

THE GIRL GOES BERSERK

written by

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EXT. HILLSIDE VIEW - PASADENA, CA - DUSK

From a quiet palm tree dotted hillside we see the towering structures of DOWNTOWN LA preceded by ten miles of flat terrain.

The LIGHTS of hundreds of vehicles in stand-still traffic form a worm-like maze of freeways.

Cars HONK. Engines ROAR.

As we glide down the side of this sloping green pasture to a very busy --

110 FREEWAY

Where a LUXURY FOUR DOOR just passes through a tunnel.

TONY (V.O.)

Pasadena. Just ten short miles from Downtown Los Angeles. Or twenty minutes depending on traffic. Just far enough away where the filth can't reach you. But still close enough to get your hands dirty if the mood hits. In my line of work, the dirtier the better.

The four door shoots out the other end, merges right at an exit marked "Pasadena".

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - PASADENA, CA - DUSK

Tony's car reaches the intersection of Colorado Boulevard and Fair Oaks. Important looking people stroll the sidewalk in white shorts, loafers, gift bags.

INT. TONY'S CAR - DUSK

Behind the wheel is TONY MARSH (40s), thick hair, unkempt facial hair, cheap suit, loose tie. A stupid grin as he snaps his chewing gum.

TONY (V.O.)

If you know me, then you know that people don't pass through my door because their lives are peaches and cream. That's why I stay close to the action.

EXT. FAIR OAKS AVENUE - NIGHT

The marquee lights of the RIALTO THEATER switch on as day gives way to night. Tony's car passes by as he ventures into the quiet suburbs of Pasadena.

INT. TONY'S CAR - NIGHT

Tony drags his smoke as his mind seems consumed with thoughts.

TONY (V.O.)
My old partner, Chris, on the other hand, had his fill of the dirtier side of human nature. A little under a year ago, we less than amicably severed ties.

Tony spots a couple young HOTTIES in short shorts riding bikes on the sidewalk.

FROM THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Tony takes a gander at their firm backsides.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yes, it was over a woman. Isn't it always?

EXT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - NIGHT

Tony's car pulls to a curb across the street from this perfect little suburban home. He drags a cigarette. Almost reluctant to get out.

TONY (V.O.)
While Chris opted for the more quiet life here in the land of boredom, I found myself without a partner. I could no longer afford to be an honest businessman. Not if I wanted to keep the lights on. So I became a hustler. Always hustling for the next job.

Tony stares through a living room window and spots Chris's wife ANGIE (30s), housewife, mother, as she burps her newborn baby.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I began living, shall we say, in
 the more grey areas of moral
 ambiguity. I saw a lot of wrong
 things. Dealt with a lot of wrong
 people.

The sight of Angie and her baby gives Tony pause.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But after ten years in the business
 I came to the painful conclusion
 that most people go wrong at some
 point in life. It's just a matter
 of when and how. Chris just needed
 a little encouraging.

Tony tosses his smoke out the window, grabs a newspaper from
 the passenger seat: "WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP".

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - NIGHT

ANGIE KEEGAN (30s), new mother, tired eyes but a classic
 beauty, stirs a homemade marinara and rocks a baby crib
 on a counter top.

In walks CHRIS KEEGAN (40s), tall, gruff, graying hair, ex
 LAPD. He rests a bottle of wine by his infant daughter.

CHRIS
 How's my favorite bride doing?

Angie turns, gives him a quick smooch as she keep a careful
 eye on things.

ANGIE
 Oh, so now I'm your favorite
 bride? I must be doing something
 right.

Chris lazily leans on the center counter. Pours himself a
 handful of jelly beans from a jar.

CHRIS
 How're the kids?

ANGIE
 Well, your daughter was just fine.
 As for our other baby, not so
 much.

CHRIS
 What happened?

ANGIE

There's just no more denying it.
The dog hates our baby.

Chris stares down at his Jack Russell. He lets out a deep growl as Chris rocks the baby crib.

CHRIS

Are you being a little jelly face again?

ANGIE

I swear, if I even brush up against the crib, he starts growling.

CHRIS

He just wants some attention.
That's all.

Chris picks him up, strokes his little head.

ANGIE

Well, between his whining and Jaimie's crying, I'll be ready for a drink or two after dinner.

Angie lets out a deep sigh and grabs at her aching head. Chris watches her with concern.

CHRIS

Something else bothering you I should know about?

Angie reluctantly looks him in the eye.

ANGIE

You have a visitor.

Chris loses his smile, slowly walks to the rear kitchen window and gawks out.

On a rear porch deck, Tony sits on a bench swing. His arms stretched out, scotch rocks in hand.

Chris turns to Angie, a bit angry.

CHRIS

What the hell's he doing here?

ANGIE

He said he had some business to discuss with you. I asked him to call you at the office but he said it couldn't wait.

CHRIS
And you let him in. When I'm not here.

ANGIE
God, Chris. I didn't know he was coming, okay? So stop it with the look.

CHRIS
You invite him for dinner?

ANGIE
Of course not. Look, I'm just as upset as you are.

CHRIS
Doubtful.

Angie scoffs with disgust.

ANGIE
Okay, fine. Jaimie and I will be upstairs. Let me know when he's gone. Fair enough?

Angie grabs the portable crib, makes her way to the staircase.

Chris heads for the porch door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS'S PORCH - NIGHT

Chris steps outside. He shoots a cold, hard stare at Tony who cracks a giant grin.

TONY
Hey, old partner. How's the home security business? Exciting, I hope.

CHRIS
The hell are you doing here?

TONY
I love what you've done with the house. Very nice.

Chris stares at the colorful arrangement of potted plants and posh deck furniture around him.

CHRIS

What would you know about what I've done to the house?

TONY

Come on, Chris. You leave me high and dry. You don't think I did my homework?

CHRIS

So you found me. Congratulations. Now find your way out.

Chris turns to the door. Tony quickly stands.

TONY

It's been a long time.

Chris turns back.

CHRIS

Not long enough.

TONY

If it makes you feel better, Angie hasn't spoken two words to me since I got here. Rest assured, there's absolutely nothing left between us.

Chris stares back at Angie who watches them through a sliver of venetian blinds.

CHRIS

You got a lot of balls coming here like this. If you wanna keep them, I suggest you find your way to the door.

TONY

And you don't wanna hear what I have to say? After a whole year.

CHRIS

Not at all.

TONY

Okay, so mending the friendship is off the table. I get it. Believe me, I didn't come here to fix the past. I came here on business.

CHRIS

And how is business these days, Tony?

TONY

Actually, very good. More than I can handle as a matter of fact.

CHRIS

Really?

TONY

That's why I'm here. I got five cases I'm juggling as we speak. Three days ago, I get one dropped in my lap so big I'd be willing to drop the other four and work this one full time. We're talking a six figure payout. But I can't do it alone.

CHRIS

Why do I get the feeling that this job requires you breaking several laws.

TONY

I assure you no laws will be broken on this one. Not this time. But the facts are you still have major connections to LAPD and those connections just might come in handy with this particular case.

CHRIS

Just tell me about the case, Tony. I can say no and you can get out of my house.

TONY

I figured you might be more comfortable talking about this back at the office. Somewhere without an audience.

Tony stares back at Angie, who still watches from behind the blinds.

TONY (CONT'D)

Or, I could come back here night after night until you say yes.

Chris and Angie catch eyes. She steps away from the window, back into the house. Chris sighs with exhaustion.

CHRIS

What's the split?

TONY
Five hundred thousand.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS
Bullshit.

TONY
You're right. It's actually two
fifty a piece. Now, I know you're
doing well for yourself but you
could be doing a lot better.
Especially with the new baby. New
house and all.

CHRIS
Sounds like someone desperate for
answers and money to burn.

TONY
Something like that.

CHRIS
The suspense is killing me. What's
the job? A jilted lover? Missing
persons case gone cold? What?

TONY
Like I said. Not here. Meet me at
the office at midnight. Tell Angie
you got a late house call. You can
come hear what I have to say and
she doesn't need to know
anything about it.

Chris stares back and forth between his new home and old
partner. Unsure.

Tony shoots him a shit eating grin.

TONY (CONT'D)
What do you have to lose?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

Chris parks in a small lot across the street from this run
down office building with chipped paint, cracked windows
and a rusted fire escape.

He takes a moment to soak it all in. It's been awhile since he's been back and it shows.

CHRIS
(to himself)
Don't do it. It's a mistake.
You're gonna regret it.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
To hell with it.

Chris heads for the door.

Tony watches him from a fourth floor window with a smile.

TONY (V.O.)
All it took was one visit from me to get Chris back in the game. As if he was just waiting for the day I showed up on his doorstep. You could see it in his face. He was bored. Lifeless. As if he suddenly realized that dark side of life he tried so hard to leave behind was the only shining light in his dismal existence.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

Chris walks in, shuts the door behind him.

Tony waits at the other end of this dimly lit first floor hallway. His face and body in silhouette.

TONY
You're ten minutes early.

Chris stops.

TONY (CONT'D)
That's a good sign.

Tony heads for a freight elevator. Chris follows.

They both get on as Tony shuts the gate behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tony and Chris step off the elevator and down another dark hallway. A frosted window marked "Keegan and Marsh Investigations" sits at the far end.

CHRIS
My name's still on the door.

TONY
Yeah. What can I say? I was
holding out hope.

Chris shoots him a "no way" look.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Tony and Chris step inside, flick on a light switch. Chris instantly spots --

A MAN at the window who stares into the street. He is a tall, impressive figure whose face is hidden by shadow. The orange glow of a cigarette. He is --

WALTON DUPREE (60s), tan, distinguished, flash suit, big money.

Dupree turns to the men. One hand in his coat. The other grips his smoke.

DUPREE
Mister Keegan, I presume.

Chris shoots Tony a look.

CHRIS
That's right.

DUPREE
So glad you could get away. Angie
give you any trouble?

CHRIS
I see that Tony's told you all
about me.

DUPREE
Believe me, it wasn't necessary. I
know everything there needs to know
about the infamous Chris Keegan.
(MORE)

DUPREE (CONT'D)

You're the man whose successfully closed five cold missing persons cases where your old friends in the LAPD have fallen short. You charge more than most but you work twice as hard and get quicker results. You're a man obsessed with his work. Obsessed with the truth.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, that's in the past.

DUPREE

Hence why you've decided to meet at such a late hour. Leaving your new bride and daughter in the middle of the night to fend for themselves. Because you have zero interest whatsoever.

Tony smiles at Chris who also cracks a grin.

CHRIS

Okay. You got me. I'm here because I need the money. If and when I take this job, I'll be taking a lot of risks. Including lying to my wife and putting my real job and life on hold. That's gonna require a down payment.

DUPREE

Of course. How's ten percent, for each of you.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

Twenty five thousand. Just like that?

DUPREE

I have no doubts you and Mister Marsh will succeed. Do you, Mister Keegan?

Chris and Tony share another look.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

Good. Now that we have that unpleasant business out of the way, we can discuss the matter at hand.

Dupree hands Chris a newspaper which headlines WOMAN STABS
MAN IN HER SLEEP.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know about Marilyn
Salinger.

CHRIS

Porn star who claims she stabbed a
man while she was sleepwalking.

TONY

Ex porn star. Formerly known as
Nikki Jugs. Went mainstream about
two years ago. Not doing so hot
from what I hear.

DUPREE

And what else do we know about her?

CHRIS

Other than the fact she's full of
shit, not much.

DUPREE

Yes. I'm in complete agreement.
But, unfortunately, that doesn't
change the facts. Facts are she's
a manic depressive and an alcoholic
on a whole smorgesbord of
prescribed medications. And that's
not excluding any illegal narcotics
she may be abusing in secrecy.

CHRIS

I see.

DUPREE

She claims to have no recollection
of leaving her home at Two AM,
walking to the supermarket or
stabbing the victim Darren Harkins.
As crazy as that may sound to me
and you, she has more than a good
chance of beating a murder
conviction by reason of insanity.

TONY

If a jury believes a word that
comes out of her mouth. Last I
checked, porn stars don't hold a
lot of credibility.

DUPREE

That's not a risk I'm willing to take, Mister Marsh.

CHRIS

What's your interest in this case, Mister Dupree?

DUPREE

Darren Harkins was my godson, Mister Keegan. His father was the world to me. I would've given my life if it meant saving his. Before he died, he made me promise him three things. That I watch after Darren, keep him clean and sober and keep him out of trouble. I'm sorry to say, even after exhausting all my resources, I've managed to break all three promises.

CHRIS

Sorry to hear that.

DUPREE

In the last few years, Darren has found himself in some very serious financial difficulty. Going against my professional opinion and ignoring my suggestions, as Darren often tended to do, he and his wife got involved in the housing market. Buying up cheap property, flipping homes. This sort of thing.

Chris seems bored by this and walks to a window. Tony watches him closely as he and Dupree also share a quick glance.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

He found himself dealing with tenants who were three and four months late. The rest squatters. Spent the last year tied up in court. The attorney's fees and court costs alone have sent him into crippling debt.

Chris stares back at Dupree from the window.

CHRIS

It's late, Mister Dupree. If you could give me the short version.

DUPREE

What I'm getting at is this. Because of the stress in Darren's life, his marriage has all but fallen apart. He blamed Carrie for getting him involved in house flipping, although he never came out and said it to her face. He did, however, express his anger with her with me on more than one occasion.

CHRIS

I thought you were gonna cut to the chase.

DUPREE

According to Carrie, for the last six months, he was leaving their home at all hours of the night, without explanation. Meeting with God knows who and doing God knows what.

CHRIS

Hmm. That's definitely interesting.

DUPREE

I believe he went looking for solace in the arms of another woman. Or women. Darren always did share his father's healthy appetite for the opposite sex.

CHRIS

Marilyn Salinger.

Chris's brain goes into overtime as he paces the hardwood floor.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Could be she found old Darren seeking solace in the arms of another woman. Or women.

DUPREE

Darren's in a coma. That means as long as he's still alive, the police will be dragging their feet with this case. They don't care about why she did it. She was found at the scene with a bloody knife in her hands.

(MORE)

DUPREE (CONT'D)

As far as they're concerned, this is open and shut.

TONY

Until it goes to court. Then it belongs to a jury.

DUPREE

That's why it's imperative to find the connection between Darren and Miss Salinger. When he passes, and when and if this goes to trial, Salinger will most likely get off. Time is of the essence, gentlemen.

TONY

(to Chris)

That's where you come in. We need you to find out exactly what went down that night. And not just the scene of the crime. I'm talking about what happened down at county lock up. Who she talked to. Who her attorney is. What does he know that we don't?

DUPREE

And most importantly what, if anything, she had to say about Darren. So what do you say, Mister Keegan? Will you help me?

Chris takes a moment, checks with Tony, then nods in agreement.

TONY (V.O.)

And just like that...I got him. A little flattery from a desperate client, the flash of a little money and he was back in the game.

CUT TO:

INT. ALL NITE SUPERMART - LATE NIGHT

A young woman wearing an apron uses a broom and dust pan to clean up a mess of potato chips, pretzels and other salty treats poured all over the white floor.

This is JENNIFER KILGORE (20s), cute, ponytail, overnight employee.

On another aisle --

TWO PARAMEDICS load the bloodied and wounded body of DARREN HARKINS (30s), blonde, simple t shirt and jeans, onto a stretcher and wheel him from the scene.

TONY (V.O.)

So far, everything was going as planned. The pieces of the puzzle were about to be put in place. Chris just didn't know it yet.

Near the front register are DETECTIVE LYLE REED (50s), bald, polo shirt, khakis and his rookie partner DETECTIVE BOBBY MOORE (30s), baby face, shirt and tie and e OVERNIGHT MANAGER. Al

All three face the front door and watch as Darren is rolled out.

DETECTIVE REED

Alright. Let's walk through this again. She comes in. You say "good morning". She ignores you. Doesn't look at you. Doesn't say anything.

Proceeds to walk up and down the aisles, ripping products off the shelf and making a mess.

MANAGER

That's right. That's when I walked up behind her and asked her to stop. It's like she wasn't there. She just...pushes right through me like she doesn't see me. Just kept on asking about jelly.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Jelly?

MANAGER

Yeah. So I told her, if she wanted some damn jelly, I'd get it for her. Just stop trashing my store.

The Detectives share a confused look.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Then what happened?

MANAGER

Then the phone rang. Jennifer, my assistant manager, was in the back finishing up her break.

(MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I called her and told her to keep an eye on things until I was off the phone.

DETECTIVE REED

Okay. Which one of you actually saw her stick this guy?

MANAGER

After I took the call, I had another two customers waiting at the register I had to take care of. Next thing you know, I hear a scream coming from the back. Near canned goods. A man's voice. I go running to the back to see what the hell's going on, and I find this guy face down on the floor, bleeding from his stomach.

Jen joins them at the front register.

DETECTIVE REED

(to Jen)

Did you see the actual stabbing?

JEN

Not gonna lie. When I saw that knife in her hand, I went and hid in the bathroom. She looked crazy. I didn't know what she was gonna do. I didn't exactly stop to ask.

DETECTIVE MOORE

(to Jen)

So you saw nothing? That what you're telling us?

JEN

I'm sorry. I wish I could be more help.

DETECTIVE REED

(to Manager)

So anyways. You find him on the floor bleeding. Then what?

MANAGER

Before I could dig my phone out of my pocket to call you guys, I see this woman sitting in the corner, curled up like a baby and staring at the floor like she'd gone nuts or something.

(MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

This bloody knife gripped in both hands. Scared the hell out of me. At that point, we high tailed it to the office and locked ourselves inside until you guys showed.

DETECTIVE REED

So you left her alone, out of your sight for over ten minutes and she never attempted to leave?

MANAGER

No, sir.

The Detective shakes his head in frustration.

DETECTIVE MOORE

We're gonna need to retrieve your security footage of the attack for evidence.

MANAGER

I would if I could. But those cameras have been down for the last two weeks.

DETECTIVE MOORE

You gotta be kidding?

MANAGER

No, sir.

DETECTIVE REED

So who here in the building actually witnessed her attack this man?

The Manager and Jen share a dumb look.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Customers? Anybody?

MANAGER

I don't know, sir. Not that I know of. Does it really matter? You found the knife in her hand covered in the guy's blood. I mean, what else do you need?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARLY MORNING

An almost pitch black room. A hot light points at the face of --

MARILYN SALINGER (39), uncombed jet black hair going in all directions and a face full of botox. She is still in a satin night gown tied at the waist.

Detectives Moore and Reed walk in slow circles around Marilyn as they take turns grilling her.

DETECTIVE REED

How'd you end up at the supermarket in your pajamas, Marilyn?

MARILYN

I told you, for the hundredth time, I don't remember.

Marilyn stares up at the camera, talks into it.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I-don't-remember!

DETECTIVE MOORE

Right. Just like you don't remember stabbing Darren Harkins.

Detective Moore gets uncomfortably close to her face as Marilyn recoils.

DETECTIVE MOORE (CONT'D)

Try again. Nikki.

Marilyn cracks a smug grin.

MARILYN

You're really enjoying this, aren't you? I bet you've been dreaming about this moment since you were twelve. When you were still popping zits on your ass and jackin off in mommie's toilet.

Detective Moore laughs and circles Marilyn. Detective Reed also has a good laugh at his partner's expense.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You think I don't see that two inch bulge you call a dick popping out of your zipper? Big man strong arming the porn star. You should see yourself.

(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Just itching to crack me in the mouth one good time so you can finally cum. Come on. Hit me. You know you want to.

Detective Reed laughs.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Lady, I wouldn't touch you with my partner's dick.

MARILYN

I'm too much for you to handle, junior. Probably be over before you got your fly down.

DETECTIVE MOORE

What can I say, Nikki. You're the pro. Not me.

DETECTIVE REED

You got a real mean streak in you, don't you, sweetheart? Goes real good with that fast mouth of yours.

DETECTIVE MOORE

You know what I think? I think tonight's the night you finally got fed up. Between men taking turns hoppin up and down on you then getting drunk and beating the shit out of you, you finally snapped.

DETECTIVE REED

Or maybe you didn't think we noticed those bruises your hiding under all that makeup. You always put on your face before you leave the house at Two AM?

Marilyn reflects back. As if this is news to her.

DETECTIVE MOORE

You know what's real funny? We've been sitting here almost thirty minutes and you haven't once asked us how this guy's doing.

MARILYN

You told me already. I stabbed him in the stomach while I was asleep.

DETECTIVE MOORE

No. You didn't just stab him. You stabbed him six times.

Marilyn's mouth almost drops to the table with utter shock and surprise.

DETECTIVE REED

If I were you, Marilyn, I'd be praying he recovers. Because if he dies, you're looking at murder. Or maybe that small fact slipped your mind along with everything else.

Marilyn's eyes dance in deep thought. A look of sheer panic shoots across her face.

DETECTIVE MOORE

What's the matter, Nikki? Run out of jokes? No snappy comeback? I'm so disappointed.

MARILYN

I wanna talk to a lawyer.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKING WINDOW - COUNTY LOCK UP - MORNING

A heavy iron door BUZZES and opens. In walks a heavy set man with red hair and a suit one size too small. Briefcase and coffee in hand. This is ROYAL "THE JOKER" BIGGINS (30s), an honest and friendly face full of naïve optimism.

TONY (V.O.)

Marilyn couldn't have been stuck with a worse lawyer. Royal Biggins was a second year veteran of the public defender's office and already 0 for 3. He was one of those eager guys who couldn't wait to go to trial and make a name for himself. The fact that he never won didn't seem to deter him.

Biggins steps to the booking window. A CORRECTIONS OFFICER on a swivel stool greets him.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In a strange way, he was the perfect lawyer for Marilyn Salinger.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
How goes it, Joker? Whadd'ya say?

BIGGINS
Hey hey. Got a full moon tonight,
huh?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Oh, yeah. Business is good. So
who's the lucky prisoner?

BIGGINS
Salinger. Marilyn.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Oh, you mean Stabitha.

Biggins squints in confusion.

BIGGINS
That's right. Must've forgot her
real name for a sec.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Tough broad. It took three of our
guys just to fingerprint her.

BIGGINS
Oh, yeah?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
I hear she didn't exactly go down
without a fight. Even had to zip
tie her just to get her in the
wagon.
(smiles)
Oh, yeah. She's a feisty one for
sure. Good luck.

He laughs. Biggins isn't exactly thrilled.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - MORNING

A large holding area for visitors. A few metal tables and
benches bolted to the floor.

Marilyn paces the floor, takes one puff after the next of her
cigarette. A train wreck.

In walks Biggins as he keeps his eyes down, rests his
briefcase on the nearest table and pulls a file.

MARILYN
You my lawyer?

BIGGINS
That depends. Are you Marilyn?

MARILYN
They were supposed to call you over
two hours ago.

BIGGINS
I don't know. Maybe they were
hoping you'd sign a confession.
Why don't you have a seat.

MARILYN
I've been sitting for hours. My
ass is sore.

Biggins returns to his paperwork.

BIGGINS
Okay. So. You were officially
charged with assault with the
intent to commit murder. Says here
you walked into the All-Nite
SuperMart at approximately Two
Fifteen AM, vandalized the store,
damaged several products and
ignored repeated requests by the
manager to leave the store. At Two
Eighteen, you were discovered
approximately twelve feet from a...

Biggins skips a few lines.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)
Darren Harkins, who suffered
multiple stab wounds to the
abdomen. And you were holding the
knife covered in the victim's
blood.

Biggins looks up at Marilyn.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)
Did I miss anything?

MARILYN
Allegedly, that's what took place.

BIGGINS
Allegedly? Okay, I'm definitely
missing something.

MARILYN

I don't remember entering that store, let alone stabbing anyone. That may be impossible for you to believe but it's the truth. I don't know that man and I've never seen him before tonight.

BIGGINS

You don't remember anything.

Biggins tries hard to hide his grin. He leans back in his chair, hands behind his head.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

What do you have, like amnesia or something? Short term memory?

MARILYN

You won't believe a word I tell you, so what's the point? You made up your mind about me as soon as you walked through that door. It's why you didn't look me in the eye. You're not interested in the truth and you don't care what happens to me.

BIGGINS

Miss Salinger, what I think doesn't matter. What does matter is that you're completely honest with me about what happened last night. Now, unless you have a habit of stabbing random strangers, this man must've said or done something to provoke you. So why don't you come sit down and tell me about it.

Marilyn drops her smoke, stomps it, takes a seat across from Biggins.

MARILYN

What's your name, anyways?

BIGGINS

Royal Biggins. Around here they call me "The Joker". But you may call me Mister Biggins or Biggins if you'd like.

Marilyn chuckles.

MARILYN

What kind of name is Royal, anyway?

BIGGINS

My family figured it was a name that commanded respect.

MARILYN

How's that working out?

BIGGINS

It's a work in progress. Let's get back to Harkins. What happened? And start at the beginning.

MARILYN

Just like I said. I don't remember.

Biggins tosses his pen with frustration.

BIGGINS

Well, sorry, Marilyn, but you're gonna have to do better than that or I can't help you.

MARILYN

Fine. Get out.

Marilyn jumps up, grabs her pack of smokes from the table, lights another.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'll get another lawyer. One that listens to her client.

BIGGINS

Okay, Marilyn. I'll bite. You can't remember. Why can't you remember?

MARILYN

Ever heard of a manic episode, Mister Biggins?

BIGGINS

Yeah. It's like bi polar disorder.

MARILYN

Bi polars experience stress levels of varying degrees. I'm talking the lowest of the lows to the highest of the highs.

(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Complete and utter hopelessness to extreme euphoria. And it can change with the drop of a hat. When you take sleep out of the equation, the symptoms double in intensity.

Biggins stares at her eyes. He touches his own.

BIGGINS

Yeah. I noticed we had matching luggage. A fellow insomniac.

MARILYN

That's putting it mildly. Since my husband left a little under a year ago, I've barely slept. We're talking days at a time without sleep. Throw vodka tonics into the mix, a few sleeping pills and what you're left with are some, shall we say, very unusual side effects.

BIGGINS

Such as?

MARILYN

Sleepwalking. I can appear to be wide awake for up to hours at a time and be dead asleep.

BIGGINS

This has happened more than once?

MARILYN

Since John left, I've lost count.

Marilyn puffs away at her smoke and paces the room like a nervous wreck. Biggins keeps a careful eye on her.

BIGGINS

Who all can account for your sleepwalking?

MARILYN

My ex husband. My doctor. Doctor Phipps. Andrew Phipps. That's with two ps.

Biggins jots down his name on a legal pad.

BIGGINS

And what kind of medications are you currently taking?

MARILYN
Olanzapine. Lithium. Some ambien
for the sleep. Prozac for
anxiety. Celexa.

Biggins jots down the drugs.

BIGGINS
Anything else?

MARILYN
No.

Biggins stops, looks up, stares into her eyes.

BIGGINS
Anything stronger? Coke? Meth?

MARILYN
(angry)
No. That's it.

BIGGINS
Now. Is there anything else I need
to know about that we haven't
covered, Marilyn?

MARILYN
Such as?

BIGGINS
Such as your relationship to Darren
Harkins. Past or present?

MARILYN
I told you twice already. I don't
know him. Never saw him before.

Biggins studies her eyes a moment. She is unflinching as she
stares back at him with nothing to hide.

BIGGINS
Alright, Marilyn. Let's forget
about what you don't remember.
Let's talk about what you do
remember.

Marilyn blows a long stream of smoke from the side of her
lip.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE TRANSFER VAN - EARLY MORNING

Marilyn lay in the back of this dark van in movement. Her hands and feet bound with zip ties.

She stares up, spots the two rear windows of the double doors as well as TWO UNIFORMED COPS on a bench. They stare down at her.

UNIFORM COP #1
Just take it easy, lady. Real
easy. We're almost there.

Marilyn squirms on the floor in a panic.

MARILYN
What's going on? Who are you?
Where are we?

UNIFORM COP #2
Keep still!

The cop grabs her tied hands and restrains her arms. Marilyn screams out in pain.

UNIFORM COP #1
Hey, take it easy, would ya?

The two partners shoot each other a nasty stare.

Marilyn cries like a baby.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY LOCK UP - FIRST HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

The pair of uniform cops carry a kicking and screaming Marilyn like a hog tied pony down a long corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE JAIL CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARLY MORNING

Marilyn is shoved into the cell in tears. The giant iron door slams shut. She runs to the window, cries out to an officer on the other side.

MARILYN
Why are you doing this?! Why won't
you tell me anything?! What IS
THIS???

Marilyn kicks the giant door.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
 Damn you! Talk to me, you
 bastards!

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARLY MORNING

Detectives Moore and Reed stand with CAPTAIN MCKAY (50s), gray, stone faced, dead eyes as they all watch Marilyn from a color monitor.

She frantically walks in a circle, pulls at her hair, cries out for help.

DETECTIVE REED
 She was completely non responsive at the scene. Flashed a maglight in her eye less than five inches from her face and she didn't flinch. It's like she went from being a total vegetable to completely berserk in less than twenty minutes.

CAPTAIN MCKAY
 I hear she's an actress.

DETECTIVE MOORE
 That's right.
 (beat)
 Yeah, well, sort of. She used to do porn. Still does as far as I know.

DETECTIVE REED
 As far as you know? Saliger's not the only one here with selective memory loss.

Detective Moore shoots him the bird.

CAPTAIN MCKAY
 (smiles)
 She's playing us.

DETECTIVE REED
 I don't know, Cap. I saw some pretty weird shit tonight. Nothing like I've ever seen before.

CAPTAIN MCKAY

Are you kidding? This is what she does. Gets men wrapped around her tiny little finger. The cops are no different. Well not this time, sweetheart.

Captain McKay turns to the two partners.

CAPTAIN MCKAY (CONT'D)

I don't care how long it takes.
Break her.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE JAIL CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARL MORNING

Marilyn sits in a corner, arms around her knees. Her lips quiver. Nervous.

MARILYN (V.O.)

I sat in that cell for must've been two hours before pulling me into interrogation. Even though there weren't any windows, I could feel them watching me. Studying me.

Marilyn spots a small camera in the left corner of the ceiling.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Wondering if what they witnessed earlier that night was real or just an elaborate put on by a washed up actress with a lot of hate in her heart.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY

Marilyn back in the hot seat as Detective Moore and Reed circle her, grill her with non stop questions.

MARILYN (V.O.)

Judging by the way they treated me, they saw nothing more than an acting job by a woman scorned. Pushed over the edge by the man who crossed her. And they were trying their damndest to break me again. To show my true colors.

(MORE)

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Although inside, I was ready to explode, I stayed calm. I knew that anything I said or did from this point on would be used against me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP -

Biggins and Marilyn, face to face on the bench.

MARILYN

You don't believe me, do you?

BIGGINS

Marilyn, you'll be hard pressed to find anyone who'll believe your story. So I guess that means I'm just as good as the next guy. Doesn't it?

Marilyn halfheartedly releases some smoke from the corner of her mouth. Unconvinced.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - LATE NIGHT

Chris quietly enters the front door. Heads for the stairs until he sees the LIVING ROOM LIGHT flick on. He stops, stares down and spots --

Angie at the bottom of the steps. Arms folded, angry.

ANGIE

It's almost four in the morning.
Where the hell have you been?

Chris avoids eye contact as he slowly shuffles down the steps.

CHRIS

I got offered a case. I didn't tell you earlier because I wasn't sure I was gonna take it.

ANGIE

A case? And does Tony Marsh have anything to do with this case?

Chris heads for the kitchen. Angie follows.

CHRIS

This isn't about Tony and me or going back to work. This is about money. Which, if you haven't noticed, we are in dire need of.

THE KITCHEN

Chris grabs a bottle of Johnny Red, pours himself a double shot.

ANGIE

Come on. Don't you see what he's doing? He's reeling you back in because he's going down with the ship and doesn't wanna go alone.

CHRIS

You don't understand. This isn't just a case. This could mean a lot of money for us.

ANGIE

What're you talking about?

Chris opens a nearby kitchen drawer, pulls out a folded up newspaper, hands it to Angie who reads the front page headline. WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I read about it. What about her?

CHRIS

The guy who wants to hire us is the victim's godfather. He says there's no way she didn't know what she was doing. Says he thinks the two of them were not only seeing each other but were sharing the same bed the night he was stabbed.

ANGIE

And he knows this how?

CHRIS

Think about it. She lives across the street from this all night supermarket place. She's in her fuckin nightgown. The two of them get into it, follows him into the store and stabs him half a dozen times.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Then plays dead for the cops.
Pulls this zombie routine like
she's asleep.

Chris scoffs with disbelief as he gulps down his scotch.

ANGIE

Yeah, I know. No one believes
her. Especially the police. She
doesn't have a leg to stand on.

CHRIS

Her lawyer's pleading insanity.
Got her remanded to some
psychiatric hospital until trial.
They're running all kinds of tests
on her.

ANGIE

Okay, so if she's faking, the cops
will know. Why get you involved?

CHRIS

Because. When a jury finds out
she's on a hundred different meds
and blasted out of her mind, she's
gonna walk. The only way to keep
that from happening is to find the
link between her and this Darren
Harkins.

Chris takes the bottle with him toward the

LIVING ROOM

where he plops down on the couch. Angie hovers over him,
still confused.

ANGIE

Again. You don't think the cops
will find out she knew the victim?

CHRIS

It's been three weeks and they have
shit. This Dupree. Walton
Dupree. He's losing patience and
wants some fast answers. If the
cops do know something, they're not
telling him anything.

Angie just scoffs and paces the carpet.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

ANGIE

Were you planning on telling me any of this?

CHRIS

Tell you what? I was taking a meeting with Tony? I wasn't even sure I was taking the job.

ANGIE

You knew. You knew the second he walked through the door. He used you, Chris.

Chris hangs his head low.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And he used me. He took the most private, intimate part of our life,
(beat)
...your infidelity...

Chris shuts his eyes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And used it to get into my pants.
And you wanna get back into business with him?

Chris stands, pulls a manila envelope from his coat pocket, hands it to Angie who quickly opens.

CHRIS

That's the down payment. Ten percent just for saying yes.

Angie can hardly believe it.

ANGIE

How much is this?

CHRIS

Twenty five k. Two hundred fifty if Tony and I beat the cops to the punch. No matter what, we keep the twenty five. Even if we come up with shit.

ANGIE

Oh my God.

CHRIS

Look. The last thing in the world I want is to see Tony Marsh's face.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 As soon as this job's done, he's
 out of our life for good.

Chris wraps his arms around her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 But we need this. You know we do.

Angie slowly comes around.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - FLOWER STREET - DAY

Tony sits behind the wheel, watches as Chris shakes hands
 with a young man near a hot dog stand.

TONY (V.O.)
 I knew all it took was dangling a
 couple hundred grand under Chris's
 nose and he was in, no matter what
 Angie had to say about it. That
 was the easy part. Now it was time
 to put up or shut up. We still had
 a lot of dots to connect and a
 short time to do it. That's where
 Chris comes in. I knew he still
 had friends in the department. The
 kind of friends who could get us
 information about Salinger and
 Harkins we couldn't read about in
 the paper.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - FLOWER STREET - DAY

Chris chomps down a quick hot dog with his cop friend
 DETECTIVE DANNY MARTIN (30s), sweat shirt, ball cap,
 in disguise. Martin finishes his last bite, wipes the
 mustard from his hands.

MARTIN
 I'm afraid to ask what your
 interest in this case is. No, let
 me guess. You've been hired to
 augment the Darren Harkins
 investigation.

CHRIS
 How'd you guess?

MARTIN

Please. This guy Dupree's been making noise since Salinger posted bail. If only Harkins kicked before the arraignment, maybe the judge wouldn't be so lenient.

CHRIS

You're all heart, Danny. You know that. So whatta you have for me?

MARTIN

Well. Word around the office is that knife used to stab Harkins didn't come from Salinger's kitchen.

CHRIS

How'd they figure that?

MARTIN

This Salinger claims she was sleepwalking, right? Got up in the middle of the night to make a sandwich. They check her kitchen and find a half loaf a bread sitting on the counter along with a jar of peanut butter. The refrigerator and the front door wide open.

Chris processes it all.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

So I'm thinking, okay. So what? Maybe she and Harkins got into it mid sandwich and she chases him out of the house. Leaves the fridge and the front door wide open. Because she doesn't care. She's got other things on her mind.

CHRIS

Like getting a piece of Darren Harkins' ass.

MARTIN

Exactly.
(beat)
Now check this out.
(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

In addition to finding a knife in Salinger's sink covered in fresh peanut butter, they find an open wrapper near the cutlery section fifteen feet from where Harkins was stabbed. It's the exact make of the knife Salinger used.

CHRIS

So that means...

MARTIN

It means she was wide awake when she stabbed him. Think about it.

Chris in deep thought.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If she was sound asleep and barely able to function, how the hell could she have found that knife on the shelf, opened the package and tracked Harkins down before he could get out the door?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Sonofabitch.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S CAR - DAY

Chris crawls in next to Tony, shuts his door.

CHRIS

Okay, so that wasn't a total loss.

TONY

You got something?

CHRIS

They searched Salinger's house. Found a mess in the kitchen. The bread. The peanut butter. The fridge and the front door left wide open. Supports the store manager's story about her tearing up the shelves looking for jelly.

TONY

Don't tell me the cops actually believe her?

CHRIS

Well. One thing they know for sure. That knife didn't come from inside Salinger's house.

TONY

Bullshit. Where'd it come from? The sky?

CHRIS

From inside the store. It's the only store within fifty miles that carries that make and model knife. They're thinking she took it off the shelf.

TONY

While she was still sleepwalking?

CHRIS

So, we have one or two explanations. Either Salinger's completely full of shit, or she's telling the truth.

Tony laughs.

TONY

Well, I'm glad we got that one all cleared up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF CARRIE HARKINS - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris and Tony stand before CARRIE HARKINS (30s), puffy eyes welled with tears, sweat shirt, jogging pants. Carrie has some earbuds in and an mp3 on her bicep.

She grabs a jug of ice water from the fridge.

CARRIE

I can't tell you anything I haven't already told the police. I have no idea who Marilyn Salinger is.

TONY

Oh, I don't think that's entirely true, Carrie. I think you have plenty to tell us. About Marilyn. About all kinds of things.

Carrie turns to Chris who stares her dead in the eye. She grows visibly uncomfortable, takes a seat at a breakfast table.

TONY (CONT'D)

But you haven't because you think Darren will pull through. Well what if he doesn't?

CARRIE

What're you talking about?

TONY

Come on, Carrie. Dupree told us all about Darren. About the two of you. He hasn't been spending a lot of time at home as of late. Are you gonna stand there and tell us you have zero idea why he was stabbed six times by a woman in her underwear at Two o'clock in the morning?

Carrie ignores him, swigs down her ice water. Chris takes a seat across from her.

CHRIS

Phone records. Texts. Bank statements. You live with the man, Carrie. You know more than us. More than the cops know.

Carrie rubs her tired face, avoids eye contact.

TONY

You see, we have reason to believe Darren was seeing other women. But we can't prove that. It's more like a hunch. Sometimes that's all we have to go on. Hunches. We have no choice but to follow our nose.

Tony pats his long beak with a finger.

TONY (CONT'D)

My nose tells me that you're hiding something.

CARRIE

Look. You wanna know if my husband was fucking Marilyn Salinger? The answer is, I have no idea.

Tony and Chris share a look. Unconvinced.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Wherever he's been for the last six months, he's been extra careful about me not finding out about it.

CHRIS

And you don't know anything.

CARRIE

You don't think I've tried? That I haven't spent hours looking at the phone bill or tearing apart his emails? Ripping through his pockets, his laundry, his car. I've tried everything.

TONY

That's not everything.

CARRIE

What're you talking about?

TONY

Have you tried asking Darren?

Chris watches her closely.

TONY (CONT'D)

When you ask him where he's going at all hours of the night, what does he tell you?

CARRIE

He tells me I wouldn't understand. That I'm better off not knowing. I've spent the last six months in hell. Not knowing where he's been. I can't let him die without knowing the truth.

Chris stands.

CHRIS

(to Tony)

Come on. Let's go.

He and Tony head for the door.

CARRIE

You want the truth about what happened between Marilyn Salinger and my husband, then for God's sake go find it. Because I don't know how much more of this I can take.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Biggins follows a winding sidewalk past a sign that reads "West Side Psychiatric Hospital".

CUT TO:

INT. ONE WAY MIRROR - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Biggins stares through a large one way mirror at Marilyn's private hospital room. A simple bed with white sheets.

Marilyn stands at the window, t shirt and boxers, arms wrapped around her waist as she stares out.

DR. ANDREW PHIPPS (50s), round glasses, starched white shirt and tie, is barely visible in the glass behind Biggins.

DR. PHIPPS

We've put her through detox. Cleaned her system of the antidepressants and the alcohol. Coming out of her usual nightly routine of drinking and pilling herself into a stupor has put her in an extremely restless and irritable state to say the least.

Dr. Phipps joins Biggins by the mirror as they both watch Marilyn closely.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Non stop crying, rocking back and forth. Staring blankly out the window for hours at a time. Seemingly unprovoked outbursts of profanity.

Marilyn moves away from the window, arms still around her waist as she spots her own reflection in the mirror.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Like most insomniacs, Marilyn simply can't stand to be in her own head. Nights are the worst because it's confirmation she's alone. For the first time in years, there's no one there to console her like before. To hold her. To help her quiet the demons. I believe these demons are louder than ever.

Marilyn walks closer to Biggins. A tear in her eye as she stares back at her own reflection.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Notice her arms wrapped around her waist. As if she's consoling herself. There's no one here to help her and she knows it. It's a form of self protection. Shielding herself from the world.

Dr. Phipps watches Marilyn as she steps close to the mirror and rubs at the cracks and lines on her aged face.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Just what exactly was her relationship with this man Mister Harkins?

BIGGINS

According to Marilyn, there is no relationship. Never saw him before.

(beat)

Why do you ask? She tell you different?

DR. PHIPPS

Marilyn still has a lot of anger inside. For her husband leaving. For her treatment by men in general. Her self image. Her entire self worth dependent on how the opposite sex views her. It's the world she lives in. Without that assurance, Marilyn has no peace.

Marilyn walks the room in circles, her eyes down and squeezing her own waist.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Phipps and Biggins stroll the sprawling rear lawn as they discuss Marilyn's case. Hospital workers, Doctors and patients walk the property.

BIGGINS

Doctor, I need your expert medical opinion. As someone who knows Marilyn better than anyone. Do you think she killed this man?

Dr. Phipps is reluctant to answer. He looks away, avoids eye contact.

DR. PHIPPS

I think she needs help. And the last place she'll find it is in a prison cell.

BIGGINS

No, she won't. I agree.

Dr. Phipps stops. Matter of factly.

DR. PHIPPS

What I'm getting at is this. Perhaps it would be more beneficial to your client if she pled guilty. Under the provision that she be remanded here. Under psychiatric care so that she finds the help she needs.

BIGGINS

Scheduled evening sedation for the next ten to fifteen while the nurses take turns pilling her out of her mind? Pardon me, Doc, but that's not gonna fix this woman.

DR. PHIPPS

And what if she does get off? She's acquitted of these charges and kills again? Or ends up killing herself because she wasn't closely supervised?

Biggins lets out a huge sigh.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Will you be willing to live with that, Mister Biggins?

INT. DR. PHIPPS OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Phipps sits in his leather chair, behind a mahogany desk.
Detectives Moore and Reed stand before him.

DR. PHIPPS

I'm sure you've heard of doctor
patient confidentiality, gentlemen?
I was told Miss Salinger would be
left in my care until trial.

DETECTIVE REED

We're not asking you to break
doctor patient confidentiality,
Doc. We just wanna know if she's
blown another circuit since she's
been here.

Detective Reed clears his throat in embarrassment.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Had another episode.

DR. PHIPPS

Marilyn's disorder is not a daily
occurrence, Detective. It could be
weeks or even months before she has
another episode.

Detective Moore walks to a window, stares down at a giant
water fountain below. Sitting on a bench is Marilyn.
Before her stands Biggins.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Doc, these episodes as you call
them. Something obviously causes
them. Whether it be certain
medications. Or even a
psychological disorder. But what
I'm asking is this. You'd know
better than anyone if Marilyn's
story holds weight.

DR. PHIPPS

Yes.

DETECTIVE MOORE

If it does, I don't see why you
wouldn't wanna share that
information with the police.
Especially if her entire defense is
counting on it.

DR. PHIPPS

It is possible to induce the symptoms of Marilyn's disorder through a properly mixed cocktail of various antipsychotic medications. Alcohol, sleeping pills. However, as her doctor, I cannot approve of such a dangerous experiment. She's lucky to be alive as it is. I won't risk killing her just to prove her symptoms were real.

Detective Moore slumps down in a chair. Defeated.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Marilyn rests on a bench, listens to the calming water fall from the fountain behind her.

Biggins flips through some of his notes.

MARILYN

Do you see how he looks at me? Even my own doctor doesn't believe me. I can hear it in his voice. He's not gentle like before. All the sudden I'm like his subject and not a real person.

BIGGINS

Phipps has been your doctor all of two months. He didn't know about your sleepwalking until two weeks before you stabbed Harkins. I think that would give anyone pause.

MARILYN

Allegedly stabbed.

Biggins rolls his eyes.

BIGGINS

That's right. I forgot.

MARILYN

Well, if he's not on our side, then what the hell are we doing here? Might as well take me back to jail.

Marilyn hops up, angrily flicks her smoke into a nearby bush and steps away from Biggins.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

At least there I know where I stand.

BIGGINS

I told you within five minutes of meeting you to be honest with me or this wasn't gonna work. Remember that?

MARILYN

I never lied to you about shit.

BIGGINS

Not telling me everything is the same as lying, Marilyn. Try again.

Marilyn walks closer, confused, intrigued.

MARILYN

The hell are you talking about?

BIGGINS

You don't think the cops haven't flipped your computer inside out? Checked your search history? Even the stuff you've deleted?

Marilyn sighs in defeat, walks away from Biggins who stays two steps behind. He flips open his files, reads aloud.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Or maybe this case doesn't ring a bell. The people versus Violet Hopper. Bakersfield, California. Nine years ago.

Marilyn smiles, rolls her eyes.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

She was a lifelong insomniac, just like you. Stabbed her husband a billion times. Claimed she was asleep. Maybe you're having another bout with memory loss. Let me refresh you.

Marilyn curls her lip and folds her arms in protest.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

She was mixing ambien and prozac with her bi polar meds and chasing it down with half a bottle of vodka a night. Sound familiar?

MARILYN

Where did you get this from?

BIGGINS

Where do you think? The cops. They're upstairs, right now. Giving the bad news to Doctor Phipps.

MARILYN

It's not what you think.

BIGGINS

Oh yeah?

MARILYN

I was scared. I didn't know what was wrong with me. I wanted to make sure I wasn't the only nutcase cooking breakfast in her sleep and pissing on the kitchen floor.

Marilyn turns away, still mad. Biggins gets in her face.

BIGGINS

Three days, Marilyn. That's how long between you reading that article and stabbing Darren Harkins. That's all a jury's gonna need to put you away.

MARILYN

You're talking like this is over. Like I'm done for. Are you forgetting that I don't have any idea who Darren Harkins is? That we've never met? Not once? That I had zero motive to kill him? Isn't that what you lawyers say? No motive, no crime.

BIGGINS

Marilyn, the cops aren't just here to talk to Doctor Phipps.

MARILYN

What're you talking about?

BIGGINS

They're here to cut a deal.

MARILYN

Admit to something I have no memory of doing? I don't think so. Tell them to shove their deal. We'll see them in court.

BIGGINS

You don't understand. Darren Harkins died two hours ago.

Marilyn's eyes well with tears. Her heart instantly broken.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

The fact that you two never met doesn't matter. Darren can't speak for himself or for you. All the jury will know is that you stabbed him. And that he's dead.

Marilyn slowly walks back to the bench. Biggins tries hard to hide his sympathy. She takes a seat.

MARILYN

What do you think we should do?

BIGGINS

They're willing to drop the charges to Murder Two. You'd be looking at about twenty years. Possibly less given this is your first offense. Given your bi polar condition and you were under the influence, we could even fight for Murder in the third degree. But I can't promise you anything.

MARILYN

What is that?

BIGGINS

Well. It's what the cops call a crime of passion. That stabbing Harkins wasn't premeditated.

MARILYN

And? What if they don't go for it?

BIGGINS

You don't want this to go to trial. After that, there's no going back.

(MORE)

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

A jury sees you were doing research on this woman who killed her husband, they could easily get a conviction.

MARILYN

Come on, Biggins, I can't do twenty years.

Biggins nods understandably.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Tell them it's third degree or nothing. I'd rather take my chances in court.

Marilyn stares up at Detective Moore who watches her from Doctor Phipps' window.

TONY (V.O.)

The cops gave Marilyn and Biggins every opportunity to cop a plea. But she wasn't gonna make it that easy on them. She was stubborn that way. About as stubborn as the DA refusing to drop the charges to third degree. The truth was, with the doctor on her side, she had more than a good chance at beating a Murder Two rap.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Tony sits at his desk. A mess of papers and other mail taken from Carrie Harkins place. He appears to be staring at the online bank statements of Darren Harkins.

TONY (V.O.)

The DA pushed for a speedy trial which meant Chris and I were running out of time. We had to find a connection between Marilyn and Harkins or kiss half a mil goodbye. It's a good thing I'm the best there is.

In walks Chris with a bag of Chinese takeout.

CHRIS

I got a tip from Vice about our missing ex husband. Robert White.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Turns out they both work in the industry. Stage name is Bobby Strong. Rents out some flash condo on De Longpre. Also known as Long and Strong Productions.

TONY

Nice. And what do the cops have to say about him?

CHRIS

Not much. If they do, they're not telling me. But we got a meeting set up with him tomorrow at Ten AM.

Chris sets the takeout down, opens one of the containers and dishes out some kung pao. He stares down at the mess of papers before Tony.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell is all that?

TONY

Oh, nothing. I just so happened to brush across Darren Harkins bank book on the way to the john.

Chris sets his food down, gives Tony a nasty stare.

CHRIS

Stolen?

TONY

It was just sitting there on the sink with all this other shit. Bank statements, cell phone bills, receipts. It's a fuckin gold mine. Almost as if she hid it all in the bathroom when she saw us knocking at the door.

CHRIS

You don't think she found all this shit missing thirty seconds after we're out the door? What if she calls the police?

TONY

Oh, but she hasn't. Otherwise they would've been knocking down the door by now. What does that tell you?

Chris thinks it all over.

CHRIS

She's hiding something. Okay, what did you find?

TONY

Check this out. The guy's online login and password were written on the front of his checkbook. Just like that.

Tony hands Chris the check book. He takes a look.

TONY (CONT'D)

I've got every transaction for the last six months right here for our reading pleasure.

CHRIS

Tell me you found something.

TONY

We got personal check deposits around the same day every month from what looks like four tenants. We got payroll checks, ATM hits, mortgage payments, cell phone, cable. The usual shit. Nothing unusual. Not at first. But check this out.

Tony points at the screen. Chris leans in and takes a look. The cursor flashes before the number \$4,323.

CHRIS

A cash deposit of Forty Three Hundred.

TONY

Remember the date. The thirteenth. That was a Saturday. Now check the following Saturday, the twentieth.

Tony scowls up. Chris spots the number \$7,455.

CHRIS

Another cash deposit, this time for Seventy Four Hundred.

TONY

The next Saturday, he deposits just shy of Sixty Two Five.

CHRIS

Like clockwork. I could've sworn
Dupree said they were broke.

TONY

No. Far from it. Looks like
Darren and wife found themselves a
very lucrative side business.

Chris scoffs. Bitter disgust in his eyes.

CHRIS

She lied to us.

Tony stands, stretches his back, grabs a lucky from a pack of
smokes.

TONY

Since we started this, there was
one thing about this case that
stuck out like a sore thumb.

He lights up, strolls the room to catch his breathe. He's
been at this for hours.

CHRIS

What's that?

TONY

What the hell was Darren Harkins
doing in that store at Two AM,
almost an hour from his place?

CHRIS

Real simple. He went there after
leaving Salinger's place.

TONY

Went there for what?

CHRIS

A pack of smokes. How the hell
should I know?

TONY

No. The manager said he was
stabbed almost twenty minutes after
walking through the door. What the
hell was he doing there for twenty
minutes? And why did it take
Marilyn so long to get there, if
she was following him?

Chris thinks hard.

CHRIS

He went there to meet with someone.

Tony points at Chris with a giant grin.

TONY

Right. But who?

CHRIS

There were only two people there at the time Salinger stabbed him.

TONY

Right. And one of them is twenty and drop dead gorgeous. And just happened to start her lunch break, ten minutes before Harkins walked in.

CHRIS

Who's the girl?

TONY

Her name's Jennifer. Jennifer Kilgore. Who, ever so conveniently, hid in the toilet while Harkins was getting stabbed.

CHRIS

Okay, so he went there to meet with this girl. How does Marilyn fit into this?

TONY

I don't know. That's for us to find out. But what I do find interesting is the date Harkins was stabbed. Friday night.

The wheels slowly turn in Chris's eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)

Now, whatever the hell it was he was into was paying out an average of Six K or higher a week. Collected on Friday and deposited first thing Saturday morning.

CHRIS

Whoever this Jen girl is, she's involved somehow.

TONY

Could be he went there to collect.

Chris nods as he carefully ponders all of it. Tony's phone rings.

TONY (CONT'D)
Yeah? Tony Marsh?
(listens)
You're kidding? When?

Chris throws a concerned look at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
I'll be there within the hour.

He hangs up.

TONY (CONT'D)
My place got busted into.

CHRIS
By who?

TONY
Who knows. That was the cops.
Whoever it was tripped the alarm.
(beat)
Listen. We got a meeting set up
with Dupree. He wants an update
on the case.

Tony checks his watch.

TONY (CONT'D)
Supposed to meet him ninety minutes
from now. I'm gonna need you to
fly solo on this one so I can
handle this.

CHRIS
Where?

TONY
It's on my phone. I'll text you
from the road. You got this?

Tony makes for the door. Chris follows behind as Tony throws his sport coat on.

CHRIS
Now, wait a minute. What exactly
am I telling Dupree? We don't know
how or if this Kilgore girl was
involved.

TONY
 Just tell him the truth. We're
 pursuing several leads. Very
 promising leads.

Tony grabs an egg roll and a can of soda on his way out the door.

TONY (CONT'D)
 I gotta run. Don't forget to lock
 up.

Tony shoves the egg roll in his mouth, races for the door.
 Chris watches with suspicion.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Chris maneuvers his way through a crowded sidewalk occupied by dozens of scantily clad college age girls and sharply dressed young men.

He follows the sound of alternative rock into a nearby bar.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Chris moves through the young crowd, spots a flashy BARTENDER in a neon bow tie and approaches.

CHRIS
 Excuse me. I had an appointment
 with Mister Dupree. He's expecting
 me.

The bartender lays both palms flat on the bar, leans in close to Chris.

BARTENDER
 I'm sorry, sir. I have no idea
 what you're talking about.

He goes back to wiping down a glass as Chris spots what looks like a clear credit card on the bar. He picks it up, turns and spots another YOUNG MAN in a bow tie on the stairs.

Chris and the young man exchange a long stare.

The young man continues up the steps.

Chris heads for the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Chris reaches the top of the stairs where he spots a closed door with a digital card lock. He swipes the clear card as a green light flashes. He enters.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris moves through a crowd of mostly men as they watch a young STRIPPER give a seductive lap dance on a stage.

Chris peers through the darkness at another door near the back marked EXIT. He heads toward it.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Chris steps onto the roof and spots a man smoking a cigarette and staring into the city lights. He leans on a glowing neon green guard rail.

DUPREE

You're late.

CHRIS

Yeah, well. There was a slight change in plan.

Dupree turns around, spots Chris by the door.

DUPREE

I see that. Don't tell me Tony had more important business to tend to.

CHRIS

He'd be here if he could. But he sends his apologies.

Dupree isn't convinced and it shows. Chris avoids the subject and takes a look around.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This is quite the place you have here, Mister Dupree.

DUPREE

Judging by the way you're dodging the issue, I take it you've heard the news about Darren.

Chris hangs his head.

CHRIS

Yes, of course. I'm sorry.

DUPREE

I was hoping to speak with Darren myself concerning his relationship with Miss Salinger. That opportunity has passed.

Dupree sighs.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

I hear the District Attorney will be pushing for a speedy trial?

CHRIS

That's what they're saying. But I don't think that's gonna happen.

Chris pulls out a lucky, moves to the guard rail and leans back as he sparks one up. Dupree doesn't move. A real cold streak in him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

From what I hear, this Salinger broad is pretty screwed up. That means more shrinks. Doctors. Experts who will swear up and down she was asleep when she stabbed Darren.

DUPREE

I suppose her lawyer will be requesting a continuance. More time to thoroughly examine Salinger.

CHRIS

Exactly.

DUPREE

I'm certain you've made the appropriate phone calls, Mister Keegan. Have they offered her a deal or not?

CHRIS

My guy tells me they offered her second degree and her lawyer refused. Biggins tried to talk them down to involuntary manslaughter but the DA won't bite.

Dupree faces him. A desperate look about him.

DUPREE

And?

CHRIS

And what?

DUPREE

What else do you know?

CHRIS

So far, that's it. But we're working on it.

Dupree moves closer to Chris who seems uncomfortable about it.

DUPREE

What does that mean?

CHRIS

It means we might have something and we might not. We're gonna need more than two days to figure it all out.

Dupree smiles, walks toward the guard rail and stares out into the city.

DUPREE

I'm sensing a lack of dedication on your part, Mister Keegan. Almost as if you've already given up. I'm afraid I'll need some reassurance before allowing you to continue this investigation.

CHRIS

Reassurance?

DUPREE

If you have shit, then tell me this. Don't avoid the subject.

Chris cracks a smug grin.

A WAITRESS in a silver mini skirt steps onto the roof with a small tray. Two dirty martinis.

Dupree grabs them both as the waitress gives Chris a wink on the way to the door.

Dupree hands him a drink.

CHRIS

We're pursuing several promising leads. Like I'm sure Tony has already told you, I like to be thorough. If I were just in this for the cash, I could tell you different. Something you wanna hear as opposed to the truth. But unlike my partner, I do things a little differently.

Dupree smiles.

DUPREE

Of course. My apologies. Then by all means, Mister Keegan. I'll leave you to your work.

Dupree gulps down his martini.

CHRIS

Cheers.

Chris also gulps down his martini like a shot and moves for the door. Dupree watches him closely.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris steps back inside and is instantly dizzy. He stumbles a bit as he grabs at a high chair for balance.

The entire room has cleared out with the exception of TWO GIRLS in BIKINIS.

GIRL #1

You don't look so hot? Why don't you come sit down? Relax?

Girl #2 grabs Chris's arms and helps him into a nearby chair. Chris is almost out as he struggles to keep his eyes open.

CHRIS

What the hell is this?

GIRL #1

Don't worry, baby. We're gonna
take real good care of you.

She hops on his lap and begins a very seductive lap dance. Dupree watches from the darkness. The orange light of his smoke near the rear exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Angie is underwater, doing a breast stroke. A very good swimmer as if this is her usual routine.

She pops up for air and spots --

Tony in a deck chair.

TONY

What's the matter, Angie? Can't
sleep?

Angie moves for the ladder.

ANGIE

What are you doing here? Where's
Chris?

She crawls out.

TONY

And that is the million dollar
question, isn't it? Where's Chris?

Angie wraps herself in a towel, keeps her distance from the creepy visitor.

TONY (CONT'D)

Here it is, after midnight and no
sign of him. Just like the old
days. He'd like you to believe
he's just cranking away at the case
yet here I am.

Tony stands.

TONY (CONT'D)

You and I both know that nothing
good happens after the sun goes
down, does it, Angie?

ANGIE
Where is Chris?

TONY
My guess, he's still with Mister Dupree at his club. Actually more like a high class strip bar for the coeds. This place out in Westwood near the college. Chris all but insisted he meet with Dupree alone.

Tony checks his watch.

TONY (CONT'D)
That was a little over four hours ago. Being that we were supposed to meet back at the office at Ten makes you wonder what's taking him so long.

Angie fumes with anger.

ANGIE
You're lying. What is this?

Tony gets nice and close.

TONY
This is your wake up call, Angie. All it took was a visit from me to get Chris back to his old ways. As if he's just been waiting for the opportunity. Tell me. When was the last you heard from him?

Angie thinks it over.

TONY (CONT'D)
That long, huh? Face it. You and Chris are a fraud. Always have been. It's a relationship built on lies. You've never been able to fully trust him. Not since his affair. And he's been fighting the idea of settling down with one woman for years. So you bait him with news of a baby on the way.

Angie has guilt all over her face as Tony walks the pool deck in a cold and methodical manner.

TONY (CONT'D)

Soon, a child enters the picture.
At last, Chris has
responsibilities. To you and to
his daughter. If he only knew the
truth.

Angie turns to him.

ANGIE

Get out.

TONY

How long did you try to get
pregnant, Angie? Behind Chris's
back? He's been sterile for ten
years and all the sudden, like a
miracle, you two get pregnant?

Tony scoffs with disgust.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's time to stop living the lie.

Tony gets back in her face.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's time to tell him about us.

ANGIE

Is that why you came back? For
her? As if you gave a shit. Tell
me, Tony. Is this job even real?
How long are you gonna drag Chris
along before he figures it out?

Tony smiles.

TONY

Is anything real, Angie?

Angie backs away from him. Disgusted.

TONY (CONT'D)

I can see you and Chris have a lot
to talk about. Let me know how it
goes.

Tony heads for the porch door. Angie shakes from the cold
and her rattled nerves.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - STREET CURB - MORNING

Chris jumps up, startled, behind the wheel of his car. It's bright and early and he looks like death.

He grabs his aching head, stares out the windshield at his nosy neighbor who grips a mug of coffee, watches him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - BATHROOM - MORNING

Chris runs a shower as he turns to the mirror, stares at his tired face. He opens a cabinet, grabs a couple aspirin.

Angie leans on the doorframe.

ANGIE

I didn't hear you come in.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, I got in pretty late. Fell asleep on the couch going over some paperwork.

ANGIE

A call or even a text would've been nice. You promised me you wouldn't do this again.

CHRIS

Yeah, I know. I'm sorry about that.

ANGIE

It's just like before. You and Tony out doing God knows what. Tell me you're not going back to the agency.

CHRIS

I told you I'm not going back. So I'm not going back.

Chris checks his watch.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit. It's already late. Got a meeting set up this morning with Salinger's ex husband. Out in Hollywood.

He quickly removes his shirt, pushes back the shower curtain and shuts off the water.

ANGIE

So why don't you just call Tony.
Tell him you're running late.

CHRIS

I'll make it. But I gotta be out
the door in five minutes.

Chris pushes past Angie, heads for a corner closet and grabs a clean shirt.

ANGIE

Sounds like things are moving
pretty fast with this case.

CHRIS

Yeah. Real fast.

Chris throws on his shirt, checks a small mirror on the door as he rubs his stubbled face.

ANGIE

You haven't so much as said three
words to me in the last four days.
Just the other day, you said this
case could change our lives. Yet,
you're not telling me anything and
completely leaving me hanging
here. What the hell is that?

Chris splashes on some cologne, rests on the edge of the bed and throws on some shoes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

No more secrets. That was the
deal.

CHRIS

Look. We'll sit down, have a nice
dinner tonight. I'll tell you
everything. But right now, I gotta
go.

Chris stands, smooches her face.

ANGIE

You might wanna brush those teeth
before you leave.

CHRIS

Right.

Chris heads for

THE BATHROOM

where his PHONE RINGS from the sink. He picks it up, answers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah? This is Keegan.

DUPREE (V.O.)

Good morning, Mister Keegan. I hope your head isn't hurting too bad.

Chris checks with Angie who still watches him from the foot of the bed.

DUPREE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After all, you and Tony have a very busy schedule and I tight one at that. People to see. Evidence to go over and so forth.

CHRIS

No, I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

Chris turns around, faces away from Angie who watches him closely.

DUPREE (V.O.)

I'm sorry if my girls scared you, Mister Keegan. But I needed some reassurance from your end that you won't be giving up on this investigation.

CHRIS

Reassurance?

DUPREE (V.O.)

It would be a shame if your new bride were to find evidence of your infidelity slipped into your mailbox when least expected. Don't force my hand, Mister Keegan. Salinger is guilty of murdering my Darren. The evidence is out there. I suggest you find it, only do it faster. The clock is officially ticking. Tick tock. Tick tock. I'll be in touch.

Dupree hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S CAR - MORNING

Tony behind the wheel as an exhausted and worried sick Chris stares out his window in a stupor. Tony watches him, a stupid grin.

TONY
Long night?

Chris slowly stares back at him.

CHRIS
Yeah, it was real interesting.

Tony laughs.

TONY
Yeah, I can tell. Never heard back from you. Look, if you're not feeling up to this, I can drop you at the office. You look like shit if you don't mind me saying.

CHRIS
Who? Me? I feel like a million dollars. You mind stepping on it? I wanna get there sometime before lunch.

Tony smiles.

TONY
Yes, sir.

Tony floors the gas as they speed down the lone street.

INT. LONG AND STRONG PRODUCTIONS - CONDO - DAY

BOBBY STRONG (40s), bleach blonde, muscle bound, sports a silk robe and some boxers as he escorts Tony and Chris through his flash condo and production studio.

Several LIGHTS and various cameras point down at the four separate and carefully decorated sets that make up his living room.

A few GIRLS wear robes, read sides and scripts as makeup artists apply some touch up.

BOBBY

They used to say that porn was the only constant in the motion picture industry. A genre that never grows old. But even pornography can become oversaturated.

TONY

Tell me about it. There's only so much you can jerk off to.

Bobby laughs, shakes his head.

BOBBY

Something like that, yes.

Bobby steps out onto a deco balcony with leather chairs and sofas. Tony and Chris follow.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Anyways. There's not much room left for, shall we say...more seasoned veterans like Marilyn and I. So we came up with this idea. How to stay relevant in an industry controlled by twenty year olds with six packs and perfect skin.

Tony turns, spots one of the girls disrobe. She is wearing very expensive lingerie as she rests on the edge of a bed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

But what do people cling to more than anything? More than money. More than sex.

Tony and Chris share a clueless look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Nostalgia. Twenty years ago, Marilyn Salinger was the hottest thing going. For many thirty five year old men...their first sexual experience, if you know what I mean. Even with a market flooded with teenie boppers and twenty two year olds, these guys still jerk off to her because it's an unfulfilled fantasy.

TONY

(to Chris)

Kind of like me and Lynda Carter.

CHRIS

Why don't you give us the short version. We're on a tight schedule.

BOBBY

What I'm saying is this. Contrary to what you may have heard about Marilyn, she's not exactly destitute. She's doing fine. Doing real good from what I hear. Got herself a new manager. Between the two of them, they took this idea to a whole new level. And it's all perfectly legal on paper.

CHRIS

How do you mean?

BOBBY

They recruit some new talent to work with Marilyn. Via craigslist or wherever. Fresh faces no one's ever head of. Only these actors are actually paying clients. The checks are made out to the right people so it looks legit on the books.

TONY

And they turn right around and hand them back the cash. No one's the wiser.

CHRIS

So they're running a sex ring?

BOBBY

They're calling it 'My Night with Marilyn'. For the criminally low price of five thousand dollars a pop from what I hear.

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Guess I wasn't giving Marilyn enough credit.

CHRIS

How did you find out about this?

TONY

This is Bobby Strong you're talking to. He's got friends in low places.

Bobby shoots him a nasty look.

BOBBY

That's real funny.

TONY

Don't suppose you have a name for this manager?

BOBBY

Come on, boys. You expect me to make it that easy for you? Tell you what I can do. You wanna check out some of Marilyn's latest work, I got an address for you. If he gives you any shit, tell them Bobby sent you.

INT. SHINING STAR VIDEO - DAY

Tony and Chris follow the VIDEO CLERK to the back of the store where he re-stocks a cart full of old VHS and used DVDs onto empty shelves.

VIDEO CLERK

This is a respectable store, gentlemen. For true film buffs and collectors only. VHS, eight and sixteen millimeter prints. I got a celebrity clientele a mile long requesting special orders only I can deliver. I don't need to peddle smut to turn a profit.

CHRIS

You're telling us you keep the lights on by renting old VHS tapes?

TONY

What do you want us to say? We're not cops? Fine. We're not cops.

The Video Clerk snags an old VHS box from the shelf, reads the cover.

VIDEO CLERK

Here's a real classic. Charlie Sheen and Chris Tucker.

(MORE)

VIDEO CLERK (CONT'D)
Money Talks. Have you ever heard
of this one, gentlemen?

Tony and Chris share a tired sigh as Tony pulls a wad of cash
from his coat pocket. Chris watches with suspicion.

TONY
Salinger. Marilyn. This should
cover everything you got in stock.

The Video Clerk smiles and snags up the cash.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Tony and Chris are nose to screen as they carefully review
DVD footage of Marilyn's latest pornos. A MAN in his mid
thirties is escorted into a living room by the same manager
from the dollar store.

CHRIS
Wait a minute. Where do we know
him?

TONY
I've seen his picture.

Tony jumps from his seat. He hurries to his desk then back
to his chair near the television. He hands Chris a
newspaper.

Chris reads the headline: WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP.

A man stands just behind a couple of uniform cops who rope
off the perimeter. He stares straight into the camera for
the still shot.

CHRIS
Who is he?

TONY
The manager. The fuckin manager on
staff the night Marilyn stuck
Darren.

CHRIS
Yeah, no wonder the cameras weren't
working.

TONY
He fuckin shut them off. Clever
prick.

CHRIS

No. It doesn't make sense.

Chris and Tony watch the DVD footage. The dollar store manager introduces the paying client to Marilyn who is waiting on a couch in her bra and panties.

TONY

There's the woman of the hour.

Chris fast forwards a bit and stops as a SECOND WOWAN enters the living room.

It's JENNIFER KILGORE from the dollar store. She is also in lingerie as she pulls off the man's shirt. Marilyn grabs him, kisses him passionately.

CHRIS

Who's that?

Chris pauses it.

TONY

Sonofabitch. The girl. The girl from the store. She was the second witness at the scene. It's all right there in the article.

CHRIS

If they're all in on this together, why the hell would Salinger set herself up for a murder rap?

TONY

Don't you get it. She was asleep. This bullshit sleepwalking rap they're throwing at us. She needed a witness to tell the cops she was out of her mind when she stabbed Harkins. Not only does she have a witness, she's got two witnesses.

CHRIS

And no security footage of what actually happened.

TONY

Exactly. These pricks were paying five k a pop for a shot at Marilyn. Our boy Darren finds out what's going on and blackmails them. He went to the store that night to collect his piece. Just like he did every Friday night.

CHRIS

Okay. So how does Darren Harkins find out about Marilyn's operation?

TONY

Come on old partner. You can do better than that. How do you think he knew?

CHRIS

The girl. The girl in the video. What's her name?

Tony grabs the newspaper from Chris, reads the fine print.

TONY

Kilgore. Jennifer Kilgore.

CHRIS

Harkins old lady said his tenants were constantly late with rent.

TONY

Until somebody comes along as says hey. I got a way we can all make some money together.

CHRIS

Harkins. He was pulling the strings the whole time.

TONY

Yeah. Half his tenants were turning tricks. Including his side piece Marilyn. Pretty shrewd.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - MORNING

Tony and Chris watch Carrie (Darren's wife) exit the building with a large hand bag and head for a parking garage.

TONY

There she goes. Let's move.

Tony and Chris step out, cross the busy intersection and head into the garage after Carrie.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Carrie puts the key in her car door, about to turn when she is tapped on the shoulder by Tony. She turns around just as Chris appears on the other side of the car.

CARRIE

What're you two doing here? What do you want from me? It's been three fucking days. Why don't you show some respect?

TONY

Enough of the grieving widow act, Carrie. It's time to talk.

CARRIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

Chris slams his hand down on Carrie's roof which scares the piss out of her.

CHRIS

Wrong answer. Try again.

She breaks down in tears. A nervous wreck.

INT. CARRIE'S CAR - MORNING

Tony sits with Carrie in the back as Chris sets up a laptop on the center console. Carrie watches the screen as she appears in a porn video with Marilyn. The two of them with one of Marilyn's clients.

TONY

Recognize the girl? It's you, Carrie.

CHRIS

What're you doing with all that money in your purse, Carrie? You closing out your husband's account? What was he into?

TONY

Was he in business with Marilyn? Why are you protecting her?

Carrie wipes her tears.

CARRIE

I was gonna get even with him. Stoop to his level. This woman...Marilyn sends me these pictures. Pictures of what he's been doing to her.

Tony shares a concerned look with Chris.

TONY
Doing to her?

CARRIE
Polaroids. All of them dated the
night it happened. Pictures of her
beat up. Bruised. Bleeding.

Chris sighs with exhaustion.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
She said she had a way I could get
even with him if I was interested.

CHRIS
The video.

CARRIE
Then Marilyn and Jen threatened to
go public with the movie if I
didn't play their game. It was up
to me to tell Darren to back off.
He was taking money, you see?
Payoffs to keep quiet about
Marilyn's operation. But he didn't
listen. He didn't care what
happened to me. He just cared
about the money.

CHRIS
I'm sorry to hear that, Carrie.
You deserve better.

CARRIE
I know they had him killed.
Jennifer and Marilyn. I know it.

TONY
You'll have to take the stand.
Tell the cops everything. No
matter how painful.

Carrie nods.

CARRIE
If I do this...I'm doing it for me.
Not...him.

Tony nods with appreciation.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Chris sits behind Tony's desk, spins in a swivel chair with a phone to his ear.

MARTIN (O.S.)

(muffled)

Got some real interesting reading on your boy Harkins. Turns out Harkins and one David Kilgore got into a bar fight three months back.

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Detective Danny Martin pours himself a large cup of coffee with his cell stuck between his head and shoulder.

MARTIN

Busted Harkins nose open. Anyway, the two of them sold the same story to the cops. Said the fight was totally random. But I got some pictures of Jennifer Kilgore that say otherwise.

Martin picks up a five by seven of Jennifer's badly bruised and bloodied face.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Sure looks like Darren Harkins was into some kinky shit.

CHRIS (O.S.)

(muffled)

Where the hell did you find those pictures?

MARTIN

Our Miss Kilgore came in some three and half months ago ready to press charges against Harkins for assault and several other acts of abuse and sexual perversions. Shit you don't even wanna hear about.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Chris, phone to his ear, swivels in the chair as Tony enters with lunch and two large drinks.

CHRIS

We got em. We got all three of them by the ass. Good work, old partner. We'll see you later today. Be ready to roll out the red carpet.

Martin laughs.

MARTIN (O.S.)

(muffled)

Don't you ever get tired of making us look bad?

CHRIS

Of course not.

Chris hangs up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So what's the plan? Have you talked to Dupree?

TONY

He says as soon as soon as the story breaks, he'll follow through with the money.

CHRIS

What is this bullshit? That wasn't the deal.

Tony sets down lunch and rolls up his sleeves.

TONY

I know what the deal was, Keegan. I was there. The guy's paranoid. He doesn't trust anyone. We could be stroking him as far as he knows. He wants proof straight from the cops mouths. We have depositions from both Carrie Harkins and Bobby Strong. It's on record. We got her. Relax.

CHRIS

I want a sit down with Dupree in the next two hours.

TONY

I just came from there.

CHRIS

Without me. A little nugget you forgot to run by me, by the way.

TONY

Okay. You don't trust me. Is that what you're trying to say? Please don't play coy, old partner. Just come out and ask me. Did I just deposit five hundred k in my account. Go on. Ask.

CHRIS

Okay. Did you?

Tony smiles, points his finger at Chris.

TONY

Tell you what. I can pull up my account on the computer right now. Show you I'm still broke if that's what you want.

Chris thinks about it.

CHRIS

Make the call. Two hours. No bullshit.

TONY

You heard what I just said about Salinger. He wants to read it in the papers.

CHRIS

I don't give a shit what you said. Make the call. He wanted proof. We got proof.

ON THE TELEVISION

A FIELD REPORTER stands in front of a swank home in Beverly Hills. A bumper reads: BREAKING NEWS ON HARKINS INVESTIGATION

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Turn this up.

Tony grabs a remote, turns up the volume.

REPORTER

...Noticeably absent from all of this has been real estate giant and long-time family friend Walton Dupree. Until this point, Dupree has been unavailable for comment regarding his godson's brutal stabbing at the hands of Marilyn Salinger. This morning, we have just discovered that Dupree had been out of the country for several weeks on business and is just now, this morning, learning of his only godson's murder.

Chris shoots Tony a shocked and disgusted look.

CHRIS

What the hell is she talking about, partner?

Tony just stares back at him in silence.

Chris turns his attention back to the television. The REAL DUPREE exits his home where he is hounded by reporters. He looks nothing like the man they've been dealing with.

Chris reaches for his gun but --

Tony is too fast and fires A SINGLE SHOT into Chris's chest. Chris falls to the hard floor.

In a cold and calculated manner, Tony reaches into his desk drawer, pulls out a manila ENVELOPE OF MONEY and rests it in plain view on top of the desk.

He reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out several POLAROIDs OF JENNIFER. She is bruised, beat up. He rests them next to the cash.

Tony grabs a large cardboard box full of DVDS and dumps the cases all over the couch and floor. He walks to the tv, inserts one of the films and presses play.

A film of Marilyn and Jen plays about halfway finished.

Tony smirks as he dials a number on his cell, waits.

TONY

(into phone)

It's done. Keegan's dead. And so will be Salinger within the hour. You got nothing else to worry about.

KILGORE (O.S.)
(muffled)
I'll celebrate when you keep my
baby girl's face off the eleven
o'clock news.

TONY
I told you I'd handle it, so I'll
handle it. You must be forgetting.
You're dealing with the best there
is.

KILGORE (O.S.)
(muffled)
I'll need proof he's dead.

TONY
Of course. My office. An hour.
Oh, and one more thing. If you
don't have the cash in hand and
ready...Keegan's body won't be the
only one they find.

Tony hangs up. He walks to Chris, puts on a pair of rubber
gloves and snags up his weapon from the floor.

EXT. MARSH INVESTIGATION - NIGHT

Dupree, aka David Kilgore, arrives in a small lot across the
street. He gets out with a large duffel in hand. Stares up
at Tony who watches from his window.

Kilgore makes his way across the street.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATION - EARLY MORNING

Detective Moore stands over Chris's body as a crime scene
photographer snaps a few shots.

Detective Reed hovers over David Kilgore's body, riddled with
bullets.

He stares over his shoulder at the window behind him. One
clean bullet shot through the glass.

He refers back to the television where the image of Marilyn
and Jennifer are still paused. And then --

The DVD cases thrown to the floor.

Detective Moore walks to Tony's desk, grabs the polaroids of
Jennifer.

DETECTIVE MOORE

So, let me take a stab at this. Keegan found evidence that Kilgore's little girl and Marilyn were in cahoots together and decides to make a play at Kilgore's money.

DETECTIVE REED

That's what it looks like. But what the hell was Keegan doing looking into the Salinger case?

DETECTIVE MOORE

Could be Kilgore wanted to keep his little girl out of it. Hired Keegan here to clean things up.

DETECTIVE REED

Only Keegan had different plans. It's weird though.

DETECTIVE MOORE

What?

DETECTIVE REED

I never figured Keegan the type to pull some shady shit like this. Not quite his style.

Detective Reed shakes his head as if he doesn't buy it.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)

What's his partner have to say?

DETECTIVE MOORE

Who?

DETECTIVE REED

Marsh. Tony Marsh. The guy who leases this place. The two of them were thick as thieves up until a year ago. Had some kind of fallout.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Oh yeah? What was her name?

Detective Reed ponders this. He stares over at Detective Moore with real intrigue.

DETECTIVE REED

Anyone contact the wife?

DETECTIVE MOORE
Who? Kilgore?

DETECTIVE REED
Keegan.

DETECTIVE MOORE
I don't know. I don't think so.

EXT. CHRIS KEEGAN'S HOUSE - POOL AREA - MORNING

Angie sits in tears. Shocked. She stares blankly into the swimming pool water as Tony breaks the bad news.

TONY
I know how hard this is for you to process. I'm not here to tell you I told you so. Or to make trouble. I'm here because I'm concerned for you. And our daughter. For your future.

Angie stares up at him.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's important now to not look backwards. To dwell on the what ifs. What if I saw the warning signs? What could I have done to stop this? All you need to concern yourself with now is your baby girl.

ANGIE
I don't understand. How could...how did he...? He said this would set us up.

TONY
That may very well be. But the facts are he killed a man.

Angie covers her mouth in horror at the thought. She holds back her tears.

TONY (CONT'D)
He's not a good guy, Angie. I've known that for a long time. But I respected your wishes and kept my distance. Gave him the benefit of the doubt. I know this is hard to hear but you need to hear it.

Angie squints her eyes, confused, angry.

ANGIE

And you came here looking for him.
For a job.

TONY

That's right. A job that would set
the two of you up for a long time.
Money to take care of our child. I
needed to see you, Ange. This was
the only way I knew how.

Tony kneels before her, lays his hands on her shoulder. She
shrugs him off with disgust, stands and turns her back to
him.

TONY (CONT'D)

You're gonna need some time. I get
it. Look. The police will
probably be around today to ask you
some questions. If you need
anything, don't hesitate. We will
get through this. I promise.

Tony lets himself out. Angie stares back at him with
suspicion.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Biggins has his feet kicked up on his broken down old desk as
he tosses around a tennis ball. Detective Moore and Reed
barely fit in his office.

DETECTIVE REED

We thought you'd rather hear from
us than the papers. Pretty
incriminating shit if you ask me.

BIGGINS

It's no secret what my client does
for a living, Detectives. I guess
I'm failing to see the relevance.

DETECTIVE REED

The Kilgore woman worked in the
same supermarket your client
allegedly sleepwalked her way into
the night she stabbed Darren
Harkins. And you're failing to see
the relevance?

Biggins knows his goose is cooked as he avoids eye contact with the cops.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Come on, Biggins. We got her. So tell your client to do herself a favor and sign the confession. She can walk us through how he took turns beating the shit out of and sexually abusing both her and Kilgore. How he blackmailed both of them and robbed them blind. You don't think that'll go a long way with the DA?

Biggins watches the two partners carefully.

BIGGINS

Speaking of. What're you guys doing here? I mean. Why isn't the DA here making us an official offer?

Detective Moore checks with Reed.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Unless of course he doesn't know you're here. What're you guys hiding?

DETECTIVE REED

Tell you what. Talk to your client. She's got one more chance to come clean. Or we're coming after her with everything we got. Have a nice day.

Detective Moore glances around the pathetic, paper filled room.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Nice office.

Biggins smiles and watches them with suspicion as they head down the narrow hallway.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Marilyn drags a smoke and quickly paces the floor. Her nerves rattled and worried sick. In walks --

Biggins who is strangely quiet and visibly beat down.

MARILYN

The hell you been? You let me hear about this on the news? I've been calling you since last night. You're my lawyer. When I call, you stop what the fuck you're doing and get here! No questions asked!

BIGGINS

I figured you needed some time to think things over, Marilyn.

Biggins folds his arms, stares back at her with contempt. She backs away, feels the hate in his eyes.

MARILYN

Please. Spare me the look of disappointment. Are you telling me, for one second, you believed I was actually innocent?

Biggins scoffs with disgust.

BIGGINS

Yeah, Marilyn, maybe I did. Guess I should've known better. A girl like you. No better than a common street whore. Who'd believe a word out of your mouth, right?

MARILYN

Yeah. And you saw what he did. You saw the pictures. The whole world is about to see. What he did to both of us.

BIGGINS

Yeah. Forced you to fuck a bunch of strangers for thousands of dollars a pop. What a victim.

MARILYN

Come on. You read my sheet. I had a four hundred dollar a day habit. Days from being out on the street and Darren threw me a lifeline. Yeah, I took it. But you're stupid if you think I orchestrated any of this. It was him. He financed the whole operation. Ask anyone.

BIGGINS

Ask.

(scoffs)

(MORE)

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Ask who? Jennifer? Your friends at the supermarket? Don't know if you knew this or not but you're a little short on character witnesses, Marilyn.

MARILYN

I don't expect you to believe me. But it doesn't matter if you believe me or not. Because they will.

BIGGINS

Who's they?

MARILYN

The jury. I'm gonna stare each of them in the eye and tell them every horrible thing he ever did to us. In excruciating detail. And they're gonna have to stare me in the eye when they read that verdict.

(beat)

You might not approve of my lifestyle or my choices. But the last I checked, juries aren't exactly sympathetic to serial rapists.

BIGGINS

I think we're a little late in the game to play the teary eyed victim card. Not since your little collection of home movies went public this afternoon. You go to trial, you're going to prison for at least twenty years. At least. If you do this, there's no saving us, Marilyn.

Marilyn thinks it over.

MARILYN

I'll take my chances. Tell the DA we'll see him in court.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MARILYN'S ROOM - DAY

Doctor Phipps watches on as Detective Reed handcuffs Marilyn's hands behind her back.

DETECTIVE REED
 Today's the big day, Marilyn. You
 feeling lucky?

MARILYN
 Always, Detective. Always.
 (beat)
 Will I not be enjoying the company
 of your partner today?

DETECTIVE REED
 Bobby? Oh, he's saving me a seat,
 right in the front row. Behind
 you, Marilyn. Make sure you don't
 get lonely.

Marilyn shoots him a smug grin. Detective Reed walks her to
 the door.

MARILYN
 (to Dr. Phipps)
 So long, Doc.

DR. PHIPPS
 See you soon, Marilyn.

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Detective Reed escorts a handcuffed Marilyn down the front
 steps. They are hounded by flashbulbs and eager reporters
 with microphones.

REPORTER #1
 Marilyn, how are you feeling???

REPORTER #2
 Are you ready for court?

DETECTIVE REED
 A little room, please!

TONY'S CAR

Sits at a nearby curb.

Tony watches quietly as Detective Reed walks Marilyn through
 a pushy herd of reporters and toward his squad car.

A MASKED GUNMAN runs up behind them, firmly sticks a three-
 eighty in Reed's back.

GUNMAN
(to Detective Reed)
Hands in the air!

The crowd all watch in horror as Reed pops his hands in the air and Marilyn clumsily trips down a small set of steps.

The Gunman snags up Reed's weapon from a side holster, swiftly pistol whips him over the head.

He points at the onlooking crowd.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck back!! Get back!!

Marilyn struggles to stand, is quickly snagged by the wrists by the Gunman as the two flee from the scene.

Tony watches them hurry down a side street.

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - LATE NIGHT

Angie sits alone in the living room as the bright glow of the television exposes her tired and flushed face.

A full report on Marilyn's daylight breakout plays on the eleven o'clock news.

FIELD REPORTER
It was supposed to be the first day of trial for suspected killer Marilyn Salinger who, despite damning new evidence, had recently turned down The District Attorney's final offer of First Degree Manslaughter. But Salinger would never make it to court. We've just received word that a masked gunman who has yet to be identified, abducted Salinger from police custody. It happened right here on the front steps of West Side Psychiatric Hospital where Salinger was being closely supervised since her brutal and seemingly unprovoked attack on Darren Harkins...

Angie's eyes are glued to the set.

FIELD REPORTE

Lead Detective on the Darren Harkins investigation, Sergeant Lyle Reed, was escorting Salinger to a prisoner transfer van just less than fifty yards from where she was taken. We were told that Reed himself was scheduled to drive Salinger directly to the courthouse from West Side Hospital to begin trial...

Angie angrily shuts off the television and picks up a cordless phone. She dials with a purpose.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Biggins tosses file after file into a large waste basket. A similar report on Marilyn plays on a small television in the corner.

He stares at the screen with contempt. Quickly walks over and shuts it off.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Mister Biggins?

Biggins turns around, faces --

Angie in the doorway.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

BIGGINS

No, I do not. If you don't mind, I'm kind of busy right now.

ANGIE

My name's Angie Keegan. I believe you know my husband.

Biggins tosses a wad of paper across the room and misses the basket by a mile.

BIGGINS

I'm afraid you heard wrong. What's this about?

ANGIE

I think you know what it's about. I need to know where she is.

BIGGINS

She? You're gonna have to be more specific. I know a lot of shes.

ANGIE

Marilyn Salinger. Your client. I know you know where she is. If you do, you need to tell me.

Biggins smiles, scoffs under his breath.

BIGGINS

She's not my client anymore. So whatever this is about, I can't help you. Why don't you try the police?

ANGIE

I tried them. They're not talking. So that leaves you. And I'm not leaving here until you tell me something.

Biggins grabs his trusty tennis ball from the desk, tosses it from hand to hand, thinks over her proposal.

BIGGINS

I heard about your husband. I'm sorry. Sounds like he got himself involved with the wrong people.

ANGIE

And if you knew him like I did, you'd know that what they're saying about him isn't true.

BIGGINS

Let me guess. He was innocent.

ANGIE

That's right.

Biggins rolls his eyes and bounces the ball off the wall like a bored kid.

BIGGINS

Just like Marilyn. She was innocent too. There's a lot of that going around.

Biggins throws the ball in a corner, faces Angie.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Like I said, I can't help you.

ANGIE

Did Marilyn ever mention the name
Tony Marsh to you?

BIGGINS

No. Why?

ANGIE

He was my husband's business
partner. He had him killed, only I
can't prove it. Not on my own.
Not without your help.

BIGGINS

I don't know him. What I do know
is that they have a pile of
evidence against your husband four
inches thick. Enough to put him
away for a very long time if he
were still here.

Angie fights the urge to slug him.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Now, I don't mean to be
disrespectful or demean your
grieving process but could you
please get the hell out of my
office.

ANGIE

Here's a name you will know.
Walton Dupree.

BIGGINS

Harkins godfather. Real estate
guy, right? What about him?

ANGIE

A few weeks ago, Tony Marsh came to
my husband with a job. Dupree
offered them Five Hundred Thousand
to investigate Marilyn Salinger.
He met with Dupree. That same
night. Gave him the whole story
about his godson Darren and his
broken marriage.

Biggins squints, shakes his head.

BIGGINS

Impossible. Dupree was in Europe
for the last three months. It was
all over the news.

ANGIE

Yes. I know. Do I have your attention now?

Biggins slowly smiles.

BIGGINS

Okay. I'm listening.

ANGIE

Tony Marsh lied to my husband. He could've met with Dupree. It was someone else. He framed my husband for David Kilgore's murder.

BIGGINS

For what reason?

ANGIE

If I knew that, I wouldn't be here now would I?

Biggins nods with appreciation.

BIGGINS

I'll make some calls. See what I can find out.

Angie reaches in her purse, pulls out a business card, hands it to Biggins. He reads it.

ANGIE

You can reach me at this number. Any time. Thank you for your time.

Angie heads for the door. Biggins thinks it all over.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Biggins stands next to a SECURITY OFFICER as they review several security camera monitors.

Each corner of the hospital is on display. They pay close attention to the front steps where Detective Reed escorts Marilyn to his squad car.

Detective Reed peeks behind him just moments before the MASKED GUNMAN runs up behind them.

BIGGINS

Freeze it.

The Security Officer pauses the footage.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)
Rewind that bit. Right when they
first walk out.

The Security Officer rewinds the footage and hits play.
Detective Reed and Marilyn head for the steps as they avoid
reporters and cameras.

Detective Reed checks over his shoulder.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)
Right there!

He freezes the footage. Detective Reed checks behind him.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)
He looked over his shoulder. Like
he's looking for somebody.

SECURITY OFFICER
Probably felt this guy's eyes on
the back of his head.

Biggins points at the Masked Gunman just behind Detective
Reed. He seems much shorter.

BIGGINS
How tall do you think this guy is?
About Six feet?

SECURITY OFFICER
No. I'd say shorter. Maybe Five
Seven. Five Eight.

Biggins points to the PISTOL in the Gunman's left hand.

BIGGINS
Five Seven and a lefty.

The Security Officer squints, doesn't follow.

SECURITY OFFICER
What're you thinking?

BIGGINS
I don't know. Not yet.

INT. LAPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - NIGHT

Detective Martin, sleeves rolled up, sits behind a small
cubicle, talks quietly to Biggins on his cell.

BIGGINS (O.S.)

(muffled)

You were Keegan's partner for ten years. If Marsh is dirty, you'd know better than anyone.

MARTIN

Of course he's dirty. It's a dirty business. Why do you think Keegan got out? He had a new bride and a baby on the way. You can't be home changing diapers when you're staking out some flea bag motel at Three AM. It's a whole new life. If you're asking me if Keegan was dirty, my answer is 'hell no'.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BIGGINS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Biggins sports a t shirt and shorts and a beer in hand as he paces the floor.

BIGGINS

Good. Then you know as well as I do he was set up. And if that wasn't Tony Marsh out at West Side Hospital, then he at least knows who was.

MARTIN (O.S.)

(muffled)

What do you want me to do? Bring him in for questioning? This is a homicide investigation. It's Reed's case. Besides. There's no way they're not already looking at Marsh for this. At least a conspiracy charge.

BIGGINS

Look. You saw the same footage I did. Did you happen to notice Detective Moore was noticeably absent on those front steps this afternoon?

MARTIN (O.S.)

(muffled)

So now Bobby Moore had Keegan killed? You're not making any sense, Biggins.

BIGGINS

I'm not saying anything. Not yet.
Not without the evidence. That's
where you come in. I need you to
find out everything you can on Reed
and Moore.

MARTIN (O.S.)

(muffled)

Everything. Like what?

BIGGINS

I don't know. Something.
Anything. You're a cop. You got
dirt on everybody. Find some on
them and get back to me as soon as
you can. Angie's counting on you.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LAPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - NIGHT

Martin nervously strokes his hair, hunches over in his chair,
phone to his ear. He checks over his cubicle to see if
anyone's close.

MARTIN

(quietly)

Alright. I may have...sort of
heard something about Reed. But
it's gonna take some more.

BIGGINS (O.S.)

(muffled)

How much digging?

MARTIN

I don't know. At least a few
hours. I'll get back to you.

BIGGINS (O.S.)

(muffled)

Aces and Eights Bar. Ten O'Clock
sharp.

Biggins hangs up.

MARTIN

Yeah. You're welcome.

Martin also hangs up.

INT. ACES AND EIGHTS BAR - NIGHT

Biggins and Angie sit side by side with a cup of coffee as Martin walks in with a manila file in hand.

He is surprised and a bit taken back by Angie. The two exchange a cordial smile.

MARTIN

Hey, Ange.

ANGIE

Hi, Danny. Long time.

Martin smooches her cheek and takes a seat across from them. Hands Biggins the manila file.

BIGGINS

You're early. I take it you have something for us.

Biggins opens the file, takes a quick look.

MARTIN

My guy in Internal Affairs says they're both clean. Not a spot on either of their jackets.

Biggins shrugs and sighs in disappointment.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

At least nothing on file. On a longshot, I checked with Vice. See if either Reed or Moore had any outstanding debts on the street we should know about.

BIGGINS

And?

MARTIN

The word's out. Reed's into Frankie Romio for Seventy Five K.

Angie squints, checks with Biggins.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If you're right and Marsh was working for Kilgore, he made off with a nice chunk of cash. Enough to kill his own partner over. And enough to catch the attention of one Detective Reed.

BIGGINS

Reed's not stupid. One look at that crime scene he had to know Marsh had Keegan set up.

ANGIE

I don't understand. What're you saying?

BIGGINS

He's saying Reed and Moore were looking at Marsh for your husband's murder. Marsh most likely offered them a deal. Take the cash and look the other way. Pin the whole thing on Chris.

MARTIN

Meanwhile, Reed and Moore have some loose ends to tie up. Including Marilyn Salinger.

ANGIE

They took her? The police? Why?

MARTIN

My guess? Her and Marsh were probably working together this whole time. Get Kilgore's daughter involved in a few skin flicks then hit up her rich old man for some green mail.

Angie rubs her sore temples and hangs her head low. Tired and confused by the whole ordeal.

ANGIE

Then we have to talk to her. This girl. Jennifer. Get her to testify what really happened.

MARTIN

We could if anyone knew where she was. Hasn't been home since early yesterday morning and never showed at work.

(to Biggins)

You know they're both dead, don't you?

Biggins sighs and shakes his head as he slumps in defeat.

BIGGINS

To think. I was actually starting to feel sorry for her.

MARTIN

Because she's a manipulator. It's what she does.

Martin sizes up Biggins, watches him closely.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

She pushed your buttons. That's for sure.

Biggins shoots him a dirty stare.

ANGIE

So what happens now?

MARTIN

Now? We wait.

ANGIE

For what?

MARTIN

For a couple bodies to surface.

EXT. ACES AND EIGHTS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Biggins offers a cigarette to Angie who stares out into the city lights from a steep cliff.

ANGIE

I can't believe all of this is happening. And just when things were getting back to normal. Everything seemed like it was...I don't know. Falling into place.

BIGGINS

Yeah. That's life for you. Never quite fits into your schedule, does it?

ANGIE

I don't know how you do it. Deal with these people like this. Day in and day out. Must drive you crazy. How do you do it?

Biggins sparks up his own smoke, joins Angie by the cliff, stares off into the night.

BIGGINS

The police found your husband dead on the floor. Not five feet from David Kilgore. One might look at the scene and see this as pretty open and shut. And from first glance, he might look guilty as hell.

He turns, stares at Angie with a true honesty in his eyes.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

But it's not the things that I see that keep me up at all hours of the night. It's the things that I don't see. All the smaller details. The missing pieces of the puzzle. The problem with most people is that they see what they wanna see. And the truth ends up falling somewhere in the cracks.

Angie nods in agreement.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

I guess I do it because I choose to believe that not all people are horrible human beings. And everyone deserves to be heard. No matter what the evidence says. Does that sound naive or just stupid?

ANGIE

I wish I still believed that. In the basic goodness of people.

BIGGINS

Something's eating away at you. Wanna talk about it?

ANGIE

I don't know what I'm gonna tell my little girl about her father. Do I wait until she's old enough to understand? Will she ever understand?

BIGGINS

Understand what?

ANGIE

There's a chance Chris isn't the father of our child.

Biggins nods.

BIGGINS

I see.

ANGIE

He was finally coming around to making a permanent commitment. Telling him Tony may be the father would've driven him away forever. I guess I let him believe what he wanted to believe. It just seemed so much easier. I needed easy for a change.

Angie fights her tears.

ANGI

Now I can't help but feel...responsible for all of this. If I would have just...told him the truth.

Biggins and Angie finish their smokes in peaceful silence as they gaze out into the city lights.

INT. BIGGINS APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Biggins enters with a real tiredness about him. He lazily tosses his keys on a corner table and loosens his tie as he makes his way to the fridge.

He snags a beer from inside but before he can crack it, his cell RINGS from his coat pocket.

He answers:

BIGGINS

Danny. What do you got?

Beat.

MARTIN (O.S.)

(muffled)

It's Marilyn.

Biggins isn't exactly shocked but sad nonetheless.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(muffled)

They just found her at a truck stop off Interstate Ten. Looks like an OD.

EXT. REST STOP - INTERSTATE 10 - LATE NIGHT

Biggins and Martin arrive at the scene. They wait in the car as they watch a couple CORONERS wheel a stretcher towards the restrooms.

Several SQUAD CARS on the scene with LIGHTS FLASHING.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR

Martin behind the wheel. Biggins rides shotgun.

MARTIN
I don't see them.

Biggins eyes are locked on the scene. Martin watches him with concern.

BIGGINS
They're here. I know it.

MARTIN
Look. Are you sure you wanna see this?

BIGGINS
I wanna see the look on their face when they see me coming.

INT. LADIES RESTROOM - LATE NIGHT

The stall door is open. Marilyn lay dead next to the toilet with a needle stuck in her arm and a tourniquet around her veiny bicep.

A photographer snaps a few shots as --

Biggins enters quietly. He catches eyes with Detective Moore who lingers near the stall door and snaps at his gum.

DETECTIVE MOORE
What the hell are you doing here?

Biggins ignores him, slowly walks to the stall and peeks inside. His eyes and mouth quiver. Fights the urge to break down.

The two coroners await Moore's instruction. He motions toward the door.

DETECTIVE MOORE (CONT'D)
Give us a minute, would you?

The two head out as Detective Moore steps closer to Biggins and the stall door.

DETECTIVE MOORE (CONT'D)
 Look, Biggins. I know we didn't
 get off on the right foot. And I
 know you don't choose your clients.
 I know you were just doing your
 job. You just got a raw deal,
 that's all. No hard feelings.

Beat.

BIGGINS
 Yeah.

Detective Moore stares down at Marilyn with a smug grin on his face.

DETECTIVE MOORE
 But you gotta admit. Pretty
 fitting, don't you think?

Without warning, Biggins tackles Moore in a fit of blind rage. The two of them toss around on the cold tile as --

The two coroners and a UNIFORM COP rush back inside and separate the two.

A CELL PHONE goes flying across the floor.

UNIFORM COP
 Knock it off!

He shoves Biggins toward the door. Detective Moore brushes himself off, grins back at Biggins.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)
 (to Biggins)
 Back off!

DETECTIVE MOORE
 You better quit while you're ahead,
 Biggins.

Biggins snags up the cell from the tile and rushes out.

Detective Moore laughs it up.

EXT. MARTIN'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Martin hands Biggins a handkerchief as he pats some blood on his lip and cleans his face.

MARTIN

What the hell are you doing? Are you crazy? You can't show your hand like that. Now they know you're onto them. This doesn't do us any good.

BIGGINS

Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that.

Biggins shows him the cell.

MARTIN

What is this?

BIGGINS

He called him, Danny. Bobby Moore called Marsh exactly ninety five minutes ago.

Martin checks the phone himself. He stares up at Biggins with a giant grin.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

We got him. We got both of them by the ass.

MARTIN

Marsh sent him a text just after. Moore's supposed to meet with him when it's done.

(beat)

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Biggins nods.

BIGGINS

Set it up.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tony stands at a kitchen counter, slices a generous portion of his ribeye, takes a big bite and washes it down with a glass of red wine.

His CELL buzzes from the counter top. He picks it up:

INSERT PHONE

B MOORE: *Your office. An hour. We have unfinished business.*

Tony squints, a slight grin as he contemplates this new development.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - LATE NIGHT

Biggins parks his car in the lot across the street. Angie rides shotgun. The two stare up at the old delapidated building.

BIGGINS

You don't need to worry. He's not gonna hurt you.

Angie squeaks out a nervous laugh.

ANGIE

How do you know that?

BIGGINS

Because he's arrogant. He wants you to know he killed Chris. He wouldn't have done any of this if he thought for one second you weren't gonna take him back.

ANGIE

Sick asshole. How could he think that?

BIGGINS

It's not for you to worry about. Right now, we have to focus. Focus on gaining his trust. Tell him you understand what had to be done. And no matter what happens, first and foremost, your child needs her father. From this point on, it's all you care about.

Angie looks unconvinced.

ANGIE

I don't know, Biggins. You really think this is gonna work?

BIGGINS

If it doesn't, Danny and I are right there. You got nothing to worry about. I promise.

Angie halfheartedly nods.

EXT. BIGGINS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Angie steps out, slowly walks toward Marsh's building. She stares up at his office window. Nobody there.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - LATE NIGHT

Tony isn't in his usual spot by the window. The office all but appears to be empty.

But a lone ceiling fan runs mid speed. Someone has been here recently.

INT. OLD BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

Angie unlocks the front door and steps inside. Shuts and locks behind her.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(barely audible)
How you doing, girl?

ANGIE
(quietly)
I'm inside.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Good. Remember. You'll wanna take the stairs, nice and quiet. We'll be right behind you so don't be nervous.

ANGIE
Easy for you to say. Out there in your van, all nice and comfortable.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

Martin squats in the back of an old Chevy Van, headphones on and an old style reel to reel recorder before him.

MARTIN
Just remember the game plan and you'll be fine. Don't worry. Chris will be watching after you.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIR WELL - LATE NIGHT

Angie quietly shuts a large metal door behind her as she stares up a long flight of stairs. It is dark, creepy and quiet.

She begins up the steps, trying to stay as quiet as possible. She hears a familiar voice behind her.

TONY (O.S.)

I see you still have Chris's key.

Angie spins around.

Tony squats on the ground right next to the metal door at the bottom of the steps.

MARTIN (O.S.)

(barely audible)

Talk to me, Angie. What's happening?

Angie quickly gathers herself, sports a fake smile.

ANGIE

What the hell are you doing in here like this? You scared the hell out of me.

TONY

You know, I was about to ask you the same thing. I guess the elevator must be down again.

ANGIE

Yeah. It is. What're you doing in here?

Tony sports a giant grin and just watches Angie crumble before him.

TONY

So how do you want me to do this, Angie? Sign my confession or speak into the microphone?

Angie knows her goose is cooked and stays quiet.

ANGIE

Just in case you were thinking about doing something stupid, there's a cop waiting for me outside.

TONY
 Somehow I don't think he's gonna be
 a problem.

EXT. MARTIN'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

The rear door of his van sits wide open as Martin's dead body
 lay in the back. His throat slit ear to ear.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIR WELL - LATE NIGHT

Angie is visibly nervous. Her lips and face quiver with
 fear.

ANGIE
 I need some help in here, Danny.

Tony stands, brushes off his pants.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
 Danny?

No answer. Angie cries as she slowly figures it out.

TONY
 Danny's gone, Angie. It's just us
 now. Just like old times.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BIGGINS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Biggins stares back at the building as he grows more and more
 anxious.

Detective Reed appears at the passenger window, aims his gun
 at Biggins who spots him and attempts to jump out.

POW-POW-POW-POW

He is hit with random bullets as he trips out of the car.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OLD BUILDING - STAIR WELL - LATE NIGHT

Tony sighs and shakes his head with genuine disgust at Angie.

TONY

Things could've been so much easier if you were honest with Chris from the beginning. Honest with yourself.

(beat)

But things really were inevitable between you two. Anyone could see that. All it took was a visit from me to get him back in the game.

ANGIE

Don't talk about him. You keep your mouth shut about Chris.

TONY

He might tell you it was because of the money but that's not the truth. It was his world. Where he wanted to be. He was simply doing the honorable thing by staying with you. Up until he began to doubt you. Doubt the baby. Even he saw the truth.

ANGIE

You sonofabitch. Shut your mouth!

TONY

He just couldn't accept it. All it took was the right opportunity to present itself and Chris strayed. Just like he always did. Because he never fully trusted you, Angie. Your whole world was based on a lie.

Angie breaks down in tears.

TONY (CONT'D)

He just needed a little help from my end to finally accept the truth. I've showed you the truth about Chris. About how he really felt about you and you still look at me like the bad guy.

Tony's demeanor turns angry.

TONY (CONT'D)

I really thought this would change things with us, Ange. And what do you do? You go to the cops.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

You tell me. What do you think I should do about that?

Tony moves up the steps toward Angie who slowly walks backward.

ANGIE

Stay back.

TONY

Or what, Angie? You gonna call the cops?

Detective Moore bursts open the metal door below. A gun in hand. Tony turns to him.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Hell are you still doing here?
Just kill her and let's go.

As Tony stares down at him --

Angie pulls a gun from her purse and FIRES THREE SHOTS at Tony which THROW him down the steps.

Detective Moore jumps out of the way. He snarls at Angie who uses both hands to grip her pistol. She empties a full clip of bullets in Moore's direction.

He's riddled with multiple shots as his bloodied and limp body hit the wall behind him and slides to the floor.

Dead.

Tony is barely alive as he rests his back against the stair well door.

Angie moves down the steps, aims her gun at Tony's face.

With her back turned --

Detective Reed appears at the top of the stairs. He aims at Angie's back, ready to put her away.

Angie squeezes the trigger. Click. Empty.

Tony picks up his gun, aims up at Angie's head.

Angie gasps in horror as she backs away.

TONY

Get-down!

Angie ducks down.

Detective Reed now locks eyes with Tony who riddles him with multiple gunshots. Detective Reed is flung against a back wall. He falls face first to the floor.

Angie stares back at Tony with genuine surprise. He smiles back at her before passing on into the next world.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

A couple paramedics load an extremely wounded Biggins into the back of an ambulance.

Angie smiles back at him as she rests on a street curb. A warm towel wrapped around her as a DETECTIVE hovers over her, notepad in hand.

TONY (V.O.)

As you can see, things didn't exactly work out for me. But then again, things rarely did.

We slowly PULL AWAY from Angie and the Detective and over the ambulance as Tony's VOICE OVER plays out.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My old man used to tell me, a man is his job. If you do anything long enough, you become it. Simply put, I had become a product of my environment. I chose to live on the darker side of human nature. To feed off of it like a vulture takes to dead flesh. But I wasn't always this way. For a split second, when I saw that gun pointed at Angie's head, I found a part of myself that I thought died years ago. My instinct to protect took over...

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - MORNING

The back of an attractive woman's head and a tight fitting dress as she steps off.

We watch her long sexy legs and high heels as she moves down the long hallway.

TONY (V.O.)

If I learned anything in those last few seconds of my life...is that there's good and bad in this world. We must choose to accept them in equal parts. But we must also make a choice. Sometimes doing what's right isn't so easy. The dark side can be very tempting. She can come in many pleasing forms. It's up to us to have the strength to say no.

The long sexy legs enter Tony's office. He is behind his desk, on the phone and instantly hangs up when he spots this mystery woman enter the room.

TONY

Good morning.

The mystery woman is revealed as Marilyn Salinger. She holds a cigarette in hand. Her hair and makeup perfect. She offers a sly and sexy smile to Tony.

MARILYN

Good morning.

FADE OUT.

THE END