

Johnny Pace

Written by

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The ring of an old school phone.

EXT. FOLSOM PRISON - AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: Folsom 1968.

BLUE and HOT California sky over the GIANT castle structure of Folsom.

Not a place you want to find yourself. Ever.

INT. FOLSOM, CELL BLOCK WEST - SAME

The RING of the phone echoes through rows and rows of CELLS.

One ROW passes a NOTE.

HANDS stick out between the bars - pass - and disappear.

With each pass, "A message for Pace". Again and again.

Until a strong pair of hands opens the note. Silence.

Two words: "Estas Muerto" or (You're Dead).

A heavy footed GUARD passes by.

GUARD

No word yet, Pace. You just sit  
tight. You're still ours.

INT. FOLSOM CELL - CONTINUOUS

All concrete and cold. A COT, a TOILET, a SMALL WINDOW with a  
FRAMED PHOTO of a car.

A broad shouldered weary FIGURE crumples the note and tosses  
it onto a MOUND of similar CRUMPLED NOTES.

We never get a good look at his face. Not phased by the  
ominous note, he grabs the photo of the car, lays down, and  
gazes at it as if it's a pinup girl.

MAN

No hablo espanol.

A ROAR of laughter from the other cells.

EXT. ROADSIDE TACO STAND - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: OKLAHOMA 1958.

Here's our Folsom prisoner, but a decade younger:

Jonathan "Johnny" Pace, 28, handsome, but a bit too weathered for his age. He's tall, broad-shouldered. For better or for worse, he's going to try and help.

He protects a taco in one hand and waves frantically with the other.

PACE  
(in perfect Spanish)  
*Wait! Wait! C'mon, I'll take care  
of it!*

All italicized English dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

He turns.

A GROUP of OKIE HIGH SCHOOL JOCKS, all Converse and crewcuts surround him.

PACE  
C'mon, fellas, stop this nonsense.

A JOCK throws a PUNCH, knocks Pace on his ass in the dirt. He's deft or stupid enough to still save his taco.

We now see that Pace has put himself between the JOCKS and the HERAS FAMILY, owners of the taco stand.

Scared and used to this kind of harassment, the GRANDFATHER, GRANDMOTHER, ADULT DAUGHTER and her TWO CHILDREN huddle close to one another.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Now, wait just a second boys! These nice people provided a service and you owe them -

A JOCK is about to hurl a beer bottle at Pace's car. In the darkness, we just make out the wheels and sleek curves.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa don't hit the car!

The beer is thrown, Pace reaches up, and SOMEHOW is able to make the catch! Everyone is surprised. What's left in the bottle dumps right onto his head.

GRANDFATHER HERAS  
*I'm going to get my gun!*

Pace wipes the warm beer out of his eyes.

PACE  
*No! No GUNS! I got it!*

Another JOCK struts back to their car. The others follow.

Pace breathes a sigh of relief. He's about to take a bite of his taco when--

The Jock hits a SPOTLIGHT on the driver's side door. A bright glow now encircles Pace in the dirt.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

The young hispanic DAUGHTER, just barely 7 years old, runs to Pace. They're eye to eye.

She reaches out her hand.

YOUNG GIRL  
*I'll hold it for you.*

Defeated, he relinquishes the taco. She pats Pace on the back for luck and rejoins her family as the Jocks return to rumble.

Pace, on the sly, grabs a fistful of DIRT.

PACE  
Listen, I'm not going to fight a bunch of teenagers.

JOCK LEADER  
Don't worry, won't be much of a fight.

The Jocks laugh.

Just as PUNCH #2 is thrown, Pace tries to toss the dirt into the punk's face, but it ends up flying back into his face.

He coughs, wipes at his eyes. Arms and hands flail to grab the kid and stop the assault.

PACE  
Oh shit. Okay, okay, time out -

Nope! Pace gets his ass kicked. It's embarrassing. He's able to briefly wrap himself around one Jock.

PUNCH! Pace's THROWN against his car door and lands back in the dirt.

The Jock's celebrate and lose interest. They head back to their car.

JOCK 3  
They were pretty good tacos.

He's scolded.

JOCK LEADER  
Get in the car, Dale!

Car doors slam. Taillights disappear.

Pace inspects the side of his car. The little girl runs over with his taco.

PACE  
*I have something for you.*

Pace produces a WALLET lifted from Jock 1.

PACE (CONT'D)  
*Look at what those fellas left for  
your family.*

He shows her what's inside - CASH. They make an exchange.

Pace takes a big satisfying bite of his taco.

END OF TEASER.

EXT. TOWNLEY MILK COMPANY - OKLAHOMA CITY - MORNING

A Giant Milk Bottle at the factory's entrance. Dozens of milk delivery trucks parked out front. It's just past dawn and the factory bustles with employees entering.

INT. TOWNLEY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A young man, STEWIE, leans against a TRUCK. He talks and talks.

STEWIE  
I think she was just seeing me for  
the butter. Seriously, just in it  
for the dairy. I couldn't believe  
it. I took this broad out three or  
four times. Two movies!  
(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

With popcorn. Do you know how much  
that cost me??

Stewie can't wait to say.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Johnny? Are you listening to me?

From underneath the truck Pace rolls out. He wears a Townley  
MECHANIC'S OUTFIT. Shiner from the fight visible.

PACE

Always, Stew. Every week.

STEWIE

Whoa, what happened to you?!

PACE

It's a Blackboard Jungle out there,  
Stew!

Subtleties are lost on sweet Stew.

STEWIE

A blackboard what?

PACE

Never mind. Don't give up, Stew. I  
promise you, she'll come around.  
Surprise her with some heavy cream.  
They love that!

Pace gives the truck a couple hits.

PACE (CONT'D)

You're all set. Go do some good,  
Stewie!

Pace scans the garage.

PACE (CONT'D)

(yells)  
Who's next?!

INT. TOWNLEY EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Shift change to the overnight staff. HUBBUB and CHATTER.

LAUGHTER builds!

Pace, dressed to the nines, bats away the jabs at his  
appearance.

DAIRY DRIVER ONE  
Pace has a lady in his life?

DAIRY DRIVER TWO  
Yeah. His Mom!

Pace, tail between his legs, exits.

INT. THE BAR MADE - NIGHT

On the outskirts of Norman, Oklahoma where NO ONE knows your name.

Pace nurses a beer.

WOMAN (O.C.)  
Hey handsome.

He turns to see TONYA DEVERS, 44, she's parted the Red Sea of LUSTY PATRONS on her way to Pace. She's got curves and ambition to match.

PACE  
Tonya!

She kisses him deep and Pace about falls out of his chair.

TONYA  
(giggles)  
Easy there. How 'bout a drink?

INT. SOUTHERN ALLIANCE AUTO - NIGHT

CEO GARRISON LEE, 50's, slick gray hair, a tough, glad-handing crook.

He's with ROBERT GLEN "JUNIOR" JOHNSON, 27, a smart good-ole-boy from North Carolina. Stock car racer and bootleg royalty.

They pass a bottle of moonshine back and forth.

GARRISON  
(re: the booze)  
Shit Junior, this is what you got?

Junior nods.

GARRISON (CONT'D)  
Well, if you race half as good as this pours -

JUNIOR  
I race better than this pours.

GARRISON  
Shit! High Cotton! How's your  
Daddy?

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Garrison doesn't like interruptions but you'd never know.

GARRISON (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Yes, Freddy?

An underling, FREDDY SPENCER, 20s, hard worker and hard muscles, waits in the doorway. He's distracted by his hand. Blood soaks through a crude bandage.

FREDDY  
Well, just so you know, there was  
no flying lesson today.

GARRISON  
Why not?

FREDDY  
We were there but he never showed.

Garrison mulls this over.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
Sir, do you want - ?

GARRISON  
(re: bloody hand)  
You ok there, Fred?

FREDDY  
Yes sir, it's fine. One of the  
crates had a nail sticking out. I  
just -

JUNIOR  
You afraid to fly, Freddy?

Junior chuckles.

FREDDY  
No. Not at all, sir. Mr. Lee, would  
you like --



GARRISON  
I'll take care of it. It's on my  
way home. Junior, you mind gettin'  
this boy a drink?

JUNIOR  
No sir, Mister Lee.

GARRISON  
Fredrick, how 'bout a drink?

Freddy smiles. Garrison stares out the window.

GARRISON (CONT'D)  
That'll cure what ails ya -

INT. THE BAR MADE - LATER

Pace approaches the bar. Signals the BARTENDER. From behind a  
BLEARY-EYED DRUNK, 60s, knocks into him.

DRUNK  
(slurs)  
S-s-s-sorry.

The drunk looks Pace head to toe.

DRUNK (CONT'D)  
Wow, nice duds.

Pace steadies the drunk at the bar.

PACE  
Thanks. You ok, pal?

The drunk shrugs his shoulders.

The bartender puts TWO BEER BOTTLES in front of Pace.

DRUNK  
Oh? Thank you!

The drunk grabs one. Pace's about to stop him but changes his  
mind. Pace motions to the bartender.

The drunk weeps, drinks, weeps, drinks.

DRUNK (CONT'D)  
She's out somewhere. Again.

The bartender brings over another bottle.

Pace slides the two bottles off to the side.

Wobbly, the drunk falls back and collides with TWO HUMORLESS MEN.

MAN ONE  
What the hell do you think -

PACE  
Hey Friend, sorry about this guy.

The man's ready to fight.

PACE (CONT'D)  
How 'bout a couple beers on us?

Pace offers up the two beers.

MAN ONE shoves the drunk.

MAN ONE  
Watch it, asshole.

They grab the beers and walk away. Aaaand again, Bartender?

DRUNK  
I can't live without her.

PACE  
Listen pal, I'm sure you have  
nothing to worry about.

Pace, back against the bar, stares at Tonya who bounces in her seat to the music unaware.

The drunk starts to collapse like an accordion. Without looking, Pace's able to grab the back of his belt to stop him.

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

On the porch, Garrison looms large in front of the opened door where TOMMY PALLINS (8), stares up at the foreboding stranger.

GARRISON  
Thomas, your daddy please?

BUD PALLINS, 34, appears behind his son. He's a pilot, military through and through.

BUD  
Tommy, I said go to your room.

Tommy holds his ground.

GARRISON

Go on, son.

BUD (CONT'D)

We'll have ice cream when daddy's done here.

Tommy disappears out of sight.

GARRISON

Boy's got quite a stare on him.

Garrison waits in the half light.

BUD (CONT'D)

I'm, uh, I'm sorry about canceling the lessons today, I--

GARRISON

It's ok, Bud. I don't live far from here. I wanted to make sure you were okay? It's, ya know, neighborly.

BUD

Yes sir, thank you. It's just, Tommy woke up with a fever. And Janie's visiting her sister.

GARRISON

Fever? Well, ice cream will help with that. Family is important.

Garrison pulls out a CIGAR. He can't find his matches.

Bud slips matches from his pocket, leans close to light Garrison's fat stogie.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Much obliged.

Just as Bud's shaky hand moves closer, Garrison grabs Bud's arm in a vice grip. PUNCHES him so hard Bud flies back and falls into the entryway.

Garrison puts his cigar away, steps toward him.

BUD

Please, I just -

Garrison grabs Bud's shirt, lifts him up, and pummels his face. It's brutal.

WOMAN (O.C.)

NOOOO!!

JANIE, Bud's wife, 30's, thin and tired. Apron on, appears frantic.

GARRISON

Well, look who's back. Hello Janie!  
I'd stay right where you are.

He drops Bud. Tommy peeks from around the corner.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Get yer Daddy some ice. Go on.

Frightened, Tommy races off.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

I want your best pilot over there  
tomorrow or it won't be you I come  
back for.

Bud trembles in pain. Janie is frozen.

INT. THE BAR MADE - LATER

Tonya tells Pace a story. Pace stares past her. His eyes go wide.

PACE

(Interrupting)  
Sit on my lap.

TONYA

(surprised)  
What?

PACE

My lap!

In one fell swoop he swings Tonya onto his lap and turns her vacant chair around.

PLOP, the drunk lands unhurt.

Unaware, Tonya kisses Pace's neck.

The men are back. The drunk tries to grab a bottle off the table. Pace slides them out of his reach.

PACE

Let's get outta here.

TONYA  
(still unaware)  
Yes!

Pace takes Tonya's hand and with his other grabs the collar of the drunk.

PACE  
(to the Men)  
That's our cue to leave.

Pace guides them through the crowd.

INT. TONYA'S CAR - NIGHT

STEAMED WINDOWS. All the signs of a heavy duty make out session. Tonya in the driver's seat.

Pace pulls away.

PACE  
Tonya? Tonya?

He cups her cheek.

TONYA  
Jonathan, you need your own place.

She leans in.

PACE  
Tonya, can I --

She leans back in the driver's seat.

TONYA  
What??

PACE  
I just --

She ignores him, checks her makeup in the rearview mirror.

TONYA  
What?

PACE  
I, uh. I have to be at the track early.

She sighs, rolls her eyes.

TONYA

Sure. I'll see you soon though --

He nods. She grabs his collar to kiss him but instead pushes him away.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Good.

He opens the car door. A street lamp buzzes.

Tonya reapplies her lipstick.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Where's your car? You need a ride?

PACE

No, thanks. Drive safe, ok?

He closes the passenger door. She takes off. He watches.

EXT. BAR MADE - SAME

Pace heads toward his car in the dark.

PACE

(to himself)

You are flirting with danger.

Across the parking lot a DRUNK COUPLE laughs at his car.

They sing as Pace steps up behind them.

COUPLE

"He must've thought his car had  
more guts - "

PACE

Ok, ok --

He shoos the laughing/singing couple away.

EXT. OKLAHOMA SPEEDWAY - DAY

An early 1950's Hudson Hornet Stock Car blasts around the track. The Hornet handles every curve. The driver a PRO!

The car pulls over to an open air garage.

Out of the car steps RANDY DEVERS, 39, once pretty tough, once better looking, always in need of a shave. Now and every day amped up with the worry of failure.

Pace runs over in his mechanic's jumpsuit. Randy slams the car door hard.

He quickly checks his Swiss luxury BREITLING CHRONOMAT WRISTWATCH. Next to his wife, this is Randy's prized possession, proudly lifted off a dead German soldier.

(The watch has a stunning array of different logarithmic calculations, including ground speed, fuel burn, etc.)

PACE

That looked good! What'd I tell you?

Randy lifts his arm, points at his watch.

RANDY

No, No! Too slow. It's still pulling. I feel it on the turns. You told me this piece of junk still had some win it. Damn it!

PACE

It does, Randy. It will. You were handling it great.

RANDY

Well, out there I don't want to "handle it". I want it fixed! This ain't no dairy truck.

Randy takes a breath. Nervously runs his hand around his watch.

He pulls out a cigarette. Pace's quick with a LIGHTER, a KOREAN WAR EMBLEM on the side.

RANDY

Thanks.

Randy takes a drag.

RANDY

I trust you. I mean, you weren't with me in the big one -

Pace knows where this ribbing goes.

RANDY

You were just in that little skirmish in Korea but, for some reason, my wife trusts you.

WHISTLE!

RANDY  
There she is.

Underneath the wooden bleachers comes Randy's wife -- It's TONYA! She gives Randy the "c'mere" finger.

Pace heads back to the car.

Randy opens a small cooler and pulls out a CAN of beer. He takes it to Pace.

RANDY  
Here.

They both stare at Tonya.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Listen, I need this, Johnny. See  
what you can do. Like find me a '57  
Chevy!

He smacks Pace on the back and dances his way to a beaming Tonya.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Now there's a machine I know how to  
handle. Ain't that right, Tonya?

They embrace. Tonya tosses a seductive grin towards Pace.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(yells back)  
I'm back in town Tuesday. Which  
means I'm driving Tuesday. Be  
ready!!

Pace takes a long swig as he watches them leave. He leans against the car, runs his free hand lovingly over the still-warm hood.

PACE  
(to the car)  
It's not your fault.

INT. TONYA AND RANDY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

A light-filled, well-appointed bedroom definitely has a woman's touch.

Tonya and Pace caught in a rambunctious roll in the hay. Lust and sweat drip from their bodies.

SOFT FOOTSTEPS.



On alert, Pace stops.

PACE  
You hear something?

Tonya shrugs, pulls his face and mouth and tongue back to hers.

Suddenly, the BEDROOM DOOR bangs open.

It's Randy! But he's supposed to be out of town. He's clean shaven, wears a suit.

TONYA & PACE  
Randy??

Something's off. Randy face erupts in pain, he holds his stomach. Blood oozes onto his dress shirt.

Pace jumps out of bed. Only in his boxers, he moves toward Randy when --

WHAM! Randy face-plants on the bedroom carpet.

Tonya screams!

TONYA  
RANDY??

She runs to Randy's side. Pace jumps up, hastily dresses.

PACE  
(to Tonya)  
Call an ambulance!

Tonya's in shock. She tries to turn Randy onto his back.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Tonya?! Call an ambulance.

Dressed, Pace helps get Randy face up. He checks his pulse. Phew. He's alive. Randy grips something. Pace can't help being curious.

It's a HANDWRITTEN RECEIPT. 1 Burger, 1 Fried Chicken Steak, 2 Cokes. IKE'S Diner TULSA. And a couple crumpled DOLLAR BILLS soaked in BLOOD.

Tonya cries. Pace pockets the papers.

It doesn't register yet to Pace he's never seen Randy clean shaven or in a suit, or Randy without his watch.

He does notice a speck of WHITE PAINT on his own hand from a larger speck on the back of Randy's suit coat.

PACE (CONT'D)

Tonya? Call an ambulance. You have to do it now, sweetheart.

He leads her out of the bedroom and into--

KITCHEN

And the wall-mounted rotary phone. He dials for her.

TONYA

Hello? Please, I need...

Pace heads back to--

BEDROOM

Pace steps around a still unconscious Randy. He slumps onto the bed and trance like, works the bit of paint between his fingers.

Something catches his eye.

A TAG from Randy's suit coat. He's reluctant but goes over to inspect.

MAY BROTHER'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

SNAP. He stashes the tag in his other pocket, grabs Tonya's robe, heads back--

LIVING ROOM

Tonya, unsteady, meets Pace's gaze. He helps her put on the robe.

TONYA (CONT'D)

(dazed)

They're on their way.

Pace moves to the back sliding doors.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Are you leaving?

Maybe the front door? He peers out a front window.

PACE

Tonya, I probably shouldn't be here. You know what people might -

SIREN.

Pace notices a NEIGHBOR across the street open her shades.

He backs away from the window.

PACE (CONT'D)  
I should go. Go out front and wait  
for them. Go with them to the  
hospital.

One last worried exchange, and Pace runs to the back sliding door, takes off.

EXT. TONYA AND RANDY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Pace runs out and ducks. He strategizes an escape.

WHAM! WHAM! The neighbor boy, BOBBY (8) bounces a BALL against the fence.

WHAM! The ball hits him square in the face.

There's a WOODEN FENCE with a HOLE in need of repair.

Pace squeezes the ball and himself through the hole to Bobby's yard.

BOBBY  
Thanks!

Pace tosses him the ball and disappears around the far side of Bobby's house.

INT. TOWNLEY EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Pace stares at his locker.

MAN (O.C.)  
Pace?

DAVE, his burly shift supervisor, waits.

DAVE  
Pace??

A blank stare at Dave.

PACE  
Uh, yeah?

DAVE

What are you doing here? You're not on the schedule.

PACE

What?

DAVE

What are you doing here? You're not on the schedule today.

PACE

Um, I, I just, I'm behind on a couple --

DAVE

Yeah, yeah, ok. Just don't hassle me with any overtime.

Dave's back to work.

Pace holds a hand over his own cheap Timex watch. A slow reveal.

9:15 AM

MONTAGE:

--11:10AM -- Pace sits on the bumper of a dairy truck.

--12:30PM -- Pace smokes in the garage as he stares at a WORKER who picks up a phone that rings. Could they be calling for him? The worker listens and hangs up. That's it.

--2:30PM -- Stewie talks nonstop while he leans against a truck. Pace's underneath on the roller fast asleep.

--9:00PM -- Pace rolls out. The warehouse is dark. He's alone.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. TOWNLEY MILK COMPANY - NIGHT

The EMPLOYEE EXIT. Pace sneaks out. The parking lot a few feet away.

MAN (O.C.)

Pace, you forget something?

Two SECURITY GUARDS smoke.

PACE  
I, yeah, I thought I did. G'night.

SECURITY GUARD ONE  
Wait, wait.

Pace stops.

SECURITY GUARD ONE (CONT'D)  
Tell Gordy here about the poker  
games.

PACE  
Poker games?

SECURITY GUARD ONE  
In Korea. Gordy, Pace here was 23rd  
infantry. The poker games!? How you  
found all that green felt?

The security guard laughs.

PACE  
(still dazed)  
That, uh, that wasn't me. I mean, I  
ran the games but my friend Cal --  
CAL!  
(beat)  
Hey fellas - I gotta go.

Pace runs out the gate.

EXT. DEEP DEUCE DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Named after the rundown neighborhood where it sits. Once an  
African-American cultural hub.

Pace creeps to the club's back door. The sound of bugs zapped  
by the hot light above.

KNOCKS! KNOCKS again!

Someone opens the door. Pace's taken-a-back. A brief  
hesitation gives him the chance he needs.

PACE  
(blurting out)  
Calvin Leeds!

SLAM!

PACE (CONT'D)  
 (yelling)  
 Tell him it's "Jon Pace"!

Will it work? Pace peers into the dark behind him.

YANK! Pace's roughly hoisted inside.

INT. DEEP DEUCE - CONTINUOUS

Pace falls backwards into a heap of trash bags and empty beer cases.

PACE  
 Calvin!

Staring down at Pace is CALVIN LEEDS, 30s, black -- though a smooth operator and dressed to the nines -- he can't hide the ghosts that haunt still haunt him.

Next to Calvin is the giant who answered the door, DION "OUNCE" FLEMING. A large sweetheart you don't want to make sour!

Pace shifts uncomfortably in the trash.

CALVIN  
 Ounce, this is Jon Pace. He served and I slaved in the 23rd infantry division in Korea. This man got me into so many jams --

PACE  
 Uh? Uh? Um, Cheorwon??!

CALVIN  
 Yeah yeah - okay. This idiot was dumb enough to steal a tank.

OUNCE  
 Did he get away with it?

CALVIN  
 Look at him.

Calvin and Ounce take a moment to laugh at him. Pace's not sure which way this is going to go.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
 How's my Medal? You hock it yet?

PACE  
 Calvin??

Pace attempts to stand but slips in the trash. He reaches up for a hand. No hand is given.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
Jon, this is Ounce.

PACE  
Ounce?

Calvin gestures to Ounce's robust size.

CALVIN  
Look at him.

Calvin gives Ounce a nod and Ounce walks away.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
Now, what in the hell would bring  
your white ass out here?

INT. DEEP DEUCE BAR - LATER

Smoke wafts in the air of the packed space. Slow R&B plays.  
Calvin and Pace drink.

CALVIN  
(amused)  
Shit, you have not changed. Is he  
dead?

PACE  
I don't know. God, I hope not. He  
wasn't when I left.

CALVIN  
Well, you shouldn't have come here.  
(beat)  
And what the hell took you so long  
to come visit??

PACE  
Jesus, you sound like my mother.

CALVIN  
Awe shit, how is Mama Pace?

Pace's expression changes.

Calvin laughs.

PACE

I'm staying there now. Harry lost his place. Went on the road. I'm in the Guest House.

CALVIN

Wow. That's a thing?

They take a long drink.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

So? What'chu doin here, Jon?

PACE

I don't -- hell, I don't know.

Pace's lost. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the crumpled receipt and blood soaked dollar bills he took from Randy's hand.

PACE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

And these? I don't - why did I take these from him? I -

Calvin shakes his head. He grabs a NAPKIN and signals the BARTENDER.

JUICE, the slender bartender, comes over.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Let me.

Calvin takes the receipts and places them on the napkin. The bartender folds them carefully and takes them away.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

They'll be here. We'll figure it out.

Pace's quiet.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Just like old times. One of us on the run and one of us to the rescue.

Pace notices the snazzy wristwatch Calvin wears.

PACE

(lightbulb moment)

Ya know, it's strange, Randy wasn't wearing his watch.



A possible clue. A new purpose focuses Pace.

PACE (CONT'D)  
That was his prized possession.

CALVIN  
Robbed?

PACE  
And then what? Gave him a ride  
home?

Pace drops his head in his hands.

Calvin looks to the door where Ounce stands with a slick well  
dressed black man. Calvin gives Ounce a nod.

Calvin puts a reassuring hand on Pace's shoulder.

CALVIN  
Listen, my cousin's cleaning floors  
at the hospital. I'll see what he  
can find out.

Pace nods.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
I know who you should talk to.

Calvin swings Pace around. At a booth sits the one other  
white guy in the joint with his black friends.

This is HERB WEATHERLY, 48, jovial, bright eyes, chubby face.  
Herb loves stock car racing and playing Santa at Christmas  
time.

PACE  
Herb Weatherly?

CALVIN  
Yeah. Talk to Herb. He might help.

PACE  
Why?

CALVIN  
Herb knows everyone.

PACE  
Ya mean, he drinks with everyone.

CALVIN

He used to be a Private Eye. From all accounts he was good and then just stopped.

PACE

Hmmm. Tell him what?

CALVIN

What you know. Or think. I'll let ya know if I hear anything. I know how to find you.

PACE

You're leaving?

CALVIN

Jon, ya saved my life so I owe ya. But I'm not sure I like ya.

Calvin ,winks, hops off the stool and out of frame.

Pace goes over to Herb's BOOTH.

Herb holds court, his FRIENDS in an uproar. Pace waits. No one acknowledges him.

HERB WEATHERLY

Pants to the Pavement!! I just could not let that cocksucker have all the glory.

Pace tries to ingratiate himself. Ignored.

HERB WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

So I have one hand on the wheel and, somehow, don't ask me how, I'm able to pull my pants down to my ankles. While driving!!

PACE

I heard - I heard about this -

Herb glowers at Pace .

HERB WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

What in the hell do you want?! Can't you see I'm with friends?!

Herb winks at a lovely woman at his table.

HERB WEATHERLY

And lovers.

Pace stammers, hems, haws.

HERB WEATHERLY  
Who are YOU?!

He knows him.

Pace reaches to shake Herb's hand but knocks over every BEER BOTTLE on the table.

PACE  
Jon -

HERB WEATHERLY  
Jesus Christ.

Pace's attempt to clean just makes more mess. Herb grabs Pace's wrists, pulls him close.

HERB WEATHERLY (CONT'D)  
I know you - Little Lord  
Fauntleroy. You here to pick up the  
tab?

PACE  
(secret)  
I don't think I have enough. I  
wanted to ask for your help.

HERB WEATHERLY  
Help?

PACE  
It's about Randy --

Herb releases Pace.

HERB WEATHERLY  
Tomorrow. Come by the track  
tomorrow. Now go!

Pace heads to the back door, stumbles blind out into--

BACK ALLEY

Where he unceremoniously knocks into a GROUP of BLACK MEN, the DEUCE GANG, guns drawn. They are in the midst of a shady deal. The slick man from the door in the center.

Pace shouldn't have seen.

PACE  
Hi Fellas. Sorry!!

He hauls ass to his car. Behind him, a RIFLE COCKS.

Pace runs for his life. The Deuce gang's not far behind.

PACE  
Shit, shit, shit —

Back on the gang as they hear an ENGINE ROAR TO LIFE.

Calvin appears at the back door.

CALVIN  
(to gang)  
Fellas? Fellas, don't worry he'll  
be back.

They continue after.

CALVIN  
You'll never catch him.

DEUCE GANG MEMBER  
HAHA! In that??

INT. PACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pace has the pedal to the metal as he reverses onto the MAIN DRAG.

BRAAAAKES! A CAR screeches to a halt, Pace's car screeches to a halt as does the Gang's CAR in pursuit.

All HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE PACE'S CAR.

It's a laughable 1950's NASH RAMBLER. Not known for being fast or cool.

JOCK LEADER  
(yells at Gang's car)  
Watch it, Spook!

Pace can't believe it. In the first car, full of piss and vinegar, are his old pals THE JOCKS!!!

DEUCE GANG MEMBER  
(yells back)  
Who you callin' "Spook", pecker  
wood?

Pace spins his WHEELS. His GEARSHIFT is like an instrument he's played his whole life.

And before anyone can blink, he's burning rubber.

JOCK LEADER  
(out the window)  
You son of a bitch. Where's my  
wallet??

The Jock's tear after him. The Gang in pursuit. It's a chase!

INT./EXT. NASH RAMBLER - CONTINUOUS

Pace loves to drive. He's excited and frightened.

He maneuvers the night traffic with ease. Left, right, soon  
he'll be sandwiched between them both.

He pulls a fast right through a parking lot onto a dirt road.  
They miss the turn.

He's off into the darkness like a bat outta --

POLICE SIREN

POLICE LIGHTS on Pace. He pulls over.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL - EARLY MORNING

Pace's on the jail floor, back against the wall, asleep.

He wakes to find a DRUNK pawing through his jacket.

DRUNK 1  
Cigarette?

Pace pushes him off.

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER (O.C.)  
Morning ladies.

Carl LOVES his cop uniform. He unlocks the cell door.

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER (CONT'D)  
Okay, Pace.

Pace rises and tosses his CIGARETTES to the drunk.

PACE  
I can go?

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER  
Yeah, your Dad's here.

PACE  
Really?

He's taken down a hallway and out. He stops disappointed.

PACE

Step Dad.

Step-dad, DON WELLER, late 50's, fancy golf outfit. Feels like "new money."

DON

Thanks, Carl. Sorry for the trouble.

Carl goes to his desk.

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER

Anytime, Mr. Weller.

Gives Pace the "stink eye".

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER (CONT'D)

Anytime.

Pace drags his feet past Don.

PACE

Where's my car?

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER

(not looking up)

Where you left it.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

A petulant Pace puts space between him and Don.

DON

Jonathan? Now, wait a second.

Pace stops.

PACE

(not kidding)

Don't call me that.

Tantrum continues. Don tries to keep up.

PACE (CONT'D)

Go hit your balls, Donald!

DON

Hey, I'm parked over here.

PACE  
Forget it, Don!

DON  
Let's go home.

PACE  
I'll walk. Thanks.

Don stops.

DON  
Your mother is worried about you.

PACE  
HA!

DON  
Jon?

PACE  
I've got to retrieve my car.

Pace starts to jog. Putting more distance between him and Stepdad.

DON  
(to himself)  
You'll want these.

He tosses CAR KEYS in the air and catches them. They're Pace's keys, and he's standing next to the Nash Rambler.

Pace has disappeared.

EXT. OKLAHOMA ROAD - LATER

A mile or two down the road, Pace has no luck "thumbing it." Looks like he's walking.

HONK!

A CAR pulls over. A moment's hesitation.

Tonya's at the wheel.

PACE  
Tonya? What are you doing? You shouldn't be here.

Tonya's frazzled. The shock imprinted on her face.

TONYA  
Please, Jonathan. I need to see  
you.

PACE  
(surveys the area)  
This is not a good idea.

TONYA  
I don't know what to do. I need  
your help.  
(beat)  
Randy--

Pace is jittery. He leans in the window.

PACE  
Do you have a cigarette?

She grabs her small HANDBAG.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Fine. Ok, let me drive.

Pace beelines to the driver's side. Tonya scoots over.

INT. TONYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tonya smothers him with a hug. She's desperate.

TONYA  
Oh Jonathan, I'm scared. I've been  
at the Hospital. It feels like for  
days. What's happened? I don't know  
what's going on. These men seem to  
show up. They're asking about  
Randy. Introducing themselves to  
me, like, I should know them. I  
don't! I don't know them!!

PACE  
Tonya? TONYA?!

Pace sets her back to the passenger seat. He grabs the wheel.

PACE (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
Cigarette?

He pulls out onto the highway.

She places the cigarette into Pace's mouth, stares at him for  
a moment.



TONYA  
Are we accomplices?

Pace doesn't know what to say.

PACE  
What's going on with Randy?

She fumbles with her handbag. She's nervous and now can't find her lighter.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Is he - alive?

He notices her hand shake, takes it into his. She retrieves the lighter. He lights the cigarette.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Is he pissed?

TONYA  
They tell me he's-- They tell me he's in a coma.

PACE  
What was he doing in Tulsa?

TONYA  
I don't know.

Pace makes a few turns and he's back on the dirt road from last night.

PACE  
Where'd he get that suit?

TONYA  
I packed his bag. There was no suit.

PACE  
Was there - was there someone else?

TONYA  
No. No, he'd never. I know he was desperate for a win after - any win.

Pace's gaze stretches far down the road.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Jon, I don't know what to do.

Silence.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Jonathan??

He studies her. Confusion.

PACE  
Tonya, how did you find me? Were  
you just out driving?

He arranges mental puzzle pieces.

TONYA  
I was scared, Jon--

PACE  
How did you know where I was?

TONYA  
Well, early this morning I went to  
your house.

Off his reaction.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
I just parked across the street. It  
was early. I thought about trying  
to sneak back to that guest house.

Off his look.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
I didn't!

PHEW.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Well, I'm pretty sure I saw your  
car pulling out and followed it.

He stiffens.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
I was careful. I promise. Anyway, I  
followed it but when the car parked  
at the County Jail your Dad got  
out. I--

Pace hits the brakes, pulls over. His head falls on the  
steering wheel.

PACE  
(quietly)  
Step.

TONYA

What?

PACE

Stepdad. We need to head back into town. You go back to the hospital. I'll walk to my mother's from there. You drive. We shouldn't be seen together.

EXT. TONYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pace jumps out and to the passenger back door. It's stuck. He runs to the other side and gets in.

INT. TONYA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Tonya drives. Pace lays in the backseat of the car.

EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Tonya parks between TWO CARS.

INT. TONYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tonya cuts the engine. Looks back at Pace.

TONYA

Jonathan--

PACE

Tonya, just go in and be with Randy. I'm going to wait back here until the coast is clear.

TONYA

Jon--

She turns around.

PACE

Don't turn around! Listen--

TONYA

I need help, Jon. Please. Please, I love him. I'm awful for what I've done.

Pace stares at the car headliner.

TONYA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to say that. Jesus, why didn't he let me take that job? I could've..... The war. Well, you know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I never asked you about that. My first husband died in the war. He was your age. I was so young. I don't expect you to ever want to see me again. I promise, I won't bother you. But please help me.

From the backseat, he squeezes her shoulder.

PACE

Go inside. I'll figure out what's going on.

Tonya gets out. He hears her footsteps receding.

INT. TONYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pace peeks up, watches Tonya enter the HOSPITAL. He spots the cigarettes in the front seat, grabs them. He lays back and lights one.

It's a good smoke. He shuts his eyes.

RATTLE. RATTLE.

The sound of metal on metal. A GOON, the poster child for the word, breaks into Tonya's car.

Pace's frightened, forgets he's holding a lit cigarette.

The Goon opens up the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. He pauses. What's that smell? Smoke?

Pace listens. What's happening? The ash burns close to his fingers. Closer. Closer.

PACE

SHIT!

Surprise!

GOON

SHIT!

Simultaneous PUNCH! Pace's fist goes into the back of the front seat.

The Goon's a better aim and punches Pace in the jaw.

The Goon jumps out of the car, makes for the back door, it's stuck, just as Pace slides out.

GOON (CONT'D)  
C'mere!!

Pace hides behind another car. He hits the ground.

Under the car he sees the Goon's SHOES. The soles are splattered with RED CLAY.

Pace zig-zags between the cars and escapes.

EXT. PACE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

A rich white neighborhood. Our beleaguered hero, Pace, tired and defeated, drags himself down the pavement.

He's finally reached his mother and stepfather's house.

He heads down the long driveway toward the GUEST HOUSE.

A quaint, sizable temporary home. (The antithesis of where he'll end up living some day.)

He sighs deeply - he can finally relax.

WOMEN (O.C.)  
Jonathan?

Pace stops like a teen caught after curfew.

BARBRA (Pace) WELLER, 50's, his mother, elegant and tough, relaxes on the patio with a cigarette and Bloody Mary.

Her son's a reminder that she once married a truck driver.

PACE  
Babs. Already pouring?

She ignores the comment, leans closer to get a good look at her shabby son.

BARBRA  
Jonathan? What happened to your face?

He touches his face to inspect.

BARBRA (CONT'D)  
Things get heated down at the track?

He's usually so quick on his feet but not with her.

PACE

I-- uh, well, you--

BARBRA

A mother always knows. I expected you back with Don. I'm not going to keep buying you these nice clothes if you're going to stay out all night in them.

He half tucks in his shirt.

PACE

I like, yeah, I, uh, I had some things to do.

Mother, adult son awkwardness.

BARBRA

Any word from Harry?

PACE

I think he's taking a haul up to Duluth.

BARBRA

Mmm. Hmmm. Shouldn't you be at work? You didn't quit another job did you?

PACE

Uh, no.

BARBRA

This better be the last time you end up incarcerated. You're a war hero--

Pace shifts his weight.

PACE

I'm not.

BARBRA

Don's in the front room if you want to go in and thank him for getting your car.

Pace ignores her suggestion, heads straight to the guest house.

BARBRA (CONT'D)  
Heading to the track today?

He stops.

BARBRA (CONT'D)  
I heard about Randy Devers.  
(beat)  
Found shot in his house they say.  
Was that wife of his involved?

Pace freezes.

She takes a nice drag of her cigarette. He just wants to get to his damned bed.

BARBRA (CONT'D)  
Sad. Are there other drivers who  
have motors you're working on?

He crosses to the door.

BARBRA (CONT'D)  
It's been six months since Harry  
lost -

PACE  
Sold!

BARBRA  
Mmm. Hmm. Well, don't forget,  
you're not charged rent but--

Pace groans. He knows the drill.

EXT. PACE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Pace holds the leashes of TWO YORKSHIRE TERRIERS. He waits for them to poop.

His mind won't turn off. How many secrets surround him?

A NEIGHBOR mows his lawn and waves to Pace. He waves back.

PACE  
(to the dogs)  
Hey fellas, you want to go on a  
little adventure?

The dogs pant and tails wag. He runs with them to his car. They all clamor in.

Don's in the window. Watches him. Then his mom appears next to Don.

Pace blows them a kiss as he backs out of the driveway.

EXT. TONYA AND RANDY DEVERS' HOUSE - DAY

Pace walks the dogs on the sidewalk across the street, a steel gaze on the house.

Well, now what? The trio cross the street.

BOY (O.C.)

Hi.

The squeaky voice gets Pace's attention. Next door, Bobby rolls his toy trucks on his front porch.

BOBBY

Are those your dogs?

Bobby's Mom, DIANE, mid 30s, messy brunette, single Mom, keeps their life on track, joins him on the front porch.

PACE

They are. Would you like to pet them?

"Ok, Mom?" She nods.

Pets commence.

Pace notices a folded AMERICAN FLAG in the window. The kind given to widows of fallen servicemen.

PACE (CONT'D)

(to Diane)

Korea?

She nods. He knows.

DIANE

You?

He nods.

DIANE (CONT'D)

What was your trick?

Pace's taken off guard.

PACE

Luck.



BOBBY  
Mommy, can we please get a dog?

CRASH! The sound comes from Tonya's.

DIANE  
(to herself)  
Huh? I didn't realize--

PACE  
Everything ok? Uh, I'm Johnny.  
Johnny Pace.

DIANE  
Hi. Diane. Oh, sorry, yes. Our  
neighbor's in the hospital. I  
didn't realize anyone was home.  
(smiles)  
Hopefully that's a good sign.

It's not a good sign.

PACE  
(to Bobby)  
Hey, ya know, these two would love  
to run around off the leash.  
(to Mom)  
I'm lazy when it comes to the  
walks.

Pace kneels to pet the dogs with Bobby.

PACE (CONT'D)  
You could take'm in the backyard  
for a bit. Wear'em out? If it's  
okay with Mom?

She's charmed.

DIANE  
Would you like to do that, Bobby?

BOBBY  
Can we?

DIANE  
Sure.  
(to Pace)  
Maybe I can wear someone else out  
too. Come on.

Pace keeps one eye on Tonya's house.

EXT. BOBBY'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The screen door opens and the dogs are off and Bobby follows. Pace parks himself on the back steps.

DIANE

You watch them carefully, Bobby.  
Make sure they don't slip through  
that fence. Randy, our neighbor in  
the hospital, was going to fix it.  
Ok, I'm going to be right inside  
folding a mountain of clothes if  
you'd like a cold drink or  
anything.

Diane closes the screen door.

Pace's peripheral on the hole in the fence. He makes it up as he goes.

Bobby's across the yard, plays with the dogs.

GO! Pace makes a run for the hole. He slides through.

EXT. TONYA AND RANDY DEVERS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He's up to Tonya's BACKDOOR. The door's open!

He sees Freddy Spencer, Garrison's man, unaware, crosses through the living room to the bedroom.

Pace slides in.

INT. DEVERS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sound of drawers being opened and slammed shut.

Pace tiptoes to Randy's RACING TROPHIES.

He hears steps and ducks behind the SIDEBORD.

Freddy walks back to the kitchen. He makes a call. Pace holds the trophy like a weapon. He's nervous.

INT. DEVERS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Freddy's on the phone with his back to the door.

FREDDY

Tell him it's clear. Nothing left  
with his name on it.

Pace swings the trophy to the back of Freddy's head. The hallow base of the trophy breaks.

Pace's ready for a fight. Nothing. Freddy's out cold.

He notices Freddy holds some BROCHURES. Pace pockets them.

He stares down at Freddy. An idea makes Pace smile.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - SAME

Diane folds clothes.

Dogs bark. Bobby laughs.

Diane glances out the window. Bobby plays fetch. There's no Pace. Bobby waves. She waves back.

INT. DEVERS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Pace sprints to the sliding back door.

EXT. BOBBY'S BACKYARD - SAME

Screen door opens. Pace's not on the back steps. Diane comes out.

Pace kneels at the hole in the fence as if to fix it.

Diane's touched and concerned because he's covered in sweat.

DIANE

Oh, that is too kind. Please, you don't need to do all that. Would you, uh, like a glass of water?

PACE

It's no trouble. Listen, if Bobby doesn't mind playing a bit longer, I can run down to the hardware store--

DIANE

Oh, no, no, that's too much.

PACE

Diane, it's purely selfish. These little guys wear me out.

DIANE

Ok, that's so kind. Here -

She goes inside. Pace exhales. PHEW.

He realizes the trophy TOP lays next to him. FLING! Chucked over the fence.

Diane's back with keys and a glass of water.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
At least take my car. It'll be  
faster. And, please, have a drink  
of water.

He chugs it.

She hands him the car keys.

PACE  
Bobby, you take good care of those  
two. I'll be right back.

DIANE  
I'll bring them out some water too.

SIREN BLARES.

PACE  
Um, I should go.

INT. DEVERS' KITCHEN - SAME

Freddy comes to. He squints at what's in his hands. The FUNNY PAPERS with "I CALLED THE COPS" written in ink.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - SAME

Pace starts the car. The POLICE CAR screeches in front of Tonya and Randy's house.

Officer Carl, in no particular rush, walks to the front door.

Pace shakes his head and takes off.

EXT. RACETRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Pace walks the open air track. All's quiet. He holds the brochures he nabbed from Freddy.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

On a break is LINA, early 20's, from the Cherokee Nation, she wears greasy coveralls and reads a comic. She also wears a baseball cap low.

A race car is parked inside. Pace sheepishly enters.

Not looking up, she reaches down and pulls up a CROWBAR.

LINA

I'll do it. As the crowbar flies.

She flips the crowbar around in her hand.

PACE

Oh, hey, Lina, right? It's Johnny Pace. Randy's mechanic.

Lina puts down the crowbar.

LINA

We're not hiring.

PACE

What? No! Wait, why? What have you heard?

LINA

I hear things.

PACE

Listen. I'm, uh, is he around?

She's up in his grill. She looks him over. He's more handsome than she thought.

PACE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Easy there, Kemosabe.

She studies his ignorance.

She goes back to her perch. He's offended her.

LINA

Don't let him hear any of this "kemosabe" bullshit. He'll kick your ass. He's not as restrained as I am.

PACE

Listen, I'm sorry. I just -

SNORE.

Pace peeks between the car and the wall.

Herb Weatherly's fast asleep on a makeshift cot.

PACE (CONT'D)  
 (to Lina)  
 Can you?

LINA  
 (yelling)  
 UNCLE?!

SNORE.

LINA (CONT'D)  
 We're not actually related.

PACE  
 HERB!

He's out.

PACE (CONT'D)  
 Any chance he'll - ? I could use  
 his help.

Lina shakes her head. She reads her comic.

Pace stares at the sleeping Herb. He looks around.

PACE (CONT'D)  
 (speaks Cherokee)  
 U-de-li-da?

"Secret?". Lina sits up.

PACE (CONT'D)  
 Tsitsalagi

"I am Cherokee". She comes over to him.

She shakes her head. He nods.

PACE (CONT'D)  
 Etsi

"Mother".

They both whisper.

LINA  
 They're so nice to you.

PACE  
Like I said "Udelida".

SNORE!

PACE  
Is it true he was a Private Eye?

She nods. Pace's fascinated.

PACE  
He teach you anything?

She stares at Pace.

LINA  
Trust your instincts.

She goes to her perch. He's out into the sun - turns.

PACE  
You do a great job with his car.

LINA  
I know.

Pace smiles.

PACE  
I'll see ya.

He walks away. Lina checks out his ass.

LINA  
Osda

"Nice".

EXT./INT. DIANE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Pace gets in and tosses Freddy's pamphlets onto the passenger seat. He stares at them a moment. Shakes his head.

Ignition.

EXT. O.K. HARDWARE STORE - LATER

Pace holds an O.K BAG as he walks through the parking lot to -

DIANE'S CAR

He puts the bag into the backseat.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He's about to hit the engine when he looks over at the pamphlets. Pace takes one and studies the pamphlet.

PACE  
(reads)  
Garrison Lee.

Pace remembers what Freddy said on the phone.

PACE (CONT'D)  
"Nothing left with his name on it."

He locks in on the ADDRESS at the bottom.

Engine ignition.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The headquarters of Garrison Lee. FACTORIES stretch on either side.

Pace opens Diane's trunk. BEACH TOYS, OIL CANS, it's packed.

CLIPBOARD. Pace smiles. A lightbulb goes off.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Pace holds the clipboard and stops at the entrance. Through a window he sees--

A young, pretty black SECRETARY reads her MAGAZINE and chews her gum. Pace holds the clipboard close to his chest. He takes a big breath. Here we go.

INT. GARRISON LEE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pace rushes in.

PACE  
(adding a Southern lilt)  
Oh, MY!!!

He approaches the secretary's desk.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Is that the correct time?

Her eyes glide up from her story. He points to her watch.



PACE (CONT'D)

Oh, that is a lovely watch. Was it  
a gift? Is that the correct time?  
Am I really that late? Have I been  
keeping Garrison waiting this long?

Pace goes to the door to Garrison's private office.

He pauses in front of an OIL PAINTING of Garrison. Looks it  
over.

The secretary puts her magazine down, scrutinizes him.

PACE (CONT'D)

Listen, don't announce me. Let me  
surprise the ole coot. He'll love  
it.

He taps the clipboard.

PACE (CONT'D)

Just gotta get the ole Johnny  
Hancock!

Pace reaches for the doorknob.

SECRETARY

Stop.

PACE

And if he's out, darlin, well,  
don't you worry. I'll just wait  
inside.

SECRETARY

I said, "STOP"!

Wow! Deer in the headlights!

PACE

I. Just. Is that the, uh, time?

She comes from around the desk. The tempo of her gum SNAPS  
accelerates.

SECRETARY

Stop right there! Who the hell are  
you? You don't move.

She's in his face!

PACE  
 Me? I'm. I'm.  
 (first thing he comes up  
 with)  
 Billy Bob Steed.

SECRETARY  
 Let me see a card!

What? A what?

PACE  
 Uh, a card?

SECRETARY  
 Card! Yes, a card.

He reaches towards his pocket and drops the clipboard. The clipboard is blank.

She picks it up.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
 You carry an empty clipboard?? Who are you?

PACE  
 I'm. I'm Billy Joe Steed.

SECRETARY  
 I thought it was "Bob".

PACE  
 What?

SECRETARY  
 I thought it was "Billy BOB Steed"?

PACE  
 Isn't that what I said?

He's toast. He sideway shuffles to the exit.

SECRETARY  
 Let me see a card? You have business with Mr. Lee? You should have a card.

Gulp.

PACE  
 I. I must've. I must've left them. Ya know, let me go get one out of my car. I'll just -

She shoos him like a dog out the door. Her tiny frame defiant. He stops a few feet away.

PACE (CONT'D)

Um, may I please have my clipboard back?

With that she tosses the clipboard far past him like a game of fetch. He has to run after. She slams the door.

EXT. BOBBY'S FRONT PORCH - DUSK

Bobby talks. Pace listens. His mind elsewhere.

BOBBY

And then we just stayed at the window. You missed everything. We could hear the policeman yelling. Then that man ran out. He was scary looking. He ran down the street.

PACE

You mean, he got away?

BOBBY

Yeah, he was fast. Well, not that fast. You just missed it all.

DIANE

Yes, a LOT of excitement for one day. Maybe we will have to get that guard dog. Thank you again, Jon. I'm sure Randy, he's our neighbor, will be relieved.

PACE

Bobby, a pleasure to meet you. Diane, we should get going.

Diane grabs his hand.

DIANE

Maybe dinner sometime? A proper, "Thank you"?

PACE

That'd be nice.

Pace and the dogs head down the sidewalk.

PACE (CONT'D)

Well done in there, boys. We should  
get you home. Don't want to keep  
mother waiting!

INT. GARRISON LEE'S OFFICE - DUSK

Garrison works behind his desk.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Mr. Lee, I didn't realize you were  
back.

GARRISON

Yes, Honey.

HONEY JEAN, 27, our Petite spit-fire secretary from before  
enters Garrison's office. She holds NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

HONEY

I was able to find a couple  
mentions of that man who was shot.

She lays them down on Garrison's desk.

HONEY (CONT'D)

He did some kind of race car  
driving. I think he did, or does,  
work at the A&P?

Garrison spreads them out.

GARRISON

That's great, Honey. Why don't you  
call it a night. I have to git  
myself.

HONEY

I wanted to mention, a boy came by  
this afternoon. He said he had an  
appointment but I know your  
calendar--

GARRISON

Better then I do.

HONEY

Yes, sir. Well, I got rid of him  
but it was strange.

GARRISON

Did he say what he wanted?

Honey stares at the clippings.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Honey?

HONEY

Well, that's him. I think?

She points to one of the clippings. Pace stands behind a group of drivers in the newspaper photo.

INT. PACE'S CAR - EVENING

Pace's pensive. He turns the day's events over.

LOUD and SHORT blast of a POLICE SIREN.

PACE

Oh, shit--

OFFICER WAYLON, late 50's, nice beer gut, waddles up.

OFFICER WAYLON

You Jamie Pace?

PACE

What's the trouble, officer?

OFFICER WAYLON

Hey! Are you Jamie Pace?

PACE

Yes. NO! Sorry. Jon Pace. Johnny.

OFFICER WAYLON

I don't care. You're very popular this evening.

PACE

I am?

OFFICER WAYLON

You got the whole force lookin' for you--

PACE

I do?

OFFICER WAYLON

And I'm not happy bout it.

PACE

You're not?

Here it comes.

OFFICER WAYLON  
These your dogs?

Relief!

PACE  
No, no, these dogs belong to--

OFFICER WAYLON  
I know who they belong to and it's  
not you. I'm to tell you to take  
them home -

PACE  
I was just about to.

OFFICER WAYLON  
But I'm gonna take ya myself. Let's  
go!

Pace sighs.

OFFICER WAYLON (CONT'D)  
Ok, that's it.

PACE  
I'm coming. We're coming. You  
caught me. I'm caught.

INT. OFFICER WAYLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pace is handcuffed in the backseat. The dogs pant, stare at him.

PACE  
What's going to happen with my car?

Officer Waylon dials up his POLICE RADIO.

OFFICER WAYLON  
Carl? Carl, you there?

A beat. The sound of static on the other end.

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER  
(over radio)  
Yeah, come in, Waylon. I hear ya.

OFFICER WAYLON  
Hey Carl, would you let Skeets know  
we got an illegally parked car on  
Main near Roseville?

PACE  
What?!

OFFICER WAYLON  
It belongs to a one--  
(makes a meal out of it)  
Jamie. Pace.

Pace hears Carl laugh.

OFFICER WAYLON (CONT'D)  
Skeets is gonna have to get the tow  
truck over there.

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER  
Roger that. Have a good night,  
Waylon. Over.

Pace watches his car get further and further away.

EXT. PACE'S MOM'S STREET - LATER

The street is filled with cars parked on either side.

INT. OFFICER WAYLON'S CAR - SAME

OFFICER WAYLON  
Looks like someone's having a  
party.

Pace winces. Please not -

OFFICER WAYLON (CONT'D)  
Looks like it's your Daddy.

PACE  
Step.

OFFICER WAYLON  
What?

PACE  
Um, step. Step. Daddy.

Pace sinks down in the seat. The dogs give a lick.

PACE (CONT'D)  
I can just hop out here--

OFFICER WAYLON  
Nope.

POLICE LIGHTS. The neighborhood bright with light and color.

PACE  
Is that really necessary?

OFFICER WAYLON  
I won't have the forces time  
wasted.

GUESTS inside fill the window and yard to grab a glimpse.

PACE (CONT'D)  
She's not going to like this...

Barbra's in the window. Unsuccessful in hiding her anger.

Officer Waylon gets out, moves to the back door, opens it. He guides Pace out of the car, slowly removes the handcuffs, making a big show for the party guests.

Pace grabs the dogs, one in each arm. His mom is now on the front porch, shooting daggers from her eyes. Pace shrugs.

He walks the dogs up and places them in front of her.

PACE  
(nice and loud)  
Ma'am, I found your dogs. Is there  
any kind of reward?

Barbra just stares at her off spring.

PACE  
I should probably go to my room.

Head held high he makes his way to the guest house. He spots a MARTINI on the patio ledge. SWIPE! He takes the drink with him.

INT. WELLER GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pace's like a bull in a china shop. The guest house is immaculate and not at all cozy. One PHOTO of his Dad and Pace in fishing gear.



PACE  
(re: the photo)  
Harry, she called the cops.

What a day. He sits and sips. He sips some more.

He sees some new SHIRTS slung over a small couch with a note.  
He picks it up, reads.

PACE (CONT'D)  
"Jonathan, please don't cover these  
with motor oil." Mom.

He tosses the note, picks up a shirt and poses in front of a  
MIRROR.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Damn. Does look nice.

The TAG. He snaps it off and tosses the shirt on the pile.

He downs the martini and places the tag like a delicate clue  
on a table. He reaches in his pocket and places Randy's tag  
next to it.

Both: MAY BROTHER'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

At the door: Scratch, Scratch, Scratch.

Pace opens it, the dogs run in. They miss their big brother.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Ooooh man, you two break out?

Pace's buzzed. One of the dog's has a man's shoe in its  
mouth.

PACE (CONT'D)  
What'cha got there?

The dog drops it at Pace's feet.

PACE (CONT'D)  
Is that Don's? HAHA! Good boys!

Pace laughs as he picks up the shoe.

PACE (CONT'D)  
You two little outlaws. Now go  
fetch--

Stop. Pace hones in on the shoe. His brow stiffens.

PACE (CONT'D)

Red clay?

The same RED CLAY he saw on the Goon's shoes.

INT. PACE'S MOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pace, with the shoe, enters. MUSIC PLAYS. GUESTS mingle. A CATERER crosses with a tray of DRINKS. Pace grabs one.

He scans the room for Don. He's pissed, a little drunk and really hungry.

Another CATERER approaches him with a tray of appetizers and holds out napkins.

CATERER

Sir, would you like--

Pace puts the shoe on top of the napkins.

PACE

Hold that.

CATERER

What are--

Pace stuffs his mouth.

CATERER (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm paid to circulate.

PACE

Just, yeah, just let me--

He stuffs his face.

He freezes, stares past the caterer.

He downs the drink, places the glass on the tray.

CATERER

Hey, that doesn't--

With a hand on the caterer's shoulder, Pace hides behind him and moves forward, gently pushing the caterer along.

CATERER (CONT'D)

Ok, what are you doing? I'm not supposed to mingle. That old lady is mean.

He stops.

PACE

I know.

CATERER

She's -

He looks the caterer in the eye.

PACE

My Mom.

The Caterer gasps!

And there's Barbra and Don deep in conversation with the guest of honor, Garrison Lee.

Pace grabs the last canapé, the shoe, and beelines to the exit. He knocks into the caterer's tray. BANG! All eyes turn toward the sound.

Barbra, Don, Garrison watch the back of Pace's exit.

GARRISON

Who's that?

DON

He's -

BARBRA

My son.

END OF EPISODE