

THE GIRL GOES BERSERK

screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HILLSIDE VIEW - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DUSK

Below this palm tree dotted hilltop stands the impressive structures of DOWNTOWN LA preceded by ten miles of flat terrain. The LIGHTS of hundreds of cars in stand-still traffic form a worm-like maze of freeways.

Cars HONK. Engines ROAR.

EXT. 110 FREEWAY - DUSK

A luxury four door merges lanes and passes through the PASADENA FREEWAY TUNNEL.

TONY (V.O.)
Pasadena. Just ten short miles
from Downtown Los Angeles. Or
twenty minutes depending on
traffic...

INT. FREEWAY TUNNEL - DUSK

The four door is bumper to bumper with a whole line of other cars trudging along the tight passage.

Behind the wheel is TONY MARSH (40s), thick hair, unkempt facial hair, cheap suit, loose tie. A stupid grin as he snaps his chewing gum.

TONY (V.O.)
Just far enough away where the
filth can't reach you.
But still close enough to get your
hands dirty if the mood hits. In
my line of work, the dirtier the
better.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - PASADENA, CA - DUSK

Tony's car reaches the intersection of Colorado Boulevard and Fair Oaks where posh looking people stroll the sidewalk in white shorts and tote gift bags.

INT. TONY'S CAR - DUSK

Tony stares out at the upper crust of society and shakes his head with disdain.

TONY (V.O.)

If you know me, then you know that people don't pass through my door because their lives are peaches and cream. That's why I stay close to the action.

EXT. FAIR OAKS AVENUE - NIGHT

The marquee lights of the RIALTO THEATER switch on as day gives way to night. Tony's car passes by as he ventures into the quiet suburbs of Pasadena.

INT. TONY'S CAR - NIGHT

Tony puts his car lighter to a cigarette. It's all done as he chucks it out the window.

TONY (V.O.)

My old partner, Chris, on the other hand, had his fill of the dirtier side of human nature. A little under a year ago, we less than amicably severed ties.

Tony spots a couple young HOTTIES in short shorts riding bikes over a crosswalk.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yes, it was over a woman. Isn't it always?

EXT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - NIGHT

Tony's car pulls to a curb across the street from this quaint little suburban home. He drags his cigarette and seems reluctant to get out.

TONY (V.O.)

While Chris opted for the more quiet life here in the land of boredom, I found myself without a partner. I could no longer afford to be an honest businessman. Not if I wanted to keep the lights on. So I became a hustler. Always hustling for the next job.

Tony stares through a living room window and spots Chris's wife ANGIE (30s), housewife, mother, as she burps her newborn baby.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I began living, shall we say, in
 the more grey areas of moral
 ambiguity. I saw a lot of wrong
 things. Dealt with a lot of wrong
 people.

The sight of Angie and her baby gives Tony pause. A real
 sadness in his eyes.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But after ten years in the business
 I came to the painful conclusion
 that most people go wrong at some
 point in life. It's just a matter
 of when and how. Chris just needed
 a little encouraging.

Tony tosses his smoke out the window, grabs a newspaper from
 the passenger seat: "WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP".

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - NIGHT

ANGIE KEEGAN (30s), new mother, tired eyes but a classic
 beauty, stirs a homemade marinara and rocks a baby crib
 on a counter top.

In walks CHRIS KEEGAN (40s), tall, gruff, graying hair, ex
 LAPD. He rests a bottle of wine by his daughter's crib.

CHRIS
 How's my favorite bride doing?

Angie turns, gives him a quick smooch.

ANGIE
 Oh, so now I'm your favorite
 bride? I must be doing something
 right.

Chris lazily leans on the center counter and pours himself a
 handful of jelly beans from a jar.

CHRIS
 How're the kids?

ANGIE
 Well, your daughter was just fine.
 As for our other baby, not so
 much.

CHRIS
 What happened?

ANGIE

There's just no more denying it.
The dog hates our baby.

Chris stares down at his Jack Russell who lets out a deep growl as he rocks the baby crib.

CHRIS

Are you being a little jelly face?

ANGIE

I swear, if I even brush up against
the crib, he starts growling.

CHRIS

He just wants some attention.

Chris picks up the dog, strokes his head.

ANGIE

Well, between his whining and
Jaimie's crying, I'll be ready for
a drink or two after dinner.

Angie lets out a deep sigh and grabs at her aching head.
Chris watches her with concern.

CHRIS

Something else bothering you I
should know about?

Angie stalls.

ANGIE

You have a visitor.

Chris loses his smile, slowly walks to the rear kitchen
window and gawks out.

Tony sits on a bench swing. His arms stretched out and
nursing a scotch rocks.

CHRIS

What the hell's he doing here?

ANGIE

He said he had some business to
discuss with you. I asked him to
call you at the office but he said
it couldn't wait.

CHRIS

And you let him in?

ANGIE

God, Chris. I didn't know he was coming, okay? So stop it with the look.

CHRIS

You invite him for dinner?

ANGIE

Of course not. Look, I'm just as upset as you are.

CHRIS

Doubtful.

Angie scoffs with disgust.

ANGIE

Okay, fine. I'll take Jamie upstairs. Let me know when he's gone. Fair enough?

Angie grabs the portable crib, makes her way to the stairs.

Chris sighs and heads for the porch door.

EXT. CHRIS'S PORCH - NIGHT

Chris steps outside. He shoots a cold, hard stare at Tony who cracks a confident grin.

TONY

Hey, old partner. How's the home security business? Exciting, I hope.

CHRIS

The hell are you doing here?

TONY

I love what you've done with the house. Very nice.

Chris stares at the colorful arrangement of potted plants and posh deck furniture around him.

CHRIS

What would you know about what I've done to the house?

TONY
Come on, Chris. You leave me high
and dry. You don't think I did my
homework?

CHRIS
So you found me. Congratulations.
Now find your way out.

Chris turns to the door. Tony quickly stands.

TONY
It's been a long time.

Chris turns back. A giant sigh.

CHRIS
Not long enough.

TONY
If it makes you feel better, Angie
hasn't spoken two words to me since
I got here. Rest assured, there's
absolutely nothing left between us.

Chris spots Angie watching them through a thin sliver of
venetian blinds.

CHRIS
You got a lot of balls coming here
like this. If you wanna keep them,
I suggest you find your way to the
door.

TONY
And you don't wanna hear what I
have to say? After a whole year.

CHRIS
Not at all.

TONY
Okay, so mending the friendship is
off the table. I get it. Believe
me, I didn't come here to fix the
past. I came here on business.

CHRIS
And how is business these days,
Tony?

TONY
Actually, very good. More than I
can handle as a matter of fact.

CHRIS

Really?

TONY

That's why I'm here. Three days ago, I get one dropped in my lap so big I'd be willing to drop the other four and work this one full time. We're talking a six figure payout. But I can't do it alone.

CHRIS

Why do I get the feeling that this job requires you breaking several laws.

TONY

I assure you no laws will be broken on this one. Not this time. But the facts are you still have major connections to LAPD and those connections just might come in handy with this one.

CHRIS

Just tell me about the case, Tony. I can say no and you can get out of my house.

TONY

I figured you might be more comfortable talking about this back at the office. Somewhere without an audience.

Tony stares back at Angie who still watches from behind the cracked blinds.

Chris and Angie catch eyes. She steps away from the window, back into the house.

CHRIS

What's the split?

TONY

Five hundred.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

Bullshit.

TONY

You're right. It's actually two fifty a piece. Now, I know you're doing well for yourself but you could be doing a lot better. Especially with the new baby. New house and all.

CHRIS

Sounds like someone desperate for answers and money to burn.

TONY

Something like that.

CHRIS

The suspense is killing me. What's the job? A jilted lover? Missing persons case gone cold? What?

TONY

Like I said. Not here. Meet me at the office at midnight. Tell Angie you got a late house call. You can come hear what I have to say and she doesn't need to know anything about it.

Chris isn't so sure. But the wheels are definitely turning.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Chris parks in a small lot across the street from this run down office building with chipped paint, cracked windows and a rusted fire escape.

He takes a moment to soak it all in. It's been awhile since he's been back and it shows.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Don't do it. It's a mistake.
You're gonna regret it.

He shakes his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

To hell with it.

Chris heads for the door.

Tony watches him from a top floor window with a smile.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Chris walks in, shuts the door behind him.

Tony waits at the other end of this dimly lit first floor hallway with his face and body in silhouette.

TONY

You're ten minutes early.

Chris stops.

TONY (CONT'D)

That's a good sign.

Tony heads for a freight elevator. Chris follows.

They both get on as Tony shuts the gate behind them.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tony and Chris step off the elevator and begin down another dimly lit hall. A frosted window marked KEEGAN AND MARSH INVESTIGATIONS sits at the far end.

CHRIS

My name's still on the door.

TONY

Yeah. What can I say? I was holding out hope.

INT. KEEGAN AND MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Tony and Chris step inside, flick on a light switch. Chris instantly spots --

A MAN AT THE WINDOW who stares into the street. He's a tall, impressive figure hidden in shadow. The orange glow of a cigarette. He is --

WALTON DUPREE (60s), tan, distinguished, tailored suit, big money developer.

Dupree turns to the men. One hand rested calmly in his coat. The other grips his smoke.

DUPREE

Mister Keegan, I presume.

Chris shoots Tony a look.

CHRIS
That's right.

DUPREE
So glad you could get away. Angie
give you any trouble?

CHRIS
I see that Tony's told you all
about me.

DUPREE
Believe me, it wasn't necessary. I
know everything there is to know
about the infamous Chris Keegan.
You're the man whose successfully
closed five cold missing persons
cases where your old friends in the
LAPD have fallen short.

Tony winks at his old partner. Chris still unsure.

DUPREE (CONT'D)
You charge more than most but you
work twice as hard and get quicker
results. You're a man obsessed
with his work. Obsessed with the
truth.

CHRIS
Yeah, well, that's in the past.

DUPREE
Hence why you've decided to meet at
such a late hour. Leaving your
new bride and daughter in the
middle of the night to fend for
themselves. Because you have zero
interest whatsoever.

Tony smiles at Chris who tries hard to conceal a grin.

CHRIS
Okay. You got me. I'm here
because I need the money. If and
when I take this job, I'll be
taking a lot of risks. Including
lying to my wife and putting my
real job and life on hold. That's
gonna require a down payment.

DUPREE
Of course. How's ten percent, for
each of you?

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

Twenty five thousand. Just like that?

DUPREE

I have no doubts you and Mister Marsh will succeed. Do you, Mister Keegan?

Chris nods.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

Good. Now that we have that unpleasant business out of the way, we can discuss the matter at hand.

Dupree hands Chris a newspaper which headlines "WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP".

DUPREE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know about Marilyn Salinger.

CHRIS

Porn star who claims she stabbed a man while she was sleepwalking.

TONY

Ex porn star. Formerly known as Nikki Jugs. Went mainstream about two years ago.

DUPREE

And what else do we know about her?

CHRIS

Other than the fact she's full of shit, not much.

DUPREE

Yes. I'm in complete agreement. But, unfortunately, that doesn't change the facts. Facts are she's a manic depressive and an alcoholic on a whole smorgasbord of prescribed medications.

TONY

And that's not excluding any illegal narcotics she may be abusing in secrecy.

CHRIS

I see.

DUPREE

She claims to have no recollection of leaving her home at Two AM, walking to the supermarket or stabbing the victim Darren Harkins. As crazy as that may sound to me and you, she has more than a good chance of beating a murder conviction by reason of insanity.

TONY

If a jury believes a word that comes out of her mouth. Last I checked, porn stars don't hold a lot of credibility.

DUPREE

That's not a risk I'm willing to take, Mister Marsh.

CHRIS

What's your interest in this case, Mister Dupree?

DUPREE

Darren Harkins was my godson, Mister Keegan. His father was the world to me. I would've given my life if it meant saving his. Before he died, he made me promise him three things. That I watch after Darren, keep him clean and sober and keep him out of trouble. I'm sorry to say, even after exhausting all my resources, I've managed to break all three promises.

CHRIS

Sorry to hear that.

DUPREE

In the last few years, Darren has found himself in some very serious financial difficulty. Going against my professional opinion and ignoring my suggestions, as Darren often tended to do, he and his wife got involved in the housing market. Buying up cheap property, flipping homes. This sort of thing.

Chris seems bored by this and walks to a window. Tony watches him closely.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

He found himself dealing with tenants who were three and four months late. The rest squatters. Spent the last year tied up in court. The attorney's fees and court costs alone have sent him into crippling debt.

Chris stares back at Dupree from the window.

CHRIS

It's late, Mister Dupree. If you could give me the short version.

DUPREE

What I'm getting at is this. Because of the stress in Darren's life, his marriage has all but fallen apart. He blamed Carrie for getting him involved in house flipping, although he never came out and said it to her face. He did, however, express his anger with her with me on more than one occasion.

CHRIS

I thought you were gonna cut to the chase.

DUPREE

According to Carrie, for the last six months, he was leaving their home at all hours of the night, without explanation. Meeting with God knows who and doing God knows what.

CHRIS

Hmm. That's definitely interesting.

DUPREE

I believe he went looking for solace in the arms of another woman. Or women. Darren always did share his father's healthy appetite for the opposite sex.

CHRIS
Marilyn Salinger.

Chris's brain goes into overtime as he paces the hardwood floor of this loft office.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Could be she found old Darren
seeking solace in the arms of
another woman. Or women.

DUPREE
Darren's in a coma. That means as
long as he's still alive, the
police will be dragging their feet
with this case. They don't care
about why she did it. She was
found at the scene with a bloody
knife in her hands. As far as
they're concerned, this is open and
shut.

TONY
Until it goes to court. Then it
belongs to a jury.

DUPREE
That's why it's imperative to find
the connection between Darren and
Miss Salinger. When he passes, and
when and if this goes to trial,
Salinger will most likely get off.
Time is of the essence, gentlemen.

Chris takes a moment, checks with Tony, then reluctantly nods in agreement.

TONY (V.O.)
And just like that...I got him. A
little flattery from a desperate
client, the flash of a little money
and he was back in the game.

INT. ALL NITE SUPERMART - LATE NIGHT

JENNIFER KILGORE (20s), cute, ponytail, wears an apron and uses a broom and dust pan to clean up a mess of pretzels, chips and other treats spilled on the floor.

On another aisle --

TWO PARAMEDICS load the bloodied and wounded body of DARREN HARKINS (30s), blonde, simple t shirt and jeans, onto a stretcher and wheel him from the scene.

TONY (V.O.)

So far, everything was going as planned. The pieces of the puzzle were about to be put in place. Chris just didn't know it yet.

Near the front register stands DETECTIVE SGT. LYLE REED (50s), bald, polo shirt, khakis and his rookie partner DETECTIVE BOBBY MOORE (30s), baby face, shirt and tie and notepad in hand.

Reed and Moore are busy taking a statement from overnight shift manager CLEVE (40s), tired eyes, overworked and a bit shaken up by the night's events.

All three face the front door and watch as Darren is rolled outside.

REED

Alright. Let's walk through this again. She comes in. You say "good morning". She ignores you. Proceeds to walk up and down the aisles, ripping products off the shelf and making a mess.

CLEVE

That's right. That's when I walked up behind her and asked her to stop. It's like she wasn't there. She just...pushes right through me like she doesn't see me. Just kept on asking about jelly.

MOORE

Jelly?

CLEVE

Yeah. So I told her, if she wanted some damn jelly, I'd get it for her. Just stop trashing my store.

Reed and Moore share a confused look.

MOORE

Then what happened?

CLEVE

Then the phone rang. Jennifer, my assistant manager, was in the back finishing up her break. I called her and told her to keep an eye on things until I was off the phone.

REED

Okay. Which one of you actually saw her stick this guy?

CLEVE

After I took the call, I had another two customers waiting at the register I had to take care of. Next thing you know, I hear a scream coming from the back. A man's voice. I go running to the back to see what the hell's going on, and I find this guy face down on the floor, bleeding.

Jen joins them at the front register.

REED

(to Jen)

Did you see the actual stabbing?

JEN

Not gonna lie. When I saw that knife in her hand, I went and hid in the bathroom. She looked crazy. I didn't know what she was gonna do. I didn't exactly stop to ask.

MOORE

(to Jen)

So you saw nothing? That what you're telling us?

JEN

I'm sorry. I wish I could be more help.

REED

We're gonna need to retrieve your security footage of the attack for evidence.

CLEVE

I would if I could. But those cameras have been down for the last two weeks.

MOORE
Of course they are.

Reed and Moore sigh in unison.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY LOCK UP - MORNING

MARILYN SALINGER (39), uncombed jet black hair going in all directions and a face full of botox sits in a satin night gown tied at the waist.

No shoes. Barefoot.

Reed and Moore walk in slow circles around their suspect and take turns grilling her.

REED
How'd you end up at the supermarket
in your pajamas, Marilyn?

MARILYN
I told you, for the hundredth time,
I don't remember.

Marilyn stares up at the camera, talks straight into it.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I-don't-remember!

MOORE
Right. Just like you don't
remember stabbing Darren Harkins.

Moore gets in Marilyn's face.

DETECTIVE MOORE
Try again. Nikki.

Marilyn cracks a smug grin.

MARILYN
You're really enjoying this, aren't
you? You think I don't see that
two inch bulge popping out of your
zipper? Big man strong arming the
porn star. Come on. Hit me. You
know you want to.

Reed rolls his eyes.

MOORE
Lady, I wouldn't touch you with my
partner's dick.

MARILYN

Probably be over before you got
your fly down.

MOORE

What can I say, Nikki. You're the
pro. Not me.

REED

You got a real mean streak in you,
don't you, sweetheart? Goes real
good with that fast mouth of yours.

MOORE

You know what I think? I think
tonight's the night you finally got
fed up. Between men taking turns
hoppin up and down on you and
beating the shit out of you, you
finally snapped.

REED

Or maybe you didn't think we
noticed those bruises your hiding
under all that makeup. You always
put on your face before you leave
the house at Two AM?

Marilyn reflects. As if this is all news to her.

MOORE

You know what's real funny? We've
been sitting here almost thirty
minutes and you haven't once asked
us how this guy's doing.

MARILYN

You told me already. I stabbed him
in the stomach while I was asleep.

MOORE

No. You didn't just stab him. You
stabbed him six times.

Marilyn's mouth drops with shock and surprise.

REED

If I were you, Marilyn, I'd be
praying he recovers. Because if he
dies, you're looking at murder. Or
maybe that small fact slipped your
mind along with everything else.

Marilyn's eyes dance in deep thought. A look of sheer panic immediately sets in.

MOORE

What's the matter, Nikki? Run out of jokes? No snappy comeback? I'm so disappointed.

MARILYN

I wanna talk to a lawyer.

INT. BOOKING WINDOW - COUNTY LOCK UP - MORNING

A heavy iron door BUZZES and OPENS. In walks a heavy set man with red hair and a suit one size too small. Briefcase and coffee in hand. This is ROYAL "THE JOKER" BIGGINS (30s), an honest face full of naïve optimism.

TONY (V.O.)

Marilyn couldn't have been stuck with a worse lawyer. Royal Biggins was a second year veteran of the public defender's office and already 0 for 3. He was one of those eager guys who couldn't wait to go to trial and make a name for himself. The fact that he never won didn't seem to deter him.

Biggins steps to the booking window. A CORRECTIONS OFFICER on a swivel stool greets him.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In a strange way, he was the perfect lawyer for Marilyn Salinger.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

How goes it, Joker? Whadd'ya say?

BIGGINS

Full moon tonight, huh?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Oh, yeah. Business is good. So who's the lucky prisoner?

BIGGINS

Salinger. Marilyn.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Oh, you mean Stabitha.

Biggins squints, confused.

BIGGINS

That's right. Must've forgot her
real name for a sec.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Tough broad. It took three of our
guys just to fingerprint her.

BIGGINS

Oh, yeah?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

I hear they had to zip tie her just
to get her in the wagon.

Biggins isn't exactly thrilled.

INT. HOLDING CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - MORNING

A large holding area for visitors. A few metal tables and
benches bolted to the floor.

Marilyn paces the floor, frantically takes one puff after the
next of her Virginia Slim.

In walks Biggins as he keeps his eyes down, rests his
briefcase on a table and pulls a file.

MARILYN

You my lawyer?

BIGGINS

That depends. Are you Marilyn?

MARILYN

They were supposed to call you over
two hours ago.

BIGGINS

Maybe they were hoping you'd sign a
confession. Why don't you have a
seat.

MARILYN

I've been sitting for hours. My
ass is sore.

Biggins returns to his paperwork.

BIGGINS

Okay. So. You were officially charged with assault with the intent to commit murder. Says here you walked into the All-Nite SuperMart at approximately Two Fifteen AM, vandalized the store, damaged several products and ignored repeated requests by the manager to leave the store. At Two Eighteen, you were discovered approximately twelve feet from a...

Biggins skips a few lines.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Darren Harkins, who suffered multiple stab wounds to the abdomen. And you were holding the knife covered in the victim's blood.

Biggins looks up at Marilyn.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Did I miss anything?

MARILYN

Allegedly, that's what took place.

BIGGINS

Allegedly? Okay, I'm definitely missing something.

MARILYN

I don't remember entering that store, let alone stabbing anyone. That may be impossible for you to believe but it's the truth. I don't know that man and I've never seen him before tonight.

BIGGINS

You don't remember anything.

Biggins tries hard to hide his grin. He leans back in his chair, hands behind his head.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

What do you have, like amnesia or something? Short term memory?

MARILYN

You won't believe a word I tell you, so what's the point?

BIGGINS

It's my job.

MARILYN

You made up your mind about me as soon as you walked through that door. It's why you didn't look me in the eye. You're not interested in the truth and you don't care what happens to me.

BIGGINS

Miss Salinger, what I think doesn't matter. What does matter is that you're completely honest with me about what happened last night. Now, unless you have a habit of stabbing random strangers, this man must've said or done something to provoke you. So why don't you come sit down and tell me about it.

Marilyn drops her smoke, stomps it, takes a seat across from Biggins.

MARILYN

What's your name, anyways?

BIGGINS

Royal Biggins. Around here they call me "The Joker". But you may call me Mister Biggins or Biggins if you'd like.

Marilyn chuckles.

MARILYN

What kind of name is Royal, anyway?

BIGGINS

My family figured it was a name that commanded respect.

MARILYN

How's that working out?

BIGGINS

It's a work in progress. Let's get back to Harkins. What happened? And start at the beginning.

MARILYN
Just like I said. I don't
remember.

Biggins tosses his pen with frustration.

BIGGINS
Well, sorry, Marilyn, but you're
gonna have to do better than that
or I can't help you.

MARILYN
Fine. Get out.

Marilyn jumps up, grabs her pack of smokes from the table,
lights another.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I'll get another lawyer. One that
listens to her client.

BIGGINS
Okay, Marilyn. I'll bite. You
can't remember. Why can't you
remember?

MARILYN
Ever heard of a manic episode,
Mister Biggins?

BIGGINS
Yeah. It's like bi polar disorder.

MARILYN
Bi polars experience stress levels
of varying degrees. I'm talking
the lowest of the lows to the
highest of the highs. Complete and
utter hopelessness to extreme
euphoria. And it can change with
the drop of a hat. When you take
sleep out of the equation, the
symptoms double in intensity.

BIGGINS
Yeah. I noticed we had matching
luggage. A fellow insomniac.

MARILYN
That's putting it mildly. Since my
husband left a little under a year
ago, I've barely slept. We're
talking days at a time without
sleep.

BIGGINS

That's not good, Marilyn.

MARILYN

Throw vodka tonics into the mix, a few sleeping pills and what you're left with are some, shall we say, very unusual side effects.

BIGGINS

Such as?

MARILYN

Sleepwalking. I can appear to be wide awake for up to hours at a time and be dead asleep.

BIGGINS

This has happened more than once?

MARILYN

Since John left, I've lost count.

Marilyn puffs away at her smoke and paces the room like a nervous wreck. Biggins keeps a careful eye on her.

BIGGINS

Who all can account for your sleepwalking?

MARILYN

My ex husband. My doctor. Doctor Phipps. Andrew Phipps. That's with two ps.

Biggins jots down his name on a legal pad.

BIGGINS

And what kind of medications are you currently taking?

MARILYN

Olanzapine. Lithium. Some ambien for the sleep. Prozac for anxiety. Celexa.

Biggins jots down the drugs.

BIGGINS

Anything else?

MARILYN

No.

Biggins stops, looks up, stares into her eyes.

BIGGINS
Anything stronger? Coke? Meth?

MARILYN
(angry)
No. That's it.

BIGGINS
Now. Is there anything else I need
to know about that we haven't
covered, Marilyn?

MARILYN
Such as?

BIGGINS
Such as your relationship to Darren
Harkins. Past or present?

MARILYN
I told you twice already. I don't
know him. Never saw him before.

Biggins studies her eyes a moment. She is unflinching as she
stares back at him with nothing to hide.

BIGGINS
Alright, Marilyn. Let's forget
about what you don't remember.
Let's talk about what you do
remember.

Marilyn blows a long stream of smoke and nods in agreement.

INT. POLICE TRANSFER VAN - EARLY MORNING

Marilyn lay in the back of this dark van in movement. Her
hands and feet bound with zip ties.

She stares up, spots TWO UNIFORMED COPS sitting on a bench.
They stare down at her.

UNIFORM COP #1
Just take it easy, lady. Real
easy. We're almost there.

Marilyn squirms in a panic.

MARILYN
What's going on? Who are you?
Where are we?

UNIFORM COP #2
Keep still!

The cop grabs her tied hands and restrains her arms. Marilyn screams out in pain.

UNIFORM COP #1
(to Uniform Cop #2)
Hey, take it easy, would ya? This chick's crazy.

Marilyn cries like a baby.

INT. COUNTY LOCK UP - FIRST HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

The two uniform cops carry a kicking and screaming Marilyn like a hog tied pony down a long corridor.

MARILYN
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

They can barely restrain her.

UNIFORM COP #1
Damn, this one's got some fight.

Marilyn squirms her way free as she flops to the rock hard floor. Uniform Cop #1 tries to pick her up and gets his hand bit in the process.

UNIFORM COP #1 (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He grabs his hand in pain. Marilyn spits in his face. She's quickly met with a kick to the stomach.

INT. WHITE JAIL CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARLY MORNING

Marilyn is shoved into the cell in tears. The giant iron door SLAMS SHUT. She runs to the window, cries out to an officer on the other side.

MARILYN
What are you doing to me?!
Somebody say something!

Marilyn kicks the giant door.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Damn you! Talk to me, you bastards!

INT. SECURITY ROOM - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARLY MORNING

Reed and Moore stand with CAPTAIN MCKAY (50s), gray, stone faced, dead eyes, as they all watch Marilyn's private cell from a color monitor.

She frantically walks in a circle, pulls at her hair, mumbles profanities and cries out for help.

REED

She was completely non responsive at the scene. Flashed a maglight in her eye less than five inches from her face and she didn't flinch. It's like she went from being a total vegetable to completely berserk in less than twenty minutes.

CAPTAIN MCKAY

I hear she's an actress.

MOORE

Yeah, well, sort of. She used to do porn. Still does as far as I know.

REED

As far as you know? Salinger's not the only one here with selective memory loss.

Moore shoots him the bird.

CAPTAIN MCKAY

(smiles)

She's playing us.

REED

I don't know, Cap. I saw some pretty weird shit tonight. Nothing like I've ever seen before.

CAPTAIN MCKAY

Are you kidding? This is what she does. Gets men wrapped around her tiny little finger. Well not this time, sweetheart.

Captain McKay turns to the two partners.

CAPTAIN MCKAY (CONT'D)

I don't care how long it takes. Break her.

INT. WHITE JAIL CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - EARL MORNING

Marilyn sits in a corner, arms around her knees. Her lips quiver like a frightened child.

MARILYN (V.O.)
I sat in that cell for must've been
two hours before pulling me into
interrogation. Even though there
weren't any windows, I could feel
them watching me. Studying me.

Marilyn spots a small camera in the left corner of the ceiling.

MARILYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wondering if what they witnessed
earlier that night was real or just
an elaborate put on by a washed up
actress with a lot of hate in her
heart.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY

Marilyn back in the hot seat as Reed and Moore circle her, grill her with non stop questions.

MARILYN (V.O.)
Judging by the way they treated me,
they saw nothing more than an
acting job by a woman scorned.
Pushed over the edge by the man who
crossed her. And they were trying
their damnest to break me again.
To show my true colors. Although
inside, I was ready to explode, I
stayed calm. I knew that anything
I said or did from this point on
would be used against me.

INT. HOLDING CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY (PRESENT)

Biggins and Marilyn, face to face on the bench.

MARILYN
You don't believe me, do you?

BIGGINS
Marilyn, you'll be hard pressed to
find anyone who'll believe your
story.

(MORE)

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

So I guess that means I'm just as good as the next guy. Doesn't it?

Marilyn halfheartedly releases some smoke from the corner of her mouth. Unconvinced.

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - LATE NIGHT

Chris quietly enters the front door. Heads for the stairs until he sees the LIVING ROOM LIGHT flick on. He stops, stares down and spots --

Angie at the bottom. Arms folded. Angry.

ANGIE

It's almost four in the morning. Where the hell have you been?

Chris avoids eye contact as he shuffles down the steps.

CHRIS

I got offered a case. I didn't tell you earlier because I wasn't sure I was gonna take it.

ANGIE

A case? And does Tony have anything to do with this case?

Chris heads for the kitchen. Angie follows.

CHRIS

This isn't about Tony and me or going back to work. This is about money. Which, if you haven't noticed, we are in dire need of.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Chris grabs a bottle of scotch from a cupboard, pours himself a healthy double shot.

ANGIE

Come on. Don't you see what he's doing? He's reeling you back in because he's going down with the ship and doesn't wanna go alone.

Chris opens a nearby kitchen drawer, pulls out a folded up newspaper and hands it to Angie who reads the front page headline: WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I read about it. What about her?

CHRIS

The guy who wants to hire us is the victim's godfather. He says there's no way she didn't know what she was doing. Says he thinks the two of them were not only seeing each other but were sharing the same bed the night he was stabbed.

ANGIE

And he knows this how?

CHRIS

Think about it. She lives across the street from this all night supermarket place. She's in her fuckin nightgown. The two of them get into it, follows him into the store and stabs him half a dozen times. Then plays dead for the cops. Pulls this zombie routine like she's asleep.

Chris gulps down his scotch.

ANGIE

Yeah, I know. No one believes her. Especially the police. She doesn't have a leg to stand on.

CHRIS

Her lawyer's pleading insanity. Got her remanded to some psychiatric hospital until trial. They're running all kinds of tests on her.

ANGIE

Okay, so if she's faking, the cops will know. Why get you involved?

CHRIS

Because. When a jury finds out she's on a hundred different meds and blasted out of her mind, she's gonna walk. The only way to keep that from happening is to find the link between her and this Darren Harkins.

ANGIE

You don't think the cops will find out she knew the victim?

CHRIS

It's been three weeks and they have shit. This Dupree. Walton Dupree. He's losing patience and wants some fast answers. If the cops do know something, they're not telling him anything.

Chris pours himself another.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's where I come in.

He quickly downs his drink.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - FLOWER STREET - DAY

Tony sits behind the wheel, watches as Chris shakes hands with A MAN near a hot dog stand.

TONY (V.O.)

I knew all it took was dangling a couple hundred grand under Chris's nose and he was in, no matter what Angie had to say about it. That was the easy part. Now it was time to put up or shut up. We still had a lot of dots to connect and a short time to do it. That's where Chris comes in. I knew he still had friends in the department. The kind of friends who could get us information about Salinger and Harkins we couldn't read about in the paper.

EXT. STREET CORNER - FLOWER STREET - DAY

Chris chomps down a quick hot dog with his cop friend DETECTIVE DANNY MARTIN (30s), sweat shirt, ball cap, off duty and incognito.

MARTIN

I'm afraid to ask what your interest is in this case. No, let me guess. You've been hired to augment the Darren Harkins investigation.

CHRIS
How'd you guess?

MARTIN
Please. This guy Dupree's been making noise since Salinger posted bail. If only Harkins kicked before the arraignment, maybe the judge wouldn't be so lenient.

Martin belches and licks mustard off his fingers.

CHRIS
You're all heart, Danny. So what do you have for me?

MARTIN
Well. Word around the office is that knife used to stab Harkins didn't come from Salinger's kitchen.

CHRIS
How'd they figure that?

MARTIN
This Salinger claims she was sleepwalking, right? Got up in the middle of the night to make a sandwich. They check her kitchen and find a half loaf a bread sitting on the counter along with a jar of peanut butter. The refrigerator and the front door wide open.

Chris processes it all.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
So I'm thinking, okay. So what? Maybe she and Harkins got into it mid sandwich and she chases him out of the house. Leaves the fridge and the front door wide open. She's got other things on her mind.

CHRIS
Like getting a piece of Darren Harkins' ass.

MARTIN

Exactly. Now check this out. In addition to finding a knife in Salinger's sink covered in fresh peanut butter, they find an open wrapper near the cutlery section fifteen feet from where Harkins was stabbed. It's the exact make of the knife Salinger used.

CHRIS

So that means...

MARTIN

She was wide awake when she stabbed him.

Chris in deep thought. He shakes his head.

CHRIS

Sonofabitch.

INT. TONY'S CAR - DAY

Chris crawls in next to Tony, shuts his door. A longwinded sigh of frustration.

CHRIS

Okay, so that wasn't a total loss.

TONY

You got something?

CHRIS

Our friend Miss Salinger was apparently making a peanut butter sandwich just minutes before stabbing Harkins. Supports the store manager's story about her tearing up the shelves looking for jelly.

TONY

Don't tell me the cops actually believe her?

CHRIS

Well. One thing they know for sure. That knife didn't come from inside Salinger's house.

TONY

Bullshit. Where'd it come from?
The sky?

CHRIS

From inside the store. It's the only store within fifty miles that carries that make and model knife. They're thinking she took it off the shelf.

TONY

While she was still sleepwalking?

CHRIS

So, we have one or two explanations. Either Salinger's completely full of shit, or she's telling the truth.

Tony laughs.

TONY

Well, I'm glad we got that one all cleared up.

INT. HOME OF CARRIE HARKINS - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris and Tony stand before CARRIE HARKINS (30s), puffy eyes welled with tears, sweat shirt, jogging pants. Carrie has some earbuds in and an mp3 on her bicep.

She grabs a jug of ice water from the fridge.

CARRIE

I can't tell you anything I haven't already told the police. I have no idea who Marilyn Salinger is.

TONY

Oh, I don't think that's entirely true, Carrie. I think you have plenty to tell us. About Marilyn. About all kinds of things.

Carrie turns to Chris who stares her dead in the eye. She grows visibly uncomfortable, takes a seat at a breakfast table.

TONY (CONT'D)

But you haven't because you think Darren will pull through. Well what if he doesn't?

CARRIE

What're you talking about?

TONY

Come on, Carrie. Dupree told us all about Darren. About the two of you. He hasn't been spending a lot of time at home as of late.

Carrie ignores him, swigs down her ice water. Chris takes a seat across from her.

CHRIS

Phone records. Texts. Bank statements. You live with the man, Carrie. You know more than us. More than the cops know.

Carrie rubs her tired face, avoids eye contact.

TONY

You see, we have reason to believe Darren was seeing other women. But we can't prove that. It's more like a hunch. Sometimes that's all we have to go on. Hunches. We have no choice but to follow our nose.

Tony pats his long beak with a finger.

TONY (CONT'D)

My nose tells me that you're hiding something.

CARRIE

Look. You wanna know if my husband was fucking Marilyn Salinger? The answer is -- I have no idea.

Tony and Chris share a look. Unconvinced.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Wherever he's been for the last six months, he's been extra careful about me not finding out about it.

CHRIS

And you don't know anything.

CARRIE

You don't think I've tried? That I haven't spent hours looking at the phone bill or tearing apart his emails? Ripping through his pockets, his laundry, his car. I've tried everything.

TONY

That's not everything.

CARRIE

What're you talking about?

TONY

Have you tried asking Darren?

Chris watches her closely.

TONY (CONT'D)

When you ask him where he's going at all hours of the night, what does he tell you?

CARRIE

He tells me I wouldn't understand. That I'm better off not knowing. I've spent the last six months in hell. Not knowing where he's been. I can't let him die without knowing the truth.

Chris stands.

CHRIS

(to Tony)

Come on. Let's go.

He and Tony head for the door.

CARRIE

You want the truth about what happened between Marilyn Salinger and my husband?

Chris and Tony turn back.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Then for God's sake go find it. Because I don't know how much more of this I can take.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Biggins stares through a large one way mirror at Marilyn's private hospital room. A simple bed and sheets.

Marilyn stands at the window, t shirt and boxers, arms wrapped around her waist as she stares out.

DR. ANDREW PHIPPS (50s), round glasses, starched white shirt and tie, stands behind Biggins.

DR. PHIPPS

We've put her through detox.
Cleaned her system of the
antidepressants and the alcohol.
Coming out of her usual nightly
routine of drinking and pilling
herself into a stupor has put her
in an extremely restless and
irritable state to say the least.

Dr. Phipps joins Biggins by the mirror as they both observe Marilyn's behavior.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Non stop crying, rocking back and
forth. Staring blankly out the
window for hours at a time.
Seemingly unprovoked outbursts of
profanity.

Marilyn moves away from the window, arms still around her waist as she spots her reflection in the mirror.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Like most insomniacs, Marilyn
simply can't stand to be in her own
head. Nights are the worst because
it's confirmation she's alone. For
the first time in years, there's no
one there to console her like
before. To hold her. To help her
quiet the demons.

Marilyn walks closer to Biggins. A tear in her eye as she stares back at her own reflection.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Notice her arms wrapped around her
waist. As if she's consoling
herself. There's no one here to
help her and she knows it. It's a
form of self protection. Shielding
herself from the world.

Dr. Phipps watches Marilyn as she rubs at the cracks and lines on her aged face.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Just what exactly was her relationship with this man Mister Harkins?

BIGGINS

According to Marilyn, there is no relationship. Never saw him before.

(beat)

Why do you ask? She tell you different?

DR. PHIPPS

Marilyn still has a lot of anger inside. For her husband leaving. For her treatment by men in general. Her self image. Her entire self worth dependent on how the opposite sex views her. It's the world she lives in. Without that assurance, Marilyn has no peace.

Marilyn walks the room in circles, her eyes down and squeezing her own waist.

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Phipps and Biggins stroll the sprawling rear lawn as they discuss Marilyn's case. Hospital workers, Doctors and patients walk the property.

BIGGINS

Doctor, I need your expert medical opinion. As someone who knows Marilyn better than anyone. Do you think she killed this man?

Dr. Phipps stalls, avoids the question.

DR. PHIPPS

I think she needs help. And the last place she'll find it is in a prison cell.

BIGGINS

No, she won't. I agree.

Dr. Phipps stops.

DR. PHIPPS

What I'm getting at is this.
Perhaps it would be more beneficial
to your client if she pled guilty.
Under the provision that she be
remanded here. Under
psychiatric care so that she finds
the help she needs.

BIGGINS

Scheduled evening sedation for the
next ten to fifteen while the
nurses take turns pilling her out
of her mind? Pardon me, Doc, but
that's not gonna fix this woman.

DR. PHIPPS

And what if she does get off?
She's acquitted of these charges
and kills again? Or ends up
killing herself because she wasn't
closely supervised?

Biggins lets out a huge sigh.

DR. PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Will you be willing to live with
that, Mister Biggins?

INT. DR. PHIPPS OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Phipps sits in his leather chair, behind a mahogany desk
before Reed and Moore.

DR. PHIPPS

I'm sure you've heard of doctor
patient confidentiality, gentlemen?
I was told Miss Salinger would be
left in my care until trial.

REED

We're not asking you to break
doctor patient confidentiality,
Doc. We just wanna know if she's
blown another circuit since she's
been here.

Reed clears his throat in embarrassment.

REED (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Had another episode.

DR. PHIPPS

Marilyn's disorder is not a daily occurrence, Detective. It could be weeks or even months before she has another episode.

Moore walks to a window, stares down at a giant but elegant water fountain below. Sitting on a bench is Marilyn. Before her stands Biggins.

MOORE

Doc, these episodes as you call them. Something obviously causes them. Whether it be certain medications. Or even a psychological disorder. But what I'm asking is this. You'd know better than anyone if Marilyn's story holds weight.

DR. PHIPPS

Yes.

MOORE

If it does, I don't see why you wouldn't wanna share that information with the police. Especially if her entire defense is counting on it.

DR. PHIPPS

It is possible to induce the symptoms of Marilyn's disorder through a properly mixed cocktail of various antipsychotic medications. Alcohol, sleeping pills. However, as her doctor, I cannot approve of such a dangerous experiment. She's lucky to be alive as it is. I won't risk killing her just to prove her symptoms were real.

Moore gives up and slumps down in a chair. Defeated.

Reed also disappointed.

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Marilyn rests on a bench, listens to the calming water fall from the fountain behind her.

Biggins flips through court documents.

MARILYN

Do you see how he looks at me?
Even my own doctor doesn't believe
me. I can hear it in his voice.
He's not gentle like before. All
the sudden I'm like his subject and
not a real person.

BIGGINS

Phipps has been your doctor all of
two months. He didn't know about
your sleepwalking until two weeks
before you stabbed Harkins. I
think that would give anyone pause.

MARILYN

Allegedly stabbed.

Biggins rolls his eyes.

BIGGINS

That's right. I forgot.

MARILYN

Well, if he's not on our side, then
what the hell are we doing here?
Might as well take me back to jail.

Marilyn hops up, angrily flicks her smoke into a nearby bush
and steps away from Biggins.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

At least there I know where I
stand.

BIGGINS

I told you within five minutes of
meeting you to be honest with me or
this wasn't gonna work. Remember
that?

MARILYN

I never lied to you about shit.

BIGGINS

Not telling me everything is the
same as lying, Marilyn. Try again.

Marilyn walks closer, confused, intrigued.

MARILYN

The hell are you talking about?

BIGGINS

You don't think the cops haven't flipped your computer inside out? Checked your search history? Even the stuff you've deleted?

Marilyn sighs in defeat, walks away from Biggins who stays one step behind. He flips open his files and reads aloud.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Or maybe this case doesn't ring a bell. The people versus Violet Hopper. Bakersfield, California. Nine years ago.

Marilyn smiles, rolls her eyes.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

She was a lifelong insomniac, just like you. Stabbed her husband a billion times. Claimed she was asleep. Maybe you're having another bout with memory loss. Let me refresh you.

Marilyn curls her lip and folds her arms in protest.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

She was mixing ambien and prozac with her bi polar meds and chasing it down with half a bottle of vodka a night. Sound familiar?

MARILYN

Where did you get this from?

BIGGINS

Where do you think? The cops. They're upstairs, right now. Giving the bad news to Doctor Phipps.

MARILYN

It's not what you think.

BIGGINS

Oh yeah?

MARILYN

I was scared. I didn't know what was wrong with me. I wanted to make sure I wasn't the only nutcase cooking breakfast in her sleep and pissing on the kitchen floor.

Marilyn turns away, still mad. Biggins gets in her face.

BIGGINS

Three days, Marilyn. That's how long between you reading that article and stabbing Darren Harkins. That's all a jury's gonna need to put you away.

MARILYN

Are you forgetting that I don't have any idea who Darren Harkins is? That we've never met? Not once? That I had zero motive to kill him? Isn't that what you lawyers say? No motive, no crime.

BIGGINS

Marilyn, the cops aren't just here to talk to Doctor Phipps.

MARILYN

What're you talking about?

BIGGINS

They're here to cut a deal.

MARILYN

Admit to something I have no memory of doing? Tell them to shove their deal. We'll see them in court.

BIGGINS

You don't understand. Darren Harkins died two hours ago.

Marilyn's eyes well with tears. Her heart instantly broken.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

The fact that you two never met doesn't matter. Darren can't speak for himself or for you. All the jury will know is that you stabbed him. And that he's dead.

Marilyn slowly walks back to the bench. Biggins tries hard to hide his sympathy. She takes a seat.

MARILYN

What do you think we should do?

BIGGINS

They're willing to drop the charges to Murder Two.

(MORE)

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

You'd be looking at about twenty years. Possibly less given this is your first offense. Given your bipolar condition and you were under the influence, we could even fight for Murder in the third degree.

MARILYN

What is that?

BIGGINS

Well. It's what the cops call a crime of passion. That stabbing Harkins wasn't premeditated.

MARILYN

And? What if they don't go for it?

BIGGINS

You don't want this to go to trial. After that, there's no going back.

MARILYN

Come on, Biggins, I can't do twenty years.

Biggins nods understandably.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Tell them it's third degree or nothing. I'd rather take my chances in court.

Marilyn stares up at Moore -- watching her from Doctor Phipps' window.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Tony sits at his desk. A mess of papers and other mail taken from Carrie Harkins place. He appears to be staring at the online bank statements of Darren Harkins.

TONY (V.O.)

The DA pushed for a speedy trial which meant Chris and I were running out of time. We had to find a connection between Marilyn and Harkins or kiss half a mil goodbye. It's a good thing I'm the best there is.

In walks Chris with a bag of Chinese takeout.

CHRIS

I got a tip from Vice about our missing ex husband. Robert White. Turns out they both work in the industry. Stage name is Bobby Strong. Rents out some flash condo on De Longpre. Also known as Long and Strong Productions.

TONY

Nice. And what do the cops have to say about him?

CHRIS

Not much. If they do, they're not telling me. But we got a meeting set up with him tomorrow at Ten AM.

Chris sets the takeout down, opens one of the containers and dishes out some kung pao. He stares down at the mess of papers before Tony.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell is all that?

TONY

Oh, nothing. I just so happened to brush across Darren Harkins bank book on the way to the john.

Chris sets his food down, gives Tony a nasty stare.

CHRIS

Stolen?

TONY

It was just sitting there on the sink with all this other shit. Bank statements, cell phone bills, receipts. It's a fuckin gold mine. Almost as if she hid it all in the bathroom when she saw us knocking at the door.

CHRIS

You don't think she found all this shit missing thirty seconds after we're out the door? What if she calls the police?

TONY

Oh, but she hasn't. Otherwise they would've been knocking down the door by now. What does that tell you?

Chris thinks it all over.

CHRIS

She's hiding something. Okay, what did you find?

TONY

Check this out. The guy's online login and password were written on the front of his checkbook. Just like that.

Tony hands Chris the check book. He takes a look.

TONY (CONT'D)

I've got every transaction for the last six months right here for our reading pleasure.

CHRIS

Tell me you found something.

TONY

We got personal check deposits around the same day every month from what looks like four tenants. We got payroll checks, ATM hits, mortgage payments, cell phone, cable. The usual shit. Nothing unusual. Not at first. But check this out.

Tony points at the screen. Chris leans in and takes a look. The cursor flashes before the number \$4,323.

CHRIS

A cash deposit of Forty Three Hundred.

TONY

Remember the date. The thirteenth. That was a Saturday. Now check the following Saturday, the twentieth.

Tony scowls up. Chris spots the number \$7,455.

CHRIS

Another cash deposit, this time for
Seventy Four Hundred.

TONY

The next Saturday, he deposits just
shy of Sixty Two Five.

CHRIS

Like clockwork. I could've sworn
Dupree said they were broke.

TONY

No. Far from it. Looks like
Darren and wife found themselves a
very lucrative side business.

Chris scoffs. Bitter disgust in his eyes.

CHRIS

She lied to us.

Tony stands, stretches his back and grabs a lucky from a half
empty pack of smokes.

TONY

Since we started this, there was
one thing about this case that
stuck out like a sore thumb.

He lights up, strolls the room to catch his breathe. He's
been at this for hours.

CHRIS

What's that?

TONY

What the hell was Darren Harkins
doing in that store at Two AM,
almost an hour from his place?

CHRIS

Real simple. He went there after
leaving Salinger's place.

TONY

Went there for what?

CHRIS

A pack of smokes. How the hell
should I know?

TONY

No. The manager said he was stabbed almost twenty minutes after walking through the door. What the hell was he doing there for twenty minutes? And why did it take Marilyn so long to get there, if she was following him?

Chris thinks hard.

CHRIS

He went there to meet with someone.

Tony points at Chris with a giant grin.

TONY

Right. But who?

CHRIS

There were only two people there at the time Salinger stabbed him.

TONY

Right. And one of them is twenty and drop dead gorgeous. And just happened to start her lunch break, ten minutes before Harkins walked in.

CHRIS

Who's the girl?

TONY

Her name's Jennifer. Jennifer Kilgore. Who, ever so conveniently, hid in the toilet while Harkins was getting stabbed.

CHRIS

Okay, so he went there to meet with this girl. How does Marilyn fit into this?

TONY

I don't know. That's for us to find out. But what I do find interesting is the date Harkins was stabbed. Friday night.

The wheels slowly turn in Chris's eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)

Now, whatever the hell it was he was into was paying out an average of Six K or higher a week. Collected on Friday and deposited first thing Saturday morning.

CHRIS

Whoever this Jen girl is, she's involved somehow.

TONY

Could be he went there to collect.

Chris nods as he carefully ponders it all.

Tony's phone rings.

TONY (CONT'D)

Yeah? Tony Marsh?
(listens)
You're kidding? When?

Chris throws a concerned look at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'll be there within the hour.

He hangs up.

TONY (CONT'D)

My place got busted into.

CHRIS

By who?

TONY

Whoever it was tripped the alarm.
(beat)
Listen. We got a meeting set up with Dupree. He wants an update on the case.

Tony checks his watch.

TONY (CONT'D)

Supposed to meet him ninety minutes from now. I'm gonna need you to fly solo on this one so I can handle this.

CHRIS

Where?

TONY

It's on my phone. I'll text you
from the road. You got this?

Tony makes for the door. Chris follows behind as Tony throws
his sport coat on.

CHRIS

Now, wait a minute. What exactly
am I telling Dupree? We don't know
how or if this Kilgore girl was
involved.

TONY

Just tell him the truth. We're
pursuing several leads. Very
promising leads.

Tony grabs an egg roll and a can of soda on his way out.

TONY (CONT'D)

Don't forget to lock up.

Tony shoves the egg roll in his mouth, races for the door.
Chris watches with suspicion.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Chris maneuvers his way through a crowded sidewalk occupied
by dozens of scantily clad college age girls and sharply
dressed young men.

He follows the sound of alternative rock into a nearby bar.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Chris moves through the young crowd, spots a flashy looking
BARTENDER in a neon bow tie who seems to have grown an
interest in him.

He heads for the bar.

CHRIS

(to Bartender)

Excuse me. I had an appointment
with Mister Dupree. He's expecting
me.

The bartender lays both palms flat on the bar, leans in close
to Chris with an unflinching stare.

BARTENDER
Upstairs. The roof.

He goes back to wiping down a glass as Chris spots what looks like a clear credit card on the bar. He picks it up, turns and spots a winding staircase in the corner.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Chris reaches the top of the stairs where he spots a closed door with a digital card lock. He swipes the clear card as a green light flashes. He enters.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris moves through a crowd of young, rich men in thousand dollar suits as they watch a young STRIPPER give a slow and seductive lap dance on stage.

Chris peers through the smoke and darkness at another door near the back of the room. He heads toward it.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Chris steps onto the roof and spots a man smoking a cigarette and staring into the city lights. He leans on a glowing neon green guard rail.

DUPREE
You're late.

CHRIS
Yeah, well. There was a slight change in plan.

Dupree turns around, spots Chris by the door.

DUPREE
I see that. Don't tell me Tony had more important business to tend to.

CHRIS
He'd be here if he could. But he sends his apologies.

Dupree isn't convinced and it shows. Chris avoids the subject and takes a look around.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
This is quite the place you have here, Mister Dupree.

DUPREE

Judging by the way you're dodging the issue, I take it you've heard the news about Darren.

Chris hangs his head.

CHRIS

Yes, of course. I'm sorry.

DUPREE

I was hoping to speak with Darren myself concerning his relationship with Miss Salinger. That opportunity has passed.

Dupree sighs.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

I hear the District Attorney will be pushing for a speedy trial?

CHRIS

That's what they're saying. But I don't think that's gonna happen.

Chris pulls out a lucky, moves to the guard rail and leans back as he sparks one up. Dupree doesn't move. A real cold streak in him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

From what I hear, this Salinger broad is pretty screwed up. That means more shrinks. Doctors. Experts who will swear up and down she was asleep when she stabbed Darren.

DUPREE

I suppose her lawyer will be requesting a continuance. More time to thoroughly examine Salinger.

CHRIS

Exactly.

DUPREE

I'm certain you've made the appropriate phone calls, Mister Keegan. Have they offered her a deal or not?

CHRIS

My guy tells me they offered her second degree and her lawyer refused. Biggins tried to talk them down to involuntary manslaughter but the DA won't bite.

Dupree faces him. A desperate look about him.

DUPREE

And?

CHRIS

And what?

DUPREE

What else do you know?

CHRIS

So far, that's it. But we're working on it.

Dupree moves uncomfortably close to Chris.

DUPREE

What does that mean?

CHRIS

It means we might have something and we might not. We're gonna need more than two days to figure it all out.

Dupree smiles, walks toward the guard rail and stares out into the city.

DUPREE

I'm sensing a lack of dedication on your part, Mister Keegan. Almost as if you've already given up. I'm afraid I'll need some reassurance before allowing you to continue this investigation.

CHRIS

Reassurance?

DUPREE

If you have shit, then tell me this. Don't avoid the subject.

Chris cracks a smug grin.

A WAITRESS in a silver mini skirt steps onto the roof with a small tray and two dirty martinis.

Dupree grabs them both as the waitress gives Chris a wink on the way to the door.

Dupree hands Chris his drink.

CHRIS

We're pursuing several promising leads. Like I'm sure Tony has already told you, I like to be thorough. If I were just in this for the cash, I could tell you different. Something you wanna hear as opposed to the truth. But unlike my partner, I do things a little differently.

Dupree smiles.

DUPREE

Of course. My apologies. Then by all means, Mister Keegan. I'll leave you to your work.

Dupree gulps down his martini.

CHRIS

Cheers.

Chris slams down his martini like a shot.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris steps back inside and is instantly dizzy. He stumbles a bit as he grabs at a high chair for balance.

The entire room has cleared out with the exception of TWO GIRLS in SILVER BIKINIS.

A variety of different colored STROBE LIGHTS bounce from wall to wall and make Chris nauseous. He squints and is unable to fully open his eyes.

BIKINI #1

You don't look so hot? Why don't you come sit down? Relax?

BIKINI #2 grabs Chris's arms and helps him into a chair. Chris is almost out.

CHRIS
What the hell is this?

BIKINI #1
Don't worry, baby. We're gonna
take real good care of you.

She hops on his lap and begins a very seductive lap dance. Dupree watches from the darkness. The orange light of his smoke near the rear exit.

EXT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Angie is underwater, doing a breast stroke. A very good swimmer as if this is her usual routine.

She pops up for air and spots --

Tony in a deck chair.

TONY
What's the matter, Angie? Can't
sleep?

Angie moves for the ladder.

ANGIE
What are you doing here? Where's
Chris?

She crawls out.

TONY
And that is the million dollar
question, isn't it? Where's Chris?

Angie wraps herself in a towel, keeps her distance.

TONY (CONT'D)
Here it is, after midnight and no
sign of him. Just like the old
days. He'd like you to believe
he's just cranking away at the case
yet here I am.

Tony stands.

TONY (CONT'D)
You and I both know that nothing
good happens after the sun goes
down, does it, Angie?

ANGIE
Where is Chris?

TONY
My guess, he's still with Mister Dupree at his club. Actually more like a high class strip bar for the coeds. Chris all but insisted he meet with Dupree alone.

Tony checks his watch.

TONY (CONT'D)
That was a little over four hours ago. Being that we were supposed to meet back at the office at Ten makes you wonder what's taking him so long.

Angie fumes with anger.

ANGIE
You're lying. What is this?

Tony gets nice and close.

TONY
This is your wake up call, Angie. All it took was a visit from me to get Chris back to his old ways. As if he's just been waiting for the opportunity. Tell me. When was the last you heard from him?

Angie thinks it over.

TONY (CONT'D)
That long, huh? Face it. You and Chris are a fraud. Always have been. It's a relationship built on lies. You've never been able to fully trust him. Not since his affair. And he's been fighting the idea of settling down with one woman for years. So you bait him with news of a baby on the way.

Angie has guilt all over her face as Tony walks the pool deck in a cold and methodical manner.

TONY (CONT'D)
Soon, a child enters the picture. At last, Chris has responsibilities.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
To you and to his daughter. If he
only knew the truth.

Angie turns to him.

ANGIE
Get out.

TONY
How long did you try to get
pregnant, Angie? Behind Chris's
back? He's been sterile for ten
years and all the sudden, like a
miracle, you two get pregnant?

Tony scoffs with disgust.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's time to stop living the lie.

Tony gets back in her face.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's time to tell him about us.

ANGIE
Is that why you came back? For
her? As if you gave a shit. Tell
me, Tony. Is this job even real?
How long are you gonna drag Chris
along before he figures it out?

Tony smiles.

TONY
Is anything real, Angie?

Angie backs away from him with disgust in her eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)
I can see you and Chris have a lot
to talk about. Let me know how it
goes.

Tony heads for the porch door. Angie shakes from the cold
and her rattled nerves.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - STREET CURB - MORNING

Chris jumps up, startled, behind the wheel of his car. It's
bright and early and he looks like death.

He grabs his aching head, stares out the windshield at his nosy neighbor who grips a mug of coffee.

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - BATHROOM - MORNING

Chris runs a shower as he turns to the mirror, stares at his tired face. He opens a cabinet, grabs a couple aspirin.

Angie leans on the doorframe.

ANGIE

I didn't hear you come in.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, I got in pretty late. Fell asleep on the couch going over some paperwork.

ANGIE

A call or even a text would've been nice. You promised me you wouldn't do this again.

CHRIS

Yeah, I know. I'm sorry about that.

ANGIE

It's just like before. You and Tony out doing God knows what. Tell me you're not going back to the agency.

CHRIS

I told you I'm not going back. So I'm not going back.

Chris checks his watch.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit. It's already late. Got a meeting set up this morning with Salinger's ex husband. Out in Hollywood.

He quickly removes his shirt, pushes back the shower curtain and shuts off the water.

ANGIE

So why don't you just call Tony. Tell him you're running late.

CHRIS
I'll make it. But I gotta be out
the door in five minutes.

Chris pushes past Angie, heads for a corner closet and grabs a clean shirt.

ANGIE
Sounds like things are moving
pretty fast with this case.

CHRIS
Yeah. Real fast.

Chris throws on his shirt, checks a small mirror on the door as he rubs his stubbled face.

ANGIE
You haven't so much as said three
words to me in the last four days.
Just the other day, you said this
case could change our lives. Yet,
you're not telling me anything and
completely leaving me hanging
here.

Chris splashes on some cologne, rests on the edge of the bed and throws on some shoes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
No more secrets. That was the
deal.

CHRIS
Look. We'll sit down, have a nice
dinner tonight. I'll tell you
everything. But right now, I gotta
go.

Chris stands, smooches her face.

ANGIE
You might wanna brush those teeth
before you leave.

CHRIS
Right.

Chris heads for

THE BATHROOM

where his PHONE RINGS on the top of the sink. He picks it up, answers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yeah? This is Keegan.

DUPREE (V.O.)
Good morning, Mister Keegan. I
hope your head isn't hurting too
bad.

Chris checks with Angie who watches from the foot of the bed.

DUPREE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
After all, you and Tony have a very
busy schedule and I tight one at
that. People to see. Evidence to
go over and so forth.

CHRIS
No, I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

Chris turns around, faces away from Angie.

DUPREE (V.O.)
I'm sorry if my girls scared you,
Mister Keegan. But I needed some
reassurance from your end that you
won't be giving up on this
investigation.

CHRIS
Reassurance?

DUPREE (V.O.)
It would be a shame if your new
bride were to find evidence of your
infidelity slipped into your
mailbox when least expected. Don't
force my hand, Mister Keegan.
Salinger is guilty of murdering my
Darren. The evidence is out
there. I suggest you find it.

Dupree hangs up. Chris turns back to Angie who has since
left the room.

INT. TONY'S CAR - MORNING

Tony behind the wheel as an exhausted and worried sick Chris
stares out his window in a stupor. Tony watches him, a
stupid grin.

TONY
Long night?

After a moment, Chris stares back at him.

CHRIS
Yeah, it was real interesting.

Tony laughs.

TONY
Yeah, I can tell. Never heard back from you. Look, if you're not feeling up to this, I can drop you at the office. You look like shit if you don't mind me saying.

CHRIS
Who? Me? I feel like a million dollars. You mind stepping on it? I wanna get there sometime before lunch.

Tony smiles.

TONY
Yes, sir.

Tony floors the gas as they speed down the lone street.

INT. LONG AND STRONG PRODUCTIONS - CONDO - DAY

BOBBY STRONG (40s), bleach blonde, muscle bound, sports a silk robe and some boxers as he escorts Tony and Chris through his flash production studio.

Several lights and various cameras point down at the four separate and carefully decorated sets that make up his living room.

A few GIRLS wear robes, read sides and scripts as MAKEUP ARTISTS apply some touch up.

BOBBY
They used to say that porn was the only constant in the motion picture industry. A genre that never grows old. But even pornography can become oversaturated.

TONY
Tell me about it. There's only so much you can jerk off to.

Bobby laughs, shakes his head.

BOBBY
 Something like that, yes.

Bobby steps out onto a deco balcony with leather chairs and swank sofas. Tony and Chris follow.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Anyways. There's not much room left for, shall we say...more seasoned veterans like Marilyn and I. So we came up with this idea. How to stay relevant in an industry controlled by twenty year olds with six packs and perfect skin.

Tony turns and watches one of the girls disrobe. She is wearing expensive lingerie as she rests on a bed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 But what do people cling to more than anything? More than money. More than sex.

Tony and Chris share a clueless look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Nostalgia. Twenty years ago, Marilyn Salinger was the hottest thing going. For many thirty five year old men...their first sexual experience, if you know what I mean.

Chris grins.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Even with a market flooded with teenie boppers and twenty two year olds, these guys still jerk off to her because it's an unfulfilled fantasy.

TONY
 (to Chris)
 Kind of like me and Lynda Carter.

CHRIS
 Why don't you give us the short version. We're on a tight schedule.

BOBBY

What I'm saying is this. Contrary to what you may have heard about Marilyn, she's not exactly destitute. She's doing fine. Doing real good from what I hear. Got herself a new manager. Between the two of them, they took this idea to a whole new level. And it's all perfectly legal on paper.

CHRIS

How do you mean?

BOBBY

They recruit some new talent to work with Marilyn. Via craigslist or wherever. Fresh faces no one's ever head of. Only these actors are actually paying clients. The checks are made out to the right people so it looks legit on the books.

TONY

And they turn right around and hand them back the cash. No one's the wiser.

CHRIS

So they're running a sex ring?

BOBBY

They're calling it 'My Night with Marilyn'. For the criminally low price of five thousand dollars a pop from what I hear.

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Guess I wasn't giving Marilyn enough credit.

CHRIS

How did you find out about this?

TONY

This is Bobby Strong you're talking to. He's got friends in low places.

Bobby shoots him a nasty look.

BOBBY

That's real funny.

TONY

Don't suppose you have a name for this manager?

BOBBY

Come on, boys. You expect me to make it that easy for you? Tell you what I can do. You wanna check out some of Marilyn's latest work, I got an address for you. If he gives you any shit, tell them Bobby sent you.

INT. SHINING STAR VIDEO - DAY

Tony and Chris follow the VIDEO CLERK to the back of the store where he re-stocks a cart full of old VHS and used DVDs onto empty shelves.

VIDEO CLERK

This is a respectable store, gentlemen. For true film buffs and collectors only. VHS, eight and sixteen millimeter prints. I got a celebrity clientele a mile long requesting special orders only I can deliver. I don't need to peddle smut to turn a profit.

CHRIS

You're telling us you keep the lights on by renting old VHS tapes?

TONY

What do you want us to say? We're not cops? Fine. We're not cops.

The Video Clerk snags an old VHS box from the shelf, reads the cover out loud.

VIDEO CLERK

Here's a real classic. Charlie Sheen and Chris Tucker. Money Talks. Have you ever heard of this one, gentlemen?

Tony and Chris share a tired sigh as Tony pulls a wad of cash from his coat pocket.

TONY
Salinger. Marilyn. This should
cover everything you got in stock.

The Video Clerk smiles and snags up the cash.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Tony and Chris are nose to screen as they carefully review DVD footage of Marilyn's latest pornos. A MAN in his mid thirties is escorted into a living room by Paul, the same manager from the dollar store.

CHRIS
Wait a minute. Where do we know
him?

TONY
I've seen his picture.

Tony jumps from his seat. He hurries to his desk, grabs a newspaper then back to his chair near the television. He hands the paper to Chris.

Chris reads the headline: WOMAN STABS MAN IN HER SLEEP.

A man stands just behind a couple of uniform cops who rope off the perimeter. He stares straight into the camera for the still shot. Paul.

CHRIS
Who is he?

TONY
The manager. The fuckin manager on
staff the night Marilyn stuck
Darren. Paul Mattis.

CHRIS
Yeah, no wonder the cameras weren't
working.

TONY
He fuckin shut them off. Clever
prick.

CHRIS
No. It doesn't make sense.

Chris and Tony watch the DVD footage. Paul introduces the paying client to Marilyn who waits on a couch in her bra and panties.

TONY

There's the woman of the hour.

Chris fast forwards a bit and stops as a SECOND YOUNGER WOVAN enters the living room.

It's JENNIFER KILGORE from the dollar store. She is also in skimpy lingerie as she pulls off the man's shirt. Marilyn grabs the client, kisses him passionately.

CHRIS

Who's that?

Chris pauses it.

TONY

Sonofabitch. The girl. The girl from the store. She was the second witness at the scene. It's all right there in the article.

CHRIS

If they're all in on this together, why the hell would Salinger set herself up for a murder rap?

TONY

Don't you get it. She was asleep. This bullshit sleepwalking rap they're throwing at us. She needed a witness to tell the cops she was out of her mind when she stabbed Harkins.

CHRIS

And no security footage of what actually happened.

TONY

Exactly. These pricks were paying five k a pop for a shot at Marilyn. Our boy Darren finds out what's going on and blackmails them. He went to the store that night to collect his piece. Just like he did every Friday night.

CHRIS

Okay. So how does Darren Harkins find out about Marilyn's operation?

TONY

Come on old partner. You can do better than that. How do you think he knew?

CHRIS

The girl. The girl in the video. What's her name?

Tony grabs the newspaper from Chris, reads the fine print.

TONY

Kilgore. Jennifer Kilgore.

CHRIS

Harkins old lady said his tenants were constantly late with rent.

TONY

Until somebody comes along as says hey. I got a way we can all make some money together.

CHRIS

Harkins. He was pulling the strings the whole time.

TONY

Yeah. Half his tenants were turning tricks. Including his side piece Marilyn. Pretty shrewd.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - MORNING

Tony and Chris watch Carrie (Darren's wife) exit the building with a large hand bag and head for a parking garage.

TONY

There she goes. Let's move.

Tony and Chris step out, cross the busy intersection and head into the garage after Carrie.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Carrie puts the key in her car door, about to turn when she is tapped on the shoulder by Tony. She turns around just as Chris appears on the other side of the car.

CARRIE

What're you two doing here? What do you want from me?

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)
It's been three fucking days. Why
don't you show some respect?

TONY
Enough of the grieving widow act,
Carrie. It's time to talk.

INT. CARRIE'S CAR - MORNING

Tony sits with Carrie in the back as Chris sets up a laptop on the center console. Carrie watches the screen as she appears in a porn video with Marilyn. The two of them with one of Marilyn's clients.

TONY
Recognize the girl? It's you,
Carrie.

CHRIS
What're you doing with all that
money in your purse, Carrie? You
closing out your husband's account?
What was he into?

TONY
Was he in business with Marilyn?
Why are you protecting her?

Carrie wipes her tears.

CARRIE
I was gonna get even with him.
Stoop to his level. This
woman...Marilyn sends me these
pictures. Pictures of what he's
been doing to her.

Tony shares a concerned look with Chris.

TONY
Doing to her?

CARRIE
Polaroids. All of them dated the
night it happened. Pictures of her
beat up. Bruised. Bleeding.

Chris sighs with exhaustion.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
She said she had a way I could get
even with him if I was interested.

CHRIS

The video.

CARRIE

Then Marilyn and Jen threatened to go public with the movie if I didn't play their game. It was up to me to tell Darren to back off. He was taking money, you see? Payoffs to keep quiet about Marilyn's operation. But he didn't listen. He didn't care what happened to me. He just cared about the money.

CHRIS

I'm sorry to hear that, Carrie. You deserve better.

CARRIE

I know they had him killed. Jennifer and Marilyn. I know it.

TONY

You'll have to take the stand. Tell the cops everything. No matter how painful.

Carrie nods.

CARRIE

If I do this...I'm doing it for me. Not...him.

Tony nods with appreciation.

TONY (V.O.)

And just like that. Everything was about to fall into place.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Chris sits behind Tony's desk, spins in a swivel chair with a phone to his ear.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Got some real interesting reading on your boy Harkins. Turns out Harkins and one David Kilgore got into a bar fight three months back.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Detective Danny Martin pours himself a large cup of coffee with his cell stuck between his head and shoulder.

MARTIN

Busted Harkins nose open. Anyway, the two of them sold the same story to the cops. Said the fight was totally random. But I got some pictures of Jennifer Kilgore that say otherwise.

Martin picks up a five by seven of Jennifer's badly bruised and bloodied face.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Sure looks like Darren Harkins was into some kinky shit.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Where the hell did you find those pictures?

MARTIN

Our Miss Kilgore came in some three and half months ago ready to press charges against Harkins for assault and several other acts of abuse and sexual perversions.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Chris, phone to his ear, swivels in the chair as Tony enters with lunch and two large drinks.

CHRIS

(to Martin)

We got em. We got all three of them by the ass. Good work, old partner. We'll see you later today. Be ready to roll out the red carpet.

Martin laughs.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Don't you ever get tired of making us look bad?

CHRIS
Of course not.

Chris hangs up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So what's the plan? Have you
talked to Dupree?

TONY
He says as soon as soon as the
story breaks, he'll follow through
with the money.

CHRIS
What is this bullshit? That wasn't
the deal.

Tony sets down lunch and rolls up his sleeves.

TONY
I know what the deal was, Keegan.
I was there. The guy's paranoid.
He doesn't trust anyone. We could
be stroking him as far as he knows.
He wants proof straight from the
cops mouths. We have depositions
from both Carrie Harkins and Bobby
Strong. It's on record. We got
her. Relax.

CHRIS
I want a sit down with Dupree in
the next two hours.

TONY
I just came from there.

CHRIS
Without me. A little nugget you
forgot to run by me, by the way.

TONY
Okay. You don't trust me. Is that
what you're trying to say? Please
don't play coy, old partner. Just
come out and ask me. Did I just
deposit five hundred k in my
account.

CHRIS
Okay. Did you?

Tony smiles, points his finger at Chris.

TONY

Tell you what. I can pull up my account on the computer right now. Show you I'm still broke if that's what you want.

Chris thinks about it.

CHRIS

Make the call. Two hours. No bullshit.

TONY

You heard what I just said about Salinger. He wants to read it in the papers.

CHRIS

I don't give a shit what you said. Make the call. He wanted proof. We got proof.

ON THE TELEVISION

A FIELD REPORTER stands in front of a swank home in Beverly Hills. A bumper reads: BREAKING NEWS ON HARKINS INVESTIGATION.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Turn this up.

Tony grabs a remote, turns up the volume.

REPORTER

...Noticeably absent from all of this has been real estate giant and long-time family friend Walton Dupree. Until this point, Dupree has been unavailable for comment regarding his godson's brutal stabbing at the hands of Marilyn Salinger. This morning, we have just discovered that Dupree had been out of the country for several weeks on business and is just now, this morning, learning of his only godson's murder.

Chris shoots Tony a shocked and disgusted look.

CHRIS

What the hell is she talking about, partner?

Tony is at a loss for words and stares back at Chris in a baffled silence.

Chris turns his attention back to the television. The REAL DUPREE exits his home where he's hounded by reporters.

He looks nothing like the man they've been dealing with.

Chris reaches for his gun but --

Tony is too fast. POW! He fires A SINGLE SHOT into Chris's chest. Chris drops to the hard wood floor.

In a cold and calculated manner, Tony reaches into his desk drawer, pulls out a manila ENVELOPE OF MONEY and rests it in plain view on top of the desk.

He reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out several POLAROIDs OF JENNIFER KILGORE. She is bruised, beat up. He rests them next to the cash.

Tony grabs a large cardboard box full of DVDS and dumps the cases all over the couch and floor. He walks to the TV, inserts one of the discs and presses play.

A film of Marilyn and Jen plays about halfway finished.

Tony smirks as he dials a number on his cell.

TONY

(into phone)

It's done. Keegan's dead. And so will be Salinger within the hour. You got nothing else to worry about.

KILGORE (V.O.)

I'll celebrate when you keep my baby girl's face off the eleven o'clock news.

TONY

I told you I'd handle it, so I'll handle it.

KILGORE (V.O.)

I'll need proof he's dead.

TONY

Of course. My office. An hour. Oh, and one more thing. If you don't have the cash in hand and ready...Keegan's body won't be the only one they find.

Tony hangs up. He walks to Chris, puts on a pair of rubber gloves and snags up his weapon.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Dupree, aka David Kilgore, arrives in a small lot across the street. He gets out with a large duffel in hand. Stares up at Tony who watches from his window.

Kilgore makes his way across the street.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATION - EARLY MORNING

Moore stands over Chris's body as a crime scene PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a few shots from different angles.

Reed hovers over David Kilgore's body -- riddled with frenzied and random bullet shots.

He stares over his shoulder at the window behind him. One clean bullet shot through the glass.

He refers back to the television where the image of Marilyn and Jennifer are still paused. And then --

The DVD cases thrown to the floor.

Moore walks to Tony's desk, grabs the polaroids of Jennifer.

MOORE

So, let me take a stab at this.
Keegan found evidence that
Kilgore's little girl and Marilyn
were in cahoots together and
decides to make a play at Kilgore's
money.

REED

What the hell was Keegan doing
looking into the Salinger case?

MOORE

Could be Kilgore wanted to keep his
little girl out of it. Hired
Keegan here to clean things up.

REED

Only Keegan had different plans.
It's weird though.

MOORE

What?

REED

I never figured Keegan the type to pull some shady shit like this. Not quite his style.

Reed shakes his head as if he doesn't buy it.

REED (CONT'D)

What's his partner have to say?

MOORE

Who?

REED

Marsh. Tony Marsh. The guy who leases this place. The two of them were thick as thieves up until a year ago. Had some kind of fallout.

Reed ponders this. His wheels spinning.

EXT. CHRIS KEEGAN'S HOUSE - POOL AREA - MORNING

Angie sits in tears. Shocked. She stares blankly into the swimming pool water as Tony breaks the news.

TONY

I know how hard this is for you to process. I'm not here to tell you I told you so. Or to make trouble. I'm here because I'm concerned for you. And our daughter. For your future.

Angie stares up at him.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's important now to not look backwards. To dwell on the what ifs. What if I saw the warning signs? What could I have done to stop this? All you need to concern yourself with now is your baby girl.

ANGIE

I don't understand. How could...how did he...? He said this would set us up.

TONY

That may very well be. But the facts are he killed a man.

Angie covers her mouth in horror. She chokes back her tears.

TONY (CONT'D)

He's not a good guy, Angie. I've known that for a long time. But I respected your wishes and kept my distance. Gave him the benefit of the doubt. I know this is hard to hear but you need to hear it.

ANGIE

And you came here looking for him. For a job.

TONY

That's right. A job that would set the two of you up for a long time. Money to take care of our child. I needed to see you, Ange. This was the only way I knew how.

Tony kneels before her with his hands on her shoulder.

She shrugs him off, stands and turns her back to him.

TONY (CONT'D)

You're gonna need some time. I get it. Look. The police will probably be around today to ask you some questions. If you need anything, don't hesitate. We will get through this. I promise.

Tony lets himself out. Angie stares back at him with suspicion.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Biggins has his feet kicked up on his broken down old desk as he tosses around a tennis ball. Reed and Moore stand before him and barely fit in his claustrophobic office.

REED

We thought you'd rather hear from us than the papers. Pretty incriminating shit if you ask me.

BIGGINS

It's no secret what my client does for a living, Detectives. I guess I'm failing to see the relevance.

REED

The Kilgore woman worked in the same supermarket your client allegedly sleepwalked her way into the night she stabbed Darren Harkins. And you're failing to see the relevance?

Biggins knows his goose is cooked as he avoids eye contact with the cops.

MOORE

Come on, Biggins. We got her. So tell your client to do herself a favor and sign the confession. She can walk us through how he took turns beating the shit out of and sexually abusing both her and Kilgore. How he blackmailed both of them and robbed them blind.

REED

You don't think that'll go a long way with the DA?

Biggins watches the two partners carefully.

BIGGINS

Speaking of. What're you guys doing here? I mean. Why isn't the DA here making us an official offer?

Moore checks with Reed.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Unless of course he doesn't know you're here. What're you guys hiding?

REED

Tell you what. Talk to your client. She's got one more chance to come clean. Or we're coming after her with everything we got. Have a nice day.

Moore glances around the pathetic, paper littered room.

MOORE

Nice office.

Biggins smiles and watches them with suspicion as they head down the narrow hallway.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Marilyn drags a smoke and quickly paces the floor. Her nerves rattled and worried sick. In walks --

Biggins who is quiet and visibly beat down.

MARILYN

The hell you been? You let me hear about this on the news? I've been calling you since last night. You're my lawyer. When I call, you stop what the fuck you're doing and get here! No questions asked!

BIGGINS

I figured you needed some time to think things over, Marilyn.

Biggins folds his arms, stares back at her with contempt. She backs away, feels the hate in his eyes.

MARILYN

Please. Spare me the look of disappointment. Are you telling me, for one second, you believed I was actually innocent?

Biggins scoffs with disgust.

BIGGINS

Yeah, Marilyn, maybe I did. Guess I should've known better. A girl like you. No better than a common street whore. Who'd believe a word out of your mouth, right?

MARILYN

Yeah. And you saw what he did. You saw the pictures. The whole world is about to see. What he did to both of us.

BIGGINS

Yeah. Forced you to fuck a bunch of strangers for thousands of dollars a pop. What a victim.

MARILYN

Come on. You read my sheet. I had a four hundred dollar a day habit. Days from being out on the street and Darren threw me a lifeline. Yeah, I took it.

BIGGINS

Congratulations.

MARILYN

But you're stupid if you think I orchestrated any of this. It was him. He financed the whole operation. Ask anyone.

BIGGINS

Ask.

(scoffs)

Ask who? Jennifer? Your friends at the supermarket? Don't know if you knew this or not but you're a little short on character witnesses, Marilyn.

MARILYN

I don't expect you to believe me. But it doesn't matter if you believe me or not. Because they will.

BIGGINS

Who's they?

MARILYN

The jury. I'm gonna stare each of them in the eye and tell them every horrible thing he ever did to us. In excruciating detail. And they're gonna have to stare me in the eye when they read that verdict.

Biggins smiles and paces the room. He's done with this case and shakes his head with amusement.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You might not approve of my lifestyle or my choices. But the last I checked, juries aren't exactly sympathetic to serial rapists.

BIGGINS

I think we're a little late in the game to play the teary eyed victim card. Not since your little collection of home movies went public this afternoon. You go to trial, you're going to prison for at least twenty years. At least. If you do this, there's no saving us, Marilyn.

Marilyn thinks it over.

MARILYN

I'll take my chances. Tell the DA we'll see him in court.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MARILYN'S ROOM - DAY

Doctor Phipps watches on as Reed handcuffs Marilyn's hands behind her back.

REED

Today's the big day, Marilyn. You feeling lucky?

MARILYN

Always, Detective. Always.

(beat)

Will I not be enjoying the company of your partner today?

REED

Bobby? Oh, he's saving me a seat, right in the front row. Behind you, Marilyn. Make sure you don't get lonely.

Marilyn shoots him a smug grin. Reed walks her to the door.

MARILYN

(to Dr. Phipps)

So long, Doc.

DR. PHIPPS

See you soon, Marilyn.

EXT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Reed escorts a handcuffed Marilyn down the front steps. They are hounded by FLASHBULBS and eager REPORTERS WITH MICROPHONES.

REPORTER #1
Marilyn, how are you feeling???

REPORTER #2
Are you ready for court?

REED
A little room, please!

TONY'S CAR

Sits at a nearby curb.

Tony watches quietly as Reed walks Marilyn through a pushy herd of reporters and toward his squad car.

A MASKED GUNMAN runs up behind them, firmly sticks a three-eighty in Reed's back.

GUNMAN
(to Reed)
Hands in the air!

The crowd all watch in horror as Reed pops his hands in the air and Marilyn clumsily trips down a set of steps.

The Gunman snags up Reed's weapon from a side holster, swiftly pistol whips him over the head.

He points at the onlooking crowd.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck back!! Get back!!

Marilyn struggles to stand, is quickly snagged by the wrists by the Gunman as the two flee from the scene.

Tony watches them hurry down a side street.

INT. HOME OF CHRIS KEEGAN - LATE NIGHT

Angie sits alone in the living room as the bright glow of the television exposes her tired and flushed face.

A full report on Marilyn's daylight breakout plays on the eleven o'clock news.

FIELD REPORTER

It was supposed to be the first day of trial for suspected killer Marilyn Salinger who, despite damning new evidence, had recently turned down The District Attorney's final offer of First Degree Manslaughter. But Salinger would never make it to court. We've just received word that a masked gunman who has yet to be identified, abducted Salinger from police custody. It happened right here on the front steps of West Side Psychiatric Hospital where Salinger was being closely supervised since her brutal and seemingly unprovoked attack on Darren Harkins...

Angie's eyes are glued to the set.

FIELD REPORTE

Lead Detective on the Darren Harkins investigation, Sergeant Lyle Reed, was escorting Salinger to a prisoner transfer van just less than fifty yards from where she was taken. We were told that Reed himself was scheduled to drive Salinger directly to the courthouse from West Side Hospital to begin trial...

Angie angrily shuts off the television and picks up a cordless phone. She dials with a purpose.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Biggins tosses file after file into a large waste basket.

A similar report on Marilyn plays on a twenty year old television in the corner.

Biggins stares at the screen with contempt. He quickly walks over and shuts it off.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Mister Biggins?

Biggins turns around, faces --

Angie in the doorway.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

BIGGINS

No, I do not. If you don't mind,
I'm kind of busy right now.

ANGIE

My name's Angie Keegan. I believe
you know my husband.

Biggins tosses a wad of paper across the room and misses the
basket by a mile.

BIGGINS

I'm afraid you heard wrong. What's
this about?

ANGIE

I think you know what it's about.
I need to know where she is.

BIGGINS

She? You're gonna have to be more
specific.

ANGIE

Marilyn Salinger. Your client. I
know you know where she is. If you
do, you need to tell me.

Biggins smiles, scoffs under his breath.

BIGGINS

She's not my client anymore. So
whatever this is about, I can't
help you. Why don't you try the
police?

ANGIE

I tried them. They're not talking.
So that leaves you. And I'm not
leaving here until you tell me
something.

Biggins grabs his trusty tennis ball from the desk, tosses it
from hand to hand, thinks over her proposal.

BIGGINS

I heard about your husband. I'm
sorry. Sounds like he got himself
involved with the wrong people.

ANGIE

And if you knew him like I did,
you'd know that what they're saying
about him isn't true.

BIGGINS

Let me guess. He was innocent.

ANGIE

That's right.

Biggins rolls his eyes and bounces the ball off the wall like
a bored teenager.

BIGGINS

Just like Marilyn. She was
innocent too. There's a lot of
that going around.

Biggins throws the ball in a corner.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Like I said, I can't help you.

ANGIE

Did Marilyn ever mention the name
Tony Marsh to you?

BIGGINS

No. Why?

ANGIE

He was my husband's business
partner. He had him killed, only I
can't prove it. Not on my own.
Not without your help.

BIGGINS

I don't know him. What I do know
is that they have a pile of
evidence against your husband four
inches thick. Enough to put him
away for a very long time if he
were still here.

Angie fights the urge to slug him.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Now, I don't mean to be
disrespectful or demean your
grieving process but could you
please get the hell out of my
office.

ANGIE

Here's a name you will know.
Walton Dupree.

BIGGINS

Harkins godfather. Real estate
guy, right? What about him?

ANGIE

A few weeks ago, Tony Marsh came to
my husband with a job. Dupree
offered them Five Hundred Thousand
to investigate Marilyn Salinger.
He met with Dupree. That same
night. Gave him the whole story
about his godson Darren and his
broken marriage.

Biggins squints, shakes his head.

BIGGINS

Impossible. Dupree was in Europe
for the last three months. It was
all over the news.

ANGIE

Yes. I know. Do I have your
attention now?

Biggins slowly smiles.

BIGGINS

Okay. I'm listening.

ANGIE

Tony Marsh lied to my husband. He
couldn't have met with Dupree. It
was someone else. He framed my
husband for David Kilgore's murder.

BIGGINS

For what reason?

ANGIE

If I knew that, I wouldn't be here
now would I?

Biggins nods with appreciation.

BIGGINS

I'll make some calls. See what I
can find out.

Angie reaches in her purse, pulls out a business card, hands it to Biggins. He reads it.

ANGIE

You can reach me at this number.
Any time. Thank you for your time.

Angie heads for the door. Biggins thinks it all over.

INT. WEST SIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Biggins stands next to a SECURITY OFFICER as they review several security camera monitors.

Each corner of the hospital is on display. They pay close attention to the front steps where Reed escorts Marilyn to his squad car.

Reed peeks behind him just moments before the MASKED GUNMAN runs up behind them.

BIGGINS

Freeze it.

The Security Officer pauses the footage.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Rewind that bit. Right when they first walk out.

The Security Officer rewinds the footage and hits play.

Reed and Marilyn head for the steps as they avoid reporters and cameras. Reed checks over his shoulder.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

Right there!

He freezes the footage.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

He looked over his shoulder. Like he's looking for somebody.

SECURITY OFFICER

Probably felt this guy's eyes on the back of his head.

Biggins points at the Gunman just behind Reed. He seems much shorter.

BIGGINS
 How tall do you think this guy is?
 About Six feet?

SECURITY OFFICER
 No. I'd say shorter. Maybe Five
 Seven. Five Eight.

Biggins points to the PISTOL in the Gunman's left hand.

BIGGINS
 Five Seven and a lefty.

The Security Officer squints, doesn't follow.

SECURITY OFFICER
 What're you thinking?

BIGGINS
 I don't know. Not yet.

INT. LAPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - NIGHT

Detective Martin, sleeves rolled up, sits behind a small cubicle, talks quietly to Biggins on his cell.

BIGGINS (V.O.)
 You were Keegan's partner for ten
 years. If Marsh is dirty, you'd
 know better than anyone.

MARTIN
 Of course he's dirty. It's a dirty
 business. Why do you think Keegan
 got out? He had a new bride and a
 baby on the way. You can't be home
 changing diapers when you're
 staking out some flea bag motel at
 Three AM.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIGGINS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Biggins sports a t shirt and shorts and a beer in hand as he paces the floor. Marilyn's story still on the tube but with the volume turned down.

BIGGINS
 Good. Then you know as well as I
 do he was set up.
 (MORE)

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

And if that wasn't Tony Marsh out at West Side Hospital, then he at least knows who was.

MARTIN (V.O.)

What do you want me to do? Bring him in for questioning? This is a homicide investigation. It's Reed's case. Besides. There's no way they're not already looking at Marsh for this. At least a conspiracy charge.

BIGGINS

Look. You saw the same footage I did. Did you happen to notice Detective Moore was noticeably absent on those front steps this afternoon?

MARTIN (V.O.)

So now Bobby Moore had Keegan killed? You're not making any sense, counselor.

BIGGINS

I'm not saying anything. Not yet. Not without the evidence. That's where you come in. I need you to find out everything you can on Reed and Moore.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Everything. Like what?

BIGGINS

I don't know. Something. Anything. You're a cop. You got dirt on everybody. Find some on them and get back to me as soon as you can. Angie's counting on you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - NIGHT

Martin nervously strokes his hair, hunches over in his seat, phone to his ear. He checks over his cubicle to see if anyone's watching.

MARTIN

(quietly)

Alright.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I may have...sort of heard
something about Reed. But it's
gonna take some more.

BIGGINS (V.O.)
How much digging?

MARTIN
I don't know. At least a few
hours. I'll get back to you.

BIGGINS (V.O.)
Aces and Eights Bar. Ten O'Clock
sharp.

Biggins hangs up.

MARTIN
Yeah. You're welcome.

Martin also hangs up.

INT. ACES AND EIGHTS BAR - NIGHT

Biggins and Angie sit side by side with a cup of coffee as
Martin walks in with a manila file in hand.

He is surprised and a bit taken back by Angie. The two
exchange a cordial smile.

MARTIN
Hey, Ange.

ANGIE
Hi, Danny. Long time.

Martin smooches her cheek and takes a seat across from them.
Hands Biggins the manila file.

BIGGINS
You're early. I take it you have
something for us.

Biggins opens the file, takes a quick look.

MARTIN
My guy in Internal Affairs says
they're both clean. Not a spot on
either of their jackets.

Biggins shrugs and sighs in disappointment.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

At least nothing on file. On a longshot, I checked with Vice. See if either Reed or Moore had any outstanding debts on the street we should know about.

BIGGINS

And?

MARTIN

The word's out. Reed's into Frankie Romio for Seventy Five K.

Angie squints, checks with Biggins.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If you're right and Marsh was working for Kilgore, he made off with a nice chunk of cash. Enough to kill his own partner over. And enough to catch the attention of one Detective Reed.

BIGGINS

Reed's not stupid. One look at that crime scene he had to know Marsh had Keegan set up.

ANGIE

I don't understand. What're you saying?

BIGGINS

He's saying Reed and Moore were looking at Marsh for your husband's murder. Marsh most likely offered them a deal. Take the cash and look the other way. Pin the whole thing on Chris.

MARTIN

Meanwhile, Reed and Moore have some loose ends to tie up. Including Marilyn Salinger.

ANGIE

They took her? The police? The same ones who are supposed to be investigating my husband's murder. Is that what you're telling me?

Martin sighs.

MARTIN

I'm sorry.

Angie rubs her sore temples and hangs her head low. Tired and confused by the whole ordeal.

ANGIE

I can't do this. I can't...I can't take this. I just can't.

Angie sprints up from the table and darts out the door.

EXT. ACES AND EIGHTS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Biggins offers a cigarette to Angie who stares out into the city lights from the edge of a steep cliff.

ANGIE

I can't believe all of this is happening. And just when things were getting back to normal. Everything seemed like it was...I don't know. Falling into place.

BIGGINS

Yeah. That's life for you. Never quite fits into your schedule, does it?

ANGIE

I don't know how you do it. Deal with these people like this. Day in and day out. Must drive you crazy. How do you do it?

Biggins sparks up his own smoke, joins Angie by the cliff, stares off into the night.

BIGGINS

The police found your husband dead on the floor. Not five feet from David Kilgore. One might look at the scene and see this as pretty open and shut. And from first glance, he might look guilty as hell.

He stares at Angie with a true honesty in his eyes.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

But it's not the things that I see that keep me up at all hours of the night.

(MORE)

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

It's the things that I don't see.
All the smaller details. The
missing pieces of the puzzle. The
problem with most people is that
they see what they wanna see. And
the truth ends up falling somewhere
in the cracks.

Angie nods in agreement.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

I guess I do it because I choose to
believe that not all people are
horrible human beings. And
everyone deserves to be heard. No
matter what the evidence says.
Does that sound naive or just
stupid?

ANGIE

I wish I still believed that. In
the basic goodness of people.

BIGGINS

Something's eating away at you.
Wanna talk about it?

ANGIE

I don't know what I'm gonna tell my
little girl about her father. Do I
wait until she's old enough to
understand? Will she ever
understand?

BIGGINS

Understand what?

ANGIE

There's a chance Chris isn't the
father of our child.

Biggins nods.

BIGGINS

I see.

ANGIE

He was finally coming around to
making a permanent commitment.
Telling him Tony may be the father
would've driven him away forever.
I guess I let him believe what he
wanted to believe.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)
 It just seemed so much easier. I
 needed easy for a change.

Angie fights her tears.

ANGI
 Now I can't help but
 feel...responsible for all of this.
 If I would have just...told him the
 truth.

Biggins and Angie finish their smokes in peaceful silence as
 they gaze out into the city lights.

INT. BIGGINS APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Biggins enters with a real tiredness about him. He lazily
 tosses his keys on a corner table and loosens his tie as
 he makes his way to the fridge.

He snags a beer but before he can crack it, his cell RINGS
 from his coat pocket.

He answers:

BIGGINS
 Danny. What do you got?

Beat.

MARTIN (V.O.)
 It's Marilyn.

Biggins isn't exactly shocked but sad nonetheless.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They just found her at a truck stop
 off Interstate Ten. Looks like an
 OD.

EXT. REST STOP - INTERSTATE 10 - LATE NIGHT

Biggins and Martin arrive at the scene in Martin's squad car.
 They wait in the car as they watch a couple CORONERS wheel a
 stretcher towards the restrooms.

Several PATROL CARS on the scene with LIGHTS FLASHING.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Martin behind the wheel. Biggins rides shotgun.

MARTIN
I don't see them.

Biggins eyes are locked on the scene. Martin watches him with concern.

BIGGINS
They're here. I know it.

MARTIN
Look. Are you sure you wanna see this?

BIGGINS
I wanna see the look on their face when they see me coming.

INT. LADIES RESTROOM - LATE NIGHT

The stall door is open. Marilyn lay dead next to the toilet with a needle stuck in her arm and a tourniquet around her veiny bicep.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a few shots as --

Biggins enters quietly. He catches eyes with Moore who lingers near the stall door and snaps his gum.

MOORE
What the hell are you doing here?

Biggins ignores him, slowly walks to the stall and peeks inside. His eyes and mouth quiver. Fights the urge to break down.

The TWO CORONERS await Moore's instruction. He motions toward the door.

MOORE (CONT'D)
Give us a minute, would you?

The two head out as Moore steps closer to Biggins and the stall door.

MOORE (CONT'D)
Look, Biggins. I know we didn't get off on the right foot. And I know you don't choose your clients. I know you were just doing your job. You just got a raw deal, that's all. No hard feelings.

Beat.

BIGGINS

Yeah.

Moore stares down at Marilyn with a smug grin on his face.

MOORE

But you gotta admit. Pretty fitting, don't you think?

Without warning, Biggins tackles Moore in a fit of blind rage. The two of them toss around on the cold tile as --

The two coroners and a UNIFORM COP rush back inside and separate the two.

A CELL PHONE goes flying across the floor.

UNIFORM COP

Knock it off!

He shoves Biggins toward the door. Moore brushes himself off, grins back at Biggins.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)

(to Biggins)

Back off!

MOORE

You better quit while you're ahead, counselor.

Biggins snags up the cell from the tile and rushes out.

Moore laughs it up.

EXT. MARTIN'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Martin hands Biggins a handkerchief as he pats some blood on his lip and cleans his face.

MARTIN

What the hell are you doing? Are you crazy? You can't show your hand like that. Now they know you're onto them. This doesn't do us any good.

BIGGINS

Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that.

Biggins shows him the cell.

MARTIN

What is this?

BIGGINS

He called him, Danny. Bobby Moore called Marsh exactly ninety five minutes ago.

Martin checks the phone himself. He stares up at Biggins with a giant grin.

BIGGINS (CONT'D)

We got him. We got both of them by the ass.

MARTIN

Marsh sent him a text just after. Moore's supposed to meet with him when it's done.

(beat)

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Biggins nods.

BIGGINS

Set it up.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tony stands at a kitchen counter, slices a generous portion of his ribeye, takes a big bite and washes it down with a glass of red wine.

His CELL BUZZES from the counter top. He picks it up:

INSERT PHONE

B MOORE: *Your office. An hour. We have unfinished business.*

BACK TO SCENE

Tony squints, a slight grin as he contemplates this new development.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - LATE NIGHT

Biggins parks his car in the lot across the street. Angie rides shotgun. The two stare up at the old building.

BIGGINS

You don't need to worry. He's not gonna hurt you.

Angie squeaks out a nervous laugh.

ANGIE

How do you know that?

BIGGINS

Because he's arrogant. He wants you to know he killed Chris. He wouldn't have done any of this if he thought for one second you weren't gonna take him back.

ANGIE

Sick asshole. How could he think that?

BIGGINS

It's not for you to worry about. Right now, we have to focus. Focus on gaining his trust. Tell him you understand what had to be done. And no matter what happens, first and foremost, your child needs her father.

Angie looks unconvinced.

ANGIE

I don't know, Biggins. You really think this is gonna work?

BIGGINS

If it doesn't, Danny and I are right there. You got nothing to worry about. I promise.

Angie halfheartedly nods.

EXT. BIGGINS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Angie steps out, slowly walks toward Marsh's building. She stares up at his office window. Nobody there.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - LATE NIGHT

Tony isn't in his usual spot by the window. The office all but appears to be empty. But a lone ceiling fan runs mid speed.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

Angie unlocks the front door and steps inside. Shuts and locks behind her. The hallway is dimly lit, quiet and creepy as all hell.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(barely audible)
How you doing, girl?

ANGIE
(quietly)
I'm inside.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Good. Remember. You'll wanna take the stairs, nice and quiet. We'll be right behind you so don't be nervous.

ANGIE
Easy for you to say. Out there in your van, all nice and comfortable.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARTIN'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

Martin squats in the back of an old Chevy Van, headphones on and an old style reel to reel recorder before him.

MARTIN
Just remember the game plan and you'll be fine. Don't worry. Chris will be watching after you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT

Angie quietly shuts a large metal door behind her as she stares up a long flight of stairs. It is dark, creepy and quiet.

She begins up the steps, trying to stay as quiet as possible. She hears a familiar voice behind her.

TONY (O.S.)
I see you still have Chris's key.

Angie spins around.

Tony squats on the ground right next to the metal door at the bottom of the steps.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Talk to me, Angie. What's
happening?

Angie quickly gathers herself, sports a fake smile.

ANGIE
What the hell are you doing in here
like this? You scared the hell out
of me.

TONY
You know, I was about to ask you
the same thing. I guess the
elevator must be down again.

ANGIE
Yeah. It is. What're you doing in
here?

Tony sports a giant grin and just watches Angie crumble before him.

TONY
So how do you want me to do this,
Angie? Sign my confession or speak
into the microphone?

Angie knows her goose is cooked and stays quiet.

ANGIE
Just in case you were thinking
about doing something stupid,
there's a cop waiting for me
outside.

TONY
Somehow I don't think he's gonna be
a problem.

EXT. MARTIN'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

The rear door of his van sits wide open as Martin's dead body lay in the back. His throat slit ear to ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT

Angie is visibly nervous. Her lips and face quiver with utter fear.

ANGIE

I need some help in here, Danny.

Tony stands, brushes off his pants.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Danny?

No answer. Angie cries as she slowly figures it out.

TONY

Danny's gone, Angie. It's just us now. Just like old times.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIGGINS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Biggins stares back at the building and grows more and more anxious by the second.

EXT. BIGGINS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Reed appears at the passenger window, aims his gun at Biggins who spots him -- attempts to jump out.

POW-POW-POW-POW!

Biggins is shredded with bullets as he trips out of the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT

Tony shakes his head with genuine disgust at Angie.

TONY

Things could've been so much easier if you were honest with Chris from the beginning. Honest with yourself.

(beat)

But things really were inevitable between you two.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Anyone could see that. All it took was a visit from me to get him back in the game.

ANGIE

Don't talk about him. You keep your mouth shut about Chris.

TONY

He might tell you it was because of the money but that's not the truth. It was his world. Where he wanted to be...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BIGGINS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Biggins is barely hanging on. He spits up blood on the asphalt and tries to stand but can't get there.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT

TONY

He was simply doing the honorable thing by staying with you. Up until he began to doubt you. Doubt the baby. Even he saw the truth.

ANGIE

You sonofabitch. Shut your mouth!

TONY

He just couldn't accept it. All it took was the right opportunity to present itself and Chris strayed. Just like he always did. Because he never fully trusted you, Angie. Your whole world was based on a lie.

Angie breaks down in tears.

TONY (CONT'D)

He just needed a little help from my end to finally accept the truth. I've showed you the truth about Chris. About how he really felt about you and you still look at me like the bad guy.

Tony's demeanor turns angry.

TONY (CONT'D)
I really thought this would change things with us, Ange. And what do you do? You go to the cops. You tell me. What do you think I should do about that?

Tony moves up the steps toward Angie who slowly walks backward.

ANGIE
Stay back.

TONY
Or what, Angie? You gonna call the cops?

Moore bursts open the metal door below. A gun in hand. Tony turns to him.

MOORE
Hell are you still doing here?
Just kill her and let's go.

As Tony stares down at him --

Angie pulls a gun from her purse: POW-POW-POW!

THREE SHOTS THROW TONY DOWN THE STEPS.

Moore jumps out of the way. He snarls back at Angie who uses both hands to grip her pistol. She empties a full clip of bullets in Moore's direction.

He's riddled with multiple shots as his bloodied and limp body hit the wall behind him. Dead.

Tony is barely alive and rests his back against the closed stairwell door.

Angie moves down the steps, aims her gun at Tony's face.

With her back turned --

Reed appears at the top of the stairs. He aims at Angie's back -- ready to put her down.

Angie squeezes the trigger. CLICK! Empty.

Tony picks up his gun, aims up at Angie's head.

Angie gasps in horror as she backs away.

TONY

Get-down!

Angie ducks down.

Reed locks eyes with Tony who riddles him with gunshots.

Reed is flung against a back wall. He falls face first to the floor.

Angie stares back at Tony with genuine surprise. He smiles back at her before passing on into the next world.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - LATE NIGHT

A COUPLE PARAMEDICS load an extremely wounded Biggins into the back of an ambulance.

Angie smiles back at him as she rests on a street curb with a warm towel wrapped around her. Captain McKay hovers over her with notepad in hand.

TONY (V.O.)

My old man used to tell me, a man is his job. If you do anything long enough, you become it. Simply put, I had become a product of my environment. I chose to live on the darker side of human nature. To feed off of it like a vulture takes to dead flesh. But I wasn't always this way.

Angie shakes Captain McKay's hand as he makes his way inside the old building. Angie watches as the ambulance LIGHTS UP and jets down the street.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For a split second, when I saw that gun pointed at Angie's head, I found a part of myself that I thought died years ago. My instinct to protect took over...

Angie walks to Biggins car across the street.

INT. MARSH INVESTIGATIONS - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - MORNING

The back of an attractive woman's head and a tight fitting dress as she steps off in stiletto heels.

Her long sexy legs strut down the long hallway.

TONY (V.O.)

If I learned anything in those last few seconds of my life...is that there's good and bad in this world. We must choose to accept them in equal parts. But we must also make a choice. Sometimes doing what's right isn't so easy. The dark side can be very tempting. She can come in many pleasing forms. It's up to us to have the strength to say no.

The long sexy legs enter Tony's office. He is behind his desk, on the phone and instantly hangs up when he spots this mystery woman enter the room.

TONY

Good morning.

The mystery woman is revealed as Marilyn Salinger. She holds a cigarette in hand. Her hair and makeup perfect. She offers a sly and sexy smile to Tony.

MARILYN

Good morning.

FADE OUT.

THE END