

**FATAL ERR**

BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. YACHT CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rain showers a white building on the water's edge, a "LAKE SHORE DRIVE YACHT CLUB" sign above its entrance.

The door opens, JACK FADO (27), lean, lively, "LSDYC" over "Jack Fado" on his polo shirt, White Sox cap, exits. He talks on a cell phone as he strolls behind parked cars:

JACK  
(into cell phone)  
Aspirin's help? I can't get you to that audition. Gotta gig. Not acting. First mate. That cheap Dick with the sexy redhead wife.  
(laughs)  
Yeah, I spanked her ass red too.

He opens the trunk of a small car.

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)  
What are you smiling at, pervert?

Jojo pushes him against the car fender.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Jojo plunges an ice-pick in Jack's eye and shoves him in the trunk. Jojo snugs Jack's cap on his head and slams the lid.

Jojo steps around and opens the passenger door.

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

DUTTON  
(into cell phone)  
Oy, Tarantino, another body in a trunk?

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

INT. ESTATE MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

HALLWAY

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

CHARLES

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

RICHARD

How did this start?

CHARLES

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

RICHARD

Hand me the key please.

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

CHARLES

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

RICHARD

Where did he get the glass?

CHARLES

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

Richard turns the key. Glass shatters off the other side of the door.

RICHARD

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

## HARRY'S ROOM

A large bedroom, dozens of black and white 8 by 10 photos strewn across a king-size bed. Shards of glass cover the floor.

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

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

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

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

YOUNG HARRY

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

He grips the case by its handle.

RICHARD (O.S.)

I'm coming in, son.

Harry dives across the bed and scoops up a plastic film roll container.

YOUNG HARRY

I won't let you take her.

Richard steps in.

RICHARD

Harry, we have to let her go.

YOUNG HARRY

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

RICHARD

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

YOUNG HARRY

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

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

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

Richard leans over him, clenches his fists and snarls:

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

Harry dodges Richard and runs into the --

HALLWAY

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

Harry races to the other end and sprints down a --

BACK STAIRWAY

He gets to the bottom, turns and runs across a --

KITCHEN

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

RICHARD  
This ends here!

He grabs Harry by his shirt. Harry turns to face him. His  
shirt tears in Richard's grip. Harry bangs the case off the  
doorway and falls backward through the door into a --

BASEMENT

Harry, bathed in red light, topples down the steps. A cloud  
of photos flutter around him. He clutches the open case.

He crashes to the floor. His eyes blink up at two dozen wet  
photos hung on clotheslines.

INT. ESTATE HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Harry sits on the bed. Richard next to him.

DETECTIVE NICK GIAMATI (28), lean and mean, medium height,  
rises from a chair.

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

PEARL

As the family's attorney...

Nick brushes past him and smirks in his face.

PEARL (CONT'D)

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

NICK

I agree.

RICHARD

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

YOUNG HARRY

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

Richard puts his arm around him.

RICHARD

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

YOUNG HARRY

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

Nick sits and observes.

RICHARD

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

Harry yanks Richard's lapel and skews his suit jacket.

YOUNG HARRY

You're not so perfect! I hate you!

Richard straightens his jacket and calls through the door:

RICHARD

Dr. Doyle, please see to this?

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

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

Dr. Doyle steps to the bedside and addresses Nick:

DR. DOYLE

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

He nods to the Orderly.

The Orderly leans over the bed. Harry scoots toward Nick and evades the Orderly's grasp.

YOUNG HARRY

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

The Orderly wrestles him flat on the bed and holds Harry down. Dr. Doyle injects a syringe in Harry's arm.

Nick confronts Richard.

NICK

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

RICHARD

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

NICK

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

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

PEARL

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

NICK

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

Pearl draws his hand back and backs off.

Nick steps to the foot of the bed.

Harry lays back and mumbles as he drifts off. Richard pets Harry's forehead and sneaks a look at Nick.

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

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

He fades into sleep with these words:

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

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

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

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

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

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

He steps out.

MAIN ENTRANCE

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

NICK  
Inspector Wallace.

Inspector Wallace jabs him with the toothpick.

INSPECTOR WALLACE  
I thought I made myself clear.

He chews the toothpick as he lectures Nick:



INSPECTOR WALLACE (CONT'D)  
 "Make sure no one disturbs the  
 Townsend's until I get there." So I  
 take my time, stop for a snoot to  
 get my blood flowing. Guess what?

He ushers Nick toward the front door and yells:

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

EXT. ESTATE MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

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

Nick steps on the porch. Inspector Wallace stops at the door.

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

Nick jumps off the porch, smiles to himself and turns onto  
 the --

SIDE DRIVEWAY

Nick steps around the house and halts just short of DETECTIVE  
 RILEY (30), big guy, Irish brogue, stuffs yellow fabric in  
 his breast pocket.

RILEY  
 Hey, I was wondering about ya.

NICK  
 Hey, Riley.

Riley stops him.

RILEY  
 Where ya going?

NICK  
 To check the rest of the joint out.

RILEY  
 I been around. Nothing much to see  
 in the dark.

Nick steps toward the path and calls back:

NICK

I see you. Where are you heading?

RILEY

I gotta see Inspector Wallace.

NICK

He's gonna keep us all in the dark.

He disappears in the path's shadows.

FADE OUT.

SUPER OVER DARKNESS: 8 YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

White sheets cover the rest of the furniture.

Wind whistles through a half-open sliding glass door and lightning blinks on the lanai outside.

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

The TV screen shows a forty foot schooner sailing through choppy waters in a storm. Lightning zaps the mast.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS.

Harry's head jerks and his eyes pop open.

Lightning blinks. The TV blacks-out. Darkness prevails.

He jumps up and steps on a soggy pizza delivery box.

HARRY

Shit, the door.

O.S. THUNDER CRACKLES.

He grabs the door handle as lightning flashes.

A white scaly hand reaches through the door and touches his wrist. Harry jerks his hand back. The door slides open more.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 What the hell?!

Lightning strobes on rain-soaked LADY GWENDOLYN YORK TOWNSEND (dead), rail thin, red hair, yellow dress and scarf, her wide-brim hat droops over her eyes, she enters. Her mouth opens, green water pours out and splashes on the floor.

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

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

INT./EXT. LUXURY VEHICLE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Inspector Wallace finishes a whiskey bottle and steers down a dark road in a rainstorm. Wipers on full, condensation rises on the inside of the windshield. Country music on the radio.

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

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

INSPECTOR WALLACE  
 What the...?

He reaches down. Feels around Gwendolyn sticks her hand out from under the seat. Jams the bottle under the brake pedal.

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

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

O.S. A FAST APPROACHING FREIGHT TRAIN HORN BLARES CLOSER.

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

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

A locomotive barely clips the driver side rear fender. The driver side windows shatter as the car spins completely around and halts still on the tracks.

Inspector Wallace smiles.

The freight cars pass on the other tracks just ahead of him.

O.S. ANOTHER ONCOMING FREIGHT TRAIN HORN BLASTS.

He turns and stares into the oncoming locomotive's headlight.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

O.S. A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM BECOMES A GULL'S SHRIEK.

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

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

HARRY

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

He steps out onto the --

EXT. LANAI - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

HARRY

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

He climbs over the railing and edges his way along a --

LEDGE

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

HARRY

The harbinger of ill winds is late.

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

I must insist!

He snatches the fabric from the gull and teeters away from the building.

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

Never a doubt.

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

He grabs the bottom of the railing, his legs dangle in midair as he watches the fabric flutter away.

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

FRANKLIN  
Harry, take my hand, man!

HARRY  
I'm okay, Franklin, really.

He waves Franklin off.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I'm coming back. Go on.

Franklin backs onto the --

LANAI

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

Franklin helps him over.

FRANKLIN  
Harry, what were you doing?

HARRY  
My Harold Lloyd impression.

An exuberant Franklin pats his back.

FRANKLIN  
Hey, man, don't do anymore Harold Lloyd shit. We haven't known each other very long, but I like you just fine being Harry.

HARRY  
Right. Ledges are for the birds.

Franklin sits on the railing, shakes his head and exhales:

FRANKLIN  
Man! I feel like I had a double espresso enema after giving blood.

Harry shoulder bumps Franklin and slaps his back.

HARRY

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

Franklin feels the back of Harry's head.

FRANKLIN

You have a lump on your head.

HARRY

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

FRANKLIN

How's that head?

HARRY

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

FRANKLIN

You sure you're okay?

HARRY

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

FRANKLIN

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

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

HARRY

Never trust anyone this far up.

INT. PENTHOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

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

HARRY

Looks like Satan's found me.

Harry steps under the archway into the --

DINING ROOM

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

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

He walks into the --

DEN

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

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

RICHARD

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

Harry keeps his back to Richard and walks into the --

DINING ROOM

He bumps the table, snatches the wine bottle and pops a pill.

HARRY

I'm not high enough for this.

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

FRONT FOYER

Harry stops short of the door.

Two Spanish fighting BULLS wearing suits block the door.

HARRY

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

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hey bull, hey toro, hey toro!

Harry drops the handkerchief and jerks forward.

The Bulls snort.

Harry pivots and sprints into the --

DINING ROOM

Harry halts. Face to face with Dutton.

DUTTON

Oy, Harry! Where ya off to?

HARRY

Dutton! No use trying to get away from you.

DUTTON

Harry, I've told you. I know what you're going to do, even before you do. Instincts, my boy.

HARRY

I'll drink to that.

He gulps his wine.

DUTTON

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

HARRY

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

DUTTON

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

Harry holds two fingers up.

HARRY

Twice, but I'm still not exactly sure I've figured out who he was.

DUTTON

Nobody does. Our actions define who we are, Harry.

HARRY

How would you define me?

DUTTON

Too young to be so cynical.

HARRY

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

He raises his wine.



DUTTON

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

Harry drops the goblet to his side.

HARRY

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

He pours the wine on the floor.

DUTTON

Shall we go back to the fire now?

He walks Harry through the hallway into the --

DEN

Dutton stops in the doorway.

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

Richard stands, walks around the chair and faces Harry.

HARRY

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

RICHARD

I'm here out of concern, Harry.

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

HARRY

You've spent all mother's money.

RICHARD

How can you say such a thing?

HARRY

Such is the thing.

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

RICHARD

After all I've done for you!

Harry leans closer to him and laughs.

HARRY

Put me away?

RICHARD

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

HARRY

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

RICHARD

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

HARRY

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

RICHARD

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

Harry sets the goblet on the fireplace mantle.

HARRY

Well, Father, concern or not, be courageous.

RICHARD

At least speak with Dr. Doyle?

HARRY

I'm done listening to your sycophant witch doctor.

RICHARD

It seems your delusions and paranoia have returned.

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

HARRY

Bad things travel in threes.

Richard reaches for him.

RICHARD

Watch yourself, Harry!

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

HARRY

You spiked my wine with codeine.

He stumbles around Richard.

Richard follows him.

RICHARD

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

HARRY

I'm not... going back!

RICHARD

I'm afraid that's already been decided for you.

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

HARRY

Happy birthday to me. Happy birthday to Harry...

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

Harry's goblet flies off the mantle and shatters off Richard's head.

O.S. AN AMBULANCE WAILS IN THE DISTANCE.

EXT. PRIVATE ROAD - NIGHT

An ambulance races around curves in a thunderstorm and approaches two stone columns. Ornamental iron gates open and the ambulance headlights illuminate a "BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE" sign.

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

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Richard stands naked under a steaming shower and sings a classical opera.

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

He bends to pick-up a shampoo bottle. A blurred outline of Gwendolyn stands in the doorway.

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

Gwendolyn smiles, nose to the curtain and waves her arms like a orchestra conductor.

Richard steps under the shower and blinks one-eye open.

RICHARD  
Who's there?!

He turns and squints at Gwendolyn.

GWENDOLYN  
You won't get away with...

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

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

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

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - DAY

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

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

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

Harry's head jerks and his eyes open.

HARRY  
I didn't hear you come in.

Dr. Kaplan steps alongside the bed.

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

Harry furrows his eyebrows, juts his chin and squints at her:

HARRY  
They always make sure to take my glasses.

DR. KAPLAN  
You sound well, Harry.

HARRY  
Well, ain't we making progress?

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

HARRY  
Hey, doc, I'm wise too.

DR. KAPLAN  
What are you "wise too"?

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

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

HARRY  
That's all, no strings?

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

HARRY  
Get your keys ready, doc.

He steps out of bed and his legs give out. He folds to the floor and pulls the sheet off the bed.

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

HARRY  
Aren't you going to help me up?

Dr. Kaplan steps to the door.

DR. KAPLAN  
I don't do Pinocchio.

Harry grabs the bed, pulls himself onto his ass and smiles.

HARRY  
Hey, doc...

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

LATER

Harry sits in the chair, chin on the windowsill and gazes out into a rainy night.

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

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

HARRY  
 What was your cat's name?

DR. KAPLAN  
 Felix.

HARRY  
 What ever happened to Felix?

DR. KAPLAN  
 I let him out. He never came back.

HARRY  
 I'd like that.

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

HARRY  
 You mean psychoanalysis?

DR. KAPLAN  
 Tell me what you're thinking.

HARRY  
 Can I start with you?

DR. KAPLAN  
 Of course.

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

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

DR. KAPLAN  
 Do you normally see ghosts?

HARRY  
 Just one, but I see her regularly.

DR. KAPLAN  
 Was she someone special?

He stares down and furrows his brows.

HARRY  
She's everything to me.

DR. KAPLAN  
What happened?

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

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

DR. KAPLAN  
Why are you being punished?

HARRY  
I don't remember.

She approaches him.

DR. KAPLAN  
Harry, you have to trust me.

HARRY  
Why should I?

DR. KAPLAN  
Do you want to remember?

HARRY  
I need to, so he can be punished.

DR. KAPLAN  
Who needs to be punished?

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

She steps behind him.

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

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

HARRY  
I want out.

DR. KAPLAN  
Then trust me.

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

HARRY

The dark helps me to concentrate.

He flips a light switch off.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I snapped lots of pictures. They're all I have left of her.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY ESTATE - DAY

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

HARRY (O.S.)

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

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

MASTER BEDROOM

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

Richard paces back and forth.

GWENDOLYN

I'm leaving you to your gambling.

RICHARD

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

GWENDOLYN

You can take Harry.

RICHARD

It would give Harry such a thrill to try out his new camera on his favorite subject.

He steps behind her. Patton stands and barks at him.

GWENDOLYN

Richard, what are you on about?



RICHARD  
Nothing, it's just...

Patton snarls at him.

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

She raises her voice but doesn't turn:

GWENDOLYN  
Patton, sit and be quiet.

Patton obeys.

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

GWENDOLYN  
Richard, my father left me the  
paper. You can take off anytime.

RICHARD  
This strike's costing the paper  
millions. Union negotiations start  
next week. It's now or never.

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

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

The side of her face shows a smile.

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

Richard leans over her shoulder and stares out the window.

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

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

GWENDOLYN  
The weather seems a bit stormy.

RICHARD

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

GWENDOLYN

You know how afraid I am of water.

RICHARD

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

He steps behind her and tears a medicine-packet open. She doesn't turn.

GWENDOLYN

I don't want them. They won't stop me from worrying.

RICHARD

Once we get out there everything will clear up, we'll sail off, and leave all our worries behind us.

GWENDOLYN

Are you predicting our future or the weather?

RICHARD

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

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

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

GWENDOLYN

You want me on the boat don't you?

RICHARD

Yes, but--

GWENDOLYN

I'm having the yacht club send Jack Fado to first mate for us.

She presses the cell phone to her ear. Richard leans closer:

RICHARD

So now you know him?

He lifts a sparkling water bottle off a bedside table. He scowls and pours it in a glass. It fizzes over the lip.

END FLASHBACK AND BACK TO SCENE:

Rain pelts the window, Harry sits in the dark, chin on the windowsill. Slaps his hands on the glass. Mumbles inaudibly.

HARRY

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

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

...sick and empty inside. She didn't even said good-bye.

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

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

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

INT. DR. DOYLE'S INSTITUTE OFFICE - NIGHT

Photos of African Shamans in ceremonial dress surround shelves of files. Shrunken heads as paper weights on a desk.

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

Dr. Doyle sets two steaming mugs with tea-bag strings, next to SARAH FOSTER (23), natural beauty, long gorgeous shiny raven hair, scrubs, she sits in front of a CCTV on a table.

INSERT CCTV SCREEN:

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

END INSERT AND BACK TO SCENE:

Dr. Doyle reaches over Sarah and shuts the CCTV off.

DR. DOYLE

He's right where we want him. Time for you to get into character.

SARAH

How long do I have to set this up?

DR. DOYLE

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

SARAH  
You mean tonight?

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

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

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

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

Sarah sees sparks flicker on the dark CCTV screen, illuminating her on screen, strapped to a gurney, convulsing as Dr. Doyle applies electroconvulsive paddles to her head.

The screen blacks-out as Derrick pokes the point of a scissors to her throat:

DERRICK  
Buzz-zap!

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

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

DR. DOYLE  
First, my dear, you must become someone Harry will love. A flawed beauty on the outside, clawing beast within.

He grabs a handful of her hair.

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

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

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

He cuts her bangs and pockets the scissors.

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

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

SARAH  
 (to Derrick)  
 Blow me!

DERRICK  
 Why don't we just torture Harry?

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

Dr. Doyle tears a small plastic envelope.

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

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

SARAH  
 Ouch! You pricks!

She jerks her hand free and kicks Derrick.

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

DR. DOYLE  
 Derrick will be with you shortly.

He hands Derrick a tea mug.

DERRICK  
 What about my prick?

Dr. Doyle and Derrick laugh and sip tea.

SARAH  
Tea-baggers!

She opens the door and exits the room.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A NURSE opens the door. Dr. Kaplan passes the Nurse on her way out. Harry flips the lights on and calls after her:

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

Dr. Doyle enters, reading a file.

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

Dr. Doyle sets the chair upright and sits.

DR. DOYLE  
Still up to your self amusing ways?

HARRY  
Still at the end of all good  
things, doc?

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

He stares over the file at Harry.

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

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

HARRY  
What of the patients?

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

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

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

DR. DOYLE

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

He heads for the door. Harry cuts him off.

HARRY

Where do you hide yourself?

He opens the door.

DR. DOYLE

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

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

HARRY

Oh, I see you just fine.

Dr. Doyle glances up and closes the door as he speaks:

DR. DOYLE

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

Harry sits, leans his chair back on the window and waves bye.

INT. REC-ROOM INSTITUTE - NIGHT

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

The rest sit at tables and play board games.

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

HARRY

I'm not disturbing you, am I?

SARAH

It's sort of a prerequisite around here.

HARRY

My prerequisite disturbs me all the time.

SARAH

Ha ha.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

He loves me. He loves me not.

HARRY

I think you mean "to be or not to be". Isn't that the question?

SARAH

That's all you suicidal schizos think about. You're so convoluted. Some of us just enjoy the pain.

She pulls up her sleeves, scars crisscross both her arms.

HARRY

Then you're just a self-mutilating masochist.

SARAH

They actually treat us like there's something wrong with that.

HARRY

How the hell did you get all that coffee? I thought we weren't allowed stimulants?

SARAH

I give the orderlies blow jobs. They get me anything I want.

She shows Harry a pill, pops it and chases it with coffee.

HARRY

I can believe that.

Sarah cocks her head and smiles:

SARAH

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

Harry furrows his eyebrows and exhales through pursed lips:

HARRY

That's disgusting.

SARAH

My father's disgusting. I'm manipulative. The orderlies around here are horny. What are you?



HARRY

I don't know. Let's see... How about an enamored, enigmatic, paranoid schizo, that travels with the ghost of his dead mother.

SARAH

Hmm...

She uprights her index finger across pursed lips, points to him and speaks in a German accent:

SARAH (CONT'D)

Interesting you should forget suicidal.

Harry covers his heart with his hands.

HARRY

Doesn't love conquer all?

SARAH

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

HARRY

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

SARAH

I was hoping you'd be my Romeo. But know I realize you're just a twenty-first century melancholy Dane.

HARRY

You'd make a kick-ass Ophelia.

SARAH

I thought I was disgusting.

HARRY

No, you're manipulative.

They laugh.

SARAH

My name's Sarah Foster.

She offers her hand. They shake.

HARRY

Harry Townsend.

SARAH  
Who's your shrink?

HARRY  
Got two. Dr. Doyle and Dr. Kaplan.

SARAH  
Don't know Kaplan. Doyle hates my  
guts.

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

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

SARAH  
I escaped twice.

Harry shakes his head and chuckles.

HARRY  
Return customers are important to  
any establishment.

She leans toward him and whispers:

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

HARRY  
You've went from manipulative, to  
Ophelia, back to manipulative, and  
now you're stealing my lines.

SARAH  
I never agreed to Ophelia.

HARRY  
I'm the one that's falling.

SARAH  
Then I join you in "outrageous  
fortune".

HARRY  
We're getting our "to be or not to  
be" all mixed up.

Derrick smiles and kicks Sarah in the ass.

DERRICK  
Did you forget about me? Fucking  
whore.

Sarah stares straight ahead:

SARAH  
Fuck you, Derrick!

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

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

Sarah pours her coffee down his back.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
Aghh!

Derrick grimaces, straightens up and turns to her:

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
You fucking--!

Sarah knees him in the balls. Derrick grabs his crotch and  
hunches over in agony.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
Shit!

The Nurse and two big ORDERLIES hurry over.

NURSE  
Take her back to her room.

She attends to Derrick.

The Orderlies escort Sarah away.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - NIGHT

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

HARRY  
What are you...?

Sarah scoots under the covers with him.

SARAH  
Shush!

She climbs on top and kisses him lightly. He pulls her closer, rolls her on her back and kisses her breasts.

HARRY

How did you get in here?

SARAH

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

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

Harry, you started without me.

Harry kisses his way to her face. They taste each others tongues.

LATER

Sarah sits in bed. Harry stands and faces the window:

HARRY

I don't know how to feel, trust is... a stranger to me. I want so much to be overwhelmed, but I'm unsure and afraid.

Sarah gets out of bed and steps behind him.

SARAH

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

HARRY

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

Sarah reaches for him, hesitates and withdraws.

SARAH

I refuse to accept that.

Harry turns, twists her wrists and exposes her scars.

HARRY

Your veneer is cracking.

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

SARAH

At least I haven't given up.

HARRY

You've got punishment confused with salvation?

SARAH

I must have the wrong room.

She steps around and collects her clothes.

HARRY

Sarah...

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

Right now I'm afraid of losing the love of my life.

SARAH

The door is locked.

They fall to the bed and laugh through tears.

HARRY

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

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

DR. DOYLE

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

HARRY

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

DR. DOYLE

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

The Orderlies charge toward the bed.

SARAH

But, Dr. Doyle, I don't have anywhere to go.

DR. DOYLE

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

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

DR. DOYLE (CONT'D)

It's okay.

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

HARRY

(sotto)

747 North Lake Shore drive. The  
Doorman's Franklin. Tell him Harold  
Lloyd sent you.

He kisses her. Sarah whispers:

SARAH

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

DR. DOYLE

That's enough!

The Nurse opens the door. Dr. Doyle leads the Orderlies as they escort Sarah out. The Nurse shuts the door.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Harry opens the door and runs out into the --

HALLWAY

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

JACK

I'm Jack.

HARRY

Jack Fado!

They run through double doors into the --

REC-ROOM

Harry and Jack skid to a halt.

JACK

Get behind the couch.

Harry jumps over the couch.

Jack runs to one side of the double doors.

Two SECURITY GUARDS open the doors.

Jack hides behind one door.

The Security Guards step in front of the couch.

SECURITY GUARD 1  
Ready or not, here we come.

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

SECURITY GUARD 2  
Peek a--

JACK (O.S.)  
-Boo!

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

O.S. GHOSTLY HOWLS ECHO. The Security Guards chase the sounds down the hallway and through another set of double doors.

Harry jumps over the couch onto the cushions.

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

INSERT TV SCREEN:

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

Tomasso lights a stogy, passes under "The Flamingo" sculpture and crosses the plaza.

REPORTER (ON TV)  
(filtered)  
Mr. Tomasso, will you answer a couple of questions?

TOMASSO (ON TV)  
(filtered)  
Shoot!

RAVENOUS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN surround him.

REPORTER (ON TV)  
(filtered)  
Are you a gangster, Mr. Tomasso?

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

TOMASSO (ON TV)  
 (filtered)  
 I'm just a hardworking stiff!

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

He jams the stogy back in his mouth:

TOMASSO (ON TV)  
 (filtered)  
 Prove it!

SOUTH DEARBORN ST.

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

Ravenous Reporters and Cameramen crowd the car.

TOMASSO (ON TV)  
 (filtered)  
 Freak show, huh, Jojo?!

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

END INSERT AND BACK TO SCENE:

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

HALLWAY

Harry passes Inspector Wallace, dressed as a lame janitor.

Wallace limps to a cleaning cart against an open door.

Harry circles back and through the door into the --

STAIRWELL

He runs down the steps past a window. A garbage truck lifts a dumpster outside. O.S. THE WHINING HYDRAULIC SOUNDS ECHO.

HARRY  
 Smells like freedom.

He sprints out into the blackness.



EXT. INSTITUTE GROUNDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harry crosses a baseball field and races around a backstop.

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

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

HARRY  
What the hell are you doing here?

They hug and kiss. Light rain falls.

SARAH  
I missed you.

O.S. TWO PAIRS OF ONCOMING FOOTSTEPS DRAW NEARER.

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

Sarah picks the bolt-cutter up.

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

She shoves him into the woods.

She turns back, hops sideways and scrapes the bolt-cutters against the fence.

WOODS

Harry runs through crunching leaves.

Suddenly he's airborne and thud, he tumbles downhill into a --

PARKING LOT

He rolls across the wet pavement onto his ass.

Oncoming headlights glare in his face.

A red pickup truck races at him.

Harry raises his arms in defense.

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

He lays his chin on the bumper and whistles.

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

The pickup races back, skids to a halt and idles.

NASTY (22), stocky, mullet hair, knee brace, college football jersey, hops out.

NASTY

Dude, what's your story?!

He leans over the front bumper and feels for scratches.

CRYSTAL (20), a dumber than normal cheerleader type, in uniform, pops bubble-gum as she exits the passenger door.

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

CRYSTAL

You escape from a pajama party?

NASTY

He's from the Bates Motel.

CRYSTAL

Crazy.

She taps 9-1-1 on her cell phone. Nasty leans toward Harry.

NASTY

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

O.S. AN ONCOMING SIREN BLARES IN THE DISTANCE.

Everyone turns toward the sound. A security car at the other end of the lot races toward them.

Harry takes off and jumps in the idling pickup. The security car screeches to a halt. The Security Guards jump out.

Harry reverses the pickup and as Nasty gets his ass off the bumper, it backs out from under him.

Nasty falls, knocks Crystal over and the Security Guards hit the ground as the pickup slams backward into the SUV grill.

NASTY (CONT'D)

Not my truck, dude!

The busted SUV grill spews coolant as Harry fishtails away.

BEGIN WET DREAM:

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

CASEY  
Oh, God, please!

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

NICK  
Casey.

CASEY  
You're so big.

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

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

END WET DREAM:

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

NICK  
Oh my, God!

LIZ GIAMATI (27), beautiful thin brunette, hugs ROSIE (new born baby) against her shoulder and leans into Nick's ear:

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

Rosie spits formula on her shoulder.

Nick parts his hand barely enough to see her:

NICK  
Hey, Liz... Rosie.

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

NICK  
She's the Captain's assistant.

Liz waves Rosie's hand at him:

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

NICK  
Liz, listen I--

LIZ  
She's called here three times.

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

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

Nick sets the bag on the floor and kisses Rosie.

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

NICK  
You struck out too, remember?

LIZ  
Remember this?

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

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

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

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

NICK  
Clear as green is for go.

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

Nick turns away from her and wipes tears from his eyes and  
flicks the poop off his nose.

LIZ  
Here, you bastard!

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

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

She chases him and flings the spittle.

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

INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - DAY

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

Jojo reads the CHICAGO TRIBUNAL. The newspaper headlines: "UNION FUND LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED" cover Richard's face.

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

JOJO  
Why do I gotta wear this thing?

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

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

JOJO  
I don't know no laurel. All I know is no matter how much I fuckin' itch, it don't stop itchin' back.

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

RICHARD  
You have ink on your head.

He throws a tissue box to Jojo.

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

Richard taps his ring against the window.

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

RICHARD  
Jojo, what are you writing?

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

RICHARD  
What if you forget?

JOJO  
I'll write that--

Richard snatches the note-pad and thumbs through it.

RICHARD  
I'll remind you.

JOJO  
You lookin' for your name?

Richard tears pages out, crumples them into a paper-balls and  
tosses them to Jojo.

RICHARD  
You're hungry, right?

Jojo stares down at the paper-balls.

JOJO  
Sure, Mr. Townsend.

Dutton shakes his head at each of them and smiles.

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

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

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Now eat your meatballs!

Jojo stuffs the paper-balls in his mouth, chews and growls.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

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

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

He tokes and passes it. Skateboarder #2 takes a hit.

The deposit door squeaks open and a pair of feet in bowling shoe rentals slide down the deposit chute.

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

SKATEBOARDER #1  
Whoa! Santa's early?

Harry grabs the joint and tokes.

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

They crack-up and roll on their backs.

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

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

SKATEBOARDER #1  
That's the spirit.

A squad car pulls up to the red pickup truck parked in the lot. Two COPS inside notice Harry and the Skateboarders.

SKATEBOARDER #2  
Blues!

Harry pulls his hood up.

HARRY  
Ya ever see "The Keystone Kops"?

The squad car pulls up, short of them. The Cops hop out.

The Skateboarders stare at Harry's shoes. Nod to each other.

SKATEBOARDER #1 AND #2  
Bowling!

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

The Cops chase Harry down the alley under the "L" tracks.

A train roars overhead. Each Skateboarder bowls a Cop over.

Harry disappears down a gangway.

INT. TOMASSO'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Tomasso sits in a padded chair and smokes a stogy.

Jojo comes up to the desk.

Tomasso picks up a newspaper, steps around the desk to Jojo.

TOMASSO  
Chooch, where you been?!

JOJO  
Doing laps at the club's pool.

Tomasso blows smoke in his face.

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

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

JOJO  
They ain't got shit.

TOMASSO  
Where is that rat Benny Zito?!

JOJO  
On ice with those fuckin' chinks.

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

JOJO  
Then what?

Tomasso smacks the newspaper across his face:

TOMASSO  
Wrap his balls in this rag!



INT. HAROLD WASHINGTON LIBRARY - DAY

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

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

He waves the cursor over Jojo's picture, copies it and sighs:

HARRY

Jojo Adelito's just the sort a dumb  
hungry shark my father would bring  
into this business.

He clicks onto an e-mail, keys "Subject: "Shark will eat Nails" and then taps "To: Local 999".

INT. CHINA SPA - DAY

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

TONY BOY (18), small Chinese kid, ponytail, holds Benny under the spigot and water drips on his forehead.

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

TOMMY DEE

Don't get up. I got it.

TONY BOY

You see me moving?

Tommy Dee clicks a switch blade open and slashes the bags.

TOMMY DEE

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

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

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

TOMMY DEE (CONT'D)

Talk to me, asshole.

TONY BOY

The man says, "thaw him out."

Tommy Dee mouths "fuck you" to Tony Boy.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SMALL ROOM - DAY

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

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

Riley steps in and shuts the door.

RILEY

Time to rise and shine.

As he pulls the shade down it slips from his fingers, whooshes up and jumps off its mounting brackets.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Damn!

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

The lamp shade bounces off his head into his lap.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

NICK

Welcome to my kingdom.

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

RILEY

The queen threw you out again?

NICK

She threw me out period.

RILEY

The queen's got balls.

NICK

I'm the better man.

RILEY

You can stay at my place.

NICK

And leave all this?

Riley sits down on the windowsill and massages his knee.

RILEY

What's that smell?

NICK  
Smells like home to me.

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

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

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

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

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

He leaves.

NICK  
Liz tossed me.

CASEY  
I'm two months late.

NICK  
And baby makes three. Hand me my  
suit, will you please?

She lifts a suit on a hanger, hung on a closet door.

NICK (CONT'D)  
If you end up pregnant, I'll pay  
for the procedure.

She hangs the suit back up and opens the window.

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

NICK  
I'm sorry.

She leans toward him.

CASEY

You want to end a life, the  
window's open.

She stops halfway out the door and smiles at Nick:

CASEY (CONT'D)

On second thought... you better get  
to the Captain's office.

She steps out and calls back:

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

You're going to need this job to  
support your children.

NICK

There's that echo again.

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

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

CAPTAIN

(without looking up)  
Did you forget something?

Riley stands, limps outside the door and knocks.

RILEY

Detective Riley, sir.

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

Riley plops in the chair.

CAPTAIN

Have you seen your partner?

RILEY

I found him sleeping on the dog  
house couch.

CAPTAIN

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

RILEY

Does she miss him already?

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

They laugh.

Nick enters and both men fall silent.

NICK  
Do I look that pathetic?

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

CAPTAIN  
I have an assignment for you two.

He passes the file to Nick, paper clipped to the top is a photo of Harry.

Riley stares curiously at Harry's photo.

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

CAPTAIN  
The name's Townsend.

NICK  
Harry Townsend?

Riley shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

RILEY  
Townsend...?

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

RILEY  
Never met the man of the manor.

NICK  
Lady Gwendolyn York Townsend.

RILEY  
Yeah, the TV news called her...

NICK  
"The lost lady of the lake."

CAPTAIN

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

MIKE

How did they ID him?

NICK

Good thing his wallet was waterproof.

CAPTAIN

Nothing good about his face.

RILEY

What's up with the whiz-kid?

CAPTAIN

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

NICK

How'd we get in this? Places like that and the people that use them, never deal us in.

CAPTAIN

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

RILEY

What's all this got to do with us?

CAPTAIN

I'd like you two to find Harry.

Riley tries to get up, grimaces and falls back to his chair.

RILEY

I fold, Captain. My knee again.

Casey steps in with paperwork.

CASEY

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

CAPTAIN

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

Everyone turns their scrutinizing eyes on Nick.

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

CORRIDOR

Riley halts, lifts his eyes and stares up at Dutton.

DUTTON  
Detective Riley.

RILEY  
How do I know you?

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

RILEY  
How do you know me?

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

RILEY  
Don't forget to mention me to them.

Dutton gets in his face and whispers:

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

RILEY  
Who sent you?

DUTTON  
I'm helping the Townsend's.

RILEY  
Why are you here?

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

RILEY  
I'm on the case.

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

Riley leads him away from the Captain's office.

INT. CHINA SPA TANNING BOOTH - DAY

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

TOMMY DEE

I told you to watch him.

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

TOMMY DEE (CONT'D)

Mr. Adelito--

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

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

JOJO

Shit! Where the fuck did you--?

He backs away.

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

Jojo slams the lid, raises the magnum and pulls the trigger. O.S. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. As bullets punch holes in the bed.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

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

He reverses past the retail stores, swings around the side of the building and backs into the metal clothes donation box.

ACROSS PARKING LOT

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

INT./EXT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR (PARKED) - DAY

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

NICK

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



CASEY

Wait until you see how much the women in my family puke during pregnancy. Next mystery surprise.

NICK

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

He scratches his eyebrows.

CASEY`

Men always leave something behind.

NICK

On purpose. I know. We like to--

CASEY

Stake your flags.

NICK

Like Apollo astronauts.

CASEY

How many flags they stake on the moon?

NICK

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

CASEY

It's a wonder they got off the ground.

NICK

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

CASEY

Guys got more nerve than brains.

NICK

You forget your underwear every time we go to the movies.

CASEY

At your request.

NICK

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

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

## FRONT PORCH

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

Casey approaches them and trains her gun on Liz.

NICK

No, Casey!

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

BEGIN NICK'S VISION:

INT. COOK COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

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

Nick steps out of the way.

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

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

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

END NICK'S VISION AND BACK TO SCENE:

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

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Got two fished out of the harbor!

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

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

LIZ

My condolences.

Nick steps up.

NICK

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

Liz surrenders the 9mm to Casey.

LIZ  
We were finished long before you  
came along.

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

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

NICK  
I got the scars to prove it.

EXT. HIGH RISE SIDEWALK ENTRYWAY - DAY

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

HARRY  
Been out on the ledge lately?

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

FRANKLIN  
Huh, hey--!

HARRY  
Shhh!

FRANKLIN  
(sotto)  
Come with me, Mister Lloyd.

He ushers Harry down the sidewalk.

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

HARRY  
Thanks. Is she upstairs?

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

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

FRANKLIN

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

HARRY

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

FRANKLIN

(sotto)

Harry.

He pats his chest as he grabs and turns Harry.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Man, that's them, there, behind us.

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

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

They quickly disappear on the crowded sidewalk.

HARRY

Lend me your passkey.

FRANKLIN

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

HARRY

You watch too many movies.

Franklin offers him the passkey.

FRANKLIN

You're the one serving popcorn.

Harry takes the passkey.

HARRY

Enjoy the show.

He opens the door. Franklin enters. Harry follows.

INT. ESTATE MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Charles opens the front door, Nick and Casey enter.

CHARLES

Right this way, officers.

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

Charles leads them through the foyer into the --

LIBRARY

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

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

CHARLES  
May I offer you something?

NICK AND CASEY  
No thanks.

Richard steps in. Charles backs out of the way.

RICHARD  
Welcome, officers. I'm Richard  
Townsend.

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

NICK  
Detective Nick Giamatti. Actually,  
sir, we met eight years ago.

RICHARD  
Then you're aware of my son's  
nature. I'm afraid he's never fully  
recovered from his mother's death.

NICK  
I'm sorry to hear that. This is my  
partner.

Richard faces Nick as he shakes Casey hand.

CASEY  
Detective Casey Velma.

RICHARD  
It's good to see the department is  
promoting with an equal rights  
agenda in mind.

CASEY  
I can still cook a mean goose.

Richard sits in a chair and faces Nick only.

NICK

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

RICHARD

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

NICK

We have a few questions for you.

Richard clears his throat loudly:

RICHARD

That will be all, Charles.

CHARLES

Yes, sir.

He bows out.

RICHARD

I understand, Detective, go on.

CASEY

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

Richard continues to face Nick only.

RICHARD

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

He pulls out a handkerchief and dabs his downcast eyes.

NICK

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

RICHARD

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

He wipes his forehead.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

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

He looks at Nick:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

When I returned, the bathroom was silent. So I called through the door. No response.

He stares at his shaky hands:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

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

He cradles his face in his hands.

CASEY

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

Richard raises his gaze onto Nick:

RICHARD

I'm afraid my son has done this very deed...

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

RICHARD (CONT'D)

...twice before. For his own good, I've been able to keep it out of the public record, until now.

CASEY

Was your son institutionalized both times prior?

He addresses his answer to Nick:

RICHARD

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

NICK

More information, betters our chances for finding Harry.

CASEY

Where exactly has your son been institutionalized?

RICHARD

Both times in England. How can that help you?

CASEY

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

Richard squirms, clears his throat and leans toward Nick:

RICHARD

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

CASEY

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

Richard stands, face red and eyes Casey for the first time:

RICHARD

Miss, I don't care for your tone.

Casey stands, hands on hips and accentuates her words:

CASEY

It's Detective, Mister Townsend!

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

NICK

Relax and breathe easy. I'm cool.

Richard turns away from them and smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)

Sir, we've put you out enough.

Richard walks away.

RICHARD

Yes, Detective.



NICK

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

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

RICHARD

I'll have a man there in two hours.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Harry drops the passkey at the front door and bends. His head  
hits the doorknob and opens the door. He collects the key.

HARRY

Sloppy for professionals.

He enters the --

PENTHOUSE FOYER

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

Trained by the "Cat In The Hat"?

Harry stares through the bedroom door at upside down dresser  
drawers, crowning a pile of clothes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Slobs rarely find what they're  
looking for.

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

INT. MILLENNIUM PARK - DAY

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

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

NICK

I gotta see a lady about a murder.

CASEY

She's in the water?

Nick slobes toward Gwendolyn. She waves him on. Water  
cascades at each end over 50 foot glass block towers.

Framed with LED screens, projects opposing video images of a BOY and a GIRL with their one eye distorted behind a round magnifying glass in their hands.

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

NICK  
They're playing our game!

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

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

BEGIN VIDEO IMAGES ON THE LCD SCREENS:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

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

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

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

END VIDEO IMAGES ON THE LCD SCREENS AND BACK TO SCENE:

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

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

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

EXT. HIGH RISE SIDEWALK ENTRYWAY - DAY

Nick and Casey flash their badges at Franklin.

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

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

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

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

NICK  
My lucky day, huh?

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

NICK  
Other two?

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

CASEY  
Can you describe them?

Franklin notices Harry exit the lobby elevator. He quickly points in the other direction and finger hunts in the distance.

FRANKLIN  
Two big guys!

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

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
That looks like them! Over there!

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

Franklin shakes his head and leans off the curb.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
Oh wait, man, that's not the guys.

He turns to Nick and Casey:

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Yeah, they came, said they  
were detectives. I let them in.

Nick furrows his brows and stares at him.

Casey rubs her stomach, eyes the curb and dry heaves.

NICK  
What were their names?

FRANKLIN

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

Casey gets in his face:

CASEY

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

FRANKLIN

Man, you don't argue with Smith--

Nick opens his coat and shows his gun to Franklin:

NICK

I've shot people.

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

FRANKLIN

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

INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Harry looks around a cosmetics counter on the main floor.

MIA (21), cute, perky, sales associate, steps behind him.

MIA

You look out of whack here dressed like that. Can I help you?

HARRY

Where can I find Sarah Foster?

MIA

I'll go and get her.

She hops into a spin and dances away.

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

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE

That's better.

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

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

Take it before security gets here.

HARRY  
No, I'm just...

He takes the five and half-smiles:

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Bless you.

Male Sales Associate showers the perfume over Harry.

MIA (O.S.)  
This is him.

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

SARAH  
Harry!

She leaps into his arms. They kiss passionately.

Mia and Male Sales Associate smile at each other.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE  
This stuff really works.

He squirts the perfume on himself.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Franklin unlocks the condo for Casey and Nick.

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

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

Nick leaves them and enters the condo.

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

FRANKLIN  
That's a laugh!

Nick's voice carries through the doorway:

NICK (O.S.)  
Both of you should come in here!

Franklin and Casey follow his voice into the --

PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM

Franklin and Casey enter.

Nick stands in the midst of a credenza upside down, drawers everywhere. The TV and couch flipped over.

FRANKLIN

Litterbugs!

NICK

Best way to get to know someone is  
to remove their drawers.

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

FRANKLIN

Shit, might as well stay now.

CASEY

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

FRANKLIN

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

He sits against the flipped couch.

NICK

What kind of old movies?

He sits next to Franklin.

FRANKLIN

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

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

NICK

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

FRANKLIN

With Harry it's strictly noir, man.

Casey joins them, pale as a ghost.

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

He tosses his badge to Casey.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Detective, would you mind leaving  
us for a while?

CASEY  
Don't mind if I snoop.

She steps down the hallway.

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

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

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

O.S. THE SOUNDS OF VOMIT SPLASHING IN A TOILET.

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

FRANKLIN  
You know what I think, man?

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

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

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

NICK (CONT'D)  
...but I will, because you're his  
friend. Don't blow this, please?  
Have ya seen Harry?

FRANKLIN  
Harry was here. Ya just missed him.

Casey steps in, she carries a bra and panties.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Sarah?

NICK

I knew something was missing.  
There's always a dame in those  
movies. Besides the dead ones.

CASEY

You been stalling us, haven't you?

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

FRANKLIN

Man, she's gold. Hold onto her.

Nick hugs and kisses Casey.

NICK

You were right about confession.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

When did Sarah enter the picture?

FRANKLIN

They met at the Institute, man.

NICK

What do you think of Sarah?

FRANKLIN

Yo, man, she's unbelievably cute.

NICK

Too good to be true?

FRANKLIN

I mean, damn man, Harry, he don't  
know shit about woman, yet...

NICK

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

Franklin leans back and rubs his head with both hands.

FRANKLIN

Shit! I should-a known. Shit man!

NICK

Franklin, time's up.



INT. THE DONUT HOLE - DAY

Old style coffee shop, a TV faces the counter seats, booths along the windows, street outside shaded by "L" tracks.

O.S. A TRAIN ROARS OVERHEAD.

Stacked coffee cups rattle behind the counter. A coffee machine leaks and the brew hisses on the warmer plate.

Sarah and Harry sit and hold hands at the counter.

SARAH

What are they looking for?

HARRY

The same thing I am. Only they want to destroy it. I want to use it.

SARAH

Did they find it?

HARRY

No. Do you have somewhere to stay?

SARAH

Mia's been begging me to stay over.

HARRY

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

She puts her hand over his mouth:

SARAH

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

HARRY

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

Harry's lips move as... O.S. A TRAIN RUMBLES OVERHEAD DROWNING HIS WORDS OUT.

Fedele and Serafino enter the front door.

SARAH

Harry, the police are here.

They step behind Harry. He stares at their shoes.

HARRY  
Not with Gucci loafers.

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

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

Serafino opens the door. Fedele leads Harry out.

EXT. SIDEWALK CURB - DAY

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

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

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

INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOJO  
All the way around and out.

Sarah and Jojo spin before the --

COSMETIC COUNTER

Sarah and Jojo continue out.

Nick concentrates on holding a gift box for Casey to barf in.  
Mia shakes her head and offers Casey a handful of tissues.

MIA

There's no one named Sarah here.

NICK

Casey, you sure you're all right?

CASEY

Yes.

Casey slides Harry's photo across the counter to Mia.  
Nick walks gingerly away with the gift box far from his nose.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Have you seen this man?

Mia stares down at the photo.

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

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE

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

He glares at Nick's belly.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

Don't need to give you directions.

Nick gives him the finger:

NICK

Here's some direction for you.

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

INT. FOUR DOOR SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

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

HARRY

So, do you guys work for Tomasso?

FEDELE

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

HARRY

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

Fedele skids the car up to a red light.

The car keys tap against the steering column.

Fedele furrows his eyebrows, contemplates Harry's words and  
glares into the rearview mirror at him.

SERAFINO

Sit back, enjoy the sights, Harry.

Harry leans forward toward Fedele and imitates Jojo's voice:

HARRY

Fuckin' rats, huh?

The light turns green and a car behind them honks.

The sedan jerks forward.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How the hell did you find me so--?

Serafino aims a 9mm over the seat at him.

SERAFINO

Shut up, Harry.

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

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

SERAFINO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Harry stays down and kisses his ass good-bye.

SERAFINO (CONT'D)

Not this time.

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

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

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

FEDELE  
I'll have that, kid.

A helmeted BICYCLE COP skids up to the driver side window.  
Fedele raises his pistol. The Bicycle Cop draws his gun.

BICYCLE COP  
Put your gun down!

FEDELE  
Sure thing, officer.

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

HARRY  
Bloody hell!

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

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

He rises, pistol in hand.

Harry fires first.

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

Harry aims over the seat for a head shot.

HARRY  
Thanks for the tip.

FEDELE  
Kid, be smart.

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

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

The door locks lift.

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

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

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

Harry slams the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

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

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

Harry exits the car and waistbands the 9mm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A bike MESSENGER pedals past him.

Fedele clotheslines the Messenger with his forearm.

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

FEDELE  
I'll shoot you!

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

INT. THE DONUT HOLE - DAY

Nick and Casey sit at the counter.

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

The local news is on the TV.

WAITRESS

Sure, I saw him.

She points to a stool next to theirs.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

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

CASEY

Are you sure they were together?

WAITRESS

They were holding hands.

CASEY

Then they left together?

WAITRESS

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

CASEY

How do you know they were Mafia?

WAITRESS

I seen all "The Sopranos".

NICK

What about the girl?

WAITRESS

They left her.

A PATRON at the counter points to the TV:

PATRON

Can you turn that up?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(filtered)

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

Everyone turns their attention to the TV.

INSERT TV SCREEN:

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

The Bicycle Cop and Fedele exchange gunfire.

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

The Bicycle Cop and Fedele drop.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Oh my god.

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

The windshield blows out.

A gun flies onto the hood.

Harry exits the back door.

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

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
We have further eye witnesses' accounts of the same two gunmen on the Merchandise Mart "L" station platform, at this very moment.

END INSERT AND BACK TO SCENE:

Nick and Casey scurry out the door.

INT. "L" STATION - DAY

Harry squeezes through a crowd of COMMUTERS at the turnstile and ducks.

Fedele runs to rear of the crowd.

FEDELE  
Move!

He fires into the ceiling.

Harry leaps through the crowd and kicks Fedele in the gut.

Fedele backpedals out the door and sits in the street.

Harry races up the steps to the Commuters' applause.



INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

O.S. SIRENS BLARE IN THE DISTANCE.

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

CASEY

We are now on route to the  
Merchandise Mart elevated station.

NICK

We'll have to go the rest on foot.

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

CASEY

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

Nick pulls the car over.

NICK

It's been a while. You lead. And  
don't think I didn't get the hoofs  
remark.

CASEY

I didn't mean anything.

NICK

Let's just leave it at that.

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - DAY

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

HARRY

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Fedele steps on a bench along the railing. Stares over the crowd at someone in a RED HOODIE, pulled over his head, at the edge of the platform.

FEDELE

Harry!

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

The Red Hoodie steps through the parted doors into the --

INT. TRAIN-CAR (IDLING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

FEDELE

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

He aims his gun at Red Hoodie, a teenage girl. She crooked smiles and jams two .45 automatics into Fedele's gut.

RED HOOD

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

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

EXT. "L" STATION - DAY

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

CASEY

Are you okay?

NICK

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

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

CASEY

We're police officers!

NICK

Have you seen this man?

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

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

ONE COMMUTER

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

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

Casey leads Nick up the steps.

EXT. FLAT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

HARRY

Now I know how a cat up a tree  
feels.

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

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

He falls back into the power lines. They spring him onto an --

APARTMENT PORCH

Harry flops facedown on the floor of the porch.

Sparks flitter around Gwendolyn. She sits on the power lines.

Harry rattles his head and jogs down the steps as he sings:

HARRY

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

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

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Casey and Nick step onto the platform.

O.S. THE SQUAD CAR SKIDS TO A STOP AS OFFICER ON THE PA:

OFFICER (O.S.)

Stay right where you are!

Casey and Nick rush to the railing and peer over into the --

YARD BELOW

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

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

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

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

EXT. "L" STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Fedele laughs heartily and shoves Harry away from an unmanned squad car at the curb. A four door sedan pulls up.

FEDELE

Always stick it to the cops, kid.

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

The sedan peels out.

Casey and Nick jog toward a squad car parked at the curb.

A LADY COP steps from an adjacent gangway.

Nick runs around the squad and yells to her:

NICK

Throw me the keys!

The Lady Cop tosses her keys to Nick. He gets in the squad.

Casey dry heaves near the passenger side rear tire.

CASEY

Shit...

She opens the door and leans inside.

NICK

Come on, Casey!

CASEY

There's a hunting knife in the  
tire.

Nick exhales and wipes his sweaty forehead.

The Lady Cop looks in the open driver side window at Nick:

LADY COP

Is she okay, sir?

NICK

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

LADY COP

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

INT. DR. DOYLE'S INSTITUTE OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

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

INSERT CCTV SCREEN:

A night vision view through a ceiling vent camera.

Rain pelts the window, Harry sits in the dark, chin on the windowsill. Slaps his hands on the glass. Mumbles:

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

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

END INSERT AND BACK TO SCENE:

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

Derrick smiles at Dr. Doyle in nothing but the grass skirt.

DR. DOYLE  
What are you doing?

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

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

They lean closer to the CCTV. On screen, the frame is frozen on a bright glow around the door just behind Harry. Gwendolyn's dense black outline stands in the aura.

DERRICK  
Harry's not alone! There's a...

He jumps up and disturbs the table. The cup and teapot spill over the table-top.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
She's real!

DR. DOYLE  
That's preposterous!

Derrick backpedals to the wall.

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

The CCTV tips forward, the screen-side impacts the floor and cracks. The back of the CCTV arcs white and sparks.

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

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

Dr. Doyle thumps to the floor.

INT. TOMASSO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The bursts open, crashes to the wall. Fedele shoves Harry in.

Tomasso sits at the desk and pours a whiskey neat. He bites the tip off a fresh Cuban and sniffs the wrapper.

TOMASSO

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

FEDELE

Boss, this kid's--

Tomasso tosses duct tape to him.

TOMASSO

Stick him in the chair.

Fedele plants Harry in a chair and duct tapes him in it.

FEDELE

Boss, you should of seen this kid.

TOMASSO

Spare me the details. It's all over  
the TV. Harry, you show your face  
on the streets of this city and  
you're dead as Houdini. No escape.

Two THUGS drag Jojo to the desk. He wears his wig. Duct tape across his mouth.

Tomasso grins, lights the cigar and puffs. Jojo looks up.

TOMASSO (CONT'D)

The hell ya doing with that rug on?

Jojo pulls the magnum from behind.

The Thugs grab Fedele and ram his head through the paneling.

JOJO

I get the last word, stunod!

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

The Thugs drag the unconscious Fedele over.

THUG #1

What do we do with this jamoke?

JOJO

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

He pulls a Cuban from the drawer and chomps on it.

JOJO (CONT'D)

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

He lights the cigar and the flame catches his wig on fire. He whips the wig off and slaps it out on the desk.

THUG #2

What about Tomasso?

JOJO

Leave him at his desk. He shot himself.

THUG #1

Twice?

JOJO

Yeah, he's a tough guy.

The Thugs drag Fedele out.

Jojo sits on the desk.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Long time no see, Harry.

HARRY

Why don't you just shoot me now? Let's say, I just killed Tomasso and you came in and shot me.

JOJO

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

HARRY

They definitely underestimated you.

JOJO

Fuckin' A right.

HARRY

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

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

JOJO

Who said I'm asking?

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

HARRY

What are you gonna do, torture me?

Jojo aims the magnum at him.

JOJO

Why, when I can torture her?

The Thugs drag Sarah in. Her lips, arms and legs duct taped.

Jojo plants the muzzle on Harry's nose.

HARRY

Put that gun away. You might shoot me.

JOJO

Fuckin' A right.

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

HARRY

Damn straight I'm right.

JOJO

Enough with the clowning.

He pistol whips Harry and waistbands the gun.



Jojo nods to the Thugs and reaches behind his back. He approaches them. The Thugs tighten their grips on Sarah.

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

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

Harry fights his restraints:

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

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

The Thugs throw her into Harry's lap.

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

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

JOJO  
Just a little...

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

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

He nods to the Thugs:

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

He leads the Thugs out the door.

Sarah lays her head on Harry's chest and squeezes her teary eyes shut.

HARRY  
Did they hurt you?

SARAH  
A little man-handling and bondage.

HARRY  
I'll give them what they want.

She looks him in the eyes:

SARAH

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

HARRY

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

SARAH

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

HARRY

You telling me you're not manipulative?

She looks down, then shyly back into his eyes:

SARAH

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

HARRY

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

SARAH

Harry, I was part of the--

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

HARRY

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

He parts his fingers and gently kisses her lips between whispered words:

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've been drugged, beat, slashed and lied to, since I was born. But I've never been this close to the truth. I love you any way, any how.

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

The Thugs grab Sarah. Jojo puts the magnum muzzle to her temple.

JOJO  
Time's up. The girl gets it first.

HARRY  
You'll have to bring me to my father's house. It's there.

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

The Thugs drops her at Jojo's feet.

JOJO  
I never said I'd let you go.

INT. LUXURY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Lightning flashes. The waves crash over the beach wall onto Lake Shore drive.

Riley drives, a cell phone to his ear. Dutton sits shotgun.

RILEY  
(into cell phone)  
Got some surprises for you, Nick.

NICK (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
What about Dr. Doyle?

RILEY  
(into cell phone)  
Lights out on Dr. Doyle.

INT. TOMASSO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Nick opens a desk drawer and speaks on the phone. Casey leans over the drawer.

NICK  
(into phone)  
I'll be surprised if anyone's left.  
Let's start at the beginning. The Townsend estate.

EXT. ESTATE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lightning flashes through the rain. O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. A four door sedan pulls up to the porch. Jojo and two Thugs get out.

JOJO

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

The Thugs drag Sarah and Harry out of the sedan.

Jojo leads them to the --

MAIN ENTRANCE

Lightning blinks. O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Everyone but Jojo ducks.

The door opens and Richard stares at them. The lights flicker inside and out.

RICHARD

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

Jojo points the magnum in his face.

JOJO

Outta my way.

Richard backpedals from the door. Jojo leads everyone inside.

EXT. ESTATE BACKSIDE - NIGHT

Rain spills over the gutters and douses a caged kennel.

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

He sits and stares up.

Lightning flashes and illuminates Gwendolyn. Her brim hat drooping over her face.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Patton veers off the path. He halts a few feet from the pond and digs in the grass.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jojo shoves Richard into the basement door. The Thugs drag Harry and Sarah behind them.

JOJO

Open it.

RICHARD

I don't have the key.

Harry unlocks the door with the blue key.

HARRY

You're going down this time.

He opens the door to the basement.

RICHARD

You are insane.

Harry seizes Richard by the collar and dangles him backward over the threshold. Fearful. He stares down the stairs.

JOJO

Chin up, Richard.

HARRY

I should throw you down the stairs.

Jojo smiles and cackles fiendishly:

JOJO

Your son's come to his senses.

Sarah reaches for Harry:

SARAH

Harry, please don't.

Harry stands Richard upright and releases him.

HARRY

Turnabout is fair game. But not mine. I'll leave you to the devil.

Richard steps through the door into the --

BASEMENT

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

Richard leads everyone down the stairs.

They cross the floor to the wine rack.

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

JOJO

Harry, fetch.

Harry kneels and feels around under the wine rack.

HARRY  
It must be here...?

JOJO  
(to Thugs)  
Both a you give 'em a hand.

The Thugs step over.

JOJO (CONT'D)  
And pull that rack down!

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

JOJO  
You're pitiful, even by my  
standards.

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

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

Jojo aims at him and nods to the Thugs:

JOJO  
Pull it the fuck down!

RICHARD  
Ignoble louts.

The Thugs yank one end each, half the wine rack crashes down and uncovers a mouse hole at the base of the wall.

Jojo aims his gun at Harry then Sarah.

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

HARRY  
Get it yourself.

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

He clicks the hammer back.

Richard runs up the stairs, hugging champagne bottles.



Riley turns onto a private drive and smiles at Dutton.

RILEY

Ya done a bang up job my friend.

The windshield glass clears, Dr. Kaplan appears in the headlights, waving her arms as she runs toward them.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Jesus, what the hell?!

He stomps the brakes and spins the wheel. O.S. THUMP.

The wipers halt and the car fishtails with Dr. Kaplan sprawled face first over the hood, gripping the wipers.

The vehicle crashes head-on into a brick column.

The rear end swings around and broadsides the other column.

The windshield fractures, Dr. Kaplan's smile mosaics in the fragmented windshield as air bags inflate and eclipse her.

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Patton claws to the bottom of a hole and scratches a layer of dirt away from the top of the brown case.

Richard runs off the path and turns away from the pond.

Patton, his teeth clenching the brown case handle, cuts Richard off and herds him back toward the pond.

Richard trips in Patton's hole and stumbles to the --

POND

Richard gets to edge and drops the bottles as he teeters over the edge, arms flailing. He gains his balance and turns.

Patton upper-cuts Richard's chin with the case and plows into his chest. The case bursts open.

Richard splashes into the water in a cloud of photos.

POND UNDERWATER

Richard sinks through long waving grasses. He impacts a pile of stones on the bottom and silt clouds the water.

Suddenly Gwendolyn is upon him. She clamps her hands to each side of his face and holds him in her stare.





RILEY

Right as rain on a parade.

Nick offers his shoulder to Riley:

NICK

Lean on me.

RILEY

Finish this, I'll be okay. The team's on their way.

He limps to the front of the vehicle.

NICK

See you inside for the nightcap.

He follows Dutton and Casey to the rear bumper.

The crumpled trunk-lid creaks open.

Benny lies in the smashed trunk, his straight jacket and head drips blood. Nick checks his pulse.

NICK (CONT'D)

Benny's dead.

CASEY

Got any surprises left?

DUTTON

The other one's dead too. But oy, it'll be a much bigger surprise.

Nick stares from Dutton to Casey and points at Dutton:

NICK

If I'm correct, Jojo ice picked your friend Jack Fado and you in the LSD Yacht Club parking lot. I saw you at the morgue. You're dead.

DUTTON

Surprise!

He kisses Casey's cheek and dematerializes. She barfs.

INT. ESTATE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Red light permeates the room.

Jojo sits and bleeds on a chair. He trains the magnum on Sarah seated on the floor at his feet.

A tub of liquid and a cache of cameras on a table behind her.

Harry walks along and hangs wet photos on a line to dry. The photos show only a lightning storm over the choppy lake.

HARRY

All this for nothing, but irony.

JOJO

I want them photos burned.

He tosses a matchbook to Harry

JOJO (CONT'D)

And no sudden moves.

HARRY

You don't smile much?

JOJO

I'll smile in the end.

He points the gun at Harry:

JOJO (CONT'D)

Next time ya wise ass me...

He swings the muzzle onto Sarah:

JOJO (CONT'D)

...she gets bullets for brains.

Harry holds a lit match under a photo of Jojo, his long hairs stand in the wind as he bear hugs Gwendolyn against the schooner's stern rail.

Harry ignites the matchbook and tosses it over his shoulder.

Sarah dives under the table toward Harry.

The fiery matchbook explodes in the tub of liquid.

Jojo flips the table over. The fiery tub crashes, blazing fluid spreads under the downed and upright wine rack.

STAIRCASE

Harry chases Sarah to the top of the steps. She rattles the doorknob and turns wide-eyed to Harry:

SARAH

It's locked!

Harry steps down the stairs.

HARRY  
Dear old dad.

She grabs his shoulder to stop him.

SARAH  
Harry, no!

He pries her hand off of him and goes down.

HARRY  
This all end's here.

Jojo aims with one hand and pulls himself up a stair at a time with the other.

He stops two steps down from Harry and raises the magnum.

JOJO  
Fuckin' A right!

HARRY  
Smile!

He flashes a camera in Jojo's face, swats the magnum and shoves him. Jojo tips back and fires.

Harry shields Sarah against the railing, bullets splinter the door jamb and track up to the ceiling.

The back of Jojo's head bangs each step to the floor and he loses his toupee.

Flames engulf the wine racks and champagne corks pop.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Young Harry looks up into the rain and turns his gaze aft.

Richard clamps his hands over Harry's on the wheel.

YOUNG HARRY  
What was that?

RICHARD  
Harry, keep your eyes forward!

YOUNG HARRY  
Let go!

He ducks Richard's grip.

RICHARD  
Harry, the wheel!

He grabs for Harry, his fingertips catch the camera strap and slows him until the strap slips his grip.

Harry scurries aft, lightning blinks and his camera flashes.

He snaps pictures as he races toward the stern rail.

Jojo, in a White Sox cap, bear-hugs Gwendolyn. Lightning zaps the main mast.

Jojo's cap blows off and his long hairs dance in the wind.

He jumps overboard and takes Gwendolyn.

The mainmast topples, slaps Harry to the deck and splashes in the frigid waters.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. POND - NIGHT

Nick and Casey splash branches in the water. They try to snag Richard's dead body. He floats in a sea of photos.

Nick snags his arm. Casey a leg. They pull him onto the bank.

They drag Richard, pearl white, wide-eyed, mouth agape, onto the grass.

Nick snaps rubber gloves on, shines a flashlight and gives Richard the once over.

CASEY  
Why does he look so white?

NICK  
He bit his own tongue off. Bled to death.

He leans over the water, fishes out a photo and steps over to Casey. His eyes glued to the photo.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Some East African tribes believed a photograph can capture one's soul.

CASEY  
(eyes on the photo)  
Perhaps they were right.

Nick smiles and slaps the photo face-up on Richard's chest.

NICK  
Lady Gwendolyn's finally happy.

INSERT BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH:

Gwendolyn's smiling face. Also seen as Dr. Kaplan.

INT. ESTATE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fire and smoke climbs the steps.

Harry and Sarah push the bullet riddled door.

The staircase shudders and throws them off balance.

They lean against the door.

HARRY  
The stairs are going to collapse.

SARAH  
Let's kick the door at the same  
time.

They back away from the door. The staircase jerks side to side violently.

Sarah stumbles against the railing. Harry reaches for her.

The railing collapses and she falls over the side with it.

Harry dives on the steps, reaches over the side and grabs her arm.

She dangles in his one-handed grip over the flaming basement and her weight drags him toward the side edge of the steps.

He scrapes his nails across the step, but can't stop his slow slide over the side.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Harry, please let me go. Save  
yourself, please, Harry.

HARRY  
No way, Sarah. We're in this, "to  
be or not to be" together.

He drops halfway over the edge, hooks one foot on the doorway and anchors himself.

He pulls her up, grabs her with his other hand and yanks her over his head onto the shaky steps.

She helps him onto the stairs. They boot the door again and again.

The door cracks along the line of bullet holes as the staircase collapses.

KITCHEN

The door bursts in with a puff of smoke. Harry and Sarah plow into Riley as they crash on top of him.

Harry and Sarah help Riley out of the room.

O.S. SMOKE DETECTORS SHRIEK, MORPHING INTO FIRE TRUCK SIRENS.

EXT. ESTATE MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Harry help Riley out the door.

Fire trucks screech to a halt.

RILEY  
God help me?!

Riley drops to his knees. Red lights flash across his bulging eyes as he stares up and squeezes them shut.

Gwendolyn growls through her black teeth from under her floppy hat as she stands before him, raising an axe over him.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
SHE'S IN THE POND!!!

He opens his eyes to a female FIREFIGHTER in full gear and breather, axe on her shoulder. A group of FIREMEN behind her.

Nick lifts Riley to his feet.

Sarah and Harry run to the back of the house.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

Rain pours. O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. The boat rocks in the stormy lake waters.

Benny watches Jojo, in Gwendolyn's drooping hat, sit on the aft bench and undo a shoulder strap.

NICK (O.S.)  
They drugged her, to get her on board. So they couldn't allow for her to be found. No toxicology.

Jojo tosses the shoulder strap and rope over Gwendolyn's prone body on deck. A lifeguard rescue tube around her waist.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Riley and Nick stop short of the pond.

Police divers in the water as searchlights scour the pond.

NICK

They didn't figure on her calling Jack Fado. So they improvised.

RILEY

I a... found the scarf here, or, under here. I don't know.

He stoops, fingers a paver and points to another.

NICK

You don't? Or you rather not? Cause I need you too. For me, buddy.

RILEY

I'm not...

He tries to get up. Nick holds him down.

NICK

I noticed you're not limping anymore, and so goes all that...

He shoves Riley down.

NICK (CONT'D)

The lean on me, buddy, shit! Give-me the fucking rundown, Detective!

BEGIN RUNDOWN:

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Jojo wears the drooping hat and scarf as he and Benny drag Gwendolyn by her feet, facedown along the pavers.

They halt and drop her feet on plastic landscape sheeting.

The pavers' construction ends well short of the pond.

Jojo rips a duct tape strip from a roll.



JOJO

Lift 'em!

Benny raises her feet to his chest. She shrieks like a seagull, mule kicks him and sends him on his ass.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Seagulls are always hungry...

He grabs her hair, lifts and twists her face toward his:

JOJO (CONT'D)

...fuckin' A, right?!

He stuffs the scarf down her throat. She chokes on a cough.

He drops her, steps back and shakes his hand.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Bitch, bit me!

He gets in Benny's face:

JOJO (CONT'D)

Grab her feet! Finish this cunt!

Benny locks his elbows around her calves. She twists and kicks his chin.

BENNY

She's crazy strong!

Jojo duct tapes her ankles. She squirms. They never notice her force the scarf under a loose paver.

They kneel and roll her in the plastic sheeting.

END RUNDOWN AND BACK TO SCENE:

Flames consume the estate in the background. Riley stoops on the pavers. Nick stares down on him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SIDE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Riley opens his coat and eyes the yellow scarf.

Nick steps around the house and halts just short of Riley.

Riley stuffs the yellow scarf in his breast pocket.

END FLASHBACK AND BACK TO SCENE:

Nick yanks Riley up by the collar.

Riley pulls the yellow scarf from deep in his coat pocket.

RILEY

I still got--

A sudden gust of wind rips the scarf from his hand and it flies down the path toward the pond.

NICK

How much did he pay you?!

RILEY

A hundred grand, and a contract for a dime a month...

NICK

To keep an eye on me?!

RILEY

That was the hardest part.

Nick throws him facedown onto the pavers and wipes the soles of his shoes on his back.

NICK

It's beginning to smell like green shit again.

He takes the path toward the pond and leaves Riley.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Harry and Sarah stand on the right side of the pavers.

Police divers carry Gwendolyn's plastic wrapped corpse across the pond. Patton sashes ahead to the bank.

HARRY

When you said you'd never met anyone like me, was that a lie?

SARAH

I never lied about my feelings for you, Harry.

HARRY

I want to know the truth about you.

She pulls her sleeves up.

SARAH  
My scars are real.

He kneels and kisses her scars.

HARRY  
Love heals all wounds with  
understanding and patience.

SARAH  
You won't like some of it.

HARRY  
I have stood by, doing nothing, my  
whole life. Since I met you, your  
actions were my awakening.

SARAH  
They were all setups, with you as  
the fall-guy.

HARRY  
I won't fall anymore. Now's my time  
to soar. Fly with me?

SARAH  
I am yours, Harry.

They embrace.

Nick and Casey stop on the left side of the pavers.

Harry holds Sarah and calls across:

HARRY  
I guess I've become the fatal err.

CASEY  
No, you're the last good thing to  
come out of their love. Excuse me!

She bends over. Nick supports as she dry-heaves.

HARRY  
Been a while, Detective.

NICK  
It's all a matter of time.

Harry points at Casey. She's still bent over dry heaving.

HARRY  
She won't wait.

Nick kisses the back of Casey's neck.

NICK

She won't have to. Where you going?

Harry leads Sarah across the grass toward the front.

HARRY

I'm done with the sins of the past.  
Sarah and I are going to Las Vegas,  
get married and sin for ourselves.

Nick watches Harry and Sarah leave. Patton runs ahead of them.

The yellow scarf slithers along the ground some distance behind them. Following...

Casey steps into Nick's arms.

NICK

I sure hope Sarah gets along with  
her mother-in-law.

CASEY

Did you ever meet Lady Gwendolyn?

NICK

Only in a wet dream.

She wraps her arms around him and kisses him hard.

FADE OUT.

THE END