

WACKY WITNESSES

Written by

Stevan Šerban

Matice Srpske 10, Novi Sad, Serbia, WGA 1944152
065 55 29 373

FADE IN:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, NEW YORK, CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

FRANKIE, a woman in her 30s, intelligent, good-looking, athletic, holds a sheet of white paper, blank on this side, against the opening between the compartments, takes a piece of gum out of her mouth with the other and sticks it to the paper.

Frankie feels uncomfortable in the closed space.

PRIEST (60) enters, sits down and slides the mesh open.

The priest looks at the paper in shock - there is a red smiley with horns and an evil grin drawn on it.

PRIEST
Who's there?

FRANKIE
Blow job or hand job?

The priest's eyes open wide, as though he has heard a ghost.

PRIEST
Oh my God, Claire!

He lowers his voice to a whisper.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
You're supposed to be dead!

FRANKIE
A good day to you, too, Padre. Of course I am!

PRIEST
Well what are you doing here then?

FRANKIE
Claire is dead, long live Frankie.

PRIEST
Hmm...

FRANKIE
Is something wrong with me?

PRIEST
Other than the fact you kill people for money, you mean? No, I think you're just fine.

Frankie says nothing for a moment.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
I'm listening!

FRANKIE
I am in a witness protection
program with three other wack jobs
and I don't kill people for money
any more. We've opened a rehab
center together and we're doing
good.

PRIEST
Sounds like honest work.

Frankie is lost in thought for a moment.

FRANKIE
I killed a man -- I mean, not
really a man -- a hired killer --
three days ago.

The priest crosses himself.

PRIEST
Oh my God! You just said...

FRANKIE
I said I don't kill for money any
more. I killed this guy for free.

The priest crosses himself again.

PRIEST
Jesus Christ, why?

FRANKIE
Am I a bad person?

Frankie looks up at the vaulted roof of the church.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I mean, he did create us in His
image. Sounds logical, doesn't it?

INT. CHESTER'S OFFICE - DAY

CHESTER (30), an African American in a cheap suit, which he wears like it's Armani, is squirming nervously. He is singing an Elvis song and trying to throw some Elvis moves.

The speakerphone is on. The phone is ringing at the other end.

Across from Chester's desk, in an armchair, sleeps BINGO, a Jack Russell terrier.

CHESTER
Tomorrow will be too late,
It's now or never
My love won't wait...

Chester's BOSS answers.

BOSS
Hello?

Bingo wakes up and looks at Chester, who quickly gets serious.

CHESTER
Hello Sir. It's Marshal Chester...

He straightens his tie and arranges his hair.

BOSS
Again?

Chester shifts uneasily in his chair.

CHESTER
Sir, I haven't called you in a
month...

BOSS
Three weeks.

Chester pulls a face at the phone.

CHESTER
Sir, I'm calling you about my
promotion...

BOSS
Which part of our last conversation
did you not understand, Marshal
Chester?

Chester nervously moves things around on his desk, trying to find the "perfect" arrangement.

CHESTER

Sir, you said that this was a temporary assignment, but you didn't say how long it was "temporary" for.

Chester does the air quotes.

BOSS

That's why it's called temporary, because we don't know how long it will last.

CHESTER

Sir, the other marshals have one or two protected witnesses to take care of at the most. I feel like a nursemaid with four of them.

BOSS

So?

CHESTER

Sir, they should be in the psych ward, not in Witness Protection. You can't even imagine what my day at work is like.

BOSS

Now you sound like a nursemaid, too.

Chester jabs both middle fingers up at the phone.

CHESTER

But Sir...

BOSS

Marshal Chester, being entrusted with four protected witnesses IS a promotion. Only an idiot would do something stupid like that!

Chester gets increasingly irritated.

CHESTER

(to himself)

So I AM a nursemaid!

BOSS

Goodbye Marshal Chester. (pause)
And don't call again in the next
FOUR WEEKS!

The boss ends the call.

CHESTER

It's cos I'm black.

(To Bingo)

You'll see, I'll take a bullet for
the President one day!

Bingo, disinterested, lowers his head back onto the armchair and resumes sleeping.

I/E: REHAB CENTER - DAY

Somewhere in Queens, New York. A large house, set back from the road, with a beautifully manicured lawn in front. On the lawn is a large sign saying HAPPY ADDICT CENTER.

LOUNGE/DINING ROOM

ALEX (40), in a white coat smudged with paint, sits in an armchair and drinks coffee thoughtfully in front of a large canvas depicting incredibly beautiful birds in flight on a blue background.

Frankie is at the table, sorting out some accounts.

FRANKIE

I've never seen such beautiful
birds!

Alex says nothing.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You don't have to say anything if
you don't want to.

ALEX

My teacher's husband was the best
agent in San Francisco. She managed
to persuade him to organize an
exhibition for me.

Alex pauses for a moment.

ALEX (CONT'D)

A month before the exhibition he
caught us together in my studio. He
made sure I could never show my art
anywhere again.

FRANKIE

Everyone deserves a second chance.
Just be very careful where you park
your car.

MARTA (35) enters. She is the head nurse, a pleasant, plump Mexican woman, and right now she is furious.

MARTA

This is too far now! Mr Rock Star
was jerking off again when I went
in to give him his pills!

ALEX

Himself or someone else?

Marta just frowns at this quip.

MARTA

I can't handle them on my own. It's
wrong -- he is so good-looking, and
has a...

Frankie does not lift her head from the papers.

FRANKIE

Big?

MARTA

How am I supposed to sleep tonight?
As soon as I close my eyes I'll see
it there in front of me...

FRANKIE

Marta -- people come to our center
with problems. Our job is to help
them fix 'em.

Marta looks to Frankie, looking for some hope to cling to.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What you're asking me to do is to
solve your problem. I'll talk to
Helga.

MARTA

He doesn't need a shrink. He needs
a sound whipping!

Marta turns to the door and then pauses and turns back to Frankie.

MARTA (CONT'D)

I forgot to say, there's been no sign of Mr Kowalski for a couple of days.

Frankie starts briefly and then quickly pulls herself together.

FRANKIE

He probably changed his mind about rehab. Take him off the list.

I/E: LISA'S UBER - DAY

LISA, late 20s, pretty but has let herself go. Her face reveals the many troubles she has seen in life, but also her determination to keep pushing on. She is driving and smoking.

ROBERTO, a Chinese man in his early 30s, sits in the back and looks around the car, impressed.

ROBERTO

Fuckin' awesome!

LISA

What?

ROBERTO

Your new car.

LISA

Tesla Model 3. Three hundred and twenty-five miles around town on one charge. Just two hundred and eighty-seven horsepower gets you to 60 miles an hour in 4.66 seconds. Four-wheel drive, eight cameras, radar, twelve ultrasound sensors, collision avoidance system and automatic emergency braking.

Roberto suddenly becomes nervous and takes a small mirror out of his pocket, using it to look out of the back window.

ROBERTO

Shit! They're following us.

Lisa rolls her eyes. "Not again."

LISA

What'd you see, a 'puddy tat', or maybe the Bogeyman?

ROBERTO
I'm fuckin' serious.

LISA
I'd tell you again what I used to
do before this, but it'd mean
stuffing you in the trunk.

Roberto, angry that she doesn't believe him, puts the mirror
in his pocket and lies down on the seat in an attempt to
hide.

ROBERTO
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Except you ain't
a getaway driver no more, you're an
Uber driver. Your reflexes ain't
what they used to be, you ain't got
the feel for it no more, you got
sloppy.

Lisa tosses her cigarette out of the window and looks in the
rear-view mirror.

LISA
You really think you're some kinda
high-class criminal?

ROBERTO
I'm not a criminal. I'm a
revolutionary.

Lisa lights up another cigarette.

LISA
Like Robin Hood?

ROBERTO
See? That mush of a brain of yours
just can't handle the idea. The
struggle for a better and more just
world is no longer fought with
guns. I'm the Che Guevara of the IT
revolution.

Lisa rolls her eyes again and has another look in the rear-
view mirror.

LISA
You're right. Someone's following
us.

Roberto starts to panic.

ROBERTO

Told ya! Can you see who it is?

LISA

Of course I can. It's a school bus.
It's been following us for six
blocks now.

ROBERTO

(ironically)

Ha ha ha!

LISA

You're always afraid the worst will
happen. One day it will, Che
Guevara.

INT. CHESTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Chester paces irritably around the office with his cellphone
to his ear.

CHESTER

Hey Dad. Of course I respect... --
you're wrong! I've been calling
every month - to find out how much
longer I'm supposed to play
nursemaid before I get a real
assignment... Can you just listen
to me for one minute without
interrupting me?

Chester looks at the picture on the wall to see whether it is
straight and then moves it a little.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

... I am really sorry about the
financial crisis and the fact Uncle
Sam hasn't got the money to pay for
a personal babysitter for each one
of these idiots instead of having
me play Kindergarten Cop...

Chester looks at a framed photo of himself, his two brothers
and his father, all in police uniform.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Sorry... OK... I'm not interrupting
you... I'm just asking for one
minute... I worked my ass off to
get where I am today.

(MORE)

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I finished top of my class at the Academy, I passed all the tests with the highest grades. These people I'm babysitting are complete morons. If I have to stay with them another year I'm gonna have a nervous breakdown... I'm done... Tell Mom not to worry. I go to church regularly... Yes... I have to go... Bye!

I/E: REHAB CENTER - LOUNGE - DAY

Frankie is doing a crossword. Alex is painting.

Lisa is at the bar, in her own world, drinking whisky - there is no telling how many she has had already.

Roberto is wearing a black curly wig and a mask consisting of glasses, nose and mustache. He is sitting at his laptop, excitedly gesticulating, evidently cheering on someone or something he has a bet riding on.

ROBERTO

Yes! Yes! Ye-e-e-e-s...!! Queen Elizabeth came in first again!

Roberto stands up, arms spread wide like he just beat Novak Djokovic at the Australian Open.

No-one shows any interest. This is obviously nothing new to them.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Her Majesty Elizabeth, Galápagos tortoise, covers fifteen yards in three minutes and six seconds on her two hundred and twenty-fifth birthday! YES!

Alex does not interrupt his painting.

ALEX

How much is that in dollars?

Roberto begins dancing delightedly around like some kind of spectacled shaman.

ROBERTO

Twenty-seven thousand.

ALEX

You could buy one of my paintings --
it'll be worth a fortune when I'm
dead.

ROBERTO

Dude, it's not about the money. My
revolutionary algorithm works, get
it?

Roberto sits back down in front of the laptop and types
something.

Lisa rests her chin on one hand at the bar, rather drunk, and
observes the scene. Frankie is doing a crossword.

FRANKIE

That gambling shit is going to get
you caught again. Then you'll get
us all in trouble.

Roberto continues typing furiously.

ROBERTO

Fake profile, Shanghai-based IP
address. Plastic surgery and a
mask. No chance of them catching me
again.

Frankie still does not raise her head from the crossword.

FRANKIE

Some friendly advice: don't screw
around with me -- Che Guevara.

Marta walks in. Agitated as usual.

MARTA

Perfect, you're all here. Mr Rock
Star isn't jerking off any more.
Now he's walking around naked! I
can't take this any more.

ALEX

Are you falling in love with him,
Marta?

MARTA

God, no. You have to tell Mrs Helga
to give him stronger medication. I
ain't slept for days because of
him.

Marta starts to head out again and then turns back.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, and someone has called
three times asking about Kowalski.
I told him he wasn't here any more.

Marta finally leaves.

ALEX

What's the deal with that Kowalski?

Frankie does not raise her head from the crossword.

FRANKIE

I killed him.

I/E: STORE - DAY

Roberto is pushing a shopping cart full of food. Lisa is scanning the shelves.

ROBERTO

(quietly)

Frankie...

He looks around furtively to make sure no-one is listening in.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

... did what she did. We're all
gonna be in deep shit, and she's
giving me crap about my betting.

Lisa speaks loudly on purpose, to annoy him.

LISA

People get killed every day. This
ain't no TV romance, this is real
life. The sooner you realise that,
the sooner you'll learn to live
with it.

ROBERTO

(quietly)

I don't fucking understand - are
you actually stupid or are you just
just pretending? I don't wanna do
bad stuff anymore -- except against
the System.

Lisa notices a PICKPOCKET unzipping an OLD LADY's handbag behind her back.

Lisa takes the cart from Roberto and runs at the pickpocket with it.

The cart hits the pickpocket and sends him sprawling in front of the old lady, the stolen wallet falling from his hand right in front of her.

The old lady looks at her wallet on the floor, and then at the pickpocket.

The pickpocket shits himself when he sees the look on her face.

The old lady takes the handbag off her shoulder and begins beating the pickpocket furiously on the head with it.

Roberto looks on in confusion.

Lisa looks at Roberto in satisfaction.

LISA

See? We're the good guys!

ROBERTO

That was damn' sneaky.

LISA

Like in a Bruce Willis movie? This life, this world, it's all gone to shit anyway. This is our way.

ROBERTO

Not mine.

I/E: REHAB CENTER - LOUNGE - DAY

Alex, Frankie, Lisa and Roberto are sitting at the dining room table finishing their evening meal. No-one is speaking.

ROBERTO

Now they're going to send us all to Alaska. Fuckin' great!

Frankie wipes her mouth with a napkin and puts it down on the table.

FRANKIE

O, no they won't -- because we are going to tell him what we've done -- or do we kill him too?

Roberto gets up angrily.

ROBERTO
No, no, no. Out of the fuckin'
question!

LISA
What? Telling him or..?

Alex looks at his wristwatch.

ALEX
You'd better decide soon,
Chester'll be here in ten.

ROBERTO
Great! Who invited that idiot?

Frankie gives Roberto a look that means "Sit down". Roberto obeys, reluctantly.

ALEX
I did. 'Cause of yours shitty
underwear and stinky socks, you
leave all over the bathroom.
Because you keep pissing all over
the toilet bowl. Do you want me to
go on?

ROBERTO
You don't screw old ladies for cash
any more, so why are you still on
hygiene? It's a scientific fact -
being sloppy is good for the immune
system.

ALEX
Maybe in the Stone Age where you
live.

FRANKIE
Are you two done?

Both shut up but glower at each other like two dogs ready to
tear each other apart.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Chester is a US Marshal. Sooner or
later he'll figure out what
happened.

ROBERTO
Where's the body? No body, no
crime.

FRANKIE

He'll find out. And then it's
Alaska for us -- maybe even jail.

ROBERTO

Fuckin' idiots.

FRANKIE

Looks like this program doesn't
work quite like we hoped. Either
that or some old friend of ours is
very good at finding protected
witnesses.

ALEX

Oh my God! We're going to kill
Chester as well!

Everybody looks at Alex. "Best if you keep your mouth shut"

ALEX (CONT'D)

But Frankie said...

Frankie interrupts Alex.

FRANKIE

But -- if we tell him right now,
then it will be his fault too. He
should have known before I did
about Kowalski. That's his job.

Roberto looks at Alex - he doesn't get it.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(To Roberto)

He'll be an accomplice.

ROBERTO

In the Shit - Part Two.

Everybody thinks for a moment about what Frankie just said.

LISA

I'm with Frankie.

ALEX

Me too. Better than killing him.

FRANKIE

And -- it will give him a reason to
find out who Kowalski was supposed
to knock off.

No-one speaks.

ROBERTO
You want my vote? Kiss my ass!

Chester comes in and sees that he is interrupting something.

CHESTER
What's up bloodsuckers? Dirty
underpants and socks getting you
down so bad? Maybe the smell killed
someone?

ROBERTO
Yeah. We killed a patient.

CHESTER
Ha ha! Very funny. I needed a laugh
today.

Chester goes up to the bar, sits on a stool, takes an apple
from the bowl, takes a handkerchief from his pocket, rubs the
apple thoroughly with it and takes a bite.

No-one speaks. Chester looks at them all and realises that
they are serious.

Chester looks at Alex.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
You're not joking, are you?

Alex shakes his head.

Chester throws down the apple and leaps from his stool as if
he just won the state lottery.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Chester crosses himself and looks at the ceiling.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
Thank You Lord! Thank You for
answering all my prayers!

They all look at him dancing around like an idiot.

Chester pumps his fist victoriously at them all.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
I knew you'd screw up!

ROBERTO
In the Shit - Part Three.

CHESTER

I knew it! Now you all get to go to jail, and I finally get my promotion! And you know what?

Chester runs his hand theatrically through his hair and breaks into Elvis again.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

"The warden threw a party in the county jail, The prison band was there and they began to wail..."

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alex and Frankie are lying in bed after sex, both looking thoughtfully up at the ceiling.

Frankie takes a puff of a joint and then passes it to Alex. He has a final drag and then puts it out in the ashtray.

ALEX

I don't feel like going to prison.
Not my idea of a good time.

Frankie looks at the ceiling.

FRANKIE

Chester is a pussy. When he realises what he's got himself into he'll be singing Love me Tender under our window.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

You shoulda been a politician.

FRANKIE

Human nature is just math, nothing complicated about it.

Alex thinks.

ALEX

Could us two...

FRANKIE

Thursday sex.

ALEX

I know, but...

Frankie turns over onto her side and closes her eyes. She is sleeping. Alex looks at her, sighs deeply and stares at the ceiling.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Thursday sex.

INT. CONFSSIONAL - DAY

Chester is sitting, nervously rubbing his hands. He adjusts his tie. He smooths back his hair. He adjusts the handkerchief in his jacket pocket.

No sooner has he relaxed a little than he remembers he did not switch his phone off. He nervously takes the phone out of his pocket, turns it off and puts it back in his pocket. He breathes deeply in and out again.

The little window opens.

THE PRIEST FROM EARLIER

PRIEST
Hello my son. Confess your sins and you shell be forgiven.

CHESTER
It's been a long time since I confessed. I lied to my mother that I was going to church regularly and I took part in a murder.

The priest looks up at the ceiling of the church.

PRIEST
Lord, have I wronged You in some way?

CHESTER
Sorry?

PRIEST
Who sent you, son?

CHESTER
Nobody.

Chester thinks for a moment.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
I was walking and thinking -- for hours.
(MORE)

CHESTER (CONT'D)

And then I suddenly looked around
and realised I was standing in
front of the church. I guess the
Lord Himself brought me here.

The priest shakes his head. He cannot believe what he is
hearing.

PRIEST

Who did you kill, son?

CHESTER

Actually, I didn't personally kill
anyone. But it's like I did. I
mean, legally speaking I definitely
did, but if you ask Him Up There
then I didn't really.

The priest peers through the little window.

PRIEST

Is this Candid Camera?

Chester is still nervous.

CHESTER

I'm a US Marshal. I am responsible
for four protected witnesses,
temporarily I mean. I'm supposed to
get promoted very soon. Though
after this I'll probably get
demoted.

The priest coughs.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I'll get to the point, shall I?

PRIEST

That would be good.

CHESTER

So, these witnesses of mine, they
killed a guy. I think he was a
criminal of some sort, but everyone
is the same in the eyes of God,
right?

The priest does not realise Chester is waiting for an answer.

PRIEST

Oh, er, that's right son.

CHESTER

I think they packed this guy into some sacks...

PRIEST

You don't have to go into all the details. The Lord doesn't really need to hear all that.

Chester coughs.

CHESTER

The problem is if I report to the boss what happened, I'll get blamed for not stopping it, and I'll never take a bullet for the President.

PRIEST

Sorry?

CHESTER

I can kiss my promotion goodbye -- but if I don't report it...

Chester looks up at the ceiling of the church.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I don't know what He would think of that... Him up there.

The priest rolls his eyes.

I/E: REHAB CENTER - LOUNGE - DAY

Roberto is sitting in the armchair. Frankie is at the bar doing the crossword. Alex is behind the bar making sandwiches. Lisa is on the couch reading a car magazine.

Chester is pacing irritably back and forth.

ALEX

Boss, what's your problem, anyway?

Chester pauses and looks at Alex.

CHESTER

What's my problem? My problem is I shoulda been out there defending my country long ago.

Roberto looks at Chester. "What are you on, man?"

CHESTER (CONT'D)
 I was supposed to be defending this
 wonderful country against...
 communists...

He tries to remember what else.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
 ...and those other... communists.
 That's my problem. Not to play
 nursemaid to you leeches.

LISA
 Fuck off!
 (Frankie)
 We shoulda sent him for a chat with
 St Peter, too.

Chester pretends not to hear.

CHESTER
 All your lives you've been pulling
 off shit, and then overnight you do
 a deal with Uncle Sam and suddenly
 you're all model citizens! That's
 my problem! And now I blew my
 chance at taking a bullet for the
 President - and I don't even go to
 church often enough any more.

Chester pulls up a bar stool and sits in frustration.

FRANKIE
 Well, we can arrange the bullet
 part for you straight away.

LISA
 We're all in the same shit now,
 Elvis. Sugar coat it, it'll taste
 nicer.

Chester undoes a button on his shirt and loosens his tie.

CHESTER
 You got a second chance and you
 don't even know how to make the
 most of it.

ROBERTO
 Hey, we're protected witnesses! You
 were supposed to take care of
 Kowalski, not us.

Chester has no reply to that. Alex looks at Chester.

ALEX

Whisky?

Chester looks at him and nods.

Alex puts a glass in front of Chester, but just as he begins to pour Chester motions him to stop.

Chester takes a handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes down the glass thoroughly and sets it down on the bar.

Alex pours whisky in the glass. Chester downs it in one gulp.

CHESTER

OK. My mistake. What're you gonna do now?

ALEX

Well, we're definitely not gonna...

Alex draws his index finger across his throat.

CHESTER

Thank you.

FRANKIE

Not us, YOU. YOU'RE going to do what you should've done before all this happened.

Chester looks inquiringly at Frankie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Find out who Kowalski came for. Maybe you finally get your promotion.

CHESTER

Just like that?

FRANKIE

That's your job. Right -- Elvis?

Alex smiles and puts a plate with a sandwich on it in front of Chester.

ALEX

Sandwich?

Marta enters in an excited state, talking on her cellphone.

MARTA

It's OK honey, just breathe. Ff, ff, ff...!

Marta pants as if she is about to give birth. Everybody looks in bewilderment at Marta.

MARTA (CONT'D)
That's right honey! Auntie's coming right away. Don't stop. Ff, ff, ff...!

Marta looks at the confused faces around her.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Just wait honey. Don't stop. Breathe, ff, ff, ff...!

Marta holds the phone away from her ear and addresses everyone in the house.

MARTA (CONT'D)
I'm going to be a great aunt! I need a day off.

Nobody speaks, they still look at her in confusion.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Did someone die?

I/E: REHAB CENTER - LOUNGE - DAY

Frankie is at the dining table, sorting out some accounts.

Chester is sitting in the armchair, cooling his head with a glass of whisky. He has loosened his tie and undone his shirt button.

Alex rushes in, extremely agitated, and goes up to Frankie.

ALEX
Tell me it's not true!

Frankie looks at Alex. "What the fuck's your problem?"

ALEX (CONT'D)
Is it true Judge Dredd is coming to the Center to try to quit smoking?

Alex paces nervously.

ALEX (CONT'D)
This can't be happening.

FRANKIE
Hey!

Alex stops pacing.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
First, sit down.

Alex remains standing. Frankie keeps looking at him. Alex sits down at the table.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Now, in English please.

Alex brings his face closer to Frankie's, his eyes wide open.

ALEX
Elizabeth Eleanor Fucking
Greenwood! The judge! The nastiest
bitch in Chicago! Is she really
booked in with us next week?

FRANKIE
Judge? She didn't mention her
profession when she called.

ALEX
No. She's not a judge. She's Judge
Fucking Dredd.

FRANKIE
What are you getting so worked up
about?

Alex says nothing. Frankie's eyes flash.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
No. You didn't?

ALEX
Every other Wednesday. Theater,
dinner, furious sex till morning.

Frankie laughs.

FRANKIE
Did you have facial surgery?

ALEX
Yes, just like all of you.

FRANKIE
Then don't worry. She won't peek
down your pants.

Chester is holding the whisky glass to his temple. He chimes in, in a deadpan voice.

CHESTER

You can run from fate all you like,
but it will always catch up with
you in the end.

DOORBELL RINGING

FRANKIE

(to Alex)

Go see who that is. I can't, I'm
doing these accounts right now.

Alex gets up. He walks past Chester.

ALEX

That was really the most
intelligent thing you had to say?

Chester just shrugs his shoulders.

Alex opens the door.

DETECTIVE GOODMAN

ALEX

Hello, how can I help you?

DETECTIVE GOODMAN (45) shows his badge.

GOODMAN

Hello. Detective Goodman, NYPD.

Alex looks as if he has seen a ghost.

ALEX

Goodman? ... Detective?

GOODMAN

Yes. And you are?

ALEX

Gardner. Alex Gardner.

Goodman smiles.

GOODMAN

Like James Bond.

ALEX

Sorry?

GOODMAN

You said your surname first, then
your name and surname together.

ALEX

I didn't notice.

GOODMAN

You work here?

ALEX

No. I'm just one of the owners.

Goodman nods.

GOODMAN

Can I have a word with you?

Alex is still rooted to the spot.

ALEX

I think I'd better call my
colleague.

Alex closes the door and walks through the lounge as though
hypnotized.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to Chester)

I think you'd better go to the
door. There's a Detective Goodman
here from the New York police.

Chester's headache passes instantly. He puts down the glass,
buttons up his shirt and fixes his tie.

Alex walks past Chester.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sing him a song. Something by
Elvis. Maybe he'll like your
version.

Chester heads for the door, adjusting his hair as he goes.

Chester opens the door.

GOODMAN

Good morning, Detective Goodman,
NYPD. A Mr Kowalski was seen
hunging around your clinic.

(MORE)

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

He's been reported missing, any
information you can give me would
be a great help.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT