

NIGHT FALL

by

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Based on a play by Emlyn Williams

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A couple is having very strong sex. Attractive woman 40 on her back, her hand is scratching his back, showing her wedding band. Man is nondescript, unidentifiable. He flips her over, doggy style then she's on top of him and finally she is on her back. Passionately she screams in ecstasy, pain and then fear. Camera pulls back, showing clothes on floor, riding boots, cigarettes, lighter, and a jack knife.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - DAY

DETECTIVE BRADLEY A well dressed detective 50 sitting at bar having a drink. House band plays in background. His cell phone buzzes with a text. He looks at it.

BRADLEY

Fuck!

EXT. RECYCLING STATION - DAY

The recycling station is surrounded by a wooded area. Behind yellow gates made of steel tubing are multiple giant colored bins lined up neatly. Mulch piles with various other piles of tree limbs, grass clippings, etc. Police cars and coroner car are near the entrance. Bradley pulls up, gets out, walks to the scene.

BRADLEY

Whata we got?

UNIFORM

Somebody found her this morning.

Bradley and Uniform Cop walk to where the coroner and other cops have surrounded something at the back of the recycling station near the mulch piles. He squeezes through, another detective lifts a tarp.

BRADLEY

Why do I get these?

He kneels down, pulls back the tarp.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

She rides horses.

Roll Titles

INT. MRS. BRONSON'S HOME - DAY

The home is older yet stylish. In the library , MRS. BRONSON an older woman of style and class sits in a wheelchair. NURSE LIBBY takes her blood pressure. OLIVIA GRAYNE is Mrs. Bronson's niece. She is in her 30's and is plainly attractive with dark hair up. Wears glasses. She sits on a couch reading.

NURSE LIBBY

How do you feel?

MRS. BRONSON

Nasty. I *know* it's neuritis. I feel terrible.

NURSE LIBBY

I hear you had four pieces of bacon for breakfast-

MRS. BRONSON

Doctor's orders. You know every mouthful's agony to me.

JUSTIN LAURIE 40, sits in a chair at the far end of the room reading a newspaper. Handsome with a mustache. Has the demeanor of an accountant.

JUSTIN

There's a man here in LA who stood on his head for twenty minutes for a bet, and he hasn't come to yet.

Nurse is packing up blood pressure cuff.

MRS. BRONSON

When I woke up I thought I'd never be able to face the day.

NURSE LIBBY

But last night when you opened the wine.

MRS. BRONSON

I've had a relapse since then.

NURSE LIBBY

Try one of your chocolates.

Olivia walks around fidgeting and looks out of the large window. Through the window is a setting of woods giving way to hills.

MRS. BRONSON

Olivia, what are you walking up and down for? Aren't you happy here?

OLIVIA

It's a bit lonely, but I'll get used to it.

MRS. BRONSON

Lonely? All these lovely hills, don't you like nature?

NURSE LIBBY

Will that be all for today?

MRS. BRONSON

You'll come Wednesday? In case my neuritis sets in again.

Nurse turns away and walks to the front door.

NURSE LIBBY

(shouts)

I will. And if paralysis sets in, just let me know.

MRS. BRONSON

You know... Don't think because this house is lonely you'll get a raise. Why don't you clear the breakfast table? That would be nice.

Olivia walks toward entrance to kitchen.

OLIVIA

Terrance, Mrs. Bronson would like you to clear the table please.

MRS. BRONSON

Wait a minute young lady, pride comes before a fall. You'll never find a husband with your nose stuck up in the air.

OLIVIA

I don't want a husband.

Olivia opens book and thumbs through pages.

Mrs. Bronson wheels herself to the coffee table in front of the sofa and picks up some papers.

MRS. BRONSON
What's this?

OLIVIA
Don't!

MRS. BRONSON
Poetry, that's an interesting
hobby.... Flame of passion!

Olivia goes for her poems. Mrs. Bronson playfully keeps them from her and begins to read.

OLIVIA
It *is* a hobby, and it is private.
It's just a silly poem I amused
myself with, and it's not meant for
anybody but me-

Olivia snatches the papers and clutches them to her chest.

MRS. BRONSON
You're a mysterious one, aren't
you?

OLIVIA
Is there anything else you need me
to do?

MRS. BRONSON
Yes, where's your computer?

OLIVIA
In the sun room.

EXT. MRS. BRONSON'S HOME - DAY

DAN man in his late 20's or early 30's with the fit build of a runner or cyclist and a "baby face" is seen with two leashed dogs walking up the drive. He speaks with a slight British accent.

EXT. MRS. BRONSON'S POOL/PATIO - DAY

Opening the backyard gate.

DAN
(to dogs)
Go on now . Bloody hell.

Olivia appears out of the sliding door, startled by Dan.

OLIVIA
Oh! You scared me.

Dan is playing with and petting the dogs.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Wow. They really like you.

DAN
Bitches always do.

OLIVIA
(Stunned)
What?

DAN
What?

OLIVIA
Why do you call them that? They
seem like nice dogs, and they love
you.

DAN
(chuckling)
Bitches! That's what you call a
girl... dog.

OLIVIA
Really?

DAN
Yeah. I never understood it. But
some people get upset if you *don't*
call them bitches.

OLIVIA
OK.

DAN
It's like hounds. If you call a fox
hunter's hound a dog they get
really upset!

OLIVIA
Who knew?

DAN
Tell Mrs. Bronson she can pay me
next time. I need to get to The
Springs.

EXT. MRS. BRONSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Dan gets into older small SUV.

EXT. THE SPRINGS - DAY

Brick and stone entrance to a fancy housing development. A sign reads THE SPRINGS: GOLF AND EQUESTRIAN COMMUNITY

EXT. RUNNING PATH - DAY

BETSEY FROHMAN is seen running with two dogs, one medium and one small. She is a very attractive housewife 40 Blonde hair pulled back in a pony tail, wearing tight black running pants, white and pink Nike running shoes and a white Under Armour sports bra. She comes off of the trail to cross the road. Dan drives up to cross walk.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan takes notice, slows down and stops. Waves Betsey by, making eye contact. She smiles and takes notice.

DAN

Yeah. I'd like to fuck that.

Betsey jogs away. Dan drives on to the equestrian center.

EXT. MRS. BRONSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Dan in running shoes and baggy shorts, with Mrs. Bronson's dogs on leashes, walks from the back of the house to the street. He turns and jogs past the property line, stops, looks around, looks at his watch and then drags the dogs off road onto an over grown path.

EXT. RUNNING PATH - DAY

Dan spots Betsey coming up the trail ahead. He smiles. Then jogs with the dogs for a few seconds as she nears. He stops and pretends to tie his shoe. He stands up just in time to make eye contact.

DAN

Hi again.

BETSEY

Hi.

Jogs in place. Turns around.

BETSEY (CONT'D)

Again?

DAN

Oh, I let you guys go through the cross walk on Little Springs yesterday.

Dogs are happily jumping on Dan and wagging their tales.

DAN (CONT'D)

Labradoodle.

BETSEY

Yeah! They're hypoallergenic!

DAN

I train a couple of them in Forest Corner.

BETSEY

They're great dogs. If "Cricket" ever dies, I'll get a second one.

DAN

Cool. Cricket's a cocker mix?

BETSEY

Yes!

DAN

Know what they call a poodle, cocker spaniel mix just back from the groomer?

BETSEY

(puzzled)
What?

DAN

Cocker Doodle Do!

Betsey is perplexed.

DAN (CONT'D)

You know, new hair do. Cocker...
Doodle... Do.

Both laugh. She reaches out and puts her hand on his arm, jogs off. She turns around, jogging backwards in place.

BETSEY
I'm Betsey by the way.

Dan gestures at himself.

DAN
Dan.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Olivia walks into room with her laptop, sits, opens it, and begins to take dictation.

MRS. BRONSON
A letter to the County Council. I note that you have still not replied to my last two letters, concerning the landfill.

JUSTIN
Landfill?

MRS. BRONSON
Outside my kitchen window, you can't miss it, it's been there for years, they dump from miles around.

Mrs. Bronson wheels toward the kitchen and points.

OLIVIA
But Auntie, it's a recycling station, they have screened it for you, with all those trees and shrubbery.

MRS. BRONSON
Not enough. Continue writing. If this eyesore is not removed within a month, I shall once again complain to my congressman., yours...

TERRANCE appears from the kitchen. A very sassy gay man in his 30 black, impeccably groomed (possibly a drag queen by night!)

TERRANCE
Would you be wantin' anything?

MRS. BRONSON
Yes, clear the table please.

TERRANCE

Girl, that's Consuelo's job!
Where's Consuelo?

OLIVIA

She's taking out the trash.

MRS. BRONSON

You can't expect the girl to take
out the trash with one hand, and
clear the breakfast dishes with the
other. Clear the table please.

TERRANCE

All right, bitch.

JUSTIN

What was that?

TERRANCE

She heard. And then she had to
pretend she didn't. That woman
knows nobody but me'd stay with her
this long.

Terrance exits to kitchen.

MRS. BRONSON

He's no right to talk to me like
that. I know he steals my sugar.

Terrance returns with a bunch of roses.

TERRANCE

That's a lie. Here are your roses.

Terrance hands the roses to Mrs. Bronson.

MRS. BRONSON

You've cut them too young. I *knew*
you would-

TERRANCE

Then girl, you come out and pick
them yourself.

MRS. BRONSON

That's a nice way to talk to an
invalid.

TERRANCE

If you're an invalid, I'm the Queen
o' Wales.

Terrance exits to dinning room.

MRS. BRONSON

I'm so upset now. That man's a menace. I've a good mind to sue him.

Mrs. Bronson wheels off through another doorway towards the dining room and bedrooms.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Wait for me!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

OLIVIA

That's the third lawsuit she's threatened to bring this week?

Justin goes back to reading his newspaper

JUSTIN

In Yellowstone park a family of five were taken to the hospital after trying to photograph an 11 year old boy attempting to feed a bear.

Puts his newspaper down.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Penny for your thoughts. Fed up?

OLIVIA

I've no right to be, on this perfect sunny morning.

JUSTIN

In October too, it'll be dark by 6:30.

OLIVIA

On a beautiful day like this... it's hard to believe it'll ever end.

Olivia looks out of the window.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I love this window, all the trees look so friendly.

Justin puts his paper down, stands up, walks to Olivia and look out of the big bay window.

JUSTIN
Did Mrs. B. Put it in?

INT. THROUGH WINDOW - DAY

OLIVIA
God no, it was here when she bought
it - she hates it, and the sun-
room. Consuelo, who are those men?

Through the window, men can be seen near the recycling station.

CONSUELO O.S.
What men?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CONSUELO a young Hispanic girl comes in with an empty trash can.

OLIVIA O.S.
Over by the recycling station?

CONSUELO
Oh... I wonder why they're poking
around in the bushes? I guess
they're looking for something.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Justin goes to Olivia and stands face to face, putting his hands on her shoulders.

JUSTIN
I'm wondering if *I'm* going to hold
up, coming out here every day for
another week.

OLIVIA
There's nothing to stop you from
staying in town for another week.

Olivia gently steps out of his grip.

JUSTIN

Oh yes, there is. I don't want to sound rude, but women don't often get men proposing to them every day

Justin picks up Olivia's poems. Olivia turns and out the window

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Gosh, what a poet laureate. What *is* a sonnet?

OLIVIA

A poem of fourteen lines.

Olivia turns and goes to Justin and takes his hand, face to face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm being silly. Of *course* I should get married, and this is a wonderful chance, and-

JUSTIN

Good - then you will?

OLIVIA

I - give me... just a bit longer, please?

Mrs. Bronson wheels through the dining room.

MRS. BRONSON O.S.

The most dishonest thing I have ever heard.

Hearing Mrs. Bronson, the mood is broken. Justin looks towards the dining room then back to Olivia.

JUSTIN

God, more trouble... whatever happens, remember that I love you.

INT. DINNING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Bronson is in the dining room, parked at the entrance of the kitchen door. Terrance stands in the kitchen facing the doorway.

MRS. BRONSON

Get that girl in here right now.

TERRANCE
 Girl, leave that child alone.

MRS. BRONSON
 Leave her alone? The little sneak
 thief? Bring her in here, now!

TERRANCE
 Consuelo!

Olivia enters dining room from library.

OLIVIA
 What's Consuelo done now?

MRS. BRONSON
 She broke three Waterfords. Thought
 if she planted them in the rose
 garden I wouldn't find out. Well, I
 have found out!

Mrs. Bronson and Olivia move into the library.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Terrance sashays into the kitchen, nose in the air. Consuelo
 is cleaning behind the sink.

TERRANCE
 You're wanted.

CONSUELO
 What for?

TERRANCE
 She wants to kiss you good morning
 child. What do you think?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Consuelo comes from kitchen into the library.

CONSUELO
 Did you want me, Mrs.?

MRS. BRONSON
 Waterford's?

CONSUELO
 I don't understand Mrs.?

MRS. BRONSON
Do you think my fine china came
from Walmart?

CONSUELO
Oh... Oh... (breaks into tears)

Olivia goes to Consuelo, strokes the hair out of her face and
comforts her.

OLIVIA
It's OK Consuelo, it's not as bad
as all that-

CONSUELO
Oh yes it is... Oh...

MRS. BRONSON
You can leave now- that'll be all.

CONSUELO
Oh Mrs., I'm not myself... I - I'm
in terrible trouble...

MRS. BRONSON
Have you been stealing?

CONSUELO
Oh Mrs. No! I'm going to have a
baby.

OLIVIA
You're going to have a baby?

MRS. BRONSON
And stop *squeaking!* You make me
nervous. So you're pregnant! How
far along?

CONSUELO
Fourth of July...

MRS. BRONSON
He'll have to marry you!

CONSUELO
I don't think he's into that idea.

MRS. BRONSON
Who is this gentleman?

CONSUELO

Oh he's not a gentleman! He's the guy that walks your dogs. And he's a riding instructor at the Springs.

MRS. BRONSON

The Springs?

CONSUELO

On PCH.

MRS. BRONSON

I know where it is. What's this character like, the creep?

CONSUELO

He has the best accent, British, I think. He's been in the Navy too, lots of things. He's really open, they call him Babyface. I can never tell what he's thinking though...

MRS. BRONSON

I can guess what he's thinking.

CONSUELO

He's gone on a ride on his bike to Santa Monica, and he said he might drop in to see me on his way back-

MRS. BRONSON

That's right, nothing like a visitor to brighten up your morning. When he gets here, bring him in and I'll deal with him.

CONSUELO

Oh... Oh Mrs....

MRS. BRONSON

And I'll take the Waterfords out of your paycheck.

CONSUELO

Oh...

Consuelo turns to go.

MRS. BRONSON

What were you going to say?

CONSUELO

I was going to say I don't know how to thank you for your generosity...

Consuelo exits through the kitchen.

MRS. BRONSON

Olivia!

OLIVIA

Yes?

MRS. BRONSON

You've forgotten my medicine. It is most important that you remember.

Terrance sashays in and trips on a footstool.

TERRANCE

All this furniture...

MRS. BRONSON

Did you know that Consuelo's having a baby?

TERRANCE

She might have mentioned it.

MRS. BRONSON

These young girls.

TERRANCE

We're only young once. She was foolish, but she's no criminal. (Not missing a beat) And speaking of criminals, there's a policeman at the door.

MRS. BRONSON

What does he want?

TERRANCE

Girl, I know *my* conscience is clear.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Don't frighten the girl, she's simple enough now-

MRS. BRONSON

What she's done is wrong, isn't it? You'd better go back in there until you're sent for.

Terrance goes to the foyer and greets DETECTIVE BRADLEY.
Terrance is smitten with the 50ish well-dressed detective.

TERRANCE

This way sir... Oh I'd like to see
your pistol!

Terrance brings Bradley in from the foyer, walking in front
of Bradley with a "look what I've got" attitude.

BRADLEY

Mrs. Bronson. I'm sorry to drop in
on you like this, here's my card.

Mrs. Bronson looks at the business card.

MRS. BRONSON

Homicide! I don't like visitors I
don't know.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

I'm afraid the law sometimes makes
it necessary.

MRS. BRONSON

You can go (to Terrance).

TERRANCE

I don't want to go. I might have to
be arrested for stealing sugar.

Terrance puts his hands out as if to be handcuffed.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Sugar?... Actually as a matter of
fact though, you might be useful,
any of you might be. It's a quiet
spot up here. Is there anybody else
in the house?

MRS. BRONSON

(Yells for) Mr. Laurie!

Justin hurries back in. He has changed into running clothes.

JUSTIN

House on fire?

MRS. BRONSON

This is Mr-er-Brad-

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Bradley. Richard Bradley.

MRS. BRONSON

LAPD.

JUSTIN

Oh... it isn't about my car, is it?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

No.

JUSTIN

Oh... Well in that case, how do you do?

Justin shakes hands with Bradley.

MRS. BRONSON

He's a friend of my niece's. He keeps visiting.

BRADLEY

Been visiting long?

MRS. BRONSON

Every day for 2 weeks. Just before lunch.

JUSTIN

Well-

BRADLEY

So... I wonder if any of you have seen anything unusual or out of the ordinary lately? Anybody wandering around in the woods? ... Overheard anything?

MRS. BRONSON

The only visitor's been the nurse.

TERRANCE

It's been ever so exciting.

MRS. BRONSON

Has there been a robbery?

BRADLEY

No. There's a woman missing.

MRS. BRONSON

Missing?

TERRANCE

Where from?

BRADLEY

The Springs.

MRS. BRONSON
The Springs again-

BRADLEY
A Mrs. Frohman.

TERRANCE
Frohman? Oh yes. Dyed platinum
blonde, married to a banker,
designer short skirts and Ferragamo
high heels.

JUSTIN
Did you know her?

TERRANCE
Never set eyes on her. Likes a
little you know what too.

MRS. BRONSON
And what is "you know what"?

TERRANCE
Girlfriend! Ask me no questions and
I'll tell you no lies.

BRADLEY
Well, anyway... Mrs. Frohman left
the Springs last Tuesday evening
without her cell phone or purse,
and she's never been seen since.

JUSTIN
She may have had some sort of
mental breakdown. And if she's both
a dipso and a nymphomaniac-

MRS. BRONSON
Listen to the Psychiatrist!

BRADLEY
Maniacs, however dipso or nympho
they may be, can't get far without
their atm card.

MRS. BRONSON
Next you'll say she's been
murdered!

BRADLEY
Could be.

JUSTIN

Oh my God, imagine going for a run
and stumbling over a dead body!

TERRANCE

Girlfriend, I have stumbled over
bodies in those woods before. But
they weren't dead... Oh no.

MRS. BRONSON

If I were you, I would say what you
know, and no more.

TERRANCE

I have just told you all everything
I've seen, a bit of sex now and
then's all. Will that be all, sir?

Terrance is all over Bradley. Bradley grins but ignores it.

BRADLEY

Thank you.

TERRANCE

Though how they deal with all those
pine-needles I'll never know.

BRADLEY

Well I'd appreciate it if you'd all
keep your eyes open. My cellphone
number's on my card.

Olivia is looking out the bay window. Bradley pauses near her
on his way out.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Miss...

OLIVIA

I'm so sorry...

She turns to give her attention to Bradley.

BRADLEY

Did you remember something?

OLIVIA

No no, I was just wondering where
she is now.

BRADLEY

Same here!

OLIVIA leads BRADLEY by the arm to the foyer and sees him out.

MRS. BRONSON

(to Justin)

What was she fantasizing about?

Olivia returns to the library.

OLIVIA

Well so, here we all are, perfectly ordinary people. We woke up this morning, and... no it's silly-

JUSTIN

No no! Go on...

Olivia addresses her "audience" while camera looks to Justin, then back to Olivia.

OLIVIA

This morning we woke up. We got up, we looked at the weather, we talked. And here we are, still talking. And all that time...

JUSTIN

What?

OLIVIA

In the woods... there may be something... lying under a bush, with two feet showing. One heel catching the sunlight, a bird perched on the end of it. The other... a stockinged foot, with blood... that's dried into the fishnet stocking. And somewhere, there's a person walking around. And this morning he, or she, woke up, and looked at the weather, got up, dressed, shaved... And killed her. It's not easy to believe.

MRS. BRONSON

Olivia!

JUSTIN

You better be careful Livi, you'll give your Aunt a heart attack!

MRS. BRONSON
 Oh that's nothing, she writes
 poetry too. Missing woman my foot,
 she's more than likely shackled up
 somewhere on the internet.

Consuelo enters from living room.

CONSUELO
 He's here!

MRS. BRONSON
 Well I'm ready for him.

CONSUELO
 It took some persuading to get him
 to face *you*, Mrs.

JUSTIN
 What's this all about?

OLIVIA
 The housekeeper is going to have a
 baby.

Mrs. Bronson and Olivia look at Justin accusingly.

JUSTIN
 Jesus. Don't look at me! I've only
 been in town two weeks!

Justin goes to back of room and sits in "his" chair.

Consuelo brings Dan in. He is in a full "Tour de France" kit.

DAN
 Good morning Mrs Bronson. Morning
 everyone.

Dan takes off his helmet. His shoes/cleats are loud and
 awkward on the hardwood floor.

MRS. BRONSON
 You're Baby-face? You're the dog
 sitter.

DAN
 Dog Trainer. And yes, baby face,
 that's me. Sorry about the bike
 clothes.

MRS. BRONSON
Your shoes.

We see Dan's cycling shoes. He sits and takes them off.

DAN
Oh, I'm sorry.

Dan stands up and takes his shoes to doorway of the living room, sets them neatly down and returns to face Mrs. Bronson.

MRS. BRONSON
I believe you know my housekeeper?

DAN
Yes. We know each other.

MRS. BRONSON
Last Fourth of July, you had relations with her?

DAN
Bugger. It sounds bad when you put it like that... doesn't it?

MRS. BRONSON
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
How did it happen?

DAN
Did you have a nice 4th of July?

MRS. BRONSON
Answer my question!

Justin leans back in his chair, raises his chin and in his best "fatherly" voice says...

JUSTIN
Do you love her?

DAN
Yes!

MRS. BRONSON
When did you first meet her?

DAN
When I started working with your dogs.

MRS. BRONSON
So you've been dating for awhile
then.

DAN
No. Not at all.

MRS. BRONSON
So you just hooked up ?

DAN
No! I took her for a walk on the
Fourth of July, to take her mind
off of her job.

JUSTIN
You seem to have succeeded.

DAN
I couldn't help it... You know how
it is.

MRS. BRONSON
No I don't know how it is!

JUSTIN
I'm going for my run.

Justin puts his foot up on the footstool to tighten his
shoelaces.

OLIVIA
You work in the Springs too, don't
you?

DAN
Yes miss.

Justin puffs up again.

JUSTIN LAURIE
Maybe you can tell us something
about the woman from the Springs
who's been murdered?

MRS. BRONSON
You must know this Mrs. Frohman who
went off one night-

JUSTIN LAURIE
And nobody's seen her since?

MRS. BRONSON
What's she like?

DAN
Wait. Did somebody say something
about a murder?

JUSTIN LAURIE
We don't *know* that of course.

JUSTIN LAURIE (CONT'D)
Ever seen her?

DAN
I used to see her at the stables.

MRS. BRONSON
What's she *like*?

Dan looks up into the air.

DAN
I don't know. On the tall side.
Thin ankles, with an anklet on one
of them. Blonde hair... Thin
eyebrows. High maintenance. Pretty
high strung too.

JUSTIN
You're very observant.

MRS. BRONSON
If he weren't so observant,
Consuelo wouldn't be in the
condition she is now.

Mrs. Bronson snarls at Justin.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
Weren't you going for a run?

Mrs. Bronson wheels around and practically chases JUSTIN out.

JUSTIN
So I was.

OLIVIA
I'll go type that email.

Justin turns to leave. Olivia grabs her laptop and goes out
of the room with him.

DAN
I know it sounds a bit cheeky, but
I'd say that girl was a bit of an
ice princess.

Terrance pops back in.

TERRANCE

The landscaper wants to be paid and he says there's men rummaging at the bottom of the garden looking for that Mrs. Frohman.

MRS. BRONSON

Well they won't rummage for long, not among my roses! Olivia! That girl's never here.

Terrance goes to push Mrs. Bronson's wheelchair.

MRS. BRONSON

Leave me alone, I don't want to be pushed into the nettles today, thank you...

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Mrs. Bronson comes wheeling out waving her arms.

MRS. BRONSON

Out of my garden you! Come out of there!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dan and Terrance walk around the library. Terrance runs his hands over things. Dan looks purposefully around.

TERRANCE

Woman gives me no cash to pay the landscaper so I won't know where she keeps her money, but I *do* know—so put that in your pipe and smoke it honey.

DAN

And where does she keep it?

TERRANCE

That silly Consuelo stumbled on it, of all people, and of course the child couldn't keep it to herself. But I'm not telling nobody.

Terrance exits. Olivia comes to doorway holding her laptop.

OLIVIA
Did Mrs. Bronson call me?

DAN
Lonely spot for a young lady on her own?

Dan is patronizing to Olivia. They keep their distance. Olivia sets her laptop down.

OLIVIA
I am not a snob, and though I'm employed by my aunt, I'm not quite in Consuelo's position.

DAN
Bloody hell, I should hope not. I am going to marry her. You don't like me, do you? Everybody else does! What's wrong with me?

Dan and Olivia unconsciously move closer to one another.

OLIVIA
Your eyes are nice, your hands are quite good, the animals love you... But we both know what's wrong with you.

DAN
I've been looking at you too. You-

Olivia snaps out of the unconscious moment and pushes away from Dan. Dan pushes her hand against his chest.

OLIVIA
It's a waste of time doing your stuff with me. *Obviously* you're thinking of playing up to Mrs. Bronson.

Olivia exits.

In the background we see Mrs. Bronson coming up the patio with the dogs. The dogs come in through the kitchen with Mrs. Bronson. They jump on and fuss over Dan. He gives them plenty of attention back.

DAN
You never know!

Mrs. Bronson rolls in with a search warrant in her hands.

MRS. BRONSON

They say they've got warrants to
look for that woman.

Mrs. Bronson squints to see warrant and looks in her chair
for glasses

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

I keep losing my glasses. Oh...
"This is to authorize'- a lot of
mumbo-jumbo, that's what it amounts
to...My angina, all this upset
would bring it on...

Dan moves towards Mrs. Bronson and takes her wrist as if he
were about to check her pulse.

DAN

Yes, I'm afraid I could see it
coming.

MRS. BRONSON

See what coming?

DAN

The cardiac condition.

Dan stands upright and backs off.

MRS. BRONSON

What do you know about cardiac
conditions?

DAN

Well, I was a male nurse at one
time, and I had what you'd call a
natural gift for medicine.

MRS. BRONSON

And what happened?

Mrs. Bronson wheels closer to Dan.

DAN

Nothing. I had no money for med
school, and that was it- but it's
funny how it stays with you,
you're able to see all sorts of
things.

MRS. BRONSON

What sorts of things?

DAN
Symptoms, and such. It makes you
itch to give advice as well.

MRS. BRONSON
What advice would you give me?

DAN
Well... if I could be so blunt...
it's clear to me that you're going
about your health the wrong way.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh?

DAN
You're what the doctors call...
delicate.

MRS. BRONSON
Delicate...

DAN
The minute I laid eyes on you, I
said to myself, now there's a lady
that has a lot to contend with.

MRS. BRONSON
No. It's *true!* People just don't
understand...Are you making fun of
me? Because if you are, you're on
the wrong track, nobody can pull
the wool over my eyes, *nobody!*

DAN
I've never been so sincere.

Dan moves toward Mrs. Bronson and takes her pulse again. Then
he gently puts his hand against the side of her throat.

DAN (CONT'D)
Would you just say something?

MRS. BRONSON
What do you want me to say?

DAN
Yes!

MRS. BRONSON
Yes what?

DAN
When you talk, there's a twitching
in your neck.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh?

DAN
It all comes from stress- from over
exerting yourself, pushing your own
wheel chair around when there
should be others pushing it for
you. Do you mind if I ask what your
ailments are?

MRS. BRONSON
Well, there's the arrythmia

DAN
I knew it. I've known somebody with
palpitations before. And that makes
me worried about you.

MRS. BRONSON
Worried?

DAN
She took it lightly, like you do,
and she neglected herself. She's
dead now.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh...

Dan looks out of the front window.

DAN
It was my mother as a matter of
fact. I can just barely remember
her.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh?

DAN
She passed away when I was eight.
Just after my dad died. She never
got over it.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh.

Mrs. Bronson excitedly moves her wheel chair closer to Dan.
Dan turns his attention back to Mrs. Bronson.

DAN
Matter of fact-

MRS. BRONSON
Yes?

DAN
It's crazy, I suppose, but... you
remind me of her.

Mrs. Bronson is flattered, almost blushing.

MRS. BRONSON
Of your mother?... Oh...

Dan sits on edge of sofa facing Mrs. Bronson. He looks into her eyes and reaches out taking her hands.

DAN
I don't like talking about my
mother...She had the same wide
apart eyes as you, and the same
good hands.

MRS. BRONSON
You're a funny boy, to be a dog
walker.

DAN
Dog Trainer.

MRS. BRONSON
Now that I've talked with you, you
seem like so much better class-

DAN
I've never had any advantages, but
I've always tried to do the right
thing. I've never had the luck, if
you know what I mean?

MRS. BRONSON
I do see what you mean. I would say
that you deserve a little help.

Consuelo blindly enters from kitchen. Then realizes she has interrupted the conversation.

CONSUELO
Oh. I'm so sorry Mrs....

MRS. BRONSON
Speaking of help. What about
Consuelo!

DAN
Bugger, I know I'm to blame, and
I'd make things right in a
heartbeat *if* I had any money!

Olivia enters the room.

OLIVIA
I've done the e-mail to the Council
for you.

Olivia exits.

MRS. BRONSON
I've taken quite a liking to you.

DAN
That's very nice of you Mrs.
Bronson.

MRS. BRONSON
It's the way you talked about your
mother. Do you *have* to go?

DAN
Now? Well... no, this is my slow-
day-

MRS. BRONSON
Stay for lunch!

DAN
Well, I wouldn't want to impose-

MRS. BRONSON
There's plenty of food.

Olivia returns with a box and some packing supplies and sets
them on the table. Dan observes the contents.

Terrance pops in from the patio and interrupts without
hesitation.

TERRANCE
The pool boy's at the back door and
says the news on the TV says
"Malibu Mystery".

MRS. BRONSON
What!

OLIVIA
They've got it on the news?

TERRANCE

They've got it on the news- do you
want me to turn it on?

Terrance picks up the remote and turns on the TV. Terrance,
Olivia, and Consuelo stand in front of a big flat screen TV.

EXT. RECYCLING STATION - DAY

Reporter and crew outside the recycling station. A pretty,
well dressed female reporter stands speaking into a
microphone, facing her cameraman and producer. Recycling
station in background with yellow crime scene tape now
surrounding the area with multiple police cars, coroner's van
and many uniformed officers moving about. Other news vans
with satellite dishes raised and other news crews can be seen
off to either side of the area.

REPORTER

The normally quiet tranquility of
the wealthy, star studded beach
community of Malibu has been
shattered this morning with the
discovery of the mutilated remains
of a woman. Here in this Los
Angeles Co. Recycling Station.
Although not confirmed, the body is
believed to be that of 42 year old
Betsey Frohman, missing since
Tuesday...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

OLIVIA

There it is...

We see the same reporter on the screen.

As the reporter speaks, a typical fund raiser photo of Betsey
Frohman appears on screen.

REPORTER

Mrs. Frohman, shown here at an
ASPCA fund raising event, had been
reported missing by her husband.
The family housekeeper became
suspicious recently, when she came
to work and found Mrs. Frohman's
dogs, unfed and out of water... Mr.
Frohman is in New York City on
business.

On the television screen again. The reporter interviews a Park Ranger.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

We now have with us, a witness,
Park Ranger Daryl Mattern.

Heavy set, muscular man in Park Ranger uniform moves into shot next to reporter. He looks a little "shell shocked" as the reporter points the microphone at him.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Officer Mattern, can you tell us
what you saw.

PARK RANGER

Well I didn't actually see
anything. I was on routine night
patrol here a while back, and I
didn't think anything of it at the
time, but I heard a mans voice,
singing a song.

REPORTER

Could you identify what he was
singing.

PARK RANGER

Yeah. It was that old tune "Mac The
Knife".

REPORTER

But you didn't see the suspect.

PARK RANGER

I wouldn't say he was a suspect. It
was just a voice I heard down here
the one night. And there are
routinely kids and people down here
at odd hours.

The reporter turns away from the ranger and faces the camera directly.

REPORTER

So there we have the eyewitness
account from Park Ranger Daryl
Mattern stating the he heard the
actual suspect singing Mac The
Knife on the night of the murder.

Ranger Mattern is seen just off to her side with a perplexed look on his face and is about to try and interrupt when she says.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Reporting live from Malibu. I'm
Kelly McMaster. Back to you John.

Terrance returns from kitchen.

TERRANCE
Those men are done rummaging in the
garden.

MRS. BRONSON
I'll give them rummaging! Wheel me
out.. And don't talk so much...

Terrance pushes Mrs. Bronson out through the sliding glass
doors to the patio.

Dan returns with tape and sets it down near Olivia who is
closing up a box. Dan's helmet is on the table as well. He
picks it up as if he were keeping it from Olivia and takes it
to the foyer.

DAN
Excuse me....

Singing

DAN (CONT'D)
'Oh the shark bites... with shark
teeth and he shows them pearly
whites... but old Mac Heath
yeah...'

EXT. - RIDING ARENA - DAY

Dan standing in riding arena is instructing Betsey over
jumps. She is on a very nice horse. He gets a phone call.

EXT. - SERVICE STATION - DAY

Mechanic on phone with cars up on lifts in background and the
sound of air wrenches.

MECHANIC
Danny Williams?

EXT. RIDING ARENA-DAY

DAN
That's me.

MECHANIC

Your car has been ready for a couple of days.

Ext. Riding Arena day

Dan moves out of earshot of Betsey and covers phone so no one else can hear.

DAN

Great. Sorry, I've been out of town.

MECHANIC V.O.

No problem. Oil is changed, it's ready to go.

DAN

Thanks. I'll try to get it later.

MECHANIC V.O.

Station is open til 11. You can just pay the cashier girl.

DAN

Cool. Alright then.

EXT. RIDING ARENA - DAY

Betsey completes her lesson and rides over to Dan.

BETSEY

Thanks. That was great. I think he's going to be great at the championships.

DAN

You're going to be great at the championships.

BETSEY

Is your car ready?

DAN

I don't think so. I'm going to have to find a way to pay for it as well.

BETSEY

I might be able to help you. Do you need a ride later?

DAN
That would be great.

BETSEY
When's your last lesson?

DAN
Six.

BETSEY
I'll pick you up then.

DAN
Cool.

EXT. - RIDING ARENA - EVENING

Betsey is leaning against the arena rail, she watches Dan finish teaching a couple of young girls on nice horses.

Dan and Betsey walk towards her car in the equestrian center parking lot.

DAN
Thanks for the ride. Are you sure
your husband won't mind you
chauffeuring me around?

BETSEY
He's out of town. He's always out
of town.

Dan and Betsey drive off.

INT. BETSEY'S CAR - EVENING

BETSEY
Do you need coffee?

DAN
I can always drink a cup of coffee.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - EVENING

Shopping center has a Starbucks and a tack shop. "The Tack Box"

INT. STARBUCKS - EVENING

Picking up coffee from the barista, Dan and Betsey walk out.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - EVENING

DAN

Do you have a shadbelly?

BETSEY

I was thinking of getting a new one.

DAN

Next door at "The Tack Box"?

BETSEY

Yes.

Camera shows window of the "Tack Box" with riding boots, show coats, etc, on display.

EXT. RIDING CLUB PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Betsey pulls up and rolls down window as she sees Dan standing outside of office about to dial on his cell phone.

BETSEY

Where's your car?

DAN

Issues! Won't be ready 'til tomorrow.

BETSEY

Can I give you a ride?

DAN

Sure.

Dan walks off of curb, opens car door and gets in.

INT. BETSEY'S CAR - DAY

Garment bags are hanging in the back. Shopping bags from the "Tack Box" are everywhere.

DAN

Somebody's been shopping. Does your husband mind how much money you spend on horses?

BETSEY

He thinks I spend too much. That's why I keep a secret stash!

DAN
I wish I had a secret stash. I
still don't know how I'm going to
pay for my car.

BETSEY
(excited)
I can help!

DAN
It's OK.

MRS. FROHMAN
No really, let me.

DAN
OK?

MRS. FROHMAN
Do you have time to come to my
house now and pick it up?

DAN
You're driving.

They giggle. Dan smiles.

INT. BETSEY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Dan puts his cellphone and keys on the table, wanders around looking at and touching things such as fake fruit. He picks up a mini mixer for latte foam and pushes a button. It spins, he quickly puts it back in it's holder. Dan looks at various magazines: Forbes, WSJ, Practical Horseman.

BETSEY O.S.
Wanna see what I got for the
championships?

DAN
Sure.

BETSEY O.S.
Come down here.

INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - DAY

Dan walks down a short flight of stairs. He finds Betsey standing near a sofa in boots, britches, top hat, and a shadbelly (tailcoat) with apparently nothing underneath. A show shirt lays over the back of a sofa on a hanger.

Betsey walks to a music box on an end table near some exercise equipment. She opens it and counts out some money.

BETSEY

Will three hundred help? I have more.

DAN

(Walking towards her to take the money) I don't know how to thank you. Cheers.

BETSEY

I know how you can. But first, I want you to know. I have NEVER done anything like this before.

Betsey's coat falls to the floor. He takes her into his arms and they kiss. Awkwardly they move into the bedroom.

Cut to opening scene.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Olivia hurriedly walks through the woods on the trail. She is trying not to be seen. She pauses in the woods, near an intersection of trail and street. Making sure no one sees her, she runs across.

EXT. BETSEY'S HOME - NIGHT

Olivia sneaks through the garden gate, runs quietly around the pool to a sliding glass door. She peeks in. Dan's phone and keys are on the table. She nearly loses her breath with jealousy. Olivia sneaks down the outside stairs to a window with a light on. She can see inside into a basement bedroom. She sees Dan having sex with Betsey, hears her scream. She wants to look away but can't as the scream changes from pleasure to pain and then stops. She smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dan gets off a limp, naked Betsey. He pulls on underwear and a shirt. He lights a cigarette.

INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dan is smoking a cigarette in his underwear and shirt standing in the exercise area at the table where the secret stash music box is. He has opened the music box and is taking the cash out of it.

EXT. BETSEY'S HOME - NIGHT

Olivia runs back to the tree line that surrounds the property, staying out of sight. She stops, keeping the house in view.

EXT. BETSEY'S HOME - NIGHT

Dan, now dressed, appears with Betsey's lifeless body over his shoulder. He sneaks hurriedly to the tree line. He passes within feet of where Olivia is hiding, who moves around a tree to hide. She is still losing her breath. She continues to move back around the tree so she can see Dan as he dumps the body over a three rail fence and climbs over.

EXT. RECYCLING STATION - NIGHT

Olivia watches Dan from the edge of the woods that surround the recycling station.

EXT. RECYCLING STATION - NIGHT

Dan takes the body between a fence post and the side of a closed gate into the dark of the recycling station. Olivia quietly moves out of sight to get a view of Dan digging a shallow grave with a kid's plastic shovel he has found and watches until he dumps the body in.

EXT. RECYCLING STATION - NIGHT

Olivia backtracks through the woods that surround the recycling station.

EXT. REAR OF BETSEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia goes to the sliding door, finds it's open and goes in.

INT. BETSEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Olivia comes into the bedroom. She looks over the crime scene. She meticulously changes the sheets on the bed. She finds jack knife and picks up new show clothes and hangs them back in their bag, hangs them on a hook inside the closet. She spots the top hat next to the hat box and picks it up, and then puts it back down. She takes the hat box.

EXT. RECYCLING STATION - NIGHT

Silhouette of Olivia in the moonlight carrying the hat box squeezes around the closed gate into the recycling station.

INT. DAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The hat box sits on his bed. Dan comes into the room, sees the hat box with a plain folded card taped to the top. He flips open the card. It says "O.G.". He moves the hat box. It seems much heavier than it looks. Dan opens the box, looks inside, his eyes open wide. Quickly shuts the box, takes a step back, looses his breath for a second. He takes it to the closet. Puts it high up on the top shelf.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Olivia enters from the sun room looking at her iphone. Mrs. Bronson sits at the table in her wheelchair with a laptop open.

OLIVIA

I'm afraid you're out of Tylenol.

MRS. BRONSON

Get a bottle. No, two.

Pop/rock music becomes obvious. Mrs. Bronson is dressed better than usual with make-up and jewelry on.

OLIVIA

The pool man says there was an extra bottle of chlorine not paid for.

MRS. BRONSON

And it won't be either, he's trying to cheat me, he has before.

OLIVIA

I never thought you would like this kind of music.

MRS. BRONSON
I'm getting used to it, it's good
to keep up with the times.

Mrs. Bronson is playing solitaire on the computer. Olivia reaches for the keyboard and moves the mouse. Music in the background changes to "Mac the Knife"

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
I saw that! Don't interfere...

Dan enters from the kitchen with a bunch of roses. He removes the wilted ones and drops them in a waste can. He places new ones in the vase, all the while singing "Mac the Knife."

DAN
"Jenny Diver, yeah Sukey Tawdry,
miss Lotte Lenya, and old Lucy
Brown... yes that line forms on the
right babe" That's me!

DAN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Bronson, you are a tolerant
lady?

MRS. BRONSON
I am?

DAN
For putting up with my weakness.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh?

DAN
My stereo, I never thought you'd
let me bring it!

MRS. BRONSON
You like it, don't you?

Olivia stands nearby, observing. Shakes her head at how Dan is "playing" Mrs. Bronson and silently mouths the words "good boy".

DAN
Yes I do, the music keeps me
company when I get the blues.

MRS. BRONSON
The blues, you?
(MORE)

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

No, I don't mind your music, but if you want to play it in here, next time you need to ask my permission first.

DAN

Yes mam, I will, sorry...

Mrs. Bronson slams the laptop shut.

MRS. BRONSON

I'm sick of this.

Olivia re-arranges the roses that Dan placed in the vase. She looks over her shoulder at Dan and Mrs. Bronson. Amused at the "show" Dan is putting on.

Consuelo runs in from the kitchen, flustered out of breath, and interrupts without even noticing.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Yes, what is it?

CONSUELO

Those guys are in the woods again.

MRS. BRONSON

What guys?

CONSUELO

The men looking for Mrs. Frohman.

CONSUELO (CONT'D)

Well I've found something!

OLIVIA GRAYNE

What?

CONSUELO

This!

Consuelo produces a muddy belt she's been hiding with her hands behind her back.

OLIVIA

It's mine. I lost it last week.

CONSUELO

I'll wash it for you-

CONSUELO (CONT'D)
I am so disappointed...

MRS. BRONSON
She'll be joining the FBI next...
Go on reading.

Dan raises his hand and shakes his index finger, showing off that he has remembered.

DAN
Medicine!

MRS. BRONSON
You've remembered, good...

Justin comes in through sliding glass door from the pool area. Newspaper in hand.

JUSTIN
Have you heard?

MRS. BRONSON
What?

JUSTIN
Consuelo found a belt!

MRS. BRONSON
It was Olivia's.

JUSTIN
What a shame...

MRS. BRONSON
Shame indeed, all this sensational-
Morbid, circus...

Dan walks to the back of Mrs. Bronson's wheelchair and takes the handles.

DAN
And now it's time for your walk...
Listen to me talking about your
walk, and you in a chair all the
time!

Dan backs the wheelchair up and starts towards the front door.

DAN (CONT'D)
I got your shawl and your blanket.

MRS. BRONSON
Have you got my pills?

DAN
And your chocolates- On with your
shawl now, and I'll have the
blanket on my shoulder-

Dan leans forward around Mrs. Bronson to open the door. He pushes the door open with his foot and then swings in behind the chair and pushes through.

DAN (CONT'D)
Down the other way for a change-

Mrs. Bronson looks up at Dan and wraps her shawl around her chest and shoulders.

MRS. BRONSON O.S.
The other way? Well, we'll see...

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Olivia is tending to various plants and flowers, pulling dead leaves and odd weeds from potted plants and from raised gardens surrounding the pool area. Justin sits at a glass table with his newspaper.

OLIVIA
What do *you* think of him?

JUSTIN
Him? Danny, you mean? Oh, he's all right. He's certainly made a hit with *your Aunt*.

OLIVIA
What do we know about him?

JUSTIN
Nothing much, I suppose... He *looks* pretty honest-

Olivia sees her reflection in the glass door.

OLIVIA
Looks? It's weird what a face can hide. I sometimes catch sight of myself in the mirror... and I realize how successfully I'm hiding the thoughts I know so well. What's behind *his* eyes?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He's *acting*... Every minute, I know he is! He's walking around all day smiling, and smoking. But what's going on in his *mind*?

Dan suddenly pops his head through the sliding glass door and leans out.

DAN

Anybody seen Mrs. B's pills, I thought *I* had them!

OLIVIA

They're in the second drawer.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Olivia and Justin enter from pool side through the sliding glass door, Olivia takes her trimmings and drops them in the trash can at the edge of the kitchen. Dan searches drawer for pills.

Justin, sits on a bar, reads from his newspaper. Dan is distracted from his mission by Justin's story.

JUSTIN

The body of 20 year old Curran Simpson was recovered from Lake Malibu Thursday. Mr. Simpson was...

DAN

Bloody Hell. I don't buy that crap that drowning is a peaceful way to go. When I was a kid we were at this lake on holiday when somebody realized a kid was missing. So we all started diving down to try and find him. I'd swim down to the bottom, over and over again, so far down that my ears hurt from the pressure. The water that deep was bloody cold and dark. We all did this for like 15 minutes. I couldn't see anything but I kept imagining he could see me and that he'd reach out and grab my arm and I'd pull him up and he'd be OK. And then good job, my cousin dove in off the dock and found him and pulled him to shore. We pulled him up onto the sand and just looked at him.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

He was pasty pale white and it was amazing just how dead he was. You knew there was just no life in him. I kept thinking that his brain was somehow still working and that he wanted to tell us what it was like to drown. Because he wanted us to know it was anything but peaceful. The ends of his fingertips were all bloody and ripped up, with mud underneath his fingernails. Like he had been clawing at the bottom of the lake to get out!

Mrs. Bronson shouts from O.S.

MRS. BRONSON (O.S.)

Danny!

DAN

Coming!

Dan grabs a prescription bottle and trots off to the door. He exits.

JUSTIN

Wow! You have to laugh-

OLIVIA

But that's exactly what I mean, it's all put on for our benefit.

JUSTIN

I think you're in love with him!

OLIVIA

Don't be ridiculous.

JUSTIN

I was joking-

OLIVIA

He's low class and arrogant and I do not like him.

Terrance stands in doorway between kitchen and library.

TERRANCE

What'll you have with your tea, cheese and crackers or scones, you can't have both.

OLIVIA

Terrance, what do you think of Dan?

Terrance steps down into the library.

TERRANCE
He's all right. Bit of a mystery.

JUSTIN
Oh?

TERRANCE
He's quite the liar, but then a lot of us are. Told me he used to Fox hunt with hounds and had his own kennel. Before he went up in the world as a dog sitter, I suppose.

JUSTIN
Oh?

OLIVIA
You see?

TERRANCE
Why, what's he done?

JUSTIN
Exactly-

OLIVIA
Consuelo?

Consuelo enters from the living room.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Has Dan said anything more about marrying you?

CONSUELO
No. He hasn't brought it up.

JUSTIN
Does he talk to you?

CONSUELO
Only yes and no. I've never really spent any time with him.

JUSTIN
What do you think of him?

CONSUELO
Oh... He's all right. Takes his fun where he can find it.

(MORE)

CONSUELO (CONT'D)

He pretends he doesn't really care,
but he always has his eye on what
you're thinking of him.

OLIVIA

Such incredible vanity, they always
have it...

JUSTIN

Who?

OLIVIA

Murderers.

JUSTIN

My God Livie...

TERRANCE

Do you mean- this woman they're
looking for?

OLIVIA

I'm sure of it.

TERRANCE

But he's such an ordinary boy...

OLIVIA

I know, I know... I keep saying to
myself, murder is something we hear
about on the news, it can't touch
us... But it can. It's here. All
around us, in the forest. In this
house, we're living with it. Bring
his luggage in here, will you?

TERRANCE

His *luggage*? OK.
(to Consuelo)
Gimme a hand.

Consuelo and Terrance head off through the kitchen towards
Dan's room.

JUSTIN

This is not right, prying into a
guy's personal property-

OLIVIA

We may never have the house to
ourselves again.

Consuelo and Terrance return with a couple of suitcases and a hat box. Olivia, Terrance and Consuelo open them immediately and are rummaging through them.

TERRANCE

This is all of it.

JUSTIN

But wait a minute, we can't do this.

TERRANCE

Three clean shirts... One dirty...

JUSTIN

We shouldn't be doing this, I feel like I'm back in high school again-

CONSUELO

Oh, here's a wallet. And a letter.

JUSTIN

This is going way to far.

TERRANCE

Don't be silly child, your wife'll do it to you hundreds of times.

CONSUELO

Here's a photo of a little boy-

OLIVIA

How odd...

JUSTIN

What?

OLIVIA

It's of himself.

Terrance looks at the photo that both Olivia and Consuelo have a hold of.

TERRANCE

Now that's an innocent face. Now where's that letter...

Terrance reaches down to the mess of thing and picks up the small folded up old letter and opens it up.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
It's signed Lily... Next time
you're in New York. Ooh!

JUSTIN
Probably just another housekeeper.
Oh. Sorry, Consuelo...

CONSUELO
It's OK.

EXT. GARDENS BELOW POOL - DAY

Dan wheels Mrs. Bronson to a nice spot in the sun. He tucks her in as she dozes off. He looks out over the property, then back at sleeping Mrs. Bronson, then starts to make his way up the steps through the lovely terraced gardens towards the house.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Meanwhile, back at the search of Dan's luggage.

OLIVIA
This one's pretty empty. Bus ticket
to San Francisco... Another photo-

TERRANCE
Look at her *tits*!

OLIVIA
Wasn't there another box?

JUSTIN
Oh, yes there is...

CONSUELO
What is it?

JUSTIN
What a funny piece of luggage! It's
heavy.

Justin tries to open the hat box.

TERRANCE
Is it locked?

OLIVIA
No!

Olivia puts her hand on top of Justin's and pushes the box back to the table to stop him from trying to open it.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Dan walks towards the sliding door across the patio.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

JUSTIN
What is it?

OLIVIA
Suppose there *is* something inside?

JUSTIN
Well, if there is, we'll never find out anyway.

OLIVIA
Why?

JUSTIN
It's sealed.

Olivia backs off as Terrance moves forward and lifts the box.

TERRANCE
Sealed? So it is!

JUSTIN
With glue.

CONSUELO
Glue?

JUSTIN
Good old-fashioned glue.

EXT. SLIDING DOOR - DAY

Dan is at the door.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dan opens the door and walks in talking and discovers the crowd with his luggage. Justin is now holding Dan's wallet.

DAN

She's changed her mind, settled for a snooze at the bottom of the garden- it's the wine she had at lunch- Could I have it back, please? It's the only one I got.

JUSTIN

Oh... Yes, of course...

Sheepishly Justin hands the wallet to Dan.

DAN

Thank you.

(to Justin)

Did you see the picture of me when I was a little kid? It was inside my wallet. Where I should keep my money. Only what little money I have, I always keep on me. Safer, don't you think?

JUSTIN

Ye-es.

Looking in wallet.

DAN

I just keep a twenty in here for emergencies... Now that's funny. I guess I must've dropped it somewhere... So did you find what you were looking for?

JUSTIN

There was one thing we were wondering about.

DAN

Oh?

Justin slides the hat box across the table.

JUSTIN

It's sealed. With glue.

Dan sits in front of the hat box and runs his finger affectionately over the lid. Then stands up quickly and pushes it away.

DAN

When my mother died, she left me some things. In there is everything about her and her family.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Photos, letters, documents,
everything. When I was at sea, a
bunch of Marines got a hold of it
and... made fun of my mother. Hence
the glue. I suspect if anybody got
past that glue, I'd have to kill
them.

Dan turns his attention from Justin and directs it to
Terrance.

DAN (CONT'D)

What do you think of the letter?

TERRANCE

Letter?

DAN

In your hand.

TERRANCE

Oh.

Terrance puts the letter down.

DAN

Lily meant well. But we had a
fight. She would spy on me, and I'd
rather have anything than a spy.
Don't you agree?

JUSTIN

Yes...

Dan turns his head and stares fiercely straight into Olivia's
eyes.

DAN

Bar a murderer, of course.

OLIVIA

Talking of murder... Tell us about
Mrs. Frohman?

DAN

The missing woman?

OLIVIA

The missing woman.

DAN

Well... I think she's been
murdered.

OLIVIA
You don't sound very shocked at the
idea.

Dan again stares directly into Olivia's eyes.

DAN
Why should I be?

JUSTIN
What?

Dan addressing everyone in the room paces back and forth.

DAN
They say Mrs. Frohman had several,
boyfriends and there was one single
guy from San Francisco, very
sophisticated, with a moustache-

Dan moves in Justin's direction, pointing a finger at him.

JUSTIN
What the Hell are you getting at?

TERRANCE
Are you *sure* you didn't do it, sir?

JUSTIN
I need some fresh air.

Justin storms out through the sliding door.

Dan starts to close up his luggage.

DAN
(to Terrance)
Would you mind giving me a hand
with these?

Dan's hands are full, leaving the hat box for Terrance.

TERRANCE
You take that one.

Dan hands over one bag to Terrance and picks up the hat box.

Dan and Terrance take the luggage and walk through the
kitchen towards Dan's room.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dan enters from hallway.

OLIVIA
We both know you did it!

DAN
You wouldn't be bad lookin' without those glasses.

OLIVIA
It doesn't interest me what you think I look like.

DAN
You don't believe that.

OLIVIA
You're very conceited.

DAN
Oh yes...

OLIVIA
And you are acting all the time.. Aren't you?

Olivia moves toward the fireplace, picks up the poker. Dan crosses in between her and the fireplace and looks her straight in the eye.

DAN
Acting? Acting what? Look at how I can look you in the eye.

OLIVIA
Your's is a very blank look though, isn't it?

DAN
Is it?

Olivia puts the poker back and steps away from Dan.

OLIVIA
You are acting aren't you?

DAN
Yep!

Olivia turns back around and moves face to face with Dan.

OLIVIA
And what are you like when you stop acting?

DAN

I don't know, it's been so long since I stopped acting.

OLIVIA

But when you're alone?

DAN

Then I act even more.

OLIVIA

Why?

DAN

I dunno - 'cause I like it? Now how about I ask the questions for a change? Why can't you take an interest in some body *other* than me?

OLIVIA

I'm not interested in you. I'm just... curious. You don't talk about yourself. And that makes people wonder.

DAN

I can talk. You know what makes a big difference? A drink or two. Then you'd be surprised...

OLIVIA

I wonder if I would...

DAN

I know you would.

OLIVIA

I think I can make a couple of guesses about you.

DAN

Go on!

OLIVIA

You don't have any feelings at all. And you live in a world all your own. A world of your own imagination.

DAN

I don't get it.

OLIVIA
You understand me perfectly well.

DAN
Disappointed?

OLIVIA
I suppose I am.

DAN
Why?

OLIVIA
Because nothing much has ever
happened to me, and it's a boring
day, and it's the middle of no
where up here. I don't know...

As she speaks she slowly turns around toward the sliding
glass doors. She notices something outside.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What on earth? It's Consuelo -
she's running this way -

EXT. LOWER GARDENS TERRACED PATH - DAY

Consuelo comes running up, yelling something that we can't
quite hear.

MRS. BRONSON (O.S.)
Danny!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Consuelo practically falls through the door in exhaustion.

OLIVIA
What is it-

CONSUELO
They're digging... in the Recycling
Station. There's something...
sticking out. A foot. Somebody's
foot...

Dan suddenly has a look of horror in his eyes.

MRS. BRONSON (O.S.)
Danny!

CONSUELO
I must tell her...

The doorbell rings, followed by a tap on the knocker.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Terrance crosses from kitchen through the library towards the living-room and front door, brandishing a frying pan. We notice something odd about Terrance's walk and appearance. He is wearing high heels.

TERRANCE
If it's the police again, I'll bash
their heads in with this.

Terrance can now see through the windows.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
Oh it's Mr. Laurie-

Terrance sashays out of the library toward the front door.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Terrance looks through the narrow window that runs the length of the door, then opens it.

As Justin enters, Terrance turns and walks back towards the kitchen.

TERRANCE
It's a civilian for a change.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Olivia comes into the living room to greet Justin.

JUSTIN
Hello, Livi.

OLIVIA
Justin.

JUSTIN
This is all getting pretty awful,
isn't it?

Olivia, Justin and Terrance casually cross from the living room through the library and through the sliding glass doors.

OLIVIA
Yes, it's terrible-

TERRANCE
Forty-eight hours since they found
that girl. They'll never get him
now.

EXT. POOL/PATIO - DAY

Olivia and company walk past the pool to the edge of the patio overlooking the gardens with a distant view of the recycling center. They line up side by side and look. In the distance a news crew truck can be seen pulling away.

JUSTIN
Terrible...

OLIVIA
Justin, would you like something to eat?

JUSTIN
Well, maybe I could-

TERRANCE
Dismembered, she was dismembered.

JUSTIN
No thanks.

TERRANCE
I heard her head must have been cut off with one stroke. One stroke...

JUSTIN
Really? How's the old lady holding up, in the old handicapped chair?

Olivia moves to a glass table with a canopy. Press clippings and scrapbooks cover the table.

OLIVIA
Bursting out of it with health. This is my latest job, a press-clippings book. There was a picture of her in the Express yesterday, she bought twenty copies.

JUSTIN

When I think of how she went on and on about that landfill, and look at her now - it's put her on the frickin' map -

OLIVIA

She's gone down to the village for an interview for the little local paper.

JUSTIN

Is the boy pushing the go-cart?

OLIVIA

He drove her down.

JUSTIN

He is a nice guy. I've thought a lot about prying into his things that day. I wonder if they *will* catch him?

OLIVIA

What do you mean?

Justin is turning pages of one of the scrapbooks.

JUSTIN

The guy who did it. Damn clever.

Justin turns to a cut out newspaper article in the scrap book and puts his finger on it. Camera shows the headline reading "Evidence with possible DNA found". Photo of a broken lipstick case is shown.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

That was a nice touch, that broken lipstick.

OLIVIA

Don't...

JUSTIN

Sorry.

OLIVIA

It's a bit of a strain.

JUSTIN

Then why don't *you* leave?

OLIVIA

I can't afford to.

Justin moves to Olivia and takes her hand and pleads to her.

JUSTIN

But you could, if you married me! -
you promised you'd tell me today, I
don't have much to add, except that
even though I'm not one of your
intellectuals, I am-

Terrance swishes across the patio in his high heels and waves
to someone down below. And calls out in a very a stereotypic
gay voice.

TERRANCE

Officer. Officer. Look up here.

JUSTIN

straight.

OLIVIA

I know.

JUSTIN

I love you, and I think you could
fall in love with me... and we'd be
happy... Well?

Olivia breaks away and goes to the edge of the patio again.

OLIVIA

I'm so sorry Justin, but... no.

Justin goes to her. Her back is to him and he puts his hands
on her shoulders.

JUSTIN

No?... But you told me that day -
we might make a go of it.

OLIVIA

I'm afraid... it's no.

Justin turns her around to face him.

JUSTIN

But I can't let you stay in this...
horrible house. I'm not neurotic,
but God knows, there's something
hanging over it. What's changed
your mind? Is it another man?

OLIVIA

Don't be silly, what man could I
possibly meet, cooped up here?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I suppose it's that I want to be
independent...

Olivia exits to the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We hear the front door open and keys jingling. Dan wheels Mrs. Bronson into the living room.

DAN
Home and safe.

Dan takes her blanket and shawl off, puts them over his arm and then wheels her into the sun room passing Justin.

MRS. BRONSON
I feel dead.
(notices Justin)

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
Oh it's you. I feel just dead...

Dan carefully backs Mrs. Bronson into a sunny spot next to an end table. He moves to the front of her leans towards her putting his hands on either side of her on the wheelchair's arms rests. He speaks "seriously".

DAN
Might I contradict you? You look
very much alive to me - and not a
day over thirty.

MRS. BRONSON
Oh stop, you're being silly again-

Dan walks through doorway into kitchen. He takes a cigarette out of his pocket and lights it.

DAN
You do, honest, and once I've made
you a nice cup of tea, and with
your back to the light you'll be,
twenty-five!

MRS. BRONSON
Now stop it! That's nonsense! - and
put that cigarette out, how many
times have I got to tell you - *not
in the house!*

Dan takes a puff and then runs water from the sink over the cigarette to put it out.

DAN (O.S.)
Sorry ... I forgot.

Mrs. Bronson speaks to Justin and Olivia

MRS. BRONSON
He's been teasing me all the way, I
have to say though, it keeps me
alive...

DAN (O.S.)
But you feel dead.

MRS. BRONSON
Now *don't* make me laugh, my heart
you know-

Dan enters from the kitchen and makes up a poem with his hands clutched to his heart.

DAN
You've lost your heart, you know
you have, to the little guy that
pushes your, go-cart!

MRS. BRONSON
(laughing)
Go-cart, *well*... But it's wicked to
laugh, with this thing all around
us.

Dan turns towards Justin.

DAN
Do you remember me pulling your leg
Mr. Laurie? About you having done
it? Talk about a laugh...

MRS. BRONSON
Now that's naughty.

DAN
I better get your tea before I get
into hot water!

Olivia enters from the kitchen.

OLIVIA
Terence is getting the tea.

DAN
 He don't make tea like me.
 Remember, I'm an old sailor.

Dan exits to the kitchen, singing.

OLIVIA
 I'm not that interested.

DAN (SINGING)
 'Tea for two, and two for tea...'

MRS. BRONSON
 Look here girl, you're downright
 rude to that boy.

OLIVIA
 I'm sorry.

MRS. BRONSON
 Oh, he's been in rare spirits all
 day!

JUSTIN
 Spirits? Yes! Judging by the whiff
 I just got, Johnny Walker.

MRS. BRONSON
 Whisky?

JUSTIN
 I'm afraid so.

OLIVIA
 Justin, I've never heard you make a
 joke before.

MRS. BRONSON
 I believe he doesn't drink.

Dan enters from the kitchen, carrying a tray with a cup of
 tea and some cookies. He sets it on the end table.

DAN
 There you are, three lumps as per
 usual, and the cookies you like-

MRS. BRONSON
 Thank you Dan. Let me smell your
 breath...

Dan leans into Mrs. Bronson and breathes directly in her face.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
Clean as a whistle. Smells like
peppermint.

OLIVIA
Yes, there are some in the kitchen.

Justin moves to the living room and immediately returns with his jacket and puts it on.

JUSTIN
Oh. Well. I must be going. Goodbye
Mrs. Bronson.

Justin kisses Mrs. Bronson on the cheek.

MRS. BRONSON
So soon?

Justin goes to shake Dan's hand but Dan does not offer his hand creating an awkward moment.

JUSTIN
Goodbye... er...

DAN
Dan. Just Dan.

Justin hugs Olivia and kisses her on the cheek, lingers there and whispers into her ear.

JUSTIN
Goodbye, then.

OLIVIA
Goodbye, dear Justin. I'm sorry.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Olivia sees Justin to the front door.

JUSTIN
It's OK... It'll get dark pretty
soon. Funny how the evenings start
to draw in.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

MRS. BRONSON

Well there's someone who's in the dumps... Any more of those awful people call, policemen, reporters?

DAN

There is a definite falling off in attendance today. Sunday I expect.

Dan surveys the book shelves. He reaches for a book then decides on another book near it, the Bible, he takes it out and opens it.

DAN (CONT'D)

Well let's see. Anything wrong with the Bible?

MRS. BRONSON

The Bible?

DAN

It's Sunday. I was brought up on it!

MRS. BRONSON

Oh, so was I...

DAN

Now where shall I read from?

Dan opens the Bible and starts flipping through the pages.

MRS. BRONSON

At random is best, don't you think?

DAN

At random, right...

MRS. BRONSON

The Old Testament.

DAN

At random in the Old Testament's a bit risky, don't you think?

Terrance enters from the living room.

TERRANCE

The paper boy says you're in the newspaper again.

MRS. BRONSON

Oh... And just when I'm trying to block the whole thing out of my mind-

TERRANCE

How many copies do you want?

MRS. BRONSON

One.

TERRANCE

And he says there's a sign in town with your name on it.

MRS. BRONSON

A sign? What does it say?

Terrance plays it up, raising his hands as if the sign were up in Broadway lights!

TERRANCE

'Mrs Bronson Talks'.

MRS. BRONSON

Can you get the sign?

TERRANCE

Can't be done Sugar.

MRS. BRONSON

What do you mean, can't be done? What are you paid for?

TERRANCE

I'm *not* paid! And haven't been for two weeks! And I'm not coming tomorrow unless I am! Put that in your scrapbook and blot it.

MRS. BRONSON

(to Olivia)

Isn't paid, is he mad? Are *you* mad? Why don't you pay him?

OLIVIA

Because you don't give me the money to pay him with.

MRS. BRONSON

Oh...

OLIVIA
If you let me have the key I'll get
the money for you-

MRS. BRONSON
No, dear.

OLIVIA
(to Dan)
Perhaps you'll see to Mrs.
Bronson's tea?

DAN
Of course I will madam, anything
you say.

Dan over plays it, bowing and rolling his arm like he was
bowing to royalty.

Dan exits to the kitchen.

MRS. BRONSON
Wheel me over to Bubbles, would
you?

Olivia wheels Mrs. Bronson to the front of a large painting
of a dog. Mrs. Bronson swings the painting open, revealing a
safe. Mrs. Bronson takes a key hanging from her neck and uses
it to unlock the safe. Inside we see several stacks of money
and papers.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
What are you staring at?

OLIVIA
But that's thousands of dollars!

MRS. BRONSON
Didn't you ever wonder why I
wouldn't let you have the key? I
wouldn't let a soul touch it. Not
even Danny.

OLIVIA
Has he asked you for the key?

MRS. BRONSON
He's offered to get out some money
for the market - but I wouldn't
give him the key - oh no, I don't
want to see him get mugged and my
key stolen?

Olivia picks up a document from safe, looks at it and puts it back.

Mrs. Bronson shuts the safe and returns the key to around her neck.

OLIVIA
Is this your Will?

MRS. BRONSON
Yes. Don't worry, You're in it.

OLIVIA
Does Dan have any idea how much money you have in there?

Mrs. Bronson hands money to Olivia.

MRS. BRONSON
I told him! That's why I keep the key, I said!

Olivia takes an envelope from the desk, puts the money into it and writes something on it. Nodding her head.

Dan enters from the living room with the newspaper open. He places the open paper on Mrs. Bronson's lap.

DAN
He says they're selling like hot cakes! I've found the place with you on it- a full page!

Close up of paper with an old photo of Mrs. Bronson and a new photo of "Forest Corner" taken from the street below the house.

Mrs. Bronson reads from the paper.

MRS. BRONSON
'The Bungalow of Death... Gruesome finds...' 'The enigma of the missing head, where is it buried...'

Dan picks the Bible up from the coffee table.

DAN
'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungoldly...'

Mrs. Bronson struggles reading the paper.

MRS. BRONSON

Oh, the print's too small. And that girl's mislaid my glasses again. Read it to me, please Dan.

She lifts the paper off her lap and holds it out for Dan. Dan puts the Bible down takes the paper.

DAN

Are you sure?

MRS. BRONSON

I am. These things can't be ignored, they've got to be faced, full on.

DAN

All right then. I'm a bit on the squeamish side myself... 'The murderer... committed the crime in the forest most...

Dan looses his place, shakes the paper and starts again.

DAN (CONT'D)

'...in the forest, most likely stripping beforehand and later, cleaning himself in the lake...'

MRS. BRONSON

Imagine *that*...

DAN

'He buried the body in the open pit, likely assuming that it would be added to in the near future, which it was. Four days later.

DAN (CONT'D)

Attempts had been made to..

Dan turns the page and skims the article.

DAN (CONT'D)

To erradi-cate fingerprints with a knife... A saw was found... abandoned wheelbarrow, pair of old gloves..." So no fingerprints, clever fucker.

MRS. BRONSON

Dan! I will not have such language in my house!

DAN

Sorry ma'am, The head was severed
by a skilled person, possibly a
butcher. The murderer...'

Dan stops reading and raises his hand to his ear.

OLIVIA GRAYNE

What is it?

MRS. BRONSON

Can you hear something? Oh, I'm
scared, dear.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dan looks out of the large bay window that looks out over the
"Village".

EXT. CHURCH IN VILLAGE - DAY

Modern church with multiple stained glass windows, people are
dressed well, carrying Bibles and hymnals. They walk from
their cars, some with spouses, some as a family, a few
single, making their way to the open doors.

INT. CHURCH IN VILLAGE - DAY

View of the cross with the stained glass windows behind.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Mrs. Bronson is looking at Dan, who is still looking outside.

DAN

I forgot it was Sunday. They're
going to church in the villages.
All dressed up in their Sunday
best, with prayer books and the
stain glass shining. Shining on
holy things, 'cause holy things are
not afraid of the daylight.

MRS. BRONSON

Dan, what on earth are you talking
about?

INT. CHURCH IN VILLAGE - DAY

An older church with plain wooden pews, a tall Cathedral ceiling and very tall stained glass windows depicting scenes from the Bible. The pastor stands at the altar, a very large stained glass window behind him with the shape of a cross in it. Sunlight shines through in rays that spotlight on the floor. As Dan speaks, the Sun moves lower as rays of light spotlight religious statues. The room gradually becomes darker. Parishioners fall into shadow. As the sun moves lower in the sky the rays of light seem to only spotlight the Pastor and highlight a painted statue of Christ on the Cross. Sun rays narrow until it is so dim in the church that all we clearly see is the pastor and the head of Christ with the crown of thorns with blood running down Jesus' face.

DAN (V.O.)

But all the time the daylight's moving over the floor, and by the end of the sermon, the daylight is turning grey. And people aren't able to think of holy things any more, only of the thing that's gone on outside, the thing that everybody's talking about. Because they know that though it's still daylight, and everything's quiet. Today will be same as all the other days, and come to an end.

EXT. CHURCH IN VILLAGE - DUSK

Parishioners leave through the church doors, talking to one another and shaking hands with the pastor. Some gather in small groups outside. Others gather at mini vans or load up kids.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

DAN

I forgot it was Sunday!

MRS. BRONSON

My God Danny... what's come over you?

DAN

Oh, I speechify like anything when I'm roused! I used to go to Sunday school, and my thoughts come out like I was reading them off a book!

MRS. BRONSON
You should have been a preacher.

DAN
I should have been, you're *right!*

MRS. BRONSON
I'm frightened now, Dan, and my
back aches... I want to lie down.
Wheel me in now Danny, please.

DAN
Anything you say, mother of mine!
And I've got your new medicine,
from the other drugstore. The one
next to the mortuary.

Dan wheels Mrs. Bronson out of the library, through the
living room towards the bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Close up of Dan's face as he pushes Mrs. Bronson towards the
bedroom. He smiles menacingly.

MRS. BRONSON
Next to the mortuary? Thank you
dear...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dan half skips merrily into the library. Olivia stands in the
middle of the room, hands on her hips.

OLIVIA
You've been drinking.

DAN
You don't miss much do you?

OLIVIA
No.

DAN
Would you care for another reading?

OLIVIA
I prefer talking. Asking questions.

Dan sits at the dining table.

DAN

Carry on!

Olivia sits across from him.

OLIVIA

Are you sure you were ever a sailor?

DAN

Are you sure you weren't a butcher? I've been around.

OLIVIA

You can talk too.

DAN

I should've been a preacher. I remember, when I was a kid... in Sunday school, catching my mother's eye, where she was sitting by the door, with the sea behind her, pointing to the pulpit, and then to me, as if to say, that's where you belong... I never forgot that.

OLIVIA

I don't believe a word of it.

DAN

Neither do I, but it sounds good. I never saw my mom, and I never had a dad, and the first thing I remember is... Long Beach. You're the first woman I ever told that to, so you can congratulate yourself. Or the alcohol. *I think it's the alcohol.*

OLIVIA

You don't have a very high opinion of women, do you?

DAN

Women don't have to be drunk to talk. But you don't talk that much.

OLIVIA

Never mind me - you *do* live in your own imagination don't you?

DAN

It's the only way I can cope.

OLIVIA
Cope with what?

DAN
Things.

OLIVIA
Such as?

DAN
I haven't had that much to drink!

OLIVIA
What was *your* life like at the Springs?

DAN
Well... The days start off with a lot of fancy riding boots to clean, and tack. Dogs to walk and horses to ride that belong to fools that look through me as if I were a dirty window... Lessons to teach, go here, go there, do this, do that. Then I have a couple of drinks and everything's just fine!... Then, just as I get a bit of peace... there's somebody... locking the bedroom door... Talk, talk, talk, takes her clothes off and lies on the bed and screams for it... Screams and screams and screams, on the bed, on the floor. You know what I can't stand though? When it rains in the woods and a few leaves start to float. It rains down and down and down. But then I have another drink, and I'm all good!

OLIVIA
There's something else you can't stand. Something you dread.

DAN
Oh?

OLIVIA
The night time. When drinking doesn't work, and *you can't sleep*. And one thing keeps you awake. One thing. It's a little thing. A sealed box. But it's rather heavy.

Dan gets up and moves toward the fireplace and puts his hand on the mantle. He then sits next to Olivia , his chair facing her.

DAN

A pair of eyes... staring at me.
With no look in them. I try to
pretend they're not there. I try,
and I try, and I try...

OLIVIA

Then why haven't you-

Olivia puts her arms around him.

DAN

Why haven't I buried them in the
woods, four feet underground?
'Cause they won't let go of me.
Staring, staring, staring... It's
like I was... paralysed- in here

He puts his hand to his heart.

DAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do.

Olivia takes Dan by the back of his head and pull him near and goes to kiss him. The doorbell rings and Dan pushes Olivia away and jumps up. He struts to the front door.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Dan swings open the door with force and purpose. Detective Bradley stands on the door step, uninterested in Dan's display.

BRADLEY

Good afternoon!

DAN

Officer! Come in.

Olivia comes in from the library, rearranging her clothing and hair.

BRADLEY

Good afternoon, Miss Grayne.

OLIVIA

How are you Detective?

BRADLEY

(To Dan)

Didn't I see you here when we interviewed Mrs. Bronson after the murder?

DAN

Yes sir, just for a minute though. Nice of you to remember, I work here, name's Dan. Care for a cigarette, sir?

Dan pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bradley wanders around, observing things and just sort of flows nonchalantly into the library.

BRADLEY

No thanks. You know, Dan, the reporters figure the person that did this was a cold-blooded, sharp, clever guy.

DAN

Yes sir.

BRADLEY

He was having an affair with her, you know.

DAN

No! Really? That's terrible.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Bradley moves through the library, observing. He pauses, leans down and opens the bible, then moves back up to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAN

She had a lot of boyfriends though, didn't she?

BRADLEY

That's true...

DAN

Though this one seems to have made a bit more of a splash than any of the others.

Bradley turns a page in Mrs. Bronson's "scrapbook".

BRADLEY

And now he's become a regular movie star.

DAN

If you can become a movie star without anybody knowing what your name is, of course.

BRADLEY

I don't think he's been all that clever.

Bradley continues to wander around looking at books, and objects in the room. He rarely looks in Dan's direction.

DAN

You don't?

BRADLEY

We'll get him pretty soon.

DAN

And what a relief that'll be around here.

BRADLEY

There is one interesting thing that bugs me Dan.

DAN

What's that?

BRADLEY

Any self-respecting killer would have taken better care with mutilating the body - and here we come and identify it first shot! Can you call that clever?

DAN

Well sir... even though it might be clever to leave the body unidentified. Hasn't it been more clever to leave her *identified*, and still not be caught? Just an idea...

Bradley stops wandering and goes face to face with Dan.

BRADLEY
The recycling center.

DAN
Yes sir?

BRADLEY
The killer knew exactly where it was, and went straight for it.

DAN
Looks like it, doesn't it?

BRADLEY
The body was buried several days after you moved to this house. Did you know where the recycling center was before?

DAN
I did.

BRADLEY
You did? How?

DAN
Through Consuelo.

BRADLEY
The housekeeper?

DAN
Yes. With the old lady always complaining to the City Council about the "landfill", and her letters in the newspaper and all - Consuelo was full of it! You see sir, the "landfill" got to be quite famous around here as well.

BRADLEY
I can imagine.

DAN
More famous now, of course.

BRADLEY
Hmm... Are you feeling ok?

DAN
Sir?

BRADLEY

Your shirt is soaked completely
though.

Dan's demeanor turns quite cold suddenly.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

So Dan. Why didn't you tell us you
were having an affair with Mrs.
Frohman?

DAN

Affair?

BRADLEY

I'll use a more descriptive word if
it'll help. She was seen by a
couple of the grooms at the
Springs, flirting with you at the
stables, and a couple of people say
they saw the two of you in her car
a few times and at Starbucks
together.

DAN

Oh God sir...

BRADLEY

So you were having an affair with
her?

DAN

No sir. I tried to avoid her. You
see officer, boarding her horse
where I was working, she could have
gotten me fired. So when they
questioned me about her, I got
scared to tell anyone about her
hitting on me... But now that I've
told you, sir, it's a tremendous
weight off my mind. Like you
wouldn't believe!

BRADLEY

Well, I guess that's enough for
today. But don't try to keep
secrets from the police any more.

DAN

Not a chance sir!

Bradley starts to leave, then has a second thought.

BRADLEY

Oh, just one more thing.

DAN

Yes sir?

BRADLEY

Would you mind if I have a quick look through your room, Check through some of your stuff. It's just routine.

DAN

Sure, yes, it's fine...

BRADLEY

Where do you sleep?

Dan opens the kitchen door from the living room.

DAN

Through the kitchen, this door sir, and mine's the first door on the left.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bradley walks through the kitchen. Terrance is chopping something on a chopping block. Consuelo is on the opposite side cleaning glasses.

BRADLEY

Thanks. Hello Terrance, Consuelo...

DAN (O.S.)

You can't miss it...

INT. DAN'S ROOM - DAY

Sparsely furnished - bed, night stand, and a dresser with one chair. Bradley has put various gym bags and suitcases on the bed and is holding the hat box. Dan enters.

BRADLEY

This one's sealed in some way. What's the deal?

DAN

It isn't mine.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY
Not yours?

DAN
No sir.

BRADLEY
Whose is it then?

DAN
It isn't mine.

Olivia enters.

OLIVIA
Detective! What are you doing with
my box?

BRADLEY
Yours? But it was in Dan's room-

OLIVIA
This used to be the storage room.

BRADLEY
I see... It's sealed?

Olivia takes the hat box from Bradley and clutches it against
her chest.

OLIVIA
It's got all my private papers in
it, and with my aunt being so
nosey... I glued it shut. It's got
personal family stuff in it, stuff
my mother left me...

BRADLEY
I see. I'm so sorry Miss Grayne.

Olivia exits with the hat box.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bradley and Dan continue conversation "man to man". Softened
up by Olivia's reaction, both guys almost show a sensitive
side, and walk back through the kitchen and into the living
room.

BRADLEY
I can see what she means, the old
lady *is* kind of a busybody. I'm
afraid I've offended her.

DAN
She'll be alright sir. She respects
you.

Bradley moves to Dan and shakes his hand.

BRADLEY
Well buddy, I guess I'll take off-

DAN
Thank you sir, goodbye sir.

BRADLEY
Be good!

DAN
Goodbye sir...

Bradley opens the front door, and exits. Dan is a bit surprised.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dan's bicycle is parked just inside the open garage. Bradley looks around, walks into the garage, looks at the bike, lifts it up to feel the weight of it. He notices a water bottle, looks around, then takes the bottle, putting it in his jacket pocket. He walks down the driveway to his car, opens the trunk, and places the bottle into a plastic evidence bag, drops it into the trunk. He shuts the trunk, gets into car and drives off. The sun is setting.

INT. FOYER - TWILIGHT

Dan stands, stunned, his eyes glass over, roll back in his head and he drops. (Fade quickly to black.)

Fade in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

Dan, out of it, starts to come to.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Terrance enters with a bottle of Evian and kneels on the floor with Dan.

Consuelo enters.

TERRANCE

What has that Detective Bradley
been up to, more to the point,
poking around in the boy's things,
the nerve of that man.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

He even wanted to get at Dan's
private papers. Please! Until Miss
Grayne came to the rescue.

Terrance over does it trying to give Dan a drink of water. He
nearly chokes.

Dan's eyes open up wider and he shakes his head as he becomes
more coherent.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Thought the murderer got you!

Consuelo exits to kitchen.

DAN

How long have I been like this?

TERRANCE

A couple of minutes. What has come
over you, doll?

DAN

I dunno. Knackered, I think...
Bugger.

TERRANCE

Waiting hand and foot on Madam is
enough to wear King Kong out...

DAN

Is it really getting dark?

Terrance puts the Evian bottle up to Dan's mouth.

TERRANCE

Have another sip-

Dan pushes the bottle away.

Dan gets off the floor and sits on the edge of the sofa.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Better?

DAN

Better. Fainting! Now that's a proper girl's trick. The light's going.

Dan sits up straight and stares towards the front window.

DAN (CONT'D)

The daytime's as if it's never been, it's dead. Soft isn't it?

Consuelo enters from the kitchen with an envelope in her hand.

CONSUELO

Here's an envelope, with writing on it... 'Terrance'. I think it's for you

Consuelo hands the envelope to Terrance.

TERRANCE

Clever girl... 'From O.G.'

Terrance opens the envelope and looks inside.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Oh! My paycheck. Full marks to Miss Grayne! Now that's what I call squeezing blood out of a turnip.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A picture window at the back of the room shows a view of the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

The breeze rustles through the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark woods, camera moves through the trees. View of Mrs. Bronson's house (with interior lights on) from the edge of the woods. Fade to black.

CONSUELO (V.O.)

That monster's lurking again.

MRS. BRONSON (O.S.)

Dan!

Fade in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Bronson wheels herself in from the hallway.

MRS. BRONSON
I must have dozed off. Have I been
missing something?

TERRANCE
That Detective Bradley came here
again.

MRS. BRONSON
Dan, what did he want?

DAN
Just a friendly visit.

TERRANCE
You seem very far away, dear,
what's the matter with you? Dan!

DAN
Bit of a headache, that's all.

MRS. BRONSON
Headache doesn't make you deaf
though, does it?

TERRANCE
Now now, turning against the apple
of your eye, we can't have that.

Doorbell rings.

MRS. BRONSON
See who it is-

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Terrance opens the door. Heating oil man has a receipt and an
extra can of kerosene.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

TERRANCE
It's only the heating oil man...

OIL MAN

Tank is full. Here's the invoice,
and here's the extra can for her
space heaters. Nobody uses those
things anymore.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Dan picks up the kerosene can then puts it down to light a
cigarette with a match and then blows the match out. He picks
up kerosene and takes it to the open garage.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

TERRANCE

Brother, can't you see that's
kerosene, do you want to set the
whole place on fire?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Bronson is at the dining table (the living room blends
into the dining area). Terrance stands nearby.

Dan appears through the door from the kitchen. He goes to
light a cigarette with a match again. He stares at Mrs.
Bronson, but doesn't light the cigarette. The match burns
down to his fingers and he painfully shakes it out.

MRS. BRONSON

Danny, you'll set yourself on fire.
See! Brrr... I woke up with a cold
chill. And I had a terrible dream.

DAN

What about?

MRS. BRONSON

I dreamt I was being... Oh, darn...
I'm freezing Danny. Get me my
shawl, dear, will you?

Dan continues to stare straight ahead and is oblivious that
Mrs. Bronson is speaking.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

My shawl, dear!

DAN
I'm sorry, I was in another world I
guess.

Dan skips to the foyer. Olivia enters the living room from
the bedrooms hallway. She has a coat and scarf on.

MRS. BRONSON
Silly boy...

Mrs. Bronson turns her wheelchair to see Olivia.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
Where are you off to?

Dan brings in a shawl and puts it around Mrs. Bronson's
shoulders then rubs her arms and shoulders.

DAN
There we are, snug as a bug...

MRS. BRONSON
Thank you dear-

A nervous Olivia fidgets and paces.

DAN
Well, if it isn't Miss Grayne!

MRS. BRONSON
Oh what a spoilt old nuisance I am -
I *would* love a cup of tea Dan.
Would you mind?

DAN
Comin' up, right away...

Dan exits to the kitchen. Mrs. Bronson turns back to Olivia.

MRS. BRONSON
What's the matter with you?

OLIVIA
I've got to get away...

MRS. BRONSON
Get away? What on earth for?

Olivia kneels in front of Mrs. Bronson with her hands on Mrs.
Bronson's hands.

OLIVIA
Listen to me Aunt Dorothy. I've
never known what it is to be...
(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

terrified. But when it started to get dark tonight, I felt my fingertips turning cold. I've been sitting in my room looking in the mirror, asking myself, what are the real things, and what aren't. I don't know anymore.

Olivia stands up, rearranges her coat and scarf, then moves towards the front door.

MRS. BRONSON

Where are you staying tonight?

OLIVIA

With friends in the Valley.

MRS. BRONSON

When you come back in the morning, I'm not sure I'll answer the door.

Olivia has her hand on the door handle now.

OLIVIA

The morning?

Olivia bursts out the front door.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia slams the door behind her and blindly hurries off down the drive into the dark. The wind is picking up and blows leaves and twigs from the trees. The moonlight creates an eerie shade of light and shadows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan enters from the kitchen.

DAN

The kettle was boiling, good show!
Who was that at the door?

MRS. BRONSON

My niece. Gone for the night.

DAN

For the night?

MRS. BRONSON
Can you believe it, says she's
frightened...

Dan exits to hallway.

Terrance enters from the kitchen with a coat and scarf and in full DRAG QUEEN outfit. Tight jeans, wig, full makeup, heels and a sequined blouse!

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
Oh my lord.

TERRANCE
What? I'm going out.

MRS. BRONSON
Everybody seems to be going out.
What is all this?

TERRANCE
I left your dinner on a tray. What
about lunch tomorrow?

MRS. BRONSON
Tomorrow? Let me see...

Dan comes from hallway with a shawl.

DAN
Oh my God.

TERRANCE
What!

Dan just shakes his head in amusement.

DAN
Lunch, tomorrow? What about a nice
steak and baked potato? And a nice
bread pudding for dessert?

MRS. BRONSON
That sounds good.

TERRANCE
Something light, OK., I'm leaving
now, so good night.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Terrance comes out and waits on the front porch with the door still open. He struggles slightly, to keep his wig from getting messed up with the increasing wind.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Dan looks at the scrap book on the table.

MRS. BRONSON
What are you reading, dear?

DAN
Same old thing, the murder again.
About all the clues that weren't
any good.

MRS. BRONSON
Danny, you don't think Olivia is a
thief?

DAN
Wouldn't be surprised.

MRS. BRONSON
What?

Mrs. Bronson wheels herself quickly towards the library.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mrs. Bronson wheels in. She goes toward her safe.

MRS. BRONSON
Goodness me... My jewel box - so
that's why she hurried out - my
earrings... the double faced...Oh!

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Consuelo enters from kitchen dressed to go out into the cool night air. Dan is standing looking towards the library and Mrs. Bronson.

CONSUELO
What's up with her?

DAN
She thinks she's been robbed.

CONSUELO

That's the fourth time this week.
One of these days she will get
robbed. Oh baby, where's Terrance?

DAN

Gone, I think...

CONSUELO

Oh lord no... But he was just in
here... Terrance!

TERRANCE (O.S.)

Yes?

CONSUELO

You haven't gone without me, have
you?

TERRANCE

Yes darling, I'm halfway there,
what do you think?

Terrance comes back inside.

CONSUELO

Oh dear...I couldn't possibly walk
to the bus stop past all those
trees all by myself!

DAN

I'd happily come with you but I'm
going in the other direction.

TERRANCE

You're going out?

DAN

Yes.

TERRANCE

But you can't leave her here by
herself-

CONSUELO

She'll scream the place down!

DAN

I asked her just now, and she was
all for it! Said it would do me
good as well, and there's no
arguing with her you know?

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Consuelo, Terrance, and Dan start to walk down the drive.

TERRANCE

You should have a nice long walk
while you get the chance child, you
wait on her like a saint...

DAN

I'll see you past the place first-

TERRANCE

The place?

DAN

The recycling center.

CONSUELO

Oh no-

TERRANCE

Me neither, we'll go by the front,
the long way round- Ooh, aint it
dark... Consuelo, Have you got the
flashlight?

Consuelo pulls a small flashlight out of her bag and turns it
on.

CONSUELO

OK.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

They all walk down the driveway, DAN turns right towards
recycling center, Consuelo and Terrance turn left. They all
walk into the darkness.

TERRANCE

Good night. I would be terrified
going off that way by myself-

DAN (O.S.)

See you in the morning! Good night!

TERRANCE (O.S.)

Good night!

CONSUELO (O.S.)

OK., Adios!

DAN (O.S.)
Adios mi amiga!

TERRANCE (O.S.)
Good night! In American.

CONSUELO (O.S.)
Good night!

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The night is very dark behind the sliding glass doors. Mrs. Bronson closes up her safe and locks it. She puts the key safely back around her neck.

MRS. BRONSON
Good night here, good night there,
you'd think it was the night before
Judgement Day! What's the matter
with me? Talking to myself. Where's
my chocolates?

Mrs. Bronson looks around and then she gets up out of her chair and walks normally across to the mantelpiece, sees her chocolates are not there, walks to the end table and picks up the box.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
That girl's been at them again.

An owl hoots outside.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
What's that? Oh God!... Danny!
Danny! It's an owl

She becomes more and more frantic.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
Oh Lord... Danny... What's that boy
doing in the kitchen?

She opens the kitchen door, but doesn't find Dan. Adrenaline kicks in, she is shaking and practically running from room to room.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)
...I've got the jitters. I've got
the jitters. I've got the
jitters... Danny! Danny! He's
gone... They've all gone, they've
left me. Oh Lord, help an old
woman... They've left me!
(MORE)

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Danny, where are you? Danny... I'm going to be murdered. I'm going to be killed... Danny...

She goes from window to window looking into the darkness.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

There's something outside.
Something outside... Merciful heaven... Danny, where are you, where are you Danny, oh Lord help me, help me. Danny!

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mrs. Bronson picks up the bible from a table and clutches it to her chest.

MRS. BRONSON

Forgive us.. Our trespasses...
Danny... Oh... Oh...

DAN (O.S.)

That's all right mother, it's only Danny!

MRS. BRONSON

Thank God... Ah... ha... ha... I can't believe... it's you... I can't believe it's you...

Dan appears out of the shadows. Mrs. Bronson collapses sitting onto the couch. DAN goes to the liquor cabinet and gets one glass and a bottle of whiskey. He pours and gives her the glass.

DAN

Have a sip of this, it'll do you good.

(she shakes as she drinks)

I had to walk with them part of the way, they're very frightened of the landfill. Now that's better?

MRS. BRONSON

I don't know yet... Give me some more. I was all alone, I was, all alone...

Dan pours her another drink.

DAN
Poor old Mrs. B., running around
looking for Danny-

MRS. BRONSON
I wasn't running around...

She drinks some more, Dan pours her more.

DAN
I bet you were happy to see me,
huh?

MRS. BRONSON
You're the only one that
understands me, Danny - do
something for me will you? Just to
make me feel safe?

She drinks more and sets the glass down.

DAN
Anything you want!

MRS. BRONSON
Lock the front door. Please?

DAN
Sure

Dan walks towards the living room.

MRS. BRONSON
I don't have to tell you everything
I've been through. You just know.

DAN (O.S.)
Yes I do...

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Dan comes back in, stops at the desk, and picks up a
prescription bottle and a bottle of water.

MRS. BRONSON
I'm glad those other people have
gone, that awful vulgar man, back
talk, sass back. Isn't it time for
my medicine?

Dan gives her a couple of pills and the bottle of water. She
takes the pills with a drink of the Evian.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Oh thank you dear... That first time when you said to me about me reminding you of your mother. That was a beautiful thought. I will never forget that as long as I live... I want a piece of chocolate now.

Dan walks to the table and selects a chocolate.

DAN

Here's one.

Dan walks over in front of Mrs. Bronson and holds up the chocolate near her mouth.

DAN (CONT'D)

Now shut your eyes, open your mouth...

He places it in her mouth.

Mrs. Bronson grasps the outside of Dan's hands as he gives her the chocolate.

MRS. BRONSON

Oh Danny... You're the only one... What strong hands you have... You're a treasure, my Baby Face, my Danny... I know I've been strict with you and scolded you a couple of times, but deep down you're the baby son I never had. My baby. Am I in a draft? I've got to take care of myself, don't I? Danny? Don't I? Danny!

Dan backs into the shadows. His face has gone cold, hard.

DAN

What's the matter?

Dan steps forward into the light.

MRS. BRONSON

I thought you'd gone! I think I'll go to bed now.

Dan's demeanor is very rigid and cold now. He speaks in a monotone voice.

DAN

OK.

MRS. BRONSON
And I'll have my dinner tray in my
room. Get me back into my chair,
please dear!

DAN
OK....

MRS. BRONSON
Has she put the glass by my bed?

DAN
I put it there myself.

MRS. BRONSON
I want to be read to.

DAN
OK.... What'll you have, *East
Lynne?*

MRS. BRONSON
No, I don't feel like real life.
Not tonight.

DAN
OK. What'll you have, then?

MRS. BRONSON
After a shock like that, I think
I'd like the Bible.

DAN
OK.

MRS. BRONSON
Maybe from where you were reading
before. It's Sunday, isn't that
nice... All the aches and pains
gone, for once...

Dan picks up the Bible but doesn't open it.

DAN
'Blessed is the man that walketh
not in the counsel of the
ungodly...'

MRS. BRONSON
You read so nicely, Danny!

DAN
That's very kind of you. 'For the
Lord-'

MRS. BRONSON

Sh!

DAN

Do you hear something?

MRS. BRONSON

Yes! A sort of thumping noise.
Danny, it's you! It's your heart
beating! Are you all right, dear?

DAN

I'm fine! I ran along the path, to
get back to you. I'm out of shape.
When I was aboard ship I never
missed a day of running around the
deck-

Dan looks out of the sliding glass door into the dark.

DAN (CONT'D)

I remember those mornings on some
ocean with the sun breathing silver
where she's coming up over the
water, with only me around. Only me
and the sun.

MRS. BRONSON

But there's no sun now, dear, it's
nighttime!

DAN

That's right... 'For the Lord-'

MRS. BRONSON

We'll have the rest tomorrow.

DAN

Wait a minute, only a bit left...

MRS. BRONSON

Hurry it up dear.

DAN

'For the Lord... knoweth the way of
the righteous... but the way of the
ungodly... shall perish'.

Dan snaps upright, puts the Bible down on a table and is
suddenly calm.

DAN (CONT'D)

That's the end.

MRS. BRONSON

Is it? Ah well, it's been a long day.

DAN

Are you quite comfortable? Wouldn't you like a cushion in back of your head?

MRS. BRONSON

No dear, just wheel me in please.

Dan picks up a cushion off of one of the chairs and stands in front of Mrs. Bronson holding it up in front of her.

DAN

I think you'll be more comfy with a cushion.

MRS. BRONSON

What a funny look on your face dear. Smiling like that.. You look so kind... So kind...

Dan stands in front of Mrs. Bronson. His silhouette obscures the view of her. He has the cushion in one hand, an open jack knife in his other.

MRS. BRONSON (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with that?

Dan quietly starts to sing.

DAN

'Oh the jack knife... Look out boys, Mac is back...'

Fade to black.

Fade in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is very dark. Some light from the kitchen. Olivia stands in the doorway. Her hair is down and windblown, her jacket is gone, her white blouse is open showing much cleavage. She has an animal radiance about her. Dan has a chair raised above his head.

DAN

Where the hell did you come from?

Olivia steps into the room.

Dan puts the chair down.

OLIVIA

The front door was locked. I've never seen the dead body of someone I know before. When I climbed through the window I nearly fell over it. It's like a sack of potatoes. I thought it was for a minute. And that's murder. It's so ordinary. I came back expecting... .. I don't know. You might have been tidying up the room for the night. Why don't you say something!

DAN

Why did you come back?

OLIVIA

You've kept me thinking, thinking about you all the time, but I didn't know you.

DAN

Kept you *thinking*? Remember the two of us this afternoon, sitting here? You got enough out of me then, not to have to think for another minute! Why did you come back?

OLIVIA

I got as far as the edge of the woods, I could see the lights in the village. I turned back...

DAN

Shall I tell you *why* you turned back? You said you were curious about me once. Well, you just turned back, 'cause you were that much *more* curious about me.

Dan is looking behind pictures on the walls.

DAN (CONT'D)

Did she keep money anywhere else?

OLIVIA

I've read about evil, but I never thought I'd meet it...

DAN

You shouldn't read so much, I've never gotten through a book yet... But I can read you. You haven't had a single drink and yet you feel high! You never knew there was such a secret part inside of you. All that education. You took that off on the edge of the woods, the same as if it was a coat... and you left it there!

Olivia is shocked, unbelieving, she pleads with Dan.

OLIVIA

Is this true? Is it true?

DAN

Same as anybody without their coat on, you feel as light as air! The same as I feel at the right now because this is my big chance, because you're the one I can tell about myself! I'm *sick* of hearing about how clever everybody else is. Remember the woman at the Springs? And look at her now! And Mrs. Bronson brooding over me like a son 'cause I treated her like a bloody invalid, ha! Well she's been more fucking use to me tonight than she has all her life.

Camera shows the open safe with money and jewelry boxes out, key in the safe.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'll tell you something... Other guys have tried this game, but there's a difference between me and them. *I'll never get caught.*

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT

Same restaurant bar as before. Bradley is sitting at the bar having a drink. House band is playing in the background. Bradley's annoying cellphone ring rings. He looks at the phone and shakes his head as if to apologize to the bartender for the annoying sound. He answers the phone.

BRADLEY

Bradley. Great.

INT. POLICE LAB - NIGHT

A woman in a lab coat on the phone holds the water bottle in the evidence bag. There is a file on the counter and the computer screen shows a DNA match.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT

BRADLEY

Excellent. OK. So send a couple of uniforms over there.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bradley gets into his car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bradley is driving fast. He turns down the police radio and turns up the song playing on the radio.

EXT. FOREST CORNER - NIGHT

Bradley pulls onto Mrs. Bronson's street "Forest Corner". The song is George Thorogood's "Bad to the Bone." He pulls up to the curb at the bottom of Mrs. Bronson's lawn and long uphill driveway. He turns the car lights off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bradley cranks the volume and starts to "get into" the song. Camera shows Bradley playing air guitar on the car steering wheel. The camera reverses to see Bradley lip syncing and rocking out. As the song finishes, he turns the radio off. Then he turns the car off and gets out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bradley grabs his jacket, thinks about it for a second, and then leans back in and grabs his gun, sticks it in the back of his pants under his jacket.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

OLIVIA

What about the box?

Dan picks up the kerosene can.

DAN

The hat box, in the accident at Forest Corner will burn, and burn and burn... A private cremation, ashes to ashes.

Dan sets the can down.

OLIVIA

Then what?

DAN

When you've gotten away with something like I have, something which ordinary men would be too bloody scared to do... well, you can do it again! Like I just did! It's like falling off a horse. You have to get right back on... So what's wrong with a third time?

OLIVIA

A third time?

Dan moves closer to Olivia with each sentence.

DAN

When I say I'll never get caught, what I mean is, that no living person will be able to tell any other living person about me. Can you think of anybody who can go tomorrow and tell Detective Bradley that the fire at Forest Corner was not an accident?

OLIVIA

I can.

DAN

You could indeed? So let me make it perfectly clear. You came back out of curiosity, right? Well, we all know what curiosity did to the cat. Did you think I wouldn't kill you?

Olivia moves face to face with Dan.

OLIVIA

I know you will.

Dan suddenly pulls away and looks to the front window.

DAN
There's somebody holding a
flashlight.

OLIVIA
No there isn't.

Olivia moves to the front window, putting her face very near the glass with her hands next to her eyes to be able to see into the dark.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Somebody is watching the house.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Dan explodes into the library, his panic builds as he becomes more manic, pacing very quickly back and forth at the sliding glass door, squinting to see out.

DAN
It can't be... Nobody would dare to
watch, I'm the one that watches!
I'm the one that watches!

OLIVIA
They're coming in...

Olivia goes to Dan and stops his pacing, grabs him and turns him toward her, now face to face again.

DAN
You're looking as if you've never
see me before.

Olivia reaches out and strokes Dan's hair and face very sweetly, lovingly.

OLIVIA
I never have. Nobody has! You've
stopped pretending...

Dan suddenly goes into his own world and starts a slow build up of emotion, speaking faster and faster, his mind is racing out of control.

DAN
But everything's slipping away!
Can't you feel it? Starting slow...
then a hundred miles an hour. I'm
going backwards! And there's a wind
in my ears, a terrible blowing
wind.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Everything's going past me, like
the telephone poles... All the
things I've ever seen. Faster and
faster. Back, back, back to the day
I was born. I can see it coming,
the day I was born!

As quickly as it built up, he comes down. He sits on the sofa
speaking quietly and slow. He wraps his arms around himself.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to die. It's getting
cold.

Olivia sits down next to Dan and puts her arm around him,
other hand on his leg.

OLIVIA

You won't die. I'll tell them lies.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Everything looks all right here-

TERRANCE (O.S.)

I tell you we did hear her! Plain
as day, and we'd gone a quarter of
a mile-

CONSUELO (O.S.)

Plain as day-

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Door from kitchen to living room opens, shedding light on the
living room. Bradley enters, turning cellphone flashlight
off. Terrance follows closely behind.

BRADLEY

Smells like kerosene-

TERRANCE

It made my blood run cold, 'Danny'
she screamed, 'Danny, where are
you'-

Consuelo enters.

CONSUELO

Because she was being murdered-

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Doorway from living room to library, Bradley almost walks past library, notices Dan and Olivia. He turns and stands in the doorway.

BRADLEY

We'll soon find out now. Hello Dan!

Dan goes stiff and monotone.

DAN

Hello.

BRADLEY

Second time today.

DAN

That's right.

BRADLEY

How's Mrs. Bronson?

DAN

Not so bad. She's gone to bed. She doesn't want to be disturbed. You know how she is, a bit nervous these days- I'd no sooner gone around the corner that she started screaming for me - Danny, Danny! Danny, that's her pet name for Dan.

Bradley addresses Olivia.

BRADLEY

What are you doing here?

OLIVIA

I'm concerned that this-

Dan steps forward.

DAN

It's alright. I'm the one. If anybody's going on the stand to answer questions, *It'll be me!*

All the while more policemen come through the front door one at a time. Some uniform. Some plain clothes.

BRADLEY

You kinda like being in the spotlight don't you? Let's have your hands.

Bradley motions to a uniform for a pair of cuffs. The policeman gives a pair to Bradley and he puts them on Dan, adjusts them for comfort and then Dan goes nuts, swinging his cuffed hands wildly and hitting himself in the legs with his hands. The officer and Olivia start towards him. Bradley raises his open palm and shakes his head to stop them.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

No, Leave him.

Dan calms down as quickly as he snapped.

DAN

I hurt myself...

BRADLEY

Too bad... You're gonna come along quietly now, right? I've got couple of CSI's waiting outside. I'll send them in now.

Bradley looks directly at Olivia.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

And let's see that nothing's disturbed...

Bradley raises his hand and gestures to Dan.

Bradley goes towards the front door and stands in it and waits for Dan. Dan picks up a hat, put its on, and sees himself in the mirror..

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Coming, dude?

CONSUELO

What's he doing?

TERRANCE

Looking at himself in the mirror.

Camera moves to see Dan's reflection in mirror.

DAN

Funny, somehow I knew it'd end up like this... I showed you a thing or two, didn't I?

Dan looks at a uniformed cop.

DAN (CONT'D)

Got a cigarette?

The officer looks at Bradley.

BRADLEY
 Seriously.

DAN
 Can't blame me for trying to torch
 the evidence.

Dan takes a step or two and notices Consuelo off to the side. He steps toward her, she sucks back, and as the officer goes to grab Dan's arms from behind, Dan touches Consuelo's stomach.

DAN (CONT'D)
 I forgot about her. It's just as
 well. Poor little guy.

The room is now filling up with more CSI's. Dan gestures with cuffed hands and a head nod towards Olivia.

DAN (CONT'D)
 You're not going to believe what
 she said? About her helping me?

BRADLEY
 Of course not. Plenty of women get
 crazy over a guy in your situation.
 Hell, when the time comes they'll
 be lining up with proposals by the
 dozen. Come along now.

As Dan takes a couple more reluctant steps towards the door, stops and looks at Bradley.

DAN
 I'd like something now.. That I
 never wanted before. A long walk.
 By myself...

BRADLEY
 Yeah well.

Bradley gestures. Dan drops his English accent and speaks in clear American English.

DAN
 Yes sir. I'm right behind you Doc!
 You know I'll get the death penalty
 for all this.

Dan turns towards Olivia who has been inching closer to Dan as he moves towards the door.

Then suddenly Dan spins around with his cuffed wrists, puts them around the back of Olivia's neck and kisses her. She doesn't resist and holds the kiss. Dan takes his hands back over her head and turns back towards the door.

DAN (CONT'D)

But I'll give them their fucking
moneys worth at the trial.

Bradley shakes his head.

BRADLEY

Fucker!

As Dan walks out, Bradley follows, gently pushing Dan through the amassed gauntlet of cops.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Bright lights from TV cameras with the constant back and forth glow of blue and red police car lights. Press is shouting for statements. Camera closes in and catches three faces in a line: DAN, BRADLEY, and OLIVIA.

Fade out.

Roll credits.