

JAR CITY

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From the film by Baltasar Kormakur

EXT. ATCHAFALAYA BASIN - SOUTH CENTRAL LOUISIANA - DAY

We fly in from the gulf --

Over the Atchafalaya Basin. Our nation's largest swamp. Six hundred thousand acres of wetlands and river delta. Verdant. Teeming with life.

The landscape is unfinished, wild, almost prehistoric. Full of secrets bubbling under the surface.

A light rain falls.

We continue inland --

The bayou gives way to cotton and soybean fields, catfish farms, and sugar cane.

The country becomes gradually more developed. Until we arrive in --

BAYOU CANE

A mid-sized city (twenty thousand inhabitants) of big-box retail stores and condos sandwiched between Highway 10 and the Intercoastal Canal.

Applebee's, Wal-Mart, ShopRite, a gleaming Baptist church.

We end up at --

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENTS - DAY

A battered apartment complex.

Half a dozen two-story brick buildings. Dingy. Suffering from years of neglect. Garbage-strewn lawns. Peeling paint.

A YOUNG BOY --

walks through the mud. He's eight years old. Hood up. Calling for his little brother.

KID

Robbie, where you at?

The boy pauses next to a window that looks down into a basement apartment.

Through the smudged glass, he sees ROBBIE (four years old) sitting in the living room, racing a Matchbox car on the carpet.

KID (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Robbie does not respond.

The boy sighs and heads over to a cement staircase leading to the apartment.

He descends. Taking tentative steps.

KID (CONT'D)
Robbie, come on?

The door to the apartment is locked, but there is a broken window pane. The boy reaches in and turns the knob.

As he pulls his hand out, his sleeve catches on the jagged glass. Tearing audibly.

He winces at the sight of BLOOD dripping from a long shard.

Curious --

He touches his finger to the sharp glass. Presses until his skin turns white.

He stares. Transfixed by the sticky red liquid.

He looks at his arm, until he is confident that the blood is not his own.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

The boy walks through the entryway. Tracking mud on the linoleum.

It's dark inside.

He puts his hand up over his nose. Blocking a foul odor.

KID
I'm not playing, Robbie...

He stops in his tracks. Eyes wide. At the sight of --

ROBBIE

In the living room. Standing over the bloated and decomposing body of an OLD MAN, lying in a pool of blood.

KID (CONT'D)
Robbie, what'd you do?

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DUSK

The New Orleans skyline.

Crisp. Well defined. Brightly lit, against a fiery sunset.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL NEW ORLEANS - DUSK

A large, modern hospital. Bustling.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL NEW ORLEANS - NEUROLOGY - DUSK

The halls are decorated for Christmas. Children's drawings. A plastic tree.

DANIEL THIBODEAUX walks past the nurse's station.

He is in his mid-thirties. Deeply sad. A hollow shell of a man.

He enters a private room.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DUSK

Finds his daughter, SARAH, in bed. Sleeping.

She's wrapped in a tangle of translucent tubes, IV drips and electronic monitors.

She's six years old. Pale. Lovely.

Daniel's wife, NOMI, sits in an uncomfortable chair. Watching their daughter sleep. Eyes red.

She stands as Daniel enters. Smooths the wrinkles from her clothes. Wipes her eyes.

They whisper.

DANIEL

Sorry. I was at the center.

NOMI

Now?

DANIEL

Yes.

NOMI

She needs you here with her. Let the doctors do their jobs, and...

DANIEL

What are the doctors doing? Tell me that.

Nomi relents. She doesn't want to go into it, so she bends down and kisses Sarah on the forehead.

NOMI

Good night, sweetie.

Daniel and Nomi hug. Cold. Almost a reflex.

Nomi tries to hold on for an extra beat. Wanting more. Needing more.

Daniel pulls away.

She looks at him. He looks down. Can't hold eye contact.

NOMI (CONT'D)

I'll be in early.

DANIEL

Okay. Try to get some rest.

NOMI

I love you.

DANIEL

Love you too.

Nomi exits.

Sarah's eyes blink open at the sound of the closing door. She smiles up at her dad. Looks around. Still half asleep.

SARAH

Where's Mommy?

DANIEL

She went home.

Daniel kisses her. Tucks her hair behind her ear.

SARAH

For Christmas?

DANIEL

No, we're saving Christmas till you get back.

SARAH

When will that be?

DANIEL
Try to sleep, boo.

SARAH
I can't close my eyes. They hurt.

Daniel holds her tiny hand in his. Sighs to keep from crying.

DANIEL
I'll sing. Do you want me to sing?

SARAH
The *Fais dodo* one? Nana's song.

DANIEL
Okay.
(he sings)
Fais dodo, Colas mon p'tit frère
Fais dodo, t'auras du lolo...

Sarah yawns and drifts to sleep. Daniel's voice is joined by a choir's.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

The Saint Charles Men's Choir sings. Outside. Dressed in black. Somber.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

The cold steel doors of a morgue.

A drawer slides open. A child's body under a sheet. The sheet is pulled back, revealing --

Sarah. Lifeless.

CUT TO:

An undertaker preps her body for the funeral.

Dresses her, in her Sunday best. Combs her hair. Lays her in a silk-lined coffin. Places her favorite stuffed animal next her.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

The choir sings as Sarah is laid to rest. Nomi and Daniel in black.

Under a cold, gray sky.

EXT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

MARTIN FORD runs out of his home. Slipping into a windbreaker. In a hurry.

He's in his mid-fifties. Tall. Well built.

His waterfront condo is pleasant. Neatly kept. Solidly middle class.

FORD unlocks his newish CROWN VIC. Is about to get in, when --
He hears someone approaching.

EVA

Dad!

EVA --

Ford's nineteen-year-old daughter, comes running across the lawn.

She's thin. Deep circles under her eyes. Wearing a hoodie and ripped jeans. Her eyebrow pierced.

Ford sighs. His body tenses as she steps close.

She's out of breath and there are beads of sweat on her forehead.

She looks ill.

FORD

I waited.

EVA

I came right over.

Ford looks across the street. Sees an '82 SIROCCO with tinted windows, idling.

FORD

What's the emergency? I have to go
in...

EVA

I, umm...

FORD

Are you sick?

Eva looks down. At her feet. Dreading what she is about to say. Saying it anyway.

EVA
I'm fine. I just need some cash.
Will you help me? Don't make this
hard, please?

FORD
Let me feel your head?

Eva pulls away from his touch. Defensive.

FORD (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

EVA
Nothing. Just give me two hundred,
and you can stop acting concerned..

Ford looks at her closely. Thinking.

She bites her lip. Nervous.

Ford's phone rings. He ignores it.

FORD
What's it for?

EVA
What? Seriously? You want me to
make something up?

FORD
No.

EVA
Come on.

FORD
I can't.

EVA
One-fifty.

FORD
I'm not going to help you kill
yourself.

EVA
If I don't get it from you, I'm
gonna get it from Jase.

FORD
Don't say that.

EVA
I need it. I need one-fifty.

Ford gets angry. Tries to keep it in check.

FORD
Jase is not an option. Stay away
from him.

EVA
Then give me the money.

FORD
Eva.

EVA
It's my life.

Ford takes out his wallet.

Eva holds out her hand. Shaking.

FORD
I hate doing this. I hate it so
much. It kills me. Where are you
staying, chérie?

Ford hands her the cash. She starts to back away.

His phone rings again.

EVA
I'm between apartments.
(beat)
Answer the phone, you know you want
to.

It's too much for Ford. Her rejection. The cutting words.

He gets in his car. Slams the door.

He stares at her. Cold. Judgmental. Full of shame.

EVA (CONT'D)
Don't be so down. Be happy that you
gave life to such a cool person.

He hits the accelerator. Takes off. Without saying goodbye.

She watches him drive away. Pockets the money.

EVA (CONT'D)
Bye, Dad.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The rain has picked up. Sweeping across the wetlands and pounding the blacktop.

As --

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford tears down the causeway. Doing 90. Cigarette burning. On the phone.

FORD
(into phone)
What kind of dead? Beaten, shot,
stabbed?
(beat)
Okay. Gimme five.

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Ford pulls up.

The lot awash in colored light from a swarm of emergency vehicles.

He exits the car. Walking purposefully.

We see that the back of his windbreaker is printed with the words --

TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE

He takes the cigarette from his mouth and flicks it. Sends it sparking to the asphalt.

Uniformed deputies and plainclothes detectives mill about.

They come to, as Ford approaches.

He's in charge. Confident. His voice booms.

FORD
What do we have? What do we have?

Another detective steps up. Eager. Walks with Ford down the steps.

This is DETECTIVE TRAVIS BRYON. Thirties. A rookie.

BRYON
Typical parish homicide.

FORD
How's that?

BRYON
Messy and pointless, with no
attempt to conceal the evidence.

Ford cracks a smile.

FORD
Who's the victim?

BRYON
Elderly male, face down on the
floor. There's a lot of blood in
there.

FORD
Poo-yee-yi. That stinks!

Ford covers his nose.

FORD (CONT'D)
Goddamn.

The detectives put on latex gloves and slip cloth booties
over their shoes.

Bryon slips a face mask on. Hands one to Ford. Ford waves it
away.

Bryon takes his off. Grimaces.

Inside --

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

A FORENSICS TEAM has set up powerful fluorescent lights.
Bringing the sad, squalid apartment to vivid life.

DETECTIVES and CSI look for clues, fingerprints, DNA
evidence, etc...

Ford scans the apartment.

Notices --

Bath towels over the windows. A half-eaten onion and
mayonnaise sandwich on the cheap linoleum floor. NASCAR
paraphernalia. Blood splattered everywhere: walls, ceiling,
rug. And in the middle of it all --

The body.

Lying face down, against the stained sofa. Gut spilling out of a too-tight shirt. A faded tattoo on his arm. His hair thin, greasy, almost completely gray.

FORD
How long has he been lying there?

The MEDICAL EXAMINER answers.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Four or five days.

FORD
Any indication of a struggle or forced entry?

BRYON
No defensive wounds. But the front window is broken, and there is blood.

FORD
Good. That's good. That could be a break.

Ford looks at the body.

FORD (CONT'D)
We have a name?

Bryon hands Ford a cheap nylon wallet. He stares at the license.

FORD (CONT'D)
Vincent Broussard. Sixty-four.

Ford bends down.

FORD (CONT'D)
Lord, that's a lot of blood.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Thick, heavy, aerated blood. Look at the splatter. I think he fell here, and then either crawled over to the couch or was dragged.

FORD
All right. Roll him.

The examiner turns the body.

BRYON
Ewww.

Flies have found the wound. The examiner brushes them away.
Gets to work.

FORD
What are we looking at?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Blunt-force trauma. Skull fracture.
Left side. A big one. Multiple
pieces.

He pokes at the wound with a long swab.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)
This happened up close and
personal.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - LATER

A series of camera flashes.

Evidence cones. CSI opening drawers. Photographing closets.
Lifting prints.

Another detective, LORITA GUILLORY (thirty-five, African
American), turns on the victim's computer monitor.

Lo is sharp. Dressed in designer clothes, hair done. Make-up
meticulous.

The monitor hums to life.

Sending a surge of electricity through a thin layer of liquid
crystals, illuminating tens of thousands of brightly colored
pixels, which align themselves to form the high-resolution
image of --

An EXTREMELY LARGE WOMAN'S ASS. Seventy-six inches of flesh,
wrapped in satin and tattooed for your viewing pleasure.

LO
Keeyaw!

She laughs.

LO (CONT'D)
Lord have mercy.

Another detective looks up, laughs. Continues rifling through
the victim's desk drawers. Finds bills, tax records,
receipts.

The center drawer is locked. He works at opening it with a pick.

FORD

Do we have his phone? I want those numbers.

Bryon holds up an ancient Nokia.

BRYON

Four missed calls, all from his work.

Near the couch, a CSI OFFICER shouts.

CSI

I got something here.

He retrieves an almost full BOTTLE OF JOHNNY WALKER RED from behind the couch.

BLOOD on the label. Ford takes a closer look.

Sees HAIR MATTED in the blood.

FORD

Could this be our weapon?

The MEDICAL EXAMINER nods. Feels its weight.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It'd do.

Ford scans the room. Sees a row of liquor bottles. Toppled on the sideboard.

FORD

That's a weapon of opportunity. I don't think this was planned.

LO

Lieutenant! Look at this...

Ford walks over to the desk. The locked drawer is open.

Lo pulls out a gray .40 Smith and Wesson, a jar of Vaseline, ammo, some prescription drugs, Percodan, Viagra, and a stack of Polaroids.

About thirty pictures. Ford scans through them.

LO (CONT'D)

The man liked bootie. Big-ass bootie.

Each photo is of a different woman. With similar attributes.
All impressive. Photographed inside the apartment.

LO (CONT'D)
Bootie, bootie, bootie...

Ford tosses the photos back into the drawer. Closes it.

LO (CONT'D)
Why's it always me?

As he does --

The drawer offers resistance. Sticks. He tries it a few more times.

LO (CONT'D)
Porn stash, sex toys, panty
collection...

Ford feels underneath the drawer. Pulls out a BROWN PAPER BAG
taped to the underside of the wood. Hidden.

LO (CONT'D)
If it's perverted, scandalous, or
an affront to the most basic laws
of human decency... it's gonna be me
that finds it. Guaranteed. Jimmy
gets the murder weapon. I get a
drawer full of ass. Why do you
think that is?

Ford opens the bag.

FORD
You got a nose for it, Lo...

LO
What's that supposed to mean?

Ford smiles.

Inside is a single POLAROID.

FORD
You tell me.

Ford stares at the photograph. Brings it close to his eyes.

LO
More bootie?

FORD
No. It's a child's grave. Odile
Doucet.

We see the picture --

A HEADSTONE. In a rural cemetery. A small cross on a hill, a distinctly shaped cypress tree behind it. A church in the background.

EXT. COCODRIE, LA - DAY

A small outpost on the edge of the delta. Once a thriving commercial fishing village.

Now --

Half the houses are vacant. Shops boarded up.

At the end of a long street is Daniel's parents' house.

A simple white clapboard structure. Recently raised up onto twelve-foot stilts.

It looks bizarre. Several other homes are similarly elevated.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Daniel walks and talks with his father, BEN. Ben is in his seventies, weathered. Sturdy.

BEN
Leon had some oil men in yesterday,
drunk by noon, but they still
pulled in forty-five trout and
twenty-four reds.

DANIEL
What's he using these days?

BEN
Beetle spins.

DANIEL
Rien ne change.

BEN
For sure, for sure.

There is a brief lull in the conversation. They stop. Look out at the boats. The gray sky.

DANIEL

You give any more thought to
getting tested?

Ben does not want to be having this conversation. He stares
at a patch of dried blood on a rail, where someone chopped up
fish bait.

He waves flies away.

BEN

That's a question for your mother.
She has strong feelings.

DANIEL

She won't talk to me about it. Says
it depresses her.

BEN

Mais, can you blame her?

DANIEL

Dad, I need your help.

(beat)

Sarah died of a preventable
disease. It shows up in an amnio,
but we didn't check, we didn't
screen for it, because we didn't
know to look.

(beat)

I messed up, and it's killing me.

(Daniel tears up)

It's in me. The thing that killed
her, that caused her so much pain,
is in me, and I gave it to her...

Ben puts his arm around his son.

BEN

What do you need from me?

DANIEL

Get tested.

BEN

Why?

DANIEL

I want to find out where the
disease came from..

BEN

If you're looking for someone to
blame, then...

DANIEL
Nomi wants to have more kids.

BEN
Good.

DANIEL
I know it's the right thing to do,
but I can't. Not until I have some
closure on this.

Ben thinks for a beat.

BEN
I'm glad to hear you talking about
the future. Focus on that and...

Daniel pulls away. Upset.

DANIEL
You won't help me?

BEN
I don't see what good could come of
it.

DANIEL
We'd know.

BEN
You know.
(beat)
Is it helping you?

Daniel has no answer.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Inside, the home is tidy. Furnished with a nautical theme.
Lots of family photos.

Daniel enters from outside. Cuts through the living room,
heading down the hall.

Daniel's mother, NICOLE, is in the kitchen, cleaning the
already spotless counters and glass.

We see only her reflection, distorted, vague.

NICOLE
That you?

DANIEL
Hey, mom.

NICOLE
You staying for lunch?

DANIEL
I got to get back to town.

NICOLE
Okay, I'll pack you something.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Daniel is quietly going through the drawers of his parents' bathroom.

He finds what he's looking for. A pair of tweezers.

He uses them to remove a single strand of gray hair from his mother's wooden hairbrush.

He looks at it for a beat, then places the hair in a zip-lock bag and conceals the bag in his pocket.

EXT. TERREBONNE PARISH SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

A big, municipal building in downtown Houma. Oak trees on the lawn dripping with moss.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - DAY

Homicide has half a floor. Cubicles. Drop ceiling. Fluorescent lights. Lots of file boxes, stacked in corners.

A big "Geaux Tigers" flag.

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

We start close on a whiteboard that reads --

IT HAS BEEN **18**...

As --

The **18** is erased and replaced by a **0**

...DAYS SINCE OUR LAST HOMICIDE

We pull back, revealing Ford. Marker in hand.

CUT TO:

Bryon leading them through the morning brief --

BRYON

Broussard grew up in Dulac, born in '45. He was driving trucks for the past couple years.

FORD

Do we have a next of kin on him?
Anyone we can contact?

BRYON

Not yet.

He looks at his notes.

BRYON (CONT'D)

No children; parents are deceased.
He had a sister who died young.

FORD

How old?

BRYON

Six.

(beat)

He's been locked up a time or two.
Once for assault, once for contraband.

LO

Pot?

BRYON

Meth. He was selling at truck stops.

FORD

Anything from the pathologist or forensics?

BRYON

Not yet. But I think our best lead is the blood on the window. That's the perp's blood. I'll put money on that.

FORD

All right. Why don't you knock on a few doors. Might get lucky. I'll see what I can dig up in Dulac. A town that small, everybody knows everybody's business.

INT. BULL PEN - DAY

Lo is reading a police manual. "LOUISIANA HANDBOOK OF
STATUTORY CRIMINAL LAW AND PROCEDURES"

Studying for her sergeants test. Chewing gum.

Her cubicle filled with stuffed animals from Hallmark stores.
Family photos. "LOVE IS " cartoons.

Ford stands over her.

FORD
You gonna make me proud?

LO
That's the plan.

FORD
When's the test?

LO
Two weeks.

FORD
You need extra time. Tell me and
I'll pull you from this. Bryon
could use he practice.

Lo pulls a folder from the top drawer of her desk.

LO
I'm good. Thanks though.

Ford looks through the documents. Pulls out the Polaroid of
the grave site. Stares at it.

LO (CONT'D)
She died in 1984.

FORD
Cause of death?

LO
Malignant brain tumor. I looked up
the mother. Her name was Elise
Doucet.

FORD
Was?

LO
She died in '85. Committed suicide
a year after Odile's death.

FORD
What about the father?

LO
Nothing. No record. The only living
relative is Norma Doucet, Odile's
aunt. She's out in Lake Boudreaux.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Ford's Crown Vic --

Drifting down the causeway. Along the banks of the
Atchafalaya.

Heading south.

FORD (V.O.)
I'm gonna drive out there, see what
there is to see.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

Ford waits to cross the drawbridge. Open for a slow-moving
barge.

He gets out of his car. Looks at the water, dark and deep and
undisturbed.

The iron framework of the bridge reflected in the water's
surface.

Islands of willow and cypress trees.

A blue heron overhead.

CUT TO:

Ford --

Crossing the bridge. Leaving the suburbs behind.

Driving into the heart of the bayou.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY

A series of tracking shots take us through downtown New
Orleans.

We arrive at --

EXT. LSU CLINICAL SCIENCES RESEARCH BUILDING - DAY

A modern, all-glass office building.

INT. CLINICAL SCIENCES BLDG. - GERONTOLOGY - DAY

Daniel exits his office in the Gerontology Lab. He looks haggard. Unfocused.

He almost runs into Dr. SUTHERLAND (60's, Anemic) his department chair.

DR. SUTHERLAND
Daniel, I'm glad I caught you. Your voice-mail is still full.

Daniel is less glad to see Dr. Sutherland.

DR. SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)
You don't have to duck me. Really. No one expects you to attend, and just between us, I'm happy for the excuse to get out of town. Have you played Poipu Bay?

DANIEL
No.

DR. SUTHERLAND
I'm bringing my clubs.

Daniel nods. Makes for the door.

DR. SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)
But I do need you to review the abstract. Just focus on the paralogs RPL31A and RPL6B. Yuri can handle the rest, but this is why you're here. Make us look good. All right.

Daniel nods again and is out the door without a smile or a goodbye.

INT. HALL - DAY

On another floor of the same building, Daniel paces outside LSU's --

CENTER FOR ACADIAN GENETICS AND HEREDITARY HEALTH CARE

DR. ALAN THOENE exits. Early Forties. Wearing a lab coat. Glasses. He is slim and delicate with jet black hair.

He walks with Daniel to the elevator.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CLINICAL SCIENCES BLDG. - DAY

They speak in hushed tones. Conspiratorial.

DR. THOENE hands Daniel a manila folder.

DR. THOENE
Here you go...

DANIEL
Merci beaucoup.

Daniel tucks it under his arm. Produces an envelope from his pocket.

DR. THOENE
I can't do this again.

DANIEL
I know. I know.

Daniel holds the envelope out.

DR. THOENE
I could lose my funding.

DANIEL
I need this.

DR. THOENE
Quoi faire, Daniel?

DANIEL
How would you feel?

DR. THOENE
I can't imagine.

DANIEL
Then, don't judge me.

Dr. Thoene is silent.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Someone is lying to me. Either the
doctors or my family, and my
daughter is dead because of it.
(beat)
Help me.

Dr. Thoene takes the envelope. Not sure he is doing the right thing.

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENTS - DAY

A quick montage of:

Bryon --

Going door to door. Asking questions in Broussard's apartment complex. Notebook in hand. Looking uncomfortable.

Having no success.

THREE STONED TEENS -- shake their heads. Mock him.

An angry DOMINICAN MAN -- closes the door in his face.

A NINE-YEAR-OLD is home alone -- nose dripping, watching TV. Bryon takes his handkerchief, wipes the child's nose.

Bryon talks to MRS. CHARLES -- a seventy-year-old woman, in the doorway of her second-story apartment.

She is wearing a stained housecoat, missing teeth. Cigarette dangling.

Her voice gruff, several registers lower than Bryon's.

MRS. CHARLES

Nahh, I ain't never tangled with him. Kind of a shysty character, if you ask me.

BRYON

Sorry to bother you.

He steps away --

MRS. CHARLES

I did seen him arguing with this one dude.

Bryon turns back, interested.

BRYON

When was this?

MRS. CHARLES

Last week. Dude was like "I fuck you up." He was shoving him some. I thought they was gonna tussle, but nothing came of it in the end.

BRYON

Where was this?

Mrs. Charles holds out an arthritic, tobacco-stained finger.

MRS. CHARLES
In the lot. Right there.

She points to the parking lot.

MRS. CHARLES (CONT'D)
I could see 'em, like if I peek
out, see? I see a whole lot of
goings-on out my window. They don't
see me, but I see them. That's for
damn sure.

She demonstrates peeking from behind the blinds.

BRYON
Do you know his name?

MRS. CHARLES
No. I don't mess with no names.

BRYON
Can you describe him?

MRS. CHARLES
Dude was ole, but tough as a
mothafuck, ya know?

Bryon scribbles the description into his note book.

MRS. CHARLES (CONT'D)
Tattoos, bald, maybe 6'2 -- 6'4. I
can't say for certain. I seen him
around before, lots of times, the
three of them was always together.

BRYON
Three of them?

MRS. CHARLES
There was a little dude too. Skinny
ass peeshwank.

BRYON
Was he here that night? When the
argument transpired?

MRS. CHARLES
Trans-what?

BRYON
When they had the fight.

MRS. CHARLES
Nope. Just the big dude.

BRYON
Would you recognize his vehicle?

MRS. CHARLES
He drive a Mercury Cougar. Nice car. White with gold rims, but I don't know the plate number, so don't bother asking.

Bryon smiles.

EXT. NORMA DOUCET'S HOUSE - DAY

Dry thunder peels across the sky.

As --

Ford pulls into the dirt driveway of Norma Doucet's two-hundred-year-old shotgun house.

Painted the color of oyster shells. Tin roof purple with rust. Built up on stilts.

The house is isolated. Overlooking the bayou.

Ford climbs onto the tiny porch. Knocks.

There is no answer. He knocks harder.

Frustrated, he walks back to the car. Places a call.

We hear the phone ringing inside the house. See movement. Norma answers.

Ford can just make her out, peeking through the kitchen window. Staying low.

NORMA
What do you want?

FORD
Norma... My name's Lieutenant Ford.
I left a message for you this morning. Would you please come to the door?

She does not respond.

FORD (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you about your sister...

NORMA

I don't want anything to do with the police. Not after what you did to her.

FORD

Did? What did we do?

Norma closes the drapes in the kitchen.

NORMA

Leave me alone.

Slams the phone down.

Ford sighs. Notices something.

Just beyond the house is a gnarled cypress tree. Similar to the one in the photo of the grave. He pulls the photo from his pocket. Walks closer. A church and a small graveyard come into view.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Ford opens an old wooden gate, enters the graveyard.

EXT. NORMA DOUCET'S HOUSE - DAY

Norma steps onto her porch. Keeping an eye on Ford. Norma is in her sixties. Creole. Strong features. Clear and forthright in her bearing.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Ford inspects the headstones, looking for Odile's.

In the background we see Norma. Charging over. Upset.

Ford finds the girl's resting place. Compares it to the picture. Reads the inscription.

FORD

Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

Norma arrives at the gate, out of breath, eyes electric with anger.

NORMA

Leave her be!

Ford ignores her.

NORMA (CONT'D)
Where did you get that picture?

FORD
From Vincent Broussard. Did you know him?

NORMA
I hope he rots in hell.

FORD
It looks like he will.

Norma spits on the ground for emphasis.

NORMA
He dead?

FORD
Yeah.

NORMA
Good.

FORD
Is he Odile's father?

NORMA
Ha!

The question upsets her. She starts marching back to the house, in a huff.

NORMA (CONT'D)
Why don't you ask Comeau.

FORD
Who?

She mumbles under her breath.

NORMA
That coonass sheriff.

FORD
Phillip Comeau?

She turns back, scowls at the mention of the name.

NORMA
Mon christ, c'est complètement
fucked up!

She storms off, towards the house.

EXT. TRUCK YARD - DAY

Lo wears a knock-off Dior pantsuit. Heels. Her hair done. Two-inch nails, ruby red.

She is completely out of her element as she navigates through the parking lot of a large transportation company.

Eighteen-wheelers parked in rows. Lots of activity.

CLIFTON, a plump man in coveralls, guides her to Broussard's truck.

LO
Which one is his?

CLIFTON
Red one.

LO
Was Broussard beefing with any of
his coworkers?

CLIFTON
No. He pretty much kept to his-
self.

LO
Did he ever mention his family or
friends?

CLIFTON
I don't think he had none.

They reach a parked big rig. Clifton opens the cab, helps Lo climb in. Not an easy task in heels.

INT. BROUSSARD'S TRUCK - DAY

The truck is a mess. Clothes strewn around.

Lo finds --

An ancient and crusty coffee mug. A baseball bat. Three diamond-hard donut holes and a stack of thirty-seven pornographic magazines.

LO
Here we go again.

She opens one. Stares at it, in genuine shock.

LO (CONT'D)
Mon christ!

She shows the picture to Clifton.

LO (CONT'D)
Is that a goat?

He gives it thoughtful consideration.

CLIFTON
Nahh, that's a sheep.

INT. CSI - TERREBONNE SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Bryon paces in a small office.

BRYON
How does it look?

A CSI investigator sits at a cluttered metal desk. Covered with index cards. A light table, and a ten-year-old ACER computer.

She traces on one of the cards, a jeweler's loop to her eye.

CSI
Good. We got fifteen sets of latents. I have to run them against the control, then I'll input them and see what...

BRYON
Do we have a timetable?

The CSI investigator shoots him a look.

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

The Crown Vic cruises down a rural highway. Bisecting a thin strip of land.

Surrounded by endless wetlands. Still water, filled with cypress stumps and abandoned oil platforms.

Dreary. Haunting.

EXT. COMEAU'S HOUSE - DAY

Ford drives down a dead-end dirt road. Parks.

On foot, he follows a narrow path to a small newly constructed house. Fresh paint. Tin roof.

A peg board holds the carcasses of twenty freshly killed ducks.

PHILLIP COMEAU is dressed in camouflage. He's in his late sixties. With a mean, pinched face. Full beard. Lip stretched to accommodate a thick wad of chewing tobacco.

He finishes sharpening a hunting knife on his whetstone. White bony hands use the blade to slice open the belly of a large mallard.

He expertly guts the fowl, separating the heart and liver from the crop.

Putting the vitals on ice.

Ford approaches cautiously. His eyes picking up the proximity of Comeau's shotgun and the temperament of his BLACK LAB RETRIEVER.

FORD
Bonjour, sheriff.

Comeau does not look up.

COMEAU
The fuck you want?

FORD
I'm looking into the murder of a man called Broussard.

COMEAU
Unless he a mallard or bufflehead, you got the wrong man.

FORD
You know me, sheriff. I'm Lieutenant Ford from Terrebonne Parish, I used to work...

COMEAU
That don't mean I ain't gonna shoot you. Now get the fuck off my land.

Comeau wipes blood on his pants.

Makes a V with his fingers and puts them to his lips. Parting his beard to accommodate a torrent of deep-amber-colored spit, that hits the dirt with a THWACK, inches from Ford's shoes.

FORD
Tell me about Elise Doucet.

COMEAU
Half-nigger cunt.

Ford bristles. Becomes visibly upset. Comeau smiles.

FORD

Was she raped? Did Broussard rape her?

COMEAU

It was no fucking rape. That's for sure. She was spreading her legs for all of them all.

FORD

Who?

COMEAU

The three of them.

FORD

Who are you talking about?

COMEAU

The boys.

It's clear to Ford that in addition to being crusty and cantankerous, Comeau is also half senile.

FORD

Did she come to you? Did she file a complaint?

COMEAU

She never pressed no charges.

FORD

What did you do to her?

COMEAU

I showed her what to expect if she continued making reckless accusations. That's all.

Ford looks on. Disgusted.

FORD

Thank God you are retired.

Comeau cackles.

Whistles for his retriever. The dog trots over to the pegboard. Grabs another duck and drops it in COMEAU's lap.

Comeau sharpens his knife.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DUSK

The headstones. The sky red. Egrets perched on the backs of cattle in the field.

FORD (V.O.)
He's a disgrace. A vile excuse for
a human being.

INT. NORMA DOUCET'S HOUSE - DUSK

Norma and Ford sit on the deck. Comfortable. Smoking Lucky Strikes.

FORD
He's part of the reason I was
transferred to Terrebonne. I came
down here to help clean things up.
Restore some faith the department.

NORMA
Where your people from?

FORD
New Orleans, but I been in Houma
for twenty years now.

NORMA
We'll I'm glad to meet you.

Beat. Norma sizes him up.

NORMA (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

FORD
I look at Broussard's life, I see a
man who was haunted -- hidden away,
full of shame.
(beat)
If I want to understand what killed
him -- I need to know what he was
afraid of, that's why I'm here.

NORMA
You think he was afraid of me?

FORD
And Odile. This place.

Norma laughs.

NORMA
I didn't kill him if that's what
your getting at.

Ford shakes his head. That's not what he meant.

FORD
Did Broussard know that he was the
father?

NORMA
He denied it. His friends backed
him up.

FORD
What friends?

NORMA
Glen Falcon and Errol Lee Leger.

FORD
Leger?

NORMA
Scumbags from Dulac.
(beat)
They told everyone that she... They
said terrible things about my
sister. Untrue things.

Norma opens a can of Dr. Pepper and drinks it in silence.
Remembering.

NORMA (CONT'D)
Elise didn't leave the house for
months. But having Odile, it made
everything okay. She came back. She
was a good mother.
(beat)
When Odile passed, well...

FORD
What?

NORMA
Do you have children?

FORD
Yes.

NORMA
There's nothing so terrible as
losing a child.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Establishing. An attractive French quarter row house.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Daniel stands in the hall. Staring into Sarah's room. Bunk bed, toys, her paintings on the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel and Nomi sit at the table. Wine. Lovely dinner. Daniel stares at his food. Not hungry. Moves his shrimp around on the plate with his fork.

Nomi watches him. He's a million miles away. She puts her hand on his.

He draws back. Startled.

EXT. IDA'S BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

Ford pulls up to the drive-through window of a small rundown soul food-restaurant.

TAWNIE, a plump teen in a hair-net, smiles at seeing Ford.

FORD
Hey, Tawnie.

TAWNIE
Usual?

FORD
Yeah.

INT. IDA'S BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

Tawnie steps up to a stainless steel tray of fried trout.

The fish are whole. Heads intact. Soaking in half an inch of gelatinous fat. Their dead glassy eyes glowing orange from the warming lights.

She scoops three fish into a to-go box. Fills a large coke.

EXT. IDA'S BBQ PLACE - NIGHT

Ford pays. Motions for her to keep the change.

FORD

Thanks.

TAWNIE

Enjoy.

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford eats alone in the car. Pulled the side of the road. Engine idling. A local blues station playing quietly.

His mind drifts, as he eats. Chewing the meat from the bone. Until it is picked clean.

He stares down at the small, decimated carcass in his hand and puts the entire head in his mouth. Eyes and all. Bites down.

EXT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford is on his way up the stairs. Tired.

He stops just outside the door.

Notices --

A busted ground-floor window. Curtain billowing. A flower pot toppled.

He looks in through the window. It's dark inside.

INT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford enters. Cautious.

The house is quiet. Sparsely furnished. Very bachelor.

He steps into the living room. Sees movement in his periphery.

Spins. Hand on his holstered weapon.

Eva is on his couch. Sleeping. A half-empty bottle of vodka on the coffee table.

FORD

Eva!

She doesn't move. He walks over. Shakes her.

FORD (CONT'D)

Eva.

She does not respond.

Ford feels her forehead. Throws a blanket over her, adjusts her pillow.

He watches her sleep. Sad and broken and still so young.

As --

His phone rings. He speaks while cleaning the broken glass off the carpet.

FORD (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Lieutenant Ford.

BRYON
(over phone)
I did it.

FORD
What?

BRYON
While you were out mucking around
in the swamp, I solved your case.

FORD
You got a suspect.

BRYON
I do.

FORD
Which is it, Glen Falcon or Errol
Lee Leger?

BRYON
Damn it. How the hell do you do
that?

FORD
I'll be right down.

Ford hangs up. Carries the larger pieces of glass to the trash.

On the wall near the garbage is a picture of Eva. Five years old. On horseback. Beaming. Full of life.

He stares for a beat. Looks to the couch.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - ROLL CALL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is buzzing.

Full of sleep-deprived agents, fueled by Ripped Fuel and black-tar coffee.

Bryon passes around a mug shot.

BRYON
Errol Lee Leger.

Bryon pronounces "Leger" with a hard "G" instead of the Cajun inflected "Lay-jez."

The group chuckles.

BRYON (CONT'D)
What?

LO
You still talk like a Texian.

BRYON
I'm not from Texas. Okay? I'm from Phoenix. It's actually a major metropolitan area. I'm surprised none of you have heard of it.

This is an ongoing joke. Ford focuses them.

FORD
What do we have? Why am I not at home?

BRYON
Three sets of prints from the crime scene, and an eyewitness who will testify that Leger threatened the victim's life the night before the murder.

FORD
He have priors?

BRYON
I shit you not, he has a thirty-eight-page rap sheet.

LO
He's a frequent flyer with the criminal justice system.

BRYON
Seven felonies... Aggravated robbery and assault, felonious assault, drug paraphernalia, theft, weapons charges, battery.

FORD
Good enough for me. Let's talk to
him. You have an address?

Bryon nods.

Ford picks up a phone. Hits speed-dial.

FORD (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, force, this is Lieutenant Ford
at homicide, let me speak to senior
dispatch...

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford drives. Bryon rides shotgun.

Over the police radio we hear the dispatch sergeant.

DISPATCH
(over radio)
White male, tattoos on both arms,
neck, back, and chest. There's a
good chance he's armed, so be
careful out there...

Bryon seems pumped and ready. Ford takes a Lucky Strike.
Lights it.

BRYON
Would you mind?

FORD
What's that?

Bryon rolls down his window. Waves the smoke out.

BRYON
Just not... You know...

FORD
No, I don't know.

Ford takes a drag.

BRYON
Would you mind not smoking? Just...
while we're in the car.

Ford looks at the coiling blue smoke. Smiles.

FORD
I think Lo's right.

BRYON

What?

FORD

All Texians are pussies.

Bryon rolls his eyes. Ford laughs. Takes another drag.

Grabs his radio.

FORD (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Once you hit the corner of Dumaine
and 64th, our target's the second
house on the north side. Let's make
sure we get eyes on the back 10:18.

BRYON

There it is.

Bryon points to a grungy, two-story apartment building. Faded pink stucco. Bars on the windows.

EXT. LEGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They park across the street. In the shadows.

Scan the area.

Bryon notices a MAN lifting weights in the car park on the side of the building.

BRYON

That him?

FORD

I can't see.

The man is wearing a black wool cap. Shirt off. Lots of tattoos. Caucasian.

BRYON

I think that's him. I'm gonna check
it out.

FORD

Wait for backup.

BRYON

I got it.

Bryon exits the car. Crosses the street.

EXT. CARPORT - NIGHT

Bryon pulls out his badge as he approaches.

BRYON

Excuse me, can I have a word with...

The man looks up. Drops his barbell and sprints away. Tossing something small into the bushes, and charging across the lot. Full speed.

Bryon pursues.

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford guns the engine. Peels out.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The man is fast.

He hoofs it down an alley. Enters a burned-out church through a broken window.

Bryon stays on him. Winded. Intent.

INT. BURNED-OUT CHURCH - NIGHT

They race through an enormous chamber, cavernous and dark.

Littered with boxes, overturned furniture. Papers.

Dark pools of water cover the floor. Scaffolding keeping the roof up.

The man disappears into the shadows.

Bryon draws his service revolver. Breathing heavily. Listening. Waiting for his eyes to adjust.

A door slams across the room.

EXT. FRONT OF BURNED-OUT CHURCH - NIGHT

Bryon runs out onto the sidewalk. He sees --

The man.

Bleeding from his nose. Laid out on his back.

Ford stands over him. Massaging the knuckles on his right fist. The Crown Vic, pulled up over the curb.

FORD
It's not him.

BRYON
What?

Bryon gets a closer look. The man is too young, by twenty years.

BRYON (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Why did you run from me?

The man shrugs. Sits up. Holding his ruined nose.

MAN
I was just running.

BRYON
For your health?

MAN
Yeah, that's it.

Bryon and Ford share a laugh. Ford shakes his head.

FORD
Shit.

BRYON
He's trying to stay fit.

EXT. LEGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The detectives and six members of the "CRIMINAL APPREHENSION TEAM" hustle up the stairs.

The team is all in black. Fully geared up. Bulletproof vests. Assault rifles. Ski masks.

BRYON
We just gonna knock?

FORD
I think we lost the element of surprise.

BRYON
All right. Let's do this.

A team member bangs on the front door.

Nothing.

Ford calls out.

FORD
Parish Homicide. We need you to
come to the door.

A light comes on inside.

BRYON
There's movement.

Shadows shift under the door. They knock again.

The knob turns.

They stand ready. Guns aimed.

As --

A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL opens the door. Sleepy. Scared. In Winnie
the Pooh pajamas.

The apprehension team stands down. Looking slightly
ridiculous.

Ford crouches down.

FORD
Hey, sweetie. I'm sorry to wake
you. Can we talk to you for a
second?

GIRL
What you want?

FORD
I'm Lieutenant Ford. Is your mama
home?

GIRL
No, nobody's here.

FORD
Who lives with you besides your
mama?

GIRL
Her boyfriend.

FORD
What's his name?

GIRL
Errol.

Ford shows her the mug shot.

FORD
Is that him? Does he look like
that?

GIRL
That's him.

FORD
Where is he at?

GIRL
He went to the races.

FORD
Do you know when he'll be back?

She shakes her head.

EXT. BAYOU CANE SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

A smashed-up and glued-together MUSTANG comes tearing around turn two, and hits the straightaway at 110 mph. Followed by thirty other muscle cars. Hand painted with racing stripes.

The sound is thunderous. Deafening.

The crowd eats it up. Five hundred people sitting on aluminum bleachers, guzzling beer from plastic cups.

They're here every Saturday for the OUTLAW MODIFIED RACES. Farm-league NASCAR.

The cars are sponsored by the local towing yard, hardware store, car dealership.

EXT. BAYOU CANE SPEEDWAY - PIT - NIGHT

The drivers' trailers are parked in a large lot behind the track. Lit with flood lights.

It's a festive atmosphere. Barbecues, country music, mechanics working, and kids getting autographs.

A DRIVER, middle-aged. Goateed. Wearing a dirty jumpsuit. Looks at his engine in dismay.

ERROL LEE LEGER shoulds his way through the crowd.

He's half a head taller than anyone else. Bald. Cut. Covered in tattoos. Intimidating as fuck. Even in his fifties.

Leger steps up to the Driver. Violent and predatory. Yells something we can't hear over the music and the ambient roar from the track.

The Driver puts up his hands -- doesn't want any trouble.

Another MAN steps up to diffuse the situation, he's two hundred pounds, with a ponytail and a biker beard.

He puts his hand on Leger's shoulder.

Leger -- slams him in the throat. Ponytail Man goes down. Hard.

Errol grabs a wrench off the car -- and attacks the Driver. Pummeling him.

Six or seven guys and two women rush in to pull him off.

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford cuts through traffic. On the radio.

FORD
Did you get the description and the photo?

PATROL OFFICER
Yeah, I got it. You want to hear something funny?

Ford has no patience.

FORD
No. I want you to find this guy, and keep eyes on him until we get there.

PATROL OFFICER
But that's what's funny.

EXT. BAYOU CANE SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

A police cruiser is parked in the lot. Lights flashing. The PATROL OFFICER stands next to the car. On the radio.

PATROL OFFICER
He's already in custody.

FORD
What?

The camera pans over to the back of the car. Leger in back.

PATROL OFFICER
I got him in the back of my car, in cuffs, just waiting to be booked.

FORD
What for?

PATROL OFFICER
Aggravated assault and assault with a deadly weapon. He jumped one of the drivers.

FORD
Sounds like our guy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The interrogation room is tiny. Four white walls. A wood-laminate table and three straight-backed chairs.

Leger sits. Arms crossed over his chest. Defiant. An unlit cigarette behind his ear.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Ford, Bryon and Lo watch Leger on the CCTV in grainy black-and-white.

BRYON
Guy's got some attitude.

FORD
Let's get a DNA sample. Mouth swab. See if we can match it to the blood on the window.

Lo nods, makes a call.

Ford and Bryon head for the interrogation room.

BRYON
I can't wait to see what he has to say for himself.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

They barge in. Leger stares them down.

FORD
You know why you're here?

LEGER
He deserved to be beat, after the way he drove...

BRYON
This is the homicide unit.

LEGER
He die? Merde.

BRYON
Not him.

FORD
What can you tell us about your
friend Broussard?

LEGER
He likes romantic movies, long
walks on the beach, and sucking
cock.

BRYON
Don't bullshit us. You bullshit us,
that's when the roller coaster gets
bumpy.

Ford shoots Bryon a confused look.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lo watches with another OFFICER.

LO
What did he just say?

OFFICER
I think he said -- That's when the...

He can't finish. He's laughing. Lo is laughing too.

LO
That's when the roller coaster gets
bumpy... oooh my, my my.

They laugh even harder.

LO (CONT'D)
That's a new one.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

FORD
This is a capital murder case. You
don't want to fuck around.

BRYON
Where were you Saturday night?

LEGER
How is she doing down there?

BRYON
She?

LEGER
Your cunt.

Ford has had enough. He stands to leave.

LEGER (CONT'D)
Wait, wait... Broussard's dead?

FORD
That's right.

Leger holds out his cigarette. Ford lights it and one for himself. Sits back down.

Smoke filling the small, poorly ventilated room.

Bryon coughs. Waves his hand.

LEGER
How was he killed?

FORD
A blow to the head.

LEGER
With a hammer?

BRYON
No.

FORD
Where's Glen?

LEGER
Glen?

FORD
Your friend.

LEGER
Why are you asking about Glen?

Bryon seems confused. Not sure where Ford is going with this line of questioning.

FORD
He's missing. His parole officer
lost touch with him six months ago.

LEGER

What should I know about it?

Bryon tries to refocus the questioning.

BRYON

Let's get back to Saturday. Where were you starting at six pm? Take me through the evening.

LEGER

Okay. Six p.m.?

BRYON

That's right.

LEGER

Let me think. At six I was fucking the cheapest junkie whore in the parish.

(beat, he stares at Ford)

His daughter.

(turns to Bryon)

Have you seen Eva's pussy? Pink as a pig's.

It's too much for Ford. He stands. Throws his chair against the wall -- just missing Leger. Storms out.

Bryon follows him.

Leger grins.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

As Ford and Bryon step into the hall, two CSI technicians enter the interrogation room. Wearing medical coats.

BRYON

That was out of line.

FORD

Don't say one word. Don't talk about it. Fuck.

Ford walks over to the small work kitchen.

Grabs two packs of super-sized Hostess cupcakes. Inhales them in seconds.

Bryon watches in amazement.

FORD (CONT'D)

What?

BRYON
That's just... a staggering amount of
trans fat for your body to process
all at once.

FORD
I skipped dinner.

Bryon nods. Has the good sense to move on.

BRYON
What's your position on this guy?

FORD
He didn't do it.

Bryon is surprised. His body language suggests that he
doesn't agree.

BRYON
He's a homicidal maniac.

Ford shrugs.

Lo sticks her artfully coiffed head into the hall.

LO
He wants to talk.

Ford nods. Returns to the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The CSI technicians finish scraping the inside of Leger's
cheek with a long swab. Clear out as Ford and Bryon sit back
down.

FORD
What do you want?

LEGER
I'll tell you everything I know, if
you can get me out of here. I don't
want to go back to jail. Not for
this nonsense.

FORD
Who do you think you are, Nelson
Mandela? Why would I want to help
you?

LEGER

You got a murder on your hands, and
if I'm your best lead, then that
means you ain't got shit. Let's
work something out. Can you get me
out of this?

Ford looks up at the Camera.

FORD

Stop recording.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

The officer turns to Lo.

OFFICER

Should I?

Lo laughs.

LO

No. He just playing.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ford leans in to Leger. Serious.

FORD

You cooperate, I'll have you out of
here tonight.

LEGER

Can I get that in writing?

FORD

You have my word.

Bryon shakes his head.

LEGER

What do you want to know?

FORD

Broussard raped a woman back in...

LEGER

That was no fucking rape!

FORD

What was it?

LEGER

Her husband was a lousy lay.
Wouldn't fuck her in the ass, so
she ran out on him. She was a kinky
bitch. That's all that was.

FORD

Husband?

LEGER

Yeah, he worked out on the rig.
Exxon. Was gone for weeks at a
time.

FORD

What was her name? The girl's name?

LEGER

I can't remember, but she lived out
in Cocodrie. Broussard's age. Nice
tits, smallish but with perky
nipples. Glen was in on it. He took
the videos.

FORD

What videos?

LEGER

Look, that's all I know. Until you
help me.

FORD

What about the girl up in Lake
Boudreaux? Elise Doucet?

LEGER

I don't know that name.

FORD

Comeau says you do.

LEGER

Comeau also says he can suck his
own dick, but that doesn't make it
true.

Ford gets up to leave.

LEGER (CONT'D)

You gonna get me off on these
charges?

FORD
No. I like the idea of you in jail.
It's comforting.

Leger stands. Full of rage.

LEGER
You promised me.

FORD
And you promised your mother you'd
be a good boy.

He slams the door on his way out.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Leger charges for the door. Beats his fists against the wood.
Screaming. Spit flying.

LEGER
Don't you cross me!

We see Leger through a small plexi-glass window. Red faced.
Shaking with rage and murderous intent.

LEGER (CONT'D)
I'm coming for you!

He is terrifying. A force of nature.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Early morning in New Orleans. The streets are quiet.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Nomi wakes, alone. She turns to Daniel's side of the bed. It
does not look slept in.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING

Daniel works at his computer. Deep circles under his eyes.

Searching through genealogy charts. Medical records.

His expression grim and determined.

Nomi watches him from the doorway.

NOMI
Did you sleep?

DANIEL

Not yet.

NOMI

I'm worried about you.

She approaches. Daniel shuts off the monitor to keep her from seeing his work.

DANIEL

What do you want me to say? That I'm okay? I'm not.

NOMI

No. I know.

(beat)

You're my rock, Daniel. You've always been there for me. Through everything. Steady and secure. And...

(beat)

Seeing you like this scares me.

DANIEL

You act like I have a choice, like I'm miserable on purpose...

NOMI

That's not true.

DANIEL

I'm not going to let this go. I can't start building a new life until -- until I understand what happened to Sarah.

NOMI

How can I help?

DANIEL

Explain to me, why she's dead.

(he points to his desk,
the papers)

Because what the doctor's told us doesn't make any fucking sense.

NOMI

I don't think it's supposed to make sense. I don't think...

DANIEL

That's easy for you to say. Nobody is pointing their finger at you.

NOMI
(talking over him)
Stop, Daniel. Stop. Don't make...

DANIEL
No. You know what?...
(beat)
Fuck all you're self help bullshit
and your concerned looks, and your
incessant whining about healing and
putting "THIS" behind us.
(he stands)
Sarah is dead.
(beat)
And I'm not going to sleep, or eat,
or go see your fucking shrink so he
can lecture me on how to grieve
until I figure out how this
happened. They are lying to us, and
it's like you don't even give a
shit.

Nomi doesn't know what to say. Her eyes well.

EXT. FORD'S CONDO - MORNING

A light rain falls.

As --

Ford stumbles up the steps to his house. Unlocks the front door.

INT. FORD'S CONDO - MORNING

He enters and is immediately surprised by the smell of freshly brewed coffee.

Ford finds Eva in the kitchen making breakfast.

Wearing one of his shirts.

EVA
You just getting home? I thought
you were in bed.

FORD
I wish.

EVA
When do you sleep?

FORD
I'm going to catch a power nap, go
back in an hour.

Eva piles up a plate with thumb-sized clumps of cooked,
browned corn meal, eggs, and bacon. Hands it to Ford.

FORD (CONT'D)
For me?

He sits at the counter.

FORD (CONT'D)
Thanks.

She pours him a cup of coffee.

FORD (CONT'D)
Who taught you to make couche-
couche?

EVA
Mama. She told me it was your
favorite...

Ford pours half a cup of cane syrup over the plate, before
eating hungrily.

FORD
How is she?

EVA
We're not talking.

FORD
Back to that?

EVA
Thanksgiving was fucking evil.
Apparently I'm a bad influence on
her perfect little cheerleader
brats.

Ford nods. Been there.

FORD
That's too bad.

EVA
Don't lie. You like it when we're
fighting. It makes you the lesser
of two evils.

FORD

That's not true. I think it's a shame. That she can't see you for who you are. She's missing out.

Eva is embarrassed. She changes the subject quickly.

EVA

I'm sorry about the window. I lost my key.

Ford keeps his head down. Says nothing.

EVA (CONT'D)

It was raining.

Ford looks through his mail. Lights a cigarette.

EVA (CONT'D)

Can I stay with you?

Ford doesn't answer.

EVA (CONT'D)

Just until I find a new place?

The silence is tense. Ford looks conflicted. Eva grabs his cigarette. Takes a drag.

EVA (CONT'D)

Can I stay?

Ford nods. Not totally convincing.

FORD

As long as you want. You know that.

Eva sits across from him. Drinks some coffee.

EVA

Catch any bad guys?

FORD

Errol Leger said to say hello.

EVA

Errol?

FORD

The scum I deal with sometimes mention your name. It's their way of getting to me.

EVA
Does it work?

EXT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DULAC - DAY

The Crown Vic drives through a backward clinging parish in rural Louisiana.

Pulls up to a tiny shack, dirt lawn, laundry hung out to dry on the chain-link fence.

The wind blowing in the cane behind the house.

Ford, Lo, and Bryon exit the car.

BRYON
What are we doing here?

FORD
Following leads. I want to know what Glen can tell us, and I want to find this other woman. The one from Cocodrie.

BRYON
But why? It seems to me that...

FORD
Just let me ask the questions.

EXT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DULAC - DAY

They stand on the porch.

FORD
(shouting)
I'm Lieutenant Ford, from Terrebonne Parish.

MRS. FALCON, an elderly woman in a housecoat, regards them quizzically from behind the screen door.

MRS. FALCON
I'm blind, not deaf.

Ford smiles.

FORD
Sorry. I wanted to have a word with you...

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - LAKE BOUDREAU - DAY

They sit squeezed on a couch. Too small for two adults, much less three.

Glen's mother faces them, squinting through gray, cataract-covered eyes. Her face crisscrossed with the parchment lines of a chronic smoker.

The small room is filled with collectible porcelain dolls.

Inexplicably there is a framed poster of Jan-Michael Vincent on the wall.

FORD

We're here about your son, Glen.

MRS. FALCON

Have you found him then?

FORD

No, but a friend of his was murdered recently: Broussard.

MRS. FALCON

I wouldn't know about that.

Ford shrugs.

Mrs. Falcon seems distracted. Several things on her mind at once.

MRS. FALCON (CONT'D)

You got any cigarettes?

Ford gives her one, takes one for himself.

MRS. FALCON (CONT'D)

I would like to say this, smoking is bad, but going up on the cost of them is worse, because people can't afford them, but they still need them. So then they have to do without on other things. If they're on a fixed income like I am. It's not good.

Ford nods. Sympathetic.

FORD

When was the last time you saw Glen?

MRS. FALCON
Six months ago. He stole money from
my purse. And cigarettes.

She flicks ashes into a small tin tray. Her gaze focused on nothing.

FORD
Did Glen have a video camera?

MRS. FALCON
Yes, sir. He was always doing those
videos. I couldn't see no purpose
to it.

FORD
Would you mind if we took a look
around in his room?

MRS. FALCON
Go on ahead.

INT. GLEN'S HOUSE - GLEN'S ROOM - DAY

Lo and Bryon search Glen's room. Ford stands in the doorway,
chatting with Mrs. Falcon.

MRS. FALCON
You work for the parish?

FORD
I do.

MRS. FALCON
Well, I'm not blaming you, but I
think that the parish is behind it.
Going up on the price of them.
I mean, we will all die one day and
it will not matter if you did smoke
or if you didn't smoke. Broussard
smoked. But it weren't no
cigarettes that killed him.

FORD
True enough.

Bryon turns to Lo. Speaking quietly.

BRYON
The woman who ID'd Leger, said
there was a third man, she
described him as...
(he checks his notes)
A peeshwank. What does that mean?

LO
Means he short.

Lo holds up a prom picture. Glen's date towers above him.

LO (CONT'D)
Check it out. Glen is a little
dude. Sounds like him.

Bryon nods.

MRS. FALCON
If smoking is so bad, then why
don't they stop selling them? I
think you know why and I know why..
(beat)
They want the money. They're after
my social security.

LO
Hey, Lieutenant!

Lo has Glen's footlocker open. It's filled with hundreds of
hand-labeled videotapes.

Ford interrupts Mrs. Falcon's rant.

FORD
I'd like to look through these
tapes. Take them down to the
station. Would that be all right?

MRS. FALCON
I guess so.
(beat, she thinks)
He asked for 'em once, but I told
him to go to hell, 'cause he wasn't
the Sheriff no more and it didn't
seem right.

FORD
Who did?

MRS. FALCON
Comeau.

FORD
Comeau wanted Glen's tapes?

MRS. FALCON
Yes, sir. I told him to go to hell.
That there weren't no tapes, and if
he didn't believe me, to come back
with a warrant.

(MORE)

MRS. FALCON (CONT'D)
(beat)
The whole business stank.

EXT. GLEN'S HOUSE - DULAC - DAY

Bryon loads the locker into the back of Ford's car.

Mrs. Falcon calls from the porch.

MRS. FALCON
Do you think you'll find my boy?

Ford nods.

FORD
I aim to.

EXT. FRENCH MARKET - DAY

Daniel and Dr. Thoene sit at a small table, in a bustling outdoor market.

Daniel opens an envelope. Inside he finds a list of names, typed on University letterhead.

DR. THOENE
It's not comprehensive.

DANIEL
How many?

DR. THOENE
There are five candidates.

DANIEL
All carriers?

DR. THOENE
Yes.

DANIEL
How do I narrow it down?

Thoene shrugs.

THOENE
This is as close as I can get you with the information I have. The rest is up to you.

EXT. T-BOY'S BOUDIN AND CRACKLIN - DAY

Ford's Crown Vic parks in the gravel lot of --

A family-run slaughterhouse, sausage factory, restaurant, and bait shop.

INT. T-BOY'S BOUDIN AND CRACKLIN - DAY

Lo, Ford, and Bryon line up at a cafeteria-style buffet. T-BOY, the proprietor and chef, stands behind the counter. He's in his forties, as wide as he is tall.

Ford positively beams.

FORD

Oh, yes!

LO

My, my, I been looking forward to this. How you been, T-Boy.

T-BOY

Everything copacetic, and you?

LO

Can't complain none, cher.

Bryon eyes the food on the warming plates. Infinitely suspicious.

Five kinds of homemade sausage, cracklin, fried oysters, dirty rice and crawfish.

T-BOY

All right, whatchyall having?

BRYON

Is there anything vegetarian?

T-Boy, Lo, and Ford laugh.

T-BOY

No guacamole bullshit here.

T-Boy turns to Lo.

T-BOY (CONT'D)

What you doing with a Texian?

EXT. T-BOY'S BOUDIN AND CRACKLIN - PATIO - DAY

They are at a table on the deck, overlooking the bayou.

Ford and Lo are tucking into overflowing, artery-clogging, heart-stopping plates of homemade blood sausage and fried pig skin.

FORD
How's your lunch?

Bryon smiles. Four packs of stale saltines and a Styrofoam cup of water in front of him.

Lo licks her fingers. Opens a manila folder.

LO
Nothing too exciting from the autopsy.

She scans through the paperwork --

LO (CONT'D)
...blow to the head with a heavy object, blah, blah, blah... cracked skull, hit an artery, hemorrhaging...

Bryon watches them eat. Crawfish juices run down their arms. Crunching the heads, eating the blood sausage with their hands.

He's completely revolted. Does his best to hide it.

LO (CONT'D)
Here's something, they found a benign tumor in Broussard's brain.

FORD
Odile died from a tumor.

LO
That's right.

T-Boy comes out holding a small whiteboard.

T-BOY
Hey, look at this... I got a new special in honor of your friend.

The board reads --

WED: VEGETARIAN SPECIAL - VEGETARIANS EAT FOR FREE

They laugh.

Ford all of a sudden -- looks off. Expression blank.

FORD

Yep!

He nods.

BRYON

What is it?

FORD

What?

LO

You just said yep.

FORD

No, I didn't.

LO

Oh.

BRYON

What are you thinking?

FORD

We need to establish if Odile was
Broussard's daughter.

BRYON

Why? What does that get us?

FORD

Clarity.

Ford gets up to make a phone call. Bryon turns to Lo.

BRYON

Is he joking?

LO

No.

BRYON

Clarity?

LO

Just go with the flow. He'll get us
there. I guarantee it.

Bryon shakes his head.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A hydraulic digger rumbles next to the grave, spewing out clouds of black smoke and filling the air with the stench of oil.

Ford and half a dozen grim-faced onlookers stand in the rain.

The gravestone has been removed and laid on the pathway.

Ford squints against the rain and signals for the OPERATOR to commence.

The bucket rises into the air and plunges deep into the porous soil.

FORD
Careful now!

As --

Norma Doucet comes charging over. Screaming.

NORMA
Body snatchers! Grave robbers!

FORD
Keep her back.

Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS block Norma's path. She tries to fight them off in a frenzy of rage. They hold her arms and restrain her.

NORMA
I'll never forgive you for this!
Never!

FORD
I understand, but I have a murder...

NORMA
Are you going to let that monster
torment us from beyond the grave?

Norma watches as the digger tears up thirty-year-old wounds.

NORMA (CONT'D)
Don't you see what you're doing?

She winces with each thrust of the bucket. The pile of soil steadily growing.

NORMA (CONT'D)
You're no better than Comeau. I
should never have spoken to you.
Never!

A hollow clunk is HEARD from inside the grave. Ford steps closer.

FORD
Hold it!

The operator throws up his hands. Lets the digger idle.
Through the rain Ford sees the faint outline of the coffin.

CUT TO:

It is later --

The small coffin is loaded into the back of a white van.

Norma watches solemnly. The church's PASTOR at her side.

Ford walks to his car, pauses, sees a faint figure at the edge of the churchyard.

A MAN. Watching him.

Ford walks over. The man runs. Ford gives chase on foot.

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

The church backs up to the bayou. Ford follows the path of the man, into the dense foliage.

Rain pouring down in sheets through trees. He steps through the brackish water, up to his knees, scanning.

Sensing motion, Ford draws his sidearm.

Twenty yards away, he sees a shallow aluminum boat, run aground.

He steps toward it. Cautious.

As --

A wooden OAR swings into frame -- clipping the back of his head awkwardly and knocking him face first into the muck.

Ford surfaces -- gasping -- vision blurry -- holding his head.

He turns to see the boat's small outboard engine kicking up a spray of water and disappearing into the swamp.

INT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford enters. Notices laundry on the floor. Dirty dishes from breakfast left out on the counter.

He sighs.

Eva is on the couch in the living room. TV blasting. Watching a rerun of *The Tick*.

EVA
You home for the evening. I didn't
think you'd be back.

Eva doesn't bother getting up. She's extra pale, her eyes seem strangely dilated.

Ford rubs his chest, reflexively.

EVA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

FORD
I get a little pain. I think it's
my mattress.

EVA
When was the last time you had a
physical?

FORD
What?

EVA
Do you even know what your blood
pressure is?

FORD
I'm fine.

EVA
You smoke like a chimney, you never
exercise, you live on junk food,
and then you give me shit for what
I do to my body. That's fucked up.

Ford heads for the kitchen.

FORD
I'm just going to change. I have to
go back in.

Eva notices his wet, mud-caked clothes.

EVA
What were you doing?

FORD
Digging.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ford eats a couple of HOSTESS CUPCAKES. Sees a roll of aluminum foil on the counter. The utility drawer open.

His expression turns grim.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ford washes the cut on the back of his head with rubbing alcohol.

Notices a BIC LIGHTER on the bathroom counter. He kneels down, empties the wastepaper basket.

Finds a plastic straw and a scrap of tinfoil coated with a burned sticky brown residue.

He rubs a small amount on his finger. Tastes it. Sighs.

CUT TO:

Ford looks through his drawers. Finds an expensive antique watch.

CUT TO:

Ford looks for and finds a spare service revolver in a safe by his bed.

CUT TO:

He checks the DVD player and TV in his bedroom.

CUT TO:

Finds his laptop intact in the office.

CUT TO:

Ford storms into the TV room. Working hard to keep his anger in check. Holding the scrap of foil.

FORD
I have one rule, if you are going
to stay here.

He shows her the foil.

EVA
Fuck. What? Am I under arrest?

FORD
Eva, where is my camera?

EVA
Don't you have real criminals to catch?

FORD
Did you take it?

Eva stands. Upset. Shaky.

She grabs her backpack by the front door. Fishes through it.

EVA
I'm out of here. If you don't want me here, I wish you had the balls to say it. Instead of accusing me of this bullshit.

FORD
That's not what I'm saying.

EVA
You have no right to judge me, like you live some perfect life.

Eva finds what she's looking for.

FORD
Eva, please.

Eva hands Ford a PAWN TICKET.

EVA
Here! I didn't steal it! I was going to get it back. You never even use it. Are you happy?

FORD
Wait!

She storms out of the house. Slamming the door behind her.

FORD (CONT'D)
You're not wearing any shoes.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel pulls up in front of his house. Forlorn. Sits in the driveway. Staring at nothing.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nomi is at the table. Packed suitcase by her feet.

The house feels empty. Cold.

Daniel enters. Sees the luggage.

DANIEL

What's this?

Nomi takes a deep breath and takes Daniel's hand. She leads him to the couch.

He follows. Reluctant. Guarded. Sits half a foot from her.

NOMI

I'm not going to pretend that I
know how to get through this...

(beat)

I don't think there is any right
way, and I don't think you are
doing anything wrong, but I need to
feel some hope.

(beat)

I need you. I need us.

Daniel sighs. He puts his hand to his forehead, covering his eyes.

DANIEL

What to you want from me?

NOMI

Sit next to me.

DANIEL

I am.

NOMI

Closer. Hold me. I just want to
feel like we are in this together...

He looks to the bags -- then stares at her. Cold.

DANIEL

Or what?

She slaps him. Hard across the face. It takes them both by surprise.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I suppose that was my fault too?

Nomi stands. Picks up her luggage.

EXT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - ROLL CALL ROOM - NIGHT

Bryon and Lo wait in front of several DVD-TV combos that have been set up in the roll call room. Bryon is napping. Lo reads her prep books.

Ford arrives. Carrying a pizza box. Bryon startles awake.

FORD
What are we waiting for?

Bryon holds up a VHS tape.

BRYON
A time machine.

FORD
No cassette players?

LO
Jimmy's getting some. He'll be back
in an hour.

Ford nods. Notices Lo's text-books.

FORD
We can handle this if you've got
reading to do?

LO
Naw, I'm not going to let you solve
this one without me.

BRYON
I wouldn't mind getting some sleep.
I think I'd be more use...

FORD
Nice try.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - LATER

The VCR's are set up.

Bryon pops one of Glen's tapes in the machine.

An episode of *Airwolf* appears on screen.

Bryon smiles at the opening montage.

Ford's tape shows Glen, with his shirt off, skinning a deer in someone's garage.

Lo's tape was filmed at the mall. Long-lens shots -- looking up girls' skirts as they ride the escalator.

LO
Here we go again.

EXT. TERREBONNE PARISH SHERIFF'S STATION - DAWN

The sun rises.

INT. DINER - DAWN

Ford, Bryon, and Lo sit in a booth. Bleary-eyed from lack of sleep. Drinking coffee.

Bryon colors a child's menu with crayons.

BRYON
Look, we can get "Beard pudding"
for dessert.

FORD
What?

BRYON
It's a typo.

Bryon shows him on the menu. Ford is not amused.

FORD
I think that when Carter and
Godsick come in, we leave the tapes
with them. I want you two to head
down to Dulac. Hit the pavement,
ask around, see if we can't locate
this other woman that Leger was
talking about.

He yawns.

BRYON
Seriously?

FORD
Yes.

Ford shoots him a look.

BRYON
I'm sorry, but... I don't get it.

LO
Oh, boy.

FORD
Get what?

BRYON
Any of it. Why we're wasting our
time with those fucking tapes. Why
we're spending resources
investigating a rape that might
have happened thirty years ago. I
mean... Why the hell did we dig
that girl up?

Ford is losing his patience.

BRYON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, is this too frank? I
haven't slept in, like, thirty
hours.

FORD
No. Go ahead. I'm curious.

Lo shakes her head.

BRYON
As far as I'm concerned, Leger did
this. He should be the focus of the
investigation. That's all.

FORD
Tell you what...

BRYON
What?

FORD
When do you hear back from the lab?

BRYON
The DNA swab?

FORD
Yeah.

BRYON
Tomorrow, end of the day.

FORD

If Leger's DNA is a match to the blood on the window, I'll trade salaries with you for a year... how about that?

BRYON

Deal.

FORD

And I'll make Lo paint over the obscene graffiti about you in the women's room.

BRYON

And if it's not Leger's blood?

FORD

Then you quit whining like a little girl and do what the fuck you're told.

Bryon nods. Uncomfortable.

INT. LO'S LEXUS - DAY

Lo has a used Lexus. White. A hundred and fifty thousand miles on it. Dented fender.

She drives Bryon out to the bayou. Stereo blasting.

Bryon looks at a sheet of printer paper.

BRYON

How many women are on the list?

LO

Sixteen, plus another twenty-three who've moved. We can call them if we need to.

BRYON

That's a lot of grannies!

Bryon thinks.

BRYON (CONT'D)

What exactly are we supposed to do? Knock on the door and ask all these blue-hairs if they were raped thirty years ago?

LO

You got a better idea?

BRYON

Excuse me, but were you raped when you were younger? No? Oh, sorry to bother you!

(beat)

And then what? If she's kept quiet all this time, why should she want to talk about it now?

LO

You have to be suave. It's a question of psychology.

BRYON

Psychology?

LO

Get invited in, sit down, have a coffee and a chat. Just, get into the flow. Suave!

BRYON

Is there really graffiti about me?

Lo shakes her head. Turns up the music.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Daniel sits in his car. Staked out. His clothes wrinkled. Hair greasy. Circles under his eyes.

The list of names from Thoenes sits on the passenger seat. Two names have been crossed off.

Daniel perks up --

As a SIXTY-FIVE YEAR OLD MAN (Clean-cut, Eddie Bower), and his GRANDSON (Six-years-old, happy, wearing a Chris Paul jersey) exit an upscale home.

Daniel exits the car. Follows the pair from a distance.

EXT. ST. CHARLES STREETCAR - DAY

Picture perfect.

A 1920's wood and steel TROLLEY chugs along Canal St. Candy apple red. Polished brass.

INT. ST. CHARLES STREETCAR - DAY

Daniel rides in back. Looking out of place. Nervous.

The Old Man and his Gride in front.

EXT. ST. CHARLES STREETCAR - DAY

The streetcar approaches the Audubon Zoo.

INT. ST. CHARLES STREETCAR - DAY

The Old Man and his Grandson stand to exit.

Daniel pushes his way through the crowd, so that he is standing behind them.

We watch as --

Daniel pulls a small object from his coat pocket. It looks like a pen, until he pulls the off cap, revealing a tiny, sharp metal pin.

The bell clangs and the Streetcar rumbles to a stop.

The Old Man places his hand on the rail to steady himself, and Daniel jabs his hand with the pin.

OLD MAN

Hey!

DANIEL

Sorry.

Daniel leaps out of the trolly and takes off running.

BOY

You okay?

OLD MAN

Yeah.

The old man stares at his hand. Bewildered.

BOY

Is that blood?

We see a small bead welling over his paper thin skin.

EXT. TERREBONNE PARISH CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Establishing of an nondescript brick building.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH CORONER'S OFFICE - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Ford sits at a long table. In front of a video monitor. A glass wall separates him from the operating theater.

The monitor flicks to life, revealing a gruesome close-up of Broussard's post-autopsy corpse.

Ford looks through the glass.

Two bodies lie side by side on cold slabs. Father and daughter together for the first time.

Under bright fluorescent light.

PATHOLOGIST

She stopped giving off scent a long
time ago...

The PATHOLOGIST sticks his head in. He's tall, thin, with comically large hands.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

...but her body's still in good
shape.

FORD

What?

The pathologist points to a cardboard air freshener, hanging from a lamp.

A pulchritudinous Swedish woman in a red bikini.

PATHOLOGIST

I need to get a new card.

FORD

Right.

PATHOLOGIST

Sorry about the smell.

The pathologist gets to work. Examining Broussard's corpse.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

The blow would have killed him
almost instantly. He'll have seen
the tunnel, the bright light, all
that...

FORD

I'm pretty sure he went the other
way.

PATHOLOGIST

I can't see if men were good or
bad. But I can see that he suffered
from constipation.

He carries a large silver tray over to the window. Holds it up for Ford to see.

It contains Broussard's heart.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
This could just as easily be the
heart of a saint.

FORD
Right. A constipated saint.

The pathologist puts the tray on the counter. Reaches through the window, and grabs a chicken leg from his lunch. In a brown paper bag next to Ford.

FORD (CONT'D)
What about the tumor?

He chews and talks. Returning to work on Broussard's corpse.

PATHOLOGIST
I found a small benign tumor here
and skin discolorations. Especially
under his arms.

FORD
What about the girl? Her COD was
listed as a brain tumor. Where you
able to...

PATHOLOGIST
I'd have to examine the brain
itself.

FORD
Has it decomposed?

PATHOLOGIST
No.

FORD
What do you mean?

PATHOLOGIST
Have you heard the story about
Albert Einstein and Thomas Harvey?

FORD
Who?

PATHOLOGIST

Thomas Harvey was the pathologist on duty when Einstein died. An interesting guy. He performed the autopsy. And because it was Einstein, he couldn't resist the temptation of opening the skull and, you know, taking a look...

The pathologist walks over to Odile's corpse. Pulls back the sheet covering the child's body.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

But that wasn't all. He took the brain and brought it home. Kept it on his mantle. He was fired as soon as the theft was discovered. But he became a living legend.

FORD

Is this true?

PATHOLOGIST

Yes.

FORD

Why are you telling me this?

The pathologist removes the top half of Odile's skull, already split revealing an empty cavity.

PATHOLOGIST

Her brain's been removed.

FORD

What?

PATHOLOGIST

If they took the brain to investigate the tumor, they wouldn't have had time to put it back before the funeral.

FORD

And where do they keep brains these days?

PATHOLOGIST

Regular brains or Cajun brains?

FORD

Is there a difference?

PATHOLOGIST
Cajun brains go to Jar City.

EXT. GRANNY MONTAGE - DAY

Bryon and Lo interview a DOZEN WOMEN in Dulac and Cocodrie.

They're all in their seventies. Mostly middle class. Happy to receive visitors.

We intercut --

Starting at an unassuming house in Dulac. Bryon knocks on the front door.

LO
Remember...

BRYON
I know, I know, suave.

GRANNY #1 comes to the door --

GRANNY #1
What can I do for you, dear?

CUT TO:

A different house. Different granny.

BRYON
Hello, I'm Detective Bryon from the
Terrebonne Parish Sheriff's
Department...

GRANNY #4
Well, isn't that something!

GRANNY #2
Come in.

INT. GRANNY MONTAGE - DAY

They enter --

Twelve different living rooms.

GRANNY #3
Are you investigating a murder?

(If you are paying attention, you will recognize GRANNY #3 as Daniel's mother, though we don't draw attention to it)

BRYON
Yes, how did you know that?

GRANNY #8
Everyone's talking about it.

BRYON
Right.

Lo pulls a photo off the bookshelf.

LO
Is this you?

We see a framed photograph of a young beauty queen.

GRANNY #3
Yes, I was runner-up Miss Teen St.
Charles Parish.

A framed photograph of a BOY SCOUT --

GRANNY #1
My grandson...

A framed photograph of a YOUNG MOTHER --

GRANNY #7
My daughter...

GRANNY #4 turns to Bryon.

GRANNY #4
What a lovely shirt.

BRYON
Thank you

GRANNY #9 stares at him. Smiling.

GRANNY #9
You have a very athletic build. My
son never was into sports; now he's
diabetic.

Lo shoots him a look.

They sit -- on twelve different couches.

BRYON
Ever hear the name Vincent
Broussard?

GRANNY #8

Of course.

BRYON

How?

GRANNY #4

My neighbor told me about him this morning. I changed the curtains in the sitting room in case you came by.

GRANNY #3

Cafe au lait?

BRYON

Thank you.

They are served twelve cafes au lait.

BRYON (CONT'D)

We're looking for a woman who knew Broussard and lived in Dulac in the mid-seventies.

LO

It's a delicate matter.

GRANNY #9

Did he rape her?

BRYON

That's what we trying to find out.

A twelve-inch Pomeranian jumps on Bryon's lap. Starts licking his ear. Really going at it. Digging deep with its tongue.

GRANNY #1

He gets a bit excited around strangers.

She pulls the dog away.

GRANNY #1 (CONT'D)

He can sing. Watch. Sing, baby.

Granny #1 -- holds up the Pomeranian.

GRANNY #1 (CONT'D)

(super-high pitched)

Ahh haha ha haaa.

The dog stares at her -- silent.

GRANNY #1 (CONT'D)
Sing for mommy. Ahh haha ha haaa.
Ahh haha ha haaa.

The Pomeranian squeals -- Granny #1 beams with pride.

BRYON
Did you know Broussard?

GRANNY #3
It's a small town. Everybody knows
everybody.

BRYON
But you never...

GRANNY #2
No.

LO
Or any of your friends.

GRANNY #1
I'd remember.

They stand at the door.

BRYON
Thank you, I'm sorry to trouble
you.

INT. LO'S LEXUS - DAY

They climb into Lo's car.

BRYON
Is that it? Please tell me we're
done.

LO
That's all of them.

BRYON
Look at that...

Bryon holds out his hand. It's shaking.

BRYON (CONT'D)
I'm amped. I've never had so much
coffee in my life.

Lo smiles. Heads out into traffic.

BRYON (CONT'D)
So how was I?

LO
Not bad, Bumpy.

BRYON
But was I suave?

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

After hours, the building is mostly deserted.

Daniel works at his desk. Transferring the Old Man's blood sample from the pin to a DNA TEST COLLECTION CARD.

He seals the card in an envelope, and writes Thoene's name on the outside.

EXT. LSU CLINICAL SCIENCES RESEARCH BUILDING - NIGHT

Ford enters the same building. Looking slightly out of place in the big city.

INT. LSU CLINICAL SCIENCES RESEARCH BUILDING - HALL - NIGHT

Ford walks down the empty hall. Checks a piece of paper. Follows some confusing signs until he finds the offices of --

INT. CENTER FOR ACADIAN GENETICS - NIGHT

Ford sits across from Dr. Thoene. A small office. Covered with family photos.

Ford looks around. Suspicious.

FORD
What is it that you do here?

DR. THOENE
We're compiling a genetic history
of the Acadian people.

Ford reads from a brochure on Thoene's desk.

FORD
Kinship, heredity, and disease.

DR. THOENE
That's right.

FORD
What does that mean?

DR. THOENE

We are a unique people, the descendants of sixty French families who settled in and around Nova Scotia. They prospered there, until 1755, when the British banished them, burned their homes stole their land.

(beat)

Families were split up, and the Acadians were dispersed throughout North America; gradually, we managed to make our way to Louisiana. That's us Cajuns.

(beat)

We can all trace our roots back to those families. We stayed together, fighting to preserve our language, our food, our music, and our genes.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTER FOR ACADIAN GENETICS - HALL - NIGHT

They walk through the hall.

They stop in front of an imposing door. Thoene enters a long alphanumeric code into a keypad.

Ford notices a plaque over the door --

FORD

What's EVANGELINE?

DR. THOENE

The name of our database. It's from the poem. Do you know it?

FORD

Of course. It's my daughter's name.

DR. THOENE

Ahh.

They enter --

INT. EVANGELINE - SUPER-COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

A large, white-tiled room filled with custom super-cooled CPUs. Humming. Racks and racks of storage. Flashing lights.

They cross the room. Ford stares at the alien equipment.

FORD
Am I in there?

DR. THOENE
Ford? No. No Fords.

FORD
My mama was a Dufrene.

Thoene smiles.

DR. THOENE
Then you're in here. We could trace
your line all the way back to the
founding families.

FORD
And tell me if my great-granddaddy
had blue eyes or green?

DR. THOENE
Something like that.

FORD
Why, what are you looking for?

DR. THOENE
There are certain genetic diseases
that occur more frequently among
Acadians: Usher's syndrome,
Friedreich's ataxia, Tay-Sachs... Our
goal is to better understand how
these illnesses are transmitted,
study them genetically, and,
hopefully, find a cure.

FORD
The coroner's report on Odile
mentions only a tumor. Do you...

DR. THOENE
I saw that report. It's very
unprofessional.

Thoene opens a door to a narrow stairwell.

INT. CENTER FOR ACADIAN GENETICS - STAIRS - NIGHT

They descend.

DR. THOENE
She died of a hereditary disease,
neurofibromatosis. Very rare in the
general population.
(MORE)

DR. THOENE (CONT'D)

But people of Acadian descent are a thousand times more likely to be carriers. It's one of the reasons we have this center.

FORD

What do you mean carriers?

DR. THOENE

Some people live normal lives without it ever surfacing. They are symptom-free. But it's more common for the symptoms to appear at an early age in the form of body marks and tumors.

FORD

Where is she?

DR. THOENE

Who?

FORD

Odile.

DR. THOENE

You mean Odile's brain.

FORD

Right.

DR. THOENE

This way.

He opens a door --

INT. CENTER FOR ACADIAN GENETICS - BIO-SAMPLES ROOM - DAY

An motion light comes on --

The room is cavernous. Filled with row after row of floor-to-ceiling shelves, nearly all of them crammed with glass jars.

Each containing a human brain of Acadian descent. Ranging from the fifth week after conception to ninety-one years of age.

The sight is at once grotesque and strangely reverent.

It takes Ford's breath away.

DR. THOENE

Here it is...

He pulls a jar off the shelf.

Inside --

Is a bone-white brain, not much larger than a softball,
floating in clear liquid.

Thoene reads the label.

DR. THOENE (CONT'D)
Odile Doucet.

Hands the jar to Ford.

EXT. LSU CLINICAL SCIENCES RESEARCH BUILDING - NIGHT

Ford exits.

Walking through the rain. Cigarette smoldering. Holding a
leather satchel at his side.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Ford waits at the counter of a sleazy mom-and-pop pawnshop.
On the phone.

FORD
(into phone)
I don't think we're going to get
anywhere tonight. Let's get some
rest. Regroup in the morning.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - ROLL CALL ROOM - NIGHT

Lo and Bryon are watching Glen's tapes. *Airwolf* on two
monitors, *Emmanuelle in Space* on another.

Lo is overjoyed at the news.

LO
Sounds good, Lieutenant. You get
some sleep.

She nods to Bryon.

EXT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford parks in the lot. Heads to his house.

Across the lot is an '82 SIROCCO. Parked in the shadows.

INT. SIROCCO - NIGHT

Inside are --

TWO MEN, both wearing leather jackets and jeans. Brutish. No older than twenty.

They watch Ford enter his condo.

INT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford puts the satchel on the table. Collapses onto the couch. Exhausted.

There is a knock at the door. Loud.

CUT TO:

Ford opens the door. The two thugs, ROBERT and SILAS, are waiting for him. Aggressive.

ROBERT
Is Eva in?

FORD
No, I'd actually like to know where
she is myself.

ROBERT
Are you trying to be funny?

FORD
I don't have a sense of humor.

SILAS
Shut the fuck up. Let us in.
We know the slut is staying with
you.

Ford goes to close the door.

As --

Robert sticks his knee out. Blocking it.

FORD
What did you say?

SILAS
That your daughter is a fucking
whore.

Ford slams the door. Hard.

He can hear the bones of Robert's knee crack and splinter, as the door is pulled off its hinges.

Robert falls to the ground, howling.

Silas stands in shock.

As --

Ford shoves him backwards down the steps. Silas tumbles to the ground.

He looks up --

Sees Ford standing there, looking bad-ass. Decides to take off running. Abandoning his companion.

Ford heads back inside. Stepping over Robert and closing what's left of the door behind him.

Robert tries to hobble away. Makes it halfway down the stairs before he gives in to the pain and sits. Trying to catch his breath.

INT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford is on the phone. Calm.

FORD
I need an ambulance to 1872
Shoreline.

He listens for a beat.

FORD (CONT'D)
A young man fell.
(beat)
No, I don't have a clue about his
name.

EXT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford walks back to Robert. Carrying a pillow.

Robert is curled in pain on the stoop.

Ford places the pillow under the young man's injured leg. Sits next to him. Waiting.

FORD
Who sent you?

EXT. THE NAPOLEON - NIGHT

The Napoleon is a low-rent strip club in an industrial part of town.

Ford enters.

INT. THE NAPOLEON - NIGHT

The club is narrow and long. No windows. The only illumination comes from a neon beer sign over the bar and the stage lights.

Where --

A TRAGIC HEROINE FROM A TOM WAITS SONG dances for a handful of unfortunate souls.

Ford addresses the BOUNCER. All business.

FORD
I'm looking for Jase.

The bouncer nods to the back.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NAPOLEON - BOOTH - NIGHT

Ford sits in a torn Naugahyde booth, across from JASE, forty, chubby and bald with crooked yellow teeth.

JASE
Don't think Eva is gonna get special treatment just because you're a cop.

Ford nods.

JASE (CONT'D)
You understand I'm a friend to her, sometimes she pays, sometimes she takes her time about it, but I got a business to run. Bills to pay, just like anybody else.

FORD
How much does she owe?

JASE
Fourteen hundred.

FORD
Can we make a deal on that?

JASE
Sure, sure.

Ford opens his wallet. Hands over a wad of cash.

FORD
You'll get more next week.

Jase nods.

JASE
I thought you were gonna make
trouble.

FORD
Why?

Jase sucks air through his teeth. Thinking.

JASE
Hey, if I were you, I'd try to find
Eva before Leger does.

FORD
What do you mean? Leger is locked
up in Caldwell.

Jase shakes his head.

JASE
The charges were dropped and they
released him this afternoon.
He's out...
(beat)
...and he's in a foul fucking mood.

FORD
Where is she? Where is Eva?

INT. BRYON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryon has a nice place. Furnished from West Elm. On credit.
He is just getting out of the shower.

Putting on a pair of silk pajamas. Almost certainly a
Christmas present from his mother.

He stumbles into the bedroom, looks at the pillows and the
down duvet -- lovingly. He smiles.

As --

His phone rings.

BRYON
No. No. No.

He looks at the caller ID. Ford.

BRYON (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He calms down. Answers on the fifth ring.

BRYON (CONT'D)

Detective Bryon.

FORD

You live on the east side?

There is an urgency to Ford's voice that snaps Bryon out of his funk.

BRYON

Yeah.

FORD

Get this address down...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Ford is flying in the Crown Vic. Accelerator crushed. Blowing through lights.

The rain pounding down.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Squad cars get the call. Sirens ring out. Lights flashing.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Bryon drives through a dangerous waterfront neighborhood. In his new PRIUS. Wearing his silk pajama top and a pair of jeans.

He pulls up to a warehouse.

There is a party raging. Music blasting.

He sees Leger's car, a white MERCURY COUGAR with gold rims. Double parked.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Leger cuts through the crowd. Focused. Shoving people out of the way.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - PATIO - NIGHT

Eva is on the back patio. Smoking with friends. Drinking a beer.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - DOOR - NIGHT

Bryon tries to enter. Is stopped at the front by security.

BRYON

I'm a detective with the Terrebonne
Parish...

A BIG BOUNCER cannot hear, and is not interested in, what Bryon has to say. He shoves Bryon back.

Frustrated, Bryon pulls his gun and badge.

The bouncer relents.

As --

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - PATIO - NIGHT

Leger spots Eva. Makes a beeline for her. Grabs her arm.

One of her friends steps up to Leger. Leger knocks him down with a single punch. Pulls a knife.

The crowd backs away. Leger drags Eva with him to the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Bryon sees them. Aims his revolver. Yells.

No one can hear him over the music. Fuck it. He shoots out the PA system. Silence comes crashing in.

Bryon screams.

BRYON

On the ground. Now!

No one complies. They just stand there, staring at him. Confused.

As --

Leger darts out a side exit. Pulling Eva.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Leger shoves Eva into his car through the driver's side, keeping her at knife point. He gets in.

As --

Eva grabs a beer bottle off the floor and swings. Connecting solidly with Leger's chin.

He's not badly hurt, but it's enough of a distraction for her to slip out the passenger door and take off running.

He thinks about running after her, but sees Bryon running towards him -- gun drawn.

Fuck it. He hits the gas. Peels out. In reverse -- right at Bryon.

Bryon ducks behind a parked car. Leger slams on the brakes -- smashing into the car -- almost crushing Bryon.

Leger peels out. Tires squealing.

As --

Bryon gets up -- runs to his Prius and heads out in pursuit.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Bryon speeds through the city. Looking for Leger. The streets are dark. Deserted. Rain falling in sheets.

The Cougar is parked on a side street, lights off, waiting.

As Bryon speeds by, the Leger pulls out. Follows the Prius.

Bryon signals to turn, and Leger slams into the Prius. Spinning it.

Bryon comes to a stop. Facing Leger.

Leger floors the accelerator. Speeds toward him.

The Prius is stalled, Bryon frantically hits the "on" button, bracing for impact.

As --

The Cougar hits him head on.

Leger does not brake. He continues accelerating. Pushing the Prius backwards grill to grill.

Bryon is helpless. Flying backwards into the night.

The road ends at the canal. Twenty yards to go --

Leger hits the brakes.

Bryon continues hydroplaning back -- pumping the brakes, trying to steer.

He crashes into a two foot barricade. Coming to rest with his back tires hanging over the water.

Bryon looks back, breathes a huge sigh of relief.

Leger stares for a beat. His car idling. His hand on a shotgun.

He puts his hand on the door to open it --

As --

The sound of approaching sirens -- reaches him.

He throws the Cougar into reverse -- revving his engine -- and disappears into the night.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Emergency lights flash. The crowd is mostly dispersed. Others are being questioned.

Ford finds Eva in the back of a patrol car.

FORD

Eva!

He runs to her. Holds her close.

FORD (CONT'D)

Did he hurt you?

Eva, emotions in check until now, breaks down. Sobbing into her father's chest.

EVA

I'm okay.

He kisses the top of her head, and we see how much love there is in him.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Bryon is being tended to by an EMT. Sitting on the fender of an ambulance.

He looks shaken, but mostly okay.

Lo finds him.

LO

Look at you! Taking care of business.

BRYON

Just don't say anything about the pajamas.

She smiles. It's a lot to ask.

LO

What happened?

He looks at her. Dead serious.

BRYON

The roller coaster got bumpy.

They both laugh.

LO

All right. You did all right...

(beat)

For a Texian.

Lo heads out. Bryon turns to the EMT.

BRYON

What does that mean? Why do they call me that? I'm from Phoenix.

EMT

Look at it this way, if you're not from here you might as well be from Texas.

Bryon nods. Finally gets it.

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Daniel descends the cement stairs. Holding a flashlight.

He knocks on Broussard's door. Nervous. He paces at the bottom of the steps.

No one is home.

Daniel looks over his shoulder, then wraps his jacket around his fist and smashes the window of Broussard's front door with the shaft of his Mag-light.

Cutting himself on a long shard of glass, leaving a trace of blood.

INT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel moves through the dark. Breathing quickly. He switches the flashlight on. Scans the dreary apartment.

Rifles through Broussard's desk. Finds a stack of Polaroids rubber-banded together. He scans through the photos, finds one of Broussard as a young man. He pockets them all.

CUT TO:

INT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Daniel in the bathroom. He's emptying the wastepaper basket. Sweeping the room with his light.

Catching a brief glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looks away quickly. Not liking what he sees.

He bends over the tub. Pulls a grayish wad of Broussard's hair from the drain.

He shakes off the water, and sticks the hair in a zip-lock bag.

As --

The front door swings open.

Daniel freezes. Turns off the light.

For a moment -- there is just the sound of his own breathing and the rain outside.

Then he hears Broussard. Ambling down the front hall.

BROUSSARD

Hello!

Daniel darts into the bedroom and out through the back door. Scared. Running fast.

Broussard catches a glimpse of him and chases him out into the night.

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Daniel climbs into his car. Struggles to get his key into the ignition.

As --

SMASH!

Broussard cracks his windshield with a baseball bat. Screaming.

BROUSSARD

Come back here!

Daniel -- gets the car started in a panic -- floors the accelerator and peels out.

Leaving Broussard standing in the rain. Confused.

INT. FORD'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ford and Eva sit at the kitchen counter. Ford makes hot chocolate.

He takes a minute to look at his daughter. Her dirty hair, her thin arms, her nails chewed to the quick.

Her leg shakes nervously.

Ford tries to say something, it's not coming out, finally he settles on --

FORD
What happened to you?

EVA
He just grabbed me...

FORD
I don't mean tonight.

She shrugs.

FORD (CONT'D)
I'm investigating the death of a girl who died when she was four years old.

He shakes his head.

FORD (CONT'D)
Nothing makes sense after that.

Eva is not really sure what he's talking about.

Ford comes over. Stands next to her.

FORD (CONT'D)
It kills me to watch you waste your life. I just want to...

EVA
Knock some sense into me?

Eva covers her head with the hood of her sweatshirt.

Ford tries to pull it off. She won't let him.

FORD

No. I want to help you, but I don't
know where to start.

What he really wants --

Is to apologize and take her in his arms, but he does
neither.

EXT. ALGIERS FERRY - NEW ORLEANS - DAWN

Daniel is on the ferry. Heading back to New Orleans, as the
sun rises.

It's a beautiful dawn, but Daniel does not see it, he's busy
stuffing Broussard's hair into another DNA collection kit.

A look of intense focus and determination, as he crosses the
last name off his list.

INT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's early morning. Overcast with a fine drizzle. Gray clouds
spread to the horizon.

Ford waits outside Broussard's place. Standing in the
doorway, smoking a cigarette.

Bryon arrives with coffee.

FORD

Hey, Bumpy! Thank you for last
night.

Bryon nods.

BRYON

Just doing my job.

FORD

I appreciate it. You all right?

His head is bandaged. One black eye.

BRYON

Better than my car.

(beat)

We got the DNA report.

FORD

And?

BRYON
You get to keep your salary. And I
owe you an apology.

Bryon opens the front door with a key.

The broken window has been removed.

INT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

They enter the apartment.

FORD
Doesn't mean he didn't do it.

BRYON
No.
(beat)
What are we looking for?

Ford walks into the living room. Scanning.

FORD
We are detectives, we must detect.

BRYON
God, it stinks in here.

FORD
Should it still smell?

BRYON
It's mold. There were complaints
from some of the neighbors, going
back a couple months. I guess the
apartment flooded during the
hurricane and the smell started a
few weeks after that.

FORD
That's when Glen disappeared.

BRYON
What are you thinking?

Ford kneels. Knocks on the floorboards. A hollow sound. He
puts his cheek to the ground.

Inhales deeply.

FORD
That's not mold. That's a morgue
smell.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Daniel enters, holding a manila envelope from Dr. Thoene. He tears it open. Spilling it's contents on his desk.

Broussard's DNA sample.

He scans through the papers.

Stares at one sheet in particular.

DANIEL

I got you!

He scrawls across the page in red sharpie

"I am him"

then taking the envelope -- clears his desk with this forearm, knocking his computer and lamp to the ground.

INT. GERONTOLOGY - LOBBY - DAY

Faculty, staff and a hand full of grad students gawk as Daniel charges out.

INT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The forensics team is back. Suited up.

They are using a small pneumatic drill on the floor. The furniture has been pushed to the side and covered in plastic.

Ford and Bryon watch.

As --

The drill knocks through a floorboard. Releasing an ungodly stench. It hits them like a wave.

So overpowering, that Bryon has to retch.

BRYON

Oh, Christ --

Ford steps closer. Watches as --

CSI lowers a fiber-optic camera into the hole.

CUT TO:

TWO MONITORS flicker on. The team watches as the snake-like camera penetrates the dark.

A shadowy form -- races across frame -- giving everyone a start.

FORD

It's just a rat. Keep going.

The images are speckled, poorly lit. They can make out sewer pipes, the underside of the floorboards, but little else.

CSI

There! Do you see it?

BRYON

What?

The CSI investigator taps a corner of the monitor.

CSI

A ring. And there. That's a hand.

CUT TO:

Crews get to work. Tearing up the floorboards with crowbars. Dust filling the room.

CUT TO:

TWO TECHNICIANS venture down into the crawl space below Broussard's apartment.

They lift out a corpse. Wrapped in plastic. Tied with coaxial cable. One hand swinging free.

BRYON

Look. He's short.

FORD

That's Glen.

BRYON

Little peeshwank.

EXT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

A MEDICAL EXAMINER loads the body into a van.

Across the street --

Leger is watching. Grim faced. Agitated.

Ford and Bryon exit the apartment. Ford watches the coroner's van drive away. Sensing movement, he scans the alley across the street.

Nothing there. Leger is gone.

Ford's phone rings.

FORD
(into phone)
Ford.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

Lo --

Bleary eyed. Sitting in front of the video monitors with her feet on the desk.

LO
(into phone)
I hit the jackpot.

FORD
The woman from Cocodrie?

LO
Yeah, and more. A lot more.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Nicole is just out of the shower. Drying herself.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Daniel enters. Climbs the stairs quietly.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

He stands outside his mother's door. Watching her dress.
Silent.

Startled, Nicole looks up. Covering herself. Embarrassed.

NICOLE
Daniel?

He stares. Silent. Upset. She slips into a robe.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
What is it?

DANIEL
We need to talk.

He hands her the photo of Broussard.

The color drains from her face. She sits on her bed. Eyes down. Hands trembling.

The photo falls to the floor.

NICOLE
Then we have no secrets.

Daniel stands over her. Jaw clenched.

DANIEL
Did he rape you? Tell me the truth.

She looks up at him. Eyes wet with tears.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

The detectives stand around the monitors. Lo cues a tape.

FORD
What do we have?

ON SCREEN --

Grainy VHS footage from a hidden camera of --

A COUPLE. Making love on a bare mattress.

The man is Broussard. The woman's hair covers her face. Lo fast forwards until she lies next to Broussard.

Lo freezes the image. Her face visible.

FORD (CONT'D)
Do you recognize her?

BRYON
The beauty queen.

LO
Nicole Thibodeaux. She's out in Cocodrie.

FORD
Let's go talk to her.

LO
Wait. We also found this.

Lo hands him a series of stills, printed from the video.

THREE MEN -- in an abandoned house. Chemistry equipment...

FORD
That's Comeau, Broussard, and
Leger.

LO
And it's recent. This is last year.

BRYON
They're cooking meth.

The same men: arguing in a car, sitting in a sleazy motel
room -- Fifty stills of them involved in petty crime.

LO
There's hours of it, some decent
audio too.

BRYON
Why would they videotape
themselves?

FORD
It's a hidden camera.

BRYON
Blackmail?

FORD
Could be.

Ford turns to Bryon.

FORD (CONT'D)
Why don't you bring in Comeau see
if he can explain what we're
looking at. We'll drive down to
Cocodrie.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

Ford and Lo cross the water. Heading south.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Nicole opens the door. Does not seem surprised to see them.

NICOLE
Come in.

Nicole and Ben are both wearing sweat suits and sneakers,
just back from their afternoon walk.

Ben eyes them, confused. Nicole gives him a kiss.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Ben, why don't you go down to the docks. This will only take a minute.

Ben nods. Exits silently.

Nicole takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- DAY

They sit on the couch. Drinking coffee.

NICOLE

I recognized him right away from the photo in the paper. It all came back.

Lo nods. Understanding.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I should have said something... but...

(beat)

Just because the wounds are old, doesn't mean they don't hurt.

FORD

What is it you are trying to say?

NICOLE

You've been looking for the woman Broussard raped in Dulac.

(beat)

It's me.

FORD

Are you sure about that?

NICOLE

What do you mean?

Ford passes her a still from the video.

FORD

This doesn't look like rape.

She trembles looking at the photo.

NICOLE

Oh, God. Oh no.

Lo hugs her. Nicole cries.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER

Time has passed. Nicole has composed herself. Ford paces. Looking at the family photos on the wall.

NICOLE

My husband spent two thirds of our marriage out on the oil rigs. I was lonely and I drank. It's not an excuse, I know, but it happened. I'm not a bad person.

FORD

Why make the videos?

NICOLE

I had no idea we were being taped until Vincent...

She takes a sip of coffee.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

He threatened to show them to my husband.

FORD

What did he want?

NICOLE

Money, and to humiliate me. I paid them for years.

FORD

Them?

NICOLE

Leger, Glen, Vincent, and Comeau.

(beat)

You make one mistake in life and it haunts you forever.

Ford notices condolence cards, a funeral program. Sarah's picture on the front.

FORD

You've had a death in the family?

NICOLE

Our little angel - Sarah.

FORD
What did she die of?

Ford scans the family photos on the walls. Focuses on one of Daniel and Sarah.

NICOLE
She was only six.

FORD
Neurofibromatosis?

Nicole looks nervous. Does not answer for several beats. Then nods.

Ford takes the picture off the wall. Pieces of the puzzle coming together.

FORD (CONT'D)
When was he born, her father?

NICOLE
He's not involved. Please.

FORD
He even looks like Broussard.

NICOLE
Leave him alone. It's my fault. Oh my God, what have I done?

INT. BROUSSARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Broussard is at his computer. Clicking through a big-bootie porn site. Leaning close to the monitor.

He is startled by a knock at the door.

He gets up. Switches off the monitor.

Broussard opens the door.

Daniel pushes his way in. Surprising Broussard.

DANIEL
God. It stinks in here.

BROUSSARD
Get out.

Daniel steps close to him. Angry. Full of raw emotion.

DANIEL

I have every right to be here. I'm your son. The prodigal son returns.

BROUSSARD

Who?

Broussard has no reaction. He blinks stupidly. Rubbing his chin.

DANIEL

Can I ask you a question, Dad? Did you rape any other women besides my mother?

Broussard isn't following.

BROUSSARD

What do you want from me?

DANIEL

You haven't got a clue about what's happened. You couldn't care less. You pathetic fuck.

BROUSSARD

I've never raped anyone in my life. It's all a fucking lie. She said I had a daughter. That bitch charged me but she couldn't prove a fucking thing.

DANIEL

The disease should have died with you. We didn't screen for it, because we didn't know. How could I have known? There is no history of it in my family, because there is no history of you.

(beat)

A diseased fucking rapist! And a murderer.

BROUSSARD

What are you talking about?

DANIEL

Odile got it from you. Sarah got it from you.

Daniel is shouting now. Letting it all out.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Now -- they are dead, and we are
the last two standing.

Broussard chuckles. Grins.

BROUSSARD

I know who you are -- hah -- I
didn't rape your mother. She was a
drunk fucking slut. She couldn't
get enough. She ran out on your
daddy while he was working on the
rigs. Get the fuck out!

Broussard shoves Daniel.

Pushing him to the door. Daniel slips, knocking into the
sideboard. Toppling several liquor bottles.

He steps forward. Broussard shoves him back.

Daniel falls to the ground. Looking up at Broussard.

BROUSSARD (CONT'D)

Get out of here, you son of a
whore. Don't ever let me see you
again...

Daniel comes up swinging. In a rage. Holding a bottle of
JOHNNY WALKER RED by the neck.

He connects solidly with Broussard's temple, with a hollow
THWAK!

The impact sends the big man reeling.

Broussard falls to his knees. Bleeding. Blinking. He crawls
to the couch, and collapses, drawing his final breaths. His
body convulsing.

Daniel stands over him.

Looks at the bottle in his hand --

The blood and matted hair on the label. He throws it.
Disgusted. It lands with a dull thud behind the couch.

As --

Daniel backs out of the apartment. More confused and lost
than ever.

EXT. COMEAU'S DUCK BLIND - DAY

The sky ominous above the bayou. Gray. Threatening to storm.

Two female ducks float among the lilies.

Comeau watches them intently. He is lying on his back along the bank. In the mud. Dressed in camouflage. Duck call to his lips.

He expertly blows a series of calls. And just like that, three male mallards circle above.

He waits until they are close.

COMEAU

That'll do.

He opens up with his rifle. Dropping them in an explosion of feathers.

They splash into the water. Fifty yards away.

Comeau calls to his bird-dog.

COMEAU (CONT'D)

Fetch up, Peg, fetch up!

The black lab charges through the water, collecting all three birds and bounding back to her master. Proud.

Comeau watches in horror, as --

A series of shots ring out -- and Peg falls bleeding and whimpering.

Comeau -- looks around in a panic. Stuffing shells into his rifle.

Backing through the woods to his cabin. Moving quickly through the thick foliage.

His house is in sight.

As --

Leger surprises him.

Stepping out from behind a tree and thrusting the long blade of a hunting knife -- up to Comeau's throat.

LEGER

That was stupid, old man.

Comeau drops his rifle. Face pinched in anger.

COMEAU
Get off of me.

LEGER
You shouldn't have killed Broussard
without talking to me. Not in the
house. Now it's all gonna come out...

Leger slits Comeau's throat.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH HOMICIDE - FORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Eva is sprawled on the couch in Ford's office. Eating microwave popcorn. Watching TV.

A uniformed OFFICER checks on her.

OFFICER
(on phone)
She's fine. Don't worry.

EXT. ALGIERS FERRY - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Ford is taking the ferry to New Orleans. On the phone.

FORD
(into phone)
Yeah, right.

EXT. SUPER-WAL-MART - DAY

Daniel exits a large suburban Wal-Mart.

He finds his car. Dumps his purchases into the back.

A shotgun, several boxes of ammo, and a handsaw.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Ford, Lo, and several New Orleans PD OFFICERS search Daniel's house.

It is a mess.

Clearly home to a disturbed person. Food rotting. Papers spread all over the house. Tacked on the walls. Windows covered to keep the sunlight out. TV smashed.

LO
Disgusting.

Ford is drawn to a wall in the office. A genealogy chart is drawn in Sharpie over the paint. Names written on Post-It notes.

FORD
Here, look --

The photo of Broussard.

FORD (CONT'D)
He made a list of possible fathers.
He tracked the disease, and it led
him straight to Broussard.

Ford thinks for a second.

FORD (CONT'D)
Does it ever worry you?

LO
People always said I didn't look
like either of my parents.

FORD
I've had that feeling too.

LO
What?

FORD
That you were a bastard.

Lo laughs.

LO
Hey, look -- he's got his sense of
humor back.

FORD
What sense of humor?

Ford searches through the paperwork on Daniel's desk. Finds several packets from the Center for Acadian Genetics.

He opens one and a paper falls out. A map of Broussard's genes --

"I AM HIM"

scrawled in red sharpie.

FORD
Put out an APB.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Daniel is parked on a dead-end street. Surrounded by trees.

The rain has started to fall.

He works hard, sawing the barrel off the shotgun. Sweating.

INT. THOENE'S OFFICE - CENTER FOR ACADIAN GENETICS - DUSK

Ford sits across from Dr. Thoene. At a conference table.

FORD

He worked here?

DR. THOENE

No. He was a research scientist. He worked in a lab downstairs. Geriatrics.

(beat)

He was a friend.

FORD

How did he get these?

Ford hands him the envelopes he found in Daniel's house.

DR. THOENE

From me. He was a friend.

(beat)

I had no idea how far he'd gone.

Ford looks out -- at the racks of humming computer equipment, lights flashing.

FORD

You keep all these secrets carefully categorized in your database. Family secrets.

He turns. Looks at a genealogy chart on the wall. Labeled Heredity Illness and Acadian Paternity.

FORD (CONT'D)

Tragic stories, of disease and sorrow and death.

DR. THOENE

In the hope there will be less in the future.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK

Bryon drives up the dirt road that leads to Comeau's house. The rain falling in earnest. Thunder on the horizon.

BRYON
(into radio)
How soon till I have backup?

DISPATCH
(over radio)
You're looking at ten minutes.

Bryon slams on the breaks. Skids to a stop, just a few feet from hitting --

PEG, Comeau's retriever.

She stands in the road. Wet, shivering, and bleeding from numerous buckshot wounds.

BRYON
Oh, shit!

DISPATCH
You all right?

BRYON
Yeah, I'll call you back.

EXT. TERREBONNE PARISH CORONER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Daniel is wearing a long overcoat. Walking through the rain.

Head down. He slips into the building through the loading dock.

INT. TERREBONNE PARISH CORONER'S OFFICE - DUSK

He enters a stairwell, heading for the basement, looking deranged.

A SECURITY GUARD spots him.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey! Hey!

The guard rushes into the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - DUSK

Daniel is waiting for him. Shotgun aimed.

The guard throws his hands up. Scared.

EXT. BAYOU - DUSK

Bryon is carrying the bloody dog back to the car.

He lays Peg the back seat. Strokes her head tenderly.

BRYON

Hold tight. You're gonna be all
right.

BOOM!

The windshield explodes in a shower of glass.

Bryon gets down, as more shots rain down on the car.
Destroying it. Taking out the tires.

The radiator hisses.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

Leger --

Steps out from the swamp, shooting from the hip. Bryon ducks
back to safety. Keeping low.

Until --

Leger runs out of ammo. He stands in the road. Full of rage.

He grabs some shells from his pocket. Starts to reload.

As --

Bryon comes up shooting. Hits Leger in the shoulder. Leger
drops his rifle. Cursing.

Bryon yells --

BRYON (CONT'D)

Hold it! Stay where you are!

As --

Leger disappears into a clump of cypress trees.

Bryon gives chase. Gun aimed.

INT. SWAMP - DAY

Leger wades through the knee-deep water. Grimacing. Using the
dense foliage to elude Bryon.

Bryon moves carefully. Scanning.

He sees movement. Squeezes off a few rounds that blister the bark of a moss-covered tree.

Leger pushes on --

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - DUSK

Ford is back from New Orleans. Stuck in traffic. The rain beating down.

He takes a call.

FORD
(into phone)
Lieutenant Ford!

INT. MORGUE - DUSK

Lo is at the county morgue. The security guard is talking to uniformed officers in the background.

LO
(into phone)
Our man broke into the morgue.
Armed with a shotgun. He stole a
body.

FORD
Jesus. Broussard's?

LO
No. The girl's.

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford looks at his phone. He's getting another call.

FORD
Hold on --

He switches over.

FORD (CONT'D)
Ford!

Norma Doucet's voice comes over the line. Whispering. Scared.

NORMA
He's here.

FORD
What?

INT. NORMA DOUCET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She's at the window. Peeking out from behind the curtains.

NORMA
He's here! Outside my window!

FORD
Who?

NORMA
I don't know how long he's been there, I only noticed him now. I'm scared.

FORD
Relax and tell me what you see. Who is there?

NORMA
Broussard.

FORD
What?

NORMA
I know it can't be him, but he's standing out there, in the dark, in the rain -- staring at me. Exactly how he looked thirty years ago.

We see what she sees. Daniel's silhouette, holding the shotgun.

FORD
Stay inside, lock the door, I'll be right over.

INT. FORD'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Ford hits the siren. Pulls onto the shoulder. Passing cars on the right.

Kicking up a wall of water.

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

The rain is absolutely punishing Bryon. Visibility is almost zero in the fading light.

He sees a dark form -- ahead.

Shoots --

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

He is out of ammo. Shit. He feels his pocket -- the extra clip is in the car. Not good.

Leger is still running.

He stops -- sensing some change in the dynamics of the pursuit. He looks back -- sees Bryon fumbling with his gun.

Leger pulls his bloody hunting knife and charges.

Bryon looks up -- just in time!

He takes off running -- whipping through the brush -- Leger on his heels.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ford drives with the pedal on the floor. The rain pounding the windshield -- too hard and fast for the wipers to clear.

He grips the wheel, white knuckled.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Bryon makes it back to the road. Gunning it. Lit by the twin beams of his headlights.

Leger -- closes the distance. Tackles him. They grapple in the mud.

Leger rolls Bryon onto his back. Raises the knife blade --

As --

A dark shape lunges --

It's the dog -- ripping and slashing at Leger's throat -- with its razor-sharp teeth.

Leger falls back -- with the retriever on top of him.

Bryon sprints for the car. Grabs a clip for his gun.

As --

Leger knocks Peg back. Stands over her -- knife raised -- covered in blood -- looking monstrous.

BRYON
Drop the knife!

Leger -- turns. Charges at Bryon. Through the falling rain. Daring him to shoot.

Bryon opens fire. Hitting Leger multiple times in the chest. Leger falls. Dead.

Peg trots over to Bryon. Nuzzles his leg.

Bryon sits. In the mud. Exhilarated. Exhausted.

EXT. NORMA DOUCET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ford pulls up to Norma's house.

She stands on the porch and points off in the direction of the graveyard.

Ford can see Daniel's car, the driver's door and one of the rear doors are open.

And beyond -- in the graveyard. A light. A suggestion of movement.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A Coleman lantern sits at the edge of the open grave.

Ford approaches cautiously.

Daniel stands. Shoulder deep in the grave. Working hard at re-burying Odile.

FORD

Daniel!

Daniel picks up the shotgun. Spins around. Taking aim as Ford moves closer.

Hands raised. Carrying the satchel from Jar City.

DANIEL

Who are you?

FORD

I'm Lieutenant Ford. Broussard is my case.

Daniel squints through the rain.

DANIEL

I watched you dig her up.
You shouldn't have done that.

FORD

I remember.

Ford pats the back of his head. Where Daniel hit him with the oar.

DANIEL

You should have let her rest in peace.

FORD

I had no choice.

Ford kneels next to the grave. Unzips the satchel.

DANIEL

Watch it.

FORD

Here. You'll want this.

Ford removes the jar containing Odile's brain. Hands it to Daniel.

Daniel examines it in the lamplight. Sad. Reverent.

DANIEL

The disease.

He places the jar on top of Odile's coffin.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I want to be cremated.

FORD

You have your whole life to make those arrangements.

Daniel brushes the water off his brow.

DANIEL

Children are philosophers.

(beat)

My daughter asked me "why do we have eyes?" I told her "to see with." She corrected me, she said, "no, Daddy, they're so we can cry."

Daniel thinks for a beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I had my father's eyes. I never knew that.

FORD
You just need time...

DANIEL
No. I didn't plan this, but the
disease is going to end here,
tonight.

Daniel spins the shotgun around -- aiming at his own heart.

FORD
Give me the gun.

Ford reaches out.

DANIEL
Do you have children?

FORD
I have a daughter.

DANIEL
Then what are you doing here?

FORD
I...

BOOM!

A thunderous shot rings out.

Ford is splashed with Daniel's blood.

Daniel falls back.

Ford stands over the open grave. The wind and rain lashing
him -- as the first patrol cars arrive.

Lights flashing.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

It's late.

Ford and Eva sit at the end of a fishing pier. Overlooking
the river.

A bridge twinkling in the distance. A few slow-moving barges.

EVA
Why are we out here?

FORD
I like it here. Don't you like it?

EVA

I guess.

FORD

I've made a decision I wanted to talk to you about...

EVA

You kicking me out?

FORD

No. I'm taking a vacation.

EVA

What?

FORD

I've got thirty-five weeks owed to me. I'm gonna take them all.

EVA

Why?

FORD

To try to make things right. Try to live more...

(he thinks)
deliberately.

EVA

You gonna quit smoking?

Ford laughs.

FORD

Don't push it.

Eva smiles.

Ford tries to hold eye contact with her.

FORD (CONT'D)

Eva, look at me.

Her eyes flit away. Self-conscious.

FORD (CONT'D)

Please.

EVA

I can't.

FORD

I love you.

EVA

I know.

FORD

You deserve more.

(beat)

I've never... not from the first day,
given you what you need. That's on
me. That's all on me. I was scared
and I ran, and I hid behind my
work, and the shame I felt for
abandoning you.

Ford's honesty makes Eva uncomfortable.

She taps her foot. Chews her lip. Looking like she'd rather
be anywhere but here.

Ford sees it. Pushes on --

FORD (CONT'D)

I've left it all to you, a child,
and acted disappointed that you
weren't able to manage on your own.
I'm sorry. So sorry.

EVA

It's okay.

FORD

No, it's not. None of it is okay. I
go to bed every night hating myself
for it, and then I wake up and
start making the same mistakes over
and over.

Eva looks up. Sees her dad -- raw, humble, full of love. She
can't help but be touched.

FORD (CONT'D)

Not today. Not anymore.

Eva lights a cigarette. Takes a long drag. Ford smiles. She
offers one to him. He accepts.

FORD (CONT'D)

We're so alike. You and I.

(beat)

You think you can protect yourself,
by acting tough. So you can watch
the filth around you from a
distance... like it isn't real. Like
it's someone else's tragedy. But
it's pervasive, it's everywhere...

(MORE)

FORD (CONT'D)

(beat)

All this sadness and wasted
humanity, the confused lashing out,
the violence and desperation. It
haunts you and it finds a way in.

Ford looks out at the water. At the coiling smoke from his
cigarette.

He flicks it into the river. Done.

FORD (CONT'D)

In the end you forget how normal
people live their lives.

Ford turns to Eva.

FORD (CONT'D)

How do we do that? How do we come
back from this?

EVA

I don't know.

He puts his arm around his daughter. She lets him hold her.

FORD

Me either, but I'm willing to try.
Will you try with me?

She rests her head on his shoulder. Gives the slightest of
nods.

It's a start.

THE END