

THE THIRD BUTTON

Screenplay

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INT. DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

A busty BLOND, 40, does the final touches on her make-up in front of a mirror. She hooks the ear rings up. Her image in the mirror shows that she is not content with her party attire.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A small yellow car navigates through the streets. It stops at a red light. Two youngsters are on the front seats. TROTTER wobbles in the passenger seat like a drunken person. SIMON firmly holds the wheel.

TROTTER (V.O.)

Come on man. Move! Nobody's here --  
not a ghost around.

SIMON (V.O.)

Rules are rules. Stick to the rules  
and law and you'll have more chances  
in your life.

TROTTER (V.O.)

Fuck the law -- and fathers.

The car sets off when the light turns green and comes to the middle of the intersection. A big off-road car rams into it ferociously.

The pieces of the car fly all over the place. The cars slide further from the intersection.

From the off-road car a woman squeals in pain and almost immediately afterward a male voice yells 'bitch'.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two smoldering cars stand stationary. The off-road car reverses. We only see the bullbar. It's dark and one can't recognize the make. The small car, badly damaged on the right hand side, remains still. The off-road car disappears into the night.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A police car pulls up at the scene. Two policemen, JOE KILBANE, 35, and SKINNY, real name JOHN BOGDANOVICH, 25, step out. Joe rushes over to the badly damaged yellow car.

JOE

Jesus! Call emergency!

Joe tries, in vain, to open the badly damaged passenger door. Skinny grabs the police radio.

SKINNY

This is 405, 405. Officer Bogdanovich speaking, we got emergency --

JOE

Not us -- 911.

Skinny stops talking.

Joe goes to the other side of the car, opens the driver's door. SIMON MARRY, 18, high school graduate, seat belt fastened, with blood on his face, sits motionlessly. In the passenger seat is Simon's friend Trotter; head slumped on his chest, his body smashed into the badly dented door.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Simon)

Son -- Can you talk? Can you hear me?

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - LATER, NIGHT

An ambulance is parked next to the police car. Paramedics remove Simon from the car. They place him on a stretcher and rush him to the ambulance. The siren's on and they drive off as a second ambulance arrives.

PARAMEDIC, squatting in the car cabin, examines Trotter. He gets out.

PARAMEDIC

Poor kid.

JOE

What?

PARAMEDIC

He's gone. Neck broken -- skull probably.

The paramedic and his partner pull Trotter out. They place him on a stretcher and cover with a black sheet.

EXT. INTERSECTION, DAMAGED CAR - NIGHT

Joe and Skinny examine the impact spot. The imprint of a bullbar is visible. Joe runs a finger along the outline of the imprint.

JOE

Must've been something big.

SKINNY  
And powerful.

JOE  
Did I ask you something?

Skinny shakes his head and walks around the car, inspecting the interior. Joe looks at the street from where the big car must have come. Torch in hand, he walks along the street, looks at the ground and finds no traces of braking. After a hundred yards, he raises his hands.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Nothing, absolutely nothing.

Skinny turns away from the smashed car and joins Joe on the way back to the police car.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR, STREET - NIGHT

Joe drives while Skinny talks on the police radio.

SKINNY  
Yes, we urgently need the name of the owner. Two boys died in the crash.

Skinny hangs up, Joe drives.

SKINNNY  
What you --?

JOE  
Did I ask you something young man?

Joe, thoughtful, drives.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You have them, you love them.

Silence.

SKINNY  
No traces of braking. A direct hit.  
Strange.

Joe turns and looks at Skinny for a moment.

JOE  
There's drunk people on the roads.

Skinny shakes his head.

SKINNY

No, I smell --

JOE

When I was in the academy, they didn't teach us how to smell.

Skinny is staring through the windscreen.

SKINNY

I smell drugs -- The kids got a drug to deal, they were green in the business, didn't get the money, and someone got angry, real angry.

JOE

I see -- you were number one in your class?

SKINNY

Joe, let's keep an open mind, be ready for every option.

The police car navigates through the night streets.

JOE (V.O.)

Life is simple, sometimes bizarre. But there ain't many options.

The police car disappears into the night.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Joe picks up a phone. Skinny sits behind him. Nobody else is around.

INT. JOE'S HOME BEDROOM - NIGHT

A phone rings on a night stand. A woman, Joe's wife, RACHEL, 30, stirs from under the blanket and answers.

JOE (V.O.)

Honey, it's me. Got a situation here, awful accident, two dead kids. I'll be late, don't wait up.

RACHEL

Poor parents -- Be careful. Love you.

She replaces the receiver. The magazines and books are scattered all over the floor and night stand. They're all about baby care and human fertility.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Joe washes his hands and face in the restroom. Refreshed, he enters the main office. Skinny is on the phone.

SKINNY

Thanks a lot. I'm gonna get you a big chocolate for this.

Joe takes a seat. Skinny hangs up.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

You know Sally -- in registration?  
She's young?

JOE

Yeah -- and good looking. Blond. Has a taste for men. Three kids.

Skinny frowns.

JOE (CONT'D)

What you found out?

SKINNY

The car belongs to Bill Strong,  
address --

The phone rings and Joe picks it up.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Officer Kilbane -- One of the boys, the one who was driving, is OK. He only suffered a concussion, a broken left wrist and lacerations. Nothing life threatening, thank God.

JOE

What's his name?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Simon. Simon Marry.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME NIGHT

Joe's driving. They don't speak for a beat. It is almost dawn.

SKINNY

So -- the driver was Simon, but the car belongs to the dead boy's father.

Joe is silent.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Unusual -- or maybe not if drugs are involved.

Joe keeps his eyes on the road and makes no comment. They pull up outside a nice house.

JOE

Officer Bogdanovich.

SKINNY

Yes.

JOE

Did they teach you how to break bad news? Telling parents their son's dead or a wife her husband's been killed?

Skinny shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)

Well, you have to convey one of the messages tonight. Which one's it gonna be?

Skinny doesn't respond.

JOE (CONT'D)

Is it death or is it life?

Skinny stares out of the windscreen.

JOE (CONT'D)

Fine.

Joe walks to the house, turns around. Skinny is in the car.

JOE (CONT'D)

Get out.

Skinny immediately gets out and joins Joe.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE STRONG'S HOME - DAWN

Joe rings the bell. There's no answer. On the third try, we hear a woman's voice: 'Who is it?'

JOE

It's the police, ma'am. Sorry to disturb, but we need to talk to you.

The door opens to reveal MRS. STRONG, middle aged, in good shape and wearing a nightgown.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Are you Mrs. Strong?

MRS. STRONG  
Yes. What can I do for you at this early hour?

JOE  
Is Mr. Strong at home?

MRS. STRONG  
No -- If you wanna talk to him, you'd better go where the bimbos are.

Joe hesitates.

JOE  
Mrs. Strong, it's about your son -- and his friend. I'm sorry to tell you this. Your son has died in a car crash. I am very sorry.

Mrs. Strong keeps staring at the officers. Her facial expression doesn't change.

MRS. STRONG  
I knew it would happen one day.

JOE  
Are you his mother?

MRS. STRONG  
No, I am his stepmother. His real mother's smarter than me. She left them.

She stares somewhere behind them.

MRS. STRONG (CONT'D)  
You said car accident?

JOE  
Yes.

MRS. STRONG  
Huh -- a car accident took his baby son as well.

Mrs. Strong shuts the door. Joe and Skinny are wide-eyed.



INT/EXT. POLICE CAR, STREET - CONTINUOUS

SKINNY  
Bitch. What a bitch.

Joe chuckles for a split second.

JOE  
Poor father.

Their car enters a cheaper residential area, slow down and stop outside a modest-looking house.

JOE (V.O.)  
Officer Bogdanovich, your turn.

EXT/INT. FRONT DOOR OF MARRY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Skinny knocks on the door. Joe's standing behind him. On the first knock, a woman, MRS. MARRY, 50, fully dressed, opens up. Seeing the officers, she puts a hand over her open mouth.

MRS. MARRY  
What? Oh my god, what's happened?

Mrs. Marry faints. Skinny quickly catches her as she falls. Joe helps him drag Mrs. Marry to a sofa in the living room. Joe gently slaps Mrs. Marry. Skinny fetches a glass of water. Mrs. Marry opens her eyes.

SKINNY  
Everything is Okay, Mrs. Marry. It's Okay. Simon was slightly hurt in a car accident, but he's fine. He'll be out of the hospital and back home in no time.

Mrs. Marry sips the water.

MRS. MARRY  
Are you sure?

SKINNY  
Absolutely. Simon is fine, the other boy, unfortunately, wasn't so lucky.

Hearing this, Mrs. Marry faints again. Skinny splashes a little water on her face.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

Skinny's driving.

SKINNY

I'm giving bad news next time.

JOE

Had her boy died we'd have had two dead people.

They arrive at Joe's house. Joe climbs out. Then, he puts his head through the open window.

JOE (CONT'D)

Splashing her face was okay, by the way.

SKINNY

We got a big case?

JOE

No case. The culprit is already in Florida. Forget the gun. Sharpen your pen.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Joe enters the bedroom. Rachel sleeps in the bed. The books and magazines are still scattered around. Joe undresses, lies down and softly kisses her hair.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - NOON

Joe wakes up. He sees a nice lunch on a tray placed on his night stand.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Good day, officer.

Joe turns. Rachel sits next to him on the bed, wearing a light nightgown. Bare legs crossed. The books and magazines have been neatly placed on her night stand.

JOE

Day's as good as the second thing you see.

Joe leans over and kisses her knees. She laughs. They embrace, kiss and roll all over the bed.

RACHEL

Your lunch -- Lunch comes first.

JOE

Nooooooo.

They undress and make love face to face. Rachel, after a while, lifts her legs up onto his shoulders. Joe laughs.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I'll break your hips.

RACHEL  
It'll be worth it.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LATER, DAY

Joe exits the bathroom wearing underwear. He enters the bedroom. Rachel lies on her back, naked, legs still up.

JOE  
Rachel -- please.

Rachel moves into a sitting position and dresses.

RACHEL  
It increases the chances of  
conception.

JOE  
Rachel, it makes you look like you're  
waiting for someone else.

Rachel gets up and hugs him.

RACHEL  
Silly one. You are the only one for me.

JOE  
You've got plenty of time. Women fall  
pregnant in their fifties or even  
later.

RACHEL  
Yes, older women fall pregnant but the  
children are unhealthy most of the  
time. The best time for a woman is up  
to thirty two.

She starts getting dressed.

JOE  
You read too much.

RACHEL  
It's a proven scientific truth. We're  
not in our reproductive prime. We  
can't be egg or sperm donors anymore.

JOE

Never intended to be a sperm donor. I know a better way to mix the cells.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - EARLIER IN THE MORNING

BILL STRONG, 50, energetic face, lies on a bed, pants pulled down to the knees. The DOCTOR, we can only see his back, is obviously working on Bill's penis.

DOCTOR

You're lucky this time. The blood vessels are OK. I'll give you an injection -- So you say she's hot?

BILL

Hot bitch.

DOCTOR

No job like a blow job -- I'll give you some pills to calm you down.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Bill, walking slowly toward his big Pajero, tosses a vial of pills into a trash can. He drives off.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bill's car pulls up outside his home. He gets out and goes inside.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Bill's house bathes in the morning sunshine. Bill yells.

BILL (V.O.)

What you say? What you say? It's impossible you fuckin' woman! Impossible!

MRS. STRONG (V.O.)

Cops were here, they --

BILL (V.O.)

Shut up, bitch!

Bill storms through the door, runs to the car, jumps in.

The car screeches off.

EXT/INT. STREET, POLICE STATION - MORNING

Bill's car screeches to a halt. He runs into the police station. Behind a glass wall, sits the CHIEF, a 55-year-old Hispanic, real name PEDRO RODRIGUEZ, bold and burly. Bill swaggers up to him.

BILL

Who killed my boy? Who killed my boy?  
I wanna know now!

CHIEF

Calm down, calm down. It was an  
accident. I am very sorry --

Chief tries to put his hand on Bill's shoulder. Bill recoils, yells.

BILL

No, it wasn't! It was no accident!

CHIEF

I am so sorry for your loss. Be assured  
we'll investigate the case --

Bill moves closer to Chief.

BILL

It was a set up. You find out who did  
it or --

INT. POLICE STATION -NOON

Joe enters the station and cheerfully greets his colleagues as he makes his way to his desk. Chief, standing in the door of his office, gestures for Joe to come in.

Chief stands facing Joe.

CHIEF

What happened last night?

JOE

A bad accident. One fatality, one  
survivor.

CHIEF

Can you find the culprit?

Joe hesitates.

JOE

The chances are slim. The culprit  
could be anywhere by now.

CHIEF

Okay. Do your job -- Listen, the youngster, your new partner, I want you to set a good example for him. A cop playing by the book. I don't want broken hands anymore or --

JOE

Sprained. It was sprained.

CHIEF

Shut up, it almost cost me my job.

JOE

He was sentenced.

CHIEF

Get out! Get out!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Joe and Skinny search the intersection for new evidence. Two other officers are rerouting traffic. They closely examine the spot.

JOE

Before we start pushing the pens, let's take another look at the wreck.

SKINNY

Do we get the dog in?

JOE

What dog?

SKINNY

The sniffer dog. For drugs.

Joe thinks while they walk.

JOE

Listen young man. We can't do much about this. Culprit is miles away, Florida, Nebraska, who knows where. We won't be wasting taxpayers' money for useless tries.

EXT. JUNKYARD - AFTERNOON

Joe stands and watches. Skinny directs the sniffer dog in to the damaged car cabin, the trunk, and under the hood.

Joe approaches the wreck, puts his head through one, then another window.

JOE (CONT'D)

Not even a beer can. Let's talk to the kid.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Joe and Skinny are standing next to Simon's bed. Simon's head and left hand are bandaged.

SIMON

I don't know -- It was like a tornado. We were blown away sideways, like flying. That's the last I remember.

SKINNY

It was damn big vehicle.

Joe gives Skinny a disapproving look.

JOE

You were driving?

SIMON

Trotter had drunk too much -- he had to join his father's business and he hated it.

JOE

Why?

SIMON

He wanted to study at Yale.

Joe's face freezes, stares at Simon, makes two steps towards the windows, collects himself. Then he moves back to Simon.

JOE

And you? Did you drink?

SIMON

No. No sir. I hardly ever touch alcohol. Coca-Cola's my drink.

JOE

Did you hurry to get back home?

SIMON

No sir.

JOE  
What was your speed at the  
intersection?

Joe keeps looking at Simon, waiting for him to continue speaking.  
Skinny breaks the silence.

SKINNY  
Did you stop at the light?

Simon turns his head to look at Skinny. So does Joe, who gives  
Skinny an angry look, waves a finger to signal 'no'.

SIMON  
Yes, sir, I stopped. It was red as we  
approached.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Skinny walk toward the exit. Joe's visibly angry.

JOE  
You didn't get training in something  
useful, like suspect interrogation?

SKINNY  
Well -- I prefer the lesson when they  
trained us how to enter a dark room  
with a gun.

JOE  
I'd better not ever be in that room.  
On either side.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives. Skinny is moving his hand and fingers in the air as  
he contemplates something.

SKINNY  
What if -- What if he hadn't been  
driving? I mean if the young Strong  
had been in the driver's seat?

Joe remains silent, face angry.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
Simon would be dead.

JOE  
Damned bastard left the kid in the  
middle of the road like a smelly shit



-- kid with the dream -- somebody has  
to pay.

Skinny, bewildered, glances at Joe. The police radio crackles.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
405 -- Officer Kilbane, Officer  
Kilbane.

Joe grabs the mike.

JOE  
Yes? What's up? Talk!

WOMAN (V.O.)  
I've received the fax from the  
hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

LUCY, a cute 17-year-old girl, approaches reception desk.

LUCY  
Hi. I'm looking for Simon Marry. He  
was in an accident.

RECEPTIONIST, an elderly plump woman, looks at computer.

RECEPTIONIST  
Kids -- do you ever think about your  
parents -- Room 6C, down the hall.

Lucy makes her way down the corridor. She enters room 6C. Mrs.  
Marry's sitting on the bed.

SIMON  
-- and my legs are fine. One hundred  
percent. Lucy! Lucy!

Lucy bounces over to Simon and kisses him on the cheek.

LUCY  
Hi, Mrs. Marry.

SIMON  
Lucy, I am so sorry. I should've been  
with you, not him.

LUCY  
Don't worry about it.

SIMON

Trotter always brings trouble. I knew that, I could've --

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

An angry Bill Strong approaches the reception desk and bangs it with his fist.

BILL

The boy -- Simon. He was in the accident.

RECEPTIONIST

I know. He's in 6C, already has visitors. Only two people allowed at a time. Hey! Stop, stop!

Bill rushes down the hallway.

BILL

Fuck off.

Bill's disappears around a corner. The receptionist grabs the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Security -- There's a man heading to 6C. He looks like he might do something.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 6C - MOMENTS LATER

Bill enters room 6C from the corridor.

SIMON

He loved Yale --

Bill rushes toward the bed where Lucy is sitting. She backs up against the wall.

BILL

Why were you driving the car? Why? You killed my boy. You killed my boy. My only son, my only child left!

SIMON

Sorry, sorry -I -I --

Simon and Lucy stare at Bill in horror. Mrs. Marry faints on the bed but nobody notices.

BILL

You're sorry? Fuck you and your sorry!

Two security guards rush into the room and grab Bill. He continues shouting 'you're sorry, you're sorry'. The guards struggle with him and drag him out. A nurse enters and attends to Mrs. Marry. Lucy and Simon stare at each other.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER, SAME DAY

Joe silently reads medical report from the hospital.

JOE

Obvious drug case.

He hands report out to Skinny. Skinny reads.

SKINNY

Simon, no alcohol present in his blood. Trotter, one point five, no evidence of drug use.

They look at each other.

JOE

I'm all ears. Talk.

SKINNY

It's strange -- Simon's clean, like he wasn't at the disco --

JOE

Come on, man. This is a simple hit-and-run. There's no drug, no strange plots or grand conspiracies. It was a drunk driver who hit them. We have to find that drunken coward! The boy deserves it.

Bill Strong enters the room and runs over to Chief's office. Moments later, Bill and Chief come out, head toward Joe and Skinny.

CHIEFF

I can't do that, I can't --

BILL

You have to. You have to. It's not an accident. It's a set up. It's obvious set up.

They reach the desk.

CHIEF

Mr. Strong, officers Kilbane and Bogdanovich are investigating the case. They're two of our best men. I can assure you --

Bill turns to face Joe who is sitting closest to him.

BILL

Officer, I want you to press charges. My boy's dead. Somebody's gotta pay.

JOE

Calm down, Mr. Strong. We're doing our damndest to find the guilty --

BILL

You stupid? It's obvious who's guilty. Simon! The one who swapped seats with my kid. Ain't that obvious?

Chief quietly and slowly retreats back to his office.

JOE

It's much more complicated than --

BILL

What's your name, officer? Tell me your name.

JOE

Kilbane, Joe Kilbane.

BILL

Officer Kilbane, you will press charges. It's that simple --

Joe takes medical report from Skinny.

JOE

Mr. Strong. Here's the medical report confirming --

BILL

I don't want to listen, I don't want to read. Arrest somebody, do it.

JOE

We'll carry out the usual procedures and thoroughly investigate. The culprit --

BILL  
 Fuck you, Officer Kilbane.

Bill storms out the room.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

Joe and Skinny are sitting in front of the desk. Chief paces back and forth across the room.

CHIEF  
 The man had a bad luck. The richest man  
 in the town -- What you got?

JOE  
 Well, it's a hit-and-run case in my  
 mind. The boy, Simon, is definitely  
 innocent.

CHIEF  
 Explain?

JOE  
 We interrogated him. The medical  
 report backups his story. The  
 accident reconstruction does as well.

CHIEF  
 You heard what he said?

JOE  
 Everything points in that direction.

CHIEF  
 I don't want 'everything', I want  
 people. Have you found any witnesses  
 who can confirm the story?

JOE  
 Not really, it's --

CHIEF  
 Find a witness. Go to the discos. Find  
 every four by four or SUV owner in the  
 state. Go beyond! Go, go!

Joe and Skinny get up and make for the door.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
 From now on, you'll only be working on  
 this case. If you need help, ask, if  
 you need to travel to Miami or, or --

Nantucket, ask. You have my full support. Go, go.

JOE  
Chief, we'll find the bastard.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe opens the door and enters. Seeing nobody in the living room, he shouts.

JOE  
Rachel? Rachel?

Joe enters the kitchen and finds a note on the fridge.

It reads: I am at the doctor, dinner's in the brown pot if you can't wait. LOVE.

INT. FERTILITY DOCTOR'S ROOM - EARLIER, DAY

FERTILITY DOC, a woman, 50 years old, neat hair and wearing a white doctor's coat, sits behind the desk.

FERTILITY DOC  
I understand your frustration, Mrs. Kilbane, but there is still plenty of time. A year is nothing.

RACHEL  
I don't want to be an older mother. I want a baby now, this year.

They look at each other. Rachel is decisive.

FERTILITY DOC  
OK, here's what I suggest.

Fertility Doc taps the desk with the end of her pen.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)  
Is your husband as keen as you are?

RACHEL  
Why? Why do you ask me that?

Fertility Doc doesn't answer and carefully observes Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Yes, well, I probably want it more.

FERTILITY DOC

There's a good reason why I am asking this. It's much easier to test men. In many cases, it is the man where the problem lies.

Rachel moves her eyes over to the pictures on the wall.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)

Could you ask him to come in?

Rachel moves her eyes back to Fertility Doc.

RACHEL

Yes.

FERTILITY DOC

Good. I'll explain all the details.

INT. JOE'S HOME - DAY

Joe sits on the couch in the living room trying to reconstruct the accident on the piece of paper. He has a pencil in his hand. A sound of the front door opening.

RACHEL (O.S)

Hi, honey. That's me back.

JOE

Hi.

Rachel enters and kisses Joe. He kisses her back, but keeps his eyes on the piece of paper.

JOE (CONT'D)

How was it at the doctor's?

RACHEL

Oh, fine.

Rachel walks to the kitchen and opens the fridge.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You didn't eat. I'll serve it up.

JOE (O.S.)

No need to rush. Give me two minutes.

Rachel meticulously sets the table, placing the brown pot of food in the middle. She places a vase with flowers next to it, brings three beer cans from the fridge. She paces back and forth.

Joe enters the kitchen.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Wow! Smells good.

He kisses her.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What's the occasion?

RACHEL  
Oh, nothing special.

JOE  
Are you pregnant? What's the doctor  
said?

RACHEL  
No, not yet. I was given some very  
useful information though.

Rachel dishes pieces of chicken and spoonfuls of rice onto the  
plates and they start eating.

JOE  
Oh, I don't doubt that.

RACHEL  
She said, the doctor is a woman, she  
said that men are in a better  
position. That is they have many more  
reproductive cells, while women have  
only one at a time.

JOE  
Hope you two weren't counting them,  
the cells.

RACHEL  
Joe, it's not exactly easy to count  
forty million of them.

JOE  
Wow! That much? Incredible.

RACHEL  
But sometimes there can be a problem  
with that forty million.

JOE  
I bet there can. A stampede into the  
stadium.

RACHEL  
And you gotta come to the hospital --



JOE

Okay.

Joe continues to eat not fully comprehending.

RACHEL

to give a semen sample.

JOE

WHAT!!!

Joe drops his fork and knife on the plate.

EXT/INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Bill pulls up outside an office building in his Pajero, gets out and enters. He hurries down a hallway, opens a door which has the inscription 'HOWARD BERKOVITZ, LAWYER' and enters.

HOWARD BERKOVITZ, around 40, elegantly dressed, gets up and shakes Bill's hand; greets him with 'Hi Bill.'

BILL

Howard, I want you to press charges against the boy who killed my son.

They both sit down.

HOWARD

I heard -- I'm sorry for your loss.

BILL

I want Simon convicted. I want him to suffer, to pay for what he did --

Bill bangs the desk with his fist, keeping his eyes on Howard.

HOWARD

Okay Bill. Calm down -- I've been following the case.

BILL

And?

HOWARD

And -- well, you know, Bill, we've been in many awkward situations.

BILL

This is not an awkward situation. It's quite simple. That boy took my son's seat. Enough for the start. You're the lawyer, come up with something.

HOWARD

Okay. I'll do some digging, but let's wait until the end of the police investigation. We'll have more ammunition --

BILL

I don't want that. I don't want to wait to see what those morons will find out. I want justice NOW!

HOWARD

All right, Bill. Well, so far we have nothing to go on. There's not the faintest chance -- we have to be patient, believe me Bill.

Frustrated, Bill stands up.

BILL

Goddamn law. I'll do it my way -- my way.

Bill storms out of the office.

HOWARD

Be careful, Bill. Be careful.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

A large warehouse parking lot. There are only a few cars. Bill's Pajero is one of them. High up on the façade of the building, in large letters, is the name of the company: 'STRONG & PARTNERS'.

A huge truck is arriving at the warehouse. It reverses up to the delivery gate. Employees come out with unloading equipment and get to work.

Bill Strong comes out of the building. Walks over to the truck. DRIVER, 25, jumps out holding a piece of paper.

BILL

How was on the road?

DRIVER

Not too bad -- as usual.

Bill takes the paper and signs it.

BILL

Listen -- On the way back I want you  
to make a stop here.

Bill gives the driver a piece of paper with an address on it.  
The driver takes it.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I signed for the full truck load.  
You'll unload the last five boxes at  
that address, OK?

DRIVER  
No problem, Mr. Strong.

Bill produces a \$100 bill and gives it to the driver.

BILL  
For the gas -- Strong and Partners  
appreciates the effort.

The driver grins. Bill turns back toward the building.

INT. STRONG & PARTNERS WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bill walks along the hallway. Blond, seen in the first scene,  
catches up with him and walks sideways while speaking.

BLOND  
Hi Bill, we go today?

BILL  
No!

BLOND  
The evening then?

Bill speeds up, ignoring her presence. She is persistent.

BLOND (CONT'D)  
Late tonight? Any time is OK for me.

Bill stops. His face distorts from fury.

BILL  
Shut up.

Bill enters a restroom. Blond stares at the door.

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENT LATER

Bill urinates. His face shows pain.

He washes his hands, looks in the mirror angrily.

BILL

Why's this happening to me? I am the richest man in the spooky town.

Yells.

BILL (CONT'D)

Why? Why?

His fist shatters mirror. Blond enters the restroom. Bill turns over to her.

BLOND

It was accident. You were inju ...

BILL

I'm a loser, loser!

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Joe's putting on his uniform. Rachel's busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

Joe comes to the kitchen and stands by the table. He takes a sip of milk. He grabs a handful of cornflakes and throws them in his mouth.

RACHEL

Joe, sit down.

JOE

I'm in a hurry, can't sit. Sorry.

RACHEL

The eggs will be ready in a minute.

Joe moves away from the table.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Are you mad at me?

Joe stops.

JOE

Honey, it's just weird.

RACHEL

Yes, I agree, and unexpected. Many people do it, though. It's a simple procedure. I don't think it'll be too bad.

JOE

Come on, Rachel. Masturbating in public? I'm not a politician.

RACHEL

It's not a public place. It's not like the nurse will be watching you. You get a sample cup and go somewhere private... bathroom probably.

Joe's cell, attached to his waist, starts ringing. Joe answers.

SKINNY (V.O.)

Joe, are you coming? We have the list.

JOE

No, I'm going on a Caribbean cruise. Get off my back will ya!

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel sits in the kitchen and slowly eats staring nowhere in particular. Hearing the noise of children playing, she gets up and goes to the window. Children play in the neighbor's garden. After a beat, we hear Rachel speak on the phone. The children merrily play during her talk.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Yes, this is Rachel Kilbane, can I speak to the doctor?

Beat.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Hello, Doctor, this is Rachel speaking. We have a problem. My husband is very reluctant to come in. It's awkward for him.

FERTILITY DOC (V.O.)

I understand. There is another option ... he can do it at home. In that case, the semen sample must be brought to us as quickly as possible.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Oh, that's good news, doctor. Thank you, see you soon.

FERTILITY DOC (V.O.)

Remember, we have to test it within sixty minutes after ejaculation. Sixty minutes.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe sits at a desk and studies the list. Skinny stands next to him.

JOE

The Chief's wife is on the list.

SKINNY

Mr. Strong as well, at the bottom.

Joe glances at the bottom of the list, and hands it back to Skinny.

JOE

Let's hope the bastard is still in the town. Make some copies.

Skinny walks to the photocopier. Joe, holding his head in his hands, stares nowhere. Skinny comes back with the copies. Joe puts two in a desk drawer.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, we got thirty four people to see. Unless you want to know where Mrs. Maria Rodriguez and Mr. Bill Strong were on June twentieth at midnight?

SKINNY

I don't think so.

Skinny whispers.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Theoretically --

JOE

No more theory young man. We have to act, and act quickly -- If we do five or six interrogations a day, we could close the case next week.

They head to the exit.

SKINNY

What about Miami?

JOE

You like the ocean?

SKINNY

Nah, not really, but naked skin and big boobs all over the place --I like that, yes, yes.

JOE

Too hot. Nantucket over the summer time is much better.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE FRONT, BACK - DAY

Joe and Skinny knock on the door. No answer. They knock again, still no answer. The sound of something crashing to the ground behind the house. They run over the driveway. An elderly man, HAMILTON ROY, is placing a wooden ladder against a cottage wall which is half painted.

HAMILTON ROY

Hi -- didn't call for the help, yet.

JOE

Good afternoon, sir. Are you Mr. Hamilton Roy?

HAMILTON ROY

Yes, how can I help you?

JOE

We want to know about your vehicle. The big one. SUV or four wheel drive.

HAMILTON ROY

What about it? I sold it.

JOE

When?

HAMILTON ROY

Long time ago now.

JOE

Who to?

HAMILTON ROY

I sold it to a woman.

JOE

Does she live locally?

Skinny takes a look through the cottage window.

SKINNY

Your vehicle status has not been updated. That's against regulation.

JOE

Is she in town?

HAMILTON ROY

Doubt it. She bought the car to move. Said, it had lots of room.

Hamilton Roy opens the cottage door and gestures for Joe and Skinny to come in.

JOE

Thank you, Mr. Roy.

Joe and Skinny turn and make their way back to the car. Mr. Roy follows behind.

HAMILTON ROY

Are you married? I could rent you the cottage -- for a reasonable price. If you're single, I'll even throw in a discount.

Joe and Skinny get in their car and drive off. Mr. Roy waves goodbye.

HAMILTON ROY (CONT'D)

Come again, any time.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

Joe drives. He's not in a good mood.

JOE

If you want to do paperwork, go to a library.

SKINNY

The law has to show teeth -- and bite. Remember how they cleaned out New York? They started off with petty crimes, came down hard, and then moved up from there.

With a green marker pen, we see Skinny crosses off a name on the list.

JOE

I have to come down hard, for nothing.



SKINNY

What?

JOE

Are you married?

Skinny shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)

You are in the prehistoric period.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Their car passes by a park with a grove.

Three bullets shatter the glass of the car. The car with a screech speeds off.

SKINNY (V.O.)

Jesus!

After a short distance car abruptly brakes. Joe and Skinny jump out with the guns in the hands. They carefully approach the grove, look around. Nobody is there.

JOE

Good sign.

SKINNY

What you are talking about?

JOE

Bastard is not in Miami!

INT. CAR - LATER

Joe halts the car in front of a coffee shop.

JOE

We go for a big fish. Before that, you'll buy us coffees, Okay?

Skinny climbs out. Joe watches him walk to the coffee shop. Skinny enters. Joe floors the pedal and with screeching wheels drives off.

EXT. RODRIGUEZES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe's car pulls up at a nice house in a quiet street. He saunters to the driveway where a big car is parked, comes to the front of the car. Glances at the bulbar.

MRS. RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)  
May I help you, officer!

Joe quickly turns and sees serious face of MRS. RODRIGUEZ, 45.

JOE  
No, no -- yes, sorry -- there was an  
accident and a big car was involved.

MRS. RODRIGUEZ  
And when was that if not secret.

JOE  
Twentieth of JUNE, midnight.

MRS. RODRIGUEZ  
Well officer, this car at that time  
was at Mayor's house. My husband and  
I were invited for a party, for your  
information.

JOE  
It's okay, thank you and sorry --

MRS. RODRIGUEZ  
It's not okay officer. You think that  
my husband and I are hiding something.  
You came here sneaking like thief when  
my husband is absent and want to throw  
dirt on me. I am telling you officer,  
if you don't find the culprit you are  
in a big, big trouble. I'll tell my  
husband about this.

INT. CAR - LITTLE LATER

Joe pulls up at the coffee shop where he left Skinny. Skinny comes  
out with a cup of coffee, gets in the car. Joe takes the cup.

SKINNY  
Mine was hot.

Joe sips coffee.

JOE  
It's okay.

SKINNY  
How was it?

JOE  
Worse!

SKINNY

Listen Joe. I was the fourth kid in a caring family. I was a baby boy all my life -- I'm grown up now. I want to do my job.

Joe doesn't move.

JOE

I was the only child. I loved the school -- I was a Yale student potential. When mother got sick, father started to drink. I had to work -- I hated every dollar I earned.

EXT. FRONT OF A HOUSE, LATER - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN pushes a little girl on a swing in front of the house. Joe and Skinny approach her.

JOE

Good afternoon, ma'am. Sorry to disturb you. We are looking for a vehicle. A Land Rover. It's likely your husband's --

YOUNG WOMAN

What for? What's wrong?

Joe is silent, unprepared.

JOE

Is it your husband's vehicle?

YOUNG WOMAN

No, it's my father's, but why? What's happened?

Joe hesitates. Skinny steps forward.

SKINNY

Nothing serious ma'am. There's a factory fault on the front-wheel drive, nothing serious. We're just informing owners. No big deal.

Young woman relaxes.

JOE

Where's the car now?

YOUNG WOMAN

At the lake -- My dad is with my son,  
they're fishing.

Joe and Skinny leave and stand next to their car.

JOE

Are you mad? You'll cause mass  
hysteria all over the country.

SKINNY

What would you've done? Said your  
husband killed a boy?

JOE

You wanna know what I'll do? I'll rent  
that cottage, chain you inside and  
leave you without food and water for  
a year! Get in. You're driving.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Skinny parks behind a large Land Rover and they get out. They  
move around to the front of the vehicle and take a look. There  
is no bullbar, but the bumper is broken.

An ELDERLY MAN and a young boy, holding fishing rods, watch the  
policemen.

JOE

I'll handle this. Stay here.

Joe walks up to the elderly man and the boy.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm Officer Kilbane. Over there is  
Officer Bogdanovich. He conveyed  
information to your daughter about a  
factory fault with the front-wheel  
drive. However, it doesn't affect  
Land Rovers. It's another make.

ELDERLY MAN

Land Rover is Land Rover. I don't buy  
shit.

Joe and Skinny walk to the car.

JOE

We'll take him later to the Station.

SKINNY

Why not now?

JOE  
He is with the grandchild, fool.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - LATER

Behind the glass Joe and Skinny sit at a desk facing ELDERLY MAN.  
ELDERLY MAN waves 'no' with the head from time to time.

INT. CAR - LATTER

Joe and Skinny climb in the car. Skinny has the owners list in his shirt pocket.

SKINNY  
We went overboard this time.

JOE  
We have to follow the slightest lead.

SKINNY  
Joe, forget Yale. We'll end up  
nowhere.

JOE  
I make decisions, you follow!

SKINNY  
Too much driving. No clues.

JOE  
Yeah, that's why we'll have to do it  
over the weekends.

SKINNY  
I got blisters on my ass. Miami -- When  
the hell we going to Miami?

Joe takes the wheel. Skinny pulls an iPod out of his shirt pocket.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
From my first paycheck.

Joe stares at him.

JOE  
This isn't your free time.

SKINNY  
Shit.

Skinny puts the iPod back in his pocket.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE - DAY

Joe and Skinny knock at the door. Nobody answers but they are persistent. The voice of MRS. LANGLEY is heard.

MRS. LANGLEY (O.S.)  
Who is it?

JOE  
Police. Open up, please. We just want to tell you -- it's important for you and your husband.

MRS. LANGLEY (O.S.)  
I'm listening.

JOE  
Please, ma'am.

Door opens, chained. Through the gap, we see a middle aged woman, 50.

MRS. LANGLEY  
I'm listening.

JOE  
Ma'am, there may be a fault on your husband's car. It could cause a big problem on the road.

Mrs. Langley becomes confused.

MRS. LANGLEY  
I know nothing about that. You talk to him when he comes back.

JOE  
Where's he now?

MRS. LANGLEY  
Don't know. Somewhere on the road. He's a salesman.

JOE  
When does he come back?

MRS. LANGLEY  
Don't know. Could be two days, could be ten.

EXT/INT. HOUSE, POLICE CAR - MOMENT LATER

Joe and Skinny hurry to their car.

JOE  
We got something. She's hiding something. He's around.

SKINNY  
Are you joining me in that cottage or you letting me out?

Joe is in not with him.

JOE  
We'll keep a close eye on that house.  
They get in the car.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What's his name again?  
Skinny reads from the list.

SKINNY  
Langley. Ronald Langley.

JOE  
Mark him with a red question mark.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Joe sits at the table in the kitchen. Rachel moves around setting the table while they talk.

RACHEL  
I spoke with the doctor. If everything is done quickly, you can do it at home.

Joe taps the table with his fingers.

JOE  
I can fuck a glass at home.

RACHEL  
Well -- we may adopt --

JOE  
No. I want my child. I want more than one. Family with only one child is a fragile family -- I'll do it now.

RACHEL  
No. Not now. Tomorrow, tomorrow morning. Early in the morning.

JOE  
I'm busy in the morning.

RACHEL  
It must be fresh. If we wait too long  
babies die.

INT. JOE'S HOME - MORNING

Rachel stands in front of the TV, watching a children's show.

RACHEL  
How's it going?

No answer. She paces back and forth.

JOE (O.S.)  
I can't do it -- It's taking forever.

Rachel heads to the bathroom.

RACHEL  
I'll help you.

She enters.

JOE (O.S.)  
Oh - oh -- much better, much better.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE FRONT - MORNING

Rachel rushes out clutching the vial of semen and heads to the car. She drives off in a hurry.

Joe walks out, stands on the pavement and waits. Skinny pulls up. Joe jumps in and they drive off.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Rachel drives fast. In the parking lot, vial in hand, she hurries to the hospital entrance. She doesn't notice a curb she has to step over, trips. The vial flies, shatters on the pavement.

Rachel gets up. She slowly approaches the shattered vial, looks at the spilled semen.



EXT/INT. SUSPECT LANGLEY'S HOUSE, CAR - MORNING

A police car pulls up in the street. Joe and Skinny sit in the car outside Ronald Langley's house which looks deserted. The garage is shut, the driveway empty.

SKINNY

They disappeared? What d'ya think?

Joe absently stares ahead.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

We should be more active. Like driving around, talking to people.

Joe remains still.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

This is a dead end for now. Nothing's happening here. We'll come back later.

Seeing that Joe doesn't react, he shakes his shoulder.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Man, what's up?

JOE

I gave it, I gave the semen sample.

SKINNY

So what? You're scared half a dozen babies will turn up on your doorstep?

Joe starts the engine and drives. The car navigates through the street.

JOE (V.O.)

I prefer one by one.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A younger WOMAN WITH HOSE is washing a big off-road car in the driveway of an expensive house.

INT/EXT. CAR, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Joe and Skinny sit in the police car.

JOE

Go and see -- No more car faults.

Joe leans back and watches through the side window. Skinny approaches the woman with hose.

SKINNY

Good afternoon. Sorry to bother you,  
but may I have a private word?

The woman moves the hose away from the car, into the shrubs.

WOMAN WITH HOSE

Okay.

SKINNY

My sister wants to buy a similar car.  
May I have a look?

As he talks, he walks to the front of the car, grabs the bullbar with both hands and pulls it. He then squats and inspects the grill. No traces of damage or repair.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Good car. She'll buy one like this.  
You don't drive it to valet?

WOMAN WITH HOSE

No, it takes time, and I'm busy -- a  
busy lawyer.

She drops the hose in the shrubs, opens the car door and reaches inside. She turns back to Skinny holding a business card.

WOMAN WITH HOSE (CONT'D)

You got contacts. If you know somebody  
in need. I'm a clean lawyer.

Skinny takes the card.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel stares at the TV. It's obvious that she isn't following the show. Joe enters the house. She gets up and moves to the kitchen. Joe follows her.

RACHEL

Supper's ready.

JOE

I'll grab a sandwich. I gotta be  
someplace. How was your day?

RACHEL

Fine, yeah. Fine.

She stands by the fridge, uncertain, hesitates. Her face contorted by the inner battle of whether to tell him or not. Joe puts two slices of bread in the toaster. He takes a block of cheese and slices it.

JOE

Did you get the sample there in time?

Rachel opens her mouth but doesn't speak.

RACHEL

Traffic was slow.

JOE

Shit.

The slices pop up. Joe starts making a sandwich.

RACHEL

I should be the one doing all this anyway -- I'll go for a checkup.

JOE

I can do it again. As soon as I get more time.

Joe makes to go.

RACHEL

Joe -- You want a child, right?

JOE

I told you, more than one.

RACHEL

You do your job, I'll do mine.

JOE

You're my golden girl.

Joe turns over and kisses her.

RACHEL

Be careful. I hate you working nights.

JOE

Don't worry. My partner's a dab hand with a gun in the dark.

INT. BILL STRONG'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits at his desk and speaks on the phone.

BILL  
Officer Rodriguez, have you or your  
cop pressed charges against Simon  
Marry?

CHIEF (V.O.)  
Mister Strong, this is not a simple  
investigation. So far --

BILL  
I don't want to listen to your  
excuses. It's an obvious set up. I  
want charges pressed. You hear me?

CHIEF (V.O.)  
Calm down, Mister Strong, calm down.

BILL  
Calm your ass.

Bill slams the phone down. He leans back in his chair and stares  
at the ceiling.

Bill picks the phone up.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Come.

Bill hangs up. Moments later Blond enters his office. Bill  
signals her to lock the door. She does and walks up to the desk.

Bill points down at the desk. Blond kneels down in front of it  
and disappears. Bill stares at the ceiling.

BLOND (O.S.)  
It looks fine. No scar.

Bill stares at the ceiling.

BILL  
Stop it. Stop it.

Bill gets up fixing his pants. Blond appears from under the desk  
and rests her chin on it.

BLOND  
You didn't cum.

BILL  
So? You want lunch or something? Get  
outta here.

Blond leaves in a hurry.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I know a better place for that.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe and Skinny are in the car waiting for the green. They watch an off-road car pass by. Joe immediately begins following from a safe distance.

SKINNY  
This gotta be our lucky day!

JOE  
You work hard, you get lucky.

The off-road car drives up to the lake and stops in a grove not far from the waterfront. Nobody exits.

Joe and Skinny get out and sneak up to the car, handguns ready. They approach from the back and see a couple who, judging by the scattered clothing, are medical staff having sex.

Joe returns his handgun to the holster and indicates for Skinny to keep quiet. Skinny obeys and they sneak to the front of the car. They squat by the bullbar and inspect it. No sign of damage. They look at each other.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

SKINNY  
It's against the law to have sex in public.

JOE  
Back seat of a car isn't a public place.

He stands up and walks back to the police car. Skinny follows.

SKINNY  
The law should show teeth and bite down hard every time.

EXT/INT. JOE'S HOUSE, MALL - MORNING

Rachel gets in her car and drives off.

Somebody's following her. Her car is seen through the windscreen.

She wanders through the mall. A shadow of a man follows her.

She stops at the 'All for Kidz' store. Looks at baby's things in the window display. A woman exits the shop, pushing a baby in a pram. Rachel turns over and eyes baby, wrapped, only asleep face visible. She bends over the pram.

RACHEL

Oh how cute -- sweet little button. How old is it?

WOMAN WITH BABY

Two monts.

RACHEL

Real honey. I'll have one soon.

Rachel leaves and joins a friend, a woman of her age. They sit for coffee. Somebody stalks Rachel all the time.

INT/EXT. CAR, STREET - DUSK

Joe and Skinny sit in the car outside Ronald Langley's house. It still looks deserted. They're holding takeaway coffee cups.

SKINNY

It has to be the woman. Men have so many -- a thousand, maybe even more.

JOE

It's forty million.

SKINNY

Forty million? Forty million in one shot? We can have forty million babies in a single shot?

JOE

It doesn't work like that.

SKINNY

Well, theoretically -- in the modern world it's possible. Men will be extinct before we know it.

They finish their coffees. Joe starts the engine and drives off.

SKINNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can imagine a man living in a luxurious cage growing big balls and a small dick, shooting semen once every ten years.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rachel talks on the phone.

RACHEL

I know, you already told me that. He's busy, and it'd be better if we used the time for me.

DOCTOR (FEMALE V.O.)

OK, let me see. How about the day after tomorrow, Thursday?

RACHEL

Fine, fine.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

In the morning, seven o'clock sharp.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Joe and Skinny sit in Chief's office. Chief stands in front of his desk, angry.

CHIEF

Two weeks have passed and you've got nothing. And me -- you know what I've got? Politicians, lawyers and that goddamn father.

Joe rolls his eyes.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

The longer you drag your asses around the chances of you ever catching him fall to zero. Damned coward! And the boy, Simon, check his whereabouts, his mail, his, his -- everything about him. He must be connected.

JOE

Boss -- I gotta hunch --

CHIEF

I don't want to listen! Find somebody, arrest somebody. Go, go out and arrest somebody.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

Joe and Skinny slow down at a red light.

JOE  
He doesn't know.

SKINNY  
What?

JOE  
That I talked to his wife.

SKINNY  
Meaning what?

JOE  
Meaning, you're going to be a  
grown-up.

Joe floors the accelerator. The car shoots through the intersection.

SKINNY  
Holy molly!

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rachel exits, gets in the car and drives off. Somebody follows her.

EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Joe and Skinny pull up at a nice and big house. They climb out.

SKINNY  
I wonder how many kids have grown in  
this house.

JOE  
Go for a small number.

Joe rings the door bell. Skinny moves half a step back. A tall man, MAYOR, 50, in casual morning dress, opens the door.

MAYOR  
Morning officers, I see, you're  
earning your salaries. How can I help  
you?

JOE  
Sir, sorry for disturbing. If you can  
help us with some information.

MAYOR  
Shoot!



JOE

Have you had a party at the end of June, twentieth of June precisely, if you can recollect.

MAYOR

Young man, I'm not senile yet.

JOE

Sorry sir, I didn't mean.

MAYOR

Yes I had. It wasn't a big party. Judge, businessmen, your boss, my brother, all accompanied with wives. Fifteen or sixteen people, I guess.

JOE

Thank you sir, thank you. Sorry for disturbing.

Joe drags Skinny back to the street. Mayor looks a bit disappointed.

MAYOR

That's all?

JOE

Yes sir, for the time being, thank you.

Mayor shuts the door. After few steps Skinny stops walking.

SKINNY

I don't know what are you after but knowing who left early and who left late would be meaningful.

JOE

I've got what I looked for.

Joe looks carefully at Skinny and then at the house. Walks back to the house. Before he managed to ring the bell, door opens, revealing Mayor. Both of them are surprised.

MAYOR

Didn't I see you going? Your names officer?

JOE

Here's officer Bogdanovich and I am Kilbane, Joe Kilbane.

Mayor raises his hand up in front of Joe's face. An ear ring is in a firm grip of his fingers. It's the one of the ear rings Blond hooked in the first scene.

MAYOR

Officer Kilbane, my wife found this after the party. Nobody ever came to claim it. Maybe you can do something with it.

Joe takes the ear ring.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Shoot again.

JOE

Do you remember sir, who left late and who left early that night?

MAYOR

Almost everybody left early if you mean midnight is late. Only judge and my brother left after midnight.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Skinny, stand next to the car, stare at each other. Joe wipes his sweaty brow.

SKINNY

Who are you aiming at?

Joe thinks for a beat.

JOE

Big fishes drive big cars.

He turns and gets into the car. Skinny follows.

SKINNY

Wow!

JOE

Come on man, calm down.

Mayor stands next to the window, watches police car leaving.

EXT. HOSPITAL AREA - MORNING

T-junction. From the left Rachel's car appears and enters the parking lot.

At high speed, from the same turn, a Pajero rushes into the parking lot. It makes a circle around Rachel's car, and stops next to her facing the opposite direction. Rachel gets out. She comes face to face with furious Bill Strong.

BILL

Let's do something together!

Rachel moves to pass him but Bill grabs her neck. He tries to drag her to his car. Rachel, with both hands on his black shirt, pushes him. They wrestle for a moment. Bill draws a knife and presses it against her neck.

BILL (CONT'D)

Bitch.

Rachel freezes. Bill drags her to his car and pushes her onto the back seat.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe drives. Skinny gestures as preparation for saying something important.

SKINNY

You think Mayor is dirty?

JOE

Huh?

SKINNY

He's been hiding something?

JOE

We investigate. We don't jump to conclusions, okay!

INT. BILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill moves on top of Rachel, trying to rip off her underpants. Rachel pushes him. They fight. Bill produces the knife again.

BILL

I'll cut you into pieces.

Rachel stops fighting. Bill undresses her.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

JOE

You should've been a news reporter, or something, not a cop.

INT. BILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill rapes Rachel. She stares at the car ceiling, face grimacing.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Rachel, clothes crumpled, hair like a bird's nest, fear and madness on her face, climbs out of Bill's car. Bill follows her doing up his pants.

BILL

You got it. Smart bitch of smart husband, you got it.

Bill climbs back into his car. He yells through the window while he starts the engine.

BILL (CONT'D)

Let it be a boy!

He drives off. Rachel stares at Bill's speeding car, and then she looks down at clenched fists. She opens her fist. We see a button torn from Bill's shirt.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel takes a shower. She stands still. Eyes closed. Water flows down her apparently calm face.

Rachel peels and chops an onion in the kitchen. We hear the monotonous sound of the knife while we see the black button on the table.

Rachel, after sliding the onion into a pot, takes the black button and goes to the bathroom. We hear the shower again.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe enters the house. It's unusually unlit. He switches the lights in the entrance and living room on. Hears the shower. Opens the bathroom door. Rachel stands in the shower behind a glass screen.

JOE  
May I join you?

RACHEL  
No, no. Please don't.

Joe goes to the fridge, grabs a beer, goes back to the living room, switches the TV on and sits. He flicks through the channels and settles on a boxing match.

Rachel appears in the doorway, she's already wearing pajamas.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Sorry -- Supper's ready.

Joe, still sitting, turns to face her. He notices something is not right. Rachel is thoughtful, worried.

JOE  
You won't join me?

RACHEL  
Sorry.

She turns to go. Joe gets up.

JOE  
Rachel, Rachel. What's wrong? What is it?

Joe walks up to her and takes her hands.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, honey?

Rachel stares over his shoulder.

RACHEL  
Nothing - nothing -- a bad day.

JOE  
What happened? What happened?

Rachel hugs him and places her head on his shoulder.

RACHEL  
Bad day, bad day - I - I -- I watched a terrible drama. Woman killed, children killed - blood -- lot's of blood -- Joe you love me?

INT. SIMON'S HOME - MORNING

Simon, holding a large envelope in his healthy right hand, enters the kitchen where his mother is frying eggs for breakfast.

SIMON  
Mom, the mail's arrived.

She stops cooking and they both anxiously gaze at the envelope. Simon hands her the envelope. She rips it open.

MRS. MARRY  
It's thick.

From the top of a set of brochures, Mrs. Marry removes a sheet of paper and reads it silently.

MRS. MARRY (CONT'D)  
You got it!

Simon jumps with joy.

SIMON  
Yes! I got it! I got it!

Mrs. Marry hugs him. Simon runs over to the phone and dials with his healthy hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Hi Lucy, good news! I got it! Full scholarship -- Yes, from Clemson, oh God -- come, come over. I have to start training, like right now!

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see Simon's pickup truck through a windscreen in front of the house. Somebody's watching.

EXT/INT. SIMON'S HOUSE/CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, riding a bike, arrives at the Simon's house. Simon and Lucy climb into pick up. Lucy drives to the lake. Simon pecks her on the cheek, feels her knee with his bandaged left hand.

LUCY  
Simon.

SIMON  
What?

Simon continues touching her knee.

LUCY

If you don't rest your hand, it'll never get better -- and you can say goodbye to Clemson.

SIMON

This is physiotherapy. You wouldn't wanna deny me a healthy hand, right? I cut the air with my hands.

Lucy pushes his hand away. Beat.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Know what -- drop me off in front of Creepy Curve. I'll run through the wood. Meet me on the other side, OK?

LUCY

Don't cut too much air.

SIMON

We'll save time for ourseves.

LUCY

Come on, Simon.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Simon's pick-up stops just before Creepy Curve. Simon jumps out.

SIMON

I bet I beat you.

LUCY (O.S.)

Be careful.

Simon waves with his right hand and disappears running into the wood. Simon's pickup drives on toward the curve.

EXT. WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Simon runs through the wood, jumping over fallen trees and ducking under low hanging branches.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Skinny drives while Joe studies the list. We see that almost all the names have been crossed out in green. They approach Creepy Curve.

SKINNY

They didn't straighten Creepy.

JOE

You'll do it if you don't watch the road.

In the distance, a man appears on the road. They get closer, see Simon. They stop next to him.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's up, son?

SIMON

Lucy -- she's nowhere.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Simon, worried, sits in the back. They reach Creepy Curve and see a small cloud of dust.

EXT. CREEPY CURVE - CONTINUOUS

They all get out. At the bottom of the steep slope, Simon's pick-up is upside down. Joe and Simon rush down the slope.

Skinny turns back to the car, grabs the mike. Joe and Simon slide down the slope to the pick-up. Lucy is in the front seat of the badly damaged cabin. She shows no signs of life.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

Skinny drives, Joe stares through the windscreen. Simon silently weeps in the back.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chief Rodriguez enters his office, Joe and Skinny in tow.

CHIEF

So?

Joe and Skinny are silent, glance morosely at each other.

JOE

Creepy Curve should've been done long ago.



CHIEF

An accident. You say it was an accident. Another kid killed, same witness -- yet you think it's an accident.

SKINNY

It's gotta be something big, something deep -- Arms smuggling -- national security.

CHIEF

Are you aiming at FBI?

Skinny shrugs.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Joe.

JOE

I don't know -- It's got to be something simple.

SKINNY

Ritual suicide!

Joe frowns at him.

JOE

Can we get a warrant to search Bill's warehouse?

CHIEF

On what grounds?

JOE

We have no leads. -- Maybe we'll find something there.

CHIEF

No, no. It doesn't work like that. You've nothing to justify -- You continue with the first crash. Somebody else will take care of the Creepy Curve case.

Chief walks around lost in thought. Skinny and Joe are silent.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Move on! And mind your badges. Joe, you know what I mean.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Skinny and Joe walk to the exit.

JOE

Let's pay the nutcase a visit. This all started with his son -- and then we go to Mrs. Strong to dig around a bit.

SKINNY

Joe, I don't mind being mocked -- losing badge? No way!

JOE

I'll take the bullet.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Somebody holds a newspaper open and reads while walking. The headline is: GIRL DIES AT CREEPY CURVE!

The newspaper is crumpled and thrown into a street trash can.

EXT. CASH AND CARRY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bill pulls up at the Cash and Carry warehouse parking lot.

INT. OFFICE DOOR IN CASH AND CARY - CONTINUOUS

We see a door with 'Manager' written on it.

MANAGER (O.S.)

You want a hundred G? Now -- today?

BILL (O.S.)

It's an emergency.

MANAGER (O.S.)

No emergencies in this business. We said cash every six weeks.

BILL (O.S.)

It's only a hundred G. You owe me two fifty.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Yeah, in two weeks' time. I'll give you fifty.

BILL (O.S.)

You get the boxes on time, and you can't even pay me a third? Seventy five.

MANAGER (O.S.)

C'mon. You just steal them, it's me who has to shift them. That takes time. Fifty G!

BILL (O.S.)

My partners are a bunch of lazy morons. Give me the money.

Silence.

MANAGER (O.S.)

I heard about your son. I'm sorry --

BILL (O.S.)

Go to hell.

INT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bill approaches his office holding a briefcase. Blond appears, walks to meet him.

BILL

Forget it.

He disappears behind the door. Bill enters his office without greeting his secretary.

He places the briefcase on the desk, reaches for what looks like a big, thick book on the shelf, but it's a box. He opens it. We see stacks of money. Bill transfers the money to the briefcase.

EXT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bill's walking to his car, briefcase in hand. A police car screeches up and stops beside him. Joe jumps out and tries to talk to Bill who doesn't stop.

JOE

Mr. Strong, just a minute -- We need your help -- Just a minute of --

Bill gets into his car.

BILL

Not even a second. Arrest somebody,  
you -- you useless pigs. All you're  
good for is wasting taxpayer money.

Bill shoots off. Joe slowly turns over to Skinny. They eye each other.

SKINNY

Maybe Mrs. Strong can help us!

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny stand at the closed door. Door opens, chained.

MRS. STRONG

I told you, I know nothing.

JOE

Mrs. Strong, it's about Bill's  
younger son.

MRS. STRONG

Talk to Bill.

She tries to shut the door. Skinny squeezes the foot in the gap.

MRS. STRONG (CONT'D)

It was an accident, car accident.

JOE

Where about?

MRS. STRONG

Ask Bill. I know nothing -- here, in  
front of garage. Bill was getting out.  
I wasn't here at the time. Ask Bill.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel is in the bathroom, stares at an unused pregnancy test stick. Her face shows fear as she focuses on the shelf and the black button on it.

We see the pregnancy stick. It's positive. Rachel throws it in the trash basket. She grabs her head in desperation.

RACHEL

No, no, no, no.

She falls on her knees and bitterly cries. After a while, gets up. She slowly combs her hair in the mirror. She's determined

but obviously somewhere else in her head. She exits the bathroom, picks up the phone and dials.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Hi, it's Rachel -- Yes, Rachel  
Kilbane. I wondered if I could bring  
my husband in -- tomorrow! We'll be  
there early in the morning.

Rachel replaces the phone. Walks around house staring at the floor. Clenches the fingers.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Nobody knows. Nobody. Nobody.  
Nobody will ever know.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Joe enters the house, Rachel rushes up and hugs him.

JOE  
How you feel today?

RACHEL  
Good.

JOE  
Like -- good, good?

RACHEL  
Yes.

Joe, his hand around her waist, starts moving her toward the bedroom. She panics.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Wrong direction.

She redirects him to the kitchen.

JOE  
C'mon, honey, we haven't done it for  
how long? Six months? A year?

RACHEL  
Joe.

She goes into the kitchen and picks up two plates, one with meat and the other with vegetables.

JOE  
A month and you still don't feel good,  
good.

RACHEL

I do feel good, good.

She sits and gestures for him to do the same. He does so and for the first time notices the table is nicely laid, with flowers in the center and delicious looking food.

JOE

Wow!

He scans the table twice, looks at her.

JOE (CONT'D)

I got a job to do?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

I'll help you, like the first time. We go together early in the morning -- that suits you the best. Joe, we'll have a baby, our baby.

Rachel stares at the food avoiding eye contact.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Your baby.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - MORNING

Joel follows Rachel into the doctor's room. They greet Fertility Doc who hands a small container to Joe.

RACHEL

Oh, I got one as well.

FERTILITY DOC

Down the corridor. Second door on the right.

Joe shoots to the door, Rachel makes to follow.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)

Mrs. Kilbane!

Rachel freezes. Joe's gone.

RACHEL

Yes?

FERTILITY DOC

It's men's restroom.

RACHEL

Oh.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

Bill is sitting inside. The plane lands in Atlanta.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET DESK - DAY

Bill queues at the desk. He approaches when it's his turn.

BILL

To Chicago. One way.

DESK CLARK

Card or cash?

BILL

Cash.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - DAY

Bill, briefcase in hand, goes to a telephone and dials.

BILL

Hello. I am at the airport.

Male voice, MAN M, answers.

MAN M (V.O.)

Who?

BILL

I'm Mister Belgrade.

MAN M (V.O.)

OK, Mister Belgrade, you got the money?

BILL

Yes.

MAN M (V.O.)

And the job description as I required?

BILL

Yes.

MAN M (V.O.)

OK, listen carefully and do exactly as I say. Get a cab --

EXT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - DAY

Bill gets in a cab. It heads into a residential area.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bill climbs out at a corner in a quiet residential area, looks around and walks briskly noticing the house numbers. He slows down approaching an apparently deserted house. He glances around and, seeing nobody, quickly pushes his briefcase into a sizable mailbox, closes it and walks away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bill walks along the street and comes to a corner where the boys play basketball in a small park. His cell rings.

BILL

Yes?

MAN M (V.O.)

Yes who?

BILL

Mister Belgrade.

MAN M (V.O.)

It's two hundred.

BILL

What? You said one fifty.

MAN M (V.O.)

And you said it's a man, I see it's a boy.

BILL

What's the difference?

MAN M (O.S.)

Boy is potential, an adult's lived. That's the difference.

BILL STRONG

You must be joking? Law doesn't look at it that way.

MAN M (V.O.)

If you want something cheaper, accidental miscarriage is only fifty.



BILL STRONG

Okay. Do it.

INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY

Rachel sits in front of Fertility Doc, who is busy using the computer. She glances at Rachel from time to time.

FERTILITY DOC

Not bad quality -- number of sperm  
cells OK -- morphology OK --  
percentage of dead cells a bit higher  
-- motility OK -- percentage of the  
fastest is a bit lower --

Doctor looks at Rachel.

RACHEL

Is it good or not?

FERTILITY DOC

It's good. You can get pregnant with  
this -- as long as everything else is  
fine.

RACHEL

Why wasn't I?

FERTILITY DOC

How long have you been married?

RACHEL

A year -- eleven months.

FERTILITY DOC

It's still normal -- Have you ever  
planned intercourse?

Rachel eyes her.

RACHEL

No.

Fertility Doc types on the keyboard while talking.

FERTILITY DOC

If you want to increase the chances --  
You know how it works?

Rachel nods.

FERTILITY DOC (CONT'D)  
 You have to keep track of when your  
 ovulation day is. Use the kit.

RACHEL  
 Thank you doctor.

Fertility Doc turns her head from the screen to look at Rachel.

FERTILITY DOC  
 If nothing happens in two months, come  
 again -- it'll be your turn.

INT. AUTO BODY MECHANIC SHOP - DAY

Joe and Skinny inspect the cars brought into the workshop for repair. The concerned Workshop Owner follows them silently. One car is missing its bullbar, and it attracts a little attention. A second one, with dirty and slightly damaged bullbar, attracts attention.

SKINNY  
 Look at this.

JOE  
 (to Workshop Owner)  
 Who's the owner?

Workshop Owner is silent for a while. Then he gestures towards the waiting room. An elegantly dressed man sits and reads a newspaper. Joe and Skinny storm to the waiting room.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Joe gets out of the car in front of his house.

SKINNY  
 I hate innocent men!

Skinny drives off. Rachel comes up to him running.

RACHEL  
 Joe, Joe! You're fine, you're fine.

Joe's not yet aware of the results.

JOE  
 What?

RACHEL  
 You're fine! The test -- You're Okay!

JOE  
Where's the baby?

RACHEL  
We'll have it soon. I'm sure.

Joe hugs her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
We'll have a baby.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rachel and Joe sit on the couch in the living room. On the small table there's a paper calendar. Rachel holds a pencil and looks like somebody forced to talk.

RACHEL  
It's about timing.

JOE  
Isn't it about sex?

RACHEL  
We have to plan it. We have to do it exactly twelve hours before ovulation.

Joe stares at the ceiling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
It could be any time, so you have to be available.

Joe looks at her.

JOE  
How will you know when is the time?

RACHEL  
That's for me to worry about. I bought a kit, both for ovulation and pregnancy. It's cheaper when you buy both. When the stick indicates an LH hormone surge --

JOE  
Okay, Okay -- I agree.

RACHEL  
 (looks at calendar)  
 Good. It'll be in about two, three  
 days -- and then after that in four  
 weeks.

Joe stares at the calendar where we see two dates, four weeks  
 apart, circled.

JOE  
 What happens in between?

RACHEL  
 Nothing.

JOE  
 Nothing? What -- no sex?

Rachel slowly shakes her head.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Rachel. This is ridiculous --  
 we had -- you've already had a  
 two-week break. I only got cozy with  
 the glass. And now you say it's once  
 a month?

RACHEL  
 Joe, you have to have very good sperm  
 quality.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rachel enters. The calendar is still sitting on the small table.  
 Two dates circled. Rachel stares at them. She sits. Puts the  
 black button next to the calendar. Grabs her head with both hands  
 not moving eyes from the black button. Her face is in pain. Tears.  
 She bitterly cries.

EXT. ROAD, CEMENTARY - DAY

Simon runs along the road to cemetery holding flowers in his  
 right hand. His left is still bandaged. He enters the cemetery.  
 A car pulls up behind him.

Simon walks to Lucy's grave. A small red dot appears on his hair.

The muted shot of a sniper. Simon's eyes open wide and then go  
 glassy. He tumbles over onto the grave. The flowers stay in his  
 hand for a second or two. His hand relaxes and they fall on the  
 grave.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Bewildered, Skinny and Joe sit in front of Chief's desk. The fuming Chief paces the room.

CHIEF

Third kid dead. At this rate we'll lose all the school graduates by the end of the year. Murder -- at least now we know what we're up against -- Murder in broad daylight.

SKINNY

Boss, you remember what I said? It's something big, real big.

CHIEF

I called FBI. They're sending over agents, in two or three days.

JOE

It all started with the accident when Mr. Strong's son died -- from that point on the bad things began to happen. If we press the guy, we'll find out a reason why --

CHIEF

I don't want a reason. Let the law find the reason -- I want a man -- a man, a woman, black, white, green, it doesn't matter! I want the man who fired.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - DAY

Bill stands not far from the lockers and waits. His cell rings.

BILL

Yes?

MAN M (V.O)

Yes who?

BILL

Mister Belgrade.

MAN M (V.O)

OK, Mister Belgrade -- Go to locker number 237 and leave the rest of the money inside. You know how much there should be -- ha, ha, ha.

Bill hangs up on the unpleasant laugh and puts the phone in his pocket.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

We are back in the meeting.

CHIEF

Damn bastard! Walks around, enjoys life -- and they say in three days, he could've gone as far as China.

Chief paces the room.

JOE

Let's press Bill. He's mad with Simon. Everybody knows it --

CHIEF

He's desperate and unaccountable. He's making empty threats -- The man couldn't be so stupid or naive to do what he declares publicly. Where're you at with the accident?

JOE

Three left.

CHIEF

Nothing will come out of that. You two are suspended from the case. FBI will take over. Be ready for the briefing when time comes.

Joe jumps up.

JOE

Chief, chief!

CHIEF

I don't want to listen, go, go!

Chief strides out.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Skinny drives, Joe stares absently.

JOE

We're going to the warehouse. Turn around.

SKINNY

But, the Chief said --

JOE

Pen pusher! Forget what he said!  
Bill Strong is an evil man, I feel  
that. He never told us a single word.  
Why? Turn around, turn around!

Skinny turns the car in the opposite direction.

INT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Joe walks purposely to Bill's office, entering his secretary's room without knocking.

JOE

I'm Officer Kilbane. I want to speak  
with Mr. Bill Strong. Now!

Joe goes straight to Bill's office door.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, sir -- sir.

Joe opens the door. Only Blond is inside, stands next to the desk and reads from the piece of paper. She turns head to Joe.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Sorry, sir. Mr. Strong's out of the  
office on a business trip.

Joe cools down.

JOE

Where'd he go?

SECRETARY

Atlanta.

Joe makes to leave.

JOE

Thank you.

Joe turns to go but changes his mind.

JOE (CONT'D)

Where's he staying?

SECRETARY

The Hyatt Regency.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe jumps in the passenger seat.

JOE  
Drive. We're going to Atlanta.

SKINNY  
Are you nuts?

JOE  
A rat, I smell a stinkin' rat.

SKINNY  
It's not our problem anymore. The FBI will deal with it. Who knows what they'll find.

JOE  
Not many options in a life.

SKINNY  
What're our options like if Chief finds out we're messing with Bill?

Joe stares through the windscreen.

JOE  
What if he's really on business trip with that guy Langley --I hate to talk to women.

Joe turns head towards Skinny. Through the window he sees Blond coming to her car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Joe storms towards Blond. He manages to grab her hand before she entered.

JOE  
Where is Bill? Don't lie to me.

BLOND  
What are you talking about? Leave me alone.

Joe grabs her neck.

BLOND (CONT'D)  
I know nothing.

Joe squeezes her neck. Her face gets reddish.



JOE

You must know something. Tell me. Tell me.

Joe squeezes a bit more. Her eyes get bigger. She nods. Joe releases her. She takes a deep breath.

BLOND

He knocked the girl down.

JOE

Which girl?

BLOND

The girl at Creepy Curve.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives.

SKINNY

Suspended, unauthorized force usage.

JOE

We got Bill, force works.

SKINNY

What if it doesn't?

JOE

Add more force.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill swaggers into his office ignoring his secretary who greets him.

SECRETARY

Mr. Strong, Officer Kilbane was looking for you.

Bill stops and turns.

BILL

What'd he want?

SECRETARY

He said he urgently needed to talk to you.

BILL

When was this?

SECRETARY

Two days ago. When you were in Atlanta.

BILL

He can talk to my ass.

The door closes.

EXT/INT. PIZZA PLACE, POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Joe drives through 'DRIVE-THRU PIZZAS'. Skinny is handed a box and they disappear into the night.

Joe and Skinny sit in the car in front of suspect Ronald Langley's house. No lights are on. Joe snoozes, Skinny munches on a slice of pizza.

JOE

Can you turn it down?

Skinny stops eating, returns the unfinished slice to the box on the back seat.

SKINNY

What you think about the body?

Joe jerks up, opens his eyes.

JOE

What body?!

SKINNY

The pizza girl's.

Joe relaxes.

JOE

You are not to say the words 'body,' 'dead,' 'killed,' 'sex' or 'semen' in front of me anymore, got it?

SKINNY

All right, I like pizza -- OK?

Joe stares at the deserted street, Skinny finishes his slice.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

I wonder how they do it.

JOE

Who, what?

SKINNY

The FBI.

JOE

You'll find out soon enough -- and it ain't too much unlike us.

SKINNY

I'd like to be an FBI agent -- I think I'll go for it.

Skinny takes the iPod out of his pocket.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Since I've no free time -- how 'bout we snoop around the house? What d'ya say?

Joe gets comfortable in the seat, closes his eyes. Skinny puts earphones in, listens to his iPod. After a long beat, he gets out and walks along the middle of the road toward the house. Joe opens the eyes.

JOE

Skinny, Skinny!

Skinny, enjoying the music, doesn't hear. Joe rushes out of the car. A car with no lights on comes up behind them. Joe runs and screams. The car is behind them. Joe pushes Skinny out of the way just in time. They roll unharmed.

They get up. Joe grabs the iPod and earphones and throws them on the ground. He crushes them under his foot.

SKINNY

What the hell happened?

JOE

What happened? What happened? You ain't got one of your stupid theories, asshole?

Joe calms down, goes to the car, Skinny in tow.

INT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE, HIS OFFICE - MORNING

A middle aged man, MAN M, in an expensive suit, holding a briefcase, enters the office. The secretary greets him. He nods and goes to Bill's door.

SECRETARY

Sorry, sir. Mr. Strong has no meetings this morning.

The man, Man M, stands in front of Bill's door.

MAN M

Of course he doesn't, but he'll talk to me --I am his brother, his younger brother.

Man M enters Bill's office. Bill looks up in surprise from the computer screen.

BILL

Who the hell are you? Get outta my office.

MAN M

Easy there, Mr. Strong.

Bill stands up.

BILL

Out, get out! I said out.

Man M puts the briefcase on the desk. Bill stares at it in disbelief. It's the same briefcase he left in the Chicago mailbox.

MAN M

Good morning, Mr. Belgrade.

Bill sinks back in the chair.

BILL

Who are you? What d'you want?

MAN M

Please, one question at a time. First of all I am your brother, your younger brother -- And I need your help.

Man M opens the briefcase. We see a big photo: Bill with the briefcase ready to push it into the mailbox. Next to the photo is a computer disk.

MAN M (CONT'D)

It's not cheap to keep the originals safe -- You'll give me fifty G in forty eight hours. Take this.

Man M, turning to go, throws a cell phone to Bill.

BILL

But I paid up! I paid in full.

MAN M

Brother, the boy was injured. How you could do that?

BILL

What?

MAN M

We'll be in touch, brother. Often.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

In front of the police station a car and two window-less vans pull up.

Three well-dressed men from the car enter the station.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe and Skinny enter Chief's office. Chief introduces Joe and Skinny to the three FBI agents.

CHIEF

Officers Kilbane and Bogdanovich worked on the case. They'll bring you up to speed on the situation.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER, DAY

Joe and Skinny head to the car.

SKINNY

They'll bug the place.

JOE

Monkeys with tools.

SKINNY

We should've done that.

JOE

We have no authority -- and anyway, it's stupid to bug half the town. What would they get from Mrs. Marry? She blacks out when she sees somebody jaywalking.

They reach the car.

SKINNY

That's the whole point. They'll systematically check everything. No bias, everyone's a suspect.

JOE

A waste of time. You know what we do now. We watch them watching Bill Strong. Bill hides something or somebody. He was at the Mayor's party, caused the accident at Creepy Curve. He'll bring us to the coward before FBI gets aware.

They get in the car.

INT. CAR - MOMENT LATER

Skinny drives.

SKINNY

That's smart. They'll know everything. If somebody farts at half past one in the morning, they'll know. Cool.

JOE

It stinks.

SKINNY

What?

JOE

It's not cool -- it stinks.

SKINNY

Jesus! Joe, why you didn't tell them about Bill and the girl?

JOE

You know how we got that. Drive to the warehouse.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel is standing next to the phone. Her face is in tears. She wipes the face and picks the phone.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Joe and Skinny slowly approach Bill's warehouse. Joe's cell rings.

JOE  
Yeah, honey?

RACHEL (V.O.)  
How you doing? Are you Okay?

JOE  
I am fine, fine. What's up?

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Well -- it's tomorrow.

JOE  
Good, good.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Please be calm, no stress. Remember what the doctor said.

JOE  
Yeah, I remember, Okay?

He hangs up.

SKINNY  
What's wrong?

The van with no side windows shoots past them, heading to the warehouse. They pull up behind the van. Three men get out of van, and enter the warehouse.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

JOE  
At least they have priorities.

SKINNY  
What's wrong?

JOE  
These idiots have no clue. While they do the rest of the town, we'll be on Bill Strong's back.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

A furious Bill exits the warehouse talking on his cell.

BILL  
Did you call the FBI? Did you?

MAN M (V.O.)  
Who is this?

BILL  
You sent the FBI, you bastard.

MAN M (V.O.)  
Wrong number.

Man M cuts the call. Bill redials.

BILL  
This is Mister Belgrade. Did you send  
FBI?

MAN M (V.O.)  
Brother, oh my brother, why would I do  
that? We're one soul and two bodies  
connected by blood and money.

BILL  
Listen, we have a problem.

MAN M (V.O.)  
No, you have a problem, brother.

BILL  
FBI was here. I'm not gonna make it  
tomorrow... But the day after, I'll be  
at the place.

MAN M (V.O.)  
OK, brother, I understand. Only now  
it's not fifty, but sixty G. Time is  
money, you're holding me up. Be ready.  
Same place, 5PM.

Bill lowers the cell as he turns to the warehouse. After two  
steps, he smashes it into the ground. It shatters.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Joe walks out of the kitchen eating a sandwich. He sees a piece  
of paper stuck to the front door. On the paper is a hand-drawn  
heart with 'Love' written inside. Under the heart, there's a  
message: 'TODAY 3PM SHARP'. Joe leaves and as the door closes,  
the note falls to the floor.



INT. CAR, MOMENTS LATER - EARLY MORNING

Skinny at the wheel, watches Joe get in holding a sandwich.

SKINNY  
What we do today?

JOE  
Same as yesterday.

SKINNY  
Great, more blisters on the ass.

Joe eats the last bite of the sandwich.

JOE  
What does the FBI do? Same as us --  
pardon me. They listen to people  
farting. We watch.

Joe finishes eating.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Drive to warehouse, then to the  
suspect's house and then back to  
warehouse.

Skinny starts the engine.

SKINNY  
I love the FBI.

JOE  
And at a quarter to three you're  
driving me home for a break.

Skinny turns to Joe.

SKINNY  
Is it today?

JOE  
Yes.

SKINNY  
At least something's happening.

Skinny presses the pedal.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
When I think about fucking, I never  
think about making babies.

INT. POLICE CAR - AFTERNOON

Skinny drives. They pass by the FBI van parked on the street. Bill's warehouse is in the distance and we see his Pajero in the parking lot. Skinny parks the car, goes to switch music on, then freezes.

SKINNY

Sorry -- Sorry man.

JOE

Sorry, sorry. All you ever say is that you're sorry. I'm warning you. Don't think of your job as a walk in the park or you'll never get a chance with that dark room you want, Okay?

Joe flicks the radio on.

SKINNY

Okay, sure.

Joe stares through the windscreen.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

You believe the last guy on the list did it?

JOE

We'll do it latter.

SKINNY

Well, the likelihood that last guy did it is big so we should stake out his --.

Joe does not react, eyes the warehouse.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

What do you like more, boys or girls?

JOE

What?

SKINNY

What would you like more, a boy or a girl?

JOE

I don't know -- I haven't thought about it.

SKINNY

You better, not much time left --  
Apparently, if you do it in a certain  
way, you get a boy.

JOE

Shut up.

Skinny points to the car clock. It shows 2.30 PM.

EXT. POLICE CAR AT JOE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Skinny pulls up outside Joe's house.

INT. POLICE CAR OUTSIDE JOE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOE

Come back for me at four.

SKINNY

Take your time, man.

JOE

If I'm earlier, I'll call.

SKINNY

And if I am late -- you make twins.

JOE

Four o'clock.

SKINNY

A boy and a girl.

Joe goes.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Is it different with a wife?

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The baby care and pregnancy magazines sit on the night stand next to a digital clock. It shows 3 PM. We pan to the other side of the bed and see a vase with flowers on the other night stand. Next to it we see Rachel's back as she stands in a see-through nightgown looking out the window.

The door is opening. Rachel turns and smiles. The nightgown doesn't hide her beautiful body.

EXT. BILL'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Skinny parks in, in the same spot where he was with Joe earlier. The FBI van is still parked on the same spot. Bill's Pajero is in the parking lot.

A truck arrives, blocking the view of the Pajero. The workers in company uniform come out of the warehouse and unload boxes. The truck driver jumps out, looks for Bill and gets back in the truck disappointed. He drives off.

Blond comes out of the warehouse and gets in the Pajero. She drives past the FBI van.

EXT. OUTSIDE FBI VAN - CONTINUOUS

FBI AGENT 1 (O.S.)  
We should've put surveillance on the  
Blond.

FBI AGENT 2 (O.S.)  
She's likely the pizza girl. She'll be  
back.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME, DAY

Skinny starts frantically punching numbers. He raises his eyebrows and stops. Looks at the FBI van. Nothing's happening. Skinny shuts the cell phone.

SKINNY  
This is no plain fuck -- This is --

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

Bill's Pajero stops on a secluded road. Blond gets out and opens the trunk. Bill, wearing the company uniform, climbs out.

BILL  
Go, go, get a cab.

Bill shuts the trunk, jumps in the car and drives off. Blond watches him speed away.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill storms in. His wife appears from the living room smoking a cigarette. She's visibly drunk.

MRS. STRONG  
You come for a dinner?

BILL  
Shut up.

Bill disappears into his study, door closes behind. He finds a briefcase in a cupboard, and puts it on the desk. Opens a drawer and sees a photo of his son in graduation attire. He looks at it for a beat.

He takes a revolver from another drawer and secures it in the briefcase with a tape to stop it moving. He stares at the revolver. He again opens the drawer with the photo, takes it out and lays it on the desk. With face almost touching the photo, he thumps at the desk with both fists.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I am not guilty. I am not guilty.

Bill rummages through the shelves in the garage, finds a box and pushes the hand into it. In his hand is a hand-grenade.

He is back in his study, shuts the briefcase and looks at his wrist watch. It's 4.45 PM. He hears noise of something falling onto the floor in the adjacent room.

INT. ADJECENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill enters adjacent room. It's a child's room. The pictures of five year boy are hanged all over the place. Mrs. Strong picks up a carved in wood picture of a boy up from the floor and put it on the table.

BILL  
Leave it. Get out. You'll never ever touch things in this room. Understood. You, you infertile cow.

MRS.STRONG  
Wanted to dust off --

BILL  
You're hurting my boy.

Bill comes to her, smacks her cheek. Shakes her shoulder.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Nobody will hurt my boys, nobody!

Mrs. Strong is nodding. Bill releases her. She slips out of room. Bill follows.

INT. BILL'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bill is back in the study. He takes a small steel knife, the letter opener, and places it on the desk. He grabs a jacket from the cupboard. Cuts the inside of the jacket and fits the knife inside. He puts the jacket on. The smart jacket looks weird against his blue factory pants. The small bulge on the back of the jacket, above the neck, is hardly visible.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hugged, Joe and Rachel are snoozing. We hear the honking of a car horn. The clock shows 4 PM. Skinny's arrived.

JOE

I should've arrested the goddamn bastard.

Joe gets up, so does Rachel.

RACHEL

What's going on?

JOE

He could do more damage.

Rachel stares at the floor. Joe ends up donning.

RACHEL

Bill Strong?

JOE

You know him?

Rachel nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

How do you know him?

RACHEL

Joe -- he's an evil man. Please be careful, please.

JOE

What? You know him? Tell me --

Rachel looks down at the floor. Her hidden world of lies and ungrounded wish disfigures her face. She cracks.

RACHEL

He raped me. He raped me. I'm fraud.  
Joe, I'm pregnant. Don't know what I'm

doing. I'm a fraud, fraud, sorry, Joe,  
sorry, so --

She has no intention to stop. With every word, the heavy burden melts away. Joe stares at her. He grabs her shoulders, shakes them.

JOE

What?! When did he -- when, when? Why  
didn't you tell me -- Why? Why?

Joe shoots through the house.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'll kill the bastard! I'll kill that  
fucking bastard!

Rachel follows him.

RACHEL

Joe, don't, please don't. He's evil.  
Joe --

Joe bolts out the door and slams it shut. We see the note in the corner next to the door, 'TODAY 3PM SHARP' written under the drawn heart.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe runs to the car, opens the driver's door.

JOE

Move, move!

Joe pushes Skinny over to the passenger seat. Jumps in and floors the accelerator. The tires screech.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

SKINNY

What's up? What's going on?

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives like a maniac fixated on the road, but he's, in fact, deep in thought. A worried Skinny looks at him from time to time. Joe pulls up at the warehouse parking lot. Scans the cars.

JOE

Where's Bill's car?

SKINNY  
The blond took it.

JOE  
What blond, jackass? Bill was inside  
the damn car!

EXT. STREETS, BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

The police car shoots through the streets, sirens blaring and lights flashing. It approaches Bill's house. Joe brakes, jumps out of the car. He bangs on the door. Mrs. Strong opens. He pushes her aside and runs in with a gun in hand.

JOE  
Bill! Bill Strong!

Joe moves through the house shouting Bill's name. Mrs. Strong comes up to him. Behind her, Skinny follows.

MRS. STRONG  
He's gone -- He's not here.

JOE  
Where's he? Don't lie!

MRS. STRONG  
With the bimbos.

Joe retreats out of the house. Skinny catches up.

EXT. ROAD TO LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Bill's Pajero heads out of town and drives toward the lake. Soon a Cadillac appears, old but in good condition, parked on the left side of the road. Bill slows down. He passes it. The Cadillac windows are tinted. After fifty yards Pajero makes a semicircle and stops facing Cadillac.

INT. BILL'S PAJERO - DAY

Bill dials on his cell.

BILL  
This is Mister Belgrade. I've got the  
money. You can come.

We hear a short laugh from the phone.



MAN M (V.O.)

Brother, brother -- It doesn't work like that. You come to me -- Slowly, like a turtle. Any fast movements and you are a dead man. Understood?

BILL

OK, brother.

Bill drops the phone into his pocket, touches his back below the neck with his right hand, checking the hidden knife. He takes the briefcase in his left hand and gets out.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

From inside the Cadillac Bill is seen to get out of his car. He walks slowly. Man M's is holding a gun in his left hand. Bill takes a few steps forward. Man M is punching numbers into a cell phone. Another gun is on his lap.

Bill quickly brings the cell up to his ear.

MAN M

Brother, that's too fast. I said slowly -- Remember, you're a turtle. Are you left-handed?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bill, cell to his ear, stands on the road. His face is a bit sweaty and he's angry.

BILL

Yes, I'm left-handed.

MAN M (V.O.)

Me too. We are so similar, brother.

They hang up. Bill walks slowly. His cell rings again. Bill picks it up slowly.

MAN M (V.O.)

That's better. I see you are a man of fashion (laughs). What are you -- blue collar or white collar?

BILL

I am a businessman.

MAN M (V.O.)

Ah, I see. You rip people off.  
(laughs)

I am a businessman as well, brother.  
I'll leave you a grand for a suit. Buy  
a good one, won't you?

BILL

When I got a job to do I don't think  
about fashion.

Bill terminates talk, walks slowly forward.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Bill comes up to Cadillac. Man M is sitting in the driver's seat.  
He pushes open the passenger door. He holds guns in both hands.  
His right hand is behind the passenger seat.

Man M gestures with the left hand gun for Bill to sit next to  
him. Bill slowly sits, places the briefcase on his lap. Bill  
slowly wipes his sweaty brow with his right hand which he then  
moves to his ear. Close up on his hand and ear. Man M holds the  
right hand gun to Bill's head.

MAN M

Open it. Slowly.

Bill slowly moves his right hand down to briefcase, unlocks it.  
He opens it a bit and pushes his right hand inside.

BILL

Not many options in a life -- What you  
say?

MAN M

Take it out - Slowly -- Show me the  
money.

Bill turns his head to Man M, mouth open, teeth exposed as if  
he's about to bite or laugh. Through the gap of slightly open  
briefcase, Bill's hand lands on a hand-grenade.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe rushes out of the house, Skinny follows.

JOE

Bimbos, bimbos, he thinks about  
bimbos!

They jump into the car, Joe at the wheel. The car dashes through  
the streets.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe, focused on the road, drives as fast as possible. Skinny, with hands up on his head, still doesn't get what's happening.

SKINNY  
Where're we going?

Joe drives through a residential area. Skinny turns his head from Joe to the houses. As they pass by Ronald Langley's house, Skinny sees his wife hugging a man next to a big SUV.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
He's back! Stop! Stop the car!

Joe ignores Skinny.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
He's showed up... Ronald Langley is back.

Again Joe has just ignored him. Skinny is disappointed and settles back down in his seat. They come onto open road.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
I know what's gone down. They had a fight, she threw him out, but after a while she realized that she was wrong -- and called him back.

JOE  
Shut --

BOOOOOM, a blast not far away from them. Joe instinctively brakes. Further up the road something has been blown up.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

SKINNY  
It came from up the road. There!

A cloud of smoke in the distance. Joe floors the accelerator.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The police car zooms up to the blown up Cadillac and stops fifty yards behind it. Joe and Skinny get out and slowly approach.

SKINNY  
Holy shit.

Skinny, two steps ahead of Joe, looks at the mess in Cadillac: two blood-soaked seats with two badly disfigured bodies, blood and guts everywhere. Two pairs of legs indicate two men were there. He looks away in disgust and sees Bill's car. Something catches his attention and he walks over.

JOE

Fucking bastard, fucking bastard.

He somehow recognizes Bill's remains, the legs in blue pants. He pulls out his gun and points it at the butchered body, shouting.

JOE (CONT'D)

You fucking piece of shit. Fucking piece of shit.

Joe hesitates, to fire or not. After few moments he backs up from the car. Points the gun at the ground. Fires five bullets at the ground. Eyes closed, face distorted by hatred.

SKINNY (O.S.)

Are you done? Look at this.

Joe opens his eyes to see Skinny kneeling in front of Bill's car, hand on the bullbar.

JOE

What? You found drugs?

SKINNY

Yeah, loads of them. Come here.

Joe holsters the gun and walks over. Skinny watches him expectantly. Joe gets closer. He stares at the bullbar and the grill. The traces of yellow paint are on the bullbar and yellow fragments are stuck in the grill.

Joe kneels, takes a yellow fragment.

JOE

His son -- His own son -- Fucking bastard killed his own son.

Joe stumbles around in disbelief. Skinny opens the passenger's door, enters. He pushes hand into the glove box checking for a weapon, finds an ear ring. The ear ring is the similar to the one they got from Mayor.

Skinny continues to search interior. Notices a lock of blond hair on the floor under the wheel. Takes it and gets out. Joe is still yelling.

SKINNY

He had a passenger on his lap.

Skinny holds the lock of blond hair high in the air. Moves back to the police car, Joe in toe, stares at the blond lock of hair. Joe still holds the yellow fragment in his left hand.

JOE

A bimbo. He killed son for a bimbo. His own son. You mother fucking monster.

Skinny releases hair lock. It floats away in a light breeze. Joe withdraws the gun, fires two bullets into the hair lock direction. Skinny pushes Joe to the car. They take seats. Skinny is at the wheel. He drops the ear ring into the glove box. It rolls down and lies next to the same one at the bottom. Skinny starts the engine.

SKINNY

Joe, it's over -- it's over. We go now.

They pass by the smoldering Cadillac.

SKINNY

Lived from evil, died of evil.

Joe's beaten face doesn't move.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

Maybe a tiny bit of goodness in him made this.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Skinny drives and looks at Joe.

SKINNY

What's up?

Joe absently stares through the windscreen. They pass by Ronald Langley's house. Nobody out front, a SUV is in the driveway.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

What a waste of time.

No response. They pass by Bill's warehouse. The FBI van is still there.

SKINNY (CONT'D)

They're still listening for farts.

No reaction from Joe. After a beat, he becomes visibly angry again.

JOE

Turn back, turn back, to the  
warehouse, to the warehouse.

Skinny, surprised, turns the car. Joe's repeating 'to the warehouse' many times. Skinny doesn't dare ask.

They pass the FBI van again and come to the warehouse entrance. An enraged Joe jumps out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Joe, waving the gun in his hand, paces back and forth in front of the entrance shouting.

JOE

You bastard, you fucking piece of  
shit, I'll torch your house, I'll  
torch your business, I'll torch your  
-- I'll torch everything you own. Burn  
in hell motherfucker!

Skinny grabs Joe and hugs him. Two tears on Joe's face are sliding down.

SKINNY

It's Okay, Joe -- It's Okay. It's  
finished, it's over. Whatever  
happened it's over. We go now, okay.

Skinny leads Joe back to the car. Starts the engine. The FBI van pulls up next to his door.

FBI AGENT

What you doing here? You're sticking  
your noses in our business?

SKINNY

You got a place to bug, three miles up  
the road.

Skinny drives off.

INT/EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel finishes packing of a large suitcase, walks to the kitchen, and takes a small bag with kitchen rubbish. After a short thinking pause, goes to the bathroom and takes the black button off the shelf.

In front of the big street bin she tosses bag with kitchen rubbish. After a good look at the button she tosses it as well.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Skinny pull up at the house. Rachel is at the door. Turns over. Runs to the sidewalk. After a couple of steps, she stops. The joy on her face turns to anxiety.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe is lost in deep thoughts. Skinny turns, looks at him. Joe, behind Skinny's head, sees Rachel standing across the road in front of the house.

SKINNY  
Home, sweet home.

Joe oblivious of Skinny watches Rachel.

SKINNY (CONT'D)  
And some bedroom work to do.

Joe moves his eyes off from Rachel. Stares through the windscreen, taps with fingers on the dashboard. He is tired and confused. Bites his lip. The car engine rumbles. Skinny watches him intrigued.

JOE  
You're a fine cop -- and you'd be a  
good FBI agent.

Joe turns and stares through the windscreen again. Car engine rumbles. He looks at Skinny.

JOE (CONT'D)  
They taught you how to write up a  
report?

Skinny nods. Joe doesn't move. Skinny gently pushes him to get out. As if in a daze, Joe climbs out and then pushes his head back through the window.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You'll do it?

He looks at Skinny helplessly.

SKINNY  
If you don't cross the street now,  
I'll explain you my theory on --

Skinny grabs the wheel and sets off. Joe steps back.

SKINNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
YOUR CASE!

Skinny drives off.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Skinny stops at a red light. His eyes catch sight of a small box on the floor of the passenger seat. He picks it up. It's the latest iPod model.

SKINNY

Son of a gun -- You, son of a gun. Wish you a lot of good sperm.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe waves to Skinny as he drives off. Both Rachel and Joe watch him leave and then face each other.

The yellow fragment from Bill's car is still in Joe's hand. He drops it.

Joe slowly crosses the road. He steps onto the sidewalk. Rachel rushes over and hugs him crying. Joe stands like a solid cold rock, not responding.

RACHEL

Joe, Joe, please, please -- I was so stupid, didn't know what I'm doing, please forgive me, please.

JOE

It's okay. Don't cry.

RACHEL

It's not okay. I lied to you. I'm a fraud and damned liar. Don't deserve you. You are a good man, fair and honest. Every cop should be like you.

She slowly touches a button on his shirt and start toying with it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm sure you can find a better wife.

JOE

Nonsense!

RACHEL

I'm sure.

Joe slowly hugs her.



JOE  
Why didn't you tell me before?

RACHEL  
I was so scared --  
Joe, you love me?

JOE  
Silly, of course I do.

RACHEL  
Joe, I don't want that baby.

Joe strokes her hair.

JOE  
Baby is a baby -- I'll be his father,  
a good father.

Rachel disentangles from his hug.

RACHEL  
Joe, I don't want it.

JOE  
You wanted it so badly -- a cute little  
button.

RACHEL  
I wanted a baby, I was so stupid -- I  
want YOUR baby -- Joe, he's an evil  
man. Evil's man seed is evil.

JOE  
He was, he was evil.

Joe kisses her hair.

RACHEL  
You, you killed him?

Rachel, again, toys with his shirt button.

JOE  
No, his own evil killed him.

Joe takes her hand. They walk toward the door.

RACHEL  
What happened?

JOE

Two kids swapped the seats -- What you think? Which seat our kid will take in its life?

They enter the house. Door shuts.

RACHEL (V.O.)

The right one.

JOE (V.O.)

And drive straight to Yale.

FADE OUT

THE END