

THE SLEEPING TIGER

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FADE IN:

MOVING THROUGH A DENSE, DARK FOG - NIGHT

Nothing is visible but a wet, thick blanket around us until we catch GLIMPSES of CITY LIGHTS. Looming. Finally, we emerge from the fog to find --

Independence Hall. Market Street. The Liberty Bell. Welcome to *Philadelphia*.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A drizzle of rain falls. The street quite, empty.

A man in a suit and overcoat, navigates the deserted rain-slick streets, his face grotesque as if melted by flames... He wears a stocking.

Staying close to the walls, preferring the pockets of shadow and concealed area. His gloved-hand snapping his Zippo lighter open/shut.

Until something else catches his eye...

EXT. SEEDY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A less-than-desirable neighborhood, even at this early hour, crackheads and whinos mill about.

ANGELA KRIEGER, 40s, exits, hastily put together in terms of hair, blouse, skirt, weathered trench coat. The consummate presence of a tiger pacing in a cage. Ferocious, calculating, and in the end, impossible to take your eyes off of.

She starts down the street, hears faint footfalls behind her. After two or three more steps, looks back, nothing, shakes it off.

She continues, her senses heightened, our paranoia growing. Unlocks the door of her Porsche 911 Turbo with an audible CHIRP when --

The Rapist grabs Angela who screams: "Hel--" before he clamps a hand over mouth-- drags her into --

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Down the trash strewn alley...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And suddenly he pulls her toward him, tearing open her silk blouse. She tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress.

Angela, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful. He rips her panty hose. She tries to scream, but his hand finds her face, a crumpled pink panty tight against her mouth and nose.

She struggles fiercely. The chloroformed panties takes effect; she slips towards unconsciousness...

He UNDOES HIS ZIPPER and goes to PENETRATES HER when--

A BUM stumbles into the forlorn alley, holding a 40 oz, crashing against garbage cans.

He reaches into his coat, swings a .357 through a quick 90-degree arc, fires an inch above the bum's head.

A brick shatters, sprays down on him, and the RICOCHET SCREAMS. The bum runs. She wrestles free.

Angela seizes the moment, slams her knee up between the Rapist's legs, momentarily paralyzes him. Gasping.

She breaks loose, follows through with a heel-palm to the sternum, grabs his arm, gives him a judo twist, sends him on his ass, nearly breaking his arm.

He fights for breath, slithers down the alley.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

The incessant rumble of a passing SUBWAY TRAIN, shakes the cramped cubicle. Lights flicker. Graffiti riddled.

A wet Angela sits on the edge of the sink, a foot propped up on the toilet seat. Her skirt pushed up, slips off her pumps, removes her torn panty hose.

Wraps them in a ball, goes to throw them away. Notes her moist fingers. Then, seemingly out of nowhere: Holds them to her face, inhaling her scent.

She checks her skirt for come stains, grabs paper towels, wets them, soap, and takes a whores bath. Her cell phone RINGS, startles her....

EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK

Fog rolls across the bridge; its massive weight seems suspended on a bank of clouds. A ship's FOG HORN blows. HAZY police lights.

WE drift high through the CABLES and slowly descend as finally we reveal --

JIMMY, 18, outside the safety rails, holds a knife against a COLLEGE GIRL'S throat. His breathing ragged, expression desperate, gazing down into...

The dark, churning waters two hundred feet below them. A POLICE BOAT, its spotlight trained on....

The bridge's cordoned off for the press hordes, dishes beaming coverage skyward. ONLOOKERS.

DET. MALONE, 40s, African-American, rumpled. Cynical, burnt out, tries to reason with him.

NEGOTIATOR

You know why we're here? It's to help. Do you understand? Help.

A Porsche 911 TURBO races up. Angela jumps out, runs well in her heels. Angela, a vaguely English accent.

DET. MALONE

Can I help you?

ANGELA

Yes, I'm Dr. Krieger. Jimmy Duncan. He's a patient of mine.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

You know this nut?

ANGELA

That's judgmental language. He's an obsessive of highly suggestible mentality. Might respond to suggestion.

Reluctant, hands her the mike to the PA system.

INTERCUT ANGELA AND JIMMY

ANGELA

Listen to the sound of my voice, Jimmie. Watch the light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He recognizes her voice. He's responding, becoming increasing hypnotized.

ANGELA

That's it. You will do nothing but listen to my voice...and watch the light. You want to do as I say. You trust me, Jimmie. You know I'm here to help you. Your eyes are on the light. You cannot do this, you're tired. Loosen your hands. Your hands...

A few tense moments, almost imperceptibly unravels his hands, the officers who latch onto Jimmie, take him down.

ANGELA

Let them help you. Help you.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

A very attractive home in a fairly-affluent suburb of Philadelphia. Angela pulls in. She deboards, fumbles through her clutch for keys.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Equestrian trophies, medals, and plaques on the mantel.

BILL, 40s, ivy-league handsome, wears a bow-tie and sweater, and glasses, watches, as Angela makes her stealthy way into the room

She watches herself on TV briefly, enters the circle of lamp-light, exhaling on the sofa, slips off sexy shoes, massages her feet, presumably they hurt..

BILL

My students were impressed. They watch the news, read the papers.

ANGELA

I assume I made the grade? I'm surprised you're up.

BILL

I'm up. You can't sleep when I snore, so I can't fall asleep before you.

ANGELA

I could sleep in the guest room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

No you can't. House guest.
He's a former student of mine.

He hands her a file - reluctant, Angela peruses it.

ANGELA

Pretty lurid details. Battery on a
Person. Resisting an officer. B&E,
First-degree robbery: A registered
sex offender.

She glares at Bill - as if he's got a major screw loose.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

A romantic bedroom suite, at the moment, a little untidy.
Bill is in bed, grading essays, absorbed in some notes.

Angela stands in the doorway in a white satin and lace
trim slip and pumps; *a great recreation of the look Liz
made famous in "Cat On a Hot Tin roof."*

She nurses a tumbler of whiskey on the rock.

ANGELA

How is his manners? Is he
possible?

BILL

He had a football scholarship.
Went to a reform school for boys.

She joins him, kisses Bill. He kisses her forehead and
goes back to grading papers. Sighs. This is her life.

ANGELA

It's okay. You've had a crazy
day. You're tired. I am too.

BILL

Don't do that. Don't start
psychoanalyzing me.

ANGELA

That's my job, Bill.

BILL

You're not at work. Screw you.

ANGELA

You never seem to be able to
anymore.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Light from the pool bouncing off the walls, casting bizarre shadows across the dark room.

Angela uncaps a bottle of scotch, pours herself a drink.

A man, silhouetted, seated in a chair, flips the top of his Zippo open and shut. Snap. Snap. Snap.

Angela jumps, splashes scotch. The lamp clicks on.

JAREK, 20s, plays cat's cradle with a string. He's good, creating intricate patterns and undoing them. He wears drawstring pants. No shoes. No shirt.

His eyes linger on her slip that makes no secret of her body. He smiles up at Angela.

Angela doesn't return it. Her demeanor is all icy, controlled professionalism, but there's fury below that surface. She pours herself another scotch.

ANGELA

I see you've made yourself at home.

JAREK

Oh, you don't approve.

ANGELA

It doesn't matter what I want. He thinks your worth saving.

JAREK

And you don't?

ANGELA

I don't mind this little experiment. Although I think it's a waste of time. But you interest him, so I'll do all I can for you... whether it's therapy, or teaching you proper etiquette, but this is my house too, and I won't tolerate your shenanigans.

She studies his eyes, overcome with a sense of déjà vu.

ANGELA

Have we met before?

JAREK

Don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek squirms like a convict waiting for sentencing. Angela isn't satisfied, but lets it go for now.

She flops down on the sofa, grabs a pack of cigarettes. Realizes no lighter.

Jarek moves towards her, flicks his zippo's flint wheel and ignites the celluloid.

Reluctant, she leans in closer as he lights it.

Angela's distracted by the big cock lurking beneath his pants. A 10-inch anaconda, pushing the underwear's fabric to the limit. She covers her subtle jaw-drop.

JAREK

You're English, aren't you?

ANGELA

And you're little Caesar!

His face ices over. He sits down. Angela notes his bruised wrist. How he favors his arm.

There's a flash of recognition on Angela's face, but she stays mum. Bill has stepped into the room.

BILL

I see you two have already met.

ANGELA

Twice. Good night.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

Then, as the SUN RISES over the Philadelphia skyline --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

The lavish master bath. Classic walnut and marble and a huge vanity with a big mirror/separate power room.

Angela saunters past, NAKED, slips into the lavish stall. Turns on the shower, *preheated water RAINS DOWN*, as STEAM BEGINS TO MIST THE GLASS...

After a beat we realize, she's touching herself, bringing herself to orgasm. But we stay out here where...

Jarek has been masturbating in the steam while he watches the suds accentuating her curves. Angela comes to a noisy climax. Done, she feels watched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peers behind her. Wipes condensation from the glass, no one's there. Jarek's gone.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A Better Homes & Gardens kitchen. Angela enters to find -
- Bill woofs down breakfast.

BILL

How's our guest doing?

ANGELA

Keeping his hands to himself.

INT. POLICE STATION - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Her office is modern but not stark. A placard reads:
*'Sergeant Elizabeth Steiger' PhD - Police and Public
Safety Psychotherapist'.*

Malone enters to find --

ELIZABETH, 40s, dark, suburban/sexy with a fondness for men, women, and booze. *We clock her badge and gun clipped to her belted sheath dress.* She dresses in dark hues.

She pops a couple of tablets, dry-chewing them.

DET. MALONE

What've you got there, Beth?

BETH

Malone. Tums. You give me heartburn. Lunch?

DET. MALONE

No can-do. Gotta see Dr. Krieger.

BETH

Now there's a real tiger for you. Just don't let her sink her claws into you. Once she gets a hold, she never lets go.

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN - PSYCH WARD - DAY

Angela escorts Malone through an antiseptic corridor with metal doors either side. A prison ward.

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CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Jimmy has been diagnosed with everything from being a recluse to a schizophrenic with paranoid tendencies. Raging to the bizarre.

DET. MALONE

What does that mean?

ANGELA

He's a tough nut to crack.

She opens a hatch. Malone peers into a cell. Iron bars on a window. Jimmy cowers, mumbling to himself.

DET. MALONE

You ever used hypnosis on him?

ANGELA

Never. Jimmy's a criminal of high suggestibility, low intelligence. I used simple suggestion.

DET. MALONE

But you did put him in a trance.

ANGELA

I used no hypnotherapy.

Suddenly Jimmy jumps up right in front of the hatch!

Malone stumbles backwards, letting out an involuntary scream! Angela smirks, slams the hatch shut.

ANGELA

It's OK, if you're not paranoid -- you're crazy.

(pager beeps)

Another consult. ICU. Excuse me--

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Angela escorts Jarek, notices him still rubbing his arm.

ANGELA

Hurt yourself?

JAREK

Old rotator cuff injury.

ANGELA

Of course, my judo training.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A raspberry-like "chuffing" from a TIGER(her ring tone). Angela checks her cell. Hits ignore, ushers him into --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

A pleasant wood panelled psychiatric office. It's dark, windowless, but intimate and cozy. Meditation-Spiritual books line the shelves.

Behind her desk, AN EPIC DEER HEAD MOUNTED ON THE WALL BEHIND HER, grotesque. One of her hunting trophies.

Jarek lounges on a recliner. Angela sits across from him, her legs crossed suggestively. She writes with an Apple Pencil on an iPad Pro.

Catches him admiring her legs. Jarek doesn't register any embarrassment. If anything, his eyes continue to linger.

A psychiatric beat... as they both wait for the curtains to part, and the inner drama to begin to play itself out.

JAREK

I'm afraid I'm not good at this.

ANGELA

That's okay. I am. How many crimes the police don't know about have you committed?

JAREK

I'm not a murderer.

ANGELA

You tried to kill that bum?

JAREK

No! I just wanted to scare him.

Jarek glances up at the DEER HEAD ON THE WALL.

JAREK

That's what? A ten point?

ANGELA

Twelve. There are two drop tines coming off the back. Can't see them from this angle.

JAREK

Nice. Rifle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Muzzleloader.

JAREK

My father use to take me hunting.

ANGELA

Big game? Deer? Buffalo? Moose?

JAREK

Naw, Rabbits. Squirrels. I hated it. My mom would tell me to suck it up and do it for my dad. Hell, that bastard would threatened to shoot and kill my pets. Honestly, I tried to enjoy it, but I always felt guilty from the killing. When I was in fourth grade I threw a rock over a fence at a robin during recess. I thought it would fly away or my aim would just be off, but I hit that fucker and he fell over dead. I still feel bad about it to this day.

ANGELA

Remorse show us we're not a psychopath.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela lounges on a sofa, drinking gin and tonic and commiserating with Bill -- in a Lazy-boy, engrossed in a crossword puzzle.

BILL

What's a five letter word for psychological Aberration.

ANGELA

Crazy.

BILL

(amused)
Yea, it fits.

The wide GLASS DOORS look out onto the backyard where Jarek exercises. Shirt off - toned, sweaty. Angela stares at him lustily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Beth want be to keen on us having a criminal as a house guest. I'm not so sure, either.

BILL

What do you think?

ANGELA

He's a bad boy with a bundle of anger. And i think frightened under that hard shell of his. But that's what makes him interesting.

BILL

If you think it's too dangerous we can call the whole thing off.

ANGELA

It's one thing to treat a patient in a correctional facility, it's another to have one under idea circumstances. If I can find out what makes him tick I can probably straighten him out. Besides we've never had a criminal for a house-guest. I'm not one bit scared. Could be interesting.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Headlights sweep the house as Beth's Dodge Charger(Ghost cruiser) races up the driveway. Angela in a skintight white gown, stumbles out, giggles. Moves to the drivers side.

They kiss. Too passionate for a public, but they're rather tipsy. Unlike with Bill, it's passionate.

BETH

What was that? No tongue.

ANGELA

You lose points for hooking up with that guy riding pine for the sixers.

They laugh. Best friends? Lovers? Hard to tell, but the *residual sexual tension between them is palpable.*

BETH

'K bye.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela fumbles through her clutch for keys. She tugs surreptitiously at her too-tight gown. It RIPS.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela strolls in from the foyer, the house is quiet.

A lamp turns on. Jarek's in a comfy chair devouring a P&B sandwich and milk. A FLICKER OF PANIC crosses her face.

She moves in such a way to conceal the split in her gown, which isn't easy, or possible

JAREK

Sorry, I didn't realize you were --

ANGELA

Oh, um...it's all right, just help yourself to anything you want.

JAREK

Anything?

Is he hitting on me? Angela uncaps a bottle of scotch, fills a tumbler.

ANGELA

Of course.

He lifts a photo of Angela on a horse, holding a trophy.

JAREK

Maybe you could take me for a ride.

ANGELA

Perhaps? I'm sorry, Mr. Spector, if I gave you the wrong impression. I do hope you're comfortable.

JAREK

Why?

ANGELA

Why? You're a guest in my house.

JAREK

No, Mrs. Krieger. I'm a prisoner. A condition of my parole was court-mandated counseling. Either this, or go back to prison. Why pretend it's anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

One more and it's time for bed.

JAREK

Is that an invitation.

ANGELA

There also needs to be boundaries, Mr. Spector. And we both know you've never been good at that.

JAREK

I've always enjoyed the challenge of self-improvement.

ANGELA

Can I offer you some advice?

JAREK

Everyone else is.

ANGELA

Don't mistake my kindness for weakness.

He sits in front of the piano, begins to riff on "*Piano Concerto Number Twenty-four in C Minor*." He plays passionately.

Angela listens, caught up in the beautiful music...

ANGELA

Don't stop. I love Mozart.

(Jarek resumes)

Did you know when he wasn't writing one of his masterpieces, he wrote kinky letters. In one to his cousin, he told her he wanted to "shit on her nose" and watch it "drip down her chin.

Angela gestures towards the piece Jarek plays.

ANGELA

That's right, the same genius that wrote "*Piano Concerto Number Twenty-four in C Minor*." What? You thought you were the only one with an utterly depraved sex life? When Einstein wasn't sciencing the shit out of everything -- he was pulsating his dick into as many women as humanly possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then asks the burning question:

ANGELA

Would you have raped me if I
hadn't gotten away?

JAREK

Yes. Why do you ask? Does it
fascinate you.

As she eases herself up from the sofa, her displeasure is evident, but him as a potential prospect intrigues her.

ANGELA

No, it makes me sick. I despise
criminals. They're not the one bit
glamorous. There just wild,
stupid animals who belong in
cages. I can respect a rebel if
it's intelligent rebellion but...I
hate stupidity.

Angela downs her drink. Gracefully as she can, Angela saunters past him. Jarek stares, drawn, drooling.

She cavorts up the stairs and the true nature of the advert is revealed, flashes her bare ass in the MOST revealing backless dress we've ever seen.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela sits at the island, her laptop open, sipping coffee. Jarek searches the fridge finds some bacon, a hotdog, some luncheon meat.

Dumps all of it in the same frying pan. Angela gives his food the stink-eye.

JAREK

Prison. You sort of get use to
it.

ANGELA

Bill tells me you found a shorter
path from the hot water heater, so
there's less waste as it warms.
Who taught you how to work with
copper?

JAREK

Yea, my old man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

He teach you anything about wood?

JAREK

He was a carpenter by trade.

ANGELA

What happened to him?

JAREK

(beat, reluctantly)
He took off when I was sixteen.

ANGELA

And your mother?

Jarek doesn't answer. His silence speaking volumes.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Angela saunters down the hall, looking hot in Equestrian riding outfit that fits like a glove, but pauses outside the guest bedroom door first.

She cracks it just a sliver, enough to peek in at -

Jarek grips a bar, fastened to the doorjam. Pull ups. He locks eyes. Angela heads out. Jarek hurries out of his room, catches up with her.

JAREK

Hang on. I'll come with you.

ANGELA

If you want.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

The stallion jumps the fence, gallops into the field. Angela rides hard, Jarek clinging to her torso.

EXT. HORSE BOARDING FACILITY - DAY

Jarek hops off, helps Angela down. Reluctant at first, she accepts. They are a little closer together than is socially acceptable.

Before he can respond, Angela heads for her Porsche.

EXT/INT. PHILADELPHIA - PORSCHE - DAY

Angela drivers. Jarek rides shotgun. He casually throws his arms around the back of her seat.

ANGELA

That's not necessary, Jarek.

JAREK

(removes his arm)

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANGELA

It's neither cute nor innocent. Like back there. But you can't help it. You are what you are.

JAREK

Am I that easy to read?

ANGELA

It's really not that hard.

JAREK

You can afford to be smug. Where as I...am the product of a broken home. A child of divorce.

ANGELA

Well, that doesn't give you a license to commit crimes.

JAREK

It's a mitigating circumstance. Ask any psychologist.

He grins. His arrogance, or rather his acknowledgement of his arrogance, is oddly charming. Angela rolls her eyes.

JAREK

I had no mother to guide me in my formidable years. And when my father was sent to prison for the second term I suffered a trauma. And my aunt tried to bring me out of my acute melancholia schizophrenic tendencies by showing me how to rob stores.

ANGELA

And you thought this would cheer you up. And make life rosier for you, huh? You looking for pity?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

You don't like me, do you?

ANGELA

Like? You don't matter to me. You're just a pet project. Here today. Gone tomorrow. What? You think you're the first reclamation project he's brought home for me to rehabilitate? Or try? What I don't like is what you stand for?

JAREK

And what is that?

ANGELA

Something sick.

JAREK

You sound like my parole officer.

ANGELA

They think you had a bad childhood. It's just an excuse. Lots of people come from broken homes.

(a tortured beat)

I got a raw deal too. Still am. But that hasn't made me bitter. I've learned to embrace everything that happens to me in life with open arms and try to make the best of it.

She pulls into the driveway. He grabs her arm. She tries to pull away, but he holds tight.

JAREK

Dr. Krieger, you're fake. I know your type. Cool, sophisticated, icy and untouchable. But beneath the surface lies an inner fire.

ANGELA

Inner fire?

JAREK

Don't get me wrong. I like the updo. It's just that it's a little... tight. Almost like you feel the need to bind yourself up, because you're afraid of what might happen if you just let it all go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her face ices briefly before she recovers.

ANGELA

Quite the speech. You practice it beforehand? Understand this: I'm your *ticket out*. Remember that!

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ATTIC - DAY

A dank attic crammed with storage boxes. A section of the ceiling sags precipitously. A thrift store bed with a bare mattress.

Jarek, jeans, t-shirt, drops his tool bag on a work bench. Rips a piece of molding on a table saw.

Angela approaches with sandwiches and an ice cold beer. She looks around, satisfied, at his progress.

ANGELA

Roast beef on rye. The house specialty.

JAREK

About time, I'm starving to death. You're in a good mood.

ANGELA

Why shouldn't I be?

JAREK

What's for dessert?

ANGELA

Well big cats are subject to sudden shifts in mood. Playful one second. Deadly the next.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jarek watches a Sixers game on the TV, he's bored stiff. He flips off the TV with the remote, then rises, paces.

He glances at his watch, debating... In the b.g., Angela studies him from the staircase. Angela saunters in, curls up on the sofa with a drink.

JAREK

So, what'cha reading?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

The study of bio-chemistry of sexuality and aggression. Physiological proof of a well known theory that most crimes of violence linked with sex is not about sex at all, but power.

Jarek lifts another book with a PHOTO OF ANGELA on THE COVER.

JAREK

I finished your book. You perfectly illustrate Freud's analysis of the male unconscious and the symbolic threat of castration primarily evoked by the female sex.

ANGELA

Try this one.

Angela moves to a shelve of books, mostly history, biographies of titanic men - Julius Caesar, Alexander The Great, Genghis Khan. Selects; *"Somerset Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE."* Hands it to him.

JAREK

You want me to read a book called OF HUMAN BONDAGE?! I'll pass. Don't want to know any more on that particular subject.

ANGELA

It's another kind of bondage.

JAREK

I would hope so.

ANGELA

The theme throughout is bondage to passion. Or not.

Angela clearly has something on her mind.

JAREK

You ever been locked up?

ANGELA

Not the way you mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

I don't care what way it is. Some people can stand it and some people can't. The ones who can't would kill themselves and anybody else just to get out for five minutes. Sure, I've hurt people that stopped me from doing what I wanted to do.

ANGELA

And what's that?

JAREK

Get away. Escape.

ANGELA

Perhaps I know what you're talking about.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela and Bill are in bed together, she reads a kindle. He grades papers. No eye contact. No words exchanged. Just two people who were once in love, but now merely roommates.

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Stolen cars in various states of disassembly are being worked on in the bays. One GREASY MECHANIC is pounding fenders, another is spray painting a hood.

A third - POPEYE, 20s, a beefy/Latino thug, dismantles a Bentley, pulling off its rims. Jarek looks on.

POPEYE

They're caged up. You Man so waddup? Is it me? Or is it we?

JAREK

A guy need a reason. For practice. A man's gotta keep his chops up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The buildings are run down. A SUITED MAN passes an alley, a thug grab him. Drag him into --

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jarek and Popeye. Both are stocking-faced. Popeye pins him against the wall, his forearm pressed hard against the base of his neck.

JAREK

Hey, looks like we got a good one.

SUITED MAN

Take it easy. I'm not putting up a fight.

JAREK

That's good.

Popeye puts him in a full nelson and roughly turns him to face Jarek, who reaches inside the man's jacket, removes his wallet. Pulls out wads of cash.

Popeye punches him, knocks him out cold.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela hasn't slept well, listening to Jarek and a woman having very vocal and savage sex. Bill, a pillow over his head, blocking out the world.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

An unfinished basement. Of all the repairs and upgrades their home needs, its the most neglected. Cement floor. Exposed insulation.

Angela, barefoot, with an armload of laundry, bounds down the steps. Pulls the chain on a hanging bulb, the light illuminates...

A small laundry room. Tight quarters. A clutter of washers and dryers churning in steady rhythm. The room... hot. Steamy hot.

She pulls the dry load out and places it into the basket on a machine. As she sorts through clothes...

Suddenly a washer starts acting like a caged animal, roaring and bucking wildly, trying to escape the closet.

She stares, flushes as some sort of transitive euphoria pumps through her. Then panics, tries to contain a terror in her eyes, even if we don't know exactly why.

INT. KIMBER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sweaty post-sex COURTNEY - a 50-year old MILF crosses to the refrigerator. She opens the door. Light spilling out to reveal she's nude. Body taut. Curves perfect.

Grabs two beers, Courtney jumps upon seeing Angela.

ANGELA

Visiting hours are ending, honey.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Beth in a sheath dress, belted, badge and gun clipped, studies an ink blot card, flips it upside down, can't make heads or tails out of it.

Angela in full regalia, a blue lab coat, I.D. tags, stethoscope, and a brass lapel tag bearing her name.

BETH

Apparently I have dissociative personality disorder because I see an accrual inkblot. Rather than an imagined image. Thankfully I think all of this is a pile of piss that can't possibly indicate a specific personality trait. My other personalities disagree though.

They chuckle.

ANGELA

So what brings you here?

BETH

Mr. Spector. You should have told me.

ANGELA

I knew you wouldn't approve.

BETH

No, I wouldn't say that. It's a condition of his parole. I know of your professional interest in cases like these...in view of his record I thought it would be nice for us to have a little chat. Has he been behaving himself?

ANGELA

I've kept my eye on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

That's not what I asked.

ANGELA

Look, if I am to gain his confidence, I can't leave him caged up. He's got to be given a certain amount of freedom.

BETH

Mr. Spector is far too dangerous to be living under your roof.

ANGELA

He should be here soon. Care to talk to him?

BETH

That won't be necessary. I'm sure I'll see him soon enough.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

On her desk, a display of Newton's pendulum have grabbed Angela's attention. She can't resist, grabs the balls and starts playing with them.

Jarek enters. She slams the door shut... none to pleased.

JAREK

Excuse me? Is this where I go to get my head shrunk?
(off her look)
Look, I just lost track of time.

ANGELA

Not buying it.

JAREK

A perceptive woman. You know a fabrication when you hear one.

ANGELA

Yea, it sort of comes out like a lie.

JAREK

Precisely, because I told a lie because you expected to hear one. It's human nature as predictable as sunrise and sunset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Boundaries, Mr. Spector. I'm your therapist, not part of your posse. You show up at your appointment times -- not before, not after.

(takes her seat)

Mr. Spector, why don't you have a seat? We should get started.

Jarek gives her a wan smile as he sits across from Angela who subconsciously does lots of shoeplay, heel-popping, it's hot. She shifts through inkblot cards.

JAREK

So what is a Rorschach?

ANGELA

Oh, ummm... It's a psychological test. Of perceptions. Interpretations. You know... The ink blots. You look at them and without over-thinking things, You say what you think you see.

Angela hands him one. He studies it.

JAREK

Well I was a student of art. When I look at them the thing that comes to mind is negative space. Like the image was trying make me see something that ain't there.

ANGELA

Humor me.

JAREK

Ok. I see a war is over and two people are getting bodies ready for burial. These two people they love each other and they wanna kill each other but if one of them is to die the other one is to die too.

She hands him another.

JAREK

I don't know why you're showing me such mixed up pictures, and I don't think I want to look at any more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

Just one more. I promise.

This card has a rough "V" shape, looks like faces staring at each other, maybe "bunny ears."

JAREK

Looks like...um...two females helping each other lift buckets of water with a butterfly flying in between them. Perhaps a fat vagina if you look at it hard enough.

Angela senses she may finally be getting somewhere.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Jarek and Angela ride horses along a peaceful landscape.

JAREK

Raising livestock teaches you a few things about life. You learn how to compassionately end a life. And you learn about sex. Roosters are horny little beasts and, if given the chance, will fuck all sorts of hens all day long. That mares' vaginas wink at you when the horse is in heat. Why? Because every farm animal we've ever owned had rough sex. Uh huh. The males push the females around where they want them. When they mount, they place love bites up and down the female's back.

A beat.

JAREK

Hell, stallions pull their mares' hair. And you know what? I love every one of those things when I fuck. Every. Single. One.

She flushes as a transitive euphoria pumps through her. This is a side of Jarek she's never seen. And likes it.

ANGELA

It's a power thing. I get that, you're tapping into your primal animal urges. But in rabbits, if the females don't want to breed, they won't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

The buck may throw a fit. They may, literally, kick and scream and bite, but the doe won't put out unless she wants to. All human sex should be safe, sane, and consensual. Period. No questions. No gray area. But that doesn't mean it can't be rough. Because, in my thoughts, it's supposed to be. Sex is carnal. Instinctual. Primal. It's raw and vivid and lewd. Yes, gentle, passionate and sensual sex is fine. But... rough sex is where it's at. It's getting late.

Angela nods, picks up the pace as Jarek races to catch up – alpha female and alpha male trying hard not to compete, but competing just the same.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela cooks dinner. She stares at Jarek.

He buries himself with removing light fixtures. The kitchen is steaming and the wife beater looks practically painted onto his muscles.

ANGELA

Aren't you supposed to shut the power off before you do that?

JAREK

Not if you know what you're doing.

She tries to look away but she can't. She's in lust.

The heat overwhelming her, she grabs the ends of the counter to prop herself up and finds herself holding A LARGE RIPE PLANTAIN.

She stares at it, then at Jarek. She heads into--

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - UTILITY CLOSET - DAY

Locks the door. Her back against the wall, we see the plantain disappear beneath frame, her eyes roll to the back of her head. She bites her lip, to stay quiet as...

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barefoot, Angela, in a sexy black satin lace trim slip that accentuates her body, stands in the doorway. She nurses tumbler of whiskey.

Jarek changes the sheets - her speech is slurred.

JAREK

You look like you might be feeling slightly promiscuous tonight- ?

ANGELA

No different than any other night.

(re: bed)

Wet dream?

(off his nod)

Well, you see me in the morning, you see me at night. So you shouldn't be surprised that I started popped up in your dreams.

Jarek, thrown by her directness. Angela blinks - didn't entirely mean to say that out loud.

JAREK

I'd like to talk more about dreams. I think there are more to them than most people think, don't you?

ANGELA

So did Sigmund Freud.

He steps forward, presses his body against hers and kisses her. Angela's eyes open wide, caught unawares.

ANGELA

Wait, what are you doing?

Feeling his erection, she takes a giant step back. Jarek's embarrassed to have so misread the signs.

ANGELA

Goodnight.

EXT./INT. FREEWAY - ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY

Jarek drives. Angela laughs, spontaneously. Subconsciously, crossing and uncrossing her legs, her white dress rides up her thighs.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

Jarek and Angela stroll the meandering walk-aways between cages and habitats. A mist falls throughout the scene. The mist has become a drizzle.

They pause before a habitat. A TIGER pacing in its cage - 200 pounds of coiled muscle and rippling haunches. It's beautiful and terrifying.

She's staring back at Angela, mesmerized. Almost like a warning. No fear in its eyes. But none in hers, either.

ANGELA

Have you noticed why they use every space in the cage? They're making it as large as they can.

JAREK

He's looking for a way out.

ANGELA

It's a she.

Jarek can't hide his embarrassment - manages a smile.

JAREK

I don't usually make that mistake.

ANGELA

Not any more. She's just waiting.

JAREK

For what?

ANGELA

Her keeper.

The day has darkened, a downpour accompanied by a thunderclap. It's one of those showers that comes on fast and strong. They run for cover.

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE - DAY

Jarek and Angela wait it out. They're soaked to the bone. And since her dress is white, it's completely wet, you can pretty much see everything.

Jarek kisses her -- just like that. Fast. Before she can stop him. The rain around them gets heavier and heavier. And so do they.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The feelings get too intense for Angela an aroused Angela, who disentangles herself, turned off, breathless, so is Jarek - sexually frustrated.

Angela runs off. He watches for a beat then following.

EXT./INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - PORSCHE - DAY

Jarek climbs in. Angela beside him. Suddenly, it's intense in the cramped space. Body heat fogging the windshield as rain hammers the car.

JAREK

I don't know what to do with everything I feel about you.

ANGELA

Not this. And even if I were interested, it's unethical. I have responsibilities with my patients and I've almost abused everyone of them with you. This can't happen. 'We' can't happen. I'm sorry.

Angela feels bad saying it, but not as bad as Jarek does hearing it.

JAREK

... Did I get the wrong impression last night or... ?

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I just -- had one too many.

JAREK

Fucking great. Now you're starting to sound like my mom.

She stares. Realizing belatedly... that's the gist of it.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Jarek pulls up. The rain is really coming down now

Angela jumps out fighting WIND and RAIN, shoes in hand, runs across the wet lawn and in through the front door.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Angela gets to the door to find Malone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angela saunters along, her legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath. Those sexy bedroom stilettos are hot as fuck.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the room like a dense fog. The shower runs. Jarek, towel around his waist, shaves before the mirror.

Angela leans back against the door, locks it. Sips from a tumbler of whiskey and ice while commiserating with him.

She's for sure a little drunk already, but she has a look in her eye. A born interrogator.

ANGELA

Can I talk to you a minute?

JAREK

Sure. Your house, your rules.

ANGELA

I'm going to ask you something but I want a straight answer. Where did you go the other night?

JAREK

Oh, wasn't aware I had a curfew.

ANGELA

Seems there's been a rash of robberies. You know anything about them?

JAREK

What do you think?

She sips her drink, his eyes bulging like some sadistic sexual predator. Angela's eyes bore into him. Finally:

ANGELA

I was at the zoo once when I was twelve years old when I saw a tiger escape from his cage. The keepers tried to herd him back in. And he got confused and charged.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He really couldn't see them. He thought nothing could stop him. He was magnificent to see. You're like that full of blind arrogance. They had to kill the Tiger.

The words hit Jarek like a bomb. He smiles thinly.

He pulls on her robe cinch, loosens. The robe hangs open.

ANGELA

Stop -- Jarek --what're you doing?

JAREK

You know what I want. You know you want it. Drop the school girl act.

Angela slaps him. She goes to leave.

Jarek grips her arm, a bit dangerously. Her tumbler falls, crashes to the linoleum.

She tries to slug him, who grips her arm. Tosses Angela down. She's curled up on the linoleum, robe around her waist, bare ass AKIMBO.

They eye each other. She scoots back imperceptibly. There is a knowing in her eye. He sees it. He takes a deliberate step toward her.

ANGELA

Stay away from me...

They wrestle until passion takes over. Something has rekindled in her she can no longer control. Something hushed and disquieted that arouses her.

ANGELA

Do it Jarek! Do it now! I can't stand it any longer! I've got to have a fuck! I've just got too! Please, Jarek! Stick it in and fuck me!

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Books. Awards, framed Doctorates for Education. Bill in robe and slippers, enjoy a tray of milk and cookies.

He unscrews caps of half a dozen different bottles of prescription meds - he begins taking them with water.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steamier than a wet sauna, her discarded robe...

Angela leans over the sink, Jarek fucks her from behind. Both naked, sweaty. She shudders with orgasm. Tidal waves of pleasure. Pulsing. Ongoing.

It's the first hint of emotion Angela has exhibited. He bites her shoulders, the irony isn't lost on Angela. She catches her reflection in the densely fogged mirror with the humid residue of desire.

Not liking what she sees.

JAREK

What's the matter, hon? You were great. Terrific. A tiger.

She looks back at him, shit-faced, a wild, feral look in her eyes as if deciding whether to fuck him or kill him.

Jarek pumps into her with everything he's got.

They HEAR someone trying to get into the bathroom. The door handle wiggles. He freezes, she doesn't stop, gently moving her hips.

BILL (O.S.)

Jarek, have you seen Angie?

JAREK

No.

Jarek and Angela look at each other in the mirror. A beat, Angela breaks it off, shrugs on her robe. In a quavering, intense, sharp voice...

ANGELA

This cannot happen again. You understand me? I have a husband. I am not going to be that type of person. I cannot do this.

JAREK

You're not going soft on me, are you?

ANGELA

I'm not the one who went soft.

(then)

It's okay. If you're not paranoid, you're crazy.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Dawn just creeping in...

Angela, asleep, in a beautiful, silk La Perla set. Jarek crawls into bed. He spoons her, gets amorous. She stirs, then settles. Out. Leaps up, awake.

ANGELA

What're you doing in here?

An aroused Angela weakens. Off Angela, letting him stay --

ANGELA

I'm not what I once was.

JAREK

You're perfect.

ANGELA

You don't think I'm old? You don't think I'm spent?

JAREK

I think you're the sexiest goddamn thing I ever been with.

Meant to be sweet and taken as so.

They kiss wildly. She reaches between her breasts and unclasps her bra, opening it up for him. He yanks down his boxers while she pulls her panties aside.

She climbs on top. The headboard slamming into the wall, chipping away at plaster, as Angela has rushed, morning sex with Jarek. She rides him like a pro, crazed, even.

As a middle-aged woman, she's desperate to believe she's still got it. Her esteem has metastasized into a bit of an angry chip on her shoulder.

And from here on in, all this comes out when she fucks.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela, trying to juggle a chaotic morning routine; slides bacon onto a plate of over easy eggs and pancakes in front of Jarek.

He shakes salt and pepper on them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

They're too runny. I can do them again.

JAREK

It's okay. Pancakes are good.

Bill panting and sweating from his morning jog enters.

ANGELA

Good run?

Bill stares at his wife's freshly-fucked face, then goes right for the coffee press and finds it empty.

BILL

No coffee?

ANGELA

I was busy this morning.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela grabs a bottle of vodka, pours herself a drink. Jarek deposits more bags of groceries. They embrace, converse between kisses.

Angela walks away, LAUGHING.

ANGELA

You have no shame. I respect that. What's shocking is how bad you are at hiding what a pervert you are.

JAREK

So is it -- y'know -- great?

ANGELA

Beyond.

JAREK

Better than Bill?

ANGELA

The best. Ever.

JAREK

If you do decide to tell Bill? You may want to leave that part out.

Angela laughs and rolls her eyes. Grabs an orange out of the fruit bowl. Looking at it, holds it up to his nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Great sex is about feeling sensual, and indulging our senses switches them on. Start by smelling that orange, strong in scent and taste, to get you in the mood. Sounds bonkers, but arousing your senses before sex helps you be in the moment -

She kicks off her sexy shoes, puts away groceries.

ANGELA

Thought I'd make meatloaf for dinner.

JAREK

It's my favorite meal.

ANGELA

Really?

JAREK

It was the one thing they served in prison I could tolerate.

ANGELA

Want to work up an appetite?

Jarek grins, takes her by the hand, leads her out.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

The concrete slab is set and the wooden framework is mostly complete for a GAZEBO but there's not even a roof yet.

Jarek, jeans, pounds in a nail.

ANGELA

There you are. I've been looking everywhere for you. Why isn't the water working? It's bad enough I'm late, but now I have to use the bathroom and there's no water!

Popeye appears, tool belt on. He eyes Angela lustily.

POPEYE

You can go in the bushes.

Angela fixes Popeye with an icy glare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

That's real nice of you, but I'm gonna have to pass.

They trudge back towards the house in an awkward silence.

ANGELA

Geez, can we get real for a second? Seriously, Jarek. You have shitty taste in friends.

JAREK

Popeye. Best buds since grade school. He's good people.

ANGELA

You mean Benji Garcia. His name was in your file. He's the one who took you joy riding in that stolen car. The one that sent you to juvie. What is he doing here?

JAREK

Helping me build your gazebo.

ANGELA

I don't want you around him.

JAREK

So now you get to choose my friends?.

ANGELA

No, just him.

She moves in close to him for a second, heads close, foreheads touching, lingering. They kiss. She goes.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

The SHOWER runs. Jarek's clothes lay in a pile on the floor. He is already in the shower -- the new mechanical shower heads swirl and spin - Misting and steaming.

Angela hurries in, undressing, a little flushed with transit and maybe a little excitement.

She joins him. They crush together, kissing passionately.

ANGELA

The water pressure is amazing.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Angela sits in her Porsche, outside a college campus apartment building. She waits. Bill exits an apartment with HANNA, 20s. *If we've been paying attention she's the hottie, the one Jimmy tried to kill.*

Angela watches them go to his car. They drive off.

INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Angela sits in a swivel chair in front of her desk laptop; voice recognition software types everything as she spins idly around and dictates.

ANGELA

The patient seems somewhat resistant to therapy. His answers are evasive in general. Nevertheless the third session had some interesting preliminary results. My initial conclusion was right. Which indicate the patient was a victim of some traumatic event that caused a possible type of dissociative amnesia, which has allowed him to block those events from is memory. The amnesia seems quite considerable, so... it may be necessary to use a different method. To get access to those repressed memories.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

A shot-and-a-beer place with a low life look...

INT. POOL JOINT - NIGHT

A dark, smoky, honky-tonk with a jukebox. Bad things happen here. Drugs, sex. Jarek and Popeye shooting pool, drinking beer. Angela loiters nearby.

She throws back some beer, savors the last drop.

Jarek kisses her neck. She squirms but loves it -- him.

ANGELA

Your old stomping ground, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Yea. I did time with those animals. You feel me?

He notes the hickey's on her neck and shoulders.

JAREK

Sorry, hopefully he won't notice.

ANGELA

I doubt it. And, if he does, I'll just tell him their souvenirs that came with my sore pussy.

Popeye plops down on the stool beside Angela and finishes his beer. She eyes him with utter contempt.

ANGELA

This is a private conversation.

POPEYE

Not when you're talking that loud. Your language is a little raw.

ANGELA

Sounds like you'd be happier a few stools down.

Jarek excuses himself to go to the bathroom.

Angela reaches into her back pocket, pulls out several tickets, hands them to Popeye who grins.

ANGELA

That should make it easy. Courtside Sixers' tickets. With parking.

POPEYE

That's nice, but I'm gonna have to pass. I'm a Lakers fan.

Popeye can't help but chuckle at his own joke.

Angela sees Jarek with KIMBER, 40ish; an aging sorority girl, and there's something cosy about the way they're talking. Almost intimate.

ANGELA

I have two options. Do nothing or do something. And the first one isn't really an option.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POPEYE

Whoa, you sound like his mother.

Fuck the niceties she gets in his face.

ANGELA

I know right? Here I am busting my ass to get him right. So, I'm going to need you to stay away from him. Don't you get it. I'm trying to save his life.

POPEYE

Bummer.

ANGELA

Look, sleazebag. You really don't want to piss me off.

He gropes her ass. Whack! Angela smashes a beer bottle against his head, shattering it. Popeye buckles.

ANGELA

Asshole, that's a tiger tail you're reaching for.

He flashing a nasty-ass blade. Jarek gets between them.

JAREK

Easy, now. Popeye, chill.

POPEYE

If I were you, Jarek, I'd have tranquilizer darts on hand for that type of tiger or she'll end up in a very different kind of cage.

Angela takes Jarek's arm and heads for the exits.

EXT. DRIVE -IN THEATER - NIGHT

A graveyard of slanted INTERCOMS and Angela's Porsche is parked before a giant film SCREEN in an antique drive-in theater. The lot is glaringly empty; stark and desolate.

A forgotten relic of yesteryear.

EXT/INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - HIGHWAY - DAY

A classic porn movie "DEEP THROAT," quietly sounds from the SPEAKER BOX affixed to the Porsche's driver's side window.

Jarek, shirt undone, pulls up his pants. Angela, hair tousled, dress unzipped. Fairly obvious they've just finished a quickie.

The slice of passing headlights casting fractured light across their faces.

ANGELA

Apparently we're not the only ones you think up places like this.

JAREK

God, I'm so in love with you it makes me nauseous.

ANGELA

You love me? What about that skank back there?

JAREK

Kimber? What's the matter with you? You know how I feel about you.

ANGELA

Do I?

JAREK

Unless you're a fool. She means no more to me than Bill does to you.

ANGELA

He does though. Peace and security.

JAREK

It's the money.

ANGELA

Partly. But there's another kind of security that Bill can give me. Without him I'm afraid of those things I'll do. Afraid of what I might become. Bill is goodness and safety.

JAREK

And what am I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

You're strength, excitement, and depravity! There's a certain corruption inside of you that would drive most women away, but not me...

They look at each other. There's something intimate between them. RAW, SLIGHTLY UNPLEASANT, BUT REAL.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Bill reaches for Angela in the dark. He starts to press himself against her. She lets him for a moment, then...

ANGELA

I don't really feel like it tonight. I'm sorry. I know you do, if you really want to, go ahead...

BILL

No. It's okay. It's alright.
(kisses her)
Goodnight darling.

On Angela's face.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the wall comes a THUMPING SOUND.

Bill's sound asleep and snoring like a lumberjack. With a book on his chest and indestructible glasses on his face.

The sounds through the wall grow louder. They are clearly SEX SOUNDS. LOUD SEX SOUNDS. Grunting and headboard banging. Angela screams.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Angela stares at Jarek as he's dozing, smiling post-coital peace. His eyes open, unnerved, then smiles.

She has to work at it to get his zippo to light. Finally it does. And lights up, inhaling the sweet, fleeting carbon monoxide relief.

She passes the cigarette to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

(re; zippo)

You might want to pull up the wick
and trim it.

JAREK

Already did. It running low on
fluid.

ANGELA

I'll just get you a new one.

JAREK

No, it has sentimental value.

She tosses the zippo on a bedside table processing what
she just heard --next to a box of green pills, Rohypnol.

ANGELA

Baby, relax. I gave him enough of
that to knockout an elephant.

JAREK

You're drawn to broken people.

ANGELA

I'm a shrink.

JAREK

You don't have to take it home
with you.

ANGELA

Therapy is part of this, too. If
you don't want help, or to be
here, let me know now before I
waste any more time.

He wants to open up, not sure how. He kisses her.

ANGELA

Don't change the subject.
I totally get it. But we still
need to see some progress here.

JAREK

Face it, you're in love with me.

She looks at him with a discerning eye.

ANGELA

I'm not in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

Then why do you have sex with me?!
I'm not even that good looking.

ANGELA

I don't know! It's like when you
have a painful sore in your mouth
but you can't stop playing with
it.

Jarek nods, believing this. Or pretending to.

ANGELA

This is not intimacy.

JAREK

Do you want intimacy with me?

ANGELA

We have sex, Jarek.

JAREK

Oh, so that's all this is then?

ANGELA

Do you think it's something more?

JAREK

So this is just a fuck then?

ANGELA

I didn't use that word.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

In the semi-darkness, it's disaster area. Pool equipment strewn. Bedsprings getting a workout...

On a dingy bed shakes wildly, as our amorous couple make love on its bare mattress, slowly, deeply and intensely, They sweat profusely.

She comes. He comes. They are still. Both out of breath, looking like they've just ran a marathon.

ANGELA

-- oh God - that bed is
ridiculous. It's like the loudest
bed in the history.

(giggles)

Put it on you to-do list.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

God, woman, enough. You're killing me.

ANGELA

Then you'll die happy, won't you?

JAREK

What's gotten into you?

ANGELA

Your cock, baby. That's what gotten into me your cock.

Angela rises wraps her arms around Jarek and tries to pull him back to bed. He's resistant...

JAREK

I still have some work left to do on your house.

ANGELA

And leave me her with nothing to do?

JAREK

Haven't you done enough.

ANGELA

I'm a bit fatigued myself.

Angela sits up on her elbow. A beat, then -

ANGELA

There are different types of addictions. Things that give us comfort when we feel out of control that become...habit forming. Some people are addicted to alcohol, some to drugs... for me it was sex.

She's tortured by this. It eats her up inside. Still...

ANGELA

Yeah... When I was younger, I definitely had a sex addiction of some kind, yes—that everything could be fixed by sex. You know what I'm saying? Drinking too. At one point I hit "rock bottom." That's the thing about me: I can go cold turkey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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ANGELA (CONT'D)

I am a binger, and I always have to watch myself, and I can just get obsessed with things. It's not what you're doing but how you're with it. Why you're doing it. It's the behavior that's attached to it, because if you want to have a lot of sex, that's great, but why are you having all that sex? That's what you've got to look at.

Jarek goes back to replacing the stained sandstone.

ANGELA

Are you glad this happened?

JAREK

I'm not depressed. That's for sure.

ANGELA

I meant what I said. About replacing my vanity. He had it put in. Use to like me to hop up on it and get on all fours, hanging my rear over the edge so that he could do me doggy. We haven't done that in years. I thought you could help me shape this house into a place where you might feel more at home.

JAREK

Just so you know -- I'm moving out the second you start quoting more Freud.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thunder and rain. Angela and Bill, asleep. Until there's movement near the bed. Suddenly, a lightning flash reveals --

Jarek, naked, a *HYP-NO-TIZED* zombie, pulling back the covers, pulling up Angela's sexy nightdress. He's on top of her, moving frantically, as fast as he can.

Angela jerks awake. Reflexively pushing him off when she see there's no life in Jarek's eyes. Then it dawns on her... he's sleepwalking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek seems shocked by her response, by the very fact that she awakened. Stares at her in horrified disbelief. Bill snores himself awake.

Angela, with a wave and a "shush" gesture. In a quavering, intense, sharp voice...

ANGELA

I'm trying to wake him. I need to be careful. He could become angry, violent. Possibly hurt himself or us.

Bill, none the wiser - reluctantly nods.

ANGELA

Mr. Spector?

Jarek snaps out of it, stares at her, then Bill.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

A disturbed Jarek in boxers sits on the edge of the bed. Marla returns with a stocking.

JAREK

I swear...I don't even remember getting out of bed. It won't happen again.

ANGELA

How? How can you promise not to do something you can't even control?

She touches his lips, shushing him.

Angela ties a stocking around his wrist before tying the other end to his bedpost. No sleepwalking tonight...

ANGELA

Just for tonight. I'll write you a prescription for benzodiazepine in the morning.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Angela have just turned out the light, Angela, wrapping an arm around him, getting ready to sleep. Bill looks up at the ceiling. A beat

She smiles, begrudgingly, then addresses his suspicion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Sorry. I should've told you before, he has a sleeping disorder. Yes. Parasomniacs like him can do almost anything while asleep that they do while awake. Preparing food, driving, murder! They just won't have no memory of it.

BILL

Wow... Is that even possible? To drive while asleep?

ANGELA

If they're familiar with the route, or if they've been there before. It gets stored in the subconscious. Like a GPS lodged in the mind.

BILL

So he's been in are bed?

Angela responds with a searing fuck-you glare. She deliberates for a beat. *"How do I squash his suspicions."*

BILL

Just kidding.

ANGELA

It's not funny.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S ITALIAN MARKET - DAY

Jarek and Angela browsing a lively open-air market where VENDORS line the street of gourmet shops and restaurants.

Angela turns to a fruit display, inspecting the peaches. Chatting with the FRUIT VENDOR. We can't make out their conversation but it's animated.

ANGELA

I know with a good amount of certainty that you've sustained some sort of trauma in your past.

JAREK

Trauma. Like what?

ANGELA

I don't know. You may be the only person who knows what it was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I'm sure I don't

ANGELA

Sleepwalking, or violent dreams.
Clearly whatever happened has been
repressed by your consciousness.

JAREK

Why?

ANGELA

To avoid pain. It's not uncommon,
Jarek. I've had patients who were
abused as children for instance
you can't remember a thing in
their life before the age of ten.
The human body has some very
powerful defense mechanisms.

Jarek's awkward expression says it all: weird.

JAREK

Well I wish whatever it is would
just stay there because I can't
deal with it.

ANGELA

That's the problem you see -
trauma that's been repressed are
usually too powerful to be
forgotten. So that manifest
themselves through different ways
like in sleepwalking.

She studies his worried face.

ANGELA

We have to work hard on trying to
get you to remember whatever it
was and then we can deal with it.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's dark, no personal touches whatsoever.

TWO WOMEN FENCERS in full equipment, masks on, go at it.
One wears black. Black lunges. White keeps up with her. A
few more lunges and parries, then as Black lunges, white
drops and hits her from below. The bout is over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Black takes off her mask, trying to pretend she's not pissed. Angela. The other fencer takes off her mask -- Beth

ANGELA

His behavior suggest some trauma and when I ask him about his past nothing seems to be out of the ordinary. I'm seriously considering hypnosis. I think it's the next logical step. He doesn't remember a thing. I'm convinced he's suppressing some severe trauma back then.

BETH

Hypnosis. Do you think that a help?

ANGELA

I'm not sure but I'd like to try though.

Beth shifts in her chair, unsure if she should say this.

BETH

Maybe it's wrong to tamper with people. Maybe he'd solve his own problems if he was left alone.

ANGELA

You think he should be left alone?

BETH

You tell me. You're the one with the God-like complex - and don't pretend you don't like winding people up like toys.

ANGELA

You think I like to wind people up like little toys?

BETH

You say that with your authoritative tone, and even though I know better, I almost believe you. And like a toy that's been wound too tightly, they eventually explode.

She glares at Beth, trying to read the tea leaves.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

Angela working her way through the club, anxious eyes darting, searching. She finally locks eyes with Jarek, relief - which disappears when she sees NIKKI, 20s, a college hottie on his arm.

Looks innocent enough, but Angela looks on with serrated hostility. She saunters over. His attitude irritates Angela immensely. Nikki picks up on it.

ANGELA

I go to the bathroom and you start picking up other women?

NIKKI

You look like someone's mother for Christ's sake. Run along to your PTA meeting, bitch.

Angela looks up RED-EYED and howling with rage. She lunges at Nikki, grabbing her by the throat and-

Jarek moves fast, prying Angela's hands off Niki's neck. He stands between them, won't let Angela close again.

JAREK

What's wrong with you? We're just talking.

INT/EXT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE/STREETS - NIGHT

He drives fast. They're at each other's throat. There's a real sense of danger as he navigates the side-streets.

ANGELA

You stupid, cheating bastard!
You fucker! You goddamn fucker!
How could you do this, how could
you do this, how could you do
this...how could you?!

She'd like to punch them. Opts against it, FED UP.

JAREK

I don't answer to you anymore!

Angela stares him down. She SLAPS Jarek HARD across the face. He wasn't expecting that. After a long moment-

SCREEEEEEEEEECHING out of a hard turn through an intersection. They've just cut off a PICK-UP TRUCK, its HORN BLARING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela looks back - the truck chasing them. Fuck! The truck RAMS them from behind.

The Porsche swerves out of control and jumps a curb. A stop sign SNAPPING in half across the hood, then coming to a stop.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The TRUCKER, 30s, a whale of a man, climbs down from the cab, a tire iron in hand, runs towards the Mustang and --

INT/EXT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

He smashes the driver window with a tire iron.

They recoil from the shattered glass. Jarek PUNCHES his face - the trucker yanks him out the window - Drops him on the pavement.

Jarek's a beast, a full on brawl. He smashes the trucker's head against the side of the car -- several times, finally denting the door panel.

Angela scrambling from the Porsche - watching the brutal beating through STROBES OF headlights from passing cars.

Jarek yanks him up like a rag-doll, slams his head repeatedly on the hood of her car.

JAREK

You wanna fuck with me?! Take
that you sonofabitch!

The vicious assault continues, Angela watches in horror. There's a crazed look in Jarek's eyes, it scares Angela.

A beat, she struggles to pull Jarek off...

ANGELA

YOU'RE KILLING HIM!!!

Sirens in the distance. Angela ushers him towards the Mustang, they get in. She's at the wheel... tries to start it, no dice. *Shit. Shit.*

After several more attempts, the engine fires up and they get the hell outta there.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Angela's damaged Porsche turns into the yard. Popeye working under the hood of a car nearby. He looks up and comes to greet Angela as she climbs out.

His eyes roam over her, fresh meat for the taking.

ANGELA

Can you fix it.

POPEYE

Give me twenty-four hours.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angela comes down into the hallway, sees Jarek in the bathroom through the open door, getting ready for bed.

ANGELA

You don't have to go.

JAREK

I want to.

ANGELA

To get away from me.

JAREK

It's not about you.

ANGELA

Um hmmm.

For a terrible moment, you can hear a pin drop - Jarek gets a BAD LOOK as another JAGGED CRACK forms behind her eyes.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

A ping of jealousy as Angela finds Bill and Jarek in fishing gear -- complete with hat, vest, tackle box and pole. They're loading stuff into the car.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Angela is hitting the vodka hard now. She's sitting alone in the empty home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela leaves the bottle on the bedside table, removes a tiny PINK RECHARGEABLE VIBRATOR from a drawer, plugs it in and walks in the bathroom. Shower comes on.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Angela's in the shower, her mind and soul a chaotic mess of thoughts and feelings.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Angela is splayed on the bed. She's hitting the vodka hard. A fancy rechargeable vibrator rests on a tissue.

INT. CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Music thumping. Nikki touches up her hair and make-up.

Angela crosses to Nikki. Her FIST landing a nasty punch. Nikki's rocked, clutching her eye, screaming, but Angela's on her again.

Getting her good a few times, leaving her wobbly, dazed and bleeding from the nose.

FAST. VIOLENT. She grips Nikki by the back of her head and top as she bull-rushes Nikki into the stall. Nikki thrashes as she SCREAMS -

But Angela is fierce, all rage. Nikki struggles against her. And - bam - Angela slams Nikki's face into the toilet bowl under piss --

Nikki flails, struggling for air. Angela pushes down harder, forcing her face deeper under piss.

Nikki, underwater. Eyes panicked then rolling back as --

And suddenly, Angela steps back, Nikki collapse to the floor, coughing up piss and water...

ANGELA

Stay away from Jarek.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

LOGAN, 40s, a parole officer, unshaven, - is with Angela. The two stare each other down, icy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Is there any chance -- any chance at all -- that you can let him off with a warning?

LOGAN

No, Dr. Krieger. He missed another appointment. He violated his parole. Those are the rules.

ANGELA

How about this? You let him go with a warning this one last time. And I will personally see to it that he gets there on time and early. I'll bring him myself. No harm, no foul, right?

LOGAN

Seriously? Why? I mean -- why?

Logan studies her, something complicated playing behind his eyes. Angela thinks better of it, shakes her head.

ANGELA

Here's the thing. May I call you Logan? There's a sleeping tiger. The wild impulses that sleep within us, awaiting to be awakened.

Angela flashes a checkbook. Logan stares, unmoved.

ANGELA

All of us are capable of anything given the right circumstances. You see -- Jarek was abused as a child and it almost drove him to kill. And I'm trying to destroy his urge to commit crime.

LOGAN

Bribery is a felony in California, punishable by a year in prison.

ANGELA

Oh c'mon... there must be something you want.

Logan's already made up his mind. His eyes travel up and down Angela lasciviously.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angela refilling a large wine glass, gorgeous in a silk La Perla set and Phillies jersey. Unwashed dinner plates in the sink. She drinks.

Sees Jarek watching her from the doorway, a look of disapproval on his face.

ANGELA

You had a visitor.

JAREK

Mm hm. I seen him leaving.

ANGELA

What's your problem, you're illiterate? How hard is it to make a simple appointment?

He sniffs her, deep, close, a rabid dog ready to pounce.

JAREK

You smell like sex.

ANGELA

Um... women usually feel more open and wet and are hotter and smell like sex even if she has washed.

(off his look)

Yep, men are like dogs you'll can tell... but that's not all bad for some men. A lot of women love to have sex with several men in the same day to feel she's being accepted. It is taboo and women love taboo, Jarek -- just like in the garden when Eve went and talked with the devil and let herself get beguiled. Some say that Satan tickled Eve's ass! I'm thinking that sex was the fruit maybe.

JAREK

Did you have to fuck him?

Angela shoots him a look back- don't say a word. Jarek grabs a beer.

ANGELA

He wouldn't except money. What was I suppose to do? Let him carry you off to jail?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You have two strikes against you --
a third and your out! Is that what
you want?

Jarek looks at her. Like he's sorry for what's done.

ANGELA

Don't make me do it again.

She SHOVES him against the fridge, urgent. Passionate.
Magnets CLATTER to the floor.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FOYER - DAY

Angela gets to the door to find Malone and TWO UNIFORMED
COPS with him.

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

DET. MALONE

Dr. Krieger? If it's not too much
trouble,

Malone reaches into his jacket pocket, produces a
warrant, hands it over to Angela.

DET. MALONE

Search warrant. We'll start in his
room.

Angela attempts to hide her concern.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

She slides off her sexy shoes, pours herself a drink.
She's suddenly conscious of Bill, directly behind her.

BILL

A suspect in a string of
robberies.

ANGELA

They're just doing their job.

BILL

You believe that idiot?

ANGELA

Please, just... give him a chance.
Don't ostracize him even more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A silence stretches between them.

BILL
Do you believe him?

ANGELA
It's a little more complicated
than that.

BILL
What's so goddamn complicated -

ANGELA
Language, Bill. Please.
(then)
If they had any actual evidence,
he'd already be under arrest.
Let's not jump to any conclusions.

BILL
I'd like a vodka, please. With a
splash of lemon juice.

ANGELA
And maybe a twist of Xanax.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Bill smashes Jarek in the mouth, hard enough to knock him unconscious. THUD. His face slams into the wall.

Bill's behind him, forearm around his neck. Bill whispering in his ear:

BILL
You little prick. Don't forget why
you're here. We better not have
this talk again.

Angela appears, rage in her eyes, gets between them, anger directed at Bill now. Jarek is spitting blood.

ANGELA
Enough. What the hell is wrong
with you?

Bill, just stares at Angela. Grabs his keys, and leaves.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, Jarek, and Angela sit around the dinner table eating lasagna, and *Caprese salad with Pesto Sauce*. She pours herself more wine...

JAREK

This lasagna is the best lasagna
I've ever had. I can't even --
there are no words --

Angela passes a basket of garlic bread to Jack.

BILL

Jarek, slight change in plans. I
want you to re-pipe the house.

ANGELA

Oh, the bed keeps banging into the
wall. Is there anything you can do
to stop that from happening?

Bill grows quiet, intense. She wants Bill to know she's
fucking Jack, she wants him to know they're enjoying it.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angela is working through a mountain of washing up.
Jarek, scraping his dinner plate in the trash.

ANGELA

I'll kill myself if I ever have to
eat Italian again.

JAREK

I still want us to try Greek.

She laughs spontaneously.

ANGELA

Can we not go there again? It
isn't up for debate.

Start kissing like crazy. It's sexy and intense. He
slides his hand up her dress. Between kisses.

JAREK

Tonight? My room?

ANGELA

Yes. And yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of footsteps. They separate as if nothing happened and walk in opposite directions, Angela casually straightening her dress.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHAM! The door slams open as she drags him inside, locks the door behind them. There's an urgency, a desperation as she grabs him by the shirt, slams him up against a wall, hard. He grimaces.

She looks him in the eyes, emotional, in love. He PULLS HER TO HIM. Kisses her. It's passionate. Real.

As they fall to the bed, together.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jarek and Angela lie in bed together, naked, under the sheets. Jarek is relaxed, almost asleep. Angela's mind is still turning...

As she gets out of bed, Jarek sleepily reaches for her, takes her hand. She squeezes it, and slips away.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Birds scatter into the sky in a pack. The day is beautiful, the sun and breeze playing off the rolling hills, horse farms in the distance.

Angela and Jarek on horseback gallop along in a field until Angela pulls up. They watch a male buck mounts a female doe.

ANGELA

Goats never mate for life.

JAREK

Ok, I can think of a lot better things to do than watching goats graze.

ANGELA

Goats don't actually graze. They browse. Sounds like the same thing, but it's not. They spend a lot of time exploring. A fancy way of saying they're picky. Except when it comes to females.

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CONTINUED:

ANGELA

A buck in rut can mate up to twenty times a day. He'll actually urinate all over himself, let it soak in, ferment, until it stinks so bad it attracts does and brings them into heat. It's a form of madness, but, you know... you and I are good. We didn't have goat sex, but... it's good. I thought.

Angela regards him with a long stare.

ANGELA

Now? Well, now I'm just part of the herd. Am I?

JAREK

I know what you're thinking. But there is no one else.

ANGELA

Are you lying to me?

JAREK

I swear on my mother's grave.

ANGELA

Cause if you are... you're dead.

Jarek watches Angela. Doesn't doubt it for a second.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATH - DAY

Angela opens a cabinet and grabs prescriptions meds with "Bill's name on the label.

Maybe we can see the absolute rage and fury burning like molten steel in her eyes. Maybe we can't, but...

She dumps two tablets out, flushes the toilet, watches his pills circle the bowl before disappearing into obscurity.

Then pulls a handful of pills from her pocket and dumps them into the empty bottle. Presumably placebos.

She recaps the bottle and returns it to the cabinet.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

Angela pays for two Philly cheesesteaks with the works from a sidewalk vendor. She hands Jarek one as they walk and talk. Enjoying, no, relishing Philly cheesesteaks and fountain drinks.

ANGELA

You never asked me once about that inkblot. Aren't you the least bit curious?

(off his look)

It's supposed to reveal how you really feel about your mother. Virtually everyone sees two girls or women.

Jarek goes to speak, but she cuts him off.

ANGELA

Let me finish, Jarek. Please. Your deprecating answers suggest poor maternal relations. Not to mention a vulvar fixation.

A beat.

ANGELA

I want you to talk under hypnosis, please cooperate with me.

JAREK

I'm pretty sure hypnosis will not work for me, so don't waste your time.

ANGELA

Let me be the judge of how well you perform under hypnosis.

JAREK

I can't be hypnotized.

ANGELA

Some are more suggestible than others. There's a test for it, actually. Would you like me to give it to you? If you pass -- you win. If you lose -- you have to go under. Follow my lead.

She interlaces her hands as if in prayer, then lifts her index fingers so they're aligned, but not touching. Jarek does the same.

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CONTINUED:

Nearby, a CUTE YOUNG COUPLE looks on, hand-in-hand.

ANGELA

I want you to imagine a powerful magnetic force is pulling your fingertips together. You're fighting it, but you can't resist. It's getting stronger. Even stronger. It's too strong. *THERE!*

His fingertips close. Jarek shrieks and jumps back. So does the couple.

YOUNG WOMAN

Whoa!

JAREK

That's just -- I was just going along with what you were saying.

ANGELA

Exactly. Most hypnosis is self hypnosis.

(off his look)

Besides hypnosis is a hell of a drug. I wanna give you the most mind-bending, dick-splitting orgasm found anywhere on the planet. I'm going to literally blow your mind.

INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarek plops into the Eames chair across from Angela who swivels in her chair. She starts to unbutton his shirt.

ANGELA

Don't get any ideas. I have to monitor your vitals. A few years ago I had a patient under, while we progressed he starting having heart palpitations. Almost lost him. Since then I've made it a requirement.

A beat, she kisses his chest, as she undoes his zipper and slips a hand inside, smiles conspiratorally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

The side effects can be dangerous. Panic attacks, a distorted sense of self, sexually aberrant behaviors, unexpected trance-like state, delusional thinking. I'm not screwing around. If you're not paranoid, you're crazy!

Jarek nods, settling in. Angela's voice is low and even.

ANGELA

Why don't we begin.

ANGELA

Take a deep breath. Now, let your eyes close, and imagine you're staring at a wall. Now look down. You're holding a paintbrush. See it? You can re-paint Any color you choose...

Now she stands over him. Clocks his erection. Oddly amused. *'Psycho.'*

JAREK

I choose blue. Like the ocean.

ANGELA

Blue. Okay. Start painting.

Angela goes back down on him...

EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT

A quiet stretch of beach, waves rushing up and away, in constant motion... soothing and hypnotic.

ANGELA (V.O)

When the wall is covered in this new shade of blue, you'll be completely relaxed and at ease.

INT. PENN PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Back with Jarek, Angela's voice fades down as her inner thoughts become audible in V.O. We cut back and forth between Angela's serene office and the ocean waves.

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CONTINUED:

ANGELA (V.O.)

"Where is the little boy when not awake? Victorious and glorious in his dream state..."

Angela, calm and confident, Jarek in her hands, slips off her sexy pumps.

Angela's head moving in and out of focus in front of him. Beat. Angela looks up from her efforts, gently caressing his cock.

ANGELA

And when you awaken, you will be ready to tell Dr. Krieger what she needs to know, without any fear whatsoever. Have you finished painting yet?

Jarek lifts his INDEX finger - their signal.

ANGELA

Good.

Jarek deep in hypnosis, jaw taut, raucous sounds of a sloppy blowjob. And whatever else Angela is doing down there is... just... holy shit...

Jarek shudders, relaxes while Angela elongates her climax with a muffled and crescendoing SCREAM. After a moment...

Angela lifts her head from his lap. His heart is beating through his chest.

Angela readies her stethoscope in her ears, checks. His heart races, pounds, flutters. Her concern is evident, she makes a decision.

She whispers something in his ear...

ANGELA

Ok, Jarek, your hypnosis is now concluded; I will count to ten, and bring you out of the trance...ten... nine... eight...

Jarek, back from the dead... woozy, awash in the glow, almost dizzy-no, giddy-with enjoyment.

JAREK

Jesus. Doesn't even come close to describing it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK (CONT'D)

It's like being completely sober and on three hits of ecstasy at the same time. Where did you learn that?

ANGELA

As a child, I'd open a Cracker Jack box and wolf through the molasses nubbins and nuts to get to the prize. I have simply swapped to a less sugary snack.

She pours water from the dispenser, drinks. Comes back with another cup, hands it to Jarek, who drinks thirstily

JAREK

Such a head enthusiast.

A beat. Angela's speech is rapid-fire, unemotional; she pauses only to grab breath to keep going.

ANGELA

Our mouth, the nerves around our gastrointestinal conduct are connected to the terminations that control sexual arousal and excitement. Uh-huh. Remember the film "Deep Throat?" Linda Lovelace wasn't able to have orgasms until a doctor discovered her clit was where her tonsils should be. As strangely wonderful as it is for a man, deep throating is such an intense, overwhelming experience for me. It pushes me over the edge. So do not ever think that I'm doing it solely for you.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Bill enters his study, quietly frantic, cell pressed to his ear, waiting. The dead ring of an unanswered call throbs on the other end of the line.

Bill struggles to stave the violence he feels surfacing within him. He rubs his hands hard through his hair, as if physically trying to hold on to himself.

Angela appears, eye-fucks him.

A beat as he tries to make sense of this, he eyes his wife, fuming. His violence comes closer to the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill slams Angela against the wall. Practically choking her. Jarek tries to stop him, but he's done lost control, his grip too tight.

Beth rushes in.

Angela starts turning red... then white. It takes Jarek and Beth to finally pry Bill, hold him back.

Angela struggles to catch her breath. Beth runs to Angela to make sure she's okay, then turns back to Bill.

BETH

Are you out of your mind?

ANGELA

Well, that's not the clinical description, but yes, he is, actually.

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bill, gagged, retrained, thrashes as he's wheeled on a gurney through a corridor. The gurney crashes through the doors marked: *'The Farm.'*

Racing down the hall is Angela, with a bottle of sedative. She preps the syringe. Beth's on her heels.

ANGELA

Symptoms of schizophrenia can build for years before a psychotic break.

BETH

When was the last time he had a psychosis episode?

ANGELA

Four years I think.

BETH

Well something provoked him into a violent psychotic outburst. Honestly, what do you really think is happening?

ANGELA

I wished I knew.

BETH

Um, you're not think about having him committed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

You've seen him. He's very unstable, unpredictable...and dangerous to his and my well-being. Hell, his episodes are well documented. I swear he just might do it.

Bill's in shock at Angela's betrayal.

ANGELA

Believe it or not, sweetheart, it's for your own good.

He screams as ORDERLIES talk, they gag him. Angela injects him. His face relaxes.

ANGELA

If you'd remember to take your pills, we wouldn't have to go through this.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

She pulls out of a bottle of vodka from her freezer, pours a glass, slugs it down. Gestures to Jarek, does he want one? He shakes his head no.

He bites a nail, nervous. Something is clearly bothering him.

ANGELA

Mmm hm. You wanna tell me what else is wrong?

JAREK

You swapped his meds for placebos. What you did was cruel.

ANGELA

What *I* did was cruel?

Her eyes flash with anger for a sec then she backs off.

ANGELA

It's what we wanted. I was just the only one with enough guts to do something about it. You're welcome.

She holds his look a moment too long, then turns back to her drink. Angela continues--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

For Bill, his illness came quickly, out of the blue, really, when he suffered acute depression followed by a psychotic episode. He spent six months in the psych ward. Some make a full recovery, other's require long term care. Bill's the latter.

Jarek processes what she says for a moment, then --

ANGELA

I cant help feeling sorry for him, worrying about him, but you wouldn't understand that.

JAREK

Is that why you married him?

ANGELA

Perhaps. Or maybe it's like you said, for money.

JAREK

Paying him back for that?

ANGELA

I loved him, only he didn't realize it until it was too late.

JAREK

Why didn't you leave him?

ANGELA

I was going to, but he wanted to try again. That's like Bill, he's always breaking something and trying to put it back together. He insisted if we were alone things would be different...didn't work out.

JAREK

You can't keep him locked up.

ANGELA

I can keep him locked away indefinitely.

This gives him pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

Promise that you'll never leave
me.

JAREK

I never will.

Angela looks for any sign of deception. Sees none. The
weight lifts a bit.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Jarek, mask on, gun in hand. Behind the counter, an OLD
MAN, thin gray hair. He's eating a piece of beef jerky.
There's no one else in the store.

JAREK

Empty the register. Put it in a
sack. Keep the change, old man.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Popeye watches Jarek in the store. Looks at his watch,
then back at Jarek. What the fuck is taking so long?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

A TEENAGE GIRL exits the restroom unaware of what's going
on and startles Jarek, who pivots, the SOUND of a DOUBLE-
BARRELED SHOT GUN snapping shut.

Jarek swings back around, too late.

The Old Man has a gun trained on him. He blows one
barrel, sending Jarek scurrying under a hail of shot and
exploding liquor bottles.

The terrified Teen-age Girl runs back into the bathroom.

Another hail. Jarek ducks. Raises the gun over his head
and unloads without looking. Glass and debris settle.

The doorbell tinkles. Popeye hurries in, pops off a few
rounds. He approaches the counter, leans over it, looks
down. The Clerk lies there motionless.

Jarek rises up from behind the aisle, stands there. Fuck.

POPEYE

I'll be goddamned, Jarek, would
you look at this shit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jarek runs. Police sirens wail. As the police sirens get closer, Jarek hurls himself into a garbage dumpster and the lid crashes down. The cop cars pass. Jarek opens the dumpster lid and climbs out, dirty.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Popeye drives. Jarek rides shotgun. He fucked up. He knows it. Popeye knows it. His cell lights up with a new text.

POPEYE

Your phone's been blowing up. Who the hell keeps calling? You're girlfriend?

JAREK

She's not my girlfriend. She's got her claws in me. I can't stand it.

POPEYE

You gonna pout like a bitch all night?

JAREK

Goddammit. You didn't have to shoot 'im?

POPEYE

We. Suck it up, goddammit. It was either him or us.

EXT. STORE - NIGHT

A crime scene. Yellow tape and uninformed cops keep the onlookers from another recently robbed bank. Malone and Beth head into work the scene.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jarek lies awake. Shaking, snapping his Zippo open/shut. Angela walks in, staring at him.

ANGELA

What's going on Jarek?

Jarek, considering the question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I don't know.

ANGELA

I don't know? You run out in the middle of the night and don't come back until eight in the morning, no phone call, no explanation, looking like someone tried to murder you? Don't tell me I don't know.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angela is transfixed by the TV, scanning news channels: a car chase seen from a helicopter. A store being robbed by two masked men.

For a split second, she hesitates. Then, quickly --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

A panicked Angela cases the room, drawers, closet, the bedside tables, tearing it apart... desperately searches for something, while she speed dials her phone with her thumb.

Until she notices the mattress. She looks under it, finds a bundle of cash and a gun.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Angela paces throughout like a caged animal.

A beat as she takes in his face. From her drawer she pulls a bagged gun, cash, throws them at him.

ANGELA

You lied to me.

JAREK

Trust me, Angie -- sometimes the truth is worse than the lie.

JAREK

You don't own me.

ANGELA

No, but let's just say I invested heavily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Oh, is that all it was an investment?

ANGELA

That's what it looks like. And a bad one at that.

Now they're at each other's throat.

JAREK

Shut the fuck up, Angie, you're not my fucking mother!

She looks back at him, unsure how exactly she wants to tear him apart.

ANGELA

Shrinks didn't even exist until a hundred or so years ago. You know who people listened to before then? Their *MOTHERS!*

(then)

You're a guest in my house. Don't you talk down to me like you did again. Ever.

JAREK

No, prisoner. I might as well be back in jail.

ANGELA

That's exactly where you belong. It's like you don't care. You have absolutely no passion for anything but screwing me to the wall.

She grabs a snow globe, hurls. The globe barely misses the head of Jarek as it explodes against the wall:

Angela has had enough. It's time for some tough love.

ANGELA

Tell me. You're going to tell me. Or you can tell it to the police.

That freaks Jarek out.

JAREK

Look, Popeye's in debt to some big time drug dealers. We just needed some quick cash-- shit went south. We've pulled jobs like that a dime a dozen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK (CONT'D)

He went crazy and just shot him --
I swear. I screwed up. You'll fix
it. You always fix it.

Angela takes him in, sighs. That's his perspective and she doesn't want it to crumble.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Angela, barefoot, opens a washer, shifts through the wet load, finds Jarek's shirt. The one he wore the other night.

She takes out and lays it flat. Spattered with blood. A beat, Angela disappears out the back door.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

ON A FIRE PIT as it ignites in a fireball with a tremendous. WHOOOMF!

Angela stares at the flames for a moment before tossing Jarek's shirt into the fire. It's incinerated in seconds.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

A sound. Tires on gravel. A car rolls INTO VIEW. The ENGINE and headlights TURNED OFF. It stops. Silence.

Angela exits in black; a leather skirt and jacket, a knit turtleneck. Her legs look scrumptious and the leopard print fuckme pumps set them off.

All this only makes her more sexy, dangerous, even, as she throws on leather gloves, notes a light on in an upper office.

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

The doorknob jiggling, the door opens -- Angela gets up from her knees, pockets her lock picking tool. Slips in.

As Angela climbs the stairs, she eyes an ASTON MARTIN almost completely chopped. There's just enough left for us to recognize it.

INT. CHOP SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Dirty, grungy, auto parts strewn everywhere, Popeye snorts coke, looks up when Angela enters. Her presence startles him. .

ANGELA

Don't get up. Relax. Door was unlocked.

He rises meekly, pulls out a Glock, aims it at Angela.

POPEYE

Bitch, take your sloppy ass out the room now, before I bust a knuckle on you!

ANGELA

Look, I know this isn't my place, but I was hoping we could patch things up.

(re: his gun)

You're the shot-caller, Popeye.

Popeye swigs on the bottle of rum.

ANGELA

You mixing rum and Oxy again?

POPEYE

Straight Oxy don't do shit. Pain I got make you puddle up like the candy-ass bitch you are.

He lowers the gun, sticks it in the small of his back.

POPEYE

I'm dyin' to tap that culo, too But gimme that bj. He said he went to another fucking planet. That it was like being sober and on three hits of ecstasy at the same time.

ANGELA

Ah. Ok. To be fair, it will blow your mind.

Angela moves towards him, undoes his pants and starts to go down on him briefly, before rising... she starts to slowly undress...

ANGELA

Lay back...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMENTS LATER...

Popeye's leaned back in his chair, stares at Angela, in a trance-like haze -- intermittent FLASHING RED LIGHT on his face.

A HYPNOSIS INDUCTION gadget. A pensize light. Like a metronome. RHYTHMICALLY, FLASHING. ON. OFF. Angela's HYPNOTIZING Popeye.

ANGELA

You can't stay awake another minute. Your eyelids... they are getting heavier and heavier. You need to close them. You want to close them. You just want to sleep. Sleep deeply. Your whole body is limp. You feel yourself floating deeper. Can you hear me?

POPEYE

Yes, I hear you.

ANGELA

You're unable to lift your limbs. Try to lift your arm.

He tries, and cannot.

Angela smirks, grabs the revolver used in the robbery, unloads it, but leaves a single bullet in it, then snaps the chamber closed.

She lays it on the desk, retrieves the stolen cash from her jacket, and places it in a drawer.

She whispers something in his ear, then starts to bring him out of his hypnotic state.

ANGELA

Okay, Popeye, I'm going to count backwards from five and when I get to one you will be perfectly relaxed...

INT. CHOP SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

Popeye spins the chamber, then holds the gun, trancelike, compelled -- thumbs back the hammer. Puts the gun up to his head and PULL! -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DEAFENING SHOT. BLOOD SPATTERS onto the desk lamp and paperwork, creating a gruesome still life. We hear the BODY FALL onto the floor.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jarek shakes a cigarette out of the pack, puts it in his mouth and flicks his zippo. He's being questioned by Malone. Beth lurks nearby. Angela looks on.

DET. MALONE

We found one of the suspects in connection to the robberies. Benji Garza. He killed himself last night.

A heavy beat, Jarek takes a deep breath.

ANGELA

You find the stolen cash? The weapon?

DET. MALONE

Yes, how convenient. But there were two suspects. And right now the only other murder suspect we have is YOU!

JAREK

Murder? What the hell are you talking about?

DET. MALONE

The store owner died last night.

Jarek freaks, obsessively snapping his zippo.

DET. MALONE

You and Mr. Garza's been friend since grade school, right?

JAREK

And we did time together in San Quentin. But I'm sure you know that.

DET. MALONE

Your whereabouts? Two nights ago?

JAREK

Lemme see. That was a Sunday night. I was here. All night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I can vouch for that.

DET. MALONE

What makes you so sure he didn't slip out after you went to bed?

ANGELA

We were together.

DET. MALONE

Oh. uh-huh. He could have left while you your sleeping.

ANGELA

We weren't sleeping.

The revelation throws Det. Malone for a sec, then -

ANGELA

He's not answering any more questions. Not without his lawyer.

Angela dismisses Jarek. Malone cricks his neck, keeping his composure.

DET. MALONE

You're not calling the shots, Dr. Krieger! You best start helping yourself.

ANGELA

I beg your pardon.

DET. MALONE

For starters, hampering a criminal investigation.

ANGELA

You found your suspect, with the stolen cash, and the murder weapon in his possession. His prints on the gun. No reliable eyewitnesses. A grainy surveillance video.

DET. MALONE

I know what I got.

ANGELA

No case. Sorry, I couldn't be more helpful.

Malone says nothing for a beat, then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DET. MALONE

Isn't it unethical for a doctor to be sleeping with a patient?

ANGELA

So arrest me. Or get the fuck out.

DET. MALONE

Did you know your husband was having an affair?

Angela looks unreadable, her poker face in full effect...

ANGELA

No. Why do you ask?

DET. MALONE

From what little we could get out of him, Jimmy's got this notion he may have been under mind control.

(then)

Doesn't it strike you as odd. That a patient of yours attempted to kill a woman your husband is having an affair with? In my line of work, no such thing a coincidence.

A laugh accidentally escapes from Angela.

DET. MALONE

Something funny, Dr. Krieger?

ANGELA

Really, detective. It doesn't work that way. Forget 'The Manchurian Candidate' idea of a hypnotist making someone their robot to go out and do their evil bidding.

BETH

Maybe post hypnotic suggestion. But that certainly couldn't get someone to kill.

ANGELA

Of course not. You see hypnotism is only a person's own imagination. So you can never get them to do things against their own moral code. Unless you're hypnotizing a murderer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DET. MALONE

So it is possible?

ANGELA

The dirty little secret is yes, it's possible but rare and such a person must already be inclined to undertake such activities. One with a predisposition to commit crime or one with a deviant personality. But people can be misled, with or without hypnosis.

DET. MALONE

Such as...?

ANGELA

For one, coercion. You know what that is, don't you? Convincing a normal person to admit to a crime they didn't commit is extremely likely, it happens all the time!

Det. Malone smirks, but clearly she's struck a nerve. She motions towards the clock, like any good therapist.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I see our time is up.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jarek slumped on the sofa staring into space. Angela fills a tumbler with ice, splashes some bourbon into it, hands it to him. Fixes one for herself.

JAREK

Popeye's dead.

ANGELA

I won't lie, Jarek. Don't expect condolences from me.

JAREK

I don't expect anything from you, least of all a sense of charity.

Angela shakes her head. So this is how it's going to be.

ANGELA

Oh, I see. Blame me. You wouldn't listen. You had to do it. I tried to tell you, but you knew better. It's like you don't care.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You have absolutely no passion for anything but screwing me to the wall.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Angela's at her desk, fighting insomnia, sips scotch, reviews a file, Jarek's photo clipped to it. It's late, the house is quiet.

A barefooted Beth saunters in, holding her heels. She wears a club skirt and top. Badge and gun clipped. Sexy is an understatement.

ANGELA

Fine. It just kinda... happened.

BETH

A torrid sexual relationship with a mental patient doesn't 'just kinda happen --

ANGELA

It was a mistake --

BETH

Oh you've transcended the realm of simple mistake. You're deep in abject betrayal territory here.

A beat.

ANGELA

He takes nothing seriously because there's no consequences for his actions. He tries to joke or con his way out of everything. He'll never learn, he'll never grow. I think in some way he resents me because I remind him of his mother.

BETH

I love you. You know that. So I hate to be the one to break this to you -- but every doctor has limitations. Even you.

ANGELA

I'm not going to pretend that a little vacation from Jarek wouldn't be nice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But what's the alternative? If he goes back he's finished, I'm sure of that.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela, sultry in a see-through negligee, lies on her side, facing away from Jarek. She shuts her eyes, feigning sleep. He gets amorous from behind.

Angela is NOT feeling it. She shoves him away. He slaps her arm away - it's almost a slap fight.

ANGELA

I'm not a car, Jarek. You can't just start me up whenever you want.

JAREK

Since when did you become such a high class bitch?

ANGELA

I have an idea. Let's try something new tonight.

JAREK

Yeah, what?

ANGELA

Conversation.

JAREK

Ha! Conversation Angie? I don't think that's my strong suit.

ANGELA

When we first started seeing each other, your doctor sent me your medical records. There's a reference here to a brief stay at -
- Sutherland York psychiatric facility.

Jarek suddenly looks concerned, but tries to cover.

JAREK

So.

ANGELA

You were treated for A heart arrhythmia.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It reared its ugly head while you were under hypnosis. So I terminated it earlier than I would have liked too.

(then)

I want us to try again -- without the beej.

A reluctant Jarek paces agitated.

ANGELA

Your Parasomniac. You know what causes it? Extreme anxiety. Unresolved issues. Repressed memories. There's something you've locked away. It's the root cause of your problems. I want to put you back under hypnosis.

Jarek moves her face-down, ass up. She tries to extricate herself -- when he grips her shoulders, violently pinning her down, thrusting harder. Somewhere between hate and love. Good for both, as always, but cruel.

He grips her neck. Then, like a gasp for air -

ANGELA

What're trying to do, kill me?

Jarek squeezes. Tight -- crushing her throat. All while rambling...

He cums. She sucks up oxygen. It takes a moment for his expression to change to guilt.

JAREK

Oh God, no. I'm sorry.

ANGELA

About what?

JAREK

I got kind of... carried away.

ANGELA

You're obviously, trying to work something out. You want to talk about it?

Disappointed in his reaction, she looks back at herself. Angela's face changes: she calms down and becomes serene. She's made a decision. Grabs her cell, speed dials.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A place to get drunk and be left alone. And Beth's striving for both. Heels on the neighboring stool.

Her cell chimes. She checks, it's from "Beth - 911."

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

A Dodge Charger(a police ghost cruiser) races through the hilly, narrow streets of San Fran. Lights and sirens on. Sirens too.

Beth darts through traffic, making hairpin turns, hauling ass like she's in *Days of Thunder*. Anxiety on her face.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She gets up, assessing the situation - she's trying to piss him off. And she is.

ANGELA

Your mother was a whore, wasn't she?

Incensed, Jarek gets right in Angela's face.

JAREK

You don't know anything about my mother!

ANGELA

Considering she couldn't keep her panties on for five minutes -- she'd probably have some useful insight.

Jarek shakes his head, becoming increasingly emotional. Angela presses the issue...

ANGELA

Never thought your mom and me would have so much in common. And that whore, Tina, too.

JAREK

Why are you telling me this?

Jarek, feeling more and more like a cornered animal -

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Gun drawn, Beth races towards the front door, digs for something, keys. Shit. Shit. Then she remembers:

Rosa lifts up a PLANTER BOX on the side of front door, producing a HIDE-A-KEY. *For emergencies. This qualifies.*

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just then - Beth comes through the door, but Angela's eyes pleading, waves her off as...

Angela SLAPS him HARD. He wasn't expecting that.

He grabs her around the throat, pressing his thumbs against her windpipe. His face is grim, set, his body rigid. *He is a killer. Her face distorted, chocking.*

Angela fixes him with FEARLESS, COLD EYES.

ANGELA

Well, go on. Fuck me. Kill me. Do something.

A subliminal FLASH; Jarek (is 16 here) with his hands around his MOTHER'S THROAT, her eyes are bloodshot, slurred speech.

JAREK

I didn't want this to happen. I tried to make everything nice for you...I did...like it was before...why couldn't it be like before...

Another flash: She tumbles down the stairs, a long, hard, painful fall, there are unmistakable CRUNCHING sounds and finally she lands in a grotesquely tangled heap of arms and legs at the bottom of the stairs.

Jarek stands at the stop in a catatonic state. Over this, sounds of Angela gasping for air..

ANGELA (V.O.)

Jarek! It's me, Angela.

RESUME SCENE

A horrified Jarek let's go of Angela. He staggers back, sobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A triumphant grin spreads across Angela's face as she instinctively grabs her throat, catches her breath.

ANGELA

You had your hands on her throat.
Like you had your hands around
mine.

JAREK

She was drunk. We argued. She
slapped me. I sometimes can still
feel the sting.

Subconsciously, Jarek touches his left cheek.

ANGELA

You're a lot of things, Jarek, but
you're no killer.

(then)

You went into shock. And never
came out of it until now. The
truth, After you let go, she lost
her footing.

JAREK

They kept telling me "It's YOUR
fault.. It's YOUR fault..." They'd
never let me forget it, either.

ANGELA

It's not your fault. She locked
you out of her life since you were
a baby, and that night was no
different. And you didn't know how
to deal with it, so you turned to
a life of crime. In her own way,
she did love you.

On and on his sobs go - so intense. Despite her
frustration, Angela reaches to hug him, he weeps on her
shoulder.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Early morning. Angela enters and finds Beth getting
breakfast ready- She holds a fresh poured mug of coffee,
hands it to Angela.

ANGELA

Look, I have an issue with talk
therapy, you know that. The
coddling, the unequivocal support.
It doesn't do anyone any good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

Oh, and provoking a psych patient
into a violent outburst is
effective?

ANGELA

It worked.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is blanketed in shadows. Angela sleeps. Jarek rustles beside her. He quietly gets out of the bed. Throws on clothes. He leaves the room.

With Angela, her eyes shoot open. She hears a CAR ENGINE. She goes to the window-- her Mustang is pulling out of the driveway.

Angela, suddenly frantic as a hundred emotions rise up.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Angela's Porsche pulls frantically out of the driveway, she's alone in it.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Angela desperately scans the road for her Mustang-- nothing. Grabs her cell, pulls up a GPS tracker, taking a right onto the Freeway out of town.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Angela's cranes her frantic eyes to keep contact with Jarek and her Mustang in the near distance, finally it signals right--

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

And her Mustang pulls into the parking lot of an apartment complex. Angela pulls over to the side of the road and watches--

Jarek gets out and KNOCKS on the door of an apartment. The door is opened, Kimber, half-wrapped in a hello-kiss kimono answers.

Off Angela, completely gutted. Jarek is lying to her. And as we linger on this image of her destroyed face.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - VERANDA - NIGHT

Angela nurses a tumbler of scotch, watching the sun rise over the sleeping city. She's wrapped in a long cardigan sweater, but hasn't slept, an emotional storm is brewing, and the tides are rough.

Grabs her cell, punches re-dial. It goes straight to voicemail. She slams her drink, dark thoughts swirling.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Lights off, the place is lit only by a dim and hazy blue of pre-morning.

Jarek comes in, a lamp switches on -- there is Angela, waiting calmly in a chair. Clearly been up all night.

She pours another bourbon. Like in a sultry Southern noir, Angela swirls her drink and eyes him over the rim. He speech is a bit slurred.

ANGELA

Did you finally get your friend put to bed? I watched her apartment for hours.

JAREK

And?

ANGELA

Don't try to brush me off. When I stick. I stick hard.

JAREK

You're drunk. Fix yourself some coffee.

ANGELA

Sure I'm drunk. That figures...from that bottle of scotch you left out for me.

JAREK

You're making a fool of yourself.

ANGELA

I have I been waiting a longtime, Jarek. You think the time went faster for her?

JAREK

She's done everything she can --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

That includes cooking dinner for you among other things. Great. She knows how to cook. Getting to your heart through your stomach. This whole discussion is making me sick to mine.

Then - a switch flips. Rage flares in his eyes. He gets in her face. He's a lot bigger than she is.

JAREK

Your smothering me. I can't breathe.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Angela rushes in to find Jarek waiting. She goes to embrace him when he pulls back.

ANGELA

Jarek, can we please talk? I'm sorry, babe. I'm just crazy jealous. You probably don't want to talk to me. I get it...but Jarek, I have so much I want to say.

JAREK

I'm leaving you.

Angela is taken completely by surprise. Her eyes flash with anger for a sec then she backs off.

ANGELA

So you're leaving? You're leaving? That's it? That's it? No discussion? You're leaving?

JAREK

I don't think talk therapy is all that effective. For me, at least. I think it's time to try something else.

ANGELA

Well, I think it's interesting that you want to leave just when you're starting to understand the underlying issues--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

What good is understanding why you're miserable if you're still miserable? Understanding's like a booby prize.

ANGELA

I don't agree, Jarek. I've seen tangible behavioral improvement in you. You've been so much more confident and optimistic these past few months--

JAREK

I'm taking *Prozac*. My doctor prescribed it for me.

ANGELA

Okay...I wished you had told me.
(then)
And you obviously think it's helping.

JAREK

Well you noticed the difference...so yeah. It gives you confidence, keeps you from bottoming out, you know? Like if I weren't on it, I don't think I have the guts to leave you.

ANGELA

Look, why don't you take the day to think about it. If you still feel --

JAREK

I need my own space. You claim you love me -- then authorize me an apartment.

Her eyes flash with anger for a sec then she backs off.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jarek looks around a sparsely-furnished one bedroom apartment as Angela paces nervously.

ANGELA

It's too small. There's no place to go if we want to escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I haven't even moved in together
and you're already looking for an
emergency exit.

ANGELA

Okay, I admit, that was a bit
dramatic, and I'm sorry. It's fine
that you closed the door. It
doesn't have to be a metaphor for
our relationship. I just think you
should give it some more thought.

Angela sits at a table, a pit forming in her stomach.

ANGELA

I begged, lied, cheated for you.
And while that doesn't mean you're
obligated to love me back -- I do
think you owe me the truth about
how you feel.

Jarek looks out the window, clearly stressed.

JAREK

I care about you, Angie. Without
you I wouldn't be back here now.
But the fact is -- I'm just trying
to keep my head above water. And
you're asking me a question I
can't answer -- the truth is I
don't know how I feel.

Angela taps her wedding ring on the table. Slow and
sharp. A ticking bomb. Then just when she seems about to
lunge across the room and rip his throat out...

Angela simply rises...

ANGELA

Well you need to figure it out.
Don't make me angry.

INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

She PUNCHES THE STEERING WHEEL, SLAMMING IT OVER AND
OVER, as a roar of pure rage and frustration escapes her
throat.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She stares at her phone. She dials again, gets his answering machine. Angela becomes panicked, paranoid.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angela hurries in, excited. But it's short-lived when she notices Jarek as he bounds down the stairs, a suitcase in hand.

ANGELA

You haven't answered my calls.
What's this?

A beat, Jarek tries a different tact.

JAREK

When I first came here it was for all the wrong reasons. Bill's been good to me. Like a father. He spoke up when no one would. Got me the help I needed. And you did Angie. And for that I am forever grateful. My point is, I know you and Bill, and I think there's a real deep love there.

ANGELA

You do?

JAREK

Absolutely. Sometimes, with busy jobs, and kids, people get out of synch. You just need to find some time alone to reconnect. And I'm giving it to you.

Angela almost starts to laugh at his ridiculous notion.

ANGELA

You're amazing, you really are.
God, I could even believe you, if I wanted to.

JAREK

And if it doesn't work out, I'll be back.

ANGELA

If what don't work out? Me and Bill, or you and Kimber?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And come back with more of your lies! I hate you! Wasting my fucking life!

JAREK

Sssh, calm down. I don't want to fight with you on my way out the door. Love is funny.

ANGELA

You have yet to convince me that you know what love is.

JAREK

Do you even know?

Angela paces like a caged animal. She can barely speak; finally she gets out:

ANGELA

I know it's not this. Whether Bill's intentions were honorable or not, he felt I could help you. I did that. It was always an interim arrangement. I'm glad we made some progress -- the fact of the matter is -- It's been fun, and we had a good time, but really, we've run our course.

JAREK

You'll never let me go. You can't. I'm all you have.

ANGELA

I'd rather have nothing. GET.
THE. FUCK. OUT.

He kisses her. She breaks away. He sneers, reaches for her dress and rips it.

Angela tries to extricate herself, Jarek grabs her breast--HARD. She tries to push him back, he gets rougher, grabs her ass, pulls her into him,.

ANGELA

No! Let me go! I said no!
Get your hands off me.

JAREK

You're a far bigger fruitcake than I ever was!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK (CONT'D)

Putting on an act of how normal and proper who were but you were really concealing the fact how much of a disturbed and self-destructive woman you are. Maybe you should be the one seeing a shrink.

Jarek's hit a raw nerve. She picks up the bottle.

He turns around and Angela bashes him in the face with a wine bottle. Crash! The bottle shatters. Blood and glass flies everywhere. Jarek goes down in a wet heap.

Angela stares down at his unconscious body.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela ascends the stairs, rage climbing with each step.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

A beat. Angela eyes the unmade bed, the sheets from hers and Jarek's debauchery. She goes ballistic.

Rips the sheets off the bed. Now tearing the room apart like some escaped mental patient. Overturning everything. She throws a lamp at the mirror, SHATTERING it.

Then tears come. She slumps against a wall.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SLEDGEHAMMER. Presently being carried across the backyard by Angela, resolute.

She lifts the sledgehammer and winds up -- smashing the half-erect gazebo. Once, twice. It comes crashing down.

EXT. KRIEGER'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

She stuffs them into that barbecue grill, sprays them with lighter fluid, sets them on fire.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela in distress, ranting and raving, combative, screaming, out of control. Beth is trying to corral her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Let me go!

Beth hauls off and slaps Angela's face with full force. It a moment that takes them both by surprise. Angela falls into her arms.

Beth comforts her, holding Angela in her arms.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela stares out the window, lost in thought. Beth comes up behind her with a cup of hot java. Angela smiles in appreciation.

BETH

He doesn't want to press charges.

This surprises Angela, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

ANGELA

I'm going. I have to see him.

Beth stares - you've got to be kidding me. But capitulation is clearly the path of least resistance.

BETH

You know, I should book you for an MRI.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Angela rushes through a steady drizzle, and dashes into a crusty, old, brown-brick building.

INT. JAREK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tiny, shit-hole of an apartment. Jarek opens the door cinches his track pants, his head bandaged.

JAREK

You did this to me!

ANGELA

I know, and I feel bad.

JAREK

Do you?

Angela nods, almost paternally. She chokes back a sob..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I made a terrible mistake and I have to set it right some way. So here I am. Feeling very small and very bare. I know I haven't any right to say this to you. It's like an atheist who calls a priest to his deathbed, but I love you. I can't bare to lose you.

She moves closer. He shuts his eyes, sighs. In another context, it's almost romantic. But here, he quickly shakes it off with a shudder.

She tries to kiss him but this only angers Jarek. He finally shoves her away.

JAREK

Stop it! Get away from me!

ANGELA

Don't you love me?

JAREK

No. I know it's a cruel thing to hear - but you need to accept this, Angie.

ANGELA

Please. You-- you don't know what you're saying.

Angela stares at them for a moment, losing her shit.

ANGELA

Oh I see it now, you were just using me, a naive sex starved wife, huh, and now that you've had your fun you're going to just toss me to the side, well I will not be ignored, Jarek!

Angry, she shoves the table. Chinese take-out cartons flies off the table, spilling food everywhere.

ANGELA

That was my fatal attraction impression.

A discernible menace in his smile. She meets his eyes.

INT. PENN HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DR. BROWN, 38, sits at the table, reading a medical Journal. Angela pours coffee...

ANGELA

Dr. Brown -- I'd like to step in on this one, if you don't mind.

DR. BROWN

Not at all. You're better suited.

ANGELA

...he demonstrates no danger to himself or others. Given our current bed situation, I feel I can recommend this patient's release with some degree of confidence.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Very cute apartment tastefully designed.

Bill follows Hanna into the living room. She doesn't sit. Just picks up a glass of wine - not her first - and stands there, anxious and tense.

HANNA

You look tired.

BILL

I'm alright. What's the matter?

HANNA

Bill, I know what you came here to discuss. But before you say anything, you need to know: I met somebody.

BILL

I'm sorry?

HANNA

I met someone.

BILL

What do you mean? Met who?

HANNA

It doesn't matter.

He's stunned. Trying to work it out, work it through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

What do you mean? When?

HANNA

Just go home, Bill.

BILL

This is my home.

HANNA

No, not anymore.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The METRONOME. A finger comes into frame. Starts the pendulum rod. Tick... tick... tick...

Angela paces like a caged animal, dark thoughts swirling through her mind. Tick... tick... tick...

A sound. From downstairs. Angela freezes. Another sound.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes down and sweeps her eyes across the room, the gun barrel following, before realizing that the sliding door to the backyard is open.

ANGELA

That you, Bill?

A form takes shape in the shadows outside. ANGELA gasps and staggers back several steps, swinging the gun about crazily, half out of control.

The shadowy form moves closer, entering the house. ANGELA continues to retreat, every breath threatening to seize control of her.

ANGELA

This gun is loaded! I'll shoot!
I'll shoot, damn it!

Bill steps into the light. He stares at her with angry, murderous eyes.

ANGELA

I could have killed you. I did
what I thought was best.

BILL

For who? Me or you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill explodes, grabs her by the shoulders.

ANGELA

What're you going to do, Bill? Hit me? Think that'll make you feel like a real man? Go ahead, Bill! Hit me!

His eyes bug out. For a moment it appears he is, indeed, going to hit her. Instead walks away.

ANGELA

I had hoped you'd make a full recovery, but you required long term. So I stood by your side faithfully, even when I knew you weren't...

Angela whirls on him, her anger pouring out.

ANGELA

you stole years from me. You caged me like an animal. You made me...inhuman. With Jarek, it was mostly the sex, but there was a psychological component to it. I can't remember the last time we've been truly intimate. When you turn to the person lying in bed next to you, try to initiate sex, and you get rejected. And it hurts and builds resentment then that resentment spills into other areas. And for what? Hanna?!

BILL

Once in a while a man has to be himself, Angie. There comes a time in every man's life when he has to be a failure in front of someone. You know everything about art, politics, fine wine but with Hanna I was on my own dead level. I could tell her my personal troubles. The stupid mistakes I've made. I could be me.

ANGELA

You could have told me. I'm so fucking angry. I hate you for bringing me into this. I wanted to come home and make things better between us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Now your mistakes are going to cost us. Whatever deal you previously made with him has now expired. He cut himself a new one - he's suing me and the hospital for three million dollars.

A flicker of disbelief, horror as Bill realizes Angela might be telling the truth. She continues, dead-calm.

ANGELA

First me, now Hanna. That's right - she left you for him. Isn't that a laugh. He had us both at your expense!

Bill paces as if seeking escape - an outlet - but there's none. He gets up - pounds his fist into the wall.

BILL

All I want to do is get my hands on that sonofabitch!

He grabs Angela by the shoulders. Pained, almost irrational.

BILL

Where is he?

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

At the bar, Angela nurses a drink. Behind the bar, a plasma TV, on mute, *the BIG BREAKING NEWS of a TIGER escaping from the ZOO.*

Angela, staring intently. An almost imperceptible smile on her face. Almost.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Beth and Angela spill out of the seedy bar in south Philadelphia. Angela's clinging to Beth like a lifeboat. They're a little bit tipsy. Oh, hell. They're drunk.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jarek is distraught. A knock at the door. He answers.

With unexpected speed, Bill grabs Jarek by the throat and hurls him into the room! Slamming the door behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek is flung across the room. Goes tumbling head over heels. Bill edges closer to Jarek. Takes a moment of pure malevolent pleasure in Jarek's desperation.

Bill doesn't speak rationally.

BILL

Tell me something, when you were having dinner at my house, did you stop to think for one second that maybe your actions --

(punches his face)

Look at me! Weren't altogether honorable?

JAREK

Honorable?

BILL

Yeah... you don't know what that means? He had a deal. You lied to me! It wasn't enough to fuck my wife -- now Hanna is gone thanks to you. You got my wife to lie to me, too, and you have nothing to say for yourself?

JAREK

Who the hell is Hanna? Look, I don't think it's me you're angry at?

BILL

Don't you fuckin' try and psychoanalyze me... too. She's got her claws in you I see. You preyed on me. Playing your phony intellectual games just to get into her panties!

Bill, seeing red, he charges at Jarek. Bill starts to PUNCH HIM. Pent up rage spilling out. The fight turns ugly. Primal.

JAREK

How does it feel? To be on the receiving end? Not so good, huh?

Jarek is instantly upon him, beating Bill relentlessly, over and over, It's nasty, a prison beating.

Finally Jarek lets up. Bill, now beaten so badly that he throws up all over the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jarek's terribly burdened by his troubles. Too far gone to stop now. He hits the off-camera Bill again... and again.

INT. BETH'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Backlit by the twinkling skyline, modest, a perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishings.

Beth and Angela come in, pleasantly buzzed, Angela starts getting out of her sexy shoes, so does Beth.

The sounds of their ardor are drowned out by FRANTIC BANGING on the front door - it startles them.

Beth gestures for Angela to go to the bedroom, she does.

More frantic banging. Someone desperately wants in -- we hear Jarek's angry voice yelling offscreen --

JAREK (O.S.)

Open the door --

Beth's reaching for her shoulder holster with a gun in it, hanging over a chair, shield clipped to its holster. She shrugs it on, as she goes to the door.

Jarek barges past her, he's wet, she sees the blood stains on his clothes. He speaks with a quiet intensity:

BETH

Whoa, whoa, okay, why don't you come in.

JAREK

Where is she?

BETH

You need to calm down.

JAREK

Don't fucking tell me to calm down. You're a vulture. SEE, RIGHT there, that fucking kills me. You just standing there with that smug look. You're pathetic, you know that? You find that fucking funny.

BETH

Yeah. Coming from you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

You think I'm fucking joking?

BETH

She's not here. You need to --

Then, a familiar ring tone; a deep roar and growl to a raspberry-like "chuffing."

Jarek eye-fucks Angela's cell phone amongst a trail of sexy shoes, leading to the open door of Beth's bedroom.

Beth goes for her gun when bam -- she's blindsided by Jarek-- tackling her to a Persian rug. Beth's gun skitters across the floor.

Both lunge for it...

Jarek can feel Beth right behind him so he stops and throws a haymaker. Beth slips it and drives a right cross into his jaw, then front kicks him onto his ass.

Beth grabs her gun and stands over Bill, stares at him. Adrenalin pumping.

Just then, Angela gets between Beth and Jarek.

ANGELA

No, Beth!

Beth drills her with a look; whose side are you on? It gives Jarek enough time to run out the door...

Suddenly Angela throws her arms around Beth's neck.

ANGELA

I don't have a life right now.
This is my only chance of getting
it back.

(whispering)

You fought like a tiger.

INT./EXT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

The roar of HEAVY RAIN. A run-down Philadelphia neighborhood. Angela slows, stares out the windshield. For the first time in her life, it seems, she knows just what to do.

A hunched figure hustles through the downpour and into the waiting car --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure shakes the rain from his head, and we now see:
it's Jarek.

EXT/INT. ROAD/PORSCHE - NIGHT

Angela drives fast. Tires glide dangerously over wet road. He looks back constantly, no one following them at the moment. It's tense.

JAREK

Whoa. Slow down. Or Maybe you want
the cops to stop us.

She does... just a little.

A SIREN interrupts their conversation. Jarek looks back,
a police car in hot pursuit.

EXT/INT. ROAD/DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Lights and sirens. Beth drives like a madwoman, darting through traffic, making hairpin turns, hauling ass like she's in Days of Thunder. Anxiety on her face.

Grabs her cell, tracking a GPS signal.

INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Angela turns down a dark, rural road, surrounded by woods. Jarek is suspicious.

JAREK

Where are we headed. I don't know
this road.

ANGELA

You're paranoid. Relax. No cops
out here. What? You getting care
sick, Jarek?

Jarek looks back - they're not being followed.

ANGELA

You were right, we need to go
somewhere. Far away. First I need
to find you a place to stay for a
bit. We have an old farmhouse --
you can stay there while I rap
thing up here..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

No. I'm going to the police.

Angela looks irritated.

JAREK

Bill attacked me first. It was self-defense. I'm sure they'll see it my way once all the fact come out.

ANGELA

No they won't. That's a murder rap, Jarek. That's a long time. With your record, twenty... twenty-five years... You think you can do that, no need to listen to what I'm about to say.

ANGELA

This way, we can be together now. Bill's dead. You have no more excuses...

JAREK

You got me to kill your husband. That's what you wanted, isn't? You kniving bitch. Hell, you probably killed Popeye.

ANGELA

Probably those punks he owed money to.

JAREK

Bullshit! I didn't want to believe it, but you took the gun and cash and planted it so the police could find it. After you did it.

ANGELA

You left me no choice. I did it to protect you.

For a long moment, there's only the sound of the rain and the wipers. Finally, Jarek eye-fucks Angela again.

JAREK

Stop the car. Let me out. I'm going to turn myself in.

ANGELA

I can't let you do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

You have no choice. Then after that, you are not in this picture. Understand? I don't want to see you, I don't want to talk to you, I want nothing to do with you.

ANGELA

You don't mean that.

ANGELA

It's my way or the highway.

Jarek looks at her, terrified. She's gone insane. Angela fixes him in her gaze.

ANGELA

What do you intend to do?

JAREK

The highway.

Jarek leaves it there. Angela's expression darkens.

An eerie calm has descended.

Suddenly, Angela guns it, pushing 80, and climbing...

JAREK

Slow down. What're you trying to do -- KILL US!

ANGELA

You said it yourself -- remember?

Jarek looks at her for a beat, a thought forming. It's like a light bulb goes on in his head...

JAREK (V.O.)

I see a war is over and two people are getting bodies ready for burial. These two people they love each other and they wanna kill each other but if one of them is to die the other one is to die too...

In the last moment, Jarek senses the danger and with a quick reflex-- grabs the wheel.

JAREK

NO!

They fight for control of the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The drives recklessly along the road, weaving through minimal traffic, past construction barriers...

Suddenly, our escaped TIGER appears in the roadway.

Both a deer in the headlights - Angela heads for it - she's going to mow it down, as if she's trying to kill something deep within herself --

But Jarek jerks the wheel, the car swerves to avoid it but too late--

SCREAMS as the Porsche skids wildly, crashes into a concrete barrier, and bursting into flames.

It's hard to imagine there will be survivors.-

Lights and sirens as Beth's Dodge Charger screeches to a stop, several other police cars follow.

Beth jumps out, races towards the burning vehicle...

She tries to get closer, but can't, the flames are everywhere.

BETH

Angie! Angie!

Malone joins her, backs Beth away from the burning wreckage. She sobs as they all look on.

FADE OUT.