

A WALK WITH THE WICKED

Written by

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OVER BLACK.

TITLE CARD: The following is inspired by conversations with Frank Deluca that took place from Summer 2014 to Spring 2018.

FADE IN:

EXT. WHIPPLE STREET - DAY

TITLE CARD: FRIDAY MAY 7, 1976 - CHICAGO, IL

A desolate neighborhood on the west side of the city. Trash litters the sidewalks outside abandoned buildings. A VAGRANT sleeps on a bench nearby. Nowhere to be caught at night.

A maroon Thunderbird is parked against the curb. It's vacant with the windows smashed out. Glass strewn about the interior - stripped and left for dead.

A Chicago Police car pulls up. An OFFICER gets out and makes his way to the discarded vehicle. He circles the car examining this and that until something unusual catches his eye.

An ELK GROVE VILLAGE VEHICLE STICKER on the windshield.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: ELK GROVE VILLAGE, IL

ANGLE ON street sign: BRANTWOOD ST

Elk Grove Village PD pulls up outside 55 Brantwood, a split level house in the Northwest Suburbs of Chicago.

KVIDERA and MACULITIS, mid-20s, get out of the car and approach the house. They pass a small collection of rolled newspapers in the driveway.

Once they reach the porch, they discover an overstuffed mailbox. The front door hangs partially open. A small dog BARKS inside. They exchange looks.

Kvidera draws his gun and leans into the doorway. He announces himself. A beat. No response. Maculitis draws his gun.

They enter the house.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The smell hits them immediately. They recoil. At the foot of the staircase to the lower level, GIGI, a small white poodle WHINES. A pair of dirty boys Converse All-Stars sit near the front door.

The officers ascend the stairs to the main level of the house. They reach the landing. They see blood splattered across the wall.

Kvidera turns toward the living room.

He sees the horror.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The mutilated body of FRANK COLUMBO is decomposing on the floor.

He has been shot and bludgeoned. The encrusted blood on his swollen face has turned black... like the tip of the cigarette put out on his chest.

KVIDERA

Jesus.

Maculitis, disturbed, turns his head away -- another grisly sight awaits him in the hallway.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MARY COLUMBO'S body is outside the bathroom. Her underwear at her ankles. Throat slashed. Bullet hole in the center of her forehead. Beside her hand lies a blood splattered copy of CB MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MACULITIS

(shock)

There's another one.

We slowly pull back from the hallway, down the stairs, and out the front door.

We rest at

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

55 Brantwood, a split-level house in the Northwest Suburbs of Chicago. The residence of Frank and Mary Columbo.

In the far off distance we hear Kvidera RADIOING to dispatch.

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. BLUE HORIZON MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR EARLIER

A seedy motel at the edge of the highway. The sign out front showcases: HOURLY, DAILY, & WEEKLY RATES + AIR CONDITIONING.

A silver Javelin sits next to a beige Wagoneer in the parking lot outside Room 6.

INT. BLUE HORIZON MOTEL - ROOM 6 - CONTINUOUS

Under disheveled sheets, a naked, slender woman named JOY HEYSEK smokes a cigarette. She's pushing thirty, but appears closer to forty -- insecure, bitter, damaged.

FRANK DELUCA, late-30s, handsome with dark features, dresses facing a mirror. An underlying sadness glazes his eyes.

JOY  
I'm leaving him.

Deluca maneuvers his tie into a thick Windsor knot.

DELUCA  
Here we go.

JOY  
You know he doesn't appreciate me.  
Know what he said to me? If he  
didn't knock me up he wouldn't be  
destined to a miserable existence.  
Can you believe that? The nerve.

Deluca fusses with his hair.

JOY (CONT'D)  
I don't love him anymore. That's  
really the whole thing. I haven't  
for a long time.

Deluca breathes deep before turning around.

DELUCA  
What about the kids?

JOY

What about the kids? Trust me.  
They're better off. He's hardly  
ever home.

DELUCA

I don't know. Splitting up a  
family? Do you think it's worth it?

JOY

Well, staying in a loveless  
marriage certainly isn't worth it.

DELUCA

Call me old fashioned.

Joy snuffs out her cigarette in an ashtray on the bedside  
table. She immediately goes for another one. Her hand shakes  
as she lights it.

JOY

Well, I'm not and I don't believe  
in putting myself and my kids  
through the ringer hoping it gets  
better.

DELUCA

We all make sacrifices.

JOY

And how far does it get us?

Deluca crosses the room and sits on the edge of the bed near  
Joy.

DELUCA

When we started this we said we  
weren't going to let it get crazy.  
Now you want to leave your family.

JOY

This has nothing to do with you.

A beat.

JOY (CONT'D)

I would leave him either way.  
Haven't you been listening to a  
word I just said?

DELUCA

I think you should sleep on it. At least until you get back from vacation. Maybe some time away will do some--

JOY

Trust me. A vacation isn't going to fix everything.

She looks away.

Deluca gently places his hand on her chin and shifts her eyes back to him.

He searches for words, but comes up short.

DELUCA

I'm gonna be late.

JOY

When can I see you again?

DELUCA

Like this? I don't know. It may be time to regroup.

JOY

I told you this wasn't about--

DELUCA

I know. We'll talk when you get back.

Joy's eyes turn from anger to longing. With his hand on her cheek, Deluca kisses her on the forehead. Her hand finds his. They connect for a moment before he stands.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

Everything is gonna be alright.

And he's out the door.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The sun begins to set as Deluca hurries to the Javelin.

INT. JAVELIN - MOMENTS LATER

Deluca flips on the radio. A sixties Soul song flows through the speakers -- a peaceful moment as he cruises down the highway.

EXT. STREETS OF ELK GROVE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON street signs: ARLINGTON HEIGHTS RD & BRANTWOOD ST

The Javelin travels through the sleepy suburban town. Dusk lingers in the sky as street lights begin to illuminate.

EXT. ELK GROVE PARK & SHOP - EVENING

The Javelin pulls into the parking lot of the village's premier shopping and business district -- *Ben Franklin, Corky's Diner, Dental and Law offices, and Dalton's Pharmacy.*

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - EVENING

Deluca warmly greets customers and employees as he makes his way through the aisles toward the back of the store.

An attractive BLONDE WOMAN with a stroller passes Deluca. He swiftly turns to steal another look.

Assistant manager, BERT, twenties, tall and lanky with glasses, stocks shelves near a door marked: PHARMACY - EMPLOYEES ONLY.

DELUCA

(to Bert)

You can take off when you're done with that.

BERT

You, my good man, are a saint. It's date night.

DELUCA

Any luck with part-time help?

BERT

(light sarcasm)

As a matter of fact, yes. I did happen upon a promising young woman. Application is on your desk. Interview next week. But I gotta warn ya, she's--

DELUCA

It doesn't matter. We're desperate. And Joy's going on vacation.

BERT

Dude, seriously, would you just fire her already? She sucks.

DELUCA  
You don't like Joy?

BERT  
It's not that I don't like Joy--

DELUCA  
This is news to me.

BERT  
She's kinda... uh...

Deluca checks his watch.

DELUCA  
Look, I gotta go. Enjoy date night.  
Deluca disappears through the pharmacy door.

BERT  
Nevermind.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - PHARMACY COUNTER - LATER

The metal name tag on Deluca's white lab coat reads: F.  
DELUCA - PHARMACIST & STORE MANAGER.

He smiles and exchanges pleasantries with customers as they  
file through to collect their prescriptions.

DELUCA  
How can I help you, ma'am?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Is this going to make me drowsy? My  
Henry really raises hell when I  
fall asleep before the evening  
news.

Deluca turns, retrieves a prescription, and hands it to the  
customer who is now someone completely different-- with their  
own jackass question.

HOUSEWIFE  
How many Chardonnays can I have  
before I take these?

Another customer.

TEENAGE BOY  
So... I... uh... was with this girl  
the other night and now... well..  
now...

(MORE)



TEENAGE BOY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

It burns when I pee. A little help?

Rinse and repeat.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

I think it's time to up my wife's valium dosage. Do I need a doctor's approval or is that something you can just do?

A squirrely bald man dumps a barrage of merchandise on the counter.

SQUIRRELLY MAN

Can I pay for all of this here?

Deluca keeps his cool as the routine continues.

JUNIOR HIGH KID

I'M HERE TO PICK UP MY MOM'S BIRTH CONTROL PILLS!

INT. GRETA'S HOUSE - GRETA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A David Bowie poster is taped to the wall surrounded by magazine cutouts of teen idols and other musicians. A record spins on a suitcase turntable in the corner.

PATTY COLUMBO, 16, stares out the window smoking a cigarette. She is striking and confident. The sincerity in her gaze draws you in.

GRETA

(o.s.)

What was it like with Robby?

GRETA, 17, lounges on her bed smoking a joint. A yearbook is open on her lap. She is assertive and witty. A free spirit to say the least.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Ya know, most football players have small dicks.

Patty spins around to face her.

PATTY

Well, that's why they play football... to overcompensate. But Robby is different. His dad pretty much forces him to play sports and he's hung like a horse.

The girls burst into laughter.

GRETA

He is not! You're full of shit!

PATTY

Cross my heart. I was in agony the first time, but after a while I got used to it.

GRETA

Did you make him wear a rubber?

PATTY

The first few times we did, but sometimes... ya know... you get caught in the moment... and oops.

They laugh.

Greta sets the yearbook aside and grabs a bottle of nail polish off her nightstand.

Patty plops down on the bed. Greta hands her the nail polish and presents her toes. Patty begins painting them.

GRETA

You know your luck is gonna run out one of these days. Why don't you just get on the pill?

PATTY

Are you kidding me? My parents would kill me if I even brought up the topic.

GRETA

My mom insisted.

PATTY

That's because your mom is cool.

GRETA

No, it's because she doesn't want me to repeat her mistake.

PATTY

Don't say that.

GRETA

It's the truth. She reminds me all the time.

(MORE)

GRETA (CONT'D)

She says getting knocked up at my age is the worst thing that could ever happen. Even worse than death.

PATTY

That's an exaggeration.

GRETA

Regardless. The last thing I want to deal with is a baby right now anyway.

Greta offers the joint to Patty who declines.

GRETA (CONT'D)

(pressing)

Come on!

PATTY

My parents are on a rampage lately. I couldn't use the phone for a month last time.

GRETA

That's bullshit. Like they never smoked a little weed.

PATTY

Well, two more years and I won't have to worry about their shit. I can't wait to have my own place.

GRETA

Your parents always seemed really cool to me.

PATTY

That's what they want you to think. Trust me. It's nothing but a show. They only let you see what they want you to see.

INT. ELK GROVE BOWL - NIGHT

A bowling ball sails down the lane to the inevitable explosion of pins. STRIKE!

FRANK COLUMBO, late-40s, points his trigger finger down the lane and fires. He's good humored, but also cuts an imposing figure -- a temper bubbles beneath the surface.

FRANK  
(boasting)  
That's how it's done!

The house is packed on this, the final game of the season. The crowd erupts into a fury of HOOTING AND HOLLERING in celebration.

MARY COLUMBO, late-40s, poised and beautiful, cheers amongst the rest of Frank's team. They all wear matching uniform shirts.

The losing team sulks nearby. Some shake their heads while others lay cold eyes on Frank. This happens every year.

Frank showboats before making his way over to Mary, who smiles ever so slightly.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I don't know how I did it. It was like slow motion... like I threw the ball... then my whole life... from cradle to grave... right before my eyes. Next thing I knew the pins were gone.

MARY  
(smirking)  
Alright, honey, everyone knows it's just so easy for you.

FRANK  
Don't be shitty. Those are your words not mine. It's not my fault I'm blessed.

Mary laughs -- just Frank being Frank.

Frank embraces Mary with a great big smile. They kiss.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I love you, baby.

MARY  
I love you more.

MALE VOICE  
(o.s.)  
Go get a room!

They laugh.

FRANK  
(to all)  
Who's drinking? I'm buying!

EXT. ELK GROVE BOWL - PARKING LOT - LATER

Frank holds his latest bowling trophy while Mary searches her purse for a lighter. A cigarette hangs out of her mouth. Frank is buzzed.

They approach Frank's maroon Thunderbird. He goes to the driver's side.

MARY  
I'll drive.

FRANK  
I'm fine. It's only a few blocks.

MARY  
At least have a piece of gum.

FRANK  
I said I'm fine. You gonna bust my balls or you gonna get in? See. We could've been home by now.

Frank throws her his charming smile. She rolls her eyes and gets in the car.

INT. THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

Frank drives while Mary smokes in the passenger seat.

MARY  
You should have let me drive.

FRANK  
We're right down the street.

MARY  
That's when things happen, ya know.

EXT. ARLINGTON HEIGHTS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Frank's Thunderbird passes Deluca's Javelin headed in the opposite direction. We stay with Deluca.

INT. JAVELIN - CONTINUOUS

Deluca is behind the wheel lost in thought.

EXT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

A ranch style house with a two car garage. The garage door opens casting light into the street as the Javelin pulls in.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The television illuminates, MARILYN DELUCA, late-30s, asleep on the couch in the otherwise dark room.

Deluca walks over to her. He watches her for a moment as she sleeps then covers her with a nearby blanket. He shuts the television off.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deluca opens the door to his 8 year-old daughter, MOLLY, asleep cuddling a stuffed dolphin. Deluca goes to her bedside and kisses her.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deluca's 6 year-old son, DAVID, sleeps with his covers in disarray. Deluca pulls the covers neatly onto his boy. He kisses him.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Deluca showers.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Deluca faces the mirror as steam dissipates around him. He wipes the fog off the mirror with his hand.

He studies his reflection.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Frank, now in a white v-neck shirt and plaid pajama pants, sets his new trophy on a shelf among his other accolades.

He admires the little gold plated bowler at the head of the trophy. He mimics the stance and proudly recreates his winning shot.

A door OPENS and SHUTS offscreen.

FRANK  
Patricia?

After a moment, Patty appears in the doorway.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(re: trophy)  
Come take a look at this.

Patty reluctantly appeases her father and steps into the den.

PATTY  
(unimpressed)  
Wow! That's some trophy.

FRANK  
You should have been there tonight,  
honey. They didn't stand a chance.

PATTY  
How is it different from any other  
year?

FRANK  
With your mom's surgery I didn't  
have as much time to get my game  
right. But, I still pulled it off.  
Another MVP!

PATTY  
Maybe you should've given someone  
else a chance.

Beat.

FRANK  
You're cutting it close with the  
curfew, aren't you? Robby knows  
what the cut off is.

PATTY  
I wasn't with Robby. I was at  
Greta's.

Frank shoots Patty a disapproving look.

FRANK  
You better watch it with that girl.

PATTY  
She's my best friend.

FRANK  
Not everyone is your friend,  
Patricia. Did I tell you about my  
"friend" from high school?

PATTY  
Yes, you brought him over for lunch  
and he came back the next day when  
you were in class, knocked Grandma  
down and robbed her. You never told  
me what happened to him after  
though.

FRANK  
That's a story for another day.

PATTY  
Greta is not going to rob us.

FRANK  
You're missing the point.

PATTY  
Dad, I'm tired. I've heard all of  
this before. Can I please just go  
to bed?

Frank goes to Patty and gives her a hug. He kisses the top of  
her head. Patty half-hugs her father in return -- thoroughly  
annoyed and uncomfortable.

FRANK  
Listen. You know how much we care  
about you. We just want to make  
sure you don't fall in with the  
wrong people.

PATTY  
I know.

Patty slips away from Frank and turns to leave.

FRANK  
Don't let your mother smell that  
reefer on you.

Patty stops in her tracks. She considers a snappy response,  
but thinks better of it and hurries away.



INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - OFFICE - DAY

Deluca goes through applications at his desk. Bert pokes his head in.

BERT  
That girl for the cosmetic counter  
is here.

Deluca looks at his watch.

DELUCA  
Shit. What's her name?

Deluca quickly flips through the stack of applications.

BERT  
Columbo. Patricia Columbo... and  
dude... she's a fox.

Deluca ignores Bert's comment. He locates Patty's application and tosses the stack aside.

DELUCA  
Send her in.

Bert addresses Patty outside the office.

BERT  
He's ready for you, Patricia.

Patty walks in, sharply dressed. She looks different than when we met her. Meticulously put together and much older.

She leaves Bert in the doorway and offers Deluca her hand. He is immediately taken by her striking beauty. They shake hands.

PATTY  
Trish. I go by Trish.

DELUCA  
Frank Deluca.

Bert ogles TRISH in the doorway.

DELUCA (CONT'D)  
(to Bert)  
Don't you have somewhere to be?

Bert snaps out of it.

BERT

Yeah... uh... alright... nice  
meeting you... Patricia... Trish...  
yeah... I'll be up front.

Bert clumsily backs out of the doorway with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Deluca leans back in his chair and scans Trish's application.

TRISH

I don't have that much experience,  
but I guarantee you I pick up on  
things quickly--

DELUCA

Corky's! I knew you looked  
familiar. You served me coffee at  
Corky's.

TRISH

Yes. That's probably it. I thought  
you looked familiar too, but wasn't  
sure so I didn't say anything. You  
came in with your wife, didn't you?  
Two kids?

DELUCA

You have a good memory.

TRISH

I think it's because I immediately  
thought that you looked so young to  
be married with two kids.

Deluca laughs.

DELUCA

I appreciate the compliment. So,  
you obviously have social skills  
and patience... which is important.  
If you can deal with the ninnies  
that linger around that place, this  
place will be a breeze. How old are  
you? Eighteen?

Trish hesitates.

TRISH

Yeah. I graduate next Spring. Well,  
technically I'll have enough  
credits to graduate early so I'll  
probably do that. How many days  
will you need me?

DELUCA

About twenty hours a week to start.  
Thirty max. I'll start you at  
twenty to ease you into it.

TRISH

That sounds perfect. I can come in  
after school. I can do weekends  
too.

DELUCA

Sounds great. That's exactly what  
we're looking for. The manager at  
Corky's isn't going to be pissed  
about me stealing you, is he? I  
don't want him spitting in my  
coffee.

Trish laughs.

TRISH

I'd probably switch to Dunkin  
Donuts.

She winks.

TRISH (CONT'D)

So, I take it you're giving me the  
job?

DELUCA

When can you start?

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - RETAIL FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Deluca pushes the EMPLOYEES ONLY door open and lets Trish  
pass onto the sales floor.

DELUCA

Keep an eye on that door. We've had  
people wander into the break room  
and steal from the employees. We  
had to get lockers. That reminds  
me. Make sure I assign you a  
locker.

Deluca is suddenly flustered as he shows Trish around the  
store.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

We get some real characters in  
here.

TRISH

Elk Grove is a weird place. There was this old woman who used to come in and have bowl after bowl of soup. She would just sit there for hours eating soup. And she made this really disgusting slurping sound and then go... ahhhhhhh...

Trish attempts to imitate the old woman's SLURPING sound.

TRISH (CONT'D)

She stopped coming in.  
(realizing)  
Maybe she died.

Deluca catches onto Trish's solemn shift in tone.

DELUCA

I'll have to tell you some stories about the loons we get at the pharmacy.

TRISH

So you are the pharmacist and the store manager.

DELUCA

Yup.

TRISH

How does that happen?

DELUCA

Well, it just means they noticed how good I was in the pharmacy and they decided to pile more responsibilities on my plate. That's the way it works. You get rewarded for your best efforts with more responsibilities.

TRISH

That doesn't sound so bad.

DELUCA

It's not most of the time, but you know the routine gets old after a while.

TRISH

Sounds like you could use some adventure. Ever think of a vacation?

Deluca and Trish round the aisle to the cosmetic counter. Deluca stops abruptly when he sees Joy ringing up a customer. Much to his dismay, she immediately notices him.

The customer completes her transaction. Deluca quickly shifts to a business persona. Trish notices.

DELUCA

It's not hard work. You'll stock the shelves, recommend products to the customers. You're used to working with customers... that's right... from over at... Joy! You're back.

Joy sizes up Trish.

JOY

Yeah. First day. Who is this?

Trish extends her hand.

TRISH

I'm Trish.

Joy pauses for a moment before ultimately playing ball and shaking Trish's hand.

DELUCA

Trish is gonna be helping you out part-time in cosmetics.

JOY

Ohhhh... that's wonderful. We can always use an extra hand.

Joy feigns pleasance in her tone. Sensing this, Deluca cuts in.

DELUCA

So, you guys took the kids to Disneyland? Disney World? What's the Florida one?

TRISH

Disney World.

JOY

Oooo... you picked a smart one this time. She's right. We took the kids to Florida. We took them to Disney World. You should take your family sometime.

Awkward silence.

JOY (CONT'D)  
Looking forward to working with ya,  
Trish. Welcome to the family.

Joy SLAMS the cash register drawer shut and leaves the counter. Trish watches her as she walks away.

INT. WESTERN AUTO - OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits at his desk on the phone.

FRANK  
It's gonna be okay. Me and Vito go  
way back and he would do the same  
thing if he was in my position.

A YOUNG MAN, 20s, wearing an ACCARDI TRANSPORT work shirt enters. Frank glances up and acknowledges him. He continues his phone conversation.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Philly. You're  
worrying. I'm gonna talk to Vito  
and we'll get it all sorted out.  
Just try to sharpen your pencil a  
bit on those numbers.

The young man drops a fat envelope on Frank's desk. Frank nods. The young man is out the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Okay... okay... I gotta go. Mary's  
gonna have my ass if I'm late for  
dinner again. That's her whole  
fuckin thing. Like the fate of the  
world hinges on if I'm on time for  
dinner. Alright, bye.

Frank hangs up the phone, collects the envelope, and rushes out of the office.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Mary chops tomatoes with a butcher knife. MICHAEL COLUMBO, a scrappy 12 year-old, sets the dinner table nearby. He is Frank and Mary's golden child.

Offscreen, the front door OPENS AND SHUTS. After a moment, Trish appears in the kitchen.

TRISH  
I got the job.

Mary continues preparing dinner.

MARY  
That's great. I hope you don't mess  
it up like the last one.

TRISH  
I told you those people were  
insufferable. You would've done the  
same thing.

MARY  
You made a commitment when you  
accepted that job. You can't just  
up and quit because you're having a  
bad day. We taught you better than  
that.

Trish rolls her eyes.

MICHAEL  
Do you get a discount?

TRISH  
I think so. I didn't ask.

MARY  
You should thank your brother for  
setting the table. You know what  
time dinner is.

TRISH  
I told you that I had an interview  
after school.

MARY  
You're never short on excuses.

TRISH  
I'm gonna need new clothes for  
work. Can I borrow the credit card?

Mary side-eyes Trish.

MARY  
You have a lot of nerve, Patricia.  
You'll wear what you have until you  
earn enough money to buy your own  
clothes.

TRISH

I told you to call me Trish.

MARY

I'm not calling you that. That's not your name.

TRISH

Well, now that I'll be working nights I won't have to worry about setting the goddamn table.

Mary drops the butcher knife on the counter. She whips around to face Trish.

MARY

You and your mouth. That's gonna get you into trouble one of these days. Do you even think about the example you're setting for your brother?

TRISH

Oh, he has heard much worse from Dad when the Cubs lose.

MARY

Your father works hard to provide everything you have. Where do you think the money for that little nose job of yours came from? So he can say whatever he damn well pleases.

TRISH

Now who needs to watch their mouth?

Michael stares at them wide-eyed from the living room. Trish turns away from Mary and heads out of the kitchen. She taunts Michael as she passes him.

TRISH (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

Hear what she said?

Michael nods.

TRISH (CONT'D)

What did you think of that?

MICHAEL

You know they only yell when you're home.



TRISH

That's because I'm the only one who  
will stand up to them. You'll  
understand when you're older. In  
the meantime, enjoy setting the  
table.

Trish storms off.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Deluca and his family sit down at dinner. David and Molly  
pick at their vegetables as the adults reach for mundane  
dinner conversation to break the deafening silence.

We now see that Marilyn has aged beyond her years -- a once  
hopeful woman going through the motions of life as an under-  
appreciated homemaker.

Deluca helps David cut his meatloaf into bite-sized pieces.

MARILYN

Joni had her baby.

DELUCA

(barely listening)  
What?

MARILYN

My sister. She had her baby. They  
named him Thomas. We should make  
plans to go out and meet him.

DELUCA

You would think they would be done  
with kids by now.

MARILYN

She always wanted a big family.

DELUCA

I don't see how they are going to  
support all of those kids on one  
income.

Marilyn takes a big gulp from her glass of wine.

MARILYN

(to Molly)  
Are you excited to meet your baby  
cousin?

MOLLY

Not really.

MARILYN

Geez, does anyone have anything nice to say?

DELUCA

I hired a new girl today to help out at the store.

Marilyn is immediately apprehensive.

MARILYN

Oh, another new girl. I hope she works out better than "whatshername".

DELUCA

She's only part-time so we still have to deal with "whatshername" unfortunately. She just got back from vacation.

MARILYN

Vacation. How wonderful. I don't even remember the last time we had a proper date let alone a vacation.

Deluca shovels food into his mouth. He doesn't want to get into this.

DELUCA

I meant for it to be a surprise, but I wanted to take you out to the theatre for our anniversary. I heard "One Flew Over A Cuckoo's Nest" is coming to town. You're right. It has been a while since we went out.

Marilyn smiles at Deluca's last minute effort to be accommodating.

DAVID

I want to go on vacation!

DELUCA

Oh yeah? Where do you want to go?

DAVID

Hawaii!

MOLLY

Hawaii is too far. You can't even drive there. It's surrounded by water. You have to take a boat.

MARILYN

Or an airplane.

DAVID

Oooo... an airplane!

MARILYN

Now that Daddy has lots of extra help at the store, he can afford to take some time off and we can all go on a nice vacation. Would you kids like that?

The children burst into excitement. Deluca glares at Marilyn.

INT. ELK GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

A school bell RINGS.

Students rush into the hallway from classrooms. Trish and Greta are among them. The hallway is decked out in gaudy Homecoming decorations.

GRETA

Did you find anything to wear to the dance?

TRISH

I can't go. I'm working.

GRETA

Are you serious?! Why didn't you ask for the night off?

TRISH

It's the same thing every year. I would rather be making money.

GRETA

Did you tell Robby?

TRISH

Not yet.

GRETA

He's gonna be pissed. When are you gonna tell him?

At that moment, Trish notices a handsome football player wearing a green and gold Letterman jacket at his locker. This is ROBBY.

TRISH

No time like the present.

GRETA

Ewww... good luck with that. Call me later.

Greta splits off leaving Trish to confront Robby. Trish walks up to his locker.

ROBBY

Hey Stranger! Where have you been?  
I've left a couple of messages with your mom and Mike.

TRISH

I've been busy with work and studying. I didn't think it would be so hard to juggle both.

ROBBY

You can at least call me back. I was starting to think you didn't like me anymore.

Trish is hesitant.

TRISH

About that. Robby, I really like you. I do. I just have way too much going on right now with work and school. I don't have time for us.

ROBBY

Are you serious? What did I do?

TRISH

You didn't do anything. I just don't think it's fair for you to be waiting around to hang out with me all the time. I think it's better that we don't see each other anymore.

Robby stares at her for a moment at a loss for words.

ROBBY

Is there someone else?

TRISH

What? Of course not. It has nothing to do with that. This just isn't working for me anymore. I'm sorry.

ROBBY

What about the dance?

TRISH

Robby. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Trish walks away leaving Robby at his locker, defeated.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Deluca and Bert sit at a lunch table shooting the breeze. Bert picks at a questionable concoction in a Tupperware container while Deluca eats what's left of a plate of cold lasagna.

BERT

Would you look at this? What is this? Did you ever see Texas Chainsaw Massacre?

Deluca chuckles as if his plate is any better.

BERT (CONT'D)

Why did I get married?

DELUCA

Because you were in love once.

BERT

I don't think that's it. She would've walked if I didn't propose. And no one wants to be lonely.

DELUCA

You may have a point there.

BERT

I mean seriously. It's the same shit everyday. Meatloaf. Pot Roast. Whatever the fuck she puts in that Crock Pot. No surprises.

DELUCA

Sounds like marriage to me. Maybe we should both just pray for a quick death.

Joy bursts into the break room and heads directly to her locker. She doesn't acknowledge Deluca or Bert until she notices that her locker has no lock on it.

JOY  
(to Deluca)  
You still haven't replaced my lock?

DELUCA  
It's on my list. I'm not the one  
who forgot the combination. You  
need to write that shit down  
somewhere.

Joy drops her purse into the locker and SLAMS it shut. At the same moment, Trish enters the break room. The tensions are high. Joy shoots her daggers.

TRISH  
Sorry. Am I interrupting something?

JOY  
(to Deluca)  
A word?

EXT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - DAY

Joy bursts through the back door out to the loading dock. Deluca follows closely behind.

JOY  
You're trying to replace me.

DELUCA  
No one said that.

JOY  
Like I can't tell? I know how you  
are.

DELUCA  
Before you went on vacation you  
said you needed part time help so I  
found you part time help.

JOY  
You sure did. You don't think I  
know what happened in Schaumburg  
before you hired me?

DELUCA  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

JOY

I heard what happened with the girl  
before me.

Deluca remains silent.

DELUCA

Can you at least try to get along  
with her? She is a good worker. I  
think she can learn a lot from you.

After a moment Joy starts to soften. Deluca moves closer to  
her and places his hands on her shoulders.

JOY

I'll do it for you and to keep the  
peace.

DELUCA

That's all I can ask for.

They walk back into the store.

Trish stands around the corner smoking a cigarette. She  
flicks it on the ground and steps on it.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Frank Columbo sits in his easy chair watching the Cubs game.  
Another man around the same age sits on the couch. Beer cans  
litter the coffee table. This is PHIL.

On the television, the pitcher throws a ball to the batter.  
He misses. STRIKE!

FRANK

Goddamnit!

PHIL

What did I tell you?

Frank takes a long swig off a beer ignoring Phil.

FRANK

We can still turn it around.

Phil finishes a beer and crushes the can in his hand. He  
tosses it on the table further adding to Frank's frustration.

PHIL  
Do you remember that time at  
Wrigley when they lost as usual and  
that guy refused to sit down in  
front of you.

On TV, the pitcher throws another ball. STRIKE 3!

FRANK  
Fuck!

PHIL  
Geez man calm down.

FRANK  
Fuck off!

Trish walks in the door. Phil looks up.

PHIL  
Patty Ann!

TRISH  
Uncle Phil!

He comments on her Dalton's smock.

PHIL  
You get a job or something?

TRISH  
Yeah, just part time.  
(to Frank)  
Sorry, I'm late. Deluca needed help  
on the registers. The cashier  
called in sick.

Frank scowls.

FRANK  
Go help your mother with the  
dishes?

TRISH  
Can't Mike do it? I was gonna head  
over to Greta's.

FRANK  
I told you to do it.

Trish rolls her eyes.

PHIL  
The Cubbies lost another one.



TRISH  
Enough said.

Trish leaves the room.

PHIL  
She is growing up fast, eh?

Frank takes another drink of his beer.

FRANK  
What is that supposed to mean?

PHIL  
Nothing. I remember when she was  
just a runt and now she has a job  
and--

FRANK  
And what?

Phil is taken aback.

PHIL  
And nothing, Frank. I wasn't trying  
to saying nothing.

FRANK  
Why don't you keep your eyes  
elsewhere?

PHIL  
You need to relax, Frank.

Frank pops up from his chair and lunges at Phil. He grabs him  
by the shirt and yanks him up off the couch.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

FRANK  
If you're gonna be leering at my  
daughter, you can just get the fuck  
out of here.

PHIL  
You got the wrong idea.

FRANK  
Fuck you I have the wrong idea.

At that moment, Mary and Trish rush into the room.

MARY

Frank!

He releases Phil.

FRANK

I think it's time for you to leave.

Phil is shocked and not sure what to say. Mary and Trish just stare at him.

PHIL

Yeah. I think it is. Sorry about that.

Phil rushes out the front door.

MARY

What was that about?

FRANK

He's a fuckin' pervert.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - OFFICE - NIGHT

Deluca busies himself at an adding machine when Trish walks in with the cash tills. She leans over and sets them on his desk -- her plunging neckline in Deluca's line of sight.

TRISH

The shelves are stocked and I also swept the aisles. They were a mess. Doesn't anyone clean up before they leave the floor?

DELUCA

You didn't have to do that. Thanks for helping out up front too. I know it's not your department.

TRISH

Happy to help.

Their eyes meet. Deluca quickly turns his attention back to the adding machine. Trish notices. She bites her lip.

DELUCA

You can take off. I got it from here.

TRISH

Are you sure?

DELUCA

Yeah. A girl your age should be out having fun on a Friday night. I'm sorry I scheduled you to close. I try not to do that. I was young in another life.

TRISH

Oh please. You're not that old.

Deluca smiles.

TRISH (CONT'D)

I don't mind waiting for you. I don't have anything going on tonight.

Before he can object, Trish sits down in a chair facing Deluca's desk. She crosses her legs in front of her -- accenting their smoothness as well as her short skirt. Deluca pretends not to notice.

DELUCA

How are things going on the floor?

TRISH

I like it. It's fun. The customers are really nice. I don't think Joy likes me very much. She makes it pretty obvious.

DELUCA

That's just her way. She will warm up to you.

TRISH

I'm pretty positive she won't. What's the story there? You can cut the tension with a knife.

DELUCA

Is it that obvious?

TRISH

She makes it more obvious than it has to be.

DELUCA

She can be a bit overdramatic. We had a thing a long time ago and she never really got over it.

TRISH

I had a feeling. It's written all over her face. Girls can tell when other girls are jealous.

DELUCA

She is going to need to get over it. There is nothing for her to be jealous about.

TRISH

That's a shame.

An awkward pause.

DELUCA

I'm gonna finish up here. Can you do another quick lap around the store and meet me up front? We'll walk out together.

TRISH

As you please.

Trish leaves the office. Deluca breathes deep then drops his head into his hands. Goddamnit.

EXT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

Rain comes down in buckets. Deluca and Trish stand beneath the awning contemplating their next move. Deluca's Javelin is the only car in the parking lot.

LIGHTNING strikes accompanied by a CLAP OF THUNDER.

They rush to the Javelin getting drenched in the process.

INT. JAVELIN - CONTINUOUS

Deluca and Trish get into the car. They are both dripping wet from the torrential downpour outside.

They laugh.

A beat.

They lean into each other simultaneously and begin making out heavily. This has been building for weeks. Neither party care about the potential consequences. All that matters is this moment.

They attack each other. He grabs her by the hair and tilts her head back to kiss her neck. She BREATHES heavily as she slides her hand between his legs. His hands are all over her making their way below the equator. He rubs her until she suddenly stops him.

TRISH

Not now. We can't.

He pulls back.

DELUCA

You're right. We can't do this. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

TRISH

No. Don't be sorry. I want you. I do. Just not like this.

They fall back in their seats as the rain cascades over the windshield.

DELUCA

I'll just take you home.

Deluca starts the car.

TRISH

I don't want to go home yet.

DELUCA

I know a place.

INT. OLIVER'S PUB - LATER

A townie bar that no doubt smells of rotting wood from years of spilt beer and whatever else. A familiar song plays on the jukebox. The patrons react as if they have never heard the song before with belligerent applause.

Deluca and Trish sit at a small corner table. Deluca has Jack Daniels straight. Trish has a Cherry Coke.

DELUCA

You sure you don't want some rum in that?

Trish giggles.

TRISH

I don't really drink.

DELUCA

Is that right? I thought that was the high school thing to do in the suburbs.

TRISH

I don't like the way it makes me feel.

DELUCA

Nothing? Not even a Fuzzy Navel? Boone's Farm?

TRISH

My best friend, Greta, drinks like a fish and makes some horrible decisions as a result of it. She has made quite the name for herself at our school. I'd rather not. I see the way drinking affects people. It really sets my dad off.

DELUCA

You're dad seems like a force to be reckoned with.

TRISH

He has a temper. Especially during Cubs games. He almost killed my uncle the other night because he thought he was checking me out.

Deluca lets this soak in.

DELUCA

He doesn't come in here, does he?

Deluca scans the bar. Trish laughs.

TRISH

I wouldn't be here if he did.

DELUCA

I used to see him in the pharmacy a lot. Not so much lately.

TRISH

My mom had a cancer scare last year so he was always filling prescriptions.

DELUCA

I'm sorry to hear that about your mom.

TRISH

Don't be. She's a cunt.

Deluca is taken aback-- he nearly spits out his drink.

TRISH (CONT'D)

I know it sounds bad. My mother is unbearable.

DELUCA

I've never heard anyone use that word in such a cavalier way.

TRISH

Did you get along with your parents?

DELUCA

My mother actually passed away recently. Cancer. My dad is a good man. He means well. We don't really see eye to eye on much now, but I respect him. I lived a charmed life. I can't really complain.

TRISH

Lucky.

DELUCA

Is it that bad?

TRISH

I just can't wait to leave there. My parents can be pretty awful. My mother is the driving force in our house. My dad does whatever she says. You should have seen him when she was diagnosed. I don't think he would've ever come back from it if he lost her.

DELUCA

How are they awful?

TRISH

Things just changed when my little brother, Mike, came along. Italian family. The boy takes centerstage when he arrives. It's not that they're blatantly awful people. It's something beneath the surface. Something unspoken.

(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)  
Like I feel this sense of  
resentment although they don't come  
right out and say it. It's hard to  
explain.

Deluca takes Trish's hand.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

DELUCA  
I wish I could help.

TRISH  
It's just nice to be heard.

EXT. BRANTWOOD ST - LATER

Deluca's Javelin pulls up to a curb.

INT. JAVELIN - NIGHT

TRISH  
I'll walk to rest of the way.

Deluca brushes away a piece of hair on Trish's forehead.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
I had a good time.

DELUCA  
Me too.

They kiss before Trish gets out of the car.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The door slowly opens. Trish slips inside. She carefully  
closes the door and locks it. She tiptoes up the stairs.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trish reaches the landing. She turns to go to her room.

FRANK  
Where were you?

Frank sits in his easy chair. In total darkness.

Trish is startled.



TRISH  
Jesus... Dad. What the fuck?

FRANK  
What did I tell you about that mouth? Is that how you answer your father.

TRISH  
I was at Greta's. We were watching this stupid horror movie and I fell asleep.

FRANK  
That's bullshit because I called Greta and her mother said she was spending the weekend with her cousins in Galena. Now. Where were you?

TRISH  
I was with a Robby. Fine. Is that what you wanted to hear?

FRANK  
If he keeps you out late again, I'm gonna make things really uncomfortable for him. This is bullshit.

TRISH  
Okay. Dad, can I please go to bed?

FRANK  
Go. This isn't over, Patty Ann.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - DAY

Trish prices merchandise in the cosmetics department

Marilyn walks in with a Tupperware container. She stands at the front entrance talking to one of the cashiers. They are familiar. The cashier picks up the phone to page Deluca.

Trish cannot hear the conversation.

JOY  
(o.s)  
Have you met Marilyn?

Trish turns around to see Joy with a smile.

TRISH  
You scared me.

JOY  
There he goes.

Trish turns and sees Deluca give Marilyn a hug and a kiss. She hands him the container. They have a brief conversation.

Trish whips her head around and continues pricing but much more aggressively.

Joy moves closer to her.

TRISH  
I already knew he was married. Why would I care?

JOY  
I know you're sweet on him. Everyone knows. I heard he gave you a ride home.

Trish ignores Joy and pretends to focus on pricing.

TRISH  
So what.

JOY  
You're just the flavor of the month. He'll hire someone else and it will be them.

Trish pushes past Joy. Joy watches her leave. She giggles.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Trish bursts through the doors in a fury. Her eyes scan the room until she sees Joy's open locker.

INT. FREDRICKS OF HOLLYWOOD - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Trish, wearing a lacy black bra and panties, admires her reflection in the mirror. She smiles, satisfied.

GRETA  
(o.s.)  
I think my mom has that.

Greta, in a red corset, tightens her garter straps. Trish turns to face her.

TRISH

Shit. Don't say that. Now I'm not gonna get it.

GRETA

No, you should get it. My mom on the other hand...

They laugh.

Greta steps in front of the mirror beside Trish and starts posing in her outfit.

GRETA (CONT'D)

So who's the rebound guy?

Trish avoids the question and begins dressing.

TRISH

Who said there's a rebound guy?

GRETA

Come on. You don't go shopping for new underwear unless someone special is gonna see it.

TRISH

I could ask you the same thing.

GRETA

And I would tell you that James Kelly's back from Purdue for the weekend and his parents are out of town.

TRISH

That's where Deluca went.

GRETA

You sure do talk about that guy a lot. He is pretty hot for an old guy. Isn't he like forty?

TRISH

Thirty seven, married, two kids.

Greta's eyes widen when she catches on.

GRETA

You little slut! You're fucking him, aren't you?

INT. FREDRICKS OF HOLLYWOOD - RETAIL FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Trish and Greta walk down an aisle to the cash register.

TRISH

It hasn't gone that far. We went out after work a few weeks ago. We made out a little in his car but that's all. I'm meeting him at a motel this weekend.

GRETA

This is shocking. Doesn't he know you're only sixteen?

TRISH

He thinks I'm eighteen. I lied on my job application.

The girls reach the counter and hand their purchases to the STORE CLERK. She rings them up.

TRISH (CONT'D)

You have to promise me you won't tell anyone. I really like him. I don't want to get him in trouble.

GRETA

As long as you buy this stuff for me?

Trish frowns.

A beat.

GRETA (CONT'D)

I'm kidding! My lips are sealed. I wouldn't do you like that, baby.

STORE CLERK

And how will you be paying today?

Trish pulls a credit card out of her purse. The name on the card is JOY HEYSEK. She hands the card to the store clerk.

TRISH

Consider this my treat.

GRETA

You really don't have to do that. I was totally messing with you.

TRISH

I know I don't have to. I want to.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Joy stands beside Deluca staring daggers at Trish who stands in a group of other employees.

Deluca stands with a security officer who has a polaroid camera.

DELUCA

Someone stole Joy's credit card and went on a little spending spree. So what we have to do is take photos of each of the employees and the officer here is going to take them to the stores where the credit cards were passed. We just want to rule out any of our employees.

Each employee lines up and their picture is taken. The last person to have their picture taken is Trish who smiles big.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ELK GROVE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Trish sits in a holding area twirling her hair in her fingers.

LANDERS, a cop in his early twenties, stares at her from a desk a nearby.

LANDERS

You had to know you were going to get caught.

Trish shrugs.

LANDERS (CONT'D)

You know you're gonna be on probation and have to pay back all of the money you spent. This is going to end up on your permanent record.

TRISH

She's a twat.

LANDERS

I hope it was worth it.

TRISH

As long as it fucked up her day. It was worth it.

Frank barrels into the police station and rushes over to Trish. Landers meets him. They shake hands.

LANDERS

I'm sorry about this, Frank.

FRANK

Not as sorry as she's gonna be.  
What the fuck were you thinking,  
Patty Ann?

Trish turns away.

LANDERS

She's gonna have to go to court and  
they'll figure out what the penalty  
is gonna be.

FRANK

I understand.

LANDERS

(to Trish)  
You're free to go.

Trish gets up.

TRISH

(flirtatious)  
Thank you, officer.

Trish walks passed her dad out the door of the precinct.

INT. THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

Frank is fuming.

FRANK

You have two more years until you  
graduate. Two more years until you  
are no longer our problem. What the  
fuck? Can't you wait two more  
years? You know what this is doing  
to your mother?

TRISH

Come on. Like she actually gives a  
shit?

FRANK

Of course she does.

TRISH

Bullshit. She can barely look at me anymore. She hates my fucking guts.

FRANK

That isn't true. You know the last year has been tough on her. She is still recovering.

TRISH

That excuse is wearing thin. Just because she was diagnosed with colon cancer doesn't mean she can be a bitch.

Frank slams on the brakes. He grabs Trish's face.

FRANK

Now you listen to me, Patricia. You don't have to love me and you don't have to love your mother anymore, but you will respect us. As long as you live under our roof you will respect us.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trish rushes up the stairs. Mary jumps up from the couch and approaches her.

MARY

What have you done this time?

Trish goes in the opposite direction to her room. She SLAMS the door.

Frank makes his way up the steps, exhausted.

MARY (CONT'D)

What did she do?

FRANK

Credit cards. She stole an employee's credit card on went on a shopping spree

MARY

Of course she did.

FRANK

Mary, can we please discuss this tomorrow? I am fucking exhausted.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You're not going to make things any better by getting wound up too.

MARY  
She isn't going to see tomorrow.  
Little bitch.

INT. TRISH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A record spins on a turntable on Trish's dresser. Trish lays in bed with a huge smile on her face. She picks up the phone beside her bed.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - SAME TIME

Bert pops into Frank's office. You have a call.

Frank picks up the phone

INTERCUT

DELUCA  
Hello?

TRISH  
Don't be mad at me.

Deluca jumps up to close the door to his office.

DELUCA  
I don't know what to say.

TRISH  
It was Greta's idea. She said she would tell my parents about us if I didn't do it.

DELUCA  
You know I can't have you back in the store.

TRISH  
I know.

DELUCA  
Why would you steal from Joy of all people? You know she would know it was you.

TRISH  
Do I have your attention now?



DELUCA

Is that what this was? You could have tapped me on the shoulder.

TRISH

I know it may have been a bit dramatic.

DELUCA

It was unnecessary. To be honest I wrote you off. I didn't think there was much between us.

TRISH

How do you know unless you try?

DELUCA

I did try. I wasn't going to press.

TRISH

I have to see you again.

EXT. BLUE HORIZON MOTEL - NIGHT

The Javelin pulls into a spot in the parking lot.

INT. JAVELIN - CONTINUOUS

Deluca kills the engine.

DELUCA

Are you sure about this?

TRISH

It isn't my first time.

DELUCA

Well, before you--

TRISH

You didn't think I was gonna fuck you on the first date, did you?

DELUCA

Well--

Trish tosses her head back and laughs

TRISH

I'm not that easy.

She opens the car door and jumps out. Deluca follows.

INT. BLUE HORIZON MOTEL - NIGHT

Deluca flips on the light.

Trish kicks off her shoes and falls onto the bed.

DELUCA  
It's not much.

TRISH  
You couldn't exactly take me back  
to your place.

Deluca takes out a polaroid camera.

DELUCA  
Do you mind?

Trish rises from the bed and moves to Deluca. She smiles as he aims the camera at her.

A quick flash. The SHUTTER activates. The photo comes out.

Deluca takes the photo in his free hand, waves it to dry.

Trish strips off her clothes-- revealing the underwear she bought with Joy's credit card. She turns her eyes toward the camera.

A flash. Shutter. Photo released.

Trish tosses her hair and giggles.

Deluca snaps one more photo and sets the camera down on a nearby dresser.

He goes to Trish. She wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him. His hands move down her back to her ass. She MOANS. He kisses her neck as she pants -- pressing her body into his.

They fall back onto the bed. Deluca on top of Trish. Her breathing intensifies. She frantically undoes Deluca's pants. She shoves them down with her feet.

He thrusts into her.

INT. WESTERN AUTO - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank squints under his reading glasses as he crunches numbers on a ledger. He jots down a figure beside the name "Accardi Transport" and circles it. There is a knock at the door.

He doesn't look up.

FRANK

Yeah?

The door opens.

Frank glances up to see Phil in the doorway. Frank turns his attention back to the ledger.

PHIL

You got a minute?

Frank sets the ledger aside and leans back in his chair.

FRANK

Look. I'm sorry about the other night, Philly. Between the cubbies and the shit-

PHIL

You know I would never disrespect you, Frank. I would never look at Patty that way. She is my niece.

FRANK

I know. I don't know what came over me. A lot of alcohol and you know shit has just not been going good with Patty. She is driving Mary and I up the fuckin' wall. It's not good for Mike to be around all of that hostility.

PHIL

Well, if there's anything I can do.

FRANK

Maybe there is something you can do. I want you to stop over at Accardi and get a sense of how his business doing.

PHIL

Sure thing. Vito and I go way back.

FRANK

I would do it myself but I get the feeling it might make him uncomfortable.

PHIL

I'll be discreet.

INT. DELUCA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

A pile of dresses are on the bed. Another dress flies on top of it. Marilyn comes into frame in her underwear. She is trying to find something to wear.

She appears in the center of the room wearing only a bra and panties. She has a good figure. We can tell she was attractive at a time.

She stands back and looks at the pile of dresses.

Deluca appears in the doorway tying his tie.

DELUCA

The red one.

MARILYN

That's what I was thinking but it may be a little tight.

DELUCA

I'm sure it will look wonderful.

Marilyn is dolled up when we see her. She looks very pretty. This is a special night. She smiles at Deluca. The doorbell RINGS.

INT. DELUCA HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Deluca's daughter Molly runs to the door.

MOLLY

Who is it?

FEMALE VOICE

(o.s)

Trish.

Molly opens the door. Trish stands there with a warm smile on her face. A backpack slung over her shoulder.

TRISH

You must be Molly.

Molly nods.

TRISH (CONT'D)

I'm Trish. Is your daddy home?

Deluca appears at the top of the stairs facing the front door behind Molly.

Their eyes lock. Deluca is now fully dressed in a suit. Trish smiles and leers at him.

DELUCA  
I got it, Molly.

Trish steps into the house and shuts the door behind her. Molly scurries off in another direction. She drops her backpack beside the door.

Marilyn walks down the hallway into frame.

MARILYN  
We should stop for a drink at that  
little restaurant near the river--

At first she doesn't notice Trish. She stops in her tracks when she sees who the babysitter is.

DELUCA  
Honey, this is Trish. Remember she  
used to work for me at the store?

Marilyn struggles for words.

MARILYN  
Of course. Trish.

She snaps out of it.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
How are you?

TRISH  
I'm good. You look amazing Mrs.  
Deluca. I love your dress. Where  
are you guys off to?

DELUCA  
We're going to see a production of  
One Flew Over A Cuckoos Nest  
downtown.

TRISH  
I read the book.

DELUCA  
Well that's something.

TRISH  
Required reading.

Marilyn steps ahead of Deluca.

MARILYN  
I'll show you around Trish.

Deluca watches her leave. Trish winks at him.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

The Javelin heads toward the city of Chicago as the last lingering piece of sun peaks over the horizon.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Marquee showing One Flew Over A Cuckoos Nest in big letters framed with neon lights.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Marilyn and Deluca watch the production from mezzanine seats. Deluca is off in space thinking about Trish. Marilyn looks at him with sad eyes. She moves closer laying her head on his shoulder.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The children are asleep leaving Trish to her own devices. She explores Deluca and Marilyn's bedroom.

She opens the closet and runs her hands over Deluca's clothes. She smells them.

She walks over to the bed and lies down. She stares at the ceiling fantasizing.

After a moment, she slides her hand down her pants and begins to masturbate.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Marilyn and Deluca sit at a table having cocktails in a crowded bar along the river.

They are enjoying each other's company. We can tell this rarely ever happens. It's been a long time. They laugh.

DELUCA  
Please don't invite them. Please.  
They are so dull.

MARILYN

I have to. My sister would kill me.

DELUCA

He is so dull. I have nothing in common with the guy. It's like pulling teeth to find conversation.

MARILYN

She's Molly's godmother and it's her first Communion. No excuses.

A server comes by the table. The couple order another drink. Their eyes meet and they have a moment.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Why doesn't she work for you anymore?

DELUCA

What?

MARILYN

Trish. The babysitter. You said she used to work for you.

DELUCA

Did I say that?

MARILYN

Yeah.

DELUCA

She quit. She had to quit. School was getting in the way. You know these youngsters.

MARILYN

Frank. I've known you since we were teenagers. Cut the shit. She could barely even look at me and I swear she was blushing.

The waiter comes back to the table and sets the drinks down. Deluca and Marilyn pretend things are okay. Deluca takes a sip of his drink. Marilyn doesn't touch hers.

DELUCA

I had to fire her.

MARILYN

For what?

DELUCA  
Does it matter?

MARILYN  
Frank!

DELUCA  
She stole a credit card from an  
employee's purse.

Marilyn breathes deep. She almost gets up. She decides to sit down.

MARILYN  
Goddamnit Frank! You mean to tell  
me the person we just left our kids  
with alone in our house is a thief?  
Are you fucking crazy? What is  
wrong with you?

DELUCA  
It was a misunderstanding. It  
wasn't her fault. She was doing it  
for a friend--

MARILYN  
That doesn't make it any better,  
Frank.

Marilyn takes a long swig off her drink and pops up.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Get the check! I will wait for you  
in the car.

DELUCA  
Are you serious?

MARILYN  
Yes, I would like to go home.

DELUCA  
She's not going to steal from us?

Marilyn walks out the door. Deluca waves down the bartender.

INT. DELUCA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Trish is asleep on the couch. We hear the door open.

The light flips on and Trish wakes up. Deluca stands there.  
She smiles. He looks worried.



Marilyn comes into frame.

MARILYN

Did everything go okay? I hope they weren't too much of a handful.

TRISH

Not at all. They are very sweet kids.

MARILYN

I'll drive you home.

INT. JAVELIN - NIGHT

Marilyn is behind the wheel. Trish stares out the window.

MARILYN

Is everything ok?

TRISH

Yeah. I just don't want to go home.

MARILYN

Things not going good at home?

TRISH

Not lately.

MARILYN

Does it have anything to do with the credit cards?

Trish is taken aback. Marilyn smirks.

TRISH

He told you. It was a mistake and I would never do it again. You don't have to worry.

MARILYN

I know. I didn't think you would. Believe me. I gave him an earful. He won't hear the end of it.

TRISH

I'm on probation for another year and I have to pay restitution. It's really tough for me to hold down a job so your husband said I could babysit. He was trying to help.

MARILYN

Yes, he is helpful. That is one thing he is.

TRISH

It wasn't even my fault. It was my stupid friend Greta. Now my parents are keeping me locked up in my room and my dad... he can be violent.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - NIGHT

The Javelin pulls up in the driveway. Marilyn puts it in park. She places a hand on Patty's shoulder.

MARILYN

I know how you feel and I'm sorry you're going through a rough patch. I was a teenage girl once too. Believe me, my parents were really overprotective.

Trish sighs in relief.

Marilyn inches closer to Trish.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Now I want you to listen to me. And listen carefully. I want you to stay the fuck away from family.

Marilyn locks into Trish like she can see right through her.

Total silence.

Trish is stunned. She hurries out of the car. Marilyn gently puts the vehicle in reverse and backs out of the driveway.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - NIGHT

Trish watches the Javelin disappear down the road. The scowl on her face melts into a smile. A grim sense of satisfaction.

She sits down on the front porch and lights a cigarette. Her eyes shift to the pitch black sky.

She exhales.

INT. ACCARDI TRANSPORT - OFFICE - DAY

VITO ACCARDI, mid-fifties, shakes his head behind a desk facing Frank, who sits in a chair.

VITO

I know you a long time, Frank. What is this shit I'm hearing about you starting your own shop?

FRANK

I wanted to come and tell you in person. You threw me a bone when I was just getting started and I figured I owe you that.

VITO

And you're sticking that bone right up my ass.

FRANK

Oh... come on... you know it's not like that.

VITO

Well it sure as hell looks like it is. You know what happens when you start your own thing? You take food right out of my mouth. You're in direct competition. Not to mention you have access to my customers and once they find out that you're undercutting me. Who do you think they are gonna go to?

FRANK

Look. I have to do what's right for my family. I'm at a dead end here. I've been managing Western Auto for 10 years now and things aren't getting any better. I need to make some more money.

VITO

I thought we had a good arrangement. I thought we had an understanding.

FRANK

We did and now I need something more. I need to make some moves if I want to survive in this business.

VITO

And I'm supposed to be okay with this?

FRANK

You're supposed to understand where I'm coming from. Empathize. Understand that there is plenty of business for both of us.

VITO

Well, I see it as a big slap in the face, Frank.

FRANK

You don't have to be happy about it. Can you at least accept it?

VITO

Ya know. I'm gonna have to think about that. You know I'm not the only one who is gonna be upset about this. There are a lot of moving parts involved and a lot of people who aren't as understanding as I am.

FRANK

What are you saying?

VITO

I'm saying nothing.

FRANK

Don't do anything that can't be undone.

Frank leaves the office.

EXT. DELUCA HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The yard is decked out with white streamers and balloons in celebration of Molly's First Communion. She chases around her friends in a little white dress.

Family and friends gather in the yard over cocktails and catered food.

Frank sits off to the side with his dad. DELUCA SR watches Molly from a distance.

DELUCA SR  
You remember what happened on your  
first communion?

Deluca sips a beer.

DELUCA  
I'm sure you're gonna tell me.

DELUCA SR  
You were running around chasing  
your brother like Molly is now. You  
tripped over your own fucking feet  
and face planted right on your  
grandmother's front stoop. And you  
hit hard. You lost some teeth that  
day. Shit. You had us so worried.  
You remember that day.

DELUCA  
I do. I remember mom wasn't there.

The elder Deluca sits back remembering.

DELUCA SR  
Are you sure she wasn't there?

DELUCA  
I'm positive.

Deluca Sr remembers.

DELUCA (CONT'D)  
You don't forget the first time you  
walk in on your father with another  
woman.

Deluca Sr doesn't answer. He avoids the topic.

DELUCA (CONT'D)  
That's actually one of my first  
memories now that you mention it.  
But I guess it's all water over the  
dam now.

DELUCA SR  
How are things with Marilyn?

DELUCA  
Things are fine.

Just then, Trish shows up with a gift for Molly. Deluca jumps  
up and greets her. His dad watches from afar-- immediately  
skeptical.

DELUCA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? We weren't expecting you.

TRISH  
I know, but I had to bring Molly a gift. Where is she?

Marilyn is chatting with a group of friends and she notices Trish. She cannot believe that she is there despite her warning.

Molly notices Trish too.

DELUCA  
(to Molly)  
Come here. Trish has a gift for you.

Trish smiles and crouches holding the gift out to Molly. Molly accepts it.

MARILYN  
(o.s)  
Molly! Give that back!

DELUCA  
Marilyn?!

MARILYN  
Give her back the gift, sweetie.  
She wasn't invited.

Marilyn barrels through the guests and takes the gift from her daughter's tiny hands. She shoves into Trish's chest.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Get out of here!

DELUCA  
Marilyn! What has gotten into you?!

MARILYN  
I said get the fuck out of here!

Marilyn lunges at Trish. Trish falls back onto the grass. Deluca gets in front of Marilyn holding her back.

MARILYN (CONT'D)  
Tell her to leave! I want her to leave!

TRISH  
I'm leaving.

Deluca goes to stop Trish. Marilyn SLAPS him across the face.

MARILYN

You too! Get the fuck out of here!

EXT. DELUCA HOUSE - DAY

Trish storms down the driveway-- hurls the gift onto the front the lawn. Deluca follows behind her. They walk down the street.

DELUCA

Would you stop?

Trish ignores him. She keeps charging down the street. Tears well in her eyes.

TRISH

Just go.

DELUCA

Hold on for a goddamn second!

TRISH

Just go. I'll stay away from you  
and your family. I promise. You  
won't have to worry about me  
anymore.

Deluca catches up to her. He stands in front of her.

DELUCA

I'm sorry. I don't know why she is  
acting that way.

TRISH

Are you kidding?

DELUCA

What?

TRISH

She knows. She knows about us.

DELUCA

That is impossible. How?

TRISH

She threatened me the other night  
on the way home. Before she dropped  
me off. What did you tell her? She  
fucking knows something?

DELUCA

I didn't say anything. I promise. I didn't.

TRISH

It doesn't matter. I'll leave you alone.

DELUCA

I don't want you to leave me alone. You make me feel a way I never felt. You're all I ever think about. You're the first thing I think about when I wake up and the last thing before I go to bed.

TRISH

It doesn't matter. You're never gonna leave her.

Deluca grabs Trish and pulls her close. He kisses her.

DELUCA

I love you. I wish I didn't but I do.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Frank and Mary stand in line at the box office. The sun is just going down. People gather and talk behind them. It's a lively night.

MARY

What's on you mind?

FRANK

Everything. This thing with Vito. I'm not sure how this is going to shake down. I hope there aren't any issues.

MARY

Vito is a sensible man. I'm sure he will get over it.

FRANK

And if he doesn't?

MARY

Well, what do you want? To go into witness protection?

(MORE)



MARY (CONT'D)

You think Vito Accardi is gonna have you whacked over a business decision that he would have made if he had been given the opportunity? He's going to blame you for being greedy?

FRANK

Greedy? You think I'm greedy? I'm just trying to get ahead. This deal will set us up for the future.

MARY

I said that wrong.

FRANK

No. I think you said it right.

The line begins to move.

MARY

That's not what I meant.

Robby and his NEW GIRLFRIEND pass Frank and Mary hand in hand. They get in the same line a few feet away.

Frank glances back at Robby, who is huddled up with the girl. Robby doesn't notice him. Frank looks concerned.

It's Frank and Mary's turn in line. They purchase tickets and head inside. Frank opens the door for his wife.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Frank and Mary settle into their seats with their popcorn and soda.

MARY

All I'm saying is that you didn't have to take on more.

FRANK

Of course I did. It's only a matter of time before Mike is in college and Patty--

MARY

Come on. Do you honestly think Patty is gonna go to college?

FRANK

I would like her to have the option.

Robby and his girlfriend take seats a few rows ahead of Frank and Mary. Frank's blood begins to boil.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(to Mary)  
Isn't that Robby?

MARY  
Where?

Frank motions to the couple as Robby puts his arm around the girl.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I think it is.

FRANK  
Son of a bitch.

Frank goes to get up and Mary grabs ahold of his arm.

MARY  
Don't make a scene.

FRANK  
I won't.

Frank approaches the couple.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Robby?

Robby looks up to see Frank hovering over him. The color immediately drains from his face.

ROBBY  
Mr. Columbo? How ya doing?

FRANK  
I thought that was you. How's your dad?

ROBBY  
Pretty good.

The girl doesn't speak, but can tell something is amiss.

FRANK  
(to girl)  
I'm gonna borrow your boyfriend here.

Frank yanks Robby up by his arm and marches him out of the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY

Frank shoves Robby against a wall.

FRANK

What the fuck are you doing? Who the fuck is that?

ROBBY

Mr. Columbo! You don't understand.

FRANK

I don't understand? Make me understand! Are you stepping out on my daughter you little piece of shit?

Robby struggles.

ROBBY

No! You know me! You know I would never to anything to hurt Patty!

FRANK

Be honest! Are you two-timing my daughter?

Frank slaps Robby across the face.

ROBBY

This is a mistake! Trish and I haven't been going out for months. She dumped me before Homecoming.

FRANK

Bullshit.

ROBBY

I swear to God. You can ask anyone.

Frank loosens his grip on the scared youngster. Tears well in Robby's eyes. He is obviously telling the truth. He smooths out the boys clothes.

FRANK

Jesus. I'm sorry, kid. Shit. It's been a long day. Are you okay?

A small pee stain has formed on Robby's jeans.

Frank reaches into his pocket and gives the boy a wad of twenties.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Here. Go get her some ice cream or  
something after the show.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

The store is empty. Deluca finishes his closing duties and  
shuts off the lights. He makes his way to the front entrance.

EXT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

Deluca locks the front door and turns to see Trish waiting  
for him.

DELUCA  
This is a nice surprise.

TRISH  
I figured we could go to Oliver's.

DELUCA  
Sure.

A car roars into the parking lot and stops short of hitting  
Deluca and Trish. The headlights shine on Deluca. Frank  
Columbo gets out of the car with a shotgun. He points it at  
Deluca.

FRANK  
You motherfucker! You're dead!

Deluca steps back. Trish jumps in front of him.

TRISH  
Dad! No! Dad, don't hurt him!

FRANK  
Get out of the fuckin' way, Patty  
Ann!

Trish doesn't move. Deluca is terrified behind her.

TRISH  
Dad! Don't!

Frank pushes Trish to the ground.

Deluca approaches Frank walking directly into his line of  
fire.

DELUCA

Just hang on a fuckin' second! Let me explain!

Frank flips the shot gun, grabbing it by the barrel. He cracks Deluca in the face with the butt of the shotgun. Deluca falls back as blood pours from his mouth.

He is on his knees struggling to get up when he spits a few teeth out. He tries to compose himself when Frank hits him again in the stomach with the shotgun. Deluca falls back down.

Frank points the barrel of the gun at his head.

FRANK

You are dead, motherfucker! If it's the last thing I do! You are fuckin' dead!

Frank gets back in the car and roars away.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Marilyn sits on the couch when Deluca enters. He is looks like shit.

MARILYN

Jesus. What happened to you?

Deluca avoids the question and tries to leave the room. Marilyn stands up and walks over to him.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Would you talk to me?

DELUCA

Does it even matter?

MARILYN

It's that girl, isn't it? Who did this to you?

DELUCA

Frank fucking Columbo. Okay? Is that what you want to hear?

MARILYN

Is it worth it? See what you've done? All of this for that girl.

DELUCA

I don't want to hear this.

MARILYN

You know I knew. I always knew.  
About all of them. Every single  
one. But what am I gonna do? I have  
nowhere to go. You're a good  
supporter and our kids are taken  
care of.

DELUCA

I still want to take care of you  
and our kids. I just can't be here  
anymore.

MARILYN

What do you mean?

DELUCA

This has run its course. I need to  
leave. This isn't fair to you or  
the kids.

MARILYN

Do you not love me anymore?

DELUCA

Of course I love you.

MARILYN

But not the same way.

Deluca looks down at the floor.

DELUCA

I need to leave. I'm sorry.

INT. ELK GROVE POLICE STATION - DAY

Landers opens the door to a meeting room. A large table sits  
in the center.

LANDERS

You can talk in here. I'll be right  
outside.

Landers lets Frank and Mary in. Trish and Deluca follow behind  
them. They sit around the table. Landers leaves and shuts the  
door behind him.

MARY

We appreciate you dropping the  
charges.

Silence.

FRANK

What kind of girl has their own  
father arrested?

TRISH

You're crazy. You could have killed  
him.

FRANK

I should've.

Deluca remains quiet.

MARY

Frank, we came here to have a civil  
discussion. Cool it with the  
threats.

DELUCA

Patricia and I want to get married.

FRANK

Over my fuckin' dead body.

MARY

Frank!

FRANK

(to Deluca)

And how does your wife feel about  
that? Better yet, how do your kids  
feel about that?

(to Mary)

You know he has kids, right?

MARY

I am aware.

TRISH

He is getting a divorce!

DELUCA

That's right. We are already  
starting the paperwork. It  
shouldn't take too long till it's  
final.

FRANK

What kind of man are you? You're  
going to leave your family for a  
fuckin' kid? She's a kid! You  
should fuckin' know better.

DELUCA

It doesn't matter to me. I wasn't expecting this to happen. We weren't expecting this to happen. We can't help the way we feel.

MARY

So you plan to get married? What happens until then?

TRISH

We're looking at apartments.

DELUCA

Yeah.

TRISH

We're gonna stay in a motel until then. Or I may stay at Greta's.

MARY

(to Deluca)

Why do this? Do you have any idea how much this is going to affect your kids? Your wife? My daughter doesn't know her ass from a whole in the ground. What kind of wife do you think she is going to make.

TRISH

Oh, fuck you!

MARY

You see my point?

DELUCA

I was sick of being unhappy.

Mary studies the bruised and beaten man. She almost feels sorry for him.

MARY

I hope it's worth it.

FRANK

She's your problem now.

Frank stands and leans in closer to Deluca.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is sick.

Mary stands and they leave the meeting room.



INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - OFFICE - EVENING

CLOSE ON a television set with rabbit ears. The evening news is on. A gaunt NEWSCASTER with thick glasses gives us the top story.

NEWCASTER

Lynette Fromme, also known as "Squeaky", a follower of Charles Manson's family is in custody this evening after an assassination attempt on President Gerald Ford in Sacramento...

We pull back from the television screen to a cluttered office with a small window facing the lot. Greta comes into view perusing the inventory.

OWNER

(o.s.)

Mitchell, looks like you got a live one!

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - EVENING

Greta browses an aisle of the used car lot. She stops at a Yellow VW Beetle.

MITCHELL

(o.s.)

That's the one I would've picked for you myself.

Greta turns around to the sight of a sleazy salesman with just enough swagger to make her blush. This is MITCHELL, early-20s.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Ya know what's great about em'? There's nothing you can't fix with a Swiss Army knife, pantyhose, electric tape, and a coat hanger.

Greta's eyes light up. Mitchell offers his hand. She accepts.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Mitchell.

GRETA

Greta.

Greta takes a cigarette out of her purse and puts it in her mouth. Mitchell is "Johnny On The Spot" with a lighter. He lights her cigarette.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Quick hands.

MITCHELL  
Always have to be prepared.

Greta takes a walk around the car to check it out.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
First car?

GRETA  
It is.

MITCHELL  
I suppose your dad is around the corner waiting to pounce on any dirtbag salesman trying to take advantage of his little girl.

GRETA  
That would be impossible. My dad is dead.

Mitchell's face falls. He may have crossed a line.

MITCHELL  
Uh... I'm sorry to hear that--

Greta smiles deviously.

GRETA  
It was a long time ago. I'm just keeping you on your toes.

Mitchell recovers.

MITCHELL  
You have a dark sense of humor. Are you always this forward with strangers?

Greta giggles.

GRETA  
We all start out as strangers.

Greta makes her way back to Mitchell. She stands almost close enough to kiss him.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
(re: Beetle)  
I think I'm gonna take this one.

MITCHELL  
What do you say we take it out for  
a spin before you make any  
decisions you might regret.

GRETA  
(smiles)  
If you insist.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The VW Beetle sits in a deserted parking lot.

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Mitchell is in the passenger seat. He lets out a SATIATED  
MOAN followed by HEAVY BREATHS.

Greta lifts her head off Mitchell's lap. She wipes her mouth.

GRETA  
I'll take it.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Greta and Trish chain-smoke at the kitchen table in Deluca's  
tiny apartment. Greta drinks a can of Hamm's.

Trish looks tattered and much older with dark circles around  
her eyes. DUKE, a big mangy German Shepherd, waddles over to  
Trish's side. She runs her hand across his back.

GRETA  
And the best part is he gave me a  
deal on the car.

TRISH  
Sounds like he got the deal.

GRETA  
We've been out a few times since.  
He's a gentleman. Opens car doors,  
pulls my chair out, pays for  
dinner. He's really sweet.

TRISH  
You would know.

They laugh.

GRETA  
I guess the car salesman thing is temporary. He used to work for the sheriff's department, but he got let go a few months back. His buddy is supposed to pull some strings to get his job back.

TRISH  
I was gonna say. You don't want to date a sleazy car salesman. Who knows what other deals he's giving out.

GRETA  
Oh stop! Can't you just be happy for me? It's been a while since I met a decent guy. He's really nice. I really like him.

TRISH  
I'm happy for you. Honestly.

Greta notices a stack of polaroid pictures in a basket on the table.

GRETA  
What are those?

TRISH  
Nothing.

Trish tries to hide the photos, but Greta swipes them just before she can. Greta flips through them. The photos are of Trish in sexually explicit poses-- some include Duke.

GRETA  
Jesus! What are you two into?

Trish snatches the photos from Greta.

TRISH  
Goddamnit! Fuckin' Deluca!

GRETA  
Did you fuck that dog?

TRISH

Are you kidding me?! No! They're supposed to be artistic. Deluca thinks I could be a model. He even said he would be my manager. I actually have an audition for a Ford commercial booked in a few weeks.

GRETA

I hope you didn't show them those.

TRISH

Of course I didn't. I told him not to leave shit laying around. I'm gonna kill him when he gets home.

GRETA

Don't you feel weird calling him Deluca?

TRISH

What else am I gonna call him? Frank? That's a lot fuckin' weirder.

GRETA

That's right. You're dad. How is all that going?

TRISH

We haven't spoken in a while, but I know he's up to something. Things are too quiet. If there is one thing everyone knows about Frank Columbo, he doesn't lie down that easy.

GRETA

After that shit in the parking lot--

TRISH

We dropped the charges.

GRETA

What?! He almost killed your boyfriend!

TRISH

It was Deluca's idea. He didn't want to make things worse. He is bent on keeping the peace with my parents. They thanked me by cutting me out of the will. I get nothing.

GRETA

Isn't that a bit dramatic?

TRISH

When my parents want to make a point they are vicious.

A beat.

GRETA

Mitchell and I are going out dancing this weekend. You should come with us. It sounds like you can use a break.

TRISH

I don't want to hang out with you and some guy you met at a car dealership. No thanks.

GRETA

Don't be such a bitch. Ya know that friend I told you about? He is going to come out too. I guess he is having marital issues or something.

TRISH

You're not sweetening the deal.

GRETA

Just come. You can use a night out.

INT. CLUB CLAREMONT - NIGHT

Music pulses over a crowded dance floor. A disco ball hangs in the center of darting multicolored track lights.

Trish and Greta have drinks in a corner booth across from Mitchell and his friend, ROMAN, a stocky guy with slicked back hair.

Trish nurses her drink while Greta enjoys being the center of attention.

Roman throws his arm around Mitchell.

ROMAN

So I'm gonna use my pull over at the sheriff's office to get this guy reinstated.

GRETA  
What happened?

MITCHELL  
If I tell you I'd have to kill you.

They share a laugh.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
It was this crazy thing. A  
misrepresentation of information or  
something. I don't want to bore  
you. It wasn't exactly legal.

ROMAN  
But that's alright. I'm in politics  
so I'm in with the right people.  
We'll get him taken care of.

Trish is absorbing all of this.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Trish)  
What's the problem sweetheart?  
We're boring you?

TRISH  
(smiles)  
I have a lot on my mind.

GRETA  
(to Mitchell)  
Wanna dance?

She jumps up and takes his hand. Trish throws her daggers.  
She doesn't want to be left alone with Roman.

Roman slides into the booth next to Trish.

ROMAN  
You need anything taken care of?

He gets close to her face. She inches back.

TRISH  
No, thanks. I have a boyfriend. And  
I have to go to the bathroom.

Roman slides out of the booth. Trish hurries off.

She zeros in on Mitchell and Greta on the dance floor. She  
sees a flash of silver inside Mitchell's jacket. Mitchell  
carries a gun.

Trish zeros in on the gun then continues to the restroom.

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trish looks in the phone book and finds the dealership Mitchell works at. She dials the number.

TRISH

Hello. I was in there with my husband over the weekend and this really nice salesman helped us. I think his name was Mitchell.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Mitchell sits across from Trish in a booth. They have coffee and cigarettes.

TRISH

So your friend.

MITCHELL

You interested?

TRISH

He said he can get things done. What kind of things?

MITCHELL

What did you have in mind?

TRISH

I noticed your gun at the club.

MITCHELL

Yeah, so. We both have them.

TRISH

For what?

MITCHELL

Protection. Whatever is necessary.

TRISH

What do you know about hiring a hitman?

MITCHELL

Are you serious?

TRISH

Yes.



MITCHELL  
Depends on who you want hit.

TRISH  
My parents.

Mitchell laughs.

MITCHELL  
You want your own parents killed?  
That is some cold hearted shit.  
What did they do?

TRISH  
It's my dad. He doesn't approve of  
my relationship so he bought a  
contract on my boyfriend.

MITCHELL  
A contract.

TRISH  
Yes. We don't know when he's going  
to pull off the job so we have to  
get him before he gets us.

MITCHELL  
I thought you said it was just your  
boyfriend.

TRISH  
I wouldn't put it passed him to  
have me killed too. He's insane.  
And the worst part is my mother is  
the one encouraging him to do this.  
She hates me.

MITCHELL  
That's a big job. That's gonna cost  
you big too.

A waitress passes the table. Trish and Mitchell lower their  
voices to a whisper.

TRISH  
Can you at least get me a gun? For  
protection. Just in case.

MITCHELL  
That would be easier than finding  
people to kill your parents. I'll  
see what I can do.

TRISH

What about Roman? Do you think he  
can find someone to pull off the  
job?

MITCHELL

I'll talk to him and we'll set up a  
meeting.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - SAME TIME

Deluca passes a prescription to a CUSTOMER when Bert pops in.

BERT

(to Deluca)  
You got a call.

DELUCA

(to customer)  
Just give us a call if you have any  
questions. But she should take  
these before bed.

The customer leaves the counter. Deluca picks up the phone.

FRANK

(over phone)  
I bet you're surprised I am calling  
you.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. WESTERN AUTO - SAME TIME

DELUCA

Frank. What can I do for you?

FRANK

I just figured I would call and see  
how things are going.

DELUCA

Things are fine.

FRANK

How is the new place?

DELUCA

It's nice. I can't complain.

FRANK

We already got a wedding gift  
picked out for you. A washer and  
dryer.

DELUCA  
That's awfully nice of you.

FRANK  
How is Patricia?

DELUCA  
She's been going on job interviews.  
She got hooked up with a staffing  
agency. She has a few leads.

FRANK  
I'm sure she does. You make sure  
she pays her way. She can use some  
real responsibility. Has she been  
kicking in half the rent money?

DELUCA  
Rent money?

FRANK  
Yeah, the rent money I have been  
giving her.

DELUCA  
Oh. That. Yeah, she has been paying  
her way.

FRANK  
Well, that's good. Look I have to  
go. I just wanted to make sure  
we're good.

DELUCA  
Water over the dam.

FRANK  
Glad to hear it.

They hang up.

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Deluca comes home to Trish lounging on the couch with Duke.  
The place is a mess. She hasn't cleaned the house or herself  
in days.

DELUCA  
Can you clean up at some point?

TRISH  
What's up your ass? I had two job  
interviews today.  
(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

I also had a call through this modeling agency for a Ford commercial.

DELUCA

A Ford commercial? Are you serious?

TRISH

Yeah, it pays a lot of money for just a little bit of work. And if I book the gig, you get ten percent. You should be thanking me.

DELUCA

Ten percent?

TRISH

Yeah. The manager gets ten percent.

DELUCA

I'm the manager?

TRISH

I listed you as the manager.

DELUCA

But I don't know anything about being a manager for a model.

TRISH

Geez. You don't need to do anything. The lady just asked me if I had a manager and I said yes because it makes you look more professional.

Deluca opens the fridge. It's empty aside from a carton of spoiled milk and a jar of pickles. He shuts it and sits down at the kitchen table.

DELUCA

I got an interesting phone call today?

Trish stops watching television and is suddenly interested in what Deluca has to say.

TRISH

Oh yeah? From who?

DELUCA

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

TRISH

Try me.

DELUCA

Frank.

TRISH

My dad... ew... what the hell did he want?

DELUCA

It sounded to me like he was trying to make amends.

Trish moves over to the table.

TRISH

Did he actually say that? Make amends?

DELUCA

Not in so many words.

TRISH

Don't trust it. He's up to something.

DELUCA

I really doubt it. He seemed genuine. I'm mean it's been a while since--

TRISH

Just trust me. He's up to something.

DELUCA

What makes you say that?

TRISH

I didn't want to tell you this because I didn't want you to freak out. You remember my Uncle Phil I told you about? The one that doesn't get along with my dad. The one who goes by Roman?

DELUCA

I don't remember anything about a Roman, but I vaguely remember you mentioning a Phil.

TRISH

He's from Rome in Italy. He goes by Roman when he's working.

DELUCA

Working?

TRISH

He's pretty heavy in the syndicate, ya know. He runs a restaurant for the mob in Rosemont. Anyway, I talked to my uncle and he told me my dad was shopping for a contract on you.

Deluca launches out of his seat.

DELUCA

Are you fucking kidding me? When did you hear about this? Why the fuck didn't you tell me? How long have you known about this?

TRISH

Will you calm down?

DELUCA

Calm down? Are you fucking serious? You just told me your dad wants to have me fucking whacked or killed or whatever the fuck they say.

TRISH

Listen. My uncle has a lot of connections. He said he would find out more info.

DELUCA

What did he say?

TRISH

He said he is gonna find out more info and that he can get it called off. He has more pull than my dad.

The phone RINGS. Trish answers it.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Hello... yeah...

Trish looks at the wall clock.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Sure. I can be there in thirty minutes.

She hangs up the phone.

TRISH (CONT'D)

(to Deluca)

Speak of the devil. I have to go meet him. He has some news. Can't talk over the phone.

DELUCA

Well, what am I supposed to do?

TRISH

Just wait for me. I'll be back.

Trish rushes out the door. Deluca shuts it and locks it behind her. He wedges a chair under the doorknob.

EXT. DELUCA HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A white picket fence frames the meticulously landscaped lawn. BIRDS chirp in the trees. Orange and yellow leaves scatter on the lawn. A perfect Fall day.

Deluca sits in a patio chair facing an old woman. They sip tea. She smiles enjoying the sun and breeze. Taking it all in. She seems very relaxed. At peace. An elegant woman to say the least.

Deluca stares off into space. His eyes are intense. He has a lot on his mind.

The old woman sits with her eyes closed.

DELUCA

I'm thinking of leaving Marilyn.

The old woman opens her eyes and shifts her attention to Deluca.

OLD WOMAN

I'm sorry to hear that. Are things not going well?

DELUCA

I think I met someone else.

The old woman places her hand on Deluca's arm.

OLD WOMAN

Oh dear.

DELUCA

I can't help it. She makes me feel  
a way I have never felt before. I  
can't explain it.

Deluca looks over the old woman's shoulder and sees Frank Columbo. He is dressed in a pinstripe suit, red tie, and fedora.

Frank raises a shotgun. Deluca pushes the old woman out the way before Frank BLASTS a hole right through his chest. He falls to the ground.

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Deluca jolts out of bed to pounding on the door and jiggling of the handle.

He peeks out of his bedroom at the door.

TRISH

(o.s.)

Open the door! What the fuck?

Deluca runs over to the door and opens it. Trish comes in.

TRISH (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

DELUCA

I got paranoid.

INT. EDGEBROOK MOTEL - NIGHT

Trish knocks on the door. Mitchell opens it.

MITCHELL

Come on in.

Trish enters. Mitchell crosses the room to a table with bottles of booze on it.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Can I get you a drink?

TRISH

No thanks. I don't have long.



Mitchell pours himself a drink and takes a seat at a nearby table. Trish sits down as well but keeps her jacket on. She pulls out a scrap of paper and 3 photos. She sets them down on the table in front of Mitchell.

MITCHELL  
What the hell is this?

TRISH  
Information. You're gonna need  
details on my family, right?

Mitchell glances at the pictures. The sheet of paper has a map of the house layout drawn on it. Along with details about each family member.

MITCHELL  
Are you sure about this?

TRISH  
Can you help me or not?

There is a knock on the door. Mitchell gets up and answers it. Roman steps into the room.

ROMAN  
Did you start the party without me?

MITCHELL  
You said you needed help. This is  
the man who wanna talk to. He can  
get things done.

Roman walks over to the liquor bottles and pours himself a drink. Mitchell passes him the photos and the information Trish gave him.

ROMAN  
No women or children.

TRISH  
What?

ROMAN  
No women or children. That's the  
rules.

TRISH  
Are you fucking kidding me? You  
said you are a heavy. What are you  
some kind of pussy?

Roman takes offense to this and gets in Trish's face.

ROMAN

What? Little girl, you're asking me  
for a favor.

TRISH

And apparently you can't pull off  
the whole job.

ROMAN

(to Mitchell)

What do you think? Can you pull  
this off?

MITCHELL

For the right price.

TRISH

What's your price?

MITCHELL

Ten thousand each for mom and dad.  
Twenty grand for the kid. Half up  
front.

TRISH

I don't have that kind of money  
right now, but I will once the  
insurance policies pay off.

MITCHELL

How do we know you aren't just  
going to up and skip town as soon  
as this is taken care of?

TRISH

Don't you think that would look a  
little suspicious?

ROMAN

Well, we're not doing this for  
free.

Mitchell and Roman look at each other knowingly.

Trish stands up and takes her jacket off. Roman grins. He  
walks over to her. He places his hand on her face and tries  
to kiss her but she turns away.

Her hands move down to his belt. She undoes his pants and she  
lowers to her knees. Roman smiles at Mitchell.

Mitchell approaches Trish from behind. He undoes his pants.

EXT. EDGEBROOK MOTEL - NIGHT/DAY

We pull back from the motel door as leaves scatter on the walkway. Night turns to day as the Autumn leaves are replaced by Winter's snow. Months have passed.

Trish emerges from the dingy motel room into the sun. She is wearing a different outfit. This one is more provocative than the one she was originally wearing. She looks worn. She has been to this motel room many times.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

Bert and Deluca bullshit.

BERT

I think I'm gonna ask for a divorce. I should get out before she starts begging me for kids. Does that sound like a good strategy?

Deluca looks down an aisle and sees Michael browsing the toys. Their eyes meet.

Michael stares directly at him and points a finger at Deluca mimicking a gun. The boys face looks sinister.

BERT (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Hey man! Where did you go?

Deluca snaps out of it and realizes he was daydreaming. Michael continues browsing.

BERT (CONT'D)

You know that kid or something?

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trish and Mitchell have sex while Deluca is at work. Afterward, Mitchell gives her a revolver. She pops open the cylinder. 6 bullets.

Trish studies the gun as Mitchell gets dressed. She sits up in bed topless but her long brown hair covers her breasts.

She points the gun at Mitchell.

TRISH

See how easy it is to kill someone.

Mitchell freezes.

MITCHELL

Goddamnit! Don't point that thing  
at me.

Trish's face falls serious.

TRISH

All you have to do is pull the  
trigger.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - DAY

Deluca walks down an aisle toward the front of the store. He notices a stocky man talking to one of the cashiers. The man turns his head slightly and we see that it's Roman.

After a moment, Roman walks out of the store.

Deluca stands back and waits for Roman to get further into the parking lot. Deluca approaches the cashier.

DELUCA

(to cashier)

Who was that?

CASHIER

Oh. You're here. That guy gave me  
the creeps. He said he knew you and  
to tell you Roman says hello.

INT. DESERTED FIELD OFF ARMY TRAIL RD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON street sign: ARMY TRAIL RD

Trish and Deluca stand in an open field. Trish fires the gun.

DELUCA

Are you satisfied?

TRISH

I just wanted to make sure it  
worked.

DELUCA

Do you think your uncle would give  
you a bogus gun?

Trish shrugs.

TRISH

Roman said he thinks he can buy off my dad's contract. I guess he knows the guy my dad hired.

DELUCA

Speaking of Roman. What was with him showing up at the store a few days ago?

TRISH

What? He did?

DELUCA

Yeah, he did.

TRISH

Did he say anything to you?

DELUCA

No. He left a message with the cashier to tell me he said hello.

Trish laughs.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

I didn't find that funny.

TRISH

I'm gonna give him so much shit next time I see him.

Trish stares down at the revolver in her hand.

TRISH (CONT'D)

With this we don't even need hitmen. We can do it ourselves.

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

The phone rings. Trish answers it.

TRISH

You're kidding. Yeah, he's right here.

(to Deluca)

Roman wants to talk to you.

Deluca reluctantly answers the phone.

ROMAN

(over phone)

Hello Frank.

DELUCA  
Hello Roman.

ROMAN  
You got my gift?

DELUCA  
Thank you.

ROMAN  
So I think I can buy off our  
friend's contract. He got a couple  
of guys that I know personally and  
owe me a favor. Between you and me,  
our friend isn't very popular.

DELUCA  
When are you going to find out?

ROMAN  
Soon.

DELUCA  
I don't know how much more of this  
I can take.

ROMAN  
Just hang in there. It will all be  
over soon.

INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - DAY

Mitchell is behind the wheel. Trish is in the passenger seat.

TRISH  
Stop worrying. No one is going to  
be home. I promise.

MITCHELL  
This doesn't feel right.

TRISH  
I'm just going to show you around  
the house so you know where  
everything is. The more you know  
the easier it will be.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LATER

Mitchell's car pulls up across the street from the house. He  
shuts the engine down.

INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MITCHELL

What if someone sees us?

TRISH

They're all at work. No one is going to see us. Don't be a pussy.

MITCHELL

I swear to God if you call me that one more time--

TRISH

What are you gonna do?

Mitchell breathes deep and composes himself. He is about exit the car when the Columbo's garage door opens.

Mitchell and Trish both duck inside the car.

MITCHELL

FUCK! I knew I couldn't trust you!

TRISH

They're not supposed to be home.

Moments later, Mary's Oldsmobile cruises down the street and pulls into the garage.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mary parks the car in the garage. Michael gets out on the passenger side. Before going into the house he notices Mitchell's car speed away.

INT. CLUB CLAREMONT - REAR LOUNGE - NIGHT

ROMAN

Mitchell's out. I am too.

TRISH

What the fuck are you talking about? You're not gonna help me? I have been fucking you assholes for months now and you're just gonna bail.

ROMAN

Look. I can't get caught up in something like this. I have a fucking family.

TRISH

You were man enough to fuck me, but  
you're not man enough to keep your  
end of the deal?

ROMAN

You're fucking crazy! You need  
help!

TRISH

Oh, fuck you!

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - DAY

Mary and Michael sit at the kitchen table. Michael shows Mary  
a page in a CB MONTHLY magazine. He rambles about the  
specifications of a new radio he wants.

The phone rings.

Mary gets up from the table and answers it.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

TRISH

Mom?

MARY

Patricia. I didn't expect to hear  
from you.

TRISH

I know. It's been a while, but I  
need a favor.

MARY

A favor? I wasn't aware that we  
were at the point where we were  
asking for favors.

TRISH

I know. I'm just really in a jam. I  
have this job interview and it's  
for a really good job. Deluca's  
going to be at work and I have no  
way to get there.

MARY

What are you asking?



TRISH

Can I borrow your car? I promise  
I'll bring it back as soon as I'm  
done.

Mary pauses for a moment. She shakes her head.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Mom?

MARY

I'm here. You do need a job. And  
your father would be very upset if  
I denied you access to the car for  
a job interview. I'm really not  
happy about this, Patricia.

TRISH

I know and I'm sorry. I wouldn't  
ask if I wasn't desperate.

MARY

That's fine.

TRISH

I'll come pick it up tonight.

Trish hangs up the phone. The revolver sits besides it.

INT. DALTON'S PHARMACY - EVENING

Bert finishes ringing up a customer when Deluca approaches  
the counter.

DELUCA

Can you do me a favor?

BERT

That all depends.

DELUCA

I need you to pick up Trish at the  
apartment and drive her to her  
parent's house tonight.

BERT

Sure. What time?

INT. BERT'S CAR - LATER

Bert pulls up outside of Deluca's apartment to see Trish waiting. She is dressed in black and not wearing make up-- a departure from the last time Bert saw her.

Trish gets in on the passenger side.

BERT

Who died?

Bert laughs to himself.

TRISH

I'm not in the mood, jackass.

BERT

Oof. A little gratitude would be nice. I am doing you a favor.

TRISH

You're doing Deluca a favor. Not me.

BERT

Tomato. Potato.

TRISH

Just drive. I'll let you know where to go.

EXT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bert pulls out of the parking lot onto the main road.

INT. BERT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The two sit in silence. Tension hangs in the air. Bert glances at Trish. She is pensive.

Bert flips on the radio.

BERT

Where are we headed?

TRISH

You'r dropping me at my parents house so I can let hitmen in.

Bert laughs. Trish does not.

BERT

You have a dark sense of humor. Has anyone ever told you that?

TRISH

People have told me a lot of things. Has anyone ever told you that you talk way to goddamn much?

BERT

Jesus. I'll let your ass hitchhike next time.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

Frank opens the door for Trish. She steps inside.

FRANK

It's nice to see you, Patricia.

Trish smiles slightly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Are you feeling okay, honey?

TRISH

I'm fine. Just haven't been sleeping well.

Frank turns to head up the stairs. Trish reaches into her jacket and puts her hand on the revolver. She starts to pull it out when Frank suddenly turns around.

FRANK

We just finished dinner. Did you want some leftovers?

TRISH

I'm not hungry.

FRANK

Take off your jacket. Stay a while.

Trish quickly pulls her hand out of her jacket -- leaving the revolver. Frank doesn't notice.

TRISH

I'm kind of in a hurry. I'll just meet you in the garage.

Frank pauses for a moment. He senses something strange in Trish's behavior.

FRANK  
Are you sure you're okay, Patty  
Ann?

TRISH  
I'm fine.

Trish turns to walk out the front door.

FRANK  
(o.s.)  
Patricia.

She turns back.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... you know... for  
everything.

Trish swallows hard.

TRISH  
Me too.

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone rings. Deluca answers.

DELUCA  
Hello?

He hears whimpering on the other end.

INTERCUT WITH: EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

Trish grips the phone. Tears stream down her face.

TRISH  
I can't do it. I need your help.

DELUCA  
Trish? Are you okay? Where are you?

TRISH  
I can't do it alone.

DELUCA  
What happened?

TRISH  
My dad. He took out a new contract.  
They are going to kill us both.  
Roman can't help us anymore.  
(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

I can't do it. My dad will overpower me. I need your help. They're going to kill us.

DELUCA

Trish. Calm down! Come home! We'll talk about it!

TRISH

No. I need you to come meet me now. We have to do this tonight.

DELUCA

I'm not killing anyone. We have to talk about this. This can't be the only way.

TRISH

There is no other way.

INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Trish and Deluca sit at the kitchen table.

DELUCA

I can't believe he would have his own daughter killed. His own flesh and blood. That is absurd.

TRISH

You don't know them like I do. I am dishonoring him by living with you. By breaking up your marriage. He can't have that. He can't have me negatively reflect on him. I'm sure my mom is pushing him to do this.

Deluca paces around the room.

DELUCA

If we're gonna do this we have to be smart about it. We have to come up with a solid plan. Something that cannot be traced back to us.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - FRONT YARD - EVENING

TITLE CARD: TUESDAY MAY 4, 1976

The sun is going down just after dinnertime. It's the early part of the evening where day slips into night tinting everything blue.

Frank and Michael play catch on the front lawn.

FRANK

How's your tooth feeling?

MICHAEL

Fine.

FRANK

I tell ya, it would have hurt a lot more if we didn't get it taken care of. You took it like a man.

Michael forces a smile.

A car passes and grabs Michael's attention. He flubs a catch. Frank senses something is amiss.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Expecting someone?

Michael shakes his head.

A beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's on your mind?

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL

I don't know. Ever feel kinda sad after a long weekend?

FRANK

You know we can call you out for another day if you aren't feeling up to it.

MICHAEL

That's okay. We have a big test coming up. I don't wanna fall behind.

FRANK

What's it on?

MICHAEL

The Bicentennial.

FRANK

Are you prepared?

MICHAEL

I think.

FRANK

I'll make you a deal. You ace that test and I'll take you to that new amusement park that opens at the end of the month. What's it called again?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Great America!

FRANK

Then it's a deal. Give me an A and I'll give you a day of rollercoasters, popcorn, cotton candy. Whatever you want.

Michael launches a pitch right into Frank's glove.

MICHAEL

Deal!

Frank walks over to Michael. They sit in the grass.

FRANK

What's really bothering you? I'm your father. I know when something's on your mind.

MICHAEL

Just been thinking about Patty.

Frank sighs.

FRANK

We've all been thinking about Patty, son.

MICHAEL

Why does she hate us?

FRANK

She doesn't hate us. She's just at that time in her life when she wants to be an adult. She doesn't want to have to answer to anyone but herself. It happens when you get older. You want to be on your own and do whatever you want to do whenever you want to do it.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Sometimes we have to just sit back and watch the show because when it comes down to it it's her life. Trying to change her mind and talk sense into her isn't going to do anything but cause problems. As you can see.

MICHAEL

But you are just trying to help her. Why doesn't she want your help?

FRANK

Because she thinks she can manage on her own and maybe she can. We have to let her live her life the way she wants to now. She will eventually realize that we only wanted what was best for her. She will find her way back here. We just have to let her go for now.

Michael rests with this for moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I think we should head in. You have a big day tomorrow.

They hug.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING

Michael takes off his Converse All-Stars. Mary calls to him from the top of the stairs.

MARY

I wrote a note for school tomorrow. I'm gonna leave it on top of your dresser. Make sure you don't forget it.

MICHAEL

I won't.

Mary smiles.

MARY

I know, but I have to say it.

Michael smiles back. He leaves his shoes near the door and heads up the stairs.



INT. DELUCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Deluca sits on the couch -- pensive. Trish, in the kitchen, stares at the revolver on the table. A nearby ashtray is full of cigarette butts.

The clock TICKS. The couple remain silent.

After a moment, Deluca picks up the phone and dials.

DELUCA  
(into phone)  
Hey, it's me. I'm getting ready for  
bed so I just wanted to get the  
numbers.

Trish looks at the clock on the wall -- 10:15PM

DELUCA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Thanks. I'll see ya tomorrow.

He hangs up.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - NIGHT

Deluca and Trish stand on the sidewalk facing the house. A nearby streetlight casts their shadows as they approach the front door.

They cross the front lawn where Frank and Michael played catch just hours ago. They reach the front porch where Deluca pauses for a moment -- a final chance to turn back.

Trish RINGS the doorbell.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank stands at the top of the stairs leading down to the front door.

He turns to Mary in the hallway outside the bathroom.

FRANK  
I almost gave up on them.

MARY  
I knew she would show up late. Poor  
predictable Patty.

FRANK  
You mean "Trish".

MARY  
No, I don't.

Mary smiles, amused with herself, before disappearing into the bathroom. She flicks on the light, briefly illuminating the otherwise dark hallway then closes the door.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
Predictable Patty.

He descends the stairs to answer the door.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Frank flicks on the light and opens the door. Deluca and Trish stand before him.

FRANK  
We were just about to go to bed.  
Come in.

Deluca and Trish step into the foyer. Frank turns and starts up the stairs. Deluca closes the front door behind them.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Did you fill the tank?

DELUCA  
We did.

FRANK  
Attaboy.

TRISH  
I have to use the bathroom.

Trish squeezes by Frank and hurries up the stairs.

FRANK  
Your mother's in there.

Once Trish is out of the Deluca's line of sight, he reaches into his jacket and takes out the revolver.

He raises the revolver -- pointing it at the back of Frank's head.

Frank reaches the landing.

Deluca FIRES.

A quick FLASH from the barrel before the bullet PENETRATES the back of Frank's skull. Blood and teeth EXPLODE from Frank's mouth. Blood SPLATTERS on the wall in front of him. Frank's body hits the floor with a violent SLAM.

A beat.

Upstairs, Deluca hears ARGUING, but the RINGING from the gunshot is too intense for him to make out what is being said.

He rushes up the stairs.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary's eyes widen in terror. She clutches the CB magazine with trembling hands. She is still on the toilet -- underwear around her ankles.

She also hears the muffled sounds of ARGUING. After a moment, she slowly rises from the toilet. She hastily pulls her underwear to her knees and approaches the door.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Deluca bursts into the room where he finds Trish HOLLERING at Michael. She violently shakes him as the boy looks at her in shock and confusion.

She SLAPS him across the face. He holds back tears.

MICHAEL

I told you I don't know!

TRISH

That's bullshit! I know they  
would've told you! They fucking  
tell you everything!

Deluca, disoriented, attempts to make sense of the scene that is escalating before him.

MICHAEL

Why don't you just leave us alone?!

TRISH

Give me the goddamn combination to  
the safe, you motherfucker! That's  
all we want! I know you have it,  
you piece of shit!

Deluca raises the revolver again.

MARY

(o.s.)

What the hell is going on?!

Mary appears in the doorway. Deluca turns to see Mary's silhouette against the light from the bathroom.

He points the revolver at her and FIRES -- hitting her in the forehead and killing her instantly. She DROPS to the floor. The magazine falls out of her hand.

Michael SCREAMS. Tears stream down his face. Deluca turns back to Trish and Michael.

It all goes SILENT for a moment. Trish continues YELLING, but it's all MUFFLED. Michael SOBS. Deluca tries to get his bearings, but struggles to see and hear clearly.

Trish frantically continues questioning Michael about the safe, but before she can finish... Deluca realizes how this has to end.

His eyes go dark.

He puts the revolver to Michael's head.

EXT. COLUMBO HOUSE - NIGHT

55 Brantwood, a split-level house in the sleepy suburb of Elk Grove Village, IL. The residence of Frank, Mary, and Michael Columbo. Nothing like this happens here.

Deluca FIRES.

The gun BLAST illuminates the window of Michael's bedroom for a split-second.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael lies dead on the floor with blood dripping from his head -- eyes wide open.

Deluca stands over the dead boy.

Trish rushes to Deluca's side. She pulls his head to face her then presses her forehead against his. She forces his eyes to meet hers. He is silent.

TRISH

Stay with me, babe. Everything is gonna be okay. Look at me.

(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

We're alive. They didn't get us.  
You hear me? They didn't get us.

Deluca doesn't speak.

TRISH (CONT'D)

You have to go. Remember the plan.  
I'll take care of the rest, but you  
have to get the fuck out of here  
right now.

Deluca nods in agreement.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Deluca and Trish walk past Mary's body down the hallway.  
Trish reaches into the bathroom and shuts off the light. The  
hallway goes dark.

As they make their way toward the living room, they discover  
Frank has moved. He has propped himself against the wall in a  
seated position.

FRANK

Why are you doing this to me? I  
left you alone.

TRISH

You tried to kill us! You were  
going to kill both of us!

Deluca locks eyes with Frank as he struggles to speak through  
GURGLES of blood.

DELUCA

Kill us now, you son of a bitch.

Deluca FIRES twice. The first bullet hits Frank in the chest.  
The last bullet is a dud -- going off with a POOF. Deluca  
tries to fire again, but is out of bullets.

As Deluca turns to walk way, Frank grabs ahold of his leg.

FRANK

You killed my boy... you  
motherfucker... you fuckin' coward.  
I should have fuckin' killed you in  
the parking lot... when I had the  
chance.

Deluca struggles to get free, but sudden adrenaline has given  
Frank a tight grip. Deluca yanks him into

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The struggle continues until Trish hands Deluca a large lamp. Without thinking twice, Deluca SMASHES the lamp repeatedly over Frank's head until it breaks -- cutting his hands.

Everything falls silent.

Deluca and Trish linger over Frank's body as he takes his last breaths before he dies.

Headlights shine through the living room window as a car passes. The couple tense up -- false alarm.

A sense of relief washes over Deluca's face. Trish appears beside him -- gently placing her head on his shoulder.

DELUCA

(v.o.)

We'll make it look like a home  
invasion. Your parents will be  
expecting you to return the Olds.  
We'll bring it back late when the  
streets are empty. After it's over  
I'll leave the house in the  
Olds....

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

CLOSE ON a bag as Deluca drops the broken pieces of the lamp inside next to the revolver.

He drops the bag into the trunk of Mary's Oldsmobile then walks around the car to the driver's side and gets in.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Deluca checks his reflection in the rearview mirror as the garage door opens.

DELUCA

You will pull your Dad's  
Thunderbird into the garage.

He reverses out of the two car-garage as Trish pulls Frank's Thunderbird in.

Deluca peers through the passenger side window at Trish as she passes. Their eyes meet.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - DEN - LATER

Trish smokes a cigarette and looks toward us intently. She takes a long drag before exhaling. She is focusing on something.

DELUCA

(v.o.)

Then I want you to load up the car with anything of value you could fit. Televisions, radios, jewelry, anything that could be easily fenced.

CLOSE ON Frank's bowling trophy.

Trish flicks her cigarette onto the carpet and smashes it out with her foot.

EXT. SALT CREEK - LATER

Deluca drops the bag with the gun and lamp into the creek.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trish sits down on the sofa facing Frank's blood-drenched body. She smokes another cigarette. She is oddly patient. She is in no hurry despite the urgency of the situation.

She moves toward her father's body and blows smoke into his face.

CLOSE ON the orange glow of Trish's burning cigarette before she puts it out on Frank's chest.

Trish hovers over Frank's body holding the bowling trophy by its posts with both hands. She raises it over her head and brings the base down on Frank's head repeatedly.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - LATER

The headlights of Mary's Oldsmobile appear down a secluded road before pulling into the parking lot.

DELUCA

(v.o.)

After you load the car, you will drive the Thunderbird back to the trashy apartment complex in Des Plaines where I'll be waiting. We'll abandon your mom's car there.

Deluca parks beside his Javelin.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

A FLASH of stainless steel as Trish pulls her mother's butcher knife from the block on the counter.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trish stands over her mother's dead body. Mary's eyes are open. Trish glares as hate for the dead woman rushes through her veins.

CLOSE ON Mary's underwear at her ankles.

TRISH  
What a dead fuck you must have  
been.

Trish lowers to her knees. She SLICES Mary's throat.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - LATER

Deluca leans on the hood of his Javelin. Unease rides his face. He checks his watch. What the fuck is taking Trish so long? He gazes down the empty road. Not a single car in sight.

INT. COLUMBO HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Michael's body lies on the floor beside his bed. Trish appears in the doorway.

She enters the room and looks around at Michael's stuff -- a CB radio, bb gun, a portable television, Chicago cubs memorabilia, comic books, etc.

Trish WHIMPERS.

TRISH  
I'm sorry it had to be this way,  
Mike. You really were their  
favorite. They loved you a lot.  
They loved you so much they hated  
me. I was dead to them the second  
you were born.

Trish paces the room.



TRISH (CONT'D)

But it's all gonna be okay now.  
You're gonna be in a better place.  
You don't want to grow up in a  
world like this. I'm just sorry it  
had to be because of me.

Tears begin to well in Trish's eyes.

She notices a pair of silver scissors with long blades on Michael's desk nearby. She retrieves the scissors.

She cries.

PATTY

I tried. God, how I tried to keep  
them happy, but nothing was ever  
going to be good enough. And look  
what they made me do.

Trish kneels before her brother's body.

TRISH

Goddamn them. Goddamn you.

She plunges the scissors into Michael's torso. She lets out GUTTURAL SCREAMS as she stabs him repeatedly. Tears stream down her face.

She stands. Blood drips from the blades of the scissors. They are now crossed as a result of Trish's frenzied tight grip.

She gathers the portable television and the CB radio then heads out of the room. She passes Gigi, the family poodle.

Gigi pads into the bedroom. She licks Michael's hand. His shirt is covered in blood. Gigi cuddles close to the boy's side.

INT. THUNDERBIRD - LATER

Trish is behind the wheel. She stares intently at the road ahead. Blood covers her knuckles as she grips the steering wheel.

A small amount of valuables is piled on the passenger seat -- a few watches, bracelets, Mike's portable television and CB Radio.

DELUCA

(v.o.)

I'll follow you in my car to the  
west side of the city.

(MORE)

DELUCA (CONT'D)

We'll dump your dad's car and leave all the goods. I'll leave the key in the ignition and the doors unlocked. They're fuckin' animals over there. That thing will be stripped clean before the sun comes up.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Trish pulls up in the Thunderbird. Deluca rushes over to her side of the vehicle.

DELUCA

What the fuck took you so long?

Trish is surprisingly collected and composed.

TRISH

You try stumbling around in the dark trying to find all of this shit.

Deluca turns his attention to the passenger seat and the small assortment of goods.

DELUCA

Are you fucking kidding me?! That's all you took? You have to be fucking kidding me? You think some fucking thieves are going to murder an entire family for that?!

Deluca notices the blood on Trish's hands.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

What happened to you? Did you cut yourself?

TRISH

There was a car parked across the street and I got spooked. It took a little longer than I thought it would. Get off my ass.

He doesn't push any further.

DELUCA

Just follow me. Can you do that?

Trish glares at him and rolls up her window.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Trish follows Deluca's Javelin in the Thunderbird. The Chicago skyline comes into view as the vehicle approaches the city.

INT. JAVELIN - NIGHT

Deluca is behind the wheel. Dark circles around his eyes. He appears to have aged ten years since we first met him. He takes an exhausted breath.

He flips on the radio. He flips to AM 560. A DRONING VOICE comes on. Deluca doesn't hear it. He doesn't care. Nothing matters anymore.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

The vehicles take an exit ramp to the city streets.

EXT. WHIPPLE STREET - NIGHT

ANGLE ON street sign: WHIPPLE ST.

Trish parks the Thunderbird against the curb. A VAGRANT sits on a bench nearby. He takes a swig from a bottle lined with an paper bag.

Deluca's Javelin pulls up next to her.

INT. THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

Trish shuts off the engine. She instinctively scans the area for potential witnesses and sees the VAGRANT on the bench. He doesn't notice her.

He takes one sip of his poison before stretching out on the bench and falling asleep.

Trish gets out of the car leaving the keys in the ignition.

EXT. WHIPPLE STREET - NIGHT

Trish gets into the passenger side of the Javelin. She shuts her door. The car pulls away leaving Frank Columbo's Thunderbird for the vandals.

INT. JAVELIN - LATER

The skyline gets smaller as Deluca drives back to the suburbs. He doesn't speak. He doesn't move. He stares straight ahead. AM 560 still on the radio.

Trish leans her head against the window in the passenger seat. The sound of the RADIO BROADCAST fades as she gazes at the night's sky.

She shuts her eyes... and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

On May 17, 1976, Frank Deluca and Patricia Columbo were arrested for the murders of Frank, Mary, and Michael Columbo.

Police received a tip from Greta that led them to Mitchell and Roman, who would later testify against the couple.

On July 7, 1977, Deluca and Columbo were found guilty on all three counts of murder.

On August 8, 1977, they were sentenced to 200 to 300 years in prison.

Columbo has tried and failed to win parole over fifteen times. Deluca has not attended a parole hearing in many years.

Deluca admits to the shooting of the Columbo family, but denies any involvement in the mutilation of the bodies that took place following their deaths.

To date, Columbo has not confessed to her participation in the murders.