

FATAL ERR
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

A white wood frame building, on the lake's edge, with a wooden sign reading: LAKE SHORE YACHT CLUB.

The ground floor entrance opens, SCOTT (25) short, green shirt with, LAKE SHORE YACHT CLUB printed across it, jeans, gym shoes and WHITE SOX CAP, exits.

He talks on his cell phone as he strolls behind cars in the lot.

SCOTT
(into cellphone)
I can't take off. I just got a gig
as first mate, for that cheap
bastard, Townsend. Yeah, mother
fucker owns ten newspapers and
stiffs everybody on tips.

He stops at the rear of a black Toyota and opens the trunk.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(into cellphone)
I'm not shitting you, Tarantino's
got a man or a woman inside the
trunk of a car in every one of his
movies. I'll bet you a double
sawbuck.

JOJO ADELITO (35) short, ugly pot marked face, hook nose, steps up and smiles. He speaks with a heavy, Chicago, dems and doez guyz, aszfault accent. He's dressed the same as Scott, up to the WHITE SOX CAP.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Who the fuck are you smiling at,
faggot?

Jojo rises on his toes and surveys the parking lot.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Hey---

Jojo thrusts an ice pick into Scott's left eye, the cellphone drops.

Jojo shoves him into the trunk. He picks up the cellphone, tosses it in and slams the lid.

JOJO
Fade to black.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - NIGHT

A palatial foyer, two curved stairways converge on a landing and attached hallway. HAROLD TOWNSEND (50) tall, dark hair, hurries up the stairs.

HALLWAY

He's greeted by the butler, CHARLES, gray hair, messy, white shirt, askew, torn gray vest. Charles speaks with an English accent.

CHARLES
I'm afraid to go in there sir. He's stark raving mad. He threatened to kill me.

HAROLD
How did this start?

CHARLES
He caught me taking down the photos drying in the basement.

HAROLD
Hand me the key, please.

Charles hands Harold a key as he leads him to a closed door. PATTON, a German Sheppard, sits at the door, barking at Harold.

CHARLES
Be careful sir. Every time I tried to unlock the door he smashes glass against it.

HAROLD
Where did he get the glass?

CHARLES
He gathered all the picture frames from around the house. He's been in there talking to himself ever since.

Harold turns the key, glass SHATTERS against the door.

HAROLD

Harry, son, it's me. I'm coming in.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large bedroom with a king-size bed, dozens of black and white, eight by ten photographs displayed across it. Shards of glass cover the floor. An open brown case with handle sits open on the bed, half full of photos.

YOUNG HARRY TOWNSEND (14) thin, thick glasses, kneels in glass, hands bloody. He smashes a glass picture frame against the wood floor.

He removes the photo, holds it to his chest and stands. His pants are blood soaked at the knees. He deposits the photo, face down in the case and closes it.

HARRY

These pictures belong to me. You have no right to take them.

Harry grips the case by the handle.

HAROLD (O.S.)

I'm coming in, son.

Harry dives across the bed and scoops up a plastic film container.

HARRY

I won't let you take her.

Harold steps in.

HAROLD

Harry we have to let her go.

HARRY

Why can't I have her here in my room with me? Why does she have to disappear. I need to remember her.

HAROLD

Harry, it's been six weeks. You know what Dr. Doyle said. We have to move on.

HARRY

I'm not going to lose her again. They're all I have left of her.

HAROLD

I'll hold them till Dr. Doyle says
you can have them back.

HARRY

I heard what you said to Charles.
You told him to bury them. I heard
you.

HAROLD

Harry, stop this now, don't make me
angry.

Harry dodges Harold and runs out into the--

HALLWAY

Patton barks. Charles strains to hold him by the collar.
Harry races to the end of the hall and down a--

BACK STAIRWAY

He gets to the bottom, turns and runs across the--

KITCHEN

He gets to a door and unlocks it. As he opens the door,
Harold appears.

HAROLD

This ends here.

Harold grabs Harry's shirt. Harry twists, his shirt tears. He
bangs the case on the door frame. It opens as Harry falls
through the door into the--

BASEMENT

bathed in red light. Harry topples down the steps and crashes
to the floor. Photographs rain down.

The plastic container rolls out of Harry's hand across the
room, under the wine rack and into a mouse hole. Above more
eight by tens hang to dry on crisscrossing clotheslines.

Blood pools on the floor around Harry's head.

INT. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A gusting wind blows rain through open glass doors and under a 54 inch plasma TV. On the screen a black and white image of a plane flying into a rain storm surrounded by lightning.

HARRY (22) glasses, khaki's, wool British commando sweater and gym shoes, sits eating pizza, watching TV.

VOICE (ON TV)
There's a man on the wing of this plane.

Lightning flashes on the screen and through the door.

VOICE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Somebody's got to stop him, tell the captain. He's tearing the wing apart. Somebody stop him.

A loud GUNSHOT vibrates the speakers, along with sounds of hydraulic WHINING, wind and rain.

VOICE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
We're going to crash. Mother of God.

Behind the couch, a light flickers to life.

BOKU, a middle-aged Japanese woman, appears over the kitchen counter. She speaks broken English.

BOKU
Harry, you stay too much, never go out. That not good for young man. You get fat.

HARRY
If I get fat it's your fault, you spoil me. Besides they're running every episode of my favorite TV show tonight.

BOKU
Want you get out see movie with me and Eshu?

HARRY
What's the movie?

BOKU
Two, "Marnie" and "Laura", by
Hitchcock.

HARRY
Very haunting. But Laura is
Premminger not Hitch. Tonight's a
good night for it though.

Boku steps over to the couch.

BOKU
You be okay for tonight?

Harry stands, puts his arms around her. She smiles.

HARRY
You go out and get lucky for the
both of us. I'll see you in the
morning.

Harry kisses Boku on the cheek and squeezes her ass.

BOKU
You need go out find girl you own
age. Keep hand off me or else you
lose it.

She turns and walks away.

HARRY
Your words threaten but your smile
betrays you.

BOKU
You too smart for own sake. That
why you stay alone. Talk to self.

HARRY
I'll always have you, Boku.

Harry drops to the couch. Boku shouts from the front door.

BOKU (O.S.)
Harry, don't forget close lanai
door if rain.

LATER

Harry snores on the couch. A loud CRACKLE of thunder, white
flashing brightens the room.

Harry's head jerks, eyes open.

VOICE (ON TV)
What is real and what is an
illusion---

HARRY
Shit the door.

Harry jumps up, steps through a puddle.

VOICE (ON TV)
We're all gonna' die. Blessed God
save me.

HARRY
I'm with you on that one.

He reaches for the TV, lightning flashes, the TV signal
breaks up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That was close.

He grabs the door handle. A hand reaches through the door and
touches his wrist.

Harry jerks back his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What the fuck.

Lightning illuminates the rain soaked DR. GWENDOLYN YORK
TOWNSEND (33) red hair, yellow dress and scarf, straw hat
drooping over her eyes. She opens her mouth and water pours
out.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry---

Harry jumps back, slipping, his head SLAMS to the floor.

EXT. BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A forty foot schooner sails full out, slices through the
choppy water. Above the bow are the words: FATAL ERR.

Gwendolyn's seated on an aft bench, faces the stern rail. She
holds her broad rimmed straw hat down over her eyes.

To Young Harry's left, Jojo Adelito, makes his way to the
stern.

Harry at the wheel. Harold at his back, points forward.

HAROLD

Son, you need to keep your eyes
forward. See those clouds off the
port side?

Harold's hands cover Harry's on the wheel.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

The storms catching up to us. Keep
her steady.

Suddenly, a shrill sound, not unlike a gull's caw, mixes with
the wind.

HARRY

What was that?

He looks up for the bird and follows the sound stern.

HAROLD

Harry, keep your eyes---

HARRY

Mother's overboard.

Gwendolyn and Jojo are gone. Two people off the stern, bob in
the water. They shrink as the boat makes way.

HAROLD

Harry, wait.

Harry ducks under his father's arms and takes off aft.

HARRY

I've got to save her.

Harry's father fumbles around for the nylon wheel fast hold
line.

HAROLD

She's too far behind.

HARRY

Bring her around.

Harry grabs the life-ring and makes for the rail.

HAROLD

Harry, I can't let you---

Harold tackles Harry from behind. Harry bangs his forehead on the rail. They both flop onto the deck. Harry unconscious.

INT. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE - LATER (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Harry sleeps, sans glasses, on the floor. A gull SQUAWKS.

Harry's head jerks, his eyes open.

The morning sun glares in his squinting eyes.

He sits up, picks up his glasses and puts them on.

He feels the back of his head.

HARRY

That part was real enough.

He gets to his feet and kicks the pizza box on the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No more happy mushroom and sausage
pizza.

He steps out onto the--

LANAI

He looks out over the rail. The lake water is deep blue with white cap crowns. His attention is drawn to a yellow strip of Gwendolyn's scarf wedged in sections of facade, waving in the breeze.

HARRY

I see the north-north-west wind is
not done with me.

Harry steps over the rail and onto the ledge. He edges his way towards the material.

A seagull CAWS from above. Harry looks up and falls back against the wall.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The harbinger of ill winds is late.

The gull swoops down, grabs the material free and lands.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I must...

Harry dives to the ledge.

HARRY (CONT'D)
...insist!

He snatches the material from the gull.

The gull pecks his hand.

Harry pulls the material back and stands.

The gull attacks his face. Harry falls back to the ledge.

The fabric flutters away.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Shit!

A voice BOOMS out from the lanai.

FRANKLIN (O.S.)
Harry... take my hand, man. Please
come back?

FRANKLIN (22) African American, tall and skinny in a
doorman's uniform, steps onto the ledge.

HARRY
I'm okay.

Harry waves him off. Franklin climbs back on the lanai.

FRANKLIN
Harry, what were you doing out
there?

HARRY
That was my Harold Lloyd
impression.

Harry climbs over the rail.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Franklin, I'd like to keep this
between us.

Franklin pats him on the back.

FRANKLIN
Sure Harry, if you promise me not
to do anymore impressions of Harold
Lloyd shit.

HARRY
You're right.. The ledge is for the birds.

FRANKLIN
Are you okay?

HARRY
I wasn't going to jump.

FRANKLIN
Harry, I believe you.

HARRY
I had another visit last night.

FRANKLIN
Any more pieces to the puzzle?

HARRY
A piece of my mother's scarf. The bird took it from me.

Franklin nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Did you see it?

FRANKLIN
Yellow.

Harry grabs Franklin by the shoulders, smiles.

HARRY
Good man.

FRANKLIN
Is it important?

HARRY
The scarf she wore that day.

Franklin raises his shoulders and rubs his hands on his pants.

FRANKLIN
Man, a chill just went up my spine.
You saying it wasn't a dream?

HARRY
I'm saying she touched me.

FRANKLIN

Shit! I feel like I just had a double espresso enema and gave blood. I'm afraid to ask... Did she tell you anything?

HARRY

I jumped back slipped and fell. I fell an awful lot today. I wonder just how far I am from the bottom of this.

FRANKLIN

You do realize you make everything into a joke?

HARRY

It's a defense mechanism. I grew up without any real friends. Reading Chandler and Hammet kept me sane. I blame my drinking on Hemingway.

FRANKLIN

You know any time you need me---

Harry wraps one arm around Franklin's shoulder and forms a gun with his other.

HARRY

Come up tonight for...

Harry jerks his finger gun in Franklin's stomach.

HARRY (CONT'D)

POP...corn and noir.

Franklin clenches his stomach and doubles over.

FRANKLIN

I trusted you.

HARRY

Never trust anyone this far up.

INT. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Harry enters, five DVD cases under his arm, an undulating yellow light dances high on the wall.

HARRY

Shit, looks like Satan's found me.
Things are about to heat up around
here.

Harry steps under an archway and into the--

DINING ROOM

He steps up to a dining table, on it, a knife, fork, dirty
dish, bottle of wine and a glass. He sets the DVD's down,
turns and walks into the--

LIVING ROOM

Harry passes a wing backed chair and steps in front of a
roaring fire.

HAROLD

Fine place you have here son. I
often wondered what became of this
chair. I'm happy it stayed in the
family.

Harry turns back and walks to the--

DINING ROOM TABLE

HARRY

I'm not drunk enough for this.

He empties the wine bottle into the glass, picks it up, walks
into the--

FRONT FOYER

and stops short of the door.

Two big BULLS in suits block the door.

HARRY

Two bulls against one matador
holding a glass of wine in one
hand. This could make me the
greatest bullfighter in the world.

Harry hangs a napkin in front of him, STAMPING his heels.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hey bull, hey toro, hey toro.

Harry drops the napkin, jerks forward, both Bulls smile.

Harry pivots, takes off into the--

DINING ROOM

He runs into COLONEL ANDREW DUTTON (50) six three, square shouldered, military haircut. Dutton pats his back.

HARRY
No use trying to get away from you.

Dutton leans into Harry's face.

DUTTON
Harry, I've told you. I know what you're going to do even before you do. Instincts my boy.

HARRY
I'll drink to that.

Harry gulps the rest of the wine.

DUTTON
How are you, Harry? I've missed you. Did you get a chance to read Dhalgren?

Harry holds two fingers up.

HARRY
Twice, but I'm still not exactly sure if I've figured out who he was.

DUTTON
Nobody does. Our actions define who we are, Harry.

HARRY
How would you define me?

DUTTON
Too young to be cynical.

HARRY
How's the pay?

DUTTON

Shall we go back to the fire now
Harry? Your father's waiting.

They walk through the hallway and enter the--

LIVING ROOM

Harry stands back to the fire. Dutton steps back to the doorway. Harold, three piece suit, sits, brandy glass in hand and smiles.

HARRY

You're a week early to sing me
happy birthday.

HAROLD

I'm here out of concern. Harry,
you're all I've got.

HARRY

Have you spent all my mother's
money?

HAROLD

Harry, how can you say such a
thing. After all I've done for you.

HARRY

You searched for places as far away
as you could to stick me. Next week
turn around is fair play. Once I
take over the York trust it'll be
you that's sent as far away as
possible.

HAROLD

Harry, Dr. Doyle tells me you've
stopped seeing him.

Harry sets his glass on the mantle.

HARRY

I'm done listening to your
sycophant witch doctor.

HAROLD

It seems your delusions and
paranoia have returned.

HARRY

Bad things travel in threes.

HAROLD
Son, you and I both know where all
this is leading.

Harry slurs his words, eyes squint.

HARRY
I'm not... going back.

HAROLD
I'm afraid that's already been
decided for you.

Harry stumbles, on a circular route, towards the hallway.

Harry's wine glass falls from the mantle. It shatters on the
floor.

Dutton grabs Harry.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Please seat him on the couch and
go. He won't be trouble anymore.
You can collect your two men and go
home for tonight.

DUTTON
Yes sir.

Dutton turns and steps into the--

DINING ROOM

The two Bulls stand against the wall.

DUTTON
You can go.

They nod and leave.

Dutton collects the dirty dish, silverware and the wine
bottle.

He steps into the--

KITCHEN

He sets the dish in the sink, twists, leans over and drops
the bottle in the garbage. His eyes lead him down the--

BACK HALLWAY

A light flashes under a closed door. He draws a side arm and swings the door, squeaking to the wall. He enters a--

DARK ROOM

in a crouch, gun ready. The sounds of bare feet slapping the floor, pass him.

He jumps back, eyes trailing the sound. The door squeaks closed, a laptop screen comes to life, illuminates a desk.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Harry's out cold, chin on chest. Harold drags him off the couch and onto the floor.

Harold steps over to the fireplace and picks up a shard of glass.

He rolls up Harry's sleeves and cuts Harry's wrists.

Harold steps back, smiles, raises his glass and drinks his brandy.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dutton closes the laptop, darkness engulfs the room.

INT. HUMMER (PARKED) - NIGHT

Dutton enters and starts it. The wipers slap and windshield washers squirt, as the radio blares rock music. The defrosters fog the windshield. As he fumbles with the controls, his seat, powers forward as the dome light flickers.

Printed words form in condensation across the windshield that read: PLEASE HELP HARRY

The interior flashes red. An ambulance SCREECHES to a halt in front of a condo building. Above the glass doors, in gold letters: 746 N. LAKE SHORE DR.

Dutton drops the car in gear and drives away.

He punches the buttons on a dashboard mounted cellphone. A man's voice comes over the speaker.

VOICE (ON SPEAKER)
Yes, sir.

DUTTON
I've got some changes to discuss
with the two of you. Meet me 0500.

EXT. AMBULANCE - LATER

An ambulance approaches two eight foot brick columns, separated in the middle by a service road.

The sign reads: BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE.

INT. HAROLD'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Harold stands naked, in a steaming shower. The room outside refracted through a diaphanous plastic shower curtain. His lips mimic the sounds of a classical overture.

He bends to pick-up the shampoo bottle. A blurred outline of Gwendolyn, in dress and hat, stands in the doorway.

He lathers his scalp, jerking his head to the sounds of his own woodwinds.

Through the curtain, Gwendolyn bends towards the toilet.

The shower pressure drops to the sound of flushing.

HAROLD
Shit---

Harold feels for the knobs, eyes covered in lather. He finds it, turns the cold up and jumps back to the wall.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Ahhh!

Gwendolyn, nose to the curtain, smiles.

His hands cup under the stream. He catches water and splashes his closed eyes.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Fuuuck---

He steps under the shower, rubs his eyes.

He blinks one eye open.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What th---

He turns, sees the outline of Gwendolyn, his eyes bulge.

She rips open the curtains as she screams.

GWENDOLYN

I won't let you get away with...

The hangers hiss across the rod. Harold cowers.

HAROLD

Please, please, please.

He parts his hands and opens his eyes to an empty bathroom.

He leans out, looks side to side. The water pressure increases, hits his ass.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Shit!

He jumps out. His feet slip on the floor. He bounces on his ass.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT

A white painted brick room, with a large window. Beyond the window, a green field, with tall trees as a border. The sun filters through the pane, to brighten the foot of a bed.

Harry, sans glasses, in bed, eyes closed.

DR. KAPLIN (33) female, bespectacled, red hair, porcelain skin, white smock, skirt and blue leather flats, stares out the window.

Harry's head jerks, his eyes open.

HARRY

I didn't hear you come in.

DR. KAPLIN

Sorry about the scare. I thought you'd be out of it a little longer.

HARRY

I've built up a tolerance for medications over the years.

She steps up to the bed.

DR. KAPLIN
Harry, I'm Dr. Kaplin.

Harry furrows his eyebrows, chin juts as he squints.

HARRY
Excuse my staring. They took my glasses, as usual. I need a seeing eye dog without them. I can make out the red in your hair. I'm partial to redhead doctors. My mother was both.

DR. KAPLIN
I'd like to speak with you, if you're feeling up to it?

HARRY
I've spent the last eight years speaking to doctors. Believe me, you don't want to know how I feel about it.

DR. KAPLIN
I'll go then.

HARRY
Please stay.

DR. KAPLIN
You can stop me anytime.

She sits on the bed.

DR. KAPLIN (CONT'D)
How long have you been on Loxapine, droperidol or lithium?

Harry stretches both arms out, bandages around each wrist.

HARRY
As long as I remember, which I don't do much of Doc. How long have I been here?

DR. KAPLIN
Two days and a night. Now, can you get up and take a few steps for me?

HARRY
 Besides a dry mouth I feel fine.
 Sure doc.

Harry steps onto the floor.

DR. KAPLIN
 Step towards me slowly, one foot in
 front of the other. Like walking a
 tightrope.

HARRY
 This is my first time without a
 net.

Harry sets one foot on the line.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Shit.

His leg gives out. He falls back against the bed.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 I better stick with the net.

DR. KAPLIN
 Can you stand?

HARRY
 I'd rather get back in bed.

He climbs back into bed.

DR. KAPLIN
 Let's take a look at that.

He lifts his gown, to expose a deep purple bruise on the back
 of his thigh. Dr. Kaplin examines his leg.

HARRY
 It feels like a hamstring pull.

DR. KAPLIN
 It looks like a depot injection.
 Seems you're back on medication.
 Harry, what is the last thing you
 remember?

INT. DINING ROOM (PENTHOUSE) - LAST NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Major Dutton pulls Harry's face to his.

MAJOR DUTTON
 Harry, I've told you I know what
 you're going to do even before you
 do. Instincts my boy.

HARRY
 I'll drink to that.

Harry gulps the rest of his wine.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Dr. Kaplin stands over Harry.

HARRY
 Doc do you mind if I rest a bit
 more?

Dr. Kaplin speaks on her way towards the door.

DR. KAPLIN
 Not at all. There's a nice view of
 the woods through that window.

Harry reaches for his top sheet, and pulls it up.

HARRY
 Hey doc---

Harry turns to the door. Dr. Kaplin is gone.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT

Harry on a chair, chin on ledge, looks out the window into
 the darkness beyond it.

DR. KAPLIN (O.S.)
 You remind me of a cat I had once.
 He used to sit like that when he
 wanted out.

Harry straightens up. Dr. Kaplin's reflection appears in the
 glass.

Harry turns to Dr. Kaplin.

HARRY
 What was your cat's name?

DR. KAPLIN
 Dirk.

HARRY
What ever happened to Dirk?

DR. KAPLIN
I let him out, he never came back.

Harry turns back to the window.

HARRY
I'd like that.

DR. KAPLIN
Harry, why don't we start talking
so we can get you out of here.

HARRY
You mean psychoanalysis?

Dr. Kaplin backs up and sits at the foot of the bed.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You know the first time I saw you I
thought you were a ghost.

DR. KAPLIN
Do you normally see ghosts?

HARRY
Just one, but I see her regularly.

DR. KAPLIN
Was she someone special?

HARRY
She's everything to me.

DR. KAPLIN
What happened to her?

HARRY
She was buried and even the mention
of her name brings punishment.

Harry raises his arms to expose bandages.

DR. KAPLIN
Why are you being punished?

HARRY
I don't remember.

DR. KAPLIN
Harry, you have to trust me.

HARRY
Why should I?

DR. KAPLIN
Harry, in order for this to work.
You'll have to trust me. Do you
want to remember?

HARRY
I need to, so he can be the one
punished.

DR. KAPLIN
Who needs to be punished?

HARRY
I don't know who to trust.

DR. KAPLIN
Harry, I can't tell you who to
trust. But I will say this: Your
cynicism is brick by brick sealing
your fate.

Harry rises, steps to the wall, taps his forehead off it.

HARRY
I want out.

He turns, back against the wall and slides down.

DR. KAPLIN
Then trust me.

As Harry closes his eyes, tears stream down.

HARRY
I overheard them arguing that day.

INT. HALLWAY (ESTATE) - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Harry stands, eyes glassy, at an open door. He steps
back to the wall. Tears drop from his cheeks onto a 35mm
camera hung from a strap around his neck.

HARRY (V.O.)
My father and mother were rarely
home... and when they were they
fought constantly. Whatever they
were arguing about was always more
important than me.

Harry peers through the door, into a mirror, at the reflected image of the--

MASTER BEDROOM

An opulent room. Gwendolyn in a white terry cloth robe, face hidden between slightly parted curtains. Patton lies at Gwendolyn's side. Harold paces back and forth.

GWENDOLYN

I'll be joining the teaching staff at Harvard Medical school. Terry has an opening there. I'm leaving you to your gambling.

HAROLD

At least allow me to bring you and Harry out on the lake today. Surely you won't deny us this last outing.

GWENDOLYN

You can take Harry alone.

HAROLD

It would give Harry such a thrill to try out his new camera on his favorite subject.

Harold stops behind her and smiles into the mirror. Patton sits up, turns and barks at him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Please, something for us all to remember?

GWENDOLYN

Harold, what are you on about?

HAROLD

Nothing, it's just---

Patton continues to bark at Harold.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Can you do something with that dog? He doesn't listen to anyone but you. All he ever does is bark at me.

Gwendolyn raises her voice but doesn't turn.

GWENDOLYN
Patton, sit and be quiet.

Patton obeys.

HAROLD
It's just, I've already taken the day. I don't know when I'll have another chance.

GWENDOLYN
Harold, my father left us the paper. You can take off anytime.

HAROLD
Not with this strike costing the paper millions. Our negotiations with the union start next week. It's now or never.

GWENDOLYN
Won't you be short handed without Dutton?

HAROLD
I've made a call to the yacht club. They'll have Scott there for us. You see, I'm at least trying to salvage some time for us. Harry's downstairs collecting his equipment, he'll be disappointed.

Gwendolyn separates the curtains and steps nose to the window.

Outside is an unkempt pool with green stagnant water: the sky is grey and overcast.

GWENDOLYN
The weather seems a bit stormy.

HAROLD
This happens every time. You begin to worry and get yourself all worked up.

Harold palms a foil packet with TWO LOOSE PILLS, under it.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Here's your Dramamine, I'm not taking no for an answer.

He tears the packet, tosses it into the garbage and steps behind her. She doesn't turn.

GWENDOLYN

I don't want them. They won't stop me from worrying.

HAROLD

Once we get out there everything will clear up, we'll sail off, and leave all our worries behind us.

GWENDOLYN

Are you predicting our future or the weather?

HAROLD

This is the last time you'll have to put up with me or my sailing.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Harry mumbles, inaudibly, below his breath as he faces the window. Dr. Kaplin sits on the bed, tears roll down her cheeks, lips tremble.

HARRY

I don't remember much else. Only the dream, but it doesn't make sense.

DR. KAPLIN

Why don't you tell me about it.

Harry steps towards the light switch. Dr. Kaplin stands and turns her face away from him.

HARRY

I'm going to turn out the lights. It helps me to concentrate.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM (ESTATE) - (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Harry springs up in bed. Gwendolyn stands in a dripping wet floral print dress, drooping hat, out stretched arm.

HARRY (V.O.)
I'm sitting up in my parents' bed.
My mother is standing there just
the way she was on the boat that
day only dripping wet, her broad
rimmed hat droops over her eyes.
She offers her hand to me.

Harry stands.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I get out of bed and I call out.
Please talk to me, tell me what you
want me to do.

Her mouth opens and water pours out onto the floor.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Her mouth opens but only water, no
words. She's offering me a key.

She places a key in his hand, a blinding white flash fills
the room.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As she places a key in my hand, a
white flash blinds me. I trip back.

He falls backwards surrounded in--

MID-AIR

by large snowflakes.

HARRY (V.O.)
As I fall I'm surrounded by large
gray snowflakes. But I'm not
afraid.

Harry breaks the--

WATER

twists and drops the key.

HARRY (V.O.)
After I hit the water and sink... I
twist around and see the key drop
out of my hand and head for the
bottom.

Harry follows the key down.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I swim down after the key but it
drops too fast for me.

The key drops into a three inch hole in the concrete bottom.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As I get close to the bottom I
notice it's concrete. The key drops
into a small hole in the concrete
bottom.

He reaches into the hole, retrieves the key and returns to
the surface.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I stick my hand in, feel around,
pull out the key and swim up.

Harry looks up through the water, two men stand at the rail
of a boat looking down into the water.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As I rise I see above the surface
two men on a boat's deck. I can't
make out their faces but I know
they can see me.

Harry closes in on the surface, one man dives in.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I frantically make my way to the
surface. When I'm a few feet down I
recognize one of the men as my
father. But before I break the
surface the other man dives in,
grabs me and drags me back down.

Harry is dragged down.

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now I see he's not a man at all but
a green-eyed, demon. We sink into
blackness. I usually wake up then,
gasping for air.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - (DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS)

Harry steps over to Dr. Kaplin and leans into her ear.

HARRY
(whispers)
Murder.

INT. VISUAL OBSERVATION ROOM (INSTITUTE) - MINUTES EARLIER

SARAH FOSTER (23) a natural beauty, black hair, sits in front of a TV hooked to a video recorder. DR. DOYLE, short, bookish, middle-aged man, speaks with a lisp. He stands over her, coffee cup in hand. Both stare at the screen.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Harry stands alone in the room at the light switch.

HARRY
I'm going to turn out the lights.
It helps me to concentrate.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dr. Doyle reaches over Sarah and shuts off the TV.

DR. DOYLE
He's right where we want him. Time
for you to get into character.

SARAH
How long do I have to set this up?

DR. DOYLE
We've got all the information we
need. All he has to do is fetch.
You'll have to speed this courtship
up. Mr. Townsend's getting
impatient.

The door opens to reveal:

DERRICK (25) tall, dressed in a yellow cotton jumper, long greasy hair, unshaven.

SARAH
You mean tonight?

DR. DOYLE
Should be plenty of time for a
whoring little slut like you.

SARAH

Faggot!

DR. DOYLE

I've already diluted his medications. I'll spike the bedtime round with some Ecstasy. He should be primed and ready for love.

Dr. Doyle tears the envelope.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)

Let me see your hand.

Sarah offers her hand. He grabs it and pricks her finger.

SARAH

Ouch! You prick.

A dot of blood appears. She sucks her finger.

DR. DOYLE

A prick for motivation and we're both in character.

Dr. Doyle and Derrick laugh.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)

Derrick will be with you shortly.

Sarah steps out.

DERRICK

What has she got that I haven't?

Derrick sticks his hand out. Dr. Doyle pricks Derrick's finger. Both smile.

Dr. Doyle kisses Derrick's finger. Then licks the blood.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - CONTINUOUS

Harry turns from the window. Dr. Kaplin stands by the bed.

HARRY

Can you bring me back with hypnosis?

She speaks as she steps to the door.

DR. KAPLIN

Get some rest... then we'll talk.

A large MALE NURSE steps in and holds the door open as Dr. Kaplin passes.

He turns his head and calls.

MALE NURSE

Doctor.

HARRY

I'll let you know if I see Dirk out there.

Dr. Doyle, head buried in an open file, enters.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now look what just the mention of a cat dragged in.

DR. DOYLE

Still up to your self amusing ways Harry?

HARRY

Still at the end of all good things doc?

INT. REC-ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT

Rows of folding chairs in front of a television, suspended from the ceiling. Card tables along the walls. Patients in yellow cotton. Harry drops onto a leather couch.

HARRY

I'm not disturbing you am I?

Sarah sits on the floor with a stack of Styrofoam coffee cups.

SARAH

It's sort of a prerequisite around here.

HARRY

My prerequisite disturbs me all the time.

SARAH

Ha ha.

She squeezes blood out of the pin prick in her finger.

SARAH (CONT'D)
He loves me. He loves me not.

HARRY
I think you mean to be or not to
be. Isn't that the question?

SARAH
That's all you suicidal schizos
think about. You're so convoluted.
Some of us just enjoy the pain.

She pulls up her sleeves and exposes, crisscrossing scars
across both arms.

HARRY
Then you're just a self mutilating,
masochist.

SARAH
They actually treat us like there's
something wrong with that.

HARRY
How the hell did you get all at
that coffee? I thought we weren't
allowed stimulants?

SARAH
I give the orderlies blow jobs,
they get me anything I want.

She shows Harry a pill, pops it and drinks it down.

HARRY
I can believe that.

SARAH
You better. It's gotten me anything
I've wanted since I was nine years
old.

HARRY
That's disgusting.

SARAH
My father's disgusting. I'm
manipulative. The orderlies around
here are horny. What are you?

HARRY

I don't know. Let's see... How about an enamored, enigmatic, paranoid schizo, that travels with the ghost of his dead mother.

SARAH

Interesting you should forget suicidal.

HARRY

Doesn't love conquer all?

SARAH

I don't know about that, but I do know it can make life seem worth living. Tell me more about this ghost.

HARRY

My mother drowned... and her ghost comes to me. I blame my father.

SARAH

I was hoping you'd turn out to be my Romeo. Now I realize you're just a twenty-first century melancholy Dane.

HARRY

You'd make a kick-ass Ophelia.

SARAH

I thought I was disgusting.

HARRY

No, you're manipulative.

They laugh.

SARAH

My name's Sarah Foster.

HARRY

Harry Townsend.

SARAH

Who's your shrink?

HARRY

Got two. Dr. Doyle and Dr. Kaplin.

SARAH

Don't know Kaplin. Doyle, hates my guts.

HARRY

How did you squeeze emotion out of that shrink wrapped heart?

SARAH

I escaped twice.

HARRY

Return customers are important to any establishment's livelihood.

SARAH

There's a parking lot behind home plate just through the woods. It's a sort of lover's lane. If you follow the road it will lead you to a hamlet. It's small but it should seem infinite to you.

HARRY

You've went from manipulative to Ophelia... back to manipulative. Now you're stealing my lines.

SARAH

I never agreed to Ophelia.

HARRY

I'm the one that's falling.

SARAH

Then I join you in outrageous fortune?

HARRY

We're getting our to be or not to be all mixed up.

Derrick smiles as he grabs Sarah's ass.

DERRICK

Did you forget about me? Fucking whore.

Sarah grimaces.

SARAH

Fuck you, Derrick.

Harry stands. Sarah rises. Derrick steps around Sarah and in Harry's face.

DERRICK
Sit down, before I pull the floor
out from under you.

Sarah pours her coffee down his back.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Ahhh!---

Derrick grimaces, straightens up and turns to her.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
You fucking---

Sarah knees him in the balls.

Derrick grabs his crotch and hunches over.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Ugh.

A nurse and two orderlies hurry over.

NURSE
Take her back to her room.

The nurse attends Derrick. The two orderly's escort Sarah away.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT

Harry masturbates into the bed covers. The door opens, closes and locks.

Sarah steps out of the darkness and strips.

HARRY
What are you---

Sarah lifts the covers and climbs under.

SARAH
Shhhh!

She climbs on top and kisses him lightly. He pulls her closer, rolls her on her back and kisses her breasts.

HARRY
How did you get in here?

SARAH

Jake, don't worry, we have time. He won't be back till dawn.

Harry kisses his way down to her pubic hairs.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Harry, you started without me.

Harry kisses his way back to her face. They taste each others tongues.

LATER

Sarah sits in bed. Harry stands and faces the window.

HARRY

I don't know how to feel...
trust... is a stranger to me. I
want so much to be overwhelmed...
but I'm unsure and afraid.

Sarah gets out of bed and steps behind Harry.

SARAH

You think I'm any different? I
can't remember the last time I
cared.

HARRY

We're two sides of the same jaded
coin. Heads or tails a loser.

Sarah's hands reach for Harry, hesitate and withdraw.

SARAH

I refuse to accept that.

Harry turns.

HARRY

Sarah---

They fall into each others arms.

SARAH

Aren't we a match made in the crazy
house?

The door bursts open. A Nurse, TWO ORDERLIES and Dr. Doyle step in.

DR. DOYLE
Take her back to her room and get
her things together.

HARRY
Dr. Doyle, this is all my fault. I
snuck her in here.

DR. DOYLE
Harry, it's no use trying to
protect her. Not after that fiasco
in the rec-room today. Sarah, you
were warned, you're being released.

The two Orderlies stop at the bedside.

SARAH
But Dr. Doyle, I don't have
anywhere to go.

DR. DOYLE
You knew the rules well enough. Now
learn the consequences of breaking
every one of them.

The Orderlies escort Sarah to the door. Harry jumps up and
rushes to her.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
It's okay.

Dr. Doyle nods, they release her. Harry and Sarah hold each
other.

HARRY
(whispers)
Sarah, 746 north Lake Shore drive.
The doorman's name is Franklin,
tell him Harold Lloyd says to show
you to his ledge.

Harry kisses her.

SARAH
(whispers)
Remember behind home plate. Your
door will be unlocked, midnight,
shift change.

DR. DOYLE
That's enough.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT

Harry sits at the window. Dr. Kaplin sits on the bed.

DR. KAPLIN

Harry, the silent treatment isn't going to help things. If you want to get out of here we need to talk things out.

HARRY

What time is it?

DR. KAPLIN

Eleven fifty.

HARRY

I'll make you a deal. First, you let me use your cellphone to make sure Sarah got in okay. Then we can come back and talk all night.

DR. KAPLIN

Cell phones won't work in this part of the hospital.

HARRY

Sounds like a line of crap to me. I'm ready to talk and you're bullshitting me. You sure you're not a little jealous?

DR. KAPLIN

I'll tell you what Harry. What if we walk down to the rec-room. You can make the call on that phone.

HARRY

I could use the walk. It'll give me time to think up something sweet to say.

INT. HALLWAY (INSTITUTE) - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kaplin opens the door and Harry steps out.

Dr. Kaplin leads Harry past Scott, black patch over left eye. Scott mops the floor, dressed as a janitor, WHITE SOX CAP, reddish blue birth mark on his left cheek.

DR. KAPLIN
Good evening, Scott.

SCOTT
Any night above ground.

Dr. Kaplin leads Harry across the hall through an open door into the--

REC-ROOM

The room's only light comes from a TV.

DR. KAPLIN
Harry, the phone's over there. I'll leave you some privacy.

She points to a card table in front of a TV, with the local news playing on it.

DR. KAPLIN (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

HARRY
Thank you Dr. Kaplin.

DR. KAPLIN
All that time and you couldn't come up with something sweeter to say to me. Now I'm jealous.

Dr. Kaplin exits.

Harry looks on the table at his glasses. He puts them on and picks up the phone.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

A REPORTER in a long overcoat stands on the stairs, in front of a large building.

REPORTER (ON TV)
I'm standing outside the federal courts where the government's case against Vigo Tomasso has recessed for the day. He stands accused of money laundering, tax fraud and racketeering charges.

The doors open, VIGO TOMASSO, 65, sticks a stogy in his mouth as he steps down the stairs. Dressed in a wrinkled overcoat, six foot, three hundred pounds, cauliflower face.

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Mister Tomasso, will you answer a couple of questions?

He lights the cigar and answers with it in his mouth.

TOMASSO (ON TV)
Shoot.

A group of RAVENOUS REPORTERS and CAMERA OPERATORS surround him.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Are you a gangster Mr. Tomasso?

He pulls the stogy out of his mouth and straightens his tie.

TOMASSO (ON TV)
I'm just a hardworking stiff getting a little too big for his shoes as far as this government sees it.

REPORTER (ON TV)
What did you say to the government's allegations that you're using your union local's credit union as your own private piggy bank?

He jams the stogy back in his mouth.

TOMASSO (ON TV)
Prove it.

Tomasso gets to the curb, a short man in a fedora opens the rear door of a Cadillac.

TOMASSO (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Fucking freak show huh?

A TV cameraman's lens strikes the short man in the brim of his fedora. The hat falls to the ground, exposing Jojo Adelito, his few long hairs blow in the wind.

JOJO ADELITO (ON TV)
Cock suckers.

The tape freezes on Jojo's sneer.

BACK TO SCENE:

Harry stands frozen, phone in hand.

INT. CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A toilet FLUSHES in the background. Young Harry stands at the window, below deck, on the Fatal Err.

He lifts a 35mm camera to his eye, focuses the lens.

INSERT - CAMERA VIEW

Harold and Jojo's faces as they shake hands on the deck.

BACK TO SCENE:

Young Harry at the cabin window, snaps the picture.

INT. BASEMENT (ESTATE) (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

Young Harry topples down the steps, bathed in a red light. He crashes to the floor, photos rain down.

Black and white photographs hang to dry on lines crisscrossing the room above him. The plastic film container rolls out of his hand, across the floor and disappears under the wine rack.

INT. REC-ROOM (INSTITUTE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Harry sets the phone down slowly.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Two people, lit by the full moon, lie in the grass. Major Dutton trains night vision binoculars on the institute. FAY DIN (27) Asian, small, speaks into a cell phone.

FAY DIN

It's a go. Repeat. It's a go.

A garbage truck in the parking lot backs up to the Institute.

INT. HALLWAY (INSTITUTE) - CONTINUOUS

Harry runs down the hallway. Scott stands at an open door with a cart of cleaning gear.

Harry takes off for the door. Scott jumps back. Harry passes into the--

STAIRWELL

Harry races down the steps. The WHINE and HISS of the garbage truck grows louder.

HARRY
Smells like freedom.

The lights flicker.

HARRY (CONT'D)
They miss me already.

Harry runs out into the night.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Harry crosses a baseball field and goes around the back stop.

SARAH (O.S.)
Harry, over here.

Sarah holds open a cut section of fence. A small bolt cutter at her feet.

Harry crawls through and straightens up. They embrace.

HARRY
What are---

Sarah kisses him.

SARAH
I missed you.

Voices in the background.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Let's split up along the fence
line.

SARAH

You go on. I'll lead them away. See
you at your condo.

She shoves him into the--

WOODS

Harry runs, to the sounds of crushing leaves.

Harry's silently airborne followed by THUD and the RUSTLING
of leaves.

Harry tumbles head over heels down a hill.

INT. DURANGO (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Front seat, CHRIS SMITH (25) tall, hockey player haircut,
football jersey, plastic brace over right knee, points.
ARISHA SMITH (23) blond, five six, cheerleader uniform, chews
gum.

CHRIS

Check it out.

ARISHA

Oh my god.

Harry tumbles down the hill, hits the asphalt, and BANGS into
the bumper.

CHRIS

He fucking hit my truck man.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Harry's sprawled out, stares under the front end of a parked
Durango.

Harry COUGHS, sits up and rests his chin on the front bumper.

Tires SQUEAL, the bumper slides from under Harry's chin.

The car SKIDS backwards to a stop. First out Chris.

CHRIS

Dude, what's your story?

He hobbles over to his front bumper. Arisha steps up.

ARISHA
Looks like he escaped from a
pajama party.

CHRIS
I think he's one of those crazies
from the Bates Motel. Give me a
hand.

The girl steps under his arm and helps him.

ARISHA
Hey are you okay?

CHRIS
Hey retard, what the fuck were you
thinking?

A dark Jeep Cherokee SKIDS into the parking lot at the other
end. Harry takes off for the idling Durango.

The Jeep SCREECHES to a halt, two SECURITY MEN inside.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Not my car, man.

Harry jumps behind the wheel and floors the Durango in
reverse, SLAMMING the Jeeps grill.

The Jeep spews steamy coolant onto the asphalt. Harry 180's
the Durango and races away.

Arisha rips off her wig, now with short brown hair and an
Australian accent.

ARISHA
I feel smarter already.

The Chris yanks off his wig to expose, a short brown military
hair cut. He speaks with an Australian accent.

CHRIS
I don't know how you can be any
smarter.

Both Security men get out, unbutton their shirts and remove
neck braces. Chris talks on a cellphone.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Major Dutton, cellphone to his ear.

MAJOR DUTTON
(into cellphone)
The both of you get some rest,
tomorrow's a marathon.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY (FANTASY)

Streaks of sunlight filter through a drawn sheer curtain.
Dust particles settle on the nude body of DETECTIVE
LIEUTENANT CASEY VELMA (27) chesty, blond, female, kneels on
a sofa bed.

CASEY
Oh God please, oh God you're so
big!

NICK (O.S.)
Casey.

LIZ (O.S.)
Who's this Casey?

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY (FANTASY ENDS)

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT NICK GIAMATI (36) alone, out of shape,
naked from the waist up, on the sofa bed, eyes closed, wide
grin, arms straight up.

Nick's head jerks, eyes search, hands drop.

LIZ
Remember us?

LIZ GIAMATI (27) stands over him, angry, beautiful, thin
brunette, white tee shirt, freshly stained at the shoulder
with baby spit up. Liz waves, ROSIE'S (infant) arm at him.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Wave bye-bye asshole, and don't
forget my child support.

Nick rubs his eyes.

LIZ (CONT'D)
This morning was your turn to take
care of Rosie. Want to tell her
about Casey?

Nick's hands part, he looks up at Liz.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 She's called here three times.
 Remember the rules, zero tolerance.
 I want you out of here, now.

NICK
 She's the Captain's assistant and
 hey, remember, you're no saint
 either.

Liz reaches down and lifts a fifty gallon black trash bag.
 She swings it over and drops in onto his feet.

LIZ
 Here's your clothes. I want you the
 fuck out of here.

She wings a disposable diaper into his face.

Nick snatches it away. A smear of green shit, on the tip of
 his nose.

NICK
 I hate cream of peas.

LIZ
 Get your ass out of my house. Is
 that clear enough?

NICK
 I guess it's as clear as the shit
 on my face.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE (MOVING) - DAY

Seated in the back, Harold in a three piece suit, newspaper
 in his face. The Chicago Tribunal early edition headlines:
 UNION FUND LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED

He lowers the paper, smiles and slaps it on Jojo's lap.

Jojo pokes a ball point pen, under his hairpiece. As he
 scratches the pen leaves ink marks on his forehead.

JOJO
 Why do I gotta wear this fuckin'
 thing?

HAROLD
 Perception. You're going to be the
 president of the union.
 (MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 You've got to look the part.
 Consider that your laurel.

JOJO
 I don't know no laurel. All I know
 is no matter how much I fuckin'
 itch it.. it won't stop scratchin'.

Jojo pulls off the wig and scratches over ink lines on his head. Harold pulls a tissue out.

HAROLD
 You have ink all over your head.
 Here. Take these tissues and use
 the vanity mirror.

Harold throws the tissue in Jojo's chest.

JOJO
 Fuckin' rug. I'll wait till I'm
 president.

Harold taps his ring against the window.

HAROLD
 Let's go over the assignments---

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dutton tails Harold's Rolls Royce. He listens in on Harold and Jojo's conversation over the speaker phone.

JOJO'S VOICE
 My guys are already on her.

HAROLD'S VOICE
 What are you writing?

JOJO'S VOICE
 I think I got fuckin' alheimers but
 I don't remember to ask my doc...
 Don't sweat it, I'll eat it when
 I'm done.

HAROLD'S VOICE
 What if you forget?

JOJO'S VOICE
 I'll write that--- here.

HAROLD'S VOICE
 I'll take that.

JOJO'S VOICE
You lookin' for your name?

HAROLD'S VOICE
You're hungry, right?

JOJO'S VOICE
Sure Mr. Townsend.

Major Dutton shakes his head and smiles.

HAROLD'S VOICE
When you take care of business at
the China Spa... Make sure you
don't damage the straight jacket.
It cost me two thousand dollars.

Major Dutton makes a U-turn.

INT. TOMASSO'S OFFICE - MORNING

A wood paneled room with oak desk. Mounted on the wall, a circular emblem with local #999 carved into it. Behind the desk, Vigo Tomasso chomps a lit stogy, wearing an outdated wrinkled brown suit without tie.

Jojo comes up to the desk.

Vigo picks up a newspaper, steps around the desk and up to Jojo.

TOMASSO
Chooch, where you been?

JOJO
Doing laps at the club.

Vigo blows smoke in Jojo's face. Jojo wrinkles his nose.

TOMASSO
I'm being reeled in and you're
still swimming. Must be dumb luck,
huh stunod?

Tomasso opens the newspaper and sticks it under Jojo's nose.

Jojo looks down at the newspaper headline: UNION FUND
LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED

JOJO
They ain't got shit.

TOMASSO
Where is that fucking rat Zito?

JOJO
On ice with the chinks.

TOMASSO
Give them a call, tell them to thaw him out. Head down there and get that fucking rat to talk.

Vigo throws the paper in Jojo's face.

TOMASSO (CONT'D)
Then wrap his balls in this newspaper. Now get the fuck out of my sight, jag-off.

INT. CHINA SPA - DAY

An ice-water-filled Jacuzzi occupied by JOEY "THE BOD" ZITO, aka. "BAG OF DONUTS", short, fat, middle aged, in a straight jacket. The spigot drips on his forehead.

Seated, FAT BOY TONY (25) a 350 pound Chinese man, ponytail, nylon warm up suit.

Enter TOMMY DEE (29) thin six foot Chinese man, jeans, floral print shirt, cowboy boots scrape across the tiled floor.

A bag of ice in each hand.

TOMMY DEE
Don't get up, I got it.

FAT BOY TONY
You see me moving?

Tommy Dee clicks open a switch blade and slashes the bags.

TOMMY DEE
Keep it up and you'll be in the fucking paper tomorrow.

The RING of a cell phone. Fat Boy flips open a cell phone.

Fat Boy's mouth forms the words fuck you.

Tommy Dee empties the bags into the tub and looks at Fat Boy.

TOMMY DEE (CONT'D)
Talk to me asshole.

FAT BOY TONY
The man says to thaw him out.

TOMMY DEE
What the fuck is your problem?

FAT BOY TONY
You told me not another fucking word.

TOMMY DEE
How much time do we have?

FAT BOY TONY
He's on his way over.

INT. SPA - MINUTES LATER

A tanning booth, steam rises from the lid. Tommy Dee and Fat Boy stand and look in. Tommy slams the lid.

TOMMY DEE
This is all your fucking fault. I told you to keep an eye---

BOOM! Fat Boy Tony's head explodes against the wall.

TOMMY DEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Adelito, I can---

BOOM! Tommy Dee's eye splatters. Both men sit together.

Jojo lifts the bed lid.

JOJO
Your member---

The bed is empty.

INT. 15TH DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The small room is lit by a shaft of sunshine burning through a tear in the shade. Nick lies on a small couch, shag rug pulled over his shoulders.

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT MIKE BRENNAN (40's) brown hair, tall, black suit, steps in and shuts the door.

MIKE
Time to rise and shine.

He steps to the window, pulls the shade. It slips out of his fingers. WHOOSHES up, jumps its mounts and drops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Damn.

Mike bends, BANGS his knees into the ledge. He lands on his ass, the lamp shade bounces off his head and into his lap.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

Nick sits up, shag rug draped across his shoulders.

NICK

Welcome to my kingdom.

MIKE

The queen threw you out again?

NICK

She threw me out period.

MIKE

The queen's got balls.

NICK

I'm the better man.

MIKE

You can stay at my place.

NICK

And leave all this?

Mike sits down on the ledge and massages his knee.

The door open, Lieutenant Casey Velma, dark pants suit, white shirt, steps over to the couch.

CASEY

The Captain's looking for you
two... This place smells like you
look.

NICK

To me it smells like home.

MIKE

Keep him off that ledge. I'll check
with the Captain.

Mike limps out, Casey sits.

NICK
Liz tossed me.

CASEY
I'm two months late.

NICK
And baby makes three. Hand me my
suit, will you please?

She steps over to his suit, lifts it and turns.

NICK (CONT'D)
If you end up pregnant I'll pay for
the procedure.

She hangs it back up and opens the window.

CASEY
I'm Catholic. And fuck you for
saying procedure. You know they got
procedures for men?

She leans towards him.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You want to end a life. The
window's open.

She steps to the door.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Get some fresh air, clear your
head, get dressed, and get into the
Captain's office. You're going to
need this job to support your
children.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Metal desk, two chairs in front. Behind it, CAPTAIN WOOLRIDGE
(52) African-American, muscular, baritone voice, clean shaven
face and head, file in hand. Mike takes a seat. Capt.
Woolridge stares down.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
Did you forget something?

Mike stands, steps outside the door.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MIKE
Lieutenant Brennan, sir.

Capt. Woolridge waves him in, sets the file down, and looks up.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
Have you seen your partner?

MIKE
I found him sleeping on the dog house couch.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
That would explain the loud phone conversation I had with a screaming baby.

MIKE
Does she miss him already?

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
She even told me to fuck off.

They both LAUGH.

Nick enters, both men fall silent.

NICK
I know I smell like shit, but do I look that pathetic?

Mike nods as Capt. Woolridge clears his throat and picks up the file.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
I have an assignment for you two.

The Captain passes the file to Nick. Paper clipped to the top is a photo of Harry.

MIKE
With those glasses Harry looks like that English whiz kid that goes around with a broomstick stuck up his ass.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
The names Townsend, not Potter.

NICK

His father's Harold Townsend. Owner
and CEO of the York Worldwide
Publishing and Telecommunications.
He also owns the Tribunal.

MIKE

Where does York come in?

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE

York, was the wife, her late
father's corporation.

NICK

His mother Dr. Gwendolyn York
Townsend, fell overboard and
drowned, bad weather. I was
assigned as a subordinate in the
case. I talked to Harry, and his
father, once.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM (ESTATE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Young Harry sits on the bed, red mark on his forehead, jaw
black and blue. His father sits next to him. Nick Giamatti
sits in a chair. TERRENCE PEARL, middle aged, greasy hair,
thin mustache, cheap suit, gaudy jewelry, loud tie in a
Windsor knot, smiles constantly.

TERRENCE PEARL

As the families attorney,
considering the state of affairs, I
must insist you keep this to only a
few questions.

NICK

I agree. First of all let me say
I'm sorry for your loss.

HAROLD

I don't see why this couldn't wait.
Hasn't my son been through enough
for one day? We need to get past
this.

HARRY

I don't mind talking about it,
really. He's the one that wants to
move on.

Harold puts his hand on Harry's shoulder and squeezes.

HAROLD

I'm afraid my son has decided to put all the blame on me. Son, we'll work this out together.

HARRY

That's bullshit. He never even talks to me. He never cared about me or my mother.

Harry jumps up. His father grabs him. He shoves his father on the bed.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's all his fault. He insisted on going out that day.

Harold calls through a closed door.

HAROLD

Dr. Doyle, will you please see to this?

Two men enter. Dr. Doyle, and a muscular ORDERLY, that grabs hold of Harry.

Harry leans in Nick's face.

HARRY

He told me three degrees north. The water's deeper there. He never denied it.

The Orderly wrestles Harry back to the bed. Dr. Doyle injects a syringe into Harry's arm.

DR. DOYLE

I'm afraid the boy is suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

Mr. Pearl steps in front of Nick and touches his shoulder.

TERRENCE PEARL

Detective, I must insist you leave this room. Can't you see, the boy's coming unglued?

Nick stands in Pearl's face. Pearl's smile fades.

NICK

If you don't take your hand off me
you're going to get a dose of post-
traumatic disorder.

Pearl steps back and chuckles. Pearl's beeper on his belt
signals, he checks it, his smile reappears.

TERRENCE PEARL

Alright.

(Beat)

There's someone outside, who would
like to speak with you.

Nick pushes his way around him.

NICK

Harry, those bruise's.. how did you
get them?

Harry becomes sedate, they lay him back. Harold sits next to
him, placing his hand on Harry's head.

HAROLD

Allow me to answer that, detective.
I had to physically restrain him.
He was about to dive in and drown
with his mother. I stopped him. He
banged his head on the rail. Are
you satisfied?

Harry slurs his words, eyelids half open.

HARRY

Send me... some.. place.. no one
hears me---

Pearl backs up to the wall, then smiles. As Nick passes he
leans towards Pearl.

NICK

What used car lot did they dig you
out from under?

HALLWAY

Nick exits the door and steps up to--

COMMANDER WALLACE (51) six-five, slightly rounded, in a
smart, three piece pinstripe suit, stands against the wall,
sucking a tooth pick in his mouth.

NICK
Commander---

Wallace removes the tooth pick, puts his finger to Nick's lips, shushing Nick. Then points the tip of the tooth pick at Nick.

WALLACE
I make the points around here.

Wallace puts the toothpick into his mouth, puts his arm around Nick's shoulder and walks him.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
I left orders for you. You were supposed to make sure no one disturbs Mr. Townsend. I take my time, stop for a snoot to get my blood flowing. Then I get disturbed by a call. They tell me you're in there disturbing them, in their time of grief. Fuckin' hot-shot guinea.

Wallace and Nick stop at the door. Wallace opens it.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Get along little doggy.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Captain Woolridge shakes his head.

NICK
They had me alone, on perv-patrol, for a year and a half.

MIKE
I remember now, the heiress. One of the crewmen jumped in after her. A lifeguard at Rainbow Beach found her a couple of days later.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE
What was left of the crewman washed up on the break wall off Olive Park a few days after.

NICK
The whole front side of his face, his hands along with his chest cavity, all gone.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

The coroner's report, had a motorboat's propeller as the possible culprit.

MIKE

How did they ID him?

NICK

Funny thing, his wallet was waterproof.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE

Nothing funny about his face.

MIKE

Where does the kid fit in?

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE

Seems the kid still has problems. Go figure. He had to go away. A place downstate, the Bates Perkins Institute. He escaped last night.

MIKE

What's all this got to do with us?

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE

I'd like you two to find Harry. You two hit a home run with that equestrian club murder case. I'm looking for back-to-backers.

MIKE

Sherlock, here came up with the evidence on that one. He wouldn't even let me in on it.

Nick laughs to himself.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE

Come on smart guy, enlighten us.

NICK

Got an assignment while on perv-patrol. Seven years ago. Seems some homeless guy was sneaking into the equestrian club's stable to sleep.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A gray mare stands on hay, in a wooden pen. Her breath turns to smoke and dissipates in the sub-zero air.

LESTER PIGGYBACK (51) dirty parka, hood up, crawls out from behind a stack of hay bales.

LESTER
It's me Ms. Bickle.

He steps up to the horse and strokes her nose.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Got some apricot schnapps for you.

He pets her nose as he pours a bottle into a feed bag.

INT. CAPTAINS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Mike and Captain Woolridge sit silent.

NICK
He use to add the apricot schnapps to her oats. To get her in the mood.

CAPTAIN WOOLRIDGE
Are you saying he had sexual relations with the horse?

NICK
Not with me watching.

Everyone cracks up.

CAPTAIN WOOLRIDGE
What does this have to do with the murder case?

NICK
I let Lester go that night. It seems he worked there. For five bucks a day he'd clean all the stalls, and spend it sharing his apricot schnapps with Ms. Bickle.

CAPTAIN WOOLRIDGE
What about the case?

NICK
Six months ago, Mike and I go to the stable to investigate an accidental homicide.

EXT. LAKE FRONT EQUESTRIAN CLUB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An unmarked squad car parks next to a Cook County Coroner's van. In front of the wooden stable, outside a wide open set of double doors.

NICK (V.O.)
Who do I see as we get out of the car. None other than Lester. And he's waving me over.

Nick and Mike get out and stop at the doors.

NICK (CONT'D)
Mike, you go in. I see someone I need to talk to.

Nick walks towards Lester and follows him to a--

PARKING LOT

next to a parked, station wagon.

NICK (V.O.)
Lester begins to describe to me a scene he witnessed last night.

INT. STABLE - LAST NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

The double doors swing in. MR. TRAVIS (48) tall, burly and MRS. TRAVIS (45) short, thin, step in.

MR. TRAVIS
Go on in and see how she's doing.

MRS. TRAVIS
The poor dear.

Mr. Travis wraps his arm around his wife.

MR. TRAVIS
I forgot something in the car. I'll be right back. Go ahead, comfort her, say your good-byes.

MRS. TRAVIS
Samantha will be devastated when she gets back from school for the holidays.

Mr. Travis speaks as he walks out.

MR. TRAVIS
I'll get her another one. Go on,
she's all alone. The Vet won't be
here for a while.

Mrs. Travis open the gate and enters--

MS. BICKLE'S PEN

A step ladder lies on its side in the hay. She steps up to the old sagging horse, feed bag over the horse's mouth.

She removes the bag and raises it to her nose. She extends her hands, wrinkles her nose and sets the bag down.

Mr. Travis enters with a long nylon sports bag, turns his back to Mrs. Travis and sets it on the floor. He kneels between her and the bag and unzips it.

MRS. TRAVIS
Something strange is going on here.

MR. TRAVIS
What's that?

Mr. Travis stands, gripping a horse's amputated front leg. He raises it over his head. Horse blood drips from the leg, on his forehead as he approaches his wife.

She turns.

MRS. TRAVIS
Apricot Schnapps---

He lowers the boom. CRUNCH! The hoof, strikes her above the forehead, blood sprays out as she drops to the ground. Then she receives a volley of savage WHACKS to the skull.

PARKING LOT - (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

Nick stands at the open back door of the station wagon as Lester climbs out and hands him the nylon sports bag.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK ENDS)

Captain Woolridge, Mike and Nick sit.

NICK.

I've never told anyone about
Lester. I said I discovered the
evidence, in the dumpster. In the
papers called it, Sherlock and The
Fetlock Out of Wedlock.

Mike tries to get up and falls back to his chair.

MIKE

They may have to shoot me. I racked
my knee pretty good, on that ledge.

Casey steps in with paperwork.

CASEY

Here's the report on the Tomlin
case Captain.

CAPT. WOOLRIDGE

Nick, how do you feel about being
partners with lieutenant Velma?

Casey, Mike and Woolridge all look at Nick.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - LATER

Nick and Casey sit parked in front of a brick ranch.

CASEY

What's the big mystery that brings
us here?

NICK

I left in such a hurry, I---

He scratches his eyebrows and head.

CASEY

You forgot your gun. You men always
forget something. And you do it---

NICK

On purpose. Yes, we like to stake
our flag. But it has to be
something we can't live without.

CASEY

You guys got more nerve than
brains.

NICK
You forget your underwear every
time we go to the movies.

CASEY
At your request.

NICK
I guess you've proved your point
about us forgetting on purpose. Now
cover me. I'm going in unarmed.

Nick exits, walks to the door and rings the bell. The door
swings open. Liz stalks out with Rosie in one arm. Liz points
a black gun at Nick.

Nick raises his hands and backs away. Casey exits the car,
hand on holster.

NICK.
It's okay!

Liz pulls the trigger, water squirts Nick in the face. Casey
takes a deep breath and drops her arms.

LIZ
Here, you say good-bye.

She hands Nick the baby and the water gun.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'll say hello.

She turns, walks up to Casey, and smiles.

Casey leans back against the car with a half smile. Liz
points a Beretta 9mm at Casey's chest.

LIZ (CONT'D)
My condolences.

Nick runs up with the baby.

NICK
Liz, I had the baby and I DNA
tested. So put down the gun and
drop the, I'm a woman-who-cares
routine.

Liz turns and trades Rosie for the Beretta.

NICK (CONT'D)
Liz, don't believe for a second
just because Rosie's not my
biological daughter that I don't
love her with all my heart.

Nick kisses Rosie. Then kisses Liz.

NICK (CONT'D)
You two will always be my girls.

Liz looks at Casey.

LIZ
Sorry. We were finished long before
you came along.

Liz looks at Nick.

LIZ (CONT'D)
She's a pretty cool customer. I'm
impressed.

Liz walks away.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - DAY

CHARLES the butler opens the front door.

Nick and Casey enter.

CHARLES
Right this way officers.

CASEY
(whispers to Nick)
Be sure to keep your cool.

Charles leads Casey and Nick to the--

LIBRARY

Wall to wall book shelves and antique furniture. He leads
them to a couch. They sit.

CHARLES
May I offer you something?

NICK/CASEY
No thanks.

Harold steps in.

HAROLD
Welcome officers, I'm Harold
Townsend.

Harold and Nick shake hands.

NICK
Actually sir, we met eight years
ago, lieutenant Nick Giamatti.

HAROLD
Then you're already aware of my
son's nature. I'm afraid he's never
fully recovered from his mother's
death.

NICK
I'm sorry to hear that. This is my
partner.

Harold and Casey shake hands.

CASEY
Lieutenant Casey Velma.

HAROLD
It's good to see the department is
promoting with an equal rights
agenda in mind.

CASEY
I can still cook a mean goose.

Harold sits in the wing back chair, faces Nick only.

NICK
If it's alright with you sir we'd
like to get down to business.

HAROLD
I like a man that's all business.
He generally gets things done.

NICK
We have a few questions for you.

Harold clears his throat loudly.

HAROLD
That will be all Charles.

CHARLES

Yes sir.

Charles leaves.

HAROLD

I understand lieutenant, go on.

CASEY

Perhaps you could enlighten us on the chain of events that led to your son's latest suicide attempt.

Harold continues to face Nick only.

HAROLD

It started with a difference of opinion with my son at his condo. On my side was an offer to get him the help he needed. The rest happened so quickly---

Harold pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his eyes.

NICK

I understand how difficult this must be for you sir.

HAROLD

He struck me with his fist and ran into the bathroom and locked the door. When I heard glass break inside, I knew he would do something desperate.

Harold lowers his face and rubs his forehead.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I made a call to a private service I had used before. Then ran to the basement to collect some tools. When I returned, the bathroom was silent. I called through the door but got no response. So I went to work on the lock. When I got inside he was on the floor bleeding from both wrists.

Harold cradles his face in his hands.

CASEY

Excuse me sir... but.. when you said, "used before"..

(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
am I to gather there have been
prior incidents?

HAROLD
I'm afraid my son has done this
very deed twice in the last three
years.

CASEY
Was your son institutionalized both
times prior?

HAROLD
Of course. My son gets the best
care this planet can offer.

CASEY
Both times at the Bates Perkins
Institute?

HAROLD
Why yes... wait... I'm not sure.
You'll have to excuse me my nerves
are shot.

CASEY
Do you know of any friends or
acquaintance's of his. People he
may try to get in touch with.

Harold squirms, clears his throat and leans towards Nick.

HAROLD
I'm afraid my son and I haven't
been, shall we say confidants. I
must confess to not knowing very
much about his friends. I'm a very
busy man.

CASEY
Your only son has attempted suicide
three times and you still don't
know him well.

Harold stands, face red and stares for the first time at
Casey.

HAROLD
Miss, I don't care for your tone.

Casey stands, hands on hips.

CASEY
It's lieutenant, Mister Townsend.

Nick stands between Casey and Harold.

NICK
Sir I think we've put you out
enough for today.

HAROLD
Yes lieutenant.

NICK
Would you be kind enough to have
someone let us in to your son's
condo? We may be able to find
something there to give us a hint
as to your son's whereabouts.

Harold nods.

HAROLD
Why certainly lieutenant. I'll have
a man over there in a couple of
hours to open the place for you.

Harold backs away.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Now if you will excuse me. Charles
will be in momentarily to show you
out.

INT. MILLENNIUM PARK BENCH - DAY

Nick and Casey sit. Over their shoulders, "The Crown
Fountain; where a crowd of all ages become children playing
as water collects in a shallow reflecting pool.

Water cascades at each end over a fifty-foot glass block
tower. Where LED screens, project opposing video images of a
boy and a girl's face. Each with one eye distorted behind a
round magnifying glass.

Nick turns, smiles and points at the images.

NICK
Look they're playing our game.

Casey looks and smiles.

CASEY
What did you think of Mr.
Townsend's charade?

NICK

I've walked in at three in the morning with lipstick on my collar and been more convincing.

Nick looks at his watch, stands, takes Casey's hand and pulls her up.

NICK (CONT'D)

Let's think on our feet.

They walk down Michigan Avenue.

CASEY

Did you get a good feel of his hands? He wouldn't know what tools to use or how to use them if he did.

NICK

My son and I haven't been exactly confidants. What the hell was that? There about as close as the Sun and Pluto.

CASEY

Did you notice he never looked at me until I got his goat?

NICK

The kid is definitely the way to get to this goat. The veneer definitely cracked.

INT. NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES - MORNING

Harry in a red hooded sweatshirt, baggy khakis, John Deere cap, bowling shoe rentals, sits in a cubicle and stares at five mug shots under a headline: UNION OFFICIALS WITH KNOWN MOB TIES.

HARRY

What a bunch of apes.

Harry collects two copies, folds them and clears the page.

EXT. 746 N. LAKE SHORE DRIVE BUILDING - DAY

Harry steps up to Franklin at the front door with his hood up and sunglasses.

HARRY
Been out on the ledge lately?

FRANKLIN
Har---

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY
Shhh!

FRANKLIN
Sure. Mister Lloyd.
(Whispers)
Sarah's a doll my friend.

HARRY
Thanks. Is she upstairs?

FRANKLIN
Naw, she left hours ago. She'll
meet you at Marshall Fields, State
street, the cosmetics counter, ten
o'clock. Ask for Mia.

HARRY
I need to get something upstairs.

FRANKLIN
Not yet. Two detectives went up
there thirty minutes ago.

HARRY
I'll watch from across the street.
When they come out you pat your
chest.

Franklin pats his chest.

FRANKLIN
Man, that's them, there.

Chris and Arisha step out the door, into a crowd on the
sidewalk and walk off.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Did you get a good look at them?

HARRY
They looked familiar.

FRANKLIN

Man, they didn't seem like
detectives. Detectives ask
questions. They just introduced
themselves and went up. If you ask--

HARRY

Lend me your passkey.

Franklin drops the key into Harry's hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You watch too many movies.

FRANKLIN

You're the one serving the popcorn.

Nick pats his back and walks in.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harry steps up to his door and drops the key. He bends down,
hits his head on the doorknob, the door opens.

HARRY

That's a bit sloppy for
professionals.

He steps into the--

FRONT ROOM

Everything from the shelves has been thrown on the floor.

HARRY

Where did they get they're training
at the "Cat In The Hat" Police
Academy?

Harry steps into the--

BEDROOM

The contents of the drawers are strewn onto the floor.

HARRY

Why am I not surprised?

Harry rummages through the pile.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I was taught that slobs rarely find
what they're looking for.

Harry pulls out an old sneaker, tears the bottom pad out and holds a red key up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Words to live by.

EXT. 746 N. LAKE SHORE DRIVE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Casey step up to Franklin and show their badges.

NICK
I'm detective Giamati and this is
my partner lieutenant Velma. We're
here to see---

FRANKLIN
You missed the other two detectives
they've already been here and gone.

NICK
Other two?

FRANKLIN
Sure, a man and a lady team like
yourselves. I let them in. They
weren't here long. If you--

CASEY
Can you describe them?

Franklin notices Harry exit the elevator. Quickly, he points across the street.

FRANKLIN
That looks like them over there.

Casey and Nick look across the street.

Harry picks up an empty coffee cup from the sidewalk. He drops the key in, crumples the cup and drops it at the door.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Oh wait, no that's not even close.
Sorry. Yeah they came said they
were detectives I let them in.

NICK
What were their names?

FRANKLIN

Detective Smith was the guy. The lady's name was Wesson. They showed me their badges and everything. But if you ask me I--

CASEY

Smith and Wesson, didn't you think that was a little suspicious?

FRANKLIN

Hey, you don't argue with---

Nick grabs Franklin by the coat and leans in.

NICK

I've shot people.

Franklin leads Casey and Nick to the door, picks up the coffee cup.

FRANKLIN

If I had a gun, I'd shoot litterers.

INT. MARSHALL FIELDS - DAY

A busy cosmetics counter. Harry stops and looks around. MIA (21) a cute, perky, sales associate steps behind him.

MIA

You look out of whack here, dressed like that. Can I help you?

HARRY

Where can I find Sarah Spencer?

MIA

You're early.

HARRY

Is she here?

MIA

I'll go and get her.

A MALE SALES ASSOCIATE sprays an atomized mist on Harry's back.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE

That's better.

Harry turns to face him.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)
Here, take this and go before
security gets here.

The Male Sales Associate offers Harry a five dollar bill.

HARRY
No, I'm just---

Harry takes the five.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Bless you.

The Male Sales Associate sprays the atomizer onto Harry's chest.

MIA (O.S.)
This is him.

Mia leads Sarah over.

SARAH
Harry.

Sarah leaps into his arms. They kiss passionately.

Mia and the Male Sales Associate smile at each other.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE
This stuff really works.

He sprays it on himself.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Franklin unlocks the condo for Casey and Nick.

NICK
Thank you, Franklin. Would you mind
coming in and answering a few
questions for us?

FRANKLIN
I gotta get back to my post. I
could lose my job.

Nick disappears through the door.

CASEY

Franklin, in order to help Harry we
need someone who knows him. We
spoke to his father---

FRANKLIN

That's a laugh.

Nick's voice carries into the Hallway.

NICK (O.S.)

I think the both of you should come
in here.

Franklin and Casey step into the

FRONT ROOM

Nick stands in the midst of the mess.

FRANKLIN

(whispers)

Fucking litterers.

NICK

No better way to get to know
someone than to remove their
drawers.

Franklin's diction becomes more ghetto.

FRANKLIN

Shit, I might as well stay and talk
now.

CASEY

Is there anything you can tell us
to explain why someone would do a
thing like this?

FRANKLIN

Only that this is the kind of thing
that happens in the old movies
Harry and I watch. Hitchcock and
Howard Hawks.

NICK

Not a bad choice. Are you
suggesting this is a case of life
imitating art?

FRANKLIN

No, just that I always tell Harry a person's movie selections are like his outlook in life.

CASEY

What's Harry's?

FRANKLIN

With Harry, it's strictly black and white. I probably shouldn't be telling you any of this.

NICK

Franklin, I think me, you and Harry have a lot in common. I'm going to step out of my gumshoes and speak black and white.

Nick whips his badge out and flips it to Casey.

NICK (CONT'D)

Casey, would you mind?

Casey nods and walks out.

NICK (CONT'D)

Franklin, I think something stinks and my nose is leading me to Harry's father. I think you smell it too. I had a chance eight years ago to help Harry. I blew it, and Harry's suffered for it. I think time is running out for Harry. Are you going to blow it this time?

FRANKLIN

Harry... was here. You just missed him.

Casey steps in carrying a bra and panties.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Sarah.

NICK

I knew something was missing. There's always a dame in those movies. Besides the dead ones that is.

CASEY

You been stalling us, haven't you?

FRANKLIN
She's good. Hold onto this partner.

NICK
I agree. When did Sarah come in the picture?

FRANKLIN
Harry met her at the Institute.

NICK
What did you think of Sarah?

FRANKLIN
She's unbelievable.

NICK
Too good too be true?

FRANKLIN
I mean damn, Harry don't know shit about women--

NICK
Yet he comes up with this knockout. Too good too be true is usually a con.

Franklin leans back against the wall and rubs his head with both hands.

FRANKLIN
Shit! I shoulda' known. I shoulda' seen it. Damn!

NICK
Franklin time's up.

EXT. BOTTOMLESS HOLE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A donut shop across and under the elevated train line. A line of train cars RUMBLES overhead. Fay Din sits on a red Moped, down the street, helmet hung on the handle bars.

INT. THE BOTTOMLESS HOLE - DAY

The stacked coffee cups RATTLE and the coffee machine's drip HISSES on the warmer plate.

Sarah and Harry sit and hold hands at the counter with coffee.

SARAH
What were they looking for?

HARRY
The same thing I am. Only they want
to destroy it. I want to use it.

SARAH
Did they find it?

HARRY
No. Do you have somewhere else to
stay?

SARAH
I can stay with Mia.

HARRY
Sarah, I've figured out what my
mother was trying to tell me in my
dreams. I can prove---

She puts her hand over his mouth.

SARAH
I don't want to know. I'm the one
that needs to tell you---

HARRY
Why don't we both leave any
surprises till this is over. Do me
a favor---

Harry's lips move, a train RUMBLES overhead, drowning out his
voice.

Two big HENCHMEN step into the Donut Shop.

SARAH
Harry the police are here.

Henchmen #1 salt and pepper hair slicked back, tall, thin,
Italian accent. Henchmen #2 dark hair combed forward, tall,
muscular, soul patch, chews gum. Both stop behind Harry.

HARRY
They're not police. Not with Gucci
loafers.

HENCHMEN #1
Harry, don't cause trouble. Tell
her everything's copacetic, okay?

HARRY
Sarah, go to Mia's, I'll talk to
you later.

Henchmen #2 holds the door open. Henchmen #1 leads Harry out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Henchmen #1's tightens his grip and pulls Harry to him.

HENCHMEN #1
Kid, I just got these shoes. Don't
make me run in them. You got a nice
girl there.. why give her
nightmares.

Henchmen #2 opens the rear door of a Lincoln. Henchman #1
stuffs Harry in.

INT. MARSHALL FIELDS - DAY

Nick and Casey step up to Mia, at the cosmetics counter.

MIA
Can I help you with something for
the lady or the gentlemen?

NICK
I'm detective Giamati... this is my
partner detective Velma. We're
looking for a Sarah Foster.

EXT. MARSHALL FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

Sarah enters the--

REVOLVING DOOR

A pistol presses against her back. Jojo's behind it.

JOJO
Let's take a spin.

Sarah and Jojo spin passed the

COSMETIC COUNTER - SARAH'S POV

Casey and Nick's backs. Mia shakes her head.

MIA
There's no one by that name around
here.

BACK TO SCENE:

COSMETICS COUNTER

Nick slides a snapshot of Harry on the counter.

NICK
Have you seen this man?

Mia looks down. The Male Sales Associate steps next to Mia.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE
She called him Harry. They went to
the Bottomless Hole. It's a donut
shop around the corner. I guess I
don't need to tell you---

NICK
I don't eat donuts.

Nick scoops up the photo.

CASEY
Thanks.

They exit.

INT. LINCOLN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Henchmen #2 drives. Henchman #1 sits shotgun.

HARRY
So do you guys work for Tomasso?

HENCHMEN #1
Harry, we don't answer questions.
We get answers.

HARRY
Then he got my email about my
father and Adelito's deal.

The car stops hard at a red light.

The car keys tap against the steering column. Henchmen #2 tightens his grip on the wheel, furrows his eyebrows and glares into the rearview.

HENCHMEN #1
Just sit back and enjoy the sights.

HARRY
Fuckin' rats huh?

A car behind honks. The light is green.

The car jerks forward.

HARRY (CONT'D)
How the hell did you find me so---

Henchmen #1 aims a 9mm over the seat at Harry.

HENCHMEN #1
Harry, shut..

The car SCREECHES to a halt. Henchmen #1's lashes back,
FIRES.

HENCHMEN #1 (CONT'D)
..fuck!

Harry ducks.

HENCHMEN #1 (CONT'D)
Not this fucking time.

Henchmen #1 comes forward, a black jack CRACKS his skull.

His 9mm falls over the seat. Harry retrieves the gun.

HENCHMEN #2
I'll take that slick.

A pistol's pressed against the back of Harry's head.

A BICYCLE COP in helmet SKIDS up to the open driver side window.

Henchmen #2 removes the gun from Harry's head. The Bicycle Cop draws his weapon.

BICYCLE COP
Put the gun down.

HENCHMEN #2
Sure officer.

Both FIRE.

A bullet rips into the Cop's neck.

Henchmen #2 falls back.

HARRY
Fucking shit.

Harry tries the door handle, a voice comes from behind.

HENCHMEN #2
Fucking ceramic. Take the head shot
at close range kid.

Henchmen #2 reaches for Harry.

Harry aims a 9mm at him.

HARRY
Thanks for the tip.

HENCHMEN #2
Kid, you really shou---

Harry FIRES, the windshield fragments and drops.

HARRY
Be smart. Toss the gun through the
windshield and unlock the fucking
door. Now.

Henchmen #2 tosses the gun out onto the hood.

The door lock lifts, Harry opens the door.

HENCHMEN #2
I'll be seeing you.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Traffic is jammed, the Cop and bike lay on the street.

A few in the crowd on the sidewalk use cell phones and point digital cameras.

HARRY
The world is a digital stage.

Harry sticks the gun in his waistband, pulls the bike from under the him, removes his hat and covers the cop's face.

A red Moped with helmeted rider whines by.

A train RUMBLES overhead.

He takes off following the train.

Henchmen #2 retrieves his gun from the hood and runs through the bottleneck.

A BICYCLE MESSENGER weaves through the bottleneck towards Henchmen #2.

Henchmen #2 clotheslines the Messenger with a forearm, his bike slides from under him, he drops.

Henchmen #2 retrieves the bike and rides away.

INT. THE BOTTOMLESS HOLE - DAY

Nick and Casey sit at the counter, a WAITRESS holds the snapshot.

WAITRESS

Sure I saw him.

(Points to the counter)

Right there ten minutes ago, next to a pretty girl. But he looked like a bum nothing like this picture.

CASEY

Are you sure they were together?

WAITRESS

They were attached. You know that saying, wild horses couldn't drag us apart?

CASEY

Then they left together?

WAITRESS

Two big mafioso types came in and dragged him to a car outside.

CASEY

How do you know they were mafia?

WAITRESS

I've watched every episode of the Soprano's.

NICK
What about her.

WAITRESS
They left her here. She walked out
on her own.

A PATRON at the counter points to the TV.

PATRON
Can you turn that up?

INSERT - TV SCREEN

A FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR speaks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR
Gunplay broke out on a busy street
just minutes ago. We were sent
these pictures from a witness's
cell phone camera.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

A Lincoln stopped in the street below the elevated tracks.

The Bicycle Cop and Henchmen #2 both FIRE their guns through
the open passenger window.

Blood gushes from the cops' neck. Henchmen #2 disappears.

CASEY (O.S.)
Oh my god.

NICK (O.S.)
Son of a bitch.

The windshield blows out. A gun flies out onto the hood.

Harry exits the back door.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
That's him.

The Female News Anchor presses the ear piece to her ear.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR
We have further eye witnesses'
accounts of the same two gunman at
the Merchandise Mart station at
this moment.

BACK TO SCENE:

Nick and Casey make their way to the door.

INT. ELEVATED TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Harry runs into the back of Fay Din.

She turns and snaps a digital camera's flash in Harry's face.

HARRY

Fuck.

Harry falls back, a shot RINGS out, the bullet chips the wall.

Harry rubs his eyes.

Henchmen #2 appears, his gun in Harry's face.

HENCHMEN #2

Harry, you're fresh out of saviors.

Fay side-kicks Henchmen #2 behind the knees. He folds back and FIRES into the ceiling.

She spins and kicks the gun out of his hand.

Fay bows to Harry.

Harry jumps the turnstile, runs up the stairs.

Fay blocks the stairs.

Henchmen #2 bull-rushes Fay.

She steps back, trips him and sends him head first into the stairs.

Henchmen #2 stands, spits blood and jogs up the stairs.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick drives under the elevated tracks, Casey on the radio, siren blares in the background.

CASEY

We are now on route to the
Merchandise Mart elevated station.

NICK

We'll have to go the rest on foot.

Nick slams on his brakes and joins a traffic jam.

CASEY

It's a half a mile jog. Are you
sure you can hoof it that far?

Nick pulls the car over.

NICK

It's been a while, you lead. And
don't think I didn't get the hoofs
part.

CASEY

I didn't mean---

NICK

I know I gained a few pounds. Let's
just leave it at that.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Harry steps onto the crowded platform.

HARRY

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Harry makes his way through the crowd to the edge.

He looks back, pulls his hood up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Come on, come on.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - SECONDS LATER

Henchman #2 steps up on a bench, spots the RED HOOD.

The train HISSSES and WHINES to a halt.

Henchmen #2 shoves his way through the crowd, the red hood
steps in.

The rear doors the train close. Henchmen #2 jams his hands
in, pries them open and enters the--

TRAIN-CAR

He shoves his way through passengers.

HENCHMEN #2

End of the line. You're shit out of
happily ever afters kid.

He grabs the red hood from behind as the train jerks forward.

HENCHMEN #2 (CONT'D)

Well if it isn't "Little Red Riding
Hood".

He SLAMS red hood against the closed doors.

CLICKS open a switchblade.

HENCHMEN #2 (CONT'D)

The better to eat you with---

He looks down, the RED HOOD is a black teenage boy, aiming a
9mm at his face.

RED HOOD

Mister, you fucked with the wrong
hood.

Henchmen #2 drops the knife and watches Harry runs across a
flat roof adjoined to the platform.

EXT. ELEVATED STATION - CONTINUOUS

Casey appears in the station first then Nick out of breath.

CASEY

You okay?

NICK

Don't.. even... start.

They hang their badges on their pockets.

A crowd surrounds one corner of the station.

Nick and Casey make there way through the crowd.

CASEY

Police.

Fay is being congratulated by the crowd.

NICK
Have you seen this man?

Nick sweating profusely as he shows the photo of Harry.

FAY
Two men. One chasing the other.
Both went up.

She extends her hand to Nick.

FAY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Nick and Casey run up the stairs.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Harry can't budge the roof's access cover. He steps to the edge.

HARRY
Now I know how a cat feels up a
tree.

He lies on his stomach and backs over the edge.

Harry hangs from a gutter, toes touch the railing below.

The gutter separates from the roof.

Harry's hands slip off the gutter, falls back. His back hits a power line, he bounces chest first onto a--

PORCH

Harry lies on his stomach, rises and jogs down the stairs singing.

HARRY
He floats through the air, with the
greatest of ease. That daring young
man on, the flying trapeze.

Harry jumps over a fence into the--

ALLEY

A police car SKIDS to a stop. An OFFICER emerges.

OFFICER
Stay right where you are.

Harry jumps back over the fence into the

BACKYARD

Henchmen #1 aims his gun from the shadows.

The officer appears over the fence.

Henchmen #1 FIRES.

The officer takes a head shot and falls back.

HARRY
Why don't you just kill me and get
this over with?

HENCHMEN #1
Harry I made a call. Seems Mr.
Tomasso is very interested in your
evidence. We got a car in front.

Henchmen #1 aims at Harry.

HARRY
Then you won't shoot me.

Henchmen #1 SMACKS Harry across the chin, shoves him down and
disarms him.

HENCHMEN #1
Harry we don't have time to argue.
In a few minutes this place will be
crawling with cops. They'll shoot
you two.

Harry rises.

HARRY
For once you can lead.

Henchmen #1 leads Harry down the gangway.

EXT. ELEVATED PLATFORM - SECONDS EARLIER

Casey and Nick reach the empty landing. To the sounds of a
car SKIDDING below.

OFFICER (O.S.)
(Yells)
Stay right where you are.

Casey and Nick rush to the rail. They peer through a clear Plexiglas barrier, at the alley below; as Harry climbs over the fence.

CASEY
That's him. Who's the other guy?

Henchmen #1 SMACKS Harry across the chin, shoves him down and disarms him.

NICK
Could be one of ours. I can't tell.

The Officer below, climbs the fence. A shot RINGS out.

NICK/CASEY
Motherfucker.

The officer takes a head shot and falls back.

NICK
Come on.

They take off for the stairs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Down the street from the station.

Chris and Arisha hold hands as they pass a parked Cadillac with one occupant idling at the curb.

CHRIS
How did they ever get the name
wiseguys for such clods?

They lean against a squad car's rear wheel well.

ARISHA
They named themselves.

Arisha drops her purse, they kiss.

CHRIS
Don't forget your bag.

Arisha bends and stabs the rear tire. A hiss follows. She retrieves her purse and drops the knife in.

ARISHA
My guess is cupid missed.

Henchmen #1 leads Harry to a Cadillac, opens the door. Harry watches Arisha and Chris as they pass.

Harry makes eye contact with Arisha, she winks.

HARRY
Who---

HENCHMEN #1
Get in the car.

Henchmen #1 shoves Harry in and follows. The Cadillac speeds away.

Casey and Nick exit the station, onto the sidewalk.

Three Officers come out of a gangway.

NICK
They weren't there?

OFFICER #1
No one back there.

CASEY
That car that just drove by---

Casey heads for the squad car. Nick enters the other side. Casey kicks the back tire.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

She opens the door.

NICK
Come on there---

CASEY
Forget about it. The tire's flat.

Nick exhales, slams the door and wipes his forehead.

OFFICER #1
Are you okay lieutenant?

NICK
I'm just a little out of shape is that okay with you?

OFFICER #1
Sorry lieutenant.

INT. DR. DOYLE'S OFFICE (INSTITUTE) - DAY

A SECRETARY behind a desk.

The door opens with the push of a crutch. Mike enters, flashes his badge and proceeds to a door.

MIKE
Don't get up, the doctor will see me.

He stops, opens it and enters the doctor's--

PRIVATE OFFICE

Dr. Doyle, blood soaked tissue to his nose, fat lip below, stands at a table. He pushes the play button on a video player, TV combo. A laptop and a coffee cup on the table next to it.

DUTTON (O.S.)
Lieutenant Brennan, I have a seat reserved for you.

Mike turns to Dutton, seated.

MIKE
How do I know you?

Dutton rises and offers his hand.

DUTTON
You don't. The name's Dutton.

MIKE
How do you know me?

DUTTON
Let's just say, I have friends in high places.

MIKE
Let's bring this down to street level.

DUTTON
We're both here to ask Dr. Doyle, questions about Harry Townsend.

Dr. Doyle shuts off the lights.

MIKE
What's with the tape?

DUTTON
Seeing is believing. This is the
hospital's observation tape of
Harry's room.

The screen lights up.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE)

Harry faces the window and speaks to himself.

NICK
(whispers on recording)
Be thou a spirit of health or
goblin damned.

He turns and steps across the room to the light switch.

HARRY
(on recording)
I'm going to turn out the lights.
It helps me to concentrate.

The lights go out. The frame freezes.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dutton stands with remote controller in hand.

DUTTON
I set up a surveillance team in the
woods. When the lights go out we go
to infra-red.

He opens a laptop next to the TV.

He punches the keyboard.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

HARRY'S ROOM (INSTITUTE)

Outside looking in. The window centered in the frame. Harry stares out, lips move.

Harry's steps over to the light switch. The lights go out.

DUTTON (V.O.)
Now I'll show you something you'll
see, but not believe.

The frame freezes. Harry's face glows reddish yellow with pure yellow around his mouth and eyes.

DUTTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One of my technicians noticed this,
just behind Harry at the door.

The visual moves left, centers on the bright yellow outline of the door and moves in.

A black outline of a person stands there. The image freezes.

BACK TO SCENE:

Everyone stares at the laptop screen.

MIKE
Harry's not alone.

DUTTON
He never has been.

Dr. Doyle sits on the table. He snaps the laptop shut.

DR. DOYLE
That's preposterous, bullshit.

He jumps up, coffee spills from the cup.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
Shit!

He brushes his pants, coffee pools around his feet.

The TV tips forward, screen-side impacts the floor. CRACKLE!

The back of the TV arcs white. POP!

Dr. Doyle shakes, the TV shimmies, the room lights strobe.

Mike and Dutton sit, bug-eyed.

The lights go out. THUD!

INT. TOMASSO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Henchmen #1 shoves Harry into the room, a bloody handkerchief to his chin.

Vigo Tomasso sits at the desk. He pours himself a whiskey neat. He sticks a fresh Cuban in his mouth and bites the tip.

TOMASSO
Come on kid. I been waiting for you
to start the retirement party

HENCHMEN #1
Boss this kid's a regular Houdini.

TOMASSO
Spare me the details. It's all over
the TV. Kid you show your face on
the streets of this city and you'll
be dead as Houdini.

The door opens.

TOMASSO (CONT'D)
Here's the man of the hour now.
Bring him to where I can see him.

Two THUGS drag a man, chin on chest, up to the desk.

Vigo lights his cigar, and puffs.

Jojo looks up, duct tape across his mouth.

TOMASSO (CONT'D)
He's speechless.

Jojo pulls a 9mm from behind.

The two Thugs grab Henchmen #1 and run his head into the wall.

Jojo tears off the tape.

JOJO
I get the last word stuned!

Jojo FIRES twice into Tomasso's forehead.

The two Thugs drag Henchmen #1 over.

THUG #1

What do we do with this jamoke?

JOJO

Send that piece of shit down to the garage... Tell Lefty, run him over a couple a times and dump him on the Dan Ryan next to that busted up motorcycle down there.

(Beat)

They really should do somethin' about that helmet law.

THUG #2

What about Vigo?

JOJO

Leave him at the desk. He shot himself.

THUG #1

Twice?

JOJO

Yeah, he's a tough guy.

The Thugs drag Henchmen #1 out. Jojo sits on the desk.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Long time no see Harry.

HARRY

Why don't you just shoot me now? Let's say, I just killed Tomasso and you came in and shot me.

JOJO

That's good kid, except.. I need the evidence. I don't want it falling into the wrong hands. I'm not as dumb as everyone thinks.

HARRY

They definitely under estimated you.

JOJO

Fuckin A right.

HARRY
Only one problem. You got a rat's
chance in hell of getting that
evidence from me.

JOJO
Who said I'm asking?

HARRY
What are you going to do torture
me?

JOJO
Why when I can torture her?

Two Goons drag Sarah in, arms tied behind. Jojo whips a
hacksaw blade and places it to her cheek.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Ever hear the term, tear you a new
asshole?

Jojo laughs as he whips the blade inches from Sarah's face.

JOJO (CONT'D)
A pretty face is nowhere to put an
asshole.

The Goons throw Sarah to the floor. Jojo leads them out.

Harry drops on his knees and unties her.

HARRY
Did they hurt you?

He takes Sarah by the shoulders.

SARAH
Just a little man-handling and
bondage.

HARRY
I'll tell them what they want to
know.

SARAH
Harry you don't have to tell them
anything. I won't squawk.

He pulls her close.

HARRY

I've been waiting so long... Sarah
I don't know how much time we have.
I need to tell you---

SARAH

Harry I'm not who you think I am.
You don't know what you're getting
yourself into with me.

HARRY

You're not manipulative?

SARAH

Harry, I've made a living at it.

HARRY

Then you weren't lying and I know
what I'm getting into.

Sarah takes his hand and rises.

SARAH

Harry, I've never met anyone like
you.

Jojo enters with two Goons.

HARRY

You'll have to bring me to my
father's house. It's there. Now
will you let her go?

Sarah stands.

SARAH

I want to stay with Harry. I
already know too much. I'll squawk--

Jojo open hands Sarah to the face, she drops.

JOJO

I never said I'd let you go.

Harry grabs Jojo.

HARRY

Why don't you try that on---

Jojo smacks Harry in the chin with the 9mm.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dutton drives along Lake Shore drive, the sky thunders. Mike sits shotgun, cellphone in hand.

MIKE
(into cellphone)
Hey Nick. Got a few surprises for you.

NICK (ON PHONE)
What about Dr. Doyle?

MIKE
(into cellphone)
Lights out on the doc.

INT. TOMASSO'S OFFICE - SAME

Casey stands over Vigo, face down, in blood. Nick speaks on the desk phone.

NICK
(into phone)
I'll be surprised if anyone's left.
Let's start at the beginning.
Townsend estate.

MIKE (ON PHONE)
Already on my way. I'm with--

NICK
(into phone)
Keep your cards to your chest. I'll meet you there, pronto.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - NIGHT

Two four door sedans stop at the front door. Jojo and two Thugs get out of the first car. Four GOONS get out of the second.

JOJO
Two men at the gate, two men outside the door.

Thug #1 grabs Sarah out. Thug #2 with Harry.

FRONT PORCH

Lightening FLASHES over the house. The lights flicker off inside and out. Rain pours. Thunder cracks.

Everyone except Jojo ducks. The lights flicker on.

Harold opens the door.

HAROLD

Are you out of your mind? I had to
send all the staff away.

Jojo points the gun in Harold's face.

JOJO

Enough with the games, get the fuck
outta my way. Bring em in.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Rain spills out of the gutters, behind the house. Inside a caged kennel, Patton, the German Sheppard, crawls his way out through a clawed-out hole under the fence.

He comes up and sits attentively. Lightning flashes overhead. Thunder splits the night sky. Patton stares up at a soaking wet redhead, floral print dress, drooping yellow hat.

Patton runs to a spot in the grass a few feet from the pool and digs.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - SAME

Rain continues. Two Goons stand against the brick wall.

GOON #1

I need a new job. I've done the
crime but avoided the punishment.
I'm ahead of the game, but standing
out here is like testing fate.

Lightning illuminates the sky. They look up.

GOON #2

I know what you mean. He doesn't
especially agree with our line of
work to begin with.

Thunder CRACKLES. Both Goons jump around and collapse.

ARISHA (O.S.)
Pious goons?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Give me coke-heads with ice picks
any day.

Chris and Arisha drop to the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Bloody stun guns are a waste of me
talents.

ARISHA
Let's take out the two at the door.
I can't wait to get out of these
soppy clothes.

Arisha removes her shirt.

ARISHA (CONT'D)
Alright tarts, you're on.

Chris takes off to the side. She drapes the shirt over the
stun gun and jogs to the front door.

ARISHA (CONT'D)
I crashed me bike outside your gate
and tore me shirt off climbing that
sodding fence. Can I use a phone?

Goon #3 smiles as he comes off the portico.

GOON #3
I'm sorry but you're going to have
to climb back over.

Chris opens the front door. Goon #4 stares at Arisha.

GOON #4
Madonna.

CHRIS
What the bloody hell's going on?

Goon #4 twists to the door.

GOON #4
Who the fuck are you?

Arisha zaps Goon #3. Chris zaps Goon #4.

INT. HALLWAY (ESTATE) - CONTINUOUS

Jojo shoves Harold down the hallway to a door. Harry and Sarah next, the two Thugs with guns last.

JOJO
Open it.

HAROLD
It's locked. I don't have the
key... I.. I never go down there.

Harry steps up, pulls out the red key, unlocks it and opens the door.

JOJO
Hold it right there Harry. Your
father goes first.

Harold steps around Harry. Harry grabs his father by the collar.

HARRY
I ought to throw you down the
fucking stairs.

JOJO
(smiles and chuckles
devilishly)
The kid's finally come to his
senses. Go head Harry.

Sarah reaches for Harry.

SARAH
Harry please?

Harry shoves his father into the door frame.

HARRY
I'll leave you to the devil.

Harold hurries onto the--

BASEMENT STAIRS

Harold quickly leads them down. The lights flicker, intermittently.

They step on the floor of the--

BASEMENT

Everyone stands in front of the wine rack.

Jojo pulls out a revolver and points it at Sarah.

JOJO

Harry get the evidence.

Harry kneels and feels under the wine rack.

HARRY

It must be here.

JOJO

Both you give me a hand.

Both Thugs step over.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Take an end and pull the fuckin' rack down.

HAROLD

But the wine on that rack is worth a million dollars.

JOJO

You're pitiful... even by my standards.

Harry pulls Sarah back.

HAROLD

Give me just two min---

Jojo aims at Harold, turns to the Goons and shouts.

JOJO

Pull it the fuck down.

The wine rack CRASHES down. A mouse hole is exposed.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Well Harry, say hello to your mom.

Jojo points the gun and steps over to Harry and Sarah.

Thug #1 and #2 back off. Harold climbs over the rack and dives for the mouse hole.

Jojo grabs SARAH with his other hand.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Ladies first.

HARRY
No!

The lights strobe. Sarah grabs the gun, forces it into Jojo's stomach and FIRES.

Harold runs by. Sarah spins Jojo and FIRES.

Thug #1's throat spews blood. Sarah twists and FIRES.

Thug #2's eye EXPLODES.

Harold runs up the stairs and heads down the--

HALLWAY

then into the--

LIBRARY

He gets to a door, bursts through and runs out onto the lawn.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - SAME

Mike and Dutton in front, wipers slap away rain. Mansions to either side, reflect in the wet asphalt street. The sky flashes overhead, trees make way as thunder rolls down.

MIKE
I hope your people are as good as
you say.

Dutton turns into a private drive.

DUTTON
My people are the best.

Dr. Kaplin's face materializes, in the headlights. She waves her arms and rushes towards them.

MIKE
(Yells)
Jesus Christ. What--

Dutton stomps the brakes and turns the wheel.

The Hummer skids with Dr. Kaplin's face as the hood ornament.

The vehicle fishtails, SLAMS into a brick pillar. The rear end swings and broadsides the other column. The safety glass fractures and Dr. Kaplin's smile mosaics. Air bags inflate.

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Harold runs across the grass in line with the red lit pool. As Harold strays right, Patton cuts him off and turns him back.

Harold gets a few feet from the pool and trips in the hole Patton dug. He stumbles towards the--

POOL

Crisscrossing, miniature red Christmas lights, strung above, reflect in the still water.

He gets to the edge, teeters, arms flail, gets his balance and turns.

Patton leaps, strikes his chest and pushes him backwards.

He splashes into the--

POOL WATER

He sinks to the bottom, on his ass, in the murky green water.

MURKY GREEN WATER - HAROLD'S POV

He pull his hand to his face and stares at the plastic film roll container, in his hand.

Suddenly, Gwendolyn's decomposed face is upon him. She clamps her hands on each side of his face, holding him in her stare.

His mouth's agape, tongue out, face contorted. She opens her mouth and sinks her black teeth into his tongue.

BACK TO SCENE:

Face to face, blood and bubbles mix with the green water.

INT. BASEMENT (ESTATE) - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Harry step towards the stairs.

JOJO
Fuck you goin'?

They turn.

Jojo stands slouched against the wall. His one hand over his belly wound blood-soaked shirt. The other aims a revolver.

 JOJO (CONT'D)
Drop it, honey. I ain't smart but I
am deadly.

Sarah steps in front of Harry and drops it.

 JOJO (CONT'D)
I want that fuckin' evidence.

Jojo points up the stairs and slides along the wall, towards them.

Sarah looks to Harry. He nods.

 HARRY
Go on.

Sarah ascends the stairs.

 JOJO
Harry...

Jojo slides behind Harry and clicks the hammer back.

 JOJO (CONT'D)
Stay here till she's up.

Sarah stops at the top and stares down.

 JOJO (CONT'D)
Sarah... sit down and wait.

Sarah sits on the top step.

 JOJO (CONT'D)
Harry, face forward, go up two
steps and stop. When I say go. You
take two steps and stop. Got it?

Harry turns, takes two steps, stops and turns back.

 HARRY
Got it.

Jojo points the pistol at Harry's face.

JOJO

Next time I see your eyes, smart
guy... You get bullets for brains.

Harry turns away.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Go.

Harry steps up and stops. Jojo slouches forward off the wall
to the rail.

He points the gun at Harry with one hand and pulls himself up
a step at a time.

They continue till Harry stands one step below Sarah.

Jojo grimaces, then clenches his stomach, down two stairs
from Harry.

He points the revolver, spits up blood and words.

JOJO (CONT'D)

I'm taken... you... w---

Sarah grabs Harry's pants and pulls him into her lap.

Jojo FIRES!

BASEMENT STAIRS - JOJO'S POV

The bullet impacts the door, it swings open.

The gun barrel lowers, point blank between Harry's eyes.

The lights strobe. Gwendolyn enters and leaps at Jojo.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jojo tips back, BLASTS the ceiling and tumbles down.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE GATE - CONTINUOUS

The Hummer's driver side door whines, then pops open. Dutton
slides out and drops to the wet pavement.

An unmarked squad car's tires aquaplane to a halt.

Dutton walks around to the front bumper.

Busted bricks and broken auto-parts lie scattered as debris.
No body.

Casey steps up.

CASEY
You're Dutton?

DUTTON
Detective Casey?

CASEY
What happened?

DUTTON
She stopped me.

Nick speaks through the missing side window to Mike, pinned behind the airbag.

NICK
The paramedics are on the way.

Nick meets Dutton and Casey at the rear of the Hummer.

Dutton yanks the bent back door, twice.

It swings open with a metal on metal squeak.

Inside Joey Zito in a straight jacket, head drenched in blood.

Dutton feels for a pulse. Then slams the door.

NICK (CONT'D)
Who's that?

DUTTON
Joey Zito. He was my surprise.

CASEY
Got any left?

DUTTON
The other one is dead. But that part won't be a surprise to anyone.

The gate swings open.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Harry and Sarah stand on the edge.

The plastic film container breaks the surface.

Patton, handle clenched in teeth, carries a dirt covered BROWN CASE, onto the deck.

Patton sets the case down, goes to the pool ladder and sits attentively.

Harry takes Sarah by the shoulders.

HARRY

When you said you'd never met
anyone like me, was that a lie?

SARAH

I never lied about my feelings for
you.

Harry kisses her hand and leads her past the case.

She puts her hand to his chest to stop him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What about the case?

Harry whistles. Patton takes off for Harry and Sarah.

HARRY

I'm done with the sins of the past.

Harry picks up the case and flings it towards the pool.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Our time is now.

They walk off, Patton follows.

The case hits the diving board, eight by ten photographs burst over the water as the open case splash lands.

POOL - MINUTES LATER

Casey, Nick and Dutton stand on the deck.

Harold floats face down amid a sea of photos.

Chris and Arisha use the pool strainer to drag Harold to the side.

Nick, Dutton, Arisha and Chris, pull him out, flop him on the deck and flip him over.

Harold is pearl white, eyes bulge, mouth agape.

Nick kneels over him.

Casey leans over the water, fishes a photo out and steps over.

CASEY
Why would a recent drowning victim
look so white?

Casey hands Nick the photo.

NICK
He bite off his own tongue.

CASEY
That's horrible.

NICK
No.. it's justice. He drown in a
cesspool of his own lies.

Nick stares at the picture, smiles, then slaps it on Harold's chest.

NICK (CONT'D)
She looks happy.

INSERT - BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

A face shot of a smiling Dr. Gwendolyn York Townsend also seen as Dr. Kaplin.

FADE OUT:

THE END.