

"INNOCENCE"

Original Story & Screenplay
by
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Justin is charged with murder. Even his closest loved ones believe him guilty. The only way to save himself is to find the real killer. Not an easy task when you're only eleven years old.

1.

FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE TO LOS ANGELES POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

OFFICER

Let's move it! Let's go!

A moment later the occupant gets out. We're surprised to see that the prisoner is an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY who is quickly hustled into the building. Moments later, representatives of the media swarm around the corner armed with TV cameras and microphones. Most prominent is DOM DE ANGELO, a walking firecracker going off in three directions at once.

DOM DE ANGELO

Where is he? Does he look like the kind of kid that could kill somebody? Talk to me, I'll put you on camera.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The boy, JUSTIN DRAPER, sits in a room with barred windows facing a soft-spoken police psychologist.

INTERROGATOR

Do you realize what you've done?

Justin does not reply.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

You must've been provoked. She must've made you very angry.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON THE BOY

INTERROGATOR'S VOICE

Justin, look at me and tell me -- don't you feel anything?

Justin's face betrays nothing. He has withdrawn into his owl world.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE BACK IN TIME TO:

INT. THE DRAPER MANSION - DAY

A huge six acre estate in Pacific Palisades. Scores of giant trees surround the enormous Spanish mansion at the top of the sloping lawn which looks down on an Olympic-size

pool. Above are the mountains. The entire estate is gated for privacy.

INT. CAVERNOUS LIVING ROOM - DAY

This is the home of film producer MARTIN DRAPER. His guests for the afternoon include some of the heavy hitters of the motion picture industry: Studio executive MYRON BRODERICK, high powered agent ALBERT DUNNE, and most important, the enormously popular ERNST MANNHEIM, superstar. A huge physical specimen with muscles to spare and one of the most financable names in world cinema.

Also present is screenwriter PETER ROBIN.

Right now Mannheim is holding court, puffing on a large cigar and showing his muscle, both physical and financial.

ERNST

How can I commit based on this dreadful screenplay?

BRODERICK

Look, Manny, we've already raised eighty mil from foreign presales based on your name.

We notice the ten-year-old boy coming down the elaborate Spanish staircase from above and pausing to listen in. It is JUSTIN DRAPER (as he was only a few days ago).

MARTIN

Before you decide to walk, let me pitch you the 'revised' storyline.

Martin Draper moves to the center of the room and goes into his act. He's a born storyteller, even if he's winging it. His son, Justin, sits down on the stairs and watches with avid interest. He knows enough to keep his distance but he hangs on every word.

MARTIN

This character you play is now a Special Forces guy. A James Bond but with vulnerability. Like in the first draft these terrorists capture him and execute him.

ERNST

I never mind being killed early in the picture as long as I come back bigger and stronger.

MARTIN

That's the formula that works.

ERNST

But I didn't like how I died. It was derivative.

MARTIN

Peter's come up with something fresh. You're boiled alive.

ROBIN

And we cut from your dying to a seafood restaurant. They're boiling this giant lobster.

ERNST

This is your idea of humor?

DUNNE

(jumping in)

I agree with Manny. It's got to be a deeply emotional moment.

MARTIN

It will be. Keep going.

ROBIN

Okay, you eventually get resurrected from your DNA. Only twenty years have passed. The 'heavies' have become powerful political figures.

(WE INTERCUT JUSTIN'S REACTION TO ALL OF THIS. DECIDEDLY UNFAVORABLE.)

They're suddenly interrupted as a pretty seven-year-old girl comes running into the living room. She is KRISSIE DRAPER. She zigzags past everyone to reach the table where refreshments have been placed. She scoops up a handful of cakes and cookies.

MARTIN

All right, Krissie, just take one of each.

(to the others)

You all know Krissie.

DUNNE

How old are you now, honey?

KRISSIE

I'm seven. How come you didn't know? I thought you were so good at adding and subtracting.

BRODERICK

He can't handle anything under six figures.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

slowly descending the stairs now. His kid sister has broken the ice but still he is hesitant to enter.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

KRISSIE

(to Mannheim)

You're so big. Are you a giant?

ERNST

In the industry, absolutely.

He scoops Krissie up off the ground like King Kong lifting Fay Wray and holds her high above his head with both hands.

ERNST

Frightened up there?

KRISSIE

If you dropped me, daddy would catch me.

MARTIN

Not with my bad back.

Now Ernst holds her aloft with one hand as he lowers the other to pick up his drink. Krissie hovers above his head balanced like an acrobat in the Cirque de Soliel. Justin watches enviously from the entry hall.

While Broderick tries to get the meeting back on track.

BRODERICK

I'm hooked. What happens next?

Justin is casually edging into the room as if he belongs there. No one takes notice of him.

MARTIN

(story telling)

There's this corrupt grand jury. An evil tribunal. And you break into their chambers and hang all six of them from the rafters.

ROBIN

Get it? A hung jury.

ERNST

(to Krissie)

Is that something you would like to see in the movies? Juries hanging?

KRISSIE

I'm not allowed to see daddy's movies.

Finally Justin decides to say something.

JUSTIN

(speaking up)

I know what a 'hung jury' is. From Court TV.

MARTIN

Don't you know better than to interrupt when I'm in a meeting?

JUSTIN

Well "she's" here.

MARTIN

Well, she wouldn't be if he'd put her down.

JUSTIN

(to Ernst)

Can I be next?

We can see that Justin wants to be picked up by ERNST Mannheim more than anything in the world.

MARTIN

Some other time, Justin.

Mannheim finally puts the girl down. Martin passes her the entire plate full of cakes and sandwiches.

MARTIN

Here, take this into the kitchen.
Tell Olga we want more hot coffee.

KRISSIE

(to Justin)

Nobody minded me until you walked
in.

Then she runs past him and out of the living room.

JUSTIN

Can't I hear the end of the story?

ERNST

Your father doesn't know the end of
the story. He's making it up.

At that moment the doorbell RINGS. OLGA, the NORWEGIAN
MAID, answers it to admit ARCH MATTHEWS, the aggressive
young Beverly Hills attorney.

OLGA

Mr. Matthews is here.

Arch Matthews hurriedly enters the living room.

ARCH

It appears we have major problems.

DUNNE

Nothing you can't fix.

ARCH

Don't be so sure. Some moron in St.
Louis saw 'The Slayer' at a
miniplex, then got his shotgun out
of the trunk and blew away six
people in the mall. Two of them
cops.

DUNNE

Shit, no!

ARCH

The bastard didn't even have the
courtesy to take himself out. He's
in custody and he claims that the
movie made him do it.

(to Ernst)

He wanted to be just like you. He
wanted to be The Slayer.

Justin lingers among them listening to all of this, knowing better than to butt in, but missing nothing.

ERNST

What's wrong with this country that people behave this way? These same movies are popular all over the world yet nobody else goes around shooting people.

ARCH

I don't know the answer, but we better come up with something before the media blitz descends.

DUNNE

This one stupid sonofabitch has screwed up any chance of making a 'Slayer' sequel.

Justin turns to Ernst Mannheim.

JUSTIN

In the movies when you shoot people, it gets laughs.

ERNST

It seems no one's told me I'm a comedian now.

MARTIN

Justin, keep out of this!

JUSTIN

Hey, this wasn't my fault.

MARTIN

No one said it was. Just go outside. Right now.

JUSTIN

I want to hear what you're gonna do.

MARTIN

Find your sister and play outside.

Justin makes a token exit, but lingers in the entry hall, still fascinated with the conversation.

ERNST

I do not intend to comment on the incident. Every statement is distorted or taken out of context, so I say nothing.

(to Justin)

Don't you agree, sonny?

MARTIN

I said 'outside!'

Justin realizes his father really means business and he quickly exits the house by the front door.

EXT. DRAPER MANSION - DAY

Krissie has wandered down to the set of swings at the foot of the lawn. Now her brother, Justin, joins her.

JUSTIN

Want me to push you?

KRISSIE

Sure.

JUSTIN

Do you think a movie could make somebody do something bad?

KRISSIE

Only if they were crazy to start with.

JUSTIN

If anybody put daddy in prison, I'd take care of you and mom.

KRISSIE

What are you talking about?

JUSTIN

Nothing. Don't worry. Now pump harder. I bet I can make you reach those trees.

Justin begins to push his sister on the swing. Higher and higher and higher.

KRISSIE

That's enough.

JUSTIN

One more.

Krissie SCREAMS as her feet kick the highest branches on the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESCOTT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SANTA MONICA - DAY

Matching screams of children at play in the schoolyard.

Kids are choosing up sides for basketball. Justin is in the midst of other BOYS.

RICKY

Hey, you must be sweating it.

JUSTIN

Why?

BOBBY

I saw your dad on TV last night on the news.

SANDY

They're really after his ass!

RICKY

My mother says he's just as guilty as if he shot all those people himself.

JUSTIN

That's bullshit.

RICKY

She says he puts sick ideas in people's heads.

BOBBY

They won't let your father make those kinds of movies anymore. Nobody's going to let him make shit.

SANDY

Yeah. He's probably going to jail!

Without further warning, Justin slams his fist into Sandy's jaw. The boy tries to retaliate but Justin throws another punch then jumps on top of him, pummeling him on the concrete playground.

JUSTIN

Take it back!

The school janitor/custodian, ROLLINS, sees the fight in progress and rushes over to break it up.

ROLLINS

Come on now. Let him up!

Justin ignores Rollins. One of the teachers, MR. HANKS, pulls Justin off the other boy.

HANKS

Who started this?

BOBBY

Justin did it. Sandy didn't even throw a punch.

The other kids chime in: "That's right. Justin started it."

HANKS

You're coming with me to the office.

And he drags Justin away.

HANKS

(to Sandy)

You'd better see the nurse.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY AND STUDIO - DAY

Justin's mother, JUDITH DRAPER, paints, sculpts, and also exhibits her work. She's busy with a CLIENT when she's called to the phone.

JUDITH

Excuse me a moment.

(into phone)

Hello, this is Judith Draper.

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE

This is Mr. Malloy at the Wescott School. We're having some serious problems with your son.

JUDITH

Is he sick?

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE

He's attacked another boy. Rather viciously.

JUDITH

I'm with a client. Can't this wait?

PRINCIPAL'S VOICE

I'm afraid it can't. Can I expect you within the hour?

CUT TO:

INT. JUDITH'S MERCEDES - DAY

Pulling away from the school. Justin sits beside her in the front seat.

JUSTIN

This kid said dad was going to jail.

(beat)

That isn't so.

JUDITH

Of course it isn't so. He hasn't committed any crime although they're making it sound that way, just to sell their lousy newspapers. It was only a movie.

JUSTIN

It didn't make me want to kill anybody. I see all his pictures. I think they're kind of dumb.

JUDITH

Thank God he never asked your opinion.

JUSTIN

I mean the way guys heads get knocked off so easily and stuff. When I hit that kid his head didn't fall off.

JUDITH

Just keep quiet for a change.

JUSTIN

(after a pause)

So what happens to me now?

JUDITH

You're suspended for five days.
They also suggested I put you in
therapy.

JUSTIN

That's expensive, isn't it?

JUDITH

I'm not concerned with the money if
it'll straighten you out.

JUSTIN

What do I do that's so bad? I keep
out of your way. I mean, by the
time you come home from your studio
and then go out again with dad, you
hardly see me anyhow.

JUDITH

You hit people. You even struck
Mrs. Galin last week.

JUSTIN

She was digging those awful nails of
hers into my arm so I pushed her,
not hit her. There's a difference.

JUDITH

And the pool man claims you were
throwing pebbles into the pool.

JUSTIN

Sometimes he doesn't show up on the
days he's supposed to. I wanted to
see if he was really coming, so I
threw in the pebbles.

JUDITH

It's not up to you to deal with the
help.

JUSTIN

And Mrs. Galin, on her days off, she
steals food, usually steaks and lamb
chops out of the freezer.

JUDITH

You seem to be concerned with
everyone's behavior but your own.

JUSTIN

You win. I'll write that apology.
I'll be grounded. Just don't tell
him. I hate it when he loses it and
starts screaming. I hear he screams
at everybody at the studio. They
say that's his style.

(a beat)

I guess I'd rather have him hit me
than yell at me.

JUDITH

Your father has never hit you.
That's another reason why there's no
excuse for your beating up other
children.

(a beat)

God, what they must think goes on in
this house.

TRAVELING SHOT THE MERCEDES - DAY

As it turns the corner and heads up the hill toward the
gated entrance to the Draper estate.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Judith drives up but doesn't get out. She's merely dropping
the boy off.

JUDITH

Tell Mrs. Galin that I've gone back
to my studio and that we won't be
eating in tonight. And stay in your
room.

(a beat)

And when Krissie gets home, that's
not your cue to come downstairs.

JUSTIN

Okay, I heard you.

She drives away leaving him to enter the house alone with
his own key.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESCOTT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SANTA MONICA - DAY

It's after three o'clock, classes are letting out. Many of
the students are filing onto the yellow school buses.

Krissie emerges with a crowd of children and lines up for her bus.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF KRISSIE AS SEEN THROUGH THE TINTED WINDSHIELD OF A CAR

A black Jaguar sedan which is approaching. We HOLD on the ANGLE as the car pulls up beside her and the window is lowered. Krissie pauses, looks into the car and seems to recognize the driver immediately.

KRISSIE

Oh, hi.

She approaches the open window of the car, leans in.

KRISSIE (CONT'D)

Justin went home early with mom. He hit a kid.

WIDER SHOT

We can't identify the driver through the tinted windshield but he's talking to Krissie at some length.

CLOSER ANGLE

KRISSIE

Can I ask you a question? Could daddy get arrested? You're his friend. You can tell me.

The driver reaches over and opens the car door as if inviting Krissie to get in.

KRISSIE (CONT'D)

I don't have to take the bus if you'll drop me off home.

Krissie gets into the car without fear or trepidation.

WIDE ANGLE

The Jaguar pulls away, turns the corner and vanishes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG SHOT - DRAPER MANSION - LATE DAY

The sun is beginning to drop behind the mountain in back of the house.

INT. ENTRY HALL, DRAPER MANSION - LATE DAY

The front door opens and Krissie enters. She's curiously strange and withdrawn. She moves slowly toward her room on the first floor, then Justin appears on the stairs.

JUSTIN

Where were you?

She doesn't respond.

JUSTIN

How'd you get home?

She ignores him and hurries toward her room which is located off the back hallway on the ground floor. He descends and catches up with her.

JUSTIN

Aren't you even going to ask me what happened with the principal? Naturally, I'm grounded.

KRISSIE

Then what are you doing down here?

JUSTIN

So where you been?

KRISSIE

No place. I stopped off at a friend's.

JUSTIN

Yeah, who? You're not supposed to do that without calling.

KRISSIE

Was anybody looking for me?

JUSTIN

With daddy's trouble and my getting busted, they had enough on their minds. I guess nobody noticed.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

I won't say anything if you don't want me to.

KRISSIE

I don't care what you do. And stop following me around.

Krissie runs into her room and slams the door hard.

CLOSE - UP - JUSTIN PUZZLED

Suddenly his sister is treating him like an enemy. He can't figure out why.

INT. KRISSIE'S ROOM

As she lies on her bed staring numbly into space, totally disassociated. Something quite traumatic has occurred. Something no one must know about. She begins crying.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTION PICTURE STUDIO, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

EXT. BACK LOT, MOVIE STUDIO - DAY

As Martin Draper steps out of his bungalow and begins to cross the fake New York street accompanied by several of his ASSISTANTS. Suddenly he's accosted by TWO MEN, one holding a small portable video camera, the other with a hand microphone which he thrusts in Martin's face. He is DOM DE ANGELO, reporter for a sleazoid television tabloid program.

MARTIN

Who let you on the lot?

DOM

It's being called the 'movie massacre.' Doesn't that give you a moment's hesitation before you unleash another killing spree on the public?

MARTIN

I'll smash that camera over your head.

DOM
Threatening us with more violence?
Is that the answer?

Finally a studio SECURITY GUARD arrives and grabs Dom De Angelo by the arm. Another SECURITY GUARD runs up and blocks the CAMERAMAN'S activities, placing his hand over the lens.

MARTIN
If you use any of that tape, I swear
I'll sue.

DOM
That's been threatened before. Turn
on 'America in Depth' tomorrow at
seven o'clock and see the first
installment. And here's our card in
case your lawyer wishes to get in
touch with our lawyer.

Dom and his cameraman are hustled away. Martin Draper
stares furiously after them.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISSIE'S ROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Crowded with toys, stuffed animals and every Barbi accessory known to mankind.

Krissie, in her pajamas, is scooping items out of her toy chest and is hiding something underneath. It seems to be a strip of three photos like those made in an automated booth in a penny arcade. She looks up and sees her brother has entered, also in his pajamas.

KRISSIE
Get out!

JUSTIN
I just want to ask you something.

KRISSIE
You have no right to come into my
room.

JUSTIN
You never used to mind.

KRISSIE

I hate how you watch everything I do. Get some friends of your own.

JUSTIN

I can't find one of my rollerblades.

KRISSIE

What makes you think I took it?

JUSTIN

I didn't say you took it, but maybe you saw it someplace.

KRISSIE

You're always losing things.

Justin approaches her.

JUSTIN

Whose pictures are those?

KRISSIE

What pictures?

JUSTIN

What are you hiding them for?

KRISSIE

I'm not hiding anything. Now just go away.

JUSTIN

How do you think it feels having your own little sister...

KRISSIE

(interrupts)

And stop calling me your sister. We're not really related at all.

Justin reacts as if he'd been slapped.

JUSTIN

This is like that body-snatcher movie. It's like you're a different person who just looks like my sister.

KRISSIE

I told you I wasn't your sister. I wish your mom had never married Marty.

JUSTIN

You're being weird. Did somebody give you something at school? Some kind of...pills...? You know what I mean.

KRISSIE

No.

JUSTIN

Look at me.

He grabs her by the arm.

KRISSIE

(shouts)

Don't touch me.

JUSTIN

You're acting so crazy.

KRISSIE

I said don't touch me.

She strikes out at him, hitting him several times before he grabs her wrists, trying to restrain her.

KRISSIE

Don't you ever touch me!

In a moment Martin and Judith Draper are in the doorway, shocked at what they're seeing. They're both dressed in their bathrobes.

MARTIN

Just what's going on here?

JUSTIN

She's flipping out.

KRISSIE

I was trying to get dressed and he wouldn't get out.

JUDITH

(to Justin)

Why were you hitting her?

JUSTIN

I wasn't. I was holding her.

MARTIN

Now what started all this?

KRISSIE

He said I stole his rollerblade.

JUSTIN

I never said that.

MARTIN

Let her finish.

KRISSIE

He's always accusing me of stuff.

JUDITH

(to Justin)

There's no excuse for hitting. We just had a talk about that.

MARTIN

We'll discuss this later when Krissie gets back from school. Get dressed now.

(to Justin)

And you, you're supposed to be grounded, mister.

The governess, MRS. GALIN, now enters.

MRS. GALIN

Are we having problems?

MARTIN

Just see that he stays in his room all day. And no television.

MRS. GALIN

You heard your father.

JUSTIN

(to Krissie)

I ought to bust your head.

MARTIN

Just watch what you say, young man!

Justin runs out of the room seething with frustration.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Krissie, there's a strange expression on her face: quite enigmatic. We wonder what's on her mind and why she provoked Justin so violently.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S CLUTTERED ROOM - NIGHT

Photos of sports heroes and Spiderman adorn the walls. He's got more than his share of toys and athletic equipment as well as a computer with a shelf full of games.

A tray of food, mostly uneaten, sits in the corner.

Justin hears a tapping on his door. Then he notices a piece of paper being slipped under the door. He goes to the door, opens it. He picks up the sheet of paper and unfolds it. It reads: "I'M REAL SORRY. LOVE, YOUR SISTER."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRAPER DINING ROOM - MORNING

Martin and Judith are dressed in tennis outfits as they take their dietetic breakfast with Krissie. Both parents are reading sections of the huge Sunday Times. Nobody pays any attention to Krissie, who seems off in her own world. Olga, the maid, has a tray of food for Justin.

MRS. GALIN

Here, I'll take that up to him.

(to Krissie)

It's going to be quite a warm day.
Would you care to take a swim with me later on?

KRISSIE

I'm not in the mood.

Mrs. Galin carries the tray upstairs to Justin's room.

INT. JUSTIN'S ROOM - MORNING

He's dressed already and shooting down the villains on his computer game when the governess enters with the tray.

JUSTIN

(looking unhappily
at the food)

You know I hate that healthy cereal.

MRS. GALIN

Then don't eat it.

She exits without another word. Justin hears a car start outside. He goes to the window.

JUSTIN'S POV

Judith and Martin in their Mercedes convertible driving off for their Sunday morning tennis.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

He returns to his computer game -- blasting away all adversaries.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PROPERTY - DAY

SANCHEZ, the Mexican gardener trimming the hedges with large shears.

ANGLE ON THE GATE TO THE PROPERTY

It remains wide open.

ANGLE ON BACK PATIO - DAY

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD, low to the ground, exploring the area. Directly behind the wishing well of Spanish tile lays JUSTIN'S MISSING ROLLERBLADE.

A MAN'S HAND reaches into FRAME and picks it up. (We take note of the man's expensive hand-made Italian shoes.)

INT. JUSTIN'S ROOM - DAY

He occupies himself with a particularly violent video game. He again glances out the window.

HIS POV - THE LAWN AND THE POOL - DAY

Mrs. Galin diving in and swimming laps. She's quite the athlete. Wearing a bathing cap and a severe black swimsuit, she has all the energy and perseverance of an Olympic champion.

INT. JUSTIN'S ROOM - DAY

Justin shuts off his video game. Then suddenly he hears what sounds like a SCREAM. A SHORT, SHARP, SCREAM from below.

He quickly gets up, crosses to the door, opens it and listens. He hears quick footsteps. He crosses to the other side of the corridor for a better view over the railing.

JUSTIN'S POV - OVERHEAD SHOT - PARTIALLY OBSCURED

The patio door is just slamming shut. Someone is leaving the house.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

running quickly down the stairs. He sees no one out on the back patio. They're already out of sight.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

He hesitates before going in pursuit. He looks curiously up the hall in the direction of Krissie's room.

JUSTIN

(calls out)

You okay?

There is no response. He heads up the hallway to Krissie's door and knocks.

JUSTIN

Kris, it's me, I'm knocking, I'm not walking in.

(a beat)

Are you okay?

He waits a moment, tries the door. It's unlocked.

JUSTIN

Look, I'm coming in.

He pushes the door open. CAMERA FOLLOWS him inside.

Krissie is nowhere to be seen. Near the center of the room lies Justin's MISSING ROLLERBLADE. Justin bends over, picks it up.

JUSTIN

So you had it all along.

Then he notices that the rollerblade is stained with blood and there are specks of blood on the carpet as well. He drops the skate and runs back up the hallway toward the patio door. CAMERA RACING after him.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

As Justin rushes out, shouting.

JUSTIN

Krissie!!

EXT. BACK PATIO - DAY

A huge party area.

There is no sign of Krissie.

Justin rounds the far side of the house reaching the fence line which separates the property from the wooded area stretching down the canyon. A veritable jungle.

A section of fence is open--a passage from the property onto this steep, uninhabited area.

JUSTIN

Krissie! Where are you? Krissie!
Answer me!

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN

as he peers through the open section of fence.

JUSTIN'S POV

looking through the thick cluster of sumac, ivy and dried rotting trees.

There's a sense of motion below as if someone is down there. He hears the cracking of branches under someone's weight.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

as he manages to keep his balance as he makes his way down the steep incline.

He trips and falls, rolling about 10 feet. His hands are now cut and raw and caked with dirt. He looks around in confusion.

JUSTIN

Krissie, don't hide on me! Don't fool around. I almost got hurt on your account.

But there is no answer and he proceeds on, searching. The branches reach out, scratching at him, as he forces his way through. And then ahead he sees something. A fleck of color -- the light pastel pink of Krissie's dress.

He stumbles forward, oblivious now of the branches that scratch him as he rushes to her side. She's motionless.

JUSTIN

You can't die! Krissie, you can't die! Just breathe...start to breathe...

Tears are streaming down his face and he feels dizzy and disoriented. He keeps shaking her body violently as if that might bring her back to life. Then he turns and looks back up at the house.

JUSTIN'S POV - THE HILL ABOVE - DAY

Standing at the crest of the hill looking down is Mrs. Galin, now wearing a white cotton bathrobe.

CLOSE-UP - MRS. GALIN

A look of horror on her face. She SCREAMS.

MRS. GALIN

What did you do?
(then louder)
HELP! Someone help me!

In a moment she is joined by the gardener, EDDIE SANCHEZ. He begins shouting in Spanish. She rushes down the incline, keeping her footing, with Sanchez behind her.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

kneeling over the corpse in shock as they arrive.

MRS. GALIN

Oh, my God.

She pushes the boy aside and examines Krissie.

MRS. GALIN

What did you do?

She strikes Justin across the face with all her considerable strength. Sanchez is muttering a prayer as he stares at Justin in abject horror.

MRS. GALIN

(to Sanchez)

Keep him here. I'll call 911.

Sanchez grips Justin's arm with a large strong hand while Mrs. Galin makes the treacherous climb up toward the house and the telephone.

JUSTIN

I just found her, Mr. Sanchez.
Whoever did it has gotta be around.
Help me find him.

He tries to pull away but Sanchez' grip is too powerful.

JUSTIN

Let go! He's getting away.

But Sanchez will not release him.

EXT. THE STREET ADJACENT TO THE PROPERTY

as a black Jaguar pulls away and vanishes around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DRAPER HOUSE - DAY

Now crowded with POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES investigating the death. Martin Draper and his wife Judith have just returned from their tennis game and have received the terrible news. They are on the verge of emotional collapse.

MARTIN

You knew he was a sick kid. You
knew he was dangerous.

JUDITH

Marty, I'm so sorry --

MARTIN

Where is he? I want to see him.

OFFICER

He's in the girl's room with
Detective Bellamy. Why don't you
look after your wife?

MARTIN

Don't tell me what to do!

He pushes past the officer and proceeds up the corridor toward Krissie's room.

INT. KRISSIE'S ROOM - DAY

Detective MIKE BELLAMY is a seasoned veteran in charge of the case. A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands beside him keeping an eye on Justin. The blood-stained rollerblade still lies where Justin dropped it on the carpet. Then Martin Draper rushes in. Words are too much for him. He can't speak as he stares at Justin.

BELLAMY

Mr. Draper, I'm Lieutenant Bellamy.
You have my deepest sympathy.

Martin tries to push past the detective to get at the boy.

MARTIN

You rotten little bastard...

BELLAMY

We won't have any of that, Mr.
Draper. Now get control of
yourself.

MARTIN

He killed my Krissie...

BELLAMY

We don't know that yet.

JUSTIN

Dad, I didn't...

MARTIN

Don't lie to me!

BELLAMY

The boy claims he didn't do it.

MARTIN

I raised him like he was my own, and
this is what I get!

BELLAMY

Just step outside, Mr. Draper, and
let us conduct our investigation.

The police officer escorts Martin outside. Det. Bellamy looks at the boy.

BELLAMY

That is your rollerblade on the floor.

JUSTIN

Yeah. I was looking all over the house for it.

BELLAMY

Your sister hid it from you?

JUSTIN

I don't know. Maybe.

BELLAMY

Is that why you got angry?

JUSTIN

Listen, I saw somebody go out the patio door. I followed them. They must have carried her out.

BELLAMY

Who did you see?

JUSTIN

I didn't actually see them.

BELLAMY

Justin, you're a minor but you're entitled to the same protection under the law as any other suspect. Do you understand what I'm saying?

JUSTIN

Yes.

BELLAMY

Under normal circumstances your parents would be looking out for you. But in this case I suppose it's up to us to see that you get proper legal representation. Do you understand?

JUSTIN

I watch plenty of trials on TV. The Menendez brothers, and stuff.

BELLAMY

And you've watched enough police shows to know what it means when I read you your rights. So listen to me carefully. You have the right to remain silent, you have the right to have an attorney present before you answer any questions, and if you can't afford an attorney, one will be provided for you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Judith Draper being consoled by the Norwegian maid and Mrs. Galin as Det. Bellamy approaches her.

JUDITH

Krissie was my child too. I couldn't have loved her more if she'd been my own.

BELLAMY

You can't help her now. But Justin needs your help. He may be a very sick boy but he still needs you.

JUDITH

I can't.

BELLAMY

That's your anger and your frustration. It will pass.

JUDITH

I just want to die myself.

BELLAMY

Let me tell you something. I've been a police officer since I was twenty years old. It's my life. I had a wife and two sons and one of them became an addict. I don't think I treated him any different from the other one who turned out fine. But Ricky just went from one rehab to another. He didn't want to kick it. He started breaking into homes to get money until somebody finally shot him. He was on the

(MORE)

BELLAMY (CONT'D)

critical list for four days before he died and I had a hard time dealing with the relief I felt when I knew he was dead. That the family was safe from him. I guess I'll never get over that. Every day of my life I wish I had another chance with him.

She buries her face in the detective's shoulder and weeps bitterly.

BELLAMY

You've got to try. Just give me a name. I'll make the call for you. Do you or your husband have an attorney?

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE HOUSE - DAY

as Justin is placed in the back seat of a waiting POLICE CAR. The police car backs up and then heads down the driveway.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE ESTATE

Already a number of NEWSPAPER and TELEVISION PEOPLE have gathered.

INT. POLICE CAR

OFFICER

Justin, lie down on the seat. We don't want them taking any pictures of you.

Justin obeys.

EXT. DRIVEWAY AND STREET

as the police car pulls out the gate and circumvents the crowd of news and media personnel who are trying to get a shot of the alleged killer, a ten-year-old child.

The police car pulls away down the street with several news vehicles in pursuit.

Again among the press contingent we recognize the volatile Dom De Angelo, who's hustling for the sensational syndicated TV series, "America--in Depth." HE videos the exit of the police vehicle then turns to his competitors.

DOM

This has gotta be the biggest story in the country. And I'm making it my own.

REPORTER

Just get in line.

DOM

Me? Not a chance.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER

as young Justin is processed and fingerprinted. It is an odd sight, a small boy being fingerprinted by uniformed officers who dwarf him -- and who stare at him as if trying to decipher something in his face that would explain his ability to take another life.

JUSTIN

Now what happens?

POLICEWOMAN

Nothing much. We'll find you a comfortable place to sleep.

JUSTIN

Do you think I could ever sleep?

POLICEWOMAN

Wait in here until the processing is completed.

She seats Justin on a bench in the anteroom. There's an older kid handcuffed to a bench directly opposite him. A rough looking 14-year-old BLACK GANG MEMBER, street wise and dangerous. His name is COREY.

GUARD

Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on them both.

The policewoman departs, the guard lounges in the doorway some distance away. Corey watches Justin who is looking the place over. The cracked walls, the sight of a cockroach darting across the concrete floor. Corey crushes the roach and grins.

Justin just stares at him.

COREY

The big celebrity. For killing some seven-year-old girl!

JUSTIN

I never touched her.

COREY

Nobody's gonna believe your chicken shit lies anyhow, so own up. Just be real cold and clear about it. Don't show no emotion and they'll call you a sociopath. That's what I am. Can't you tell?

(beat)

We're not responsible for what we do because we were born without feelings. Like cripples, without an arm or a stump for a foot. We're emotionally deformed. It's our folks fault for giving us messed up chromosomes.

GUARD

Why don't you shut up!

COREY

I got the right to remain silent and I also got the right to wise this little sucker up.

(turns his attention
back to Justin)

Tell them you remember it happening like you was watching somebody else do it. And you don't feel bad about it. Then smile some funny little smile. See this smile I'm doing, try this. They'll shit. Next thing you know they'll be writing you up in textbooks.

JUSTIN

You really killed people?

COREY

I sure as shit tried. See, I'm not responsible for my actions. I got a note from my doctor on that.

A POLICE OFFICER comes in now with the keys to the handcuffs and releases Corey from the bench, cuffing his hands behind his back now and hustling him out.

COREY

Mind what I told you. You got your chance to be somebody. Sweet faced rich kid. You are what they call the bad seed -- the omen.

GUARD

Let's move it.

COREY

Scare the crap outta them, kid. Make them wonder about their own kids. Maybe they'll put a lock on their bedrooms at night in case their own kiddies get ideas.

And then Corey is hustled out by the police officer. Justin sits facing the guard.

JUSTIN

Did he really kill someone?

GUARD

Came close. He was firing BB's at motorists on the freeway.

Then the policewoman returns.

POLICEWOMAN

Your attorney is here.

INT. CUBICLE - NIGHT

Arch Matthews awaits Justin, who now enters.

JUSTIN

Mr. Matthews, did dad pay you to come here?

ARCH

Let's just say it's being taken care of. Sit down, please.

JUSTIN

What's that tape recorder for?

ARCH

So I get it right. Nothing you say here will be repeated to anybody else. We have what's called privileged communication.

JUSTIN

That means you can't even tell mom or dad?

ARCH

Not without your permission.

JUSTIN

You want me to tell you how I killed her?

ARCH

If you want to.

JUSTIN

And if I don't, you'll think I'm lying?

ARCH

You have to trust someone, Justin.

JUSTIN

But you don't trust me.

ARCH

What makes you say that?

JUSTIN

Because if I swear I didn't do it, you still won't believe me.

ARCH

It's clear you threatened your sister. The governess and the gardener both state they saw you striking her. Blow after blow.

JUSTIN

I was shaking her. Trying to wake her up.

ARCH

I'm only repeating what was in their statements.

JUSTIN

What could happen to me?

ARCH

The worst case scenario: they'll remand you to a mental institution, a place for juvenile offenders. You'd probably remain there until your eighteenth birthday.

JUSTIN

By then I'd really be crazy.

ARCH

Many young people have been rehabilitated.

JUSTIN

The rest of my life I'd be that guy who murdered his kid sister. Sooner or later, wherever I went, they'd find out. I've seen it on TV on those Most Wanted shows. They always flash the picture of the guy and then everybody recognizes him and turns him in or he loses his job. With TV there's no secrets. Everybody finds out.

ARCH

I wouldn't worry that far in the future.

Justin reaches out and switches off the tape recorder.

JUSTIN

We're done. I only want to talk to somebody who thinks I'm innocent.

Suddenly Justin runs to the door and pounds on it frantically.

JUSTIN

Let me out of here. Let me out!

The policewoman returns.

POLICEWOMAN

Problems?

JUSTIN

I don't want to talk to him! I want a lawyer that believes me.

POLICEWOMAN

I'd think about it, Justin. Mr. Matthews is supposed to be a very good lawyer.

JUSTIN

I'd rather have a shitty lawyer that believes me.

ARCH

I've never been fired by a ten year old before.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL PRIVATE DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Not a cell. It's an enclosed room, windows covered on the outside with a metal grill. The bed looks clean and freshly made. The policewoman enters with Justin.

POLICEWOMAN

We turn out the lights in twenty minutes. There's a toothbrush and some soap in that kit.

JUSTIN

How long have I gotta stay here?

POLICEWOMAN

That's up to the judge. There'll be a hearing to see if you'll be held over for trial. Goodnight.

She exits, closes the door. We hear it click as the lock is turned from the outside.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Justin sits down on the edge of the bed, alone for the first time since the murder. Now the entire madness of the day descends upon him.

JUSTIN

God, Krissie, I'm gonna wake up in my own room in the morning and find out I dreamed it. Remember when we had bad dreams and we'd tell each other?

He lies down on the bed without taking off his clothes or his velcro sneakers and socks, and the exhaustion now begins to cover him like a thick, dark blanket.

JUSTIN

I'm going to wake you up and tell you about all this and you're going to say... 'Why would you dream that? You are a sicko.'

Exhausted, Justin drifts off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, DRAPER MANSION - NIGHT

Judith and Martin are also alone for the first time since the tragedy.

JUDITH

You were always so good to Justin. You loved him, I know you did.

MARTIN

I don't want to talk about him.

JUDITH

He must've been very sick, very disturbed and we were too busy to notice.

MARTIN

Drop it. Please drop it.

JUDITH

You never want to deal with anything.

MARTIN

Up until a few days ago I thought I was the luckiest man in the industry.

JUDITH

I don't believe it. You're sitting there worrying about how all this is going to effect your stupid career.

MARTIN

At least I've got a career to worry about--not some glorified hobby.

JUDITH

I'm well aware of your opinion of what I do.

MARTIN

I've seen bigger people than I am lose it all. I sold movie star maps six blocks away from here on Sunset. I chauffeured for some of the same executives who now hire me to produce pictures. And every day of my life I've been scared it'll all go away.

(a beat)

Maybe because I don't believe I really deserve any of it. A thousand guys more talented than me never got into the club. My whole life is pure luck, Judy. And everybody knows it.

(a beat)

You've always found some way to let me know what an ordeal it is for you to sit through the crap I make.

JUDITH

So let's admit we don't have much respect for ourselves or each other.

MARTIN

We have to stay together for appearances sake. After that I'll rent a place at the beach.

JUDITH

That's the best idea you've had in years.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT - DAY

as Justin is arraigned before a WOMAN JUDGE. His attorney, Arch Matthews, represents him. The District Attorney seems visibly uncomfortable prosecuting this case. Justin's parents are conspicuously absent.

JUDGE

Why aren't the parents present?

ARCH

Both are suffering from nervous collapse and are unable to appear. I'm sure her honor can understand the ordeal they've been through.

JUDGE

The court will withhold any decision until after we've studied the psychological reports from the examining psychiatrists.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your Honor, we're agreeable to have defendant treated as a juvenile.

ARCH

Then there's no reason why the boy should be incarcerated during these examinations. There's little possibility of his taking flight, and there's no evidence that he would be of danger to anyone else.

JUDGE

Obviously the mother and father are in no condition to take on the responsibility, there don't seem to be any other family members here today to look after the boy's interests. Only you, counsellor, and I'm sure you aren't volunteering to take him into your home.

ARCH

Well, I'm not set up for that, your honor.

JUDGE

In that case, he'll remain in custody.

ARCH

May we have permission to transfer him to a private medical facility?

JUDGE

With the District Attorney's approval, I'll allow that.

Justin jumps up.

JUSTIN

Judge, don't they have to prove I did something before they lock me up?

JUDGE

Please instruct your young client to be silent.

ARCH

Sit down, you're not allowed to speak.

JUSTIN

Why not? You're all acting like I did it for sure.

JUDGE

Young man, be silent.

(to Arch)

We're adjourned.

She raps her gavel. The matter is closed. A UNIFORMED OFFICER comes to take Justin back into custody.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COURTROOM

Crowded with REPORTERS. This has become a media circus. As the boy is led out to the waiting elevator, his picture is taken and video cameras are thrust in his face, microphones are pushed forward, and Arch shoves them back. Prominent among the newsmen is Dom De Angelo, who's getting elbowed out by his competitors.

DOM

Watch it! Let a guy get in here!

ARCH

This child is a minor and his identity must be protected. You know the rules.

TV REPORTER

Sure, we'll block out his face electronically so he won't be identifiable, but everybody knows who he is.

DOM

Hey, sonny, were you copying what you saw in your father's movies? The way they treat women?

ANOTHER REPORTER

How many of those violent Internet games were you hooked on?

ARCH

Don't answer anything, just keep walking.

The elevator doors finally close shutting the newsmen out -- and leaving Dom extremely frustrated.

EXT. PRIVATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

A four story building with barred windows, located in West Los Angeles.

INT. HALLWAY - PRIVATE HOSPITAL - DAY

A MALE NURSE escorts Justin down the scrubbed corridor. A far cry from the public facility where he's been housed.

JUSTIN

I bet this place costs a lot to be in.

MALE NURSE

You're lucky you're a rich kid, your parents can afford it.

JUSTIN

Yeah, my father's going to love paying a fortune to keep me around after what he thinks I did.

MALE NURSE

It must be rough facing your folks...

JUSTIN

I was sure they'd be on my side.
After the police came I couldn't
wait for them to get home, that
they'd make it all right. But then
I saw their faces.

(beat)

They said I ruined their lives.

MALE NURSE

Maybe you did.

JUSTIN

I could save them. Do you know how?

MALE NURSE

How?

JUSTIN

If I could find out who really did
it. If it wasn't me they wouldn't
have to hate me anymore. Or each
other.

They reach Justin's room. The male nurse unlocks it.

MALE NURSE

Well, if you need anything, my
name's Moe. I'm always around.

JUSTIN

Moe? Like in 'The Stooges'?

MALE NURSE

I got that all my life.

Justin looks at the key in the lock. It reminds him of
something. The locked patio door.

JUSTIN

Moe, it was somebody Krissie knew.
She must've let him in. Through the
patio.

MALE NURSE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

JUSTIN

They always kept the patio door
locked so we wouldn't track in the
mud. She had to have unlocked it...
from inside.

MALE NURSE

Mind stepping inside, please.

Justin enters the small but pleasantly decorated room -- with bars on the windows. The door clangs shut, and he is alone. He crosses to the window and looks out.

JUSTIN'S POV - THROUGH BARS - THE FRONT STEPS OF THE CLINIC-DAY

TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS are hauling a man out by the scruff of the neck. A THIRD GUARD has confiscated the video camera the man was carrying. We recognize him as Dom De Angelo -- once again getting kicked out.

DOM

What about freedom of the press?

Dom catches the camera as it's tossed to him, and he withdraws from the area--still muttering about his "rights."

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN

For the first time in a long while he laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURED SECTION, PRIVATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A small examining room where Justin is being given still another examination, this time by the attractive, young DR. EMILY STANTON.

JUSTIN

Are you gonna ask me all the same questions again?

DR. STANTON

No questions. I simply want you to draw me a picture of a family. A mother, a father, a sister, and a brother. I want you to include a tree and a house in the drawing, and you'll have about fifteen minutes to complete it.

JUSTIN

You're not going to stand there and look over my shoulder?

DR. STANTON

You'll be left alone.

JUSTIN

Look, I'm no great artist.

DR. STANTON

You're not being judged on that basis.

JUSTIN

Lady, don't forget to lock me in.

As she exits into the corridor we see Moe, waiting out there. Justin quickly gets up, tries the door, making sure that it is indeed locked, then he brings the chair across, pushes it under the doorknob so the door cannot easily be opened from the outside either. If they're locking him in, he's keeping them out.

Now he begins searching the room for some method of escape. There are no windows. He looks up at the ceiling and notices inlaid sections of cork which might be pushed out. There might be a crawl space up there for the electrical wiring, perhaps room for a small person. He pushes the table over and places another chair on top of it. Climbing up on one and then the other, he's tries to reach up toward the ceiling. He can't touch it yet.

He runs back and gets several thick books and builds the tower still higher. Also finding a broom in the corner, he climbs up once again and uses the broom handle to push the panels back. There seems to be sufficient space up there, if he only has the strength to pull himself up. He reaches as high as he can reach, grabs on by his fingertips. The chair under him wobbles and is in danger of falling. It will make quite a loud clatter if it does. He grabs it with his feet trying to balance it back on the table again so it won't topple over and alarm those outside in the corridor.

He manages to get the chair balanced back on the table. And then, using all his strength, he chins himself, then begins squirming and kicking his way up into the crawl space above.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

It takes every bit of strength to get there, but now he is safely inside and is crawling on his stomach past the electrical wiring and other cables, crawling along until he realizes he is now outside the walls of this room and above the corridor. He keeps crawling onward.

VARIOUS SHOTS INSIDE THE CRAWL SPACE

As the boy continues forward, he looks through an air vent below. He sees Moe below in the hallway. He crawls on ahead.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dr. Emily Stanton proceeds back toward the examining room. An ASSISTANT stops her, shows her a chart, asks for her approval on some medication. She pauses to read the chart, giving our boy some additional time.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

as Justin looks down through another vent hole. Sees he's above the employees' locker room. He looks for a way to get down. A section of the ceiling can be pried up giving him access to the dressing room.

INT. EMPLOYEE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

As Justin slides down from the ceiling, drops about ten feet to the ground, looks up. There's a gaping hole in the ceiling where the panel is still pushed aside. Anyone might see it upon entering. He shuts off the lights, plunging the room into semi-darkness. Then he proceeds forward. He opens the door to the corridor.

JUSTIN'S POV

He's outside the security area, but someone is coming straight for that door. Justin closes the door quickly, looks around. One of the lockers stands open and empty. He steps inside the locker, closing it from within and holding his breath.

A moment later one of the HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES enters, crosses to his locker, gets his jacket and then departs.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Emily Stanton returns, forces her way in and finds Justin has escaped. She alerts Moe.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Justin emerges from the locker and looks at himself in the mirror. He is still wearing regular street clothes and sneakers and doesn't look like an inmate. Perhaps he can manage to walk casually out of the building.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Justin wanders through the maze of corridors looking for the way out. (He's no longer in the psychiatric section.)

Then, up ahead, Moe suddenly appears looking around desperately. Justin sees him first and ducks into the closest room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

An OLD MAN lies in the bed unconscious, tubes running out of his nose and mouth. Justin looks for some hiding place but there is none. He approaches the bed, lifts up the covers and slides underneath next to the frail figure in the bed. He pulls the covers up over his head. CAMERA PULLS BACK just as the door to the room swings open and a NURSE, accompanied by the burly Moe, steps inside and looks around. The closet door is opened, the bathroom is examined, but no one takes cognizance of the bulge under the covers.

A moment later they vacate the room. Justin slips out from his hiding place gasping for breath. He dutifully covers the patient up before peeking through a crack in the door.

HIS POV THROUGH CRACK OF DOOR

Moe, now aided by a hospital security guard, is checking out each and every room. He goes inside one of them.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

Quickly stepping into the corridor and backtracks toward the elevator. Just as he reaches the elevator, the door opens. A POLICE OFFICER'S standing there.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

Stepping back, hoping he's not been spotted.

The elevator door closes, the cop is carried upstairs to the next floor.

BACK TO JUSTIN

He sees a wheelchair standing in the corridor and quickly slips into it, unfolding a blanket, placing it over his lap. He begins to wheel himself in the other direction. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN is approaching, having completed his visit to a relative. Justin blocks his way.

JUSTIN

Mister, if you're going to the lobby, how about wheeling me down?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

No trouble at all. What happened to you?

JUSTIN

Got run over.

The man takes the handles of the wheelchair, turns it around, and guides it back toward the elevator. Hopefully no one will be looking for a man and a boy in a wheelchair.

The elevator arrives. The gentleman wheels Justin inside. The other passengers back up to make room.

INT. FLOOR BELOW - DAY

The elevator stops to pick up more passengers. Moe and the security officers are now searching this floor. They turn in time to glimpse Justin in the elevator just as the doors slide shut. It's too late to stop it.

MALE NURSE

Notify security downstairs. He's in a wheelchair headed for the main lobby.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

The gentleman is wheeling Justin across the marble lobby past the reception area to the large electric doors which open onto the front steps of the hospital.

JUSTIN'S POV FROM WHEELCHAIR

moving closer and closer to those doors and escape.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

He can't wait any longer. He jumps up out of the wheelchair and runs, much to the surprise of the man who's been wheeling him. He bolts for the exit just as the hospital security personnel descend on the lobby in pursuit.

EXT. HOSPITAL STEPS - NIGHT

Justin tears out of the building -- like the devil is at his heels. An ambulance is just pulling away from the emergency entrance. It slows as it rounds the curve in the driveway.

Justin grabs onto the rear door handle, hops onto the back bumper and crouches low. The ambulance carries him off as the siren begins to wail.

CAMERA PANS to a black Jaguar with heavily tinted windows as it pulls away from the curb across from the hospital. It is the SAME CAR THAT PICKED KRISSIE UP FROM SCHOOL.

POV THROUGH TINTED WINDSHIELD

as the unidentified driver follows the ambulance with Justin clinging to the back. At the first opportune moment, when the ambulance slows in traffic, Justin hops off.

WIDE SHOT - THE STREET - NIGHT

Justin in the midst of traffic. Then THE BLACK JAGUAR SPEEDS FORWARD--STRAIGHT AT HIM.

Justin dives out of the path of the speeding car just in time to avoid being hit. He skins his elbow on the pavement. When he looks up, the Jaguar has rounded the corner and is gone. He never gets a look at it. Someone is YELLING at him out of a passing car.

VOICE

Look where you're going. You almost got hit!

Justin gets up, thinking it was an accident. Others have pulled over to see if they can help. Justin retreats from them.

JUSTIN

I'm okay. Just leave me alone!

He runs off up the street, limping slightly.

CAMERA PANS to the OPPOSITE INTERSECTION. A police car drives past and we hear voices from within.

COP'S VOICE

How are we supposed to find this kid when they won't let us show his picture on TV?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRIVATE LOS ANGELES ART STUDIO - MORNING

This is a space occupied by Judith Draper where she conceives and executes her decorative designs.

Judith's Mercedes pulls into her parking space and she gets out looking as if she hasn't slept. She moves almost like an automaton as she fishes her keys out of her purse and unlocks the back door of the studio.

INT. JUDITH'S ART STUDIO - DAY

She closes the door behind her, switches on the lights, removes her jacket. It's the first time she's been back here since the tragedy.

She pauses to stare at the two recent oil paintings side-by-side near her worktable. Her son and daughter. There's a moment when Judith thinks she might lose control completely, but she steadies herself. Then proceeds to her workbench where the fashion design she was working on a few days ago remains incomplete. Then the telephone RINGS. She hesitates before answering it.

JUDITH

Hello. Yes, I just got here.

(she listens)

They haven't found him yet. They're still looking. I needed someplace to be alone. Away from Marty, away from everybody.

(another pause)

I hope I can get through the funeral without falling apart.

Finally she hangs up. She picks up her pen and tries to begin work, but her hand is trembling. She can't control it. She tosses the pen aside. Then alone in the studio, she breaks down and begins to weep, finally giving way to the urge to toss away all self control.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS

and we realize that she is not alone. JUSTIN IS STANDING BEHIND HER waiting for an opportune moment to make his presence known.

Finally she senses that someone is there. Her tears abruptly stop. She straightens up and then slowly turns. When she sees him, it's almost like an apparition before her. She can't believe he's there.

JUSTIN

I've been here all night. I had to have someplace to sleep.

She continues to stare at him without saying a word. He takes a hesitant step forward.

JUSTIN

I remembered where you always hid the spare key outside.

Finally Judith speaks but the words can barely emerge her throat is so dry, and her voice seems a thousand miles away echoing from the distance.

JUDITH

You have to go back to the hospital.

JUSTIN

Why? They don't want to listen to me. They've already made up their minds.

JUDITH

You've hurt us all so badly. Marty is almost out of his mind.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I saw. If he got his hands on me...he'd strangle me.

(a beat)

Is that what you're scared of?

JUDITH

The people back there are trained in this kind of thing. I don't know how to deal with it.

JUSTIN

Don't you think I feel awful too? I loved her as much as you did.

JUDITH

Say whatever you want to. And then I'm going to call the police.

JUSTIN

Somebody sneaked into the house while Mrs. Galin was in the pool.

JUDITH

You're not making any sense.

JUSTIN

A friend or somebody in the family.
Somebody Krissie would unlock the
door for. She let him in and then
he killed her.

JUDITH

Who would want to hurt her?

JUSTIN

Maybe somebody she met on those
weekends at Santa Barbara. Or when
she stayed over with your friends in
Palm Springs. She was out on Myron
Broderick's boat, too.

JUDITH

Were you so jealous that we took her
along and not you?

JUSTIN

That has nothing to do with it.
Maybe she saw something, or found
out something...

(beat)

...or maybe somebody did something
to her.

JUDITH

You're making all this up.

JUSTIN

All of a sudden the last couple of
days she wasn't the same. She hated
me. Really hated me.

JUDITH

That shows how sick you are. She
never hated you.

JUSTIN

She had these pictures, like we used
to take in the booth at the penny
arcade out on the pier.

JUDITH

We haven't been there since you
started that fight and we had to
drag you out. A year ago, remember?

JUSTIN

That nasty old guy tried to gyp me out of my prizes after I beat his dumb machines. I had enough tickets but he counted them wrong.

JUDITH

As always, everyone else is wrong but you.

Judith reaches out for the telephone. Justin grabs her hand.

JUSTIN

Don't. Please don't.

JUDITH

How long do you think you can hide?

JUSTIN

Would they shoot me...the police?

JUDITH

Of course not.

JUSTIN

Then the worst thing is they'll lock me up again. Maybe forever. And the real killer's gonna walk away free.

JUDITH

You're creating this other person in your mind.

JUSTIN

Was she ever alone with any of those guys? Did she ever complain to you?

JUDITH

Never. And she would have if anybody had bothered her or touched her...we were very close. She would have come straight to me.

JUSTIN

You were always too busy.

JUDITH

Don't you dare say that! We discussed this type of thing many times. She understood the difference between a good touch and a bad touch and all of that.

JUSTIN

I asked you if she was ever alone with any of those men? How about in Catalina? You were there nearly ten days.

JUDITH

The only reason you didn't go on those trips was your Little League games. It was your choice.

JUSTIN

What's the use. I've got to go.

JUDITH

You're not leaving here.

JUSTIN

Mom, please, get out of my way.

JUDITH

You're not going out that door.

JUSTIN

If you think I killed Krissie, then you ought to be scared of me.

JUDITH

I wish you had killed me instead. That would have been kinder.

Justin takes another step toward the door. His mother moves to block him. Justin shoves the worktable over. All of Judith's sketches and paraphernalia tumble onto the floor in the space between the boy and his mother.

She stares hopelessly at her work scattered everywhere. He takes the opportunity to dash past her to the door and out into the parking lot.

EXT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Justin dashes across the street. Then he is out of sight and gone.

ANGLE ON JUDITH

as she rushes back inside to the phone, takes a business card out of her purse and dials the number.

JUDITH

(into phone)

I need to speak with Detective Bellamy, please. Michael Bellamy.

(she waits)

Hello Lieutenant, he was here. Justin was here. He's been hiding here since last night.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - DET. BELLAMY

His office at the LAPD.

BELLAMY

How did he seem?

CUT TO:

INTERCUT BETWEEN JUDITH AND LT. BELLAMY

JUDITH

He didn't make any sense at all. He smashed up my things before he ran out.

(a beat)

I'm ashamed to say he's my own child, but I can't stand the sight of him.

BELLAMY

Where are you?

JUDITH

1334 Third Street near La Cienega. There was some money in my desk. It's not here anymore. He must have thirty or forty dollars on him now.

BELLAMY'S VOICE

Then he can take a bus or a cab. I'll alert all the units in the area.

JUDITH

I'm not going to tell my husband.
He doesn't have to know, does
he...that I let him get away?

BELLAMY

I don't know what else you could
have done.

JUDITH

The funeral is tomorrow at one
o'clock. I can't believe I'm saying
this. Krissie's funeral.

BELLAMY

I'll be there. I know you'll do the
best you can to hang on and we'll
try and find the boy.

Bellamy hangs up the phone, turns to one of his assistants.

BELLAMY

Justin Draper's been spotted near
LaCienega and Third.

BACK TO JUDITH

as she dials again. Arch answers at his Century City
office.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JUDITH AND ARCH

JUDITH

Arch, he was here, just now.

ARCH

Keep him there.

JUDITH

It's too late. He's gone.

ARCH

Judy, calm down. Take your time and
tell me everything he said.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA CIENEGA BLVD. - DAY

As Justin moves along on foot, constantly wary. As usual,
pedestrian traffic on the sidewalk is minimal. Most children
are in school and Justin stands out like a sore thumb.

HIS POV - MOVING FORWARD

A block ahead a city bus pulls to the curb.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

As he accelerates his pace, hurrying toward the bus. Then out of the corner of his eye he sees something.

HIS POV

A Los Angeles police car pulling past him, then slowing.

CLOSE ON POLICE CAR

As one of the OFFICERS looks out the window and spots Justin. He says something to the driver. The police car executes a U-turn and starts back.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

running toward that bus.

ANGLE ON THE BUS

as the doors close and the bus pulls away, leaving Justin stranded. The police car pulls into a driveway a few yards behind Justin who looks desperately around for some route of escape.

Police officers emerge from the vehicle.

POLICE OFFICER

(shouts)

Hey, sonny.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

Darting across La Cienega Blvd., running with all his might toward the entrance to THE SHOPPING MALL which dominates the neighborhood. It's a huge mall with four floors of shops, movie theaters, and restaurants.

ANGLE ON THE POLICE OFFICERS

as they realize that the boy is fleeing. One officer takes off in pursuit, the other radios in.

OFFICER ON RADIO

We've 'made' that Draper kid. The Fashion Mall. Better send assistance.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

running up the steps into the mall.

INT. ATRIUM OF MALL - DAY

It's morning and the stores have just opened. Not many customers are visible. Justin looking around for the best route to escape. He looks back. A police officer is in pursuit. CAMERA WHIPS AROUND. Ahead of him is a MALL SECURITY GUARD making his rounds.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

as he steps aboard the escalator.

JUSTIN'S POV FROM ESCALATOR LOOKING DOWN

The police officer recruits the assistance of the security guard who uses his walkie-talkie now to communicate with other security personnel upstairs.

INT. SECOND LEVEL OF MALL

As Justin dashes off the escalator, rushing past the few customers. Then he hears a SHOUT. From above, another SECURITY GUARD is running down the stairs pointing at him.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL

Another police car arrives, more COPS jump out.

BACK TO JUSTIN ON SECOND LEVEL OF MALL

Ahead is a huge sporting goods store. Justin runs inside.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE, THE MALL - DAY

The place stocks all kinds of sporting equipment from ski gear all the way to exercise machines. Justin hurries to the back of the store. For the moment he's hidden from view. Suddenly a LARGE SALESMAN looms up before him.

SALESMAN

Can I help you?

JUSTIN

Yeah.

He looks around, spots a MAN who is examining some tennis rackets halfway across the store and points him out.

JUSTIN

That's my father. He promised to buy me new rollerblades. The best ones you've got.

SALESMAN

Well, follow me.

Salesman leads Justin to the rollerblade display.

SALESMAN

These are top of the line.

JUSTIN

Can I try them on?

He sits down and unlaces his sneakers as the salesman finds Justin's size.

OUTSIDE ON SECOND LEVEL OF MALL

as police and security guards submerge. They've lost sight of the boy.

SECURITY GUARD

Maybe he went up the fire stairs to the next level.

POLICE OFFICER

Check out all the stores. He may have ducked into one of the changing rooms.

BACK TO JUSTIN IN SPORTING GOODS STORE

Now wearing the rollerblades. He stuffs his sneakers into his jacket pockets.

SALESMAN

How do they feel?

JUSTIN

Let me show my father, okay?

Justin skillfully skates over to where the GENTLEMAN is choosing a tennis racket. Then he skates right past the man, heading for the side exit.

REACTION SHOT - THE SALESMAN

as he watches the boy skate out of the store at top speed, dodging and weaving around other customers, some of whom

jump out of the way in alarm. It dawns on him that this kid is ripping off an expensive set of rollerblades and he breaks into a run.

INT. SECOND LEVEL OF MALL

As Justin speeds out onto the walkway on the rollerblades, now able to outdistance anyone on foot.

The police are inside the stores, checking each one out. One officer notices Justin zipping by on the rollerblades and rushes after him, diving at him but missing by mere inches and tumbling face down as Justin continues on picking up speed.

VARIOUS SHOTS - JUSTIN'S FLIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD appears ahead of him, a huge stocky man who rushes toward Justin, who veers off to the right and avoids capture.

He speeds into an elite women's shop. CAMERA FOLLOWS at break-neck speed as Justin weaves around the female mannequins and the startled customers. He knocks over several displays then exits out the door to the opposite side of the mall.

TIGHT SHOT - JUSTIN

Skating for his life.

HIS POV - SIGN "TO PARKING STRUCTURE A"

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

skating across the bridge leading to the indoor parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A steep incline leading from one level to the next. Cars are speeding up and down narrowly missing Justin as he propels himself down one level and then the next. The street is not far below. Then a police car comes racing up. Justin stops himself just in time to avoid colliding with the police car. The cops inside stare at him in amazement as he skates off around them. Then they jump out and pursue him on foot.

VARIOUS LEVELS - PARKING GARAGE

Justin skating down, being chased by the cops. Ahead is the PARKING ATTENDANT'S BOOTH where customers pay their fees before exiting into the street. The barricade is down. Justin skates past the amazed ATTENDANT, crouching low, SCOOTING DIRECTLY UNDER THE BARRICADE and out into the traffic beyond.

EXT. STREET NEAR MALL - DAY

Justin skates out into the dense morning traffic narrowly avoiding an accident.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - LA CIENEGA AREA

Justin skating through traffic as the police appear on the sidewalk in front of the mall staring after him. Some of them run for their police cars.

MULTIPLE SHOTS

Justin racing along the street with a solitary police car trying to overtake him. AT AN INTERSECTION, Justin skates through but the prowler car is blocked by traffic and swerves up on the curb.

EXT. BACK ALLEYS NEAR INTERSECTION - DAY

As Justin skates into the alley behind the buildings, losing himself in the maze of structures. Up ahead he sees a taxicab letting an OLD WOMAN with a bag of groceries out. He skates up to the cab.

JUSTIN

Can you take me someplace?

CAB DRIVER

As long as you can pay for it.

Justin displays a fistful of money to the cab driver and jumps in.

CAB DRIVER

I hope your parents taught you about tipping.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Police officers on the sidewalk and in patrol cars scour the area. They take no notice of the Yellow Cab which turns the corner and pulls past them.

INT. CAB - DAY

Justin slouched low in the seat, unhooking the rollerblades, pulling his sneakers out of his jacket pocket and putting them back on. He has made good his escape, but the whole city is hunting him.

CAB DRIVER

So where are we going?

JUSTIN

There's an old penny arcade out on the pier. The Santa Monica pier.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

The taxi lets Justin off and he proceeds past the merry-go-round and the line of games of chance--all of which are closed this early in the day. A few of the homeless still nap in the doorways. He leaves the now unwanted rollerblade beside a sleeping DERELICT.

Justin finally reaches the rather rundown old PENNY ARCADE which has stood on this pier for half a century. A faded sign proclaiming "CLOSED" is visible in the window. Justin raps on the glass. Nobody responds. CAMERA FOLLOWS him around the side of the building. The rear door is slightly ajar and Justin pushes it open.

JUSTIN

Hello?

No one answers and after a moment, Justin steps inside.

INT. PENNY ARCADE - DAY

Dimly lit by the morning sun that struggles to penetrate the unwashed windows. A wide assortment of old skeeball games and new electronic games all jammed tightly together and separated by narrow aisles. Up ahead the "change counter" where the manager usually makes change and distributes cheap prizes. The stuffed troll dolls on the shelves are faded and dusty.

Justin searches through the place -- looking for someone to question. Then up ahead he sees it.

THE PHOTO BOOTH -- where for four quarters one can have these pictures taken automatically. The place where Krissie must've had her photo taken only the other day -- in the

company of someone who drove her home from school. The black curtain on the photo booth is drawn shut. Justin approaches it. Again he calls out loudly.

JUSTIN

Hey! I just need to ask somebody a question.

Again no answer. Then Justin's feet touch something that jingles. There are COINS spilled all over the wooden floor. Hundreds of quarters lying everywhere. Justin kneels down to scoop some up. Only then does he notice the pair of MAN'S FEET visible just under the curtain of the photo booth.

Somebody's in there.

Justin reaches out for the black curtain and pulls it back quickly. An ELDERLY MAN is slumped forward in the booth. He wears an apron with huge pockets in front to accommodate the large amount of change he must carry. The loose change has fallen out of this apron which is stained with fresh blood. The man's eyes stare lifelessly ahead -- a look of surprise on his face.

CLOSE UP - JUSTIN'S REACTION

to finding the body. Sheer terror.

WIDER SHOT

Justin touches the body and it topples over, falling at his feet. We can see that the man has been struck on the head from behind. One of the pins from the miniature bowling alley lies on the floor of the booth -- bearing traces of blood.

SHOCK CUT:

As someone steps quickly into FRAME behind Justin. A large unwashed hand grips the boy's shoulder. Justin whirls as one of the neighborhood DERELICTS glares down at the body.

JUSTIN

I found him like that.

DERELICT

I knew he'd get robbed some day.

JUSTIN

No -- he was a witness. That's why.

DERELICT

Serves the asshole right. Two years
I've lived on this pier and he never
give me a nickel.

The derelict's attention is drawn more to all that loose change than to Justin. Down on all fours, he begins scooping up fistfuls of quarters and stuffing his pockets.

Justin backs away, wondering if the killer might still be around. He squeezes between several pinball machines, then zigzags a path through the arcade, still searching. He passes a window.

SHOCK CUT:

THERE'S A FACE LOOKING IN AT HIM. A COP.

EXT. REAR OF PENNY ARCADE - DAY

As Justin dashes out, scoots under a metal railing and drops onto the beach below -- just as CAMERA PANS BACK to the cop rounding the corner and entering the rear door to the arcade.

ANGLE BENEATH PIER DAY

Justin darts between the thick pilings that support the pier as the surf smashes in soaking his sneakers. He pauses to catch his breath. We sense he may not be alone. SOMEONE ELSE IS UNDER THE PIER, A FIGURE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS.

WIDER SHOT - THE LONG BEACH - DAY

There's no one on the beach -- only a few large dogs dashing playfully in and out of the surf. No one to hear a child's screams.

BACK UNDER PIER

The FIGURE moves still closer to Justin. Then powerful hands wrap around his mouth and throat and Justin is pulled back -- deeper under the pier -- further into the darkness. He struggles, but can't get loose.

THEN SOMETHING LEAPS INTO FRAME. A HUGE MONGREL SHEPHERD DOG has rushed in to the child's defense and is attacking "the man." Justin is thrown face down on the damp sand as "the man" fights the dog off, then flees up the steps to the pier above.

CLOSE SHOT - THE MAN'S FEET

Those same expensive Italian shoes now clumped with wet sand running up the steps to the boardwalk.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN - RECOVERING

The dog is all over him, licking him, yelping. Then the other dogs from the beach charge in and begin nuzzling him. Justin pushes them off -- looks around to see that his assailant is gone. Then he takes off down the beach in a run with all the dogs at his heels.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES CEMETERY - DAY

Funeral services are soon to begin. A host of friends and business associates have assembled.

Police are also there to hold back the swarm of newsmen, photographers and TV cameramen who have come to cover this, one of the major stories of the day.

CAMERA MOVES amongst the mourners, past Martin Draper and Judith Draper. Past the faces of the other bereaved. Studio executive Myron Broderick. Past Albert Dunne, the hotshot agent. Past Arch Matthew, the attorney, past Mrs. Galin the governess and Peter Robin, the writer, finally reaching Ernst Mannheim, the noted action star. (Knowing what we do, all of them are suspects).

ERNST

(whispers to his agent)

So what happens now with this young lunatic?

DUNNE

He's still running loose.

ERNST

How could they let such a boy walk out of the hospital? Only in America would the supervision be so lax.

CLOSE SHOT - FEET OF MOURNERS GROUPED TOGETHER

Among them we recognize those same expensive Italian shoes we saw under the pier, but we still can't tell exactly who is wearing them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

PANNING THE CEMETERY past the mob of photographers and video cameramen who pursue them, PANNING still further to the knoll above the grave site. There in a cluster of trees and hidden by some mausoleums and monuments, we catch a fleeting glimpse of a figure darting in and out of view.

CLOSE ANGLE - THE KNOLL OF THAT HILL

Justin Draper is watching from a hiding place. Now hunted for the murder of his young sister, Justin has had the audacity to show up to witness the funeral.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT ON JUSTIN WATCHING -

as the service concludes.

HIS POV

The last of the mourners have reached their cars and the newsmen have taken their final shots and are departing. Only CEMETERY WORKERS, remain.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

He's trembling with emotion, his eyes welling with tears.

HIGH ANGLE

Justin crouches behind the mausoleum, curling up almost in a fetal position, and remains there unseen. The wind sweeps in now, a cold, chill wind.

CLOSE UP - JUSTIN

JUSTIN

It must be so cold--

Then he loses all control and begins to sob. The full extent of his loss overwhelms him. Suddenly a BRIGHT LIGHT shines in his face. He's been discovered by Dom De Angelo, the TV newshound who's video taping him from a few feet away.

JUSTIN

Get that light out of my eyes.

DOM

You'll get used to it in a minute,
killer.

JUSTIN

That's a dirty lie!

DOM

Don't try running because I'm pretty
fast on my feet--and I've got no
problem about whacking a kid like
you where it'll do the most good.

JUSTIN

I'm just so tired.

DOM

Take your hands away from your face
so I can get a good close-up.

JUSTIN

So what are you going to do with me?

DOM

What do you think?

JUSTIN

Turn me in.

DOM

Eventually, sure. After you do some
talking.

JUSTIN

Yeah. Why not? I can tell you all
about the other murder and the guy
that tried to kill me --

DOM

What other murder?

JUSTIN

Not here. Let's go someplace.

DOM

Oh, so now I'm supposed to hide you?
Dream on.

JUSTIN

What network are you from?

DOM
We're syndicated. 'In Depth.' You
must've seen us.

JUSTIN
I know the crap you put on. If you
listen to me, this'll be the best
story you ever had.

DOM
That's my van parked over there.
Walk over slowly and get in. I said
slowly.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

Justin climbs in and Dom slides behind the wheel, stashing
his camera behind him.

DOM
I was gonna sneak back and get some
shots of the grave and look at what
I got.

JUSTIN
I guess I'm better off with you than
with some cop.

EXT. DOM'S VAN - DAY

Plowing along on the freeway.

INT. THE VAN

Dom at the wheel, Justin in back.

JUSTIN
I'm hungry. Can we stop for
something? I've got money.

DOM
In that case, you can treat.

CUT TO:

INT. TINY RIB JOINT - DAY

Justin is putting away a full rack of ribs with ferocity.
Dom looks on.

DOM

I should of got pictures of this.
It's frightening to behold.

(a beat)

When was the last time you ate?

JUSTIN

Okay, now you can help me find out
who really murdered my sister.

DOM

Forget that. I want a confession.

JUSTIN

This same guy killed another person
so he wouldn't be identified.

DOM

Well that's breaking news. Who?

JUSTIN

This old man who runs the penny
arcade at the pier. I hope nobody's
gonna think I could kill an adult.

DOM

Not until you're at least twelve.

JUSTIN

I'm not fooling. Whoever did it
tried to kill me, too. See the
marks on my neck?

DOM

Oh sure, you fought him off.

JUSTIN

Sort of.

DOM

A full grown man?

JUSTIN

Well, some dogs came at him...and he
ran.

DOM

Without your ever seeing him!

JUSTIN

He had me from behind.

(a beat)

I could find him. I could!

DOM

Why not? You're smarter than the whole LAPD.

JUSTIN

It has to be a friend of the family. Somebody who knew their way around our house.

DOM

Your mother was famous as one of the great hostesses of tinsel town so I guess that leaves us plenty of suspects.

The WAITRESS passes by.

JUSTIN

(to waitress)

Can I have another order of ribs?

DOM

He ate enough.

JUSTIN

Some coffee then. I need coffee.

DOM

Since when does a kid like you drink coffee?

JUSTIN

Since I gotta stay awake, that's since when.

DOM

I could get in trouble giving you coffee.

The waitress shrugs and departs but looks suspiciously back at Justin as if she's thinking about something. Maybe the runaway boy killer everybody's talking about.

BACK TO JUSTIN AND DOM

JUSTIN

Just check out the killing on the pier. I'm not making it up.

DOM

That still doesn't make you innocent. It could've been a robbery.

JUSTIN

If I'm such a vicious killer, how come you're not scared of me?

Justin has picked up the sharp steak knife from the table and is brandishing it. Dom laughs.

DOM

You're not the type. You're like me. If I got into trouble I'd always clown my way out.

(sips his beer)

Maybe it was seeing my father whack my mother around all the time. Violence gives me the creeps. I don't even like to watch your father's blockbuster hits with a car chase every five minutes, and blood bags bursting in air.

JUSTIN

So if I didn't do it, then you know somebody else did.

DOM

Wipe your mouth.

(to the waitress)

Give the kid a coffee. Yes, it's all right. I'm his guardian and he's allowed coffee. With milk.

JUSTIN

Black. Two sugars.

The waitress has been lurking about, but now she goes to fetch the coffee.

DOM

Even I can't drink it black. One reason I never wanted kids is cause I was afraid they'd turn out like you.

JUSTIN

Quick. Let's go. I don't like how she's been staring at me.

DOM

Okay, 'Richard Kimble' -- you're the expert. Don't forget -- your treat.

Justin leaves a twenty and they both dash out to the van.

CUT TO:

INT. DOM DE ANGELO'S VAN - DAY

Speeding away from the rib joint with Justin seated beside Dom in the front seat.

JUSTIN

I hope she didn't get your license number.

DOM

Stop imagining shit. Tell me all about how you beat up that kid in school the other day.

JUSTIN

That's not important.

DOM

Nearly put him in the hospital. They're calling it 'a warning sign.'

JUSTIN

That was the day everything changed.

DOM

What do you mean?

JUSTIN

Krissie had to ride the bus back alone.

(a beat)

But she wasn't on the bus. Somebody drove her home and she lied about it.

DOM

So what?

JUSTIN

And right afterward I caught her
hiding those pictures from the penny
arcade. They must've stopped off
there. It's near school.

DOM

Whose picture was it?

JUSTIN

I couldn't see.

DOM

Just like you couldn't see who
grabbed you under the pier. Maybe
you need glasses.

JUSTIN

That's why I have to get back in the
house.

DOM

What house? Your own house?

JUSTIN

The pictures could still be there
stashed in her toy chest. Hidden
under stuff.

DOM

Or maybe the real killer already
found them.

JUSTIN

No. He was in and out too quick.
He had no time to search.

DOM

Jesus, you got an answer for
everything.

JUSTIN

For some reason there's always a big
catered meal after a funeral, like
when grandpa died.

DOM

Yeah. The reception is at Myron
Broderick's in Bel Air.

JUSTIN

Then nobody'll be home.

DOM

Why should I stick my neck out?

JUSTIN

Isn't it a better story if we figure out who really killed Krissie?

DOM

And suppose you get nailed? Your father hired security people to keep the media away. There might even be regular cops outside.

JUSTIN

I'll climb down from the mountain in back. I have a whole secret path nobody knows about.

DOM

Shit, I'm not climbing any mountain.

JUSTIN

You don't have to. You can park on the other side of the hill by the reservoir.

DOM

And I'm supposed to trust you to come back?

JUSTIN

We're talking two murders now. Come on, you don't want to pass this up.

DOM

I don't believe I'm even listening to you.

JUSTIN

I can get in over the roof. Through the window to my room. In and out in ten minutes. Is that too much to ask?

DOM

Absolutely!

JUSTIN

Take the canyon to the park, bear to the left, that's where Reservoir Road picks up.

DOM

Sorry, kid, I'm passing.

JUSTIN

You know I could always say you kidnapped me just to get this story. That wouldn't look too good.

DOM

Kidnapped you? You begged me not to turn you in.

JUSTIN

I could even say it was you that choked me. Look at these black and blue marks!

DOM

Okay, Reservoir Road, you little creep.

JUSTIN

Thanks, asshole.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - DAY

As Dom's video mobile truck makes a sharp left turn onto the steep Reservoir Road.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

The canyon with the van weaving along, passing through the gates which are now open, leading up to the city reservoir in this wilderness reserve.

LOW ANGLE SHOOTING PAST THE GLISTENING SURFACE OF THE RESERVOIR

We see Dom's van circling the reservoir, then heading up a dirt road.

EXT. TOP OF HILLSIDE ABOVE RESERVOIR - DAY

as the van reaches a dead end. The door to the van opens and Justin jumps out, followed by Dom, who has his mobile video camera with him.

JUSTIN

Wait here. Nobody comes around.

DOM

I'm going with you.

JUSTIN

You'll break your neck.

DOM

I'm covering this all the way.

He slings his video camera across his shoulder.

DOM

Accused child killer returns to scene of crime. Great stuff.

JUSTIN

All right, but you're on your own.
I'm not waiting for you.

Justin runs up over the ridge with Dom in pursuit, photographing him.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - DAY

As Justin reaches it and looks down. There below him is the huge expanse of the Draper estate. Scores of eucalyptus trees, some giant fifty foot pines, the vast manicured lawn with the large swimming pool. The huge 11,000 sq. ft. dwelling with its many levels of Spanish tile roofs sweeps out in all directions. It's many terraces, courtyards, nooks and crannies make it appear very mysterious indeed.

Finally Dom catches up with Justin.

DOM

Stand right there a minute 'til I focus in. I want to get both you and the house.

JUSTIN

Are you rolling?

DOM

Yeah.

JUSTIN

(to camera)

Okay. This is my house. Krissie and I used to like it here even though there was nobody else around to play with because we have six acres up here, all our own. That's our pool, but I never learned to swim real good because I'm allergic

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

to chlorine. My eyes swell up. So now I'm going back into the house to search her room for evidence that could be important.

(a beat)

Get all that?

DOM

I'm getting it, I'm getting it.

JUSTIN

Try not to fall down and bust the camera.

Then Justin starts down the steep incline covered with brush and Dom follows, attempting to keep his balance and not drop the heavy camera. He moves with difficulty, whereas the boy is surefooted. Breaking into a run in his sneakers, Justin seems to be treading a familiar path.

JUSTIN

And watch out for snakes.

CLOSE-UP ON DOM

Hearing this he reacts, but it's too late to turn back now. Once again he focuses on the boy through his viewfinder and captures the moment.

VIEW THROUGH DOM'S VIDEO CAMERA

VIDEO IMAGE of Justin racing down the steep incline toward the family compound below.

CLOSE ON JUSTIN

He suddenly stops short and crouches down.

HIS POV - THE MAIN GATE

A contingent of private security guards are on duty outside the gate. CAMERA SWEEPS across the lawn, past the pool and up toward the house. There is no sign of anybody else.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

as he straightens up and waves to Dom to follow. Once again they continue their descent.

EXT. GARAGE AREA, DRAPER ESTATE

The four-car garage is shut, the area is quiet and unattended. Everyone is still at the reception following the funeral and they have not yet returned. Justin looks back.

JUSTIN'S POV

Dom still struggling to make his way down the hill, tripping, nearly falling, but managing to protect his precious video camera. He now clambers the rest of the way down and steps over the wire fence which circles the rear of the property to keep animals out. He finally reaches Justin who's waiting impatiently.

DOM

Shit. I've got a rock in my shoe.

JUSTIN

You've got plenty of time to get it out, just wait here.

DOM

Nothing doing.

Justin proceeds through the arch that leads from the garage area to the circular driveway. Just ahead is a cluster of large pine trees which sweep up to 50 feet in the air. Justin begins to climb the thickest and heaviest of the trees as only an athletic young boy could. Dom stands at the foot of the tree looking up enviously, but not willing to attempt the climb.

JUSTIN

I thought you were coming.

DOM

I don't like heights.

JUSTIN

Then stay out of sight. I'll be back soon.

DOM

Don't try to sneak out some other way. I mean it!

Dom begins photographing Justin's ascent. The boy continues his arduous climb up to the third or fourth branch, high off the ground. He then scoots across the branch, then jumps to the tile roof.

ROOFTOP SHOT - THE HOUSE

Justin slowly, carefully, moves across the tile roof heading in the direction of his own room.

ANGLE ON DOM

Repositioning himself so he can get coverage of the boy moving across the rooftop.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN - REACHING THE WINDOW TO HIS ROOM

He tries the window but it is shut. He seems frustrated.

ANGLE ON DOM - WATCHING FROM BELOW

lowering his camera for a minute with a quizzical expression.

HIS POV

The boy up on the roof shrugging. Then Justin departs that window and seeks entrance somewhere else. He begins to climb up over the highest pinnacle of the roof and disappears on the other side.

BACK TO DOM

who suddenly hears a sound behind him. The gate is opening. A car is pulling up the driveway. Dom takes refuge behind a cluster of bushes where he will not be immediately seen. The vehicle sweeps past, circling the driveway. Dom lays low and waits.

ANGLE ON PINNACLE OF THE HOUSE

The huge weather vane motionless in the stillness of the afternoon as Justin climbs straight up over the top of the tile roof. A loose tile slips from beneath him. He loses his grip, almost tumbles backward.

Then one of his sneakers catches hold of a rain gutter. His fingers reach out and grasp the edge of the other tiles and he prevents himself from toppling off the roof.

ANGLE ON THE LOOSENED TILE

as it falls and shatters on the concrete walkway.

CLOSE-UP - DOM

Hearing the crunch of the smashing tile, not sure what it is, but he doesn't like it at all.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

Finally on the far side of the roof. He finds a window to a storage room on the second floor. He rips off the screen, laying it aside, then uses all his strength to raise the window.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Justin climbs inside. Now safely within his house, Justin makes his way past cans of motion picture films, posters, and other props and souvenirs of Martin Draper's movie career.

INT. SECOND STORY OF ENTRY HALL - DAY

Justin steps out onto the upper landing. Most of the lights have been extinguished. The place is ghostly quiet. Justin circles the balcony above the main entry hall and descends the huge circular, Spanish staircase toward the impressive entryway. He's come up and down these stairs a million times in his life but now he suddenly feels like a stranger -- an intruder.

ANGLE ON LOWER PORTION OF ENTRY HALL

As Justin reaches the first floor. He takes a few steps forward then nearly jumps out of his skin as the telephone begins to ring, JANGLING furiously, but no one is there to answer it.

The phone keeps ringing as Justin moves down the corridor which leads back to Krissie's room. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he approaches Krissie's room.

TIGHT SHOT - JUSTIN'S FACE

moving through the darkened corridor. He pushes the door to her room open. As the door swings back.

SHOCK CUT:

KRISSIE RUSHES INTO FRAME very much alive and shouting at him hysterically.

KRISSIE
I said never to come in my room
anymore!! Mom! Mom!!

Justin recoils in shock.

WIDER ANGLE - KRISSIE'S ROOM

JUSTIN IS ALONE AT THE DOORWAY. His sister is gone. HER PRESENCE JUST A TRICK OF THE IMAGINATION. He wanted her to be alive -- for all of this to be a bad dream, and for an instant she was.

He crosses directly to her large, colorfully decorated toy chest and opens it. Kneeling down beside it he begins to lift out the toys, the games, the large coloring books, souvenirs from trips, and piling them neatly on the carpet, searching for something his sister might have hidden where no one would readily find it. He finds nothing.

Then he notices Krissie's red checkered jacket lying across a chair. The same jacket she wore the day she came home late from school.

He quickly goes through the pockets.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN'S HAND

He finds a handful of tiny trolls -- odd-looking little creatures made of molded plastic, the kind of cheap toys given away in penny arcades. And along with the trolls there are three pink tickets with no markings on them. The kind of tickets issued for prizes at the arcade.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN'S FACE

as he hears something in the house. A door slamming in the distance. He pockets the tickets and the trolls, then dashes out.

INT. THE MAIN ENTRY HALL - DAY

As Justin reaches the end of the corridor, he steps back. Mrs. Galin is coming by. She has obviously returned early from the memorial luncheon and she is busily switching on the lights in the hall, then in the living room.

When she passes, Justin slips behind her and heads up the stairs again. He will make his escape the same way he came in, over the roof.

EXT. BUSHES DIVIDING THE FRONT LAWN

Where Dom De Angelo still waits clutching his video camera. SUDDENLY HE IS SEIZED FROM BEHIND. A POWERFUL ARM wraps around his throat choking him.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and we realize it is the motion picture actor Ernst Mannheim, this enormous brute of the silver screen who has seized the hapless video news hound.

ERNST

Will your types never learn?

DOM

Look, Mr. Mannheim...

ERNST

You reporters have no humanity, why should you be treated as humans?

He whirls Dom around and drives a powerful jab to his midsection.

ERNST

I'm not finished with you yet.

DOM

I was doing my job.

ERNST

And I'm doing a job on you.

ANGLE ON THE ROOFTOP

as Justin makes his precarious return, moving at a speedier pace than before.

JUSTIN'S POV FROM ABOVE

He can see the body of Dom lying in the driveway. His camera beside him.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN'S REACTION

Someone has returned and has done this. Is it the killer? He pauses at the very edge of the roof. Then without warning --

SHOCK CUT:

A HUGE HAND REACHES UP AND GRABS JUSTIN'S ANKLE

It's Ernst Mannheim's enormous mitt, and he threatens to pull the boy off the roof.

JUSTIN'S POV

looking straight down into Mannheim's broad smiling face. His eyes glimmer with venomous triumph.

JUSTIN

Let go of me!

ERNST

So this time I will be a real life hero having caught a murderer, even a junior one like you.

Justin grabs onto some of the tiles, trying to prevent himself from being dragged off the roof by the powerful Mannheim.

ERNST

Come on down and take your medicine.

Justin hangs on for dear life. As before, another of the tiles dislodges from place. This time Justin picks it up and uses it as a weapon. Raising it high, he sends it crashing down on Mannheim's head.

LOW ANGLE

as Mannheim is knocked off his feet for a moment.

Justin is still dangling halfway off the roof and Mannheim is on his knees, groggily trying to get up. He's furious now.

Then the boy loses his grip, topples off the roof, landing beside Mannheim.

Mannheim seizes Justin just as something heavy comes smashing down on the back of his thick neck, knocking him cold. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal the rather unsteady figure of Dom De Angelo gripping the remnants of his video camera in both hands with which he has slammed the superstar.

Mannheim topples forward and lies still for the moment. Inches away, Justin looks at him quizzically, then at Dom.

JUSTIN

Thanks.

DOM

Shit! I don't know why I did that.
Look at my goddamn camera!

JUSTIN

I think he's gonna wake up in a
second.

DOM

And we better not be around.

Dom and Justin take off. Dom still drags along the bent and dented remnants of his video camera which can perhaps be repaired. They leave behind the sprawled figure of Ernst Mannheim.

ANGLE ON SECURITY GUARDS AT GATE

As one of them spots the pair in flight.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN AND DOM

Climbing over the wire fence behind the house and proceeding up the steep hillside, up toward the reservoir road beyond where the van awaits them.

DOM

Shit! I don't believe I knocked out
Ernst Mannheim.

JUSTIN

I hit him a good shot first. You
just finished him off.

DOM

Hey come on, give a guy some credit.

They're both climbing and breathing heavily, then they look back. CAMERA WHIP PANS to Ernst Mannheim leaping into the FRAME. He's made a speedy recovery and has come after them as silently and stealthily as he performs in his motion pictures. He seizes both the man and the boy.

ANGLE ON THE DRIVEWAY BELOW

The security guards come running up in the direction of the garage and the hillside.

ANGLE ON HILLSIDE ABOVE

Mannheim seizing Dom in a bear hug, wrestling him to the ground. Justin has also been knocked off his feet into a cluster of brush. He's scratched up but unhurt. He looks down.

HIS POV

A small garter snake is crawling its way over his right sneaker.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN

Frozen in position, staring at the snake. Then he switches his attention to Mannheim and Dom, who is clearly no match for the teutonic action star.

Justin takes a chance. Reaching down he grabs the snake by the tail and tosses it -- so that it lands around Ernst Mannheim's neck.

JUSTIN

Look out! Snake!

Mannheim reacts, letting out a hideous SCREAM, reaching for the snake which is already slithering down his collar into his open shirt front. Mannheim is too late. The snake has slipped down somewhere inside his clothing.

The two security guards are climbing the fence below and coming up. Mannheim begins rushing back toward them screaming in unintelligible German.

ERNST

Schlange! Hilfe mich!

Then he trips and falls, rolling into the two security guards, knocking them down as well.

ANGLE ON TOP OF RIDGE

As Dom and Justin scale the hillside and reach the summit. Looking back down, they realize there is no one in close pursuit.

Exhausted, they proceed to the van.

DOM

I hope I didn't lose the keys
someplace back there. Oh, God.

JUSTIN

You put them in your back pocket.

Dom finds the keys, flashes Justin a dirty look -- as they both pile into the van.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - RESERVOIR ROAD

The van makes a U-turn, kicking up dust, and speeds back in the direction of the canyon road. The security guards reach the summit too late to stop them.

INT. VAN IN MOTION

DOM

Well, was it worth it?

JUSTIN

The photos were gone. But I got absolute proof she was at the pier that day. See!

Takes out the fistful of little trolls and the pink tickets.

DOM

And look at the condition of this camera. Look at the condition of me. I'm sorry I ever met you.

JUSTIN

He hasn't got the pictures either. They're someplace else.

DOM

It's a big house.

JUSTIN

No! Not in the house. Where would I have hid them?

DOM

Do me a favor! Don't tell me! Am I bleeding?

JUSTIN

School was the only other place she went all week.

DOM

What?

JUSTIN

I'd of hid them in my locker.

DOM

No more ideas, please!

JUSTIN

I know her combination. It used to be my old lock.

DOM

Pass on that. Right now we've got an interview to tape.

JUSTIN

How? Your camera's all busted.

DOM

I've got a spare in back.

JUSTIN

As soon as we go by the school.

DOM

Your school will be closed. Don't tell me you know how to break in there too?

JUSTIN

If you keep the janitor busy...

DOM

Oh, no. I'm probably going to jail already for assaulting Mannheim.

JUSTIN

He won't press any charges. Do you think he wants everyone to know he got knocked out? He'd never live it down.

DOM

I wish I had a shot of me doing that. Damn it, nobody will believe it.

JUSTIN

They will if I tell them so. I'm your witness.

DOM

I'd just like you to tell my new girlfriend. I'd like to see the look on her face when she finds out I flattened Ernst Mannheim. She's so hot for that lunky bastard.

(a beat)

I wonder if that snake bit him.

JUSTIN

It was a garter snake.

DOM

You hope.

JUSTIN

Yeah, otherwise maybe we killed him.

DOM

You killed him. I don't go tossing snakes down guys shirts.

JUSTIN

He was strangling shit out of you.

DOM

You're telling me. All right, where's the school?

JUSTIN

Take Sunset past Will Rogers Park. I'll direct you from there.

DOM

I suppose you still think you're smarter than me.

JUSTIN

Oh, no, Mr. De Angelo, all of a sudden I've got a lot of respect for you. If we find out who the killer is, I'm going to give you half the credit.

DOM

Shit. How generous.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRAPER ESTATE - DAY

The Drapers and close friends have returned to learn that Justin has been there.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Mannheim almost caught them both.

ERNST

I wished to avoid the crowds and the press at the reception by coming straight home. And there he was on the roof.

MARTIN

While we're all out grieving, he has the gall to come back here.

DUNNE

Well, the kid has guts, I'll give him that.

BRODERICK

Why would he come back?

Ernst now appears rather pale and shaken.

ERNST

(lying)

I spotted them but they were too far away to catch. The other was one of those reporters for the smut television program. I don't know his name but I'm certain I could identify him.

Arch Matthews, the attorney, now joins them.

ARCH

The first thing is to have the police identify this reporter. Find out where he lives -- what he drives. If we find him, we find Justin.

CLOSE-UP - JUDITH'S REACTION

JUDITH

I'm sorry. I can't live in this house anymore.

She slumps into Dunne's arms.

DUNNE

(to Martin)

You better start worrying about your wife before it's too late. Help me get her inside.

Martin and Dunne help Judith back into the house.

Ernst Mannheim crosses over to the security guards and stuffs hundred dollar bills into each of their pockets.

ERNST

Keep your mouths shut about today.

SECURITY GUARD

Absolutely, Mr. Mannheim. Anything you say.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION PHONE BOOTH - LATE DAY

Justin taking out a business card and then dialing the number on it.

JUSTIN

(into phone)

Hello, is this Mr. Matthews' office?
I need to talk to Mr. Arch Matthews right away.

(a beat)

I know he went to a funeral.

(a beat)

This is his client, Justin Draper.
You must know who I am. No, I can't leave you a number.

INT. ARCH MATTHEWS' OFFICE - LATE DAY

The SECRETARY on the other end of the line.

SECRETARY

I'll try to locate him. Will you hold on?

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN

JUSTIN

(into phone)

Please hurry up.

Dom pokes his head into the booth.

DOM
Tell him I'm gonna need a lawyer
too.

BACK TO MATTHEWS' SECRETARY

SECRETARY
I've reached him in his car. I'll
patch you through.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN

JUSTIN
(into phone)
Hello, Mr. Matthews.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCH'S CAR ON FREEWAY - LATE DAY

ARCH
Yes, Justin. Speak up!
(a beat)
Where are you?

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN

JUSTIN
How do I know you won't send the
police?

WE CROSS-CUT BETWEEN THEM AS THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES

ARCH
You have my word.

JUSTIN
Whoever killed Krissie picked her up
after school on Tuesday.

ARCH
That's a detail you should let the
detectives follow up on.

JUSTIN
He did something bad to her.
Touched her or bothered her and
tried to bribe her to keep quiet.

ARCH

Why did you go back to the house?

JUSTIN

I was looking for photographs she took with him in a machine. Now I think they must be in her locker.

ARCH

If there's evidence there, the police will find it. I'll notify them.

JUSTIN

No! You promised!

ARCH

You can't go running around by yourself. You're just a kid.

JUSTIN

I'm not by myself.

Then Justin abruptly hangs up.

CLOSE-UP - ARCH MATTHEWS IN HIS CAR

Frustrated. He realizes the boy is gone. He makes a sharp U-turn.

CAMERA PULLS BACK away from the vehicle -- and we realize that Arch is driving a BLACK JAGUAR -- the murderer's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESCOTT SCHOOL - SANTA MONICA - LATE AFTERNOON

But night is rapidly ascending. Dark shadows are already falling across the facade of the building. Justin and Dom exit the van which is parked under a cluster of trees across the road.

JUSTIN

Take your other camera.

DOM

What for?

JUSTIN

Buzz the service bell. When Mr. Rollins comes out, he's the janitor, tell him you want to interview him about me. He loves to talk.

DOM

Yeah?

JUSTIN

Just get him away from the door so I can slip on in. And keep him busy for maybe five minutes.

DOM

You always make it sound so easy, and then everything gets screwed up. And I almost get brained.

But, obediently, Dom brings along the camera and the sun gun.

INT. JANITOR'S OFFICE, SCHOOL - EARLY EVENING

The back doorbell is buzzing. The janitor, Mr. Rollins, puts aside his sandwich, turns down the volume on the Lakers game, and proceeds down the corridor to the service door.

EXT. SERVICE DOOR - EARLY EVENING

As the janitor opens the door, he finds himself on camera with a light from on top of the camera blinding him.

ROLLINS

What's this supposed to be?

DOM

The 'In Depth' report, Channel Nine, my friend.

ROLLINS

Never watch it.

DOM

Well you're on it. Will you step outside? Just over there against that fence so we can see part of the school in the background.

ROLLINS

This must be about the murder. Let me take my glasses off.

DOM

Now how long have you been custodian here?

ROLLINS

Going on eleven years. And nothing this terrible ever happened.

DOM

What can you tell us about Justin Draper?

ROLLINS

Always in some kind of trouble. I took a marker pen away from him one day on the landing. I knew what he was going to do. Then I'd be all day wiping off that mess.

DOM

Turn a little bit to your left? That's a more flattering angle.

CAMERA PANS away from the janitor and the reporter and moves back toward the open doorway. We notice Justin scoot around the corner from his hiding place and quickly slip inside the school building undetected. He leaves the door wide open.

INT. DARKENED SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Justin proceeds along, his footsteps ECHOING. Most of the lights have been extinguished. The school hallway has a ghostly look.

TRUCKING SHOT - JUSTIN - NIGHT

as he moves past the open doors to various empty classrooms. The sun is setting quickly now. The place is becoming darker and darker.

Justin doesn't dare flip any wall switches for fear that lights coming on will alert the janitor of his presence. He wishes he had a flashlight.

At the far end of the corridor are large double doors marked: GYMNASIUM. He pushes through the doors.

INT. LARGE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Bleachers, basketball court, some gymnastic equipment. No sign of life other than Justin. He approaches the entrance to the GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

As Justin proceeds now past row after row of lockers, searching out the one bearing the name of his deceased sister, Krissie Draper. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHTER as he crouches down by the combination lock and squints to try and read the digits. But it's so dark. He can't decipher them.

He takes a chance, crosses to the wall and switches on the overhead lights.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - NIGHT

The janitor still being interviewed.

Behind him a bright light inside the building comes popping on. A dead giveaway that someone's inside.

Dom sees it but the janitor hasn't.

CAMERA TRUCKS around the corner of the service door to the school. IT IS JUST CLOSING. SOMEONE ELSE HAS JUST GONE INSIDE -- AND "CLICK" -- LOCKED IT.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

As Justin quickly moves back to the combination lock, twirling the dial, finding the three digits and finally unlocking it.

Pulling the locker open, he begins to rummage through Krissie's belongings. Pasted on the inside of the door are several snapshots, some of them of Justin and Krissie together in happier times. Justin searches through all of Krissie's clothing, shaking the sneakers out, turning the socks inside out, checking the lining and inside pockets of her sweatsuit and jacket. There's nothing!

Then he begins to go through the school books stacked at the bottom of the locker. He shakes each textbook. Any papers inside come filtering out and he examines them, tossing them aside. There's still no sign of the strip of photos he recalls seeing.

Frustrated, he turns his attention back to the inside of the door to the locker. The photographs Scotch-taped there. He wants that photo of himself and Krissie. He reaches out and peels it off the locker, revealing something else taped BEHIND IT. A STRIP OF THREE BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS -- MANUFACTURED BY ONE OF THOSE UNITS AT PENNY ARCADES.

Two are pictures of Krissie alone. The third shot has a partial view of a man leaning into frame. ARCH MATTHEWS!

THE LIGHTS ABRUPTLY GO OUT. The locker room is plunged into total darkness. Someone has turned off the lights.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - ELECTRICAL BOX IN HALLWAY ADJACENT TO GYMNASIUM

A HAND has just thrown several of the breakers.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Dom notices the light has gone out. He continues to video tape the janitor.

DOM

Just a few more questions. What's your general opinion of today's kids as opposed to when you were growing up?

ROLLINS

If we're going to keep this up, I've got to go inside and get me a sweater.

Dom can no longer detain Rollins, who now trudges back to the service entrance to the building -- only to find the door CLOSED AND LOCKED.

DOM

Don't you have keys?

ROLLINS

They're inside. Damnit, I'm going to have to call the security people and they're gonna think I'm a damn fool, locking myself out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SCHOOL - NIGHT

ANOTHER DARK CORRIDOR totally devoid of life.

INT. LARGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Only the moonlight sweeping in from the large windows give illumination to the row of desks now uninhabited. There's not a sound to be heard.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

As Justin edges along the walls, trying to find his way back to the gymnasium.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN'S HANDS

He has the strip of photographs from the penny arcade clutched in his fist so tightly he's bending them. CAMERA MOVES UP to Justin's face which registers fear. He senses that someone else is close by.

TRUCKING SHOT - JUSTIN

He edges toward the door through which he entered. He reaches out for the knob but before he can touch it, IT BEGINS TO TURN. Someone is on the other side coming in.

Justin backs up, trips over one of the benches but regains his balance. In the darkness he slams into a row of lockers. A metallic ECHO exaggerated by the silence of the night and giving away his whereabouts.

He backs up further, into the SHOWER ROOM. A huge tiled cubicle with a dozen shower nozzles jutting out. Justin pauses and listens. He hears the door opening and closing again softly. He hears footsteps, and then the footsteps cease.

Someone is out there in the dark looking for him. But they are unfamiliar, as he is, with the surroundings, and must go slowly.

Justin realizes every move he makes can be heard, every step across that tile floor will telegraph his position. He takes one step then pauses. Then looking up at the SHOWER NOZZLE he gets an idea. He twists the handle of the shower to the ON position. The water spurts forth with full force, splattering on the tile.

Now he moves to the next shower, turning it on as well, and the next and the next. Hot water streams out and steam soon begins to accumulate.

Justin is being splattered with the water himself but he's oblivious to it.

For the moment the splattering of the water in the showers conceals the sound of his movements. Seven, eight, nine, shower heads are now spouting hot water. The steam has become a thick mist -- a fog which momentarily shields him.

He slides along the walls of the shower room, seeking another way out in the darkness.

JUSTIN'S POV

As a FIGURE is suddenly silhouetted through the steam. The outline of a man. The silhouette of a murderer that we recognize as Arch Matthews.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

Thoroughly soaked now -- riveted in place at the sight of his pursuer.

Then he forces himself to move, sliding further along the slick tile wall until, all at once, he finds a doorway and backs through it.

INT. NARROW, DARKENED STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Justin doesn't know where he's going, but he descends quickly. His sneakers are soaked. Every step of the way they squeak, giving out a small shrill cry that call attention to his whereabouts. He can't see where he's going, but he measures each step, afraid of falling again.

As he reaches the level below, the door above opens and steam pours onto the narrow landing, steam that seems to follow along with his pursuer. Arch is up there now, coming down, descending quickly, and the mist descends with him. He's almost like a ghost, an apparition clouded with ectoplasm. He seems to FLOAT down the stairs--an apparition of terror.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN BELOW

As CAMERA PULLS BACK WITH HIM to finally reveal his whereabouts. He is on the basement level of the school at the far end of the huge Olympic-sized swimming pool. Newly constructed and the pride of the school, it reaches the depth of eleven feet and boasts a diving board as well as clearly marked lanes for competitive swimming.

The monotonous pumping sound of the filter is exaggerated by the silence. Almost a GASPING sound. Justin backs around the periphery of the pool, his sneakers still squishing loudly.

He bends over and pulls off one sneaker, then the other, tossing them aside. Barefoot now, he can move in silence.

The FOOTSTEPS of his pursuer are now heard across the pool, relentlessly seeking him out, clip-clopping on the hard tile surface around the pool. And then all at once that sound ceases.

CLOSE-UP - ARCH'S FEET

as he reaches down and undoes the laces of his signature Italian shoes and slips them off. He is imitating Justin's action. Now neither of them will have the advantage.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

keeping low and slowly backing away. Only the surface of the pool water can be seen. A slight reflection bouncing off of it from the narrow basement windows through which mere slivers of moonlight pass.

EXT. THE SCHOOL - NIGHT

The janitor on the pay phone as Dom looks on.

ROLLINS

(into phone)

It's Rollins. I got myself locked out of the school. I don't know how it happened, but can you rush over here? I'm freezing my ass off.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED SWIMMING POOL AREA - NIGHT

Justin, keeping low, continues to back up, circling the pool--listening for but not hearing the murderer, but he can feel his presence.

Then Justin stumbles over something--something on the floor. He crouches, reaches out, picks it up. It's an EXPENSIVE ITALIAN SHOE, and there's another matching shoe beside it. All at once he realizes why he can no longer hear the killer. And there's more. Beside the shoes, a stack of clothing -- trousers, a man's jacket, a shirt, a tie. Arch Matthews has removed all his clothing.

Justin's mind tries to decipher the reason for this and, at that moment, he is seized from behind by the powerful arms of the now naked man.

JUSTIN

I know it's you! I saw your picture!

ARCH

(whispering)

Such a smart boy. One of the
brightest I've ever known. I was a
smart boy like you once.

Arch is dragging Justin to the edge of the swimming pool, to the steps on the shallow end.

He's dragging the fully clothed boy INTO THE POOL. Justin's arms are pinned behind him. There is no getting loose. He feels the gradual wetness of the pool and realizes what Arch intends to do.

ARCH

The only thing you don't know is how
to swim. Your sister told me that's
the only thing she could do better
than you.

JUSTIN

No -- let go.

Arch's voice continues to be strangely distorted by the acoustics of the indoor pool which create an echo effect.

ARCH

But you're going to learn tonight.
Take a deep breath, Justin, and hold
it. Hold it as long as you can.

He plunges Justin's head beneath the surface of the pool.

UNDERWATER SHOT

Justin's face contorted as he struggles against the overpowering strength of the man who is drowning him. He continues to writhe, to twist and to kick, but he can't get loose and his breath is running out.

ARCH

It'll be over in a minute and there
won't be a mark on you.

CLOSE-UP - JUSTIN - UNDER THE WATER

He's still quite conscious but he lets himself go limp and sinks further to the bottom.

Now he bends his knees and crouches low as possible. Pressing both feet flat against the bottom of the pool, he tenses, then propels himself upward with all his might -- slamming his head directly into the face of his tormenter.

WHACK! As the hard surface of the boy's head smashes into Arch's jaw.

It is unexpected and quick. Arch is caught off guard. One hand lets go of the boy and goes to his mouth which is bleeding. Justin squirms free, kicks with both feet, catching Arch in the chest. Then, his arms flailing, Justin attempts to swim away to the deep end of the pool.

There's a ladder glistening in the moonlight some thirty feet away. If he can only reach it.

But Arch is swimming after him with long powerful strokes.

The boy will be in an even more vulnerable position now in the center of the pool out of his depth. So much easier to drown.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

As the security service vehicle pulls up toward the rear of the building. Rollins and Dom await it.

ROLLINS

Get the damn thing open before I catch bronchial pneumonia.

The SECURITY MAN dutifully unlocks the door and Rollins steps inside. The lights are all off. The janitor hits a wall switch but nothing comes on.

ROLLINS

Jesus, what else is going to go wrong tonight?

SECURITY MAN

Well, I can't hang around.

The security man departs. Rollins fetches his flashlight.

ROLLINS

I'll check the main power box.

Rollins moves off, guided by the powerful beam of his flashlight. Dom follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Justin, just past the center of the pool in over seven feet of water when Arch catches up with him.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR ABOVE - NIGHT

Rollins has found the electrical box and it is open.

ROLLINS

Now who the hell got into this?

He begins to throw the breakers.

DOM

Where's the girl's locker room?

INT. SUBTERRANEAN SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Suddenly the lights directly above the pool flash on with a blinding radiance.

Arch is shocked by the sudden illumination. Justin manages to bite him, then squirm free and swim three strokes to reach the metal ladder. He's half out of the pool when Arch catches up to him.

JUSTIN

(SCREAMS)

HELP! DOWN HERE!

Arch is pulling the boy back into the water. Justin's hands are not strong enough to retain his grip on the handle of the ladder. He splashes back into the deep water, goes under. Way under.

Then from OFF CAMERA, a familiar VOICE BOOMS out. DOM'S VOICE.

CAMERA WHIP PANS to DOM, standing on the opposite side of the pool by the staircase which descends from the shower room, and he holds his video camera poised on his shoulder. HE IS CAPTURING THE SCENE ON VIDEO.

DOM

Great idea, Mr. Matthews. Drown the kid right on camera. Not since Abraham Zapruder has anybody gotten footage like this.

ANGLE ON ARCH MATTHEWS AS HE LETS GO OF THE BOY

Justin bobs to the surface, dazed and confused, and then sees Dom.

DOM'S VOICE

Go on, finish the job. You're a great lawyer. You'll find some way to explain it to a jury.

ANGLE ON DOM

as he pans the camera over to the pile of Arch Matthew clothing, his shoes, pants, jacket, etc. and then back to the pool.

DOM

Famous Beverly Hills' lawyer caught bare ass trying to drown innocent child. More at eleven.

Arch Matthews backs away from the boy, retreating to the shallow end of the pool, a beaten man. He knows everything he's doing is recorded on camera. There is no escaping his guilt. No defense whatsoever.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

as he climbs out of the pool and sprawls across the concrete, catching his breath. From the staircase, the janitor emerges, still another witness against Arch Matthews.

ROLLINS

What's going on down here?

DOM

This time call the regular cops. Tell them we've got a two time murderer down here, skinny dipping and ready to confess. Well, what are you waiting for?

Rollins runs back up the stairs.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

looking at Arch Matthews who seems so helpless now, caught red-handed and naked, and struggling for self-control.

Justin stares at him. All the anger welling up inside of him.

JUSTIN

Well, say it, you piece of shit, say
it out loud. You killed Krissie.

ARCH

(breaking down)

When I let her keep those pictures,
I knew what I'd have to do. Why did
I do that?

JUSTIN

You were going to see that I got
locked up forever. You prick!

DOM

Keep talking, kid, this is great
television.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN

Dom De Angelo on screen just wrapping up his on-the-air
report.

DOM

(to camera)

Tonight, young Justin Draper is back
at home with his parents while
Archer Matthews remains in custody.
And your reporter was there with
this exclusive coverage. Goodnight,
Cynthia.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL ANCHOR WOMAN CYNTHIA CHU, the
pretty Oriental who hosts the show.

CYNTHIA

We'll be seeing more of Dom
tomorrow night when he takes over as
co-anchor with me to bring you more
exclusive 'In Depth Reports.'

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the television to

MEDIUM SHOT - THE DEN - DRAPER MANSION

Justin has been watching. His mother is beside him.

JUDITH
Can we turn that off now?

JUSTIN
Sure. Wasn't Dom great?

JUDITH
Your father wants to talk to you.
He wants to tell you how sorry he
is.

JUSTIN
It's okay.

JUDITH
No, it isn't. He feels terrible
about what you've been put through.
So do I.

JUSTIN
Where is he?

JUDITH
In Krissie's room.

Justin gets up and goes out.

INT. KRISSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Justin enters and sees Martin seated on the foot of
Krissie's bed weeping -- nearly out of control. Justin
crosses to him, puts his hand on Martin's arm. Martin turns
and looks at him.

MARTIN
I don't know what to say, I'm so
ashamed.

JUSTIN
You don't have to say anything.
(a beat)
We both loved her, dad.

Martin puts his arm around the boy. CAMERA PULLS BACK
leaving them alone together. DOLLYING OUTSIDE TO REVEAL
Judith who still waits in the hall. Then, finally, she too
enters Krissie's room, closing the door after her.

We HOLD on that closed door.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END