

Screenplay

FADE IN:

SUPER: 1967

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A drunk MAN 50's, pants around his ankles, pulls away from a BOY 6 who lays face down, semi naked on a bed and cries. The man hitches his pants, buckles his belt. He grabs the boy.

MAN

Stop snivellin' you little bastard.
You should be used to it by now and
if you tell your momma when she
gets home I'll---

The man is clubbed in the head with an iron bar by a WOMAN 40's. She hits him again, drops her bar, picks up the boy.

WOMAN

It's okay Bobby. Mommy's here. I'll
always be here. He won't touch you
again...never!

She kicks the man who groans, then she rushes from the room.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

The woman sits with the boy's head in her lap.

WOMAN

It's all going to be good now...all
good.

She kisses his head and strokes his hair.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Your step daddy was a good man...
once upon a time.

The boy looks up.

BOY

He told me he wished I was a
girl...He told me it was my fault.

The woman shakes her head, takes his face in her hands.

WOMAN

Oh darling, no you aren't to blame.
He was very sick. Boys and girls

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (cont'd)
both deserve love. Always remember
two things baby. One, mommy's
always, always gonna be here and
two, love the children. Love all
the children.

The boy lays his head back in her lap

BOY
Even if they're bad?

The woman strokes his hair again.

WOMAN
Children aren't bad. They learn
that from grown ups.

As she comforts the boy she looks out of the window at the
passing countryside. A tear slips down her cheek.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Rest assured darling. There are two
ladies in this world that will
never let you down. One is me and
the other is this train...The
Southern Belle.

The woman reaches into her bag and produces a small brown
teddy bear. She hands it to the boy. He sits up and gently
takes it, hugs it close to his chest.

BOY
Thank you mommy.

The woman smiles.

WOMAN
What are you going to call him?

BOY
I'll call him...Bobby Boy...

WOMAN
A fine name son. And Bobby Boy will
talk to you. If you listen that is.

The boy puts the toy to his ear.

BOY
Bobby Boy says he's tired.

WOMAN

There...told you so.

She eases the boys head back into her lap and continues to stroke his head. He falls asleep, the bear firmly grasped.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BOB GREGORY 40's overweight, bearded, horn rimmed spectacles gazes out of the window, lost in his own thoughts. The sound of children at play breaks the silence. Bob's breath quickens. He whispers to himself.

BOB

Oh Bobby boy. Just imagine---

A woman's voice jolts him from his daydream.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Bobby...honey...you'll be late!

Bob takes one last look out of the window then quickly makes his way across the room.

BOB

Coming sweetheart...coming.

He exits.

INT. CAR - MAIN STREET - DAY

ALEX CORTEZ 30's sits behind the wheel. Next to him PAULIE GARCIA 20's fidgets nervously. In back, CHUBBY MENDEZ 40's puffs on a cigar.

The other two draw heavily on their cigarettes. Smoke clings to the ceiling of the car. Alex peers out of the window and stiffens. He nudges Paulie.

ALEX

You set? That's our guy.

Chubby leans forward.

CHUBBY

Wait. See what action he's got.

He settles back in his seat. Alex rolls down his window, flicks his cigarette out. Paulie readies an AK 47.

INT./EXT. CAB/MAIN STREET - DAY

RENE BAREDDA 20's pulls up to the corner of the street in his unlicensed cab. A SKINNY GUY 40's shuffles up to the vehicle and furtively taps on the window.

Rene glances over. Lowers the glass.

INT. CAR - MAIN STREET - DAY

Chubby leans forward again, strains to see clearly.

INT. CAR - STREET - DAY

JOSH HARRINGTON 40's handsome, stuck in traffic, sits in his convertible Mercedes. Music plays louder than appropriate. Josh drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

A pretty girl walks past. Josh adjusts his rear view mirror to study her rear.

He smiles. The traffic moves. Josh eases forward, checks his watch, reaches into his jacket pocket. Searches. Reaches into another pocket. No luck.

JOSH

Fuck! Fuck!

Frustrated, he runs his fingers through his hair and looks to the heavens.

INT/EXT. CAB/MAIN STREET - DAY

Rene hands the Skinny guy a small bag with one hand and takes an amount of cash with the other.

INT. CAR - MAINSTREET - DAY

Chubby becomes animated. Screams.

CHUBBY

Fuckin' son of a bitch! You see that? He thinks it's a fuckin' market right there.

He punches the back of the seat in front.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Josh hurries into his office, throws his attache case on the desk, snatches up the phone and punches a number.

JOSH
C'mon...C'mon...Where the fuck
are...Kim?...Kim, did I leave my
cell there?

He waits, drums his fingers on the desk impatiently.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You got it? Can you get it to me?
Shit, yeah I completely forgot
about that...tell 'em I'm sorry...

He rubs his brow.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Just put it in a cab would
you?...Kim, how fucking difficult
is that?..Okay, okay, I apologize
but can you please?...

He nods.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Thank you sweetheart. You just
saved my ass. See you about six.

Relieved he drops into his seat. Hits another button.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Heide darling...coffee? Now?

He replaces the receiver, puts his feet on the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kim sits in her chair and plays with Josh's cellphone. She pauses, ponders then powers it up.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Bob sits on a bench. He watches as children play. To one side their mothers chat, huddled together. A ball rolls toward him. He picks it up as a BOY 6, approaches shyly. Bob smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

This yours son?

The boy nods. Bob offers him the ball. A WOMAN 20's appears and snatches the ball from Bob.

WOMAN

What the hell are you doing?

Bob looks apologetic.

BOB

I...I was just---

The woman cuts him off. Spins on Bob.

WOMAN

I've seen you before. We don't want your type around here. You'd better leave before I call the cops...you creep!

She grabs the boy roughly by the hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What have I told you about talking to strangers?

The boy starts to cry as she shouts to another woman.

WOMAN

Call Steve...get this creep's number...He's in the cab!

Bob, embarrassed drops his head. He looks up, the group of mothers stare at him aggressively. One makes the call on her cell phone.

Bob rises and quickly leaves. He nervously looks over his shoulder as he rushes away.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Rene jumps from the cab and calls over to MIGUEL SANCHEZ 20's who lounges on a wall. Smoke rings scud upwards from his mouth. Rene throws him his keys.

RENE

Get your lazy spic ass in gear bitch! I'm done.

Miguel deftly catches the keys, slips from the wall and trots over to the cab. Rene lights a cigarette. Miguel starts the cab, waves and fishtails down the street.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Bob pulls to the side of the road. He breathes heavily, he sweats and his hands shake.

He opens the glove box. A brown, worn teddy bear stares lifelessly back at him. He removes it and talks directly to it.

BOB
Oh my God Bobby boy...This has to stop...

He places the bear to his ear.

BOB (CONT'D)
I know...I know...we don't want that kind of trouble again...

He reaches back into the glove box, grabs a tissue from a pack, dabs his brow, checks himself in the rear view mirror. His eyes narrow and his face changes to an evil look.

He continues to stare into the mirror, reaches back into the glove box, moves the tissues forward, pulls out a Colt Mustang Pocketlite. He smiles. Strokes it lovingly.

BOB
Call the cops?...Really? I think not baby!

He slowly shakes his head. He aims the gun.

INT/EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY

The heavies sit curbside. Frustrated.

PAULIE
Shit! Where'd the fuck did he go?

Miguel turns out of a side street. Chubby immediately points between Alex and Paulie.

CHUBBY
There! There's the little shit! Go!
Go! Let's get this done!

Alex guns the engine and chases after Miguel.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rene walks quickly. He hears the burst of gunfire. He stops briefly, closes his eyes, crosses himself, then pulls out his cell phone. He punches in a number.

RENE

Yeah...I need you.

He breaks into a jog, then sprints down the road.

INT. CAB - SIDE STREET - DAY

Miguel lies sprawled across the front seats, glass jewels adorn his body. Most of his head gone.

INT. CAR - DAY

Alex keeps to the speed limit. Paulie kisses his weapon and places it on the floor. Chubby puffs, smiles broadly.

CHUBBY

Fuck with me and I'll fuck you up homey.

He lowers his window. Snorts, clears his throat and spits phlegm into the street.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rene slumps in a chair, pants around his ankles. He chugs from a bottle of tequila.

BONITA ALVES 30's, Hispanic beauty, full bosom, hips and lips, rinses her mouth in the sink. She glances across at Rene.

BONITA

You okay hon?

No answer. Rene is in between slugs. Bonita reacts.

BONITA (CONT'D)

You fucking piece of shit! Call me, fucked up 'cos some prick got hit.. I give you the best blow and you can't even fucking answer me?

Rene swallows. Looks over and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

RENE

Hey bitch, it was okay...okay?
You'll get your fucking money...but
for now, although it might be a
little tough for you, just keep
that fucking mouth of yours
shut...right?

Bonita throws a liquid soap bottle at Rene.

BONITA

Fuck you asshole. Fuck off outta my
house!

Rene places his bottle on the table, pulls up his pants and
walks over to Bonita. He smiles, viciously backhands her,
then throws some notes in her face.

RENE

You're always mean when you're on
the rag baby...you need to chill.

He grabs the bottle and walks to the door. He turns.

RENE (CONT'D)

See ya next week...when you're not
bleedin'.

Rene swings the door open and bumps into GINA GREGORY 40's,
beautiful, Latino, fit, voluptuous. He stops, looks her up
and down. Gina steps back, basks in the attention.

RENE (CONT'D)

Sheeit girl. You are fine baby!

Bonita screams.

BONITA

Get out! Get out you piece of shit!

Rene turns slowly, smiles at Bonita, turns back, moves
slowly past Gina, brushes dangerously close and whispers.

RENE

Gotta pen?

His tequila breath on Gina's cheek.

She fishes in her bag, gives a pen to Rene. He steps back
slightly, roughly takes Gina's hand and writes on it.

Gina tries to pull away but Rene is too strong. He
finishes with a flourish, stuffs the pen back into Gina's
hand and pinches her cheek hard.

(CONTINUED)

RENE (CONT'D)
Call me, chica sexi_.

He walks away, swigs on the tequila.

Gina watches as he leaves, then turns her attention to Bonita.

GINA
Fucking pig!

She rushes over as Bonita pull herself up from the floor.

GINA (CONT'D)
You okay baby?..Did you fall?

Bonita shakes her head. Gina catches a glimpse of the red welt on Bonita's face. She gently inspects it.

GINA (CONT'D)
Him?

Bonita speaks through her tears. Nods 'yes'.

BONITA
Said I was moody. Thinks I'm on...

GINA
And you're not?

Bonita eases away. She drops her head and shakes it 'no'.

BONITA
Can't be...

She starts to sob. Gina lifts her head.

GINA
Don't tell me...

Bonita throws herself onto Gina, sobs uncontrollably.

BONITA
It's his...I'm certain...I think
he's in trouble...

Bonita can hardly speak through the tears and snot.

BONITA (CONT'D)
I think Chubby tried to kill him.

GINA
Chubby?...Chubby Mendez?

Bonita nods.

BONITA
Know him?

Gina sucks up her breath.

GINA
Before I met Bob I was one of his
girls. He's a killer, no soul.

Gina hugs her sister.

GINA (CONT'D)
We've gotta get you outta this...

She squeezes harder looks at the number on her hand.

INT/EXT. CAB/MAIN STREET - DAY

Bob sits in his stationary cab. He turns his 'FOR HIRE' sign off, puts the vehicle into drive and pulls away. Within a few meters another car slews in front of Bob and forces him to brake hard.

A tall well muscled MAN 30's jumps from the car and rushes over to Bob's door. He tries the handle but the door is locked. Frustrated, the man bangs on the windshield.

MAN
Get out you piece of shit! You go
near my nephew again and I swear,
I'll kill you.

Cars behind start honking. The man glares back at them.

MAN (CONT'D)
Fuck you!

He turns back to Bob.

MAN (CONT'D)
Fuckin' lucky man, fuckin' lucky!
I'll be waitin' for you, you prick,
and when you least expect it...

He punches the cab.

(CONTINUED)

MAN (CONT'D)
...Bang! I'll do you man! I'll
fucking kill you!

Bob panics. He stamps on the throttle. Wheels spin. The man jumps onto the hood. Bob skids around, the man falls from the hood and Bob speeds off.

INT. CAB - SIDE STREET - DAY

Bob sits in his cab, Pocketlite in hand, adjusts his mirror, eyes his image and talks to Bobby Boy on the dashboard.

BOB
Did you hear that prick? "Bang!
I'll do you?"

He rubs the gun across his chin, theatrically.

BOB (CONT'D)
Be careful my friend, 'cos maybe...

He swings the gun towards the mirror.

BOB (CONT'D)
...Bang!...I'll do you...Huh?

He laughs at his reflection. Looks at Bobby Boy.

BOB (CONT'D)
They don't know us Bobby Boy...No
one knows us...except us.

He continues to laugh, replaces the gun in the glove box.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob enters the front door into the hallway. He quietly closes the door and heads for the living room. As he approaches he hears the sound of the T.V.

He stops outside the door and peeks inside. Gina lounges on the couch, eats chocolates. Bob lingers briefly, a look of adoration on his face. He knocks gently and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gina glances over the back of the couch as Bob approaches. She smiles.

GINA

Early?

Bob nods. Kisses her head.

BOB

Uh Huh...wanted to be with you...you know...

She takes his hand, studies his face.

GINA

Are you okay? You look tired. Thinking about tomorrow?

Bob nods again, becomes emotional. Gina opens her arms, beckons for him to come to her.

GINA (CONT'D)

Come here baby, give your honey a big hug. Want me to make you feel good?

Bob nods.

BOB

Yes...yes please.

He hurries around the couch sinks to his knees, falls into Gina's arms and sobs uncontrollably. We hear the sound of a zipper being opened.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bob sits silently, watches over his MOTHER 80's frail, pale, hooked up to monitors and a life support machine. Gina sits alongside Bob. Immaculate.

Bob reaches over and takes his mother's hand.

BOB

Mom...it's Bobby...

He falters, looks at Gina who smiles sympathetically, pure white even teeth encircled by crimson full lips.

(CONTINUED)

GINA
Go ahead sweetheart.

Bob sucks in a deep breath.

BOB
You know I...

He glances quickly at Gina.

BOB (CONT'D)
...We've managed to keep you here
for some time...but with the
economy...

He drops his head. Gina places her hand on his shoulder. His voice is reduced to a whisper.

BOB (CONT'D)
...It's just...I'm so sorry...

The door swings open. A DOCTOR 30's, tall, handsome enters. He carries a clip board, flips the pages without looking up.

DOCTOR
Okay. All seems to be in
order...Mr...

He looks up, sees Gina for the first time, smiles. Gina smiles coyly and drops her eyes.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
...And Mrs. Gregory.

He quickly re focuses on the clip board.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You need any more time?

Bob tearfully looks at Gina. She gently takes his hand, shakes her head. Bob squeezes his eyes tight shut, tears stream down his face.

GINA
It's for the best...

Gina looks at the doctor.

GINA (CONT'D)
We're ready...Thank you,
doctor..er?

DOCTOR
Chambers...Zach Chambers.

Gina makes a mental note, smiles once more, then turns her full attention to Bob and his grief.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

Gina and Bob walk to the door. Gina grabs Bob's arm.

GINA
Sweetheart, why don't you wait here. Take a seat. I'll go fetch the car. You just take it easy.

She guides Bob to a seat. He sits. Gina kisses his head.

GINA (CONT'D)
Won't be long baby.

BOB
Okay.

He folds his arms and drops his head as Gina leaves.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY.

Gina walks swiftly. She punches a number.

GINA
Hello...doctor Zach Chambers please.

She looks around the lot, gets her bearings.

GINA (CONT'D)
Hello doctor?

She stops walking and smiles.

INT/EXT. CAR/DRIVEWAY - DAY

Gina eases onto her driveway. Neighbor NORM CUSTER 50's, skinny, greasy, bad teeth, watches from his front porch as he rocks gently on his beat-up rocker.

Gina pulls up, kills the engine, turns to Bob who is pale.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

Honey....

A tap on the window interrupts. Gina looks past Bob.

GINA (CONT'D)

Oh God...Really?

Norm grins through the glass.

NORM

Hey Bob, Gina..

He holds up some garden clippers

NORM (CONT'D)

You guys want these back?

Gina jumps from the car.

GINA

Not now Norm!

Norm continues to stare at Bob.

NORM

Just found 'em. Had 'em months...

Gina screams as she walks around the car.

GINA

We don't want them_Okay?

She angrily snatches open Bob's door and eases him out.

GINA (CONT'D)

Come on baby. Let's get you inside.

She throws Norm a withering look as she guides the forlorn Bob into the house. Norm looks on, clippers aloft. Slowly he lowers them and a smile crosses his face.

NORM

Fucking sexy when you're angry
bitch...Oh yeah...Real hot.

Norm licks his lips, rubs his crotch then spits.

NORM (CONT'D)

Lucky bastard Bobby boy...

He tuts, shakes his head, ambles back to his rocker.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gina closes the door, leans against it, angry. Bob shuffles slowly along the hall.

GINA
Fucking freak! I tell you Bobby, he
is wrong...Stay clear of him...He
makes my flesh crawl.

Bob shuffles on. Gina pushes herself off the door, follows Bob. As she passes a mirror she slows, checks herself out.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

KIM HARRINGTON 30's pretty, petite sits in a large chair, relaxed, eyes closed, hands folded. Psychiatrist LEWIS TENENBAUM 50's, sits on an identical chair, opposite.

He leans forward and switches on a voice recorder on the table between them.

LEWIS
Okay Kim. Relaxed?

KIM
Uh huh.

LEWIS
As this is our first session, maybe
you could introduce yourself and
elucidate why you are here?

Kim adjusts her position, hesitates, then starts.

KIM
My name is Kim Harrington. I am
thirty three years of age, stay at
home mom and suffer from post natal
depression---

Lewis interrupts.

LEWIS
Sorry, just a personal intro's
fine. We'll get to the rest.

Once again Kim shuffles, uncomfortable.

KIM
Okay...I wasn't sure...so, I'm Kim,
my husband Josh is a successful
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIM (cont'd)
attorney and I have two beautiful
kids Will and Rosie.

LEWIS
First marriage?

Kim opens her eyes, surprised and leans forward.

KIM
Yes...yes...this is both of our
first marriage...why do you ask?

LEWIS
Just filling in the gaps...now,
shall we continue?

Kim relaxes, leans back, eyes closed, hands gently clasped.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Josh sits behind his desk and conducts a briefing with JOHN BALL 50's portly, balding, PHIL LAWRENCE, black 40's skinny and SAMANTHA JONAS 30's sexy.

JOSH
So, we're all set. Leaving early
tonight as tomorrow's a big day, a
very big day. No errors, no screw
ups. Make sure you've got
everything down.

The three rise together and gather their things, Josh fiddles with papers on his desk. As the group leaves Josh calls over to them, head down.

JOSH (CONT'D)
No Harry's Bar tonight guys. Clear
heads needed. Always time to
celebrate after...

He looks up at them.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Okay?

John opens the office door, holds it ajar for Phil. Samantha slowly closes her briefcase, takes her time.

JOHN
Sure thing.

Phil stops and turns.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

But tomorrow night, the drinks are on you, right?

JOSH

Absolutely. Get the result and I'll even fix you guys up with rooms.

DAVID SAWYER 50's, senior partner, distinguished, tall enters the office. The three freeze. Josh rises.

JOSH

Hey Dave. Come in, come in. just completed our briefing for tomorrow.

David strides in.

DAVID

That's great. You summing up?

Josh shakes his head, "No".

JOSH

Uh uh. Samantha has the honors. I may not be p.c. here but this case needs a female touch...the jury mix demands it.

David looks at Samantha. Strokes his chin.

DAVID

Hmmm...you got a moment?

He turns on his heel and exits the office. Josh looks at the others and shrugs his shoulders. He follows David.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

David leans against a wall, thumbs through some papers. Josh closes the office door behind him and waits obediently.

DAVID

Think she's ready?

Josh also leans against the wall.

JOSH

In my opinion...yes.

David looks hard at Josh.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
I'm fighting hard for you Josh,
very hard...Win tomorrow and you
could be made a full partner---

Josh smiles.

JOSH
If we lose?

David is terse.

DAVID
Then you lose.

He pushes himself off the wall and walks away. He calls
back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You sure she's up to snuff?

Josh calls after him.

JOHN
She's as easy on the ear as she is
on the eye...she's ready!

David turns.

DAVID
Easy on the eye?..Guess that's
important to you, huh? Just be sure
Josh...be very sure.

He turns back, waves the papers in the air and disappears
into his office. Josh smiles to himself.

JOSH
Gee thanks Dave...

He returns to his office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Josh walks in and beams.

JOSH
S'all good guys. Dave's
onside...Now go get some rest.

Samantha looks over at Josh.

SAMANTHA

Actually, I do have a couple of issues I would like to discuss with you. Nothing to do with tomorrow.

Josh looks at John and Phil.

JOSH

It's okay. You guys go ahead.

John and Phil leave. Josh turns his attention to Samantha.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Alright young lady. What would you like me to do for you?

Samantha slowly closes the office door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gina sits on the couch, Bob is in his bathrobe and pajamas. His head is in her lap. Gina strokes it lovingly.

GINA

You okay honey?

Bob shakes his head slightly, 'No'.

GINA (CONT'D)

What?

BOB

Feel guilty. Like it's my fault...

GINA

No baby, it's not your fault. Just her time, that's all...and now, I'm here. I'm your Mommy now.

She continues to stroke Bob's head, smiles to herself.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Lewis eases back into his chair, checks his watch.

LEWIS

Okay Kim. Just before we finish...who diagnosed your post natal depression?

(CONTINUED)

KIM
My psychiatrist...my previous one.

LEWIS
Previous?

KIM
I fired her.

LEWIS
For?

KIM
I thought she was acting
inappropriately with my husband.

LEWIS
Flirting?

KIM
Blatantly

LEWIS (CONT'D)
So, Josh would attend?

KIM
Yes...initially...but then...

Lewis shifts his position.

LEWIS
Were you at all depressed after the
birth of your first child?

KIM
No...no, not a bit.

Lewis leans forward.

LEWIS
When did you find out about the
affair?

Kim sits bolt upright, eyes wide open.

KIM
I never said...

Lewis slowly raises his hand. Kim looks confused. Lewis
raises his eyebrows and nods.

LEWIS

Remember when you told me about
your family?..You said "I have two
beautiful kids" not "We"...

He pauses.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I don't think your condition is
depression related to childbirth
...It's based upon lack of trust.

Kim buries her head in her hands.

KIM

Oh my God...

LEWIS

You haven't confronted him with
this have you---

Kim interrupts.

KIM

No! It only happened once!

LEWIS

Are you certain my dear?

Kim looks shocked. Doctor Lewis throws her an inquiring
look. Kim drops her head, shakes it "No". She weeps.

KIM (CONT'D)

I found a picture of a naked girl
on his cellphone.

LEWIS

When?

Kim looks embarrassed

KIM

Yesterday.

LEWIS

You have time to share?

Kim looks at her watch.

KIM

I need to be quick...must be home
before the children...

LEWIS
Understand...shoot!

He sits back in his chair, eyes fixed on Kim.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Josh has Samantha spreadeagled across his desk as he pumps away. Samantha moans.

KIM (O.S.)
I think the girl that sent the
picture is under Josh and probably
thinks this type of attention will
get her a better position.

In mid stroke, Josh reaches across the desk and lays a picture of Will and Rosie face down, then picks up the pace much to Samantha's delight.

LEWIS (O.S.)
Kim, to help you, we really do need
to talk this through with Josh
...You know, lay everything on the
table.

Josh collapses on top of Samantha.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kim runs around tends to WILLIAM 7 and ROSIE 4 as they finish their food.

ROSIE
Will daddy read me a story tonight?

Kim collects the dirty dishes from the table and walks over to the sink. She starts to rinse them.

KIM
If he arrives home in time. He's
got a very important day tomorrow
so he might be late...now you guys
drink up your milk.

WILLIAM
He's hardly ever here.

Kim dries her hands walks over and ruffles his hair.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

Daddy works very hard sweetie...And
he loves you both very much.

She looks up at the clock.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Samantha buttons up her blouse as Josh pours two whiskies from a decanter. As he passes one to Samantha his cell rings. He checks the screen and puts his finger to his mouth, signals silence.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim sits on a couch and cuddles William and Rosie.

KIM

Wills and Rosie want a story...you
on the way home?

Kim hits the speaker button.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Samantha takes a slug of whiskey, saunters over to Josh and starts to nibble his ear. Josh eases away. Stands and starts to pace.

JOSH

Just wrapping up...big day
tomorrow.

Samantha sits on Josh's chair, spreads her legs. Giggles.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim hears the giggle. Turns off the speaker.

KIM

Can you make it in twenty minutes?

She casts a hopeful look towards her children.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Josh looks at Samantha as she dips her finger into her drink and runs it around her lips.

JOSH
Doubt it honey. Something's just
come up and I'd better nail it
right now...

Samantha pulls her skirt higher.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim shakes her head 'no' to the kids. They voice their disappointment.

ROSIE
Daddy....

WILLIAM
Not fair!

Kim cuddles them both. A look of distrust crosses her face.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Josh now stands in front of Samantha and runs his hand along her leg.

JOSH
Tell them both that I love them.
Gotta go honey. Otherwise I'll
never get home tonight...bye.

Samantha pulls Josh's zipper down. Josh hangs up.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim, visibly upset, kisses the heads of the children. Holds them close, barely stops her tears.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Gina sits on the bed, makeup impeccable, hair luscious, lips rose red. Casually dressed in a crisp white shirt, collar flicked up, unbuttoned provocatively and tight Capri pants.

She fiddles with a small suitcase while on her cell.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

Hi Rene. Thought I'd call. I need to speak with you about Bonita. Give me a call back ASAP. We need to get together.

As she hangs up Bob enters. Gina lowers the suitcase lid as he approaches and smiles warmly.

GINA

Hi sweetheart. Just finished packing everything. Apron, hand cream, the whole protection kit.

Bob walks over and kisses Gina on the head. He turns and walks over to the dressing table. Picks up a decorative vase, admires it.

BOB

Drop you off? It's on the way.

Gina strokes the case seductively.

GINA

That'd be nice...want me to take care of you before we go?

Bob freezes momentarily, pensive, then continues with his examination of the piece.

BOB

Now that *would* be nice!

He pauses, checks his watch, thinks again then continues.

BOB (CONT'D)

But then again your class starts in twenty minutes...

He places the vase gently back on the table.

BOB (CONT'D)

You've got talent baby, I mean real talent. That vase is amazing. You shouldn't waste talent like that...no sir!

Gina laughs, rises and swings the case off the bed. She ruffles Bob's hair as she passes.

GINA

Well I'm crushed that you rejected my advances but I will accept *your*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GINA (cont'd)
offer and as you are so sweet...I
forgive you

Bob smiles. Gina heads for the door swings the case,
childlike. She calls over her shoulder.

GINA (CONT'D)
Come on sweetie...let's go,

She exits. Bob turns and follows.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh lounges on a couch, reads a paper. Kim enters. Josh
does not look up. Karen drops into a chair opposite.

KIM
Late start?

Josh turns the page.

JOSH
Uh huh. Summing up...slam dunk
really.

Kim looks annoyed.

KIM
There is such a thing as over
confidence...

Josh lays down the paper.

JOHN
Not when you know what you're
doing.

Kim, sarcastic.

KIM
And you always know what you're
doing right?

Josh checks his watch, folds the paper, rises and heads for
the door.

JOSH
Gotta go...probably stop
over...celebrate---

Kim interrupts, blurts.

KIM

I went to see a counselor
yesterday...

Josh spins around.

JOSH

You know honey, I sometimes think
you have a problem...can't seem to
leave these people alone.

Kim rises, desperately tries to keep calm.

KIM

The problem 'honey' is not just
mine...

Josh spins back on his heels, dismisses Karen with a
contemptuous wave of his hand. He exits as Karen screams.

KIM (CONT'D)

...It's ours you bastard!
Ours...Yours as well!

She slumps back into the chair and sobs, head in hands.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Gina hops out of Bob's cab. She heads for a small pottery
shop with a notice in the window "LESSONS GIVEN".

She turns as Bob pulls away and waves until he is out of
sight. She hurries away from the shop and enters a small
alleyway.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Gina appears from the alleyway and heads for The Astor
Hotel. She skips up the steps.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - DAY

In the background a hotel worker vacuums a carpet. The noise
is almost unbearable. Gina is at the front desk. She
collects a key from the CONCIERGE 30's.

GINA

(loudly)

Thank you. I'm expecting a guest.
Doctor Chapman...please send him
right up.

(CONTINUED)

The concierge makes a note.

CONCIERGE
Doctor Chapman...Perfect! Will do!

GINA
(loudly)
Thank you. Have a good day.

She turns on her heel and walks over to the elevators.

CONCIERGE
You too ma'am. You too.

He watches as she walks away, a knowing grin spreads across his face. The worker switches off the cleaner and approaches the concierge. We see it is Norm Custer.

CONCIERGE
How's it going?...Second day right?

Norm leans casually on the desk.

NORM
Uh huh. You got a cushy number here
yeah?..How do I get a job up here?

The concierge busies himself with paperwork.

CONCIERGE
You got a ways to go yet my man.
Took me five years...There's a lot
to learn.

Norm interrupts.

NORM
Yeah but you got it made. Good pay,
tips, I mean, you gotta get tips.

The concierge pauses, looks to where Gina exited and winks.

CONCIERGE
Oh sure. Did you see that chick?

Norm follows the agent's gaze. Shrugs.

NORM
Can't say I did.

The concierge motions Norm closer.

CONCIERGE

She comes in same time every
Wednesday, fucks some guy's brains
out, then drops me a 'C' note, just
for turning a blind eye.

NORM

She workin'?

CONCIERGE

I guess...but she is fine
bro...fine as shit!

NORM

What room?

The concierge pulls away.

CONCIERGE

Okay...better get back to it...

He turns his back on Norm who lingers, then slinks away.

INT./EXT. CAB/MAINSTREET - DAY

Bob glides his cab into the curb in front of The Astor. He
checks the meter and calls back to his passenger.

BOB

That'll be forty eight bucks.

A smart elderly MAN (60's) tuts as he pulls his wallet from
his jacket pocket.

MAN

Forty eight bucks? Shit! I remember
when you could get a cab across
town for five. Buncha fuckin'
robbers. All fuckin' foreigners...

He studies Bob.

MAN (CONT'D)

What are you? Greek, Italian? Don't
really matter. All the fuckin'
same...robbers.

He throws five tens at Bob and exits the cab.

BOB

Well thank you sir and you have a
good day...fuckin' asshole!

As he resets his meter he glances up and sees Doctor Chambers enter the hotel. He draws a heavy sigh, throws the cab into drive and pulls away.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Doctor Chambers stands outside a hotel bedroom. He checks the number against a scrap of paper in his hand, smiles and knocks.

The door opens and reveals Gina in a negligee. She poses sexily the drops the negligee, grabs the doctor's tie and drags him in. The door slowly closes.

INT/EXT. CAB/MAIN STREET - DAY

Bob cruises along and stops at a crosswalk. A young WOMAN 20's walks across in front, roughly pulls a small girl along. The child is in tears.

WOMAN

C'mon you little bitch! And if you don't stop crying I'll give you something to cry about!

Bob is perplexed by what he sees. The girl looks into his cab. Bob waves and blows her a kiss. The girl locks eyes with Bob until the car behind honks at Bob to move.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Chubby sits with two heavies and eats brunch. Alex enters, walks briskly to the table. He stops and waits until Chubby addresses him.

CHUBBY

I'm eating.

ALEX

Boss, it's important...

Chubby eyes Alex aggressively. He wipes his mouth, lays his napkin gently on the table.

CHUBBY

Fuckin' better be.

Alex shifts uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

That cab driver?..Wrong guy...

Chubby nearly chokes.

CHUBBY

You are shittin' me...

Chubby slams his hand on the table, then shoves it over.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

Find that little cunt and bring me
his balls!

Alex rushes from the restaurant.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Rene meanders through the crowds, reaches a bench, looks around, lights a cigarette and sits down. His eyes dart around furtively.

EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

Josh, John and Phil stand on the steps. Josh checks his watch.

JOSH

This is not funny! Where the fuck
is she? Phil, try her again.

Phil produces his cell and hits send. As he dials, a cab skids to a halt. Samantha jumps out, harassed. She pays the driver and calls across to Josh.

SAMANTHA

I'm so sorry...car wouldn't start..

She rushes up the steps.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

...traffic was crap, cab took
forever...

John looks at his watch.

JOHN

Good afternoon Sam---

Sam cuts him off.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Shut the fuck up John...I'm really not in the mood!

John visibly retreats. Josh takes over.

JOSH

Okay! We're good right. Let's go kick some ass!

He throws Samantha a withering look. Samantha drops her head as Josh climbs the steps two at a time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kim sits in her chair on her cell.

KIM

Doctor Lewis? Hi, yes good morning. This is Kim Harrington. I need to see you today. Yes today, as soon as possible.

She looks over to the shelf clock.

KIM (CONT'D)

One hour? Great! I'll be there. No, no he will not be with me. Okay, see you then.

She rises, hangs up, leaves the room.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Rene lights another cigarette. His leg shakes, impatient. A MAN 40's, dressed in black, shades, approaches from behind.

MAN

Heard you got hit.

Rene spins around.

RENE

Obviously not...Now, you got my shit?

The man hesitates.

MAN

Hey asshole. I need to consider if you're worth it.

(CONTINUED)

Rene is annoyed.

RENE
Worth what?

MAN
Fuckin' off Chubby---

Rene cuts in.

RENE
You think if Chubby really wanted
me dead I'd be here, talking to
you?

The man considers.

MAN
Cash?

Rene reaches into his coat and pulls out an envelope. He
tosses it over to the man who catches it.

RENE
No need to count it...s'all there
buddy.

The man opens the envelope, glances inside, appears
satisfied. He looks around, hands a plastic bag to Rene who
quickly places it under his coat.

MAN
Let me tell you son. If we hear you
crossed Chubby again, you'll wish
he'd gotten you first...

Rene looks back to argue with the man but he has
disappeared.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Samantha catches up with Josh. She whispers.

SAMANTHA
Sorry...

Josh doesn't break stride.

JOSH
Fucking will be. Let's get this
done. We'll talk later!

Samantha becomes annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

So the big shot is gonna let me
make him look good then sandblast
my ass?

Josh stops abruptly, roughly grabs Samantha's arm and sets
off at a pace, a fixed smile on his face.

JOSH

You had just better make me look
good honey...I'm warning you!

Samantha's bravado disappears and a little fear enters her
eyes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Doctor Chambers leaves Gina in the bed and heads for the
shower. He calls back as he enters and turns the water on.

DOCTOR

Got time for lunch?

Gina sprawls naked under the sheet.

GINA

Sorry, I'm going to visit my
sister...

Her voice trails off as she realizes that he cannot hear
her. She wraps the sheet around her body and stretches out.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Rene rises from the bench, walks quickly through the crowd.
He pulls out his cell and punches in a number. He waits.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Gina's cell rings. She checks the number and answers.

GINA (CONT'D)

Well, this is a surprise...

She tucks her knees under her chin.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Rene looks at his cell, smiles.

RENE
You left a message.

He listens.

RENE (CONT'D)
Where?..Yeah I know...The steps?
Time? Okay...

Suddenly Rene stops. He slowly changes the cell to his other hand.

RENE (CONT'D)
She is what?...Who said it's mine?

He listens intently, grim faced.

RENE (CONT'D)
She told you that too? Hmmm...Yeah
I guess we do need to meet. See you
there at two...ciao baby.

He ends the call.

RENE (CONT'D)
Fuckin' bitch...bitch!

He controls his temper, looks around self conscious. No one has taken notice. He strides off.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Kim sits opposite Lewis, a determined look on her face. Lewis studies Kim for a while.

LEWIS
Am I correct in assuming that I'm
seeing a different Kim today?

Kim crosses her legs, self assured. She nods assertively.

KIM
I came here today to thank you.

Lewis appears surprised.

(CONTINUED)

LEWIS

Thank me?..For what?

KIM

For waking me up...for making me
see things for what they are...

She takes a deep breath.

KIM (CONT'D)

...For making me face reality.

LEWIS

How so?

KIM

Just the one thing you said.

Lewis tips his head to one side, raises an eyebrow.

KIM (CONT'D)

When you told me I said "I have"
not "we have". That really woke me
up. Mentally I had already taken
responsibility for them but would
not cut my ties to their father.

She pauses, wells up.

KIM (CONT'D)

Nobody has ever spoken to me like
that.

LEWIS

Bluntly?

KIM

If bluntly means honestly. You see,
I ignored things. I denied to
myself that Josh was, is
unfaithful, that he treated me with
contempt and although he thinks he
loves the children, they are
nothing but trophies!

LEWIS

So...now what?

Kim thinks before she responds.

KIM

Divorce proceedings.

(CONTINUED)

LEWIS
Evidence?

Kim smiles, victorious. She waves her cell phone aloft.

KIM
So proud of myself...forwarded both
the picture and that slut's message
to myself.

LEWIS
Well done my dear. I guess my work
here is done, as they say.

He rises to escort Kim to the door. She stands and pecks him
on the cheek.

KIM
Thank you for releasing me.

Lewis colors up, embarrassed as Kim walks to the door.

LEWIS
No my dear, as the Eagles once
sang, "we live our lives in chains,
and we never even know we have the
key".

Kim turns.

KIM
And I'm already gone...

She sweeps from the office.

INT. SHOPPING MALL, COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bob puts cream and sugar in his coffee. He stirs the drink,
places the splash cap on the cup gathers his burger and
leaves.

Rene hurries through, head down. Bob ambles along. As he
reaches a corner, Rene barrels around it. They collide.

Coffee goes one way, drugs the other. Bob stands perfectly
still while Rene hurries to recover his stash. He senses Bob
looking at him.

RENE
Gotta problem?

Bob looks embarrassed, stoops down and collects the empty
coffee cup.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

No...no absolutely not...sorry...

Rene stuffs the drugs back into his coat.

RENE

Fuckin' dick!

Rene walks straight at Bob, barges him out of his way contemptuously. Bob stands forlorn empty cup in hand, then slowly walks over to place it in a trash can.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Doctor Chambers exits the shower room, wears only a towel and dries his hair with another.

DOCTOR

No time for lunch...how about
dessert?

He drops his towel. Gina rises naked from the bed and approaches him, sensual. She carries on walking into the shower.

GINA

Sorry Doc. You know the deal. Leave
the money on the bed if you have to
go...

She pokes her head around the door.

GINA (CONT'D)

I'll call you...

She slips back into the shower room. Chambers looks disappointed, continues to dry his hair.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Bob, sits down on the bench previously occupied by Rene. He unwraps his crushed burger. The bun disintegrates, meat falls out of the wrapper.

Bob hears a whimper. The crowd block his view. Suddenly the little girl he saw earlier stands in front of him. She sobs. Bob lays his burger on the bench and walks over to the girl. He crouches down.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Hi, sweetheart...Where's Mommy?

The girl shrugs.

BOB (CONT'D)

Are you lost?

The girl nods "yes". Bob looks over at his burger.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hungry?

The girl shakes her head "No". She beckons to Bob to come closer and whispers in his ear. Bob stands, looks around, searches. He takes the girl's hand.

BOB (CONT'D)

C'mon sweetie...I know where to go.

They walk away hand in hand.

INT. MALL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER 30's comforts the distraught mother of the little girl. They study a monitor. Steve, who attacked Bob's cab enters, dressed in a security uniform.

STEVE

Problem?

The female security officer turns.

OFFICER

This lady's little girl is lost.
Just sweeping the last area---

The woman shouts.

WOMAN

There...There she is...Oh my God...

The three of them stand and stare in disbelief as they watch Bob lead the girl through the crowd. Steve squints, edges closer to the screen.

STEVE

Shit!..Shit! I know this guy. He's
a fucking pervert!

His voice trails off as they watch Bob take the girl into a men's restroom. Steve takes off at speed. The woman calls out to him.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Save my baby...please, save her...

The female officer is already on the phone.

OFFICER

Hello Police please...

She places a caring arm around the woman.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

It's okay honey. Steve'll sort things out...Hello, police?...

She turns to check the monitor.

EXT. BONITA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rene knocks on Bonita's door. He smiles automatically at the security viewer and mouths "It's Me". He waves. The door opens slightly. Rene kicks it fully open and charges in.

INT. MALL RESTROOM - DAY

Bob is in a stall with the girl. He stands over her.

BOB

I've never done this before
...um...but I need to pull your
panties down.

The girl lifts up her skirt. Bob reaches forward as the door crashes open and the Steve rushes in. He body checks Bob who loses his balance and falls back.

The little girl screams and pees herself.

INT. BONITA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rene pounces on Bonita as she screams in fear. He grabs her hair and punches her in the face. Blood spatters. He drags her through the hallway as she struggles violently.

RENE

You fucking bitch...You think you
can open your big mouth, huh?

As they reach the kitchen Bonita grabs the door and tries to rise. Rene stamps on her hand and repeatedly kicks her in the stomach. One major kick in the face renders Bonita unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

Rene now stamps on her stomach.

RENE (CONT'D)
Don't need no fucking paternity
test now bitch!

He jumps on her stomach one last time, then leaves quickly.
Blood oozes from between Bonita's legs.

INT. MALL RESTROOM - DAY

Bob screams as Steve punches and stamps on him. Bob is curled up in the corner which makes it difficult for Steve to get a direct strike.

The door swings open again and one MALE POLICE OFFICER 30's and another FEMALE POLICE OFFICER 30's enter. The female picks up the girl and rushes her outside. The male pulls Matt away from Bob.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

The woman hugs her daughter. Bob stands against a wall being questioned by an officer. The woman talks to her daughter.

WOMAN
Did that sonofabitch touch you?

The girl shakes her head "No". The female police officer approaches.

FEMALE OFFICER
Does she speak?

The woman glances at the officer, contempt in her eyes.

WOMAN
When she wants...Why?

FEMALE OFFICER
Just thought that a slightly softer
approach might help.

The woman scoops up her daughter.

WOMAN
Y'know what? It's the "softer
approach" that's allowing fuckheads
like him to walk the streets.

She looks at her daughter.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

You okay?

The girl nods "yes". The woman calmly walks away. The officer calls after her.

FEMALE OFFICER

Ma'am?...Ma'am...we need a report...

The woman doesn't turn. The girls sad eyes lock onto Bob's as she is carried away.

Steve's aggression is at boiling point. He jostles the male officer.

STEVE

So, what're you gonna do with this piece of shit?

MALE OFFICER

Looks like nothing sir.

Steve is beside himself. He has to be physically restrained by the officer.

STEVE

He's a fucking pedophile. He was watching my nephew. I heard him say he wanted to take that baby's panties off...

The officer looks at Bob and indicates with his head for him to leave. Bob takes his cue and hurries away. The cop is left to wrestle with Steve, his colleague comes to his aid.

Bob stops, looks back.

BOB

Shit! You fucking retard!

He continues to hurry out.

INT. CAB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob speeds through the lot. Bobby Boy on the Dashboard wedged tight so as not to fall.

BOB

Shit Bobby Boy, I'm telling you, that guy would've killed us...for nothing!

(CONTINUED)

He adjusts his mirror and checks his face.

BOB (CONT'D)

Good, didn't mark us. Fucking shit for brains. Last time we come here. And what about that other piece of shit? One of these days we'll have our gun, then we'll see who's brave...

A vicious look spreads across his face. He skids around a corner.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh yeah...then we'll see...

He drives into the daylight, across traffic, flips off all who honk.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Gina and Doctor Chambers ride the elevator in silence. The doctor glances across at Gina.

DOCTOR

So, when?

Gina simply looks at him inquiringly.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

When will you call?

The elevator glides to a halt. The doors open. Gina holds the doors open.

GINA

You need to leave first. I must not be seen with you.

Doctor Chambers laughs.

DOCTOR

You're kidding right?

Gina stays silent. Looks straight ahead. The doctor takes the hint and alights. Gina waits a few moments then follows.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Doctor Chambers heads towards the exit. Norm polishes the main glass doors. He spots the doctor as he approaches and holds the door open for him.

DOCTOR

Why thank you kind sir. You have a great day.

NORM

And you sir...and you.

Norm allows the door to swing shut. He studies his work. Then notices a reflection in the glass. He watches as Gina passes the desk clerk an envelope.

NORM

Sweet!...Fucking sweet!

Gina then makes her way to the exit. Norm opens one door and busies himself with his cloth, back turned towards Gina as she glides through, engrossed in a conversation on her cell.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Bob waits in his cab, second in line at the taxi rank. He sees Doctor Chambers descend the steps. He waves frantically as the doctor climbs into the cab in front.

His hand stops but stays aloft as he sees Gina at the top of the steps still in an animated conversation. The cab in front pulls away.

Bob eases forward, sees Doctor Chambers wave in Gina's direction. Gina hangs up and hurries down the steps. She rushes into Bob's cab.

GINA

Saint Luke's please and hurry would you?

BOB

Yes ma'am!

Gina peers into the front of the cab.

GINA

Bobby?

Bob repeats.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Yes ma'am!

Gina is in no mood for jokes.

GINA
Bonita has been admitted...

BOB
Why?

GINA
All I know is that she is
unconscious. They said she was very
poorly...whatever the fuck that
means...so can we go?

Bob throws the cab into drive and speeds off. Gina stares
out of the window. Bob glances back quickly, then addresses
Gina via the rear view mirror.

BOB
Surprised to see you honey...I mean
coming out of the Astor...Class
finish early?

Gina doesn't respond.

BOB (CONT'D)
Honey?

Gina looks at Bob, detached.

GINA
What?..Oh, sweetie I had to use the
restroom, then Saint Luke's
called...

Her voice trails off. She drops her head.

BOB
Man that sucks...Oh and I saw that
doctor...Campbell---

Gina interrupts, reflex action.

GINA
Chambers...

She realizes her gaff. Cringes. Bob studies her in the rear
view mirror. Grits his teeth.

BOB
Chambers?..Yes, yes that's
right...Doctor "let's get this shit
over with", Chambers.

Gina gathers herself. Looks Bob straight in his eyes.

GINA
Where?

BOB
The Astor. He waved at you...you
never saw?

GINA
I was on the call. Look can we just
get the fuck there?

Bob recognizes that tone and picks up speed.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Norm approaches the concierge. He creeps along.

NORM
So...I saw the chick---

The agent throws norm a withering look.

CONCIERGE
Really?

NORM
Oh yeah...sexy bitch eh? Reminds me
of someone I know.

The concierge scoffs.

CONCIERGE
Listen pal, that woman's world and
yours are light years apart. You
got two chances of knowing a piece
of class like that. Slim and none.
In fact...none and none.

Norm looks stung. He slinks off.

NORM
Funny guy...but I'm gonna be
fucking that ass soon...real soon!

He smiles to himself.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Bob sweeps the cab up to the entrance. Gina jumps out, slams the door and runs towards the building. She slows and turns to call to Bob.

GINA

You park up baby. Mommy will call.

She disappears into the hospital as Bob moves of to park.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

Gina approaches a NURSE 20's behind the reception desk.

GINA

Bonita Alves?

The nurse taps the keys on her computer. She frowns.

NURSE

Are you a relative Ma'am?

GINA

Yes! I'm her sister.

The nurse picks up her desk phone. She punches a button. speaks into the mouthpiece. Her voice booms over the P.A. system.

NURSE

Calling doctor Ling. Doctor Ling.
Please report to reception

Gina's face shows concern.

GINA

May I see my sister please?

The nurse replaces the handset.

NURSE

Doctor Ling will be here
momentarily...

As she speaks, doctor Ling 30's, attractive, Asian approaches. She addresses the nurse.

DOCTOR LING

Yes Emma?

The nurse indicates Gina.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Bonita Alves's sister.

Doctor turns to Gina, smiles and extends her hand.

DOCTOR LING

Miss...er...

Gina shakes her hand.

GINA

Gina Gregory. Can I see my sister?

The doctor takes her hand and leads Gina away from the busy thoroughfare.

DOCTOR LING

Of course my dear but there are some things I need to share.

She guides Gina into an office.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kim has two suitcases open on the bed. She stands in a cupboard and throws Josh's clothes carelessly towards them. Clothes lie strewn everywhere.

She keeps time and sings along to Nina Simone's "Feeling Good". Kim enjoys the feeling and dances wildly.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Rene slouches against a wall hands in pockets. He sways slightly to a tune in his head. The sign on the wall above him reads 'Gentlemen'.

A YOUNG GUY 20's hoody, jeans, expensive sneakers, saunters by. He glances at Rene as he passes, then touches his nose. Rene watches the young guy walk away, then turn and walk back into the restroom.

He waits, checks the immediate area, pushes himself off the wall and slips through the entrance.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

The young guy stands in the middle of the room. Rene approaches slowly. Stops a good distance from the youngster.

RENE
Got money dude?

The young guy smiles. Shakes his head "No".

YOUNG GUY
Better than that...way better...

He raises his hand and clicks his finger. A stall door crashes open. Rene jumps as two punks 20's run at him. One brandishes a gun. He screams at Rene.

PUNK #1
Get down motherfucker!..Get
down!..Down...

Rene is transfixed. The punk pistol whips him. He falls unconscious. The second punk rips open Rene's coat, finds the bag of drugs, holds them aloft briefly, then stuffs them into his bomber jacket.

The three muggers run from the restroom. Rene lies on the floor, blood flows from a head wound.

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Ling sits across a table from Gina.

DOCTOR LING
Bonita is a very strong girl.

Gina looks scared.

GINA
Has she been in an accident?..Is
she going to be alright?

Doctor Ling does not respond. Continues.

DOCTOR LING
She is very poorly Gina. We are
doing all we can to stabilize her
but the next few hours are really
critical.

Gina clutches herself.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

What about the baby?

Doctor Ling reaches across the table and takes Gina's hand.

DOCTOR LING

We are only concentrating on Bonita sweetie.

Realization crosses Gina's face as the doctor's words sink in. She starts to cry. Suddenly she jumps up, blurts through the tears.

GINA

I need to see her...take me to her now!

Doctor Ling hesitates, then nods, rises and walks around the table. She places a caring arm around Gina and hugs her.

DOCTOR LING

Are you sure you're ready for this?

Gina looks fearfully at the doctor, then nods 'Yes'. Doctor Ling leads her slowly from the office.

INT. CAB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob sits and talks to Bobby Boy who is on the dashboard.

BOB

Look, maybe I'm wrong and maybe, just maybe, she was thinking of her sister but she knew who I was talking about, right?...and then...What?

He grabs the bear and holds it to his ear. Listens. He opens the glove box and throws Bobby Boy into it. He slams the lid shut and shouts at it.

BOB (CONT'D)

I hate it when you scold me. You just sit in there 'til you're ready to apologize. Tell me I'm jealous!

Bob leans back in his seat, folds his arms and stares hard at the glove box.

INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - DAY

The cafeteria heaves with bodies. People queue for food, place their empty plates in neat piles, socialize.

Samantha, John and Phil all carry coffee and traipse after Josh as he leads the way in search of a table. He places his own cup triumphantly on one as the occupants leave. He sits, no courtesy for Samantha.

John pulls Samantha's chair for her. She looks straight at Josh.

SAMANTHA

Thank you John. Chivalry is not quite dead, huh?

John and Phil pull their chairs and sit. All three stare at Josh.

JOSH

So, what do we think?

Samantha goes to speak. Josh gets in first.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Phil?

Samantha recoils, confused. Phil looks embarrassed.

PHIL

Er...Well, the defense is clutching at straws in my opinion. They've shot themselves in the foot by going for a mistrial.

Josh nods.

JOSH

Mmmm...

He turns to John.

JOSH (CONT'D)

John?

John looks sideways at Samantha.

JOHN

I think they've lost the jury and certainly pissed off the judge. looks good for Sammy---

Josh holds up his hand. John stops abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
Ah...yes. Sammy...

He crosses his legs and beams at Samantha.

JOSH
You can relax sweetheart. I'm going
to do the summing up myself.

Phil gasps. John chokes on his coffee. Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA
Late monitor are we? This my
punishment?

Josh shakes his head "no".

JOSH
Not at all. I just think that I can
get this shit over real quick. Then
we can go celebrate, right?

He re-engages Samantha.

JOSH (CONT'D)
No disrespect, just feel a steady
hand and all that, you know. I
think that the threat of a mistrial
is extremely real.

Josh spreads his hands, a tacit request for comments.

JOHN
Well, I think that Sammy would do a
great job but you're the boss and
I'm looking forward to watching and
learning.

Samantha rolls her eyes. Josh looks at Phil.

PHIL
Yeah...Yeah, same as John...I
guess.

Josh checks his watch. Downs his coffee and rises.

JOSH
Ten minutes to showtime. I'm gonna
take a piss...See you all inside.

He ambles away. Samantha waits until he is out of earshot.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What the fuck?

She looks at the two men. Phil shrugs, John avoids her gaze, grabs his coffee cup and starts to gulp.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Kim sits at a large table. She has her cell phone in one hand and a USB cable in the other. She pores over a scanner, talks to herself. The picture of the naked girl is on her cell screen.

KIM

C'mon girl. You've got this.

She takes the USB cable, connects it to the cell. Admires her work.

KIM (CONT'D)

That's good...well it fits right?

She then examines the scanner. Compares the free end of the USB cable to the ports. She tries one. No fit.

KIM (CONT'D)

Shit!

Tries another. Still no go.

KIM (CONT'D)

Oh no...maybe this isn't gonna work...one more try...

She sighs, then takes the cable and turns the connector over. She closes her eyes and pushes it home. She hears the scanner engage with the cell. Opens her eyes.

KIM (CONT'D)

You can do anything...

She hits the SCAN button. Immediately a print of the screen shot emerges.

KIM (CONT'D)

Wow!..Anything baby, anything!

She grabs the print. Holds it aloft proudly.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Doctor Ling stops outside a door.

DOCTOR LING

Before we enter my dear, I must warn you that Bonita has suffered multiple injuries, including some to the face and head...I'm just trying to prepare you---

Gina is tired of rhetoric.

GINA

May I please see my sister?

Doctor Ling raises her eyebrows. She opens the door slowly and allows Gina to enter, waits in the corridor.

GINA (O.S.)

Oh my God...Bonita!

Doctor Ling shrugs, then follows.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Rene looks in the mirror. Blood streams down his face from a head wound. He turns on a faucet and splashes water on his head. He winces. Talks to himself in the mirror.

RENE

Fucking retards.

He stops abruptly. Frantically searches his coat. When he realizes his stash has been stolen he rages at his reflection.

RENE (CONT'D)

You think you can get away with this! You fucking shitheads! You're all dead...dead.

He wrenches a sink from the wall.

RENE (CONT'D)

I will hunt you down like the fucking scum you are...

An older AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN 60's has entered and watches. Rene explodes

(CONTINUED)

RENE (CONT'D)

This is shit man...real shit! This ain't happening!...Why the fuck me?

He leans on an intact sink and drops his head.

AFRICAN AMERICAN

Sounds like Karma son...you do bad things, bad things happen to you.

Rene's head snaps up. He looks at the man through the mirror. His anger mounts.

RENE

What d'you know old man?

AFRICAN AMERICAN

More to come son...much more...

Rene drops his head, prepares himself for an attack, then launches towards the old man. It takes him a split second to see the room is empty. He looks from side to side, frantic.

RENE

What the fuck? You're losing it man...fucking losing it!

He touches his head wound and shuffles from the restroom.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gina approaches Bonita's bed slowly, her hand to her mouth. Bonita lies motionless bruised, bandaged with tubes in her arms and nose. She is link up to various monitors.

GINA

Oh my God...do you know what happened?

Doctor Ling shakes her head slightly.

DOCTOR LING

All we know is that a neighbor heard a commotion and later found Bonita in her apartment.

Gina takes Bonita's bruised hand in hers and strokes it gently.

GINA

She's going to recover, right?

(CONTINUED)

No answer from Doctor Ling. She leans forward and kisses Bonita's cheek.

GINA (CONT'D)

It's me, mi chiquita. I'm here
baby...No one will hurt you again,
I promise...

Bonita stirs. She coughs, then tries to speak. Gina leans forward to hear. Bonita's grip tightens on her sister's hand. She whispers. Gina strains to hear. She moves close.

GINA

Who?

Bonita whispers again. This time Gina hears. Her face hardens. Doctor Ling interrupts.

DOCTOR LING

I'm sorry my dear but we can't
stress Bonita anymore.

Gina gently kisses Bonita's forehead. Doctor Ling leads her away slowly.

GINA

May I stay with her tonight? I can
get a change of clothes. Just need
to be near her. You understand,
right?

DOCTOR LING

But of course. I'll set it up.

Gina pulls her cell from her purse.

GINA

I'll call my husband. He'll fetch
my clothes...

They exit the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Gina paces annoyed, cancels the call, redials, paces again

GINA

Shit!

She stuffs the cell into her bag, storms from the corridor.

INT/EXT. CAB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob sits, stiffened, arms folded, stares at the glove box. He cocks his head to one side.

BOB
Pardon me?

He leans forward, listens intently. Leans back, in control.

BOB (CONT'D)
You want to come out?...You're
sorry?

He leans forward and pops the catch. Sits back, smiles and looks out of the window.

BOB (CONT'D)
Okay...c'mon out.

He pauses and sneaks a glance.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh, so you need my help?

He slowly reaches over and retrieves Bobby Boy from his cell. He looks the toy up and down.

BOB (CONT'D)
You know you've been bad right?

He reaches back into the glove box and removes the gun. He holds it aloft, admires it, kisses it, then sharply holds it against Bobby Boy's head, his face contorted.

BOB (CONT'D)
You should not try me Bobby
Boy...I've told you before...you'll
fucking try me once too often and
then---

Bob is startled by a sharp knock on the passenger door window. He drops Bobby Boy, continues to hold the gun.

Gina stands outside the vehicle, obviously irate. Bob lowers the window. Gina spits venom.

GINA
I've been trying to call you...and
you're playing fucking games?

Bob reacts softly, childlike.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Battery's dead.

Gina ignores the comment. She leans through the window and grabs Bobby Boy. Bob snatches it back.

BOB
No!

He clasps the bear to his chest, protective. Gina's anger mounts. She scowls at Bobby Boy. Screams at Bob.

GINA
You promised you'd got rid of that!
Do you remember the trouble we had
with those kids? The parents? The
cops?

Bob drops his head, whispers.

BOB
It was all a mistake...a mistake.

Gina rubs her brow.

GINA
Maybe so Bob but I can't go through
that shit again, especially with
Bonita...

She steps back, emotional, composes herself then launches herself back on the attack.

GINA (CONT'D)
And what's with the gun?

Bob realizes he is still holding the Colt.

BOB
This?

He offers it to Gina who recoils.

BOB (CONT'D)
This is just a replica...look, it
doesn't even fire...

Bob holds it to his head, squeezes the trigger. Gina cringes. Nothing happens. Bob smiles weakly.

BOB
Y'see, it's for show, to scare
muggers and shit, that's all...and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)
I promise I'll get rid of Bobby
Boy...It's just that Mommy---

Gina cuts him off.

GINA
I've told you...I'm your mommy
now...and I want you to fetch me
some clean clothes. I'm staying
with Bonita tonight.

She turns away. Bob calls after her.

BOB
Sweetie...

Gina turns.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...so sorry...

He reaches out his hand towards Gina. She leans back and
gently takes his hand in hers.

GINA
Mommy's here baby, mommy's here.
Just get rid of that toy would you?
Bob nods "yes" slowly. Gina walks
away. Bob looks down, picks up
Bobby boy and holds him to his
chest. A tear falls down his cheek.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MESSAGE PARLOR - DAY.

Gina walks quickly. She searches the cell memory. She hits
the send button, places the cell to her ear, stands still.

GINA
Hello. May I speak with Chubby?...
Gina....Gina Alves...

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Chubby lies naked but for a towel across his butt. A semi
naked Asian girl straddles him, massages his back.

A BIG MAN 40's enters with a cellphone

(CONTINUED)

BIG MAN
Boss? Some girl...Gina?

Chubby thinks. Roughly pushes the girl from his back, sits on the bed, snatches the cell from the big man

CHUBBY
Gina?...Gina?...My girl Gina?

INTERCUT WITH GINA IN PARKING LOT:

GINA
Yes Chubby...It's me.

Chubby signals for the girl and the big man to leave. They exit quickly. Chubby changes the cell to his other hand.

CHUBBY
You comin' back? I'm the boss now.

Gina smiles.

GINA
Uh uh...sorry, all legit now.
Married and settled down.

Chubby lies back down on the bed.

CHUBBY
You? My girl Gina...settled down?

Gina gets coy.

GINA
You always knew me too well
Chubby...I mean...I get me some
action.

Chubby feels himself.

CHUBBY
Bet you do honey. I bet you fuckin'
do. Now what can I do for you?

Gina starts to walk towards the hospital.

GINA
It's more what I can do for you...
or, to be precise, who I can give
to you.

Chubby looks at his cell, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBBY

What the fuck are you talkin' about
girl?

Gina pauses. Talks through clenched teeth.

GINA

The fuck I'm talkin' about
is...Rene Barreda!

Silence as Chubby absorbs the name.

CHUBBY

You serious?

Gina nods. Blurts.

GINA

He fucked up my sister, killed her
baby. Oh yeah. Serious as hell. I'm
meeting him tomorrow...

Chubby interrupts. Focused. Controlled.

CHUBBY

Okay baby. Calm down. Let's go one
step at a time.

Gina takes a deep breath.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Kim struggles with a suitcase. She pulls it along a
corridor, stops at a door, sits on it.

KIM

Shit Josh. I knew it was going to
be hard getting rid of you, but not
this frigging hard!

She opens the door to the garage. The other case sits in the
middle of the floor.

KIM (CONT'D)

Right...one last effort...

She keeps the door open with her butt and pulls the case
into the garage.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Bob enters the main bedroom and heads for the closet. He swings open the door, looks at the racks of clothing. He steps back, eases Bobby Boy out of his jacket and places him on the dressing table.

BOB

So...Where do I start?..What?
Pants?..Hmmm yeah.

He walks back over to the closet and starts to search through the clothes.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jeans or dress?..Dress?..

He looks over at the bear.

BOB (CONT'D)

You're good Bobby Boy...very good.

He pulls out a pair of black dress slacks. On the next hanger is a matching loose woollen top. He removes it and presents it to Bobby Boy.

BOB (CONT'D)

This too, huh?

He carries them to the bed and lays them out gently.

BOB

Right, now clean underwear.

He heads for a dresser, opens a drawer and removes some panties. He holds them to his cheek, rubs them on his face, breaths hard, sweats, sniffs the panties and moans.

He looks down at Bobby boy and stops immediately, embarrassed. Then rushes from the room.

EXT. STREET - DAY

ALBERTO HERNANDEZ 40's Yankees bomber jacket and skull cap, strolls along a side street. He walks with a slight limp which gives him a distinct dance-like rhythm. He passes a dark alleyway.

RENE (O/S)

Yo ese.

Alberto stops, peers into the gloom.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTO
Rene? Rene, that you?

RENE (O/S)
Yeah cuz...need help.

Alberto checks up and down the street then slips into the gloom. They hug.

ALBERTO
What the fuck you doin' round here man?

Rene looks down.

RENE
I know, I know. Chubby's after me.

Alberto cuts him off.

ALBERTO
Fuck chubby son, Miguel's homeys know you set him up. They're looking for you man. You're dead bro.

Rene clutches himself, fearful.

RENE
We're blood cuz. You gotta help me. I got mugged, shitheads got everything, every fuckin' thing.

Alberto looks at his head wound.

ALBERTO
Did a real number on ya, huh?

Rene grabs Alberto's shoulders.

RENE
Look, I'm meeting a woman tomorrow. I'll get cash from her. Just need somewhere for tonight.

ALBERTO
Ain't got much. Mattress on the floor, no food but I got me some Ace.

Rene takes Alberto's arm and pulls him toward the street. Alberto resists. Wrenches his arm free.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
Take off your coat.

RENE
What?

Alberto spins him around and rips the coat from him. He removes his bomber jacket and cap. Hands them to Rene.

ALBERTO
Put these on...

Rene looks confused.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
Now, motherfucker!

Rene jumps into action and dons the outfit. Alberto pulls on Rene's coat. They hurry from the alleyway.

INT. CAB - STREET

Bob weaves his cab through the traffic as the light fades. He stops at some lights pulls his cell phone from his pocket and hits speed dial.

BOB
Gina? Hi sweetheart. I'm on my way...how's Bonita?

He listens, brow furrows. The lights change. Bob pulls away still on the call.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, I pray that she improves---

Bob drops the handset and swings the steering wheel to the right as two shadowy figures run across the road in front of his cab.

The vehicle skids to a halt. Bob stares hard at the two men who continue to run, one with a distinct limp. Alberto has Rene by the arm and guides him along.

Bob moves off, eases back into the traffic, collects the cell.

BOB (CONT'D)
Baby, you there? Sorry honey, two fucking creeps ran in front of me. Someone's gonna kill those mothers, I'm telling you.

(CONTINUED)

The cab stops in the traffic. Bob listens, then responds.

BOB (CONT'D)
Can't really say. Traffic's real
heavy...say about ten minutes,
maybe fifteen.

He pauses.

BOB (CONT'D)
Got your clothes, wipes and
underwear...

His voice trails off as his eyes fall on the crumpled
panties on the passenger seat. He twitches slightly.

BOB (CONT'D)
Okay honey, better concentrate on
my driving...Be there soon...Bye.

He tosses his cell onto the seat, grabs the panties and
holds them to his face. He looks at the glove box. Screams.

BOB (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up! Just shut the
fuck up!

He holds up the panties.

BOB (CONT'D)
You want these?..Have 'em!

He throws the garment at the glove box. Drives on angry.

INT. HOTEL - BAR AREA - EVENING

Josh is on his cell. He and the rest of the team sit at a
table. All have drinks in front of them but no one looks
happy. Josh hangs up, frustrated.

JOSH
Why isn't he picking up?

Phil and John swap knowing looks. Phil throws out a question

PHIL
How the hell did that happen?

Josh looks daggers at Samantha.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Maybe just a little more
preparation was called for?

Samantha retaliates.

SAMANTHA

Come on Josh. You knew there was
the possibility of a mistrial but
you took it upon yourself to sum
up.

Josh leans forward, aggressive.

JOSH

The fact is that if the case had
been presented properly, we would
never had been in that situation in
the first place.

Samantha quickly responds.

SAMANTHA

The fact is that you were MIA most
of time during this case, only to
enter the fray at the last minute,
to save the day...grab the glory
...and now the shit has hit the fan
you're---

Josh is in no mood to be rebuked.

JOSH

That's enough Samantha! We need to
take this conversation off-line.

He glares at Phil and John. John downs his drink and rises.

JOHN

So, I think we'll be going now...

Phil looks at John surprised, then disappointed.

PHIL

Shit! I thought we were staying.

John stares at Phil. Talks slowly, with emphasis.

JOHN

Nothing to celebrate Phil. We'll be
going, right?

Phil catches on, rises and grabs his case, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Er..yuh. We should be going,
sorry...

He looks across to Josh.

PHIL (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow?

Josh nods. John pulls Phil away.

JOHN
C'mon champ. Let's go.

Josh watches the two leave, then turns to Samantha.

JOSH
What has got into you? Not even the
luxury of passive aggression...Just
full on.

Samantha folds her arms. Protection. Uncomfortable.

SAMANTHA
So, let's look at this situation
shall we?

Josh picks up his drink, sits back, smiles.

JOSH
Go ahead.

SAMANTHA
Firstly, crass statements like that
are how you deal with all
situations. Make a joke of it then
no one will hold you responsible.

Josh raises his glass. Recognition of a point scored.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Secondly, I have had enough of our
relationship both on a personal and
professional level.

She unfolds her arms, asserts herself.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Professionally, you will always
belittle me in front of colleagues,
no matter how good a job I do---

JOSH
Objection your honor.

He grins widely. Samantha carries right on.

SAMANTHA
And personally. You promised me so much. Car, apartment...your divorce...and what's happened? Where are we?

Josh looks around. Smiles again.

JOSH
The Astor?

Samantha is vexed.

SAMANTHA
Everything's a fucking joke to you! Well, I'm over it!

Josh leans forward and takes Samantha's hand.

JOSH
Now, now baby. I have the penthouse suite reserved for us---

Samantha pulls her hand sharply and rises. Josh is shocked.

SAMANTHA
I've actually made other arrangements.

JOSH
You have done what?

Samantha collects her belongings as she speaks.

SAMANTHA
I am going to have dinner with a gentleman, a real gentleman, who treats a woman properly and doesn't have to hire a penthouse...

She snaps her briefcase shut.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
...He has his own.

She readies to leave, looks down and spots Josh's cellphone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And the reason David isn't
answering...is because he already
knows.

Josh's grin disappears instantly.

JOSH

What do you mean "he already
knows"?

Now Samantha grins. Realization washes over him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You told him?

He rises slowly, angry.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You fucking told David?...For God's
sake why?

SAMANTHA

He asked me to.

Josh spins around, incredulous, then back to Samantha

JOSH

Since when did you become his BFF?

Samantha ignores the question, starts to walk away.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

Samantha stops. Turns her head.

SAMANTHA

Since I realized that you were just
fucking me...no commitment, no
feeling, no love---

Josh laughs in her face.

JOSH

Grow up little girl. You were
giving it up, just to move up. You
were riding my dick all the way to
a promotion.

Samantha looks stunned. Walks back to the table.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (CONT'D)

And now you're pissed because things haven't happened the way you wanted them to. Well suck it up sister...But then you are well practiced in the sucking department, you agree?

Samantha controls herself. Takes a deep breath.

SAMANTHA

Yes...Yes you are correct. But then you usually are...

Josh preens himself. Senses victory.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

...Yes, I am upset...very upset that you strung me along.

JOSH

This is a two way street sweetheart.

Samantha ponders her response. Then attacks.

SAMANTHA

You see, right again! This is a two way street...and watch out mister 'cos I'm driving a semi!

Josh is now very amused.

JOSH

Stick the pedal to the metal baby!

Samantha ignores him.

SAMANTHA

The penthouse later?...It's David's.

Josh's grin disappears.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Ready to suck it up bro? I'll probably be spending the night...First of many I'd wager. There's an old saying...Now how does it go? Ah yes...'Hell hath no fury...' and you know the rest, right?

Samantha grabs her case, turns sharply takes two steps then stops. She calls out.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, and be sure and say "Hi" to Kim
for me would you?

She sashays away. Josh screams after her.

JOSH

What do you mean by that you
bitch?..Come back here!

Samantha powerful, waves a hand farewell.

Josh's rage overtakes him. He sweeps the glasses from the
table, cuts his hand in the process. More frustration.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Gina sits with Bonita. She holds her hand, whispers.

GINA

He will not get away with this
babe. I have already arranged
things. He will wish he was never
born when I get through with him!

She jumps at a knock on the door. Bob enters, holdall in
hand. He offers it to Gina.

BOB

Here sweetie. Got here as quick as
I could...

He gasps as he sees Bonita. Drops the bag.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

He walks over to the bed.

BOB (CONT'D)

She's gonna make it, right?

Gina puts on a show.

GINA

Of course! She's one tough cookie!

A slight tremble of her lip betrays her true emotion. Bob
takes her hands in his.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Listen...I know you may not think me capable but if you know who did this, let me know and I'll deal with him.

Gina smiles, sympathetic.

GINA

Thank you baby, that's very sweet of you but the cops have got everything under control...

She averts her eyes.

GINA (CONT'D)

..I guess they'll find him soon.

Bob stoops down to pick up the holdall. He spots Gina's case.

BOB

I'll take this back, huh?

Gina snaps.

GINA

No!

She manages to beat Bob to the case, then softens.

GINA (CONT'D)

Got some makeup and things in here. Better keep it with me...

Bob shrugs.

BOB

Okay hon. Will you need picking up tomorrow?

GINA

Not sure what time I'll be leaving.

BOB

Call me?

GINA

I'll just get a cab. You relax. May be late.

Bob shuffles from side to side. Gina opens her arms wide.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

Come give your Mommy a kiss
goodbye.

Bob eagerly accepts. They hug, Bob eyes closed, Gina eyes wide open as she thinks of other things.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - EVENING

Josh approaches the front desk. The concierge looks up.

CONCIERGE

Mr. Harrington. How are you sir?

Josh looks around, beckons the concierge forward and whispers to him.

JOSH

Had a bit of an accident earlier.

He stuffs some bills into the agents' pocket.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Take care of it will ya?

CONCIERGE

Consider it done. Anything else
this evening?

Josh looks around once more.

JOSH

I need a girl, the younger the
better...young and dumb, okay. I'll
be in the bar.

The concierge nods. Josh winks and walks away.

INT. ALBERTO'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - EVENING

Rene and Alberto sit on an old couch. Rene's coat is lung casually over the back. The shabby room is heavy with smoke as they draw on their ace. Rene blows out a huge plume.

RENE

This is good shit Al.

Alberto exhales.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTO
Got me a good buchon. Good shit but
mucho lana.

The men laugh.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
You seen your room?

RENE
Oh yeah. Now that is real shit.

The two laugh again at the joke.

RENE (CONT'D)
Nah cuz. S'all good. Just for the
night...but when I get back we
should talk about setting ourselves
up. Be cholos, big homies man...

Looks at his spliff.

RENE (CONT'D)
Dealers cuz, fucking dealers!

Alberto finishes his smoke, stands and heads for a small TV
on a counter.

ALBERTO
Watch TV? Got some good fights on
tonight. Love UFC.

He switches the set on. Bangs it twice. A picture appears.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
Good, at least it's working
tonight.

He backs into his seat, grabs the remote control and starts
to surf. He stops, jumps up.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
Sorry son. Wanna beer? Got some out
back.

Rene leans back on the couch, relaxed, happy.

RENE
Man Al...Sure do appreciate this,
know what I'm sayin'?

Alberto limps out to the kitchen area. Rene closes his eyes.
Within seconds, Rene's eyes snap open to the sound of beer
bottles smashing and the kitchen door being kicked in.

He jumps from the couch, runs to the door and looks through the crack.

INT. ALBERTO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Three LARGE MEN 30's all armed with handguns have burst into the kitchen. Two roughly hold Alberto, who kneels on the floor, while one stands in front of him, holds a gun to his head.

LARGE MAN #1
 Alberto. We love you man but you
 gotta give that sonofabitch
 up...Where is he?

Alberto's eyes are wide with fear.

ALBERTO
 He's gone...Went earlier..

Large man #1 nods to the other two.

One choke holds Alberto, the other pistol whips him across his head. He screams in pain. Blood spurts

LARGE MAN #1
 It don't have to be like this
 homes...He's here right?

Alberto shakes his head "no" but cannot control his eyes. They dart quickly to the living area. Large man #1 steps back, smiles. He whispers.

LARGE MAN #1
 Venganza.

The man who pistol whipped Alberto, holds a gun to his head, pulls the trigger. Alberto slumps.

INT. ALBERTO'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - EVENING

Rene hyperventilates as Alberto falls. He spins around, panic stricken, rushes across the room, grabs his coat, holds it in front of himself, runs at the main window and crashes through it.

The three large men rush in, guns ready, pause then run to the window.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Rene rolls on the road, glass falls from his coat. The three large men appear at the window. Rene stands and immediately sprints away as shots ring out and bullets fly past him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Bob pulls up and exits his cab. He turns to lock the door as Norm calls from his front porch.

NORM

Hey Bob! Bob, how are ya?

Bob pretends he hasn't heard. Heads towards the house. Norm is nimble and is beside him in a flash.

NORM (CONT'D)

Evening pal. How are things?

He checks inside the cab.

NORM (CONT'D)

Ain't seen Gina today...She ain't left ya right?

Bob looks at Norm tired, bored.

BOB

No Norm. Gina hasn't left me. She's at the hospital---

Norm cuts him off, in his face.

NORM

Ain't sick is she?

BOB

No Norm, she isn't sick. Her sister had an accident and she's staying over, just to be there, you know.

Norm rubs his chin, thinks.

NORM

That's a real shame.

BOB

Yeah. She's pretty sick.

Norm laughs and slaps Bob on the back.

(CONTINUED)

NORM

Not that, although that sure as hell is a shame...No, see I've gotta work tonight---

This time Bob cuts Norm off.

BOB

You? Work? Really?

Norm revels in his news.

NORM

Got me a job at the Astor.

Just started. Seen some things already, yessir!

Bob tries to walk on. Norm grabs his arm.

NORM (CONT'D)

No, what I was gonna say is that it's a shame, what with Gina being away an' all, we could've celebrated a bit...but I've gotta pull a late shift tonight.

Bob looks relieved.

BOB

Yeah she's staying there all night and most of tomorrow I reckon. I'll probably wait on her call to give her a ride.

Norm brightens.

NORM

Oh boy! Paydirt right there fellah. I'll come over...say three?

Bob realizes he's painted himself into a corner.

BOB

I did say that I would be waiting for a call---

Norm is excited. He walks away with a wave.

NORM

Three it is.

He stops.

(CONTINUED)

NORM (CONT'D)

Nah, wait. Gotta get me some sleep...Let's make it five.

BOB

Norm wait.

Norm steamrollers on.

NORM

You like movies right?

BOB

Sure.

NORM

Good. Just got some new ones...Fuckin' awesome man! You like adult right?

Bob looks confused.

BOB

Sure...I like adults but you got any kids?

Norm walks back and shakes Bob by the hand.

NORM

Fuck Bob...You are a man after my own heart. Have I got kids? I got kids you will not believe...

BOB

As long as there's some action.

Norm winks.

NORM

Oh there's plenty of action Bob...Plenty. I'll bring some beers, you order pizza right?

Bob reluctantly.

BOB

Guess so.

Norm walks off and waves again. Bob stands alone, hijacked.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Gina sits on a reclining chair next to Bonita's bed. She is covered by a blanket and has slipped into a restless sleep. The room is in near darkness.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rene hides in the shadows of a building. He nervously looks around as he punches a number into his cell.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Gina is shocked from her sleep by her cell's ring tone. She scrambles to retrieve it from the dresser next to her chair.

She answers without looking at the screen.

GINA

Who is this?

INTER CUT WITH RENE IN THE STREET:

Rene hunches over. Whispers into his cell.

RENE

It's me, Rene.

Gina looks at the handset, then checks her watch.

GINA

I was asleep...I'm seeing you tomorrow, right?

RENE

I need to see you tonight!

Gina shakes her head "NO".

GINA

Uh uh. Tomorrow at The Astor steps---

Rene screams.

RENE

Now! I need to see you now!

Gina remains calm.

(CONTINUED)

GINA
You're not listening. Tomorrow at
The Astor steps.

Rene tries to protest.

RENE
But no---

GINA
But yes Rene!

She hangs up. Rene punches the wall.

RENE
Bitch! You wait...you fucking wait!

He slouches off into the darkness.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Josh sits at the bar, nurses a drink, clearly in a mood. A very young looking GIRL 18 approaches. The BARTENDER 50's eyes her suspiciously. She stops a few feet from Josh.

GIRL
Josh? You Josh?

Josh turns and looks the girl up and down. He digs in his pocket, produces a room key and throws it at her. She misses the catch. Bends down to pick up the key.

JOSH
Go get yourself ready. I'll be up
soon.

He turns back to the bar, signals to the bartender for another drink. The girl rises, looks at Josh then the key, turns on her heels and leaves.

The bartender places Josh's drink in front of him. Josh picks it up without acknowledgment and downs it. Signals for another. The bartender pours.

BARTENDER
Rough day?

JOSH
What is it to you?

The bartender steps back, hands in defense mode.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Just asking.

Josh downs his drink. Slides off the chair and walks away.
Calls back.

JOSH

Stick it on my suite.

The bartender watches Josh as he leaves, picks up the glass,
wipes the bar.

BARTENDER

Poor kid.

He places the glass under the bar moves to another customer.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The corridor is empty. It echoes with the sounds of a girl's
cries, slaps and Josh's voice. An old couple walks past the
suite. They pause outside. Listen.

JOSH (O.S.)

Bitch! Do it right...do it fucking
right!

The old couple look scared, walk on quickly.

EXT. HOTEL STEPS - DAY

Josh waits at the hotel entrance for the valet to fetch his
car. He checks his watch. Calls over to the valet desk.

JOSH

What the hell is taking so long?

As he shouts his car arrives. The VALET 20's jumps from the
vehicle as Josh descends the steps. The valet calls to Josh.

VALET

Sorry Mr. Harrington. Busy today.

Josh's attention is elsewhere. Gina climbs the steps towards
him. She is immaculate in the black outfit Bob picked for
her, carries her case and Bob's holdall. Josh stops, basic
instinct to the fore.

Gina feels his gaze on her, smiles slightly and glides past.
Josh follows her with his eyes. The Valet calls out again.

(CONTINUED)

VALET (CONT'D)
Mr. Harrington...your car?

Josh moves down the steps, glances back at Gina as he goes. The valet holds the door open. Nods in Gina's direction.

VALET (CONT'D)
Hot yeah? Comes in regular.

Josh fumbles in his pocket, produces a card and some bills. Hands everything to the valet.

JOSH
Thanks Justin. Give my card to the lady would you? Tell her to give me a call.

He climbs into his car slams the door and roars away. The valet looks at the card then at Gina.

VALET
The name's Jason asshole!

He screws the card up and stuffs it in his pants pocket. Gina stands at the top of the steps, looks around, searches for Rene. A hand grabs her arm and pulls her roughly towards the alleyway.

RENE
Not in the open.

He drags her into the alleyway, pins her against the wall, squeezes her face. She squeals in pain, drops her bags.

RENE (CONT'D)
You got money?

Gina nods.

RENE (CONT'D)
Good. Now, some understanding right here!

He squeezes harder. Places his face close to Gina's. Snarls.

RENE (CONT'D)
No one hangs up on me, got it? Respect is the word, right?

Gina nods again, fear in her eyes. Rene laughs and bangs her head against the wall. He releases her. Smiles. Callous.

Gina gasps, holds her face, bends over in pain.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

They killed your cousin...

Rene's smile evaporates. He grabs Gina again, shakes her.

RENE

What are you saying?

Gina struggles away.

GINA

And they're gonna kill you...

Rene spins around, emotions out of control.

RENE

Jesus Christ...

His face turns evil.

RENE (CONT'D)

They'll pay, as God is my
witness...

Gina straightens up, recovered.

GINA

Sure, but apart from those guys,
you've got Chubby on your ass.

Rene spits on the ground.

RENE

That cunt is the shit on my shoes.

GINA

Jesus, you wouldn't say that to his
face though would you?

Rene sneers. Cocky.

RENE

Y'know, if that fat little fuck pig
was here I'd---Rene is cut off in mid sentence by a voice from the
darkness.

CHUBBY

You'd do what, asshole?

Rene jumps back. Chubby steps from the shadows. Rene looks
to run. Alex and Paulie step forward and block his path.

(CONTINUED)

Gina walks over to Rene, spits in his face and kicks him between his legs. Chubby lights a large cigar. Takes his time, draws on it and blows smoke into the air.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

Heard you talking about respect Rene. That's funny, cos that's exactly what we're gonna have a little talk about.

He draws heavily again.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

We're even gonna put you on film...like a home movie...send it to your mama.

Rene falls to his knees, breaks down.

RENE

Chubby, I am sorry, so sorry. let me make it up to you. I'll work for you, be your boy. Don't do this...

He sobs. Chubby walks over to him, lifts his head.

CHUBBY

You sure you're sorry?

RENE

Yes...yes!

CHUBBY

And you'll come and work for me?

RENE

Chubby, I'll do anything. Just give me a break...

Chubby thinks. Walks around Rene.

CHUBBY

Sounds good.

He looks over at Gina.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

What do you think baby?

GINA

Kill the son of a bitch!

Chubby bends down and stares into Rene's eyes.

CHUBBY

Sorry!

He nods. Alex and Paulie grab Rene and drag him away as he screams at Chubby. He turns back to Gina.

CHUBBY

They're gonna take him someplace
and---

Gina interrupts.

GINA

I want to see...I need to see.

Chubby raises his eyebrows.

CHUBBY

You know what is going to happen?

GINA

Oh yeah.

Chubby shrugs.

CHUBBY

Okay, but I need a drink...join me?

GINA

Sure!

She picks up her bags. They walk back into the darkness.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

Josh walks through the building. He passes David's office and stops dead. Samantha sits with David, they chat, laugh, sip coffee. Josh angry, barges into the office. David and Samantha look shocked.

DAVID

Ah...Josh. We were just talking
about you---

JOSH

I bet you were, oh I bet you were.

David and Samantha swap glances.

DAVID

Are you okay Josh? You don't look
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Am I okay? Am I fucking okay?

Samantha tries to intervene.

SAMANTHA

Josh I...

JOSH

You know what Samantha? Why don't you keep your mouth shut...just for once huh?

David stands.

DAVID

Josh...What's gotten into you? What were you doing last night?

Josh sneers at David.

JOSH

Mmmm...let me see. What was I doing last night David? Well I guess I was doing exactly the same as you.

David raises his eyebrows in question. Josh stares at Samantha.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Like...In a penthouse, fucking a whore, eh Sam?

David is perplexed.

SAMANTHA

Josh please don't...

Josh is on a roll.

JOSH

I suppose she told you all about us, yeah?...Along with the fact that it was me who screwed up the case. Threw me under the bus...

DAVID

Actually---

Josh ignores David. Continues.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

But then she must've told you that yesterday, you know, before you were ignoring my calls...

David remains calm.

DAVID

Have you finished Josh?

Josh's voice increases in volume.

JOSH

The difference between my whore and this one...

He points to Samantha.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Is that mine was a one off payment. This...this is a lifetime commitment and David, just a piece of advice...If you ain't ready for that level of obligation, then get out now...run! Run fast!

He throws himself into a chair, hands in pockets, chin on chest. His voice now almost a whisper.

JOSH (CONT'D)

That's from bitter experience.

David walks around the table.

DAVID

Done?

Josh nods his head 'Yes'. David slowly paces.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay...let's see if we can set the record straight here for a second.

He reaches for his coffee cup. Drinks, ponders.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mmmm....Where to start?

He places his cup on the table. Leans on his knuckles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay. I assume you were alluding to the fact that Samantha and I were

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D) (cont'd)
together for a part, or the whole
of last evening.

Josh looks at David cynically.

JOSH
Don't tell me...you're denying it,
right?

David holds up a steady, calm, strong hand.

DAVID
And this liaison took place in a
penthouse?

JOSH
Yours. Your penthouse.

DAVID
And this was after I ignored your
calls, which I presume were about
the case you were overseeing.

Josh becomes aggressive.

JOSH
Why are you repeating all this
shit. We're not in court now for
chrissakes!

DAVID
Thankfully.

David's timbre is markedly sharp. His eyes narrowed, like
lasers into Josh's being. Josh quietens.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You know Josh I have tried. Tried
to bring you in close, get to know
each other but you always seemed
aloof, somewhat superior...

JOSH
Not true.

DAVID
Well Josh, if you knew me, you
would know that contrary to popular
belief, I'm a very simple man.

He takes his cup to the coffee pot on a dresser, pours
another.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I have lived in the same house for over twenty years and the thought of owning a penthouse is...well, not on my radar.

He adds cream and a lump of sugar. Stirs the coffee slowly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also, if you knew me better, you would know that I have been happily married for twenty five years and have four sons...

He sips his coffee.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...One of which, Justin, had a birthday yesterday. Now that was the one and only reason that I was not picking up yesterday. I was celebrating with my family.

He drinks some more, then places his cup on the dresser.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Of course, the wonderful Heide would have sent out a memo to that effect but I suppose you omitted to read it.

He looks over at Samantha.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Did you see it?

Samantha nods. Josh tries to protest.

JOSH

But she---

David flashes a look that shuts Josh up immediately.

DAVID

And when you arrived, far from throwing you under the bus, Samantha here was extolling the virtues of your leadership and bravery, for taken on a lost cause with a corrupted case, thereby saving her embarrassment and damage to her reputation.

Josh visibly sweats.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Look Josh...I'm not certain how and why this outpouring came about but I think I'm done here for today.

He heads for the door, pulls it open and turns.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My advice is go home, take a couple of days to regroup and then we'll talk again...but first, you must apologize to Sam. To besmirch someone's character is a serious matter, so I would suggest you try to make amends in some manner.

David exits and gently closes the door. Josh leans back, blows out his cheeks. He glares at Samantha.

JOSH

You set me up you cunning bitch! If you think you're getting an apology from me---

Samantha rises sharply, grabs her case and makes to leave.

SAMANTHA

As always Josh, someone else is to blame. You will never accept responsibility. You set yourself up baby...If you had kept your mouth shut for once, you'd have realized exactly what was happening.

Josh attempts to interrupt but Samantha continues.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

No Josh, you have to listen and you have to learn. You cannot treat women like you do. You label me a whore. Does that make Kim a whore? We're just after the same things---

JOSH

You leave my family out of this!

SAMANTHA

Touched a nerve have I?...Your family, now the most important thing in your life? Hypocrite Josh. The most important thing in your life is you!

She moves to the door, opens it slightly.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Like I mentioned before Josh, "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned". Just keep that in mind sweetheart.

She pulls the door wide open.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

By the way, you were too easy, way too easy...Oh, and remember that two way street thing you mentioned?

She walks through the door, motions like a tucker sounding his horn.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Honk Honk!

She giggles as she sashays away.

Josh hangs his head.

JOSH

Shit! Shit!

He slams his hand down on the table.

INT. BAR - DAY

Gina and Chubby sit on a plush couch. A WAITER 30's arrives with a glass of champagne and a large scotch. He places the glasses on the table, flashes a smile at Gina who responds in kind. Chubby observes, amused.

CHUBBY

Now that's what I'm talking about. You can wrap any guy around your little finger baby.

Gina flutters her eyelids.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

Come work with me.

Gina shakes her head 'No'.

GINA

Told you. I'm legit now. Bob may not be much of a catch but I get what I want, when I want. No, I don't want to get back into the game.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBBY

You didn't hear me. I said work
'with' me, not for me.

Gina looks surprised.

GINA

Meaning?

CHUBBY

Meaning, you run the girls. no
contact for you...unless you want
to and shit loads of money!

GINA

Look Chubby, I've got a few things
to deal with right now but I'll get
back to you.

Chubby raises his glass. Gina chinks. They drink.

CHUBBY

Send me your sister's bills okay?

His face hardens.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

You sure you wanna come?

GINA

I want to see him suffer.

Chubby checks his watch.

CHUBBY

Well he ain't feeling too
comfortable right now. My boys'll
be doin' a bit of "tenderizin'"
right now, gettin' some intel.

He leans forward.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

But what he's goin' through now
ain't nothin'---

GINA

I know what happens. I want to see
and I want him to see me.

Chubby blows out his cheeks. Signals for another drink.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBBY

I've always liked that about you
baby...you got balls.

The waiter arrives with more drinks.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bob washes his cab. He tends to it, caresses it. A car pulls
up. Bob bends, pretends to wipe his baby, keeps an eye on
it. Norm alights, parcel in hand, calls back into the car.

NORM

Thanks man. Appreciate it.

He waves the parcel in the air.

NORM (CONT'D)

And these man, awesome.

He closes the door, turns towards his house, spots Bob.

NORM (CONT'D)

Hey Bob! Shit buddy. Just got off
work.

Bob peers over the hood.

BOB

Oh hi Norm. Thought you were
working the graveyard.

NORM

Yup and just worked a second. Tired
as shit...but the money's good.

Bob sees an opportunity. Leans on the roof of the cab.

BOB

You know pal, if you're too tired
we can take a rain check...

Norm waves his package.

NORM

Nah, I'm good. Got these from that
guy. Reckons these are real hot!
Can't wait to see 'em.

He walks over to his house.

(CONTINUED)

NORM

See yah at five. Order that pizza!

He waves the package in the air.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Josh eases onto his driveway. Hits the remote. Watches as the garage door begins to rise. Brakes hard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kim sits on the couch, vodka in hand. She hears the garage door open, places her drink on the coffee table. Smiles.

EXT/INT. DRIVEWAY/GARAGE - DAY

Josh sits stupefied. Inside the garage are two suitcases with A4 sized photographs of a naked Samantha smiling at him. A message in big red letters screams 'GOODBYE JOSH'

JOSH

What the fuck? Kim?

He jumps from the car and runs into the garage.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kim counts down Josh's entrance, picks up her drink.

KIM

Three, two, one...

Josh bursts through the door.

JOSH

What the fuck Kim?

Kim raises her glass.

KIM

Ah, the ego has landed!

Josh stands in front of her, aggressive.

JOSH

You're fucking kidding me, right?

Kim sips her drink, calm.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

You saw my message?..And please
keep your voice down, my children
are upstairs.

Josh spins around, barely in control.

JOSH

Your children?

KIM

Oh yes...Mine...You just scurry
away with your latest tramp and
we'll all be happy.

She sips again. Josh softens.

JOSH

Your not serious are you?

KIM

Deadly

JOSH

It was only---

Kim stands, stops Josh in mid sentence.

KIM (CONT'D)

Stop! I spoke with Sam...

Josh hardens again.

JOSH

You did what?

KIM

Oh yes and she was very sharing.
Understanding. Quite sweet.

Josh pleads.

JOSH

Kim...please?

Kim walks over to the door grabs the handle.

KIM

Just go Josh. All your things are
packed.

She pulls the door open slightly. Josh lunges at her and
smashes the glass from her hand. Kim screams. The door opens
wider, reveal William and Rosie who gasp in fear.

(CONTINUED)

Kim immediately cuddles the children. She screams at Josh.

KIM
Get out! Get out of this house! Get
out now!

Josh shakes his head, throws Kim a look of menace.

JOSH
You won't beat me, you bitch!

He brushes past her as he leaves the room. Kim comforts the children who cry and hug their mother.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Chubby leads Gina into a gray, large warehouse. A group of men, some in wrestling masks carry knives and machetes, mill around in a far corner.

CHUBBY
Ready honey?

Gina nods. As they approach the men stand aside to reveal Rene. He hangs naked, upside down, over a large bucket. Blood drips into the bucket from numerous wounds on his face and body. Chubby calls over to a man with a remote camera.

CHUBBY
Hey Jay...make sure you get it all,
sound, closeups the whole nine.

The man gives chubby the thumbs up. Gina does not hesitate. She strides up to Rene, gets in his bloody face.

GINA
You know this hasn't started yet,
and also know that I invited you to
this party...My party!

She backs away slightly. Chubby nods to a masked man with a knife who begins to carve a circle around Rene's genitals. Rene screams and writhes with pain. Chubby whispers to Gina.

CHUBBY
Jose's a master. He's studied his
work. Knows how to inflict the most
pain for the longest time.

He lights up a cigar, puffs smoke into the air.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

See how he cuts...And now he will
literally pull everything off,
slowly...Very slowly.

Rene's screams echo throughout the warehouse. When the
genitalia are ripped off, a second man begins to cut Rene's
throat. Rene thrashes.

The screams become gurgles as blood gushes into the bucket.
Rene gradually becomes silent, hangs limp as his head is
hacked from his body. Gina turns to Chubby.

GINA

Now I can leave.

CHUBBY

I need to stay a while. He's gotta
be taken apart. Alex'll take you
wherever you wanna go.

He motions to Alex who runs out to collect the car. Chubby
kisses Gina on the cheek.

GINA

Thank you Chubby.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

No baby, thank you...Thank you for
this. This, is how we get respect.

He gestures to Rene as he is being dismembered.

CHUBBY (CONT'D)

Send those hospital bills and let
me know about our deal, huh?

Gina walks away with a wave.

INT. O'NEIL'S BAR - DAY

Josh enters. A few people sit at the bar. Josh finds a stool
in the corner. He signals to the PAT O'NEIL 40's a giant of
a man who strolls over, throws a place mat in front of Josh

PAT

What'll it be?

JOSH

Apart from a new life?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER
One of those huh?

JOSH
Oh yeah...Irish, straight.

Pat reaches back for a bottle, grabs a glass from under the bar and pours.

PAT
I'm Pat. This is my place. Good listener if you need an ear.

Josh shakes his head "No". Downs the drink.

JOSH
Thanks, I'm Josh. Just want to relax a while.

The bartender pours another.

BARTENDER
Understand. Been there m'self. Just holler if you need anything.

He walks over to a couple and joins in the conversation.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

Gina waits patiently. A Maybach draws up. Alex jumps out runs around and opens the door.

GINA
Thank you Alex. Need to visit a couple of places, then home. Okay?

She climbs in back and makes herself comfortable. Alex shuts her door, trots back around the car, jumps in, pulls away.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Gina kneels in prayer, head bowed, hands clasped together.

GINA
Dear Father in Heaven, please forgive me my sins.

She looks at Jesus on the cross above the altar and cries.

INT. BAR - DAY

Josh's hair is ruffled. His tie is pulled down and his face bears a film of sweat. He eyes his glass, grabs it and puts it to his lips. He tips his head back, realizes it is empty.

He calls across the bar.

JOSH

Hey Pat...

Holds his glass in the air.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Something's wrong with this picture, right?

Pat strolls over, leans into Josh and whispers.

PAT

I get you've had a shit day and I get that you wanna get hammered but I don't appreciate being shouted at in my own bar.

Josh holds his hands up defensively.

JOSH

Whoa there Pat boy. No offense, just need a drink.

PAT

I'll get you a drink alright, as long as you promise me you ain't drivin' when you leave.

Josh stands, unsteady, searches his pockets, produces his car keys. He offers them to Pat.

JOSH

Here, take 'em. In fact you can take the damn car.

PAT

Can't do that son...

Josh turns, sways to the door, opens it and throws the keys as far as he can. He turns, bows to Pat theatrically.

JOSH

Problem solved methinks.

(CONTINUED)

PAT

As long as you don't become the
problem.

Josh sits down. Pat pours, pushes the glass across the bar.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gina stands next to Bonita. Gently kisses her hand.

GINA

It's okay baby girl. No need to
worry any more. That spiteful pig
will never hurt you again.

She strokes Bonita's hair.

GINA (CONT'D)

You sleep darling. I'll stay here
for a while and pray for you...for
us both.

She sits on the recliner, emotionally drained.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bob sits on his couch, checks his watch, talks to Bobby Boy.

BOB

Five ten. Maybe he's not coming.
God I hope so...

He tips his head towards the bear.

BOB (CONT'D)

You think?..Guess I better had.

Bob pulls out his cell, punches in a number, waits.

BOB (CONT'D)

Delmonico's? Yes, Bob Gregory. I'd
like to place an order...Sure.

He looks at Bobby Boy again.

BOB (CONT'D)

Well, if he doesn't show, me and
Gina can eat it.

He pats his stomach as he paces. The doorbell rings.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)
Shit! Must be him.

He leaves to answer the door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Bob opens the front door. Norm stands laden down with beer bottles and discs. He grins. Bob is still on hold.

NORM
You gonna take some of this shit?

Bob talks into the cell.

BOB
Sorry, could you hold on please?

He reaches out and takes the discs from Norm who adjusts his grip on the bottles and marches past Bob. Bob rolls his eyes and closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Norm hurries along as Bob talks on cell.

BOB
Yes, extra large, meaty,
spicy...okay, yeah chicken wings...

He calls to Norm.

BOB (CONT'D)
You want bread sticks?

He waves his hand to the right as Norm raises a thumb.

BOB (CONT'D)
To the right...the living room...

He returns his attention to the phone.

BOB (CONT'D)
Yes, bread sticks. How long? Ten
minutes? Try sooner huh? Thanks.

He follows Norm into the living room.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gina waits patiently. Alex draws up. She opens the rear door and hops in. Alex looks in his rear view mirror.

ALEX
Tired miss Gina?

Gina looks out of the window.

GINA
It's been a hell of a day Alex, one
hell of a day. Take me home please.
Put on some soft music?

Alex turns on the radio, finds some classical music as Gina closes her eyes. Relaxes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Norm places the beer on the coffee table. He looks around.

NORM
Not bad Bob, not bad at all.

He notices Bobby Boy. Walks over and picks it up.

NORM (CONT'D)
Gina's?

Bob becomes animated. Immediately takes the bear from Norm.

BOB
Yes...Yes, Gina's. Doesn't like
people touching her things.

He places Bobby boy gently behind a cushion.

BOB (CONT'D)
You'll be fine there...

Norm looks at Bob sideways. Bob is embarrassed.

BOB (CONT'D)
Always talk to 'em...Makes Gina
happy.

Norm snorts.

NORM
It's when the little fucker talks
back is when you gotta worry, eh?

(CONTINUED)

Bob smiles.

BOB
Guess that's right.

Norm flops onto the couch. Grabs a beer, twists the top and starts to chug, wipes his mouth on his sleeve and belches.

NORM
You wanna drink and eat, then
watch, or drink and eat and watch?

Bob checks his watch.

BOB
Pizza'll be here soon. May as well
set it up and watch while we're
eating.

Norm pushes himself off the couch, grabs his discs.

NORM
I know you like kids, so I got us
some real real good shit, the
latest...and you like animals?

Bob grabs himself a beer, opens it and clinks Norm's bottle.

BOB
Sure, who doesn't.

Norm trots over to Bob's DVD player.

NORM
Bit old...Hope it can read these.

He powers up the box and removes one disc from its case.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gina is awake. The music has changed to Mexican. She calls forward to Alex.

GINA
Just along here. On the left.
Should be a cab on the driveway.

Alex slows. Gina strains to see.

ALEX
Where the pizza van is?

Gina leans further forward, looks surprised.

INT. LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Norm is having a problem with the DVD player. Bob watches as he downs his beer.

BOB
Can you fix it?

Norm nods vigorously as he checks the wiring.

NORM
Ain't a piece of technology that's
beat me yet...not that this is a
piece of technology, huh?

The front door bell rings.

NORM (CONT'D)
Ahhh, pizza...be done here before
you get back.

Bob raises his beer, walks out into the hallway. He reaches the door and pulls it open. The pizza DELIVERY BOY 20's holds a huge pizza with wide grin on his face.

BOB
Good timing son.

He hands the delivery boy a twenty.

BOB (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

The grin gets wider.

DELIVERY BOY
Thanks mister.

He turns and Bob sees Gina as she leaves the Maybach. He calls out.

BOB
Hey sweetie. Good to see you're
home.

He shows her the Pizza.

BOB (CONT'D)
Got pizza, beer and movies...oh,
and Norm's here.

Gina stops in her tracks, drops her two bags. The delivery boy scurries past. Gina looks tired and annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

GINA
Say again?

BOB
We got pizza---

Gina spits.

GINA
I got the pizza and I got the beer,
even the movies but Norm? You are
fucking kidding me right?

She picks up her bags marches straight at Bob, pushes him out of her way and storms into the house. Bob shakes his head, then slowly closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob opens the pizza box as he makes his way to the living room, breathes deep. He freezes as he hears Gina scream.

GINA (O.S.)
Oh my God!..Oh my God!

He runs to the living room. Gina stands, hands over her eyes, Norm lays on the couch, beer in hand, mouth agape. He walks over to Gina, places a hand on her arm.

BOB
I did tell you Norm was here---

Gina roughly shrugs Bob off and points to the TV screen. Bob takes a second to focus, then drops the pizza as he sees the pornographic scene. He shouts at Norm.

BOB (CONT'D)
Turn it off! Get it off!

Norm is slow to react. Gina reaches for the remote and kills the movie. She immediately spins on Bob, face contorted.

GINA
All these years you bastard! All
these years I defended you! Told
the police, the parents, everybody
that 'My Bob' wasn't a pedophile
...Oh no not my Bob, no way!

BOB
But darling, Norms said---

Gina looks at Norm, hate in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

GINA
As much as I hate that fucking
weasel, don't blame him Bob.

Norm nods, smiles and raises his beer, takes a swig.

GINA (CONT'D)
Maybe I've been living in denial,
the rumors, the accusations, that
stupid little bear...

She sits on the edge of a chair, rubs her forehead.

GINA (CONT'D)
If I hadn't come home when I did,
you two would be sitting here,
watching this...this shit, eating
and drinking, probably playing with
yourselves.

Bob and Norm answer simultaneously.

NORM BOB
Yup. No!

Gina leans back in her seat.

GINA
So, maybe it's gonna be Chubby to
the rescue Gina baby.

BOB
Huh?

Gina stares at Bob, cold, no emotion.

GINA
Get out. Go...Go now. I never want
to see you again..Pick up your
things tomorrow.

Bob attempts an explanation.

BOB
But Gina honey---

Gina is in no mood for excuses. She jumps up and shoves him
to the door.

GINA
Out! Get out! Get out!

Norm raises his beer as Bob and Gina exit.

NORM

Later Bob.

He lays back, chugs his beer.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The front door slams as Bob trips onto the driveway. He makes his way to his cab, climbs in, starts the car. He pauses. Flips open the glove box. Reaches inside. Panics. Reaches again. Realization hits hard.

BOB

Oh, Bobby Boy!

He drops the shift into reverse and powers from the drive.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gina re enters. Norm still lies on the couch watches the resumed film. Gina grabs the remote, turns it off and throws the control across the room, pushes his feet from the couch.

GINA

You're leaving.

Norm finishes his beer and offers Gina his bottle.

NORM

You think?

Gina pulls out her cell.

GINA

I'm calling the police. You perverts should be locked up.

Norm remains calm, places his feet back on the couch. Gina stops dialing.

NORM

Nah, don't think you wanna do that pretty lady. I think a word with ICE might cause you some pain baby.

Gina winces.

GINA

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

(CONTINUED)

NORM

Oh I do honey. I married one of you's. She ran away, like y'all do eventually. But I got even better stuff on you. Oh yeah, much better.

Norm shakes his head and tuts, taps his empty bottle.

NORM

Get me one one of these boys, huh?

Gina thinks, walks over takes the bottle. Norm lies back.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Bob drives aimlessly, vision blurred by tears. He pulls up, wipes his eyes. Hangs his head.

BOB

So wrong...so wrong.

He wipes his eyes again and looks up. He sees he is outside the pottery shop. He squints. A light shines in back. Bob hops from the cab, walks over, taps on the door. CHARLENE THOMAS 30's approaches the door. She calls out.

CHARLENE

Who is it?

BOB

Sorry to bother you ma'am. My name is Bob Gregory. I'm interested in your pottery classes.

Charlene unlocks the door.

CHARLENE

Please come in Bob. I'm Charlene Thomas. The owner

Bob enters. Shakes Charlene's hand.

BOB

Thank you Charlene. I won't keep you long. As I said, I'm very interested in learning to 'throw'---

CHARLENE

Wow! Bob I'm impressed. You've done some research.

Bob smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Well, my friend Gina told me. Said she comes here on Wednesday's?

CHARLENE

Not Wednesday's. I teach on Tuesday's and Thursday's. Never have done Wednesday's...and Gina? No, I don't recall a Gina.

Bob's clenches his teeth. Hides his anger. The woman reaches for an information sheet, hands it to Bob.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Here, take this. Gives you all times, costs and contact details.

Bob takes the sheet. Studies it.

BOB

Thank you Charlene. I have one last question. You wouldn't have a restroom here would you?

WOMAN

Absolutely. Out back to the left.

Bob looks at his watch.

BOB

You know what? I've gotta dash! Duty calls.

He hurries from the shop. Waves as he leaves. Charlene waves back, confused.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gina hands Norm his beer. Takes a seat opposite.

GINA

So, Norm...You have "stuff" on me?

Norm gulps. Wipes his mouth on his sleeve, nods "Yes".

NORM

You know where I work?

Gina shakes her head "No".

(CONTINUED)

GINA

Didn't even know you had a job.

Norm giggles.

NORM

The Astor.

Gina stiffens.

NORM (CONT'D)

Oh yeah! Some mighty fine things
going on in that place but then
you'll know that, huh?

He winks. Gina shifts, uncomfortable.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Bob sits hands clenched tight on the steering wheel,
knuckles white, trembles with rage. He draws a deep breath,
starts the engine, puts the shift into drive and moves off

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Norm rises, walks over and picks up the remote. He checks it
out and resumes the movie.

NORM

Get you going? Gettin' wet? Got
some animals too. You wanna see?

Gina shakes her head 'No'.

GINA

I just want to know what you're
talking about.

Norm flops back onto the couch.

NORM

Every Wednesday right?

GINA

Every Wednesday what?

NORM

You fuck some guy's brains out,
then you pay our guy to keep his
mouth shut. That looks a lot like
prostitution to me.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

You can't prove a thing.

NORM

If you believe that honey, then go ahead, call the cops, or Bob, call Bob. You know he's coming back ...pussy-whipped pussy!

Norm laughs. In control. Gina studies him.

GINA

So, what do you want? Money?

Norm swigs his beer. Smiles an evil smile.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - NIGHT

Bob approaches the concierge. He looks around before he speaks.

BOB

Good evening. I would like a little information.

The concierge leans forward.

CONCIERGE

About the hotel?

BOB

No, actually...a guest.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry sir, we respect our guests' privacy---

BOB

This is a rather special guest...

CONCIERGE

And your name is?

Bob reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet, opens it and shows a wad of notes.

BOB

Just call me...Benjamin.

The concierge now checks the coast is clear. He whispers.

(CONTINUED)

CONCIERGE

Who?

BOB

Gina Gregory.

The concierge leans forward as Bob lays a hundred dollar bill on the desk, keeps his hand on it, looks the concierge in the eyes.

CONCIERGE

Ah, Gina...Top shelf working girl.
Comes in every Wednesday.

Bob pushes the bill closer to the agent.

BOB

She come in last Wednesday?

CONCIERGE

Oh yeah. As I remember she had a
doctor that day.

BOB

Chambers?

CONCIERGE

Yeah! How do you know?

BOB

Does she pay you?

Again the concierge looks around.

CONCIERGE

Sure. She's very generous.

Bob snatches back the C note.

BOB

Good...you sonofabitch!

He walks out of the hotel, leaves the agent, red faced.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Norm rises slowly from his couch and walks over to Gina. He stands provocatively close to her face.

NORM

Oh no baby. I want something much
better than that. Much much better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NORM (cont'd)

I want some sugar, some Latino sugar.

He slowly unzips his fly. Gina eases back.

NORM (CONT'D)

Y'see, I look at it like this. Whatever options you got, none of 'em can match up to good ol' safe Bob ...and you know it.

Gina frowns, pensive.

INT. CAB - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Bob cries, head rested on the steering wheel.

BOB

Gina...who are you?

He looks over at the glove box. Leans across, opens it and withdraws his gun. He places it to his head and looks in the rear view mirror.

BOB

If only...

He squeezes the trigger hard.

BOB (CONT'D)

If only I could...

He drops the gun and continues to sob.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Josh has bought the whole bar drinks. He stands on the rung of his stool leans against the bar for support, glass aloft.

JOSH

C'mon you bastards, I bought these so drink with me.

Josh downs his drink as do the others. Pat approaches.

PAT

Okay Josh. Enough now. Settle down or you're outta here.

Josh eyes Pat. Sizes him up. Sits down. Wobbles.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Sure Pat me boy. Just keep it coming.

He slides his glass across the bar. Pat catches it. Shakes his head, pours another.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Bob pulls onto his drive, hits the button on his remote and drives into the garage. He hits the button again. The door closes. He sits stony-faced, picks up the gun, pops the trunk and leaves the cab.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Norm has Gina bent over the couch as he takes her from behind. The movie still runs in the background.

NORM

Oh baby, you like it in the ass---

Norm is cut short as Bob smashes his gun into the side of his head. Gina spins around.

GINA

Oh Bob...he raped me...

She attempts to hold Bob who pulls away sharply. Norm is dazed but conscious.

NORM

What the fuck, Bob?

Bob points the gun at Norm who flinches.

NORM (CONT'D)

No Bob! No! She's a fucking whore.
Fucks guys at The Astor,
Wednesdays---

Gina cuts in.

GINA

He's a liar Bob. He forced himself on me. I never had a chance.

Bob looks at Gina, sad and angry.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I know.

Gina moves closer to Bob, breathes a sigh of relief.

BOB (CONT'D)

No Gina. I know about you.

GINA

But---

Bob raises his voice.

BOB

I know about the pottery shop, the
Wednesday tricks, Doctor Chambers,
the whole nine yards...you betrayed
me.

Gina fights back immediately.

GINA

Bullshit! That's complete shit!

Bob ignores her, steps towards Norm, gun raised. Norm recoils.

BOB

But that doesn't excuse you,
fucking scum!

Gina mocks Bob.

GINA

What are going to do big man? Shoot
him with your toy gun?

Bob smiles, releases the safety catch on the Colt, winks at Gina, shoots Norm in the head. He dies instantly.

GINA

You killed him...You---

This time Gina is cut short as Bob pistol whips her. She falls to the floor. Bob sits on the couch.

BOB

You lied to me. Told me this was
special. Told me this was love,
forever...I trusted you...

His voice trails off as he examines his gun.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

We hear the sound of a gunshot. The door swings open and Bob carries Gina over his shoulder. Blood spatters on his shirt.

He makes his way to the rear of the cab, bundles Gina in, shuts the trunk, walks around the cab, climbs in and starts the engine.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Josh makes a nuisance of himself. Two YOUNG GIRLS 20's have entered the bar. He is offended that they will not accept his offer of a drink. He sways as he remonstrates.

JOSH

Whaddya mean, you don't wanna drink. What am I? Chopped liver?

He leans forward, nearly falls, wraps his arms around the girls.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey, are you two, y'know, gay?

He spins away, again almost falls.

JOSH (CONT'D)

That's it! You're fucking lesbos!

He teeters back, wraps his arms around them again.

JOSH (CONT'D)

We could do a threesome eh? Or shall I just watch? You girls decide.

The girls have had enough. Pat is behind Josh.

PAT

Okay Josh. Time to leave.

He grabs Josh's arms. Josh struggles but Pat is strong. He picks Josh off the floor and runs him to the door. In one deft move Josh is outside and Pat locks the door. He turns.

PAT

Sorry ladies. Can I buy you a drink?

He makes his way back around the bar.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Josh staggers. He is lost and can barely stand. In the distance he sees a cab.

INT/EXT. CAB - NIGHT

Bob sits eyes closed. Josh ambles up to the cab, taps on the window.

JOSH
Hey buddy. You awake? You working?

Bob doesn't respond. Josh is irritated.

JOSH
C'mon you fat cunt...

He bangs the window. Bob slowly opens his eyes, turns his head towards Josh who pulls on the door handle. Bob's face changes. First anger, then he smiles.

He throws the central lock. Josh enters the cab.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Man, am I lucky to get you. I mean, I'm wasted, lost and generally fucked up.

Bob watches Josh in his rear view mirror.

BOB
Guess you are lucky. This is gonna be my last ride. Where you going?

Josh pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

JOSH
You mind?

BOB
Normally I do, but as it's my last, go ahead.

Josh offers the pack.

JOSH
You?

BOB
No thanks. Ticker. Now, where to?

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
Shit, sorry man. Hartford Ridge.

Bob raises his eyebrows.

BOB
The Ridge it is...By the way I'm
Bob.

JOSH
Hey Bob. Good to meet you...Josh.

Bob waves his hand 'HI'.

BOB
Bit late for The Ridge? Used to go
there when I was a kid. Loved
looking down on the town one side,
the freight trains on the other,
wondering where they'd been, where
they were going.

JOSH
Well, I'm just up there to
straighten my head out...need to
think...quiet time.

BOB
Wanna talk about it? I'm a good
listener.

Josh shakes his head.

JOSH
No offense...you can't help...no
one can, only me.

He smokes, thinks, leans forward.

JOSH (CONT'D)
On second thought, it might do me
good to share this shit with a---

BOB
Fat cunt?

JOSH
Stranger.

BOB
Take it away Josh boy. Just here to
listen.

Josh throws his cigarette out of the window. Lights another.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Okay. I guess you might call me a successful guy. Partner in a law firm, good income, big house, two great kids...was doing well.

Bob's brow furrows.

BOB

Was? Until she found out about the girlfriend, right?

JOSH

Been driving cabs for a while, huh?

Bob looks proud.

BOB

Sure have. Seen and heard it all.

He looks at Josh in the mirror, a little sympathetic.

BOB (CONT'D)

So, I'm right, right?

JOSH

On the money my man. It's a fucking nightmare.

BOB

How long?

JOSH

This one? A year maybe.

Bob shrugs, stays silent.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Kim, my wife found a selfie on my phone. I mean how fucking dumb can I be...

BOB

First rule of cheating Josh. Get another cell.

JOSH

Now the bitch has kicked me out, wants a divorce and says she'll take the kids.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
And the girl?

JOSH
I reckon she's making a move on the boss. Oh, and did I say she's fucked me over at work?

Bob shakes his head.

BOB
Got a bit to learn son. Second rule of cheating. Don't shit on your own doorstep.

Josh ignores the comment.

JOSH
If she thinks she's gonna take the kids, one of two things'll happen, I swear.

BOB
Think I can guess.

JOSH
I'll either kill myself or her. Simple as that!

BOB
Mmm...Looks like you're in some deep shit.

JOSH
Yeah, and it's all her fault, nosy fucking bitch!

Bob drives on in silence. Both men lost in thought. After a time bob slows down, stops and turns off the engine. Josh peers through the misted up window.

JOSH
Why have we stopped?

BOB
If I may, I'd like to tell you a story and when I'm storytelling I can't concentrate on my driving.

Josh shrugs, petulant.

BOB (CONT'D)

There's a guy right? Mid forties.
Father walked out when he was kid,
step father was a piece of shit,
mother worked three jobs--

Josh interrupts.

JOSH

What the fuck has this got to do
with me?

Bob holds up his hand to stop the interruption.

BOB

So, this guy falls in love, gets
married, wants kids. That's all he
ever wanted...kids of his own. But
his wife refuses. Wants to "keep
her figure".

Bob is emotional.

BOB

He winds up working all hours just
to please her, keep her happy.

Josh stares into space.

JOSH

You're breaking my heart here, Bob.

He lights another cigarette.

BOB

Mind if I get one of those?

JOSH

Sure. I thought you said...

He offers the pack and his lighter to Bob.

BOB

Yup, I know. But the thought just
crossed my mind that life's really
too short.

Bob lights one, passes the pack and lighter back. Inhales.

BOB (CONT'D)

Aahh...missed this. Now, where was
I? This guy just lost his Mom to
cancer. Cut up real bad.

(CONTINUED)

He draws on the cigarette.

BOB (CONT'D)

Y'see, he came to realize that the only two ladies he could rely on was his Mom and The Southern Belle.

Josh, disinterested.

JOSH

The who?

BOB

The what. She's a freight train he'd watch as a kid. Always on time, always there. Just like his Mom.

Bob throws his cigarette out. His demeanor darkens.

BOB (CONT'D)

Then this guy walks into his living room and finds his neighbor stuck in his wife's ass.

Josh leans forward.

JOSH

Okay, I get it Bob. Good story. So there's people out there worse off than me...guys like your friend.

BOB

Not quite...See, he ain't my friend.

Josh laughs.

JOSH

Don't tell me...you're the fucking neighbor---

BOB

No! I shot that cunt.

Josh suddenly sobers up.

JOHN

You did what? You mean that was you and you killed the guy?

Bob nods, eyes fill up.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Shot him and my best friend, both
of 'em...in the head.

Josh tries the door. Locked. Panics. A loud thump and a
muffled call from the trunk makes Josh jump.

JOSH

What the fuck was that?

BOB

Oh...That's the wife. Well, my wife
actually.

JOSH

But you just said you shot her.

Bob looks down at the passenger seat, Bobby Boy lies next to
the Colt. A single bullet hole in his head. Bob is calm.

BOB

No son. I said I shot my best
friend.

Josh tries the door again, with force.

JOSH

You're some kinda fucking nut!

BOB

No my friend. No nut. I, like you
thought of killing myself, then my
wife. But I settled on a double
suicide. But you come along, with
your name calling, your sniveling
fucking selfish sob story and so...
here we all are.

Josh hyperventilates. Screams.

JOSH

Here we are? Where? Where?

BOB

Right where you wished to be son.
You have to understand Josh that in
life, you either get what you wish
for or what you deserve...and
sometimes they're the same thing.

Bob looks at his watch.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh, and The Southern Belle?..Always
on time. Never, ever late.

He looks sideways as the freight train's light illuminates
the cab and the horn sounds.

BOB (CONT'D)
In fact, she'll arrive right...now.

BLACK SCREEN.

Sounds of the train as it smashes into the cab.

FADE IN:

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Bob is asleep. We hear the sound of someone tap on the
window.

JOSH (O.S.)
Hey buddy. You awake? You working?

Bob doesn't respond.

JOSH (CONT'D O.S.)
C'mon you fat cunt...

He bangs the window.

Bob slowly opens his eyes, turns his head towards Josh who
pulls on the door handle. Bob's face changes. First anger,
then he smiles.

FADE OUT:

THE END