

# INSEPARABLE

"Pilot"

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Third Network Draft

November 3, 2007

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INSEPARABLE

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FISHERMAN'S WHARF - NIGHT

Amid the hustle and flow of this heavily touristed, quasi-seedy strip of iconic real estate

A DASHING MAN WITH SHARP FEATURES

Cuts through the crowd like a shark. With an air of power and authority, he slips into a dank nightclub: *THE BLUE BULB*.

INT. THE BLUE BULB - NIGHT

Swathed in blue light -- duh -- the female servers are scantily clad and the men who ogle them look like extras from a Tarantino movie. The man who led us here, CLYDE, slips into a corner booth. Waiting for him are two other men: RAUL GARZA, thirties, heavily tattooed, and RICKY JASPER, a slight, weather-beaten twenty-nine.

CLYDE  
Evening, gents.

RAUL  
You're late, man.

CLYDE  
Sorry. I've been working a split shift.

RAUL  
If you want this done tonight...

CLYDE  
Plenty of time, Raul. What are you drinking?

RAUL  
Beer.

CLYDE  
(calling to a server)  
Sondra? Another beer please. Now then...

Clyde reaches into his coat and pulls out two envelopes.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Here's the address...

Clyde slides the first envelope toward Raul.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Here's the money...

Clyde slides the second envelope toward Raul.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
And here's a piece of paper...

Clyde slips a blank piece of paper toward Jasper.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
...for you to write down your name so I  
know *who the hell you are*.

Jasper reacts to Clyde's combative tone. Raul tenses.

RAUL  
He's my friend.

CLYDE  
He wasn't invited.

RAUL  
He helps me out sometimes.

Clyde holds, shakes his head.

CLYDE  
You see? This is the problem with  
counting on people. It's so easy to be  
disappointed. I hired YOU, Raul. If  
this thing gets messed up, you're  
responsible.

RAUL  
Don't worry. You want it to look like an  
accident, right?

Clyde holds, darkening.

CLYDE  
I think I'd prefer something with a  
little clearer intent.

And off Raul, we go

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ABOVE UNION SQUARE - LATER - NIGHT

We are outside a large condominium complex, surrounded by police and fire vehicles. As officials move in and out of the building, residents mill on the sidewalk, wrapped in robes and blankets, all attempting to suss out the details of this unfolding drama. At the top of the street,

A LONE FIGURE

Appears. Though we can't see his face, we can make out the unmistakable form of a wheelchair. The figure holds, cast in silhouette against the moon, as we go

INT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - SECOND FLOOR UNIT - NIGHT

Amidst roaming detectives and coroner's officials

THE BODIES OF TWO MEN

Lie dead on the floor. The older one, in t-shirt and boxers, has multiple stab wounds in his chest. The younger, wearing jeans and a tank top, has a large gash across his throat.

A knife lies prominently between them.

A balcony door is open, the TV is on (sound off), and a pillow and blanket are visible on the couch.

LIEUTENANT CURTIS CALLAS, 38, smart, grounded, built like a whippet, is getting the download from a cocky young detective, RYAN FARBER.

CURTIS

Which one's the owner?

FARBER

Boxer shorts. Name's Lee Eckoff. He's the chief administrator at St. Francis hospital. Manager said he just moved in last week. No I.D. on the other guy. We think the killer took his wallet.

CURTIS

Drugs?

FARBER

(nods)

The medicine cabinet was hit pretty good. Lotta empty pill bottles.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FARBER (CONT'D)

We figure the suspect came over the balcony, found this guy asleep on the couch and Eckoff in the bedroom. The men woke up, fight ensued, and the killer got out the same way he came.

(pointing)

The knife's Eckoff's. Matches a set on the counter.

CURTIS

I want an I.D. on the friend.

LAMBREAUX (O.S.)

He wasn't a friend.

Curtis turns to discover

JUSTIN LAMBREAUX

Our figure in the wheelchair, now nestled in the doorway. How long he's been here is anyone's guess.

Though in his early forties, Lambreaux's age is hard to define as his head is perpetually hung at a sixty degree angle, casting him in shadow, and forcing his eyes to wrench high up toward his skull to see. Framing this unsettling visage are two giant, stainless steel crutches wrapped around his forearms, and a large metal brace traversing his left leg. Add the worn trenchcoat, matted hair, raspy voice, and labored breathing, the overall effect is not unlike Ironside meets the Elephant Man. Not that Lambreaux's disfigured or weak. In fact, the right side of his body, the mobile side, is actually quite powerful.

CURTIS

Justin.

LAMBREAUX

Curtis.

CURTIS

Here to offer a second opinion?

LAMBREAUX

Only if you're interested.

FARBER

Who is this guy?

CURTIS

Someone you should know.

(CONTINUED)

As Farber reacts, Lambreaux eases his chair forward. He studies the two victims, then, without looking back:

LAMBREAUX  
What was in the oven?

Farber reacts.

FARBER  
Nothing.

LAMBREAUX  
Then why is it open?

Farber looks off and sees that the oven door is indeed open. Using his crutches, Lambreaux slowly pulls himself to his feet, then, leaving the two dead men, drags himself toward the kitchen. As the other cops watch with a mixture of fear and admiration, Lambreaux twists a knob on the stove with his one good hand. CLICK.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)  
How many pill bottles were empty?

FARBER  
Most of them.

LAMBREAUX  
Any contain medications that could be lethal in an overdose?

FARBER  
Uh...

LAMBREAUX  
Easy to confirm, as I suspect the killer dumped them.

FARBER  
Why would he do that?

LAMBREAUX  
Because I believe he wanted this to look like a suicide.

Farber reacts. Looks at Curtis.

FARBER  
Who is this guy?

CURTIS  
Relax.

As Farber reluctantly bites his tongue, Lambreaux looks at the open balcony door, then back to the stove.

LAMBREAUX

I agree with your theory that the suspect came over the balcony, Detective -- but he didn't leave that way, and he didn't take anyone's wallet.

As Farber reacts, Lambreaux leaves the kitchen, inching his way back toward the victims.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

By dumping the pills, the killer hoped we'd think Eckoff had found his cupboard bare, leaving him no choice but to come out here, open the oven, and turn on the gas. Which would have been a fine cover for a murder -- if the oven had worked.

As this lands, Farber moves toward the kitchen.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

Check behind the stove and you'll see that the gas line hasn't been hooked up yet. This made the killer's plan obsolete, so when Eckoff confronted him, he had no choice but to use the knife.

With great effort, Lambreaux lowers himself to one knee, hovering over the bodies.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

But Eckoff didn't go down easy. He fought.

(pointing)

Just look at the bruises on his attacker's face.

Lambreaux is motioning toward *the guy in the tank top*, whom we may now recognize as JASPER from our opening scene.

FARBER

Wait a minute... You think our John Doe is the killer?

LAMBREAUX

I'm certain of it.

CURTIS

But with all those stab wounds, how did Eckoff manage to get the knife --

LAMBREAUX

He didn't. If you look at Eckoff's right hand, you'll see that one of his fingers has been bitten off at the knuckle.

(pointedly)

Would you like to retrieve it, Curtis -- or shall I?

Realizing, Curtis moves toward Jasper. Crouching down, he warily reaches into the large, gaping wound in the man's throat, and after some disturbing effort, pulls out --

-- a *bloody finger*. Curtis looks at Lambreaux in amazement. Son-of-a-bitch.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

Having almost choked to death myself on a number of occasions, I can tell you from experience that a man will do almost anything to clear his windpipe -- even cut his own throat. This is your killer, gentlemen. Now, all we have to do is find out *who hired him*.

And as Farber reacts, Lambreaux settles into his wheelchair, turns, and disappears out the door. Off Curtis, blown away --

DISSOLVE TO:

A YELLOW LEGAL PAD

As a Mont Blanc cuts a sharp, black line down the center of the page. The pen's owner then draws a header across the top, writing the word FACTS in the left hand corner, and FABRICATIONS in the right. BACK TO REVEAL LAMBREAUX, now seated in a hearing room with his attorney, SAM RECKLAND.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HEARING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Lambreaux listens attentively as his ex-wife, CAMILLE NOCELLA, answers questions from the stand. Camille is thirty-four, well put together, and painfully passive aggressive. Present are JUDGE DAVID GLASS, a puffy 50's, a bailiff, a female court reporter, and Camille's two attorneys, ANDREA FIELD and RICHARD SOLOMON. Solomon is an unctuous prick.

SOLOMON

Ms. Nocella -- how long were you married to Mr. Lambreaux?

CAMILLE

Nine years.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON  
And when was your divorce final?

CAMILLE  
Thirteen months ago.

SOLOMON  
And since that time, the two of you have shared custody of your daughter. Will you tell the judge why you wish to change this arrangement?

CAMILLE  
Because I believe my ex-husband is abusing our child.

Lambreaux takes a deep breath, writing the word ABUSE under the FABRICATIONS column of his legal pad.

SOLOMON  
Why is that?

CAMILLE  
After being with her father, Emily often comes home with cuts and bruises on her body.

SOLOMON  
After being with her father. And have you questioned her about this?

CAMILLE  
She won't tell me anything. She's very protective of him.

SOLOMON  
Have you questioned Mr. Lambreaux?

CAMILLE  
Many times. He denies the problem even exists.

Off Lambreaux, writing DENIAL in his FABRICATIONS column, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - HEARING ROOM - LATER

Lambreaux is now on the stand. Solomon is examining him.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

Mr. Lambreaux -- what do you do for a living?

LAMBREAUX

I'm a consultant for the San Francisco Police Department.

SOLOMON

A consultant on what?

LAMBREAUX

Homicide. I assist detectives with their cases, analyze crime scenes...

SOLOMON

Are you a detective yourself?

LAMBREAUX

I used to be.

SOLOMON

Do you know a woman named Mary Odesti?

Lambreaux tightens.

LAMBREAUX

I did.

SOLOMON

Has she ever worked for you?

LAMBREAUX

She did some driving for me last year.

SOLOMON

Driving?

LAMBREAUX

I don't like to drive.

SOLOMON

Why is that?

Lambreaux pointedly strains to look up at Solomon.

LAMBREAUX

I've got kind of a lead foot.

Solomon offers a patronizing smile. Lambreaux would like to rip it off his face. Solomon opens a file and pulls out a small document.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

Your honor, this is a copy of an email Ms. Odesti wrote to Mr. Lambreaux shortly before she left his employ. I'd like him to read it aloud.

Solomon hands Lambreaux the document.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Mr. Lambreaux?

Lambreaux sighs, looks at his attorney. Reckland nods. They knew this was coming.

LAMBREAUX

(reading)

"Dear Justin -- Even as I write this, I'm afraid of what your reaction might be, but I couldn't live with myself if I didn't share my concern. I believe that on the whole, you're a good man, blessed with integrity and character, and I'm certain that you love your daughter very much. But over the last few months, Emily has revealed a side of you to me that I find very disturbing. I realize that you may view this as none of my business, but before I speak with her mother, I'd like to discuss this matter with you in person. Please contact me at your earliest convenience. With a prayer for your understanding -- Mary."

SOLOMON

Any comment?

LAMBREAUX

She was a very disturbed woman.

SOLOMON

Is that a professional opinion?

LAMBREAUX

I'm not a psychiatrist, but that was my experience.

SOLOMON

Did you ever respond to this?

LAMBREAUX

No.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON  
Did you ever discuss it with your  
daughter?

LAMBREAUX  
No.

Solomon looks at Camille, then --

SOLOMON  
Your Honor, as Ms. Nocella was never  
contacted by Ms. Odesti, we are in the  
process of trying to locate her...

LAMBREAUX  
You're wasting your time.

SOLOMON  
Excuse me?

LAMBREAUX  
You're wasting your time.  
(beat)  
Mary Odesti committed suicide ten months  
ago.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Lambreaux and Reckland walk toward the parking lot.

LAMBREAUX  
We're losing, Sam.

RECKLAND  
No, we're not.

LAMBREAUX  
Watch the judge. When he's not ogling  
the court reporter he's shooting  
reassuring glances at my-ex wife. That  
email should never have been allowed.

RECKLAND  
I think it could work for us. Camille's  
lawyer may try and use it to justify  
another psych eval for Emily -- which can  
only be good news.

LAMBREAUX  
For who?

RECKLAND

You. Your daughter adores you, Justin.  
Her last evaluation was very positive.  
No reason to think these results will be  
any different.

LAMBREAUX

But I don't want her going through that  
again. That shrink tore her apart.

Lambreaux suddenly stops dead in his tracks.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Reckland follows Lambreaux's gaze to see

A YELLOW POST-IT NOTE

Stuck on the windshield of Reckland's car. Lambreaux takes a  
wary look around, then reluctantly pulls it off. Written  
with a *mocking flourish* are the words: **YOU'RE PATHETIC.**

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

Well, at least this one's relatively  
kind.

RECKLAND

What is that?

LAMBREAUX

A note from Herman Goode.

RECKLAND

Who?

LAMBREAUX

Herman Goode was a building contractor in  
Yuba City who hacked up his entire family  
and fed them to his dog. I was one of  
the cops who put him away.

RECKLAND

And he's leaving post-its on my car?

LAMBREAUX

He hates me. He thinks I'm the reason he  
was declared insane. Irony is, if the  
court hadn't thought he was nuts, he'd  
have gone to a real prison instead of the  
minimum security playpen he was released  
from.

(CONTINUED)

RECKLAND  
(with concern)  
Are your people looking for this guy?

LAMBREAUX  
So they tell me. He must have been  
expecting you to drive me home.

Reckland shakes his head, opens his car door.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)  
Look, Sam -- I don't care what Camille's  
lawyer wants -- the guy's a bastard and  
I'm not going to let him force any more  
shrinks on my daughter.

RECKLAND  
Don't worry about that now. Just get  
some rest, okay? I'll see you tomorrow.

And as Reckland drives off, we stay with Lambreaux, holding  
the post-it. As he stares at it, his hand begins to shake,  
and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DOWNTOWN - LATER - DAY

Raul Garza, the heavily tattooed man we met in our opening  
scene, emerges and starts hustling up the street. Taking the  
occasional nervous glance over his shoulder, he turns back to  
discover

CLYDE

Blocking his path.

CLYDE  
Hello, Raul.

Raul tenses.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Late for another appointment?

CLICK. A pearl-handled switchblade appears in Clyde's hand.

RAUL  
Hey, man...

(CONTINUED)

BOOM. Clyde rams the knife deep into Raul's thigh, and as Raul SCREAMS, Clyde wraps his arm around Raul's head and slams it down into his shoulder.

CLYDE  
(taut whisper)  
You let me down.

Clyde digs the knife deeper. Raul is struggling to pull himself away, struggling to breathe, but Clyde is too strong.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
You sent your friend to do the job and he failed miserably. The police now believe this was a murder-for-hire -- and they'll be looking for *me*.

Clyde suddenly releases Raul and SLAMS him to the ground.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
That's just not acceptable.

As Raul gasps for air, Clyde raises the knife for the coup de grace', but SEES

AN APPROACHING POLICE CAR

In the rear view mirror of a parked car. Raul sees it to, and immediately backpedals to his feet, limps into the intersection, and hops a passing trolley.

As Clyde darkens, watching Raul and the trolley disappear, the police car drives past him. Clyde turns, looks down at his watch, and we HEAR:

EMILY (V.O.)  
You look tired, Daddy.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

Lambreaux, in his wheelchair, is parked against a chain link fence. On the other side, visible against a backdrop of kids on a playground, is EMILY LAMBREAUX, eight going on twenty, half Wendy in "Peter Pan," half Tatum O'Neal in "Paper Moon."

EMILY  
And you need a haircut.

LAMBREAUX  
I do?

Lambreaux pushes down his hair. A couple kids in the b.g. can be seen pointing at him and laughing.

EMILY  
How's work?

LAMBREAU  
Alright. Yours?

EMILY  
I got an "A" on my social studies report.

LAMBREAU  
Congratulations.

EMILY  
Thanks. The teacher said I'd made some "very astute observations."

LAMBREAU  
I'm sure you did. Boys being nice to you?

EMILY  
Yeah.

LAMBREAU  
(teasing)  
I bet they all want your phone number.

EMILY  
(smiles)  
No, they don't.

LAMBREAU  
But you're not giving it to them are you?

EMILY  
(laughs)  
Dad!

LAMBREAU  
Because you never know about people -- they could be nice on the outside, but...

EMILY  
(mock serious; a la Dad)  
...you never know.

Lambreaux smiles again. Emily reaches out to touch his hand through the fence. He grabs her finger.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I miss you, Daddy.

LAMBREAUX  
I miss you too.

EMILY  
When can I come to your house again?

Off Lambreaux, wishing he knew, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lambreaux rolls in, drops his crutches, and hits some lights. His home is a spare, uncluttered modern, dominated by stacks of books, periodicals, and numerous pictures of Emily. As he moves toward the kitchen, CAMERA lingers on one particular photo in a tarnished, silver frame:

A PORTRAIT OF A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY AND NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL

An engraving on the frame bears the names *Justin and Claire*. We HOLD on the photo for a beat, perhaps recognizing the boy as a young Lambreaux, then go

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lambreaux enters, hits the button on his speaker phone, and punches in the code for his voice mail. Lambreaux grabs a can of soup as his messages come up:

EMILY'S VOICE  
Hi Daddy. I just wanted to tell you good night. I love you very much.

BEEP. Lambreaux reacts. A reason to go on living.

CAMILLE'S VOICE  
Justin -- Emily just told me that you showed up at her school today. I don't know what you're trying to pull, but you know you're not allowed...

Lambreaux hits the button. BEEP.

MAN'S VOICE  
Hello, loser.

Lambreaux reacts. Turns up the volume on the machine.

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

How'd things go in court today? Not so Goode, huh? Maybe that lawyer needs a real man to stand up to him.

(beat)

See you around, gimpy.

BEEP. Lambreaux is frozen, hardly hearing the next message.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Hey, Justin. It's Curtis. Call me.

MACHINE

You have no more messages.

BEEP. Off Lambreaux, darkening, we go

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - OFFICE - ON A FILING CABINET - NIGHT

The drawer whips open and a hand tears through the files, landing on the name HERMAN GOODE. The file is opened and inside we see thirty odd post-its, all with the same flowery writing: **CRIPPLE, WEENIE, LOSER, COWARD**, etc. Lambreaux tosses the most recent one in the folder as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - OFFICE - ON A VIDEO SCREEN - NIGHT

On video, Lambreaux and a FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST are interviewing a burly man in his late thirties: Herman Goode. They are in a detention cell. A date flashes red in the lower right hand corner of the screen: 4/12/06.

REVEAL LAMBREAUX in his wheelchair, sans crutches and leg brace, watching himself on TV.

GOODE

I'm not crazy.

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

Can you tell us why you killed your family?

GOODE

They didn't treat me right. I worked my ass off every day to support 'em, but they never gave me nothing. I just got fed up.

LAMBREAUX

There must have been other alternatives.

(CONTINUED)



INT. CURTIS' BUICK - MOVING - NIGHT

Curtis drives, Lambreaux rides shotgun.

CURTIS

That was sharp work you did last night, Justin. The new guy was very impressed. And your bogus suicide theory seems to be holding. We found a bunch of pills in the garbage disposal and a rental car outside with an envelope full of cash in the glove.

LAMBREAUX

(looks off; distracted)  
I'll keep working with your boy.

Curtis nods, studies him.

CURTIS

So -- how'd things go in court today?

LAMBREAUX

Not great.

CURTIS

That messing with you?

Lambreaux turns and looks back at Curtis suspiciously.

LAMBREAUX

Where are we going, Curtis?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LAMBREAUX'S POV - MOVING - NIGHT

We're down by the Embarcadero. A number of cop cars, fire trucks, and ambulances are gathered outside.

CURTIS

You recognize this place?

LAMBREAUX

No.

Curtis turns the car into the underground parking lot.

CURTIS

Good.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Curtis and Lambreaux pull up to a crime scene. Curtis moves around to the trunk, pulls out Lambreaux's wheelchair, and helps Lambreaux into it. Forcing their way through the crowd, our twosome come upon

THE UPPER TORSO OF RICHARD SOLOMON

Bound to a support post, seriously dead, his Mercedes smashed against him. From the numerous skid marks on the ground, it appears the car went back and forth a number of times before actually *cutting Solomon's body in two*. Even Lambreaux, who has seen an awful lot of this sort of thing, is repulsed.

CURTIS

Your ex's attorney, right?

LAMBREAUX

(stunned)

Yeah.

CURTIS

And what do you make of that?

Curtis is pointing at an ominous message, written in blood, on the rear window of the car: *IF YOU WON'T DRIVE I WILL*.

LAMBREAUX

(sighs)

Herman Goode.

CURTIS

What?

LAMBREAUX

Goode was at the courthouse today. He left me another note. The bastard must have followed Solomon home.

Curtis looks at Lambreaux warily.

CURTIS

Why?

LAMBREAUX

Why not? He's insane.

CURTIS

Even so. The man wasn't trying to take *his* kid away.

(CONTINUED)

Lambreaux looks at Curtis. Doesn't like his tone.

LAMBREAUX  
You think I had something to do with  
this?

CURTIS  
No, but I heard there was some talk this  
morning about your driving. The court  
reporter told us...

LAMBREAUX  
You spoke to the court reporter??

CURTIS  
Just following up.

LAMBREAUX  
Oh, hell, Curtis...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Justin?

Lambreaux and Curtis turn to discover

MASON WICKS

Early thirties, sharp heels, sharper mind. Wicks is the  
female psychiatrist we saw in the Herman Goode video. She  
works Jung, debunks Freud, loves a good beer on the wharf --  
and Lambreaux's always had a thing for her.

LAMBREAUX  
Wicks. What are you doing here?

CURTIS  
I asked her to come down.

LAMBREAUX  
Why??

CURTIS  
Because I know you've been having a rough  
time lately...

LAMBREAUX  
Curtis -- *I didn't do this* and I don't  
need a shrink.

CURTIS

Well maybe *I* need one, okay? I mean, you're a great cop, Justin -- best there is in my book, but there's gonna be a lotta questions here and I want to be able to answer them. Just talk to her, alright? Do me a favor and talk to her.

And as Curtis moves off, Lambreaux holds. Wicks tries to deflect the tension.

WICKS

So -- how you been?

LAMBREAUX

Fabulous.

WICKS

I've missed seeing you, Justin.

LAMBREAUX

Yeah, well -- I'm sure all the other psycho cops have kept you very busy.

WICKS

I heard about you and Camille. I'm sorry.

LAMBREAUX

Thanks.

WICKS

So -- you want to get together? Maybe come by my office in the morning?  
(smiles conspiratorially)  
You still haven't told me all your secrets.

Lambreaux studies her. Then, without a trace of humor:

LAMBREAUX

Careful what you wish for.

And with that unnerving comment, Lambreaux rolls off. We stay with Wicks, watching him with concern, then PUSH PAST HER to pick up those bloody, haunting words once more:

***IF YOU WON'T DRIVE I WILL***

GO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - THE NEXT MORNING

As The Killers' "*This River is Wild*" UNDERSCORES --

CLYDE

Strides down the boardwalk with his head-turning air. He passes a newspaper vending machine. On the cover is the story of Richard Solomon's murder complete with a picture of Lambreaux in the b.g. Below is a follow-up piece on the murder of Lee Eckoff, the hospital administrator, focusing on how the police suspect it was a murder-for-hire.

As Clyde pops a couple quarters in the machine, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MASON WICKS' OFFICE - MORNING

Lambreaux is studying the same newspaper. He sits in his wheelchair before a window revealing the Golden Gate bridge.

LAMBREAUX

(into phone)

...Yeah, we want to know who rented the car and maybe more importantly, who paid for it... Right. I'll talk to you later.

Lambreaux clicks off. Wicks pokes her head in.

WICKS

You want any coffee? Tea?

LAMBREAUX

No, thanks.

Wicks disappears again. Lambreaux looks around the space. It's modern but warm, much like its occupant. Lambreaux notes a large bouquet of roses on Wicks' desk.

WICKS (O.S.)

I hope you didn't mind me showing up last night, Justin. But when Curtis told me what had happened...

LAMBREAUX

You seeing someone, Wicks?

(CONTINUED)

WICKS (O.S.)

What?

LAMBREAUX

Are you seeing someone?

Wicks returns. Notes Lambreaux taking in the flowers.

WICKS

Oh. Uh... Not really. I just had a date.

LAMBREAUX

Nice date.

Wicks shrugs, settles into a chair with her cup of tea.

WICKS

So. You look good.

LAMBREAUX

No, I don't.

WICKS

You still going to therapy?

LAMBREAUX

No.

WICKS

Why not?

LAMBREAUX

With an injury like mine, after a year, your body's pretty much locked in. My left side can't move, but feels everything. My right side's mobile, but feels nothing. It's called Brown-Sequard Syndrome, and believe me, it's an adventure.

(lifting his right hand)

I could put this hand through a steel door, break all my bones, and not feel a thing. But this one...

Lambreaux lifts his left hand with his right.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

Extremely sensitive to hot and cold, and ultimately, good for nothing.

He lets the hand drop with a thud.

(CONTINUED)

WICKS  
So, no more skydiving.

LAMBREAUX  
Not lately.

WICKS  
How's the divorce situation?

LAMBREAUX  
Terrible. Camille's accusing me of child abuse, and because Emily's a rough and tumble kid, she may have some scrapes they'll try to hang on me.

WICKS  
I'm sorry. When did you last see her?

LAMBREAUX  
Yesterday. I stopped by her school.  
(mock bad boy)  
Broke the rules.  
(beat)  
You're looking at me like a shrink,  
Wicks. What's up?

WICKS  
A man's been killed.

LAMBREAUX  
Yeah. But I didn't do it.

WICKS  
Okay -- but your ex-wife's accusing you of child abuse. Your best friend at the department's looking for a guy you claim is stalking you, but no one's found a shred of evidence suggesting this man's even alive. And last night, the attorney fighting to take your daughter away was murdered. You'll forgive me if I'm a little concerned.

LAMBREAUX  
Look -- after all I've been through in the last three years -- the shooting, Camille leaving me, my learning to get around in this thing -- if I were going to do something crazy, it would have happened a long time ago.

WICKS

How come you never told me about Mary Odesti?

Lambreaux reacts.

LAMBREAUX

Did this come from Curtis too?

WICKS

Why did you fire her?

LAMBREAUX

Because she was crazy. Mary Odesti was a hardcore fundamentalist who kept talking about good and evil and heaven and hell and trying to impose her beliefs on me and my daughter -- and I thought it was totally inappropriate.

WICKS

But why didn't you tell me what happened?

LAMBREAUX

I don't know. It just didn't seem important at the time.

WICKS

A woman hanging herself?

LAMBREAUX

What? You think I killed her too??

WICKS

I'm not saying that. But you've always had a tendency to disassociate -- and I learned something a few days ago...

LAMBREAUX

Wicks. I know you've got to do what you've got to do, but this isn't helping. I thought you were my friend.

WICKS

I am.

LAMBREAUX

Not today.

With his right hand, Lambreaux flips the switch on his chair, turns and starts moving out of her office.

(CONTINUED)

WICKS

Justin, I only want to help...

But Lambreaux is already gone. Off Wicks, torn, we hear --

JUDGE GLASS (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen...

INT. COURTHOUSE - HEARING ROOM - DAY

Lambreaux is back in court, his head hung in shadow once more. Seated next to his attorney, he's clutching his Facts/Fabrications legal pad. Camille stands with her second attorney, Andrea Field, while Judge Glass addresses the room.

JUDGE GLASS

In light of yesterday's tragedy, I'm postponing this hearing for two days to give the petitioner and her attorney time to regroup.

FIELD

Thank you, your honor. This has obviously been very traumatic for us. Our only request is that, per Mr. Solomon's wishes, a second psychiatric evaluation be given to Emily Lambreaux.

Lambreaux reacts, looks at his attorney, Sam Reckland.

LAMBREAUX

(under his breath)

No.

Reckland shushes him.

FIELD

We feel the child should have the opportunity to comment on Ms. Odesti's email, and perhaps shed some light on the concerns she was alluding to.

LAMBREAUX

(louder; to Reckland)

Stop this.

JUDGE GLASS

Mr. Lambreaux -- if you have something to say, I suggest you let your attorney say it for you.

Lambreaux looks at Reckland again. Do it.

(CONTINUED)

RECKLAND

Your Honor, my client feels that a second psychiatric evaluation might be excessive, and perhaps even damaging to his daughter.

JUDGE GLASS

Under normal circumstances, I would agree. But the last evaluation was conducted during the Lambreauxs' divorce proceeding, and prior to Ms. Odesti's email, so...

LAMBREAUX

That email should never have been admitted. It's hearsay.

RECKLAND

Justin...

LAMBREAUX

How anyone could possibly take that woman seriously...

RECKLAND

Justin, stop this.

LAMBREAUX

I'm the girl's father, for God's sake!

JUDGE GLASS

Mr. Lambreaux -- if you don't obey the rules of this court, I will be forced to find you in contempt.

Tense beat. Lambreaux looks at the Judge, at Reckland --

JUDGE GLASS (CONT'D)

If this is in any way representative of your self-control as a parent...

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON LAMBREAUX'S RIGHT HAND as it shakily picks up the pen and begins writing these words under the FABRICATIONS heading on his note pad:

*LACK OF SELF CONTROL*

RECKLAND (V.O.)

We're sorry, your honor. It won't happen again.

JUDGE GLASS (V.O.)

It had better not. Or you will leave me no alternative...

(CONTINUED)

Lambreaux's right hand continues to write:

*NO ALTERNATIVE*

JUDGE GLASS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...but to make a temporary order...

*TEMPORARY ORDER*

JUDGE GLASS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...giving full custody of the child to  
Ms. Nocella. Do you understand me?

Lambreaux doesn't respond. His right hand is shaking severely.

Suddenly, Lambreaux's *left* hand, his *immobile* hand, moves across the table and gently places itself on top of the right. The right hand stops shaking.

JUDGE GLASS (CONT'D)  
Mr. Lambreaux, do you understand me?

Lambreaux's left hand now slowly withdraws the pen from his right, and with icy precision, writes two chilling words:

***I UNDERSTAND***

Lambreaux then turns his wheelchair around, moves down the center aisle, and blasts right out the courtroom doors.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

In a series of QUICK CUTS, we see

-- TWO FOREARM CRUTCHES quickly detached and thrown to the ground.

-- A METAL LEG BRACE ripped off and slammed into a trash receptacle.

-- TWO HANDS wrapping themselves tightly around the arms of a wheelchair.

LAMBREAUX defiantly pushes himself skyward into a standing position. But he's not finished yet. As CAMERA PUSHES IN on him, Lambreaux lifts his head, and for the first time in our show, we get a clear look at his face.

He's CLYDE -- and he looks just like a movie star.

(CONTINUED)

Clyde is Justin Lambreaux if every suit fit him like an Armani.

Clyde is Justin Lambreaux if he had all the charm and confidence of Jude Law.

Clyde is Justin Lambreaux, taller, stronger, sexier... *Re-Born*.

After pausing to take in his powerful image, Clyde pulls off his jacket, then suddenly, brutally, grabs the wheelchair and SMASHES it into the mirror. As glass EXPLODES into a thousand pieces, we

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Sam Reckland emerges into the sunlight, looking for his client. As he glances around nervously, wondering how Lambreaux could have gotten so far

A TALL MAN IN AN OPEN-COLLARED WHITE SHIRT

Slips past him and starts moving purposefully down the steps. Reckland looks after the man, thrown for a moment, perhaps recognizing... But no. It couldn't be...

As the man continues, now taking two steps at a time --

RECKLAND

Excuse me?

Reaching the sidewalk, the man turns.

CLYDE

Yes?

Even the voice is different. Stronger. Clearer. No trace of the familiar rasp. Reckland reacts with confusion. The guy looks somewhat familiar, but...

RECKLAND

I... I'm sorry. I thought you were... someone else.

As Clyde holds, smiling that Kodachrome smile, he turns, slips into the crowd on the street -- and disappears.

GO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. EST. KING'S HOTEL - BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

An older establishment, dressed up for the lunch crowd. Clyde turns a corner and slips into the building.

INT. KING'S HOTEL BAR - DAY

A dark, smoky pothole, peppered with locals and business folk. Clyde surveys the room, catching sight of

A LONE BRUNETTE

Huddled in a corner booth. The woman is dressed in a short skirted suit with one too many buttons opened on her blouse. She's got a cell phone in one hand and a brown paper bag in the other.

Clyde approaches her, brazenly sitting down at her table. The woman looks up, startled.

CLYDE  
Hello, Sara.

The woman reacts.

SARA  
Do I know you?

CLYDE  
You do now.

SARA  
How did you know my name?

Clyde takes Sara's arm and turns it over. We see the letters S A R A tattooed across her wrist. Clyde smiles. Sara pulls back her hand self-consciously.

CLYDE  
What are you drinking?

SARA  
Uh... I'm waiting for someone.

CLYDE  
Well, while you're waiting, what are you drinking?

Sara can't believe this guy. Sure, he's cute, but...

(CONTINUED)

SARA  
You're very forward.

Clyde slowly leans toward her. All charm.

CLYDE  
Let me tell you a secret. There are only three kinds of people in this world: people who make things happen, people who watch things happen, and people who wonder what happened. Take this guy...

Clyde picks up a copy of the newspaper with the picture of Lambreaux on the cover. He holds it right next to his face.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Now, why does he look so lost?

Sara studies the photo. Clearly she doesn't recognize this man as the same person who's seated before her.

SARA  
Maybe he's got problems.

CLYDE  
You have no idea.

Clyde tosses the paper aside.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Now -- what are you drinking?

SARA  
My friend is going to be here any minute.

CLYDE  
No, he isn't.

Sara reacts. Clyde points at a clock.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
It's twenty 'til two. The lunch hour's almost over, but you're still clinging to that cell phone like a wet blanket. My bet is he got hung up with his wife.

Sara's eyes widen. His wife? Clyde's hit the bullseye and her reaction confirms it.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, but a hotel bar in the middle of the afternoon?

SARA  
Who are you?

Clyde holds for a beat, looks around, then --

CLYDE  
My name's Clyde. Well, actually that's  
my middle name. But I kind of like it,  
don't you? I think it has a nice,  
ironic, old school ring.

Before Sara can respond, her cell phone RINGS. She lifts it  
to her ear. Clyde watches her intently.

SARA  
(into phone)  
Hello?...Hi...Yes, of course I'm  
here...Oh...  
(she looks off)  
I wish you'd called sooner...No, no, it's  
fine...It's fine...  
(sighs)  
Right...bye.

Sara hangs up. Holds. Smiles self-consciously -- then her  
eyes well up.

SARA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

CLYDE  
It's alright. The problem with counting  
on people is that it's so easy to be  
disappointed.

Sara wipes her eyes, then --

SARA  
Maybe I will have that drink.

CLYDE  
(calling o.s.)  
Bartender? Two Martinis please.  
(then)  
What's in the bag?

SARA  
Records.

CLYDE  
You mean like... vinyl records?

SARA

Yes.

CLYDE

Mind if I take a peek?

Sara shakes her head. Clyde reaches into the bag and pulls out an old forty-five. He examines the label.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Doris Day. Wow. I don't think I've ever met anyone with a Doris Day record.

SARA

It was a gift.

CLYDE

For him?

Sara nods. Shrugs.

SARA

He likes old music.

CLYDE

Do you know this song?

SARA

No.

Clyde leans in close to her -- and starts to *sing*:

CLYDE

*Tea for two, and two for tea, and me for you, and you for me...*

(beat)

*Alone.*

(beat)

That's all I know.

Sara holds a beat -- then breaks into a big smile.

SARA

That was very good.

CLYDE

Thank you. Now, it's your turn.

SARA

I don't sing.

CLYDE  
Didn't stop me.

SARA  
But I really don't sing.

CLYDE  
Well...

Clyde smiles provocatively.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
What do you do?

Sara holds, her eyes sparkling. The Martinis have arrived. She takes a sip, smiles, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KING'S HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Sara and Clyde are on the bed, going at it like wildfire. As their pace quickens, so does the pounding of the HEARTBEAT that grows louder and faster with each pelvic thrust -- deeper, darker, scarier. At the peak moment, we PUSH in on Sara's mouth as she lets out a THUNDEROUS SCREAM. The SCREAM carries us to --

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Lambreaux leaps up in bed. He's shaking, drenched in his own sweat. He strains to look at the clock: four A.M. We see that his head is back in its sixty degree position, and the left side of his body is once again immobile.

Was it all a dream?

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lacking for crutches, Lambreaux drags himself into the bathroom, reaches up, and turns on the light. He faces the mirror. Looks like shit. With his one good hand, Lambreaux splashes water on his face. But as he turns the water off, he HEARS a haunting sound. A scratchy, *old* sound.

DORIS DAY (O.S.)  
*Picture me upon your knee, with tea for  
two, and two for tea...*

Lambreaux spins around in astonishment.

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Still on the floor, Lambreaux drags himself down the hall, approaching his living room. The MUSIC is growing louder.

DORIS DAY (O.S.)  
*Just me for you, and you for me...*

Lambreaux reaches the entry and looks into his living room.

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dead center, glowing like an alien, is an old, pink, child's record player. A forty-five eerily spins.

DORIS DAY  
*Tea for two, and two for tea, alone...*

Lambreaux slowly approaches the little machine.

DORIS DAY (CONT'D)  
*Nobody near us...*

He reaches down to lift the needle...

DORIS DAY (CONT'D)  
*To see us, or hear us...*

Then sees the post-it, plastered on the turntable.

**FACE THE MUSIC**

As Lambreaux reacts -- DING DONG -- he almost jumps off the floor, ripping the needle across the little record.

Stuffing the post-it in his pocket, Lambreaux crawls back into the entry hall, grabs the edge of a table, and awkwardly pulls himself to his feet.

LAMBREAUX  
(calling to the door)  
Who is it?

MAN (O.S.)  
Police.

Lambreaux looks through the peep hole -- and opens the door.

INT./EXT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two uniformed cops are standing on Lambreaux's front stoop. They react to Lambreaux's unstable, disheveled appearance.

(CONTINUED)

COP #1  
Mr. Lambreaux?

LAMBREAUX  
Yes?

COP #1  
Sorry to bother you, sir. Lieutenant  
Callas asked us to keep an eye on your  
place. Said you might have a stalker?

LAMBREAUX  
Oh. Oh, right.

COP #1  
We didn't think anyone was home, but then  
we saw the light come on...

Lambreaux reacts.

LAMBREAUX  
You... didn't think anyone was home?

COP #1  
No, sir.

LAMBREAUX  
Have you been here all night?

COP #1  
Yes, sir.

LAMBREAUX  
But you didn't see anyone come in?

COP #1  
No, sir.

LAMBREAUX  
Not even... me?

COP #1  
No, sir.  
(beat)  
That your kid's?

The cop points into Lambreaux's living room, where the only  
light is still coming from the child's record player. Sweat  
is beginning to drip from Lambreaux's brow.

COP #1 (CONT'D)  
I haven't seen one of those in years.

(CONTINUED)

Lambreaux turns and looks at the little machine thoughtfully.  
The forty-five is still spinning.

LAMBREAUX  
(almost to himself)  
It was my sister's.

The cop reacts. Sister's? As Lambreaux holds, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EST. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

LAMBREAUX (V.O.)  
He was in my house last night.

INT. MASON WICKS' OFFICE - DAY

Lambreaux is back in Wicks' office, now in a different  
wheelchair, and using new crutches.

WICKS  
Who?

LAMBREAUX  
Herman Goode.

WICKS  
Did you call the police?

LAMBREAUX  
They were already there. Curtis had them  
outside.

WICKS  
Did they see him?

LAMBREAUX  
No. They didn't even see me.

WICKS  
Why not?

LAMBREAUX  
I don't know. I must have gotten there  
before they did.

WICKS  
Don't you remember?

(CONTINUED)

LAMBREAUX

I don't remember what I had for breakfast  
this morning, Wicks. What difference  
does it make??

Wicks holds for a moment, then rises, moves to her desk, and  
picks up a file.

WICKS

When we first started seeing each other,  
your doctor sent me your medical records.  
There's a reference here to a brief stay  
at --

(reading)

Highland Park Hospital. Nineteen eighty-  
one?

(beat)

Highland Park's a psychiatric facility.

Lambreaux suddenly looks concerned, but tries to cover.

LAMBREAUX

So?

WICKS

Well, I did a little research. You were  
treated for disassociation disorder.  
Multiple personality.

Lambreaux doesn't respond.

WICKS (CONT'D)

I wanted to discuss this with you  
yesterday, Justin, but you got so  
defensive...

LAMBREAUX

You were accusing me of murder, Wicks.  
You might get defensive too.

WICKS

According to your admitting form, you  
arrived after experiencing a severe  
trauma.

LAMBREAUX

(sighs)

I was thirteen-years-old. My sister had  
just died. I was in shock.

WICKS

You weren't treated for shock.

(CONTINUED)

LAMBREAUX

(trying to diminish this)

Okay, look -- I was talking to myself a lot, my parents were concerned, so they threw me in that place and some quack quickly branded me the new "Sybil." The problem is, there's no such thing as "multiple personality." Only a vulnerable patient and some ambitious shrink to lead you down the garden path.

WICKS

That's not entirely true. There are a number of documented cases...

LAMBREAUX

Documented cases based on subjective opinions and desired results. Trust me, this is one area I know a great deal about.

Wicks figures it's best not to challenge this. At least for now.

WICKS

How did your sister die?

LAMBREAUX

She was murdered.

WICKS

Murdered? By who?

LAMBREAUX

I don't know. She was abducted. Taken from our house when she was nine-years-old.

(struggling)

Our parents were out. I was looking after her.

Wicks realizes that Lambreaux may blame himself.

WICKS

You know, Justin -- alter personalities emerge during times of trauma to protect the weaker self. It's a survival mechanism.

LAMBREAUX

I don't believe in alter personalities.

(CONTINUED)

WICKS

Your subconscious may differ.

LAMBREAU

No. I've lived a life. Worked a job,  
been married, had a child...

WICKS

You may have re-integrated after your  
stay in that hospital, but losing Emily  
could have triggered another split.

LAMBREAU

Oh, come on -- Herman Goode is a real  
man. You interviewed him, for God's  
sake. He's the one who's been leaving  
these notes, breaking into my house --  
(end of story)  
And he's the one who killed that lawyer.

WICKS

Can you prove it?

Lambreaux wavers for just the slightest moment.

LAMBREAU

Maybe. If you work with me. Stay close,  
help me out. If I'm right, we'll find  
the guy, put him in jail, and then both  
of us will sleep better.

WICKS

And if you're wrong?

Lambreaux turns and looks out the window.

LAMBREAU

Then I guess you'll have one hell of a  
patient on your hands.

Off Wicks, and the dawning of this ominous possibility, we

GO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

On A PLASTIC BAG OF DIRT, dumped onto a table before Lambreaux and Wicks. Curtis looks up at them.

CURTIS

That's all we got from the lawyer's car.  
No prints, no hair -- just...

WICKS

(lifting it up)  
Dirt?

CURTIS

From the floor mat and gas pedal.

LAMBREAUX

What's the content?

CURTIS

Granite, sand, lyme, and sawdust.

LAMBREAUX

Sawdust.

CURTIS

Yeah, I know. Goode was a building contractor. So what? You think he's been doing a lot of work in the area? When he's not killing lawyers or stalking you, he's tossing off kitchen cabinets for the good folks of Pacific Heights?

LAMBREAUX

Did you check to see if the lawyer had any sawdust on his shoes?

CURTIS

Negative. They were courtroom clean.

LAMBREAUX

Well, there you go.

CURTIS

There you go, what? You think Goode's the only guy who ever got sawdust on his boots?

(to Wicks)

Help me, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

Lambreaux shakes his head and begins rolling down the hall.  
Curtis and Wicks are right behind him.

LAMBREAUX

Write this down, Curtis: Ricky Jasper.  
287 Koyle Street.

Curtis pulls out a pen.

CURTIS

Who's this?

LAMBREAUX

Our dead killer from the other night.  
Your boy got a copy of his I.D. from the  
rental car place. According to the  
employees, another guy came in with him.  
Man with a lot of tattoos. Might want to  
find out if our hospital administrator  
had any illustrated enemies.

CURTIS

We'll get on it.

LAMBREAUX

(a dig)  
And if any part of you still trusts me,  
you'll share what you find?

CURTIS

I've never stopped trusting you, Justin.  
I just want you cleared. You find Herman  
Goode and tie him to this lawyer, nobody  
will be happier than me.

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wicks is standing over the record player, holding the 45'.  
Lambreaux is on his crutches, checking the windows.

WICKS

"Tea For Two."  
(to Lambreaux)  
Alters have been known to have a sense of  
humor, you know.

Lambreaux shoots her a look. She shrugs.

WICKS (CONT'D)

(re: the 45')  
Did the police check this for prints?

(CONTINUED)

LAMBREAUX

Clean.

WICKS

So... he wore gloves.

(probing)

Right?

LAMBREAUX

I'm more interested in how he got in the house.

WICKS

Kitchen door?

LAMBREAUX

Locked.

WICKS

Attic?

LAMBREAUX

Not the most convenient route.

WICKS

Climb a tree, get on the roof, pry open a vent...

LAMBREAUX

The guy weighs almost two-fifty, Wicks. That would be...

WICKS

Insane?

Beat.

LAMBREAUX

Alright. I'll check the attic.

WICKS

Good. And while you're at it, you might check to see if you came in that way too.

LAMBREAUX

You know, when you make a comment like that you're calling me a murderer. Is that really what you think? Because if so, you can leave.

Wick holds, realizing she has crossed a line.

(CONTINUED)

WICKS  
I'm sorry.

LAMBREAUX  
And stop looking at me like that.

WICKS  
Like what?

LAMBREAUX  
Like I'm the Wolfman.

WICKS  
That's not what I was thinking.  
It's just that in certain cases of  
multiple personality...

LAMBREAUX  
Oh, here we go...

WICKS  
...certain documented cases, the internal  
transformation can be so dramatic that  
an external change can occur as well.

LAMBREAUX  
We are talking about the Wolfman.

Wicks shakes her head, looks at her watch.

WICKS  
Shoot. I've got to go.

LAMBREAUX  
Go? Where?

WICKS  
I've got a date tonight.

LAMBREAUX  
I thought you were sticking with me.

WICKS  
The cops are still outside, aren't they?  
I'll be back to play detective with you  
tomorrow. I promise.

But as Wicks starts moving for the door --

LAMBREAUX  
Wicks --

She stops and looks back at him.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)  
I need you to believe in me.

Wicks holds.

WICKS  
Garage.

LAMBREAUX  
What?

WICKS  
It's accessible from the back. It's on  
the ground floor. And it connects to  
your kitchen.  
(helpfully)  
Maybe Goode came in through there?

Off Lambreaux, looking at her appreciatively, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - ALLEY - DUSK

Lambreaux is in the alley behind his house, still on the crutches, standing before his garage. He opens the garage door with a clicker, revealing a dense space packed with boxes, files, and old furniture.

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DUSK

Lambreaux makes his way through this maze, pushing aside boxes, and eventually reaching his kitchen door. It's locked. But something catches his eye.

A BRIGHT, SHINY KEY is sitting on an open cross beam just above the door jam. Lambreaux reacts in surprise. He picks the key up and puts it in the lock. It turns. The door opens. Lambreaux's looking into his kitchen. Shit. Someone's made a key. And as if this weren't enough, Lambreaux turns back and sees

A SMALL SHAFT OF LIGHT is coming in from the corner of the garage. Lambreaux moves toward it, pushing aside some more boxes to REVEAL

A WOODEN HATCH, perhaps 4' by 4', cracked open at ground level. The wood on its surface is much lighter than the surrounding areas and its hinges are untarnished.

(CONTINUED)

It looks like it's brand new. Lambreaux is astonished. With one of his crutches, he pushes it open.

EXT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DUSK

Shoving aside a couple of trash cans, Lambreaux is revealed on his hands and knees, sticking his head through the open hatch. Barely containing his disbelief, Lambreaux feels something on his left hand. He looks down to see

A THIN LAYER OF SAWDUST, covering the ground. Son-of-a-bitch.

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DUSK

Lambreaux slips back inside the garage, pulling the hatch shut behind him. He then purposefully moves toward the kitchen door, rips the shiny new key from the lock, and hits the button on his clicker. The garage door starts to close. It's only then that he sees --

HUNDREDS OF POST-ITS

Engulfing the entire underbelly of the garage door. They are arranged in such a way as to collectively spell:

***EMILY***

Off Lambreaux, beginning to tremble, we

GO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Lambreaux is back up against the chain link fence, watching from a safe distance as the kids get dropped off for school. He's unshaven, and looks as though he hasn't slept.

EMILY

Is just getting out of a Volvo station wagon. As the car drives off, Lambreaux calls to her.

LAMBREAUX

Emily?

Emily turns, seeing her father. She moves toward him.

EMILY

Dad? What are you doing here?

LAMBREAUX

I wanted to see you.

EMILY

Are you alright?

LAMBREAUX

Yeah. Yeah... But I called your house and your Mom didn't answer. I was worried.

EMILY

I'm okay, Daddy.

Lambreaux reaches through the fence to touch his daughter's hand. He's really struggling with his emotions.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're not going to lose me.

Lambreaux reacts.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're never going to lose me.

Lambreaux nods, amazed at his daughter's insight.

LAMBREAUX

You know, they're, uh... they're talking about sending you to another psychiatrist. To find out... if I've been hurting you.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I know.

LAMBREAUX

How do you feel about that?

Emily averts her eyes.

EMILY

Well...

LAMBREAUX

I'm trying to stop it.

EMILY

I know. It's just that...  
(struggling)  
I can't tell Mommy.

Lambreaux reacts.

LAMBREAUX

Can't tell Mommy what?

Emily hesitates.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)

Can't tell Mommy what, honey?

EMILY

About the other... part of you.

Lambreaux pales.

LAMBREAUX

What... do you mean?

EMILY

There's a another part of you, Dad. A  
part... who runs and plays with me.  
Sometimes we run too fast and I fall  
down, but's it's okay. It's fun. I *like*  
it.

Lambreaux's beginning to shake.

EMILY (CONT'D)

If I tell Mom, she'll try to make that  
part go away. And I don't want that to  
happen -- 'cause then ALL of you will go  
away.

(CONTINUED)

LAMBREAUX  
(trying to cover)  
No, Emily, I... I wouldn't go away.

EMILY  
Yes, you would. You'd die.  
(an intense whisper)  
He protects you, Daddy. He protects us  
both.

And off Lambreaux, REALLY shaking now, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MASON WICKS' HOUSE - MORNING

Wicks moves toward her car. As she pulls out her keys --

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

Wicks turns to discover CLYDE, moving toward her with some  
urgency.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Are you Dr. Wicks?

WICKS  
Yes?

CLYDE  
I'm sorry to bother you at home. I tried  
calling your office...

Wicks takes a wary step back.

WICKS  
Who are you?

CLYDE  
I'm sorry. My name's Turnbill. I'm an  
attorney. I understand you're affiliated  
with the police department?

WICKS  
Uh... I'm not really allowed...

CLYDE  
Last night, I got a call from a man named  
Herman Goode.

Wicks reacts.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

He did some construction work for me a few years ago. He was crazy. But last night, he threatened me. He told me I was on list of people he was planning to kill.

Thrown, Wicks tries to get her bearings, as Clyde pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Do you know someone named...  
(reading)  
Justin Lambreaux?

Wicks nods.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Goode went on and on about him.  
(with gravity)  
And he mentioned your name as well.

WICKS

Me?

CLYDE

He said we were all part of some grand conspiracy that put him away.

WICKS

(realizing)  
Oh, my God...

CLYDE

One of the people he talked about has already been murdered. Another lawyer? I called the police, but the person on the desk was so rude. He wouldn't take my report over the phone, so I found your number...

WICKS

Did Goode say where he was?

CLYDE

No, but he told me that if I was a "real man," I'd meet with him at some bar...

And off Wicks, head spinning, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - HEARING ROOM - DAY

All the familiar faces are assembled: Camille, Andrea Field, the bailiff, court reporter, and Sam Reckland. Reckland looks around nervously: Lambreaux still hasn't shown.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Glass is standing behind his desk, pacing, whispering into a telephone.

JUDGE GLASS

Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH CLYDE

Speaking on a phone from an N.D. location.

CLYDE

That's not important. All that matters is that you do the right thing today. How do you think your wife would feel if she knew you were pounding that little court reporter?

JUDGE GLASS

I'm going to hang up.

CLYDE

555-0652.

(beat)

Isn't that your wife's number?

The Judge tenses --

JUDGE GLASS

Look, if I do what you're asking I could be removed from the bench.

CLYDE

If you *don't* do what I'm asking, you'll be removed from your *house*. And your car. And your children. And...

As Clyde continues, we HEAR:

BAILIFF (V.O.)

All rise in the matter of Lambreaux.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HEARING ROOM - DAY

The Judge enters, taking his seat at the bench.

(CONTINUED)

Almost at the same moment, Lambreaux rolls down the aisle in his wheelchair. He settles in next to Reckland.

RECKLAND  
(under his breath)  
You're late. And your shrink's been  
trying to get hold of you.

Lambreaux nods. Sorry. Judge Glass looks down at the thick file in his hand, sighs, and with great reluctance, addresses the courtroom.

JUDGE GLASS  
Ladies and gentlemen... At our previous hearing, petitioner's council requested that a second psychiatric evaluation be given to Emily Lambreaux. But... after reviewing testimony and... looking at the child's original evaluation, it appears that the most reasonable order is as follows: the existing shared custody agreement between Mr. Lambreaux and Ms. Nocella... shall remain in full force and effect.

As the Judge almost chokes to get the words out, Lambreaux reacts in jubilant surprise. As Reckland squeezes his arm, Camille and her lawyer look on in astonishment.

Only then does the Judge dare to glance over at the court reporter, who up until now, has been a nameless, faceless character in the b.g. of this drama.

Not anymore.

REVEAL SARA

The young woman with the Doris Day record we met in the King's Hotel bar. After taking a fleeting look back at the Judge, she pointedly looks away.

As Lambreaux himself registers this, not knowing what it means, but certain it means *something*, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lambreaux and Curtis are moving down a corridor. Lambreaux, in his wheelchair, is still perplexed by his court victory.

LAMBREAUX

We had no idea it was coming, Curtis.  
And frankly, I still don't understand  
what changed the judge's mind.

CURTIS

Well, congratulations. On both counts.  
You got your daughter, and we got Herman  
Goode.

LAMBREAUX

(more perplexed)  
All on a tip?

CURTIS

(nods)  
Wicks called and said some guy told her  
we'd find Goode in the King's Hotel bar.

LAMBREAUX

Has he confessed?

CURTIS

His shoes have.

As Lambreaux reacts, Curtis smiles, slapping his friend on the back as we go

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Lambreaux enters to discover Herman Goode sitting at a table.  
A tense beat, then --

LAMBREAUX

Hello, Herman.

GOODE

Hello, loser. Here to send me back?

LAMBREAUX

That's up to you.

GOODE

I'm still not crazy.

(CONTINUED)

LAMBREAU

Well, hopefully the judge will agree with you this time.

(beat)

Why did you try to frame me?

GOODE

Guess I needed a project.

LAMBREAU

You put in an awful lot of work. And leaving me all those notes? Cutting that hole in my garage?

GOODE

I didn't cut no hole.

(snorts proudly)

Found one, though. Found a key too. And I was thinking about killing you -- until that son-of-a-bitch neighbor of yours came around.

Lambreaux reacts.

LAMBREAU

What neighbor?

GOODE

Guy I met in your back alley last night. He started talking me up. Said he was in construction. Wanted to know if I might be interested in a job. So, I agreed to meet him at this bar...

(darkening)

But all I got was a bunch of cops.

(beat)

Two-faced bastard.

And as Lambreaux absorbs this, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAMBREAU'S HOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily's in bed, happily back in her father's house. Lambreaux is leaning over her from his wheelchair.

EMILY

You didn't get your haircut yet, Daddy.

LAMBREAU

I know. I will.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY  
But not too short, right?

LAMBREAUX  
Yes, ma'am.

Lambreaux starts to tuck his daughter in.

EMILY  
Hey, can we waterski tomorrow?

LAMBREAUX  
Waterski?

EMILY  
Yeah.

LAMBREAUX  
You know I can't waterski, honey.

EMILY  
Sure you can. It's just mind over  
matter. Isn't that what you tell me?  
Mind over matter.

Lambreaux begins to shake. Emily puts her hand on his cheek.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(a comforting whisper)  
It's okay. It'll *always* be our secret.

Off Lambreaux, the terrible truth landing, we go

INT. LAMBREAUX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wicks is seated before a roaring fire. Lambreaux enters in  
his wheelchair. He's still shaking.

WICKS  
How's she doing?

Lambreaux doesn't respond. Wicks looks at him with concern.

WICKS (CONT'D)  
How are YOU doing?

Lambreaux turns and faces the window, looking at his  
reflection in the glass.

LAMBREAUX  
It's complicated.

WICKS  
You're going to keep seeing me, right?

LAMBREAUX  
Yes.

Lambreaux's insides are churning.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)  
He saved my life, Wicks.

WICKS  
Who?

LAMBREAUX  
This man... you met. He may have saved us both.

Wicks shifts her weight uncomfortably.

WICKS  
Justin... I understand the second suspect was arrested in the killing of that hospital administrator.

LAMBREAUX  
Yes. Curtis told me.

WICKS  
Are you aware that the victim used to run the facility that released Herman Goode?

As Lambreaux reacts, his right hand suddenly starts clenching and unclenching repeatedly. Out of Wicks' eye line, Lambreaux's *left hand* reaches over and settles it.

LAMBREAUX  
Uh, no... No, I wasn't aware of that.

Lambreaux takes a deep breath, and as he does, his head rises just the slightest bit. He then turns from the window.

LAMBREAUX (CONT'D)  
How odd.

Wicks studies him.

WICKS  
Are you sure you're alright?

LAMBREAUX

Absolutely.

(beat)

No, that's a lie. I'm starving. I'm going to go out and get us something to eat. You like Chinese?

WICKS

Chinese?

LAMBREAUX

You don't have another date, do you?

WICKS

Uh... no. No, not tonight.

Lambreaux holds for a beat, admiring her, then --

LAMBREAUX

Good.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - STREET - NIGHT

Lambreaux is riding his wheelchair up one of those famous San Francisco hills, silhouetted against the moon once more. As he arrives in front of the police department, we go

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - PRISONER HOLDING BAY - NIGHT

Lambreaux rolls down the hall, getting the occasional nod from a passing officer. Among them is Ryan Farber, the young detective we met in our first scene.

FARBER

Mr. Lambreaux?

Lambreaux reacts.

FARBER (CONT'D)

Hey, sir. Congratulations. I understand you had a very good day.

LAMBREAUX

I did indeed. And congratulations to you, Detective. I hear we got our man.

FARBER

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

LAMBREAUX

Good work.  
(with intent)  
Always good to get your man.

As Farber nods, Lambreaux continues past him. It's only when he's safely out of range -- that we see *Lambreaux* lift his head up completely.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

TIGHT on RAUL GARZA, the tattooed man Clyde met with in our first scene. He's asleep on his bunk.

As a shadow falls over him, Raul's eyes flutter, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL CLYDE.

CLYDE

Evening, Raul.

RAUL

What the...

Raul starts to sit up, but Clyde slams his powerful arm down on Raul's throat, cutting off his oxygen supply. As Raul starts to choke --

CLYDE

Sorry to wake you.

As Clyde continues pressing down on Raul's windpipe, he grabs a sheet from the bed.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I'd hoped to visit you sooner, but these split shifts have just been killing me.

Raul's eyes start to roll back in his head as Clyde begins tying the sheet to the top of the bunk.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

How's the leg? Healing well?

Raul is turning blue now, his arms and legs flailing.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

That man who freed Herman Goode got what he deserved, but I really wanted it to appear as though he'd taken his own life -- as a testament to his failed policies. Had the job been done right, I'm certain we wouldn't be here...

(CONTINUED)

With one final deadly sputter, Raul stops moving.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

But maybe we can get it right this time.

Clyde gingerly ties the sheet around Raul's neck, and with one mighty push, rolls his body off the bed.

THUMP.

We hold for a moment on Clyde, observing his handiwork.

As Clyde slips out of FRAME, we REVEAL THE MOON, casting its golden glow through a tiny cell window.

As Doris Day's golden tones fill the air -- "Tea for two and two for tea" -- the cell door closes and LOCKS.

All we are left with is the shadow of Raul's limp form, hanging like an ellipsis...

...and portending of darker days to come.

FADE OUT.

THE END