

AFLOAT

Episode 4: "Love Hurts"

FADE IN:

INT. PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - MONDAY, SUPPER HOUR

VIVIAN PETERMAN is in the utility room, folding the last of a pile of dried towels that sits on the drier. She wears a white blouse, chartreuse capris, bobby sox and black Keds; her hair is in a ponytail.

Vivian stacks the folded towels on top of folded underwear in a wicker clothes basket. She grabs the basket, leaves the utility room, and climbs the short flight of stairs to the main level.

SOUND of GARAGE DOOR opening.

Vivian pauses and appears to be considering something.

Visible through the doorway into the kitchen, the table has been set for dinner.

SOUND of CAR ENGINE entering garage; the ENGINE STOPS.

Vivian places the clothes basket on the floor at the foot of the steps leading upstairs

SOUND of CAR DOOR SLAMMING.

Vivian stands with her arms folded and looks down to the lower level.

JERRY PETERMAN enters from the garage and places the car keys on a hook by the door. Jerry carries a sport coat and valise; his neck-tie is loose, and his shirt collar is unbuttoned.

Jerry takes one step up but stops when he sees Vivian.

JERRY PETERMAN

What the hell do you want?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Where did you go last night?

Jerry sniffs disparagingly at Vivian and mounts the stairs. He pushes past her, but she grabs his arm and yanks him around.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

I asked you a question!

Jerry looks incredulously at her hand, then into her eyes, and then he laughs at her for a beat before turning serious; he yanks his arm free.

JERRY PETERMAN

(snarls)

None of your goddamned business.

Jerry walks up the stairs to the upper level. Vivian looks angrily at her husband's back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Just like it's none of my business  
that you lied to the Chief about  
having that twenty-two.

Jerry freezes at the top step for a beat and then slowly turns around.

JERRY PETERMAN

(sinister)

That's right, Vivian.

Jerry descends the stairs.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(threatening)

It's none of his business and it's  
none of yours, so drop it.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(defiant but wavering)

Barry Moyer was shot with a twenty-  
two. You told Greg you knew he'd fired  
the gun, and now that gun is gone.

Jerry stops close to Vivian and stares into her eyes for the two seconds it takes until she averts her eyes. A cynical smile plays on Jerry's face for a beat.

Jerry shakes his head and turns away from Vivian as if to go upstairs. She looks up. Jerry rounds so quickly on Vivian with a full-force, openhanded slap to the side of her face that she cannot avoid the blow.

Vivian's knees buckle, but she does not go down; shock is in her eyes but only for a beat. The shock is replaced by rage. She shoves Jerry, hard; he falls backwards up the stairs.

Vivian races downstairs.

Jerry struggles to get up and does.

Vivian grabs the car keys from a hook on the wall as she opens a screen door and a second door and heads into the garage.

Jerry trips over the laundry basket and goes headlong down the stairs.

SOUND of ENGINE STARTING and REVVING.

Jerry struggles to his feet.

The SOUND of the ENGINE DIMINISHES as Vivian backs the old family Chrysler from the single-car garage.

Jerry rushes into the garage.

EXT. PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Vivian roars down the street in the Chrysler.

Jerry sprints out of the garage in pursuit, but is quickly winded and stops. Standing in the middle of the street, his expression suddenly reveals embarrassment; he quickly scans the neighbors' homes.

JERRY PETERMAN  
(enraged but restrained)  
Son-of-a-BITCH!

Wild-eyed, Jerry storms back into the garage.

INT. PETERMANS' SPLIT-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry runs up the stairs to the main level, and in a rage, he throws around the living room every piece of folded laundry remaining in the clothes basket, and then throws the clothes basket down the stairs.

He roars and pounds on the sliding doors of the coat closet until angry tears appear. Bawling, he leans his back against the front door and slowly slides to the floor where he sits and cries like a brat.

GREGORY PETERMAN stands inside his bedroom with his back to the door. His eyes are wide with terror.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -  
SPRING AFTERNOON, 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. LEMOYNE DINER - CONTINUOUS

A variety of CUSTOMERS are sprinkled about the diner. Waitress  
SOPHIE MACDONALD attends to them. Waitress GERTRUDE "GERTIE"  
MASONHEIMER slides the meat loaf special in front of KARL  
MYERS, who is seated alone in a booth.

The special is a slab of meatloaf swimming in the same mahogany-colored gravy that fills a pool in the center of a large mound of mashed potatoes positioned next to a pile of canned corn.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

There you go, Chief.

KARL MYERS

Thanks Gertie.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Guess your day ain't been full of good times.

KARL MYERS

You got that right.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

You let that guy go, right? You think he may of done in the Preston kid?

KARL MYERS

Last night I called him long-distance in Ashtabula, Ohio, so no, I don't think he did it.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Scary to think we got a lunatic out there. We're rooting for you, Chief.

KARL MYERS

Appreciate it, Gertie.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

I'll let you get to it.

Myers nods; Gertie departs. He watches Gertie's swaying hips as she walks away, as do other MALE CUSTOMERS at that end of the diner.

When Gertie heads behind the counter toward the kitchen, Myers pushes a fork full of corn into the potatoes and gravy and deposits the combination in his mouth.

CORPORAL MAX TRAVALIO enters the diner, scans the customers, and spies Myers; they make eye contact. Myers nods; Max walks to Myers' booth and sits.

MAX TRAVALIO

The Prestons crucified me.

KARL MYERS

Not surprised. Did you tell them I confirmed Brode was in Ohio?

MAX TRAVALIO

It didn't seem to register, and get this, they tell me Peterman goes to their church.

KARL MYERS

Our Peterman?

MAX TRAVALIO

They claim he's a wonderful Christian.

Myers shakes his head and shovels food into his mouth.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

And at church, Peterman announces that we won't believe his boy until another kid gets killed.

Myers stops in mid chew and stares at Max for a beat. Myers swallows.

KARL MYERS

(dead serious)

He said that.

MAX TRAVALIO

That's what Preston said right before he started accusing you of being responsible for his son's death.

Myers continues to eat but there is a frown on his face.

KARL MYERS

Your forensic guys finish up at the Prestons this morning?

Gertie approaches and interrupts.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Can I get you something, Max?

Max appears to concentrate on the question for a beat. Myers finishes his platter.

MAX TRAVALIO

How about a cup of coffee, black, and a big piece of pie al a mode?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Apple?

MAX TRAVALIO

Cherry.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER  
Done.

KARL MYERS  
Gertie?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER  
Chief?

KARL MYERS  
Same for me.

Gertie gives the men two thumbs up.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER  
Done and done.

Gertie leaves to prepare the order.

KARL MYERS  
So, forensics?

MAX TRAVALIO  
They got a bloody, partial shoe print  
on the window sill that matches two  
prints in the flower bed.

KARL MYERS  
And?

MAX TRAVALIO  
Size eleven, Converse All-stars.

KARL MYERS  
Good start.

MAX TRAVALIO  
Agreed, but what you don't know is  
that I've just come from seeing  
Wilkerson. He did the post-mortem  
already.

Myers leans back with a "wow" expression on his face.

MAX TRAVALIO  
I know, but he's concerned about there  
being a lunatic out there and wanted  
to give us as much to go on as he  
could as quickly as he could.

KARL MYERS  
Good man, him.

MAX TRAVALIO

He is.

KARL MYERS

And he found?

Gertie arrives with a cup for Max, which she fills from a coffee pot. Myers and Max watch as she tops off the cup already positioned in front of Myers.

Gertie leaves. Myers looks expectantly at Max, who leans forward. Myers leans forward in response.

MAX TRAVALIO

The boy was suffocated first, then stabbed.

KARL MYERS

So suffocation was ...

MAX TRAVALIO

The cause of death.

KARL MYERS

Then why the stabbing?

Gertie arrives with the pie all a mode. Myers and Max lean back as she slides the plates onto the table.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Enjoy!

MAX TRAVALIO

Thanks Gertie.

Myers and Max stare at the desserts for a beat, then proceed to eat.

KARL MYERS

(mouth full)

So again, if the kid is already dead, why the stabbing?

MAX TRAVALIO

Same question Wilkerson had before: why the overkill? He's a bit up in the air about it, but he made this point: clubbing the Moyer kid and the suffocation may mean the killer subdued each boy first.

KARL MYERS

And then proceeded to what, defile each kid at his leisure?



MAX TRAVALIO  
That's what it looks like.

KARL MYERS  
Then how do we reconcile the Moyer kid  
being shot?

MAX TRAVALIO  
I'll be damned if I know.

KARL MYERS  
Do we have two different killers?

MAX TRAVALIO  
Wilkerson wonders the same thing. The  
Moyer kid was definitely slashed, but  
there were straight stabs in the  
Preston kid.

KARL MYERS  
How many?

MAX TRAVALIO  
Thirteen.

KARL MYERS  
And?

MAX TRAVALIO  
Something like a dagger. Narrow, long  
blade.

KARL MYERS  
Like a stiletto.

MAX TRAVALIO  
Exactly what Wilkerson suggested.

KARL MYERS  
Who wears size 11 Converse and carries  
a stiletto?

MAX TRAVALIO  
A teenage hoodlum?

KARL MYERS  
(scoffs)  
Like Vaughn Moyer? I'm not going down  
that road again if I can help it.

Max takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights up. Myers  
finishes the dessert and sips his coffee.

KARL MYERS

(thoughtful)

Max, there hasn't been a murder in this town in forty-two years.

MAX TRAVALIO

Forty-two years?

KARL MYERS

I looked it up. Do you really think we're looking for two different killers?

Both men notice, through the diner window, a 1950 Chrysler Windsor make a U-turn just past The Lemoyne and then pull into the small lot in front of the diner. The Chrysler stops in a space beside Myers' police cruiser.

Gertie arrives table-side.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

Can I get you gentlemen something else?

MAX TRAVALIO

We're good.

Gertie smiles, places two checks on the table, and walks away.

Both men watch her sashay away until she disappears into the kitchen. Max turns around, opens his eyes wide, and whistles. Myers smiles.

KARL MYERS

Married life getting you down?

MAX TRAVALIO

Very funny.

Both men sip their coffees.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

You know, I was reading in True Detective about this series of murders.

KARL MYERS

(slightly amused)

That's fiction, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO

Based on fact.

KARL MYERS

Okay, but so what?

MAX TRAVALIO

One of those murders might've been a copycat.

KARL MYERS

Was this a children's story?

MAX TRAVALIO

I'm serious.

KARL MYERS

Go on, Sherlock.

MAX TRAVALIO

There was this guy who wanted to get rid of his wife and figured if he copied what he read in the papers, they'd blame the original killer.

Myers sips his coffee and stares at Max for a beat.

KARL MYERS

You really think that's the case here?

Max returns Myers gaze, sips his coffee, and smiles.

MAX TRAVALIO

No.

Myers' gaze focuses on something behind Max; his expression conveys apprehension. Max turns around.

Vivian Peterman stands just inside the entrance and scans the customers.

Max whips around and looks a question at Myers.

KARL MYERS

(whisper)

I have no idea what's she's doing here.

Vivian sees Myers and steps toward his booth.

MAX TRAVALIO

(whispered)

I'm out of here.

Max stands and puts on his campaign hat.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

(to Myers)

Call you tomorrow.

Max turns and is face-to-face with Vivian; he touches the brim of his hat, nods, and smiles politely.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

Evening, Mrs. Peterman.

Vivian nods and smiles as she steps aside; she watches Max head to the exit for a beat and then turns to Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Mind if I join you?

Myers half stands, gestures to the opposite bench.

KARL MYERS

Of course. Please.

Vivian slides onto the seat, and then Myers sits. His expression changes to one of concern when he looks at Vivian, whose right cheek appears to have the makings of a bruise and whose eyes betray the fact that she has been crying.

KARL MYERS

(compassionate concern)

What happened? And don't tell me you tripped.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(melancholy smile)

It's the price a wife has to pay sometimes.

KARL MYERS

(earnest)

Not in my book.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Tell me you never hit your wife.

KARL MYERS

Never did.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She must be wonderful.

Myers looks at his coffee cup, then empties it. He returns it to the table; his eyes focus on the cup.

KARL MYERS

Was wonderful.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (with feeling)  
 I'm sorry. What happened?

Myers looks at Vivian for a beat as though ascertaining whether or not he wants to answer.

KARL MYERS  
 (vulnerable)  
 She left me. A long time ago. Before  
 The War.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Do you ever hear from her?

KARL MYERS  
 No.

Myers folds his hands on the table and stares at them.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 She doesn't live around here?

KARL MYERS  
 No.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Where does she ...

KARL MYERS  
 (as if awakening)  
 Look, I don't like talking about it. I  
 haven't seen her in fifteen years, and  
 I'm not likely to. The last I knew,  
 she was as far away from me as a  
 person could be and still live in this  
 country, someplace near Seattle.

Vivian looks at her own folded hands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

KARL MYERS  
 (abrupt)  
 But you have.

Vivian looks up and appears slightly startled.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 Don't worry about it.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

It's old news, but whatever the case,  
no wife should have to be "wonderful"  
to avoid getting clobbered. I can  
arrest the son-of-a-bitch right now.

Vivian sits straight and glares defiance.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That "son-of-a-bitch" is my husband.

Vivian appears to have an insight; remorse replaces defiance  
and she drops her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

And you're thinking, if this woman  
defends her husband ...

(looks into Myers' eyes)

... what is she doing here?

(beat)

And what was she doing when she  
followed you to where ...

KARL MYERS

I might be thinking that.

Myers' stares into Vivian's eyes for a beat, and then notices  
Gertie emerge from the kitchen. He raises his empty cup to her;  
Gertie grabs a coffee pot and approaches the booth.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(to Vivian)

Can I get you something?

Vivian shakes her head and looks out the window.

Gertie arrives at the booth. As she fills Myers' cup, she  
glares at Vivian. Vivian turns away from the window. When she  
sees it is Gertie, Vivian's eyes flame with anger, and she  
looks back out the window. Myers watches the interplay.

Gertie leaves the table with her nose in the air.

Myers leans toward Vivian.

KARL MYERS

What was THAT about?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(snippy)

Whatever do you mean?

KARL MYERS

You know very well what I mean.

Vivian looks away for a beat, and then looks at Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(indignant)

It's something that *I'd* rather not talk about. Suffice it to say, we go way back. To high school. You don't want to know what I know about her.

Vivian looks out the window. Myers studies her as he drinks his coffee.

KARL MYERS

Are you sure I can't get you something?

Vivian sighs, turns and looks at her hands for a beat, and then gives Myers a penetrating look.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What I want is some company. I can't go home; at least, not right now anyway. I saw your car.

KARL MYERS

(sarcastic)

You seem to see it a lot.

Vivian glares at him for a beat and looks out the window.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(sincere)

That was uncalled for. Sorry.

Vivian sighs, turns toward Myers and looks searchingly into his eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(vulnerable)

I can only imagine what you must think of me.

KARL MYERS

(matter-of-fact)

I don't think anything of you.

Myers sees and recognizes instant hurt in Vivian's eyes and appears to understand his words are the cause.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Jesus, that isn't what I meant to say.

Vivian smiles and attempts to create an impervious air.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Don't apologize. I think it was exactly what you meant to say.

KARL MYERS

But it's not.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It's all right. It's what I deserved.

Myers' expression metamorphoses from embarrassed regret, to befuddlement, to defensiveness as neither look at the other. Myers turns his eyes to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

Look ...

Vivian turns to him with an expression that conveys she is prepared for whatever Myers might say.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I didn't ask you to come here.  
Obviously, if I stay another second,  
I'm going to really stick my foot in  
it, so I'm going to go.

Myers slides off the seat and takes a step toward the exit.

Vivian grabs his wrist; he turns to her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispered)

I don't want you to leave.

Myers extricates his wrist and looks guiltily around the restaurant; none of the customers appear aware of the dramatics going on.

KARL MYERS

(whispered)

I can't do this.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispered)

Please.

Myers steps to the cashier's counter where Gertie meets him. He hands her the check. She rings it up on the cash register as Myers extracts a couple of bills from his wallet, which he hands to her.

Myers does not wait for change; Gertie deposits the bills in the register, and extracts her tip. She shuts the cash door.



Myers puts his hand on the entrance door and freezes for a beat; a hard push, and he exits the diner.

Vivian slides out of the booth and walks slowly toward the entrance, her eyes downcast. Reaching the door, she pauses and turns to Gertie, who has been staring and smirking at her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Still open season on other women's men?

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

(defiant)  
Who wants to know?

Vivian steps to the cashier's counter.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(hisses)  
This town should know you're a slut that can't keep her hands off men that don't belong to her.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

(cocky)  
Says you.

Vivian leans toward Gertie and sniffs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It was you. I can't believe after all these years he's still running after you.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

(a tad unnerved)  
You're crazy.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It was *your* cheap perfume I smelled on him.

Gertie smirks and jerks her head toward the door.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER

(low voice)  
Apparently, I'm not the only slut in this town.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(hisses)  
Bitch!

Vivian spins toward and exits through the door. As it closes behind her, Gertie smiles in the direction Vivian has gone.

GERTRUDE MASONHEIMER  
 (loud, honey sweet)  
 You have a lovely evening, dear!

EXT. LEMOYNE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Vivian runs down the six concrete steps that lead from the diner entrance. Her expression is filled with wide-eyed rage.

At the bottom of the steps, she sees Myers, with his arms crossed across his chest, leaning against the driver-side door of her car.

She stops abruptly, takes a breath, puts on an air of proud indifference, and steps to her car. The indifference appears to dissipate when she stands in front of him.

Myers and Vivian look into each other's eyes; Myers' convey apprehension, hers convey longing.

Vivian leans into Myers and rests her bruised cheek on his chest; his arms encircle her.

KARL MYERS  
 (softly)  
 Can you follow me?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (softly)  
 I can.

Vivian presses her hands against Myers' chest; he releases her, moves aside, and opens the car door.

Without looking at him, Vivian slides into the driver's seat and starts the car. Myers closes the door.

He walks to his police cruiser, gets in, starts it up and backs onto Market Street. The cruiser moves ahead slowly.

Vivian's Chrysler backs into the street and follows the cruiser. Both cars accelerate down the street.

INT. KARL MYERS' HOME - FORTY MINUTES LATER

Vivian stands next to the mahogany server in the dining portion of the room that constitutes the first floor of the tiny row house and runs her fingers lightly over silver serving pieces.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
You have some lovely things, Karl.

Myers watches her with some uncertainty.

KARL MYERS  
Belonged to my mother.  
(beat)  
Can I pour you something?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Not much of a drinker.

KARL MYERS  
Rum and Coke?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Why not?

KARL MYERS  
It'll just take a second. Make  
yourself comfortable.

Myers grabs a bottle of rum from inside the server and disappears into the kitchen.

Vivian crosses to the other side of the room and scans the wall of books.

SOUND of cabinet and refrigerator DOORS OPENING and CLOSING;  
SOUND of ICE being released from a tray; SOUND of ICE FALLING  
into a GLASS; SOUND of a pop BOTTLE being OPENED.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
An awful lot of books here.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)  
Belonged to my father.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Have you read many of them?

KARL MYERS (O.C.)  
Pretty much all of them.

Myers appears with the rum and Coke and hands it to Vivian who peruses Myers' face looking for confirmation that he has not exaggerated about reading the books.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
When do you find the time?

KARL MYERS

Over the past few years, I've had more time on my hands than you might imagine.

Vivian tastes the drink and then takes a swallow. She holds up the glass to Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Always liked these. Haven't had one in a long time.

KARL MYERS

Haven't *made* one in a long time.

Vivian takes another swallow.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(sympathetic)  
Fifteen years?

KARL MYERS

Maybe.

Vivian gestures toward the shelves.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

So these were your father's?

KARL MYERS

They were. I never really knew him. Died just before I turned two.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Oh, I'm sorry.

KARL MYERS

It's all right. Life, right? Have to play the hand we're dealt.

Vivian takes a drink as she peruses the books. Myers also scans the shelves.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I see Shakespeare and Milton and Dickens. Some of these are really old, aren't they?

KARL MYERS

Some are.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Was he a collector?

KARL MYERS

I guess in a way. He was a professor  
of English Literature at Hopkins.

Vivian looks a query at Myers; he nods to confirm he  
understands Hopkins is something with which she's not familiar.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

A college in Baltimore.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Where you grew up?

KARL MYERS

Where I grew up.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Interesting.

KARL MYERS

Interesting?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Your father was a professor, and  
you're a policeman.

Myers smiles and shrugs.

KARL MYERS

After he died, my mother went to live  
with her family in a neighborhood  
where you either became a cop or a  
mafioso.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You chose cop.

KARL MYERS

I did.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

She was Italian?

KARL MYERS

Her maiden name was Martinelli. Both  
her parents were born in Sicily, but  
she was born here.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Italian American, then. Mind if I sit?

Myers gestures toward the sofa.

KARL MYERS

Please.

Vivian smiles demurely and takes her rum and Coke to the sofa. She sits next to Chester, who has been sleeping. The cat half opens his eyes, then closes them and resumes his nap.

Vivian watches Myers pour himself a bourbon. He turns and raises his glass to her; she returns the gesture; their eyes join for a beat.

Myers sits in a club chair opposite the sofa.

KARL MYERS

You a hometown girl?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you mean, did I grow up in Harrisburg?

Myers sips the bourbon.

KARL MYERS

Mm-hmm.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I did. Well, on the West Shore. I'm an only child, both of my parents are gone, and so are Jerry's. Greg's only other family are an aunt and uncle on Jerry's side out in California.

Vivian and Myers look into each other's eyes. Myers sips his bourbon; Vivian drains her rum and Coke and places the glass on a doily-covered end table.

A few awkward seconds pass as they continue to stare at one another. Myers looks down; Vivian smiles coyly.

KARL MYERS

Want another?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Why not?

Myers gets up, grabs Vivian's glass and heads to the kitchen. Vivian follows and watches as Karl prepares the drink.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONTINUED)

How often do you do this, Karl?

KARL MYERS

Make a rum and Coke?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Sleep with someone's wife.

KARL MYERS  
(quietly incredulous)  
Jesus.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Not judging, just curious.

KARL MYERS  
(recovers)  
As near as I can tell, I haven't slept  
with you yet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
(coy smile)  
I think you will.

Myers hands Vivian the rum and Coke. Vivian smiles thanks and sips her drink.

KARL MYERS  
Not for me to say.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Strange, that.

KARL MYERS  
What?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
I have a say in what's going to  
happen?

KARL MYERS  
(curious, not making a point)  
Isn't that the way it always is?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Not in my world.

KARL MYERS  
What world is that?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
My world is a prison, Karl, and I've  
just escaped.

Vivian carries her drink into the living area; Myers follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)  
I know I'm going to have to go back  
and pay a price, but right now ...

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)  
 ... the freedom is so ... I don't know  
 ... just so different.

Myers sits in the club chair and picks up his tumbler of bourbon. Vivian nearly drains her glass.

Vivian sits on the arm of Myers' club chair, takes his bourbon, reaches toward the credenza, and places the tumbler on it. She turns her gaze back to Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 So?

KARL MYERS  
 So?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Have you ever slept with someone  
 else's wife?

KARL MYERS  
 (slightly unsettled)  
 Can't say as I have.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Is the idea ... I don't know ... does  
 it turn you on?

KARL MYERS  
 My brain is shouting for me to send  
 you home.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (sultry)  
 Why don't you?

KARL MYERS  
 (succumbing)  
 I don't want to.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Don't you? Don't you really?

Vivian bends down and kisses Myers on the lips. He reciprocates. Vivian ends the kiss, smiles seductively, stands and holds out her hand. Myers takes it; she gives it a gentle tug and he stands.

They embrace each other and engage in a long, passionate, tongue-driven kiss. Myers ends the kiss and pulls his head back enough to speak.



KARL MYERS

(whisper)

A married woman would have to be either brave or stupid to follow me home, and you're definitely not stupid.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whisper)

I'm not brave. Desperate maybe, but not brave.

KARL MYERS

(whisper)

Desperate?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm here, alone with a man I don't know as well as I know our milk man.

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)

Really?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Very funny. You know what I mean. I'm doing something wild for me, but I don't even care what people'll think.

Vivian takes Myers' hand and leads him to and up the stairs.

KARL MYERS

Yet.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you always worry so much?

KARL MYERS

I think I worry just enough. These things never end well.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I thought you said you never slept with a married woman, so how would you know?

KARL MYERS

I'm the guy who follows the circus parade with a shovel and a trash can on wheels.

Vivian laughs. They reach the second floor. Vivian turns into Myers' arms, and they kiss again. He ends the kiss, takes Vivian's hand, and leads her into his bedroom.

Vivian scans the ultra-neat room.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
I can tell you were a marine.

Myers spreads his arms to take in the small room with its double bed, large dresser, and single nightstand.

KARL MYERS  
Once a marine...

Vivian looks at Myers and smiles shyly.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
Little girl's room?

Myers points to the hallway.

KARL MYERS  
Take a left. Can't miss it.

Vivian gives him a peck on the lips and exits.

Myers runs a hand over his hair and appears almost panicky as he looks around the room. He sits on the bed to wait, almost in a pose, thinks better of it, stands, and smooths the bedspread.

He leans back in what he believes is nonchalance against the dresser, but sees his reflection in a full-length mirror on the closet door opposite him and abruptly stands up. He shakes his head and begins to pace but stops.

Myers looks quickly at the ceiling and then turns toward the dresser, places his hands on the top of it, and leans forward.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Jesus.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (O.C.)  
Hey sailor, how much rum did you put  
in those drinks?

Myers spins around. Vivian, naked, leans against the door jamb with one arm upward and against the jam; her other arm holds her clothing.

KARL MYERS  
(almost overwhelmed)  
Apparently, just enough.

Vivian laughs and walks toward Myers in the way of a woman who knows when she has made a very positive impression on a man she desires. She drops her clothing as she goes.

INT. KARL MYERS' HOME - FOUR HOURS LATER

Vivian sleeps on Myers' bed, nestled into the curve of his sleeping body, her back to his body. His arm shelters her.

The sheet has been thrown back. Myers stirs slightly and opens his eyes. He scans the faultless curve that runs from above Vivian's waist to her hip and thigh, and on to a perfect calf and pretty foot.

Myers looks at an alarm clock on the nightstand: three-forty-seven.

He gently strokes her cheek.

KARL MYERS

(whispers)

Vi, wake up. Please. We've got to talk.

Vivian stirs but does not open her eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Mmmm ... Do we have to?

KARL MYERS

We do.

Vivian rolls toward him and presses her lips to his. After a few seconds, she pulls her lips away and rests her head against his chest.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(whispers)

I just want to keep screwing you.

KARL MYERS

Jesus, Vi, please!

Vivian rolls onto her back, stretches her arms, and yawns.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(groggy)

I haven't had a cigarette since yesterday afternoon. You're a good influence on me, in more ways than one.

KARL MYERS

We have to talk.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(pouty)

What if I don't want to?

KARL MYERS

We have to be grown-ups here.

Vivian rounds toward him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That's pretty shitty.

Vivian rolls unto her back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

But you're right, damn it. What time is it?

KARL MYERS

Almost four. How are you going to explain this?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'll tell him I drove around.

Myers sits up.

KARL MYERS

Will he believe you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Only if I clean myself up. Mind if I take a bath.

KARL MYERS

Not at all. You want me to iron your clothes?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Holy smokes, Chief, *and you iron?*

Vivian laughs; Myers smiles.

KARL MYERS

I was finally getting used to "Karl."

Vivian sits up and leans against him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Listen, I don't want you to feel, I don't know ...

KARL MYERS

Obligated?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Obligated. This is my mess not yours.

KARL MYERS  
 (smiles, gentle)  
 Tonight was a mess?

Vivian looks up at Myers for a beat, and then she rolls onto his thighs and straddles him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Tonight was amazing.

Vivian and Myers kiss. Vivian ends the kiss and leans against his chest with her head in the crook of his neck; his arms wrap around her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)  
 (quintessential calm)  
 I can't believe how easy it was.

KARL MYERS  
 (teasing)  
 I was easy?

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (chuckles)  
 How *natural* it was. It never once felt awkward to me.

Vivian pushes herself up; they look into each other's eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)  
 Did it to you?

Myers smiles and shakes his head. Vivian returns to her former position.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)  
 It's like we've been doing this for years.

KARL MYERS  
 If we'd been doing this for years,  
 we'd have died from exhaustion a long  
 time ago.

Vivian laughs.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)  
 I haven't felt like this in a long  
 time.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Fifteen years?

Myers looks at Vivian, who leans back and returns his gape.

He gently pushes Vivian off of him, rolls to the side of the bed and sits. Vivian moves to her knees behind him and places a gentle hand on his back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Vivian kisses the center of his upper back.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

I think I'm jealous of what you must've had.

KARL MYERS

You don't know what I had.

Myers bows his head. Vivian moves closer, places her cheek against his back, and wraps her arms around him. Myers sighs.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're mad at me.

KARL MYERS

I'm not. Truly. I'm trying to get my head wrapped around what happens after sun-up, and I'm at a loss.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

All of a sudden I'm feeling all at sea.

KARL MYERS

Apt.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What should I do?

Vivian props up some pillows.

KARL MYERS

Not for me to say.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What?

Vivian sits back with consternation in her eyes; Myers turns to her.

KARL MYERS

I can only deal with one conscience at a time: my own.

Vivian's pleading eyes stare into Myers' eyes. He looks away.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You're just going to leave me flapping  
in the breeze?

KARL MYERS

Going home won't be a breeze.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I know. Just tell me what you're  
thinking. I'll make my own decisions.

Myers looks back into Vivian's eyes.

KARL MYERS

Seems to me you have two choices: you  
tell the truth or you lie. Lies are  
easy to come up with. You've already  
got one: you drove around all night  
because you were so angry. Let me  
help. You got tired, pulled over, and  
fell asleep.

Vivian looks into Myers' eyes with a slight shock of  
realization in her own.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I'm going to lie, aren't I?

KARL MYERS

It's what people do. I'll lie, you'll  
lie, but the "truth will out." We'll  
spend blood, sweat and tears to avoid  
it, but eventually, the "truth will  
out."

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(wanting approval)

So you think I should tell the truth?

KARL MYERS

The town would crucify us if you do.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(pouts)

So I'm damned if I tell the truth and  
damned if I lie.

KARL MYERS

(borderline cynical)

You sound astonished.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You sound cold.

KARL MYERS  
 (more to himself than her)  
 Morning afters are always cold.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 I thought you said you've never done  
 this before?

KARL MYERS  
 With a married woman. I'm a man, not a  
 monk.

Vivian crosses her arms and looks away.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 What are you going to do?

KARL MYERS  
 Nothing until I have to, then lie  
 until I can't.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 You're in the clear until then, but I  
 have to go home this morning.

KARL MYERS  
 You do.

Vivian stands and paces with her arms crossed. Myers watches  
 her closely.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 This isn't fair.

KARL MYERS  
 It isn't, but that shouldn't come as a  
 surprise, should it?

Vivian stops in front of Myers; her eyes are narrowed as she  
 stares into his.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (threatening)  
 I'm going to tell Jerry the truth.

Myers stands.

KARL MYERS  
 Dangerous.

Vivian's expression slowly becomes one of intense frustration  
 until she loses control and pounds Myers chest with her fists.



VIVIAN PETERMAN

(crying)

Tell me what to do!

Myers lets her pound for a few beats and then grabs her shoulders and pulls her against his chest. Vivian collapses against him and cries. He whispers into her ear.

KARL MYERS

(soothing)

If you tell him the truth, you can come here until things blow over.

Startled, Vivian leans back and looks into his eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You'd lose your job.

KARL MYERS

Probably.

Vivian stares at Myers for a beat.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Jerry won't let me take Gregory, will he?

KARL MYERS

Unknowns like that are why we lie. If you try and lie your way through this, you'll feel like you're in control, like you can avoid the inevitable.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

But I can't. I'm trapped.

KARL MYERS

You are, but so am I.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You?

KARL MYERS

Sex is a seductive bait. It hides the trap that was right in front of our eyes. You and I even talked about it before we walked upstairs, didn't we?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(defeated)

We did.

KARL MYERS

The lies we'll tell are the teeth of the trap. They already have hold of us and they won't let go.

Vivian gently pushes Myers away and sits on the bed.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

If you know all this, why the hell did you let me come here?

KARL MYERS

(sad smile)

I've been lonely too long. I couldn't resist what I knew you were offering.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That's no apology.

KARL MYERS

It's not. I have no more need to apologize to you than you to me. But I understand that because of what's happened we have a responsibility to each other.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You'll lie for me?

Myers sits next to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

I'll tell whoever asks that I spoke with you at the diner, that we left around the same time, but in different cars. You went your way and I went mine.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You'd do that for me?

KARL MYERS

I will. And you'll lie for me. Tell anyone who asks that you never came here.

(beat)

Will you keep lying for Jerry?

Vivian sends a startled glance at Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

What do you mean?

KARL MYERS

He was lying about the twenty-two,  
wasn't he?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(mutters)

I need a cigarette.

Myers places his hand on her wrist.

KARL MYERS

No you don't. What you need is to tell  
me the truth.

Vivian stares into his eyes for a beat and then lowers her  
eyes.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

It wasn't in the house when you asked  
him. He got rid of it that morning, so  
technically, I didn't lie, did I?

Myers stands and paces.

KARL MYERS

(mutters)

Technically.

(to Vivian)

I know there's more. You know Greg's  
been lying, don't you?

Vivian stands; she appears uncertain.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I don't know it for certain.

KARL MYERS

I think you do. Greg knows who killed  
the Moyer boy.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

That makes no sense. Why wouldn't he  
tell us?

KARL MYERS

I think he's afraid, really afraid,  
and the only way I'm going to be able  
to get to the bottom of this is if I  
keep talking with him.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Do you have to? I don't think I can  
stand the thought of you being in our  
house after tonight.

KARL MYERS

I'll be there this morning to start in again.

Vivian appears to realize for the first time that she is naked and makes an inefficient and self-conscious attempt to cover her breasts with her arm as she finds and picks up her panties and bra from the floor. Myers responds by looking away.

Vivian stares at him sadly for a beat, closes her eyes, sighs, and leaves the room.

Myers' eyes follow her as she exits. He looks at the doorway for a beat after she is gone, and then sighs. He grabs and puts on a robe from his closet, picks up Vivian's blouse and pedal-pushers, and exits the room.

I/E - PETERMANS' SPLIT LEVEL - NINE A.M.

Max and Myers approach the front door. Before they can ring the bell, Vivian opens the door. She is wearing the same blouse and pedal pushers she wore the previous day. Her mouth is a flat line and her careworn eyes look into Myers' eyes.

Max looks a question of Myers, which goes unanswered as Vivian addresses Myers in a confidential yet demanding tone.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I need to talk to you ... in private.  
Please.

Myers' eyes convey a warning, but his tone is professional and calm.

KARL MYERS

Good morning, Mrs. Peterman. May we come in?

Vivian hesitates a beat as she stares into Myers' eyes. She steps back, and the officers enter.

MAX TRAVALIO

(touches hat brim)  
Morning, ma'am.

Vivian tugs slightly at Myers' sleeve.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Karl.

Myers' eyes again convey caution.

KARL MYERS

Mrs. Peterman, I'd prefer, since this is a complicated case, that anything you have to tell me needs to be heard by Corporal Travalio. Okay?

Vivian looks away for a beat. When she turns back to the officers, there is an effort of a smile on her face.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Of course.  
(gestures toward sofa)  
Why don't you sit down?

Max sits at one end of the sofa, Vivian sits at the other end, and Myers sits in a club chair

KARL MYERS

So what is it you have to tell us?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(eyes cast down)  
It can wait.

Max looks back and forth between Vivian and Karl.

MAX TRAVALIO

Am I missing something here?

KARL MYERS

Nothing that I can see, so let's get on with this.  
(to Vivian)  
We were hoping to speak with Greg and your husband.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(eyes desperate)  
He's not here. Jerry. Jerry's not here.

Max glances at Myers and then at his watch.

MAX TRAVALIO

Expected back soon?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(struggling with civility)  
I don't know, but Greg's here.  
(calls out)  
Greg! Come up here.

There is no response; Vivian looks at Myers.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (loud, insistent)  
 Greg! Get up here! Now!

After a few seconds, there is the SOUND of hesitant FOOTFALLS on the stairs leading up from the lower level.

Greg appears in his pajamas and slippers, and then stops when he sees Myers and Max. Myers gets up and approaches Greg, who looks down.

KARL MYERS  
 (low tone but firm)  
 Look at me, Greg.

Greg glances at Myers and then looks down.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)  
 (demanding)  
 Look at me, son.

Myers waits until Greg looks at him.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)  
 I want to be sure you hear and understand what I'm about to say. I know you know who murdered Barry.

GREG PETERMAN  
 (hesitant defiance)  
 I don't.

KARL MYERS  
 Which means you're finally admitting that you lied to us about the man you said did it.

Greg is about to respond but blushes and looks down. Max stands and approaches Greg.

MAX TRAVALIO  
 Do you know what a stiletto is, Greg?

Greg gulps as he looks at Max, then looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (encouraging)  
 Greg.

Greg looks at Max and takes a deep breath.

GREG PETERMAN  
 No.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Greg!

GREG PETERMAN

(insistent)

I don't know what it is, Mom. I don't.

Myers looks at the ceiling for a beat. When he looks at Greg, he sees Greg is staring at him.

KARL MYERS

I think the killer's worrying that you're going to spill the beans, Greg.

Greg looks away.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

He's going to start thinking he can't depend on you to keep lying to me.

Greg snaps defiant eyes toward Myers.

GREG PETERMAN

(loud defiance)

I ain't no liar!

Vivian stands and takes a step toward Greg.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Gregory!

Without turning, Myers puts out his hand as a caution to Vivian.

KARL MYERS

But you're not telling me everything you know, which is almost the same thing, isn't it? It's actually against the law to not tell what you know about a crime.

MAX TRAVALIO

That's right son. It's called aiding and abetting. If you're not helping us, you're helping the person that murdered Barry and probably the Preston boy too.

Greg is clearly in fright or flight mode but he remains riveted to the floor.

KARL MYERS

I can't believe you're the kind of boy who'd want to break the law.

GREG PETERMAN  
 (between fight and tears)  
 I'm not!

KARL MYERS  
 Then tell us what you know.

GREG PETERMAN  
 (defiance)  
 I don't know ANYTHING!

Myers and Max exchange a glance, and then their eyes bore into Greg's skull.

KARL MYERS  
 Look son, all I want to do is arrest  
 the person who killed those two boys  
 before he does the same thing to you.

GREG PETERMAN  
 (yells)  
 I told you, I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

Vivian steps quickly to Greg.

KARL MYERS  
 (level tone)  
 I never said you did, son.

Vivian grabs Greg and pulls him to her, her posture clearly that of a "mother bear."

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 That's enough, Karl. No more. Please.

KARL MYERS  
 (to Greg, insistent)  
 He wants to tell us what he knows,  
 isn't that right, son?

Vivian steps between Greg and the officers. Her eyes are wide and wild

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 I said that's enough, and I mean it.

Myers looks around Vivian and continues speaking to Greg.

KARL MYERS  
 You said you were playing war, but  
 maybe there was something else,  
 something with a gun.



Vivian turns to Greg, leans down, and places her hands on his shoulders.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

Go to your room.

She shoves Greg toward the stairs. As Greg runs to his room, Vivian turns to Myers.

KARL MYERS

(shouting upstairs)

Maybe there was an accident!

Vivian delivers a powerful, roundhouse slap to Myers' face simultaneous with a shouted demand.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I SAID ENOUGH!

There is a flash of rage in Myers' expression. Max appears stunned as he glances back and forth between Vivian and Myers. Vivian appears stunned at what she has just done.

KARL MYERS

(controlled)

Mrs. Peterman, I apologize if I've exceeded my welcome. We'll come back another time.

Myers looks at Max and gestures toward the door.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Corporal.

Max, apparently incredulous, exits the house. Myers steps toward the door, but when he is about to exit, Vivian grabs his arm and turns him toward her. Her expression is excruciatingly pained.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(near whispered panic)

He wasn't here when I got home, and the bed hasn't been slept in. Greg may've been here all night, alone.

KARL MYERS

(residual anger)

He's a big boy. Nothing happened.

Vivian releases Myers' arm.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 Goddamn it, Karl. What kind of mother  
 leaves her child alone so that she can  
 go ... go ...

KARL MYERS  
 (argumentative)  
 Your husband left him alone, not you.

Vivian looks down.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (to herself)  
 I feel like such a fool. I should have  
 been here.

KARL MYERS  
 (cynical)  
 And you never wanted last night to  
 end.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (angry shout)  
*GET OUT!*

When it is clear that Myers is not moving, Vivian attempts to  
 bull rush him to the door, but he stands his ground for a few  
 seconds, after which Vivian dissolves into tears.

Myers attempts to put his arms around Vivian, but she swats  
 them away and stands, sobbing, her eyes downcast.

KARL MYERS  
 (gentle)  
 I'm going to go now ... to the Moyers  
 ... but I'll come back. I'm sorry to  
 have upset you.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
 (sobbing)  
 I hit you. I've never hit anyone in  
 anger like that, and I hit you.

KARL MYERS  
 Hitting is contagious. We catch it  
 from others.

Myers stares at Vivian for a beat and then opens his arms.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)  
 Come here.

Vivian goes to Myers. He holds her as she sobs. She regains control and pushes him away. She wipes away tears with the backs of her hands.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
(trembling but recovering)  
I'll be all right.

KARL MYERS  
I'll be back in an hour or so.

VIVIAN PETERMAN  
(whispers)  
Okay.

Myers looks at Vivian for a beat before stepping to the door. Vivian follows and holds the door until Myers exits. She closes the door, leans back against the door, and again begins to cry as if her heart were broken.

The State Trooper's car is parked along the curb in front of Myers' patrol car. Max stands on the curb and leans back against his car. Myers approaches.

MAX TRAVALIO  
What the hell was that about?

KARL MYERS  
What was what about?

Max steps toward Myers; both stop when they are a few feet apart. Max is clearly annoyed.

MAX TRAVALIO  
I have a list. Let's start with her smacking you. Christ, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it, and if getting smacked wasn't bizarre enough, you didn't do anything about it.

KARL MYERS  
She's understandably upset, and I pushed too hard.

MAX TRAVALIO  
You should have arrested her, given her a citation, a warning, something!

KARL MYERS  
"The quality of mercy is not strained.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from  
heaven upon the place beneath."

MAX TRAVALIO

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

KARL MYERS

Sometimes we have to temper justice with mercy, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO

Bullshit. When do we worry about mercy?

KARL MYERS

She was upset

MAX TRAVALIO

People are in jail because they were upset and hit a cop.

Myers walks to his car. Max follows.

KARL MYERS

I'm done debating. I just decided there was no point to doing anything.

Myers opens the driver's side door.

MAX TRAVALIO

And what was that about an accident with a gun?

Myers stands behind the open door. Max opens the driver's side door of his car and stands facing Myers.

KARL MYERS

I have a feeling there's something more going on than a lunatic preying on kids.

MAX TRAVALIO

That's not enough?

KARL MYERS

I just wanted to see how he'd react, hear what he'd say.

Max steps toward Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

He didn't say anything.

KARL MYERS

His mother didn't let him.

Max stops on the other side of Myers' car door.

MAX TRAVALIO

Which brings me to items three and four.

(gestures toward house)

What held you up in there? And when did she start calling you Karl?

KARL MYERS

Three: nothing important, and four? She's getting to know us.

MAX TRAVALIO

Near as I can tell, she knows me as well as you, but she doesn't call me Max. And as to getting to know one another, where'd you go after I left the Lemoyne last night?

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

Corporal Travaglio, over.

Max hustles to his car and extracts the mic.

MAX TRAVALIO

Travaglio, over.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

Head on collision on the turnpike a mile west of the Gettysburg interchange. Over.

MAX TRAVALIO

I'm on my way. Fifteen minutes tops. Over.

Max hops into his car, slams the door, starts it up, turns on his overhead flashing light, and does a U-turn. He slows as he passes Myers and yells through the open window.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

We'll finish this later.

Myers watches the trooper's car accelerate down the street.

INT. THE LEMOYNE - 5:00, SAME DAY

A variety of CUSTOMERS are being served by waitresses Gertie Masonheimer and Sophie MacDonald. Max Travaglio eats a meatloaf special alone in a booth. He wears his "dress" uniform.

Myers enters and scans the diner. Max raises his hand, and Myers notes his presence with a nod.

Gertie says something unheard to Sophie, which apparently prompts Sophie to follow Myers to Max's booth. Myers slides onto the seat opposite Max.

Myers looks up at Sophie and points to Max's plate.

KARL MYERS

That'll do me, Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD

You got it, Chief. Coffee?

KARL MYERS

Please.

Sophie scurries away.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

You ever eat at home, my friend?

MAX TRAVALIO

(chuckles)

I do, I do.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

Angela's a great cook, so I try to eat home whenever I can, but she's got some bridge club thing so it's every man for himself at our house.

KARL MYERS

Who's got the kids?

MAX TRAVALIO

Dropped them off at Nonna's.

Max stuffs a load of food into his mouth.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)

(mouth full of food)

So what've you been up to?

KARL MYERS

Got sidetracked by two fender benders on Bridge Street -- two! -- before noon, and then I spent all afternoon looking for a judge. Oh, I almost forgot, was the Turnpike thing bad?

MAX TRAVALIO  
Aren't crossovers always? Three dead.  
Nasty.

KARL MYERS  
Nothing nice there, my friend.

MAX TRAVALIO  
You said it.

Max stuffs another load of food into his mouth.

MAX TRAVALIO (CONT'D)  
(mouth full of food)  
So what's with the judge?

KARL MYERS  
Got a warrant to search the Petermans'  
place.

MAX TRAVALIO  
A warrant?

KARL MYERS  
You don't think...

Sophie arrives with a coffee pot, cup, saucer, and spoon. The men watch silently as she fills Myers' cup and tops off Max's.

MAX TRAVALIO  
Thanks, Sophie.

SOPHIE MACDONALD  
My pleasure, gentlemen.

Sophie steps away.

KARL MYERS  
You don't think Peterman's going to  
let me search his house without one,  
do you?

Myers drinks his coffee; Max leans back.

MAX TRAVALIO  
What prompted this?

KARL MYERS  
The bastard has been antagonistic from  
the beginning. Wants us off his kid.  
It's disproportionate.

MAX TRAVALIO  
Dispro what?

KARL MYERS

Over the top, unnecessary. It's like Greg knows something Peterman doesn't want us to know.

MAX TRAVALIO

Maybe.

Max takes another slug of food.

KARL MYERS

"Maybe" nothing. I start thinking size eleven Keds, and then I think, Peterman's a good-sized son-of-a-bitch.

MAX TRAVALIO

He is.

KARL MYERS

And then there's his saying I won't take Greg seriously until another kid is killed. I'm looking for the knife.

MAX TRAVALIO

(nearly incredulous)  
You think Peterman killed the Preston boy?

KARL MYERS

Not just him. Peterman wasn't at work the afternoon the Moyer kid was killed.

MAX TRAVALIO

(leans forward)  
How do you know this?

KARL MYERS

After I cleaned up the business on Bridge this morning, I went to Sears and talked with Peterman's boss.

MAX TRAVALIO

Just a shot in the dark?

KARL MYERS

You could say so. I'm standing in the middle of the street, directing traffic around the accident, and it hits me. What if Peterman calls in sick and goes into the woods to do some target practice?



MAX TRAVALIO

You got this out of the blue?

KARL MYERS

I can't explain it, but yes.

MAX TRAVALIO

So you're thinking the kids end up out there with him.

KARL MYERS

And Patsy follows them. You know how sisters love to spy.

MAX TRAVALIO

They do. Get a lot of mileage out of the lowdown on a brother. So you're thinking, accident.

KARL MYERS

Could've happened.

MAX TRAVALIO

And Peterman panics.

KARL MYERS

Fabricates a horrific murder and gets rid of evidence at the same time.

MAX TRAVALIO

The slug?

KARL MYERS

Exactly. He's a hunter used to gutting prey and knows his way around an abdomen.

MAX TRAVALIO

Okay, that's disgusting.

KARL MYERS

I know, but if it happened, Greg saw everything.

MAX TRAVALIO

And Peterman terrorizes the kid into going along.

KARL MYERS

They don't know Patsy has seen everything, not that it means anything at the moment.

Sophie arrives with Myers' meatloaf special. Myers eats quickly. Max finishes the last bite of his meal, stares at Myers, and lights up a Pall Mall.

MAX TRAVALIO

So you're thinking to keep the story going, he repeats the crime with the Preston kid.

KARL MYERS

Badly.

MAX TRAVALIO

He wants everyone, including us, to think there's still a lunatic out there.

KARL MYERS

(mouth full)

If I'm right, there still is.

Travalio smokes; Myers finishes his plate and leans back. Max leans forward, places his arms on the edge of the table, and bows his head slightly.

MAX TRAVALIO

Karl, about this morning ...

KARL MYERS

There's nothing to talk about, my friend. Consider it water over the damn.

MAX TRAVALIO

(looks up)

But ...

KARL MYERS

It's over, Max. Look, I want to go to the Peterman's before the Preston kid's viewing. You want to come along?

MAX TRAVALIO

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

I/E - PETERMANS' SPLIT LEVEL - MINUTES LATER

Myers and Travalio stand on the front stoop. Myers presses the doorbell: greatly diminished SOUND of a DOORBELL CHIME via an open window, which is one of two bracketing the picture window. There is no response.

MAX TRAVALIO

Not home.

KARL MYERS

(under his breath)

Damn it.

Myers presses the doorbell: diminished SOUND of the DOORBELL CHIME. After a few beats, Max turns to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

We're not going to break down the door, warrant or no. We'll have to come back.

Max steps toward his highway patrol car. Myers hesitates and scans the street. He steps off the stoop.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(very, very soft)

Help me.

Myers spins toward the open window.

KARL MYERS

Max! Did you hear that?

Max stops and steps toward Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

Hear what?

KARL MYERS

Listen!

Max stops next to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

You're hearing things.

Both men stand with their heads cocked toward the open window for a beat.

KARL MYERS

You're right, I am hearing things.

Myers turns and steps toward the car; Max follows.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(soft but audible)

Help me, please!

Max grabs Myers' sleeve and turns him around.

MAX TRAVALIO

I heard that!

The men hurry to the front door and turn the doorknob; the door is locked. Myers nods toward the side of the house; Travaglio runs in that direction. Myers goes to the garage door, which is unlocked. He heaves it up.

The Petermans' car is gone. Myers hustles into the house and up the stairs. He stops in his tracks at the sight of Vivian.

She is lying on the sofa; her face is purpled with bruises, her left eye is swollen shut, her upper lip is swollen, and streaks of dried blood run from her chin to her neck and blouse, and then onto the sofa.

Myers yanks open the front and screen doors and sticks his head outside.

KARL MYERS

(yells)

MAX!

Myers returns to Vivian and drops onto his knees. Max enters.

MAX TRAVALIO

Mary Mother of God!

KARL MYERS

(to Vivian)

What happened?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

(barely audible)

Penance for trying to find a little happiness.

Vivian turns her head with difficulty toward a frozen Myers and looks into his eyes as tears streak her cheek.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Am I going to die?

Myers stands abruptly but does not take his eyes from Vivian.

KARL MYERS

(over shoulder to Travaglio)

Ambulance or you drive?

MAX TRAVALIO

Faster if I drive. Can you get her to the car?

Myers bends down, scoops Vivian into his arms, and steps toward the front door.

KARL MYERS  
 (whispers into Vivian's ear)  
 I won't let you die.

Max holds open the screen door. Myers exits and Max follows. Myers carries Vivian to the patrol car. Max opens a back door. Myers deposits Vivian in the back seat and slides in next to her.

Max jumps into the driver's side, turns on the engine, the flashing red light and the siren, does a U-turn and speeds down the street.

INT. HARRISBURG HOSPITAL ER - MINUTES LATER

Myers stands twenty feet away from where three NURSES and DOCTOR BOWMAN work on Vivian. Half of the eight bays in the ER are occupied by PATIENTS and FRIENDS/FAMILY MEMBERS.

Bowman, a large man with a kind face, spies Myers, leaves the nurses attending to Vivian, and approaches.

DOCTOR BOWMAN  
 Chief Myers?

Myers nods. The men shake hands.

DOCTOR BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm Doctor Bowman. What happened?

KARL MYERS  
 At this point, I can only speculate.  
 May I speak with her?

DOCTOR BOWMAN  
 She's in a lot of pain. We just gave her a dose of morphine.

KARL MYERS  
 Then I need to speak to her now. You do realize this wasn't an accident?

DOCTOR BOWMAN  
 (shocked concern)  
 I assumed it was a car wreck.

KARL MYERS  
 (deadly serious)  
 It was no accident.

DOCTOR BOWMAN

She has three fractured ribs, her nose is broken and maybe a fractured orbital. Her shoulder's dislocated and she's likely concussed. I've never seen anything like this that wasn't caused by a car accident.

Myers walks to Vivian's side. He turns to the doctor.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

I need to speak with her privately.

Bowman looks at the nurses and jerks his head away from Vivian. The nurses step to the ER desk. Bowman faces Myers.

DOCTOR BOWMAN

Not too long, Chief.

Myers nods and for a beat watches Bowman depart. Myers sits on a stool next to the left of Vivian's gurney. Her right hand is on top of the sheet and has an IV inserted; Myers gently grasps her hand.

With effort, Vivian turns her head toward Myers and opens her right eye. She speaks with great difficulty; her words are slightly slurred.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

You said you'd be back in an hour or so.

Myers looks down for a beat and then looks at Vivian.

KARL MYERS

Did Jerry do this to you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He came home just after you left. Got a lift from Gertie.

KARL MYERS

Gertie?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I could smell her cheap perfume on him ... It's where he was all night. He told me ...

(beat)

I'm so thirsty.

Myers sees and grasps an aluminum cup filled with ice water. He holds it so that Vivian, with a slight elevation of her head, can drink from the straw in the cup.

KARL MYERS

Vivian. Did he do this to you?

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He said, "I know where you were ...  
Somebody saw you leave with Myers ...  
and then he started to ...

Vivian makes a nearly imperceptible nod toward the cup. Myers holds it so she can take another sip. She rolls her head back to the pillow and closes her eye.

KARL MYERS

Vivian.

She speaks with her head back on the pillow, her eyes closed.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He grabbed my blouse with one hand ...  
and kept punching my face with the  
other. He made ...

A sob escapes Vivian, the action of which clearly pains her.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

He made my little boy watch ... made  
him watch ... He said, "Watch boy.  
This is what you do when your wife is  
a whore." I couldn't do anything but  
scream ... and then I couldn't scream  
... He dropped me on the floor and ...  
water.

Vivian turns her head toward Myers without opening her eyes. Myers holds the cup so that she can drink from the straw. When she is finished, she returns her head to the pillow.

VIVIAN PETERMAN (CONT'D)

He started kicking me. I thought I was  
going to die ... and then I guess I  
blacked out ... I don't remember  
anything until I heard them ... They  
were dressed for the viewing.

KARL MYERS

Is that where they are? Both of them?

An almost imperceptible nod is Vivian's answer. Myers stands; her grip on his hand tightens.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

I was on the floor ... He yanked me  
onto the sofa ... It hurt so much I  
think I blacked out again.

Vivian's lips move, but what she says is indecipherable. He leans his ear near her mouth.

KARL MYERS

Vivian, what are you saying?

Vivian swallows, grimaces from pain, and opens her right eye. She strains to make her words clear.

VIVIAN PETERMAN

He broke me, Karl ... He broke me,  
broke me ...

(deeply pained sob)

Who will ever love me now?

With a slight sigh, Vivian closes her eyes and sleeps. A single tear and a single line of drool trace the side of her face.

Myers stands and stares at nothing as he appears to be seeing a traumatic memory in his mind's eye.

EXT. WALTHRUP'S FUNERAL HOME - 8 P.M.

Dozens of MOURNERS mill about the rear entrance to the funeral home. A large portico attached to the back of the former mansion covers a concrete area in front of the rear entrance. An ample, adjacent parking lot is full of mourners' cars.

Karl Myers and Max Travaglio, one on each side of the rear entrance, stand beneath the portico amidst the mourners. SARAH HARDING and Officer RAY BRADY stand near Myers.

Sarah wears a black dress that accentuates her narrow waist and the alluring curves of her hips; she wears a cap covered with shiny black faux flowers, and a sheer veil covers her face. Brady wears a throwback, double-breasted, pinstripe suit.

Jerry Peterman exits the funeral home with Greg in tow. Both are wearing their Sunday suits. Neither Jerry nor Greg notice Max or Myers.

Myers and Max follow Jerry and Greg; Sarah and Brady follow the officers. When Jerry steps onto the surface of the parking lot, Myers and Max make eye contact. Myers nods.

The officers converge on Jerry. Each grabs one of Peterman's arms and pulls his hands behind Jerry's back. Myers slaps cuffs on his startled quarry's wrists.

Sarah and Brady corral Greg and shepherd him away from Jerry; Sarah, Brady and Greg disappear among the mourners.



Jerry struggles to free himself as Myers and Max move Jerry quickly toward Max's State Police patrol car. As they move forward, Max manages to extract keys from Jerry's suit coat pocket.

JERRY PETERMAN

(yells)  
What the hell do you think you're doing?

Stunned mourners stare at what transpires.

KARL MYERS

(low tone)  
Jerry Peterman, I'm arresting you for felonious assault.

JERRY PETERMAN

(yells)  
Fuck you!

KARL MYERS

We can add resisting arrest. I advise you to ...

JERRY PETERMAN

(shrieks)  
I ADVISE YOU TO TAKE THESE GODDAMNED THINGS OFF ME.

Jerry shakes loose and faces Myers.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(loud)  
The only reason you're doing this is because she fucked you!

Jerry turns toward the building crowd of mourners.

JERRY PETERMAN (CONT'D)

(loud)  
That's right! Your Chief fucked my wife!

Myers spins Jerry around.

KARL MYERS

(under his breath)  
That's it, motherfucker.

Max opens the back door.

JERRY PETERMAN

(yells)

I know my rights! Ain't no law against a husband hitting a cheating wife! She deserved every bit of ...

Myers shoves Jerry toward the open door; Jerry's forehead makes contact with the car roof, which stuns him. Myers shoves him into the car.

Travalio gets into the driver's side of the car; Myers hustles to the passenger side and enters the car.

I/E - HIGHWAY PATROL CAR/BRIDGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is lying on the back seat, semi-conscious and groaning. Max gets the car moving; they exit the parking lot onto Bridge Street. All the mourners' eyes are focused on the departing patrol car.

Max glances at Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

There's no way we're taking him to your holding cell.

KARL MYERS

(barely controlled rage)

I want him Max. I want him so bad I can taste it.

MAX TRAVALIO

Which is why I'm dropping you off and taking him to Carlisle. I'll hold him in the barracks until you've calmed down. You can question him there.

Max takes Jerry's keys from his pocket and hands them to Myers.

MAX TRAVALIO

In case you want to check on the kid.

KARL MYERS

Sarah and Ray can handle it.

MAX TRAVALIO

I think you should take the long way to Carlisle. Give yourself some time to calm down.

Nothing is said for a few seconds. Travalio glances at Myers and then back at the road.

MAX TRAVALIO  
Karl, is what he said ...

Myers silences Max with a wave of his hand.

I/E - MYERS' PATROL CAR/YORK COUNTY ROAD - HOUR LATER

Myers drives his patrol car slowly along the winding roads of northern York County; he pulls over to let overtaking cars pass him. The road is overhung by trees and is deep in shadows.

He appears lost in thought with significant pain and regret in his expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARRISBURG HOSPITAL ER - FLASHBACK TO LATE AFTERNOON

Vivian Peterman is being attended to by the medical team as Myers watches.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HOPKINS MEDICAL CENTER - FLASHBACK, 1939

As Myers watches, 29-YEAR-OLD LAURA BENTON MYERS is pushed on her gurney by orderlies toward the entrance to the Medical Center's Accident Room. She is battered and unconscious.

Seconds behind Laura's gurney is a gurney on which Myers' daughter DOROTHY is being wheeled with haste into the Accident Room.

DISSOLVE TO PRESENT;

I/E - MYERS' PATROL CAR/YORK COUNTY ROAD - A MINUTE LATER

The patrol car swerves to the shoulder and comes to a gravel shedding, sliding stop.

Myers stares at nothing. His expression reflects the deepest of emotional wounds and the exhaustion of a weary pack animal driven nearly to death by the big stick that is life.

He cries out one long, piercing, heartrending moan.

END OF EPISODE FOUR