

ROCKFORD

Written by

Robert "Bob" D'Haene

Based on characters created by,  
Roy Huggins and Stephen J. Cannell

TEASER

TITLE CARD: OKLAHOMA 1958.

The outskirts of Oklahoma City. The land is flat. The moon is bright and the desolate highway stretches far into the night. One spot illuminated by the glow of headlights.

EXT. ROADSIDE TACO STAND - NIGHT

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

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

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

All italicized English dialogue is spoken in Spanish with subtitles.

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
C'mon, fellas, stop this nonsense.

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

We now see that Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD (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 Rockford's car. In the darkness, we just make out the wheels and sleek curves.

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

The beer is thrown, Rockford 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!*

Rockford wipes the warm beer out of his eyes.

ROCKFORD  
*No! No GUNS! I got it!*

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

Rockford 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 Rockford in the dirt.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

The young hispanic DAUGHTER, just barely 7 years old, runs to Rockford. 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 Rockford on the back for luck and rejoins her family as the Jocks return to rumble.

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

ROCKFORD  
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, Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD

Oh shit. Okay, okay, time out -

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

PUNCH! Rockford'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.

The other three Jocks scold him.

JOCK LEADER

Get in the car, Dale!

Car doors slam. Taillights disappear.

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

ROCKFORD

*I have something for you.*

Rockford produces a WALLET lifted from Jock 1.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

*Look at what those fellas left for  
your family.*

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

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

Stewie can't wait to say.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Jimmy? Are you listening to me?

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

ROCKFORD

Always, Stew. Every week.

STEWIE

Whoa, what happened to you?!

ROCKFORD

It's a Blackboard Jungle out there, Stew!

Subtleties are lost on sweet Stew.

STEWIE

A blackboard what?

ROCKFORD

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

Rockford gives the truck a couple hits.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

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

Rockford scans the garage.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

(yells)

Who's next?!

INT. TOWNLEY EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Shift change to the overnight staff. HUBBUB and CHATTER.

LAUGHTER builds!

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

DAIRY DRIVER ONE  
Rockford has a lady in his life?

DAIRY DRIVER TWO  
Yeah. His Mom!

Rockford, tail between his legs, exits.

INT. THE BAR MADE - NIGHT

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

Rockford 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 Rockford. She's got curves and ambition to match.

ROCKFORD  
Tonya!

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

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

INT. SOUTHERN ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE - 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 -

GARRISON  
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

Rockford 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 Rockford head to toe.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

Wow, nice duds.

Rockford steadies the drunk at the bar.

ROCKFORD

Thanks. You ok, pal?

The drunk shrugs his shoulders.

The bartender puts TWO BEER BOTTLES in front of Rockford.

DRUNK

Oh? Thank you!

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

The drunk weeps, drinks, weeps, drinks. \*

DRUNK (CONT'D)

She's out somewhere. Again.



The bartender brings over another bottle.

Rockford 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 -

ROCKFORD

Hey Friend, sorry about this guy.

The man's ready to fight.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

How 'bout a couple beers on us?

Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD

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

Rockford, 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, Rockford's able to grab the back of his belt to hold him up.

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 what neighbors do.

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's 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 in one fell swoop, 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 Rockford a story. Rockford stares past her. His eyes go wide.

ROCKFORD

(Interrupting)  
Sit on my lap.

TONYA

(surprised)  
What?

ROCKFORD

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 Rockford's neck.

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Let's get outta here.

TONYA  
(still unaware)  
Yes!

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

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

Rockford 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.

Rockford pulls away.

ROCKFORD  
Tonya? Tonya?

He cups her cheek.

TONYA  
Jimmy, you need your own place or a bigger car.

She leans in.

ROCKFORD  
Tonya, can I --

She leans back in the driver's seat.

TONYA  
What??

ROCKFORD  
I just --

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

TONYA  
What?

ROCKFORD  
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?

ROCKFORD

No, thanks. Drive safe, ok?

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

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 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.

Rockford 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.)

ROCKFORD

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.  
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You told me this piece of junk  
still had some win it. Damnit!

ROCKFORD  
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. Rockford's quick with a LIGHTER, a  
KOREAN WAR EMBLEM on the side.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Randy takes a drag.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I trust you. I mean, you weren't  
with me in the big one -

Rockford knows where this ribbing goes.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You were just in that little  
skirmish in Korea but, for some  
reason, my wife trusts you.

WHISTLE!

Underneath the wooden bleachers comes Randy's wife -- It's  
TONYA!

Rockford heads back to the car.

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

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Here.

They both stare at Tonya.

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

He smacks Rockford 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 Rockford.

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

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

ROCKFORD  
(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 Rockford caught in a rambunctious roll in the hay. Lust and sweat drip from their bodies.

SOFT FOOTSTEPS.

On alert, Rockford stops.

ROCKFORD  
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 & ROCKFORD  
Randy??

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

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

WHAM! Randy face-plants on the bedroom carpet.

Tanya screams!

TONYA

RANDY??

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

ROCKFORD

(to Tonya)

Call an ambulance!

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

Tonya?! Call an ambulance.

Dressed, Rockford helps get Randy face up. He checks his pulse. Phew. He's alive. Randy grips something. Rockford 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. Rockford pockets the papers.

It doesn't register yet to Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD (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...

Rockford heads back to--

BEDROOM



Rockford 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 Rockford's gaze. He helps her put on the robe.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
(dazed)  
They're on their way.

Rockford moves to the back sliding doors.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Are you leaving?

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

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

SIREN.

Rockford notices a NEIGHBOR across the street open her shades.

He backs away from the window.

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

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

EXT. TONYA AND RANDY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Rockford 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 Rockford in the face.

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

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

BOBBY

Thanks!

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

INT. TOWNLEY EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Rockford stares at his locker.

MAN (O.C.)

Rockford?

DAVE, his burly shift supervisor, waits.

DAVE

Rockford??

A blank stare at Dave.

ROCKFORD

Uh, yeah?

DAVE

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

ROCKFORD

What?

DAVE

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

ROCKFORD

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.

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

9:15 AM

MONTAGE:

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

--12:30PM -- Rockford 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. Rockford's underneath on the roller fast asleep.

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

END MONTAGE.

EXT. TOWNLEY MILK COMPANY - NIGHT

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

MAN (O.C.)  
Rockford, you forget something?

Two SECURITY GUARDS smoke.

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

SECURITY GUARD ONE  
Wait, wait.

Rockford stops.

SECURITY GUARD ONE (CONT'D)  
Tell Tom here about the pool halls.

ROCKFORD  
Pool halls?

SECURITY GUARD ONE  
In Korea. Tom, Rockford here was  
24th infantry. The pool halls!? How  
you found all that green felt?

The security guard laughs.

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

Rockford runs out the gate.

EXT. DEEP DEUCE DIVE BAR - NIGHT

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

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

KNOCKS! KNOCKS again!

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

ROCKFORD  
(blurting out)  
Calvin Leeds!

SLAM!

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Tell him it's "J rock-n-roll"!

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

YANK! Rockford's roughly hoisted inside.

INT. DEEP DEUCE - CONTINUOUS

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

ROCKFORD  
Calvin!

Staring down at Rockford 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!

Rockford shifts uncomfortably in the trash.

CALVIN

Ounce, this is Jim Rockford. He served and I slaved in the 24th infantry division in Korea. This man got me into so many jams --

ROCKFORD

Uh? Uh? Um, Cheorwon??!

CALVIN

Yeah yeah - okay. This idiot was dumb enough to steal a Major General's car.

OUNCE

Did he get away with it?

CALVIN

Look at him.

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)

How's my silver star? You hock it yet?

ROCKFORD

Calvin??

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Jim, this is Ounce.

ROCKFORD

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 Rockford drink.

CALVIN

(amused)

Shit, you have not changed. Is he  
dead?

ROCKFORD

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??

ROCKFORD

Jesus, you sound like my mother.

CALVIN

Awe shit, how is Mama Rockford?

Rockford's expression changes.

Calvin laughs.

ROCKFORD

I'm staying there now. Rocky 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, Jimmy?

ROCKFORD

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

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

ROCKFORD (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 napkins. The bartender folds them carefully and takes them away.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

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

Rockford's quiet.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

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

Rockford notices the snazzy wristwatch Calvin wears.

ROCKFORD

(lightbulb moment)

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

A possible clue. A new purpose focuses Rockford.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

That was his prized possession.

CALVIN

Robbed?

ROCKFORD

And then what? Gave him a ride home?

Rockford 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 Rockford's shoulder.

CALVIN

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

Rockford nods.

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

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

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

ROCKFORD  
Joe Weatherly?

CALVIN  
Yeah. Talk to Joe. He might help.

ROCKFORD  
Why?

CALVIN  
Joe knows everyone.

ROCKFORD  
Ya mean he drinks with everyone.

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

ROCKFORD  
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.

ROCKFORD  
You're leaving?

CALVIN  
Jimmy, 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.

Rockford goes over to Joe's BOOTH.

Joe holds court, his FRIENDS in an uproar. Rockford waits. No one acknowledges him.



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

Rockford tries to ingratiate himself. Ignored.

JOE 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!!

Joe glowers at Rockford.

JOE WEATHERLY (CONT'D)  
 What in the hell do you want?!  
 Can't you see I'm with friends?!

Joe winks at a lovely woman at his table.

JOE WEATHERLY (CONT'D)  
 And lovers.

Rockford stammers, hems, haws.

JOE WEATHERLY (CONT'D)  
 Brockport?

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

ROCKFORD  
 Rock -

JOE WEATHERLY  
 Jesus Christ.

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

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

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

JOE WEATHERLY  
 Help?

ROCKFORD  
It's about Randy --

Joe releases Rockford.

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

Rockford 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.

Rockford shouldn't have seen.

ROCKFORD  
Hi Fellas. Sorry!!

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

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
You'll never catch him.

DEUCE GANG MEMBER  
HAHA! In that??

INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

All HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE ROCKFORD'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!

Rockford 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?

Rockford 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

Rockford 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 Rockford's face. He pulls over.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL - EARLY MORNING

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

He wakes to find a DRUNK pawing through his jacket.

DRUNK 1  
Cigarette?

Rockford 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, Rockford.

Rockford rises and tosses his CIGARETTES to the drunk.

ROCKFORD  
I can go?

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER  
Yeah, your Dad's here.

ROCKFORD  
Really?

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
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, Don.

Gives Rockford the "stink eye".

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER (CONT'D)  
Anytime.

Rockford drags his feet past Don.

ROCKFORD  
Where's my car?

OFFICER CARL SCHEFTER  
(not looking up)  
Where you left it.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

A petulant Rockford puts space between him and Don.

DON  
Jimmy? Now, wait a second.

Rockford stops.

ROCKFORD  
(not kidding)  
Don, don't call me that.

Tantrum continues. Don tries to keep up.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Go hit your balls, Donald!

DON  
Hey, I'm parked over here.

ROCKFORD  
Forget it, Don!

DON  
Let's go home.

ROCKFORD  
I'll walk. Thanks.

Don stops.

DON  
Your mother is worried about you.

ROCKFORD  
HA!

DON  
Jimmy?

ROCKFORD  
I've got to retrieve my car.

Rockford 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 Rockford's keys, and he's standing next to the Nash Rambler.

Rockford has disappeared.

EXT. OKLAHOMA ROAD - LATER

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

HONK!

A CAR pulls over. A moment's hesitation.

Tonya's at the wheel.

ROCKFORD

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

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

TONYA

Please, Jim. I need to see you.

ROCKFORD

(surveys the area)

This is not a good idea.

TONYA

I don't know what to do. I need your help.

(beat)

Randy--

Rockford paces. He leans in the window.

ROCKFORD

Do you have a cigarette?

She grabs her small HANDBAG.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

Fine. Ok, let me drive.

Rockford 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 Jim, I'm scared. I've been at the Hospital. It feels like for days. What's happened?

(MORE)

TONYA (CONT'D)

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!!

ROCKFORD

Tonya? TONYA?!

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Cigarette?

He pulls out onto the highway.

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

TONYA

Are we accomplices?

Rockford doesn't know what to say.

ROCKFORD

What's going on with Randy?

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

Is he - alive?

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

Is he pissed?

TONYA

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

ROCKFORD

What was he doing in Tulsa?

TONYA

I don't know.

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

ROCKFORD  
Where'd he get that suit?

TONYA  
I packed his bag. There was no  
suit.

ROCKFORD  
Was there - was there someone else?

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

Rockford's gaze stretches far down the road.

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

Silence.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Jim??

He studies her. Confusion.

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

He arranges mental puzzle pieces.

TONYA  
I was scared, Jim--

ROCKFORD  
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--

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

ROCKFORD  
(quietly)  
Step. Dad.

TONYA  
What?

ROCKFORD  
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

Rockford 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. Rockford 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 Rockford.

TONYA  
Jim--

ROCKFORD

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

TONYA

Jim--

She turns around.

ROCKFORD

Don't turn around! Listen--

TONYA

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

Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD

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

Tonya gets out. He hears her footsteps receding.

INT. TONYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rockford 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.

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

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

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

ROCKFORD

SHIT!

Surprise!

GOON

SHIT!

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

The Goon's a better aim and punches Rockford in the face.

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

GOON (CONT'D)

C'mere!!

Rockford hides behind another car. He hits the ground.

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

Rockford zig-zags between the cars and escapes.

EXT. ROCKFORD'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

A rich white neighborhood. Our beleaguered hero, Rockford, 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 the trailer he'll end up living in some day.)

He sighs deeply - he can finally relax.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Jamie?

Rockford stops like a teen caught after curfew.

BARBRA (Rockford) 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.

ROCKFORD

Babs. Already pouring?

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

BARBRA

Jamie? What happened to your face?

Rockford touches his face to inspect.

BARBRA (CONT'D)

Things get heated down at the track?

ROCKFORD

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.

ROCKFORD

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

BARBRA

Any word from Rocky?

ROCKFORD

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?

ROCKFORD

Uh, no.

BARBRA

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

Rockford shifts his weight.

ROCKFORD

I'm not.

BARBRA

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

Rockford 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?

Rockford 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 Rocky  
lost -

ROCKFORD

Sold!

BARBRA

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

Rockford groans. He knows the drill.

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

Rockford 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 Rockford. Rockford waves back.

ROCKFORD  
(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.

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

EXT. TONYA AND RANDY DEVERS' HOUSE - DAY

Rockford 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 Rockford'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.

ROCKFORD  
They are. Would you like to pet  
them?

"Ok, Mom?" She nods.

Pets commence.

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
(to Diane)  
Korea?

She nods. He knows.

DIANE  
You?

He nods.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
What was your trick?

Rockford's taken off guard.

ROCKFORD  
Luck.

BOBBY  
Mommy, can we please get a dog?

CRASH! The sound comes from Tonya's.

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

ROCKFORD  
Everything ok? Uh, I'm Jim. Jim  
Rockford.

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.

ROCKFORD  
(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.

Rockford kneels to pet the dogs with Bobby.

ROCKFORD (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 Rockford)  
Maybe I can wear someone else out  
too. Come on.

Rockford 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.  
Rockford 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.

Rockford'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! Rockford makes a run for the hole. He slides through.

EXT. 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.



Rockford slides in.

INT. DEVERS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sound of drawers being opened and slammed shut.

Rockford tiptoes to Randy's RACING TROPHIES.

He hears steps and ducks behind the SIDEBORD.

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

INT. TONYA'S 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.

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

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

He notices Freddy holds some BROCHURES. Rockford pockets them.

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

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - SAME

Diane folds clothes.

Dogs bark. Bobby laughs.

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

INT. TONYA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Rockford sprints to the sliding back door.

EXT. BOBBY'S BACKYARD - SAME

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

Rockford 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 that. Would you, uh, like a glass of water?

ROCKFORD

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.

ROCKFORD

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

DIANE

Ok, that's so kind. Here -

She goes inside. Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD

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

DIANE

I'll bring them out some water too.

SIREN BLARES.

ROCKFORD

Um, I should go.

INT. TONYA'S 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

Rockford 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.

Rockford shakes his head and takes off.

EXT. RACETRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Rockford 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. Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD

Oh, hey, Lina, right? It's Jim Rockford. Randy's mechanic.

Lina puts down the crowbar.

LINA

We're not hiring.

ROCKFORD

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

LINA

I hear things.

ROCKFORD

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

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

ROCKFORD (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.

ROCKFORD

Listen, I'm sorry. I just -

SNORE.

Rockford peeks between the car and the wall.

Joe Weatherly's fast asleep on a makeshift cot.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

(to Lina)

Can you?

LINA

(yelling)

UNCLE?!

SNORE.

LINA (CONT'D)

We're not actually related.

ROCKFORD

JOE!

He's out.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)

Any chance he'll - ? I could use  
his help.

Lina shakes her head.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Would you - ?

She's ignoring him. She reads her comic.

Rockford stares at the sleeping Joe. He looks around.

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

"Secret?". Lina sits up.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Tsitsalagi

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

She shakes her head. He nods.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Etsi

"Mother".

They both whisper.

LINA  
They're so nice to you.

ROCKFORD  
Like I said "Udelida".

SNORE!

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Is it true he was a Private Eye?

She nods. Rockford's fascinated.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
He teach you anything?

She stares at him.

LINA  
Trust your instincts.

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

ROCKFORD  
You do a great job with his car.

LINA  
I know.

ROCKFORD  
I'll see ya.

Rockford walks away. Lina checks out his ass.

LINA  
Osda  
"Nice".

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

Rockford 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

Rockford 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. Rockford takes one and studies the pamphlet.

ROCKFORD  
(reads)  
Garrison Lee.

Rockford remembers what Freddy said on the phone.

ROCKFORD (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.

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

CLIPBOARD. Rockford smiles. A lightbulb goes off.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Rockford 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. Rockford holds the clipboard close to his chest. He takes a big breath. Here we go.

INT. GARRISON LEE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rockford rushes in.

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

He approaches the secretary's desk.

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

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

ROCKFORD (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?

Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Listen, don't announce me. Let me  
surprise the ole coot. He'll love  
it.

He taps the clipboard.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Just gotta get the ole Johnny  
Hancock!

Rockford reaches for the doorknob.

SECRETARY  
Stop.

ROCKFORD  
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!

ROCKFORD  
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!

ROCKFORD  
Me? I'm. I'm.  
(first thing he comes up  
with)  
Jimmy Joe Meeker.

SECRETARY  
Let me see a card!

What? A what?

ROCKFORD  
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?

ROCKFORD

I'm. I'm Jimmy John Meeker.

SECRETARY

I thought it was "Joe".

ROCKFORD

What?

SECRETARY

I thought it was "Jimmy JOE Meeker"?

ROCKFORD

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.

ROCKFORD

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.

ROCKFORD (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. Rockford listens. His mind elsewhere.

BOBBY

And then we just stayed at the window. You missed everything. We could hear the policeman yelling.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Then that man ran out. He was scary looking. He ran down the street.

ROCKFORD

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, Jim. I'm sure Randy, he's our neighbor, will be relieved.

ROCKFORD

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

Diane grabs his hand.

DIANE

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

ROCKFORD

That'd be nice.

Rockford and the dogs head down the sidewalk.

ROCKFORD (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. Rockford stands behind a  
group of drivers in the newspaper photo.

INT. ROCKFORD'S CAR - EVENING

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

LOUD and SHORT blast of a POLICE SIREN.

ROCKFORD

Oh, shit--

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

OFFICER WAYLON  
You Jamie Rockford?

ROCKFORD  
What's the trouble, officer?

OFFICER WAYLON  
Hey! Are you Jamie Rockford?

ROCKFORD  
Yes. NO! James Rockford. Jim.

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

ROCKFORD  
I am?

OFFICER WAYLON  
You got the whole force lookin' for  
you--

ROCKFORD  
I do?

Here it comes.

OFFICER WAYLON  
These your dogs?

Relief!

ROCKFORD  
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 -

ROCKFORD  
Ok.

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

ROCKFORD  
But I was just about to take them.  
I can--

OFFICER WAYLON  
Nope. Let's go!

Rockford sighs.

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

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

INT. OFFICER WAYLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

ROCKFORD  
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?

ROCKFORD  
What?!

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

Rockford 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.

Rockford watches his car get further and further away.

EXT. ROCKFORD'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.

Rockford winces. Please not -

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

ROCKFORD  
Step.

OFFICER WAYLON  
What?

ROCKFORD  
Um, step. Step. Daddy.

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

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

OFFICER WAYLON  
Nope.

POLICE LIGHTS. The neighborhood bright with light and color.

ROCKFORD  
Is that really necessary?

OFFICER WAYLON  
I will not have the forces time  
wasted.

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

ROCKFORD (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 Rockford out of the car, slowly removes the handcuffs, making a big show for the party guests.

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

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

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

Barbra just stares at her off spring.

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
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

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

ROCKFORD  
(re: the photo)  
Rocky, 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.

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

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

ROCKFORD (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.

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

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

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

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

The dog drops it at Rockford's feet.

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

Rockford laughs as he picks up the shoe.

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

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

ROCKFORD (CONT'D)  
Red clay?

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

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

Rockford, with the shoe, enters. MUSIC PLAYS. GUESTS mingle. A CATERER crosses with a tray of DRINKS. Rockford 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--

Rockford puts the shoe on top of the napkins.

ROCKFORD  
Hold that.



CATERER

What are--

Rockford stuffs his mouth.

CATERER (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm paid to circulate.

ROCKFORD

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, Rockford 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.

ROCKFORD

I know.

CATERER

She's -

He looks the caterer in the eye.

ROCKFORD

My Mom.

The Caterer gasps!

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

Rockford 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.

Barbara, Don, Garrison watch the back of Rockford's exit.

GARRISON  
Who's that?

DON  
He's -

BARBARA  
My son.

The SOUND of Rockford who runs for his life.

EXT. RACETRACK - NIGHT

Joe and Lina drink beer in the glow of the headlights of Joe's car.

Rockford, out of breath, appears in the light.

Joe and Lina stare at him.

LINA  
Can we help you?

ROCKFORD LOOKS SCARED AND EXHAUSTED.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: SAN QUENTIN 1968.

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

Not a place you want to find yourself. Ever.

INT. SAN QUENTIN, CELL BLOCK WEST - SAME

Rockford, older, lost and alone, behind bars.

FADE OUT.