

Bo
"Pilot"
by
Alan Wood

Based on Characters Created By
Clair Noffs Dickson

503 621-7163
adwood42@yahoo.com

BO

"Pilot"

TEASER

INT. DINGY BASEMENT - NIGHT

A soaked bathroom towel covers the face of a panicked and struggling adult FEMALE. She's on her back, as if crucified, atop a solid wooden table.

Twist ties bind each wrist. The ties are threaded through the links of a single chain running through holes bored in the table frame, forcing her arms wide.

She's wearing an elegant little black dress. Her feet are bare.

TWO MEN in their thirties, one bald and muscular, the other thin and creepy, stand over her holding the towel in place.

A THIRD MAN in his forties, Hispanic, long hair pulled into a tight pony tail, slowly pours a gallon jug of water over the towel.

Pony Tail tosses away the now empty jug, nods to his buddies. Badly rips the towel off the woman's face.

BO FEXLER (28), thin and leggy, blonde and normally beautiful, coughs up a load of dirty water. Spits. Screams. Struggles.

PONY TAIL

(to Baldy)

Hold her.

Baldy nods, leans in, grabs her face in a vice grip.

Creepy Guy's eyes wander the length of Bo's body, he licks his lips.

PONY TAIL

(to Bo)

Such a shame. So beautiful. But, this is business. You understand, yes? You make us lots of money.

Bo still gagging and near panic doesn't seem to hear him.

Pony Tail grabs a handful of her soaking wet, long blonde hair and yanks. This gets her attention. They lock eyes.

PONY TAIL
Ready for another drink?

BO
NO! Listen. Listen to me. Torture
doesn't work. You should know this.
I'd tell you anything to...wait...

Pony Tail grins. Nods to his buddies.

BO
...Look. Look. You're a smart man, you
should know--

They lay the wet towel tightly across her face. She
struggles...kicking her feet wildly.

Pony Tail grabs another gallon jug and pours. When the jug
is spent, he pulls the towel off.

Bo vomits up copious amounts of filth.

PONY TAIL
It's going to be such a pleasure to cut
out your pretty little eyes. I may keep
one for myself. A souvenir, you see?

Bo, still in panicked, survival mode, looks up at him.

BO
I have access to money. I can pay. I
can pay. Maybe I could--

Pony Tail smacks her across the face with an open palm. His
rage visibly ebbs and he laughs.

PONY TAIL
After what you did to Marcus? There are
lines you simply don't cross, Chiquita.

He looks up at his buddies, then back at Bo.

PONY TAIL
I should carve you up right now for what
you did to him.

Creepy Guy licks his lips again...lust in his eyes. Sees
that through her struggles, Bo's little black dress has crept
up her thigh, past her hip, revealing her panties.

Pony Tail pulls out a straight razor. Sets it just below
Bo's right eye. A teardrop of blood seeps out and traces a
line on the shiny steel of the razor.

PONY TAIL
I'll give you a choice. Would you like
to lose your right eye, or your left eye
first? I think maybe--

A cell phone rings.

PONY TAIL
Damn it. Excuse me for a moment.

The other two men give each other a nervous look. Pony Tail
answers the phone.

PONY TAIL
Yes? I know but I was just about to...
But aren't you? I understand. We're on
our way.

Pony Tail disconnects the call, nods toward Baldy.

Baldy goes to a nearby bench. Grabs a set of car keys and a
phone.

PONY TAIL
(to Creepy Guy)
Watch her. Marcus needs a ride.

Creepy Guy noticeably perks up. He offers a curt nod, eyes
never leaving Bo's body.

Pony Tail and Baldy exit.

Bo struggles then settles, pulling herself together. Creepy
Guy gently strokes Bo's forehead.

She looks at Creepy Guy...strong eye contact. She knows
what's coming. Creepy Guy undoes his belt.

Bo looks up at the ceiling, some strength returning to her
jaw line and eyes.

BO
Well. Shit.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PORTLAND OREGON - DAY

The gorgeous Portland skyline reaches up to a typically grey, cloudy sky.

The streets are soaked from recent rainfall.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS GYM - DAY

SUPER: "Two Days Earlier"

AT THE HEAVY BAG

Bo Fexler beats the hell out of a heavy bag.

Her yoga pants are low on her hips, exposing her toned midriff. She wears a Han Solo vintage Star Wars t-shirt.

The INSTRUCTOR (30), movie star good looks, holds the bag for her...interested in more than her technique.

INSTRUCTOR

That's it. Use those hips. All the power comes through your core.

Bo continues to assault the bag.

INSTRUCTOR

My, God. You hit like a heavyweight--

She slips in a roundhouse kick that knocks the instructor off the bag, sending him crashing to the floor.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

--and kick like a mule.

Bo looks down at him, a slight, satisfied grin.

ON THE SPARRING MAT

Bo and the instructor grapple. It's clearly sexual for the instructor. Bo struggles to get out of a hold.

INSTRUCTOR

I was thinking.

Bo slips the hold and reverses on him. She's on top for an instant before he expertly flips her off, sending her hard to the mat.

INSTRUCTOR

You've been coming here a long time now.
I've noticed you checking me out.

Bo leaps at him, he dodges, but Bo recovers and gets him in a submission hold using her long legs.

INSTRUCTOR

Good! You're getting fast. Excellent!

Bo tightens the grip with her legs. She stabilizes herself with her arms. The instructor's face reddens from the force of her hold...she's choking him out.

When he speaks he sounds like a thirty-year smoker after a hit of helium.

INSTRUCTOR

So...I thought...maybe...we could get together sometime. Coffee?

His face is beet red. Eyes watering. Bo tightens her hold.

INSTRUCTOR

Tea?

Bo thinks for a moment. Then...

BO

What's the last book you read?

INSTRUCTOR

Excuse me?

BO

Book. You know what those are, right?
What's the title of the last book you read?

The instructor tries a desperate reversal to escape the choke hold but fails. Bo is on him like a vice. He taps out.

She releases him and spins up effortlessly to her feet. The instructor looks up at her from the mat.

INSTRUCTOR

I don't know. I don't think I've read anything since I was in high school.

Bo offers him a hand up and a smile.

BO

Then I'm not interested.

Bo walks away.

The instructor looks like he lost a battle but not the war.

INSTRUCTOR
 (calling after her)
 If you're going to use that leg submission
 you're going to have to be more subtle
 about it. Way to easy to counter.

INT. PORTLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A sixth grade classroom with twenty STUDENTS. A young male TEACHER stands at the head of the class.

TEACHER
 ...e. r. a. l. Collateral. That's all
 twenty. Put the number right over the
 total of twenty and hand back the papers
 to your partner.

The students shuffle, the day's spelling test corrected. A MALE student (12), hands a corrected paper to FAWN (12), a pretty blonde dressed in an oversized sweatshirt.

Fawn got twenty out of twenty. She smiles. Shows the paper off to her friend.

Raises her hand.

FAWN
 Mr. Brown?

MR. BROWN (TEACHER)
 Yes, Fawn?

FAWN
 I'm not feeling well. Think I might
 need to go to the nurse's office.

Fawn puts a hand on her lower tummy...

FAWN
 I think it might be lady troubles.

Mr. Brown is instantly uncomfortable.

MR. BROWN
 Of course. Go right ahead, Fawn.

Fawn can't help a slight grin as she gathers her things.

INT. PORTLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fawn at the sink. She pulls up the sleeve of her sweatshirt.

All of the spelling words are there...a cheat sheet.

She scrubs her arm clean under the running water. Black residue drains into the sink.

A satisfied smile spreads across her face as the evidence washes away.

INT. USED BOOKSTORE - DAY

Bo browses the mystery section. An electronic cigarette dangles from her lip. She puffs. The tip glows.

A young FEMALE CLERK, tree-hugger type, approaches.

FEMALE CLERK

Miss, you can't smoke in here.

Bo doesn't even look up.

BO

I'm not smoking. I'm vaping.

FEMALE CLERK

It still counts.

Bo looks up, blows the vapor "smoke" in the clerks face.

BO

No flame, no smoke, no cancer for you.
It's not smoking. You want me to smoke?
I can light a real one up for ya' cuz I
got those too.

Clerk pauses a moment, then leaves. Bo goes back to browsing.

BO

That's what I thought.

Around the end of the book shelf steps AXEL Kim (25), Korean perfection, body of a gymnast in his prime.

AXEL

You're such a bitch.

Bo doesn't look away from her browsing. A wry smile crosses her lips.

BO
Don't bug while I browse. You know the rules.

AXEL
You making any headway with your ex?

BO
Wow! Is that an off limits topic. Doug is not to be mentioned again.

AXEL
Look. You know I can...do things.

BO
You do have your talents.

AXEL
And, I may be the only friend you've got in this town.

BO
That's not true...well, I guess it kinda is...but, I don't want to have this discussion now or ever so end it.

AT THE COUNTER

Bo drops a stack of ten classic mystery novels on the counter. Takes a puff off her electronic cigarette.

Axel won't let the topic die.

AXEL
You think Doug has a shot at getting custody?

Bo shoots him a death glare. Axel is saved by a MALE CLERK (22), Pacific Northwest tree-hugging vegan type.

MALE CLERK
Miss, there's no smoking in here.

BO
Jesus, you too?

Bo takes a huge drag, lets the "smoke" out slow, shoves the cigarette in her pants pocket.

BO
Happy?

The clerk just looks at her, bored. He rings up her books.

MALE CLERK
Why don't you get a Kindle?

AXEL
(to clerk)
Don't--

BO
Are you kidding me?

MALE CLERK
Well...no.

Axel runs his hand through his hair, studies his shoes.

BO
You work in a used bookstore, Dude.

MALE CLERK
Oh...well...yeah. But I was just thinking
it would be easier--

BO
No. It's not easier or in any way better
than the real thing.

She pulls out her wallet to pay, shoves the electronic
cigarette in her mouth, and puffs...pulls out a twenty.

MALE CLERK
Again. There's no smoking--

BO
It's. Not. Smoking.

EXT. USED BOOKSTORE - DAY

Bo and Axel at a food truck parked along the curb. Axel
hands Bo a bottle of Diet Pepsi.

He gets a tall cup of coffee and pays.

AXEL
I'm just sayin'...if you'd let me know
some of the details, I might be able to
alter some of the--

BO
God! One more word about this and I
swear I'll--

Bo's phone rings. It's the Star Wars theme.

BO
Shit. Here.

She gives Axel her bag of books and digs her phone out of her jeans pocket.

BO
(into phone)
Bo Fexler.

INT. PORTLAND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The SCHOOL NURSE speaks into the office phone.

SCHOOL NURSE
Hey, Bo. I'm afraid Fawn isn't feeling well again today. Are you available to pick her up?

EXT. USED BOOKSTORE - DAY

BO
Shit...sorry, Judy. No, I can't. I'm late for a meeting at work. Can I have her uncle come by?

Bo gives Axel a conspiratorial wink.

AXEL
Uncle?

BO
Great! His name is Axel Kim.

Axel raises his arms to his sides as if to say, "What?"

BO
Okay...Okay, Judy. I'll have a talk with her. Thanks.

Bo tucks away her phone. Takes the bag of books back from Axel. Walks toward a row of cars parked along the street.

BO
Date's over. You gotta get Fawn for me.

AXEL
This was a date?

BO
Just tell them you're her uncle. You got ID? They're gonna need your ID.

AXEL

What am I, homeless? Of course I have ID.

Bo stands beside her car. An old Ford Focus.

BO

You alright to get there? I have to get moving.

AXEL

Are you kidding me? You're ditching me?

Bo climbs into her car.

BO

I owe you big time. Just take a bus or something. Give her a big kiss from me. I'll be home late.

AXEL

Yeah. Yeah go. I'll figure it out.

Bo flashes him a bright smile through the car windshield, fires up the Ford, and pulls into traffic.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

SUPER: "Federal Correctional Institution - Milan, Michigan"

An American flag waves in the breeze outside the intimidating brick structure.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - VISITING ROOM - DAY

INMATES and their VISITORS sit chatting through glass dividers.

Prison GUARDS stand at the ready on both sides of the partitioned room.

Through the visitor door struts VIKTOR Pavlenko (28). Body of a pro wrestler clearly evident through his immaculately tailored suit. In his eyes, the look of a hunter, a warrior.

He is extremely handsome, meticulously well groomed.

Viktor moves gracefully for a big man. He delicately slides out a chair and eases into the seat. He picks up the phone.

Across from him is YURI Azarov (65), thin but still in good shape. Tattooed arms folded across his orange jumpsuit.

Yuri picks up the phone on his side of the glass. They speak English with a heavy Russian accent.

YURI
What news?

VIKTOR
I have some leads.

YURI
How?

VIKTOR
Our friend in workshop. Knows how to
find lost treasures. He wants double.

Fire rages in Yuri's eyes. The cords in his neck stand out. His white knuckles, a strangling grip on the phone.

Viktor reads his mind...

VIKTOR
I agree. But we have no choice. Not if
you want result.

Yuri leans close. If a look could melt the glass between them, this one would.

YURI
Pay him what he wants. When he
delivers...

Yuri raises his eyebrows then shrugs.

Viktor nods. Hangs up the phone. Walks out of the room.

Seething, Yuri watches him go.

INT. PI OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

Leather chairs. Real plants. Art on the walls. A gorgeous view of Portland's skyline through floor to ceiling windows. Upscale in every sense of the word.

A large TV monitor hangs on the wall in the waiting area.

ON THE TV: A newscast. A caption: "Stumptown Killer's Latest Victim". A picture of a pretty blonde WOMAN in her late 20s.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 (through the TV)
 Police are no closer to solving the series
 of brutal killings. This marks the fifth
 known victim in the past eleven months--

CLAIR (25), a stunning receptionist, is the gatekeeper for the office. She looks deeply into her phone screen, tapping away.

Bo bursts through the doors. Clair doesn't look up from her phone.

CLAIR
 They're waiting for you.

Bo rushes past.

BO
 So helpful.

Clair keeps typing away on her phone screen.

CLAIR
 (to herself)
 Bitch.

INT. PI OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ROBERT Daly (56), sits at a large conference table. He's salt and pepper handsome, charming, a lady killer.

Also at the table, STEVE Donaldson (46), handsome in a bookish, college professor sort of way.

Bo charges in. Bag of books and Diet Pepsi still in hand. She tosses the bag into an empty chair. Sets her bottle on the table.

BO
 I know...I'm late.

Robert and Steve stand.

ROBERT
 Steve, this is Bo Fexler. She'll be the investigator handling your case.

Steve gives Bo the once over twice and extends his hand. They shake.

ROBERT

Mr. Donaldson is hiring us to locate an acquaintance of his that he believes has gone missing.

Bo pulls out a note pad and pen from her back pocket. Robert lifts his phone off the table, shows it to Bo.

ROBERT

I'm recording this. You'll have a transcript.

BO

I know. Is it against company policy for me to organize my own thoughts using a pen and paper?

Fire in Robert's eyes directed at Bo. She doesn't blink. Steve, uncomfortable looks back and forth between the two.

After a long beat, Robert sets down his phone, smiles big for the new client.

Bo turns her attention back to Steve.

BO

So, an acquaintance of yours?

STEVE

I'm not even sure she's missing. We were supposed to--

BO

So this is a woman you're fucking?

ROBERT

Bo!

BO

What?

STEVE

Excuse me, but--

BO

Sorry, Steve. Would you like me to be less direct?

STEVE

It's not like that--

BO

It's always like that.

STEVE
 (to Robert)
 I'm not sure she's the right person to
 help me?

Bo pulls out her electronic cigarette and takes a puff.

ROBERT
 Mr. Donaldson, while Ms. Fexler does
 have issues with some of her people skills--

BO
 What the hell are you talking about?

ROBERT
 --if you want our best, a closer, then
 she's definitely it. In the short time
 she's been with us, Ms. Fexler has
 established the highest percentage of
 satisfactory case closures at my agency.

Steve's brow is beaded with sweat. Bo blows out a mist of
 water vapor smoke.

STEVE
 Okay. Okay. I just want to find her.

Bo grins.

Steve has his phone out. As he talks he pulls up a photo.

STEVE
 Her name is Amanda Lynn. She's the mother
 of a student of mine.

Steve hands Bo the phone. A selfie picture of AMANDA. She's
 attractive, young, blond, has a radiant smile.

STEVE
 She's been having trouble with her
 husband. The guy's got a hot temper,
 and things aren't going well for them.
 Their daughter is twelve now.

Bo glances up. Looks at Robert. He gives her a quick glance.

STEVE
 Amanda confided in me after a parent
 teacher conference. We talked. This
 led to coffee, then lunch, then--

BO
 So you're a caring school teacher.

BO
I get the idea. You this sensitive with
all the moms or just the MILFs?

This catches Steve off guard. He looks to Robert.

STEVE
What? I don't. You don't...

Robert shoots Bo a disapproving look.

ROBERT
(to Steve)
Again, I apologize. Please...

He motions for him to continue. Steve regains his composure.

STEVE
Amanda. She was going to leave her
husband. This was to be our first time
away together. Vegas. That was three
days ago. No calls. No texts. Nothing.

BO
How do you know she's missing? Maybe
she just got cold feet. You scratched
her itch then she ditched you.

Bo sets down the phone. Robert picks it up.

STEVE
I thought maybe that was it too. She
does travel on business quite a bit.
Look. I'm just concerned. Especially
with what's going on in the news.

Robert and Bo give each other a look.

BO
You think she might be a Stumptown Killer
victim?

STEVE
I...I don't know. She fits the profile.
Blond, attractive... Look, I just want
someone to find her and let me know if
she's okay. Can you do that for me?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PORTLAND - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

An upscale suburban elementary school. Axel and Fawn walk out the front doors. Fawn still looks like she's not feeling well. About three steps later, she brightens up.

AXEL

At least keep up the act 'till we're out of sight of the school.

FAWN

Relax, they're clueless. So glad it's you that came to get me.

AXEL

Your mom wanted to be here to get you--

FAWN

Yeah, sure she did.

AXEL

--but she was late for a meeting.

FAWN

As usual. It's better anyway. You're way more fun to hang with.

INT. PI OFFICE - ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bo's boss has an ornate desk, neat. A stocked liquor bar, antique from the 60's along one wall.

Bo sits in a leather chair, feet up on Robert's desk, puffing on her electronic cigarette. Robert gathers the raw ingredients to make an Old Fashioned, his back to Bo.

ROBERT

Watch your billable hours on this case. The school teacher does taxes on the side so he'll be an anal little shit.

BO

Can we use the word meticulous instead of anal?

ROBERT

You got a problem with anal?

He turns, grinning at his own little joke, sets the tumblers, sugar, and a pestle on the table. He sees Bo's feet up on his desk, frowns at her.

ROBERT
C'mon. Respect the mahogany. And put that shit out.

Bo removes her feet from the desk, tucks away the cigarette. Robert goes back to the liquor cabinet.

BO
It's electric. Relax.

Robert pulls out two cigars.

ROBERT
If you're going to smoke then smoke.
That thing makes you look like a pussy.

He offers her a cigar. It's huge.

BO
Overcompensating?

He smiles, an evil little grin, then lights up.

He offers Bo a light. She takes it. Robert grabs the Bourbon, bitters, and OJ from the bar. Puts them on his desk next to the other ingredients.

He notices something on Bo's hip. A leather case.

ROBERT
What's that?

She pulls out a Balisong butterfly knife. Expertly flips it open then closed.

BO
My new passion.

She flips it open and closed a few more times.

BO
Gives me something to do while I stalk cheating husbands. Plus it's helping me quit smoking. Keeps my hands busy.

ROBERT
Well don't cut a damn finger off. I like my investigators in one piece.

He drops the sugar in the tumblers. Adds OJ then muddles with the pestle.

ROBERT

And do me a favor. I need you to be nicer to our--

Bo frowns.

BO

Nicer?

ROBERT

--yeah, nicer...at least more respectful to our clients. You're in desperate need of some people skills.

BO

I have plenty of people skills.

ROBERT

So did Jack the Ripper.

Several gorgeous black and white photos hang on the walls. Bo focuses on one of a young girl riding a merry-go-round.

BO

These are new. You take all of them?

Robert pauses his drink mixing to glance up at the photos.

ROBERT

Yeah. You like 'em?

BO

That one reminds me of Fawn. It's brilliant.

Robert is caught off guard.

ROBERT

Well...uh...thanks.

Something is going on in Bo's eyes. She's emotionally involved with the photo. Sadness? She shakes it off.

ROBERT

That's my granddaughter. She's something.

BO

She's absolutely beautiful. You just take black and whites?

He adds the bitters and Bourbon. Holds up the finished drinks.

ROBERT

Old Fashioned, my dear. Just like you and those old books you read.

He gives Bo her drink, sits. Puts his feet up.

Bo chugs the drink, slams the tumbler on the desk.

ROBERT

Jesus Christ! These are supposed to be sipped.

She smiles, gets up. Studies the photo once more. Puts her hand on Robert's shoulder.

BO

Just gorgeous. You have real talent.

Robert looks up at her and smiles.

ROBERT

Okay, now you're just being an asshole.

Bo leans down and whispers in his ear.

BO

See. I have major people skills. Just zero tolerance for bullshit.

INT. AXEL'S COMPUTER SHOP - DAY

A run down store front in a less than desirable neighborhood. Sign over the door reads: Kim PC Repair.

Axel Kim's showroom: PC parts, systems, monitors are scattered everywhere. Chaos. Invoices, receipts, and what-not are strewn over a central, dusty counter.

Axel and Fawn enter.

AXEL

Want a soda or something?

Fawn boots up an Xbox in the corner of the showroom. Plops down on a comfy looking sofa. Looks like she's done this a thousand times...comfortable.

FAWN

Nah...I'm good.

She's already immersed in a game.

Axel goes to a door behind the counter. He accesses a keypad, punches in some numbers, presses his thumb to a panel.

AXEL

I'll be working in the fridge for a bit.
Knock if you need anything.

FAWN

Yep.

Axel takes a hoodie off a hanger next to the door, slips it on and steps through the door into...

INT. AXEL'S WORKSTATION - DAY

In complete contrast to the store showroom, this small room absolutely gleams with the latest in computer hardware.

He closes the door behind him, flips a couple switches and the room comes to life.

The entire back wall of the room has servers stacked floor to ceiling. From Axel's reaction, it's obviously freezing inside the room.

He takes a seat in a comfortable leather chair and faces a sea of monitors.

He enters commands at a terminal, the glow from the monitor bathes his face in light.

On the monitor: "The IRS Database" and "FBI Warning"

Axel checks something, then enters more commands.

AXEL

And...we're in.

He pulls up a file on a third monitor.

On the monitor: A large picture of a strikingly handsome man, several lines of unreadable data accompany the picture.

AXEL

Okay, Mr. Ex Bo Fexler. Let's see what we can find.

INT. MR. EX BO FEXLER'S CAR - DAY

Mr. Ex Bo Fexler is DOUG Connors (32). His Lexus has Bluetooth tech so he can yell hands free while driving.

DOUG

Maybe if you weren't such an over achieving nosy bitch we wouldn't be in this situation in the first place!

BO (V.O.)

(through car speakers)

Maybe if you weren't such a miserable dick...Doug...you'd open up that pea-brain of yours and--

INT. BO'S FORD - DAY

Bo holding her phone to her ear. She's parked.

BO

--realize how your actions are affecting our daughter! You asshole!

She clicks off the phone and throws it in the seat next to her.

BO

(to phone)

Asshole!

INT. MR. EX BO FEXLER'S CAR - DAY

Doug pounds the wheel in frustration. Bashes the passenger seat with his fist.

The sound of a SIREN behind the car.

Doug checks the rear-view mirror. A police car with its reds and blues lit up behind him.

DOUG

Shit!

EXT. AMERICOM OFFICES - DAY

Bo's Ford parked in a typical office park just outside the burbs. An "Americom" logo hangs over a set of glass doors.

INT. AMERICOM OFFICES - DAY

Bo enters a nicely decorated reception area. A young, syrupy pleasant RECEPTIONIST offers a courteous smile.

RECEPTIONIST

How can I help you?

Bo is all smiles, pouring it on.

BO
Hi! Amanda Lynn, please.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

BO
No. I'm just a friend.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry. You'll have to make an appointment. If this is a social visit please contact her directly.

BO
It'll only take a moment, please. I--

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry. I can't let you--

And...just like that, the sweet exterior is gone.

BO
Is she even here?

The receptionist gives her a cold stare.

RECEPTIONIST
Well. If you're a friend I'm sure you'd know that already. Shall I call security?

EXT. AMERICOM OFFICES - DAY

Bo, walks to her Ford. She holds her phone to her ear.

BO
Hey, you get Fawn okay?

INT. AXEL'S WORKSTATION - DAY

Axel at his terminal. He speaks hands free while working.

AXEL
Yes, I did. You owe me bus fare.

BO (V.O.)
(through speakers)
How's she look? She sick?

AXEL
Faking again.

EXT. AMERICOM OFFICES - DAY

Bo stops by her car. Notices a handsome looking man walking out of the Americom offices, headed to the parking lot. This is ZACK (32).

BO
 (to Axel)
 Naturally. Hey, I've got a name and number I need you to check. I'll also need you to hack all of her social media and pull up her husband's phone records as well. Dig around the DMV, too. See if we can find anything on her car.

INT. AXEL'S WORKSTATION - DAY

Axel taking in Bo's instructions.

AXEL
 Anything else?

BO
 She's been M.I.A. for a couple days now--

EXT. AMERICOM OFFICES - DAY

BO
 --just put it all together for me and I'll come by in a bit. Clock's ticking on this one. I'll text you her name, number, and address.

Zack stops by a BMW.

BO
 Gotta go.

She slips her phone into her pocket and hustles over to him.

BO
 Excuse me.

Zack frowns at first, then he looks up at the beautiful blonde approaching, a bright grin spreads across his face.

ZACK
 Hi, there!

BO
 Hey, I'm wondering if you could help me?

ZACK

Probably.

They chuckle at the lame flirty line.

BO

I'm looking for Amanda. Did she come in today?

ZACK

How do you know Amanda?

BO

We were sorority sisters. College.

Zack likes the sound of that.

ZACK

I didn't know Amanda was... Excellent. College. Experimentation. Slumber parties.

BO

Yeah. Something like that. Lots and lots of panties.

Zack studies Bo. She's all flirty smiles.

ZACK

She hasn't been in for the last two days. Last time I saw her was last Friday.

BO

What happened last Friday?

ZACK

Happy hour. We all go out for drinks most Fridays. You should join us.

BO

That sounds like her. She was a big party girl in college. She still wild?

ZACK

Really? Amanda? Wow. No she's calmed down quite a bit. There was this guy. He talked to her for quite a bit at the bar. Gave her a card.

BO

Oh yeah? What was on the card?

ZACK

That's funny. We all joked about it. It was a modeling agency. Guy said he was looking for fresh faces. Lame pick-up attempt. His name was Marcus Rodriguez. I remember cuz we kept saying his name all night, you know, Marcus Rodriguez, making fun of him. She laughed about it so much she said she was gonna actually call him.

BO

You got the number or the card by any chance?

Zack laughs.

ZACK

No. Why? You want to go into modeling? You could do it. I'd take pictures of you if you want.

BO

You're kinda creepy, aren't ya? Tell Amanda I said "hi" when you see her.

Bo walks away. Shivers with disgust.

ZACK

See you at happy hour then?

INT. AXEL'S COMPUTER SHOP - DAY

Axel and Fawn are in a heated battle on the Xbox as Bo enters. Fawn jumps up and down on the couch, blissful.

BO

The entrepreneur and sickly student hard at work.

Axel looks up. Fawn plops down onto the couch, fun's over.

AXEL

Hey! Mom's here! Hi, mom!
(to Fawn)
Say "hi" to your mother.

Fawn neither looks up or shows any enthusiasm.

FAWN

Hi to your mother.

Bo walks over and strokes Fawn's hair.

BO
Ah, my heart is full.

Fawn leans away.

BO
How was your day? Looks like you're
feeling better.

FAWN
I got one-hundred percent on my spelling
test.

BO
That doesn't mean you can go home sick
as a reward.

FAWN
You want good grades or perfect
attendance? I can't handle both.

Axel has had enough. He gets up off the couch.

AXEL
She sure is your daughter.

Bo and Fawn look up at him, shocked.

BO / FAWN
Hey!

Axel at the counter. Picks up some documents.

AXEL
Here's everything you wanted.

Bo looks at the documents. In the background, Fawn stands
up on the couch, controller in hand, jumps up and down while
playing.

BO
What'd you find?

AXEL
I'm an analyst, too?

BO
Stop dicking around, I know you studied
it all.

Axel frowns, but it's evident she has him figured out. Fawn
continues to jump.

FAWN
Die! Die camper, die!

Bo stays focused on the documents, but says...

BO
(to Fawn)
Stop jumping on the couch, please.

AXEL
She's active on all the usual social media. Regular poster but nothing for three days now. Her husband's phone shows multiple calls all under thirty seconds.

Fawn stops jumping. Flips her mother the bird. Bo still isn't looking at her but says...

BO
Same to you, princess.
(to Axel)
Straight to voice mail?

Fawn flops down on the couch and resumes the battle.

AXEL
Yeah. No traffic on her phone for the last few days. I didn't have time to analyze all the calls she made before the cease in activity.

BO
You're slipping.

AXEL
Found her car. Or, the police found it. It was abandoned in Northeast Portland and is currently at an impound lot.

BO
I need you to find out--

AXEL
The address is listed here. They close in an hour.

FAWN
I'm hungry!

BO
(to Axel)
Any plans for tonight?

BO
I'll buy you guys pizza.

Behind Bo's back, Fawn leaps up on the couch, hands clasped, silently begging Axel to say yes.

Axel sees her, laughs.

AXEL
Sure.
(to Fawn)
Pizza and horrible movies your mom won't want you to watch sound good?

FAWN
Yea!

EXT. PORTLAND CITY STREET - NIGHT

A bustling downtown street. A Portland Police car sits idle along the curb.

In the driver's seat, Officer George LUCAS (48), big in a too much fast food way and black. His partner, Tony GIOVANNI (39), little guy, built like a fireplug, very handsome.

Lucas works on a document on his iPad. Giovanni sits in the passenger seat staring at his phone.

Bo sticks her head in the driver's window.

BO
Hey!

Both officers SCREAM out in surprise.

LUCAS
What the hell, Fexler? You wanna get shot?

GIOVANNI
I think I pissed myself.

BO
Portland's finest.

She leans in, trying to get a look at Lucas' iPad.

BO
What you workin' on there, George?

Lucas hides his iPad.

LUCAS

What I'm workin' on is none of your damn business.

Giovanni has recovered and is back to staring at his phone, tapping something in as he speaks.

GIOVANNI

He won't tell me either. Must be something shameful. He just types and giggles, types and giggles.

BO

Hey, Giovanni. Look at a lady when you talk to her.

He doesn't look away from his phone.

GIOVANNI

Find me a lady and I might.

Bo tugs on her top, revealing her cleavage. Giovanni still doesn't look up.

Lucas turns toward Bo and nearly gets a nose-full of boobs.

LUCAS

Jesus, Bo!

BO

Nothin'? I must be losing it.

LUCAS

Just...please...put yo lady bits away. What the hell you want anyway?

Bo releases her top and it pops back in place. She presents a large pink box. A dozen Voodoo doughnuts.

BO

I brought you treats.

Lucas doesn't hesitate. He pulls the box into the car. Looks inside.

LUCAS

God is truly good. What I gotta do for these?

Bo just smiles.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Bo climbs out of the back of the police car. Heads for the padlocked gate. Lucas is right behind her.

Giovanni sits in the car, staring at his phone. He's eating a gigantic Voodoo doughnut.

LUCAS

I told you we'd be too late. I'll bring you back in the mornin' and we'll--

Bo climbs the fence.

LUCAS

Jesus, Bo! That's breakin' and enterin'! That's against the law. That's against the damn law. You're gonna get me busted!

Bo pauses at the top.

BO

Well, keep an eye out for the fuzz then.

She hops down the other side, hurries off into the dark.

LUCAS

Son of a bitch!

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - YARD - NIGHT

Bo makes her way through several cars. Finds the car she's looking for and tries the door. It's locked.

She presses her face up against the window then stands back. She looks around on the ground...searching.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Officer Lucas has a doughnut of his own now. He takes a bite.

SMASH

He jumps at the sound of smashed glass, drops his doughnut. Giovanni doesn't look up from his phone.

LUCAS

Damn it! Ah, damn it to hell!

He quickly mourns the fallen pastry, then runs to the gate.

LUCAS

Bo! Bo, get your ass outta' there.
Now!

INT./EXT. IMPOUND LOT - CAR - NIGHT

Bo leans in the broken window and opens the door. She rifles through the car, checking the back seat, under the seats, all the little nooks and hidey holes.

She finds a white business card.

BO

Bingo.

INT. PI OFFICE - ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bo in her workout clothes, sitting at her boss' desk. Blonde hair up in a pony tail. She slides him the business card.

BO

Columbia Modeling. Marcus Rodriguez.

Robert is watching a news report.

The NEWS ANCHOR's report can't be heard but "Stumptown Killer Strikes Again" scrolls across the bottom of the screen.

ROBERT

This guy's a sick bastard. Takes their pony tails as trophies.

BO

The number is a dead end. Disconnected. Husband's clean. Neighbors are no help.

ROBERT

You'll think of something. Blondes. Like you.

BO

What?

ROBERT

Stumptown Killer. Likes blondes. Takes their hair, that's his trophy.

She absently caresses her pony tail.

BO

I need to check in with my guy.

Bo gets up to go.

ROBERT

Be careful out there. That's quite a trophy you got growing out your head.

BO

Stumptown Killer comes for me I'll cut his balls off.

INT. ROCK CLIMBING GYM - DAY

Bo and Axel on a rock wall. Not exactly racing, but it's evident that neither one wants to reach the top second. They're about three stories up, going hard.

BO

God, look at your arms. They're ripped. Shit, they're making me wet.

AXEL

Yeah, that's too much information.

BO

I wish you weren't gay. Can you be not gay for me? Is that possible? I don't want you to be gay.

AXEL

Even if I were straight you wouldn't have a shot with me.

BO

That's not true. I'm hot. Even if you can't stand me you'd want to do me. It's how guys are. Until you let fly with the man relish, it's all you'd think about.

This stops him mid climb. Bo surges ahead.

AXEL

Man relish?

He heads up after her.

BO

You find out anything on that number?

AXEL

It was a one use number. But, I managed to track its point of origin.

BO

Excellent. Where do I go find this guy?

Bo SLIPS! She slides down the wall. Axel reaches out and grabs her.

AXEL
Venezuela.

BO
What?

He pulls her to the wall, resumes his climb, now in the lead.

AXEL
The number originated from a personal concierge service in Venezuela. They're basically a call center that will be whoever you want them to be. The number looks local, the agents are well trained, it's actually pretty seamless.

BO
So, it's a dead end.

AXEL
Normally. But I managed to get into their servers, generated my own single use number for Columbia Modeling.

Bo catches up, grabs his ankle, Axel slips, catches himself. She hurries past, rings the bell at the top.

BO
So, I can give him a call and his service should route me to him. Nice.

AXEL
You're welcome.

Axel makes it to the top, rings his bell.

AXEL
You know I usually get paid for this kind of thing.

BO
Isn't our friendship enough? Hey, you were a little slow today. C'mon, I'll race ya down, I gotta see if I can set up a meet and greet with Mr. Rodriguez.

Bo repels away.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BO'S HOUSE - DAY

A cozy little Craftsman style house sits on a tree-lined street in Southeast Portland.

Mr. Ex Bo Fexler, Doug, walks up the front steps.

INT. BO'S HOUSE - DAY

The inside is homey. Piles of pulp and detective novels are stacked here and there. It's neat, but looks lived in by a busy single mom and her twelve-year-old daughter.

DING DONG

Bo hustles toward the front door, putting on an earring. She's wearing a little black dress and she's in a hurry.

BO

It's about damn time.

She throws open the door and stomps away to the bathroom, not even looking at Doug.

BO

Come in if you must.

Doug steps in.

DOUG

You finally get all my stuff over to the storage place?

Bo's down the hall in the bathroom, putting on eyeliner.

BO

There's still a bunch of boxes in the garage. You have two weeks or I'm throwing the shit out. I'm done taking your crap over there.

Doug nods his head, looking at a framed picture of Bo and Fawn, both actually smiling.

DOUG

About this weekend. I don't think I can--

BO

NO! No! You can! I think you can. She needs her father, and you're going to make time for her.

BO
You're going to be prince frigging
charming.

DOUG
But I've got a--

BO
Cancel it. Move it. I don't give a
shit. Not again. You're not breaking
her heart again this weekend. She wants
to move in with you. You know that?

DOUG
Yeah. I know. Fawn's a great kid but...

He makes his way down the hall.

BATHROOM

Doug squeezes in behind her. Bo turns to face him.

BO
You're such an asshole.

DOUG
That's why you married me.

Doug slides his finger under her dress strap, caresses her
shoulder.

Bo SLAPS him. Doug SLAPS her.

Fire rages in her eyes, then smolders into pure lust.

She attacks him. They're like two ravenous beasts, ripping
each other's clothes off.

Bo gets his belt open. He lifts her up on the sink:
scratching, biting, hitting. It's raw, animal passion.

And then, he's inside her. Bo GASPS. The medicine cabinet
rattles with each urgent thrust.

EXT. BO'S HOUSE - DAY

A school bus stops outside. Fawn steps off. She sees Doug's
Lexus and smiles. She runs for the front door.

INT. BO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Doug has Bo bent over the sink. Bo bucks wildly. She knocks the toothbrush cup, the hand soap, and her makeup bag to the floor.

They ROAR in satisfied unison, just as the front door opens.

Doug and Bo scatter.

Doug ducks out of the bathroom and into a room just off the hall, pants around his ankles. Bo SLAMS the bathroom door. Her dress is torn to shreds.

ENTRY HALL

Fawn stands with her arms folded, looking down the hall. The bathroom door opens. Bo walks out wrapped in a towel.

BO

I thought I heard you come in. You ready to go to your dad's?

Doug steps out from the room off the hall, his face flushed, covered in sweat. He moves past Bo.

DOUG

(to Fawn)

Hey! There she is. Grab your bag and we'll hit the road.

Fawn shakes her head. Stomps down the hall.

FAWN

You two are pathetic.

They watch her go. She steps into the room Doug just came out of and slams the door.

BO

You owe me a new dress. And that was the last time. I don't ever want--

DOUG

You say that every--

BO

I know I say it every time, but this time I mean it. God, you disgust me. I need another shower.

She steps out of the hall into another room. Pokes her head out...

BO
 You treat her like a princess. All
 weekend. All. Weekend.

Doug, hands up in defeat.

DOUG
 I got it. I got it. But you'll talk to
 her...you know...about not coming to
 live with me, right?

Bo slams the door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - NIGHT

The city street is alive with the evening crowd.

Bo, dressed to kill in a different little black dress. She carries a small black purse. Walks toward the entrance of an upscale hotel.

The DOORMAN opens the door and she goes inside.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

The bar is crowded with well dressed PATRONS. A jazz TRIO plays as the elegant saunter around the room, mingling.

Bo goes to the bar. The handsome BARTENDER comes right over.

BO
 Old Fashioned. Makers. No fruit. Use
 OJ instead of water. If you use a sugar
 packet I'll have you arrested.

The bartender is impressed.

BARTENDER
 Wouldn't dream of it. Coming right up.

MARCUS Rodriguez, (34), steps in beside her.

MARCUS
 (to the bartender)
 Make that two, please.

Bo sizes him up. Offers a brilliant smile.

BO
 So you must be Mr. Rodriguez.

MARCUS
 Marcus. Please.

MARCUS

And you are even lovelier than I pictured you. Your phone voice is very sexy.

Bo extends her hand. Marcus takes it and kisses it gently.

BO

Oh. A romantic.

Marcus smiles. The drinks arrive.

BARTENDER

Twenty-two fifty.

Marcus keeps his eyes on Bo, but addresses the bartender.

MARCUS

Start a tab for me, please. I'll pay for both of these.

BO

Why, thank you. You go through this routine with all of your new models?

MARCUS

Just the ones that I believe have an enormous amount of...

He eyes Bo's low cut dress.

MARCUS

...potential.

BO

So, do I make the cut?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and quiet. The door bursts open. Bo and Marcus, furiously making out, fall into the room.

Bo's got his jacket off, tosses it on the bed. Marcus, a wicked smile. He's Latin perfection.

He breaks their embrace, heads for the bathroom.

MARCUS

I need just a moment.

Bo...breathless.

BO

Sure. Yeah. Take your time.

Marcus steps into the bathroom and closes the door. Bo's passion suddenly gone...all an act. She eyes his jacket.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A high end, dimly lit place. CHARLIE Villalobos (48), a well dressed slob sits with his stunning DATE (24), enjoying a nice dinner.

Viktor Pavlenko, the big enforcer from the prison visit with Yuri, steps up to the table. Charlie gives his date a "take a walk" nod. She frowns but gets up and leaves.

CHARLIE

Viktor! Have a seat. Let me order you something. Big boy like you, you must be starving all the time. How's Yuri holding up?

VIKTOR

You have location?

CHARLIE

Straight to business. Okay. That's what I love about you guys. No bullshit.

Charlie pulls a large envelope out of his jacket pocket.

CHARLIE

You have something for me? Double something if I'm not mistaken.

Viktor pulls out an overstuffed cash envelope. Slides it across the table to Charlie.

CHARLIE

You understand I wouldn't normally increase my fee after the deal was made, but this proved to be a very difficult get.

Viktor isn't impressed. Charlie hands him the envelope, then scoops up his payment, slips it inside his jacket.

Viktor gets up, walks away.

CHARLIE

Are you sure I can't talk you into the lasagna. It's sublime.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bo goes for Marcus' cell phone.

The unmistakable sound of Marcus peeing registers from beyond the bathroom door.

Bo clicks on his phone. It's locked. She tries a pass code.

She enters 1, 2, 3, 4. Nothing.

BO

Shit!

She enters 4, 3, 2, 1. Nothing.

A groan of satisfied relief from Marcus. The toilet flushes. The sounds of sink water rushing out of the tap.

BO

C'mon!

She sets down the phone and checks all the jacket pockets. Finds a card case. Columbia Modeling cards. Different numbers on all the cards. She puts them back.

The bathroom door opens behind her. Marcus steps out.

He's completely nude.

MARCUS

Looking for something?

Bo startled, turns. Is startled again.

BO

Oh! My, god. Wow. That's actually impressive.

Marcus glances down.

MARCUS

And I know how to use it. Would you care for a drink?

BO

Sure. I need the little girls room.

MARCUS

I'll be waiting.

Bo steps past him into the bathroom. Closes the door.

Marcus opens a drawer and removes a packet containing several white pills.

He moves to the mini bar, selects a couple of bottles. Drops two pills into a glass, covers it with liquor.

IN THE BATHROOM

Bo still has his phone. She pulls her phone out, punches the touch pad, holds it to her ear.

BO
C'mon. C'mon. Axel! I need a way past
the touch screen on a phone.

INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Axel pulls the phone away from his ear. He addresses the sexy MALE sitting on his couch.

AXEL
I'll be just a moment. Sorry.

He marches off into his...

BEDROOM

Axel has a desktop PC near his bed. He sits at the keyboard.

AXEL
I have a date. We need to establish
some boundaries.

He sits back in his chair, exhausted but listening.

AXEL
Okay, okay. I get it. What kind of
phone is it.

He starts typing.

AXEL
Just a sec. All the lock screens have a
backdoor incase the user forgets their
code. I should be able to access
it...fairly easy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bo pacing, phone to her ear.

BO
Got it.

She punches in the code. She's in.

BO

You're a genius. Okay, what do you need to start a trace on it?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus looks around the room. He searches his jacket. He looks on the counters, even in the drawer where he stashed his pills. He has a thought...

He knocks on the bathroom door.

MARCUS

Are you okay in there?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bo furiously pacing.

BO

Got it. Listen, If I don't call you in an hour call Lucas and Giovanni. Tell them to follow Marcus' phone. That's probably where I'll be. I gotta go. You got a date? Is he cute? Never mind, we'll talk later.

She flushes the toilet, checks her face and hair.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus knocks again. The door opens. Bo frames the doorway in only her high-heels, panties, and a lace bra. She holds his phone out for him.

BO

You should really keep better track of this.

He takes the phone, considers her for a beat.

MARCUS

Should I not trust you?

BO

No, you definitely shouldn't. I tried to snoop through it. See if you had any incriminating kinky photos. But I couldn't get past your pass code.

He offers her a drink.

MARCUS

I hope you don't mind Vodka.

BO

No. No that's fine. In fact. Let's skip the drink.

Marcus sets the glasses down.

MARCUS

Not having a change of heart are you?

BO

To be honest, Marcus. I'm really, really looking to get laid tonight. And I'd just like to get to it if you don't mind.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Charlie and his date walk toward a black sedan.

TH-WHAP!

A bullet slams into Charlie's chest. He falls over backward. His date SCREAMS.

TH-WHAP! TH-WHAP!

Two bloody little circles appear in his date's forehead. She falls to the parking lot.

Viktor steps up to the bodies. Charlie is still alive. He looks up at Viktor, towering over him, pistol with silencer at his side.

CHARLIE

I did the job. This...this isn't fair.

Viktor stoops down, pulls the money envelope out of Charlie's pocket. Tucks it away.

VIKTOR

A gift. To you from Yuri.

CHARLIE

Wh...what kind of gift is this?

Viktor levels the gun at Charlie's forehead.

VIKTOR

A quick death.

TH-WHAP! TH-WHAP! TH-WHAP!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus, huge grin, in bed, on his back while Bo is down south working him over with her hands and mouth.

Bo's butterfly knife is tucked into the top of her panties. She slowly reaches for it.

MARCUS

My God but you're good at that.

BO

Really? This is my first time.

Marcus breaks up laughing.

MARCUS

Then you're a natural.

Bo slides the knife up, along her thigh toward his groin.

Marcus closes his eyes, lost in ecstasy.

BO

You like your balls played with?

MARCUS

Oh, yeah. Just be...

Marcus' eyes go wide.

BO

I wouldn't move.

Bo has the knife right at the base of his balls.

MARCUS

What the f--

BO

I'm looking for a woman named Amanda Lynn and I'm not in the mood for bullshit.

MARCUS

I don't know who the f--

Bo digs in with the knife. Draws a little blood.

MARCUS

Oh Christ! Don't move. Don't move. The cleaners. She's at the cleaners off Burnside. North East. Sixth. It's in my phone!

BO
What's the pass code?

MARCUS
One, eight, one, five. One, eight, one, five!

BO
Is she going to be alive when I find her?

MARCUS
What?

Bo digs in, more blood, a trickle now.

BO
Looks like you lost your hard on, Marcus. Amanda. Is she going to be alive?

MARCUS
Yeah! Yeah. I take the girls for a guy that's all. Drug them. Maybe sex. Mostly I have sex with them, but I don't kill them. They're just for sale. He takes the parts he needs. I just have sex with them!

Bo is shocked. Pulls herself back on track.

BO
What guy? For sale? Parts? You're trafficking women for someone?

Bo digs in, Marcus arches his back and screams.

MARCUS
It's just good business!

Rage fills Bo's eyes.

BO
Good business? So's this.

Bo CASTRATES him! Throws his balls on his chest.

Marcus SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER!

MARCUS
What'd you do you, bitch!

He tries to get out of bed. His amputated balls slide off his chest and hit the floor. Bo flicks the knife at him.

BO

Stay there! I'll get you a towel. You start running around the room you'll bleed out in sixty seconds.

Bo tosses him a towel. Picks up his phone. Dials 911.

BO

Try to control your breathing. Keep pressure on it.

MARCUS

I'll kill you, you bitch! I swear I'll kill you!

BO

Talking isn't calming you down. You might want to try and relax.

MARCUS

You cut my fucking balls off!

BO

And there's no way to change that now. Accept it and move on.

(into the phone)

Hello? Yes, I need an ambulance and the police at the Plaza on Broadway. Room two-thirty-two.

Marcus tries to control his breathing while he moans and sobs. The once white hotel towel is soaking with blood.

Bo slips on her bra and dress while dialing her phone.

BO

(into phone)

Hey.

INT. ROBERT'S DARK ROOM - NIGHT

An eerie red glow fills the room. It's a classic darkroom. The backs of several drying photographs hang on a line.

Robert has his cell.

ROBERT

What's up, Bo?

He listens while developing a print. Taking care to keep it moving in the tray of chemicals.

His eyes go wide. He stops working.

ROBERT
You just did what?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bo slips on her pumps. Puts the knife and Marcus' cell phone into her bag. Marcus is still moaning, pressing the bloody towel to his groin.

BO
(into phone)
I had no choice! It was the only way to find out what happened to Amanda...okay fine, the only way I knew how to find out what happened to her. I called the police--

There is a KNOCK KNOCK on the hotel room door.

BO
--and they're here. I'm at the Plaza on Broadway. You better get moving. Call our attorney. Gotta go.

Bo clicks off the phone. Opens the hotel room door.

BO
Thank god you're--

It's the three guys from the teaser: Pony Tail, Baldy, and Creepy Guy.

BO
Who the fuck are you guys?

MARCUS
Get that bitch!

The three men burst in. Bo fights back but they easily overpower her.

BO
Get the hell off me!

Badly SMASHES her in the face with a left hook, covers her mouth.

MARCUS
Drug her and get her to the cleaners. And she did something to my phone. Ditch it on the way back. We don't need anyone following you there.

Pony Tail gets his first look at Marcus.

PONY TAIL

Jesus, Boss. What the hell happened?

MARCUS

Just hurry up and get her outta' here!
The cops and paramedics are coming!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DINGY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bo chained to the table, as if crucified. Pony Tail, Baldy, and Creepy Guy stand over her. A cell phone rings.

PONY TAIL

(to Bo)

Damn it. Excuse me for a moment.

The other two men give each other a nervous look. Pony Tail answers the phone.

PONY TAIL

Yes? I know but I was just about to...
But aren't you? I understand. We're on
our way.

Pony Tail disconnects the call, nods toward Baldy. Baldy goes to a nearby bench. Grabs a set of car keys and a phone.

PONY TAIL

(to Creepy Guy)

Watch her. Marcus needs a ride.

Creepy Guy noticeably perks up. He offers a curt nod, eyes never leaving Bo's body.

Pony Tail and Baldy exit.

Bo struggles then settles, pulling herself together. Creepy Guy undoes his belt.

Bo looks up at the ceiling, some strength returning to her jaw-line and eyes.

BO

Well. Shit.

He finishes undoing his belt. Drops his pants.

BO

So this is how it's going to be?

Creepy Guy slides his hands up and down Bo's thighs. Climbs up on the end of the table between her legs.

BO

Listen. I give fantastic blowjobs. Why not bring that fat dick of yours up here so I can have a taste?

Creepy guy laughs.

 CREEPY GUY

After what you did to Marcus? Not a chance.

 BO

Good move. I was gonna bite yours off completely.

 CREEPY GUY

I had a feeling.

Creepy guy spreads her legs. Moves in.

 CREEPY GUY

You try anything stupid and I swear I'll make you suffer.

 BO

Isn't that bad for business? Damaging the merchandise.

 CREEPY GUY

I'll cut stuff off you they don't need. I'll start with your fingers.

 BO

Okay. Okay. I won't fight you. Just do what you gotta do.

Creepy guy smiles. Reaches between his legs, and moves into position.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Cop cars outside. Red and blue lights flash off the city buildings.

Robert pulls up in his Audi. Gets out. Hurries over to one of the cops.

It's Officer George Lucas. His partner, Tony Giovanni leans against the car. Giovanni's phone rings. He talks into it in the background.

 ROBERT

George! Where's Bo?

 LUCAS

Bo ain't here. Just some guy got his balls cut off. You believe that shit? The man's business...cut...off.

LUCAS

Said some Burnside hooker did it to him.

ROBERT

What can I say, crazy fucking world, right? Got a call from Bo, said she was here, needed me to come by. She was in trouble maybe.

LUCAS

She in trouble?

ROBERT

She's always in trouble, right?

Lucas laughs. Giovanni looks over, waits for a break.

LUCAS

Yeah, that's true.

GIOVANNI

Axel's on the line. Want's us to follow his directions. He's tracing her.

INT. DINGY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bo looks to her left, her wrist bound to a single length of chain that loops off the edge of the table, through the table frame, and attaches to her right wrist.

She yanks on the chain. It slides back and forth, but doesn't give her much room.

Creepy Guy's on his knees between Bo's spread legs.

BO

You're gonna have to either take off my panties or slide 'em to the side.

Creepy Guy looks insulted.

CREEPY GUY

I know what I'm doing.

BO

That's clear. Here, let me make it a little easier for you.

Bo puts her feet flat on the table, levers up her hips so her groin height matches his.

BO

Better?

Creepy guy smiles. Grabs her panties.

Bo swings her leg, catching him in the submission hold she's mastered in her self-defense class.

She twists violently. Her legs locked perfectly around his neck and under his arm. Bo's arms are twisted awkwardly by the chains, but she bears down.

Creepy guy struggles violently.

BO
C'mon. C'mon!

Bo screams for strength.

Creepy guy slows his struggles...then stops.

BO
That's it. You're all done you disgusting rapist piece of shit.

Bo squeezes again. Creepy Guy goes limp. He slides off the table.

Bo keeps her legs locked around him. They go over, bringing the table with them.

CRASH!

BO
Okay, that hurts.

Bo works the table onto her back. She stands, it's heavy but she manages.

She pushes the table into a corner. Sets it down, works her way out from under it.

She sits on the upturned table, still chained to it, and starts kicking one of the legs. It doesn't budge.

She uses the wall for leverage and pulls on one side of the chain, trying to break through the frame.

Nothing.

She notices a leaf separator handle in the center of the table. She kicks at it a few times.

BO
C'mon!

It unlatches.

BO

Finally.

With the latch open she is able to push off half the table.

She gets to her feet, heaves up the half of table she's still attached to onto her back. Walks over to dead Creepy Guy.

Flops the table over. Reaches out for his neck.

Feels for a pulse.

BO

Serves you right.

She awkwardly begins a search of Creepy Guy's shirt pockets.

BO

Please have keys. Please have keys.

No keys.

BO

Shit!

She sees his pants on the floor. Crawls over, dragging the half-table behind her.

BO

C'mon.

She searches the pockets. No keys in his pants.

BO

Unbelievable!

Looks around. Now what?

Spots Creepy Guy's phone lying a few feet away. Crawls over. Turns it on. Pass code required.

BO

What's a sick degenerate sex fiend like you use for a pass code.

Bo enters: 6969

Nothing.

BO

Worth a shot.

She dials 911. Waits.

BO

I don't know where I am. I'm alone but
I don't know for how long. Please send
the police. I'll leave the line open.

She sets the phone down. Heaves the half table up on her
back. Starts for the door.

Notices a gun on the counter.

BO

Finally a friggin' break.

Manages to grab the gun in one hand. Aims at the floor.
Pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

It's empty.

BO

Shit. Okay. At least it's big and looks
scary.

So, barefoot, in a little black dress, chained arms wide to
half a wooden table that she carries on her back, pointing
an empty gun, she moves slowly to the door.

EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Lucas and Giovanni in the front seat, Robert in the back.
Giovanni has the phone to his ear.

GIOVANNI

Turn right! Turn right! Two blocks!

Lights spinning, siren blaring, they speed down the street.

INT. DINGY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bo opens the door. Peeks around the corner. It's a
stairwell.

She sweeps the gun back and forth. Clear.

Bo manages to wedge herself through the door with half a
table on her back.

It's awkward and very noisy but she makes it.

BO
Piece of cake.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Bo starts up the stairs.

The half-table BANGS and THUDS and wedges tight all the way up the flight of stairs.

Bo calls out as she struggles.

BO
Ignore all that noise in the stairs.
Just us rats. Female sex slave prisoner
not trying to escape or anything.

The table wedges tight. She can't move. She pulls. Nothing.

She shoves back a step and the table dislodges.

BO
This rat does have a gun though. So if
you're up there I'd just leave if I were
you. Got it off your creepy dead rapist
friend.

She crests the final couple of stairs. Swings the gun in an arc to clear the room.

The chains on her wrists RATTLE. The half-table CLUNKS off the banister.

It's a cleaners. Racks of plastic coated clothing are everywhere.

BO
The cleaners. Okay. Burnside and NE
Sixth.

EXT. PORTLAND ALLEY - NIGHT

A police car sits in an alley.

Lucas and Robert stand by the car looking at a lone dumpster. Robert has his phone out.

There's a RINGING phone echoing from inside the dumpster.

Giovanni pops up, covered in dumpster gunk.

GIOVANNI
Got it! This it?

He hands the phone over to Robert.

ROBERT
Yeah. Shit.
(into phone)
Axel, it was in a dumpster.

LUCAS
Okay, so this doesn't look good, right?

Lucas's radio goes off.

RADIO
Lucas you off Burnside? Got a nine-one-one call at Burnside and Sixth...

INT. CLEANERS - NIGHT

Bo makes her way through the cleaners. She pushes through racks of clothes, the table knocks clothing off as she moves.

It's a struggle, but she arrives at a large door.

BO
Okay. I'm coming in. Drop any weapons you have. I'm nervous and don't want to shoot anyone I don't have to.

She awkwardly fights the door handle, and manages to open the door.

The room is dimly lit, she forces her way through another doorway, half-table and all.

She sees something that stops her.

BO
Oh, my god.

Three battered and semi-conscious WOMEN are chained to three separate twin beds.

BO
Oh, my god. Amanda? Is one of you named Amanda Lynn?

A drug hazed MOAN. Bo rushes to her side.

BO
Okay. Okay. I'm gonna get you guys out of here. I called 911 the police are on their way. We just gotta hold 'till they get here. Hang on with me, ladies.

BO
I'm getting you out.

MARCUS
Hello, Bo.

Bo whips around to the doorway. She points the gun at Marcus.

BO
Stay back. I'll shoot. I already cut off your balls so you know I'm a crazy bitch. Stay right the fuck there. The police are coming. It's over. Your little...whatever the hell it is...is over.

Marcus takes a painful step into the room. His crotch stained with fresh blood.

MARCUS
I know it is.

BO
Why are you even here? You should be in the hospital.

MARCUS
They can't hold you if you don't let them. I wouldn't last the night in a hospital anyway.

Marcus steps in further. Bo tightens her grip on the gun.

BO
Where are your other buddies?

MARCUS
Ah. Yeah, I saw you put Jacob out of his misery.

BO
You mean the psycho degenerate in the basement.

MARCUS
Well. Yes. The other two have decided to cut their losses and run. It won't do them any good. The people I work for are...well...

He pulls out a gun.

MARCUS

I thought I would come here, kill you,
and clean up this...mess. Save one bullet
for myself.

He lifts the gun. Bo charges. Head down. Spins. Rams him
with the half-table on her back as his gun fires.

BANG!

They slam into the wall. Bo knees him where his balls used
to be. He goes down SHRIEKING in pain.

Bo falls on top of him. His gun clatters away. Bo puts her
full weight on the table.

Marcus struggles but isn't going anywhere.

MARCUS

Kill me. Kill me, please.

BO

Nah. I think you're going to have to
live with yourself for a while. If you
don't bleed out first.

LUCAS

Everybody freeze!

Lucas and Giovanni step into the room. Several more OFFICERS
join them.

BO

It's about friggin' time. Help me up.

Lucas helps her up as the other officers take Marcus into
custody. Giovanni goes to the women in the beds.

GIOVANNI

(into shoulder mic)
Get the paramedics in here. Three female
victims. The building is secure.

LUCAS

(to Bo)
I need to be looking at several dozen
Voodoo doughnuts after this.

BO

Not a problem. You earned them.

LUCAS

Is that a table on your back?

INT. PI OFFICE - ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Robert and Bo at his desk. Robert making an Old Fashioned.

The TV news is on. Robert reads from the screen ticker.

ROBERT

Portland Police break up organ smuggling
and sex trafficking ring. Nice. Sick
world.

BO

They get the other two guys? Or the
people in charge of all this?

ROBERT

The two locals you ran into will go down,
but the real power behind it all...never
happen.

He hands her a drink.

BO

I'm gonna pass. I need to get home.
Been a long few days.

ROBERT

You did a great job, Bo. I must say I
admire the hell out of you.

Bo goes to the door. Stops.

BO

What's the last book you read?

ROBERT

Dashiell Hammett. The Glass Key.

BO

Wow. If you weren't my boss and so
ancient I'd sleep with you over that
one.

ROBERT

Good thing I'm your boss then.

Bo leaves. Re-enters.

BO

Here.

She tosses Robert something. He catches it.

It's her electronic cigarette.

BO

You're right. Made me look like a pussy.

She flashes a smile and exits.

Robert watches her go. Tosses the cigarette in the trash.

He pulls out a key and opens the top drawer of his desk.

A blond pony tail is there.

He strokes it gently as he sips his Old Fashioned.

SERIES OF SHOTS

>> Bo walking out of a bookstore carrying a shopping bag.

>> Fawn and Doug at the Portland Zoo. Fawn is a smiles, a happy little girl.

>> Bo standing at her kitchen sink eating pork and beans right out of the can with a spoon. She's staring at a picture stuck to the fridge of her and Fawn.

>> Lucas and Giovanni sitting on the wrong side of the police chief's desk. The CHIEF is scathing mad...fire in his eyes. Lucas and Giovanni know they're busted.

On the Chief's computer monitor: grainy black and white footage of a tall blonde climbing the impound lot fence.

>> Axel at his computer terminals.

On the screen: FBI Database. Search. He enters: Bo Fexler

The monitors rapidly fill with document after document.

>> Bo sitting in a bubble bath. She's reading Chandler's The Lady in the Lake.

INT. VACANT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The walls are bare. There's no furniture save a plain table and single chair in the dining area.

Viktor sits. The enveloped he received from Charlie lies on the table. Viktor opens the envelope.

Three pictures: Doug by his car, Fawn outside her school...

Viktor sets those two down, his eyes fill with venom as he studies the final photo.

...Bo Fexler, exiting a bookstore.

END OF SHOW