

# **VENGEANCE UNLIMITED**

**"Cruel and Unusual"**

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

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**VENGEANCE UNLIMITED**

**"Cruel and Unusual"**

**Cast**

Mr. Chapel

KC Griffin

Edward Pike

Jack Schiller

Rick Delany

Bill Hargess

Lucy Hargess

Caroline Hargess

Kevin

Prosecutor

Associate

Female Witness

Jury Foreman

Assistant

Naked Girl (in Pike's house)

Murray Grandman

Bartender

Detective \*

Priest \*

# VENGEANCE UNLIMITED

## "Cruel and Unusual"

### Locations

#### INTERIOR

##### Hargess Home

Dining Room  
Carolyn's Room  
Front Hall  
Living Room

##### Pike Office

Xerox Room  
Outside Xerox Room

##### Hotel Suite

Living Room

##### Hotel Room

##### St. Luke's Church

##### Jack Schiller's Office Building

Schiller's Office  
Conference Room

##### Pike's Townhouse

Bedroom  
Staircase  
Study  
Master Bathroom  
Upstairs Hall

##### State Prosecutor's Office

KC's Desk \*  
Records Room

##### Courthouse

Courtroom  
Hall Outside Courtroom

#### EXTERIOR

##### Hargess Home

Back Porch

##### Abandoned Quarry

##### Street Outside Pike's Office

- Pay phone

##### Midtown Parking Lot

##### City Street (Outside Garage)

##### St. Luke's Church

##### Grade School

##### Pike's Townhouse

Front steps  
Alley  
Back of house

##### Alley

##### Courthouse

White Room (Morgue)

Underground Garage

Chapel's Car

Another Car (Sunray) \*

Limo \*

VENGEANCE UNLIMITED

"Cruel and Unusual"

TEASE

FADE IN:

0A INT. PIKE OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

0A

LUCY HARGESS, twenty-nine, rushes out of an office with three notebooks. As she moves up the hall, a series of motion sensor lights go off in her wake, eerily illuminating her worried features.

1 INT. HARGESS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

1

A phone sits on a sideboard. Next to it, a family photo of Lucy, her husband and little girl. The phone RINGS. A child's hand picks up the receiver and CAROLINE HARGESS, the eight-year-old daughter in the picture, cradles the too-big-for-her instrument awkwardly as she carries silverware to the table.

CAROLINE

Hello?

(beat)

Dad-eeeeee! It's Mom!

(into phone)

I'm setting the table. Are you gonna be home soon?

Her father, BILL, thirty-three, comes through the kitchen door, takes the phone.

BILL

Luce? Where are you?

2 INTERCUT: PIKE OFFICE - XEROX ROOM - NIGHT

2

Lucy grips the phone, her words tumbling out in a whisper:

LUCY

Mr. Pike needed copies of his trust, I went to his safe, pulled them out but I got the wrong papers, I've never seen these --

BILL

Whoa, slow down, seen what?

She looks at the binders sitting on the humming Xerox machine.

LUCY

Bank accounts, offshore, millions of dollars.

BILL

I don't under --

CONTINUE

2 CONTINUED:

2

LUCY

He's laundering money. That's why he's been acting so weird; he's moving dirty cash through the company --

BILL

Okay. Just put everything back, come home, get out of there --

LUCY

I'm on my --

CLICK. On Bill's end, he hears the disconnect and --

3 IN THE XEROX ROOM

3

Lucy, still holding the phone, reacts to the sudden DISCONNECTION and turns to see EDWARD PIKE, forty-five, handsome, perfectly tailored under a damp raincoat and gloves. His finger rests on the disconnect button.

LUCY

Mr. Pike...

They stare. Both still. Both frightened.

4 BACK IN THE DINING ROOM

4

Bill is surprised at the abrupt hang-up.

CAROLINE

Hey. I didn't get to say good-bye.

5 IN THE XEROX ROOM

5

Pike slams Lucy into the Xerox machine, hands on her throat, flattening her face against the copier's glass top. Her arms flail and jab a button, the machine SHRIEKS, a fan of LIGHT sears her eyes and --

On the tray below, paper is fired out, each sheet a frozen, black on white image of Lucy's contorted face and Pike's crushing hands. Then, a blank sheet. Because Lucy is on the floor now, dead. Pike is against the wall, sweating. The machine keeps firing copies of nothing. Pike switches it off. Then notices that his own gloved hand is trembling.

6 INT. CLUB - VIP ROOM - NIGHT

6

Window overlooking the PACKED dance floor. On a table, a briefcase of money and a second briefcase of heroin. Babyface drug mogul RICK DELANY, a rich, psychotic white kid who desperately wants to be a homey, talks to a CUSTOMER who frowns at the heroin, poking at a bag.

CONTINUE

6 CONTINUED:

6

Delany SLAMS the case shut, just missing the Customer's fingers.

DELANY

The price is ninety, you wanna haggle, get your bitch ass to a flea market.

A third man, KEVIN, slips in: big, mean and loyal. He bends to Delany, hands him a phone and whispers:

KEVIN

Trouble.

7 INTERCUT: STREET PAYPHONE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

7

Pike, no overcoat, shivering in the light drizzle.

PIKE

...I burned the coat, the gloves, the books, I don't think they're going to find --

DELANY

They're gonna find plenty. Call Schiller.

8 INT. JACK SCHILLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

8

Through an open door, we glimpse an office party. Attorney JACK SCHILLER closes the door.

SCHILLER

You protected Delany, you protected me, and now we will protect you. Just remember. You are rich, you are white --

9 EXT. PIKE'S OPULENT HOUSE - DAWN

9

SCHILLER (V.O.)

-- so you will not do time, which is why the song's called "America, the Beautiful."

Pike is escorted out by HOMICIDE DETECTIVES. REPORTERS hurl questions. Flashbulbs BLAST.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Millionaire investment banker Edward Pike, arrested for the brutal murder --

9A OMITTED

9B INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - HALL - DAY

9B

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

-- of his secretary, Lucy Hargess,  
has issued a statement through his  
attorney, Jack Schiller, that he  
is, quote --

Bill is assaulted by his own BLAST of flashbulbs and  
newscamera lights as he is escorted through the melee by the  
PROSECUTOR and into --

10 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

10

-- choked with COPS, AP'S, PARALEGALS. The Prosecutor picks  
up a file.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

-- one hundred percent, not guilty.

PROSECUTOR

What I have to show you's rough.  
We found it in a dumpster behind  
Pike's building. It's... well...

The Prosecutor hands Bill a clear plastic folder. Inside, a  
partially burned page of Xerox. On that, Lucy's face during  
the murder: mashed against the glass, clearly in focus. The  
gloved hands on her neck are a little blurry. But the  
murderer's face behind Lucy is a shadowy blur.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

We hired an image enhancement  
expert.

The Prosecutor hands a second page to Bill. Now the blurry  
face of the killer is as distinct as Lucy's: Edward Pike.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

Consider him one hundred percent  
nailed.

11 INT. COURTROOM - DAYS LATER

11

Pre-trial. Half-empty. Schiller and the Prosecutor are at  
the JUDGE'S bench with the Xerox of Lucy and Pike and the  
computer-enhanced image.

SCHILLER

Your Honor, this isn't evidence,  
it's Picasso. Give me an hour at  
M.I.T., I'll show you Santa Claus  
on the grassy knoll. We move to  
exclude.



12 INT. LIMO - DAY

12

Schiller and the Associate collapse into the back. Through the windows, the muted furor of THE PRESS, looking for one last question, one final defining photo.

SCHILLER

Slam. Dunk. Next?

ASSOCIATE

Our victim. Lucy Hargess.

SCHILLER

Tough. Mother, wife, Catholic.

ASSOCIATE

Previously married; prescribed anti-depressants after her mother's death...

SCHILLER

Infidelity, drugs. You love this job as much as I do?

13 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

13

FEMALE WITNESS

Yes...

The trial. Packed. FEMALE WITNESS on the stand, answering Schiller:

FEMALE WITNESS (cont'd)

...prior to her recovery, Lucy Hargess was extremely promiscuous.

Bill Hargess, in the gallery, looks like he's been slapped.

PROSECUTOR

Objection!

SCHILLER

Your Honor, this goes directly to the reason Lucy Hargess was killed. The men, the drinking, the addictions she never overcame and the jealous lover who confronted her --

BILL

(on his feet)

What the hell is this?

14 INT. TV INTERVIEW - VIDEO (SAME SETUP AS SC. 34) - DAY

14

Schiller wearing an earpiece, identified news magazine-style by name in the lower left corner.

CONTINUE

14 CONTINUED:

14

SCHILLER

It's called the truth. It's an innocent man's best defense. And the truth will make our jury say --

15 INT. COURTROOM - DAYS LATER

15

JURY FOREMAN

Not guilty.

Absolute jubilation at the defense table. Dissatisfied resignation at the prosecution table. A mix of both throughout the gallery, where we find Rick Delany, smiling. He stands. His eyes meet Edward Pike's. The two men regard each other warmly. Schiller hugs Pike and gives Delany the thumbs up. REPORTERS and WELL-WISHERS envelope them. On the other side of the aisle, Bill Hargess sits. Alone. Devastated. Then a CHILD'S SCREAM takes us to --

16 INT. HARGESS HOME - CAROLINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

The child wakes up in bed, crying. Bill cradles her.

CAROLINE

The man who killed Mommy was chasing me, he wouldn't stop...

DOORBELL downstairs.

17 INT. HARGESS HOME - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

17

Bill opens the door. A just-tossed manila envelope falls into the house.

18 INT. HARGESS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

Bill opens the envelope. In it, xeroxed newspaper clippings. Stapled in pairs.

Clipping one: "CHILD KILLER FREED ON TECHNICALITY." The defendant in the accompanying photo grins. The labelled, typed date in the upper corner reads, "7/14/93." Bill flips to clipping two: "CHILD KILLER CONVICTED." The defendant is not smiling on "12/22/93."

Bill goes to the next pair. Clipping one: "IRS DEPUTY VANISHES WITH \$5 MILLION." "4/2/95." Clipping two: "IRS DEPUTY CAUGHT, MONEY RECOVERED." "5/17/95."

Next pair. Clipping one: "POLICE CHIEF DENIES CORRUPTION." "11/19/96." Clipping two: "POLICE CHIEF MIRED IN SCANDAL." "5/2/97."

Bill flips faster, pair after pair of headlines. And the final clipping reads: "EDWARD PIKE ACQUITTED." Bill flips.

CONTINUE

18 CONTINUED:

18

Under that, a blank page. And under that, a typed phone number: 555-0132. Bill looks at the phone on the sideboard. Picks it up.

19 EXT. HARGESS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

19

Bill sits, drink in hand. Hears footsteps. Looks up.

BILL

Hello?

Bill can barely make out SOMEONE coming toward him.

MR. CHAPEL

I'm glad you called, Bill.

A slant of LIGHT suddenly defines him: cloaked in black, handsome but unforgiving, hungry for something he will probably never have.

BILL

Who are you?

MR. CHAPEL

My name's Chapel.

BILL

Those articles --

MR. CHAPEL

-- all have something in common. Don't they. People who think "innocent" and "not guilty" are the same thing; treat justice like some kind of business. Well, I have a little business, too. Called Vengeance Unlimited.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

20 INT. HARGESS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

Bill sits, fidgeting. Chapel stands.

BILL

What are we talking about here?  
(looks at articles)  
People who were guilty, who  
walked, people you... ?

MR. CHAPEL

Put away.

BILL

How?

MR. CHAPEL

They worked the system to their  
advantage; I work it to yours.

BILL

Right but -- ?

MR. CHAPEL

You wouldn't be involved. You  
wouldn't even be in the country.

BILL

What's the catch?

MR. CHAPEL

My price. One million dollars.

BILL

What, you think I got it buried in  
the backyard? Million dollars.

MR. CHAPEL

Or. One favor.

BILL

Favor... what kind of favor?

Chapel picks up one of the articles.

MR. CHAPEL

You're not the only one who ever  
walked out of a courtroom broken  
in half. And you're not the only  
one who ever will. If I get Pike,  
you help me get someone else,  
later.

CONTINUE

20 CONTINUED:

20

BILL

You want to maybe define "help"  
and "get." I got a kid, I don't  
do guns.

MR. CHAPEL

Neither do I. See, Bill, I know  
what this is like. I know what you  
see every time you close your eyes.

21 BILL'S FLASHBACK: THE XEROX ROOM - QUICK CUTS - NO SOUND 21

Bill comes in, Bill kneels, Bill cradles his dead wife.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Daddy! Daddy!

22 BACK TO SCENE

22

Bill and Chapel turn. Caroline is running down the stairs,  
tears on her face. She sees Chapel and stops, startled.  
Chapel smiles warmly as Bill crosses and gathers her up.

MR. CHAPEL

Hello, Caroline.

CAROLINE

(shy)

Who are you?

MR. CHAPEL

I heard you had trouble sleeping.  
I came to see what we can do about  
that.

CAROLINE

Are you the Sandman?

MR. CHAPEL

~~Close your eyes.~~

She does. He tickles her hair with his fingers.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Now you'll sleep... and only have  
good dreams.

She leans her head against her father's shoulder. Bill starts  
to carry the girl upstairs.

BILL

C'mon, sweetie.

He glances at Chapel. Chapel is staring at the pictures of  
Bill, Lucy and Caroline.

CONTINUE

22 CONTINUED:

22

Bill stares at it a moment too, as Caroline's head falls against Bill's shoulder, sleepy. Bill and Chapel's eyes meet.

BILL (cont'd)

Do it.

23 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 23

Cavernous and crowded. Pike, Schiller, Delany and a CLUSTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN move across the dance floor, the center of attention..

PIKE

The worst part is, it's been kind of tough getting a date.

Schiller and Delany laugh.

SCHILLER

Yeah? What about getting a new secretary?

Schiller and Pike now roar.

DELANY

Easy, give 'em a typing test, then --

Delany makes a strangling move on Schiller. The three sweat and howl, while --

Mr. Chapel sits across the club, his gaze fixed on them. He is still. Except his fingers. They DRUM the table. Slowly, rhythmically. His only movement. He doesn't even blink. Just stares. DRUMMING. And all the sound swirling around him begins to BLEED OUT. Until Chapel is left watching a silent circus of the night, hearing only the patient percussion of his own fingers as it becomes the STACCATO CLATTER of --

24 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - KC'S DESK - DAY 24

-- fingers TYPING, inhumanly fast. KC GRIFFIN, half-glasses tipped on the edge of her nose, feet propped on the desk, keyboard in her lap, jamming. She's bright and honest, a one-time optimist tempered by too much injustice. The Prosecutor from the Pike trial sticks his head in. She does not break rhythm.

PROSECUTOR

KC, you got the deposi -- ?

KC

I do.

PROSECUTOR

It's got to be filed by thr --

KC

It will.

He looks at her, amused by her absolute focus and speed. Her phone RINGS.

CONTINUE

24 CONTINUED:

24

The Prosecutor smiles, holds up three fingers, mouths "o'clock," she waves him away and punches her speaker button, still typing.

KC (cont'd)

Yeah.

25 INTERCUT: CHAPEL - STREET

25

on his cell phone, leaning casually against a building as PEDESTRIANS pass by.

MR. CHAPEL

KC Griffin?

KC recognizes the voice and stops typing. Slowly picks up the receiver.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

This is Mr. Chapel. I think you owe me a favor.

KC

Yeah. Uh. Hi. It's been a while, I hoped -- thought -- maybe you forgot.

MR. CHAPEL

How are you?

KC

Good.

MR. CHAPEL

Your father?

KC

Fine. Arizona.

MR. CHAPEL

Retired?

KC

I'll be retired before he is. I, uh, don't suppose you'd take a check for that million.

MR. CHAPEL

I don't suppose it'd clear.

KC

What exactly do you need?

CONTINUE



25 CONTINUED:

25

MR. CHAPEL  
You got a promotion, head of records?

KC  
Yeah...

MR. CHAPEL  
I need to get into the records room.

KC  
Is that it?

MR. CHAPEL  
Leave the door unlocked. I'll meet you at eight.

Pike approaches, heads into a building.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
Gotta go.

He snaps the phone shut and follows Pike.

26 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

26

A maze of shelves, floor to ceiling with locked file cabinets. KC comes through an iron gate, moves through the half-lit, silent gloom. Ahead, she sees several of the metal drawers pulled out. The top shelf is suddenly shoved back in -- revealing the face of Mr. Chapel. She stops. He looks at her warmly.

MR. CHAPEL  
Hello, KC.

KC  
The Pike case, huh?

MR. CHAPEL  
Ever meet him?

KC  
No.

MR. CHAPEL  
Schiller?  
(she shakes her head)  
What do you know?

KC  
Office talk. The only guy dirtier than the killer is his lawyer.  
(more)

CONTINUE

26 CONTINUED:

26

KC (cont'd)

And the only guy dirtier than both  
of them is the drug dealer --  
(sees photo in file)  
-- that's him, Rick Delany.

27 INT. CLUB VIP ROOM - NIGHT - SLOW MOTION - NO SOUND EXCEPT: ' 27

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Annual gross sales, nine million.  
Fifteen arrests. Zero convictions.

Bricks of heroin on the coffee table being gathered up by a Customer. Delany and Kevin, his bodyguard, walk out of the room with a briefcase of money.

KC (V.O.)

He's got a good lawyer.

28 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY - SLOW MOTION - NO SOUND 28

KC (V.O.)

Schiller reps a lot of dealers.

Schiller is handed the same briefcase by Delany.

KC (cont'd; V.O.)

He knows if you're making cash by the briefcase and not filing a 1040, it tends to... send a message to the IRS. So Schiller goes to Pike.

29 INT. PIKE'S OFFICE - DAY - SLOW MOTION - NO SOUND ! 29

Now Pike is handed the same briefcase by Schiller.

KC (V.O.)

Pike invests overseas and the same dirty money comes back --

30 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY - SLOW MOTION - NO SOUND 30

KC (V.O.)

-- fresh, clean and filed with the IRS in quarterly profit statements.

Schiller opens a new briefcase and from it, hands Delany a check. PUSH IN ON Delany, smiling at the check, as:

KC (cont'd; V.O.)

That's why the DA's never been able to bust Delany; why they couldn't tie any of these guys --

31 INT. OUTSIDE XEROX ROOM - NIGHT - SLOW MOTION - NO SOUND 31

KC (V.O.)

-- to Lucy Hargess' murder.

Pike, on that night, in damp raincoat and gloves, drawn to the LIGHT spilling through the doorway.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

KC (cont'd; V.O.)  
She told her husband she came  
across records.

Pike sees Lucy on the phone, the binders on the machine, her  
back to the door.

KC (cont'd; V.O.)  
But whatever she found died with  
her.

32 CLOSE ON PIKE'S GLOVED HAND PLUNGING THAT DISCONNECT BUTTON 32

33 A PHOTO OF LUCY'S EYE 33

apparently wide with fear. REVEAL this is the crime scene shot  
of her, dead in the Xerox room. REVEAL FURTHER this is an  
8x10 in the file Chapel and KC are looking at and we're back  
in the Records Room.

K.  
And we're standing here looking at  
twenty boxes of life-in-prison  
evidence Schiller got the Judge to  
bury.

MR. CHAPEL  
How's that make you feel?

34 PIKE AND SCHILLER - TV INTERVIEW (SAME SETUP AS SC. 12) 34

PIKE  
Hurt. Angry.

SCHILLER  
We considered a lawsuit.

35 MONTAGE OF NEWS PHOTOS/VIDEO NEWS SHOTS 35

Pike and Schiller's Post-Trial Life: Pike waving to the crowd  
in the courthouse. Schiller lugging golfbags. Pike at the  
club with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. Schiller and his YOUNG WIFE  
getting out of a limo. Pike signing copies of his book: MY  
JUSTICE.

PIKE (V.O.)  
But Jack explained to me that a  
lawsuit would just tie up the DA.

SCHILLER (V.O.)  
We don't want to see that happen.

PIKE (V.O.)  
Look, I'm from a little town in  
Tennessee.

36 BACK TO PIKE

36

PIKE

My Dad was a minister. So right and wrong were always pretty clear in my house. And the right thing here's to do whatever we can to catch Lucy's killer. She was a troubled woman; I'm sorry that had to come out, truly. I hope her family can forgive me the way I forgive the DA. It's the way my Dad raised me.

37 MORE PIKE PHOTOS - WITH HEADLINES

37

"PIKE LINKED WITH LINGERIE MODEL." "SCHILLER & PIKE SIGN TV MOVIE DEAL." "SCHILLER KEYNOTE SPEAKER AT BAR ASSOCIATION."

KC (V.O.)

Kill the facts, build the image and people are saying, "He seems really nice."

38 BACK TO CHAPEL AND KC

38

KC

Yeah, a really nice murderer and... and we're talking about this because...?

MR. CHAPEL

I need you for the next eighteen hours.

39 OMITTED

39

39A EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHURCH - NIGHT

39A

Chapel and KC walk beneath the looming spires. A large sign over the main door announces a "SAVE ST. LUKE'S BAKE SALE" going on in the parking lot. PEOPLE with plates of sweets move in and out.

KC

I kind of had a dinner thing tonight.

MR. CHAPEL

Date?

KC

Yeah. Well. Actually, I think we're breaking up. Again.

MR. CHAPEL

I bet he doesn't deserve you.

KC

You're right about that.

MR. CHAPEL

Trust me! You don't show up, he'll send flowers tomorrow.

KC

You've met him.

MR. CHAPEL

I've been him.

Chapel sniffs the air.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Mmm. Fresh baked brownies. Smell those, it really reminds you what's important in life. ~~How's law school?~~

KC

Good. I quit. Again.

MR. CHAPEL

Because.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Know many happy lawyers?

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Jack Schiller.

And Chapel gestures to Jack Schiller -- who is just now walking to his parked car.

CONTINUED

39A CONTINUED:

39A

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
For the next minute or so. Stay  
here, will you? Thanks.

He leaves her under the lamplight as he heads off to intercept Schiller at the car.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
Mr. Schiller. Could I talk to you?

SCHILLER  
I'm running a little late,  
Mister... ahhh...  
(nothing from Chapel)  
...why don't you call my office in  
the morning?

MR. CHAPEL  
It's about Edward Pike.

CONTINUED

39A CONTINUED:

39A

SCHILLER

Yes?

MR. CHAPEL

Well, he belongs in prison and you're going to help me put him there.

SCHILLER

Really.

MR. CHAPEL

By giving me the names of his overseas banks.

SCHILLER

(laughs)

I'm sorry. It's just... am I supposed to be scared?

MR. CHAPEL

Ahhh, I should've known you'd never give up a client. You're too tough, too good. Like that first big case you won, those cars that got rear-ended and blew up? The V-78's? Musta burned two, three hundred drivers to death. I bet I could strap you in a V-78, send a truck flying at the rear end and you still wouldn't talk. That's how tough you are, that's how --

(stops, smiles)

Well, hey, let's find out.

From where KC stands, she sees Chapel raise a Tazer, clutched in his fist. It CRACKLES and --

40 INT. CAR - NIGHT

40

Jack Schiller awakens. He is in a used car. His wrists and legs are chained to a steel padlock. He looks at the dashboard and sees the name V-78. A key is dangled in front of him. By Mr. Chapel, who leans through the window.

MR. CHAPEL

Two keys. This one --

(the one dangling)

-- unlocks you. Let's call him

Mr. Good News. And this one --

(a single car key)

-- well, he's Mr. Bad News.

Chapel inserts the key and turns the car on.

CONTINUEI



40 CONTINUED:

40

SCHILLER

What -- what are you -- ?

MR. CHAPEL

Jack. I'm gonna need your full attention.

Chapel taps the side view mirror. Schiller looks. In the glass, he sees a long, straight road, rising up behind him. At the far crest, he can just make out two headlights.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Empty two ton truck.

41 EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

41

Huge, driverless, it sits on the incline, poised several hundred feet above the car. Ready to roll.

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

I cut the brake lines --

REVEAL the truck's undercarriage, spewing fluid.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd; V.O.)

-- about four minutes ago.

42 INT. CAR - NIGHT

42

MR. CHAPEL

And it's aimed right at your bumper.

SCHILLER

Are you outta your mind?

Mr. Chapel pauses. Considers. Then:

MR. CHAPEL

I don't think so.

He straightens up, walks away. REVEAL we are in --

43 EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - NIGHT

43

The car is at the bottom of the pit, the truck at the top of the access road. Schiller screams and bucks against his chains, the whole car rocking. Chapel walks to KC, standing next to his car, frightened but getting angry.

KC

Mr. Chapel...

He holds his finger to his lips. "Sssh." Points to --

44 THE TRUCK 44

as it lurches silently forward and begins to lumber down the  
incline, picking up speed.

45 CHAPEL 45

sees this and is pleased.

46 SCHILLER 46

sees this and is horrified.

47 THE TRUCK 47

whooshes by.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

48 EXT. THE QUARRY - NIGHT

48

as the empty truck careens down the road, closing in on --

49 SCHILLER IN THE CAR

49

SCHILLER

Hel-llllp!

50 KC

looks at Chapel.

KC

Get him out.

Calm as a pond, Chapel watches the rumbling truck, flipping the key rhythmically between his fingers.

KC (cont'd)

Mr. Chapel. You can't

From the car, Schiller's pleading eyes meet Chapel's.

SCHILLER

I'll tell you, please -- !

KC makes a grab for the key. Chapel snatches it away, keeps flipping it rhythmically as he mutters --

MR. CHAPEL

Nine, eight --

Then flings the key through the car window and onto --

51 SCHILLER'S LAP

where Schiller grabs it desperately. The LIGHTS of the runaway truck fill the rear windshield, a GROWING, CLATTERING ROAR of wind and metal, bearing down. But Schiller can't get the key in the lock. His hands are shaking too hard. Suddenly, a steady hand grabs the key, stabs the lock, the chains fall away and --

52 MR. CHAPEL

52

yanks Schiller out of the car and throws him like a rag doll. Schiller rolls to his feet, runs, looks back over his shoulder and sees Chapel walking toward him, unhurried, as --

53 THE TRUCK SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF THE CAR

53

and they EXPLODE in a phenomenal FIREBALL, silhouetting Chapel, and blinding Schiller who drops to his knees. A

MR. CHAPEL

Don't suppose that was part of your demonstration for the jury

SCHILLER

Oh, God, oh, my God...

MR. CHAPEL

Jack? The banks, the account numbers, and all the access codes.

Chapel hands him pen and pad. Then moves to KC. She is catching her breath.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

You okay?

KC

Is that supposed to be funny?  
(before he can answer)

I'm not doing this. Whatever said when we made our deal --

MR. CHAPEL

I'm sorry to hear that, KC.

His hand slips into his overcoat. She blinks, frightened.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

But I knew there was a chance you'd feel that way, so --

And from his coat, he draws... a packet of cellophane-wrapped chocolate cake.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

-- chocolate. I eat it by the pound. Don't know why but it works.

He tries to hand her the pack.

KC

What is wrong with you?

CONTINUE

53 CONTINUED:

53

MR. CHAPEL

Plenty. I live in a world where people kill whoever they want, then walk away with a book deal because they get the right lawyer and an acting coach who teaches them to cry on camera.

KC

And you think you can change a that?

MR. CHAPEL

No. I just won't tolerate it.

KC

Well, maybe I can't tolerate --  
(the flames)  
-- this.

MR. CHAPEL

Unlike Lucy Hargess, Schiller's alive.

KC

And Pike?

MR. CHAPEL

He's going to have a choice. I'm not in this for kicks. You know that.

KC

Look. Maybe if you tell me what's going on, maybe you could let me know the plan is to pull the guy out before he burns to death; you can just sort of whisper, give me a wink, whatever, is that asking too much?

MR. CHAPEL

No.

KC

Then maybe I can... return the favor.

MR. CHAPEL

Good. And I'm telling you. Chocolate helps.

He tosses her the pack, then moves back to Schiller. Schiller hands Chapel the pad.

CONTINUE

53 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

How we doing, Jack?

(scans)

Boy. Sure hope Delany and Pike never find out about this.

(off Schiller's look)

Don't worry, I'm looking out for you. Now, Jack, my associate Ms. Smith here --

(that's KC)

-- bought you a little present.

Mr. Chapel hands Schiller a plain black necktie. Schiller looks at it, confused.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Why don't you put it on?

54 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

It'll keep us all connected when you meet Delany... and tell him something for us. About Pike.

Schiller, wearing the new black tie, sits nervously. KC is at the bar, watching him. Schiller sees Delany break through the crowd and swagger over, followed by Kevin. Schiller gets up and gives Delany a hard hug.

KC moves to the bar. She pushes her hair back and we see a headset wire fitted in her ear. She adjusts it, then tucks the cell phone it's attached to deeper into her pocket. There's a HISSING CRACKLE over the DIN, then she hears --

DELANY (V.O.)

How you doin', money? You look kinda wack.

Schiller strokes his new tie, creating the FEEDBACK as he glances over his shoulder at KC, then --

SCHILLER (V.O.)

I -- I'm a little tired...

55 INT. PIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

55

Pike is sprawled out in his enormous, luxurious bed. A NAKED GIRL, who might be of legal drinking age in a few years, lies nearby. Both spent, sleeping. A shadow slides across their bodies like a soft silk sheet. Mr. Chapel. Standing over Pike. Studying him.

CONTINUE

55 CONTINUED:

55

He bends close, eyes alight with the thrill of the hunt. Pike dreams. Chapel sees a small, gold music box on a nearby dresser.

56 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

SCHILLER

I think we have a problem with Pike.

57 INT. PIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

57

A tinkling version of "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT." Pike's eyes snap open. The music box is on his chest. He grabs it.

58 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

SCHILLER

He's cracking up.

59 INT. PIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pike looks at the music box. Then the sleeping girl next to him. The phone SCREAMS. Pike grabs it.

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Hello, Ed. I like your music box.

Pike yanks open a drawer and takes out a gun.

60 INT. PIKE'S FRONT HALL - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

60

Chapel studies a delicate vase on a pedestal.

PIKE (V.O.)

Who are you?

MR. CHAPEL

Actually, Ed, the question you want to ask --

(topples vase)

-- is where am I?

61 INT. PIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

Pike hears the SMASH on the phone and through the open bedroom door. The Girl on the bed stirs, lifts her head.

PIKE

Stay here.

62 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

62

KC cranes her neck, watching Delany and Schiller from the bar, listening:

CONTINUE

62 CONTINUED:

SCHILLER

You know Pike; grew up poor, comes from backwater nothing, every day wakes up, thinks he might lose it all. Then the trial, the press. Could be the guilt. Whatever. He's sitting on a lot of our money. Five million. If he's going losing it...

63 INT. PIKE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Pike creeps down, phone in one hand, gun in the other

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

You hear that? That the church choir your Mom sang in?

And now Pike hears a CHOIR singing. From somewhere in the house. Low. Eerie.

64 INT. PIKE'S STUDY - NIGHT

In here the CHOIR is loud, blasting through stereo speakers, an old time Southern Sunday Revival. Pike comes in, aims. The room is empty. Pike moves to the stereo and snaps it off. Silence.

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

You need me. I'm a reminder. What your Dad said every Sunday up there on the pulpit. "When we have sinned, suffering is our gift."

Pike moves to an open door on the other side of the room.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd; V.O.)

Well, Ed... get ready for Christmas.

Pike hears a CREAK.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd; V.O.)

Maybe I'm on the other side of that door. Or maybe --

FOOTSTEPS behind Pike, running down the hall. Pike whirls.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd; V.O.)

-- I'm right --

Pike drops, aims at the door and --

CONTINUE



64 CONTINUED:

64

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd; V.O.)

-- behind you!

-- the Girl comes running in, in Pike's pajama shirt, sees the gun, SCREAMS and --

GIRL

He's in the bedroom!

Pike rushes past her.

65 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pike enters. The French doors are open. The curtains billow. The music box is back where Chapel first saw it -- open and playing "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT." Pike lifts the phone to his ear.

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Sleep tight, Edward.

66 INT. CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

66

Delany is gone. KC is at the bar. Schiller picks up a napkin and wipes his hands. They are still shaking. KC can't help but feel some sympathy.

KC

You okay?

SCHILLER

What are we, just supposed to wait here, till... what?

KC doesn't answer, avoids his glare.

SCHILLER (cont'd)

I got a feeling here. About you. You're in over your head. I think you've gotta get straight on some things.

KC

Like?

SCHILLER

Delany for starters. See, he's got these dogs in a pen out in the woods. Rottweillers. Only feeds them twice a week. But has them beaten everyday by this retard with one ear.

(more)

CONTINUE

66 CONTINUED:

66

SCHILLER (cont'd)

Piss off Delany, he throws your  
ass in the pen. That's who you've  
got me lying to, that's --

KC

-- your client.

SCHILLER

Look. I'm trying to help you.

KC

You don't want to see me get  
thrown in that pen?

SCHILLER

I don't.

KC

You're looking out for me.

SCHILLER

There you go.

KC

But let's say I did get thrown in  
and Delany got charged with  
murder. You'd get him off. By  
convincing the jury I was a drunk  
slut who got what she deserved --  
the way you did with Lucy Hargess.  
See, I know you, Jack. I watched  
a pack of guys like you go after  
my father. You're not a lawyer,  
you're a type, and there's too  
many of you out there. You think  
because you're always hungry, it's  
okay to turn the world into meat.  
Now, you're the meat and you don't  
like it. I don't blame you. But  
I can't help you.

SCHILLER

Well, maybe I just have to help  
myself.

He starts to pull off the tie and exit. A BARTENDER walks u

BARTENDER

Mr. Schiller? Phone call.

He hands Schiller a phone. Schiller takes it.

: --CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)  
Get your hand off the tie.  
(Schiller does)  
Sit down.  
(Schiller does)  
You just got a phone call from  
Pike on your machine at home.

SCHILLER  
You check -- listened to my -- . . .

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)  
He's a little upset. Somebody  
broke into his house. He doesn't  
know who. But you do. It was --

67 INT. PIKE'S STUDY - DAWN

PIKE  
-- Delany?

Schiller's voice is shaking as he faces a sleep-starved Pike

SCHILLER  
After you left my -- the -- on my  
machine --  
(fumbling)  
-- I ran a backtrace on your  
phone. Whoever was in here was  
using a cell phone registered to  
Rick Delany.

PIKE  
That was Rick... in my house?  
What the hell -- ?

SCHILLER  
I'm hearing he wants out of our  
deal. And he won't pay what he  
owes. Either of us.

PIKE  
Why?

SCHILLER  
He's a twenty year old crack head,  
how do I know? We'll see at the  
meeting.

PIKE  
Meeting?

SCHILLER  
(shrugs)  
He called a meeting.

68 INT. SCHILLER'S FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

68

Pike, Schiller, Delany and Kevin the bodyguard, who is just leaving and closing the door behind him.

DELANY

Yeah, I just wanna know, y'know, how you're feeling and all.

Pike is confused, on edge, trying to keep his cool.

PIKE

How I'm feeling.

Delany looks at Schiller. Schiller pretends to be absorbed in the humming screen of his laptop as he adjusts his tie.

69 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

The tie adjustment comes through as STATIC over the transmitter Chapel and KC are listening to.

DELANY (V.O.)

You been under a lot of pressure...

As Delany drones on, trying to be sensitive, Chapel speaks, into the phone on Schiller's desk.

MR. CHAPEL

(into phone)

Hi, this is Edward Pike. I'd like to arrange a money wire transfer. Five million one hundred and twenty-nine thousand.

(reads off paper

Schiller gave him)

Seven-zero-five, backslash three, star, B as in bullet. So that leaves me with a balance of... fourteen dollars? Oooh. I may have to cut back on these long distance calls.

Chapel hangs up and pops open a laptop.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

You were good with Schiller last night.

KC

Yeah, I kind of liked it.

MR. CHAPEL

Yeah, I kind of guessed.

CONTINUE

69 CONTINUED:

KC

I don't know if I'm ready to chain people to cars...

MR. CHAPEL

Well, you've got room to grow. In your remaining --

(checks watch)

-- eight hours, ten minutes.

Chapel picks up the phone again, stabs the buttons.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd

(into phone)

Murray Grandman? This is Mr. Chapel. I think you owe me a favor. I need a hooker. With a drug problem. And I need her fresh.

(basically describing KC)

Brunette, five eight. One twenty... five? In six hours, Murray. Thank you.

He hangs up.

KC

You're having just a little too much fun.

MR. CHAPEL

(hands KC envelope)

Bill Hargess needs to get this by two; his flight leaves at six.

KC

These the tickets for his trip?

(Chapel nods)

I remember the guy who brought me mine. I guess he was somebody who owed you?

(Chapel nods)

He must've been really scared; he was shaking.

MR. CHAPEL

He was cold. He'd just gotten out of a meat locker. Sort of an unexpected complication. He's fine. Vegetarian now.

70 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

PIKE

(losing it)

Go ahead, Jack, tell him. What you told me this morning.

Schiller hesitates. A box pops up on his computer screen. A message is being typed: "Jack. Say to Pike..."

71 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Chapel types into his laptop. KC leans over his shoulder as Chapel mutters:

MR. CHAPEL

"...what do you mean, Ed?"

72 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SCHILLER

(reads, stiffly)

"What do you mean, Ed?"

PIKE

The phone, you traced the phone.

(to Delany)

He came to my house and told me you -- it was you on the pho -- you want to, to --

(to Schiller)

Just tell him!

SCHILLER

"Calm down, Ed."

PIKE

You didn't come over this morning? We didn't talk about Delany pulling out?

DELANY

Pull out? How can I pull out? You got my money!

SCHILLER

"Ed, what is wrong with you?"

PIKE

(to Schiller)

You trying to make him think I'm nuts? Cut me out? Huh? Answer me!

He launches himself at Schiller. The brief struggle is ended by Kevin, who glides through the door and peels Pike off.

73 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

73

As they hear the SHOUTS and accusations:

MR. CHAPEL  
Kind of makes you miss the golden  
days of radio.

74 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Pike and Delany in each other's faces.

PIKE

This is not over.

Pike exits. Delany smooths himself. His demeanor al  
becomes smoother, a touch more precise.

DELANY

I've been doing this a long time.  
Seen a lot of guys crash. But  
I've never seen anything like --

Delany stops as he looks at Schiller. His eyes slowly narrow.

DELANY (cont'd)

Uh, Jack...?

75 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

DELANY (V.O.)

...I think you got something c  
your tie.

Chapel is startled.

76 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Schiller's tie is twisted around. A piece of wire extruding  
from the back. Schiller tries to run. Kevin SLAMS him to the  
table, SNAPS open a knife, slices -- and cuts the tie. ...

77 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

The sound suddenly cuts with a STATIC BLAST.

KC

This isn't part of the plan.

78 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kevin, switchblade in hand, holding the cut wire and tie.

79 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

79

KC

What are you going to -- ?

CONTINUE!

79 CONTINUED:

MR. CHAPEL

No idea. Get the tickets to Bil

Chapel flies out the door, KC right behind him.

80 INT. SCHILLER FIRM - HALL - DAY

Chapel goes one way, KC the other. She sees an open elevator and runs for the closing doors.

81 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Just makes it. The doors shut, she looks and sees she's not alone. The other passenger is Edward Pike. His eyes snap at hers. She looks away.

82 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

82

Kevin shoves Schiller to his knees and puts a gun against the back of his neck.

DELANY

Jack. Who are you wearing the wire for?

MR. CHAPEL

Me.

He has just walked in. He closes the door behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

83 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kevin's gun swings to Chapel. Delany glares. Chapel is ice

DELANY

The hell are you?

Chapel glances at Schiller. Schiller's scared, waiting

MR. CHAPEL

I'll be reaching into my pocket.

Chapel withdraws a wallet. Kevin snares it, tosses it to Delany who flips it open for a quick read. A PICTURE ID says Chapel is Ron Sarzinski of Protection Unlimited.

DELANY

Some kinda security?

MR. CHAPEL

For Mr. Schiller.

DELANY

(to Schiller)

You wired? Around me?

MR. CHAPEL

It was my idea. You saw it,  
Pike's off the charts.

(to Schiller,  
obsequiously)

Actually, sir, it's worse than we  
thought.

SCHILLER

(oh, shit)

It is?

Chapel moves to the laptop, types.

MR. CHAPEL

(to Delany)

Edward Pike is holding five  
million dollars of your money in  
an overseas account.

DELANY

(to Schiller)

He knows about -- ?

MR. CHAPEL

There, see?

CONTINUE

83 CONTINUED:

Chapel indicates the screen. Schiller looks sick. Delany comes over. Sees on screen, the balance of the Bangkok Securities International account is FOURTEEN DOLLARS.

DELANY

Where the hell is my -- ?

MR. CHAPEL

Pike took it.

DELANY

Kevin. Get Pike, take him to the 'tard, throw him in the dogpen --

MR. CHAPEL

With all due respect, Mr. Delany, your money's not in the trunk of some car. I deal in bank fraud. I'll find your money by five o'clock.

DELANY

Why the hell should I trust you?

MR. CHAPEL

Jack?

SCHILLER

Trust him.

DELANY

Trust him, huh?

Delany shakes his head -- and speaks coolly, precisely, without an ounce of street.

DELANY (cont'd)

I know, it's the clothes, the walk, the talk; I'm in business with junkies so everybody think: I'm some kind of dumbass strung out on my own stuff. I'll let you in on a little secret. I don't snort, I don't shoot, I hate rap music but I love money. You want to get my money, be my hero? Excellent. But Kevin goes with you.

84 INT. HARGESS HOUSE - DAY

84

KC sits. Bill paces. KC hands him two plane tickets.

BILL  
New Zealand?

KC  
Just go with the clothes on your back. Everything else is provided.

BILL  
I don't know...

KC  
Bill. You want an alibi.

BILL  
Tell Mr. Chapel I've been doing a lot of thinking. Maybe I should take care of Pike myself.

KC  
What do you mean, take care -- ?

BILL  
My little girl can't sleep. And I'm just sitting here. I could get a gun.

KC  
I know how helpless you feel. So does Mr. Chapel. He knows what he's doing. Believe me.

BILL  
You're here to pay back the favor?  
He -- ?

KC reaches into her purse and takes out her wallet. She opens it and takes out two folded, yellowed newspaper clippings, stapled together, like those Chapel first left at Bill's door. Bill reads the first clipping: "BANKER GRIFFIN SENTENCED TO 50 YEARS."

BILL (cont'd)  
He put this guy away?

KC  
He brought him home.

Bill flips to the second clipping: "NEW EVIDENCE -- GRIFFIN FREED."

KC (cont'd)  
My father. He was innocent.

CONTINUE

84 CONTINUED:

84

BILL

I didn't know he got people out of jail.

KC

As far as I can tell, he has sort of an overall problem with the justice system. My father's alive because of Mr. Chapel. He's happy; he deserves that. So do you and Caroline.

(moves to door)

Your flight leaves in four hours. Have a good trip.

85 INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

85

Chapel steps into frame against a tiled wall. Kevin looms.

MR. CHAPEL

Murray?

MURRAY GRANDMAN turns from the male cadaver on the table to face Chapel and Kevin. This white room is a morgue. Murray is a coroner.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

You have the hooker we talked about?

Kevin digs this.

MURRAY

Sort of.

MR. CHAPEL

Sort of?

86 A MORGUE DRAWER

is pulled open by Murray. A body under a sheet. Chapel waits. Kevin watches. Murray pulls the sheet. A dead WOMAN

KEVIN

She's hot.

MR. CHAPEL

She's blonde.

MURRAY

Short notice.

MR. CHAPEL

How'd she go?

CONTINUE!

86 CONTINUED:

86

MURRAY

OD'd in her bathtub. Water was  
ice cold. Time of death up to you.

KEVIN

What's this got to do with the  
money we're looking for?

MR. CHAPEL

(ignores him)

Paperwork?

MURRAY

Disappeared the second you called.

MR. CHAPEL

How about the bruised ribs, broken  
jaw?

MURRAY

The what?

MR. CHAPEL

Show him, Kev.

Kevin leans in to the corpse. With lightning ferocity, Chapel  
fires two jabs into Kevin's ribs, then drops him with a  
roundhouse. Kevin hits the floor, out cold.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Murray, we're even. I am out of  
your life forever.

MURRAY

Thank God.

(with fear)

No offense.

(re: Kevin)

What about him?

MR. CHAPEL

Wait three hours. Then have him  
arrested.

MURRAY

For what?

MR. CHAPEL

Attempted necrophilia.

87 INT. PIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

A computer monitor displays a Singapore Securities  
International logo and an "ACCESS DENIED" message

CONTINUE

87 CONTINUED:

Pike sits in front of the computer, fingers frozen on the keyboard. His intercom BUZZES.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

A Mr. Liu? From Singapore  
Securities International -- ?

Pike stabs the button, picks up the line.

PIKE

Yes.

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Mr. Pike. We note you've been  
attempting to log onto your --

PIKE

Yeah, I can't get into my --

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Virus, sir. Would it be possible  
for you to come down to our local  
branch? We need an in-person  
authorization --

PIKE

I'll be right there.

88 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE/MR. CHAPEL'S CAR - DAY

88

Chapel snaps his cell phone shut, studies his laptop on the dash, which displays the same "ACCESS DENIED" wall Pike was running into.

MR. CHAPEL

On his way.

He turns to KC, who is now wearing a tight, fire-engine red dress, blonde wig, dark sunglasses. She's peering into an open compartment of Chapel's dashboard. Stacked in neat rows are dozens of photo ID's of Chapel under various names and numerous professions.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Sorry the wig's a little small.

KC

No prob.

(re: an ID)

Sewer inspector? That's just to  
get the chicks, right?

CONTINUE

88 CONTINUED:

88

MR. CHAPEL

(closes the  
compartment)Tell me again what you're going to  
do.

KC

Kiss, shoot, go. Then what?

MR. CHAPEL

Then you're done.

KC

You mean done... done?

MR. CHAPEL

And out of your life forever.

KC doesn't seem as overjoyed as Murray was.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

This is usually where people thank  
God.

Chapel lifts a high-tech camera with a cable. Aims it out the  
front window. THROUGH THE TELEPHOTO LENS, he sees a delivery/  
van rumble in. He shoots some test shots.

KC

Do you have any bigger?

MR. CHAPEL

Why?

KC

So Pike won't recognize me.

MR. CHAPEL

You said you didn't meet him  
during the trial.

KC

At Schiller's. We ended up in the  
elevator together. It was no big  
deal, I'm sure he didn't --

MR. CHAPEL

Go home.

KC

What?

MR. CHAPEL

Take that off. You're done.

CONTINUE

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

KC

Wait, we need these pictures.

MR. CHAPEL

Forget it. He saw you, it's too dangerous.

KC glances past Chapel, out the window and sees the elevator doors open. Pike charges out.

KC

I'm doing it.

MR. CHAPEL

No, you're not --

She flies out of the car, in motion, heading across the expanse of cars and concrete toward Pike. She throws a look over her shoulder -- come on, get the camera. Chapel lowers the window and raises the camera, sees --

89 PIKE

89

at his sedan, opening his driver's door. KC strides up, grabs Pike's face and kisses him on the mouth.

90 IN HIS CAR, CHAPEL

90

fires off shots. TELEPHOTO IMAGES one after another: KC, all blonde hair and legs, Pike, surprised and awkward.

Chapel lowers the camera, puts his car in gear and peels out of his space, then hears a horn blast and that delivery van barrels into view, cutting him off.

91 ACROSS THE GARAGE, PIKE

shoves KC away from him.

PIKE

What the hell are you -- ?

Her wig has come loose. He snatches it off. Recognizes her

PIKE (cont'd)

Schiller...

92 WITH CHAPEL

The truck has boxed him in and cut off his view of KC and Pike. He has no idea what's happening. Furious, he throws the driver's side door open. It bangs a pylon. Too narrow to get out. He scrambles to the passenger door.



93 WITH PIKE

93

He grabs KC, hard, and body-blocks her. She tumbles into the sedan, shoves her over, gets in. She walls on him. He backhands her.

94 WITH CHAPEL

94

Running, just in time to see Pike's car SCREECH out of the lot, KC inside.

MR. CHAPEL

...no...

The car flies out of the exit. He tears after it.

95 EXT. STREET - DAY

95

Chapel emerges into a busy rush hour street, thick with cars, all whizzing by him. He scans, desperate. Where is she?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

96 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

96

Chapel plows through the tangle of cars as they cut around him. He is oblivious. Searching for any sign of KC.

Then he sees it -- Pike's car. Chapel runs, gets his hand on the door. Locked. The tinted window reflects Chapel's crazed face as yanks the door open --

-- only to find a terrified YOUNG COUPLE. No Pike. No KC. Chapel staggers back. Utterly bereft. KC is gone. Until a WHISTLE cuts through the TRAFFIC SOUND and Chapel whirls to see --

KC standing across the street, waving him over, clutching the wig in one hand.

97 CHAPEL MOVES TO HER

97

and sees KC has blood on her face, stockings torn.

MR. CHAPEL

What happened?

KC

I went to high school in Texas  
(touches the cheek)  
Date the football players, you  
better be able to jump out of a  
moving car.

MR. CHAPEL

He hit you?

KC

I'll live.  
(then she notices)  
You're shaking.

It's true. He's trying not to let it show but he can't stop  
He moves away from her, turns his back.

KC (cont'd)

Mr. Chapel?

MR. CHAPEL

Pike...?

KC

Took off. What's the matt

AVCONTINU

97 CONTINUED:

97

MR. CHAPEL  
I'm sorry. I thought -- I thought  
you were --

He leans against the wall, shivering uncontrollably, eyes barren. She moves to him, tenderly.

KC  
I'm fine.

PEOPLE pass by. This is profoundly embarrassing for him. He takes a deep breath and tries to regain control. She reaches out to touch his face. His head snaps back. She retracts her hand.

KC (cont'd)  
(looks at him with  
pity)  
Really, I'm --

MR. CHAPEL  
Go home, KC.

KC  
But --

MR. CHAPEL  
We're even.

He pulls away and charges down the alley, into a building. She hears the ECHO of a DOOR SLAM.

98 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Empty, before opening. Delany is on his phone.

DELANY  
You're where?

99 INTERCUT: CHAPEL IN CLOSE UP

MR. CHAPEL  
(on cell phone,  
sounding defeated)  
Emergency room. I think my arm's  
broken. I don't know where Kevin  
is. We got separated. Pike had  
a baseball bat and --

DELANY  
Where's Pike?

[TINUE]

99 CONTINUED:

99

MR. CHAPEL

Probably home getting his passport. He's got a jet ready at the airport, I think he's leaving the country with your cash --

DELANY

You think!

MR. CHAPEL

(whines)

He used a bat!

Delany hurls his phone, SHATTERS it, and races for the exit.  
DELANY OUT.

100 STAY WITH CHAPEL

100

as he cuts the act, calmly closes his phone, and we realize he's back in Schiller's conference room. He lifts a bottle of water to his lips and drinks. He looks at the bottle, rubbing his thumb on the plastic, studying the smear.

101 INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

101

Schiller sits at his desk, a broken man. Chapel enters, still sipping his water.

MR. CHAPEL

Jack? We're done.

Schiller sits, dazed. Chapel turns, heads out, then stops.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Oh. One more thing.

Schiller expects the worst.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

You recycle?

(no response)

I didn't think so.

He drops the bottle in the trash on the way out. Exits.

Schiller sits, in despair. Then looks at the trashcan. An idea. He gets up, grabs a tissue, fishes the bottle out and holds it to the light, studying the smudge of fingerprints on plastic, smiling.

102 OMIT

02

103 OMIT

03

104 INT. PIKE HOUSE - NIGHT

104

Pike charges in, on cell phone.

CONTINUE

104 CONTINUED:

104

PIKE

I know it's after hours, I went to the bank, I saw the closed sign, but I am one of your largest depositors and I need to speak to a --

(stops)

Fourteen dollars?

From upstairs, he hears water running.

PIKE (cont':

I'll call you back.

He moves up the stairs.

105 INT. PIKE MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

105

Pike enters from the main hall and stops. In the enormous, overflowing bathtub floats the blonde hooker from the morgue. Submerged. Dead. Wearing the same red dress KC had on. Pike just stares a moment, unable to move. Then notices something through the opposite door. He crosses the bathroom, moves through that door and into --

106 INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nightmare of drugs and money. The dresser is crowded with what appears to be its own little crystal meth lab. Cocaine and heroin in packets, some torn open, powder everywhere. A gym bag of money spilled on the bed. Millions of dollars vomiting out. Pike moves to his desk, pulls open the top drawer and takes out his passport, just as --

A hand flips open that music box. "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT" tinkles. Pike whirls.

MR. CHAPEL

Hello, Ed.

PIKE

You're -- you were in my house --

Chapel fixes him with a look. Part smile. All stare. It shuts Pike up.

PIKE (cont'd)

Do you work for Delany?

MR. CHAPEL

Actually, I'm self-employed.

Pike starts to make his way across the room, to his bed, circling away from Chapel.

CONTINUE

106 CONTINUED:

PIKE

Who -- ? Who's that woman -- ?

MR. CHAPEL

Oh. The one you kissed today?

Chapel picks up a Sun Times off the dresser and tosses it onto the bed. A small sub-headline on the gossip page: "BAD BOY EDDY JUST CAN'T SAY NO!" And three blurry pictures of KC -- blonde, in red -- kissing Pike.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

In your tub there.

PIKE

You killed her?

MR. CHAPEL

You did.

Pike lunges for the drawer next to his bed. Opens it. Empty.

Chapel takes the gun out of his pocket and lays it on the table next to him. Pike looks at him, panicked but defiant.

PIKE

What is this?

Chapel tilts his head to one side, studying Pike like a man at the zoo fascinated by some dark, reptilian exhibit.

MR. CHAPEL

You took a life.

PIKE

I've never seen that woman --

MR. CHAPEL

Lucy Hargess. You strangled her to death. That's the truth but the truth didn't matter in court because you had money. Well, Ed, the only thing money's gonna do here --

(the money on the bed)

-- is get you killed. Unless you pick up the phone, call 911... at confess.

PIKE

Nobody's gonna buy this.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

MR. CHAPEL

Then you've got nothing to worry about.

Pike launches himself at Chapel with a guttural YELL. Chapel barely moves. His hand flicks up, he catches the soft flesh between Pike's thumb and forefinger, jerks hard and Pike is on his knees, in more pain than he's ever known. Chapel holds him: utterly still, utterly calm.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

I'm not your secretary. Or some woman you pulled into a car.

Chapel bears down. Pike's scream becomes a whimper.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Try that again, I will break one bone every second. That's two hundred and six seconds, Ed.

He lets go. Pike crumples, gasping and sick. Chapel regards him sympathetically.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Here.

Chapel takes Pike's hand and jerks the wrist.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

Feel better?

Pike nods, catching his breath. Chapel kneels. Close.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

You know, I read some of your father's sermons, the ones you keep in your desk? He was a wise man. Called life a hail storm of distraction. And look at you, Ed. The power, women, drugs.

Whether from the pain in his hand or the truth of Chapel's words, Pike's eyes glisten and well up. He can't look at Chapel.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

The noise is almost enough to drown out what you know. That you're guilty, you believe in God and you have to be punished.

CONTINUED



106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

Chapel picks up a phone and sets it in front of him. Pike stares at it.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
You want to be punished. It's  
your release.

Pike squeezes his eyes shut, takes a breath. We hear the Operator's VOICE on the phone. Pike opens his eyes and looks at Chapel, defiant.

PIKE  
And what if I don't want to be...  
released?

Pike's fingers stabs the phone, CLICKING it off. Chapel shakes his head sadly, picks up the phone and moves to the window.

MR. CHAPEL  
Ed. You always ask the wrong  
questions. See, that two million  
on the bed there? It's Delany's.  
So the question is...

A SQUEAL of tires outside. Pike looks up.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
...what are you going to do?

Chapel sees Delany get out of his car in front of Pike's.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
And here's the man.

Delany moves to the door, a large gun barely concealed under his jacket.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
You know he hates rap music? He's  
a funny kid.  
(holds out phone to  
Pike)  
Still time, Ed.

Pike looks around, panicked, but he won't take the phone. Chapel hits redial.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Yes, I'd like to report a shooting.

Chapel takes Pike's gun and sets it on the floor. At that moment, the sound of a door being KICKED IN below.

CONTINUE

106 CONTINUED: (4)

106

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
 (utterly deadpan,  
 into phone)  
 Help. Help. I'm so scared.

Chapel leaves the phone on as he sets it on the window sill.  
 We hear the OPERATOR'S VOICE. Then Chapel kicks the gun. It  
 skids past Pike, through the bedroom door and out into --

107 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

-- where it skitters into a wall.

108 INT. PIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pike sees this, dives out into --

109 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

-- snatches up the gun, aims it at the bedroom but Chapel is  
 gone and --

Pike hears FOOTSTEPS on the stairs behind him. Delany's head  
 clears the landing. He is holding a machine gun.

PIKE

Rick, no -- !

110 EXT. PIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

110

Chapel walks away, unhurried, somber. Through the windows  
 behind him, we see A FLURRY OF GUNSHOTS RIP THE NIGHT. The  
 upstairs STROBES WITH THE VIOLENT LIGHTNING OF MUZZLE FLASHES.

SIRENS. The house behind him goes dark and quiet. Chapel  
 exits FRAME.

110A EXT. PIKE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

110A

Police cars, ambulances, COPS. A white-sheeted gurney comes  
 out of the house. On it, Edward Pike, shoulder bloody,  
 conscious, in pain. Just before he's loaded onto the  
 ambulance, a DETECTIVE comes out of the house and leans over.

DETECTIVE

Mr. Pike? Your friend Delany is  
 dead. So's the woman in the tub.  
 You want to tell us what happened?

Pike starts to speak... then stops. He shakes his head and a  
 dry, humorless laugh rolls out.

110A CONTINUED:

110A

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
Read him his rights.

111 - 116 OMITTED

111

117 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

117

The Prosecutor, flanked by two PLAINCLOTHES COPS, is grilling Schiller.

SCHILLER  
I'll tell you what I have to bargain with -- the guy who did all this. I gave you his fingerprints... on that water bottle.

PROSECUTOR  
Come on, Jack...

SCHILLER  
His hands were all over it!

PROSECUTOR  
"The truth is an innocent man's best defense," that's what you're always saying on TV.

SCHILLER  
There was this guy. Big. And he... he was after Pike and...

Schiller's back is to the open door. KC appears in the doorway. She fixes on Schiller. Schiller does not see her.

SCHILLER (cont'd)  
I don't know if it was a revenge thing or what but run the prints, okay? A guy like this is going to have a record, he's going to be somebody you want to nail and I can help you.

PROSECUTOR  
I sent the bottle you gave me to the lab, Jack. Somebody touched it, yeah, traces of oil, skin... but no prints.

CONTINUE

117 CONTINUED:

117

SCHILLER

What do you mean?

PROSECUTOR

I mean, whoever touched the bottle  
doesn't have fingerprints.KC blinks at this, curious. A Cop moves to the door and  
closes it.

117A INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR - DAY

117A

KC stands, mulling. Then takes out a chocolate cake (same as  
Chapel's), unwraps it and pops it into her mouth as she moves  
off.

117B INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

117B

SCHILLER

Wait, you're saying... there was  
nothing on the bottle...

And now we --

118 INTERCUT: A HAND

118

only we might not know that at first. We are in the TIGHTEST  
CLOSEUP you can imagine, travelling over the palm of a man's  
hand as if it were a landscape. Studying the creases as we  
hear:

SCHILLER (V.O.)

...but he's got to have  
fingerprints.

118A INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - ON SCHILLER - DAY

118A

SCHILLER

Everybody's got fingerprints.

118B INTERCUT: THE HAND AGAIN

118B

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

That's right, Jack. Everybody's  
got fingerprints. So this guy's  
nobody. And if this guy's nobody,  
you've got nothing to bargain with.As we travel up a normally cross-hatched finger... to a  
fingertip that is bizarrely smooth. As is the next finger tip  
we PAN TO. And the next. And the next. Not a single  
distinctive crease or whorl. Just slick, smooth skin.  
REVEAL the whole hand as it moves. Smooth thumb-tip grazing  
smooth fingertips.

CONTINUE!

118B CONTINUED:

118B

REVEAL Chapel now, an enigmatic smile on his face as he studies his fingers, then reaches with that hand into his coat pocket and withdraws a cell phone.

CONTINUE

18B CONTINUED: (2)

118B

Chapel (on the Hargess porch at night, but we don't know that yet) brings the phone to his ear.

119 INTERCUT: INT. THE HARGESS HOUSE - NIGHT

119

Suitcases, half-unpacked. Newspapers spread on the dining room table. A week's worth of headlines about Pike, Delany and Schiller. Some highlights: "PIKE CHARGED WITH DOUBLE MURDER," "SCHILLER KEY WITNESS AGAINST PIKE." Bill Hargess, looking tanned and healthy, studies these. The phone RINGS.

BILL

Hello?

MR. CHAPEL

Hello, Bill.

BILL

Mr. Chapel.

MR. CHAPEL

How's Caroline?

BILL

Sleeping again. She loved New Zealand. She wants a cat.

MR. CHAPEL

What about you?

BILL

It feels better... but it still doesn't feel good.

He glances at the picture on the sideboard. Lucy, Bill and Caroline.

MR. CHAPEL

Then I want you to imagine...

And now we begin to SLOWLY WIDEN as Chapel speaks.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)

...how it'd feel if everything -- family, home, friends, your whole life -- all of it -- got ripped away one day. And the men who did it, gone; you never found them, you never will...

REVEAL now that Mr. Chapel is on Bill's porch. He is looking at Bill through the window. Bill, inside, has no idea Chapel is mere yards away.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED:

119

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
 ...and there's nothing left in you  
 but a sick, dead emptiness that'll  
 never be filled. What do you think  
 that would do to you, Bill? What  
 do you think that might turn you  
 into?

Bill can't respond. Suddenly, his daughter's LAUGHTER breaks  
 the silence. She comes running in with her coloring book,  
 wanting to show her father.

MR. CHAPEL (cont'd)  
 Kiss your daughter.

BILL  
 Thank you, Mr. Chapel.

MR. CHAPEL  
 And Bill.

BILL  
 Yes?

MR. CHAPEL  
 I'll be in touch. About that  
 favor.

CLICK. Bill stares at the phone. Then Caroline jumps into  
 his lap. He tickles her and she wiggles, laughing.

120 EXT. THE HARGESS HOUSE - NIGHT

120

Chapel steps off the porch, crosses. Then --

MR. CHAPEL  
 (without turning)  
 Hello, KC.

She is behind him, in the shadows. She steps out, caught.

KC  
 How'd you know I was here?

MR. CHAPEL  
 I might ask you the same question.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED:

120

KC

The night Dad got out of jail and  
you called me, I had the feeling  
you were...

(approaches)

...watching, making sure we were  
safe. I'd close my eyes sometimes  
and imagine you, in the shadows...

She reaches out to touch his face. This time he does not pull  
back. Her hand grazes his cheek.

KC (cont'd)

...wondering how you got there,  
wondering if anyone could help..

MR. CHAPEL

No.

(backing away)

But thank you.

KC

You're welcome... but I'm not  
asking. You need me --

(off his look)

-- my information -- access to  
files? You need... well, let's  
face it, you need help...

She laughs. He doesn't.

KC (cont'd)

...but I'm talking about  
assistance. For now. We can get  
into boundary issues and anger  
management later on.

MR. CHAPEL

You sure, KC? There's a price; a  
very real price...

KC

(knowing smile)

Yeah, about three million. The  
Pike money that's still missing.  
Any idea where it went?

MR. CHAPEL

(glances over her  
shoulder)

He's singing.

She turns and looks in at Bill and his daughter in a cradled  
embrace, rocking her gently as she rests her head against his  
shoulder, eyes closed.

CONTINUE



120 CONTINUED: (2)

120  
179.16  
5/1

KC

What's he singing, can you -- ?

She turns. He's gone.

121 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The bake sale. A stack of brownies is placed on a paper plate. Chapel's hand picks them up.

PRIEST

Dollar fifty.

The Priest's attention is diverted a moment. Then he hears a huge THUD as a large valise is placed between the Krispy Treats and the peanut clusters.

MR. CHAPEL

Keep the change.

The Priest doesn't understand. The valise is open. He raises the lid and looks inside. He stares, jaw slackening, at what lies inside: Millions of dollars.

The Priest looks up, and sees a man in black, walking away, melting into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END