

WAVELENGTH

an original screenplay

by

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Based on a story by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA - HALF DOME - DAY

A blustery late Spring day on the vertiginous back of Half Dome. A cable ladder affords climbers a chance at the summit.

Three CLIMBERS -- STEVE SALES, mid-thirties, his wife IRMA SALES, late twenties, and their son TOMMY, twelve years old -- cautiously make their way up the nearly vertical wall.

Gusts of wind blow their hair.

The trio reaches the summit, where A DOZEN OTHER ADVENTURERS admire the view of Yosemite Valley and its waterfalls.

Snow-capped peaks stab the distant skyline.

Steve pulls out a camera. He gestures to Irma and Tommy to stand at the top of a granite slab.

Steve snaps some photos of mother and son, hugging each other.

Steve holds out the camera to Irma. Irma takes the camera as a gust of wind buffets her jacket.

Steve and Tommy, arms draped over each others' shoulders, pose on the granite slab as they lean against the wind.

Steve gestures to Irma to give the camera to Tommy.

Steve and Irma embrace on the slab as Tommy snaps some shots.

Tommy's dissatisfied with the framing. He backs up a bit, near the edge.

Still dissatisfied, Tommy motions his parents to back up.

Then a bit more.

As Tommy frames the last photo, a gust of wind carries his parents off the granite slab, into the void.

INT. IRIS SALES' HOME (NORTH CANTON, OHIO) - NIGHT

Tommy Sales, now a nerdy eighteen-year-old, huddles in front of a computer screen in his bedroom.

Tommy surfs science and engineering websites.

IRIS SALES (O.S.)  
Tommy! Tommy Sales! Dinner!

Tommy closes all tabs.

TOMMY  
Coming, Grandma!

INT. IRIS SALES' HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tommy and his grandmother IRIS, late sixties, still radiating some Elizabeth Taylor sultriness, sit at the table, eating Polish sausages and sauerkraut.

IRIS  
How was school?

TOMMY  
Got the lead in the school play.

IRIS  
Long as it doesn't cut into your studies.

TOMMY  
I use my time wisely. You taught me that.

IRIS  
You're spending an awful lot of time on that computer. You staying out of trouble?

TOMMY  
I'm not hacking into the Pentagon, if that's what you mean.

IRIS  
No. You know what I mean.

Tommy cuts a sausage and shoves a piece into his mouth.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
I bought a present for you.

EXT. IRIS SALES' HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Iris' backyard is a rolling lawn, ringed with floodlights.

Iris leads Tommy across the lawn, to a bench.

Iris gestures behind the bench.

Tommy lifts a bagged set of GOLF CLUBS.

Tommy examines the clubs.

TOMMY  
Calloway RAZR Fit Xtremes!

IRIS  
Nothing but the best for you, Tiger.

INT. IRIS SALES' HOME - TOMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy, back at his computer, is still checking out science websites.

A SOFT KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Not waiting for a reply, Iris pokes her head around the door.

IRIS  
Tommy?

Tommy closes the tabs.

TOMMY  
Yes?

IRIS  
My lower back's acting up again.  
Would you mind?

Tommy shuts down his computer.

TOMMY  
Be right in.

Iris departs.

INT. IRIS SALES' HOME - IRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Iris's wealth is best expressed in her bedroom, with its CANOPIED BED and BEAUTY SALON DECOR, complete with MIRRORS and a PROFESSIONAL HAIR DRYER SET-UP.

Iris lays on her tummy, her back exposed, the sheets rolled down to her waist.

Tommy enters the bedroom.

IRIS  
Don't be shy, boy.

Tommy climbs onto the bed, then straddles his grandmother's ample buttocks.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
You know where it aches.  
(Tommy starts the  
massage, at the base  
of Iris' spine)  
Oh, yes. Right there. Yes!

Iris purrs with delight.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
You're my tiger.

Iris's eyelids twitch. Her eyes roll back, exposing the whites.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Thash real good. You shoul' me a mashewer...

TOMMY  
Grandma. Are you drunk?

IRIS  
I...I...

Iris twitches, then passes out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DRAMA CLASS (NORTH CANTON, OHIO) - DAY

Tommy, onstage, rehearses the scene from "Hamlet" (Act One, Scene 5) in which the ghost of his father visits him.

A FELLOW STUDENT plays the Ghost while a FEMALE TEACHER/DIRECTOR, mid-thirties, watches.

GHOST  
"But this eternal blazon must not  
be, To ears of flesh and blood.  
List, list, O, list! If thou didst  
ever thy dear father love" --

TOMMY/HAMLET  
O God!

GHOST  
Revenge his foul and most unnatural  
murder.

TOMMY/HAMLET  
Murder!

CANTON POLICE HOMICIDE DETECTIVE STUART ESCHLIMAN, mid-forties, taps the Teacher/Director on her shoulder, whispers, and presents his badge.

GHOST  
"Murder most foul, as in the best it  
is; But this most foul, strange and  
unnatural."

TOMMY/HAMLET

"Haste me to know't, that I, with  
wings as swift, As meditation or the  
thoughts of love, May sweep to my  
revenge.

TEACHER/DIRECTOR

Okay. Let's stop here. Tommy, I'd  
like to see a bit more terror from  
you.

(beat)

Someone's here to see you.

Tommy looks out into the auditorium, sees Detective Eschliman,  
who beckons Tommy with a finger.

INT. AUDITORIUM BATHROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

No. These are just routine questions  
after the autopsy.

TOMMY

Should I call a lawyer?

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

No. Your grandmother suffered a  
fatal stroke. You're eighteen now.  
Social Services is irrelevant.

TOMMY

Mmmm.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

We found your dried DNA in her bed  
and on her body.

TOMMY

Eschliman, yes?

Detective Eschliman pops a stick of Beeman's Black Jack into  
his mouth.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

And--?

TOMMY

Are you related to Carole A.  
Eschliman?

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

He's an uncle. So?

TOMMY

Back in 1992 he pleaded guilty to participating in an illegal gambling business and was sentenced to three years of probation.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

And?

TOMMY

Your uncle was an associate of mafioso Pasquale Ferruchio. Who received a thirty month prison sentence for running the operation.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

The Internet has served you well.

TOMMY

I'm kind of a crime aficionado.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

Which brings us back to you. Your parents died under unusual circumstances. And now your wealthy grandmother. You're her only heir.

TOMMY

We were very close, Iris and I.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

Duly noted.

TOMMY

As you can see from your own case, Detective, we oughtn't to suffer because of family connections.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

Duly noted. Got any post-graduation plans?

TOMMY

I'm clearing out of Canton.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

We're curious as to where.

TOMMY

Duly noted.

OVER A WESTWARD HIGHWAY-TRAVELING MONTAGE, BEGIN OPENING CREDITS.

A LUXURY RECREATIONAL VEHICLE, towing a HONDA ACCORD, cruises west, across the Great Plains; over the Rockies; across Utah; through Reno, Nevada; past Lake Tahoe.

END OPENING CREDITS.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 (JUST WEST OF LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

The luxury recreational vehicle cruises west, nearing the DONNER MEMORIAL STATE PARK.

INT. LUXURY RV - TRAVELING - DAY

Tommy is at the wheel, holding a DIGITAL CAMERA.

As he nears the Donner Memorial State Park highway sign, Tommy points his camera and snaps a photo of the sign as he passes it.

TOMMY  
Manifest Destiny.

EXT. ISLAMIC SOCIETY OF MONTEREY COUNTY (MONTEREY) - DAY

GUNSHOTS.

A Monterey Police Department car slides to a stop by the curb, in front of what appears to be an old suburban home with a CRESCENT above the front door.

MONTEREY P.D. DETECTIVE RICK HARPER, ruffled, late-fifties, leaps out of the car and runs to the trunk.

Harper opens the trunk and pulls out a BULLET PROOF VEST which he slings on before grabbing ARMAMENTS and AMMUNITION.

INT. ISLAMIC SOCIETY OF MONTEREY - DAY

A HOODED MAN in his twenties fires randomly at WORSHIPERS who hide and flee and beg for mercy.

SEVERAL BODIES litter the floor.

The gunman reloads as he flees the mosque.

EXT. ISLAMIC SOCIETY OF MONTEREY - DAY

The gunman exits the mosque, firing in all directions.

The gunman sees the police car and fires at it.

Detective Harper kneels, then peers over the side of his car as glass flies all around him and bullets pierce metal.

Harper aims his pistol at the gunman and fires several times.



The gunman's thigh rips open.

Undeterred, the gunman lurches forward as Detective Harper sprints to get a better angle.

The gunman aims at Detective Harper and fires.

GUNMAN  
Allahu Akbar!

Several bullets thump into Harper's vest. One hits his neck, missing the carotid artery.

Blood pours down Harper's neck.

MORE SQUAD CARS SKID TO A STOP.

COPS, GUNS DRAWN, LEAP OUT OF THEIR CARS.

Harper squeezes off more shots.

The just-arrived COPS join Harper's fusillade.

The gunman goes down in a hail of bullets.

An OFFICER, mid-twenties, sprints to Harper. He examines the detective's neck wound.

Harper gasps for air and clutches his vest over his heart.

Harper shakes off the officer.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Inside!

The cops sprint into the mosque.

Harper passes out.

EXT. MARINA, CALIFORNIA - MARINA COVE BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tommy's rig passes through the entrance, under the signed archway.

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

MRS. HELEN MURGATROY, an obese middle-aged woman, watches the TV hanging from the ceiling.

ON SCREEN: TV REPORTER SELA GORMAN, in her mid-thirties and not as attractive as she'd like to be, interviews crisply bureaucratic MONTEREY POLICE LIEUTENANT BENNETT COMPTON, mid-forties.

LIEUTENANT COMPTON  
 Detective Harper's a genuine hero,  
 Sela. The local Muslim community  
 has showered him with praise.

SELA  
 How's the recovery going?

LIEUTENANT COMPTON  
 Just a flesh wound. He'll be cleared  
 soon, and back on the job.

SELA  
 Any further news on the gunman?

LIEUTENANT COMPTON  
 Just a Shiite with an old grudge  
 against the Sunnis. It's an internal  
 thing, posing no danger to the public.

RETURN TO SCENE.

Disgusted, Mrs. Murgatroy picks up the TV control.

MRS. MURGATROY  
 No danger to the public? Are you  
 crazy?

Mrs. Murgatroy turns off the TV as Tommy enters the office.

MRS. MURGATROY (CONT'D)  
 Afternoon! What can I do for you?

As Tommy pulls out his wallet and produces his ID...

TOMMY  
 RV space. I'm Tommy Sales.

As Mrs. Murgatroy takes down Tommy's information...

MRS. MURGATROY  
 And how long will you be with us,  
 Mr. Sales?

TOMMY  
 Open-ended, if that's possible.

MRS. MURGATROY  
 Eighty dollars a night?

TOMMY  
 Eighty dollars it is. Here's a month  
 in advance.

Tommy hands over the cash.

MRS. MURGATROY  
 What brings you to the Central Coast,  
 sir?

TOMMY  
 (winking)  
 The lovely beach resort owners I've  
 heard so much about.

MRS. MURGATROY  
 Seriously, Mr. Sales.

TOMMY  
 Your world famous golf courses.

INT. DR. EDMUND JAY'S OFFICE (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Rick Harper, shirtless, barely flinches as DR. EDMUND JAY, a  
 slim, fit bespectacled African-American in his late thirties,  
 removes the neck bandage and inspects the wound.

DR. EDMUND JAY  
 It's coming along. How's it feel?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Mild itching.

DR. EDMUND JAY  
 Let's check out Mister Pacemaker.

Dr. Jay peers at a three-inch CHEST SCAR just to the right  
 of Harper's left armpit.

On Harper's left shoulder is a TATTOO of a 1950s-style  
 illustration of an ATOM, surrounded by orbiting electrons,  
 captioned with "BETTER LIVING THROUGH SCIENCE."

Dr. Jay prods the scar.

DR. EDMUND JAY (CONT'D)  
 And how are things at home?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 I'm a cliché, Doctor. A divorced  
 middle-aged cop with a girlfriend.

DR. EDMUND JAY  
 Hazel still lights your wick?

Harper shrugs.

DR. EDMUND JAY (CONT'D)  
 Your son?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Learning the prosthetics.  
 (beat)  
 We don't talk much.

DR. EDMUND JAY  
 Any discomfort from the pacemaker?  
 Nice tattoo. I always took you for a  
 Luddite.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Hazel's idea. Said it's hip to be  
 ironic.

As Dr. Jay writes notes on his clipboard journal...

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
 Cleared?

DR. EDMUND JAY  
 Moderate exercise, keep to the diet.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 I've heard bad things about  
 microwaves. Can I still nuke my  
 dinners?

DR. EDMUND JAY  
 The modern pacemaker is immune from  
 microwave ovens. Unless you climb  
 inside one and turn it on. Cell phones  
 are a mild threat. Keep 'em out of  
 your breast pocket.

EXT. GOLF COURSE (PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

On a spectacular day, the sun drenches the world famous course  
 built on a cliff above the Pacific Ocean.

Tommy Sales leans on his driver, waiting for a slow moving  
 FEMALE FOURSOME to finish their tee shots.

Tommy's lost in his vision of the Pacific Ocean's waves,  
 lashing the rocks below the cliff.

One of the WOMEN, ROSIE WHITNALL, a sixtyish redhead in  
 Bermuda shorts, eyes Tommy.

ROSIE  
 Next hole, why doncha play through?

TOMMY  
 It's too fine a day to hurry.

ROSIE

Such a nice young man. Midwestern manners?

TOMMY

You might say. Raised by a strict grandmother.

ROSIE

Now there's an oxymoron. I spoil my grandkids rotten.

(beat)

Name's Rosie.

TOMMY

Christian. Christian Carrington.

One of Rosie's foursome, watchful sixtyish JESSICA BRICKLEY, eyes the duo.

JESSICA

Your shot, cougar. Let the young man be.

INT. TAP ROOM RESTAURANT (PEBBLE BEACH)- DAY

Trophies and placards from the Roaring Twenties stand alongside a collection of photos of Bing Crosby and assorted pros and celebrities who have teed it up in Crosby's old Clambake.

Tommy gnoshes on sauteed sand dabs.

Rosie Whitnall and her boisterous partners enter the Tap Room and take a table.

Rosie sees Tommy, eating alone. She sidles over to Tommy's table.

ROSIE

Nobody should eat alone. Especially a Christian.

Tommy nods toward an empty chair. Rosie sits.

A WAITER arrives.

WAITER

Good afternoon, Ms. Whitnall. The usual?

ROSIE

Artichoke soup and a nice Chardonnay.

The waiter leaves.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
You have a nice rhythmic swing.

TOMMY  
And you have bee-you-ti-ful hair.

Rosie studies Tommy.

ROSIE  
You're handling me.

TOMMY  
Hmmm.

Pause.

ROSIE  
Their sand dabs are world famous.

TOMMY  
Justly so.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO (PEBBLE BEACH) - NIGHT

Tommy stands behind a couch as Rosie, nursing a glass of wine, slouches in her padded chair.

Tommy nods toward a nylon string guitar resting in a guitar holder.

TOMMY  
You play classical?

ROSIE  
Folk. My late husband Morris played it. Sure you won't share some wine?

Tommy shakes his head.

TOMMY  
"The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face."

ROSIE  
Yes?

TOMMY  
It's a song. You like it?

ROSIE  
I... Oh. Roberta Flack.

TOMMY  
Check out this version. You have Internet?

Rosie stands, wobbling a bit. She leads Tommy into a back bedroom, turns on a light, and gestures toward a desk.

Rosie refreshes the already-turned-on computer and surrenders her seat to Tommy.

Tommy, staying on his feet, types in letters and numbers into the search bar. As a site loads, Tommy nods to the chair.

Rosie sits. Tommy hits "play."

On the screen: The Flaming Lips and Amanda Palmer doing "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face." Amanda Palmer, nude, in a filled-up bath tub, sings the song, now drenched in power chords, very slowly.

(See: <http://www.Youtube.com/watch?v=fxRMRzrNSkw>)

Rosie, secretly thrilled, closes the tab before the video concludes.

ROSIE

Christian. This is obscene.

TOMMY

It's a new century. Get used to it, Rosie. Shall I draw the water? You like it extra hot, right?

Rosie smiles, rises, walks out the door.

From the bathroom, A HUMMING BATHTUB FAUCET.

Tommy wipes the keyboard clean with a shirt sleeve.

INT. GARDEN HEALTH CLUB (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Disco-type music fills the weight room. Channels CNN and ESPN broadcast from suspended televisions, muted, with captions.

Tommy stands before a wall-length mirror, doing reps with fifty pound barbells.

Detective Harper arrives, in sweat pants and tank top. He looks over the barbells in the rack below the mirror. Harper can't find his preferred weight.

DETECTIVE HARPER

(to Tommy)

Excuse me. Are those fifties?

TOMMY

Yeah. I got one more set of reps.

Harper idly watches the muted televisions. Two commentators discuss a golf tournament, captioned.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Tiger's never gonna catch Jack.

TOMMY  
Why not?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
He's damaged goods.

TOMMY  
We're all "damaged goods."

Detective Harper looks Tommy over.

Tommy returns the look by examining Harper's "atom" tattoo.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You're awfully young to know that.

Tommy finishes his reps and hands the barbells to Detective Harper.

INT. SAUNA - GARDEN HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Tommy, a towel around his midsection, reclines on a bench.

Harper, also wearing a towel, enters.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Well, hey.

TOMMY  
Hi.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You must be new here.

TOMMY  
Yeah.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Name's Harper. Call me Rick.

As Tommy shakes Detective Harper's offered hand, he notes Detective Harper's pacemaker scar.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
Pacemaker. My doctor's ordered regular workouts. You are?

TOMMY  
Just another club member.



Tommy rises to leave. His towel slips to the floor.  
 Tommy casually re-wraps the towel around his midsection.  
 Tommy stops at the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to be rude. Name's Tommy.

DETECTIVE HARPER

It's a small town. I'm sure I'll run  
 into you. Have a good day.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH GOLF COURSE - DAY

Rosie Whitnall, her hair in curlers, and Tommy's dead  
 grandmother Iris Sales, a hair dryer covering the top of her  
 head, dance together on a putting green.

Tommy appears at the edge of the green.

Rosie and Iris see Tommy and wave to him as they start to  
 undress.

MAN'S ULTRA DEEP VOICE (V.O.)

Tommy. Positively.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

Tommy, lit by a night light, jerks awake, gasping.

EXT. JACKS PEAK PARK (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Tommy, wearing a small backpack, jogs up the trail to the  
 peak.

Tommy stops at a viewpoint and surveys Monterey and Monterey  
 Bay below. The view stretches north to Santa Cruz.

Tommy jogs up the mountain.

EXT. JACKS PEAK SUMMIT - DAY

Tommy sits on a wooden bench in the sun, looking south toward  
 Point Lobos.

Tommy eats a sandwich while reading "The Making of a Serial  
 Killer: The Real Story of the Gainesville Murders in the  
 Killer's Own Words," by Danny Rolling and Sondra Wilson.

EXT. CONCOURS D' ELEGANCE (CARMEL VALLEY) - DAY

Pristine VINTAGE CARS stretch across a meadow. The gleaming  
 automobiles range from classic Ferraris to Morgans to shiny  
 Chevrolet trucks.

The cars' OWNERS wipe and polish their vehicles.

SPECTATORS stroll, taking photos, examining the cars, drinking champagne from plastic wine glasses.

Rosie Whitnall and her golfing partner Jessica examine a 1938 Dodge.

ROSIE

This one sure brings back memories.

JESSICA

Walter Gilroy owned one of these.

ROSIE

Senior Prom, 1968.

JESSICA

You two went steady, right?

ROSIE

I can still smell the backseat.

Jessica sees someone in the distance.

Rosie follows Jessica's eyes.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Oh, look! It's Christian!

JESSICA

Maintain your dignity.

ROSIE

Let's just go say hi.

Tommy admires his reflection in the chrome of a Bugatti Grand Sport Vitesse WRC Edition.

Rick Harper, an official STAFF NAME TAG ("RICK HARPER") affixed to his lapel, strolls up to Tommy, who strokes the chrome.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Well, hey there. Beautiful day, huh?

TOMMY

Everybody who's anybody is here.

Rosie and Jessica see Tommy and Harper. They stop in their tracks.

JESSICA

Don't bother the boy.

ROSIE  
I'm happy to wait.

Harper sees Tommy's prints on the chrome. He removes a handkerchief from a pocket and wipes the chrome.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Can't leave fingerprints.

TOMMY  
Sorry. You an official here?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Just a volunteer. Gets me out of the house.

Harper slaps Tommy on the shoulder. Tommy involuntarily jerks backward from the older man's touch.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
See ya 'round?

TOMMY  
Hmmm.

As Harper walks away...

ROSIE  
Christian! Hello!

Harper turns and sees Rosie and Jessica descend on Tommy. He brushes off his momentary confusion and walks away.

Rosie and Jessica, champagne glasses in hand, come up to Tommy.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, stranger.

TOMMY  
Ladies.

ROSIE  
Anything catch your eye here?

TOMMY  
This sweet little Bugatti.

ROSIE  
How about the vintage cars?

TOMMY  
Old relics? Not into them at all.

ROSIE  
The curvy lines? The bright red  
paint?

TOMMY  
When something's outlived its utility,  
crush it to a cube in the junkyard.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

Tommy, writing with an antique fountain pen, etches his thoughts in beautiful calligraphy on a legal pad.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
...they cannot breed anymore and  
must be pruned. Tossed in a pile,  
burnt in a pyre...

EXT. RV PARK - FIREPIT - NIGHT

As Tommy drops the handwritten pages into the flames...

TOMMY (V.O.)  
...old ladies, living off their dead  
husbands' wealth, after killing them  
with their infantile demands...

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

Tommy sleeps, wearing headphones from which a VOICE leaks.

There's an audiobook CD package next to his CD player: THE A TO Z ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SERIAL KILLERS by Harold Schector.

EXT. SAL'S RESTAURANT SUPPLY (SAN JOSE) - DAY

Tommy's Honda Accord pulls up to a nondescript warehouse.

INT. SAL'S RESTAURANT SUPPLY - DAY

Chain smoking SAL BROGLIO, mid-fifties, shows Tommy, wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap, three or four HIGH-POWERED MICROWAVE OVENS.

TOMMY  
And the one with the strongest  
magnetrons?

Sal slaps a microwave unit.

SAL  
This baby.  
(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

She operates at 2.45 Ghz, at wavelengths measured between 15 and 30 meters at power inputs of 700 to 1,500 watts. Barely used, enough power to ignite a neutron bomb.

Tommy peels off a roll of bills.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

Amid a pile of electronics parts and sheet metal casings, Tommy solders connections in a HOMEMADE HAIR DRYER.

An AUDIOBOOK, SEX CRIMES: PATTERNS AND BEHAVIOR, plays softly from Tommy's portable CD player.

A few feet away sits A PILE OF OLD LICENSE PLATES.

In another corner rests a SEWING MACHINE, with a nearly-completed GORE-TEX SUIT laying beside it.

INT. KINKO'S/FEDEX STORE (MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Tommy, at a rented computer, types an ad on Craigslist:

TOMMY (V.O.)

"Call Chris. In-home masseur and hair stylist. I specialize in ladies of a certain age. Phone me at 831-555-3784."

INT. HAZEL CRITTENDON CONDO (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - NIGHT

Harper reclines on a bed, flipping through a manuscript.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Do you really have to put our sex life into this?

HAZEL (O.S.)

Rule Number One. Write what you know.

DETECTIVE HARPER

You got this "rumped detective" attending orgies.

HAZEL (O.S.)

And who would ever connect you with orgies?

DETECTIVE HARPER

No one. Because I don't go to orgies.

As Harper flips through the pages, HAZEL CRITTENDON, fiftyish and fit, appears in the doorway, dressed as a CHEERLEADER, complete with pom poms.

HAZEL  
Ah, but you wish you could.

Harper's still perusing the manuscript.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
And this title: "Cops 'n' Cuffs."

HAZEL  
I just love tight ends.

Harper looks up.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Not tonight.

Hazel approaches the bed, shaking the pom poms. She stops, turns away, and lowers her upper body, posing like a football center.

HAZEL  
You be Tom Brady.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I thought I was Chad Ocho Cinco.

HAZEL  
That was last week.

Harper sighs.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
You're no fun anymore.

EXT. QUAIL RUN CONDOS (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Tommy's Honda Accord parks in the common parking lot.

Tommy, wearing the Gore-Tex suit and flip flops, emerges from his car. He removes the hair dryer unit and a folding massage table from the back seat.

EXT. HAZEL CRITTENDON CONDO - DAY

Tommy presses the doorbell with a sleeve pulled over a knuckle.

HAZEL CRITTENDON, hair dyed red, opens the door a crack.

HAZEL  
Chris? Hi! Won't you come in?

INT. CRITTENDON CONDO - DAY

Hazel wears only a bath robe.

HAZEL

Would you like some iced tea or  
lemonade? No... A man your age  
probably favors some exotic Starbucks  
beverage.

Tommy, shaking his head, looks around at the decor:  
bookshelves, floor to ceiling, filled with volumes.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

My late husband. Owned a bookstore.  
Perhaps you'd like to peruse some  
signed first editions?

TOMMY

Thank you, Hazel--may I call you  
Hazel?

HAZEL

My friends call me Bunny.

TOMMY

Okay... Bunny. I'd rather just begin  
the session.

HAZEL

Why don't we do it in my office?

Hazel leads Tommy into her office.

The walls are covered with lacquered letters, floor-to-  
ceiling.

Tommy looks closely at one.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Rejection letters. I use them for  
motivation.

Tommy unfolds the massage table.

TOMMY

You're a writer?

HAZEL

In the sense that a writer writes,  
yes. So far, unpublished.

As Hazel disrobes and climbs on the table, face up.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I got this boyfriend, hates my writing.

Tommy pulls two surgical gloves out of a pocket and snaps them on his hands.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Must we be so clinical? I was thinking of a more hands-on approach.

TOMMY

I'm a professional, Bunny. No, we'll do your back first.

As Hazel turns over, Tommy removes a tube of gel from a pocket and shoots gel on Hazel's back.

As Tommy massages Hazel's back...

HAZEL

I have a manuscript currently making the rounds. Would you like to hear the plot?

TOMMY

Silence is best.

As Tommy massages Hazel's shoulders...

HAZEL

You're sensational. I really must share you with my friends. And that's what my book's about. It's kind of a bodice-ripper, but with a twist. It's kind of semi-autobiographical, but I've changed all the names.

INT. MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA - MONTEREY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lieutenant Compton rips Detective Harper a new one as Harper's partner DETECTIVE AHMED FAREED, late twenties, with the soul of an Eagle Scout, watches.

COMPTON

And what, you didn't enter the new algorithms?

DETECTIVE HARPER

I, uh, didn't see the relevance.

COMPTON

Twenty million dollars of taxpayer money goes into a new program --a  
(MORE)



COMPTON (CONT'D)  
 crime-solving program, Detective--  
 and you won't deign to use it?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 I caught the perp, didn't I?

Compton levels his withering gaze at Fareed.

COMPTON  
 What's your excuse, Ivy League?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
 As the junior partner, I didn't see  
 it as my place to --

COMPTON  
 To what? You were assigned to Frumpy  
 here to ride roughshod over his Old  
 School bullshit!

DETECTIVE FAREED  
 Frumpy?

COMPTON  
 Look at the man!

Detective Fareed notes Detective Harper's scuffed shoes and  
 the stains on his necktie.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 It's a term of endearment from before  
 your recent arrival, Ahmed.

COMPTON  
 Term of endearment? What're we  
 running here, a dating service?

INT. HAZEL CRITTENDON CONDO - DAY

As Tommy folds the massage table, Hazel is back in her  
 bathrobe, revitalized.

HAZEL  
 I really have to share you with my  
 friends. Hey...got a new idea for a  
 novel!

TOMMY  
 Time to beautify your silky hair,  
 Bunny.

HAZEL  
 Bathroom's this way. Chris.

INT. HARPER'S PATROL CAR - TRAVELING (MONTEREY) - DAY

Harper's at the wheel. Detective Fareed munches a gyro filled with humus as they drive around Monterey.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
What about you, Ahmed? How's a guy like you end up in the Sex Crimes Unit?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
A guy like me?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Straight arrow Muslim, outta Cornell. Must disgust you.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Well, Rick, I got these special nail clippers? I perform clitorectomies when you're not looking.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
No, really.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Yes, really.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
This guy we're gonna interview? Child sodomizer? You'll control yourself?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
In my culture, we all have a little boy on the side. You did see LAWRENCE OF ARABIA? Don't worry, partner. I'll control my excitement.

Harper chuckles. He likes his new partner.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)  
Was it hard for you?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Hard?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Getting shot through the neck to protect Muslims.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Protect and serve.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Islamophile.

INT. HAZEL CRITTENDON CONDO - DAY

Back in the writing studio, Tommy plugs in his homemade hair dryer.

Hazel, brilliantly red headed, luxuriates in a chair.

Tommy places the hair dryer over Hazel's head.

HAZEL  
I've never seen one like this. But everything about you is different. You're like a character out of my last novel. See, this guy decides to pass as gay because he'll be less threatening to --

TOMMY  
Bunny. Sshhhh. Prepare to have your mind blown.

Tommy, still wearing surgical gloves, flips the hair dryer switch and stands back.

Hazel's face contorts. Her body twitches.

Hazel reaches to remove the hair dryer.

Hazel's eyeballs explode out of their sockets.

Hazel's brains shoot out of her ears, her eyes, her mouth and nostrils.

Tommy turns off the hair dryer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Put that in your book, Bunny.

Tommy goes through Hazel's purse and pulls out a house key.

Tommy removes a SMALL METAL BOX from a pocket, opens the box, and presses the key into the soft wax, making an imprint.

INT. DETECTIVE HARPER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Detective Harper presses the two minute button on his microwave oven.

Detective Harper places a hand over his heart as he watches his food heat up.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You took a licking. Still ticking.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Harper checks caller I.D.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
Lance.

INT. BRIG (ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND) - NIGHT

LANCE HARPER, in a wheelchair, legs missing from the knees down, beat up by life, watched over by two MILITARY POLICEMEN, talks shakily with his Father.

LANCE HARPER (V.O.)  
Dad.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY BETWEEN BRIG AND HARPER'S KITCHEN.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
They treatin' you right?

LANCE HARPER  
I need bail money.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You stopped the meds. Where are you?

LANCE HARPER  
The brig.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
The VA has a brig?

LANCE HARPER  
Get me outta here.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
As crazy as you are? What happened to the war hero?

LANCE HARPER  
Pay the bail or I'll never speak to you again.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Get your act together, soldier.

LANCE HARPER  
I'm suicidal.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
All the more reason for you to stay  
put.

LANCE HARPER  
Fuck you. Dad.

Lance hangs up.

BACK TO HARPER'S KITCHEN.

THE MICROWAVE BEEPS.

Harper removes his dinner.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Harper checks caller I.D.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Harper.  
(beat)  
Address?

The blood drains from Harper's face.

EXT. MONTEREY WHARF (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - NIGHT

Tommy, dressed normally, stomps on his cell phone at the end  
of the wharf.

Tommy drops the pieces into the ocean.

INT. CRITTENDON CONDO - NIGHT

Detectives Harper and Fareed examine the crime scene.

A FINGERPRINT EXPERT prepares the site for a fingerprint  
search.

The two detectives stand by Hazel's headless corpse, stiffly  
erect in the chair.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
What do you make of it?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Freshly dyed hair, still wet. What's  
left of it. Grumpy hair stylist?

Detective Harper snaps some photos.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Body's covered in oil.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
I'll scrape a sample, take it to the  
lab.

Detective Fareed scrapes some oil with a tongue depressor.

Detective Harper leans in, sniffs.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Coconut oil.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
I'll take it to the lab anyway.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
No sign of forced entry.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
No signs of struggle.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
No signs of robbery.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
I'll take the computer, check the  
hard drive. Thoughts?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I shoulda been Tom Brady.

EXT. COUNTY DUMP (MARINA, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Tommy lifts a TRASH BAG from the trunk of his Accord.

Tommy checks inside the bag to be sure the flip flops are  
inside.

Tommy throws the trash bag into the vast garbage pit.

EXT. MARIO'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP (SOLEDAD, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Behind MARIO'S AUTO REPAIR...

Tommy accepts a WAD OF CASH from MARIO THE MEXICAN as he  
hands the man the Honda Accord PINK SLIP.

Tommy points to a nondescript CHEVY VAN.

MARIO  
Seven hundred dollars.

Tommy peels off some bills, hands them to Mario.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
No haggling?

TOMMY

Just give me the pink slip, please.

Mario reaches into his wallet and pulls out the pink slip.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Tu firma, por favor.

Mario signs the pink slip, then hands it to Tommy.

Tommy pockets the pink slip.

MARIO

You no sign yours?

TOMMY

At the DMV. So they'll know it's me.

INT. GARDEN HEALTH CLUB (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

As Tommy presents his ID card to the DESK CLERK, he watches a local newsfeed on the OVERHEAD TV.

Harper arrives at the counter and studies Sela Gorman interview Lieutenant Compton on the TV screen.

ON SCREEN:

SELA GORMAN

Can you supply any further information on the Crittendon case?

LIEUTENANT COMPTON

We're working on it, is all I can say.

SELA GORMAN

Thank you, Lieutenant Compton. I know law enforcement is doing all it can. This is Sela Gorman, Channel Six News.

BACK TO SCENE:

Harper walks to a silent corner near a drink dispensing machine. Tommy follows.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Whaddya think?

TOMMY

They oughtta be checking out the UN-likely suspects.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Why?

TOMMY

Cops think in terms of cliches and stereotypes. They're self-hobbled.

EXT. GARDEN HEALTH CLUB POOL - DAY

As Harper swims laps, Tommy, unseen by detective Harper, slides into the sunken jacuzzi near the pool.

Detective Harper approaches the pool's edge. Exhausted, he lifts his head, sucking in air, as he grasps the coping.

Detective Harper sees Tommy.

Detective Harper lifts himself out of the pool, grabs a towel, and walks to the sunken jacuzzi.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Hey.

TOMMY

Hi.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Mind if I join you?

TOMMY

We're both members.

Detective Harper slides in across from Tommy.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Swimming's the best workout there is. No strain on the ol' joints.

TOMMY

Bicycling's good, too.

Detective Harper looks around. They're alone.

DETECTIVE HARPER

She was my girlfriend.

TOMMY

Who?

DETECTIVE HARPER

It's different when you know the victim.

TOMMY

I can only imagine your pain.



Harper's eyes well up.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I'm gonna get the rat bastard.

TOMMY  
You think personalizing it is best?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
No detective worth his salt is ever  
"objective." You gotta have something  
at stake, more than a paycheck.

The jacuzzi's jets sizzle as new hot water shoots and bubbles  
into the tub.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
You seem like a smart, discreet kid.

TOMMY  
Hmmm.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Can you keep this on the down low?

TOMMY  
Sure.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I'm the homicide detective in charge  
of the investigation. I'm stumped.

Tommy's shocked. He covers it.

TOMMY  
I really don't think --

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Who'd want to kill a nice old widow?  
And leave no forensic evidence?

Tommy considers his words.

TOMMY  
I'm sure you're a good detective.  
Don't compromise your --

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Cops compromise ourselves every day.  
Look, I need stereo vision here.

Tommy stares off into space.

TOMMY  
How was the dirty deed done?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
That's confidential. Something only  
the killer would know.

TOMMY  
So now it's confidential.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Old protocols die hard.

TOMMY  
You want my advice or not?

Pause.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Go ahead.

TOMMY  
Okay... Lots of retired military and  
CIA spooks live in Carmel and Pebble  
Beach. I heard rumors of a swingers'  
circle among the older set.

Harper connects some of Hazel's dots.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Sometimes participants develop shame.  
They wish to kill the witnesses.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You're very good. Ever consider a  
career in law enforcement?

EXT. OLD DEL MONTE GOLF COURSE (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Detectives Harper and Fareed stroll from their tee shots to  
their balls in the fairway.

As Harper prepares to hit his ball...

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Got some interesting stuff from the  
Crittendon hard drive.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Could it wait until I finish?

Harper hits a nice one. He smiles smugly at Fareed as they  
stroll toward the younger detective's ball.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
You were saying?

DETECTIVE FAREED

The deceased responded to a Craigslist ad. For a masseur slash hairdresser.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Get on it!

DETECTIVE FAREED

Can't. Whoever placed the ad understands untraceable algorithms. The phone number no longer functions. This guy's good.

DETECTIVE HARPER

You're sure it's a male?

EXT. SAN CARLOS CEMETERY (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

MOURNERS ring the grave of Hazel Crittendon, her casket suspended above the hole in the ground.

Tommy stands next to Harper.

PASTOR

We are gathered here to celebrate the life of Hazel Crittendon, preceded in death by her beloved husband Dwight.

Tommy sees Rosie and Jessica in the distance, late for the burial, hustling toward the congregation.

Tommy touches Harper's arm.

TOMMY

Sorry. I just don't feel right.

Harper nods. Tommy skulks off in the opposite direction from the incoming Rosie and Jessica.

INT. KINKO'S (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - NIGHT

Tommy's typing another craigslist ad...

"In your home! Full body massage, divine head of hair. (Yours.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Call Nate the Great."

INT. KATIE BURRISS CONDO (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

KATIE BURRISS, a frumpy 56-year-old in a muu-muu, sprays water on her houseplants while she puffs on a marijuana joint.

KATIE

Yes, my pretties. My pretty pretties...

Katie arrives at her prized orchids. She blows marijuana smoke on them.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
No water for you today.

Katie's POMERANIAN, JACKSON, trots into the room.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Jackson! You be a good boy when  
company comes. Stay off his legs.

Katie moves to a lush fern in a huge Mexican pot. She sprays water on the fern, then reaches into its foliage.

Katie adjusts a SMALL HIDDEN CAMERA.

TELEPHONE RINGS.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, Rosie. He's due any minute.  
(beat)  
Yes. Yeah. We'll play around to  
the tape later. Let yourself in if  
I'm asleep.

Katie hangs up, pinches the joint's lit end, picks up a canister of air freshener, and sprays the room.

DOORBELL RINGS.

Jackson barks.

Katie activates the hidden camera.

Katie goes to the door and opens it to see Tommy in his Gore-Tex suit and flip flops.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
You must be Nate the Great. C'mon  
in!

Tommy enters, carrying his massage table and his hair dryer.

Tommy detects a fragrance.

TOMMY  
Mmmm...strawberry?

KATIE  
"Spring Surprise."

Jackson runs up to Tommy.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Jackson. Behave.

Tommy kneels and lets Jackson smell his fingers. Jackson relaxes. Tommy pets Jackson's head and rubs behind his ears.

TOMMY

Hey there, Jackson. There a story?

KATIE

Jackson Browne.

Tommy unfolds the massage table.

TOMMY

And he's still a cutie pie. Dick Clark must be his father. Doctor, my eyes.

KATIE

I've got grass.

TOMMY

No, ma'am. I'm strictly professional.

INT. JESSICA BRICKLEY HOME (CARMEL, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

At the kitchen table, Harper questions Jessica as she prepares a pot of espresso.

DETECTIVE HARPER

No, no, no. This is not a sex crimes investigation.

JESSICA

Well, then?

Harper removes a card from his wallet and hands the card to Jessica.

DETECTIVE HARPER

I'm not at liberty to divulge too much. Call me at this direct line if you need to.

Jessica hands a small cup of espresso to Detective Harper.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

Thank you. Just, if you would, tell me if you've heard anything about anyone in a swingers' group. Or any gossip about kinky men--or women--with electronics expertise.

JESSICA  
You mean vibrators?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Sophisticated science.

JESSICA  
Well, there's Colonel Bainbridge.

INT. KATIE BURRISS HOME - DAY

As Tommy massages oily Katie with his surgical gloves, she glances toward the hidden camera and smiles.

TOMMY  
I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.

KATIE  
Sure you won't take a toke or two?

TOMMY  
It's against the law, Katie.  
(beat)  
Why don't we do your hair now?

EXT. COLONEL BRAINBRIDGE BACKYARD (CARMEL, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

COLONEL ROBERT "BOBBY" BAINBRIDGE, a gruff 70-year-old Texan, waters his roses as Detective Harper interviews him.

COLONEL BAINBRIDGE  
You oughtta be ashamed-a yourself.  
I'm a decorated vet.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Now working for NASA. Monitoring  
interstellar radio waves.

COLONEL BAINBRIDGE  
And?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Are your wife and you... involved in  
any special activities? As a couple?

COLONEL BAINBRIDGE  
I don't like the jangle-a your spurs,  
boy. I oughtta wrap this garden  
hose around your neck. And don't  
gimme any-a that "threatening a cop"  
crap.

SYLVIA BAINBRIDGE, a lithe, athletic twenty-five, opens the house's rear door.

SYLVIA

Bobby?

Harper studies the trophy wife.

BAINBRIDGE

Yeah, baby?

SYLVIA

Dinner.

Harper hands his card to Colonel Bainbridge.

DETECTIVE HARPER

If anything jogs your memory.

Bainbridge rips up Harper's card.

COLONEL BAINBRIDGE

Two blocks over, we got the "Hot Tub Homos." Two fags, ex-Silicon Valley millionaires.

INT. KATIE BURRISS HOME - DAY

Tommy combs Katie's gleaming brunette tresses.

Tommy offers a hand mirror to Katie.

Katie squeals with joy.

KATIE

I feel twenty years younger!

TOMMY

Now let's dry that magnificent hair!

Tommy slides the hair dryer onto Katie's head. He plugs it in.

KATIE

Listen... Nate... I've got two Jackson Browne tickets. He's doing a benefit for, oh what the hell, whatever --

TOMMY

I never liked that California sound. I'm an Ohio boy.

Tommy readies the on switch.

KATIE

But it was so cool you mentioned "Doctor, My Eyes." It's like you're connected to my brain waves.

As Tommy turns on the switch.

TOMMY  
Here. Try these.

Katie's head vibrates. She starts to mouth a scream, and scratches at the hairdryer.

Katie's eyes shoot out of her face. Her brains cream out of her ears, nose and mouth. Her skull cracks open.

Tommy removes the hair dryer from Katie's still-quivering corpse as he sings a line from "Doctor, My Eyes"...

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
"Is this the pri-i-i-ice, for having  
learned how not to cry?" No split  
infinitive. Well done, Jackson.

Jackson, hearing his name called, scrambles across the floor, sniffs at the carnage, then laps away at it, while Tommy finds the house key and imprints the mold.

INT. DETECTIVE HARPER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harper suffers from sleep apnea. He pulls back his bed's covers.

Harper pulls the apnea mask over his face. He resembles Hannibal Lector.

Harper pushes the knob that activates the air pumping machine, blowing air down the tube into his clear plastic mask.

Harper climbs under the covers, then reaches to his bedstand for his nightly reading material.

Harper removes the bookmark from SERIAL KILLERS: THE METHODS AND MADNESS OF MONSTERS, by Peter Vronsky.

While his apnea machine huffs and whooshes, Harper leans back on his propped-up pillow and reads.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

Tommy, naked, lays back on his bed, lit by his bedside lamp, admiring his latest "scalp," the Burriss house key, while he replays the murder.

TOMMY  
"Jackson." What a stupid name for a  
dog.

Tommy's look turns quizzical.



FLASHBACK BEGINS:

INT. BURRISS HOME - DAY

As Tommy massages Katie, she smiles as though recognizing somebody.

CUT TO Tommy as he set up his massage table. He glances around, sees the GLINT OF A PIECE OF SILVER METAL in the large fern.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

TOMMY

Shit.

Tommy leaps up and pulls on his Gore-Tex suit.

INT. BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

Tommy, wearing surgical gloves, lets himself in.

Jackson barks, and then snarls, ten feet away.

TOMMY

Hey, Jackson. Good boy. Good boy.

Jackson calms down. Tommy turns on a pen flashlight and moves toward the fern.

Shining his beam into the fern, Tommy sees the camera.

Tommy picks up the camera and deposits it in his pocket.

As Tommy shines his light around the room for one last check, a KEY SLIDES INTO THE FRONT DOOR.

Tommy pads down the hallway to the bathroom.

The front door opens. Jackson barks and snarls.

Rosie and Jessica enter. Jackson calms down. Rosie flips on the light switch.

JESSICA

Katie? You here?

Rosie and Jessica walk further into the room.

Rosie screams.

ROSIE

Oh my God. Katie.

Rosie goes to the telephone.

JESSICA  
Don't touch anything.

Jessica pulls out her cell phone and punches in three numbers.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Police. I want, I want to report a,  
a murder.

In the bathroom, lit by a dim bathroom night light, Tommy seeks a means of escape. All that's available is a ceiling heating duct.

Tommy produces a Swiss Army knife, stands on the toilet and unscrews the vent screen.

EXT. BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

A Monterey PD car slides to a stop.

Seeing that the house lights are on, Detectives Fareed and Harper emerge from the car, guns drawn.

Fareed knocks on the front door.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Hello? Monterey Police.

From inside...

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Come in.

INT. BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

Detectives Fareed and Harper enter.

As Rosie and Jessica move to greet the two detectives...

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Stay over there.

Rosie and Jessica retreat.

ROSIE  
What's going to happen to Jackson?

Harper nods toward the corpse.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
That's Jackson?

JESSICA

The dog. Can we take him?

DETECTIVE HARPER

SPCA.

Harper nods to Fareed, who moves out of the room, around the home, sweeping it for bad guys.

Harper moves carefully toward Katie's headless corpse.

Harper sees the mess on the floor, made messier by a multitude of dog paw prints.

Tommy, inside the heating duct, holds the vent screen up against the ceiling, doing his best to conceal his fingers.

Fareed looks up, down, and all around before leaving the bathroom.

Fareed enters Katie's bedroom, flicks on the light, and cases it for bad guys.

Fareed flings open a closet door and points his pistol inside.

Fareed pulls a string on an overhead bulb.

By the light of the naked bulb, Fareed sees A STACK OF SMALL ENVELOPES CONTAINING DVDS.

Fareed pulls on a pair of surgical gloves.

Fareed reads a series of handwritten labels: "3-26, Bobby, Rosie, Jessica"; "1-17, The Fearsome Foursome"; and, in a different handwriting, "HALLOWEEN: WOW!"

Back in the front of the house, Detective Harper's on his phone.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

Get the full forensics team.

(beat)

Hell, call in the FBI.

Fareed appears as Harper flips his phone shut.

DETECTIVE FAREED

The place is clean.

(beat)

Look what I found.

Detective Fareed splay out the DVDs like a hand of playing cards.

Rosie and Jessica exchange glances.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)  
 Let's take 'em in, see what's on  
 'em. I'll grab the computer.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Ladies? Mind coming to the station  
 for a little talk?

ROSIE  
 We're just Katie's friends.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 It's all routine.

JESSICA  
 So we're not "people of interest"?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 We just need some statements, for  
 context.

ROSIE  
 Can we drive there ourselves?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Sure. You got a housekey, hand it  
 over now.

INT. POLICE CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Harper puffs on a cigarette as Fareded grows irritated by the  
 smoke.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Thoughts?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
 I'm thinking a guy with a heart  
 problem shouldn't be smoking. Crack  
 the window, please.

Detective Harper depresses a button. His window goes down a  
 foot.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Thoughts?

INT. BATHROOM HEATING DUCT - BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

Tommy grimaces.

Tommy can't control his bowels anymore.

Tommy releases himself.

Tommy feels urine escaping out the pant legs, near his ankle.

Tommy pretzels himself, pulling his ankle to his face.

Tommy drinks his urine.

INT. POLICE CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Fareed displays the DVDs to Detective Harper.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
I bet there's a hidden camera.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You wanna go back in?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
It's worth a shot.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tommy lowers himself to the toilet. From a pocket, he pulls out his Swiss Army knife and the screws, and begins re-attaching the vent screen.

EXT. BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

Detective Fareed and Detective Harper are on the front porch.

As Detective Fareed slides the key into the door slot...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tommy hears the key sliding in the front door. He freezes.

EXT. BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Look. I'm bushed. Okay? It'll wait  
'til morning.

Detective Fareed stands poised, ready to open the door.

Detective Fareed doesn't remove the key.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
I'll not defer.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You'll "defer."

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Tired? Put up the crime scene tape.

Fareed turns the key.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tommy hasn't moved.

Tommy hears the front door open. He slides behind the bathroom door, holding his breath.

Jackson barks.

DETECTIVE FAREED (O.S.)  
Hey, boy. Sssshh.

In the front room, with the lights on, Fareed looks everywhere for a lens.

Finding nothing, Fareed kneels to Jackson and scratches behind his ears.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)  
If only we could access your memory.

Tommy hears the light switch click, then the front door opening and closing.

The police car's engine starts. Tommy hears the car drive away.

Tommy returns to screwing the heater vent screen back into place.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - NIGHT

Tommy strips off his Gore-Tex suit, turns it inside out, and tosses it into his tiny shower. He turns the shower on.

Tommy climbs into the shower.

EXT. BURRISS HOME - DAY

The yellow crime scene tape rings the front lawn. Neighbors congregate in groups, wondering what's up.

A TV news truck sits by the curb, near black government sedans.

SPECIAL AGENT STEVE LACK, mid-forties and a man on the rise, dressed in a sharp dark blue suit, waits with two FBI FORENSICS EXPERTS wearing jumpsuits.

TV reporter Sela Gorman chats with Lack.

Lack checks his watch.

LACK

We'll have a statement for you in a couple of hours, Ms. Gorman.

SELA

Off the record. Any comments yet?

Harper and Fareed pull up in their Monterey PD car.

LACK

Consider this: Those who arrive late wish to control.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE HARPER

You can deal with the press. Lemme handle the feds. You'll "defer"?

DETECTIVE FAREED

It's already old.

EXT. BURRISS HOME - DAY

As Harper and Fareed approach the feds...

LACK

Y'all get your beauty rest?

DETECTIVE HARPER

Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, Steve.

LACK

Let's raise the curtains.

INT. BURRISS HOME - DAY

Special Agent Lack watches his two forensics specialists as they pore over the home for clues.

LACK

I assume you focused with your usual thoroughness?

DETECTIVE HARPER

Whatever we missed, you guys'll catch.

Over by the big fern, a forensics specialist motions to Lack. Lack pads over.

The specialist points to a fern branch.

SPECIALIST #1  
This branch is bent and slightly  
broken. And here...a small depression  
in the dirt.

LACK  
Wonder what was there.

SPECIALIST #1  
I'll take a soil sample, check for  
residue.

Lack nods to Harper and Fareed for some input.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
We found some interesting DVDs.

Harper is not happy with this voluntary admission.

LACK  
Where are they?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
At the lab.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
We'll make copies, share 'em with  
you.

LACK  
We'd prefer the originals.

Specialist #2 pokes his head out of the bathroom.

SPECIALIST #2  
Sir!

Lack, Harper and Fareed move to the bathroom.

Specialist #2 points up at the heating duct.

SPECIALIST #2 (CONT'D)  
These screws. They've been recently  
removed and re-installed.

LACK  
The victim might've had work done.  
We'll check her bank records.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
I'm already on it. Sir.

LACK  
You're the new guy.  
(MORE)



LACK (CONT'D)  
 (to Detective Harper)  
 He knows procedure?

As the trio moves back to the main room...

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Cornell U., summa cum laude. Ahmed's  
 my brains.

LACK  
 And you're the heart.  
 (beat)  
 By the way, how's the ol' ticker?

The trio stops near the headless corpse.

Lack turns to Specialist #1.

LACK (CONT'D)  
 Bag 'er up. We'll take her to the  
 FBI lab.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
 Sir... I... we just wanted a  
 consultation.

LACK  
 We're taking jurisdiction here,  
 Officer Fareed.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 The hell you are.

EXT. BURRISS HOME - DAY

As a federal ambulance pulls up for the corpse, Lack, Harper  
 and Fareed walk to their cars.

Sela Gorman intercepts the men with her microphone.

SELA  
 Gentlemen! Can I get a comment?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 No.

Harper and Fareed climb into their car.

Lack leans into Sela's microphone.

LACK  
 There's more to this than meets the  
 local eyes.

INT. LIEUTENANT BENNETT COMPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Compton, Harper, Fareed and Lack sip coffee and munch bagels.

COMPTON

It's a garden variety murder, Steve.

LACK

Similar to an earlier killing. I think Monterey County has a serial murderer on the loose.

DETECTIVE FAREED

We can handle it.

LACK

You've made no progress on the first one.

DETECTIVE FAREED

I have a spread sheet.

LACK

A spread sheet. That oughtta stop the killer.

COMPTON

Steve... whoa... I don't see a federal component to these murders.

LACK

My supervisor's on his way over. Maybe he can explain it to you.

Lack's cell phone buzzes. He takes the call.

LACK (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. Total resistance.

Lack folds his phone shut.

LACK (CONT'D)

Got any more of these bagels?

EXT. GREENFIELD, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Tommy's talking to a bandana-wearing CHICANO, mid-twenties. They stand between Tommy's van and a Ford Pinto.

TOMMY

Of course you want this van. Only 63,000 miles, nice tires. Here's the pink slip. C'mon, let's trade.

CHICANO

It's a nice van, man. Why you wanna trade it for a Pinto?

TOMMY

I had a Pinto in high school. It's a sentimental thing. I'm dating a girl with an ironic sense of humor.

The Chicano gets none of this. He takes the pink slip from Tommy and looks it over.

CHICANO

You're Mario Gomez?

TOMMY

Spanish roots. Not Mexican.

The Chicano thinks it over.

CHICANO

Okay, vato.

INT. LIEUTENANT COMPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

FBI DISTRICT SUPERVISOR DEAN O'HANLON, mid-fifties, sits with his chair facing backwards, straddling it, giving him a folksy demeanor as he faces Compton, Lack, Harper and Fareed.

O'Hanlon addresses Fareed.

O'HANLON

You seem very attached to this case.

DETECTIVE FAREED

I am ambitious, I'll admit.

O'HANLON

You're not the lead investigator.

LACK

He's the "brains." Harper's the "heart."

DETECTIVE HARPER

Ahmed is a brilliant investigator. You afraid he's gunning for your job?

Lack snorts.

O'HANLON

What are you "gunning for," Officer Fareed?

(MORE)

O'HANLON (CONT'D)

(beat)

I see from your records you were trained in bomb making.

DETECTIVE FAREED

As a candidate with Muslim roots, it seemed beneficial to my future work.

DETECTIVE HARPER

What're you getting at, O'Hanlon?

O'HANLON

Agent Lack tells me it was Detective Fareed who voiced the strongest opposition to our taking over these cases.

COMPTON

I don't like where you're going with this.

O'HANLON

What do you know about remote control detonators, Detective Fareed?

INT. TOMMY'S RV - DAY

Tommy, the digital camera in his left hand, consults the Internet, typing with his right hand.

Tommy settles on the PHOTO of the same DIGITAL CAMERA with a COMPANION DVD RECORDER, the Sony DVDirect DVD Recorder VRDMC5.

TOMMY

Shit. Return engagement.

INT. BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

Tommy, wearing his Gore-Tex suit, flip flops and ski mask, enters the home.

TOMMY

Jackson? Jackson? Here, boy.

Silence.

Pen light scouring the room, Tommy searches. He notes the corpse is gone.

Tommy enters Katie's bedroom. He carefully searches the bedstand drawers.

Tommy goes to the closet.

Tommy sees the remote DVD recorder. Working to disturb nothing, Tommy unplugs and removes the recorder.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM BURRISS HOME - NIGHT

In a PRIUS, its windows fogged, TWO SILHOUETTES embrace.

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

FREDDY, sixteen, and MONA, fifteen, are making out.

Moan looks out with one eye, on the alert for any intruders into their bliss.

Mona gasps.

MONA

Freddy!

FREDDY

Yeah, baby?

MONA

I saw someone!

FREDDY

Where?

MONA

Over there! Like a black shadow.

FREDDY

Was it coming toward us?

MONA

No. It moved through those bushes.

Freddy moves back in, nibbling Mona's ear lobe.

FREDDY

Unless it comes this way, ignore it.

MONA

Please...

Freddy sighs, then exits the car.

EXT. IN THE BUSHES - NIGHT

Freddy watches from a hiding place.

Tommy glides out of a clump of bushes and trots silently to his Pinto.

As Tommy opens the car door, he wheels around and looks directly at Freddy.

Tommy climbs into the Pinto.

The Pinto's engine spins to life. Its headlights ignite.

As the Pinto drives off...

Freddy memorizes the license plate.

FREDDY  
Who the hell drives a Pinto?

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Freddy enters the car.

MONA  
Well?

FREDDY  
He's gone. Weird guy.

MONA  
That murder up the street.

Freddy nuzzles Mona.

FREDDY  
C'mon, sugar.

MONA  
I have a funny feeling in my gut.

FREDDY  
That's me, touching you.

INT. SARDINE FACTORY RESTAURANT (NEW MONTEREY) - DAY

Special Agent Steve Lack and District Supervisor Dean O'Hanlon finish a sumptuous meal in the luxury restaurant.

A WAITER rolls a DESSERT TRAY, laden with COLORFUL PUDDINGS and PASTRIES, to their table.

O'HANLON

GO AHEAD, STEVE. INDULGE.

LACK  
No thanks. Just a Cointreau.

O'Hanlon points to something resembling a flower bouquet.

The waiter places the dessert in front of O'Hanlon and then departs.

O'HANLON  
 Okay, what do we have? A hero cop who saved a bunch of wounded Muslims. We got an Ivy League Muslim partner who belonged to some iffy organizations in college. What was his minor again?

LACK  
 Electrical engineering.

The waiter arrives with Lack's Cointreau.

O'HANLON  
 You think he has the smarts to blow these women up remotely?

LACK  
 We're still investigating.

O'HANLON  
 Any sign of explosives residue?

LACK  
 No. But he might be using something exotic, leaves no traces.

O'Hanlon slides a piece of paper to lack.

O'HANLON  
 Phone records. Lotsa calls to a number in the nation's capitol.

LACK  
 I'll see about a warrant.

O'HANLON  
 Who the fuck needs a warrant?

O'Hanlon digs into his dessert.

O'HANLON (CONT'D)  
 Sure you won't try this?  
 (beat)  
 The victims. Any signs of Islamophobia? Anything connecting them to make a Muslim want to kill them?

LACK  
 Besides the usual misogyny?

O'Hanlon chuckles.

O'HANLON  
Return the jurisdiction to Rubeville.  
Keep an eye on him. Give him enough  
rope.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Fareed and Harper shoot their pistols.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
So what do you make of it?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
They'd never give up a sexy case  
like this unless they had to. They're  
overburdened.

INT. DETECTIVE FAREED'S OFFICE (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Fareed, taking notes, watches the Burriss DVDs on his  
computer.

Harper knocks on the glass door.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Hate to break up your porn fest.  
Got a witness.

Fareed turns off his computer as Harper brings Freddy into  
the office.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
Detective Fareed, this is Freddy--  
Dexter?

FREDDY  
Decker.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Eagle-eyed Freddy has a license number  
and a description.

EXT. SALINAS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

In a suburban driveway near the Salinas Airport, Tommy,  
wearing a fake beard, dark glasses, and a baseball cap,  
relaxes on the hood of his Pinto.

A DODGE VAN sits nearby.

A TATTOOED MEXICAN, mid-twenties, wearing a Washington  
Redskins jacket, stands back, skeptical.



TOMMY

Okay, look. A hundred bucks. Fix it up, sell it as a vintage. The 70s are back in style.

MEXICAN

Who do I look like, Fred Sanford?

TOMMY

No, one of his sons.

MEXICAN

Why you so eager to unload this car, man?

TOMMY

My niece. I wanna surprise her with some graduation wheels. She's been driving this Pinto all semester.

MEXICAN

She cute?

TOMMY

I'll introduce you, you take this vintage piece of Americana.

The Mexican shrugs.

MEXICAN

Deal. But I want five bills for the van.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Freddy's leaving.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Mister Decker. Thank you. If only more citizens had your spirit.

Freddy leaves. Fareed fires up his computer. Harper speaks into his cell phone.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

Dispatch? Yes. 1972 Pinto, faded copper paint job, license number Hank-Frederick-Undertaker-zero-nine-five. Male, six feet tall. Race unknown.

Fareed's back into the DVD.

Fareed pauses the DVD.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
You recognize this guy?

Harper focuses on the image.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Ex-military. Bainbridge.  
(beat)  
Well hung. For an old man.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH GOLF COURSE - DAY

Against a dynamic cloud-studded sunset, Tommy, playing alone, lofts a perfect chip shot from the rough onto a green.

The ball hops three times, then rolls toward the pin.

The ball hits the pin, then clatters into the hole.

TOMMY  
(imitating the ultra-  
deep voice from his  
dream)  
Absolutely.

EXT. NATIVIDAD ROAD (EAST SALINAS, CALIFORNIA) - NIGHT

The Pinto, with the Mexican at the wheel, chugs along Natividad Road.

A POLICE CAR appears behind the Pinto. Its lights flare, joined by the wailing siren.

The Pinto pulls over, followed by the police car.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The POLICE OFFICER, mid-thirties, speaks into his radio.

OFFICER  
Back-up. I need back-up. 1400 block,  
Natividad Road. Murder suspect, '72  
Pinto. License number --

As the police officer looks up to read the license plate...

The Mexican emerges from the Pinto, firing at the police car with an AK47.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Taking fire! Immediate back-up!

EXT. NATIVIDAD ROAD - NIGHT

The Mexican launches a fusillade into the police car.

The police officer is pinned inside.

Hearing sirens in the distance, the Mexican leaps into his Pinto and speeds off.

INT. DETECTIVE HARPER'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Harper's barking into his radio as he speeds through Salinas, his siren screaming...

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I want him alive!

EXT. RIVER ROAD (SALINAS, CALIFORNIA) - NIGHT

The Pinto hurtles south down River Road.

The Pinto driver rounds a curve to see THE ROAD BLOCKED BY A PHALANX OF COP CARS.

The Pinto swerves into a lettuce field, rooster tailing loam and lettuce leaves.

Cop cars roar into the field.

As the cop cars catch up with the Pinto, it veers to the left.

The Pinto slides up a ramp leading to a canal.

The Pinto flies into the air, turns on its side, and plows into the water.

The Mexican driver, still wearing his Washington Redskins jacket, opens a door and swims free.

The Mexican driver climbs out of the canal.

The cop cars stop at the canal.

Cops leap from their cars. Some swim across the canal. Others run along it, their eyes on the Mexican, vanishing into the night.

The Mexican, exhausted, takes cover behind a berm. He checks his AK47 for ammo.

The Mexican stands, spitting lead at his pursuers.

Harper's car roars up a side road and skids to a halt.

The cops hit the dirt and fire back.

A hole appears in the Mexican's forehead as the back of his skull splatters into the night.

Harper flies out of his car, gun drawn.

Harper runs to the Mexican.

Harper stops, pointing his gun at the Mexican.

Harper breathes heavily, his left hand on his chest over his heart.

Seeing the Mexican is dead, Harper kneels to inspect the body.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You can't possibly be him.

INT. DETECTIVE HARPER'S CAR (CARMEL BEACH, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Harper and Fareed sit in their car in the parking lot, watching people walk their dogs, flip frisbees, and wade into the surf with their children.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Could be any of these upright citizens.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
My money's on Bainbridge. Let's go.

INT. CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - BAINBRIDGE HOME - DAY

Colonel "Bobby" Bainbridge and his trophy wife Sylvia, an empty pitcher of mint juleps beside them, watch a World War II documentary on the History Channel.

BAINBRIDGE  
Back when we knew how to win a war.

SYLVIA  
We don't need soldiers anymore. Not with technology.

BAINBRIDGE  
What, drones and satellites? Human intel will never be obsolete.

Sylvia grabs the empty pitcher.

SYLVIA  
Whaddya say I rustle up another round?

THE DOORBELL.

Bainbridge mutes the TV and answers the door to find Harper and Fareed on his porch, over which an American flag flaps in the breeze.

BAINBRIDGE

Yes?

DETECTIVE HARPER

Good afternoon, Colonel. This is my partner, Detective Ahmed Fareed.

BAINBRIDGE

So now you've infiltrated law enforcement.

Harper checks to see how his partner takes the insult.

DETECTIVE FAREED

We were wondering if we might ask some follow-up questions.

BAINBRIDGE

What, the hot tub homos didn't pan out?

DETECTIVE HARPER

May we come in?

BAINBRIDGE

Sure. On the condition my wife witnesses this charade.

(to Fareed)

Leave your camel outside.

Harper and Fareed enter the living room.

DETECTIVE FAREED

History Channel?

BAINBRIDGE

All Hitler, all the time. Honey, turn it off, wouldja?

Sylvia turns off the TV.

BAINBRIDGE (CONT'D)

This is my wife, Sylvia.

Greetings all around as everyone sits.

DETECTIVE HARPER

We'll be as brief--and as delicate--as we can.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Mrs. Bainbridge, you may want to excuse yourself.

BAINBRIDGE

Hey, towelhead, we include our women.

Harper rises slightly. Fareed rests his hand on Harper's forearm.

DETECTIVE FAREED

As you wish, Colonel.

(Beat)

Was Katie Burriss known to you?

SYLVIA

Isn't she that murdered woman?

Fareed pulls an 8x10 PHOTO out of his briefcase.

BAINBRIDGE

Never had the pleasure.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Colonel, here's a screen shot from a DVD recovered at the victim's home.

Fareed hands the photo to Bainbridge.

Bainbridge and Sylvia examine the photo.

Sylvia gasps.

BAINBRIDGE

What's this photoshopped piece of shit?

DETECTIVE HARPER

You apparently participated in a series of sex parties in the victim's home.

BAINBRIDGE

Very clever. The jihadist fakes a photo to frame a member of the American military.

Fareed maintains his poise.

DETECTIVE FAREED

We have the DVD. We can play it for you and your wife.

SYLVIA

Bobby. Is it true?

BAINBRIDGE

Get Terry Stonewood on the phone.

Sylvia reels.

BAINBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Now!

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Harper and Fareed visit COUNTY CORONER GEORGE SPLINGER, a fiftyish goateed wannabe hipster, wearing a loud Hawaiian shirt.

TWO COVERED CORPSES lay on slabs.

SPLINGER

Cause of death for the two ladies  
can't be determined.

DETECTIVE HARPER

That's not possible.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Can you speculate?

Splinger goes to a SMALL CAGE and pulls out a LAB RAT by its tail.

Splinger walks over to a microwave oven. He opens the door, places the lab rat in the oven, closes the door, and hits the one minute button.

The lab rat explodes, covering the oven glass in gore.

DETECTIVE HARPER

So the killer puts their heads in a  
microwave oven?

SPLINGER

No way, Jose.

DETECTIVE FAREED

So?

SPLINGER

Do I look clairvoyant?

INT. BENNETT COMPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Lieutenant Compton, like an outraged high school vice-principal, scolds Harper and Fareed.

COMPTON

I just got off the phone with Terry  
Stonewood.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Bainbridge's suit?

COMPTON  
The very same. What're you two doing,  
subjecting the man's wife to a photo  
like that?  
(beat)  
He's a decorated Colonel, working  
with NASA.  
(beat)  
This personal for you, Ahmed?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
In the sense that I take my job to  
protect the public seriously, yes.

Compton fixes his laser gaze on Harper.

COMPTON  
You already bagged the perp.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
That gang banger? He hadn't the  
smarts.

COMPTON  
Interesting study in racism.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
How so?

COMPTON  
You're eliminating a suspect based  
on race. You're assuming he's too  
stupid to be a murderer.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Sir... Colonel Bainbridge fits. He  
had access to at least one of the  
victims, and the technical knowledge.

COMPTON  
Technical knowledge?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
His specialty is microwaves.

COMPTON  
So?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
We speculate the killer murdered  
these women with microwaves.



COMPTON

Really? I imagined a magic wand,  
covered in tin foil.

(beat)

Tread very lightly here, Ahmed.  
You're being watched.

INT. KINKO'S/UPS STORE (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - NIGHT

Tommy types away at another craigslist ad.

TOMMY

Oh, yes. Very clever, Tommy.

EXT. PATIO OUTSIDE TERRY STONEWOOD'S OFFICE (MONTEREY) - DAY

Under an arbor covered in grape leaves, DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
TERRY STONEWOOD, smooth and sixty, offers a BOTTLE OF WINE  
to Harper and Fareed as Colonel Bainbridge smirks.

STONEWOOD

C'mon, it's from my winery.

DETECTIVE HARPER

We can't accept gratuities, Terry.  
You know that.

BAINBRIDGE

You oughtta see this guy's garage.  
Filled with fermentation tanks.

DETECTIVE FAREED

This is all very interesting. Could  
we move on?

STONEWOOD

My client has security clearance.  
He can't reveal too much.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Where was he the nights of the  
murders? Or is that too Black Opsy  
top secret for us?

BAINBRIDGE

I was at the W.M. Keck Observatory.  
On Mauna Kea. That's in Hawaii.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Travel vouchers? Anything?

STONEWOOD

As I said...

Pause.

Stonewood looks at Fareed.

STONEWOOD (CONT'D)  
Oh... I've spoken with a Mister  
O'Hanlon, FBI. Leave my client alone.

INT. GARDEN HEALTH CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

MEN of all shapes and ages move around, some to the showers,  
some to the sauna, some to the sinks and mirrors.

Tommy sits on a bench, staring into space, in front of an  
open locker.

Detective Harper, a bag hanging from his shoulder by a strap,  
enters.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Hey, buddy!

TOMMY  
Rick.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You busy?

TOMMY  
Nope.

Harper pulls out a PADDLE from his bag.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Racquetball?

INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - DAY

Harper serves, smashing the ball against the wall. Tommy  
flubs another point.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I can ease up, y'know.

TOMMY  
No.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You seem down today.

Harper lobs a serve this time.

Tommy returns the hit.

Harper ricochets the ball three times and blows it past Tommy.

TOMMY  
Today's the anniversary.

Harper tosses the ball to Tommy for the next serve.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Of what?

TOMMY  
My orphaning.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I'm so sorry. May I, uh...?

Tommy serves, mildly.

TOMMY  
They were murdered.

As Detective Harper returns the serve...

DETECTIVE HARPER  
That, that's awful.

Tommy smashes at the ball and misses.

TOMMY  
I came home one night from playing  
Hamlet, and there they were.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You wanna serve? Or we can take a  
break...

TOMMY  
I became sort of a crime expert out  
of it.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You sure you won't apply to be a  
student at the academy?

Tommy serves.

TOMMY  
I got a good job already. I collect  
signatures on petitions.

Harper lobs a return.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Al Gore's planning an environmental  
amendment. For the next election.

Tommy half-heartedly smacks the ball.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
We all serve, in our way.

Harper grabs the ball.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
Hey, can I treat you to a meal?

EXT. WHARF SEAFOOD RESTAURANT (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA) - DAY

The Wharf Seafood Restaurant, at the end of the Monterey Wharf, has a patio overlooking the bay. Tiki torches light the customers as the sun goes down, while heaters warm the dining area.

Harper is relaxed and ebullient as he drinks pina coladas. Tiny umbrellas fill up an ashtray.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Sure you won't join me?

TOMMY  
I told you. I don't drink.

A waiter arrives with slabs of salmon for each man.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Fresh outta the bay.

Harper points out past the breakwater.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
That's where I catch 'em.

TOMMY  
Where?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
See that hotel? Look on a line,  
toward the horizon.

Harper and Tommy dig in to their salmon.

TOMMY  
Sure. Hey, that hotel?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Yeah. Used to be a cannery.  
Destroyed by Sicilian Lightning in  
the late '70s.

TOMMY  
Is it true? About the Mafia?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Cannery Row? Yeah.

Tommy's CELL PHONE.

TOMMY  
'Scuse me. Gotta take it.  
(beat)  
Yes? This is he. Of course. Your  
address? Thank you. See you then.

Tommy slips his cell phone back into his jacket.

Harper looks at Tommy quizzically.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Political donor. We're trying to  
establish a veterans' cemetery on  
Fort Ord.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Good for you! My son's a vet.

TOMMY  
In good health I hope.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Lost his legs to an IED. Tried to  
hang himself last month.

TOMMY  
I's sorry to hear that.

Harper sighs.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
God, I'm tired.

TOMMY  
Want a doggy bag?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
No. I mean, what I mean is, evil  
never rests.

TOMMY  
Don't I know...

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I catch this woman-killing maniac, I  
retire.  
(beat)  
I could pull some strings, help you  
get in the academy.

Tommy produces a folded piece of paper and presents it to Harper.

As Harper unfolds the paper and examines it...

TOMMY

This English scientist conducted a series of brain scans. Positron Emission Topography. He compared the brains of serial killers with those of so-called normal people.

Harper examines the colored images of brain scans. He reads from the article:

DETECTIVE HARPER

"The murderers' brains showed what appeared to be a significant reduction in the development of the prefrontal cortex, 'the executive function' of the brain, compared with the control group."

Harper looks up.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

You gotta meet my partner. You and he could talk.

Tommy removes a PIECE OF PAPER from a pocket and slides it across the table.

Detective Harper picks it up.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

And what's this? Don't tell me. You got a signed confession?

TOMMY

I bought you a membership at Pebble Beach. You golf, right?

Detective Harper's eyes well up as he reads the membership papers.

DETECTIVE HARPER

It's like we're on the same wavelength.

Tommy takes Harper's wrist. He turns Harper's palm up and open.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

What?

Tommy traces lines on Harper's palm.

TOMMY  
My grandmother taught me this.

Tommy strokes Harper's palm in a seductive way.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
You readin' my future?

Tommy studies Harper's palm.

Tommy's eyes bore into Harper's.

TOMMY  
Do not retire from police work.

Tommy releases Harper's wrist.

Harper returns from his fog.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Ever been to the Pacheco Club?

EXT. FAREED'S HOME (CORRAL DE TIERRA) - NIGHT

Under a full moon, a ranch house rests comfortably, windows lit, with corralled horses nickering nearby.

INT. FAREED'S HOME - NIGHT

On a table, an ORNATE CHESS SET is spread out on an EBONY AND IVORY BOARD. There's a game in progress.

Fareed, wearing a jogging suit, is at his door, ready to go for a run. An idea seizes him. He goes to the chess game, and moves a piece.

PHONE RINGS.

Fareed answers the phone.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
(in Farsi, with English subtitles)  
Hello.  
(beat)  
Father. How are you?

Fareed sees a chess move by the "opposing" side. He walks around and moves a piece.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)  
Yes, doing well.  
(MORE)

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)

(he laughs)

Not as hot as Washington, D.C.

(beat)

Careful what you say. You know what I mean.

Studying the board as he talks with his father, Fareed sees a move by the other side. He moves a piece and mouths the word "Check."

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)

I'll be back East as soon as I can.

Look, I'm off for a run. I'll call you later.

Fareed hangs up, studies the chess board, goes to the door, opens it, and runs into the night.

EXT. ABREGO STREET (MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT)

The Pacheco Club, an old adobe building built in 1847, stands imperiously near the street corner.

As Harper and Tommy pass a telephone pole, Harper notes a MUSIC POSTER stapled to it.

DETECTIVE HARPER

(reading)

"Hitler Haircut." "My Dead Gay Friend." These are musical groups?

TOMMY

You're homophobic?

DETECTIVE HARPER

I'm stupid-phobic.

TOMMY

Got your attention, didn't they?

Harper leads Tommy to the front door of the Pacheco Club. Using his pass key, Harper lets them in.

EXT. PACHECO CLUB - NIGHT

Harper leads Tommy past a swimming pool, to a bocce ball tournament, where an old ITALIAN-AMERICAN MAN "announces" the match into an invisible handheld microphone.

ITALIAN-AMERICAN MAN

Ladies and gentlemen, live on ESPN,  
Howard Cosell.

(MORE)



ITALIAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Tonight, live and in color from  
 Monterey, California, the Bocce  
 Classic, from the world famous Pacheco  
 Club. Tonight, the Cardinelli Family  
 face the Palma Brothers from Sicily.

Harper's amused.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 That's Al Ferantelli. Guy cracks me  
 up.

Tommy finds it all really hokey.

As Harper leads Tommy indoors...

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
 Owns three car dealerships. You  
 want a car, I'll get you a deal.

INT. PACHECO CLUB - NIGHT

Harper and Tommy, drinks in hand, take a table in the bar.

Harper sees sixty-year-old DISTRICT ATTORNEY JUSTIN TILLMAN,  
 bearded like an Old Testament prophet. He hails him.

Tillman joins them.

TILLMAN  
 Who's your handsome young friend?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Tommy, meet our District Attorney,  
 Justin Tillman.

Tommy shakes hands with the District Attorney.

TILLMAN  
 So, what're you into, Tommy?

As Tommy formulates an answer, Harper butts in.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 Tommy's a modern boy, into "Hitler's  
 Haircut" and "My Dead Gay Friend."

Tillman's intrigued.

TILLMAN  
 Nazis and faggots. Tell me more.

Rick's embarrassed by the turn the conversation's taking.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Tommy's straight as an arrow.

TILLMAN  
Why don't you let Tommy speak for  
himself?

Tommy looks straight at Tillman.

TILLMAN (CONT'D)  
Rick invited you to join the club?

INT. D.A. JUSTIN TILLMAN'S CHAMBERS (MONTEREY) - DAY

D.A. Tillman examines a search warrant as Fareed watches and  
waits.

TILLMAN  
I don't see sufficient probable cause,  
Detective.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
The colonel knows the victims, he  
appears in the DVD, he knows the  
technology. He has every motive for  
killing them.

TILLMAN  
This DVD. May I view it?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Of course. I haven't inspected all  
of them yet.

TILLMAN  
How many more are there?

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Just one.

TILLMAN  
Return with the DVD, then I'll decide.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Fareed buzzes Harper's office.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Rick? Got something for you.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - DAY

Tommy's packing up all of his belongings.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Harper holds a DVD envelope, on which is written: "HALLOWEEN - WOW!"

Fareed points a pencil at the computer screen.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Who's that?

DETECTIVE HARPER

That would be District Attorney Justin Tillman.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Your hunch about a county elites' sex ring appears right on.

DETECTIVE HARPER

I had help on that one, Ahmed.

DETECTIVE FAREED

I presented a search warrant to Tillman earlier today. He seemed more interested in viewing these DVDs than in getting me into Bainbridge's home.

DETECTIVE HARPER

You did WHAT? Are you insane?

Lieutenant Compton raps on the open door.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Yes, sir?

COMPTON

Just got a call from the DA. Followed by a little chat with O'Hanlon at the FBI. What're you up to, Dick Tracy?

DETECTIVE FAREED

It was a preliminary draft.

COMPTON

After O'Hanlon tore you one?

DETECTIVE HARPER

Ahmed's a bulldog, sir. But look at this screen. There's the DA, at an orgy filmed by one of the victims. Bainbridge was there too.

COMPTON

Methinks we have a Muslim with a sex  
obsession.

Fareed resets his computer on a craigslist ad:

FAREED

This appeared two days ago. I saved  
it before it was deleted.

Compton leans in and reads.

COMPTON

You called the number?

DETECTIVE FAREED

No longer active.

COMPTON

He calls himself Carole A. Eschliman.

DETECTIVE HARPER

You're sure it's a "he"?

DETECTIVE FAREED

I googled it. A low level Ohio  
mobster, associate of Pasquale  
Ferruchio. Some kind of gambling  
scam.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Canton, Ohio?

DETECTIVE FAREED

How'd you guess?

DETECTIVE HARPER

Lotsa Mafia activity there.

COMPTON

These are Mafia hits?

DETECTIVE FAREED

I'll call the Canton police.

Compton leaves.

DETECTIVE HARPER

This is bullshit harassment. File a  
discrimination complaint.

DETECTIVE FAREED

What, and be tagged as a troublemaker?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
It's not like that.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
This is a pissant little town. I'm  
destined for bigger things.

INT. OFFICE - MARINA COVE BEACH RESORT - DAY

Helen Murgatroy switches off the overhead TV as Tommy enters  
the office.

MRS. MURGATROY  
Well, hey there! Sorry about that  
outage. Blame PG&E, not us.

TOMMY  
No, no, nothing like that, Mrs.  
Murgatroy. I'm giving notice.

MRS. MURGATROY  
Oh. We'll be sad to see you go.  
When you gonna break our hearts?

TOMMY  
I'll be leaving tomorrow.

EXT. NORTH CANTON, OHIO - DAY

An UNMARKED POLICE CAR sits curbside down the street from  
the SONS OF SICILY SOCIAL CLUB.

INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE STUART ESCHLIMAN sits wearily, watching the club's  
comings and goings.

A GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS pitch pennies against the building's  
wall.

Nearby, A WORK CREW works on an OPEN SEWER.

As Eschlman pops a stick of Blackjack gum into his mouth,  
his cell phone buzzes.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
Eschlman.

DETECTIVE FAREED (V.O.)  
Detective Eschlman? Ahmed Fareed,  
Monterey, California PD detective.  
How are you?

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
Bored shitless. What can I do you  
for?

DETECTIVE FAREED (V.O.)  
Are you familiar with a Carole A.  
Eschliman?

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
What, you too?

DETECTIVE FAREED (V.O.)  
I don't follow.

Eschliman still watches the club.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
He's a no-good relative. Coupla  
months ago, some wise-ass kid brought  
him up, rubbed my face in it.

Down the street, a LONG BLACK LIMO pulls up to the club.

DETECTIVE FAREED (V.O.)  
What about him?

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
My uncle?

A SILVER-HAIRED, FUR-COATED MAN emerges from the limo.

DETECTIVE FAREED (V.O.)  
No, the kid.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
Timmy, Tommy, Tubby, I don't recall.  
Look, I got some action here. Gotta  
go!

DETECTIVE FAREED (V.O.)  
Just gimme his name!

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN  
Call me back later!

Eschliman bolts from his car.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Rosie soaks in her tub.

DOORBELL RINGS.

Rosie rises from the soap suds and pulls on a bath robe.

Rosie opens the front door and sees Jessica.

ROSIE

Hey.

Jessica enters.

Rosie looks up and down the street, then closes the door.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You bring it?

Jessica reaches into her hand bag and pulls out a TASER.

JESSICA

Say hello t' my li'l frien'.

ROSIE

Carole's due any minute.

EXT. SONS OF SICILY SOCIAL CLUB (CANTON, OHIO) - DAY

Eschliman advances on the silver-haired man who is escorted by TWO BODYGUARDS as he strides across the sidewalk to the social club's door.

The penny pitching boys run up to the silver-haired man.

BOYS

Don Ferucchio! Do you have any work  
for us?

Ferucchio nods to his bodyguards, who pull dollar bills from their pockets and pass them around to the boys.

FERRUCHIO

Boys! Boys! Wait here until I'm  
done inside!

Eschliman shows his badge.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

Salvatore Ferruchio! May I have a  
word, please?

FERRUCHIO

And for a minute I thought that stench  
was the open sewer.

A BOY, thirteen years old, edges toward the open sewer. He covertly picks up a brick.

DETECTIVE ESCHLIMAN

We're seeking some cooperation on  
the De Monza case.

The boy sneaks up behind Eschliman.

The boy throws the brick at Eschliman's head.

Eschliman's eyes roll as he hits the pavement.

One of the bodyguards dials 911 on his cell phone.

Ferruchio grabs the boy by his neck.

FERRUCHIO

I oughtta hold you here until his  
friends arrive!

Ferruchio releases the boy, who runs off.

INT. TOMMY'S VAN (MONTEREY) - TRAVELING - DAY

While a Beethoven String Quartet CD fills the van, Tommy cruises Rosie's neighborhood, looking for familiar cars, cops, and potential witnesses.

Finding a deserted street, Tommy parks his van.

INT. DETECTIVE FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Fareed's on his cell phone.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Yes. Detective Eschliman please.  
This is Detective Fareed, calling  
from Monterey. We spoke earlier  
today.

Pause.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to hear that. When do you  
expect him to be out of the ICU?

Pause.

FAREED

Please, as soon as he is able, have  
him call me.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

DOORBELL.

Jessica pushes a button on the CD player. New Age flutes and synthesizers fill the room.

JESSICA

That must be her.



As Rosie goes to the door, Jessica trots to a closet and hides inside.

Rosie looks through the door hole.

Rosie sees a person looking away from the hole, making only the back of the head visible.

Rosie opens the door.

ROSIE  
Hello, Carole.

Tommy, wearing his Gore Tex suit and flip flops, carrying his massage table and his hair dryer, turns around.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Christian!

TOMMY  
Hi, Rosie.

ROSIE  
Won't you come in?

Tommy enters the condo. He looks around furtively, checking for hidden cameras.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd vanished.

As Tommy sets up the massage table, Rosie lights an incense stick.

TOMMY  
Been busy with my golf game.

ROSIE  
We've played Pebble, haven't seen you.

TOMMY  
Been playing the public courses.  
(beat)  
Shall we begin?

Rosie removes her robe and climbs on the table, face down.

Tommy snaps on a pair of medical gloves.

Tommy places a sheet over Rosie's lower half.

ROSIE  
Why the gloves?

Tommy spurts some lotion over Rosie's spine.

TOMMY  
Just a professional precaution.

ROSIE  
You're a professional?

Tommy massages Rosie's spine, starting at the base of the skull, then working down.

TOMMY  
Since before I left Ohio.

ROSIE  
You're licensed?

TOMMY  
Oh yes.

ROSIE  
In California? My God, you're good.

TOMMY  
Shush.

ROSIE  
Why the fake name on Craigslist?

TOMMY  
Shush. Or I'll spank you.

ROSIE  
Promise?

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Harper pokes his head in.

Fareed looks up from his computer.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I'm gonna knock off early. Call me  
at the course if you catch a break.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH GOLF COURSE - DAY

FBI Supervisor O'Hanlon, DA Tillman and Monterey PD Lieutenant Compton tee off on hole #1.

O'Hanlon addresses his ball on the tee.

O'HANLON  
Loser pays for the sand dabs.

TILLMAN  
Winner buys the Chardonnay.

O'Hanlon smashes his ball straight down the fairway.

O'HANLON  
My pleasure.

Lieutenant Compton's next up.

TILLMAN  
You play better than you manage your  
staff, Ben?

COMPTON  
Relax.

O'HANLON  
The Muslim makes one more move, we  
take over the investigation.

Harper, his golf bag perched on its wheels, walks up to wait  
his turn.

TILLMAN  
Detective!

Compton takes some practice swings.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Hey. While we're thrashing around  
out here, bad guys are doing evil.

O'HANLON  
Long as you're just a phone call  
away, Detective.

TILLMAN  
Why don't you join us? Make it a  
fearsome foursome.

Compton slices his ball into the trees.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Long's I don't rattle the Lieutenant.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Rosie's on her back now, her loins covered by the sheet.

ROSIE  
I called you to confirm the  
appointment. The line was dead.

TOMMY

I had a cheap Korean model. Tossed it when it malfunctioned.

ROSIE

Dedos de oro.

TOMMY

Huh?

ROSIE

Fingers of gold. That's what you have.

(beat)

Why the pseudonym? Eschliman?

TOMMY

Professional discretion. Listen... Hold your tongue and let yourself drift.

ROSIE

That's not all I'm holding.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Checking his caller ID, Fareed answers his cell phone.

DETECTIVE FAREED

Fareed.

(beat)

Canton PD. What's up?

Fareed grabs a small writing pad and pen.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)

Thomas Sales. S-A-L-E-S. D-O-B? S-S-N?

(he writes)

Please thank Detective Eschliman for me.

Fareed dials a number.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)

Rick? Got a name. Thomas Sales.

(beat)

I'm on it.

Fareed hangs up, then taps his computer's keys.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

As Detective Harper addresses his tee shot...

D.A. TILLMAN  
 You can afford membership on a  
 detective's salary?

O'HANLON  
 We know you're not clever enough to  
 be taking bribes.

Harper steps back.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
 I'm a member. Courtesy of a friend  
 of mine, a kid I'd like y'all to  
 meet. Now if you don't mind...

Harper smashes a tee shot, straight and true.

INT. KITCHEN - ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Tommy shampoos Rosie's hair as she, wearing her bath robe,  
 leans back in a chair, her head over the sink.

TOMMY  
 You have amazing hair, Rosie.

ROSIE  
 Dedos de oro.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

Fareed, on Skype, talks with a WOMAN in the Ohio DMV.

WOMAN  
 We have three Thomas Saleses in the  
 Canton area.

FAREED  
 If you would, please provide drivers  
 license photos and personal data for  
 all three.

WOMAN  
 PDFs?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

As the foursome walks a path above the pounding surf...

COMPTON  
 I trust Colonel Bainbridge's feathers  
 are smoothed?

TILLMAN  
 He's a happy rooster.

O'Hanlon claps Harper on a shoulder.

O'HANLON  
Keeping the Arab in line?

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Rosie sits near the kitchen sink while Tommy brushes her hair.

TOMMY  
Silky, silky, silky smooth.  
(beat)  
Okay. What say we dry this wonderful  
head of hair, show the world how  
beautiful you are.

Tommy goes for the hair dryer.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - CLOSET - DAY

In the closet, Jessica's peeking through the barely open door.

Her cell phone to her ear, Jessica holds Detective Harper's card up to the sliver of light. She dials the number.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

As O'Hanlon takes a practice swing in the rough, Harper's cell phone buzzes.

Harper takes the call and walks away.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Harper.

JESSICA (V.O.)  
Detective Harper?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Speaking.

O'HANLON  
Hey, could you keep it down?

DETECTIVE HARPER  
I'm sorry. You'll have to speak up.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - CLOSET - DAY

JESSICA  
Please come NOW. Rosie Whitnall's  
condo.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Tommy stops, listens.

Tommy pulls A LENGTH OF ROPE from his Gore Tex suit's pocket and quickly as a cat wraps it around Rosie, tying her to the chair.

Tommy removes a ROLL OF DUCT TAPE from his suit. He rips off a foot length and tapes Rosie's mouth shut.

Tommy pulls out a SILENCED REVOLVER and advances to the closet.

Tommy swings the closet door open.

Jessica gasps.

JESSICA  
(into the phone)  
Now!

Tommy snatches the cell phone from Jessica. He kills the connection.

TOMMY  
Out.

Jessica comes out of the closet.

Prodding Jessica with the pistol, Tommy directs her to a wooden floor-to-ceiling wooden column at the edge of the kitchen.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Sit.

Jessica sits on the floor in front of the column.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Wrap your arms and legs around it.

Jessica wraps her arms and legs around the column.

Tommy kneels. He places his pistol on the floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Lift yourself.

Jessica lifts herself a bit off the floor.

Grabbing her ankle, Tommy grabs Jessica's left leg and tucks it under her right knee.

Then Tommy grabs Jessica's right ankle and tugs her right leg under her left knee before tucking her right foot under her left knee, then notching her right foot's instep back and around the column.

Tommy presses Jessica down. He picks up his pistol.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It's called the Grapevine. Try to move and you'll sever your spinal cord.

Tommy presses REDIAL on Jessica's phone.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Tell whoever it is it's a false alarm.

Tommy holds the phone up to Jessica's mouth.

EXT. GOLF COURSE PARKING LOT - DAY

As Harper sprints across the parking lot, his cell phone buzzes.

Harper skids to a stop.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Harper!

JESSICA (V.O.)

Detective Harper? I'm sorry. It was a false alarm.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Okay. Feel free to call me for whatever reason.

Harper flips his phone shut and tucks it into the chest pocket over his heart. He sprints to his car.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Tommy snaps the cell phone shut.

TOMMY

Harper? No prob.

Tommy stands and addresses the two women.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm going to exterminate the both of you. And then I'm off to Las Vegas. Or Phoenix. Or Boise.



JESSICA  
They're gonna catch you.

TOMMY  
Impossible. I leave no forensic  
evidence.

JESSICA  
Craigslist.

TOMMY  
I never use the same account or  
telephone twice.  
(beat)  
Now shut the fuck up.

Tommy rips a length of duct tape and silences Jessica.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Listen up, sows.

INT. DETECTIVE HARPER'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

As Harper speeds through the Pebble Beach forest, his cell  
phone buzzes.

Harper pulls the phone from his breast pocket and answers.

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Harper.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

As an exultant Fareed speaks into his bluetooth, two BUSINESS-  
SUITED MEN in their mid-thirties burst into the office.

The two men hold up their badges.

AGENT #1  
Ahmed Fareed? Homeland Security.  
Step back from that keyboard.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
Rick! I got three photos of every  
Thomas Sales in the Canton, Ohio  
area. I'm gonna email everything to  
your cell phone!

The agents draw their guns.

AGENT #2  
Step back!

DETECTIVE HARPER (V.O.)  
Go!

Detective Fareed presses the send button, then stands back from the keyboard.

The two agents shove Detective Fareed face first into the wall.

AGENT #1  
Describe your knowledge of remote  
control activation of explosives.

INT. DETECTIVE HARPER'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

One eye on the road, Harper checks the drivers' licenses, one by one, in his camera.

The first Thomas Sales is a black man.

The second is an elderly man.

The third is...

DETECTIVE HARPER  
Shit.

As Harper holds his phone, switching his vision between the phone and the road...

A DEER BOLTS OUT OF THE FOREST IN FRONT OF HARPER'S CAR.

HARPER'S CAR STRIKES THE DEER. THE DEER FLIES OVER THE HOOD AND CRASHES THROUGH HARPER'S WINDSHIELD.

THE DEER THRASHES WILDLY IN THE PASSENGER'S SEAT.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)  
Jesus H. Christ on a cracker!

The deer's flailing hooves strike Harper's forehead. Blood spurts from the scalp wound.

The deer strikes Harper's cell phone.

The cell phone flies out the open window.

Harper skids his car to a stop by the side of the road.

Harper spills out of his car. He runs around to the passenger door and flings it open.

Harper wrestles the thrashing deer out of the car.

The deer, dazed, gets its bearings and then hobbles into the forest.

Harper wipes blood from his eyes, looks back down the road and sees his cell phone on the ground, in the opposite lane.

Harper sprints to the phone.

A CAR whizzes around a turn, straight at Harper.

As though blown down by the force of the car's horn, Harper leaps belly first to the phone, sliding across the pavement. He snatches the phone as the car skids around him.

Harper, gasping for air, deposits the cell phone back in his left breast pocket.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

TOMMY

So it's Rick Harper. My wannabe mentor.

(beat)

The lone wolf thins the herd.

Tommy unseals Rosie's mouth, holding the duct tape end inches from Rosie's lips.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Justify your life.

ROSIE

I'm a loving person.

TOMMY

Then why's your husband dead?

ROSIE

He worked very hard.

TOMMY

Supporting you?

ROSIE

He was a good man.

TOMMY

You a good grandmother?

ROSIE

Yes.

TOMMY

Nice and affectionate?

ROSIE

Yes.

TOMMY  
Well then, fuck you.

ROSIE  
Why?

TOMMY  
I hate grandmothers. And you, you let yourself go. You dishonored your husband by packing on the pounds, sow.

Tommy tapes Rosie's mouth back shut.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
You got a pot belly. A kangaroo pouch that hangs over your cotton undies. Do you know how deeply that offends me?

Tommy lifts Jessica's duct tape an inch.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I understand the sagging tits. A woman's gonna age. Justify your life.

JESSICA  
I can't.

TOMMY  
Where's your husband? Your ex.

JESSICA  
Overseas. I guess.

TOMMY  
What's the happy escapee's name?

JESSICA  
Colonel Robert Bainbridge.

TOMMY  
Describe your parasitic marriage. Tell us what a loyal wife you were, keeping yourself attractive for the good Colonel.

JESSICA  
I didn't.

TOMMY  
A man who serves his country deserves a trophy wife. Wouldn't you say?

Jessica moans.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
You're all the same. Hanging out in  
ritzy restaurants, slandering your  
husbands, indulging.

Tommy replaces Jessica's tape.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Fat middle-aged broads, taking up  
space. Breathing our air.

EXT. ROSIE WHITNALL'S CONDO - DAY

Harper skids his car up to a curb.

His gun drawn, Detective Harper flies from his car and sprints up the stairs toward Rosie's condo.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Tommy places the hair dryer over Jessica's head.

TOMMY  
Hey, Rosie. Check this out.

Tommy clicks the hair dryer on.

EXT. ROSIE WHITNALL'S CONDO - DAY

Harper clutches his chest as the microwaves mess with his pacemaker.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL'S CONDO - DAY

Jessica's body quivers. Her eyes grow big as saucers.

Jessica's head explodes.

Rosie screams into her duct tape.

Tommy clicks off the hair dryer, then lifts it off Jessica's quivering corpse. He carries the hair dryer over to Rosie.

Tommy holds the hair dryer, dripping with bits of skull and spattered brains, in front of Rosie's face.

TOMMY  
Check it out. This used to be your  
pal. Her last thoughts are encased  
inside this liquified meat.  
(beat)  
Now it's your turn.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DETECTIVE HARPER (O.S.)  
Tommy! I know it's you!

Tommy turns on the hair dryer and points its open end at the front door.

EXT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

Harper clutches his chest.

Harper pulls his cell phone out of his left breast pocket and flings the cell phone away.

Harper's pacemaker's still going crazy.

Harper swoons.

INT. ROSIE WHITNALL CONDO - DAY

The front door swings open.

Harper rolls into the condo.

Tommy still points the humming hair dryer at Harper.

TOMMY  
C'mon, Detective. Have a heart.

Harper sinks to his knees.

As Harper struggles to stay conscious...

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Before you Mirandize me, I want you  
to see this.

Tommy places the dripping hair dryer over Rosie's head.

Harper opens his eyes, seeing double.

Losing consciousness, Harper empties his revolver--BAM!  
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!--into Tommy's Gore Tex suit.

Tommy lurches backward. The hair dryer flies out of his hands, clattering to the floor.

Harper crawls to the wall socket. He yanks the hair dryer cord out of the socket.

The hair dryer goes silent.

Harper, gasping, his face contorted in agony, sees Jessica's cell phone on the floor.

Harper crawls to the cell phone and dials 911.

INT. FAREED'S OFFICE - DAY

AGENT #1

You have the right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will be  
used against you in a court of law.

DETECTIVE FAREED

You people are insane. We know who  
the killer is.

AGENT #2

You wanna repeat that?

DETECTIVE FAREED

Allahu Fucking Akbar. That's what  
you really want.

The two agents leap on Fareed.

EXT. MONTEREY CITY HALL - DAY

On a rolling lawn, MONTEREY MAYOR DOUGLAS MILLER, sixtyish  
and white-haired, addresses a CROWD of MONTEREY COPS, FAMILY  
MEMBERS, REPORTERS and the CURIOUS.

Next to Rosie sits an austerely elegant MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN,  
ABDUL FAREED, sixtyish. His posture is impeccably erect.

Onstage, next to the Mayor, flanked by the flags of the United  
States and California, Detectives Fareed and Harper listen  
to the Mayor.

Fareed's face bears the bruises of a brutal interrogation.

Harper basks in a wheelchair.

Next to Harper, a UNIFORMED SOLDIER, mid-twenties, stands at  
attention.

This is Detective Harper's son, LANCE.

MAYOR MILLER

We are gathered today to honor two  
superlative law enforcement officers.

Mayor Miller holds up TWO PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER MEDALS OF  
VALOR.

EXT. IMPOUNDED EVIDENCE PARKING LOT (MONTEREY) - DAY

Tommy's RV sits among AUTOMOBILES of every type and condition.

MAYOR MILLER (V.O.)  
 They've been awarded the Public Safety  
 Officer Medal of Valor by our  
 President.

INT. TOMMY'S RV - DAY

The interior has been stripped bare.

EXT. MONTEREY CITY HALL - DAY

MAYOR MILLER  
 We are sorry to lose Detective Ahmed  
 Fareed. Next week he starts his FBI  
 training in Quantico, Virginia.  
 Fluent in Farsi and a Quran  
 specialist, Mr. Fareed will specialize  
 in domestic counter terrorism.

The crowd applauds.

Mayor Miller frees the microphone and holds it to Fareed's  
 mouth.

DETECTIVE FAREED  
 Thank you, Mayor Miller. I'm thrilled  
 and honored to serve my country. I  
 want to thank my father, Abdul Fareed,  
 for his lifetime of support.

Abdul stands and bows slightly to his son.

DETECTIVE FAREED (CONT'D)  
 (in Farsi)  
 Peace on earth to men of good will.

ABDUL FAREED  
 (calling out to the  
 assemblage)  
 My son says, "Peace on Earth to men  
 of good will."

The crowd applauds. Mayor Miller stands by Harper.

MAYOR MILLER  
 Detective Rick Harper, a thirty-four  
 year veteran, has earned our eternal  
 gratitude for his courage and  
 dedication as a public servant.

Mayor Miller nods toward Lance Harper.



MAYOR MILLER (CONT'D)

We're pleased that Detective Harper's son, Lance, fresh off his third Middle Eastern tour and a stint in rehab, could join us.

Lance nods to the crowd applause.

Harper gives his son a thumbs up sign.

MAYOR MILLER (CONT'D)

Using Old School gumshoe techniques, Detective Harper seduced the maniac into a friendship, earning his trust.

Lieutenant Compton wheels a GOLF CART onto the stage.

LIEUTENANT COMPTON

Detective, the department chipped in to buy you Calloway RAZR Fit Xtremes. Happy retirement.

As the tumultuous applause dies down, Harper motions his son down to him. Lance leans in.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Now it's me in the wheelchair.

LANCE HARPER

Not for long, with all those golf courses out there.

(beat)

Semper fi, Dad.

Mayor Miller hands the microphone to Harper.

MAYOR MILLER

Could we have a word, Rick?

Harper struggles to his feet.

Harper salutes Lance, then Detective Fareed, then looks out over the crowd.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Old school, baby!

Harper loves the tumult flowing back at him.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END