

P.I
by
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Current Revisions by
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(OVER BLACK)

The whirring of Machinery. A few beeps and whistles as...

...BLUE blinds us. The image then stabilizes, though still heavily pixilated ,we Zoom out...

FADE IN:

The LCD screen still burns hot as the frame of the 8mm camcorder clears. We finally see a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN standing at her window talking on her phone. A FINGER comes into out POV and touches the image, sending the liquid in the display in various directions.

A heavy sigh emanates O.C.

We hear some cracking when...

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON:

...a Sunflower seed being dropped from the window of a car. It joins a small mountain of spent seeds right outside this car. At least three days worth.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

OVER THE SHOULDER -MS

The CAMCORDER provides the only light in the vehicle as the face of a man who has not slept in weeks watches intently. The STREETLIGHT behind him gives off a sickly orange light that gives us a few details about the man, He's wearing a wrinkled brown suit. A derby hat, and he hasn't shaved in weeks. Spent bottles of water are strewn over the back seat.

P.I. (V.O.)

It was just a job, I would tell myself. No reason to get involved. I would be a moderate third party, Philip Marlow and Sam Spade were never moderate. They always had a stake in the cases no matter what. I kept telling myself that to try and go out and do what people were paying me to do, live their lives, albeit sometimes deviant, but still

their lives, while I just watched as an active observer. Problem is, all I've ever been able to do is watch, I'm an insomniac, I tried getting medication for it, it didn't help. See tonight was sort of special for me, it would be my last night on this particular case. I had been on this one exclusively for three months.

WIDE -

A MOTHER and her SMALL child are going out for a walk. They pass the man without a second thought. The CHILD tries to outrun his mother, no go. She screams and snatches him out of the abandoned street. They pass in front of the car.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

The PI puts the camera on the dashboard of the car. Right next to the camera is a pack of cigarettes. His hand moves to them...

...He recoils, thinks and grabs them. He produces a lighter from his pocket, the temporary flare from the flame lighting his face. He inhales the smoke, it calms him. He takes a thoughtful drag and exhales. It's good.

P.I. (V.O.)

I used to live my life a lot like that kid. Running from authority the first chance I got, bucking conventions and acting on impulse. I--it ended up costing me more in the end than I ever could have imagined. My parents had my life already mapped out for me the moment I was born. I was supposed to be doctor, ironic, if only they could have seen this.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - JEREMY SMITH'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside a sterile, brightly lit office, a younger couple are the only patients for the morning. They have been waiting awhile, as they've read all the magazines in the waiting room. Finally, JEREMY SMITH, a tall man, exits his office, and calls the two in. They look at each other, slightly worried.

P.I. (V.O.)

This is Jeremy Smith, a doctor, father, and husband. However, he has a trait that makes him among some of the worst people on the planet.

JEREMY is explaining something to the couple. The WOMAN'S eyes tear up and she breaks down and runs out of the office, the MAN shoots JEREMY a look of death. He follows his wife out of the office.

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When these two souls entered his office they were convinced that Jeremy would be able to help them conceive a child. At least that's what he told them. Problem was, she had an infection that he didn't catch, except that she presented with all the classic signs, had it been a man with a hammer, it would have hit him over the head.

JEREMY continues his work unaffected.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - JEREMY SMITH'S OFFICE/WAITING ROOM - DAY

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (KATHERINE) enters the office, the RECEPTIONIST a chunky woman in her 50's checks the woman in, Her name is Katherine Michaels. JEREMY comes out of his office and leads the woman inside.

The Door closes.

ANGLE ON: Receptionist grabbing files. Fuck it, she grabs a bear claw and her people, starts reading. A Rhythmic thumping can be heard through the wall.

The receptionist puts on her headphones and turns the music up. Something eighties.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

OVERHEAD--

JEREMY is Nailing KATHERINE like a picture. She is beautiful and flying all over the place. Her hair and body are gelatinous from the assault.

IN THE FOREGROUND -- A HOLE has been drilled into the plaster. Whirring is heard.

P.I. (V.O.)

The worst part of this job wasn't watching a guy who is three times as ugly as me bang a girl that I couldn't even get in college, no the worst part of this job was the waiting.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

The P.I. is again in his car he begins his videotaping vigil. JEREMY appears out of his office and shows in the man's LCD screen.

P.I. (V.O.)

Gotcha. Contrary to popular belief, there is an art to this, much like stalking to painting, except the objective is to never be seen, much less caught. No, your job is to let the other person do your work for you. If that fails, however, instinct will usually kick in and lead to you the person's secrets. People are creatures of habit, I don't care who you are, you wear blinders to the world, if it doesn't affect you or your routine, you never look over your shoulder, and you will always have those blinders on. I could be in his back seat and he's never see me.

JEREMY gets into his car, a little sports car that says, "I'm rich, and overcompensating."

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well, if that thing had a back seat.

JEREMY veers off into traffic, cutting off two people in front of him.

TIGHT ON CAR

Our guy follows him in a mid sized Honda Civic.

EXT. RATTY MOTEL -- LATER

JEREMY pulls into a ratty motel off the highway. He gets out of the car, The BLONDE comes out of her hotel room, she meets him on the front parkway, she kisses him passionately. She grabs him by his tie and pulls him into the room.

The BLINDS close.

P.I. (V.O.)

Time to turn in for the night.

He keeps the camera on the dashboard and reclines the seat in his car. He falls asleep.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

The P.I. Goes into his office, a converted real estate dealer, and comes to his desk. On his desk are several porno rags, used McDonalds filet 'o fish wrappers, and a large orange tabby cat. It sleeps peacefully in the sparsely decorated office.

As the P.I. Passes by his desk, we see him in a police uniform. He was a Chicago cop. We see pictures of him with a beautiful strawberry blond child who kisses him in one of the pictures. His wife is in one of the others. His father, a avid fisherman, holds up his prize swordfish. The P.I. And HIM stand next to it, with a trophy reading 1st prize. The MAN enters the bathroom and turns on the water.

There comes a Ding - Dong at the door.

ANGLE ON: a Woman's feet. Dressed in High Heels. Elegant.

The P.I. Comes out his mouth full of Filet O' Fish.

He's staring right at a Beautiful 25 year old woman. Full figured, and spunky. Black hair falling down to her shoulders. Her red dress adheres to her like liquid mercury. *(NOTE, ASK AMANDA ABOUT HER CHOICE OF DRESS HERE, I'm at a loss about what to dress her in. I see a red dress, but hey, I'm flexible.)

P.I.

(Shocked)

Hi. Did you have an appointment.

ANGELA

Yeah, I need one with the clients just bursting out the door here.

P.I.
Well...it's a slow day. Wait til
valentine's day. It's (whistles)

She starts walking towards his pictures.

MCU - ANGELA LOOKING AT THE PICTURES.

ANGELA
Who's she? (off a woman)

P.I.
My wife...er...ex - wife.

ANGELA
Brought your work home with you?

His tone gets more defensive. Why is she asking this?

P.I.
Something like that...Can I help
you?

ANGELA
You're a detective?

P.I.
I find certain things out about
people.

ANGELA
Like what?

She takes a seat at his desk.

P.I.
Bank accounts, who they're fucking,
back end deals, Corrupt cops, the
creme de la creme of the crop.

ANGELA
You carry a gun?

P.I.
Depends.

ANGELA
On what?

P.I.
The type of person who hires me.

ANGELA

A .38 right?

P.I.

How would you know that?

ANGELA

My dad was a cop. He carried a Beretta .92 While he was on the force, when he went private, he carried a .38. It's an accuracy thing, they almost never miss, plus they're concealable. Something you guys all go for. Plus it says you're not trying to overcompensate.

P.I.

Wow. That's a mouthful.

ANGELA

You asked why I'm here, It's very simple: I'm here because I think my Husband is cheating on me.

P.I.

That I can help with. Take a seat.

She removes her sunglasses.

Her right eye is black. As if she was sucker punched.

P.I. (CONT'D)

That's very pretty, you run into his fist?

ANGELA

No. I'm going to be perfectly honest with you here...

P.I.

...Honesty I like that. The best way to start any relationship.

ANGELA

I need you to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that my husband is an unfit father.

P.I.

Is he molesting your child?

ANGELA
Our daughter...No. I don't think
so.

P.I.
Is he verbally abusive?

ANGELA
Yes.

P.I.
Physically, well I can see that.

ANGELA
He tried to have me institutionalized
a year ago. I was taking some pretty
heavy anti - depressants, my father
had just died, and the SOB tried to
take my daughter from me.

P.I.
Were you committed?

ANGELA
Briefly.

Beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
About two months.

P.I.
Did you ever go to the police?

ANGELA
He's completely discredited me. He
told the police that I've been
neglecting the family.

P.I.
I need --

ANGELA
No, let me finish. You were
married, when did you just give up
on your relationship?

P.I.
That's private.

ANGELA
As a show of faith, tell me.

Is she flirting with him?

P.I.

I never to this day gave up on her,
we were high school sweethearts and
I thought we'd be together forever.

ANGELA

Our relationship ceased to be a
romance after we left school. I
became a full time housewife, and
was expected to do the duties of
one, give up my life so he could
have one. We became business
partners instead of actual
partners, a friends with benefits
kind of thing. But I learned
something from this, my life up to
this point has been a facade, and
I'm tired of that. I gave him
something more precious than he'll
ever know, I gave him myself, and I
gave him years. Both things he
can't return like a sweater. So I
need something quick and
painless...

P.I.

...Which doesn't make you look weak
and makes him look like shit...

A Small sly smile creeps across her face.

ANGELA

...that's the gist of it.

The P.I. Drags some papers out of his desk.

P.I.

Sign these forms and we'll be in
business.

She does.

P.I. (CONT'D)

Are you still on meds?

ANGELA

No.

ANGELA hands him a few pictures of the man we've come to know
as Jeremy.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Good luck.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - JEREMY SMITH'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

JEREMY and KATHERINE have pulled up to the office.

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT (SAME)

JEREMY kisses her full on the lips.

JEREMY
Ohh, frisky.

KATHERINE giggles.

They embrace and head inside.

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME

JEREMY and KATHERINE break their kiss. JEREMY is fiddling with his keys. KATHERINE digs in JEREMY'S pants.

JEREMY
Oh ho!!

She starts masturbating him in the hallway. He kind of squeals as they head inside.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
I've got wine in my office.

KATHERINE
Go get it.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

JEREMY is fiddling around with the light, he gets it on.
He doesn't notice ANGELA sitting on the desk.

ANGELA
Hi honey.

JEREMY
Whoa!!

KATHERINE
Holy---!!

ANGELA looks outside.

ANGELA

Wow, she's young, what 15, 16? So do you still have Mr. Frazier for Geometry or what?

KATHERINE storms in the office.

KATHERINE

Who the hell are you? (To jeremy) are you fucking her too?

ANGELA

Supposedly I'm the only woman he's supposed to be fucking.

She holds up her wedding ring.

KATHERINE

(low)

Wha--? She's your wife? You lying son of a bitch. You told me your wife died.

ANGELA

(Faux Shock)

I'm dead?

JEREMY is in a corner being ass raped by these two women. The P.I. Watches.

JEREMY

(to ANGELA)

You fucking bitch. You motherfucking whore. I can't believe this, you've been what--? Following me?

ANGELA

Yeah. Like you're a four year old.

KATHERINE Zips up the side of her skirt.

KATHERINE

You told me you loved me. You said we'd be together.

ANGELA

You fell for that too huh?

KATHERINE has tears welling up in her eyes. She leaves.

KATHERINE

Fuck you!

She's gone.

JEREMY

You thought the clinic was bad,
just you wait this time, I am going
to go medieval on your ass.

The P.I. Slides out of a hiding spot.

P.I.

I don't think so.

JEREMY

Who the fuck is this?

P.I.

A friend.

JEREMY

What kind of a friend?

P.I.

Not the kind you hit.

JEREMY goes to swing at the man, he counters the punch and recoils with one of his own, effectively rendering Jeremy useless.

ANGELA

Now, I've instructed him to beat
the living hell out of you until
you give me what I want, and all I
want is a signature right here...

She produces some legal documents.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

...now sweetheart remember how I
told you to never take anything
lying down, well that's out the
window. You're taking this lying
down. Sign over custody of
Stephanie and we'll be done,
or...there are other excruciatingly
painful options that we can pursue.

JEREMY

Fuck...you...

P.I.
I'd do it, my foot's feeling itchy.

ANGELA
You get to keep the practice and
your money and the house, all I
want is my daughter.

JEREMY weakly gets up, he signs the documents.

ANGELA has a smile that could light up a city. She's won.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I win. That look on your face makes
all this worthwhile. Best of luck.
I think you're going to need it.

The P.I. And ANGELA leave.

JEREMY pops open the wine and starts guzzling.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The TWO of them go out the door, they pass KATHERINE walking
down the street, she has tears streaming down her face.

ANGELA
Hold up.

THE P.I. Stops and watches as ANGELA goes over to KATHERINE.

To his shock, Katherine stops, she babbling something
incoherent. ANGELA hugs the woman, much to her shock. ANGELA
leaves and catches back to the P.I.

P.I.
What was that about?

ANGELA
I told her I don't blame her.

P.I.
That's big of you.

ANGELA gets to her car.

ANGELA
Well, besides your payment, I guess
this ends our partnership.

P.I.
Yeah, looks like it.

ANGELA kisses him. He's surprised.

ANGELA

That was for giving me an out. You saved me.

P.I.

Hey as much as I'd think you'd hate the thought of this, you have your husband to thank for this.

ANGELA laughs.

ANGELA

Yeah, I do hate that thought actually.

P.I.

So are you going to still destroy him?

ANGELA

Oh yeah. This is just starting.

P.I.

Good luck.

ANGELA

I'll be in touch.

Her car turns over and the P.I. Watches her leave.

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT

We're back to where we were in the beginning of the film. ANGELA is in the LCD screen of the camcorder.

P.I. (V.O.)

Sometimes the worst part of this job is knowing that you'll never get some cases out of your head, no matter how much time has passed. Those were the ones that you invested yourself one hundred percent in. Even though the stakes were just something as simple as freedom, maybe you had a chance to change several lives instead of just one. Well, she can go to sleep knowing that a knight waits outside for her. She's a princess, and I'm just a voyeur.

ANGLE ON : PAPER : prominent doctor murdered by Patient.

Tight on the P.I. as he Slams the camcorder shut we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END.

1 (OVER BLACK) 1

The whirring of Machinery. A few beeps and whistles as...
...BLUE blinds us. The image then stabilizes, though still heavily pixilated ,we Zoom out...

FADE IN:

The LCD screen still burns hot as the frame of the 8mm camcorder clears. We finally see a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN standing at her window talking on her phone. A FINGER comes into out POV and touches the image, sending the liquid in the display in various directions.

A heavy sigh emanates O.C.

We hear some cracking when...

2 EXT. CAR -- NIGHT 2

ANGLE ON:

...a Sunflower seed being dropped from the window of a car. It joins a small mountain of spent seeds right outside this car. At least three days worth.

3 INT. CAR -- NIGHT 3

OVER THE SHOULDER -MS

The CAMCORDER provides the only light in the vehicle as the face of a man who has not slept in weeks watches intently. The STREETLIGHT behind him gives off a sickly orange light that gives us a few details about the man, He's wearing a wrinkled brown suit, he rubs his semi - furry face. Spent bottles of water are strewn over the back seat.

P.I. (V.O.)

It was just a job, I would tell myself. No reason to get involved. I would be a moderate third party, who was I kidding, Philip Marlow and Sam Spade were never moderate. They always had a stake in the cases no matter what.

(MORE)

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I kept telling myself that to try and go out and do what people were paying me to do, live their lives, albeit sometimes deviant, but still their lives, while I just watched as an active observer. Problem is, all I've ever been able to do is watch, I'm an insomniac, I tried getting medication for it, they` didn't help. See tonight was sort of special for me, it would be my last night on this particular case. I had been on this one exclusively for three months.

WIDE -

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT

A MOTHER and her SMALL child are going out for a walk. They pass the man without a second thought. The CHILD tries to outrun his mother, no go. She screams and snatches him out of the abandoned street. They pass in front of the car.

4

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

4

The PI puts the camera on the dashboard of the car. Right next to the camera is a pack of cigarettes. His hand moves to them...

...He recoils, thinks and grabs them. He produces a lighter from his pocket, the temporary flare from the flame lighting his face. He inhales the smoke, it calms him. He takes a thoughtful drag and exhales. It's good.

P.I. (V.O.)

I used to live my life a lot like that kid. Running from authority the first chance I got, bucking conventions and acting on impulse. I--it ended up costing me more in the end than I ever could have imagined. You see, my overbearing parents had my life already mapped out for me the moment I was born. I was supposed to be doctor in their book, ironic, if only they could have seen this.

5 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - JEREMY SMITH'S OFFICE - DAY 5

Inside a sterile, brightly lit office, a younger couple are the only patients for the morning. They have been waiting awhile, as they've read all the magazines in the waiting room. Finally, JEREMY SMITH, a tall man, exits his office, and calls the two in. They look at each other, slightly worried.

P.I. (V.O.)

This is Jeremy Smith, a doctor, father, and husband. A supposed pillar of the community. This guy was full of shit.

JEREMY is explaining something to the couple. We don't hear what, but the news isn't good. The WOMAN'S eyes tear up and she breaks down and runs out of the office, the MAN shoots JEREMY a look of death. He follows his wife out of the office.

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When these two souls entered his office they were convinced that Jeremy would be able to help them conceive a child. At least that's what he told them. Problem was, she had an infection that he didn't catch, except that she presented with all the classic signs, had it been a man with a hammer, it would have hit him over the head. Regardless, it had rendered her sterile at twenty five.

JEREMY continues his work unaffected.

6 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - JEREMY SMITH'S OFFICE/WAITING ROOM - 6 DAY

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (KATHERINE) enters the office, the RECEPTIONIST a chunky woman in her 50's checks the woman in, Her name is Katherine Michaels. JEREMY comes out of his office and leads the woman inside.

The Door closes.

ANGLE ON: Receptionist grabbing files. Fuck it, she grabs a bear claw and her people, starts reading. A Rhythmic thumping can be heard through the walls.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
Oh God!!
Oh God!!
Oh God!! Ride me..Oh..fucking
god...

JEREMY (O.S.)
Fuck...There...Oh Jesus!!

The receptionist puts on her headphones and turns the music up. Something eighties.

7 INT. OFFICE -- DAY

7

JEREMY is Nailing KATHERINE like a picture. She is beautiful and flying all over the place. Her hair and body are gelatinous from the assault.

IN THE FOREGROUND -- A HOLE has been drilled into the plaster. Whirring is heard.

P.I. (V.O.)

The worst part of this job wasn't watching a guy who is three times as ugly as me bang a girl that I couldn't even get in college, no the worst part of this job was the waiting. Waiting for the fuck up to come, this took patience, the patience of a saint.

8 INT. CAR -- NIGHT

8

The P.I. is again in the car, as he begins his video vigil; JEREMY appears out of his office and shows in the man's LCD screen. The P.I. Focuses on him, and takes a digital still.

P.I. (V.O.)

Gotcha. Contrary to popular belief, there is an art to this, much like stalking to painting, except the objective is to never be seen, much less caught. No, your job is to let the other person do your work for you. If that fails, however, instinct will usually kick in and lead to you the person's secrets.

(MORE)

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

People are creatures of habit, I
don't care who you are, you wear
blinders to the world, if it
doesn't affect you or your routine,
you never look over your shoulder,
and you will always have those
blinders on. I could be in his back
seat and he's never see me.

JEREMY gets into his car, a little sports car that says, "I'm
rich, and overcompensating."

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well, if that thing had a back
seat.

JEREMY veers off into traffic, cutting off two people in
front of him.

TIGHT ON CAR

Our guy follows him in a mid sized Honda Civic.

9 EXT. RATTY MOTEL -- LATER

9

JEREMY pulls into a ratty motel off the highway. He gets out
of the car, The BLONDE comes out of her hotel room, she meets
him on the front parkway, she kisses him passionately. She
grabs him by his tie and pulls him into the room.

The BLINDS close.

P.I. (V.O.)

Time to turn in for the night.

He keeps the camera on the dashboard and reclines the seat in
his car. He falls asleep.

10 INT. OFFICE -- DAY

10

The P.I. Goes into his office, a converted real estate
dealer, and comes to his desk. On his desk are several porno
rags, used McDonalds filet 'o fish wrappers, and a large
orange tabby cat. It sleeps peacefully in the sparsely
decorated office.

As the P.I. Passes by his desk, we see him in a police
uniform. He was a Chicago cop. We see pictures of him with a
beautiful strawberry blond child who kisses him in one of the
pictures. His wife is in one of the others. His father, a
avid fisherman, holds up his prize swordfish. The P.I.

And HIM stand next to it, with a trophy reading 1st prize. He enters the bathroom and turns on the water washing his hands.

There comes a Ding - Dong at the door.

ANGLE ON: a Woman's feet. Dressed in High Heels. Elegant.

The P.I. Comes out his mouth full of Filet O' Fish. Tatar sauce covering his upper lip.

He's staring right at a Beautiful 25 year old woman. Full figured, and spunky. Black hair falling down to her shoulders. Her red dress adheres to her like liquid mercury.

P.I.

(Shocked)

Hi. Did you have an appointment.

ANGELA

Yeah, I need one with the clients just bursting out the door here.

P.I.

Well...it's a slow day. Wait til valentine's day. It's (whistles)

She starts walking towards his pictures.

MCU - ANGELA LOOKING AT THE PICTURES.

ANGELA

Who's she? (off a woman)

P.I.

My wife...er...ex - wife.

ANGELA

Brought your work home with you?

His tone gets more defensive. Why is she asking this?

P.I.

Something like that...Can I help you?

ANGELA

You're a detective?

P.I.

I find certain things out about people that they would prefer saty hidden if that's what you're asking.

ANGELA

Like what?

She takes a seat at his desk.

P.I.

Bank accounts, back end deals,
Corrupt cops, intermittant sexual
deviant behavior, the creme de la
creme of the crop.

ANGELA

Huh. You carry a gun? Or you a
passivist?

P.I.

Depends.

ANGELA

On what?

P.I.

The type of person who hires me.
Kind of job I'm expecting.

ANGELA

A .38 right?

P.I.

How would you know that?

ANGELA

My dad was a cop. He carried a
Beretta .92 While he was on the
force, when he went private, he
carried a .38. It's an accuracy
thing, they almost never miss, plus
they're concealable. Something you
guys all go for. Plus it says
you're not trying to
overcompensate.

P.I.

Wow. That's a mouthful.

ANGELA

Says the guy with a mouth full of
fish. You asked why I'm here, It's
very simple: I'm here because I
think my Husband is cheating on me.

P.I.

That I can help with. Take a seat.

She removes her sunglasses.

Her right eye is black. As if she was sucker punched.

P.I. (CONT'D)

That's very pretty, you run into his fist?

ANGELA

No. I'm going to be perfectly honest with you here...

P.I.

...Honesty, I like that. The best way to start any relationship.

ANGELA

I need you to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that my husband is an unfit father.

P.I.

Is he Michael Jackson?

ANGELA

No.

P.I.

Well there goes the slam dunk, is he molesting your child?

ANGELA

Our daughter...No. I don't think so.

P.I.

Is he verbally abusive?

ANGELA

Yes.

P.I.

Physically, well I can see that. Just to you or to your child as well.

ANGELA

His anger and inadequacies seem to only be directed at me. He tried to have me institutionalized a year ago. I was taking some pretty heavy anti-depressants, my father had just died, and it was a rough time in my life.

P.I.
Were you committed?

ANGELA
Briefly.

Beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
About two months.

P.I.
Did you ever go to the police about
the abuse, try and go through
litigation, divorce preceding,?

ANGELA
He's completely discredited me. He
told the police that I've been
neglecting the family. Told his
attorney the same thing, I'm in a
loveless marriage because if I try
and leave he will destroy me.

P.I.
I need --

ANGELA
No, let me finish. You were
married, when did you just give up
on your relationship?

P.I.
That's private.

ANGELA
As a show of faith, tell me.

Is she flirting with him? A thoughtful beat. He finally
relents and tells her.

P.I.
I never to this day gave up on her,
we were high school sweethearts and
I thought we'd be together forever.

ANGELA
Our relationship ceased to be a
romance after we left school. I
became a full time housewife, and
was expected to do the duties of
one, give up my life so he could
have one.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We became business partners instead of actual partners, a friends with benefits kind of thing. But I learned something from this, my life up to this point has been a facade, and I'm tired of that. I gave him something more precious than he'll ever know, I gave him myself, and I gave him years. Both things he can't return like a sweater. So I need something quick and painless...

P.I.

...Which doesn't make you look weak and makes him look like shit...

A Small sly smile creeps across her face.

ANGELA

...that's the jist of it. I need hand. Something I can use for the lawyers, something beyond my word.

The P.I. Drags some papers out of his desk.

P.I.

Sign these forms and we'll be in business.

She does.

P.I. (CONT'D)

Are you still on meds?

ANGELA

(matter of factly)

No.

ANGELA hands him a few pictures of the man we've come to know as Jeremy.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Good luck.

11 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - JEREMY SMITH'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 11

JEREMY and KATHERINE have pulled up to the office.

12 EXT. CAR -- NIGHT (SAME) 12

Jeremy kisses her full on the lips.

JEREMY

Ohh, frisky.

Katherine giggles.

They embrace and head inside.

13 INT. HALLWAY -- SAME

13

JEREMY and KATHERINE break their kiss. JEREMY is fiddling with his keys. KATHERINE digs in JEREMY'S pants.

JEREMY

Oh ho!!

She starts masturbating him in the hallway. He kind of squeals as they head inside.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I've got wine in my office.

KATHERINE

Go get it.

14 INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

14

JEREMY is fiddling around with the light, he gets it on.

He doesn't notice ANGELA sitting on the desk. KATHERINE has her head dug deep in JEREMY'S crotch.

ANGELA

Hi honey.

JEREMY

Whoa!!

Katherine walks inside.

KATHERINE

Holy---!!

ANGELA looks.

ANGELA

Wow, she's young, what 15, 16? So do you still have Mr. Frazier for Geometry or what?

KATHERINE gets in Angela's face.

KATHERINE

Who the hell are you?
(To jeremy)
Are you fucking her too?

ANGELA

Supposedly I'm the only woman he's
supposed to be fucking. If he could
keep it in his pants, that is.

She holds up her wedding ring. Katherine stares at this agog.

KATHERINE

(low)
Wha--? She's your wife? You lying
son of a bitch. You told me your
wife died.

ANGELA

(Faux Shock)
I'm dead?

JEREMY is in a corner being ass raped by these two women. He instinctively tries to go further back but the laws of physics prohibit him from doing that.

IN THE DOORWAY

The P.I. Watches with approval.

JEREMY

(to ANGELA)
You fucking bitch. You
motherfucking whore. I can't
believe this, you've been what--?
Following me?

ANGELA

Yeah. Like you're a four year old.

KATHERINE Zips up the side of her skirt.

KATHERINE

You told me you loved me. You said
we'd be together.

ANGELA

You fell for that too huh?

KATHERINE has tears welling up in her eyes. She leaves.

KATHERINE
(to jeremy)
Fuck you!

She's gone. Jeremy is irate.

JEREMY
You thought the clinic was bad,
just you wait this time, I am going
to go medieval on your ass.

The P.I. enters the room fully.

P.I.
No, I don't think so.

JEREMY
Now who the fuck is this?

P.I.
A friend.

JEREMY
What kind of a friend?

P.I.
One who has her best interests at
heart.

JEREMY goes to swing at the man, he counters the punch and recoils with one of his own, effectively rendering Jeremy useless. He falls like a sack of bricks. Angela gets in his face.

ANGELA
Now, I've instructed him to beat
the living hell out of you until
you give me what I want, and all I
want is a signature right here...

She produces some legal documents. The P.I. Is holding him down, making him submit?

ANGELA (CONT'D)
...now sweetheart remember how I
told you to never take anything
lying down, well that's out the
window. You're taking this lying
down. Sign over custody of
Stephanie and we'll be done,
or...there are other excruciatingly
painful options that we can pursue.

JEREMY

Fuck...you...

P.I.

I'd do it, my foot's feeling twitchy.

ANGELA

You get to keep the practice and your money and the house, all I want is my daughter.

JEREMY weakly gets up, he signs the documents.

ANGELA has a smile that could light up a city. She's won.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

That look on your face almost makes all this worthwhile. Best of luck. I think you're going to need it.

The P.I. And ANGELA leave.

JEREMY pops open the wine and starts guzzling.

15

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

15

The TWO of them go out the door, they pass KATHERINE walking down the street, she has tears streaming down her face. She's about halfway down the block when a voice cries out after her:

ANGELA (O.S.)

Hold up.

THE P.I. Stops and watches as ANGELA goes over to KATHERINE.

To his shock, Katherine stops, she babbling something incoherent. ANGELA hugs the woman, much to her shock. ANGELA leaves and catches back up to the P.I.

P.I.

What was that about?

ANGELA

I told her I don't blame her.

P.I.

That's big of you.

ANGELA gets to her car.

ANGELA

Well, besides your payment, I guess this ends our partnership.

P.I.

Yeah, looks like it.

ANGELA kisses him. He's surprised.

ANGELA

That was for giving me an out. You saved me.

P.I.

Hey as much as I'd think you'd hate the thought of this, you have your husband to thank for this.

ANGELA laughs.

ANGELA

Yeah, I do hate that thought actually.

P.I.

So are you going to still destroy him?

ANGELA

Oh yeah. This is just starting.

P.I.

Good luck.

ANGELA

I'll be in touch.

Her car turns over and the P.I. Watches her leave.

16

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT

16

We're back to where we were in the beginning. ANGELA is in the LCD screen of the camcorder.

P.I. (V.O.)

Sometimes the worst part of this job is knowing that you'll never get some cases out of your head, no matter how much time has passed. Those were the ones that you invested yourself one hundred percent in.

(MORE)

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Even though the stakes were just something as simple as freedom, maybe you had a chance to change several lives instead of just one. Well, she can go to sleep knowing that a knight waits outside for her. She's a princess, and I'm just a voyeur.

ANGLE ON : PAPER : prominent doctor murdered by Patient. We see a picture of the HUSBAND of the WOMAN who was sterile, being led away by police.

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well, in the end it seems like everything worked...

A CAR pulls up to the driveway. A FIGURE emerges.

P.I. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The FIGURE knocks on the door of the home, ANGELA comes to the doorway. She greets the figure and the two of them head inside.

P.I. (CONT'D)

Huh.

He LOOKS into the camcorder, he sees the figure clearly now, it's Katherine!! He watches as Angela kisses Katherine full on the lips.

ANGLE ON : the P.I. Agape, staring at this display.

P.I. (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

ANGLE ON : The house goes dark as Angela pushes Katherine out of frame.

Tight on the P.I. as he Slams the camcorder shut we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END.