

AFLOAT

Episode 5: "One Big Damned Bump"

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FADE IN:

INT. CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, STATE POLICE BARRACKS - EVENING,
AUGUST 1955

KARL MYERS peers through a small square window in a gray door, which is situated in a long hallway lit by fluorescent lights and lined with similar doors. There is a definite institutional ambiance to the place.

Myers is in his Chief's uniform; his duty cap is under his arm. His gape is cold; his jaw is set.

MAX TRAVALIO (O.C.)

You certain I don't have to worry
about you.

Myers glances at MAX TRAVALIO who stands a few feet away with fists locked onto his hips. Max is in his trooper's uniform; his expression is one of clear concern. Myers looks back through the window.

KARL MYERS

I'm okay.

Max opens the door. He and Myers enter a room that is spare, small, and windowless. A gray metal table with a green faux leather top is in the center of the room.

The only illumination comes from a single-bulb ceiling light with a green metal shade that hangs above the table. A reel-to-reel tape recorder sits in the center of the table; the recorder is connected to a mic on a stand on the table.

Three gray chairs that match the table are on the side of the table closest to the door. JERRY PETERMAN sits on a fourth matching chair on the opposite side of the table. His wrists are cuffed; his hands are folded on the table.

Jerry's body language and expression convey swagger until he sees Myers; then, his expression changes to one of apprehension.

Max and Myers stare at Jerry as they sit opposite him; Jerry looks at his hands. Max turns on the recorder.

MAX TRAVALIO

August twenty-third, nineteen-fifty-
five ...

Max looks at his watch.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONTINUED)
 Ten-fifteen p.m. Corporal Maximilian
 Travaglio and New Cumberland Police
 Chief Karl Myers question Gerald
 Peterman at the Carlisle State Police
 Barracks.

(leans toward Jerry)
 Mr. Peterman, we'll be asking you
 questions related to the felonious
 assault of your wife, Vivian Peterman,
 an assault that may possibly be
 advanced to attempted murder.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (astonished)
 What?

MAX TRAVALIO
 Tell us your address, please.

Jerry stares back and forth at Myers and Max, still agog at the
 possible charge.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONTINUED)
 Your address, please.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (barely gets words out)
 Twenty-four Harvard Avenue.

MAX TRAVALIO
 Borough?

JERRY PETERMAN
 (recovering)
 You know it. Why're you asking me?

MAX TRAVALIO
 You need to provide it for the record.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (shakes his head)
 New Cumberland, Pennsylvania ...
 (smirks)
 U.S.A. ... Earth ... Milky way ...

MAX TRAVALIO
 Enough. For the record, you have been
 notified by me that you can have an
 attorney present if you wish while
 we're questioning you.

Jerry fidgets and leans forward.

JERRY PETERMAN

I don't need a damned attorney. I shouldn't even be here. This is bullshit.

KARL MYERS

So you claim, but you may want to reconsider. Anything you say can be used against you, and that includes anything you say related to the murders of Barry Moyer and Samuel Preston.

JERRY PETERMAN

(wild-eyed)

What? Why?

KARL MYERS

We'll get to that after we talk about you assaulting your wife.

JERRY PETERMAN

(loud, belligerent)

We'll fucking talk about it now!

Myers and Max exchange glances; and then both stare at Jerry.

KARL MYERS

(calm)

That's language a lawyer would caution you about.

JERRY PETERMAN

Fuck a lawyer. I got nothing to do with those boys.

KARL MYERS

(looks at his hands)

Where were you the afternoon Barry Moyer was murdered?

JERRY PETERMAN

(looks away)

I was at work.

KARL MYERS

(subtle smirk)

Let's try that again. I talked with your boss, Mister ...

Myers extracts a small notepad from his shirt pocket, flips to a specific page, glances at it, and then looks at Jerry.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

Mister Lister. He claims you called in sick. So, again, where were you the afternoon the Moyer boy was murdered?

Jerry glances at Myers and then looks down at his cuffed wrists.

JERRY PETERMAN

I went fishing.

MAX TRAVALIO

Where?

JERRY PETERMAN

I don't remember.

KARL MYERS

Something so special you called in sick, but you can't remember?

MAX TRAVALIO

Maybe it was a nice, quiet stream like the Yellow Breeches.

JERRY PETERMAN

(snide)

No, it was a nice quiet bass pond.

KARL MYERS

Where?

JERRY PETERMAN

Beanie Esbenshade's farm.

MAX TRAVALIO

Don't suppose anyone saw you at that nice quiet bass pond.

JERRY PETERMAN

Ain't no one there. Beanie's a dog's lunch, ain't that right, Chief?

Max and Myers exchange glances.

MAX TRAVALIO

Would your wife attest to your bringing home a catch?

JERRY PETERMAN

Threw 'em back. Besides I ain't one of them pussy-whipped men tell their wives everything.

KARL MYERS

Things like the fact you've been
sleeping with Gertrude Masonheimer.

Jerry leaps to his feet and throws over the table. The tape recorder and microphone go flying. Myers and Max jump to their feet.

JERRY PETERMAN

(screams at Myers)
YOU'RE DOING THE SAME THING WITH MY
WIFE!

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, THE PRESENT

Ultima Thule sails over long ocean swells under full sail in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear blue skies.

ROLL CREDITS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) The prairie west of Williston, North Dakota
- D) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- E) The Serenity (aka Ultima Thule) rounds Point Wilson seen from the gun emplacements at Fort Worden
- F) The snow-covered Elwha Valley in Olympic National Park
- G) The Serenity (aka Ultima Thule) plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) Ultima Thule (aka Serenity) sails across the Rangiroa Lagoon
- J) Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Maryland, 1970
- K) 1985 Midtown Manhattan from an Upper West Side penthouse
- L) Homes on Pilottown Road and canal, the present, Lewes, Delaware

END CREDITS

M) Ultima Thule (aka Serenity) in the present with Billy Benton at the helm, diminishes in view as she sails under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear blue skies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARLISLE BARRACKS, PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE - MINUTES LATER

Myers paces up and down the hallway outside the closed door to the interrogation room. Max watches him pace.

MAX TRAVALIO

You're not going back in there.

KARL MYERS

It's not right, my friend. He's mine.

MAX TRAVALIO

He's nobody's but the law's, Karl. You know that. I'll press him. You can see he's ready to crack.

KARL MYERS

You'll confront him with the possibility of an accident, with Barry getting shot, with fabricating a murder, all of it?

MAX TRAVALIO

You know I will, and Colonel Williams will be in there with me. I won't let you down.

KARL MYERS

(insistent)

You'll tell him I have a warrant.

MAX TRAVALIO

Looking for the size eleven Converse and a stiletto.

KARL MYERS

You'll turn the screws?

MAX TRAVALIO

(assertive)

This isn't my first dance!

Myers stops pacing, puts his hands on his hips, looks at the floor and then down the hallway.

KARL MYERS
 (very angry)
 Shit!

Myers storms down the hall; Max watches him go.

Myers' progress is stopped after several paces when sixty-year-old ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH steps in front of him from an adjoining hallway; Shambaugh extends his hand.

Shambaugh wears a three-piece suit of high quality and a club tie that suggests a college degree of some sort from what until recently had been Pennsylvania State College.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (exceedingly amiable)
 Chief Myers, I presume.

Myers stops and shakes Shambaugh's hand.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (CONTINUED)
 We haven't had the pleasure before now. Archie Shambaugh, County District Attorney at your service. Glad I caught you before you left. There're a few things we need to talk about.
 (hollers down the hall)
 Max!

Shambaugh beckons to Max, who responds by stepping toward him.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (CONTINUED)
 The corporal is well acquainted with me, isn't that right, Max?

MAX TRAVALIO
 That's for sure, Archie.

Max shakes Shambaugh's proffered hand.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONTINUED)
 I just don't usually see you hanging around this late.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (laughs)
 You're right about that. I'm losing out on my beauty sleep because of you two.

Max glances at Shambaugh and Myers and settles his gaze on Shambaugh.

MAX TRAVALIO

The two of us?

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

This primarily concerns the Chief here, but I was hoping, Max, that you could show us to a place where we can all talk privately.

Max gestures toward a nearby conference room. Shambaugh gestures for the two men to enter first, which they do; they sit across from one another at a small conference table.

Shambaugh closes the door and sits at the head of the table. He turns his chair slightly toward Myers to make clear with whom he needs to speak.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(Brahmin smile)

I'm sorry to trouble you with this, Karl ... I hope I may call you Karl.

Myers nods assent.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(CONTINUED)

Good. This concerns egregious charges that are to be brought against Mr. Peterman.

(to Travaglio)

Or have they already been brought?

MAX TRAVALIO

The arraignment's tomorrow morning.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

All right then. To business.

(to Myers)

I have to ask some questions about your involvement in this matter. I hope you don't mind.

KARL MYERS

(slight smile)

Somehow I don't think what I feel matters.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

You have me there, Karl. Here's the thing. I received phone calls this evening from friends -- about you.

Myers looks down; Max looks with confusion at Myers and then at Shambaugh.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
(CONTINUED)

Those friends had apparently received calls from friends of theirs regarding, shall we say, an incident that allegedly occurred in the parking area behind Walthrop's Funeral Home.

Shambaugh and Myers make significant eye contact. Myers leans back in his chair; Shambaugh lights up a cigarette and takes a sophisticated drag.

MAX TRAVALIO

I can explain that, Archie.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(pleasantly composed)

I know you can, Max, which is why we're having this conversation.

(to Myers)

Max will confirm that I've never accepted hearsay and do not intend to begin now; rather ...

(to Myers and Max)

I want to hear your accounts of what transpired. Do you understand?

Myers and Max glance at each other.

KARL MYERS

We do, sir.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Excellent. Let's get on with the details. Max?

Max takes a deep breath, looks down, and then looks at Shambaugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERCUT - INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE:

(1) Jerry Peterman, alone and cuffed in the interrogation room, sits and smokes; he eyes dart about the room as if looking for escape.

(2) Max explaining something to Shambaugh in an animated way. Shambaugh raises a hand and asks a question. Max becomes angry and looks away.

(3) Jerry paces, stops, and with difficulty, extracts a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, taps out a fag, takes it with his lips and stares with worried eyes at nothing.

(4) Max leans toward Shambaugh and assertively ticks off points on his fingers.

(5) Jerry stands close to and faces a wall. He turns around, leans against the wall, and slides slowly to the floor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Myers stares at his folded hands; Max stares almost defiantly at Shambaugh, whose expression is beneficent.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(to Myers)

Is there anything you'd like to add?

Myers exchanges a look with Max for a beat, and then turns to Shambaugh and shakes his head in answer.

KARL MYERS

There's not a thing he said that wasn't accurate.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

And?

KARL MYERS

And I have nothing to add.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

All right then, thank you. I want you both to know that I think you acted appropriately in the parking lot, except for the unfortunate collision of Mr. Peterman's forehead with the car roof, but such things do happen in such matters.

Shambaugh lights up another cigarette and takes a drag.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(CONTINUED)

And I appreciate the propriety of your making arrangements for the boy and for not attempting to make the arrest inside the funeral home.

Shambaugh taps ashes into an ashtray.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(CONTINUED)

(an aside to his cigarette)

That definitely would have made the front page of the Harrisburg papers.

(to Max and Myers in turn)

Which just would not do, would it?

Shambaugh takes a drag, exhales, and turns his attention to Myers.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(CONTINUED)

Which leads me to something that may find its way into the pages generated by our esteemed Fourth Estate.

MAX TRAVALIO

(defensive)

Which is?

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(to Myers)

The allegations made rather forcefully in the presence of dozens of eager ears regarding your conduct with Mr. Peterman's wife.

MAX TRAVALIO

(some energy)

I don't see what ...

Myers puts up his hand to stop Max.

KARL MYERS

He's going to tell us that because I DID have intimate relations with Mrs. Peterman the previous evening, it is unlikely that Archie here will be able to convince a jury of Peterman's peers beyond a reasonable doubt that Peterman is innocent.

(to Shambaugh)

That about it?

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Well put, I'm afraid.

MAX TRAVALIO

(near boiling)

But he beat the crap out of that woman.

Shambaugh butts out his cigarette; pregnant pause.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

The evidence may bear that out, Max, but imagine the emotions that a defense attorney will attempt to inflame.

(to Myers)

To your knowledge, did the mother leave her twelve-year-old boy alone so that she could spend the night with you?

MAX TRAVALIO

(boiling)

What about Peterman? Where was he?

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Something I will certainly bring up, but even in this highly enlightened year of nineteen-hundred and fifty-five, most people will see the mother as derelict -- not the father -- especially when -- Heaven forbid -- the dereliction has provided the opportunity for an extended romp in the hay with the one man who is charged by the community to maintain law and order, which I believe ...

(to Myers)

... you understand perfectly.

MAX TRAVALIO

(sputtering)

But that's ...

Myers puts up his hand to stop Max.

KARL MYERS

One-hundred percent correct. Let him finish.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Thank you, Karl.

(to Travaglio)

Can't you see the defense building the case that the only reason why Karl here would bring charges against Peterman is to get him out of the way.

MAX TRAVALIO

Jesus Christ, Archie. Are you telling me ...

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

I'm telling you both that I am NOT going to drop the charges, but it is likely we will broker a plea deal.

MAX TRAVALIO

But ...

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Max! If this goes to trial ...

KARL MYERS

It has a snowball's chance in hell of getting a conviction.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Again, well put. Not to mention the humiliation to which Mrs. Peterman would be subjected under cross-examination ...

(to Myers)

... not to mention your own.

(to Max)

All wonderful fodder for the press, don't you see?

MAX TRAVALIO

(muttering)

Jesus.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(beneficent smile)

It is unlikely that even he would take sides in such matters, and it is also unlikely that Peterman will make bail, but in the event that he does, I will arrange for an order that will not allow him to approach Mrs. Peterman unless a police officer is present.

(serious)

It's clear to me that this man is dangerous, at least to his wife.

(to Myers)

I'm sorry that your ... How shall I say this? ... Your indiscretion makes prosecution problematic.

MAX TRAVALIO

So now what?

Shambaugh stands; Myers and Max follow suit.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

You proceed with the same level of professionalism that I've been accustomed to see in your work, Max, even though that hard work is not likely to bear the fruit it deserves.

Shambaugh extends his hand, shakes the Myers' hand, and then Max's.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

(CONTINUED)

(beneficent smile)

And with that, it's getting late, and Mrs. Shambaugh is likely starting to worry about what these old bones are up to at this hour.

(nods pleasantly)

Gentlemen.

Shambaugh exits. Max stares at the open door as Myers looks at his friend.

KARL MYERS

I didn't plan it.

MAX TRAVALIO

It's just not like you.

KARL MYERS

(frustrated)

And what is that, Max? What is like me?

Myers steps to the open door, pauses for a beat, and then turns around.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

Maybe you don't know me as well as you think you do. Maybe you don't know me at all. Maybe you don't know what it's like to go home to an empty house, day in and day out, month after month, to not have a living soul to call when ... Oh hell, I'm not going to make excuses. I could've said "no." If I had, she wouldn't be in the hospital.

MAX TRAVALIO

(slight incredulity)

Do you even like her?

Myers looks down the hallway for a beat and then faces his friend.

KARL MYERS

There's a connection. I can't explain it. If I was a poet like my father, maybe I could, but I'm not, and I can't. Do I want to see her again? In that way? I don't know, but I do know I want her to know she's not going to be alone in having to deal with this fucking mess.

Myers stares at a speechless Max for a beat, and then heads down the hallway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS AND COUNTY ROADS - MOMENTS LATER

MONTAGE:

(1) Myers exits the barracks and looks up into a dense, nighttime fog; parking lamps are fuzzy, electric lollipops.

(2) Myers enters the cruiser; the headlights and the red flashing light are turned on. The latter turns the night into a pulsing, blood-red mist.

(3) Myers exits the lot and heads eastbound on the Carlisle Pike.

(4) Myers' cruiser, with the flashing light on, travels along the three-lane pike faster than conditions warrant; it moves into the center lane to pass slower moving vehicles.

(5) The cruiser travels through the fogbound Borough of Camp Hill, red light flashing; traffic is very light.

(6) The fog at "the bottleneck" in Lemoyne is extremely dense. A red traffic light appears suddenly from the fog; the cruiser's brake lights shine for a beat before the cruiser disappears under the railroad overpass.

(7) Traffic is light on the Market Street Bridge; the cruiser speeds across the bridge.

INT. HARRISBURG HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Myers approaches the NURSES and a RESIDENT at the E.R. desk. A few PATIENTS and their FRIENDS and FAMILY MEMBERS sit in the waiting room.

NURSE ONE

Can I help you Chief?

KARL MYERS

Has Vivian Peterman been sent upstairs?

NURSE ONE

Actually, she was discharged about twenty minutes ago into the care of a neighbor.

KARL MYERS

Is she at the neighbor's house?

NURSE ONE

Sorry, Chief. Don't have a clue.

Myers spins around and hustles toward the exit.

EXT. HARRISBURG HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

The density of the fog has increased.

Myers gets into his cruiser, turns on the headlights and flasher, and heads to Second Street.

EXT. MARKET STREET BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

A police cruiser with red light flashing travels at sixty mph westbound across the Market Street Bridge, dodging the few cars it encounters.

INT. MOYERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

ALICE MOYER stands in the doorway to her kitchen and dries a serving dish with a tea towel. NURSE MARY GOLIC approaches from the direction of the bedrooms, handbag in hand.

ALICE MOYER

(sad smile)

Another long day, Mary.

NURSE GOLIC

(kindly but official)

Another long day, but I still have faith that she'll recover.

ALICE MOYER

From your lips to God's ears.

NURSE GOLIC

(slight smile)

We just have to keep at it.

ALICE MOYER

You've been such a rock for us.

NURSE GOLIC

Don't be silly. I'm just doing what I've been trained to do. Mr. Harry home yet?

ALICE MOYER

He hasn't been to the American Legion to see his buddies since ... well ... he said he might be late. I may have to nurse HIM when he gets home.

NURSE GOLIC

(indignant)

Men!

ALICE MOYER

(smiles)

Yes, Mary. Men. But his being out means I'll have time to call my sister.

NURSE GOLIC

At this hour?

ALICE MOYER

Actually, I'll call her around ten-thirty.

NURSE GOLIC

(shocked)

Ten-thirty?

ALICE MOYER

She lives in California. Fresno. Three hours earlier out there.

NURSE GOLIC

Good heavens. Long distance is so expensive.

ALICE MOYER

Haven't seen her in the flesh for over ten years, and she and I used to see each other every day before she moved, so I don't mind the cost.

NURSE GOLIC

May I ask ...

ALICE MOYER

(smiles)

About seven bucks for ten minutes.

NURSE GOLIC

(astonished)

Seven dollars!

ALICE MOYER

And worth every penny. Now you go along home. You've more than earned a good night's sleep. I'll see you in the morning.

Alice deposits the serving dish on the kitchen table and escorts Nurse Golic to the front door. Golic exits; Alice watches her depart for a few seconds and steps to the kitchen.

She places the serving dish in a cabinet, carefully folds the tea towel, and hangs it in the cabinet beneath the sink.

Alice approaches the wall phone next to the kitchen doorway. She puts the handset to her ear and dials zero. Two seconds pass.

ALICE MOYER

Yes, hello. Long distance to Fresno, California, please.

(beat)

Yes ma'am, Baldwin nine, seventy-two, thirty-five.

Alice sits on a kitchen chair and quietly hums "Moonlight Serenade."

ALICE MOYER (CONTINUED)

(big smile)

Andrea? It's Alice!

EXT. PETERMANS' HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Myers' cruiser pulls to a stop outside the house. A late model Chevy, which is Sarah Harding's car, is parked in the driveway. The rectangle of the picture window and the small, diamond-shaped window in the front door glow eerily through the fog.

The cruiser's lights are extinguished.

Myers exits the car and stares over the roof at the lit windows for a beat. Appearing aware of the cool mist on his face, he lifts his face toward the heavens with eyes closed.

He looks toward the front door; SARAH HARDING'S face appears in the diamond-shaped window. She opens the front door; her silhouette is framed by the screen door.

Myers steps toward her; she exits and steps toward him, still wearing the svelte black dress and heels she wore to Sammy Preston's viewing.

Sarah stops a few feet from the front stoop and waits for Myers to reach her. When he does, she takes his hand, stands on her tip toes and places a gentle, sister's kiss on his lips.

KARL MYERS
(slightly shocked)
What was that for?

SARAH HARDING
I figured you might need it before you head in there; you know, so you know there's somebody on your side.

Sarah leads Myers by the hand to the front door.

KARL MYERS
(mutters)
Could've just told me.

Sarah yanks his hand.

SARAH HARDING
Stop being such a guy.

INT. PETERMANS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Myers' enters the living room; Sarah follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN appears to be sleeping on the sofa with her head propped up by bed pillows. She is covered by a quilt.

EDITH "EDIE" ESWORDTH gets up from a club chair, drops a LOOK magazine on the coffee table in front of the sofa, and steps to Myers. She smiles sympathetically at him.

SARAH HARDING (O.C.)
This is Edie, Chief.

Myers nods at Edie and glances at Vivian. The left side of Vivian's face is deeply purpled and swollen; her left upper lip is very swollen. Her left arm is both in a sling and bound with tape to her torso.

Sarah steps next to him; she, Edie, and Myers stare at Vivian's face.

SARAH HARDING

Eddie was good enough to go with Ray to pick her up from the E.R.

Myers looks at Eddie and manages a smile of appreciation.

SARAH HARDING (CONTINUED)

And in case you're wondering, which I know you do a lot, Ray's out on patrol. Nasty night out there.

Sarah slips her left hand under Myers' right, clasps his upper arm, and leans her head against his shoulder. Eddie places her right hand on his other shoulder, as the three stare at Vivian.

SARAH HARDING (CONTINUED)

She managed to tell us what happened before she fell asleep; I mean, what happened between you two last night.

EDITH ESWORTH

I don't suppose every detail.

Myers closes his eyes in embarrassment.

SARAH HARDING

But she told us enough, Chief. So sad this had to happen. But frankly, I was glad to find out you had it in you.

Myers shakes his head slightly, opens his eyes, and looks at Vivian. Eddie leans forward and looks up into his eyes.

EDITH ESWORTH

Karl ... May I call you Karl? Why don't you sit down.

Eddie takes his hand and leads him to a club chair. Myers sits as though he is supporting the weight of the world on his shoulders. He stares at Vivian with grief-stricken eyes.

EDITH ESWORTH (CONTINUED)

I've made a pot of coffee. I figured you'd want a pick-me-up. Black?

KARL MYERS

(with weary gratitude)
Thanks ... Eddie, is it?

EDITH ESWORTH

It is. Won't be but a minute.

Eddie heads into the kitchen.

Myers keeps his eyes on Vivian but addresses Sarah.

KARL MYERS

Where's the boy?

SARAH HARDING

In his room. I was just up there right before you got here. He's reading comic books. Doesn't that seem strange to you?

KARL MYERS

Everything seems strange to me at the moment.

Eddie enters and hands Myers a mug. He makes eye contact with her.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

Thanks, Edie.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.S.)

(hoarse and weak)

Karl.

Myers, Sarah and Edie stare at Vivian who is looking at them with her right eye; her left is swollen shut.

Myers goes to the sofa, puts his mug on the coffee table, and kneels in the space between the table and the sofa. Sarah and Edie move together; Sarah grasps Edie's hand as the two stare at the couple.

Myers takes Vivian's hand.

KARL MYERS

I'm so, so ...

Vivian exerts pressure on Myers' hand and shakes her head slightly. Her voice is hoarse and weak but still assertive.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Don't say it! I don't want to hear you say it. There'll be no sorries between us.

Eddie glances at Sarah, who wipes a tear from her cheek.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

I don't want you on your knees. You have work to do, and I want you to do it.

KARL MYERS

(soft and low)

He won't be allowed near you.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Where is he?

KARL MYERS

At the State Police barracks in Carlisle, but he'll be in the county jail for a while unless he makes bail.

Vivian closes her eye; a slight smile forms, and then disappears as she falls asleep.

SOUND of slipper-clad FOOTFALLS on the steps.

Myers stands and faces GREGORY PETERMAN, who stops at the foot of the stairs; Greg is in his pajamas.

GREGORY PETERMAN

(frank belligerence to Myers)

What're you doing here?

Sarah steps toward Greg.

SARAH HARDING

(officious)

He's here on official business, Gregory, so you better be respectful.

GREGORY PETERMAN

(to Sarah)

I'm not going to be respectful to him.

(to Myers)

My father told me what you did to my mother.

Sarah takes a step toward Greg.

SARAH HARDING

(pissed)

Why you little shit!

KARL MYERS

Sarah!

(soft)

Enough.

Sarah glances at Myers but snaps angry eyes back at Greg. She points at Vivian.

SARAH HARDING

Do you see what your FATHER did?

GREGORY PETERMAN

(angry)
She deserved it!

Sarah's eyes widen. She draws back her hand to smack Greg's face; Edie grabs her wrist.

Myers' gesture to Sarah and his expression convey, "don't take it out on the kid; he can't help how he feels."

Sarah jerks her hand free, closes her eyes, and exhales through pursed lips. Myers sits on the arm of the sofa, which puts him closer to eye level with Greg. Greg glances at Myers and then looks away.

KARL MYERS

I'm sorry I've made things worse, Greg. But I want you to know that I'm getting closer to figuring out who killed Barry and Sammy. No more secrets to hide.

Greg's fists are clenched; his jaw muscles twitch.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

It would save so much time, and be so much better for everyone, if you'd just tell me what you know.

Greg glares defiance at Myers, who stands and looks down at the boy.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

But maybe you won't need to tell me what you know.

GREGORY PETERMAN

(clenched teeth)
I don't know nothin'.

KARL MYERS

I don't believe that, but never mind. The doctor told me this morning that Patsy is getting better. Turns out it won't be long before she'll be able to tell us what she saw.

Greg's defiant eyes widen; his nostrils flare.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

But it would still be a help if you just tell me the truth.

Greg points at his mother.

GREGORY PETERMAN

(loud)
The truth is I hate HER!

Greg glares at Myers.

GREGORY PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

And I hate HIM, and I hate YOU!

Greg runs upstairs to his room and slams the door.

Edie is dumbstruck; Sarah looks up the stairs.

SARAH HARDING

(bitter sarcasm)
Lovely boy.
(to Myers)
That's great news about the Moyer
girl.

KARL MYERS

I lied.

SARAH HARDING

What?

KARL MYERS

Shot in the dark. Thought it might get
him to crack.

SARAH HARDING

(sarcastic)
How'd that work out?

EDITH ESWORTH

I'm so confused.

SARAH HARDING

Join the crowd.

Sarah steps to the coffee table and extracts a folded document from her handbag, which she hands to Myers.

SARAH HARDING

You left it on your desk. I figured
you'd end up here eventually and might
need it.

KARL MYERS

(tad surprised)
You figured right.

SARAH HARDING

I'm not always a moron.

KARL MYERS

I never said you were.

SARAH HARDING

I can read you like a book.

(to Edie)

It's a search warrant.

(to Myers)

So what're we looking for?

EDITH ESWORTH

We?

SARAH HARDING

Oh come on, Edie. This is exciting.

Real police work. Chief?

Myers considers the offer of assistance for a beat.

KARL MYERS

Okay. I'm looking for two things: a pair of size eleven Converse sneakers and a knife like a dagger.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)

(hoarse and low)

He means a stiletto. There's one under Greg's undershirts in his dresser.

Myers, Sarah and Edie stare at Vivian, who returns their stares with her one functioning eye.

KARL MYERS

(to Vivian, taken aback)

You lied to me.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(crying)

I'm sorry, but I'm telling you the truth now. And Jerry keeps his sneakers in the garage.

Myers and Sarah exchange a "do you believe this?" glance.

KARL MYERS

(to Sarah)

I'll look for the knife; you get the sneakers.

Myers heads to Greg's room with a deliberate step; Sarah scurries to the lower level. Edie sits on the coffee table opposite Vivian.

EDITH ESWORTH
 (sympathetic, to Vivian)
 I don't know what to say.

Vivian turns away and cries.

Simultaneous SOUND of interior garage DOOR CLOSING and a KNOCK on a bedroom DOOR.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)
 Greg, I need to come in.

Silence for a beat.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)
 Greg?

SOUND of bedroom DOOR OPENING.

Myers enters the room, sees the side window is open, and realizes Greg has bolted.

KARL MYERS
 (loud)
 He's not here!

Vivian attempts to sit up and struggles to yell.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 He has to be!

KARL MYERS
 (loud)
 Well he's not!

Myers goes into the other rooms in the upper level to verify the boy is gone. He hustles into Greg's room and looks under the folded clothing in each dresser drawer.

Myers runs down the stairs. Edie stands and stares wide-eyed at Myers, who appears nearly beside himself.

KARL MYERS
 He's gone all right. His window's open
 and there was no knife in the dresser.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (incredulous)
 I saw it yesterday.

KARL MYERS
 (frustrated)
 It's not there now.

Sarah emerges from the lower level and carries a pair of worn and battered Keds, one sneaker per hand, as if the shoes carry the plague.

SARAH HARDING

(to Vivian)

This was all I could find.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He uses those to cut the grass. There should've been a new pair there too.

Myers takes the sneakers and looks at the soles, which are worn smooth.

KARL MYERS

These aren't the ones.

Sarah notices the consternation on Myers' face.

SARAH HARDING

What the hell is going on?

KARL MYERS

(to Vivian)

Has he ever gone out the window before?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(definitive)

Never.

SARAH HARDING

Who went out the window?

Sarah and Edie exchange confused looks.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(an insight)

Wait! The day he went into the woods with Barry, his window was open.

SARAH HARDING

(amazed)

Greg isn't here?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(distracted to Myers)

Where is he?

KARL MYERS

(to Sarah)

Who's at the desk?

SARAH HARDING

Bill.

KARL MYERS

Call him and ask him to radio Ray and
get him to ...

(stunned expression)

Jesus CHRIST!

(to Vivian)

Do you know Alice Moyer's number?

Sarah and Edie exchange confused glances.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It's on the pad by the phone in the
kitchen.

Myers hustles into the kitchen, sees the number and dials the
phone.

Faint SOUND of a BUSY SIGNAL.

KARL MYERS

(peak of frustration)

Damn!

Sarah appears in the doorway; Myers slams the handset onto its
hook. Myers stares at Sarah wide-eyed and taps the Moyers'
phone number on the pad with his forefinger.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(hyper urgent)

Keep calling that number until you get
through.

Myers hustles toward the front door

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(over his shoulder)

Tell them to lock their windows and
doors and that I'm on my way.

Sarah dials the number.

Edie and Vivian exchange astonished glances.

EXT. MOYERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Greg sneaks to the back of the home. He wears his father's
Converse sneakers over his own shoes and a Halloween frog mask
over his face. The fog is incredibly dense.

Greg looks through the passageway between a carport shed and the home and sees the family car is not there.

He sneaks to the kitchen door off the carport, peers around the edge of opening in the screen door, and sees Alice Moyer seated at the kitchen table, laughing as she talks on the phone.

Greg runs to the back of the house: two windows are illuminated. A shade is drawn in one; the shade is up in the second. A lamp is lit on a nightstand next to a twin bed.

PATSY MOYER lies on the bed. A sheet is pulled nearly to her chin; her arms lie straight and on top of the sheet, which is tucked under the mattress. Patsy's eyes are open but blank.

Greg pulls a stiletto from his pocket, snaps it open, and cuts the window screen along the bottom and on one side. He closes the blade and returns the knife to his pocket.

EXT. CEDAR WOODS DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

Myers runs along a street through the pea soup fog. Post lights and porch lights are on, tiny pricks of light that appear, brighten, dim, and disappear as he runs by.

Myers appears to be winded, but he struggles on.

INT. MOYERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Greg stands along the wall next to Patsy's bed. The mask has been pulled down but remains around his neck. He stares coldly at Patsy who is oblivious to him.

Greg steps to the bed and pulls down the sheet. He stares at her neatly combed hair, touches it, and then touches her pajama sleeve, but Patsy remains oblivious.

Greg glances at Patsy's face as he extracts the stiletto, flips it open, and lays it on the bed. He glances again and gently lifts Patsy's pajama top from her belly.

SOUND of PHONE RINGING; after two rings the SOUND STOPS.

Greg freezes and listens.

ALICE MOYER (O.C.)
(pleasant)
Hello?

Greg glances at the window, then at Patsy; Patsy remains oblivious.

ALICE MOYER (O.C.)
 (alarmed and loud)
 What?

Greg yanks the pillow from beneath Patsy's head, straddles her, places the pillow over her head, and pushes down. Patsy does not respond.

ALICE MOYER (O.C.)
 (astonished)
 Oh God!

Greg bolts from the bed toward the window as Alice rushes into the room.

Alice grabs Greg's arm, but his inertia causes her to lose her balance. She hits her head on the corner of the dresser as she falls. Alice lies unconscious. Blood flows from a gash on Alice's forehead.

Greg snaps his eyes from Alice to the window to Patsy.

He leaps onto the bed, straddles Patsy, and raises it over his head.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)
 (yells)
 STOP!

Greg freezes; the knife lowers very slightly. Myers stands in a firing position with his service revolver pointed at Greg.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)
 (calmer tone)
 Gregory, put the knife down on the bed.

Greg still holds the knife over Patsy's abdomen as he slowly turns his head far enough toward Myers for their eyes to make contact. Greg's eyes are ice cold as a slight smile forms on his face.

From Myers' POV, Greg flashes to his previous position, raises the stiletto high and begins to drive it down simultaneous with the SOUND of a PISTOL SHOT, that is NOT from Myers' pistol. Myers reflexly ducks.

A slug enters Greg's back; his body slumps off the bed and onto the floor.

Myers spins around and aims his revolver at VAUGHN MOYER, who stands wide-eyed in the doorway aiming a High Standard H-D pistol at where Greg had straddling Patsy.

Patsy Moyer abruptly sits up in bed and looks at Vaughn.

PATSY MOYER
(cries out)
Vaughnie!

Vaughn drops the pistol and rushes to the bed as Myers watches with his revolver still in hand.

Vaughn scoops up his sister and runs from the room with her in his arms.

ALICE MOYER (O.C)
(groaning)
What's going on?

Myers turns to Alice and helps her to her feet. She touches her forehead, looks at her now blood-covered fingertips, and glances at the bed.

ALICE MOYER (CONTINUED)
(alarmed)
Where's Patsy?

KARL MYERS
(nods toward the door)
Vaughn has her.

Alice's eyes open wide as she realizes what Myers has said; she runs from the room.

Myers holsters his revolver, takes a step toward the wall next to the bed, hesitates for a beat, and continues.

Greg's motionless body lies crumpled in the space between the bed and the wall; his eyes are open.

Myers leans down and attempts to find a carotid pulse. Finding none, Myers stands and stares down at the boy.

INT. MOYERS' HOME - ONE HOUR LATER

Myers sits at the Moyers' kitchen table drinking coffee and staring idly at nothing as TROOPERS from a Pennsylvania State Police forensics team and the CORONER swarm about the house.

Archibald Shambaugh and Max Travaglio enter the kitchen.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
(to Travaglio)
Tragic, tragic. Shame we couldn't have figured this out an hour sooner.

KARL MYERS
 (to his coffee cup)
 There is no "we," Archie.

MAX TRAVALIO
 (to Myers)
 Didn't Vaughn tell you he sold that
 pistol?

Myers stands and stretches; his expression is cold.

KARL MYERS
 You know he did, Max, but obviously,
 he did not.

MAX TRAVALIO
 I suppose it was a good thing he
 didn't, if the kid was actually going
 to do the deed.

Myers turns toward Max.

KARL MYERS
 If Vaughn hadn't fired, I would have,
 but maybe not as quickly. If Vaughn
 doesn't fire, it might not only be the
 boy that's dead.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 Which is why my challenge is to decide
 whether or not to charge the Moyer boy
 with manslaughter. Of course, there's
 not a jury that would convict.

MAX TRAVALIO
 Not in Cumberland County anyway.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 Not in the country, Max.

MAX TRAVALIO
 (to Myers)
 Has the news been broken to the
 Peterman's?

KARL MYERS
 I've been trying to figure out what
 I'd say to her, and I don't know ...
 don't know how ... I can't imagine how
 she'll react. There's just too much
 that's happened.

Shambaugh puts his hand on Myers' shoulder; Myers looks at him.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 Karl, I'm not your father, but I'm
 almost old enough to be your father,
 so let me offer you some fatherly
 advice.

Shambaugh removes his hand; Myers looks at the floor.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (CONTINUED)
 The best thing you can do is avoid any
 and all contact with that woman. And
 one other thing ...

Shambaugh pauses until Myers looks at him.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (CONTINUED)
 I think you need to think about where
 you'd like to start a new life because
 when the sun comes up, too many people
 are going to cast you as the villain
 in this story.

Myers turns away and looks out the kitchen window into the
 darkness.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 They'll see you as the puppet master
 who pulled the wrong strings, a
 lothario of sorts who can't be trusted
 with the collective safety of the
 populace.

MAX TRAVALIO
 Oh come on, Archie, that's too much.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 I don't think so, and ...
 (nods at Myers)
 neither does he, isn't that right,
 Karl?

Myers does not turn away from the window.

KARL MYERS
 (resigned)
 He's right again, Max.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 It's a tragedy, really, because I'm
 sure you're a good man.

Myers turns around and faces Shambaugh.

KARL MYERS

"The tragedy in a man's life is what dies inside of him while he lives."

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Thoreau?

MAX TRAVALIO

What?

KARL MYERS

It's not important, Max. What is important is whether or not I can depend on you to make sure Vivian is told what happened and that someone will be there for her when you do it.

MAX TRAVALIO

(subdued)

Roger, that.

KARL MYERS

Take Sarah with you. She's turned out to be a real trooper.

Max extends his hand.

MAX TRAVALIO

Done.

Max and Myers shake hands. Myers holds on for a beat longer than normal and stares into Max's eyes for a beat.

The men part. Max and Shambaugh watch as Myers exits the house.

INT. KARL MYERS' HOUSE - THREE WEEKS LATER.

Dozens of orange crates packed with books are stacked in the room as high as Myers' head.

Five books are stacked in the center of the dining table: Tale of Two Cities, Walden, The Razor's Edge, Dombey and Son, and The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.

Myers stands in front of a server on which rests a bottle of Jack Daniels and a tumbler.

Myers half fills the tumbler, takes a sip, turns and surveys the room, which has clearly been prepared for moving. He hoists the glass in a toast to the space and downs the contents of the tumbler.

Myers returns to the Jack Daniels and fills the tumbler.

He sits at the dining table, places the tumbler on it, grasps and opens Tale of Two Cities and reads from the first page.

KARL MYERS

(mutters)
... "best of times" ... "worst of
times."

Myers closes the book and takes a swallow of bourbon.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(to the book)
No ambivalence about these times, my
friend.

SOUND of DOORBELL.

Myers looks toward the door and takes another swallow of bourbon.

SOUND of LOUD KNOCKING on the front door.

DARLENE RICHARDS (O.C.)

I know you're in there. I'm not
leaving until I talk to you.

Myers steps to the door. He opens it. DARLENE RICHARDS cocks an eyebrow at him.

KARL MYERS

(cautious)
What're you doing here, Darlene?

Darlene is wearing a white blouse, blue jeans, bobby sox and saddle shoes. She carries a small, red, patent leather clutch bag. CHESTER, the elderly neighbor rocks slowly on the porch next door.

DARLENE RICHARDS

I'll tell you if you let me in.
(darts a look at Chester)
I'm not going to talk in front of him.

Myers sticks his head out of the doorway and looks toward Chester.

KARL MYERS

Afternoon, Chester.

CHESTER

Pretty young there, Chief.

Myers rolls his eyes at Darlene and steps back; Darlene enters.

KARL MYERS

How'd you find me?

DARLENE RICHARDS

Lady at the police department.

KARL MYERS

Sarah.

DARLENE RICHARDS

I think she's going to have a heart attack because of what's happened.

Darlene scans the space and stretches out her arms.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

What's all this?

KARL MYERS

Getting ready for the auctioneer. I'm moving.

DARLENE RICHARDS

(indignant)

Were you gonna tell anybody?

Chester the cat emerges from the kitchen and meows.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

(cat owner's dialect)

Oh, you have a kitty!

Darlene picks up Chester, who settles into her arms and purrs.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

Is he going with you?

KARL MYERS

I wish he could.

DARLENE RICHARDS

(to Chester, cat owner's dialect)

Is mean old daddy going to abandon you?

(to Myers)

Let me take him home. I'll call him Chief. It'll fracture the gang at Finkelstein's. May I?

KARL MYERS

(surprised relief)

Why not?

DARLENE RICHARDS
You know, they're pretty low.

KARL MYERS
Who's low?

DARLENE RICHARDS
(annoyed)
The gang at Finkelsteins's!

Darlene places Chester on the floor.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)
Of course, they're not hep to what
happened and neither am I, which is
why I'm here.

KARL MYERS
I'm not comfortable talking about it,
Darlene.

DARLENE RICHARDS
So are you going to invite me to sit
down? Offer me something to drink?

Myers smiles slightly and pulls out a dining room chair.
Chester wanders toward the kitchen.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)
(to Chester, cat owner's
dialect)
Don't go far, Chief. You're coming
home with me.

Darlene sits and looks expectantly at Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)
So what's to drink?

KARL MYERS
Don't have much to offer beyond water.

Darlene grabs the tumbler with bourbon in it and holds it up.

DARLENE RICHARDS
Funny looking water.

KARL MYERS
(scoffs)
I'm not going to give you bourbon.

DARLENE RICHARDS
You're not a cop anymore.

KARL MYERS

And you're not twenty-one.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Come on, Chief. I don't even like that stuff, but I bet you got a beer in the fridge.

KARL MYERS

(paternal smile)

You want ice with your water?

DARLENE RICHARDS

(laughs)

Don't worry about it. I'm not thirsty,
(serious)
But I am curious.

KARL MYERS

Darlene, I'm not ...

DARLENE RICHARDS

We don't like it that they're putting you down.

KARL MYERS

Who's we?

Darlene shoots an exasperated look at Myers.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

Got it. Your crowd at Finkelstein's.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Exactly. We were talking about starting up a petition, walking out of school, doing something, but I told them we shouldn't do nothin' until we heard from you. So here I am. Talk to me.

Myers stares at Darlene for a beat and then walks into the kitchen where he wipes a tear from each eye.

DARLENE RICHARDS (O.C.,
CONTINUED)

(insistent)

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Just a second.

Myers takes a glass from the drain board next to the sink and fills it with tap water. He takes a deep breath and returns to the dining area. He places the glass in front of Darlene.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(sincere)

You're coming here and telling me this helps me more than any petition ever could. Tell your friends I made a decision that's right for me. I have to go.

DARLENE RICHARDS

But what happens to us?

KARL MYERS

You don't need me.

DARLENE RICHARDS

But we do. Even though you're no nonsense, you ... well ... we know you like us. And now we've got to break in some new guy. And what if he doesn't like us?

KARL MYERS

You're rebels without a clue; you'll survive. You, my friend, will thrive. There'll be bumps in the road. Lots of bumps.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Coming to this town is ending up one big damned bump for you.

KARL MYERS

(amused)

Sure seems like it at the moment, but if I hadn't come here, I'd never have met you, right?

Darlene covers her eyes with her hands and starts to bawl. Myers fights back his own tears, stands next to her, and strokes her hair in a fatherly way.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(wistful)

Had a daughter once, but I lost her. I miss her an awful lot, and I miss being a father. Maybe it's why I like you guys -- crazy as you ALL are -- and I'll tell you this: I'd have been proud if my daughter had turned out just like you.

Darlene stands, leans into him, and puts her arms around Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS

(sobbing)
Oh, Chief.

Myers enfolds her gently in his arms until Darlene calms; she gently pulls away.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

(slightly embarrassed)
I better be goin', Chief. I think I understand. I'll tell the gang you said "thanks, but no thanks," okay?

KARL MYERS

(gently)
Okay.

Chief, aka Chester, runs into the room. Darlene scoops him up and beams at Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Well, will you look at this?

KARL MYERS

You've made a friend.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Can I write to you?

KARL MYERS

Actually, I'm not sure where I'm going to end up.

DARLENE RICHARDS

But you'll end up someplace, right?

KARL MYERS

That's the plan, my friend.

DARLENE RICHARDS

You got a piece of paper?

Myers retrieves an envelope from the cabinet near the front door; Darlene retrieves a pencil from her clutch while balancing the cat in one arm.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

(to Myers)
Turn round.

Darlene takes the envelope from Myers. He turns around. She places the envelope against his back and scribbles on it.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

(mutters)

Okay.

Myers turns around; Darlene hands him the envelope.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONTINUED)

Now don't lose this -- it's my address -- and when you get to that "someplace", promise me you'll write to me -- doesn't need to be long -- just let me know how you're making out. I'll be lettin' the gang read it, so don't go gettin' all mushy in it.

KARL MYERS

(laughs)

I promise.

Karl escorts Darlene to the door and takes hold of the doorknob. Before he can turn the handle, Darlene rises onto her tiptoes and plants a sweet kiss on his lips.

Speechless, Myers opens the door. VIVIAN PETERMAN stands on the porch, poised to press the doorbell. Vivian steps back to allow Darlene passage.

Darlene glances intensely into Vivian's eyes and then turns to Myers. Darlene raises a forefinger like a mother to Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Remember, you promised, so don't forget.

KARL MYERS

I won't forget.

DARLENE RICHARDS

(smiles)

All right then!

Darlene skips down the steps and walks away. Myers' eyes follow darlene until Vivian speaks.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Don't forget what?

Myers gapes at the dark circles under Vivian's blackened eyes, the still swollen left cheek, and the once-perfect nose that is swollen and has a slight bend in the middle.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

(slightly awkward)

Karl?

CHESTER

Gettin' pretty busy over there, Chief.

Myers steps out of the house and glares at Chester.

KARL MYERS

For once in your life, Chester, mind
your own goddamned business.

Myers gestures for Vivian to enter the house, follows her
inside, and closes the door.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

What are you DOING here?

Vivian scans the space.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(wistful)
You're leaving.

Myers stands behind her and tentatively circles her belly with
his arms. They speak in near whispers.

KARL MYERS

I am.

Vivian turns around, still in the circle of his arms, and rests
her head against his chest.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Because of me.

KARL MYERS

Because of ME.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You never came to see me.

KARL MYERS

I couldn't.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I know.

They hold each other in silence until Vivian gently pushes
away. She scans the orange crates.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

(melancholy)
I could use a rum and coke.

KARL MYERS
 (slight smile)
 No Coke.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Then I'll just sit.

And she does, on a dining chair. She pulls "Tale of Two Cities" toward her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)
 These are the only ones you're saving?

KARL MYERS
 They are.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 And the rest?

KARL MYERS
 Auctioneer.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 You'll miss them, I think.

Myers places his hands on his hips and looks at the crates.

KARL MYERS
 I may, but most of them ...
 (taps side of head)
 ... are up here.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Why couldn't you?

KARL MYERS
 What?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Come see me?

Myers pulls out a second dining chair, sits, and gazes out the back windows at nothing.

KARL MYERS
 I didn't know how ... didn't know what
 to say.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (gentle but pointed)
 You were afraid.

Myers looks at the table top.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

Afraid I would blame you. Hate you.
Regret letting what happened between
us happen.

Myers stares into her eyes.

KARL MYERS

You think right.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It's only been a few weeks, but the
fog is lifting. I did hate you during
those first days, but I don't any
more, and as far as regret goes, what
happened between us would've happened
with some other unlucky fella. I'm
sorry you were the one I picked.

KARL MYERS

(deepest sincerity)
I'm not.

Vivian looks down and cries quietly.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)

(imploring)
Vivian ...

Vivian looks into his eyes, and the two lovers connect. She
goes to Myers and sits on his lap; they hold one another.

Vivian's tears subside. Her head rests on his shoulder. They
speak in the tones of lost happiness.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What will you do?

KARL MYERS

Go west. As far away as I can get from
this place.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

From me.

KARL MYERS

You know I have to.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I do. We were doomed from the start,
weren't we?

KARL MYERS

We were.

The two lovers sit with their thoughts for a few beats; Myers places a gently kiss on top of her head.

KARL MYERS

What about you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Edie has a brother in Southampton who owns a small business.

KARL MYERS

Long Island?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

The same. I'm going to work for him -- no clue what -- but they have a little apartment above their garage. I guess I'll stay there until I get my feet under me.

They sit in silence; he strokes her hair.

After some seconds, Vivian moves back to the other chair, spies the remnants of Myers' last bourbon pour, and sips it with a grimace.

Vivian attempts a more pleasant demeanor.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

So what's out west, other than not me? Isn't your ex-wife out there?

KARL MYERS

(awkward)
Wife.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(dubious smile)
You're still married?

Myers looks at her and nods. Vivian downs the last of the bourbon and again grimaces. She looks at the empty tumbler.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

I'll never get what it is folks see in this stuff.

(to Myers)
Where is she?

KARL MYERS

North of Seattle, Port Townsend. At least, that's what her brother told me about a year ago.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
And that's where you're going?

KARL MYERS
To start.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
What do you think you'll find out there?

KARL MYERS
Maybe the end of a story.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Or the beginning of another.

KARL MYERS
Maybe.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Does she know you're coming?

KARL MYERS
I haven't spoken to her since the day my daughter died.

Myers stands and steps into the midst of the orange crates, bows his head for a beat, and then turns back to Vivian.

KARL MYERS (CONTINUED)
It was an accident, just a terrible accident where an innocent dies because the grown-ups weren't paying attention. In those last few hours of our marriage, we blamed each other, and then she was gone.
(beat)
I suspect she still hasn't forgiven me.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Have you forgiven her?

KARL MYERS
There was nothing to forgive, but for her it was different, I guess. There is something different about a mother's love, isn't there?

Vivian stands and does not respond.

KARL MYERS
I don't expect you'll forgive me either.

Vivian looks out the rear windows for a beat, and then turns to Myers. Her melancholy smile returns.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

So we're both off to new places where
we'll be as far away from each other
as we could be.

Vivian steps to Myers, her eyes locked on his, and grasps his hand. She stands on tip toe, her eyes wide open, and kisses his lips. After one last, long look into his eyes, she steps away and is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLUE MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

A rotting buckboard rests at one end of a clearing on a level shelf of land halfway up Blue Mountain. The air is still; a low cloud infiltrates the clearing, which is covered by dormant, tasseled, thigh-high grass.

On the buckboard seat, the silhouettes of four quart beer bottles are barely visible in the mist.

SOUND of a RIFLE SHOT; a bottle SHATTERS. The sequence is repeated three times in less than fifteen seconds.

One hundred feet from the buckboard, Jerry Peterman holds an M-1 Garand to his shoulder and sights along the barrel at where the bottles had been.

Jerry wears an old green sweater over a white T-shirt, olive workpants, and black combat boots. He has several days' worth of stubble on his face, and he needs a haircut. His face is expressionless as he lowers the rifle.

He walks to the buckboard, climbs aboard, and sweeps broken glass from the buckboard seat with his shoe.

Jerry sits on the seat, rests the stock of the rifle on the floor of the buckboard, holds the barrel with his left hand, rests his chin on the muzzle, and reaches for the trigger with his right forefinger.

CUT TO BLACK; deafening SOUND of M-1 Garand FIRING.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOSEVELT INLET, LEWES, DELAWARE - NEAR SUNSET, LATE OCTOBER, THE PRESENT

Dense fog blankets the Delaware Bay beyond the inlet; the jetties and day markers bracketing the inlet are barely visible.

After several seconds, the Ultima Thule, now over seventy-years-old but recently reconditioned, emerges from the fog and enters the inlet. She is under power; her sails are furled.

WILLIAM "BILLY" BENTON, a goateed, seventy-something man with a long white ponytail emerging from beneath a black watch cap helms the boat through the inlet to the Lewes-Rehoboth Canal. He wears top-shelf, bright-orange, foul weather gear.

His ice-blue eyes are set in the still handsome but deeply tanned and wrinkled face of a man who has spent much of his life on the water.

Billy's agility, posture, and powerful six-foot frame are those of a much younger man.

To starboard, notable homes line Pilottown Road; a few boats are docked among the many slips that parallel the road, on which there is no traffic.

REBECCA "BECCA" MACEY, wearing foul weather gear identical to Billy's, emerges from Ultima Thule's forward cabin into the center cockpit and steps to the starboard deck. Her hair -- bright-white, thick, and long -- streams out in the breeze.

At fifty-two, much of the natural, blue-eyed beauty of Becca's youth remains. She is slim and of slightly above average height; the grace with which she moves belies the athlete and professional dancer she once was.

Becca moves forward to the main shroud, grasps it in a gloved hand, and studies the homes Ultima Thule is passing.

INT. GILLIGAN'S, LEWES, DE - CONTINUOUS

Gilligan's is a small restaurant built at the edge of the Roosevelt Canal, tucked tightly between cedar-shaked condos and a large, three-story inn.

There are TOURISTS at three of the inside tables. REV. MICHAEL ROMELLO and his wife RACHEL and a MARRIED COUPLE sit at a four-top. The Romello's are forty-something; the other couple is in their sixties. All four are well-heeled but casually-dressed.

No customers are on the deck because the night air is chill. Every stool along the bar and at the counters along the canal-side windows are occupied by REGULAR CUSTOMERS characterized by ubiquitous gray and white hair and casual attire.

Waitress CASSIE WILLOUGHBY wipes down a table near the windows overlooking the harbor; bartender MICHAEL "MICKY" KING stands behind the bar, looks through the windows, and dries wine glasses.

Cassie is forty-seven, but her athletic physique, short, sun-bleached hair, and the residue of a summer-tanned face cause her to appear much younger.

King, bearded, somewhat overweight, scruffy and balding, is thirty but looks much older.

Owner, HAROLD "HANK" CHAPUYS, enters as the Ultima Thule glides past the windows from left to right. Chapuys, fifty-something, is of average height with a handsome face and silver-streaked hair; he looks as if he has just stepped off a yacht in Monaco.

MICHAEL KING
(nods toward window)
Hank, look who's back.

Chapuys looks out the window.

MICHAEL KING (CONTINUED)
Looks like he has a new crew.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
(mutters)
Christ.
(beat)
Micky, how about a scotch for the boss?

Cassie pauses to look at Ultima Thule as it passes. King pours two fingers of Double Black Label into a tumbler and places it on the bar.

Chapuys picks up the tumbler as Cassie watches the sailboat. He takes a swallow and steps toward Cassie.

HAROLD CHAPUYS (CONTINUED)
(points with tumbler)
That skipper, Miss Cassie, is a character.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY
A character.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

And likely the richest man in town,
which is saying something. He'll be in
here soon enough, and you can make up
your own mind, but when you do ...

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I'll decide he's a character.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

You will because Billy B is ...

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

A character.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

Definitely.

Chapuy's and Cassie stare out the window; he downs the scotch
and pushes back a grimace.

EXT. LEWES HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Billy helms Ultima Thule toward a drawbridge.

When the town dock is abeam, Billy spins the wheel and Ultima
Thule turns to port until the bridge is astern.

Becca moves to the port deck near the bow and flips three
fenders over the side as she goes.

Billy uses the opposing tidal current, a breeze from the bay,
and coaxing from the engine to ease Ultima Thule to the dock.

Becca uses a boat hook to hook a line coiled on the dock. Billy
leaves the cockpit and stretches out to grab a stern line from
a piling; both quickly cleat their lines.

Billy returns to the cockpit and sets the rudder to keep Ultima
Thule away from the dock in the tidal flow. He leaves the
cockpit and heads toward the stern.

As Billy and Becca set spring lines from pilings to fore and
aft port cleats, their voices are raised.

REBECCA MACEY

Home at last?

WILLIAM BENTON

Close. Hungry?

REBECCA MACEY

Ravenous.

WILLIAM BENTON
That place we just passed is good.

REBECCA MACEY
Might close soon.

WILLIAM BENTON
It'll be open.
(beat)
Can't believe after all these years, I
finally got you here.

REBECCA MACEY
Good things come ...

WILLIAM BENTON
I hate to wait.

Becca laughs and shakes her head as she finishes her part of snugging down Ultima Thule.

Task completed, Becca and Billy step toward each other along the port deck.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)
Let's get some grub.

REBECCA MACEY
Should we change?

WILLIAM BENTON
I've been in a state of flux all my
life. I can't change any more than I
already have.

REBECCA MACEY
(smirks)
You know what I mean.

Billy takes Becca's hands and pulls her to him. She smiles, places her palms on his chest as he places his around her waist. She leans back and looks into his eyes.

WILLIAM BENTON
You haven't changed much since you
were a girl.

REBECCA MACEY
(laughs)
Neither have you. You're still nuts.

Becca playfully pushes him away and takes a step back.

REBECCA MACEY (CONTINUED)

Well?

WILLIAM BENTON

We can go just as we are. The owner's an asshole who thinks I'm a character; local color for the customers, I guess. Let's not disappoint.

Billy pulls on a dock line and Ultima Thule settles her bumpers against the dock. Billy quickly disembarks, grabs hold of a life line, and holds his hand out to Becca, who swats it away.

REBECCA MACEY

(mock annoyed)

Christ, Billy. I'm not a damned invalid.

Billy laughs as Becca disembarks unassisted with the agility of a youngster.

Billy again holds out his hand, but this time Becca takes it; they walk away from the Ultima Thule, hand-in-hand.

INT. GILLIGAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie approaches Rev. Romello's table and places a check folder containing bills on the table.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

Thanks folks. See you next time, okay?

MICHAEL ROMELLO

(sickeningly slick)

Absolutely, my dear. I hope the next time I see you, it'll be from my pulpit.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(forced politeness and smile)

Could be. Excuse me.

Cassie walks away; the four stand.

As the Romellos follow the other couple with Rachel in the rear, Rachel leans toward her husband's ear.

RACHEL ROMELLO

(low voice)

"Could be," my ass.

Billy and Becca enter wearing their foul weather gear and white sea boots. Becca stands slightly behind Billy.

Billy nods to the first two exiting customers, but holds out his hand to Rev. Romello, who grasps it and shakes it with an effort that is more earnest than might be expected.

WILLIAM BENTON
Reverend Mike.

MICHAEL ROMELLO
The prodigal returns.

The older married couple and Rachel go to the door, take their coats from hooks, and put them on.

WILLIAM BENTON
(nod toward the door)
Your flock still growing?

MICHAEL ROMELLO
(smiling but wary)
More and more are seeing the light.

WILLIAM BENTON
I've heard the best way to do that is to keep them in the dark. You have the knack.

Romello laughs and moves toward the door.

MICHAEL ROMELLO
(over his shoulder)
I thought YOU were the Prince of Darkness in this town, Billy.

The Romellos and the elderly married couple exit.

REBECCA MACEY
Who was that?

WILLIAM BENTON
Nobody.

Billy makes eye contact with Micky King; King delivers a quick salute.

MICHAEL KING
Captain.

WILLIAM BENTON
(nods, smiles)
Micky.

Cassie approaches Billy. Both she and Becca give slight starts when they see each other, but both recover quickly.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY
 (to Billy)
 Two?

HAROLD CHAPUYS (O.C.)
 I got it Cassie.

Billy turns to Chapuys who approaches from the opposite end of the bar.

HAROLD CHAPUYS (CONTINUED)
 Welcome home Billy. Another new crew?

WILLIAM BENTON
 Are you going to embarrass me yet again?

HAROLD CHAPUYS
 I've been waiting for weeks. No fun when you're not around.

WILLIAM BENTON
 (hint of smile)
 Can't say I feel the same.

Chapuys leers at Becca, but he speaks to Billy.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
 You going to introduce me?

WILLIAM BENTON
 Becca, this pain-in-the-ass is Hank Chapuys. He hits his knees every night and thanks God that the Board of Health hasn't shut this place down.
 (looks at Chapuys)
 Hank ... Rebecca Macey.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
 (to Becca)
 Il est un plaisir de répondre à une telle belle femme.

Becca extends her hand; Chapuys grasps it in both of his.

REBECCA MACEY
 Il a dit que vous étiez un connard; je vous remercie d'être assez bon pour le prouver.

Chapuys kisses her hand and releases it. Becca rolls her eyes but does not otherwise resist the gesture.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
Impressive! I wish I actually spoke
French. What'd you say?

WILLIAM BENTON
(smiling)
She said I told her you were an
asshole.

Chapuys laughs.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
Since when do you speak French?

WILLIAM BENTON
(smirking)
You're right; I'm the asshole. How
about a table? We're famished.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
Light tonight. You have the pick of
the house.

Chapuys turns to Cassie.

HAROLD CHAPUYS (CONTINUED)
Please give your full attention to
these two. A bottle of our best
chardonnay, on the house.

Billy and Becca walk toward a table next to a window facing the
canal.

WILLIAM BENTON
(over his shoulder)
Must've been a good year.

Chapuys picks two menus from the bar and approaches the table
as Billy and Becca take off their foul weather jackets, place
them on the chair backs, and sit.

HAROLD CHAPUYS
Can't complain.

Cassie appears with a bottle of wine and two glasses. She
offers the label to Billy, who waves away the inspection. As
Cassie turns the screw and pulls the cork, she stares at Becca.

HAROLD CHAPUYS (CONTINUED)
Where've you been, Billy?

WILLIAM BENTON

Just in from Cape May, but I spent
some time in Southwest Harbor, my
friend.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

All summer?

WILLIAM BENTON

(hand over heart, faux
affect)

Your concern is comforting.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

Just curious.

Cassie pours the wine into two glasses

WILLIAM BENTON

I'll humor you. Spent a lot of that
time in Port Townsend.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

Where?

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(matter of fact)

Washington.

Becca looks at Cassie.

REBECCA MACEY

(slightly annoyed)

Where else?

Cassie and Becca exchange less than friendly glances.

HAROLD CHAPUYS

(imperious request)

Cassie? Bread?

Cassie raises an eyebrow at Chapuys and walks away.

Billy raises his glass toward Becca; they touch glasses, take
sips, and smile. Billy gives Chapuys an "are you still here?"
glance.

HAROLD CHAPUYS (CONTINUED)

Right. I'll leave you two to your
wine. Enjoy.

Chapuys walks away. Billy smiles at Becca, reaches across the
table and places his hand on hers.

WILLIAM BENTON
 (nods toward Cassie)
 You know her.

REBECCA MACEY
 I know her.

Billy sips his wine and glances in Cassie's direction.

WILLIAM BENTON
 It's pretty clear she remembers you.

Becca stares into Billy's eyes and takes a sip of wine.

REBECCA MACEY
 There's a reason.

Billy leans back, cocks his head, looks a question and takes a long pull on his wine. Becca takes a sip of wine and then looks out the window at the canal.

REBECCA MACEY
 Name's Cassandra Willoughby. Cassie.
 (returns eyes to Billy)
 Came to P.T. to write and made ends
 meet working at Jack London's Reading
 Room.

WILLIAM BENTON
 Reggie Junior's bookstore.

REBECCA MACEY
 (sips wine)
 The same.

WILLIAM BENTON
 And ...

REBECCA MACEY
 Junior and her had a thing about
 fifteen years ago. Pretty intense.

WILLIAM BENTON
 And ...

REBECCA MACEY
 Junior had trouble with his mother's
 death.

WILLIAM BENTON
 Mirabelle was an angel.

REBECCA MACEY

She was. When she was gone, Junior fell into the deep end, started using cocaine.

(nods toward Cassie)

And I think, so did she. Junior was pretty rough with her.

WILLIAM BENTON

You mean he was knocking her around?

REBECCA MACEY

Mm hmm.

WILLIAM BENTON

Reggie would roll over in his grave.

REBECCA MACEY

Not that I would know this since I never knew him.

WILLIAM BENTON

Trust me. Based upon what your grandpa's told me, Reggie would have been beside himself.

Billy looks out the window for a beat, apparently remembering something. After a few seconds, he turns to Becca, smiles, and holds up his wine glass to Becca.

WILLIAM BENTON (CONTINUED)

This is nice.

REBECCA MACEY

It is, isn't it?

WILLIAM BENTON

So what happened?

REBECCA MACEY

One day she was gone and so was a lot of money from Junior's bank account.

Cassie approaches the table. Billy looks at Becca with a slight, warning shake of his head. Becca sips her wine.

Cassie places a basket of bread on the table and fills their wine glasses.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

I'll give you another minute to look at the menu. No rush.

Cassie turns, takes a step, stops and turns to Becca.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(CONTINUED)

(cautious)

Been a long time, Becca.

REBECCA MACEY

(cold)

Not long enough.

Becca looks at Billy. Cassie stares at Becca for a beat; her jaws clench.

CASSIE WILLOUGHBY

(to Billy)

I'll get someone else to wait on you.

Cassie walks away. Billy looks at Becca who drains her wine glass. She puts it on the table.

REBECCA MACEY

(stares at wine glass)

I'd been living with Junior for a while when she showed up.

Billy stares at Becca; Becca stares at the wine glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERCUT - NORTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE/INT. 1952 FORD - SUNSET, LATE OCTOBER, 1955

A 1952, Glenmist Green, four-door Ford Customline is parked on the gravel shoulder of U.S. Rte 2 atop a rise. The two-lane is void of traffic for as far as the eye can see.

The sun has nearly set, and the sky is burnished gold.

The SOUND of PRAIRIE WIND is like a choir of a thousand sighs.

Karl Myers leans back against the hood of the west-facing Ford. He wears a worn bomber jacket, grey fedora, gray slacks, and spit-polished, black, police service shoes.

Myers' arms are folded across his chest. He stares with cold eyes at the graveled shoulder for a beat, raises his eyes toward the sunset for mere seconds, and then glares back at the gravel.

He shakes his head slightly, stands erect and drops his hands. His eyes rise to the sun and watch as it dips below the horizon.

Myers steps to the driver's side of the Ford, enters the car, and starts the engine.

He stares through the windshield for a beat and then retrieves a pint bottle of Jack Daniels from the front passenger seat.

He uncaps the pint, takes a long swallow, and then smacks his lips and stares at the sky as he recaps the pint.

Myers drops the pint on the passenger seat and puts the Ford into gear.

The Ford slowly pulls onto the highway and accelerates toward the fading sunset.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 5