

"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

10701 INT. GATSON'S DEN - NIGHT

10701

Man's watching TV. Make it a cop show. He's mid-50's, in his comfortable days, established -- GATSON. Sits in a high back armchair. Glow of the television flickers across his face -- the only light in the room.

TV COP (O.S.)

(as if they mean
something:)

You have the right to remain
silent. If you give up the right
to remain silent, anything you say
can be used...

Gatson laughs at the cop, never been a true believer.

RAY BONITA

steps out from the shadows, holding a gun real steady. Think Woody Harrelson in Natural Born Killers. Early 30's, looks older. Less thin than stripped down. Scar on the side of his face. Eyes turned so black you'd never want to know when and why the light went out. Wears dark colors. Dark enough to disappear.

GATSON

instinctively pulls away but the sides of that huge comfortable armchair give him nowhere to go. He's caged.

GATSON

What do you want?

Ray takes a moment, has all the time in the world. When he speaks, it's with contempt, hate, barely controlled rage.

RAY

Nothing you can give me.

(CONTINUED)

10701 CONTINUED:

10701

Ray's playing with his head. Gatson digs down, finds indignation somewhere. Figures why the hell not.

GATSON

Hey you picked the wrong house,
pal. You have any idea who I am?

Just the CLICK of a round in the chamber answers. Gatson's upper lip glistens. The bravado disappears.

GATSON

(continuing)
You want money?

Gatson rises, has to fight with his wallet to get it out, offer up the bills.

GATSON

(continuing)
Here uh two, three. Three hundred,
three fifty! Take it all.

Hand shaking, he offers it out.

RAY

(smiles)
Its not enough.

FLASH CUT TO:

10702 INT. GATSON'S DEN - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

10702

Gatson looks at Ray, fear mounting.

GATSON

My watch....
(tears it off his wrist)
It cost me twelve grand. Here...

Ray looks at the ostentatious thing, lets it drop. CLONK.

RAY

More.

GATSON

(desperate, anguished)
What do you want!

(CONTINUED)

10702 CONTINUED:

10702

RAY

I want more.

GATSON

(desperate)

Well what?

RAY

You ever hit a ball when you were
in the zone?

Gatson doesn't know what to answer. Starts to nod... Wrong
answer.

RAY

You watch it leave the pitcher's
hand. It crosses the plate and
Bam! Right in the sweet spot.

Gatson swallows, hopes it's right this time. Terrified.

He fights to remember Ray's name. Can't.

GATSON

(continuing)

You're the ballplayer.

RAY

And you're the D.A.

GATSON

(fast)

Hey I was just doing my job. It
was the cops brought the case. It
was their call. It was Wolfe.

RAY

(pointedly)

Nick Wolfe.

Gatson nods. Breathes. Thinks he made it.

GATSON

That's him.

RAY

But you helped.

(CONTINUED)

10702 CONTINUED: 2

10702

As Gatson speaks, his hand drops below the level of the top of the desk.

GATSON

But I can help you now, too.

Soundlessly, he opens one of the drawers. Inside is a .38 calibre snubnose revolver.

RAY

Did you read my letters?

GATSON

Letters?

(beat)

Sure, of course, yeah the letters.
I read them all.

Gatson's hand falls on the revolver.

RAY

What'd they say?

GATSON

(urgent)

I'm sorry... you just tell me what
you want OK.

As Gatson starts to raise the revolver, Ray fires. Gatson has time to look surprised before he dies.

Ray moves, stands over the body. Looks down.

RAY

I want my life back.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10703 EXT. STREET - DAY

10703

Nick's happy, relaxed. Moving along at a steady clip, passes a SMALL GROUP at a newsstand, doesn't know he's being followed.

VENDOR

It's OK, there you go, thank you
very much, have a good day.

ANGLE BEHIND TAIL

We won't see who the TAIL is just yet. He'll be revealed as PARKINSON, but for now he's a guy in dark clothes, baseball cap. Windbreaker jacket. Same body build as the killer.

TAIL'S POV

Nick stops at an intersection, "Don't Walk." He's in no hurry, obeys the sign.

ANGLE - THE TAIL

Slips into the cover of the Small Group at the newsstand. Grabs a magazine. The Tail glances down, slides his hand deep into his jacket, pushes a gun further back.

WITH NICK

The light turns GREEN. Nicks starts off again.

ANGLE - THE NEWSSTAND

As Tail pushes through the crowd. Keeps his head ducked down.

TAIL'S POV

Nick steps off the curb, crosses.

THE TAIL

picks up his pace.

(CONTINUED)

10703 CONTINUED:

10703

NICK

turns a corner, disappears from sight.

THE TAIL

moves faster. Goes around the same corner. WHACK!

A HAND

grabs him.

NEW ANGLE

Nick throws him against the wall. We see the Tail clearly now, clean-cut, 30's. Nick reaches into his jacket, finds the gun, holds it up to the guy's throat. Now he's pissed.

NICK

I hope you don't do this for a living.

ANGLE - A CAR

drives by slowly, taking them both in. Behind the wheel sits

RAY.

CUT TO:

10704 INT. AMANDA'S - KITCHEN - DAY

10704

AMANDA's HAND

placing a sprig of fresh basil on a plate of buffalo mozzarella just so.

AMANDA (O.S.)

There that should do it.

Steps back and we see her: sleek and stunning. Black slacks, pullover.

The kitchen behind her is packed with amazing dishes. We're talking multiple platters of tremendously sophisticated stuff, the new look -- architectural food.

(CONTINUED)

10704 CONTINUED:

10704

AMANDA

How many women do you know who
could make such a complicated meal
and still look so good?

Waits for kudos from Lucy who's leaning against a corner,
watching. Lucy gives her a reproachful look.

LUCY

I think Nick would be more
impressed if you got rid of
those...

We follow the motion of her head to the counter where

TAKE OUT CARTONS

are stacked up on each other.

AMANDA

The take out plates? Do you know
how many delivery boys I had to
tip?

She lifts the dish she's working on and exits to:

LUCY

How many times I had to go to the
door.

10705 INT. AMANDA'S - GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

10705

Candles lit, best stolen china, cut flowers, sublime
take-out cuisine on display on the dining table. Champagne
and orange juice for mimosas in cut crystal flutes.

Amanda puts down the plate she carries, adjusts another
just so.

AMANDA

The lengths I went to to get this
china?

Lucy enters, eyes the table. Moves a fork.

LUCY

The Duke of Marlborough knows.

(CONTINUED)

10705 CONTINUED:

10705

AMANDA

Exactly.

Lucy exits again. Amanda puts the fork back.

LUCY

Don't you think he would have liked it back?

AMANDA

Oh darling it doesn't go with his flatware.

AMANDA/LUCY

Ahhh.

Amanda's alone. Takes in the room. Lights the three candles.

AMANDA

Alright.

LUCY

Honey you look exhausted.

AMANDA

I am so tired.

LUCY

I'll open some champagne.

AMANDA

Good idea.

CUT TO:

10706 INT. MAGNUS' OFFICE - DAY

10706

MAGNUS faces a very pissed off Nick.

NICK

You put a tail on me?!

MAGNUS

Man walks down the same street as you. Happens to be a cop. It's a free country.

(CONTINUED)

10706 CONTINUED:

10706

A UNIFORMED OFFICER sticks his head in the door, a bunch of papers in hand. Magnus raises his hand.

MAGNUS

Not now.

The Officer retreats.

NICK

What's going on, Carl?

MAGNUS

Maybe I'm just trying to protect your ass.

NICK

From what?!

Magnus deliberately closes the file in front of him. Gets up, closes his office door. Turns to Nick.

MAGNUS

From who.

(beat)

Remember Bonita....

NICK

Ray Bonita. Ballplayer. Killed his minor league manager.

MAGNUS

(a wry smile)

I thought you might.

NICK

First case I caught out of uniform.

MAGNUS

Yeah well, Bonita's out. We think he killed Gatson.

(beat)

I'm betting he remembers you.

DISSOLVE TO:

10707 EXT. MINOR LEAGUE PARK - 1992 - DAY

10707

SUPER: SIX YEARS EARLIER

A young Ray is in the batting cage wearing cleats, hammering balls as Nick stands outside the cage, questioning him. Ray's a little nervous. Who wouldn't be, someone's dead and you're the one answering questions. In the b.g., GUYS play catch, stretch, etc.

Another of the ballplayers is taking a few practice swings with a bat and donut. As he waits his turn for the cage. His name is TONY.

RAY

Yeah I was pissed.

NICK

How pissed?

RAY

We fought.

TONY

Hey man, everybody fought with Jerry. That's the kind of guy he was. Nobody liked the son-of-a-bitch.

NICK

(to Tony)

Was I talking to you?

Nick turns back to Ray.

NICK

So I heard you guys were screaming at eachother.

(checks notepad)

You always scream when you fight?

Ray considers answering, but it's feeling like quicksand. Instead he takes another swing, evades.

RAY

Jerry didn't talk, he shouted. I shouted back. Didn't know there was a law against having an argument.

(CONTINUED)

10707 CONTINUED:

10707

NICK

There isn't if the other guy walks away.

RAY

(stops, looks at Nick)
I was pissed... We fought... I left.

He'd take another swing, but suddenly Nick's got a hand clamped down tight on Ray's lower arm.

NICK

Where'd you go?

RAY

For a drive.

NICK

For three hours.

RAY

I had a lot on my mind.

NICK

You talk to anybody, you see anybody?

RAY

I didn't know I'd need an alibi.

NICK

(beat)
What were you fighting about?

RAY

(beat)
Somebody got something wrong.

NICK

I bet.
(beat)
You know what they found in Jerry's desk this morning.

RAY

List of the Met's hand signals?

(CONTINUED)

10707 CONTINUED: 2

10707

NICK

No, drug tests.

Ray stops mid-swing. This makes him nervous.

NICK

(continuing; casual)

You're uh turning on your heel.
It's messing with your follow-through.

(beat)

When a player tests positive for cocaine -- it throws the screws in a promising career.

RAY

(sags)

Look you got it all wrong.

NICK

I'll tell you what, let's go downtown and you can help me get it right.

RAY

It's a waste of time.

(off Nick's look)

I'll get my stuff.

They move toward the bench, where a few of the Guys are stretching, playing pepper, etc... Tony follows them.

They pass DARRYL KEENAN, team's golden boy. He speaks with a slight mid-western twang and a self-effacing attitude. He's Larry Bird, but a foot shorter with a 95-mile-an-hour fastball.

He glances up, recognizes trouble, cuts in between them.

DARRYL

(to Ray, concerned)

Hey, buddy, what's going on?

TONY

Columbo here thinks Ray killed Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

10707 CONTINUED: 3

10707

DARRYL

(to Nick)
That's crazy.

TONY

Yeah I tried to tell 'em.

NICK

Then he's got nothing to worry
about.

Ray dumps his stuff into an equipment bag with his name
stenciled on it.

RAY

Listen if I'm not back by six, call
Angie.

TONY

You got it.

Reaches for his jacket, grabs it out of his bag, eyes on
Nick. Something in Darryl's look stops him. Turns to his
bag, sees what Darryl sees.

Partially hidden by his jacket, there's a

BAT

Was covered in blood. Someone tried to cover their tracks,
lousy clean up job.

Nick's already bent down looking at it.

RAY

in shock. REELS back.

RAY

Hey that's not mine.

Nick pulls out the cuffs.

NICK

(all business)
Put your hands behind your back.

(CONTINUED)

10707 CONTINUED: 4

10707

RAY

What?

NICK

Do it!

Nick spins him and puts on the cuffs.

RAY

(scared) What are you
doing?

Look I swear to God man, that is
not mine, I did not do this.

(to Tony)
Hey call Angie will you!

TONY

Yeah you got it.

DARRYL

Hey we'll get you a good lawyer.
We'll get you out of this.

RAY

Darryl, I didn't do it.

DARRYL

I know buddy. I know.

As Nick locks the cuffs on and starts to lead him away.

10708 INT. MAGNUS' OFFICE - THE PRESENT - DAY

10708

NICK

You got some killer on the loose
and you put a rookie to keep an eye
on me.

MAGNUS

Hey some people might appreciate
the thought.

A WOMAN enters holding a clipboard; on it are a couple of
requisition forms.

Magnus motions her in. She places the forms for his
signature.

(CONTINUED)

10708 CONTINUED:

10708

NICK

I want to see his jacket.

MAGNUS

It's confidential.

SECRETARY

Captain you want to sign this?

Magnus signs the forms.

MAGNUS

(to the Woman)

And tell Sergeant Vaccono I want
his ass on the street today.

The Woman gathers her things and exits.

NICK

Tell me, Carl, when were you going
to let me know? Before or after
I'm lying on the concrete.

MAGNUS

Look I'm waiting for the prints to
get back. It was just a
precaution. We don't know it's him
for sure.

NICK

You're waiting for the prints to
get back before you tell me?!

MAGNUS

Hey don't tell me how to do my job.

NICK

(furious)

I'm not telling you how to do your
job Carl. You got a D.A. down;
you're using me as bait.

(beat)

I wanna see the jacket.

MAGNUS

You're a civilian, Nick. Leave
this to the department.

(CONTINUED)

10708 CONTINUED: 2

10708

Magnus and Nick stare each other down for a long moment.
Finally Magnus grabs the file and flips it into what passes
for his out box.

NICK

Wouldn't look so good, would it?
Ex-cop solves case. People might
wonder why he's an "ex". Questions
you don't want to answer.

On the face off between them. Nobody's winning.

10709 INT. AMANDA'S - KITCHEN - DAY

10709

All those platters. The food is cold. So is Amanda.
Leaning up against the counter, holding a dish towel, eagle
eye burning a hole into a

AMANDA

Hum, hum, hum, OK.

Jumps up. Strides from the kitchen. We follow her and
Lucy through the:

10710 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10710

AMANDA

I am going to go out now and I am
going to have a good time.

Arrives at the

FRONT DOOR

AMANDA

I don't know where I'm going but
never to worry...

Grabs a coat from a chair by the door and reaches into a
cabinet, removing a little black book.

AMANDA

(continuing)
...where ever it is...

(CONTINUED)

10710 CONTINUED:

10710

Throws on coat -- stunning... She starts turning the pages
in the book as she moves.

AMANDA

(continuing)

...he's going to be very rich...

LUCY

Prince.

Tucks her hair under beret (also from the chair.)

AMANDA

...he's going to be very
handsome....

LUCY

The actor.

Grabs a purse. Flings open the front door, Lucy catches
it, half an inch before it would slam against the wall.

AMANDA

...and he's going to have a watch.

Amanda adjusts her beret half an inch and is gone.

Lucy starts closing the door.

AMANDA

(continuing; on a rant)

Do you know Lucy that I have not
been stood up since Winston
Churchill had to order D-Day.

LUCY

That wasn't his fault.

AMANDA

So Eisenhower said.

LUCY

(calls out)

And he apologized.

10711 EXT. AMANDA'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

10711

Amanda exits the building. She stops short as

AMANDA
(To the doorman)
So dependable.

NICK

approaches, rushing. AMANDA glares at him.

AMANDA
I know you?

NICK
I apologize.

AMANDA
(playing with him)
For what?

NICK
Being late.

AMANDA
Late for ahhh?

NICK
Lunch.

AMANDA
Lunch oh my God was that today?
(beat)
What were you? Twenty, thirty
minutes late?

NICK
Three hours.

AMANDA
Wow something must have really gone
wrong for you to be three hours
late.

NICK
Nothing went wrong.

AMANDA
Nothing went wrong?

(CONTINUED)

10711 CONTINUED:

10711

NICK
Nothing's wrong.

AMANDA
(beat)
Alright see you around.

She starts to turn, away from him. He watches for a moment.

NICK
Amanda.

She turns back.

AMANDA
Yeah?

NICK
Some other time?

AMANDA
Sure.

Amanda turns and walks away as

A CAR

at the other end of the street moves toward Nick.

NICK

is walking, unaware of the car following him.

THE CAR

suddenly jumps the curb and races down the sidewalk toward

NICK

who reacts and sees

THE CAR

bearing down on him.

NICK

starts to run.

(CONTINUED)

10711 CONTINUED: 2

10711

THE CAR

follows, gaining ground.

Nick runs for all he's worth.

AMANDA

reacts to what she sees.

The car speeds up... Closer. Ray behind the wheel, his face locked in a grim smile.

NICK

veers out into the street. The car follows.

Nick jumps back onto the curb,

THE CAR

a few yards behind the running Nick... gaining.

NICK

at the last moment dives into an alleyway.

THE CAR

screeches by, and races out into the street as

NICK

gun in hand, rises, SHOTS.

ANGLE - THE CAR

As the bullet ricochets off of something. The car's getting too far away. Nick starts to run after it, firing, but

THE CAR

turns a corner and disappears.

AMANDA

has raced to his side; both are breathing hard.

(CONTINUED)

10711 CONTINUED: 3

10711

AMANDA
Something wrong?

NICK
Why do you ask?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10712 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

10712

Amanda's on the couch. Nick's pacing. Lucy's hovering.

AMANDA

Well at least we have civilized
rules of engagement.

NICK

Civilized, right.

AMANDA

Oh you think this is different?

NICK

It's a personal thing. I put the
guy in prison, he's pissed.

AMANDA

Oh alright so it's okay, because
he's angry.

NICK

Forget it.

LUCY

Anyone hungry?

They're not. She shrugs, exits toward the kitchen. Amanda
watches Nick.

AMANDA

Look maybe I can help you.

NICK

I can handle it.

(beat)

This is a personal thing, Amanda.
And don't give your, I'm an
Immortal, I can't be killed B.S.

AMANDA

Ok what about what a testosterone
-based macho idiot I am B.S.

(CONTINUED)

10712 CONTINUED:

10712

Nick turns; he can't help but smile.

AMANDA

(earnest)

Look the guy's not going away.
He's gonna come and he's gonna keep
coming back until you're dead.

(beat)

Believe me, I know a lot about
grudges.

Her voice trails off.

NICK

Then I'll have to find him first.

Lucy has returned, full plate in hand.

AMANDA

Oh city of five million. Piece of
cake.

NICK

It would be a lot easier if I had
my notes.

AMANDA

You don't remember?

NICK

It was a long time ago, It was
six years.

AMANDA

Six years ago? Wow. There goes a
short term.

NICK

There's a lot of details.

AMANDA

I remember every dish in a
seventeen course dinner at
Versailles, right down to the live
ortolans and that was two hundred
and fifty years ago.

(CONTINUED)

10712 CONTINUED: 2

10712

NICK

Really, congratulations. Doesn't help me.

AMANDA

Alright where's the file?

NICK

Magnus' office.

AMANDA

No problem.

NICK

(shakes his head, smiles)
No.

AMANDA

(lifts a carrot off
Lucy's plate
insouciantly)
Yes.

(gets close)
What do you think I'm out of practice?

NICK

The poster child for robbery-homicide? Signs everywhere say "arrest this woman." Cindy Crawford's not as popular down there.

AMANDA

(gets very close)
Cindy Crawford's isn't as talented.

There's a very well-timed and distracting COUGH -- Lucy, in the corner. They ignore her.

NICK

No can do. They know you to well.

Lucy COUGHS again. Nick turns to her.

AMANDA

And they don't know you, former Detective Wolfe?

Another COUGH. Gets Amanda's attention. Lucy smiles. Now that she's got everyone's attention...

10713 INT. POLICE STATION - IN FRONT OF MAGNUS' OFFICE - LATE NIGHT 10713

A broom steadily making its way towards Magnus' open door.

The graveyard shift, one poor YOUNGISH DETECTIVE doing paperwork out in the bullpen.

He glances up, WIDEN TO see

LUCY

at work bringing a hell of a lot of attitude to a cleaning lady's uniform. She smiles at him. He goes back to work. She grabs the rolling trash can sitting by Magnus' door, pulls it in.

10714 INT. MAGNUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 10714

Lucy glances around. Makes it look good -- gets to work. Starts to dust. Gets closer to the desk. Glances up. Sees the Detective watching her.

Notices he's got his coat in one hand. Gets up. Starts to walk out. Lucy moves to the desk. Fake dusting. It's a mess. Christ.

Looks up again: he's gone.

Starts going through the medley on Magnus desk -- doesn't the guy throw anything away. Piles of files everywhere.

SLAM of a DOOR. She stops. Cocks an ear. Waits. No one shows.

Looks back down. Sees the corner of a file: RAY. Got her hands on it. Hears A DOOR OPEN, closer than the one that shut. She stops. Room's still empty. Looks back down, pulls the file. There -- BONITA. Grabs it.

Throws it in her trash can. Unmistakable sound of a FOOT on the FLOOR. Looks up, sees

MAGNUS

reading a tabloid, at the door.

(CONTINUED)

10714 CONTINUED:

10714

Lucy takes a breath. Starts toward the door. Magnus, still reading, getting close. Almost close enough to see into:

ANGLE ON - THE TRASH CAN

As Lucy pushes it forward. It's empty except for Ray's file.

WHAP!

A dust basket is emptied on top of the file. Papers, cigarette butts, soda cans.

BACK TO SCENE

As Lucy puts down the dust basket. Magnus walks by. Never looks up from the tabloid.

No one ever pays attention to the cleaning lady.

CUT TO:

10716 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - LATE NIGHT

10716

The inside doesn't betray the exterior. Think Naugahyde. Think liquid lunch. Think dim booths and a stilled pool table in the back. Think a lousy place to work.

She wears her waitress uniform: short skirt, peasant blouse, comfortable shoes. Place is empty.

ANGIE

(calls out)
You go. I'll lock up. I still got to change. Bye.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Bye.

She moves to the front door. Locks it.

10715 EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR - LATE NIGHT

10715

Ray pulls up as before. Cuts the engine.

CUT TO:

10717 EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SAME TIME 10717

Ray is tucked back against a rear wall. Waits. Another Waitress exits. Moves off. Ray goes to the back door. Works the handle. Jimmies the lock with a credit card.

10718 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SAME TIME 10718

Angie at the jukebox. Picks out something. Kinda sexy. Sad. Like her.

She hums along, moves almost unconsciously to the rhythm of the music as she finishes refilling the last salt shaker.

10719 EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SAME TIME 10719

The back door. Ray slips inside.

10720 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - CONTINUOUS 10720

Angie moves to a cloak room, maybe just a cubby hole. There she removes her street clothes from a hanger. Starts to undo her blouse.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

that leads to the kitchen. There's a window in the door, the kind that lets the help see through when they're going in and out. Right now, we see Ray looking through, watching.

RAY'S POV

Angie takes off her work blouse and neatly hangs it up. She freezes, turns her head as though she heard something.

REVERSE ANGLE

to the window in the doorway. No one is there.

ON ANGIE

relieved. Maybe feels a little foolish. She reaches for her T-shirt... There it is again. She turns. Anxious now. Heart pounding. Grabs her T-shirt and holds it up, covering herself.

(CONTINUED)

10720 CONTINUED:

10720

ANGIE

Connie?

No answer. She notices the front blinds are open. Closes them quickly. She turns to see

THE KITCHEN DOOR

swinging slightly.

ON ANGIE

ANGIE

(beat; nervous)

Who's there?

Still nothing. She pulls her T-shirt over her head. Heart's thumping. She moves to the bar, reaches over, picks up a knife from the counter. Looks through the kitchen door. Again, nothing. She sighs with relief, backs away into:

RAY

Angie whirls, sees him, freaks. Holding up the hand that holds the knife. But she can't do it. He's standing in front of her staring at that hand and it's starting to shake, really shake. Tears stream down her face.

RAY

Hey Angie...

He takes the knife gently, puts his arms around her.

ANGIE

I could have killed you.

She touches the scar on his face -- makes her want to cry.

ANGIE

What'd they do to you?

He turns away. In his mind's eye, we

FLASH CUT TO:

10721 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

10721

A HOMEMADE SHIVE (KNIFE)

as it falls towards Ray's face, as Ray struggles with another INMATE.

CUT BACK TO:

10722 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - THE PRESENT - LATE NIGHT

10722

Ray turns to her.

RAY

They won't do it again.

He kisses her, strokes her shoulder.

RAY

I'm sorry I scared you. I had to make sure that you were alone.

ANGIE

Cops were already here.

RAY

I know.

ANGIE

Did you do it, Ray...?

(no answer)

Ray?

They start to kiss. He wants to devour her. He lifts her T-shirt, pulls it up over her head. They fall into each others' arms.

10723 INT. AMANDA'S - GREENHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

10723

Papers from the file strewn all over the table. Lucy is pacing.

LUCY

(to Nick)

Pardon me if I ask a silly question, but why don't you just get out of town?

(CONTINUED)

10723 CONTINUED:

10723

Nick throws her a look, then goes back to the papers.

LUCY

Amanda has this great little place
in the Bahamas. You could go there
for a couple months.

(beat)

She might even come with you. A
little golf, midnight swims, a
couple bottles of champagne by the
sea.

AMANDA

Why is it when the going gets
tough, you want to go on vacation?

LUCY

It is the wisdom that comes with
the years my dear.

Amanda turns back to Nick.

AMANDA

(re: files)

Look looks like Ray had a
girlfriend and his best friend is a
Darryl Keenan...

Looks over at Nick studying a piece of paper.

NICK

Darryl Keenan the pitcher?

AMANDA

Who just signed up for thirty
million plus incentives, boy did I
pick the wrong career.

NICK

(as in "Eureka!")

Son-of-a-bitch.

Lucy reacts as though the curse were aimed at her.

LUCY

So you don't want to go away so,
don't go. I'm sorry I mentioned
it.

(CONTINUED)

10723 CONTINUED: 2

10723

NICK

No Lucy,
(beat; re: files)
Ray took a drug test when he was in
prison. He was clean.

10724 INT. MAGNUS'S OFFICE - 1992 - DAY

10724

Magnus is on the phone; as he speaks, he's looking over
various paperwork.

Magnus notices Nick enter, a file in his hands. He waves
him in.

MAGNUS

(beat)
So what do you got for me?

He hangs up. Nick throws some papers on Magnus' desk.
Different dynamic between them in those days. Up-and-coming
detective, proud mentor. Magnus eyeballs the paperwork.

NICK

Morris murder. Drug test. Blood
fragments from the bat.

MAGNUS

Nice, nice job.

Nick is young and sure of himself.

NICK

Man I nailed that son-of-a-bitch.

(beat)
Can you believe he's still
screaming he's innocent.

MAGNUS

They all do.
(beat)
The Public Defender's probably
trying to get him to cop a plea.
(beat)
So tell me how's it feel?

(CONTINUED)

10724 CONTINUED:

10724

NICK
Great. It feels great.

TRANSITION TO:

AMANDA
So?

NICK
So it's impossible.

10725 EXT. MINOR LEAGUE FIELD - MORNING - (ESTABLISHING)

10725

Establishing.

10726 EXT. MINOR LEAGUE FIELD - MORNING

10726

DARRYL KEENAN

the golden boy, smiling ballplayer, the positive to Ray's negative, walks out onto the field. He senses someone behind him. It's Ray.

RAY
Been a while.

DARRYL
You bet.

RAY
(beat)
Thanks for coming.

DARRYL
Good to see you... Hey there.

KID
Can we get your autograph, you're awesome. Yeah my names John Mr. Keenan... Thanks.

DARRYL
(twang of a fading southern accent)
You know I had it all worked out for ya. Now you got half the police force after you.

(CONTINUED)

10726 CONTINUED:

10726

RAY
So let'em find me.

DARRYL
I just don't get it. I mean you
got a nice little job in my
organization.

Ray feels lousy. Shakes his head.

RAY
(gently)
Yeah like this scar's gonna match a
suit?

Darryl eyes the nasty scar on Ray's cheek.

DARRYL
I suppose this is where you tell me
I oughtta see the other guy right.

Ray's face grows dark, cold.

RAY
He's dead.
(changing the subject)
So how's the arm?

DARRYL
Still tight. Sons-a-bitches they
got me training in the off season.
(shrugs)
Hell, I figure it's their nickel
right? I'm just a working stiff.

RAY
Well you gotta stay in shape.

DARRYL
Ray why'd you have to go kill the
guy for? I would have worked it
out.

(CONTINUED)

10726 CONTINUED: 2

10726

RAY

(tight)

Because nobody screws with Ray Bonita... Not anymore.

(beat, with sarcasm)

Plead manslaughter, the public defender tells me.

(beat)

You'll do six years, come out a young man, she tells me.

(beat)

Too bad she didn't tell me about the animals that come for you in the middle of the night.

(beat; pissed)

But I learned. Somebody takes something from you, you take it right back. Or you're meat.

(beat; with anger)

And that bastard took my life.

DARRYL

Well that bastard was a D.A.

RAY

He was a liar.

DARRYL

(resigned)

Look I just wanna help OK. Tell me what you need, just let me know what I can do.

Ray looks at his friend for a long time.

RAY

I want to see the show.

10727 EXT. SKYDOME STADIUM - DAY

10727

Establishing.

10728 EXT. DUGOUT/PLAYING FIELD - DAY

10728

(PRODUCTION NOTE: SINCE THIS IS A DOMED STADIUM, "EXT." WILL REFER TO THE PLAYING FIELD/STANDS/DUGOUT. "INT." WILL REFER TO OFFICES/LOCKER ROOMS, ETC. ALSO NOTE: ALL STADIUM LOCATIONS ARE FLEXIBLE, TO BE DETERMINED BY PRODUCTION NEEDS. WHAT'S DESCRIBED WITHIN IS A TEMPLATE.)

Two of them walk out into the sunlight.

RAY

...How 'bout that time you struck
out Boggs three times in a row.

DARRYL

Damn, you saw that?

RAY

And the night you ended the Yankees
streak.

Darryl laughs with false modesty.

DARRYL

Ah I just got lucky, I guess...
Come on there were shadows all over
that field.

RAY

Man, you're in the show.

Darryl looks away. Something inside hurting.

DARRYL

Hey you would have been in it, too,
Ray.

Beat. Ray looks down at the ball in his hand. Tosses it in
the air once.

DARRYL

(continuing)
Hey come on just lemme help you,
buddy. You know what they're
paying me?
(laughs)
Damn mayor's givin me a key to the
city. Shoot, I'm kicking some
pretty serious butt here.

(CONTINUED)

10728 CONTINUED:

10728

The whole field lies before them. Something about it dazzles a little. The green really green. The white of the foul lines really white. A glow to the bases.

RAY

It doesn't matter.

He hands Darryl the baseball. Darryl thinks for second. Smiles. Turns around to look for a bat. Comes up with one, but as he does, something turns him cold. Ray's got a

GUN

DARRYL

(tentatively)

Ray?

NICK

Where can I find Darryl Keenan?

RAY

Thank you, Santa.

(beat)

It's him.

Darryl turns, sees what Ray's looking at. In a far corner, talking to a MAINTENANCE MAN is Nick Wolfe.

DARRYL

(sweating)

Hey you stay cool.

RAY

(doesn't take his eyes
off Nick)

They were in it together.

DARRYL

(steps closer to Ray)

Don't, don't do this, Ray.

RAY

Time for you to get lost, Darryl.

DARRYL

You kill this man... you take me
with you.

(CONTINUED)

10728 CONTINUED: 2

10728

RAY

What are you talking about, man?

DARRYL

I'm going to be a witness. Look they'er gonna give me a choice: I put away my best friend or I lose everything.

He's an inch away from his friend, now.

DARRYL

(beat)

Ray, please. Just let me handle him alright?

A beat between them. Ray slips into the tunnel off the dugout.

WITH RAY

in the tunnel. He stops, turns back. Can't be seen in the shadows.

RAY'S POV

Darryl grabs a spring grip from his equipment bag and moves away from the dugout, greeting Nick. Intercepting him.

RESUME RAY

Turns and slips off into the belly of the stadium.

10729 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

10729

Darryl works a spring grip with his hand, building his arm strength. It's a great way to not have to look Nick in the eye.

NICK

Darryl Keenan, I'm a big fan, Nick Wolfe, nice to meet you.

DARRYL

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

10729 CONTINUED:

10729

NICK
You seen Ray Bonita?

DARRYL
No, sir, I haven't.

NICK
You know he's out....

DARRYL
Yeah, yeah I know that.

NICK
Oh yeah well did you read it in the
papers or ahhh?

DARRYL
Yeah, yeah

NICK
Really.

DARRYL
What makes you think he'd come
here?

NICK
Well you never missed a day of his
trial.

DARRYL
Well neither did you. You're the
cop who arrested him.

NICK
You're his best friend.

DARRYL
Didn't know that was a crime.

NICK
Known each other since you were
kids.

DARRYL
Yeah well you know he's been in
jail right --- could have lost
touch.

(CONTINUED)

10729 CONTINUED: 2

10729

NICK

You paid for his lawyers...

DARRYL

Look I don't know how you treat friends where you come from, where I come from, you help a friend who's in trouble.

NICK

You sent his girlfriend a check every month.

DARRYL

Yeah she's a nice girl. It's not her fault.

NICK

(a guess)

You called over there. Yesterday.

Darryl stops. Interview's done. Nick's not -- follows him to the dugout where he tosses his stuff in a duffel.

NICK

(continuing)

Hey come on Darryl, look if anybody knows where Ray is -- it's you. You wanna help me out here?

DARRYL

(angry)

Look I don't mean you any disrespect, but you are the man who put him away.

NICK

Well maybe I was wrong.

DARRYL

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

NICK

Maybe he was innocent.

DARRYL

Say what?

(CONTINUED)

10729 CONTINUED: 3

10729

NICK

Maybe we should reopen this case.

DARRYL

(beat)

Really, why you got some new evidence or something?

NICK

Or something.

Darryl takes a deep breath.

DARRYL

Don't do this to me.

NICK

Don't do what? Look I know he was your friend but this guys in trouble.

NICK

Just maybe I can help him.

DARRYL

(beat)

He's got a gun.

(beat)

He wants you dead.

NICK

A lot of people do, where is he?

DARRYL

(beat)

He's in the locker room.

Nick nods his thanks, heads down the corridor.

10730 INT. STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

10730

Nick enters, cautious. Nick instinctively dives behind a row of lockers.

(CONTINUED)

10730 CONTINUED:

10730

NICK
(continuing; shouts)
Ray. Don't...!

RAY

from his hidden position on the other side of the room,
FIRES again.

Nick inches his head around the lockers. Can see the edge
of Ray's head.

NICK
(continuing)
I just wanna talk to you.

Sticks his head out, assesses the situation. There's a gap
between locker rows further ahead. A row of showers beyond
that.

RAY
You took my life once. Want to try
it again?

NICK

dives into the gap between locker rows, barely beats Ray's
SHOT. Takes a breath.

NICK
I saw the drug test.

Ray answers with a shot.

NICK
(continuing)
The ones you did in prison.

ANGLE RAY

RAY
I told you.

NICK
I saw the letter you wrote the D.A.

RAY
I told all of you.

(CONTINUED)

10730 CONTINUED: 2

10730

NICK

When Jerry died -- you were clean.

Ray screams the pain he's felt every day for six years,
every moment in prison, every time he's seen a baseball:

RAY

I was innocent!

THE LOCKER ROOM

As the echo of his voice ricochets through it, all over
Nick. Kills him a little too.

10731 INT. LOCKER ROOM - THE PRESENT - DAY

10731

Nick inches forward. He feels lousy, and it makes him
angry.

NICK

I was wrong.

ON RAY

Someone finally hears him.

RAY

(steady, soft)
It's too late.

NICK

No it's not too late.

RAY

I killed the D.A.

NICK

But not Jerry. Don't make things
worse.

RAY

(bitter laugh)
Think they'll let me go?

NICK

If they catch you out on the
street, they'll kill you.

(CONTINUED)

10731 CONTINUED:

10731

RAY

I don't care?

NICK

(anger rising)
I screwed up. Six years ago I was
wrong. Let me fix it.

RAY

There is no hope for me.

NICK

You'll be alive.

RAY

Prison is not living.

ON RAY

the gun in his hand.

ON NICK

listening. Takes a beat. Stands. Takes a step forward.

And then they both hear: SIRENS.

NICK

SLAMS down for cover as Ray OPENS FIRE. Nick pulls his own
gun.

RAY (O.S.)

You set me up, you bastard!

Nick can HEAR Ray moving away. He runs through the locker
room just in time to see a door at the other end SLAM.
Ray's gone.

10732 INT. STADIUM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

10732

NICK

flies out of the back of the Locker Room. He chases

(CONTINUED)

10732 CONTINUED:

10732

RAY

through a set of halls in the bowels of the stadium,
leading to the Visitors Club House.

The DOOR SLAMS in his face. Nick's THROUGH it, can see

RAY

ahead of him. Ray turns around a second, sees Nick,
SHOOTS.

Nick ducks, Ray slams down a set of lockers, blocking
Nick's path.

Nick vaults over the lockers. Ray's out the door ahead of
him.

10733 INT. STADIUM - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

10733

Nick follows, sees

RAY

up ahead of him near a Concession Counter. Ray leaps over
the counter. Shoots at Nick.

Nick dives to an elevator inset across from the concession
counter just a few feet before it. Silence. Except the
sound of both men BREATHING.

Nick glances out. Sees where Ray must be heading -- EXIT
doors up ahead.

Ray opens fire. Nick jerks back to safety, hears the Exit
DOORS SLAM shut.

10734 EXT. STADIUM - DAY

10734

Bright.

THE DOORS

fly open.

(CONTINUED)

10734 CONTINUED:

10734

NICK

emerges, blinded by the sun. Stops a second, blinks back the glare.

Empty. Nothing, nobody. Ray has disappeared. Nick slowly lowers his gun.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

10735 INT. MAGNUS' OFFICE - DAY

10735

There's no love lost between these two.

MAGNUS
(dripping with sarcasm)
So great you've retired.

NICK
It's still my case.

MAGNUS
You broke into my office, stole my
files, you started a shoot out in
the Mayor's favorite tourist
attraction. What the hell are you
doing?

NICK
Getting answers.

MAGNUS
You're not a cop, Wolfe.

NICK
He didn't do it.

MAGNUS
Didn't do what!

NICK
Didn't kill his manager.

MAGNUS
That's funny. I don't see a dead
manager. I see a dead D.A.

NICK
We got the wrong...
(beat)
I got the wrong guy.

MAGNUS
You made your bones on that case.

(CONTINUED)

10735 CONTINUED:

10735

NICK

Maybe I shouldn't have.

MAGNUS

The case is closed.

NICK

Nothing's closed. He's still out there.

MAGNUS

Not for long. You got a problem with it, talk to a priest.

As Nick reacts.

10736 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

10736

Angie's bussing some empties at a booth at the center of the place where the light edges into darkness. Feels a presence behind her: Amanda, watching. Angie doesn't even turn around.

ANGIE

I already spoke to the cops. And the D.A.'s office.

Amanda looks around the bar. Takes in the couple at the bar, few customers scattered across the booths.

AMANDA

You haven't talked to me.

(beat)

We can do it here or we can go downtown.

Angie drops into the booth shes cleaning. Glowers at Amanda, bring it on.

ANGIE

(rote)

Haven't seen him, hasn't called, don't know where he is.

Starts to get up.

(CONTINUED)

10736 CONTINUED:

10736

AMANDA

(softly)
Murder, attempted murder. He's in
a lot of trouble, Angie. He gets
caught out on the street, he's
dead.

ANGIE

(fierce)
He's not a monster. You don't know
him. Nobody does.
(bites her lip)
Do you know what it's like to be 21
and so much in love it hurts?

AMANDA

(trying to remember)
It's been a while.

ANGIE

(sits back down again,
beat)
He loves you so much that he'll
stop an entire game on a summer
night in July, to wave at you, just
to let everyone know you're his.
(beat)
That he'll go hungry when his
team's on the road because he spent
his meal money talking to you on a
pay phone.
(beat)
That's how much he loved me.
(beat)
He was innocent and it didn't
matter.
(beat)
You put him away... You find him.

She gets up -- screw Amanda, screw the cops.

AMANDA

You're not helping him.

ANGIE

You want to put my ass in jail, you
do that.

(CONTINUED)

10736 CONTINUED: 2

10736

AMANDA

Look I'm not going to arrest you.

ANGLE ON - ANGIE

her back to Amanda. Finally understands something.

ANGIE

You're not a cop.

Turns to see Amanda shake her head, almost imperceptibly.

AMANDA

If he hurts a cop, he so much as touches Nick Wolfe, the cops are gonna be the least of his problems.

ANGIE

Who are you?

AMANDA

(lets it go)
You tell him when you see him.
Nobody forgets when you kill a D.A.
You tell him to start running and keep running.

(beat; concerned)
And, my advice to you, don't go with him.

She gets up, moves away, stops a couple of booths back.
Ducks down next to a man wearing a baseball hat.

AMANDA

(continuing; a growl)
Get out of town, Ray.

ANGIE

She's right you stay here they'll get you for sure.

It's Ray. A gun hidden under an open menu on the table.

10737 EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

10737

Nick's on his way in: car's in the lot, hand's on the front door, about to open it. It opens from the other side. Amanda steps out, sees him, goes into full cover mode.

AMANDA

Hi I couldn't get in to the manicurist so I...

NICK

Fascinating.

He tries to move around her.

AMANDA

Nick --

NICK

My business, my life, Amanda.

AMANDA

He wants you dead.

NICK

Then that makes it between him and me.

He opens the door, about to go inside.

10738 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SAME TIME

10738

Ray as Amanda left him. Angie's brushed up next to him. Ray opens his eyes. He's filled with anguish.

RAY

You want me to go?

ANGIE

No!

(composes herself)

No. I'm going with you.

RAY

No no, I mean that, that's totally crazy.

(CONTINUED)

10738 CONTINUED:

10738

AMANDA

(to Nick)
Look she called in sick today, lets
talk.

ANGIE

I waited six years, Ray.

RAY

Angie they get me, they get you
too.

ANGIE

Six years do you think I'm going
back to waiting?

He looks at her. Loves her so much it hurts.

RAY

We got nothing. It takes money to
run.

He puts his arms around her. Kisses her head. Thinks.

ANGIE

Darryl's got money.

10739 EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SAME TIME

10739

NICK

Stay out of this Amanda.

AMANDA

Look some things you can't change
Nick! That is not the same person
you put away. He is a murderer.

NICK

Whatever he is, I made him that
way.

AMANDA

So what you're God now. What else
are you responsible for?

(CONTINUED)

10739 CONTINUED:

10739

NICK

(hard)

He was a kid with a life, and a future.

(beat)

I don't expect you to understand.

AMANDA

Why not? Because I'm Immortal? Or a I'm a thief? Or a woman? What don't I get?

NICK

(with passion)

All of the above, I owe him.

AMANDA

So him putting bullet holes through you is going to make it all right.

And then they both hear: tires taking a corner too fast.

Nick whirls around, sees

RAY'S CAR

skyrocketing down the street. Pulls his piece. Forget it. Car's too far. Runs to his own car, opens the door, takes off after it.

10740 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

10740

CAR CHASE

as Nick, in his car, flies around a corner, all tires SQUEALING as he pursues Ray.

RAY

glances back: Nick's getting closer. He makes a hard left onto a tight street, buildings blocking the horizon.

NICK

follows. Sees him make another tight turn, fly down an alley.

(CONTINUED)

10740 CONTINUED:

10740

End of the alley, Ray skids out into the street, almost hits a LADY in a sports car.

Lady slams on the brakes, stopping right in front of Nick. Nick YELLS at her, has to swerve to a stop.

The Lady's car is STALLED. Can't get it going.

NICK'S POV

Ray's car moving fast, up ahead of him, starting to make a turn.

RESUME NICK

As Ray's car disappears into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

10741 INT. DARRYL'S UPSCALE HOME - DAY

10741

(PRODUCTION NOTE: LOCATION COULD BE SAME AS D.A.'S HOUSE)

RAY

You know I wouldn't have come but...

DARRYL

Hey it's okay, buddy. You 'member when we were kids.

(beat)

You know you taught me to throw my first curve.

RAY

You remember.

DARRYL

Hell yeah.

RAY

It's still your best pitch.

DARRYL

You know... I'm real sorry.

(CONTINUED)

10741 CONTINUED:

10741

RAY

About what?

DARRYL

About all this.

RAY

It's not your fault.

Darryl turns, finally found what he's looking for.

DARRYL

Yeah, it is.

And Ray sees: he's got a

GUN

RAY

Oh man.

10742 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

10742

Nice neighborhood. Nick drives, looks for right house.
Pulls to the curb, flies out the door and up toward:

10743 EXT. DARRYL'S UPSCALE HOME - SAME TIME

10743

NICK arrives, sees. Darryl has got his back to him, Ray's
starting to pull a gun.

Hears the BOOM of a BULLET. And he knows: it's too late.

10744 INT. DARRYL'S UPSCALE HOME - SAME TIME

10744

Darryl is before him, standing over Ray's body, checking
his pulse. Nick approaches, Darryl sits down.

(CONTINUED)

10744 CONTINUED:

10744

DARRYL

(playing shaken)

He was crazy you know. I tried to
reason with him but he wouldn't
listen. He just wanted me dead, he
was my best freind. He pulls this
gun on me so...

(beat)

I had to shoot... I had to...

As Nick eyes Darryl cold and hard.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

10745 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY

10745

Nick stands in the field. Turns slowly, takes in the empty stands, the vastness. A man's dead and he feels like hell.

10746 INT. STADIUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

10746

Dark. Like when we saw Darryl, Ray here.

NICK

looking at that trophy case. The pictures of Darryl. Guy's a walking photo opportunity. Every other picture, he's surrounded by kids -- doing the good work. Charity cases. Nick moves on. The framed articles, clippings. Stops at: TRIUMPH FROM TRAGEDY. BALLPLAYER SURVIVES MANAGER'S DEATH. Starts to read.

10747 INT. MAGNUS' OFFICE - DAY

10747

Magnus is at work. Nick strides in. Nick throws a piece of paper in front of Magnus.

NICK

Six years ago: one spot available on a major league roster. Two players good enough to get it.

MAGNUS

Circumstantial.

NICK

(slams his fist on the desk)

Darryl Keenan did it.

(beat)

Why won't you look at this? What are you afraid of pissing off someone downtown?

(CONTINUED)

10747 CONTINUED:

10747

MAGNUS

In two hours the mayor's giving the
key to the city to Keenan and I'm
gonna wrap it in a bow for him.

NICK

You know what Carl? I think you
stopped being a cop long before I
did.

MAGNUS

Get out!

NICK

Keenan didn't kill Ray Bonita.
(beat)
We did.

MAGNUS

We followed procedure.

NICK

We were wrong.

As Nick turns and leaves.

10748 INT. AMANDA'S - DAY

10748

Day or night, does it matter? Not to the guy coming in on
a tear. Nick.

AMANDA

Hey.

NICK

You lied to me.

NICK

Do you realize, if you'd told me
the truth, that Ray was in there,
he might still be alive today.

(CONTINUED)

10748 CONTINUED:

10748

AMANDA

(beat)

Yeah, I might have told you. And you might have walked into that bar.

(beat)

And he might have blown you away.

NICK

(he's had it)

That's right. You're not big on the truth.

AMANDA

What's so great about the truth, Nick?

NICK

You wanna know whats so great about the truth, for some of us it's all we got.

AMANDA

Really?

(beat)

What the hell good is truth if it gets you killed?

(beat)

Evidence it that the truth?

Evidence convicted Ray. Was that the truth?

Nick doesn't answer for awhile -- she was wrong, but she's right.

NICK

I'll tell you what truth is.

(beat)

Only two guys on that team were A negative blood type.

AMANDA

Like the drug test.

NICK

Ray Bonita and his best buddy...

(CONTINUED)

10748 CONTINUED: 2

10748

AMANDA

Darryl Keenan.

NICK

And one of them's nailed for murder...

AMANDA

And one of them made the big leagues.

NICK

One of them's lying...

AMANDA

And one of them's talking.

NICK

And he's dead.

AMANDA

Not necessarily.

NICK

(bitter)

Oh you gonna tell me he's immortal.
I'm sorry Amanda but not all of us
get that privilege.

Amanda shakes her head, that's not it. Looks over at him,
smiles.

AMANDA

You want to know what I like about
the truth, Nick?

NICK

What?

AMANDA

Sometimes the best way to get it is
to lie. Maybe this old thing.

10749 INT. DARRYL'S UPSCALE HOME - NIGHT

10749

Dead of night. Amanda's leaning against the wall, arms
crossed, watching Darryl walk the room.

(CONTINUED)

10749 CONTINUED:

10749

DARRYL

Sorry, ma'am. Ray never mentioned you.

AMANDA

That's funny, he told me a lot about you.

DARRYL

He told me he was gonna marry Angie.

AMANDA

Well how's this for a little pillow talk.

She gets real close to him, whispers for a moment.

DARRYL

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry, ma'am. They got Ray for that.

AMANDA

You're right they did, they put him in jail. Lucky for you.

(beat)

Tell me Darryl what is the difference between a man and DNA?

DARRYL

I don't know.

AMANDA

DNA never lies.

DARRYL

(frowns)

You ain't got a thing.

AMANDA

Oh no I got a lot of things. I got a drug test, and I got a swatch from a friend's baseball bat....

DARRYL

Cops closed the case.

(CONTINUED)

10749 CONTINUED: 2

10749

AMANDA

And a good ol' boy who should have
quit cocaine.

DARRYL

(that makes him nervous)
Closed it twice.

AMANDA

Well you know, what about those
tabloids because you know inquiring
minds do want to know.

DARRYL

They've got pictures of me at the
White House. Hell I'm with the
President.

AMANDA

I know. I saw that.
(beat)
Who dressed you for that anyway?
(spins on a dime, delivers
the bullet)
Tell me Darryl how're the
endorsements doing? The shoe
company?

The good old boy bumpkin veneer drops. Darryl turns cold.

DARRYL

Oh is that what you want?

AMANDA

Why not? Ray earned it. Let's
see. Three? Four?

DARRYL

(heads for the desk)
Thousand.

AMANDA

(perfect timing)
Million.

DARRYL

(stops)
Four...

(CONTINUED)

10749 CONTINUED: 3

10749

AMANDA

You know what I think we oughtta go five.

DARRYL

Five million dollars!

AMANDA

Wanna go higher?

DARRYL

You think I done just fell off the turnip truck?

AMANDA

Not at all. I think you just got 30 mil without endorsements. You pay an agent, a publicist, a lawyer, an accountant. I don't think they're gonna miss my little ol' cut.

DARRYL

Do you think I worked all my whole life to pay it over to some stupid tramp!

AMANDA

(indignant)
Excuse me?

DARRYL

Do you think the guy who solves the problems that I have is an idiot!

AMANDA

Oh you're talking about the drug thing. Right they caught you on a really bad day, so you switched yours for Ray's.

DARRYL

That stupid cop who just kept asking questions...

AMANDA

I wouldn't go there if I were you.

(CONTINUED)

10749 CONTINUED: 4

10749

DARRYL

I can go anywhere I want to! I'm
Darryl Keenan.

Amanda smiles. Exactly where she wants him to.

DARRYL

(continuing)
You want 5 million dollars? You
want five million dollars you go
find it under a rock.

Darryl grabs a bronzed baseball bat lying nearby. He turns
back into the good ol' boy.

DARRYL

(continuing)
"Golly officer, she broke in. She
was half crazed from killing her
boyfriend."

SLAMS the bat through the window.

DARRYL

(continuing)
"She came at me."

SLAMS again.

Throws down the bat.

AMANDA

Nice swing. Use that on Jerry?

DARRYL

Oh you figured it out.

He knocks over a lamp.

DARRYL

(continuing)
What else was I gonna do?

Sweeps aside a shelf of trophies.

AMANDA

Tell the truth?

(CONTINUED)

10749 CONTINUED: 5

10749

He stops, looks at her. Shakes his head.

DARRYL

I was a little late for that now
wasn't it? Ray wasn't supposed to
serve time. See I had it all
figured out every step of the way,
that case wasn't gonna hold water.
'Cept he goes and pleds to
manslaughter. Stupid hayseed.

AMANDA

Must have been to trust you.

He turns around, holding a gun. She puts her arms out,
daring him.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Alright go ahead and shoot me.

He does. Gun goes off with a CRACK! She doesn't look real
surprised as she falls. Darryl walks over, lifts Amanda's
arm. Checks her pulse. She's dead.

He finds the phone, dials. Tight on him -- his back to the
room.

WOMAN'S VOICE

911..

DARRYL

(into phone)

This is Darryl Keenan.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What's your location?

DARRYL

I'm at 143 Walnut. I'd like to
report a break-in, and shooting.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Are you alright sir?

DARRYL

Yeah I'm OK now.

(CONTINUED)

10749 CONTINUED: 6

10749

WOMAN'S VOICE

We're on our way.

DARRYL

Thanks... She's ain't goin
anywhere.

Turns around. She's gone.

10750 INT. NICK'S CAR - DOWN THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

10750

Amanda gets in. Nick's behind the wheel.

NICK

You get it?

Amanda smiles.

10751 INT. MAGNUS'S OFFICE - DAY

10751

Nick strides in.

MAGNUS

Again?

NICK

You'll like this one. It's gotta
good beat you can dance to it.

Sets a tape in front of Magnus. Magnus glances down.

DARRYL

(on cassett)
'Cept he goes and pleads to
manslaughter.

MAGNUS

What is it?

DARRYL

(on cassett)
Stupid hay seed.

NICK

It's Ray's eulogy.

(CONTINUED)

10751 CONTINUED:

10751

AMANDA
(on casset)
Must have been to trust you.

NICK
Sleep well.

DARRYL
(on casset)
You want five million dollars.

AMANDA
(on casset)
Go ahead and shoot me.

DARRYL
(on casset)
I'm Darryl Keenan.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

10752 INT. AMANDA'S - GREENHOUSE - DAY

10752

Amanda pours mimosas. Table's set. Flowers, crystal, brunch redux. She drops a strawberry in -- it fizzes, dangles the champagne flute in front of:

NICK

AMANDA

Here you go.

his head in the paper. He takes the glass.

NICK

Darryl Keenan arraignment tomorrow.
His fans have already set up a
defense fund.

She takes the paper from him. Enough. He pops a strawberry into his mouth.

AMANDA

Still. You did it.

NICK

Sure did. Took a pretty nice guy
with a helluva a swing and turned
him into, into... what?

AMANDA

Everybody knows better. Angie
knows. Half the ball club showed
up to his funeral.

(beat)

You did everything you could.

NICK

Wasn't enough.

(beat)

Someone died because I made a
mistake.

AMANDA

Would you please stop.

NICK

What?

(CONTINUED)

10752 CONTINUED:

10752

AMANDA

Expecting yourself to be more than human.

NICK

Spoken by someone who is.

AMANDA

We're all the products of our historys. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, but he still owned slaves.

NICK

Is there a point to this?

AMANDA

The best people I've known didn't always do the right thing. They just wanted to.

She sits next to him. Nick looks at her for a moment. He turns away.

NICK

Tell me it gets easier after the first thousand years.

They share a silent, melancholy toast as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END