

THE THIRD BUTTON

Screenplay

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INT. DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

A busty BLOND, 40, does the final touches on her make-up in front of a mirror. She hooks the ear rings up. Her image in the mirror shows that she is not content with her party attire.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A small yellow car navigates through the streets. It stops at a red light. Two youngsters are on the front seats. TROTTER, 18, wobbles in the passenger seat like a drunken person. SIMON, 18, firmly holds the wheel.

TROTTER (V.O.)

Come on man. Move! Nobody's here --
not a ghost around.

SIMON (V.O.)

Rule is rule. Stick to the rules and
law and you'll have more chances in
your life.

TROTTER (V.O.)

Fuck the law -- and fathers.

The car sets off when the light turns green and comes to the middle of the intersection. A big off-road car rams into it ferociously.

The pieces of the car fly all over the place. The cars slide further from the intersection.

From the off-road car a woman squeals in pain and almost immediately afterward a male voice yells 'bitch'.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two smoldering cars stand stationary. The off-road car reverses. It's dark and one can't recognize the make. The small car, badly damaged on the right hand side, remains still. The off-road car disappears into the night.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A police car pulls up at the scene. JOE KILBANE, 35, steps out, rough looking and too grumpy for his age. SKINNY, real name JOHN BOGDANOVICH, 25, enthusiastically follows.

JOE

Jesus! Call emergency!

Joe tries, in vain, to open the badly damaged passenger door. Skinny grabs the police radio.

SKINNY

This is 405, 405. Officer Bogdanovich speaking, we got emergency --

JOE

Not us -- 911.

Skinny stops talking.

Joe opens the driver's door. Simon's seat belt fastened; he sits motionlessly. Trotter's head slumped on his chest, his body smashed into the badly dented door.

JOE (CONT'D)

Son -- Can you talk? Can you hear me?

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - LATER, NIGHT

An ambulance is parked next to the police car. Paramedics remove Simon from the car. They place him on a stretcher and rush him to the ambulance. The siren's on and they drive off as a second ambulance arrives.

PARAMEDIC, squatting in the car cabin, examines Trotter. He gets out.

PARAMEDIC

Poor kid.

JOE

What?

PARAMEDIC

He's gone. Neck broken -- skull probably.

The paramedics pull Trotter out. They place him on a stretcher and cover with a black sheet.

EXT. INTERSECTION, DAMAGED CAR - NIGHT

Joe and Skinny examine the impact spot. The imprint of a bullbar is visible. Joe runs a finger along the outline of the imprint.

JOE

Must've been something big.

SKINNY
And powerful.

JOE
Did I ask you something?

Skinny shakes his head and walks around the car, inspecting the interior. Joe looks at the street from where the big car must have come.

He walks along the street, looks at the ground and finds no traces of braking, raises his hands.

JOE (CONT'D)
Nothing, absolutely nothing.

Skinny turns away from the smashed car and joins Joe on the way back to the police car.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR, STREET - NIGHT

Joe drives while Skinny talks on the police radio.

SKINNY
Yes, we urgently need the name of the owner. Two boys died in the crash.

Skinny hangs up, Joe drives.

SKINNNY
What you --?

JOE
Did I ask you something young man?

Joe, thoughtful, drives.

JOE (CONT'D)
You have them, you love them.

Silence.

SKINNY
No traces of braking. A direct hit.
Strange.

Joe turns and looks at Skinny for a moment.

JOE
There's drunk people on the roads.

Skinny shakes his head.

SKINNY

No, I smell --

JOE

When I was in the academy, they didn't teach us how to smell.

Skinny is staring through the windscreen.

SKINNY

I smell drugs -- The kids got a drug to deal, they were green in the business, didn't get the money, and someone got angry, real angry.

JOE

I see -- you were number one in your class?

SKINNY

Joe, let's keep an open mind, be ready for every option.

The police car navigates through the night streets.

JOE (V.O.)

Life is simple, sometimes bizarre. But there ain't many options.

The police car disappears into the night.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Joe picks up a phone. Skinny sits behind him. Nobody else is around.

INT. JOE'S HOME BEDROOM - NIGHT

A phone rings on a night stand. A woman, Joe's wife, RACHEL, 30, stirs from under the blanket and answers.

JOE (V.O.)

Honey, it's me. Got a situation here, awful accident, two dead kids. I'll be late, don't wait up.

RACHEL

Poor parents -- Be careful. Love you.

The magazines and books are scattered all over the floor and night stand. They're all about baby care and human fertility.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Joe washes his hands and face in the restroom. Refreshed, he enters the main office. Skinny is on the phone.

SKINNY

Thanks a lot. I'm gonna get you a big chocolate for this.

Joe takes a seat. Skinny hangs up.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

You know Sally -- in registration?
She's young?

JOE

Yeah -- and good looking. Blond. Has a taste for men. Three kids.

Skinny frowns.

JOE (CONT'D)

What you found out?

SKINNY

The car belongs to Bill Strong,
address --

The phone rings and Joe picks it up.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Officer Kilbane -- One of the boys, the one who was driving, is OK. He only suffered a concussion, a broken left wrist and lacerations. Nothing life threatening, thank God.

JOE

What's his name?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Simon. Simon Marry.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME NIGHT

Joe's driving. They don't speak for a beat. It is almost dawn.

SKINNY

So -- the driver was Simon, but the car belongs to the dead boy's father.

Joe is silent.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Unusual -- or maybe not if drugs are involved.

Joe keeps his eyes on the road and makes no comment. They pull up outside a nice house.

JOE

Officer Bogdanovich.

SKINNY

Yes.

JOE

Did they teach you how to break bad news? Telling parents their son's dead or a wife her husband's been killed?

Skinny shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)

Well, you have to convey one of the messages tonight. Which one's it gonna be?

Skinny doesn't respond.

JOE (CONT'D)

Is it death or is it life?

Skinny stares out of the windscreen.

JOE (CONT'D)

Fine.

Joe walks to the house, turns around. Skinny is in the car.

JOE (CONT'D)

Get out.

Skinny immediately gets out and joins Joe.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE STRONG'S HOME - DAWN

Joe rings the bell. There's no answer. On the third try, we hear a woman's voice: 'Who is it?'

JOE
It's the police, ma'am. Sorry to disturb, but we need to talk to you.

The door opens to reveal MRS. STRONG, middle aged, in good shape and wearing a nightgown.

JOE (CONT'D)
Are you Mrs. Strong?

MRS. STRONG
Yes. What can I do for you at this early hour?

JOE
Is Mr. Strong at home?

MRS. STRONG
No -- If you wanna talk to him, you'd better go where the bimbos are.

Joe hesitates.

JOE
Mrs. Strong, it's about your son -- and his friend. I'm sorry to tell you this. Your son has died in a car crash. I am very sorry.

Mrs. Strong keeps staring at the officers. Her facial expression doesn't change.

MRS. STRONG
I knew it would happen one day.

JOE
Are you his mother?

MRS. STRONG
No, I am his stepmother. His real mother's smarter than me. She left them.

She stares somewhere behind them.

MRS. STRONG (CONT'D)
You said car accident?

JOE
Yes.

MRS. STRONG
Huh -- a car accident took his baby son as well.

Mrs. Strong shuts the door.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR, STREET - CONTINUOUS

SKINNY

Bitch. What a bitch.

Joe chuckles for a split second.

JOE

Poor father.

Their car enters a cheaper residential area, slow down and stop outside a modest-looking house.

JOE (V.O.)

Officer Bogdanovich, your turn.

EXT/INT. FRONT DOOR OF MARRY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Skinny knocks on the door. Joe's standing behind him. On the first knock, a woman, MRS. MARRY, 50, fully dressed, opens up. Seeing the officers, she puts a hand over her open mouth.

MRS. MARRY

What? Oh my god, what's happened?

Mrs. Marry faints. Skinny quickly catches her as she falls. Joe helps him drag Mrs. Marry to a sofa in the living room. Joe gently slaps Mrs. Marry. Skinny fetches a glass of water. Mrs. Marry opens her eyes.

SKINNY

Everything is Okay, Mrs. Marry. It's Okay. Simon was slightly hurt in a car accident, but he's fine. He'll be out of the hospital and back home in no time.

Mrs. Marry sips the water.

MRS. MARRY

Are you sure?

SKINNY

Absolutely. Simon is fine, the other boy, unfortunately, wasn't so lucky.

Hearing this, Mrs. Marry faints again. Skinny splashes a little water on her face.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

Skinny's driving.

SKINNY

I'm giving bad news next time.

They arrive at Joe's house. Joe climbs out. Then, he puts his head through the open window.

JOE (CONT'D)

Splashing her face was okay, by the way.

SKINNY

We got a big case?

JOE

No case. The culprit is already in Florida. Forget the gun. Sharpen your pen.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Joe enters the bedroom. Rachel sleeps in the bed. The books and magazines are still scattered around. Joe undresses, lies down and softly kisses her hair.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - NOON

Joe wakes up. He sees a nice lunch on a tray placed on his night stand.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Good day, officer.

Joe turns. Rachel sits next to him on the bed, wearing a light nightgown. Bare legs crossed. The books and magazines have been neatly placed on her night stand.

JOE

Day's as good as the second thing you see.

Joe leans over and kisses her knees. She laughs. They embrace, kiss and roll all over the bed.

RACHEL

Your lunch -- Lunch comes first.

JOE

Nooooooo.

They undress and make love face to face. Rachel, after a while, lifts her legs up onto his shoulders. Joe laughs.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'll break your hips.

RACHEL
It'll be worth it.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LATER, DAY

Joe exits the bathroom, enters the bedroom. Rachel lies on her back, naked, legs still up.

JOE
Rachel -- please.

Rachel moves into a sitting position and dresses.

RACHEL
It increases the chances of
conception.

JOE
Rachel, it makes you look like you're
waiting for someone else.

Rachel gets up and hugs him.

RACHEL
Silly one. You are the only one for me.

JOE
You've got plenty of time. Women fall
pregnant in their fifties or even
later.

RACHEL
Yes, older women fall pregnant but the
children are unhealthy most of the
time. The best time for a woman is up
to thirty two.

JOE
You read too much.

RACHEL
It's a proven scientific truth. We're
not in our reproductive prime. We
can't be egg or sperm donors anymore.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - EARLIER IN THE MORNING

BILL STRONG, 50, energetic face, lies on a bed, pants pulled down to the knees. The DOCTOR, we can only see his back, is obviously working on Bill's penis.

DOCTOR

You're lucky this time. The blood vessels are OK. I'll give you an injection -- So you say she's hot?

BILL

Hot bitch.

DOCTOR

No job like a blow job -- I'll give you some pills to calm you down.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Bill, walking slowly toward his big Pajero, tosses a vial of pills into a trash can, drives off.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bill's car pulls up outside his home. He gets out and goes inside.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Bill's house bathes in the morning sunshine. Bill yells.

BILL (V.O.)

What you say? What you say? It's impossible you fuckin' woman! Impossible!

MRS. STRONG (V.O.)

Cops were here, they --

BILL (V.O.)

Shut up, bitch!

Bill storms through the door, runs to the car, jumps in.

The car screeches off.

EXT/INT. STREET, POLICE STATION - MORNING

Bill's car screeches to a halt. He runs into the police station. Behind a glass wall, sits the CHIEF, a 55-year-old Hispanic, real name PEDRO RODRIGUEZ, bold and burly. Bill swaggers up to him.

BILL

Who killed my boy? Who killed my boy?
I wanna know now!

CHIEF

Calm down, calm down. It was an
accident. I am very sorry --

Chief tries to put his hand on Bill's shoulder. Bill recoils, yells.

BILL

No, it wasn't! It was no accident!

CHIEF

I am so sorry for your loss. Be assured
we'll investigate the case --

Bill moves closer to Chief.

BILL

It was a set up. You find out who did
it or --

INT. POLICE STATION -NOON

Joe enters the station and cheerfully greets his colleagues as he makes his way to his desk. Chief, standing in the door of his office, gestures for Joe to come in.

Chief stands facing Joe.

CHIEF

What happened last night?

JOE

A bad accident. One fatality, one
survivor.

CHIEF

Can you find the culprit?

Joe hesitates.

JOE

The chances are slim. The culprit
could be anywhere by now.

CHIEF

Okay. Do your job -- Listen, the youngster, your new partner, I want you to set a good example for him. A cop playing by the book. I don't want broken hands anymore or --

JOE

Sprained. It was sprained.

CHIEF

Shut up, it almost cost me my job.

JOE

He was sentenced.

CHIEF

Get out! Get out!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Joe and Skinny search the intersection for new evidence. Two other officers are rerouting traffic. They closely examine the spot.

JOE

Before we start pushing the pens, let's take another look at the wreck.

SKINNY

Do we get the dog in?

JOE

What dog?

SKINNY

The sniffer dog. For drugs.

Joe thinks while they walk.

JOE

Listen young man. We can't do much about this. Culprit is miles away, Florida, Nebraska, who knows where. We won't be wasting taxpayers' money for useless tries.

EXT. JUNKYARD - AFTERNOON

Joe stands and watches. Skinny directs the sniffer dog in to the damaged car cabin, the trunk, and under the hood.

Joe approaches the wreck, puts his head through one, then another window.

JOE (CONT'D)

Not even a beer can. Let's talk to the kid.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Joe and Skinny are standing next to Simon's bed. Simon's head and left hand are bandaged.

SIMON

I don't know -- It was like a tornado. We were blown away sideways, like flying. That's the last I remember.

SKINNY

It was damn big vehicle.

Joe gives Skinny a disapproving look.

JOE

You were driving?

SIMON

Trotter had drunk too much -- he had to join his father's business and he hated it.

JOE

Why?

SIMON

He wanted to study at Yale.

Joe's face freezes, stares at Simon, makes two steps towards the windows, collects himself. Then he moves back to Simon.

JOE

And you? Did you drink?

SIMON

No. No sir. I hardly ever touch alcohol. Coca-Cola's my drink.

JOE

Did you hurry to get back home?

SIMON

No sir.

JOE
 What was your speed at the
 intersection?

Joe keeps looking at Simon, waiting for him to continue speaking.
 Skinny breaks the silence.

SKINNY
 Did you stop at the light?

Simon turns his head to look at Skinny. So does Joe, who gives
 Skinny an angry look, waves a finger to signal 'no'.

SIMON
 Yes, sir, I stopped. It was red as we
 approached.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe is visibly angry.

JOE
 You didn't get training in something
 useful, like suspect interrogation?

SKINNY
 Well -- I prefer the lesson when they
 trained us how to enter a dark room
 with a gun.

JOE
 I'd better not ever be in that room.
 On either side.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives. Skinny is moving his hand and fingers in the air as
 he contemplates something.

SKINNY
 What if -- What if he hadn't been
 driving? I mean if the young Strong
 had been in the driver's seat?

Joe remains silent, face angry.

SKINNY (CONT'D)
 Simon would be dead.

JOE
 Damned bastard left the kid in the
 middle of the road like a smelly shit

-- kid with the dream -- somebody has
to pay.

Skinny, bewildered, glances at Joe. The police radio crackles.

WOMAN (V.O.)
405 -- Officer Kilbane, Officer
Kilbane.

Joe grabs the mike.

JOE
Yes? What's up? Talk!

WOMAN (V.O.)
I've received the fax from the
hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

LUCY, a cute 17-year-old girl, approaches reception desk.

LUCY
Hi. I'm looking for Simon Marry. He
was in an accident.

RECEPTIONIST, an elderly plump woman, looks at computer.

RECEPTIONIST
Kids -- do you ever think about your
parents -- Room 6C, down the hall.

Lucy makes her way down the corridor. She enters room 6C. Mrs.
Marry's sitting on the bed.

SIMON
-- and my legs are fine. One hundred
percent. Lucy! Lucy!

Lucy bounces over to Simon and kisses him on the cheek.

LUCY
Hi, Mrs. Marry.

SIMON
Lucy, I am so sorry. I should've been
with you, not him.

LUCY
Don't worry about it.

SIMON

Trotter always brings trouble. I knew that, I could've --

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Bill Strong approaches the reception desk and bangs it with his fist.

BILL

The boy -- Simon. He was in the accident.

RECEPTIONIST

I know. He's in 6C, already has visitors. Only two people allowed at a time. Hey! Stop, stop!

Bill rushes down the hallway.

BILL

Fuck off.

Bill's disappears around a corner. The receptionist grabs the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Security -- There's a man heading to 6C. He looks like he might do something.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 6C - MOMENTS LATER

Bill enters room 6C from the corridor.

SIMON

He loved Yale --

Bill rushes toward the bed where Lucy is sitting. She backs up against the wall.

BILL

Why were you driving the car? Why? You killed my boy. You killed my boy. My only son, my only child left!

SIMON

Sorry, sorry -I -I --

Simon and Lucy stare at Bill in horror. Mrs. Marry faints on the bed but nobody notices.

BILL

You're sorry? Fuck you and your sorry!

Two security guards rush into the room and grab Bill. He continues shouting 'you're sorry, you're sorry'. The guards struggle with him and drag him out.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER, SAME DAY

Joe silently reads medical report from the hospital.

JOE

Obvious drug case.

He hands report out to Skinny. Skinny reads.

SKINNY

Simon, no alcohol present in his blood. Trotter, one point five. No drugs.

They look at each other.

JOE

I'm all ears. Talk.

SKINNY

It's strange -- Simon's clean, like he wasn't at the disco --

JOE

Come on, man. This is a simple hit-and-run. There's no drug, no strange plots or grand conspiracies. It was a drunken coward who hit them. We have to find him!

Bill Strong enters the room and runs over to Chief's office. Moments later, Bill and Chief come out, head toward Joe and Skinny.

CHIEFF

I can't do that, I can't --

BILL

You have to. You have to. It's not an accident. It's a set up. It's obvious set up.

They reach the desk.

CHIEF

Mr. Strong, officers Kilbane and Bogdanovich are investigating the case. They're two of our best men. I can assure you --

Bill turns to face Joe who is sitting closest to him.

BILL

Officer, I want you to press charges. My boy's dead. Somebody's gotta pay.

JOE

Calm down, Mr. Strong. We're doing our damndest to find the guilty --

BILL

You stupid? It's obvious who's guilty. Simon! The one who swapped seats with my kid. Ain't that obvious?

Chief quietly and slowly retreats back to his office.

JOE

It's much more complicated than --

BILL

What's your name, officer? Tell me your name.

JOE

Kilbane, Joe Kilbane.

BILL

Officer Kilbane, you will press charges. It's that simple --

Joe takes medical report from Skinny.

JOE

Mr. Strong. Here's the medical report confirming --

BILL

I don't want to listen, I don't want to read. Arrest somebody, do it.

JOE

We'll carry out the usual procedures and thoroughly investigate. The culprit --

BILL

Fuck you, Officer Kilbane.

Bill storms out the room.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

Joe and Skinny are sitting in front of the desk. Chief paces back and forth across the room.

CHIEF

The man had a bad luck. The richest man in the town -- What you got?

JOE

Well, it's a hit-and-run case in my mind. The boy, Simon, is definitely innocent.

CHIEF

Explain?

JOE

We interrogated him. The medical report backups his story. The accident reconstruction does as well.

CHIEF

You heard what he said?

JOE

Everything points in that direction.

CHIEF

I don't want 'everything', I want people. Have you found any witnesses who can confirm the story?

JOE

Not really, it's --

CHIEF

Find a witness. Go to the discos. Find every four by four or SUV owner in the state. Go beyond! Go, go!

Joe and Skinny get up and make for the door.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

From now on, you'll only be working on this case. If you need help, ask, if you need to travel to Miami or, or -- Nantucket, ask. You have my full support. Go, go.

JOE
Chief, we'll find the bastard.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe opens the door and enters. Seeing nobody in the living room, he shouts.

JOE
Rachel? Rachel?

Joe enters the kitchen and finds a note on the fridge.

It reads: I am at the doctor, dinner's in the brown pot if you can't wait. LOVE.

INT. FERTILITY DOCTOR'S ROOM - EARLIER, DAY

FERTILITY DOC, a woman, 50 years old, sits behind the desk.

FERTILITY DOC
I understand your frustration, Mrs. Kilbane, but there is still plenty of time. A year is nothing.

RACHEL
I don't want to be an older mother. I want a baby now, this year.

They look at each other. Rachel is decisive.

FERTILITY DOC
OK, here's what I suggest.

Fertility Doc taps the desk with the end of her pen.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)
Is your husband as keen as you are?

RACHEL
Why? Why do you ask me that?

Fertility Doc doesn't answer and carefully observes Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Yes, well, I probably want it more.

FERTILITY DOC
There's a good reason why I am asking this. It's much easier to test men. In

many cases, it is the man where the problem lies.

Rachel moves her eyes over to the pictures on the wall.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)
 Could you ask him to come in?

Rachel moves her eyes back to Fertility Doc.

RACHEL
 Yes.

FERTILITY DOC
 Good. I'll explain all the details.

INT. JOE'S HOME - DAY

Joe sits on the couch in the living room trying to reconstruct the accident on the piece of paper. He has a pencil in his hand. A sound of the front door opening.

RACHEL (O.S)
 Hi, honey. That's me back.

JOE
 Hi.

Rachel enters and kisses Joe. He kisses her back, but keeps his eyes on the piece of paper.

JOE (CONT'D)
 How was it at the doctor's?

RACHEL
 Oh, fine.

Rachel walks to the kitchen and opens the fridge.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 You didn't eat. I'll serve it up.

JOE (O.S.)
 No need to rush. Give me two minutes.

Rachel meticulously sets the table, placing the brown pot of food in the middle. She places a vase with flowers next to it, brings three beer cans from the fridge. She paces back and forth.

Joe enters the kitchen.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Wow! Smells good.

He kisses her.

JOE (CONT'D)
What's the occasion?

RACHEL
Oh, nothing special.

JOE
Are you pregnant? What's the doctor
said?

RACHEL
No, not yet. I was given some very
useful information though.

Rachel dishes pieces of chicken and spoonfuls of rice onto the
plates and they start eating.

JOE
Oh, I don't doubt that.

RACHEL
She said, the doctor is a woman, she
said that men are in a better
position. That is they have many more
reproductive cells, while women have
only one at a time.

JOE
Hope you two weren't counting them,
the cells.

RACHEL
Joe, it's not exactly easy to count
forty million of them.

JOE
Wow! That much? Incredible.

RACHEL
But sometimes there can be a problem
with that forty million.

JOE
I bet there can. A stampede into the
stadium.

RACHEL
And you gotta come to the hospital --

JOE
Okay.

Joe continues to eat not fully comprehending.

RACHEL
to give a semen sample.

JOE
WHAT!!!

Joe drops his fork and knife on the plate.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Bill hurries down a hallway, opens a door which has the inscription 'HOWARD BERKOVITZ, LAWYER' and enters.

HOWARD BERKOVITZ, 40, greets him with 'Hi Bill.'

BILL
Howard, I want you to press charges
against the boy who killed my son.

They both sit down.

HOWARD
I heard -- I'm sorry for your loss.

BILL
I want Simon convicted. I want him to
suffer, to pay for what he did --

Bill bangs the desk with his fist, keeping his eyes on Howard.

HOWARD
Okay Bill. Calm down -- I've been
following the case.

BILL
And?

HOWARD
And -- well, you know, Bill, we've
been in many awkward situations.

BILL
This is not an awkward situation. It's
quite simple. That boy took my son's
seat. Enough for the start. You're the
lawyer, come up with something.

HOWARD

Okay. I'll do some digging, but let's wait until the end of the police investigation. We'll have more ammunition.

BILL

I don't want that. I don't want to wait to see what those morons will find out. I want justice NOW!

HOWARD

All right, Bill. Well, so far we have nothing to go on. There's not the faintest chance -- we have to be patient, believe me Bill.

Frustrated, Bill stands up.

BILL

Goddamn law. I'll do it my way -- my way.

Bill storms out of the office.

HOWARD

Be careful, Bill. Be careful.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

There are only a few cars. Bill's Pajero is one of them. High up on the façade of the building, in large letters, is the name of the company: 'STRONG & PARTNERS.'

A huge truck arrives at the warehouse. It reverses up to the delivery gate. Employees come out with unloading equipment and get to work.

Bill Strong comes out of the building. Walks over to the truck. DRIVER, 25, jumps out holding a piece of paper.

BILL

How was on the road?

DRIVER

Not too bad -- as usual.

Bill takes the paper and signs it.

BILL

Listen -- On the way back I want you to make a stop here.

Bill gives the driver a piece of paper with an address on it.
The driver takes it.

BILL (CONT'D)
I signed for the full truck load.
You'll unload the last five boxes at
that address, OK?

DRIVER
No problem, Mr. Strong.

Bill produces a \$100 bill and gives it to the driver.

BILL
For the gas -- Strong and Partners
appreciates the effort.

The driver grins. Bill turns back toward the building.

INT. STRONG & PARTNERS WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bill walks along the hallway. Blond, seen in the first scene,
catches up with him and walks sideways while speaking.

BLOND
Hi Bill, we go today?

BILL
No!

BLOND
Evening?

Bill speeds up, ignoring her presence. She is persistent.

BLOND (CONT'D)
Late tonight? Any time is OK for me.

Bill stops. His face distorts from fury.

BILL
Shut up.

Bill enters a restroom. Blond stares at the door.

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENT LATER

Bill urinates. His face shows pain.

He washes his hands, looks in the mirror angrily.

BILL
 Why's this happening to me? I am the
 richest man in the spooky town.

Yells.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Why? Why?

Blond enters the restroom. Bill turns over to her.

BLOND
 It was accident. You were inju --

BILL
 I'm a loser, loser!

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Joe's putting on his uniform. Rachel's busy in the kitchen
 preparing breakfast.

Joe comes to the kitchen and stands by the table. He takes a sip
 of milk, grabs a handful of cornflakes and throws them in his
 mouth.

RACHEL
 Joe, sit down.

JOE
 I'm in a hurry, can't sit. Sorry.

RACHEL
 The eggs will be ready in a minute.

Joe moves away from the table.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Are you mad at me?

Joe stops.

JOE
 Honey, it's just weird.

RACHEL
 Yes, I agree, and unexpected. Many
 people do it, though. It's a simple
 procedure. I don't think it'll be too
 bad.

JOE

Come on, Rachel. Masturbating in public? I'm not a politician.

RACHEL

It's not a public place. It's not like the nurse will be watching you. You get a sample cup and go somewhere private -- bathroom probably.

Joe's cell, attached to his waist, starts ringing. Joe answers.

SKINNY (V.O.)

Joe, are you coming? We have the list.

JOE

No, I'm going on a Caribbean cruise. Get off my back will ya!

INT/EXT. JOE'S HOUSE/GARDEN - LATER

Rachel sits in the kitchen and slowly eats staring nowhere in particular. Hearing the noise of children playing, she gets up and goes to the window. Children play in the neighbor's garden. After a beat, we hear Rachel speak on the phone. The children merrily play during her talk.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Yes, this is Rachel Kilbane, can I speak to the doctor?

Beat.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Hello, Doctor, this is Rachel speaking. We have a problem. My husband is very reluctant to come in. It's awkward for him.

FERTILITY DOC (V.O.)

I understand. There is another option -- he can do it at home. In that case, the semen sample must be brought to us as quickly as possible.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Oh, that's good news, doctor. Thank you, see you soon.

FERTILITY DOC (V.O.)

Remember, we have to test it within sixty minutes after ejaculation. Sixty minutes.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe sits at a desk and studies the list. Skinny stands next to him.

JOE

The Chief's wife is on the list.

SKINNY

Mr. Strong as well, at the bottom.

Joe glances at the bottom of the list, and hands it back to Skinny.

JOE

Let's hope the bastard is still in the town. Make some copies.

Joe, holding his head in his hands, stares nowhere. Skinny comes back with the copies. Joe puts two in a desk drawer.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, we got thirty four people to see. Unless you want to know where Mrs. Maria Rodriguez and Mr. Bill Strong were on June twentieth at midnight?

SKINNY

I don't think so.

Skinny whispers.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Theoretically --

JOE

No more theory young man. We have to act, and act quickly -- If we do five or six interrogations a day, we could close the case next week.

They head to the exit.

SKINNY

What about Miami?

JOE

You like the ocean?

SKINNY

Nah, not really, but naked skin and big boobs all over the place --I like that, yes, yes.

JOE

Too hot. Nantucket over the summer
time is much better.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE FRONT, BACK - DAY

Joe and Skinny knock on the door. No answer. The sound of something crashing to the ground behind the house. They run. An elderly man, HAMILTON ROY, is placing a wooden ladder against a cottage wall which is half painted.

HAMILTON ROY

Hi - I didn't call for the help, yet.

JOE

Good afternoon, sir. Are you Mr.
Hamilton Roy?

HAMILTON ROY

Yes, how can I help you?

JOE

We want to know about your vehicle.
The big one. SUV or four wheel drive.

HAMILTON ROY

What about it? I sold it.

JOE

When?

HAMILTON ROY

Long time ago now.

JOE

Who to?

HAMILTON ROY

I sold it to a woman.

JOE

Does she live locally?

Skinny takes a look through the cottage window.

SKINNY

Your vehicle status has not been
updated. That's against regulation.

JOE

Is she in town?

HAMILTON ROY

Doubt it. She bought the car to move.
Said, it had lots of room.

Hamilton Roy opens the cottage door and gestures for Joe and Skinny to come in.

JOE

Thank you, Mr. Roy.

Joe and Skinny turn and make their way back to the car. Mr. Roy follows behind.

HAMILTON ROY

Are you married? I could rent you the cottage -- for a reasonable price. If you're single, I'll even throw in a discount.

Joe and Skinny get in their car and drive off.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

Joe drives. He's not in a good mood.

JOE

If you want to do paperwork, go to a library.

SKINNY

The law has to show teeth -- and bite. Remember how they cleaned out New York? They started off with petty crimes, came down hard, and then moved up from there.

With a green marker pen, we see Skinny crosses off a name on the list.

JOE

I have to come hard, for nothing.

SKINNY

What?

JOE

Are you married?

Skinny shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)
You are in the prehistoric period.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Their car passes by a park with a grove.

Three bullets shatter the glass of the car. The car with a screech speeds off.

SKINNY (V.O.)
Jesus!

After a short distance car abruptly brakes. Joe and Skinny jump out with the guns in the hands. They carefully approach the grove, look around. Nobody is there.

JOE
Good sign.

SKINNY
What you are talking about?

JOE
Bastard is not in Miami!

INT. CAR - LATER

Joe halts the car in front of a coffee shop.

JOE
We go for a big fish. Before that,
you'll buy us coffees, Okay?

Skinny climbs out. Joe watches him walk to the coffee shop. Skinny enters. Joe floors the pedal and with screeching wheels drives off.

EXT. RODRIGUEZES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe's car pulls up at a nice house. He saunters to the driveway where a big car is parked, comes to the front of the car. Glances at the bulbar.

MRS. RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)
May I help you, officer!

Joe quickly turns and sees serious face of MRS. RODRIGUEZ, 45.

JOE

No, no -- yes, sorry -- there was an accident and a big car was involved.

MRS. RODRIGUEZ

And when was that if not secret.

JOE

Twentieth of JUNE, midnight.

MRS. RODRIGUEZ

Well officer, this car at that time was at Mayor's house. My husband and I were invited for a party, for your information.

JOE

It's okay, thank you and sorry --

MRS. RODRIGUEZ

It's not okay officer. You think that my husband and I are hiding something. You came here sneaking like thief when my husband is absent and want to throw dirt on me.

JOE

Mrs. Rodriguez --

MRS. RODRIGUEZ

I am telling you officer, if you don't find the culprit you are in a big, big trouble. I'll tell my husband about this.

INT. CAR - LITTLE LATER

Joe pulls up at the coffee shop where he left Skinny. Skinny comes out with a cup of coffee, gets in the car. Joe takes the cup.

SKINNY

Mine was hot.

Joe sips coffee.

JOE

It's okay.

SKINNY

How was it?

JOE

Worse!

SKINNY

Listen Joe. I was the fourth kid in a caring family. I was a baby boy all my life -- I'm grown up now. I want to do my job.

Joe doesn't move.

JOE

I was the only child. I loved the school -- I was a Yale student potential. When mother got sick, father started to drink. I had to work -- I hated every dollar I earned.

EXT. FRONT OF A HOUSE - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN pushes a little girl on a swing in front of the house. Joe and Skinny approach her.

JOE

Good afternoon, ma'am. Sorry to disturb you. We are looking for a vehicle. A Land Rover. It's likely your husband's --

YOUNG WOMAN

What for? What's wrong?

Joe is silent, unprepared.

JOE

Is it your husband's vehicle?

YOUNG WOMAN

No, it's my father's, but why? What's happened?

Joe hesitates. Skinny steps forward.

SKINNY

Nothing serious ma'am. There's a factory fault on the front-wheel drive, nothing serious. We're just informing owners. No big deal.

Young woman relaxes.

JOE

Where's the car now?

YOUNG WOMAN

At the lake -- My dad is with my son,
they're fishing.

Joe and Skinny leave and stand next to their car.

JOE

Are you mad? You'll cause mass
hysteria all over the country.

SKINNY

What would you've done? Said your
husband killed a boy?

JOE

You wanna know what I'll do? I'll rent
that cottage, chain you inside and
leave you without food and water for
a year! Get in. You're driving.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Skinny parks behind a large Land Rover and they get out. They
move around to the front of the vehicle and take a look. There
is no bullbar, but the bumper is broken.

An ELDERLY MAN and a young boy, holding fishing rods, watch the
policemen.

JOE

I'll handle this. Stay here.

Joe walks up to the elderly man and the boy.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm Officer Kilbane. Over there is
Officer Bogdanovich. He conveyed
information to your daughter about a
factory fault with the front-wheel
drive. However, it doesn't affect
Land Rovers. It's another make.

ELDERLY MAN

Land Rover is Land Rover. I don't buy
shit.

Joe and Skinny walk to the car.

JOE

We'll take him later to the Station.

SKINNY
Why not now?

JOE
He is with the grandchild, fool.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - LATER

Behind the glass Joe and Skinny sit at a desk facing ELDERLY MAN.
ELDERLY MAN waves 'no' with the head from time to time.

INT. CAR - LATTER

Joe and Skinny climb in the car. Skinny has the owners list in his shirt pocket.

SKINNY
We went overboard this time.

JOE
We have to follow the slightest lead.

SKINNY
Joe, forget Yale. We'll end up nowhere.

JOE
I make decisions, you follow!

SKINNY
Too much driving. No clues.

JOE
Yeah, that's why we'll have to do it over the weekends.

SKINNY
I got blisters on my ass. Miami -- When the hell we going to Miami?

Joe takes the wheel. Skinny pulls an iPod out of his shirt pocket.

SKINNY (CONT'D)
From my first paycheck.

Joe stares at him.

JOE
This isn't your free time.

SKINNY
Shit.

Skinny puts the iPod back in his pocket.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE - DAY

Joe and Skinny knock at the door. Nobody answers but they are persistent. The voice of MRS. LANGLEY is heard.

MRS. LANGLEY (O.S.)
Who is it?

JOE
Police. Open up, please. We just want to tell you -- it's important for you and your husband.

MRS. LANGLEY (O.S.)
I'm listening.

JOE
Please, ma'am.

Door opens, chained. Through the gap, we see a middle aged woman, 50.

MRS. LANGLEY
I'm listening.

JOE
Ma'am, there may be a fault on your husband's car. It could cause a big problem on the road.

Mrs. Langley becomes confused.

MRS. LANGLEY
I know nothing about that. You talk to him when he comes back.

JOE
Where's he now?

MRS. LANGLEY
Don't know. Somewhere on the road. He's a salesman.

JOE
When does he come back?

MRS. LANGLEY
Don't know. Could be two days, could be ten.

EXT/INT. HOUSE/POLICE CAR - MOMENT LATER

Joe and Skinny hurry to their car.

JOE

We got something. She's hiding something. He's around.

SKINNY

Are you joining me in that cottage or you letting me out?

Joe is in not with him.

JOE

We'll keep a close eye on that house.

They get in the car.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's his name again?

Skinny reads from the list.

SKINNY

Langley. Ronald Langley.

JOE

Mark him with a red question mark.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Joe sits at the table. Rachel moves around setting the table.

RACHEL

I spoke with the doctor. If everything is done quickly, you can do it at home.

Joe taps the table with his fingers.

JOE

I can fuck a glass at home.

RACHEL

Well -- we may adopt --

JOE

No. I want my child. I want more than one. Family with only one child is a fragile family -- I'll do it now.

RACHEL

No. Not now. Tomorrow, tomorrow morning. Early in the morning.

JOE

I'm busy in the morning.

RACHEL

It must be fresh. If we wait too long babies die.

INT. JOE'S HOME - MORNING

Rachel is watching a children's show on TV. Yells.

RACHEL

How's it going?

No answer. She paces back and forth.

JOE (O.S.)

I can't do it -- It's taking forever.

Rachel heads to the bathroom.

RACHEL

I'll help you.

She enters.

JOE (O.S.)

Oh - oh -- much better, much better.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE FRONT - MORNING

Rachel rushes out clutching the vial of semen. She drives off.

Joe walks out, stands on the pavement and waits. Skinny pulls up. Joe jumps in and they drive off.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Rachel drives fast. In the parking lot, vial in hand, she hurries to the hospital entrance. She doesn't notice a curb she has to step over, trips. The vial flies, shatters on the pavement.

Rachel gets up. She slowly approaches the shattered vial, looks at the spilled semen.

EXT/INT. SUSPECT LANGLEY'S HOUSE, CAR - MORNING

A police car pulls up in the street. Joe and Skinny sit in the car outside Ronald Langley's house which looks deserted. The garage is shut, the driveway empty.

SKINNY

They disappeared? What d'ya think?

Joe absently stares ahead.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

We should be more active. Like driving around, talking to people.

Joe remains still.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

This is a dead end for now. Nothing's happening here. We'll come back later.

Seeing that Joe doesn't react, he shakes his shoulder.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Man, what's up?

JOE

I gave it, I gave the semen sample.

SKINNY

So what? You're scared half a dozen babies will turn up on your doorstep?

Joe starts the engine and drives. The car navigates through the street.

JOE (V.O.)

I prefer one by one.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A younger WOMAN WITH HOSE is washing a big off-road car in the driveway of an expensive house.

INT/EXT. CAR, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Joe and Skinny sit in the police car.

JOE

Go and see -- No more car faults.

Joe leans back and watches through the side window. Skinny approaches the woman.

SKINNY

Good afternoon. Sorry to bother you,
but may I have a private word?

The woman moves the hose away from the car.

WOMAN WITH HOSE

Okay.

SKINNY

My sister wants to buy a similar car.
May I have a look?

As he talks, he walks to the front of the car, grabs the bullbar with both hands and pulls it. He then squats and inspects the grill. No traces of damage or repair.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Good car. She'll buy one like this.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel stares at the TV. It's obvious that she isn't following the show. Joe enters the house. She gets up and moves to the kitchen. Joe follows her.

RACHEL

Supper's ready.

JOE

I'll grab a sandwich. I gotta be
someplace. How was your day?

RACHEL

Fine, yeah. Fine.

She stands by the fridge, uncertain, hesitates. Her face contorted by the inner battle of whether to tell him or not. Joe puts two slices of bread in the toaster. He takes a block of cheese and slices it.

JOE

Did you get the sample there in time?

RACHEL

Traffic was slow.

JOE

Shit.

The slices pop up. Joe starts making a sandwich.

RACHEL

I should be the one doing all this anyway -- I'll go for a checkup.

JOE

I can do it again. As soon as I get more time.

Joe makes to go.

RACHEL

You do your job. It's my turn.

JOE

You're my golden girl.

Joe turns over and kisses her.

RACHEL

Be careful. I hate you working nights.

JOE

Don't worry. My partner's a dab hand with a gun in the dark.

INT. BILL STRONG'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits at his desk and speaks on the phone.

BILL

Officer Rodriguez, have you or your cop pressed charges against Simon Marry?

CHIEF (V.O.)

Mister Strong, this is not a simple investigation. So far --

BILL

I don't want to listen to your excuses. It's an obvious set up. I want charges pressed. You hear me?

CHIEF (V.O.)

Calm down, Mister Strong, calm down.

BILL

Calm your ass.

Bill slams the phone down. He leans back in his chair and stares at the ceiling.

Bill picks the phone up.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come.

Bill hangs up. Moments later Blond enters his office. Bill signals her to lock the door. She does and walks up to the desk.

Bill points down at the desk. Blond kneels down in front of it and disappears. Bill stares at the ceiling.

BLOND (O.S.)

It looks fine. No scar.

Bill stares at the ceiling for some time.

BILL

Stop it. Stop it.

Bill gets up fixing his pants. Blond appears from under the desk.

BLOND

You didn't cum.

BILL

So? You want lunch or something? Get outta here.

Blond leaves in a hurry.

BILL (CONT'D)

I know a better place for that.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe and Skinny are in the car waiting for the green. They watch an off-road car pass by. Joe immediately begins following from a safe distance.

SKINNY

This gotta be our lucky day!

JOE

You work hard, you get lucky.

The off-road car drives up to the lake and stops in a grove not far from the waterfront. Nobody exits.

Joe and Skinny get out and sneak up to the car, handguns ready. They approach from the back and see a couple who, judging by the scattered clothing, are medical staff having sex.

They squat by the bullbar and inspect it. No sign of damage. They look at each other.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit.

SKINNY

It's against the law to have sex in public.

JOE

Back seat of a car isn't a public place.

He stands up and walks back to the police car. Skinny follows.

SKINNY

The law should show teeth and bite down hard every time.

EXT/INT. JOE'S HOUSE, MALL - MORNING

Rachel gets in her car and drives off.

Somebody's following her. Her car is seen through the windscreen.

She wanders through the mall. A shadow of a man follows her.

She stops at the 'All for Kidz' store. Looks at baby's things in the window display. A woman exits the shop, pushing a baby in a pram. Rachel turns over and eyes baby, wrapped, only asleep face visible. She bends over the pram.

RACHEL

Oh how cute -- sweet little button. How old is it?

WOMAN WITH BABY

Two monts.

RACHEL

Real honey. I'll have one soon.

Rachel leaves and joins a friend, a woman of her age. They sit for coffee. Somebody stalks Rachel all the time.

INT/EXT. CAR, STREET - DUSK

Joe and Skinny sit in the car outside Ronald Langley's house. It still looks deserted. They're holding takeaway coffee cups.

SKINNY

It has to be the woman. Men have so many -- a thousand, maybe even more.

JOE

It's forty million.

SKINNY

Forty million? Forty million in one shot? We can have forty million babies in a single shot?

JOE

It doesn't work like that.

SKINNY

Well, theoretically -- in the modern world it's possible. Men will be extinct before we know it.

They finish their coffees. Joe starts the engine and drives off.

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

I can imagine a man living in a luxurious cage growing big balls and a small dick, shooting semen once every ten years.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rachel talks on the phone.

RACHEL

I know, you already told me that. He's busy, and it'd be better if we used the time for me.

DOCTOR (FEMALE V.O.)

OK, let me see. How about the day after tomorrow, Thursday?

RACHEL

Fine, fine.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

In the morning, seven o'clock sharp.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Joe and Skinny sit in Chief's office. Chief stands in front of his desk, angry.

CHIEF

Two weeks have passed and you've got nothing. And me -- you know what I've got? Politicians, lawyers and that goddamn father.

Joe rolls his eyes.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

The longer you drag your asses around the chances of you ever catching him fall to zero. Damned coward! -- The boy, Simon, check his whereabouts, his mail, his, his -- everything about him. He must be connected.

JOE

Boss -- I gotta hunch --

CHIEF

I don't want to listen! Find somebody, arrest somebody. Go, go out and arrest somebody.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny slow down at a red light.

JOE

He doesn't know.

SKINNY

What?

JOE

That I talked to his wife.

SKINNY

Meaning what?

JOE

Meaning, you're going to be a grown-up.

Joe floors the accelerator. The car shoots through the intersection.

SKINNY

Holy molly!

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel exits, gets in the car and drives off. Somebody follows her.

EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny pull up at a nice and big house. They climb out.

SKINNY

I wonder how many kids have grown in this house.

JOE

Go for a small number.

Joe rings the door bell. Skinny moves half a step back. A tall man, MAYOR, 50, in casual morning dress, opens the door.

MAYOR

Morning officers, I see, you're earning your salaries. How can I help you?

JOE

Sir, sorry for disturbing. If you can help us with some information.

MAYOR

Shoot!

JOE

Have you had a party at the end of June, twentieth of June precisely, if you can recollect.

MAYOR

Young man, I'm not senile yet.

JOE

Sorry sir, I didn't mean.

MAYOR

Yes I had. It wasn't a big party. Judge, businessmen, your boss, my brother, all accompanied with wives. Fifteen or sixteen people, I guess.

JOE

Thank you sir, thank you. Sorry for disturbing.

Joe drags Skinny back to the street. Mayor looks a bit disappointed.

MAYOR

That's all?

JOE

Yes sir, for the time being, thank you.

Mayor shuts the door. After few steps Skinny stops walking.

SKINNY

I don't know what are you after but knowing who left early and who left late would be meaningful.

JOE

I've got what I looked for.

Joe looks carefully at Skinny and then at the house. Walks back to the house. Before he managed to ring the bell, door opens, revealing Mayor. Both of them are surprised.

MAYOR

Didn't I see you going? Your names officer?

JOE

Here's officer Bogdanovich and I am Kilbane, Joe Kilbane.

Mayor raises his hand up in front of Joe's face. An ear ring is in a firm grip of his fingers. It's the one of the ear rings Blond hooked in the first scene.

MAYOR

Officer Kilbane, my wife found this after the party. Nobody ever came to claim it. Maybe you can do something with it.

Joe takes the ear ring.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Shoot again.

JOE

Do you remember sir, who left late and who left early that night?

MAYOR

Almost everybody left early if you mean midnight is late. Only judge and my brother left after midnight.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny, stand next to the car, stare at each other. Joe wipes his sweaty brow.

SKINNY

Who are you aiming at?

Joe thinks for a beat.

JOE

Big fishes drive big cars.

He turns and gets into the car. Skinny follows.

SKINNY

Wow!

JOE

Come on man, calm down.

Mayor stands next to the window, watches police car leaving.

EXT. HOSPITAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

T-junction. From the left Rachel's car appears and enters the parking lot.

At high speed, from the same turn, a Pajero rushes into the parking lot. It makes a circle around Rachel's car, and stops next to her facing the opposite direction. Rachel gets out. She comes face to face with furious Bill Strong.

BILL

Let's do something together!

Rachel moves to pass him but Bill grabs her neck. He tries to drag her to his car. Rachel, with both hands on his black shirt, pushes him. They wrestle for a moment. Bill draws a knife and presses it against her neck.

BILL (CONT'D)

Bitch.

Rachel freezes. Bill drags her to his car and pushes her onto the back seat.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives. Skinny gestures as preparation for saying something important.

SKINNY
You think Mayor is dirty?

JOE
Huh?

SKINNY
He's been hiding something?

JOE
We investigate. We don't jump to conclusions, okay!

INT. BILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill moves on top of Rachel, trying to rip off her underpants. Rachel pushes him. They fight. Bill produces the knife again.

BILL
I'll cut you into pieces.

Rachel stops fighting. Bill undresses her.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Rachel, clothes crumpled, hair like a bird's nest, fear and madness on her face, climbs out of Bill's car. Bill follows her doing up his pants.

BILL
You got it. Smart bitch of smart husband, you got it.

Bill climbs back into his car. He yells through the window while he starts the engine.

BILL (CONT'D)
Let it be a boy!

He drives off. Rachel stares at Bill's speeding car, and then she looks down at clenched fists. She opens her fist. A button torn from Bill's shirt is there.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel takes a shower. She stands still. Eyes closed. Water flows down her apparently calm face.

Rachel peels and chops an onion in the kitchen. We hear the monotonous sound of the knife while the black button lies on the table.

Rachel, after sliding the onion into a pot, takes the black button and goes to the bathroom. The noise of shower.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe enters. It's dark. He switches the lights in the entrance and living room on. Hears the shower. Opens the bathroom door. Rachel stands in the shower behind a glass screen.

JOE
May I join you?

RACHEL
No, no. Please don't.

Joe goes to the fridge, grabs a beer, goes back to the living room, switches the TV on and sits. He flicks through the channels and settles on a boxing match.

Rachel appears in the doorway, she's already wearing pajamas.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Sorry -- Supper's ready.

Joe, still sitting, turns to face her. He notices something is not right.

JOE
You won't join me?

RACHEL
Sorry.

She turns to go. Joe gets up.

JOE
Rachel, Rachel. What's wrong? What is it?

Joe walks up to her and takes her hands.

JOE (CONT'D)
Honey?

Rachel stares over his shoulder.

RACHEL
Nothing - nothing -- a bad day.

JOE

What happened? What happened?

Rachel hugs him and places her head on his shoulder.

RACHEL

Bad day, bad day - I - I -- I
watched a terrible drama. Woman
killed, children killed -- blood
-- lot of blood -- Joe you love
me?

INT. SIMON'S HOME - MORNING

Simon, holding a large envelope in his healthy right hand, enters the kitchen.

SIMON

Mom, the mail's arrived.

She stops cooking and they both anxiously gaze at the envelope. Simon hands her the envelope. She rips it open.

MRS. MARRY

It's thick.

From the top of a set of brochures, Mrs. Marry removes a sheet of paper and reads it silently.

MRS. MARRY (CONT'D)

You got it!

Simon jumps with joy.

SIMON

Yes! I got it! I got it!

Mrs. Marry hugs him. Simon runs over to the phone and dials with his healthy hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hi Lucy, good news! I got it! Full
scholarship -- Yes, from Clemson, oh
God -- come, come over. I have to start
training, like right now!

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see Simon's pickup truck through a windscreen in front of the house. Somebody's watching.

EXT/INT. SIMON'S HOUSE/CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, riding a bike, arrives at the Simon's house. Simon and Lucy climb into pick up. Lucy drives to the lake. Simon pecks her on the cheek, feels her knee with his bandaged left hand.

LUCY

Simon.

SIMON

What?

Simon continues touching her knee.

LUCY

If you don't rest your hand, it'll never get better -- and you can say goodbye to Clemson.

SIMON

This is physiotherapy. You wouldn't wanna deny me a healthy hand, right? I cut the air with my hands.

Lucy pushes his hand away. Beat.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Know what -- drop me off in front of Creepy Curve. I'll run through the wood. Meet me on the other side, OK?

LUCY

Don't cut too much air.

SIMON

We'll save time for ourselves.

LUCY

Come on, Simon.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Simon's pick-up stops just before Creepy Curve. Simon jumps out.

SIMON

I bet I'll beat you.

LUCY (O.S.)

Be careful.

Simon waves with his right hand and disappears running into the wood. Simon's pickup drives on toward the curve.

EXT. WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Simon runs through the wood, jumping over fallen trees and ducking under low hanging branches.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Skinny drives while Joe studies the list. Almost all the names have been crossed out in green. They approach Creepy Curve.

SKINNY

They didn't straighten Creepy.

JOE

You'll do it if you don't watch the road.

In the distance, a man appears on the road. They get closer, see Simon. They stop next to him.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's up, son?

SIMON

Lucy -- she's nowhere.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Simon, worried, sits in the back. They reach Creepy Curve and see a small cloud of dust.

EXT. CREEPY CURVE - CONTINUOUS

They all get out. At the bottom of the steep slope, Simon's pick-up is upside down. Joe and Simon rush down the slope.

Skinny turns back to the car, grabs the mike. Lucy is in the front seat of the badly damaged cabin. She shows no signs of life.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

Skinny drives, Joe stares through the windscreen. Simon silently weeps in the back.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chief Rodriguez enters his office, Joe and Skinny in tow.

CHIEF

So?

Joe and Skinny are silent, glance morosely at each other.

JOE

Creepy Curve should've been done long ago.

CHIEF

An accident. You say it was an accident. Another kid killed, same witness -- yet you think it's an accident.

SKINNY

It's gotta be something big, something deep -- Arms smuggling -- national security.

CHIEF

Are you aiming at FBI?

Skinny shrugs.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Joe.

JOE

I don't know -- It's got to be something simple.

SKINNY

Ritual suicide!

Joe frowns at him.

JOE

Can we get a warrant to search Bill's warehouse?

CHIEF

On what grounds?

JOE

We have no leads. -- Maybe we'll find something there.

CHIEF

No, no. It doesn't work like that. You've nothing to justify -- You continue with the first crash. Somebody else will take care of the Creepy Curve case.

Chief walks around lost in thought. Skinny and Joe are silent.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Move on! And mind your badges. Joe,
you know what I mean.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Skinny and Joe walk to the exit.

JOE
Let's pay the nutcase a visit. This
all started with his son -- and then
we go to Mrs. Strong to dig around a
bit.

SKINNY
Joe, I don't mind being mocked --
losing badge? No way!

JOE
I'll take the bullet.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Somebody holds a newspaper open and reads while walking. The
headline is: GIRL DIES AT CREEPY CURVE!

The newspaper is crumpled and thrown into a street trash can.

EXT. CASH AND CARRY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bill pulls up at the Cash and Carry warehouse parking lot.

INT. OFFICE DOOR IN CASH AND CARY - CONTINUOUS

A door with 'Manager' written on it.

MANAGER (O.S.)
You want a hundred G? Now -- today?

BILL (O.S.)
It's an emergency.

MANAGER (O.S.)
No emergencies in this business. We
said cash every six weeks.

BILL (O.S.)

It's only a hundred G. You owe me two fifty.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Yeah, in two weeks' time. I'll give you fifty.

BILL (O.S.)

You get the boxes on time, and you can't even pay me a third? Seventy five.

MANAGER (O.S.)

C'mon. You just steal them, it's me who has to shift them. That takes time. Fifty G!

BILL (O.S.)

My partners are a bunch of lazy morons. Give me the money.

Silence.

MANAGER (O.S.)

I heard about your son. I'm sorry --

BILL (O.S.)

Go to hell.

INT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bill approaches his office holding a briefcase. Blond appears, walks to meet him.

BILL

Forget it.

He disappears behind the door. Bill enters his office without greeting his secretary.

He places the briefcase on the desk, reaches for what looks like a big, thick book on the shelf, but it's a box. He opens it. We see stacks of money. Bill transfers the money to the briefcase.

EXT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bill's walking to his car, briefcase in hand. A police car screeches up and stops beside him. Joe jumps out and tries to talk to Bill who doesn't stop.

JOE

Mr. Strong, just a minute -- We need your help -- Just a minute of --

Bill gets into his car.

BILL

Not even a second. Arrest somebody, you -- you useless pigs. All you're good for is wasting taxpayer money.

Bill shoots off. Joe slowly turns over to Skinny. They eye each other.

SKINNY

Maybe Mrs. Strong can help us!

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny stand at the closed door. Door opens, chained.

MRS. STRONG

I told you, I know nothing.

JOE

Mrs. Strong, it's about Bill's younger son.

MRS. STRONG

Talk to Bill.

She tries to shut the door. Skinny squeezes the foot in the gap.

MRS. STRONG (CONT'D)

It was an accident, car accident.

JOE

Where about?

MRS. STRONG

Ask Bill. I know nothing -- here, in front of garage. Bill was getting out. I wasn't here at the time. Ask Bill.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel is in the bathroom, stares at an unused pregnancy test stick. Her face shows fear as she focuses on the shelf and the black button on it.

The pregnancy stick. It's positive. Rachel throws it in the trash basket. She grabs her head in desperation.

RACHEL
No, no, no, no.

She falls on her knees and bitterly cries. After a while, gets up. She slowly combs her hair in the mirror. She's determined but obviously somewhere else in her head, exits the bathroom, picks up the phone and dials.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hi, it's Rachel -- Yes, Rachel
Kilbane. I wondered if I could bring
my husband in -- tomorrow! We'll be
there early in the morning.

Rachel replaces the phone, walks around house staring at the floor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Nobody knows. Nobody. Nobody.
Nobody will ever know.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Joe enters the house, Rachel rushes up and hugs him.

JOE
How you feel today?

RACHEL
Good.

JOE
Like -- good, good?

RACHEL
Yes.

Joe, his hand around her waist, starts moving her toward the bedroom. She panics.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Wrong direction.

She redirects him to the kitchen.

JOE
C'mon, honey, we haven't done it for
how long? Six months? A year?

RACHEL

Joe.

She goes into the kitchen and picks up two plates, one with meat and the other with vegetables.

JOE

I'll take you to hospital.

RACHEL

I do feel good, good.

She sits and gestures for him to do the same. He does so and for the first time notices the table is nicely laid, with flowers in the center and delicious looking food.

JOE

Wow!

He scans the table twice, looks at her.

JOE (CONT'D)

I got a job to do?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

I'll help you, like the first time. We go together early in the morning -- that suits you the best. Joe, we'll have a baby, our baby.

Rachel stares at the food avoiding eye contact.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Your baby.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - MORNING

Joel follows Rachel into the doctor's room. They greet Fertility Doc who hands a small container to Joe.

RACHEL

Oh, I got one as well.

FERTILITY DOC

Down the corridor. Second door on the right.

Joe shoots to the door, Rachel makes to follow.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)

Mrs. Kilbane!

Rachel freezes. Joe's gone.

RACHEL
Yes?

FERTILITY DOC
It's men's restroom.

RACHEL
Oh.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

Bill is sitting inside. The plane lands in Atlanta.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET DESK - DAY

Bill queues at the desk. He approaches when it's his turn.

BILL
To Chicago. One way.

DESK CLARK
Card or cash?

BILL
Cash.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - DAY

Bill, briefcase in hand, goes to a telephone and dials.

BILL
Hello. I am at the airport.

Male voice, MAN M, answers.

MAN M (V.O.)
Who?

BILL
I'm Mister Belgrade.

MAN M (V.O.)
OK, Mister Belgrade, you got the
money?

BILL
Yes.

MAN M (V.O.)
And the job description as I required?

BILL
Yes.

MAN M (V.O.)
OK, listen carefully and do exactly as
I say. Get a cab --

EXT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - DAY

Bill gets in a cab. It heads into a residential area.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bill climbs out at a corner in a quiet residential area, looks around and walks briskly noticing the house numbers. He slows down approaching a deserted house. He glances around and, seeing nobody, quickly pushes his briefcase into a sizable mailbox, closes it and walks away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bill walks along the street. His cell rings.

BILL
Yes?

MAN M (V.O.)
Yes who?

BILL
Mister Belgrade.

MAN M (V.O.)
It's two hundred.

BILL
What? You said one fifty.

MAN M (V.O.)
And you said it's a man, I see it's a
boy.

BILL
What's the difference?

MAN M (O.S.)
 Boy is potential, an adult's lived.
 That's the difference.

BILL STRONG
 You must be joking? Law doesn't look
 at it that way.

MAN M (V.O.)
 If you want something cheaper,
 accidental miscarriage is only fifty.

BILL STRONG
 Okay. Do it.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY

Rachel sits in front of Fertility Doc, who is busy using the
 computer. She glances at Rachel from time to time.

FERTILITY DOC
 Not bad quality -- number of sperm
 cells OK -- morphology OK --
 percentage of dead cells a bit higher
 -- motility OK -- percentage of the
 fastest is a bit lower --

Doctor looks at Rachel.

RACHEL
 Is it good or not?

FERTILITY DOC
 It's good. You can get pregnant with
 this -- as long as everything else is
 fine.

RACHEL
 Why wasn't I?

FERTILITY DOC
 How long have you been married?

RACHEL
 A year -- eleven months.

FERTILITY DOC
 It's still normal -- Have you ever
 planned intercourse?

Rachel eyes her.

RACHEL

No.

Fertility Doc types on the keyboard while talking.

FERTILITY DOC

If you want to increase the chances --
You know how it works?

Rachel nods.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)

You have to keep track of when your
ovulation day is. Use the kit.

Fertility Doc turns her head from the screen to look at Rachel.

FERTILITY DOC

If nothing happens in two months, come
again -- it'll be your turn.

INT. AUTO BODY MECHANIC SHOP - DAY

Joe and Skinny inspect the cars brought into the workshop for repair. The concerned Workshop Owner follows them silently. A car with dirty and slightly damaged bullbar attracts their attention.

SKINNY

Look at this.

JOE

(to Workshop Owner)
Who's the owner?

Workshop Owner is silent for a while. Then he gestures towards the waiting room. An elegantly dressed man sits and reads a newspaper. Joe and Skinny storm to the waiting room.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Joe gets out of the car in front of his house.

SKINNY

I hate innocent men!

Skinny drives off. Rachel comes up to Joe.

RACHEL

Joe, Joe! You're fine, you're fine.

Joe's not yet aware of the results.

JOE

What?

RACHEL

You're fine! The test -- You're Okay!

JOE

Where's the baby?

RACHEL

We'll have it soon. I'm sure.

Joe hugs her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

We'll have a baby.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rachel and Joe sit on the couch in the living room. On the small table there's a paper calendar. Rachel holds a pencil and looks like somebody forced to talk.

RACHEL

It's about timing.

JOE

Isn't it about sex?

RACHEL

We have to plan it. We have to do it exactly twelve hours before ovulation.

Joe stares at the ceiling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It could be any time, so you have to be available.

Joe looks at her.

JOE

How will you know when is the time?

RACHEL

That's for me to worry about. I bought a kit, both for ovulation and pregnancy. It's cheaper when you buy both. When the stick indicates an LH hormone surge -

JOE
Okay, Okay -- I agree.

RACHEL
(looks at calendar)
Good. It'll be in about two, three
days -- and then after that in four
weeks.

Joe stares at the calendar where we see two dates, four weeks
apart, circled.

JOE
What happens in between?

RACHEL
Nothing.

JOE
Nothing? What -- no sex?

Rachel slowly shakes her head.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come on, Rachel. This is ridiculous --
we had -- you've already had a
two-week break. I only got cozy with
the glass. And now you say it's once
a month?

RACHEL
Joe, you have to have very good sperm
quality.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The calendar is still sitting on the small table. Two dates
circled. Rachel stares at them. The black button is next to the
calendar. She grabs her head with both hands not moving eyes from
the black button. She cries.

EXT. ROAD, CEMENTARY - DAY

Simon runs along the road to cemetery holding flowers in his
right hand. His left is still bandaged. He enters the cemetery.
A car pulls up behind him.

Simon walks to Lucy's grave. A small red dot appears on his hair.

The muted shot of a sniper. Simon's eyes open wide and then go glassy. He tumbles over onto the grave. The flowers stay in his hand for a second or two. His hand relaxes and they fall on the grave.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Bewildered, Skinny and Joe sit in front of Chief's desk. The fuming Chief paces the room.

CHIEF

Third kid dead. At this rate we'll lose all the school graduates by the end of the year. Murder -- at least now we know what we're up against -- Murder in broad daylight.

SKINNY

Boss, you remember what I said? It's something big, real big.

CHIEF

I called FBI. They're sending over agents, in two or three days.

JOE

It all started with the accident when Mr. Strong's son died -- from that point on the bad things began to happen. If we press the guy, we'll find out a reason why --

CHIEF

I don't want a reason. Let the law find the reason -- I want a man -- a man, a woman, black, white, green, it doesn't matter! I want the man who fired.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - DAY

Bill stands not far from the lockers and waits. His cell rings.

BILL

Yes?

MAN M (V.O)

Yes who?

BILL

Mister Belgrade.

MAN M (V.O)

OK, Mister Belgrade -- Go to locker number 237 and leave the rest of the money inside. You know how much there should be -- ha, ha, ha.

Bill hangs up on the unpleasant laugh and puts the phone in his pocket.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

We are back in the meeting.

CHIEF

Damn bastard! Walks around, enjoys life -- and they say in three days, he could've gone as far as China.

Chief paces the room.

JOE

Let's press Bill. He's mad with Simon. Everybody knows it --

CHIEF

He's desperate and unaccountable. He's making empty threats -- The man couldn't be so stupid or naive to do what he declares publicly. Where're you at with the accident?

JOE

Three left.

CHIEF

Nothing will come out of that. You two are suspended from the case. FBI will take over. Be ready for the briefing when time comes.

Joe jumps up.

JOE

Chief, chief!

CHIEF

I don't want to listen, go, go!

Chief strides out.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Skinny drives, Joe stares absently.

JOE

We're going to the warehouse. Turn around.

SKINNY

But, the Chief said --

JOE

Pen pusher! Forget what he said! Bill Strong is an evil man, I feel that. He never told us a single word. Why? Turn around, turn around!

Skinny turns the car in the opposite direction.

INT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Joe walks purposely to Bill's office, entering his secretary's room without knocking.

JOE

I'm Officer Kilbane. I want to speak with Mr. Bill Strong. Now!

Joe goes straight to Bill's office door.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, sir -- sir.

Joe opens the door. Only Blond is inside, stands next to the desk and reads from the piece of paper. She turns head to Joe.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Sorry, sir. Mr. Strong's out of the office on a business trip.

Joe cools down.

JOE

Where'd he go?

SECRETARY

Atlanta.

Joe makes to leave.

JOE

Thank you.

Joe turns to go but changes his mind.

JOE (CONT'D)
Where's he staying?

SECRETARY
The Hyatt Regency.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe jumps in the passenger seat.

JOE
Drive. We're going to Atlanta.

SKINNY
Are you nuts?

JOE
A rat, I smell a stinkin' rat.

SKINNY
It's not our problem anymore. The FBI
will deal with it. Who knows what
they'll find.

JOE
Not many options in a life.

SKINNY
What're our options like if Chief
finds out we're messing with Bill?

Joe stares through the windscreen.

JOE
What if he's really on business trip
with that guy Langley --I hate to talk
to women.

Joe turns head towards Skinny. Through the window he sees Blond coming to her car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Joe storms towards Blond. He manages to grab her hand before she entered.

JOE
Where is Bill? Don't lie to me.

BLOND

What are you talking about? Leave me alone.

Joe grabs her neck.

BLOND (CONT'D)

I know nothing.

Joe squeezes her neck. Her face gets reddish.

JOE

You must know something. Tell me. Tell me.

Joe squeezes a bit more. Her eyes get bigger. She nods. Joe releases her. She takes a deep breath.

BLOND

He knocked the girl down.

JOE

Which girl?

BLOND

The girl at Creepy Curve.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives.

SKINNY

Suspended, unauthorized force usage.

JOE

We got Bill, force works.

SKINNY

What if it doesn't?

JOE

Add more force.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill swaggers into his office ignoring his secretary who greets him.

SECRETARY

Mr. Strong, Officer Kilbane was looking for you.

Bill stops and turns.

BILL

What'd he want?

SECRETARY

He said he urgently needed to talk to you.

BILL

When was this?

SECRETARY

Two days ago. When you were in Atlanta.

BILL

He can talk to my ass.

The door closes.

EXT/INT. PIZZA PLACE, POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Joe drives through 'DRIVE-THRU PIZZAS'. Skinny is handed a box and they disappear into the night.

Joe and Skinny sit in the car in front of suspect Ronald Langley's house. No lights are on. Joe snoozes, Skinny munches on a slice of pizza.

JOE

Can you turn it down?

Skinny stops eating, returns the unfinished slice to the box on the back seat.

SKINNY

What you think about the body?

Joe jerks up, opens his eyes.

JOE

What body?!

SKINNY

The pizza girl's.

Joe relaxes.

JOE

You are not to say the words 'body,'
'dead,' 'killed,' 'sex' or 'semen' in
front of me anymore, got it?

SKINNY

All right, I like pizza -- OK?

Joe stares at the deserted street, Skinny finishes his slice.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

I wonder how they do it.

JOE

Who, what?

SKINNY

The FBI.

JOE

You'll find out soon enough -- and it
ain't too much unlike us.

SKINNY

I'd like to be an FBI agent -- I think
I'll go for it.

Skinny takes the iPod out of his pocket.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Since I've no free time -- how 'bout
we snoop around the house? What d'ya
say?

Joe gets comfortable in the seat, closes his eyes. Skinny puts earphones in, listens to his iPod. After a long beat, he gets out and walks along the middle of the road toward the house. Joe opens the eyes.

JOE

Skinny, Skinny!

Skinny, enjoying the music, doesn't hear. Joe rushes out of the car. A car with no lights on comes up behind them. Joe runs and screams. Joe pushes Skinny out of the way just in time. They roll unharmed.

They get up. Joe grabs the iPod and earphones and throws them on the ground. He crushes them under his foot.

SKINNY

What the hell happened?

JOE

What happened? What happened? You ain't got one of your stupid theories, asshole?

Joe calms down, goes to the car, Skinny in tow.

INT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE, HIS OFFICE - MORNING

A middle aged man, MAN M, 40, in an expensive suit, holding a briefcase, enters the office. The secretary greets him. He nods and goes to Bill's door.

SECRETARY

Sorry, sir. Mr. Strong has no meetings this morning.

The man, Man M, stands in front of Bill's door.

MAN M

Of course he doesn't, but he'll talk to me --I am his brother, his younger brother.

Man M enters Bill's office. Bill looks up in surprise from the computer screen.

BILL

Who the hell are you? Get outta my office.

MAN M

Easy there, Mr. Strong.

Bill stands up.

BILL

Out, get out! I said out.

Man M puts the briefcase on the desk. Bill stares at it in disbelief. It's the same briefcase he left in the Chicago mailbox.

MAN M

Good morning, Mr. Belgrade.

Bill sinks back in the chair.

BILL

Who are you? What d'you want?

MAN M

Please, one question at a time. First of all I am your brother, your younger brother -- And I need your help.

Man M opens the briefcase. We see a big photo: Bill with the briefcase ready to push it into the mailbox. Next to the photo is a computer disk.

MAN M (CONT'D)

It's not cheap to keep the originals safe -- You'll give me fifty G in forty eight hours. Take this.

Man M, turning to go, throws a cell phone to Bill.

BILL

But I paid up! I paid in full.

MAN M

Brother, the boy was injured. How you could do that?

BILL

What?

MAN M

We'll be in touch, brother. Often.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

In front of the police station a car and two window-less vans pull up.

Three well-dressed men from the car enter the station.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe and Skinny enter Chief's office. Chief introduces Joe and Skinny to the three FBI agents.

CHIEF

Officers Kilbane and Bogdanovich worked on the case. They'll bring you up to speed on the situation.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER, DAY

Joe and Skinny head to the car.

SKINNY
They'll bug the place.

JOE
Monkeys with tools.

SKINNY
We should've done that.

JOE
We have no authority -- and anyway,
it's stupid to bug half the town. What
would they get from Mrs. Marry? She
blacks out when she sees somebody
jaywalking.

They reach the car.

SKINNY
That's the whole point. They'll
systematically check everything. No
bias, everyone's a suspect.

JOE
A waste of time. You know what we do
now. We watch them watching Bill. Bill
hides something or somebody. He was at
the Mayor's party, caused the
accident at Creepy Curve. He'll bring
us to the coward before FBI gets
aware.

They get in the car.

INT. CAR - MOMENT LATER

Skinny drives.

SKINNY
That's smart. They'll know
everything. If somebody farts at half
past one in the morning, they'll know.
Cool.

JOE
It stinks.

SKINNY
What?

JOE
It's not cool -- it stinks.

SKINNY

Jesus! Joe, why you didn't tell them about Bill and the girl?

JOE

You know how we got that. Drive to the warehouse.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel is standing next to the phone. Her face is in tears. She wipes the face and picks the phone.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Joe and Skinny slowly approach Bill's warehouse. Joe's cell rings.

JOE

Yeah, honey?

RACHEL (V.O.)

Are you Okay?

JOE

I am fine, fine. What's up?

RACHEL (V.O.)

Well -- it's tomorrow.

JOE

Good, good.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Please be calm, no stress. Remember what the doctor said.

JOE

Yeah, I remember, Okay?

He hangs up.

SKINNY

What's wrong?

The van with no side windows shoots past them, heading to the warehouse. They pull up behind the van. Three men get out of van, and enter the warehouse.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JOE
At least they have priorities.

SKINNY
What's wrong?

JOE
These idiots have no clue. While they do the rest of the town, we'll be on Bill Strong's back.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

A furious Bill exits the warehouse talking on his cell.

BILL
Did you call the FBI? Did you?

MAN M (V.O.)
Who is this?

BILL
You sent the FBI, you bastard.

MAN M (V.O.)
Wrong number.

Man M cuts the call. Bill redials.

BILL
This is Mister Belgrade. Did you send FBI?

MAN M (V.O.)
Brother, oh my brother, why would I do that? We're one soul and two bodies connected by blood and money.

BILL
Listen, we have a problem.

MAN M (V.O.)
No, you have a problem, brother.

BILL
FBI was here. I'm not gonna make it tomorrow -- But the day after, I'll be at the place.

MAN M (V.O.)
OK, brother, I understand. Only now it's not fifty, but sixty G. Time is money, you're holding me up.

Bill lowers the cell as he turns to the warehouse. After two steps, he smashes it into the ground. It shatters.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Joe walks out of the kitchen eating a sandwich. He sees a piece of paper stuck to the front door. On the paper is a hand-drawn heart with 'Love' written inside. Under the heart, there's a message: 'TODAY 3PM SHARP'. Joe leaves and as the door closes, the note falls to the floor.

INT. CAR, MOMENTS LATER - EARLY MORNING

Skinny at the wheel, watches Joe get in holding a sandwich.

SKINNY
What we do today?

JOE
Same as yesterday.

SKINNY
Great, more blisters on the ass.

JOE
What does the FBI do? Same as us --
pardon me. They listen to people
farting. We watch.

Joe eats the last bite of the sandwich.

JOE (CONT'D)
Drive to warehouse, then to the
suspect's house and then back to
warehouse.

Skinny starts the engine.

SKINNY
I love the FBI.

JOE
And at a quarter to three you're
driving me home for a break.

Skinny turns to Joe.

SKINNY
Is it today?

JOE
Yes.

SKINNY

At least something's happening.

Skinny presses the pedal.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

When I think about fucking, I never think about making babies.

INT. POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

Skinny drives. They pass by the FBI van parked on the street. Bill's warehouse is in the distance and his Pajero is in the parking lot. Skinny parks the car, goes to switch music on, then freezes.

SKINNY

Sorry -- Sorry man.

JOE

Sorry, sorry. All you ever say is that you're sorry. I'm warning you. Don't think of your job as a walk in the park or you'll never get a chance with that dark room you want, Okay?

Joe flicks the radio on.

SKINNY

Okay, sure.

Joe stares through the windscreen.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

You believe the last guy on the list did it?

JOE

We'll do it latter.

SKINNY

Well, the likelihood that last guy did it is big so we should stake out his --.

Joe does not react, eyes the warehouse.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

What do you like more, boys or girls?

JOE

What?

SKINNY

What would you like more, a boy or a girl?

JOE

I don't know -- I haven't thought about it.

SKINNY

You better, not much time left -- Apparently, if you do it in a certain way, you get a boy.

JOE

Shut up.

Skinny points to the car clock. It shows 2.30 PM.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Skinny pulls up outside Joe's house.

INT. POLICE CAR OUTSIDE JOE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOE

Come back for me at four.

SKINNY

Take your time, man.

JOE

If I'm earlier, I'll call.

SKINNY

And if I am late -- you make twins.

JOE

Four o'clock.

SKINNY

A boy and a girl.

Joe goes.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Is it different with a wife?

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The baby care and pregnancy magazines sit on the night stand next to a digital clock. It shows 3 PM. On the other side of the bed

on the night stand is a vase with flowers. Next to it we see Rachel's back as she stands in a see-through nightgown looking out the window.

The door is opening. Rachel turns and smiles. Her nightgown hides nothing.

EXT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Skinny parks in, in the same spot where he was with Joe earlier. The FBI van is still parked on the same spot. Bill's Pajero is in the parking lot.

A truck arrives, blocking the view of the Pajero. The workers in company uniform come out of the warehouse and unload boxes. The truck driver jumps out, looks for Bill and gets back in the truck disappointed. He drives off.

Blond comes out of the warehouse and gets in the Pajero. She drives past the FBI van.

EXT. OUTSIDE FBI VAN - CONTINUOUS

FBI AGENT 1 (O.S.)
We should've put surveillance on the
Blond.

FBI AGENT 2 (O.S.)
She's likely the pizza girl. She'll be
back.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME, DAY

Skinny starts frantically punching numbers. He raises his eyebrows and stops. Looks at the FBI van. Nothing's happening. Skinny shuts the cell phone.

SKINNY
This is no plain fuck -- This is --

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

Bill's Pajero stops on a secluded road. Blond gets out and opens the trunk. Bill, wearing the company uniform, climbs out.

BILL
Go, go, get a cab.

Bill shuts the trunk, jumps in the car and drives off. Blond watches him speed away.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill storms in. His wife appears from the living room smoking a cigarette. She's visibly drunk.

MRS. STRONG
You come for a dinner?

BILL
Shut up.

Bill disappears into his study. He finds a briefcase in a cupboard, and puts it on the desk. Opens a drawer and sees a photo of his son in graduation attire. He looks at it for a beat.

He takes a revolver from another drawer and secures it in the briefcase with a tape to stop it moving. He again opens the drawer with the photo, takes it out and lays it on the desk. With face almost touching the photo, he thumps at the desk with both fists.

BILL (CONT'D)
I am not guilty. I am not guilty.

Bill rummages through the shelves in the garage, finds a box and pushes the hand into it. In his hand is a hand-grenade.

He is back in his study, shuts the briefcase and looks at his wrist watch. It's 4.45 PM. He hears noise of something falling onto the floor in the adjacent room.

INT. ADJECENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill enters adjacent room. It's a child's room. The pictures of five year boy are hanged all over the place. Mrs. Strong picks up a carved in wood picture of a boy up from the floor and put it on the table.

BILL
Leave it. Get out. You'll never ever touch things in this room. Understood. You, you infertile cow.

MRS.STRONG
Wanted to dust off --

BILL
You're hurting my boy.

Bill comes to her, smacks her cheek. Shakes her shoulder.

BILL (CONT'D)
Nobody will hurt my boys, nobody!

Mrs. Strong is nodding. Bill releases her. She slips out of room. Bill follows.

INT. BILL'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bill is back in the study. He grabs a jacket from the cupboard, cuts the inside of the jacket with a knife, and fits the knife inside. He puts the jacket on. The smart jacket looks weird against his blue factory pants.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hugged, Joe and Rachel are snoozing, the honking of a car horn. The clock shows 4 PM.

JOE

I should've arrested the goddamn bastard.

Joe gets up, so does Rachel.

RACHEL

What's going on?

JOE

He could do more damage.

Rachel stares at the floor. Joe ends up donning.

RACHEL

Bill Strong?

JOE

You know him?

Rachel nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

How do you know him?

RACHEL

Joe -- he's an evil man. Please be careful, please.

JOE

What? You know him? Tell me --

Rachel looks down at the floor. Her hidden world of lies and ungrounded wish disfigures her face. She cracks.

RACHEL

He raped me. He raped me. I'm fraud.
Joe, I'm pregnant. Don't know what I'm
doing. I'm a fraud, fraud, sorry, Joe,
sorry, so --

She has no intention to stop. With every word, the heavy burden melts away. Joe stares at her. He grabs her shoulders, shakes them.

JOE

What?! When did he -- when, when? Why
didn't you tell me -- Why? Why?

Joe shoots through the house.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'll kill the bastard! I'll kill that
fucking bastard!

Rachel follows him.

RACHEL

Joe, don't, please don't. He's evil.
Joe --

Joe bolts out the door and slams it shut. The note, 'TODAY 3PM SHARP' written under the drawn heart, is next to the door.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe runs to the car, opens the driver's door.

JOE

Move, move!

Joe pushes Skinny over to the passenger seat. Jumps in and floors the accelerator. The tires screech.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

SKINNY

What's up? What's going on?

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives like a maniac fixated on the road. A worried Skinny looks at him from time to time. Joe pulls up at the warehouse parking lot. Scans the cars.

JOE
Where's Bill's car?

SKINNY
The blond took it.

JOE
What blond, jackass? Bill was inside
the damn car!

EXT. STREETS, BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

The police car shoots through the streets, sirens blaring and lights flashing. It approaches Bill's house. Joe brakes, jumps out of the car. He bangs on the door. Mrs. Strong opens. He pushes her aside and runs in with a gun in hand.

JOE
Bill! Bill Strong!

Joe moves through the house shouting Bill's name. Mrs. Strong comes up to him. Behind her, Skinny follows.

MRS. STRONG
He's gone -- He's not here.

JOE
Where's he? Don't lie!

MRS. STRONG
With the bimbos.

Joe retreats out of the house. Skinny catches up.

EXT. ROAD TO LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Bill's Pajero heads out of town. A Cadillac appears, old but in good condition, parked on the side of the road. Bill slows down. He passes it. The Cadillac windows are tinted. After fifty yards Pajero makes a semicircle and stops facing Cadillac.

INT. BILL'S PAJERO - CONTINUOUS

Bill dials on his cell.

BILL
This is Mister Belgrade. I've got the
money. You can come.

We hear a short laugh from the phone.

MAN M (V.O.)

Brother, brother -- It doesn't work like that. You come to me -- Slowly, like a turtle. Any fast movements and you are a dead man. Understood?

BILL

OK, brother.

Bill drops the phone into his pocket, touches his back below the neck with his right hand, checking the hidden knife. He takes the briefcase in his left hand and gets out.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

From inside the Cadillac Bill is seen to get out of his car. He walks slowly. Man M's is holding a gun in his left hand. Bill takes a few steps forward. Man M is punching numbers into a cell phone. Another gun is on his lap.

Bill quickly brings the cell up to his ear.

MAN M

Brother, that's too fast. I said slowly -- Remember, you're a turtle. Are you left-handed?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bill, cell to his ear, stands on the road. His face is a bit sweaty and angry.

BILL

Yes, I'm left-handed.

MAN M (V.O.)

Me too. We are so similar, brother.

They hang up. Bill walks slowly. His cell rings again. Bill picks it up slowly.

MAN M (V.O.)

That's better. I see you are a man of fashion (laughs). What are you -- blue collar or white collar?

BILL

I am a businessman.

MAN M (V.O.)

Ah, I see. You rip people off.
(laughs)

I am a businessman as well, brother.
I'll leave you a grand for a suit. Buy
a good one, won't you?

BILL

When I got a job to do I don't think
about fashion.

Bill terminates talk, walks slowly forward.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Bill comes up to Cadillac. Man M is sitting in the driver's seat.
He pushes open the passenger door. He holds guns in both hands.
His right hand is behind the passenger seat.

Man M gestures with the left hand gun for Bill to sit next to
him. Bill slowly sits, places the briefcase on his lap. Bill
slowly wipes his sweaty brow with his right hand which he then
moves to his ear. Man M holds the right hand gun to Bill's head.

MAN M

Open it. Slowly.

Bill slowly moves his right hand down to briefcase, unlocks it.
He opens it a bit and pushes his right hand inside.

BILL

Not many options in a life -- What you
say?

MAN M

Take it out - Slowly -- Show me the
money.

Bill turns his head to Man M, mouth open, teeth exposed as if
he's about to bite or laugh. Through the gap of slightly open
briefcase, Bill's hand lands on a hand-grenade.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe rushes out of the house, Skinny follows.

JOE

Bimbos, bimbos, he thinks about
bimbos!

They jump into the car, Joe at the wheel. The car dashes through the streets.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe, focused on the road, drives as fast as possible. Skinny, with hands up on his head, still doesn't get what's happening.

SKINNY
Where're we going?

Joe drives through a residential area. Skinny turns his head from Joe to the houses. As they pass by Ronald Langley's house, Skinny sees his wife hugging a man next to a big SUV.

SKINNY (CONT'D)
He's back! Stop! Stop the car!

Joe ignores Skinny.

SKINNY (CONT'D)
He's showed up -- Ronald Langley is back.

Again Joe has just ignored him. Skinny is disappointed and settles back down in his seat. They come onto open road.

SKINNY (CONT'D)
I know what's gone down. They had a fight, she threw him out, but after a while she realized that she was wrong -- and called him back.

JOE
Shut --

BOOOOOM, a blast not far away from them. Joe instinctively brakes. Further up the road something has been blown up.

JOE (CONT'D)
What the hell?

SKINNY
It came from up the road. There!

A cloud of smoke in the distance. Joe floors the accelerator.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The police car zooms up to the blown up Cadillac and stops fifty yards behind it. Joe and Skinny get out and slowly approach.

SKINNY

Holy shit.

Skinny, two steps ahead of Joe, looks at the mess in Cadillac: two blood-soaked seats with two badly disfigured bodies, blood and guts everywhere. He looks away in disgust and sees Bill's car. Something catches his attention and he walks over.

JOE

Fucking bastard, fucking bastard.

He somehow recognizes Bill's remains, the legs in blue pants. He pulls out his gun and points it at the butchered body, shouting.

JOE (CONT'D)

You fucking piece of shit. Fucking piece of shit.

Joe hesitates, to fire or not. After few moments he backs up from the car. Points the gun at the ground. Fires five bullets at the ground. Eyes closed, face distorted by hatred.

SKINNY (O.S.)

Are you done? Look at this.

Joe opens his eyes to see Skinny kneeling in front of Bill's car, hand on the bullbar.

JOE

What? You found drugs?

SKINNY

Yeah. Come here.

Joe holsters the gun and walks over. Skinny watches him expectantly. Joe gets closer. He stares at the bullbar and the grill. The traces of yellow paint are on the bullbar and yellow fragments are stuck in the grill.

Joe kneels, takes a yellow fragment.

JOE

His son -- His own son -- Fucking bastard killed his own son.

Joe stumbles around in disbelief. Skinny opens the passenger's door, enters. He pushes hand into the glove box checking for a weapon, finds an ear ring. The ear ring is the similar to the one they got from Mayor.

Skinny continues to search interior. Notices a lock of blond hair on the floor under the wheel. Takes it and gets out. Joe is still yelling.

SKINNY

He had a passenger on his lap.

Skinny holds the lock of blond hair high in the air. Joe stares at the blond lock of hair. The yellow fragment is in his left hand.

JOE

A bimbo. He killed son for a bimbo. His own son. You mother fucking monster.

Skinny releases hair lock. It floats away in a light breeze. Joe fires two bullets into the hair lock. Skinny pushes Joe to the car.

Skinny is at the wheel. He drops the ear ring into the glove box. It rolls down and lies next to the same one at the bottom. Skinny starts the engine.

SKINNY

Joe, it's over -- it's over. We go now.

They pass by the smoldering Cadillac.

SKINNY

Lived from evil, died of evil.

Joe's beaten face doesn't move.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Maybe a tiny bit of goodness in him made this.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Skinny drives and looks at Joe.

SKINNY

What's up?

Joe absently stares through the windscreen. They pass by Ronald Langley's house. Nobody out front, a SUV is in the driveway.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

What a waste of time.

No response. They pass by Bill's warehouse. The FBI van is still there.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

They're still listening for farts.

No reaction from Joe. After a beat, he becomes visibly angry again.

JOE

Turn back, turn back, to the
warehouse, to the warehouse.

Skinny, surprised, turns the car. Joe's repeating 'to the warehouse' many times. Skinny doesn't dare ask.

They pass the FBI van again and come to the warehouse entrance. Enraged Joe jumps out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Joe, waving the gun in his hand, paces back and forth in front of the entrance shouting.

JOE

You bastard, you fucking piece of
shit, I'll torch your house, I'll
torch your business, I'll torch your
-- I'll torch everything you own. Burn
in hell motherfucker!

Skinny grabs Joe and hugs him. Two tears on Joe's face are sliding down.

SKINNY

It's Okay, Joe -- It's Okay. It's
finished, it's over. Whatever
happened it's over. We go now, okay.

Skinny leads Joe back to the car. Starts the engine. The FBI van pulls up next to his door.

FBI AGENT 1

What are you doing here? You're
sticking your noses in our business?

SKINNY

You got a place to bug, three miles up
the road.

Skinny drives off.

INT/EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel finishes packing of a large suitcase, walks to the kitchen, and takes a small bag with kitchen rubbish. After a short thinking pause, goes to the bathroom and takes the black button off the shelf.

In front of the big street bin she tosses bag with kitchen rubbish. After a good look at the button she tosses it as well.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny pull up at the house. Rachel is at the door. Turns over. Runs to the sidewalk. After a couple of steps, she stops. The joy on her face turns to anxiety.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe is lost in deep thoughts. Skinny turns, looks at him. Joe, behind Skinny's head, sees Rachel standing across the road in front of the house.

SKINNY
Home, sweet home.

Joe oblivious of Skinny watches Rachel.

SKINNY (CONT'D)
And some bedroom work to do.

Joe moves his eyes off from Rachel, stares through the windscreen. He taps with fingers on the dashboard, bites his lip. The car engine rumbles. Skinny watches him intrigued.

JOE
You're a fine cop -- and you'd be a
good FBI agent.

Joe turns and stares through the windscreen again. Car engine rumbles. He looks at Skinny.

JOE (CONT'D)
They taught you how to write up a
report?

Skinny nods. Joe doesn't move. Skinny gently pushes him to get out. As if in a daze, Joe climbs out and then pushes his head back through the window.

JOE (CONT'D)
You'll do it?

He looks at Skinny helplessly.

SKINNY
If you don't cross the street now,
I'll explain you my theory on --

Skinny grabs the wheel and sets off. Joe steps back.

SKINNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
YOUR CASE!

Skinny drives off.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Skinny stops at a red light. His eyes catch sight of a small box on the floor of the passenger seat. He picks it up. It's the latest iPod model.

SKINNY
Son of a gun -- You, son of a gun. Wish
you a lot of good sperm.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe waves to Skinny as he drives off. Both Rachel and Joe watch him leave and then face each other.

The yellow fragment from Bill's car is still in Joe's hand. Joe glances at it, drops it.

Joe slowly crosses the road. He steps onto the sidewalk. Rachel rushes over and hugs him crying. Joe stands like a solid cold rock, not responding.

RACHEL
Joe, Joe, please, please -- I was so
stupid, didn't know what I'm doing,
please forgive me, please.

JOE
It's okay. Don't cry.

RACHEL
It's not okay. I lied to you. I'm a
fraud and damned liar. Don't deserve
you. You are a good man, fair and
honest. Every cop should be like you.

She slowly touches a button on his shirt and start toying with it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm sure you can find a better wife.

JOE
Nonsense!

RACHEL
I'm sure.

Joe slowly hugs her.

JOE
Why didn't you tell me before?

RACHEL
I was so scared --
Joe, you love me?

JOE
Silly, of course I do.

RACHEL
Joe, I don't want that baby.

Joe strokes her hair.

JOE
Baby is a baby -- I'll be his father,
a good father.

Rachel disentangles from his hug.

RACHEL
Joe, I don't want it.

JOE
You wanted it so badly -- a cute little
button.

RACHEL
I wanted a baby, I was so stupid -- I
want YOUR baby -- Joe, he's an evil
man. Evil's man seed is evil.

JOE
He was, he was evil.

Joe kisses her hair.

RACHEL
You, you killed him?

Rachel, again, toys with his shirt button.

JOE
No, his own evil killed him.

Joe takes her hand. They walk toward the door.

RACHEL
What happened?

JOE

Two kids swapped the seats -- What you think? Which seat our kid will take in its life?

They enter the house. Door shuts.

RACHEL (V.O.)

The right one.

JOE (V.O.)

And drive straight to Yale.

FADE OUT

THE END