

"Inventory"

Mike Wilson

September 25, 2008

**OCEAN AT DAWN**

Sun sparkles off blue-green sea.

**EXT. WIDE SAND BEACH**

Starts below bluffs at Palos Verdes in the south as we whip north to...

**EXT. REDONDO PIER**

Boom! Waves crash below. Follow the white froth as it shoops up shore line and laps at...

**A MAN'S FOOT**

Water retreats. Crashes back. Thick white slaps at that NAKED FOOT again. We think it's a body. But it suddenly STIRS as water cascades over the rest of him...he's not dead...just horribly hungover...

Surf soaks his pants. Or maybe he pissed himself.

**MEET DETECTIVE THIRD GRADE FRANK MILLER (44)**

Long hair...moustache...squints...sun burns holes in bloodshot eyes...smacks lips...tastes something awful... staggers to his feet...

Timecut. Walking to his car. Beat-up '70 Dodge Charger. LOCKED. Pats himself for keys. Nada. Looks back from whence he came. Tide swallowing up whatever he left back there.

FRANK

Shit.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Infinite blanket of twinkling lights.

EDDIE

Fuck you fuck you fuck you fuck you.

MELANIE

Fuck me? Fuck you.

**EXT. HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT**

They argue inside. House has christmas decorations and a cute inflatable Santa cheerfully waving in the doorway.

Door flies open. EDDIE MOLLOY (33) exits. She's pounding him with her fists.

EDDIE

You're sick Melanie. You need he--

Whack! Slugs him in face -- cuts his lip -- he smacks her back -- again -- again -- surge of adrenaline --

Leaves her there -- lying in doorway -- kicks Santa in the nuts -- gets in black Mercedes proceeds to beat the living shit out of steering wheel and dash --

Deep breath. The silence roars.

EDDIE

Fuck.

Takes off. Mercedes sounds like a velvet jet plane in the dark cool night and bleeds to...

**INT. DRAGONFLY - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

...the clamor of this coked-out, crowded club. Discover Eddie and best buddy ALAN VANCE, 30, at the bar. Drunk. Laughing. "Tight To Def" by Mack 10/T-Boz plays as...

MACK 10/T-BOZ

"I step to the flyest guy...  
Look him dead-ass in his eye...  
Check myself cuz I know I'm fly...  
No need to ask me why..."

...a smoking hot chick (DANIELLE) approaches...whispers in Vance's ear...they move off together...Eddie watching...rubbing his cut lip...something dark and dirty working its way thru his brain...

**EXT. HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT**

Santa lies in a forlorn heap by the door. Push in.

JONI MITCHELL

"All I really want our love to do..."

**INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Candles. Joni on CD.

JONI MITCHELL

"...is to bring out the best in me and you..."

Eddie's bruised beautiful wife Melanie takes a bubble bath.

Ghostly wisps of steam waft up from the tub.

CAMERA MOVES SUDDENLY like someone watching from doorway.

JONI MITCHELL

"I wanna talk to you...I wanna shampoo you...I wanna renew you again and again..."

**MOVING QUIETLY TOWARDS HER NOW**

Closer...closer...gloved hand into frame holds lethal STRAIGHT-EDGE RAZOR...it glistens in flickering candlelight as it gently...ever-so-softly...slits Melanie's throat...

JONI MITCHELL

"Can you see can you see can you see how much you hurt me baby..."

**EXT. HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MORNING**

A scream.

**INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT**

The housekeeper has just discovered Melanie's body. She can't stop screaming.

**EXT. HOUSE - LATER**

Uniformed cops, detectives talk to medical examiner and CSS techs. One of the detectives stares at crumpled Santa.

DETECTIVE

So where is he.

**EXT. MULLHOLLAND**

EDDIE passed out in his Mercedes which is parked drunkenly on the shoulder. TAP on window. Motorcycle cop.

Timecut. Police cars everywhere. Hungover, pissed-off Eddie in handcuffs is led to a nearby black-and-white -- dried blood on his shirt --

EDDIE

I fucking beat her up! I didn't kill her!

**EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - FEW WEEKS LATER**

Eddie comes out with Alan Vance and his attorney. He looks relieved. Crowd of reporters. As his attorney talks to media Eddie sees D.A. PAUL CRANE and several plainclothes police officers watching from the top of the steps. CRANE has deep lines in a dark sleepless saturnine face. Stares at Eddie with pure hatred.

To Crane's amazement, EDDIE COMES OVER TO HIM.

EDDIE

I'm sorry Paul.

Crane's tone calcifies. Cold. Unhesitating.

CRANE

Sorry you got off? Or sorry you killed my sister.

Eddie looks at him a long beat. CRANE SUDDENLY LUNGES AND TRIES TO STRANGLE EDDIE. Bedlam. Insanity. Cameras record for future YouTube posterity.

**EXT. SOUTH REDONDO - DAY**

Downtown west of Avenue I overlooking marina. Beat-up Dodge Charger idles in nearby deserted alley.

**DETECTIVE THIRD GRADE FRANK MILLER**

next to Dodge calmly talks to handcuffed junkie (TRAVIS) who heaves his guts in the alley.

FRANK  
Talk to me. Save your ass.

TRAVIS  
I'm sick Frank.

FRANK  
We're all sick.

**EXT. BELOIT AVENUE - SOUTH REDONDO - DAY**

Beat-up Dodge turns a corner. Frank cruises this seedy block of rundown buildings in the mission district.

FRANK  
Where.

TRAVIS  
I roll over them I skate right.

Frank just drives, expressionless.

TRAVIS  
C'mon Frank you get the grab, what's your fucken prob--

Frank's eyes remain ever-fixed, unblinking.

TRAVIS  
Hey man fuck you. How bout you tickle my balls with your nose.

FRANK  
No thanks I'm trying to quit.

TRAVIS  
(sighs)  
You passed it.

**EXT. CRUMMY TENEMENT STAIRWELL - THIRTY MINUTES LATER**

Ratty, wasted-looking STONER shuffles up stairs.

**HIS POV**

From the shadowed calm of the stairwell the STONER pauses. Watches thru bannister as TWO COLLEGE KIDS rap on a door. Door opens a crack. They hand over cash. Receive a tiny package. Door closes. They start downstairs and push past wasted weaving STONER who now approaches door. He knocks. It opens a crack.

**STONER**

Whom we now recognize is FRANK -- violently shoulders it open, pounces on DEALER inside -- whips a big badass Sig Sauer P226 in the fucker's face --

FRANK  
(screams)  
Police! Don't fucking move!

DEALER pulls a knife and slashes Frank's face. Wicked fast Frank knocks away shiv savagely whips him around dislocates a shoulder breaks his collarbone.

DEALER  
Ahh!!! Shitass!

Frank smashes him into wall. Breaks his nose and a couple of teeth. Dealer eats floor. Moans. HOOKER with eyes like saucers high as a kite creeps up behind Frank and feebly hits him in the head with a frying pan. He spins around, punches her in the mouth. She crumples.

Cuffs dealer to radiator. Hears a NOISE. The hooker is crawling towards him on her hands and knees.

HOOKER  
You wanna fuck me?

He stares. Studied indifference.

HOOKER  
Please...got two strikes...you  
wanna fuck right...lemme fuck you...  
fuck you so good...

At his feet now. Begging like a dog. BACK-UP BURSTS IN. At that moment the cuffed dealer bites Frank in the fucking leg. He screams. Starts pounding him into hamburger.

COP  
Frank...easy Frank...Jesus...

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY**

SIRAH  
"Thanks a lot...thanks for the sun and the  
sky..."

## INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CLOSE ON TV

Sexy seductive SIRAH (16) in shaky HOMEMADE VIDEO sings Raffi with slightly reworked lyrics in a dirty gas station bathroom. Goth girl chic. Dark eyes. Bee-stung lips.

SIRAH

"Thanks for the broken heart, thanks  
for the meth...thanks for the dudes  
with no soul..."

VANCE

2.3 million hits on YouTube, gentlemen.

Alan Vance and Eddie watch with three somber JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN. Vance not only Eddie's best friend he's his partner. Eddie looks a tad wasted. Unshaven. VARIETY on table; "Breakthrough YouTube Phenomenon Sirah Signs With Geffen".

VANCE

Estimated revenue streams from  
publishing ringtones and satellite  
gigs will generate cash flow in excess  
of ten mill--

EDDIE

This ain't no jive-ass slash and gash  
one-hit wonder. This is the real deal,  
chick's a fucking heartbreaker--

Sirah crying now as she sings. Selling it.

EDDIE

Fucking boss-bosco-bananaramma, know  
what I'm sayin? Fuck that cockrock  
garbage on iTunes this is neato-frito-  
up-tight-outta-sight-up-your-gigi-with-  
a-wawa-brush...on a CD nobody can copy.

JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN look at each other, impressed. Even  
fucked up, Eddie is surprisingly razor-sharp.

EDDIE

Just cut a deal to slap that face on  
bus stop benches sellin cell phones.  
Bitch is gonna be on billboards.  
Look at that mouth...dontcha wanna fuck  
that mouth...

Climbs out his chair, strides across conference table and  
STRADDLES THE BIG PLASMA TV -- HUMPING IT LIKE A MADMAN.

EDDIE

Yeah...you like that baby...

VANCE

Eddie.

Eddie knocks the TV over. It crashes to the floor.

EDDIE  
I gotta pee.

Weaves out the room -- bangs knee in doorway ---

EDDIE  
Ow! Fuck!

Exits. The JAPS look at each other.

VANCE  
Eddie's a good guy. He's been having  
a hard time ever since his wife...

**EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER**

Eddie in his Mercedes smoking a cigarette listens to  
Brooke Valentine and Pimp C. sing "Dope Girl".

BROOKE VALENTINE/PIMP C.  
*"I got these fiends runnin runnin...  
I'm like that crack and they want it  
want it..."*

Vance comes out the office with the Japs. Walks them to  
a waiting limo. They exit. Vance approaches Eddie.  
Gives him a hard stare.

VANCE  
They're in. They think you're a goddamn  
lunatic but they're in.

EDDIE  
We're givin' them a hot slice of quiff on a  
CD you can't swap. The squints ain't stupid.

Vance stares like a parent called to school.

EDDIE  
You tell the slopes we had a deal with  
Geffen before Sirah "stumbled" on the  
net, got her little pussy "discovered"?  
Your head was so far up that slanty  
shantytown ass.

Vance clocks Eddie with a look, stung. Eddie looks back  
at him just about coming out of his skin.

EDDIE  
I can't let her go, Alan.

VANCE  
Okay...okay...easy...

**INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - FREEWAY - NIGHT**

Eddie drinks. Weaves in traffic. POLICE CAR LIGHTS.  
Sound upcut. Laughter.



**INT. CROWDED NOISY PLAYGROUND - VENICE - DAY**

Push in on two kids laughing on the seesaw, a GIRL (5) & BOY (4). The girl sees something.

Pull focus to reveal a WOMAN STARING THRU FENCE AT THEM.

Slightly overdressed for the playground...black satin Roland Vivelaïs dress...very hot...a sense under satin of raw interior toughness...something coarse...black-and-blue...

Meet REGINA POPE (30). She's in the parking lot only forty or so feet away but it might as well be miles.

The little girl and Regina stare at each other. Both have beautiful sea-green eyes.

KID'S DAD (MARTY) sits on a nearby bench talking on cell. Spots his daughter looking at something. Follows her gaze. Regina already climbing into a banged-up BMW, the engine running. Marty/Regina lock eyes a moment. She drives off.

The little girl watches her go.

**EXT. REDONDO BEACH - 5:45 A.M.**

Frank Miller jogs up the strand past marina & pier complex. He's covered in sweat. Cuts over to Diamond Street. Picks up the pace.

Frank does not have the "runner's high". In face he looks very fucking pissed off. His anger bottled and nursed and nurtured to the point where he is almost consumed by it. He is dead inside. Pushes harder.

**EXT. STREET - 6:10 A.M.**

Slight timecut to Frank after run. Sweaty. Out of breath. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

**INT. MINI-MARKET - 6:22 A.M.**

Package of orange hostess cupcakes are placed on counter next to bottle of Stoli and a carton of milk. Black transvestite prostitute in yellow hip boots and bad wig eyes Frank's "groceries". He looks at her, cold/distant. Offers numb steel eyes. She averts her eyes, intimidated.

**INT. HIS KITCHEN - 6:40 A.M.**

Still in jogging clothes Frank pours vodka into a glass in the dark. SOUND of Stoli filling glass. Like a baptism. Like holy water.

**INT. HIS BEDROOM - 7:00 A.M.**

Showered and dressed now. Crisp white shirt and tie, long hair pulled back ass-tight in a ponytail. Clean and neat in here. Almost antiseptic. Everything squared off and put away. The bed made with hospital corners so tight you could bounce a fucking quarter off it. Frank holsters the Sig and crosses to the bureau WHERE THE ALMOST EMPTY BOTTLE OF STOLI SITS, WAITING. As he pours himself another drink and downs it with almost surgical detachment...

**INT. COURTROOM - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

Eddie before the judge. Pissed. Hungover.

*JUNICHI V/O  
His name is Eddie Molloy.*

**INT. JUNICHI OFFICE - NEW OTANI HOTEL - DAY**

JUNICHI (one of the wealthy Jap businessmen) talks with a massive acne-scarred JAPANESE PRIVATE DETECTIVE (KAICHO).

*JUNICHI  
I want to know everything about  
everything.*

*D.A. PAUL CRANE V/O  
Eddie Molloy was our primary suspect.*

**INT. CRANE'S OFFICE**

D.A. Paul Crane with Kaicho. Crane looks like he hasn't slept in a year.

*CRANE  
Melanie Molloy was about to file for  
divorce. Under California law she would  
have been entitled to half his assets  
which are considerable. But there wasn't  
enough evidence to go to trial. Molloy  
has an airtight alibi. His partner says  
they were together all night--*

*KAICHO  
That would be Mr. Vance. Graduated USC  
1996, started management company with Mr.  
Molloy following year. They were roommates  
in college. No children, no priors.*

Crane eyes him. Kaicho has done his homework.

*KAICHO  
Molloy has a restraining order against  
you. Every time you lean on him he  
lawyers up. Must be very frustrating.*

They stare at each other. A sense that Crane has been forced to take this meeting and wants to end it soon as possible.

CRANE

(flat)

Is there anything else I can help you with Mr. Kaicho.

KAICHO

My employer is making a rather large investment in their company. Strictly a background check. I uncover one shred of evidence you can be sure I will keep you informed.

It is clear Kaicho has no intention of doing so. He bows. At the door he stops. Turns.

KAICHO

I am sorry for your loss.

Crane. Just a bit unnerved. Nods.

**INT. CAR PARKED ON STREET OUTSIDE EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kaicho wearing headphones peers thru hi-powered binoculars.

EDDIE V/O

Melanie...

**INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - POV THRU BINOCULARS**

Drugs...alcohol...panties in a shot glass...Eddie banging Sirah on the couch...

SIRAH

Stop calling me Melanie.

EDDIE

(as he thrusts)  
Melanie. Melanie.

SIRAH

(coming)  
Cocksucker.

**INT. JUNICHI OFFICE - NEW OTANI - DAY**

Junichi reading Kaicho's report.

JUNICHI

Did he do it?

KAICHO

Molloy claims to have spent several hundred thousand dollars on private investigators to find his wife's killer.

JUNICHI  
So did O.J. Did he do it.

KAICHO  
(unhesitating, calm)  
No.

A beat; Junichi looks at him, nods.

JUNICHI  
Keep an eye on him.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Junichi & Vance in booth. Eddie comes in. Late. Loaded.

EDDIE  
(to waiter)  
Cutty.

VANCE  
Eddie. Mr. Junichi has some questions regarding the file-sharing Content Scramble System.

EDDIE  
(blunt, bored)  
It's a 900-bit stream cipher algorithm that prevents bite-for-bite copies from being playable. What else you wanna know.

Waiter brings Eddie's drink. He downs it. Gestures another.

JUNICHI  
There are serious structural flaws in most decryption codes--

EDDIE  
--which can be brute-forced by any numbnuts with a 450Mhz processor decompressing MPG videostreams, no shit. This ain't that.

JUNICHI  
(surprised)  
Your proprietary crypto-system works on DVD's?

EDDIE  
Try and file-share you get Alvin & the Chipmunks singing "Wheels On The Bus Go 'Round & 'Round". Authenticate my decryption module to recognize DVD data?

VANCE  
"Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein". Every time.

On Junichi. Jesus. This is the fucking motherload.

EDDIE  
You'll save the music business and every movie studio on the planet will kiss your Jap ass to encrypt the cipher on their software.

Eddie downs another drink way too fast. It comes back up. He grabs the champagne ice bucket and RETCHES into it. MAN in booth next to them stares.

EDDIE  
What're you looking at. Go back to your pasta and your pig wife.

JUNICHI  
May I be frank? You are a loose cannon, Mr. Molloy. Brilliant, but a wild card--

EDDIE  
Gimme a break--

JUNICHI  
Listen to me you little prick. You've been in and out of six rehabs in the last six months--

VANCE  
Eddie's fine -- he's back on track --

JUNICHI  
He's a cokehead and an alcoholic. My stockholders are not about to invest nine hundred million into a company co-owned by a drug addict. We do this deal I need assurances.

**EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Few days later. Vance's Porsche pulls in. Eddie wears glasses, goes over a THICK CONTRACT -- pissed --

EDDIE  
No! No! Fuck this! Random drug testing? Therapy? The fucking court just sentenced me to five AA meetings a week, I might as well check into another fucking rehab--

VANCE  
Try to get this through your drug-addled brain. They wanna sign on the line -- we're talking a billion dollars plus equity--

EDDIE  
Says here they can cash me out if I drink -- its a goddamn morals clause -- !  
(hard)  
Fuck Junichi and fuck you.

Vance sighs. They exit car, walks towards the huge AA meeting...people streaming in...blue collar, white collar, priest collar...Yale to jail...Park Avenue to park bench...

VANCE  
What is this the Staples Center?

EDDIE  
Melanie got sober here. It's where we met. She stayed. I didn't.

It hangs there a long beat. Vance doesn't say anything.

Two frizzy JEWISH BABES cruise past, all boobs and ass holding hands. Eddie eyes them. A cruel smile.

EDDIE  
Know why jewish chicks love circumcised cock? Jewish chicks love anything that's 25% off.  
(yells)  
Suck it Yentl!

VANCE  
Eddie--

EDDIE  
Not now chief I'm in the fuckin zone--

One of them turns, gives Eddie the finger. He grabs his crotch.

EDDIE  
You want the drumstick or the potatoes?  
Say hi to Jimmy & the twins!

VANCE  
Jesus Christ. There is something really wrong with you.

LAMAR V/O  
*I got the crack pipe in my lap and the vodka bottle on the passenger seat...*

**INT. CHURCH - AA MEETING - NIGHT**

Harsh light. A world without shadows. Impossibly bright.

LAMAR V/O  
*Haven't slept for three days and I'm driving a stolen car...*

Pan crowded row, all listening intently...college student... UPS driver...housewife...Eddie and Vance...

LAMAR V/O  
*Got pulled over for running a stop sign...*

Discover LAMAR ROCHE (40) at podium. African-American. Suit and tie.

LAMAR

The cops yank me out of the car, see the pipe and the smirnoff and smile. I'm scared because I can smell booze on their breath. They're drunk, they're white, we're downtown it's two ayem and there's no witnesses if you catch my drift.

Spot Regina Pope in front row, silver-grey Caroline Herrera dress...very hot...

LAMAR

And this one cop he looks at me and grins. "Nigger didn't you see that stop sign?" I says, "I thought I slowed down." And both cops look at each other and start laughing and he says, "OK we're gonna teach you the difference between 'stop' and 'slow down.'"

Lamar's voice gaining emotion and momentum.

LAMAR

So they spread-eagle me on the car and proceed to start smashing me in the head and face with their billy clubs. Just wailing on me, like it's a birthday party and I'm some kind of negro pinata. And this one cop, as he's hitting me he says, "Now do you want us to STOP? Or do you want us to SLOW DOWN?"

**INT. CHURCH - AA MEETING - LATER**

Meeting over. Eddie and Vance filing out with the crowd.

VANCE

That guy was awesome. You should ask him to sponsor you.

EDDIE

Fuck a sponsor. I ain't havin' it.

**POV EDDIE**

Regina Pope hugging Lamar near the door. He stares at her.

**SLO-MO**

As Regina breaks the hug and kisses Lamar's cheek.

LIEUTENANT AMES V/O

What do you know about Alcoholics Anonymous, Frank?

**INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - REDONDO - DAY**

Sit-down with the Loo. Frank stares. Tough. Hard-nosed.

LIEUTENANT AMES

Relax. I went to an AA meeting once.  
It was like taking a trip through the  
sewer in a glass-bottom boat.

VOICE

This him?

Frank's cold piercing eyes turn to TWO MEN standing in the doorway. DR. ALBERT HAKIM, bearded ex-hippie, 50s, LAPD criminologist from SID (Scientific Investigation Division) -- and Los Angeles D.A. PAUL CRANE. Hakim smiles warmly.

**INT. DENNY'S - DAY**

Frank, Crane and Hakim in a booth.

HAKIM

Ever hear of the 12 Steps, Frank?

FRANK

No.

CRANE

It's the blueprint for sobriety in AA.

Frank sips coffee, not sure where this is going.

HAKIM

During their first year every alcoholic writes a "searching and fearless moral inventory" of all the heinous shit they pulled.

CRANE

Step Four.

HAKIM

Then they read that inventory to a sponsor.

CRANE

Step Five.

Frank stares at them, silent. Giving them nothing.

HAKIM

A "sponsor" takes you through the steps--

CRANE

Helps you stay sober--

HAKIM

Call him night or day he's there for you--



CRANE

Here's the beauty part. When you read that inventory to a sponsor? He's kind of like a priest.

HAKIM

The sanctity of anonymity--

CRANE

He cannot, will not disclose the contents of that inventory to anybody--

HAKIM

Which encourages the alkie to get, like, real honest--

CRANE

Meanwhile you've got a fucking written confession--

HAKIM

Which the alkie gives you when he's done.

On Frank, expressionless. Absorbing. Waiting for the other shoe to drop.

CRANE

Perp's name is Eddie Molloy. Walked on a murder rap in L.A. six months ago.

HAKIM

Music biz manager -- also some kinda math freak -- MENSA and shit --

CRANE

Three DUI's -- court-ordered to attend AA --

HAKIM

Created bulletproof copy-protection codes worth a fortune--

CRANE

Japs buying in say Eddie's gotta stay sober--

HAKIM

Here's the play. We set you up as a guy, five, ten years sober--

CRANE

Recently moved to Los Angeles--

HAKIM

Get tight with Molloy, become his "sponsor"--

CRANE

And he confesses. On paper. Just like that.

Beat. Frank bursts out laughing.

**EXT. DENNY'S**

Walking to his car.

HAKIM  
I've seen wife-beaters turn themselves  
in. Bank robbers go straight.

FRANK  
Oh yeah?

HAKIM  
Shit you not.

CRANE  
This is a cake-walk Miller. Go in and gut  
this prick. Nail his balls to the wall.

They reach the Dodge. Frank eyes Crane expressionless.

FRANK  
She was your sister. He got off. Now  
you want me to go make it all better.

Flicker of emotion crosses Crane's face, taken aback by  
the directness of that. His tone turns ice.

CRANE  
Your buddy back there. Ames. You two  
go way back no.

Frank doesn't say anything. Hakim looks uncomfortable.

CRANE  
Got his tit caught last Christmas on  
some payoffs pulled from a couple of  
bail bondsmen.

Frank's eyes go cool and hard; he knows where this goes.

CRANE  
Thing like that could kill a guy's  
career. Pension and whatnot.

Frank stares, seething.

CRANE  
I can make that go away.

FRANK  
That's one scenario. I'll give you  
another one. Ames and I get a coupla  
gas cans, burn your fucking house down--

HAKIM  
Easy Frank. Molloy's not exactly a stone-  
cold killer. Maybe he just got a little  
too close to the flame--

CRANE  
Kills his wife, gets away with it, gets  
scared gets sober--

HAKIM  
Maybe, just maybe there's a sense of purging now--

CRANE  
Might come clean--

HAKIM  
Question is with who--

FRANK  
Yeah. Or maybe he's a fucken freak.  
Did her does me finds out I'm on the job--

CRANE  
I can smell your breakfast Miller. You're  
a mess. Catch me a bad guy and clean up  
your act. You fucking alcoholic.

Frank falls silent. Crane's cell rings. Glances at the  
caller ID.

CRANE  
Gee. Ames. Whaddya say Serpico.

**INT. AA MEETING - CLOSE ON EDDIE - NIGHT**

Pale...detoxing...eavesdropping on NEWLY SOBER TEENAGERS  
talking trash...long-time AA OLDTIMER comes up to them...

TEENAGE KID  
This is so lame. Last week I was in a  
jacuzzi with two blondes. Creamy tits and  
velvet tongues. One licked the Lincoln  
Tunnel while the other curtsied my face.

OLDTIMER  
You don't have to live that way anymore.

Eddie groans. Spots REGINA POPE pouring coffee.

**PUSH IN ON EDDIE**

An insatiable desire turning into an obsession.

**FLASHCUT**

Fucking Regina. She's coming. She morphs into MELANIE.  
They're fucking in the kitchen. She suddenly violently  
smacks him. He smacks her back. She falls against a cabinet  
and knocks over dishes and they crash to the floor and she  
starts throwing them at Eddie. Smash. Smash. Smash.

**BACK ON EDDIE**

Gavel's banging. Tries to approach Regina but gets swept away in surge of people like a riptide...can't swim upstream...

**CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPHS**

Before and after photos of MELANIE MOLLOY. Crime scene shots. Gruesome. Music: "Victim of Love" (Eagles)

AMES V/O

Damn.

**INT. BAR - REDONDO - NIGHT**

Seedy cop bar. Eagles on juke. Frank at table w/Lt. Ames going thru a five-inch thick LAPD binder; the Melanie Molloy murder book. Ames pulls out a PHOTO OF EDDIE.

AMES

Looks like mick trash. Jumped up jacked up mick trash.

FRANK

Limp dick mick trash.

Cop whores float past. One eyes Frank. He shakes head. A vibe here that the only women Frank knows are whores.

AMES

No sign of struggle. Fingernail scrapings turned up no skin or blood belonging to anyone else.

FRANK

Think she was faithful to this prick? His dicks probably hangin by a string--

Ames laughs. Frank gestures photos.

FRANK

What kind of blade is that.

AMES

Straight edge.

FRANK

My old man used a straight edge.

AMES

Maybe he's the doer.

FRANK

He's 86. Blind. Diabetic. Lives in a nursing home outside Pismo.

AMES

Case closed.

They down shots.

AMES  
Undercover in AA. Jesus.

FRANK  
Fucken wild goose chase. Chickenshit  
henhouse bullshit.

AMES  
Funny thing. Had IA up my ass till about  
three days ago.

Frank looks at him. A long beat.

AMES  
Fucked up last December. Took some  
grease to make a nice Christmas for Peg  
and the kids. Got popped. Stupid.

Frank doesn't say anything.

AMES  
All of a sudden it goes away. Just  
like that.

Nothing from Frank.

AMES  
Maybe I got a fairy godmother. Maybe  
I'm just a fuckin fairy. Or maybe  
you're a true friend, Frank.

Frank's face ripples momentarily like a motel pool in a  
downpour...embarrassed...

AMES  
You know what a true friend is right?  
That's a guy, goes out, gets two blow  
jobs, comes back, gives you one.

Frank smiles...Ames one of the few people on the planet  
who can make Frank smile....

AMES  
Thanks.

FRANK  
Welcome.

AMES  
(hard, no bullshit)  
Watch your temper in L.A., Frank.

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT**

Music. Frank in the Dodge headed to Los Angeles. Raises  
a silver flask to his lips, takes a long vicious pull.

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT**

Quiet on the cut. Frank drives with a hand over one eye, hammered. Tries to keep the road in focus.

**EXT. FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Dodge parked at an odd drunken angle in the parking lot. Lights and turn signal still on. Driver's door open. Looks abandoned. Like a lost child.

**EXT. STREET - LOS ANGELES - 5:45 A.M. NEXT MORNING**

June gloom. Drizzling. Frank jogs empty sleepy streets. Hungover. Bleary. Stops. Lights a cig.

CRANE V/O  
You can't smoke in here.

**INT. 72nd PRECINCT DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - 2:10 P.M.**

A cigarette is squashed out on a desk blotter.

**BOOM UP**

To reveal the man putting it out. IT'S FRANK, moustache gone, buzz cut -- getting prepped by Hakim & Crane.

CRANE  
One more time. What are the three things you need to be a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

FRANK  
Sponsor, sobriety and a home group.

HAKIM  
Sobriety date--

FRANK  
6/16/02--

CRANE  
Old home group--

FRANK  
"We Don't Need No Stinking Donuts",  
Riviera Village, Redondo--

HAKIM  
Sponsor's name--

FRANK  
George Otis, died last September,  
twenty-two years sober. We done here?

HAKIM  
Don't forget you wanna be a sponsor  
you gotta get a sponsor--

Frank doesn't say anything, irritated. Crane eyes him.

CRANE

Nice cut Miller. You almost look human.

Frank's eyes narrow. Looks at him long and hard.

FRANK

Here's how this works Crane. You stay the fuck away from me.

Crane starts to respond. Frank cuts him off.

FRANK

Shhhh. And you continue. To stay.  
The fuck away from me.  
(softly)  
We clear.

Frank's eyes boring into him like a whipsaw. Crane exits.

HAKIM

No gun, no shield. Your name is Frank Martin, you work J.G. Construction...

**INT. CRANE'S OFFICE - CROWDED HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY**

Walking to his office with an aggressive public defender, MOSKOWITZ. Moskowitz is greasy, overweight, with slicked black hair and a perpetual look of anxiety.

CRANE

I'll go one year on the assault but we're not dropping the drug charge.

MOSKOWITZ

Done. Thank you and fuck you.

Thin smile from Crane. They reach his office.

MOSKOWITZ

Hey. Paul. You okay?

CRANE

Try losing some weight Moskowitz. You're starting to look like a cheeseburger.

And Crane closes his door on all the noise and the bullshit and quietly sags against it. Closes his eyes. HOLD.

BARRETT'S VOICE

*She was his sister for God's sake.*

FRANK'S VOICE

*He's a four-star asshole.*

BARRETT'S VOICE

*She was all the family he had...*

**INT. BCI OFFICE - 7:20 P.M.**

Scrolling computer file parole photos/rap sheets. BARRETT (29), preppyish plainclothes detective, brings coffee...

BARRETT  
Home stretch, Frank.

Frank rubs eyes. Needs a drink.

BARRETT  
Can't have you bumping into anyone in the Pacific Group you might've collared in Redondo.

FRANK  
Here's one. Joey Nichols. Popped him two years ago for possession.

PHOTO OF JOEY NICHOLS, big ugly bad-ass, jailhouse tats, scar over one eye. Barrett taps keys.

BARRETT  
Joseph Nichols, paroled May 17. In a halfway house downtown, won't come near you.

FRANK  
Good cuz that motherfucker would know me in the dark.

**EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Dodge pulls in. Frank finds a spot way at the end of the crowded lot and gets out. His cold piercing eyes stare at the glowing windows of the church like a wild animal eyeing pitiful humans gathered around a campfire.

SPEAKER V/O  
*Okay so after 17 years of sobriety  
I will now share The Five Sober Secrets  
To A Great Relationship.*

**INT. AA MEETING - NIGHT**

Frank squeezed into a row in the back.

SPEAKER  
One. It's important to find a man who cooks, cleans and has a job. Two. It's important to find a man who makes you laugh. Three. It's important to find a man who doesn't lie. Four. It's important to find a man who's great in bed and loves to have sex with you. Five. It's important these four men never meet.

Laughter. Frank very uncomfortable. He would very much like to not be here. Suddenly gets up, heads quickly for....



**INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - STALL**

Bursts in, whips out flask, takes a long grateful pull...

**INT. BATHROOM DOOR OPENS**

He freezes. Puts away booze. Peers thru crack in stall. POV. Hands exchanging money. Whispered drug buy.

**VOICE**

*You owe me for this plus the other--*

Frank's eyes glint fiercely. He comes out the stall.

THE TWO MEN FREEZE. He walks right up to them as if he's about to plow right through them. His stride so forceful they part like The Red Fucking Sea.

THE FOLLOWING HAPPENS VERY FAST. Frank grabs dealer and slams him up against wall and smashes his head into tile once, twice, three times. Digs in pockets finds product tosses in sink turns on water whips dealer around--

**FRANK**

You're done here. I ever see you again you're gonna blow yourself. That means I rip your fucken wang off and shove it down your throat.

**DEALER**

This prick's into me for nine hun--

Frank knees him in the nuts. Dealer eats floor. Frank turns to the other man. IT'S EDDIE MOLLOY. Eddie eyes product in sink. Ruined. Glares at Frank.

**FRANK**

What're you looking at you motherless fuck.

**EDDIE**

You a cop--

**FRANK**

Just tryna stay sober fuckhead--

Long beat. They stare at each other. Frank doesn't move.

**EDDIE**

You want to suck my dick? That it?  
You a dick sucker?

**FRANK**

Just saved you nine yards, asshole.

**EDDIE**

I want your help I'll ask for it.

Eddie exits. Shot lingers on Frank. First day on job he's already made contact. Dealer moans. Frank kicks.

**INT. AA MEETING - COURTYARD - LATER**

Coffee break. FRIENDLY SILVER-HAIRED MAN (BOB) comes up:

BOB  
You new? Bob Bailey.

FRANK  
Frank Martin.

BOB  
Welcome Frank. We're glad you're here.

Bob hugs him warmly.

FRANK  
Don't. Fucking. Hug Me.

**INT. MEETING - LATER**

Slight timecut to Frank moving thru the crowded meeting... disconnected...hollowed out...everybody all teeth and hands and Frank feels like he's drowning...can't breathe...it's about to strangle him...like razor wire round his throat...

**HIS POV**

Regina Pope pouring coffee. Pucci jacket. Miniskirt. Hot.

**ON FRANK**

Staring at her...a sudden, quiet guilty pleasure..she is beautiful...a shot of fresh air in this sobriety cesspool.. and he drinks her in...but suddenly frowns as...

**EDDIE MOLLOY**

Approaches Regina. She pours him a cup of coffee.

REGINA  
The password is, stop staring at my tits.

EDDIE  
How are you Reg.

REGINA  
Like you give a shit.

Clearly some blood under the bridge here. He stares at her.

EDDIE  
Wanna catch a movie sometime.

REGINA  
No. No way. Stay away from me, Eddie.

EDDIE  
Your eyes.

REGINA  
What about them.

EDDIE  
They look like kryptonite.

REGINA  
Wow. Very good. OK how bout dinner and a sponge bath.

Eddie grins...moves in ever-so-slightly...sniffs.....

EDDIE  
Jasmine and patchouli.

REGINA  
What part of stay the fuck away from me dont you understand.

Frank in line for coffee listens. Gavel bangs. Meeting is starting. She moves off. Eddie watches her go.

EDDIE  
Oh baby.

Frank stares as Regina disappears into crowd...Eddie sees him watching...a nasty mirthless chuckle...

EDDIE  
You like that? Fuckface.

Frank locks eyes with Eddie, expressionless. Neither one gives an inch. Dodge City. Somebody should say "draw".

**A COMPUTER SCREEN**

*Jerky hand-held video, We have seen this scene before. Eddie Molloy's attorney talks to media in front of the courthouse. Eddie spots D.A. Paul Crane and several plainclothes police officers watching...then...to Crane's amazement...Eddie comes over...*

EDDIE  
I'm sorry Paul.

Crane's tone calcifies. Cold. Unhesitating.

CRANE  
Sorry you got off? Or sorry you killed my sister.

Eddie looks at him a long beat. Crane suddenly lunges. FREEZE FRAME. REWIND. Eddie looks at him...

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

Frank drinking...watching this scene over & over on YouTube trying to figure if this fucker is guilty...

His new digs are lean and mean. Incredibly clean in here.

Thick-binded LAPD murder book on Melanie Molloy open on a coffee table next to a bottle of Stoli...glossy photos of the crime scene and newspaper clippings everywhere.. a headline..MOLLOY CLEARED IN WIFE'S KILLING...headline underneath says..VOWS TO FIND KILLER...

Music upcut. Notorious B.I.G. "One More Chance".

NOTORIOUS B.I.G.  
 "Isn't this great? Your flight leaves at eight...her flight lands at nine... my game just rewinds..."

**EXT. DRAGONFLY - ALLEY BEHIND CLUB - NIGHT**

Music pounds inside. He sweats a tough-looking BOUNCER.

FRANK  
 So they came in here all the time.

BOUNCER  
 Eddie's wife was a tender-hearted cunt. But the dude worshipped her.

FRANK  
 What about Vance.

BOUNCER  
 Bangin some strange trim used to cruise for cock here weekends...Danny something...Vance is a fuckin hump...into real freak shit...

Frank absorbs. *Vance is dirty.*

FRANK  
 Where's the girl at now.

BOUNCER  
 Fuck yourself.

**INT. DUMPSTER - MINUTE LATER**

WHOMP. Lid smashes down on bouncer's head. He writhes. Struggles. WHOMP. WHOMP. Frank yanks him free takes out gun puts in his mouth pulls back hammer.

FRANK  
Where. Is the girl. At. Now.

Odd sound...piss puddle hitting cement...it's the bouncer peeing in his pants...

**EXT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Somewhere in the armpit of Hollywood. Garbage and broken glass everywhere. If you gave this town an enema this is where you'd stick the catheter. Frank pulls up.

**INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY**

Frank comes down the hall. Myriad sounds, smells. Music. Urine. Screaming. Knocks on a door. Smoking hot hooker in red kimono opens it a crack. DANIELLE. We saw her earlier at Dragonfly with Vance. Eyes drowned in painted eye shadow. Dyed orange hair. Tattoo of dripping-blood dagger on neck. She levels a hard stare.

DANIELLE  
We're closed.

FRANK  
Oh. OK.

She closes the door.

**INT. DANIELLE APARTMENT - SECOND LATER**

WHAM! He violently kicks the door open.

**INT. DANIELLE APARTMENT - TIMECUT**

Suede stiletto Bandolinos lie drunkenly in a corner like dead puppets.

DANIELLE  
They were together all night okay.  
How many times you gonna--

FRANK  
Eddie never outta Vance's sight. Not for a second. Not even for a handjob.

DANIELLE  
What is this. You a cop.

FRANK  
(soft, scary)  
Friend of the fam.

Danielle...caged...wanting to escape this hard-on....

FRANK  
Who paid you off? Eddie? Vance?

DANIELLE  
Nobody.

FRANK  
You fucked Vance that night. Meanwhile Eddie splits, comes back, makes you prom--

DANIELLE  
I didn't promise shit! Why don't you  
talk to Vance. Vance was banging  
Eddie's wife--

Stops. She's already said too much. Wicked fast Frank  
suddenly viciously grabs her by hair and throws her head  
back...whispers...

FRANK  
That's a good story. I like that story.  
How's it end.

She starts to cry. He's hurting her. He doesn't care.

FRANK  
Vance fucked her--

DANIELLE  
Ow--

FRANK  
Eddie finds out Melanie's playing him,  
goes postal, does her does you you make  
a peep--

DANIELLE  
Eddie didn't know about Vance! He was  
pissed 'bout Melanie getting deep dickin'  
from some black dude--

Frank stares. Waits.

DANIELLE  
Vance said she liked big black Sambo cock,  
made him wear an Ike Turner strap-on how  
fucked up is that--

Long beat. His eyes bore into her. He does not blink.

FRANK  
(hard, gruff)  
Black guy. Name.

DANIELLE  
I--

FRANK  
Bullshit.

DANIELLE  
Please...I don't know...swear...c'mon baby...

Fumbles with his zipper...the whole deal repulses him...  
he yanks her up....

FRANK  
You're gonna tell me everything. Or  
I will fuck you. I will fuck you up.

DANIELLE  
 (frightened)  
 Miami...

FRANK  
 What about Miami.

She shakes her head, numb, scared.

BARRETT V/O  
*Jeez Frank that could take awhile...  
 how far back you want me to go...*

INT. 72nd PRECINCT - BCI - 7:12 A.M. NEXT MORNING

With BARRETT, the preppyish plainclothes detective -- Frank going over forensics from Melanie Molloy's file --

FRANK  
 Five years. Ten. Whatever it takes.  
 Any Miami homicides that look like the  
 Molloy job...slit throat, straight edge..  
 and see if Vance or Eddie have a record  
 down there...cocksuckers got a parking  
 ticket I wanna know...

BARRETT  
 You can't smoke in here.

FRANK  
 Shut up. This the original CSS tech report--

BARRETT  
 Yes--

FRANK  
 Whose signature this at the bottom next to  
 Crane's--

BARRETT  
 Mine--

Beat. He looks up, intrigued. A cold, dead-eye stare.

FRANK  
 Close the door Barrett.

Barrett gulps. Gets up and closes the door.

FRANK  
 Okay Barrett I'm gonna ask you a  
 question and I want you to think real  
 hard before you lie to me. Because if  
 you lie to me we can't be friends.  
 And if we can't be friends we can't buy  
 each other gifts and go on each other's  
 MySpace page and jack off to Calvin Klein  
 underwear ads and shit. You know.  
 Guy stuff.

Barrett looks scared. Frank enjoying this.

FRANK  
You wanna bond with me. That it?

BARRETT  
Sure Frank.

FRANK  
Get a beer sometime, take a shower after a game of squash and shit--

BARRETT  
I love squash.

FRANK  
Good. Gimme the right answer maybe I don't squash your fucken face. Who doctored the CSS report.

BARRETT  
(too quick)  
Nobody. I mean--

Frank shoves the half-open file cabinet closed RIGHT ON BARRETT'S FINGERS. Before Barrett can scream his hand is over Barrett's mouth, pinning him against the wall.

FRANK  
Know what your problem is? You're afraid a the wrong guy. Let me worry about Crane.

Barrett squirms -- squeaks -- Frank slowly removes hand -- never taking eyes off him -- Barrett starts to speak --

FRANK  
Shhhh. Listen to me dipshit. This is the part where you get to do the right thing. Only the winner goes to dinner.

BARRETT  
It is what it is Frank.

Frank shakes head. Exits. Blood drips from Barrett's mashed fingers down on the CSS report.

**EXT. SPORTS CONNECTION - WESTWOOD - DAY**

From street thru window see Regina Pope working out.

**VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY**

As she looks up. Somebody just ducked out of sight.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

Reveals it's Eddie Molloy. He peers back around the corner staring at her and...



**ANGLE SHIFTS TIGHT TO**

Kaicho in car across street. Watching Eddie watch Regina.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - 5:20 A.M.**

Frank jogs past a noisy construction site repairing the freeway. Roar of the backhoe crossfades to ringing of...

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

...the telephone on Frank's night table, waking him up. He turns the light on. Incredibly neat and clean in here. His laundry carefully folded and stacked in a corner.

FRANK

You have any idea what fucken time it is.

CRANE'S VOICE

*It's been six weeks. You made contact with Molloy?*

Frank hangs up on him. Phone immediately rings again.

**INT. NORM'S - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT**

Empty. Quiet. It's four o'clock in the morning. Frank and Crane quietly talk. The lonely putrid smell of refried bacon, stale coffee and a homeless guy muttering the booth behind them hangs in the air. Waitress dozes behind counter.

FRANK

Eddie's partner was fucking his wife.

Crane reacts, shocked. Absorbs.

CRANE

Eddie finds out she's with Vance... slices and dices...

FRANK

Who the fuck knows. Next time you should do your homework a little better. Your sister was very fucken busy Crane.

Long beat. Crane staring. Waiting.

FRANK

I don't know you wanna hear this next part.

CRANE

Stick to what you fucking know and leave your opinions wherever the fuck.

FRANK

She's banging Vance, some black dude, god knows who else...sounds like you wanna piece of that package you take a fucken number...

CRANE  
Fuck you Miller-

FRANK  
One of those chicks her orgasms got call waiting-  
Crane lunges at Frank across the booth. LIGHTNING-FAST FRANK  
WHIPS THE SIG OUT AND PUTS IT AGAINST CRANE'S FOREHEAD.

FRANK  
Listen to me you piece of shit.  
Because this I promise you. I won't  
get no pussy restraining order like  
your buddy Eddie. I will blow your  
motherfucking head off. And never.  
Ever. Think about it.

Frank looks wild-eyed. Fuck-nuts crazy. There is absolutely  
no doubt he will pull the trigger. Crane slowly retreats.  
Frank holsters the Sig...quietly sips coffee...his eyes...  
cop eyes...ever-fixed...unblinking...stare at Crane who is  
silent...sullen...swallowing big truths about his sister...

CRANE  
The moolie. Got a name.

Frank shakes head. A long beat.

FRANK  
Who doctored the CSS reports.

Beat. Crane unreadable. Frank's face inexplicably calm.

FRANK  
I checked the lab. DNA semen swab  
was ordered but the tech sheets were  
pulled. Somebody else in Melanie's  
bedroom that night?

CRANE  
Eyes on the prize. It's not James Brown  
and it's not the partner. It's Eddie.

A noise. Frank whirls. It's the homeless guy. Snoring.

CRANE  
Anybody ever tell you you're paranoid?

FRANK  
Hey paranoia pays off.  
(beat)  
But the hours suck.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NORM'S - NIGHT**

CRANE  
Stay on Molloy.

FRANK  
What kind of perfume your sister wear.

CRANE  
It's in the file. Jasmine and patchouli.

**INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Late. Dark. Quiet.

Regina Pope pulls into this parking garage which is underneath her building.

She is talking on her cell. Leaving someone a message.

REGINA  
Hi its Regina...just um, wondering  
how mom is...gimme a call back when you  
get this mess--

HER SISTER'S VOICE PICKS UP  
Do not call here again. Understand?  
Stop calling here.

Hangs up on her. Regina looks like she has been poleaxed.

Gutshot, she gets out and numbly walks to the elevator... and suddenly senses somebody else in the garage...hears an odd, faint NOISE...turns...flickering shadows...

She peers into the darkness...her heart racing...looks over at the elevator...it seems miles away...looks back in the dark...trembling now she calls out...

REGINA  
Marty? That you?

Thinks its her ex-husband...her voice echoes...and then... that ODD NOISE again...

REGINA  
You're sick you know that?

SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF SOUND as a flock of terrified pigeons bursts into shot from behind a pillar and fly away.

REGINA  
Ahhh!

She catches her breath. Heads for elevator. FOOTSTEPS. Regina wheels around and determined now strides up to the darkened pillar and peers behind it. NOTHING.

**EXT. LAW OFFICE - STUDIO CITY - DAY**

Drab building on boring block somewhere off Ventura boxed in by strip malls, run-down bars and a porno bookstore.

REGINA V/O  
*I think my ex is stalking me.*

## INT. LAW OFFICE

In a cramped cubicle talking quietly with LAMAR ROCHE, the black dude from AA. He's her sponsor -- and her boss.

LAMAR  
I thought you were stalking him--

REGINA  
I'm not stalking him Lamar--

LAMAR  
Right sorry you're stalking your children--

She grimaces, busted. Lamar eyes her outfit...as usual she is perfectly made up and put together...spectacular Elie Saab sheer silk top...very sexy...

LAMAR  
Nice threads.

REGINA  
Thanks.

LAMAR  
How in hell you afford creamy silk shit like that on what I pay.

REGINA  
I don't eat.

LAMAR  
False. You max out your credit cards, shop till you drop and think that's gonna fix it--

REGINA  
Fix what--

LAMAR  
*The hole in your heart.*

A long, painful beat; she doesn't say anything.

LAMAR  
You think staying sober's about looking good? You trying to save face? Guess what baby. You can't save your face and your ass at the same time.

She won't look at him...knows he's right and hates him for that...Lamar suddenly leans down and gives Regina a warm lingering KISS ON THE CHEEK...it is strangely intimate... she can smell his aftershave...

LAMAR  
(softly)  
But it's a great ass and worth saving.

Definite undercurrent of sexuality here. It surprises her.

REGINA

Lamar. Are you hitting on me?

He smiles.

REGINA

You want me to file a sexual harassment suit? Or should I just get down on my knees and open wide.

Barest flicker of disappointment as Lamar realizes she is rejecting him. But she is also flattered and he knows it.

LAMAR

Baby you couldn't handle this horse cock.

REGINA

Nice. Classy. Back to work, Seabiscuit.

He laughs, exits...Regina shakes her head...men...she looks at a framed photo on her desk...her kids...its eerie...they seem like they are staring at her...

**INT. NOISY CROWDED PRE-SCHOOL - VENICE - MORNING**

Regina's ex-husband MARTY walks Charlotte and Henry to the entrance of the pre-school.

They kiss him goodbye. Run off to play in the fenced-in yard. Marty exits.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Regina sitting in her car silently watching her kids...drowning...tries to breathe normally.. the pain overwhelming her...

GRUFF VOICE

Come here again you're going to jail.

She reacts, badly startled. Marty stands there. He is pissed...white-hot...scary...

MARTY

Then when your nigger lawyer boyfriend bails you out? I'll have somebody break into your house and cut one of your tits off.

Regina looks at him...scared shitless....shaking...

MARTY

You miss them, huh. Guess what. I don't give a fuck.

Peels out like a bat outta hell. He watches her go.

Marty recedes in her rear view like a Golem.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Start on a pair of nine hundred dollar Marcello Toshi Princessa Pumps...move up past twisted-seam diamond studded jeans..five thousand dollar Petro Zillia jacket..revealing REGINA POPE..waiting at a table...oddly composed...perfectly put together...as if this morning never happened...she smiles warmly as a BLACK WOMAN (30s) with her back to us approaches...

REGINA

Mrs. Richardson. How are you.

And we discover with Regina as Mrs. Richardson sits...that her face is banged up..swollen..she looks away embarrassed...

REGINA

(gently)  
What happened.

MRS. RICHARDSON

(hollow)  
I walked into a door.

REGINA

No. You're going to tell me the truth.  
Then we go after your husband and you get your life back. I love that purse.

And as Mrs. Richardson smiles for the first time in months.

SIRAH V/O

"Grey skies are gonna clear up...  
put on a happy face..."

**INT. CHEROKEE RECORDING STUDIO - SIRAH - MORNING**

Behind class she cuts her latest doom-gloom dirge "sobbing" as she sings. Vance, engineers, sycophants watching.

SIRAH

(slow, mournful)  
"Pipe up that crack and cheer up...  
put on a happy fa--"

Stops in mid-lyric, dissatisfied--

SIRAH

Shit. Play it back. Somebody bring me a caramel macchiato!

Engineer swears. Vance exhausted. Been here all night.

**INT. BAR - MORNING - THAT MOMENT**

Eddie drinking. Cell rings. He clips it.

VANCE

Where the hell are you.

EDDIE  
What're you my nanny--

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO - VANCE ON CELL - THAT MOMENT**

And he hears music...and ice clinking in Eddie's glass...

VANCE  
(horrified)  
Jesus fuck. You in a bar? You got  
a piss test at two-thirty!

**EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY**

Noon meeting just broke up...people stream into parking lot...we discover Eddie leaning against his Mercedes...smoking...he spots one of the TEENAGERS we met earlier...

EDDIE  
Wanna make a hundred bucks?

TEENAGER  
Screw yourself faggot.

EDDIE  
Suck one dick everybody thinks you're  
a cocksucker.

The kid can't help it. Laughs.

EDDIE  
Pee in this bottle I give you a c-note.  
Right here, right now. And no I don't  
wanna watch.

**EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - 2:30 P.M.**

Mercedes parked out front.

**INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - BATHROOM**

Eddie stands over toilet pouring clean urine into a clinic piss jar. Music up. Electric Prunes. "I Had To Much To Dream Last Night".

**INT. EDDIE'S CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER**

He pulls away from the building singing to the music...and the camera drifts back to a car following him...

Kaicho.

**EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

BANDAGED FINGERS ring buzzer. Beat. Frank opens up.

It's Barrett. Frank stares.

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

BARRETT

Crane said the lab screwed up. I knew he was lying. I figure he's covering for his sister. Can you blame him. Jeez you see what she looked like... poor kid....

Frank doesn't say anything. Waits.

BARRETT

Hakim erased the original tech report from my hard drive.

FRANK

So there was jizz on her sheets--

BARRETT

Wasn't Eddie's--

FRANK

Whose--

BARRETT

Don't know--

FRANK

You clowns do a DNA match on that semen swab against Vance--

BARRETT

I don't know -- swear Frank --

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - 5:45 A.M.**

Frank jogs...store windows decorated for 4th of July... he slows...catches his breath...lights a cigarette...

BARRETT'S VOICE

*One more thing...there was a music awards show at Miami Convention Center two years ago...got hold of the guest list...*

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT**

Barrett shows him. "Vance, Alan" is on the list.

FRANK

How 'bout Eddie?

Barrett shakes his head.

**INT. MINI-MART - 6:20 A.M.**

Still in jogging clothes, sweaty, thirsty, Frank grabs a bottle of Stoli. Breakfast of Champions.



**ANGLE - CASHIER**

Alien-looking 19 year-old GIRL...mohawk and metal..

FRANK

Where are the fucken orange Hostess cupcakes.

CASHIER

We're out of the fucken orange Hostess cupcakes.

FRANK

How you wash your face with that shit all over it.

CASHIER

Aren't you a little old for cupcakes.

He suddenly freezes. Regina Pope is pulling up to the mart in her beat-up BMW. Gets out of her car...even at this ungodly hour she is perfectly made up...hot Carmen Marc Vavlo dress...sexy Manolo Blahnik Cienzas...

**ANGLE - FRANK**

He leaves his vodka on the counter and quickly wanders down an aisle out of sight. Regina enters.

REGINA

Midol.

CASHIER

Tell me about it.

**ANGLE - FRANK**

Ducking down behind the aisle as if he were a little kid playing hooky...spies on Regina thru row of cereal boxes...

God she's beautiful...sea-green eyes...long creamy neck...those tits...those fucking shoes....

**ANGLE - REGINA**

Quietly talking with cashier. SHE FEELS SOMEBODY WATCHING. WHIPS AROUND. NOBODY THERE.

**ANGLE - FRANK**

His dark brooding eyes peer over the shelf and stare as Regina gets in her BMW and drives off.

CASHIER

Friend of yours, cupcake?

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (OVER)

What kind of music you like...?

**EXT. FEW DAYS LATER SOMEWHERE**

We don't know where we are. Regina in cool Collette Dinnigan talks to somebody we can't see through a fence.

REGINA  
I don't know. All kinds. John Cougar Melloncamp.

**REVEAL DAUGHTER CHARLOTTE ON CROWDED PLAYGROUND**

On the other side of the fence...we do not see ex-husband Marty or her son Henry...

CHARLOTTE  
Jungle Cat Melon Cup?

Regina laughs. Marty and Henry exit the men's room across the far end of the playground. Marty spots Regina talking to Charlotte. Notions to his son...stay here...quickly, angrily walks towards them... Regina sees him coming...

REGINA  
Have to go.

CHARLOTTE  
Come back next weekend.

Regina stares, grateful...life threatens to be good...

REGINA  
(quietly)  
Okay.

CHARLOTTE  
Wait.

She turns, anxious...Marty almost there...

CHARLOTTE  
You my mommy aren't you.

**CLOSE ON REGINA**

Knows she has to split...cannot bring herself to leave... it's as if she is stretched out over a crevasse...can't keep a foot in both camps...and she gently ever-so-lightly touches Charlotte's tiny fingers...which cling tightly and hopefully to the fence...and the tears start to flow...

REGINA  
Yes...

Charlotte beams...Regina sprints to the BMW just as Marty reaches Charlotte...

CHARLOTTE  
Faster Mommy!

**HOLD ON MARTY**

Staring bloody murder as Regina pulls away. Sound upcut. Gunfire. BOOM BOOM BOOM.

**EXT. HOUSE - ECHO PARK - NIGHT**

Fourth of July fireworks explode in sky. DR. ALBERT HAKIM, the bearded SID criminologist who works with Crane watches the show on a blanket on his front lawn with his little boy in his lap. His wife comes out with a tray of lemonade.

The CAMERA MOVES as they talk. As if someone were spying on him from somewhere across the street.

**INT. NOISY STRIP BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Hakim's lap now occupied by a topless stripper in a thong who grinds him with quick hot humpy short strokes in a sensuous lap dance that most of us can only dream about. Just as he's about to unload the baby gravy Hakim's eyes roll to the back of his head and he grunts and blasts off and--

CLICK. Somebody captures this Kodak moment on a cell phone.

**INT. AA MEETING - FEW NIGHTS LATER**

Meeting's starting. Empty seat next to Regina. Eddie makes a beeline for it. Somebody cuts in front of him.

VOICE

You mind?

**IT'S FRANK**

Gesturing the empty seat. She looks up.

REGINA

Too early to tell.

She swims in a sea of sexy Donatella Versace...and Frank is instantly hard...breathes in her intoxicating perfume...

FRANK

Frank Martin.

REGINA

Well hello Frank Martin.

He sits. Eddie, furious, finds another seat. Glares.

**INT. 72nd PRECINCT - NIGHT**

Hakim enters his office with a fresh cup of coffee. Finds a BLANK MANILA ENVELOPE on his chair. Opens it, curious...

Inside is a big fat 8x10 GLOSSY PHOTO of Hakim with the stripper on his lap. The look on Hakim's frozen face in the photo truly comical. Let's face it who doesn't look foolish when they're blowing their muck.

NOTE PINNED TO PHOTO. "We need to talk. Regards to the wife and kid. Mailed 'em a copy. Frank."

**EXT. CHURCH - AA MEETING - NIGHT**

The moon becomes clear between sliding clouds and shines pale and floury over the church.

REGINA

Have you been drinking?

**INT. AA MEETING - CONTINUOUS**

She stares at Frank who sweats vodka out his pores like a human sprinkler. He looks at her.

LEADER

Can we hear from Frank M.?

The leader is BOB, the silver-haired friendly fuck who tried to hug Frank a few weeks back. Frank is horrified. Mops his brow. Everybody staring.

REGINA

I think that's you ace.

He rises from his chair and heads to the podium like he's about to get a root canal. Bob hugs him. Frank glares. Dead silence now as Frank looks out at a vast seat of faces.

FRANK

Uh...my name's Frank..  
(this is hell)  
And I'm an alcoholic.

EVERYONE

HI FRANK!

He swallows. He's sweating. He desperately needs a drink. It is so fucking bright in here.

Frank suddenly feels a tremendous pressure in his skull... as if somebody wrapped razor-wire around it & pulled tight..

FRANK

I uh...have no idea what to say.

BOB

Did you used to drink Frank?

FRANK

I drink like a fucking pig.

Laughter.

CLOSE SHOT. EDDIE.

Watching impassively. The only one not laughing.

CLOSE SHOT. REGINA.

Eyeing Frank curiously. And he sees her. And they lock eyes and suddenly something seems to give way inside of him..like the snapping of a tightened bow...and it all spills out....

FRANK

I drank this morning.

Hush falls over the AA crowd.

FRANK

I had five years, four months three weeks two days and I drank this morning. Yeah. Then I drank some more. Then I puked blood and breakfast and then I drank some more.

Very quiet now.

FRANK

Started drinking when I was nine... my old man drank worse than I do... beat the living crap out of me...

A pause. A sense that he is not making this shit up.

FRANK

So one night when he was asleep... I was about six...I took a broom and beat the shit out of him. When he woke the next day he thought he'd fallen down a flight of stairs. So I told him the truth. Fucker didn't believe me. Said I didn't have the guts. So that night I did it again only this time I wake him up and show him the bloody broom handle after I do it. Fucker was so drunk still didn't remember the next day...

Silence. Frank swallows hard, remembering...then something else pours out...brief geyser of raw hurt...

FRANK

Life is shit and then you die. I mean what the fuck is the goddamn difference. So yeah. I drank this morning and I drank this afternoon and maybe I'll drink tonight before I go to bed. I hate everybody and I hate myself and I know. I'm never. Gonna be happy--

Stops. As if suddenly realizing he's telling too much.  
Horribly self-conscious, humiliated, Frank exits podium.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

**CLOSE - REGINA**

Eyes brimming with tears as Frank takes his seat. She is surprised, and somewhat embarrassed by her reaction.

**INT. AA MEETING - LATER**

Frank and Regina hold hands -- as does everyone else -- during the Lord's Prayer which is how every AA meeting ends. Frank does not know the words. Somehow stumbles through.

Only one person in the entire room has his eyes open during this moment. Eddie. He stares at Frank.

**TIMECUT**

Everybody filing out. Regina looks at Frank.

REGINA

Yeah. Well. It's been a sincere sensation.

FRANK

Wanna grab a cup of coffee.

Barely got that out...and looks down, averting her eyes... she stares at him...sudden vibe here...an odd feeling in both of them...some kind of terrible hunger...totally out of their control...and he looks up at her...

FRANK

Or should I just go fuck myself.

She smiles...Frank privately thrilled...

**EXT. HOUSE - ECHO PARK - NIGHT**

Hakim pulls up. Maybe a little too fast. Sprints over to mailbox. A sharp intake of breath as he opens the mailbox to see she didn't get the mail...thank God...among letters and junk see MANILA ENVELOPE like the one on his chair from his office addressed to..."The Hakim Family"...opens it... we only see his face...relief mingled with terror....

**INT. CHURCH FOYER**

Eddie catches up with Frank at the door.

EDDIE

Hey man you told my story up there.

Frank turns. Looks at him, expressionless.

EDDIE  
You gonna be okay?

FRANK  
Fuck do you care.

Frank playing hard to get. It's working. Eddie intrigued.

REGINA  
Go away Eddie.

EDDIE  
OK. OK. Just wanted you to know that was  
a great share.

FRANK  
Tell it to someone who gives a shit.

He walks off with Regina. EDDIE. Stung. Watches them go.

**EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - EDDIE**

Gets in Mercedes. Suddenly sees something. It's Kaicho,  
silently staring at him from inside a car parked a few rows  
away...they lock eyes...its spooky...Eddie thrown...he has  
no idea who this guy is...blows him a kiss...Kaicho stares..  
Eddie licks his lips and proceeds to gesture with his tongue  
like licking pussy...its almost comically pornographic....  
Kaicho like a robot just stares...Eddie breaks his gaze and  
screches off...flips Kaicho the bird as he passes...Kaicho  
watches him go...

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT**

Frank in a booth waiting for his date...chugs tic-tacs like  
candy...its kind of funny to see him trying to hide his  
nervousness...spots Regina approaching...suddenly notices..  
his hands...trembling...swears softly...she slides in...

REGINA  
So you think he did it?

A beat; he looks at her.

FRANK  
Who.

REGINA  
Eddie.

Frank looks at her a long beat.

FRANK  
Did what.

REGINA  
Come on. It was all over the TV.  
They said he murdered his wife.

And then -- quietly --

REGINA

I knew her.

The way she says it oddly revealing. Moving. Flicker of surprise on Frank's face. He buries it. A long beat.

FRANK

I don't watch TV.

Rearranges silverware and water glass in front of him with a loner's meticulousness...picks up menu and hides thoughts and feelings behind it...his intensity is intimidating...but she is also amused...somewhat taken by him...suddenly feels a flush of warm excitement...a sense of good things to come from this guy...she hides a smile as she picks up her menu...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER - CLOSE ON REGINA

Words pouring out in a stream of self-revelatory confession like someone who has been stranded on a desert island.

REGINA

..you know not going through life all fucked-up numb just stone cold stark raving sober...just eyes and ears and everything all bright and white...sometimes you gotta just stand there and take the pain...Lamar says I'm my own worst enemy...

(embarrassed)

He made me write a yellow post-it and put it on my bathroom mirror when I was new...first thing I saw when I got up in the morning...it said...."YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE PROBLEM."

He stares...has absolutely no idea what she's talking about.. tries not to show it...it is both revealing and seductive how fast she talks...kind of a fragile energy here...

REGINA

It's a selfish program I mean I hate it when someone drinks but hey better you than me right?

It hangs there. And she realizes.

REGINA

Shit...sorry...you had five years sober when you woke up this morning. And you drank. Must sting like a bitch.

FRANK

I'm not going to drink anymore.

(she stares, impressed)

I'm not going to drink any less either.



**TIMECUT - LATER**

One of those uncomfortable silences...just him and her and some very bad muzak...they stare at each other..two wounded animals...sudden terrific tension in the air...both holding back but the electricity is intense...they break off their gaze, look down at their coffee...Frank wired...buzzed...

Out of the blue he reaches his hand across the table... and barely just barely touches her hand with his finger..

**VERY CLOSE ANGLE - SLOW MOTION**

As he does this...his finger lingering there a second... and Regina reacts to his touch...its surprisingly tender... and the echo of her with Charlotte at that playground fence resonates...and as she looks at him...

**INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

*Whomp!* They slam into the bedroom wall, kissing, grinding against one another...all his pent-up rage and frustration and loneliness pouring out...he rips off her expensive silk blouse...she gasps...

REGINA

That's a Sheri Bodell--

FRANK

Fuck Sheri Bodell--

Buries his mouth in hers...inside her now...Regina clings to him hungrily...

**INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER**

They're making love. She's coming.

REGINA

Oh God...yeah...fuck yeah...

Gasps for air...bites his shoulder..he bites back..pounding her...she is on fire...

REGINA

C'mon baby...give it to me...  
give it to me give it to me...

But he won't come...or...can't...she gently caresses him..

Frank staring at her as they move together...face rigid... impassive...expressionless...locked up inside himself...

He suddenly rolls off...they lie there a moment...stare at the ceiling out of breath...

## INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER

REGINA

My mother was the west coast distributor of guilt...they were hell fire and brimstone southern baptists...I was born again so many times my soul had stretch marks...mama used to make us wear our hair high on our heads...said it brought us closer to Jesus...

The tiniest of smiles from Frank...what little life spark he has buried inside him for so long starts to grow...

REGINA

What do you do Frank Martin.

FRANK

(lies, uncomfortable)  
I ah...construction.

Beat. She waits for more. Nothing.

REGINA

This would be your chance to um, actually talk...hello in there...

Thinks about something to say...ok you asked for it...

FRANK

I remember the first woman I ever wanted to fuck.

She reacts--

FRANK

My sunday school teacher...I was 13... used to bring her these orange hostess cupcakes...she had these boobs...like the forks of a forklift...always wore angora... smelled like...christmas...

Pauses, remembering. His tone soft. Genuine.

FRANK

She looked like...spring...like a flower...creamed in my jeans every time I saw her...

## INT. HER BEDROOM - 2:12 A.M.

She's asleep...curled around him...Frank wide awake..stares at her...trapped...

Regina wears a SILVER CROSS around her neck...it moves up and down with her breathing...

She stirs...clings to him even tighter...she needs him...he is not used to being needed...

And we see a side of Frank we have never seen before... scared...can't breathe...needs a drink...

Gently extracts himself...rummages thru jacket pockets... finds flask...shit...empty...

**INT. HER APARTMENT - 2:20 A.M.**

Rummaging through cupboards...trying not to feel or think and failing miserably at both...finally finds something...in the bathroom...cough syrup...it will have to do...it will get the job done...guzzles it...gathering strength...like Popeye and the spinach...suddenly catches sight of himself in the bathroom mirror...scowls...*you are so fucking pathetic*...and as he reaches for the light switch to to turn it off so he doesn't have to look at himself...he sees something taped to the bottom of the mirror...a YELLOW POST-IT...it says....

"YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE PROBLEM." He clicks off the light.

**INT. CAR WASH - DAY**

Cars moving down the line get washed and waxed. Frank's dirty Dodge Charger breaks into frame. Pull focus to find Frank staring at his car.

VOICE

You're a sick fuck Miller.

Albert Hakim enters shot. Stands next to Frank, furious.

FRANK

Thanks for meeting me.

HAKIM

Fuck you.

FRANK

It was a nice picture, no? Real Hallmark feel. Maybe you should send it out Christmas.

HAKIM

What do you want.

**INT. 72nd PRECINCT - HAKIM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hakim taps computer keys logging on to CODIS (COMBINED DNA INDEX SYSTEM), the national DNA databank. His blinds are drawn. Frank's behind him. Waiting.

HAKIM

I put it on CODIS under a John Doe--

CLICK of a hammer being pulled back. Frank's Sig nestles softly in the nape of Hakim's neck. Hakim freezes.

FRANK

You think I'm a fuckin moron.

Hakim swallows. Sweat trickles down fat bearded cheeks.

FRANK

CODIS uses two indexes when biological evidence is recovered. You're on the Convicted Offender Index. You should be on the Forensic Index asshole. I don't want some random meth-cock jizz. I want what you recovered from Melanie Molloy's crime scene.

HAKIM

What are you gonna do Frank. Shoot me in my office.

Frank grabs him by the hair and smashes his face into the computer screen. WHOMP.

FRANK

After I beat the living shit out of you.

Hakim makes girly-strangling noises like SpongeBob.

FRANK

Yeah. Good. Be afraid. Be very afraid. Because I don't give a fuck.

Hakim stares. Bleeding. Terrified.

FRANK

You're gonna retrieve the original CSS tech report from your hard drive. Then you're gonna show me the Short Tandem Repeat analysis you generated when you stored the DNA profile on CODIS. And if that STR doesn't match the log-in I'm gonna rip that fur off your fucken face.

**INT. 72nd PRECINCT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BCI - FEW DAYS LATER**

VANCE led by homicide detectives towards crime lab.

VANCE

Look I had nothing to do with this--

HOMICIDE GUY

Strictly routine....we've been asked to collect an oral swab for DNA typing then you can go home...

OTHER HOMICIDE GUY

You have the right to have your attorney present...you wanna call him be our guest...

**INT. BCI - THAT MOMENT**

Frank with Barrett. He quickly retreats behind door as Vance passes by.

Did Vance see him? We're not sure.

BARRETT  
Think he's the doer?

FRANK  
DNA match'll put him in her bedroom night of the murder.

BARRETT  
How'd you get Hakim to talk.

FRANK  
Bought him a lap dance. You check all homicides week of that music show in Miami?

Barrett swallows. Whoops. Franks sighs...*c'mon, man...*

**EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY**

Noon meeting. Eddie pulls in. Feels somebody staring.

Spots Kaicho parked a few cars away. Frowns. Approaches.

EDDIE  
Konichi wa. Ask you a question?

KAICHO  
No I will not piss in a bottle for one hundred dollars.

EDDIE  
You following me slope?

KAICHO  
Yes.

Eddie spits on his windshield. Kaicho flings open the door slamming Eddie in the gut. Exits car. Towers over him.

KAICHO  
Get up.

Eddie gets up...and VICIOUSLY HEAD-BUTTS KAICHO WHO STAGGERS BACK SURPRISED...Eddie pounces on him like white on rice... starts beating the shit outta him...wild adrenalized fury.. surprisingly strong...Kaicho grabs Eddie's balls..squeezes.. Eddie goes beserk...hands around Kaicho's throat...both squeezing...crazy...sweating...somebody suddenly cold-cocks Kaicho from behind...

**IT'S FRANK**

He drop-kicks Kaicho in the groin -- *kunch!* -- and the fat fuck doubles over. Gasps. Eddie's awestruck.

FRANK

Everybody.

(gestures Eddie)

Even this piece of shit. Has the right.  
To be left alone here.

Kaicho moans. *Ka-whaap!* Frank drills his face into cement.

FRANK

What's that? Speak up Oddjob.

**INT. AA MEETING - MINUTE LATER**

Frank and Eddie enter. Eddie flushed. Exuberant.

EDDIE

Man oh man whatta whomp and stomp  
fucking Frank in the hizzy--

FRANK

Shut the fuck up.

EDDIE

What do you get when you cross a  
prostitute and a pit bull.

FRANK

Your last blow job.

Eddie laughs. Raises hand. Hi-five? Frank just stares.

Regina talks with Lamar and some others over by the coffee.  
Lamar sees Eddie. Looks away, uncomfortable. Eddie eyes  
him. A familiar heaviness settles in...like an undertow...

EDDIE

He knew my wife.

Frank looks at Eddie. He gestures:

EDDIE

Lamar.

Frank registers this. Lamar knew Melanie? Something nagging  
him...can't put a finger on it...suddenly the nickel drops...

**FLASHCUT**

To Danielle in her apartment.

DANIELLE

*Eddie didn't know about Vance! He  
was pissed bout his wife gettin  
deep dickin from some black dude--*

**BACK ON FRANK**

Staring at Lamar.

EDDIE  
Sponsored her when she first got  
sober...sponsored me too...then I  
slipped...Melanie stayed...

Frank looks at Eddie. Doesn't say anything.

EDDIE  
You heard right? They said I fucking  
killed her.

**INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - MINUTE LATER**

Frank and Eddie peeing. Staring straight ahead. Beat.

FRANK  
So did you?

Beat. Eddie looks at him.

EDDIE  
Did I what.

FRANK  
Scrag your wife.

EDDIE  
No.

Frank washing up now. All casual and shit.

FRANK  
You with her the night she died.

EDDIE  
Had a fight. Bailed.

FRANK  
Who found her.

EDDIE  
Maid.

FRANK  
Where were you.

EDDIE  
Passed out up on Mollholland. Been  
out with my partner. Got wasted. What  
is this...an interrogation...any other  
questions officer...

FRANK  
Just one. You sorry she's dead?

It hangs there a long beat. Eddie's face goes dark.

EDDIE  
I'll tell you the same thing I told  
the D.A., the cops and everybody else  
up my tired innocent ass.  
(acidly)  
You think I'm guilty? Catch me,  
motherfucker.

Frank calmly dries hands. Stares. Totally head-fucking him.

EDDIE  
I didn't do it.

FRANK  
Okay.

EDDIE  
You believe me?

FRANK  
Yes.

EDDIE  
I swear on my mother's eyes.

FRANK  
The fuck, take yes for an answer.

Silver-haired BOB BAILEY enters and embraces Frank warmly.

BOB  
Hello Frank M.

FRANK  
Do not. Fucking. Hug me.

**EXT. MEN'S ROOM**

As they exit. Regina spots Frank. They lock eyes.

**INT. DARK CHURCH STAIRWELL**

Kissing her in the darkened stairwell...groping...roughly  
pulling her to him...two animals in heat...Frank fumbles  
with her expensive chiffon poncho...

REGINA  
Wait...don't rip it...

She whips it off and hoists up her tight skirt and straddles  
him..and he buries his face in her breasts...deep inside her  
now...her back arches...she moans...

REGINA  
(hoarse whisper, husky)  
Fuck me baby...c'mon...c'mon...



**ANGLE**

Somebody watching them thru a crack in the fire exit door.. its dark...can't see him clearly...

Could be Eddie...Lamar...or Marty...?

**INT. CHURCH FOYER - LATER**

Noisy. Crowded. Meeting's over. Frank files out with Regina. She puts an arm through his. It's a tiny gesture but makes him oddly uncomfortable. He is suddenly terribly embarrassed...feels ridiculous....and then guilty for feeling that way...Eddie watching this...

FRANK SUDDENLY SPOTS SOMEBODY APPROACHING THAT MAKES HIM CATCH HIS BREATH. A BAD-ASS WITH JAILHOUSE TATS AND A SCAR.

We saw his parole photo earlier in BCI...Frank popped him two years ago...JOEY NICHOLS...

Even without his moustache and hair Frank can't chance being spotted...he is desperate to delay...eyes the door...thinks about running...but that would look totally fucked up...

LAMAR behind him eyes Frank who is freaking now, trapped... his only chance is to create a diversion...

FRANK

(whirls on Lamar)

Fuck you staring at asshole?

Frank socks Lamar in the face. Lamar eats floor...crowd quickly forms...Frank hammers Lamar...people pulling at him...Joey Nichols cranes his neck...can't see...two burly ushers drag Frank off...Regina watching shocked...and as she helps Lamar up...

LAMAR

What the hell was that?

REGINA

That...was Frank.

LAMAR

Dude's crazy.

**EXT. PARKING LOT**

As Frank shakes off security ushers, quickly and briskly walks to his car. Eddie catches up.

EDDIE

What happened back there.

Frank doesn't respond...looks around...

FRANK

Looks like Mr. Moto went bye-bye.

EDDIE  
 Doubt it. This fat Jap buying into  
 our company is totally spying on me.  
 (screams)  
 I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE COCKSUCKERS!  
 YOU CHICKENSHIT HAPPY JAPPIES! REMEMBER  
 PEARL HARBOR YA BROKEDICK DOUCHEBAGS!!!

Eddie beats wildly on his chest like Tarzan, exploding with  
 manic lunatic energy...he's a walking talking self-centered  
 lunatic...Frank shakes head...in no mood for this shit...  
 tired...spent...hungover...

EDDIE  
 I'm just gonna go ahead, ask you  
 straight up. Sponsor me.

A pause.

They stand there staring at each other.

FRANK  
 (cooly)  
 No.

EDDIE  
 C'mon.

FRANK  
 I'm five minutes sober.

EDDIE  
 Five more minutes than me.

FRANK  
 Know what I think? I think you need  
 help, yeah. I don't think you could  
 find your ass I spotted you the hole--

Eddie starts to interrupt--

FRANK  
 Kid. I'm not the man for the job.

EDDIE  
Sponsor me.

Long beat...Frank stares...then...cold and direct...

FRANK  
 (quietly)  
 Why the fuck on God's green earth  
 you want me to sponsor you.

EDDIE  
 I don't know. You seem like you got  
 it all together.

Another long beat...as Frank thinks about that...

FRANK  
I once actually thought I had it all  
together. But I forgot where I put it.

Eddie bursts out laughing.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - DAY**

On his cell with Crane. Intercut.

CRANE  
Reel him in.

FRANK  
He's no killer.

CRANE  
Bullshit.

FRANK  
(matter-of-fact)  
Little problem. I got the swab, Crane.  
The one you buried.

Beat. Crane goes silent.

FRANK  
Yeah. And we're typin' it against  
Vance and then we'll see what's what  
so in the meantime go fuck yourself.

CRANE  
(whipsawed)  
Goddammit Miller--

FRANK  
And for chrissake pull in Joey Nichols...  
fucker almost id'd me...plant some dope,  
lock that cock up...

REGINA V/O  
*He's just...very real...lotta integrity...*

**INT. LAW OFFICE - STUDIO CITY - DAY**

Regina in Lamar's office talking about Frank.

LAMAR  
Man almost broke my jaw--

REGINA  
You must've said something--

LAMAR  
Didn't say shit. The dude is jacked--

**INT. A BAR - THAT MOMENT - CLOSE ON FRANK**

Rapid-fire tequila shots...getting his heart started...

REGINA V/O  
He's a good guy Lamar...and he's  
trying to stay sober...

Beer back. Another shot. Another.

**EXT. STREET - HOLLYWOOD - NEXT DAY**

Cut to a bumper sticker. *"If You're Gonna Ride My Ass?  
You Better Be Pulling My Hair"*.

Rack back to DANIELLE parking near her apartment building.

As she gets out and walks Frank falls in behind her...  
sunglasses...brutal hangover...she swears...

FRANK  
Miss me?

DANIELLE  
How can I miss you when you won't  
go away.

FRANK  
Dan Hicks & The Hot Licks.

DANIELLE  
Lick this. What the fuck you want.

FRANK  
I'm gonna ask you a question. You  
don't have to answer. Just fucken  
nod your head yes or fucken no and  
I'm outta your life forever.

DANIELLE  
That'll be the fucking day.

FRANK  
Black dude bangin Melanie Molloy.  
His name Lamar?

She looks at him...suddenly scared...won't respond...

FRANK  
Lemme guess. It was a three-way  
with Vance. One in the pink and  
one in the stink.

Nothing. Frank flares, impatient.

FRANK  
This is a goddamn murder case,  
Lamar could be the doer you stupid...

"Doer"?

DANIELLE

What?

FRANK

You said "doer".

DANIELLE

So--

FRANK

You're a cop--

DANIELLE

Grabs her, pulls her into...

**INT. NEARBY ALLEY - HOLLYWOOD - DAY**

...and shoves her up against a wall in no mood for her shit.

Ow...you're hurting me...

DANIELLE

Was it Lamar--

FRANK

Fuck off--

DANIELLE

I'm gonna break your fucken arm---

FRANK

You're crazy--

DANIELLE

Then I'm gonna break your fucken legs--

FRANK

Jesus Christ--

DANIELLE

Then I'm gonna break your fucken jaw--  
hard to suck dick with a broken jaw--

FRANK

I don't know any fucking Lamar!  
Melanie had issues okay -- you know  
why Vance stopped banging her -- ?

DANIELLE

Lemme guess -- he didn't look good in  
a sambo strap-on --

FRANK

She was a dyke -- caught her in bed with  
another chick flipped out --

DANIELLE

This stops Frank dead in his tracks.

DANIELLE  
 She liked all kinds okay -- not  
 just lipstick lesbos -- full-on plaid  
 shirt wearin' doo-rag butch dykes --

FRANK  
Why'd she get sliced.

DANIELLE  
 Fuck you assbox--

Fist clenched Frank rears back to hit her.

DANIELLE  
 Go ahead! Fucking kill me! I tell  
 you anything else I'm dead anyway!

She's crying...looks like a little kid...and Frank suddenly  
 feels terrible..lets her go...he'd apologize if he knew  
 how...she walks off...leaving him there...

Frank's head pounding as a bus roars past...big ad for cell  
 phones with SIRAH'S FACE plastered across...

SIRAH V/O  
*(sings)*  
 "Thanks a lot..."

**INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Close on a cell ringing on a night table. The ring tone  
 is the Sirah song. Hear somebody fucking o.s.

FEMALE VOICE  
 Uh...uh...yeah...

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

Calling someone on his cell. No answer. He swears. Frank  
 oddly vulnerable here. Like a turtle without his shell.  
 He dials again.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Frank quietly makes his way thru shrubbery and approaches a  
 bedroom window on the first floor. He is obsessed. Driven.

Sounds of serious fucking inside. He peers in.

**INT. DARK BEDROOM - HIS POV - NIGHT**

Somebody going down on somebody.

**PAN UP**

To discover...

**REGINA POPE**

coming like an express train.

**REVEAL THE HOT CASHIER**

From the mini-mart between her legs.

**ON FRANK**

Something creepy, fucked-up working its way thru his brain.

**FLASHCUT**

To the coffee shop...Regina talking about Melanie Molloy...

*REGINA*

*I knew her...*

**FLASHCUT**

To the alley...Danielle...

*DANIELLE*

*She was a dyke...caught her in bed  
with another chick flipped out...*

**BACK ON FRANK**

Filled with anger and uncertainty...his world spinning off its axis...the sudden knowledge that somewhere somehow Reg is mixed up in Melanie Molloy's death...and he grimaces...everybody's got a secret...Frank retreats into darkness....

**INT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Dark...quiet...Frank savagely hammered...we have never seen him this drunk...tries to pee in the toilet...pisses all over himself...staggers out...falls on his fucking face...cell rings...glances at caller ID...Regina Pope...and he stares at it without answering...weaving...as if on a ship.. yeah...the Titanic...now Frank's going down...

**INT. CHURCH - AA MEETING - FOLLOWING MORNING**

Frank enters. Killer hangover. Looks like a whipped dog.

Regina pouring coffee. He's about to go over to her when he spots LAMAR ROCHE. Decides to check out this fucker. Get a closer look. Maybe he's the doer.

*FRANK*

*(approaches)*

*Uh...yeah. Think I owe you an apology.*

Lamar stares, pissed.

*LAMAR*

*No man you owe me an amends.*

FRANK  
What's the fucken difference.

LAMAR  
You don't know the difference between  
an apology and an amends? How long  
you sober.

FRANK  
(lies)  
Two weeks.

LAMAR  
Shit you look like two hours.

FRANK  
I'm a schoolboy -- teach me --

LAMAR  
An apology is "I'm sorry". An amends  
is, "I'm sorry now how can I make this  
right."  
(pointedly )  
You mend it, motherfucker.

Frank suddenly wants to drill this guy...rage courses thru  
like an electric current...quietly...tightly...

FRANK  
OK. I'm sorry. For kickin your sorry.  
Black. Ass. How can I make it right.

Other AA's watching...enjoying this...as Lamar smiles...

LAMAR  
You can take me to Disneyland and suck  
my dick on Space Mountain.

Laughter. Frank expressionless. Staring. Cold steel eyes.

FRANK  
(flat)  
I'm not taking you to Disneyland.  
I'm not gonna suck your dick. And  
I'm definitely not going on Space  
Mountain.

LAMAR  
Well then I guess this ain't no amends  
now is it.

More laughter...Frank walks away...seething...stewing...

VOICE  
Hey.

Turns. It's Regina. He stares at her. Hollowed-out.



**EXT. HER APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER**

REGINA  
Yeah...unnhhh...I'm fuckin' comin...  
unnnh unnnh unnnh...

**INT. HER BEDROOM**

Knife shards of sun stream in thru blinds as she climaxes.

Frank rolls off. Stares blankly at the ceiling. Feels that pressure again. Razor-wire. Around his skull.

REGINA  
How come you never come.

FRANK  
How come you talk so much.

Beat. They stare at each other. Quietly:

FRANK  
What are you hiding.

REGINA  
You first.

Nobody says anything.

**TIMECUT**

Asleep on his chest now. Frank gently extracts himself.

**INT. HER BATHROOM**

Pissing. Flushes. Washes hands. Looks at himself in the mirror. Needs a shave. Runs hot water. Lathers up with soap. Looks around for razor. Opens a drawer. Finds one. Spots something in back of the drawer. A GREEN FELT CASE. Like a jewelry box. Takes it out. Opens it. IT'S A STRAIGHT EDGE RAZOR. He stares at it.

**INT. HER BEDROOM**

Frank quietly slips the green felt box in his jacket.

REGINA'S VOICE FROM BED  
I love being with you.

Turns...filled with self-loathing for not trusting her...

FRANK  
You don't even know me.

REGINA  
I know all I need to know. You're an alcoholic and you're lonely and there's been some crying time...

He stares at her.

REGINA

You get up you can't dress yourself...  
can't go to the bathroom...without  
taking a drink...

Whoa...bulls-eye...he's astonished...and then...so softly..

REGINA

Alcohol gave you the wings to fly.  
But then it took away the sky.

His eyes well with tears...it is revealing and moving and she holds him and then...incredibly...Frank finds himself lifting up his arms...and wrapping them around her...it is almost as if he watches himself doing this...it's an enormously intimate gesture for him...

**CLOSE ON FRANK**

Suddenly deeply ashamed...caught between two truths...his feelings for Regina and the fact that he is totally lying about who he is and why he is here...

**CLOSE ON REGINA**

As he looks at her...vibes something dark, predatory about this woman...wants to redeem the diamond in the rough but craves the rough diamond...

**INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER**

Frank on the edge of the bed stares out the window. She stirs. Wraps herself around him. He is simultaneously flushed with the electricity of the intimacy and down in some deep dark place he is desperate to crawl out of...

FRANK

(quietly)  
I uh...need a sponsor.

She reacts, thrown.

REGINA

What did you say?

FRANK

Sponsor me.

A long beat. She shakes her head.

REGINA

I can't sponsor someone I just fucked Frank.

A long beat.

FRANK

You ever fuck someone you sponsor?

REGINA  
Yes.

FRANK  
What was he like.

REGINA  
Who says it was a he.

He stares at her.

FRANK  
Was it Melanie Molloy.

She stares at him, shocked.

REGINA  
How did you know that. Nobody knows that.

FRANK  
You said you knew her.

REGINA  
I didn't say I fucked her.

Nobody moves. Nobody breathes. His eyes bore into her.  
Cop eyes. She is shaken. Scared.

REGINA  
Who are you.

FRANK  
Who are you.

Silence.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Walking to his car. Nobody says anything. They reach  
the Dodge. She looks at him.

REGINA  
Ever do an inventory Frank?

Stares at her...so tired of lying...softly...ruefully...

FRANK  
No.

REGINA  
Maybe you got stuff you need to...  
um pardon the expression get out...

FRANK  
How bout you. What kinda dark skanky  
shit you been up to lately.

REGINA  
 That's classified--  
 (he grimaces)  
 Look...don't underestimate the power of  
 an inventory...you're as sick as your  
 secrets...

Frank looks at her pointedly...physician heal thyself...

FRANK  
 Oh yeah?

REGINA  
 I didn't tell anyone about Melanie  
 because...well...it's complicated...

Her voice trails off, lost. Frank thinks she killed her.  
 Hates himself for that.

REGINA  
 Anyways you write a fourth step you  
 find out why you drank...why do you  
 drink Frank...

He suddenly flares, fed up and disgusted with this whole  
 miserable rotten stinking deal...

FRANK  
 How the fuck should I know? Do you  
 know why you do everything you do?  
 Does anybody?

His rage frightens her. She is trembling. And he is  
 angry and overwhelmed and suddenly hauls off and fucking  
 SMASHES his fist on the Dodge windshield. It spiderwebs.

**INT. BAR - REDONDO - NIGHT**

CU green felt box slid over to...

AMES  
 Gimme 24 hours. What else you need.

FRANK  
 Check out a lawyer named Lamar Roche.  
 See if he has an alibi night of the  
 murder.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY**

Frank pulls into the parking lot.

**INT. OFFICE**

Eddie gives Frank a tour, proud.

EDDIE  
 Gym...steam room...pool's on the roof..

FRANK  
(flat)

Wow.

Eddie eyes him.

EDDIE  
Want a drink?

Frank stares.

FRANK  
I'm an alcoholic Eddie. I want a drink  
every fucken second of every fucken  
crumby minute I'm awake.

EDDIE  
Jesus. Cheer the fuck up.

FRANK  
This is me cheerful.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM**

Diet Coke poured into two glasses. A toast.

EDDIE  
"Here's to a girl named Louise...  
Whose pussy hair hung to her knees...  
The crabs got together....  
And knitted a sweater...  
Now in winter her pussy won't freeze."

Frank doesn't even smile. Stares.

FRANK  
There's something I don't understand.

EDDIE  
Her pussy hair. It's like a sweater.

FRANK  
Why would someone murder your wife.

Eddie stares. Silent.

FRANK  
They steal anything outta the house?  
Flat-screen TV? Jewelry?

EDDIE  
No.

FRANK  
So why.

Long beat.

EDDIE  
 (soft, genuine)  
 I've asked myself the same thing a million times Frank...maybe it was someone she was fucking...

FRANK  
 (and this is hell for him)  
 Man or woman.

Eddie stares, impressed. Frank is very smart.

EDDIE  
 I dunno...we were on the outs...treated her like shit...

Silence. Frank waits him out. Eddie choked with emotion.

EDDIE  
 This deal Vance and I put together.. lotta people wanted in...maybe I pissed somebody off...I piss a lot of people off Frank...

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY**

Lined with pictures, awards, etc. Eddie points to one.

EDDIE  
 My old man. That's the original Tonight Show band. Played bass.

FRANK  
 Fucken Johnny Carson show. Did a lotta drinkin watchin that show.

EDDIE  
 Did a lotta coke watching that show. They say doing coke causes heart attacks. Not true. Spilling coke causes heart attacks.

Whistles snatch of TONIGHT SHOW THEME like a rim shot--

EDDIE  
 Know who wrote that?

FRANK  
 No but I'm sure you're gonna tell me.

EDDIE  
 Paul Anka. Pocketed \$376.21 every time they played it. Every night. Show ran thirty years. Do the math. Music's all about money...goddamn Napster killed the business...fucking labels coulda make a deal with that dude now the tumbleweeds are rolling down Sunset..but Im gonna change all that...

Frank checks his watch.

FRANK  
Meeting time. We gotta g--

Vance comes out his office.

EDDIE  
Alan...hey...this is my sponsor Frank.

Long beat. Vance and Frank stare at each other.

VANCE  
I know you.

Oh shit...Frank feigns studied indifference...

FRANK  
Ever been to Redondo Beach.

VANCE  
No.

Frank shrugs...Vance continues to stare at him curiously... Frank holds his gaze...and even though Frank doesn't say anything...his eyes seem to say..."*I know you too bitch...*" His quiet authoritative look deflates Vance who turns to Eddie.

VANCE  
Don't forget you got that Sirah interview Friday.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - LATER**

Eddie fiddles with radio. ID's every song.

EDDIE  
Radiohead...faggots...Coldplay... wimps...U2...yeah...fuckin Bono... mah man...

FRANK  
Bono's an asshole. Sonny Bono. Now there's a fucken genius.

EDDIE  
Yeah real smart. Know how he died? Got loaded, skied into a tree.

FRANK  
You know a lot about a buncha crap nobody gives a shit about. It's startin to piss me off.

EDDIE  
(nervous, jittery)  
Man I need a drink...let's get wasted...

FRANK  
Fuck is wrong with you.

EDDIE  
(grinding him, digging in)  
Like you don't want to...you're as  
thirsty as I am...  
(Frank ignores)  
Let's get loaded and laid...bet you'd  
like to give Regina the sugarstick...

Frank's face goes dark...Eddie senses he hit a nerve...  
presses...

EDDIE  
Yeah she is one hot little twat...  
I gotta be honest here since you're  
my sponsor and all...I fucked her...

Frank. Stops breathing. Stunned.

EDDIE  
It was a while ago...jesus what a  
bod...yeah...I oughta pay her a little  
visit...throw her a bone...

Frank grabs Eddie's throat with one hand and screeches off  
to the shoulder. Gets in Eddie's face.

FRANK  
Go near her. I. Will. Fucking. Kill  
You.

Frank is not kidding....he will not let go....Eddie's  
strangled gasp sounds like helium...

EDDIE  
What the fuck Frank.

FRANK  
SHADDUP. You think I wanna be here?  
Think I like doing this shit? Fucking  
child care.

Releases his death grip. Resumes driving. Eddie rubs  
his throat, stung. After a beat...quietly...

EDDIE  
Guy calls up his friend. Says "Hey I  
found a new way to fuck." Friend says  
"No shit?" Guys says, "A little."

Frank stone-faced, irritated, is about two seconds away  
from pushing Eddie out the fucking car.

EDDIE  
So what do you want me to do.

FRANK  
I just told you. Stay away from her.



EDDIE

As my sponsor. Lemme guess. Three meetings a day...pray...hey did you know Mother Theresa was a frickin' hermaphrodite...

Frank sighs. Jesus Christ.

FRANK

How many rehabs you been in hotshot.

EDDIE

I dunno. Twenty.

FRANK

So you probably done all that shit what. Nine million times. Never stayed sober.

EDDIE

What's your point--

FRANK

My point is grow up. Get a spine. Swallow a fucken broom. That's what I want you to do.

EDDIE

That's it?

FRANK

Yeah.

EDDIE

What about meetings?

FRANK

Go to meetings.

EDDIE

Should I pray?

FRANK

Yeah pray I don't kill you you don't shut the fuck up--

EDDIE

I don't understa--

FRANK

(irritated)  
What do you want from me? You want me to wipe your ass? Forget it. Wipe your own goddamn ass.

A long beat...then...softly...

EDDIE

They say drinking's like mind over matter...you don't mind it don't matter..

FRANK  
And stop with the jokes. GOD you're annoying.  
(beat)  
Ever done an inventory?

EDDIE  
No.

FRANK  
Do a fucken inventory.

EDDIE  
That's kindergarten--

FRANK  
What did I just tell you. Shut up.  
Eddie clams up. Another long beat. Then...quietly...

FRANK  
Just do the goddamn inventory okay.

EDDIE  
Why.

FRANK  
Because you're as sick as your secrets  
that's why.

Eddie stares at him. They drive in silence.

**EXT. LAW OFFICE - STUDIO CITY - LONG VIEW - DAY**

Moving with Lamar Roche as he exits the law office and  
gets in his car. Pulls into traffic.

**CAMERA PANS AND HOLDS CLOSE ON FRANK**

Following.

**EXT. CAHUENGA TRAFFIC - MOVING SHOT - LATER**

Frank tailing Lamar into Hollywood pulls from the flask.

AMES V/O  
*It's a carbon steel Kamisori Blue  
Blade, Frank...satin-finish hollow  
ground 5/8 round point...*

**EXT. BAR - HOLLYWOOD**

Parked across the street watching the bar's entrance  
talking to Ames on cell.

AMES  
*Exact same type blade did Melanie Molloy.*

Frank doesn't say anything.

AMES  
Hello? You there?

FRANK  
(without conviction)  
She's not the doer.

AMES  
That your head or your vonce talking -

From Frank's POV see Lamar exit bar with a YOUNG MALE HUSTLER who can't be more than 16. They kiss in front of Lamar's car.

FRANK  
Christ.

AMES  
What's wrong -

FRANK  
Nothing. No matter how cynical you get, you just can't keep up.  
(then)  
Anything on Lamar Roche?

AMES  
Not yet.

Cell beeps. Call waiting. Frank looks at the caller ID.

**INT. BCI - 72nd PRECINCT - THAT MOMENT**

Barrett on phone, computer screen behind him prominently displays MIAMI-DADE COUNTY HOMICIDES.

BARRETT  
Frank? Week of that lingerie show.  
There was a murder. Slit throat.  
Jane Doe prostitute.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - HOLLYWOOD - THAT MOMENT**

He pumps a fist in the air. Yes! It's back on Vance.

**INT. D.A. CRANE'S OFFICE - LATER**

Frank with Crane and Hakim.

FRANK  
I want a search warrant, I want his travel records, I wanna bring this fucker in...

Long beat. Crane cooly stares at him.

CRANE  
No.

FRANK

No?

CRANE

First of all you haven't got shit. You don't know the vic in Miami was done with a straight edge.

HAKIM

Vance isn't going anywhere Frank. Let's see what his DNA results say--

FRANK

Shut the fuck up fat boy! Unless you can tell me why dickhead here doesn't wanna go after the real killer--

Hakim draws himself fearfully up like a turtle. Motions with his eyes to Crane for help.

CRANE

What are you talking about Miller.

FRANK

Vance is setting Eddie up.

A long beat.

FRANK

Do the math. Eddie goes down that motherfucker's sitting on a gold mine.

CRANE

The hell with Vance. Where are you with Molloy.

Long pause. Frank stares, incredulous.

FRANK

Are you fucken kidding me?

CRANE

Where are you.

FRANK

Fucking sponsoring him! Yippee.

CRANE

I want that written confession--

FRANK

Eddie Molloy wouldn't know a goddamn straight edge if I used it to shave his hairy Irish balls. He's a brokeback limp dick Irish fucking cock--

CRANE

Exactly what he wants you to think--

FRANK  
 Exactly what he is...I'm tellin' you its  
 Vance or this spade-fuck Lamar...got a  
witness says...

Stops...already said too much...that he can't back up yet..  
 Crane & Hakim glance at each other...it's deathly quiet...

CRANE  
 Witness. What witness.

Frank stares into Crane's eyes...says nothing...motionless..

CRANE  
 WHAT WITNESS.

FRANK  
 Prostitute--

CRANE  
What prostitute--

FRANK  
 Friend of the family--

CRANE  
Whose family--

FRANK  
Yours--

Crane loses it -- goes for him -- Hakim holds him back --

FRANK  
 What the fuck is your problem!

CRANE  
 You! You're my fucking problem!

FRANK  
 Your sister was a fucking whore! Get over it!

CRANE  
 The prostitute. Name.

**INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY**

Regina dials a number in her cubicle at work.

**INT. HER APARTMENT - BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Frank quietly opens a drawer. Places the GREEN FELT BOX  
 back inside. His vibrating cell glows in the dark.  
 Caller ID: Regina Pope.

FRANK'S VOICE  
*This is Frank. Leave a fucken message.*

## INT. LAW OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

REGINA

Frank...it's me you dirty dog...  
 (whispers dirty smack talk)  
 Wish you were here...between my legs..  
 sniffing my pants--

Someone in her doorway...the battered BLACK WOMAN we saw  
 with her a few weeks back...MRS. RICHARDSON...

She is very ill-at-ease...a heaviness about her...fresh  
 bruises on face and neck...her husband has once again left  
 his mark...whatever scene they've had still echoes sadly in  
 those eyes...

REGINA

(busted)  
 Oh shit.  
 (hangs up, embarrassed)  
 Mrs. Richardson. Please. Come in.

MRS. RICHARDSON

I have to pick up my kids...

And her voice drops to an almost comic whisper...furtive..

MRS. RICHARDSON

They served J.W. this morning...he  
 has to stay away from us or...

VOICE

Or what.

WELL-DRESSED ANGRY-LOOKING BLACK MAN (30s) appears.

J.W. RICHARDSON

You think you can stop me from seeing  
 my children? You fucking bitch.

Grabs her...Regina frozen..shocked...but then...insanely....  
 big bad-ass barrel of a .357 Magnum is pointed right at  
 Richardson's skull...LAMAR behind him cocks the trigger:

LAMAR

This is a licensed firearm and you  
 are threatening my client. Now listen  
 carefully. You are gonna step away, or  
 get blown away. Your choice mah niggah.

Richardson releases his wife. Glares at Regina.

J.W. RICHARDSON

This is her, isn't it...the one who told  
 you you could do this...

LAMAR

Reg call the police...on the floor fucker..

J.W. RICHARDSON

Fuck you--

LAMAR

Why you wanna talk to me like that my brutha?

J.W. RICHARDSON

Who are you people? What gives you the--

Mrs. Richardson KICKS HIM as hard as she can in the nuts...  
J.W. goes down...stays down...she goes off on him...loses  
it...WHOMP! WHOMP! Regina and Lamar pull her off...

EDDIE V/O

*Rolling Stones had Budweiser sponsor  
their last tour...*

## INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Eddie and Sirah do a live interview with a pushy D.J.

EDDIE

Hawked everything from bra and panties  
to baby booties and bomber jackets...  
Motley Crue's sellin' Motley Brew...

D.J.

But Sirah musical toothbrushes? Sirah  
pancake syrup--

EDDIE

She's a brand name. Wake up and smell  
the vicks. Dylan just did a Victoria's  
Secret commercial.

SIRAH

I think what Eddie's trying to say is--

D.J.

Springsteen doesn't do endorsements--

EDDIE

Springsteen's a pussy. Can I say pussy?

D.J.

No.

EDDIE

PUSSY PUSSY PUSSY

## INT. NOISY CLUB - CLOSE ON EDDIE - NIGHT

Cut to Eddie's face in drunken close-up. Throbbing music.  
"Disturbing The Peace (Field Mob/Ciara)

FIELD MOB/CIARA

*"He do a little this...do a little that..  
You too smart...be a dummy to believe...  
That stuff you heard...that they say  
about him..."*

Reveal he whispering in Danielle's ear...she laughs...he  
grabs a Cavailli vodka bottle and chugs it like a beer...

**RACK BACK**

to Alan Vance in a corner...watching them....his eyes  
glint fiercely...

**CUT BACK TO**

**INT. RADIO STATION - EARLIER THAT DAY**

D.J.  
Sirah you were discovered on YouTube--

SIRAH  
When I made my little video I never  
imagined it would get me a manager or a  
record deal.

D.J.  
Whose idea to cover children's songs?

SIRAH  
Mine.

D.J.  
Cool. Lets take a call--you're on the air--

NASTY CALLER  
Sirah I wanna suck your tight little pu--

D.J.  
(quickly cuts him off)  
OK thank you for shopping at K-Mart---  
next caller---

ELECTRONICALLY ALTERED VOICE  
Actually the children's song idea was  
Eddie's wasn't it. Which is genius  
because users searching for them on  
iTunes stumble on your versions -- and  
whammo, you're a star --

**INT. RADIO STATION**

Eddie blinks. What the fuck? Sirah swallows, nervous,  
as the weird-sounding "CALLER" continues.

ELECTRONICALLY ALTERED VOICE  
Isn't it true you guys had a deal with  
Geffen sixteen months before that first  
"homemade video" hit YouTube? Which by  
the way was shot by Tarantino. Welcome  
to the real world, folks. Media giants  
want in on the viral revolution so they  
co-op commercial radio and scam us into  
"discovering" chicks like Sirah here-

EDDIE  
(furious)  
This interview's over.



**EXT. DANIELLE APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Eddie exits Danielle's...looks upset...and as he gets in his Mercedes...

**OUR VIEW SHIFTS**

We are now watching him thru a car windshield.

Widen to discover our POV is now inside somebody's car... but it's not Vance...IT'S KAICHO. He watches Eddie exit.

**INT. DANIELLE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MINUTE LATER**

Kaicho comes down the hall...stops in front of the door.. music thuds inside...the door slightly ajar...

KAICHO  
Miss Davis? Danielle Davis?  
(no answer)  
I have a few questions to ask you  
about Eddie Molloy. May I--

Nothing. He slowly pushes the door open.

**INT. THE DOOR SWINGING OPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Candles. Incense. "Enough Crying" (Mary J. Bilge) on CD.

MARY J.  
"It's time I do something for me..."

**INT. HER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Danielle sits oddly on the couch. Her throat is slit.

She gurgles..looks at him with an almost embarrassed expression on her face...glistening red cascades down her neck and it intricately embroiders white pillows on the couch with spidery veins of her blood...

And as she dies...Kaicho stares...emotionless...impassive..

PUSH IN SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND HIM. GLOVED HAND HOLDING STRAIGHT EDGE EXPLODES INTO SHOT TO SLIT HIS THROAT.

Kaicho instinctively brings up an arm to block the blade... and it viciously slices thru his hand like butter...goes deep in his palm..blood spurts like a geyser as he staggers back and SLAMS the unseen killer into a wall...

GLOVED HAND pulls at the straight edge...tries to pry it out...jesus its like the fucking sword in the stone... and Kaicho grunts and headbutts backwards and MISSES and his skull crashes into plaster...

The killer grabs a spiked Bandolini boot off a table... sticks the heel in Kaicho's eye...he screams...

Killer pushes Kaicho down to floor and the straight edge pops out his hand and moves to his throat in a flash....

Carbon steel kamisori blue blade glistens in candlelight.. carves into his carotid artery like a turkey...

Blood flows...Kaicho's head sags at a crazy tilted angle...

**EXT. DANIELLE APARTMENT BUILDING (RAINING)**

Police cars, flashing lights, coroner's men, cops.

HAKIM

Jap was hired by a Mr. Junichi.  
Investor buying into Eddie's company.

CRANE

What about the girl.

They look over at Frank. He's staring at Danielle as they zip up her body bag.

FRANK

(quietly)  
She was the trim with Eddie and Vance  
night of the murder.

CRANE

Some sick fuck's tying up loose ends...  
we'll get him...

FRANK

Who says its a "he"...

Beat; they look at him.

HAKIM

You think some chick did this?

On Frank. Hating himself for thinking it...but at this point...who knows...

FRANK

Maybe.

Frank turns. Stares at Crane. His gaze unwavering.

FRANK

Why'd you pull that tech report.

CRANE

I didn't want the papers raking my  
sister's name through the mud okay!  
(his voice suddenly breaking)  
Didn't want to read about some asshole  
she fucked the night Eddie came back and  
sliced her...it's called compassion  
Miller..try it sometime...

Frank stares wordlessly...Crane's crying...or maybe its the rain...looks awful...his voice cracks...

CRANE

Put her through college...M.I.T....  
Melanie was smart...beautiful...she  
was all I had...can you understand  
that...now there's nobody left.

**INT. AN APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Dark. We can't see clearly. We don't know where we are.

Somebody quietly, efficiently jimmys the lock on the front door...

It clicks open and a SHADOWY FIGURE enters...we cannot see the face...wears a BLACK SKI MASK...

**MOVING POV**

Slowly exploring the apartment...simple...tasteful...a dark bedroom...oddly familiar...empty...kitchen...ditto.. hear noise from the bathroom...music...approaches bathroom door...slowly turns knob...and as the door opens...

**INT. BATHROOM - POV - CONTINUOUS**

Regina Pope taking a bubble bath...her back to us...steam wafts...lit candles...the scene creepily similar to the murder of Melanie Molloy...

**MOVING POV**

Advances...quietly opens a drawer...

**REMOVES THE GREEN FELT BOX**

Takes out the sleek shiny STRAIGHT EDGE...moves closer towards her...

Tiny splashes in the tub...Regina moans...and the killer stops...watches...just the two of them...Shakira on CD...

SHAKIRA

*"I'm on tonight...you know my hips  
don't lie...and I am starting to  
fucken feel you boy..."*

Regina comes. Suddenly feels like she is not alone.

Senses a lethal wicked presence...ever-so-slowly turns...

FLASH of blade...as killer lunges...tries to slice her.. straddles...she flails...kicks...and water splashes and its messy and violent and abruptly...jarringly...

**HANDS**

Out of nowhere...suddenly grab him and yank him off...

**ITS FRANK**

And they struggle and Frank wickedly pummels...overpowers.. and as he reaches to pull off the ski mask the fucker grabs a hair dryer and brutally SMASHES Frank in face...Frank staggers back...falls...ski mask races out...Regina tenderly cradles Frank in her lap...he's bleeding... feels terribly foolish...relieved...she's not the doer...

REGINA V/O

*It's my ex.*

**INT. HER LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Gently applying iodine to his face.

REGINA

He's been stalking me.

Frank stares. Cop radar kicks in.

FRANK

Why.

Uncomfortable, she evades the truth...and the question...

REGINA

Who knows...Marty's um...very sick...

FRANK

We're all sick.

Staring right thru her now. Knows she's hiding something.

REGINA

(evasive, fast)  
Or it could be this black guy...  
J.W. Richardson...met him and his wife  
in AA...she caught him cheating so what  
does he do, beats the living shit out of  
her...made a big scene at our office...

**INT. HER APARTMENT - LATER**

Police. Filing a report. One of the cops finishes a call:

COP

Okay...yeah...thanks...

Hangs up. Looks at her.

COP

Richardson didn't show at work today.  
Hasn't been seen since he got out on  
bail after assaulting his wife in your--

REGINA

He's probably headed back to Miami.  
That's where they're from.

*Miami?* Franks head aches...the beating...the sea of  
suspects...he is suddenly very tired...

COP

Gonna need a statement from you Mr. Martin...

VOICE

Regina?

**INT. HER FRONT DOOR - THAT MOMENT**

Neighbor DONNA (20s) peeks in thru open door.

DONNA

Whoa, what happ--

REGINA

It's okay...Frank this is my neighbor Donna..

Frank nods...as Donna holds out an ENVELOPE for her...

DONNA

Came for you registered mail today.  
I signed for it.

Slight timecut to:

**CU - THE REGISTERED LETTER**

Later...Frank talks to cops...Regina opens it curious...  
takes something out....PHOTO OF A TOMBSTONE...and a  
CLIPPED OBITUARY....that's it...no letter, nothing...

**CU - TOMBSTONE PHOTO**

"Mary Pope 1953 - 2008". And Regina starts to cry.

**INT. APARTMENT - REGINA - LATER**

Quietly talks to somebody on phone in the living room.

Frank sips coffee in the kitchen...his head painfully  
throbs...needs a drink...needs a lot of drinks...writes on  
a napkin...tries to get it all down....

**CU - NAPKIN**

List of names...first up ALAN VANCE...then LAMAR ROCHE...  
MARTY (REGINA'S EX)...EDDIE MOLLOY...J.W. RICHARDSON...  
Next to Richardson's name he writes..."Miami...AA...knew  
Melanie???"

REGINA'S VOICE FROM LIVING ROOM

I'm such a fuck-up.

## INT. HER LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Reg on phone.

REGINA

What kind of daughter doesn't get invited to her own mother's funeral.

LAMAR (PHONE)

The good news is you didn't drink. And in the morning I want you to look at your pillow and say, "The next time you see me I'll be sober." And at night when you get back in bed you look at that pillow and say...

REGINA/LAMAR

"Told you."

## ON FRANK

In kitchen. Trying not to listen. Can't help it.

REGINA

It was scary...Frank came just in time..

LAMAR (PHONE)

"Knight in Shining Armor". Shit.

She continues to talk...softly...quietly...

REGINA

I can't breathe if I haven't seen him for too long...it's scary...  
(sudden whispered emotion)  
Hope he doesn't hurt me...if he hurts me I'll die Lamar I swear...

Feelings rage through Frank like forest fires...

REGINA

When we make love I can't feel my hips for like six hours...

LAMAR (PHONE)

Please don't tell me shit like that.

REGINA

I'm in big trouble here...think I could love this man...

## TIGHT ON FRANK

Choking on it...its about to strangle him...because now there is something more at stake here than just catching a bad guy...he does not want to lose her...but she is in love with someone who does not exist...she is in love with Frank Martin...this job is eating him alive...

REGINA

All the men I've ever known in my  
life are liars. This may be the last  
honest man on earth.

Razor wire tightens around Frank's skull. He cannot be  
here. Quietly slips out the kitchen door.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

He is trapped. How in hell can he get out from under this.  
Almost unconsciously takes out his flask...looks at it...  
and he is repulsed...it is Frank Miller's flask...he hates  
Frank Miller...throws it out window...

INT. REGINA APARTMENT - REGINA

Comes into kitchen. Empty. Where the fuck is Frank.

INT. HIS CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Driving. Cell rings. Answers. Doesn't say anything.

REGINA'S VOICE

Frank?

FRANK

Yeah--

REGINA'S VOICE

No more lies okay?

He reacts.

REGINA'S VOICE

I know why you left.

He doesn't say anything. Is she on to him? But then...

REGINA'S VOICE

You left because you know I'm hiding  
something...I'm gonna tell you why my ex  
is stalking me...consider this my inventory...

Silence from Frank. He drives. She continues...

REGINA'S VOICE

It was three years ago...

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - FLASHBACK - DAY

A BMW parked on a hill with the engine running.

REGINA'S VOICE

I'd been up for three days...booze  
librium tuinol seconal...you name it all  
I took it all...

See little CHARLOTTE (3) and HENRY (2) strapped in car  
seats staring at something thru window....

## REGINA'S VOICE

I got the little ones in the back because I burned out the babysitter...bounced too many checks...I'm on my lunch hour from the law office where I'm a partner... parked on a hill...

KIDS POV. Mom talking to somebody across street....Regina painfully thin...black Armani...sunglasses....

## REGINA'S VOICE

I leave the engine running because I'm thoughtful, K? It's the middle of August and the kids need the a/c on while I'm scoring...the dealer he's every girl's dream...fat greasy flesh in spandex and a tank top...

BACK ON REGINA, as he whispers in her ear, ugly....

## DEALER

Blow me...I'll do you double for free if you blow me...

## REGINA

Maybe some other time, chief.

## DEALER

Hey man your car's moving.

BMW slowly rolls down hill.

## REGINA'S VOICE

And I whip around and I guess I forgot to put the brake on because the car is rolling down the hill towards traffic...and I look back at him...

## REGINA

Shit!  
(hands him cash)  
Gimme--

## DEALER

Your kids--

## REGINA

Gimme the--

## DEALER

Jesus man your kids--

## REGINA

C'mon c'mon--

He palms her product. She sprints towards her car. It's picking up speed. Charlotte and Henry watch her race after them and laugh. They think it's a game.

## CHARLOTTE

Faster mommy!



Regina hauls ass. Hear her heavy frantic breathing. BMW really moving now...traffic getting closer...loud...scary... her fingertips swipe at the door...reaching...straining... WHIP IT OPEN...

HENRY

Yay mommy!

BMW stops. She made it within INCHES of smashing into cars now speeding by directly in front of them. Rests her head on steering wheel a moment. Her kids stare.

TAP TAP TAP on window. She looks up. MOTORCYCLE COP. They lock eyes.

REGINA'S VOICE

*I'm arrested for possession...driving under the influence...lose the kids... job...husband....*

INT. REGINA APARTMENT - REG ON PHONE - NIGHT

Her voice cracks -- soft, wounded --

REGINA

My ex...he's raising them now...I'm not allowed to see them...miss them so much....

INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

REGINA

On top of all this my mama...she's been really sick...my family wouldn't let me see her...now she's dead...I broke that woman's heart...

Pushing in on Frank...she's getting to him...which makes everything worse...but he has to ask...

FRANK

What about Melanie Molloy.

REGINA

I didn't tell anyone about Melanie because I'm trying to get my kids back. Hard to get custody if your mixed up in a murder case.

INT. REGINA APARTMENT

REGINA

I got two years six months two days. But my disease is like a tiger in the bushes. Waiting to take me out.

(and then)

Just because the monkey's off your back doesn't mean the circus has left town.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

REGINA  
Now you know everything. No more secrets k?

FRANK  
(soft, tormented)  
No more secrets.

REGINA  
I love y--

He hangs up...sees a bar...quickly pulls in...he does not get out of the car...just sits there...stark hellish neon flashes his face...dark...light....dark...

**INT. REGINA APARTMENT - NIGHT**

She is crying in...LAMAR'S ARMS. He came over to console. Uncontrollable sobs...and now get this...Lamar lifts her up by the chin...tries to kiss her...she totally freaks... pushes him off...and Lamar loses it...fucking tired of being rejected by this cockteasing bitch he SMASHES a nearby lamp with his hand...shockingly violent...scary...she stares at him and right here right now we gotta be thinking this crazy motherfucker might just be the doer after all...he exits in a blind humiliated rage...SLAMS DOOR so hard it almost comes off its hinges...

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The apartment is a shocking mess. This is what happens to Frank when he doesn't drink...his world spins off its fucking axis and he descends into a thirsty living hell...sits frozen in an armchair...face like death...sick ghostly pallor...immobility...

Flashcuts...holding Regina...fucking her...she comes...and as we cut back to his apartment and push in on Frank's face we see he's dying...he knows what he has to do...knows what will make the big hurt go away...

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

Harsh light. Through window we see Frank pull up in the Dodge. MUSIC on radio in here: "Red Is The Color".

STEVE EARLE  
*"Short ride from here to where the  
beast resides...fine line separates  
the shadows inside...make mind a double  
dose of cyanide..."*

Frank buys a bottle of Stoli like a zombie.

**INT. REGINA APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Alone now...sitting in a chair next to the smashed lamp staring vacantly at the photo of her mom's tombstone.... she can't take it...puts it away and looks over at...

**FRAMED PICTURE**

of her kids...and as she stares at them...a kind of epic bereavement ripples her face...

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Without even blinking Frank slowly and carefully opens the fresh bottle of vodka...pours a big glass full to the brim...lifts the glass to his face...his entire body is suddenly wracked with tremors...

We are watching Frank trying to keep the lid on...can't.. he threatens to blow...his hand is shaking...the glass at his lips now...he is about to drink...but instead throws the glass of vodka across the room in a brutal fury.... he does not want to drink...all he wants...is Regina.... it scares him...self-hatred and bitterness bubbles to the surface...and now the tears come...tears for where his life has taken him...as opposed to where he really would have liked it to go...his failure consumes him...

Suddenly he decides fuck it...what's the use...and he reaches for the Sig...

AND PUTS THE FUCKING GUN IN HIS MOUTH.

Sweating, trembling, he pulls back the hammer...blissfully closed tired, haunted, bloodshot eyes...

**CELL PHONE RINGS**

Frank opens his eyes. Regina? Takes the gun out of his mouth...picks up cell and checks caller ID...

"EDDIE MOLLOY"

Shakes his head...and then...for reasons he cannot understand...answers it...

FRANK

It's three o'clock in the fucken morning you asshole--

EDDIE'S VOICE

I'm gonna kill myself.

A long beat. Frank can't believe it.

EDDIE'S VOICE

Frank? You hear me? If I don't drink I'm gonna fucking kill myself.

Frank stares at the gun still in his hand...and flushes at the absurdity of it all...can't help it...laughs...

FRANK

(wearily)  
Oh...shit...

**EXT. HIS APARTMENT - 3:44 A.M.**

EDDIE  
Sirah slashed her wrists.

**INT. HIS APARTMENT**

He reacts. Jesus. Eddie's scared. Stark raving sober.

EDDIE  
I was fucking her Frank. I fucked  
her and then I fucked her. She's in  
Harbor General...24-hour suicide watch..

Frank makes coffee...doesn't say anything...

EDDIE  
You see the papers...somebody whacked  
Mr. Moto...believe that shit...bangin'  
some whore in Hollywood...wrong place  
wrong time...

His voice trails off...Frank feigns mild surprise...

FRANK  
The Jap tailing you?

EDDIE  
Yeah.

Sinks into a chair, hollow, lost. Frank eyes him. Eddie  
looks so alone...Frank sighs..brings over coffee...stares  
at him with genuine empathy...compassion...

EDDIE  
(warily)  
You're not gonna hug me are ya.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - MORNING**

Frank jogs.

FRANK V/O  
Barrett...get me the address of a  
J.W. Richardson...

Stops jogging. Takes out cigarettes. Looks at them.

FRANK V/O  
Wife filed a restraining order in L.A.  
last week it'll be on the court docket...

Throws away cigarettes. Deep breath. Coughs up a lung.

**EXT. HOUSE - ECHO PARK - LATER THAT MORNING**

Frank pulls up. He's on his cell.

REGINA'S VOICE

This is Regina you know what to do--

FRANK

It's me. Where are you? Call me.

Hangs up. Reaches into glove. Redondo police ID.

**EXT. HOUSE - ECHO PARK**

Crying babies inside. He knocks. MRS. RICHARDSON opens. He badges her, all business.

FRANK

Frank Miller, Redondo Beach Homicide.

MRS. RICHARDSON

This about J.W.?

FRANK

Yes ma'm and I will make this quick. You filed for divorce on grounds of adultery. The woman your husband was seeing. What was that two-timing bitch's fucken name.

She reacts, startled by Frank's abrupt demeanor...but then..

MRS. RICHARDSON

That's bitch's name was Melanie Molloy.

Flicker of reaction from Frank. *Bingo.*

MRS. RICHARDSON

She was murdered, right?

Nods. Stares. Waits.

MRS. RICHARDSON

Well sorry as I am to say this because I would love nothing more than to see that fucker fry...there's no way in hell J.W. did it...

FRANK

And this we know how.

MRS. RICHARDSON

Because the night she died J.W. was in jail for beating the shit out of me that afternoon.

REGINA'S VOICE

This is Regina you know what to do--

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING**

Trying her again. Snaps shut his cell, pissed--

AMES V/O  
Lamar Roche checks out clean on the  
Molloy job Frank...

INT. MINI-MART - MORNING

Buying milk...Maalox...reaches for some vodka...

AMES V/O  
Night of the murder he was in New York  
speaking at an AA convention...

FRANK V/O  
Shit! You sure?

AMES V/O  
It's on video. Watching it right now.

Frank eyes the vodka in his hand...

AMES V/O  
"Do you want me to stop? Or do you want  
me to slow down--"

FRANK V/O  
Shut the fuck up.

Puts booze back. HOT CASHIER eyes him as he approaches.

CASHIER  
I ordered the fucken orange Hostess cupcakes.

FRANK  
Fucken thank you.

CASHIER  
Fucken welcome.

Her cell rings. He stares. Is it Regina?

CASHIER  
Anything else cupcake?

FRANK  
Yeah. Answer your fucken phone.

CASHIER  
Mind your fucken business.

FRANK  
Maybe its your girlfriend.

CASHIER  
Maybe its your mama.

FRANK  
Whaddo dykos do when the road runs red.

CASHIER  
Hit the dirt track.

FRANK

So when the red's over the pink you go  
down for the brown--

CASHIER

Lesbos love that fanny batter--

FRANK

You like lickin' that fud slush--

CASHIER

Yummy--

They stare. Heat. She wants to fuck him. All he can  
see is her between Regina's legs. Just then his cell  
rings. ID: *Regina Pope*.

FRANK

I've been calling you all morning!  
Where are you.

**EXT. ZUMA BEACH - MALIBU - DAY**

Families, frisbees, dogs. Discover Regina on playground  
pushing Charlotte and Henry on swings.

VOICE

Since when do you get to see your kids.

She turns. Its Frank. She lobs it right back.

REGINA

Since I say so.

He stares at Charlotte and Henry. Doesn't say anything.

REGINA

Guys this is Uncle Frank. Uncle Frank  
this is Charlotte and Henry.

CHARLOTTE/HENRY

Hi Uncle Frank.

FRANK

Yeah. Hello. Talk to you a sec?

Gently but firmly pulls her away out of earshot...then...

FRANK

What the fuck are you doing.

A long beat. They stare at each other.

REGINA

I'm at the beach. With my kids.

Something numb...painfully desperate in that tone...

**FLASHCUT**

To earlier that morning...crowded park where her kids play...ex-husband Marty dozing on a bench...this is all without sound...pan to parking lot where we see Reg usher her kids in the BMW...

**BACK ON REGINA**

And push in on her face and it is at this moment we realize shes basically making this up as she goes along.. not a lot of thought went into this...but she has definitely...incredibly...kidnapped her kids...and Frank stares at her...Regina uncomfortable under his gaze...

FRANK  
(quietly)  
Bring them back.

REGINA  
What is wrong with you.

FRANK  
Stop it.

REGINA  
Fuck you.

FRANK  
Listen to me...

REGINA  
No...you listen to me...you don't know  
what its like...

And she loses it...starts to cry...a long beat...Frank never breaks eye contact...then...gently...

FRANK  
You have to bring them back.

And as he stares at her...clear-eyed...stone-cold sober.. and even though he doesn't say anything else...her eyes let him know...she gets it...if she doesn't bring them back now then that's it...probably forever...and she finally and quietly responds...her voice hollow...tiny.. like a little girl who just got caught stealing cookies and has been asked to put them back in the cookie jar...

REGINA  
K.

**EXT. STREET - VENICE**

Regina silently gestures as they drive down the street... he stops in front of a house...POLICE CAR in driveway...

She looks at Frank...she is very scared...and as he looks back at her...without breaking eye contact...he says...



FRANK  
Okay guys. Go see daddy.

CHARLOTTE  
You too mommy.

REGINA  
In a minute sweetie. Love you.

They hug her tightly...she hugs them back...and as they scamper out of the car we see MARTY at the door glaring.. and as he ushers the kids inside TWO POLICEMEN come out and approach the car...

**EXT. HOUSE - LATER**

Frank talks to cops. Regina handcuffed in police car.

FRANK  
Look...don't do this...let's not do this..

COP  
The lady kidnapped her kids.

FRANK  
It's just...ah shit...I mean hey we're all guys here right...we've all fucked up...she fucked up okay...and she's sorry...

Frank lowers his voice..

FRANK  
Talk to your Loo...she had a bad day that's all....how long were they gone, three hours? You know how much paperwork you gotta do on a 10-65 for a fucken three-hour grab.

A long beat as they stare at Frank curiously...because a "10-65" is police code for child endangerment...now how the fuck does he know that...

COP  
You on the job Mr. Martin?

ANGLE on second-story window where Charlotte & Henry peer out behind curtains and stare at mommy in the police car...they're crying...

Then Marty appears and pulls them away from the window...

And looks down at Regina...they stare at one another...

FRANK  
Me? No. I just...ah...

Marty comes out. Gestures cops over.

**TIMECUT**

They uncuff her. Walk her to her car.

COP

Okay ma'm....your ex has decided not to press charges...

OTHER COP

But you need to respect the court order and stay away from those children until such time as...

Regina's eyes fill with tears...Frank watches as she looks over at Marty standing in his doorway...she silently mouths thank you...he nods...and in that moment Frank knows Marty is not a suspect...just a single dad trying to deal...she gets inside the car...Frank remains outside a moment...

FRANK

(quietly)  
I know you gotta log it in...but does the code nine have to go on the record? I mean you can expunge her name right.. Just log the call...

The cops stare...its clear now Frank is or was a cop and they decide to cut him slack out of respect for that...

COP

Okay. Sure partner. No prob.

**INT. HER CAR - MOVING**

Regina staring at Frank...she heard...a sudden sense that Frank is not who he says he is...and under her gaze he senses mistrust and feigns a weak grin...covers...

FRANK

I uh...watch a lotta tv.

REGINA

You said you don't watch tv.

FRANK

Yeah...what?

REGINA

At the diner. When we met for coffee I asked if you'd seen Eddie on tv and you said, "I don't watch tv."

A long beat.

FRANK

I lied.

REGINA

Who are you.

FRANK  
 Hey. HEY. This is me. What the fuck  
 is wrong with you. My name is Frank  
 Martin, I'm from Redondo and I work J.G.  
 Construction in Culver City and I'm here  
 with you now, okay? OK? You wanna check  
 my fingerprints?

She stares. Frank forces a plastic smile.

**CLOSE - REGINA'S FACE**

Confused...unsure...feels almost as if he is telling the  
 truth and lying to her all at the same time...instinct  
 telling her one thing...her heart another...

**INT. HER APARTMENT**

...and pull back from her face to see them making love in  
 her apartment now...despite her conflicting emotions she  
 is getting very hot...badly wants to believe him...

REGINA  
 Okay....okay...c'mon baby...

He is moving inside her...harder...faster...we cannot see  
 his face...just her face...she starts to climax...

REGINA  
 Yeah...yeah...oh fuck yeah...fucken  
give it to me...unhhhh....unhhhhhh..

She comes...and as he starts to roll off...she holds him.

REGINA  
 No...no...come on...

He stays on top. Doesn't move. She starts to cry.

REGINA  
 You never fucking come.

Reverse on Frank. Can't look at her. Tortured. Holds her.

**INT. HER APARTMENT - LATER THAT AFTERNOON**

She works on her laptop. Frank next to her quietly writes  
 on a yellow legal pad...sips coffee...

**EXT. HER APARTMENT - LATER**

Thru the sliding glass window from outside we see Frank  
 reading the yellow pages to her. It is his inventory.

**VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY**

As if somebody were watching. Frank continues reading.

## INT. HER APARTMENT - LATER - CLOSE ON FRANK

He is almost done...looks through the pages...

FRANK

...what else...that's about it...  
I'm just so fucken angry most of the  
time...I mean I look out the window,  
I see smog, it fucken makes me angry.  
It ain't fucken worth it I know...  
I told you about my ex she pisses me  
off to no end...and my old man...  
forget about it...wish he was dead...  
fucker treated me like shit but you're  
right...I was a rotten son...I dunno..  
people just piss me off..

Stops. Shrugs. That's it. She stares at him.

REGINA

What about your mother.

He doesn't say anything.

REGINA

You talked about your father. But  
there was nothing about your mother.

Nothing from Frank.

REGINA

I've never heard of an inventory that  
didn't have someone's mother on it...

FRANK

Okay okay...jesus...my mom...okay I  
guess I resent her....I...miss her..  
she...

His voice trails off, emotional...Regina staring...

REGINA

(gently)  
Go on....

Looks at her...this is hell for him...

FRANK

She...ah fuck...  
(it slips out)  
She died when I was born.

Regina registers this...he is deeply upset now...pulls it  
out of his gut where it has been buried for so long...

FRANK

My old man...loved her...and he...  
always felt...you know...like....

He murmurs something.

REGINA

Like what?

Looks at her...tremendous pain...guilt...his big secret..

FRANK

Like I killed her.

A long beat....she stares at him...softly...

REGINA

You didn't kill her.

FRANK

If I hadn't been born she'd still  
be around.

REGINA

You didn't kill her.

FRANK

He hated me for that...

REGINA

Your father...

FRANK

Yeah.

REGINA

You didn't kill her.

Tears stream down his face...embarrassed...vulnerable...

FRANK

Don't look at me...I'm...I'm...  
(hoarse whisper)  
I'm a piece of shit--

REGINA

You're not--

FRANK

I'm a piece of shit and a liar--

REGINA

We're all liars Frank...sometimes the  
truth is more powerful than the package  
it comes in...Absorbs that...long beat...and we think he's about to  
tell her the truth...about everything...but then...like a  
man in confession...he peels back a horrible scab...

FRANK

I checked it out. They said she lasted  
about two minutes after I was born.

He has never told anybody this before...and now he starts to sob...deep painful wracking sobs...

FRANK  
And that she...that she...

REGINA  
What...

FRANK  
That she held me...the whole time..  
Wounded...gutshot...can't look at her...

FRANK  
You fucken believe that...two minutes..  
Two fucken minutes that's all I got...  
(from his depths)  
I always wondered what she said.

Regina embraces him...he is like a little boy in her arms.

REGINA  
She said she loved you.

Beat...takes the SILVER CROSS from around her neck...

REGINA  
Want you to have this...my father died  
when I was three...left me this silver  
cross...because he always took me to  
church...and his straight edge...  
because I always watched him shave...

Fastens it around his neck...he feels like an asshole...

FRANK  
Regina I...

REGINA  
Shhh...

**TIMECUT**

They are fucking...she is coming...

REGINA  
Oh baby...so good...c'mon baby...

He looks in her eyes...moving inside her...can't stop...  
craving the intimacy..burying himself in it...surrenders  
to it...he is about to explode...

EDDIE'S VOICE (OVER)  
Are you coming?

**INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER**

Frank on cell quietly talks to Eddie, Regina asleep--

FRANK  
What--?

EDDIE  
To the meeting...need to talk to you...  
Odd tone to Eddie's next line...shaky...proud.....

EDDIE  
*I did it Frank.*

Frank not listening...staring at Reg..strokes her hair...

EDDIE  
*I did it and you know what?*  
*(eerily)*  
*I'm glad I did it.*

FRANK  
What are you talking about.

EDDIE  
My inventory.

Jesus. He sighs. Leans in gently kisses Regina.

EDDIE  
*You wanna read it--?*

FRANK  
Yeah fuckface see you tonight--

Clicks off, tosses cell on clothes, heads into bathroom.

**INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON REGINA**

Shower running. She stirs. Wakes. Looks like she had a bad dream. Scattered pages of Frank's inventory on bed.

**HER POV**

Frank's wallet poking out his pants pocket on a pile of his clothes on a chair. She stares at the wallet. A long beat as she wrestles with something...then...hating herself...but feeling oddly paranoid...she goes over to the wallet and opens it..finds his Redondo Beach driver's license inside...it says..."FRANK MILLER".

REGINA  
Frank...Miller?

She sighs deeply. Paranoia pays off. But the hours suck.

**HIS CELL RINGS**

It scares the living shit out of her! She checks the caller ID. It says "RBPB" and a number.

**INT. LIEUTENANT AMES OFFICE - REDONDO - THAT MOMENT**

Ames at his desk calling Frank's cell.

**INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON REGINA - THAT MOMENT**

His cell still ringing. She grabs a pen and writes down the number. The shower turns off. She quickly puts everything back the way it was.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - WIDE - 5:45 P.M.**

Setting sun & filthy smog cast a beautiful almost surreal orange glow over the city.

*AMES V/O*  
*No match on Vance's DNA with the jizz*  
*in Molloy's bedroom Frank...*

**EXT. REGINA APARTMENT**

Frank on cell getting in his car. His face falls.

*AMES V/O*  
*Here's the good news.....just got the*  
*forensics on that Jane Doe in Miami.....*

Frank waits.

*AMES V/O*  
*Carbon-steel Kamisori blue blade baby...*  
*satin finish, hollow ground 5/8 round point.*

**FRANK**  
*Its Vance...I fucken knew it....*

**EXT. MUSIC OFFICE BUILDING - BEVERLY HILLS - DUSK**

Frank screeches up, hustles out.

**INT. BAR - HOLLYWOOD - THAT MOMENT**

Noisy. Busy. Move down bar to discover...

**REGINA POPE**

Sitting on bar stool staring at herself in bar mirror.... looks like shit...torn jeans and a t-shirt...no make-up...

**BARTENDER**  
What'll it be pretty lady.



Looks at him...two years six months three days about to go out the fucken window...

REGINA  
Stoli. Rocks.

Gaze shifts to slip of paper in her hand. The phone number. "RBPB". Bartender serves. She stares at the drink.

**INT. VANCE'S OFFICE - BEVERLY HILLS - THAT MOMENT**

Shock cut to Vance in office staring vacantly at camera, his throat slit.

**RACK BACK**

To Frank. Staring at him. Jesus. Now what?

**INT. BAR - HOLLYWOOD**

Regina's drink untouched in front of her. Deep breath. Pulls out cell. Dials number on the slip of paper.

OPERATOR  
Redondo Beach Police Department.

She reacts. A long beat...then...

REGINA  
Frank Miller.

OPERATOR  
I'll connect you.

She waits...one ring...two...

FRANK (VOICE MAIL)  
This is Detective Frank Miller. Leave a message and a number.

Regina can't believe it. Motherfucker!

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Frank's hit a brick wall, frustrated--

AMES (CELL)  
What about J.W. Richardson--

FRANK  
In jail night of the murder--

AMES  
Its gotta be Eddie, Frank..there's nobody left...

**PUSH IN ON FRANK**

Something about that last phrase...the magnitude of it all sinks in...things begin to click...

**INT. BCI - BARRETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Frank on Barrett's computer feverishly searching for something...taps keys...waits...

FRANK

C'mon....

Something we can't see appears on screen. Frank reacts. Barrett enters. Frank looks at him. Grim. Determined.

FRANK

Eddie's contract with the Japs.

BARRETT

Public record. Junichi filed with the SEC last week.

FRANK

Pull it.

**INT. A HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Dark. We don't know where we are. Lit cigarette glows. Somebody in a chair. Waiting. Front door opens.

FRANK'S VOICE

Bout fucken time.

Crane in doorway flips on the light.

CRANE

What the hell, Miller.

Frank stares. Dangerously quiet.

FRANK

You got fucked on a paternity suit two years back. An ex-secretary. She wins. You pay up. Case closed.

Crane doesn't say anything.

FRANK

Ever see the kid. Just curious.

CRANE

No.

FRANK

Asshole.

They stare at each other.

FRANK

Ames told me about it. You remember Ames.

Crane silent. We have no idea where this is going.

FRANK

Why did you bury that file? That's what I kept asking myself. I got suspects up the ass on this thing but no doer. Then I had a really weird thought...

Crane swallows. Shit...

FRANK

I do a DNA match from your paternity file on that semen swab you pulled and gee. Guess what--

CRANE

(bitterly)

The brother was fucking the sister.

FRANK

(soft)

Bingo.

CRANE

I gave her everything...I made her....and she wanted me out of her life...

FRANK

You picked me hoping I'd go off on Eddie...kill him...put a bow on your dirty little secret...

CRANE

Miller...listen to me...

FRANK

Then you do Danielle 'cause I'm gettin close and you're gettin scared... Kaicho, he's collateral damage...you don't give a fuck who gets in your way.. you and Vance were working together.... setting Eddie up...but then you get greedy and Vance gets a sore throat...

Crane eyes him...Frank is clear-eyed...calm...

FRANK

"Force majeure"...that's what they call it right...if Eddie dies his shares go to his estate...Melanie's dead so you get it all... last man standing...

CRANE  
What are you trying to do Miller. Redeem yourself?

FRANK  
Oh I know I'm going to hell. Just trying to get a good room.

CRANE WHIPS OUT A 9MM

Blam blam blam!!! Frank never even drew his weapon.

AMES

Comes out the hall -- holding a gun. They stand over Crane who is bleeding to death on the floor.

CRANE  
I need a doctor.

AMES  
You need a priest.

CRANE  
You two think you're so fucking smart...  
Eddie killed her...

AMES  
Bullshit.

CRANE  
(coughs)  
I'm dying.

FRANK  
We're all dying.

CRANE  
(desperate)  
Look...Miller...you're right...I played you...owe you an apology...

FRANK  
No motherfucker, you owe me an amends. An apology is I'm sorry. An amends is, how can I make this right.

CRANE  
OK...Jesus...how can I make this ri--

Crane suddenly gasps. Dies.

FRANK  
(soft)  
You just did.

**INT. CRANE HOUSE - LATER**

Swarming with cops, CSS techs, etc. Frank with Ames.  
Ames levels a hard stare.

AMES

You gotta come clean with the girl.

**INT. REGINA APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Loud knocking on the door.

She's drinking coffee staring at a mindless sitcom with  
no sound on tv.

He has been knocking for awhile.

FRANK'S VOICE

Open the door.

She ignores him. He keeps knocking. She can't stand it.

REGINA

Get the fuck out of here!

FRANK'S VOICE

Would you just open the door--

REGINA

No--

FRANK'S VOICE

I can explain everythi--

REGINA

Go away!

FRANK'S VOICE

Two minutes. Give me two minutes.

REGINA

(acidly)

I'm not your fucking mother.

A long beat. Silence.

REGINA

...Frank?

She opens the door.

He's gone.

She starts to cry.

**BLACK**

Title: "Six Months Later"

**STRAIGHT EDGE RAZOR**

Lies on a sink. HAND comes into shot, takes it.

**CLOSE ON FRANK**

Holding the straight edge.

**INT. NURSING HOME - PISMO - DAY**

He is shaving his father with the straight edge. We are in his father's room at the nursing home...his father is old...blind...frail...stares straight ahead as Frank silently tenderly shaves him...

Newspaper on table is open to the business section.

HEADLINE over photo of EDDIE: "*Billion Dollar Boy -- Molloy File Share System Changes Music/DVD Landscape*"

**EXT. REDONDO BEACH - 5:45 A.M.**

Frank jogs up the strand past marina & pier complex. He's covered in sweat. Cuts over to Diamond Street. Picks up the pace. His face is a blank.

**INT. MINI-MARKET - 6:22 A.M.**

CU package of orange hostess cupcakes and carton of milk. Frank pays.

**INT. HIS KITCHEN - 6:40 A.M.**

Still in jogging clothes Frank breaks two raw eggs into a blender. Adds protein powder. Milk. The cupcakes. WHIRRR--

**INT. BEDROOM - DARK - QUIET - LATER**

Frank talking quietly on phone. Tortured. Drowning.

FRANK

Every day I dont see her a little piece of me dies.

VOICE ON PHONE

"Poor me". "Poor me". Pour me another drink--

And we suddenly get it...he's talking to his sponsor...

VOICE

Can we hear from....Frank M.?

**INT. AA MEETING - REDONDO - NIGHT**

Packed. Bright. Frank at the podium.

FRANK  
My name is Frank Miller and I'm an alcoholic.

EVERYONE  
HI FRANK.

FRANK  
I got six months two weeks three days.  
(beat)  
I'm a liar and a scumbag. You get in the  
way of what I need you're going down--

Something very real about him here...this is no bullshit...  
so different now...as it pours out of him...

FRANK  
But I dont have to live that way anymore.  
I dont have to vomit up blood and  
breakfast and walk around like a fucking  
zombie--

Suddenly spots someone in crowded back row.

**HIS POV - REGINA POPE**

His heart stops. They lock eyes.

FRANK  
(heartbreakingly soft)  
That was then. This is now.  
(and then)  
All I want is another chance.

Reg. Crying. Can't take it. Exits. He watches her go.

**INT. AA MEETING - LATER**

Meeting over. Frank shaking hands.

NEWCOMER  
Awesome share man. You told my story.

FRANK  
Oh yeah? How long you sober?

His eyes scan the room as they talk. She's not there.

**INT. AA MEETING - LATER**

Frank mops the floor. Just a few people left. Finishes  
up. Clicks off lights.

**EXT. AA PARKING LOT - FRANK - NIGHT**

Walking to his car. He looks raw. Wounded. Uncertain. Where is she? Reaches the Dodge and guess who's leaning against it...looking like a billion bucks...

**EDDIE MOLLOY**

Frank stops, thrown. Eddie grins.

EDDIE  
I got six months two weeks three days.  
Need a sponsor.

Frank stares, quiet. Eddie gestures a spiral notebook.

EDDIE  
We never read my inventory.

Frank sighs.

**INT. EDDIE'S MERCEDES - MOVING - NIGHT**

Full moon. They cruise up the coast. Eddie drives.

EDDIE  
I'm excited. You excited?

FRANK  
Gimme a break.

EDDIE  
Don't acid rain on my parade Frank. This is a big day for me.

FRANK  
Thought you were gonna read it--

EDDIE  
I lived it. Open that sucker up and lets get this party started. Page One.

FRANK  
(reads)  
"I was breast-fed the hard way. By my father."

Eddie cackles. Frank just stares.

EDDIE  
Joke. Sorry. Okay seriously. Ready?

FRANK  
Jesus Christ. Yes.

EDDIE  
Ready for Eddie?



FRANK  
What the hell is the matter with you.

EDDIE  
Read.

FRANK  
(reads)  
"The first thing you should know is, I  
killed my wi--"

Stops, stunned. Looks at Eddie. Big bad-ass .357 Magnum  
in Eddie's hand now.

EDDIE  
You fucked up Frank. I was on to you  
from the jump -- nobody's been in AA  
"five years" doesn't know The Lord's  
Prayer --

**FLASHCUT - AA MEETING**

Frank holding Regina's hand that first night he shared...  
eyes closed...end of the meeting...everybody reciting  
The Lord's Prayer except FRANK who clearly doesn't know  
the words...Eddie staring at him...

**INT. CAR - MOVING**

Eddie smiles, smug.

EDDIE  
And here we are.

FRANK  
Fuck you.

Sig in Frank's hand now. He cocks trigger. Stand-off.

EDDIE  
Very good. You got me. Now ask me,  
where's Regina.

Frank reacts...oh jesus...

EDDIE  
You ever wanna see her again you'll give  
me your fucking gun.

Frank swallows...no choice...hands over the Sig...

EDDIE  
Keep reading. Its all there. I did 'em  
all Frank...Danielle...Kaicho...Vance...  
even the Jane Doe in Miami....

## FLASHCUT - BARRETT'S OFFICE - BCI

He is pouring a cup of coffee in the background as camera pushes forward to one of several Miami Herald photos on his desk...its a shot of some beautiful lingerie models standing in front of the Miami Convention Center, arms linked around a man who smiles widely surrounded by hot babes and loving every minute of it...caption reads, "Lingerie Expo Stunning Success"...push in tight on man in the middle...it is not Alan Vance...its EDDIE.

## INT. CAR - MOVING

EDDIE  
Open the glove compartment.

FRANK  
I'm gonna fucking kill you.

EDDIE  
Open it. Because I just realized something.

Frank opens glove. Inside is a big bottle of vodka.

EDDIE  
We never even had one drink together.

Frank stares at the vodka...insane with rage...

EDDIE  
Drink it.

FRANK  
No.

EDDIE  
Drink it or she's fucking dead.

Frank. Takes the bottle. Opens. Swigs. It burns like a sonuvabitch. His heart jacks. Blood rushes into his ears like a roaring raging ocean.

EDDIE  
Again.

FRANK  
Motherfucker--!

EDDIE  
Drink it.

Frank drinks. Gags--

EDDIE  
All of it.

Frank chugs the bottle. Jekyll turns into Hyde as liquor is instantly absorbed into his bloodstream.

His face turns violent crimson red. He is hammered. Drops bottle. Slurs, his world spinning.

FRANK

Happy, asshole?

EDDIE

A toast! To Frank Miller! You played a very good alcoholic Frank. I especially liked the part where you tried to stop drinking and almost killed yourself.

FRANK

Suck my dick--

EDDIE

Hey! I saved your life.

**FLASHCUT**

Frank with the loaded Sig in his mouth in his apartment that night. Eddie watches thru window. Whips out cell.

**INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

FRANK

Where. Is. She.

Eddie grins. Doesn't answer.

**INT. MERCEDES - TRUNK - THAT MOMENT**

Regina bound and gagged inside. Muffled voices. It's like a fucking coffin in here. Buried alive. Terrified.

**EXT. 101 - THAT MOMENT**

Car swerves dangerously on winding road over jagged cliffs. Waves pounding.

EDDIE V/O

*I'm gonna make your life real easy now, Frank.*

**INT. MERCEDES**

EDDIE

I'm gonna end it.

FRANK

Do it.

Eddie slightly taken aback by that. Frank sways, tries to keep it all in focus...fucked up...dizzy...

FRANK

(slurs)

C'mon you little pussy. Fucking shoot me. I'm fucken dead anyway. Pull the fucken trigger you'll be doing me a fucken favor...

Eddie stares.

FRANK

FUCKING KILL ME! COME ON!

EDDIE

I WILL KILL YOU WHEN I FUCKING FEEL LIKE IT YOU COCKSUCKING PIECE OF--

Frank savagely backhands Eddie and wildly shoves the steering wheel. Eddie fires. The car veers wickedly to the left, crosses the double yellow, misses a truck and SAILS OFF THE FUCKING CLIFF.

EXT. 101

As the car in mid-air heads for the water. Eddie screams.

INT. CAR

Frank bleeding from a gunshot wound in the shoulder grabs the magnum and shoots Eddie just as the car hits water. The shot goes wild. The gun goes flying. Frank smashes against windshield from the mega-impact. Eddie violently hits dash like a rag doll.

INT. UNDERWATER

They are sinking into the ocean...dazed...bleeding...water gushing into the car...Frank unconscious...Eddie groggily comes to...they are totally underwater now and Eddie in slow motion spookily approaches Frank...hair floating like seaweed...holding his breath...STRAIGHT EDGE in his hand.. it glistens in refracted light of the full moon...Frank's eyes open...Eddie in front of him...no way out...straight edge starts to slice neck flesh...its all over..

EDDIE SUDDENLY JOLTS

As if from an electric shock.

Reveal Frank has ripped off his silver cross and STUCK IT IN EDDIE'S THROAT.

EDDIE DRIFTS AWAY

As Frank bleeding from neck and shoulder passes out and we now see THE TRUNK popped open and REGINA POPE swims towards his lifeless body...hands bound in front of her... pushing him up with her head and body....

**EXT. OCEAN**

Frank's head explodes to the surface...gasping for air...  
sputters..opens eyes..looks at Regina treading water next  
to him...peels off her gag...

REGINA

Untie me.

Barely conscious Frank somehow rips off adhesive taping her  
hands together. Slips into unconsciousness. She swims to  
shore with Frank in tow.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Doctor talking to Ames. Frank in bed hooked up to IV and  
beeping machines.

DOCTOR

His blood alcohol level was off the  
charts. Probably saved his life.

View shifts slightly to reveal Regina Pope by Frank's bed.  
His eyes open. They stare at each other.

REGINA

Hey.

He starts to cry...can barely speak...reaches out to touch  
her face....she rears back as if from a hot stove from his  
touch...the pain of her uncertainty pierces him...

Frank's thought to himself: *she hates me.* He squeezes  
out his words...vainly tries to make amends...

FRANK

Fucked up...was on the job...shoulda...told  
you....the problem was....

REGINA

Shhhhh.

(and then)

You are looking at the problem.

He smiles weakly. She holds him.

**BLACK**