

AFLOAT

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. You 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, THE PRESENT

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

ROLL CREDITS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) The prairie west of Williston, North Dakota

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

END CREDITS

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Vivian 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 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.

I/E - POLICE CAR/DEEP WOODS, LOCATION ONE - 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
large, chubby man, is part-time.

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
I ain't afraid of 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
back windows.

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)

(yells)

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 other wrist, 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 gaze 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 Barrt 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 coming from the garage; the ENGINE SOUND 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)
 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 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.)

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 stage.

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 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

Jesus Christ, boy, are you stupid?

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

(calmly)

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 lose 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 "yes." 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 are any 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, Karl.

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 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)
(loud)
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
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)

(threatening 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

(near defiant)

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.

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)

Black?

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)

(hollers)

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)
 (loud)
 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 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, handcuffed, sits in one of the chairs in front of Myers' desk.

Myers sits behind his 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.

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 thinking?

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