

LOCKSMITH

A SCREENPLAY

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MAN SITTING IN CAR - NIGHT

Inside the car, JOEY VINCELLI, 30, 6', buff. He is dressed in a black, oversized hooded sweatshirt with black Levi jeans.

Joey looks in his rear view mirror, watches for movement. A car passes by, he holds his watch to the light, 1:15 am. He pulls a small bag from under his seat, reaches inside.

He grabs a small handful of twisted keys with tags on them. The first tag says 1445 Sacramento St. He shuffles through the tags until he finds one marked 2324 California Street, he puts it into his black sweatshirt pocket. He puts the rest back.

He looks again at his watch, 1:25, quiet.

STREET - CONTINUOUS

He steps out of the car, surveys the scene, grabs a small bag from the back seat floor.

Casual, he walks the block to the luxurious flat. He reaches 2324, takes a final look around just before he walks the 5 steps to the sunken entrance.

He then puts a black ski mask with openings for eyes but not his mouth, over his head. His breathing becomes heavy.

As he stands outside, in the darkened doorway, key in hand, he stares at the key, shows last minute indecision.

He puts the key into the lock, turns it and steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTIMS HOUSE CONTINUOUS

He closes the door, turns, faces the living area, motionless. His eyes pan the room, looks for anything out of place. Very high end residence. The room is dimly lit from a nearby street light.

He pulls a roll of duct tape out of his bag and quietly tears off a 6" piece, it hangs from his fingers.

Very slow, he walks to the bedroom door, peeks around the edge. An attractive WOMAN in her early forties, she wears a silk nightie, is laying on her back in a deep sleep.

VICTIMS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He walks to the edge of the bed, his eyes show fear, sweat beads have formed. He puts his bag on the floor and, with both hands, slow, reaches down and firmly plants the tape over the woman's mouth.

She jerks awake and tries to scream, her arms try to push Joey away, her body jerks as if an epileptic convulsion. He gets on the bed, sits on her, as he holds her down,

JOEY  
(whispers)  
I'm not going to hurt you.

As her jerking body still fights, Joey exposes a shiny 6" blade knife, she surrenders, becomes calm. Knife in his right hand, his left hand pulls out handcuffs, he cuffs her right hand, held down by his knee.

As he reaches into his pocket for another set of cuffs, her left hand breaks free from his knee, grabs his wrist holding the knife. She swings her cuffed hand toward Joey, the loose end of the handcuffs smash into his forehead, momentarily stunning him. He grabs her cuffed wrist, she breaks her hand free and smashes his head again.

As he reels backwards, she uses the cuffs to smash his wrist holding the knife, he drops it. She struggles her body and cuffed hand toward the nightstand.

Joey recovers and grabs her cuffed arm, puts his other hand around her neck. Her free hand desperately tries to find the knife but cannot. She smashes her left fist into Joey's ear, so hard he falls off the side of the bed to the floor but does not let go of her arm.

He tries to pull her down, she struggles to stay on the bed. Her free hand tries to pull the nightstand drawer

open, he leans up and tries to push her away. She pulls open the drawer, a pistol sits.

Joey has gotten to his knees, her hand breaks free, grabs the small lamp on the nightstand and smashes it into his head, he reels, dazed.

She grabs the gun, he grabs her hand, they struggle. He pulls the gun free, holds it to her forehead.

JOEY,  
I said I wasn't going to hurt  
you, bitch. Lay down.

She lays down, he cuffs both hands to the headboard. He caresses her breasts, she moans. He unzips his pants, pulls her panties down and crazily screws her. She is into it, enjoys it.

BED - CONTINUOUS

The woman is uncuffed, tape off her mouth, her and Joey lie on their backs next to each other, exhausted.

WOMAN  
That was incredible, locksmith.

JOEY  
You're crazy, you 'bout killed  
me.

WOMAN  
It's all about realism.  
You were a murderous rapist.

JOEY  
My head, I know.

WOMAN  
My husband will be out of town  
in another month.

JOEY  
I should be recovered by then.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO THE TENDERLOIN NIGHT

JIMMY stands in the Tenderloin, surveys the bustling streets, as if he waits for someone. He is around 35 - 40 years old, hair pulled back in a ponytail, has a week old beard stubble. He wears faded Levi's, green Army coat, Army black boots.

He sees drug deals going down, hookers and transsexuals as they lean into cars, neon lights flashing liquor, peep shows signs and other filth!

INSERT : ROB MARTIN'S PICTURE DRESSED AS A DETECTIVE

INSERT UNDER PICTURE : ROB MARTIN - UNDERCOVER DETECTIVE - AKA JIMMY

TINY, a dark man of slight build, a black hoodie on, appears from a darkened doorway, shoves cash in his pocket and heads toward a Cadillac parked at the curb. The two meet, knock fists and do the bro thing.

TINY

Jimmy my man, what it is,  
what is was, what it shall be!

JIMMY

It's been awhile T. I been  
chillin' out here, studying  
things, I kinda figured most  
of this was you.

Tiny takes a miniature baseball bat out of his back pocket, swings it, holds the small end to his mouth like a microphone.

TINY

Mr. T hits it deep, the crowd  
is on their feet and it's bye,  
bye baby. Another home run for  
Tiny.  
Of course it's me, Bro! I handle  
mine! What you been up to?

The two men walk to Tiny's Cadillac, step over a drunk passed out on the sidewalk. They share a chuckle as a large black tranny adjusts her breasts.

JIMMY  
This place hasn't changed.

TINY  
It's all good in the hood.

JIMMY  
I've been where they are, the rehab thing, remember?  
(beat)  
I need your help.

TINY  
How?

JIMMY  
Connections.  
(pause)  
I fell into a few kilos of blow. If it works out smooth, I could fall into a few more. No Kibbles and Bits type shit.

TINY  
I don't know, I don't sleep around much, clean my own dirt, hold my own court.

JIMMY  
A buddy owed me, paid up.  
(pause)  
We got history T.

Tiny cocks his head, scratches.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
C'mon T, there is no chance if you don't take one.

TINY  
Not that I couldn't use the extra green.

JIMMY  
A sit down T. I know it'll  
cost me. I need connections  
more than green.

TINY  
OK Jimmy. Friday. No promises.

JIMMY  
(They high five)  
Connections Tiny,  
solid connections.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TENDERLOIN NIGHT

Jimmy leans on his car, looks at his watch, 1 am. He spots Tiny, walks over, they bro handshake.

JIMMY  
You got good news for me T?

TINY  
Listen up holmes. These guys  
are heavy. I had to vouch for  
you.

JIMMY  
I hear you T, I had to vouch  
for someone before. There were  
a few problems.

Jimmy holds up his left hand to show Tiny his stub small finger. (Could be any body part)

JIMMY  
I got lucky, the other guy  
didn't.

TINY  
I got family to take care of.

Jimmy  
I hear you Tiny.

TINY

I can't afford for you to fuck  
this up.

(stares hard)

You a cop?

JIMMY

You in jail? Hell no!

TINY

Is it safe Jimmy?

(pause)

My life.

(points to him then Jimmy)  
With you?

JIMMY

Safe as bein' with your Mama.

Tiny nods, talks himself into it.

TINY

OK Jimmy, I'll sleep with you.  
I need two G's for each of  
them, you owe me four.

JIMMY

C'mon Tiny, why you want to  
squeeze me, I told you two.

TINY

For two, one guy, four, both,  
(pause)  
its business.

JIMMY

What are you, a fucking banker?  
(reaches in pocket)  
I'll have the rest for you  
tomorrow night.

TINY

(pockets cash)

Don't screw this up.

Tiny then hands him a small piece of paper.

TINY (CON'T)

The first sit down is  
Sunday morning at ten....

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH DAY

Background talk is all Spanish. Jimmy sits across from HECTOR, a Mexican type dressed like a biker, 6', cut, muscular. He speaks good English. Hector pours sugar in his coffee, doesn't look up,

HECTOR  
Wait in the bathroom.

JIMMY  
No problem.

TEX and LUIS get up from the booth behind Hector and follow Jimmy to the bathroom, one waits outside. They return, Tex shakes his head 'OK' as they pass.

HECTOR  
Tiny say's you're OK, OK. He  
knows what I would do to him,  
and you, if.....

JIMMY  
I've been in this business a  
long time.

A very pretty senorita brings breakfast, she smiles at Hector.

HECTOR  
Why'd you leave Chicago Jimmy?

JIMMY  
Heat, people goin' down, new  
breed of street dealers, crazy  
dudes.  
I always loved the city,  
wanted to come back ever  
since I spent time here  
before I shipped out overseas.

HECTOR  
(looks at watch)  
So get to the point.

JIMMY  
You're at the top, supply is tight. Hell, in some cities, a K has doubled. Around here, it's gone up to almost 20 grand. Bottom line, all you need, pure, better price.

HECTOR  
(smiles)  
I'm covered.

JIMMY  
(stares hard)  
Why you in this business Hector?

HECTOR  
Family, lots of them.

JIMMY  
My point.

HECTOR  
I get a good price.

JIMMY  
Three grand less than you pay now.

HECTOR  
You don't know what I pay.

JIMMY  
I know the goin' rate. One other thing, 100% pure, three grand less. What decision is there to make?

HECTOR  
Cheap an pure. What's your story?

JIMMY

You probably get yours from  
Mexico, which involves a middle  
man. What does he do?

(cuts his ham)

Cuts it. I get it straight  
from the source, South America,  
no cutting, no jacked up prices.

HECTOR

How is it that a white man from  
Chicago is so connected in South  
America?

JIMMY

I had a very sensitive military  
job, in South America.

HECTOR

You know I'll check you out.

JIMMY

I'm good, so what you think?

HECTOR

Big difference Jimmy, I need  
to think it over.

JIMMY

Think it over?

(beat)

You know where to find me.

Jimmy drops a twenty on the table and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT DAY

Jimmy sits in a booth opposite JUAN CHULES, late 30's,  
Latin type, he looks more like a recreational sailor than a  
high profile drug lord. Juan spins a spoon under his index  
finger, stares at Jimmy.

JUAN

So why the sit down Jimmy?

JIMMY  
To make a business arrangement  
Juan.

They talk, no sound, just hand, arm movements.

JUAN  
I'll let you know Jimmy.

CUT TO :

INT. BERNY LOCKSMITH DAY

This is a large, typical locksmith shop, keys line the walls, 5 key machines and other misc. machines behind the counter. Behind the door to the back, the shelves are stocked with locks and other merchandise, there are two workbenches filled with tools.

MIKE is around 60 years old, six foot, glasses, balding.

Mike and Joey stand by the phone behind the front counter. Mike hands Joey 2 job tickets.

MIKE  
Hurry on this one Joey, she's locked out of her car with a kid inside. The others a woman locked out of her flat. She has a key but it doesn't work.

JOEY  
I'm on my way.

CUT TO :

EXT. INSIDE JOEY'S VAN

Joey pulls into the parking lot, parks. He sees a crowd around a 1970's beat up car, a fire truck sits nearby.

EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As he approaches the car, a FIREMAN has a hanger pushed through the car door jamb trying to pull on the lock. Joey watches a moment as the fireman struggles to unsuccessfully pull the lock. Joey has a Slim Jim opening tool in his

hand. He walks to the car, a PANICKED WOMAN stands next to the car door, a crying baby inside.

JOEY  
(to the woman)  
I'm the locksmith.

WOMAN  
Oh thank God, he can't get it,  
my baby's locked in there.

FIREMAN  
I can't get it open. I've tried  
for 10 minutes.

JOEY  
OK, Let me give it a shot.

Joey slips the Slim Jim inside between the car window and outer door panel, feels around, moving it up and down for 30 seconds. He feels a spot, pulls the slim jim up, the lock pops up, Joey pulls the car handle, the door opens. The crowd applauds.

CUT TO :

EXT. INSIDE JOEY'S VAN STREET

Joey is parked outside a WOMAN'S flat. She stands next to her door with her arms crossed.

EXT. WOMAN'S FLAT DOOR

She hands Joey the key.

WOMAN  
Damn thing just stopped working.

Joey puts vice grip pliers on the key, puts the key into the lock and jiggles it around.

JOEY  
Probably a stuck pin.

He pulls his pick set out, puts a tension wrench in the bottom part of the lock, puts his pick inside and starts picking the lock. It soon turns.

JOEY

It is a stuck pin, I can rekey it, how many keys do you need?

WOMAN

Two's fine, thanks.

INSIDE JOEY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

He is done with the lock, there are 3 keys on his workbench. He puts 2 on a key ring, pulls out a hidden bag, put the 3<sup>rd</sup> key on a ring, looks outside at the address, writes the address on a key tag, puts it on the ring then back in the bag which he puts away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TENDERLOIN NIGHT

Tiny and Jimmy lean against Tiny's Cadillac.

TINY

I heard things went well.

JIMMY

Both in. Thanks man, I owe you.

TINY

I thought you'd only cut a deal with one of them. You know what'll happen if they find out you're doing business with both of them?

JIMMY

They won't.

TINY

You're messin' with fire holmes, watch your back.

JIMMY

Thanks for caring T, I got it covered.

INSERT : SIX MONTHS LATER

CUT TO :

EXT. DARK ALLEY NIGHT

JUAN

Jimmy, pull the fucking trigger!!

Jimmy stands in front of a horrified MAN. Jimmy's gun is held to the man's forehead, trigger cocked.

JUAN

Jimmy, I said pull the fucking trigger.

(Jimmy hesitates)

Jimmy, Bobby here thinks he can buy my powder and not pay. What kind of example am I setting if I let this go unpunished Jimmy?

Juan puts his face up close to BOBBY, barely able to stand, held up by THUG#1 & THUG#2.

JUAN

Bobby, who the hell you think you're dealing with? I give you two weeks to pay me, now here it is 4 weeks later and I still don't have my money. Do I look like a little bitch to you Bobby, do I?

BOBBY

But Juan, I told you....

JUAN

Shut your piehole Bobby, you've had plenty of time to talk, plenty of time to pay. It's too late Bobby.

Even though it is a cool, fog laden night, beads of sweat fall from the face of Jimmy And Bobby.

JUAN

Jimmy, I said pull the  
fucking trigger.

Jimmy shoves the barrel of the gun into the fleshy part of  
Bobby's shoulder and fires. Bobby screams, flies backwards,  
hits his head against the brick wall, crumples down.

JIMMY

Don't be an idiot Juan, you  
kill this guy and no one will  
ever know you did it. You send  
a message Juan, a message.

Jimmy walks over to the semi-conscious, moaning Bobby,  
shoves the gun into the other shoulder and fires.

JIMMY

A message Juan, a message.  
Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. CHULES CAR BACK SEAT CONTINUOUS

JUAN

You did good Jimmy.

JIMMY

Why me Juan?

JUAN

Why not you?

JIMMY

You don't trust me?

JUAN

Completely Jimmy. Listen, I  
need another favor. You know  
who Hector Domingo is?

JIMMY

Heard of him, why?

JUAN

He's been a pain in my ass for five years. I have a plan but I need a S.F.P.D. badge, a real one with my name I run the bar under, and my picture on it. You know anyone?

JIMMY

Why that name Juan, what if someone decides to check it at with the police?

JUAN

I thought about that, Hell, half the cops that work there don't know who the undercover cops are.

JIMMY

Yeah, true.

Juan reaches into his coat and pulls out a paper, hands it to Jimmy.

INSERT : PAPER WITH JUAN'S PICTURE, DRESSED IN A SUIT, THE NAME 'TONY CASTELLO'.

JIMMY

Tony Castello, good name. I've got some connections, I'll see what I can do.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S KITCHEN NIGHT

Jimmy sits at Hector's table with Tex, Luis, JORGE and CARLOS, in front of a small pile of cocaine. They drink beer, Tequila, snort coke, laugh it up.

TEX

C'mon Jimmy, do another.

JIMMY

You guys heard about Alaska Sam?  
(all shake no)

Alaska Sam, the highway man,  
had to use the highway can. All  
went well and he would have  
risen but to the seat his ass  
was frizen. They called the Army  
and their wrecker they got Sam  
but left his pecker.

(They howl)

HECTOR

Tex, do your John Wayne.

TEX

Get off you high horse, Pilgrim.  
(stoned laughter)  
Show you hand you son o bitch.

JIMMY

(very straight face)

I heard a strange one on a TV  
show. They said that if you jack  
off, you know,  
(he does the gesture)  
you grow hair on the palm of  
your hand.

Jimmy and Hector look straight ahead as Jorge and Luis  
sneak a peak downward at their hands. The rest of them  
catch the two and howl with laughter.

JORGE

Fuck you Jimmy, fuck you man.

LUIS

Yeah, fuck you man.

JIMMY

Miss on you pister, you ain't  
so muckin fuch, go back off in  
your own jack yard.

They all repeat it then start bustin' out with laughter  
when they figure it out.

TEX

C'mon, more Jimmy.

JIMMY

Nah, I have to talk to Hector.

TEX

No, more Jimmy, more, more  
(All of them now  
say more, more)

JIMMY

Maybe later guys, Hector, I need  
to talk to you, alone.

Hector motions for his boys to leave. They walk out.

HECTOR

So, what is it Jimmy?

JIMMY

How would you like to put  
Chule's out of business?

HECTOR

What you got in mind?

JIMMY

Hear me out Hector, before you  
flip out, listen to what I  
have to say, agreed?

(Hector nods)

I've built a relationship with  
Juan, I started the same time  
I did with you.

Hector, face murderous red, stares.

JIMMY

I supply him, he trusts me,  
I've even been to his house.  
But as the months have passed,  
I don't trust him.  
He wants to put you out of  
business Hector, he's making  
plans.

HECTOR

(angry)

Why Jimmy, why you do this?  
If I find this out before, you  
know I'd kill you.

JIMMY

Fucking trust Hector, I had to  
make sure you weren't going to  
screw me.

Lightning fast, Hector jumps up, grabs Jimmy by the throat  
with one hand, pulls him up and slams him against the wall.  
Hector squeezes his throat, Jimmy chokes.

HECTOR

You, trust me? Me, screw you?  
Fuck you man.

JIMMY

(Barely able to talk)  
Hector, don't. I'll help you.

Hector, slow, releases his grip, Jimmy gasps. Hector grabs  
2 beers from the refrigerator, sits down and pushes one  
across the table. Jimmy sits, shaken. Hector stares.

HECTOR

Don't fuck with me Jimmy.  
(beat)  
How do I know you don't make  
the same deal with Chules?

JIMMY

I don't want to die.

Hector rubs his chin.

HECTOR

You want me to trust you after  
you tell me you've been working  
with Chules?

JIMMY

(exasperated)

Fuck me! Did I not help you  
beat the shit out of that  
lackey that wouldn't pay you?  
Have I not helped you increase  
your business? And, am I now  
offering to help you take down  
Chules? You think you can trust  
me Hector?

Hector stares.

CUT TO:

EXT. COSTUME SHOP DAY

Joey stands in front of the costume shop. He looks at his job ticket, walks up and presses the buzzer. The door buzzes, Joey steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. COSTUME SHOP CONTINUOUS

Joey has on his work tool belt, he stands still in amazement, stares.

Rows and rows of costumes from every era, clothes from the Revolutionary period, Civil War and every time period to the present, shoes, boots, props, any disguise imaginable.

The CLERK walks up to him and smiles, it's obvious he is a gay man.

CLERK

How can I help you?

JOEY

You called for a locksmith.

CLERK

Oh yes, back here.

## COSTUME SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They stand at the cash register, Joey hands over the new keys, the clerk pays him.

JOEY

I'm going to a 70's party,  
I was just, uhh, wondering if  
I could buy a few things for it.

CLERK

Well....we're not supposed to,  
this is a trade only shop.

JOEY

I understand,

Joey smiles, puts his hand on the clerks shoulder.

JOEY (CON'T)

No problem.

Clerk looks at Joeys hand, smiles.

CLERK

Cash only.

JOEY

I want a headband with flowers  
and leaves, you know, pot  
leaves, small round glasses,  
a straight shoulder length wig.

CLERK

Ohh, sounds like fun, lets get  
started.

In his new disguise, Joey looks in a mirror, the clerk stands behind him, arms crossed.

CLERK

(playful)

Who are you, not the same guy  
that came in an hour ago.

Joey continues to stare in the mirror, turns sideways, amazed at his transformation.

JOEY

(gets into the role)

Dude, I don't know who that is,  
maybe some hippie on acid in  
Golden Gate Park, or, it could  
be, maybe a drug dealer,  
No, he's an undercover cop,  
a NARC, dude, he's gonna bust  
you. Yeah, a cop, a fucking NARC!!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLK STREET REMO'S DAY

Joey's van pulls into a yellow zone next to REMO'S, a gay bar. He wraps his tool pouch around his waist, grabs his tool box and walks in the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. REMO'S BAR CONTINUOUS

This place is dim. As his eyes adjust, he can see there are about 10 MEN in the place, most sit as couples, all stare at him. Joey avoids their gaze.

JOEY

You called for a locksmith.

BARTENDER

Yes, we just fired someone,  
again. I need the front and  
back door locks changed, same  
key, then the safe combination  
and the alarm key changed. Can  
you cut me 4 keys?

JOEY

Sure, no problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEYS VAN CONTINUOUS

He is done changing the locks and cuts 5 keys, not 4. He writes down the new safe combination on a small piece of paper and copies it on a key tag, sets it aside, pulls his

well hidden small bag of tagged keys out, dumps them on his workbench.

There are 10 keys with tags on them, each one a different address. He turns some of the tagged keys upward. He picks up one, looks at the address, smiles, pulls the tag off, crumples it between his fingers and tosses it out the door.

He then takes the key ring off and throws the key into his box of discarded keys.

He repeats this process, puts the keys back into the bag, along with the safe combination and the new ones from Remo's, places them back into their concealed spot.

CUT TO:

INT. POLK STREET JOEY'S CAR NIGHT

Joey sits in his car near the corner of Polk and Sutter, a half block away with a perfect view of Remo's. He looks at his watch, 1:45 am. An occasional car passes by. He looks at his watch, 2:15 am.

Down the street, at Remo's, A MAN exits, locks the door and heads up the block, Joey hunkers down as he passes by. He heads into a parking garage and drive's out.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLK STREET CONTINUOUS

Joey, nervous, gets out of his car, looks in four different directions, the heavy, fog laden night is quiet.

He grabs his 3 foot crowbar from the backseat floor and slides it inside his pants, the hook end hangs over his belt, under his oversized dark sweatshirt.

He looks at his watch, 2:30 am. Very cautious, he makes his way down the street and to the sunken bar entrance.

He steps into the doorway, turns around and peers both ways down the street, empty. The door is about three feet from the building edge, no lights.

Joey looks like The Shadow in the darkened doorway. He takes the keys out of his pocket, turns off the alarm, puts the door key into the lock and turns it, once for the

deadbolt, a second turn for the latch. He puts his black ski mask on and pushes the unlocked door open.

CUT TO:

EXT. S.F.P.D PARKING LOT DAY

DIANE, A very attractive 30 - 32 year old, dressed in civilian clothes, is standing next to her car fumbling for her keys. There are cop cars parked mixed with regular cars, a few cops walk through the lot.

She finds her key, unlocks the door, as she starts to pull it open, a knee pushes it closed. She is startled, turns to see DON, who stands behind her. Don is 35, 220 pounds, dressed in jeans.

DON

I've missed you.

DIANE

Stop stalking me!

DON

Since when is a friendly visit  
considered stalking?

DIANE

Since I've seen you following  
me before. One more time Don,  
I get a restraining order. I  
told you, we're done.

DON

Diane, I know how you are,  
this anger will go away,  
we're meant to be together.

DIANE

I'm not angry Don, I'm just  
done. Leave me the fuck alone!

A COP walks nearby, sees them.

COP

Hey Don, how you doing?

DON

Hi Danny, great man, you?

COP

Livin the life, baby, living  
the life.

DON

Hey, great to see you Danny,  
let's get together for a beer.

COP

I'll call you.

They wave to each other.

DON

A restraining order? These  
guys love me.

DIANE

That's because they don't know  
what an asshole you are. Stay  
away from me Don, I have  
friends that don't like you.

His body pushes her against the car, he whispers in her  
ear.

DON

I'll be seeing you....soon.

He walks away, Diane, shaken, gets in her car.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNY LOCKSMITH DAY

Joey is tired. He sits in the back of the shop, enjoys his  
cup of coffee. Mike comes back, hands him a job ticket.

MIKE

Joey, I need you for a break  
in. You were at Remo's about 4  
weeks ago, they were broken  
into last night.

CUT TO:

INT. REMO'S DAY

It Is early, the place is empty. Joey waits by the bar, the owner, TONY CASTELLO, AKA Juan Chules, comes out from the storeroom. They shake hands.

CASTELLO

Tony Castello, thanks for getting out here so quick. How could anyone pry open my safe open so easy, I thought these were made stronger.

JOEY

You have a fire safe, thin walls filled with insulation, a thin metal body. You need a rated burglary safe.

CASTELLO

I had the police out here early and I've already had the door and frame fixed. I'd like the best deadbolt you have on the front door.

JOEY

I'll take care of it.

REMO'S CONTINUOUS

Joey stands at the bar, as he is paid,

CASTELLO

I just realized I had my house key and home address in the safe, they're gone. Any chance you can you come over?

JOEY

Let me give the shop a call.

Joey walks away, calls the shop and returns.

JOEY

Yeah, they said go ahead, what's  
your address?

CASTELLO

I live in a flat at 115 Telegraph  
Hill Blvd, you just follow Lombard  
Street, it's on the way to Coit  
Tower....

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTELLO FLAT CONTINUOUS

Joey pulls into the driveway, soon followed by Castello. He grabs his toolbox and follows Castello up the steps to the front door.

INT. CONTINUOUS

He has a magnificent view of the Ferry Building and the Oakland side of the bay. They stand by the back sliding balcony.

JOEY

Your place is spectacular, how  
long have you lived here?

CASTELLO

Two years and I can't tell you  
how much I love to come home.  
The rat race on Polk Street,  
the bar, they wear me out.

(beat)

Anyway, I need you to change  
my locks and safe combination  
plus the key lock for the alarm  
system, 2 keys only. The safes  
back here.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He shows Joey a square metal safe bolted to the floor in the closet, partially hidden. Castello dials the safe open and removes a bag. He hands Joey the combination and keys.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

6 keys sit on his workbench, 3 for the door, 3 for the alarm. He puts 2 of each on key rings, then one of each on a key ring, along with the safe combination, into his hidden bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY NIGHT

Jimmy/Martin and Captain Rizzo sit in a car.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

I don't like meeting Detective,  
it's dangerous.

MARTIN

I had no choice, a few problems  
have come up.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

Go ahead.

MARTIN

Chules place was burglarized.  
I looked at the safe, it had to  
be the locksmith that did it.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

A locksmith?

MARTIN

He was out there 5 weeks ago,  
I checked the safe, the damage  
was done after the safe was  
opened. You remember those 3  
unsolved burglaries I worked on?

CAPTAIN RIZZO

Yes, we didn't even have any  
suspects.

MARTIN

Same MO, I think this is our guy. His name is Joey, he works at Berny Locksmith, you need to put someone on him.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

A fucking locksmith, no wonder we couldn't catch him. Damn, that makes sense now. But Chules place, you think this Joey knows something?

MARTIN

I don't think so, I just need someone to watch him, keep him out of the way.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

What's the other thing?

MARTIN

Chules is up to something, he needs a badge with the name he uses at the bar, here's the info.

Jimmy hands him the paper, the Captain looks at it.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

That's damn serious, you sure about this?

MARTIN

Yeah, gotta have it.

BEAT

CAPTAIN RIZZO

By the way, can you try not to shoot any one else? That poor kid, damn, you shot him twice.

MARTIN

It was that or Chules would have killed him. He OK?

CAPTAIN RIZZO  
He'll live.  
(beat)  
I'll take care of  
this.

MARTIN  
Thanks Cap.

BLACK SCREEN : TWO WEEKS LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEY'S VAN DAY

Joey looks at his job ticket. He gets out, grabs his toolbox, walks up the steps to the flat and knocks.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIANE'S FLAT FRONT DOOR

Diane answers dressed in a robe and a low cut nightie.

DIANE  
(covers up)  
I'm sorry, I didn't think you  
would be here so quick.  
(Joey smiles)  
I need the front and back door  
keys changed. C'mon in, I'll  
show you the back door.

INT. DIANE'S FLAT KITCHEN BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

He takes his time as he takes the locks off the back door, he watches her.

DIANE  
Can I get you a coke or some  
coffee?  
JOEY  
Yeah, coffee would be great,  
black please. Do you work?

She goes to the counter to make coffee.

DIANE  
At the San Francisco  
Police Department?

JOEY  
Ohh, a cop. Can you fix up a  
ticket for me?

DIANE  
No, I'm just a dispatcher,  
nothing glamorous. So how  
long have you been a locksmith?

JOEY  
For a few years now, I love it.  
I get into a lot of interesting  
places and meet some really  
interesting people, like you.

DIANE  
That's sweet, thanks.

JOEY  
I'll be right back with your  
new keys.

He walks out.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He finishes putting the locks on the back door.

DIANE  
Take a break, the coffee's  
ready.

He sits at the kitchen table, she leans over and puts the coffee down, partially exposes her breasts. She looks at him and smiles.

JOEY  
Boyfriend, husband?

DIANE  
No, just a wacked out ex  
boyfriend who doesn't want to  
leave me alone.  
(shy)

Are you married?

JOEY

No, still out here having fun?

DIANE

Girlfriend?

JOEY

Nope.

DIANE

C'mon, a good looking guy like  
you with no girlfriend?

(Joey nods)

So, what do you do in your time  
off?

JOEY

Not much, listen to music, go  
out for a drink once in a while.

(beat)

I better write this out, I have  
someone locked out of a car,  
waiting.

(writes invoice)

I forgot to ask, what's your  
name, I need to put it on the  
invoice.

DIANE

Diane Ryan.

JOEY

Well Diane it's been nice to  
meet you, I'm Joey, I enjoyed  
talking.

DIANE

(shy)

I did too Joey, I hope to see  
you again.

JOEY

(surprised)

Really, what do you mean by  
that?

DIANE

Well, it's, it's just that, uh,  
crazy 'EX' boyfriend,  
(hand points)  
normal guy...

JOEY

Thanks. Well, OK, uhh,  
(slow, cautious)  
then, would I be too forward  
if I asked you out for a drink?

DIANE

(shy)

Not at all, I'd like that.

JOEY

Great! Ok then, wow, uhh, how  
about Friday night, someplace  
around here?

DIANE

You know where O'Reilly's is,  
on Taraval Street?

JOEY

Yeah, I do, why don't we meet  
there around seven and get  
something to eat?

DIANE

I would like that Joey, I'll  
see you at seven.

JOEY

Come hungry, and thirsty.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSION DISTRICT HECTOR'S FLAT DAY

Joey rings the doorbell.

HECTOR

My name's Hector, you?

He holds out his hand.

JOEY  
(nervous)  
Joey, nice to meet you.  
What do you need done?

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE HECTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

HECTOR  
I need the keys changed, one on  
the front door, one on the back.  
Let me show you the back door.

As they walk to the back door, Joey passes the living room  
where four grungy biker type thugs sit, they stare at him.

There are several empty beer bottles and 4 half full ones.  
Hector pauses.

HECTOR  
Joey, meet the boys, that's  
Jorge there, Tex next, the one  
with the messed up hair, Luis,  
and Carlos.

They all nod at him, say nothing. Joey smiles, nods back.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hector takes Joey to the back door, he takes the locks off.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joey hands over the keys to Hector.

Hector  
Thanks Joey, I appreciate it,  
how about a beer?

JOEY  
Thanks, I'll take a coke if  
you have one.

He hands Joey the coke, they sit at the kitchen table.

HECTOR

So you can break into anything,  
no?

JOEY

Well no, but I can get into  
most things without too much  
of a problem.

HECTOR

How'd you learn to do that?

JOEY

Training and experience.

HECTOR

So if I want you to do a job,  
no problem, si?

Joey looks puzzled, Hector laughs.

HECTOR

Man, I'm just messing with you.  
Look, you're OK, you come back  
an have a beer with me and my  
boys anytime.

JOEY

Thanks Hector, I will. Let me  
know if you need anything else  
done.

HECTOR

Don't worry amigo, I have your  
number.

They shake hands and Hector shows Joey to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. O'REILLY'S RESTAURANT NIGHT

Joey waits inside the front door. Diane soon arrives, looks beautiful. They greet each other with a light hug and go to the booth.

BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

She slides into it, Joey follows her in on the same side and sits next to her.

DIANE  
(surprised)  
I'm not used to that.

JOEY  
You want me to move?

DIANE  
No, I didn't mean that, I like you where you are.

JOEY  
So, you work at the police department, that's pretty exciting, what did you say you do?

DIANE  
I'm just a dispatcher, I've been at it for around 3 years now.  
So you love being a locksmith?

JOEY  
Yeah, a lot more than I ever thought I would.

DIANE  
A paid thief, now that's what I call a great job. Just think what a locksmith could do if they were a thief.

JOEY  
The city would sleep, the thief would be king.

DIANE  
That easy?

JOEY

Yeah, but anyone can kick in a door or rip open a safe, I see it all the time. We have to do it without destroying everything.

DIANE

So what advantage would there be in a locksmith being a thief?

JOEY

You interrogating me?

DIANE

Sorry Joey, I just find your work kind of fascinating. In fact, I want to work my way up to burglary. I wish I had your knowledge.

JOEY

(whispers in ear)

I could teach you many things.

DIANE

(whispers back)

I'm an eager student.

JOEY

Good, you always miss 100% of the shots you never take.

DIANE

Clevvver!. So back to the advantage of a locksmith thief.

JOEY

Well, just guessing but I would say knowing where the easy hits were, getting in and out without anyone knowing you were there.

DIANE

Makes sense to me.

JOEY

Diane, I don't want to pry but  
I'm curious, you work at the  
Police Department, your  
boyfriend?

DIANE

They liked him, besides, I'd  
pay for it later so, I just  
took it.

WAITER hands them menu's.

DIANE (CON'T)

The rack of lamb is wonderful

MONTAGE : Dinner is served, Joey and Diane get to know each other.

AFTER DINNER - CONTINUOUS

JOEY

This has gone pretty well, you  
want to try it again?

DIANE

A night with no stress, yes,  
I'd love it.

JOEY

Are you free Saturday night?

DIANE

I'm never free but let me check  
my schedule.

(stalls)

I think I can make it.

JOEY

Well, aren't we both lucky. I  
think I can pick you up at  
seven.

DIANE

OK lockman, I think I can be  
ready by then.  
Dance?

JOEY  
Absolutely.

DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mellow jazz sets the mood in the dark lit room, they dance intimately.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MISSION DISTRICT BAR NIGHT

Joey sits at a corner bar, in his work clothes, with a beer. There are 12 people there, it's quiet, Joey watches the TV.

He feels 2 hands grab his shoulders from behind. He turns,

HECTOR  
Mr. Lockman.

JOEY  
Hey Mr. Biker, what's going on?

HECTOR  
What are you doing in my part  
of the world?

JOEY  
I just finished a job down the  
street.

HECTOR  
Perez, get my friend another  
beer.

JOEY  
Thanks Hector, have a seat.

Hector sits, PEREZ serves the beer.

JOEY  
You come here much Hector?

HECTOR  
(looks at watch)  
Yeah, it's my office. I'm  
meeting someone in 10 minutes

or so.

At the end of the bar, a MAN and WOMAN argue, they get louder. Joey and Hector stare.

WOMAN

Don't freaking lie to me, I  
know you were there.

MAN

Lower your voice. I wasn't  
anywhere.

WOMAN

I'm sick of this, you said you  
were done!

(she slaps him)

Asshole!

MAN

You bitch!

He raises his hand to hit her, as his hand moves forward,

HECTOR

Hey! Enough!

The man stops his hand in mid-air, sits, without looking up,

MAN

Get the fuck out of here.

The woman grabs her purse, walks over to Hector.

WOMAN

I'm done with him Hector, done.

HECTOR

I know babe, you deserve better.

Hector hugs her, kisses her on the cheek. She looks at Joey and smiles.

WOMAN

So who's your friend here?

HECTOR

Damn Gina, give yourself some time, scoot!

Hector smacks her on the butt, she stares at Joey as she walks out.

JOEY

Damn, should I call you Godfather?

HECTOR

I won't let a man hit a woman, never have, never will.

JOEY

Godfather and enforcer, nice.

(beat)

So what do you do?

HECTOR

As little as possible. I'm in the, say, sales business. My boys you met are my sales associates.

JOEY

One big happy family. So what do you sell?

HECTOR

(pause)

Well, lets just say,  
(looks to front door)  
damn, my guys here early,  
sorry Joey, gotta go, we'll talk later.

JOEY

OK, thanks for the beer.

Hector gets up and follows Tiny to a booth. Joey watches them through a mirror. As they talk, Tiny puts a thick, brown paper sack on the table, Hector takes it, puts it into a deep jean vest pocket. Joey chuckles.

CUT TO:

EXT. INSIDE A CAB NIGHT

Joey and Diane are squeezed tight together. As they pass over the top of Market Street, the city dazzles. She stares at him.

JOEY

What?

DIANE

It's just been a long time.

Joey kisses her on the cheek, hugs her.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGE OF THE EVENING CONTINUOUS

Dinner at a expensive restaurant, a cab drops them off at the Fairmont Hotel, they see a group in the Venetian Room, walk across the street to The Mark Hopkins and go to the Top of the Mark.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK HOPKINS DANCE FLOOR CONTINUOUS

DIANE

I didn't know locksmiths made such good money.

JOEY

The pays OK but I'm a thief,  
I have plenty of money.

DIANE

I figured that, you con.  
That's why I'm going to take  
you home and 'bust' you.

Joey puts his mouth next to her ear and sings.

JOEY

I saw us dancing under the moon,  
the clouds under our feet.

We both knew we were walking  
on air, to a song that was so  
sweet, we never wanted to stop.

After a brief pause, she whispers into his ear.

DIANE  
Let's leave.  
JOEY  
Is something wrong?

DIANE  
Yes, you're under arrest.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE CONTINUOUS

Joey and Diane making love, highlighted by wall shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTINUOUS MORNING

They both lay on their backs, close to each other.

JOEY  
I can't believe I just slept  
with a cop.

DIANE  
A cop there Joey, a woman here.  
Besides, I'm probably one of  
many.

JOEY  
I'm not saying there haven't  
been others, but none of them  
'sparked' like you. We seem to  
flow, you know, it's like, so  
easy to be around you.

DIANE  
Trust me, I know. No tension,  
no stress.

She leans over and puts her head on Joey's chest.

DIANE (CON'D)  
So what do you want Joey?

JOEY  
Ham and eggs sound good.

DIANE  
Joey! Where do you want this  
to go?

JOEY  
I don't know, it's been so  
long since I've been in a real  
relationship. Just let it  
happen, see where it takes us.

DIANE  
Are we in a relationship?

JOEY  
These things take time to sort  
out. But I warn you, I like  
the way I feel around you.

DIANE  
You make me feel young,  
excited again.

JOEY  
It doesn't take a year for  
someone to know how they feel.  
There's this guy at work, he  
met a girl, they fell in love  
in 3 days and were married 4  
weeks later. Been married for  
6 years now, 2 kids.

DIANE  
Struck by lightning.

JOEY  
I do feel a storm brewing.  
The weatherman said today....

They are both startled by a loud bang on the door. They can  
hear Don's voice, though faint, as they lay in bed,

DON  
(from behind  
front door)

Diane, Diane, I know your in  
there, open up, I just want to  
talk.

DIANE  
God I'm sorry Joey. I thought  
he was done, stay here.

He continues to bang and yell.

Joey gets dressed, Diane puts on a robe and goes to the  
front door.

FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

She peeks through the locked chain. Joey listens.

DON  
I just need to get some things  
and talk to you.

DIANE  
You have nothing here, our  
talking is over.

DON  
(raises voice)  
Dammit Diane, just for a few  
minutes, let me in.

DIANE  
Fuck off Don, go away!

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pushes the door in, Diane tumbles. He's in her face.

DON  
I told you I want to work  
things out, you've got to give  
me another chance!

DIANE  
Don, it been 2 years of 'another  
chance', you're a deaf pig!

Move on, fucking get out!

DON

I'm not going anywhere you  
little bitch, you're going to  
listen.

Joey hears him slap her, she cries. He peeks around the doors edge, sees Don is about 3 feet from the front door, still open.

By the time Don looks over his shoulder, Joey is in the air, his 2 feet a guided missile.

They land perfect between his shoulder blades with a big thud, he flies down the steps. Blood gushes out his cheek and forehead, Joey stands in the doorway.

PORCH - CONTINUOUS

DON

I'm going to kill you, you  
little prick, you're dead.

Don, slow, rises.

JOEY

Hit Diane again and you're dead!

He looks at Diane, a ghost. Don continues up the steps to the door, Joey slams it.

DON

Get out here you fuck or I'll  
break the door down. I'll kick  
your ass, I'll look for you and  
when I find you it's all over.  
Get out here you pussy.

STREET - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE CAR pulls up, lights flashing. 2 COPS motion for Don to come over. As they question him, Diane opens the front door to listen.

PORCH - CONTINUOUS

COP #1 comes to the front porch to get their side. COP #2 talks to Don. They finish.

Don glares at Joey.

DON  
I'll be seeing you soon, boy.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEY'S VAN MORNING

Joey walks back to his van after a job. He opens the door, puts his toolbox in, closes the door. Don is behind the door.

DON  
I told you I'd find you, boy.

Joey's frozen, dream-like. Don's fist hurtles into his jaw, connects perfectly, Joey hits the ground, dazed.

DON  
(leans over Joey)  
Stay away from Diane, if you  
see her again I'll kill you,  
and her.  
(kicks Joey)  
Faggot!

Don walks away. Joey groggily gets back into his van.

INT. JOEY'S VAN CONTINUOUS

He is angry, confused, slams his hand on the steering wheel. A 'got it' looks forms on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. HECTOR'S FLAT DAY

Joey knocks on the door, Tex opens it, it's obvious Joey woke him up. Joey has brought 6 coffees and a dozen donuts.

JOEY

Hi Tex, I'm here to see Hector,  
is he around?

TEX

Sure man, c'mon in, I'll get  
him.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JOEY

Hi Hector, remember me?

HECTOR

I'm not that old Joey, how you  
doing.

JOEY

Just being sociable, I  
appreciated the beer.  
Coffee and donuts.

HECTOR

Cool dude, put them on the  
table and let me get awake,  
I'll be back in a few.

His guys walk in and get coffee and donuts and, like a  
rehearsed line, each nods thanks. They look rough.

They take the snacks and sit in the living room as they  
watch TV. Hector comes back a few minutes later, sits down.

HECTOR

I'm surprised to see you man,  
what you need to talk about?  
You want me to break into  
someplace?

JOEY

Funny Hector but no, I need to  
talk, just between us.

HECTOR

Do I look like the type that  
talks, to anyone? I'm surprised  
to see you, just a social visit?

JOEY  
Not really. I've got a problem,  
(Joey smiles)  
Godfather.

Hector hunches his shoulders, tries to look like Brando in the Godfather, and in a Brando impersonation:

HECTOR  
Your friends are my friends,  
your enemies, mine. Speak, my  
son.

JOEY  
(laughs)  
I met this woman  
(pause)  
I really like her..... This is  
hard to explain but here goes....

No dialogue, only hand/body gestures, Joey explains.

JOEY  
I want to continue my  
relationship with Diane but  
can't,  
(gulps)  
unless he has some kind of  
'accident'.

Hector contemplates, leans back, crosses his arms,

HECTOR  
My friend, this is serious,  
have you thought this through,  
something going wrong, you  
being connected?

JOEY  
Yes, a thousand times, I don't  
see any other way.

HECTOR  
You know I hate men that hit  
women, they're pussies.  
(beat)  
Do you know what you want done?

JOEY

Don't want to know.

HECTOR

Alright my friend, let's drink some coffee and give this some thought.

(beat)

I'll do this favor for you, I don't want your money, I do it from my heart. But in return, you must do something for me, something you can't talk to anyone else about. I tell you this first so we can come to an agreement to help each other.

JOEY

I'm listening.

HECTOR

Do you know what I do?

JOEY

I've got a pretty good idea. Was that guy in the bar one of your customers?

HECTOR

Yes.

JOEY

Then I know.

HECTOR

So we understand each other, we both know who we're dealing with. I don't want you to go into this with blinders on, comprendo?

JOEY

Comprendo.

HECTOR

There's this dealer, he's been trying to take over my area.

I've come up with many ideas  
but I don't like any of them.  
When you came before, I  
thought if I knew what you do,  
I could break into his house,  
clean him out, he's done. But  
I don't have these skills.

JOEY

C'mon Hector, just kick his  
door in, it'll pop open like  
a pinada.

HECTOR

Too obvious, he'd know it was  
me. But he doesn't know his  
boy, Jimmy, works for me.

JOEY

A mole. He could be doing the  
same thing for the other guy.

HECTOR

I already put Jimmy to the test.  
Besides, we're business partners.  
Jimmy told him where I'd be  
three different times an each  
time I was there. So now he  
trust's Jimmy, but I'm the guy  
with the spy. Funny, no?

JOEY

Yeah, a real comedian.

HECTOR

Thanks man. So Jimmy's with  
this guy almost twelve months,  
he's part of the crew.  
Someone's always at his house,  
except 2 nights a month. They  
leave around nine, go to a bar,  
back home at midnight. Has a  
shit load of kilo's there.  
You see the picture?

JOEY

Yeah, a picture of a coffin.

HECTOR

Wrong picture Joey. All you have to do is pick the lock, wait outside, lock it back, and, like magia, we're gone. He'll think it's an inside job.

JOEY

He'll probably think it's this Jimmy guy.

HECTOR

No, he'll be with them.

JOEY

I don't know, risky.

HECTOR

How much you want to be with this girl, what's her name?

JOEY

Diane. My God, I can't even believe we're having this conversation. I'm just a freaking locksmith.

(beat)

But I like her, we may have a future together.

(pause)

You have a girlfriend Hector?

HECTOR

Si, at least 5. In this business Joey, one cannot afford to get close to a woman. 'una mujer le conseguirá mató'. A heart makes weak decisions, a mind makes the right decision.

JOEY

Nice Hector, my mind says to let this go but my heart says hang in there.

HECTOR

No more heart shit Joey, think  
it over.

JOEY

(beat)

I'm in Hector.

HECTOR

(Big smile)

You will not regret this Amigo,  
I'll take care of you.

(beat)

Joey, do I have to say anything  
to you about talking, to anyone?

JOEY

No, I got the picture.

HECTOR

I'll be in touch. So, we  
understand each other?

JOEY

Comprendo.

INSERT : 4 WEEKS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT DAY

Joey settles into a booth and orders. Trance like, he looks out the window, brought back to the moment when he hears his name. It's bar owner Tony Castello, AKA Juan Chules.

CASTELLO

Hello Joey. Don't look so shaken,  
it appears we like the same type  
of food. I come here about once  
a week, I'm surprised I've never  
run into you. You here alone?

JOEY

Yeah, I like to people watch.

CASTELLO

Great place for that. I don't  
mean to intrude, would you  
mind if I join you?

JOEY

(resigned)

Sure Tony, have a seat.

After small talk, burgers served.

CASTELLO

I haven't had any more problems  
at the bar, things seem to have  
settled down since the break in.

JOEY

It was just a burglary, I've  
seen dozens of them.

CASTELLO

Maybe. Right after the initial  
break in, I called a friend at  
the S.F.P.D. who works burglary.

JOEY

Not a mystery, I told you how  
it was done.

CASTELLO

Yeah, you did. He told me the  
damage was done after the safe  
was opened. Someone had to  
have the combination Joey.

Joey stares at Castello, out the window, back at Castello.

JOEY

I looked at the safe too. Yours  
was a typical burglary with a  
torn up door. How could he  
conclude that when the door was  
all twisted metal.

CASTELLO

The crowbar marks Joey, they  
matched exactly, they could

only have only been made by  
slamming the door on a crowbar.  
Since I knew no one else had  
the combination, I easily came  
to the conclusion. You.

JOEY

That's bullshit. Someone else  
had to have somehow gotten the  
combination.

CASTELLO

Let me tell you a little about  
myself. My coming here was not  
by chance. Since my break in  
and the explanation about my  
safe, we've been following  
you for some time.

JOEY

(cocky)

You need to get a life! This  
is such bullshit! Who is 'we',  
you got a turd in your pocket?

CASTELLO

OK wise ass, since you're in  
such a hurry, let me show you  
who 'we' are.

He lays a small wallet sized leather case on the table,  
looks around, opens it. It's his S.F.P.D. badge and I.D. He  
puts it away.

JOEY

You gotta be fucking kidding  
me!

CASTELLO

Not this time Ace. 'We' know  
your connection with Hector and  
when you went to see him. 'We'  
know about Diane's ex, Don.  
You see Joey, I work undercover  
for the S. F. Police Department.  
My job is to take down the  
dealers on top.

JOEY  
(weak, stares  
at table)

I'm not a drug dealer, I'm  
just a locksmith.

CASTELLO

You're a locksmith that's made  
some bad decisions. My entire  
gig at Remo's is undercover.  
I'm not the owner, I'm not gay  
and I don't make that kind of  
money. I'm in there because of  
the drug traffic.

(beat)

You may wonder why I'm telling  
you this confidential  
information.

JOEY

I guess I'm going to find out.

CASTELLO

You're in the shit Joey. You're  
facing 5 to 10.

JOEY

What do you want with me?

CASTELLO

You're in a unique position to  
help us but before I explain,  
I want to know what you're  
thinking.

JOEY

I think you're insane, I'm just  
a locksmith. If I say no, I go  
to jail, if I say yes, I can  
end up in the bay.

CASTELLO

We'll be watching you. To sum  
it up Joey, you no longer have  
your own life, you belong to  
the San Francisco Police  
Department.

JOEY

(mimics)

You belong to the S.F. Police Department, you no longer have your own life.

(heavy sigh)

This sucks, what do you want?

CASTELLO

You mean on top of my seven grand? For 4 years now, we've tried to get close to your friend Hector, but no luck.

JOEY

C'mon, not Hector, he'll kill me.

CASTELLO

Hector Domingo has become one of the largest drug dealers in the city. We have to take him down.

JOEY

So you think a locksmith can 'take' him down even though you've been trying for four years?

CASTELLO

You're already in. What are the odds that the same guy who broke into Remo's and stole my money is the same guy now close to Hector.

JOEY

Yeah, what are the odds.

CASTELLO

Hector trusts you. We want you to get closer to him, find out what he's doing, planning. You meet with him this Saturday?

JOEY

Not to be nosey Detective, but  
how in the hell could you know  
that I'm going to meet with him?

CASTELLO

I told you, we've been on this  
4 years. I want to meet with  
you next Monday, 11:30.  
Cliff House, end of Geary.

JOEY

Fine.

CASTELLO

Go back to work, see your  
girlfriend, drink a beer.  
I want a full report on your  
meeting with Hector. Don't be  
late.

He flips a twenty on the table and walks away. Joey hits  
his forehead, covers his face with both hands, stares at  
the table.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S FLAT KITCHEN DAY

HECTOR

So how's it going?

JOEY

Not bad Hector, been busy,  
lots going on, how you been?

HECTOR

Good man, business has been  
good. As you know, we took  
care of your problem, how's he  
doing?

JOEY

You put a pretty good beating  
on him but he's going to make  
a full recovery. Perfect job.

HECTOR

He's a pussy, talked shit like  
he was a bad man, challenged  
us to hit him. So we did.

JOEY

My girlfriend told me all  
about it.

HECTOR

Sweet Joey, it was sweet.  
Let's talk about my problem.  
Jimmy told me Juan just got a  
big shipment, over three mill.  
It's time to move.

JOEY

Hector, so many things can go  
wrong. And your boy Jimmy,  
what if his information is  
bad, worse yet, what if he's  
a snitch?

HECTOR

I'll worry about Jimmy. One  
night this week I'll call you,  
we'll drive to Juan's. No  
problem to be by your phone?

JOEY

No problem.

HECTOR

I want to show you how I  
operate, you're my friend and  
not in the business.

JOEY

No Hector, I don't need to know  
anything about your business.

HECTOR

It's OK, I trust you, you came  
here as a locksmith, I checked  
you out. I know more about you  
than you think. You're a  
straight guy.

JOEY

Hector, you don't know who I am and I don't want to know anymore about your business than I already do.

HECTOR

OK, no problem. You got an hour? I need to drive to my uncle's fruit stand and pick up some sweet corn, you like sweet corn Joey?

JOEY

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCLE AL'S FRUIT STAND CONTINUOUS

They get out of the van and Hector walks to the old WOMAN and gives her a big hug. He then walks over to the UNCLE AL and bear hugs him. Hector motions for Joey to come over.

HECTOR

Joey, this my Uncle Alejandro, we call him Uncle Al.

He has a big smile as he shakes Joey's hand. The fruit stand is a typical, open aired fruit stand.

Joey walks through the stand, inspects the varieties.

Hector and Uncle Al speak to each other in Spanish for a few moments.

The old woman reaches under the counter and hands Hector 2 big brown grocery bags filled with corn, piled so high some of the corn falls out.

He motions Joey over to carry one of the bags to the van.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S VAN CONTINUOUS

HECTOR

Those people you met, my aunt and uncle, I helped them come to this country 5 years ago. I rented them a place and set them up with the fruit stand. They're very loyal to me. You see Joey, many depend on me for help, my business is the only way I can help so many.

JOEY

Yeah, but what about the people that use your drugs, become addicted, have their lives ruined?

HECTOR

Sometimes it troubles me deeply. I sell a lot down in the Haight, who you think those buyers are? It not the poor ghetto black people, it's the white rich kids who rebel because they hate their parents for being rich and giving them a good life. Get real Joey, these people want what I have. This a business, like any other.

JOEY

Not quite like a normal business Hector, jail isn't filled with people that owned a candy shop.

HECTOR

Bullshit Joey, this is candy, candy that takes away your pain. I don't force those people to buy my candy, they crave it. They'll get it any way they

have to. So yes, I feel bad  
they have this problem but no,  
people are free to do what  
they want.

JOEY

I can see it now, Hector's  
Candy Shop, ' I'll take a  
pound of that happy candy'.

HECTOR

Funny guy Joey.

(beat)

I haven't told this to anyone.

(pause)

I want out. Business is getting  
too dangerous.

(pause)

There's a motel, in Cozumel.

JOEY

And your plan is.....

HECTOR

A friend of mine owns a motel,  
on the beach. He's older,  
tired of running it. I'm going  
to tear down everything, build  
a new modern hotel, huge pool,  
waterfalls, Tiki bar outside,  
it's going to be beautiful Joey.

JOEY

Sounds awesome. Where is it?

HECTOR

About 15 miles south of Cozumel,  
white, sandy beaches, beautiful  
clear green water. Lots of  
shade Joey, huge trees,  
beautiful palms, a paradise.  
The place is now called  
'De Julio en la Playa' but  
I'll name it 'Hector's Arenas  
Blancas del Hotel' in English,  
'Hector's White Sands Hotel'.

JOEY

That's a nice name but you  
might want to leave your name  
out of it.

HECTOR

Why Joey, you don't like my  
name?

JOEY

You're a drug dealer, why  
advertise where you are?

HECTOR

Ahh, smart Joey, smart, maybe  
you'll come?

JOEY

You never know Hector, you  
never know.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

They put the corn on the kitchen table. Joey hands Hector  
the corn, he throws it into the huge kitchen sink. Joey  
nears the bottom of the bag, sees 2 small packages wrapped  
in brown paper.

JOEY

Hey Hector, there's something  
in the bottom of this bag.

HECTOR

Oh yeah, hand them to me.

Hector puts them on the table, cuts the tape and unwraps  
the package.

JOEY

Hector, what the hell is that?

HECTOR

It's a cash machine, pure  
cocaine from Columbia.

JOEY

Hector, this is bullshit, you put me and the drugs, together, in the car. Why?

HECTOR

(laughs)

You never suspected a thing. That why I've never been busted, everybody eat fruits and vegetables, even drug dealers. If one of my dealers is followed, cops only see a drug dealer buying food.

Joey looks down, deep in thought, very slow, looks up.

JOEY

Hector, sit down, we have to talk.

Both sit at the table.

HECTOR

Joey, why so serious, what's going on?

JOEY

Hector, I'm a thief!

HECTOR

(laughs)

Of course you are, you're a locksmith, you just get paid.

JOEY

I broke into a bar I changed the locks on, took all the money from the safe. Nothing but trouble since. You heard of that gay bar, Remo's?

HECTOR

Yes, in fact I had heard it was robbed, no way that was you.

JOEY

Yeah, it was me.

HECTOR

You the man Joey, how much you get?

JOEY

Over seven grand. The next day I had to go and change the locks at the owners house, a guy named Castello. A few weeks later, I'm at a restaurant and who walks in?

HECTOR

Castello.

JOEY

He pulls out a badge, shows me he's a cop, knows I hit Remo's and I have a choice, work undercover to help him bust a drug dealer or go to jail.

HECTOR

Man Joey, tough position, what did you tell him?

JOEY

I had no choice Hector.

HECTOR

So who's the lackey?

JOEY

(pauses)

You Hector.

Hector's concern turns.

HECTOR

So why do you tell me this?

JOEY

Loyalty. I don't want to see you get busted. I don't trust

this cop.  
I trust you.

HECTOR  
Smart decision Joey, now I don't have to kill you. What do you plan to do?

JOEY  
Once I do this job, I'm leaving the country. I'll need money, I hope you can help me.

HECTOR  
Where will you go?

JOEY  
Not sure, I was thinking maybe Cozumel, get a partner to buy a small hotel with.

HECTOR  
I like the way you think. So what did you tell this cop about me?

JOEY  
I've met with him one time after that, told him you had something planned but didn't know what it was or when you were going to do it. He bought that.

Hector rubs his chin.

HECTOR  
I ask you a very important question, your answer depends on what I'll do, comprendo?  
(Joey nods)  
Joey, can I trust you?

JOEY  
Damn Hector, would I have told you about this if I didn't want you to trust me?

Hector walks to the sink, cleans the corn, back to Joey.

HECTOR

One more thing before you leave  
Joey. You talk to anyone about  
this and I....

JOEY

I know, you'll kill me and my  
girlfriend. You can only kill  
us once Hector. I need to get  
a fake passport and drivers  
license, you have a connection?

HECTOR

Yeah, I got the perfect guy,  
he'll set you up.

(writes on pad)

I'll call him and let him know  
you're coming.

JOEY

That was fucked up Hector, you  
driving around with that coke  
and me in the car.

HECTOR

Don't be a pussy Joey, grow  
some balls.

JOEY

You know what 'payback' means?

HECTOR

Ah, Recuperacion.  
It maybe means you owe me,  
it could mean you get even, Si?

JOEY

Si. RECUPERACION!

CUT TO:

INT. JOEYS APARTMENT NIGHT

He sits in a chair, watches TV, nervous. The first ring of the phone startles Joey, his body jerks like someone just scared the crap out of him.

JOEY

Hello.

HECTOR (V.O.)

Joey, tomorrow night, we meet  
at 10.

JOEY

Where?

HECTOR (V.O.)

Just be at your phone, 9:30.

JOEY

I'll be here.

Joey picks up a phone book and writes down a number. He then calls.

CLERK (V.O.)

Ricks by the Sea, can I help  
you.

He finishes and calls Diane.

JOEY

Hey beautiful, how ya doin?

DIANE (V.O.)

Joey, I'm glad you called,  
we need to talk.

JOEY

We will. Do you remember that  
place in Pacifica, Rick's?

DIANE (V.O.)

Yeah, movie star type place.

JOEY  
Booked it for the weekend,  
interested?

DIANE (V.O.)  
Can't wait to see you.

JOEY  
I'm not sure what time I can  
make it. Just pack and wait  
until I call you.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Joey, paces the floor, sits down, looks out the window,  
watches TV, looks at a clock, 9:15, repeats the same  
routine.

There is a loud knock on his door, Joey ignores it, it  
continues and gets louder. Angry, he answers the door and  
is shocked to see Hector's boy, Tex.

JOEY  
Tex, I'm waiting for a call  
from Hector.

TEX  
Plans changed, come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

He follows Tex around the corner to the alley next to his  
building, to Hector's white van. Tex opens the passenger  
door. It is dark outside, the van dark inside.

HECTOR'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

He glances backward as he sits down, too dark see.  
JOEY  
Where's Hector Tex?

HECTOR  
I'm here Joey.

Hector moves forward and sits on a milk crate between Tex and him. Joey doesn't turn around.

HECTOR

So Joey, you ready?

JOEY

I am Hector, I hope we don't run into any trouble.

HECTOR

Should be no trouble, Jorge is watching them, we have plenty of time

Hector pulls a bag forward, unzips the bag and exposes a pile of various types of weapons and guns, pistols, small machine guns, a roll of duct tape and rope. Joey turns and looks.

JOEY

You expect a small war tonight?

HECTOR

No, but I'm always prepared.

They turn onto Lombard Street.

JOEY

I thought this guy lived in the Mission.

HECTOR

He lives in the high rent district. I don't know, maybe he's smarter than me, no one would suspect a dealer lives here.

Joey can see Coit Tower in the distance. They continue on Lombard and drive up the small 2 lane road to Coit Tower.

Inside different flats, Joey sees one LADY on a bench, playing her piano,

another COUPLE sits on the sofa, watches TV,

another COUPLE at their bar has a drink, a slice of everyday life.

Joey is nervous as they drive past Tony Csstello's place, he glances upward to see a SHADOWY FIGURE walk behind Csstello's closed blinds.

They pull into the parking lot at Coit Tower, circle around a few times and park.

HECTOR

Tex, wait here, Joey and I are taking a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

They start the walk back down the road they had just driven up.

HECTOR

The place is right down here,  
take a quick glance when we  
walk by, don't stare.

Joey is nervous as they approach Tony Csstello's place. As they pass it,

HECTOR

There it is.

It's Tony Csstello's place. Joey's in shock. They walk back up the hill. Joey chooses a spot on the concrete steps.

JOEY

Hector, we need to talk, let's sit.

HECTOR

Make it quick, we don't have all night.

JOEY

^(nervous)

Hector, you've made a mistake,  
that guys not a drug dealer,  
he's a cop.

HECTOR

What the hell are you talking about Joey, that guy is one on the biggest dealers in the city, he's no cop.

JOEY

Hector, this is the cop I told you about, that's the place where I changed his locks. He can't be a drug dealer, he's a cop. Besides, when we drove up here, I saw a shadow walk by behind the shades. So either way, you got bad information or, if he is a drug dealer, you're being set up.

(Hector sits, quiet)

Something else Hector, one of your guys is a rat. When I met with the cop, he said he knew I was going to your house last Saturday. How?

Hector rubs his chin, shrugs.

HECTOR

So who you think it is?

JOEY

Jimmy, he's the only one playing both sides of the fence.

HECTOR

I don't know Joey.

JOEY

Hector, are you certain this guy is a drug dealer? I mean he had me convinced he was a cop.

HECTOR

He's the dealer, Juan Chules. I know what he did at Remo's, he sells his drugs there. I became very suspicious when

you told me you robbed Remo's.

JOEY

I haven't held anything back  
from you Hector.

HECTOR

I know that Joey.

(hard stare)

It saved your life.

(beat)

But for now, we leave. I'll  
figure out how I can use Jimmy.  
Let's go, we'll talk next week.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPT. OFFICE DAY

Diane and Martin/Jimmy drink coffee in an isolated room.

DIANE

Nice to see you Rob. We haven't  
talked since we busted that  
creep stealing semi's, what,  
2 years ago?

MARTIN

Yeah, Mr. Semi, drove a stolen  
truck to Mexico and stashed  
immigrants behind the freight.  
Yeah, it's been awhile. You've  
been a detective for over 3  
years now. How you like it?

DIANE

Yes, 3 here after 5 on the  
beat. It's OK, on the street  
you have to deal with crack  
mothers, child molesters,  
scumbags. Here, it's like,  
deception, constant pressure,  
afraid you'll blow it.

MARTIN

You knew that when you took  
the job. Besides, pressure

makes diamonds.

DIANE

You think you know but, when  
you get in so deep you have  
trouble sleeping.... C'mon, it  
must affect you.

MARTIN

I love busting the bad guys, I  
sleep better. The rush from the  
danger, nothing like it. Some  
guys climb mountains, some  
jump out of airplanes, we're  
all just thrill junkies.

DIANE

Yeah, well, some of us just like  
a walk on the beach. Sometimes  
I wonder why I became a cop.

MARTIN

My old man was a cop, a 30 year  
beat walker. He was mean,  
knocked me around. We lived way  
above what a cop would make. I  
swore I'd never be like him.  
I joined the Marines, saw a  
lot of action.

(pause)

There are only so many features  
you can push on a washer and  
dryer.

When they called me, I just  
walked out of the store.

DIANE

I wanted to be a lawyer, let  
you guys bust em, I put them  
away.

MARTIN

Then you made a good career  
choice. Don't get me started  
on the justice of our "legal"  
system.

(beat)

So how's your work going with  
Joey?

DIANE

Perfect, he has no idea. And  
you with your drug kingpins?

MARTIN

Playing them like David and  
Goliath.

DIANE

How tight in are you?

MARTIN

One of the gang now.

(beat)

I had to shoot a kid.

DIANE

Pressure makes diamonds,  
right?

(beat)

I don't feel right about  
playing Joey, he's a good man.

MARTIN

Listen to what you're saying!

A good man? He's a thief!

(beat)

You and I have known each other  
a long time. The truth Diane.

DIANE

The truth? Why does that  
matter? The truth has nothing  
to do with reality.

MARTIN

You need to pull back Diane,  
it's a job.

DIANE

You think that's all our work  
is, a job? Don't lie to  
yourself, it affect's our brain.

MARTIN

Try being a drug addict.

(beat)

Anyway, the Cap wanted us  
to get together to compare  
notes.

DIANE

Not much for me, Joey's sharp,  
I'm not even sure he doesn't  
suspect something now.

MARTIN

First Chules, the safe break  
in, then Domingo, he's involved  
more than you think, I need you  
to try to find out what he knows.

DIANE

What do you want me to do,  
confess I'm a Detective, ask  
him what Domingo's next move  
is, c'mon Rob.

MARTIN

Then play dumb cop, tell him  
you were brought in for  
questioning, not by me, but  
Tony Castello, you know,  
Chules. Hell, Joey thinks he's  
a cop anyway.

DIANE

Yeah, I can do that.  
How close are you to taking  
your two guys down?

MARTIN

Soon. Talk to Joey, I have a  
feeling he's putting some doubt  
about me in Hector's mind.

DIANE

We're spending the weekend  
together, I'll pump him.

MARTIN

I bet you will. Detective,  
I'll say it one more time.  
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!

DIANE

Duly noted Detective.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S BEACH DAY

Joey and Diane are on the beach, they sit on a big boulder, the waves crash, gentle beneath their feet.

DIANE

Like you wanted, I started asking around about Tony Castello, no one could, or maybe would, tell me anything about him. About lunchtime, yesterday, a detective comes to my desk.

JOEY

Did you recognize him?

DIANE

No, he tells me he's Detective Castella, wants to know why I'm asking about him.

JOEY

And your answer was..

DIANE

You know, the reason we talked about.

JOEY

Did he bite?

DIANE

No, said it was BS, then he asks if my boyfriends name is Joey.

JOEY

Uh oh, then what.

DIANE

He said they've been watching you for some time and something about you getting into knee deep shit. I said bullshit, he's just a locksmith.

JOEY

Go on.

DIANE

Go on? My God what more do you need to know? Joey, what kind of crazy thing have you got yourself involved in? And Don, 5 weeks after I meet you he's in the hospital. What's going on Joey?

JOEY

(stares at ocean)

I had nothing to do with Don, besides he's an asshole, got what he deserved. Can you tell me what Castello looks like?

DIANE

Uhh, I don't know, I was nervous, I guess he's about 5' 10", stocky, brown hair.

JOEY

Diane, he's trying to scare you. I'm not involved with any drug dealers.

DIANE

But Joey, so many nights. I'm just concerned.

JOEY

Sweetheart, don't worry, this Castello guy is just fishing, he doesn't have anything on me.

DIANE

Then why did he bring up your name?

JOEY

I'm not sure, I haven't done anything. Do you know more than what your telling me?

DIANE

More of what Joey, you just said there's nothing going on so why do you say 'do you know more?'

JOEY

Damn, I just asked. Don't make a big deal out of it.

DIANE

Dammit Joey, it is a big deal, don't you get it? They know your name,  
(pauses)  
I don't want to lose you.

JOEY

I'm not in any trouble, he's fishing.

DIANE

Alright Joey, but please, I need you to trust me. I'll help you no matter what, OK?

(BEAT)

JOEY

I want you to know something. Since I've met you, I've changed.

DIANE

Change is good. How?

JOEY

I've lived another life, done  
things I shouldn't have, things  
I regret.

DIANE

Damn Joey, you haven't killed  
anyone have you?

JOEY

No, nothing like that.

DIANE

Then what's your big secret?

JOEY

Nothing I want to talk about,  
I just want you to know,  
you've changed all that.

DIANE

That's sweet Joey.

(they kiss)

JOEY

Let's take a walk.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S RESTAURANT NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Joey and Diane eat dinner.

JOEY

(nervous)

What do you think of role  
playing?

DIANE

Role playing?

JOEY

You know, dress up.

DIANE

(smiles)

What did you have in mind?

JOEY

A secretary, maybe a nurse,  
dark hair, glasses, low cut  
top. I uh, I just happen to  
have brought some things, just  
in case...

DIANE

Well, I could think of a lot  
more exciting women, but,

JOEY

What kind of women?

DIANE

Leather, airplane bathroom,  
whatever. I have a fantasy too.

JOEY

What, what is it?

DIANE

You're a doctor who comes in  
to examine me. I'm on....

JOEY

Did I tell you I'm also a Doctor?  
The examining room is this way.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM CONTINUOUS

When he comes in with his bag of goodies, Diane is stripped down to her bra and panties, sits on the bed.

DIANE

So what now big boy?

Joey pulls out a brown shoulder length wig, glasses, low cut top and hands them to her.

DIANE

(examines outfit)

You're a bad boy sir. I'll be  
right out.

She goes into the bathroom to change, Joey pulls out a camera. She opens the door, hands on her hips.

DIANE  
I've followed you all day,  
(he snaps a picture)  
I don't want my picture taken!

JOEY  
Why, no one will know it's you,  
I can, fantasize. Just a  
few more.

She relents, he snaps two more pictures. She walks over to Joey, rubs him.

DIANE  
Tell me what you want.

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR'S FLAT MORNING

Hector, Joey and the boys sit at the kitchen table, they eat breakfast.

HECTOR  
So Joey, any ideas?

JOEY  
Yeah, they include cement  
mixers and salt water.

HECTOR  
Seriously Joey, I've already  
made plans. I've thought  
about what you said about  
Jimmy, I no longer trust  
him.

JOEY  
I told you, a fence jumper.

HECTOR  
Yesterday, I met with Jimmy  
and told him I'm picking  
up a big shipment, Friday at

midnight. I know if he works with Juan, they'll show up early to rip me off. I'll take care of Juan, his boys, and Jimmy.

JOEY

What's that mean Hector, you going to kill them?

HECTOR

Not if I don't have to. But I want his drugs Joey, he must have 75 kilos, lots of cash. Juan will be gone, he'll be driving to the Pier. At ten Friday night, you'll be parked at Coit Tower, ready.

JOEY

Too dangerous Hector, I could easily get caught, I don't want to do it.

HECTOR

I'm not asking you. I'll let you keep Juan's cash, around three hundred K. Yes, it may be risky Joey, but the money.

JOEY

Money ain't worth much if you're six feet under.

HECTOR

Joey, it'll be no different than when you robbed Remo's, much less dangerous.

(beat)

When you go into his living room...

Hectors voice fades, then returns.

HECTOR (CON'T)  
Five to ten minutes, you're  
life is changed forever.

JOEY  
Yeah, can you say San Quentin.  
What about you Hector, what  
will you do?

HECTOR  
Off to Mexico. I'll retire,  
buy my hotel. You want to come  
Joey?

JOEY  
You never know. Where do you  
want to meet?

HECTOR  
Golden Gate Bridge, right when  
you come off, Vista Point exit.  
Meet me at 3am. You going to  
leave?

JOEY  
I think so Hector, I know once  
all this goes down, they'll be  
looking for me. How do you know  
they can't get you in Mexico?

HECTOR  
The law in Mexico is a law of  
cash. I've planned this for a  
long time Joey, it's because of  
you I'm able to do this. If we  
broke into Juan's last week,  
I'd be dead. That why I'm  
letting you keep the money,  
I'm very grateful. I'll see  
you at three Saturday morning.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: S.F. AIRPORT DAY FRIDAY

Joey parks his car.

He grabs his bag and goes to the main terminal.

He finds a somewhat isolated bathroom, locks the stall door, puts his mirror on the hook and starts his metamorphosis into his disguise, Fred Talbot.

He puts his clothes into his bag and heads over to the Delta counter.

CUT TO:

INT. DELTA COUNTER CONTINUOUS

JOEY

Can I book a flight here but  
leave from San Jose?

He hands the ticket CLERK his drivers license. She looks at it, back at Joey, back at the license.

CLERK

Absolutely Mr. Talbot, what day would you like to leave?

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE CONTINUOUS

Joey at the curb to catch a rental bus.

He rents a van.

Drives to Uncle Al's fruit stand, picks up 6 wood crates of corn.

CUT TO:

INT. S.F.P.D. MEETING ROOM DAY 5:00 pm

Detective Martin is in the front of the meeting room talking to 10 OFFICERS plus Detective Ryan.

MARTIN

Before we start, I want to give you a brief history on Juan Chules, I want you to understand the importance of getting him alive. You may wonder who that gentleman is sitting in the back of the room.

He then motions for DILLON to come to the front, he goes to the back and sits down. Dillon is dressed in a dark suit, Martin in street clothes.

DILLON

My name is CHUCK DILLON and I'm with the DEA. The operation you're going on tonight is of tremendous importance to our department. We have been trying to nail Chules for 10 years now. He's not just a San Francisco dealer, he has ties and connections all over Central and South America. We have never been able to catch him, his operations have been too sophisticated....

Sound fades, Dillon talks, explains.

We estimate that once we have Chule's off the street, drug distribution will drop by 40% in San Francisco. Are there any questions.

OFFICER

What about Domingo, where does he fit in to this?

DILLON

I'm going to turn that question back over to Detective Martin, Thank you for your time.

Detective Martin answers as he walks back to the front of the room.

## MARTIN

Domingo's picking up a large supply of drugs at Pier 50 sometime after 11 tonight, Chules intends on being there early to take them. I've set this up so that they're both there at different times. All of you have been briefed by me on your assignments.

He points to a map.

CUT TO:

EXT. COIT TOWER PARKING LOT FRIDAY 9:00 PM

Joey, in disguise, parked at Coit Tower, watches Juan's house from a distance. He watches as the sky and clouds turn to amber red, then fade to a dark blue, then black as the total darkness takes over.

He checks his watch, 9:15, he see's Juan and his boys back out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 50 FRIDAY 9:00 PM

A van pulls up in front of Pier 50. Eight POLICE officers pile out and in 10 seconds the van is gone. They are all dressed in black, faces black, black stocking ski masks, dark shirts cover their bulletproof vests.

All eight go into Pier 50 through the front door. They walk through the darkened, cavernous building, the beam from their flashlight guides the way.

When they are three quarters of the way down, they find the door they are looking for. It is direct opposite a large tractor that sits on the edge of the Pier.

FOUR of them continue to the end of the building while FOUR of them open the door and one by one, walk the twenty yards across the wooden road to position themselves and hide.

The other four reach the end of the building, inspect hiding places, there are plenty of walls and old, thrown out furniture to hide behind. There is a stack of old tires

which make a perfect ambush spot, only 10 feet from the open door Juan would walk through. They settle into their spots.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BOAT DOCK FRIDAY 9:00 PM

Tex turns the key and the boat engine purrs. They untie the rope slow, quiet, and make their way into the bay. Once away from the shore, Tex cranks it up.

They are an invisible sight as they speed along the water, wind blows their hair and the salty, watery mist sprays them. The boats night lights are off.

They soon have the pier in sight and as they draw closer, Tex cuts the engine. Hector hands each of them a paddle.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 50 CONTINUOUS

They make their way under the open wood end of the pier, pull themselves through a maze of pilings until they are next to a ladder.

Tex ties the boat to pilings on both sides. The only sound that can be heard is the gentle waves hit the pilings.

Hector unzips his bag and hands each man their weapons and magazines. All 5 of them place the weapons inside their belt line. No one speaks.

Hector, slow, climbs the ladder and looks over the edge. He lets the mental picture finalize in his head as he steps down the ladder.

CUT TO:

EXT. COIT TOWER CONTINUOUS 9:25 PM

Joey surveys the area, walks to the back of the van, opens the door, grabs the two duffel bags and starts the walk down to Juan's house.

CUT TO:

EXT. S.F.P.D PARKING LOT FRIDAY 9:30 PM

Diane and three other OFFICERS make the walk to the parking lot. They get into two unmarked squad cars to begin the drive to Chules house.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 50 FRIDAY 9:45 PM

Juan's car pulls down the street toward the Pier. He inspects each parked car in the last hundred yards, looks for anyone in a car or anything unusual.

His car makes the turn into the thirty yard wide wooden driveway connected to the Pier building. The road and building end about 75 yards away at the bay.

Juan's driver, THUG #1, stops the car and puts it in park, turns out the lights, looks for any movement. After all those in the car are satisfied, they start to pull forward, lights still off.

CUT TO:

EXT. COIT TOWER CONTINUOUS 9:30 PM

Joey walks down the sidewalk, inspects everything. He stops in front of Juan's place, looks both ways, quiet.

He walks up to Juan's entrance, pulls the crowbar from the duffel bag and punches out the overhead light. He pulls the keys out of his pocket. first puts the key into the alarm lock, the key turns.

He breathes a sigh of relief then unlocks the front door, grabs his duffel bags and steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTINUOUS

He closes and bolts the door behind him. There is only one small light on in the living room. He walks to the hallway, puts down his duffel bags, grabs a crowbar and flashlight and, very hurried, inspects each room. Satisfied, he goes back to the hallway and takes the picture down.

He grabs the crowbar with both hands and jams it into the wall, center of where the picture had hung. He has tore away all the sheetrock. He shines his small flashlight inside and sees the drugs and cash. He smiles.

He grabs a stack of cash, they have rubber bands around them, each one five inches thick. He shuffles his fingers through one stack, all one hundred dollar bills

He doesn't count the rest, just grabs the drugs and cash, tosses them into the bag, then latches the tops of both duffle bags. He looks at his watch, 9:40.

He walks into the room where the safe is, pulls the combination from his pocket and dials it open. He sees a small velvet bag, tied at the top, grabs it and stuffs it into his pocket, walks back to the hallway, grabs his crowbar, puts it down his pants, grabs the two duffel bags and slings one on each of his shoulders. He then walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS 9:45 PM

The bags are heavy, they slow him down as he walks back up the sidewalk. He passes a couple, they smile at each other. He tosses the bags into the rear, takes off his sweatshirt and unlocks the van door.

JOEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He slouches in the drivers seat, closes his eyes, breathes a huge sigh of relief, pumps his fists in the air. He starts the van and heads down the road.

As he passes a corner, two unmarked police car with flashing reds lights on the dash fly past him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - CONTINUOUS

Juan's car slowly pulls forward, the old wood pops and creaks as the tires pass over the wood planks. They reach near the bay edge of the Pier, turn the car around.

**PIER LADDER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector climbs up the ladder, peeks through the opening between the top rung on the ladder.

**PIER - CONTINUOUS**

Juan's thug #1 and THUG #2 get out of the car, pistols drawn, inspect the scene. Seeing nothing they walk into the open Pier doorway and scan their flashlights around the darkened warehouse.

Satisfied, they walk back to the car and motioned for the other three to get out. Juan is the last to exit, all five stand there, inspecting the area like a team of commandos.

Juan points to the spot where he wants them to position themselves, thug #1 and thug #2 at the rear of the car, facing the street. THUG #3 at the front of the car, facing the bay.

Juan and the remaining man, THUG #4, walk to the rear of the car, pop the trunk and pull small machine guns out and hands one to each man. He then pulls out two large canvas bags with zippers on top. The two of them walk inside the open doorway.

Juan shines the flashlight along the wooden walls, spots the wall and motions for thug #4 to pull down the wood with a crowbar. The pieces of wood come off, Juan is excited.

He puts his head between the outer wood and inside wall, looks down with his flashlight. He spots packages and reaches down to pull them up. One by one he pulls up the plastic wrapped bags and drops them into his canvas bag.

Instantly, he is panic stricken, he has only 8 bags. Frantic, he searches the wall for more, knows something is wrong.

Both of them hear a board creak. Juan holds up his hand to thug #4 to not move, they listen for any more noise. Juan motions for him to walk over and check out the noise. Juan walks to the open doorway as thug #4 walks to the wall, finger on the trigger.

As thug #4 nears the wall, he sees movement near the wall edge, then it disappears.

## PIER LADDER - CONTINUOUS

Hector sees Juan with the bag as he walks to the car. He taps Tex on the shoulder, points his finger. Hector puts his foot on the next ladder step and prepares to jump.

## PIER - CONTINUOUS

Thug #4 fires a burst from his machine gun. The bullets rip through the wall, hit OFFICER #1 in the bulletproof portion of his vest. His body jolts backwards and lands on his back with a thud. OFFICER #2 steps out from behind the stack of tires,

OFFICER #2  
Police, drop your weapon!

Thug #4 fires toward the stack of tires. Officer #2 takes cover, OFFICER #3 steps out from his position behind a wall 15 feet to the left of thug #4 and fires 3 rounds at his target. Thug #4's lifeless body goes limp and crumples to the ground. OFFICER #4 peeks out from behind the same wall Officer #1 was behind, covering Officer #3.

OFFICER #2  
(into radio)  
Shots fired, shots fired

## HECTOR'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Hector and his men, quick, quiet, pile back into the boat. They pull themselves through the maze of dock pilings, to the other side of the Pier. Tex pulls the boat forward in idle and when 300 yards away from the Pier, cranks it up.

## PIER - CONTINUOUS

Juan goes to the back of the car for protection. As thug #3, at the front of the car starts to go help his friend inside, OFFICER #5 & #6 step out from each side of the tractor.

OFFICER #5  
Police, drop your weapons.

Juan crouches down and makes his way into the back seat, lays on the floor for protection.

The remaining 3 thugs open fire as the officers take cover behind the tractor and blasts away, returns the fire. Thug #3 tries to move to the open car door, fires his gun as he creeps backward. Just as he reaches the door, two bullets rip through his chest, he drops.

Thug #1 and thug #2 continue to fire at the officers from behind the car.

Officer #2 peers out from the open pier doorway and takes aim at the man nearest him, thug #2, and fires 3 rounds. As the man's lifeless body falls to the ground, the last man, thug #1 bolts around the car and jumps into the drivers seat.

Right at that moment, Detective Martin and his PARTNER'S squad cars simultaneously pull in the Pier driveway and speed toward Juan's car, blocking his exit.

Thug #1 starts the car and slams on the gas. He crouches down so he can barely see and puts his gun out the window, squeezes the trigger as the bullets fly wild in all directions.

As he approaches the tractor, all four officers fire at him. As several bullets hit him, his car crashes into the tractor, it echoes the sound of twisted metal. Juan's body is slammed into the back of the front seats, momentarily knocked unconscious.

Martin pulls in front of Juan's car as the officers approach the steaming vehicle. Officer #5 & #6 stick their guns in the broken front windows, OFFICER #7 & #8 aim at the back doors as they open them.

OFFICER #5  
(looks at Driver)  
Clear, he's dead.

Officer #7 & #8 pull Juan's awakening body from the car floor, slam him face down onto the deck and handcuff him.

Juan moans as they stand him up to face Rob Martin. Juan regains his awareness and his eyes began to focus.

MARTIN  
My name is Detective Rob Martin  
and you're under arrest for  
drug trafficking.

JUAN  
(confused)  
But Jimmy, I don't understand.

MARTIN  
What's to understand Juan, I work for the San Francisco Police Department. Jimmy is the person who set you up and you were too stupid to realize it. I've waited a long time for this, we have the drugs here,  
(holds up bag)  
you're going away for a long time.

JUAN  
(still dazed)  
What are you saying Jimmy, I trusted you, brought you in, made you one of my boys. You're a fucking cop!!??

MARTIN  
Now you're getting it dummass. You have your business, and I have mine. You're a piece of shit Juan.

JUAN  
Screw you Jimmy, this isn't over, I know people, you're done Jimmy, done.

MARTIN  
(smiles)  
You're pretty Juan. Can you learn to say "Yes Sweetie".

Martin cocks him arm and his fist flies into Juan's jaw. He drops.

MARTIN  
Don't ever threaten me, bitch.

Officer #7 & #8 pick him up and lead him to the patrol car. Officer #7 slams the squad car door shut, Juan repeatedly bangs his head against the front seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL CONTINUOUS 10:30 PM

Joey pulls around the motel and backs his van in front of his room. He removes the boxes of corn, grabs the two duffel bags,

MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

throws them on the bed and locks his door.

He just stands and stares at the duffel bags, shakes his head.

He spreads a plastic tarp on the floor and throws the corn on it. He removes all of the corn except the bottom row. He then dumps a duffel bag on the bed.

He tosses the cash aside, grabs 8 bags of drugs and lays them out on the corn, then puts the corn back in place, covering the drugs. When done, the box looks the same as when he bought it, nothing but a box of corn.

He doesn't count the cash, it's a huge pile. He wraps the cash in plain brown paper so it can fit into the bottom of his two zippered bags, then covers the bags with clothes.

He remembers he had put the small cloth bag from the safe into his sweatshirt on the bed. He grabs it from the pocket and unties the bag, pours the contents onto the bed. He giggles like a little child when he realizes what he has.

Glistening diamonds, they sparkle, reflect the light. He puts them back in the bag and stuffs them into one of his travel bags hidden compartments.

CUT TO:

EXT. VISTA POINT REST AREA CONTINUOUS

They enjoy the spectacular view. Hector looks at his watch, 3:30. He is now angry, furious.

HECTOR

Well, Tex, the little prick  
isn't going to show.

TEX

He could have run into trouble.

HECTOR

Or he may have decided to keep  
everything. If so I'll hunt  
him down like a dog and kill  
him like a begging bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCLE AL'S FRUIT STAND MORNING

Joey, in disguise, pulls into Uncle Al's fruit stand and parks, several PEOPLE are there. Joey sits.

He spots Uncle Al, he brings supplies and stocks the shelves. He approaches Uncle Al as he is ready to go behind the stand and bring out more stock.

JOEY

Uncle Al, My name is Fred, I'm  
a friend of Hector's.

(Uncle Al is confused)

You know, friend, amigo, Hector?

UNCLE AL

Ah, Amigo of Hector. Si, Si.

Joey motions for Uncle Al to follow him to the car. He shows Uncle Al the boxes of corn.

JOEY

Para Hector, OK. Una más  
cosa, ah very important, tell  
Hector ahh, la palabra,  
RECUPERACION.

UNCLE AL

Si, Si, recuperacion,  
muy bueno.

SHED IN BACK - CONTINUOUS

They unload the boxes into a small, separate shed that has a lock on it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT FOLLOWING MONDAY DAY

Joey (in disguise) sits at the counter of Louie's Restaurant and reads the paper.

INSERT HEADLINES: SHOOTOUT AT PIER 50, 4 DEAD

He reads,

INSERT: 'Police say the undercover operation has been going on for over a year and resulted in the arrest of Juan Chules, one of the top drug dealers in the city'.

Joey's breakfast arrives. He continues,

INSERT: 'Police simultaneously made a raid on Chules house. The raid was led by a female Undercover Detective, who was quoted as saying someone had broken into Chules house and stolen cash and drugs'.

Joey continues,

INSERT: 'Police Captain Rizzo, in charge of the operation, said police have issued an all points bulletin for two others connected with the case, Hector Domingo and Joey Vincelli. Domingo is wanted as a suspected drug dealer and Vincelli is wanted on related charges'.

Joey doubles over, puts his hands on his forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE CONTINUOUS

Joey stands inside the door, consumed by memories. He puts the package on the kitchen table.

He walks through the living room, stares at everything. He picks up a picture of the two of them, shoulders up, cheeks pressed together, happy, loving smiles on their faces.

He walks out the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. S.F.P.D. CAPTAINS OFFICE MONDAY DAY

Diane sits into the large chair as the Captain speaks.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

Detective Ryan, excellent report,  
thank you. But Vincelli is still  
missing. Your thoughts?

DIANE

I haven't heard from him, I'm  
sure he's seen the papers.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

Not only have you lost him,  
but Internal Affairs feels  
you became too close, too  
personally involved. They feel  
you may have compromised our  
investigation.

DIANE

Internal Affairs, when did they  
enter this? They don't know  
shit, I just did my job.

CAPTAIN RIZZO

IA wants to meet with you on  
Monday, review the case, make  
a ruling. I'm sorry Detective,  
it's now out of my hands. I'll  
support you in any way I can.  
I need your gun and badge.

She sits, motionless, shocked. She stands.

DIANE

This fucking infuriates me,  
they have no right to do this.  
I did my job the best I could  
and you people want to burn me  
for it? This is bullshit, this  
place is bullshit, and you are

bullshit. Screw all of you!

She throws her gun and badge on the desk and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE CONTINUOUS.

Diane sits at her kitchen table, stares at the wrapped box, confused. She pours herself a drink, still stares at the package.

Her hands tremble as she unwraps it. Inside is a thick envelope and below that something wrapped in tissue paper.

She opens the envelope and dumps the contents on the kitchen table. She is shocked to see the large pile of money fall out along with a folded sheet of paper.

She unfolds the paper.

Read in Joey's voice.

INSERT - LETTER

Diane,

By now you know what I've been doing. I am out of the country, on my way to a safe place. I now know that you are a cop and I was your assignment.

While that hurts, I understand, it was your job. But I feel that what we had together was more.

I fell in love with you.

(She cries as she reads, teardrops make round, wet spots on the letter.)

It all comes down to one question, how much you love me.  
How much do you love me Diane?

I guess I'll know the answer to that soon.

J

She composes herself and pulls out the tissue paper, inside is the wig and glasses she had worn when her and Joey did the role playing.

Another envelope is inside, she opens it and laughs. She holds up a California drivers license and passport, both have the picture Joey had snapped of her the role play weekend, dressed in the dark wig and glasses.

They have the name 'Kori James" on them. She pulls her license out and compares it to the one Joey left. It is perfect. She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCLE AL'S FRUIT STAND DAY

Hector sits in his van at Uncle's fruit stand. Luis walk to the stand and acts as a customer, on the lookout for anything suspicious. Uncle Al spots Luis and nods his head.

Luis looks to the back and shakes his head to the right, Uncle Al nods. As Uncle Al walks back to find Hector, he sees Tex waving for him to come to the van.

Hector opens the passenger door.

VAN - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Al sits in the front seat, looking forward.

HECTOR

(In Spanish)

Uncle Al, you have been loyal to me, I'm grateful to you for that. But the police look for me, I'm going back to Mexico. Before I go, I want to give you this money, it's enough to last you a long time.

Hector hands him a stack of cash inside a small brown cotton bag. Uncle Al is moved, his eyes well.

UNCLE AL

(In Spanish)

Thank you Hector, you have been good to me. I come see you in Mexico, OK?

HECTOR  
(In Spanish)  
You know where to find me.

Uncle Al gets out of the van, starts back to the stand, pauses, goes back to the van,

UNCLE AL  
(In Spanish)  
Hector, I almost forget, someone, a friend he say, I think his name Fred, he leave you some corn. It here in the shed, come. He also tell me to say to you 'RECUPERACION'.

Hector looks confused but walks to the shed.

SHED - CONTINUOUS

Hector looks at the corn stacked against the back wall.

He unhooks the wire on a box and picks up handfuls of corn, throws them on the floor until he sees something at the bottom. He picks up a bag and sees it's Juan's drugs.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT DAY

Typical busy airport. Joey picks up his bags and stands at the bus counter to buy a ticket. He looks to a far wall and sees a stand advertising small plane flights to Cozumel.

He picks up his bags and walks to the small stand, pays for his ticket.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANCUN AIRPORT CESSNA PLANE ON RUNWAY CONTINUOUS

Joey climbs into the small 6 seat Cessna as the PILOT places his bags in the cargo hold. They soon shoot down the runway, two of them, alone.

INT. COZUMEL AIRPORT CESSNA PLANE CONTINUOUS  
Before Joey gets out,

JOEY

I'd like to rent your plane for  
tomorrow around 5:00 PM. There  
will be just one passenger,  
any problem?

PILOT

No senor, thank you very much,  
I'll be there.

Joey pays him and gets into a taxi.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CONTINUOUS

JOEY

De Julio en la Playa.

The DRIVER nods his head.

Joey enjoys the scenery on the drive to the hotel.

Joey sees a small white sign about a hundred yards ahead. When they near it, the sign reads 'De Julio en la Playa'. The driver pulls off the main road. Joey looks, excited. In front of him, everything is blocked by trees, thick with branches.

The cab rattles and shakes as they make their way down the dirt and gravel road. They round the last corner.

He sees the hotel, it is old, looks like many repairs are needed. It sits back under the trees, protected by shade.

In front, there is a patio area, a small bar, around 10 tables, all covered by beach umbrellas and an overhead trellis with some kind of fruit hanging down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL CONTINUOUS

The taxi pulls away, he looks around, daydreams. He is rattled back to reality when JULIO walks up behind.

JULIO

Le puedo ayudar señor?

(Joey stares)

Ah, English, no?

JOEY

English, yes.

JULIO

You have reservations señor?

JOEY

No but I'd like to reserve your  
nicest room for a week.

JULIO

Very good señor, I take care  
of it. My name Julio, welcome.

JOEY

Gracias, my name is Fred.

JULIO

How you hear about us Fred?

JOEY

My friend in San Francisco, I  
think you know him, Hector  
Domingo.

JULIO

A friend of Hector's, bueno, I  
take good care of you. I think  
Hector plan to be here in the  
next week, maybe you still be  
here?

JOEY

Yes, I'm staying at least till  
Hector gets here.

JULIO

Very good, very good señor.  
Please, relax at the patio, I  
take your bags to your room, I  
bring the registration out to  
you, OK?

MOTEL OUTDOOR BAR CONTINUOUS

He orders a Pina Colada and sits at a table, stares at the beach and ocean.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT DAY

Diane (in disguise) walks to the counter, puts her new license down, excited. The AGENT checks her license, looks at Diane, back at the license, prints the ticket.

AGENT

Thank you Miss James, enjoy  
your flight.

She looks at the ticket, giggles.

CUT TO:

INT. CANCUN AIRPORT CONTINUOUS

It doesn't click for a few seconds, she stares at the MAN with a sign that says 'Kori James'. She remembers that is her and walks over to the man.

DIANE

I'm Kori James.

PILOT

Welcome to Mexico Miss James,  
Let me grab your bags and we'll  
be off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL CONTINUOUS

She gets out of the taxi in front of the office, looks for Joey. She is disappointed. Julio comes out.

JULIO

Miss James?

DIANE

Yes.

JULIO

Welcome Miss James, welcome to the beach. Please, let me take your things, go relax on the patio, have a drink while we get your room ready.

DIANE

I'm looking for Joey, do you know where he is?

JULIO

No, I'm sorry, I don't know any Joey. I'm sure he show up, surely he no leave beautiful woman like yourself sitting here, alone. Please, please, go relax, have your drink, I'm sure this Joey show up soon.

MOTEL BAR CONTINUOUS

Diane looks at her watch, anxiety sets in. As she struggles to enjoy the view, she notices there are three other COUPLES there, talking and drinking.

She then notices another man has sat down at the table next to her. He makes her uncomfortable, he keeps glancing over.

DIANE

(mumbles)

Leave me alone you freak,  
where are you Joey?

She hears the man say something, she doesn't react. He then says something louder, she glances over. In a low, gravely voice,

JOEY

Do you like to dress up?

DIANE

Excuse me?

JOEY

Do you like to dress up?

DIANE

Look buddy, I don't know you,  
leave me alone. Besides, what  
the hell kind of question is  
that to ask me. Asshole.

JOEY

Do you like to role play?

DIANE

I said leave me the hell alone,  
you jerk.

JOEY

Do you want to role play, with  
me? I'll dress up as a doctor,  
examine you, make sure you're  
OK.

As she stares at him, confused, he strips off his disguise.

DIANE

Joey, you son of a bitch.

She jumps up from and flies into his lap. They hug each other tight, kiss any exposed piece of flesh. The others in the bar smile at them.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL BEACH DAY

They sit under a large beach umbrella in the sand in short beach chairs, feet buried, sip frozen drinks.

DIANE

Joey, what's our plans, are we going to stay here or go somewhere else, explore new places?

JOEY

I'm hoping to get together with Hector and buy this place, build a new, modern hotel. What do you think of that idea Di?

DIANE

I think I could give you some great ideas.

JOEY

I have to work it out with Hector first, he's already made plans to buy this place. we'll have to see how he feels.

DIANE

Do you have that kind of money?

JOEY

How much cash do you think I got from Chules place?

DIANE

From what I heard, around three hundred thousand.

JOEY

It was right around that.

DIANE

I don't think that would be enough Joey.

JOEY

Probably not, but it will buy me a good chunk of it. Besides, I have some backup, things I took from his safe that could be worth quite a bit.

DIANE

Like?

JOEY

Diamonds, Di, fifty six diamonds of all different sizes.

DIANE

Nice Joey.

JOEY

In fact I've already had one  
made into a ring for you,  
would you like to see it?

DIANE

Damn, you're such a sweet guy.

JOEY

OK, here goes.

Joey waves his hand to the WAITER at the bar, who waits for his signal. The waiter brings a bottle of champagne with 2 glasses, sits a small plastic table in the sand, pops the cork and pours the bubbly.

As the waiter walks away, three MEXICANS dressed in beach wear come and position themselves in front of the couple. ONE has a violin, ONE a guitar and ONE a bass. As they start to play,

DIANE

(weak)

I love you Joey.

He reaches into his bathing suit and pulls out a small box, then drops it in front of Diane on his knees.

DIANE

(breathes hard)

What are you doing Joey?

JOEY

Diane, ever since we met, I've been crazy about you. I was afraid I was going to lose you. But you came here to be with me which showed just how much you love me.

As he talks, the Band plays light, romantic music. Several PEOPLE come over to watch the band and what Joey is doing.

JOEY

You gave up everything and came here to start a new life with me.

(Diane's eyes well)

I love everything about you,  
your smile, your walk, your  
smell, the way you carry  
yourself, the way we have so  
much fun together. You changed  
my life, I never want to chance  
losing you again.

He opens the box and holds up the ring.

Diane Ryan, will you marry me?

Diane bursts out in tears, hardly able to speak. Once she calms down, and in a very controlled voice.

DIANE

Wow, uh, Joey, yes, yes, yes!

She holds up her hand, Joey pulls her up, places the ring on her finger. The crowd applauds as she and Joey embrace each other tight, both in tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. COZUMEL HIGHWAY HECTOR'S VAN NIGHT

Hector is alone, bopping to a radio station, he sings along. He looks in his rearview mirror, a car has been following him, 200 yards back. He pulls into the motel driveway and stops, watches a taxi drive by.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL BEACH BAR DAY

Hector sits at a table at the outdoor bar, enjoys a cool frozen drink.

As he daydreams, he notices the couple that sits next to him enjoying their drinks. It is Joey and Diane, in disguise.

HECTOR

So how do you like it here?

JOEY

We absolutely love it here,  
it's a perfect location,  
secluded, beautiful beach,  
gorgeous water. In fact, we're  
going to buy this place, we've  
already made a deal with the  
owner, agreed on a price. We  
sign the contract next week.

HECTOR

(shocked)

You must be mistaken senor.  
Julio and I have already made  
a deal for me to buy this place.

JOEY

You must be Hector, he told us  
about you. When we offered to  
pay him three hundred thousand  
more than you, he jumped. Sorry  
Hector, business is business.

HECTOR

This is bullshit, I'll have a  
talk with him, I wouldn't plan  
on buying this place yet.

JOEY

I'll tell you what Hector, I'll  
let you set up a stand down by  
the road, you can sell corn out  
of it. You like corn, don't you  
Hector?

(Hector looks confused)

But one other thing Hector, no  
selling drugs, we can't have  
that around here.

HECTOR

Who the hell are you?

As Hector stands up, Joey and Diane strip off their  
disguises. Hector laughs loud.

HECTOR

Damn Joey, you had me going.

They embrace, sit back down.

HECTOR

I thought I'd never see you again Joey. When you didn't show up with my drugs, I wanted to kill you. But giving them to Uncle Al, that was clever Joey, very good.  
So how do you like this place?

JOEY

We love it here Hector, have no desire to leave. I hope you would consider me as a business partner and we talk could about that new hotel.

HECTOR

Joey. I would love that, we can get started tomorrow and work out the details. Until then, let's drink and celebrate.

As they talk, a man walks to them, stops 5 feet from their table. The shot is from the back of the man, we can't see who it is. All 3 look up at him, shocked. He has a gun under his beltline.

DON

I thought I'd join you all for a drink. You don't mind having a drink with me, do you Diane. After all, I've come such a long way to see you.

DIANE

How in the hell.....

DON

Did I find out? It's amazing how a cop will spill his guts over free drinks.  
I just followed your boy down here, I really enjoyed the

drive.

DIANE

But why, how did..

DON

Oh, you didn't know? Your friend here, Hector I believe, he's the one that put me in the hospital. This little prick, Joey, had him do it.

DIANE

I'm sorry, I didn't know.

HECTOR

I'm sorry too, sorry we didn't put you out of your fucking misery.

DON

Did the 3 of you really think you'd get away with this? Diane, you know me better than that.

Don puts his hand on the gun.

DON

Let's continue this over there.

Don nods toward a thick grove of trees. They get up and head toward the trees, Don follows at a safe distance.

THICK GROVE OF TREES - CONTINUED

DON

Joey, what did I tell you?  
(Joey stares)  
C'mon Joey don't you remember?  
Let me refresh your memory. I told you if you ever saw Diane again I was going to kill you, and her. Does that ring a bell?

DIANE

Don, this is way overboard,

you..

DON

Shut the fuck up you little bitch. All I wanted was one more chance, but no, you said I ran out of chances.  
So, I know, now, you want just one more chance. Well fuck you, you ran out of chances.

He points the gun at Diane, cocks the trigger.

Hector charges him, screams. Don shoots Hector, Hector drops, wounded and moaning.

DON

Gee, that was fun! Let's do it again. Let me think, who's next, Diane or Joey, Joey or Diane.

Don points the gun back and forth between Joey and Diane. He stops the gun, aimed at Joey.

DON

I guess it's you lover boy.

Don cocks the trigger, aims, BOOM, a gunshot. Joey still stands, looks at his stomach.

Blood trickles from Don's mouth, he drops to his knees, falls forward, dead.

Julio is 10 feet away, still aiming his gun, his hand shakes.

INSERT BLACK SCREEN - ONE YEAR LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL BEACH DAY

Joey, Hector and Diane stand on the beach, they look at the spectacular hotel they have built. It is everything they had dreamed it would be, 4 stories high, a beautiful pool

with waterfalls and spectacular outdoor Tiki bar. In the water is a sixty foot dock and a forty foot fishing boat.

HECTOR

Well partner they're waiting  
for you two, let's get started.

Hector and Joey walk between the 5 rows of chairs set up in the sand, filled with PEOPLE, a PASTOR waits up front. Once up front, they turn around and face Diane.

The same three musicians start to play and Julio escorts Diane to join Joey. They now stand together in front.

PASTOR

We are gathered here today....

FADE OUT