

THE WATCH

by
Ed Decter & John Strauss

1-2-07

Third Network Draft

PARIAH
SONY PICTURES TELEVISION

THE WATCH: PILOT EPISODE

"TRUST"

EXT. AERIAL SHOT

We're drifting above the suburban community of Ridgeview, Wisconsin. There is a comfortable mixture of middle-class and upper middle-class homes, all with neat and tidy lawns. This is the heartland of our nation and the people who live here are damn proud of it.

The camera TILTS upward to reveal that Ridgeview is situated on a small rise that overlooks the urban sprawl of downtown Milwaukee. Since the city's back is pressed up against Lake Michigan, the only direction it can expand is to the west -- and Ridgeview is the first suburb in its path. On the sound track we HEAR Bruce Springsteen singing "Darkness on the Edge of Town."

SPRINGSTEEN

*"Everybody's got a secret, Sonny,
Something that they just can't face..."*

EXT. MILWAUKEE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

A multi-columned Greek-revival edifice that reminds us that justice is eternal.

SPRINGSTEEN

*"Some folks spend their whole lives trying
to keep it, they carry it with them every
step that they take..."*

INT. MILWAUKEE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

We can tell by the absence of a jury, this is a pre-trial motion. We can also tell by the amount of PRINT JOURNALISTS, ON-AIR REPORTERS and STILL CAMERAMEN that something very important is going on.

The media scrutiny seems to be focused on the lone figure seated at the defense table. This is GARNER AUSTIN, a very average-looking U.S. Mail carrier in his forties, you would never notice him in a crowd.

Garner's public defender, IRA GANT, disheveled, late thirties, stands in front of judge CARL VAN ALDEN. Judge Van Alden has that heavy Wisconsin accent that seems so amusing to those of us on the coasts, but anyone appearing before him finds no humor in it.

The only code of judicial conduct Van Alden cares about is his own. He is being addressed by PATRICE YI, 30, a rising star in the D.A.'s office.

PATRICE YI

Before you rule, your honor, please consider what type of monster we will be releasing into our community. He made *home movies*, your honor. He *enjoyed* this.

Barely able to control her rising anger, Patrice puts a stack of photos in front of the judge. He is so repulsed by what he sees, he turns the photos over.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN

No one is disputing the heinous nature of the crime, Ms. Yi, but save your indignation for the police officers who obtained the tainted warrant.

The crowd of journalists, focus their attention on TWO POLICE OFFICERS wearing GOLD SHIELDS seated in the back row. We will come to know them as COOMBS and ANDRESSEN, but that is later.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN (cont'd)

They took a shortcut and we may all suffer for it. In lieu of evidence obtained at Mr. Austin's residence --

PATRICE YI

And by "evidence" you mean nine year-old Ramon Alvarez?

All eyes now swivel toward Lucinda ALVAREZ, a very attractive woman, still in her twenties. On the front of her simple dress, she wears a button with a photograph of a young boy, who we will come to know later as RAMON ALVAREZ.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN

(doesn't like being interrupted)

-- do we have the testimony of the victim?

Patrice looks to Lucinda who shakes her head "no." She won't permit her son to be victimized again.

PATRICE YI

We do not, your honor.

Lucinda can't help but glance toward the accused, Garner Austin. He seems unaffected by the proceedings. He casually holds his gaze on Lucinda. Is there a small smile on his face?

IRA GANT

(seizing the day)

In that case, I move to dismiss your honor.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN

Ms. Yi?

PATRICE YI

With all due respect your honor, if you grant the defendant's motion, the people will be unable to proceed.

There is a GASP, but from a very unlikely source. The judge and attorneys look toward the diminutive court stenographer, LUANNE WINSLOW. Luanne, twenties, may be very slight in stature but it would be a mistake to underestimate her underlying strength. We hold on Luanne as we --

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STARBUCKS - OUTDOOR PATIO - HIGH ANGLE SECURITY VIDEO

From the security camera's odd POV we find Luanne and her very attractive best friend, a soccer mom, JENNY KRIEGER, 20's, hair in a French braid (much more on her later) sharing some coffee on a peaceful weekend morning. Suddenly, a panicked Lucinda Alvarez bursts out of the front doors of the Starbuck's yelling, "RAMON! RAMON!"

(Note: this is the first of many flashbacks in the episode. This will become a stylistic device of the series. The flashbacks are all VIDEO, and they are either voyeuristic cameras or video security devices, hence they are all shot at odd angles with grainy quality. The overall effect should be that we are all being watched at all times.)

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MILWAUKEE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Judge Van Alden looks concerned.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN

Are you alright, Ms. Winslow?

LUANNE

Yes, your honor. Excuse me.

As we PUSH toward Luanne we see that she is trying hard to regain her composure. Luanne's fingers soldier on.

PATRICE YI

Please, your honor...

In one last ditch attempt, Patrice flips over the pornography photos for the judge to see.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN

Ms. Yi, I grew up believing in a biblical god that would smite the evil with a righteous sword and cleave them in two.

(looks heavenward)

I call upon that god at this very moment. Lord, smite the evil! Rip him from this world and send him into the eternal flames of hell where he belongs!

Everyone in the courtroom waits a beat, wondering if this judge has totally lost his mind.

JUDGE VAN ALDEN (cont'd)

Damn, I wish that would work just once.

(takes a deep breath)

I'm afraid the good lord has forsaken us, Ms. Yi. In his absence, I must grant the motion to suppress and dismiss all charges. Mr. Austin, you are free to go.

A FURIOUS CLAMOR rises up from the observers in the courtroom. Even the jaded members of the press are horrified at the egregious turn of events. As the bailiffs escort Garner Austin out of the courthouse, we hold on Lucinda Alavarez who weeps openly. The world has betrayed her family a second time. Unnoticed in the commotion, Luanne makes a call on her cell phone.

SPRINGSTEEN

*"Till some day they just cut it loose
Cut it loose or let it drag 'em down..."*

EXT. HOME CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Luanne's husband, CRAIG WINSLOW, a general contractor, finishes the call. He exits the framed interior of a suburban house he is working on. He heads directly for the driveway. One of the FRAMERS calls to him.

FRAMER

Boss, what do you want done with this extra crown molding?

CRAIG

(former military)

Get it over to the Pelson's property A-SAP. I'm off the grid till fifteen hundred.

FRAMER

(teasing)

That's three o'clock, right?

Craig, doesn't have time to banter, he's already in his Winslow Construction pick-up truck driving out of the unpaved driveway.

EXT. STREETS OF RIDGEVIEW, WISCONSIN - DAY

As Craig winds through the suburban streets he passes a sign that reads "Ridgeview, Friendly Neighbors, Peaceful Haven."

We can't help notice that most of the homes in the neighborhood have small signs planted in the front yards. The signs each depict a LARGE EYE with the words "**THE WATCH**" written across it.

EXT. CRAIG AND LUANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

As Craig pulls the Winslow Construction truck into his own driveway, he takes the "Watch" sign that is planted right near his front door and moves it down the walkway and pounds it into the grass alongside the street. We have no idea why he does this.

EXT. CRAIG AND LUANNE'S HOUSE - MONTAGE - LATER

We see a rapid series of shots of Luanne and Craig's neighbors returning home from work. Some of the neighbors drive right past the house, but a group of them take notice of the Watch sign near the street.

The last shot is of an immaculately washed Previa minivan. We recognize Jenny Krieger in the driver's seat. In the rear seats we see Jenny's three kids, KRISTEN, 9, WILL, 7, JESSE, 3. They are all neatly tucked into their boosters. Kristen pulls a Yu-Gi-Oh card away from Will.

WILL

Hey!

Jenny is pre-occupied as she notices the recently moved Watch sign. She barely notices the kid commotion in the back seat.

KRISTEN

(to Will)

Grow up. You do *not* want to be "Yu-Gi-Oh guy."

WILL

(re: card)

That's Uria, Lord of Searing Flames!

KRISTEN

(rolls her eyes)

Do you even hear yourself?

SPRINGSTEEN

*"Where no one asks any questions,
or looks too long in your face,
In the darkness on the edge of town..."*

EXT. MILWAUKEE PUBLIC PARK -- LATE AFTERNOON

This is the beautiful, tree-lined park you played in as a child. In the center there is a soccer field. Jenny and her husband, BRIAN KRIEGER, who always looks like he's dressed for a round of golf, early thirties, cheer on their daughter Kristen as she battles it out in a hotly contested AYSO soccer game. This is suburbia at its most idyllic.

BRIAN

Stay in your zone, honey! Stay in your zone!

Jenny's Treo rings. We begin SLOW MOTION. Instead of answering the phone, Jenny just looks at the screen.

Unseen by anyone, she touches Brian's hand. He closes his fingers around hers for a brief moment. Just a discreet "I love you" between husband and wife.

Jenny drifts off from her husband and heads for the rest rooms. In all the commotion and crowd of the soccer game, no one notices that Jenny veers toward the *MEN'S* room.

SPRINGSTEEN

"In the darkness on the edge of town..."

INT. MEN'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (END SLOW MOTION)

Jenny enters the cinder block structure. There is a lone figure at the urinal. Even from the rear we can tell the man wears the uniform of a U.S. Mailman. For some reason the man looks out of a grated vent in the direction of the park.

JENNY
(sweetly)
Garner?

Garner Austin turns, surprised to find an attractive woman in a pastel-colored jogging suit in the men's room.

GARNER
You made a wrong turn, missy.

JENNY
No, you did Garner.

Garner is even more surprised to see Jenny lift her left hand, which now sports a bright yellow Playtex glove. She's holding some sort of short-bladed knife. With the speed of summer lightning, she cups her free hand over his mouth and jams the blade into Garner's ear.

INT. BRIAN AND JENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

This is the perfectly clean and organized house you would expect from Jenny. Jenny turns on the oven-hood fan above the stove, pour lighter fluid into a saucepan, and BURNS the now-bloody Playtex glove.

EXT. BRIAN AND JENNY'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny dumps the ashes from the saucepan into a Ziploc plastic food container and makes sure to carefully place it in her large BLUE TRASH CAN -- after all, the Kriegers recycle.

END OF ACT ONE:

ACT TWO

EXT. CRAIG AND LUANNE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Craig pulls the Watch sign from the grass near the street and moves it back alongside his front door. We still don't know what this means, but that's okay, we will. In the b.g. we become aware of the throaty rumble of a large Detroit engine. Craig glances at the street to see a not-in-perfect shape Chevy Chevelle LS6 convertible (the one with the big fat white racing stripe up the hood) pass by. Craig, being a guy, admires the muscle car.

INT. LONNIE'S CHEVELLE LS6 - CONTINUOUS

We find LONNIE GARRISON and his wife, CAROLINE GARRISON, sitting in the front bucket seats. Their two kids, TRAVIS, 7, and JUNE, 5, are belted into the small back seat. Travis wears a way-to-big-for-his-head baseball cap that reads "ATF." (It should be noted that the entire Garrison family have southern accents which seem very out of place here in their new home of Ridgeview. Lonnie can turn his on and off depending on the situation.)

CAROLINE

Junie-bug?

JUNE

Yes, mama?

CAROLINE

Now you can ask it.

JUNE

(big smile)

We there yet?!

CAROLINE

We sure are, darlin'.

JUNE/TRAVIS

YAY!

From the family's POV we see a shot of the peaceful suburban streets of Ridgeview.

TRAVIS

Wisconsin's nicer than Mobile.

CAROLINE
(a sigh of relief)
Amen to that.

TRAVIS
Daddy, Milwaukee have any bad guys?

LONNIE
I bet there's a few.

TRAVIS
You gonna catch 'em?

LONNIE
You bet. Then you know what I'm gonna do?

TRAVIS
Put 'em in jail?

LONNIE
Worse.

TRAVIS
Rough 'em up?

LONNIE
Worse.

Lonnie cranks up the CD player.

LONNIE (cont'd)
Sing to 'em.

We HEAR Lynyrd Skynyrd's SWEET HOME ALABAMA blaring over the speakers.

LONNIE (cont'd)
(singing along)
"Sweet Home Alabama...Where the skies are
so blue..."

Caroline can't help but smile as Travis and June put their hands over their ears.

JUNE/TRAVIS
Daddy! STOP!

EXT. LONNIE AND CAROLINE'S HOUSE - DAY

"Sweet Home Alabama" continues to play as Lonnie's Chevelle pulls into the driveway of a modest but charming little split-level.

Some paint and a little loving care are all that is needed. A group of MOVERS are finishing loading the last few boxes from a MOVING VAN into the house. Lonnie, Caroline, Travis and June climb out of the car and take a beat to admire their new home.

CAROLINE

(quietly, to Lonnie)

Thank you for takin' one for the team.

Like most kids, Travis catches every whispered word. He takes off the overly-large ATF hat.

TRAVIS

If you're homesick, Daddy, you can wear your old cap.

LONNIE

(touched)

I won't miss home if you two promise me one thing -- there's lots of Wisconsin Badger fans lurking around here. Someone asks who you root for -- what do we say?

JUNE

GO BAMA!

TRAVIS

ROLL TIDE!

LONNIE

(to Caroline)

I insist we keep these children.

Lonnie scoops Travis and June up in his arms, kisses them. A female VOICE interrupts the moment.

FEMALE VOICE

Welcome, Garrisons!

Lonnie, Caroline, Travis and June turn to find Jenny Krieger breezing toward them from the house next door. Jenny is always perfectly put together, her house is immaculate, her kids polite. Everyone who spends time with her wonders what they are doing wrong in their own lives. She's holding a big basket of homemade muffins and cookies.

JENNY

(to the kids)

You must be Travis and June. Which one of you doesn't like nuts in their cookies?

JUNE

(shyly)

Me.

JENNY

Well, I made a whole batch of chocolate chip with no nuts, just for you.

Travis and June start unwrapping the cellophane, eager to get to the sweets.

JENNY (cont'd)

(off Lonnie and Caroline's stunned looks)

Who's the strange lady with the muffins?
I'm Jenny Krieger.

CAROLINE

(extends her hand)

I'm--

JENNY

Caroline.

Instead of shaking hands, Jenny gives Caroline a warm hug.

JENNY (cont'd)

Your realtor Karen Jepson, is one of my best, best friends so I forced a lot of information out of her, I can't help myself, I like to know who's living next door!

(releases Caroline)

My husband Brian and I wanted to welcome you and Lonnie to the neighborhood! Now I know you must have a million questions...

(hands Caroline a sheet of paper)

I made up a little list for you, dry cleaners, outlet mall, restaurants, auto mechanic, just the basics till you get yourselves set up. Lonnie, we're all so *thrilled* we have a detective living here and we want you to come speak at our neighborhood watch party next week...

Jenny gestures to the WATCH sign in her yard.

JENNY (cont'd)

You can talk about self-defense, teenage drug use, anything at all just don't think of saying no because it's a barbecue and it'll be a great chance for you Caroline and the kids to meet all your neighbors!

Before Lonnie can get a word in, his cell phone RINGS.

LONNIE

Will you ladies please excuse me?

Lonnie steps away.

LONNIE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Garrison. Go.

Being the wife of a law enforcement officer, Caroline is very used to these type of abrupt interruptions. Caroline has decided to give herself into Hurricane Jenny.

CAROLINE

(to Jenny)

I will personally guarantee my husband's participation.

JENNY

Now I don't want you to panic, Caroline, but you may have a little problem with school. You want *Liberty Elementary*, not *Maywood*, but *Liberty* may be fully enrolled. I'm on the PTA, so I'll do what I can on my side, but you have to get on the waiting list at *Liberty* -- today. Any questions, anything you need, all my numbers on that sheet.

CAROLINE

(overwhelmed)

I don't know how I can ever thank you.

JENNY

Don't be silly. We're neighbors. We all look out for each other.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. OTIS AND EILEEN MARCH'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

From a home security camera POV (different high angles handled by an automatic switcher) we find ourselves in an elegant wine cellar. Hundreds of bottles of wine are neatly stacked in oak shelving. There is a round table in the center of the room, we recognize some people seated there: Luanne, Craig, Jenny, Brian. There are about ten other people, most prominently OTIS MARCH and his wife EILEEN, who for some reason is in a wheelchair (much more on them later). This meeting has the feeling of a formal tribunal. We have no way of knowing this now but this is a meeting of the WATCH TRUST, a secret group within the Watch. All that is important to understand is that Otis March takes a file labelled "MILWAUKEE POLICE DEPARTMENT and opens it in front of him. We see Garner Austin's PHOTO and a bunch of the evidence photos from the trial.

END FLASHBACK:**EXT. MILWAUKEE CITY HALL TOWER - DAY**

Lonnie rushes up the front steps to the imposing turn-of-the-century building. He passes a news conference that is being held by LT. THOMAS BURKHEART, 30's. He is the charming and photogenic "face man" of the police department. He's an officer with lofty aspirations, and that underscores all of his time in front of the news cameras.

BURKHEART

... while we are releasing no information on the victim pending notification of the next of kin. I can confirm that it is a postal employee and that an investigative team is at the scene of the murder in Ridgeview...

Lonnie does not even pause to listen to Burkheart as he enters the door marked POLICE DEPARTMENT.

INT. MILWAUKEE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CHIEF'S OFFICE

Police Chief, FRANK EAGLETON, 50's, is watching the Burkheart news conference on a small television set in his office. Eagleton is an American Indian, of the Ojibwe tribe. There are some tribal decorations in his otherwise municipal-issue office. Lonnie is escorted in by a UNIFORMED OFFICER. Something about Eagleton's mood tells Lonnie not to take a seat.

LONNIE

Good to see you again, Chief.

CHIEF EAGLETON

I'd hope to give you and your wife five minutes to settle in, but that's not going to happen.

Eagleton hands a gold detective shield and a department-issue Sig Sauer 9mm to Lonnie. There is also a small BOOKLET. Lonnie looks at it.

LONNIE

Rules of lacrosse?

CHIEF EAGLETON

We have a departmental team. We need a midfielder, attendance is not optional.

LONNIE

I've... never even *seen* a game.

CHIEF EAGLETON

Read up.

Lonnie understands that this not debateable.

LONNIE

(gestures toward the TV)

What do we have?

Chief Eagleton snaps off the television as if disgusted by what he is watching.

CHIEF EAGLETON

The one thing guaranteed to bring in the mini-cam locusts -- big city crime spilling into the suburbs.

He hands Lonnie a file with Milwaukee P.D. stamped on it.

CHIEF EAGLETON (cont'd)

This one's got a possible connection to a string of downtown murders.

LONNIE

Serial?

CHIEF EAGLETON

Don't even utter that word outside this office.

Eagleton nods and the uniform who has been waiting outside the glass-enclosed office, opens the door for Lonnie. Apparently, this meeting is over.

CHIEF EAGLETON (cont'd)
(before Lonnie exits)
This isn't going to be easy.

LONNIE
I saw about the worst mankind can dish up
on the gulf coast.

CHIEF EAGLETON
Wasn't talking about the murder. Lots of
detectives in the building had their eyes
your job. I'm throwing you to the wolves.

Lonnie is undaunted by the challenge.

LONNIE
My mama and papa were civil rights
attorneys in Mobile, Alabama. So unless
your wolves up here wear hoods and burn
crosses, I won't pay them no never mind.

EXT. CRAIG AND LUANNE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LUNCHTIME

Craig and Luanne have a very tidy backyard, but as Craig is a contractor, there is a half-finished rear deck that will be completed when Craig has the time. A Kinko's-type banner hangs from the redwood deck railing it reads "The Watch." This has the feel of a hastily thrown together meeting, there are more folding chairs than people -- although there still is a crowd of about SIXTY WATCH MEMBERS. We notice Luanne, Jenny, Brian. Standing on the deck, Craig finishes addressing the crowd. We get a sense from Craig's no-nonsense approach that he was at one time in the military.

CRAIG
... and I know all of you have to get back
to work, but you've seen the news. We
don't have any details but something awful
happened yesterday right in our own park.
When you get back home tonight, I want you
to run "check systems" on your home
alarms. If you have any questions, you all
have my cell number. And please, I know I
say this every month, but if you are going
out of town, even just overnight -- tell a
neighbor, get someone to look after your
house. This isn't a drill, people.
Marion?

A woman in her sixties, Marion, wearing a housedress holding a bulging-eyed PUG dog, has raised her hand. She's your neighbor who sees conspiracies everywhere.

MARION

Those of us with dogs -- make sure you let all workmen and day laborers know you have an animal around the house. They'll think twice about trying a home invasion and robbery.

Brian, who is more of the charming salesman, speaks up.

BRIAN

I for one will feel much safer knowing that Snickerdoodle is on the prowl.

A man we haven't met yet (but might have noticed in the flashback at the Watch Trust meeting), VIJAY PATEL, a bespectacled family man in his thirties, arrives late to the meeting, looking very agitated. He searches out Brian in the crowd as another man, JIM OGDEN, dressed in baker's whites, raises his hand.

JIM

(to Craig)

How are we doing with the city about our gate proposal? We wouldn't be having *murders* in our park if we lived in a gated community!

CRAIG

We've been dialogue-ing with the city for months about the gates. It seems our esteemed Mayor doesn't want to turn the suburbs into "walled fortresses." But rest assured, we're fighting the good fight.

VIJAY

(sotto, to Brian)

I have to speak with you.

BRIAN

(sotto)

What's going on?

VIJAY

(nervously)

A policeman left a card in our door.

BRIAN

(sotto)

Would you relax -- we were all in the park, they're contacting everyone.

Luanne, Jenny and Brian have drifted over; very casually they are screening Vijay off from the rest of the attendees.

VIJAY

(sotto, to Brian)

I just drove past the park -- they were taking out the body.

(coming apart)

What have we done?

Craig has now reached the group. Unseen by the larger crowd, Craig clamps his hand on Vijay's elbow.

CRAIG

Pull yourself together, soldier. A-SAP.

Vijay pulls himself out of Craig's grasp.

VIJAY

(sotto)

Who are we?

Vijay moves away from the other Watch Trust members, he almost collides with Jim.

VIJAY (cont'd)

(to Jim)

There's an old Punjabi saying -- "fear not the enemy outside the walls, fear the wall-builders."

JIM

What's that supposed to mean?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. OTIS AND EILEEN MARCH'S BASEMENT - THE WATCH TRUST

(Security Camera POV) On the table we now see a LAZY SUSAN. On top of the round tray we see an old fashioned BRASS SCALE. One of the scale's trays is BLACK, the other WHITE. As the scale passes each member of the WATCH TRUST, they put either a POLISHED BLACK STONE or a POLISHED WHITE STONE onto the scale. So far, the black tray is filled with black stones.

Otis March turns the Lazy Susan in front of Vijay. He very tentatively lifts a WHITE STONE and puts it on the brass scale. It is the only white stone. It does not move the balance at all.

Otis swings the Lazy Susan to the final position -- in front of himself. He drops a black stone into the black tray. This tips the scale so much that the black tray touches down on the lazy Susan.

We hold on Vijay, he feels the stares of the others upon him.

END FLASHBACK:

END ACT TWO:

ACT THREE:

INT. LIBERTY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

Travis and June sit on a bench as Caroline fills out some paperwork. The school vice-principal, MARISOL COOMBS looks on.

MARISOL

Prada?

CAROLINE

Excuse me?

MARISOL

Your purse.

Caroline is always vivacious and charming, but she is trying especially hard to make a good impression on Marisol because she wants to get her kids into this school.

CAROLINE

(laughs)

Got it for *twenty-one dollars* courtesy of the outlet mall in Tuscaloosa. Remember that movie "The Devil Wears Prada?" In Alabama, they took that literally -- they couldn't give these away!

Marisol isn't amused.

MARISOL

You'll need birth certificates.

CAROLINE

Got them in my Prada.

(she pulls out
certificates)

My new neighbor, Jenny Krieger, absolutely raves about Liberty.

MARISOL

It doesn't matter how many PTA names you drop -- our classrooms are full. You should have enrolled your kids months ago.

Caroline didn't expect this type of brick wall. She doesn't lose her composure, however.

CAROLINE

You're absolutely right, Ms. Coombs, but unfortunately, my husband only found out about his new job a few weeks ago. He's with the Milwaukee P.D.

MARISOL

So's my husband. But he's not the chief of detectives. Some outsider got that job.

Caroline now understands the complete picture. Undaunted she signs the application.

CAROLINE

Well, we all got our jobs to do. Mine is to get my kids into Liberty.

MARISOL

(imitating Caroline's
southern accent)

We'll, I'm just wishin' you the best of luck with that, peach blossom.

EXT. MILWAUKEE PUBLIC PARK -- DAY

Lonnie parks his Chevelle near the cordoned-off area alongside the rest rooms. He badges the uniforms.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Two detectives wearing latex gloves, RICK COOMBS (Marisol's husband) and his partner LARS ANDRESSEN, hover over the body of Garner Austin (we only see Austin's head). A crime-scene tech, PIPER, is scanning the scene for evidence. They look up as Lonnie enters.

LONNIE

Lonnie Garrison.

Lonnie puts his hand out as if to shake, neither Coombs nor Andressen extend a hand.

COOMBS

Coombs. Andressen.
(re: tech)
Piper.

ANDRESSEN

(re: body)
And this is Garner Austin.

Lonnie ignores the chilly reception, looks down at the disposition of the body and then moves to the urinal that we saw Garner Austin at earlier. He looks out the grated vent.

FROM LONNIE'S P.O.V.

We see children swinging at the kids' playground. We now understand why Garner chose this particular bathroom to relieve himself.

LONNIE
(to Coombs)
Witnesses?

COOMBS
No one. Busy soccer day at the park.

LONNIE
Trace?

PIPER
Nothing so far. M.E. said the perp was shorter than the vic. The blade entered the left ear on an upward angle.

LONNIE
What kind of weapon?

ANDRESSEN
Not a weapon exactly.
(off Lonnie's look)
Potato peeler.

Andressen lifts a plastic evidence bag. Inside we see a stainless steel potato peeler, the kind you can buy in any supermarket.

LONNIE
That peeler a match for the other murders?

COOMBS
The very same make and model.

LONNIE
Some downtown serial killer just happens to take a joy ride out to the 'burbs to murder a child rapist that everyone on the face of the earth wants dead?

ANDRESSEN
Kind of a bad news/good news situation.

Lonnie doesn't look convinced.

Lonnie looks (O.C.) at Garner Austin's corpse.

LONNIE

Perp use that peeler for the other wound?

ANDRESSEN

Near as we can tell.

LONNIE

Where's the--

COOMBS

Missing "member?" Not anywhere in this park.

ANDRESSEN

We had a search party looking for it.

COOMBS

A members-only party.

Coombs and Andressen share a smirk, Lonnie does not.

LONNIE

I don't want the choice of weapon or any anatomical details released.

COOMBS

(to Andressen)

That must be some big-time ATF crime-solving strategy.

LONNIE

According to the report I just read, Coombs, y'all got a string of seven unsolveds. Somebody's running around your city sticking potato peelers in people's ears and you've got no leads. When you wake up in the morning and wonder why you don't have my job -- look in the friggin' mirror.

Lonnie exits. Coombs's anger smolders.

C.U. OF A STAINLESS STEEL POTATO PEELER

Pull back to reveal we are in

INT. KOHL'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jenny reaches to pick up the peeler, stares at it for a beat.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hi neighbor!

Startled, Jenny drops the peeler on the floor. A hand reaches down to help her pick it up -- it is Caroline.

CAROLINE

Didn't mean to scare y'all.

JENNY

Hi, Caroline. I... must have overdone the lattes at Starbucks.

Jenny nonchalantly tosses the peeler into her basket. Caroline has both Travis and June in her shopping cart. The kids are buried beneath kitchen and bath items needed at the new house.

CAROLINE

Kids, you say hey to Mrs. Krieger.

TRAVIS/JUNE

Hey, Mrs. Krieger.

JENNY

I heard your meeting with Marisol Coombs didn't go so well.

CAROLINE

(shocked)

Um, how--

JENNY

The gossip grapevine here in Ridgeview travels at the speed of Blackberry. Look, you get your kids all set up at Maywood, but don't you give up on Liberty.

CAROLINE

Mrs. Coombs didn't sound very encouragin'.

Jenny takes a red plastic bracelet (think LIVE STRONG) off her wrist and hands it to Travis.

JENNY

Travis can you read what that says?

TRAVIS

(reading)

"Miracles happen every day."

JENNY

That's for your mommy to keep.

(to Caroline)

Put that on and good things will happen.

Caroline looks a little skeptical, but she slips the bracelet on as instructed. Jenny reaches into her purse, then hands a piece of paper to June.

JENNY (cont'd)

(to June)

Can you give that to your mommy?

JUNE

(happy to be included)

Here, Mommy.

Caroline opens up the slip of paper. There is a name and phone number written on it.

CAROLINE

What's this?

JENNY

Karen Jepson mentioned you wanted to find a job. It's just the cosmetics counter at Yeagers, but at least they're hiring. I don't want to load you up too much on your first day, but if you don't get down there, someone else is going to be getting that Yeager's employee discount and not you!

Caroline is flabbergasted.

CAROLINE

Jenny, you're like some kind of guardian angel.

JENNY

(smiles broadly)

That's the nicest compliment anyone's ever given me.

Jenny checks her watch.

JENNY (cont'd)

(to Caroline)

I have to skiddadle. Brian and I are meeting the kids for family date day.

CAROLINE

Family date? That's sweet.

JENNY

We try to be religious about it. Teaches
the kids solid family values.

SMASH CUT TO:

A C.U. OF A SMILING JENNY

Something she is looking at off-screen is delighting her.

JENNY (cont'd)

You go Kristen! Keep that grouping nice
and tight!

EXT. MILWAUKEE COUNTY SHOOTING RANGE - AFTERNOON

Jenny and Brian, and their two sons WILL, 9 and JESSE, 4, are standing on some bleachers cheering their daughter Kristen who wears yellow SHOOTING GLASSES and is one of line of eleven year-old girls blasting away at a man-shaped SILHOUETTE TARGETS with LADY SMITH AND WESSON .38 CALIBER REVOLVERS. The gunfire reverberates as we:

END ACT THREE:

ACT FOUR:

EXT. MILWAUKEE HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

We are at a building dedication ceremony. A new wing of the hospital has just finished construction. About a hundred folding chairs are filled with well-dressed CIVIC and BUSINESS LEADERS. Near the cornerstone of the building we see OTIS MARCH, wearing a perfectly-tailored custom-made suit, his wife EILEEN MARCH, in her wheelchair, who is dressed in just the right Chanel suit, and their impossibly beautiful seventeen year-old daughter, ALLEGRA MARCH, whose heels are far too high and skirt far too short. Otis steps up to a podium with a microphone.

OTIS

It only takes twelve pounds of pressure to snap a spinal cord. That is how vulnerable we all are.

Otis's speech continues OVER the next sequence:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET OF RIDGEVIEW - SAME TIME

Jenny's Previa pulls up in front of a modest ranch home. Jenny gets out of the van carrying a basket overflowing with TOYS and food. She rings the doorbell of the house.

OTIS (O.S.)

The street racers that smashed into my wife Eileen's car, were able to walk away from the accident. My wife was not. Such is the random nature of violence and tragedy.

Lucinda Alvarez answers the door. She looks even more haggard than she did in the courtroom. Her son Ramon, clings shyly to her leg.

JENNY

Lucinda, I'm Jenny Krieger from the neighborhood watch.

LUCINDA

(suspiciously)

Yes?

JENNY

Hello, Ramon.

Ramon does that thing kids do, hiding a bit behind his mom. Jenny kneels down to be on his level.

JENNY (cont'd)
I have a little boy named Will, just about your age, and he's crazy about Yu-Gi-Oh.

At the mention of Yu-Gi-Oh, Ramon pokes his head out from behind Lucinda's leg.

JENNY (cont'd)
How about you?

Ramon does the slightest of nods.

JENNY (cont'd)
That's good because I have this basket here, full of Yu-Gi-Oh cards, even
(holds up a single playing card)
Slifer the Sky Dragon, protector of all.

Ramon looks up at Lucinda. She nods. Ramon reaches out and quickly pulls the basket close to himself. Jenny stands and hands a business card to Lucinda.

JENNY (cont'd)
This is for a family therapist. The neighborhood watch is taking care of the costs.

Lucinda looks down at the card as if there is some hidden trap.

JENNY (cont'd)
Lucinda, we want you to know that your neighbors are looking out for you. You don't have to be afraid anymore.

Without any warning, Jenny hugs Lucinda. For a beat Lucinda stiffens, but eventually tears well up in her eyes. We hear Otis March's speech continue.

OTIS (O.C.)
We hope that this spinal research wing will spearhead advances in regenerative nerve research and that this building will become a bastion of hope for all those who were vulnerable at the wrong moment...

EXT. MILWAUKEE HOSPITAL - DAY

We're back at the building dedication; Otis still at the podium.

OTIS

On behalf of my daughter Allegra, my wife and myself, I hereby dedicate this building as the Eileen March Spinal Institute!

Eileen March lifts a bottle of champagne. She is going to christen the new wing much as if it were the prow of a ship. She swings the bottle against the building AND NOTHING HAPPENS. The bottle does not break. From her seated position in the chair, Eileen does not have much leverage.

Allegra pulls the bottle from her mother's hand and in one violent swipe of her arm, she smashes the bottle against the side of the building and it explodes into a thousand shards. There is a moment of silence, as if the crowd is stunned by the sudden fury of Allegra. Then there is polite applause.

EXT. MILWAUKEE PUBLIC PARK -- DAY

Lonnie watches the county CORONER TEAM wheel a gurney laden with a zippered body bag from the men's room into a black Milwaukee P.D. van. Lonnie is dismayed to see MINI-CAM TRUCKS and news REPORTERS pressed up against a perimeter of police barricades. Ridgeview isn't the sleepy burg he imagined it to be. Lonnie looks out at the vacant soccer field as his cell phone rings.

LONNIE

Garrison. Go.

EXT. YEAGER'S DEPARTMENT STORE -(INTERCUT)

Caroline (with her cell phone to her ear) is standing in front of an elegant old-school department store, one of the few left that is independently owned and operated. We see Caroline's reflection in the glass display windows, she is checking to see how she looks before her job interview.

CAROLINE

(full of enthusiasm)
Mr. G.?

LONNIE

Hey, Sugar. How's day one been treatin' you?

CAROLINE

Pretty good. Got a job interview!

LONNIE

You know, I got a pretty nice raise...

CAROLINE

Nope. I was the one pushin' to live in the nice neighborhood. I pitch in, Mr. G.

LONNIE

That you do, Mrs. G. How're them monsters?

CAROLINE

Karen Jepson's daughter is watchin' 'em for a bit. You know what I was thinkin'? Every week we have a family date night.

LONNIE

Done deal.

CAROLINE

(laughs)

You're a good man, Mr. G. Here I am rattlin' on and I bet you're knee deep in a case. Whole buncha ugly policemen standin' around?

Lonnie looks at Coombs and Andressen.

LONNIE

Lots of Badgers.

CAROLINE

Then I'm gonna tell you I love you and let you be.

LONNIE

Don't you dare let me be.

EXT. MILWAUKEE PUBLIC PARK -- DAY

When Lonnie clicks off his phone he is startled to find Coombs beside him.

COOMBS

(indicates rest room)

Rough for you in there?

Lonnie ignores this dig as well.

LONNIE
(re: vacant field)
What teams were playing?

COOMBS
Huh?

LONNIE
You said it was a busy soccer day. What
two teams were playing -- which team was
facing this direction?

COOMBS
How the hell should I know?

LONNIE
You're going to find out and you're going
to get me every single video camera from
the parents of that team and we'll be
looking through them later today.

Lonnie doesn't even wait for a response, he heads off toward his car. Coombs lingers a beat, angry the idea was Lonnie's and not his.

INT. YEAGER'S DEPARTMENT STORE - RESTAURANT AREA

There is still an old-fashioned luncheonette counter on the ground floor of Yeager's. Luanne, and a group of COURT STENOGRAPHERS are seated at a booth having lunch. One of Luanne's closest friends, FAITH, is showing new pictures of her kids to Luanne.

FAITH
... and here's Matthew and Zachary at the
lake...

FROM LUANNE'S POV, we see the photo of Faith's TWINS, but we can't help but notice that the POV swings to Faith's ample cleavage.

LUANNE
(breathy)
They're beautiful.

Luanne gives Faith a big smile.

FAITH
I love them so!

LUANNE

Me too.

Luanne's phone rings. Luanne checks the caller I.D.

LUANNE (cont'd)

Hi, Jenny.

INT. JENNY'S PREVIA - (INTERCUT)

Jenny's phone is in the charger/cradle as she speaks to Luanne. Through the windshield we can see that Jenny is parked in front of the Liberty School. Marisol Coombs is crossing the street right in front of the mini-van.

JENNY

(to Luanne)

Hi, Lulu. What do we know about Marisol Coombs?

LUANNE

What would we like to know?

JENNY

Oh, any little thing. How's your day going?

LUANNE

Just looking at Faith's twins.

JENNY

Send love to Faith.

LUANNE

I will!

JENNY

See you soon?

LUANNE

Sooner than that!

INT. YEAGER'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NEAR THE COSMETICS COUNTER

In the B.G. we can see Luanne at the luncheonette, but we now pick up Caroline crossing into frame and pausing to look at the racks of LINGERIE.

A SALESWOMAN (VALERIA), surprisingly young and pretty, with a heavy Russian accent, approaches, picks a teddy off the rack and holds it up in front of Caroline.

VALERIA

For husband. He like.

CAROLINE

(smiles)

Might be what the doctor ordered.

VALERIA

(laughs)

Husband need good medicine!

CAROLINE

Husband needs a good *somethin'*.

MAN'S VOICE

And I'm sure he gets it.

Caroline and Valeria turn to find HERM GODEAUX, the general manager of Yeager's. It looks as if Herm has never met a donut he didn't like. Now that her supervisor is present, Valeria drifts away.

HERM

Caroline?

CAROLINE

Mr. Godeaux?

HERM

Herm. Jenny Krieger called and raved about you.

CAROLINE

That's very sweet. We're what you'd call "new friends."

HERM

Jenny is a very good friend to have. We need a floater here in the cosmetics department. How soon would you like to start?

Caroline pulls an envelope from her purse.

CAROLINE

Wouldn't you like to see my references?

HERM

(looking her over)

You are your own best reference, Caroline.

CAROLINE

(let's this icky moment
pass)

I can start tomorrow.

HERM

Fine.

(re: the lingerie she
holds)

But your forty percent employee discount
starts today. Very much looking forward.

Herm shakes Caroline's hand and departs. Caroline checks the price tag on the silk teddy one more time.

INT. MILWAUKEE POLICE DEPARTMENT - VIDEO TECH ROOM

Lonnie stands in front of an array of a dozen large video monitors. A VIDEO TECH (PARKER) works at a computer console behind him. Coombs and Andressen hover at the back of the room.

ON THE SCREENS

We see various angles and framings of the AYSO soccer game at Ridgeview Park. This is all the home video footage of the morning of the murder.

Lonnie points to one of the screens.

LONNIE

This one here has a time stamp on it. If we find this same moment on all the tapes, is there any way we can sync-up all of cameras?

PARKER

It won't be like Sunday Night Football, but it'll work.

Parker pushes a few buttons and the three detectives watch the same play from seven different angles. Kristen Krieger kick-slides and knocks the ball away from the opposing forward.

ANDRESSEN

Good little defender.

COOMBS

(to Parker)

Can we zoom in on the rest room back there and --

LONNIE
(cutting him off)
Wait. Where's *she* going?

Lonnie points to one of the monitors. We see Jenny Krieger standing next to her husband Brian. As the tape rolls, she can be seen leaving Brian's side and drifting back towards the bathrooms.

COOMBS
(sarcastically)
That's it. The soccer mom's the doer.

ANDRESSEN
Let's put out an APB.

LONNIE
(refuses to lose his
patience)
I know she's not the perp, but if this date/time stamp is even close to being right, the soccer mom might just have seen or heard something.

At that moment, Lt. Burkheart enters. We can't be sure but it looks like he pauses for a beat to take a look at Jenny Krieger on the monitor. Burkheart extends his hand to Lonnie.

BURKHEART
Garrison? Burkheart.

The men shake.

BURKHEART (cont'd)
May I?

Burkheart opens the door.

INT. MILWAUKEE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN AREA

Burkheart leads Lonnie a few steps toward a door that says "Interview 1."

BURKHEART
So much for easing into the job. Coombs and Andressen chapping your ass?

LONNIE
It's pretty raw. What can I do for you?

BURKHEART

Uniforms did a canvas at Ridgeview park,
trying to dredge up any bottom dwellers
that liked to hang out there.

Burkheart drops a folder full of photos and police files onto
the table.

BURKHEART (cont'd)

Apparently, a lot of repeat offenders like
to hang out in the 'burbs.

Lonnie looks over the case files.

BURKHEART (cont'd)

Some of these upstanding citizens have
alibis a bunch of them don't.

LONNIE

We'll run these down.
(extends his hand)
Thanks.

BURKHEART

(as he shakes)
For a bunch of dead end leads or for not
chapping your ass.

LONNIE

Both.

Coombs and Andressen exit the video tech room.

COOMBS

You want us to interview the soccer mom?

LONNIE

No need, I'm goin' to a barbecue at her
house.

INT. YEAGER'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DRESSING ROOM

Caroline pulls on the silk teddy, looks in the dressing room
mirror and wages an internal debate on whether the forty
percent discount makes the purchase affordable.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Of the same scene is shot from an odd down angle. We PULL
BACK to reveal we are in

INT. HERM GODEAUX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Herm has a small bank of "security monitors" that reveal various angles of the store. In the center monitor, we watch Caroline in her most private of moments.

As Herm watches his "show" he dips a fork into a wedge of coconut cream pie. He shoves an enormous forkful into his mouth. Wisps of white meringue drips onto his chin.

EXT. CRAIG AND LUANNE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Once again, Craig moves the Watch sign toward the street. This is obviously some type of signal which we don't yet understand (but we will).

END ACT FOUR:

ACT FIVE:

MAN'S VOICE

We went too far...

INT. OTIS AND EILEEN MARCH'S WINE CELLAR

These words have been spoken by Vijay Patel, the bespectacled man in his thirties we met earlier. Here is where we understand that this is a meeting of the WATCH TRUST, the secret group within the WATCH. We can see that the wine cellar is in fact a 50's era bomb shelter that has been converted into a very elaborate tasting room.

The membership of the Watch Trust is a closely guarded secret. Anyone can join the Watch, but you have to be invited into the inner sanctum. The camera DRIFTS slowly around the room, some of the twelve members are obscured from us when the scene begins. At the outset we can make out Vijay, Otis and Eileen, Craig and Luanne, Jenny and Brian.

As the flashbacks have demonstrated, Otis and Eileen are the FINANCIAL and POLITICAL power behind the Watch Trust. Something about being shackled to a wheelchair has freed Eileen from every filter of polite behavior.

EILEEN

(explodes at Vijay)

Oh, give me a goddamn break you sanctimonious prick!

From his years in courtrooms and boardrooms, Otis is able to dominate without having to lose his cool.

OTIS

(to Vijay)

You're claiming Garner Austin deserved to *live*?

VIJAY

I'm claiming that if we act as both the judge *and* the executioner, we are no better than Austin.

EILEEN

(hissing)

You want to ask Ramon Alvarez to weigh in on your little wash-your-clothes-in-the-Ganges philosophical debate?

VIJAY

We should have simply forced Austin out of town!

BRIAN

So he could kidnap and rape *other* people's children?

CRAIG

Or should we have just waited for him to re-offend?

OTIS

Possibly harm one of *our* children.

EILEEN

Maybe it would have been one of your sons, Vijay.

VIJAY

That's disgusting.

EILEEN

You bet. What's the matter? You don't want to think about finding little Raneesh in a basement with duct tape over his mouth?

VIJAY

Stop it!

EILEEN

See, now it's personal. Now you know how Lucinda Alvarez feels.

VIJAY

We should have let the police--

Vijay is cut off by someone at the far end of the table. It is Lt. Thomas Burkheart. We now discover who the Trust has a man deep inside the department.

BURKHEART

The police failed us. They failed us miserably.

This has extra weight coming from Burkheart. By distancing himself from the department we can see where his allegiance lies...

BURKHEART (cont'd)

Did the police come when your warehouse was vandalized and your brother was beaten with a baseball bat?

Vijay remembers this moment.

OTIS

(calmly to Vijay)

After those street racers paralyzed Eileen, you were one of the first people to express disgust that those young men would only spend a year behind bars. That's when Eileen and I decided to form the Trust -- to insure that their one year in prison would feel like a lifetime without legs. You were there at the beginning Vijay. So don't pretend that the scales of justice have suddenly changed.

VIJAY

(his resolve weakening)

Justice above the law?

JENNY

What would you have us do, Vijay, sit around waiting and hoping for the system to work? Because, I'm here to tell you that the system *does not work*. It does not stop some monster from trapping you in a dorm stairwell and taking away your innocence and your dignity. That monster still roams the earth, all because *the system* didn't work then and it doesn't work now.

VIJAY

(looks down)

I'm sorry for what happened to you.

JENNY

This isn't about me. This is about Ramon Alvarez.

VIJAY

Is it? How does what you did... what we all did... help Ramon Alvarez?

JENNY

Now that little boy knows he's safe.

VIJAY

I wish that was true.

Vijay stands, a man pushed to the brink.

VIJAY (cont'd)

What if I don't want to be a part of this anymore?

OTIS

You understood the rules of membership when you joined the Trust.

VIJAY

I'll go outside the Trust if I have to.

EILEEN

Not going to happen, sahib. Like it or not, you're part of us. Now sit your skinny brown ass down.

Vijay looks around the room, every eye glaring at him. There is a tense silence. Vijay's moment of defiance has passed, he slowly lowers back into his chair.

OTIS

Fine. Let's move on to the next order of business. There' been some follow home robberies....

T. CRAIG AND LUANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Craig moving the Watch sign from the strip of grass near the street to a spot near his front door. Now we get it, this is a signal to call a meeting of the Watch Trust.

INT. MILWAUKEE CITY HALL TOWER - LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

As Lonnie heads into the building, he finds Chief Eagleton (dressed in sweat pants and a sweat shirt that says "Milwaukee P.D. lacrosse) kneeling down and lacing up a pair of running shoes.

LONNIE

Morning, Chief.

CHIEF EAGLETON

This isn't a coincidence. Run with me.

Eagleton, picks up a lacrosse stick and begins jogging out the doors and onto

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN MILWAUKEE - CONTINUOUS

After a beat, Lonnie jogs out of City Hall Tower, and tries to catch up with Eagleton, who "cradles" a lacrosse ball in the webbing of the stick. Obviously, Lonnie isn't dressed for a run, so he just cruises along with his dress shoes and sport coat and does the best he can. We sense there is a method to Eagleton's madness, we just don't know what it is.

CHIEF EAGLETON

Is there a connection?

LONNIE

Excuse me, sir?

CHIEF EAGLETON

Between your case and the string of murders.

Lonnie thinks a beat before he answers. There is a lot at stake.

LONNIE

It feels off.

CHIEF EAGLETON

Off how?

LONNIE

The weapon is a match. But the height of the perpetrator is different. All the other vics were right ear, this was left. All the other murders were in downtown, this one's out in the burbs.

CHIEF EAGLETON

And this guy just happened to be rapist kidnapper who everyone in town wanted dead.

LONNIE

And there's that.

CHIEF EAGLETON

So, a copycat.

LONNIE

Which is a huge problem --

CHIEF EAGLETON

Because the only living souls who know the details of the crimes...

LONNIE

... are cops.

They run in silence for a beat. Lonnie's shoes make an out-of-place clacking sound on the city sidewalks.

CHIEF EAGLETON

Is there a small ray of sunshine
illuminating the reason I brought you in
from the outside?

LONNIE

You have a leak.

CHIEF EAGLETON

And I want your finger in the dam.

LONNIE

I don't wanna be the guy who investigates
other officers.

CHIEF EAGLETON

I don't give a damn who you want to be --
you're *going* to be the guy who does his
job. Here.

Eagleton hands Lonnie the lacrosse stick.

EAGLETON

That's for you. And buy a pair of running
shoes, you're holding me back.

Eagleton sprints away, leaving Lonnie out of breath and out of options.

EXT. BRIAN AND JENNY'S BACKYARD - DAY

This is the festive, fun backyard barbecue you hope you get invited to. There is a huge banner with the Watch logo stretched over the back door of the Krieger's. It looks as if most of Ridgeview is in attendance. A local teen GARAGE BAND is playing music, kielbasas are grilling, the adults are drinking Pabst Blue Ribbons, the kids splashing in the swimming pool.

As promised by Caroline, Lonnie is doing a small demonstration of self-defense. He speaks to a group of kids and their parents. Standing next to him is Allegra March, dressed in a far-too-provocative bathing suit.

LONNIE

(to the crowd)

Remember the safest neighborhoods are the ones where people look out for each other.

There is a huge CHEER from the assembled crowd. It is as if the Wisconsin Badgers scored a touchdown. Lonnie is a little puzzled at the size of the reaction, but he continues with his demonstration.

LONNIE (cont'd)

... but there are times when we are alone and we have to rely on ourselves. Let's just say Allegra here is the adult, and I'm the child.

(to the crowd)

What should I do if an adult grabs me by the arm.

Lonnie nods to Allegra and she grabs Lonnie by the forearm. Lonnie moves in slow motion and takes his FREE HAND and grabs the wrist of the arm Allegra has grabbed. Then, still in slow motion, makes a twisting move with his legs and hips, and wrenches out of the girl's grasp. This is a basic move taught at every kid's karate studio in the world.

LONNIE (cont'd)

Two hands are stronger than one. Now let's say I'm the adult and Allegra's the child.

(to Allegra)

Ready? Remember, grab the wrist and twist.

Allegra nods, it looks as if she would prefer to be anywhere else but here. Lonnie takes hold of Allegra's arm and tugs on it like an adult trying to abduct a child.

ALLEGRA

Kee-yah!

In one lightning-fast motion, Allegra, plants one stiletto heel, spins and whip-kicks Lonnie in the groin, dropping him like a sack of potatoes.

LONNIE

(wind knocked out of him,
to crowd)

Or...do...that.

The entire crowd is shocked. Lonnie staggers to his feet.

LONNIE (cont'd)
(to Allegra)
San soo?

ALLEGRA
Bando Thaing.
(with venom)
No one's going to friggin' touch me.
(odd smile)
Unless I want them to.

The group cheers, this has been the best demonstration ever. Lonnie limps over toward Otis and Eileen March. Eileen's wheelchair looks out of place on the patio.

Like many people, Lonnie politely bends over when speaking to Eileen.

LONNIE
Your daughter packs a mean wallop.

EILEEN
She was bullied as a child.

LONNIE
So she took up Burmese street fighting?

EILEEN
You don't have to bend over for the cripple.

Lonnie immediately straightens. Eileen finds this funny.

EILEEN (cont'd)
Relax, Garrison. Just some gimp humor.

OTIS
Not everyone finds it as amusing as you do, dear.

Eileen slugs back a drink.

EILEEN
Ask me if I care.

Caroline approaches with two beers, hands one to Lonnie.

CAROLINE
(playfully)
Mr. G., you're not gonna make our new friends feel protected if you get your butt whupped by a teenage girl.

LONNIE

Trust me, that little girl's all the protection anyone's gonna need.

AT THE GRILL

Reveals Brian and Craig manning the enormous stainless-steel barbecue. They are flipping burgers and rotating the sausages. Craig looks over toward Luanne who is dancing in a large group near the band. Luanne is dancing with her friend Faith (you know the way women dance together when their husbands don't like dancing). Luanne is dancing a bit to close to her friend.

CRAIG

(to Brian)

How come women like dancing with each other so much?

BRIAN

(distracted)

Maybe because they know it turns us on so much.

Luanne catches Craig's eye and realizes that she might be in a compromising situation. She effortlessly re-adjusts her position at an acceptable distance from Faith.

AT THE BAR

Jenny slices a cucumber with a large knife. She does this expertly, almost like a sushi chef -- chop, chop, chop. Lonnie appears at her side, brings her a Pabst.

LONNIE

I don't see you breaking a sweat, but you must be thirsty.

JENNY

Thank you, neighbor.

Jenny takes sip, then points to her three kids running around playing hide-and-seek with Travis and June.

JENNY (cont'd)

Would you look at them? It's like they've known each other their whole lives.

LONNIE

You've shown my family a great kindness and we appreciate it.

JENNY

Were you and Caroline high school sweethearts?

LONNIE

College.
(lifts his beer)
Roll Tide.

JENNY

It shows.

LONNIE

I appreciate that, but sometimes my job...
I get a little too far away.

JENNY

Isn't that the story of every marriage?
Just takes a little extra work to find a way back.

LONNIE

You talking hypothetically or from experience?

JENNY

All of us drift a little further than we want to.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. OTIS AND EILEEN MARCH'S BASEMENT - THE WATCH TRUST

(Security camera POV) Otis March places the Milwaukee P.D. file of Garner Austin on the Lazy Susan. He slowly turns the file in front of each member. When the file reaches Craig, Otis stops turning. Craig looks toward Otis and nods. This reminds us of a soldier taking an order from his superior. As Craig reaches for the file, Jenny takes hold of the Lazy Susan and **TURNS IT** so the file now sits in front of her. Before anyone can speak, Jenny takes the file off the tray. Everyone looks to Otis, he nods -- so be it.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. BRIAN AND JENNY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jenny takes a sip of beer.

JENNY

But I'm not comparing our experiences to what you must see everyday. I've heard that you were assigned to that horrible murder in the park.

LONNIE

That's right, and to tell you the truth, we're nowhere with the investigation. I saw some videotape taken at the park that day. Did you know that you went to the ladies room just about the time of the murder?

JENNY

(playfully)

Am I being interrogated, detective?

LONNIE

(earnestly)

Course not. I just wondered if you remember hearing or seeing anything. Any detail, even if it seems unimportant to you might be helpful.

Thinks for a moment.

JENNY

I know I didn't see anything out of the ordinary. And it was impossible to hear anything, you know how loud us soccer moms can get...

NEAR THE GRILL

Brian is acutely aware of Lonnie's gentle questioning of Jenny. Brian looks over toward the pool, spots his children playing with Travis and June.

Brian picks up a tennis ball from the lawn and unlatches a gate to a dog run. He opens it to reveal GEORGE, a jumbo-sized German Shepherd. Brian flicks the ball toward the pool. We follow the arc of the tennis ball it soars right over June's head.

As if he was fired out of a rifle, George playfully charges after the ball, and in doing so, knocks June into the pool.

There is so much commotion, very few people notice that a small child is in danger.

BRIAN

LONNIE!

Lonnie whips around to see Brian charging through the crowd, pushing people aside and then DIVING INTO THE POOL. When he emerges, he has June in his arms, UNHARMED, but scared to death.

Caroline and Lonnie reach the pool's edge at the same time. Caroline scoops her daughter into her arms and cradles her. Caroline is freaked out, she's trying to control her breathing so her daughter doesn't pick up on her fear.

CAROLINE

It's okay Junie-bug. You're okay.
(to Brian)
Thank you, thank you so much.

BRIAN

It all happened so fast.

Lonnie is stunned, he feels awful he hadn't been there for June when he was needed.

LONNIE

(to Brian)
I'm glad you were watching.

BRIAN

You would have done the same for my family.

George comes over wagging his tail. Lonnie notices the wet tennis ball in his mouth. The dog wants someone to throw it again.

INT. BRIAN AND JENNY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Jenny stands alongside her washer and dryer in front of a small workbench. She's not pre-treating or folding laundry. She is using a HOME AMMO LOADER to fill cartridges with powder. We see her daughter's Lady Smith and Wesson on the bench. Jenny does this with such intensity and focus, she's clearly trying to push all feelings of what she's done aside. There are HUNDREDS OF BULLETS neatly line up on the bench. Jenny pauses for a moment, walks to the washing machine and pours in some fabric softener.

INT. LONNIE AND CAROLINE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

There are still unpacked boxes everywhere. Nothing has been hung on the freshly painted walls.

Lonnie, tired after a difficult and complicated day, sits down on the edge of the bed. He unholsters his 9mm, slides out the clip, checks the chamber and carefully locks it into a small gun safe beside the night table. Caroline speaks to him through the closed bathroom door.

CAROLINE
You check the kids?

LONNIE
Down and out.

Instead of getting undressed, Lonnie opens a POLICE FILE. There are no crime scene photos, only pictures of MILWAUKEE POLICE MEN AND WOMEN along with their personnel files. Lonnie is hunting for a rat, and isn't happy about it.

CAROLINE
Mr. G., I'm thinkin' we should join that neighborhood watch they got here.

LONNIE
(distracted)
You know we can't do that, sugar. People join neighborhood watches 'cause they think we policemen aren't doing a good enough job.

CAROLINE
These are nice people. I want it to work here.

LONNIE
Me too.

CAROLINE
Jenny told me that next month the Watch is gonna organize a day care center. Keep all the kids in the neighborhood safe...

Caroline opens the bathroom door to reveal that she's wearing her new silk teddy. Lonnie quickly closes the file. It is clear he wishes to conceal the contents from his wife.

CAROLINE (cont'd)
(re: police file)
I thought we agreed, that stuff never comes into our bedroom.

LONNIE
I know. I'm sorry.

CAROLINE

This move up here was supposed to get us out of the craziness.

LONNIE

They got some craziness of their own up here.

CAROLINE

What's up Mr. G?

LONNIE

(small hesitation)
Nothin'.

CAROLINE

Your smokin'-hot wife puts on this slinky thing and it doesn't even get a "wow?" I'd say something's up -- or not, as the case may be.

LONNIE

(takes in the lingerie)
Wow.
(off Caroline's look)
Too late?

CAROLINE

Yep.

LONNIE

(re: file)
I'll put this back in the car.
(re: the lingerie)
I hope you're in a forgivin' mood.

CAROLINE

(lounges on the bed)
I will allow myself to be persuaded.

Lonnie clicks the file into his briefcase; reclines next to Caroline.

LONNIE

How much persuading we talkin' about?

CAROLINE

I'll let you know when I think it's enough.

She pulls her husband into a kiss; two people hungry to connect.

INT. LIBERTY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MARISOL COOMBS OFFICE

It's early in the school day, and Marisol is already at her computer. There is a knock at her open door and Marisol looks up to see Jenny, in yet another pastel jogging outfit.

JENNY
(brightly)
Got a minute, Mari?

MARISOL
(with a smile)
Aren't you just the spokesmodel for Juicy
Couture.

Undaunted, Jenny breezes in and sets a small tin down on Marisol's desk.

JENNY
I made shortbread cookies. I'm not
bragging, but it's a good batch.

MARISOL
Let's cut to it -- you here about the
Garrison family?

JENNY
They're wonderful people, and would make a
great addition to the school.

MARISOL
Just like I told the peach blossom,
there's no room.

JENNY
But Mari, you have so much latitude. You
opened the enrollment to those special ed
kids.

MARISOL
That's because we have all the
supplemental teachers here at Liberty.

JENNY
(anger peeks through)
Because our neighborhood watch raised all
that money for you to hire them.
(deep breath)

JENNY (cont'd)

I'm just saying -- you can make exceptions. That's what I'd like you to do for the Garrisons.

MARISOL

There's not enough shortbread in the world for that to happen.

Jenny gently shuts Marisol's door.

JENNY

You want to "cut to it", Mari -- little Travis and June had nothing to do with your husband not getting a promotion -- so let's not punish the innocent.

(lowers her voice)

It's not like these kids stole credit card receipts and committed fraud.

This hangs in the air for a moment. Marisol seems stunned. Jenny pulls out a copy of an arrest report from her purse.

MARISOL

(indignantly)

I was in college and my scummy boyfriend stole credit info from a pharmacy I was working at! The charges against me were dropped!

JENNY

Which is why I have no intention of showing this arrest report to the school board -- it would be punishing the innocent.

Jenny puts the police report back in her purse and leaves a small sheet of note paper in its place.

JENNY (cont'd)

Those are Caroline Garrison's home and cell numbers, in case you need to reach her. Don't forget to taste that shortbread, I finally got the recipe just right! They'll melt in your mouth!

Jenny opens the door and exits; leaving a shell-shocked Marisol staring at her computer screen.

INT. VIJAY PATEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vijay enters, he carries his briefcase, home from a long day at work. As he enters a code into the alarm system to disarm it, he notices a note Scotch-taped to the mirror in the foyer: "We're at fencing. Dinner in the microwave. Love, us." He smiles, sets down his briefcase and heads for the

INT. VIJAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Vijay enters the darkened room. Before clicking on the light, he stops, noticing something. The freezer door of his refrigerator is slightly open, we see the glow of the interior light. Did his wife or kids neglect to close it?

Vijay crosses to the refrigerator, and opens the freezer to check on the status of the food. Something in a Zip-loc sandwich bag falls out of the freezer and onto floor. It all happens too fast for us to see what it was -- but Vijay is HORRIFIED. He steps back from the open freezer, unable to breathe. Before he can scream, his home phone RINGS. Vijay is so nervous, all he can manage to do is push the SPEAKERPHONE BUTTON.

VIJAY
(trembling)
Hello?

OTIS'S VOICE
Hi, Vijay.

VIJAY
Otis?

OTIS'S VOICE
You shouldn't leave your freezer open,
you'll waste all that wonderful masala.

Vijay looks around the kitchen; completely freaked out.

VIJAY
Where are you?

OTIS'S VOICE
In my office.

VIJAY
How did you--

OTIS'S VOICE

Know you're standing in front of your refrigerator? Craig Winslow installed your security system, remember?

Vijay now focuses on the blinking red lights of his alarm system's infrared beams. Could there be cameras hidden in them?

OTIS'S VOICE (cont'd)

The Watch Trust is like a family, Vijay. We may squabble but in the end we all look out for each other.

Vijay looks back toward the object that fell on the floor.

VIJAY

Is that--?

OTIS'S VOICE

Garner Austin's severed penis? Yes. And now it is on your floor in your kitchen.

Vijay understands what this could mean. He's very scared, but he's not stupid.

VIJAY

Please... my wife, my kids...

OTIS'S VOICE

You're right to think of your family. I know we are.

We HOLD on Vijay, alone in his kitchen, looking in every corner for the eyes that are watching him.

END ACT FIVE:

ACT SIX:

EXT. STREETS OF MILWAUKEE - BRONZEVILLE

This is the neighborhood that never rebounded after the auto-parts industry was jobbed out to India, Indonesia and the Philippines. Rusting hulks of turn-of-the century factories cast a long shadow over dilapidated boarding houses. Cruising into this monochromatic world of despair, we see a very strange, sight -- a gleaming electric-blue PRIUS.

INT. VIJAY'S PRIUS -DAY

The Prius's hybrid engine is silent as Vijay scans the desolate cityscape for an address. On the seat next to him we catch a glimpse of the Zip-loc sandwich bag. We have no idea what Vijay is doing, only that he and his eco-friendly are very much strangers in a strange land. He chews absently on a shorbread cookie -- one of Jenny's.

INT. YEAGER'S DEPARTMENT STORE - COSMETICS COUNTER

Caroline, dressed in her Yeager's uniform, is below the counter restocking perfume in the Chanel boutique. As she stands, she finds Herm Godeaux hovering next to her. He takes a big inhale.

HERM

Ambrosial.

(off Caroline's look)

Chanel No. 5. My first wife wore it every day. It reminds me of young love.

Again, Caroline has been flirted with by all sorts of men, she barely pays attention. Herm slides a large box of the perfume toward Caroline.

HERM (cont'd)

A gift.

CAROLINE

Mr. Godeaux, I couldn't.

HERM

It's something I do for all my new employees. It's a way to welcome you to the family.

Herm hands the box of perfume to Caroline.

HERM (cont'd)

I insist.
(he inhales)
Mmmm. Young love.

INT. MILWAUKEE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN AREA

This is no CSI Miami, just a nuts and bolts Midwestern police department.

Coombs and Andressen sit at a long metal table that is laden with mounds of police investigative reports. Lonnie is tacking up suspect photos on a dry-erase/cork board. Some of these are from Burkheart's files.

On the far side of the board, we recognize a morgue photo of the murder victim, Garner Austin. Someone has scrawled "R.I.P. scumbag" on the dry-erase board next to the picture.

FROM LONNIE'S POV

We ANGLE ON Coombs and Andressen as they pick through the investigative reports.

CLOSE ON LONNIE

As he wonders if these two detectives are the leak in the department.

Lonnie is interrupted by a DESK ASSISTANT.

DESK ASSISTANT

Detective Garrison? Someone here to see you. Says it's important.

Lonnie nods and the desk assistant opens the door to reveal Vijay. Lonnie watches as Vijay enters the bullpen area. He looks timid and nervous, which is not unusual for "civilians" entering a police station.

Lonnie extends his hand.

LONNIE

Lonnie Garrison.

VIJAY

Vijay Patel.

LONNIE

How can I help you, Mr. Patel?

VIJAY

(looks near tears)

I should have come forward earlier. Much earlier.

Lonnie pulls out a chair and Vijay sits.

LONNIE

You need coffee, Mr. Patel?

VIJAY

(ignores this)

I jog in the park. Ridgeview Park. And I saw something.

Something about Vijay's earnest demeanor has drawn the attention of Coombs and Andressen. They swivel their chairs to face him. This only serves to put more pressure on Vijay.

LONNIE

Relax, Mr. Patel. When was this that you saw something.

VIJAY

That morning. The morning the man was killed at the park.

LONNIE

What exactly did you see?

VIJAY

I was jogging, early in the morning. I stopped to go to the bathroom, and... there was a man sleeping there on the floor.

LONNIE

Had you ever seen this man before?

Vijay doesn't respond. He seems to be looking past Lonnie.

LONNIE (cont'd)

Mr. Patel?

Vijay stands and walks toward the dry-erase board. He lifts his hand and points at a PHOTOGRAPH tacked to the board. This was from one of the Burkheart photos.

COOMBS

(gets to his feet)

Is that the guy you saw in the men's room?

VIJAY

(timid nod)

Yes.

ANDRESSEN

You sure?

Vijay looks down.

VIJAY

I am ashamed. I should have spoken to the police earlier.

(looks up, tears in his eyes)

I have a wife, two sons. I didn't act as my heart told me to.

(earnestly)

I have no courage. I am less than a man.

Andressen is scanning through the file that corresponds with the photo.

ANDRESSEN

(reading)

Seamus Hapwell.

(eyes flash)

BAMMO! He's a child offender, spent time in the same halfway house as Garner Austin!

Coombs and Andressen hop out of their chairs. Lonnie looks pumped up as well.

LONNIE

Mr. Patel, would you swear to this in front of a judge so we can get a warrant?

Vijay, tear still in his eyes, nods his head "yes."

LONNIE (cont'd)

Sir, you came forward. That's the important thing. I promise, your sons will be proud of you.

Vijay knows that nothing could ever be further from the truth.

Lonnie, Coombs, and Andressen rapidly escort Vijay out of the bullpen area, each of them on their cell phones, rounding up men and equipment.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN MILWAUKEE - BRONZEVILLE

Three unmarked cars rocket through the caverns of industrial demise -- no lights, no sirens, simply speed.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie drives, Coombs rides shotgun. Andressen is in the back seat. Lonnie's cell phone rings. He checks the number does not answer the call.

ANDRESSEN

(to Lonnie)

My wife calls at all the wrong times, too.

LONNIE

How'd you know it was my wife?

ANDRESSEN

If it was your girlfriend, you'd answer.

EXT. BRONZVILLE BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The three unmarked cars pull to a stop. Lonnie, Coombs, Andressen and FOUR OTHER COPS (all wearing protective gear), exit the cars and rush toward the boarding house. Lonnie holds up his hand points to the rear of the building. Instantly, two officers sprint to cover the back door.

INT. BRONZVILLE BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie, Coombs, Andressen and the three cops, climb the dark stairway to the fourth floor. This boarding house was never fashionable, it was always the very last stop on the elevator to hell.

They creep silently to a position in front of the door of 4C.

Two cops position a hand-held battering ram in front of the door. Lonnie gives the signal.

COOMBS

(yells)

MILWAUKEE POLICE!

BAM! The battering ram pulverizes the door. All the officers rush in, guns drawn.

INT. SEAMUS HAPWELL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is nothing more than an ancient cast iron bed, some thin sheets and a frayed armchair. No Seamus. The officers check the tiny bathroom and closet. There are hundreds of Polaroids scattered around the room. Lonnie checks the open window. He looks down, then up.

LONNIE

Runner.

Lonnie leaps out the window onto the fire escape.

EXT. BRONZVILLE BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie powers up the rusted metal steps. High above him, Seamus hops off the top level of the fire escape onto the roof. Coombs joins the pursuit behind Lonnie.

EXT. BRONZVILLE BOARDING HOUSE - ROOF

As Lonnie pulls himself onto the roof, we can see that this boarding house is part of a network of attached buildings. Seamus has a big head start and is dashing from one rooftop to the next in a desperate race to escape.

Lonnie sprints after his quarry. We are amazed at his speed and power. Coombs lags far behind but, as he is well trained, separates from Lonnie and takes a parallel path, keeping Seamus triangulated between them.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

We follow Coombs as he jumps to the next rooftop. He races past a line of smokestacks, which temporarily obscures his view of Seamus. He reaches the edge of the factory and looks ahead to the next building. He's lost sight of the perp.

Suddenly, from behind one of the smokestacks, Seamus appears with a box-cutter blade. He's just about to slit Coombs's throat, when, from out of nowhere, Lonnie flies into frame, tackling Seamus. Seamus's knife clatters off the side of the building.

Lonnie's tackle was so vicious, he and Seamus tumble in a roll. Amazingly, Seamus slips out of Lonnie's grip, springs to his feet and is off again. He leaps to

EXT. MARQUETTE STEEL FACTORY - ROOF

Big problem. The roof of Marquette Steel is merely a latticework of exposed beams that span a rusted shell of a long-forgotten factory. Seamus has no choice but to pick a beam and run for the opposite side, Lonnie at his heels.

As Lonnie is faster and more powerful, Seamus loses ground. He makes a desperate hop to a parallel beam, but misses. He attempts to grab onto the steel truss, but is too tired and weak to save himself. With a SCREAM, Seamus FALLS sixty feet. There is a dull clanging thud, then silence.

Coombs, who is trying his hardest not to lose his balance, comes out and joins Lonnie on the metal span.

Coombs realizes Lonnie saved his life.

COOMBS

DB for 'Bama, huh?

(off Lonnie's look)

Yeah, I checked you out -- I'm a friggin' cop.

This is as close to a "thank you" as Lonnie will get, but it's enough. Both men look down to see that Seamus fell into the gaping, rusted maw of a SMELTING POT. Hapwell lies dead at the bottom of the enormous steel urn.

COOMBS (cont'd)

Only thing better would be if that smelter had been full of molten steel.

(another look from Lonnie)

C'mon -- we were both thinking it.

LONNIE

(after a beat)

Woulda saved the county the cost of buryin' the son of a bitch.

Coombs breaks out into a smile. These guys won't hate each other forever.

EXT. BRONZVILLE BOARDING HOUSE - LATER

Now there are AMBULANCES, BLACK AND WHITES, even the BLACK SUBURBAN of Chief Eagleton.

Lonnie and Coombs return from the steel factory. They join Eagleton near the Suburban.

Andressen exits the boarding house. He's holding the Zip-lock bag with the "missing member" and a stack of Polaroids all depicting little girls.

ANDRESSEN

This skank was supposed to have been on depro-provera.

(hold up Polaroids)

Must not have affected him -- he's been offending.

The detectives ponder the heinous nature of this.

EAGLETON

"No wind shall speak his name and the spirits will abandon his soul."

Lonnie, Coombs and Andressen are puzzled by Eagleton's statement.

EAGLETON (cont'd)

Occasionally it is my obligation to remind you I am a red man. Deal with it.

The M.E. and his CORONER'S STAFF arrive.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Anyone know where the corpse is?

Coombs and Andressen go to deal with the body as Eagleton takes Lonnie aside.

EAGLETON

You got the "missing member," you got a stack of solid evidence and got two dead child molesters.

LONNIE

Very neat and tidy.

EAGLETON

That's the way Wisconsin folk like their lawns.

LONNIE

We're going to work real hard trying to connect this guy to the other seven murders and I suspect we're going to come up empty. And if he's *not* connected, we still have our original problem.

EAGLETON

You bet.

LONNIE

So you still want me on that?

EAGLETON

You bet.

Eagleton climbs into his Suburban.

LONNIE

It's less relaxing here than I thought.

EAGLETON

Man up and stop complaining.

Eagleton drives away. The camera drifts up and away as we hear BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN on the soundtrack.

SPRINGSTEEN

*"Some folks are born into a good life.
Other folks get it anyway..."*

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

Jenny, her three kids, and Luanne are bunched around a small table. The two older kids, Kristen and Jesse still wear their yellow shooting sunglasses. They look like tiny militia members. Jenny and Luanne are concentrating on a flat-screen TV near the coffee bar. Caroline enters, wearing her Yeager's uniform, and is thrilled to see her new friends.

LUANNE

(to Caroline, re; uniform)
Sexy!

CAROLINE

Think so?

To the delight of Luanne, Caroline twirls to show off the very square uniform.

CAROLINE (cont'd)

(to Jenny)

I don't know what you did, but I just got a call from Marisol Coombs -- my kids are in *Liberty!*

JENNY

I didn't do a thing.

Jenny points to Caroline's bracelet.

JENNY (cont'd)

See? Miracles *do* happen every day. Today Kristen scored a perfect fifty -- all head shots!

(re: tv set)

Did you know your hunky husband is a hero?

Jenny looks up to see a NEWS REPORT at the Bronzestown boarding house. Lead detective Lonnie Garrison is being interviewed by an ON-AIR JOURNALIST. Caroline absently twirls her red bracelet as she watches.

SPRINGSTEEN

"Anyhow I lost my money and I lost my wife. Then things don't seem to matter much to me now."

INT. LUCINDA ALVAREZ'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Lucinda watches the same news report. Ramon is off in his own world, playing with his Yu-Gi-Oh cards. Lucinda's face is blank, devoid of expression. How is she supposed to feel about the death of the man who killed the man who abused her son?

SPRINGSTEEN

"Tonight I'll be on that hill 'cause I can't stop. I'll be on that hill with everything I got. Lives on the line where dreams are found and lost."

INT. OTIS MARCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

On a FLAT SCREEN TV, we see the continuing news report of Lonnie's heroism. We PAN to find Eileen March, wearing a very elegant dress, seated on a two-person divan, her wheelchair far off to the side. Sprawled next to her on the divan is Allegra, in a very short cocktail dress. Standing behind the two women, looking very patriarchal in a dark suit, is Otis March.

We PULL BACK to reveal a guy in his thirties, a PHOTOGRAPHER (artistic-type, pony-tail), looking down into a HASSLEBLAD CAMERA. Two FEMALE PHOTO ASSISTANTS, hover around, adjusting the strobe lighting, loading film magazines. Clearly, we are witnessing the very high-end March family photo.

ALLEGRA

(sotto to Eileen)

The second I graduate from high school, I am so out of this Hallmark nightmare.

EILEEN

(sotto)

You say that every year.

ALLEGRA

(a bit too loudly)

And yet here we are.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(to break the tension)

Okay, March family! Let's do one quick test shot.

Eileen carefully adjusts her angle to show off her best side.

OTIS

(to Allegra)

You're slouching.

Allegra adjusts her angle. Otis lifts his chin to display just the right authority and FLASH!

The Photographer has a Polaroid back on the camera and pulls out the film to inspect the shot. Something troubles him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. March?

OTIS

Problem?

The photographer moves toward Otis. Both men look at the shot. Otis's eyes narrow.

OTIS (cont'd)

(on edge)

Allegra.

ALLEGRA

(with a smile)

Yes, Daddy?

OTIS

I want you to go upstairs. Now.

ALLEGRA

Am I being banned from the family holiday photo?

OTIS

No, you're being asked to put on underwear.

SPRINGSTEEN

*"I'll be there on time and I'll pay the cost
For wanting things that can only be found...
In the darkness on the edge of town..."*

EXT. LONNIE AND CAROLINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Lonnie exits the house dressed in sweats and carrying a junior-sized football. He finds Travis and June helping Caroline wash the Chevelle. It now gleams just like Jenny Krieger's Previa in the next driveway. We can't help but notice that Caroline is wearing a Juicy Couture-style jogging suit and has her hair pulled back in a French braid. We see her red plastic bracelet as well.

LONNIE

Wow.

CAROLINE

Are you enjoying my new outfit?

LONNIE

That and how you Armor All-ed the tires.

Caroline playfully swats her husband. He pulls her into a kiss.

LONNIE (cont'd)

New perfume?

CAROLINE

(touched)

You noticed.

LONNIE

I did.

TRAVIS

Daddy?

Travis is tugging at the junior football.

LONNIE

Go long.

As Springsteen's instrumental continues, Lonnie tosses a perfect spiral. A perfect moment in suburbia. The CAMERA CRANES UP above the Garrison house and PANS to:

EXT. BRIAN AND JENNY'S BACKYARD

Where we see the familiar Kinko's-type WATCH sign, the folding chairs and a large group of neighbors milling around with soft drinks. Herm Godeaux sidles up to Allegra.

HERM

Did you hear about your neighbors the Jangers?

ALLEGRA

(could care)
What about them?

HERM

Home invasion robbery. That's the fourth. We all have to be so careful. Take precautions.

Suddenly, SIDE GATE to the backyard bursts open and BRIAN appears. For some reason, he is dressed in a heavily padded PROTECTION SUIT and he wears a BURLAP-COVERED BITE SLEEVE on his right arm. The camera LOWERS to find GEORGE (Jenny and Brian's GERMAN SHEPHERD), teeth bared, charging toward Brian. The dog ATTACKS the burlap-covered bite sleeve, and proceeds to yank his head side-to-side, trying to rip the sleeve to shreds. Finally, Brian releases the sleeve as George continues to tear at it with murderous intent.

NOW IN SLOW MOTION - SPRINGSTEEN MUSIC RISES

The camera swirls around the assembled crowd, Jenny, Brian, Kristen, Will, Jesse, Luanne, Craig, Vijay, Vijay's WIFE AND KIDS, Otis, Eileen, Allegra and Herm Godeaux. They are all LAUGHING AND CHEERING as George the German Shepherd rips the bite sleeve apart.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW