

# **TRUEBLOOD & COCHISE**

**Original Story and Teleplay**

**by Ronald V. Micci**

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# **TRUEBLOOD & COCHISE**



FADE IN:

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - HARVARD UNIVERSITY - MORNING

A lacrosse goal net, and viewed from its perspective, two little dots -- lacrosse players, shouting and weaving back and forth with headgear and webbed rackets, wearing Harvard sweatshirts.

CLOSER SHOT

TED TRUEBLOOD, Cherokee, mid-20s, and BUCK COCHISE, mixed blood Apache-Sioux, same, Harvard law students and best friends, are tossing the lacrosse ball back and forth in the crisp June air, making progress toward the net.

Trueblood is short, wiry, determined, although there is perpetually an air of a kind of innocence about him. Cochise -- father, Apache; mother, Sioux -- is heavysset, steady, contemplative.

Cochise is struggling to keep up with his swifter, more agile friend, who breaks free with the ball, lets out with a WAR CRY and speeds toward the net.

He tosses the ball in, extends both hands in a show of triumph. Cochise, breathing heavily, catches up.

TRUEBLOOD

Victory is sweet, Buck. Don't let it go to your head.

They collect gear.

COCHISE

You're in a pushy mood.

TRUEBLOOD

You know, you're right. And I wonder why. I think I recall an agreement.

COCHISE

An agreement?

TRUEBLOOD

Something about going into practice together, counselor. You know, buddy-buddies, taking on the white oppressor.

He starts toward clubhouse.

COCHISE

Ted?

TRUEBLOOD

No explanation required. Susan told me all about it.

They halt.

TRUEBLOOD

You applied to a New York law firm behind my back. An act of betrayal. You know it's not good to betray a Cherokee.

COCHISE

Oh please. I tested the waters. Big deal.

TRUEBLOOD

An agreement is an agreement -- pal.

COCHISE

Oh, so now you're going to sulk.

TRUEBLOOD

I'm going to sulk. It's a good thing I'm sensitive and am going to take this very personally.

Trueblood starts for clubhouse.

COCHISE

Hey.

He catches up.

COCHISE

Come on, who's your best friend?  
(MORE)

COCHISE (cont'd)

(off a skeptical look)

Who has been with you through thick and thin,  
even to the point of putting up with your dirty  
socks and laundry?

TRUEBLOOD

You're playing upon my sympathies.

COCHISE

Look, I was just testing the waters. Simple  
curiosity. You know I wouldn't betray you. .  
.Come on now, who's your pal?

Trueblood throws him a skeptical look.

COCHISE

Ted?

Cochise extends his hand. Several beats.

Trueblood faux smiles, reaches out, but just as quickly retracts his thumb --  
sucker!

TRUEBLOOD

Pal.

And starts for the clubhouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLANE APARTMENT COMPLEX - BOSTON - 11:45 AM

The building superintendent, a short, dark, balding man in his 60s named  
ANGELO CAPUTO, waddles along the walk, baggy slacks and all, toward  
the front entrance. A gray-haired woman, MRS. KINGSTON, emerges  
through the main doors, with a little dog on a leash. Acknowledges him.

MRS. KINGSTON

How are you, Mr. Caputo?

CAPUTO

Menzamenz, Mrs. Kingston. Thanks for asking.

MRS. KINGSTON

And how about your sister, is she going to be okay?

CAPUTO

So they tell me.

MRS. KINGSTON

I'm so glad she could afford the operation. I was worried for you.

CAPUTO

Worry is a bad thing, Mrs. Kingston. Ages the holy hell out of you.

MRS. KINGSTON

Life is precarious. I'll pray for a full recovery.

CAPUTO

You do that.

He goes inside.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Trueblood's beat-up Chevy swings off the road into the lot. He gets out.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Trueblood stops in front of the door to his apartment, roots in his pocket for his key. Uh-oh, no key. He's locked himself out.

He turns, starts down the corridor.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Caputo comes down the hall, stops in front of his apartment, which displays a nameplate: A. CAPUTO - SUPERINTENDENT. He goes to insert his key in the lock, but immediately realizes something's wrong. The door is open.

INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT

Caputo enters. The place is a mess. It's been tossed.



## EXT. HALLWAY

Trueblood comes down the corridor toward the Super's apartment. He notices the door is ajar, hears voices coming from within. He presses himself to one side, listens.

## INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT

Two hoods, ALLIE BOY and NICKY, step out of the shadows.

ALLIE BOY

Hello, Caputo. Where is it?

CAPUTO

Where is what?

ALLIE BOY

The money you owe Mr. Andreas. Don't keep him waiting.

CAPUTO

I told Andreas, I gave him everything.

ALLIE BOY

He says you shorted him. Cough.

CAPUTO

What they gave me, I gave him. I don't want any more involvement in this.

ALLIE BOY

Last chance, Caputo. You owe him ten large.

CAPUTO

They shorted me ten. What was I gonna do? I only took the job because my sister needed an operation.

NICKY

Ice him.

CAPUTO

Hey, wait a minute.

Caputo looks around, tries to make a dash for the door.

The nose of a SILENCER CHUG-CHUGS! And he sprawls dead to the floor, his head and arms stretched out into the hallway.

The hoods drag the body back inside.

An alarmed Trueblood quickly starts down the hall back the way he came. The hoods exit the apartment.

Trueblood ducks into the shadows as the hoods pass, then whips out his cell phone.

TRUEBLOOD

Uh, get the police.

IN THE PARKING LOT

The hoods scramble into their car, a large, gaudy late model monstrosity. A matchbook falls out of one of the hood's pockets. Trueblood rounds the corner, catches sight of this.

The car pulls out. Trueblood retrieves the matchbook, picks it up by the edges. It reads: RAVEN LOUNGE. Drops it in his breast pocket.

He whips out his cell phone.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck? Get over here now. I think we've got our first case.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT - NOON

Uniformed cops and technicians are everywhere taking evidence, buzzing around the super's corpse. The room is a mess. It's obviously been tossed.

A detective, DETECTIVE BURKE, comes in. One of the officers, EDDIE, moves to him. They chat. Eddie points out Trueblood.

The Detective moves to Trueblood, flashes his shield.

DETECTIVE BURKE

You saw it?

TRUEBLOOD

Not exactly. I sure heard it. I mean, muted though it was.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Heard what?

TRUEBLOOD

Arguing. Then muffled shots.

DETECTIVE BURKE

What was the beef?

TRUEBLOOD

Something about money, I think for a drug deal. The super said he didn't have it. Say, did I ever tell you about my impoverished youth? The struggles of growing up Cherokee on the reservation?

DETECTIVE BURKE

No. Funny isn't it, I didn't ask.

TRUEBLOOD

(off a hostile look)

Okay, okay.

DETECTIVE BURKE

So you saw these guys?

TRUEBLOOD

Sort of. There were two of them. And they mentioned a name. Andreas.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Andreas?

Trueblood produces matchbook, holds it by the edges.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, they dropped this in the parking lot.

(hands it over)

Notice how carefully I'm handling it. Detective smarts. I want to be one, you know. When I grow up.

DETECTIVE BURKE

(gestures to cop)

Eddie?

EDDIE comes over.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Bag this. Get a full statement.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, I forgot -- I need my room key. Misplaced it.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Find his key.

Cochise appears in the hallway, outside the police line. He gestures to Trueblood.

TRUEBLOOD

Excuse me just a minute.

He steps outside into the hall.

TRUEBLOOD

Hello, Buck. And welcome to murder most heinous.

COCHISE

You don't say.

TRUEBLOOD

Caputo bought the farm. And I thought he was such a sweet guy.

(off a look)

Well I did.

COCHISE

You picked a bad time for this.

TRUEBLOOD

For what?

COCHISE

Because I know damn well you want to get involved.

TRUEBLOOD

I, uh, sorta am involved. Eyewitness.

COCHISE

(with sarcasm)

Great.

TRUEBLOOD

This is so cool, it fell right into our lap.

COCHISE

Correction, your lap. And it's not for you to deal with.

TRUEBLOOD

Aw Buck.

COCHISE

You and those crummy detective novels, and I know all about your ideas. No, you don't want to practice law, you wanta be a big crime solver. I know you too well.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck -- pals?

He extends his hand.

COCHISE

Not that kind of pals. You're not dragging me into this. In fact, you're not dragging you into this.

(a couple of beats)

Okay, what happened?

TRUEBLOOD

Misplaced my room key. Came down here. Two guys plugged the super, Buck -- bam! Bam! No more super. But a super chance for us to crack our first case.

COCHISE

Wrong.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck, this is our big chance. We crack this,  
our reputations are made.

COCHISE

Listen -- you're gonna keep your nose clean,  
and tomorrow we are going to get our diplomas,  
and then I'm gonna be on an airplane.

TRUEBLOOD

No Buck, no.

COCHISE

Yes Ted, yes.

TRUEBLOOD

With our combination of brains and native  
sleuthing power, it's a cinch. I know we can  
solve this. Raven Lounge, Buck. Our first  
clue. Tell me you're not enticed.

COCHISE

I'm not enticed.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck, we're natural-born crime solvers.  
(pantos)  
Indian scouts moving quietly in the night.

COCHISE

Ted -- in there, that could be you.

TRUEBLOOD

Come on, where's your devil-may-care attitude?

COCHISE

Susan's waiting lunch. Goodbye.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - BOSTON - 12:30 PM

Trueblood eyes displays of binoculars in the window showcase. He goes inside.

INT. STORE

The PROPRIETOR approaches.

TRUEBLOOD

I saw the binoculars in the window. Just what I'm looking for. Sleuth.

PROPRIETOR

Sleuth?

TRUEBLOOD

Sleuth. May I try them?

PROPRIETOR

Certainly. . . Sleuth?

TRUEBLOOD

Sleuth.

Proprietor gets binoculars.

PROPRIETOR

These are 7 by 50s. I'm not sure what your sleuthing needs might be.

TRUEBLOOD

I dare not say.

He removes lens caps, looks through binoculars out the window.

PROPRIETOR

You can adjust them there.

He demonstrates.

TRUEBLOOD

Nice view.

He hands them back.

TRUEBLOOD

My friends call me Sherlock.

PROPRIETOR

Where you from, Sherlock?

TRUEBLOOD

North Carolina, by way of Harvard Law School.  
Honest injun. What exactly does seven by fifty  
mean?

PROPRIETOR

Seven times magnification, and fifty represents  
the diameter of the objective lens in millimeters.  
You don't want to go too high in the  
magnification unless you're stargazing -- it  
will reduce your field of view, and you'll get a  
shaky picture.

TRUEBLOOD

I wouldn't want shaky.

PROPRIETOR

No.

TRUEBLOOD

I'll take them.

PROPRIETOR

Ninety-nine dollars, a bargain. They come  
with carrying case and strap, of course.

TRUEBLOOD

Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVEN LOUNGE - SAME

Trueblood pulls his car to a stop across the street. (Perhaps he's wearing a deerstalker cap, or a fedora of some kind.) He removes his binoculars from their pouch, pops off the lens caps, surveys the scene.



## POV SHOT - RAVEN LOUNGE

He whips out his cell phone.

TRUEBLOOD

(into phone)

Buck? All's quiet outside the Raven Lounge.

Peers through binoculars again. A car pulls into the Raven lot, a familiar car. Indeed, the getaway car. He zooms in on it.

Allie Boy and Nicky get out -- yes, the same hoods who shot Caputo -- and go inside the club.

Pause, then Trueblood emerges from his car, briefly looks left and right, then dials out again.

TRUEBLOOD

(into phone)

I'm going in.

He crosses to the parking lot.

He uses his cell phone to snap a photo of the license plate, then sends it to Cochise.

## INT. KITCHEN - COCHISE'S PLACE - 1:00 PM

The rented downstairs of a home in the Boston suburbs. Cochise and his wife, SUSAN -- cute, Waspy, 20s -- are preparing a salad for lunch.

Cochise's phone buzzes. He accesses text, sees license plate photo. Trueblood has texted "trace plate."

He shakes his head, stashes phone.

SUSAN

Well?

COCHISE

Well what?

SUSAN

What does Ted want?

COCHISE

Ted?

SUSAN

Come on, Buck, I know it's from him.

COCHISE

I don't know. He sent me a photo of a license plate. He's outside the Raven Lounge. Trouble.

A beat or two.

SUSAN

Well?

COCHISE

Well what?

SUSAN

You just gonna sit here?

COCHISE

I'm going to enjoy my lunch.

He spoons out salad on plate.

COCHISE

Care to join me.

He moves to LIVING ROOM. She follows him.

SUSAN

Buck --

COCHISE

I know, he needs my help. It's always the same song and dance. Let him get himself into a mess, I'm not getting dragged in. I'm gonna live long enough to graduate.

He tastes salad -- good.

SUSAN

He's your best friend.

COCHISE

You're my best wife. And I love you, and would prefer not to do something foolish like run off and endanger my life.

SUSAN

But he depends on you.

COCHISE

Susan, listen to what you are saying. His super was murdered today -- shot in cold blood. Now, you want me to get involved in something like this?

She has second thoughts.

COCHISE

I'm tired of diapering him. Come on, let's enjoy lunch.

Pause. They munch on salad.

SUSAN

You're not mad at me, are you?

COCHISE

No.

SUSAN

I mean about the New York thing.

COCHISE

No.

He affectionately takes her hand.

COCHISE

I have a fondness for you. You might have forgotten.

Pause.

SUSAN

So have you thought about it?

COCHISE

A little. You want me to take it?

SUSAN

I don't know.

COCHISE

I don't know either.

SUSAN

Do what you feel is best. But if you go to New York, it'll kill Ted.

COCHISE

Kill -- interesting choice of words.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVEN LOUNGE - 1:15 PM

Your typical crappy bar, just opening for the day. The BARTENDER is alone behind the bar. There are a handful of customers in the joint.

Trueblood enters, looks around. Spots ALLIE BOY and NICKY sitting at a table in the back. He tries to play it cool. Moves to the bar. The Bartender spies him, comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

TRUEBLOOD

Information. And I'm willing to pay.

BARTENDER

Listen, you want to drink, order something, otherwise get out.

TRUEBLOOD

That's not very nice.

BARTENDER

I don't specialize in nice.

Trueblood casts a look at the hoods in the rear booth.

TRUEBLOOD

See those two at the rear table?

BARTENDER

I see 'em.

TRUEBLOOD

They look kind of shady.

BARTENDER

You gonna order, or am I going to escort you out?

TRUEBLOOD

Heard of a guy named Andreas?

BARTENDER

I'm going to escort you out.

TRUEBLOOD

Wait. Tell those two that if Andreas wants the money Caputo stiffed him for, to get in touch with me. There's the number.

He hands over slip of paper containing his phone number, nods, goes out.

EXT. RAVEN LOUNGE - 1:30 PM

Trueblood emerges, crosses the street to his car. Hears a voice.

COCHISE

Ted?

He turns -- it's Cochise.

TRUEBLOOD

Well, surprise surprise.

COCHISE

This better be good.

TRUEBLOOD

The guys who iced Caputo are in there. I just gave them my name and phone number.

COCHISE

Are you crazy?

TRUEBLOOD

They're going to lead us to Andreas, the  
mastermind behind Caputo's drug deal.

COCHISE

"Mastermind"?

Allie Boy and Nicky emerge from the club.

TRUEBLOOD

Shit -- duck!

They crouch behind car. The hoods get into their car, drive away.

TRUEBLOOD

Quick.

He and Cochise pile into Trueblood's car and give pursuit.

INT. MOVING CAR - ALLIE BOY AND NICKY

Allie Boy's at the wheel, and working the cell phone.

ALLIE BOY

Richie -- yeah, tell Andreas we gotta see him.  
Trouble.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - ANDREAS INDUSTRIES - 2:00 PM

A warehouse that fronts for a drug-running operation.

PAUL ANDREAS, a heavysset man with gray-streaked hair, sits behind his  
desk.

RICHIE, one of henchmen, enters.

RICHIE

Allie Boy called. Says he has to see you.

ANDREAS

What does he want?

RICHIE

All he said was, trouble.

EXT. BACK STREET - BOSTON

The hood car makes a turn, and Trueblood does likewise.

INT. MOVING CAR - ALLIE BOY AND NICKY

Nicky at the wheel. Allie Boy catches a glimpse of Trueblood's car in the rearview.

ALLIE BOY

Company.

Nicky turns, sees for himself. He guns engines, and the car surges forward.

WITH TRUEBLOOD IN CAR

TRUEBLOOD

They spotted us.

He hits the gas.

TRUEBLOOD

Hold on.

The hood car squeezes through the light at the intersection. The light turns red.

TRUEBLOOD

Crap.

He makes a right turn on the red.

COCHISE

What are you doing?

TRUEBLOOD

We'll cut 'em off.

Trueblood goes down a block, cuts a left, tries to double back to main thoroughfare to catch the hoods.

COCHISE

Take it easy.

He swings another left, guns the engine surging forward at breakneck speed, and pulls to a halt when he reaches the main thoroughfare.

TRUEBLOOD

Keep an eye out.

Long pause.

COCHISE

Mercifully, I think we lost them. Win some, lose some.

Trueblood registers defeat.

TRUEBLOOD

Damn. . . Have I shown you my expensive binoculars?

He reaches into glove compartment, removes binoculars. Hands them to Cochise.

COCHISE

They outsmarted you.

TRUEBLOOD

I wouldn't be so sure quite yet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ANDREAS INDUSTRIES

A sign reads: ANDREAS INDUSTRIES -- PRIVATE PROPERTY. The warehouse is fenced all around. There are transport trucks parked here and there.

The hoods' car pulls up to the gate. There are a couple of HENCHMAN out front guarding the place.

They unlock the gate, allow Allie Boy's car through.

Allie Boy pulls the car up to the loading dock, gets out. He and Nicky go inside.



## INT. WAREHOUSE

Dark inside. Lots of unopened packing crates. Allie Boy and Nicky move in the direction of a metal staircase that leads to a catwalk above, and start their climb.

## INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE

Allie Boy and Nicky enter, face Andreas.

ANDREAS

What's this crap about trouble? And where is my ten grand?

Allie Boy hands Andreas slip of paper.

ANDREAS

What the hell's this? And I repeat, where is my money?

ALLIE BOY

We had to ice him.

ANDREAS

You didn't get it?

He rises, crosses to Allie Boy, slaps him in the face.

ALLIE BOY

We tried.

ANDREAS

(waving paper)  
And what the heck is this?

ALLIE BOY

Some Indian guy left that for you in the Raven Lounge. Said he knows where Caputo's money is.

ANDREAS

What is this, some kind of a joke? I thought you said nobody saw you.

ALLIE BOY

That's what we thought.

ANDREAS

Then how did they have my name?

ALLIE BOY

Maybe Caputo talked.

ANDREAS

You said you snuffed him.

ALLIE BOY

Maybe he talked before we did him.

ANDREAS

Maybe the sky isn't blue. This Indian guy may be a cop. I'm gonna check this out. You lay low.

Allie Boy and Nicky exit.

Andreas dials out on cell.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 2:20 PM

A cop, STEVENS, is putting coins into a vending machine. His cell phone GURGLES. He eyes it, and when he sees who's calling, he looks circumspectly from side to side. In hushed tones:

STEVENS

(into phone)

I told you not to call me here.

(listens)

I don't know. All right, give me a little time.

He ends call. Finishes his selection from machine, heads to squad room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Stevens enters, looks around. Moves to second cop, DONOVAN, seated at desk.

STEVENS

The Brooklane thing? Who's got the file on that?

DONOVAN

(gestures)

Burke.

Stevens moves to Burke's vacant desk. He spies file. Looks around to see if he's being scrutinized. Picks the file up, thumbs through it. Deposits it. Exits squad room.

He dials out on cell. We don't hear what he says, but we can only guess -- he's identifying Trueblood and his whereabouts to Andreas.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUEBLOOD'S MOVING CAR

Still waiting for the hood car, which has obviously taken a detour.

TRUEBLOOD

I can't believe they outsmarted me. It takes a lot to outsmart a crafty Cherokee. . . At least we got their license plate.

He hits the accelerator, swings a right onto main thoroughfare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 2:30 PM

Burke has returned to his desk. Another OFFICER accosts him.

OFFICER

There's a guy outside, says he has something on the Brooklane shooting.

Burke exits.

IN THE HALLWAY

Burke meets up with Trueblood and Cochise.

BURKE

Ah, Mr. Trueblood.

TRUEBLOOD

We've got something for you.

BURKE

Why don't we go inside.

He points, leads them into interrogation room.

TRUEBLOOD

This is Buck Cochise, my close friend. Buck, Detective Burke.

COCHISE

Nice to meet you. And I already know he's crazy, so I'm on your side.

BURKE

Sit down.

They seat themselves around a table.

BURKE

(to Trueblood)

What have you got?

TRUEBLOOD

A photo of the perps' car, taken outside the Raven Lounge.

He produces cell phone, hands it over.

BURKE

You got the plate number. That's gold. You sure about the car?

Trueblood shrugs.

TRUEBLOOD

Okay, I was snooping.

BURKE

Don't they teach you that snooping is a no-no at Harvard?

TRUEBLOOD

Curiosity.

BURKE

We'll run the plate. And you will henceforth keep out of this.

(to Cochise)

Your friend here is quite the little detective.

COCHISE

I try to keep him on a short leash.

BURKE

Do.

Burke jots down plate number.

BURKE

(to Trueblood)

So, you got anything else?

TRUEBLOOD

Psoriasis? I kid. Aren't you going to trace it?

BURKE

Yes. You can go.

TRUEBLOOD

Can't we stay and see who that belongs to?

BURKE

In a word, no. You've already done your fair share.

COCHISE

(to Cochise)

He's trying to tell you, butt out.

TRUEBLOOD

Come on, you can't leave us out of the loop.

BURKE

(rising)

Goodbye, gentlemen.

COCHISE

Come along, Ted, I think it's past your bedtime.

TRUEBLOOD

But --

Burke waves bye-bye. Smiles.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- AFTERNOON

Trueblood and Cochise emerge.

TRUEBLOOD

We can't just sit around.

They get into Trueblood's car.

INT. TRUEBLOOD'S CAR

He turns to Cochise.

TRUEBLOOD

We need a trace on that license plate.

COCHISE

No.

Trueblood starts car.

TRUEBLOOD

I think I know how we can get it.

He thinks a moment.

TRUEBLOOD

You know that guy Danny Abrams, from contract law?

COCHISE

The computer nut?

TRUEBLOOD

He can find anything. I'll give him a call.

COCHISE

Is that legal?

TRUEBLOOD

Gee, beats me.

COCHISE

Ted?

TRUEBLOOD

The Great Spirit would approve, Buck. I'm sure he would approve. I'll take it up with him the next time we chat.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVEN LOUNGE - 2:30 PM

As Trueblood's car pulls up across the street. Cochise gets out, gestures. Trueblood drives off.

EXT. BROOKLANE APARTMENT COMPLEX - 2:45 PM

To ESTABLISH.

INT. HALLWAY - BROOKLANE

Trueblood comes down the hall in the direction of his apartment. Lets himself in.

INT. TRUEBLOOD'S APARTMENT

The hoods are waiting for him, guns pointed.

ALLIE BOY

Surprise.

Trueblood is stunned. How did they locate him.

ALLIE BOY

Show us the money, show it now.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, the money.

ALLIE BOY

Yes. Your little message delivered by way of the Raven Lounge?

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, the money.

NICKY

Yes.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, I can get that for you. Just give me a little time.

The Hoods exchange looks.

TRUEBLOOD

I know, you think I'm stalling. I'm not that kind of guy.

ALLIE BOY

Just what kind of guy are you?

TRUEBLOOD

Mild-mannered, good-natured. Cherokees have one hell of a sense of humor. At the same time, terribly vulnerable. Terribly.

ALLIE BOY

The money -- where is it?

TRUEBLOOD

I'll take you there. Uh, you mind if I change into my sneakers?

They wave guns, march him out of the room.

EXT. ENTRANCE - BROOKLANE APARTMENTS

As the hoods emerge with guns at Trueblood's back, who should appear coming toward the building down the approach walk but Mrs. Kingston with her poodle.



MRS. KINGSTON

How are you, Mr. Trueblood?

TRUEBLOOD

Well, as good as might be expected.

MRS. KINGSTON

I see you have friends.

TRUEBLOOD

Yes. It pays to have friends.

He throws an awkward look at hoods.

TRUEBLOOD

Burly ones.

MRS. KINGSTON

Wasn't that terrible about Mr. Caputo?

TRUEBLOOD

Terrible.

MRS. KINGSTON

Pray for his soul, won't you?

TRUEBLOOD

Love to. And, you, uh, might pray for mine.

MRS. KINGSTON

I'll do that.

The hoods press Trueblood forward.

TRUEBLOOD

Nice lady. You could learn a lot about kindness from her.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Nicky nudges Trueblood into the back seat of the car, while Allie Boy takes the wheel.

INT. HOODS' CAR

Allie Boy gives it the gas and it swings out of the lot.

TRUEBLOOD

You do realize that this is sort of kidnapping?

ALLIE BOY

Shut up.

TRUEBLOOD

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Chapter 265, Section 26 -- forcibly kidnapping someone against their will with a firearm gets you at least 10 years. The firearm is the kicker.

ALLIE BOY

You learn that in law school?

TRUEBLOOD

I sort of did.

Silence.

ALLIE BOY

We're not going to kidnap you.

TRUEBLOOD

That's a relief.

NICKY

We're going to torture and kill you.

TRUEBLOOD

Short-lived, I must say. But malice aforethought is a very bad thing. The courts frown on it.

(pause)

Why don't you just drop me at the corner there, I think I'm late for my nail appointment.

The hoods' car comes to a stretch of warehouses.

TRUEBLOOD

(Oh look, warehouses.)

The factory district. How quaint.

Allie Boy swings the car up to the front gate of ANDREAS INDUSTRIES. The Henchmen swing open the gate.

Allie Boy pulls the car up to a loading bay.

ALLIE BOY

Out.

EXT. LOADING BAY

Nicky forces Trueblood out of the car at gunpoint.

NICKY

That way.

They enter loading dock.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Lots of packing crates. Trueblood is wondering what's in those crates. Illegal drugs perhaps?

They cross the warehouse, reach a flight of metal stairs. Nicky gestures.

NICKY

Go on.

They steer Trueblood up the flight of metal stairs to the top floor.

INT. ANDREAS' OFFICE - 3:40 PM

Andreas is seated at his desk. The others enter.

ANDREAS

You two, get out. You, sit down.

The hoods exit. Trueblood sits in front of the desk.

ANDREAS

Where's the ten large Caputo shorted me?  
That's all I'm asking.

TRUEBLOOD

I don't have it -- I mean, right here with me.

ANDREAS

You bet you don't. According to the police report, you are the sole witness to the crime.

TRUEBLOOD

What ever gave you that idea?

ANDREAS

I just told you.

TRUEBLOOD

I was around the complex, that's all. Caputo told me about the money. Last week. I know where he stashed it.

ANDREAS

Sure you do. I said, where is it?

TRUEBLOOD

Post office box.

ANDREAS

Right. Give me the number.

TRUEBLOOD

I can do better than that. I have the key.

ANDREAS

All right, hand it over.

He produces a gun and points it.

ANDREAS

I'm waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

The POLICE CAPTAIN emerges from his office.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Stevens -- my office.

Office Stevens gets up from his desk, goes into the Captain's office.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Sit down.

The Captain remains standing.

POLICE CAPTAIN

What do you know about Paul Andreas?

STEVENS

Paul Andreas?

POLICE CAPTAIN

You made a bunch of phone calls to him.

STEVENS

Not me, you must mean someone else.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I had a phone call from the NSA today. Andreas' phone number came up in one of their sweeps. Another number came up as well. Yours. We know Andreas is a drug dealer. In fact, the two of you had a conversation this very day. So now don't feed me any crap, what's your connection with Paul Andreas?

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING ROOM - COCHISE'S APARTMENT - 4:30 PM

Cochise is pacing the dining room. Susan enters.

SUSAN

Buck? You've been pacing around for twenty minutes. What's the matter?

COCHISE

Everything. Ted will find a way to trace that license plate, and when he does, he's going to be in big trouble.

He whips out cell phone, dials out. It goes to Trueblood's mailbox.

COCHISE

(into phone)

Ted, give me a call as soon as you get this.

(to Susan)

I'm going to his place to check on him. If you hear from him in any way, shape, or form, call me immediately.

He starts to exit.

SUSAN

Buck -- be careful.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BROOKLANE APARTMENT COMPLEX - 4:45 PM

Cochise's car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. LOBBY OF BROOKLANE

Cochise hits Trueblood's apartment buzzer. No response. He produces a key, lets himself into the lobby.

He heads for stairwell.

OUTSIDE TRUEBLOOD'S APARTMENT

Cochise stops in front of Trueblood's door. Knocks. Tries handle. It's open. He goes in.

There's no sign of Trueblood, but the place is in disarray, apparently tossed.

He whips out his cell phone. Calls up photo of license plate. Looks around, grabs pencil and jots number on a slip of paper. He dials out.

COCHISE

(into phone)

I'd like the number of Danny Abrams.

Cambridge. Yes, thanks.

(dials out)

Danny? This is Buck Cochise. Yeah, yeah I'm excited.

(MORE)

COCHISE (cont'd)

Listen, you gotta trace a license plate for me. You can get it online, I didn't know that. Do me a favor, trace it anyway. It's urgent. I'll hold.

He holds for several beats, then jots down the address.

COCHISE

Andreas Industries, Fulton Street. Got it. Thanks, man.

He ends call. Dials out.

COCHISE

Suse, listen, call the police and tell them to get over to Andreas Industries, it's in the warehouse section. I'm headed there now.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - COCHISE

As he negotiates the roads in the industrial park. Eyes the number and address on a slip of paper. Spies sign for ANDREAS INDUSTRIES.

EXT. FRONT GATE - ANDREAS INDUSTRIES - 5:30 PM

Cochise slows his car as he passes the main gate. Makes a U-turn, and quietly pulls into a lot across the street.

INT. ANDREAS' OFFICE

Andreas is finishing up his conversation with Trueblood, whose face is bloodied. Allie Boy and Nicky are standing in the doorway.

TRUEBLOOD

You still don't believe me.

ANDREAS

Andreas was telling the truth. I did a little digging. I know the punk who skimmed it, and he will be dealt with.

(to others)

Dispose of him.

## EXT. WAREHOUSE

From across the street COCHISE spies TWO HENCHMEN outside, moves up the street, then crosses, moving quietly, heading around the side fence toward the back.

## IN REAR OF WAREHOUSE

There are trucks parked. Cochise moves cautiously, surveying the fence, looking for a way in.

## INT. WAREHOUSE

Allie Boy and Nicky are escorting Trueblood at gunpoint down the metal staircase. When they reach the bottom, they nudge him in the direction of the rear. They're ready to ice him.

TRUEBLOOD

Don't I get a final wish or something?

ALLIE BOY

Keep moving.

TRUEBLOOD

You know, it's bad luck to shoot an Indian.  
Seven years' is what I've heard. Could be just  
a rumor.

Trueblood is intrigued by those unmarked crates.

TRUEBLOOD

My, my, I wonder what's in all of those crates.

## WITH COCHISE IN REAR LOT OF WAREHOUSE

as he contemplates his options, realizes he's going to have to climb that fence.

He looks left and right. The coast is clear.

He begins his climb. As he drops down on the other side, he hears a voice:

FIRST HENCHMAN

Hey!



Oh shit. The guy's got a gun. He takes a SHOT at Cochise, who darts around the side toward the front.

A SECOND HENCHMAN joins the first one.

FIRST HENCHMAN

That way.

Cochise is running now, and has reached the loading bay in front. Another SHOT is fired.

WITH TRUEBLOOD AND HOODS

ALLIE BOY

What was that?

The SOUND OF COCHISE'S SCUFFLING FEET comes from the loading bay as he enters the darkened warehouse.

ALLIE BOY

Keep an eye on him.

Allie Boy goes to investigate.

Trueblood bolts. Nicky SHOOTs and misses.

Trueblood sprints for his life, quickly hunkers down behind some crates.

Allie Boy meets up with one of the Henchmen at the loading bay entrance.

ALLIE BOY

What's going on?

HENCHMAN

Guy jumped the fence. He's in here somewhere.

ALLIE BOY

We got one back there. Okay, you go that way.

As Henchman proceeds to his right, Allie Boy returns to Nicky.

NICKY

He slipped me.

ALLIE BOY

You jerk.

NICKY

(points)

That direction.

Allie Boy motions. They split up and advance down parallel aisles through the darkness.

WITH TRUEBLOOD

hunkered behind some crates in the shadows, as Cochise suddenly appears beside him.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck!

COCHISE

Your friend, the idiot.

TRUEBLOOD

I knew you'd save the day.

COCHISE

Don't be so sure. There are a couple of goons out there with guns.

TRUEBLOOD

There are a couple in here too. They were about to kill me had you not rudely interrupted.

COCHISE

Now what are we gonna do?

A moment as they think.

TRUEBLOOD

I got it.

Trueblood reaches into pocket, pulls out penknife.

TRUEBLOOD

The equalizer.

He opens it, clenches it between his teeth. Cochise throws him a hostile look.

COCHISE

Hours away from a Harvard law degree, and you're cracking jokes at our funeral. You better pray for a miracle.

Pause.

COCHISE

I got an idea. Here's how we'll work it. Split up. You take that aisle, I'll take the other. You lure them out, I'll jump them.

TRUEBLOOD

You make it sound simple.

COCHISE

Oh, and don't forget to pray.

TRUEBLOOD

Hey Buck, how is it that I get to be the bait?

COCHISE

Because you're irresistible, not to mention you got us into this mess.

TRUEBLOOD

Couldn't we flip a coin?

(off a hostile look)

If anything should happen and we don't make it -- it's been -- well...

COCHISE

A pain in the ass? Noto bene: my car is parked across the street. If you see daylight, run baby run.

They take deep breaths.

Trueblood starts forward, keeping low, moving up the aisle, pressing himself cautiously against the crates.

He sees a shadow at the other end.

Cochise moves parallel to him along the other aisle.

Trueblood raises his hands in surrender, moves slowly forward.

Nicky approaches, gun pointing. Cochise readies himself on the other side. When Nicky nears Trueblood, Cochise pushes one of the stacked crates over on top of him, and it thuds on top of him with a crunch.

WITH ALLIE BOY AND THE HENCHMAN

responding to the noise.

ALLIE BOY

What was that?

A quick beat.

HENCHMAN

Over there.

BACK TO SCENE

COCHISE

(re: fallen Nicky)

Grab his gun!

Trueblood obliges.

TRUEBLOOD

What am I gonna do with this?

COCHISE

Cover me.

He moves forward up the aisle, Allie Boy appears opposite with the Henchman.

They FIRE!

Cochise hits the deck. Now what are they gonna do?

Trueblood eyes the gun, doesn't even know how to shoot the damn thing. He aims it at the ceiling -- FIRES A SHOT!

ALLIE BOY

Over there!

They head in the direction of Trueblood.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh shit. Buck?

COCHISE

This way.

They start up the safe aisle, keeping low. Allie Boy and the Henchman are moving down the other aisle in search of them in the opposite direction.

The Second Henchman is standing in the door of the loading bay.

Trueblood and Cochise hunker down, eye him.

TRUEBLOOD

How are we gonna get past him?

COCHISE

It's your call, Tonto. Make it a good one.

TRUEBLOOD

I'm sort of hesitant to shoot the guy. I mean, I do have some ethical principles.

But more SHOTS RING OUT! And Allie Boy and the other Henchman have spotted them. Trueblood points to stairs.

TRUEBLOOD

Up there.

They start up the metal staircase, as BULLETS FLY.

At the top of the staircase, they turn left and start down the catwalk at a run.

ALLIE BOY

(points)

There.

He and the Henchman start up the stairs.

Trueblood and Cochise halt. A voice startles them from behind.

ANDREAS

Gentlemen?

He has a gun pointed at them.

ANDREAS

Drop the gun.

Trueblood obliges.

TRUEBLOOD

I guess you got us. We know, we know -- the only good Indian is a dead Indian. I'm sorry, I take offense.

As Andreas points his gun, the SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS comes from without. Trueblood and Cochise exchange amazed looks.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Cop cars with sirens and cherry lights flashing are everywhere, having breached the front gate.

One of the COPS exchanges GUNFIRE with Henchman at loading dock, and brings him down.

BACK TO SCENE

Andreas turns tail and pushes past Trueblood and Cochise down the stairs.

Allie Boy and the other Henchman are in a panic.

ALLIE BOY

Out the back.

They dart toward the back of the warehouse. There's a rear loading platform.

ALLIE BOY

That way.

They make for daylight, only to be confronted by several cops with guns drawn. They surrender.

Trueblood and Cochise start down the stairs, hoping to head off Andreas, who is also headed for a rear platform.

He turns and FIRES at them. Heads for daylight, then hears voices.

POLICE OFFICER

Right there, Andreas.

Andreas is trapped.

Trueblood and Cochise are now surrounded by police in the center of the warehouse floor.

TRUEBLOOD

I knew we'd triumph, Buck, I knew it. Truth and justice always does.

(off a skeptical look)

Sometimes?

(off another look)

On a rare occasion?

Detective Burke comes over.

TRUEBLOOD

Kidnapping and attempted murder. Probable cause.

Burke waives search warrant.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Search warrant. Wonder what's in all of these crates.

(to other cops)

All right, boys, go ahead and search the place.

Susan appears.

SUSAN

Buck!

She runs to her husband, hugs him.

SUSAN

Are you okay?

Cochise nods.

TRUEBLOOD

I'll never know how you did it, Buck. Saved the day.

SUSAN

He traced the plates.

COCHISE

In-jun-uity, Ted. Ingenuity.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLMES FIELD - HARVARD UNIVERSITY - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

In front of Langdell library, on a canopied podium, commencement exercises for Harvard law school graduates are underway. The woman DEAN of Harvard Law School shakes hands with the newly awarded graduates, who are attired in caps and gowns, as they receive their diplomas.

Cochise's name is called, and he comes forth and receives his diploma.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

Trueblood does likewise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAWN - HOLMES FIELD - SHORT TIME LATER

The graduates are mingling. Trueblood, Cochise and Susan are gathered together.

TRUEBLOOD

I knew we could do it, Suse.

SUSAN

Graduate, or solve the case?

TRUEBLOOD

Uh, both? So what now, Buckeroo?

COCHISE

South Dakota, Ted. We fly out tomorrow.



TRUEBLOOD

Oh no.

COCHISE

Oh yes. Gotta check up on the folks.

TRUEBLOOD

You're gonna run off at a time like this? What about me?

COCHISE

What about you?

TRUEBLOOD

Take me with you, Buck, you can stash me in your luggage. I won't be any trouble, I swear.

COCHISE

Kinda hard to breathe in there.

TRUEBLOOD

I'm resourceful, don't sell me short.

COCHISE

I'm not sure you can handle the scene out there, it's pretty rugged.

TRUEBLOOD

Not as rugged as New York, I hear tell. Buck?

COCHISE

Don't go there.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck?

COCHISE

Don't push it.

TRUEBLOOD

Suse?

Cochise and Susan exchange looks.

SUSAN

There won't be a New York, Ted. You know that. You knew it all along.

TRUEBLOOD

(to Cochise)

Is that true?

COCHISE

I plead the Fifth.

DANNY ABRAMS, a classmate, approaches, weaving his way through crowd.

DANNY

Hey --

COCHISE

Hey.

They shake hands.

DANNY

Congrats, man.

COCHISE

Thanks.

(to Trueblood)

You owe this guy big time. He traced the plates.

TRUEBLOOD

Bless your good heart.

DANNY

Party at my place later. No excuses, be there.

They tap knuckles.

TRUEBLOOD

May we call you "counselor"?

DANNY

You may. Hey, I heard about that murder thing. Your names were mentioned, as I recall.

TRUEBLOOD

Yes, you might say we had a slight hand in helping crack that.

DANNY

Harvard, baby.

TRUEBLOOD

Harvard.

They slap high fives.

DANNY

See you later.

He exits.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck, I can already see our names up there on the brass plate: TRUEBLOOD & COCHISE, Attorneys at Law. What do you think?

Cochise ponders a beat.

TRUEBLOOD

You don't have to make up your mind immediately, only right this minute.

COCHISE

I don't know. . .

SUSAN

Buck, come on.

TRUEBLOOD

Shake on it?

Trueblood and Cochise shake hands.

TRUEBLOOD

You know, Buck --

COCHISE

Just a minute.

(MORE)

COCHISE (cont'd)

Every time you start with "you know, Buck,"  
you're about to drag us into a mess.

TRUEBLOOD

Aw come on. Buck?

COCHISE

Yes, I know, I know, I know. Are you happy?  
Yes, Ted -- yes, yes, yes.

TRUEBLOOD

I know.

FADE OUT.

THE END