



TARTAN ROSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT: - TARTAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A minimalist bedroom. Cream color walls, two old style windows with cherry wood moldings and long green sheers move gently with a light wind. Morning sun shining through.

A chrome rack with a woman's clothes hanging on it to the left of the doorway. An emerald green shaggy carpet with a bed in the center of the room. Green blanket, no frame, and two people laying in it, still touching after making love.

A gray, zip up hooded sweatshirt with the embellishment "Litchburg Firefighter Local 1877" on the back, dropped on the floor.

A large owl sconce with a red candle in it hangs on the far right wall above a small closet. A framed print of Dali's "The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus" hangs on the far right wall. An old fashioned pull string, hangs from a white globe light fixture.

TARTAN (30s) runs her fingers through RYAN'S (30s) medium length, outgrown , wavy hair with a puzzled look on her face. She touches his face with familiarity and affection.

TARTAN

Why are you here? I thought you hated me?

RYAN smiles. His deep set eyes, fresh face and freckled skin fuel TARTAN'S disbelief as she examines him. RYAN brushes a few autumn leaves off the bed. TARTAN watches them fall, and looks at RYAN.

RYAN

Do you believe in ghosts?

The ring of an old rotary phone sounds.
(End Dream)

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

TARTAN wakes up from the sound of her cell phone. She is laying in the same bed, her only companion being her black cat, Mercy. The room is the same minus Ryan's sweatshirt and the bedspread is different; expensive, white silk, with lavender flower print all over it. There is now a side table with a lamp to the right side of the bed. The floor length curtains match the lavender in the bedspread. TARTAN looks at the screen of her phone and sees the name MASON.

MASON GROSS is a police detective in his early thirties. He and TARTAN are friends and on occasion colleagues. MASON has humor in his movement and a cavalier attitude. His morality is hung on the police Chief and TARTAN.

TARTAN answers the phone, she puts it on speaker while she wakes up.

TARTAN
(Stretching)
Yeah.

MASON
Are you up?

TARTAN
(she wipes her eyes)
I am now.

MASON
I'll be there in ten minutes. We have a murder at the Elliot Terrace Apartments on Viscoloid Dr.

TARTAN
(Yawning, tired eyes opening)
And what does that have to do with me?

MASON
Orders from your buddy the chief. She wants you there. The kid who found him is babbling over and over. The chief wants you to try and get a name from him. He refuses to talk to us. Typical firefighter.

TARTAN is silent, thinking about her dream.

TARTAN
(She is yawning)
Fine. Good thing I showered last night. I'll be ready.

MASON
Double shot espresso, black?

TARTAN
(Frustration getting out of bed)
Espresso is always black, MASON.

MASON
Yea yea yea, I know. Those little
(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)
details always escape me.

TARTAN
Good thing being a police
detective doesn't require you to
pay attention to the little
details.

MASON
You're salty this morning.
Did you have one of "your" dreams?

TARTAN walks out of her bedroom, through the dark living room to the small bathroom and pulls the dangling white cord to put on the light. A large claw-foot tub to her right and the toilet to her left. Its a tight squeeze.

TARTAN
Probably not. But you know I never
know until after.

TARTAN looks at herself in the medicine cabinet mirror.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
I'll see you in 10.

TARTAN hangs up the phone and sets it on the fuzzy purple toilet seat cover.

Looking into the reflection of her bright blue eyes, finger combing her shoulder length dark brown hair.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
Magic mirror on the wall (beat)
what the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY OF TARTAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING

TARTAN walks down the steep stairs in the pale green/gray hallway of her two family apartment building. She's wearing a dark, heavy cardigan, loose blue jeans cuffed over well worn black boots with hot pink laces to match the knit scarf around her neck. She moves quickly, holding onto the old fashioned wooden railing, to the front door leading outside. A set of steep concrete stairs lead to the street.

MASON is sitting in a Ford Bronco Litchburg Police Department cruiser, parked at the bottom of the concrete stairs.

MASON has light brown hair and a tall, healthy physique.

INT: POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

TARTAN gets into the cruiser.

MASON takes one of the two disposable coffee cups out of the holder and hands it to TARTAN. TARTAN puts on her seat-belt and takes the cup. MASON drives away.

TARTAN
So, what's with the company car?

MASON
My truck is in the shop.
Alternator shit the bed. So, I'm
riding full 5-0 today.

TARTAN drinks her espresso and MASON looks at her. The darkness of autumn morning and the colorful trees whisk by the car window.

MASON (CONT'D)
Are you going to tell me about
your dream? I could hear in your
voice it had you agitated.

TARTAN looks at the plastic cover on her cup. She studies the coffee stain on the drinking lip.

TARTAN
I was agitated that you woke me up
out of it.

MASON with eyes wide open, brows raised is genuinely curious.

MASON
Now you "have" to tell me what it
was.

Empty cars running in driveways and at curbs, exhaust and steam coming from the tailpipes, warming up for the morning commute, litter the working class streets.

TARTAN
I dreamed I was in bed with RYAN\
He asked me if I believe in ghosts.
Then you called and woke me up.

MASON looks at TARTAN without surprise. Her insight is an asset to the police department. He doesn't hesitate to put logic to her intuitive dream.

MASON
The victim was found by his
neighbor. A 25 year old kid who's
a DE for the Litchburg Fire
Department.

TARTAN'S intuition is high. MASON is careful to call it "insight" or he will get a lecture.

TARTAN ignores any indication of dream fulfillment.

TARTAN
A driver? That young?

MASON
The benefit of knowing exactly what you want to do your whole life. He comes from a line of Firefighters. Dad, grandad; you know the drill. Maybe that's why you dreamed of RYAN. He's a legacy firefighter, like RYAN.
(Beat)

TARTAN ignores the mention of RYAN.

MASON (CONT'D)
Chief wants you to talk to him. He won't talk to the uniforms.

TARTAN
I'm sure they're using their usual method of accusation and insensitivity to try and get the story straight. The kid's probably in shock.

MASON
He better get a tougher skin if he's staying in the family business.

TARTAN gives MASON a soft toned lecture.

TARTAN
It's an entirely different thing to process when you see someone you know or care about dead. You know that. And he's a 25 year old kid. Mortality doesn't really enter the mind, until you're faced with your own.

MASON
I know you're right.

MASON hoping she will respond.

MASON (CONT'D)
But the whole thing with your dream, and a young firefighter (beat) I mean, come on. That's a
(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)
weird coincidence.

EXT: ELLIOTT TERRACE APARTMENTS PARKING LOT

There are numerous police cruisers in the parking lot and the Coroner's van. The flashing lights break the darkness of this November morning, and shine on the faces of bystanders waiting for a glimpse of the tragedy. TARTAN looks out the passenger window, as they drive into the parking lot.

TARTAN
Leave it alone, MASON.

MASON continues to push the issue.

MASON
When was the last time you even
saw RYAN?

TARTAN speaks quickly and without a hint of emotion.

TARTAN
Last time I saw him was 3 years
ago, through the windowed walls of the
laundromat down on Sun Ave. He was
laughing with someone. He looked
happy. The light changed and I drove
away.

TARTAN brings in logic.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
It was five years ago today he
proposed to me and I said no. I'm sure
that's why I was being haunted.

MASON
(Smarmy)
And why did you say no again?

MASON raises his eyebrows again with a persnickety expression.

MASON (CONT'D)
Because of a dream?

TARTAN opens the car door and gets out.

TARTAN
Yes. And that was the last time we
spoke or were in the same room.

TARTAN slams the car door. She wants to avoid any further conversation about the past or the dream.

CUT TO:

EXT: ELLIOTT TERRACE APARTMENTS - MORNING

TARTAN follows behind MASON, across the parking lot with a border of pine trees. They walk up the black iron staircase towards apartment #46. The scene of the crime.

November leaves from dead trees on the side of the staircase attach themselves to TARTAN'S cardigan. She brushes them off, her dream in her mind written all over her face.

The apartment complex is institutional, pretending to be stylish.

TARTAN

What is it I'm here for again?

MASON

Nick Baldwin, the victim's neighbor. He found Hunter Miller, the victim, with a gunshot to the forehead. He and the victim were friends. Both work overnights. Nick's a DE with Fire and Mr. Miller is night manager at the Thunderbird Motel. They had beers together a couple mornings a week. Apparently, Mr. Baldwin went to Mr. Miller's apartment with a couple beers when he got home at 7am this morning.

TARTAN looks at MASON in recognition with the mention of THE THUNDERBIRD MOTEL. A popular rent by the hour facility.

On the outdoor platform of the fourth floor, Elliot Terrace Apartments stand a collection of uniformed police officers laughing like they're around a water cooler.

The EMTs are standing in wait for the coroner. TARTAN is irritated at the usual heartless candor of the uniformed police officers. She walks through them past the murder scene to Nick Baldwin's apartment #42.

COP #1

(Smug, young, sarcastic)
 Make way for the expert.(beat)
 Hey, what's it like to get paid to talk to people? Do you need a license for that?

Two police officers laugh with Cop #1. TARTAN doesn't look at him while she walks past, through the doorway of NICK BALDWIN'S apartment.

TARTAN

(To Cop #1)

You can leave now. I'm sure you've done everything you could possibly do to make my job harder.

MASON

Go back to the station and let our behavioral analyst do her job, please.

INT: NICK BALDWIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

An early 80's generic architecture style and mute earth tone colors. Shag wall to wall, multi-tone brown carpet. Some pictures of family hang on the wall and the coffee table has a large crystal ashtray full of hard candy.

Cop#2 stands up when she sees TARTAN .

COP #2

He's pretty shaken up. He's not making a lot of sense. Maybe you can figure it out. He just keeps shaking and saying "*Hunter was murdered.*" Mr. Baldwin found the victim.

NICK BALDWIN- a handsome, young man, dark hair, dark eyes, dark skin; shaken and upset, sitting at the edge of his baby blue couch. He is in Litchburg High School sweatpants, no shirt, no shoes or socks. He is shivering from fear and cold air from the open front door.

Cop #2 looks at TARTAN with indignation and walks out the front door of the apartment. TARTAN walks to and stands in front of Nick. She notices a small, black TATTOO on the upper left section of his chest. She leans forward in front of Nick and uses a non patronizing tone.

TARTAN

St. Florian. The patron saint of firefighters. An inspired choice for a tattoo.

Nick snaps out of his shocked grief trance. He touches the tattoo on his chest.

NICK

How did you know who St. Florian
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

is?

TARTAN

Someone very special to me is a firefighter. And theology is a hobby.

NICK

My grandfather was a firefighter. He died when I was a baby. When I passed the civil service test my grandmother gave me my grandfather's medal, promising I'd never take it off. But you can't wear any jewelry. Safety regs being different now. So I got a tattoo of the medal.

TARTAN

Your grandmother must have been touched at how much you love her.

(Beat)

Nick, would you mind if I went into your bedroom to find you something warm to put on?

Nick is subdued.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

Or if you'd rather, why don't you come with me so I don't rummage in places I shouldn't be.

Nick stands up. His eyes are still swollen from tears while he walks in front of TARTAN leading her to his bedroom, through the small, deco style, kitchenette.

INT: NICK BALDWIN'S BEDROOM

The bedroom is plain with some high school athlete trophies, and various pieces of clothing hanging over a small weight bench. TARTAN notices the "Litchburg FD" sweatshirt on the floor. Nick picks it up and puts it on. He follows with socks and sneakers. All the time he is talking to TARTAN. She listens looking at the lettering on the sweatshirt. It gives her an uneasy feeling. She fights it internally.

NICK

(Voice still shaky)

Those lazy, fucking cops out there are going to try and sweep this under the rug.

Nick catches himself.

NICK (CONT'D)
You're not a cop are you?

TARTAN
God, no.

NICK
But you work with them?

TARTAN
Sometimes.

NICK
So then you get what I'm saying.
They sweep it under the rug,
because it's less hassle. He's
just a night manager at a motel.
No family, so what the fuck does
he matter? Right?

Nick is angry with grief. He sits on the edge of his bed. MASON yells walking through the small kitchenette.

MASON
TARTAN! TARTAN!

He peaks around the corner from the kitchenette. He leans his hand on the refrigerator and looks into the doorway.

TARTAN looks up at him with slight irritation.

MASON (CONT'D)
Mr. Baldwin's battalion chief will
be here in a few minutes to pick
him up and take him to
the station shrink. And I need to talk
to you alone.

TARTAN
Okay, MASON.
(To Nick)
I'll be right back.

TARTAN walks into the kitchen to talk to MASON.

INT: NICK BALDWIN'S KITCHEN

TARTAN and MASON talk low and quiet.

TARTAN
What?

MASON
They found an etched bullet shell
under the sofa in the victim's
apartment.

TARTAN

It's not just marks from discharge?

MASON

No. It's a custom etch. Forensics thinks it the victims trinket, because you can't etch live ammo.

TARTAN

Yes you can. With a bullet puller and acid. You just reassemble the bullet once the etch is done. But it's an expensive luxury. Forensics is probably right. This is a street thug kind of crime.

MASON

How do you know these things?

TARTAN

I know someone who...lets just leave it at that.

MASON

(Squints brow)

I'm going to be in the truck. Whenever you're ready...

MASON walks away. TARTAN nods and waves.

CUT TO:

EXT: ELLIOTT TERRACE APARTMENTS

MASON walks down the stairs of the Elliot Terrace Apartments; through the parking lot, gets into his cruiser. He takes his phone out of his pants pocket and resumes a game. He misses the battalion chief walk by the front of his cruiser.

CUT TO:

INT: NICK'S BEDROOM

TARTAN stands in the doorway of Nick's bedroom, half way into the kitchenette.

TARTAN

Nick, do me a favor. Pack a small bag, with enough clothes for a couple of days. Call your grandmother and ask her if she wants some company. Tell your BC to bring you there, after you see the in-house shrink. The police will be there to take your statement.

(MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)

The shrink is going to tell you to take a few days off. It would be best if you aren't here for those days.

NICK

(Head down; emotionally exhausted)

Okay.

Nick calls his grandmother and TARTAN walks from the kitchenette to the living room. A uniformed officer leans into the doorway of the living room from outside.

COP #3

The BC is here. Should I send him in?

TARTAN

(looking around the room)

Yes, thank you.

RYAN HAYES - The battalion chief walks into the living room and sees TARTAN standing in the center of the room. He's stricken immobile. Frozen just over the threshold of the doorway. TARTAN looks over to see RYAN standing in front of her. His dark red curls are tamed, short, shaped, complimented by a black pea-coat and blue jeans. His face is mature; freckles faded with age and the elements of the job, his eyes blue and fixed on TARTAN.

TARTAN is mute. Her mouth slightly opened and she takes a deep, slow breath through her nose. They are both overcome with surprise and uncertainty. RYAN breaks the silence.

RYAN

(takes a slow deep breath)

Hi TARTAN.

TARTAN

Hi RYAN.

TARTAN and RYAN have forced themselves to become strangers.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

So (beat)you're still a fireman.

RYAN

So, I'm still a fireman. What are you doing here, TARTAN?

TARTAN

(Fighting nervousness with composure)

I'm with MASON. Your DE is pretty
(MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)
shaken up. His friend
was murdered. MAGGIE thought...

RYAN
(He cuts TARTAN off)
I get it. I heard you were working
with the cops. I've got to get him to
the shrink and have him make his
statement to the detectives.

TARTAN
(trying to keep
communication
moving forward)
Battalion Chief. Congratulations.
I know...I remember how much
you wanted that position when you
were a DE.

TARTAN is trying to ward off nervousness. It is not discomfort
between them, it is regret, attraction, animosity and
unpreparedness.

RYAN
(False apathy)
I wanted a lot of things when I
was a DE.

TARTAN pauses for a couple seconds.

TARTAN
I had Nick pack a bag. It's not a
good idea for him to sleep here.

RYAN
(Animosity rises in him)
You're right. He might have a bad
dream and throw his life away.

TARTAN
Instincts are as important as any
other tool in life. Dreams are an
extension of that.

RYAN
I believe in instinct. I don't believe
in ghosts.

All nervousness left TARTAN. The morning dream has come to its
form of fruition. She knows defending her decision is as
pointless now as it was then.

CUT TO:

INT: NICK'S KITCHENETTE

Nick scrambles in his refrigerator and grabs a six pack of expensive beer (2 missing out of the pack), and puts it in a plastic grocery bag. He sets it on the small, foe marble counter.

On top of the refrigerator he picks up a prescription for Halcion. He puts the pill bottle in his sweatshirt pocket. He walks into the thick emotion in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

RYAN
(To Nick)
You ready, Balzie?

Nick reads the room while he fiddles with his hair. His own despair takes over.

NICK
(Through tears)
Yeah.

Nick walks toward the door where RYAN is standing and suddenly stops.

NICK (CONT'D)
I forgot my beer in the kitchen.

TARTAN sees an opportunity. RYAN'S eyes never leave her.

TARTAN
I'll grab it. I'm closer to the kitchen. Why don't you explain to Chief Hayes what the game plan is.

RYAN cracks a smile.

RYAN
(Talking to Nick, in light sarcasm)
Okay Balzie, why don't you tell me about this plan Ms. Rose has for you.

RYAN looks at TARTAN with a nervous curiosity.

RYAN (CONT'D)
It's still Ms. Rose, isn't it?

TARTAN
Of course it is.

TARTAN, smiles, mouth closed, turns and walks into the kitchenette. She allows her face to show its true reaction now that RYAN can't see her.

INT: NICK'S KITCHENETTE

TARTAN is overcome. She is breathing deeply, fighting for intellectual control of her emotion. She hears Nick and RYAN discuss the plan to bring Nick to his grandmothers after giving his statement and scans every corner of this small kitchen space looking for a piece of paper. She spots a magnetic pad and marker on the refrigerator.

She writes fast:

INSERT - THE NOTE

*Do you remember where I keep the
key? T*

TARTAN folds the note three times, making a small square. She writes on the outside of the note: "R."

TARTAN puts the note into the plastic bag with the beer. TARTAN walks back into the living room.

INT: NICK'S LIVING ROOM

TARTAN walks to the front door leading outside where RYAN and Nick stand and hands Nick the bag.

TARTAN
MASON and I are going to check in
on you in a couple days. Do me a
favor while you decompress?

NICK
(Still distraught
but more lucid)
Sure. What?

TARTAN
Think about who might have wanted
to hurt your friend.

Nick's demeanor and body language makes it clear to TARTAN that he knows exactly who did this to his friend. She realizes he's not just upset, he's afraid.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
Bye, RYAN.

RYAN says nothing while he watches TARTAN walk away, out of the apartment and toward the staircase. She looks back to make sure he's watching her and smiles. There is still an attraction. There is no question of that.

CUT TO:

INT: MASON'S POLICE CRUISER

TARTAN gets into the passenger side. She is irritated with MASON, still playing his game. She slaps him hard on the arm.

MASON

Oww! What the fuck?

TARTAN

Thanks for the heads up, asshole.

TARTAN points towards the parking lot. Through the front windshield MASON and TARTAN watch RYAN and Nick walk to RYAN'S truck. MASON is surprised.

MASON

Holy shit. I thought he was working a couple towns away? He must be back at LFD. Sorry.

CUT TO:

INT: RYAN'S TRUCK - NIGHT - 7PM

RYAN leaves the fire station. His shift is over. He drives his black 2009 Dodge Ram truck out of the Fire station lot and onto the dark and quiet streets of Litchburg. The streetlights are off. He looks angrily at the dark street lights.

RYAN

Why not risk a few murders, arson and looting as long as you get your place on The Vineyard, by stealing all the money you save from not using streetlights. Fucking pieces of shit.

He stops at a red traffic light. He sees a little red spider, no bigger than a nickel, crawl out of his vent onto his dashboard. The black interior of the truck serves as a perfect background for spotting this flamboyant creature.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(To the spider)

Trying to avoid the cold, little guy?

He watches the spider make its way to the passenger side floor. The red traffic light shone onto the white plastic bag Nick left shoved deep under the dash on the passenger side floor.

He leans forward and pulls the bag out placing it on the passenger seat with care for the spider sitting on it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That kid would forget his head if it wasn't attached. Looks like Balzie's buying me a beer tonight.

The light changes green and RYAN drives, while pulling a beer out of the bag. His focus on the road allows missing the note fall out of the bag onto the seat. He puts the beer between his legs and takes a red disposable lighter from his cup holder, pops the beer cap off with it and tosses the lighter and the beer cap into the cup holder. Steering the truck with his knees, he takes his first drink. He tips the beer to the spider to offer it a drink; raises his eyebrows; purses lips in reply to the spider's silence as he takes another drink.

Placing the beer between his legs, again. He turns the radio on. *The Scorpions "Still Loving You"* is in the second verse. He leaves it on.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(Exhales laugh)

Ain't that the truth, little spider.
But what am I supposed to do?

(he drinks)

She used to say we were twin flames.
She'd say that to a firefighter.
Doomed from the start.

The spider walks its way to the edge of the bag nearest the note. RYAN stops at a red light at a four way intersection. He guzzles the beer and puts it back in the bag and takes another one. Moving his focus back and forth between the road and the bag, careful to not disturb the spider.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Almost home, little guy. I'll put you
in my rock garden. You'll love it
there. Lots of moss and bugs. You'll
live like a king, my friend.

He notices the note on the seat and drops the beer back into the bag. He picks up the note, looking it over, sees "R" written on it. His heart jumps; he breathes in deep and exhales quick. He knows the writing is TARTAN'S. A car horn beeps behind him giving him a start. He drives, note in hand and pulls over into a gas station. He opens the note and reads it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You better hold on.

RYAN drives out of the parking lot and through a changing light.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BATHROOM - SHOWER

TARTAN is wrapped in a dark green, plush towel. She has another identical towel on her head, rapidly towel drying her hair.

She leaves the towel on the top of the toilet bowl and looks at her reflection in the mirror. Her brown hair is wild. She brushes it back, one side at a time.

CUT TO:

EXT: TARTAN'S HOUSE - BACK DRIVEWAY

RYAN drives into the narrow, inclined driveway. He rushes out of the truck.

Through the drivers window we see the spider making it's way back to the vent. His job is done.

CUT TO:

EXT: TARTAN'S BACK PORCH

RYAN stands catching his breath from running the flight of stairs to TARTAN'S porch. He sees the hanging Death Blue Thistle plant to the right side of the door. He pops the small stand-like bottom off the plant holder and in it sits a key. He takes the key and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BATHROOM

TARTAN looks in the mirror and notices her age.

TARTAN
(To her reflection)
Magic mirror on the wall, can't you
lie to me once in a while?

TARTAN takes her white plush terry robe off the hanger on the door and puts it on, over her towel. She does not tie the robe. She exits the bathroom.

INT: TARTAN'S KITCHEN

TARTAN walks into the kitchen, to make her way to her bedroom. To the left is the rest of the kitchen and back door. To the right is the hallway to her bedroom. She stands in the short hallway that connects the three. She walks right.

TARTAN calls to her cat.

TARTAN
Ready for bed, Mercy?

RYAN stands in the kitchen petting Mercy, who is sitting on the worn, dark wood table. The key sits next to her.

RYAN
How do you tell when a cat is tired?

TARTAN whips her body around fast. She is elated. Neither moves. They stand in their spots, waiting for the other to move. RYAN notices the crack in the window on the far right wall (his right her left). It was a crack he made when he threw the Scottish sapphire engagement ring, when she refused his proposal, due to a dream. TARTAN is still silent. Looking at him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You still haven't fixed that window?

TARTAN
I didn't break it.

RYAN
(Smirk in the corner of his mouth)
Yes you did.

TARTAN knows what he means. RYAN wants to move toward her. But still he waits for the right moment.

Music fades in. *Apparat - "Soap and Skin."*

TARTAN
I didn't know how to fix it.

RYAN
Yes you did.

They both stand in a test of wills. Each waiting for the other to move first.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Why did you write that note?

TARTAN stands, hair still damp, breathing silently, but deeply. Making eye contact. There's vulnerability in her body language.

TARTAN
Because you wanted me to.

RYAN takes off his coat, slowly. He hangs it over an aged metal kitchen chair pushed against the table.

RYAN
 (To Mercy, while patting
 her)
 Keep an eye on this for me.

RYAN walks fast to TARTAN and sweeps her off her feet. TARTAN laughs. He carries her to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

They are kissing as he carries her down the small hallway to the bedroom. They make love slowly, passionately. Never disconnected, always kissing. Her hands hold his face and her fingers sewn into the thickness of his curls. RYAN submits to her touch. He catches himself for a second. The pain of the past pollutes his mind. TARTAN sees it in his eyes.

TARTAN
 (Holding his face)
 The past is only imagination now. This
 is real.

He relinquishes resentment with a loud hard breath and falls into her entirely. They continue to make love. Unbounded and embraced.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

RYAN lays on his right side, still sleeping. TARTAN also on her right side props herself up a bit. She notices a tattoo on RYAN'S left arm that she has never seen. She leans forward, examining the tattoo. A black rose with a thorny stem and one plaid petal nestled in the center of full bloom black petals. Four black petals fall from the rose into a sea of flames, where the rose stands. Each falling black petal has a blue letter on it. The letters are "D" "E" "N" "W."

TARTAN touches RYAN'S tattoo. He awakens quickly as a firefighter would. RYAN'S eyes are not focused, he's blinking hard turning his head towards TARTAN .

RYAN
 What? What?

TARTAN smiles and touches his arm.

TARTAN
 Nothing. Everything is fine. I was
 just looking at this tattoo that's
 appeared since last I've touched
 these naked arms.

She is affectionate and kisses the tattoo. He rests his head on the pillow again. Eyes closed, smiling. Letting her adore him. She traces the letters on the petals.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
And these letters on these falling petals?

RYAN
My buddies that died in the convent fire five years ago.

RYAN turns and lays on his back. Eyes fixed with TARTAN'S.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You know the one I'm talking about.

TARTAN doesn't take the bait. Her finger traces the plaid petal.

TARTAN
And what is this petal?

RYAN
You.

TARTAN
Me? I'm a petal in your death rose?

RYAN smiles.

RYAN
Your petal isn't black because you were gone, but not dead. You're in the rose because you were the reason I wasn't there. (Beat)
Deaths as a result of my being on a three day bender. If I had been there...

TARTAN stops him abruptly. She is angry at the insinuation and her eyes become fierce.

TARTAN
If you had been there you'd be dead. I could smell the flesh burning from your bones and hear your screams and when my dreams are that vivid, the only way to stop them is to listen to them. And in the dream, if I said yes to your proposal you would burn.

RYAN puts his hand on her neck, to cradle her head and he pulls her to him. He embraces her as she lays into him.

Though he comforts her, he still believes he should have been there and it shows on his face.

RYAN

We'll never know. But we're here now.

TARTAN breathes him in and closes her eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So. What are we doing today?

TARTAN smiles, pushes her head into his body, using it to scratch her forehead. She rears her upper body. They are facing each other.

TARTAN

We?

RYAN

Yea. I've got the next three days off. So again, what are we doing today?

TARTAN kisses him and rolls to her back. She gets off the bed, takes her robe from the floor and puts it on. She goes into her closet, fixed with shelves and small baskets. She takes underwear and bra from a small basket. There is a medium sized, plastic storage box tucked at the bottom of the closet. It's marked in large black letters, "Mum's stuff."

RYAN watches her get dressed, as if they've never been apart.

TARTAN

I had planned to talk to Nick. To get some more information on what he might think happened.

RYAN

The last thing I want to do is deal with Balzie when I'm not working.

TARTAN

Well, that's what I'm doing today. He knows more than he's saying. I could see it written all over him. And if you're with me, he might be easier to open up. Also, you know where he is, so that's helpful.

TARTAN takes the jeans hanging from the door hook. She grabs a black t-shirt and green pullover sweater from her closet. She continues to get dressed.

RYAN
 (With dramatic parody)
 Are you saying you just want to
 use me?

RYAN gets out of bed, boxers on. Walks over to TARTAN and embraces her from behind. They are natural with each other. His hands are around her waist. TARTAN'S hair brushing his neck and her hand moves up the back of his head.

TARTAN teases RYAN.

TARTAN
 If you wouldn't mind, there's a
 window in the kitchen that needs
 fixing.

He laughs and slaps her in the ass (playfully), and walks toward the bathroom.

RYAN
 I gotta take a piss, then we'll
 leave.

RYAN yells from the bathroom. TARTAN is noticeably affected at RYAN'S cavalier attitude. There are things he doesn't know and it shows in her face.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 I'm going to use your toothbrush,
 okay?

TARTAN darts towards the hallway and into the bathroom doorway.

BATHROOM

TARTAN
 (Yells)
 No!

CUT TO:

INT: MRS. BALDWIN' HOUSE - NICK BALDWIN'S GRANDMOTHER -
 LATER THAT MORNING

RYAN and TARTAN sit in a warm, bright colored living room. Different shades of yellow inhabit the area. The room is tasteful and traditional. They wait on a light green loveseat. TARTAN fidgets with a pillow that resembles a large sunflower bloom.

MRS. BALDWIN - a smartly dressed black woman in her late 60s. She is strong in mind and body. She sits in a pale yellow and cream striped, high back parlor chair. She is wearing open toe slippers, legs crossed.

All three wait for Nick, who is upstairs.

TARTAN

Thank you for letting us talk to Nick in your home. I think Nick being comfortable and feeling safe is the best thing for him right now.

MRS. BALDWIN

It's my pleasure. Your father was a good man. He did a lot for the kids in this city. A lot more than any politician or city organizer has ever done. Nicky and the rest of my grandchildren wouldn't have had any safe places to play if it wasn't for the parks your father paid for. Because no one else was going to. Especially not with the money they got to build parks in this community. They're too busy using the money to plant trees to shade their vacation homes.

TARTAN is flattered at the mention of her father.

TARTAN

Thank you for saying that. I know he would have been touched at the thought of anyone remembering him.

MRS. BALDWIN

He and your mother were wonderful people. Just wonderful. Your mother with that wild red hair and that fierce laugh; she lit the world around her. (beat) I worked for the Third Street community center in those days, and when the mayor or city organizers would turn us down for the funding we needed, your parents gave us the money, and your mother would make sure everyone in town knew about it.

TARTAN is not at all shocked by the story. RYAN listens intently.

TARTAN

My mother was certainly a character.

MRS. BALDWIN

She was an angry angel. Love in her heart and fire in her soul.

(MORE)

MRS. BALDWIN (CONT'D)
She was a force.

Mrs. Baldwin looks at TARTAN with honest sympathy.

MRS. BALDWIN (CONT'D)
When I heard they had died, my
heart sank. All those people
dying, on that boat, that
fire; you could smell it all over
town.

TARTAN looks at the floor, in memory as RYAN recants the
accident.

RYAN
The motor was most likely leaking
for years. The fuel had been
building up in the saltwater
sitting in the bilge. It was
essentially a pool of kerosene,
and when they started the motor to
come back to shore it ignited the
bilge. And with the alcohol on
board, and the electrical system,
it...

RYAN'S recollection is interrupted.

MRS. BALDWIN
You know a lot about the accident.

RYAN
I was on that call. That's how we
met.

RYAN puts his hand on TARTAN'S, looking at her with a
sympathetic smile. TARTAN is receptive to his closeness, but
her mind is distracted. Mrs. Baldwin has a look of intrigue on
her face and adjusts herself in her chair.

MRS. BALDWIN
Love born from loss. You're a
romantic, like your father.

TARTAN
(Smiles)
Thank you.

Nick walks into the room, wearing a tank top undershirt and
running shorts. His grandmother is not pleased with his
appearance.

MRS. BALDWIN
Get your behind back into that
(MORE)

MRS. BALDWIN (CONT'D)
 bedroom and put a shirt on. Your boss
 and a lady come here to talk to you
 and not only do you make them wait
 while you take a long shower, but
 you're half dressed.

NICK
 But Grammy, I was just...

Mrs. Baldwin looks at Nick and says nothing. He walks to the
 bedroom to put a shirt on. TARTAN smiles.

MRS. BALDWIN
 He's a good boy. He just needs to
 start acting like a good man and
 have as much respect for the
 people around him as he does for
 his abs.

TARTAN and RYAN laugh appropriately. TARTAN looks at her with
 affection. RYAN moves his hand behind TARTAN to the small of
 her back. Only RYAN and TARTAN know this is happening.

Nick comes back into the living room with an over shirt on. He
 sits on the overstuffed arm of the chair his grandmother sits
 in. They have a loving relationship. TARTAN questions Nick.

TARTAN
 You look like you're feeling
 better, Nick. I was wondering if
 maybe you'd be able to help me?

NICK
 Help you with what?

TARTAN looks at Nick, stultified by the coyness.

TARTAN
 Who killed your friend, Nick?

Nick is afraid. He looks at RYAN for reassurance that his
 silence is the best move. Instead RYAN looks at him to answer
 the question.

NICK
 I don't know. I found Hunter. I didn't
 see anyone. There wasn't anyone else
 there.

TARTAN looks at him again, same sentiment as before.

TARTAN
 I didn't ask you what you saw. I
 asked you who killed your friend.
 And I think you know. Call it
 (MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)
 intuition, but I get the feeling
 you know exactly who murdered your
 friend. 'What if?' is looming all
 around you.

TARTAN 's movement is slow as she leans forward, conscious of
 every movement. RYAN watches her.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
 Hunter Miller is dead. Someone came
 into his apartment, and shot him in
 the head. The only thing they took
 from him was his life. This was
 not a crime of opportunity. This was
 an execution. So, I'll ask you
 again...Who killed Hunter, Nick?

Mrs. Baldwin puts her hand on Nick's hand. She looks at him,
 comforting him with unspoken support.

NICK
 By now I'm sure you know that
 Hunter is a night manager at The
 Thunderbird. I'll assume you
 understand the kind of clientele
 that frequent The Thunderbird?

TARTAN
 Yes. I'm well aware.

NICK
 A couple years ago this kid, early
 twenties shows up around there,
 pretty regularly. It was obvious
 to Hunter that he was running a
 couple girls in and out of the
 motel. The girls are social and
 friendly to Hunter, never giving
 any hint to their choice of career
 being a problem. They talk about
 their pimp like he's their big
 brother.

(He mocks the girl's)
*"ADDER gave me the whole take from
 the trick tonight. I love him."
 "ADDER stopped some freak trick
 from beating the shit out of me."*

NICK (CONT'D)
 They would say things like that,
 while getting a coffee in the
 front office. Never saying it to
 Hunter, but saying it loud enough
 for him to hear. I told him I
 thought they were playing him. But
 (MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

he was convinced they weren't. He's a better person than me. I wouldn't trust a word that comes out of a hookers mouth. But Hunter...he struck up a kind of friendship with these girls over a month or two. He's trusting, not judgmental. One night when the girls are hanging around the counter, waiting for a text from ADDER to tell them which room to go to, a young, well built man walks into the office. He sends the girls off with a kiss to their rooms and introduces himself to Hunter. He tells him his name is ADDER and he really appreciates letting him run his business in his hotel. In fact he's so appreciative that he decides to give him a financial incentive to insure they can continue their business relationship.

RYAN

And I'm sure he took it.

TARTAN

(Looks at RYAN)

Not everyone has the good fortune of a being a union legacy.

Annoyance comes over RYAN'S face. Mrs. Baldwin makes a tiny smirk.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

So, Hunter has a deal with this pimp ADDER. When did it go wrong, Nick?

NICK

A week ago I get off my night shift and go over to Hunter's apartment. Got my usual two beers in hand. You see, I'd bring two beers and he'd have two beers, then we'd crash out, In our own apartments. Working overnight you have to wind down just like anyone else after work. But the things you complain about when talking shop are always darker.

Everyone in the room is quiet, listening to each detail.

NICK (CONT'D)

So I knock on the door and Nick answers. He's freaked. He had a twelve pack of cheap beer and a bottle of Jack sitting on the living room table. I'd never seen him try to numb himself like that. I asked him what was up and tried to calm him down. He just kept talking fast and drinking more than he was breathing.

NICK breathes deep and swallows.

NICK (CONT'D)

He told me that a few days earlier ADDER had brought a girl into a room. He watched it from the front window. The girl was crying, ADDER had her in his arms, forcing her into the room. Candie, one of the hookers Hunter talked to regularly, came running in crying. It was her younger sister ADDER forced into that room. The kid was only 13. He raped her. To break her in.

The room is heavy. Nick stops talking, hesitating to reveal the darkness any further in front of his grandmother. TARTAN is disgusted but not surprised. RYAN is overcome with emotion.

TARTAN

What did Hunter do, Nick?

NICK

Nothing. (beat) He ran to the room after he saw ADDER come out. Candie ran past him into the room. The little girl was rolled into a fetal position. Not crying. Just breathing. Wondering what she did to deserve that. Hunter started yelling at ADDER while Candie tried to comfort her sister. Hunter is bigger than ADDER so he knows he can take him. But ADDER pulls out a gun and shoots Candie while she's walking out of the hotel room with her sister. And then, before she even hits the ground, shoots the sister too.

MRS. BALDWIN

No one heard the gunshots? No one reported this? Someone must have seen something?

NICK
(Looking at his
grandmother)
Grammy, no one at the
Thunderbird ever hears or sees
anything.

Everyone in the room understands this truth.

TARTAN
What did ADDER make Hunter do,
Nick?

NICK
(Through tear welled
eyes)
ADDER had text some of his guys,
waiting in a car in the parking
lot. They rolled the bodies up in
a tarp. ADDER held Hunter at
gunpoint and made him walk with
them, down behind the Thunderbird
and they rolled the girls bodies
out of the tarp into the shallow
waters of the brook. Where they
still are, I'm sure. Junkie father
and a mother nowhere to be found;
there's no one looking for these
girls. That really affected
Hunter.
He couldn't work anymore. The
"Tell Tale Heart" kind of guilt
and watching ADDER come and go
with more girls, like nothing
happened, was just too much for
him. So when ADDER came into the
office with his usual payment Nick
refused it. In Hunter's mind their
deal was done. ADDER didn't like
that. He offered Hunter more
money, but Hunter didn't want it.
Hunter described the look of
ADDER'S eyes like a mean dog's
before it charges you.
Hunter left work that night and
never went back. He was scared
that ADDER was going to kill him.
And he did.

TARTAN and RYAN slowly stand up. Mrs. Baldwin is comforting
Nick. Mrs. Baldwin stands up. Nick stays sitting on the arm of
the chair, wiping his eyes.

TARTAN

Thank you, Nick. Does ADDER or anyone else know about you and Hunter's friendship?

NICK

(Composing himself)

I don't think so. We are both night shift workers. So we don't see any neighbors really. I know that Hunter didn't talk to ADDER much. He just collected his cash and turned his head. Until last week.

Mrs. Baldwin lovingly wipes away Nick's tears with her sleeve.

MRS. BALDWIN

I think this is the perfect time we go to California to visit my sister.

TARTAN

I think that would be a great idea. I recommend being on a plane tonight. Tell the airline it's a bereavement booking. They shouldn't give you any trouble. If they do, don't hesitate to call me and I'll work something out.

TARTAN hands Mrs. Baldwin a business card. The card is a modest, cream color linen paper. Over a plaid rose reads: "*Tartan Rose, Behavioral Analyst, 978-555-6052.*"

MRS. BALDWIN

You took your mother's last name. Why?

TARTAN

The name Bevelaqua is a little too recognizable. Rumors of the worst kind perpetuated by the very same political scum that were some of his best customers. Even he's gone, the name doesn't come with anonymity.

MRS. BALDWIN

No, I suppose it doesn't. Your father was a good man.

TARTAN

He was the man he had to be.

.

TARTAN makes a subtle closed mouth smile. Mrs. Baldwin walks them to her front door. Nick still sitting on the arm of the chair remembers a detail.

NICK

(Yells)

ADDER is a nickname! He calls himself that because he has this whole dangerous persona that he gets off on. He has a snake tattooed from his neck down his right arm to the top of his hand. The head of the snake is the top of his hand.

Nick traces the location of the tattoo.

TARTAN

Thank you, Nick. I'm going to have a squad car sent here for both of you immediately and they will escort you to the airport.

Walking out the front door of Mrs. Baldwin's house, TARTAN calls Chief Margaret McMahon (MAGGIE), the Chief of Police in Litchburg.

Mrs. Baldwin stands just behind Nick, while he walks to the door, his arm outstretched, holding the top of the heavy door and his upper body leaning against it.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

(In the phone)

Maggie's office.

NICK

He's a dangerous guy.
I don't think you know what you're dealing with.

RYAN stands outside and TARTAN looks at Mrs. Baldwin, standing a few feet behind Nick, watching RYAN and TARTAN leave. They share a subtle smile. Nick closes the door.

EXT: MRS. BALDWIN' HOUSE

TARTAN

Hey MAGGIE, I'm on my way there. You want to send some blues and the coroner to the Thunderbird. They're going to find two bodies in the brook down behind it. They've been there a while so tell them to be prepared. And send a squad car for an airport run. I'll text you the address.

TARTAN and RYAN are getting into his truck. They close the doors.

INT: RYAN'S TRUCK

TARTAN
(On the phone)
You want oil or do you want it dry? (Beat) Alright, see you in about 30 minutes.

RYAN
So we're having lunch with MAGGIE?

TARTAN
Yea she wants an Italian sub. (Beat)
We?

RYAN
Sure, why not?

TARTAN
(Smiles)
Wanna share a haddock sandwich?

RYAN leans over to TARTAN from the driver's side seat. He puts his face close to hers.

RYAN
I'd rather share a kiss.

TARTAN
You are such a girl sometimes.

RYAN kisses TARTAN, and she kisses him back while she runs her fingers through his hair, cradling the back of his head.

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE PRECINCT - EARLY AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

TARTAN and RYAN walk through the busy, loud police precinct towards Chief MacMahon's office. The police station is modernized. A lot of thick glass and dark gray fixtures. The walls are dark polished marble.

TARTAN has the bag of sandwiches in hand. The cops that were at Nick's apartment watch RYAN and TARTAN from afar. They are talking to each other in front of a hall doorway.

COP #1
(To Cop #3, arms folded)
What the hells the deal with her anyway? Who is she? Friends with the chief; called in personally because why? We can't handle our
(MORE)

COP #1 (CONT'D)
jobs?

COP #3
(Leaning on the doorway)
I've met her a couple times. She
seems nice enough to me. A bit
quiet, but not an asshole.

MASON turns a corner and is now walking up the hallway where
the two cops stand. Their backs are to him so they do not
notice him walking. He can hear their conversation. He reacts
as a friend over hearing a rumor would.

COP #1
Please. She walks right by the
crime scene and into the
neighbor's place? Right past
everyone, like she's some kinda
someone.

COP #3
My great uncle told me that her father
was some kind of Italian drug
smuggler. And her mother was a
Scottish gangster. Legend has it
they met because she was driving
an ice cream truck and selling
drugs out of it in Glasgow. My
grandparents are Scottish and they
used to talk about the ice cream
truck gangs in Glasgow all the
time.

MASON listens, knowing TARTAN'S family history, as does Chief
MacMahon does.

COP #1
(Confused look)
What? Ice cream trucks? Come on?
I've heard of people running drugs
out of them, but gangs?

COP #3
I'm telling you they're a real
thing. It was all about turf war.
The country cracked down on them
when one gang threw a Molotov
cocktail through the window of
another gang member's home. It killed
his wife and his little kid. My uncle
said TARTAN'S mother was a driver for
a Scottish gangster. He found her in
the street at like, 12, no one looking
for her. He made her a runner, then a
driver.

COP #1

Daughter of a Scottish gang member and a mafia drug runner, huh? She must be a real psycho.

MASON decides to break up the conversation.

MASON

Actually, her father was an Italian Diplomat. And he met her mother during a summit meeting in Glasgow. He went for a walk before returning to his hotel. He heard Lou Reed playing from an ice cream truck parked across the way. Then he saw TARTAN'S mom's bright red hair blowing in the wind while she danced without caring who could see, and that was it. They met, she left that life behind her that day and started a new one, here.

COP #1

And how do you know all this?

MASON

She told me the whole story, a couple times.

Cop #1 points at TARTAN who is behind a window in MAGGIE'S office.

COP #1

(Points to Tartan)

She told you all that? Sounds like a kids story to me.

MASON

Not TARTAN, her mother.

MASON walks away, leaving the two cops quiet, both looking in different directions, digesting the information they just heard from MASON.

CUT TO:

INT:CHIEF MACMAHON'S OFFICE

RYAN and TARTAN sit in the chief's office to talk to her about what they found out. They are unwrapping the sandwiches on Chief MacMahon's desk. These three know each other very well. There is comfort in their body language and inflection.

Although, MAGGIE (Chief) is a bit surprised about RYAN being with TARTAN. MAGGIE pours the oil on her sub.

MAGGIE
(Cheeky)
The three of us haven't shared a meal together in a long time.

TARTAN gives MAGGIE a sarcastic glare and speaks before taking a bite out of her sandwich. RYAN is well into eating his half already.

TARTAN
Who's ADDER, MAGGIE?

MAGGIE takes the fast food napkin off her desk to wipe any oil residue off her hands and the corners of her mouth. They eat in front of each other like family. TARTAN chews her food looking at MAGGIE. TARTAN knows MAGGIE'S mind. She was called in on this case to get that name from Nick. MAGGIE already suspected it was ADDER who murdered Hunter. TARTAN affectionately eyeballs MAGGIE.

MAGGIE
He's a small time dealer slash pimp. He's been making a name for himself the past few months.

TARTAN
(A well chewed bite in her mouth)
Has he ever been brought in?

MAGGIE
(Swallows)
No. We know he's a kid, early 20s. Trying to build a reputation for being dangerous. By the way, we found the two girls in the brook.

RYAN interrupts MAGGIE, putting his sandwich on her desk.

RYAN
You mean the two bodies she called and told you were there? Let's not pretend the cops found them. They would have rotted back there if my DE hadn't told TARTAN.

MAGGIE
(Stoic)
The walls have ears. Be careful what you blurt out in righteous indignation.

MAGGIE is irritated. TARTAN knows the animosity between these two exists only in the profession. MAGGIE signals TARTAN with a look that alerts her to the need for privacy.

TARTAN

RYAN, could you go get us some waters? This sandwich is dry. I need something to wash it down.

MAGGIE

(To RYAN)

There's some bottled waters in the fridge down the hall, near the storage lockers. Grab me one too, if you don't mind?

RYAN knows they are trying to get rid of him. But he doesn't protest. He stands up, kisses TARTAN, looks at MAGGIE and walks out of the office. The door closes and immediately MAGGIE speaks with speed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

The bullets we pulled from the girls match etched casings we found around the scene. We think, well I think that's ADDER'S calling card.

TARTAN

The casings were etched with what?

MAGGIE

(Swallows and takes a deep breath)

A snake. We found the same etch on a casing in the night manager's apartment.

TARTAN knows exactly what MAGGIE is getting at, and why RYAN needed to leave the room. TARTAN'S eyes open wide, and her head rests on the tips of her fingers. There's a tension in her movement.

TARTAN

You cannot seriously think I'm going to talk to GODFREY.

MAGGIE

Who else do you know in the area well paid for his hobby? He's the only gun dealer I know that boasts about being an etcher. This looks like his handy work and you and I both know he's morally flexible.

TARTAN leans back in the chair, and runs her hands through her hair and looks through the thick glass window at RYAN, standing talking with an officer. She knows he's going to have a difficult time with this. TARTAN ended her affair with GODFREY where she met RYAN .

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

He'll be fine, TARTAN. If we can narrow it down, and find out if GODFREY etched those casings, we are that much closer to getting ADDER off the street.

TARTAN furrows her brow and lets out a sarcastic sigh.

TARTAN

You don't actually think GODFREY's going to admit he made those markings, do you? He's old school. He'd die before he rats.

MAGGIE

I think he'd like the opportunity to tell you he did. He knows the law...well. He knows he didn't commit a crime by just doing an etching. But, he's never going to talk to my people. You and I both know he'll talk to you.

RYAN enters the room, waters in hand. He places 2 of them on MAGGIE'S desk. They each open their bottled waters. TARTAN looks at RYAN. He sees that something is up.

RYAN

What?

CUT TO:

INT: RYAN'S TRUCK, IN FRONT OF GODFREY'S HOUSE - ONE

HOOR LATER

TARTAN looks at RYAN. They are sitting in his truck outside of GODFREY's prefab suburban house. A tapered lawn and a stepping stone walkway is the only charm this residence has. She notices RYAN is uncomfortable and becoming heated with jealousy. He knows who and what GODFREY is.

TARTAN

I'll be out in five minutes. I'm just going to ask him if he made the etchings and then I'm leaving.

RYAN
 (Agitated)
 I don't like the idea of you alone
 with that guy.

TARTAN looks at RYAN like he's a fool.

TARTAN
 I'm fine. I've known GODFREY a
 long time.

RYAN
 (Determined)
 I'm coming in there with you.

TARTAN
 (Stern)
 No you're not! He gets one look at
 you and he's not saying anything.
 And then he's going to antagonize
 you into some dick waving contest
 and I don't have the time.

RYAN
 Oh yeah? (Beat) What is it you
 don't want to be late for?

She takes his chin in her hands and kisses him. Immediately his demeanor changes. She gently touches his brow. He's hypnotized. She's tamed him to end the conflict.

TARTAN
 The rest of my day with you.

TARTAN kisses RYAN and gets out of the truck.

EXT. GODFRET'S HOUSE

RYAN watches her walk to the front stoop and ring the doorbell. TARTAN looks down and sees a stepping stone painted with the words, "*Close your eyes and see.*" She sighs a quick laugh.

RYAN'S eyes are fixed on her until TARTAN walks into the house.

CUT TO:

INT: GODFREY'S HOUSE

A woman hard pressed, looks and demeanor of a lifelong alcoholic and drug addict lets TARTAN in. She motions to a hallway and walks away. Not phased by TARTAN'S presence. TARTAN watches her walk away, knowing what she is.

TARTAN
 Thanks.

TARTAN walks down the clean, carpeted hallway. Framed pictures of Native American heroes and Vikings hang on a red hallway wall. TARTAN looks at them as she walks towards a back room, she hears familiar music mixed with the sound of a dremel .
(The Germs - "Manimal.")

WORKSHOP

TARTAN smells hot metal. She knows this is GODFREY'S work room. "Blizzard of Oz" poster on the wall and a cheerleader calendar. She stands in the doorway looking at him. His back is to her. He has aged. There is gray in his short, dark, thick hair. His profile has begun to look more like his Native American mother, he never knew his father.

On GODFREY'S work space are various bullet pullers and etching materials, tools, random gun parts and a large travel mug of coffee.

GODFREY wearing a white a-line t-shirt, is covered with native and punk band tattoos. His well worn jeans have black marks from gun residue. She smiles watching him work. She knocks on the wall. GODFREY turns around, sees TARTAN and stops what he is doing. He smiles.

GODFREY

I'd ask if you were here because
you missed me. But I don't want to
hear the answer.

TARTAN

(Smiles)

What exactly should I miss?

GODFREY walks slowly to her. His tall, thin frame adds to the sauntering movement. They are playing an old game. He stands in front of her and shuffles his body into the doorway with TARTAN. The front of his body is touching her as it moves past her.

GODFREY

(Seductive)

Let's go into the kitchen. I need
a drink. Let's have a beer.

TARTAN

(Knowing the game)

I can't stay.

TARTAN follows GODFREY down the rose bordered hallway leading to his kitchen. She touches the roses on the border while she follows him.

GODFREY

(Doesn't turn around)

Who asked you to?

KITCHEN

GODFREY pulls a high back wooden stool out from the breakfast island in his kitchen. The kitchen is highly functional with the best in appliances. GODFREY considers himself an amateur chef. Stainless steel and dark green marble is what makes this kitchen.

TARTAN stands against the far wall. She is facing GODFREY.

TARTAN

Your kitchen is beautiful,
GODFREY. And you have that stepping
stone walkway you always wanted.

GODFREY

Some of us spend our money treating
ourselves to the finer things.
With what your father left you,
you could be livin' in a mansion
in Beverly Hills. Eating vodka
drenched olives, off of me.

GODFREY pulls a pack of cigarettes out of the front pocket of his jeans. His sight never leaves TARTAN . He wants her. He always wants her. He lights his cigarette.

TARTAN

Finer things. Like the corpse who let
me in?

GODFREY is aroused at the thought of her jealousy.

GODFREY

She's nobody. So. Why don't
you go in the refrigerator and get
those beers?

TARTAN gets the beers. She knows her behavior will determine his transparency. She plays his old game, placing the beer in front of him, takes his lighter off the counter and opens her beer with it. She walks back to the far wall.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

You didn't open my beer.

TARTAN throws the lighter at GODFREY.

TARTAN

Open it yourself, asshole.

There's an ear to ear smile on GODFREY'S face. He opens his beer with his lighter.

GODFREY

I've missed you. Now that we're
(MORE)

GODFREY (CONT'D)
done flirting, why are you here,
TARTAN? Did you have a dream?

TARTAN drinks a mouthful of beer.

TARTAN
(Mouth reacts to the
bitter)
No. I'm actually here to talk
shop. This is really good beer. (looks
at label) I need to know if you etched
casings for a kid named, ADDER. He's
been trying to make a name for
himself.

TARTAN takes another drink. It is noticeable she really enjoys
it.

GODFREY
(Confused)
What the hell are you doing
sniffing around a guy like that?

TARTAN
(Surprised)
You know who he is?

GODFREY
Maybe. What's it worth to you?

GODFREY looks at TARTAN while rearranging his crotch.

TARTAN
(Sarcastic)
Now you're the one dreaming.

TARTAN looks into him, in control. GODFREY knows she's serious.
He gives her some surface information.

GODFREY
He was a small time street
hustler. I took him in when he was
18. Made him a runner. Just small
stuff, nothing where he could do
any real time. Boy got industrious
and wanted to branch out on his
own. So, I set him up, and let him
go.

TARTAN
That would uncharacteristically nice
of you, if he wasn't a murderous
sociopath.

GODFREY

(Offended)

I wanted to do for him what your father did for me.,Gave him an education he could use, and then freedom. I tried to pay it forward but ADDER'S not like me. He started running girls, taking lives...he's a bad guy, TARTAN. Maybe even too bad for you.

GODFREY drinks his beer.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

Do you still have that Beretta M9 your dad bought your mom? That was a gorgeous piece. You know we picked that out together?

TARTAN walks to the kitchen island and puts her beer down. GODFREY, amused, waits for her to speak.

TARTAN

All I need to know is if you made snake etchings for him. MAGGIE can tie him to the murderers of two girls with it, and a few more.

GODFREY is irritated that she would think he would give her anything the cops could use.

GODFREY

(Insulted)

You can't seriously think I've got anything to say about that.

TARTAN

He raped and murdered a 13 year old girl, GODFREY.

GODFREY

I'm sure he did. More than a few times. Why does MAGGIE care now? What? She thinks he killed that night manager from the Thunderbird, right? He probably did, and it's not a whore this time so it matters.

GODFREY Takes particular offense, his mother having been a murdered prostitute.

TARTAN

And how did you know about the hotel manager?

GODFREY

It's been all over the news.

TARTAN looks at GODFREY with a tiresome expression. She wants confirmation and he's dancing around it.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

(Carefully)

I etch. I don't ask what they're going to be used for. That's not my concern. And you can tell "MAGGIE" she could have asked me this herself. And I'd give her the same answer I'm giving you.

A snarl comes across GODFREY'S face.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

Why do you fucking let her use you like that? She sends you to question your former lover trying to get him to rat. Fuck her, fucking cop. With all the money your father spent on her education, she decides to become a fucking cop.

TARTAN

To be fair she is the chief.

GODFREY

Sorry, head cop.

TARTAN

(Playful)

And what...you don't enjoy my company?

Her humor calms the situation.

GODFREY

(Dropped head smile)

It's always good to see you. How much convincing did it take to get you here?

TARTAN

(Flirtatious)

Not as much as you think.

TARTAN feels affection for GODFREY.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

You've got "nobody" in the other room. I'm sure you'll get over it.

GODFREY stands up and walks to TARTAN. He stands in front of her. Breathing on her neck, gently touching her body with his, using slow motion.

GODFREY
 (Whispers loudly in her ear)
 Don't ask me questions you know the answer to, gatita (spanish for kitten). And stay away from ADDER. He's a maniac.

GODFREY continues his seduction.

GODFREY (CONT'D)
 Wanna stay here with me today? I'll cook some crepes, put on some opera and fuck you like I did on your 18th birthday.

GODFREY moves in slowly to kiss TARTAN . She remains still un-intimidated. RYAN walks into the kitchen and interrupts the situation.

RYAN
 (Emotional and jealous)
 What the fuck is going on here?!
 Get away from her you pervert!

GODFREY backs up. He laughs. RYAN is visibly perturbed.

GODFREY
 Oh man, not you again? (He looks at TARTAN) You're seriously fucking this guy again?

GODFREY is leaning against the wall next to TARTAN. They are side by side, no passion, just familiarity. She lowers her head and covers her snickering mouth.

GODFREY (CONT'D)
 Hey do me a favor Fire Crotch, tell her to stay away from ADDER. I'm going to assume TARTAN has "briefed" you.

GODFREY antagonizes RYAN with his tone. TARTAN snickers again.

GODFREY (CONT'D)
 The guy's an animal. You two go back to MAGGIE and tell her you're done doing whatever she has you risking your lives to do.

TARTAN walks to RYAN while still talking to GODFREY.

TARTAN

I came here to find out if you etched those casings and know who you etched it for. And I saw in your eyes all I needed to know. I knew you'd never tell me straight.

TARTAN'S back is to GODFREY.

GODFREY

And I thought you came here because of JADE.

TARTAN whips back fast with the mention of the name JADE.

TARTAN

(Forceful)

JADE was here? For what?

GODFREY

He was looking for a piece. Something to protect himself. I was surprised. JADE never liked guns. But he's run into some trouble.

TARTAN

What trouble?

GODFREY

(Smiles)

Ask him.

TARTAN doesn't push any further. RYAN and TARTAN walk back through the hallway.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

(Mockingly regal)

Tell JADE and JACQUES I said, "Hi!"

GODFREY, amused, in the kitchen, walks over to where he left his cigarettes. He sits down. He pulls one out to light it.

TARTAN

(Yells back as she leaves.)

And quit smoking!

GODFREY smiles and puts the cigarette back. The door slams closed. RYAN and TARTAN have left. The woman who let them in saunters into the kitchen.

WOMAN

Who was that?

GODFREY

Somebody.

The woman stands in the kitchen, unaffected by GODFREY'S answer. She is high. GODFREY pulls the cigarette back out of the pack and lights it. He inhales, leans his head back, eyes closed and speaks on the exhale.

GODFREY (CONT'D)
Get over here and suck my cock.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -EVENING

TARTAN sits on her deep red, sectional sofa. The living room is tasteful and classic. There are pictures of her parents and her friends framed on the light brown walls. The windows are big and dark, slate drapes hang open. End table lamps keep the light in the room warm. MERCY, TARTAN'S cat, sits on the sofa. RYAN is in the kitchen.

RYAN
(Yells from the kitchen)
Do you want a beer or a drink?!

Mercy walks across the back of the sofa towards TARTAN.

TARTAN
I'll have vodka with olives, on ice.

TARTAN is lost in thought. She is thinking about JADE. Her childhood friend who's parents also died on the boat that night. She knows she needs to see him.

KITCHEN

RYAN opens the freezer. Inside are boxes of frozen shrimp, scallops, pizza, and a large bottle of Smirnoff Blue. He takes the vodka out of the freezer and pours it in two glasses filled with crushed ice. There is whimsy in his movement. He pours a generous amount of vodka in each one. He puts the vodka back into the freezer and heads into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

RYAN hands TARTAN a glass as MERCY sits on the back of the couch, head close to TARTAN'S. He sits down next to them. He takes a drink. TARTAN looks into her glass.

TARTAN
Where's the olives?

RYAN
You don't really need them, do you?

TARTAN is slightly annoyed.

TARTAN

I need to see JADE.

RYAN immediately shows disdain. TARTAN looks at him letting him know his feelings about it don't matter.

RYAN

Why don't you just call him? Or JACQUES? They'll both be at Blue J's right now I'm sure.

TARTAN

I'll go see them tomorrow. I'm wondering why JADE needs a gun of his own. JACQUES has a couple of pieces. So it can't be for him. JADE had to have gotten it for himself.

RYAN

So what?

TARTAN

JADE picks spiders up and puts them outside. He wouldn't know what to do with a gun. JACQUES on the other hand, now he may as well have been born with a gun.

RYAN

What time do you want to go tomorrow?

TARTAN

(Serious)

I'm going alone, RYAN. There's no reason for you to come with me. I'm going in during the day before they open.

RYAN

(Accusatory)

Why don't you want me to go with you?

TARTAN

Are you fucking serious?

TARTAN stands up carefully not to disturb the sleeping cat. She picks up her glass and drinks the vodka down fast. Putting it back on the table she leans in, kisses RYAN.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

(Smiles)

If there were ever two guys you didn't have to worry about, it's JADE and JACQUES. I'm missing a little something, that coincidentally you have.

RYAN returns her advances.

RYAN
Little?

TARTAN
For them. Perfect for me.

RYAN pulls TARTAN down onto the couch and they are entangled in affection.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - (DREAM SEQUENCE)

TARTAN is in bed. She looks to her windows and sees that it is just before dawn. RYAN is laying next to her. She looks at her phone and it's blinking to alert there is a text. She opens it. Its from JADE.

JADE
(Text)
I have a headache. I can't hear you. I love you.

TARTAN stands up quickly, and begins to put her jeans on when she notices movement from her framed Dali on the wall. The young Columbus becomes JADE. He looks at her. He is mouthing something, but she cannot hear him. The ship is moving on the water. The crosses on the sails are bleeding darker and faster. A serpent comes out of the urchin, strikes JADE and dissipates. The banner of Gala as Virgin Mary screams, crying and falls to JADE. Gala tearing the banner to get to JADE.

TARTAN calls JADE. He answers. His voice sounds muffled.

TARTAN
JADE, where are you? You sound muffled. I can't really hear you.

TARTAN listens to the muffled talking.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
JADE, I'm coming to get you. Where are you?

The phone makes an electrical static sound and goes dead.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
JADE! JADE!

TARTAN is worried. She looks at the Dali and Columbus still lay dead, and Gala Virgin Mary embracing him, weeping. TARTAN hears a loud gunshot.

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 6AM

TARTAN wakes up fast, short of breath. It's morning. She is alone in bed. The sun is coming through the shades. She looks at her phone on the side table. There are no missed messages. She inhales deeply and lays on her back. She looks over at the Columbus Dali. She stares at it. A text comes in on her phone.

RYAN

(text)

What time are you leaving for Blue J's? I got called in while you were sleeping. I'm out at noon. I'll pick you up and we'll go to Blue J's together.

TARTAN

(text)

I'm going alone. Go home and go to sleep when you get out of work. I'll message you later.

RYAN

(text)

When are you going to see JADE?

TARTAN

(text)

I love you. Message me when you wake up. I'm hopping in the shower.

Dealing with JADE and JACQUES is a family affair. RYAN would be a distraction. TARTAN walks to her bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT: BLUE J'S - LATE MORNING

TARTAN walks into the hallway, painted sky blue with leafless trees, Blue Jays perched, on the branches and some in flight. The door closes behind her blocking the natural light. She can hear "Expose - Come go with me" playing. The music gets louder as she walks further. She touches the wall as she walks to the main dance floor.

The overhead lights are on and there are 7 young, well built men on the main stage in athletic clothes rehearsing. TARTAN sees JACQUES standing, smoking, his back to her.

JACQUES MOSHER: Tall, slender, statuesque man. He has the graceful beauty of his Egyptian mother.

His hair is hidden by a pink silk scarf decorated with sparrows. His clothing is classic, almost feminine yet understated. He is a creature in touch with every aspect of himself. He leans on his oak wood cane with an earth globe handle. TARTAN walks towards him.

TARTAN

You still got the world in the palm of your hand.

JACQUES turns around. They are a forged family. He gently embraces her and kisses her.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

The boys look good. She motions to the dancers practicing.

JACQUES

I know you're not here to talk about my dancers. So...what is it?

TARTAN

I got some interesting news from GODFREY.

JACQUES

(Ryes wide)

Don't tell me you're messing around with him again? Although, I'd understand it if you did. You know I've been in love with that man since he used to take all of us out for a ride in your dad's 70 -1/2 Camaro. There is something so beautiful about a bad boy in a good car.

JACQUES breaths in deeply with his eyes closed.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

(Nostalgic)

You remember what your father used to say?

TARTAN

Life is meant to be lived and cars are meant to be driven.

JACQUES

Sounds better in Italian. But almost everything does. So, do tell soul sister, did you take a ride on memory lane?

TARTAN

Are you kidding? Come on. I had to
(MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)
 ask him about a gun, for MAGGIE.
 GODFREY mentioned JADE
 came to see him. Imagine my
 surprise. Was it for you?

JACQUES
 (Confused)
 No. It wasn't for me. But I know
 he's been dealing with some kid
 trying to muscle in on his boys at
 the TBird.

JADE LEBEDEV a beautiful, well built man walks into the club,
 no shirt, fitting black athletic pants, and sneakers. TARTAN
 and JACQUES' backs are to JADE. They are still in conversation.
 JADE, excited at a visit from TARTAN, runs up behind her, picks
 her up, spins her around.

JADE
 (Sings last stanza of
 Daydream Believer by The
 Monkees)
*Oh, our good time starts and ends
 Without dollar one spend
 But how much, baby, do we really
 need?
 Cheer up, sleepy Jean
 Oh, what can it mean to a
 Daydream believer and a
 Homecoming queen?*

TARTAN is all smiles as JADE spins her around. JACQUES looks
 on. He's seen this many times before. TARTAN and JADE have a
 special love. They are free with each other. TARTAN kisses JADE
 on the mouth, smiling and JADE reciprocates. She holds on to
 him. They look into each others eyes, affection is natural.

JADE (CONT'D)
 Why have you come to visit us?

TARTAN
 I'm here to see if you're ready to
 give up this sham and finally make
 an honest woman out of me.

JADE
 Now what would I do with an honest
 woman? And you know your cock is
 way too big for me to handle.

TARTAN laughs.

TARTAN
 Do I need a reason to come to see
 you?

JADE

No. But I know you have one.

TARTAN

I saw GODFREY yesterday. He told me something that surprised me.

JADE gently slides TARTAN off him. Her feet firmly on the floor. He immediately takes on the look of a child caught doing something wrong.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing buying a gun? And from GODFREY.

JADE

Maybe I wanted an excuse to see GODFREY.

JACQUES

(Laughs)

I hear that.

TARTAN

Tell me what you need a gun for, JADE?

JADE

This little shit who calls himself ADDER has been fucking with my boys. Trying to recruit them for himself. He got rough with Tommy the other night. Telling him to come work for him, they'll branch out, take me out. When Tommy refused, ADDER had some of his guys beat him up. Broke Tommy's arm, said they were coming for me next. Let them.

TARTAN

Why didn't you come to me, or MAGGIE?

JACQUES

Or me. I got a piece in the office. That ADDER is a small time drug runner and wannabe pimp.

TARTAN

(To JACQUES)

He's a little more than that. MAGGIE is trying to tie him to a couple murders. He has an affinity for raping pubescent girls. He killed a hooker and her younger sister, after raping the kid. The

(MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)
bullets all have a distinct etch
on the casing. A snake.

JACQUES
And since when does the police
department give a shit about dead
hookers?

TARTAN
Since the night manager of The
Thunderbird was found dead a couple
days ago.

JADE
(A surprised expression)
Hunter's dead?

JADE is noticeably shaken. TARTAN sees this and looks at
JACQUES.

JACQUES
It's been all over the news.

JADE
You know I don't look at the news. It
is too depressing.

JACQUES rolls his eyes.

TARTAN
You knew him?

JADE
Everyone in the business knew
Hunter. He is a sweet man. Ran a
clean business. No one gets hurt,
just pleasure for its sake and he
turns his eye away from the little
wrong. He didn't like ADDER
around. He told me ADDER was rough
with the girls, making them trick one
after the other. He was going to tell
ADDER to find some other place to
go.

JACQUES
And this kid has it out
for you?

JACQUES waves to a large security man, dressed in casual, dark
clothing, standing at the bar talking to the bartender. The
bartender is setting up for the night. The large security man
walks to JACQUES.

TARTAN

I got a different story from the guy who found Hunter. He said the girls liked ADDER.

JADE

Who found him?

TARTAN

A neighbor. A young fire fighter, they both worked overnights so they struck up a friendship.

JADE

Why would he let someone like that know what he is willing to turn his eyes from, for money? We're all the good guy when we're telling the story, my love.

The large security man stands in front of JACQUES, TARTAN and JADE.

JACQUES

(To the large security man)

Call in two other guys for tomorrow night and make sure they are strapped. I'm going to need them all for the rest of the week. I'll get a description and picture of the guy. I want to make sure we squash it before it has a chance to grow.

SECURITY PERSON

That's gonna be expensive, boss.

JACQUES

Tell them 50% upfront, the rest at the end of the weekend. They'll get their money. I need this asap.

SECURITY PERSON

Okay, got it.

The security person walks away, making a call on his cell phone.

RYAN walks into the main room from the hallway. TARTAN is noticeably annoyed. She does not want him there. JACQUES and JADE both look stunned. RYAN and TARTAN'S breakup had affected them all.

JACQUES

(Chuckling)

Oh, of course. TARTAN, you know he's always trying to rescue you. He's got that hero/damsel complex. He just doesn't realize you aren't a damsel.

TARTAN

Come on. What's he rescuing me from? And you need to keep that door locked during the day.

JACQUES

Yea yea, well you should check in more, keep me on my toes. My love, he's trying to rescue you from yourself.

TARTAN and JACQUES share a knowing look. JADE breaks the pregnant pause. He puts his arms around TARTAN and is affectionate with her.

JADE

Don't listen to that crabby old bitch. Your lover has come back to you. It's a fairy tale romance.
(To JACQUES)
You're just jealous.

JADE takes TARTAN and spins her around again. He kisses her. He does this knowing it will aggravate RYAN. JACQUES shakes his head and laughs. JADE looks at RYAN and smiles, and runs toward the stage where the dancers wait for his direction.

RYAN walks closer to TARTAN and JACQUES. He sees that TARTAN is annoyed. He does not care. His purpose, in his mind is to protect her. No matter how much she doesn't need it.

TARTAN

(Annoyed)

I thought I told you I was coming here alone.

RYAN immediately kisses TARTAN. She's silenced by the affection. RYAN shakes JACQUES hand. He dispenses pleasantries.

RYAN

(All smiles)

It's nice to see you again, JACQUES. It's been a long time.

JACQUES

(Regal)

You're always welcome, though I don't think I'll be seeing you

(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)
without our mutual friend.

JACQUES touches TARTAN'S hair with affection, and he looks at RYAN seductively. RYAN smiles nervously. He likes JACQUES, but has disdain for the heathen nature. He knows these people are a permanent fixture in TARTAN'S life. He makes nice.

JADE directs the dancers on stage. TARTAN and JACQUES watch on.

TARTAN
(to JACQUES)
He's so beautiful, isn't he?

JACQUES
He's precious but not flawless.

TARTAN
That's why this has to be handled right away, JACQUES. This kid ADDER is killing without prejudice and he's got JADE scared enough to buy a gun. He needs to go.

JACQUES
Is this your round about way of asking me to help MAGGIE? I have no interest in helping her set the stage for her political career.

TARTAN
She's trying to get the guy off the street.

JACQUES
ADDER'S been beating girls, running drugs and offing whores for a year now. MAGGIE sees a PR opportunity that's all. And she's got you out here doing her dirty work, because she's filled her prescient with incompetent fools. I have to admit its good for our business but please don't tell me it's a sense of justice that has her interested. She's got you out creating a case for 15 minutes of glory.

RYAN looks at JACQUES in complete agreement.

RYAN
(To TARTAN)
JACQUES' isn't wrong. She's a cop first, your friend second.

TARTAN

Its not like that at all. MAGGIE wouldn't put me in harms way. Unlike you two, she knows I can handle things myself.

JACQUES

(Regal)

Darling, I have never doubted you can handle yourself, I just don't think you should be used. And that angry closet case is using you.

TARTAN

(Disbelief)

Come on. She'd come out if she were into girls.

JACQUES

The only reason that bitch isn't nose deep in pussy 7 nights a week is because she's still letting that Christian cult bullshit infect her brain. She'd be a lot happier licking ass than peggin her Bi now, gay later husband.

RYAN is laughing and TARTAN gets off the subject quick.

TARTAN

All right, that's enough of that.

JACQUES

Are you gonna tell me after all this time she never offered to tickle your tuna?

TARTAN

JACQUES, you're getting perverted in your old age. And I'll get you back for creating that visual.

JACQUES

I've always been perverted, age has just made me less shy about it.

JACQUES looks at RYAN while talking to TARTAN.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

(To RYAN)

Can you please bump and grind some sense into her?

RYAN blushes. He is uncomfortable. TARTAN gives JACQUES a familiar look to shut up.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

What? Look how pretty he is with color
in his face?

TARTAN

Yea okay, lets move on.

JADE, is dancing on the stage to The Monkees - "*Daydream Believer*", showing Davey Jones dance from the video to the dancers he is training. The dancers, TARTAN and RYAN watch him. TARTAN smiles with his grace.

JACQUES

(Yells)

JADE!

JADE leaps off the stage and dances his way over to JACQUES, RYAN and TARTAN. JADE immediately embraces TARTAN and hangs on to her. Kissing her, nuzzling her.

JADE

What do you want? I'm working.

JACQUES

You're staying away from the TBird
until this ADDER situation is under
control.

JADE

What about my guys? That's going to
cut into their cash.

TARTAN

I'll cover them. I'm going to cruise
by there tonight and get a look at
this kid.

RYAN

(Controlling and loud)

You're not going anywhere near that
place or that guy tonight, or any
other night!

JADE and JACQUES watch on, surprised and enthralled.

TARTAN

(Combative)

I know how to take care of myself.
I've been doing it the past 5 years
haven't I?

RYAN

(Serious order)

I tolerated GODFREY. You're not going
looking for a murderous pimp.

TARTAN

You barged in at GODFREY'S. I told you I wanted to go alone.

TARTAN is irritated. RYAN'S attempt at commandeering the situation does not go over well with TARTAN. JADE and JACQUES are surprised RYAN attempted this futile move.

RYAN

Like I was going to leave you alone with that dirt bag.

TARTAN snaps back.

TARTAN

(Disgusted)

You know what man, not everyone's uncle or father gets them in a union after they graduate from catholic school. Some people end up with the only life they have the option of living. Do you pass this much judgment on those philandering colleagues of yours when you're at their gender reveal parties drinking IPA and trying to one up each others riding lawnmowers and above ground pools? Their drunken middle aged housewives pretending that their husbands don't spend the weekend snorting the coke they bought from GODFREY off a 19 year old's ass. The only difference between those assholes and someone like GODFREY is pretense and a pension.

JACQUES and JADE watch on fully entertained.

RYAN

You know I didn't mean it that way.

TARTAN

Oh yes you did.

JACQUES

As much as I'm enjoying this, I do have some work to attend to. TARTAN, my darling, will I be seeing you tomorrow night?

TARTAN

Yea, I'll be here.

JACQUES

When you come in, just come right to my office.

(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)
 (To JADE)
 And you my little dancing angel, have
 a lot of work to do.

JACQUES motions toward the young male dancers, trying to create
 their own choreography and failing.

JADE
 Dear God, you're right.
 (To TARTAN; he kisses
 her)
 My love, I will see you tomorrow
 night.

TARTAN
 JADE, I had a dream where you called
 me and I couldn't hear you.

JADE
 You dreamed that?

TARTAN
 Yes.

TARTAN holds JADE'S face. JADE looks at her like a child would.
 Whimsical and light.

JADE
 Don't worry my love, it probably just
 means I need a new phone. Remember
 what we promised? No more bad dreams.

TARTAN
 No more bad dreams.

It is obvious that the sentiment has been shared a long time.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

TARTAN is angry at RYAN.

TARTAN
 (Loud)
 I told you not to come to Blue J's. I
 told you I was handling this myself.

RYAN
 I didn't want you going to that place
 alone.

TARTAN
 Five years I've been doing everything
 alone.

(MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)

But you didn't care about that when you stormed out of my life because you didn't get your way.

RYAN

(Yells back in frustration)

I asked you to marry me, and you said no! Because of a fucking nightmare? What the fuck was I supposed to do? Just go back to our life knowing it would never go anywhere?

TARTAN

(Confused)

Where did it need to go for you? What did you expect to happen? We sign some papers and all of a sudden something changes? Or you just wanted to be married because all your friends were married? Cheating on their wives constantly, but married.

RYAN

If it's just a piece of paper then why not say yes?!

TARTAN is exhausted from explaining the situation. She kicks off her shoes and falls into her couch. The cat sits beside her. TARTAN looks directly at RYAN.

TARTAN

(Deep sigh)

If I had said yes you wouldn't be standing here right now. That's all I know. When I have dreams where my senses pick up everything, I know that it's going to come true. All I know, is that when I said yes in the dream, I watched you burn up right in front of me. I watched your flesh burn from your skin and could taste the blood in the smoke. I could not say yes. But I didn't want you to leave. You decided to stomp your feet away from me.

RYAN

(Naive)

I wanted us to be a normal couple. I wanted you to be my wife. I wanted to have kids with you. I wanted a real life with you. Why does that make me a bad guy?

TARTAN

(Touched)

It makes you suffocatingly normal, and that has nothing to do with you showing up at Blue J's. What's going on right now is real life. What you want is the fucking fantasy where I repress my un-fulfillment and tolerate the asshole population you love. You pleased with yourself for rescuing me, parading me around like some kind of experiment. The last living member of the Bevelaqua crime family.

RYAN

(Sneer)

Oh fuck you with that. I couldn't understand why you'd rather spend your time with those dirt bags. Your parents left you very well off. But you still want to be part of that underworld bullshit.

TARTAN

You have no idea what you're talking about.

TARTAN gets up and walks to the kitchen. RYAN follows. They are still fighting. TARTAN is getting more angry and RYAN is unloading all the things he should have said five years ago.

KITCHEN

TARTAN takes the bottle of vodka out of the freezer and a glass from the drying rack on the side of the sink. She pours the vodka without ice into the glass and drinks it fast. RYAN is yelling, tears in his eyes.

RYAN

I have no idea what I'm talking about? They call and you jump. For what reason did MAGGIE pull you in on this case? Why not send some uniforms to talk to Balzy? You know why? Because she knew exactly who killed the guy from The Thunderbird and she wanted you to take the risk and the heat. GODFREY and JACQUES both know that's what she did.

TARTAN

(Forceful)

You are so fucking far off...

RYAN

Am I? MAGGIE knew exactly who this kid is, and what he's been up to. She knew that piece of shit GODFREY was the one who did the etches and she guilted you into going to his house, to set things in motion.

TARTAN

(Calmer)

If MAGGIE had never called me in on this, we wouldn't be standing here right now. Would you rather be somewhere else?

RYAN

(Accusatory)

No. But would you? Why don't you want me with you at GODFREY'S or Blue J's? What is it you're doing that you don't want me to see or know?

TARTAN

(Pouring another drink)

Of course, it has to be about you. Couldn't be I just don't need an audience. But of course it has to be about you. I forgot you were like this.

TARTAN lets out a frustrated laugh and takes another drink.
RYAN is perplexed.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

I don't need anyone knowing what goes on in my house, you got that?

RYAN

Why not?

TARTAN

Why not?! Because you can't just pick up where you left off. You cannot just come back into my life and think that everything is just going to go back to the way it was.

RYAN

You invited me back into your life.

TARTAN

I know I did, but I can't go back to what we were. I love you and we need to go forward.

RYAN walks over to TARTAN and puts his arms around her.

RYAN
That's what I want too.

TARTAN is conflicted between solitary life and life with RYAN.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

TARTAN sits on the sofa. RYAN is asleep in the bedroom. She is on the phone with MAGGIE. JADE has sent her pictures of ADDER'S Lincoln SUV. TARTAN sent them to MAGGIE and had her run his plate.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MAGGIE
The truck is registered to an address about 100 miles west of here. Just on the state line. It's probably a dummy address. Online billing makes it easy these days.

TARTAN
Someone has to know where this guy lives.

INT: CHIEF MACMAHON'S OFFICE

MAGGIE sits at her desk, looking at printouts. She drinks coffee from a "to go" cup. Through the office windows the daily activities of a busy police department take place.

MAGGIE
I'll send some black and whites to coast the perimeter of Blue J's. Not to go in the club and not harass anyone going in or out. Just be on the alert for ADDER.

TARTAN
Fine, but let me tell JACQUES.

MAGGIE
Be my guest. He can't stand me anyway.

TARTAN
That's not true. JACQUES loves you.

MAGGIE
JACQUES loves you, and tolerates everyone else. Speaking of love...how's it going with RYAN?

TARTAN
Fine. Why?

MAGGIE
Rumor has it, he's been sleeping at
your place.

TARTAN
By rumor I'll assume you mean, RYAN.

MAGGIE
What are you doing, TARTAN?

TARTAN
Just trying to live, Maggs.

MAGGIE
You know he can't handle what you've
got going on now.

TARTAN
What do I have going on, Maggs?

MAGGIE
TARTAN, come on. He called me this
morning to ask me how involved you are
in Blue J's.

TARTAN
What'd you tell him?

MAGGIE
I told him your bank rolled it but you
have nothing to do with anything going
on there.

TARTAN
So you told him the truth. Did you
tell him about what you and I do, to
make the world a better place?

MAGGIE
No, I didn't. That's got nothing to do
with anything. You and I both know
that JACQUES is running drugs out of
there and JADE has himself a nice rent
boy side hustle going on. And you know
RYAN isn't cool with any of that.

TARTAN
They aren't hurting anyone. They're
not like us, Maggs. They keep things
on the up and up.

(MORE)

TARTAN (CONT'D)

Most of JACQUES money comes from the club, he's only dealing coke and weed to like 20 people who have been his customers for 15 years. He's not pushing. And he's making investments for the dancers, and he's got most of them in school. JADE'S boys don't do anything they don't want to do.

MAGGIE

I know, that's why there's no heat on them and as long as I'm alive there never will be. But RYAN is sniffing around and he's planning on having a "talk" with you.

TARTAN leans forward leaving one foot on the table and the other to the floor, both firmly placed. She's defensive.

TARTAN

(Amused)

Is that right?

MAGGIE

(Chuckle)

He told me and then swore me to secrecy.

TARTAN

So you're telling secrets today?

MAGGIE

Only to my close personal friends.

TARTAN and MAGGIE laugh.

TARTAN

Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it.]

MAGGIE

I appreciate that, but you know RYAN'S a gung ho do-gooder, and he thinks he's going to rescue you...again.

TARTAN

When did he rescue me the first time?

MAGGIE

When your parents died. You fell right into that relationship. He didn't see who you were then, and he's struggling not to see it now. When you met, you were with GODFREY.

TARTAN

I was never "with" GODFREY. We just used to sleep together. A lot.

MAGGIE

Whatever you guys were, Ryan had this sense that he was saving you from the clutches of GODFREY and the life you were born into. And you let him believe that was real.

TARTAN

Maybe I wanted something different. A journey into numbing mundanity and a distraction to the inevitable. But it wasn't good enough was it? He left me anyway.

MAGGIE

You didn't give him much of a choice.

TARTAN stops and gets a look of sour regret on her face.

TARTAN

Fate didn't leave me with any other option. I don't want to talk about the past. Its over.

MAGGIE

Yea well, RYAN is trying to walk through the years he missed.

TARTAN

He can't. They're gone.

CUT TO:

INT: BLUE J'S - THE NEXT NIGHT

Blue J's is packed to capacity. "*Angel Dust*" by *New Order* plays loud while the DJ dances. The neon lights pulsate slowly, changing hues in time with the music.

JADE and the dancers are on platforms and a raised stage performing. They are dressed as mythological characters of various denominations (A dragon, a faun, a jinn, a Pegasus, an angel, a seraphim, a mermaid). The costumes are mainly body paint. JADE is a phoenix in red, silver and black.

TARTAN walks through the dancing crowd to get to JACQUES office. She sees JADE on stage.

TARTAN sends JADE a text. JADE feels the vibration in his pocket and dances to the side of the stage, takes his phone out of his pocket, and reads the text.

TARTAN

(text)

I'm here. I'm at JACQUES office.

JADE smiles with love. He moves through the crowd toward JACQUES office, where TARTAN stands in front of the closed door waiting.

INT: JACQUES OFFICE

JADE and TARTAN walk in. JACQUES is sitting at his desk, which has a mirrored top surrounded by mahogany. There are various papers, in neat piles to the side and a picture of JACQUES Mother, a tall, beautiful Egyptian woman, in a flowing orange sundress, standing in a lush garden with JACQUES father, a short, rough looking man from West Africa. There is a notary public embosser on the desk.

Behind JACQUES are bookshelves filled with 16th to 19th century world literature and philosophy. There is a curious collection of well worn Judy Bloom and Ray Bradbury books all grouped together, tucked in the shelf closest to his desk.

On JACQUES desk are two large monitors, one for surveillance of the club floor. The other for administrative work. JACQUES looks away from the monitors and at JADE and TARTAN.

JACQUES

So what's the plan?

TARTAN

What do you mean? I thought you let your security people know to watch for him.

JACQUES

You talk to MAGGIE?

TARTAN

She's sent some black and whites to cruise. They aren't even getting out of their cars unless something goes down.

JACQUES

ADDER comes here and sees the pigs cruising by he might get curious.

TARTAN

I think he'll get gone.

JACQUES

From what I've heard about this kid, he likes the chaos. I don't want him shootin up my club.

JADE

Our club.

JACQUES looks at JADE annoyed.

TARTAN

Listen. MAGGIE just wanted some officers around to make sure if something does go down, we aren't on our own.

JACQUES

(Smoking a joint in a long holder)

She wants something to go down. She wants the press. If she didn't she's send unmarked cars. Her motive is completely self serving. (Shakes his head) But you won't see it. You never do. Her ambition is stronger than your friendship.

TARTAN

Everyone with a motive is self serving.

A call comes in on JACQUES cell phone. Its from the bouncer at the door. JACQUES answers it.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

EXT. - FRONT ENTRANCE OF BLUE J'S

BOUNCER

He's here. I just saw his car drive by. Could be casing or could be parking. I don't know yet. What should I do if he tries to get into the club?

JACQUES

Let him in.

BOUNCER

Really?

JACQUES

Yes. No doubt he's strapped. So when he tries to come into the club through the metal detectors they'll go off.

(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Then you can escort him and his goons,
out of my club. Use the conspicuous
cops loitering around if you need to.

BOUNCER

I don't know if that's such a good
idea, boss. What if he decides to
start shooting?

JACQUES

Then you take him out.

BOUNCER

The heat is all over this place right
now.

JACQUES

Don't worry about them. They aren't
going to be a problem.

BOUNCER

Whys that?

JACQUES

If he tries to pull a weapon, take him
out. We'll give them the glory. That's
the only reason they're here.

BOUNCER

Okay.

END INTERCUT

INT: JACQUES OFFICE

JACQUES takes his SIG P229 out of his desk and lays it on his
lap. TARTAN looks at the gun.

TARTAN

GODFREY?

JACQUES

(Flirtatious)

You know my favorite place to get a
piece is GODFREY.

The three laugh. A text comes in from the bouncer.

BOUNCER

(text to JACQUES)

*He's in the club. Two guys with him.
Look like early 20s.*

JACQUES

(text)

How did they get in?

BOUNCER

(text)

You said to let them in. The metal detectors didn't go off and we patted him down. He's clean. Should I get him out?

JACQUES

(text)

No. Text the extra security guys. Tell them to stand by.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

(text)

Bring him to my office. Insist on it. If he chooses to cause a problem, take him out.

BOUNCER

(text)

Out. out?

JACQUES

(text)

Out of the building. What happens outside, I'll leave to your discretion.

JACQUES sets the phone down.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

My man is bringing that little snake in here and we are going to end this. I'm going to explain to him that my club, and my family are off limits to his rising empire.

JADE

Why are you bringing him in here?

JACQUES

(Scolding)

Well, what does it matter now, JADE? He's already seen you, and knows who you are from your dealings at the TBird. Leading him right here, to our house. So now as usual, JADE, I'll fix the situation.

TARTAN

(Serious)

I can't have this guy see me. If he makes me it won't be hard to find out that I'm working with MAGGIE. He's got to have some people at the precinct. And what's with the diplomacy? You are trying to reason with a person that has fashioned his persona into a poisonous snake. Exactly what part of him are you trying to appeal to?

JACQUES

The human side.

JADE

That is if he ever had one.

JACQUES takes a hollowed out book out of a drawer and puts it on his desk. He calls TARTAN through a video messaging app and places the phone in the book, sliding it in front of other books standing on his desk.

JACQUES

I'm going to keep you on here. I'll set the camera forward facing and you'll be able to hear and see everything, while you're in the bathroom.

JACQUES motions to his private bathroom just off his office. TARTAN walks into the bathroom. It is cream with tasteful lilacs stenciled all over the wall. TARTAN looks around and smiles.

TARTAN

(On the app live feed)

Mrs. Mosher's lilacs. You have your mother's taste. When the lilac bushes she gave my parents bloom every summer, I can smell your mother in the air.

JACQUES smiles with the memories of them as children. Before they had to become what the all are.

JACQUES

Me too. When her garden, well I guess now it's my garden starts to come back to life every spring, I can feel her spirit walking through it. I close my eyes breathe in deep and let the sun illuminate the red in my eyelids, and I can see her, in her flowing yellow dress, she always wore in the garden, but never got dirty.

(MORE)

JACQUES (CONT'D)

She would call me to her, to help her.
She would say; "yjb'an nakun jmyeana
bistaniyn", We must all be gardeners.

JACQUES eyes are slightly welled at the thought of his mother.
And what fate had robbed him of. He pulls it back.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Time to stay quiet.

TARTAN

Okay.

Two bouncers enter his office with ADDER.

ADDER - early 20s, of Irish descent, a product of the inner city American streets. He has a long snake tattoo from his neck to the top of his hand. He has no manners and no shame. He dresses extremely stylish and well. He believes the clothes make the man.

ADDER is cool, and welcoming as he sits down in a well worn (but appreciated) leather and metal chair in the office.
ADDER'S grin annoys JACQUES.

JACQUES

(Authoritative)

Is there something funny about this situation?

ADDER

(Smug)

How about the fact you think these kinds of old school theatrics scare me.

JACQUES

I'm not trying to scare you little boy, I'm inviting you to a conversation. Would you like to talk with me?

ADDER

(Arrogant and tough)

About what?

JACQUES

About the way you've been muscling my good friend, JADE.

JACQUES motions to JADE, standing at the far corner of the office. The Bouncer positioned just behind ADDER. JADE is leaning against the wall, the costume and body paint causing ADDER to stare. He looks JADE up and down.

ADDER
 (To JADE)
 You think you could rise from your
 ashes if I burn you down?

ADDER is seductive in tone. Death is sexy to ADDER. JADE, JACQUES and TARTAN (from the phone feed) all immediately understand what they are dealing with from that exchange.

JADE
 I think I fly too high for you to
 reach me, ofidian. (*Russian ophidian,
 it means snake*)

ADDER
 Is that like Ophilia?

The three friends react with shock to the idea that ADDER has read Shakespeare. The look on JACQUES face prompts ADDER.

ADDER (CONT'D)
 What? I watch movies.

The three friends are no longer confused.

ADDER (CONT'D)
 (to JACQUES)
 So, what do you want?

JACQUES
 I want you to stay out of my business.

ADDER
 (Smug)
 This is survival of the fittest and
 I'm not making room for anybody. You
 can't handle it, then move on. My goal
 isn't to make you more comfortable as
 you pimp out your little cocksuckers
 to the closeted dirty daddies in town.

JACQUES is calm, and scholarly in his demeanor.

JACQUES
 You've been killing people, and we
 don't play that way. You bring down
 heat on yourself and by association
 you bring down heat on us.

ADDER
 People like us...

JACQUES

Do not make the mistake of comparing yourself to me and my friend here. We're capitalists, you're a lowlife.

ADDER

Maybe I'm just willing to do what it takes to be more than a small time club owner who rents boys to weekend cock jockeys.

ADDER leans in. He is encapsulated in his own ego.

ADDER (CONT'D)

I'm willing to go all the way to get what I want. And your boy is an obstacle. He takes up rooms I need. I paid attention and I'm thinking that if I employ some boys, I could expand my customer base.

JACQUES

My customers don't want your stepped on shit. Or the shit you stepped in. You killing whores, you could have gotten away with that for a real long time, but you killed a working man in a working man's city. The local law enforcement is going to make an example of you. You need to stay away from my friend and you need to clean your house.

ADDER

I don't NEED to do anything. And I don't need any advice from you. Hunter was a little bitch. He was just fine with getting a stack of cash and his dick sucked nightly, until it got too real.

JACQUES

You're living in some Nino Brown, Tony Montana fantasy. You come into my house, I offer you an olive branch and you spit in my face.

ADDER

I came into your club to take care of business. So, if you want to save your life, and continue your little townie circle jerk, back off, give me your best boys and think about taking your retirement early. Because I'm not stopping anything for anyone.

JACQUES

Then you're more foolish than I thought your were. You want to play this game like a cowboy, I won't have to worry about you for too much longer. You go around killing with an etched bullets, giving the police all the evidence they need to find you and put you away.

ADDER realizes JACQUES must have people on the inside that told him about the etchings.

ADDER

I got cops on the payroll too.

JACQUES

The cops in your pocket don't even know the names of the people on my payroll. We keep it low key and they keep it off the radar. One hand helps the other and while they are looking away, no one pats themselves on the back. We make the necessary evils, a little less evil.

ADDER smiles, smug.

ADDER

You know what my daddy used to say? He said you can't trust anything that comes out of a niggas mouth because they eat their own.

The bouncer moves to hit ADDER. JACQUES motion to him to stay where he is. JACQUES expression is angry humor.

ADDER (CONT'D)

What? Are you sensitive to my choice of words?

JACQUES

Your words are yours to use. In these walls we avoid archaic terms, because there's no one here to answer to them. What I do find deeply insulting is that you think anyone in this room is stupid enough to believe that you ever knew your father.

ADDER'S demeanor changes. JACQUES hit a nerve. JADE snickers. ADDER is done with the conversation and he stands up. The bouncers move in.

ADDER

Stay the fuck out of my way, and find another place to do your business. The TBird is off limits because I ain't sharing.

ADDER looks at JADE with a menacing smile and no fear.

ADDER (CONT'D)

Thanks for the sit down, but I have things to do.

ADDER walks out the door. A bouncer gets in his way.

JACQUES

Let him go.

ADDER keeps eye contact with the bouncer and walks out of the door, angry.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

(To bouncer)

Make sure he leaves. The club and the parking lot.

TARTAN exits the messenger app and the bathroom. They all share a moment, knowing that ADDER is going to be a problem. JACQUES reluctantly makes a suggestion. He knows it will be unpopular.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

(To TARTAN)

He's clearly going to be a problem.

TARTAN

MAGGIE is going to get this guy off the street eventually. She just needs to match the casings to him. And I'll take care of that. The safest move is to stay away from the TBird for now.

JADE

And how are my dancers supposed to pay for college, and rent and food? Some of them will go to ADDER because they have to too survive.

TARTAN

I told you, I'll float them for the next couple months, just until MAGGIE and I can get this guy off the street.

TARTAN looks at JACQUES.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

Just tell your boys that the club is going to float them for a couple of months until the time catches up with ADDER.

JACQUES

I don't think that boy is going down alive.

TARTAN is sanguine and unaffected at the idea of ADDER'S death.

TARTAN

If that is what needs to happen, then that's what will happen. But idiots like him love jail time under their belt. They like the cache of it.

JACQUES

Don't mistake him as an idiot. He's too crazy to be smart, but he isn't an idiot. That's why he's dangerous.

(to JADE)

Which is why you need to keep yourself and those boys away from the TBird, until he's either dead or in jail.

JADE

(Waving arms)

And when will that be? When you find his gun or some other evidence and leave it out for the police to find?

TARTAN

(Parental)

You know there's more to what I do than that. You know it. These guys me and Maggs take down are the scum of the earth and that little snake...

(TARTAN points to the door)

He's gone. The dip shit etched his casings, so he's made it easy. Don't worry.

JADE

Excuse me if I have little faith in the importance law enforcement puts on prostitute murders. Even Hunter is just a working man on the take. And he's trafficking kid. His customers won't want their supply interrupted. The media will make it sound like he deserved to be killed.

JADE looks at TARTAN as if she is a fool.

TARTAN

Don't worry. All we have to do is get him with the gun on him, and that's easy enough. I'll rear end him with one of Maggs choice patrol cars behind me. They'll stop us both, and search both cars. Done deal. Easy peasy. Now stop all this worrying.

JACQUES

And what are we gonna do when he beats the rap? When the courts put him back on the street? Then what?

TARTAN looks at JACQUES and takes a deep breath.

TARTAN

That's not going to happen.

JACQUES

You know it could. And that little monster is going to be more bulletproof than before. What then?

TARTAN

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

JADE

(His back to TARTAN and JACQUES)

He needs to go. He will kill us before he is done.

TARTAN

He'll be gone, the right way. Stay away from the Tbird. Please.

JADE looks at TARTAN. His eyes agree to her terms. JACQUES checks his phone after hearing a notification.

JACQUES

He's left the parking lot.

INT: BLUE J'S DANCE FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

The three friends enjoy the rest of the night with dancing and drinking. JADE'S dancers are all throughout the club, enjoying the night and seducing the club goers. TARTAN and JADE are in their usual poor man's pas de deux. They've done this dance hundreds of times before.

TARTAN'S phone vibrates. She takes it from her pocket and sees the text from RYAN. JADE takes her phone.

RYAN

(Text)

I'm on til noon, got an hour. I want to see you. I miss you. Are you home?

JADE makes an affectionate face, teasing TARTAN.

JADE

(Text)

I'm at Blue J's.

There's a pause. JACQUES notices his two friends looking at TARTAN'S phone. He walks over to them.

RYAN replied with a text of an angry face.

JACQUES

What are we looking at?

JADE

(Yells over the music)

RYAN text TARTAN , for a quickie, and he's pissed she's here.

JADE shows JACQUES the angry face reply. They both laugh. TARTAN grabs her phone back.

TARTAN

You two are such bitches sometimes.

The three friends watch the ellipsis moving. They all wait for the text to come in.

RYAN

(Text)

I'll be there in five minutes to give you a ride home.

TARTAN

(Text)

I've got my jeep here. Come over after you get out of work.

The three friends watch the moving ellipsis again.

RYAN

(Text)

TARTAN , please? All I want to do is spend the one hour I have off in this 16 hour shift with you. I'm already in my truck.

JADE takes the phone from TARTAN again.

JADE

(Text)

Come get her right now, hero. Don't let her push you away. Get your sexy fireman ass over here, back entrance and she will be waiting for you. We're going to drive her tired old jeep home in the morning.

TARTAN

(Yells over the music)

What are you writing?! JADE...give me my phone!

JADE has sent the text so he lets TARTAN grab the phone from him. TARTAN sees the text, shakes her head and puts the phone in her pocket.

JACQUES is smiling. The three friends walk from the dance floor through the blue painted hallway to the service entrance of the club. JACQUES props the door open. They wait, together for RYAN.

The cold air comes through the door, and feels good on the three friends.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

You'll drive my jeep home in the AM?

TARTAN hands JACQUES her car keys.

JACQUES

Yes, I'll drive it over after I close the club.

(To JADE)

And you can follow me in my car.

TARTAN

I'll make egg stuffed tomatoes and scones. We'll eat and then crash at my place. Like the old days.

JADE hugs TARTAN and kisses her. JACQUES rolls his eyes.

JADE

A sleepover! You know I sleep in the nude.

TARTAN laughs. JACQUES watches on.

TARTAN

No free balling in my place. There needs to be at least one layer of fabric between you and my apartment.

The three friends see RYAN'S truck pull into the alley.

INT: TARTAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - 5AM

The dawn shows through the broken window. TARTAN stands in a t-shirt and pajama pants. On the counter is a pitcher of Campari and orange juice (Garabaldi), and three glasses filled with crushed ice. She takes scones off a baking rack and puts them on a large plate.

EXT. BLUE J'S

JACQUES locks the back door of the club. JADE is at his side. They walk to TARTAN'S jeep and JACQUES Audi. There are a few other cars in the parking lot.

JACQUES

Are you driving my car or TARTAN'S?

JADE

I'll take TARTAN'S. I want to stop at the pharmacy, I've got a headache.

JACQUES

Hair of the dog will take care of that.

JADE

I've had it all night. The alcohol didn't help it. I need a handful of ibuprofen.

JACQUES

TARTAN probably has some.

JADE

She never has aspirin or anything over the counter. She just calls Corinne if she needs something.

JACQUES

That's because when she needs something, she needs more than aspirin.

JACQUES pulls TARTAN'S keys from his satin jacket pocket and hands them to JADE. JADE walks to TARTAN'S jeep and JACQUES walks to his car. JADE waves.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

I'll see you at TARTAN'S.

They both get in the cars and JACQUES drives away first. JADE drives away a few seconds later and a white Lincoln SUV with gold trim follows him. He doesn't notice.

EXT. 24 HOUR PHARMACY PARKING LOT

A short drive down the dark empty street and JADE pulls into the parking lot of the pharmacy. He parks and is distracted by a deaf man signing to his service dog across the street. The white SUV pulls along the passenger side of the jeep.

ADDER hangs out of the back seat, a Colt 1911 in his hand. He shoots JADE through the passenger side window of the jeep. The window shatters with the first shot and two more shots follow. All shots hit JADE in the upper chest area.

ADDER jumps back in the SUV and it drives away. JADE is barely alive. He takes his phone and calls TARTAN. He gets the voice-mail and leaves a message.

JADE
The snake got me, my love. He got me.
ADDER got me.

The phone falls from his hand and lands face down on his lap. He is dying.

JADE (CONT'D)
(Last breath)
I love you, TARTAN. I love you.
(Beat)
Papa?

JADE is dead. A security guard runs out of the pharmacy and calls 911.

INT: TARTAN'S KITCHEN

A voice mail alert sounds from TARTAN'S phone, sitting on the counter. She doesn't hear it, because JACQUES walks into the kitchen at the same time, talking.

JACQUES
I can smell warm scones.

TARTAN
Where's JADE?

JACQUES
He had a headache so he stopped..what?

TARTAN freezes. Terror comes across her face. She runs to her front door.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
What?! What?!

TARTAN turns around. Tears in her eyes, shaking, JACQUES follows her, confused.

TARTAN
 (Frantic)
 I dreamed this! I fucking dreamed
 this! Give me your keys!

JACQUES is speechless, gives her the keys and follows TARTAN out the door. She has only socks on her feet.

EXT. PHARMACY PARKING LOT

TARTAN sees the lights from the police and the ambulance. She drives the car in as close as she can, gets out and runs toward the jeep. Cop #1 tries to stop her.

COP #1
 You can't...

TARTAN runs past him like he isn't there. JACQUES follows. MASON is on the scene, he is at the jeep. The front doors are open and there is no one in the jeep. JADE'S blood and broken glass is everywhere.

MASON
 TARTAN, don't go to the car.

TARTAN
 (Loud)
 Where is he?

MASON looks at JACQUES. They both have tears in their eyes for the loss and for what TARTAN.

MASON
 (Choking back tears)
 He's gone TARTAN.

TARTAN
 Where is he?!

MASON points to the ambulance. There is a body on a gurney, covered in a sheet. She is all sadness and rage. She walks to the body. Takes the sheet off his face. She is boiling with anger and devastation. She wipes the blood from his face with her hand, and kisses his lips. She whispers in his ear.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
 (Whispers)
 E' morto Carrissimo (Italian: *He is dead my dearest*). I promise.

She walks away, towards JACQUES. RYAN is running towards them from behind JACQUES. He sees TARTAN.

RYAN
 (Yelling)
 TARTAN! TARTAN!

RYAN embraces her.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (Frantic with relief)
 I heard the call come over the radio.
 I thought it was you. Oh my, God. I
 thought it was you.

TARTAN
 (Stoic)
 JADE'S gone.

RYAN
 (Sympathetic)
 Oh TARTAN, no. Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm
 so sorry. I'll take you home.

TARTAN
 No. I have to deal with where he's
 going, who they contact.

JACQUES
 (To RYAN)
 I'll take her home.
 (To TARTAN)
 You go sit in the car, and wait for
 me. I'll deal with this.

TARTAN
 Okay.
 (To RYAN)
 JACQUES is right. You need to get back
 to work, and I need to be alone.

RYAN
 I'll come over right after I'm off my
 shift.

TARTAN
 No! I want to be alone. I need to
 sleep. I'll call you in a couple of
 days.

RYAN
 (Selfishly confused)
 A couple days?! Don't be ridiculous.
 I'll be over right after...

JACQUES
 (Stern)
 RYAN! No. This isn't about you. The
 best thing for everyone is if I take
 TARTAN home, and she has her time to
 grieve her way.

RYAN
 (Upset)
 But I thought it was her. I thought it
 was TARTAN.

JACQUES
 Don't you understand that your relief
 is her nightmare.

RYAN realizes he is being selfish. He looks face to face with
 TARTAN.

RYAN
 (Softly)
 Okay. Okay, TARTAN.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING 7AM

TARTAN walks into her apartment and through her kitchen to the
 bathroom. She takes a shower.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM

TARTAN stands in a towel, brushing her hair back. She is
 sullen. She walks over to her closet. She puts on a compression
 cami, and women's boxers. She throws the towel.

She squats down and takes the box marked "Mums clothes" out and
 brings it to her bed. She opens the box. There are various
 colorful scarves, t-shirts, sweaters and jeans. TARTAN takes
 out a black, wool cashmere Aran sweater. She pulls it on over
 her head. She weeps holding the sweater close to her skin. She
 breathes in the smell of it.

TARTAN
 (Weeping)
 Mum, I wish you were here. With me. To
 tell me what to do. Mum.

She takes well worn jeans out of the box. They still have her
 mothers wide cuffing on the leg and an silk screen of *Margaret
 MacDonald Mackintosh's "Winter"* panel on the right leg. She
 puts the jeans on. They are baggy.

She takes her phone off her bedside table. There are messages
 from RYAN, JACQUES, CORINNE, MAGGIE. She sees a voice mail from
 JADE. She plays it, listens to it and cries. She lays down in
 her bed and cries herself to sleep.

INT: GODFREY'S WORKSHOP - 10AM

GODFREY sits on a high stool in his workshop drinking coffee from his travel mug. A cigarette in his hand. He puts the cigarette in his mouth and takes a remote from his workspace table and turns on the TV. He doesn't watch it, only listens to it while he tinkers with some disassembled fire arm pieces.

REPORTER

(On TV)

I'm here at the gruesome scene that played out just after 5am this morning. Local club owner JADE LEBEDEV was shot to death early this morning in front of this pharmacy.

GODFREY stunned, drops the gun parts and watches the TV intently.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

JADE LEBEDEV is the son of FYODOR LEBEDEV, former member of the Bevelaqua crime family who was killed nearly 10 years ago with his wife DAIYU LEBEDEV, ZAHRA and ANSELMO MOSHER and DAVIDE and JANE BEVELAQUE, when DAVIDE BEVELAQUA'S Yacht exploded, in what was believed to be a rival organized crime family hit. Killing everyone on board. Authorities speculate that JADE LEBEDEV might have been killed in connection with another organized crime family. JACQUES MOSHER part owner of Blue J's declined to be interviewed regarding his partner's death.

GODFREY is angered at the reporter's lie.

GODFREY

(To the TV)

Rival gang. What bullshit. It was a fucking accident. Bad fate. Media scumbags.

REPORTER

Mayor ELSIE MORAN is here at the scene.

GODFREY

Of course she is, the exploitative vulture.

REPORTER

(To Mayor)

Mayor Moran, how does this happen in a city like Litchburg? And is it connected to the alleged murders of the BEVELAQUA crime family?

MAYOR ELSIE MORAN - A woman in her late 50s, glasses, medium length, dyed blonde hair. She is self serving, self indulgent and unconcerned about the state she is chosen to govern. She only comes to Litchburg for photo ops and to exploit tragedy for political and financial gain.

MAYOR MORAN

(To Reporter)

I think its important to remember, this tragedy happened because the criminal had a gun. If guns weren't so easy to get, Mr. Lebedev might still be alive.

GODFREY

You fucking cunt.

REPORTER

(On TV)

Do the authorities think that this murder is gang related?

MAYOR MORAN

(On TV)

I am in contact with the Chief of Police who is right now investigating this. The people of Litchburg deserve better than this kind of violence. I have started a fund to help the city combat this kind of gun violence. It's called The Stop Fund and you can donate at Litchburg.gov. The Stop Fund will help to stop gun violence in our city and educate the public on the importance of gun control.

GODFREY

In other words, line your pockets, you lying sack of shit. Took you all of two hours to create a money laundering scheme.

GODFREY turns the TV off and takes his cell phone from his pants pocket. He makes a phone call.

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

TARTAN wakes to the sound of ocean waves. She looks around her bedroom, stands up from the bed, walks to the door, opens it and sees a staircase of a yacht. She walks up the staircase.

EXT: DAVIDE AND JANE BEVELAQUA'S YACHT DECK - DAY

She walks on the deck, and sees JACQUES' parents and JADE's parents, dressed in fine summer clothes. ZAHRA MOSHER (JACQUES MOTHER) in flowing orange silk. DAIYU (JADE'S MOTHER) in red. The couples seem to part and TARTAN sees her mother JANE, facing the ocean. PATE'S long red hair moving with the gentle wind against her white chiffon dress, her toe and finger nails painted blue. She is barefoot. All the comforts TARTAN remembers.

TARTAN

Mum?

PATE

Yes my love?

Jane touches TARTAN'S face and runs her hand down to touch TARTAN'S shoulder and sweater. Jane has a faded tattoo of a unicorn head on her middle finger, on her ring finger a tattoo of an infinity sign, on her index finger a black St. Andrew's cross.

JANE

My clothes look good on you. I always loved that sweater.

TARTAN

It still smells like you.

TARTAN starts to cry. Jane is attentive to her daughter.

JANE

Why are you crying my dearest?

TARTAN

JADE is dead. I saw it coming, and I couldn't stop it. I couldn't stop your deaths when I saw them. I don't want to see these things anymore.

JANE

We talked about this TARTAN. Angels don't question fate, they carry it out. You couldn't have stopped JADE'S fate anymore than you could have stopped ours.

TARTAN

(Angry tears)

Then why do I have to see it? If I can't do anything to stop it?

JANE

You see it so that you know there is a world beyond the pain. A world that exists all around the living with no time and no boundaries. As above, so below. You are part of that world, and it counts on you to help.

TARTAN

I don't want to be this anymore. I want to be with you. I don't want these dreams and this life.

Jane touches TARTAN'S hair and runs her fingers lovingly over her face, tracing her brows and her nose with adoration,

JANE

Do you know why I named you Tartan ? Even though your father fought me on it.

TARTAN

No.

JANE

Tartan is soft and warm, but strong and protective. In Scotland, your Tartan is the symbol of your clan. And you Tartan, you are the symbol as well as the strength. You were born with the pattern of readiness woven in your blood. And for that curse I take the blame, handed down without intent. And you've made it into something I never could. You are the blessed symbol of the clan love creates.

Jane motions to everyone on the yacht and embraces TARTAN as a mother would. TARTAN'S tears subside letting her mother hold her.

JANE (CONT'D)

(Soft but serious)

It's time to be strong my TARTAN ROSE...protect your clan.

From behind her she feels someone approach. She turns around and sees her father, standing in front of her, dressed preppy dapper. She embraces him.

TARTAN
 (Tear swollen eyes)
 Dad!

DAVIDE
 No need for tears, carissima (*dearest
 in Italian*).

TARTAN hears a child's voice call her name, over the rushing water and wind. It get's louder. DAVIDE motions towards a child on the yacht. She let's go of her father and sees an 11 year old JADE. She is overcome. JADE runs to her. DAVIDE embraces his wife.

JADE
 (Young)

TARTAN! TARTAN!

TARTAN
 This can't be real.

He hugs her. And looks in her eyes.

JADE
 I never much cared for being an adult.
 I was happiest as I am now. Still a
 dancer, still with Papa. But I miss
 you even here in paradise.

TARTAN
 I'm so sorry, JADE. I shouldn't have
 left you alone. I should have stayed
 at the club with you. I dreamed
 something bad was going to happen, and
 I let it happen.

JADE
 What happened was meant to happen. Or
 else it wouldn't have. You know this.
 You could always feel what I was
 feeling. Can't you now?

TARTAN holds the young JADE too her and inhales the rest of her tears.

JADE (CONT'D)
 You have to go now TARTAN (beat) and
 keep your promise.

TARTAN
 (Confused)
 What promise?

JADE

The one you whispered in my ear.

The crashing of the waves is getting louder. JADE separates from TARTAN and backs slowly away.

JADE (CONT'D)

I know you'll keep your promise. You always do. I'll see you again, Daydream Believer.

JADE turns and leaps in a jete' towards his parents. His father embraces him, kissing him with love. TARTAN looks on at everyone. They are laughing, and dancing. Her mother's hair blowing in the ocean wind. TARTAN wants to stay.

ZAHRA approaches TARTAN . She puts her hand on TARTAN'S forearm and looks in her eyes.

ZAHRA

Tell my son I'm with the dandelions and daisies.

ZAHAR kisses TARTAN on the cheek, smiles and walks towards her husband.

TARTAN hears a knocking sound. She turns towards it. She hears it again. It seems to be coming from below the deck. The knock gets very loud and she hears a man call her name.

DREAM SEQUENCE -END

CUT TO:

INT: TARTAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 7:04PM

TARTAN wakes fast. She looks at her cell phone and checks the time. She still hears the knocking and someone yelling her name. She gets up and walks to the kitchen to open the door.

KITCHEN

TARTAN sees GODFREY and walks away towards the refrigerator, leaving the door open. She takes a pint of carrot juice out and drinks some of it, putting it back into the refrigerator. GODFREY walks into the kitchen.

GODFREY

(Empathetic)

I heard about JADE. TARTAN, I'm so sorry.

TARTAN

(Exhausted; focused)

Yea me too.

TARTAN walks into her Living room, GODFREY follows.

LIVING ROOM

GODFREY sits down on the couch next to TARTAN. Her eyes wide.

GODFREY
Your mom loved that sweater.

TARTAN
(Stoic)
Yup. She did.

GODFREY
(Concerned)
TARTAN, I know what you are thinking
and you need to stop this here. Let it
go. MAGGIE will get ADDER off the
street soon enough.

TARTAN
He's fucking done, GODFREY.

GODFREY
TARTAN, this guy is a fucking nut.
You're going to get yourself killed.
Leave it alone. Let MAGGIE handle it.

TARTAN looks at GODFREY. He sees that there is no use to argue
with her. She has made her mind up. He's disappointed and
afraid.

TARTAN
Thanks for stopping by. I had a pretty
horrible morning and I have some
things to do, so if you don't mind...

GODFREY
I can stay, if you want? I'll stay
with you, TARTAN. (beat) Please, don't
go looking for vengeance. ADDER is
crazy, and you aren't thinking
clearly. He won't hesitate; he will
kill you.

TARTAN
(She is insulted)
Vengeance? There is no vengeance in
me. There is nothing in me right now
except the knowledge that no matter
what I do, fate will always play out.
And he sealed his fate when he killed
JADE. This isn't vengeance is pest
control. Leave GODFREY.

TARTAN does not want to be coddled. GODFREY stands up and begins to walk out of the living room.

GODFREY

TARTAN, if you need me...

TARTAN stands up and walks over to GODFREY and gives him a slow, affectionate kiss. Not romantic, but close.

TARTAN

I'm not meant to need, I'm meant to be needed. Bye, GODFREY.

GODFREY leaves, and TARTAN walks to her bedroom.

BEDROOM

TARTAN walks to her closet, grabs a pair of sneakers and sits on the edge of her bed. She puts them on, staring at the Dali painting. There are tears in her eyes, distraught with purpose.

She stands up, puts her cell phone in her back pocket and walks over to the painting, takes it off the wall revealing a large, digital safe. She places the painting gently on the floor, against the wall. She opens the safe. Inside there is her mother's Beretta M9, a suppressor, bullet clips, pair of brass knuckles, a few stacks of cash in 10k bundles, and various file folders.

She takes the Beretta out, checks it, loads a clip and attaches the suppressor. She puts the gun in her waistband. She puts the other two clips in her front pockets, takes a stack of cash and puts it in her other back pocket. She closes the safe and puts the painting back up.

TARTAN walks out of her bedroom, through her hallway and out of the front door, closes it and locks it. She keeps her keys in her hand. She goes down the staircase and walks the short hallway that leads to the front door of her parents apartment. She unlocks the door.

She walks into an extremely stylish and posh Living room. Red leather sectional sofa, marble floor, emerald green rug. There are Margaret MacDonald Mackintosh paintings on the wall. "*The Heart of the Rose*," "*The Mysterious Garden*," "*The Three Perfumes*." The room is filled with framed pictures of JADE, JACQUES, TARTAN, GODFREY, as young kids. Pictures of the families all together sit on tasteful, old tables.

TARTAN walks through a 90s modernized kitchen and enters an attached garage.

INT: TARTAN'S GARAGE

She flicks the light-switch on the wall. The garage is clean, well organized.

An Italian flag and a poster for the movie "Thief" hangs on a wall, two racks with steel lock boxes of all sizes sit in them and in the center of the garage is a covered car.

TARTAN uncovers the car, it is her father 70-1/2 Camaro, painted gold. She goes around to the trunk and opens it. She takes out a false bottom revealing a collection of license plates from every New England state and a carton of Gauloises Red (Cigarettes).

TARTAN
(Talking to herself)
So where are we from tonight, dad?

TARTAN shuffles through the plates.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
Rhode Island. Sounds good.

TARTAN takes a hand-held electric screwdriver from a rack of power tools and puts the plates on. She gets into the car.

INT: TARTAN'S CAMARO

She puts the gun, the money and her cell phone on the passenger seat. The drivers seat has a seat cover with the Archangel Raphael on it and the passenger seat has an Archangel Michael seat cover.

She opens the glove compartment and takes out a garage door opener, a cassette tape labeled "*driving mix*" and tosses both in her lap. She takes out an open pack of Gauloises, and a solid gold zippo lighter, She takes a cigarette out and lights it. Tosses the pack and lighter to the passenger seat.

She rolls down the driver's window and smokes while opening the garage door. She takes the keys down from the visor, starts the car and reacts to its powerful vibrations.

She opens the cassette, takes the tape out. The labels say; *MUMS SIDE/DADS SIDE*. She holds it.

TARTAN
(To Archangel Michael)
What the hell am I doing, Michael? Is
it vengeance?

She puts the tape into the tape deck, DADS SIDE facing up. The third verse of "*Dream On - Aerosmith*" plays. TARTAN smiles and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT: LITCHBURG FIRE STATION

GODFREY walks through a busy fire station. Dressed in a leather sports coat, "*Christian Death*" concert T-shirt, dirty jeans and expensive Italian shoes; he sticks out. A firefighter approaches him.

FIREFIGHTER

(Suspicious)

Is there something I can help you with...sir?

GODFREY

I'm looking for RYAN. Tall, dopey looking redhead.

The firefighter isn't amused. He knows what GODFREY is.

FIREFIGHTER

(Yells over his shoulder)

Hey Chief! You have a visitor.

The firefighter walks away, eyeballing GODFREY the whole time. RYAN walks towards GODFREY.

GODFREY

(Sarcastic)

Thank you for your service.

RYAN

(Confused annoyance)

What in the fuck are you doing here?

GODFREY

(Sarcasm)

I missed you. (Serious) Can we go somewhere more private to talk?

RYAN

(All business and overly masculine)

Yea fine. Make it quick, I'm on my way out.

RYAN walks down a hall to a small, institutional office with pictures of family and friends hanging up. He stands in front of a neatly kept desk. GODFREY closes the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So what do you want, scumbag?

GODFREY

Polite as ever. I think you know why I'm here. TARTAN isn't going to let JADE'S death go.

(MORE)

GODFREY (CONT'D)

She's going to try and take ADDER out and she's going to get killed doing it.

RYAN

(Disbelief)

You're crazy! TARTAN? Taking some nutty pimp out? Like some assassin? You're delusional.

GODFREY

(Pissed off)

I'm delusional? You were fucking her for how many years and you still have no idea who she is?

RYAN

I know her. She just needs to be alone, go on a bender with JACQUES and she'll be fine in a few weeks. She's not going to go looking for revenge.

GODFREY

(Disgusted)

Revenge? She's half Italian and half Scottish! She might burn the entire fucking city down yet to get this guy!

RYAN

(Winces his face)

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

GODFREY

I don't know what I'm talking about! She made her bones at 13. You know the local folktale about the hit-man in the garage.

RYAN

What? About TARTAN'S mother killing a burglar? Yea we all know that bullshit story.

GODFREY

You're right, that is a bullshit story. The hit-man was sent to kill TARTAN'S father. He wasn't expecting TARTAN'S mother to be in the garage, smoking. She heard him break in, when she made him, he fired three shots. A cruiser was nearby and responded. JANE had managed to take out the hit-man's knee with a wrench.

(MORE)

GODFREY (CONT'D)

He lay there, gun in hand, the cop walked into the garage and before the hit-man could shoot the cop, he had a bullet between the eyes. And then she walked over and put another in his chest.

RYAN

We all know the TARTAN'S mother kills the hit-man story.

RYAN dismisses GODFREY, sitting on the edge of his desk.

GODFREY

Except it wasn't TARTAN'S mother. It was Tartan. She saved MAGGIE'S father's life that night.

RYAN

Bullshit! These local city rumors get out of hand.

GODFREY

I was there, man. I was there when they were figuring out what to do. TARTAN was calm. Not emotionless, but aware that it had to be done. And that's what she's thinking now. That this has to be done.

RYAN'S face is a bit frozen at GODFREY being a witness.

RYAN

She isn't going on some killing spree to avenge JADE.

GODFREY

She called it pest control. She's probably called MAGGIE by now to tell her to keep the heat off of the TBird, like the cops are ever there, anyway. She's on her way there. I just left her house and I came straight here.

RYAN

(With jealousy)

What the fuck were you doing there?

GODFREY

Trying to stop her from getting herself killed. Big picture here!

(Beat)

Do you really not believe me?

(MORE)

GODFREY (CONT'D)

She and MAGGIE have been cleaning the streets for a few years now.

RYAN

Cleaning the streets? What the fuck does that mean?

GODFREY

When MAGGIE and the rest of the incompetent law enforcement can't find evidence or make a case stick, she calls TARTAN. TARTAN finds evidence and makes sure that the cops find it too.

RYAN

Bullshit. Why would she do that?

GODFREY

For JACQUES and JADE. For the people who fall victim to these scumbags and have no power to stop them. She's got this kind of blind morality.

RYAN

(Disbelief laughter)

So, this morality is going to allow her commit murder?

GODFREY

I told you, to her it isn't murder; she called it pest control. But I'd call it wrath.

RYAN

You want me to believe that TARTAN is a sociopath who kills hit-men and sets up criminals with the local police chief? Get the fuck out of here with this shit.

GODFREY

(Starts to walk away)

Why the fuck would I come here?

I thought you were in love with her?

She is going to get herself killed if someone doesn't stop her. Adder has a car full of goons with guns that will take her out before she get's near him. I need your help, asshole. You want to sit here holding your dick? fine! But I'm strapped (opens his jacket revealing a gun in a holster) and heading to the TBird to try and stop her, if I'm not already too late.

RYAN
(Struck with jealousy)
Wait! I'll drive. And when you see she
isn't there, I want you to stay away
from her, for good.

GODFREY
And when she is there, what do I win?

CUT TO:

INT: RYAN'S TRUCK

RYAN is driving and GODFREY is in the passenger seat. Ryan starts the truck.

RYAN
You're going to look really stupid
when we get to the motel and all you
see is whores and truckers.

GODFREY
You already look stupid.

RYAN looks at him, unamused.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE THUNDERBIRD MOTEL - 8PM

A typical double decker motor lodge, weathered walls. The room doors are red, with white trim and red accents. The lights are dim and some out completely.

TARTAN'S parked at the far right in the motel parking. ADDER'S SUV sits parked in the center of the lot. 5 other cars litter the lot, and 2 big rigs on the side of the motel.

The night is cold. Two people stand outside of rooms 202 and 207 smoking and shivering.

TARTAN
Underage prostitution, no problem, But
don't smoke in the room. A sinisterly
moronic society.

TARTAN spots ADDER getting out of the back of the SUV and walks into hotel room 104. He signals the men in the SUV to text the John.

TARTAN watches ADDER go into the room, and a few seconds later a man come out. The man is a john and goes to the Nissan Centra in the parking lot. TARTAN watches another man get out of a Honda Civic, walks to room 104, and knocks.

ADDER opens the door lets the new john in and comes out a few seconds later, ADDER knocks on room 105, and the scenario repeats.

TARTAN exits the car, and watches ADDER go into room 107. She draws her gun, with the suppressor on the barrel and shoots out the SUV tires. Two cars waiting in the parking lot take off.

Thug #1 feels the tires go flat and exits the passenger door. TARTAN shoots him dead center in the head, he goes down.

THUG #2
(Yelling out the window)
Hey! Where did you go?!

Thug #2 gets out of the car, sees the tires deflated, and the shoes of Thug #1.

THUG #2 (CONT'D)
Hey?! What the...

TARTAN shoots Thug #2 in the head, killing him.

TARTAN walks to room 107.

INT. RYAN'S TRUCK

RYAN and GODFREY pull up toward the Thunderbird Motel parking lot. They witness TARTAN in the doorway of room 107 put a gun to ADDER'S head and force her way into the room

GODFREY and RYAN see the scene at the SUV . RYAN is astounded.

GODFREY
What did I tell you?

RYAN
(Mouth dry)
I can't believe this. There's no way
this is happening.

GODFREY
Jesus! You just saw her with a gun on
someone. That's her too.

GODFREY motions to the dead thugs on the ground.

INT: THUNDERBIRD MOTEL - ROOM 107

The colors, beige, puce and taupe pollute the room. There are two queen beds, and ADDER is sitting on the bed furthest from the door. TARTAN has a gun on him. He's still smug. There are two terrified underage girls sitting on the other bed.

TARTAN
 (To the girls)
 You and you. What are your names?

GIGI
 I'm Gigi and this is Armani.

TARTAN takes the money from her back pocket and throws it to Gigi.

TARTAN
 Catch!

Gigi catches the money. She is stunned.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
 There's 10 grand there. Go get the girls in 104 and 105, say the cops are here. If I find out you left the other girls here, I'll find you and I'll kill you. Do you understand?

The girls nod that they understand.

TARTAN (CONT'D)
 Now get the fuck out of here and keep your mouths shut.

The girls run to the door fast. It opens and the girls push and run by GODFREY and RYAN.

ADDER
 You give two whores that kind of money? You dumb bitch.

TARTAN shoots ADDER in both knees. He screams in pain.

RYAN
 (In shock)
 TARTAN! What are you doing?!

TARTAN
 (To GODFREY)
 You've got to be kidding me. You're fucking dead, GODFREY.

ADDER pleads with GODFREY.

ADDER
 Help me! This bitch is crazy.

GODFREY looks at ADDER, no sympathy.

RYAN

TARTAN put that gun down! Stop this!
What are you doing? You're upset.
You're not thinking.

TARTAN

Leave RYAN. GODFREY, I'll deal with
you later. Get him out of here. He
doesn't need to see this.

ADDER

(Crying)

See what, you crazy bitch! Why are you
doing this to me?!

(To GODFREY and RYAN)

Help me! Please Help me! Don't let her
kill me! Please, don't let her kill
me!

GODFREY doesn't respond. He walks toward the door. TARTAN is unaffected.

RYAN

(Pleading)

TARTAN, this won't bring JADE back.

ADDER'S surprised at the mention of JADE.

ADDER

This is about that little faggot?

TARTAN shoots ADDER right between the eyes. The room is silent. RYAN cannot process what he's seen and walks outside to the parking lot. GODFREY watches RYAN with sympathy and puts his hand on TARTAN'S shoulder. She looks at ADDER dead and takes a deep breath.

GODFREY

(Softly)

TARTAN, let's go. It's done.

EXT: THE THUNDERBIRD MOTEL PARKING LOT

RYAN is holding his head pacing back and forth in front of TARTAN'S car. GODFREY goes to him, TARTAN walks behind, gun still in hand. RYAN is hysterical, screaming at TARTAN.

RYAN

What have you done! What have you
done! You killed that kid! He was just
a kid!

GODFREY leans against the car, behind RYAN. He lights a cigarette and watches the argument.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you know what you've done?!

TARTAN

Yea, I've made Litchburg a little bit safer. Not much, just a little bit.

RYAN

(Shock and fear)

You executed someone! You killed a man, TARTAN !

TARTAN

No! I ended a fucking problem. What I just did saved lives. That little fucker would have murdered hundreds more people if he was allowed to go on.

RYAN

You had no right...

TARTAN

(Stern, serious)

I had every fucking right! Every right! That piece of shit in there was a fucking menace. I would have let MAGGIE put him away. But he fucked up. He signed his death warrant the second he even thought about killing JADE. You want to stand here and judge me? Go ahead. But don't you forget what he is. A guy that rapes little girls to break them in and murders people. He chose his fate.

RYAN

(Yelling)

He was just a kid!

TARTAN

So was I! So was JADE! So was everyone. You get in this game, you know the risks. You better be sure you're as bad as you think you are, because in this world there is no right and wrong, its live and die.

RYAN stands in front of Tartan and takes her by the shoulders.

RYAN

(Breathing heavy)

This world?! You cannot believe that you get a special set of rules because you want them!

TARTAN

Oh, there are special rules, but they don't "trickle down" to people like us. So, some of us have to make our own rules.

RYAN

You can't believe that! He should have been brought to justice.

TARTAN

(Deadly serious)

I can't believe it? Why not? I see it, everyday. Justice? You want me to sit back and watch his scumbag lawyer and the Judges he supplies with little girls along with the advocates that he keeps flush with coke and excuses to form new tax payer funded committees make JADE into a monster and that piece of shit into their latest victim hero?

TARTAN pushes RYAN'S arms off her and backs up.

TARTAN (CONT'D)

The bad guys won, RYAN. They have the country by the balls. Law, civility, these things mean nothing to the appetites of the privileged few who get to determine the definition and cost of justice. But here, justice holds its true meaning. No one's going to miss this guy. And no one should.

RYAN

(Eyes wide, scared)

TARTAN ...I can't...I won't...I don't even know who you are?!

From the left of RYAN are three gun shots from an automatic rifle. One hits RYAN in the hip, one in the abdomen and one in the neck. RYAN falls back into GODFREY'S arms. GODFREY covers the abdomen wound and neck wound with his hands.

TARTAN looks in the direction of the shots and a teen prostitute stands holding an automatic rifle, standing by ADDER'S SUV. TARTAN shoots at her and misses, the girl runs. TARTAN fast, scared, angry opens the drivers side door, lifts the seat forward.

TARTAN

(Frantic)

Get him in the car, GODFREY!

GODFREY pulls RYAN into the backseat, backwards. RYAN is laying across him and GODFREY still has his hands covering the gunshot wounds. Blood comes out between his fingers on both hands.

GODFREY
 (Careful, stressed)
 Come on, fire crotch! Come on, man! I got you, don't fade. Keep your eyes open man.
 (He looks in RYAN'S eyes)
 Don't close your eyes, okay. Stay awake.

TARTAN puts the seat back and she is shot twice in the left leg. One below the knee, the other right through the calf and shin muscles. TARTAN screams, falls on the driver's seat, looks to the direction of the shots. It's the same girl. TARTAN shoots again and does not miss. The girl falls dead. TARTAN throws her gun on the seat, takes out her phone, calls MAGGIE while pulling her leg into the car.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION: TARTAN'S CAR AND MAGGIE'S OFFICE

GODFREY
 TARTAN, we have to get him to a hospital, now.

TARTAN
 (In pain)
 I know! I'm calling MAGGIE to call Corinne and shut down 12 South for me.

TARTAN looks at RYAN waiting for MAGGIE to pick up. RYAN won't look at her and closes his eyes.

MAGGIE
 (On the phone)
 Is it done?

TARTAN
 (Voice shaky with pain and anger)
 RYAN'S been shot. Call CORINNE and tell her.

GODFREY
 (Loud)
 She's shot too MAGGIE!

MAGGIE
 What!

TARTAN

(Forceful and afraid)

I'm fine! Just call CORINNE and tell her I'm coming in fast with gun shots. Close where Bemis meets Water at 140 and 12 up to the Hospital, and keep the blues off me.

INTERCUT - MAGGIE'S OFFICE

MAGGIE

(Concerned)

Okay, okay. I'll call.

MAGGIE hangs up and begins to call CORINNE, yells and motions to MASON standing outside her office. He opens her office door.

MASON

What?

MAGGIE

(Fast and clear)

Close 12 South where Bemis and Water cross up to the Hospital. Tell them a civilian is bringing in a first responder who's been shot, and do not stop her no matter what.

MASON

What car does she have?

MAGGIE looks at MASON as if he is an idiot.

MASON (CONT'D)

(Head down, moving fast)

Sorry. Sorry. I'll do it.

MAGGIE

(On the phone)

CORINNE!

INT: TARTAN'S CAR

TARTAN puts her foot down on the clutch to start the car and screams in agony. She opens the driver's side door, leans out and throws up. The pain is intense and she's bleeding worse. She leans back into the car, takes the seat-belt and wraps it tight around her thigh. She tries to lift the leg again, and screams in pain.

GODFREY

(Overcome, breathing heavy)

TARTAN, let me drive. Switch with me.

TARTAN looks back and sees RYAN unconscious and GODFREY covered in blood. Her eyes fill with tears. Face stressed.

TARTAN

(Choked up pain)

If you move your hands he's going to bleed out. The car's started. I can float the gears.

GODFREY

You can't do that. You'll blow your transmission.

TARTAN

Yes I can! This is a rock crusher transmission, it can take it. You just have to know how to feel when it's time to shift. The clutch is a convenience.

TARTAN puts her foot down on the gas and floats the first gear rough, but the second with ease. The cassette tape flips to the start of MUM'S SIDE. "*Tonight is What It Means to Be Young - Streets of Fire Soundtrack*" plays. Within seconds she is shifting through every gear, letting the vibration guide her, increasing speed as she nears the first end of the roadblock. She can see the flashing lights in the darkness.

TARTAN speeds by the police at the road block.

GODFREY

I remember your mom loved this song.
(quick laugh)Of course she did.

TARTAN looks in the rear-view and sees GODFREY holding RYAN'S lifeless body. She makes eye contact with him for a couple seconds. She looks forward, tears streaming from her eyes, and the muscles in her face reacting to pain and terror. She's in her last gear and the needle is buried.

The car flies through the long, dark stretch of road. Onlookers from pubs and parking lots alerted by the sound of the engine and shocked by the speed of the car passing. TARTAN passes by the few cars on the road and a speeding ambulance. The EMTs look over in surprise, she doesn't break focus.

The gold paint reflecting the business signs in the darkness. Over the hill shines the lights from the hospital, now in TARTAN'S sight.

They approach the entrance to the parking lot. She puts the car in neutral to decrease the speed and drives to the emergency entrance.

She stops the car, shuts it off and falls forward on the steering wheel. A tall woman in surgical scrubs and a white coat opens the passenger door. Nurses, orderlies and various hospital staff rush to get RYAN out of the car.

CORINNE

(Urgent to staff)

His name is RYAN. He's a front line first responder. Take him to OR 4, its prepped. We have three gunshot wounds. Possible broken ribs, punctured lung...

Ryan now on the gurney, GODFREY standing over him.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

Gunshot to the neck. We need a wheelchair for the driver, gunshot to the leg, get her stable and in the closest room to OR 4.

(To GODFREY)

Are you okay?

CORINNE quickly tries to examine him, he rejects her touch. The staff moves TARTAN from the driver's side into a wheel chair and rush her into the hospital. TARTAN is passed out.

GODFREY

I'm fine, its not my blood. Its his.

CORINNE runs into the hospital. She gives direction to the nurses and staff. GODFREY standing against the open passenger side door.

CORINNE

Is the patient prepped?

A SECURITY PERSON approaches GODFREY.

SECURITY PERSON

You have to move your car, bro.

GODFREY glares at the SECURITY PERSON and closes the passenger side door. He walks around to the driver's side, gets in. He sees the cigarettes' and is elated. He takes one out with his bloody hands. He lights it with the gold zippo and he starts the car. He runs his hands through his hair as he drags deep on the cigarette between his teeth. He slams his hands down on the steering wheel and caresses it. He puts the radio on, and flips the tape. *"My Way - Frank Sinatra"* plays from the middle.

GODFREY

(Exhaling smoke)

You certainly had style, DAVE. I Miss you, man.

SECURITY PERSON
You can't smoke here, bro!

GODFREY puts the car in gear and gives the SECURITY PERSON the finger as he speeds away, music blaring, cigarette in his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT: HOSPITAL - ONE WEEK LATER - MORNING

CUT TO:

INT: RYAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM

RYAN lay awake in a hospital bed looking out the window. Its a sunny November morning. CORINNE comes into the room with a nurse.

CORINNE
Well, it looks like you'll be leaving us today, MR. HAYES.

RYAN
(Sarcastic)
MR. HAYES? Really?

CORINNE
I'm trying to keep it professional for the staff.

The nurse smiles at CORINNE and CORINNE winks. The nurse checks RYAN'S bandages and administers his medications.

NURSE
(To RYAN)
Is there anything else you need right now?

RYAN
No. Thank you.

NURSE
I'm going to finish my rounds if you don't need me, doctor.

CORINNE
That'll be fine, thank you. Oh! Could you check Mrs. Alexander first, she was a bit lightheaded. I think she just needs some juice.

NURSE
Yes doctor.

CORINNE

Thank you.

The nurse leaves the room and CORINNE sits on RYAN'S bed.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

You have someone waiting to see you.

RYAN

I don't want to see TARTAN.

CORINNE

(With a doctors tone)

Why not?

RYAN

You know why? You know what she did.

CORINNE

Yes. I do know what she did. What I can't figure out is why you would rather stew in anger over the moral implications of someone who would have killed you if given the opportunity. This anger isn't good for the healing process.

RYAN

(Eyes wide)

You're as fucked up as she is.

RYAN looks away and out the window.

CORINNE

Probably. Years of seeing the victims of people like ADDER coming through the halls of every hospital and clinic I have ever work in is bound to take it's toll. But MAGGIE and I never thought anyone would get hurt. We wanted to stop people from getting hurt. I watched for years as young girls, some as young as 8, came into my hospital. Vaginal lacerations. Bite marks on their backs. Hair pulled out. Mouths torn at the corners. And the boys..., the ones they let live...I'll spare you that description. All courtesy of people just like the monster you are mourning right now.

The expression on RYAN'S face changes as CORINNE continues.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

You almost hope to see some fear in their eyes because you know they still have some emotion in there. That the monsters haven't taken it from them. But most, there is nothing there anymore. All hope and innocence annihilated in a matter of minutes.

RYAN

That doesn't make what she did okay.

CORINNE

(Calm)

Yes it does. People like you get to be heroes. People like MAGGIE and myself have to clean the mess after the parade. And TARTAN helps with that. Had he not killed JADE he would still be alive. And had TARTAN let him live, some scumbag advocate with the help of the moronic and greedy media would have made him the local victim hero that saved the world from a dangerous, mafia faggot who had it coming. We don't want parades and statues; they aren't for heroes; they're for celebrities. Heroes are altruistic, not opportunistic.

CORINNE stands up from the bed.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

By the way it isn't TARTAN who came to see you.

JACQUES walks into RYAN'S hospital room, stylish, wearing a long, black velvet coat with an embroidered lapel with dandelions and daisies tied in a orange ribbon pinned to it. Cane in hand, gives CORINNE a loving hug and kiss.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

He can be discharged as soon as he has a ride home. And I'm borrowing that coat this weekend.

JACQUES

Thank you, gorgeous.

CORINNE leaves the room.

JACQUES sits in CORINNE'S spot.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

(Softly)

She's waiting outside to take you home.

RYAN doesn't respond.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

So. You finally see the forest for the trees.

RYAN looks at him.

RYAN

You people are all acting like what happened last night was normal. Like it was okay. Like she put out a cigarette.

JACQUES

No my handsome, stubborn friend, she took a powder keg off a dumpster fire.

RYAN looks at JACQUES, fed up.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

You are wound too tight for this world. You always were. When JADE and I saw you two together for the first time we both knew she was happy. And when we saw you together again, we both knew that happiness was going to have to fight it's way back. She buried that down deep when you left.

RYAN sits himself up.

RYAN

(Winces)

Do you think it was easy for me? I was in love with her. I'm still in love with her, but...

(whisper)

She's a murderer. A multiple murderer.

JACQUES

She saved your life. And GODFREY too. What I wouldn't have done to have that man's arms wrapped around me in the back seat of that car...I absolutely would have died, with an ear to ear smile.

RYAN

Enough, please. Put that one away in your skindex. Can you ask the nurse to call me a cab?

RYAN walks around the room gathering his things.

JACQUES

When I picked TARTAN up from the hospital she told me in the car, on the way home, that my mother wanted me to know she was in the dandelions and daisies. It brought me to tears. Every night since my mother died, while I drift to sleep, I weep and whisper; "Mama, where are you?" I never told a soul. After TARTAN told me about the dream, I walked through my garden, and found a patch of dandelions and daisies around the rock my mother used to sit on to read and when the wind blows through them I can hear my mother's voice and smell her skin.

Jacques face is calm and serene.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Whatever it is TARTAN does, is not for you or I to judge. It is what she is called to do. She doesn't like it anymore than you do.

Ryan takes clean clothes and his blood stained boots out of a hospital bag and begins to put them on, sitting in a chair. Jacques turns around. RYAN puts his hand out in a motion to stop.

RYAN

Don't turn around! Where did these clothes come from?

RYAN struggles through the pain to put these new clothes on, not being careful for his bandages.

JACQUES

She bought them for you. Walking around the shop, leg in a splint and a brace, to make sure you had what you needed. That's what she does. She does what needs to be done no matter how much it hurts.

RYAN stands up dressed and walks to the end of the bed. JACQUES stands up and faces him.

RYAN
 (Judgmental)
 She needs help.

JACQUES
 (Scolding)
 She is help. She needs you. How many more times does she have to save your life for you to understand that? JADE and I spent months consoling her when you left. She hasn't been with another man since you. When JADE and I asked her why she didn't get back out there and meet someone new she said, "What's the point? I had the real deal, and even that didn't stop fate." But JADE and I knew it wasn't fate that made you run away. It was ego. She doesn't have that problem. I was hoping you had outgrown it.

JACQUES straightens out RYAN'S clothes. Tears fill his eyes. RYAN begins to bend with compassion.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
 Fate has taken everyone we loved from us and TARTAN is cursed with having to see it before it happens. And she's still here, waiting, for fate to make it's next move. She doesn't have a choice, but you do. What will it be, RYAN? Fate or ego?

Jacques turns around to walk out of the hospital room. He stops just as he opens the door. Ryan looks at him, still unsure.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
 No matter what you decide, one thing stays the same.

RYAN
 What's that?

JACQUES
 She loves you and you love her. That is the only gift fate has given her. Are you going to take that away, again?

Jacques leaves the room and notices Corinne at the desk.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
 CORINNE, got time for a cup of coffee while you drive me home?

CORINNE
(Pleased)
Sure.

JACQUES
I'll tell you about MORAN the moron
doing rails in my office before her
press conference in front of my club.

CORINNE
Our club.

JACQUES
You want to hear the story or not?

Their voices fade as they walk away and Ryan stands
contemplating his decision.

CUT TO:

EXT: HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Ryan walks out the hospital doors to the parking lot. He sees
Tartan leaning against the back of her Camaro. Air boot on her
left leg. She's waiting for him. He walks to her slowly. She is
nervous.

Ryan stops in front of Tartan.

TARTAN
(Anxious)
Do you need a ride home?

Ryan puts out his hand.

RYAN
I'm driving.

While Tartan takes the keys from her pocket they share a smile.
Ryan leans in and kisses Tartan, taking the keys from her hand.

THE END

FADE OUT.

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