

AFLOAT

SERIES ONE

Written by

Jeff Lee Byrem

Adapted from The Myers/Benton Chronicles
By Jeff Lee

Registered with WGA West, # 2126718
(C) June 23, 2021

jeffleeb999@gmail.com
484-678-4663
jeffleenovels.com

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Pilot: "Beanie's Dogs"

FADE IN:

EXT - BLUE MOUNTAIN - AUGUST DAY, 1955

ESTABLISHING SHOT: A rotting buckboard rests at one end of a clearing on a level shelf of land halfway up Blue Mountain. The air is still. Knee-high grass covers the clearing. On the buckboard seat, four quart beer bottles glisten in the sun.

SOUNDS of occasional BUZZING of deerflies.

SOUND of a RIFLE SHOT; a bottle on the buckboard SHATTERS. The sequence is repeated three times in less than 10 seconds.

150 feet from the buckboard, 33-year-old JERRY PETERMAN holds an M-1 Garand to his shoulder and sights along the barrel.

Jerry wears a white T-shirt, olive workpants, black belt, and black combat boots. He is good-looking, clean-shaven and his light brown hair is cut into a short flattop. An arrogant smile appears on his face as he lowers the rifle.

Jerry's son, twelve-year-old GREG PETERMAN stands behind him. Greg is a tad shy of five feet tall and lean. His attire mirrors his father's: he looks like an embryonic jarhead.

Jerry turns to Greg; Greg comes to attention. Greg's voice is in the soprano pitch of a young boy.

GREG PETERMAN

Good shootin', sir.

JERRY PETERMAN

Damn right that was good shootin'.
Took out a lot of Japs with that kind
of shootin'.

GREG PETERMAN

Yes sir.

JERRY PETERMAN

Good eye and steady hands.

GREG PETERMAN

Yes sir.

Jerry extracts a small ring of keys from a pocket and tosses it to Greg, who catches it with both hands.

JERRY PETERMAN
Got a surprise for you, boy.

GREG PETERMAN
Sir?

JERRY PETERMAN
Go open the trunk.

Greg runs to a shining, black, 1950 Chrysler Windsor parked on a dirt track in the shade of an overarching canopy of trees. He unlocks, and with appreciable effort, lifts the trunk lid.

Greg looks into the trunk, then looks back at Jerry with a troubled expression.

JERRY PETERMAN
(annoyed)
In the blanket roll, pissant.

Greg unrolls a .22 caliber rifle from a battered army blanket. He turns, open-mouthed, and stares at Jerry.

JERRY PETERMAN
Come on, boy. I didn't plan on spending my day off watching you stand there with your mouth open catchin' flies. Bring it here!

Greg carries the rifle in both hands and trots to Jerry.

GREG PETERMAN
Would it be all right if maybe ...
could I shoot it, sir?

JERRY PETERMAN
(mocking falsetto)
Could I shoot it, sir?

Jerry grabs the rifle.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
Why the hell do you think I told you to get it? Time you learned to shoot.

Jerry walks toward the buckboard. Greg doesn't follow. Jerry turns and angrily beckons the boy. Greg runs to catch up.

When Jerry halves the distance to the buckboard, Greg arrives at his side. Jerry hands Greg the rifle.

JERRY PETERMAN
I'm going to tell you something, and you damn well better listen good.

Greg comes to attention and stares at Jerry's left ear.

GREG PETERMAN
(quick reply)
Yes *sir!*

JERRY PETERMAN
You are never to touch this rifle
unless I'm with you. You got that?

GREG PETERMAN
Yes sir. I, I, I shouldn't touch it
unless you're with me.

JERRY PETERMAN
(intimidating)
You know I'm serious about this.

GREG PETERMAN
(voice catches)
Yes sir.

JERRY PETERMAN
You know what's going to happen if I
ever catch you around this rifle on
the sly?

Greg glances at his father's eyes.

JERRY PETERMAN
(surprised)
Are you eyeballing me boy?

Greg flinches, his eyes widen, and his lower lip quivers; he looks at distant treetops.

GREG PETERMAN
(whispers)
No sir.

JERRY PETERMAN
It's a damn good thing, you little
panty waste, because I don't want you
eyeballing me.

GREG PETERMAN
(fearful)
Yes sir.

JERRY PETERMAN
You touch this without my say so, I'll
warm that stinking backside of yours
so bad you won't be able to sit down
for a week. You understand me?

GREG PETERMAN

(gulps)
Yes sir!

Jerry stares at Greg for a beat, and then smirks.

JERRY PETERMAN

Wait there.

Jerry steps toward the buckboard. When Jerry is ten steps away, Greg's expression chills. He raises the rifle and aims it with angry eyes at his father's back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

The 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, 1955 to PRESENT:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie
- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule, with 79-year-old Bill Benton at the helm, diminishes in view as she heads under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear, star-filled skies

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND (PA) POLICE STATION - 11:30 AM, AUGUST, 1955

42-YEAR-OLD KARL MYERS leans back on a swivel chair. His feet, cased in spit-polished black shoes are crossed and propped on the corner of a grey-green metal desk. Wearing a police chief's uniform that includes a tie, he tugs at his shirt collar.

A Venetian blind in the office's only window is closed and creates the ambiance of a catacomb. The only other light in the room is from a brown metal, fluorescent, draftsman's lamp clamped to the left edge of the desk.

A small black fan with oily, fuzz-covered blades is oscillating on the desk and blowing air toward Myers.

Myers' prematurely gray hair is close-cropped; his chiseled face is clean-shaven with no wrinkles but for crows feet at the corners of his eyes, which are ice-blue.

Three short stacks of paper, each held in place with a glass paperweight, are perpendicular to the front edge of the desk. Six pencils, freshly sharpened, are positioned one-half inch apart and parallel to the edge of a large desk blotter.

Myers closes his eyes for a beat, gives his head a shake, lifts his feet from the desk, and swings around to face the door into his office.

He takes the top sheet from the shortest stack of papers and stares at it for a few seconds. Clearly irritated, he slaps the page back on the pile.

Myers spins to a credenza along the wall behind him, picks up a silver frame holding a B&W photo. He stares at the 1939 photo of beaming, long-haired, nine-year-old Dorothy Myers.

SOUND of PARK SWING CHAINS in action.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - PATTERSON PARK, BALTIMORE - FLASHBACK, SUMMER, 1939

Baltimore Harbor is visible in the distance.

A giggling, nine-year-old DOROTHY MYERS is on a swing that is energetically pushed by 29-YEAR-OLD KARL MYERS. 29-YEAR-OLD LAURA BENTON MYERS, laughing, stands next to the swing.

DOROTHY MYERS

(joyful)

Push me HARDER, Daddy! PUSH me!

Empirically beautiful Laura shakes her shoulder-length, auburn hair away from her face and smiles alluringly at Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO (VOICEOVER)

You still miss her, don't you Chief?

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND (PA) POLICE STATION - THE PRESENT

Myers turns, stands, and with a wan smile shakes hands with Corporal MAX TRAVALIO of the Pennsylvania State Police.

KARL MYERS

Still. How've you been, Max?

Max is shorter, broader, and younger than Myers by a few years. He wears a standard issue Trooper uniform and carries a Trooper's campaign style hat under his arm.

MAX TRAVALIO

If it weren't for fucking juvenile delinquents, my life would be a lot simpler. You talk with the Principal?

Myers moves briskly toward the office door.

KARL MYERS

About an hour ago. I think he'd agree.

Myers grabs his duty hat from a coat rack near the doorway, puts it on, and continues into a hallway.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

He'll press charges. Stupid kids.

Max follows Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

And goddamned principals who don't lock down their buildings.

KARL MYERS

It's a small town, Max; a small town. Claims he flat out forgot.

MAX TRAVALIO

Absentminded principals, stupid kids, and stray dogs.

Myers stops and turns toward Max.

KARL MYERS

What'd you hear?

MAX TRAVALIO

(chuckles)

Old man living like a hermit with a half-dozen, good-sized dogs. Where'd he get the name Beanie?

KARL MYERS

No idea why. Farm's in the township but his house is in the borough.

MAX TRAVALIO

Which is why you got the call when he died.

KARL MYERS

Exactly.

Myers turns and continues toward the front office; Max follows.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

After a couple days, the dogs got hungry.

MAX TRAVALIO

(mutters to himself)

Jesus.

(to Myers)

So, what I heard is true. You put 'em down?

KARL MYERS

A neighbor let 'em out before he discovered the body. They were long gone by the time I got there.

MAX TRAVALIO

You townies have all the fun.

KARL MYERS

Some fun.

Myers enters the front office and approaches the receptionist, SARAH HARDING; she sits at the only desk behind a counter, chewing gum.

A platinum blond who wears too much rouge, Sarah is applying bright red polish to her fingernails that matches her lipstick, and her mascara has been applied without subtlety.

Max walks to the front door, turns and pauses.

Myers stops and leans on the counter in front of Sarah's desk.

SARAH HARDING
(concentrates on nails)
Going out?

KARL MYERS
Late Lunch, then patrol for a while.
I'll check in after lunch.

SARAH HARDING
(nonchalant)
Okay, Chief.

Myers heads to the entrance; Max opens the door.

SARAH HARDING
(flirtatious)
Bye Max.

MAX TRAVALIO
(mimic of Sarah's voice)
Bye Sugar.

EXT - NEW CUMBERLAND PD - CONTINUOUS

Myers and Max step toward their patrol cars parked along the curb. Max's highway patrol Ford is brand new.

KARL MYERS
(nods at the Ford)
Like it?

MAX TRAVALIO
Big improvement.

Max stops and pulls a pack of Chesterfields from his shirt pocket; he extends it to Myers who waves it away.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)
Still kicking it?

KARL MYERS
Three months tomorrow.

Max extracts a Chesterfield from the pack, lights it with a lighter, and exhales a plume of smoke toward the sky.

MAX TRAVALIO
You have to be the only cop that
doesn't smoke, you know that?

KARL MYERS
I don't know that, and neither do you.

MAX TRAVALIO
You're an independent cuss.

Myers heads toward his car; Max heads to the Ford.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)
Where to for lunch?

KARL MYERS
The Lemoyne?

MAX TRAVALIO
Independent, but a man of habit.

Both men open their car doors at the same time. Max enters first, but before he closes the door, Myers hollers ...

KARL MYERS
(loud; mimics Sarah's voice)
Bye Max.

Max laughs and flashes the bird at Myers; Myers smiles, enters his car. Doors shut. SOUND of ENGINES STARTING.

INT - PETERMAN SPLIT-LEVEL, LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Thirty-two-year-old VIVIAN PETERMAN, descends stairs and INTO VIEW. She is a natural beauty, wears a very short-sleeved white blouse, faded red shorts, white ankle socks and Keds; her auburn hair is in a pony-tail.

She hears the indecipherable SOUND of TWO BOYS TALKING to her right, and to her left she hears the SOUND of WATER SLOSHING in a Sears agitator/wringer washer.

Vivian stops in the doorway to a small utility room and stares blankly at the washing machine for a beat, then steps into the room, and closes the door.

The room is illuminated by diffused sunlight coming through a drawn blind over a solitary window. Vivian absently rubs the uppermost part of each arm where purplish bruises are visible. She closes her eyes, her face contorts, and she cries.

Not many feet away in a tiny den, nine-year-old PATSY MOYER sits on a club chair and reads a Golden Book. She wears blue Keds, white socks, and a freshly-ironed, yellow sundress covered with tiny orange and white flowers.

Sitting cross-legged on a rug, Greg Peterman reads a Superman comic book; twelve-year-old BARRY MOYER pokes Greg in the ribs with the barrel of a toy Tommy gun.

Both boys wear worn khaki slacks, horizontally-striped T-shirts, and cowboy boots. They have identical buzz-cuts.

BARRY MOYER

You're a lyin' pussy. You ain't got no rifle.

Greg frowns but does not look up from the comic book.

GREG PETERMAN

I ain't no pussy.

BARRY MOYER

You just said you had a gun 'cause I got this brand new Tommy gun.

GREG PETERMAN

(does not look up)

I don't care about no stupid toy.

BARRY MOYER

You're just jealous.

Greg slaps the comic book onto the rug, gets to his knees and faces Barry.

GREG PETERMAN

Jealous of what? The stupid cap roll on that thing keeps gettin' jammed.

BARRY MOYER

(singsong)

The pussy's jealous.

GREG PETERMAN

I ain't jealous of no piece of junk.

PATSY MOYER

You're not supposed to say ain't.

GREG PETERMAN

(to Patsy)

Shut up, stupid.

(to Barry)

That thing's probably made in Japan.

Barry gets to his knees.

BARRY MOYER

You better take that back.

GREG PETERMAN

What, that everybody knows something made in Japan is a piece of junk?

Barry pushes Greg's chest hard with both hands.

BARRY MOYER

(loud)
Take it back!

Greg pushes Barry's chest, Barry pushes back harder, and Greg falls backward onto a brass bucket full of children's books. The bucket CLATTERS off a wall and dumps its contents.

Greg is up in a flash and puts a headlock on Barry. The boys wrestle with the intent of doing each other damage.

PATSY MOYER

(yells)
Mrs. Peterman!

Vivian appears a split second after Patsy's yell, grabs each boy by the back of his neck, and gives each a good shake.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(very angry)
That's enough! Stop it!

Vivian releases the boys with a shove. The boys drop to the rug and rub their necks. They do not look at each other or Vivian who stands with hands on hips and glowers at them.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

That's the third time you boys've been at each other, and I'm damned sick and tired of it. Why aren't you outside playing?

The boys exchange angry glances but neither respond. Patsy sits quietly and watches, smiling.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Well, I've had it, and I'm not going to put up with any more of it.

(to Greg)
One more time and Barry is going home, and you're going to spend the rest of the day in your room. Understood?

The boys exchange another angry glance, but do not respond.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(yells)
Is that understood?

The boys stare at Vivian with wide-open eyes and nod.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Good! And goddamn it, I *mean* it!

Vivian stares at the boys with her hands on her hips for a beat and then spins on her heel and exits.

The boys stare in the direction Vivian has gone.

BARRY MOYER

I still think you're lyin'.

GREG PETERMAN

I ain't lyin', damn it!

PATSY MOYER

Oooh, I'm telling you cussed.

BARRY MOYER

(to Patsy)

Shut up and go home, penis brain.

PATSY MOYER

(indignant)

Now I'm *really* telling.

Barry points the Tommy gun at her head.

BARRY MOYER

Go ahead and tell.

Patsy appears ready to stand.

PATSY MOYER

I *will!*

BARRY MOYER

Aw, you won't say nothin' 'cause you're afraid to say penis to Mom.

PATSY MOYER

(breaks into tears)

I *hate* you.

Patsy runs from the room. Barry laughs and aims his Tommy gun at Greg.

BARRY MOYER

I still say you're a liar.

Greg swats the barrel away.

GREG PETERMAN

Stop pointing that thing at me!

Greg grabs the barrel, yanks it from Barry, and tosses it onto the club chair.

GREG PETERMAN

I can't touch the rifle unless Dad says okay.

BARRY MOYER

He's not even *here!* I just want to *see* it, but you don't want me to find out you're a goddamned liar.

In the utility room, Vivian passes a dress shirt through the wringer on the washer.

SOUND of boys' FOOTFALLS running up stairs.

Vivian opens the utility room door.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You boys going outside?

SOUND of Greg's FOOTFALLS returning down the stairs; Greg into view.

GREG PETERMAN

We're gonna play in my room.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

But it's a beautiful, sunny day.

GREG PETERMAN

We'll go out later.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Where's Patsy?

GREG PETERMAN

Dunno.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Isn't Barry supposed to watch her?

GREG PETERMAN

Nah, she just said that so she could bother us.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Put your toys away when you're done. You know your father hates a mess!

Greg heads upstairs. SOUND of FOOTFALLS running to upper level.

Vivian shakes her head and runs a shirt through the wringer.

INT - PETERMAN HOME, UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Greg pokes his head into the hallway from his bedroom, then slides across the hall floor in his stocking feet and beckons Barry into his parents' bedroom. Barry follows.

Greg directs a warning expression toward Barry and raises his forefinger to his mouth. Greg quietly opens the left sliding door of the only closet in the room.

Barry pushes past Greg and yanks the .22 from the closet.

GREG PETERMAN

What the hell are you doing?

Barry takes aim at Greg's head.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(angry)

Are you nuts?

Greg swats the muzzle away from his head.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(angry)

Give it to me!

Greg grabs the barrel, but Barry yanks it free, aims it at Greg's head and pulls the trigger. Greg stares open-mouthed at Barry, who lowers the rifle and looks wide-eyed at Greg.

BARRY MOYER

Holy moly! We gotta shoot this thing!

GREG PETERMAN

My father'd kill me.

BARRY MOYER

He won't find out.

GREG PETERMAN

He finds out everything!

Greg yanks the rifle from Barry and returns it to the closet. He grabs Barry's shirt front and begins to pull Barry toward the hall. Barry slaps his hand away.

BARRY MOYER

Wait a minute, will ya? I'll trade you something for a chance to shoot it.

GREG PETERMAN
 (skeptical curiosity)
 Like what?

Barry pulls a stiletto-style switchblade from a pants pocket.

GREG PETERMAN
 (astonished)
 Is it real?

Barry pushes a small silver button on the handle and a four-inch blade flips out of the handle.

BARRY MOYER
 Found it in my brother's drawer.

GREG PETERMAN
 Are you crazy? Vaughn will kill you!

BARRY MOYER
 He doesn't even know it's gone.

GREG PETERMAN
 If he looks for it, he'll know.

BARRY MOYER
 He won't look. He's got a new one with
 a longer blade. Come on, the
 switchblade for a chance to shoot it.

Greg stares at the knife; his eyes narrow, his breath quickens.

INT - PETERMAN HOME, MIDDLE/LIVING LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

In a very tiny but "modern" kitchen, Vivian stands in front of the counter next to the sink and pours Campbell's pork and beans from a can into a Corning casserole dish.

Vivian goes to the refrigerator, extracts a package of hotdogs, returns to the workspace, takes the franks from the package and cuts them into medallions, which she drops into the casserole.

SOUND of a boy's FEET THUNDERING down stairs.

Barry scoots to the back door, which is in the dining room.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (assertive but friendly)
 Hold on there, pardner.

Barry stops with his hand on the doorknob and looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 What's Greg doing?

BARRY MOYER
Don't know. See ya.

Barry is out the door at a run.

SOUND of SCREEN DOOR SLAMMING.

Vivian looks out the window and frowns.

EXT - PETERMANS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Barry rounds the front corner of the home at a run and stops on the left side of the house under an open, upper-level window.

From the window, Greg holds the muzzle of the rifle and lowers it to Barry. Greg loses his grip. Barry jumps back and the .22 lands butt-first. Barry picks it up and looks about furtively.

Greg emerges backwards from the window. He hangs on to the sill; his feet are five feet from the grass. Greg drops from the window and does a backward somersault after his feet touch the ground. He gets in Barry's face.

GREG PETERMAN
Why didn't you catch it?

BARRY MOYER
You weren't supposed to *drop* it!

GREG PETERMAN
It better not've gotten messed up!

BARRY MOYER
Or what?

GREG PETERMAN
I'll kick your ass.

BARRY MOYER
(scoffs)
You and what army?

Greg pushes Barry away and grabs the rifle.

GREG PETERMAN
(to himself)
I won't need no army.

Greg examines the butt of the rifle, brushes off a bit of sod, looks at Barry and jerks his head toward an opening in a hedgerow at the edge of a dense woods that is fifteen feet from the house.

In a backyard behind the Petermans', Patsy Moyer swings on the neighbors' swing set; she sees Greg and Barry disappear into the hedgerow. Patsy leaps in a practiced way from the moving swing and runs toward where the boys entered the woods.

INT - PETERMANS' HOME, MIDDLE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Vivian dries her hands on a tea towel buttoned onto a kitchen drawer pull. She places the casserole into a wall oven and sets the automatic timer. She closes the oven door and calls out.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(motherly sing-song)
Gre-eg.

She looks toward the stairs leading to the upper level.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
Greg?

Vivian hustles up the steps

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
Greg!

INT - PETERMANS' HOME, UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Vivian steps into Greg's room, which is in perfect order. She sees the open window and closes it.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
You're damned lucky your father isn't
home. You know how he hates flies.

INT - PETERMANS' HOME, UPPER LEVEL - 10 MINUTES LATER

Vivian enters an en suite bathroom wearing a worn white robe. She goes to the bathtub, closes the drain, turns on the hot water, and drops bath beads into the tub. The only light is coming through the drawn roller blind of the only window.

She stands in front of the mirror above the vanity and studies her reflection as she unties a ribbon and shakes out her ponytail. She stares into her eyes for a beat as though searching for something.

Vivian slips off her robe, hangs it on a hook on the door, and returns her attention to the mirror. Wearing only a bra and panties, she briefly examines the reflection of the bruises on her upper arms.

Watching her reflection, Vivian unhooks her bra, jerks her shoulders forward, and lets the bra fall to the floor. She rolls her panties past her thighs; they drop to the floor.

Vivian stands erect and again looks at her reflection as if searching for something. She turns and studies the reflection of her torso in profile, smiles seductively for a beat, then laughs, shakes her head, and looks away.

She settles into the tub beneath a layer of bubbles and turns off the water with her toes. She rests her head on the back edge of the tub. Her eyes close, her breath quickens, her mouth opens, and a pleased/pained frown appears on her brow.

EXT - BRIDGE STREET, NEW CUMBERLAND - CONTINUOUS

The New Cumberland police chief's car drives slowly south.

I/E - CHIEF'S CAR/NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Myers grasps a two-way radio mic from the dashboard as he drives, presses a button on the mic and speaks into it.

KARL MYERS

Chief to base. Over.

Myers releases the button. Seconds pass; he presses the button.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Chief to base. Over.

Sarah Harding sits behind her desk at the police station and puts the top on a bottle of fingernail polish. Seconds pass.

KARL MYERS (ON RADIO)

(really annoyed)

Sarah! Pick up the damned radio! Over!

Sarah blows on her freshly polished, bright red fingernails, presses a button on a desk stand mic, and speaks cheerfully.

SARAH HARDING

Hi Chief!

KARL MYERS

(annoyed)

Over!

SARAH HARDING

(smiling)

Easy. Sissy says that's how you like your eggs and your women: over easy.

Sarah giggles and blows on her fingernails.

KARL MYERS
(restrained with difficulty)
The radio is for official
communications, Sarah, not stupid
chatter. I'm headed to Finkelstein's,
then home. Ray's on tonight. Over.

SARAH HARDING
Easy.

KARL MYERS
Enough!

SARAH HARDING
(faux conscientiousness)
Shouldn't that be "enough" over?

Myers stifles a smile and shakes his head.

KARL MYERS
There's a long line of women out there
who would love to have your job. Over.

SARAH HARDING
Now who's chattering?

Sarah pushes the mic away and blows on her nails.

I/E - CHIEF'S CAR/BRIDGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Myers stares at the mic for a beat before speaking into it.

KARL MYERS
Over and out.

Myers returns the mic to the bracket on the dash as the car
nears the West Shore Theater. Myers stares at the marquee
listing DRUM BEAT, ALAN LADD, and AUDREY DALTON.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - BALTIMORE - FLASHBACK, LATE AUTUMN, EARLY EVENING, 1939

On the street outside the Grand Theater, the sky is dark, a
light rain is ending; the theater's lights are reflected by the
wet surface of the street.

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON, JAMES STEWART, and JEAN ARTHUR
are posted on the marquee. A large box truck is parked along
the curb to the right of the entrance to the theater.

A Baltimore Police Department squad car approaches from the left and stops opposite the theater. A crowd begins to emerge from the theater; in the front rank, hand-in-hand, Dorothy and Laura Benton Myers approach the curb. Both are beaming.

In the squad car, Myers beeps the horn. He smiles and waves to Laura and Dorothy through an open window. With their eyes focused on Myers, Laura and Dorothy run toward Myers.

SOUND of BLARING TAXI HORN and TIRES SLIDING on the wet street.

Laura's eyes fill with terror.

SOUND of a HORN BLAST from a 1950 Buick.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E - CHIEF'S CAR/BRIDGE STREET - DAY, 1955

The Chief's car is stopped in front of the West Shore Theater. Myers looks into the rearview mirror and sees the reflection of an ELDERLY WOMAN wearing a dress hat who is peering at him between the steering wheel and dash of her 1950 Buick.

The woman smiles shyly and waves with a gloved hand.

KARL MYERS

(mutters)

Shit.

The Chief's car resumes its patrol south on Bridge Street.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION ONE - CONTINUOUS

Greg and Barry move quickly on a path through the woods. Greg carries the rifle. The path at this location runs parallel to a soon to be paved subdivision road covered with crushed stone. The road and path are separated by forty feet of woods.

Approaching SOUND of CAR TIRES crunching over crushed stone.

Through the trees, the boys watch a 1948, green, Ford sedan approach. When the car stops opposite their position, Greg drops to his knees; Barry does the same.

TOMMY BRODE, short, swarthy, and scrawny, exits the Ford. He wears gray pants, a white T-shirt, and combat boots. Brode stretches, reaches through an open window, retrieves a pack of cigarettes from the dash, and uses a safety match to light up.

Greg slowly raises the rifle and takes aim at Brode.

BARRY MOYER

(whispers)
What the hell are you doing?

GREG PETERMAN

(whispers)
That Nazi ain't takin' us alive.

Barry laughs; Brode reacts by staring in the boys' direction. Greg smacks the back of Barry's head.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Quiet, asshole.

Brode pushes aside branches and steps toward the boys' location. A branch slips his grasp, smacks his face, and knocks the cigarette from his mouth.

TOMMY BRODE

God DAMN it!

The boys struggle to keep from laughing out loud.

Brode picks up the fag and places it between his lips. He returns to the Ford, stops, looks up and down the road, and then urinates onto the ground next to the car.

Barry drops onto his back nearly overcome with laughter; Greg puts his hand over Barry's mouth to silence him.

Brode zips up, enters the driver's side of the car, and leaves the door open as the boys run along the path deeper into the woods.

SOUND of diminishing BOYS' LAUGHTER.

Brode hears the laughter, steps out of the car, and looks in the direction of the laughter. He takes a last drag on the fag, drops it to the ground, and grinds it out with his shoe.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION TWO - CONTINUOUS

Patsy struggles through undergrowth having lost the path. She reaches a small opening covered by the canopy of old-growth oaks, hickories, and tulip poplars. Her expression reveals helplessness; she starts to whimper.

With a trembling lip, she takes a deep breath to tamp down the tears, and decisively forges ahead into the undergrowth.

SOUND of a muffled RIFLE SHOT.

Patsy turns in the direction of the gunshot.

SOUND of a muffled RIFLE SHOT.

Patsy appears relieved and heads in the direction of the shot.

SOUND of a muffled RIFLE SHOT.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - CONTINUOUS

Barry and Greg stand in a clearing with their backs to the slow-moving Yellow Breeches Creek, a muddy stream that is a boy's stone-throw wide. The boys stand in knee-high grass seventy-five feet away from a ten-foot scarp.

The scarp is one hundred feet from the creek and is topped by old growth forest and dense undergrowth. Greg sights the rifle at one of several large roots exposed on the scarp. His lips are pursed; he grunts loudly when he pulls the trigger.

The rifle fires. A puff of dirt explodes from the surface of the scarp two feet to the right of the sighted root.

GREG PETERMAN

Damn!

Greg hands Barry the rifle. Barry pulls back the bolt of the rifle, which ejects a shell, and then jams the bolt into place.

Barry's aim at a root on the scarp is quick; he pulls the trigger and the gun fires, but there is no corresponding sound from hitting the root or a puff of dirt on the scarp.

Greg bends over and guffaws.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)

You can't even hit the damn dirt!

BARRY MOYER

(pissed)

Shut up, asshole!

GREG PETERMAN

What're you trying to hit, air?

Barry glares at Greg for a beat, and then takes aim at a root. He pulls the trigger, but the only SOUND is the METALLIC CLICK of the firing mechanism.

Greg laughs so hard he drops to his knees and rolls onto his side. Barry wheels and points the gun at Greg. Greg, instantly serious, scrambles to his feet.

GREG PETERMAN

What're you doin', asshole?

BARRY MOYER

Take it easy, chicken. It didn't fire
'cause it's empty. Load it up.

Greg grabs the rifle from his friend and pulls back the bolt.
Greg glances at the empty chamber and then glares at Barry.

GREG PETERMAN

I ain't no chicken.

Greg looks at the empty chamber and rams the bolt home.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(decisive)

I got to go back home.

BARRY MOYER

How're you going to get it back in the
closet without your mom seeing you?

GREG PETERMAN

Me? How about we?

BARRY MOYER

It's not *my* gun.

GREG PETERMAN

Thanks a lot, asshole.

Greg holds the rifle at waist level and points it at Barry, who
jumps back in mock fear. Greg laughs, pulls the trigger, and
the gun fires. Barry falls to the ground, clutches his belly,
and screams; his upper torso writhes, but his legs are still.

BARRY MOYER

(shrieks and repeats)

AAAAH, *it HURTS! Oh GOD, it HURTS!*
AAAAH, *oh GOD!*

Greg stands frozen in place with the rifle still pointed at
where Barry had been standing; he stares at his friend in wild-
eyed bewilderment. Blood spreads across Barry's shirt. Greg
drops the rifle, straddles Barry, and shakes him.

GREG PETERMAN

(desperate)

Barry! Somebody's going to hear you!

BARRY MOYER

(shrieks louder)

AAAAH it HURTS! Oh GOD, it HURTS!

Greg jumps to his feet. His panicked eyes scan the grass; he
sees a piece of flood-deposited flotsam: an oak mop handle.

He grabs the handle, raises it above his head, and brings it down across Barry's forehead with all his might.

Barry stops yelling and writhing the instant the mop handle strikes. A long gash across Barry's forehead oozes blood.

SOUND of a PRONOUNCED EXHALATION from Barry.

One of Barry's eye sockets fills with blood; the other eye stares blankly at the forest canopy. Greg's face becomes a mask of terror. He drops the mop handle and frantically paces.

GREG PETERMAN

(desperation)

Oh God, what am I going to *do*? He's going to *kill* me.

He pulls at the short hairs of his crewcut, tears stream down his cheeks, he struggles to breathe.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)

He's going to *kill* me. He *will*. He *WILL!* He's really going to *kill* me!

Greg's left hand brushes against the outside of his left-hand trouser pocket and he abruptly stops pacing. He slaps his left hand against the outside of the pocket, then reaches into the pocket and extracts the stiletto.

The sky is darkening; SOUND of DISTANT THUNDER.

Greg looks into the woods above the scarp for a beat and then stares at the knife for another beat.

Greg drops to his knees beside the corpse. Greg's cheeks are wet with tears, but his eyes are now cold and determined. He pulls up Barry's blood-soaked T-shirt and stares at a small, blood-filled hole in Barry's blood-painted belly.

Rain pours down, partially obscuring Greg, who flips open the knife, lifts it over his head, stares at the hole for a beat, clenches his jaw, and drives the blade down.

SOUND of THUNDER CRASH simultaneous with FLASH of LIGHTNING.

EXT - CEDAR WOODS DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vivian Peterman, her hair in a ponytail, steps quickly along a sidewalk in the new subdivision. She carries a closed umbrella, wears her newest heels, and carries a matching patent leather handbag.

She wears a sky-blue swing skirt, white-collared blouse, nylons, faux pearl earrings, a matching single strand choker, and bright red lipstick.

A few large raindrops begin to spot the sidewalk ahead of Vivian. She puts up the umbrella before the drops reach her. LIGHTNING FLASHES; the SOUND of a LOUD THUNDER CRACK startles her. She runs up a driveway to a carport attached to a house.

Pouring RAIN and HAIL SOUNDS on the carport roof. EDITH "EDIE" ESWORTH opens a screen door and pokes her head out. Edith is wearing a short-sleeved, sailor blouse, capris and black Keds. Her hair is in a ponytail and she wears full makeup.

EDITH ESWORTH

For heaven's sake, come inside!

Vivian closes the umbrella and enters the kitchen.

INT - KITCHEN, ESWORTH HOME - CONTINUOUS

Diminished SOUND of HAIL and RAIN on the ROOF.

A tea cup containing a tea bag rests on a saucer next to the stove; a tea spoon is on the saucer.

EDITH ESWORTH

(sincerely friendly)

I just put on the kettle. Take a load off.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Thanks. I will.

Vivian sits on one of four chrome-legged kitchen chairs that surround a chrome-legged and Formica-topped kitchen table as Edith gets out another cup, saucer, and spoon.

FLASH OF LIGHTNING; simultaneous SOUND of THUNDER CLAP. As Edith looks out the window above the sink; the SOUND of HAIL on the roof STOPS, but the muffled SOUND of RAIN continues.

EDITH ESWORTH

It's really coming down, isn't it?

Edith extracts a cigarette from a pack on the counter and uses a lighter to light up.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It's been a while since we've shared a cup, hasn't it?

Edith exhales a long plume of smoke as she sits at the table.

EDITH ESWORTH

Too long.

Edith slides a pack and lighter toward Vivian.

EDITH ESWORTH (CONT'D)

Want one?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(smiles, waves it off)

No thanks. I haven't exactly quit;
just trying not to cut back.

EDITH ESWORTH

Just smoking at home then.

Vivian nods. Edith looks out the window, takes a drag, and turns back to Vivian as she exhales. Both smile.

EDITH ESWORTH

You look lovely, but of course you
always do.

Vivian laughs off the comment; Edith takes another drag.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I was just at the McDermott's.

EDITH ESWORTH

Sharon's a sweetheart, isn't she?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She is, and she asked if maybe the
three of us could get together.

EDITH ESWORTH

I'd love to.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Next Thursday afternoon? If Sharon
isn't free, you could still come over.

EDITH ESWORTH

Perfect.

Edith takes a quick drag, butts out the cigarette in an ashtray sitting on the table, and removes another from the pack.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Maybe I *will* have one of those.

Edith hands the cigarette to Vivian. A large bruise on Edith's upper arm is visible when Edith slides the lighter across the table. Edith notes that Vivian sees the bruise; they look into each other's eyes for a beat.

Edith chuckles uncomfortably. SOUND of TEAPOT WHISTLING. Edith gets up and steps to the stove.

EDITH ESWORTH

I can't believe what a klutz I am. I was running to catch the phone, tripped on the edge of the dining room rug and landed against the edge of the server with my arm. Hurt like hell.

Edith pours hot water into the tea cups. As she carries them on their saucers to the table, she and Vivian lock eyes for a beat. Edith looks away as she sits.

Vivian reaches across the table and takes Edith's hand.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(intimate)
Edith...

Vivian releases Edith's hand and raises the sleeves of her own blouse to expose the bruises on her arms. Edith's eyes fill with tears.

A LIGHTNING FLASH and the SOUND of a deafening THUNDER CRACK startles both women. Edith and Vivian glance at one another, laugh nervously, and then look into their cups of tea.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - CONTINUOUS

It is pouring rain. Greg, drenched, stands next to the corpse and stares at a small lead slug he rolls back and forth between his thumb and forefinger; the deluge washes blood from his hands and from the stiletto he holds in his other hand.

Greg closes his eyes and absently drops the bullet into the grass; he closes the stiletto and drops it into a pants pocket.

FLASH of LIGHTNING simultaneous with SOUND of THUNDER CRACK.

Greg walks to where the rifle lies on the ground next to the corpse. He stares at what he has done and extracts a damp box of .22 caliber cartridges from a pants pocket.

Greg angrily heaves the box toward the trees at the edge of the clearing. The box hits a root and breaks apart; bullets scatter into the grass. He looks for and locates the broomstick; he whips it into the creek. The broomstick floats downstream.

Greg drops to his knees by the corpse.

GREG PETERMAN

(wails)

I didn't do this! I didn't, I *DIDN'T!*

With a few deep breaths, Greg gains some control and wipes tears from his cheeks.

FLASH of LIGHTNING; a split-second after is the SOUND of a THUNDER CRACK and the HISS of SMALL HAIL striking leaves and the creek surface.

Abruptly, Greg looks into the woods; his expression reflects a sudden insight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - DEEP WOODS LOCATION ONE - FLASHBACK ONE HOUR

From Greg's POV, Tommy Brode lights up a cigarette.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - THE PRESENT

Greg's expression is wide-eyed and cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - DEEP WOODS LOCATION ONE - FLASHBACK ONE HOUR

From Greg's POV, Brode urinates at the edge of the road.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - THE PRESENT

FLASH of LIGHTNING; two seconds later, there is the SOUND of THUNDER. The hail ends, but the rain continues.

Greg's eyes narrow in concentration.

GREG PETERMAN

(barely audible)

I *didn't* do this.

Greg picks up the rifle and runs as fast as he can toward the path that leads back to his house.

I/E - MOYERS' KITCHEN/MOYERS' CARPORT - CONTINUOUS

ALICE MOYER looks out her kitchen window at the darkening sky with a mother's worried eyes. She wears a dress, nylons, heels, and a string of faux pearls; her hair is neatly coiffed.

FLASH of LIGHTNING; (beat) SOUND of THUNDER. The sky is as dark as an afternoon sky can be. Heavy rain begins to fall.

Alice goes to a door in the kitchen that leads to a carport; she exits to the carport, walks through a short passageway between the house proper and a carport shed, and stops under the carport roof overhang.

SOUND of LARGE RAIN DROPS hitting the carport roof. FLASH of LIGHTNING; a second passes before the SOUND of a THUNDER CRACK.

Alice scans the other backyards, looks at the sky for a beat, and then returns to the kitchen. She goes to the wall phone, dials a number, and waits.

FAINT SOUND from the earpiece of a PHONE RINGING. After several rings, Alice hangs up the phone, returns to the carport, and calls out in every mother's loud, singsong, supper call.

ALICE MOYER

BAR-ry! ... PAT-sy! ... BAR-ry!

Alice pauses for a beat, and then hurries back into the kitchen. She looks out her kitchen window at the downpour with a mother's worried eyes.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - CONTINUOUS

SOUND of rain HISSING in the old growth canopy and on the surface of the creek. The rain washes the blood from Barry's lifeless face. There is the SOUND of a deafening THUNDER CRACK and simultaneous BLINDING FLASH of LIGHTNING.

CUT TO: WHITE

I/E - PETERMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of RAIN pounds on the roof of the house accompanied by the SOUND of WATER RUSHING down and out of rain gutters. VIEW is DIMINISHED by the deluge.

Greg holds the rifle against his body and runs from the woods to the back of the house. A small, white, picket enclosure containing two trash cans sits against the back wall beneath the kitchen window.

Greg opens a gate into the enclosure and places the rifle behind the cans. He goes to the back door, places his hand on the doorknob of the screen door for a beat, and then opens it. He steps into the house and restrains the door from slamming.

GREG PETERMAN

(yells)
Mom?

He listens for a beat.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (yells louder)
 MOM?

Greg listens again for a beat, then runs outside, retrieves the rifle, runs back into the house and into the kitchen. He sees a note in his mother's handwriting on the kitchen table; he slides to a stop and reads the note.

GREG PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 Four-o'clock.

Greg looks at the small clock on the wall oven and then runs downstairs with the rifle to the utility room, takes a towel/rag from the metal shelves, quickly rubs the rifle and his boots clean and dry, and then drops the towel to the floor.

Greg runs upstairs with the rifle, carefully replaces it in the master bedroom closet, closes the closet door, and runs into his bedroom.

SOUND of RAIN on the roof STOPS.

He pulls off his boots, shirt and pants and drops them on the floor; he grabs socks, a T-shirt and pair of pants from his dresser and slips them on.

Greg glances at an open dresser drawer. He pauses in thought for a beat, then retrieves the stiletto from the pants on the floor, and slides the knife under a pile of shirts in the drawer. He slams the drawer shut.

Greg runs out of the room with the dirty clothes, takes them into the bathroom and throws them into a clothes hamper.

He runs downstairs to the kitchen, yanks open the refrigerator, removes the glass milk bottle, pops the top, takes a long drink from the bottle, and returns the capped bottle to the refrigerator.

Greg takes a deep breath and smiles a smile of relief. He absently walks into the living room and sees, through the picture window, his mother approaching the house. He runs upstairs to his bedroom.

SOUND of FRONT DOOR OPENING.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)
 Greg? Are you home?

SOUND of DISTANT THUNDER.

As Vivian places her umbrella in a round stand by the front door, Greg thunders down the stairs.

GREG PETERMAN

Hi Mom.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Give me a hug.

Greg hugs Vivian and steps back. Vivian walks into the kitchen; Greg follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Did you get wet?

GREG PETERMAN

I did. I wanna wipe up the floor by the back door before Dad gets home.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Good Idea. Use a couple towels from down in the utility room.

Vivian puts her purse on the table, turns on the oven light, and looks at the casserole through the oven door window.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Where'd you put your clothes? They must be soaked.

Vivian gets a glass from a cabinet.

GREG PETERMAN

In the hamper.

Vivian pours water into the glass from the tap.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Barry and Patsy get home okay?

GREG PETERMAN

I guess so.

Greg heads to the lower level; Vivian takes a drink.

I/E - POLICE CAR/BRIDGE STREET - 30 MINUTES LATER

Myers drives his patrol car south on Bridge Street. The storm has passed, bright sun has returned, and the day is warm. The car's driver-side window is down, and Myers' left elbow rests in the open window as he drives with his right hand.

The patrol car approaches Finkelstein's Soda Fountain/Pharmacy, which is much more of a soda fountain than a pharmacy.

A homogenous group of twenty-five HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS mill about the still-wet sidewalk in front of Finkelstein's. Crew cuts, plaid shirts with rolled sleeves, cuffed slacks and penny loafers are de rigueur for most boys.

A few boys have longer hair slicked back into a "DA." These boys wear blue jeans with rolled cuffs, and white wringer T-shirts beneath shiny-pink silk jackets that have "Cougars" in large black script across the back.

The girls sport ponytails and white blouses, swing skirts or blue jeans, bobby sox and saddle shoes. Those who are not smoking are chewing gum.

The kids are either talking with someone or looking around with feigned nonchalance that masks adolescent energy and unease.

Nearby parking spots on Bridge Street are filled. A "chopped," bright yellow hot rod with painted flames at the front wheel wells is parked curb-side next to a fire hydrant in front of Finkelstein's.

Two bright-red Chevy convertibles are double-parked beside the yellow rod. Myers smiles and shakes his head at a halted row of sedans heading north that are blocked by the convertibles.

The patrol car drives to the next cross street, the rooftop red light of the patrol car starts to flash, and the car makes a U-turn. Cars move out of the way of the patrol car.

Myers stops behind the convertibles and gives the siren two whoops, which causes general mirth and shouts from the kids.

GIRL ONE

Try the horn!

BOY ONE

Get that for Christmas?

BOY TWO

Old folks home is two blocks down.

The crowd laughs. Myers raises an eyebrow, smiles, and gives the siren another whoop.

BOY ONE and BOY THREE wear Cougar jackets; they hustle to the convertibles and hop over the passenger side doors of the convertibles. Boy THREE smiles and waves at Myers, who nods.

The convertibles drive away with the SOUND of LOW-PITCHED RUMBLES from Lakes pipes. Myers drives to a gas station at the next intersection close by Finkelstein's and parks his car on the station lot.

EXT - BRIDGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Myers exits the car and walks with a nonchalant air toward the crowd of teens who eye him with amused interest. He speaks with a conversational tone loud enough to be heard by the initial ranks of teens.

KARL MYERS

You kids shouldn't be smoking.

GIRL ONE

Why, because it'll stunt our growth?

Teens laugh.

KARL MYERS

(faux serious)

You could end up looking like me.

Teens laugh; some affect fright. GIRL TWO and GIRL THREE, who are standing directly in front of Myers, drop their cigarettes and grind them out in earnest with their saddle shoes, then they giggle.

Myers shakes his head slightly and smiles, and then proceeds through the crowd, which parts as he passes; he steps up to DARLENE RICHARDS.

Darlene is the nucleus of a small group of girls, two of whom are wearing oversized Cougars jackets. Darlene is attired as are the others but has an air about her that sets her apart.

KARL MYERS

(to Darlene)

Where's your boyfriend, Darlene?

Darlene's eyes lock into Myers' eyes with the maturity of a femme du monde twice her age. She smiles and takes a deep drag on a Camel, closes her eyes, and blows smoke skyward.

She again looks into Myers' eyes, smiles mischievously, and jerks her head toward the pharmacy.

KARL MYERS

Does that man of yours appreciate you?

DARLENE RICHARDS

(laughs)

He'd better. I'm one of a kind.

KARL MYERS

You are that, my friend.

The crowd makes way for Myers as he walks toward the pharmacy entrance.

INT - FINKELSTEIN'S - CONTINUOUS

Myers enters Finkelstein's. Each of the booth benches, each of the chromed swivel stools at the fountain counter, and every chair at a table are occupied by TEENAGE CUSTOMERS. Two white-uniformed SODA JERKS are busy working the counter.

A small pharmacy counter is on Myers' right as he enters, behind which middle-aged FRANKLIN FINKELSTEIN stands in a white lab coat. Myers nods at Finkelstein as he passes.

KARL MYERS

Finkelstein.

FRANKLIN FINKELSTEIN

Chief.

BOY FOUR, seated at a far booth spies Myers.

BOY FOUR

(hollers, mock dread)

HEAT!

The teenagers groan with gusto. Myers ignores the reception and walks among the tables to one of the booths lining the wall opposite the pharmacy counter.

BILL "WAX" WAXMAN and BOY FIVE sit on the left side of the booth; VAUGHN MOYER and BOY SIX sit opposite them. Wax and Vaughn sit toward the outside of the booth.

Very large and as yet untouched sundaes are on the table in front of each teen; Vaughn's sundae is a banana split in a large, canoe-shaped glass dish.

Waxman's fair complexion and blue eyes are those of a boy, but a well-worn, leather biker's jacket, shining blond pompadour, and confident nonchalance belie the hard edge of someone others look up to.

Vaughn is wan and thin, an evil negative of Waxman, with a similar cut and comb of his black hair and wearing a similar jacket over a tense frame; his dark eyes shift and dart about the room as if he is looking for a place to hide.

KARL MYERS

Wax, we got ourselves a problem.

BILL WAXMAN

(sincerely respectful)

What's up Chief?

KARL MYERS

Fire hydrant?

VAUGHN MOYER

(smirks to booth mates)

Ain't no fire.

KARL MYERS

Full of yourself today, Vaughn?

VAUGHN MOYER

(sotto voce to booth mates)

At least I ain't full a shit.

Myers' right hand grabs the back of Vaughn's neck and rams his face into the banana split; Myers holds it there as Vaughn flails wildly. SILENCE falls over the entire room.

KARL MYERS

Fire hydrant?

Waxman jumps to his feet.

BILL WAXMAN

Got it.

Waxman heads to the exit.

KARL MYERS

(calmly over his shoulder)

Thanks Wax.

Myers releases Vaughn's neck; Vaughn jerks upright and gasps for breath. With ice cream, strawberry sauce and chocolate syrup dripping down his face, Vaughn looks like a Jackson Pollock facsimile. Myers scans the crowd for effect.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(confidence sans arrogance)

I will find out who trashed the gym.

You copy that, Vaughn? Enjoy the rest of that banana split, my friend.

As Myers turns, Vaughn jumps up, but Boys Five and Six restrain him with difficulty; utensils and glasses go flying. At the SOUND of UTENSILS ET AL hitting the floor, Myers turns back and levels a cold stare at Vaughn for a beat.

Nearly everyone in the crowd struggles to keep from laughing. When Myers exits, the SOUND of EXCITED but INDECIPHERABLE CHATTER and LAUGHTER erupt.

INT - MOYER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alice Moyer paces her kitchen floor. At the SOUND of a CAR ENGINE in the carport, she rushes to the door and opens it; the SOUND of a CAR ENGINE ENDS. SOUND of a CAR DOOR OPENING and CLOSING.

Alice's expression conveys anxiety. She steps back from the door. HARRY MOYER enters; he is tall and spare, carries a small valise, and wears a pin-striped suit, white shirt and tie, black-rimmed glasses and a fedora.

When Harry looks at his wife, his end-of-workday, tired expression changes to one of alarm.

HARRY MOYER

What's the matter?

Harry places his valise on a nearby counter as Alice goes to him; he puts his arms around her, and she cries.

HARRY MOYER (CONT'D)

Alice, sweetheart, what's wrong?

ALICE MOYER

I don't know where the children are.

Harry gently pushes Alice away and smiles.

HARRY MOYER

We never know where Vaughn is.

ALICE MOYER

That's not funny, Harry.

HARRY MOYER

You're right. I'm sure Barry and Patsy went to a neighbor's house to get out of the storm. Have you called anyone?

Harry takes off his fedora and places it on top of his valise. He goes to the refrigerator and extracts a bottle of beer. Anticipating him, Alice takes a bottle opener from a drawer and hands it to him.

HARRY MOYER (CONT'D)

Did you try what's her name?

Harry pops off the bottle cap, places the cap and opener on the counter, and takes a slug of beer.

ALICE MOYER

Who?

HARRY MOYER

Oh hell, I don't remember her name.
The Peterman girl. Doesn't Barry hang
out at their place a lot?

ALICE MOYER

I did call, but nobody answered.

HARRY MOYER

Would it make sense to try again?

Harry takes another slug of beer. Alice goes to the phone,
lifts the receiver from the wall-mounted phone, and dials a
number.

ALICE MOYER

And her name's Vivian.

INTERCUT - INT MOYER'S HOME/INT PETERMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Vivian sits on the living room sofa, smokes a cigarette and
reads a LIFE magazine.

SOUND of PHONE RINGING.

Vivian drops the magazine onto the coffee table and butts out
the cigarette in an ashtray. She goes to the kitchen and grabs
the receiver from the wall-mounted phone. RINGING STOPS.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Hello?

ALICE MOYER

Hi, Vivian. Alice Moyer.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Alice, hello!

ALICE MOYER

Sorry to bother you at dinner time.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Not a bother at all. How are you?

ALICE MOYER

I'm fine, fine. I'm just calling to
find out if my kids are at your place.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

They were but left hours ago.

ALICE MOYER

They were both there?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
They were, but Patsy left first.

ALICE MOYER
Barry was supposed to be watching her.
That boy is in big trouble.

SOUND of Petermans' GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
I'm sorry, Alice.

ALICE MOYER
Not your worry, Vivian. Wait until I
get my hands on that boy. Sorry to
bother you. Talk to you soon.

INT - PETERMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Bye Alice.

SOUND of CAR ENGINE entering Petermans' garage. Vivian hangs up
the phone. ENGINE SOUND ENDS.

Vivian takes a pitcher of cold water from the refrigerator and
places it on the counter.

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)
What the hell is this?

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on the stairs leading up from the lower
level. Jerry appears in the doorway to the kitchen. He has hold
of a sport coat that is draped over his shoulder; in his other
hand he holds a dirty towel.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
What's wrong, Honey?

Jerry drops the sport coat over the back of a chair and holds
up the towel.

JERRY PETERMAN
Don't "Honey" me. What the hell's this
filthy thing doing on the floor?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Greg wanted to clean up some dirty
footprints. I guess he left it there.

Jerry approaches Vivian; his tone and posture are intimidating.

JERRY PETERMAN
You guess? You don't know?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (apprehensive)
 I know.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (yells)
THEN SAY YOU KNOW!

Jerry throws the towel downstairs.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 Where is the little piece of shit?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Jerry!

Jerry approaches Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN
 Goddamn it, I don't want to come home
 to a dirty house.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 It's just a towel, not the whole
 house, Dear.

Jerry leans his face toward Vivian; she looks away.

JERRY PETERMAN
 If part of the house isn't clean, *THE
 WHOLE GODDAMNED HOUSE ISN'T CLEAN!*

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (cowering whine)
 I'm sorry.

JERRY PETERMAN
 What kind of fucking response is that?
 (mocking mimic)
 "I'm sorry."

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (near tears)
 I'll get you a beer.

Vivian reaches for the refrigerator handle. Jerry grabs her upper arm and pulls her away from the refrigerator.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (barely controlled rage)
 I can get my own fucking beer. Are you
 responsible for this house and that
 little piece of shit or what?

Vivian glances at Jerry's hand on her arm.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(gently pleading)
That hurts.

JERRY PETERMAN
(clenched teeth)
It's supposed to hurt.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(whimpers)
Why do you hate him so much?

JERRY PETERMAN
What's that have to do with anything?

Jerry jerks her arm; Vivian starts to cry.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
You're hurting me.

Jerry laughs as he releases her arm with a push.

JERRY PETERMAN
(mocking mimic)
"You're hurting me."
(angry)
Where's my beer?

Vivian removes a beer bottle from the refrigerator.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
I'm selling washing machines to
annoying-as-hell bitches ...

Vivian takes a bottle opener from a drawer.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
... at least, trying to sell them ...

Vivian opens the bottle and hands it Jerry.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
... working my ass off, and what are
you doing all day?

Vivian hangs her head as she turns away and drops the bottle cap and opener onto the counter. Jerry grabs her arm and spins her around.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
Woman! I asked you a *QUESTION!*

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (tearful acquiescence)
 What do you want me to say?

Jerry pushes Vivian away and jerks his hands above his shoulders; beer sloshes from the bottle onto the floor.

JERRY PETERMAN
*WHAT DO I WANT YOU TO SAY? JESUS
 CHRIST! YOU'RE FUCKING USELESS!*

Vivian turns away and cries quietly as she takes utensils from a drawer and proceeds to add them to the table settings. Jerry takes a slug of beer as he watches Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 You know I hate pony tails.

Vivian focuses on setting the utensils.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I was hoping it'd grow on you.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (scoffs)
 Like a fungus.

Jerry takes another swig of beer. Vivian grabs the pitcher of water from the counter.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 I don't know what you're trying to prove. You're no kid anymore. Looks stupid on somebody your age.

Vivian begins to fill water glasses on the table.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (hint of assertiveness)
 I'm not the only woman my age that wears a ponytail.

In a flash, Jerry grabs the ponytail and yanks Vivian's head back. Water sloshes out of the pitcher. Through clenched teeth, Jerry whispers into Vivian's ear.

JERRY PETERMAN
 Take it the fuck out.

Jerry releases the ponytail. Vivian's eyes fill with tears, but her expression is defiant. She places the pitcher on the table and angrily unties the bow holding her ponytail; she shakes out her hair and stares at Jerry who smirks.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 What're you looking at?

Vivian glares at him for a beat and then turns toward the oven. Jerry grabs her arm, spins her around, and then releases her.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (vicious)
 Why don't you ever answer me?

Vivian stares into his eyes with borderline defiance.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I need to get dinner on the table.

JERRY PETERMAN
FUCK THAT!

Jerry sweeps the contents of the table onto the floor.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 There's no dinner until I have a chat with the little shit. Where is he?

Vivian sits in a chair and breaks down.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (sobbing)
 He's not a little shit. Why are you so hard on him?

JERRY PETERMAN
 (paces, rants)
 You can't be too hard on boys, but you wouldn't know that because you never had bullets spittin' past your ears, seen men getting blown to bits.

Jerry stands over Vivian, who continues to sob.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 You have to be hard on boys because someday they're going to be men.

Jerry stares at Vivian; his demeanor turns to disgust.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 If I'm hard on him, it's because I have to make up for your being a damned lousy excuse for a mother.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (wails)
 Oh Jerry!

Vivian looks at the floor and waves for Jerry to leave.

JERRY PETERMAN

You disgust me. I'm going to the
Lemoyne. I want this mess cleaned up
by the time I come home.

Jerry runs down to the lower level. Vivian places her arms on the table, rests her forehead on them, and sobs.

Greg stands with his ear to his bedroom door.

With SOUNDS of a DOOR SLAMMING and a GARAGE DOOR OPENING, Greg hustles to his room's front window. The SOUND of a CAR ENGINE diminishes as the Petermans' car exits the garage. Greg watches it drive away.

I/E - PATROL CAR/ ARGYLE STREET, HARRISBURG - CONTINUOUS

Karl Myers easily parallel parks his car in front of his tiny row house on Argyle Street. Myers looks at his watch and then stares at nothing for a few seconds. He takes a deep breath and exits the car.

He slowly mounts the four steps to the front porch of his home. CHESTER, Myers' very elderly neighbor, rocks in a rocking chair on the neighboring porch.

CHESTER

Evening Chief.

Myers picks up a newspaper lying in front of his door; he doesn't look at Chester.

KARL MYERS

Evening Chester.

Myers inserts a key into the front door and unlocks it.

CHESTER

Nice job parking the car today.

Myers opens the door; he does not look at Chester.

KARL MYERS

(strained patience)
Have a nice evening, Chester.

Myers enters the house.

CHESTER

(leans forward, louder)
Took four tries yesterday.

Before Myers closes the door, an orange cat bounds up to the porch and scoots inside.

INT - KARL MYERS' ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Myers looks down at the cat and closes the door.

KARL MYERS
(to the cat)
Evening Chester.

Chester winds around Myers' legs as Myers stoops to pick up a few pieces of mail from the floor. He examines the return addresses on the envelopes and drops them onto a small mahogany table just inside the door.

Next to the table is an old wooden coat rack; a yellow slicker and a lightweight, gray jacket hang from the rack. Just beyond the coat rack, stairs climb to a second floor. The only light in the room is ambient daylight.

A sofa is on the wall opposite the stairs; next to it is a mahogany credenza on top of which is an ornate silver tray and a telephone. The tray contains bottles of bourbon, whiskey and rye, all of which are no more than half full.

An ornate, mahogany dining room table and six matching chairs crowd the center of the dining area.

Myers approaches the credenza, opens a door, and without looking, retrieves a tumbler. He places the tumbler on the tray, selects a bottle of Jack Daniels and pours two-fingers-worth into the tumbler.

He downs half the whiskey and grimaces slightly. After a beat, he downs the rest. He fills the glass almost brim full and carries it to the sofa. Myers sits on the right side of the sofa, leans back, and sips the whiskey.

Chester jumps onto the couch and climbs onto Myers' lap. Myers places the glass on a small end table. Chester puts his paws on Myers' chest and kneads it. Myers scratches the cat's head.

KARL MYERS
(to the cat)
Not much going on out there today, eh?

Chester butts Myers' chin with his head as he continues to knead Myers' chest; Myers strokes the cat.

KARL MYERS
Nothing much going on in here either,
my friend. As usual.

Chester walks a circle on Myers' lap, lies down and begins a "cat bath." Myers picks up the tumbler, takes a swallow of whiskey, and returns it to the end table. He closes his eyes and leans his head back against the sofa.

INT - LEMOYNE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jerry Peterman sits on a rotating stool at the end of a solitary counter that runs the length of the diner. He finishes meatloaf, mashed potatoes and peas.

A dozen solitary MALE CUSTOMERS are sprinkled about the diner. A sixty-something, white-haired waitress attired in a black uniform dress, SOPHIE MACDONALD, efficiently and pleasantly attends to them.

GERTRUDE "GERTIE" MASONHEIMER emerges from the kitchen. She is a tall, thin, pretty, ponytailed woman in her early thirties, with a prominent bosom who wears a crisp gray uniform dress, small black apron, and white duty cap.

Gertie carries two platters and delivers them to customers in booths behind Jerry. Jerry sips from a cup of coffee, spins slightly on the stool, and glances at Gertie.

Gertie's and Jerry's eyes meet; he raises a finger, and she nods. Jerry spins back to the counter. Gertie grabs a coffee pot from a hotplate on a back counter and approaches Jerry. She raises the pot to him.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Want another?

JERRY PETERMAN

I do, Gertie.

Gertie fills Jerry's cup. Her hand rests near his right hand on the counter. Jerry's hand slides forward; his forefinger touches hers. Their eyes meet; she arches an eyebrow.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Piece of cake, Jerry?

JERRY PETERMAN

I'd like a piece ... of pie.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Apple?

JERRY PETERMAN

Cherry.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

(low tone, flirty)

Oh, I think that's been gone for a long, long time.

Jerry glances to his left, then eyes Gertie.

JERRY PETERMAN

How about a piece of peach pie? It'll remind me of you: pretty as a peach.

Gertie smirks, turns, and takes a dish of peach pie from a refrigerated case on the back counter.

Jerry drinks his coffee. Gertie slides the pie in front of him.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(casual)

You working late tonight?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Sophie's closing. I'm going home early so I can wash my hair.

JERRY PETERMAN

I bet your hair's just fine once you get rid of that ponytail.

Gertie glances at the nearest customer and then leans forward slightly across the counter.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

You would know.

Gertie backs up, picks up a wet rag from a shelf beneath the counter and wipes the counter next to where Jerry sits.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

(CONT'D)

You don't like ponytails, do you?

Gertie tosses the rag onto the shelf beneath the counter. She directs a look toward Jerry that appears to paralyze him.

She smirks and starts to move away, but Jerry grabs her hand. Gertie turns and stares at his hand; he releases it as if her hand was red-hot. He glances furtively to his left.

JERRY PETERMAN

I bet you're thirsty after a long day.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Thirsty for what?

JERRY PETERMAN
Maybe a beer or three.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
We don't have beer here, Jerry.

JERRY PETERMAN
Come on, Gertie.

Gertie takes her order pad from a pocket of her apron, rips off a sheet, slaps it on the counter. She glances to her right and then leans toward Jerry.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
(borderline annoyed)
I haven't seen you for a long time
until ... Well, all I can say is,
you've got some nerve.

Gertie walks away. Jerry watches as she grabs the coffee pot off the hotplate; she fills the cups of other customers. Jerry looks at the check, pulls two one-dollar bills from his wallet, places them on the counter, and walks to the cashier's station.

Sophie walks toward the station. Gertie returns the coffee pot to the hotplate and notices Sophie.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
I got it, Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD
Okay, honey.

Sophie steps into the kitchen. Gertie goes to the cashier's station. Jerry hands Gertie a ten-dollar bill and stares at her. Gertie does not look at him as she rings up the sale and extracts change from the cash drawer.

Their eyes meet when she puts the change into his hand.

JERRY PETERMAN
I'm thinking about going 'cross the
river to Garrason's for a beer.

Jerry nods toward a large clock on the back wall.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
And look; it's seven-thirty.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
So what?

JERRY PETERMAN
Isn't that your quitting time?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

And?

JERRY PETERMAN

Just sayin'.

Gertie stares into his eyes; an arch smile appears on her face.

EXT - PETERMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

SOUND of DISTANT THUNDER.

Greg and Vivian sit at the kitchen table. The faces of both appear careworn. The residue of Jerry's tantrum has been cleaned up.

The franks and beans casserole rests on a trivet on the table. Vivian spoons some of the contents onto their platters. Both stare at the franks and beans. Vivian reluctantly swallows a forkful and notices Greg has not picked up a utensil.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(gently)

Gregory, what's wrong?

Greg glances at Vivian, starts to cry, and bolts to his room. Vivian follows slowly. When she enters the room she sees Greg lying prone on his bed and whimpering into his pillow. She sits on the edge of his bed and strokes his back.

The only light in the room is ambient daylight.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Please tell me what's wrong.

Greg continues to whimper.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Did your father upset you?

Greg turns quickly around and stares at Vivian; his red eyes are now defiant. He shakes his head "no."

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Then what is it?

Greg stares at Vivian for a beat with fearful eyes, then sits up and hugs her.

GREG PETERMAN

(whispers into her ear)

Something awful happened in the woods.

INT - KARL MYERS' ROW HOUSE - 10 MINUTES LATER

SOUND of PHONE RINGING.

Myers is asleep on the sofa; the cat is sleeping on his lap. At the second ring, Myers lurches to his feet and sends Chester flying. Myers goes to the telephone, picks up the receiver, and puts it to his ear.

KARL MYERS

Uh huh ... Uh huh ... Address.

Myers looks at his wristwatch.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Be there in twenty minutes. Get as much information as you can.

Myers drops the receiver onto the cradle and moves quickly to the foot of the stairs. He grabs the wood ball at the top of the newel post as he begins up the stairs, two at a time.

Half-way up, he stops and grabs his forehead with his right hand; he takes a deep breath and climbs more deliberately. Myers goes into his small, pink-tiled bathroom and brushes his teeth, which he follows with a Listerine chaser.

He glances into the mirror, straightens his tie, and heads downstairs in a hurry. He opens the front door, sees it's raining, and puts on a slicker hanging from the coat rack as Chester does a figure eight around his legs.

KARL MYERS

(to the cat)

You're in charge, my friend.

Chester looks up and meows; Myers exits.

EXT - MYERS' ROUTE TO PETERMANS' HOME - 5 MINUTES LATER

A steady rain is falling in the dark night.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) New Cumberland police car with lights flashing crossing the Market Street Bridge at 80 mph.
- B) SOUND of SIREN as traffic stops and the police car flies through the intersection at the end of the bridge.
- C) Police car speeds down Bridge Street with lights flashing.
- D) Police car turns into Cedar Woods subdivision.

E) Police car pulls to a stop along the curb behind a Pennsylvania State Police car in front of the Petermans'.

The flashing light on Myers' car turns off. Myers exits the car and walks quickly to the front door. RAY BRADY'S face appears in the front door's small, diamond-shaped window.

INT - PETERMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Brady is a tall and spare, uniformed, New Cumberland police officer. He opens the front door and gives Myers a we-got-ourselves-a-real-case-here look. Myers glances at Brady and quickly scans the small living room.

Max Travaglio sits and leans forward in a club chair. Vivian sits and smokes at the left end of the sofa. Her posture and expression betray weariness. There are numerous butts in an ashtray on a coffee table in front of the sofa.

An open pack of Pall Malls and a silver lighter are next to the ashtray. Only one of four lamps in the room has been turned on. Look and LIFE magazines are strewn across the coffee table.

MAX TRAVALIO

Chief.

KARL MYERS

Corporal.

RAY BRADY

We got ourselves a real case here,
Chief.

Myers glares at Brady who takes a step back. Max stands and gestures toward Vivian.

MAX TRAVALIO

Chief ... Vivian Peterman.

KARL MYERS

(nods at Vivian)
Mrs. Peterman. Karl Myers.

Vivian looks at Myers with indifference and takes a drag.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Are you the one who called this in?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I am.

MAX TRAVALIO

(to Myers)

Shugharts called me because you were off duty; I figured you needed to be here.

KARL MYERS

Appreciate it, Max. The other parents?

MAX TRAVALIO

Should be here any minute.

KARL MYERS

Ma'am, I'm wondering where I might put my slicker. Don't want to wet your carpet any more than I already have.

Vivian takes another drag, butts out the cigarette in the ashtray, exhales, and with a sigh, stands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'll put it with the others.

Myers takes off the slicker and hands it to Vivian, who has something of a fleeting awakening when their eyes meet. Myers' and the other two men study Vivian as she slowly strides to the stairs. When she disappears downstairs Myers turns to Max.

KARL MYERS

Tell me.

MAX TRAVALIO

She's out visiting a neighbor. When she gets back home, her boy says nothing. Two hours later, he breaks down at dinner; tells her he and a friend were attacked in the woods.

KARL MYERS

(incredulous, to himself)

Two hours?

(to Max)

In the woods where?

RAY BRADY

Right next to the house here, Chief.

KARL MYERS

It happened right next to the house, Ray? Like ten feet from the house?

Ray drops his head.

MAX TRAVALIO

The woods run to the Yellow Breeches.
Boy claims it happened by the creek.

KARL MYERS

Where's his father?

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on stairs. The men look toward the sound; Vivian appears and steps toward the sofa. As Vivian passes Myers, she gives him a look that conveys she doesn't think the whereabouts of her husband are any of his business.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He went out for the evening.

She sits on the sofa, pulls a cigarette from the pack of Pall Malls, and lights it with the silver lighter.

KARL MYERS

(to Travaglio)

You talk to the boy?

MAX TRAVALIO

Got here five minutes before you.

KARL MYERS

So no, right?

RAY BRADY

I got here first and tried to talk to him, but he was too upset.

KARL MYERS

(to Vivian)

We're going to have to talk to him.

Vivian butts out her cigarette and heads upstairs. The eyes of the men follow her until she is out of view. Ray looks uncomfortable as hell and tugs at his uniform shirt collar; Max absently smokes a fag, and Myers paces.

At the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS from the upper level, the three men look toward the stairs. Greg appears, followed by Vivian. They descend to the living room. Greg appears nervous and looks everywhere but at the officers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

This is Greg.

KARL MYERS

Greg, I'm Chief Myers.

Myers extends his hand; Greg looks at it for a beat before giving Myers a wet-fish handshake. Myers keeps his eyes on the boy as he gestures toward Max and Ray.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

This is Corporal Travaglio; you've met
Officer Brady.

Greg looks at his mother. Vivian looks at Greg with concern in her expression and guides him toward the sofa with her hand. They sit next to one another.

Vivian attempts to put her arm around the boy, but he frowns slightly and shifts away from her.

Vivian looks at Myers with raised eyebrows and reaches for the pack of cigarettes. She offers the pack to Myers who waves it off. Vivian extracts a cigarette, lights up, takes a drag, and looks at Greg as she exhales.

KARL MYERS

Can you tell me why you didn't tell
your mother about this as soon as she
came home?

Greg glances at Vivian but says nothing.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(to Myers)

I asked him the same thing, and he
told me he didn't want to upset me,
that he was scared.

Greg glances at her. His expression conveys betrayal.

KARL MYERS

(to Greg)

Why were ... why are you scared?

Greg glances up at Myers then quickly stares at the floor.

GREG PETERMAN

I dunno.

KARL MYERS

That's not true is it? When we're
scared, deep down, we always know why.

SOUND of front SCREEN DOOR opening. The front door opens and Alice Moyer bursts into the room with the appearance of someone ready to dismantle the house.

ALICE MOYER
 (screams)
WHERE ARE MY BABIES?

Harry Moyer is right behind Alice and restrains her. Greg bolts upstairs with Vivian right behind.

ALICE MOYER (CONT'D)
 (wails)
WHERE ARE THEY?

From upper level, SOUND of DOOR SLAMMING followed by SOUND of POUNDING on a DOOR.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)
 (loud)
Gregory, open this door!

Alice looks frantic and turns to Harry. Harry wraps his arms around her.

ALICE MOYER
 Harry, where are they? Why aren't they here.

From upper level, SOUND of POUNDING on a DOOR.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)
Gregory!

Vivian comes down the stairs in a rush and approaches Myers; she appears resolute.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 I know where it happened.

KARL MYERS
 You know?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I've been there a couple of times with Greg.

Harry guides a sobbing Alice to the sofa; she sits down and stares at the opposite wall. Her face is a mask of despair. Harry approaches Myers.

HARRY MOYER
 What are we waiting for?

KARL MYERS
 It'd be best if you stay here with your wife.

HARRY MOYER

I'm going, and I'll be damned if
you're going to stop me.

Vivian pulls a gray raincoat and plastic hat from the closet
next to the front door and puts them on.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(sarcastic)

Is it just going to be Harry and me?

Myers looks at Max. Ray runs to the lower level.

KARL MYERS

We may need a few more men.

Ray returns with two slickers and hands one to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

I'll see how many Troopers are
available.

(low tone)

Ambulance?

Myers nods "yes." Myers and Ray put on the slickers.

KARL MYERS

(to Ray)

I need you to come with me in case I
need to get a message back to Max.

SOUND of DOORBELL.

Vivian opens the door; Edith Esworth stands on the porch.

EDITH ESWORTH

I saw the flashing lights.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Thank God you're here. The Trooper
will explain.

Edith steps inside.

EDITH ESWORTH

Where are you going?

Vivian steps into the doorway.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(over her shoulder)

To look for Alice's kids.

Vivian exits; Edith steps aside as Harry Moyer, Myers and Brady follow.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

It is pouring rain. The SOUND of the HISS of RAIN on leaves drowns out all other sounds. The night is pitch black. Vivian points a police-issue flashlight onto a path; Myers, Harry, and Ray follow in that order.

Vivian's silhouette is framed in the circle of her flashlight beam against sheets of rain. She is several paces ahead of Myers who has a second flashlight aimed downward at the path. Harry trips over a root but does not fall.

HARRY MOYER

Goddamn son-of-a-bitch!

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(shouts over rain)

Not much farther!

Ray trips over a root and goes down onto his hands and knees. He gets up without comment and continues on.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(shouts over her shoulder)

This is where it opens up!

The rain stops abruptly. The SOUND of WATER DROPS falling from vegetation fills the night. Vivian stops. Myers stops on one side of Vivian; Harry on the other. Brady is beside but slightly behind Myers.

Beginning at the creek bank, Vivian does a slow pan of the clearing with her flashlight beam; Myers slow pans the clearing with his flashlight beginning at the scarp.

When the beams cross in the center of the clearing, a hundred feet from where the group is standing, the beams pass a pair of pinpricks of reddish light.

Myers and Vivian whip the beams back to the pinpricks, which are joined by five more pairs of tiny lights from the eyes of six, large, mixed-breed dogs. The dogs are drenched but their muzzles have a different sheen from the rest of their coats.

RAY BRADY

(awestruck)

Them's Beanie's dogs, Chief.

The dogs shuffle uneasily as they stare into the lights. Myers switches the flashlight to his left hand and draws his revolver with his right. He points the gun toward the dogs and cocks it. The dogs' ears perk up, and they stand stock still.

KARL MYERS

(shout)

HEY!

The dogs sprint away. The search party watches the dogs in the flashlight beams until the dogs disappear into the trees. Myers directs his flashlight beam to where the dogs had been standing. The grass is trampled down.

RAY BRADY

(spooked)

Them dogs was busy over somethin'.

Myers does not holster his revolver; he focuses his flashlight and his gaze on the trampled grass.

KARL MYERS

You all stay where you are.

Myers steps toward the trampled grass. When Myers is twenty-feet away from Vivian, she shines her torch toward the trampled grass and follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm coming with you.

HARRY MOYER

So am I.

Harry follows close behind Vivian. Brady stares into the black woods for a beat, and then he follows Harry.

RAY BRADY

(to himself)

I'll be damned if I'm going to stand here by myself.

Twenty feet from the center of the trampled grass, Myers stops.

KARL MYERS

(under his breath)

Jesus Christ.

Myers raises the hand that holds the revolver.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Don't any of you come any closer.

Vivian and Harry ignore the order and rush forward. Vivian stops beside Myers, screams, and throws herself on Myers. He holsters the revolver and holds her with one arm but keeps the flashlight and his focus on the trampled grass.

Harry runs to the center of the trampled grass. Myers releases Vivian and follows Harry, who drops to his knees.

HARRY MOYER

(wails)
MY BOY!

Myers reaches Harry and shines the flashlight on Barry's corpse. The limbs have been mauled; the abdominal cavity is empty.

Vivian slowly approaches; her flashlight beam is focused on the corpse. She is wide-eyed and horrified. Harry reaches out as if to pick Barry off the ground, but Myers grabs an arm and pulls him back.

KARL MYERS

(urgent)
You can't touch him!

HARRY MOYER

But that's my boy!

Harry struggles; Myers uses every bit of his strength to haul Harry to his feet.

KARL MYERS

Get a grip, man.

Harry stops struggling. Brady nears the corpse, looks at it, and pukes into the grass.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Ray.

Myers releases Harry, who takes a step back. Vivian puts her arm around Harry. Neither take their eyes from the corpse.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(in command)
Mrs. Peterman, I need for you to take
these two back to the house.

Vivian pauses for a beat, releases Harry, and directs her flashlight to where the path back leaves the clearing. She starts walking toward the path but stops when Myers speaks.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(to Brady)

Tell Max we're going to need the
Coroner and lab guys and whoever the
hell else they can throw at this.

Ray nods and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He
takes Harry's arm and gently tugs on it.

RAY BRADY

Come on Harry.

Harry jerks his arm free.

HARRY MOYER

(yells at Brady)

But that's my boy!

RAY BRADY

I know, Harry, I know, but there's
nothing you can do now.

Harry looks toward the sky and wails. Myers goes to Harry and
gives him a manly, one-armed hug. Harry quiets.

KARL MYERS

Listen to me. You're going to have to
tell his mother. Not all of it, not
the ... Not all of it.

Harry stares at the corpse; he appears numb.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

You need to tell her, understand?

Myers moves between Harry and the corpse, gently touches the
smaller man's chin and lifts Harry's face so that he stares
into Myers' eyes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Do you understand me?

Harry nods.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)

Let's go.

Vivian walks toward the path. Ray takes Harry's arm; they
follow Vivian. After two steps, Ray releases Harry's arm. Harry
follows Vivian; Ray is in the rear. Myers turns off his
flashlight and watches the trio leave.

Moonlight emerges from behind the passing storm. Myers slowly
scans the moonlit clearing, woods and creek.

His expression conveys a fearful appreciation of the primeval world of fang and claw.

Myers approaches the corpse and stares at it. The night could not be more still but for the residual drip of rain from leaves. The absolute silence is broken by the SOUND of a BRANCH SNAPPING to his right.

Myers accidentally drops the flashlight as he spins to his right; he unholsters his pistol, and holding it with two hands, points it in the direction of the sound.

Myers stoops down, feels for and finds the flashlight, stands, holds it against the revolver, and directs the beam toward where the branch snapped. Beanie's dogs are visible at the top of the scarp from a distant FLASH of LIGHTNING.

KARL MYERS
(shouts, gestures)
GIT!

The dogs run away as DISTANT THUNDER SOUNDS.

When the dogs disappear, Myers pans the top of the scarp, and two pinpricks of light appear. Myers quickly raises the pistol into firing position, holds the flashlight against the pistol, and returns the beam to the source of the pinpricks of light.

At the brink of the scarp, her body nearly hidden among the leaves of a small, leggy sassafras, the expressionless face of Patsy Moyer appears in the flashlight's beam.

END OF PILOT

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Episode 2: "The Wicked Web"

FADE IN:

I/E - MOYERS' CAR/MOYERS' RANCH HOUSE - AUGUST, 1955

It is a few hours before midnight. A light drizzle blankets the Cedar Woods subdivision.

A colony-blue Ford sedan stops under the Moyers' carport. HARRY MOYER puts the car in neutral and turns off the engine and the headlights. He takes a deep breath, opens the door, and slides out of the car.

ALICE MOYER sits in the back seat and holds PATSY MOYER in her arms. Patsy's eyes are open, but she is non-responsive with a rigidity to her limbs and body characteristic of catalepsy.

Harry opens the back door, reaches into the car and lifts Patsy into his arms. His chin quavers and his eyes fill with tears; he carries Patsy to the house and waits for Alice to open the door into the kitchen.

When she sees a tear on Harry's cheek, she comes close to crying. She opens the screen door to the SOUND of a STRETCHING SPRING, stands between the two doors to hold the screen door open, and fumbles in her handbag for her keys.

ALICE MOYER
(frustrated whimper)
I can never find *anything* in this bag.

Alice finds the keys, unlocks the door, pushes it open, and holds the screen door to let Harry carry Patsy into the house.

INT - MOYERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harry moves quickly through the house and shows the strain of carrying his nine-year-old, who remains non-responsive. Alice follows. They enter Patsy's bedroom.

Alice pulls back the bedclothes, and Harry gently deposits Patsy on the bed. Harry steps back; Alice goes to him and puts her arm around his waist. Harry reciprocates. They look at their daughter who stares blankly at nothing for a beat.

ALICE MOYER
(angry tears)
What did we do to deserve this?

HARRY MOYER
 (softly)
 Nothing, dear; nothing.

ALICE MOYER
 Then why did it happen?

HARRY MOYER
 Only God knows.

ALICE MOYER
 (profound anger)
 Then God can go to hell.

Alice wails and turns to Harry and cries against his chest; he wraps Alice in his arms. He lifts his head toward the ceiling.

HARRY MOYER
 (whispers)
 It'll be so quiet, so quiet.
 (wails)
 I don't know if I'll be able to bear
 the quiet!

Harry buries his face in Alice's hair; she calms herself as she strokes his head.

ALICE MOYER
 There, there, dear. We can bear it. We
 have to bear it.

SOUND of a DOORBELL. Alice and Harry look into each other's eyes.

HARRY MOYER
 Who could that be?

ALICE MOYER
 The visiting nurse, dear.

Harry and Alice release each other; he wipes away tears with the backs of his hands.

HARRY MOYER
 (hoarse but gentle)
 I'll get it.

Harry and Alice each reach a hand to the other, which is clasped and released; Harry leaves the room. Alice looks at Patsy who lies on her back, her head propped by a pillow, arms and legs stretched out and rigid, her eyes open and blank.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT - AMBULANCE - FLASHBACK, NIGHT, LATE AUTUMN, 1939

SOUND of SIREN WAILING and RATTLING paraphernalia; motion inside ambulance indicates high speed over uneven streets.

On a lowered gurney, DOROTHY MYERS mirrors Patsy Moyer's position on her bed, except that Dorothy's eyes are closed; Dorothy is clearly unconscious.

29-YEAR-OLD LAURA BENTON MYERS lies on a gurney on the opposite side of the ambulance. Laura's eyes are closed in a grimace; she is in pain and slowly moves her head back and forth.

The vehicle is driven by a uniformed DRIVER; a uniformed ASSISTANT is in the passenger seat. Both are visible from the back of the ambulance; the assistant periodically glances into the back.

29-YEAR-OLD KARL MYERS in police uniform kneels between the gurneys, but faces Dorothy and holds her hand.

KARL MYERS
(desperately distraught)
Stay with me, Honey; stay with me.

LAURA BENTON MYERS
(struggles to speak)
Why did you wave us on?

Myers does not respond. Laura opens her eyes and looks at the back of his head.

LAURA BENTON MYERS (CONT'D)
(grimaces, accusatory)
Why? Why did you?

Myers bows his head and silently weeps.

EXT - BALTIMORE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance rushes over wet streets, which reflect headlights, street and traffic lights, and neon storefront signs; it stops alongside a portico leading to the "Accident Room" of the Johns Hopkins Medical Center.

The Driver and Assistant exit the ambulance and rush to open the back doors. Myers hops out of the ambulance, stands back and watches.

ORDERLY ONE, ORDERLY TWO, and NURSE ANDERSON hustle to the ambulance. Myers watches as the Ambulance Assistant and Orderly One pull Dorothy's gurney from the ambulance and rush her into the building.

Laura, conscious and open-eyed, is removed from the ambulance on her gurney by the Driver and Orderly Two. Laura deliberately turns her head away from Myers as she is rushed into the building; Myers follows alongside.

INT - JOHNS HOPKINS ACCIDENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PATIENTS and their FAMILY MEMBERS wait in the small waiting room. Several NURSES, a few ORDERLIES, and three DOCTORS, all in uniform, are moving here and there as they engage in appropriate tasks.

Myers follows Laura's gurney to an examination bay; NURSE TWO raises her hand to deter Myers and pulls a drape across the opening to the bay.

Myers stands and stares at the floor for a beat before going to the next bay, where the drape has been drawn. He pulls aside the drape enough to enter and does.

Dorothy is lying on the gurney as she was in the ambulance. Nurse Anderson stands on the right side. DOCTOR AMBROSE stands on the left side; his fingers are on Dorothy's neck checking her carotid pulse.

Doctor Ambrose and Nurse Anderson make eye contact; the doctor gives one very slight shake of his head, which Myers sees. Myers gasps.

Nurse and Ambrose look at Myers. Ambrose steps toward him.

DOCTOR AMBROSE
May I help you, officer?

KARL MYERS
(barely able to speak)
That's my daughter.

Ambrose takes Myers by the arm and guides him into the hallway.

DOCTOR AMBROSE
I'm so, so sorry.

Myers appears about to faint. Ambrose guides Myers to an empty chair; Myers sits and Ambrose calls out.

DOCTOR AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Nurse!

Nurse Anderson emerges from Dorothy's bay and approaches the doctor.

DOCTOR AMBROSE (CONT'D)

I need for you to stay with the
officer until he's ... until he's
feeling better.

Anderson nods to Ambrose, who walks into the bay into which
Laura was taken.

NURSE ANDERSON

Would you like a glass of water?

Myers looks up abruptly with panic in his eyes.

KARL MYERS

I can't tell her!

NURSE ANDERSON

Sir?

KARL MYERS

My wife. She's in there...

Myers nods sharply toward Laura's bay and looks into the
nurse's eyes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(pleading)

I can't *tell* her! God, this isn't
happening!

Myers gets up, his eyes furtive and downcast, and walks toward
the exit. His pace increases until he breaks into a run when he
reaches the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

The 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, 1955 to PRESENT:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades
in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie

- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule, with 79-year-old Bill Benton at the helm, diminishes in view as she heads under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear, star-filled skies

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - 11 P.M., AUGUST, 1955

VIVIAN PETERMAN stares into the reflection of her eyes in the bathroom mirror as she brushes her teeth. She wears an old, pink, terry cloth robe and matching slippers over a thin, white, cotton shift; her hair is down and brushed.

She spits into the sink, fills a plastic cup with tap water, and swishes the water in her mouth as she stares at her reflection.

SOUND of a DOORBELL CHIME.

Vivian frowns, spits out the water, dries her hands, and exits the room. She hurries downstairs to the front door, looks through the eye-level, diamond-shaped window in the door, and opens the door halfway.

42-YEAR-OLD KARL MYERS stands on the front landing with his duty hat tucked beneath his arm.

KARL MYERS

Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Peterman.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Come in. Please. And call me Vi.

Vivian opens the door fully and stands back. Myers enters.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (feigned embarrassment)
 You'll have to excuse my appearance.

KARL MYERS
 It's me that has to beg your pardon
 for calling so late, but I'm afraid I
 need to ask Greg some questions.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Which can't wait until tomorrow?

KARL MYERS
 I'm afraid not. Is your husband home?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I expect him any minute. Here, give me
 your hat.

Myers hands Vivian his duty cap; she places it on the shelf of
 the coat closet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 Let me get Gregory.

Vivian heads toward the stairs.

Greg is standing inside his bedroom with his ear to the closed
 door; he wears striped pajama bottoms and a white T-shirt.

SOUND of VIVIAN'S FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

Greg dives into his bed and feigns sleep. Vivian enters the
 room, goes to the bed, and gently shakes her son.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Greg. You need to wake up.

Greg slowly rolls toward his mother and convincingly acts as if
 he has been in a deep sleep.

GREG PETERMAN
 (faux groggy)
 Huh?

Myers stands and waits in the living room and stares at a wall.

KARL MYERS
 (whispers to himself)
 "Call me Vi?"

SOUND of a DOOR CLOSING.

Myers looks toward the stairs. Greg appears and descends slowly; Vivian follows. Greg wears a robe and slippers.

Vivian directs Greg to the sofa; she follows. Greg plops down on the sofa and sulks. Vivian sits on the sofa next to Greg with a studied grace because she knows Myers is watching her.

She picks up a pack of Pall Malls from the coffee table, extracts a cigarette, and lights it. Vivian gazes at Myers with an intensity that suggests more than simple curiosity.

Greg stares at his slippers.

KARL MYERS

Sorry to wake you up, son, but I need to ask you some questions, okay?

When Greg does not answer, Vivian nudges him. Greg flashes a look of annoyance at her. Myers notices and glances at Vivian. When their eyes connect, Vivian looks down. Myers looks at her for a beat longer before turning his eyes to Greg

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Greg?

Vivian nudges Greg again; Greg looks at his slippers.

GREG PETERMAN

Okay.

KARL MYERS

Let's start with you telling me what you and Barry and Patsy were doing down by the creek.

Greg frowns and glances at Vivian; she is staring at Myers with eyes that are beginning to smolder. Greg has a worried expression when he looks at Myers.

GREG PETERMAN

She wasn't with us.

KARL MYERS

Who wasn't?

GREG PETERMAN

Patsy.

KARL MYERS

She wasn't with you?

GREG PETERMAN

No sir.

KARL MYERS

But we found her in the woods near
where we found Barry.

Greg frowns, glances at Myers, and then looks away.

GREG PETERMAN

I didn't see her.

KARL MYERS

How do you think she ended up there?

GREG PETERMAN

I dunno.

KARL MYERS

You don't know?

With his eyes on his slippers, Greg shakes his head and shrugs.

GREG PETERMAN

(glances at Myers)

Did she tell you what happened?

KARL MYERS

I want YOU to tell me what happened.

GREG PETERMAN

(uneasy)

But what did she *say*?

Myers and Vivian exchange glances. Greg notices; when they turn to him, he looks at his slippers.

KARL MYERS

Let's not worry about that right now.
What were you and Barry doing down by
the creek?

GREG PETERMAN

(near whisper)

We was playing war.

KARL MYERS

You're going to have to speak up, son.

GREG PETERMAN

(borderline defiant)

We was playing *war!*

Vivian appears surprised. Myers stares at Greg for a beat.

KARL MYERS

What does that mean exactly?

GREG PETERMAN

Well, you know.

KARL MYERS

Actually, I don't. Why don't you tell me?

Vivian lights up another Pall Mall. Her eyes are almost constantly fixed upon Myers.

E/I - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION ONE/POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

A New Cumberland patrol car's high beams create a shaking tunnel of light in the black night as the car slowly travels over a newly cut, rutted dirt and gravel road.

RAY BRADY is driving; BILL SHUGHARTS is in the passenger seat. Both are uniformed: Brady is a full-time officer; Shugharts, a big-boned, chubby man, is a part-time officer.

BILL SHUGHARTS

So, you don't think having us drive around in the middle of the night is nuts?

RAY BRADY

If the Chief wants us to do it, we're doing it.

BILL SHUGHARTS

What? You afraid a him? He's just a big, candy-assed bully.

RAY BRADY

Really?

Brady grabs the radio mic and holds it toward Shugharts.

RAY BRADY (CONT'D)

How 'bout you call in and tell Sarah to let the chief know I'm taking you home 'cause you think the chief is full of shit.

Shugharts takes the mic and returns it to its bracket.

BILL SHUGHARTS

That nose of your'n is gettin' browner 'n' browner every day. What the hell are we supposed to be doin' out here anyway?

RAY BRADY

I told you, Bill. Patrollin'.

BILL SHUGHARTS

Patrollin' my ass. Most we're gonna find is two kids in a backseat with their pants down.

RAY BRADY

(scoffs)

You wish.

When the car rounds a broad curve, its tunnel of light encompasses a green, 1948, Ford sedan.

Brady slowly drives the car to within a car length of the Ford's back bumper and stops. He flips on the flashing red light atop the car.

Seeing no one inside the car, the two officers look at one another. Brady nods toward the Ford; Shugharts gulps and nods.

Brady, carrying a flashlight, and Shugharts exit the patrol car and approach the Ford, one on each side. Shugharts unholsters his revolver as he goes.

Brady stops and looks at Shugharts.

RAY BRADY

(whispered)

Bill!

Brady holds up a finger and looks into the woods.

RAY BRADY (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Could be taking a leak.

Brady shines the flashlight in a broad arc through the woods, which reveals only still-wet vegetation and shadows.

Brady looks at Shugharts and waves him forward. Shugharts holds his revolver in firing position as he and Brady approach the car.

Brady shines the flashlight into the back seat.

TOMMY BRODE is asleep on the backseat. An empty bourbon bottle lies on Brode's chest; his hand grasps the neck.

Brady waves at Shugharts and points urgently at Brode. Wide-eyed, Shugharts points his revolver at Brode.

Brady BANGS on the Ford's roof. Brode jerks upright.

RAY BRADY

(yells)
GET THE FUCK OUTTA THE CAR!

Brady yanks open the back door.

Brode turns quickly this way and that.

BILL SHUGHARTS

(yells)
OUTTA THE CAR! OUT! OUT! OUT!

Brode notices Shugharts' revolver in the flashing red light, and climbs out of the Ford; the empty whiskey bottle tumbles out as well. Brode, apparently intoxicated, reels slightly.

Brady spins Brode toward the car. Shugharts rounds the back of the Ford

RAY BRADY

(yells)
HANDS ON THE ROOF!

Brode does as told. Brady kicks the inside of Brode's left ankle.

RAY BRADY (CONT'D)

(calming down)
Spread 'em.

Brode spreads his feet. Shugharts stands next to the Ford a few feet from Brode, and with shaking hands, points the revolver at Brode's head.

Brady grabs a wrist and slaps on a handcuff. When Brady grabs the wrist of the remaining hand on the roof, Brady's head cracks against the roof.

TOMMY BRODE

(pained)
Jesus Christ!

Brady puts the remaining cuff on Brode's wrist and turns Brode to face him.

RAY BRADY

(embarrassed)
Sorry about that, buddy.

TOMMY BRODE

(slightly slurred)
I ain't your damned buddy.

Brode gapes at Shugharts' shaking revolver and leans away from the gun.

RAY BRADY
 (to Shugharts)
 Will you put that damned thing away
 before you shoot somebody?

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Vivian sits on the sofa, smoking; Myers is pacing. Greg sulks next to Vivian and avoids eye contact.

KARL MYERS
 So this man shows up when you're
 playing war?

GREG PETERMAN
 Yes sir.

KARL MYERS
 From what direction?

GREG PETERMAN
 I dunno.

Vivian scowls at Greg.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 He didn't just magically appear.

Myers stops pacing and stares hard at Vivian.

Vivian looks away and butts out her cigarette in the ashtray on the coffee table.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Sorry, Chief.

Myers returns his gape to the boy.

KARL MYERS
 Let me ask this another way. Did the
 man sneak up on you or did you hear
 him coming?

Greg glances at his mother, makes as if to speak, but appears overwhelmed by his being the focus of the chief's gaze.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Answer the question, Gregory.

Greg looks quickly at Myers and then settles his eyes on Vivian, whose focus changes from Myers to her son.

GREG PETERMAN

He, he, he come running out of the woods like ... like ... like he was crazy or something.

KARL MYERS

You heard him coming and he was running. From what direction?

GREG PETERMAN

Huh?

KARL MYERS

From what direction did he come out of the woods?

GREG PETERMAN

From behind us.

KARL MYERS

You were facing the creek?

Greg appears confused and looks at Vivian.

KARL MYERS

Never mind ... You said he comes running at you like a crazy man.

GREG PETERMAN

(somewhat emboldened)
Yes sir.

KARL MYERS

Was he yelling?

Greg looks at Myers and nods his head.

KARL MYERS

What was he yelling?

GREG PETERMAN

I don't remember.

KARL MYERS

You don't remember?

GREG PETERMAN

No sir.

KARL MYERS

So he comes out of the woods yelling at you. What did you do?

GREG PETERMAN
I started running.

KARL MYERS
And Barry?

GREG PETERMAN
He started running too.

KARL MYERS
Which direction?

GREG PETERMAN
Huh?

KARL MYERS
In which direction did you run?

Greg looks at his mother.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Along the creek? Into the woods?

Myers looks a caution at Vivian, who raises a hand in acknowledgement and then reaches for the Pall Malls.

KARL MYERS
Well?

GREG PETERMAN
Along the creek.

KARL MYERS
Why not toward the path home?

Vivian lights up the last Pall Mall in the pack.

GREG PETERMAN
(committed)
Cause he come that way. We was scared
and just started running away from
him.

KARL MYERS
And then what?

GREG PETERMAN
I'm faster'n Barry and, and, and he
caught him right away, and he threw
him down.

KARL MYERS
The man threw Barry to the ground?

Greg nods emphatically; Vivian appears alarmed.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
And then what happened?

GREG PETERMAN
(earnest)
He hit him.

KARL MYERS
Who hit who?

GREG PETERMAN
Huh?

KARL MYERS
Did the man hit Barry or did Barry hit
the man?

GREG PETERMAN
The man hit Barry. Hit 'm hard with,
with, with I don't remember what.

KARL MYERS
You don't remember?

Greg looks at Myers and shakes his head. Vivian and Myers exchange looks. Greg glances at Vivian with an expression that seems to ask for protection.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
Did he hit Barry with his hand or with
something else?

GREG PETERMAN
(relieved)
Something else.

KARL MYERS
What then?

Greg looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(frustrated)
What did he hit him with?

KARL MYERS
(patience waning)
Mrs. Peterman, please.

Vivian closes her eyes, raises her hand in surrender, and takes a long drag on the Pall Mall.

GREG PETERMAN

(relieved)

A branch. Now I remember; he hit him
with a branch.

Vivian and Myers exchange glances. Myers sits on the sofa next to Greg, who moves closer to Vivian. Greg looks dubiously at Myers, whose eyes bore into his.

KARL MYERS

(gently)

What happened next, Greg?

Greg looks at his slippers, at Myers, and back at his slippers. Vivian and Myers stare at Greg.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Greg?

Greg glances at each of the adults and then focuses on Myers for a beat. Suddenly, Greg's face contorts in rage as he pantomimes driving a knife into a body and repeats the motion multiple times until Vivian grabs and holds him to her.

Vivian's eyes plead for Myers to back off.

SOUND of GARAGE DOOR OPENING, followed by the SOUND of a CAR ENGINE entering the garage; the ENGINE STOPS.

Vivian and Myers glance at one another, and when they hear the SOUNDS of a DOOR OPENING and CLOSING, they stare at the stairway that leads up from the lower level. Myers stands.

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)

(loud, slightly slurred)

What the hell's going on?

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on STAIRS.

Jerry appears, disheveled and unsteady. Greg bolts toward the stairs leading to the upper level. Jerry snags Greg by the arm in a vise-like grip and lifts the boy slightly off the ground.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(snarls at Greg)

Where the hell do you think you're
going?

Greg appears terrified as he looks into his father's eyes for a beat. Jerry releases Greg with a shove toward the sofa.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Get your ass back to that sofa.

Greg hustles to the sofa, plops next to Vivian, and sulks.

JERRY PETERMAN

(to Myers)
Somebody going to tell me what the
hell is going on?

Vivian exhales a plume of smoke.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Something terrible's happened.

JERRY PETERMAN

(slightly drunken annoyance)
What the hell's that mean?

Myers steps forward and extends his hand.

KARL MYERS

I'm Chief Myers, Karl Myers.

Jerry reluctantly shakes Myers' hand.

JERRY PETERMAN

(disinterested)
I know who you are.

Myers notices a tattoo on Jerry's forearm, and holds Jerry's hand in a way that better exposes the art.

KARL MYERS

Looks like the work of a guy in
Manila.

Jerry jerks his hand away.

JERRY PETERMAN

Where I got this isn't the question,
is it, Chief? I'm still waiting to
hear what the fuck is going on.

Vivian, aghast at Jerry's language in front of the chief,
stands abruptly.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry!

With a slight wobble, Jerry turns to Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN

(angry)
Am I talking to you?

Myers steps between Vivian and Jerry.

KARL MYERS

Somebody attacked the Moyer boy down
by the creek.

JERRY PETERMAN

Vaughn?

KARL MYERS

Barry.

JERRY PETERMAN

(to Myers)

So, why aren't you over at the Moyers?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry...

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarls)

I'm talking to the Chief.

Vivian sits on the sofa, bows her head, picks up the Pall Mall
pack hoping there is another cigarette but is disappointed.

Jerry looks at Myers with impatience.

KARL MYERS

Greg saw what happened. I'm trying to
find out what he remembers.

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarky)

Well don't let me stop you.

Jerry turns toward Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Give me a cigarette.

Vivian looks at Jerry, holds the pack upside down, and shakes
it. Jerry shoots an annoyed glance at Vivian and then goes into
the kitchen.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D O.C.)

(loud)

Go on then and get it over with; I
need my beauty rest.

Myers and Vivian glance at each other and then at Greg.

KARL MYERS

(to Greg)

I need to know what this man looked
like.

Greg looks at Vivian with pleading eyes.

Jerry returns to the living room smoking a cigarette.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(to Myers)

He told me the guy was...

JERRY PETERMAN

(interrupts)

Shut your fat mouth. Nobody asked you.
Let the little shit talk.

Jerry bows and performs a sweeping gesture from Greg to Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(to Greg)

Okay pissant. You got the floor.

Greg looks at Vivian; she nudges him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Tell him what the man looked like.

Greg looks at Myers.

GREG PETERMAN

I don't know.

Myers glances at Vivian whose return expression is one of exasperation.

JERRY PETERMAN

Jesus Christ, boy. Was he tall, short,
skinny, fat, three heads, one leg?
Wake up and think!

KARL MYERS

(restrained to Jerry)

You finished?

Jerry gives an offhand gesture toward Greg and then drops ashes from his cigarette into the ashtray on the coffee table.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Greg?

Greg glances at his father and then looks at Myers with a more willing expression than has been in evidence up to this point.

GREG PETERMAN

He was, well, he was short and, and,
and ...

JERRY PETERMAN
 Jesus Christ, boy! Short and what?

GREG PETERMAN
 Skinny.

KARL MYERS
 Short and skinny.

GREG PETERMAN
 Yes sir.

KARL MYERS
 Anything else you can remember?

GREG PETERMAN
 Sir?

Jerry takes a step toward the sofa and appears on the verge of losing control.

JERRY PETERMAN
 Gregory, are you stupid? Answer the man!

Myers steps toward Jerry and grabs his arm. Jerry jerks his arm away and nearly overbalances. He recovers and takes a step toward Myers. Vivian jumps to her feet.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (to Myers)
 Who the hell do you think you are?

KARL MYERS
 (calm)
 You need to take a deep breath, my friend.

Jerry moves closer to Myers. Greg stands. Vivian moves toward the men.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (growls)
 Get the fuck out of my house.

Jerry shoves Myers. In a flash, Myers uses the osoto-gari jujitsu throw to drop Jerry to the floor. By twisting Jerry's arm, Myers forces Jerry onto his stomach. With the twisted arm and his knee in Jerry's back, Myers pins Jerry to the floor.

Vivian and Greg watch wide-eyed; Vivian appears terrified, but Greg has a slight smile.

KARL MYERS

(calmly)
I'll leave when I'm done asking
questions and not before.

JERRY PETERMAN

(thru clenched teeth)
Get off me you son-of-a-bitch.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(desperate)
Karl, please! He's been drinking.

JERRY PETERMAN

(calming down)
Stay out of it woman.

Jerry's body language indicates acquiescence.

KARL MYERS

I'm going to let you up, but you're
going to have to promise me you'll not
interfere.

JERRY PETERMAN

(grudging)
All right.

Myers releases Jerry and stands. Jerry rolls to his knees,
stands, glares at Vivian for a beat, and then looks at Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(low tone)
I won't forget this.

KARL MYERS

Good. And remember this: I'm going to
ignore your assault on a police
officer. That's a felony, my friend.

Jerry looks ready to go at Myers again. Vivian grabs Jerry's
sleeve.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(near tears)
Jerry, please.

Jerry jerks his arm away, sneers at Vivian, storms out the
front door, and slams it behind him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

He'll be better once he cools down.

Greg's expression does not convey agreement.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
(kindly to Greg)
Let's tell the Chief what the man
looked like.

INTERCUT - INT. PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL/INT. NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE
STATION - 10 MINUTES LATER

SARAH HARDING sleeps at her desk; her head rests on her folded
arms.

SOUND of PHONE RINGING. On the fourth ring, Sarah lifts her
head slightly and listens. Two rings more, and Sarah jerks
upright. Another ring and she grabs the handset and puts the
receiver to her ear.

SARAH HARDING
(yawns)
New Cumberland Police.

Sarah begins a smoker's cough that sounds like she is about to
hack up a lung.

KARL MYERS
Jesus, Sarah. Are you okay?

Sarah coughs.

SARAH HARDING
Sorry Chief.

Sarah coughs.

KARL MYERS
(annoyed)
That took seven rings. Unacceptable.

SARAH HARDING
You do know I don't normally work this
late, right?

KARL MYERS
No excuse.

SARAH HARDING
Oh, I don't know. I think being sound
asleep is a pretty good reason not to
pick up a phone right away, don't you?

KARL MYERS
The last thing I need right now is an
argument with you.

SARAH HARDING

Then why did you start one?

Myers takes the handset from his ear, stares at it, and then closes his eyes.

SARAH HARDING (CONT'D)

You still there?

Myers puts the receiver to his ear.

Vivian appears in the doorway between the living room and kitchen, leans against the jamb, folds her arms across her chest, and stares at Myers.

Myers glances at her and their eyes meet. Myers looks away but Vivian continues to stare at him

SARAH HARDING (CONT'D)

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Sorry. I need you to take down a description of a suspect.

SARAH HARDING

The guy that got after the kids?

KARL MYERS

Allegedly.

SARAH HARDING

What the hell does that mean?

KARL MYERS

Never mind. Here goes. We're looking for a short, very thin man with black hair...

Brady and Shugharts walk into the office with a handcuffed Tommy Brode between them. Sarah stands.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

... brown eyes, wearing a white T-shirt, gray slacks, and...

Brady and Shugharts approach the desk.

SARAH HARDING

Combat boots?

KARL MYERS

(surprised)
That's right.

SARAH HARDING

Uh, Chief, you may want to talk with
Ray here right quick.

Sarah hands the handset to Brady; he puts the receiver to his ear.

RAY BRADY

That you Chief?

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - 5 MINUTES LATER

Myers hangs the handset on the wall phone and stares at it for a beat. He turns to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

Mrs. Peterman...

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I wish you'd call me Vi.

Vivian opens a drawer and extracts a new pack of Pall Malls.

KARL MYERS

Well, uh, I just wanted to say ...

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're sorry this all happened.

Vivian opens the pack.

KARL MYERS

Well, yes. Are you going to be all right?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You mean when he gets back?

Myers nods. Vivian extracts a cigarette, takes a lighter from a pocket of the robe and lights the cigarette.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(flippant)

Who knows?

Myers fishes a business card from his pocket and hands it to Vivian. She takes it, looks at it, drops it into a pocket of her robe, and takes a long drag as she stares at Myers.

KARL MYERS

If there're problems with, well ...

VIVIAN PETERMAN

With Jerry? He hasn't hit me ... yet.
I don't think he has the guts.

KARL MYERS

Call me if you're wrong.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What, so I can lose my home, my
marriage, and probably my kid?

Myers looks into Vivian's eyes for a beat, and then goes into
the living room.

KARL MYERS

We're going to have to have Greg
identify this guy. Tomorrow morning.

Vivian follows Myers into the living room.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What time?

Vivian retrieves Myers' duty cap from the coat closet and hands
it to him.

KARL MYERS

I'll call around eight to give you a
time to come in.

Myers puts on the cap. Vivian gently adjusts his tie. She steps
back, looks at the tie, and then looks into Myers' eyes. Myers,
clearly uncomfortable, steps to the front door, opens it, and
turns to Vivian.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Mrs. Peterman. Thanks for your
patience and your help.

Vivian steps to the door and leans against the jamb as Myers
opens the screen door and walks out.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I wish you'd call me Vi, Chief.

KARL MYERS

(embarrassed)

Okay, well, call me if you need
anything, or if Greg remembers
anything else.

Vivian extracts Myers' business card and holds it up.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Will do. Good night.

Vivian watches Myers walk toward his car as the screen door closes. She smiles wistfully as she closes the front door. She leans back against it, looks at the business card, and tucks it back into the robe pocket.

SOUND of SCREEN DOOR OPENING.

Vivian steps away from the front door and turns toward it. The door opens and Jerry enters.

JERRY PETERMAN
You two making plans?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(awkward)
Whatever do you mean?

JERRY PETERMAN
(mocking mimic)
"Whatever do you mean?"

Jerry grabs a handful of Vivian's robe and pulls her toward him. The yank exposes a breast. Vivian swats his hand away, hastily covers herself, and takes a step back.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
(laughs)
You know exactly what the hell I mean.

Jerry steps toward Vivian. She steps back until she is stopped by a coat closet door. Jerry leans toward her.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
(threatening)
I seen you through the window.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
You were spying on me?

JERRY PETERMAN
(laughs)
Don't play prim and proper. I knew you had the hots for him soon as I seen you when I came home.

Jerry steps back and glares at Vivian.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(offended but fearful)
It's not true.

JERRY PETERMAN

Bullshit. Get me a beer. And a
cigarette.

Jerry drops onto the sofa. Vivian disappears into the kitchen.
Jerry picks up a LIFE magazine and flips through it.

Vivian appears carrying an open beer bottle and a cigarette.
She hands the bottle to Jerry and offers the cigarette.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to light the damned
thing?

Vivian retrieves a lighter from the coffee table and lights the
cigarette. She hands it to him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry, I hope you don't mind, but I'm
going to bed. It's been a long day.

Jerry takes a slug of beer and waves her away with the hand
holding the cigarette. Vivian walks to the stairs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)
Good night, Jerry.

Jerry takes a drag and exhales.

JERRY PETERMAN

Whatever. I'll be up when I finish
this beer. And maybe another.

Greg has his ear to his bedroom door.

SOUND of FOOT FALLS on the stairs.

Greg runs to his bed, burrows under the covers, and pretends to
sleep.

Vivian opens the door, looks at her sleeping son, and then
closes the door. When she turns toward the master bedroom,
tears streak her cheeks.

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - A HALF HOUR LATER

Vivian, covered by a sheet and facing away from the bedroom
door, is lying on her side in bed. Her eyes are open. The only
illumination is from a hallway night light that enters from the
space beneath the closed bedroom door.

Jerry turns on the hall light and mounts the stairs. Vivian
listens to the SOUND of his FOOT FALLS on the stairs.

Jerry's unsteady steps in the hall and contact with a wall by his shoulder suggest he is drunk.

Jerry opens the bedroom door; hallway light illuminates Vivian's form under the sheet. He smirks at her, steps to the sliding doors of the closet, and slides one of them open with sufficient force to make it BANG against the jamb.

Seeing no response from Vivian, Jerry laughs. He undresses to his skivvies and drops his clothing on the floor.

Clothing in the closet is pushed away from the wall, which exposes the .22 and catches Jerry's eye. He reaches into the closet, grabs the rifle by the barrel, and stares at it.

JERRY PETERMAN

You move this thing today?

Vivian does not respond. Jerry turns toward the bed.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn it, I know you're awake. I asked you a question.

Vivian rolls toward Jerry, who holds the rifle across his body with two hands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Move what?

JERRY PETERMAN

What d'ya think?

Jerry extends the rifle toward her.

Vivian sits up. She wears a thin, white, cotton shift.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

No. Why would I touch that awful thing?

Jerry pulls back the bolt and sniffs the chamber.

JERRY PETERMAN

(to himself)
That little shit's fired this.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He couldn't have.

JERRY PETERMAN

Really? I cleaned this rifle after we came off the mountain.

Jerry, hot, walks toward Greg's room. Vivian flies out of bed.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry!

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)

(loud, threatening)

Get the hell out of bed, boy!

Vivian watches in disbelief what follows from the doorway of Greg's bedroom. Greg stands on the opposite side of his twin bed from Jerry. Jerry holds out the rifle with one hand.

JERRY PETERMAN

(clenched teeth)

You touch this twenty-two?

GREG PETERMAN

I, I, I just looked at it.

Jerry drops the rifle to the floor, steps onto and over the bed, grabs two fists' worth of Greg's T-shirt, lifts the boy off the floor, and slams him against a wall; Greg's feet dangle above the floor.

JERRY PETERMAN

(loud)

You did more than look at it. That gun's been fired!

GREG PETERMAN

(whimpering, terrified)

It wasn't me, Daddy.

Jerry bangs Greg against the wall.

JERRY PETERMAN

(brutal)

DON'T "DADDY" ME! If it wasn't you, who was it, your mother?

GREG PETERMAN

(crying)

I didn't do it. Honest, I didn't.

Jerry bangs Greg against the wall and then releases him.

JERRY PETERMAN

Don't lie to me you little shit.

Jerry open hand smacks the side of Greg's head with sufficient force to knock the boy to the floor.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (screams)
GET UP!

Vivian steps into the room with fear in her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 My God, Jerry, what're you doing?

JERRY PETERMAN
 (to Vivian, loud)
Shut up!

Jerry leans over Greg.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (screams)
GET UP!

Greg slowly gets to his feet; he averts his crying eyes.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (raging)
Look at me, boy!

Greg, despite tears on his cheeks, turns a defiant expression toward his father, who horse laughs when he sees it. Vivian's eyes widen.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 You're lucky it's late, boy. I'm too
 goddamned tired to warm your stinking
 hide, but here's a news flash for you.
 (threatening)
 That rifle is *gone!*

Greg takes a step toward his father, eyes wide, fists clenched at his side.

GREG PETERMAN
 (defiant)
 That's not *fair!*

Vivian's hands cover her mouth. Jerry looks at his son for one surprised beat and then guffaws.

Jerry's expression turns serious as his eyes bore into Greg, who suddenly appears to realize what he has done.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (intense)
 You make me fucking sick to my
 stomach.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry!

Jerry whips around, nearly overbalances, and reaches out to a chest of drawers to steady himself.

JERRY PETERMAN

(to Vivian)

You got a bug up your ass?

Vivian backs into the hallway. Jerry picks up the rifle, follows Vivian into the narrow hallway, and slams Greg's bedroom door behind him.

Greg rushes to the door and puts his ear against it.

Vivian backs against a wall; she raises her hands as if in prayer. Her eyes convey fearful submission.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(smart-assed sarcasm)

Where's that big ol' Chief when you need him, huh?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whimpering)

Please, Jerry.

Jerry sneers at her as he walks past her into the bedroom.

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)

You're wasting your time; you know that, right?

Vivian, head down, follows Jerry into the master bedroom; he faces her.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

No man that's any kind of a man would want that tired body of yours.

Vivian gasps; tears fill her angry eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(muttered defiance)

You want it often enough.

Jerry leans toward Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN

(vicious)

I ain't got no choice!

Jerry glares at Vivian, who stares back for a beat. When she looks down, Jerry chuckles.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (whispers into Vivian's ear)
 And neither do you.

Vivian appears rooted to the floor; she stares blankly at the bed.

Jerry replaces the rifle in the closet and turns to her.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (softly sinister)
 I'm going to brush my teeth and take a leak, and when I come out of that bathroom, you better be in that bed waiting for me. Tonight's not going to be any different from any other night, chief or no chief.

Jerry punctuates the command with a glare. He walks into the bathroom and closes the door. As if in slow motion, Vivian closes the bedroom door, turns the lock, moves to the bed, and pulls back the sheet.

SOUND of URINATION into TOILET.

Vivian stands erect, stares at nothing, slips the shift from her shoulders, and lets it float to the floor.

SOUND of TOILET FLUSHING.

Vivian crawls onto the bed, lies on her back, and waits.

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Tommy Brode sits on a bunk in a holding cell housed in a shed-roofed addition. His shoulders are slumped, and he wears a forlorn expression. A bare, sixty-watt light bulb brightens the room 24/7.

The cell is an eight-foot square cage of iron bars, with bars across the top, eight feet from the floor. Brode can reach the side and back walls of the room with his fingertips, but the front wall is six feet from the bars.

A white porcelain toilet and small pedestal sink are in the back left corner of the cell.

Myers and State Police Corporal, MAX TRAVALIO, stand outside the cell.

KARL MYERS

(to Brode)

What were you doing back there? That road goes nowhere.

Brode glances at the men and then back at the floor.

TOMMY BRODE

Like I told you, I ain't got no money to...

KARL MYERS

You had enough money to buy a fifth of whiskey.

Brode gets up and goes to the front of the cell.

TOMMY BRODE

I used the last of what I had to buy that fifth.

MAX TRAVALIO

The last of what might've been in your pockets.

KARL MYERS

I guess you forgot about the four-hundred, twenty-seven bucks we found under the spare tire.

Brode grabs the bars.

TOMMY BRODE

(angry)

You ain't got no right.

Max steps toward the bars; Brode takes a step back.

KARL MYERS

You're the one with no rights, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO

Maybe I need to come in there and beat the truth out of you.

TOMMY BRODE

(loud, defiant)

You ain't got no *right!*

Myers unlocks the cell door. Max is through the door in a flash and slaps Brode on the side of his head. Brode, thoroughly frightened, drops onto the bunk.

Myers enters the cell.

KARL MYERS

(to Brode)

You were saying?

Brode sits up but leans away from Max.

TOMMY BRODE

So I was lying about the money. If I told you about it, how's I to know you wouldn't take it?

Max winds up to give Brode another slap, but Myers puts up his hand to stop him.

KARL MYERS

(to Brode)

My friend, I can't believe you're that stupid to sit there and insult us.

TOMMY BRODE

(waning defiance)

I ain't stupid.

MAX TRAVALIO

Prove it. Tell us why you were on that road and explain where that money came from.

Brode glances at both men then focuses on Myers.

TOMMY BRODE

I earned that money. Ain't against the law to stash money under a spare tire.

Myers studies Brode's face but speaks to Max.

KARL MYERS

I think he's still holding out on us.

MAX TRAVALIO

I think you're right, Chief.

TOMMY BRODE

I worked hard for that money. I didn't want to spend it on no motel, which is why I was on that there road.

Max winds up to deliver another blow. Brode raises an arm for protection and cowers on the bunk.

TOMMY BRODE
 (loud whimper)
 I ain't holdin' out on you.

Max lowers his hand. Brode, still cowering, addresses Myers.

TOMMY BRODE (CONT'D)
 I was just sleepin'. I don't
 understand why you're so all fired up
 about, what, vagrancy? On a dirt road
 out in the middle of nothin'?

Myers and Max exchange a glance. Myers nods toward the cell door. Max exits the cell; Myers follows and slams the door shut.

Myers locks the cell door, hangs the key on a hook well beyond any prisoner's grasp, and then returns to the cell.

KARL MYERS
 A boy was attacked by a man this
 afternoon near where you were parked.

TOMMY BRODE
 (stunned)
 Oh Jesus Christ.

MAX TRAVALIO
 A second boy got away and gave us a
 description that fits you to a "T."

TOMMY BRODE
 Well, that boy is dead wrong.

KARL MYERS
 One of those boys was murdered.

TOMMY BRODE
 (panicked)
 Oh Jesus Christ, it weren't me. I
 swear it. I swear, it weren't me!

Myers' unblinking eyes look into Brode's eyes; the prisoner backs up a step.

KARL MYERS
 We'll see what the boy says tomorrow
 morning. You're going to want to be
 real pretty when he gets here, so try
 and get some sleep.

Myers and Max leave the jail and walk down a hallway.

TOMMY BRODE (O.C.)

(yells)

It weren't me, Chief. Honest to God,
IT WEREN'T ME!

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - MORNING

Jerry Peterman trots down the stairs carrying the .22, rounds a wall and heads to the lower level. He is dressed in jeans, an old white shirt, and new, white, Converse sneakers.

When he reaches the lower level, he nearly collides with Vivian when she exits the utility room. Vivian wears a dress, nylons, and white, spiked heels; her hair is long and free.

JERRY PETERMAN

Watch where the hell you're going.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(surprised annoyance)

Me? Where the hell are you going?

JERRY PETERMAN

I got business.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

With that rifle?

JERRY PETERMAN

Mind your laundry.

Jerry pushes past her and enters the garage.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

We're supposed to take Greg to the Police Station this morning. How am I going to get him there?

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)

Call your damned friend.

SOUND of ENGINE STARTING. The car backs out of the garage.

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE STATION - HOUR LATER

Myers enters the reception area followed by Vivian and Greg, both of whom wear weary expressions.

Sarah is seated behind the receptionist's counter; she stands.

SARAH HARDING

Good Morning, Chief. Again.

(to Vivian)

Mrs. Peterman, right? I'm Sarah.

Sarah extends her hand; Vivian shakes it, smiles perfunctorily at Sarah, and follows Myers, who enters his office.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(to Myers)

I'm so sorry you had to come and get us.

Greg lags behind, stops, and stares at Sarah.

SARAH HARDING

(to Greg with a smile)

And who are you, Mister?

GREG PETERMAN

(shy)

Greg.

SARAH HARDING

Well you better get a move-on, pardner.

Sarah points and then watches Greg shuffle toward Myers' office. Vivian emerges from the office in search of Greg.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What're you doing? Sometimes you are so pokey.

Vivian looks at Sarah; they exchange "aren't boys just ridiculous sometimes" looks.

Myers approaches the doorway and points to two wood chairs in front of his desk.

KARL MYERS

You two can sit there.

Myers looks at Sarah.

SARAH HARDING

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Cuppa Joe, please, for Mrs. Peterman.

SARAH HARDING

(hollers into office)

Black?

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)

(hollers in reply)

Cream and sugar, please, and thank you.

Myers sends a disapproving look at Sarah.

KARL MYERS
We're yelling now?

SARAH HARDING
(sarcastic)
Does she know how to operate the
intercom?

Myers shakes his head and returns to his office.

KARL MYERS
Appreciate your coming in, Greg.

Myers sits on the edge of the desk nearest Greg.

KARL MYERS
Let me explain what's going to happen.
We're going to go into the jail.
There's a man in the cell who may be
the man you saw. I just need for you
to tell me whether or not he is the
man. Do you understand?

Greg nods "yes."

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
There's nothing to be afraid of
because the man's locked up, okay?

Greg nods again. Myers stands and looks down at Greg, who slumps down in the chair.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
Ready?

Greg glances at Vivian, who gives him an encouraging smile.

Greg stands. Myers places a hand on Greg's shoulder and turns the boy toward the hallway leading to the jail.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
(to Greg)
Just stay behind me, okay?

Greg follows Myers out of the office and down the hall toward the jail.

Sarah enters the office with Vivian's coffee.

SARAH HARDING
Sweet little guy.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (appreciative)
 He has his moments.

Vivian accepts the coffee.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 Thanks.

SARAH HARDING
 (smiles)
 Not a problem. It's what I do.

Myers opens the door into the jail. Brode bolts from the bunk, grabs the bars, and places his face between two of them. His eyes show strain and too little sleep; he has two days' growth of beard and badly disheveled hair.

TOMMY BRODE
 (highly agitated)
 Say it ain't me, boy! You better tell
 the truth 'cause if you don't...

Myers sends a quick right jab to Brode's nose. Brode takes a step back; a small rivulet of blood begins to flow. Brode wipes the back of his hand across the blood, looks at it on his hand, and looks incredulously at Myers.

KARL MYERS
 (to Greg)
 Is he the man?

Greg stares at Brode's knees and does not respond.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 Gregory, is he the man who attacked
 Barry?

Greg glances at Brode and nods.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 I need more than a nod.

Brode's bluster dissipates, but he keeps his eyes on Greg; he drops onto his bunk.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 (patience at an end)
 Gregory?

Greg looks up at Myers.

GREG PETERMAN
 Yes sir. That's the man.

TOMMY BRODE
(mutters)
Oh Jesus Christ.

KARL MYERS
You're sure?

GREG PETERMAN
Yes sir.

Brode jumps up, grabs the bars, and tries to shake them.

TOMMY BRODE
That's a goddamned lie you little son-
of-a-bitch. I get outta here, I'm
gonna find you.

Myers puts a hand on Greg's shoulder and turns him toward the exit.

TOMMY BRODE (CONT'D)
*You're gonna pay for this, you little
fucker.*

Greg spins around and points at Brode.

GREG PETERMAN
(yells)
IT WAS YOU!

Myers grabs Greg's arm and yanks him into the hallway.

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Vivian stands in front of the credenza and holds the framed photo of Dorothy Myers.

SOUND of DOOR OPENING.

Vivian turns toward the door as Myers and Greg enter.

Myers immediately sees what Vivian is holding. They make eye contact. Vivian quickly returns the frame to the credenza.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
I'm sorry, I...

Myers waves off the apology and deposits Greg into one of the two chairs in front of his desk.

KARL MYERS
Not a problem.

Myers walks behind his desk and gestures to Vivian to take the other chair. Vivian steps to the chair, sits, and nods toward Dorothy's picture.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(curious but respectful)
What a beautiful little girl.

KARL MYERS
She was, but that was then. Right now we've got another beautiful little girl in trouble.

Max Travaglio enters the office.

MAX TRAVALIO
Morning, Chief.

KARL MYERS
(nods at Travaglio)
Corporal.

MAX TRAVALIO
Mrs. Peterman.

Vivian smiles demurely and nods; Greg looks at his shoes.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)
(to Myers)
What's the latest on the Moyer girl?

Greg perks up; Vivian looks at Myers expectantly.

KARL MYERS
I was just about to tell Mrs. Peterman, Patsy has catalepsy. It's rare, but according to the doc, whatever she saw brought it on.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
What does it mean exactly?

KARL MYERS
She has periods when she's awake, but she's not responsive.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
So, she can't tell you what she saw?

Greg fidgets.

KARL MYERS
She can't, but because of Greg here, we may not need her to.

MAX TRAVALIO

She'll come out it?

Greg's eyes widen.

KARL MYERS

(sighs)
She may not.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She could be that way for the rest of
her life?

Greg holds his breath.

KARL MYERS

(sighs)
It's possible.

The slightest of smiles appears on Greg's face but goes
unnoticed by the adults.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(sincere)
The poor Moyers.

KARL MYERS

If she does come out of it, the doc
said she may not remember much of
anything about what happened.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

The whole thing is just so terrible.

KARL MYERS

It is that.

Myers looks at a pile of papers on his desk for a beat, and
then he looks at Vivian.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I hate to ask you to stay a bit
longer, but there are a few questions
I still have for Greg.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(to Greg)
That won't be a problem, will it,
Honey?

Greg looks at Vivian as though betrayed, but Vivian nods
approval to Myers.

KARL MYERS

(to Greg)
You said you and Barry ran from the man, but you were faster, and he caught Barry.

GREG PETERMAN

Yes sir.

MAX TRAVALIO

And you kept running?

GREG PETERMAN

I did, sir.

Myers knits his brows and deepens his stare at Greg.

KARL MYERS

If you were running away, how did you see the man club and stab Barry?

Greg squirms and looks at Vivian, who looks a question back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Greg?

GREG PETERMAN

I didn't mean I kept running.

MAX TRAVALIO

So you stopped?

GREG PETERMAN

I, I, I stopped.

MAX TRAVALIO

You stopped? And then what?

GREG PETERMAN

Huh?

KARL MYERS

What did you do when you stopped?

GREG PETERMAN

Sir?

KARL MYERS

Did you hide? Did you watch? Did you yell for help?

GREG PETERMAN

I, I, I stopped to see if Barry got away, and, and, and I turned around and saw it.

Greg appears to shrink down in the chair as Myers stares at him.

MAX TRAVALIO

Did Barry yell out when the man grabbed him?

Greg glances at Max and then at Myers' desk.

GREG PETERMAN

(almost a whisper)
I don't remember.

KARL MYERS

(embryonic annoyance)
You don't remember?

GREG PETERMAN

(quavering)
Now I remember: he, he, he yelled "help."

Myers draws his hand over his mouth and down his chin; he looks at the ceiling for a beat, and then he leans forward with his elbows on his desk. He stares at Greg.

KARL MYERS

You're running for your life, right?

GREG PETERMAN

(shaky)
Yes sir.

KARL MYERS

You don't have eyes in the back of your head, so you wouldn't have known if the man was still chasing you, would you?

Greg glances at his mother, then back at Myers.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

So why would you stop and turn around?

GREG PETERMAN

(pouty lip)
I don't know.

KARL MYERS

But you did stop and turn around.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(leans forward, defensive)
Come on, Karl. He's a little boy. You can't expect him to remember everything exactly the way it happened.

KARL MYERS

(to Travaglio)
Would you take Greg into the hall for a minute?

Max puts his hand on Greg's head and tousles his hair.

MAX TRAVALIO

Come on, Bucko. Let's take a walk.

Vivian leans back in the chair and stares at her hands, which she folds in her lap. Myers stares at her until the door closes behind Max and Greg.

KARL MYERS

Two things. I can only let you stay in here if you don't interfere ...

Vivian looks into Karl's eyes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

... and I need for you to show me proper respect in front of your boy, or anyone else, for that matter.

Vivian looks away.

KARL MYERS

Please call me Chief or Chief Myers.

Vivian looks back into Myers' eyes, nods "yes," and then she looks at her folded hands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I worry what this is doing to him.

KARL MYERS

I understand, but your interfering doesn't help.

Vivian looks at Myers with a bit of disappointment in her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'll behave.

Myers ascertains compliance from Vivian's expression and then sits back in his chair.

KARL MYERS

(loud)
Corporal!

Max follows Greg into the room and gives him a nudge toward the empty chair.

MAX TRAVALIO

Greg was telling me in the hall...

Greg sits in the chair and watches Myers' face.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

... that he stopped running when he got to the woods. He hid behind a tree and watched what happened.

Myers looks skeptically at Max for a beat, lowers his eyes and takes a deep breath, looks at Vivian and nods toward the door. Vivian stands, sends a pointed glance at Myers who looks away, and then shepherds her son out of the office.

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE STATION - 15 MINUTES LATER

Brode is handcuffed to the chair he sits on in front of Myers' desk.

Myers sits behind the desk. Max prowls back and forth behind Brode, who is clearly aware of the corporal's prowling.

MAX TRAVALIO

Goddamn it, Tommy. The boy identified you!

TOMMY BRODE

It don't matter 'cause the boy's lyin'.

Max and Myers exchange glances.

MAX TRAVALIO

(to Brode)
Where were you after lunchtime yesterday?

TOMMY BRODE

Ah, man, I already told you.

MAX TRAVALIO

(yells)
TELL ME AGAIN!

Brode flinches and looks at Myers, whose expression does not suggest a savior.

TOMMY BRODE

I was driving.

KARL MYERS

Driving where?

TOMMY BRODE

(exasperated)

From Lancaster to here.

MAX TRAVALIO

When did you leave Lancaster?

TOMMY BRODE

I dunno.

KARL MYERS

Think.

TOMMY BRODE

I guess around twelve-thirty.

KARL MYERS

You certain of that?

TOMMY BRODE

Yes, dead certain.

MAX TRAVALIO

You know what, Tommy? I think you're a lying sack of shit.

Myers turns on an intercom receiver on his desk and leans toward it.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Sarah.

SARAH HARDING (INTERCOM)

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Brady still out there?

SARAH HARDING (INTERCOM)

Wish he wasn't, but he is.

Myers looks at Max and rolls his eyes; Max smiles.

KARL MYERS

Send him in.

Max lights up a cigarette and places a pack of Chesterfields and matches on the corner of the desk; Myers drums a quiet tattoo on his desk with the eraser end of a pencil; Brode fidgets.

Brady enters the office.

RAY BRADY

Chief?

KARL MYERS

(nods at Brode)

Take him back to the can.

Brady grabs Brode's arm. Brode jerks it free as he stands, but Brady grabs it again and leads him out of the office.

When the door closes, Max sits in the vacated chair, smokes, and drops ashes into an ashtray on the front edge of Myers' desk. Myers stares at Max's badge.

MAX TRAVALIO

Karl?

Myers looks up.

KARL MYERS

I think he's telling the truth.

MAX TRAVALIO

Are you crazy?

KARL MYERS

Maybe. I just have this feeling that he didn't hurt that boy.

MAX TRAVALIO

I don't know how they trained you down in Baltimore, but up here, we're a bit suspicious about feelings.

Myers chuckles, leans toward the intercom, and turns it on.

KARL MYERS

Sarah, send Brady back in here.

SARAH HARDING (O.S.)

(from intercom)

Done.

Max smokes; Myers leans back in his chair, spins toward the credenza, and looks at Dorothy's photo.

Brady enters. Myers spins around and leans forward. Brady squirms a tad under gapes from Myers and Max.

RAY BRADY

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Tell me something, how much blood was on Brode's clothing when you found him.

RAY BRADY

Can't say as we saw any, Chief. I suspect he'd a changed his clothes and pitched anything bloody into the woods.

KARL MYERS

That's what you suspect?

RAY BRADY

Why, yes sir, I do.

KARL MYERS

I don't recall your finding a suitcase or duffle or something that had extra clothes in it, is that right?

RAY BRADY

That's right, Chief.

KARL MYERS

Sounds like he was traveling pretty light, maybe just the clothes on his back, wouldn't you say?

RAY BRADY

Well, now that I think on it, I guess you could say that.

KARL MYERS

So where might he have gotten the clothes he has on now, the ones without any blood on them?

Brady scratches his head and appears puzzled.

RAY BRADY

Maybe he washed 'em off in the creek.

KARL MYERS

Maybe.

Myers stares at Brady; Brady tugs at his shirt collar.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
Any mud on his shoes, Ray?

Brady stands taller.

RAY BRADY
(confident)
Them combat boots was plenty dirty,
Chief.

KARL MYERS
Which I guess could've gotten muddy
walking along the side of that road if
he had to ... I don't know ... take a
piss in the woods?

Brady scratches his head.

RAY BRADY
I guess that sure could've happened.

Myers and Max stare at Brady as each considers what has just
been discussed. Brady gulps and tugs at his shirt collar.

RAY BRADY
Uh, Chief?

KARL MYERS
Ray?

RAY BRADY
Is that all you needed me for?

Myers stands; Max butts out the cigarette in the ashtray.

KARL MYERS
That's it. Appreciate it, Ray.

Ray nods at Myers and hustles out. Max stands.

MAX TRAVALIO
Lunch?

KARL MYERS
The Lemoyne?

MAX TRAVALIO
Definitely a man of habit.

Max leads the way out of the office.

KARL MYERS
Habits keep life simple, my friend.

I/E - STATE POLICE CRUISER/BRIDGE STREET - HOUR LATER

It is raining. Distant FLASH of lightning; distant SOUND of THUNDER. Max smokes as he drives. Windshield wipers are on. Myers looks out the side window.

KARL MYERS

The kid's story is screwy. I feel like we're giving him words that he's using to fill in the blanks.

MAX TRAVALIO

Come on, Karl. Yesterday was the worst day of his life. Hell, it's going to be the worst day of his life if he lives to be a hundred.

KARL MYERS

How long would he have had to stand there and watch a guy stab his friend? If I was his age, I probably would have kept on running and never turned around.

Myers looks at Max.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

And then he hunkers down in the woods in a downpour for what, an hour or so?

The rain stops; Max turns off the wipers.

MAX TRAVALIO

He gave us a description that matches the guy your boys find a few feet from the path that leads to where the boy was killed.

KARL MYERS

The guy I don't think did it.

Myers winds down the side window.

MAX TRAVALIO

Then how do you explain the description?

KARL MYERS

Christ, I don't know. Maybe Greg sees the guy from the woods.

MAX TRAVALIO

You know what you're saying?

KARL MYERS

What am I saying?

MAX TRAVALIO

You're saying the boy's deliberately lying.

KARL MYERS

Maybe I am.

MAX TRAVALIO

Jesus. Why would he lie?

KARL MYERS

We figure that out, we'll figure everything out.

The cruiser pulls to the curb in front of the Police Station.

Myers exits the cruiser, closes the door, and leans in the open window.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Thanks for driving.

MAX TRAVALIO

Not a problem.

KARL MYERS

I've got some thinking to do.

MAX TRAVALIO

I'll call you later to see if you came up with anything.

Myers nods, stands, looks across the street at nothing, and pats the roof of the cruiser. The cruiser drives away.

Myers stares for a beat, narrows his eyes, nods decisively, turns on his heel and heads into the police station.

INT - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Brady leans on the receptionist's counter and laughs with Sarah. Brady bolts upright and sobers when Myers enters.

KARL MYERS

(to Brady)

Why aren't you on the street?

Brady grabs his duty hat from the counter.

RAY BRADY

Just on my way out, Chief.

Myers walks toward the hallway to the jail; Brady puts on the hat, glances at Sarah, and exits.

Sarah watches Myers disappear down the hallway.

SARAH HARDING

(to the room)

Afternoon Sarah. How was your lunch?
How's your life?

Myers enters the jail. Brode stands.

KARL MYERS

Why are you here, Tommy? Here in New
Cumberland?

TOMMY BRODE

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Answer the question.

TOMMY BRODE

I was just passing through.

KARL MYERS

To where?

TOMMY BRODE

Ashtabula.

KARL MYERS

Ohio? On the lake?

TOMMY BRODE

Well, yes sir.

KARL MYERS

Why?

TOMMY BRODE

Got a letter from my mother tellin' me
my uncle's holdin' a job for me on the
docks.

KARL MYERS

So what you're saying is, you're
traveling cross country to start a new
life.

TOMMY BRODE

I guess you could say that.

KARL MYERS

I just did, my friend. What I'm trying to figure out is why we didn't find a suitcase or a duffle or anything that had personal belongings in it.

TOMMY BRODE

I pawned or sold everything I owned down to my underwear. That's where that money come from under the spare. I didn't earn it. Figured I'd need some kind of grubstake in Ashtabula.

KARL MYERS

I'd be inclined to believe you if the officer hadn't found that empty whiskey bottle.

TOMMY BRODE

Sometimes I have a need for it.

KARL MYERS

I understand that more than you might suspect.

TOMMY BRODE

Look, I've made some pretty stupid decisions in my life, but this time I'm going to try and make it work.

KARL MYERS

Nothing's going to work if you're looking for answers at the bottom of a bottle, my friend.

Myers stares hard at Brode, who returns the gaze.

TOMMY BRODE

Chief?

KARL MYERS

I believe you, my friend. For now.

Myers spins on his heel and exits the jail.

TOMMY BRODE

Chief?

Myers approaches his office

TOMMY BRODE (O.C.)

(loud)
Chief?

Myers enters his office and closes the door. He sits on the edge of his desk and stares at the floor for a beat, then stands and looks at the closed venetian blinds on the window.

He sees the pack of Chesterfields and book of matches Max has left on the desk. He picks up the pack, stares at it for a beat, and then puts it and the matches in his breast pocket.

He heads out of the office, down the hall, and past the receptionist's desk.

KARL MYERS
(to Sarah in passing)
Headed to the crime scene.

SARAH HARDING
You coming back?

Myers does not respond and exits the station. Sarah stares toward the closing door.

SARAH HARDING
(to the room)
Got a hot date? Going to see the
President?

Sarah shakes her head, opens a drawer, extracts a bottle of nail polish, and twists off the top.

EXT - PETERMANS' HOME - 15 MINUTES LATER

The sun is shining brightly among small, fast-moving clouds.

Myers' patrol car pulls to a stop at the end of the street where the Petermans' home is the last home on the block at the edge of the old growth woods.

Myers exits the car and walks deliberately toward the beginning of the path through the woods that leads to the crime scene.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION ONE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Myers walks deliberately along the path. He stares through the trees at the dirt road where Brode's Ford had been parked. He stops where the road and path are separated by forty feet of woods.

KARL MYERS
(under his breath)
We walked right by his damned car and
never knew it was there.

Myers resumes his walk down the path.

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The bright sun coming through the canopy dapples the wet grass. Myers steps to the edge of the clearing.

Myers is perspiring heavily; sweat has soaked his shirt. He stops and scans the creek, the clearing, and the scarp. He takes a handkerchief from his back pocket, takes off his duty cap, and wipes his forehead.

KARL MYERS

(softly)

Christ, it's as bad as the
Philippines.

Myers returns his cap to his head and the handkerchief to the pocket as he walks slowly through the grass toward the spot where he found Barry Moyer's body.

When he arrives at the spot in the center of trampled grass, he stares at the vegetation at the top of the scarp in which he first saw Patsy Moyer's cataleptic stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF FLASHBACK SHOTS:

- A) Patsy Moyer on the scarp.
- B) A smiling Dorothy Myers running onto Baltimore's South Conkling Street in front of the Grand Theater.
- C) Myers picking up the cataleptic Patsy on the scarp.
- D) Myers kneeling over the unconscious body of Dorothy lying on South Conkling Street in Baltimore.

BACK TO: DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - CONTINUOUS

Eyes closed, Myers cries quietly, but he recovers quickly, wipes his eyes, and sighs. He loosens his necktie and unbuttons the top button of his uniform shirt.

A deer fly lands on Myers' cheek; he puts an end to the pest with a quick slap. He scans the clearing.

KARL MYERS

(under his breath)

What the hell am I doing here?

Unconsciously, he pulls the pack of Chesterfields from his breast pocket and taps out a cigarette. He stares at it for a beat, and then runs it under his nose to inhale the scent.

KARL MYERS

Why the hell not?

Myers places the cigarette between his lips, takes out the book of matches, strikes one, lights the cigarette, and takes a long drag into his lungs.

He nearly doubles over as a coughing jag takes him by surprise. He looks at the cigarette.

KARL MYERS

(mutters)

What the fuck am I doing?

He drops the cigarette.

SOUND of HISSING when the lit end touches a wet blade of grass.

Myers looks down at the cigarette, and in a spot of dappled sunlight next to the cigarette, he sees something shining.

Myers drops to one knee, reaches into the grass, and holds up the copper shell casing of a .22 caliber round. He examines the casing for a beat, puts it in the breast pocket containing the pack of Chesterfields.

Myers duck-walks in a slow circle and searches among the grasses. He finds another casing, and then another, each of which he drops into his breast pocket.

SOUND of SWISHING movement of feet through wet grass.

Myers' head snaps to the direction of the sound.

Vivian is walking toward him, her eyes focused on his face, her expression unreadable. Sweat has pasted strands of her hair against her forehead and wetted the ends of strands that have fallen onto the bare skin of her shoulders.

Vivian wears a sundress that is sweat-dampened and clings to her thighs, and to breasts that sway to the cadence of her pace as she advances; her eyes remain locked on Myers' eyes.

When Vivian is twenty feet from Myers, he stands; his expression conveys uncertainty; his eyes take in Vivian's swaying body as she continues toward him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(barely audible,)

I saw your car.

Vivian stops within an arm's length of Myers. He looks into her eyes; she lowers hers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Karl, I...

Vivian looks up. Myers remains mute as Vivian takes a quick step forward, grabs his shirt, and pulls him toward her. Her eyes close, her head lists to the right, an arm encircles his neck, a hand presses against his chest, her lips find his.

The hand on Myers' chest slides to his back. Vivian presses her body against his. Myers looks at her closed eyes as Vivian's lips become more insistent, her arms grip him more tightly, and she presses her pelvis against him.

One of Vivian's hands slides into his hair; the duty cap falls to the ground.

Gently but with full intention, Myers places his hands on Vivian's shoulders and slowly pushes her away.

Myers' eyes convey regret; Vivian's eyes show surprise. Her brows arch with uncertainty for a beat, and then her expression conveys that she understands Myers' rejection.

Vivian steps back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispers)

Oh God.

Vivian puts her hand to her mouth and begins to sob. She spins around and sprints with speed and grace toward the path that will take her home, her sundress billowing out behind her as she runs.

With disbelief in his eyes, Myers watches Vivian until she has disappeared into the woods.

END OF EPISODE TWO

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Episode 3: "Only a Dream"

FADE IN:

I/E - PATROL CAR/ARGYLE STREET, HARRISBURG - NIGHT, AUGUST 1955

Rain falls heavily. Windshield wipers throw water left and right accompanied by the repetitive SOUNDS of FLOPPING WIPERS and the LOW WHIR of wiper motors.

KARL MYERS stares into the tunnel of light created by the car's headlights as the car slowly proceeds on narrow, one-way, Argyle Street, bordered on both sides by parked cars.

After driving one intersection past his home, a parking space appears on the right side of the street. Myers parks the patrol car and turns off the headlights and engine.

Myers places a flimsy plastic cover with an elastic border over his duty cap, places the cap on his head, grabs a slicker lying on the passenger side, and exits the car.

He rapidly puts on the slicker to protect his uniform and gear from the rain, which abruptly slackens.

Corner streetlights reflect in countless water drops on cars and on the wet streets.

Myers stares toward his house: a light shines out from the porch of his tiny row house. That light and his presence are the only evidence of human activity in the sleeping neighborhood.

Myers closes his eyes and turns his face to the sky. He lets the now misting precipitation fall onto his skin for a beat, and then he takes a deep breath, opens his eyes and exhales through pursed lips.

Myers walks to his front porch. Chester the cat is curled up on a mat in front of the door. The cat looks in Myers' direction, stands, arches his back, and meows.

Myers mounts the front porch steps.

KARL MYERS

Sorry, buddy. Tough night to be outside, eh, my friend?

Chester winds a figure eight around Myers' legs as Myers unlocks the front door. Myers opens the door and Chester scoots inside.

INT - MYERS' ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Myers closes the door and stoops to pick up a few pieces of mail from the floor beneath the mail slot. He looks at the return addresses, and then drops the envelopes on other days' unopened mail, which sits on a cabinet just inside the door.

Myers hangs his cap and slicker on a coat rack at the base of stairs that lead to the second floor, and then places his hand on the newel post and ponders for a beat.

Myers goes to the kitchen; Chester follows. Myers removes an open can of cat food from the Frigidaire, scoops the contents into a rinsed bowl he takes from the sink, and places the bowl on the floor.

Chester eats; Myers returns to the living room.

Myers goes to the front left corner of the room where a Philco radio-record player sits on a mahogany table containing record portfolios on a bottom shelf.

He turns on the record player, extracts a portfolio, and from it, extracts a 78 rpm record, which he places on the spinning turntable.

Myers places the needle on the record and waits for The Woody Herman Orchestra's musical introduction of "Laura."

SOUND of "LAURA" INTRODUCTION begins.

Myers walks to a credenza in the dining area on which is a silver tray containing bourbon and whiskey bottles and a solitary tumbler.

He picks up the tumbler, looks at the bottom, grabs a bottle of Jim Beam and fills the tumbler. As WOODY HERMAN (the vocalist) begins, Myers takes the tumbler to the sofa, sits, and sips the bourbon.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD)

Laura is the face in the misty
light...

Chester hops onto the sofa, flops onto his back and meows.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

Footsteps that you hear down the
hall...

Myers scratches Chester's belly as the cat waves it's forepaws in the air.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

The laugh that floats on a summer
night, that you can never quite
recall.

Myers stops scratching Chester and stares at nothing.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

And you see Laura...

29-YEAR-OLD LAURA BENTON MYERS glides into view. She wears a
sheer negligee and her hair is long and luxurious.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

...on the train that is passing
through..."

Laura smiles suggestively as she approaches the sofa.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

Those eyes, how familiar they seem.

Laura does a slow pirouette; when her face returns to the
front, it is the face of VIVIAN PETERMAN.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

She gave your very first kiss to
you...

Vivian sits on the sofa and passionately kisses Myers.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

That was Laura, but she's only a
dream.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETERMANS' SPLIT LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

SOUND of the BREAK in the Woody Herman Orchestra's rendition of
"Laura" continues playing on a Hi-Fi record player in the
living room. The only light in the living room comes from the
kitchen's ceiling light.

Vivian stands in front of the record player and listens to the
song. Vivian wears a nearly sheer negligee and stands in front
of the record player in bare feet and listens.

Her hair is down and slightly disheveled; she holds an open beer bottle and takes a long swallow.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

She gave her very first kiss to you.

Vivian stares at the spinning record.

WOODY HERMAN (ON RECORD
CONT'D)

That was Laura, but she's only a dream.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(grimace and whisper)

What the hell was I thinking?

Vivian places the bottle on the edge of the record player cabinet, turns the player off, picks up the bottle and slowly pirouettes to the sofa. There are three empty beer bottles next to a filled ashtray on the coffee table.

She drops onto the sofa, downs the remainder of the bottle, stares at the ashtray blankly for a beat, and then she laughs.

Vivian places her hand over her mouth to cut the laugh short; Her eyes convey "oops" as she glances at the stairs leading up to the bedrooms.

She sways slightly as her focus returns to the ashtray. Her eyes narrow in anger; she turns them toward the front door.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(drunken whisper)

Where are you, Jerry, you miserable son-of-a-bitch?

Vivian's eyes open wide; she chuckles and places a finger to her lips.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Shhhhh...

Vivian laughs, plops back against the sofa, and closes her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - DEEP WOODS, LOCATION THREE - FLASHBACK, EARLIER THAT DAY

Vivian is holding and kissing Myers; his hands are at his side. His hands move to her upper arms as she presses her body against him. One of Vivian's hands slides into his hair;

Myers' duty cap falls to the ground. Myers' hands on Vivian's upper arms gently push her away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - PETERMANS' HOME - LATE NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Vivian's face contorts in pain. She rolls into a fetal position on the sofa and silently sobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

The 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, 1955 to PRESENT:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie
- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule, with 79-year-old Bill Benton at the helm, diminishes in view as she heads under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear, star-filled skies

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - VERY EARLY MORNING, 1955

SOUND of DRIVING RAIN against the picture window.

Vivian is asleep, curled on the sofa. Five empty beer bottles are lined up on the coffee table. The ashtray is overflowing with butts.

SOUND of GARAGE DOOR OPENING, followed by the SOUND of a car ENGINE entering the garage. ENGINE SOUND STOPS.

Vivian stirs, rolls toward the sofa back, swallows, and makes a face that indicates a mouthful of unpleasantness.

SOUND of GARAGE DOOR CLOSING followed by CAR DOOR CLOSING.

Vivian's eyes open abruptly. She sits up, grimaces, and rubs her temples. She attempts to stand, but loses her balance and sits back down.

SOUND of DOOR OPENING.

Vivian gets to her feet and stumbles toward the stairway leading downstairs.

SOUND of FOOTFALLS on steps up from lower level.

Vivian stands at the top of the stairs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Where've you *been*?

JERRY PETERMAN reaches the top of the stairs.

JERRY PETERMAN
(smart-assed)
What's it to you?

Jerry pushes past Vivian and sees the beer bottles on the coffee table.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Jerry pivots toward Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Are you drunk?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(laughs)

What's it to you?

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarl)

It ain't nothin' to me.

Jerry pushes past Vivian, but Vivian grabs his shirt, stops him, and sniffs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You've been with someone.

Jerry slaps Vivian's hand from his shirt and starts up the stairs. He walks into the bedroom. Vivian follows close on his heels, enters the bedroom, and closes the door with a SLAM.

Jerry spins around.

JERRY PETERMAN

What the fuck is your problem?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're my problem.

Jerry steps toward Vivian and pokes her sternum with his finger to punctuate each question.

JERRY PETERMAN

Oh, really? Who pays for your life?
Who put this roof over your head? The
clothes on your back? You got a
problem with any of that?

Vivian physically resists Jerry's pokes but her expression indicates frustration at not having a ready response.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(loud)

Do you have a problem with that?

Vivian looks down in frustration.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

I thought so.

Jerry turns away and undresses to his skivvies. He steps toward the bathroom, but stops when he sees she is glaring at him.

JERRY PETERMAN

(abrupt)
What?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(challenging)
Didn't need me last night, did you,
you son-of-a-bitch?

Jerry laughs at her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Is this a joke to you?

Vivian quickly slips the negligee off her shoulders; it drops to the floor. She falls back onto the bed and opens her arms and legs to him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(angry challenge)
Come on, you enough of a man to take
on two of us in one night?

Jerry looks at Vivian indecisively for a beat.

JERRY PETERMAN

(scoffs)
Got some spunk after a couple of beers
don't you?

The two stare at each other as if each is seeing the other in a new light until Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(cold)
I got no interest in taking on
anything you have to offer right now.
And if I felt the need...

Jerry holds up his hand and spreads his fingers.

JERRY PETERMAN

...I'd rather have the five virgins
than you. Why don't you just get out?

Vivian sits up.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(loud)
YOU get out!

Jerry leaps onto Vivian with his knees alongside her hips. The action knocks her to her back.

He places his hands on her throat. Vivian's face reddens as she struggles to remove his hands and to breathe.

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarls)

You'll do what I *tell* you to do.

Jerry gives an emphatic last squeeze to Vivian's neck, rolls off of her, stands, and glares at her.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(cold)

Get up.

Vivian stares defiantly at him for a beat. In a flash, he grabs an ankle and yanks Vivian off the bed and onto the floor.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(screams)

GET UP AND GET OUT!

Vivian jumps to her feet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(screams)

I HATE YOU!

Jerry bull rushes Vivian into the bedroom door. The contact physically stuns her; she ricochets from the door, which Jerry opens.

Jerry grabs Vivian's arm and shoves her into the hallway. He quickly retrieves her negligee and throws it at her, slams the door, and locks it.

Vivian appears to be at a loss for a beat, and then furiously pounds on the closed door until, exhausted, she dissolves into sobs of helplessness. She retrieves her negligee from the floor and carries it into the main bathroom.

GREG PETERMAN lies on his back on his bed in his darkened room. He stares at the ceiling with terror-filled eyes that shut tight when he begins to silently cry.

INT - CARLISLE HOSPITAL - MID MORNING, NEXT DAY

Uniformed Karl Myers sits on one of four long benches positioned between two rows of green, metal lockers in the surgeon's dressing room. Myers watches STATE POLICE CORPORAL MAX TRAVALIO, also in uniform, pace and smoke.

DR. HARRY WILKERSON, the tall, trim, silver-haired Cumberland County Coroner enters wearing blood-splattered white leather shoes and a black rubber apron overtop green surgical scrubs.

Wilkerson nods to the officers.

HARRY WILKERSON

Gentlemen.

Myers stands. The officers shake hands with the doctor.

HARRY WILKERSON (CONT'D)

Interesting.

MAX TRAVALIO

Interesting?

Max offers up a cigarette, which Wilkerson takes; he accepts a light from Max's lighter.

HARRY WILKERSON

Interesting.

Wilkerson takes a long drag and exhales toward the fluorescent lights in the ceiling. Max lights up another cigarette.

HARRY WILKERSON (CONT'D)

(to Myers)

You were right.

Max looks at Wilkerson; Myers' looks at nothing, but he appears to be thinking.

MAX TRAVALIO

The boy was shot?

Wilkerson responds as he pulls off his scrubs, socks and shoes.

HARRY WILKERSON

Shot, stabbed, and clubbed.

MAX TRAVALIO

Jesus.

KARL MYERS

Did you find a slug?

HARRY WILKERSON

The abdominal cavity was empty. All I had to look at was the musculature and bone on the back wall.

KARL MYERS

Which showed?

Wilkerson stands without self-consciousness in his boxer shorts.

HARRY WILKERSON

A cavity in the body of the first lumbar vertebra about a half-inch in diameter.

HARRY WILKERSON (CONTINUED)

The only thing that could have caused it was a small caliber slug.

MAX TRAVALIO

Like a twenty-two?

HARRY WILKERSON

Possibly.

Wilkerson drops his boxers.

HARRY WILKERSON (CONT'D)

You're both veterans and have seen what a large caliber bullet can do to the human body. I think anything more powerful than, say, a twenty-two long-rifle slug would have done more damage.

MAX TRAVALIO

Chief found long-rifle shell casings at the scene.

HARRY WILKERSON

Done and done. Gentlemen, I've got to keep moving here because of an appointment with the DA, so if you don't mind moving this conversation to the shower...

Wilkerson saunters into the shower. Max and Myers follow and stand in the entrance of the gang shower room.

HARRY WILKERSON

Assuming we're of a like mind about the boy being shot, there's the matter of the stabbings.

KARL MYERS

The evidence of which was?

Wilkerson turns on the shower and adjusts the temperature.

HARRY WILKERSON

Shallow incisions on the back wall of the cavity.

KARL MYERS

Multiple?

HARRY WILKERSON

At least fifteen. And their length and parallel orientation of each to the others suggest a slashing motion.

Wilkerson proceeds to suds up.

KARL MYERS

As opposed to a straight stab.

HARRY WILKERSON

Precisely. Almost as if the killer was trying to eviscerate the poor lad.

MAX TRAVALIO

Jesus Christ.

HARRY WILKERSON

Definitely brutal. And given that the tissue was slightly torn and not, you might say, sliced, I'm thinking the knife might've had a long narrow blade.

KARL MYERS

Long enough to reach the back.

HARRY WILKERSON

Probably four to five inches in length. A broader blade might have a more rounded tip that would have sliced the tissue instead of tearing it. Imagine dragging the point of a sharp ice pick across tissue.

MAX TRAVALIO

But not an ice pick.

HARRY WILKERSON

Not an ice pick; more like a, oh I don't know, I suppose more like a dagger of some sort.

Myers and Max glance at each other.

MAX TRAVALIO

(to Myers)

When was the last time you saw a dagger?

KARL MYERS

(to Travaglio)

If not a dagger ...

(to Wilkerson)

... what about a stiletto?

HARRY WILKERSON

Definitely a possibility.

Myers and Max exchange a knowing glance as Wilkerson lets the hot shower play against his back.

HARRY WILKERSON

Here's the thing, gentlemen: despite the clarity of the evidence regarding what occurred, it's the ... is this a word, overkill? That's what has me puzzled.

KARL MYERS

Because?

HARRY WILKERSON

If the killer has a gun and a knife, why would he club the victim with something like a one-inch pipe or broom handle?

Max and Myers look a question at each other.

MAX TRAVALIO

(to Wilkerson)

Not a branch?

Wilkerson holds up his finger in a "give me a moment" gesture; he sticks his head under the shower stream and rinses off.

HARRY WILKERSON

Only if the branch was as perfectly round and sturdy as a pipe or mop handle.

MAX TRAVALIO

(to Myers)

The boy said "branch."

KARL MYERS

(to Travaglio)

Not to mention the fact that he omitted the not-so-minor matter of his buddy getting shot.

Myers and Max watch Wilkerson for a beat, glance at each other, and then look away with some embarrassment.

Wilkerson wipes water from his face with his hand, looks at Max, and points to a pile of clean white towels on a cart next to the shower room doorway.

HARRY WILKERSON
(to Travaglio)
Mind?

Max tosses Wilkerson a towel. The doctor dries himself as he walks toward his locker. The officers follow.

KARL MYERS
So what was the cause of death?

HARRY WILKERSON
I'm still considering it. Without immediate medical intervention on behalf of the boy, it's possible any one of the three actions could have been the cause of death, which may be my finding.

KARL MYERS
A combination of the three.

Wilkerson puts on a white shirt, tie, navy pin-striped suit, and black dress shoes as he converses.

HARRY WILKERSON
In the grand scheme of things, the cause of death doesn't matter to your investigation, does it Chief? What does matter, at least to me, is the fact that there's someone out there so filled with rage that he wasn't satisfied with just killing the child. He needed to defile him.

MAX TRAVALIO
The witness said the man was "crazy."

Max hands a cigarette pack to Wilkerson, who extracts a cigarette and then hands the pack back.

HARRY WILKERSON
Not a clinical term I would use, but my point exactly.

Wilkerson lights up, takes a deep drag, and has a coughing jag. Wilkerson recovers; he extends the cigarette and glares at it.

HARRY WILKERSON (CONT'D)
 (to Travaglio)
 Maybe you'll think I'm crazy, but
 don't be surprised if we find out one
 day that these things are killing us.

Max and Wilkerson laugh; Myers looks lost in thought.

I/E - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - SUNDAY MORNING

Skies are gray and threatening.

A New Cumberland Police cruiser pulls to a stop along the curb
 in front of the Petermans' house.

SOUND of DISTANT THUNDER.

Myers exits the car, looks toward the clouds, and walks to the
 front door.

Vivian sits on the sofa, smoking; she is dressed in her Sunday
 best, including heels and jewelry.

SOUND of DOORBELL.

She peeks between the drapes, gets up, goes to the door, and
 opens it.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (through the screen door)
 Hello Karl.

KARL MYERS
 May I come in?

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)
 (loud from upstairs)
 Who the hell is it?

Vivian locks eyes with Myers, holds up her forefinger, and then
 turns toward the stairs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (loud)
 Chief Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)
 (loud from upstairs)
 What the hell does he want?

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS POUNDING downstairs.

Vivian looks an apology toward Myers as Jerry appears in suit
 and tie and approaches the front door.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (confrontational)
 Jesus Christ. You ever give it a *rest*?
 It's fucking *Sunday*.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (shocked)
 Jerry!

Jerry grabs Vivian's arm and jerks her away from the door.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (to Myers)
 What do you want?

KARL MYERS
 May I come in?

JERRY PETERMAN
 No.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Jerry!

Jerry levels a look at Vivian that cowers her, and then he turns back to Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN
 Well?

KARL MYERS
 Your boy's story doesn't match the evidence.

JERRY PETERMAN
 (narrowed eyes)
 You calling my boy a liar?

KARL MYERS
 (calm)
 I'm telling you what he told us doesn't match up with the evidence in the Coroner's report. I'd like to speak with him.

JERRY PETERMAN
 The Coroner's made a mistake.

Vivian makes eye contact with Myers for a beat; her expression conveys fear. Jerry notices the direction of Myers' glance and quickly turns toward Vivian who looks at the floor.

Jerry turns back to Myers. The men lock eyes.

KARL MYERS

I do my best to avoid mistakes, Mr. Peterman. Do you own any guns?

JERRY PETERMAN

(unfazed)

I got a twelve-gauge for hunting and an army surplus, M-1 Garand that I use for target practice. Why?

Myers and Vivian glance at one another; her eyes convey worried surprise for a fleeting moment. Jerry notices Myers looking toward Vivian, but Myers' eyes quickly return to Jerry who returns the gape.

KARL MYERS

Just the two?

JERRY PETERMAN

I assume you heard me. Why do you want to know?

KARL MYERS

May I please come in?

JERRY PETERMAN

No.

Vivian puts her hand to her mouth and appears ready to cry from worry.

Myers looks away from Jerry for a beat, then returns his gaze to him. Myers reaches into his pocket, pulls a long rifle, .22 caliber shell casing from his pocket and holds it up for Jerry to see.

KARL MYERS

The Coroner told me the Moyer boy was not only clubbed and stabbed; he was shot, probably with a twenty-two. I found this where Barry was killed.

Vivian gasps and runs upstairs. Myers looks toward the stairs. Jerry keeps his eyes on Myers.

SOUND of hurried FOOTFALLS on the stairs.

JERRY PETERMAN

What's that have to do with me? I ain't got no twenty-two.

Jerry smirks at Myers; the men lock eyes.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(yells)
 BOY! GET YOUR SKINNY ASS DOWN HERE.
 NOW!

After a beat, Jerry turns toward the stairs.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(yells)
 YOU HEAR ME BOY? YOU GOT FIVE SECONDS.

SOUND of FOOTFALLS running down stairs. Greg appears in suit and tie. Jerry reaches out, grabs Greg's arm, and yanks him toward the screen door.

JERRY PETERMAN

(threatening)
 You own a rifle, boy?

Greg looks a question at Jerry and receives a glaring answer; Greg looks at Myers' knees.

GREG PETERMAN

N-n-n-no sir.

KARL MYERS

Why didn't you tell us Barry was shot?

GREG PETERMAN

I-I-I forgot, sir.

KARL MYERS

How do you forget something like that?

Greg looks a question at Jerry but does not receive any hint of any answer. Greg looks open-mouthed at Myers' knees.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Greg?

GREG PETERMAN

I-I-I, don't know.

Jerry smacks the back of Greg's head hard; the boy's lower lip quivers and his eyes water as he looks at Myers' face.

GREG PETERMAN

I don't know, sir.

Jerry grabs Greg's arm and shoves him toward the stairs.

JERRY PETERMAN

(to Greg)
 I'll talk to you later, boy.

KARL MYERS
Just one more thing, Greg.

Greg stops and turns to Myers.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
Can you describe the knife for me?

GREG PETERMAN
The knife?

Jerry steps next to Greg and smacks the back of his son's head.

JERRY PETERMAN
The one the killer used, pissant.

Myers and Jerry exchange angry glances, and then Myers looks at Greg.

KARL MYERS
That knife.

GREG PETERMAN
I, I, I don't know.

JERRY PETERMAN
(under his breath)
Jesus Christ.

Greg glances quickly at his father and then at Myers. Vivian listens at the top of the stairs.

KARL MYERS
(to Greg)
Have you ever seen a stiletto?

GREG PETERMAN
I don't think so.

KARL MYERS
Long, thin handle, thin blade.

GREG PETERMAN
I, I, I, well, no sir.

Myers stares at Greg; Greg looks at the floor.

Jerry stands between Myers and Greg and glares at Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN
You done?

Myers nods assent. Jerry turns to Greg.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Get your ass upstairs. I'll be right behind you.

Greg's face appears ready to dissolve into tears; he disappears up the stairs. SOUND of Greg's slow FOOTFALLS on the stairs. Jerry turns back to Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Anything else you need to know? We have to get to church.

Myers turns away for a beat but returns his gaze to Jerry; he speaks in a low tone with barely restrained anger.

KARL MYERS

Something happened in that clearing that had nothing to do with a deranged stranger, and I'm going to find out who it was who killed that boy.

JERRY PETERMAN

You already have that sicko in your jail.

KARL MYERS

That man did not do it.

JERRY PETERMAN

You are calling my boy a liar!

Myers glares at Jerry for a beat, then spins on his heel and walks away.

JERRY PETERMAN

(sarcastic)

Thanks for stopping, Chief.

(closes door)

You fucking bastard.

I/E - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE CRUISER/BRIDGE STREET - TWO HOURS LATER.

The cruiser drives slowly south on Bridge Street.

Families and individuals are exiting a church and walking home along the street.

Myers stares at a father, mother, and nine-year-old girl who are laughing together as they walk down the sidewalk.

SOUND of an AOOGA from an approaching hot rod.

Myers watches as BILL "WAX" WAXMAN approaches in his rod. Wax gives Myers a quick wave. Myers acknowledges with a nod. VAUGHN MOYER rides shotgun; two other TEENS are in the backseat.

After the rod passes, Myers looks in the rearview mirror and sees Vaughn hoist "the bird" out the window.

At the next intersection, the cruiser does a quick U-turn, but then stops along the curb. Myers grips the wheel with both hands, closes his eyes, and slams the wheel with an open palm.

KARL MYERS

What the hell am I doing in this
goddamned, one-horse town?

INTERCUT - INT - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE CRUISER/INT - NEW
CUMBERLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Myers reaches for the radio mic and holds it near his mouth.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Base, this is Myers. Over.

SARAH HARDING sits behind the receptionist's desk; she pulls the mic stand closer.

SARAH HARDING

Hey Chief. What's up?

KARL MYERS

(emphatic)
Over.

SARAH HARDING

What's over?

KARL MYERS

Sarah, why are you in the office? It's
Sunday. Over.

SARAH HARDING

Not over yet. Sunday all day.

KARL MYERS

(deep breath)
I asked you a question. Over.

SARAH HARDING

Bill had a family thing so I told him
I'd help him out.

KARL MYERS

Anybody think it might be important to clear things with me or at least let me know? Over.

SARAH HARDING

Come on, Chief. We know you've got a lot on your mind. No need to bother you with all that stuff.

KARL MYERS

(annoyed)
Over!

SARAH HARDING

Right, over. And before I forget, got a call from someone who wanted your home phone number. Thought it best not to give it to her.

KARL MYERS

Her? Who's her? Over.

SARAH HARDING

Don't know.

KARL MYERS

(very annoyed)
You don't know? Over.

SARAH HARDING

Don't get your shorts in a knot. I have her number. I figured she'd tell you when you call. Something I should know about, Chief?

Myers sighs and shakes his head.

KARL MYERS

Just give me the number. Over.

SARAH HARDING

Sounded kind of young for you.

KARL MYERS

Sarah!

SARAH HARDING

Boy did you get up on the wrong side this morning. Keystone seventy-eight, sixty-five.

KARL MYERS

Over!

SARAH HARDING

What?

KARL MYERS

(mutters)

Jesus Christ.

(definitive)

Sarah, the next time someone calls ...

Oh, what the hell. Over and out.

Myers aggressively hangs the mic in its holder.

EXT - BRIDGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Myers drives two blocks to a closed Shell Station and parks in the station's lot in front of cars awaiting repair.

Myers exits the cruiser and walks to a pay phone, drops in a nickel, and dials a number. He waits.

I/E - DARLENE RICHARDS' HOUSE/SHELL STATION - CONTINUOUS

SOUND of PHONE RINGING.

DARLENE RICHARDS enters her bedroom and answers the phone. She wears blue jeans, a white blouse, Bobby sox and saddle shoes.

DARLENE RICHARDS

(singsong)

Hello.

Myers holds the receiver at arms length and stairs at the earpiece.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Hello?

KARL MYERS

Darlene?

DARLENE RICHARDS

Chief! Yeah, it's me. Got a party line here. Don't know if one of our nosey neighbors is listening in ... That's right Delores, I'm talking about you!

SOUND of CLICK from someone hanging up.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)

So here's the deal: I need to talk to you. In person. Not over the phone. It's important. Could you meet me someplace?

KARL MYERS

(cautious)
It depends.

DARLENE RICHARDS

You know Beanie's old place?

KARL MYERS

I do.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Thirty minutes?

KARL MYERS

Why the mystery?

DARLENE RICHARDS

Party line, Chief.

KARL MYERS

Okay, thirty minutes.

Myers hangs up the receiver, stares at the phone for a beat, and then exits the booth.

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Greg lies face down on his bed. His head is turned away from the doorway where Jerry stands. A mouthful of pillowcase is clenched in Greg's teeth. His suit pants and underwear are below his knees, and his buttocks show several broad red welts.

Jerry slips his belt into the loops of his slacks.

JERRY PETERMAN

You got five minutes to get dressed.
I'm not going to be late for church
because of you.

Jerry takes his suit coat from where it is hanging on the doorknob, sends a look of disgust at his son for a beat, exits the room, and slams the door.

Jerry hustles down the stairs to the living room. Vivian sits on the sofa, hugs a pillow and stares at the floor. Jerry stands over her.

JERRY PETERMAN

I suppose you have a problem with
discipline.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(low voice)

I have a problem with grown men
beating small boys.

JERRY PETERMAN

You're pathetic.

Vivian sends an angry glance at Jerry.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

My pop used to strap me once a week
when I was that boy's age, whether I
needed it or not. Didn't hurt me at
all.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(mutters aside)

Are you sure about that?

JERRY PETERMAN

What'd you say?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Nothing.

JERRY PETERMAN

Nothing, bull *shit*. Let me tell you
something you'll never understand
because you're a woman: that strap
made me tough.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You need to be tough when you're
twelve?

JERRY PETERMAN

(righteous)

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(daring defiance)

There are other things that spoil
children.

JERRY PETERMAN

Yeah, like your letting him do
whatever the hell he wants.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I don't do that.

JERRY PETERMAN

The *hell* you don't! That boy's got to understand discipline. It's what kept me alive. Some guys don't have it. They panic, they run, they get cut down. All of them.

Greg stands in front of a mirror in his bedroom. He has rearranged his clothing and is fastening a clip-on tie onto his white shirt collar. His cheeks are tear-streaked and his eyes are red and filled with rage.

SOUND of INDISCERNIBLE CONVERSATION that is angry in tone.

Greg goes to the door and puts his ear to the door.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)

Why are you so mean to me?

Vivian is crying; she and Jerry stand face to face. Jerry grabs Vivian's throat with one hand and lifts her head.

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarls)

That boy isn't the only one in this house who needs to get tough.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(crying, defeated)

You're *hurting* me!

Jerry releases Vivian with a shove.

JERRY PETERMAN

You know what's a damned shame? That bastard Myers is going to put that sicko my boy identified back on the street, and some little kid is going to end up like the Moyer kid, and when that happens, the Chief will *have* to believe my boy.

Greg leans back against the door, his eyes wide.

JERRY PETERMAN (O.C.)

(yells)

GREG! GET YOUR ASS DOWN HERE.

Greg's eyes narrow in a glare of rage.

EXT - BEANIE'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

A New Cumberland police cruiser approaches a dilapidated, white-clapboard house on a rutted, dirt road.

Darlene Richards stands on the front porch, leans against a post, and watches the cruiser approach.

She wears a sundress, bright-red lipstick, black, cat eye sunglasses, and red-canvas, open-toed flats with ankle straps; she carries a bright red clutch bag.

The cruiser stops in tall, untended grass next to a dark blue Chevy sedan. Karl Myers exits the cruiser and walks toward the porch.

KARL MYERS

Why aren't you with Wax?

DARLENE RICHARDS

Ah Chief, you know Sundays are for cruisin' with your scooches.

KARL MYERS

If I was Wax, I know who I'd be cruisin' with.

DARLENE RICHARDS

How come you're always so sweet to us girls?

KARL MYERS

Habit?

Myers steps onto the porch.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Nice habit. Maybe you should talk to Wax.

KARL MYERS

(smiles)
Maybe I will.

Darlene steps toward a battered porch swing that is suspended by rusted chains.

DARLENE RICHARDS

Why don't we sit?

KARL MYERS

You think that thing will hold us?

DARLENE RICHARDS

(laughs)
Be a panic and a half if it didn't.

Darlene sits on the swing and pats the seat.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Come on, Chief. Take a load off.

Myers sits. Darlene moves the swing gently. Myers glances at her; she stares straight ahead.

KARL MYERS
You've made me exceedingly curious,
Darlene.

DARLENE RICHARDS
"Exceedingly curious." I like that.

KARL MYERS
Of all places, why are we here?

DARLENE RICHARDS
Beanie was my mother's oldest brother.

KARL MYERS
No kidding?

DARLENE RICHARDS
No kidding. I spent a lot of time here
when I was little, a lot of it
swinging on this swing. Lemonade and
watermelons, cows and pigs and
chickens. I loved it here until Uncle
Beanie started gettin' a little crazy.

Myers and Darlene stare straight ahead and gently swing for a few seconds.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
This has to be ... I think you'd call
it, off the record.

Myers looks at Darlene.

KARL MYERS
Can't guarantee that. Depends on what
you tell me.

Darlene looks at Myers. Their eyes meet for a beat, and then both stare straight ahead.

DARLENE RICHARDS
It's like this: I know the world
thinks Wax is some kind of JD pack
leader.

KARL MYERS
Does it?

DARLENE RICHARDS

Maybe he is, but I don't want him to get into trouble for something he didn't do.

KARL MYERS

Fair enough, *if* he didn't do whatever it is we're talking about.

Darlene looks at Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS

He didn't, Chief, but you know he'd take the rap for those morons he hangs with.

Myers looks at Darlene.

KARL MYERS

He probably would.

The two turn their gazes toward the other end of the porch.

DARLENE RICHARDS

So if they did something, and he didn't, I don't want him getting roped into it too.

KARL MYERS

You must really care about this guy.

DARLENE RICHARDS

You old fuddy-duddies think we're too young to fall in love.

KARL MYERS

You'll never hear me say that.

DARLENE RICHARDS

You're thinking it.

KARL MYERS

A mind reader too. You're something, young lady.

Darlene glances at Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS

I'm no lady.

Darlene takes a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from her clutch. She offers the pack to Myers; he refuses with a slight wave. Darlene extracts a cigarette, lights up, and smokes.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 Maybe you're right, old man. Maybe I
 don't know what love is yet, but I'm a
 lot older than my age, Chief. A lot
 older.

KARL MYERS
 How old are you?

DARLENE RICHARDS
 Eighteen in February.

KARL MYERS
 In six months.

DARLENE RICHARDS
 So?

KARL MYERS
 You're seventeen.

DARLENE RICHARDS
 (chuckles)
 Math genius too.

KARL MYERS
 (smiles)
 Darlene, why am I here?

Darlene takes a long drag, holds it, and exhales toward the
 ceiling. She turns to Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS
 (serious)
 Vaughn Moyer trashed the gym, Chief.
 Moyer and Seguso, and I think Billy
 Williams was in on it, but I know for
 sure it was Moyer and Seguso.

Myers turns to Darlene and stops the swing from swinging.

KARL MYERS
 How do you know?

DARLENE RICHARDS
 They was braggin' on it at
 Finkelstein's.

KARL MYERS
 You have any proof?

DARLENE RICHARDS
 Anything reported missing?

Myers appears about to speak, but says nothing, turns and stares at the other end of the porch. An incredulous expression forms on Darlene's face as she looks at him.

DARLENE RICHARDS
(insistent)
Chief?

KARL MYERS
(slightly embarrassed)
No.

DARLENE RICHARDS
Didn't it occur to you that...

Myers turns toward Darlene; his stern expression surprises her.

KARL MYERS
It didn't, I'm sorry to say.

DARLENE RICHARDS
And that old fart principal doesn't even know, does he?

Myers looks away and does not reply for a beat.

KARL MYERS
You've seen something, haven't you?

Darlene butts out her cigarette on the arm of the swing.

DARLENE RICHARDS
(serious)
I have.

Darlene flicks the dead butt into the weeds.

KARL MYERS
What?

Darlene stands, walks to the porch steps and scans the overgrown front yard. Myers watches her.

DARLENE RICHARDS
Can't say, Chief.

KARL MYERS
I need more than what you've told me.

DARLENE RICHARDS
(almost wistful)
If I told you, and you said something to Vaughn, I'd never be able to show my face again at Finkelstein's.

Myers gets up from the swing, steps to Darlene's side, and scans the yard.

KARL MYERS

You're right.

Darlene looks at Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS

What're you going to do?

KARL MYERS

Something I should have done and didn't.

Myers looks at Darlene and smiles.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Thanks, Darlene. You might make a good cop some day.

Darlene laughs, sends Myers a devastating smile, skips off the porch, and gets into the Chevy sedan.

Myers removes his duty cap, uses a handkerchief from a back pocket, and wipes his forehead as Darlene waves from an open window as she drives down the rutted road in a cloud of dust.

Myers replaces the cap, scans the yard, and smiles ruefully as he steps toward the police cruiser.

INT - PROTESTANT CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The sanctuary is a large, plain barn of a room illuminated by four Gothic-like lanterns hanging from the ceiling. Elaborate stained-glass windows contrast with the lack of adornment on the light green walls.

An elevated dais backed with a velvet-draped backdrop is flanked on the left by a CHOIR and ORGANIST, and fronted by ten long rows of pews split by a center aisle. The CONGREGANTS stand with their heads bowed.

REVEREND FRANK HOLLOWELL, wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, and black tie, stands behind the pulpit on the dais; his hands are raised heavenward.

REVEREND HOLLOWELL

(sonorous)

May the Lord bless and keep you; may
He make his face to shine upon you and
be gracious unto you. May the Lord
place His countenance upon you and
give you peace ... Amen.

The organist begins a Baroque recessional. Hollowell leaves the dais and walks down the center aisle.

INT - PROTESTANT CHURCH - 10 MINUTES LATER

TWO DOZEN CONGREGANTS, including Vivian, Jerry, and Greg Peterman, are standing in a large room adjacent to the sanctuary.

Vivian is in the midst of mothers and daughters who stand in a cluster adjacent but close to a cluster of men and boys. SUSAN PRESTON, a woman Vivian's age, is one of the wives.

Jerry, now the consummate churchman, is the focus of the fathers; Greg stands at Jerry's side. The men appear very serious and intent upon what Jerry is saying.

WILL PRESTON and his eight-year-old son, SAMMY PRESTON, stand next to Jerry.

WILL PRESTON

You're saying the police don't believe your son?

Sammy and Greg make eye contact; at their eye level, they are below the observation of the men. Sammy sticks out his tongue at Greg who glares in return.

JERRY PETERMAN

I'm saying, don't be surprised if they let the guy go.

WILL PRESTON

The one in custody? The one your boy identified?

Sammy sticks out his tongue again; Greg glares harder and turns away.

MARION WEBSTER, a woman standing closest to the men appears to hear Preston's questions and turns toward the men.

JERRY PETERMAN

That's what I'm saying.

MARION WEBSTER

If they let him go, they'd have to have a good reason.

The women quiet and turn toward the men; all eyes are on Marion.

MARION WEBSTER (CONT'D)

(self-conscious)

Well, they wouldn't let someone go if they thought he did such a thing, would they?

There is a general moment of awkwardness among the adults. Jerry puts his hand on Greg's shoulder.

JERRY PETERMAN

(total reserve)

You know my boy, Marion. Greg's a good boy. He'd never lie about something like this.

MARION WEBSTER

(self-conscious)

You're right, Jerry. I didn't mean to imply he would. I'm sure he wouldn't.

Jerry sends a patronizing smile at Marion, and then glances coldly at Vivian, who looks down.

WILL PRESTON

All I can say is, they'd better not let the guy go. God forbid this happens to another kid.

JERRY PETERMAN

I shouldn't say this, but I don't think that jackass police chief will believe my boy unless it happens again after he lets the maniac.

SOUND of indignant but INDISCERNIBLE AFFIRMATION among adults. Greg gives Jerry a sharp look, and then looks at Sammy who rubs his middle finger next to his nose and mimes a mocking laugh. Greg stares fury at Sammy.

EXT - LEMOYNE DINER - TWO HOURS LATER

The sun is shining brightly.

A New Cumberland Police cruiser is parked in front of the diner. A Pennsylvania State Police cruiser pulls up and parks beside the other car.

Max Travaglio exits the State Police cruiser and walks toward the diner entrance. Max is out of uniform and wears his Sunday suit, white shirt and tie.

INT - LEMOYNE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Myers sits at a booth and drinks coffee. There are several FAMILIES sitting in booths, and seven SOLITARY MEN sit at the counter.

Max enters, sees Myers, walks to the booth and slides onto the seat.

SOPHIE MACDONALD, a sixty-something waitress follows Max to the booth.

SOPHIE MACDONALD
Coffee, Corporal?

MAX TRAVALIO
Thanks Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD
Need a refill, Chief?

Myers smiles slightly at Sophie and gives a quick shake of his head.

SOPHIE MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Back in a jiff.

Sophie walks away from the booth.

Max looks out the window.

MAX TRAVALIO
Amazing. Actual sunshine. I guess Diane's about pissed herself out.

KARL MYERS
Hurricanes are a bitch, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO
Troop M and the Guard over in Bucks County has been called out en masse.

KARL MYERS
Susquehanna's come up a bit here, but she'll behave.

Sophie returns with a cup, saucer, and full coffee pot. She places the cup and saucer on the table and fills the cup with coffee.

SOPHIE MACDONALD
Sure you don't want some, Chief?

KARL MYERS

Maybe I will.

Myers slides his cup and saucer toward Sophie who fills the cup.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Thanks Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD

You're welcome. Just whistle if you want anything else.

Sophie departs.

Max leans forward.

MAX TRAVALIO

(low tone)

So what do you want to tell me?

KARL MYERS

I feel like maybe some things are falling in line with the Moyer case.

MAX TRAVALIO

Like?

KARL MYERS

I get a tip that Vaughn Moyer was involved with the vandalism at the high school.

MAX TRAVALIO

No surprise there.

Max takes a sip of coffee.

KARL MYERS

Agreed. But I don't have any proof, right?

MAX TRAVALIO

Okay.

Myers takes a sip of coffee.

KARL MYERS

So, the girl who's tipping me off asks me if I know what was stolen.

MAX TRAVALIO

Stolen?

KARL MYERS

We don't goddamned know, do we?

Max sits back and looks out the window.

MAX TRAVALIO

I guess I just assumed that since the principal didn't mention anything ...

KARL MYERS

I should've asked, which I did about an hour ago. Went to his house.

MAX TRAVALIO

And?

Both men sip their coffees.

KARL MYERS

He never checked.

MAX TRAVALIO

He never checked?

KARL MYERS

You heard right, so I get him to take me over to the gym. He calls the athletic director, who meets us there.

MAX TRAVALIO

And?

Myers sits back.

KARL MYERS

Definitely stuff missing: some footballs and basketballs, two whistles and a stopwatch.

MAX TRAVALIO

Things I'd expect.

KARL MYERS

Agreed, but there was one other thing missing: a starter pistol, which got me thinking about the Moyer case?

MAX TRAVALIO

How so?

KARL MYERS

It wasn't a true starter pistol. They used blanks, but it was a High Standard H-D that fired long rifle bullets.

MAX TRAVALIO

That's a twenty-two.

KARL MYERS

A twenty-two.

Max appears lost in thought as he sips his coffee. Myers sips his coffee and stares at Max.

Max looks up.

MAX TRAVALIO

Could be a coincidence.

KARL MYERS

Or the younger Moyer boy gets hold of the pistol, they're playing with it, there's an accident ...

MAX TRAVALIO

Don't you think you're grasping at straws?

Myers looks out the window.

KARL MYERS

Maybe I am.

MAX TRAVALIO

If you're right, then the Peterman kid had to have been the one who clubbed and stabbed him. No way a twelve-year-old could do something like that.

Myers turns back to Max.

KARL MYERS

Unless that twelve-year-old had a good enough reason to lie.

MAX TRAVALIO

Like what?

KARL MYERS

How'd you like to have a miserable son-of-a-bitch like Peterman for a father?

MAX TRAVALIO

I did.

Myers looks at his coffee cup, smiles grudgingly and nods his head.

KARL MYERS

Shit, so did I. A step-father.

MAX TRAVALIO

A lot of us did. Just as soon kick our asses first and find out what happened after. I just can't get past the idea that a twelve-year-old could concoct such a story, let alone do those things.

Myers drains his coffee cup and looks out the window for a beat. He turns back to Max with an expression that suggests Myers has an insight.

KARL MYERS

What if he didn't?

MAX TRAVALIO

What do you mean?

KARL MYERS

What if Vaughn is out there with those boys, playing with his new toy.

MAX TRAVALIO

The pistol? He'd have had to get hold of ammunition.

KARL MYERS

Not a problem in this town. At least one of his friends is going to have a twenty-two and ammunition.

MAX TRAVALIO

(under his breath)

Jesus. Vaughn shoots the kid and covers it up by inventing a lunatic and threatens the Peterman boy to go along.

Myers sits straight up and shakes his head.

KARL MYERS

As much as there's a part of me that thinks Vaughn is bad enough to do something like that, he would never defile ...

Myers stares past Max for a beat.

MAX TRAVALIO

Karl?

KARL MYERS

What if there's somebody else out there with a twenty-two?

MAX TRAVALIO

Like who?

KARL MYERS

Peterman.

MAX TRAVALIO

The dad? You told me yourself he didn't have a twenty-two.

KARL MYERS

That's what he said, but now that I think of it, she gave me a look that may have been her way of trying to tell me he was lying.

MAX TRAVALIO

She?

KARL MYERS

Vivian.

MAX TRAVALIO

Vivian?

KARL MYERS

(slightly annoyed)
His wife.

MAX TRAVALIO

I know who Vivian is; I'm just surprised you ...

KARL MYERS

What?

MAX TRAVALIO

Nothing. What do we do?

KARL MYERS

Lets go for a ride.

Myers and Max slide out of the booth. Each leaves coins on the table.

They nod to Sophie in passing and exit the diner.

I/E - NEW CUMBERLAND POLICE CRUISER/BRIDGE STREET - TEN MINUTES LATER.

Myers drives slowly south on Bridge. The cruiser's windows are down; the sun is bright. Max, in his shirt sleeves, sits on the passenger side and scans his side of the street.

KARL MYERS

So, we're agreed?

MAX TRAVALIO

Yep. I'll wait to hear from you.

KARL MYERS

By tomorrow afternoon.

The men glance out the side windows as the cruiser proceeds.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I was going to stop over anyway and see how the Moyer girl is doing. Might get lucky and find Vaughn at home.

MAX TRAVALIO

I lit a couple candles for her today.

KARL MYERS

Going over case notes might be a better use of your time.

MAX TRAVALIO

A little church can't hurt. Might even help. Maybe you should give it a try.

Myers spies an attractive MOTHER and DAUGHTER, hand-in-hand, walking toward them on the sidewalk.

KARL MYERS

Afraid I won't make it into Heaven, my friend?

MAX TRAVALIO

I figure, what the hell, why take chances?

Myers watches the mother and daughter as the cruiser passes them.

KARL MYERS

I'm not worried about it.

MAX TRAVALIO

Oh really?

KARL MYERS

Really. God owes me one.

INT - MOYER'S HOME - TWO HOURS LATER

ALICE MOYER looks through the small, diamond-shaped window in her front door and sees Karl Myers standing on her porch. She opens the door.

ALICE MOYER

What a lovely surprise. Come in, come in. Sweet of you to stop by.

Alice backs up; Myers enters, takes off his duty cap, and tucks it under his arm.

KARL MYERS

How's our little girl doing?

ALICE MOYER

No change, I'm sorry to say.

KARL MYERS

Any chance I could say hello to her?

ALICE MOYER

I'm afraid Nurse Golic is giving Patsy a sponge bath right now.

KARL MYERS

Not a problem, ma'am. I'm actually here to talk with you and your husband about Vaughn.

Alice sighs and her expression becomes careworn.

ALICE MOYER

What's he done now?

KARL MYERS

Is Mr. Moyer home? I think it's best if I talk with you both together.

ALICE MOYER

I'll get him.

Alice exits; Myers looks around the room and softly whistles the melody of "Autumn Leaves."

HARRY MOYER (O.C.)

How can we help you, Chief?

Harry appears; Alice is close behind. Harry extends his hand and Myers shakes it.

KARL MYERS

Maybe we could sit somewhere to chat.

HARRY MOYER

Alice, Honey, how about we sit in the kitchen. Could you make us a pot of coffee?

ALICE MOYER

Absolutely.

Alice walks into the kitchen. Harry gestures for Myers to follow her.

HARRY MOYER

Chief...

Myers heads into the kitchen; Harry follows.

In the kitchen, Alice busies herself with preparing the coffee. Harry pulls a chair away from the kitchen table, smiles politely, and gestures for Myers to sit, which he does.

Harry sits, takes a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and extends it toward Myers.

HARRY MOYER

Cigarette?

Myers waves it off. Harry lights up a cigarette.

HARRY MOYER (CONT'D)

Alice said you needed to talk with us about Vaughn.

KARL MYERS

I'm afraid I do, so I'll just cut to the chase.

Myers folds his hands on the table, looks at them for a beat, and then looks at Harry. Alice removes coffee mugs from a cabinet.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I've been given information that leads me to believe Vaughn may have been involved in vandalism and theft at the high school.

Harry and Alice exchange looks; Harry's face reddens and angers. He slams his hand on the table.

HARRY MOYER

God *damn* that boy!

KARL MYERS

Hold on now; I'm not positive, but with your permission, I'd like to search the house for things that were taken, perhaps start in his room.

Harry stands.

HARRY MOYER

Whatever you need to do, Chief. I'll take you to his room. I'm sorry you've been put in this position.

Myers stands.

KARL MYERS

Not as sorry as I am. You've already had to deal with far more than anyone should.

Alice steps to the men.

ALICE MOYER

What kinds of things are you looking for?

KARL MYERS

Football, stopwatch, a gun ...

ALICE MOYER

(alarmed)
A *gun*?

Alice and Harry exchange worried glances. Harry closes his eyes and runs his fingers down his face as he shakes his head.

HARRY MOYER

Let's go.

Harry walks out of the kitchen; Myers and then Alice follow.

SOUND of TOILET FLUSHING.

VAUGHN MOYER exits a bathroom into the hall and stands face-to-face with Myers.

VAUGHN MOYER

(to Myers)
What the fuck are you doing here?

Harry pushes past Myers and slaps Vaughn hard across the face.

HARRY MOYER

Don't you ever use that language in
this house!

Vaughn snaps a punch at Harry's jaw, which knocks Harry to the floor.

Just as quickly, Myers spins Vaughn into a wall and takes the stunned teen to the floor. Myers ends up with Vaughn, face-down, between his knees, and then he cuffs him.

Alice helps Harry sit up against the wall. A rivulet of blood is flowing from his upper lip.

VAUGHN MOYER

(winded)

He hit me first.

Myers grabs Vaughn's upper arms, lifts Vaughn's torso, and slams it against the floor.

KARL MYERS

(winded but still forceful)

Listen, and listen well, boy. He
slapped you. That's a father's
prerogative under the law when a child
is out of line, and you, son ...

(stands)

... were way out of line.

Myers grabs Vaughn's arm and yanks him to his feet. Myers looks at Alice, who wipes blood from Harry's chin with a wash cloth. He nods at an open door.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

That the boys' room?

Alice nods and begins to cry. NURSE GOLIC emerges from Patsy's room and stares at the proceedings with an astonished expression.

Myers yanks Vaughn toward the boys' room and closes the door. The room is stereotypically disheveled with the paraphernalia of boys. Myers shoves Vaughn toward the closest of two twin beds, which is unmade; the other bed has been made up.

KARL MYERS

Sit!

Vaughn drops onto the bed, gives Myers a surly glance, and then looks away.

Myers scans the room.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I already see two things that you took from Garafulo's office.

Myers picks up a stopwatch from a small desk and palms a football with NCHS painted on its side that is lying on the bed. He holds them up.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

You were there.

VAUGHN MOYER

(surly)

Somebody gave those to me.

KARL MYERS

Who?

VAUGHN MOYER

(oppositional)

I don't know his name.

KARL MYERS

(matter-of-fact)

You're lying, but that's the least important thing to me right now.

Vaughn glances at Myers and then looks at the floor; he is clearly uncomfortable with the cuffs on his wrists.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(intense but controlled)

Do you fully appreciate what your parents have gone through in the past few days?

Vaughn looks at Myers and opens his mouth to answer.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Don't answer! I know you know.

Myers stares at Vaughn; Vaughn glances at Myers and looks away.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

You're not *stupid*, Vaughn.

Vaughn shoots an angry glance at Myers, then looks away under the glare of Myers' eyes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Can you imagine what it feels like to not only lose a child forever, and then lose another for who knows how long, and all on the same day?

Myers pauses for a beat; Vaughn's eyes remain downcast.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Have you thought about the fact you'll never see your little brother ever again, the little guy who shared this room with you, certainly looked up to you; the boy who slept in that bed?

Myers pauses and stares at Vaughn, whose shoulders begin to shake as the teen silently cries.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Have you thought about the terrible death he must have suffered, or that you might never, ever, be able to talk to your little sister?

Myers pauses and stares at Vaughn, who tries to wipe a tear-streaked cheek with his shoulder.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(firm but compassionate)

Families come together at times like this, Vaughn. They lean on one another for support, they don't punch each other in the mouth. How do you think your father feels right now after his only living son smacks him right in front of me?

Myers pauses and stares at Vaughn. Vaughn, his eyes wet and red, his expression forlorn, looks at Myers.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(soft)

You can answer *that* one, my friend.

VAUGHN MOYER

(near whisper)

I don't know.

Myers sits on the bed, hands clasped, forearms resting on his knees; Vaughn looks down.

KARL MYERS

(manly compassion)

I think you do, and I'll tell you why I know it. I humiliated you the other day in front of your friends.

Vaughn glances at Myers and then looks down.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(clear regret)

I made you feel small, powerless. I was dead wrong to do it, and I'm very, very sorry. I abused my authority, and I feel like *shit* about it, but that's *my* problem. Right now, your father is feeling like I made *you* feel, but way worse because you're his son.

Myers looks at his clasped hands, sighs, and stands up.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Stand up so I can take the cuffs off.

Vaughn stands and turns around so Myers can remove the cuffs.

VAUGHN MOYER

You're going to arrest me, aren't you?
You will because I know you hate me.

Myers removes the cuffs. Vaughn faces Myers.

KARL MYERS

You're right about arresting you.

VAUGHN MOYER

Then why are you being nice to me?

KARL MYERS

Out of respect for your parents and what they're going through. I'm going to do my best to talk the principal into not pressing charges, provided you promise me you're going to make things right.

VAUGHN MOYER

Why would I do that?

KARL MYERS

Because despite the picture you're trying to create on the street, my friend, you can't have parents like that ...

Myers points toward the door.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

... and not have some common sense inside that head of yours.

Somewhere deep inside, I think you care about them, and don't want to add a son going to White Hill to everything else that's happened.

Vaughn looks down and then back at Myers.

VAUGHN MOYER

What do I need to do?

KARL MYERS

We're going to the high school and meet with Principal Henderson. You're going to act like a gentleman, quiet and respectful, and when the time is right, you're going to apologize. And you're going to offer to pay to repair the damage. I'll tell him I think you mean it and confirm that if you don't, you'll be arrested.

VAUGHN MOYER

I don't have that kind of money.

KARL MYERS

You have *some* kind of money because I've seen you spend it. Where's it come from?

VAUGHN MOYER

(embarrassed)

I get an allowance.

Myers sighs and looks away. He clearly works to avoid showing exasperation.

KARL MYERS

It's time you found a job, my friend, and time to get your buddy Seguso, and whoever else was involved, to ante up.

Vaughn appears surprised at hearing his friend's name but does not reply.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Just one more thing. Where's the pistol?

VAUGHN MOYER

I don't have it.

KARL MYERS

Who does? Seguso?

VAUGHN MOYER

I sold it.

KARL MYERS

People saw you with it.

VAUGHN MOYER

(flicker of anger)

What people?

KARL MYERS

You know I'm not going to tell you that. Who'd you sell it to?

Vaughn looks away for a beat and then back at Myers.

VAUGHN MOYER

Went up Third Street until I saw a colored guy I thought might want it. Sold it to him for twenty-five bucks.

KARL MYERS

(somewhat skeptical)

You have no idea where it is?

VAUGHN MOYER

(stares into Myers' eyes)

Never saw the guy before; never hope to see him again.

Myers stares at Vaughn for a few seconds and then heads to the door. He opens it, and turns to Vaughn.

KARL MYERS

There's one other thing you have to do before we leave.

Vaughn bites his lower lip, focuses on the hallway floor for a beat, and then looks at Myers.

VAUGHN MOYER

Will he forgive me?

KARL MYERS

He's your father, and he loves you.

Vaughn and Myers look into each other's eyes. Vaughn acknowledges Myers' observation with a nod of his head and steps toward the doorway.

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - 10 P.M.

The moon is full and its light illuminates Vivian and Jerry in their otherwise darkened bedroom.

They lie naked on their backs beneath a sheet that does little to hide the contours of their bodies in the dim light.

Jerry has his hands behind his head on his pillow; Vivian's hands are outside of the sheet and clasped over her heart.

Both stare at the ceiling; their conversation is hushed.

JERRY PETERMAN

Can you believe that bitch said right in front of everybody that bastard Myers must have a good reason if he was going to let that maniac go?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Sometimes Marion is a little outspoken.

JERRY PETERMAN

Outspoken my ass. She called my boy a liar.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She didn't actually say that, did she?

JERRY PETERMAN

She didn't have to. Everybody knew what she meant. Made me look like a fool.

Jerry and Vivian stare at the ceiling for a Beat.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Bitch.

Jerry whips the sheet back as his only foreplay, mounts his wife, and with some difficulty, enters her.

Vivian closes her eyes and grimaces slightly as she endures her husband's rhythmic intrusions.

INT - KARL MYERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

The living room is dark. Myers sits on the sofa and sips bourbon from a tumbler.

Chester the cat sleeps curled next to him.

KARL MYERS

(quietly)

What was it she saw, Chester? She must've seen everything.

Myers takes a sip of bourbon and stares at nothing for seconds.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

What she saw was so horrible, my friend, that it drove her away, didn't it?

Myers softly brushes his fingers along Chester's back; the cat does not respond. Myers takes a sip of bourbon and looks at Chester.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

The dogs would've done it for me, and certainly would've done it for you, right, Chester, my friend?

Myers' eyes appear to focus on something, and he ever-so-slightly shivers. He takes a sip of bourbon, slowly lets it descend down his throat. He holds up the tumbler and looks at the small amount remaining in the bottom.

He downs the remainder quickly, puts the tumbler on an end table, and lays his head back against the sofa.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(whispered)

The stabbing would've been enough, wouldn't it?

Myers closes his eyes and gently strokes Chester's back.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(whispered)

There's something inside you, Patsy, something that has to come out, something that has to...

Myers abruptly sits up. His eyes widen.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(whispered but emphatic)

Jesus Christ!

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - 2 A.M.

The moon is still full and continues to illuminate Vivian and Jerry in their otherwise darkened bedroom. They lie back-to-back and motionless beneath the sheet.

Vivian is asleep; Jerry's eyes are wide open and appear determined.

Jerry turns toward Vivian and sees she is asleep. He slides from beneath the sheet, stands, retrieves boxers and a white T-shirt that lie next to the bed on the floor, and walks toward the closet.

As quietly as he can, he slides open a closet door. When it is open, he turns and checks to see if Vivian is still asleep.

Jerry retrieves a pair of slacks and a belt from the closet and looks for something on the floor of the closet, which he does not find.

He stands, stares at Vivian with anger in his eyes, and then with underwear, slacks and belt in hand, he steps to the bedroom door.

As quietly as he can, he turns the doorknob and opens the door into the hallway, which is illuminated by a small night light.

Jerry ignores Greg's open door and tiptoes past the open door of the main bathroom toward the stairs.

Greg stands in the darkness of the bathroom. He wears a T-shirt and slacks that appear to have dark marks as though the wearer has wiped dirty hands on them.

Jerry descends the stairs and exits the house through the back door in the dining room.

Greg tiptoes down the hall to his room.

SOUND of a floorboard SQUEAK.

Vivian's eyes snap open.

She rolls toward where her husband should be and feels his absence with her hand on the sheet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(low voice)

Jerry, is that you?

Vivian waits a beat for a reply and then gets out of bed and slips on a thin white shift that she has retrieved from the floor.

She tiptoes to the doorway and peers down the hallway to the stairs. Then she looks at Greg's open door and tiptoes into his room.

Greg lies on his side facing away from the door, apparently asleep under a sheet.

Vivian stares at Greg's sleeping form for a beat and then tiptoes out of the room.

Greg's eyes are wide open as he listens to the SOUND of a CLOSING bedroom DOOR. A slight smile finds its way to his lips.

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - 7 A.M., THAT MORNING

Jerry sits at the kitchen table and appears to be in a foul mood. He is eating a bowl of Cheerios and is reading a folded Patriot News.

Vivian mounts the stairs from the lower level carrying a wicker clothes basket filled with ironed and folded clothing. She continues upstairs.

Vivian enters Greg's room and places the basket on the floor in front of an old chest of drawers. Greg is sleeping soundly.

She looks at Greg and smiles. She pulls open the top drawer as quietly as she can. She transfers matched socks from the basket to the drawer, quietly closes the drawer, and then quietly opens the second drawer.

Vivian transfers a small pile of white undershirts from the basket to a pile of similar shirts in the open drawer.

When Vivian places the shirts in the drawer there is the SOUND of something metal SCRAPING against the bottom of the drawer. She looks curiously at the pile for a beat, and then transfers the entire pile from the drawer to the top of the chest.

She spies something in the drawer that causes her expression to change to one of shocked amazement.

Vivian reaches slowly into the drawer and extracts a stiletto. She stares at it for a beat, notices a small button on the handle, and pushes it.

The stiletto's blade whips out and startles her; she drops the knife which clatters against the hardwood floor.

GREG PETERMAN (O.C.)
(high-pitched and agitated)
What're you doing?

Vivian and Greg lock eyes for a beat.

Vivian bends down and picks up the knife by the very end of the handle as though the thing was about to explode.

(The following conversation is in hushed tones.)

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What am I doing? Where did you get
this horrible thing?

Vivian, still holding the knife, closes the bedroom door.

GREG PETERMAN

I didn't put it there.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Don't lie to me, or I swear to God I
will slap you silly. Where did you get
it?

GREG PETERMAN

(looks down)

I don't know.

Vivian stands over Greg.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'll tell you what I know. If I tell
your father about this, *he'll* find out
where it came from.

Greg stands with his head hanging and says nothing.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

Gregory, if you do not answer me, I'm
going to call him up here right this
instant! Do you hear me?

Greg glances up at Vivian and then looks down.

GREG PETERMAN

But it's not mine.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Then what are you doing with it?

Greg does not respond; Vivian appears to be on the verge of an
explosion.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(hisses)

*Tell me where this disgusting thing
came from right now!*

Greg studies Vivian's face.

GREG PETERMAN

Barry gave it to me. He took it from one of Vaughn's drawers and was afraid Vaughn would find out, so he gave it to me to hide it for him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Why would Barry want such a horrible thing?

GREG PETERMAN

I dunno.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You don't *know*?

Greg drops his eyes and shakes his head.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(definitive)

I'm throwing it out.

Vivian puts her hand on the doorknob. Greg grabs her arm and spins her away from the door. Vivian, apparently dumbfounded at Greg's aggressiveness, stares at his hand. Greg releases her arm. She stares at him open-mouthed.

GREG PETERMAN

You can't throw it away. Please. It's the only thing I have that was Barry's.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What in God's name do you plan to do with it?

GREG PETERMAN

I dunno. I guess just leave it in the drawer.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What if your father finds it?

GREG PETERMAN

He never looks in there.

Vivian stares into Greg's eyes; he returns the stare without flinching. She hands him the knife. He snaps the blade closed, puts the knife in the drawer, and places the pile of undershirts on top of it.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm going to have to think about this.
If your father finds out, we're both
going to be in a lot of trouble.

GREG PETERMAN

He won't find out. I promise.

Vivian appears ready to respond, but freezes with evidence of
an insight in her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Barry's brother did it. An accident
maybe, but he killed Barry, didn't he?

GREG PETERMAN

(astonished)
Vaughn would never do something like
that!

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He's threatened you!

GREG PETERMAN

No!

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Gregory, if he could do that to his
brother, he could do it to you.

GREG PETERMAN

Vaughn didn't do *anything*!

VIVIAN PETERMAN

But you *do* know who did it, don't you?

GREG PETERMAN

It was that man, just like I said.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That's not true. You lied about what
happened, and I heard you lie to the
Chief: you *do* know what a stiletto is.

She retrieves the knife from under the shirts and holds it in
front of Greg's eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

That's what this is! You're hiding it
for Vaughn, not for Barry!

Greg grabs Vivian's wrists.

GREG PETERMAN
 Mom, *stop it! Please!*

Vivian shakes her wrists free and takes a step back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Promise me you're telling the truth.
Promise me!

Greg turns away for a beat, and when he turns back his expression is angry.

GREG PETERMAN
 (threatening)
 I'll promise if you promise me you
 don't like the Chief!

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (stunned)
 What?

GREG PETERMAN
 I heard you and Dad arguing. He thinks
 you like the Chief.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I like him well enough but not in, not
 in that way.

GREG PETERMAN
 What way?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 You're too young to understand. Just
 promise me Barry gave you that knife
 so you could hide it for him.

Vivian and Greg lock eyes in an uneasy but defiant deadlock.

INT - PRESTONS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Susan Preston hums melody of "The Yellow Rose of Texas" as she walks down the hall toward Sammy's room. The Preston's ranch house is quiet, and Susan smiles contentedly.

SUSAN PRESTON
 (sweetly, sing-song)
 Sammy, time to get up. Not like you to
 sleep this late.

Susan opens the door to Sammy's room part-way and stands in the doorway.

Visible to her is an open window in which a cut screen gently flaps in a light breeze. A dark red-brown smear is on the window sill.

SUSAN PRESTON
(under her breath)
What in Heaven's name?

Susan slowly pushes open the door the rest of the way and peers into the room.

Her eyes open wide in horror. She is frozen in place for a beat, and then she breaks into and repeats BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS.

INT - MOYERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Alice Moyer smokes a cigarette in front of her kitchen sink and the open window above it.

SOUND of Susan Preston's SCREAMS from a distance.

A look of fear crosses Alice's face. Nurse Golic enters.

NURSE GOLIC
What *is* that?

ALICE MOYER
I don't know, but I'm calling the police.

Alice steps to the wall phone, lifts the receiver, and dials the operator.

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

SOUND of Susan Preston's DISTANT SCREAMS enters through open windows.

Vivian emerges from the lower level.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(under her breath)
Good God. What *is* that?

Vivian steps toward her phone.

SOUND of PHONE RINGING.

Vivian answers the phone.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Hello?

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Yes Edie, I hear it. I was just about
to call the police.

(beat)

I can't imagine, but I'll let you know
if I hear anything.

(beat)

Right. Bye Dear.

Vivian hangs up and looks out her kitchen window, her eyes
wide.

INT - PRESTONS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Susan Preston stands stock still; her face is flushed red, her
eyes are wide open in terror, as she continues to scream.

END OF EPISODE THREE

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Episode 4: "Love Hurts"

FADE IN:

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - MONDAY, SUPPER HOUR

VIVIAN PETERMAN is in the utility room, folding the last of a pile of dried towels that sits on the drier. She wears a white blouse, chartreuse capris, bobby sox and black Keds; her hair is in a ponytail.

Vivian stacks the folded towels on top of folded underwear in a wicker clothes basket. She grabs the basket, leaves the utility room, and climbs the short flight of stairs to the main level.

SOUND of GARAGE DOOR opening.

Vivian pauses and appears to be considering something.

Visible through the doorway into the kitchen, the table has been set for dinner.

SOUND of CAR ENGINE entering garage; the ENGINE STOPS.

Vivian places the clothes basket on the floor at the foot of the steps leading upstairs

SOUND of CAR DOOR SLAMMING.

Vivian stands with her arms folded and looks down to the lower level.

JERRY PETERMAN enters from the garage and places the car keys on a hook by the door. Jerry carries a sport coat and valise; his neck-tie is loose, and his shirt collar is unbuttoned.

Jerry takes one step up but stops when he sees Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN
What the hell do you want?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Where did you go last night?

Jerry sniffs disparagingly at Vivian and mounts the stairs. He pushes past her, but she grabs his arm and yanks him around.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
I asked you a question!

Jerry looks incredulously at her hand, then into her eyes, and then he laughs at her for a beat before turning serious; he yanks his arm free.

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarls)

None of your goddamned business.

Jerry walks up the stairs to the upper level. Vivian looks angrily at her husband's back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Just like it's none of my business
that you lied to the Chief about
having that twenty-two.

Jerry freezes at the top step for a beat and then slowly turns around.

JERRY PETERMAN

(sinister)

That's right, Vivian.

Jerry descends the stairs.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(threatening)

It's none of his business, and it's
none of yours, so drop it.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(defiant but wavering)

Barry Moyer was shot with a twenty-
two. You told Greg you knew he'd fired
the gun, and now that gun is gone.

Jerry stops close to Vivian and stares into her eyes for the two seconds it takes until she averts her eyes. A cynical smile plays on Jerry's face for a beat.

Jerry shakes his head and turns away from Vivian as if to go upstairs. She looks up. Jerry rounds so quickly on Vivian with a full-force, openhanded slap to the side of her face that she cannot avoid the blow.

Vivian's knees buckle, but she does not go down; shock is in her eyes but only for a beat. The shock is replaced by rage. She shoves Jerry, hard; he falls backwards up the stairs.

Vivian races downstairs.

Jerry struggles to get up and does.

Vivian grabs the car keys from a hook on the wall as she opens a screen door and a second door and heads into the garage.

Jerry trips over the laundry basket and goes headlong down the stairs.

SOUND of ENGINE STARTING and REVVING.

Jerry struggles to his feet.

The SOUND of the ENGINE DIMINISHES as Vivian backs the old family Chrysler from the single-car garage.

Jerry rushes into the garage.

EXT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Vivian roars down the street in the Chrysler.

Jerry sprints out of the garage in pursuit, but is quickly winded and stops. Standing in the middle of the street, his expression suddenly reveals embarrassment; he quickly scans the neighbors' homes.

JERRY PETERMAN
(enraged but restrained)
Son-of-a-bitch!

Wild-eyed, Jerry storms back into the garage.

INT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry runs up the stairs to the main level, and in a rage, he throws around the living room every piece of folded laundry remaining in the clothes basket, and then throws the clothes basket down the stairs.

He roars and pounds on the sliding doors of the coat closet until angry tears appear. Bawling, he leans his back against the front door and slowly slides to the floor where he sits and cries like a brat.

GREGORY PETERMAN stands inside his bedroom with his back to the door. His eyes are wide with terror.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

The 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, 1955 to PRESENT:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie
- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule with 79-year-old Bill Benton at the helm diminishes in view as she heads under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear, star-filled skies

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - LEMOYNE DINER - MONDAY, LATE SUPPER HOUR

A variety of CUSTOMERS are sprinkled about the diner. Waitress SOPHIE MACDONALD attends to them. Waitress GERTRUDE "GERTIE" MASONHEIMER slides the meat loaf special in front of KARL MYERS, who is seated alone in a booth.

The special is a slab of meatloaf swimming in the same mahogany-colored gravy that fills a pool in the center of a large mound of mashed potatoes positioned next to a pile of canned corn.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
There you go, Chief.

KARL MYERS

Thanks, Gertie.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Guess your day ain't been full a good times.

KARL MYERS

You got that right.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

You let that guy go, right? You think he may of done in the Preston kid?

KARL MYERS

Last night I called him long-distance in Ashtabula, Ohio, so no, I don't think he did it.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Scary to think we got a lunatic out there. We're rooting for you, Chief.

KARL MYERS

Appreciate it, Gertie.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

I'll let you get to it.

Myers nods; Gertie departs. He watches Gertie's swaying hips as she walks away, as do other MALE CUSTOMERS at that end of the diner.

When Gertie heads behind the counter toward the kitchen, Myers pushes a fork full of corn into the potatoes and gravy and deposits the combination in his mouth.

CORPORAL MAX TRAVALIO enters the diner, scans the customers, and spies Myers; they make eye contact. Myers nods; Max walks to Myers' booth and sits.

MAX TRAVALIO

The Prestons crucified me.

KARL MYERS

Not surprised. Did you tell them I confirmed Brode was in Ohio?

MAX TRAVALIO

It didn't seem to register, and get this, they tell me Peterman goes to their church.

KARL MYERS

Our Peterman?

MAX TRAVALIO

They claim he's a wonderful Christian.

Myers shakes his head and shovels food into his mouth.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

And at church, Peterman announces that you won't believe his boy until another kid gets killed.

Myers stops in mid chew and stares at Max for a beat. Myers swallows.

KARL MYERS

(dead serious)

He said that?

MAX TRAVALIO

That's what Preston said right before he started accusing you of being responsible for his son's death.

Myers continues to eat but there is a frown on his face.

KARL MYERS

Your forensic guys finish up at the Preston's this morning?

Gertie approaches and interrupts.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Can I get you something, Max?

Max appears to concentrate on the question for a beat. Myers finishes his platter.

MAX TRAVALIO

How about a cup of coffee, black, and a big piece of pie al a mode?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Apple?

MAX TRAVALIO

Cherry.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Done.

KARL MYERS

Gertie?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Chief?

KARL MYERS

Same for me.

Gertie gives the men two thumbs up.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Done and done.

Gertie leaves to prepare the order.

KARL MYERS

So, forensics?

MAX TRAVALIO

They got a bloody, partial shoe print on the window sill that matches two prints in the flower bed.

KARL MYERS

And?

MAX TRAVALIO

Size eleven, Converse All-stars.

KARL MYERS

Good start.

MAX TRAVALIO

Agreed, but what you don't know is that I've just come from seeing Wilkerson. He did the post-mortem already.

Myers leans back with a "wow" expression on his face.

MAX TRAVALIO

I know, but he's concerned about there being a lunatic out there and wanted to give us as much to go on as he could as quickly as he could.

KARL MYERS

Good man, him.

MAX TRAVALIO

He is.

KARL MYERS

And he found?

Gertie arrives with a cup for Max, which she fills from a coffee pot. Myers and Max watch as she tops off the cup already positioned in front of Myers.

Gertie leaves. Myers looks expectantly at Max, who leans forward. Myers leans forward in response.

MAX TRAVALIO

The boy was suffocated first, then stabbed.

KARL MYERS

So suffocation was ...

MAX TRAVALIO

The cause of death.

KARL MYERS

Then why the stabbing?

Gertie arrives with the pie all a mode. Myers and Max lean back as she slides the plates onto the table.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Enjoy!

MAX TRAVALIO

Thanks Gertie.

Myers and Max stare at the desserts for a beat, then proceed to eat.

KARL MYERS

(mouth full)

So, again, if the kid is already dead, why the stabbing?

MAX TRAVALIO

Same question Wilkerson had before: why the overkill? He's a bit up in the air about it, but he made this point: clubbing the Moyer kid and the suffocation may mean the killer subdued each boy first.

KARL MYERS

And then proceeded to what, defile each kid at his leisure?

MAX TRAVALIO

That's what it looks like.

KARL MYERS

Then how do we reconcile the Moyer kid being shot?

MAX TRAVALIO

I'll be damned if I know.

KARL MYERS

Do we have two different killers?

MAX TRAVALIO

Wilkerson wonders the same thing. The Moyer kid was definitely slashed, but there were straight stabs in the Preston kid.

KARL MYERS

How many?

MAX TRAVALIO

Thirteen.

KARL MYERS

And?

MAX TRAVALIO

Something like a dagger. Narrow, long blade.

KARL MYERS

Like a stiletto.

MAX TRAVALIO

Exactly what Wilkerson suggested.

KARL MYERS

Who wears size 11 Converse and carries a stiletto?

MAX TRAVALIO

A teenage hoodlum?

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)

Like Vaughn Moyer? I'm not going down that road again if I can help it.

Max takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights up. Myers finishes the dessert and sips his coffee.

KARL MYERS

(thoughtful)

Max, there hasn't been a murder in this town in forty-two years.

MAX TRAVALIO

Forty-two years?

KARL MYERS

I looked it up. Do you really think we're looking for two different killers?

Both men notice, through the diner window, a 1950 Chrysler Windsor make a U-turn just past The Lemoyne and then pull into the small lot in front of the diner. The Chrysler stops in a space beside Myers' police cruiser.

Gertie arrives table-side.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Can I get you gentlemen something else?

MAX TRAVALIO

We're good.

Gertie smiles, places two checks on the table, and walks away.

Both men watch her sashay away until she disappears into the kitchen. Max turns around, opens his eyes wide, and whistles. Myers smiles.

KARL MYERS

Married life getting you down?

MAX TRAVALIO

Very funny.

Both men sip their coffees.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

You know, I was reading in True Detective about this series of murders.

KARL MYERS

(slightly amused)
That's fiction, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO

Based on fact.

KARL MYERS

Okay, but so what?

MAX TRAVALIO

One of those murders might've been a copycat.

KARL MYERS
Was this a children's story?

MAX TRAVALIO
I'm serious.

KARL MYERS
Go on, Sherlock.

MAX TRAVALIO
There was this guy who wanted to get
rid of his wife and figured if he
copied what he read in the papers,
they'd blame the original killer.

Myers sips his coffee and stares at Max for a beat.

KARL MYERS
You really think that's the case here?

Max returns Myers gaze, sips his coffee, and smiles.

MAX TRAVALIO
No.

Myers' gaze focuses on something behind Max; his expression
conveys apprehension. Max turns around.

Vivian Peterman stands just inside the entrance and scans the
customers.

Max whips around and looks a question at Myers.

KARL MYERS
(whisper)
I have no idea what's she's doing
here.

Vivian sees Myers and steps toward his booth.

MAX TRAVALIO
(whispered)
I'm out a here.

Max stands and puts on his campaign hat.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)
(to Myers)
Call you tomorrow.

Max turns and is face-to-face with Vivian; he touches the brim
of his hat, nods, and smiles politely.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)
Evening, Mrs. Peterman.

Vivian nods and smiles as she steps aside; she watches Max head to the exit for a beat and then turns to Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Mind if I join you?

Myers half stands, gestures to the opposite bench.

KARL MYERS
Of course. Please.

Vivian slides onto the seat, and then Myers sits. His expression changes to one of concern when he looks at Vivian, whose right cheek appears to have the makings of a bruise and whose eyes betray the fact that she has been crying.

KARL MYERS
(compassionate concern)
What happened? And don't tell me you tripped.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(melancholy smile)
It's the price a wife has to pay sometimes.

KARL MYERS
(earnest)
Not in my book.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Tell me you never hit your wife.

KARL MYERS
Never did.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
She must be wonderful.

Myers looks at his coffee cup, then empties it. He returns it to the table; his eyes focus on the cup.

KARL MYERS
Was wonderful.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(with feeling)
I'm sorry. What happened?

Myers looks at Vivian for a beat as though ascertaining whether or not he wants to answer.

KARL MYERS

(vulnerable)

She left me. A long time ago. Before
The War.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you ever hear from her?

KARL MYERS

No.

Myers folds his hands on the table and stares at them.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She doesn't live around here?

KARL MYERS

No.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Where does she ...

KARL MYERS

(as if awakening)

Look, I don't like talking about it. I
haven't seen her in fifteen years, and
I'm not likely to. The last I knew,
she was as far away from me as a
person could be and still live in this
country, someplace near Seattle.

Vivian looks at her own folded hands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

KARL MYERS

(abrupt)

But you have.

Vivian looks up and appears slightly startled.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Don't worry about it. It's old news,
but whatever the case, no wife should
have to be "wonderful" to avoid
getting clobbered. I can arrest the
son-of-a-bitch right now.

Vivian sits straight and glares defiance.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That "son-of-a-bitch" is my husband.

Vivian appears to have an insight; remorse replaces defiance and she drops her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

And you're thinking, if this woman
defends her husband ...

(looks into Myers' eyes)

... what is she doing here?

(beat)

And what was she doing when she
followed you to where ...

KARL MYERS

I might be thinking that.

Myers' stares into Vivian's eyes for a beat, and then notices Gertie emerge from the kitchen. He raises his empty cup to her; Gertie grabs a coffee pot and approaches the booth.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(to Vivian)

Can I get you something?

Vivian shakes her head and looks out the window.

Gertie arrives at the booth. As she fills Myers' cup, she glares at Vivian. Vivian turns away from the window. When she sees it is Gertie, Vivian's eyes flame with anger, and she looks back out the window. Myers watches the interplay.

Gertie leaves the table with her nose in the air.

Myers leans toward Vivian.

KARL MYERS

What was *that* about?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(snippy)

What was '*what*' about?

KARL MYERS

You know very well '*what*.'

Vivian looks away for a beat, and then looks at Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(indignant)

It's something *I'd* rather not talk
about. Suffice it to say, we go way
back. To high school. You don't want
to know what I know about her.

Vivian looks out the window. Myers studies her as he drinks his coffee.

KARL MYERS

Are you sure I can't get you something?

Vivian sighs, turns and looks at her hands for a beat, and then gives Myers a penetrating look.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What I want is some company. I can't go home; at least, not right now anyway. I saw your car.

KARL MYERS

(sarcastic)

You seem to see it a lot.

Vivian glares at him for a beat and looks out the window.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(sincere)

That was uncalled for. Sorry.

Vivian sighs, turns toward Myers and looks searchingly into his eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(vulnerable)

I can only imagine what you must think of me.

KARL MYERS

(matter-of-fact)

I don't think anything of you.

Myers sees and recognizes instant hurt in Vivian's eyes and appears to understand his words are the cause.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Jesus, that isn't what I meant to say.

Vivian smiles and attempts to create an impervious air.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Don't apologize. I think it was exactly what you meant to say.

KARL MYERS

But it's not.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It's all right. It's what I deserved.

Myers' expression metamorphoses from embarrassed regret, to befuddlement, to defensiveness as neither look at the other. Myers turns his eyes to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

Look ...

Vivian turns to him with an expression that conveys she is prepared for whatever Myers might say.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I didn't ask you to come here.
Obviously, if I stay another second,
I'm going to really stick my foot in
it, so I'm going to go.

Myers slides off the seat and takes a step toward the exit.

Vivian grabs his wrist; he turns to her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispered)

I don't want you to leave.

Myers extricates his wrist and looks guiltily around the restaurant; none of the customers appear aware of the dramatics going on.

KARL MYERS

(whispered)

I can't do this.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispered)

Please.

Myers steps to the cashier's counter where Gertie meets him. He hands her the check. She rings it up on the cash register as Myers extracts a couple of bills from his wallet, which he hands to her.

Myers does not wait for change; Gertie deposits the bills in the register, and extracts her tip. She shuts the cash door.

Myers puts his hand on the entrance door and freezes for a beat; a hard push, and he exits the diner.

Vivian slides out of the booth and walks slowly toward the entrance, her eyes downcast. Reaching the door, she pauses and turns to Gertie, who has been staring and smirking at her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Still open season on other women's
men?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
 (defiant)
 Who wants to know?

Vivian steps to the cashier's counter.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (hisses)
 This town should know you're a slut
 that can't keep her hands off men that
 don't belong to her.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
 (cocky)
 Says you.

Vivian leans toward Gertie and sniffs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 It was you. I can't believe after all
 these years he's still running after
 you.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
 (a tad unnerved)
 You're crazy.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 It was *your* cheap perfume I smelled on
 him.

Gertie smirks and jerks her head toward the door.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
 (low voice)
 Apparently, I'm not the *only* slut in
 this town.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (hisses)
 Bitch!

Vivian spins toward and exits through the door. As it closes
 behind her, Gertie smiles in the direction Vivian has gone.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER
 (loud, honey sweet)
 You have a lovely evening, dear!

EXT - LEMOYNE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Vivian runs down the six concrete steps that lead from the
 diner entrance. Her expression is filled with wide-eyed rage.

When she reaches the bottom of the steps, she sees Myers, his arms crossed across his chest, leaning against the driver-side door of her car.

She stops abruptly, takes a breath, puts on an air of proud indifference, and steps to her car. The indifference appears to dissipate when she stands in front of him.

Myers and Vivian look into each other's eyes; Myers' eyes convey apprehension, hers convey longing.

Vivian leans into Myers and rests her bruised cheek on his chest; his arms encircle her.

KARL MYERS

(softly)

Can you follow me?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(softly)

I can.

Vivian presses her hands against Myers' chest; he releases her, moves aside, and opens the car door.

Without looking at him, Vivian slides into the driver's seat and starts the car. Myers closes the door.

He walks to his police cruiser, gets in, starts it up and backs onto Market Street. The cruiser moves ahead slowly.

Vivian's Chrysler backs into the street and follows the cruiser. Both cars accelerate down the street.

INT - KARL MYERS' HOME - FORTY MINUTES LATER

Vivian stands next to the mahogany server in the dining portion of the room that constitutes the first floor of the tiny row house and runs her fingers lightly over silver serving pieces.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You have some lovely things, Karl.

Myers watches her with some uncertainty.

KARL MYERS

Belonged to my mother.

(beat)

Can I pour you something?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Not much of a drinker.

KARL MYERS

Rum and Coke?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Why not?

KARL MYERS

It'll just take a second. Make yourself comfortable.

Myers grabs a bottle of rum from inside the server and disappears into the kitchen.

Vivian crosses to the other side of the room and scans the wall of books.

SOUND of cabinet and refrigerator DOORS OPENING and CLOSING; SOUND of ICE being released from a tray; SOUND of ICE FALLING into a GLASS; SOUND of a pop BOTTLE being OPENED.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

An awful lot of books here.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)

Belonged to my father.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Have you read many of them?

KARL MYERS (O.C.)

Pretty much all of them.

Myers appears with the rum and Coke and hands it to Vivian who peruses Myers' face looking for confirmation that he has not exaggerated about reading the books.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

When do you find the time?

KARL MYERS

Over the past few years, I've had more time on my hands than you might imagine.

Vivian tastes the drink and then takes a swallow. She holds up the glass to Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Always liked these. Haven't had one in a long time.

KARL MYERS

Haven't *made* one in a long time.

Vivian takes another swallow.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(sympathetic)
Fifteen years?

KARL MYERS
Maybe.

Vivian gestures toward the shelves.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
So these were your father's?

KARL MYERS
They were. I never really knew him.
Died just before I turned two.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Oh, I'm sorry.

KARL MYERS
It's all right. Life, right? Have to
play the hand we're dealt.

Vivian takes a drink as she peruses the books. Myers also scans the shelves.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
I see Shakespeare and Milton and
Dickens. Some of these are really old,
aren't they?

KARL MYERS
Some are.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Was he a collector?

KARL MYERS
I guess in a way. He was a professor
of English Literature at Hopkins.

Vivian looks a query at Myers; he nods to confirm he understands Hopkins is something with which she's not familiar.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
A college in Baltimore.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Where you grew up?

KARL MYERS
Where I grew up.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Interesting.

KARL MYERS

Interesting?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Your father was a professor, and you're a policeman.

Myers smiles and shrugs.

KARL MYERS

After he died, my mother went to live with her family in a neighborhood where you either became a cop or a mafioso.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You chose cop.

KARL MYERS

I did.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She was Italian?

KARL MYERS

Her maiden name was Martinelli. Both her parents were born in Sicily, but she was born here.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Italian American, then.

KARL MYERS

Half. Father was Pennsylvania Deutsch.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Mind if I sit?

Myers gestures toward the sofa.

KARL MYERS

Please.

Vivian smiles demurely and takes her rum and Coke to the sofa. She sits next to Chester, who has been sleeping. The cat half opens his eyes, then closes them and resumes his nap.

Vivian watches Myers pour himself a bourbon. He turns and raises his glass to her; she returns the gesture; their eyes join for a beat.

Myers sits in a club chair opposite the sofa.

KARL MYERS

You a hometown girl?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you mean, did I grow up in Harrisburg?

Myers sips the bourbon.

KARL MYERS

Mm-hmm.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I did. Well, on the West Shore. I'm an only child, both of my parents are gone, and so are Jerry's. Greg's only other family are an aunt and uncle on Jerry's side out in California.

Vivian and Myers look into each other's eyes. Myers sips his bourbon; Vivian drains her rum and Coke and places the glass on a doily-covered end table.

A few awkward beats pass as they continue to stare at one another. Myers looks down; Vivian smiles coyly.

KARL MYERS

Want another?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Why not?

Myers gets up, grabs Vivian's glass and heads to the kitchen. Vivian follows and watches as Karl prepares the drink.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

How often do you do this, Karl?

KARL MYERS

Make a rum and Coke?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Sleep with someone's wife.

KARL MYERS

(quietly incredulous)
Jesus.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Not judging, just curious.

KARL MYERS

(recovers)

As near as I can tell, I haven't slept
with you yet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(coy smile)

I think you will.

Myers hands Vivian the rum and Coke. Vivian smiles thanks and
sips her drink.

KARL MYERS

Not for me to say.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Strange, that.

KARL MYERS

What?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I have a say in what's going to
happen.

KARL MYERS

(curious, not making a point)

Isn't that the way it's supposed to
be?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Not in my world.

KARL MYERS

What world is that?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

My world is a prison, Karl, and I've
just escaped.

Vivian carries her drink into the living area; Myers follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

I know I'm going to have to go back
and pay a price, but right now ... the
freedom is so ... I don't know ...
just so different.

Myers sits in the club chair and picks up his tumbler of
bourbon. Vivian nearly drains her glass.

Vivian sits on the arm of Myers' club chair, takes his bourbon,
reaches toward the credenza, and places the tumbler on it. She
turns her gaze back to Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

So?

KARL MYERS

So?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Have you ever slept with someone
else's wife?

KARL MYERS

(slightly unsettled)

Can't say as I have.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Is the idea ... I don't know ... Does
it turn you on?

KARL MYERS

My brain is shouting for me to send
you home.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(sultry)

Why don't you?

KARL MYERS

(succumbing)

I don't want to.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Don't you? Don't you really?

Vivian bends down and kisses Myers on the lips. He reciprocates. Vivian ends the kiss, smiles seductively, stands and holds out her hand. Myers takes it; she gives it a gentle tug and he stands.

They embrace each other and engage in a long, passionate, tongue-driven kiss. Myers ends the kiss and pulls his head back enough to speak.

KARL MYERS

(whisper)

A married woman would have to be
either brave or stupid to follow me
home, and you're definitely not
stupid.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whisper)

I'm not brave. Desperate maybe, but
not brave.

KARL MYERS

(whisper)
Desperate?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm here, alone with a man I don't know as well as I know our milk man.

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)
Really?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Very funny. You know what I mean. I'm doing something wild for me, but I don't even care.

Vivian takes Myers' hand and leads him to and up the stairs.

KARL MYERS

Yet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you always worry so much?

KARL MYERS

I think I worry just enough. These things never end well.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I thought you said you never slept with a married woman, so how would you know?

KARL MYERS

I'm the guy who follows the circus parade with a shovel and a trash can on wheels.

Vivian laughs. They reach the second floor. Vivian turns into Myers' arms, and they kiss again. He ends the kiss, takes Vivian's hand, and leads her into his bedroom.

Vivian scans the ultra-neat room.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I can tell you were a Marine.

Myers spreads his arms to take in the small room with its double bed, large dresser, and single nightstand.

KARL MYERS

Once a Marine...

Vivian looks at Myers and smiles shyly.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Little girl's room?

Myers points to the hallway.

KARL MYERS
Take a left. Can't miss it.

Vivian gives him a peck on the lips and exits.

Myers runs a hand over his hair and appears almost panicky as he looks around the room. He sits on the bed to wait, almost in a pose, thinks better of it, stands, and smooths the bedspread.

He leans back in what he believes is nonchalance against the dresser, but sees his reflection in a full-length mirror on the closet door opposite him and abruptly stands up. He shakes his head and begins to pace but stops.

Myers looks quickly at the ceiling and then turns toward the dresser, places his hands on the top of it, and leans forward.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Jesus.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)
Hey sailor, how much rum did you put
in those drinks?

Myers spins around. Vivian, naked, leans against the door jamb with one arm upward and against the jam; her other arm holds her clothing.

KARL MYERS
(almost overwhelmed)
Apparently, just enough.

Vivian laughs and walks toward Myers in the way of a woman who knows when she has made a very positive impression on a man she desires. She drops her clothing as she goes.

INT - KARL MYERS' HOME - FOUR HOURS LATER

Vivian sleeps on Myers' bed, nestled into the curve of his sleeping body, her back to his body. His arm shelters her.

The sheet has been thrown back. Myers stirs slightly and opens his eyes. He scans the faultless curve that runs from above Vivian's waist to her hip and thigh, and on to a perfect calf and pretty foot.

Myers looks at an alarm clock on the nightstand: three-forty-seven.

He gently strokes her cheek.

KARL MYERS

(whispers)

Vi, wake up. Please. We've got to talk.

Vivian stirs but does not open her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Mmmm ... Do we have to?

KARL MYERS

We do.

Vivian rolls toward him and presses her lips to his. After a few seconds, she pulls her lips away and rests her head against his chest.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispers)

I just want to keep screwing you.

KARL MYERS

Jesus, Vi. Please!

Vivian rolls onto her back, stretches her arms, and yawns.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(groggy)

I haven't had a cigarette since yesterday afternoon. You're a good influence on me, in more ways than one.

KARL MYERS

We have to talk.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(pouty)

What if I don't want to?

KARL MYERS

We have to be grown-ups here.

Vivian rounds toward him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That's pretty shitty.

Vivian rolls onto her back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 But you're right, damn it. What time
 is it?

KARL MYERS
 Almost four. How are you going to
 explain this?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I'll tell him I drove around.

Myers sits up.

KARL MYERS
 Will he believe you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Only if I clean myself up. Mind if I
 take a bath.

KARL MYERS
 Not at all. You want me to iron your
 clothes?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Holy smokes, Chief, *and you iron?*

Vivian laughs; Myers smiles.

KARL MYERS
 I was finally getting used to "Karl."

Vivian sits up and leans against him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Listen, I don't want you to feel, I
 don't know ...

KARL MYERS
 Obligated?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Obligated. This is my mess not yours.

KARL MYERS
 (smiles, gentle)
 Tonight was a mess?

Vivian looks up at Myers for a beat, and then she rolls onto
 his thighs and straddles him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Tonight was amazing.

Vivian and Myers kiss. Vivian ends the kiss and leans against his chest with her head in the crook of his neck; his arms wrap around her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 (quintessential calm)
 I can't believe how easy it was.

KARL MYERS
 (teasing)
 I was *easy*?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (chuckles)
 How *natural* it was. It never once felt awkward to me.

Vivian pushes herself up; they look into each other's eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 Did it to you?

Myers smiles and shakes his head. Vivian returns to her former position.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 It's like we've been doing this for years.

KARL MYERS
 If we'd been doing this for years,
 we'd have died from exhaustion a long time ago.

Vivian laughs.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 I haven't felt like this in a long time.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Fifteen years?

Myers looks at Vivian, who leans back and returns his gape.

He gently pushes Vivian off of him, rolls to the side of the bed and sits. Vivian moves to her knees behind him and places a gentle hand on his back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry.

Vivian kisses the center of his upper back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

I think I'm jealous of what you
must've had.

KARL MYERS

You don't know what I had.

Myers bows his head. Vivian moves closer, places her cheek
against his back, and wraps her arms around him. Myers sighs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're mad at me.

KARL MYERS

I'm not. Truly. I'm trying to get my
head wrapped around what happens after
sun-up, and I'm at a loss.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

All of a sudden I'm feeling all at
sea.

KARL MYERS

Apt.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What should I do?

Vivian props up some pillows.

KARL MYERS

Not for me to say.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What?

Vivian sits back with consternation in her eyes; Myers turns to
her.

KARL MYERS

I can only deal with one conscience at
a time: my own.

Vivian's pleading eyes stare into Myers' eyes. He looks away.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're just going to leave me flapping
in the breeze?

KARL MYERS

Going home won't be a breeze.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I know. Just tell me what you're thinking. I'll make my own decisions.

Myers looks back into Vivian's eyes.

KARL MYERS

Seems to me you have two choices: you tell the truth or you lie. Lies are easy to come up with. You've already got one: you drove around all night because you were so angry. Let me help. You got tired, pulled over, and fell asleep.

Vivian looks into Myers' eyes with a slight shock of realization in her own.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm going to lie, aren't I?

KARL MYERS

It's what people do. I'll lie, you'll lie, but the "truth will out." We'll spend blood, sweat, and tears to avoid it, but eventually, the "truth will out."

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(wanting approval)

So you think I should tell the truth?

KARL MYERS

The town would crucify us if you do.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(pouts)

So I'm damned if I tell the truth and damned if I lie.

KARL MYERS

(borderline cynical)

You sound astonished.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You sound cold.

KARL MYERS

(more to himself than her)

Morning afters are always cold.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I thought you said you've never done this before?

KARL MYERS

With a married woman. I'm a man, not a monk.

Vivian crosses her arms and looks away.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What are you going to do?

KARL MYERS

Nothing until I have to, then lie until I can't.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're in the clear until then, but I have to go home this morning.

KARL MYERS

You do.

Vivian stands and paces with her arms crossed. Myers watches her closely.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

This isn't fair.

KARL MYERS

It isn't, but that shouldn't come as a surprise, should it?

Vivian stops in front of Myers; her eyes are narrowed as she stares into his.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(threatening)

I'm going to tell Jerry the truth.

Myers stands.

KARL MYERS

Dangerous.

Vivian's expression slowly becomes one of intense frustration until she loses control and pounds Myers chest with her fists.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(crying)

Tell me what to do!

Myers lets her pound for a few beats and then grabs her shoulders and pulls her against his chest. Vivian collapses against him and cries. He whispers into her ear.

KARL MYERS

(soothing)

If you tell him the truth, you can come here until things blow over.

Startled, Vivian leans back and looks into his eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You'd lose your job.

KARL MYERS

Probably.

Vivian stares at Myers for a beat.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry won't let me take Gregory, will he?

KARL MYERS

Unknowns like that are why we lie. If you try and lie your way through this, you'll feel like you're in control, like you can avoid the inevitable.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

But I can't. I'm trapped.

KARL MYERS

You are, but so am I.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You?

KARL MYERS

Sex is a seductive bait. It hides the trap that was right in front of our eyes. You and I even talked about it before we walked upstairs, didn't we?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(defeated)

We did.

KARL MYERS

The lies we'll tell are the teeth of the trap. They already have hold of us and they won't let go.

Vivian gently pushes Myers away and sits on the bed.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

If you know all this, why the hell did you let me come here?

KARL MYERS

(sad smile)

I've been lonely too long. I couldn't resist what I knew you were offering.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That's no apology.

KARL MYERS

It's not. I have no more need to apologize to you than you to me. But I understand that because of what's happened we have a responsibility to each other.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You'll lie for me?

Myers sits next to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

I'll tell whoever asks that I spoke with you at the diner, that we left around the same time, but in different cars. You went your way and I went mine.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You'd do that for me?

KARL MYERS

I will. And you'll lie for me. Tell anyone who asks that you never came here.

(beat)

Will you keep lying for Jerry?

Vivian sends a startled glance at Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What do you mean?

KARL MYERS

He was lying about the twenty-two, wasn't he?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(mutters)

I need a cigarette.

Myers places his hand on her wrist.

KARL MYERS

No you don't. What you need is to tell me the truth.

Vivian stares into his eyes for a beat and then lowers her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It wasn't in the house when you asked him. He got rid of it that morning, so technically, I didn't lie, did I?

Myers stands and paces.

KARL MYERS

(mutters)
Technically.
(to Vivian)
I know there's more. You know Greg's been lying, don't you?

Vivian stands; she appears uncertain.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I don't know it for certain.

KARL MYERS

I think you do. Greg knows who killed the Moyer boy.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That makes no sense. Why wouldn't he tell us?

KARL MYERS

I think he's afraid, really afraid, and the only way I'm going to be able to get to the bottom of this is if I keep talking with him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you have to? I don't think I can stand the thought of you being in our house after tonight.

KARL MYERS

I'll be there this morning to start in again.

Vivian appears to realize for the first time that she is naked and makes an inefficient and self-conscious attempt to cover her breasts with her arm as she finds and picks up her panties and bra from the floor. Myers responds by looking away.

Vivian stares at him sadly for a beat, closes her eyes, sighs, and leaves the room.

Myers' eyes follow her as she exits. He looks at the doorway for a beat after she is gone, and then sighs. He grabs and puts on a robe from his closet, picks up Vivian's blouse and pedal-pushers, and exits the room.

I/E - PETERMANS' SPLIT LEVEL - NINE A.M.

Max and Myers approach the front door. Before they can ring the bell, Vivian opens the door. She is wearing the same blouse and pedal pushers she wore the previous day. Her mouth is a flat line and her careworn eyes look into Myers' eyes.

Max looks a question of Myers, which goes unanswered as Vivian addresses Myers in a confidential yet demanding tone.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I need to talk to you ... in private.
Please.

Myers' eyes convey a warning, but his tone is professional and calm.

KARL MYERS

Good morning, Mrs. Peterman. May we
come in?

Vivian hesitates a beat as she stares into Myers' eyes. She steps back, and the officers enter.

MAX TRAVALIO

(touches hat brim)
Morning, ma'am.

Vivian tugs slightly at Myers' sleeve.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Karl.

Myers' eyes again convey caution.

KARL MYERS

Mrs. Peterman, I'd prefer, since this
is a complicated case, that anything
you have to tell me needs to be heard
by Corporal Travaglio. Okay?

Vivian looks away for a beat. When she turns back to the officers, there is an effort of a smile on her face.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Of course.
 (gestures toward sofa)
 Why don't you sit down?

Max sits at one end of the sofa, Vivian sits at the other end,
 and Myers sits in a club chair

KARL MYERS

So what is it you have to tell us?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(eyes cast down)
 It can wait.

Max looks back and forth between Vivian and Karl.

MAX TRAVALIO

Am I missing something here?

KARL MYERS

Nothing that I can see, so let's get
 on with this.
 (to Vivian)
 We were hoping to speak with Greg and
 your husband.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(eyes desperate)
 He's not here. Jerry. Jerry's not
 here.

Max glances at Myers and then at his watch.

MAX TRAVALIO

Expected back soon?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(struggling with civility)
 I don't know, but Greg's here.
 (calls out)
Greg! Come up here.

There is no response; Vivian looks at Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(loud, insistent)
Greg! Get up here! Now!

After a few seconds, there is the SOUND of hesitant FOOTFALLS
 on the stairs leading up from the lower level.

Greg appears in his pajamas and slippers, and then stops when he sees Myers and Max. Myers gets up and approaches Greg, who looks down.

KARL MYERS
(low tone but firm)
Look at me, Greg.

Greg glances at Myers and then looks down.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
(demanding)
Look at me, son.

Myers waits until Greg looks at him.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
I want to be sure you hear and understand what I'm about to say. I know you know who murdered Barry.

GREG PETERMAN
(hesitant defiance)
I *don't*.

KARL MYERS
Which means you're finally admitting that you lied to us about the man you said did it.

Greg is about to respond but blushes and looks down. Max stands and approaches Greg.

MAX TRAVALIO
Do you know what a stiletto is, Greg?

Greg gulps as he looks at Max, then looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(encouraging)
Greg.

Greg looks at Max and takes a deep breath.

GREG PETERMAN
No.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
Greg!

GREG PETERMAN
(insistent)
I *don't* know what it is, Mom. I *don't*.

Myers looks at the ceiling for a beat. When he looks at Greg, he sees Greg is staring at him.

KARL MYERS

I think the killer's worrying that you're going to spill the beans, Greg.

Greg looks away.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

He's going to start thinking he can't depend on you to keep lying to me.

Greg snaps defiant eyes toward Myers.

GREG PETERMAN

(loud defiance)

I ain't no *liar!*

Vivian stands and takes a step toward Greg.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Gregory!

Without turning, Myers puts out his hand as a caution to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

But you're not telling me everything you know, which is almost the same thing, isn't it? It's actually against the law to not tell what you know about a crime.

MAX TRAVALIO

That's right son. It's called aiding and abetting. If you're not helping us, you're helping the person that murdered Barry and probably the Preston boy too.

Greg is clearly in fright or flight mode but he remains riveted to the floor.

KARL MYERS

I can't believe you're the kind of boy who'd want to break the law.

GREG PETERMAN

(between fight and tears)

I'm *not!*

KARL MYERS

Then tell us what you know.

GREG PETERMAN

(defiance)

I don't know *anything!*

Myers and Max exchange a glance, and then their eyes bore into Greg's skull.

KARL MYERS

Look son, all I want to do is arrest the person who killed those two boys before he does the same thing to you.

GREG PETERMAN

(yells)

I told you, *I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!*

Vivian steps quickly to Greg.

KARL MYERS

(level tone)

I never said you did, son.

Vivian grabs Greg and pulls him to her, her posture clearly that of a "mother bear."

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That's enough, Karl. No more. Please.

KARL MYERS

(to Greg, insistent)

He wants to tell us what he knows, isn't that right, son?

Vivian steps between Greg and the officers. Her eyes are wide and wild

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I said that's *enough*, and I *mean* it.

Myers looks around Vivian and continues speaking to Greg.

KARL MYERS

You said you were playing war, but maybe there was something else, something with a gun.

Vivian turns to Greg, leans down, and places her hands on his shoulders.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Go to your room.

She shoves Greg toward the stairs. As Greg runs to his room, Vivian turns to Myers.

KARL MYERS
 (shouting upstairs)
Maybe there was an accident!

Vivian delivers a powerful, roundhouse slap to Myers' face simultaneous with a shouted demand.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 I said *enough!*

There is a flash of rage in Myers' expression. Max appears stunned as he glances back and forth between Vivian and Myers. Vivian appears stunned at what she has just done.

KARL MYERS
 (controlled)
 Mrs. Peterman, I apologize if I've exceeded my welcome. We'll come back another time.

Myers looks at Max and gestures toward the door.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 Corporal.

Max, apparently incredulous, exits the house. Myers steps toward the door, but when he is about to exit, Vivian grabs his arm and turns him toward her. Her expression is excruciatingly pained.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (near whispered panic)
 He wasn't here when I got home, and the bed hasn't been slept in. Greg may've been here all night, alone.

KARL MYERS
 (residual anger)
 He's a big boy. Nothing happened.

Vivian releases Myers' arm.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 Goddamn it, Karl. What kind of mother leaves her child alone so that she can go ... go ...

KARL MYERS
 (argumentative)
 Your husband left him alone, not you.

Vivian looks down.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(to herself)

I feel like such a fool. I should have been here.

KARL MYERS

(cynical)

And you never wanted last night to end.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(angry shout)

Get out!

When it is clear that Myers is not moving, Vivian attempts to bull rush him to the door, but he stands his ground for a few seconds, after which Vivian dissolves into tears.

Myers attempts to put his arms around Vivian, but she swats them away and stands, sobbing, her eyes downcast.

KARL MYERS

(gentle)

I'm going to go now ... to the Moyer's ... but I'll come back. I'm sorry to have upset you.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(sobbing)

I *hit* you. I've never hit anyone in anger like that, and I *hit* you.

KARL MYERS

Hitting is contagious. We catch it from others.

Myers stares at Vivian for a beat and then opens his arms.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Come here.

Vivian goes to Myers. He holds her as she sobs. She regains control and pushes him away. She wipes away tears with the backs of her hands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(trembling but recovering)

I'll be all right.

KARL MYERS

I'll be back in an hour or so.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispers)

Okay.

Myers looks at Vivian for a beat before stepping to the door. Vivian follows and holds the door until Myers exits. She closes the door, leans back against the door, and again begins to cry as if her heart were broken.

The State Trooper's car is parked along the curb in front of Myers' patrol car. Max stands on the curb and leans back against his car. Myers approaches.

MAX TRAVALIO

What the hell was *that* about?

KARL MYERS

What was *what* about?

Max steps toward Myers; both stop when they are a few feet apart. Max is clearly annoyed.

MAX TRAVALIO

I have a list. Let's start with her smacking you. Christ, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it, and if getting smacked wasn't bizarre enough, you didn't do anything about it.

KARL MYERS

She's understandably upset, and I pushed too hard.

MAX TRAVALIO

You should have arrested her, given her a citation, a warning, *something!*

KARL MYERS

"The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath."

MAX TRAVALIO

What the fuck is *that* supposed to mean?

KARL MYERS

Sometimes we have to temper justice with mercy, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO

Bullshit. When do we worry about mercy?

KARL MYERS

She was upset.

MAX TRAVALIO

People are in jail because they were upset and hit a cop.

Myers walks to his car. Max follows.

KARL MYERS

I'm done debating. I just decided there was no point to doing anything.

Myers opens the driver's side door.

MAX TRAVALIO

And what was that about an accident with a gun?

Myers stands behind the open door. Max opens the driver's side door of his car and stands facing Myers.

KARL MYERS

I have a feeling there's something more going on than a lunatic preying on kids.

MAX TRAVALIO

That's not *enough*?

KARL MYERS

I just wanted to see how he'd react, hear what he'd say.

Max steps toward Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

He didn't say anything.

KARL MYERS

His mother didn't let him.

Max stops on the other side of Myers' car door.

MAX TRAVALIO

Which brings me to items three and four.

(gestures toward house)

What held you up in there? And when did she start calling you Karl?

KARL MYERS

Three: nothing important, and four? She's getting to know us.

MAX TRAVALIO

Near as I can tell, she knows me as well as you, but she doesn't call me Max. And as to getting to know one another, where'd you go after I left the Lemoyne last night?

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

Corporal Travaglio, over.

Max hustles to his car and extracts the mic.

MAX TRAVALIO

Travaglio, over.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

Head-on collision on the turnpike a mile west of the Gettysburg interchange. Over.

MAX TRAVALIO

I'm on my way. Fifteen minutes tops. Over.

Max hops into his car, slams the door, starts it up, turns on his overhead flashing light, and does a U-turn. He slows as he passes Myers and yells through the open window.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

We'll finish this later.

Myers watches the trooper's car accelerate down the street.

INT - THE LEMOYNE - 5:00, SAME DAY

A variety of CUSTOMERS are being served by waitresses Gertie Masonheimer and Sophie MacDonald. Max Travaglio eats a meatloaf special alone in a booth. He wears his "dress" uniform.

Myers enters and scans the diner. Max raises his hand, and Myers notes his presence with a nod.

Gertie says something unheard to Sophie, which apparently prompts Sophie to follow Myers to Max's booth. Myers slides onto the seat opposite Max.

Myers looks up at Sophie and points to Max's plate.

KARL MYERS

That'll do me, Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD

You got it, Chief. Coffee?

KARL MYERS

Please.

Sophie scurries away.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

You ever eat at home, my friend?

MAX TRAVALIO

(chuckles)

I do, I do. Angela's a great cook, so I try to eat home whenever I can, but she's got some bridge club thing, so it's every man for himself at our house.

KARL MYERS

Who's got the kids?

MAX TRAVALIO

Dropped them off at Nonna's.

Max stuffs a load of food into his mouth.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

(mouth full of food)

So, what've you been up to?

KARL MYERS

Got sidetracked by two fender benders on Bridge Street -- two! -- before noon, and then I spent all afternoon looking for a judge. Oh, I almost forgot, was the Turnpike thing bad?

MAX TRAVALIO

Aren't crossovers always? Three dead. Nasty.

KARL MYERS

Nothing nice there, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO

You said it.

Max stuffs another load of food into his mouth.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

(mouth full of food)

So what's with the judge?

KARL MYERS

Got a warrant to search the Petermans' place.

MAX TRAVALIO

A warrant?

KARL MYERS

You don't think...

Sophie arrives with a coffee pot, cup, saucer, and spoon. The men watch silently as she fills Myers' cup and tops off Max's.

MAX TRAVALIO

Thanks, Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD

My pleasure, gentlemen.

Sophie steps away.

KARL MYERS

You don't think Peterman's going to let me search his house without one, do you?

Myers drinks his coffee; Max leans back.

MAX TRAVALIO

What prompted this?

KARL MYERS

The bastard has been antagonistic from the beginning. Wants us off his kid. It's disproportionate.

MAX TRAVALIO

Dispro what?

KARL MYERS

Over the top, unnecessary. It's like Greg knows something Peterman doesn't want us to know.

MAX TRAVALIO

Maybe.

Max takes another slug of food.

KARL MYERS

"Maybe" nothing. I start thinking size eleven Keds, and then I think, Peterman's a good-sized son-of-a-bitch.

MAX TRAVALIO

He is.

KARL MYERS

And then there's his saying I won't take Greg seriously until another kid is killed. I'm looking for the knife.

MAX TRAVALIO

(nearly incredulous)

You think Peterman killed the Preston boy?

KARL MYERS

Not just him. Peterman wasn't at work the afternoon the Moyer kid was killed.

MAX TRAVALIO

(leans forward)

How do you know this?

KARL MYERS

After I cleaned up the business on Bridge Street this morning, I went to Sears and talked with Peterman's boss.

MAX TRAVALIO

Just a shot in the dark?

KARL MYERS

You could say so. I'm standing in the middle of the street, directing traffic around the accident, and it hits me. What if Peterman calls in sick and goes into the woods to do some target practice?

MAX TRAVALIO

You got this out of the blue?

KARL MYERS

I can't explain it, but yes.

MAX TRAVALIO

So you're thinking the kids end up out there with him.

KARL MYERS

And Patsy follows them. You know how sisters love to spy.

MAX TRAVALIO

They do. Get a lot of mileage out of the lowdown on a brother. So you're thinking, accident.

KARL MYERS
Could've happened.

MAX TRAVALIO
And Peterman panics.

KARL MYERS
Fabricates a horrific murder and gets
rid of evidence at the same time.

MAX TRAVALIO
The slug?

KARL MYERS
Exactly. He's a hunter used to gutting
prey and knows his way around an
abdomen.

MAX TRAVALIO
Okay, that's disgusting.

KARL MYERS
I know, but if it happened, Greg saw
everything.

MAX TRAVALIO
And Peterman terrorizes the kid into
going along.

KARL MYERS
They don't know Patsy has seen
everything, not that it means anything
at the moment.

Sophie arrives with Myers' meatloaf special. Myers eats
quickly. Max finishes the last bite of his meal, stares at
Myers, and lights up a Pall Mall.

MAX TRAVALIO
So you're thinking to keep the story
going, he repeats the crime with the
Preston kid.

KARL MYERS
Badly.

MAX TRAVALIO
He wants everyone, including us, to
think there's still a lunatic out
there.

KARL MYERS
(mouth full)
If I'm right, there still is.

Travalio smokes; Myers finishes his plate and leans back. Max leans forward, places his arms on the edge of the table, and bows his head slightly.

MAX TRAVALIO

Karl, about this morning ...

KARL MYERS

There's nothing to talk about, my friend. Consider it water over the damn.

MAX TRAVALIO

(looks up)

But ...

KARL MYERS

It's over, Max. Look, I want to go to the Peterman's before the Preston kid's viewing. You want to come along?

MAX TRAVALIO

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

E/I - PETERMANS' SPLIT LEVEL - MINUTES LATER

Myers and Travalio stand on the front stoop. Myers presses the doorbell: greatly diminished SOUND of a DOORBELL CHIME via an open window, which is one of two bracketing the picture window. There is no response.

MAX TRAVALIO

Not home.

KARL MYERS

(under his breath)

Damn it.

Myers presses the doorbell: diminished SOUND of the DOORBELL CHIME. After a few beats, Max turns to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

We're not going to break down the door, warrant or no. We'll have to come back.

Max steps toward his highway patrol car. Myers hesitates and scans the street. He steps off the stoop.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(very, very soft)

Help me.

Myers spins toward the open window.

KARL MYERS
Max! Did you hear that?

Max stops and steps toward Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO
Hear what?

KARL MYERS
Listen!

Max stops next to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO
You're hearing things.

Both men stand with their heads cocked toward the open window for a beat.

KARL MYERS
You're right, I am hearing things.

Myers turns and steps toward the car; Max follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(soft but audible)
Help me, please!

Max grabs Myers' sleeve and turns him around.

MAX TRAVALIO
I heard *that!*

The men hurry to the front door and turn the doorknob; the door is locked. Myers nods toward the side of the house; Travaglio runs in that direction. Myers goes to the garage door, which is unlocked. He heaves it up.

The Petermans' car is gone. Myers hustles into the house and up the stairs. He stops in his tracks at the sight of Vivian.

She is lying on the sofa; her face is purpled with bruises, her left eye is swollen shut, her upper lip is swollen, and streaks of dried blood run from her chin to her neck and blouse, and then onto the sofa.

Myers yanks open the front and screen doors and sticks his head outside.

KARL MYERS
(yells)
MAX!

Myers returns to Vivian and drops onto his knees. Max enters.

MAX TRAVALIO
Mary Mother of God!

KARL MYERS
(to Vivian)
What *happened*?

VIVIAN PETERMAN
(barely audible)
Penance for trying to find a little
happiness.

Vivian turns her head with difficulty toward a frozen Myers and looks into his eyes as tears streak her cheek.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
Am I going to die?

Myers stands abruptly but does not take his eyes from Vivian.

KARL MYERS
(over shoulder to Travaglio)
Ambulance or you drive?

MAX TRAVALIO
Faster if I drive. Can you get her to
the car?

Myers bends down, scoops Vivian into his arms, and steps toward the front door.

KARL MYERS
(whispers into Vivian's ear)
I won't let you die.

Max holds open the screen door. Myers exits and Max follows. Myers carries Vivian to the patrol car. Max opens a back door. Myers deposits Vivian in the back seat and slides in next to her.

Max jumps into the driver's side, turns on the engine, the flashing red light, and the siren, does a U-turn and speeds down the street.

INT - HARRISBURG HOSPITAL ER - MINUTES LATER

Myers stands twenty feet away from where three NURSES and DOCTOR BOWMAN work on Vivian. Half of the eight bays in the ER are occupied by PATIENTS and FRIENDS/FAMILY MEMBERS.

Bowman, a large man with a kind face, spies Myers, leaves the nurses attending to Vivian, and approaches.

DOCTOR BOWMAN

Chief Myers?

Myers nods. The men shake hands.

DOCTOR BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I'm Doctor Bowman. What happened?

KARL MYERS

At this point, I can only speculate.
May I speak with her?

DOCTOR BOWMAN

She's in a lot of pain. We just gave
her a dose of morphine.

KARL MYERS

Then I need to speak to her now. You
do realize this wasn't an accident?

DOCTOR BOWMAN

(shocked concern)

I assumed it was a car wreck.

KARL MYERS

(deadly serious)

It was no accident.

DOCTOR BOWMAN

She has three fractured ribs, her nose
is broken and maybe a fractured
orbital. Her shoulder's dislocated and
she's likely concussed. I've never
seen anything like this that wasn't
caused by a car accident.

Myers walks to Vivian's side. He turns to the doctor.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I need to speak with her privately.

Bowman looks at the nurses and jerks his head away from Vivian.
The nurses step to the ER desk. Bowman faces Myers.

DOCTOR BOWMAN

Not too long, Chief.

Myers nods and for a beat watches Bowman depart. Myers sits on
a stool next to the left of Vivian's gurney. Her right hand is
on top of the sheet and has an IV inserted; Myers gently grasps
her hand.

With effort, Vivian turns her head toward Myers and opens her right eye. She speaks with great difficulty; her words are slightly slurred.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You said you'd be back in an hour.

Myers looks down for a beat and then looks at Vivian.

KARL MYERS

Did Jerry do this to you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He came home just after you left. Got a lift from Gertie.

KARL MYERS

Gertie?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I could smell her cheap perfume on him ... It's where he was all night. He told me ...

(beat)

I'm so thirsty.

Myers sees and grasps an aluminum cup filled with ice water. He holds it so that Vivian, with a slight elevation of her head, can drink from the straw in the cup.

KARL MYERS

Vivian. Did he do this to you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He said, "I know where you were ... Somebody saw you leave with Myers ... and then he started to ..."

Vivian makes a nearly imperceptible nod toward the cup. Myers holds it so she can take another sip. She rolls her head back to the pillow and closes her eye.

KARL MYERS

Vivian.

She speaks with her head back on the pillow, her eyes closed.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He grabbed my blouse with one hand ... and kept punching my face with the other. He made ...

A sob escapes Vivian, the action of which clearly pains her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

He made my little boy watch ... *made* him watch ... He said, "Watch boy. This is what you do when your wife is a whore." I couldn't do anything but scream ... and then I couldn't scream ... He dropped me on the floor and ... water.

Vivian turns her head toward Myers without opening her eyes. Myers holds the cup so that she can drink from the straw. When she is finished, she returns her head to the pillow.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

He started kicking me. I thought I was going to die ... and then I guess I blacked out ... I don't remember anything until I heard them ... They were dressed for the viewing.

KARL MYERS

Is that where they are? Both of them?

An almost imperceptible nod is Vivian's answer. Myers stands; her grip on his hand tightens.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I was on the floor ... He yanked me onto the sofa ... It hurt so much I think I blacked out again.

Vivian's lips move, but what she says is indecipherable. He leans his ear near her mouth.

KARL MYERS

Vivian, what are you saying?

Vivian swallows, grimaces from pain, and opens her right eye. She strains to make her words clear.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He broke me, Karl ... He broke me, broke me ...

(deeply pained sob)

Who will ever love me now?

With a slight sigh, Vivian closes her eyes and sleeps. A single tear and a single line of drool trace the side of her face.

Myers stands and stares at nothing as he appears to be seeing a traumatic memory in his mind's eye.

EXT - WALTHRUP'S FUNERAL HOME - 8 P.M.

Dozens of MOURNERS mill about the rear entrance to the funeral home. A large portico attached to the back of the former mansion covers a concrete area in front of the rear entrance. An ample, adjacent parking lot is full of mourners' cars.

Karl Myers and Max Travaglio, one on each side of the rear entrance, stand beneath the portico amidst the mourners. SARAH HARDING and Officer RAY BRADY stand near Myers.

Sarah wears a black dress that accentuates her narrow waist and the alluring curves of her hips; she wears a cap covered with shiny black faux flowers, and a sheer veil covers her face. Brady wears a throwback, double-breasted, pinstripe suit.

Jerry Peterman exits the funeral home with Greg in tow. Both are wearing their Sunday suits. Neither Jerry nor Greg notice Max or Myers.

Myers and Max follow Jerry and Greg; Sarah and Brady follow the officers. When Jerry steps onto the surface of the parking lot, Myers and Max make eye contact. Myers nods.

The officers converge on Jerry. Each grabs one of Peterman's arms and pulls his hands behind Jerry's back. Myers slaps cuffs on the startled quarry's wrists.

Sarah and Brady corral Greg and shepherd him away from Jerry; Sarah, Brady and Greg disappear among the mourners.

Jerry struggles to free himself as Myers and Max move Jerry quickly toward Max's State Police patrol car. As they move forward, Max manages to extract keys from Jerry's suit coat pocket.

JERRY PETERMAN

(yells)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Stunned mourners stare at what transpires.

KARL MYERS

(low tone)

Jerry Peterman, I'm arresting you for felonious assault.

JERRY PETERMAN

(yells)

Fuck you!

KARL MYERS

We can add resisting arrest. I advise you to ...

JERRY PETERMAN

(shrieks)

I ADVISE YOU TO TAKE THESE GODDAMNED THINGS OFF ME.

Jerry shakes loose and faces Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(loud)

The only reason you're doing this is because she *fucked* you!

Jerry turns toward the building crowd of mourners.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(loud)

That's right! Your Chief fucked my wife!

Myers spins Jerry around.

KARL MYERS

(under his breath)

That's it, motherfucker.

Max opens the back door.

JERRY PETERMAN

(loud)

I know my rights! Ain't no law against a husband hitting a cheating wife! She deserved every bit of ...

Myers shoves Jerry toward the open door; Jerry's forehead makes contact with the car roof, which stuns him. Myers shoves him into the car.

Travalio gets into the driver's side of the car; Myers hustles to the passenger side and enters the car.

I/E - HIGHWAY PATROL CAR/BRIDGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is lying on the back seat, semi-conscious and groaning. Max gets the car moving; they exit the parking lot onto Bridge Street. All the mourners' eyes are focused on the departing patrol car.

Max glances at Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

There's no way we're taking him to
your holding cell.

KARL MYERS

(barely controlled rage)
I want him Max. I want him so bad I
can taste it.

MAX TRAVALIO

Which is why I'm dropping you off and
taking him to Carlisle. I'll hold him
in the barracks until you've calmed
down. You can question him there.

Max takes Jerry's keys from his pocket and hands them to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

In case you want to check on the kid.

KARL MYERS

Sarah and Ray can handle it.

MAX TRAVALIO

I think you should take the long way
to Carlisle. Give yourself some time
to calm down.

Nothing is said for a few seconds. Travaglio glances at Myers
and then back at the road.

MAX TRAVALIO

Karl, is what he said ...

Myers silences Max with a wave of his hand.

I/E - MYERS' PATROL CAR/YORK COUNTY ROAD - HOUR LATER

Myers drives his patrol car slowly along the winding roads of
northern York County; he pulls over to let overtaking cars pass
him. The road is overhung by trees and is deep in shadows.

He appears lost in thought with significant pain and regret in
his expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - HARRISBURG HOSPITAL ER - FLASHBACK TO LATE AFTERNOON

Vivian Peterman is being attended to by the medical team as
Myers watches.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT - HOPKINS MEDICAL CENTER - FLASHBACK, 1939

As Myers watches, 29-YEAR-OLD LAURA BENTON MYERS is pushed on her gurney by orderlies toward the entrance to the Medical Center's Accident Room. She is battered and unconscious.

Seconds behind Laura's gurney is a gurney on which Myers' daughter DOROTHY is being wheeled with haste into the Accident Room.

DISSOLVE TO PRESENT;

I/E - MYERS' PATROL CAR/YORK COUNTY ROAD - A MINUTE LATER

The patrol car swerves to the shoulder and comes to a gravel-shedding, sliding stop.

Myers stares at nothing. His expression reflects the deepest of emotional wounds and the exhaustion of a weary pack animal driven nearly to death by the big stick that is life.

He cries out one long, piercing, heartrending moan.

END OF EPISODE FOUR

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Episode 5: "One Big Damned Bump"

FADE IN:

INT - STATE POLICE BARRACKS, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA - 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 had to fake
being 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, 2015

The 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, 1955 to PRESENT:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades
in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie
- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery,
Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule with 79-year-old Bill 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, star-filled 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 and 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 (CONT'D)
 We haven't had the pleasure before now. Archie Shambaugh, County District Attorney at your service. Glad I caught you before you left. There are 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 (CONT'D)
 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 (CONT'D)
 I just don't usually see you hanging around this late.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH
 (laughs)
 You're right about that.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH (CONT'D)

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. Won't take long. I know you're busy.

Max gestures toward a nearby conference room. Shambaugh gestures for the two others to enter first, which they do and 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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:

I/I - 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

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 guilty.

(to Shambaugh)

That about it?

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Well put, I'm afraid.

MAX TRAVALIO

(near boiling)

But he beat the crap out of his wife!

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 again puts up his hand to stop Max.

KARL MYERS

(to Max)

He's one-hundred percent correct. Let
him finish.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH

Thank you, Karl.

(to Max)

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

(mutters)

Jesus Christ.

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 within a thousand yards 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 Myers' hand, and then Max's.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

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 ER - MOMENTS LATER

Myers approaches the NURSES and a RESIDENT at the ER 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 (CONT'D)
 (big smile)
 Andrea? It's Alice!

EXT - PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - 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' SPLIT-LEVEL - 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.

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

SARAH HARDING (O.C.)
You know 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 bound to her body with an ace bandage wrapped around her torso.

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

SARAH HARDING
Edie was good enough to go with Ray to pick her up from the ER.

Myers looks at Edie and manages a smile of appreciation.

SARAH HARDING (CONT'D)
 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 right shoulder. Edie places her right hand on his other shoulder, as the three stare at Vivian.

SARAH HARDING (CONT'D)
 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. Edie leans forward and looks up into his eyes.

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

Edie 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 (CONT'D)
 I've made a pot of coffee. I figured
 you'd want a pick-me-up. Black?

KARL MYERS
 (with weary gratitude)
 Thanks ... Edie, is it?

EDITH ESWORTH
 It is. Won't be but a minute.

Edie 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 (CONT'D)

Thanks, Edie.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)

(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 (CONT'D)

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 police 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, "The kid 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
And I hate *him*, and I hate *you*!

Greg runs upstairs to his room and slams the door.

Eddie 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.

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

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)
 There's one under Greg's undershirts
 in his dresser.

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 but falls back onto the sofa.

VIVIAN PETERMAN
 (struggles to raise her
 voice)
 He *has* to be there!

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, I found his window 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 *Chhrist!*

(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 wild-eyed and taps the Moyers'
phone number on the pad with his forefinger.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(hyper urgent)

Keep calling that number until you get
through.

Myers hustles toward the front door

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(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 up 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 revealing a lit lamp 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!

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

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 head.

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

He leaps onto the bed, straddles Patsy, and raises the open stiletto 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 (CONT'D)
 (calmer tone)
 Gregory, drop the knife on the bed.

Greg continues to hold the stiletto 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 DEAFENING SOUND of a PISTOL SHOT that is *not* from Myers' pistol. Myers reflexly ducks.

A slug enters Greg's chest; 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 been 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 (CONT'D)
(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 staggers from the room in search of her daughter.

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 nightstand, bed, and wall; his dead 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 ...

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I can't imagine how she'll react. It's all just too much.

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 him, so let me offer you some fatherly advice.

Shambaugh removes his hand; Myers looks at the floor.

ARCHIBALD SHAMBAUGH (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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
(to Max)
That's not important. What is, is
whether or not I can count 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 wooden 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

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

Myers closes the book and takes a swallow of bourbon.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
(cat lover dialect)
Oh, you have a kitty!

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

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Is he going with you?

KARL MYERS
I wish he could.

DARLENE RICHARDS
(to Chester)
Is mean old daddy going to abandon
you?
(to Myers)
Let me take him home.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 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 (CONT'D)
(to Chester)
Don't go far, Chiefie. You're coming
home with me.

Darlene sits and looks expectantly at Myers.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
So what's to drink?

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

Darlene grabs the tumbler with bourbon in it, sniffs the
contents, and raises the tumbler.

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 (CONT'D)

Got it. The 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.,
CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

(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 -- all of you -- but 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 (CONT'D)

(wistful)

Had a daughter once, but she died. 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'd 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 (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Okay.

Myers turns around; Darlene hands him the envelope.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Now don't lose this. Put it in one of those books -- 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 (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

What're 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 (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

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 his 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 (CONT'D)

Afraid I'd *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 (CONT'D)

(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 get go,
weren't we?

KARL MYERS

We were.

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

KARL MYERS

What about you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Eddie 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 find my footing.

They sit in silence; he strokes her hair.

After a few 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 (CONT'D)

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

(to Myers)

Where is she?

KARL MYERS

Somewhere 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 (CONT'D)

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 Laura -- my wife -- was gone.

(beat)

I know 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's 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 work pants, 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 ONE SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - U.S. HIGHWAYS WESTBOUND - OCTOBER, 1955

SERIES OF SHOTS:

(A) EXTREME, HIGH-ANGLE, LONG SHOT following Karl Myers' 1952, Glenmist Green, four-door Ford Customline sedan moving at high speed through Pennsylvania mountains on the PA Turnpike.

(B) Myers' Ford diminishing in view as it speeds toward the western horizon on a northern Indiana two lane.

(C) Distant headlights of Myers' Ford approach at speed on a northern Minnesota two lane through a forest; a FLASH PAN of the Ford passing and capturing the car's diminishing taillights.

(D) EXTREME, HIGH-ANGLE, LONG SHOT of Myers' Ford speeding on U.S. 2 toward Williston, North Dakota; as the Ford diminishes in the shot, distant Williston comes INTO VIEW.

MATCH FADE TO:

INT - PLAINSMAN SALOON, WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA - LATE EVENING

The saloon is smoke-filled from cigars and cigarettes. The front wall contains two large windows on each side of a large, front door; "The Plainsman" is painted prominently on each window (viewed in reverse from the interior).

Two round poker tables, each surrounded by six battered chairs, are positioned in the front of the room next to the windows. Four more tables and chairs are positioned on one side of the room; a long bar runs along the opposite wall.

A series of mirrors as long as the bar is mounted on the wall behind the bar. Beneath the mirrors is a high counter on which a large variety of liquor bottles are lined.

JOE GOLDEN, a middle-aged and moustachioed bartender, is at work behind the bar; he wears a white shirt with black sleeve garters, a black bow tie, and black suspenders.

A young woman, MADELEINE JOHNSON, and middle-aged MILDRED O'LEARY sit at one of the tables next to the windows;

both wear dresses, nylons, and short, fleece-lined rubber boots. Johnson and O'Leary chat with TWO MEN at the table.

Fifty-five-year-old, slightly paunchy and balding CLAYTON DORION sits at another table with sixty-five-year-old BILL SWENSON. TEN MEN are dispersed among the remaining tables.

The male customers are attired in clothing that suggests a cold climate and their working class status.

On the back wall and two feet from the end of the bar is a closed swinging door that opens toward the bar on sprung hinges that automatically close the door.

Karl Myers sits on the last stool at the end of the bar. He is slumped over, his head resting on his forearm; he appears to be asleep.

Myers' short gray hair needs a haircut; gray stubble covers his face. A brown-leather bomber jacket with a shearling collar is worn overtop a white T-shirt.

A half-filled bottle of whiskey and a half-filled tumbler rest on the counter near Myers' head.

SOUND of distant but LOUD SIRENS begins and continues to wail.

Myers wakes with a start. The other customers exchange surprised and worried glances and look toward the front windows. Golden pauses from drying a pilsner glass.

KARL MYERS
(sleep-graveled voice to
Golden)
Excuse me, my friend.

Golden looks a question at Myers, and steps toward him.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
What's that siren?

JOE GOLDEN
I can tell ya there ain't no fire.

Golden's eyes return to the windows.

Myers looks at his reflection in the mirror, picks up the tumbler, toasts the reflection, downs the bourbon, and smacks the tumbler onto the bar.

Golden notices the gesture, and fills the tumbler.

KARL MYERS
If it's not a fire, what is it?

JOE GOLDEN

I reckon you're not from around here.

KARL MYERS

Passing through. Never been this far west by car, just by train.

JOE GOLDEN

During the war?

KARL MYERS

Just so, my friend.

Golden watches Myers take a swallow of bourbon.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Fermamont is near here, right?

JOE GOLDEN

Two miles north. We know what that siren means.

KARL MYERS

Prison break.

JOE GOLDEN

Either that or a riot or both. That siren'll have most of these men heading up there. Surprised they haven't left yet.

The men stand and exchange glances, and then all but Dorion and Swenson exit.

Myers points to the exiting men with the tumbler.

KARL MYERS

They work there?

JOE GOLDEN

They do.

Golden walks to the front of the saloon, and joins Dorion, Swenson, Madeleine and Mildred in looking through the front windows at the street.

JOE GOLDEN

(to Dorion)

You not going?

CLAYTON DORION

Called in sick this morning. I can't go up there now with half a load on.

SOUND of rear DOOR SLAMMING into Myers' barstool.

CETAN (O.C.)

(yells)
FREEZE!

Three men wearing prison garb run into the room. CETAN holds a revolver leveled at the quartet in the front of the saloon. He is a stocky, forty-something, Native American with a gray crewcut and a malicious glare in his eyes.

MATO-SA (aka RICHARD CLEMONT) stands to Cetan's right. Mato-sa is a handsome, thirty-something Native American, with a slight but athletic build; he holds a shiv in his right hand.

FRANKIE LACROIX, a pale, tall, fragile-looking man wearing a terrified expression, stands behind Mato-sa and Cetan.

CETAN (CONT'D)

(to hostages)
Turn around! Hands on the windows!

All but Swenson comply; he bolts toward the door.

Cetan fires the revolver. Struck in the upper back by the bullet, Swenson's momentum slams him into the door; he drops to the floor and dies.

CETAN (CONT'D)

(yells)
Anybody else?

MATO-SA

Hey Cetan.

Cetan turns to Mato-sa who points the shiv at Myers, slumped over, his head on his left forearm, his right elbow rests on the par; his right hand is inside his bomber jacket.

CETAN

(yells at Myers)
Hey! Mother-fucker!

Myers does not move. Cetan grabs a half-full beer mug from a table and hurls it at Myers. The substantial mug, loses its contents on the fly, strikes and rebounds off the wall behind Myers; SOUND of MUG hitting the floor; Myers does not move.

CETAN (CONT'D)

Mato. Wake him up, and if he don't wake up, slash his fucking throat.

MATO-SA

He ain't giving us no trouble.

CETAN
 (screams)
DO IT!

Mato-sa steps toward Myers. Frankie turns to Cetan.

FRANKIE LACROIX
 (hesitant)
 Cetan, I'm thinking ...

CETAN
 Don't think! And keep your pie hole
 shut, you fuckin' pansy.

Mato-sa is an arm's-length from Myers.

MATO-SA
Hey! Wake up!

Myers does not move. Mato-sa grabs Myers' right arm. Myers' hand, holding a .45 caliber, semi-automatic pistol, flashes out of his jacket and slams into Mato-sa's face; Mato-sa falls backward to the floor with shiv in hand.

The pistol continues its arc until it is leveled at Cetan. Myers fires.

Cetan's eyes widen in disbelief as the bullet drives into his chest; his eyes go blank as he drops to the floor, dead.

Dorion, Mildred, Madeleine, and Golden spin around in time to watch Cetan drop.

Myers points the pistol at Frankie, who pushes his palms forward and pisses his pants. Frankie glances at the spreading wet on his pants and then at Myers.

FRANKIE LACROIX
 (near tears)
 Please don't shoot me!

Mato-sa begins crabbing backward. Myers aims the pistol between Mato-sa's eyes and slowly shakes his head; Myers' expression conveys the high probability he will shoot. Mato-sa stops.

Myers gestures with the gun; Mato-sa interprets the gesture by sliding the shiv several feet across the floor.

Dorion et al stare open-mouthed at Myers as he keeps the pistol pointed at Mato-sa and steps to where Cetan's revolver lies next to his body. Myers kicks the revolver toward Dorion.

KARL MYERS
 Pick it up.

Dorion steps toward the revolver.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
With a handkerchief. No fingerprints.

Dorion pulls a handkerchief from his left back pocket with his left hand and uses it to pick up and hold the revolver. Myers points his pistol toward Mato-sa and Frankie.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
(to Dorion)
Cover those two.

Dorion complies. Myers nods at Mildred.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
You. Pick up the knife.

MILDRED O'LEARY
With a hankie?

KARL MYERS
Right.

Mildred extracts a handkerchief from a clutch and complies.

Myers nods at Golden.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
You need to call ...

JOE GOLDEN
The sheriff.

KARL MYERS
Right.

Golden goes to a phone on the wall and dials the operator as Myers turns back to Frankie and Mato-sa.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
(firmly to Frankie)
You ... on the floor, face down.

Frankie complies.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
Both of you, face down, arms spread.
Do it!

Frankie and Mato-sa comply.

Golden hangs up the phone and turns to Myers.

JOE GOLDEN

They're on their way.

SOUND of FERMAMOUNT SIREN ENDS.

Silence pervades the saloon.

Myers watches Dorion kneel next to Mato-sa; Dorion places the muzzle of the revolver against Mato-sa's head.

CLAYTON DORION

(sotto voce)

Remember me? These others aren't here,
I wouldn't miss this time, you
bastard.

KARL MYERS

(frowning, to Dorion)

Hey!

SOUND of approaching patrol car SIRENS.

Dorion turns to Myers. Myers gestures with his pistol to back off. Dorion gredgingly complies and stands.

In seconds, flashing red light fills the saloon. Dorion, Golden, Mildred and Madeleine all direct their attention to the front windows.

The SOUND of SIRENS END.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY and THREE DEPUTIES burst through the front door with guns drawn. Montgomery nods at Swenson's body.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(to Deputy One)

Check him.

DEPUTY ONE checks Swenson's carotid pulse, looks at Montgomery, shakes his head and stands.

Montgomery looks at Dorion holding the revolver and nods toward Cetan's body.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

You do that?

Dorion jerks his thumb toward the back of the saloon.

CLAYTON DORION

It was him.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Who?

Everyone standing looks toward the back of the saloon, which is empty.

INT - PLAINSMAN SALOON - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Sheriff Montgomery, Dorion, Golden, Madeleine and Mildred are seated around one of the poker tables in the front of the saloon. Mato-sa's shiv and Cetan's revolver lie on the table in front of Montgomery.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY
(somewhat incredulous)
None of you saw what happened?

JOE GOLDEN
We was all looking out the front windows, Sheriff.

MILDRED O'LEARY
All I heard was the dead one, the one with the gun, yelling at one of the others to wake him up.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY
Wake who up?

CLAYTON DORION
The guy who ain't here. Looked to me like he was passed out at the far end of the bar.

JOE GOLDEN
Right, excepting, obviously, he weren't.

MILDRED O'LEARY
And then there was a commotion.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY
A commotion.

MILDRED O'LEARY
You know, a scuffle, some kind of smack or something.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY
Like a fist against a face?

JOE GOLDEN
I'm thinking it was the pistol hitting the Indian's face.

CLAYTON DORION
And then came the shot.

Deputy One enters the room through the back door. All eyes turn to him.

DEPUTY

No sign of him, Sheriff. It's like he
up and evaporated.

The deputy steps next to the Sheriff. Montgomery looks at Golden, Dorion, Madeleine, and Mildred in turn and then looks back at Golden.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

So who was this guy?

All eyes focus on Golden.

JOE GOLDEN

Don't know why you're all looking at
me. Never saw the man before in my
life. Told me he was just passing
through.

Montgomery looks around the table and nods at the weapons.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

He the one who told you to pick them
up with handkerchiefs?

The group nods in affirmation.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

(to Golden)

You know which way he was headed?

JOE GOLDEN

He said he ain't never been this far
west afore, so I'm guessing he was
headed west from here.

Montgomery ponders the response for a beat and then pulls a small spiral pad and pen from his breast pocket.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(to Golden)

Can you give me a description?

JOE GOLDEN

Oh hell, I don't know. About average
height, maybe blue eyes.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Maybe?

Montgomery looks at the others.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)
Anybody actually get a good look at
the guy who probably saved your lives?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

(shy)
Well, he was about five-eleven. My
brother's six feet, and he wasn't
quite as tall as Steven, so I'd say
five-eleven.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(slight skepticism)
Five-eleven, you say.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Uh huh, and he probably weighed about,
oh, I don't know, probably between one-
eighty-five and one-ninety-five. He
looked like he might do some
exercisin'.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(slight scoff)
What makes you say that?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Well, I'm thinkin' he may be forty-
five or so, could a been younger. The
gray hair might be, you know,
premature, and he hadn't shaved for a
couple of days, but for a man that age
to not have any kind of a paunch, and
to be standin' that erect, tells me he
probably does push-ups, sit-ups; you
know, exercises.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Do I? Anything else?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

(warming to the task)
He was wearin' an old bomber jacket,
you know, the kind some of you guys
wear when it starts getting cold,
overtop a white T-shirt and blue jeans
like you'd see around here.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

You saw all that?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

I did Sheriff, but I'll tell you, them shoes he was wearin' says he weren't from around here.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(amazed)

Really?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Well, you know, if'n he was from around here he'd a been wearin' boots of some kind or other, you know, like all you guys wear, but his shoes were spit-shined, black lace-ups.

JOE GOLDEN

He did say something about the War.

Montgomery leans back in his chair and ponders for a beat and then looks at the folks around the table.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Okay, maybe, no, probably, a veteran passin' through on his way west.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Maybe a lawman on vacation. Might be why he told us to use them hankies.

MILDRED O'LEARY

Just like in the movies.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(slight scoff)

Or maybe a lawman on vacation. Anything else?

Madeleine quickly scans the faces around the table and then casts her eyes down.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Well, there was his eyes.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

His eyes?

Madeleine glances at Golden and then looks at Montgomery.

MADELEINE JOHNSON

They was blue all right, ice-blue, but they was sad eyes, lonely eyes.

Montgomery leans back in his chair and casts an inquisitive but friendly look at Madeleine.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Young lady, what's your name?

MADELEINE JOHNSON

Madeleine Johnson, Sheriff.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

There's never been one afore, but I'm wondering if you ever considered being a Deputy Sheriff?

Madeleine appears startled; the others at the table smile.

END OF EPISODE 5

AFLOAT

Episode 6: "The Father and the Son"

FADE IN:

EXT - U.S. 2 WEST OF WILLISTON - EVENING, OCTOBER 1955

KAEL MYERS stands a few feet away from the graveled shoulder of the two-lane highway and gazes at the undulating curtains of the Northern Lights. His 1952, Glenmist green, four-door Ford Customline sedan is parked to his left.

Myers' expression conveys sadness and loneliness.

SOUND of an approaching, east-bound SEMI.

Myers glances at the headlights a half-mile off and then returns his gaze to the aurora borealis.

SOUND of TRUCK DOWNSHIFTING.

Myers turns and waits; the semi pulls to the shoulder. Myers steps toward the cab as it stops. The DRIVER'S face appears in the open passenger-side window. Their voices are raised above the SOUND of the RUNNING DIESEL ENGINE.

TRUCK DRIVER

You need a hand, buddy?

KARL MYERS

I'm good. Sorry you had to stop.

TRUCK DRIVER

Not a problem. Saw your car and couldn't take the chance on leaving somebody out here.

Myers jerks his head toward the aurora borealis.

KARL MYERS

Just stopped to enjoy the show.

The truck driver looks at the sky for a beat.

TRUCK DRIVER

She is something, ain't she?

(beat)

Well, I'll let you get on with it.

KARL MYERS

Thanks for stoppin'.

The truck driver gives Myers a thumbs up, returns to his task, and drives the truck down the highway.

Diminishing SOUND of SHIFTING GEARS of an ACCELERATING SEMI.

Myers leaves the shoulder and turns back toward the aurora borealis. The expression he had directed toward the truck driver morphs into an expression even more forlorn than that before the semi arrived.

He looks nearly straight up at a sky filled with stars for a beat, and then closes his eyes. He reaches inside his jacket and extracts his pistol from its shoulder holster; he stares at the gun.

Increasing SOUND of WHINING TIRES from an approaching, westbound vehicle. Myers looks in the direction of the sound.

SOUND of DOWNSHIFTING; SOUND of WHINING tires diminishes.

Myers replaces the revolver in the holster and turns toward the headlights of a dented and dirty, Oxford Maroon, 1948 Chevy pickup, which stops on the shoulder two car-lengths from Myers' right.

The pickup's headlights shine, and its engine remains on.

REGINALD "REGGIE" RHODES is barely visible in the glow of the pickup's dashboard lights. Rhodes is a fifty-year-old, African-American man with a robust beard containing patches of gray.

Rhodes slowly gets out of the pickup and looks overtop of the truck's roof. He is six-foot-four; his great bulk fills out his jacket in a way that suggests muscle, not fat.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(guarded)

Can I help you?

Rhodes' voice is gentler, more refined, and higher pitched than might be expected from such a large man.

REGINALD RHODES

Man, I was going to ask you the same thing.

KARL MYERS

(at ease)

I'm okay. Just taking a break.

Rhodes walks to the front of the pickup, pauses, slips his hands into the pockets of his Levi's and stares at the aurora borealis.

REGINALD RHODES

Don't think I'll ever get tired of seeing that.

KARL MYERS

You live around here?

REGINALD RHODES

Not permanent. You?

KARL MYERS

Just passing through.

Myers nods toward the aurora borealis.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

First time for me.

REGINALD RHODES

Where you headed, man?

Rhodes steps to within a few feet of Myers and glances at him before looking at the sky show. It is sufficiently dark to make visual recognition of either man a challenge, but Myers stares searchingly at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

Washington. Olympic Peninsula, actually.

REGINALD RHODES

No man, I mean tonight. Got a lot of empty miles ahead of you on this road, and it's going to get cold tonight. I hear early snows aren't uncommon on the northern prairie.

KARL MYERS

Actually, I was planning on staying in Williston, but I had a change of plans.

Rhodes turns toward Myers. Each man appears to be concentrating on the other's face.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

You look like you're headed down those empty miles.

REGINALD RHODES

Well man, it's like this: about two miles up the road there's a man camp where us colored roustabouts live.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
More friendly out here than closer to
a town filled with a bunch of Indians
and -- no offense, man -- a bunch of
crackers who don't quite know what to
make of us.

Rhodes glances at Myers.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
Got us an extra bunk if you don't mind
bunking with colored folks.

KARL MYERS
That, my friend, would be much
appreciated.

Something about the response appears to strike Rhodes. He cocks
his head and leans toward Myers.

REGINALD RHODES
Man, do I *know* you?

KARL MYERS
I'm thinking I know *you*, but that
can't be possible.

Rhodes steps back and slams his hand over his heart; his
expression conveys astonishment.

REGINALD RHODES
(emotional)
Jesus H. Christ! You're First Sergeant
Myers.

KARL MYERS
My God! Reggie?

The two men grasp hands, pull their chests together, then
separate, stare at each other in disbelief, and continue to
clasp each other's hands. Then they laugh out loud.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

The 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, 1955 to PRESENT:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie
- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule with 79-year-old Bill 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, star-filled skies

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - MAN CAMP BARRACKS - NEXT MORNING

Myers sits alone at a long table made of broad planks laid across saw horses; he scrapes scrambled eggs from a tin plate with a fork. The table is one of three in the low-ceilinged, ramshackle but clean, mess hall.

Myers is the only white man among the eleven black ROUSTABOUTS quietly finishing their breakfasts at the other two tables. The roustabouts are dressed for a workday on the oil fields near Williston.

ROUSTABOUT ONE

Time we got us a move on.

ROUSTABOUT TWO

(sarcastic)

Come on, Massa, just one more pancake?

The roustabouts laugh, stand, bus their tin plates, dinnerware, and coffee mugs into a tub on a counter along a side wall. As they leave the mess hall in good spirits, a few nod and smile at Myers, who nods in return.

As the last roustabout leaves, Rhodes enters the mess hall.

REGINALD RHODES

(cheerful)

Good *morning*, First Sergeant!

Rhodes fills two mugs with coffee from an urn on the counter.

KARL MYERS

We're not in the Marines anymore, my friend.

Rhodes slides a mug in front of Myers, places the second on the other side of the table.

REGINALD RHODES

Old habits die hard, First Sergeant.

Rhodes sits opposite Myers.

KARL MYERS

That might be, Gunney, but the last thing I want is for these guys to see you deferring to me. I outranked you once, but you and I both know which of us was the better Marine.

Rhodes flashes a shy smile, looks uncomfortable for a beat, then lifts his mug to Myers.

REGINALD RHODES

We can argue that one later, but if you insist on my calling you Karl, I hope you don't mind if I accidentally backslide from time to time.

KARL MYERS

You've never backslid in your life.

Rhodes chuckles and then waves his mug across the room.

REGINALD RHODES

This remind you of anyplace?

Rhodes drinks from the mug.

KARL MYERS

(sly smile)

Except for that beard of yours, it's Montford Point, and I'm outnumbered again, thirty to one.

Rhodes guffaws.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

And as organized and clean as this place is, I'm thinking you're not the only Marine here.

REGINALD RHODES

You'd be right. There's a half-dozen of us here, including Baxter Washington.

KARL MYERS

He was in my first platoon at Montford. Skinny guy, right?

REGINALD RHODES

Still has to run around in the shower to get wet.

Rhodes and Myers both laugh.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

He's half dying to see you after all these years, but he had to leave early for the rigs.

KARL MYERS

Skinny, but I remember him being strong as hell.

REGINALD RHODES

Still is and as good a Marine as there ever was. He gets a clean-up detail going every now and again, which is why this place doesn't look half-bad.

Both men drink from their mugs; their expressions are thoughtful. Rhodes looks at Myers.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(teasing)

Your face doesn't look half-bad for an old man.

Myers smiles a slight smile, takes a slug of coffee, and then looks down.

REGINALD RHODES

But I see something half-bad in those
baby-blues of yours too.

Myers turns his gaze back to Rhodes; there is a strong
suggestion of sadness in Myers' eyes.

KARL MYERS

(near whisper; forlorn)
I don't know what I'm *doing* here.

REGINALD RHODES

Right here, sitting at this table with
a man who owes you his life for what
you drilled into his delusional,
college-educated but clueless mind in
a Carolina backwater ...

Myers appears ready to interrupt but Rhodes holds up his
massive right hand.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Let me finish.

Rhodes gestures with a broad sweep of the mess hall.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Or is "here" the middle of this vast,
grassy, God-forsaken no-man's land?

Myers' eyes drill into Rhodes' eyes.

KARL MYERS

(rhetorical resignation)
What do you think?

Rhodes sits back, looks at Myers, tugs his beard for a beat,
and then leans forward.

REGINALD RHODES

I think you look lost, man. Dead lost,
with no map, no compass, and no idea
where in the Sam Hill you're going.

Myers looks away. Rhodes reaches across the table and touches
Myers' arm; Myers looks back at Rhodes.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

What the hell's in Washington, Karl?
You're an eastern, Yankee boy, through
and through.

Myers stands and takes their mugs to the coffee urn. Rhodes
turns toward him.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Why are you running as far away as you can get from what you know? 'Cause that's what I think you're doin', runnin' away from something.

Myers fills the mugs with coffee.

KARL MYERS

I guess I am, in a way, but that's not it.

Rhodes watches Myers return to the table with the mugs.

REGINALD RHODES

You're gonna make me solve a riddle?

Myers puts the mugs on the table and sits.

KARL MYERS

I'm running to someone.

REGINALD RHODES

Come on, man. Spit it out.

Myers looks away for a beat and then looks into the mug.

KARL MYERS

I'm going to find Laura.

REGINALD RHODES

(clearly surprised)

That mean you two have things worked out?

Myers looks into Rhodes eyes for a beat, and then looks down at his mug. Rhodes leans back and gives out a low whistle.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Maybe *not*.

Myers drinks from his mug, glances at Rhodes for a beat, then puts the mug down and stares at it.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Man, she don't even know you're coming, does she?

KARL MYERS

I don't even know if she's still there.

REGINALD RHODES
 (somewhat incredulous)
 Where is there?

CUE BALL, a short, very round, completely bald, middle-aged African-American man appears in the doorway to the mess.

CUE BALL
 Reggie, you got a minute?

REGINALD RHODES
 Brother, can't you see I'm getting deep into something here?

CUE BALL
 I can see it, but this is important. Just need a second.

REGINALD RHODES
 (to Myers)
 I'll be right back.

Cue Ball backs up as Rhodes approaches and fills the doorway.

SOUND of INDECIPHERABLE TALKING between Cue Ball and Rhodes.

Myers drinks his coffee.

Rhodes returns to the table and sits. He looks at Myers for a beat.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
 You told me you didn't stay in Williston because you had a "change in plans." Is there something more you might've told me about that?

Myers looks into his mug and does not respond.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
 (raised eyebrow)
 Uh *huh*.
 (beat)
 Seems like they had a riot at Fermamont yesterday. We heard the sirens out at the rigs. Apparently, a guard got stabbed to death and some inmates escaped. Anything ringing a bell?

Myers looks up, takes a slug of coffee, and does not respond.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
 Okay, go ahead, play it that way.

Rhodes sips his coffee and stares at Myers.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

But this is what Cue Ball just told me. Seems like there's this mysterious white guy in a saloon that up and shoots one of the escapees -- kills him -- and has the others under control by the time the sheriff arrives. Saved the asses of everybody in the saloon, but here's the thing: the guy disappears. You know anything about that?

Myers stares knowingly at Rhodes, who chuckles quietly.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Man, you are something else, you know that? The sheriff wants to talk to this mysterious cracker, probably just to say "thanks," but maybe there's something else, something about that gun he used. Now here's the thing, one or more of these boys is going to say something about a white man staying at this colored man-camp, which'll give the sheriff a reason to come out here where he might take issue with some moonshine and gambling and the occasional whore.

KARL MYERS

Which means?

REGINALD RHODES

It might give him reasons to think about shuttin' this place down.

KARL MYERS

(sighs)

I guess the best thing would be for me to head back to Williston and clear things up.

Rhodes stands up, picks up the mugs, and walks toward a tub overflowing with dirty dishes.

REGINALD RHODES

(over his shoulder)

Best thing you can do is head the opposite direction, like right now.

Rhodes places the mugs into the tub and turns to Myers.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
 Big country out there, Karl. Not many roads, but there aren't many cops either. We could be long gone before anyone started looking.

Myers stands with plate and fork in hand.

KARL MYERS
 We?

Myers walks toward the tub.

REGINALD RHODES
 First Sergeant, our paths have crossed three times, and as far as I'm concerned, three's the charm. If anybody understands semper fidelis, it's you and me, so why don't you and me head on down the road. Washington's as good a state as any other.

Myers places the plate et al in the tub.

KARL MYERS
 What about your truck?

REGINALD RHODES
 That piece of crap? There's only a handful of guys here right now, but I guarantee one of them'll give me fifty bucks for it.

KARL MYERS
 You're certain about this?

REGINALD RHODES
 The truck?

KARL MYERS
 Coming with me.

REGINALD RHODES
 Dead certain. Never been more certain about anything in my life.

INT - FERMAMOUNT FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - MID MORNING

MARILYN BAGGETT, carrying a short stack of crammed manila folders in the way of schoolgirls, walks briskly down a sterile-looking, institutional hallway in the administrative wing.

Baggett is fifty and Rubenesque. Sharp raps of her high heels on terrazzo flooring echo as she sashays down the hallway.

She wears a single strand of faux pearls, matching earrings, a white blouse, blue skirt, and nylons; her face is heavily made up. Her blond hair is by Clairol; the waves in it are from a Toni home perm.

CLAYTON DORION, wearing a dark-green, prison guard uniform and duty hat, emerges from a side hallway.

When Baggett sees him her lips form a pert smile, she walks more erect, and she reflexly pats the back of her bouffant hairdo with her free hand.

As Dorion nears her, he raises an eyebrow in arrogant nonchalance.

CLAYTON DORION
(in greeting)
Miss Baggett.

Dorion walks by Baggett, whose expression is one of instant disbelief. She stops and looks at him.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(angry whisper)
Clayton Dorion!

Dorion stops and turns toward Baggett.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)
(with attitude)
All I get is "Miss Baggett?"

Dorion looks guiltily up and down the hall.

CLAYTON DORION
(lubricious)
I've got a lot more than *that* for you,
woman, just not here in the hallway.

Baggett giggles, pats her bouffant, and steps toward Dorion.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(tittering)
Clayton, you are positively
scandalous.

CLAYTON DORION
(lubricious)
Come over tonight and I'll be
positively whatever you want.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(nearly overcome)
Oh *my*!

Baggett pats her bouffant and directs a pouty smile at Dorion.

CLAYTON DORION

I've got to get a move on so ...

Dorion turns; Baggett grabs his sleeve and looks up and down the hall.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(conspiratorial)

Wait. You know all about yesterday?

CLAYTON DORION

I know I got a lot of shit about calling in sick, but if it wasn't for your heads-up, I could've been the one who got stabbed.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Isn't it just awful about Officer Burdett?

CLAYTON DORION

That Mato-whatever bastard had a shiv when we captured him. I know he did it.

MARILYN BAGGETT

I'm so proud of you. I'd think your capturing him made up for your calling out.

CLAYTON DORION

(slightly uncomfortable)

Maybe. And maybe this time he's going to swing.

MARILYN BAGGETT

I should hope so.

CLAYTON DORION

You know, I'd sure love to see his file.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(aghast)

I can't do that.

CLAYTON DORION

Of course you can. You've got it right there.

Dorion taps the bottom folder.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Clayton, I could lose my job if the warden found out.

CLAYTON DORION

Just bring it over tonight.

Dorion looks up and down the hall and leans toward Baggett's ear.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I'll do that thing you really like.

Dorion puts his cupped hand on Baggett's crotch; she jerks away.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(shocked but delighted)

Clayton!

Baggett looks up and down the hallway, pats her bouffant, and directs her version of a sultry glare at Dorion.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

All right, but this file has to be back first thing tomorrow morning.

CLAYTON DORION

(arch smile)

We can look at it together. Naked.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(shocked but delighted)

Clayton Dorion, you are absolutely the *worst!*

CLAYTON DORION

(libidinous smile)

That's why you adore me.

Baggett rolls her eyes and her smile tightens; she turns and walks briskly away from Dorion. The CLACK-CLACK SOUND of her HEELS on the terrazzo echoes down the hall.

Dorion smirks as he watches her walk away.

I/E - MYERS' FORD/U.S. ROUTE 2, MONTANA - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes is at the wheel of Myers' Ford, which travels at high speed west on the two lane. There is no traffic approaching or following for miles.

Rhodes glances at Myers, who stares straight ahead.

REGINALD RHODES

So, let me see if I understand this.
You had no idea this kid, this twelve-
year-old boy, killed his buddy?

KARL MYERS

No idea.

REGINALD RHODES

And you managed to sleep with this
kid's mother before you figured it
out?

KARL MYERS

One night.

Rhodes glances at Myers, who stares straight ahead.

REGINALD RHODES

And her kid gets killed?

KARL MYERS

The very next night.

Rhodes whistles a long, low whistle. Both men stare at the
highway for a few seconds.

REGINALD RHODES

You know, Karl, one night or thirty
don't make much difference. So you are
runnin' then, from that woman and not
from the other stuff.

Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

I'm not proud of any of it.

REGINALD RHODES

Didn't say you were.

Myers looks at the highway; Rhodes glances at him.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

So you're thinking, I'm going to go
find Laura. She'll save me.

Myers looks out the side window; Rhodes glances at him.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Man, didn't we spend hours talking
about her in Korea?

KARL MYERS

We did.

REGINALD RHODES

You told me she left because she thought you were responsible for your little girl getting hit by the taxi. You said Laura hated you, man.

Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

She did.

Rhodes glances at Myers. They make eye contact. Rhodes looks back at the highway.

REGINALD RHODES

What makes you think she doesn't hate you now?

Myers looks out the side window without response.

Rhodes glances at Myers, directs a sympathetic shake of his head toward his friend, and returns his eyes to the road.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Why do I feel like this is the last time we'll be talking about Dorothy for a while?

Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

Prescience.

The road is becoming more elevated as it nears the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Montana; the men stare at the scenery for a while.

REGINALD RHODES

You know what my daddy told me when I started talking about coming out here to the oil fields?

Rhodes and Myers glance at each other.

KARL MYERS

I don't, my friend.

REGINALD RHODES

He said, "Son, after serving in two wars and with a college degree in hand, I don't think you've learned that no matter where you go, there you are."

KARL MYERS

Your daddy is a wise man.

REGINALD RHODES

Was a wise man. He passed two weeks before I left to come out here.

KARL MYERS

Sorry to hear that.

REGINALD RHODES

Thanks. Daddy was a special man.

Some seconds pass as they stare at the scenery.

Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

If I remember right, he was a teacher.

REGINALD RHODES

He was. Wanted me to be one too.

Myers looks at the approaching mountains.

KARL MYERS

It's why he sent you to college.

REGINALD RHODES

That's right, but I knew from the get-go that I didn't want to be a teacher.

KARL MYERS

You what, wanted to be a roustabout instead?

Rhodes guffaws, looks at Myers and laughs again.

REGINALD RHODES

You know, the day I was discharged I started talking to another Marine while the two of us were waitin' for a bus outside Pendleton. He told me he was headed home to North Dakota because he had a job as a roustabout. I didn't have a clue what roustabout meant until he told me.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(serious cynicism)

Of course, even though Daddy was a teacher, I didn't really have a clue about what it meant to be that either. And a lot of good that sheepskin's done me.

Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

Helped you be picked one of the first colored men to become a Marine in the big war.

REGINALD RHODES

Might've helped me get in, but it was damned useless once I *got* in and even *more* useless once I got out. I'll be *damned* if I can find a door that degree will open.

The men stare at the highway; the Ford climbs a grade.

Seconds pass. Rhodes chuckles. Myers looks at him.

KARL MYERS

What?

Rhodes smiles at Myers.

REGINALD RHODES

Man, you're the only damned Marine I ever met who would know a word like prescience and then use it right.

Myers smiles in return.

KARL MYERS

And you're the only Marine I ever met, noncom or officer, who would understand what I meant when I said it.

Both men laugh; the Ford continues to climb.

INT - CLAYTON DORION'S HOUSE, WILLISTON - EARLY EVENING

Dorion and Baggett sit opposite each other at a very small kitchen table. They are naked except for bifocals worn by each, Baggett's high heels, her string of faux pearls and matching earrings, and Dorion's white socks and wristwatch.

The contents of Mato-sa's file are divided into two piles on the table, one in front of each inquisitor. They lean forward as they refer to files and argue. From time to time, one or the other will raise a page to punctuate a point.

CLAYTON DORION

Look at this. His name's actually Richard Clemont. This is goddamned America, and I'm sick of these Indians pretending it ain't. Mato-sa. Red Bear. What bullshit.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(challenging)
Isn't your last name a French name?

CLAYTON DORION

It's the name on my *birth* certificate. I didn't change it to *Pepé Le Pew!*

MARILYN BAGGETT

(laughs)
Sometimes you are so silly.

CLAYTON DORION

(incensed)
And look at this. He's got a half-brother in Leavenworth for kidnapping and raping a fourteen-year-old girl.

MARILYN BAGGETT

You're getting yourself all worked up.

CLAYTON DORION

You're damned right I am. Who *are* these people?

MARILYN BAGGETT

(authoritative)
Well, it says here that his father was a Hunkpapa and his mother was Assiniboine.

CLAYTON DORION

I don't care if his grandpa was *Sitting Bull!* He's carrying bad blood and it needs to be wiped out.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(a tad scandalized)
Clayton, that's a bit much, don't you think?

CLAYTON DORION

No! I *don't* think it's a bit much.

MARILYN BAGGETT

But Clayton, it says here that when he was ten, his mother abandoned him. The poor little fella was raised by all sorts of folks, foster parents, distant relatives. Never lasted long with any of them. All these lawyers and judges and social workers say he was a victim of his childhood.

Dorion sits back and stares at Baggett for a beat.

CLAYTON DORION

Victim? I was an orphan from birth, raised in the middle of freeze-your-balls-off Montana. My step-father was the meanest son-of-a-bitch that ever lived, and there was no getting away from him because our soddy was miles and miles from anywhere.

Dorion picks up a lit cigar from an ashtray, takes a drag, and exhales; he uses the cigar to punctuate his points.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

Hell, he used to get drunk and make us watch him rape my stepmom while she screamed for bloody mercy. Even the girls had to watch or he'd do it to them, and you don't see me using that for an excuse for anything do you?

Baggett looks at Dorion open-mouthed and does not reply. Dorion leans in.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

This bastard ain't no victim. He's a conniving son-of-a-bitch. And look at this.

Dorion sorts through pages until he finds the one he wants, slides it in front of Baggett, and points to a sentence.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

Read it. Go ahead. Read it out loud.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(reads)

"The social worker determined that Richard was overtly pleasant and compliant but covertly incorrigible."

CLAYTON DORION

Exactly. "Covertly incorrigible." I ain't no scholar but that's just social worker talk for a conniving son-of-a-bitch.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Well, *maybe*.

CLAYTON DORION

'Maybe,' my ass. He got out of his first murder charge by turning state's evidence against two buddies who ended up gettin' hung because of it.

MARILYN BAGGETT

The jury must've seen *something* in him. They apparently *believed* him.

CLAYTON DORION

Damn them! They was blinded by his "overtly pleasant and compliant" bullshit! *Goddamn* him!

MARILYN BAGGETT

You're getting awfully worked up, Sweetie. I'm going to get you a beer.

Baggett gets up and waddles to the refrigerator; SOUND of her high heels CLICKING on the linoleum. Dorion glances at her before returning his attention to the pages in front of him.

CLAYTON DORION

(raises voice slightly)
And this is my *favorite*. He gets furloughed -- *furloughed!* -- to attend some Indian ceremony.

Baggett takes a beer from the refrigerator and pops the top with a "church key."

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

And then he *escapes!* For three goddamned *years*, which was when he got his hands on my Viola.

Baggett waddles back to the table, places the beer in front of Dorion, and sits demurely in the chair opposite him.

MARILYN BAGGETT

It just seems to me you're letting this get too personal.

CLAYTON DORION

Too *personal*? It can't get *more* personal. At least *this* time, I know he's going to swing. Ain't no judge alive would let a man get away with killing a prison guard, no matter how bad he had it growing up.

Baggett reaches across the table and places her hand on top of his.

MARILYN BAGGETT

The thought of that should make you feel better, Sweetie.

Dorion downs half of the bottle of beer and smacks it down on the table.

CLAYTON DORION

It *does* make me feel better.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(uber-coy)

I can think of something *else* that'll make you feel better, big boy.

Baggett stares into Dorion's eyes, raises an eyebrow, kicks off a high heel shoe from her left foot, and stretches her left leg until her foot is buried deep between Dorion's thighs.

Dorion stares back and smiles a salacious smile.

I/E - MYERS' FORD/U.S. RTE 2 IN IDAHO - CONTINUOUS

The sun has just set behind Katka Peak in Idaho.

Myers drives the Ford; Rhodes softly snores on the passenger side. Myers glances at his friend, smiles, and returns his eyes to the road. He glances at the sunset slightly to his left.

Rhodes snorts, shakes himself, yawns and opens his eyes. He stretches his massive arms.

KARL MYERS

Good snooze?

REGINALD RHODES

The sleep of the blessed. How's the drive been?

KARL MYERS

Uneventful. Sun's almost down.

Rhodes looks out the front and left side windows.

REGINALD RHODES

So I see. Beautiful country. Can't imagine ever going back east.

KARL MYERS

I'm beginning to feel like a convert myself.

REGINALD RHODES

Some guys hate the isolation.

KARL MYERS

After what I've gone through over the past few months, it's a welcome change.

REGINALD RHODES

I hear you. Wanna switch up?

KARL MYERS

There's a town not far up the road. I'm thinking it'll be about time to get a cup of coffee.

REGINALD RHODES

If anything's open.

KARL MYERS

Fingers crossed.

Rhodes smiles and looks at the scenery. The men are silent for some seconds.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

So did you ever truly figure out what your daddy meant?

REGINALD RHODES

Say what?

KARL MYERS

No matter where you go, there you are?

REGINALD RHODES

(chuckles)

Sure as hell didn't register at the time, but eventually it did.

When Rhodes doesn't continue, Myers glances at him.

KARL MYERS

Well?

Rhodes glances at Myers and then stares through the windshield for a beat.

REGINALD RHODES

About a month after I get out here, I figure I'm learning the ropes, making pretty good money for a colored man with no place to spend it except on moonshine some Kentucky boys brew, or on some bullshit poker with sharks lucky to keep their skin. And of course, there're the women who come to the man camp to spread joy and the clap.

KARL MYERS

In other words, most of the money you and your buddies earn is gone in a heartbeat.

REGINALD RHODES

Maybe theirs, but not mine, First Sergeant, no.

KARL MYERS

Your service pay went right home if I recall.

REGINALD RHODES

You would be correct.

KARL MYERS

And you're still sending it home?

REGINALD RHODES

Nobody to send it to. Daddy's gone and my mother passed almost two years ago.

KARL MYERS

What about your brother?

REGINALD RHODES

I don't know where he is. I got no woman in my life, not even my sister because she's married to a preacher who doesn't think a whole lot of me.

KARL MYERS

So, Gunney, where's all this money you've earned?

REGINALD RHODES

Got a nice roll in my pocket, but most of it is in a Williston Bank.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Williston folks may not be comfortable around a big ol' colored man, but they're sure comfortable being around cash earned righteously, no matter the color of a man's skin.

KARL MYERS

All this is interesting, but you still haven't answered my question about what your father meant.

Rhodes turns his body toward Myers.

REGINALD RHODES

Now hold on, First Sergeant. You're the one getting me off track.

KARL MYERS

(smiles)

You're right, Gunney, my friend; you're right.

Rhodes smiles and sits back against the seat.

REGINALD RHODES

So, I'm working the rigs for about a month and decide to try a little exploring. I gave a guy a five-spot to let me use his jeep, and I end up about ninety miles deep into the Badlands on top of a place I found out later is called Bullion Butte.

KARL MYERS

Bullion Butte.

REGINALD RHODES

That's right. Not a soul for as far as the eye can see. Spent a cold night in a bed roll, woke up before sunrise, and made myself some coffee with a little alcohol burner I bought in town. Never felt so damned alone in my life.

KARL MYERS

I can imagine.

REGINALD RHODES

When the sun came up, I could see down the north slope of the butte, and scattered among the rocks and boulders were hundreds, thousands maybe, of scrubby pines of some kind, and I start thinking to myself, here are these trees, not much more than bushes, living large in a place I couldn't survive more than two or three days without somebody bringing me water.

Rhodes stares out the windshield for a beat; Myers glances at him.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Now you know I'm not a religious man, and I'm not saying I found religion that morning, but I found something. I'd just turned fifty, and for the first time in my life, I felt totally insignificant.

KARL MYERS

You're saying that like it was a *good* thing.

REGINALD RHODES

It was. I felt liberated, free from all the horseshit of humanity because I felt no more significant than one of those bushes. Are you with me?

KARL MYERS

Don't know where this is going, but so far, I'm with you.

REGINALD RHODES

It was at that moment I felt like I was a part of all of it.

KARL MYERS

It?

REGINALD RHODES

Everything. And I mean everything. Everything I could see stretching out for miles and beyond that, maybe to the stars. My body felt electric ... Ah hell, I can't explain it.

Myers chuckles; Rhodes looks at him.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

What?

KARL MYERS

(smiles, keeps eyes on road)
Larry Darrell.

Rhodes throws his head back and guffaws.

REGINALD RHODES

(slight disbelief)
You know The Razor's Edge?

KARL MYERS

It's one of five books I brought with me. It's in the trunk.

REGINALD RHODES

You see the movie? That's what I was thinking about up on the butte, when Tyrone Power was on the mountain.

KARL MYERS

The "sense of peace, joy and assurance that possessed me in that moment of rapture abides with me still."

REGINALD RHODES

(laughs with surprise)
Damn! That's *it*!

Both men look through the windshield. Slowly, their smiling expressions turn serious, their eyes look beyond what they see.

KARL MYERS

We've gotten into some pretty profound things over the years, my friend; at least for a couple of old Marines.

REGINALD RHODES

Like being scared shitless that our boys might never get off that Korean mountain.

KARL MYERS

A lot never did.

REGINALD RHODES

Bunch of old white men, sitting safe as an old lady's cat, sending boys to die for no apparent reason.

KARL MYERS

But we made it and here we are, my friend, in the middle of the American wilderness, and your daddy's telling us, no matter *where* we are, we're still *who* we are.

REGINALD RHODES

That's right.

KARL MYERS

We don't have to be in some place special to figure out what life has in store for us.

REGINALD RHODES

Truth is, I don't think we should even worry about it.

Myers and Rhodes exchange glances.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Those junipers, or whatever they were out on Bullion Butte, don't worry about what life has in store for them.

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)
They're just *trees*, my friend.

REGINALD RHODES

They're not "just trees." They're remarkable living things, made out of stardust, part of the universe, just like you and me. They're no more or less important than you or me. And they don't worry about the future.

KARL MYERS

Not sure they have the capacity to worry.

REGINALD RHODES

I know you know I'm speaking figuratively.

KARL MYERS

(chuckles)
I do, professor.

REGINALD RHODES

(laughs)

My point is, we don't have to worry about the future; all we have to do is just live. I got something here ...

With an appreciable effort due to his bulk, Rhodes turns around, extracts a small, well-worn leather journal from a duffel on the back seat, and then turns back around and sits.

Myers glances at Rhodes and smiles before looking back at the road.

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)

That was easy.

Rhodes laughs and flips through pages of the journal.

REGINALD RHODES

Here it is: "carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero."

KARL MYERS

Don't know Latin, my friend.

REGINALD RHODES

(chuckles)

I wrote it down in college.

KARL MYERS

Ancient history.

REGINALD RHODES

In more ways than one. A professor translated it for me; means pluck the day, trust as little as possible in the next day.

KARL MYERS

Pluck?

REGINALD RHODES

Or grasp, seize, you know, something like that. The point is, all that happened on that butte was that I stumbled onto something I wrote down years before, something ...

(reads from journal)

... Quintus Horatius Flaccus wrote ...

KARL MYERS

Horace.

Rhodes sends a surprised glance at Myers.

REGINALD RHODES

The same. Something he came up with two thousand years ago.

KARL MYERS

Does that diminish what you found out on your own?

REGINALD RHODES

No ... It just made it more real is all, and it's freed me up to do things like jump in this Ford with you, not because I should, or because it'll bring me fame or money, or get me into some old man's heaven. None of that means shit to those junipers, and those things sure as hell don't mean shit to me.

KARL MYERS

(smiles)

Carpe diem, my friend. Carpe diem.

INT - FERMAMOUNT FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - NEXT MORNING

Clayton Dorion enters the anteroom of the Warden's office carrying daily roster tallies. Baggett sits at her desk typing.

Baggett notices Dorion. Her expression changes to one of urgency, and she beckons him after a furtive glance at the door to the Warden's office.

CLAYTON DORION

(frowning)

What?

MARILYN BAGGETT

He's gone.

CLAYTON DORION

Who's gone?

MARILYN BAGGETT

That Mato-sa fella.

CLAYTON DORION

(shocked whisper)

Gone where?

Baggett takes another furtive glance at the Warden's office door, turns back to Dorion, and leans across her desk.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(whispers)

I don't know. That Marshal Messina and another marshal -- never saw him before -- took him out of here just as I got here this morning.

Dorion directs a raging glare at the Warden's door.

CLAYTON DORION

(clenched teeth)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Baggett's eyes widen and she puts a hand over her mouth as she grasps Dorion's rage.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Oh *my!*

EXT - MV QUINAULT - HOUR AFTER SUNSET

Flecks of clouds, backlit by a half-moon, scud across the sky as the ferry crosses a quiet Puget Sound.

Myers and Rhodes stand with their hands grasping the metal railing that borders the forward deck above the maw of the vehicle deck below. The apparent wind from the moving ferry ruffles their clothing and Rhodes' beard.

Myers and Rhodes stare at the mounded silhouette of the small peninsula upon which Port Townsend is built.

Occasional lights twinkle from windows in the Uptown section of the town. The shapes of larger buildings along the waterfront are outlined by light from streetlights on Water Street.

The flash of the Point Wilson Light to the north catches Myers' attention.

Rhodes nudges Myers with his elbow and nods toward the south where an approaching freighter's white masthead light and green starboard bow light shine.

Myers glances at the freighter and then gazes at their nearing destination.

REGINALD RHODES

So tell me again how we know she's there?

Myers glances at Rhodes, then looks back toward Port Townsend; Rhodes continues to look at Myers.

KARL MYERS

Remember, I told you her brother told me. It was right before I left Baltimore to take the job in Pennsylvania.

REGINALD RHODES

Did you reach out to him?

KARL MYERS

Stumbled across each other in my old neighborhood. I think he felt sorry for me, thought she was being unreasonable. I guess he wanted to, I don't know ...

REGINALD RHODES

Make amends for his sister?

KARL MYERS

I guess. Said he'd send me her address, but he never did.

REGINALD RHODES

It's been how long since you talked with him?

KARL MYERS

I don't know, year and a half maybe.

REGINALD RHODES

So, she might not even *be* there.

KARL MYERS

I've been thinking maybe if she *had* moved on it wouldn't be such a bad thing.

REGINALD RHODES

(slightly annoyed)

How long've you been thinking that?

KARL MYERS

The last two hundred miles or so.

Rhodes looks at Port Townsend.

REGINALD RHODES

Cold feet, First Sergeant. Cold feet.

KARL MYERS

She left me for a reason.

REGINALD RHODES

No doubt.

KARL MYERS

And nothing's changed in sixteen years, Gunney. Why would she want to have anything to do with me now?

REGINALD RHODES

Man, I bet there's a few things that've changed in sixteen years. I mean like *everything*.

Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS

This is helping?

Rhodes glances at Myers, and then both look at the approaching town.

REGINALD RHODES

Come on, man. You're not the man you were sixteen years ago. She can't be the same woman. We all change over time, don't we? You're going to be strangers to each other. You know that, right?

Rhodes looks at Myers, who continues to stare at Port Townsend. After a few seconds, Rhodes looks toward the ferry terminal.

KARL MYERS

How come you don't smoke?

Rhodes looks at Myers.

REGINALD RHODES

Man, how come you're changing the subject? How come you don't smoke?

KARL MYERS

Don't like anything about it, my friend.

REGINALD RHODES

Ditto, so now that that's out of the way, let's get back to the subject at hand. What happens if she's here and doesn't want anything to do with you?

KARL MYERS

I guess I'll jump off that bridge when I get to it.

REGINALD RHODES

First Sergeant, there'll be no jumping
off bridges long as I have something
to do with this, you hear?

Myers glances at Rhodes and smiles slightly. Myers looks at the
ferry terminal.

KARL MYERS

I hear, but maybe the best thing will
be if she isn't anywhere near here.

REGINALD RHODES

And then what?

QUINAULT CAPTAIN (PA SYSTEM)

All passengers should return to their
vehicles at this time. All passengers,
please return to your vehicles.

Rhodes follows Myers toward a door that opens into the forward
passenger cabin.

REGINALD RHODES

And then what?

KARL MYERS

And then what, what?

INT - MV QUINAULT - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes follows Myers through the door and through the passenger
cabin where PASSENGERS are in various stages of response to the
Captain's direction.

Rhodes and Myers join a queue moving to the stairway that heads
down to the vehicle deck.

REGINALD RHODES

Then what the hell are we doing here?

KARL MYERS

You have any better place to be?

REGINALD RHODES

(chuckles)

I'll let you know in a day or two.

KARL MYERS

Carpe diem?

REGINALD RHODES

Something like that.

Rhodes and Myers descend the stairs among the other passengers. All walk to their cars and enter them. The Ford was the last vehicle to board and sits closest to the stern.

The Quinault slows as it nears the ferry terminal.

I/E - MYERS' FORD/PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS

Myers sits behind the wheel of the Ford; Rhodes sits beside him.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

I can't believe that two days ago we didn't even know each other existed, and here we are, one fucking odd couple of brothers in some godforsaken place neither of us knows a damned thing about.

KARL MYERS

We do know how to have fun, my friend.

REGINALD RHODES

(laughs)

That we do, man; that we do.

The Quinault touches the dock with a slight bump. Myers starts up the Ford.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Any ideas where to go?

KARL MYERS

I'm thirsty.

REGINALD RHODES

Thirsty?

KARL MYERS

Has to be some kind of bar or tavern near a ferry terminal.

REGINALD RHODES

Oh, *that* kind of thirsty.

Vehicles disembark; the Ford climbs a ramp to Quincy Street.

To the right on the short block between the terminal and Water Street is a three-story, brick building. The side wall nearest the corner has a large, ground floor window through which bright interior light shines.

A DRUNK emerges from double doors angled across the front corner of the building. He staggers for a few steps and fetches up against a lamppost.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(nods at drunk)

Looks like you were right.

Myers turns the Ford right onto Water Street, which is a broad boulevard that runs parallel to the shoreline. Myers drives a hundred feet to where there is space along the curb. He parks, turns off the engine, and looks at his watch.

KARL MYERS

Ten-twelve.

REGINALD RHODES

Wonder when last call is out here?

KARL MYERS

We'll soon find out.

Myers and Rhodes exit the car and shut their doors.

SOUND of SILENCE as the engines of the Quinault shut down, save for the faint SOUND of WAVELETS brushing a shingle beach. The off-loaded vehicles are far down Water Street.

But for the drunk pinballing his way down the sidewalk and the activity in the saloon at the corner, the town appears empty.

Myers leans on the Ford's roof and looks west down Water Street; Rhodes turns and looks at Myers overtop of the Ford.

REGINALD RHODES

(slightly spooked)

Where the hell are we?

Myers nods toward the two large windows on the Water Street side of the establishment on which Town Tavern is painted.

KARL MYERS

It appears we're in front of the Town Tavern.

REGINALD RHODES

I haven't felt this strange since I dropped my duffle on a bunk at Montford.

Myers walks around the back of the Ford and heads for the tavern.

KARL MYERS

That worked out okay.

Rhodes contemplates for a beat.

REGINALD RHODES

I guess you could say it did.

Rhodes follows Myers into the Town Tavern. An ancient, upright, grand piano is in a far corner of the expansive, high-ceilinged room; a number of large, round, poker tables surrounded by chairs are distributed around the space.

HENRY "BIG BUBBA" JONES and MARVIN "MARV" WATERS sit at one of the tables with TOM, DICK and HARRY. Bubba is a porcine-eyed, very broad man with a weak chin hiding beneath a beard. A dozen other MALE CUSTOMERS are interspersed among the tables.

All of the men wear work boots, some version of a plaid flannel shirt, and blue jeans, either overalls or pants held up by suspenders; a third of the men have large beards, and most have crew cuts or severe flattops.

SUSAN "SUZY" KINCAID and five other HOOKERS are seated among the men and engage with them in INDECIPHERABLE REPARTEE spiced with LAUGHTER. The hookers are dressed in modest, work-a-day dresses, but they are heavily made-up and their hair is "done."

CHARLES "CHARLIE" PARKER, bartender, is at work behind a massive, ornately-carved bar that runs nearly the entire length of the side wall of the tavern, on which hangs a huge oil painting of a reclining nude caressed by devils.

Charlie is of average height and has the look of someone who has led a soft life, but his hands still bear the scars and callouses of the lumberjack he once was.

Charlie's voice is gravelly from continuously smoking Dutch Masters Coronas like the one hanging from his lips, but the voice is friendly. He calls out to Myers and Rhodes over the lively din of the customers.

CHARLES PARKER

I bet you fellas must've just landed.

REGINALD RHODES

You'd bet right.

Myers and Rhodes approach the bar.

CHARLES PARKER

What can I get you?

REGINALD RHODES

Well, to start, you can set up a beer
for me ...

(nods toward Myers)

... and a bourbon for my friend.

Charlie reaches his hand across the bar toward Rhodes.

CHARLES PARKER

Names Charlie, Charlie Parker, and no,
the Yardbird ain't my father.

Charlie and Myers smile, and Rhodes laughs as he shakes
Charlie's hand.

REGINALD RHODES

Folks call me Reggie.

(gestures toward Myers)

This here is Karl.

Myers and Charlie shake hands.

KARL MYERS

I see an empty table. Mind if we sit
there?

CHARLES PARKER

Not at all. Could you guys use some
grub?

REGINALD RHODES

Praise Jesus. I was just about to ask.

CHARLES PARKER

Got some really good fish chowder left
in the pot and some sourdough biscuits
fresh this afternoon.

REGINALD RHODES

Done and done.

CHARLES PARKER

Rainier's a popular beer out here,
Reggie. That be okay?

Rhodes gives Charlie a thumbs up. Charlie fills a mug from a
tap and slides it across the bar to Rhodes who picks it up.

CHARLES PARKER (CONT'D)

You fellas go have a seat.
Mirabelle'll bring the food and the
bourbon.

KARL MYERS
Might want to send a bottle.

CHARLES PARKER
In that case, I'll bring the bourbon
myself.

REGINALD RHODES
Thanks Charlie.

Myers touches his forehead and nods thanks at Charlie.

Myers and Rhodes sit at an empty table near the front door. The eyes of several of the customers watch them.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
(confidential)
Looks like we're the entertainment
tonight.

KARL MYERS
To be expected in a small town, don't
you think?

Charlie approaches the table with a bottle of bourbon and a tumbler; he places them on the table.

CHARLES PARKER
Bourbon for Mr. Karl. Mirabelle will
be out in a second. Bottoms up.

Charlie walks back behind the bar.

REGINALD RHODES
I wonder when the last time was that a
colored man walked in here?

KARL MYERS
Can't imagine that's an issue.

REGINALD RHODES
It's always an issue.

Rhodes scans the room.

REGINALD RHODES
(teasing)
Don't suppose any of these girls is
Laura.

KARL MYERS
(smiles, raised eyebrow)
You'd suppose right. If you ask me,
these girls are working.

Rhodes stares beyond Myers toward the bar, his eyes wide with wonder, and his beer at half hoist. Myers turns to see what Reggie is looking at.

MIRABELLE CHARLES walks toward them carrying a tray holding two bowls, a basket of biscuits, a dish of butter, and silverware.

Mirabelle is a petite Klallam woman of some indeterminate age between eighteen and forty who moves with natural grace and athleticism; her flawless skin is somewhere between honey and maple syrup in tone.

Her jet-black hair is pulled back into a ponytail that reaches her waist; her face is exotic: almond-shaped eyes, high cheekbones, an aquiline nose, and a broad mouth that turns into a shy smile when she reaches the table.

Mirabelle slides the tray onto the table and distributes its contents in front of Myers and Rhodes; Rhodes remains staring, his beer halfway between the table and his mouth.

Mirabelle glances at Rhodes, who is still mesmerized. She smiles in surprise and casts her eyes down.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
(gentle and sweet)
Can I get you anything else?

REGINALD RHODES
(terminally smitten)
Are you Mirabelle?

Mirabelle nods; Myers smiles.

BIG BUBBA JONES (O.C.)
(yells with a Carolina twang)
Mirabelle! Get your skinny ass over here.

Mirabelle appears embarrassed, picks up the tray, and directs a very slight bow to Rhodes.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
(whispers to Rhodes)
Excuse me.

Rhodes watches Mirabelle as she hurries toward Bubba, who has turned his chair perpendicular to his table so he has room for his belly.

When Mirabelle reaches Bubba, he grabs her hand, pulls him close enough to wrap his other hand around her waist, and hoists her onto his knee. Bubba's friends laugh as she struggles to get away.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(to Mirabelle)

How about you and me have a little
fun?

Rhodes is on his feet with such speed that his chair goes flying. The chair's clatter gets Bubba's attention.

KARL MYERS

(low but firm)

Easy, Gunney.

Bubba and Rhodes glare at each other. Bubba stands. Mirabelle slides off Bubba's knee and lands butt-first along with the metal tray, which clatters on the floor.

Mirabelle is on her feet with the tray in hand in an instant and hurries toward Rhodes.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(alarmed)

It's okay. He means no harm.

Rhodes does not take his eyes off Bubba.

REGINALD RHODES

(low rumble to Mirabelle)

It's not okay.

Rhodes gently pushes Mirabelle aside with the back of his hand.

Bubba steps toward Rhodes.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(fearless challenge)

You got a problem, boy?

KARL MYERS

(low but insistent)

Easy, my friend.

Bubba continues his approach; Rhodes stands his ground.

Charlie dials the phone he keeps behind the bar. The men at Bubba's table stand. Marv steps forward.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(loud, challenging)

I asked you a question, *boy!*

REGINALD RHODES

(controlled)

Apologize to the lady.

BIG BUBBA JONES
 (surprised smile)
 Apologize?

Bubba turns toward his friends and laughs.

BIG BUBBA JONES
 (to Marv)
 Apologize?

Bubba and his friends laugh. Bubba turns back to Rhodes with a mean squint in his little pig eyes; his weak chin juts forward.

BIG BUBBA JONES
 (sneers)
 She ain't no lady.

REGINALD RHODES
 (controlled)
 Apologize.

Myers stands and approaches Rhodes until he is inches from him.

KARL MYERS
 (to Rhodes)
 Reggie, easy.

Tom, Dick and Harry close up behind Marv. Bubba approaches until his large belly butts against Rhode's muscled middle.

BIG BUBBA JONES
 (smart-assed defiant)
 Make me.

Bubba's friends grin at one another.

Charlie hangs up the phone, comes out from behind the bar, and watches. Mirabelle, her dark eyes wide and staring, backs away, drops the tray on a table, and holds both hands to her mouth.

Every customer in the tavern is watching; many are standing, including two hookers at the back of the room who stand on chairs.

REGINALD RHODES
 (controlled)
 Do the right thing, man. Apologize to the lady.

Bubba laughs and turns as if he will walk away; instead, he rounds on Rhodes with a clenched right fist aimed at Rhodes' face.

With startling quickness, Rhodes' enormous left hand rises and intercepts Bubba's fist with the SOUND of a SMACK. Rhodes' massive hand envelopes Bubba's fist and squeezes.

Bubba's face shows surprise, then pain as Rhodes slowly twists the fist.

Bubba's friends move forward; Myers steps between them and Bubba.

Bubba drops to his knees as Rhodes twists the fist.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(pleads)

You're gonna break my *arm*.

Marv directs a roundhouse punch at Myers.

Myers blocks the punch with his forearm, twists behind Marv, wraps his arm around Marv's back, grabs the waist band of Marv's jeans, leans into him, and throws him several feet onto an unforgiving table. Marv, groaning, rolls onto the floor.

Myers whips around toward Tom, Dick and Harry and takes a defensive stance. Bubba's friends back up.

Bubba, clearly in pain, is on his knees with his forehead nearly touching the floor as Rhodes continues to twist the fist.

REGINALD RHODES

(a tad winded but controlled)

Apologize to the lady.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(gasps)

I'm sorry.

Rhodes ratchets up another tweak to Bubba's fist.

REGINALD RHODES

(encouraging)

To the lady and louder: I'm sorry,
Mirabelle.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(grimacing, loud)

I'm ... sorry ... *Mirabelle!*

SOUND of an approaching SIREN.

Rhodes releases Bubba's hand.

On hands and knees, Bubba looks up at Rhodes, who extends his hand. After a beat, Bubba takes it, and Rhodes helps him to his feet. Tom, Dick and Harry help Marv into a seated position on the floor.

FLASHING RED LIGHT illuminates the tavern.

The SIREN STOPS.

All eyes turn toward the front door, which opens. Port Townsend Police Chief, SAMUEL "SAM" SHEPHERD enters; he taps the end of a Billy club against his left palm with the confidence of a man who has engaged in other barroom brawls and emerged victorious.

Shepherd is middle-aged, six-feet tall, and what some might call handsome. He is in uniform beneath a shearling-collared, bomber jacket; he wears a typical policeman's duty cap.

Bubba drops into a chair as Shepherd walks slowly forward and surveys those who seem to be the principal players: Myers, Rhodes, Bubba and Marv.

SAM SHEPHERD

(theatrically loud)

What seems to be the problem, Charlie?
Just the usual Friday night fun and
games at the Town Tavern?

Charlie steps to Shepherd's side; Shepherd keeps his eyes on the principals.

SOUND of an approaching SIREN.

CHARLES PARKER

Well, Chief, I don't rightly know.

(points at Myers and Rhodes)

These two fellas come in here, seemed
to be minding their own business, and
it seems like Big Bubba took offense
to something the colored fella said.

SAM SHEPHERD

Uh huh. What about the fella sitting
on the floor?

CHARLES PARKER

Well, I don't rightly know about that
either.

More FLASHING RED LIGHT enters the tavern; the SIREN STOPS.

Officer RONALD WILLIS -- young, tall, lean, uniformed and breathless -- hustles into the tavern and steps up to Shepherd.

RONALD WILLIS

What's up, Chief?

SAM SHEPHERD

(eyes on Myers et al)

Got us what appears to be a case of
disorderly conduct.

Shepherd steps closer to Myers and Rhodes.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

We're going to put the cuffs on each
of you boys and walk you down to the
jail. It's not far.

(to Bubba)

Ain't that right, Bubba?

Bubba stands.

BIG BUBBA JONES

(deferential)

You're sure right about that, Chief.
Uh huh, not far at all.

SAM SHEPHERD

(smiles at Bubba and Rhodes)

The night air just might cool your
heads. By the time we get to the jail,
you should have your stories worked
out right well.

(to Charlie)

You think you could mosey over in a
couple of minutes to give me a
statement?

Charlie scans the customers, all of whom are still watching the
drama unfold.

CHARLES PARKER

It's like this, Chief. I don't think I
ought to leave Mirabelle here to
handle a late-night crowd.

Shepherd bites his lower lip and concentrates for a beat, but
does not respond to Charlie; instead, he looks at Officer
Willis.

SAM SHEPHERD

Ronald, cuff Big Bubba and Marv.

Willis complies.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
 (to Myers and Rhodes)
 You two: turn around.

Myers and Rhodes comply and hold their hands behind their backs; Shepherd cuffs them.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
 (to Charlie)
 Officer Willis will stay. I don't
 expect there'll be any more nonsense.

Shepherd surveys the room.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
 (loud)
 Isn't that right, ladies and
 gentlemen?

There is a general murmuring of assent from the customers.

SAM SHEPHERD
 (to the prisoners)
 All right, gentlemen. Let's move out.

Officer Willis leads the party to the door and holds it open. Myers, Rhodes, Bubba, Marv and Shepherd exit in that order.

EXT - WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND - CONTINUOUS

When Myers emerges from the Tavern, he nearly collides with LAURA BENTON (MYERS) MURDOCH, who is laughing and walking hand-in-hand with GEORGE MURDOCH, a man twenty years her senior.

Laura, a ravishing natural beauty with shoulder-length auburn hair, is five-seven with long, slim legs encased in black cigarette pants; she wears a plaid suburbanite jacket and new flatties.

Myers, stunned, stops stock still. Rhodes nearly collides with him; Bubba and Marv are not paying attention and do collide with Rhodes.

Utter disbelief and near horror flash into Laura's expression. She grabs George's arm and stops his progress; he looks at her with bewilderment.

SAM SHEPHERD (O.C.)
 Let's keep moving, gentlemen.

Bubba moves to the head of the column and starts walking east on Water Street. Rhodes gives Myers a shove; Myers looks at the sidewalk and follows Bubba; Rhodes and Marv follow in turn.

Shepherd touches the brim of his duty cap as he passes Laura and George.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
Evening, Miss Laura. George.

GEORGE MURDOCH
(nods)
Chief.

Laura stands back, almost wild-eyed, and watches the column walking away on the sidewalk. George puts his arm around Laura.

GEORGE MURDOCH
Are you okay?

Laura appears overwhelmed but forces a smile and shakes her head slightly.

LAURA
It's nothing. Nothing. I don't know
what got into me.

George holds the Town Tavern door open. Just before Laura enters the Tavern, she directs a fleeting glance in the direction of the departing prisoners.

EXT - WATER STREET - MORNING, NEXT DAY

The air is cold, but the sun is bright; the sky is blue and flecked with a few, quick-moving, bright-white clouds.

Myers stands in front of the entrance to the Town Tavern and stares down Water Street at the Olympics, which soar above plumes of smoke and steam belching from the paper mill west of town.

Vehicles begin to disembark from the MV Quinault to his left and stop to wait for the traffic light to change at the corner.

Myers absently looks into a large, black, four-door, 1954, Ford Customline that has stopped in front of him. Staring back at him from the right rear seat and wearing a fedora with a large floppy brim is MATO-SA (aka Richard Clemont).

MARSHAL ONE is driving; the marshal in the front passenger seat is VINCENT "VINNIE" MESSINA; MARSHAL TWO sits on Mato-sa's left. The marshals have flat tops and wear dark suits, white shirts, and dark ties.

The traffic light changes and the sedan moves forward; Mato-sa smiles mockingly at Myers and places his left hand on the front seat as he turns and stares at Myers as the Ford turns onto Water Street.

Myers takes quick steps as if to follow the sedan, but his expression reflects the futility of pursuit as well as confusion caused by what he has just seen.

Myers focuses on the diminishing license plate, and then stares at the departing car.

SOUND of a CAR HORN'S HONK from the opposite side of Water Street.

Myers looks in the direction of the honk, which has come from Shepherd's police cruiser on Quincy Street on the opposite side of the intersection.

Shepherd beckons Myers with a wave through the open driver's side window. Myers crosses the lightly traveled street and stands next to the open window.

SAM SHEPHERD

How about a tour of the town?

Myers looks toward the Olympics and then back at Shepherd.

KARL MYERS

Why not? And anyway, I just saw something I think you need to know about.

SAM SHEPHERD

Hop in.

Myers goes around the back of the cruiser and enters the front passenger side of the car.

I/E - POLICE CRUISER/WATER STREET - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser proceeds slowly west on Water Street.

SAM SHEPHERD

Glad we got all that hoo-haw worked out last night.

KARL MYERS

(chuckles)
Great way to introduce ourselves.

SAM SHEPHERD

Consider yourself introduced.

Myers chuckles.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

And how about Big Bubba and your buddy?

KARL MYERS

Thick as thieves by the time Bubba left.

SAM SHEPHERD

Their families are from the same town in South Carolina?

KARL MYERS

Apparently.

SAM SHEPHERD

Bubba can be a total fool when he's had too much to drink. He and I've been doing the disorderly dance since I started working here at the end of the war.

KARL MYERS

Bubba's been here since then too?

SAM SHEPHERD

(chuckles)

He and I were bunk mates at Fort Worden during the war. I was from Maine, him from Carolina. We were an odd couple, I can tell you that. Took us months before we could understand each other.

Myers chuckles and glances at Shepherd before turning his eyes back to the street scene.

SAM SHEPHERD

You said you saw something I should know about.

Myers appears to be pondering something.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Karl?

KARL MYERS

On my way out here, I happened to stumble across a prison break.

SAM SHEPHERD

Not your everyday tourist attraction. Where?

KARL MYERS

Near Williston. North Dakota.

SAM SHEPHERD

That's where Fermamount is, isn't it?

KARL MYERS

It is.

Shepherd issues a low whistle.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I saw one of the escapees, face-to-face, just before he was captured.

SAM SHEPHERD

And?

KARL MYERS

And I just saw him again in the back of a black, fifty-four, Ford Customline with North Dakota plates that just disembarked from the ferry. I got a partial on the plate.

SAM SHEPHERD

Are you sure it was him?

KARL MYERS

Positive.

SAM SHEPHERD

What in God's name would explain that?

KARL MYERS

I can only think of two possibilities.

SAM SHEPHERD

He escaped again?

KARL MYERS

He was with three guys in suits. Army butch cuts. Couldn't see the faces of the other two guys. Almost looked like this guy was being chauffeured, which doesn't jive with an escape.

SAM SHEPHERD

Maybe the mob sprung him.

KARL MYERS

That only happens in movies. And if he escaped, wouldn't there've been an APB from the Feds?

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm afraid I don't pay too much attention to those unless they're from my corner of the world.

KARL MYERS

Since escape doesn't seem likely, there's the second possibility.

SAM SHEPHERD

Which is?

KARL MYERS

The Feds are transferring him to another facility.

SAM SHEPHERD

Why would they do that?

KARL MYERS

Don't they do that sometimes when an inmate's been threatened by other inmates?

SAM SHEPHERD

Got *me*. The only problem with that is, there aren't any federal facilities on the entire Olympic Peninsula.

The men are silent for several seconds. Shepherd bears left where Water Street continues to the Port Townsend Boat Haven.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Was he cuffed?

KARL MYERS

When he saw me -- and he did recognize me because he kept staring and smirking now that I think about it -- anyway, when he saw me he put his left hand on the front seat.

SAM SHEPHERD

So, not cuffed. I'd think he'd be an escape risk. Not being cuffed sounds extra-procedural. You know anything about this guy?

KARL MYERS

I don't, other than the fact one of the other escapees called him Mato.

SAM SHEPHERD

Mato? And he escaped from a maximum security federal pen. He an Indian?

KARL MYERS

He looked like an Indian to me.

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm not sure I can just let this go.

KARL MYERS

Probably nothing, but if it was me back in Pennsylvania, I would've wanted to know what was up.

(looks at Shepherd)

But Sam, I'm in no way ...

SAM SHEPHERD

Trying to tell me how to do my job.

KARL MYERS

Not at all.

SAM SHEPHERD

(glances at Myers)

You sure sound like a cop.

KARL MYERS

Once a cop ...

SAM SHEPHERD

Not always a cop, apparently; otherwise, you'd consider the offer I made last night before you left.

KARL MYERS

I'm embarrassed to say it, but I've lost confidence in my judgement, Sam.

SAM SHEPHERD

Maybe so, but how about putting your head together with mine over a cup of coffee or a Rainier from time to time?

The cruiser pulls to a stop in the parking area of the Boat Haven overlooking the boat basin. The basin is large and rectangular and divided into two sections with several floating docks with room for four-hundred small craft.

KARL MYERS

About what?

SAM SHEPHERD

Well, like this Mato fella as a for instance.

Myers stares at the boats in the basin and does not respond.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

You know how this job isolates you. There's virtually no one to give me council.

KARL MYERS

And you'd be willing to take mine?

SAM SHEPHERD

Call me crazy.

KARL MYERS

Don't you want to get to know me a little better?

Shepherd and Myers look at each other.

SAM SHEPHERD

That'll happen if we let it.

Myers stares at Shepherd as though trying to get the measure of the man; Shepherd appears to be doing the same.

KARL MYERS

Don't know how long I'll be here.

SAM SHEPHERD

It'll be longer than you think.

The men return their gapes to the boats.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Where's your gun?

KARL MYERS

In Charlie's safe.

SAM SHEPHERD

Good. Leave it there.

Shepherd looks at Myers and waves his hand across the view of the boat basin.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

You ever know this life?

KARL MYERS

When I was a teenager. My stepfather
couldn't stand me ...

SAM SHEPHERD

Or you him, from the sound of your
voice.

KARL MYERS

Or me him. Anyway, he had a lot a
dough and sent me to a boarding school
with a sailing program on the
Chesapeake. I was there for a couple
years. Actually got pretty good at it.
Small boats though.

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm a stink potter myself. See that
black-hulled beauty in front of us?
That little sweetheart is mine.

Shepherd's Orca is a forty-five-foot troller tied up to the
floating dock closest to the yard. Tied to the dock forward of
the Orca is a sixty-foot, black-hulled yawl with a center
cockpit: the Serenity.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Took eight years to restore it. Found
her rotting in the back of the yard
after the war.

Shepherd pulls a pack of Viceroy's from his jacket, and offers
it to Myers, who waves it off. Shepherd taps out a fag and
lights it with a gold-plated lighter.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Rebuilt it myself -- at least most of
it -- right here. Been living onboard
for almost two years.

KARL MYERS

Nice lighter.

SAM SHEPHERD

Christmas present from an old
girlfriend.

KARL MYERS

She's not around anymore?

SAM SHEPHERD

She's why I'm living on the Orca.

The companionway hatch to the forward cabin of the Serenity slides back, and George Murdoch emerges wearing a heavy, wool, navy blue turtleneck and a black watch cap. He holds a mug of something steaming hot.

George stands in the center cockpit, sips from the mug, and stares at the Olympics.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

You were asking me about Laura Benton last night.

(nods toward George)

That's her husband.

Myers snaps a look at Shepherd and holds it.

KARL MYERS

Her husband?

SAM SHEPHERD

Has been for over a year.

KARL MYERS

(nods at Serenity)

That's his?

SAM SHEPHERD

It is. Laura's such a beauty, I knew it'd take somebody like Murdoch to get her to say yes.

KARL MYERS

What do you mean?

SAM SHEPHERD

A classy, good-looking woman like her can hold out until she finds a guy with deep pockets. He's a Seattle surgeon, plus he inherited big holdings in Oregon land and timber.

KARL MYERS

So Laura lives in Seattle?

SAM SHEPHERD

Comes up here on a lot of weekends with Murdoch; sometimes just by herself.

As the men stare at George, sixteen-year-old WILLIAM "BILLY" BENTON emerges from below. He wears a turtleneck and watch cap similar to George's, and carries a steaming mug.

Billy stands next to George and says something that makes George laugh.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

(casual)
That's her boy.

Myers body tenses; his eyes widen.

KARL MYERS

(snaps)
Whose boy?

SAM SHEPHERD

Laura's.

KARL MYERS

She has a son?

Shepherd does not notice that Myers is struggling to breathe; he grips the door handle as if he is about to rip it off.

SAM SHEPHERD

Hell of an athlete. One of the best ever in this town. Broke a single-game rushing record as a freshman. The coach about had a stroke when Billy went to live down in Seattle after his mom got married.

Myers stares at Billy who is his spitting image. Shepherd notices the change in Myers' demeanor.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

You okay?

KARL MYERS

(struggles to speak)
How old is he?

SAM SHEPHERD

Sixteen, if memory serves.

Billy and George laugh at a shared joke and raise their mugs to one another. Billy recognizes the Chief's car; he smiles and waves to Shepherd, who waves back.

Myers' eyes well up as he stares at his son for the first time.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE SIX

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Episode 7: "Laura"

FADE IN:

INT - ROOMS ABOVE THE TOWN TAVERN, PORT TOWNSEND, WA - MID MORNING, OCTOBER 1955

REGINALD "REGGIE" RHODES is asleep beneath blanket on a twin bed; his huge feet protrude beyond the end of the blanket.

A second twin is separated from his by a curtain hung on a rope that splits the small room in two. There is a sink with a mirrored medicine cabinet above it near the door to the hall.

Rhodes stirs, then awakens with a start and grabs a Big Ben alarm clock from a nightstand. He looks at the clock and flops back on the bed.

REGINALD RHODES

Shit.

Rhodes struggles to his feet; he wears a white T-shirt and boxer shorts. He goes to the sink, splashes water on his face and dries it with a towel from a dowel rod on the wall next to the sink.

He looks with slight disappointment at his radiant mahogany and bearded reflection in the mirror.

REGINALD RHODES

Shit.

EXT - WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND - 15 MINUTES LATER

Rhodes walks east on Water Street, whistles the melody of "Star Dust," and gazes at the distant, snow-capped Cascades rising forty miles east of the Puget Sound.

SOUND of CAR ENGINE approaching, and then the sound keeps pace with Rhodes' pace.

Rhodes turns his head to look at the car, a black Packard Patrician, but keeps walking. The car stops along the curb just behind where Rhodes is walking.

SOUND of a car door OPENING and CLOSING.

SOUND of QUICK FOOTSTEPS from leather soles slapping concrete.

LAURA BENTON (MYERS) MURDOCH catches up to Rhodes and keeps pace with him.

Rhodes glances at Laura as the two of them keep walking.

Laura touches Rhodes' arm. He stops and turns to her.

Laura is wearing what she had worn the previous evening when Rhodes saw her outside the Town Tavern. She appears to have been crying. Her voice is soft, medium-pitched, and firm.

LAURA

You're his friend, I think. I know you know who I am.

REGINALD RHODES

I'm on my way to get some breakfast.
(looks at his watch)
Or maybe lunch.

LAURA

I have a favor to ask.

REGINALD RHODES

You're more than welcome to join me.
My treat.

Laura's eyes bore into his for a beat, then she looks down at the sidewalk.

LAURA

(almost a whisper)
Thank you.

She slips a hand inside the crook of Rhodes arm as naturally as if it was a daily occurrence. He starts walking and she accompanies him down Water Street.

Rhodes glances down at her, and reflexly glances furtively about to see if there are any eyes that might object to seeing a white woman arm-in-arm with a black man.

After a few strides, she looks up at him.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What's your name?

REGINALD RHODES

(smiles; gentle tone)
Why, Reginald Rhodes, ma'am, but please, call me Reggie.

INT - HUDSON CAFE, EAST END OF WATER STREET - TEN MINUTES LATER

Laura sits at a small table with a checkered, red and white table cloth; Rhodes sits opposite her. A pack of L&Ms and a small glass ashtray are on the table next to where Laura's right hand is resting and holding a cigarette.

There are a DOZEN CUSTOMERS dispersed about the diner.

Rhodes, staring out windows that look across Puget Sound to the snow-capped Cascades beyond appears slightly ill at ease and softly drums his finger tips on the table; Laura takes a drag on the cigarette and stares at him.

SALLY WILSON approaches and places coffees in front of Rhodes and Laura. Wilson is Laura's age, hometown pretty, and wears a waitress's garb. Rhodes and Laura look at her. Laura takes another drag.

SALLY WILSON

(soft and sweet)

Your breakfasts will be up in a minute.

LAURA

(sincere)

Thanks, Sally.

Rhodes looks back at the Cascades.

Laura leans forward and touches Rhodes' drumming fingers.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(hushed but intense)

What is he *doing* here?

Rhodes looks at her with a not very subtle, judgmental expression.

REGINALD RHODES

Looking for you.

Laura sits back abruptly.

LAURA

Looking for *me*?

Rhodes nods.

LAURA (CONT'D)

This isn't just some fluke of fate?

Wilson approaches with platters of eggs, fried potatoes, and bacon; she slides them in front of Rhodes and Laura.

Rhodes looks eagerly at his platter. Wilson and Laura exchange looks. Wilson looks a concerned question with a slight nod toward Rhodes; Laura replies with a slight frown and a slight shake of her head.

Wilson glances at Rhodes and walks away.

Laura takes a long drag, butts out the cigarette in the ashtray, looks toward the entrance of the cafe, and exhales with the panache of a Hollywood actress.

When she looks back at Rhodes, she sees he is staring at the large diamond ring and marriage band on her left hand.

Their eyes meet.

LAURA

(assertive)

The man I was with last night is my husband.

REGINALD RHODES

But ...

LAURA

I know, I *know*.

Laura extracts a cigarette from the pack, lights up, and takes a drag.

She and Rhodes stare into each other's eyes for a beat. Rhodes appears about to speak; Laura leans forward aggressively.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(hushed but assertive)

Reggie, that man is my *husband*.

REGINALD RHODES

(firm)

Aren't they both your husbands?

Laura slumps back in her chair and stares at Rhodes as smoke curls up from the cigarette she holds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

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) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie
- 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) The Ultima Thule with 79-year-old 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, star-filled skies.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/I - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES, FERMAMOUNT FEDERAL
PENITENTIARY/PORT TOWNSEND POLICE STATION - LATER, SAME MORNING

MARILYN BAGGETT sits at her desk in the anteroom of the
Warden's office in her usual office attire and types a letter.

SOUND of PHONE RINGING.

Baggett answers the phone.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(heartland pleasant)
Good Morning. Warden Church's office,
Miss Baggett speaking.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

(listens for a beat)

May I ask what this concerns?

SAM SHEPHERD sits at his desk in the large, low-ceilinged space in the cellar of City Hall, which, along with an ante-room and the adjacent four-cell jail, comprises the entirety of the Port Townsend Police Department's facilities.

KARL MYERS stands next to Shepherd's desk.

SAM SHEPHERD

Name's Sam Shepherd. I'm the Sheriff out here in Port Townsend, Washington. I'd like to speak with the Warden about an inmate, or at least a man who was an inmate until recently. His name is something like Mato.

Baggett's eyes widen in surprise. She stands abruptly.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(barely controlled)

Just one moment please.

Baggett presses a hold button on the phone, presses a second button, and waits.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

Warden Church? There's a Sheriff on the line from Port Townsend, Washington. He wants to talk to you about, I think, Richard Clemont.

WARDEN JOHN CHURCH, a tall, lean, white-haired man in a three-piece, gray, pin-striped suit has a physical response to the phone call that is similar to Baggett's original response. He stands, phone to his ear.

JOHN CHURCH

Put him through.

Baggett sits at her desk and presses a button, but she does not hang up the handset. She puts her hand over the mouthpiece, and as she listens, again her eyes express surprise.

Baggett picks up a pencil and takes notes on a pad of paper.

INT - HUDSON CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Sally Wilson, carrying a coffee pot, approaches the table where Laura is smoking and staring at Rhodes, who is finishing his breakfast.

SALLY WILSON
Can I get you anything else?

Wilson tops off Rhode's coffee.

REGINALD RHODES
No thanks.

Laura grabs Wilson's wrist; Wilson looks at her.

LAURA
(with clear meaning)
I'm not here.

Wilson answers with a slight, knowing smile and a nod. Laura releases Wilson's wrist; the waitress directs a kind smile toward Rhodes and goes about her duties.

Rhodes sends Laura a "what was that about" look.

LAURA
Sally and I have known each other for years. Since I first moved up here. I trust her and don't want my husband to know I'm here.

REGINALD RHODES
Which husband?

LAURA
(pained)
Please, Reggie. This is hard enough.

REGINALD RHODES
How do you know you can trust *me*?

Laura looks into Rhodes' eyes with an intensity that would melt lead.

LAURA
I can see it in your eyes.

She looks out a bank of windows to her right, takes a drag, and exhales.

LAURA (CONT'D)
And I have to trust you because I need your help.

REGINALD RHODES
He's *my* friend.

Laura looks away from the window and looks into Rhodes' eyes.

LAURA

That's why I'm asking you.

REGINALD RHODES

You cannot imagine the hell he and I went through in Korea. And to survive, we had to *trust* each other like brothers. Unconditionally. I *have* to tell him I've talked to you.

LAURA

I *want* you to tell him we talked. I need for you to help him understand why he needs to let things be.

REGINALD RHODES

Why can't *you* tell him?

LAURA

Being in his presence terrifies me.

REGINALD RHODES

So you want me to do your dirty work.

LAURA

There's someone in addition to my husband ...

REGINALD RHODES

Which one?

LAURA

(angry)
I *get* it, Reggie.

Laura takes a drag, butts out her cigarette in the ashtray, and lights another L&M. After a long drag, she calms.

LAURA (CONT'D)

His name is George.

REGINALD RHODES

(smart-assed)
The other husband.

LAURA

(hisses)
Goddamn it, Reggie!

Laura turns away, seething, but is under control in a beat. Rhodes sips his coffee and stares at her. Laura takes a deep breath and turns toward Rhodes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There's someone besides George who can never know that Karl is ... alive.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud enough to be heard by others)

And that you're still married to him!

Laura glares anger at Rhodes for a beat. Wilson stops wiping a counter and looks in their direction.

Rhodes takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and shakes his head. When he opens his eyes, Laura is staring a challenge at him. He reaches across the table and places his huge hand gently on top of her left hand, which is resting on the table.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(somewhat sympathetic)

The two of you are still *married*,
Laura.

Laura and Rhodes search each others' eyes for a beat; Wilson resumes wiping the counter.

LAURA

(resigned)

Maybe under the law, Reggie.

REGINALD RHODES

Maybe?

Laura lights another cigarette and looks out the side windows. A few seconds pass before she turns to Rhodes.

LAURA

Karl's been dead to me for sixteen years. Long enough to grieve the loss and get him out of my mind.

Laura continues to gaze out the side windows and takes a drag before she speaks.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(to the windows)

I was lonely Reggie. It'd been a long time since a man was, well, interested in *me*, and not just interested in, well, you know.

Laura looks at Rhodes, takes a drag, and exhales out of the side of her mouth.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Three years ago I finally met a man who loves me; adores me, actually. I wanted things to work out so badly that I was afraid if George knew about ... about my life in Baltimore ... knew I was still married, he'd drop me.

REGINALD RHODES

(sympathetic)

If he loves you, he wouldn't.

LAURA

You don't know him.

REGINALD RHODES

I don't.

LAURA

He's prominent in Seattle and proud, and I know if he ever found out, he'd leave me, or worse.

REGINALD RHODES

Worse?

LAURA

He could destroy me. This is a very small town.

REGINALD RHODES

"Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom."

LAURA

Easy for you to say, but there's this other person who can never know about Karl. It would be devastating.

REGINALD RHODES

To whom? You? Karl? George? This mysterious other person?

LAURA

To everyone.

REGINALD RHODES

Who is this other person?

LAURA

I can't tell you.

REGINALD RHODES

You won't tell me.

LAURA

I won't.

Rhodes' eyes bore into Laura's. She butts out her cigarette and stares out of the side windows. Rhodes leans forward.

REGINALD RHODES

What do you want from me?

Laura turns to him and studies his face for a beat.

LAURA

I told you: he needs to let things be. I need you to convince him that if he still has any feelings for me, he needs to move on ... find another place ... I need you to convince him I can't talk with him, can't acknowledge him in any way.

REGINALD RHODES

He definitely still has feelings. Why the hell else would he have driven three-thousand miles to find you?

Laura looks out the side windows for a beat. When she turns back to Rhodes, there is no mistaking the anger in her eyes.

LAURA

That man ended the good life we had sixteen years ago and left me with nothing here.

(strikes her sternum with a closed fist)

It took me years to find a life, a new life, a life that had no memory of him in it, and now he's here. I won't let him take away the life I've made here.

Laura lights another cigarette, takes a long drag, sends a plume of smoke toward the window, and then turns to Rhodes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(cold)

Will you help me?

Rhodes looks out the window for a beat, sighs, and then faces Laura.

REGINALD RHODES

I'll talk with him, but I can't help thinking you'll eventually have to tell him these things yourself.

LAURA

Not if you convince him to leave town. You have to do this; if not for me, do it for him. Will you talk with him today?

REGINALD RHODES

I will. You'll want to know what he decides.

LAURA

George went back to Seattle this morning. I told him I wanted to stay up here, that Sally and I wanted to get together for old time's sake, go out to dinner or something. Can you meet me there tonight?

Laura gestures toward the jetty on the west side of the inlet into the small basin of the Port Hudson Coast Guard Station.

REGINALD RHODES

When?

LAURA

After dark. Ten?

Laura watches Rhodes, who turns his gaze from her to the Cascades.

INT - TOWN TAVERN - FIVE HOURS LATER

Rhodes leans on the end of the push broom he holds and surveys the Town Tavern. All the chairs are upended and on the tables. The afternoon light is bright.

CHARLES PARKER (O.C.)

So you're okay with this?

Rhodes turns around and smiles at CHARLES "CHARLIE" PARKER, who, in white shirt with tie and colorful sleeve garters, red suspenders, and smoking a Dutch Masters Corona, is ready for greeting the evening traffic from behind the bar.

REGINALD RHODES

A little work for a room and a meal? Can't do better than that.

CHARLES PARKER

You're lifesavers, you and Karl. Me and Mirabelle were about worn to a nub.

REGINALD RHODES

I know Karl'll be tending bar, but I'm still not sure about what you expect of me once folks start coming in.

CHARLES PARKER

Just be yourself. Greet 'em and help out Mirabelle when you can.

REGINALD RHODES

And remove them when they get too rowdy.

CHARLES PARKER

There won't be too much of that, not with how well things ended up between you and Bubba last night. That boy gossips like an old woman, and I suspect folks will be looking forward to meeting you on his recommendation. It also don't hurt that you have ... let's call it a presence.

Rhodes laughs and shakes his head.

REGINALD RHODES

Chairs are next, I'm thinking.

CHARLES PARKER

You'd be right. And the floor is clean as a whistle. Thanks for that. I've got some numbers to look into.

Charlie heads to a door that opens to a tiny office.

Rhodes begins righting the chairs on the table closest to him.

SOUND of ENTRANCE DOOR OPENING.

Rhodes turns toward the sound. KARL MYERS walks through the door.

REGINALD RHODES

Man, where've you been?

Rhodes continues to right chairs.

KARL MYERS

What do you mean?

Myers begins to right the chairs of the table closest to him.

REGINALD RHODES

I walked down to the Boat Haven, and you were nowhere to be seen. Don't know how you could have gotten by me.

KARL MYERS

Police escort.

REGINALD RHODES

What's that supposed to mean? I've been about ready to bust wide open with something really important.

Myers places a chair on the floor, looks at Rhodes, and walks behind the bar.

REGINALD RHODES

What's happening, man?

Myers grabs a bottle of Jim Beam from the shelf behind the bar, pours himself a tumbler full, and slams back half of it.

REGINALD RHODES

(demanding)
First Sergeant!

KARL MYERS

(blurts out)
I've got things on my mind.

Myers finishes the bourbon and pours another three fingers.

REGINALD RHODES

You need to cool it, man, because what I have to tell you is pretty heavy. I talked to Laura today.

Myers holds the tumbler at mid hoist. Rhodes walks behind the bar.

KARL MYERS

What?

REGINALD RHODES

I talked to Laura today. She wants me to talk you into leaving town. I'm supposed to meet her tonight to tell her what you decide.

Myers looks at Rhodes as though Rhodes has lost his mind. Myers drains the tumbler and throws it the length of the room where it shatters against the wall above an upright grand piano.

Charlie comes out of his office; MIRABELLE CHARLES comes out of the kitchen. Rhodes looks at them and holds up the palm of his huge hand.

Mirabelle appears to understand, takes Charlie by the elbow, and leads him back into the kitchen.

Myers picks up the bottle of Jim Beam; Rhodes plants his giant hand overtop of Myers' hand and plants the bottle on the counter.

REGINALD RHODES

That's *enough*, First Sergeant.

Rhodes senses compliance and releases his grip. Myers lets go of the bottle, shakes his head, and looks at nothing.

KARL MYERS

(hushed)

What the hell was I thinking, coming out here?

REGINALD RHODES

It doesn't matter.

Rhodes caps the bourbon bottle and returns it to the shelf.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

What matters is that we're here and have to deal with whatever it is we have to deal.

KARL MYERS

We?

REGINALD RHODES

That's right, *we, goddamn it*. Seems to me I had a DI at Montford who kept telling us we were all brothers, had to depend on each other just like brothers. It was "the only chance we had to survive," was what he said.

Rhodes looks at Myers who is staring mindlessly at nothing.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

You have a vague recollection of who that son-of-a-bitch might've been? He taught us what to do to survive, and I learned those lessons right well because, First Sergeant, I'm one hell of a smart man.

Rhodes leans down and looks into Myers' face.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(smiles)

And a damned modest one too.

Myers tries to resist a smile as he glances at Rhodes, who stands tall.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

So how about it, brother, are we going to deal with this crazy bullshit or are we just going to get piss-eyed drunk?

Myers stares at Rhodes for a beat.

KARL MYERS

Tell me.

REGINALD RHODES

Let's sit.

KARL MYERS

Bring the bourbon.

Rhodes raises an eyebrow. Myers picks up a tumbler. Rhodes grabs the Jim Beam and follows Myers to the closest table. They sit.

Mirabelle emerges from the kitchen carrying two mugs and a coffee pot. Rhodes and Myers sit. Mirabelle places the mugs and pot in front of them. She picks up the bottle of bourbon.

REGINALD RHODES

(to Mirabelle)

Thanks.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(smiles, lowered eyes)

You're welcome, Reginald.

Rhodes takes her hand; they glance into each others' eyes before Rhodes releases her hand. Mirabelle takes a step toward the bar with the bourbon bottle in hand.

KARL MYERS

Mirabelle.

Mirabelle appears startled and turns; she glances at Rhodes and then looks down. Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(nods toward Mirabelle)

I'm thinking she knows what's going on.

REGINALD RHODES

(awkward)

Well, Karl, it's sort of ...

MIRABELLE CHARLES

I do know what's going on, Mr. Karl.

Mirabelle returns the bourbon to the table, sits next to Myers and leans toward him.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)

And I feel so, so sorry for you and for Laura and for her, well, for Dr. Murdoch.

(touches Karl's forearm)

Please don't be mad at Reginald for telling me. He cares about you, I'm sure much more than you realize, and he was very upset when he came back here this afternoon.

REGINALD RHODES

I was about to bust wide open.

KARL MYERS

So you said.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(to Myers)

I only know you for seconds, but I know you are a very private person.

Mirabelle glances at Rhodes and then back to Myers.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'm so embarrassed that we are in your business, but even though you don't know me, I'm worried about you.

Myers looks at Rhodes for a beat, and then looks at Mirabelle, who pours him a cup of coffee and smiles.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Just fresh.

Myers sighs, drinks some coffee, puts the mug on the table and stares at it.

KARL MYERS

(to Rhodes)

You said she expects you to meet her tonight.

REGINALD RHODES
I told her I would. At ten.

KARL MYERS
Where?

REGINALD RHODES
At the end of the jetty at the Coast
Guard station.

KARL MYERS
Then you have to.

REGINALD RHODES
What do I tell her?

KARL MYERS
(appears lost)
I have no idea.

Myers stands and steps toward the front door.

REGINALD RHODES
Where're you going?

Myers stretches out his hands without turning around, opens the door, turns right, and walks east on the sidewalk, visible through the Town Tavern windows.

Mirabelle reaches across the table and touches Rhodes' arm.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
What're you going to tell her?

REGINALD RHODES
What *can* I tell her? All I can say is
that he doesn't know what he's going
to do.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
She'll be upset.

REGINALD RHODES
She has reason. What the hell was she
thinking when she got married again?

MIRABELLE CHARLES
I think she was lonely.

REGINALD RHODES
So she said.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Most of us know what an empty heart feels like, and a man paid attention to her -- a nice man, a rich man -- and then maybe he tells her he loves her. She thinks about her son, that he will be provided for.

REGINALD RHODES

I should have told him about the boy.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

She didn't want you to know.

REGINALD RHODES

He's going to find out. She's being naïve, don't you think?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Of course. Everyone in this town knows Laura's son, so no matter what she might want, if he stays here much longer, he will find out, and then she will have to face Mr. Karl for sure.

REGINALD RHODES

It's his finding out about his son that's upsetting her.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Of course it is. In her wildest dreams, she could not have thought that after all these years Mr. Karl would appear so many miles away from the place they had lived a life together. She may not have heard one thing about him from the minute she left there. Maybe she convinced herself that he died in the war.

REGINALD RHODES

(doubtful)
Maybe.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

What else can she do but hope that Mr. Karl will go away quietly and leave her and Billy in peace.

REGINALD RHODES

I don't see that happening.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Neither do I.

Mirabelle takes one of Rhodes' hands in both of hers and looks into his eyes.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Reginald, don't you have the feeling that something greater than we are has brought Mr. Karl here to take a stand?

REGINALD RHODES

I have a hard time wrapping my head around destiny, but let's say you're right, and if you are, what the hell kind of stand is he going to make?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

I think he made it clear that he has no idea.

INT - CLAYTON DORION'S HOUSE, WILLISTON, ND - CONTINUOUS

CLAYTON DORION is asleep, sprawled on his back on his living room sofa. Two empty Schlitz "Steinies" rest on an end table near Dorion's head. The blinds are drawn and the room is in shadow. The residual haze of a just smoked cigar is in the air.

Dorion wears his prison guard uniform, his work shoes are on the floor nearby, and a big toe protrudes through a hole in one of his white, wool socks.

SOUND of LONG DOORBELL BUZZ.

Dorion begins to stir.

SOUND of STACCATO DOORBELL BUZZES.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)

(from outside)

Clayton Dorion! I know you're in there!

SOUND of long DOORBELL BUZZ.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)

(CONT'D)

Clayton, open the door, or I'm coming in!

SOUND of DOOR KNOB JIGGLING.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)

(CONT'D)

Clayton!

Dorion rolls into a seated position, rubs his eyes, and yawns.

SOUND of FIST POUNDING on the front door.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)
(CONT'D)

Clayton!

CLAYTON DORION

(loud)
I'M COMING!

Dorion looks down, sees his protruding toe, and slips his feet into his shoes. He steps to and opens the front door.

Baggett pushes past him without ceremony.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
(smart-assed)
Well, hello to you too!

Baggett turns back to Dorion and pecks his cheek.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(frazzled)
I could use a beer.

CLAYTON DORION
You know where they are.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(shocked)
Clayton!

Dorion rolls his eyes and steps into the kitchen; Baggett follows. Dorion retrieves two Steinies and uses a rusted "church key" to open them.

He takes a swallow; Baggett, a demure sip. Dorion jerks his head toward the tiny living room; Baggett steps in that direction. He follows.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)
(over her shoulder)
I wish you wouldn't smoke cigars in this house. It smells like one big fart!

CLAYTON DORION
Marilyn!

Baggett turns around.

MARILYN BAGGETT
Well it *does!*

Dorion downs the remainder of the Steinie, smacks his chops, and burps.

CLAYTON DORION
(cavalier)
My house.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(coy)
At least for now.

Baggett takes another sip from her Steinie.

Dorion plops onto the sofa; Baggett sits next to him in a most genteel way.

CLAYTON DORION
To what do I owe ...

Baggett extends her free hand palm up as she interrupts.

MARILYN BAGGETT
Oh my goodness! I couldn't wait to get over here to tell you what I found out, and here I am prattling on about you and your cigars!

CLAYTON DORION
(impatient)
Well?

MARILYN BAGGETT
So, I answer the phone, and you'll never guess who was calling the Warden.

CLAYTON DORION
(snide)
You're right about *that!*

Baggett assumes a haughty posture and expression.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(pursed lips)
You know how much I dislike it when you're snide.

CLAYTON DORION
(rolls eyes)
Sorry. Who called?

MARILYN BAGGETT
(conspiratorial)
Well, can you believe it?

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

It was a police chief from some town out in Washington, and you'll never guess what he told the Warden.

CLAYTON DORION

(snide)
Right again!

MARILYN BAGGETT

(indignant)
I have half a mind not to tell you.

CLAYTON DORION

(faux politeness)
I'm sorry, Sweetheart. Please. Tell me.

Baggett pouts as she pulls a pad from her pocketbook and refers to it as she relates what she overheard.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Well, he tells Warden Church that Richard Clemont, or whatever his name is -- actually, "Mato" is the name the sheriff used ...

Dorion stands up and glowers at Baggett.

CLAYTON DORION

And?

MARILYN BAGGETT

Don't get all pissy with me. I'm just the messenger. He said Clemont was in his town.

CLAYTON DORION

(shocked anger)
What?

Dorion begins to pace, stopping to face Baggett each time he speaks.

CLAYTON DORION

How'd you hear this?

MARILYN BAGGETT

I'm not proud of how.

CLAYTON DORION

I don't give a damn whether you are or not. Just tell me how you heard this.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(clearly embarrassed)
I listened in.

CLAYTON DORION
What else did you hear?

MARILYN BAGGETT
The Sheriff had the description of the
car he was in.

CLAYTON DORION
Which was?

MARILYN BAGGETT
A black, Ford Customline with North
Dakota plates.

CLAYTON DORION
That Marshal Messina drives one.

MARILYN BAGGETT
Exactly what I was thinking.

CLAYTON DORION
So how does a Washington police chief
recognize Clemont and make the
connection to Fermamount?

Baggett flips a page of the pad and refers to its contents.

MARILYN BAGGETT
Apparently, there's somebody out there
who was in Williston during the prison
break and saw Clemont or Mato ...

CLAYTON DORION
(interrupts)
Never mind the name!

MARILYN BAGGETT
(slightly indignant)
He said the man's character was ...
(struggles to read her
writing)
Here it is: "the man's character is
impeccable."

Dorion stops pacing, and appears to be remember something.

CLAYTON DORION
(to himself)
Well I'll be goddamned.

Dorion sits on the sofa and looks into Baggett's eyes.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

What'd the Warden tell him?

Baggett scans her notes.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Well, let's see. Ah, he told him that whoever thinks they saw Clemont was mistaken -- and what else? Ah, here: that all those people look alike, and that he couldn't be out there because he'd been transferred to a prison back east.

CLAYTON DORION

Do you think that's true, that he got shipped east?

MARILYN BAGGETT

Why would the warden lie?

CLAYTON DORION

I don't know, but the Customline? Didn't you tell me that it was Messina who took him away?

MARILYN BAGGETT

I did.

Marilyn empties her Steinie and hands it to Dorion. Dorion places it alongside the others on the end table.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

Thank you, dear.

Dorion's expression reveals that he is deep in thought.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

I hope I haven't upset you. I thought you'd want to know about this.

Dorion shakes himself free of his reverie and smiles in a patronizing way at Baggett.

CLAYTON DORION

I've got some vacation time coming. I think I'll drive out to Washington. What was the name of the town?

MARILYN BAGGETT

Port Townsend.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

(pouting)

Clayton, I don't have any vacation time. I couldn't go with you.

CLAYTON DORION

(unconvincing)

That is a shame, but I won't be gone long.

(beat)

You know, it's a while before we need to worry about dinner. How about dessert first.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(a bit taken aback)

Dessert first?

CLAYTON DORION

(lascivious)

You know, a little afternoon delight?

Baggett raises an eyebrow and casts a lurid smile at Dorion.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Why Clayton, you are such a very, very bad boy.

INT - CLAYTON DORION'S HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Baggett and Dorion are lying naked beneath a sheet on Dorion's double bed. Both are lying on their backs and staring at the ceiling; Dorion's hands are behind his head.

Baggett rolls toward Dorion and slides her hand onto his chest.

MARILYN BAGGETT

You know, Dear, you've never told me about what happened to ... what was her name? Viola?

CLAYTON DORION

(annoyed)

Why do you need to know?

MARILYN BAGGETT

I don't know. I guess I want to understand why he upsets you so much.

CLAYTON DORION

It's nothing to worry your pretty little head about.

MARILYN BAGGETT

So you think, but I do worry my pretty little head about it. I want you to tell me because I can tell it's very, very personal. It is, isn't it?

Dorion glances at Baggett and then looks back at the ceiling.

Under the sheets, Baggett's hand visibly slides down Dorion's belly to his crotch, where it begins to fiddle around.

Dorion looks at Baggett for a beat and then rolls toward her; she continues to fiddle around as she looks lustfully into Dorion's eyes and kisses him with intent but briefly.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Dorion rolls away from her onto his back and stares at the ceiling.

CLAYTON DORION

It was one goddamned cold Montana night.

DISSOLVE TO:

E/I - MONTANA PRAIRIE NORTH OF WOLF POINT/DORION'S DODGE -
FLASHBACK, WINTER NIGHT, 1952

SOUND of TIRE CHAINS moving at speed over a gravel road covered with packed snow and ice; a black, 1950 Dodge coupe drives northbound on Powder River Road; the prairie is covered with snow for as far as one can see in the light of the full moon.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)

I'd just gotten the job at Fermamount, and I knew she'd be happy about having eleven more dollars a week in her paw.

Dorion pushes in the car's cigarette lighter. He wears a faded, plaid, shearling jacket, a battered, flat-brimmed, side-grooved fedora, a scarf loosely lying across his shoulders, and "Arctics" (galoshes) over his shoes.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)

(CONT'D)

I'd been planning to surprise her. I knew she liked surprises.

The cigarette lighter pops out; Dorion lights up a Corona and begins clouding up the interior of the Dodge with cigar fumes.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)
(CONT'D)

Fool that I was, I thought she'd be
extra surprised because I wasn't
expected until the next day.

Dorion smiles as he drags on the Corona, and laughs when he
exhales.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)
(CONT'D)

I figured because of my surprise, when
I got her into bed, she was going to
make me one happy man.

The Dodge turns off Powder River Road onto a track buried by
snow and marked only at the road's edge by a long row of
telephone poles connected by a single wire.

SOUND of TIRE CHAINS moving at slow speed through crusted snow.

A small herd of pronghorns, standing still as statues, appears
in the headlight beams, their being alive betrayed by streams
of vapor coming from their nostrils.

A hundred yards ahead, at the end of the row of telephone
poles, a two-story, white, clapboard house appears in the
headlight beams.

Dorion chuckles and turns off the headlights and slows the car;
the moonglow asserts itself and the outline of the house is
visible as the only structure in sight for miles.

As the Dodge nears the house, its windows are dark save for
light coming from two ground floor windows in the back of the
house; the outline of the windows shines on the snow next to
the house.

Gusts of wind shake the Dodge and blow ice dust illuminated by
moonlight. When he is fifty yards from the house, Dorion spies
a shape in front of the house that shifts its position and is
visible as the silhouette of a horse.

Dorion stops the Dodge, and apparently stunned, stares at the
horse; indecision is on his face for a beat, until anger
replaces it.

He removes a revolver from the glove department, checks to see
that it is loaded, and places the gun into the left pocket of
his jacket. He stuffs a glove into a right-side pocket and
places its mate on his right hand.

Dorion wedges his hat further down on his head, flips up the collar of his coat, and wraps the scarf around the collar and over his face and ears.

The wind blows a gale when he exits the Dodge. He keeps his head low, his left hand in his jacket pocket, and his gloved right hand attached to the brim of his fedora.

The crusted snow is not quite a foot deep in places, but alongside the house, there are drifts three or more feet deep.

The crust is not strong enough to support Dorion's weight. Every step requires that he extract his foot from the hole it creates, which slows his progress.

As he nears the back of the house, striped shadows from security bars are visible on the snow in trapezoids of light from the windows. As he nears, rhythmic shadows of two human forms move among the striped shadows of one window.

Dorion steps more quickly, which means with more difficulty, toward the windows. When he reaches the first, he grabs the bars.

Inside, 24-year-old and naked VIOLA DORION leans forward with her hands braced on either side of the window. Viola's pendulous breasts sway to a rhythm that only Viola and the man behind her, MATO-SA (aka Richard Clemont), can hear.

Dorion places his face between two bars and SCREAMS in RAGE; Viola, shocked for a beat at the image of Dorion, SCREAMS in TERROR. Mato-sa, who wears a buttoned flannel shirt, laughs as if what is happening is a great joke.

Mato-sa and Viola separate; Dorion struggles to the nearby back door and stumbles. He struggles to his feet and discovers the back door is locked.

Dorion pounds on the door and then continues moving through unbroken snow toward the side of the house. He rounds the corner and discovers drifts ahead of him that are twice the depth of what is on the other side of the house.

Dorion turns around and hurries, often stumbling, occasionally falling, through snow he has previously disturbed. When he passes the rear windows, the lights inside the house have been extinguished.

A full gale smacks him in the face when he emerges from behind the house, accompanied by the SOUND of ROARING WIND. When Dorion is mere feet from the front of the house, the muffled SOUND of POUNDING HOOVES is heard just above that of the gale.

Dorion rounds the corner of the front of the house. The silhouette of a horse and rider are galloping away. Dorion extracts the pistol with his left hand as he drops to one knee.

Dorion fires five shots at the diminishing silhouette of horse and rider, which disappears over the crest of a small rise.

DISSOLVE TO PRESENT:

EXT - PORT HUDSON - TEN P.M.

There are nearly overwhelming SOUNDS of WIND in rigging and of WAVES BREAKING on riprap as Laura stands at the end of the rock jetty that marks the west side of the inlet into the Port Hudson basin.

Laura stares at a waxing, gibbous moon that is three hand-widths-high over the Olympics.

A cold, easterly wind blowing from the Puget Sound whips her hair about her ears. She rubs her upper arms, which are enclosed in a wool turtleneck beneath her suburbanite jacket.

REGINALD RHODES (O.C.)

(very loud)

Miss Laura.

Laura starts. She turns and see Rhodes is only a few feet from her. He stretches out his hands.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(loud)

I've been calling your name.

Laura steps toward Rhodes.

LAURA

(loud, disappointed)

I expected *him*, not you.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)

Sorry. I did my best.

LAURA

(loud, angry)

He never does what other people want.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)

Not the man I know.

LAURA

(loud)
Well, it's the man *I* know.

Laura glances at the moon, and then looks at Rhodes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(loud)
You have a message?

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
I don't. I'm sorry.

LAURA

(yells)
Goddamn it!

Laura spins toward the bay and shakes her fists at the heavens.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(yells)
*What the hell did I do to deserve
this?*

Rhodes watches Laura; his expression conveys concern.

Laura looks down at the water for a beat and then turns toward Rhodes; her body language conveys defeat.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(barely heard)
What am I supposed to do now?

Rhodes moves closer and leans toward her. She looks up at him.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
I couldn't hear you.

LAURA

(loud and worried)
I said, *what am I supposed to do now?*

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
I wish I knew. You seem like a good person. Everybody seems to think so.

LAURA

(loud)
Everybody?

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
According to Mirabelle.

LAURA

(loud)
Wait until "everybody" finds out I'm a
goddamned bigamist.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Mirabelle's worried about that.

LAURA

(loud)
You told Mirabelle?

Laura starts to pace back and forth on the uneven surface of the jetty. Rhodes gently grabs her wrist and turns her to him.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
You know you can trust her.

LAURA

(loud, sharp)
Do I?

Laura yanks her wrist from Rhodes' grasp.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Nobody else needs to know.

LAURA

(loud)
In this town, *everybody* will know.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
I won't say anything.

LAURA

(loud, angry)
You already *did!*

Rhodes looks down for a beat; Laura looks at the moon.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Miss Laura ...

Laura turns toward Rhodes.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(loud)
I know about your son.

LAURA
(loud, angry)
Mirabelle told you.

REGINALD RHODES
(loud)
Doesn't everybody know?

LAURA
(loud, angry)
I'm sick and tired of "everybody."

REGINALD RHODES
(loud)
If everybody knows, isn't Karl going
to find out?

Arms hanging at her sides, Laura's head droops and she begins to cry. Rhodes steps toward her, but she touches his chest with her fingertips; he stops. Tear streaks on her cheeks are visible in the moonlight.

As she speaks, Rhodes leans his ear close to her.

LAURA
I'm lost, Reggie. Lost. Just leave me
alone.

REGINALD RHODES
(loud)
Come with me. We'll get a coffee.

Laura gently pushes Rhodes away.

LAURA
(loud)
I'll be okay.

REGINALD RHODES
(loud, concerned)
I'm not so sure.

LAURA
(loud)
Tell him I don't have any answers
either.

Rhodes and Laura look into each other's eyes for a beat. She watches him turn and walk away.

Laura stares at the moon for a beat. She pulls a silver-plated revolver from the waistband of her slacks and stares at it.

The shadowed shape of Karl Myers appears behind Laura. She senses his presence, spins toward him, and levels the revolver at his chest.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(loud)

I *knew* you'd come.

Myers glances at the revolver but appears to disregard it; his eyes bore into hers, which glisten in the moonlight.

KARL MYERS

(loud)

I couldn't come all this way after all these years and not talk with you.

LAURA

(loud, angry)

You came all this way to ruin my life. Again.

KARL MYERS

(loud, angry)

Your's isn't the only life that's been ruined. Do you think it's been easy for me? Easier for me than for you? You *abandoned* me!

Laura raises the pistol into position to shoot Myers between the eyes.

LAURA

(screams)

You *killed* my daughter!

KARL MYERS

(loud, accusatory)

She was with you!

LAURA

(yells)

I *trusted* you!

Myers spreads his hands and takes a step toward her.

KARL MYERS

(loud)

It was an *accident*! Why can't you accept that we're both to blame?

Laura lowers the pistol to aim at Myers' heart.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(loud, demanding)

Go on! Put me out of my misery!

Myers steps forward until the muzzle of the revolver touches his chest.

KARL MYERS

(loud, pleading)

Do it! Please!

Laura begins to sob. She lowers the gun, turns away from Myers, and then quickly raises the muzzle to her temple. Myers' hand hits Laura's elbow a split second before the gun fires. He quickly yanks the revolver from her hand.

Still sobbing, Laura turns and falls into Myers' arms.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND BOAT HAVEN - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

SOUND of WIND WHISTLING in the rigging of sailboats.

Mato-sa sits on an overturned oil drum in shadows next to a large metal building a hundred feet from the boat basin. A floppy, big-brimmed fedora is pulled down tight on his head; he wears a plaid shearling coat, jeans, and work boots.

Mato-sa smokes a cigarette and stares at the moon-sparkled water of Port Townsend Bay. He smiles as he blows a plume of smoke toward the moon, and then the smile broadens. He throws his head back and LAUGHS OUT LOUD.

SOUND of TIRES on GRAVEL; the beams of headlights shine onto the boats in the boat basin.

Mato-sa's eyes snap toward the approaching car. He flicks the cigarette away, dismounts the oil drum, drops behind it, and watches a dark-blue, Packard Patrician approach the boat basin.

The Packard stops near and perpendicular to the edge of the boat basin. The headlights and engine turn off.

Laura's silhouette in the driver's seat and Myers' silhouette in the passenger seat are outlined by the bright light from a single, mercury vapor lamp on a pole to the right of the Packard and next to a ramp that leads to floating docks.

A tiny orange dot from the car's cigarette lighter arcs toward the driver's head and disappears behind it long enough for a cigarette to be lit.

The driver turns toward the passenger; a plume of smoke directed toward the passenger appears in the mercury lamp's light.

The silhouettes lean toward one another and kiss.

The kiss lasts a few seconds; Mato-sa's expression conveys serious curiosity about what it is he sees.

After the kiss ends, Laura and Myers exit the car.

Myers waits for Laura to round the front of the car, and then extends his hand. She takes it, and hand-in-hand, they walk to the head of the ramp.

The mercury lamp provides sufficient illumination to see Laura's and Myers' features; Mato-sa's expression conveys recognition of Myers.

Mato-sa moves, undetected by Laura or Myers, from the oil drum to the driver-side of the Packard; the conversation between Myers and Laura is barely audible to Mato-sa over the SOUND of WIND WHISTLING in the boats' rigging.

Laura and Myers stare at the boats; Laura smokes.

KARL MYERS

I'm not sure this is the best place
for us to be right now.

(turns to Laura)

Are you sure you don't want to just
talk in the car?

Laura blows smoke in his direction.

LAURA

I'm sure.

Myers turns his eyes to the moon.

KARL MYERS

And you're sure George won't be coming
back tonight?

Laura reaches up and gently turns Myers' face toward her.

LAURA

(smiles)

I'm sure.

Laura drops her cigarette and grinds it out in the gravel with the toe of her shoe.

Mato-sa smiles a sly smile as he watches Laura and Myers walk down the ramp to the floating dock and on to the Serenity, which they board.

Mato-sa chuckles and rubs his hands.

INT - SERENITY, BOAT HAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Laura waits in the salon of the 60-foot yawl and watches Myers descend the companionway ladder.

The varnished mahogany and brass-accented interior is bathed in the golden glow of a kerosene lantern. Blue upholstered cushions cover the seats and backs of berths. An open, rosewood box with green velvet lining rests on the salon table.

Laura and Myers stare at one another; their expressions and body language convey a slight awkwardness.

Myers sees and touches the rosewood box, takes the silver-plated pistol from his coat pocket, and turns to Laura.

KARL MYERS

(gentle)

Is this where this belongs?

Laura nods; Myers places the pistol in the box and then closes and fastens the lid.

Laura returns the box to a shelf in the alcove used as the navigation station. She pauses for a beat, and then turns toward Myers.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Will he notice that it's been fired?

LAURA

I've only seen him open that box once, and that was to show me the gun and explain how to use it.

KARL MYERS

There is a chance he'll notice.

LAURA

I'll plead ignorance.

KARL MYERS

He'll believe you?

Laura stares into Myers' eyes.

LAURA

He loves me, Karlie.

KARL MYERS

So do I.

LAURA

You love the person I was.

KARL MYERS

It's the only you I know.

LAURA

I'm not the same girl I was then.

KARL MYERS

You haven't changed one bit.

LAURA

(laughs)

Liar!

KARL MYERS

It's true. Just as beautiful as you were then.

LAURA

(slight smile)

Your eyesight is failing, old man.

KARL MYERS

(sincere)

It's twenty-twenty. You haven't changed.

LAURA

Love is blind.

KARL MYERS

But it doesn't conquer all, does it?

LAURA

(distant)

It ripped my guts out, Karlie, losing my little girl.

KARL MYERS

Don't forget that I lost her too, the same night I lost you.

LAURA

(very distant)

I think maybe I did get lost.

Laura sits on the starboard settee and stares blankly at the salon table.

KARL MYERS

I think you ran away.

Laura glances at him with eyes that show a conflict of anger and regret. She rises, goes to a kerosene heater on the salon's forward bulkhead, lights the heater, and steps back.

Myers approaches Laura from behind and gently slides his hands around her belly. She leans back against him; he closes his eyes and softly nuzzles her hair.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Lavender.

LAURA

(wistful)
It's in everything out here: tea,
soap, perfume; it's everywhere.

The couple stares at the glowing heater.

KARL MYERS

You've been here since you left?

LAURA

In Bellingham for the first few years.
I just drove west until there wasn't
any farther that I could go.

KARL MYERS

(hesitant)
You hated me that much?

LAURA

I never hated you, Karlie. I was so
goddamned angry and afraid that I
think I lost my mind a little.

Laura turns around, wraps her arms around Myers' waist, and lays her head on his chest.

LAURA (CONT'D)

In fact, I couldn't get you out of my
mind for a long, long time.

Myers gently pushes her away enough to look into her eyes.

KARL MYERS

Why didn't you come back, or at least
write?

Laura looks down and returns her cheek to Myers' chest.

LAURA

I was ashamed.

KARL MYERS

(softly but pointed)
You were pregnant.

Laura pushes him away gently, goes to the galley, and fills a teapot with water. She lights the gimbaled stove, places the teapot over the flame, stares at nothing, and responds over her shoulder

LAURA
(emotional)
I was devastated.

KARL MYERS
And angry.

Laura turns around and glares at Myers. Her dark eyes flash and her expression hardens, but only for a beat.

LAURA
Weren't you?

KARL MYERS
On the same night, I lost the only two people in the world who mattered to me. I was too gutted to be angry.

They stare at one another.

Abrupt SOUND of TEAPOT WHISTLING; Laura starts.

INT - SERENITY - MOMENTS LATER

Two empty mugs rest on the edge of the salon table.

Laura and Myers make love on the starboard berth. He is naked and on his back; she wears an open, plaid flannel shirt and straddles him. Their eyes are closed.

Laura's arms are extended with her hands on Myers' chest as she moves against him. Both are lost in the moment.

Laura has a demonstrable orgasm; when it ends, she focuses on Myers' face and after a few seconds increases the rhythm of her movement.

Myers comes. When he is finished, Laura collapses onto his chest. They kiss passionately for a few beats, and then she rests her head on his shoulder. After a few seconds of recovery, Myers speaks.

KARL MYERS
(near breathless)
Tell me about him.

LAURA
(wistful)
He's a wonderful boy, Karlie.

KARL MYERS
I saw him this morning.

LAURA
How'd you know it was him?

KARL MYERS
I was with Sam.

Laura elevates her shoulders and stares into Myers' eyes; his do not meet hers.

LAURA
He's *our* son. His name is William ...
Billy.

Karl looks into Laura's eyes.

KARL MYERS
Myers?

LAURA
(sighs)
Benton.

Laura lifts herself off of Myers, stands and carries the mugs to the galley.

LAURA (CONT'D)
You can be so proud of him. He's never given me an ounce of trouble, and he's been so attentive and supportive, especially ...

Laura leans her hands on the galley countertop and stares at the sink.

KARL MYERS
Especially?

LAURA
With my husband.

KARL MYERS
With your other husband.

LAURA
(to herself)
What am I going to do?

Myers sits up and slips on boxer shorts.

KARL MYERS
What're we going to do?

Myers stands and puts on a white T-shirt as he watches Laura light the stove and fill the teapot.

LAURA
(over her shoulder)
I want to know before morning.

KARL MYERS
It *is* morning.

Laura spoons Maxwell House instant coffee into the mugs.

LAURA
(over her shoulder)
You know what I mean.

KARL MYERS
What's best for the boy?

Laura leans back against the countertop.

LAURA
It's going to be complicated as he gets older.

KARL MYERS
(raised eyebrow)
Maybe we should just focus on how we're going to deal with now.

LAURA
(slight smile)
Agreed.

Laura sighs.

SOUND of the TEAPOT WHISTLING.

Laura slides the teapot off the flame and turns the burner off. She is about to pour the hot water into the cups.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)
Did you tell him I died in the war?

Laura suspends the teapot over the mugs for a beat, and then pours.

LAURA
(over her shoulder)
Not exactly.

Laura stirs the coffees.

KARL MYERS

Not exactly?

Laura hands Myers a mug, takes hers to the salon table, and slides behind it. Myers slides next to her. She stares at her mug; he stares at her for a beat.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Laura?

LAURA

(to the mug)
I told him we had differences and parted, that you went away, that I never heard from you again.

Myers sips his coffee and looks at a starboard port light.

KARL MYERS

You let him figure out that something must have happened to me in the war.

LAURA

(to Myers)
As he got older, he learned that a lot of fathers never came home; he never questioned the probability of it when it came to you.

Both sip their coffees; Laura does her best to keep back tears. She puts her mug on the table, and bows her head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(softly weeping)
I'm so sorry, Karlie. I could have -- should have -- told him the truth.

Myers puts his arm around her; she leans against him.

KARL MYERS

What is it that you want?

Laura separates from Myers, wipes her cheeks, opens her eyes wide for an instant, shakes her head and takes a deep breath. She looks into his eyes for a beat.

LAURA

I don't want this night to end.

KARL MYERS

It's going to end.

LAURA

I know.
 (looks at mug)
 There is one thing.

KARL MYERS

Tell me.

Laura looks at Myers as if trying to decide whether or not she wants to continue.

LAURA

After tonight, we can never talk about Dorothy. Not to each other; not to Billy.

KARL MYERS

Does he know he had a sister?

LAURA

(looks at mug)
 He does not. Maybe someday -- a long time from now -- he can know, but I'm saying that you and I can't talk about her.

(to Myers)

I don't want her to come between us any more.

KARL MYERS

So, this is when we say our "sorries" for all that's passed and mean it?

LAURA

It is.

Myers holds up his mug to Laura; she raises her mug and clinks it against his. They drink from the mugs and then place them on the table. Myers puts his arm around Laura; she leans into him.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Is it possible that I still love you?

KARL MYERS

I've never stopped loving you.

LAURA

(whispers)
 I know.

The couple sits as they are for a few seconds. Laura appears sad; Myers is contemplative.

KARL MYERS

(eyes narrow)

I may have a way forward for us.

Laura pulls away; they look into each other's eyes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(piercing gaze)

It all depends on how much you love
your other husband.

E/I - WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND/MARTINELLI IMPORTERS OFFICE,
BALTIMORE - EARLY AFTERNOON, NEXT DAY

Karl Myers stands in a phone booth on the corner of Water and
Quincy Streets positioned catty-cornered from the Town Tavern.
He holds the handset against his ear.

KARL MYERS

Hello. Yes, a collect call for Angelo
Martinelli at, ah, Martinelli
Importers, Baltimore.

(beat)

Ah, yes. South President's Street.
Don't have the street number. Sorry.

Myers watches the MV Quinault begin to disgorge cars as he
waits. After a few seconds, his attention appears to be
something coming from the phone, and then he speaks 1950s' long-
distance-loud into the mouth piece.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Angelo?

ANGELO MARTINELLI is Myers' age and very handsome with dark
eyes and Victor Mature hair. He is elegantly dressed in a navy
blue, pin-striped suit, silk shirt and silk tie, gold watch,
gold cufflinks, and gold tie pin; his nails are manicured.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

I cannot believe my fucking ears when
the operator says your name. Where the
fuck have you been?

KARL MYERS

(slight smile)

Around, Angelo, around.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Around my ass. I mean, like, Jesus
Christ, how many years are we talking
about?

KARL MYERS

A lot of years, Angelo, a lot of years.

Angelo holds the handset with his shoulder as he tightens the knot of his necktie

ANGELO MARTINELLI

You should see me, Karlie. I'm still the suave-assed *goombah* you remember, if you know what I mean.

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)

I have an idea, my friend.

Angelo guffaws.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Okay, so this is my fucking dime. I know you're not calling to check on my health, you lousy *stanna mabaych*. I know I owe you big time, so just name it.

Myers' expression becomes serious; he takes a deep breath.

KARL MYERS

How up is the family's consigliere on Maryland divorce law?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Uh oh. This ain't about you and the most gorgeous piece of ass that ever escaped the neighborhood, is it?

KARL MYERS

I'm afraid so.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

She's finally seeing the light? Why she ever picked you over me, you lousy *chooch*, I'll never know. Where the fuck are you?

KARL MYERS

Port Townsend ... Washington.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Jesus *Christ*, the *coglioni* on you, calling collect across the whole fucking continent. You got the money to pay for a divorce, you cheap *stanna mabaych*?

ANGELO MARTINELLI (CONT'D)

(guffaws)

You know you're going to have to be here to do this thing?

KARL MYERS

I can be there in four days, and money's not an issue.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Then why are you calling collect, you tight *bastardo!*

(guffaws)

But never mind that, *di cosa hai bisogno da me?*

KARL MYERS

I need to get an "official" document that maybe never actually went through a judge ...

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Here we go ...

KARL MYERS

Dated sometime in late thirty-nine.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Thirty-nine? You're giving me *agita*.

KARL MYERS

I know the family knows people, Angelo. Can you do this?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

What're you talking? Of *course*, I can, you lousy *stanna mabaych*.

(guffaws)

I owe you.

Angelo runs his hand down across his mouth.

KARL MYERS

Angelo?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

I ain't gone nowhere. Just thinking.

(beat)

Tell you what, *goombah*, you get me a signed note from that beauty telling me it's not some *cazzate* you've cooked up on your own, and I'm in, and I'm going to need her signature.

KARL MYERS

I'll have it.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

That's good because Domenico -- I know you remember that *scoochamando* -- he's going to have to, dare I say it, forge that beauty's signature, so if you ain't got it, fuggedaboutit!

KARL MYERS

Done.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

So when will I see you?

KARL MYERS

I hope a week from today.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Done.

Angelo holds the handset to his ear for a beat before placing it on the phone. He stares at the phone for a beat and then looks toward the doorway leading to an anteroom.

ANGELO MARTINELLI (CONT'D)

(loud)
Paola!

PAOLA MESSINA (O.C.)

(loud)
Coming.

PAOLA MESSINA appears and stands in the doorway with pencil and pad; she is dressed in neat office attire, including nylons and high heels; her bleached blonde hair is Audrey Hepburn short.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Call Domenico. Tell him I need to talk to him about a favor I owe a cousin.

Paola makes a note on the pad, nods at Angelo, and departs. Angelo stares blankly at the open doorway.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND - HOUR LATER

Myers and Rhodes have reached the top of the broad and very long concrete stairway that connects the downtown with Uptown.

KARL MYERS

(windy)
I walk this on a regular basis I might get into shape.

REGINALD RHODES
(less winded, smiles)
Or die.

KARL MYERS
I appreciate the vote of confidence.

Rhodes laughs.

The two men turn left onto Jefferson Street and continue up the grade toward Tyler Street at a near quick march.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
How long have we known this woman?

REGINALD RHODES
Feel like I've known Mirabelle all my life.

KARL MYERS
(glances at Rhodes)
Less than seventy-two hours, my friend!

Rhodes laughs.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
And you've already been to her house?
When did you find the time?

REGINALD RHODES
I'm not asking where you slept last night.

Myers looks at Rhodes with a stymied expression; Rhodes looks down at Myers, interprets the expression, and laughs.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND - MOMENTS LATER

Myers and Rhodes stand at the corner of Tyler and Lawrence Streets and wait for a car to pass. When it passes they cross the street and continue along Tyler Street at a quick march.

KARL MYERS
So Mirabelle follows this young man here.

REGINALD RHODES
Name was Tommy.

KARL MYERS
She follows him here because?

REGINALD RHODES
They were in love.

KARL MYERS
How old was she?

REGINALD RHODES
Seventeen.

KARL MYERS
And Tommy?

REGINALD RHODES
Don't know. Older. Worked at the paper mill. Apparently, Mirabelle's people -- Tommy's too -- were practically getting starved out by the government.

KARL MYERS
The government?

REGINALD RHODES
Complicated, but as near as I can tell, it had something to do with a dam that got built. I don't know. Anyway, he came here to find work, rented the house we're going to now, and then he became the town drunk.

KARL MYERS
The town drunk? Is that what she said?

REGINALD RHODES
It's what Charlie told me. Seems she won't say a bad word about Tommy.

KARL MYERS
So then what happens?

REGINALD RHODES
Boy disappears.

KARL MYERS
Disappears?

REGINALD RHODES
It's what she said.

KARL MYERS
So, what'd she do?

REGINALD RHODES
Did what she had to.

KARL MYERS

Like?

REGINALD RHODES

Months before Tommy disappeared she'd started working as what we called a domestic back home, you know, cleaning houses and the like.

KARL MYERS

Which kept her under a roof and in grub, I guess.

REGINALD RHODES

She'd been supporting both of them before he disappeared because he'd lost his job.

KARL MYERS

The drink?

REGINALD RHODES

Exactly. So when he disappears, that's when she started working at the Town Tavern. Charlie says she's the hardest-working person he's ever known, and that in all this time, he's never known her to say an unkind word or utter a cuss about anybody.

Myers glances at Rhodes and smiles at him.

KARL MYERS

You're not going sweet on her, are you?

REGINALD RHODES

(bashful)
Hard as hell not to.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND - MOMENTS LATER

Myers and Rhodes stride along F Street and approach Van Ness Street on the left.

KARL MYERS

So, whatever happened to this Tommy fella?

Rhodes gestures slightly to turn left, and they enter Van Ness. It is a graveled street with no sidewalks.

REGINALD RHODES

Six months after he'd disappeared, he was found lying on a bank of the Elwha River west of here, decomposed beyond recognition.

KARL MYERS

How'd they know it was him?

REGINALD RHODES

Mirabelle said 'personal effects.'

KARL MYERS

So, no cause of death?

REGINALD RHODES

According to Charlie, it was ruled accidental, but everybody thinks it was a suicide. Charlie said Big Bubba asked Mirabelle about it in front of everybody at the Tavern ...

KARL MYERS

(feigned surprise)

Shock!

REGINALD RHODES

(slight smile)

I know ... According to Charlie, Mirabelle just walked away and never said another word about it, but he thinks she believes Tommy would never have killed himself.

Rhodes stops and nods at a small, one-story, light-green, clapboard home on their right with a shed-roofed extension in the back.

The house is set back from the street; two large rosemary bushes flank steps that lead up to a covered front porch. A dark blue Packard Patrician is parked in the grass alongside the house.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

That's it.

KARL MYERS

She's done okay then, hasn't she?

REGINALD RHODES

Charlie said that after they found Tommy, some of the well-off people in town thought so much of Mirabelle, they got up a down payment and arranged a manageable mortgage for her. This is *her house* ... Well, the bank's for now ... but you know what I mean: her name's on the deed. It's small, but nice inside.

KARL MYERS

Less than seventy-two hours, and you know it's nice inside?

REGINALD RHODES

(laughs)

Again, First Sergeant, where'd you sleep last night?

INT - MIRABELLE CHARLES' HOUSE - HOUR LATER

Rhodes, Mirabelle, Myers and Laura sit around a very small, round table in a very small kitchen. The only light is the diminishing light of a graying, late afternoon.

Each appears lost in thought. Laura is the only one who smokes; she taps ashes into a full glass ashtray in front of her. Four empty coffee cups are on the table.

KARL MYERS

I need to be on the Empire Builder by four a.m. on Thursday.

REGINALD RHODES

Roger, that.

KARL MYERS

If all goes well, I should be back in eight or nine days.

(to Reggie)

I'll call you at the Tavern as soon as I get to Baltimore and leave a number where you can reach me.

(to all)

If things take longer than I expect, I'll call Reggie at the Tavern.

(to Laura)

And if you need to get in touch, he'll have my number.

Myers places his hand on Laura's; she grasps his hand and looks into his eyes.

Reggie and Mirabelle exchange glances.

REGINALD RHODES

(to Mirabelle)

You were telling me you still have
tomatoes?

Mirabelle stands, takes Rhodes' hand and leads him from the room.

Myers and Laura glance at the departing couple, then look into each other's eyes and smile slightly. Laura drops her gaze. Myers lifts her chin gently and kisses her; the kiss endures.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND - EARLY EVENING, SAME DAY

Myers rounds the corner onto Jefferson and is adjacent to Port Townsend's fire bell tower when he senses that someone is following him.

The someone is Mato-sa. He wears his big-brimmed fedora and has the remnant of a bruise on his right cheek.

Myers continues to the concrete stairway that leads down to Washington Street; he begins down the stairs.

SOUND of FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

At the landing that is half-way down the stairway, Myers stops and faces Mato-sa, who is several steps above him.

Mato-sa stops, smirks, and continues to the landing.

MATO-SA

(smirk)

I think you and I should talk.

KARL MYERS

(controlled)

I'm listening.

Mato-sa looks out at Port Townsend Bay and the vistas beyond.

MATO-SA

Nice view.

KARL MYERS

Why are you here?

Mato-sa turns toward Myers with his persistent smirk.

MATO-SA

Here in this town, or here?

Mato-sa points to the concrete surface of the landing.

KARL MYERS
Start talking, or I'm leaving.

MATO-SA
(faux friendly)
Oh, you don't want to leave.

Myers steps toward the stairs.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)
Wait!

Myers stops and turns toward Mato-sa.

KARL MYERS
(cold)
I'm waiting.

MATO-SA
I'm not who you think I am.

KARL MYERS
Really? And what makes you think I
know you?

MATO-SA
I can see it in your eyes, white man.
You think you know me.

Mato-sa steps toward Myers in a threatening manner.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)
(clenched teeth)
You think you *own* me.

Myers' response is to glare at Mato-sa, who smiles and takes a
step back.

MATO-SA
(matter-of-fact)
But what I think, white man, is you
think I look like someone you took
down with a cheap shot in a Dakota
saloon.
(malicious)
But you're mistaken.

KARL MYERS
(nods at Mato-sa's cheek)
Where'd you get that bruise?

MATO-SA
(breezy indifference)
What bruise?

Myers points to the bruise on Mato-sa's cheek.

KARL MYERS

That bruise.

Mato-sa laughs and touches the mark.

MATO-SA

Oh this? I'm real clumsy. Walked into a door.

KARL MYERS

You're lying, Mato.

MATO-SA

(laughs)

Mato? I don't know that Indian shit.

KARL MYERS

Who were your friends in the Customline?

MATO-SA

(snide and threatening)

Just friends, real good friends that won't like you bothering me.

Mato-sa reaches into his jacket; Myers flinches.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Relax, man. Just getting my wallet.

Mato-sa pulls out a very new, black leather wallet, and from it, extracts three cards that he hands to Myers: a driver's license, a Social Security card, and a draft card, each of which appears well-worn.

Myers studies the cards, looks at Mato-sa, and returns the cards to him.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

See man, I told you, I ain't who you think I am. I just got in from Seattle with my friends when you saw me in the Customline. Like you see on them cards, my name's Paul Anderson, so I need for you to stay out of my fucking business.

KARL MYERS

(glares at Mato-sa)

Or what?

MATO-SA

My friends might take offense.

KARL MYERS

Their problem, not mine.

Mato-sa takes a step toward Myers, looks up and down the steps in a conspiratorial way, and speaks in a low tone.

MATO-SA

How's *this* for a problem, white man? I know you killed a man in a Williston bar. Shot him in cold blood. My friends might want to *talk* to you about that.

KARL MYERS

Still not a problem, Mato.

MATO-SA

(sneers)

Name's Anderson. You saw them cards, and I still think my friends would say you got a problem.

KARL MYERS

An inconvenience, not a problem.

Mato-sa acknowledges Myers' assertion with a shrug. He steps away and stares at a warship moored across the bay at Indian Island.

MATO-SA

(breezy indifference)

Maybe so, but there's this other thing. Got me a part-time, shit job at the Boat Haven. Starts tomorrow, so I've been getting my bearings. Day and night. And what do I see the other night?

Mato-sa turns around and takes a step toward Myers.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

(matter-of-fact)

A real good-looking woman, the kind that gets into handsome warriors like me, talking to a guy who looked a lot like you, and what do I hear?

MATO-SA

(sinister)

I hear that man asking if that woman was sure her "George" wasn't coming back that night.

Mato-sa glares at Myers, who is visibly furious, albeit restrained. Mato-sa steps back and smiles.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

I thought that might get your attention.

Mato-sa extracts a cigarette and safety matches from a pocket. He lights the fag, takes a long drag, and exhales in a devil-may-care way.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

This morning I waited by the ramp. I guess it was maybe seven-thirty or so, and who comes sashaying up the ramp like she owned the place? The very same woman. "That's a beauty of a boat you got there," I says. "Thanks," she says. "It's my husband's." "Just started working here," I says, "I'm looking forward to meeting him." She smiled at me in a way that had me thinking, here's a beautiful woman who likes to get it on with men other than her husband.

Mato-sa laughs, takes a drag, and exhales. Myers is restraining his rage with difficulty.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

So I says to her, "If you ever need anything, and I mean anything, just let me know." What a smile I got. Kind of warmed my heart ...

(sneers, sinister)

... me being just a lowly fucking Indian and all.

Myers grabs Mato-sa's jacket lapels so quickly that Mato-sa is stunned and drops the cigarette. Myers shoves Mato-sa and leans him backward over the railing that borders the landing; the fedora falls off Mato-sa's head.

KARL MYERS

(controlled fury)

Listen to me, you piece of shit. Stay away from her.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

If you ever, ever, do anything to her,
I'll rip your fucking face off with my
bare hands.

Myers pushes Mato-sa with sufficient force that the latter almost goes over the railing. Myers, seething, steps back and glares at Mato-sa, who smiles and pulls his jacket into place.

MATO-SA

(smiles)

You're an easy mark, white man, and
you don't scare me. I'll leave her
alone, for now ...

(cold threat)

... but if you don't stay out of my
life, her husband will find out what I
saw and what I heard.

(evil smile)

And I might just give her a chance to
take a ride on the wild side.

Myers, near out of control with rage, spins away and runs down the stairs.

SOUND of Mato-sa's LOUD LAUGHTER.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - MARILYN BAGGETT'S HOUSE, WILLISTON - 6:00 A.M., NEXT DAY

Marilyn Baggett stands next to the driver's side of Clayton Dorion's 1950 Dodge coupe. SOUND of CAR IDLING. The car window is rolled down; Dorion is behind the steering wheel.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(whines)

I still don't know why you're going.

CLAYTON DORION

(forced patience)

I've already told you a dozen times:
I'm just going to find out, if I can,
why he's there.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(whimpers)

No you're not. You want to be some
kind of hero. Lord knows what you
think you can do.

CLAYTON DORION

I'm no hero.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(whimpers)

That's what you say, but you'll do something foolish and get yourself killed.

CLAYTON DORION

I promise I'll be back in two weeks.
Now give us a kiss.

Baggett grudgingly pecks Dorion's lips. He smiles, waves, and drives the Dodge down the street.

E/I - US 2 WEST OF WILLISTON/DORION'S DODGE - ONE HOUR LATER

AERIAL SHOT of Dorion's Dodge as it speeds west on the two-lane highway; there are vehicles in sight for miles in either direction.

Dorion is behind the wheel puffing away on the stub of a nearly finished cigar. He glances at the fog of cigar smoke within the car

CLAYTON DORION

(mutters)

Jesus, what a pain in my ass she is.

(yells)

Hey Marilyn, how's this for a big fucking fart?

Dorion tilts his left butt cheek from the seat, lets loose a loud fart, and laughs as he winds the window down; he pitches the cigar stub out of the window. He sticks his head out of the window and yells loud enough to be heard in Williston:

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

You goddamned pain in my ass!

The Dodge speeds west.

END OF EPISODE SEVEN

AFLOAT - SERIES ONE

Episode 8: "The Oldest Profession"

FADE IN:

INT - SALON OF THE ORCA - JUST AFTER DUSK

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) POLICE CHIEF SAM SHEPHERD, in uniform, stands in front of a small gimballed stove as canned baked beans heat in a pot.
- B) Shepherd's hands slice up a hot dog and drop the pieces in the pot.
- C) Shepherd sits in front of a platter placed on a very small table in the galley, absently spooning beans and hot dog slices into his mouth.
- D) Shepherd rinses the platter in the galley sink.
- D) Shepherd, wearing his outer uniform jacket, grabs his duty hat from a hook on a galley bulkhead and steps up the ladder to the pilot house.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND BOAT HAVEN - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Shepherd disembarks Orca
- B) LONG SHOT of Shepherd walking toward the ramp that leads from floating dock to parking area; PULL BACK to include steam and smoke pouring from the town's paper mill against the moonlit, snowcapped Olympics.
- C) Shepherd climbing the uppermost part of the ramp and steps toward his patrol car which is parked a few feet away.

Shepherd stops next to the driver's-side door, lights up a cigarette, notices and stares at two men standing and conversing next to a black Ford Customline parked next to the Boat Haven office.

One of the men is MATO-SA wearing his trademark, floppy-brimmed hat. The other man is the very tall MARSHAL VINCENT "VINNIE" MESSINA; he wears a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie.

Mato-sa notices Shepherd and makes eye contact with him. Mato-sa says something unheard to Messina and nods toward Shepherd.

Messina looks at Shepherd, who glares back for a beat, puts his cigarette into his mouth, opens the car door, and slides behind the wheel.

I/E - PATROL CAR/PORT TOWNSEND STREETS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Shepherd steers the patrol car east on Water Street. He grabs a mic from the dash.

SAM SHEPHERD

Base, this is the Chief, over.

MIRANDA SIMMONS (ON SPEAKER)

Hi Sam, you on the prowl? Over.

SAM SHEPHERD

I am, Miranda. I'll check in now and again, as per usual. Over.

MIRANDA SIMMONS (ON SPEAKER)

Enjoy the evening. Over.

SAM SHEPHERD

Will do. Over and out.

Sam clicks off the mic as he returns it to its holder.

The patrol car passes the Town Tavern.

EXT - PORT TOWNSEND STREETS - OVER THE NEXT HOUR

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Patrol car turns left on Monroe Street.
- B) Patrol car on Jackson Street slowly passing Chetzmoka Park.
- C) Long shot of patrol car beginning descent on Walnut Street with the Point Wilson Lighthouse flashing in the distance.
- D) Patrol car approaches North Beach County Park on Kuhn Street.

The patrol car stops at the edge of the sand; the headlights turn off. Shepherd, smoking a cigarette, exits the car, leans on the top of the open door, and stares at a Pacific-bound freighter in the Strait.

Shepherd finishes the cigarette, flicks the butt onto the sand, and returns his gaze to the moonlit freighter.

E/I - LAWRENCE STREET/CHIEF'S PATROL CAR - 30 MINUTES LATER

The patrol car proceeds slowly up the grade on Lawrence, which is devoid of other traffic.

As he drives, Shepherd lights up a cigarette using the car's cigarette lighter. Headlights appear in the rearview mirror from a dark Ford Customline that has just turned onto Lawrence.

The Customline closes quickly on the patrol car.

In the patrol car's rearview mirror, Shepherd sees the following car flash its high beams. Shepherd's expression conveys slightly concerned surprise.

Shepherd flips on the big flashing red light on the car roof and turns the steering wheel to the right.

EXT - POLK STREET - CONTINUOUS

The patrol car turns onto Polk Street and parks across from the looming structure of the Uptown Theater; the immense, clapboarded side wall of the theater pulses red from the patrol car's flashing light.

The Customline follows and stops behind the patrol car.

Shepherd exits his car, closes the door, stares at the windshield of the following car, and waits.

The Customline's headlights extinguish; Vincent Messina exits the car and shuts the door. His eyes lock on to Shepherd's as he walks toward the Chief.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, 2015

The 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) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- D) The Grand Northern's Empire Builder on the Dakota prairie

- 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 plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) The Ultima Thule sails across the Tikehau 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) The Ultima Thule with 79-year-old Bill 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, star-filled skies

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - POLK STREET - NIGHT

The flashing red light from Sam Shepherd's patrol car is pulsing against the immense wall of the Uptown Theater across the street. Vincent Messina and Sam Shepherd stare at one another. Messina nods at the flashing light.

VINCENT MESSINA

You mind turning that thing off? It's giving me agita.

Shepherd opens the driver's side door, reaches into the car, and turns off the flashing light and the engine. He steps back, closes the door, and waits, feet spread, head cocked slightly to its left.

SAM SHEPHERD

What's the matter, Vinnie; Marshals aren't allowed to use the phone anymore?

VINCENT MESSINA

Sorry, Chief, but you and I have to talk real private-like.

Messina approaches and extends his hand; the men shake hands.

SAM SHEPHERD

How's your mom? Haven't seen her in a couple weeks.

VINCENT MESSINA

Ah, you know Mom. She's good. Still in charge.

SAM SHEPHERD

(chuckles)

Good, good.

(cop's stare for a beat)

So, I'm thinking this private talk is business, which has me wondering, why here? Why the minor drama? Why not in my office?

VINCENT MESSINA

Not private enough. We're not really meeting, if you get my drift.

SAM SHEPHERD

And we're not going to be talking about an Indian fella name of Mato something, or what did I hear? Has a new name? Paul Anderson or some such? Supposedly from down Seattle way.

Messina looks at the ground for a beat and puts his hands on his hips before turning his gape back to Shepherd.

VINCENT MESSINA

Let's talk in hypotheticals for now.

SAM SHEPHERD

Hypotheticals are fairy tales, Vinnie.

Shepherd pulls a pack of Viceroy's from his jacket and offers it to Messina, who waves it away.

VINCENT MESSINA

This is no fairy tale, Chief.

Shepherd lights up a fag, returns the pack to his pocket, takes a drag and exhales skyward.

SAM SHEPHERD

Go on.

VINCENT MESSINA

Imagine -- and I know you can -- what it's like in a Federal prison.

VINCENT MESSINA (CONT'D)

Filled to the brim with some of the toughest, meanest sons-of-bitches on earth, and they hate people like you and me.

SAM SHEPHERD

(not impressed)
So I've heard.

VINCENT MESSINA

I mean it, Sam. No respect for us, no willingness to help us crack through some of the worst possible behaviors -- behind bars, mind you -- that civilians cannot begin to imagine: drugs, extortion, even rape for Christ's sake. But even though inmates are victims of this shit, it's rare for anyone to rat out the perpetrators.

SAM SHEPHERD

I get the picture, Vinnie; I'm not a choir boy. I just don't get what the Indian has to do with what you're telling me.

VINCENT MESSINA

I'm not saying anything about anybody; I'm just talking hypothetically.

SAM SHEPHERD

Right. Hypothetically.

VINCENT MESSINA

So, what if one of those sons-of-bitches decides to trade information about, say, ringleaders of gangs, gang organizations, how contraband gets into a prison, all manner of crap in exchange for something that's going to be to that son-of-a-bitch's advantage.

SAM SHEPHERD

(scoffs)
Hypothetically.

VINCENT MESSINA

Sam, I'm talking really goddamn powerful information.

SAM SHEPHERD

Powerful enough to get the Feds
thinking it's Christmas.

VINCENT MESSINA

A guy with that kind of info isn't
going to share it out of the goodness
of his heart.

SAM SHEPHERD

(cynical)

You scratch my back; I'll scratch
yours.

VINCENT MESSINA

Come on, Sam. Tell me you never traded
leniency for information. Has there
ever been a lawman who hasn't? And if
that information could save the lives
of correctional officers and guys like
you and me, the government's likely to
go pretty far to get it.

Shepherd finishes his cigarette, drops the butt to the street,
grinds it out with the toe of his shoe, leans back against the
patrol car, extracts the cigarette pack and another fag.

SAM SHEPHERD

How far?

Shepherd lights up the fag and glares at Messina.

VINCENT MESSINA

Back in the Twenties, the Justice
Department set up new identities for
star witnesses, and there's been some
off-the-record talk recently about
creating a witness protection program,
but the guys on the top floor think
Congress isn't ready for that.

SAM SHEPHERD

(turns to Messina)

But there might be times when that's
exactly what happens; give a star
witness a new life if what he has to
say is considered valuable enough.

(scoffs)

Hypothetically speaking, of course.

VINCENT MESSINA

(dead serious)

This isn't a game, Chief.

SAM SHEPHERD

And here I thought it was, but
apparently it's not hypothetical at
all, is it?

Shepherd takes a long deep draw on the cigarette, flicks it
into the street, and steps toward Messina; from the distance of
a right jab away from Messina's jaw, Shepherd's body language
and tone convey angry challenge.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

In fact, I think you've dropped a
lowlife, pig fucking hunk of pond scum
into a quiet community where God knows
what kind of damage he can do, and
this is when you're going to tell me
that I need to ignore a guy with a new
identity who just came out of a
maximum security prison.

VINCENT MESSINA

(not intimidated)
He's not a risk, Chief.

SAM SHEPHERD

How can you be so sure?

VINCENT MESSINA

(frustrated anger)
Because if he fucks up, he gets thrown
back into the general population, a
known snitch. And come on, you know we
wouldn't put someone in a community
who wasn't controllable.

SAM SHEPHERD

(scoffs)
Says you.

VINCENT MESSINA

(very angry)
Says me! I'm going to tell you this
once. Stay away from Paul Anderson.
Stay out of his life. And there's
somebody else you need to keep away
from him.

SAM SHEPHERD

Who?

VINCENT MESSINA

I'm hoping you'll tell *me*. Middle-aged, salt-n-pepper hair, about six feet tall. New in town, I hear. My guy claims he threatened him.

SAM SHEPHERD

Have no idea who you're talking about.

VINCENT MESSINA

(threatening tone)

The hell you don't! He's the guy who gave you the name Paul Anderson. I'm telling you, Chief: lay off my guy.

Shepherd leans toward Messina.

SAM SHEPHERD

(like a bulldog)

If this Paul Anderson breaks a goddamned law, I'm arresting him.

VINCENT MESSINA

(leans in)

And I'm telling you, if there's a problem -- any kind of problem -- you contact *me*. Period. Consider that a directive from the Department of Justice. You violate *that* at your own professional peril, Chief.

Shepherd takes a step back and gives Messina a smart-assed smile.

SAM SHEPHERD

(faux civilized)

Well, hypothetically speaking of course, that's right friendly of you, Vinnie. Always good talking with a hometown boy who's gotten too fucking big for his britches.

Shepherd's demeanor changes as he glares at Messina for a beat. Shepherd spits on the street, spins on his heel, and gets behind the wheel of his patrol car.

The patrol car fires up, does a hasty U-turn, and heads to the corner, where it lays rubber and sends gravel flying as it turns right onto Lawrence.

INT - TOWN TAVERN, PORT TOWNSEND - 4 DAYS LATER - 6 P.M.

A DOZEN MEN attired in working clothes and a DOZEN WOMEN are interspersed among the tables spread about the room. Some men sit with girlfriends, others sit with hookers.

The women are all attired in modest dresses, nylons and the high heels that are en vogue; the difference between the girlfriends and hookers is how they interact with the men: the hookers are more affectionately demonstrative.

FIVE MEN sit alone on stools at the long bar that runs the length of the left wall of the tavern; they stare at the massive painting of a nude being served by devils that hangs on the wall.

The customers are nursing Rainiers or are having simple dinners of chowder or sandwiches.

REGINALD "REGGIE" RHODES -- bearded, six-foot-four, brown-skinned and muscular in flannel shirt, blue jeans, and combat boots -- circulates casually around the room and engages in indecipherable but clearly amusing banter with customers.

CHARLES "CHARLIE" PARKER, the owner and friendly barkeep, works behind the bar. He is in his usual "uniform" of white shirt, tie, suspenders, and colorful sleeve garters that once belonged to hookers. He puffs on a Dutch Masters Corona.

SUSAN "SUZY" KINCAID enters and sashays to the bar. Suzy's blond hair is pulled back into a ponytail; her lipstick is bright red. She is dressed like the other women in the tavern.

CHARLES PARKER

(to Suzy)

Afternoon, Miss Suzy.

Suzy sits on a stool in the middle of five empty stools.

SUSAN KINCAID

Afternoon Charlie. The usual if you please.

CHARLES PARKER

Comin' up.

Charlie draws a ginger ale and slides it in front of Suzy, who lifts it to Charlie. Charlie offers an exaggerated bow. Suzy smiles and sips the ginger ale.

CLAYTON DORION, wearing a fleece-lined bomber jacket and dark brown fedora, enters the Tavern and stands stock still as if lost and surprised at what he sees.

Rhodes approaches Dorion, gives him a broad smile, and holds out his enormous hand.

REGINALD RHODES

Just off the ferry?

Dorion shakes the hand, albeit with apparent reticence.

CLAYTON DORION

Just.

Dorion lets go of Rhodes' hand and takes off his fedora.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

You wouldn't happen to know where a guy could land a cheap room, would you?

REGINALD RHODES

I *do!* Right upstairs. Have to share a john down the hall, but the room and john are righteous clean.

CLAYTON DORION

How much?

REGINALD RHODES

Four bucks a night. You can eat dinner here. There's a couple places round town for breakfast and lunch. I haven't been here long, but I can tell you the food's good and it's cheap.

CLAYTON DORION

Cheap is good.

REGINALD RHODES

You'll see me in here a lot. Name's Reggie.

CLAYTON DORION

Clayton, Clayton Dorion.

Dorion looks toward the bar and spies Suzy who, holding her ginger ale, has swiveled away from the bar and is staring at him.

CLAYTON DORION

(nods toward Suzy; to Rhodes)
Great scenery.

REGINALD RHODES

(chuckles)

You can look for free, man, but it costs to do more than look, if you get my drift.

Rhodes places his hand on Dorion's shoulder and gives him a gentle push toward the bar.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

I'll get you a key to a room.

Dorion walks toward Suzy; Rhodes smirks, shakes his head, and steps toward and disappears into the Tavern's office to the right of the bar.

Suzy stares and smiles at Dorion as he approaches her; Dorion appears awkward and embarrassed. He points at the stool next to her.

CLAYTON DORION

Anybody sitting there?

SUSAN KINCAID

(smiles seductively)

Sure don't look like it.

CLAYTON DORION

Mind if I sit?

SUSAN KINCAID

(smiles)

It's a free country. Just in town?

CLAYTON DORION

Just.

Dorion sits on the stool, places his fedora on the bar, and beckons Charlie, who approaches.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Rainier?

CHARLES PARKER

Comin' up.

Charlie heads to the tap.

CLAYTON DORION

(to Suzy)

Hope you don't mind me saying it, but you are downright beautiful.

SUSAN KINCAID

No girl minds hearing that. Where you from, stranger?

CLAYTON DORION

Near Wolf Point, Montana.

SUSAN KINCAID

Ain't that something. I'm from Montana myself. Near Shelby.

Charlie delivers the beer. Dorion nods thanks and takes a swallow.

CLAYTON DORION

(to the glass)

You look like you're fresh off a ranch.

Suzy laughs and leans toward Dorion; her knee touches his leg. He glances at her and then back at his beer.

SUSAN KINCAID

I'm taking that as a compliment.

CLAYTON DORION

That's my intention.

(self-effacing)

I can't imagine you do ... but maybe ... do you think you might have some time to spend with this old buck?

SUSAN KINCAID

Old? I just might, but I'm thinking you'll want to settle in, you know, unpack and freshen up, and if you're still interested when you get all that done, I might be back around seven looking to hook up with a young buck just like you.

CLAYTON DORION

(delighted embarrassment)

Oh my. Then this is where I'll be at seven.

Suzy finishes her ginger ale, demurely holds out her hand, which Dorion shakes.

SUSAN KINCAID

(steel-melting smile)

Suzy.

CLAYTON DORION

Clayton.

SUSAN KINCAID

Seven o'clock then, Clayton. You got a double sawbucks?

CLAYTON DORION

Twenty bucks?

SUSAN KINCAID

(purrs)

For thirty, you'll get the best hour of your goddamned life.

Suzy turns Dorion's face toward hers, and kisses him on the lips. Rhodes approaches them from behind the bar and clears his throat.

Dorion, dumbstruck, ends the kiss and abruptly pulls away from Suzy; his hand almost knocks over his beer. Suzy laughs.

SUSAN KINCAID

(to Rhodes with a smile)

What're you lookin' at, big man?

REGINALD RHODES

The best-looking woman on Water Street.

SUSAN KINCAID

Don't let Mirabelle hear you say that.

REGINALD RHODES

You've got my number there, Miss Suzy.

Rhodes slaps a room key on the bar in front of Dorion.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(to Dorion)

Door to the rooms is outside on Quincy. Up the stairs one flight, take a left down the hall, and the room'll be on your right. The room and the beer comes to four-fifty.

Dorion extracts the cash from his pocket and places it on the counter, Suzy winks at Rhodes and turns to Dorion who stares at her wide-eyed.

SUSAN KINCAID

Seven o'clock then, handsome?

Dorion slides off the stool.

CLAYTON DORION
I'll, I'll, I'll ...

SUSAN KINCAID
... be here?

CLAYTON DORION
Yes, ma'am, that's it.

Dorion steps away from the bar and then returns to retrieve his fedora, which he plops onto his head as he backs away.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
(to Suzy but barely heard)
I'd forget ... you know ... my head if
it wasn't ... you know ...

Dorion turns around and collides with a chair, which is upended. Dorion rights the chair.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Dorion heads to the door. Rhodes and Suzy and several customers hold in their laughter until Dorion exits. All LAUGH to one degree or another, and then settle back to their previous demeanors.

Rhodes chuckles as he pulls himself a small glass of Rainier.

REGINALD RHODES
(to Suzy)
Looks like you've made his day.

SUSAN KINCAID
Can I have one of those, big man?

Rhodes pulls a small glass and places it in front of Suzy as MIRABELLE CHARLES enters from the kitchen carrying two bowls of chowder. Mirabelle is a beautiful and exotic Klallam woman in her mid-twenties.

As Mirabelle walks to a table to deliver the chowder, her dark eyes glance at Rhodes and then are cast down. A broad smile appears on her face as she passes Rhodes without pausing.

REGINALD RHODES
(with fun)
Here's my favorite Mirabelle.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
You keep *saying* that.

REGINALD RHODES
Because it keeps being *true*.

Mirabelle places the chowder in front of two customers and turns back toward the kitchen.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
(bashful protest)
Because I'm the only Mirabelle you
know.

Rhodes laughs and beckons with his enormous forefinger; Mirabelle responds by sidling up to him and slipping her arms around his waste. Rhodes responds in kind, and then releases her. Mirabelle steps toward the kitchen.

SUSAN KINCAID
(to Mirabelle, cheerful)
You better watch out for him. I know
he's twice your age, but all that
means is that he's double the trouble.

Suzy slides off her stool and fumbles in her small handbag.

REGINALD RHODES
(to Suzy)
I got your tab. You'll make it up to
me with spectacular tips.

SUSAN KINCAID
You are truly a dreamer, Reginald, but
that's very sweet. Thanks.

Mirabelle returns with a plated ham sandwich in hand as Suzy heads toward the door. Suzy pauses, turns, smiles.

REGINALD RHODES
And you be careful with the new fella.
Something about him ...

Suzy pauses and steps back to the bar; Mirabelle places the platter in front of a man at the bar and steps next to Rhodes.

SUSAN KINCAID
There's "something about" just about
every John I spend time with, so don't
worry. I'm always careful. Besides,
the guy's a lamb. You two have a good
night. Don't do anything I wouldn't
do.

Suzy gives a little wave as she turns and then exits the tavern.

REGINALD RHODES
 (to Mirabelle)
 Now *there's* a blank slate.

Mirabelle chuckles and gives Rhodes a slight backhand smack on his belly. Rhodes begins drying the bar with a dish towel.

Mirabelle watches Suzy through the tavern's windows that overlook Water Street.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
 She's in a good mood.

REGINALD RHODES
 She made a conquest.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
 That's early.

New fella just off the ferry. Staying upstairs. First name's Clayton. You'll see him down here before seven lookin' like a brand new penny.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
 What'd you mean about there being something about him?

Rhodes folds the dish towel and drops it on the shelf that runs behind the bar.

REGINALD RHODES
 Oh hell, I don't know. You get to know the girls and ... I don't know ... I guess I just worry about what they have to deal with. And how do they know what to expect from somebody they've never been with before?

MIRABELLE CHARLES
 I think about it too ... So, what is it about this Clayton fella?

REGINALD RHODES
 Ah girl, it's nothing. Just a weird feeling ...

Charlie Parker exits his office with his cigar in place; he approaches the pair.

CHARLES PARKER
 Hey you two. Folks seem content for the moment. I've got this.

CHARLES PARKER (CONT'D)

Go get yourself some chowder before things get hectic.

REGINALD RHODES

Thanks boss.

(to Mirabelle)

If you get the chowder, I'll grab us two Rainiers.

Mirabelle smiles, nods in reply, and exits into the kitchen. Rhodes draws two small glasses of beer.

CHARLES PARKER

You heard from Karl?

REGINALD RHODES

I haven't. I expect he'll be back sometime in the next three days.

Charlie jerks his head toward the kitchen.

CHARLES PARKER

(sly smile)

You two gone sweet on each other, haven't you?

Rhodes takes the glasses and heads to a table.

REGINALD RHODES

(picture of innocence)

Ah man, don't you know we're just friends?

Mirabelle exits the kitchen with two bowls; spoons and two chunks of sourdough bread are in her apron pockets. They meet at an empty table in the back of the tavern and settle down to eat.

REGINALD RHODES

Charlie asked me if I'd heard from Karl. You heard from Laura?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Not a word.

They begin eating and only pause when they speak.

REGINALD RHODES

I can't imagine how all this is going to work out.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Me either. Such good people. Smart people. How do things get so messed up?

REGINALD RHODES

Life, I guess. Just life being life.

Rhodes looks into Mirabelle's eyes as he takes a swallow of beer. She meets his gaze.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Will we mess up?

Rhodes takes her hand, tiny compared to his, leans forward, and answers in as soft a tone as he can manage.

REGINALD RHODES

Probably, but if we're always as honest as we can be with each other, don't you think we'll be able to clean up whatever mess we make? Besides, I know it's only been a few days, but we haven't messed up yet, have we?

Mirabelle smiles at Rhodes, shakes her head, and turns her attention back to her chowder. A few seconds of silence settles over the pair as they eat and drink.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(almost a whisper)

I've never told a man that I love him.

Mirabelle looks up at Reggie who looks a question back.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)

I've never told a man because I don't think I know what it is. Do you know?

REGINALD RHODES

Do I know what?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

What love is, of course.

Rhodes leans back and ponders for a moment.

REGINALD RHODES

You know, the Greeks believed there were six kinds of love.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(demanding eyes)

You're not Greek.

REGINALD RHODES

(moved)

You're right, girl. The Greeks might've known something about it, but like you say, I'm not Greek.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

So you don't know? I bet you've told a woman you love her.

REGINALD RHODES

(sheepish)

A few.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

So you must know what it is.

REGINALD RHODES

(sincere)

I didn't until I met you.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Don't tease me.

REGINALD RHODES

I couldn't be more serious.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(lowers eyes, near whisper)

Does that mean you want to tell me you're falling in love with me?

Mirabelle looks directly into Rhodes' eyes; hers are glistening.

REGINALD RHODES

Do you want to tell me the same thing?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

I might.

REGINALD RHODES

(slightly nonplussed)

Should we say the words then? Right now?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(broad smile)

I feel like I really want us to say the words ... but let's wait until you come home with me tonight.

Mirabelle gives him an unabashed kiss that lasts for a few seconds. Another smile graces her face as she pulls away.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Bring your toothbrush. And whatever
 else you might need in case you decide
 to stay for a while.

INT - ROOM ABOVE THE TOWN TAVERN - SAME DAY - 7:45 P.M.

The room contains two twin beds separated by a curtain hanging from a rod that runs between opposite walls; a single white porcelain sink with a small mirror above it is attached to the wall next to the closed door to the hallway.

Dorion stands with his hands on the sink and stares in the mirror at the reflection of astonishment he sees. He's stripped down to a sleeveless A-shirt, striped boxers, and dirty white socks. He rubs his eyes and again stares at their reflection.

CLAYTON DORION
 (whispers)
 Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

He turns and steps toward the bed farthest from the door.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 (disbelief)
 I think she might've actually *taken* to
 me.

SOUND of SQUEAKING SPRINGS as he sits on the edge of the bed. He sets up a pillow against the metal-barred headboard, and sits with his back against it. Every time he moves, there is the SOUND of SQUEAKING SPRINGS.

From a small nightstand, he takes a half-finished cigar from an ashtray that is next to a hand-lettered sign that reads, "No Smoking in Bed," lights it, plants it between his lips and picks up a copy of that week's Port Townsend Leader.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 (quietly earnest)
 If she feels about me the way I think
 she does, I better start looking for
 work.

Turns pages of the newspaper and finds the page he's seeking.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 Classifieds ...

Dorion peruses the listings.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 Well I'll be goddamned.
 (reads aloud)
 "The Port Townsend Police Department
 is seeking candidates for a Patrol
 Officer position."

Dorion looks at the far wall.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 And goddamn it if that ain't me.

Dorion looks back at the classified ad and then back to the wall.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 Wouldn't that be somethin' especially
 if that goddamned Indian is here.

Dorion slaps the paper onto the bed as he gets up and begins to dress.

CLAYTON DORION)CONT'D)
 She likes me now. Imagine what she'll
 think when she sees me in a uniform.
 This deserves a cold goddamn beer.

Dorion sits on a chair to put on his shoes and pauses as a thought strikes.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 Imagine the look on that bastard's
 face when he sees me in uniform.

Dorion finishes tying his shoes, grabs his fedora and flannel jacket from a hook next to the door, opens the door and exits into the hall.

EXT - QUINCY STREET - A MOMENT LATER

Thick and rioting, low-lying clouds blowing in from the Strait of Juan de Fuca are illuminated by the streetlights and storefronts on Water Street. The wind is brisk and cold.

Dorion, smoking a cigar, exits a door on the side of the building facing Quincy Street. When the wind hits him, he pulls his fedora tighter and buttons the top button on his coat.

When he turns toward Water Street, he sees Mato-sa wearing his floppy-brimmed fedora crossing the street toward the Tavern. Dorion knows him instantly and steps into the shadow of the building.

CLAYTON DORION
 (enraged mutter)
 You fucking son-of-a-bitch.

After Mato-sa enters the Town Tavern, Dorion walks to the edge of the big window that looks into the bar from Quincy Street, and peers inside.

DORIAN'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW:

Most stools and chairs are filled with CUSTOMERS; Rhodes, Charlie and Mirabelle busy themselves with the customers. Mato-sa steps to the bar.

Mato-sa sits next to Suzy, puts his hat on an adjacent stool, and offers Suzy a cigarette from a pack of Pall Malls. Suzy accepts the cigarette and a light from Mato-sa, and then sends a cloud of smoke and a devastating smile toward him.

CLOSE-UP OF DORION'S FACE:

Dorion's expression reflects the result of a grenade thrown into the center of his being. Angry tears well up, his jaws clamp shut, and demonic, guttural sounds come from his throat.

He spins away from the window, and then regaining some control he turns back to it.

CLAYTON DORION
 (whisper thru clenched teeth)
 I'm going to dog you -- DOG you --
 until I get my pound of flesh.

MARYANNE (O.C.)
 (friendly encouragement)
 It's a lot more fun inside, Honey.

MARYANNE stands a dozen feet away next to the entrance of the Town Tavern. She smokes a cigarette and appears intent upon entering.

Maryanne is in her late forties, tall, willowy and pretty in a hard, hooker sort of way. Embarrassment holds Dorion's tongue as he looks at her. Maryanne opens the left-hand of the two entrance doors and holds it open.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)
 You comin' in?

Dorion does not respond. Maryanne smiles a whimsical smile and steps toward the interior.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)
 Suit yourself.

Maryanne enters the tavern. Dorion crosses Quincy to the shadows on the other side of the street.

DORION'S POV from across the street THROUGH THE TAVERN WINDOW:

Suzy laughs at something Mato-sa has said, and then they slide off their stools and put on their coats.

Suzy heads to the exit where she waits for Mato-sa to settle the tab with Charlie.

EXT - QUINCY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Suzy and Mato-sa exit the tavern and step to the curb where Suzy turns, takes Mato-sa's fedora from his head, and kisses him in the aura of the streetlight.

Dorion watches as Mato-sa pulls Suzy tight against him. Suzy forces her hand between their grinding bodies and gropes him.

CLAYTON DORION

(whispers)

That's what that bitch did to *me!*

Maryanne emerges from the tavern with two NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD JOHNS in hand. Dorion hears her voice from across the street.

MARYANNE

(to Suzy and Mato-sa)

Why don't you two get a room?

The johns laugh; Suzy smiles and Mato-sa smirks.

SUSAN KINCAID

We might just do that.

Suzy and Mato-sa watch Maryanne lead her johns across the street. When Suzy turns back to Mato-sa with the intent to kiss him, she sees the orange arc of a lit cigar flicked toward the street.

Dorion takes a step into the light from a streetlight and stares at Suzy.

SUSAN KINCAID (CONT'D)

(nods toward Dorion)

That is one weird guy.

MATO-SA

Spent some time with him, I guess, eh?

SUSAN KINCAID

Only about fifteen minutes, which was about fourteen minutes too long.

Suzy and Mato-sa laugh as she takes his hand and leads him onto Water Street.

MATO-SA
 (light-hearted)
 I hope you've got more than fifteen
 minutes in mind for me.

Dorion watches Suzy and Mato-sa cross the street for a beat before he steps in their direction.

EXT - ALLEYWAY AND STAIRS TO SECOND-FLOOR BROTHEL - MOMENTS LATER

Twenty feet from Quincy Street is an exterior wood stairway with peeling paint that leads from the alleyway to a small, second floor porch where the entrance to a brothel is located.

Suzy and Mato-sa are embracing and groping at the foot of the stairs in the light from a single bare bulb in a fixture next to the brothel entrance on the second floor porch.

CLAYTON DORION (O.S.)
 (pathetic plea)
 Suzy, don't go up there with him!

Suzy and Mato-sa separate. Dorion approaches.

CLAYTON DORION
 Not with him. *Please.*

SUSAN KINCAID
 (to Mato-sa)
 Do you *know* him?

Mato-sa takes a step toward Dorion who takes a step back.

MATO-SA
 (scoffs)
 Never saw him before in my life.

Dorion takes a step-forward.

CLAYTON DORION
 (anger induced courage)
 That's a lie! His name's Mato-sa, and
 he's from Montana!

SUSAN KINCAID
 (laughs)
 Mato-sa? His name's Paul.

CLAYTON DORION
 (desperate)
 He killed my Viola!

Mato-sa laughs and watches the interplay between Suzy and Dorion with an amused expression.

SUSAN KINCAID
(in earnest to Dorion)
You're *crazy!*

CLAYTON DORION
(almost in tears)
But I *love* you!

SUSAN KINCAID
(astonished amusement)
You *love* me?
(to Mato-sa, laughing)
He *loves* me. Can you fucking believe this?
(to Dorion with disbelief)
You *love* me.
(angry)
I gave you your twenty bucks worth.
That don't give you the right to get into my business!

CLAYTON DORION
But ...

Mato-sa steps toward Dorion, who backs up.

MATO-SA
But nothing. Get your ass moving, or I'll move it for you.

Dorion looks past Mato-sa to Suzy.

CLAYTON DORION
(pathetic plea)
But *Suzy* ...

Mato-sa rushes Dorion, spins him toward the street, and manhandles him to the curb where he shoves his foot against Dorion's backside and sends him sprawling into the street.

SOUND of MATO-SA and SUZY LAUGHING as Dorion struggles to his feet, picks up his fedora, and stares into the alleyway with unbridled rage as Mato-sa and Suzy climb the stairs.

INT - BROTHEL, MARYANNE'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT - MIDNIGHT

Maryanne is sound asleep beneath a quilt in a large bed illuminated by faint light that enters through a tiny gap in the closed drapes of the room's only window.

The room is large and contains a dresser, a closed roll-top desk, and framed, and a few bawdy, framed photos on the walls.

CLAYTON DORION (O.C.)
 (desperate yell from hallway)
Help me! Somebody help me!

Maryanne's eyes snap open, but she struggles to rouse herself.

CLAYTON DORION (O.C.)
For God's sake, somebody help me!

Maryanne, naked, tosses off the quilt, swings her feet to the floor, and sits up. There are the SOUNDS of DOORS OPENING and RAPID FOOTSTEPS in the hall outside her door.

Maryanne grabs a near sheer peignoir from the foot of her bed and freezes when she hears the SOUND of a WOMAN'S PIERCING SCREAM. After a beat, Maryanne throws open her door and puts on the peignoir as she runs from her room.

INT - BROTHEL, SUZY'S ROOM AND HALL - 20 MINUTES LATER

Maryanne is standing in the hall outside Suzy Kincaid's room. Sam Shepherd is standing behind her. Maryanne's face betrays that she has been crying. She opens the door to the room, steps back, and Shepherd enters.

Shepherd's expression changes from worried anticipation to ice cold when he sees Suzy Kincaid's naked corpse lying on her bed atop blood-stained sheets.

The room is illuminated by light from the hallway and from a small table lamp on a nightstand next to a small bed. A tall chiffarobe is against one wall; a small porcelain sink is next to the door, and the walls are bare.

Suzy's body from the waist up lies face down on the bed with her head turned to its left far beyond its normal turning range because her throat has been slit nearly to the vertebrae in her neck.

Suzy's right arm is under her body; the left lies akimbo. Her knees are on the floor, her right foot is flexed with her toes planted on the floor; her left foot is in extension.

On Suzy's back and drawn in blood is a hieroglyph of a red bear a bit larger than the size of Shepherd's palm; the hieroglyph is accurate enough to suggest intention.

INT - ROOM IN JACOBSON'S MOTEL - 30 MINUTES LATER

The small room is illuminated by the light from an exterior porch light that enters at the edges of a drawn window blind.

Vincent Messina, wearing only striped boxers, is sound asleep on a double bed; a sheet and blanket have been shoved aside.

The SOUND of THREE RAPS on the exterior door does not rouse Messina. After a few seconds, there is the SOUND of LOUD POUNDING on the door.

WILLIAM JACOBSON (O.C.)
 Marshal! Phone call. Wake up!

Messina stirs, momentarily disoriented.

WILLIAM JACOBSON (O.C.)
 Marshal! *Wake up!*

Messina springs from the bed, goes to the door and opens it.

WILLIAM JACOBSON, tall, spare, seventy-ish and wearing a pajama top and denim overalls, looks overtop of wire reading glasses at the tall and lean Messina in his boxers for a beat.

WILLIAM JACOBSON
 Phone call. A woman. Says it's important. Long distance.

VINCENT MESSINA
 (nods)
 Let me get some pants on. Be there in a minute.

WILLIAM JACOBSON
 (slightly incredulous)
 A minute? It's long *distance*.

VINCENT MESSINA
 (annoyed)
 I said, I'll be there.

I/I - JACOBSON'S MOTEL LOBBY/ANGIE MESSINA'S PORT TOWNSEND
 KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Vincent Messina stands at a counter with a handset to his ear.

Jacobson sits at the desk behind the counter pretending to be engaged in reviewing the day's receipts.

ANGIE MESSINA (ON PHONE)
 (annoyed)
 Only my inconsiderate son would keep me hanging on the line this long.

VINCENT MESSINA
 Sorry Mom. I'll pay for the call.

ANGIE MESSINA is sitting on one of four matching chairs that surround her Formica-topped, aluminum-trimmed, kitchen table; she holds to her ear a turquoise handset connected by a long cord to a turquoise wall phone.

Angie is nearly seventy and as lean as her son. Her white hair is in curlers beneath a hair net; she wears a pink, flowered robe, slippers, and light-blue, cat's-eye glasses.

ANGIE MESSINA

You're damned right you will.

VINCENT MESSINA

How'd you know to call here?

ANGIE MESSINA

What? At the motel? How the hell do you think? I called that Marshal Richter like you told me if that new tenant of mine got into trouble.

VINCENT MESSINA

You did exactly the right thing. What happened?

ANGIE MESSINA

Sam shows up just before one ...

VINCENT MESSINA

Shepherd?

ANGIE MESSINA

Who else? For a second, I'm thinkin' I'm about to get lucky ...

VINCENT MESSINA

(shocked)
Jesus, *Mom!*

ANGIE MESSINA

(laughs)
Don't get your shorts in a knot, Vinnie. I'm just yankin' your chain.

VINCENT MESSINA

(rolls eyes)
What'd he want?

ANGIE MESSINA

Unfortunately, not me.

VINCENT MESSINA

(shocked)
Mom!

ANGIE MESSINA

What? You think a woman my age
wouldn't like an occasional roll in
the hay?

VINCENT MESSINA

(aside)

Oh my God.

(redirects)

Mom, this is important. What'd Sam
want?

ANGIE MESSINA

Wanted to know if the tenant was home,
so I told him I seen him come home
right before I went to bed, you know
around ten.

VINCENT MESSINA

He'd been out?

ANGIE MESSINA

Had to've been out to come home!

VINCENT MESSINA

Do you know how long he'd been out or
where he'd been?

ANGIE MESSINA

Vinnie, how in God's name would I know
that?

VINCENT MESSINA

You're right, you wouldn't.

ANGIE MESSINA

I do know Sam wanted to talk to him
about a murder down on Water Street.

VINCENT MESSINA

(hair on fire)

What!

ANGIE MESSINA

A whore got murdered.

VINCENT MESSINA

And Shepherd talked to our tenant
about it?

ANGIE MESSINA

He did, but not for long. And speaking of long, how long is this call going to be? Damned if I'm not dead on my feet.

Messina, the wheels turning, stares blankly at Jacobson.

WILLIAM JACOBSON

(ill at ease)

What?

ANGIE MESSINA

Vinnie? You still there?

VINCENT MESSINA

Sorry Mom. I know it's late, but I have to talk to him.

ANGIE MESSINA

At this time of night? How do I even know if he's here?

VINCENT MESSINA

He *better* be there.

Messina rolls his eyes at Jacobson.

WILLIAM JACOBSON

This is gonna be one hell of an expensive phone call.

INT - BROTHEL, SUZY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SOUND of a KNOCK on the DOOR.

Shepherd opens the door. 19-year-old DENNIS HOUSMAN stands in the hallway wearing a fedora and an overcoat overtop a white dress shirt and jeans. Housman holds a Kodak Duaflex camera with a flash attachment; A camera bag hangs from his shoulder.

Shepherd press his hand against Dennis' chest and gently pushes him far enough into the empty hallway to allow Shepherd to pull the door closed, but he leaves it slightly ajar.

SAM SHEPHERD

Dennis, this is the first time you've ever done this, so listen to me good. What you're going to see is the most gruesome thing you'll ever see.

DENNIS HOUSMAN

(eager confidence)

I'll be okay, Chief.

SAM SHEPHERD

No, you won't. Trust me, you won't, so if you want to just show me how to use the camera, I'll take the pictures.

DENNIS HOUSMAN

Come on, Chief. I got this.

Shepherd stares a cop's stare for a beat, Dennis looks down.

SAM SHEPHERD

A couple things before I let you in.

Dennis looks up with anticipation.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

You need to understand that I'm paying you with taxpayer dollars to take photos that'll be used in court, not photos for the newspaper. That means you'll take the pictures I want you to take, not the shots you want to take. Do you read me?

DENNIS HOUSMAN

I do.

Shepherd backs into the door to open it, and then he turns into the room; Dennis follows.

Dennis sees Suzy on the bed. He looks at Shepherd who can see desperation in Dennis' eyes. Shepherd yanks Dennis by his collar to the sink into which Dennis retches.

Shepherd shakes his head slightly and sends an "I told you so" look at the back of Dennis' head. Dennis recovers quickly, wipes his mouth with a towel hanging from a bar affixed to the side of the sink, and chastened, looks at Shepherd.

DENNIS HOUSMAN (CONT'D)

(a rasp in his voice)

Sorry Chief. Tell me what you need.

I/I - JACOBSON'S MOTEL LOBBY/ANGELA MESSINA'S KITCHEN -
CONTINUOUS

Jacobson is leaning back in his chair, smoking a pipe, and staring at Vinnie Messina, who, with the handset of the desk phone to his ear, is pacing back and forth the short distance allowed by the phone cord.

Vinnie stops pacing, turns his back to Jacobson, and leans against the front desk.

VINCENT MESSINA

(pissed)

Took you long enough!

Mato-sa is barefoot and wearing a T-shirt and jeans and is standing in front of the wall phone. Angie sits at the kitchen table, smokes a cigarette, and stares at Mato-sa.

MATO-SA

I was *sleeping*, for Christ's sake!
What the hell's going on?

VINCENT MESSINA

That's what I want to know. Mom told me the chief wanted to talk to you about a murder.

MATO-SA

(laughs)
You probably know more than I do.

VINCENT MESSINA

What *do* you know?

Vinnie turns and leans his elbows on the front desk; Jacobson continues smoking and staring. Mato-sa turns and glances at Angie before turning back to the wall phone.

MATO-SA

(attempts a discrete tone)
I don't want to say nothing in front of your mom. I don't want to embarrass her.

Angie laughs, gets up, and heads to the refrigerator.

ANGIE MESSINA

There's nothing you could say I haven't heard, boy. Go for it.

Vinnie who has heard his mother's instruction, closes his eyes for a beat and shakes his head.

MATO-SA

You hear her?

Angie pulls a jug of Mogen-David concord wine from the refrigerator, takes a small tumbler from a drain board, and pours herself a half tumbler of the wine.

VINCENT MESSINA

Just tell me.

MATO-SA

A hooker I spent an hour with was murdered hours after I left; least ways they *found* her hours after I left.

Angie sits at the kitchen table, takes a sip of wine, and lights up a cigarette.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

I got nothin' to do with it. All I *did* was: I paid to get laid.

VINCENT MESSINA

What'd Shepherd say?

MATO-SA

Who, the chief? What a dick. Told me not to leave here until I heard from him. He's probably got a cop outside watching the house.

VINCENT MESSINA

I would.

MATO-SA

(laughs)
Then you're a dick too.

VINCENT MESSINA

Don't be a wise ass. I'm going to try to get hold of Shepherd and I'm going to tell him to keep his hands off you until I get there.

MATO-SA

You comin' out here?

Angie downs the wine, puts her feet up on an adjacent chair, and puffs on the cigarette.

VINCENT MESSINA

I am, and I have the authority to keep you out of the Port Townsend jail, at least in the near term, but you've got to cooperate in every way.

MATO-SA

What's that supposed to mean?

Jacobson leans toward Vinnie and gestures with his pipe.

WILLIAM JACOBSON

(sotto voce)

You can pay for this, right?

Vinnie, annoyed, gestures for Jacobson to back off.

VINCENT MESSINA

It means, when you see Shepherd again, answer his questions. Don't be a prick and piss him off. If you have to, tell him I've forbidden you from leaving the house.

MATO-SA

Forbidden? What am I, six?"

VINCENT MESSINA

Don't play with me ... and that's exactly the smart mouth I don't want you using with Shepherd. Whatever this is about may get tricky, and I'm your only ticket out of Trouble Town at this point. You stay at Mom's until I get there. Three days at the most."

MATO-SA

Three days! I gotta work!

VINCENT MESSINA

Maybe two days. Work's the least of your worries right now. Patience, man, patience.

MATO-SA

Easy for you to say. Nobody's thinkin' you killed somebody. This isn't the first time for me, you know, so I know what a bitch this could end up being.

Mato-sa's words get Angie's attention. She stands up and approaches Mato-sa who stares at her.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

(to Vinnie)

Get your ass out here fast as you can.

Angie glares at Mato-sa, yanks the handset from him, and puts the handset to her ear.

ANGIE MESSINA

And that goes double for me, boy. I'm too old to be playing cops and robbers.

INT - BROTHEL, SUZY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Shepherd pulls Dennis as far back from the bed as possible. Dennis looks at Shepherd who nods at the bed.

Dennis aims, the FLASH goes off; he takes the old bulb out, drops it into his camera bag, extracts a new bulb and inserts it into the flash attachment.

Shepherd pulls Dennis a few feet to the right. Dennis knows the drill: he aims, FLASH, bulb replaced.

Dennis standing closer to the bed and aims.

FLASH TO WHITE.

QUICK CLOSE UP: CAMERA LENS POV OF SUZY ON BED.

FLASH TO WHITE.

QUICK CLOSE UP: CAMERA LENS POV OF SUZY'S HEAD FROM RIGHT SHOWING HER BLOODY HAIR AGAINST BLOOD SOAKED BEDDING.

FLASH TO WHITE.

QUICK CLOSE UP: CAMERA LENS POV OF SUZY'S HEAD FROM LEFT SHOWING GAPING WOUND, OPEN EYES AND MOUTH, AND BLOOD-SOAKED BEDDING.

FLASH TO WHITE.

QUICK CLOSE UP: CAMERA LENS POV OF BEAR SYMBOL DRAWN IN BLOOD ON SUZY'S BACK FROM HER RIGHT SIDE.

FLASH TO WHITE.

CROSS CUT TO ROOM INTERIOR.

Dennis lines up another shot of the bear symbol from Suzy's left side. Shepherd stands nearby, watching.

SAM SHEPHERD

This'll be the last one, Dennis.

DENNIS HOUSMAN

Okay.

A FLASH. Dennis extracts the flash bulb and drops it into the camera bag and turns toward Shepherd.

SAM SHEPHERD

When can I have the prints *and* the negatives?

Dennis appears about to protest but Shepherd holds up his forefinger in front of Dennis' face.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
And the negatives.

DENNIS HOUSMAN
(sighs)
By noon tomorrow.

SAM SHEPHERD
Bring 'em down to the station, and bring an invoice with a fair price. Remember, your neighbors are paying for this.

DENNIS HOUSMAN
(hesitant)
Chief?

SAM SHEPHERD
Yeah?

DENNIS HOUSMAN
(sincere)
Thanks for this.

SAM SHEPHERD
Ah, get yourself home, Dennis.

Shepherd places a hand on Dennis' shoulder and gently shoves him into the hallway.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
It ain't nothin'. Your mom's probably worried half sick wonderin' where the hell you are.

Shepherd follows Dennis into the hallway and watches him walk with purpose toward the stairs. When Dennis has taken a few steps, he turns, appreciation clearly depicted by his expression, and touches the brim of his hat.

Shepherd nods in return. Maryanne, still wearing her sheer peignoir watches from the far end of the hallway. Dennis exits the hall through the door to the stairway.

Maryanne jerks her head toward the door to her room.

MARYANNE
(loud)
He's still in here.

When Shepherd steps toward Maryanne, mortician WINSTON PICKFORD and a wide-eyed, sixteen-year-old MALE ASSISTANT enter the brothel hallway. The assistant carries a rolled-up stretcher. Shepherd shakes Pickford's hand.

SAM SHEPHERD

Sorry to drag you out of bed this time of night. Unpleasant business, this.

WINSTON PICKFORD

Lot of people been saying it's not right having this kind of business going on down here. Only a matter of time till something like this happens.

SAM SHEPHERD

(looks down for a beat)
Don't need a lecture right now, Winston.

Shepherd glances at the assistant, who clearly wishes he were elsewhere. Maryanne slowly approaches. When the assistant sees the peignoir-clad Maryanne, his eyes and mouth open wide.

WINSTON PICKFORD

Sorry. Just how I feel. And I'm not the only ...

Shepherd glances at Maryanne as he interrupts Pickford.

SAM SHEPHERD

A discussion for another day.
Right now, you need to take her back to your place.
(nods toward Suzy's room)
She's down the hall. You'll see it.
Hope your boy there's got the stomach for it.

WINSTON PICKFORD

Don't worry about him.

SAM SHEPHERD

I won't. The DA's going to want us to handle this by the book, but he won't be back until tomorrow late, and this can't wait, so check her over, top to bottom, and I mean, top to bottom. Take notes. Bruises, abrasions, their sizes and locations. Give special attention to that wound. You got a camera?

WINSTON PICKFORD

Nothin' fancy.

SAM SHEPHERD

Don't matter. Take pictures if you see something you think Harrison might be interested in. You know her line of work, so anything you find that seems unusual, given that, I need for you to write down a description or take a picture. You got that?

WINSTON PICKFORD

I got it. And Chief ... I didn't mean to pile on ... I know you got a lot ...

SAM SHEPHERD

Don't you never mind, Winny. You go ahead. I got to talk with Maryanne.

Shepherd takes Maryanne's elbow and leads her down the hall toward her room as Pickford and his assistant head to Suzy's room.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

(confidential)

Gotta tell ya, that's some uniform you got on. That poor boy's going to have a hard on for a ...

Maryanne stops, grabs Shepherd's arm, spins him around, and shoves him against the wall. Angry tears are pouring down her cheeks.

MARYANNE

(furious, hisses)

Are you out of your *fucking mind*? Do you think this is *funny*?

Maryanne slams both palms against Shepherd's chest.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

Do you?

Well aware of his transgression, Shepherd looks at the floor and does not resist as Maryanne repeatedly pummels his chest until her face crumbles into grief and tears; she leans into him.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Do you? Do you?

Shepherd wraps his arms around her; with her head against his chest, she lays her hands on top of his shoulders and sobs.

SAM SHEPHERD

(sincere, whispers)

You're right, Maryanne; you're right.
Don't know what the hell I was
thinking.

Maryanne regains some semblance of composure and wipes her eyes as the two separate.

MARYANNE

(burgeoning embarrassment)

I'm sorry, Sam. I shouldn't've hit
you, for Christ's sake.

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm the one should be apologizing.
Sometimes I'm just a damned fool.

Maryanne takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly before she looks into Sam's eyes.

MARYANNE

(gentle teasing)

Sometimes? (beat) This ain't going to
be good for business, is it?

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm afraid not. Uptown's been on my
ass for years about you and the girls.
This is more'n likely the last straw.

Maryanne considers Sam's prophesy for a beat and wipes the last tears from her cheeks.

MARYANNE

(accepting)

So be it then, but I'm still the same
good citizen I've always been, despite
what those goddamn biddies up there
think. I wanna help find out who did
this, and the girls want to too.
They've been trying to remember
everything they can about tonight.
Barb's taking notes.

SAM SHEPHERD

Notes?

MARYANNE

Used to be a stenographer once upon a
time. So, what can I do?

Sam takes Maryanne's hand and leads her slowly down the hall toward her room.

SAM SHEPHERD

Well, when Winston's got Suzy out of here, you can give her room a good look -- don't touch or move anything -- just give it a good look.

MARYANNE

To see if there's anything unusual, right? Out of the ordinary?

SAM SHEPHERD

Exactly.

Clayton Dorion, greatly agitated, steps into the hall from Maryann's room, sees Shepherd and starts toward him, arms spread.

CLAYTON DORION

How much longer do I gotta wait?

Shepherd glares at Dorion, who throws up his hands in exasperation and walks back toward Maryanne's room.

SAM SHEPHERD

(to Maryanne)

I'm going to walk him down to the station, and when I'm done with him, I'm coming back. And once you're done going over Suzy's room, lock her door. Have one of the girls stand guard until I get back. Got it? I shouldn't be long.

MARYANNE

Got it.

Shepherd turns toward Dorion who has stopped at Maryanne's doorway and is staring at him.

SAM SHEPHERD

(to Dorion)

Dorion, is it? You and me are going to take a walk. Come on.

Shepherd applies his cop's gape on Dorion, who, as he steps toward the brothel exit, attempts to create an aura of disregard that comes across as his being ill at ease.

Shepherd waits for Dorion to pass him, and then Shepherd follows Dorion through the door to the stairway.

EXT - SOUTH EXETER STREET, BALTIMORE - CONTINUOUS (4 A.M. EST)

LONG SHOT of ANGELO MARTINELLI on the sidewalk across from St. Leo's RC Church walking toward the camera. Angelo is forty-something and is wearing a black fedora and a long black overcoat over a suit.

As he nears his home, a three-story, brick row house, he reaches into his pocket and extracts his house key. When he reaches his front stoop, he notices light coming through the living room window from somewhere inside the house.

Angelo glances up and down the street, steps to the window and furtively looks inside, an act which does not appear to satisfy his curiosity.

He steps up to the door, carefully and quietly unlocks the door, and enters the house.

INT - SOUTH EXETER STREET ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Angelo carefully and quietly closes the front door. He steps toward the back of the house and the kitchen, which is the apparent source of the light.

Angelo approaches the doorway and pauses.

CLOSE UP of Angelo's worried face as he leans around the corner, and then he rolls his eyes and enters the kitchen.

KARL MYERS stands by a range on which a pot of coffee is percolating; an empty mug awaits on the stovetop. Myers wears khakis, a sweater over a button-down collar shirt, and his usual spit-shined, black tie shoes.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

(sotto voce)

Maronna mia!

Myers turns around with a slightly surprised expression.

ANGELO MARTINELLI (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Che cazzo fai?

KARL MYERS

What's it look like? I'm making a pot of coffee.

Angelo places his fedora on the kitchen table.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

La vesa gazi! At four fucking o'clock in the morning?

Angelo takes off his overcoat and drops it over the back of a kitchen chair. Myers smiles in reply, retrieves a mug from a cabinet and places it next to the mug on the stove top.

KARL MYERS

Where the hell have you been?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Facendo affari.

KARL MYERS

(chuckles)

Doing business my ass. Doing a certain gab' a' russ is more like it.

Myers pours coffee into the mugs.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

(sotto voce)

For Christ's sake, keep your voice down. I don't want to wake up Maria. And besides, Luciana's not a red head anymore.

Myers smiles as he slides the mugs onto the kitchen table.

ANGELO MARTINELLI (CONT'D)

Seriously, Karl, che cazz you doin' so early in the morning. You look like you're gettin' ready to go someplace.

Myers pulls out a chair and sits at the table. He gestures at the other seat; his expression conveys "relax." Angelo sits on an opposite chair.

KARL MYERS

I'm taking the six-seventeen to Chicago. Taxi'll be here in about thirty minutes.

Myers lifts the mug to his mouth, blows on the coffee, and takes a tentative sip.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

You packed?

They sip their coffees as they talk.

KARL MYERS

I am.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

You want I should get Maria up to make you some breakfast?

KARL MYERS

Absolutely not.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

You can't go out on an empty stomach.

KARL MYERS

I'll get something at the station.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

That Medigan garbage? Just the thought of it gives me agita.

The men sip their coffees in silence.

ANGELO MARTINELLI (CONT'D)

(concerned)

You came all this fucking way for this decision you've made. You're sure about it then.

KARL MYERS

(nods as he stares into mug)

Positive.

Angelo sips from his mug; his expression conveys that he is not convinced by Myers' assertion.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

If you say so, cugino.

INT - PORT TOWNSEND POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam Shepherd sits behind his desk in his office in the basement of City Hall and smokes a cigarette as he watches Clayton Dorion intermittently pace back and forth. Shepherd is cool; Dorion is agitated.

SAM SHEPHERD

You're telling me this guy kills your wife in Montana three years ago.

CLAYTON DORION

The same fucking way.

SAM SHEPHERD

So you keep telling me.

CLAYTON DORION

Because it's the fucking truth down to the bear sign on her back. You seen it.

SAM SHEPHERD

I did, but I don't understand it.

CLAYTON DORION

How can you not understand it? It's a bear sign, a fucking Indian sign for a bear.

SAM SHEPHERD

Okay, I guess I could make it out to be a bear.

CLAYTON DORION

And it's in blood. A red bear. That's the bastard's Indian name.

SAM SHEPHERD

What do you mean?

Dorion stops pacing and extends his arms.

CLAYTON DORION

Mato-sa means Red Bear.

Dorion continues to intermittently pace about the office. Shepherd stares thoughtfully at Dorion for a beat.

SAM SHEPHERD

Clayton, you got to be getting tired. I know for sure I'm getting tired watching you pace back and forth. Why don't you sit down, here, next to the desk?

CLAYTON DORION

I don't feel like fucking sitting down.

Shepherd butts out his cigarette, stands up, and stretches. Dorion stops pacing and looks at the Chief. Shepherd steps toward Dorion and stops within arms reach.

SAM SHEPHERD

(cold and deliberate)

I'm not asking, Dorion. Sit the fuck down.

Dorion, unnerved, sits in the chair next to Shepherd's desk. Shepherd begins to pace. Dorion's eyes follow him.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Tell me again where this happened?

CLAYTON DORION
Where what happened?

SAM SHEPHERD
Stay with me, Clayton. Where in
Montana was your Viola murdered?

CLAYTON DORION
Wolf Point. What's that have to do
with what's happened here? Why ain't
that son-of-a-bitch in here? He's
probably half way to Canada.

Shepherd stops pacing and stares at Dorion.

CLAYTON DORION
(unnerved)
What?

Shepherd squints at Dorion and purses his lips in thought for a
beat.

SAM SHEPHERD
(loud)
Miranda?

MIRANDA SIMMONS (O.S.)
Yeah, Sam?

SAM SHEPHERD
Come on in here for a second, please.

MIRANDA SIMMONS (O.S.)
Right there.

MIRANDA SIMMONS enters Shepherd's office; Miranda is a pretty,
forty-year-old brunette; her hair is done up and she wears
office attire.

Sam checks his watch.

SAM SHEPHERD
(to Miranda)
You think Reggie's still at the
Tavern?

MIRANDA SIMMONS
No doubt.

SAM SHEPHERD
Call over there, would you please? See
if you can get Reggie to stop by on
his way home.

Miranda gives Sam a thumbs up and exits the office. Shepherd sits at his desk, lights up a fag, and gapes at Dorion.

SAM SHEPHERD

Isn't Wolf Point on the Great Northern?

CLAYTON DORION

What of it?

SAM SHEPHERD

You're right, neither here nor there ... but let me get this straight, you said earlier that Mato-Sa murdered Suzy in just the same way your, what, wife was murdered?

CLAYTON DORION

(leans toward Shepherd)

Yes, goddamn it, right down to that bastard drawin' his sign on her with her own blood.

Shepherd leans back in his chair, and takes a long drag as he studies Dorion.

SAM SHEPHERD

How do you know so much about what you claim he did before?

CLAYTON DORION

I'm not claiming *anything!* I'm telling you how it was because I found Viola, seen what he did to her, and if'n I'd been a better shot when he was riding away, he wouldn't be doing this kind of thing anymore.

SAM SHEPHERD

You tried to shoot him?

CLAYTON DORION

(confrontational)

Wouldn't you?"

Shepherd stares at Dorion as he draws on the cigarette.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)

(agitated)

Why do you keep *starin'* at me?

Shepherd raises his eyebrow as he looks at Dorion in reply, takes a final drag on the cigarette, leans over his desk to butt it out in his overfilled ashtray, and leans back in his chair.

With his elbows on the arms of his chair, Shepherd makes a "teepee" with his fingers and stares at Dorion, who squirms.

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm wondering how you happened to end up in the same town as the guy who you say murdered your woman. Pretty small world, don't ya think?

CLAYTON DORION

What're you sayin'?

SAM SHEPHERD

(leans toward Dorion)

I'm thinking it's no coincidence you're here, and maybe no coincidence that a woman gets murdered the day you arrive ...

(leans back)

... no coincidence you're here telling me about a man you claim murdered your Viola.

Dorion jumps to his feet.

CLAYTON DORION

(defiant)

Fuck coincidence. It *ain't* no coincidence. I followed that son-of-a-bitch out here!

Dorion starts toward the door; Shepherd is quick to his feet, grabs Dorion, spins him around, and with two fistfuls of jacket, Shepherd slams Dorion against a wall next to the door.

SAM SHEPHERD

(barely restrained)

Don't play with me, mister.

In Shepherd's grip, Dorion slumps in compliance.

Shepherd gives Dorion another but lesser slam against the wall. He releases Dorion's jacket and makes the gesture of brushing away wrinkles from the jacket.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Now, be a good boy and sit.

Dorion sits. Shepherd sits and lights up a cigarette.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
How'd you know he was here?

CLAYTON DORION
(daring)
A little birdie told me.

SAM SHEPHERD
(punctuates with cigarette)
Don't be gettin' smart with me. I
won't have it!

CLAYTON DORION
(aggrieved)
I just found out, okay. You think it's
right those assholes at Fermamount let
a murderer walk free?

Shepherd abruptly sits back and stares at Dorion with an
expression that betrays a sudden insight.

SAM SHEPHERD
You're trying to frame him!

CLAYTON DORION
(astonished)
What?

SAM SHEPHERD
(leans in)
If you wanted to take the law into
your own hands, you would have killed
him, but you didn't.

CLAYTON DORION
What the hell are you saying?

SAM SHEPHERD
I'm thinking out loud, and what I'm
thinking is, you wanted to do more
than punish *him*!

CLAYTON DORION
(trapped prey)
You're sounding crazy.

Shepherd stands, places his hands on his desk and leans toward
Dorion, who slides his chair back a few inches.

SAM SHEPHERD
You want to show up those people who
let him out, show them ... What can I
call it? ... The deadly error of their
ways. That's it, isn't it?

CLAYTON DORION

(alarmed)

I ain't saying nothin' more to you!

SAM SHEPHERD

That's a good idea because anything you say can be used in a trial.

Dorion jumps to his feet.

CLAYTON DORION

What the fuck're you talkin' about?

Shepherd steps within arms' reach of Dorion.

SAM SHEPHERD

Mr. Dorion, I'm going to provide you with room and board compliments of the City of Port Townsend.

Dorion bolts toward the door. Shepherd collars Dorion and manhandles him toward the doorway into the jail adjacent to his office.

CLAYTON DORION

Let go of me, you stupid son-of-a-bitch!

SAM SHEPHERD

(labored but professional)

Mr. Dorion, I'm going to hold you as a subject of interest in the murder of Susan Kincaid.

Dorion reaches out and grabs the doorjambs of the doorway into the jail to resist Shepherd's efforts.

CLAYTON DORION

Like hell you are!

Reginald Rhodes walks into the office as Shepherd struggles to wrestle Dorion through the doorway.

REGINALD RHODES

(matter-of-fact)

You needed to see me, Chief?

SAM SHEPHERD

(strained)

I need Karl's phone number in Baltimore.

REGINALD RHODES

Shit. I got it back at the Tavern.

Shepherd continues to wrestle with Dorion who is beginning to submit.

SAM SHEPHERD

(uber-straining)

You think you could get it for me?

INT - BROTHEL, MARYANNE'S ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Sam Shepherd sits on the end of Maryanne's bed holding the handset of Maryanne's telephone to his ear; his eyes are absently focused on Maryanne's breasts visible through her peignoir.

Maryanne sits sideways to her open, roll-top desk, the work area of which is neatly covered by bills and other correspondence.

MARYANNE

Sam, what're you staring at?

Shepherd snaps to attention.

SAM SHEPHERD

I'm half asleep, Maryanne. Sorry. Good work finding the knife. I'll send it to the FBI for fingerprints.

Maryanne reaches for the handset of the phone.

MARYANNE

You didn't get Karl?

Shepherd hands Maryanne the handset, which she places on its cradle.

SAM SHEPHERD

(staring at wall)

The guy who answered told me Karl's on the train back home.

(to Maryanne)

What else did you and the girls find?"

MARYANNE

(shrugs)

I'm afraid the knife was it.

SAM SHEPHERD

(affirming)

Everything else was normal.

MARYANNE

Alice checked Suzy's kitty, but that didn't tell us anything because we don't know how much she started the night with, so I guess I just gotta say nothing unusual. Sorry.

SAM SHEPHERD

(stands)
S'okay.
(stretches)
You said the girls had their heads together.

MARYANNE

Barb's going over her shorthand, and she'll have the notes to you by morning in longhand ...

SAM SHEPHERD

Already morning, sweetheart. God, I need some fresh air.

MARYANNE

You look dead on your feet.
(stands)
Let's go out on the landing. I'll give you the gist of what we got.

SAM SHEPHERD

Let's walk down to the station and back. A couple blocks'll wake me up.
(beat) Uh, you might want to put on a coat.

Maryanne smiles; from an ancient chiffarobe, she retrieves and puts on an overcoat.

EXT - WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND - MOMENTS LATER

Maryanne and Sam turn left onto the Water Street sidewalk headed east and saunter along the deserted street.

SAM SHEPHERD

So, none of you ever saw this Dorion guy before tonight?

MARYANNE

We heard the guy just showed up this afternoon on the Quinault.

SAM SHEPHERD

That tells me something. What else?

Maryanne takes Shepherd's hand; he looks at her, but she stares straight ahead as they keep walking.

MARYANNE

I saw him outside the Town Tavern just after dusk, looking through the window when Suzy was with that Indian fella. It was like he was spying on them. I even said something to him, friendly like, and it embarrassed him, like I caught him doing something he didn't want no one to notice.

SAM SHEPHERD

How about what the other girls saw?

MARYANNE

Alice heard him arguing with Suzy.

SAM SHEPHERD

Him?

MARYANNE

Dorion.

SAM SHEPHERD

Arguing about what?

MARYANNE

Stuff we have to deal with sometimes.

SAM SHEPHERD

Like what?

MARYANNE

Dorion didn't want Suzy to go upstairs with the Indian.

SAM SHEPHERD

That doesn't sound like something that would happen a lot.

MARYANNE

Well, some guys sort of fall in love with us ... get possessive ... don't want us to be with other guys.

SAM SHEPHERD

I've heard that happens.

MARYANNE

It does.

Shepherd stops and turns toward Maryanne who also stops. They continue holding hands.

SAM SHEPHERD

But he just got into town.

MARYANNE

Sam, you give some guys an experience that's only been in one of their wildest dreams, and slam, bam, boom, they fall hard.

Shepherd sends a look into Maryanne's eyes that conveys he is surprised by the explanation.

SAM SHEPHERD

(confirming)

Huh.

Shepherd resumes the saunter; Maryanne follows suit.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

When was this? This ... what? This confrontation between Suzy and Dorion

MARYANNE

Right before Suzy and the Indian went upstairs.

SAM SHEPHERD

Anybody else see Dorion around?

MARYANNE

Barb was going into her room with a john and saw him standing outside Suzy's door.

SAM SHEPHERD

Barb did?

MARYANNE

Uh huh. He was just standing there with his head down.

SAM SHEPHERD

Like he was listening through the door?

MARYANNE

Barb figured he was waiting for Suzy to open the door and didn't think any more about it.

SAM SHEPHERD

When was this?

MARYANNE

About ten.

The odd couple reach the curb of Madison Street. With a slight tug on Maryanne's hand, Shepherd halts her. The turn to each other.

SAM SHEPHERD

You gettin' cold?

MARYANNE

Kinda.

SAM SHEPHERD

You wanna head back?

MARYANNE

Not really.

Maryanne nods toward City Hall across the street where the Police Department is housed.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

But he's over there, isn't he?

SAM SHEPHERD

Dorian? Yep, he is.

MARYANNE

I got a new bottle of I. W. Harper
Charlie gave me back in my room.

SAM SHEPHERD

You offering?

MARYANNE

I am.

SAM SHEPHERD

Damn, Maryanne. Quid pro quo? Or is
Charlie gone sweet on you?

MARYANNE

(laughs)

Sam, how could he *not* be sweet on me?
Come on, let's go open 'er up.

SAM SHEPHERD

Don't you want to do that with
Charlie?

Maryanne pulls Sam's hand to turn him away from the curb; they saunter back down Water Street toward the brothel.

MARYANNE

You gonna tell Charlie?

SAM SHEPHERD

Not as dumb as I look, Maryanne.

MARYANNE

(smart-assed)

You couldn't be.

SAM SHEPHERD

Very funny. (beat) So, back to the subject at hand ... No one else saw him ...

MARYANNE

Dorion ...

SAM SHEPHERD

Dorion ... no one else saw him between ten and when he started yellin'.

MARYANNE

No one that we know of.

SAM SHEPHERD

And no one remembers seeing Suzy with anybody else during that time?

MARYANNE

True, which is a little unusual.

SAM SHEPHERD

Unusual?

MARYANNE

Come on, Sam. You know how Suzy hustled. If she'd been workin', somebody woulda seen 'er.

SAM SHEPHERD

At the Tavern.

MARYANNE

Exactly.

INT - BROTHEL, MARYANNE'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Maryanne and Shepherd are sitting up in her bed, leaning back against the headboard. Shepherd is without his jacket and hat, which are on Maryanne's desk chair.

They share sips of the I. W. Harper from a single tumbler; the bottle is on a nightstand. Each stares at the opposite wall. Both look exhausted.

SAM SHEPHERD

What if Dorion goes into the room after Barb saw him and is in there the whole time?

MARYANNE

And the yellin' and carryin' on two hours later is just an act?

SAM SHEPHERD

Maybe.

MARYANNE

Who would be that nuts?

SAM SHEPHERD

Dorion. You saw the sheets. The blood had almost dried, so the deed was done way earlier than midnight.

MARYANNE

If he found her murdered right after Barb saw him ...

SAM SHEPHERD

At ten.

MARYANNE

Was he in there the whole time?

SAM SHEPHERD

He claims he came back at midnight. Never mentioned being here at ten.

Maryanne holds the tumbler up, checks the contents, and empties it.

MARYANNE

(tipsy)
Fill 'er up, pardner.

SAM SHEPHERD

Haven't you had enough?

Sam fills the tumbler.

MARYANNE

Not yet.

Sam takes a sip and hands the tumbler to Maryanne; she takes a sizeable slug and grimaces before smacking her lips. She hands the tumbler to Sam.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

You're fallin' behind, Chief.

SAM SHEPHERD

Not a competition, sweetheart.

Shepherd takes a sip and hands the tumbler back to Maryanne. Maryanne drains the tumbler, smacks it down on the nightstand, casually opens her peignoir, and straddles Sam.

SAM SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

(laughs)

What the hell are you doin'?

Maryanne starts unbuttoning Sam's shirt.

MARYANNE

(laughs)

What the hell's it look like?

SAM SHEPHERD

Been a long time since I paid,
Maryanne, and I'm not exactly flush at
the moment.

Maryanne throws off the peignoir and unbuckles Sam's belt.

MARYANNE

Stop whinin', old man. This is the
only way I'm goin' to forget about
what's happened tonight, at least for
a little while. This one's on me.

Maryanne helps Sam take off his duty shirt, and as Sam lifts his arms, she pulls his undershirt off.

They look at each other for a beat, and then they embrace and kiss with intent.

CLOSE UP:

Maryanne pulls her lips from Sam's and they stare into each other's eyes for a beat.

MARYANNE

(tenderly)

You know this don't mean nothin'.

SAM SHEPHERD

(tenderly)

It means *somethin'*, Maryanne, but I know what you mean.

They embrace and kiss.

MARYANNE

You know, you're pretty sweet for a cop.

SLOW ZOOM OUT: Sam and Maryanne embrace and kiss; the kiss ends, the embrace does not. Maryanne places her head on Sam's shoulder as she does a casual but intentional lap dance on Sam.

Sam closes his eyes, leans his head back against the headboard, and rubs a slow, gentle circle with his hand across the skin of her back.

EXT - NORTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE, GREAT NORTHERN RAILS - 30 HOURS LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) ESTABLISHING SHOT: The Empire Builder diesels pulling the passenger cars (including three short dome cars and one long dome car) toward the camera at speed as the sun rises behind the train.
- B) CAMERA CLOSE TO TRACK: Great Northern lead diesel approaches at speed and passes; SOUND of DIESEL ENGINE ROAR CRESCENDOES and DIMINISHES.
- C) CAMERA CLOSE TO TRACK: Passenger cars roar past in a blur; DEAFENING SOUND OF PASSING WHEELS ON STEEL RAILS.
- D) CAMERA CLOSE TO TRACK: The Empire Builder speeds away; SOUND of the TRAIN DIMINISHES.
- E) SLOW ZOOM IN to the left side of the dome of the first of the Empire Builder's three "short dome" cars revealing Karl Myers asleep in the seat next to the window.

INT - EMPIRE BUILDER DOME CAR - CONTINUOUS

A quarter of the seats in the dome are occupied by PASSENGERS: some are reading, some are staring at the passing prairie, and a few, like Myers, are asleep.

The car jostles the passengers, and the jostle awakens Myers. He yawns, rubs his eyes, and looks out the window.

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE, GREAT NORTHERN RAILS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP of Myers staring out the window.

SLOW ZOOM OUT from Myers as the Empire Builder diminishes at speed toward Montana.

END OF EPISODE 8 AND END OF SERIES ONE