

TOTALED  
by Clayton Emery

claytonemery@comcast.net  
603 380-4849

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

New Hampshire. Summer.

A dark tree-lined country road.

Two cars drag-race, loud.

CHUCK

Yeeeeee-hah!

CHUCK drives a spiffy Firebird. TERRY drives another fast car.

Chuck St. Amour is an average 20 YO.

His 16 YO girlfriend DANIELLE Normandin rides with him.

Terry Sullivan is a big bruiser 20 YO.

His 16 YO girlfriend LINDA Ruggieri rides with him.

The girls drink and smoke dope and give their boyfriends hits. Everyone hollers.

The cars drive insanely fast on this narrow back road --

-- Until the Firebird skids and slams into a huge tree.

Terry finds Chuck shattered behind the wheel. Linda is gone, out of sight. Danielle cries.

TERRY

Chuck. Oh, Jesus. Let me get you out'a there.

CHUCK

No, no. You gotta -- gotta --

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- MORNING

Theme music: Clanky blues like "Gun Street Girl" by Tom Waits

Blake's Service is a three-bay shade-tree garage. The YARD is jammed with cars awaiting service.

TITLE OVER:

TOTALED

Next to the yard is the junkyard. Acres of smashed cars.

PAN PAST wrecks to find TYGER BLAKE sitting on a hood of one, eating lunch, the loneliest woman in the world.

Susan "Tyger" Blake is our unofficial detective. Her hair is hacked short. Her face is "frozen" because it's lined with fine scars. She wears mechanic's clothes and a ball cap. The name stitched on her shirt is "CARL".

MANNY drives in the tow truck towing the smashed Firebird.

Manny Schultz is big, gutty, placid.

TYGER

Jesus. What happened to that?

MANNY

Drag racing on windy roads'll do that.

TYGER

Did the tree survive?

MANNY

Oh, yeah. It's ready for next Friday night. The kid driving it's not too good, cop said. Four legs in traction and tubes up his nose.

Tyger peers into the car. The front seat is soaked in BLOOD.

TYGER

He's lucky to be anywhere. You used to drag on back roads, didn't you?

MANNY

Yeah...

TYGER

What'd the chief say?

MANNY

Hold it till the insurance guy looks it over.

TYGER

Then what? Fill the front seat with dirt and plant tomatoes?

MANNY

Ought'a grow good with all the blood and bone to feed 'em.

Manny backs the wreck into weeds along a chain link fence. Gets out to unhook it.

A chunk falls off the car.

MANNY

What'ya bet insurance'll say it's  
not totaled.

TYGER

I know how it feels.

Tyger goes back to work.

LATER

She shakes a catalytic converter to get a rattle out. Throws  
it down in frustration.

Sound: Rattle rattle.

Junkyard DOGS, Bruno and Fido, perk up.

A faded Detroit clunker pulls in. It smokes and wheezes.

NICOLE gets out. Trash falls out with her.

Nicole is 33 YO but looks older, thin, worried, strung-out,  
Southern trailer trash with a Texas accent.

ASHLEY, her daughter, is underweight and timid with long  
blonde hair.

Dogs sniff. Ashley recoils.

TYGER

They don't bite, honey. Can I  
help you?

NICOLE

(Texas twang)

A friend sent me 'round? Said you  
was good at servicin' cars?

TYGER

I am. What's wrong?

NICOLE

It's stutterin', like? Starts real  
hard? Runs rough?

TYGER

Dieseling? Timing, maybe. Or the  
fuel filter.

Tyger opens the hood, fiddles the throttle. Fetches tools  
and quickly replaces the fuel filter with a new one.

Nicole starts the engine. It roars, fine.

TYGER  
Can't beat a Detroit headbanger.

NICOLE  
Wh-What do I owe ye?

Tyger notes Ashley's bunny slippers have holes.

TYGER  
Got ten bucks?

NICOLE  
Oh, yeah. I thought it would be a lot more'n that? Everyone said these damned Yankees was so cold and hardhearted, you know?

Tyger takes two fives, gives one five back.

TYGER  
There's a Big Lots on Route 33. Follow the road and bear left. Buy your daughter a pair of sneakers.

NICOLE  
All righ', I -- I'll do that. That lady said you were real nice.

TYGER  
What lady?

NICOLE  
Oh, just a frien'. God bless you.

Nicole drives off with Ashley looking back.

Manny comes out.

MANNY  
Who sent her?

TYGER  
A friend.

MANNY  
Hers or yours?

TYGER  
Gotta be hers.

MANNY  
Selling parts below cost'll bring 'em runnin'.

TYGER  
Gouge the next guy.

MANNY  
Now that every woman within fifty  
miles knows we got a female mechanic,  
we got three times's much work as  
ever.

TYGER  
Serves us right.

LATER

Tyger still fusses with the converter to find the rattle.

Sound: Rattle rattle.

Terry Sullivan drives in. He's a little banged up from the  
accident.

TERRY  
Hey, you work here? I want that  
Firebird towed to my house. What'd'ya  
charge?

TYGER  
I won't charge you a dime.

TERRY  
Good. 'Cause --

TYGER  
'Cause it's not going anywhere 'til  
the investigation's done.

TERRY  
Can I talk to the guy who owns this  
dump?

TYGER  
You're looking at him.

TERRY  
I want that car.

TYGER  
What for? It's totaled. Even the  
tire valve covers are cracked.

TERRY  
(reaching for wallet)  
I just want it. What's it gonna  
take?

TYGER  
A court order.

TERRY  
Hey, look, I'm Terry Sullivan. I --

Tyger slams the converter in frustration. A beech nut pops out.

TYGER  
Squirrels.

TERRY  
The car.

TYGER  
Isn't Terry a girl's name?

Terry moves to threaten Tyger. She whips a long wrench from a leg pocket. Dogs growl.

Terry backs up and drives off.

TYGER  
(to dogs)  
Guys, what's up with that car?

INT. TYGER'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Tyger's apartment is over a hardware store. It's boring and undecorated.

Oddly, World War 2 memorabilia is stacked around. Helmets, rifles, many boxes of books.

And a picture of Tyger, her ex-husband, and their beautiful daughter.

Tyger sits on a broken couch watching a WW2 show on the History Channel. She pounds blackberry brandy.

A knock at the door startles her.

TYGER  
What the hell?  
(calls)  
Go away.

Settles back on couch. Another knock makes her jump.

Exasperated, Tyger opens the door.

TYGER

What do you --

TWO OLD LADIES wait. Tyger stares muzzily.

OLD LADY 1

Hello, dear. Do you live here?

OLD LADY 2

Of course, she does. Don't you, dear?

OLD LADY 1

I say, dear, are you all right?

TYGER

What do you want?

OLD LADY 2

We're bringing 'round a petition to protect the integrity of our downtown. To keep Romney pristine.

OLD LADY 1

A decent place for people to live in peace and raise their children. Would you care to sign it?

TYGER

I'm not signing anything.

OLD LADY 2

It's going in right across the street.

TYGER

What is?

OLD LADY 2

The nightclub?

OLD LADY 1

A certain committee of well-meaning but addled citizens propose to build low-income apartments in the old Woolworth's across the street.

OLD LADY 2

The theater owner -- he's from out of town -- wants to build a nightclub in his cellar. A gay club.

OLD LADY 1

Surely, dear, you don't want mobs of poor people moving into downtown, do you?



TYGER

I'm poor. I live downtown.

OLD LADY 2

But surely you don't want homosexuals walking our sidewalks?

TYGER

What I want is for people to leave me alone.

Tyger slams the door.

Crowd noise comes from the street. Why?

Tyger looks. Across the street is the old Bijou Theater.

People mill on the sidewalk randomly. Why?

Tyger snags her keys and exits.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

The theater crowd, agitated, fills the street. CHIEF UTMEYER oversees. Tyger approaches.

Chief Utmeyer is 40, trim, small-town jocular.

TYGER

What's going on?

CHIEF UTMEYER

Bomb scare.

TYGER

What, somebody hates art flicks?

CHIEF UTMEYER

All kinds of nuts out there. How're you getting along?

TYGER

Ask my parole officer.

CHIEF UTMEYER

Ever hear on your PI license?

TYGER

I have a criminal record.

CHIEF UTMEYER

You can appeal.

TYGER  
Who'd hire me?

CHIEF UTMAYER  
(points at theater)  
The owner might.

Tyger stares a moment, mentally debating, but turns away.

TYGER  
Naw.

Tyger's car is an old Army jeep, much battered and full of junk.

Heading for her front door, she looks up at her apartment, doesn't want to go back. Looks at the night sky.

Tyger gets in her Jeep and drives off.

INT. PAT'S CAFE -- EVENING

Pat's Cafe is a beer and a shot joint with plywood walls, a loud jukebox, and no ambience.

Tyger pounds blackberry brandy.

Won't talk to Pat.

Won't talk to guys.

Something frustrates her. She leaves.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Tyger drives her Jeep to the Firebird crash site.

Tyger stops and studies. The road is long and straight here: odd place to swerve.

Her flashlight traces skid marks to a huge tree with crunched bark.

Tyger searches for she doesn't know what.

TYGER  
Something...

Shaking her head, Tyger touches the tree.

TYGER  
 (to the tree)  
 At least you're all right.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- MORNING

Tyger and Manny work on cars.

A yellow Porsche PULLS in. BRETТА gets out.

Bretta Olsen is 35, a little chubby, rich in a sun dress and sunglasses. She carries a YORKY dog. She's sunny and smiles a lot.

She peers at Tyger, and the name "Carl" on her shirt.

BRETТА  
 Susan Blake?

TYGER  
 (points to shirt)  
 Carl quit. What can I do for you  
 that Italian engineers can't?

BRETТА  
 It's not my car. It's the Bijou  
 Theater.

TYGER  
 Somebody finally bomb it?

Yorky squirms. Bretta puts it down with Bruno and Fido.

The dogs get along fine.

BRETТА  
 No somebody tried to burn it.

TYGER  
 Arson?

BRETТА  
 Cary Foye -- he's the owner -- told  
 me that last night someone loosened  
 the oil line that runs to the furnace.  
 He was working late and smelled oil  
 and caught it in time.

TYGER  
 He catch who sabotaged the oil line?

BRETTA

No. He covered the spill with cat litter. He's afraid to report it. The health inspector would shut him down.

TYGER

Burning up a theater full of moviegoers would be a bigger health hazard.

Bretta takes out a checkbook.

BRETTA

Can I hire you to guard the theater?

TYGER

Can you what?

BRETTA

I represent the Romney Affordable Housing Committee. Perhaps you've heard of us? We plan to build low-income housing in the old Woolworth's, and maybe the top floor of the theater too.

TYGER

Actually, I did hear that.

BRETTA

We won't have any place to build if the block burns down. I was hoping to hire someone as a night guard.

TYGER

So hire someone. The phone book's full of security firms.

BRETTA

I'd rather have you.

TYGER

Why?

BRETTA

Chief Utmeyer recommended you. He said you used to be a police officer.

TYGER

Used to be.

BRETTA

He said you were applying for a private detective's license.

TYGER

And like I told the chief, the state denied it. I have a criminal record.

BRETTA

Will you guard the theater? You just need to stay there through the night.

TYGER

Aren't you going to ask why I did time?

BRETTA

No. The past doesn't matter.

TYGER

Some of us, it's all we got.

BRETTA

The chief said you had the tenacity of a bulldog -- and the face and personality to match. He wasn't very nice.

TYGER

Well, neither am I. I guess I'll guard your theater. Us working-class poor have to stick together. Write me a check for \$500, if you can afford it.

BRETTA

I can afford it. I'm non-working rich.

TYGER

Then make it a thousand.

Bretta writes a check.

BRETTA

I'm glad to see you service all kinds of cars, even indigents' cars.

Bretta drives off.

TYGER

"Indigents?"

SOON

In the office, Tyger pecks at the grimy computer. Manny enters.

MANNY

You running down a master cylinder  
for Dodson's Impala?

TYGER

(types)

Nope. Running a civil records check  
on Bretta Olsen.

MANNY

You're using the woman's own money  
to investigate her?

TYGER

The person who reports the crime is  
the primary suspect.

Manny peers at the screen.

MANNY

That don't seem fair. What's her  
story?

TYGER

No pending lawsuits. No outstanding  
judgments. Married to Rolf Olsen.

MANNY

Drives an Escalade. Seen it around  
town.

TYGER

(types)

And her second husband. Divorced  
Geoffrey Boot for "neglect and  
cruelty" in 2008.

MANNY

It tells you all that stuff on the  
Internet?

TYGER

If you pay for it.

(types)

Rolf Olsen... Clean record. Ex-  
Army, 23 years. ABAT-SCOM, BRN-MIT.  
Are those computer terms?

MANNY

Military units. Only served in the  
US and Germany. Desk jockey,  
probably.

TYGER

Serves on various boards in Boston.  
Owns his own corporation,  
Northwestvest. Who owns the theater?

MANNY

Cary Foye, his name is. From out of  
town.

TYGER

(types)

Cary... Foye... No felonies or  
misdemeanors in New Hampshire... No  
tax liens, no bankruptcies, no  
mechanics' liens. Hmm... The theater  
is incorporated as "Bijou  
Productions".

(types)

We can look up the articles of  
incorporation on the state web site...  
"A. Active and in Good Standing."  
Incorporated March last year.  
President is... Evelyn Sutter of  
435 Tamworth Lane, Romney.

MANNY

El Camino.

TYGER

That's in California.

MANNY

No, her husband used to drive an El  
Camino. Bronze color, white  
sidewalls, 1984, cherry, not a lick  
of rust. Only drove it in the  
summertime. He must be dead by now.

TYGER

Maybe he was buried in it. Was he  
rich enough to leave his wife part-  
owner of a downtown theater?

MANNY

Dunno. He sure didn't spend money  
on cars.

INT. THEATER CELLAR -- NIGHT

A grimy old furnace room. Black cat litter covers the floor.

Tyger stands on cinder blocks. Finishes hooking up a webcam  
tucked in the ceiling corner.

TYGER

OK.

CARY watches.

Cary Foye is 33, gay, the theater owner.

CARY

And this will protect my theater  
from arson?

TYGER

Provided they turn the light on when  
they come down here.

Tyger goes to the top of the stairs. Pulls her cell phone.  
Turns off the light.

It's dark.

CARY

Cozy.

Tyger flicks on the light. Immediately her cell phone rings.

Sound: Tyger's cell phone rings

TYGER

Look.

CLOSE ON: Tyger's cell phone shows the furnace through the  
webcam.

CARY

Clever, but...

TYGER

Clever enough that I can run down  
here and bust their ass.

CARY

Provided they try the same trick  
twice.

TYGER

True. If they detonate a nuclear  
bomb in the lobby, the webcam won't  
help.

CARY

I'll make sure the insurance is paid  
up.



EXT. SUTTER COTTAGE -- AFTERNOON

A loop road. A tiny cottage sits alone under dark pines.

Not far off is a small subdivision of nice houses.

The cottage looks abandoned but oddly neat. No newspapers or trash. Grass freshly mowed.

Tyger knocks. No answer. Shakes the hand rail: it's solid. Walks around the house. Shuttered and silent.

Behind is a one-car shed.

Tyger peeks in, but old boxes block her view.

TYGER

(to herself)

Could be an El Camino in there. Or  
a dead dinosaur...

Tyger walks to the nearest house. Knocks on the screen door.

NEIGHBOR MOM comes from making supper.

TYGER

Hi. Sorry to interrupt. Do you  
know anything about that little house?

NEIGHBOR MOM

The Sutters. No one lives there.  
Mr. Sutter died and Mrs. Sutter went  
into a nursing home.

TYGER

So... Who mows the lawn?

She points across the street.

NEIGHBOR MOM

Jim Fairbanks. He just spins his  
riding mower around the yard when he  
does his own place.

TYGER

Who boned up the hand rail? Who  
keeps it neat?

She points to another house.

NEIGHBOR MOM

Sally. She just tightens up anything  
that's loose every spring.

TYGER

Every spring? How long has the neighborhood been watching the place?

NEIGHBOR MOM

I don't know. We've only lived here two years. Mrs. Sutter went into a nursing home before that.

TYGER

What nursing home?

NEIGHBOR MOM

I don't know. Jim might. You can call him. 4849. If you'll excuse me? I'm baking.

She goes inside. Tyger stares at the mystery house.

INT. THEATER STAGE

Tyger has a cot set up on stage with a reading light. Cary, in club clothes, prepares to leave.

CARY

I should charge you rent.

TYGER

In which case, I demand clean towels in the rest room.

CARY

How many nights do you plan to keep watch?

TYGER

Until I catch someone up to no good.

CARY

What will you do then?

TYGER

Carve out their liver with a rusty bayonet, then hang their body in the noonday sun to rot as a warning.

CARY

This town probably has an ordinance against crucifixion. But it might not be my problem much longer. I'm putting this place on the market.

TYGER

Why?

CARY

Too lean for a business, too expensive  
for a hobby.

Tyger strips to ratty tank top and faded bike shorts. She  
lays on the cot.

CARY

You're not worried about being alone?

TYGER

I'd be alone in my apartment. Here  
I've got something to do.

CARY

What do you usually do?

TYGER

Watch the History Channel and pound  
blackberry brandy.

CARY

But what else?

TYGER

There's isn't any "else". OK, I  
regret mistakes.

CARY

Lord, who doesn't. I'm going clubbing  
in Boston. Call if there's an  
emergency.

TYGER

Hey. What can you tell me about  
Evelyn Sutter of 435 Tamworth Lane?

CARY

She's one of the shareholders.

TYGER

She's the president of the corporation  
for this theater.

CARY

If you say so. My partner set up  
all the paperwork. I don't think  
I've ever met Mrs. Sutter.

TYGER

Who's your partner? I didn't see  
his/her name listed.

CARY  
Silent partner.

TYGER  
Who?

CARY  
Toodle-o.

Cary exits.

Tyger turns on a floor lamp to read a ratty paperback about WW2.

LATER

Tyger dozes.

A muffled CLUNK (window opening) wakes her.

PETE  
(soft whispers)

Tyger pulls on sneakers, grabs her big police flashlight, prowls.

INT. THEATER REAR -- NIGHT

PETE has slid up the window. He stands on a dumpster. BOY 2 is outside.

Pete Patton is a typical 15 YO boy in sloppy clothes.

Tyger sidles up in darkness.

PETE  
(hisses to BOY 2)  
Keep it quiet, bro.

Pete starts to climb through window.

Tyger slams the window on his back, pinning him.

PETE  
Ow!

Outside, Boy 2 runs.

TYGER  
Just you and me, bro.

PETE  
 (squashed by window)  
 Who are you?

TYGER  
 A better question is, Who are you?  
 You look a little young to be a serial  
 arsonist.

PETE  
 A what?

TYGER  
 A trespasser? B&E, misdemeanor.  
 Good for six months in the Youth  
 Detention Hall. That's a long time  
 to get bent over the sinks in the  
 Boys' Room.

PETE  
 They won't send me to jail. You're  
 no cop. You're not even dressed.

TYGER  
 But I do I represent the property  
 owner. Show me some ID.

PETE  
 Bull. Let me go.

Tyger leans on the window. Pete squirms.

PETE  
 You can't slap me around like this.  
 They'll put you in jail.

TYGER  
 Poor me. And I'm just trying to  
 help a vandal stuck in a window.  
 ID, please.

PETE  
 You -- asshole.

Tyger levers a foot to mash harder. Pete writhes.

TYGER  
 Kid, it's late and I'm tired. Show  
 me your ID and you can split.

Cursing and crying, Pete flips a wallet with school ID.

TYGER  
 Peter Charles Patton.  
 (MORE)

TYGER (CONT'D)  
From a nice part of town. Shame,  
shame. Get lost.

Tyger lets him go. Pete runs.

PETE (O.S.)  
Bitch!

TYGER  
You got that right!

Tyger locks the window, but the lock is old and loose.

Sound: Distant toilet flushes upstairs.

Someone flushed a toilet on the supposedly-deserted top floor?  
What the hell?

Still in underwear, Tyger goes upstairs to investigate.

INT. THEATER THIRD FLOOR -- NIGHT

The third floor is partitioned into old dressing rooms full  
of theater junk. It's dusty and supposedly unused.

A fire door passes to the adjacent building, the old  
Woolworth's.

The door is propped open by a broom.

Tyger goes through, shining her FLASH.

INT. WOOLWORTH'S, THIRD FLOOR

The adjacent building is an abandoned Woolworth's. This  
upper floor is old offices.

Tyger finds a small restroom. Feels the sink. It's WET.

SHOT: A GHOSTLY LITTLE GIRL runs past in a nightgown.

Spooked, Tyger swings her flashlight.

TYGER  
You! Freeze!

The fire door SLAMS.

Tyger runs and finds it locked.

TYGER

God damn it!

Cursing, Tyger bumbles downstairs.

Many minutes pass pass as she fights locked doors and obstacles.

Finally, Tyger finds a window and climbs outside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Still in her underwear, with no keys, Tyger is locked out of the theater.

TYGER

(to herself)

No keys. No cell phone. No clothes.

(yells at theater)

You better have a good excuse!

Disgusted, Tyger crosses the street for her apartment.

SOON

Dressed, with spare keys, Tyger climbs in her Jeep.

TYGER

(to herself)

Never the right tools when you need them.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- NIGHT

Tyger drives her Jeep to the garage.

The dogs BARK inside, angry at some intruder.

Out in the junkyard, a flashlight beam plays over the smashed Firebird.

Tyger coasts her Jeep to a halt. Picks up a big wrench, unlocks the gate, and slips inside.

SOMEONE (Terry Sullivan) searches the Firebird with a flashlight.

Tyger watches, mosquitoes drilling, gets tired of waiting.

TYGER

No luck, huh?

Terry swings the flashlight and blinds her. Runs at her.

Tyger dodges but is bashed flat.

Terry raises a foot to stomp Tyger.

TERRY

I'll fix your ugly face.

Tyger rolls but is kicked. Tyger holds the wrench in two hands and rakes Terry'S shin. He howls.

TYGER

I'll kill you!

Leaping up, berserk, Tyger swings her wrench to kill him. Bats him twice. Terry's fist knocks her down.

Terry jumps atop to strangle her. Tyger rams fingers in his eyes.

TERRY

Aggh!

Terry swings wild, clips Tyger. Runs off. She BLACKS OUT.

LATER

CHIEF UTMeyer

Susan. Wake up. Susan.

Chief Utmeyer wakes Tyger.

CHIEF UTMeyer

I saw your jeep parked and the gate open. What happened?

TYGER

(groggy)

I don't know. But I'm going to find out.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS

MONTAGE as Tyger investigates:

>> In a dusty back room at the Town Hall, Tyger sifts deeds.

>> She talks to the Town Clerk.

>> She asks questions at a bank.



>> In her apartment, she digs through the Internet and phone book, making many calls.

>> Nada. She throws her notebook at her sloppy desk and goes out, SLAMS the door.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

Patrons buy tickets for a movie. Cary serves popcorn.

Tyger enters, ignoring Cary, and mounts to the third floor.

But Cary looks worried she's poking around up there.

INT. THEATER, THIRD FLOOR

Tyger creeps, listening. Pulls a flashlight, searches. Pushes on walls looking for hidden doors.

Gives up and goes back to the lobby.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

Cary waits for patrons, checking his phone.

TYGER

What's the deal with the third floor?

CARY

Nothing. We don't use it.

TYGER

Someone's hiding up there.

CARY

Did you find anyone?

TYGER

No, but the place is a maze.

CARY

Even if someone were up there, it's nothing you need worry about.

TYGER

When someone's trying to burn down your precious theater?

CARY

The one thing's got nothing to do with the other.

TYGER

Jesus Christ. OK, what's the deal with Mrs. Sutter? I stopped by her house and it's abandoned. Did she move to Florida and not tell anyone?

CARY

I wouldn't know. My partner handles that.

TYGER

And you won't tell me who he is.

CARY

They have to remain anonymous.

TYGER

I hope they do burn this dump down, and I hope you're in it.

Tyger storms out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Disgusted, Tyger looks up and down the street. Thinks of something new (Pete).

TYGER

(to herself)

Maybe somebody else will.

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A small in-town home.

Tyger knocks on the back door. PETE'S MOM comes to the door.

Pete's Mom is 40ish, neat, calm.

TYGER

Hello. Is Pete here? He applied for a job at our garage and forgot to put his telephone number on the application.

PETE'S MOM

Peter applied for a job at a garage?  
 Sure. Why tell his mother?  
 (calls upstairs)  
 Petey! Someone to see you.

Pete CLUMPS down the stairs, gawks.

PETE

Uh, yeah?

TYGER

You applied for a job at the garage?  
 We have a few more questions. Can  
 you step out here?

PETE

Sure.

Pete and Tyger walk down the driveway, swat mosquitoes.

PETE

What do you want? I didn't do  
 anything, really.

TYGER

I wonder. How many times have you  
 snuck into the theater?

PETE

Just that once.

TYGER

Chill out, will you? And don't make  
 me stand here and feed mosquitoes, I  
 get cranky.

PETE

A few times, maybe.

TYGER

You and your cross-country bud? Did  
 you ever see anyone else in the  
 theater? Anyone who didn't belong?

PETE

No.

TYGER

Did you see anyone else sneaking  
 around? Causing trouble?

PETE

We saw the owner fighting with another  
 guy. Yelling about a gay club.

TYGER

What'd the other guy look like?

PETE

I only saw him a little. From the back. He had blonde hair. Real blonde.

TYGER

Real blonde. Long? Short?

PETE

Short.

TYGER

Young? Old? Was his voice clear and high or gravelly?

PETE

I don't know. My heart was thumpin' so loud I could barely hear anything.

TYGER

Couldn't pick him out in a lineup, huh? Ever stumble over a little girl?

PETE

No.

TYGER

OK, thanks.

Tyger turns to go.

PETE

What about the job?

TYGER

What job?

PETE

You told my mom I applied for a job at a garage.

TYGER

I had to tell her something. You're a little young to be dating.

PETE

Hey, I date. Is there really a job? I could use some money for games.

TYGER

What the hell. Maybe something'll jog your memory. Show up Monday at 9:00. Bring your lunch.

PETE

What do you pay?

TYGER

Jesus Christ. Minimum wage plus 50 cents. Take it or leave it.

Pete pulls out his cell phone.

PETE

Swap numbers.

TYGER

I don't give out my cell phone number.

PETE

Get mine. 555-6747.

Tyger punches Pete's number into her cell phone.

TYGER

There. You're 2 on the speed dial, OK?

PETE

You've only got one number on your speed dial?

TYGER

Monday.

Pete swaggers home. Shaking her head, Tyger walks off.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- DAY

Tyger walks from the junk cars with a can of baby powder. It's empty, and she chucks it in a trash can.

Tyger wears a faded camo T-shirt with battery acid holes.

Manny is on break, taking sun, drinking a soda.

TYGER

Nothing showing today.

MANNY

You get those U-joints in Pierce's truck?

TYGER

I put in two. He needs all four,  
but he said no.

MANNY

"Cheap guys pay the most." A great  
way to go broke, running a garage.

TYGER

It's honest. More than a lot of  
people can say.

MANNY

You making any headway on your --  
whatcha' callems?

TYGER

I've got a whole lot of people lying  
to my face.

MANNY

I'll stick to fixing cars.

TYGER

Speaking of which, I hired a kid to  
clean up around here. Starts Monday.

MANNY

He'll be busy.

LATER

The yellow Porsche drives up. Bretta with her Yorky. Manny  
and Tyger work.

BRETTA

Susan, I'm hosting a garden party  
tomorrow night.

TYGER

Huh? I thought you wanted an update  
on the theater. And I gotta ask.  
Do you know who's hiding upstairs?

BRETTA

Upstairs in the theater? No. What  
did Cary say?

TYGER

He denied it.

BRETTA

Then I guess we needn't worry. For  
the party, can you come?

(MORE)

BRETTA (CONT'D)

It'll be fun. We'll have live music and a light dinner. A chamber orchestra. First party of the summer, really.

TYGER

You're asking the wrong person.

BRETTA

Saturday night?

MANNY

We don't need her here.

BRETTA

Good. 300 Patriot Way. 7:00. Feel free to bring a friend. See you there.

Bretta drives off.

TYGER

What the hell was that?

MANNY

An invite to a party.

TYGER

Jesus. I'll have to get a haircut. And buy a dress. And what's this "She's not needed here," crap?

MANNY

It means you're free.

TYGER

Yeah, for the rest of my life. I've got half a mind to drag you along as punishment.

MANNY

I ain't a friend. I'm just someone you work with.

TYGER

What am I supposed to do at a garden party?

MANNY

Dance? Then ask questions. Somebody might know something about that arson thing. 'Sides, what'd you do last Saturday night?

TYGER

I watched trash and went to bed  
hammered, same as any other night.

MANNY

Sounds like she was talking to the  
right person.

TYGER

You're a big fat help.

Tyger gets in her Jeep and drives off.

INT. HAIR SALON -- DAY

Neat but not fancy. GLENDA, the owner, sweeps up.

Glenda is slim, 40s, with great hair.

Tyger enters in her holy T-shirt.

TYGER

I need an emergency haircut.

GLENDA

Boy, you're not kidding. Sit.

Glenda shampoos Tyger's hair.

GLENDA

Any reason all of a sudden?

TYGER

I'm going to a party.

GLENDA

Kid's party? You gonna be the clown  
makes the balloon animals?

TYGER

I wish. It's a garden party.

GLENDA

Ooch. Hope there's lots of liquor.

TYGER

Like I need to pass out at a party  
where I don't know anybody.

GLENDA

You might wake up in some cute guy's  
bedroom. Or cute girl's.



TYGER  
No butch haircut.

Glenda steers Tyger to a chair before mirrors. Tyger hates mirrors.

GLEENDA  
Pixie cut? Wedge? Mullet to go  
with your T-shirt?

TYGER  
Something I don't have to fuss with.

GLEENDA  
Crew cut's easy to maintain.  
Pineapple's passe'. Is it me, or is  
your face crooked?

TYGER  
I fell rock-climbing.

GLEENDA  
Wow. Beats my emergency hysterectomy.  
They did a good job putting it back  
together. Call it a diamond shape.  
(picks up scissors)  
Wish me luck.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- EVENING

Tyger, in new haircut, new dress, and new pumps, drives to the closed yard. She carries a drug store plastic bag.

At the Firebird, she sprinkles baby powder over the wreck. Gets some on her dress.

TYGER  
Son of a bitch!

She starts BAWLING and can't stop.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

An expensive modern house, all lit up. The garden party is out back on an extensive veranda.

In a new haircut, new dress, and black pumps, Tyger balks.

TYGER  
(to herself)  
"Do the thing you fear most."

INT. OLSEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Tyger enters and is ignored.

With no other destination, she goes to the bar.

TYGER

Double Jack -- No, glass of red wine.

Bretta spots her, steers her by the arm.

BRETTA

Susan, so glad you could make it. You're going to have such a good time. Oh, I wanted to ask. Would you like to help set up the 4th of July this year?

TYGER

What? Jesus, no.

BRETTA

I'm on the organizing committee. We're hoping the governor can make it. I'll introduce her on stage before the fireworks. We need help setting up and tearing down.

TYGER

Bretta, I said no.

BRETTA

That's fine. Think it over.

BACK YARD

A chamber orchestra plays. The party is in full swing. A spirited debate goes on, people arguing civilly.

Tyger rubs her arms: it's chilly. Bretta steers her to BILL.

Bill Kennedy is a college professor, a marine biologist. 38, blonde, sunburned, plain-handsome in a silk jacket.

BRETTA

Susan, Bill. He's a marine biologist. You're a detective. Talk.

Bretta bustles off.

TYGER

Sure. Why not? You count fish?

BILL

Try to. It's a dream job. I can cite any numbers I like. Doesn't matter. Nobody believes 'em.

TYGER

Sounds like what I do. I'm really a mechanic. Whatever we do is magic. The customer'll pay anything just to get their wheels back.

BILL

Remind me not to take my car to your garage.

Bill shucks his jacket and drapes it around Tyger. She's flustered.

BILL

You looked cold.

TYGER

I, uh, was. Thank you. I'm not -- used to -- attention.

BILL

Pretty thing like you?

TYGER

You've had enough.  
(looking around)  
What's the big argument?

BILL

Dunno. I live in Durham. Drink?

TYGER

Sure. Wine.

TIME PASSES

Tyger and Bill drink and talk. Tyger even LAUGHS.

The argument escalates. Tyger and Bill drift over.

Centermost is ROLF OLSEN, Bretta's husband: 60, trim, white hair, red face.

ROLF

All I'm saying is, there were plenty of sites for affordable housing out of town --

PARTY WOMAN

The whole idea is to keep people  
living downtown --

PARTY MAN

Insanity. Suicide. Our property  
values --

PARTY WOMAN 2

Nobody was using the old Woolworth's.

ROLF

As if indigents weren't responsible  
for their condition.

TYGER

(to herself)

"Indigents..."

PARTY MAN

With liberals nobody's responsible  
for anything.

PARTY WOMAN

Working poor, Rolf. Something you  
could never identify with.

ROLF

I made every dime I own --

TYGER

But were never poor, I'd bet.

ROLF

You must be that detective Bretta  
hired. She said you were --

TYGER

Indigent?

ROLF

No. A mechanic?

TYGER

Working poor, yeah.

Embarrassed silence. Bill takes her arm.

BILL

Care to dance?

TYGER

No.

Bill tows Tyger before the orchestra. The only couple.

TYGER  
Get your hands off me.

BILL  
C'mon. Dancing is more fun than  
fighting.

TYGER  
Just dance me to the shadows so I  
can slip away.

BILL  
Do you know you have beautiful brown  
eyes?

TYGER  
They complement the grease under my  
fingernails.

BILL  
I've got fish slime under mine.

Other couples dance. Tyger gives up and dances.

BILL  
So tell me about yourself.

TYGER  
Nothing to tell.

BILL  
A challenge. Hmm... You like this  
kind of music?

TYGER  
I like music where the band sets  
their guitars on fire.

BILL  
KISS?

TYGER  
Try it and I'll bust your lip.

BILL  
I meant the band.

TYGER  
Oh.

They talk low and dance. Bill fetches more wine and they  
drink. Dance more.

TIME PASSES

The party winds down. Orchestra players case instruments.  
Bill has wandered off. Tyger is alone, still wearing his jacket. She confronts Bretta, who's tipsy.

TYGER  
Bretta, why did you invite me here?

BRETTA  
(tipsy, impish)  
Funny the party should break up this early. Just as well. I have to drive to Boston tomorrow for a church charity thing. All that damned traffic. I have to take Rolf's SUV just to stay alive.

TYGER  
Bretta...

BRETTA  
Because I thought you'd enjoy it. Did you?

TYGER  
Uh, yeah. I did. I talked to Bill, then got sucked into that stupid argument --

BRETTA  
Ignore Rolf. He's an opinionated ass. You got along famously with Bill.

TYGER  
Yeah. Where did he --

BRETTA  
He left.

Tyger shucks Bill's jacket.

TYGER  
Without saying goodbye... Never mind. I still have his jacket.

BRETTA  
You need to return that personally.

TYGER  
OK... What's his last name? His phone number? Where does he work?

BRETTA  
 (grins)  
 You're the detective.

INT. TYGER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Sunday morning, very early.

Tyger sleeps in her underwear, curled up in a messy bed like a child.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. Hammers her hangover. She grabs it.

TYGER  
 God. Jesus.  
 (into phone)  
 What?

BRETTA  
 (on phone)  
 Susan, it's Bretta. I hate to impose,  
 but can you help me? My car won't  
 start.

TYGER  
 What? The Porsche? Take it back.  
 Tell the Pope.

BRETTA  
 No. Rolf's Escalade. I need it  
 desperately to go into Boston for a  
 meeting, you see --

TYGER  
 Fine, fine. Detroit engineering I  
 understand. Gimme, Jesus God, fifteen  
 minutes.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE

Bretta, in a crisp summer suit, waits by the big Escalade.  
 Tyger rattles up in her Jeep, very hung over.

BRETTA  
 Good morning, Susan. I really  
 appreciate --

TYGER  
 Bretta, please. Just let me look at  
 the car.

BRETTA

I might even tell you Bill's last  
name --

TYGER

Screw Bill. Now shut up or I'll go  
home rather than disgrace myself in  
your driveway.

Bretta keeps quiet. Tyger snags the keys, climbs in the  
Escalade, and tries to start it. It just clicks.

Sound: Engine ignition clicks.

TYGER

Spark.

BRETTA

What?

Tyger pulls the hood latch, opens the hood.

TYGER

Spark or fuel. Engines run on two  
things: spark and fuel. Used to be.  
Nowadays the computer screws  
everything up. So we need to reset  
that.

BRETTA

I know how to do that.

Bretta goes into the HOUSE.

Shading her eyes against sun-glare, Tyger climbs the bumper  
to peek at the engine.

Bretta returns with a second set of keys.

BRETTA (O.S.)

This remote-thingy resets the computer  
if you turn the key the wrong way --

Headfirst under the hood, Tyger spots the problem.

CLOSE ON: Four sticks of DYNAMITE are wired to the starter!

BRETTA (O.S.)

You push this button and hold for  
thirty seconds --

Tyger dives off the car, tackles Bretta behind a stone wall --

-- As the Escalade EXPLODES.



Tyger and Bretta stare at the smoking blast site.

TYGER  
I found your problem.

INT. GARAGE -- DAY

Tyger works on one car, Manny another.

A police car pulls in. Chief Utmeyer enters.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
You can release the Pontiac. The  
Firebird. Insurance company's done  
with it.

TYGER  
Release it where? It's totaled.  
Doesn't anyone get that? Hey, did  
Bomb Squad report in yet?

CHIEF UTMEYER  
(scoffs)  
We're talking the state.

TYGER  
You know anything about squatters  
hiding in the theater?

CHIEF UTMEYER  
You mean kids partying?

TYGER  
A little girl like a ghost. Using  
the toilet in the middle of the night.  
Too small to be alone.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
What's the owner say?

TYGER  
Not to worry. The outside doors are  
locked by night.

MANNY  
Old building like that, half the  
town'd have keys.

TYGER  
And loose windows.

CHIEF UTMEYER

The Affordable Housing Committee runs tours through there all the time, trying to drum up investors. The place is a sieve. I'll talk to the owner. Hate to have a historic site burn down because some kids are playing Black Sabbath with candles.

Chief Utmeyer drives off.

TYGER

Who gets the Firebird? The kid's still in the hospital, right? Does the family want it?

MANNY

Kid's mom says she hates the damned thing, never wants to see it again.

TYGER

Happy to oblige.

Tyger grabs the mask, gloves, and cutting torch and drags it outside.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- DAY

At the Firebird, Tyger checks baby powder sprinkled on the car.

CLOSE ON: Baby powder shows raccoon prints.

TYGER

Raccoons.

She dons mask and gloves and sparks the cutting torch.

Tyger cuts the car into pieces, searching each piece.

Tyger cuts loose the hood and shoves it aside.

A rental SUV pulls in. Rolf Olsen gets out.

ROLF

Susan, is it? Bretta was right. I want you to investigate who planted that bomb in my car.

TYGER

The Greenies, county sheriff, and local police force all have stiff dicks for it, for free.

ROLF

An extra pair of eyes can't hurt. I take threats on my life very seriously.

TYGER

How many threats on your life do you get?

ROLF

None.

TYGER

So what's changed? Did you piss anyone off? Cut off a car in traffic? Bankrupt a pillar of the community? Dump widows and orphans in the streets? You're an investment banker, right?

ROLF

No. I'm a consultant. I work with cutthroats, not killers.

TYGER

Get me a list of everyone who attended the party, and all the hired help. I'll start there.

ROLF

What good will that do?

TYGER

Whoever wired the bomb either did it before the party started, while the party was on, or after in the middle of the night. But probably not during.

ROLF

Why not?

TYGER

People mill around at parties. They pee in your bushes and sneak around corners to smoke dope or grab a quickie, or just stroll under the moonlight. Looks kind of funny if you're under the hood with a flashlight and dynamite.

ROLF

You're not taking this very seriously.

TYGER  
Get me that list and you'll see  
serious.

Unsatisfied, Rolf leaves in his rented SUV.

TYGER  
(to herself)  
Arrogant prick. Like he cares -

CLOSE ON: A sparkle deep in the air vent.

Tyger picks out a silver earring. The loop is stained with blood.

TYGER  
Here's the earring. Where's the  
ear?

Tyger carefully buttons the earring in her shirt pocket.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Tyger strides through the hospital, sweating about bad memories.

The ICU is walled off by glass.

A NURSE studies Tyger with clinical interest.

TYGER  
Chuck St. Amour?

NURSE  
Immediate family members only.

Chuck St. Amour (the Firebird driver) is bandaged like a mummy.

Beside him sits Danielle: 17 YO, dark, weepy.

TYGER  
Chuck's wife?

NURSE  
Therapy.

Tyger's nerve is cracking. She sweats buckets. Nurse stares.

TYGER  
I spent -- way too much time in a  
hospital.

Tyger waits until the Nurse moves away and ducks in the door.

TYGER  
(fake cheery)  
How ya feeling?

CHUCK  
(drugged, puzzled)  
Better, thanks.

TYGER  
Glad to hear it.  
(summons Danielle)  
Out here, hon.

Confused but obedient, Danielle joins Tyger in the hall.  
Danielle is strung tight.

TYGER  
Your name?

DANIELLE  
Danielle -- Normandin.

TYGER  
You're Chuckie's girlfriend?

DANIELLE  
Yes.

TYGER  
Or Terry's?

DANIELLE  
Um...

Tyger shows Danielle the earring. No recognition.

TYGER  
Yours?

Danielle shakes head: No.

TYGER  
Know where I found it?

DANIELLE  
In Chuckie's car? Yeah, it's mine.

Danielle reaches for the earring. Tyger keeps it.

TYGER  
You'd have said so right away. Whose  
is it?

DANIELLE

It must be -- Linda's.

TYGER

Linda who?

DANIELLE

Linda... Ruggieri. Chuck's girlfriend. But she ran away. Left town.

TYGER

Another missing female.

Terry arrives, Danielle's ride. His face is scratched from brawling in the garage yard.

Terry is angry to see Tyger, but even more ticked that Danielle is mooning over Chuck.

He grabs Danielle's arm.

DANIELLE

Ow. Terry.

TERRY

Shut up.

(to Tyger)

What are you doing here?

TYGER

Selling Girl Scout cookies. Chuckie's on solid food.

(watches)

He'll be out soon.

Growling, Terry drags off Danielle.

NURSE

Visiting hours are --

TYGER

I know. I used to live here.

INT. RUGGIERI HOUSE -- EVENING

Tyger rings. MRS. RUGGIERI answers. The television blares.

Mrs. Ruggieri is 45 YO, chunky, cheap, smoking and stoned.

MRS. RUGGIERI

Christ. Do you ever wash your face?

TYGER  
Mrs. Ruggieri?

MRS. RUGGIERI  
You here for Linda? Because she  
hasn't been gone long enough.

TYGER  
Long enough for what?

MRS. RUGGIERI  
To call for money. Or a ride home.

TYGER  
She's taken off before?

MRS. RUGGIERI  
All the time. It's just to get my  
goat.

TYGER  
May I see her room?

MRS. RUGGIERI  
Who are you?

TYGER  
Someone who cares about Linda.

MRS. RUGGIERI  
We all care about Linda.

TYGER  
Then may I see her room?

#### LINDA'S ROOM

Linda's room is a typical teen's, cuteness and disaster.

TYGER  
What's missing?

Mrs. Ruggieri opens the closet. The top shelf is bare.

MRS. RUGGIERI  
Her suitcase. A week's supply of  
panties and bras. Some clothes.  
She could never take them all. And  
Mister Bear. She still sleeps with  
him.

TYGER  
Who was she going with lately?

MRS. RUGGIERI

I don't know. She's popular with all the boys. Are you from the school?

TYGER

No, ma'am.

She flinches at "Ma'am".

MRS. RUGGIERI

You better go.

Mrs. Ruggieri lurches downstairs. Tyger follows.

Tyger stops in the front hall.

TYGER

Exactly when did Linda leave?

MRS. RUGGIERI

Sunday afternoon? I had a date. There was a note on the table.

TYGER

May I see it?

MRS. RUGGIERI

Jesus, you're a nosy thing.

KITCHEN

The kitchen is a mess. Linda's school papers, years old, cover the fridge door.

Mrs. Ruggieri gives a scrap to Tyger and pulls a beer.

TYGER

(reading note)

"Momster. Going away for a while. Will call soon. Don't worry about me. Love, Lindster." As if a mother would worry when her daughter runs away. When did you last see her?

MRS. RUGGIERI

Friday morning. She bitched when I ate the last muffin.

TYGER

You saw her Friday morning. She came and packed Sunday afternoon while you were out. Can I get her phone number?



MRS. RUGGIERI

I don't know it. And didn't I ask  
you to leave?

TYGER

I'm gone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- EVENING

Tyger sits in her Jeep thinking. Thumbs 2 on her phone.

At his house, Pete plays a video game.

INTERCUT between them.

TYGER

(on phone)

Peter Charles Patton. Susan Blake.  
I need help with an investigation.  
You go to the high school, right?

PETE

(on phone)

No, I go to the academy because I'm  
an A student and my father's a  
billionaire.

TYGER

Pete, if you're gonna succeed in law  
enforcement, you need to give straight  
answers. You go to the high school?

PETE

Sure do.

TYGER

Great. I need to know about Linda  
Ruggieri, another student. She might  
have run off.

PETE

What am I supposed to find out?

TYGER

Everything, and if she really ran  
off. I'd do it myself, but I don't  
have time to go undercover as a  
cheerleader.

PETE

Our cheerleaders suck anyway. OK.  
I'll ask around.

TYGER  
 Make it quick and I'll reward you  
 with a pile of money.

PETE  
 How big a pile?

TYGER  
 Enough to buy yourself a Lamborghini  
 and your mother a Lexus.

PETE  
 Detectives have to give straight  
 answers.

TYGER  
 Detectives carry guns, Pete. Do the  
 teenage thing. Network.

PETE  
 Got it.  
 (to video game)  
 Eat flaming death, you rat-bastard.

INT. TYGER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Tyger sleeps.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. Tyger jerks awake, grabs it.

TYGER  
 (on phone)  
 Whoever you are, eat flaming death.

PETE  
 (on phone)  
 It's me. Pete. Your partner.

TYGER  
 At 3 AM?

PETE  
 Linda Ruggieri is gone. No one's  
 seen her since Friday. Or talked to  
 her on the phone.

TYGER  
 You get her cell phone number? Gimme.

Tyger scribbles down Linda's phone number.

PETE  
I don't get it. Where's Linda  
supposed to be?

TYGER  
She might not be anywhere.

PETE  
Money.

TYGER  
Send me an invoice.

PETE  
A what?

Tyger hangs up and dials Linda's number.

LINDA  
(voice mail message)  
Hey, hoo, you know who. Leave a  
message.

Tyger hangs up.

Awake, she dresses.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- NIGHT

DOGS, locked in the garage, BARK.

At the Firebird, by flashlight, Tyger picks up a handful of  
shattered windshield glass.

TYGER  
(to herself)  
Unbelievable. Me, of all people.

EXT. GARAGE -- NIGHT

Tyger opens the garage door. Bruno and Fido bound out.

TYGER  
C'mon, guys. Bring your noses.

Tyger loads the two dogs in her Jeep.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Tyger drives to the crash site. It's deserted and dark.

Dogs bound out. Tyger shines her flash.

A stone wall has rocks knocked down -- a gap.

Tyger WHISTLES the dogs.

In a tiny clearing, leaves cover fresh dirt.

Dogs dig and uncover --

-- LINDA RUGGIERI, dead.

One earlobe is torn. The other holds a silver earring.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Cops phone and type. Mrs. Ruggieri sobs in BG. Miffed COPS glare at Tyger.

Chief Utmeyer finishes taking Tyger's statement.

CHIEF UTMAYER

You could'a clued us in. Why make us look bad?

TYGER

I was curious. I found an earring and wondered what happened to the rest of the girl.

CHIEF UTMAYER

Curiosity killed the cat.

TYGER

(suddenly hot)

And women get chewed up and spit out every day of the week, and nobody cares.

CHIEF UTMAYER

That's what the police are for.

TYGER

Which part?

CHIEF UTMEYER  
You can forget the recommendation  
for the PI license.

TYGER  
I never asked for one.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
Hit the road.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Tyger walks to her apartment.

Passes the theater. It's closed. People peer, wondering why.

Puzzled, Tyger looks at her cell phone.

CLOSE ON: Time is 8:40.

Tyger jumps in her Jeep and drives.

EXT. APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Tyger BUZZES Cary's apartment number. No answer.

BUZZES the Apartment Manager.

APT MANAGER  
(over intercom)  
What?

TYGER  
(into intercom)  
Romney Police. We're making a  
wellness check on Cary Foye.

APT MANAGER  
Why? It's not like he's elderly.

TYGER  
He's had death threats, bomb scares.  
We just want to check. He doesn't  
answer his buzzer.

APT MANAGER  
He'd be at the movie house.

TYGER  
It's closed. Open his apartment,  
will you?

APT MANAGER  
Oy. Wait a minute.

APARTMENT MANAGER opens door.

Apartment Manager is a nondescript guy 60 YO.

APT MANAGER  
You're not a Cop.

TYGER  
Detective. Cary's apartment?

APT MANAGER  
I know all the cops. You're not a  
detective.

TYGER  
Hey, he's missing. Open up.

APT MANAGER  
Man alive. Anything to make you go  
away.

INT. CARY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Apartment Manager unlocks the door.

APT MANAGER  
I'm watching you.

Tyger enters. Apartment Manager FOLLOWS.

TYGER  
Watch him.

CARY LIES DEAD on his couch.

A bottle of whiskey and empty bottle of pills stand on a  
table.

TYGER  
Cary, you idiot.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING

A Marine Biology office has fish models and ocean charts.

Bill Kennedy sits working.

His silk jacket FLOPS on his desk. Bill smiles.

BILL  
How'd you find me?

TYGER  
You're a Marine Biologist. One college, one department, two Bills, one with blonde hair -- Doctor Kennedy.

BILL  
So you really are a detective.

TYGER  
No, I really am not. But I am glad to find someone alive for a change.

BILL  
I heard something on the radio. You found a missing girl?

TYGER  
A dead girl. Who nobody cared was missing. And a gay guy, same thing.

BILL  
Terrible. You want to split a pizza?

TYGER  
Does the place have a liquor license?

EXT. CAMPUS

Tyger leads Bill to her old Jeep.

BILL  
You steal this from a museum?

TYGER  
It was my grandfather's. Which way?

Tyger drives. Bill picks up artifacts: a WWII helmet, bullet casings, a big knife. Students point.

BILL  
So you really are a mechanic.

TYGER  
More than you're a real doctor.

BILL

You got that right. I couldn't dig a splinter out of a baboon's ass. Turn right. Were you close to your grandfather?

TYGER

Only one in the world who was. But let's talk about something else, OK?

EXT. PIZZA PARLOR

Tyger and Bill get out of her Jeep.

BILL

You just leave it sitting like that? Students'll steal anything. That helmet --

TYGER

I've got 16 more.

BILL

16 more helmets?

TYGER

Helmets, uniforms, campaign maps, dummy grenades, canvas webbing, blood-chit scarves, broken radios, Lucky Strike K-ration cigarettes, an M1, a Thompson submachine gun, a 155 mm shell, and forty-two boxes of books that stink of cigarettes.

BILL

Jeez. All I inherited was money.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR

Bill orders pizza and brings a pitcher of beer. Bill slumps.

BILL

Sorry. I had to pull hand lines out by Star Island before dawn.

TYGER

And what did you catch?

BILL

Readings, data. Would you believe the coastal Atlantic is polluted?



TYGER  
You need a PhD to tell that?

BILL  
No, I need a PhD to get people to  
listen.

TYGER  
You said they don't.

BILL  
Let's talk about something else, OK?

TYGER  
OK. Why did Bretta set us up? And  
how come you knew beforehand?

BILL  
Wow. Uh, Bretta thought we'd be a  
good match.

TYGER  
Why?

BILL  
I'm not sure. We're about the same  
age? Matchmakers work on hunches.

TYGER  
(growing angry)  
But why me? What'd she say about  
me?

BILL  
That she just met you, that you seemed  
like a really interesting person,  
that she felt sorry for you --

Tyger pours her beer back in the pitcher and walks out.

EXT. PIZZA PARLOR

Angry, Tyger clashes gears and swivels to back up --  
-- Except Bill stands behind her Jeep, blocking her.

TYGER  
Move.

BILL  
My bad.

Tyger rocks the Jeep. Students watch the drama.

BILL

I don't feel sorry for you. Bretta did. I do think you're an interesting person.

TYGER

Move or I'll break your knees.

BILL

No, I don't think you will. Look, can we at least finish the pizza? You said you were hungry.

Boxed in, Tyger stops the Jeep. They go back inside.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR

Tyger sits. Bill is wary of spooking a wild animal.

TYGER

Don't expect me to stay for spumoni.

BILL

Honest. That was Bretta, not me.

TYGER

I won't put up with pity. It makes me want to crawl under a rock.

BILL

I can see that.

Bill fetches pizza. They eat.

TYGER

What else did Bretta say?

BILL

She said you were stubborn. That's one of my dubious qualities.

TYGER

You're stubborn, all right. You came close to two broken legs. I've been in more than one fight.

BILL

(gently)

Is that how you broke your jaw?

TYGER

No.

BILL

It's hardly noticeable. I'm more entranced by your big beautiful eyes.  
(gets a glare)  
They're not your only asset, of course. You have great posture, very dignified, yet sexy.

TYGER

I walk like a dyke, according to lesbians.

BILL

Oh, no, honey. You walk just fine. And I love the way you hold your chin up... Etc.

Bill slathers on compliments. Tyger listens without comment, hungry for human contact.

EXT. PIZZA PARLOR

Tyger and Bill stagger out drunk. Lurch against the Jeep.

BILL

Woof. I'm bombed. Or maybe I'm drunk on your beauty. So... Stop by my place for a nightcap?

Tyger grabs his shirt. Bill panics, momentarily thinking she'll pound him.

Instead Tyger tows Bill to a grassy spot under a tree.

Shoves him over and jumps on top and rips open his shirt.

BILL

(looking around)  
It's a little -- busy.

TYGER

It's a college campus. Let's cram for Biology.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

A good-sized apartment, neat.

Tyger and Bill lounge in bed.

TYGER

How many other women have you lured into this lair?

BILL

I usually lure them onto my yacht. I sail them out to my secret pirate grotto, use them mercilessly, then leave their bodies for the hermit crabs.

TYGER

So everyone wins.

BILL

When was the last time you did this? You were -- insatiable.

TYGER

Three years. Before --

Tyger abruptly rises and dresses.

BILL

What are you doing Friday night?

TYGER

Not sure. I might be busy.

BILL

Saturday?

TYGER

I'm not the type to sit by the phone and pine.

BILL

Good. I'm not very dependable.

TYGER

One more thing in common.

BILL

Oh. One more thing Bretta and I talked about. Detectives find people, right?

In the bathroom, Tyger uses Bill's toothbrush without asking. And spits a lot, angry with herself.

TYGER

That's 90 percent of it, yeah.

BILL

Could you find someone if you knew her last known address?

TYGER

Her?

BILL

A student. Edvarda Tyson. Really promising, almost a protege. Intrigued by Marine Biology. But she disappeared one day, never came back to class. No calls, no email, nothing.

TYGER

She fall off a boat?

BILL

No, just didn't come to class anymore.

TYGER

College students have been known to drop out.

BILL

True. But you know how it is.

TYGER

No.

BILL

Most of the students you lecture just stare out the window or sleep. Then, once in a great while, you get the student who sits in the front row and hangs on every word, writes reams of notes, asks intelligence questions... I wanted to recommend her to graduate school.

TYGER

So you want me to find Edvarda Tyson.

BILL

I just want to ask her to consider continuing in Marine Bio. What do you charge for an investigation, anyway?

TYGER

I'm not a real detective. They denied my license application.

BILL

Please?

TYGER

\$250 a day plus expenses.

Bill kisses Tyger'S cheek.

TYGER

I can't feel anything in my cheeks,  
you know.

BILL

Too bad. Do you have everything you  
need? To find Edvarda?

TYGER

I have everything I need.

EXT. GARAGE YARD -- DAY

Tyger works.

Manny tows in the Detroit clunker of Nicole, the Texan.

Tyger peers in. It's full of trash and some ratty stuffed  
animals.

TYGER

This is the clunker the Dixie Chick  
was driving. I replaced the fuel  
filter. What's it doing here?

MANNY

It was parked in the hospital garage.  
Cops called to impound it.

TYGER

Then where's Texas Tessie and Bunny  
Slippers?

INT./EXT. DAY, VARIOUS

MONTAGE shots as Tyger tracks down Edvarda...

>> At the Registrar's Office, Tyger shows a fake PI license.  
A CLERK prints Edvarda Tyson's address and number.

>> In a borrowed car, Tyger dials 411. Gets several Tysons  
in Watertown, dials over and over. No Edvarda.

>> Tyger drums the wheel, checks her watch, finally drives.

>> In Watertown, Massachusetts, Tyger finds the address. The house is empty with a "FOR SALE" sign on the lawn.

>> Tyger calls the Real Estate office, talks, gets the seller's number. Dials.

TYGER

(into phone)

Hello. May I speak with Edvarda, please?

(waits)

Edvarda? Hi. I represent the University of New Hampshire. Could I swing by for a minute? We'd like an update on your status.

(listens)

Yes, it's unusual, but we like to be thorough. What's your address there?

(punches GPS)

Great. Ten minutes.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- DAY

Tyger knocks on an apartment door. EDVARDA answers.

Edvarda Tyson is a 19 YO mixed-race beauty, a jaw-dropping child-woman. Tyger's heart sinks.

TYGER

Edvarda Tyson?

EDVARDA

Yeah. Hey, I'm sorry I just quit school like that, but my father died and my mom needed me here.

TYGER

I'm sorry for your loss. I'm actually here on behalf of Professor Kennedy. He was worried about you --

EDVARDA

Who?

TYGER

Professor William Kennedy? Marine Biology? He said you were a promising student, that he was sure you'd apply to graduate school --

EDVARDA  
In Marine Biology? Yuck.

TYGER  
You sat up front and took lots of  
notes and asked questions --

EDVARDA  
I did that in every class. That's  
how you get As. I just took Marine  
Biology to satisfy a science  
requirement.

Tyger scribbles Bill's number on a page, gives it to Edvarda.

TYGER  
I see. OK. Could you just call  
Professor Kennedy and tell him you're  
fine?

EDVARDA  
Sure. I probably shouldn't have  
just left college like that, but I  
figured to go back in the fall.

TYGER  
Do. Or don't. I don't care.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Chief Utmeyer works at his computer.

Tyger walks in.

TYGER  
I want to read the Bomb Squad report.  
And don't tell me it's not in yet.  
It's all over town.

CHIEF UTMAYER  
Do you ever say please?

TYGER  
Never.

CHIEF UTMAYER  
What have you been up to?

TYGER  
Found another missing girl. Alive,  
this time.



CHIEF UTMEYER  
She commit a crime?

TYGER  
She can kill with her looks.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
Not my jurisdiction. What else you  
been up to?

TYGER  
Wondering who killed Cary Foye.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
Coroner's going with suicide.

TYGER  
Come on. Why would Cary commit  
suicide?

CHIEF UTMEYER  
Lots of people do. Gays especially.  
What's your angle?

TYGER  
Nothing you haven't thought of.  
(he waits)  
Chief, honest, all my cards are on  
the table.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
Just in case you can add anything.

Tyger reads the Bomb Squad Report.

TYGER  
The bomber tapped a spark plug wire  
to trigger the dynamite, but... the  
anti-theft device assumed it was a  
hot-wire... Makes sense.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
How?

TYGER  
If the computer senses tampering, it  
doesn't sound an alarm, it just shuts  
down the engine until an authorized  
tech reboots it.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
So...

TYGER

Our bomber finished up and assumed the car was ready to blow. In fact, it was dead in the water.

CHIEF UTMEYER

I'll take your word for it. I can't even find my hood latch. So whoever wanted to kill Rolf Olsen was inept.

TYGER

That's not what it says here. The bomb would have worked fine except for the computer tamper-proofing.

CHIEF UTMEYER

I'll stick with inept.

TYGER

Any reason why someone would blow up Rolf Olsen? He's just a jerk-off investment consultant in Boston, right?

CHIEF UTMEYER

We're on it.

TYGER

He was in the Army a long time ago, a desk jockey.

CHIEF UTMEYER

We know how to interrogate people.

TYGER

This doesn't wash. The bomber laid on like an expert, but missed something.

Chief points to his computer.

CHIEF UTMEYER

I can learn how to rig a car bomb on the Internet. Or how to trim fugu fish to poison someone.

TYGER

Speaking of fish... And missing women...

CHIEF UTMEYER

Make the door happy and use it, will you?

EXT. SUTTER COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Tyger sneaks to the house in darkness. (She parked up the road.)

She carries a flashlight and tire iron. She peers at lit houses not far off.

Tyger jimmys the screen door, then the front door.

Tyger shoves the front door -- but it's blocked by something.

Shoving, Tyger squeezes in.

INT. SUTTER COTTAGE

Tyger finds a mountain of mail pushed through the mail slot.

The house is jammed with furniture and junk. There's only a narrow corridor through piles to other rooms.

Tyger sifts the mail, reading postmarks.

TYGER

Six years.

Tyger searches. Old magazines, newspapers, furniture piled on furniture.

The tiny bedroom has room for one bed. The bathroom is jammed. The living room has a tiny couch facing an old TV, surrounded by junk.

The kitchen is packed with egg cartons, calendars, stacked cans.

The only clear space is above the stove where a shelf tore loose. Shopping bags and junk cascaded on the floor.

Tyger's flashlight shows the wall telephone. Numbers are scribbled by the phone.

She can't reach the phone for junk. Tyger picks up shopping bags and heaps them on the dead stove. And finds under the trash --

-- MRS. SUTTER, dead, mummified.

EXT. SUTTER COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Police cars, ambulances, a fire truck are gathered.

Emergency personnel mill. Neighbors in bathrobes watch.

A SNIDE COP grills Tyger. She's RATTLED.

SNIDE COP

So what exactly were you doing in  
this house again?

TYGER

I broke in. I admit it. Christ,  
has anybody got a cigarette?

An EMT gives her a cigarette. Tyger's hand shakes so badly  
she bobbles the cigarette. EMT offers another.

TYGER

Never mind. I don't smoke.

SNIDE COP

So would you care to explain --

TYGER

Look. You can't book me. There's  
no criminal intent. I'm investigating  
Mrs. Sutter's disappearance. And  
Mr. Sutter's. I canvassed the  
neighbors. I searched tax bills and  
bank statements and death records.  
I called nursing homes. Nothing.  
So I broke in to find some names or  
addresses.

SNIDE COP

Which is against the law.

TYGER

It's more than the neighbors did.  
Taking care of the house and never  
caring about the owner dead inside.

Firefighters and Cops open the shed. They tow out a bronze  
El Camino.

Tyger points to the shed's dirt floor.

Under the car is a shallow grave.

TYGER

There's Mr. Sutter. That woman never  
threw anything away.

SNIDE COP

This what you were after?

TYGER

Save it. Where were the cops six  
years ago? Mrs. Sutter was a citizen,  
lonely and afraid, and she died  
without anyone knowing --

EMTs bring dead Mrs. Sutter out on a stretcher.

EMT

Christ. Like ripping up old linoleum.

Tyger RETCHES and staggers for her Jeep.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Tyger RAPS on the door. Bill opens in his bathrobe.

BILL

Susan.

TYGER

I know it's late, but I have to talk  
to someone. I found another dead  
woman.

Bill looks over his shoulder.

BILL

This isn't the best time. I've got  
a review tomorrow --

TYGER

The thing is, it's me they're going  
to find dead some day. Dead in my  
apartment and cats ate my face. I  
can't -- There's nobody --

EDVARDA (O.S.)

Bill, honey?

Edvarda Tyson comes to the door, half-naked.

Tyger glares. Bill squirms.

Tyger storms off.

INT. PAT'S CAFE -- NIGHT

Men shout over loud country music. A few wives and hookers are present.

Tyger sits at the bar pounding blackberry brandy. She's drunk.

WENDY is a middle-aged tired barmaid.

TYGER  
Gimme another, Wendy.

WENDY  
Are you driving?

TYGER  
No.

WENDY  
It's too far for you to walk home,  
Sue.

TYGER  
Gimme another brandy or I'll come  
get it myself. I haven't drunk to  
Cary Foye yet, and the list keeps  
getting longer.

Wendy brings another brandy. Tyger SLURPS and almost pukes.

She staggers for the rest room.

SOON

The rest room hallway is narrow. The back wall has frosted windows.

Tyger stumbles from the bathroom, having puked.

A JERK blocks the hall.

Jerk is 25 YO, in black, with a neat beard. He smirks.

JERK  
You all right, little lady? Need a  
hand?

TYGER  
(slurred)  
Let me by. Please.

JERK  
 (mocking)  
 Please. You definitely need a hand.

Jerk reaches for Tyger's arm. She flips his hand off.

TYGER  
 Don't touch.

JERK  
 Women never really mean that.

Jerk feints, catches Tyger's ribs -- and breast.

TYGER  
 Don't touch!

Tyger RAMS her palm into Jerk's chin. His head HITS a window.

Berserk, Tyger HAMMERS his head repeatedly. GLASS BREAKS.  
 Blood runs.

TYGER  
 Don't touch! Don't touch! Don't  
 touch!

Several guys mob her.

She KICKS, BITES, and PUNCHES until they pin her under bodies.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Chief Utmeyer is disgusted. Tyger slumps, worn out.

Her hands are bandaged, cheek bruised, nose bloodied.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
 You can't keep this up, Susan. You're  
 a poster child for PTSD.

TYGER  
 Be honest, Chief. At least be honest.

CHIEF UTMEYER  
 What's that mean?

TYGER  
 You always treat me like some old  
 fart who was a cop for life and  
 retired with a gold watch. When in  
 fact I'm a twisted nut case and  
 criminal who was kicked off the force.  
 (MORE)

TYGER (CONT'D)

Charge me or let me go. I need some sleep.

CHIEF UTMEYER

You're charged. The guy whose head you remodeled probably won't squawk. But the guys you bit are plenty mad. They were trying to help.

TYGER

Help.

CHIEF UTMEYER

The PI petition is out the window.

TYGER

"That was just a dream some of us had."

CHIEF UTMEYER

And I guarantee you'll be remanded to Anger Management Counseling.

TYGER

If they can find one. I nearly strangled my last counselor. "Let's imagine a safe place, Susan. Somewhere peaceful and serene where no one can hurt you." What an asshole.

CHIEF UTMEYER

It wouldn't kill you to show a little humanity.

TYGER

You men don't get it, do you? Every woman in the world is angry all the time.

CHIEF UTMEYER

You're right. I don't get it.  
(into intercom)  
Send in a female officer.

BOOKING DESK

Weary, Tyger hands over personal effects to FEMALE COP, including a wrench and screwdriver.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. Female Cop nods.



TYGER  
 (into phone)  
 Susan Blake.

BRETTA  
 (on phone)  
 Susan? This is Bretta. Olsen. I'm  
 afraid I have bad news. I won't be  
 needing your services anymore. You  
 can, uh, send me a bill. I'm sorry  
 things didn't work out. Goodbye.

Bretta hangs up.

TYGER  
 My one phone call, and it's a wrong  
 number.

Tyger drops her cell phone in the bag.

JAIL CELL

Female Cop escorts Tyger into a cell.

FEMALE COP  
 Sure you don't want a phone call?  
 That one didn't count.

TYGER  
 No one to call.

FEMALE COP  
 You get three meals a day. Exercise  
 at 10 and 2 --

Tyger settles on a cot, infinitely weary.

TYGER  
 I know the routine. Just leave me  
 alone.

Alone in her cell, Tyger CRIES.

MORNING

Female Cop comes in.

FEMALE COP  
 Susan? You can go. Someone posted  
 bail.

TYGER  
 Who would do that?

BOOKING DESK

Manny waits. Female Cop gives Tyger her personal effects.

TYGER  
You didn't have to do this.

MANNY  
I can't do the paperwork.  
(beat)  
I never bailed anybody out of jail  
before.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Manny drove the tow truck. They lean against it.

Down the street, VOLUNTEERS hang bunting for the 4th of July.

TYGER  
Why aren't you at the garage?

MANNY  
We gotta get you a - something.  
Today's the 4th of July. I heard  
you found Mrs. Sutter.

TYGER  
(shudders)  
Oh, yeah.

MANNY  
Maybe we can get that El Camino at  
police auction.

TYGER  
Damned thing is probably haunted.  
Somebody got good use out of her,  
though.

MANNY  
Eh?

TYGER  
Somebody appointed Mrs. Sutter  
president of a dummy corporation,  
dead as she was.

MANNY  
That thing you found on the computer?  
Is that why Cary killed himself?

TYGER  
Cary didn't kill himself.  
(MORE)

TYGER (CONT'D)

Someone helped him. If you plan to scam hell out of people, you don't incorporate with your name and Social Security number. You find someone alive but not working: usually an old person. Scan the obituaries and find a guy who died and left a widow. Call her and spin a tale about paying out a life insurance policy to get her SS number.

MANNY

So who's scamming who?

TYGER

Cary Foye's silent partner, must be. He set up the corporation that owns the Bijou Theater. At some point he had to contact all the part-owners, so he sent out registered letters. Mrs. Sutter's bounced back. So the scammer figured she was dead or senile somewhere.

MANNY

All that just to sell a building?

TYGER

No. Once you have a phony corporation, you take out credit cards and bank loans and small business loans and then default on them. Rook in investors. Burn the theater and collect the insurance.

MANNY

The things I missed not going to business school.

TYGER

It's always money.

MANNY

So who's this silent partner?

TYGER

Could be anyone.

MANNY

Not if they know all that stuff.

TYGER

OK, someone at the center.

(MORE)

TYGER (CONT'D)

Bretta runs the Romney Affordable Housing Committee. They were trying to buy both buildings -- Hang on. Rolf Olsen was on that committee too. He helps with the paperwork.

MANNY

Paperwork.

TYGER

Rolf Olsen runs an investment firm. He'd know how to run scams... I gotta find Bretta.

Down the street are 4th of July preparations.

MANNY

She's running the 4th of July show. But didn't she fire you?

Tyger trots to the park.

EXT. PARK -- MORNING

In the park is a temporary stage. Bretta helps string bunting.

Tyger mounts the stage, confronts Bretta, who's ashamed.

TYGER

Bretta, did Rolf order you to fire me?

BRETTA

Not exactly. Rolf and I just -- decided it's a waste of money --

TYGER

Jesus, Bretta, I thought you had spine. I thought you had bottom.

BRETTA

What?

TYGER

All your crap about empowering women and poor people, and you're just another pathetic pussy who gets pushed around by her husband.

BRETTA

I won't be talked to --

TYGER

Zip it. Tell me about the mother  
and daughter hiding in the theater.

BRETTA

Shh. That doesn't matter now.  
They're gone.

TYGER

Wrong. I've got their car in pound  
at the garage.

BRETTA

What? Damn it.

TYGER

What's the deal?

Bretta takes Tyger aside, WHISPERS.

BRETTA

I'm a member of an underground  
railroad.

TYGER

Bretta, grab the reins.

BRETTA

It's true. It spans the country.  
We hide women and children fleeing  
abusive husbands. Where the courts  
are wrong and give the fathers  
unsupervised visitation when we know  
they molest the children? The mothers  
keep moving and we help them.

TYGER

Aiding and abetting fugitives from  
justice.

BRETTA

Helping people. My first husband --

TYGER

Geoffrey Boot.

BRETTA

My God. Yes. Geoff was abusive,  
but very smooth. He fooled the judge,  
the social workers, CASA workers. I  
had to hide until our daughter was  
majority. That's how I learned about  
the railroad. That's why I'm  
committed to affordable housing --

TYGER

So you're Harriet Tubman? You hid this mother and daughter on the third floor of the theater? With Cary's approval?

BRETTA

Being gay, he was sympathetic to persecution.

TYGER

Show me.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Bretta and Tyger walk to the theater down the street.

TYGER

So who are these fugitives?

BRETTA

Nicole and Ashley. We don't use last names. They're from Texas. But they were supposed to leave days ago. I set up their next stop and gave them money and a map --

TYGER

And sent them to my garage for service.

BRETTA

We use independent garages. They're less likely to enter names or license plates in a national database.

TYGER

This Nicole. Did you cut her a key to the theater?

BRETTA

A copy, yes. I asked for it back, but she'd lost it.

TYGER

Mother of Mercy. Bretta, could you be any dumber?

BRETTA

Susan.

TYGER

Bretta. People who dodge the law are lousy at following instructions. Nicole kept your key and has been living in the theater.

BRETTA

Why would she do that?

TYGER

Maybe she liked the downtown or met a boyfriend or was hoping to score or found a job. The point is she scuttled your plans.

From a ring of many keys, Bretta unlocks the theater.

BRETTA

Poor Cary.

INT. THEATER, THIRD FLOOR

Bretta and Tyger enter the third floor, a maze of old-fashioned dressing rooms.

TYGER

I searched this floor.

Bretta opens a HIDDEN DOOR to reveal --

-- A SAFE ROOM.

The hidden safe room is strewn with clothes and food wrappers.

BRETTA

Oh, dear. This room was probably left over from Prohibition. Or hid underage girls who shouldn't have been working in the theater.

TYGER

Just as trashy as the car.

BRETTA

They must be out celebrating Independence Day. I could spit. Nicole violated my trust.

TYGER

You seem to collect people who do.

BRETTA

What's that supposed to mean?

TYGER

Husband #1, smooth on the outside,  
bastard on the inside. Husband #2,  
no comment. This ingrate Nicole,  
taking a chance on blowing your cover  
and sending you to jail --

BRETTA

Don't you have any compassion?

TYGER

I used it up on Husband #1. As for  
Rolf, I came looking for you to answer  
some questions --  
(new thought)  
Hang on.

Tyger tows Bretta down the stairs.

INT. THEATER CELLAR

Tyger opens the cellar door, takes out her cell phone, flips  
the light switch and --

-- Shakes her cell phone when it does NOT ring.

TYGER

Terrific.

Tyger props cinder blocks and checks the webcam.

CLOSE ON: The wire is disconnected but propped in place.

BRETTA

What are you doing?

TYGER

Three guesses who you told about  
this webcam.

Tyger reconnects the wire. Her CELL PHONE immediately RINGS.  
The webcam is working.

BRETTA

I told Rolf.

TYGER

For a woman who's good at keeping  
secrets, you're pathetic. I can't  
believe -- Oh, crap.

BRETTA

What now?



TYGER

If Rolf is the silent partner, he'd have keys to the theater. He argued with Cary in the office. To a nervous kid white hair could look blonde.

BRETTA

What are you talking about?

TYGER

Rolf is running a scam. Or several scams.

BRETTA

I really don't want to know --

TYGER

You really do. The night of the party, you planned to drive Rolf's SUV into Boston the next day.

BRETTA

The Escalade was safer in traffic.

TYGER

And that night someone wired a bomb to the engine.

BRETTA

And it still gives me nightmares. Why anyone would want to kill Rolf --

TYGER

Not Rolf. You.

BRETTA

No.

TYGER

Bretta, what did Rolf really do in the Army?

BRETTA

He taught -- munitions.

TYGER

How to rig bombs. But years ago, before cars had computers. Christ.

BRETTA

Oh, God. What am I going to do?

TYGER

Where can you hide?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Tyger tows Bretta to the street, then to a parking lot with Bretta's Porsche.

BRETTA

I have -- a sister in Frankestown.

TYGER

Perfect. Get in your car and go straight there.

BRETTA

But I need clothes --

TYGER

Wear your sister's. Go.

BRETTA

But my dog.

TYGER

Fine. Give me your house key and the access code. And your cell phone.

BRETTA

But I need it.

TYGER

A cell phone is a GPS. It can be tracked. Write down your sister's name and number.

Flustered, Bretta gives Tyger her house key and phone, then scribbles in Tyger's notebook.

BRETTA

The alarm code is 3254. But I still don't see --

TYGER

Where's Rolf now?

BRETTA

I'm not sure. Out and about. He might've run down to the camp to air it out. Or stopped in a lawn center --

TYGER

Never mind. I'll round up Rolf and get him safely behind bars. Say hello to Sis.

BRETTA  
You'll tell the police, right?

TYGER  
Sure.

Tyger gently pushes Bretta into her car. Bretta drives off.

Tyger trots to her Jeep, reaches under the seat and pulls out a plastic gun case with a crappy .22 revolver. Sticks it in her belt.

EXT. WOODS

Tyger parks her Jeep in a cul-de-sac and enters a thin wood behind the Olsen house.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE

Exiting the woods, Tyger circles Bretta's house. Sees no cars in the driveway.

Tyger punches the alarm code and enters with Bretta's key.

INT. OLSEN HOUSE

Tyger enters. Yorky greets her.

TYGER  
(whispers)  
Hey, big guy. All alone?

Tyger searches the house. It's empty.

Tyger finds the cellar door. Opens it. Descends.

CELLAR

The cellar is unfinished. One section has a work bench.

Tyger searches. Finds hidden dynamite and wires and timing gear.

TYGER  
He could blow up the half the state.

Tyger returns upstairs.

KITCHEN - LIVING ROOM

Tyger feeds the dog, lets it outside.

TYGER

(to dog)

Too bad you're not a bloodhound.  
But Rolf's gotta come home sometime,  
right?

In the living room, Tyger gets comfortable, out of sight on the couch. Props the gun on her chest. Yorky joins her.

TYGER

Now, shhh...

She waits and --

-- Falls asleep.

LATER

It's dark outside.

Tyger sleeps. The Yorky lies on her chest.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. Tyger jerks awake.

CLOSE ON: Cell phone shows Rolf setting a fire in the theater furnace room.

TYGER

Jesus Christ!

Tyger runs.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE

Tyger runs to her Jeep through the thin woods.

Jumps in and roars off, as much as the old Jeep will do.

EXT. ROAD

A small town/country road with little traffic.

Tyger drives like a maniac. Jabs her cell phone.

TYGER

(at phone)

Come on, come on.

DISPATCH

(on phone)

This is 911 Dispatch. What's your --

TYGER

This is Susan Blake. Call the Romney  
cops and Fire Department. Someone's  
setting a fire in the Bijou Theater.  
In the basement, torching the furnace.

DISPATCH

Is this a hoax? Because --

TYGER

No, please, it's real. Send them  
into that theater. Break the door  
down. The firebug is Rolf Olsen.  
Nail him --

Driving wild, Tyger SWERVES to avoid a car. BOBBLES the  
cell phone.

TYGER

Oh, god, not again.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

A younger Tyger drives by night. She's tipsy and angry.

She argues with her ex-husband on her cell phone.

Her daughter sits in the back seat, belted in, frightened by  
the speed.

Tyger snarls into the cell phone. Headlights blind them.  
Tyger bobbles the cell phone.

The daughter SCREAMS.

Tyger WRENCHES the wheel but --

-- The car CRASHES.

Tyger is HURLED through the windshield, ruining her face.

Her DAUGHTER is KILLED.

END FLASHBACK

Driving too fast, Tyger panics at the memory of the crash.

She slows down, shaking. Then finds her resolve.

TYGER  
Come on, Texas Tessie.

Tyger drives faster. Grabs the phone and presses 2.

TYGER  
(at phone)  
C'mon, Pete, please answer.

EXT. PARK

A CROWD mills in the park waiting for fireworks.

Hanging out, Pete's PHONE RINGS. He answers.

INTERCUT Pete in the park and Tyger in the car.

PETE  
(on phone)  
Wassup?

TYGER  
(on phone)  
Pete. This is Sue Blake. Are you  
in the park?

PETE  
Yeah. We're just chillin' --

TYGER  
Pete. Run to the theater. Try to  
get inside and down to the cellar.  
There's a maniac setting a fire.

PETE  
For real?

TYGER  
Go! Find him! I'm on my way!

Tyger reaches the end of the park.

FIRE ENGINE SIRENS sound in the center of town.

Crowd looks around, not sure if it's an emergency or part of  
the pre-fireworks show.

The park entrance is blocked by sawhorses and people.

Tyger drives her Jeep to SMASH the sawhorses, then DRIVES  
onto the grass.

Crowd scatters.

When she can't drive any farther, Tyger abandons the Jeep and runs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Fire-fighters break open the theater doors.

Smoke pours out.

Crowd streams from the park to see the fire.

Chief Utmeyer directs operation. Tyger runs up.

TYGER

Chief, there might be a mother and daughter inside.

CHIEF UTMEYER

Your squatters?

TYGER

Hiding on the third floor. Might be.

CHIEF UTMEYER

Might be or are? I need to know.

TYGER

I don't know for sure. They might be.

CHIEF UTMEYER

Stay put.

Chief Utmeyer runs to find fire chief.

Tyger's CELL PHONE RINGS.

CLOSE ON: Caller ID is "Pete".

TYGER

(into phone)

Pete, where are you?

Pete spots Tyger, runs up.

PETE

I couldn't get in. It's locked.

TYGER  
 Pete, good, you did fine.  
 Everything's -- Where's that loose  
 window?

EXT. THEATER REAR

Pete and Tyger rush to the theater rear --

-- And CRASH into Rolf Olsen.

TYGER  
 Rolf!

PETE  
 Who's he?

ROLF  
 Susan? What are you doing here?

TYGER  
 You son of a --

Tyger ATTACKS Rolf. She picks a trash can and HAMMERS him.

POUNDS him, KICKS him, PUNCHES him, BASHES his head against  
 a dumpster.

TYGER  
 (beats Rolf)  
 Easy, huh? Fun, huh? Killing women?  
 Blowing them up? Burning them up?  
 Lying to them? Cheating, stealing,  
 murdering?

Pete SHOVES Tyger off Rolf.

PETE  
 The loose window?

Tyger comes to her senses. Rolf lies half-conscious.

TYGER  
 Show me.

Tyger and Pete push a dumpster under a window and climb on.

Tyger jiggers the window, gets it open.

PETE  
 You're going in there? The place is  
 burning up.



TYGER  
 Watch Rolf. And don't come in for  
 anything.

Tyger enters the burning theater.

INT. THEATER, THIRD FLOOR

The floor is filled with smoke.

TYGER  
 (coughing)  
 Nicole! Ashley!

NICOLE (O.S.)  
 (coughing)  
 Here!

Tyger pulls Nicole and Ashley out of the hidden safe room.

NICOLE  
 We heard the sirens. We was hidin'.  
 Ashley's scared of fireworks --

TYGER  
 Yeah, yeah. You're idiots. Come  
 on.

COUGHING, stumbling, Tyger leads Nicole and Ashley downstairs.

EXT. THEATER REAR

Tyger, Nicole, and Ashley climb out the rear window.

Pete has brought Chief Utmeyer and Fire Chief.

Square on 9:00, FIREWORKS EXPLODE overhead.

Ashley WHIMPERS and cowers.

TYGER  
 (to Ashley)  
 Don't you worry, darling. We'll  
 keep you safe --

Tyger breaks down SOBBING.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Tyger sips coffee, exhausted. Turns her back on REPORTERS.

Chief Utmeyer enters.

CHIEF UTMEYER

You can go. We'll get corroborating statements later. We're on the same side, you know.

TYGER

I'll keep that in mind.

CHIEF UTMEYER

The state might even push through that PI license.

TYGER

Serves me right.

CHIEF UTMEYER

You should hang around. People are lined up three deep to slap you on the back.

TYGER

All I want is a hot bath.

CHIEF UTMEYER

Better use the back door.

INT. TYGER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Tyger is too tired to see her lock is broken.

The door FLIES open. Terry YANKS her into the apartment.

Raging silently, Terry bear-hugs Tyger.

She KICKS a wall, KNOCKS them both against the sink.

Grabbing for a weapon, she WHAPS his head with a dish rack. Terry lets go.

Tyger grabs a dry mop, but Terry BULLS into her.

Grappling, Terry begins to STRANGLE Tyger. Bent backwards, she can't fight him off.

TERRY  
Why didn't you stay out of it?

TYGER  
(choking)  
Terry, you can't -- punch your way  
out of this.

TERRY  
You had to go snooping. Had to dig  
up Linda's body.

TYGER  
They would have -- found her  
eventually.

TERRY  
I was in the clear.

TYGER  
Terry, for Christ's sake! You didn't --  
pitch her through the windshield!

Confused, stunned, Terry releases Tyger.

TYGER  
It's over, Terry.

TERRY  
Oh, man...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Same scene as opening. Two cars drag-race.

The Firebird SKIDS and SLAMS into the tree.

Terry finds Chuck shattered behind the wheel. Danielle CRIES.

In the headlights, Linda lies broken and dead, having been  
hurled through the windshield.

TYGER (V.O.)  
The cover-up was Chuck's idea, wasn't  
it?

CHUCK  
You gotta -- hide Linda's body, Terry.  
We'll go to jail if you don't.

Terry digs a shallow grave.

TYGER (V.O.)  
So you buried Linda. But missed the earring.

Terry lays Linda's body in the grave.

CLOSE ON: She's missing an earring.

Terry panics, looking all around.

TYGER (V.O.)  
You tried to get the wreck towed home, then you snuck in by night to search the car. But you couldn't find the earring.

GARAGE YARD -- NIGHT

Terry searches the Firebird.

TYGER (V.O.)  
It went down the hood air vent. No girl could drop it there -- unless she went through the windshield.

GARAGE YARD -- DAY

Tyger finds the earring.

TYGER (V.O.)  
Was it Chuck's idea to make Linda run away? Danielle snuck into her house, packed Linda's suitcase and her teddy bear, and left a note. One girl's handwriting looks like another's, especially if Mom is stoned.

MRS. RUGGIERI'S HOUSE -- DAY

Danielle sneaks into Linda's bedroom, packs a suitcase and the teddy bear, writes a note.

TYGER (V.O.)  
So Linda just runs off and never comes home. Poor old Chuck is just unlucky, not guilty of negligent homicide or manslaughter.

HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Terry seethes as Danielle comforts Chuck.

END FLASHBACK

## TYGER'S KITCHEN

TERRY

I never should have gone near that goddamn wreck. But Chuck kept bugging me about it. And that stupid Linda. She probably grabbed his dick and caused the accident. She was always doing that.

TYGER

Poor ol' Chuck takes Danielle and you can't say a word. He'll just claim you buried Linda while he was unconscious.

TERRY

He gets sympathy and I get the shaft. That bastard. I hope his back stays broken. And that damned Danielle. Girls love to mother a guy who's all busted up.

TYGER

But never the other way around.

TERRY

Huh?

TYGER

Nothing.

Tyger leads Terry down to the street.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Tyger leads Terry outside.

And surprise! A dozen people greet her. Wendy from the cafe. Pete, her partner. A police officer. Bretta. Manny.

She's mobbed and, for once, overwhelmed and happy.

FADE OUT