

THE FATAL ERROR

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. YACHT CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rain showers a white building on the water's edge with a "LAKE SHORE DRIVE YACHT CLUB" sign above its entrance which faces Lake Michigan. Skyscrapers of Chicago loom behind it.

The door opens and JACK FADO, 27, lean, lively, "LSDYC" on his baseball cap "Jack Fado" on his polo shirt, exits. He talks on a cell phone as he strolls behind parked cars.

JACK

Aspirin's help? I can't get you to your audition. I got a gig. No. Not acting. First mate. For that cheap Dick with the sexy redhead wife.

(laughs)

Yeah, I spanked her ass red too.

He opens the trunk of a small car.

JACK (CONT'D)

I ain't shittin', Dutton, Tarantino's got a body in a car trunk in every film up to "Kill Bill"! Bet ya limey ass a sawbuck!

JOJO ADELITO, 35, thin, extreme comb-over, hand in his trench coat, steps behind Jack, smiling. Jack turns to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you smiling at, pervert?

Jojo pushes him against the car fender.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey --

Jojo plunges an ice pick into Jack's eye and shoves him in the trunk. Jojo puts Jack's "LSDYC" cap on and slams the lid.

Jojo steps around and opens the passenger door.

DUTTON, 27, big guy, British, ice bag on a towel over his face, cell phone to his ear, reclining in the passenger seat.

DUTTON

Oy, Tarantino, is that another body in a trunk?

Jojo stabs him in the chest with a volley of thumping blows.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A palatial foyer. RICHARD TOWNSEND, 50, tall, arrogant, self-assured, callous, perfect hair and suit, scurries up a curved stairway and enters the

HALLWAY

CHARLES greets Richard with messy gray hair, shirt, vest, and tie askew. Charles breathes quickly, speaking excitedly.

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

RICHARD
How did this start?

CHARLES
He stopped me from taking down his
photos drying in the basement.

RICHARD
Hand me the key, please.

Charles hands him a key and leads him to a closed door where PATTON, a German Sheppard, sits, barking at Richard.

CHARLES
Careful, sir. Each time I tried to
enter I had to retreat under a
shower of broken glass.

RICHARD
Where did he get the glass?

CHARLES
He gathered all of the picture
frames with her in them from around
the house. He's been in there
talking to himself, as usual.

As Richard turns the key, glass shatters off the other side of the door.

RICHARD
Harry, son, come on. Stop all these
shenanigans. It's me. I'm coming
in, son.

HARRY'S ROOM

A large bedroom, dozens of black and white eight-by-ten photos strewn across a king-size bed. Shattered glass is all over the floor.

An open brown case with a handle sits on the mattress, the case is full of more photos stacked inside.

YOUNG HARRY TOWNSEND, 14, skinny, thick glasses, freshly bruised and stitched left eyebrow, kneels in broken glass and smashes a picture frame against the wood floor.

He shakes the fragmented mosaic of glass from over a photo of a beautiful woman, tosses the frame, and presses the photo against his chest with bloody cut hands. Mumbling to himself.

He lays the photo face down in the case, slaps it closed, and snaps the clasp.

YOUNG HARRY

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

He grips the case by its handle.

RICHARD (O.S.)

I'm coming in, son.

Harry dives across the bed, scooping up a plastic film roll container, cupping it in his hand at his side, hiding it.

YOUNG HARRY

I won't let you take her.

Richard barges in.

RICHARD

Harry, we have to let her go.

YOUNG HARRY

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

RICHARD

Harry, you heard Dr. Doyle say, "We
must move on!"

YOUNG HARRY

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

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

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

Richard leans over him, clenches his fists, and snarls.

RICHARD
Harry, stop this, now! You don't
want to make me angry!

Harry dodges Richard and runs into the

HALLWAY

Patton barks. Charles struggles to restrain him by the
collar.

Harry races to the other of the hallway and sprints down a

BACK STAIRWAY

He leaps off the bottom step, turns, and runs across the

KITCHEN

He skids to a door, unlocks it with a blue key, and opens it.
A mouse runs out the door. He backs into Richard.

RICHARD
This ends here!

He grabs Harry by his shirt. Harry turns to face him. His
shirt tears in Richard's grip. Harry bangs the case off the
door frame as he falls backward through the door into the

BASEMENT

Harry, bathed in red light, tumbles down the steps, clutching
the open case. A cloud of photos flutters around him.

He crashes to the floor, blinking up at two dozen eight-by-
ten photos hanging on clotheslines drying.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits on the bed. Richard sits next to him.

DETECTIVE NICK GIAMATTI, 28, lean and mean, medium height,
gets out of a chair in the corner.

PEARL, 45, greasy hair, thin mustache, cheap suit, gaudy jewelry, Windsor knotted loud tie, timidly steps toward Nick.

PEARL

As the family's attorney --

Nick brushes past him, smirking in his face.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Ah-hmm! Considering the state of affairs, I must insist you keep this to only a few questions.

NICK

I agree.

RICHARD

I don't see why this couldn't wait until another time. Hasn't my son been through enough?

YOUNG HARRY

I don't mind talking about it, Detective. My father's responsible for her death.

Richard puts his arm around him.

RICHARD

I'm afraid my son has imagined all the blame onto me. Son, we'll work this out together, in good time.

YOUNG HARRY

That's not true. I'm not imagining anything. I know it's his fault.

Nick sits and observes.

RICHARD

My son's emotional imbalance has been a constant torment to this family.

Harry yanks on Richard's lapel, skewing his suit jacket.

YOUNG HARRY

You're not so perfect! I hate you!

Richard straightens his jacket and calls through the door.

RICHARD

Dr. Doyle, please see to this.

DR. DOYLE, 48, short, bookish, enters. A young, good-looking ORDERLY follows him in and closes the door.

Richard walks to the corner and nods to Dr. Doyle.

Dr. Doyle steps to the bedside and addresses Nick.

DR. DOYLE

I'm afraid the boy suffers from the early stages of post-traumatic stress disorder. This is not the time for questioning, Detective.

He nods to the Orderly.

The Orderly leans over the bed. Harry scoots toward Nick, avoiding the Orderly's grasp for a couple of seconds.

YOUNG HARRY

He told me three degrees north by northwest. It's deeper there.

The Orderly wrestles him flat on the bed, holding Harry down. Dr. Doyle injects a syringe into Harry's arm.

Nick confronts Richard.

NICK

Fatal error, sailing for deeper waters as the storm approached?

RICHARD

Detective, you don't know the first thing about sailing. During a storm, your best chances for survival are in deeper water.

NICK

You've just described my life story. Thanks for the vindication.

Pearl gets in front of him and lightly touches his shoulder.

PEARL

This time I must insist you go. Can't you see the boy's coming unglued?

NICK

If you don't take your hand off me you're going to get a dose of posttraumatic stress disorder.

Pearl draws his hand back and backs off.

Nick steps to the foot of the bed.

Harry lays back, mumbling to himself as he drifts off.
Richard pets Harry's forehead, sneaking a look at Nick.

RICHARD
Relax, son, and please let Dr.Doyle
help you.

YOUNG HARRY
He'll send me... someplace...

He fades into sleep with these words.

YOUNG HARRY (CONT'D)
... No one will hear...

PEARL
That definitively ends this,
Detective. I need you to leave.

Nick leans toward Pearl. Pearl backs up to the wall.

NICK
What pile of used cars, did they
dig you out from under?

He opens the door and bangs on it. Everybody looks at him.

NICK (CONT'D)
Everyone is right about one thing!
It's all a matter of time!

He steps out.

MAIN ENTRANCE

Nick steps off the last step of the foyer's curved stairway
into INSPECTOR WALLACE, 51, large, barrel chest, slightly
rounded, smart suit, sucking on a toothpick.

NICK
Inspector Wallace.

Inspector Wallace jabs him with the toothpick.

INSPECTOR WALLACE
I thought I made myself clear.

He chews the toothpick as he lectures Nick.

INSPECTOR WALLACE (CONT'D)
"Make sure no one disturbs the
Townsend family till I get there."
So I take my time. Stop for a snoot
to get my blood flowing. Then what?

He ushers Nick toward the front door and yells.

INSPECTOR WALLACE (CONT'D)
I get disturbed! They tell me
you're disturbing them!

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The manor's roofed porch faces grassy acres, guarded by an
ornamental iron fence.

A private driveway leads through gated brick pillars and
continues along the side of the house.

Nick steps on the porch. Inspector Wallace, in the doorway.

INSPECTOR WALLACE
You'll be on pervert duty,
patrolling lakefront bathrooms 'til
I'm dead!

Nick jumps off the porch, smiling, as he turns onto the

SIDE DRIVEWAY

Nick steps around the house, halting just short of DETECTIVE
RILEY, 30, big guy, Irish brogue, stuffing a yellow scarf in
his breast pocket.

RILEY
Hey, I was wondering about ya.

NICK
Hey, Riley.

Riley stops him.

RILEY
Where are ya going?

NICK
To check the rest of the joint out.

RILEY
I've been around. Ain't nothing
much to see in the dark.

Nick steps toward the path and calls back.

NICK
I see you. Where are you heading?

RILEY
I gotta go see Inspector Wallace.

NICK
He's gonna keep us all in the dark.

He disappears in the path's shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: EIGHT YEARS LATER

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes through thick eyeglass lenses onto HARRY TOWNSEND, 22, illuminating his scar-split left eyebrow as he sleeps under a white sheet on a couch.

White sheets cover the rest of the furniture.

The wind whistles through a half-open sliding glass door, lightning flashing on the lanai outside.

Rainwater flows under the glass door frame, pooling around a TV and DVD player on the floor next to their empty boxes.

ON THE TV SCREEN

A forty-foot schooner sailing through choppy waters in a storm. THUNDERCLAPS as lightning zaps the mast.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry's head jerks as he pops his eyes open.

Lightning flashes. The TV blacks out. Darkness prevails.

He jumps up and steps on a soggy pizza delivery box on the floor on his way to the patio door.

HARRY
Shh-shit.

Thunder CRACKLING.

He grabs the door handle as lightning flashes.

A white scaly hand reaches through the door, touching his hand. Harry jerks his hand back. The door slides open more.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

Lightning strobes on the rain-soaked ghost of LADY GWENDOLYN YORK TOWNSEND, rail thin, red hair, yellow dress, and scarf, her wide brim hat drooping over her eyes as she enters. Her mouth opens and green water pours out onto the floor.

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

Harry jumps back, his feet slip, and he crashes on his back.

INT./EXT. LUXURY VEHICLE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Inspector Wallace finishes off a bottle of whiskey as he drives down a road in the rain. Wipers on full, condensation rises on the inside of the windshield. Country on the radio.

He tosses the bottle onto the backseat, slaps the defroster on high, and wipes off the fogged-up rearview mirror.

The bottle flies back over the seat, bouncing off his lap onto the floor.

INSPECTOR WALLACE
What the...?

He reaches down. Feels around. Gwendolyn's hand comes out from under the seat and jams the bottle under the brake pedal.

He looks down and reaches for the bottle. She grabs his hand. He yanks his arm, but can't break her hold on his hand.

He struggles to stretch his neck as he glares over the dashboard at red train-crossing signals flashing just ahead.

A freight train horn BLARING intensifies.

INSPECTOR WALLACE (CONT'D)
You haven't beaten me yet!

Gwendolyn leans over the back of his seat and cackles, gurgling green water over her black teeth into his ear. As he stomps the gas and accelerates, thumping over the tracks.

A locomotive barely clips the driver's side rear fender. The driver's side windows shatter as the car spins completely around to a halt, still on the tracks.

Inspector Wallace smiles at the freight cars passing on the other tracks just ahead of him.

Another freight train horn SHRIEKING, brakes SCREECHING.

He stares bug-eyed into the oncoming locomotive's headlight.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The morning sun shines on Harry's face as he sleeps, sans glasses, on the floor.

High-pitched SCREAMING becomes a gull SHRIEKING.

Harry gets on his knees, crawling around. He finds his glasses and puts them on.

He jumps up and trips over the pizza box stuck to the floor.

HARRY
I've got to get some more of that
psychedelic mushroom pizza.

He steps out onto the

EXT. PENTHOUSE - LANAI - CONTINUOUS

He stares over a railing, a torn strip of Gwendolyn's yellow dress fabric is stuck in the facade, flapping in the breeze.

HARRY
The north-by-northwest wind's not
done with me yet.

He climbs over the railing and edges his way along the

LEDGE

He yanks the fabric out of the facade and looks up, leaning back on the wall. A gull swoops down at him, squawking.

HARRY
The harbinger of ill winds is late.

The gull grabs the fabric. They both tug on the fabric.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I must insist!

He snatches the fabric from the gull, teetering away from the building.

He faces the specks of human traffic on the sidewalk below, as he folds his knees and sits back safely against the wall.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Never a doubt.

The gull pecks his hand. Harry rises in defense. The gull attacks his face. He stumbles sideways and falls.

He grabs onto the bottom of the railing as he falls, legs dangling in midair as he watches the fabric fluttering away.

FRANKLIN, 22, African American, tall and skinny, doorman's uniform, fear in his eyes, leans over the railing.

FRANKLIN

Harry, take my hand, man!

HARRY

I'm okay, Franklin... really.

He waves Franklin off.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm coming back. Go on.

Franklin steps back onto the

LANAI

Harry swings his feet onto the ledge and climbs the railing.

Franklin helps him over.

FRANKLIN

Harry, what were you doing?

HARRY

My Harold Lloyd impression.

An exuberant Franklin pats his back.

FRANKLIN

We haven't known each other very long, but I like you just fine being Harry.

HARRY

Right. Ledges are for the birds.

Franklin sits on the railing, shaking his head as he exhales, hopefully offering his hand to shake on an agreement.

FRANKLIN

No more Harold Lloyd shit, okay?

Harry takes his hand, helping him to his feet as they lean into a shoulder bump. Both nodding into a heartfelt smile.

HARRY

Don't forget our popcorn and film
noir movie marathon tonight.

Franklin feels the back of Harry's head.

FRANKLIN

You have a bump on your head.

HARRY

I slipped and fell last night. Hey,
reminds me, I got "The Keystone
Kops" as our intermission treat.

FRANKLIN

How's that head?

HARRY

I'll be all right. Been falling all
my life. Sooner or later I'll get
to the bottom of all this.

FRANKLIN

Are you sure you're okay?

HARRY

Ya know going out on a ledge for a
certified crazy person is
dangerously insane in itself.

FRANKLIN

I don't know why, but I trust you.

Harry aims his finger and thumb mock-gun in Franklin's gut.

HARRY

Never trust anyone this far up.

INT. PENTHOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Harry enters. Five DVD cases under his arm. He stares up at
an undulating yellow light dancing on the walls and ceiling.

HARRY

Looks like Satan's found me.

Harry steps under the archway into the

DINING ROOM

The white sheets on the furniture, furnishings, and wall
paintings give them ghostly shapes.

Harry sets the five DVD cases next to a knife, fork, dirty dish, bottle of wine, and a goblet on the table.

He walks into the

DEN

Harry passes covered furniture and Richard in a white sheet-covered wing-backed chair. Richard sips brandy in a snifter.

Harry steps in front of a roaring fire in the fireplace. He doesn't acknowledge his father.

RICHARD

I often wondered what became of
this chair. I'm happy it stayed in
the family.

Harry keeps his back to Richard as he walks into the

DINING ROOM

He bumps against the table as he grabs the wine bottle.

HARRY

I'm not high enough for this.

He empties the wine into the goblet, trades the bottle for the glass, and exits.

FRONT FOYER

Harry stops short of the door.

HARRY DAYDREAMS - BEING THE BRAVEST BULLFIGHTER IN THE WORLD

Two Spanish fighting BULLS wearing suits block the door.

HARRY

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

Harry pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, hangs it in front of him, and stamps his heels.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, bull. Hey, toro. Hey!

Harry drops the handkerchief and jerks forward.

The Bulls snort, charging at him.

He pivots and sprints into the

DINING ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Harry halts, face to face with Dutton.

DUTTON

Oy, Harry! Where ya off to?

HARRY

Dutton! No use trying to get away from you.

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.

He gulps his wine.

DUTTON

How are ya, Harry? I've missed you.

HARRY

I bet you haven't missed much, and I doubt you ever do.

DUTTON

Did you get a chance to read "Delaney's Dahlgren"?

Harry holds two fingers up.

HARRY

Twice, but I'm still not sure that 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 so cynical.

HARRY

You're right. I'm a drunken fool.

He raises his wine.

DUTTON

I have faith in you. Clear your head. Use your wits. Focus your resolve. Face your enemies. Help will come, my boy.

Harry drops the goblet to his side.

HARRY

Your words are stark. Their faith is my strength. Your help is a welcome comfort. Seems I've overplayed the fool.

He pours the wine on the floor.

DUTTON

Shall we go back to the fire now?

He walks Harry through the hallway into the

DEN

Dutton stops in the doorway.

Harry passes the winged back chair and backs up to the fire.

Richard stands, walks around the chair, and faces Harry.

HARRY

You should sing me happy birthday now, Father. In a week, when I take control of the York trust, you'll sing a different tune.

RICHARD

I'm here out of concern, Harry.

He sniffs the brandy and stares through the snifter at Harry.

HARRY

You've spent all my mother's money.

RICHARD

How can you say such a thing?

HARRY

Such is the thing.

Richard downs the brandy, sneers into the fire, and sets the snifter on the mantle.

RICHARD

After all, I've done for you!

Harry laughs in Richard's face.

HARRY

Put me away?

RICHARD

Harry, let's play fair. Only the best for my son.

HARRY

Well, turnabout is fair play, Father. Perhaps I'll put you away?

RICHARD

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

HARRY

Yes, Father, we've broken up. He misses me. It's sad really.

RICHARD

He's concerned, and I'm, well, very afraid for you. Harry, my son, you must go back.

Harry sets the goblet on the fireplace mantle.

HARRY

Well, Father, be courageous.

RICHARD

At least speak with Dr. Doyle.

HARRY

I'm done listening to your sycophant witch doctor.

RICHARD

It seems your delusions and paranoia have returned.

Harry slurs his words and tips against the fireplace, dangerously close to the flames.

HARRY

Bad things travel in threes.

Richard reaches for him.

RICHARD

Watch yourself, Harry!

Harry sniffs what's left in his goblet on the mantle.

HARRY

You spiked my wine with codeine.

He stumbles around Richard. Richard follows him.

RICHARD

Son, you and I both know where all
this is leading. For your own good.

HARRY

I'm not... going back!

RICHARD

That's already been decided.

Harry falls in the hallway and drifts into sleep as he sings.

HARRY

Happy birthday to me. Happy...

Richard busts his brandy snifter on the mantle, slits Harry's wrist, and wraps his bloody wrist in the sheet off of the chair.

Harry's goblet flies off the mantle, shattering off Richard's head.

PRE-LAP - A siren WAILING escalates with SQUEALING tires.

EXT. PRIVATE ROAD - NIGHT

An ambulance swerves along the curving road in a rainstorm.

An ornamental iron gate opens and the ambulance headlights illuminate a "BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE" sign on one of two stone columns before entering the gate.

The ambulance continues toward a four-story brick chateau. A thunderbolt zaps the lightning rod over the roof.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Richard stands naked under a steaming shower, singing a classical opera.

The room outside is refracted through a diaphanous plastic shower curtain.

He bends to pick up a shampoo bottle. The blurred outline of Gwendolyn is standing in the doorway.

He lathers his scalp and jerks his head as he sings.

Gwendolyn smiles, nose against the curtain, waving her arms like an orchestra conductor.

Richard steps under the shower and blinks one eye open.

RICHARD
Who's there?!

He turns, squinting through the curtain at Gwendolyn.

GWENDOLYN
You won't get away with...

The hooks hiss across the rod as she rips the curtain open.

GWENDOLYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... Thissssssss!

Richard cowers in the shower, squinting at an empty bathroom.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

White brick walls, a chair faces a large window, rain falls on a grass field outside, trees shading the fenced perimeter.

Harry sleeps in bed, sans glasses, in scrubs, and wrist bandaged.

DR. KAPLAN, 33, female, bespectacled redhead, tan face, white smock, stares out the window.

Harry's head jerks and opens his eyes.

HARRY
I didn't hear you come in.

Dr. Kaplan steps alongside the bed.

DR. KAPLAN
Harry, I'm Dr. Kaplan.

Harry furrows his brows, squinting at her.

HARRY
They always take my glasses.

DR. KAPLAN
You sound well, Harry.

HARRY
Well, ain't we making progress?

DR. KAPLAN
It's all up to you, Harry.

HARRY
Hey, doc, I'm wise too.

DR. KAPLAN
What are you wise to?

HARRY
Noodle docs are all the same. Get a patient's trust, voilà, Pinocchio.

DR. KAPLAN
Harry, you walk to the chair by the window and I'll cut you loose.

HARRY
That's all, no strings?

DR. KAPLAN
It's up to you, Harry.

HARRY
Get your keys ready, doc.

He steps out of bed and his legs give out. He sprawls to the floor, pulling the sheet off the bed.

DR. KAPLAN
We'll try for the chair tomorrow.

HARRY
Aren't you going to help me up?

Dr. Kaplan steps to the door.

DR. KAPLAN
I don't do Pinocchio.

Harry grabs the bed and climbs to his feet, smiling.

HARRY
Hey, doc...

He turns to the doorway and his smile melts. She's gone.

LATER

Harry leans forward off of his chair, chin on the windowsill, gazing out into a rainy night.

DR. KAPLAN (O.S.)
You remind me of my cat. He sat on the windowsill when he wanted out.

Harry notices her reflection in the glass. He sits up.

HARRY

What was your cat's name?

DR. KAPLAN

Felix.

HARRY

Whatever happened to Felix?

DR. KAPLAN

I let him out. He never came back.

HARRY

I'd like that.

DR. KAPLAN

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

HARRY

Do you mean psychoanalysis?

DR. KAPLAN

Tell me what you're thinking.

HARRY

Can I start with you?

DR. KAPLAN

Of course.

She backs up and sits on the foot of the bed.

HARRY

The first time I saw you I thought
you were a ghost.

DR. KAPLAN

Do you normally see ghosts?

HARRY

Just one, but I see her regularly.

DR. KAPLAN

Was she someone special?

He stares down and furrows his brows.

HARRY

She's everything to me.

DR. KAPLAN

What happened?

He raises his bandaged wrist. Glances at it. Then at her.

HARRY
She's dead, and even the mention of
her name brings me punishment.

DR. KAPLAN
Why are you being punished?

HARRY
I don't remember.

She leans toward him.

DR. KAPLAN
Harry, you have to trust me.

HARRY
Why should I?

DR. KAPLAN
Do you want to remember?

HARRY
I need to, so he can be punished.

DR. KAPLAN
Who needs to be punished?

HARRY
I don't know who or what to trust.

She steps behind him.

DR. KAPLAN
I won't tell you who to trust. But
your cynicism will seal your fate.

Harry rubs his forehead on the glass and slaps the window.

HARRY
I want out.

DR. KAPLAN
Then trust me.

Harry limps around her and crosses the room to the door.

HARRY
The dark helps me to concentrate.

He flips a light switch off.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I snapped lots of pictures. They're
all I have left of her.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Harry, teary-eyed, backs into the wall. A 35mm camera hanging from a neck-strap on his chest.

HARRY (O.S.)
My father and mother were rarely
home. When they were, they fought
constantly. Their arguing was
always more important than me.

Young Harry focuses his zoom lens through the doorway into a mirror image of the

MASTER BEDROOM

An opulent room. GWENDOLYN, 36, a sexy smart redhead, closes her robe and stares out a window, her face hidden between slightly parted curtains. Patton lies at her side.

Richard paces back and forth.

GWENDOLYN
I'm leaving you to your gambling.

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

GWENDOLYN
You can take Harry.

RICHARD
It would be such a thrill for
Harry. He's dying to try out his
new camera on his favorite subject.

He steps behind her. Patton stands, barking at him.

GWENDOLYN
Richard, what are you on about?

RICHARD
Nothing, it's just...

Patton snarls at him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Can you do something with that dog?

She raises her voice but doesn't turn.

GWENDOLYN
Patton, sit and be quiet.

Patton obeys.

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

GWENDOLYN
Richard, my father left me the
railroad. And I put you in charge.
That is until I find someone to
replace you. So take off anytime.

RICHARD
This strike has cost the railroad
millions. Union negotiations start
next week. It's now or never.

GWENDOLYN
You needn't convince me how
important the railroad is to you.
You've done a decent job there.

She separates the curtains and steps an inch from the window.

The side of her face shows a smile.

GWENDOLYN (CONT'D)
I'll let you stay on, in a lesser
capacity. You'll need the income.

Richard leans over her shoulder and stares out the window.

Outside, the sun shines between the clouds onto a path of
pavers under construction, leading to a stagnant pond.

RICHARD
You see, I'm at least trying to
salvage some time for us. Harry's
downstairs collecting his
equipment, he'll be disappointed.

GWENDOLYN
The weather seems a bit stormy.

RICHARD
This happens every time. You get
your stomach all worked up.

GWENDOLYN
You know how afraid I am of water.

RICHARD
Take these seasick pills. I'm not
taking no for an answer.

He steps behind her and tears a packet of motion-sickness pills open. She doesn't turn.

GWENDOLYN
I don't want 'em. They won't stop
my worrying. I'll have my water.

RICHARD
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?

RICHARD
Either way, this is the last time
you'll have to put up with me or my
sailing.

She pulls a cell phone from her robe and punches numbers.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

GWENDOLYN
You want me on the boat, don't you?

RICHARD
Yes, but --

GWENDOLYN
I'm having the yacht club send Jack
Fado. He'll be our first mate.

She presses the cell phone to her ear. Richard snarls at her.

RICHARD
So now you know him?

He pockets the pills and pours an envelope of white powder from his pocket into a glass of sparkling water on a bedside table.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Rain pelts the window, Harry sits in the dark, chin on the windowsill, sobbing as he slaps his hands on the glass.

HARRY
She was leaving without me. I
was... destroyed. I felt...

Tears stream down his cheeks and drip off his quivering lips.

HARRY (CONT'D)
... Sick and empty inside. She
didn't even say goodbye.

He jumps up, flips the chair over, and stomps past Dr. Kaplan.

Harry's rage-filled eyes stare at the back of her head.

Dr. Kaplan stands at the door, tears washing mascara and fake tan lotion off her cheeks. Streaks of white skin below.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - DR. DOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Photos of African Shamans in ceremonial dress surround shelves of files. Shrunk heads as paperweights on a desk.

A life-like pygmy statue in a grass skirt at the door.

Dr. Doyle sets two steaming mugs, tea-bag strings hung over the lip, next to SARAH FOSTER, 23, natural beauty, long shiny raven hair, scrubs, sitting at a CCTV monitor on a table.

ON THE CCTV MONITOR

A surveillance camera's view of Harry's room through a ceiling vent. Harry jumps up, flips the chair over, and limps through the darkness to the bed.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Doyle reaches around Sarah and shuts the CCTV monitor off.

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

You have to speed up the courtship.
The man's impatient. Harry's
birthday is soon. We could lose
him.

SARAH

Do you mean tonight?

DERRICK, 25, tall, unshaven, scrubs, steps in. Dr. Doyle
hands him a mug of tea.

DERRICK

Plenty of time for a whoring little
slut like you, Sarah.

SARAH

I don't want to do this. No way. I
hate schizoid nuts like Harry!

DR. DOYLE

I'll have to speak to your parole
board. Recommend more
electroconvulsive therapy for you,
my dear, Sarah.

SARAH'S NIGHTMARE - ON THE CCTV MONITOR

Sarah is strapped to a gurney, convulsing as Dr. Doyle
applies electroconvulsive paddles to her head.

BACK TO SCENE

Derrick turns the monitor off, grabs Sarah by the collar, and
pokes a pair of scissors into her throat.

DERRICK

Buzz-zap!

SARAH

Let me go, you prick! I'll do
anything you want, Dr. Doyle, as
long as it gets me out of here.

Derrick tosses the scissors to Dr. Doyle and clamps his hands
over her shoulders.

DR. DOYLE

First, my dear, you must become
someone Harry will love. Flawed
beauty outside. Clawing beast
within.

He grabs a handful of her hair.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
Another injured soul, punishing
herself. We give him something to
lose and we gain leverage, to get
what we want.

He chops the handful of her hair off, grabs more, and chops
it shoulder-length around her head as she bites her lip,
crying.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
I have already diluted Harry's
medications. I'll spike the bedtime
round with some ecstasy. He should
be primed and ready for love.

He cuts her bangs and pockets the scissors.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
Harry's door and all the exits will
be unlocked. Security will herd him
right to you.

DERRICK
I think that haircut really brings
out the rat in you.

SARAH
(to Derrick)
Blow me!

DERRICK
Why don't we just torture Harry?

DR. DOYLE
For years we've rained hell on our
noble Harry. With no results. But
chivalry will be his undoing.

Dr. Doyle tears a small plastic envelope.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
Let me see your hand, fair maiden.

Derrick seizes Sarah's arm. Doyle pricks her finger.

SARAH
Ouch! You fucking pricks!

She jerks her hand free and kicks Derrick.

DERRICK
A prick for motivation and we're
all in character.

DR. DOYLE
Derrick will be with you shortly.

He hands Derrick a mug of tea.

DERRICK
What about my prick?

Dr. Doyle and Derrick laugh, sipping tea.

SARAH
Tea-baggers!

She opens the door and leaves the room.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE opens the door. Dr. Kaplan passes the Nurse on her way out. Harry flips the lights on, calling to Dr. Kaplan.

HARRY
I'll let you know if I see Felix
out there!

Dr. Doyle enters, reading a file.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, look what just the mention of a
cat dragged in brings us.

Dr. Doyle sets the chair upright and sits.

DR. DOYLE
Still up to your self-amusing ways?

HARRY
Still at the end of all good
things, doc? Can I get out of here?

DR. DOYLE
If you promise to stop disturbing
the furniture...

He stares over the file at Harry.

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)
... And or any of the staff.

Harry steps toward him. Dr. Doyle sneers at the file.

HARRY
What of the patients?

He hangs his chin over the files and tries to read them. He raises and lowers his eyebrows, jokingly.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Or are we already disturbed?

Dr. Doyle draws the file to his chest and stands.

DR. DOYLE
Ah-hmm, yes. Well I'll let you join our evening session, but I won't stand for any mischief, Harry.

He heads for the door. Harry cuts him off.

HARRY
Where have you been hiding?

Dr. Doyle opens the door.

DR. DOYLE
I'm always around, Harry. If you need to see me.

Harry stares at the ceiling vent with a CCTV camera inside.

HARRY
Oh, I see you just fine.

Dr. Doyle glances up, closing the door slowly as he speaks.

DR. DOYLE
Yes, observation is an integral part of what we do here, Harry.

Harry sits, leaning his chair back on the windowsill, waving.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - REC-ROOM - NIGHT

Some PATIENTS sit and watch a TV suspended from the ceiling.

The rest sit at tables and play board games.

Harry drops onto a couch. Sarah sits on the floor with a hot Styrofoam cup of coffee on top of a stack of cups.

HARRY
I'm not disturbing you, am I?

SARAH
It's sort of a prerequisite around here.

HARRY
My prerequisite disturbs me all the time.

SARAH
Ha-ha.

She squeezes blood from her pricked finger into an empty cup.

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 schizoids think about. You're so convoluted. Some of us just enjoy the pain.

She pulls up her sleeves, scars crisscrossing both her 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 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 chases it with coffee.

HARRY
I can believe that.

Sarah cocks her head and smiles.

SARAH
You better. It's gotten me anything I wanted since I was thirteen.

Harry furrows his eyebrows and exhales through pursed lips.

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 schizoid, that travels
with the ghost of his dead mother?

SARAH
Hmm...

She uprights her index finger across pursed lips, pointing at
him as she speaks with a German accent.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Interesting you should forget
suicidal.

Harry covers his heart with his hands.

HARRY
Doesn't love conquer all?

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

HARRY
My mother drowned. Her ghost comes
to me. I blame my father.

SARAH
I was hoping you'd be my Romeo. But
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.

SARAH
I'm getting dizzy. Let's --

HARRY

-- Escape the trappings of Hamlet?

They laugh, nodding to each other.

SARAH

My name's Sarah Foster.

She offers her hand. They shake.

HARRY

Harry Townsend.

SARAH

Who's your shrink?

HARRY

Got two. Dr. Doyle and Dr. Kaplan.

SARAH

Don't know Kaplan. Doyle hates my guts.

HARRY

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

She crushes the cup and motions her hand like a hand-job.

SARAH

I've escaped from this place twice.

Harry shakes his head, chuckling.

HARRY

Return customers are important to any establishment.

She whispers to him.

SARAH

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

HARRY

You've gone from manipulative to Ophelia, back to manipulative, and 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 kicks Sarah in the ass.

DERRICK
Did you forget about me? Fucking
whore.

Sarah stares straight ahead.

SARAH
Fuck you, Derrick!

Harry jumps up. Derrick gets in Harry's face.

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

Sarah pours her hot coffee down his back.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Shh-shit!

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 in agony.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
-- Shit fuck!

The Nurse and two big ORDERLIES hurry over.

NURSE
Take her back to her room.

She attends to Derrick.

The Orderlies escort Sarah away.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry masturbates under his bed covers. The door opens, shuts, and locks. Sarah steps out of the darkness tossing her clothes off.

HARRY
What are you...?

Sarah scoots under the covers with him.

SARAH
Shush!

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
A horny orderly. He won't be back
'til dawn.

She lifts the covers and watches. Harry kisses his way down to her pubic hair.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Harry, you started without me.

Harry kisses his way to her face. They taste each other's tongues.

LATER

Sarah sits in bed. Harry stands, facing 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 him.

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

HARRY
Then we're two sides of the same
jaded coin. Heads or tails a loser.

Sarah hesitates as she reaches for him.

SARAH
I refuse to accept that.

Harry grabs her wrists, twisting them, exposing her scars.

HARRY
Your veneer is cracking.

Sarah tears up and yanks her wrists out of his grasp.

SARAH
At least I haven't given up.

HARRY
Perhaps you've got punishment
confused with salvation?

SARAH
I must have the wrong room.

She steps around and collects her clothes.

HARRY
Sarah...

He grabs her shoulders, spins her, and brings her to his lips.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Right now I'm afraid of losing the
love of my life.

SARAH
The door is locked.

They fall to the bed and laugh through tears.

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

The door bursts open. The Nurse, Orderlies, and Dr. Doyle rush in.

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

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

DR. DOYLE
No use trying to protect her,
Harry. Not after that fiasco in the
rec room. Sarah, you were warned.

The Orderlies charge toward the bed.

SARAH
But... I don't have anywhere to go.

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

The Orderlies escort Sarah to the door. Harry rushes to her.

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

He nods to the Orderlies. They release her. Harry and Sarah
hold each other, whispering.

HARRY
Seven forty-seven North Lake Shore
Drive. The Doorman's Franklin. Tell
him Harold Lloyd sent you.

He kisses her. Sarah whispers.

SARAH
Remember, behind home plate. Your
door and the stairwell will be
unlocked at midnight.

DR. DOYLE
That's enough!

The Nurse opens the door. Dr. Doyle leads the Orderlies,
escorting Sarah out. The Nurse shuts the door, leaving.

INT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Harry opens the door and runs out into the

HALLWAY

Jack Fado, in sunglasses, dressed as an orderly, leads Harry
down the hallway.

JACK
I'm Jack.

HARRY
Jack Fado!

They run through double doors into the
REC ROOM

Harry and Jack skid to a halt.

JACK
Get behind the couch.

Harry jumps over the couch.

Jack runs to one side of the double doors.

Two SECURITY GUARDS open the doors.

Jack hides behind one door.

The Security Guards step in front of the couch.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Ready or not, here we come.

They each grab a side of the couch, ready to pull it out.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Peek a --

JACK (O.S.)
-- Boo!

Jack disappears between the closing doors as the Security
Guards turn and run out of the room.

Ghostly HOWLING echoes.

The Security Guards chase the sound down the hallway and
through another set of double doors.

Harry jumps over the couch onto the cushions.

The TV comes on showing a tape recording of a news segment.
The volume rises till Harry fishes the remote from under him.

ON THE TV MONITOR

A REPORTER and CAMERAMAN follow VIGO TOMMASO, 60, wrinkled
overcoat, big lug, cauliflower face, and hearing aids, as he
exits the black curtain wall steel Dirksen Building doors.

Tommaso lights a stogie as he passes under "The Flamingo"
sculpture, crossing the plaza.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Mr. Tommaso, will you answer a couple of questions?

TOMMASO (V.O.)
Shoot!

RAVENOUS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN surround him.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Are you a gangster, Mr. Tommaso?

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

TOMMASO (V.O.)
I'm just a hardworking stiff!

REPORTER (V.O.)
What did you say to the Grand Jury's allegations that you use your union local credit union as your own private piggy bank?

He jams the stogie back in his mouth.

TOMMASO (V.O.)
Prove it!

SOUTH DEARBORN STREET

Tommaso steps to the curb. A sedan pulls up. The rear door opens. Jojo, in a fedora, hops out and holds the door open.

Ravenous Reporters and Cameramen crowd the car.

TOMMASO (V.O.)
Freak-show, huh, Jojo?!

Cameraman's lens knocks Jojo's fedora off his head. The tape recording freeze frames with his comb-over's few long hairs standing on his head in a breeze.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry stands catatonic, staring at the screen. The remote hits the floor. He snaps out of it and runs into the

HALLWAY

Harry passes Inspector Wallace, dressed as a lame janitor.

Wallace limps to a cleaning cart, opening an exit door open.

Harry circles back and goes through the door into the

STAIRWELL

He runs down the steps past a window. A garbage truck lifts a dumpster outside with its hydraulic gears WHINING.

HARRY
Smells like freedom.

He sprints out into the blackness.

EXT. BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE - BALLFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Harry crosses a baseball field and races around a backstop.

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

Sarah holds open a cut section of fence for him from the other side. A bolt-cutter at her feet. Harry crawls through.

HARRY
What the hell are you doing here?

They hug and kiss. Light rain falls.

SARAH
I missed you.

Trudging FOOTSTEPS escalating.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S.)
We'll split up along the fence!

Sarah picks the bolt cutters up.

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

She shoves him into the woods.

She hops sideways, scraping the bolt cutters along the fence.

WOODS

Harry runs through crunching leaves.

Suddenly he's airborne, then he's tumbling downhill into a

PARKING LOT

He rolls across the wet pavement onto his ass.

Oncoming headlights glare in his face.

A red pickup truck races at him.

Harry raises his arms in defense.

The pickup squeals to a halt, an inch from Harry's face as he slaps his hand on the grill.

He lays his chin on the bumper and whistles.

The tires screech in reverse as the bumper slides from under his chin.

The pickup races back, skidding to a halt.

NASTY, 22, stocky, mullet hair, knee brace, college football jersey, climbs out of the pickup.

NASTY

Dude, what's your story?!

He leans over the front bumper and feels for scratches.

CRYSTAL, 20, a dumber than normal cheerleader type, in uniform, pops bubblegum as she exits the passenger door.

She helps Nasty over to Harry. Harry brushes himself off.

CRYSTAL

Did you escape from a pajama party?

NASTY

He's from the Bates Motel.

CRYSTAL

Crazy.

She taps 911 into her cell phone. Nasty leans toward Harry.

NASTY

Hey, retard, what-a-ya thinking?!

Siren SHRIEKING intensifies.

Everyone turns toward the sound. An SUV at the other end of the lot races toward them.

Harry jumps in the pickup. The SUV screeches to a halt. The two Security Guards hop out.

Harry reverses the pickup out from under Nasty sitting on the bumper. Nasty falls. Knocks Crystal over.

The Security Guards back away from the SUV as the pickup slams backward into the SUV grill.

NASTY (CONT'D)
Not my truck, dude!

The busted SUV grill spews coolant as Harry fishtails away.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY - WET DREAM

A sunlit breeze filters through a window and barely waves the sheer curtains of a modestly furnished room.

DETECTIVE CASEY VELMA, 27, a nude chesty blonde, bounces with her head back and excites the dust particles in the air.

CASEY
Oh, God, please!

Nick, naked and out of shape, squeezes her large breasts. The water bed responds to her pelvic thrusts and sends waves across the fitted bed sheet.

NICK
Casey.

CASEY
You're so big.

Water streams down her breasts as Gwendolyn's white scaly hands slide under Nick's.

Nick stares in horror as her red sopping-wet hair falls over Casey's shoulders, as Gwendolyn kisses the nape of Casey's neck, face hidden, only her wide-brim hat shows.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Nick springs up on the water bed, swings his feet to the floor, and covers his face with his hands.

NICK
Oh, my God!

LIZ GIAMATTI, 27, beautiful, permanently sneering brunette, "born to kill... don't tempt me" T-shirt, hugs ROSIE (newborn baby) against her shoulder and leans toward Nick's ear.

LIZ (O.S.)
You're so big?! Casey who?!

Rosie spits up some baby formula on her shoulder.

Nick parts his hand barely enough to see her.

NICK
Hey, Liz... Rosie.

LIZ
This morning was your turn to feed
Rosie. Tell her about Casey.

NICK
She's the Captain's assistant.

Liz waves Rosie's hand at him.

LIZ
Say bye, Daddy, don't forget my
child support.

NICK
Liz, listen to --

She tosses a fifty-pound trash bag full of clothes and things
on his lap.

LIZ
Remember the rules? Three strikes,
you're out. That's all your stuff.

Nick sets the bag on the floor and kisses Rosie.

Liz grabs a used disposable diaper from a dresser behind her.

NICK
You struck out too. Remember?

LIZ
Remember this?

She throws the used disposable diaper. He snatches it in
midair and green poop squirts out onto his nose.

NICK
I want to keep seeing Rosie. And I
won't accept anything but yes for
an answer. I love her, Liz.

LIZ
I want your ass out of my house. Is
that clear?

She throws his pants, shirt, and coat on his bare feet.

NICK
Clear as green is for go.

He rises and steps in his pants. His 9mm and clip-on holster
bounce behind his feet.

Nick wipes tears from his eyes, takes the poop off his nose, and wipes it off on the bag.

LIZ
Here, you bastard!

Rage contorts her face. She wipes the formula off her shoulder and winds up to throw it.

He grabs his shirt, coat, and the bag, heading to the door.

She follows him, flinging the spittle at him.

He ducks out. The formula splatters the doorway. Rosie cries.

INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE - DAY - TRAVELING

Seated in the back, Jojo stares through Dutton in the middle, toward Richard.

Jojo reads the CHICAGO TRIBUNAL. The newspaper headline, "UNION FUND LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED" covers Richard's face.

He slaps the paper on Jojo's lap. Dutton folds his arms, smiling like "The Cheshire Cat".

JOJO
Why do I gotta wear this thing?

He scratches under his hairpiece with his pen, leaving ink marks.

RICHARD
You're going to be the union president. You must look the part. Consider that your laurel.

JOJO
I don't know no laurel. But this fuckin' dead rat's eating me alive.

He removes the wig, scratches the ink marks, and smears them.

RICHARD
You have ink on your head.

He throws a tissue box to Jojo.

JOJO
This fuckin' rug and that laurel bitch can wait 'til I'm president.

Richard taps his ring against the window.

Jojo pulls a note-pad out and scribbles in it.

RICHARD

Jojo, what are you writing?

JOJO

I think I got fuckin' Alzheimer's,
but I don't remember to ask my
doc... Don't sweat it. I'll eat the
notes when I'm done wit' 'em.

RICHARD

What if you forget?

JOJO

I'll write that --

Richard snatches the note-pad and thumbs through it.

RICHARD

I'll remind you.

JOJO

You looking for your name?

Richard tears some pages out, crumples them into balls, and
tosses them to Jojo.

RICHARD

You're hungry, right?

Jojo stares down at the balls of paper.

JOJO

Sure, Mr. Townsend.

Dutton shakes his head at each of them and smiles.

RICHARD

Make sure you don't damage the
straight jacket while you're taking
care of that China Spa business. It
cost me two thousand dollars.

He points to the balls of paper in Jojo's hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Now eat your meatballs!

Jojo stuffs the balls of paper in his mouth, and chews them,
growling.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Two teen SKATEBOARDERS roll up to a metal clothes donation box along the side wall of a strip mall under the "L" tracks.

They sit on the pavement and Skateboarder 1 lights a joint.

He smokes it and passes it. Skateboarder 2 takes a hit.

The deposit door squeaks open and Harry slides feet first down the deposit chute in a pair of bowling rental shoes.

Harry lands between them in a red hoodie and baggy khakis.

SKATEBOARDER 1
Whoa! Santa is early?

Harry grabs the joint and smokes it.

HARRY
I'm the spirit of Christmas past.
Where else would I get all these
clothes?

They crack up and roll on their backs.

Harry attaches an alligator clip on a string of six icicle lights to the joint and takes one toke with each ho.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ho, ho, ho.

SKATEBOARDER 1
That's the spirit.

A cop car pulls up to the red pickup truck parked in the lot.

SKATEBOARDER 2
Blues!

Harry pulls his hood up.

HARRY
Ya ever seen "The Keystone Kops"?

The cop car pulls up, short of them. Two COPS jump out.

The Skateboarders look at Harry's shoes and nod at each other.

SKATEBOARDERS 1 AND 2
Bowling!

They throw down their boards and kick off toward the Cops.

The Cops chase Harry down the alley under the "L" tracks.
A train roars overhead. Each Skateboarder bowls a Cop over.
Harry disappears in the shadows down a gangway.

INT. TOMMASO'S OFFICE - DAY

Wood paneled room, a wall-mounted circular emblem with "Local 999" carved into its wood grain.

Tommaso sits in a padded chair, smoking a stogie.

Jojo comes up to the desk.

Tommaso carries the newspaper around the desk toward Jojo.

TOMMASO
Chooch, where you been?!

JOJO
Doing laps at the club's pool.

Tommaso blows smoke in his face.

TOMMASO
I'm being reeled in by the Feds and
you're still swimming?! Must be
dumb luck, huh, stunod?!

He sticks the newspaper under Jojo's nose. Jojo reads the Tribunal headline, "UNION FUND LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED."

JOJO
They ain't got shit.

TOMMASO
Where is that rat, Benny Zito?!

JOJO
On ice in Chinatown.

TOMMASO
Give them a call! Thaw him out!
Head down there and stick him until
he squeals on the whole pack!

JOJO
Then what?

Tommaso smacks the newspaper across his face.

TOMMASO
Wrap his balls in this rag!

INT. HAROLD WASHINGTON LIBRARY - DAY

Harry sits in a line of internet-access cubicles at a computer and scrolls through old newspaper articles.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR

He stops scrolling at three pictures under a Chicago Tribunal headline, "UNION OFFICIALS ALLEGED MOB TIES". Pictured over captions: "Benny 'Bag A Donuts' Zito" mustache, big fat. "Jojo 'The Shark' Adelito" and "Vigo 'Nails' Tommaso".

He waves the cursor over Jojo's picture and copies it.

HARRY

Jojo Adelito is just the sort of
dumb-hungry shark my father would
bring into this business.

He clicks on e-mail. Types, "*Shark will eat Nails*" in the
"*Subject*" and "*Local 999*" in the "*To*".

INT. CHINA SPA - DAY

BENNY ZITO "BAG A DONUTS", 30, a big fat lug, mustache, in a
straight jacket, rattles around in an ice water jacuzzi.

TONY BOY, 18, a small Chinese kid with a ponytail, holds
Benny under the spigot, water dripping on his forehead.

TOMMY DEE, 29, tall thin Chinese, enters, his cowboy boots
scrape the tiled floor. He drags two bags of ice to the tub.

TOMMY DEE

Don't get up. I got it.

TONY BOY

You see me moving?

Tommy Dee clicks a switchblade open, slashing the bags open.

TOMMY DEE

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

Tony Boy pulls a buzzing cell phone out. Reads the message.

Tommy Dee empties the bags in the tub and eyeballs Tony Boy.

TOMMY DEE (CONT'D)

Talk to me, asshole.

TONY BOY

The man says, "Thaw him out."

Tommy Dee mimes the words "fuck you" to Tony Boy.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SMALL ROOM - DAY

The small room is lit by a shaft of sunlight through a tear in a half-down shade.

Nick lies on a couch. A shag rug pulled over his shoulders.

Riley steps in and shuts the door.

RILEY
Time to rise and shine.

He pulls the window shade down, it slips from his fingers and whooshes up, jumping off its mounting brackets.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Damn!

He bends to catch the shade, bangs his knees off the windowsill, and drops on his ass.

The shade bounces off his head into his lap.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Beautiful.

NICK
Welcome to my kingdom.

He sits up with the shag rug draped across his shoulders.

RILEY
The queen threw you out again?

NICK
She threw me out period.

RILEY
The queen's got balls.

NICK
I'm the better man.

RILEY
You can stay at my place.

NICK
And leave all this?

Riley sits down on the windowsill, massaging his knee.

RILEY
What's that smell?

NICK
Smells like home to me.

The door opens and Casey steps in, crossing to the couch.

CASEY
The Captain's looking for you two.
She backs away from Nick.

CASEY (CONT'D)
This place smells like you look.

NICK
And there's an echo in here.
Riley hobbles to the door and looks back at her.

RILEY
Keep him off that ledge. I'll go
check in with the Captain.
He leaves.

NICK
Liz tossed me.

CASEY
I'm two months late.

NICK
And baby makes three. Hand me my
suit, will you please?
She lifts a suit on a hanger off the closet door.

NICK (CONT'D)
If you end up pregnant, I'll pay
for the procedure.
She hangs the suit back on the door and opens the window.

CASEY
Fuck you for saying "procedure".
They have procedures for men. Got
issues? Go to confession.

NICK
I'm sorry.
She leans toward him.

CASEY
Ya wanna end a life, the window's
open.

She stops halfway out the door and smiles at Nick.

CASEY (CONT'D)
On second thought... you better get
to the Captain's office.

She steps out and calls back.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're going to need this job to
support your children.

NICK
There's that echo again.

He raises his hands over his ears and the rug falls.

CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN, 52, African-American, muscular, bald, deep voice,
clean-shaven face, sits behind a desk and reads a file.

Riley eases into one of two chairs next to the entry door.

CAPTAIN
(without looking up)
Did you forget something?

Riley stands, limps outside the door, and knocks.

RILEY
Detective Riley, sir.

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

Riley plops in the chair.

CAPTAIN
Have you seen your partner?

RILEY
I found him sleeping on the dog
house couch.

CAPTAIN
That would explain the phone call I
got from a screaming baby.

RILEY
Does she miss him already?

CAPTAIN
She even told *me* to "fuck off".

They laugh.

Nick enters. The other men fall silent.

NICK
Do I look that pathetic?

Riley nods. Captain lifts the file and clears his throat.

CAPTAIN
I have an assignment for you two.

He passes the file with a photo of Harry paper clipped to the top of it to Nick.

Riley stares curiously at Harry's photo.

RILEY
He looks like that English whiz-kid
that flies around England with a
broomstick stuck up his ass.

CAPTAIN
The name's Townsend.

NICK
Harry Townsend?

Riley shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

RILEY
Townsend...?

NICK
Riley, we were at his father's
mansion eight years ago.

RILEY
Never met the man of the manor.

NICK
Lady Gwendolyn York Townsend.

RILEY
Yeah, the TV news called her...

NICK
... "The lost lady of the lake."

CAPTAIN

What was left of the first mate
Jack Fado washed up off Olive Park.

MIKE

How did they ID him?

NICK

Good thing his wallet was
waterproof.

CAPTAIN

Nothing good about his face.

RILEY

What's up with the whiz-kid?

CAPTAIN

Seems Harry still has problems. Go
figure. He had to... go away. Place
downstate, the "Bates Perkins
Institute". He escaped last night.

NICK

How do we get in there? Places like
that and the people that use them,
never deal us in.

CAPTAIN

Harry stole some hotshot college
football player's red pickup on his
way out. College boy dealt us in.

RILEY

What's all this got to do with us?

CAPTAIN

I'd like you two to find Harry.

Riley tries to get up and grimaces as he sits back down.

RILEY

I fold, Captain. My knee again.

Casey steps in with some paperwork.

CASEY

Here's the report on the Tomlin
case, Captain.

CAPTAIN

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

Everyone turns their scrutinizing eyes on Nick.

Nick turns to Riley. He gets up and hops out into the

CORRIDOR

Riley halts and stares up at Dutton.

DUTTON
Detective Riley.

RILEY
How do I know you?

DUTTON
You don't know how. My name's
Dutton.

RILEY
How do you know me?

DUTTON
Let's just say, I have friends in
higher places than around here.

RILEY
Don't forget to mention me to them.

Dutton gets in his face and whispers.

DUTTON
How about Benny Zito, Jojo Adelito,
and Richard Townsend? Mind if I
mention you and them to my friends?

RILEY
Who sent you?

DUTTON
I'm helping the Townsend family.

RILEY
Why are you here?

DUTTON
I have some information. I'm
looking for your Captain's office.

RILEY
I'm on the case.

DUTTON
Then why don't we go for a ride?

Riley leads him away from the Captain's office.

INT. CHINA SPA - TANNING BOOTH - DAY

Steam rises from the open tanning bed and Tommy Dee and Tony Boy stare inside. Tommy Dee slams the lid shut.

TOMMY DEE
I told you to watch him.

CLICK. The back of Tony Boy's head explodes on the wall.

TOMMY DEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Adelito --

CLICK. A bullet splatters Tommy Dee's eye. Both men drop dead.

Jojo holds a magnum revolver, its silencer smokes. He lifts the tanning bed lid and stares into the steamy wet empty bed.

JOJO
Shit! Where the fuck did you --?

He backs away.

The tanning bed tubes flicker as Gwendolyn's prone body rises from the bed.

Jojo slams the lid. Raises the magnum and pulls the trigger. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. Bullets punch holes in the bed.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

A door with the words "CHINA SPA" on it bursts open. Jojo runs out and jumps into a vintage car.

He reverses past the retail stores, whips around the side of the building, slamming the rear end into the donation box.

ACROSS PARKING LOT

A luxury car's driver window opens and Riley and Dutton watch the vintage car whip onto the street under the "L" tracks.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED COP CAR - DAY

Nick and Casey sit parked in the driveway of a brick ranch in a blue-collar neighborhood. Nick massages Casey's feet.

NICK
Wait until the last three months,
your shoes won't even fit you.

CASEY

Wait until you see how much the women in my family puke throughout their pregnancies. Next mystery surprise.

NICK

I left in such a hurry, I a...

He scratches his eyebrows.

CASEY^

Men always leave something behind.

NICK

On purpose. I know. We like to --

CASEY

-- Stake your flags.

NICK

Like Apollo astronauts.

CASEY

How many flags did they stake on the moon?

NICK

Not as many as the number of women they staked on Earth.

CASEY

It's a wonder they got off the ground.

NICK

With all the nailing they did here, it's a wonder all right.

CASEY

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 proved your point. Now cover me, I'm going home, unarmed.

He gets out, crosses the lawn, and steps on the

FRONT PORCH

The screen door opens. Liz storms out, one hand holding the screen open with Nick's clip-on holster in it. Her other hand aims his pistol at him. He raises his hands. Crooked smiles.

Casey approaches them, training her gun on Liz.

NICK

No, Casey!

Liz leans toward Nick and pulls the trigger. The screen door slaps shut. Liz's pistol squirts water in Nick's eyes.

FLASHBACK - COOK COUNTY MORGUE

A cold marble room, that's witnessed the infamous victims of Leopold, Loeb, Speck, Gacy, and Dahlmer, to mention a few.

Nick steps out of the way.

Two ATTENDANTS wheel a body bag on a gurney to an autopsy table and unzip the bag.

They lift Dutton's dripping-wet corpse with multiple ice-pick wounds to his chest and slap him on the table.

Nick catches the splash in his eye. Squeezes them shut.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick backs off the porch and dries his eye with his sleeve.

Liz walks up to Casey and smiles. Casey backs against the wall, half-smiles, and holsters her gun.

Liz pulls Nick's 9mm from behind her back.

LIZ

My condolences.

Nick steps up.

NICK

Liz, drop the "I'm a woman who cares". I had Rosie's DNA tested. She's cute, and it hurts me to say, but she didn't get it from me.

Liz surrenders the 9mm to Casey.

LIZ

We were finished long before you came along.

Casey walks into the house. Liz hands Nick his gun.

LIZ (CONT'D)
She's a pretty tough customer.

NICK
I got the scars to prove it.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - SIDEWALK ENTRANCE - DAY

Harry pulls the hood over his face as he steps behind Franklin.

HARRY
Been out on the ledge lately?

Franklin turns to him, unsure at first, then smiles wide.

FRANKLIN
Huh, hey --!

HARRY
-- Shh!

FRANKLIN
Come with me, Mister Lloyd.

He ushers Harry down the sidewalk.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Sarah's a doll, my friend.

HARRY
Thanks. Is she upstairs?

FRANKLIN
No, she left hours ago. She'll meet you in Field's, State Street, at the cosmetics counter, in three hours. Ask for Mia.

HARRY
I need some sleep. Wake me up with a call if someone else comes.

FRANKLIN
Can't go up yet. Two detectives went up there, thirty minutes ago.

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

FRANKLIN
(whispers)
Harry.

He pats his chest as he grabs and turns Harry.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Man, that's them, there, behind us.

FEDELE, 30, slicked back hair, tall athletic build, Italian accent, steps out the front door.

SERAFINO, 25, short, bald, soul patch, limps as he exits.

They quickly disappear along the crowded sidewalk.

HARRY
Lend me your passkey.

FRANKLIN
They didn't seem like detectives.
No questions. They just introduced
themselves and went up.

HARRY
You watch too many movies.

Franklin offers him the passkey.

FRANKLIN
You're the one serving popcorn.

Harry takes the passkey.

HARRY
Enjoy the show.

He opens the door. Franklin enters. Harry follows.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Charles opens the front door and Nick and Casey enter.

CHARLES
Right this way, officers.

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

Charles leads them through the foyer into the

LIBRARY

Hardwood floors reflect wall-to-wall bookshelves around polished antique furniture, the decor of English nobility.

Charles leads Nick and Casey to a couch. They sit.

CHARLES

May I offer you something?

NICK AND CASEY

No thanks.

Richard steps in. Charles backs out of the way.

RICHARD

Welcome, officers. I'm Richard Townsend.

He shakes Nick's hand, nods at Casey, and turns back to Nick.

NICK

Detective Nick Giamatti. We met eight years ago, sir.

RICHARD

Then you're 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.

Richard faces Nick as he shakes Casey's hand.

CASEY

Detective Casey Velma.

RICHARD

It's good to see the department is promoting an equal rights agenda.

CASEY

I can still cook a mean goose.

Richard sits in a chair and faces Nick only.

NICK

If it's all right with you, we'd like to get down to business, sir.

RICHARD

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

NICK

We have a few questions for you.

Richard clears his throat loudly.

RICHARD

That will be all, Charles.

CHARLES

Yes, sir.

He bows out.

RICHARD

I understand, Detective, go on.

CASEY

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

Richard continues to face Nick only.

RICHARD

It started as a difference of
opinion with my son in his condo.
On my side was an offer to get him
the help he needed. I'm afraid it
was... almost too late.

He pulls out a handkerchief and dabs his downcast eyes.

NICK

I understand how difficult this
must be for you, sir.

RICHARD

He struck me with his fist, ran
into the bathroom, and locked the
door. I knew he'd do something
desperate.

He wipes his forehead.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I made a call to a private service
I had used previously. Then ran to
the kitchen to find some tools.

He looks at Nick.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
When I returned, the bathroom was
silent. So I called through the
door. No response.

He stares at his shaky hands.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
So I went to work on the lock. When
I got inside, he was in a pool of
blood from his slashed wrist.

He cradles his face in his hands.

CASEY
Excuse me, sir, when you say, "used
before," am I to gather there have
been prior unreported incidents?

Richard raises his gaze onto Nick.

RICHARD
I'm afraid my son has done this...

He closes his eyes, leans back in his chair, and sighs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
... Twice before. For his own good,
I've been able to keep it out of
the public record, until now.

CASEY
Was your son institutionalized both
times prior?

He addresses his answer to Nick.

RICHARD
Of course. My son gets the best
care money can offer. Why must she
persist with these questions?

NICK
More information the better our
chances of finding Harry.

CASEY
Where exactly has your son been
institutionalized?

RICHARD
Both times in England. How can that
help you?

CASEY

Do you know of any friends or acquaintances of his? Someone he may try to get in touch with?

Richard squirms clears his throat and leans toward Nick.

RICHARD

I'm afraid my son and I haven't been, shall we say, confidants. I'm a very busy man.

CASEY

Your only son has attempted suicide three times and you still can't spare the time to know him better.

Richard stands, face red, eye on Casey for the first time.

RICHARD

Miss, I don't care for your tone.

Casey stands, hands on her hips, accentuating her words.

CASEY

It's Detective, Mister Townsend!

She sways, knees buckling. Nick jumps up, sits her on the couch, and whispers in her ear.

NICK

Relax and breathe easy. I'm cool.

Richard turns away from them and smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)

Sir, we've put you out enough.

Richard walks away.

RICHARD

Yes, Detective.

NICK

Would you have someone let us into your son's condo, sir? We might find a hint as to his whereabouts.

Richard stops in the side doorway and doesn't look back.

RICHARD

I'll have a man there in two hours.

INT. PENTHOUSE - OUTSIDE HALLWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Harry drops the passkey at the front door, bends over, and hits his head on the doorknob. The door opens. He grabs the key.

HARRY
Sloppy for professionals.

He enters the

FOYER

Harry follows a trail of DVD cases, books, knickknacks, and small household appliances strewn across the hall.

HARRY
Trained by the "Cat In The Hat"?

Harry stares through the bedroom door at upside-down dresser drawers on top of a pile of clothes.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Slobs rarely find what they're
looking for.

He picks a gym shoe up, tears the bottom pad off, and peels the blue key from the bottom of the pad.

INT. MILLENNIUM PARK - DAY

Casey sits with Nick on a bench. He unties his shoes. "The Crown Fountain" behind them.

Gwendolyn steps through a crowd of PEOPLE of all ages as they play in the shallow reflecting pool without noticing her.

NICK
I gotta see a lady about a murder.

CASEY
Is she in the water?

Nick slobes toward Gwendolyn. She waves him on. Water cascades at each end over fifty-foot glass block towers.

It is framed with LED monitors that project opposing video images of a BOY and a GIRL with one eye distorted behind a round magnifying glass in their hands.

Nick points at the Girl then Boy and calls back to Casey.

NICK
They're playing our game!

He follows Gwendolyn. She backs under the waterfall and dissolves into the Girl's video image until only her hand waves Nick forward.

He stops and stares. Gwendolyn's hand splashes his eyes.

ON THE LCD MONITORS

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

Rain pours and lightning flashes. Benny leans over the stern rail ladder of a cabin cruiser, rocking in the choppy waters.

NICK (O.S.)
Well well, Benny's on deck.

A person in Gwendolyn's drooping wide-brim hat swims through the chop to the boat and grabs the bottom rung.

BACK TO SCENE

A frisbee splashes into the LCD screen and changes it back to the Girl laughing behind a magnifying glass. Nick backs off.

A pretty REDHEADED WOMAN, 27, face hidden under a floppy hat, stoops in front of him and grabs the Frisbee.

The Woman rises and smiles at him from under her floppy hat.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - SIDEWALK ENTRANCE - DAY

Nick and Casey flash their badges at Franklin.

NICK
I'm Detective Nick Giamatti, and
this is, Detective Casey Velma.

Casey and Franklin look down and smile. Nick scrapes gum from under his shoe onto the sidewalk.

FRANKLIN
It could've been dog crap. I'm...

Nick gets in his face. Franklin's smile fades.

NICK
My lucky day, huh?

FRANKLIN
The a... the other two detectives
have already been here and gone.

NICK
Other two?

FRANKLIN

I let them in. They weren't here long. If you ask me...?

CASEY

Can you describe them?

Franklin notices Harry exit the lobby elevator. He quickly points in the other direction, finger-pointing into a crowd.

FRANKLIN

Two big guys!

He leads them to the curb. They watch where he points across the street.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

That looks like them! Over there!

Behind them, Harry drops the key in a carry-out cup, crumples the cup, and drops it at the door to the building.

Franklin shakes his head and leans off the curb.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Oh wait, man, that's not the guys.

He turns to Nick and Casey.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Yeah, they came. Said they were detectives. I let them in.

Nick furrows his brows as he stares at him.

Casey rubs her stomach, eyes on the curb, dry heaving.

NICK

What were their names?

FRANKLIN

Detectives Smith and Wesson. They showed me their badges and all. But if you ask me, I think...

Casey gets in his face.

CASEY

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

FRANKLIN

Man, you don't argue with Smith --

Nick opens his coat, flashing his gun at Franklin.

NICK
I've shot people.

Franklin leads them to the door and picks up the crumpled coffee cup on the way.

FRANKLIN
If I had a gun, I'd shoot
litterbugs!

INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Harry looks around a cosmetics counter on the main floor.

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 Foster?

MIA
I'll go and get her.

She hops into a spin and dances away.

A MALE SALES ASSOCIATE, 25, leans over the counter and sprays perfume on Harry's back.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE
That's better.

Harry turns to him. He offers Harry a five-dollar bill.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)
Take it before security gets here.

HARRY
No, I'm just...

He takes the five-dollar bill, half-smiling:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Bless you.

The Male Sales Associate showers the perfume over Harry.

MIA (O.S.)
This is him.

Mia leads Sarah over. She has a nice new haircut.

SARAH

Harry!

She 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 squirts the perfume on himself.

INT. PENTHOUSE - OUTSIDE HALLWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Franklin unlocks the front door for Casey and Nick.

NICK

Thank you, Franklin. Would you mind coming in to answer questions?

FRANKLIN

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

Nick leaves them and enters the condo.

CASEY

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

FRANKLIN

That's a laugh!

Nick's voice carries through the doorway.

NICK (O.S.)

Both of you should come in here!

Franklin and Casey follow his voice into the

LIVING ROOM

Franklin and Casey enter.

Nick stands amid a credenza upside down, drawers everywhere. The TV and couch flipped over.

FRANKLIN

Litterbugs!

NICK

The best way to get to know someone
is to remove their drawers.

Franklin's diction and mannerisms become more ghetto. He
walks around, scratches, and shakes his head.

FRANKLIN

Shit, I might as well stay now.

CASEY

Any reason you can tell us to
explain why someone would do this?

FRANKLIN

Only that this is the kind of thing
that happens in the old movies
Harry and I watch, man.

He sits against the flipped-over couch.

NICK

What kind of old movies?

He sits next to Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Harry calls them "the triple-H-
club, Hawks, Huston, Hitchcock."

Casey opens the sliding doors, leans her head out, and
breathes in slowly and deeply.

NICK

Are you suggesting this is a case
of life imitating art?

FRANKLIN

With Harry, it's strictly noir.

Casey joins them, pale as a ghost.

NICK

Franklin, I think you, me, and
Harry, have a lot in common.

He tosses his badge to Casey.

NICK (CONT'D)

Detective, would you mind leaving
us for a while?

CASEY

Don't mind if I snoop.

She steps down the hallway.

Nick pats Franklin's knee and looks him in the eyes.

NICK

Franklin, something smells, and my nose leads me to Harry's father. I think you smell it too, do ya?

FRANKLIN

Yeah, man, I do. Matter of fact...

Vomit SPLASHING into a toilet bellows out.

NICK

The fact is, I had a chance eight years ago to help Harry. I blew it and Harry's suffered greatly for it.

FRANKLIN

You know what I think, man?

Nick jumps up, kneels on one knee, and stares at him.

NICK

Franklin, time is running out for Harry. I admit I don't have the right to say this to you after wasting eight years...

He sits with him and puts his arm over Franklin's shoulder.

NICK (CONT'D)

... But I will because you're his friend. Don't blow this, please. Have ya seen Harry?

FRANKLIN

Harry was here. Ya just missed him.

Casey steps in, she carries 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.

CASEY

You've been stalling us, right?

Franklin nods with raised brows at Casey, then looks at Nick.

FRANKLIN
Man, she's gold. Hold onto her.

Nick hugs and kisses Casey.

NICK
You were right about confession.

He takes the bra and dangles it playfully in Franklin's face.

NICK (CONT'D)
When did Sarah enter the picture?

FRANKLIN
They met at the Institute, man.

NICK
What do you think of Sarah?

FRANKLIN
Yo, man, she's unbelievably cute.

NICK
Too good to be true?

FRANKLIN
I mean, damn man, Harry doesn't know shit about women, yet...

NICK
He turns up with this knockout. Too good to be true is usually a con.

Franklin leans back and rubs his head with both hands.

FRANKLIN
Shit! I should a known. Shit man!

NICK
Franklin, time's up.

INT. THE DONUT HOLE - DAY

Old-style coffee shop with a TV facing the counter seats and booths along the windows. The street outside is shaded by the "L" tracks.

Train ROARING overhead.

Stacked coffee cups rattle behind the counter. A coffee machine leaks, dripping coffee hisses on the warmer plate.

Sarah and Harry sit and hold hands at the counter.

SARAH
What are 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 to stay?

SARAH
Mia's been begging me to stay over.

HARRY
Sarah, I've figured it all out. I
know what they want. It's --

She puts her hand over his mouth.

SARAH
Harry stop, I... I don't want to
know. I'm the one that needs to
tell you some things.

HARRY
Why don't we both leave our
surprises for when this is over? Do
me a favor...

As Harry's lips move a train RUMBLES overhead drowning him
out.

Fedele and Serafino enter the front door.

SARAH
Harry, the police are here.

They step behind Harry. He stares at their shoes.

HARRY
Not with Gucci loafers.

FEDELE
Don't cause trouble, kid. Tell your
girl everything's copacetic, okay?

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

Serafino opens the door. Fedele leads Harry out.

EXT. THE DONUT HOLE - SIDEWALK CURB - CONTINUOUS

Fedele pulls Harry toward him. Serafino gets ahead of them.

FEDELE

Kid, I just got these nice shoes.
Don't make me run. You got a nice
girl. Why give her nightmares?

Serafino opens the rear door of the four-door sedan. Fedele stuffs Harry in.

INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

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

MIA

Can I help you with something for
your lady, sir?

NICK

I'm Detective Giamatti. This is my
partner, Detective Velma. We're
looking for Sarah Foster.

EXT./INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah hurries through the sidewalk traffic past the window
displays on State Street.

She enters a revolving door. Jojo crowds her from behind and
jabs the magnum silencer into her back.

JOJO

All the way around and out.

Sarah and Jojo spin before the

COSMETIC COUNTER

Sarah and Jojo continue out.

Nick concentrates on holding a gift box for Casey to barf in.

Mia shakes her head and offers Casey a handful of tissues.

MIA

There's no one named Sarah here.

NICK

Casey, are you sure you're all
right?

CASEY

Yes.

Casey slides Harry's photo across the counter to Mia.

Nick walks gingerly away with the gift box far from his nose.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Have you seen this man?

Mia stares down at the photo.

The Male Sales Associate steps next to her. Nick goes up to them.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE

She called him Harry. They're at
"The Donut Hole".

He glares at Nick's belly.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

Don't need to give you directions.

Nick gives him the finger.

NICK

Here's some direction for you.

Casey grabs the photo and pushes Nick away from the counter.

INT. FOUR-DOOR SEDAN - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Fedele drives under the "L" tracks. Serafino sits shotgun.
Harry sits in the back.

HARRY

So, do you guys work for Tommaso?

FEDELE

Kid, we don't answer, we get
answers.

HARRY

Then he got my e-mail about my
father and Jojo's deal to cut him
out.

Fedele skids the car up to a red light.

The car keys tap against the steering column.

Fedele furrows his eyebrows, contemplating Harry's words as
he glares into the rearview mirror at him.

SERAFINO
Sit back, and enjoy the sights,
Harry.

Harry leans toward Fedele and imitates Jojo's voice.

HARRY
Fuckin' rats, huh?

The light turns green and a car behind them honks.

The sedan jerks forward.

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

Serafino aims a 9mm over the seat at him.

SERAFINO
Shut up, Harry.

The car screeches to a halt. Serafino reels back and fires.

Harry kisses the back of the front seat. The bullet rips a hole in the backseat where Harry was sitting back against.

SERAFINO (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Harry stays down and kisses his ass goodbye.

SERAFINO (CONT'D)
Not this time.

He pokes the muzzle to the back of Harry's head.

Fedele whacks Serafino in the head with a blackjack. He drops the 9mm on the floor in the back and goes to sleep.

Harry retrieves the 9mm from the floor. Fedele jams a pistol into the back of Harry's head.

FEDELE
I'll have that, kid.

A helmeted BICYCLE COP skids up to the driver's side window.

Fedele raises his pistol. The Bicycle Cop draws his gun.

BICYCLE COP
Put your gun down!

FEDELE
Sure thing, officer.

Both fire. Blood sprays the window. The glass spiderwebs around a bullet hole and shatters. Both victims drop.

HARRY
Bloody hell!

He pulls the door handle. A voice rises from the front seat.

FEDELE
Ceramic vests. Always take the
headshot at close range, kid.

He rises, pistol in hand.

Harry fires first.

The bullet creases Fedele's cheek, rips his ear, and fragments the windshield. He falls face-first into the dash, hands up.

Harry aims over the seat at Fedele's head.

HARRY
Thanks for the tip.

FEDELE
Kid, be smart.

HARRY
You "be smart." Toss the gun onto
the hood and unlock the door. Now!

Fedele throws his pistol out the busted glass onto the hood.

The door locks lift.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Stay down. I see you. I kill you.

Fedele lies facedown and holds his ear. Harry opens the door.

FEDELE (O.S.)
I'll be seeing you, kid!

Harry slams the door shut.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Traffic has jammed both ways under the "L". The Bicycle Cop and his bike lay on the asphalt, dividing the mess in two.

A CROWD in front of a bus shelter filming the incident with their cell phones.

Harry exits the car and waistbands the 9mm.

The Crowd doesn't see him directly, only on their screens.

HARRY
The world's a digital stage,
without humanity.

He kneels and feels for the Bicycle Cop's pulse.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It is with sorrow I embrace my
fortune.

He pulls the bike from under the Bicycle Cop. Harry notices Fedele's hand slithering over the dashboard.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Back to slings and arrows.

He fires. The car tire blows. Fedele's hand creeps back down.

Harry stands as he peddles after an "L" train overhead and splashes in puddles. Gwendolyn appears seated behind him.

Fedele grabs the pistol off the hood and runs after Harry.

A bike MESSENGER pedals past him.

Fedele clotheslines the Messenger with his forearm.

The bike slides from under him. The Messenger pulls a hunting knife on Fedele.

FEDELE
I'll shoot you!

He points the pistol in the Messenger's face. He hands the knife and the bike to Fedele. He rides away.

INT. THE DONUT HOLE - NIGHT

Nick and Casey sit at the counter.

WAITRESS, 30, southern accent, holds Harry's photo.

The local news is on the TV.

WAITRESS
Sure, I saw him.

She points to a stool next to theirs.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Right there, ten minutes ago, next to a pretty girl. He looked like a bum, nothing like that picture.

CASEY

Are you sure they were together?

WAITRESS

They were holding hands.

CASEY

Then they left together?

WAITRESS

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

CASEY

How do you know they were Mafia?

WAITRESS

I've seen "The Sopranos".

NICK

What about the girl?

WAITRESS

They left her.

A PATRON seated at the counter pointing at the TV.

PATRON

Can you turn that up?

NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)

Gunplay broke out on a busy street, just minutes ago.

Everyone turns their attention to the TV.

ON THE TV MONITOR

The sedan sits still in the street below the "L" tracks.

The Bicycle Cop and Fedele exchange gunfire.

The driver window spiderwebs around bullet holes. Blood gushes from the Bicycle Cop's neck. The window shatters.

The Bicycle Cop and Fedele drop.

CASEY (O.S.)

Oh, my God.

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

The windshield blows out.
A gun flies onto the hood.
Harry exits the back door.

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

BACK TO SCENE

Nick and Casey scurry out the door.

INT. "L" STATION - NIGHT

Harry squeezes through a crowd of COMMUTERS at the turnstile.
Fedele stops behind the crowd.

FEDELE
Move!

He fires into the ceiling.
Harry leaps through the crowd and kicks Fedele in the gut.
Fedele backpedals out the door and sits in the street.
Harry races up the steps to the Commuters' applause.

INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

BLARING sirens intensify.

Nick drives under the "L" tracks. Casey keys the two-way radio mike.

CASEY
We are now en route to the
Merchandise Mart elevated station.

NICK
We'll have to go the rest on foot.

He slams the brakes and joins the ass end of a traffic jam.

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

Nick pulls the car over.

NICK
Been awhile. You lead. And don't
think I don't get the hoofs remark.

CASEY
I didn't mean anything.

NICK
Let's just leave it at that.

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - NIGHT

Harry squeezes through a crowd of Commuters toward the edge of the platform, looks back, and pulls his red hood up.

HARRY
Excuse me. Excuse me.

Fedele steps on a bench by the railing, staring over the crowd at someone at the edge of the platform in a RED HOODIE, hood over his head.

FEDELE
Harry!

The train pulls in. Fedele shoves his way through the crowd.

The Red Hoodie steps through the parted doors into the

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS - TRAVELING

Fedele leaps between the doors as they hiss shut. He grabs the Red Hoodie. Spins him around.

FEDELE
"Little Red Riding Hood" you're
shit out of happily ever after.

He aims his gun at Red Hoodie, a teenage girl with a crooked smile, jamming two .45 automatics into Fedele's gut.

RED HOOD
Ya done fucked with the wrong hood.
Now drop that goddamn gun. Or I'll
Chow Yun Fat your ass!

The train jerks forward. Fedele drops his gun and watches Harry run across a flat rooftop adjoined to the "L" platform.

INT./EXT. "L" STATION - NIGHT

Casey enters with Nick. He gasps for air, hands on his knees.

CASEY
Are you okay?

NICK
Don't... even... start.

They hang their badges on their pockets and make their way through the crowd of Commuters.

CASEY
We're police officers!

NICK
Has anyone seen this man?

He sweats profusely as he shows the Commuters Harry's photo.

One Commuter steps forward and points to Harry's photo.

ONE COMMUTER
This man was chased by another.
They went up... Maybe you should
take a breather.

Nick gives the Commuter the evil eye and pockets the photo.

Casey leads Nick up the steps.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FLAT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rain soaks Harry as he tries, but can't budge the roof access cover. He gives up and steps to the edge of the roof.

HARRY
This is how a cat up a tree feels.

He lies on his stomach and backs over the edge of the roof.

He hangs from a gutter, tiptoeing along the porch railing below. The gutter separates from the roof and his hands slip.

He falls back into the power lines, springing off them onto a

PORCH

Harry flops facedown on the floor of the porch.

Sparks flutter around Gwendolyn, sitting on the power lines.

Harry rattles his head as he jogs down the steps, singing.

HARRY

*"He floats through the air/ With
the greatest of ease/ That daring
young man on/ The flying trapeze."*

He leaps over the stairs railing into the alley. An oncoming cop car swerves just barely around him.

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - NIGHT

Casey and Nick step onto the platform.

Cop car SCREECHING to a halt, the PA-SQUAWKING.

OFFICER (V.O.)

Stay right where you are!

Casey and Nick rush to the railing and peer over into the
YARD BELOW

Harry leaps over the fence into the yard with his hands up.

Fedele steps from the gangway and aims his gun at him.

The OFFICER from the cop car climbs the alley side of the fence and aims his gun through it at Harry.

Fedele shoots the Officer in the vest. He lands in the alley.

EXT. "L" STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Fedele laughs heartily and shoves Harry away from a cop car parked at the curb. A four-door sedan pulls up.

FEDELE

Always stick it to the cops, kid.

The sedan's rear door opens. Fedele shoves Harry in and enters.

The sedan peels out.

Casey and Nick jog toward the cop car parked at the curb.

A LADY COP steps out of an adjacent gangway toward Nick.

Nick runs around the cop car, yelling at her.

NICK

Throw me your keys!

She throws her keys to him. He gets in the car and starts it.

Casey dry heaves near the passenger side rear tire.

CASEY
Shit...

She opens the door and leans inside.

NICK
Come on, Casey!

CASEY
There's a hunting knife in the
tire.

Nick exhales, wiping his sweaty forehead off.

The Lady Cop looks in the open driver's side window at Nick,
then at Casey dry heaving over the curb.

LADY COP
Is she okay, sir?

NICK
What about me? Does anyone care
what I'm going through?

LADY COP
Sorry, I a... I'm sorry, sir.

INT. PERKINS BATES INSTITUTE - DR. DOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The pygmy at the door is naked without his grass skirt.

Derrick pours a cup of tea and sets a pot on the table.

He watches the DVD of Harry's room surveillance in night
vision on the CCTV.

ON THE CCTV MONITOR

A night vision view through a ceiling vent camera.

Rain pelts the window, Harry sits in the dark, chin on the
windowsill, slapping his hands on the glass, mumbling.

HARRY
"Be thou a spirit of health or
goblin damn'd?"

Tears stream down his cheeks and drip off his quivering lips.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Doyle spins Derrick by the shoulders away from the CCTV.

Derricks smiles at Dr. Doyle wearing nothing but the grass skirt.

DR. DOYLE
What are you doing?

DERRICK
I wanna see that little bitch and
Harry get it on.

DR. DOYLE
I knew you had a thing for Harry.
So I hid that one. He's alone in...

He hits pause on the monitor. They lean closer to the screen.

ON THE CCTV MONITOR

Brightly glowing light from outside the doorway shines around the closed-door frame just behind Harry.

The black outline of Gwendolyn stands in the glowing light.

DERRICK (O.S.)
Harry's not alone! There's a...

BACK TO SCENE

Derrick jumps up and disturbs the table. The cup and teapot tip over, spilling tea across the table and onto the floor.

DERRICK
She's real!

DR. DOYLE
That's preposterous!

Derrick backpedals to the wall.

Dr. Doyle stands his ground as tea pools around his feet.

The CCTV tips over. The screen hits the floor. Sparks fly from the back of the CCTV, arcs of white light crackling.

The room lights strobe. Dr. Doyle shakes like a hula dancer with his eyes bulging out.

The CCTV smokes, rattles, and pops. The lights go out.

Dr. Doyle thumps to the floor.

INT. TOMMASO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door bursts open and hits the wall. Fedele shoves Harry into the room.

Tommaso sits at the desk and pours a whiskey neat. He bites the tip off of a fresh Cuban, sniffing the wrapper.

TOMMASO

Sit, Harry. I've been waiting for you to start the retirement party.

FEDELE

Boss, this kid is --

Tommaso tosses duct tape to him.

TOMMASO

-- Stick him in the chair.

Fedele plants Harry in a chair and duct tapes his arms and legs.

FEDELE

Boss, you should've seen this kid.

TOMMASO

Spare me the details. It's all over the TV. Harry, you show your face on the streets of this city and you're dead as Houdini. No escape.
(yells through the door)
Tom, Pete, bring in our guest!

TOM, PETE, 23, big, small, drag Jojo through the door and up to the desk. Jojo wears his wig. Duct tape across his mouth.

Tommaso grins sideways at Jojo's wig as he lights the cigar.

TOMMASO (CONT'D)

The hell ya doing with that rug on?

Jojo whips the magnum out from behind him.

Tom and Pete grab Fedele and ram his head through the paneling.

JOJO

I get the last word, stunod!

He blasts two holes in Tomasso's forehead before his head smacks the desktop.

Tom and Pete drag the unconscious Fedele over.

TOM

What do we do with this jamoke?

JOJO

Take that shit bag on an elevator trip to the garage. Tell Lefty to run him over a couple of times. Dump him on the Dan Ryan.

He pulls a Cuban from the drawer, bites the tip-off, and spits.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Have 'em take that busted-up motorcycle down there and toss it next to him. They really should do somethin' about that helmet law.

He lights the cigar and a few hairs on his wig catch on fire. He whips the wig off and slaps it out on the desk.

PETE

What about Tommaso?

JOJO

Leave him at his desk. He shot himself.

TOM

Twice?

JOJO

Yeah, he's a tough guy.

Tom and Pete drag Fedele out.

Jojo sits on the edge of 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 Tommaso, and you came in and shot me.

JOJO

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

HARRY

They definitely underestimated you.

JOJO
Fuckin' A right.

 HARRY
Only one problem. You got no chance
of getting that evidence from me.

Jojo tears some duct tape off, rolls it up, and sticks it under his wig.

 JOJO
Who said I'm asking?

He presses the wig on his head. Harry stares in disbelief.

 HARRY
What are you gonna do, torture me?

Jojo aims the magnum at him.

 JOJO
Why, when I can torture her?

Tom and Pete drag Sarah in. Her lips, arms, and legs duct-taped.

Jojo plants the muzzle on Harry's nose.

 HARRY
Put the gun away. Ya might shoot
me.

 JOJO
Fuckin' A right.

He lowers the gun, stands, and laughs. Harry raises a smile.

 HARRY
Damn straight I'm right.

 JOJO
Enough with the clowning.

He pistol-whips Harry and waistbands the gun.

Jojo nods to Tom and Pete as he reaches behind his back. He approaches them. Tom and Pete tighten their hold on Sarah.

Jojo places his palm against one of Sarah's cheeks and a jagged hacksaw blade against her other.

 JOJO (CONT'D)
Harry, ya ever hear the term, rip
her a new asshole?

Harry fights his restraints.

HARRY
You touch her with that and you can
forget any deals with me.

Jojo rips the hacksaw blade across her cheek and tears the duct tape from her face.

Tom and Pete throw her into Harry's lap.

Harry stares at her unharmed face. She fights off the swell of emotions by biting her quaking lips.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You're okay! He didn't do it!

JOJO
Just a little...

He twists the blade in his fingers, blade-side to blank-side.

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

He nods to Tom and Pete.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Come on. I gotta make a call.

He leads Tom and Pete out the door.

Sarah lays her head on Harry's chest, squeezing her teary eyes shut.

HARRY
Did they hurt you?

SARAH
A little manhandling and bondage.

HARRY
I'll give them what they want.

She looks him in the eyes.

SARAH
You don't have to give them
anything. I won't squawk.

HARRY

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

SARAH

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

HARRY

Are you telling me you're not manipulative?

She looks down, then shyly back into his eyes.

SARAH

Harry, I've made a living out of manipulation.

HARRY

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

SARAH

Harry, I was part of the --

He presses his hand over her mouth and shakes his head.

HARRY

-- I've lived a life since we've been together, and I'd gladly die right now a happy soul were it just for that short time.

He parts his fingers, gently kissing her lips between whispered words.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've been drugged, beaten, slashed, and lied to ever since I was born. But I've never been this close to the truth. I love you anyway, anyhow.

He plows his lips into hers. She stands stiff and stares in wide-eyed shock, stunned by his words.

Tom and Pete rush in, grabbing Sarah. Jojo puts the magnum muzzle to her temple.

JOJO

Time's up. The girl gets it first.

HARRY
It's at my father's house.

SARAH
I want to stay with Harry. I know
too much. I'll squawk!

Tom and Pete throw her down at Jojo's feet.

JOJO
I never said I'd let you go.

INT. LUXURY CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

THUNDERCLAPS and lightning flashes. The waves crash over the
beach wall onto Lake Shore Drive.

Riley drives. Cell phone to his ear. Dutton sits shotgun.

RILEY
Got some surprises for you, Nick.

NICK (V.O.)
What about Dr. Doyle?

RILEY
Lights out on Dr. Doyle.

INT. TOMMASO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tommaso lies facedown in a pool of his blood on the desk.

Nick opens a desk drawer, speaking on the phone. Casey leans
over the drawer.

NICK
I'll be surprised if anyone's left.
Let's start back at the beginning.
The Townsend estate.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lightning flashes through the rain. THUNDERCLAPS. A four-door
sedan pulls up to the porch. Jojo, Tom, and Pete get out.

JOJO
Grab one of 'em a piece. Let's go.

Tom and Pete drag Sarah and Harry out of the sedan.

Jojo leads them to the

MAIN ENTRANCE

THUNDERCLAPS, lightning blinking. Everyone but Jojo ducks.

The door opens and Richard stares at them. The lights flicker inside and outside the house.

RICHARD

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

Jojo points the magnum in his face.

JOJO

Outta my way.

Richard backpedals from the door. Jojo leads everyone inside.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BACKSIDE - NIGHT

Rain spills over the gutters into a fenced-off kennel.

Patton claws his way out through a hole dug under the fence.

He sits, staring up at Gwendolyn, illuminated by lightning
flashes, pointing across the lawn.

Patton takes off down the path.

THUNDERCLAPS.

Patton veers off the path, halts a few feet from the pond,
and digs in the grass.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jojo shoves Richard into the basement door. Tom and Pete drag
Harry and Sarah behind them.

JOJO

Open it.

RICHARD

I don't have the key.

Harry unlocks the door with the blue key.

HARRY

You're going down this time.

He opens the door to the basement.

RICHARD

You are insane.

Harry seizes Richard by the collar, dangling him backward over the threshold. He stares wide-eyed down the stairs.

JOJO
Chin up, Richard.

HARRY
I should throw you down the stairs.

Jojo smiles, cackling fiendishly.

JOJO
Your son's come to his senses.

Sarah reaches for Harry.

SARAH
Harry, please don't.

Harry stands Richard upright and releases him.

HARRY
Turnabout is fair game. But I'll
leave you to the devil, Father.

Richard steps through the door into the

BASEMENT

The lights flicker on walls of stone, surrounding furniture covered with Gwendolyn's clothes, shoes, and hat boxes.

Richard leads everyone down the stairs.

They cross the floor to the wine rack.

Jojo points the magnum at Harry. Then trains it on Sarah.

JOJO
Harry, fetch.

Harry kneels, feeling around under the wine rack.

HARRY
It must be here...?

JOJO
Tom, Pete, give him a hand.

Tom and Pete step over.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Pull that rack down!

RICHARD
But the champagne on that rack is
worth a million dollars.

JOJO
You're pitiful, even by my
standards.

Harry pulls Sarah back. Richard grabs champagne bottles as fast as he can, tucking them under his arms.

RICHARD
Can't you give me just two minutes
to save the best?

Jojo aims the magnum at him and nods to Tom and Pete.

JOJO
Pull it the fuck down!

RICHARD
Ignoble louts.

Tom and Pete yank one end each and half the wine rack crashes down, uncovering a mouse hole at the base of the wall.

Jojo aims the magnum at Harry then Sarah and cocks the gun.

JOJO
Well, go on Harry, pull it outta
that filthy hole.

HARRY
Get it yourself.

JOJO
No way I get near no filthy
diseased vermin. I got laurel.

Richard runs up the stairs, hugging champagne bottles.

Tom and Pete chase him to the first step.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Fuck him! Get back here! Hold her!

He aims the gun at Harry. Tom and Pete grab Sarah.

JOJO (CONT'D)
How about ladies first?

HARRY
I got it.

The lights strobe. Harry pulls the plastic film roll from the mouse hole, lobbing the container high to Jojo as he gets up.

JOJO

Hey!

He reaches up, catching the film roll container.

Harry stuffs a wiggling mouse in Jojo's mouth. Jojo spits the mouse out and dry heaves.

Harry head-butts Jojo, twists his arm with the gun, and shoots Jojo in the gut.

He follows Jojo to the floor and wrestles him for the gun.

Tom and Pete throw Sarah down. She grabs for their ankles. They kick her to the wall and go after Harry.

Harry turns to them on his knees with his back against Jojo's bloody belly and fires the magnum still in Jojo's hand.

The bullet slugs Tom in the heart and stops him dead.

Harry blasts Pete in the throat. He drops dead.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Richard runs across the lawn with the champagne bottles.

INT./EXT. LUXURY CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Riley leans over the wheel, barely able to see the rain-swept road through the fogged windshield with the wipers on high.

Dutton flips the defroster on high.

The vehicle races down a road as the lightning flashes over mansions to either side.

The wind roars, battering the trees.

Riley turns onto a private drive and smiles at Dutton.

RILEY

Ya did a bang-up job, my friend.

The windshield glass clears. Dr. Kaplan appears in the headlights, waving her arms as she runs toward them.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Jesus, what the hell?!

He stomps the brakes and spins the wheel. THUMP.

The wipers halt and the car fishtails with Dr. Kaplan sprawled face first over the hood, gripping the wipers.

The vehicle crashes head-on into a brick column.

The rear end swings around and broadsides the other column.

The windshield fractures, the fragmented glass is a mosaic of Dr. Kaplan's smile, and the airbags inflate, eclipsing her.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Patton claws to the bottom of a hole and scratches a layer of dirt away from the top of the brown case.

Richard runs off the path, running away from the pond.

Patton, his teeth clenching the brown case handle, cuts off Richard and herds him back toward the pond.

Richard trips into Patton's hole and stumbles to the

POND

Richard gets to the edge and drops the bottles as he teeters over the edge, arms flailing. He gains his balance and turns.

Patton upper-cuts Richard's chin with the case as he plows into him.

The case bursts open as Richard falls backward, splashing into the water in a swarm of photos.

UNDERWATER

Richard sinks through long waving grasses. He impacts a pile of stones on the bottom and silt clouds the water.

Suddenly Gwendolyn is upon him. She clamps her hands to each side of his face and holds him in her stare.

He screams bubbles. Gwendolyn sinks her black teeth into Richard's tongue. Blood and bubbles mix.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A gunshot RINGS OUT. Sarah and Harry stop just short of the steps.

JOJO (O.S.)

Turn around, slowly. I ain't smart.
I ain't fast. But I am deadly.

They face him.

Jojo slouches against the wall, toupee twisted. Bloody shirt tied around his waist. He aims the magnum at them with one hand, holding out the plastic film roll container in the other.

JOJO (CONT'D)
I want this developed. I'm making
fuckin' A sure this time!

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Rain pours. The wrecked luxury car wedged in the gate.

The unmarked cop car skids to a halt. Nick and Casey exit.

Dutton walks around to the front bumper. Busted bricks and broken auto parts lie scattered. Dr. Kaplan is gone.

Casey steps over, wiping her mouth off with a tissue.

CASEY
You're, Dutton?

Dutton smiles with delight, looking Casey up and down.

DUTTON
Detective Velma?

CASEY
What happened?

DUTTON
She stopped us.

Nick kneels on the passenger seat, stabs the driver's airbag with a knife, and helps Riley crawl out.

NICK
Are you okay, buddy?

RILEY
Right as rain on a parade.

Nick offers his shoulder to Riley.

NICK
Lean on me.

RILEY
Finish this, I'll be okay. The
team's on the way.

He limps to the front of the vehicle.

NICK

See you inside for the nightcap.

He follows Dutton and Casey to the rear bumper.

The crumpled trunk lid creaks open.

Benny lies in the smashed trunk, his straight jacket and head dripping blood. Nick checks his pulse.

NICK (CONT'D)

Benny's dead.

CASEY

Got any surprises left?

DUTTON

The other one's dead too. But oy,
it'll be a much bigger surprise.

Nick stares from Dutton to Casey and points at Dutton.

NICK

If I'm correct, Jojo ice-picked
your friend Jack Fado and you in
the LSD Yacht Club parking lot. I
saw you at the morgue. You're dead.

DUTTON

Surprise!

He kisses Casey's cheek and dematerializes. She barfs.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Red light permeates the room.

Jojo sits and bleeds on a chair. He trains the magnum on
Sarah seated on the floor at his feet.

A tub of liquid and a cache of cameras on a table behind her.

Harry walks along and hangs wet photos on a line to dry. The
photos show only a lightning storm over the choppy lake.

HARRY

All this for nothing, but irony.

JOJO

I want them photos burned.

He tosses a matchbook to Harry.

JOJO (CONT'D)
And no sudden moves.

HARRY
You don't smile much?

JOJO
I'll smile in the end.

He points the gun at Harry.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Next time ya wise-ass me...

He swings the muzzle onto Sarah.

JOJO (CONT'D)
... She gets bullets for brains.

Harry holds a lit match under a photo of Jojo, his long hairs stand in the wind as he bear-hugs Gwendolyn against the schooner's stern rail.

Harry ignites the matchbook and tosses it over his shoulder.

Sarah dives under the table toward Harry.

The fiery matchbook explodes in the tub of liquid.

Jojo flips the table over. The fiery tub crashes and blazing fluid spreads under the downed and upright wine rack.

STAIRCASE

Harry chases Sarah to the top of the steps. She rattles the doorknob and turns wide-eyed to Harry.

SARAH
It's locked!

Harry steps down the stairs.

HARRY
Dear old Dad.

She grabs his shoulder to stop him.

SARAH
Harry, no!

He pries her hand off of him and goes down.

HARRY
This all ends here.

Jojo aims with one hand and pulls himself up a stair at a time with the other.

He stops two steps down from Harry and raises the magnum.

JOJO
Fuckin' A right!

HARRY
Smile!

He flashes a camera in Jojo's face, swats the magnum, and shoves him. Jojo tips back and fires.

Harry shields Sarah against the railing, bullets splinter the door jamb and track up to the ceiling.

The back of Jojo's head bangs each step to the floor and he loses his toupee.

Flames engulf the wine racks and champagne corks pop.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Harry, the 35mm camera hanging from his neck, looks up into the rain and turns his gaze aft.

Richard clamps his hands over Harry's on the wheel.

YOUNG HARRY
What was that?

RICHARD
Harry, keep your eyes forward!

YOUNG HARRY
Let go!

He ducks out of Richard's grip.

RICHARD
Harry, the wheel!

He grabs for Harry and catches the back of the camera strap instead, slowing him down until the strap slips out of his grip.

Harry scurries aft, lightning blinks as his camera flashes.

He snaps pictures as he races toward the stern rail.

Jojo, in the "LSDYC" baseball cap, bear-hugs Gwendolyn. As lightning zaps the mainmast.

Jojo's cap blows off and his long hair dances in the wind as he jumps overboard, taking Gwendolyn with him.

The mainmast comes down, swatting Harry, head-first into the deck before the mast splashes into the frigid water.

EXT. POND - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Nick and Casey splash branches in the water, trying to snag Richard's dead body, floating in a sea of photos.

Nick snags his arm. Casey a leg. They pull him onto the bank.

They drag Richard, pearl white, wide-eyed, mouth agape, onto the grass.

Nick snaps rubber gloves on and shines a flashlight, giving Richard the once over.

CASEY

Why does he look so white?

NICK

He bit his tongue off. Bled to death.

He leans over the water and fishes out a photo, peering at the photo as he steps over to Casey.

NICK (CONT'D)

Some East African tribes believed a photograph could capture one's soul.

CASEY

(eyes on the photo)

Perhaps they were right.

Nick smiles and slaps the photo face-up on Richard's chest.

NICK

Lady Gwendolyn's finally happy.

ON THE BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

A headshot of Gwendolyn smiling. Also seen as Dr. Kaplan.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fire and smoke climb the steps.

Harry and Sarah push on the bullet-riddled door, won't budge.

The staircase shudders and throws them off balance.

They lean against the door.

HARRY

The stairs are going to collapse.

SARAH

Let's kick the door together.

They back away from the door. The staircase jerks side to side violently.

Sarah stumbles against the railing. Harry reaches for her.

The railing collapses, and she falls over the side with it.

Harry dives over the steps, reaches over the side, and grabs her arm.

She dangles in his one-handed grip over the flaming basement, her weight dragging him toward the side edge of the steps.

He scrapes his nails across the step, but he can't stop his slow slide over the edge.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Harry, please let me go. Save yourself, please, Harry.

HARRY

No way, Sarah. We're in this, "to be or not to be" together.

He hooks one foot on the doorway as he drops halfway over the edge, anchoring himself. Leg shaking, struggling to hold on.

He pulls her up, grabs her with his other hand, and yanks her over his head onto the shaking steps.

She helps him onto the stairs. They boot the door repeatedly.

The door cracks along the line of bullet holes as the staircase collapses.

KITCHEN

The door bursts in with a puff of smoke. Harry and Sarah plow into Riley as they crash on top of him.

Harry and Sarah help Riley out of the room.

Smoke detectors SHRIEKING become fire truck sirens SHRIEKING.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Harry help Riley out the door.

Fire trucks screech to a halt out front.

RILEY
God, please help me?!

Riley drops to his knees. Red lights flash across his bulging eyes as he stares up and squeezes them shut.

Gwendolyn growls through her black teeth from under her floppy hat as she stands before him, raising an ax over him.

RILEY (CONT'D)
She's in the pond!

He opens his eyes to a female FIREFIGHTER in full gear and breather, ax on her shoulder. A group of FIREMEN behind her.

Nick lifts Riley to his feet.

Sarah and Harry run to the back of the house.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rain pours and THUNDERCLAPS, lightning flashing. The boat rocks in the stormy lake waters.

Benny watches Jojo, in Gwendolyn's drooping hat, sitting on the aft bench, undoing a shoulder strap.

NICK (O.S.)
They drugged her, to get her on board. So they couldn't allow her to be found. No toxicology.

Jojo tosses the shoulder strap and rope over Gwendolyn's prone body on the deck. A lifeguard rescue tube around her waist.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - PATH - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Riley and Nick stop short of the pond.

Police divers into the water, searchlights scouring the pond.

NICK
They didn't figure she'd call Jack Fado. So they improvised.

RILEY

I a... found the scarf here, or,
under here. I don't know.

He stoops, pointing at a paver, then another.

NICK

You don't or you'd rather not?
Cause I need you too. For me,
buddy.

RILEY

I'm not...

He tries to get up. Nick holds him down.

NICK

I noticed you're not limping
anymore, and so that's that.

He shoves Riley down.

NICK (CONT'D)

The lean on me, buddy, shit! Gimme
the fucking rundown, Detective!

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - PATH - NIGHT

Jojo wears the drooping hat and scarf as he and Benny drag
Gwendolyn by her feet, facedown along the pavers.

They halt and drop her feet on plastic landscape sheeting.

The pavers' construction ends well short of the pond.

Jojo rips a strip of duct tape from a roll.

JOJO

Lift 'em!

Benny raises her feet to his chest. She shrieks like a
seagull, mule kicking him onto his ass.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Seagulls are always hungry...

He grabs her hair, lifting, and twisting her face toward his.

JOJO (CONT'D)

... Fuckin' A, right?!

He stuffs the scarf down her throat. She chokes on a cough.

He drops her, steps back, and shakes his hand in pain.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Bitch bit me!

He gets in Benny's face.

JOJO (CONT'D)
Grab her feet! Finish this cunt!

Benny locks his elbows around her calves. She twists and kicks his chin.

BENNY
She's crazy strong!

Jojo duct tapes her ankles. She squirms. They never notice her force the scarf under a loose paver.

They kneel and roll her in the plastic sheeting.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - SIDE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Riley opens his coat, slapping the yellow scarf to his chest. As Nick steps around the house, halting behind Riley.

Riley stuffs the yellow scarf in his inside breast pocket.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - PATH - NIGHT

Nick yanks Riley up by the collar off of the pavers.

Riley pulls the yellow scarf from deep in his coat pocket.

RILEY
I still got --

A sudden gust of wind rips the scarf from his hand, it flies down the path toward the pond.

NICK
How much did he pay you?!

RILEY
A hundred grand, and a contract for a dime a month.

NICK
To keep an eye on me?!

RILEY
That was the hardest part.

Nick throws Riley facedown onto the pavers, wiping the soles of his shoes off on Riley's back.

NICK

It's beginning to smell like green
shit again.

He takes the path toward the pond, leaving Riley.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - PATH - NIGHT

Harry and Sarah stand on the right side of the pavers.

Police divers carry Gwendolyn's plastic-wrapped corpse across the pond. Patton sashes ahead to the bank.

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.

HARRY

I want to know the truth about you.

She pulls her sleeves up.

SARAH

My scars are real.

He kneels and kisses her scars.

HARRY

Love heals all wounds with
understanding and patience.

SARAH

You won't like some of it.

HARRY

I have stood by, doing nothing, my
whole life. Since I met you, your
actions have been my awakening.

SARAH

They were all setups, with you as
the fall guy.

HARRY

I won't fall anymore. Now's my time
to soar. Fly with me?

SARAH
I am yours, Harry.

They embrace.

Nick and Casey stop on the left side of the pavers.

Harry holds Sarah and calls across.

HARRY
I've become the fatal error.

CASEY
No, you're the last good thing to
come out of their love. Excuse me!

She bends over. Nick supports her as she dry heaves.

HARRY
Been a while, Detective.

NICK
It's all a matter of time.

Harry points at Casey. She's still bent over dry heaving.

HARRY
She won't wait.

Nick kisses the back of Casey's neck.

NICK
She won't have to. Where are you
going?

Harry leads Sarah across the grass toward the front.

HARRY
I'm done with the sins of the past.
Sarah and I are going to Las Vegas,
get married, and sin for ourselves.

Nick watches Harry and Sarah leave. Patton runs ahead of them.

The yellow scarf slithers along the ground some distance behind them, following...

Casey steps into Nick's arms.

NICK
I sure hope Sarah gets along with
her mother-in-law.

CASEY

Did you ever meet Lady Gwendolyn?

NICK

Only in a wet dream.

She wraps her arms around him and kisses him hard.

FADE OUT.

THE END