SUV headlights turn
 on, follows.

INT LOBBY THE HUNTLEY HOTEL DAY

Sun's up, Jimmy, pacing, on his phone with AIRLINE REP,
 AGGRAVATED, police report in his hand.

JIMMY BUTLER
 What do you mean my luggage was
 shipped to New York?

AIRLINE REP
 We're sorry sir, but there's
 nothing else we can do. We have
 your hotel address, as soon as we
 find it, we'll send it to you. Can
 I offer you a free meal coupon!

JIMMY BUTLER
 No, you can offer me my luggage!
 Gotta go!

Tony enters lobby.

TONY MARTIN
 Ready to go?

JIMMY BUTLER
 Yeah, you know any thrift stores
 around here? Airlines sent my
 luggage to New York, gotta pick up

(MORE)

JIMMY BUTLER (CONT'D)
a few things until they get it to
me.

TONY MARTIN
Sure, not far from here.

JIMMY BUTLER
Where's your dad?

TONY MARTIN
Not sure, wasn't home when I got
up. For all I know, he skipped
town.

JIMMY BUTLER
Why'd you stick around?

TONY MARTIN
I'm not like him, try to finish
what I start, besides I liked Mr.
Rockford, cool dude. Helped me out
a few times over the years.

JIMMY BUTLER
Can we stop for coffee?

TONY MARTIN
Sure.

EXT TONY'S VAN DAY

Outside, getting in the van, he notices BLACK MERCEDES SUV,
two men inside it, PARKED end of parking lot. The van pulls
out, Mercedes follows.

INT TONY'S VAN DAY

Driving South Pacific Ave, Jimmy checking side mirror.

JIMMY BUTLER
Forget the Thrift Store, lets just
go to DUNKIN. When you left your
place this morning, you notice
that Mercedes behind us?

TONY MARTIN
To be honest, no. Why?

JIMMY BUTLER
Following us since last night.

TONY MARTIN
Who do you think they are?

JIMMY BUTLER

Not sure, I don't know anyone out here, so I doubt their following me.

Pulls into the Dunkin Washington Blvd.

JIMMY BUTLER

Get in the drive thru.

The Mercedes pulls in a spot, parks.

JIMMY BUTLER

Look, order a coffee, drive around town, lose them. I'll grab a ride-share, head over to Mugu Point, when you lose them, meet me there.

The van pulls around the DRIVE THRU, out of their sight, Jimmy hops out.

JIMMY BUTLER

Be careful, if you can't lose them, find a cop, tell em they waved a gun. (laughs)

TONY MARTIN

That works?

JIMMY BUTLER

Has for me!

Jimmy goes inside, Tony pulls around.

Van exits, Mercedes follows.

INT DUNKIN DAY

Jimmy inside, watches them, writes down the tag, requests a ride-share.

EXT POINT MUGU ROCK DAY

Walking the PCH, notices SKID MARKS, 250 feet from point of impact. Broken CLEAR PLASTIC pieces side of road. Phone rings.

TONY MARTIN (VO)

Hey Jimmy, lost them, 5 minutes away.

JIMMY BUTLER

I'll be at the rock, I want to go
talk to the witness from the
report.

TONY MARTIN (VO)

OK. (hangs up)

Picks up several of the plastic pieces he found, heads back
to the rock. Phone rings.

JIMMY BUTLER

Hey Mom.

SARA BUTLER (VO)

Will you be long?

JIMMY BUTLER

Taking care of a few things with
Tony, what's up?

SARA BUTLER (VO)

Have to go to the funeral parlor,
get that taken care of.

JIMMY BUTLER

I know, I'll be a couple of hours,
OK?

SARA BUTLER (VO)

Make sure, I don't want to be
doing this tomorrow, I have a
meeting regarding the lease.

JIMMY BUTLER

OK, see you in a bit. (hangs up)

Tony pulls in, Jimmy gets in the van.

INT TONYS VAN DAY

They pull up to 1141 Capri Way Oxnard Ca, TWO STORY home,
right on the OCEAN, surrounded by a 6ft CONCRETE WALL. Two
black Mercedes SUV's backed in the driveway, garage door
open, a black Mercedes 550 SL, inside.

JIMMY BUTLER

What a surprise, looks like the
SUV that was following us. Bet the
tag matches.

TONY MARTIN

I forgot to tell you, I heard from my dad, he's fine. I told him about your luggage, said he knows a place, a thrift store.

JIMMY BUTLER

(Annoyed) Why am I not surprised?

TONY MARTIN

Hey, he's trying, he could've left you know.

JIMMY BUTLER

I was talking to my mother last night, she told me about Angel and the crap he GOT Rockford involved with. I don't know how they stayed friends all these years.

TONY MARTIN

Guess he had a soft spot for people in trouble, isn't that how he met your mother?

JIMMY BUTLER

What are you talking about?

TONY MARTIN

She didn't tell you? She hired Mr. Rockford to find out who murdered her dad?

JIMMY BUTLER

Never mentioned it.

TONY MARTIN

I'm not the only one with parents who keep secrets.

JIMMY BUTLER

What else do you know?

TONY MARTIN

From what my dad told me, Mr. Rockford always had the hots for your mom, just never acted on it. Then, she hired him to find a missing employee, that's when they hooked up. My dad said it was the happiest he ever saw him.

JIMMY BUTLER

Then?

TONY MARTIN

Oh I don't know, he said they split up over something stupid, your mom took off to Florida. My dad said Mr. Rockford knew all about you, kept tabs on you. You want to know more, ask her.

JIMMY BUTLER

I will.

Jimmy's phone rings.

JIMMY BUTLER

Carlos, what's up?

CARLOS (VO)

Hey brother, wanted you to know, your car will be there tomorrow, Jose and his wife are driving straight through. . .they crazy, just like you. He's got your number, he'll text you.

JIMMY BUTLER

Thanks man, much appreciated.

CARLOS (VO)

How's LA?

JIMMY BUTLER

You wouldn't believe me.

CARLOS (VO)

Talk soon brother. (hangs up)

TONY MARTIN

Everything OK?

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah, I gotta go talk to these people.

TONY MARTIN

That's not a good idea!

JIMMY BUTLER

Sure, what's the worst that could happen? Go park down the street, you don't hear from me in 30 minutes, call the police.

Gets out and approaches the house.

EXT 1141 CAPRI WAY OXNARD CA DAY

He approaches house via empty lot next door. Walks down the side of the concrete wall, in the sand.

Sounds of young women talking, foreign, he peaks over fence, 20 teenage girls in the courtyard. Cameras mounted on the house.

Large middle eastern man exits the rear gate, approaches.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)
What are you doing here?

JIMMY BUTLER
Whoa, big fella, I'm here to speak
to Nila Ahmadi.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)
Who are you?

Reaches into his wallet, pulls out a business card.

JIMMY BUTLER
John Cerone, adjuster with Liberty
Insurance. We're looking into an
accident that happened the other
day, she's a witness. Is she here?

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)
Go to front, Meet you there.

He returns to the front of house, standing in front of open garage, notices left front broken lens cover of Mercedes, on bumper, patch of green paint, snaps a picture of it. Notices tag on SUV matches one from earlier.

Interior door opens, the man, with a young woman approach, her face partially covered, a black eye.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)
This is Nila Ahmadi.

JIMMY BUTLER
Hello Nila, excuse me, but I need
to speak with her in private.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)
No.

JIMMY BUTLER
Are you her attorney?

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)

No.

JIMMY BUTLER

Well then, why can't she talk to me in private, this is a legitimate investigation sir.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)

You can ask her anything, but I'm staying.

JIMMY BUTLER

OK then, Nila, can you tell me what happened the other day. . . with the accident?

NILA AHMADI

I tell the police already.

JIMMY BUTLER

Well. . . I'm not the police, could you just tell me again, please, it's important.

NILA AHMADI

The green car. . . driving very fast. . . it spins, crashes. . . then into the water. I was watching birds by the water.

JIMMY BUTLER

Nila, did it spin on the road, or in the dirt where the cars park?

NILA AHMADI

On the road.

Jimmy pulls up an ARIEL VIEW of Mugu Rock on his phone, he shows it to her.

JIMMY BUTLER

Nila, can you point to me where you were. . . when you were watching the birds.

She looks at the map, points to an area.

JIMMY BUTLER

Nila, can you do me one last favor, point to me where the car spun, and where it hit the rocks.

Once again, she points to an area. Jimmy smiles at her, looks at large man, his hands on Nila's shoulders.

JIMMY BUTLER

Thank you, Nila why don't you go inside, your friend and I are gonna have a talk.

The man pushes her on her way, she goes inside, closes the door, peeks back out.

JIMMY BUTLER

I can't believe you don't recognize me from this morning at the hotel and Dunkin.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)

Crap!

JIMMY BUTLER

I don't know what you guys are into, or what your doing here, but I'm gonna find out.

MAN 1 FOREIGNER (HEAVY ACCENT)

If you know what's good for you, you will stay out of our business.

JIMMY BUTLER

Since you've been following me. .
. you made it my business!

Man pushes Jimmy hard, then again. tries a 3rd time, Jimmy, using his left hand, grabs the mans' wrist, twists it and using his right open palm, drives it into the mans right shoulder. Using leverage and his right leg, he steps forward, knocking the man to the ground, onto his back.

JIMMY BUTLER

If you know what's good for you, you'll stay out of mine.

Man still on the ground, Jimmy grabs a SCREWDRIVER off the workbench in the open garage, punctures a front tire on each of the SUV's. Smiles at Nila, still watching, she smiles back. He walks away from the house, on his phone.

INT TONY'S VAN HIGHWAY DAY

TONY MARTIN

What happened back there?

JIMMY BUTLER

Not sure, somethings going on. The Mercedes in the garage I think cause Rockfords wreck, not sure yet.

TONY MARTIN

What about the witness?

JIMMY BUTLER

Young and scared, looks like someone beat her up. I saw a bunch of kids in the courtyard. Just have a gut feeling.

TONY MARTIN

Me too!

JIMMY BUTLER

About what?

TONY MARTIN

The police behind us are not going to be inviting us out for coffee.

Two police cruisers, sirens blaring, lights flashing, Tony pulls over to the curb. Police LOUDSPEAKER, demand they get out of the van.

JIMMY BUTLER

Crap.

TONY MARTIN

Not sure what went on back there, don't worry, my dad's got a great attorney.

INT VENTURA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE INTERVIEW ROOM C

Jimmy, alone, pacing, Detective JUAN CASTRO enters.

DETECTIVE JUAN CASTRO

Afternoon Mr. Butler, you doing OK?

JIMMY BUTLER

Cut the chit chat. Where's my phone call.

DETECTIVE JUAN CASTRO

OK Sir, if that's how you want to play it. Lieutenant Anderson from LAPD wants to know why you were

(MORE)

DETECTIVE JUAN CASTRO (CONT'D)
harassing the witness in Mr
Rockfords accident. But if you
want your Attorney?

JIMMY BUTLER
Still calling it an accident? He
was murdered.

DETECTIVE JUAN CASTRO
Well sir, you should be more
worried about the charges you're
facing. That girl you hit earlier,
Nila, judge is gonna go hard on
you.

JIMMY BUTLER
I never touched her. Let me ask
you a question Juan, were you at
the house?

DETECTIVE JUAN CASTRO
Yes I was Mr. Butler. And I took
their statements myself.

JIMMY BUTLER
Did you notice all the cameras
around the property? If I did what
they say I did, should be easy
enough to prove, unless of course
you don't want to.

DETECTIVE JUAN CASTRO
What are you implying?

JIMMY BUTLER
Just get me my phone call.

INT VENTURA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE HOLDING AREA DAY

Jimmy escorted to make a phone call, dials.

SARA BUTLER (VO)
Hello.

JIMMY BUTLER
Hey Mom, have a little problem.

SARA BUTLER (VO)
I know, Angel's here, What did you
do?

JIMMY BUTLER
What did I do?

SARA BUTLER (VO)

Yes Jimmy, I told you I needed help today at the Funeral parlor. Never mind, Angel will help me out here. He sent an Attorney down for you both. I'll see you when you get out.

JIMMY BUTLER

I may need bail money.

SARA BUTLER (VO)

What else is new. Have the attorney call me with the details. You need to stay out of trouble!
(hangs up)

He's escorted to a holding cell with multiple individuals, playing cards. He's placed inside, the door slams shut, he smiles.

INT VENTURA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE HOLDING AREA DAY

Jimmy and his new-found friends, playing cards, laughing. An officer approaches.

OFFICER DODD

Butler, Jimmy Butler.

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah that's me.

OFFICER DODD

Your Attorney, BETH DAVENPORT is here, come with me.

Takes Jimmy down the corridor to Conference room B. Inside, a well-dressed woman in a business suit.

BETH DAVENPORT

Afternoon Mr. Butler, I'm Beth Davenport, first, I'm sorry for your loss, Jim was a good man.

JIMMY BUTLER

Didn't know him.

BETH DAVENPORT

I know, but he knew you. . . Angel called, said you needed some help.

JIMMY BUTLER

I do.

BETH DAVENPORT
You're facing some serious charges
Mr. Butler.

JIMMY BUTLER
Call me Jimmy.

BETH DAVENPORT
You look like him.

JIMMY BUTLER
That's what I keep hearing. So,
what are the charges.

BETH DAVENPORT
One count of assault with a deadly
weapon, two counts of assault, one
charge of impersonating an
insurance adjuster, and one count
of resisting arrest. Bail will be
around 100 grand.

JIMMY BUTLER
Who did I assault with a deadly
weapon?

BETH DAVENPORT
Nila Ahmadi and her guardian. They
said you attacked him with a
screwdriver, and you hit her. I
spoke with a Detective I know
before I got here, your
fingerprints are on the
screwdriver.

JIMMY BUTLER
Of course, they are. I stabbed
their tires with it, here's my
mother's number, she'll get my
bail.

BETH DAVENPORT
I've got a good bondsman, should
have you out in the next couple of
hours. Sit tight.

JIMMY BUTLER
Me and the boys will be chillin.

She leaves, Jimmy shaking his head.

EXT VENTURA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE NIGHT

Angel, Sara, Tony, and Beth waiting, Jimmy walks out, hugged by Sara.

ANGEL MARTIN

I told you. . . These guys are bad news, why did you stab him.

JIMMY BUTLER

Didn't stab anyone. I pushed the guy, that's it.

BETH DAVENPORT

Jimmy, let's see if you can stay out of trouble until court, OK?

JIMMY BUTLER

Sure, Tony you OK?

TONY MARTIN

No, I'm not. I'm pissed, these people are assholes. You too dad!

ANGEL MARTIN

I'm sorry.

SARA BUTLER

OK, enough feeling sorry for ourselves, lets get back to the hotel, get something to eat.

JIMMY BUTLER

Sure, no clothes, no car, facing jail time, but mom wants to eat. I need a drink. Tony, I'll call you tomorrow, we'll straighten this out, OK?

TONY MARTIN

Sure, let's go Dad, I've had enough today.

BETH DAVENPORT

Mr. But. . . Jimmy, I'll be in touch. Have a good night Sara.

SARA BUTLER

Goodnight.

They walk to their cars, Jimmy and Sara grab a cab, they drive off.

INT THE HUNTLEY HOTEL ROOFTOP RESTAURANT AND BAR NIGHT

Elevator door opens, Sara and Jimmy step out, posh atmosphere Rooftop Restaurant. Jimmy, still wearing jeans, boots and a Goonies T-shirt, Sara in a business suit, hostess approaches.

HOSTESS KAREN

Good evening, My name's Karen,
would you like a table or a seat
at the bar?

JIMMY BUTLER

A table, please.

HOSTESS KAREN

Please follow me.

They follow her, table in the corner of the room, Jimmy notices how people are dressed, their eyes watching him. The hostess seats them.

JIMMY BUTLER

Sorry I'm a bit under dressed,
airlines lost my luggage.

HOSTESS KAREN

Don't worry, I think you look
great!

She smiles, he returns one, she winks at him.

HOSTESS KAREN

Dale will be right with you.

JIMMY BUTLER

Thanks.

She leaves, Jimmy watches, Sara lost in thought staring out the window at the view.

JIMMY BUTLER

Whats on your mind Sara?

SARA BUTLER

Why do you do that? I hate when
you call me Sara. It's mom!

JIMMY BUTLER

I hate when you're not honest with
me, Mom!

SARA BUTLER

About what?

WAITER DALE approaches, interrupts.

WAITER DALE
Evening folks, I'm Dale, can I get
you a drink, appetizer?

SARA BUTLER
Sure, I'll have a Tito's and Soda,
two limes please.

WAITER DALE
And for you sir?

JIMMY BUTLER
Nice timing Dale, a Jack and Coke,
a double shot on the side order of
braised short rib tacos?

WAITER DALE
Excellent sir, nice shirt by the
way, loved the movie.

JIMMY BUTLER
Doesn't everyone?

Dale goes to the bar, Jimmy takes Sara's hand.

JIMMY BUTLER
Mom, I need you to be straight
with me. You told me bits and
pieces over the years about him,
Tony told me there's a lot more.

SARA BUTLER
It's a long story.

JIMMY BUTLER
Got all night.

Dale returns. Jimmy downs the shot.

WAITER DALE
Have you decided on dinner?

JIMMY BUTLER
Give us a few minutes Dale, might
want to bring another for her,
appreciate it.

WAITER DALE
Sure sir.

Dale leaves, Sara, downs her drink, looks at him, takes his
hand.

SARA BUTLER

This place, was one of Jim's favorites, when he could afford it.

JIMMY BUTLER

What do you mean.

SARA BUTLER

I remember the first time we came here, they had to give him a tie to wear, he didn't know he needed one. I laughed so hard.

JIMMY BUTLER

Mom, what happened between you two? Why'd you leave?

SARA BUTLER

After he solved Aura Lee's case, we had a couple of good months, but we drifted apart, he drifted, I don't know. Jimmy always went his own way. I just got the feeling he wasn't. . . ready.

JIMMY BUTLER

Why didn't you ever tell him about me?

SARA BUTLER

Jimmy, when I met your step-dad in Florida, everything changed. I loved him, so I married him. We had a good life, didn't we?

Jimmy stares at her, then out the window.

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah. . . we did, wouldn't trade it for anything. He taught me a lot, especially about cars. Anyway. . . he was murdered.

SARA BUTLER

Are you sure?

JIMMY BUTLER

Tomorrow, I'll get some clothes, then we'll try and figure this out.

SARA BUTLER

Remember what Beth said.

JIMMY BUTLER

I'm a big boy mom, I can handle this.

SARA BUTLER

Wake and Funeral is Saturday 11:00 AM, gives you 2 days to figure this out. Tomorrow I have a meeting at the new Shop on Santa Monica Blvd. I'll text you the address, I'd like you to be there, 3:00 PM.

Dale returns serves drinks, food.

JIMMY BUTLER

Absolutely, I'm starved, Dale, I'll have the Ora King Salmon.

WAITER DALE

Very good choice sir, for you ma'am?

SARA BUTLER

I'll have Mary's organic roasted chicken.

WAITER DALE

Very good, be right back.

Jimmy's phone buzzes, looks at it.

SARA BUTLER

Everything OK?

JIMMY BUTLER

Jose will be here in the morning, they got here fast. Straighten this out tomorrow. Want a taco?

INT/EXT HUNTLEY HOTEL PARKING LOT DAY

Jimmy at the front desk, talking to the CLERK on duty.

CLERK

Can I help you sir?

JIMMY BUTLER

Yes ma'am, I got a message, some keys were left here for me, name is Jimmy Butler.

CLERK

Yes sir, they were dropped off earlier. Here you go. Have a great day.

JIMMY BUTLER

You as well.

He exits, presses remote, CHIRP, walks to his car, phone against his ear.

JIMMY BUTLER

Hey Tony, I'll pick you up in about 20 minutes OK?

TONY MARTIN (VO)

Sure, I'll text you the address.

JIMMY BUTLER

Cool, see you soon.

Gets in, turns ignition, car comes to life.

JIMMY BUTLER

Missed you baby. Lets check out California.

Puts the car in gear and roars out of the parking lot.

EXT TONY AND ANGELS HOUSE DAY

He circles the block, pulls up, parks, car idles in the street, Tony's walks over, Angel on the porch, Jimmy gets out.

TONY MARTIN

Nice car!

JIMMY BUTLER

Thanks, you guys OK?

ANGEL MARTIN

No.

TONY MARTIN

Dad's being paranoid again. Thought he saw those scary dudes last night, down the street.

JIMMY BUTLER

Relax Angel, I'll take care of them. Let's go.

INT JIMMY'S CAR DRIVING DAY

JIMMY BUTLER

He wasn't paranoid, I passed that SUV around the corner. Let's go have some fun.

Jimmy drives around the corner, SUV still parked, watching.

TONY MARTIN

What are you doing

JIMMY BUTLER

Let's find out who these assholes are. Just wave to them as we pull up, I'll do the rest.

Pulls up next to them, their drivers window open, Tony waves.

PUNCHES the gas, holding the brake, tires SMOKING from the burnout, envelopes the SUV.

Lets off the brake, a strip of rubber halfway down the street, SUV follows.

JIMMY BUTLER

Where's this awesome Thrift Store?

TONY MARTIN

Not far, turn right, then left. You gonna try and lose these guys?

JIMMY BUTLER

Need to pop some tags first.

TONY MARTIN

Great.

They pull into the lot at the Superthrift Store, They go inside. SUV pulls into a lot across the street and parks.

EXT SUPERTHRIFT STORE DAY

Jimmy and Tony exit, carrying a bag of clothes, SUV across the street.

JIMMY BUTLER

Told you they would be here. Now we find out who they are.

TONY MARTIN

Try not to get us killed. . . OK?

JIMMY BUTLER

Sure thing.

They get into Jimmy's car, tires smoke, a u-turn middle of the road, traffic swerves. SUV pulls out of the lot.

Jimmy SQUEALS around corner, a quick right into parking garage, they wait. SUV passes the garage and turns right at the corner, Jimmy pulls out, follows.

EXT 1141 CAPRI WAY OXNARD CA DAY

The black SUV pulls into the driveway, Jimmy and Tony park down the street with a vantage point of the house.

TONY MARTIN

Jimmy, what are we doing here, why are these guys following us?

JIMMY BUTLER

Not sure yet.

Moments pass, black van pulls up, woman gets out, opens side door, group of teenage girls get out, led inside. Woman exits the home, Nila Ahmadi led to the van, struggling. She's pushed in the van, they drive away.

TONY MARTIN

What's with all these kids?

JIMMY BUTLER

You sure ask a lot of questions! I want to know where they're taking this one, let's see where they go.

They follow.

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR 14406 VENTURA BLVD, SHERMAN OAKS, CA

Van parks behind a TWO STORY nondescript BUILDING, by the back door. Jimmy and Tony in the FAT BURGER lot next door. Nila's taken up the stairs.

JIMMY BUTLER

Do me a favor, go inside, see what kind of business this is.

TONY MARTIN

Why me?

JIMMY BUTLER
They kinda know who I am, you, not
so much, you'll be fine.

TONY MARTIN
Crap.

He gets out, walks to the front of the front of the building,
disappears inside.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR 14406 VENTURA BLVD, SHERMAN OAKS, CA

Inside, a PLUSH COUCHES and several COMFY CHAIRS in the dark
lobby. The smell of VANILLA INCENSE, attractive ASIAN WOMAN,
behind counter, curtain covering hallway leading to the back.

MASSAGE PARLOR GIRL
Hello, may i help you?

TONY MARTIN
Is this the print shop?

MASSAGE PARLOR GIRL
No, therapeutic massage.

TONY MARTIN
Oh. . . Do you have a price list?

She smiles, presses button under counter, large ASIAN MAN
enters, from behind the curtain, puffs out his chest.

MASSAGE PARLOR GIRL
No, we deal with referrals, who
referred you?

TONY MARTIN
No one ma'am, I guess I'm in the
wrong place.

MASSAGE PARLOR GIRL
I guess so, please leave.

Tony RUNS from the building.

EXT/INT. PARKING LOT FAT BURGER DAY

Tony back at the Tempest, scared.

TONY MARTIN
These guys are scary.

JIMMY BUTLER
What is it?

TONY MARTIN
Freaking massage parlor!

JIMMY BUTLER
Sure about that?

TONY MARTIN
I've been in enough of them to
know what they look like.

JIMMY BUTLER
You see Nila?

TONY MARTIN
No. Oh crap!

JIMMY BUTLER
What?

TONY MARTIN
That guy, he scared me out of the
place, let's go. . . go.

Several men walking towards them, starts the car, slaps it in gear and SQUEALS out of parking lot, tires smoking.

INT TONY AND ANGELS HOUSE DAY

Jimmy, Tony and Angel, patio back yard.

JIMMY BUTLER
Angel, you have any idea who these
guys are?

ANGEL MARTIN
All I know is they were willing to
pay cash for the building.

JIMMY BUTLER
Didn't that raise any red flags to
you?

TONY MARTIN
We're in Los Angeles, everything
is done in cash.

JIMMY BUTLER
What's a massage parlor in Sherman
Oaks have to do with it?

ANGEL MARTIN
I keep tellin you. . . I don't
know.

JIMMY BUTLER
You ever find what you were
looking for the other night?

ANGEL MARTIN
No, I wonder if he put it in his
warehouse.

JIMMY BUTLER
Where's that?

ANGEL MARTIN
Never told me, something he kept
private.

JIMMY BUTLER
Have to find it, maybe the answer
to what we're looking for is
there.

Jimmy looks at the clock on the wall, 2:10 PM.

JIMMY BUTLER
I have to go meet my Mom, I'll
check in on you guys later.

Jimmy gets up, shakes hands, exits.

EXT/INT. 6245 SANTA MONICA BLVD STRIP SHOPPING CENTER DAY

Jimmy pulls his car into parking lot of shopping center,
parks in front, empty storefront next to the Starbucks. Sara,
waiting.

JIMMY BUTLER
Made it.

SARA BUTLER
Was afraid you wouldn't, anything
new?

JIMMY BUTLER
Plenty, the less you know the
better. This looks like a good
location.

SARA BUTLER
I'd like something like back home.
That building across the street is
(MORE)

SARA BUTLER (CONT'D)
the one I really want. Want to
come look at it next?

JIMMY BUTLER
Sure.

SARA BUTLER
It used to be a recording studio.
Here's Wendy, my Realtor.

Sara waves to her, Jimmy notices a dark sedan approaching,
rear window down, rifle barrel protruding.

JIMMY BUTLER
GET DOWN!

PAP. . . PAP. . . .PAP. . . PAP

PUSHES Sara to the ground, a sharp sting in his forearm,
blood SPATTERS. Car races from parking lot, Jimmy catches the
tag, whispers it to her.

INT EMERGENCY ROOM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOSPITAL NIGHT

Sara pacing, Jimmy behind curtain, DOCTOR opens curtain,
Jimmy no shirt, arm bandaged.

DOCTOR
He'll be fine, he's lucky, bullet
grazed him. We'll give him
something for the pain and he'll
be discharged.

SARA BUTLER
Thank you, Doctor.

Doctor leaves, Lieutenant Anderson, accompanied, several
officers approaches.

SARA BUTLER
Look who decided to show up.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
You two keep finding trouble?

SARA BUTLER
Us? Maybe you should find out who
almost killed my son.

JIMMY BUTLER
Sara, let me handle this. She gave
you the tag, you find the car?

SARA BUTLER
Yes, did you find it?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
It was stolen several hours prior.
We found it several blocks away,
processing it now.

JIMMY BUTLER
What a surprise!

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Any idea who may have done this?

JIMMY BUTLER
Sure, but you're not going to do
anything about it.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Try me.

JIMMY BUTLER
That witness in Mr. Rockfords
death, she was taken from the
Capri Way address, and brought to.
. . .

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Excuse me, you went back there?

JIMMY BUTLER
So sue me. Send someone out to
talk to her, I'm telling you,
she's not there. Have them check
the Mercedes in the garage, it has
front end damage, green paint on
the bumper, same color as Mr.
Rockfords car.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Fine, just wait here.

Lieutenant Anderson walks down the hall, officers remain at
door.

SARA BUTLER
Jimmy, hope you know what you're
doing?

JIMMY BUTLER
Me too.

INT EMERGENCY ROOM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOSPITAL NIGHT

JIMMY BUTLER

Where the hell is he. . . over an hour, they said we could leave.

SARA BUTLER

I'm sure he'll be back soon.

JIMMY BUTLER

By the way, where's my car?

SARA BUTLER

Downstairs.

JIMMY BUTLER

How'd it get here?

SARA BUTLER

I drove it.

JIMMY BUTLER

Noooooo.

SARA BUTLER

It's fine, I only scratched the door.

JIMMY BUTLER

Please tell me you're kidding.

SARA BUTLER

(laughing) Yup.

Lieutenant Anderson returns.

SARA BUTLER

He doesn't look happy.

Opens the curtain.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

You two sure you don't want to revise your story?

SARA BUTLER

Why?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Detective Castro, you remember him right Mr. Butler? He's at the house, cars fine, Nila's fine.

JIMMY BUTLER
That's baloney! I can prove it. .
. Mom, hand me my phone.

Sara hands it to him. He scrolls through the photographs.

JIMMY BUTLER
What the. . .

SARA BUTLER
What?

JIMMY BUTLER
It's gone.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
I don't know what kind of games
your playing, games over. Go near
those people again. . . we're
going to have a problem.

JIMMY BUTLER
Already have a problem!

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
We're done here, last warning,
finish your business, show up in
court, go home. You don't, you
might end up staying here longer
then you thought!

JIMMY BUTLER
Already here longer than I thought
I'd be.

Lieutenant Anderson and officers walk away, Jimmy puts his
shirt on, they walk down the hall.

JIMMY BUTLER
We're in deep, I think cops are
involved. The only time my phone
left my side was when that cop
Castro had me in jail yesterday.

SARA BUTLER
Are you sure?

JIMMY BUTLER
Hundred percent.

SARA BUTLER
Sorry I got you wrapped up in
this.

JIMMY BUTLER

Me too!

Exit Hospital.

EXT/INT TONY AND ANGELS HOUSE DAY

Breakfast, Tony and Angel arguing.

TONY MARTIN

Can't believe he got shot.

ANGEL MARTIN

We should leave town.

TONY MARTIN

Typical, always wanting to run!

Pair of legs, dancers legs, walking towards the house, a brown ENVELOPE in hand, swinging by her side. At the front door, RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE hears yelling from inside, she bangs on the door.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Angel? Angel, are you in there?

Tony answers, BASEBALL BAT in hand.

TONY MARTIN

Who are you?

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Angel, you in there!

Angel in living room, SMOKING a cigarette.

ANGEL MARTIN

Rita?

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Move out-of-the-way sonny, Angel what did you do?

ANGEL MARTIN

You too?

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

I got this yesterday.

Tosses envelope onto coffee table, on the front, her address, and Jim Rockfords return address. On bottom in black sharpie, GET THIS TO ANGEL! He rips it open, pulls out PHOTOGRAPHS.

TONY MARTIN

Me and Jimmy were there yesterday.

ANGEL MARTIN

Not the time to talk about your personal life son, in front of the lady. Sorry Rita, my son Tony.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Nice to meet you.

TONY MARTIN

Same here, your an ass Dad, we weren't there getting a massage. Look.

Tony lays out the pictures.

TONY MARTIN

That house, that's where Jimmy got in a fight, this building's where they took the witness from the police report. That picture is of the guy at the massage parlor.

Rita looks inside envelope, YELLOW LEGAL PAPER, pulls it out, reads.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Angel, if Rita's there, I guess I'm gone. Congratulations! You managed to piss off Victor Asghar, and his business partner, Sakda Lueng. They run the biggest sex trafficking operation in Los Angeles through Sakda's massage parlors.

TONY MARTIN

Just great dad!

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Shhhhh, let me finish!

She continues.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

I got the information from my old friend, Alex Diehl. I sent a package to Lance too, make sure that Sara and Jimmy get it, they'll understand. Angel, it's been fun, try to stay out of trouble, and pay attention to

(MORE)

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE (CONT'D)
 Tony, he needs you in his life.
 Don't make the same mistake I did.
 Thanks for everything Rita, you've
 been a great friend, love you
 guys. Jim

Rita, in tears, Angel comforts her, she slaps, then hugs him.

TONY MARTIN
 We have to let Jimmy know.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 They're here?

ANGEL MARTIN
 Yeah. . . made arrangements for
 the Funeral, Saturday.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 Anyone contacted Jimmie's clients?
 I'm sure they'd like to be there.

ANGEL MARTIN
 Not sure, everything going on,
 don't think guests were top
 priority.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 I had all that organized in a
 database for Jimmy. Where's the
 Funeral?

ANGEL MARTIN
 First Christian Church Of North
 Hollywood.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 Where you had your fake Funeral?

TONY MARTIN
 Fake Funeral?

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 You never told him?

ANGEL MARTIN
 Let's stick to what's going on
 now. The burial is at Forest Lawn
 Memorial.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 I'll send out the information to
 everyone. Tell Sara I'll do that,

(MORE)

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE (CONT'D)
I'll see you there, Angel, make
sure you show up for this one!

TONY MARTIN
I'll call them now.

Rita leaves, Tony dials phone.

EXT/INT BAGEL PLACE 14436 VENTURA BLVD SHERMAN OAKS CA

1/2 block away from massage parlor, Jimmy, in disguise,
straight out of the 70s, plaid THRIFT STORE SUIT, JOHN BLAKE
FAKE MUSTACHE hair slicked back, black rimmed fake glasses.
Drinking coffee, his phone mounted on the dash, a TELEPHOTO
LENS attached, watching display, . it rings.

JIMMY BUTLER
What's up Tony?

TONY MARTIN (VO)
Jimmy, we just got news.

JIMMY BUTLER
What's that?

TONY MARTIN (VO)
We're dealing with some bad
people.

JIMMY BUTLER
Ya think? They took Nila back to
the massage parlor this morning.

TONY MARTIN
You're a glutton for punishment!
That massage parlor's a front for
sex trafficking.

A short bald man exits massage parlor, Jimmy snaps a few
pictures of him.

JIMMY BUTLER
That's just great.

TONY MARTIN (VO)
Seriously, who knows what else
they're into. . . Dad's thinking
about leaving town.

JIMMY BUTLER
Again? Tell him to relax, text me
the information? In the middle of
something.

The man crosses the street, walking towards him.

TONY MARTIN (VO)
How's your arm?

JIMMY BUTLER
OK. Listen, I gotta run, I'll
hook up with you guys later.
(hangs up)

Man enters BAGEL PLACE, sits by the window. Jimmy takes his phone, grabs a BUSINESS CARD from glove box, grabs TASER, goes to his trunk, heads inside.

INT BAGEL PLACE 14436 VENTURA BLVD SHERMAN OAKS CA

Jimmy, carrying a BRIEFCASE, enters, walks to JACK WILLIAMS table, sits down. Shows him the business card, waves it around, shows his official PI license from Florida, covering the label.

JACK WILLIAMS
Can I help you?

JIMMY BUTLER
Peter Akins, Fidelity Fraud
Adjusters.

JACK WILLIAMS
So?

JIMMY BUTLER
Sir, lemme show you something?

Pulls photo's up on his phone, shows photographs he just took of him leaving the massage parlor. Opens his briefcase, pulls out legal pad.

JIMMY BUTLER
My team and I are involved in a
fraud investigation that you have
found yourself smack dab in the
middle of, sir.

JACK WILLIAMS
How?

JIMMY BUTLER
Sir, for the record, what is your
full legal name.

JACK WILLIAMS
Why?

JIMMY BUTLER
 (smiles) Nice wedding ring,
 perhaps your wife will be more
 cooperative?

Starts putting away his things.

JACK WILLIAMS
 No need to contact her. My name is
 Jack Williams and my address is. .
 .

Jimmy, jotting it down.

JIMMY BUTLER
 How often have you frequented the
 massage parlor?

JACK WILLIAMS
 3 years. . . can we keep this
 private?

JIMMY BUTLER
 Depends on you. . . I have what I
 need, you keep your mouth shut
 with the them, we'll keep ours
 shut with your wife. Fair enough?

JACK WILLIAMS
 Yes.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Thanks for your help. Now. . .
 get out of here, before I change
 my mind.

He gets up, exits. Jimmy waits, collects his things, goes
 outside, puts his briefcase in the trunk, walks towards the
 Massage Parlor.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR 14406 VENTURA BLVD, SHERMAN OAKS, CA

He enters, MEI LUENG, older Asian woman, behind counter,
 multiple cameras mounted around lobby, Jimmy approaches.

MEI LUENG
 What can I do for you?

JIMMY BUTLER
 My friend. . . Jack, said that
 this is the place to come. . . to
 relax.

MEI LUENG

Jack who?

JIMMY BUTLER

Jack Williams. I talked to him earlier, said this is the best place. . . for, you know?

MEI LUENG

Jack, nice man, You dress funny! Not sure which girl will like you. Come, we go see.

Locks front door, escorts him into back room, they pass open door, SECURITY CAMERAS, all rooms, men watching. Up stairs, into large main room. 12 young girls, Asian and Middle Eastern dissent, Nila, seated in the middle.

MEI LUENG

You choose.

JIMMY BUTLER

Hmmmm, how much for that one?

Points to girl end of line.

MEI LUENG

All same price. . . one hour, \$129 dollars.

JIMMY BUTLER

OK then. . . this one.

MEI LUENG

Nila, she new. . . maybe pick another.

JIMMY BUTLER

She'll be fine.

MEI LUENG

OK. . . no refund, cash only!

JIMMY BUTLER

Here's 150. . . she's good, give her the rest OK?

MEI LUENG

Tip, OK. Come.

Grabs Nila by the arm, whispers in her ear, leads them down dark hallway, sunlight entering WINDOW, end of the hall. She opens door. . . last room on the left, pushes Nila in, Jimmy follows, Mei grabs his arm.

MEI LUENG

You be nice, otherwise. . . men
downstairs, they hurt you!

Points to camera in corner of the room, closes the door.
Room's empty, but for a bed, and night table. REEKS of filth.
Nila crouched on the bed in fear. He sits down in front of
her, his back to camera. . . put's finger to his lips.

JIMMY BUTLER

Shhhhh.

Remove's glasses, pulls fake mustache halfway off.

JIMMY BUTLER

Remember me?

NILA AHMADI

Yes.

JIMMY BUTLER

Ready to get away from here?

NILA AHMADI

Yes, but. . .

JIMMY BUTLER

(interrupts) No buts. Just play
along OK? I'll get you out of
here.

NILA AHMADI

OK.

JIMMY BUTLER

I need you to pretend to dance. .
. behind me.

Gets off bed, dances behind him, fixes his mustache, opens
drawers in nightstand, a BIBLE, approaches her, pretends to
preach, THROWS it at the camera, knocking it from its mount.
Grabs her, opens door, Mei Lueng standing.

MEI LUENG

You a liar!

He pulls Taser out, SHOCKS Mei, falls to the floor,
convulsing. Two large men end of the hall, coming towards
them.

Tries window, sealed shut. . . grabs FIRE EXTINGUISHER on
wall, throws it through glass, they follow, cuts back on a
hanging shard of glass.

Down fire escape, into street, run to his car. Two men looking out the window, turn their attention back to Mei Lueng on the floor.

INT PONTIAC TEMPEST CVS PARKING LOT DAY

Parked, on his phone, shirt off, pressed against it to stop the bleeding. CVS bag on floorboard, Nila unwrapping BANDAGES and GAUZE.

JIMMY BUTLER

Thanks, grab the duct tape in the glove box? Come on Tony, pick up.

NILA AHMADI

Thank you for getting me away from those people.

JIMMY BUTLER

No problem, hold on Nila, Tony need your help.

TONY MARTIN (VO)

What's up?

JIMMY BUTLER

Need a place to stash Nila, got her out, need someplace they won't find her. Know of any?

TONY MARTIN (VO)

I think I do, that old friend of your dad's. Let me get her address from my dad, I'll text it to you, you OK?

JIMMY BUTLER

Will be. Make sure you delete the text after you send it, let her know I'm coming.

TONY MARTIN (VO)

Yes sir.

JIMMY BUTLER

One more thing.

TONY MARTIN (VO)

What's that?

JIMMY BUTLER
Get mom, bring her to the same
place. These guys ain't playing
around.

TONY MARTIN (VO)
No shit.

JIMMY BUTLER
Just get her, I'll call you later.
(hangs up)

Leans forward, turns to Nila, hands her Peroxide.

JIMMY BUTLER
OK kid, pour it on, then the
gauze, just make sure you pull the
duct tape tight.

Nila dresses his wound.

NILA AHMADI
It worked.

JIMMY BUTLER
Thanks. Can I ask you something?

NILA AHMADI
Sure.

JIMMY BUTLER
How did you get here?

NILA AHMADI
My parents. A policeman found out.
. . they came illegally. . . told
them if they want to stay. . .
they need to give me to him.

JIMMY BUTLER
What policeman?

NILA AHMADI
He was at the house the other day.

He get's out, goes to trunk, pulls a GARFIELD T-SHIRT from
bag, wipes the blood from his seat with a rag. His phone
dings looks at it, types an address in the phone.

JIMMY BUTLER
Let's get you someplace safe.

INT/EXT THE HUNTLEY HOTEL DAY

Sara, pacing, wearing out the carpet in her room. A BANG on the door, runs to it, swings the door open, FREDDIE BEAMER standing in doorway.

SARA BUTLER
Freddie? What are you doing here?

FREDDIE BEAMER
Heard what happened, wanted to pay my respects.

SARA BUTLER
How'd you find me?

FREDDIE BEAMER
Lance White let me know, he's flying in too.

SARA BUTLER
I'm touched. Come in.

FREDDIE BEAMER
It's the least we can do. You need any. . .

A BLOW to the back of his head, unconscious on the floor. Several Asians and Middle Eastern THUGS enter the room.

THUG 1
Where is she?

SARA BUTLER
Who!

THUG 2
Where's Nila?

SARA BUTLER
I don't know what you're talking about?

THUG 2
Take her to the van. . . if she scrams or tries to run, shoot her!

THUG 1
What about this guy on the floor?

THUG 2
Leave him, he'll be out for a while. Let's go.

They escort her to the elevators, Beamer stirs on the floor. They get to the van, open door, Tony's tied up, push her in next to him, drive away.

EXT THE HUNTLEY HOTEL PARKING LOT DAY

Unnoticed, Angel in Tony's van, parked. . . watching.
Freddie exits, Angel pulls up.

ANGEL MARTIN
Freddie?

FREDDIE BEAMER
Angel?

ANGEL MARTIN
Get in here, lets go.

He jumps in, take off after the van.

FREDDIE BEAMER
What the hell is going on?

ANGEL MARTIN
You're bleeding? In the glove box.

Freddie pulls a tissue out, holds it to the cut, just behind his left ear.

ANGEL MARTIN
There they are, they got my son
too.

FREDDIE BEAMER
Why did they take them?

ANGEL MARTIN
Don't ask.

FREDDIE BEAMER
Angel, what'd you do?

INT RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE HOME DAY

Jimmy and Nila, living room, Rita serving cold drinks.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
I still can't believe how much you
look like him.

JIMMY BUTLER
I keep hearing that.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 Nila, do you know why these people
 hurt Mr. Rockford?

NILA AHMADI
 No.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 You know Jimmy, you're a lot like
 your dad, he helped me once, when
 I was in trouble, now look at you,
 doing the same.

JIMMY BUTLER
 I'm sorry Rita, but I didn't know
 him, was never part of his life.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
 I know, he regretted that, had
 plenty of discussions about you. .
 . and your mom.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Really? Care to share?

His phone rings, hits speaker phone.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Hey Mom, what's up?

INT WAREHOUSE WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITIES LOS ANGELES DAY

Open warehouse, office upstairs, man inside, pacing. Sara and
 Tony TIED UP downstairs, seated. WELL-DRESSED middle eastern
 man holding phone in front of Sara, speaker on.

SARA BUTLER
 Jimmy, I'm sorry.

VICTOR ASGHAR takes the phone from her, pushes her back into
 the seat next to Tony, thugs tie her up.

VICTOR ASGHAR
 Mr Butler, this morning you did
 something that. . . lets just say
 you pissed off my partner. We want
 the girl back.

INTERCUT RITA'S HOME/WAREHOUSE WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITIES

JIMMY BUTLER
 Where and when pal?

VICTOR ASGHAR

Not so quick my friend. I also want that little weasel. . . Angel Martin. No one rips me off. . . you tell him, we have his son. You have till 3 PM. . . bring them both here. Nila, knows the address, she'll direct you, any sign of the cops, they die! (hangs up)

END INTERCUT

INT RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE HOME DAY

JIMMY BUTLER

Nila, you know where Victor's warehouse is?

NILA AHMADI

Give me your phone.

Types in an address, hugs him, Rita, walks her to a back bedroom, returns.

JIMMY BUTLER

Appreciate you looking after her, be back in a couple of hours.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Sure about that?

JIMMY BUTLER

Not really.

She 1/2 smiles, walks him to the door.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

He really was proud of you.

JIMMY BUTLER

Wish he had told me, talk soon.

Walks out the front door, drives away.

EXT WAREHOUSE WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITIES LOS ANGELES DAY

Angel and Freddie, parked, watching warehouse.

ANGEL MARTIN

Now what?

FREDDIE BEAMER
Not sure, we need to get a look
inside.

ANGEL MARTIN
We?

FREDDIE BEAMER
This is your fault, you need to
fix this. . . Ahhh crapola, stay
here, be right back.

ANGEL MARTIN
Where you going?

FREDDIE BEAMER
Just keep your eye's open!

Freddie walks to the open OVERHEAD DOOR, peaks inside. Man
exits door behind Freddie, gun to Freddie's head. Another
exits, sees Angel, run's towards him.

ANGEL MARTIN
Outta here.

He pulls a u-turn, drives away.

INT WAREHOUSE WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITIES LOS ANGELES DAY

Victor Asghar, 4 goons in front of Sara, Tony, and Freddie,
tied to chairs. Sakda Lueng upstairs in office, with a RIFLE.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Tony, your father has become a
real thorn in my side. Where's the
girl?

TONY MARTIN
I don't know!

VICTOR ASGHAR
You better hope he brings her.

SARA BUTLER
I hope he takes her to the cops,
tough guy.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Really?

Victor SMACKS her.

FREDDIE BEAMER
Hey asshole, don't hit a woman!

VICTOR ASGHAR
OK, then I hit you!

He PUNCHES Freddie, again and again, Freddie spits blood, laughs.

FREDDIE BEAMER
That's all you got?

Angry, Victor pulls out his Glock, aims at his head.

SARA BUTLER
No!

The RUMBLE of Jimmy's Pontiac, enters the warehouse, parks, gets out, walks towards them.

JIMMY BUTLER
Sorry I'm late, LA Traffic sucks.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Where's the girl?

JIMMY BUTLER
Safe, unlike my friends here.

VICTOR ASGHAR
They're fine.

JIMMY BUTLER
Mom, Tony, you guys OK?

SARA BUTLER
We're fine Jimmy.

Points to Freddie.

JIMMY BUTLER
Who's that?

SARA BUTLER
Old friend of your dad's.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Rockford was your dad?

Victor laughs, WHISTLES, sound of a DIESEL ENGINE starting up, engine REVVING, getting louder, a GARBAGE TRUCK approaches Jimmy's car, hits it, pushes it into the far concrete wall, CRUSHING the rear half of it.

JIMMY BUTLER
You're gonna pay for that!

VICTOR ASGHAR
Yeah, Yeah, tell me where the girl
is or she's next.

JIMMY BUTLER
OK, OK, close by. I had to make
sure they're OK. I'll take you to
her.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Fine, you have thirty minutes.
BRUNO, you take him in your car.

BRUNO
Yes boss.

JIMMY BUTLER
NO! You take me, that's the way
this works. If not, kill us all.
The persons she's with has
instructions to call the cops if
they don't hear from me by 3:00
PM. . .that gives you 20 minutes.

Sakda, yells from the office upstairs.

SAKDA LUENG
Victor, go get her, I'm tired of
this. We'll watch them, GO!

JIMMY BUTLER
Let's go Victor, times wasting.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Give me your keys Bruno.

Gets into Bruno's car, pulls up to Jimmy, he slides to the
passenger seat, motions for Jimmy to drive.

EXT WAREHOUSE WASTE MANAGEMENT FACILITIES LOS ANGELES DAY

They drive out of the warehouse, GUN to Jimmy's ribs, drive
to the corner. Angel in van, parked. SIRENS all around, hits
the gas, POLICE CARS converging on the warehouse from all
directions. Angel follows Jimmy and Victor.

VICTOR ASGHAR
What did you do?

JIMMY BUTLER
I was with you the whole time.

VICTOR ASGHAR
Take me to the girl. . . NOW!

Jimmy catches a glimpse, familiar white van in the mirror, speeding towards them, braces himself.

Hits the brakes, the van SMASHES into the rear of the car. Victor's head SNAPS back, Jimmy grabs the gun, they struggle. . . .BOOM. Victor's eyes grow wide.

Jimmy looks into them, WHISPERS to him. . . . BOOM.

Victor goes limp. Knock at the window.

ANGEL MARTIN
You OK?

JIMMY BUTLER
Yeah.

Angel helps him get out, get in the van, drive back to the warehouse. Police everywhere. They approach the entrance. Lieutenant Anderson, inside talking to Sara and Tony, EMT's attending to Freddie.

ANGEL MARTIN
TONY?

Tony looks up, Lieutenant Anderson motions. . . . Police allow them in.

JIMMY BUTLER
Mom, you OK?

SARA BUTLER
Yes, you two OK?

JIMMY BUTLER
We're good. Happy now Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Still, the smartass!

JIMMY BUTLER
How'd you find us?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Got a call from your lawyer, apparently Nila had a change of heart, she gave us the address.

JIMMY BUTLER
Where's Lueng?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Not here, he won't go far, someone
Tased his mother at their massage
parlor earlier, she had a heart
attack, on life support.

JIMMY BUTLER
Too bad.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
I'd hate to be the guy who did
that to her.

JIMMY BUTLER
What about that crooked cop,
Castro?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
He's giving a statement at
headquarters. Looks like you were
right.

Lieutenant Anderson extends his hand.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
I guess I owe you an apology.

JIMMY BUTLER
Damn right you do.

Jimmy grabs his hand, shakes it.

JIMMY BUTLER
Can we go?

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Yes. But don't leave town just
yet.

Points to his car.

JIMMY BUTLER
We have a Funeral. Any chance you
guys can tow that over to my dads
place.

They walkover to it.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Damn shame.

JIMMY BUTLER
Yeah, maybe I can save the engine.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
I'll have them tow it.

TONY MARTIN
Dad, where's my van?

ANGEL MARTIN
We're going to have to talk about
that Tony, Lieutenant?

Angel and Jimmy laugh, they walk out.

INT THE HUNTLEY HOTEL ROOFTOP RESTAURANT AND BAR NIGHT

Jimmy, Sara, Beth, Angel, Tony, and Freddie at a table,
drinking, eating.

BETH DAVENPORT
Rita, you did a good thing today
with Nila. She told the police
everything.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
Oh it was nothing, I wish someone
would've talked to me when I was a
kid.

BETH DAVENPORT
Thanks to you and her, they
rescued 35 young girls, in the
process of reuniting them with
their parents.

JIMMY BUTLER
What about the massage parlors?

BETH DAVENPORT
Shutting them all down.

FREDDIE BEAMER
All?

ANGEL MARTIN
They'd better shut them all down.
You don't need to be going there
Freddie.

TONY MARTIN
Listen to you, all high and
mighty.

FREDDIE BEAMER
Yeah, I can't believe you left
today.

ANGEL MARTIN
I came back!

FREDDIE BEAMER
When the coast was clear.

TONY MARTIN
That's my dad.

Jimmy's phone rings.

JIMMY BUTLER
Hello.

AIRLINE REP (VO)
Hello Mr Butler?

JIMMY BUTLER
Yes.

AIRLINE REP (VO)
Angie, with the airlines, we found
your luggage, it's on the way to
your home address.

JIMMY BUTLER
Where?

AIRLINE REP (VO)
Your home address in Dania Beach.

JIMMY BUTLER
(laughs) You were supposed to send
it here, to my hotel.

AIRLINE REP (VO)
Sorry, best we can do. Anything
else we can do for you sir?

Jimmy laughing.

JIMMY BUTLER
No Ma'am.

Hangs up the phone, finishes his drink. Motions for Dale.

JIMMY BUTLER
Can you believe they sent my
luggage home?

ANGEL MARTIN
You really are Jimmy's kid!
(laughs)

WAITER DALE
What can I get you?

JIMMY BUTLER
Lemme get another. . . Dale, where
can a guy get a decent suit, short
notice, real short?

WAITER DALE
I can hook you up sir, give me a
minute.

MARCUS HAYES steps off the elevator, makes his way over to
the group.

MARCUS HAYES
Hello Beth, long time.

BETH DAVENPORT
Marcus, how have you been?

MARCUS HAYES
Good. . . .He looks like him?

JIMMY BUTLER
Excuse me?

Marcus reaches his hand out to Jimmy.

MARCUS HAYES
Marcus Hayes, knew your daddy, a
real good man. Sorry for your
loss.

JIMMY BUTLER
Sara, how is it that everyone
seems to know who I am?

SARA BUTLER
I guess your dad talked about you.

MARCUS HAYES
That he did.

ANGEL MARTIN
He did Jimmy.

MARCUS HAYES
Angel, you still around?

Dale approaches.

WAITER DALE

My guy from Indochino can set you up, name is Arthur. He'll meet you in the lobby. . . 15 minutes.

JIMMY BUTLER

He can have it done by tomorrow?

WAITER DALE

Trust me.

Jimmy finishes his drink, shakes everyone's hands, kisses his mom, heads out. Marcus orders a drink, joins them.

EXT/INT FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH DAY

LIMO in front of the church. Jimmy and Sarah, Tony and Angel, and Beth exit, walk to the church.

SARA BUTLER

Dale was right.

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah, he hooked me up, nicer than the one headed back home.

ANGEL MARTIN

Jimmy, your dad would be proud of what you did this week.

JIMMY BUTLER

Doesn't let you off the hook, you have to live with this. But I get why you do what you do.

TONY MARTIN

I think he learned his lesson. . .
Right dad?

ANGEL MARTIN

Yeah.

BETH DAVENPORT

Better have!

JIMMY BUTLER

Sara, parking lots pretty full, expecting many people?

SARA BUTLER

Rita said she emailed a few of his old clients, we'll see.

Front door of the church opens, Rita greets them.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

Sara, Jimmy, I'm so sorry for your loss. He was such a great guy.

SARA BUTLER

Thanks, Rita, he was. Anyone show?

She smiles, opens door. Front of the church, Jim Rockfords closed casket, large photograph of him, a full Church.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

They all came, all his old clients, his friends.

SARA BUTLER

Rita, I can't believe you did this.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE

He was family, just like you!

They walk down the middle of the church, tears in all of their eyes. Rita gets in the second row pew, Nilah sitting next to her, with her parents. They sit in the first row, FATHER BUTLER, takes the pulpit.

FATHER BUTLER

Thank you for being here today. The family realizes that you don't have to be, your presence is proof of your love and support for them. Although they may not remember every word that is shared today, they will remember you being here for the rest of their lives. At this time, I would like to invite a few of you who have asked, to come up and say a few words about the dearly departed.

LARRY KIRKOFF, FREDDIE BEAMER, ALEX DIEHL, DR MEGAN DOUGHERTY, LANCE WHITE, MARILYN POLANSKI, GINNY NELSON make they're way to the front of the church, first up, Larry Kirkoff

LARRY KIRKOFF

What can I say about Jim, that you don't already know. A good man, we

(MORE)

LARRY KIRKOFF (CONT'D)
 didn't always see eye to eye, as a
 matter of fact we almost never
 did. But he was a sarcastic
 likable guy, who for some reason,
 took a liking to me, and believe
 it or not, we became friends. Rest
 easy my friend.

Wipes a tear from his eye, steps down. Next up.

MARILYN POLANSKI
 I'm reminded of something Jimmy
 told me years ago.
 "If ever there's a tomorrow when
 we're not together, there is
 something you must always
 remember. You are braver than you
 believe, stronger than you seem,
 and smarter than you think. But
 the most important thing is, even
 if we're apart, I'll always be
 with you."
 I believe that, his personality
 will always be with us.

She steps down, Angel gets up, makes his way to the pulpit,
 cutting the line.

ANGEL MARTIN
 Many of you know me, know of Jimmy
 and me. I haven't always been the
 best of friends to Jimmy, but he
 was always there for me. I can be
 better, do better from now on.
 Knowing him, made me a better
 person.

Crying, he steps down, another speaker steps up.

EXT FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH DAY

Doors open, Jim Rockfords CASKET carried by pall-bearers
 Lance, Marcus, Alex, Larry, Angel, and Jimmy, followed by
 attendees, They make their way to the HEARST, load casket.

FATHER BUTLER
 The procession will take about 10
 minutes to get to Forest Lawn, see
 you there.

SARA BUTLER
 Thank you father.

Jimmy at the rear of the limo, with Alex, Larry, and Lieutenant Anderson.

LARRY KIRKOFF

Beautiful service, your Dad was a good man, I have to run, the kids are hungry.

Larry points to his car, two large Dobermans heads out the windows of his car, watching.

JIMMY BUTLER

Thanks for coming Larry.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

I have to go as well.

JIMMY BUTLER

Thank you for showing up Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

After what you and your father did, solving this, my honor. Sorry we got off on the wrong foot.

A MUSTANG, rounds the corner, high rate of speed,

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

What's this guy doing?

A rifle extends out the rear passenger window, fires PAP. .
. .PAP PAP. . . !

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Everybody down!

Anderson returns fire, hitting driver, car CRASHES into building across the street.

Passenger jumps out, firing again PAP. . . .PAP. . . Rifle jams, drops it, runs.

Larry whistles to his dogs, they bolt from the car, and take down the guy. Several other Detectives in attendance, run to the man, Larry calls off his dogs.

Lieutenant Anderson, checks the driver, dead.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON

Billy Lueng. You made some enemies in your short time here.

JIMMY BUTLER
Why should LA be any different
from Florida.

LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
We've got this, no need for any of
you to stick around, go bury your
dad. We'll talk later.

Sara, Angel and Tony running over

SARA BUTLER
Jimmy, you ok?

JIMMY BUTLER
I'm fine. Let's go finish what we
came here to do.

ANGEL MARTIN
Can we, please. I've had enough
excitement for the week.

TONY MARTIN
Says the man who created it all!

They walk to the Hearst.

EXT FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL DAY

Casket LOWERED into the ground, Attendees toss ROSES into the
grave, a final prayer. Attendees up, mingling.

LANCE WHITE
Sarah, what are your plans now?

SARA BUTLER
I signed a lease for a warehouse
yesterday, so I guess getting that
up and running.

LANCE WHITE
What about Jimmy?

SARA BUTLER
Not sure, I'd like him to stay and
help. . . he has work back home.

Alex Diehl interrupts.

ALEX DIEHL
Sara, just wanted to say my
condolences again. If you need
anything, anything at all, you let
(MORE)

ALEX DIEHL (CONT'D)
me know, here's my card. Jimmy
too. Take care.

SARA BUTLER
Thank you, Alex.

LANCE WHITE
I have something for you and
Jimmy, Jim sent it to me about a
week ago. It's in my car. Be right
back.

Lance walks to his car, A man walking towards Sara. Jimmy,
Angel, and Tony talking.

ANGEL MARTIN
Tony said your in the repo
business?

JIMMY BUTLER
And.

ANGEL MARTIN
You need. . .

JIMMY BUTLER
(interupts) No Angel. . . Don't
need any help.

TONY MARTIN
Why do you do that Dad?

ANGEL MARTIN
Who's that guy talking to your
mother?

JIMMY BUTLER
Don't know.

Nilah and Rita run up to them.

RITA KAPKOVIC LANDALE
Jimmy, Nila has to tell you
something.

JIMMY BUTLER
What is it kid?

NILA AHMADI
That's Victors friend.

JIMMY BUTLER
Are you sure?

NILA AHMADI

Yes.

JIMMY BUTLER

Hey Sara.

Sakda grabs her by the throat, turns towards them, uses her as a shield, pulls a 44 MAGNUM, puts it to her head. Crowd gathers around Jimmy, Nila, 30 feet away.

SAKDA LUENG

You have caused me enough pain.

JIMMY BUTLER

Woah little man, what pain have I caused? You and your pal are the ones exploiting young women, how bout we settle this, you and me?

SAKDA LUENG

Why would I do that? You killed my mother! Now I kill yours, then you.

JIMMY BUTLER

Sara, remember that night at the bar, with that guy?

Sakda animated, points gun at Jimmy, Sara bends and rolls, BREAKING free.

Lance returning from his car, draws his gun, so do 6 other attendees. Sakda raises his, Gunshots EXPLODE.

Sakda hit multiple times, falls, drops his gun. . . it DISCHARGES, striking Sara. . . Jimmy runs to her.

JIMMY BUTLER

Sara! Sara!
MOM!

SARA BUTLER

That's what it takes for you to call me mom!

She smiles, Angel walks over to Sakda, still alive, picks up his gun.

ANGEL MARTIN

Join the rest of your family!

BOOM!

Walks away.

LANCE WHITE
Looks like it went straight
through, lets get her to my car,
hospital is 10 minutes away.

They carry her to his car, load her in, Take off towards the
hospital.

INT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOSPITAL DAY

Waiting room. . .full, Angel talking with Beth.

BETH DAVENPORT
No Angel, you shouldn't have any
culpability.

ANGEL MARTIN
You're sure.

BETH DAVENPORT
Yes, and if they try, you have my
number.

Lance returns with a couple of cups of coffee, hands one to
Jimmy.

LANCE WHITE
Any update?

JIMMY BUTLER
Not yet.

LANCE WHITE
Jimmy, I was telling Sara earlier,
I have something for you both.

DOCTOR WILLOBIE enters the room, everyone gathers.

DOCTOR WILLOBIE
She'll be fine, bullet went
straight through her side, missed
any vital organs. We'll keep her
overnight, she'll go home
tomorrow.

JIMMY BUTLER
Can I see her Doc?

DOCTOR WILLOBIE
Come with me.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Thanks everyone for staying,
 appreciate it. I'll let you all
 know how she's doing.

Lance grabs Jimmy's arm, hands him an envelope.

LANCE WHITE
 Open this with her. If you two
 need anything, my cards there too,
 anything at all.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Thanks, Lance.

LANCE WHITE
 Angel, Freddie, grab a drink
 before I head out?

FREDDIE BEAMER
 Sure.

ANGEL MARTIN
 Tony, you coming?

TONY MARTIN
 OK.

They head out of the Hospital, Jimmy heads back to Sara.

INT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOSPITAL DAY

Sara's room, in bed, eye's closed, comfortable. Jimmy enters,
 pulls up a chair.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Mom, you OK?

SARA BUTLER
 What do you think?

JIMMY BUTLER
 Glad you remembered what I taught
 you.

SARA BUTLER
 I pay attention. . . not like some
 people.

JIMMY BUTLER
 I pay attention.

SARA BUTLER
 Seriously, after all this. . .
 come work with me.

JIMMY BUTLER
 In a Bikini Store?

SARA BUTLER
 It's more than that. It's a hell
 of a lot safer than what you're
 doing!

JIMMY BUTLER
 Talk about it later, Lance gave me
 this, said open it together.

Sara opens the envelope, pulls out a legal pad, two sets of
 keys at the bottom.

SARA BUTLER
 Get my glasses from my purse.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Here.

She hands him the keys, tags attached.

JIMMY BUTLER
 These are house keys. . . . This
 looks like a door key, and a
 Master lock key. 31290 La Baya Dr
 #3 Westlake Village CA, 91362 That
 mean anything to you?

SARA BUTLER
 No, let me read this. Sit.

She reads it over, looks at him, starts reading it aloud.

SARA BUTLER
 Sara, Jimmy. . . If you're reading
 this, obvious what happened. Sara,
 one set of keys are for my
 trailer, it's paid for. . . it's
 yours. I know you were planning to
 open a shop here. . . . Yes I kept
 track of both of you.
 Jimmy, sorry that I wasn't
 involved with your life. . . just
 worked out that way, I know that's
 hard to hear, but sometimes,
 things aren't as they seem. You
 turned out to be quite a man. I'm
 very proud of you. . . . The other

(MORE)

SARA BUTLER (CONT'D)
 set of keys are for my warehouse.
 Keep what you want, sell the rest.
 I want you both to know that I do
 love you, all my heart, even if it
 didn't seem like that. Do me a
 favor, tell Angel. . . it's OK,
 don't want him carrying this
 around with him. See ya.
 Jim.

Jimmy wipes tears from his eyes, Sara smiles.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Guess we still have some things to
 take care of.

SARA BUTLER
 Do that tomorrow, you're on the
 red-eye home tomorrow night.

JIMMY BUTLER
 You're staying.

SARA BUTLER
 For now, have to get my business
 started, want to watch something
 on TV?

JIMMY BUTLER
 I'm hungry, you?

SARA BUTLER
 Famished.

JIMMY BUTLER
 Lemme rustle something up.

He walks out, talks to the nurse in the hall, Sara looks at
 the legal pad, cries.

EXT/INT ROCKFORDS TRAILER MALIBU CA DAY

Jimmy and Tony outside, looking at his car.

TONY MARTIN
 How long did it take to finish it?

JIMMY BUTLER
 8 years, start to finish. It
 sucks. Want a beer?

TONY MARTIN
 Never turn one down.

JIMMY BUTLER

After this week, I think we all
could use a case.

Inside, Angel cleaning up FAST FOOD leftovers, Sara relaxing
in a chair, looking out at his car.

SARA BUTLER

Jimmy, think you can you fix it?

JIMMY BUTLER

(laughs) I'm good, but not that
good.

ANGEL MARTIN

Jimmy, I know your dad's mechanic,
you want me to ask him to take a
look at it?

JIMMY BUTLER

Thanks but. . . I don't think
anyone's gonna be fixing that. I
spoke with Carlos, his brother's
still in town, he'll swing by to
pick it up.

SARA BUTLER

You have time to go to the
warehouse before your flight?

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah, I'll go to the airport from
there.

SARA BUTLER

You'll let me know what's in it?

JIMMY BUTLER

Of course. You going to be OK?

ANGEL MARTIN

I'll keep an eye on her.

JIMMY BUTLER

Great! How's the pain?

SARA BUTLER

I'll be fine, it's fine. Go.

ANGEL MARTIN

I promise, nothing will happen to
her. Tony, take him.

TONY MARTIN

Now?

ANGEL MARTIN

You got something better to do?

JIMMY BUTLER

Yeah, would you mind? Let's go see what's in it.

TONY MARTIN

Sure, but promise me, no more problems.

JIMMY BUTLER

(laughs) No promises.

TONY MARTIN

Where's your luggage?

JIMMY BUTLER

Home. . . waiting for me.

They all laugh, Jimmy hugs Angel, hugs Sara.

SARA BUTLER

Jimmy, take the box we got from the Lieutenant the other day, Jim's things. Leave it there.

JIMMY BUTLER

Tony will bring the key back.

They take their BEERS to go. . . Angel, Sara, on porch, watch them drive away.

INT WAREHOUSE #3 WESTLAKE VILLAGE DAY

Inside, Tony and Jimmy at WAREHOUSE door, raise it. Sun illuminates years of accumulation. . . inside the 20 X 30 warehouse. They go inside the 8 X 10 office, PICTURES of Jimmy throughout his life adorn the walls, an old ROTARY PHONE connected to an ANSWERING MACHINE, Jimmy presses play. JIM ROCKFORD's voice plays.

JIM ROCKFORD

This is Jim Rockford, at the tone, leave your name and message, and I'll get back to you.

TONY MARTIN

He was a man of many words. . . look at all these pictures of you,
(MORE)

TONY MARTIN (CONT'D)
thought you said he wasn't in your
life?

JIMMY BUTLER
He wasn't.

TONY MARTIN
I guess he was a stalker then, is
that you in little league?

JIMMY BUTLER
Yeah.

TONY MARTIN
And this one, who's this guy?

JIMMY BUTLER
That's me and my step dad.

His eyes water, steps out of the office. . into warehouse.

TONY MARTIN
Looks like he kept an eye on you.

JIMMY BUTLER
I guess. . . this is a lot of
stuff to go through. Look at all
the memorabilia.

TONY MARTIN
This basketball is signed, who's
Pat Riley?

JIMMY BUTLER
Lemme see that.

He smiles.

JIMMY BUTLER
My friends back home are gonna
crap when they see this.

Tony trips, knocking over a box of signed baseballs.

JIMMY BUTLER
Nice job Tony, help me pick them
up.

TONY MARTIN
They're just balls.

JIMMY BUTLER
Want to keep yours?

TONY MARTIN

Fine.

TONY MARTIN

Some went under there, get those.

Points to a large square container, covered by a tarp.

JIMMY BUTLER

What do we have here?

Jimmy pulls the cover from the front of it, a distinct FIREBIRD EMBLEM, tail lights shine in the sunlight.

JIMMY BUTLER

Holy crap!

TONY MARTIN

What? Oh thats nice!

JIMMY BUTLER

Help me get this off.

They pull the tarp from the 2 X 4 FRAME.

TONY MARTIN

A little rough?

JIMMY BUTLER

She's beautiful, a 78.

They stand back, admiring the CLASSIC FIREBIRD, Jimmy smiles. Pulls the license plate 853-OKG from the box, attaches it to the rear plate holder. He pulls out his phone.

JIMMY BUTLER

Hey Carlos, how's things?

CARLOS (VO)

All good man, Jose said he'll pick up your car tomorrow.

JIMMY BUTLER

Where is he?

CARLOS (VO)

At his cousins, why?

JIMMY BUTLER

(laughing) Need another favor.

INT/EXT MOBILE HOME PARKED AT DANIA PIER DAY

Another hot South Florida morning, taxi pulls up to the trailer, clock on the dash 11:30 AM, gets out, tips the driver. Rusty sitting on top of BOX, front of door.

JIMMY BUTLER
Hey buddy, miss me?

Picks him up, pets him, looks at box.

JIMMY BUTLER
Well at least they found it.

Picks it up, goes inside, Rusty follows. Puts it on his desk, turns on his computer. Takes out his phone, dials, voicemail.

JIMMY BUTLER
Hey Mom, I know it's early, just got home. Had a two-hour delay last night. Had some thoughts on the plane, thinking about adding Rockford as my last name, call me later, love you.

Looks up website The Bureau of Security and Investigative Services in California, dials phone , opens the box, pulls out a flowered suitcase, laughs.

JIMMY BUTLER
Yes, good morning, I was wondering if you could tell me the requirements for a Florida PI to get his license in California.

To Be Continued.