

Niagara Falls

Screenplay
by
John Mankiewicz

Based on the novel
by
Joyce Carol Oates

Director/Producer: Harold Becker
4-1-09

1 A STAND OF 100 FOOT PINES

1

A distant ROAR. A HAWK explodes from thick green, rises, soars.

ABOVE the HAWK, floating a lazy circle against the BLUR of a CHURNING WHITE BACKGROUND far below.

The hawk DIVES. FREE-FALL into the vast expanse of white, the now deafening roar. PULL BACK WIDE and realize you're looking at what can only be --

2 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

2

White water slams over the lip. The rising mist. Off this mighty, relentless flow -

3 INT. POLICE SHOWER ROOM - DAY

3

A shower head spits a weak stream of hot water down on
JOHN DROMOOR

Alone in the big tiled room. 48. Fit, strong, a soldier's bearing.

An impenetrable distance in shrewd, dark brown eyes. An Army tattoo on his forearm.

Dromoor shuts off the water.

BY HIS LOCKER - DROMOOR

Buttons his uniform pants.

NARRATOR (FEMALE VOICE)
Strange, a guy like him wearing a uniform.

Buttons his short sleeve uniform shirt.

NARRATOR
He had not the temperament for following orders. His superiors? No way.

Shines his badge.

NARRATOR
*What he liked was the idea of justice.
Eye for an eye. Tooth for a tooth.*

Pins the badge on the shirt.

NARRATOR
He liked the law, good conduct, valor in service.

Straps on his gun. Adjusts it. Small, automatic movements, until it sits just right.

NARRATOR
Also he liked guns.

Ready for work, Dromoor walks out.

4 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DUSK 4

THRU the shift change flow of cops and cars to FIND Dromoor. PULLING the SHOTGUN from the trunk of his PATROL CAR, performing a crisp, five point safety check he could do in his sleep.

The POP of FIRECRACKERS in the near distance. As Dromoor re-racks the shotgun in the trunk --

ZWAFF
You hear that shit?

Partner ARTIE ZWAFF - mid-30's, pumped, Fu Manchu mustache - at the rear of the car. More FIRECRACKERS. Grim --

ZWAFF
That's all day long.

Dromoor SLAMS the trunk.

INT./EXT. DROMOOR'S PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY

Dromoor drives, Zwaff rides shotgun. As Dromoor bumps out of the lot, merges with traffic --

ZWAFF
Stupid holiday. Worse than New Year's Eve. You know why?
(no response)
I'll tell you why. It's summer; fuckin animals get to play outside. Plus it's okay to blow shit up.

Off Dromoor.

18 EXT. SKY - NIGHT - FIREWORKS 18

Explosions of red, white and blue. Distant MUSIC, "God Bless America," draws us down to:

THE HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND

Spread along the narrow OBSERVATION RAIL draped with American flags, suspended single file above --

19 WIDE - NIAGARA FALLS - NIGHT 19

Colored search lights from boats below play against the wall of water, the rising mist, the band marching in place.

20 EXT. CASEY'S BLOCK - LONG, HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT 20

A dark block in a dying factory town. Lights from the small back yard of a rundown row house. A NEIGHBORHOOD PARTY, watching the fireworks across the Niagara River.

21 EXT. CASEY'S BACK PORCH ROOF - NIGHT

21

BETHIE MAGUIRE, a young 12, sunburned, plain. Her t-shirt rides up as she scrunches through a small window to the narrow strip of overhang.

NARRATOR (FEMALE, V.O.)
*Your name was Bethel Maguire. People who
 knew you called you 'Bethie.' At Teena's
 party you were just 'Teena's kid.'*

Cautious, Bethie kneels behind two older kids watching fireworks, backs to her, legs dangling. DANNY -- 14, sullen, cool -- and LOUISE -- 13, cute, dyed black hair.

As Louise looks back, Bethie, self-conscious, yanks down her t-shirt --

LOUISE
 I thought your mom said --

BETHIE
 -- It's cool; don't sweat it.
 (off Louise's look)
 She also said I'd never find pink.

Grinning, Bethie flashes the CAN of PINK SILLY STRING. Squeezes in next to Louise, gazes at the fireworks.

BETHIE
 Awesome view.

Danny gives her a flat look. Bethie smiles back, then throws a furtive glance down to the back yard --

22 EXT. CASEY'S BACK YARD - NIGHT - BETHIE'S POV

22

Scanning the clumps of fireworks watchers on the cracked cement patio below, quickly FINDING --

TEENA MAGUIRE

Standing on a picnic table. Mid-30's, working class pretty, full of life. Halter top, shorts, a tangle of yellow hair.

RAY CASEY -- 30's, wiry, dark -- climbs up next to her. Glued to the fireworks, Teena drapes a casual arm around him, doesn't see Bethie.

RESUME - PORCH ROOF - BETHIE

Looks back up at the fireworks, the finale. Off her gasp, cool kid sarcastic:

DANNY
Wow. Fireworks.

Danny pulls a beer from his shirt, offers it to Bethie.

BETHIE
Oh, no thanks; I'm quenched.

Snatching the beer, low, re: Danny --

LOUISE
Asswipe.

Louise drinks. LOUD MUSIC draws Bethie's look down to:
THE PARTY BELOW - BETHIE'S POV - NIGHT - TEENA
Dances from the BOOM BOX, laughing, pulls Casey with her --
PORCH ROOF - NIGHT - THE KIDS
Watch Teena dance. Drawn to her pure abandon, her joy.

DANNY
How long your Mom been seeing Casey?

BETHIE
I don't know. A while.

Tina's tank top slips off at the shoulder. No bra.

DANNY
I can see why he likes her.

The innuendo sails over Bethie's head.

BETHIE
She's pretty nice.

23 EXT. PATIO - NIGHT - TEENA AND CASEY

23

Dancing. Teena spots Bethie, stops cold, and --

TEENA
Bethie! Get down from there!
(moving toward her)
Right now, damnit. Before you break your
neck.

Casey moves to Teena, tries to cool her out.

CASEY
C'mon, Teen, the kid just wants --

TEENA
-- Hey; I've got this,
(up at Bethie)
Down. Now.

The outburst turns a few heads. Casey moves off, stung.

BETHIE I'm not gonna fall -- TEENA -- Now.

BETHIE, mortified. Muttering, saving face:

BETHIE
Jesus, what am I, five?

As Bethie moves to the window, crawls back inside --

DANNY
(mocking)
'She's pretty nice.'

Louise punches Danny hard in the thigh.

24 EXT. CASEY'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

24

Bethie sits on a couch, sullen. Teena approaches with a paper plate of apple pie and ice cream.

TEENA
Last piece. Saved it, just for you.
(no response)
Fine. More for me.

Teena sits next to her, takes a big bite.

TEENA
Oh my God, you're right, you gotta heat
it, just a smidge --

BETHIE
-- That's mine. You just said.

Teena smiles, hands it over, kisses her. Wipes the smear of vanilla off Bethie's cheek with a quick hand --

TEENA
Sorry I yelled.

Teena runs back to Casey, sulking nearby. Bethie watches Teena joke him out of it, digs into her pie.

CASEY AND TEENA - LATER

Slow dancing. As Casey turns her, Teena sees Bethie on the couch, conked out. A dog licks her empty plate.

Teena checks her watch. Moves to Bethie, leans down, rubs her back, and, very low --

TEENA
Bethie, baby. Time to go.

Bethie stirs, confused, face throbbing with sunburn. Casey comes over.

CASEY
It's late, why don't you guys just stay
over --

TEENA
(we talked about this)
-- Come on, Case --

CASEY
 (innocent, he meant:)
 -- in the kids' room.

Teena wavers. It sure would be easy, sleeping here.

CASEY
 I ain't done with you.
 (grins, moves his hips)
 Still got some moves.

BETHIE
 (doesn't really want to)
 We could stay, momma.

CASEY
 See? You're outvoted.

Teena gives Casey a look, then, to Bethie:

TEENA
 Honey, we gotta get home. Breakfast at
 Grandma's, 8 AM sharp.

BETHIE, relieved. A little drunk, Casey takes a final shot.

CASEY
 You sure? They're playin' our song.
 (off Teena's look)
 I'll run you home.

Casey feels for his car keys, but Teena grabs her straw
 American flag purse, and --

TEENA
 We're gonna walk, Case.

CASEY
 It's late. It'll take me five minutes --

TEENA
 It's a beautiful night.
 (leans in close, whispers)
 Tuesday she's at my mom's. Think about
 it.
 (quick kiss, then, to Bethie)
 Up and at 'em.

Teena pulls Bethie up. Casey watches them move through the
 party, Teena saying quick goodbyes. At the back gate, Teena
 turns back, gives him that great smile, a wave, and --

TEENA
 Call you in the morning!

The moon shines down through a gauze of mist and clouds.

NARRATOR
*Hit by lightning, spared by lightning.
 Good luck, bad luck. Purely luck.*

25 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT - BETHIE AND TEENA

25

Passing the last two dilapidated row houses before Rocky Point Park -- a few lonely acres of green surrounded by urban decay.

NARRATOR

In any case your life would be divided into 'before' and 'after.' In any case your childhood would belong only to before... before your mother leaned over and whispered 'Bethie, baby; time to go.'

An M-80 EXPLODES nearby in the park. Bethie freezes.

TEENA

Fourth of July. For some idiots --

BETHIE

-- the silly string. I left it at Casey's.

TEENA

Oh no. Really?

Teena shows Bethie the can in her purse. Starts walking.

TEENA

Must be sweet, havin' such a great mom.

Teena pulls back some overgrown branches, proudly reveals a small brick pathway leading into the park.

TEENA

Shortcut.

They enter the park. As the branches whip back closed --

26 EXT. LAGOON PATH - NIGHT

26

Bethie and Teena walking, as the lagoon comes into view.

TEENA

They should clean this up. It used to be so beautiful.

(the lagoon)

When you were a baby, your father used to take you out. In a canoe.

(smiles, remembers)

You always took your dolls. You had to have them --

BETHIE

-- I hate dolls.

Bethie walks ahead. Teena follows, concerned.

27 EXT. PARK - QUICK CUTS - NIGHT 27

WHOOSH...A BIC LIGHTER ignites, fills the screen... The FLAME licks a METH PIPE made from a light bulb... A MOUTH sucks in long grey smoke... A FLASH of meth-crazed EYES... A CROWBAR snaps a RUSTED PADLOCK.

28 EXT. THE WATERWORKS BUILDING - NIGHT 28

Bethie stopped, staring up, as Teena approaches --

TEENA
Honey, what's wrong?

BETHIE
(deflecting)
What happened to her legs?

Teena follows Bethie's look to the MERMAID STATUE on the roof.

TEENA
It's a fin. See, mermaids do a lot of swimming --

BETHIE
-- 'Mermaids.' What, you think they're real?

Bethie moves off, disgusted. Teena follows --

BY THE BOATHOUSE DOOR - NIGHT

In the shadows, MARVIN PICK -- 26, big, sandy hair falling in a greasy, pimply face. A dagger/flaming heart TATTOO on his forearm as he lights the fuse of an M-80. Turning at the nearby voices, Marvin SEES:

THE PATH - MARVIN'S POV

Through the shrubbery, Bethie, Teena catching up --

RESUME - MARVIN

Staring at Teena, Marvin kills the sizzling fuse with a wet tongue. Very low:

MARVIN
Well look who's here.

LLOYD PICK appears behind him. The younger, stupider brother. Same stringy hair, low forehead. He recognizes Teena. A small, feral smile.

Two more PUNKS in the shadows: JIMMY DELUCA -- 24, tall, porkpie hat -- and FRITZ HAABER -- 22, small, skinny, dark hair, bad moustache. Off their flat, stoned looks --

29 EXT. PARK - THE PATH - NIGHT

29

Teena and Bethie as --

TEENA

I think maybe you don't like me talking
about your Dad.

BETHIE

Actually, I don't like you treating me
like an infant... I wasn't going to fall.

Bethie stops, turns away.

TEENA

Honey?

BETHIE

I don't remember what he looks like...
I try, but he just goes away.

TEENA

And when you least expect it, there he is.
When you're not trying.

(Bethie nods)

Honey, that's how memory works.

Bethie takes Teena's hand. They walk. Teena has a thought,
laughs. Off Bethie's look, explaining:

TEENA

'Mermaids.' We had to call you 'Ariel,'
for a year.

POUNDING FOOTSTEPS approach, dark laughter.

MARVIN PICK (O.S.)

Hey Teena, wait up!

Out of the darkness, surging toward them --

A BLUR OF RUSHING FACES

Like wild dogs, all teeth and glittery eyes. Marvin and
Lloyd slide in front. Teena grabs Bethie, keeps moving.

MARVIN

Where you ladies goin' tonight?

TEENA

Come on, fellas, leave us alone --

LLOYD

-- Hey hey HEY!

Lloyd stabs at them with a fat paw. Bethie, terrified,
whirls to Jimmy and Fritz behind her, clapping their hands,
hooting, yipping.

JIMMY
 (sing-song)
 Teen-a. Oh Teen-a --

Feinting at Bethie like a basketball player --

FRITZ
 -- don't be scared --

Bethie whirls into Teena, who grabs her tight and tries to push past, but Marvin's in front of her, a moving wall.

MARVIN
 Hey hey where you goin'?

Identifying Marvin as the oldest, the leader --

TEENA
 -- Come on. Handsome guy like you, gotta have a girlfriend --

Giggling, Lloyd swipes at her, Teena bats his hand away --

JIMMY
 Teen-a... Teen-a --

TEENA
 -- I wouldn't want to piss her off --

MARVIN
 -- Oh fuck, she won't mind --

Now near the boathouse, Fritz GRABS Bethie, RIPS her from Teena, holds her tight, legs off the ground, kicking, as --

TEENA
 No!

Teena rushes toward Bethie. Marvin blocks her, pushes her back toward Lloyd. Teena flails back, starting to break.

TEENA
 Don't hurt her.
 (begging, at Marvin)
 Please. She's a little girl.

Marvin laughing, as --

TEENA
 Let her GO!

FRITZ
 Okay.

Fritz lets Bethie go. Bethie runs. Fritz lunges, grabs her arm, YANKS hard. Bethie SCREAMS, falls, grabs her shoulder, whimpers in pain.

TEENA, running towards Bethie. MARVIN lets her pass. Jimmy sticks out a foot, trips her; Teena falls hard.

LLOYD
Ooops. Dropped your purse.

TEENA
Please. Let her go.

Laughing, Lloyd scoops up the purse. Teena tries to rise. Marvin PUNCHES her hard, full in the face.

OUTSIDE THE BOATHOUSE

The Picks drag Teena toward the boathouse. Fritz pulls Bethie. Bethie kicks, struggles, loses her sandals. Her left arm hangs limp as Fritz KICKS her.

TEENA, bloody lip, face scratched, twisting wildly --

TEENA
Bethie?!

Marvin's huge sweaty hand covers Teena's mouth. He jerks her back by her hair. Teena's eyes widen as she SEES:

JIMMY, behind her, upside down, crowbar in hand, throwing the metal door wide open.

TEENA, yellow hair dragged through wet dirt, beer cans, cigarette butts.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT - TEENA

Pulled across the wet floor, dropped in a pool of dirty moonlight. Fritz drags Bethie inside --

TEENA
Don't hurt her... please.

Marvin YANKS Teena's head up by her hair, SLAMS it hard into the floor.

Jimmy SHUTS the door, plunges the room into semi-darkness. Bethie wriggles out of Fritz's grasp --

FRITZ
No you don't --

BETHIE, stumbles toward the back of the boathouse, stacked to the ceiling with inverted canoes.

FRITZ, diving for wet, thin legs. Bethie kicks him in the face, slips into the small space between the bottom row of canoes and the back wall. Fritz tries to follow, can't fit.

FRITZ, standing, frustrated, POUNDS the rack of canoes.

IN THE CRAWL SPACE - BETHIE

A heavy canoe shifts, falls, makes the space even smaller. Squeezing past, she scrapes her leg, draws blood.

TEENA'S VOICE

Bethie?!!

BACK TO TEENA

TEENA

(screams)

Bethie!!

Jimmy Deluca KICKS her in the ribs with a steel toed boot.
Teena gasps, tries to breathe --

MARVIN

That's right, keep it down.

Marvin pulls his pants down, bends over Teena, spits on his palm for lubrication.

MARVIN

Got somethin for ya, baby...

FRITZ, unable to reach Bethie, POUNDS the canoes in a sick meth rhythm.

FRITZ

Bitch! (BAM) Bitch! (BAM) Bitch!

BETHIE, in the middle of the canoe rack, folded into this impossibly tiny space, covers her ears against the ugly sounds of her mother's rape.

LLOYD (O.S.)

Give it to her!

Bethie's eyes. Pure terror. Tears stream down her face.

31 INT./EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

31

Dromoor drives, Zwaff fills out a report. Dromoor hangs a left into Rocky Point Park.

ZWAFF

They should lose the whole fucking day.
Go to sleep July 3rd, wake up, whoa, guess what; it's the fifth.

Dromoor's eyes. He sees something as --

ZWAFF

They do it with elevators. The bullshit with the 13th floors. But this, this makes sense --

Zwaff rocked as Dromoor jerks the wheel, JOLTS over the curb, past the Waterworks building, zoned in on --

BETHIE, stumbling toward them from the boathouse, barefoot, clothes torn, arm dangling. Her light blue eyes lock on --

DROMOOR, behind the wheel, his face rushing at her.

THE BLACK AND WHITE, stops in front of her, tears up dirt and grass. Whirling LIGHTS.

Dromoor gets out, moves to Bethie, shivering in the heat.

BETHIE

My mom.

Dromoor wraps his windbreaker around her, leans down close.

BETHIE

They hurt my mom. Please help her.

As Zwaff approaches, Dromoor follows Bethie's look to the boathouse. Guiding Bethie toward Zwaff --

DROMOOR

Call a bus.

Moving Bethie toward the black-and-white, into his radio --

ZWAFF

Unit 210, request medical assistance --

My mom.

BETHIE

Bethie turns back, SEES Dromoor, gun drawn, moving --

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Dromoor's MAG LIGHT plays across the empty room, the wet floor, and he SEES:

TEENA, splayed naked on the floor, still. Smeared with blood. Her body weirdly criss-crossed with thin strands of pink string.

DROMOOR squats, feels for a carotid pulse. Looks down. TEENA'S RIB CAGE, rising slowly, almost imperceptibly.

APPROACHING SIRENS.

DROMOOR, shines the light on the scattered contents of Teena's purse -- the open wallet, sunscreen, broken sunglasses... the dented CAN of PINK SILLY STRING.

TIGHT - TEENA'S DRIVER'S LICENSE PICTURE

The crooked grin. The hair. The life in her.

DROMOOR, stands, looks, tries to reconcile the picture with the way she looks now. The air goes out of him.

ZWAFF, next to Dromoor, looking down. Stunned. Shocked.

ZWAFF

Jesus Christ.

SIRENS WAIL. The long window above Zwaff and Dromoor fills with approaching headlights, brighter and brighter, until --

SCREEN GOES WHITE

34 EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT - DROMOOR 34

The crime scene swirls around him as he tracks --

TEENA - DROMOOR'S POV - MOVING - ON A GURNEY

Near death, hooked to I.V.'s, tubed. An EMT bags her as the gurney bumps its way to a parked ambulance, lights flashing.

35 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT 35

The gurney slides in, locks. On the side bench, Bethie shivers, wrapped in a blanket. Bare feet streaked with dirt and blood. In shock, staring at Teena, on automatic --

BETHIE

Don't die don't die don't die.

The bagging EMT checks the monitors. The Driver looks back. Bagging EMT shakes his head: *not yet; she's not stable.*

36 EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT 36

DETECTIVES MANSON -- late 30's, smart, sharp dresser -- talks low with SLIVAK, his large, bullet-headed partner.

SLIVAK

-- with a 12 year old? Middle of the night?

WIDER, Manson SEES Dromoor walking past them.

MANSON

Dromoor, you first on scene?

Dromoor stops, nods. Manson moves to him.

MANSON

Fuckin brutal. We got your notes?

Nearby, a Forensics Guy talks low to Slivak, shows him some bagged evidence. Nodding toward Slivak --

DROMOOR

He's got 'em.

As Slivak approaches, to Manson, gesturing at the bushes --

SLIVAK

Fresh cigarette butts, a broken meth pipe... Scumbags were laying in wait.

Dromoor's already walking away --

37 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT 37

Dromoor climbs in, puts Bethie's SANDALS on the floor as --

BAGGING EMT
B.P.'s holding! Let's go!

Bethie looks at Dromoor. Connected. Locked in.

BAGGING EMT
(to Dromoor, urgent)
On or off?
(no response)
Hey; we're rolling.

Dromoor hops out. The door SLAMS. Bethie slips her bare feet into the sandals as the ambulance rolls out. Looks out the small back window, sees Dromoor walking away. Looks back to Teena.

38 INT. DROMOOR'S PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 38

Dromoor drives fast, unreadable as --

ZWAFF
She don't make it, I wanna see those
assholes get the needle. As in go there
and watch. Take the wife, make a vacation
out of it.

39 INT. ST. MARY'S - E.R. ENTRANCE - NIGHT 39

MOVING WITH the Paramedics as they BANG Teena's gurney through the double doors. THREE E.R. DOCS rush up, move with them down the hall.

BAGGING EMT
... unconscious 35 year old female, pulse
ox 6, rear cranial blunt force trauma,
pupils dilated and unresponsive --

E.R. DOC #1
-- page neuro, get her to MRI, STAT --

BAGGING EMT
-- cops want a rape kit --

E.R. DOC #1
-- let's keep her alive first --

FEMALE E.R. DOC (MATTHEWS)
-- the juvenile, they rape her too?

Teena's gurney continues down the hall as a wheelchaired Bethie rolls into frame, stops, and --

BETHIE
Where's she going?!

Forgetting her arm, Bethie tries to get up, gasps with pain.
As Dr. Matthews moves to her, settles her back --

41 INT. POLICE STATION LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

41

Dromoor, in street clothes, hangs up his uniform. Dressed,
at the end of the locker row:

ZWAFF

-- DNA, fingerprints. Shit; only thing
they didn't leave was fuckin' nametags.

(slams his locker)

Last call at the Horseshoe.

Picking up his work shoes --

DROMOOR

Gotta get home.

ZWAFF

(small smile, low)
'Gotta go home.'

As Zwaff moves off, Dromoor frowns; something's stuck to the
bottom of a shoe.

A crusty pink piece of silly string.

Dromoor scrapes it off, puts the shoes on the top locker
shelf. Closes his locker.

INT. E.R. - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

AGNES KEVECKI at the nurses' desk, upset. Hastily dressed,
a housecoat, slippers. Late 50's, tough, but you can see
where Teena got her looks, as --

AGNES

-- No, I'm not waiting for the doctor --

NURSE

-- Ma'am, please --

AGNES

-- Where's my daughter?

44 INT. E.R. TREATMENT BAY - NIGHT

44

Bethie face down on the table, Dr. Matthews' hands wrapped
tight around her thin upper arm.

MATTHEWS

One... two... three.

Dr. Matthews twists the shoulder hard; it SNAPS back in with
a loud, brutal CLICK. Bethie gasps. Tears well up.

MATTHEWS

All done.

The curtain whips back as Agnes enters, and --

AGNES
Oh, my God. What did they do to you?

BETHIE
I'm okay, Grandma. Really.

Bethie sits up, tries to hide the pain.

BETHIE
How's Momma?

A half beat, then low, focused, willing it to be true:

AGNES
She will be okay. Because you and me,
we're gonna stick together, we won't let
her not be --

MANSON
-- Mrs. Kevecki?

Manson stands by the open curtain.

AGNES
(not now)
-- I'm with my granddaughter.

Bethie looks, as Manson moves closer.

MANSON
Well, that's the thing. Bethie got a good
look at those guys --

AGNES
-- She's twelve.

MANSON
Her mother can't talk; she's our only
witness. We need her help.

BETHIE
Grandma, please --

AGNES
-- It's okay, honey, he's leaving --

BETHIE
-- No. I'm helping.
(lower, to Manson)
I'm helping my mother.

45 INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

45

Bethie and Agnes at the table, facing a glass wall, the mostly empty bullpen beyond. Bethie wears a blue sling. Slivak drinks coffee, holds up a wall, as Manson puts down a fresh 6-pack of MUG SHOTS for Bethie.

MANSON
Take your time.

Bethie looks. Tough young punks. Scary. Looks up at Manson. Shakes her head.

Manson gives her a new 6-pack. Bethie touches her swollen lip. Agnes hands her ice from a paper cup.

AGNES

We need more ice.

Pressing ice to her lip, Bethie SEES Dromoor, across the bullpen. Street clothes, back turned, at the coffee machine. He feels the look, turns, looks at her.

Thoughtful, Bethie rubs her lip with ice. Water drips on the six pack. Slivak wipes it dry with his jacket sleeve.

BETHIE

Sorry.

Bethie looks back down. Name-tagged, badged, Assistant Prosecutor ANNE DIEBENKORN enters. Early 30's, soft features, frizzy hair. She sets down a fresh cup of ice as Bethie shakes no, and Manson takes the 6-pack.

DIEBENKORN

You definitely saw their faces.

Bethie nods, rubs her eyes, bleary, wrecked. Off Diebenkorn's look, Manson gives Bethie a new six-pack.

AGNES

Okay, she needs a break --

BETHIE

-- I'm fine.

Bethie studies the six-pack.

AGNES

Look at her; she's exhausted --

DIEBENKORN

-- Her memory's fresh now --

BETHIE

-- Him.

FLASH CUT - MARVIN - BETHIE'S MEMORY

On the pathway in Rocky Point, HER POV: a sweaty blur of flesh resolves into that face, those meth crazed eyes.

RESUME - CONFERENCE ROOM - BETHIE

Stabs a finger on a picture. Marvin Pick. Looks up.

BETHIE

Him.

Manson grabs the six-pack, reads the back.

MANSON

Pick, Marvin. Narcotics, couple assaults.
Residence on Huron.

SLIVAK

(makes sense)

Less than a mile from the park.

Manson has an idea, flips quickly through the six-packs,
puts one in front of Bethie.

THE SIX-PACK - BETHIE'S POV

PANNING the top row, FINDING Lloyd Pick.

RESUME - CONFERENCE ROOM - BETHIE

BETHIE

Him, too.

MANSON

Lloyd Pick. The brother.

Bethie looks out at the bullpen for Dromoor. He's gone.

47 INT. DROMOOR'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - NIGHT 47

Dromoor pulls in the driveway of a neat little two bedroom
bungalow. BABY SHOES dangle from his rear view.

48 INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - VARIOUS - NIGHT 48

Dromoor by the crib, looks down at MOLLY, almost 3,
sleeping, curled in a corner. Molly moans, stretches out a
hand. Dromoor knows what she wants, rummages through the
blankets, can't find it.

Now on the floor, looking under the crib, Dromoor finds
Doggy, a well-worn stuffed animal. Dromoor puts Doggy in
Molly's hand; she pulls it in close.

Now in a chair pulled close to the crib, Dromoor watches
Molly sleep. Focused. On duty.

INT. POLICE STATION - LINEUP OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

BETHIE, standing between Agnes and Diebenkorn, looks through
the one way glass at Marvin Pick in the lineup room, as
"fillers" move out behind him. A Uniform leads Marvin out,
the SCREEN comes down, and --

DIEBENKORN

You're doin' great. One more, right?

Bethie nods. Reaches out, touches Agnes' hand. Agnes takes
it, holds on tight.

A BUZZ. Manson raises the screen. Bethie reacts, shook, as
she SEES:

THE LINE-UP, 7 punk Fillers and... FRITZ HAABER, looking right at her, as if he knows she's there, smiling.

Terrified, burying her face in Agnes' housecoat --

BETHIE
He can see me.

DIEBENKORN
Bethie --

BETHIE
(won't look)
-- It's six. Number six.

DIEBENKORN
Honey, that's not good enough --

AGNES
-- Jesus Christ, she did it. What the hell else do you want?

DIEBENKORN
I want to put these punks away.

As she looks at Fritz, smiling back, full of swagger.

DIEBENKORN
This one likes to hurt little girls.
(back to Agnes)
She has to look longer or the ID won't count.

Bethie pulls away from Agnes. Steels herself. Faces the glass. Trembling, she holds Fritz' look.

BETHIE
Number six.

56 INT. DROMOOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

56

Molly, in her BOOSTER SEAT, face covered with applesauce, sprays Dromoor with a big RASPBERRY.

JOAN DROMOOR breezes in. 35, short hair, pretty, SIX MONTHS PREGNANT, in an oversized NFPD t-shirt, moving toward the counter --

JOAN
Look who's up.

Laughing, Molly shows Joan her applesauce covered hands --

MOLLY
Apples!

Joan grabs a washcloth, runs water on it --

JOAN
I know. Daddy's funny.

Joan expertly wipes Molly's face and hands --

JOAN
She doesn't eat applesauce.

DROMOOR
She asked for some.

JOAN
Not to eat.

Joan smiles, finds an orange, slices it.

JOAN
You never came to bed.

DROMOOR
She couldn't sleep.

JOAN
Really? That's your story?
(off his look)
I'm on to you, buddy.

Joan gives Dromoor a quick kiss as she passes him, gives the oranges to Molly.

JOAN
You just like being with her.

As Joan finds more food, Dromoor moves to the sink, rinses his face.

JOAN
Go to sleep, Johnny. You're back on at two.

Dromoor grabs his keys from the counter. A small smile.

DROMOOR
We're out of applesauce.

As Molly laughs, and Dromoor heads out --

JOAN
Hey.
(Dromoor turns back)
Father Frank asked us to sing yesterday.
All Saints Day falls on a Sunday this year. He wants us at all the masses.
(feeding Molly)
You could bring your daughter.

Joan turns; Dromoor's gone. To Molly, just a fact --

JOAN
He won't go.

57 INT. TEENA'S ICU ROOM - DAY

57

The ICU NURSE moves an I.V. STAND for a clean sight line to Teena, OPENS the vertical blinds, throws a sympathetic smile toward --

BETHIE - THRU THE GLASS - HER POV

Looks at Teena, motionless, paled, hooked to machines.

58 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSER - BETHIE (CONTINUOUS)

58

Pressed against the glass.

CASEY (O.S.)

Sweet Jesus.

ADJUST to INCLUDE Ray Casey, behind Bethie, shocked, holding a ragged bunch of gift shop FLOWERS. Bethie turns to him.

BETHIE

She's gonna be okay. The doctor says her brain stem's good. When she can breathe on her own, they'll wake her up.

Casey can barely nod.

BETHIE

She can't have flowers. I can't even be in there.

Casey knows he should be strong here, but it's not in him. Spots Agnes approaching. Relieved, he moves toward her, Leaves Bethie behind.

CASEY

Mrs. K. I came as soon as I heard --

AGNES

(edge)

-- Why? What are you doing here?

Wanting to diffuse the tension, focus on Teena --

BETHIE

I think she's breathing better.

Agnes looks, puts a comforting hand on Bethie's shoulder. Then, suddenly remembering --

AGNES

Goddamnit.

(off her look)

My backpack. I left it in the car. I'm parked right in front.

BETHIE

(for Casey)

Be right back.

As Bethie moves off quickly, Agnes and Casey watch her leave.

CASEY
Poor kid. If there's anything I can do --

AGNES
(low, disgusted)
-- you let them walk home, alone --

CASEY
-- She wanted to. She insisted.
(off Agnes' look)
You know Teena. Once she gets an idea in her head --

AGNES
-- I do know her. She's made some bad choices -- how she lives, who she dates: choices for herself. She's a good mother.
(lower, closer)
She might let a drunk like you drive her home, but not Bethie. Bethie doesn't get near your car, no matter what.
(beat, softer)
Even if they have to walk.

Agnes leaves. Off Casey, helpless, holding the flowers --

59 INT. ST. MARY'S - ER RECEPTION - DAY

59

MOVE WITH Dromoor past the waiting PATIENTS to the FRONT DESK. The RECEPTIONIST peers through reading glasses at her computer screen, types as --

DROMOOR
I'm checking on a patient's status.
Martine Maguire. She's in intensive --

RECEPTIONIST
(typing, not looking)
-- Family member?
(no response)
Unless you're a family member, that information is confidential.
(looking up)
Are you? A family member?

Dromoor's already walking toward the exit.

DROMOOR, sees something, slows down.

BETHIE, enters the double doors, shoulders Agnes' heavy backpack, head down. Looks up, registers Dromoor, surprised. Stopping, he's right in front of her.

BETHIE
Hi.

DROMOOR
Hey. How's the wing?

BETHIE
Fine. Dislocated. They put it back.

DROMOOR
Ouch. How's your mom?

BETHIE
Good. Her brain stem's good... She's
breathing better.

Dromoor nods. Bethie's exhausted, wants to go, doesn't know
how. Awkward, adjusting the backpack --

BETHIE
My Grandma's. She left it in the car.

DROMOOR
(helping her out)
Better get it to her then.

Bethie nods, moves off quickly. Dromoor heads for the exit --

EXT. HOSPITAL DOORS - DAY

Dromoor walks out into bright sunshine.

NARRATOR
*Married and a father and his wife already
anxious about him. About to have another
kid... And he wasn't the type. The type
to get involved.*

EXT. PICK HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

At the wheel of his TRAILED BOAT, WALT PICK -- late 50's,
big, dirty Navy baseball hat -- drinks a beer. His daughter
LEILA approaches, 16, sullen, belly spilling out over tight
low rider jeans, as --

LEILA
Mom needs you inside.

WALT
I need you not to dress like a whore.
(Leila walks off)
Hey. Where you goin'?

Without glancing back, Leila flips him off, keeps walking.
Walt's had better days --

INT. PICK LIVING ROOM - DAY

FATHER MULDOON -- 60ish, smooth Irish brogue -- examines a
WRESTLING TROPHY on the bookcase. IRMA PICK, on the couch,
emotional. Whiskey, on a silver tray.

IRMA

They're good boys, Father. They couldn't have done this... they didn't.

Muldoon sits next to Irma. Hands her a linen handkerchief.

MULDOON

For those who truly love Him, God promises to make things right and good.

Irma wipes her nose. Muldoon tops off his whiskey.

MULDOON

And if we do our part, Irma, He keeps that great promise. Praise God.

IRMA

Praise God.

Muldoon rattles his ice, sips. Thoughtful. Wise.

MULDOON

So. As good Christian parents, what is your part?

ADJUST to INCLUDE WALT, eavesdropping, just behind the living room wall, as --

MULDOON

Yes, Irma, we are all His children, but until He calls us, we live in this world...

(takes her hands)

Your part is hiring the best criminal lawyer you can find.

WALT

(entering)

Who pays that bill, God?

IRMA

(disgusted, to Muldoon)

You hear that?

MULDOON

Times of trial. Times of trial.

Muldoon moves to Walt, a BUSINESS CARD in his hand --

MULDOON

Jay Kirkpatrick.

(beat)

Sure, he'll charge you an arm, a leg, and your left testicle, but he's your man. Because in this world, a factory town with no more factories, all that's left are tourists. A gang-rape in a city park, that's bad for business. In this world, the D.A. who sends your boys to Attica for 30 years gets to keep his job.

(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)
 (the card)
 Jay Kirkpatrick. The Silver Fox.

Walt takes the card. An embossed SILVER FOX in the corner.

64 INT. ICU WAITING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

64

The WALL TV plays MUTED STATIC. A WHIR draws us to the open doorway; a Janitor pushing a FLOOR POLISHER.

On the couch, Agnes sleeps sitting up, snoring lightly, knitting still in her hand. Bethie sleeps, head in Agnes' lap.

Approaching FOOTSTEPS. As Bethie opens her eyes, wide awake, looking sideways at the open doorway --

The NIGHT NURSE enters, moves to Bethie and Agnes. Low, smiling, as Bethie sits up --

NIGHT NURSE
 It's your mom, honey. She's awake.

Off Bethie, and Agnes stirring --

65 INT. TEENA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

65

Teena, her head bandaged, face pale, bruised. Eyes closed. Bethie, by the bed, as Agnes moves in behind her --

BETHIE
 Momma? Momma.

No response. Bethie turns to Agnes, tears in her eyes --

BETHIE
 She's the same.

AGNES, looks past her, smiles, takes one of Teena's hands.

AGNES
 Hi baby.

Bethie turns, SEES Teena's bruised eyelids flutter half, as if forcing herself out of sleep, a swimmer breaking a surface of molten lead. Bethie takes her other hand --

AGNES
 We're right here.

Halting, confused, barely a whisper:

TEENA
 Something... happened...

BETHIE
 It's okay, Momma.

Teena focuses on Bethie. The blue sling. Injured.

TEENA
You fell... off the roof.

Bethie looks helplessly at Agnes.

TEENA
I told you... get down.
(her eyes close)
Told you.

Teena's eyes flutter closed. Agnes wipes Teena's chin.
Bethie's overwhelmed -- *Teena doesn't remember.*

AGNES
Honey, she just woke up.

Off Bethie, stunned, looking away --

BLACKOUT

INT. ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

PASSING a MEAL CART, a young family talking with a Doctor outside a room, and FIND Nurse Rachel, Teena in a wheelchair toward us through the busy hallway and --

70 INT. TEENA'S ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

70

The NIGHT NURSE pushes the wheelchaired Teena into the room. Agnes knits, the afghan now half done. Bethie by the empty bed. Flowers fill the window sill. A few cards, Bethie's drawings taped to the wall.

NIGHT NURSE
Guess who just had a great MRI? No more hemorrhaging, good re-asorption.
(confidential)
Didn't hear that from me, of course, I'm just the nurse.

Bethie takes the cover off Teena's lunch. Macaroni and cheese. Upbeat, selling it: *just how you like it* --

BETHIE
Burned on top. Scorched.

Teena nods, shaky. The Nurse helps Teena back into bed. Bethie can't watch. She turns, grabs some FLOWERS, fusses with them as --

BETHIE
These came while you were gone. Grandma told me to open the card; I told her that was snooping.

AGNES
(keeps knitting)
No one likes a tattle-tale.

A KNOCK on the open door. Detective Manson, with a small plastic bag.

MANSON

Hey. How's it going in here?

Teena closes her eyes; these are frustrating visits. The Nurse exits, passing Slivak at the door.

MANSON

Wow. She looks a lot better.

(to Slivak)

What's it been, a week?

Slivak nods. Manson pulls a pink FBI Junior Agent CAP from the bag. Bethie smiles.

BETHIE

You found it.

Manson puts it on Bethie's head, considers the look.

MANSON

Hat like this, it's all about the brim.

(shaping it)

Can we borrow your Mom for a minute?

Agnes is already up; she knows the drill.

TIGHT on BOOKING PHOTOS of the PICKS. WIDER to SEE TEENA, upset, looking at the photos, Manson and Slivak by the bed.

MANSON

Nothing.

Teena looks up, shakes her head. Slivak takes the photos.

MANSON

(not a question)

You remember Rocky Point. Walking with Bethie.

(Teena nods)

The mermaid. Nothing after.

Teena turns away.

SLIVAK

It's okay. Doc says this stuff comes back at its own pace.

Off Manson, trading looks with Slivak --

72 INT. TEENA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

72

BETHIE, excited, opens the card on the flowers, hands it to Teena. Teena squints. Can't read, can't focus. Seeing her frustration, Bethie takes the card back, reads --

BETHIE
 "Hoping you will be well soon, Teena.
 Your friend, J.
 (sounds it out)
 Drew-MORE? DREW-more?

TEENA
 I don't know them.

Teena closes her eyes. Tired. Agnes' knitting needles click away.

AGNES
 Maybe it's the wrong room.

BETHIE
 It says "Teena."
 (holds out the card)
 Momma, look --

TEENA
 -- I don't care. Get rid of 'em.
 (turning away)
 I don't want anyone's damn pity.

Off Bethie's confused, helpless look --

73 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAWN

73

The rising sun throws new light on the wall of crashing water, the mist. A blast of sound, the ROAR, and --

INT. TEENA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Empty. An Orderly strips the taped up art and cards from the walls. Dumps the wilted flowers.

75 INT./EXT. AGNES' BLUE VOLVO WAGON - MOVING - DAY

75

Teena rides shotgun, bundled in the now finished afghan.

AGNES
 I went by, checked your machine. You're gonna have to call people back, honey.

No response. Bethie, in back, looks out the window. The car's loaded with stuff from the hospital.

AGNES
 Dr. Brightman called. Take all the time you need, he said.
 (smiles)
 Wendy says without you the office is going to hell. And that new hygienist, she still won't wear deodorant.
 (no response)
 She really wants to see you, honey.

No response. A beat. Pretending that Agnes just forgot --

BETHIE
Casey called, too. A bunch of times.

Bethie avoids Agnes' look in the rear view. Agnes glances at Teena. Shakes her head.

AGNES
We're talking; she's sleeping.

76 EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY - THE VOLVO 76
Pulls in the driveway of a nice two-story brick row house.

AGNES (O.S.)
We're here!

77 INT./EXT. VOLVO - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 77
Teena stirs, realizes where she is. Agnes gets out of the car quickly as --

TEENA
Mom, no, not your house --
Leaning over the back seat, whispering, urgent --

BETHIE
It's okay --

TEENA
-- No, it's not --

BETHIE
-- We need help, Momma. Until you get a little better, we do.

TEENA
Jesus Christ, Bethie --

BETHIE
(lower)
-- We're not moving in; I told her that.
Please...

A beat. Teena hears Bethie's desperation. Sees Agnes, worried, waiting. Teena nods slightly, takes Bethie's hand.

As Agnes opens Teena's door, a FAT ORANGE CAT sneaks past, jumps in Teena's lap, the BELL JINGLING on the PINK RHINESTONE COLLAR.

AGNES
Tigerlily. That's just rude.

Bethie smiles. Low, to Teena, re: the cat.

BETHIE
See Momma? She's glad we're here.

TEENA
 (mutters, to Agnes)
 The plan worked. You happy?

As Agnes helps Teena out of the car, low, right back at her.

AGNES
 I will be. When you're nice and settled.

Teena looks up at the house, helpless. Bethie hands her a CANE; Teena winces: *Crippled, too.* Soft, resigned, to herself --

TEENA
 Okay.

With Bethie next to her, somehow knowing not to help, Teena walks slowly, painfully to the front door. Hard to watch.

79 INT. TEENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

79

A pink canopied bed, Bon Jovi posters, HIGH SCHOOL SNAPSHOTS above the desk. An army of PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES on the night stand. Teena, exhausted, in bed, eyes closed. Bethie enters, kneels by the bed, takes her hand. Looks around. Opening her eyes, Teena clocks the look, smiles.

TEENA
 Grandma's time machine. She keeps my room the same, she can treat me like I'm still 16.

Tigerlily pads into the room, curls fat next to Bethie --

TEENA
 How you doin'?

BETHIE
 (a la Teena)
 Things could be worse.

TEENA
 For real.

BETHIE
 For real.
 (the cat)
 Grandma says she can sleep in my room.

Fading, exhausted, Teena squeezes Bethie's hand.

TEENA
 This was good, honey... Staying here.
 (releases her hand)
 Thank you...

Teena's eyes flutter closed.

BETHIE
 (softly)
 Momma?

No response. Bethie gets up, moves to the desk, looks at the pictures. A faded POLAROID of Teena as HIGH SCHOOL CHEERLEADER, her hair in a PONYTAIL, goofing with a couple of other girls.

BETHIE, catches a glimpse of herself in the small mirror. Frowns, doesn't like her looks. Messes with her hair. Turns, sees her Mom sleeping. Walks out. Tigerlily follows. Gently, Bethie closes the door.

EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Agnes pulls up in the Volvo, exits with a bag of groceries.

80 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

80

In pajamas, alone at the table, Bethie stares off. A BOWL of melting ice cream on top of a newspaper, blocking the front page headlines. A stack of saved newspapers nearby.

Tigerlily jumps up, looks at her, PURRS. Bethie slides the bowl over; Tigerlily eats.

Agnes enters, with groceries. Off the cat, disapproving --

AGNES
Bethie. Come on.

BETHIE
 I wasn't hungry.

Agnes takes the bowl from Tigerlily.

AGNES
 For blueberry swirl?
 (only explanation)
 Oh my God, you're sick.

Mock serious, Agnes reaches to feel Bethie's forehead; Bethie ducks the hand, annoyed. Harder than necessary --

BETHIE
 I'm fine.

Bethie leaves. Agnes looks after, knows there's something wrong. Tigerlily MEOWS.

AGNES
What.

Agnes turns, looks at the cat. Gives back the bowl. Sees something on the table; her face falls.

THE NEWSPAPER - AGNES' POV

"Accused Rocky Point Rapists Free On Bail." A PHOTO of the PERPS on the courthouse steps.

RESUME - AGNES

Looking upstairs, realizing: *Bethie knows they're out.*

83 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

83

Dark, sliced by moonlight. Bethie in bed, face to the wall, sleeping. Agnes enters, sits on the bed.

AGNES
Sweetheart? Bethie?

No response. Tigerlily jumps on the bed.

AGNES
Honey, listen to me. Those animals won't come near us; they've been warned --

Twisting toward Agnes, wide awake, scared --

BETHIE
-- They know where we live --

AGNES
-- So what. It doesn't matter. I promise you, the only place they're going is prison, for a real long time... You believe me?

(Bethie nods)
Say it. Say 'I believe you, Grandma.'

BETHIE
I believe you, Grandma.

AGNES
Good. See that you do.
(a quick kiss)
Your mother used to pretend she was sleeping. She never fooled me either.

Agnes leaves. BETHIE, stares at the ceiling.

NARRATOR
Your grandmother loved you but she could not protect you... How could she?

84 EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

84

Grim, Agnes dumps the newspapers in the big trash can.

85 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

85

The time floats across the ceiling, projected in colored light: 11:14:36 PM.

In bed, Bethie aims the PROJECTING CLOCK at a high school portrait of Teena. On the dresser below, Tigerlily jumps for the light; her COLLAR BELL JINGLING.

Bethie moves the light to the floor. Tigerlily chases it. Bethie smiles, leads her up on the bed. Turns off the clock light, next to a FRAMED PHOTO of Teena, husband Ross, and a 4 year old Bethie, in a canoe at Rocky Point.

Bethie closes her eyes. Tigerlily snuggles in close.

A KEENING WAIL from down the hall. Bethie's eyes snap open.

86 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - BETHIE 86

Runs to Teena's door, pushes it open, SEES:

87 INT. TEENA'S ROOM - BETHIE'S POV - NIGHT(CONTINUOUS) 87

The empty bed... Teena, on the floor, hunched over, rocking slowly back and forth, through sobs, softly --

TEENA
Why didn't they kill me? Why?

BETHIE
Momma?

Bethie moves to Teena as Agnes rushes in behind her.

BETHIE
Momma, it's okay --

At Bethie's touch, Teena's arms flail wildly --

TEENA
Don't touch me!

Bethie pulls back, helpless. Agnes pulls Teena in close. Gulping for air, through sobs --

TEENA
Why? Why would they do that?

Teena looks at Bethie. Realizes... *it happened to her, too.*

TEENA
Oh my God... my baby...

Teena grabs Bethie tight, rocks her, whispers.

TEENA
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

BLACKOUT

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Dromoor, in uniform, walks quickly up the steps.

INT. COURTHOUSE - END OF A SMALL HALLWAY - DROMOOR

KNOCKS on a pebbled glass door. "A. Diebenkorn, Assistant District Attorney, Niagara County." No response. He opens the door, and --

INT. DIEBENKORN'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

On the phone, at her desk, Diebenkorn waves Dromoor into the tiny office. Organized chaos. Files stacked everywhere. Dromoor stands as Diebenkorn gestures vaguely for Dromoor to have a seat.

The only CHAIR, by the desk, stacked with banker's boxes. A CORKBOARD behind Diebenkorn: one side crowded with MUG SHOTS, BOOKING PHOTOS of the PERPS, notes; the other side is neat, clean -- pre-crime PHOTOS of BETHIE and TEENA.

DIEBENKORN

(into phone)

-- he can re-test all the blood and semen he wants; we've got lots, hand it over.

(to Dromoor, low, re: boxes)

You can move those.

(Dromoor doesn't)

-- it's not about the samples; he's setting me up... A 302 violation... Ernie... Ernie -- Just do it, okay?

Diebenkorn hangs up. Looking through a file --

DIEBENKORN

Thanks for coming down. We have an evidentiary hearing Friday morning, 10 AM.

(wrong file, finds another)

I'm calling you as the, uh --

DROMOOR

-- First responder.

DIEBENKORN

Right. Dromoor, John.

(finds the report, scans it)

Saw the girl... boathouse, backup, secured the scene.

She hands him the report.

DIEBENKORN

Full? Complete? Nothing to add?

DROMOOR

(it has to be, because:)

I signed it.

Dromoor hands it back.

DIEBENKORN

My uniforms wear suits in court. Okay with you?

(MORE)

DIEBENKORN (CONT'D)
 (not waiting, into intercom)
 Get Ernie back.

Looking for something, annoyed. Hits the intercom, as Dromoor leaves, and --

DIEBENKORN
 Fritz Haaber's juvie file. All of it
 would be nice.

INT. 7-11 - DAY

A microwave DINGS. Bethie pulls out a BOXED tomato soup. ANNIE -- 12, a freckled beanpole in jeans, an NF Volleyball team shirt -- smells the soup, makes a face.

BETHIE
 My Dad used to get it for her. She's not
 eating enough.

Bethie opens the top of the soup, looks around.

BETHIE
 He'd put bacon in it. Fake bacon. Baco-
 bits.

A TAPPING SOUND draws them to the big front window. Jack Nunter, 14, very cool, stomps his skateboard, flips it, catches it casually. Off Annie's grin, resigned --

BETHIE
 I'll find the bacon, you talk to Jack.

ANNIE
 Not talk. Ignore.
 (serious)
 Watch and learn.

Annie heads out. Bethie moves to the back, past the rack of tabloids. A suggestive PHOTO of Teena on a front page. "VICTIM, OR VIXEN???" As Bethie rounds the corner, Leila Pick BUMPS her hard.

Bethie turns, another BIG GIRL cuts her off. Cornered.

BIG GIRL
 This is her?

Leila nods, pushes Bethie hard with a big hand.

LEILA
 Bitch better watch her mouth. All those
 lies about my brothers.

Leila SWIPES the SOUP out of Bethie's hand. It splashes hot on her legs, her white shorts.

LEILA
 Her and her bitch mama better shut the
 fuck up.

Leila and her friend leave. Off Bethie, terrified --

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - TEENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Teena sits on the end of the bed, dressed. Diebenkorn in a chair in front of her, their faces inches apart. Agnes goes through Teena's closet as --

DIEBENKORN

This is just about sending them to trial.
All you have to do is identify them.

(Teena nods)

Keep your eyes on me; don't look at anyone
else --

TEENA

-- Until you ask me who.

DIEBENKORN

Not who. If. If you see them. First
I'll ask how you knew them, to establish --

AGNES

(turning, hot)

-- She didn't know them. They knew her,
from the neighborhood --

TEENA

-- Mom, stay out of this!

DIEBENKORN

-- Mrs. Kevecki --

Turning back to the closet, disgusted, sotto --

AGNES

'Knew her.' Jesus Christ.

Diebenkorn moves to Agnes. Low --

DIEBENKORN

You're right. She didn't know them. I'll
make that very clear in court, I promise.

Agnes nods, tight. Diebenkorn sits back down with Teena,
who's watching Agnes, upset. Softly, taking her hand --

DIEBENKORN

Hey. Eyes on me.

(Teena looks)

Okay. Here we go. A couple of
establishing questions, and...

(courtroom voice)

"Mrs. Maguire, do you see these men in
court today?"

TEENA

"Yes. I see them."

Bethie enters, hangs back as --

DIEBENKORN

Perfect. Couldn't be better.

Diebenkorn stands. Agnes brings a couple of blue dresses to Teena. Unsure, not her department --

AGNES
You look nice in blue.

TEENA
Jesus. Mom, these are yours --

BETHIE
-- I've got this.

Bethie takes the dresses, moves to the closet, flips through clothes. Low, to Diebenkorn, a sore subject --

AGNES
I really think I should go.

Standing, upset --

TEENA
No, you can't.
(to Diebenkorn)
Her blood pressure --

DIEBENKORN
(to Teena)
-- It's okay.
(to Agnes, one more time)
It's just a hearing. At trial, yes, we'll
need you there --

AGNES	DIEBENKORN
-- She's my <u>daughter</u> --	-- but <u>not this</u> .
	(softer)
	We don't need you for this.

Bethie brings a black dress to Teena.

BETHIE
This is it. Definitely.

Teena barely glances at the dress, nods.

DIEBENKORN
Great. We're all set.

TEENA
(hard)
Are we, Mom? Are we all set?

Agnes looks, realizes how much this matters, nods.
Exhausted, Teena sits on the bed.

BETHIE
You hungry, Momma? I got you soup.
Tomato with bacon.

TEENA
Sounds great.

Noticing Bethie's stained shorts, smiling:

DIEBENKORN
Looks like the soup got you.
(to Teena)
Okay. Friday morning. See you in court.

Diebenkorn leaves.

96 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

96

Dromoor walks through the circus of CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS, up the steps, past the STATUE of LADY JUSTICE. Her blank blind eyes.

Dromoor meets Zwaff by the DOORS. As they enter --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dromoor and Zwaff enter, walk up the center aisle. The room is packed with mostly friends and family of the defendants.

Marvin Pick talks to his parents in the front row. A haircut, shave, nice clothes.

WIDER, the other defendants, all transformed with crewneck sweaters, jackets, haircuts, shaves. Street punks as high school English teachers.

Diebenkorn nods at Dromoor as he and Zwaff take Witness Seats in the first row.

Teena and Bethie enter. The room quiets. Teena in dark sunglasses, heavy make-up to hide her scars, a bright scarf on her head, black dress, blood red lipstick. Leaning on Bethie, hesitant, stiff. Diebenkorn moves to greet her.

DROMOOR, hard distance in his eyes.

TEENA AND BETHIE

Diebenkorn helps Bethie steady Teena. Whispering --

DIEBENKORN
Just point 'em out, then I'll put 'em
away.

Teena nods. Bethie turns, sees everyone looking at them. The PERPS... Irma and Walt Pick, in the front row... Deluca's mother... Leila Pick...

TEENA, DIEBENKORN, AND BETHIE

Moving past Irma Pick as Irma stands, and low, to Teena --

IRMA
Lying slut.

Whirling back toward Irma --

DIEBENKORN

What did you say?

-- Walt pulls Irma down as, from nearby --

BAILIFF

You will not speak to the witnesses.

As the Bailiff approaches Irma, Nate Baumdollar WOLF WHISTLES at Teena, drawing focus from Irma --

NATE

Teen-a! Lookin' fine!

An eruption of laughter in the courtroom.

BAILIFF

Silence!

Leaning to Dromoor, low, grim --

ZWAFF

A class three goat fuck.

Bethie, scared, sees Dromoor. As their eyes meet --

SECOND BAILIFF

All rise!

Everyone stands. Irma smirks at Diebenkorn, moving Teena and Bethie into the well.

DROMOOR, with Zwaff at his side.

JUDGE ROBERT SCHPIRO

Climbs the bench. 50's, a fireplug with a bulldog face, glinting wire-rimmed glasses. He makes a big show of arranging his papers before he finally sits, and --

BAILIFF

You may be seated!

The gallery sits. Schpiro surveys his kingdom, prosecution, defendants and... an empty chair at the defense table.

SCHPIRO

We seem to be missing a lawyer.

As if on cue, JAY KIRKPATRICK enters the courtroom. 50ish, smooth, confident. A thick shock of silver hair. Moving up the aisle, every inch the Silver Fox --

KIRKPATRICK

Jay Kirkpatrick for the defense, your Honor. My sincere apologies. Conference call on a Federal matter, won't happen again.

SCHPIRO
No harm, no foul. Good morning, counselor.

Kirkpatrick enters the well, greets the defendants, sits down. Smooth.

SCHPIRO
(to Diebenkorn)
Call your first witness.

DIEBENKORN
Patrol Officer John Dromoor.

Recognizing the name, Bethie touches Teena's hand. No response. As Dromoor rises --

TIGHT - DIEBENKORN

DIEBENKORN
And on the night of July 4, officer, you responded to a call in Rocky Point Park?

WIDER, Dromoor in the witness box. Before he can respond:

KIRKPATRICK
Your Honor, we're gonna have big problems if the State refuses to honor basic obligations of discovery.
(off his papers)
We have no record of a call.

Shuffling papers, confused --

DIEBENKORN
Uh, one moment, your Honor.

She drops some papers. Trying to help her out, to Schpiro --

DROMOOR
Actually, me and my partner were on general patrol, and we observed --

JUDGE SCHPIRO
-- Actually, Officer, it's my partner and I; actually, there's no question pending.

Marvin Pick laughs. Dromoor shuts him up with a look.

DIEBENKORN
Your honor, I'd like to rephrase.

JUDGE SCHPIRO
Good news.

DIEBENKORN
Officer Dromoor, on the night of July 4, when and your partner were on general patrol in Rocky Point Park, what did you observe?

DROMOOR

An injured young female ran toward us from the boathouse, flagged us down.

BETHIE, eyes glued to Dromoor, connected.

DIEBENKORN

And when you entered the boathouse, what did you observe?

DROMOOR. His eyes.

97 INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT - DROMOOR'S MEMORY

97

The SHOCK of TEENA, splayed naked on the floor. Open-mouthed, battered, smeared with blood. Pink streaks of silly string.

DROMOOR'S HAND, feeling for the carotid pulse.

TEENA'S RIBCAGE, rising almost imperceptibly. OVER:

DIEBENKORN (V.O.)

The State calls Martine Maguire.

RESUME - COURTROOM

DROMOOR, re-seated, as Teena rises, moves slowly to the stand.

JUDGE SCHPIRO

Mrs. Maguire, might I ask you to remove your sunglasses? It's not that bright in here.

Teena stops, confused, as --

DIEBENKORN

Your Honor, Mrs. Maguire's injuries have made her unusually sensitive to light.

SCHPIRO

Well, it's distracting. Perhaps she could try squinting.

Behind Diebenkorn, Teena removes the shades and --

JUDGE SCHPIRO

Thank you, Mrs. Maguire.

Teena shoves the glasses at Diebenkorn, who drops them. Teena moves to the stand.

DROMOOR, locked on Teena. Over, HEAR:

DIEBENKORN (O.S.)

Prior to the attack, did you know your assailants?

WIDER - THE COURTROOM - TEENA ON THE STAND

Agitated, distracted, rubbing her eyes with her fists.

TEENA
(almost to herself)
They knew my name.

KIRKPATRICK
Objection, unresponsive.

TEENA
(soft, disconnected)
'Teen-a. Teen-a.'

SCHPIRO
Sustained. Please wait for the next
question, Mrs. Maguire.

Teena squints, shades her eyes with a shaking hand. Not
looking at the perps, barely audible --

TEENA
Yes. I see them.

Kirkpatrick doesn't object. Marvin whispers something to
Lloyd. Lloyd smiles, nods.

Still looking away, only slightly louder:

TEENA
I said yes. I see them. Yes...

KIRKPATRICK
Your honor, the defense is happy to
stipulate Mrs. Maguire's positive
identification of all four defendants.

A buzz in the courtroom. Teena startles, looks at
Kirkpatrick, then looks away, disconnected, upset --

TEENA
No. They're right here --

SCHPIRO
-- Thank you, Mrs. Maguire.

Diebenkorn helps Teena off the stand. As she walks her to
her seat, Teena snatches her sunglasses, almost stumbles.
Bethie helps Teena sit.

DROMOOR, locked in on Teena... CLOSER on DROMOOR. His eyes.

KIRKPATRICK (O.S.)
Yes, your Honor, there was sex in that
boathouse.

WIDER - THE COURTROOM - KIRKPATRICK

Standing, moves to the podium. Calm, relaxed, no notes.

KIRKPATRICK
Lots of sex. But it wasn't rape. It was
 consensual sex.

Low murmurs in the gallery.

KIRKPATRICK
 As the evidence will show, Mrs. Maguire
 started drinking at the party given that
 night by Raymond Casey, her latest
 boyfriend --

ON TEENA AND BETHIE

KIRKPATRICK (O.S)
 -- a party where five kegs of beer were
 consumed by 19 people, including
 (gestures toward her)
 young Bethel Maguire.

BETHIE
 (involuntary)
 That's not true.

A hard look from Schpiro. Diebenkorn whispers to Bethie.

KIRKPATRICK
 Shortly after midnight, after fighting
 with her boyfriend, Mrs. Maguire dragged
 her 12 year old daughter to Rocky Point
 Park --

KIRKPATRICK, quietly building rhythm and intensity.

KIRKPATRICK
 -- where she met up with the defendants,
 whom she knew, and offered to trade sex
 for money.

A shocked buzz starts to build among the spectators.

DROMOOR, trained on Teena, head down, agitated. Diebenkorn
 whispers, tries to calm her.

THE PERPS, smug, satisfied -- *finally, the truth is out.*

KIRKPATRICK
 When the alleged "victim" suddenly decided
 to raise her price, and attacked the
 defendants in a drunken rage, they simply
 defended themselves, and left.

Teena, fists clenched now, rocking back and forth.

KIRKPATRICK
 Then the real assailants showed up.

THE GALLERY. Gasps. Dropped jaws. Smiles.

BETHIE, stunned. TEENA, face wet with tears, mascara running, reaches in her bag for a BOTTLE of PILLS.

DROMOOR, watches Teena open the PILLS. Her hands tremble.

KIRKPATRICK

Unknown assailants, drawn by Maguire's screams for more money, were the ones who beat her, raped her, and left her for dead.

(beat)

Assailants the Niagara Falls Police Department has yet to identify, arrest, or even look for, because as soon as a little 12 year old girl identified these men, a 12 year old girl who was hiding, unable to witness anything, and quite probably drunk -- why look for anyone else? Case closed.

Teena chews the pills dry --

KIRKPATRICK

Your Honor, these young men didn't rape or assault anyone. They are innocent of all charges.

Kirkpatrick sits. Shocked silence. The delayed aftermath of a sonic boom.

Then, an ERUPTION of scattered CHEERS, APPLAUSE.

MARVIN, high fives Lloyd... Mrs. Delucca, Fritz Haaber's mother EDNA, the Pick parents, all clapping... Kirkpatrick puts an arm around Lloyd...

DROMOOR, the only stillness in the room.

JUDGE SCHPIRO, stunned, fumbles for his gavel, SLAMS it --

SCHPIRO

Order! Order!

Leaning over to Teena and Bethie.

DIEBENKORN

We're gonna get you out of here.

Lurching from her seat, in Schpiro's general direction:

TEENA

No!

BETHIE

Momma!

Whirling to the chaos behind her, Teena sees THE GALLERY, blurred, fragmented, her POV. TWO WOMEN, 30's, angry, yell at Kirkpatrick... Nate Baumdollar hoots... Irma Pick stands, points at Teena --

IRMA

Whore! Liar!

Others join in, yelling, as Schpiro SLAMS his gavel --

JUDGE SCHPIRO

Order!

TEENA, stumbling toward Schpiro. Diebenkorn grabs her, Teena twists free --

TEENA

No!

SLAMMING his gavel again and again --

SCHPIRO

Order!

DROMOOR, standing, sees Teena moving toward the bench, Bethie right behind her as, up at Schpiro --

TEENA

How could this happen?

Standing, looking past Teena, banging his gavel --

SCHPIRO

Clear the courtroom!

Schpiro walks off the bench; bailiffs wade into the gallery.

TEENA

How?

Teena COLLAPSES. Diebenkorn kneels by her, panicked, looks back at a Colleague and --

DIEBENKORN

Get some help!

Bethie, behind Diebenkorn ---

BETHIE

Momma?

TEENA, sprawled on the floor, Diebenkorn over her.

Helpless, Bethie turns, SEES Dromoor MOVING their way through the angry crowd, Zwaff behind him.

CLOSER - TEENA

As Dromoor arrives, helps her up, Two UNIFORMS approach --

DIEBENKORN

(to Uniforms, urgent)

Side door. Through chambers.

Uniform #1 takes over from Dromoor, steadies Teena; Uniform #2 takes Bethie's hand. With Diebenkorn, they move toward the side exit. Near the door, Bethie looks back, SEES --

DROMOOR - HER POV - THRU THE CROWD

Looking back at her.

INT. COURTHOUSE - BY SIDE DOOR - DAY

A Uniform opens the DOOR. Diebenkorn, Teena and Bethie move out into terrifying blast of light and noise, taking us:

BACK TO DROMOOR

In the quiet, almost empty courtroom. A Bailiff picks up papers scattered on the floor by the defense table.

NARRATOR

*Don't get involved, he told himself,
there's nothing you can do. It was too
late, though. Since he'd first seen the
girl in Rocky Point Park, it had been too
late for him.*

Dromoor walks out of the courtroom --

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TEENA'S ROOM - DAY

Bethie, anxious, as a DOCTOR -- older, Agnes' GP -- exits Teena's room.

DOCTOR

She's okay. I gave her something to help
her sleep, at least through the night.

Through the half-open door Bethie sees Teena turn in bed, eyes open, move her outstretched arm. As Bethie starts to move past him, the doctor blocks the door, and --

DOCTOR

No, no, your Momma really needs to sleep.

As he closes the door, and Agnes approaches --

DOCTOR

This kind of emotional stress, in the
middle of a tough physical recovery --

BETHIE

-- She's not sleeping.

The doctor closes the door gently.

DOCTOR

She will be, soon. Give her a little
time, Bethie.

Bethie nods, walks down the hall to her room. As Agnes watches, weary, concerned --

DOCTOR
 You could use some rest yourself.
 (no response)
 Agnes?

The DOORBELL. As Agnes moves toward the stairs --

101 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BY FRONT DOOR - DAY

101

Agnes opens the door. As the Doctor leaves, Agnes' face falls, hardens as she sees Diebenkorn, and --

DIEBENKORN
 How's she doing?

AGNES
 How do you think?

DIEBENKORN
 Mrs. Kevecki --

AGNES
 -- You promised to protect them. You
 promised justice --

DIEBENKORN
 -- and we're gonna get it, at the trial --

AGNES
 -- By letting people call her a whore. A
 bad mother.

A CAR ENGINE. Diebenkorn turns, SEES an SUV park across the street. A Photographer, 30's, unshaven, camera aimed --

DIEBENKORN
 We should go inside --

AGNES
 -- He's just taking pictures. Why not?
 You've let 'em take everything else.

The WHIRR and CLICK of the MOTOR DRIVE as Agnes looks past Diebenkorn, defiant, straight at the CAMERA.

The Photographer drives off; he's got his shots.

RESUME - AGNES AND DIEBENKORN

Agnes in the doorway.

AGNES
 My daughter is unwell.

DIEBENKORN
 -- Mrs. Kevecki --

AGNES
 -- A trial would kill her. A trial would
 kill all of us. I'm not gonna let that
 happen.

Agnes CLOSES the door on Diebenkorn, stunned.

102 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

102

Bethie knocks softly on Teena's door, a can of Ginger Ale in her hand.

BETHIE
 Momma?
 (no response)
 Brought you something to drink. In case
 you're thirsty when you wake up.

No response. Bethie puts the soda on the floor, heads toward her room. Stops, comes back. Her face against the door, low:

BETHIE
 I didn't drink any beer. I wouldn't do
 that.

Bethie moves back down the hall, enters her room. As she CLOSES the DOOR --

108 INT. HURON LANES - NIGHT - A MARBLED BLUE BOWLING BALL

108

SLAMS into the pins for a strike.

WIDER, as bowler Marvin Pick swaggers back to Deluca, Lloyd, Fritz and Nate Baumdollar in the booth behind the last two lanes.

MARVIN
 When you're hot, you're hot.

A couple lanes over, a BIRTHDAY PARTY, a squealing bunch of 16 year old GIRLS. Fritz looks over, SEES a YOUNGER GIRL (13) playing PINBALL nearby. Someone's little sister.

Nate slugs from a flask, shakes his head.

NATE
 Shoulda killed 'em both, dumped 'em in the lagoon.

LLOYD
 What for? You heard the man. We ain't
 goin' down for this shit.

MARVIN
 Teena, she fuckin' asked for it, flashin'
 those tits like that.

NATE
 This is so fucked up.
 (to Jimmy)
 He believes it.

Jimmy looks confused.

MARVIN
 It's the true fuckin' truth!

Fritz looks thoughtful as --

LLOYD
 A hooker junkie; everyone knows it. Mr.
 Kirkpatrick --

MARVIN
 (laughing)
 -- The silver fucks --

LLOYD
 -- he's gonna get high school witnesses on
 her. Every guy who's ever done her.
 That's a big fuckin' list.

NATE
 Oh yeah. Made the right move, Marv. Two
 live eyewitnesses, nothin' to worry about.
 (low, to Fritz)
 Cute kid, Fritzie. Just your type; too
 bad...
 (grins)
 You didn't even get to fuck her.

Pissed, Fritz walks off. Nate smiles. Marvin grabs the
 blue ball from the return machine, cools his hand.

JIMMY
 If those two talk, people could believe
 them.

LLOYD
 Lighten up. The Silver Fucks eats whores
 like that for breakfast.

MARVIN
 (turning)
Our lawyer. These two shitheads are
 gettin' a free ride.

As Marvin bowls --

BY THE PINBALL MACHINE - THE YOUNG GIRL

Stabs the reset button. No games left. She's bummed.

FRITZ (O.S.)
 Out of tokens. That sucks.

Fritz is next to her, smiling nicely. He gets it.

FRITZ
 Big sister won't let you bowl.
 (the girl nods; he smiles)
 I got tokens. Out in the car.

YOUNG GIRL
 You got any weed?

As Fritz grins, starts to leave, and the girl follows --

MAN'S VOICE
 Janine!

A young FATHER, behind the girls' lanes nearby.

FATHER
 Get over here!

The girl runs back to the party. Off Fritz, watching her --

109 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - BETHIE 109

Dressed for the first day of school, her hair in a PONY
 TAIL, by Teena's closed door.

BETHIE
 Momma?

No response. The ginger ale, untouched, on the floor.
 Bethie walks off, disappointed.

110 INT. TEENA'S BEDROOM - DAY 110

The room dark. Teena in bed, wide awake.

111 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 111

Bethie brings her cereal bowl to the sink as Agnes enters.

AGNES
 Excuse me, do I know you?

BETHIE
 Grandma --

AGNES
 -- Your mother see that fabulous hair?

BETHIE
 Gotta get going. Don't wanna be the kid
 who misses the bus --

AGNES
 -- Won't happen. First day of school,
 grandma drives.

BETHIE
 -- no, please --

AGNES

-- End of story.

Agnes pours orange juice, hands it to Bethie. Bethie sips.

AGNES

When do I pick you up?

BETHIE

You're not. Annie's Mom's taking us ice skating --

AGNES

(remembers)

```
-- ice skating.  Right.
```

BETHIE, staring at family SNAPSHOTS on the refrigerator. A Christmas card -- Agnes and Tigerlily in Santa hats.

AGNES

Hello?

Agnes points to an UNOPENED CAN of CAT FOOD on the counter.

AGNES

Getting the can out, kiddo, that's only half the job.

As Agnes pulls open a drawer for the can opener --

BETHIE

Grandma.

Bethie steps aside, Agnes looks: THE CAT DISH, full of food. Puzzled, Agnes looks closer, decides --

AGNES

Last night's. You seen her lately?

BETHIE

She's avoiding me. Knows I'm starting school.

(Agnes looks skeptical)

I betrayed her. She's strict.

Agnes thinks.

AGNES

Down the block, maybe. The Wiznicki kid, the retard, with the helmet? He kept her for three days once.

(grabs her keys)

Thought she was a real tiger.

Following Agnes out, Bethie pulls the rubber band from her hair, loses the pony tail, grabs her ice skates by the door.

112 INT. TEENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

112

The distant SLAM of the front DOOR. Teena gets out of bed, dressed. Slips her bare feet into sandals. Walks out. Closes the door behind her.

EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - BACK DOOR - DAY

Teena opens the door, KNOCKS OVER a LARGE PIECE OF CARDBOARD leaning against it. She stops, picks it up, squints. A tear runs down her pale scarred face.

The crudely hand-lettered message: "BITCH YOU BETTER BE SAYING YOUR PRAYS BETTER BEON ON YOUR KNEES NOT SUCKING COCKS."

Teena carries the sign to the SIDE ALLEY, buries it deep in the trash.

116 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

116

Teena, alone on a bench advertising the beauty of the Falls. An orange CITY BUS slides in front of her, fills the screen.

The bus pulls out. Teena's gone. FADE UP the LOUDEST ROAR of WATER you've ever heard, taking us:

117 EXT. THE WHIRLPOOL - LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN

117

Just below the Falls itself. Sixty-foot vertical walls of water rushing in a giant circle, the wind kicking heavy spray up, down and sideways.

TEENA, at the observation rail, moving out along the bluffs. Her clothes soaked through, clinging to her thin body.

Her chalk-white face drenched, rivulets running off her chin. Teena moves toward the deserted walkway ahead.

A section of front wall, under repair. YELLOW CAUTION TAPE blocks the pathway.

Teena rips the tape, walks past, stops. Looks down at a hole in the observation wall... big enough to slip through.

THE WHIRLPOOL BELOW - HER POV

Bigger now. More violent.

TIGHT - TEENA

She raises her head, looks out over the whirlpool, the ROAR is suddenly DIMINISHED. Almost peaceful. A silent GUST of WET WIND takes her scarf, blows it out above the water.

TEENA, alone. Very small. Looking down into the whirlpool. She lifts her hands from the rail, one by one. As she CLOSES her EYES, steps forward --

TEENA'S LEFT ARM, grabbed out of nowhere by a STRONG HAND.

TEENA, startled, turns, SEES Dromoor, looking right at her.

DROMOOR
You don't want to do that.

As Dromoor pulls Teena back to safety, the ROAR returns.

118 EXT. OBSERVATION RAIL - LONG ANGLE - DAY 118

Dromoor's arm around Teena, leading her slowly off the walkway.

119 INT. DROMOOR'S STATION WAGON - PARKED - DAY 119

At the rear of the empty Falls lot. Teena in the passenger seat, a blanket around her, hands shaking, drains the coffee from Dromoor's thermos cup.

Dromoor pours another cup. Teena sips.

Silence. Teena looks out the window. At Dromoor. At the baby shoes, hanging from the rear view. Reading the look:

DROMOOR
My daughter. Molly. Almost three now.

Teena looks out the window.

DROMOOR
Another one on the way. Another kid.

Teena turns to him, tears streaming down her face --

TEENA
Why are you doing this?

DROMOOR
-- Teena --

TEENA
-- Because you found me? You don't owe me anything --

DROMOOR
-- you're not listening --

TEENA
-- you don't get it. They should've finished the job.

Teena turns away. A beat.

DROMOOR
(softly)
You have a kid.
(she turns, looks)
You have a daughter.

Off Teena's look --

126 INT./EXT. PT CRUISER - MOVING - DAY 126

Pulls up in front of Agnes' house. In front, Annie and her mom, MRS. LEWIS. As Bethie gets out, struggling with her backpack and skates --

BETHIE
Thanks, Mrs. Lewis.

Checking her lipstick in the rear view --

MRS. LEWIS
Give my love to your Mom, honey. Glad
she's feeling better.

Bethie closes the door. Mrs. Lewis drives off. Bethie
slowly walks to the front door. Stops. Looks up.

Teena's window. The shade pulled down. Dark. Still.

127 EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY 127

Bethie tries the front door. Locked. She FISHES out her
house key, on a string around her neck.

128 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY 128

Bethie enters, drops the heavy back pack.

129 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 129

Bethie grabs an apple from a bowl... Tigerlily's untouched
food... Opens the fridge, considers, closes it. From the
street, the SOUND of an APPROACHING CAR.

Bethie moves to the window, holds back the shade, SEES
Dromoor's Station Wagon pull in to the driveway.

BETHIE, transfixed, as Dromoor exits the car, opens Teena's
door, helps her out.

130 INT. HOUSE - DAY 130

Bethie stops just before the outer vestibule. SHADOWS MOVE
behind frosted glass doors. Dromoor's voice: low, calm.

The frosted glass doors swing open, and Teena, still
drenched, her head bare, walks toward Bethie --

BETHIE
Momma? What happened?

Teena passes, heads upstairs, as if Bethie's not even there.

DROMOOR, in the vestibule, looking right at her. Bethie,
awkward, heart pounding.

BETHIE
M-Mister Dromoor?

Dromoor smiles. The crooked tooth.

DROMOOR
Your Mom's all right. Just needed a ride
home.

Dromoor bends, he wants this face-to-face.

DROMOOR
She's havin' a tough time. You gotta take
real good care of her.

BETHIE
I'm trying.
(beat, softer)
It's just I'm scared.

DROMOOR, nods. A decision. You can see it in his eyes. He comes back, scrawls something on a piece of paper, folds it in half. Bends to Bethie again.

DROMOOR
You give that to your Mom for me.

Bethie nods, takes the paper, watches Dromoor leave.

131 INT. DROMOOR'S STATION WAGON - DAY 131

THRU the WINDSHIELD -- past the BABY SHOES dangling from the rear view, as Bethie moves out on the porch, stops, and Dromoor gets in.

Bethie watches Dromoor back the wagon out the driveway.

132 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BY FRONT DOOR - DAY 132

Bethie enters, closes the door, leans up against it. Eyes closed, she savors the moment. Opens them, looks down at:

INSERT - DROMOOR'S PAPER

"706-358-1001 Anytime day or night."

133 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 133

BETHIE, in rhythm with her stride, low, to herself:

BETHIE
Three five eight, one thousand one.

134 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - OUTSIDE TEENA'S ROOM - BETHIE 134

Knocks lightly, in rhythm with:

BETHIE
Three five eight, one thousand one.

No response. Bethie slips the paper under the door. MOVE with her down the hall to her room, lips moving slightly at each step. Seven numbers, seven steps.

EXT. ST. TIMOTHY'S CHURCH - PLAY YARD - DAY

DROMOOR, by a chain link fence, watching. The SOUNDS of children playing,

CLUMPS of pre-school KIDS scattered in the yard. a couple of plainclothed NUNS, the old brick CHURCH beyond.

MOLLY, alone on a safety swing, swinging weakly into FRAME, trying to PUMP, KICKING, frustrated.

MOLLY

I need a push --

Molly GASPS as someone grabs the swing seat from behind, jerks it back impossibly high, gives her a HUGE PUSH. DROMOOR, moving in front of her as --

MOLLY

Daddy!

Molly giggles. Swings forward. Dromoor catches her at the top of the arc, holds her.

MOLLY

What are you doing here?

DROMOOR

Working. 911 call. Some kid forgot how to pump.

Dromoor raises the swing high, pushes. Off Dromoor, watching his laughing daughter swing back and forth, as, from an open church window --

SACRED HARP SINGERS

*Long in silence I have waited,
Long thy guilt in secret grown;
Still, thy heart, with pride elated,
Thought my counsels like thy own.*

Re: the music, swinging forward toward Dromoor:

MOLLY

Mommy singing!

139 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 139

Bethie watches tv, draws. The DOORBELL. Bethie looks up.

140 EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY 140

Bethie opens the door.

BETHIE

My grandmother's not here.

WIDER to SEE Diebenkorn.

DIEBENKORN

Actually, I came to see you. And your mom.

A forced smile. Lipstick, smudged on a front tooth.

BETHIE
I'm not supposed to let people in --

DIEBENKORN
(edgy, can't help it)
-- Jesus, Bethie, it's me.

Bethie gives her a numb, flat stare. Low, affectless --

BETHIE
Momma's sleeping. I'll tell her you came by.

Bethie starts to close the door, but --

DIEBENKORN
-- I can make it right, Bethie. I really can.

BETHIE
She's sleeping.

DIEBENKORN
I can put those monsters away, make them pay, make sure they don't hurt anyone else, ever... but if your mom doesn't testify...

Diebenkorn lets the vague threat hang in the air, surround Bethie.

BETHIE
They could go free?

DIEBENKORN
No one wants that, honey. Please. Let me talk to her.

Bethie hesitates, then opens the door. Relieved, Diebenkorn steps inside the vestibule --

BETHIE
Wait here.

Bethie leaves, closes the frosted glass doors behind her. Off Diebenkorn, anxious, waiting --

141 INT. TEENA'S ROOM - DAY

141

Bethie enters the dark room, moves to the bed. Teena's sleeping. Very softly --

BETHIE
Momma?

No response. Bethie thinks, decides. Walks out, closes the door quietly behind her.

143 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - VESTIBULE - DAY 143

Diebenkorn eager, turning, as Bethie comes through the frosted glass doors, and --

DIEBENKORN

Can I go up?

Bethie looks down. Bending to her, close, low --

DIEBENKORN

Come on, honey. Did you talk to her?

Bethie looks up. Diebenkorn's smile is pathetic.

BETHIE

I'm sorry, Miss Diebenkorn. I'm afraid all momma has to say is fuck you.

Off Diebenkorn, stunned, her smile fading --

144 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BY FRONT DOOR - DAY 144

Bethie closes the door. Locks it.

145 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 145

Standing on the kitchen counter, Bethie YANKS the window SHADE down hard.

146 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 146

Bethie enters, flops in the big chair, grabs the remote. As she turns on the tv, the DOORBELL RINGS.

147 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BY FRONT DOOR - DAY 147

Bethie stands by the door. Listens.

BETHIE

Ms. Diebenkorn?

No response. Bethie looks up at the PEEP HOLE -- too high for her. She opens the door a crack, looks out.

No one's there. A REVVED CAR ENGINE draws her look ACROSS THE STREET to a beat-up, rough-idling Taurus. Behind the wheel, Jimmy Deluca smiles at Bethie.

BETHIE, looks down, gasps. Horrified. On the WELCOME MAT:

TIGERLILY, dead, stiff, bloody. Her collar missing.

DELUCA, tips his pork-pie hat, drives off, leaves rubber.

148 INT. DROMOOR'S STATION WAGON - DAY 148

Over Dromoor's shoulder, watching Deluca drive off. The baby shoes, hanging from his rear view mirror.

149 EXT. AGNES' BACKYARD - BY THE FENCE - VARIOUS - DAY 149

Beyond a small abandoned vegetable garden, Bethie digs with a shovel... A black plastic bag on a white blanket, lumpy, cat-sized... Bethie places the bag gently in the hole...

On her knees, eyes closed, lips moving, Bethie prays, her face streaked with tears and dirt.

150 EXT. BALTIC AVENUE - DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY 150

Agnes' blue Volvo comes around the corner, the back seat piled with grocery bags.

151 EXT. AGNES' BACK YARD - DAY 151

Bethie shovels. Stops. Rubs feeling back into her hands. Glances at the house. Shovels faster.

152 INT./EXT. BLUE VOLVO - MOVING - DAY 152

Almost home, Agnes SEES a NEIGHBOR KID walking an ANCIENT MUTT. She pulls over, rolls down the window.

AGNES

Hi. Can I ask you something?

As the kid approaches, Agnes grabs the Christmas card with the picture of her and Tigerlily off the passenger seat.

153 EXT. AGNES' BACKYARD - BETHIE 153

Still shoveling. Sweating.

154 EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY 154

Agnes pulls into her driveway, exits the Volvo --

155 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 155

Agnes enters.

AGNES

Bethie? Honey, you home?

Bethie's book bag, on the floor. MOVING to the kitchen, empty. MOVING into the living room.

AGNES

Groceries! A little help!

156 INT. DOWNSTAIRS BACK HALLWAY - DAY 156

MOVING with Agnes as she stops, SEES the BACK DOOR ajar. Weird. As she opens the door, looks outside, behind her:

BETHIE

You have stuff in the car?

Agnes turns, relieved.

158 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

158

Agnes puts away groceries as Bethie brings in the last bag.

AGNES

I don't know why I'm so worried. She disappeared for six days once.

BETHIE

I should get started on homework.

Bethie leaves. Off Agnes, putting away the groceries.

159 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - BETHIE

159

Crying, at her desk. From outside her window:

AGNES (O.S.)

Tigerlily?

Bethie goes to the window, peeks behind the closed shade. She sees Agnes, in her bathrobe with a BOWL of ICE CREAM.

AGNES

Here kitty kitty! Look what Mama has.

She puts the bowl at the edge of the grass.

AGNES

Here, kitty kitty!

Bethie lets the shade fall flat.

160 INT. TAURUS - PARKED - NIGHT

160

Deluca looks at himself in the REAR VIEW MIRROR. After a beat, he EXPELS a HUGE VOLUME of thick grey METH SMOKE. We SEE the burning lightbulb meth pipe in his hand.

161 EXT. TAURUS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

161

Deluca exits the Taurus, shatters the meth pipe on the pavement, jams his hat on, walks across the lot toward --

162 EXT. THE CHIPPEWA GRILL - NIGHT

162

A run down bar in the Huron neighborhood. A sign -- "SATELITE FITES." Deluca walks past a pile of CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS toward a back alley, the entrance beyond.

Deluca sees his reflection in a window, stops, SHADOWBOXES. A flurry of tight, violent punches. Breathless, he straightens his hat, considers himself in the window.

DELUCA

Fuckin A.

A FIGHT BELL DINGS, takes us:

INT. CHIPPEWA GRILL - NIGHT - TIGHT ON TV

A one sided heavyweight bout. A young black fighter, Duncan, is on the ropes, getting creamed by a white guy, Slater.

FAN'S VOICE
Come on Duncan! Fight!

OFF the TV to the crowded bar -- young MEN, mostly, a few lucky girlfriends. Dark tables in back. The FAN, 30's, overalls, baseball cap, upset:

FAN
He ain't movin'! Lookit his hands!

The Fan WINCES as Deluca slides in next to him, SLAMMING the bar top with his palm, spilling a Girl's beer --

DELUCA
Go go go!

The Girl looks at her friend, picks up her drink, moves off. The friend follows. Deluca takes the girl's stool.

DELUCA
Fuck him up!

The Fan gives Deluca a look as we HEAR:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
And Slater HEADBUTTS Duncan! That's completely illegal --

DELUCA
That's right!

Cheers from most of the one sided crowd.

FAN	SECOND FAN
Where's the <u>ref</u> ?	(grumbling low)
	Fightin' dirty all night.

DELUCA
Make him fuckin bleed.

Deluca grins, pulls out a twenty, taunting the fan --

DELUCA
Twenty bucks says he's down in six.
Knockout or TKO.

The bartender brings Deluca his drink.

DELUCA
How 'bout it, asshole?

The fan turns, looks up as we HEAR the BELL RING, and --

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
And that's the round. Whoa! A very late
right hand from Slater!

Deluca drinks, waves the twenty --

DELUCA
Twenty bucks, no guts.

CASEY (O.S.)
That all you got?

Deluca turns, SEES CASEY, two seats away. Drunk, unshaven,
with a FISTFUL of CASH. Off Deluca's grin --

TIGHT ON TV -- The HEAVY SMACK of solid PUNCHES, as Slater
POUNDS Duncan.

DELUCA, now behind Casey, PUNCHING along with Slater.

DELUCA
Bam Bam Bam Bam Bam!
(to the tv)
Fall the fuck down!

TIGHT ON TV -- Duncan takes a tremendous hit, wobbles
backwards. Deluca grins. Low, sing-song to Casey --

DELUCA
Tim-ber.

Over the wave of drunken cheers from the bar --

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
A minute forty into the sixth, I don't
know what's holding this man up --

DELUCA
Call it! Shithead's bleedin' OUT!

Disgusted, the Fan looks at Deluca, walks out as --

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
The left jab, Slater's just toying with
Duncan, rubbing his face in it --

DELUCA
Yes!

Bar patrons SCREAM at the tv. To Casey, rubbing it in:

DELUCA
Here we go, chump. They're gonna call it.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
I don't believe it, Frank; they're letting
this fight continue.

Off the screams from the tv crowd, and reaction in the bar.

DELUCA

Fuck.

Off Casey's look.

TIGHT ON TV -- The ROUND BELL DINGS, the fighters return to their corners.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And we're going to the seventh round.
What a beating this young man is taking...

CASEY

Pay up, chump.

Deluca sets his beer glass down hard, moves toward Casey.
The Bartender puts a hand on Deluca's shoulder.

BARTENDER

Relax, Jimmy.

Deluca holds up his hands; he's under control. He drops a wad of twenties on the floor in front of Casey. SPITS.
Under BAR NOISE, the fight, Deluca leans in, whispers --

DELUCA

Spend it fast, 'cause I'm gonna do you
just like I did Teena.
(smiles)
Thought I didn't make you?

CASEY

Bitch dropped my money.
(smiling, for the crowd)
She gonna pick it up?

Deluca snaps, grabs a beer bottle. Lightning fast, the Bartender CLAMPS his hand on Deluca's wrist, pins it to the bar, and --

BARTENDER

Lookin' for another court date?

Deluca YANKS his hand back, eyes wild, cranked on meth. Looking right at Casey, he SHADOWBOXES, grunts, stops, and walks out. Casey picks up the cash, throws some money on the bar, heads for the back door, passing --

DROMOOR, alone at a back table, watching Casey leave. Khakis, dirty sweatshirt, stubbled beard. He rises, drops some money on the table --

163 EXT. CHIPPEWA - NIGHT

163

Casey moves down the alley, he turns the corner --

DELUCA, WHACKS him in the head with a 2 X 4, knocks Casey down. Standing over him, grinning:

DELUCA

Suck this.

Deluca KICKS him hard in the ribs, again and again, a meth-fueled rage. Pulls out a SWITCHBLADE, pops the 8 inch blade, swipes it at Casey's face --

DELUCA
I'm gonna cut your fuckin' heart out.

DROMOOR (O.S.)
Drop it! NFPD!

DROMOOR, six feet away, flashing his SHIELD. Deluca lunges at him with the knife. Calm, smooth, Dromoor draws his weapon, fires twice. Both shots SLAM Deluca in the heart. He's dead before he hits the ground.

In combat mode, Dromoor moves, KICKS the switchblade from Deluca's hand. Moving to Casey, Dromoor takes off his sweatshirt. Behind him, the Bartender and a few Patrons come out of the bar. Tuned in, feeling their presence, not even looking --

DROMOOR
Stay back. Police.

Dromoor turns, flashes his badge. Stunned silence as he puts the sweatshirt under Casey's head. Takes out his cell, punches a number, and --

DROMOOR
(into cell)
John Dromoor, Badge 736, request a bus, a coroner's wagon and a shooting team at Chippewa and Fourth.

164 EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - NIGHT 164

Lights out. A telephone RINGS, taking us:

165 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 165

The TIME on the CEILING: 4:12:37 AM. Bethie looks at the ringing PHONE, sleepy, confused. It stops MID-RING. Off Bethie, staring at the phone --

167 INT. TEENA'S ROOM - NIGHT 167

As Bethie enters, moves across the dark room to the bed. The PINK PHONE on the table.

BETHIE
Momma?

Teena turns toward her. Smiles, sleepy.

TEENA
Hey. Get under.

Teena lifts the covers, slides over as Bethie gets in bed.

TEENA
We used to do this.

Bethie nods. Teena closes her eyes. Reaches out, touches Bethie, as if making sure she's there.

BETHIE
Who just called?

Teena pulls Bethie closer, bundles her in. Sleepy.

TEENA
This feels good.

Off Bethie, thoughtful, then closing her eyes --

168 INT. NIAGARA FALLS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

168

A small interview room. Dromoor faces DETECTIVE LYLE and LIEUTENANT BRAND -- older, tough, both in suits -- at the scarred wooden table. A tape recorder on the table. Dromoor's calm, even, as --

BRAND
And at the time of the shooting, you were entirely unaware that this man was James Deluca?

DROMOOR
Yes, sir. No idea.

BRAND
Even though you'd seen him in a courtroom less than a month ago?

DROMOOR
It was dark. He was brandishing a knife.

BRAND
What about before, in the bar. It wasn't dark there.

DROMOOR
I wasn't at the bar. I was at a table. I never saw his face.

LYLE
You fired your weapon purely in self defense.

DROMOOR
Yes sir.

Brand looks at Dromoor, then flips through his file, as if he didn't already know everything in it.

BRAND
14 years in the service. Desert Shield
and Desert Storm.
(impressed, looks up)
(MORE)

BRAND (CONT'D)
Two purple hearts. A distinguished
service cross.

No response. Friendly, smiling, shaking his head.

BRAND
Then a rookie patrol officer. 32 years
old. 16 years on the street. You ever
even think about moving up? Taking the
Sergeant's test?

DROMOOR
I like where I am. I got seniority. Pick
my watch, my days, where I patrol.

BRAND
Like you're your own Chief of Police.

No response. Lyle picks up the file, glances at it, then at
Dromoor: glances at the open file for a moment, then back at
Dromoor.

LYLE
Something happen over there, John?

DROMOOR
Sir?

BRAND
I'm wondering if something happened in the
desert that I don't know, maybe pushed you
in another direction.

A long beat. Dromoor thinks.

DROMOOR
Sand fleas.
(off Lyle's look)
Worst thing happened to me there was sand
fleas.

Brand looks at Lyle. A beat.

BRAND
And at the time of the shooting, you
fidn't know about Raymond Casey's
connection with Martine Maguire?

Lyle doesn't take his eyes off Dromoor.

DROMOOR
No, Lieutenant. I did not.

Brand closes Dromoor's file, as --

LYLE
(hot, baiting him)
Come on, coincidence? You, Ray Casey and
James DeLuca in that parking lot,
together?

DROMOOR
 No. Not just chance. Like it was meant
 to be... Like if there is a God, or even
 if there isn't... I felt like I had a
purpose.

Brand shares a look with Lyle. Leans forward. Quietly.

BRAND
 What was that purpose?

DROMOOR
 To discharge my sworn duty as a police
 officer.

A long beat. Brand turns off the tape recorder.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

DROMOOR, as he exits the interrogation room and moves down
 the hallway, his eyes steady, distant--

NARRATOR
*It was a good time for Dromoor. He felt
 good about the future. Taking the law
 into your own hands? What the fuck's
 wrong with that?*

173 INT. JUDGE SCHPIRO'S CHAMBERS - DAY

173

Everything here says "I'm the judge and you're not."
 Flipping slowly through a leather calendar, deciding:

SCHPIRO
 The sixth. Friday. 9 AM.

Kirkpatrick and Diebenkorn in club chairs facing Schpiro.

KIRKPATRICK
 Works for me.
 (legal papers)
 Counsel for Fritz Haaber's in court on
 another matter, I have his power.

As he hands a document to Schpiro --

DIEBENKORN
 Next week? That's impossible.

Kirkpatrick holds the second document back --

KIRKPATRICK
 -- sadly, no need for Deluca's power --

DIEBENKORN
 -- No. I need more time.

SCHPIRO
 This is not a discussion. Mr.
 Kirkpatrick's clients have chosen to
 exercise their Sixth Amendment right to a
 speedy trial. "Speedy" is my middle name.

Schpiro SLAMS closed his leather calendar.

SCHPIRO
 And that's the day.

As Schpiro stands --

174 INT. COURTHOUSE ELEVATOR - DAY

174

Diebenkorn enters. A SPIT POLISHED BOOT breaks the closing
 doors back open. Kirkpatrick. As the doors close again --

KIRKPATRICK
 Here's the deal: lose the rape one and
 predatory assaults, drop the ag assaults
 to misdos; we're done.

DIEBENKORN
 (unbelievable)
 Misdemeanor assault.

KIRKPATRICK
 The Picks plead to two counts each; for
 Teena, for the kid. 18 months on each
 count, consecutive. Three years,
 guaranteed.

DIEBENKORN
 Have you seen Teena Maguire? What they
did to her --

KIRKPATRICK
 -- Have you?... Since the hearing, have
 you even talked to her?

Diebenkorn looks away. Not a good card player.

KIRKPATRICK
 But you've tried. Gone by the house,
 maybe. Sweet talked the mother, the kid.
 (mocking)
 'Please, don't worry, it'll all be
different at the trial.'
 (off her look)
 The hearing was the trial; it's over.
 Teena's not coming back to court.
 (beat)
 Not by Friday.

Diebenkorn realizes: *that's why he moved the trial date --*

DIEBENKORN
 You son of a bitch.

KIRKPATRICK

No victim, no eyewitness, that's a tough win anywhere. In this town, next week? Case dismissed.

DING. The doors open. A sign in the hallway: Niagara County District Attorney's Office. Blind with anger, Diebenkorn walks out fast, bumps into an OLDER WOMAN entering, doesn't stop.

OLDER WOMAN

Excuse me.

The Older Woman looks at Kirkpatrick, shakes her head at Diebenkorn's rudeness.

KIRKPATRICK

People.

The doors close on him.

175 EXT. THE JURY ROOM - NIGHT

175

The small dingy bar you'll find next to every courthouse in America. THRU the FRONT WINDOW, Kirkpatrick talks to Marvin, Lloyd and Irma Pick. Marvin and Lloyd in their preppie outfits, beers on the table. Upset.

A beat up TRUCK slides into frame, parks, blocks the window. In work clothes, hassled, late, Walt Pick gets out, hurries inside the Jury Room.

176 INT. THE JURY ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

176

MOVING with Walt to the back table as --

MARVIN

What happened to winning this?

KIRKPATRICK

(one more time)

Jury trial. No guarantees.

As Walt sits next to Kirkpatrick, to Irma:

WALT

-- had to finish my shift --

IRMA

(upset, to Walt)

-- He wants to make a deal. Jail, three years.

KIRKPATRICK

I'm presenting an option --

MARVIN

-- That drunk bitch came on to us, sellin' her ass --

LLOYD

-- We were fucked up; she took advantage.
 (off Walt's look)
 Shithead cops aren't even lookin' for the
 real guys.

WALT

(to Kirkpatrick)
 Three years ain't bad, considerin'.

IRMA

-- Considering what. They didn't do it.

Walt's got a monster headache.

KIRKPATRICK

With a trial, Mrs. Pick, there's always
 risk. A good attorney tries to minimize
 that risk. If we lose --

LLOYD

-- you can't, man, you're the
 Silver Fox --

KIRKPATRICK

-- it's 20 years in state
 prison. Minimum.

Leaning forward, hot --

MARVIN

-- Jail is jail. Been there; done that; I
 ain't going back.

KIRKPATRICK

If I could finish my thought.

MARVIN

-- We'll run, I swear to Christ. Canada;
 we'll go to Canada --

In their faces, slamming the table with his fist --

WALT

No. You won't.

A beat. People look their way.

WALT

(lower)

We put up every cent we got. Our fuckin'
house.

Kirkpatrick stands.

KIRKPATRICK

You don't have to decide now. Talk it
 over as a family --

IRMA

-- No. We've decided. Teena Maguire is a
 lying whore; no one's gonna believe her.
 My sons aren't pleading guilty to
 something they didn't do.

INT./EXT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Speeding through dark streets, Marvin at the wheel, the Johnny Walker between his legs. Lloyd rides shotgun.

MARVIN

She fucked us.

One hand on the wheel, he slugs from the Johnny Walker.

MARVIN

... her and that cunt kid.

Marvin's foot stomps the gas. The SPEEDOMETER. Climbing. PUSHING 80. Lloyd looks out the window, the car's drifting right, toward parked cars.

LLOYD

(warning)

Hey.

181 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - THE CAMARO

181

SLAMS the SIDE VIEW MIRROR off a parked car --

182 INT./EXT. CAMARO - NIGHT

182

Marvin glances at Lloyd, eyes glittering.

MARVIN

Hey what.

As Lloyd grabs the Johnny Walker, drinks, Marvin hangs a screaming left into Rocky Point Park. The bottle slams Lloyd's tooth, splashes him with whiskey.

LLOYD

Shit. What are you doin'?

Accelerating past the boathouse, the lagoon.

MARVIN

Nothin. Just payin' a visit.

Marvin slams the Camaro into a left turn, fishtails, straightens out.

MARVIN

Coupla whores I know.

Coming out of the park onto 9th Street, Marvin hangs a right, CRANKS the radio. 600 watts, 12 speakers. AC/DC, "You Shook Me All Night Long." Marvin screams with the music. Off this THUNDERING NOISE:

183 EXT. BALTIC AVENUE -- THE STREET SIGN - NIGHT

183

The RUMBLING ENGINE approaches. AC/DC FADES. The slight SQUEAL of BRAKES.

PAN OFF the sign and down to see the Camaro stopped at the end of Agnes' block like a jet lined up for takeoff. The engine REVS.

The windows SLIDE DOWN. The Camaro rumbles forward, slowly, toward Agnes' house --

184 INT./EXT. THE CAMARO - MOVING - NIGHT 184

Marvin floors it, jerks the wheel, JUMPS Agnes' CURB, KNOCKS DOWN the METAL GARBAGE CAN, rocks to a stop. Sticks his head out the window, and --

MARVIN

Teen-aaaaaa!

185 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 185

Bethie wakes up. The RACING ENGINE sounds like it's in her head.

MARVIN AND LLOYD

Teen-aaaaa! Teen-aaaa!

Off Bethie's terror --

186 INT. TEENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 186

Teena sits up, frozen with fear. The engine REVS, punctuating the taunting sing-song voices --

MARVIN AND LLOYD (O.S.)

Teen-aaaa! Teen-aaaa!

187 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 187

Shaking, peering behind the blinds --

OUT THE WINDOW - HER POV - THE CAMARO

Parked crazily on the sidewalk. Out the window, looking up at the dark house --

MARVIN

Teen-aaaa! Teen-aaaa!

188 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 188

Bethie, frozen in fear, the ENGINE REVS loud outside.

189 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - THE CAMARO 189

Lloyd, out of the car, HURLS the bottle of Johnny Walker at the house. It EXPLODES on the walkway.

193 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 193

BETHIE, eyes closed, concentrating. Very low --

BETHIE

Three five eight one thousand one.

WIDER, Bethie grabs up the phone to dial, but HEARS:

TEENA (FILTERED)
... Help us, please help us...

Bethie hangs up carefully. Sits on the bed. The engine REVS outside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - THE CAMARO

Peels out. The rear wheels spit up grass and dirt; the car flies off the curb, down the dark street, disappears.

BLACKOUT:

A RUSH of WIND, the shrill cry of a HAWK. KEEEEEER-R-R!

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY - A HAWK

Swoops a majestic circle in a darkening sky, high above the tree line. KEEEEEER-R-R! The ROAR from the FALLS below.

The HAWK DIVES, accelerates, straight down into the low trees lining the edge of the BLUFF, above the raging falls.

FINDING DROMOOR, walking the deserted bluffs alone. Jeans, jacket, collar raised against the stiff wind. Rain clouds moving in like thick, distant smoke.

MOVING with Dromoor as he reaches a long, unguarded section of bluff. Stopping, he looks down at the SHEER DROP, the violent churn of white water 200 feet below.

KEEEEEEER-R-R!! KEEEEEER-R-R!! Dromoor looks up, SEES the HAWK circling gracefully overhead, catching a wind current, rising.

DROMOOR, his steady gaze tracking the hawk --

196 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

196

Lloyd Pick in the chair, facing a dirty mirror. The tattoo artist -- URSULA, 25 -- works on the massive flab of Lloyd's right bicep -- "Irma" in fancy scrollwork. Marvin, impatient, nearby -- digs out his ringing CELL, and --

MARVIN
Start talkin'... Yeah, you got him.

Marvin listens, straightens up, interested.

MARVIN
Keep goin'.

Marvin moves away from Lloyd and Ursula. In the mirror, Lloyd studies the tattoo. Decides.

LLOYD
It needs a pie.
(excited, to Ursula)
(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)
A steaming big ass apple pie, around the
name. The name in the middle.

URSULA
I like it.

LLOYD
Like the one she made.
(louder)
Remember? My birthday pie?

No response. In the mirror, Lloyd SEES Marvin on the
sidewalk, on the phone. The rain slamming down.

URSULA
Stay still.

Ursula bears down with the needle --

LLOYD
Candles melted. I had wax in my teeth for
three fuckin' weeks --
(the pain)
Shit --

Ursula backs off. Wipes the blood with a filthy rag.

LLOYD
She believes in me... Only fuckin' one.

In the mirror, Marvin comes back in.

LLOYD
I'm addin' a pie. Right here. Like the
one Mom made --

MARVIN
-- Shut up.

Off Marvin's look --

197 INT./EXT. CAMARO - MOVING - DAY

197

WIPER BLADES SQUEAK across the glass. Heavy rain. Marvin
drives, Lloyd rides shotgun, looks at his biceps in the side
view mirror, dreams out loud.

LLOYD
It'll be like she's always bakin'... on my
arm.

Marvin rockets past a slow moving car. Reaches under the
seat for a bagged glass meth pipe, a vial of crystal.

MARVIN
Zoom me.

Lloyd takes the pipe. Loads the crystal. Finds a lighter in
the glove compartment --

LLOYD
An investigator?

MARVIN
Legal investigator. Works for the Silver
Fucks.

LLOYD
I don't get it.

MARVIN
Never do. That's why he called me.

Lloyd flames the pipe. As Marvin floors it, jerks past a car on the right, Lloyd drops the pipe in his lap, and --

LLOYD
Fuck! My dick!

Lloyd slaps at his lap, knocks the pipe off. Marvin smiles.

198 INT./EXT. CAMARO - MOVING - DUSK

198

Marvin turns off for Fort Niagara State Park. The pipe in his mouth. Lloyd leans over, flames it.

LLOYD
Why can't Kirkpatrick collect this shit himself?

MARVIN
(holding the smoke)
Officer of the court. Gotta stay clean.
(off Lloyd's look, exhales)
I told you. Evidence that criminates
their witness gotta come from someone
else.

LLOYD
(making sure)
This criminates Teena.

MARVIN
All the way, bro. Proof she sells her
pussy, always has, to the whole fuckin'
town.
(beat)
We walk. Innocent. Could be she pays our
legal bills, even. The guy said.

Lloyd rubs his crotch, winces. Marvin notices.

MARVIN
Medical too. Dick injury.

199 EXT. FORT NIAGARA STATE PARK - DUSK

199

The Camaro sprays water as it moves through the open gate.

200 EXT. CAMARO - MOVING 200

Through the big empty parking lot, toward the smaller lot in back.

201 INT./EXT. CAMARO - MOVING 201

In the smaller lot now. Empty. Sheets of rain whipped sideways by the wind.

LLOYD
Where's the man?

Marvin stands on the brakes. Lloyd lurches forward, SLAMS his KNEE on the dash.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
What the fuck.

MARVIN
No one's there.

Lloyd follows Marvin's look to an empty station wagon, steam coming off the hood, parked on the small service road. The rhythmic SCREECH of the Camaro's WIPERS.

LLOYD
Whadda we do?

Marvin reaches under his seat, pulls out a 9mm gun. Jacks a bullet into the chamber.

LLOYD
Jesus fuck. Where'd you get that?

MARVIN
Box a Crackerjacks.

The wipers screech. And screech. Softly --

LLOYD
We gotta get new blades.

Marvin moves the car slowly, pulls up next to the empty wagon. Off the hanging baby shoes, whispering --

LLOYD
Family man.

Marvin sees the station wagon's doors. Unlocked.

MARVIN
See what's in there.

LLOYD
(whispers)
Shouldn't we wait --

MARVIN
-- Stop whispering! Get the fuck out!

Lloyd gets out into the rain. Marvin looks around, cranked on meth. Nothing. No one.

LLOYD, pelted by rain, looks in the fogged up windows of Dromoor's wagon.

LLOYD
Somethin' on the back seat. An envelope.

Marvin shakes his head. Gets out of the Camaro, gun drawn, moves to Lloyd, looking in the window.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
It's got something written on it. I can't make it out.

Marvin scans the area. The woods.

LLOYD
Maybe he's taking a dump. I got one comin on myself --

MARVIN
-- Get the fucking package.

Lloyd opens the back door of the station wagon, crawls across the seat to the package on the floor.

LLOYD
It say Picks. "Confidential."

MARVIN
Move! Go! I'm drownin' out here.

DROMOOR (O.S.)
Shoulda brought a raincoat.

DROMOOR, behind Marvin in a hooded yellow slicker, eyes steady, piercing the gloom.

MARVIN, gun raised, whirls toward him, FIRES wild as --

DROMOOR, squeezes off two even shots, blasts Marvin back, bounces him off the Camaro.

MARVIN, sprawls face first in the mud between the cars. Dead. Lloyd scrambles out of the station wagon, falls, stretches for Marvin's gun. As he grabs it --

DROMOOR, calm and steady, fires two more shots.

BLACKOUT

202 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - DAY

202

Only the Camaro remains. The rain has stopped.

A POLICE CRUISER behind the Camaro. TROOPER #1 looks inside the Camaro.

TROOPER #1
Wide open. Keys in the ignition.

Trooper #1 opens the back door, gets in the car. Trooper #2 gets on the RADIO, looks at the license plate.

TROOPER #2
Trooper 567, request reg info forewith,
New York vehicle tag, five foxtrot bravo
one, niner niner six, over.

Trooper #1 exits the Camaro's rear seat, hitches up his pants, a soaked, ripped in half fold-up map in his hand.

TROOPER #1
Case of beer, three left.
(the map)
Hiking trails. Canadian side's missing.

RADIO VOICE
Trooper 567, we have a hit on your New
York tag.

Trooper #1 moves to the bluff, looks down. Off the churning white water 300 feet below --

EXT. PICK HOUSE - DAY

A plainwrapped Crown Vic parked in front. Manson and Slivak at the door with Irma, upset, as --

CLOSER - THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

IRMA
Walt!!

Walt comes out, work clothes, cup of coffee as --

MANSON
You have relatives in Canada? Friends?
Someplace they might go for help?

IRMA
-- They wouldn't do this. Something
happened --

WALT
-- We just lost our house, that's what
happened --

IRMA
They wouldn't just run. They'd tell me.

Walt heads back inside, grim --

IRMA
Get back out here! Now!

-- Walt SLAMS the door as --

MANSON

Ma'am?

Whirling on him, hard, losing it --

IRMA

I'm their mother. They wouldn't do this.

A SATELLITE TRUCK rolls in across the street. A couple of NEWS VANS. Manson notices, not happy, as --

SLIVAK

You haven't heard from them.

IRMA

It's that bitch.

As a CAMERA GUY runs toward them, rolling film, LINDA LEWIS follows, brushing out her hair --

MANSON

IRMA

Mrs. Pick, you must have some -- Teena Maguire.
idea --

Spotting Linda Lewis, hustling toward the CAMERA --

IRMA

You wanna know what happened? That bitch,
Teena Maguire --

204 INT. AGNES HOUSE - DAY

204

TIGHT ON THE TV, Irma's hate filled face, as:

IRMA (ON TV)

-- she drove my boys away.

LEILA PICK (ON TV, O.S.)

Yes! They're outlaws!

The NEWS CAMERA JERKS to Leila, in the doorway. Spotting the CAMERA, stepping forward --

LEILA PICK (ON TV)

That's right; you heard me: [Bleep-in]
outlaws!

A PHOTO of the IMPOUNDED CAMARO comes up on the screen --

LINDA LEWIS (ON TV)

Canadian law enforcement agencies are on
full alert.

WIDER to SEE Bethie in front of the tv.

BETHIE

Momma!

LINDA LEWIS (O.S.)
 Believed to have crossed the border on
 foot after abandoning their vehicle --

BETHIE
 Momma!!

Teena appears at the top of the stairs, and walks down --

TEENA
 Hold your horses.

Bethie moves to the bottom of the stairs, breathless --

BETHIE
 The Picks, momma. They're gone --

TEENA
 -- I heard, sweetie.

Teena moves past Bethie to the tv, turns it off.

BETHIE
 What if they come back?

TEENA
 -- Honey, they won't --

BETHIE
 -- but they could --

TEENA
 (low, firm)
 -- They're not.

Taking Bethie's hands, making sure she gets this --

TEENA
 They'll never hurt us again. I promise,
 okay?

Bethie nods, relieved, hugs her mother tight.

EXT. CHIPPEWA GRILL - NIGHT

A slow night. Off the buzzing, busted neon to SEE a few
 cars scattered at the front of the lot, near the entrance.

MOVING to the back of the lot, a beat up BLACK PICK-UP
 parked by itself. Lights on. Engine running.

CLOSE, the dented back of the pick-up. The exhaust spits
 grey smoke. Through the haze, a faded bumper strip -- "My
 Other Car is a Chris-Craft."

INT. BLACK PICK-UP - WALT PICK

Behind the wheel. The windows all fogged; he's been there
 for a while. Off his watch, low, pissed:

WALT
Fuckin' asshole.

A KNOCK on the fogged up passenger window. Walt rolls the window down, smiles at Fritz, nervous, on the other side --

FRITZ
Hey Mister P. Sorry I'm late --

WALT
-- No problem. Come on in.

Fritz gets in the truck. Reaching in the cooler in back --

WALT
Thirsty? Wanna beer?

-- Walt hands Fritz a beer.

WALT
I thought we should talk. You know. With these new developments in the case --

FRITZ
-- What new developments?

WALT
(surprised)
Your lawyer hasn't told you?

FRITZ
My shithead P.D.?

WALT
Well, maybe he don't know yet.
Kirkpatrick just called tonight. Why I called you.
(confidential)
The DA's decided there's no fucking case. Teena's not gonna testify. If it's just the kid, Kirkpatrick eats her alive. No eyewitnesses; no case.

FRITZ
They're gonna drop it? The whole fucking thing?

WALT
If they can drag their sorry asses home and fuckin' show up for court Friday.
(lower)
They're not even fugitives 'til they miss court. You gotta get word to them, let 'em know --

FRITZ
-- You think I know where they are?

WALT
Don't bullshit me, Haaber. Canada was
your idea --

FRITZ
-- And your two assholes stole it. I
don't know where the fuck they are.

Walt sags back in his seat. Fritz smiles, opens the beer.

FRITZ
But I'll be there.
(off Walt's look)
Friday. In court. When they drop my
charges. Tough luck, Walt.

WALT
Christ. What a moron.
(off Fritz' look)
They're not dropping shit.

FRITZ
But you said --

WALT
-- I lied. All that happens Friday is the
county takes my house, and I get to watch
that little girl send your moron ass to
prison.
(Fritz is stunned)
Now get the fuck out of my truck.

Fritz gets out. Before he can close the door, Walt floors
it in reverse. Off Fritz, alone in the parking lot, walking
to his beat up Camry --

207 INT. SUMMIT MALL - DAY

207

MUZAK. The SOUND of FLOWING WATER. A large fountain - a
stylized version of Niagara Falls. The water falls in
sheets over the lip, 20 feet high. WIDER to SEE we're:

The vast interior common space. Shoppers, kids, teenagers
streaming through, in and out of stores, hanging out.

PULL BACK THRU a HUGE GLASS WINDOW, we're:

208 INT. J.C. PENNEY'S - DAY

208

Bethie tries on a winter coat. In the mirror --

AGNES
It doesn't look warm enough.

BETHIE
It's rated to 40 below.

Agnes looks at the price tag on the sleeve. Not cheap.

BETHIE
Annie's sister has one. It's lasted like
five years.

Off Agnes' look:

209 INT. MALL - DAY

209

Wearing her new coat, loving it, Bethie walks with Agnes through the mid-day crowd. Agnes stops in front of a Sports Chalet, a WINDOW filled with ICE SKATES.

BETHIE
No, grandma, please. I don't need new
skates.

AGNES
What if I need to buy them? How about
that?

Agnes moves into the store, Bethie follows.

210 INT. SPORTS CHALET - DAY

210

Agnes by a wall of shiny skates. Off a bright pink pair, as Bethie approaches --

AGNES
These are cute.

BETHIE
(the coat)
This was really a lot --

AGNES
-- good to forty below, worth every penny.
Wait here, I'll get a guy.

Agnes moves off to find a salesperson. Bethie considers the skates. Then, noticing a big, dark tinted window, her reflection --

BETHIE, by the window, admiring her new coat. Turning
suavely, like a model.

A small BELL JINGLES, a SHADOW FALLS across Bethie. She
freezes. The BELL again. Bethie turns to the window, SEES:

THE REFLECTION OF FRITZ HAABER

Behind her, smiling, shaking Tigerlily's PINK RHINESTONE
COLLAR. She turns to him. Petrified. He shakes the bell
again, shoves the collar in her coat pocket, leans in,
whispers.

FRITZ
Talk against me in court, you're dead too.

Fritz gives Bethie an obscene air kiss, SMASHES OPEN the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR, triggering a shrill, piercing ALARM, and is gone.

A SALESMAN comes in quickly, trailed by Agnes, moving to the Emergency Door as it swings shut.

Bethie pressed against the dark window. Shaking. Silent tears streaming down her face.

Agnes takes Bethie in her arms as the Salesman opens the Emergency door, looks out at the crowded mall. Nothing. The ALARM screams. Off Agnes, holding Bethie tight, looking at the Emergency door, wondering what just happened.

211 INT. AGNES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - TEENA

211

HEARS the front door open, moves toward it --

TEENA
How'd you guys do?

Bethie runs past Teena, upset. *Something happened.*

TEENA
Bethie?

Bethie runs upstairs, as Agnes enters, worried --

AGNES
She wouldn't tell me.

TEENA
What happened?

AGNES
She wouldn't tell me.
(lower)
She couldn't even talk.

Upstairs, Bethie's door CLOSES.

212 INT. BETHIE'S ROOM - DAY

212

Teena enters. Bethie sits on the bed, head down, shaking. Sweating. Hands jammed in her coat pockets.

TEENA
Honey?

No response. Teena kneels by her. Bethie won't look up.

BETHIE
You can't tell Grandma.

TEENA
Baby, what happened?

Bethie pulls her right hand from her coat pocket. Something in her fist.

TEENA

It's okay.

A LIGHT KNOCK on the door, and --

AGNES (O.S.)

You guys all right in there?

Bethie looks at Teena, desperate, whispering --

BETHIE

You can't tell her. You can't.

Teena sees how important this is.

TEENA

We're fine, Mom. Be down in a minute.

A beat.

AGNES (O.S.)

Okay.

Bethie waits to HEAR Agnes walk away, then opens her hand. TIGERLILY'S COLLAR, gripped so tight the rhinestones mark her palm.

BETHIE, helpless, her face streaked with tears and sweat. Off Teena's look, hugging Bethie tight, rocking her --

213 INT. FRITZ' HAABER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

213

"Saved By The Bell" on tv, low volume. Cheerleaders in a high school locker room. Jack Daniels on the coffee table. The phone RINGS again. Fritz, glued to the tv, fumbles for the portable phone.

FRITZ

Hello?

On the other end, low, sexy --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Fritz Haaber?

Eyes on the cheerleaders --

FRITZ

Who wants to know?

WOMAN'S VOICE

(a nice laugh)

It is you. I remember your voice. You remember me? LouEllen Drott?

(no response)

I know you don't. No reason to. I was a few years behind you at Baltic. Class of '93.

(beat)

(MORE)

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Way too young for 'Fritz Haaber.' 'Mister Cool.'

(beat)

I transferred in from Holy Redeemer. What I wanted to do with you, just thinkin' about it...

FRITZ

LouEllen. Yeah. LouEllen.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(sexy laugh)

You do remember me. Well, me later...

(low, sexy)

Me now.

(beat)

I had to call you.

FRITZ

Because now you're not too young.

From the kitchen --

EDNA'S VOICE

Fritz?

Hand over the receiver --

FRITZ

Jesus fuck, Mom; I'm on the phone!

Fritz stands, walks out of the room. Edna appears in the doorway. Sees the empty room, the tv. Edna shakes her head, walks back in the kitchen.

214 INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY - FRITZ

214

Moving with the phone as --

WOMAN'S VOICE

I can help you, Fritzie... I know some things about Teena Maguire. Me and my mom, we know plenty. Things a jury should know.

(beat, lower)

There's this place I work, the Black Rooster?

FRITZ

Airport Road.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Eight o'clock. Room 24.

216 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

216

As we HEAR someone RACK the PHONE, CLOSE on a handwritten NOTE. "Baltic HS 1990. Black Rooster. Airport Road. 8. Rm 24."

A trembling HAND grabs the note, crumples it. REVEAL Teena, walking out of the phone booth.

217 EXT. STREET - DAY - TEENA

217

Walking slowly, shaky, she drops the note in a trash can as she passes. Across the street -- DROTT'S CAR WASH.

CLOSE - TEENA

Walking faster now, pushing CAMERA BACK, head down.

CLOSER STILL - TEENA

As she looks up. Her eyes. Clear, determined.

INT. FRITZ' BEDROOM - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Fritz pulls on tight black jeans... Pulls a shirt from a pile, sniffs the armpits, rejects it... Yanks a clean shirt from the closet... Buttons it... HIS HAND, grabbing a fistful of specialty CONDOMS from a messy bedside drawer. SLAMS the drawer.

In the mirror, trimming his weakass mustache with tiny scissors. Smiling, low, sexy.

FRITZ

Hey, Louellen.

INT./EXT. CAMRY - MOVING - NIGHT

The ROAR from the broken muffler as Fritz drives the beat-up Camry along the desolate airport road.

THE BLACK ROOSTER MOTEL, curving into view. A sign: "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS/GRAND RE-OPENING SOON."

EXT. BLACK ROOSTER - THE CAMRY - NIGHT

Pulls into the empty motor court of the U-shaped building.

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Fritz pulls up to Room 24, the only room with a light on. He combs his hair in the rear view mirror.

EXT. ROOM 24 - NIGHT - FRITZ

Walks up to the door, carrying a brown bag. The shaded window glows with soft warm light. A DO NOT DISTURB tag on the handle. He tries the door: unlocked. He smiles, enters the room. Closes the door behind him.

FRITZ (O.S.)

Louellen? It's Fritzie.

(beat)

I brought coolers.

The ear splitting sound of a PLANE LANDING shakes the glass on the shaded window, as we ADJUST to SEE the big BLACK DUMPSTER at the edge of the parking lot, and half-hidden behind it, Dromoor's STATION WAGON.

BLACKOUT

226 EXT. BLACK ROOSTER MOTEL - ROOM 24 - EARLY MORNING 226

A SWIRL of BUBBLE LIGHTS.

WIDER - THE PARKING LOT, filled with COP CARS, AN AMBULANCE, a CORONER'S WAGON.

FRITZ HAABER, dead, on a moving gurney.

228 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY 228

Manson, at his desk, hangs up, shakes his head. Slivak, nearby at the coffee machine.

MANSON

You're not gonna believe this.

(Slivak looks)

Guess who just snuffed himself?

(mimes a gun to the head)

Boom.

(moving to coffee machine)

Rocky Point. Fritz Haaber.

Manson fills his mug as --

SLIVAK

Oh no. That's a real shame.

As Manson looks for the sugar --

SLIVAK

We should send flowers or something.

BLACKOUT

EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY

PASSING Agnes in the now neat front yard, re-potting a plant THRU the WIDE OPEN front door, and --

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As Teena comes halfway down the stairs. Her hair longer, grown out white, her movement less hesitant, stronger --

TEENA

Mom?

(no response)

Mom?!

Bethie moves through, pulling on the coat Agnes bought her.

BETHIE
She's outside; you need her?

TEENA
I need boxes. Thought we had a couple
stashed in the closet.

BETHIE
Used 'em last night. I'll look for some.

Bethie heads out, but --

TEENA
(focusses, the coat)
Where are you going?

BETHIE
Just the 7-11. Some big skateboard thing
in the parking lot; Annie needs me to help
her watch. Her new "boyfriend."
(leaving)
I'll be back before dinner.
(over her shoulder)
I'll find boxes!

Off Teena, as she heads back upstairs --

EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - DAY

AGNES, head down, gardening, as Bethie exits the house, cuts
across the lawn, away from Agnes. Agnes looks up, sees
Bethie walking quickly down the sidewalk. Agnes watches her
for a beat, thoughtful, then goes back to work.

INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - DAY

BETHIE, alone in window seat, looking straight forward.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

MOVING THRU the shift change to DROMOOR, his patrol car
parked near the back of the lot, as he RE-RACKS his shotgun,
SLAMS the trunk.

On automatic, he moves to the driver's door, about to open
it, his hand on the handle, but he stops, SEES something.

BY THE FENCE - DROMOOR'S POV - BETHIE

Thirty feet away, on the other side of the chain link. She
holds up a tentative hand.

CLOSER - THE FENCE

As Dromoor approaches.

DROMOOR
You all right?

Bethie nods. Seeing him in person... harder than she thought.

DROMOOR
Your momma?

BETHIE
She's fine. Well, not fine. But better.
A lot better.

DROMOOR
You've been taking care of her.
(off his watch)
Gotta few minutes; you wanna come in?

BETHIE
That's okay --

DROMOOR
(the fence)
Go on around, there's a gate --

BETHIE
(blurting)
-- We're leaving.
(Dromoor looks)
Tomorrow. California. Just came to say
goodbye.
(voice catching, emotional)
And thank you. That day... when you
brought Momma home...

Bethie turns away. Droomor bends down close, close as he can get.

DROMOOR
Bethie. I just gave her a ride.

Bethie looks back. Tears streaming down her face. She backhands them away --

BETHIE
It was so bad...

DROMOOR
(gets it)
So bad you knew it would never change.
(off her nod)
I've seen bad things. So bad I knew I'd
never forget.
(beat)
You do forget. Not all the way, but
enough to move on.
(beat)
Leaving here, that's smart.

Bethie looks at him. A long beat, then --

DROMOOR
 I've got a daughter.
 (off her look)
 Molly. She's three. One on the way, too,
 but my wife, she won't let the doctor tell
 us boy or girl; she wants to be surprised.
 (considers, decides)
 You can keep a secret.
 (Bethie nods, solemn)
 It's a boy. I read it on a form, upside
 down.

BETHIE
 One of each. That's nice.

DROMOOR
 You and me, we're the only ones who know.
 I'll tell ya something else. When my Molly
 grows up, I wouldn't mind if she's a lot
 like you. Not one bit.

Behind them:

COP'S VOICE
 Hey! Dromoor! We're on the clock.

Dromoor doesn't turn, but BETHIE sees a YOUNG UNIFORM by
 Dromoor's car.

DROMOOR
 You need a ride home?

BETHIE
 I'm fine.

Dromoor looks at her for a beat.

DROMOOR
 Okay then.

Dromoor jams his fingers through a hole in the fence, as
 many as he can fit. Three.

DROMOOR
 Gimme three, I guess. Up high.

Bethie smiles, touches three fingers to his, lets them
 linger, and then --

BETHIE
 Thank you.

DROMOOR
 (smiling)
 You already said that.

Dromoor turns, walks back to his car. Bethie watches for a
 long moment, then turns and walks down the sidewalk.

NARRATOR

In time you would fall in love with other men. Men your own age, or nearly. You would marry. Your life would be full.

As A CITY BUS pulls up at the end of the long block --

NARRATOR

But you would never love any of these men the way in your desperation and yearning you had loved John Dromoor.

Bethie sees the STOPPED BUS, starts running. The bus door opens. Bethie climbs on. As the door closes, and the bus lumbers out and disappears --

BLACKOUT

ROLL CREDITS. Over, HEAR Joan Dromoor's Sacred Harp group, full-throated, thrumming, live, in church, an overwhelming ROAR of SOUND and SPIRIT as powerful as the Falls itself --

SACRED HARP SINGERS (O.S.)

*Long in silence I have waited,
Long thy guilt in secret grown;
Still, thy heart, with pride elated,
Thought my counsels like thy own.*

*I'll reprove thee,
till thy crimes exact are known,
Sinners, hear Jehovah speaking!
Ye who thoughtless God despise!*

*Hear, lest in His wrath awaking, Vengeance
rend you as it flies.
None can save you,
If His arm to judgment rise.*

THE END