

AFLOAT

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, 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 - 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 ovetop 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 D.A., 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 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 gaze.

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. - INT. DARLENE RICHARDS' HOUSE/EXT. 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 stares at the
earpiece.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Hello?

KARL MYERS

Darlene?

DARLENE RICHARDS

Chief! Yeah, it's me. Got a party line
here.

DARLENE RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 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. 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 doesn'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 getting 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

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, 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 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 child.

JERRY PETERMAN

I shouldn't say this, but I don't think that fool Chief Myers will believe my boy unless he lets the maniac go, and it happens again.

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 shakes 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. MOYERS' 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 about the room and softly hums 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

(yells)

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 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)

... are 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 to everything else that's happened, a son going to White Hill.

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, didn't he? He
killed Barry!

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 Vaughn 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