

THE SLEEPING TIGER

by
Reginald L. Riley and Martha K. Maacks

Current Revisions by
Reginald L. Riley

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Reginaldriley@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

EXT./INT. SAN FRANCISCO/PORSCHE - NIGHT

A Porsche speeds. Hometown to Maupin, the Zodiac Killer. Fading light paints the usual landmarks: Alcatraz Island, Coit Tower, Fisherman's Wharf.

DR. ANGELA KRIEGER, 40s, looks down-played under a professional wardrobe. The consummate presence of a tiger pacing in a cage. Ferocious, calculating, and in the end, impossible to take your eyes off of.

She punches it into 5th. Off this, we:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DUSK

HAZY police lights. Fog rolls across the bridge; its massive weight seems suspended on a bank of clouds. In the distance, the lights of San Francisco gleam.

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

JIMMY, 18, kind-faced, outside the safety rails, holding a knife against a COLLEGE GIRL'S throat. Her eyes wide with terror, gazing down into...

The dark, churning waters two hundred feet below them. .

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

A NEGOTIATOR, 40s, and a POLICE SERGEANT tries to reason with him. Angela approaches, a vaguely English accent.

OFFICER

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reluctant, hands her the mike to the PA system.

INTERCUT ANGELA AND JIMMY

ANGELA

Listen to the sound of my voice,
Jimmy. Watch the light. You will
do as I say.

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

ANGELA

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

A few tense moments, almost imperceptibly unravels his
hands, The Officers latch onto him, take him down.

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Modest. A perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishing.

TWO WOMEN FENCERS in full equipment, masks on, go at it.
One white, the other, black. White lunges, keeps up with
Black. More lunges and parries, then White lunges, Black
drops down and hits her from below. The bout is over.

White takes off her mask, it's Angela, trying to pretend
she's not pissed. Black does the same.

DET. SHIVA SHAHI, 40s, a gregarious back country cougar,
lush Iranian-American features, with a fondness for men,
Angela, and booze.

SIVA

You televise beautifully.

ANGELA

Don't lie.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The street is quiet, empty of people and traffic...

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CONTINUED:

A stocking-faced man in a suit and overcoat, navigates the deserted street, staying close to the walls, preferring the pockets of shadow and concealed area...

His gloved-hand snapping his Zippo lighter open/shut.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Angela saunters along. The atmosphere is quite menacing but she doesn't seem frightened as she passes an alley.

Further back, our would-be "RAPIST" steps from an alley. From his expression; he hasn't touched a woman in years.

She thinks she hears another set of footsteps behind her. After two or three more steps, she pauses, listening.

It might be someone, it might not...

She looks back, nothing. Her pace gradually quickening... her paranoia growing... our paranoia growing...

She unlocks the door of her Porsche parked along the curve with an audible CHIRP, reaches for the door handle.

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

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

She's slammed against a wall, a crumpled pair of panties tight against her mouth and nose. Angela struggles with a fierce animal intensity against the Rapist's might.

This makes her feel the eroticism of her own position, overpowered by an armed stranger, his weight against her.

As the chloroformed panties takes effect; Angela slips towards unconsciousness.

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

Her "would-be" rapist acknowledges the Bum's presence.

His hand going instinctively inside his coat for a .357 magnum, fires above the bums head.

A brick is shattered, sprays down on him, the RICOCHET SCREAMS. The bum runs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a rage that seems to give her super-human strength, she escapes, spins, sends a karate kick to his groin. It doubles him over.

Grabs his arm, gives him a judo twist, sends him on his ass, nearly breaking his arm.

Gathers her things, leaves him, nursing his injured arm.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

A suburb of San Francisco. She pulls her Porsche into a driveway of a beautiful home in a fairly-affluent tree-lined neighborhood.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The home is modestly upscale, attractive. Golf awards and trophies 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 freezes, spots Bill in his Lazy-boy, grading essays.

She watches herself on TV briefly, enters the circle of lamp-light, exhaling into a loveseat, slips off her 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.

BILL

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Pretty lurid details. B&E, Rape?

She glares at Bill - as if he's got a major screw loose. Angela pours scotch into a tumbler. It amounts to a sip.

ANGELA

How is his manners? Is he possible?

BILL

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

Angela climbs into bed next to Bill, lingers a moment over him, She kisses Bill. He kisses her forehead and goes back to grading papers.

She moves back to her side of the bed.

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 darkened room

Angela saunters in, flashing cleavage in a sexy white lace slip and heels; *a great recreation of the look Liz made famous in "Cat On a Hot Tin roof."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She uncaps a bottle of scotch, pours herself a drink

Angela sees a man, silhouetted, seated in a comfy chair. He flips the top of his Zippo open and shut. Snap. Snap.

Angela jumps, splashes scotch. The lamp clicks on.

JAREK SPECTOR, 20s, good-looking, dangerous, a classic apex predator-type in a tank and speedos.

He shuts a book *with a PHOTO OF ANGELA on THE COVER.*

He smiles up at Angela. Angela doesn't return his smile. Her demeanor is all icy, controlled professionalism, but there's fury below that surface.

JAREK

Sorry, I didn't realize you were --

ANGELA

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

She pours herself another scotch.

JAREK

Anything?

ANGELA

Of course. Since 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...

Angela stops short, intently studying Jarek's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

Have we met before?

JAREK

Don't think so.

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

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.

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

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

Angela distracted by the tightness of his Speedo, the size of what they contain, covers her subtle jaw-drop. The man is packing heat.

Reluctant, she leans in closer as he lights it, but not before he lowers his zippo eye-level with his manhood.

She leans back on the sofa. Far from being deterred by Jarek's attitude, she's intrigued. She likes challenges.

JAREK

You're English, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 San Francisco skyline --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A Better Homes & Gardens kitchen. Bill fills his travel mug with coffee. Angela 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:
*'Shiva Shahi' PhD - Police and Public Safety
Psychotherapist'.*

Shiva- her look is FOX NEWS girl-esques - perfectly blown-out hair, cleavage baring, SHORT, tight dress, bare legs, "fuckme" pumps. A shield 'round her neck.

DET. JAKE MALONE, 40s, enters -- rumpled. Cynical. Burnt out. She pops a couple of tablets, dry-chewing them.

DET. MALONE

What've you got there, Detective Shiva Shahi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIVA

Malone. Tums. You give me
heartburn. Lunch?

DET. MALONE

No can-do. Gotta see Krieger.

SHIVA

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. PRESBYTERIAN - PSYCH WARD - DAY

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

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.

MALONE

But you did put him in a trance.

ANGELA

I used no hypnotherapy.

MALONE

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.

Suddenly Jimmy jumps up right in front of the hatch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ANGELA

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

Angela's PAGER goes off.

ANGELA

Another consult. ICU. Excuse me-----

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela lounges on a sofa, drinking gin and tonic and commiserating with Bill -- in a Lazy-boy, grading papers.

ANGELA

Shiva 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 immature and unhappy, and I
think frightened under that hard
shell of his.

(laughs)

More like frightening. But that's
what makes him so interesting.

BILL

If you don't like the idea we can
call the whole thing off.

ANGELA

Well it's one thing to practice
psychology on a prison ward, it's
something else again to have a
patient in idea circumstances.
He's a bad boy with a bundle of
anger. But he seems intelligent
enough. If I can find out what
makes him tick I can probably
straighten him out. The other way,
it's a complete waste of a human
being. If he goes to prison again,
he's finished, I'm sure of that.
Besides we've never had a criminal
for a house-guest. May be
interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL
Could be dangerous.

ANGELA
Don't worry about me. He doesn't
scare me.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

The half open bedroom door, Angela, sporting Sharon Stone's "Basic Instinct" updo, exits her boudoir, wears nothing but sexy sling back heels.

Jarek stares at her backside. She puts on a sleeveless turtleneck dress, slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put together woman.

Angela zips up. Doesn't bother to put any underwear on.

She senses eyes on her. Looks back. Jarek's already gone.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catches Jarek 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.

ANGELA

Is there something you want to talk about?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

That's okay. I am.

JAREK

Why are you with him?

ANGELA

Why should you be interested?

JAREK

I've always been interested in what makes beautiful women tick. Why they marry the men they do. Why they leave them. Why they have to have money.

ANGELA

You seem to be pretty occupied with money yourself.

JAREK

Well a petty criminal needs friends and money buys them.

ANGELA

How many crimes 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

ANGELA

Muzzleloader.

JAREK

My father use to take me hunting.

ANGELA

Big game? Deer? Buffalo? Moose?

JAREK

Naw, Rabbits. Squirrels. But 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.

JAREK

Sure, I've hurt people that stopped me from doing what I wanted to do.

ANGELA

And what's that?

JAREK

Get away. Escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELA

You know, I've never been one of
talk therapy, myself.

Angela scribbles on a prescription pad.

ANGELA

I'm a believer in the power of
substances to make people more
receptive to certain types of
personal work. Sometimes it's
prozac, sometimes it's ecstasy...

There's an erotic perversity when the way she says:

ANGELA

Have you ever tried ecstasy?

JAREK

Tablet or power?

ANGELA

I like it's therapeutic potential
for patients with PTSD. Of course,
it's illegal, even though many
studies have shown using MDMA. So
Sara and I have to be creative.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In his chair, Bill does a crossword puzzle. Jarek is
engrossed in Angela's book. She pours herself a scotch.

BILL

What's a five letter word for
psychological Aberration.

ANGELA

Crazy.

BILL

(amused)
Yea, it fits.
(checks his watch)
I'm going to be. I should be too
long.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

They share a good-bye kiss. In the b.g., Jarek has
entered without them noticing.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela saunters back in, The awkwardness is palpable.

She curls up on the sofa, fishes out a cigarette.

Jarek flicks his zippo's flint wheel and ignites the celluloid. Lights it for her.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Why?

ANGELA

Why? Because you're a guest in my house.

JAREK

No, I'm not a guest, Dr. 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?

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.

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

Tell me about your mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek doesn't answer. His silence speaking volumes.

He moves to her piano, sits upright, his fingers dance across the keys. He plays beautifully, passionately...a Mozart concerto.

Angela listens, caught up in the beautiful music...
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 out of the room, 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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Angela heads down the hall, hot in a beach cover-up and heels, past the guest bedroom where she stops. Thinking about knocking.

She listens at Jarek's door. Can't hear anything. A hand to the door to knock...

When the door opens, Jarek practically walking into her.

JAREK

Oh. Hey.

ANGELA

Hey, hi. I was just headed to the
uh-- I often take a swim in the
morning. The beach is lonely then
and the water cool.

JAREK

Hang on. I'll come with you.

EXT. NORTH BEACH - DAY

An hour after sunrise. Footprints in the sand as Angela walks from the sea. Jarek can't help himself. He's taking in every inch of her.

Retrieving a towel from the sand, jarek goes to dry her off. They are a little closer together than is socially acceptable.

ANGELA

I got it. Thanks.

She towels off, attempts to break the spell she's cast on Jarek by throwing on her beach cover-up, grabs her heels, and heads for the car.

EXT/INT. SAN FRANCISCO - PORSCHE - DAY

Angela and Jarek cruise along the coastline. She drives. He admires the view, casually throws his arms around the back of her seat.

ANGELA

That's not necessary, Jarek.

JAREK

Oh, I'm sorry.

Jarek moves his arm from around her.

ANGELA

It's neither cute nor innocent. Like back there. But you can't help it. You are what you are. A sexual predator, a man with a very weird attitude towards women whose fantasy eventually made its way into his real life.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

JAREK

It's a mitigating circumstance. Ask any psychologist.

(grins: then)

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?

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 invited into our home for me to rehabilitate? Or try to? 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 juts an excuse.

A raw, emotionally charged moment. Jarek listen, rapt.

ANGELA

Lots of people come from broken homes. I got a raw deal too. Still am. My step father raped me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

My mother blamed me. In and out of foster homes. 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

Mrs. Krieger, you're a phoney. I know your type so well. Cool, calm, sophisticated, icy and untouchable. But beneath the surface lies an inner fire.

ANGELA

Inner fire?

JAREK

You heard me. Sexually repressed. 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.

Her face ices briefly before she recovers.

ANGELA

That was quite the speech. You practice that beforehand? Understand this: I'm your ticket out. Remember that!

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jarek paces, bored. He glances at his watch, debating. In the b.g., Angela studies him from the staircase.

He sits in front of the piano, begins to riff on something, quietly at first but then the music grows increasingly more insistent.

Angela saunters in, curls up on the sofa with a kindle book. She listens, enjoying him play.

JAREK

So, what'cha reading?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

*"I shall be telling this with a
sigh somewhere ages and ages
hence: Two roads diverged in a
wood, and I took the one less
traveled by, And that has made all
the difference."*

JAREK

Robert Frost's "The Road Not
Taken." About life and taking
chances.

ANGELA

Ha, Is that what you think? It's
about a path in the woods. How is
that about taking chances? Ha,
that's a laugh. Whatever a fool
believes...

JAREK

I take it you don't?

ANGELA

It's about... a dirty old perv who
leaves his wife for a virgin.
*"...long I stood and looked down
one as far as I could to where it
bent in the undergrowth."* That's
his wife. She's old. Bent over.
*"Then took the other, as just as
fair, and having perhaps the
better claim, because it was
grassy and wanted wear..."* Grassy
and wanted wear. That's the
virgin. That's how I look at it.

JAREK

Not a whore, a virgin. A whore
would make no sense. How is a
whore a road less traveled?

ANGELA

Was. Now she's just a whore...

A beat, a deeper meaning here.

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.

ANGELA

Perhaps I know what you're talking about.

She smiles, more at ease with him. There's a boyish quality to Jarek that's unexpected, and very appealing.

ANGELA

If you're not back by midnight I'm hunting your ass down, understood?

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hours later. Jarek, in a suit and tie, amped, paces room. A beat, grabs his overcoat and gloves.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Angela stands at the top of the stairs, watches Jarek leave the house, carrying an overnight bag.

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 around the face Jarek. Jarek reaches inside his Jareket, removes the man's wallet. Pulls out wads of cash.

Popeye punches him, knocks him out cold.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela's awake, hasn't slept well, listening to Jarek and a woman in the throes of some very vocal and savage sex.

Bill, a pillow over his head, blocking out the world.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angela continues down the hall, the sounds of sex grow louder. She's outside Jared's room. The door is ajar...

Jarek and a much older woman fuck like savages.

There's something almost erotic about the way an aroused Angela's looking at him - like she's seeing some exotic animal in its natural habitat.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - UTILITY ROOM - REAR ENTRY - NIGHT

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

Barefoot, Angela, unable to get back to sleep, pulls a load from a dryer and places it into a basket.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She just stares at it, flushes as some sort of transitive euphoria pumps through her. Then panics, even if we don't know exactly why.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO'S SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - DAY

Bright sunlight from the high windows illuminates the courthouse lobby like a cathedral. Angela is with BLYTHE, 40s, a devoted mother.

ANGELA

I'm sorry, Mrs. Billings, but it had to be done. I called in another psychiatrist to offer his opinion. He agreed that the hospital, right now, is the safest place for him.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Shiva 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, happy to see her, whips off her sunglasses.

SHIVA

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.

Angela laughs, Shiva stares at her a long, tortured beat.

There is so much history here. There was once so much love. And there is still so much longing.

Angela wraps her arms around Shiva's neck while Shiva runs her hands down Angela's back, gropes her ass.

ANGELA

So what brings you here?

SHIVA

Mr. Spector. You should have told me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I knew you wouldn't approve.

SHIVA

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.

SHIVA

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.

SHIVA

Mr. Spector is far too dangerous to be living under your roof.
(Off Ang's look)
Ok, I'm worried for you.

ANGELA

I have you on speed dial. He should be here soon. Care to talk to him?

SHIVA

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

She sits in silence as the metronome sways back and forth. Tick... tick... tick... tick...

Jarek walks in. Angela stops the metronome. Silence. Angela slams her door shut, livid.

JAREK

Look, I just lost track of time.

ANGELA

Not buying it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ANGELA

Boundaries, Jarek. I'm your therapist, not part of your posse. You show up at your appointment times -- not before, not after. One more thing. Observe our quiet hours. No more conjugal visits.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Angela gets to the door to find Det. Malone.

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

DET. MALONE

Dr. Krieger? We'd like to your house guest.

ANGELA

About?

DET. MALONE

He's a suspect in a robbery last night.

ANGELA

He was here all night. He's under curfew.

Angela attempts to hide her concern.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angela's legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath. Those trashy-sexy hooker mules 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?

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 heard him back in. And he got confused and charged. 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. She goes to leave.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN ROOM - DAY

The GLASS DOORS look out onto the backyard where Bill and friends smoke cigars, and drink beers like frat boys they once were.

Angela makes dinner, eyes Jarek.

She fights to stop her raw feelings from pushing through. Guilt... lust... finally hears it: her cellphone ringing.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A tipsy Angela appears in the doorway, in in a silk satin, ecru lace slip, it fits beautifully. *Think Liz Taylor's in Butterfield 8.*

She nurses a tumbler of whiskey.

Jarek, wearing only tighty-whiteys, changing 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.

They both look surprised. 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.

She can feel her heart pounding. It's one of those moments when anything can happen, if she lets it.

Now he's getting carried away, because he leans in, and kisses her; its slow, sexy, electric. Angela kisses back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela pulls away suddenly. He looks at her, confused.

ANGELA
I'm sorry. Goodnight.

EXT/INT. SAN FRANCISCO - ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY

He drives. Angela laughs, spontaneously. Subconsciously, crossing and uncrossing her legs, her sexy summer dress riding recklessly high.

She seems unfazed by his voyeuristic interest in her, but she's surely not unaware of it, and it is hard to believe Angela is not courting his attention.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

Jarek and Angela stroll the meandering walk-aways between cages and habitats.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

So they duck under a nearby overhang and wait for it to pass. They're soaked to the bone.

He eyes her clingy dress, now transparent from the rain. Her erect nipples akimbo, and becomes keenly aware she possibly not wearing underwear either.

And he kisses her -- just like that. Fast. Before she can stop him.

THUNDER rolls in the distance. The rain around them gets heavier and heavier.

After a few more steamy beats, Angela abruptly stops, suddenly turned off. He freezes too, self conscious now.

EXT./INT. FREEWAY/PORSCHE - DAY

Angela drives. He's stripped down to his pants.

It's intense in the small space... body heat fogging the windshield as rain hammers the car, falling even harder.

He kisses her, but Angela stops him. Jarek's - sexually frustrated, too.

She suddenly SWERVES VIOLENTLY OFF THE ROAD, TIRES SQUEALING, CAREENING ONTO THE SHOULDER. Stops.

ANGELA

Jarek, you okay? I'm sorry.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Look, I care about you. But this can't happen. 'We' can't happen. I'm sorry. The answer is 'no.'

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

ANGELA

I understand, but tell me something. What were you thinking of? I'm not that kind of woman. I am married and respectable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And perhaps that simple fact has less importance for you than it has for me. Not to mention unethical. I have responsibilities with my patients and in a moment of weakness I've abused everyone of them with you.

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. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - 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.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jarek follows Angela in. It's awkward, she does her best to ease the tension. 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.

ANGELA

What do you see in this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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. RESTAURANT - DAY

Early evening. Bill and HANNA, 20s, attractive, exit the joint. We recognize her as the girl on the bridge.

She tucks her arm through his. Hanna leans comfortably into Bill's shoulder. Their eyes meet. She smiles.

He holds the door open for her as she gets in his car. As we PULL BACK FROM THEM --

To a BMW, parked on the opposite side of the street. Engine off, lights off - PUSH closer... it's Angela.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Shiva's Dodge Charger races up the driveway. Angela, tipsy, stumbles out, stuns in a backless minidress.

A barefooted Shiva exits, holding her heels. She wears a hot club skirt and top. Badge and gun clipped. Sexy is an understatement.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Angela flips on an occasional light in her path. Shiva on her heels. She glances into the gloom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek sits, plays cat's cradle with a string. He's good, creating intricate patterns and undoing them.

JAREK

You're playing games with me.

ANGELA

What are you talking about?
Nobody's playing games.

JAREK

Are you torturing me?

ANGELA

(turns to Shiva)
You know what, another time.

SHIVA

You sure you'll be OK?

Angela nods, they kiss good-bye. She watches Shiva disappear down the stairs before turning on Jarek.

ANGELA

You're embarrassing me. And I don't appreciate it.

JAREK

And I don't appreciate being manipulated. Does it give you some kind of perverse thrill to lead me on, always staying just out of reach.

ANGELA

Screw you!

And that just lingers there in the air for just a second -

She suddenly kisses him. Hard. And then they're on each other, tearing each other's clothes off. He slams her into the wall. This is not sweet, tender sex, it's pained and torturous, pure need, two people desperate to feel anything other than what they're feeling...

It's the first hint of emotion Angela has exhibited.

He's rekindled something inside her she can no longer control. Something hushed, disquieted that arouses her.

Suddenly, she draws a quick breath in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There, in the shadows, at the end of the hall, she sees - Shiva doesn't know what to do. From her vantage point, it looks like a rape in progress.

Shiva quickly unholsters her weapon, heads towards them, intent on saving Angela. Just as he does -

Angela shakes her head. It's a slight movement, but it's clear to Shiva. Angela's about to come. They both are...

Angela opens her eyes and looks out into the darkness. Shiva is gone

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A post-shower Angela, naked, under her long silk robe that hangs open, sits at her vanity, lotions her legs, admiring sore thighs marred with bruises.

Bill enters. Angela drapes her robe over her thighs.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dawn just creeping in..

Angela rides him like a pro, crazed, even. As a doctor, a middle-aged woman, Angela'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 it, all this comes out when she fucks.

JAREK

(looks down)

Shit baby, the condom just broke.
Should I stop.

ANGELA

Don't stop... Don't stop.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela rushes, late for work, opens a "Morning After" pill box and pops the pill out of it's foil. Swallows it down with water.

Bill panting and sweating from his morning jog enters.

ANGELA

Good run?

He goes right for the coffee press and finds it empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

No coffee?

ANGELA

I was busy this morning.

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.

Jarek and Popeye shooting pool, drinking beer.

Angela loiters nearby. Despite the denim skirt, tank top and clunky heels, it's impossible to downgrade her class.

She throws back some beer, savors the last drop.

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Visiting my old haunts. I did time
with those animals. You feel me?
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.

A beat, then -

JAREK

So now you get to choose my
friends?.

ANGELA

No, just him.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 stool's down.

TINA joins them, well into her forties, but dresses younger. An eternal teen-ager. Denim cut-offs, a t-shirt and clunky heels.

Angela finds it embarrassing that their outfits are alike. A measuring stare between two formidable women. Tina smiles.

TINA

Could I borrow him for a minute? I promise, I'll give him right back.

Angela smiles tightly: *Of course.*

But she has bigger fish to fry. Fuck the niceties - she gets in Popeye's face.

ANGELA

That should make it easy. courtside Warrior's 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

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.

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. She tosses her drink in his face. Popeye dabs his face and suit with a handkerchief.

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.

POPEYE

Fuck you and your whore of a mother!

Jarek smacks him three times real fucking fast. The two BRAWL like brother's, fight hard, punching and kicking. She PUNCHES the air in triumph...

INT. HACKMAYERE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

From an adjacent room. A pounding noise. Rhythmic. A bed hitting a wall. Another noise. Angela's voice. Ecstasy.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Our amorous couple spill out of a seedy bar. Jarek looks dapper, but stiff in a sports coat with an open collar shirt. *Angela in a do-ME dress, clearly soused, clings to him like a lifeboat.*

They wade through pockets of depravity. STREETWALKERS.

ANGELA

Nonsense, you look great. Which reminds me, I bought you a couple of suits as well. They just need to be tailored.

JAREK

It's no place for a lady. At least not a respectable one.

ANGELA

Just skank hoes, huh?

JAREK

You might not like it.

ANGELA

I wanna go.

JAREK

Something a little more slutty.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A blue collar bar filled with twenty-somethings and bouncing TEENAGERS in a adrenalized, primal freak.

Angela exits the bathroom in a dress one would expect to find on a younger woman. She looks self-conscious and out of place.

She pushes through girls in bare dresses.

Spots Jarek dancing with a COLLEGE HOTTIE. Looks innocent enough, but Angela looks on with serrated hostility.

She pushes College Hottie aside, starts berating Jarek.

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLEGE HOTTIE

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

She shoves the girl to the floor, scattering dancers.

A catfight ensues. The crowd goes wild. Jarek pulls
Angela off College Hottie as SECURITY wades in.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Angela comes out of the club. Jarek rushes to catch up
and yanks her by the arm, pulls her into him.

JAREK

What the hell is wrong with you?

ANGELA

This was a mistake.

She is not playing. And Jarek's not about to argue.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT

Think "Central Park" in New York, only a bit bigger.
Lights from the city reflect on the water.

INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

The windows resemble an equinox sauna. Jarek and Angela,
they're awfully close, definitely looks like an affair.
Between kissing:

A bit on edge, scans their surroundings.

ANGELA

What's the matter?

JAREK

It's not safe out here at night.

Angela pulls a baby Glock from her clutch.

ANGELA

Relax. Shiva thought it was a good
idea for me to have it.

JAREK

Because of me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

No, I've had it for months.

JAREK

She's always kinda liked you, didn't she?

ANGELA

What are you, jealous? Shiva's my dearest friend.

JAREK

She's your dearest friend, that's supposed to make me unjealous?

ANGELA

Unjealous?

JAREK

She's in love. It's obvious to everyone but you.

(kissing her)

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

ANGELA

I'm not in love with you.

JAREK

Then why do you have sex with me?!

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.

She stops, uncertain how far she wants this confession to take her.

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.

(then)

Yes—that everything could be fixed by sex. You know what I'm saying? Drinking too. At one point I hit "rock bottom."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

That's the thing about me: I can go cold turkey. 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.

Angela smiles at Jarek's disturbed expression -

ANGELA

What about that skank back there?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Do I?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

He does though. Peace and security.

JAREK

It's his money than.

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?

ANGELA

You're strength, excitement, and depravity!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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 - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The sounds of some very vocal and savage sex emanating
from the guest bedroom. She puts her ear to the door.

Our amorous couple screwing against the other side of the
door. He pounds her hard, hard enough to push her through
it, as the door buckles, wood splitters...

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

A mess - clothes strewn, a lamp overturned, the bed
resembles earlier tonight's debauchery.

Angela's legs have him in a scissor-lock as Jarek spins
her around the room. They're naked, sweat profusely, she
still wears her sexy shoes...

She squeals with delight.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Then you'll die happy, won't you?
(kissing him)
Are you glad this happened?

JAREK

I'm not depressed, if that's what
you mean. You're drawn to broken
people.

ANGELA

I'm a shrink.

JAREK

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

Angela breaks it off, shoulders this, stumbles into the
dresser, eye-fucks her reflection in the mirror - just
stares, it scares the shit out of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

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

Angela looks back at him, a wild, almost feral look in her eyes as if deciding whether to fuck him or kill him.

Jarek turns her over the dresser, rough, so he's on top. He fucks her, hard, his hand tight around Angela's neck.

Her face turns into one of enjoyment and extreme lust.

Jarek grips her neck harder. He looks animalistic, furious, panting, even. Then, like a gasp for air -

ANGELA

What're you trying to do, kill me?

Jarek lets go - It takes a moment for His expression to change... to guilt.

JAREK

God. Sorry.

ANGELA

What for?

JAREK

I got kind of... carried away. Did I hurt you?

ANGELA

I can take it.

ANGELA

You're obviously... working something out.

She's offering him an opening, a chance to say something that's been left unspoken. There's a certain hunger in her expression. But whatever it is, Jarek can't face it.

He covers the bases with boxers. She refastens her bra -

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

It's drab and decorated with dark colors. The walls are marred by macabre hunting "trophies." A badger, a wild Boar, ect... A desk lamp, the only light.

The room looks like the Bates Motel from Psycho. Jarek pushes the cracked door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela is behind her desk and Kirsten leans over her shoulder, going over a file. They both look up, startled.

JAREK

Sorry to barge in. But I need some therapy. It's an emergency.

ANGELA

Can you give us a minute, Kirsten?

KIRSTEN

Of course.

Once she's gone, Angela turns to Jarek.

ANGELA

What seems to be the problem?

JAREK

It's this woman I'm seeing. I can't stop thinking about things I want to do to her. Some of them are really inappropriate.

ANGELA

Can you be more specific?

Jarek kissing her. She resists slightly - barely.

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.

JAREK

Angie. I want to be here. Face it, you're in love with me.

She takes him in. Knows he's right, but really needs to fight it for just a little longer.

ANGELA

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

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Discarded heels. Angela paces. On a desk laptop; voice recognition software types everything she dictates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 his memory. The amnesia seems quite considerable, so... it may be necessary to use a different method. To get access to those repressed memories.

EXT. A SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

Dusk. Shiva barrels out of a store with her hands loaded with hotdogs with the works. She runs well in her heels.

ANGELA (O.S.)

(giggling)

C'mon Det. Shahi... hurry up!

She races to where Angela's about to board a TROLLY.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO TROLLEY CAR - DAY

Shiva and Angela sit side-by-side, enjoying, no relishing their hotdogs.

SHIVA

I hate the trolley, it goes to fast down hills.

ANGELA

Think of it as an adventure.

SHIVA

Adventures make my stomach sick.

SHIVA

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIVA

You tell me. You're the one with the hero 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?

Angela takes a napkin, wipes ketchup from Shiva's chin.

SHIVA

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark, Bill's asleep. Angela lays beside him, wide awake. Can't sleep. Once Bill starts to snore, she slips out of bed in a silk & lace nightgown.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUETS ROOM - NIGHT

Angela enters, closes the door, locks it. Her face is flushed with excitement. The bed is made, the room is clean, neat, but no sign of Jarek.

A beat, Angela's white-hot with anger.

INT. SFPD/OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Shiva stands outside the interrogation room, watching a distraught Jarek through the two-way -- being questioned by Malone when Angela breezes in.

SHIVA

Jeez, Ang. You shouldn't be here.

ANGELA

You don't want to see me?

SHIVA

If you're asking me to share evidence about the case, that would be, um - you know. Irregular.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Illegal, actually. I know better. I'm a stubborn, sarcastic, egomaniacal jerk. How's Malone's case?

SHIVA

You forgot 'manipulative' and 'self-destructive' -- Razor thin.

ANGELA

Can you access his juvenile record?

She shakes pills from a prescription bottle, pops them in her mouth, takes a swing of her drink.

SHIVA

First Amphetamines to stay awake and then downers to calm your nerves... what's gotten into you?

ANGELA

His cock, Shiva. That's what gotten into me, his cock!

A beat, then -

ANGELA

It just kinda... happened.

SHIVA

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

ANGELA

It was a mistake --

SHIVA

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

ANGELA

Oh. My. God. Seriously, Shiva? You jealous? Wait, aren't you the one who suggested an affair?

SHIVA

Yes, but not with him. Just as well. All these pussies I keep eating. I feel so fat right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They crack up, breaking the tension. Angela kisses her on the mouth. Deep. Passionate.

ANGELA

I know what I'm doing.

SHIVA

Yea, doctor's make their own worse patients.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela lets herself in. Drained, house quite. Light dimmed. She uncaps the scotch, pours herself a drink.

She's suddenly conscious of Bill, directly behind her.

BILL

Where's Jarek?

ANGELA

What's wrong with you?! I don't know where Jarek is! I'm not his keeper.

BILL

They questioned me. That detective Malone. 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.

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 -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

A silence stretches between them. Jarek walks in.

Bill grabs Jarek, throws him up against a wall with one
hand, throttles him with the other. Jarek is spitting
blood.

Bill is hauling off to clobber him again, when Angela
rushes up, pulling him off Jarek.

ANGELA

What the hell is that all about?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

A post-sex Angela lies atop Jarek, compresses ice cubes
swaddled in a dish towel to his face. He cringes at the
cold. She's studying him.

INT. PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

It's dark in here, except for a desk lamp. Discarded
heels on the carpet.

Hanna's relaxed in the Eames chair across from Angela who
swivels her chair back around. The first few buttons of
Hanna's blouse are undone.

ANGELA

How's it going?

HANNA

Sill smoking like a chimney.

ANGELA

Smoking's just a symptom, I was
asking about your fiance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNA

Still married. And thanks for bringing it up.

ANGELA

It's kind of my job to bring it up. Last week you were ready to call it off.

HANNA

Waiting on him to leave his wife will kill me faster than smoking, I know it. But if I can't even quit cigarettes, how will I get the guts to leave him?

ANGELA

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

HANNA

I choose red... a sea of red.

EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT

A lonely stretch, a RAGING RED TIDE of waves rushing up and away, yet soothing and hypnotic...

ANGELA (V.O)

(to Hanna)

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

INT. PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

She opens up Hanna's blouse, stares at bare breasts.

Fondles them, lightly, but there's nothing sexual about it. Angela's gaze is wide, wounded. Raw.

She readies her stethoscope in her ears, checks Hanna's heartrate. Hanna's eyes move rapidly behind her eyelids, her jaw grows slack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

Hanna lifts her INDEX finger - their signal.

ANGELA

Good. Now, let's talk about Bill.

Off Angela, calm and confident, Hanna in her hands...

INT. RESTAURENT - NIGHT

Jarek and Angela sit next to each other in a booth at a cozy little Mexican restaurant. It reeks of romance - the lighting, the leather booths, the uniformed waitresses. he couldn't look more uncomfortable.

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 waitress TERRI-JO, 40, a MILF re-fills their glasses.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Jarek shrugs, agreeing. Angela laughs.

ANGELA

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. Terri-Joy looks on.

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.

TERRI-JO

Whoa!

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Exactly. Most hypnosis is self hypnosis.

INT. PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Illuminated by a desk lamp.

Jarek's reclined in the Eames chair, getting drowsier and drowsier. She hypnotizes him. His head rolls to the side, descending into blissful somnolence.

Angela waits patiently, hoping he'll open up. He uses a "trance voice, child-like."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Mom and me...were fighting.

ANGELA

About what?

JAREK

I -- I can't. It hurts.

ANGELA

Jarek, I'm sorry my questions are making you uncomfortable, but it is important that you respond to them honestly...

Angela readies her stethoscope, listens to his heart. Clocks his erection. Oddly amused. *'Psycho'*.

ANGELA

Sigmund Freud called dreams the 'royal road to the unconscious.' Surely you must have read Freud's classic text, 'the interpretation of dreams, it's fascinating. But I'm not here to give you a lecture on your dreams. We can have that discussion some other time... You're still experiencing the wet dreams?

JAREK

Comes and goes.

ANGELA

I see. What are your feelings towards your mom?

JAREK

It's been a long time. Her face, memories have faded from me.

ANGELA

You must have some recollection.

Angela checks his vitals. There's more to this story, but sensing his stress... Not now.

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

INT. PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

JAREK

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

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

ANGELA

In college, I got drunk one night. I was up in my boyfriend's room kind of passed out. I woke up sucking a dick and thinking it was him. I really got into it. He came in my mouth really, really fast and pulled out, but a few moments later he was back. Still hard. So I continued to suck. In my drunken haze I was sort of amazed until I realized that it wasn't my boyfriend but his roommates. I must've sucked about a dozen different dicks that night. Some twice. One guy four times. I was cumming like popcorn.

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 - NIGHT

The house is dark. Silent. Angela enters quietly. In the hall, she stops to remove her sexy heels then proceeds.

As she starts up the stairs she finds her husband Bill standing in the shadows. Eerie in silhouette. He startles Angela.

Silence. It speaks volumes. Angela waits for the fight, but it doesn't come...

She continues up the stairs, passing by Bill. She avoids eye contact. Mostly because she doesn't want him to see her freshly fucked face.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thunder and rain. Angela and Bill lie in bed, asleep. She stirs. Her face registers something. Suddenly, a LIGHTNING FLASH reveals --

Jarek appears, naked, a HYP-NO-TIZED zombie. No life in his eyes. She stifles a shriek, then it dons on her... he's sleepwalking.

She stares at his erection at full salute.

Jarek is on top, inside her, moving, she doesn't stop him, subtly moving her hips, enjoying the mischief yet yanked by caution and fear, as

She kisses him with lust, clawing at his buttocks - with just the quickest glance at Bill, snoring, aroused by the possibility of them getting caught.

She turns back to Jarek, whispers something incendiary. He takes a beat, then he turns her around and bends her over on her stomach and enters her from behind.

Angela rests her head against the pillow, facing Bill.. It's clear she wants her Bill to see this, putting on a show. For him.

Bill awakes. Despite his shock it becomes clear that Angela doesn't stop having sex with Jarek.

With a wave and a "shush" gesture Bill to shut up.

ANGELA

I'm trying to wake him. I need to be careful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He could become angry, violent.
Possibly hurt himself or us.

Bill reluctantly nods. Angela turns back to Jarek.

ANGELA

Mr. Spector?

He snaps out of it, still not quite there.

JAREK

Am I having a wet dream?

ANGELA

No, you're sleepwalking.

Wobbly, she hoist him up, he clings to her, shivering like a child, paralyzed with fear. She escorts him out.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Angela relaxes in a candlelit bubble bath. It's almost working until Bill barges in. Bye bye calm.

ANGELA

Can it wait until I'm not naked?

She smiles, begrudgingly, then addresses his suspicion.

ANGELA

Parasomniacs like him can do almost anything while asleep that they do while awake. Preparing food, fuck, driving, committing homicide! 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

You're out of your mind if you think I'm discussing it with you.

BILL

You didn't stop, that's how I remember it.

ANGELA

Memory's a tricky thing, isn't it.

Bill tries to speak, but -- Angela responds with a searing fuck-you glare.

ANGELA

I'm not finished. Schizophrenia is essentially an inability to distinguish what's real from what isn't, correct?

Her words sting. He storms off...

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUESTROOM - DAY

THUD. Jarek's 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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN ROOM - DAY

Angela looks out into the backyard at Jarek, jeans, tool belt on, finishes a support frame for a GAZEBO that's almost complete. She smiles, pleased.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Angela approaches with a tray of sandwiches and an ice cold beer, he gladly accepts.

ANGELA

Roast beef on rye. The house specialty.

A beat, she notes his face.

ANGELA

Where did you get that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Nothing a slab of raw meat won't
fix.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATH - NIGHT

Angela, wet hair, in a sexy bathrobe, opens a cabinet and grabs prescriptions meds with "Bill's name on the label. She ponders a moment.

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

She recaps the bottle and returns it to the cabinet.

Then pulls a different bottle from her bathrobe and dumps two tablets into her hand. Presumably placebos.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill already in bed, Kindle on lap, looking around for a phone charger. Angela saunters in, with water and the two pills. Hands them over.

BILL

Thanks, honey.

She goes to her dressing table, applies lotion to her legs, watching him take his meds.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

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 Jarek.

BILL

I wanted to check the protocol on
involuntary committal. I've got a
student threatening to kill
herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Jesus, tell her to take a number. Well, the rules are pretty straightforward. If she says she's gonna hurt herself or someone else, we can take her in. But we can only hold her here for seventy-two hours.

BILL

Seventy-two hours? What are we going to do in Seventy-two hours?

ANGELA

Hold her hand. Feed her some pills. If we catch her in the actual attempt, that's different. She's broken the law. But just based on a threat? Without a court order, we can't keep him for long.

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 Jarek, she wants him to know they're enjoying it.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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. They start kissing like crazy. It's sexy and intense. He slides his hand up her skirt.

Footsteps. Someone's coming. They separate as if nothing happened and Jarek splits. Bill walks in. Angela casually straightening her skirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gives his wife a cold, anguished stare before departing.

ANGELA

Where you going?

BILL

Pick something up. I'll be back in a bit. Finish what you were doing.

This innocuous response is a loaded one for Angela.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Bill enters his dark 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 enters. An awkward silence follows.

There's a lot of unspoken stuff going on in their minds.

Finally, Bill goes to kiss her. Angela twists away, and Bill's violence comes closer to the surface.

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

She chokes, gasps, flails with her arms.

They stagger about. Her arms knock over a vase, her fingers gouge his cheek. Still his hold on her neck remains tight.

She speaks, a death gasp.

ANGELA

Bill -- please --

Bill's eyes soften. His face washes over with awareness and reprehension at what he is doing.

He releases his hold on Angela and backs away, staring at his hands and at her in horror.

BILL

Oh God -- oh honey, I'm so sorry!

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bill, gagged, heavily restrained -- 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.

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.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - REAR ENTRY - NIGHT

A screen-off porch. Jarek in a nice bathrobe, presumably Bill's, exits the house and finds --

Angela, wearing a cardigan, her arms wrapped around herself in the chill while managing to hold onto a tumbler of whiskey on ice.

ANGELA

Shh... listen to me: I'm doing
this for you. For us.

JAREK

He'll be alright.

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 he
said, for his money.

JAREK

Paying him back for that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. BAR - DAY

An upscale bar in San Francisco's financial district.

Full of TRADERS and the like. Where they come to drink and shake off the day. The bar is packed.

In the crowd are-- Shiva and Angela. Shiva looks at her, surprised. A little suspicious.

ANGELA

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

SHIVA

When was the last time he had a psychosis episode?

ANGELA

Four years I think.

SHIVA

Well something provoked him into a violent psychotic outburst.

Shiva refills their glasses from a beer pitcher.

SHIVA

Honestly, what do you really think is happening?

ANGELA

I wished I knew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIVA

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

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

She coffee, a file on her desk with JAREK SPECTOR'S PHOTO clipped to it. Angela drops visine into her eyes.

The doorbell rings. She looks out the window. Her POV: LOGAN, 40s, a parole officer, unshaven, - is at the door.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

The two stare each other down, icy. The door is ajar.

Around the corner in the hallway we see Jarek standing unseen but listening to the entire interaction.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jarek sleeps on the couch with the TV on, food wrappers lay around him; his solitary mess tarnishing the pristine room.

Angela enters, sexy outfit, shoes in her hand. Turns the TV off. She stares at Jarek, eerie in the dark. Silence.

Finally Jarek wakes, realizes Angela is standing there - staring at him, something is wrong.

JAREK

We're good?

Bone-tired, Angela turns and heads upstairs.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jarek lies in bed, his back facing Angela, who's up asleep next to him, her limbs clutched protectively around him, the picture of devoted mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes open. He glances over at Angela, making sure she's asleep, then carefully untangles himself from her limbs and rises out of bed.

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.

The Old Man stares at him.

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 like a madman. Jarek rides shotgun. He fucked up. He knows it. Popeye knows 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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

That freaks Jarek out.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela and Jarek lie naked in the afterglow. Jarek is sound asleep. Angela rises, walks naked into --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Angela, barefoot, rushes in, looking like she's just rolled out bed in a tank and Grandma panties.

She 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dicey part of town. Angela, on the prowl, dressed to kill or thrill in black; a turtle neck, leather skirt, leopard print pumps.

Pulls gloves from her slim leather Jareket, stays in the shadows, careful not to be seen.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

She stops in her tracks at the sight of...Popeye pulls out a Glock, aims it at Angela. Looks at her, like what the fuck?

ANGELA

(re: his gun)

You're the shot-caller, Popeye.

Popeye looks hard at Angela, smiles. He SLAPS the Glock under the sofa cushion.

ANGELA

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

MOMENTS LATER...

On the sofa, Popeye 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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 dumps the zip-bag full of stolen money onto the table.

She starts to bring him out of his hypnotic state while she loads a bullet into the gun used in the robbery.

ANGELA

Okay, Popeye, I'm going to count backwards from five and when I get to one you will be perfectly relaxed and feel an urge to play Russian Roulette.

Spins the chamber and eases it into Popeye's hand.

INT. POPEYE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Popeye holds the gun, trancelike, compelled, puts the gun to his head and pulls! - click - nothing.

Popeye spins the chamber again. Pull! - click - nothing.

He spins it again, raises it one last time and SHOTS HIMSELF IN THE HEAD. HIS BRAINS EXPLODE AND LAND ON THE MONEY.

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. Angela looks on.

MALONE

We found one of the suspects in connection to the robberies. Benji Garza. Blew his fucking brains out playing Russian roulette.

A heavy beat, Jarek takes a deep breath. Fights back his emotions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALONE

And right now the only other
murder suspect we have is YOU!

JAREK

Murder? What the hell are you
talking about?

MALONE

The store owner died last night.

Jarek freaks, obsessively snapping his zippo.

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.

MALONE

Your whereabouts? Two nights ago?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

I can vouch for that.

MALONE

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

ANGELA

We were together.

MALONE

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

ANGELA

We weren't sleeping.

A beat, this revelation throws Malone for a sec, then -

MALONE

Isn't it unethical for a doctor to
be --

ANGELA

So arrest me. Or get the fuck out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

LAWYER!

And Malone goes quiet. Angela dismisses Jarek. Now alone, Malone CRICKS his neck, keeping his composure.

MALONE

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

ANGELA

I beg your pardon.

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.

MALONE

I know what I got.

ANGELA

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Angela ushers Jarek into her dark office, turns on a desk lamp. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Yeah, what?

ANGELA

Conversation.

JAREK

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

Jarek feels the heat of Angela's disapproving look on him. He turns casual, waving Angela off.

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.

Fed up. She makes a decision, hits speed-dial on her cell.

ANGELA

Your mother was a whore, wasn't she?

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.

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Shiva is underneath the shower, soap cascades down her, she grimaces.

From off her cellphone rings.

She turns off the shower and trying hard not to get water everywhere steps out and grabs the cellphone from where it sits on the sink.

Shiva looks at the caller ID, "Ang." Fuck!

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARDER - NIGHT

Lights on. Sirens too. Shiva drives like a madwoman, darting through traffic, making hairpin turns, hauling ass like she's in *Days of Thunder*. Anxiety on her face.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Gun drawn, Shiva races towards the front door, digs for something, keys. Shit. Shit. Then Shiva remember:

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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 -

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

Angela SLAPS him HARD. He wasn't expecting that. Jarek grabs her neck. Squeezes. Tight -- crushing her throat. All while rambling...

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

He lets go. It takes a moment for a horrified Jarek expression to change to guilt. He staggers back, sobs.

Angela 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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Shiva makes coffee when Angela appears. She looks at Angela, disturbed.

EXT. NORTH BEACH - DAY

It's the perfect time of day here -- almost night.

*...landing on a blanket on the beach, our amorous couple in their swim suits. They roll around, kissing passionately, their own little *From Here to Eternity* scene.*

JAREK

In prison, everyone thinks about escaping.

Angela stops -- what? She wasn't expecting that.

She gives him another kiss. Longer. Sweeter.

ANGELA

You thinking about escaping, huh?

JAREK

We should have told him before.

She stares at him, then shakes her head, "no."

JAREK

Then let's run away, I know places down south, so beautiful, Angie, we could live there a long time.

ANGELA

I don't want to move away, my life is here. I want to stay here. Besides your life is here now.

JAREK

But you don't love him.

ANGELA

I do. I do love him.

JAREK

But not like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Of course not.

JAREK

Then you can't stay married to
him.

INT. RESTUARANT - NIGHT

Angela and Jarek are having a good time at dinner.
LAUGHING. EMPTY GLASSES litter the table in a nice
Chinatown restaurant.

Other diners look on as Angela feeds Jarek noodles.

EXT./INT. ANGELA'S BMW - DAY

Angela watches Jarek and Tina, disappear behind the door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tina, in bra and panties, looking for something in a
suitcase. Jarek is on her bed, flipping TV channels. His
cellphone rings. He answers.

Intercut with...

INT. PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

In the backdrop, Kirsten watches Bill through a glass as
a distraught Bill talks on the phone.

BILL

How goddamn difficult is this?!
You have a history of
sleepwalking. The sleep
specialist, who treated you as a
teenager, Dr. Russ Pratt, he'll
confirm that it was possible for
you to drive to my house because
you've been there many times.
That was the whole point in having
you live with us. It's foolproof.
And even if something does go
wrong -- there are binders full of
legal precedent establishing that
a sleepwalker cannot be held
accountable for their actions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

*Pushing back the date is no longer
an option!*

A question not a certainty. Jarek's trying to stall.

JAREK

Do it yourself. How 'bout that?!
Do it yourself it's so easy! Now
he shuts his big mouth.

BILL

Fifty thousand for what? A
headache!

JAREK

Listen to me!

BILL

Every goddamn excuse in the book!

JAREK

Shut up and listen! Some things
you can undo, this you can't undo,
okay? Mother of your daughter?
This is real and there's gonna be
repercussions, so I need to know
you're one hundred percent sure
before --

BILL

I'm one hundred ten percent! How
many times do I have to say it?

JAREK

All right, all right, calm down,
That's all I needed to hear. I'll
take care of it.

BILL

When?!

End intercut.

Jarek ends the call, the stress and pressure he's feeling
is evident on his face.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 knew since this afternoon. 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 --

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. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jarek enters the guest bedroom and slams the door in her face. Angela in absolute fury --

ANGELA
(pounds the door)
AHHHHH! OPEN THIS DOOR! Now!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Panting. Angela runs. She is sweating, pushing harder, like if she runs fast enough she can just run away from it all-- until she trips. Some twigs.

INT. PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Followed by Det. Malone and Shiva, Angela comes in and sits behind her desk.

DET. MALONE
You're telling me you didn't know he had a girlfriend? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME.

ANGELA
That's right. That's what I'm telling you. Why do you ask?

MALONE
Doesn't it strike yo as odd. That a patient of yours attempted murder/suicide with a woman you husband was having an affair with. In my line of work, no such thing a coincidence.

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

A laugh accidentally escapes from Angela.

MALONE
Something funny, Dr. Krieger?

ANGELA
Really, detective. It doesn't work that way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Forget 'The MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE'
idea of a hypnotist making someone
their robot to go out and do their
evil bidding.

SHIVA

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

ANGELA

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

A beat, then -

DET. MALONE

So it is possible?

Hardly deterred. If anything, Angela finds it amusing.

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.

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!

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 - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Nobody here. Spotless. Angela checks the drawers, empty, the closet, all his personal belongings gone.

She scrolls through her cell, selects apps. Calls up GPS.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Angela rushes through a steady drizzle, and dashes into a crusty, old, brown-brick building.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Dirt cheap, a refuge for lost souls. Angela exits the elevator, searching for a room and finds it.

INT. JAREK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A depressing one-bedroom. Not much in here. Jarek shuts the door behind Angela.

ANGELA

Jarek, if this is your idea of a practical joke, it isn't funny.

A beat. She surges herself into his arms.

ANGELA

I've messed up. I'm sorry.
I didn't mean for that to happen.
I was crazy jealous. Forgive me.

But he doesn't reciprocate her affection. She draws away, looks at him.

ANGELA

What's the matter?

Jarek looks at Angela, conflicted, guilty... lost.

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 nods, a pit forming in her stomach. Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I begged, lied, cheated, even killed 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

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 arm of her chair. 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.

Angela goes to leave, but he stops her - has he changed his mind and his heart? Apparently not, Jarek hands her the keys to her Porsche.

JAREK

I'll get a cab.

ANGELA

No! Keep the Porsche. It's yours. The title's in the car.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

BILL

What do you mean? When?

HANNA

Just go home, Bill.

BILL

This is my home.

HANNA

No, not anymore.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Angela enters the dark house, closing the door behind her. She snaps on a light in the kitchen which spills shadows into the living room.

Startled, Angela spins... to find Shiva standing just inside the door.

ANGELA

There's something on your mind.
What is it?

SHIVA

Ang, you know what you mean to me... but you've got to understand I'm a cop, too. It's what I do; it's what I am. I can't stop being a cop just because I'm nuts for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

All I ask is that you believe me,
Shiva.

SHIVA

I believe you.

Angela fills a tumbler with ice, splashes some bourbon into it, hands it to Shiva. Fixes one for herself, taps her glass against hers.

ANGELA

I think in some way he resents me
because I remind him of his
mother.

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...

She glances at a wall clock.

Tick... tick... tick...

She fishes for her ringing cellphone --

ANGELA

Yes...

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

The place is dreary, clinical, and old. DR. BROWN, 38, sits at his desk, on his phone, concerned.

DR. BROWN

Yes, I'm afraid Bill's out...I
couldn't keep him in any longer
because he isn't certifiable any
longer...it's no point in blaming
me... even private asylums have
responsibilities...don't you
understand I was compelled, don't
you understand compelled to
certify that he was sane and to be
at large...I had no option, don't
talk to me like that, Angela.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BROWN (CONT'D)

I took a hell of a risk keeping
him in so long... I'm just as
anxious as you, he's got to be
found...

EXT./INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Jarek guides the car out onto the Coast Highway, then through the streets. He checks the rear-view mirror, sees no one, then floors it.

The Porsche bolts forward. He settles in behind the wheel, enjoying the speed, testing the Porsche against the curves and hills.

Far ahead, he sees a street light turn red. He applies the brakes. Nothing. Worse --

The Porsche hasn't slowed its acceleration. It jets forward, increasing speed.

Jarek pulls the emergency brake. Useless.

The Porsche dashes for the stop light. Cars cross the intersection at intervals. The light remains red.

Jarek slams a palm down on the horn. It blares a warning.

The Porsche shoots through the intersection, barely missing two crossing cars, and continues on,

Jarek twisting its wheel to avoid hitting anyone and slamming his foot on the brake repeatedly.

He passes cars on the left, then right, and knowing he can hold off destruction no longer, Jarek opens the driver's door and leaps free.

He rolls to the side of the road as the Porsche impacts against a stone wall and explodes in a fiery flash.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela as before, having crashed on top of the bed, grabs

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

Shiva's Dodge Charger screeches to a stop and Jarek bolts out and runs toward the house. Shiva follows, runs well in her heels.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jarek runs inside, looks in the kitchen, then rushes into the living room.

JAREK

Angie! Angela!

Angela stops at the top of the stairs. Cellphone in hand. She looks relieved he's still alive.

Seeing his crazed condition and torn clothes, she descends the steps hurriedly.

ANGELA

What happened? Are you okay?

JAREK

The car. Your Porsche. Someone tampered with it.

ANGELA

What?

JAREK

The accelerator stuck. No brakes. I just drove it into a wall.

SHIVA

Someone just tried to kill you. They almost killed him instead.

JAREK

It's Bill, isn't it?

ANGELA

Now why would Bill do it?

JAREK

You don't understand -- when I first got here it was for all the wrong reasons. Do I have to draw you a picture?

A beat, then -

JAREK

I'm sorry, I should have told you about Bill before. He was crazy. I was afraid of him. Afraid that if I didn't --

SHIVA

Thanks for giving a shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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 - skeptical, presses the issue.

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.

A beat, then -

JAREK

I never meant to hurt you, I love you.

As he leaves.

SHIVA

I want you to stay inside, keep the doors locked. And here, take this -

Shiva pulls her .40 Caliber out and hands it to her butt first. Angela looks at it. Then:

ANGELA

I have your back up, remember?

SHIVA

Look, you try to get some rest, alright? I'll check in with you a little later.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

A hunched figure hustles through the torrential downpour. THUNDER BOOMS! He pulls his Jacket up over his head and runs for the nearest awning.

A beat... Then-- HONK HONK! Angela's BMW pulls up to the curb. She leans across and opens the passenger door--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Get in.

INT. ANGELA'S BMW - NIGHT

It's Jarek. Rain hammers the car, falling even harder. A discernible menace in his smile now. She meets his eyes.

JAREK

I knew you'd come.

ANGELA

Do you love Tina?

JAREK

Yes. I'm sorry.

ANGELA

And me? You said you loved me.

JAREK

Always. But not like that. I know it's a cruel thing to hear - but you need to accept this, Angie. If you love me, you need to accept it.

ANGELA

You're making a huge mistake. I love you. No one will ever love you as much as I do.

JAREK

You may be right. But it's too late. Why do we have to keep living this again and again?

ANGELA

I'm standing here and you're burning me to the ground.

JAREK

You sabotage her own car to kill me. Didn't you?

ANGELA

How could you sleep with me and believe I was a... murderer?

Jarek is startled by the question and the look of intense anger etched into her features.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

How could you make love to me...
(angry and tearful)
And believe that?

JAREK

The look on your face when we saw
me back from the dead. If Shiva
hadn't been there I'm pretty sure
you would have jumped my bones.

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.

JAREK

Maybe you should be the one seeing
a shrink.

A beat, then -

JAREK

You should be locked up.

Angela looks at him, her expression a mix of anger and
regret.

JAREK

Maybe you don't understand the
severity of your situation.

ANGELA

The severity of my situation.

JAREK

Hippocrates warned against it.
Freud condemned it.

(then)

With all of that comes tremendous
responsibility. And for lack of a
better word, a lot of power.
Power to help. Power to exploit.
I was vulnerable, confused, and
looking for someone to trust. And
you violated it, misused you
authority. You outta be in jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

Son of a bitch! It was mutual.

JAREK

There's no such thing as consensual. It wasn't an equal relationship. And you know it. Ask me how I feel. I want to kill you and then myself. A love suicide. Like a Romeo and Juliet. Ridiculous as it sounds.

ANGELA

Oh, I agree it's ridiculous to think because a brief lapse in judgment, that you'd have no compunction about fucking up my life.

JAREK

Oh, I'd hardly call it a brief lapse in judgment. The first time, okay. But after that, all hell broke loose, and you wanted it ALL the time. Like, constantly. Hell, you raped me under hypnosis. I almost considered filing a restraining order. So. Here's what's going to happen. I want five hundred thousand dollars to keep my mouth shut.

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

JAREK

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.

Jarek climbs out, illuminated in the headlights of her BMW as he steps off the curb. Angela steps on the gas, BURNING RUBBER -

Jarek SLAMS INTO THE WINDSHIELD - broken glass mixed with blood. Brakes comes to a SCREECHING HALT.

Angela comes back to reality. It's like being jolted awake from an incredibly realistic dream.

She looks as Jarek enters a butt-ugly building.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela ascends the stairs, rage climbing with each step.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

All at once Angela screams. Her pent-up anger and frustration rip the air and she goes nuts. She punches a wall, kicks it, throws herself to the other side, bangs her head against that wall, punches it, kicks it, all the while screaming.

She collapse facedown on the bed, numb, whatever hostility she's feeling toward Jarek overwhelmed by her naked grief. Rips the sheets off the bed.

EXT. KRIEGER'S BACKYARD - DAY

She stuffs them into that barbecue grill, sprays them with lighter fluid, sets them on fire.

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

An emotionally drained Angela, putting an earring on, doubly devastating in her take on *Diana's Iconic Revenge Dress*.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. The shadow figure. He stares at her with angry, murderous eyes.

He drops his overnight bag.

ANGELA

Bill!
(recovering)
I could have killed you.

He turns in fury - slugs her, who falls back on the sofa. She's already on her feet, wipes blood from her mouth.

BILL

So tell me, what kind of fuck is he?

ANGELA

Not bad, actually. Not as good as you, but not bad at all.

ANGELA

I did what I thought was best.

BILL

For who? Me or you?

ANGELA

You stole years from me. You caged me like an animal. You made me...inhuman. But I accepted it.

Angela stares into space, seems introspective. Then:

ANGELA

For ten years after you suffered acute depression followed by a psychotic episode. I had hoped you'd make you'd make a full recovery, but you required long term. A lot of women would have left. I stood by you all these year. For better or for worse. Faithfully until you invited him. If it wasn't him it would have been someone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She trails off. Almost doesn't want to say it out-loud.
Not that she has to -- Bill knows the answer.

BILL

Shiva?

ANGELA

With him, 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 Bill. When you turn to
the person lying in bed next to
you, try to initiate sex, and you
get rejected. Over and over
again. And it hurts and builds
resentment then that resentment
spills into other areas.

ANGELA

What is so special about her? Just
tell me that. What is it about
Hanna?

BILL

Don't say her name.

ANGELA

Then what should I call her?

Angela takes a hard look at him, shakes her head.

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.

BILL

Now she's gone.

ANGELA

Don't expect condolences from me.

BILL

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL (CONT'D)

All i want to do is get my hands
on that sonofabitch!

He paces as if seeking escape - an outlet - but there's none.

Bill explodes with rage - kicks a door - splitters the wood - punches the door - once, twice - again - finally RIPS IT FROM ITS HINGES.

Bill grabs her - throws her into the wall. Holds her there. Hand at her throat.

BILL

Where is he?

The hand tightens on her throat.

She doesn't fight back. Just fixes him with cold eyes.

ANGELA

My clutch. They keys to his place.

Bill digs through her clutch, finds a room key, and something else - Shiva's back up gun.

ANGELA

He wants me to leave with him tonight. For Vegas. He wants us to get married, gamble and fuck.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Packed with SUITS drinking cocktails and grazing on appetizers. Angela and Shiva sit at a high top table, a pitcher of beer. They're wearing party dresses, munching on vegetable sticks, ect...

She puts a veggie stick in Angela's mouth, starts taking sexy bites till she reaches her lips and kisses Angela.

Shiva's eyes laser in on -- A SWARTHY GUY at the bar, giving her the eye...

ANGELA

You know him.

SHIVA

Roy. Good points - fairly decent size. He's not too pushy, and he'll still hang out with you afterwards. Loves to have his cock sucked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Find me a guy who doesn't?

SHIVA

I know, right. Not-so-good points - -pretty quiet. I like a guy who makes a little noise. Not much for the seduction. He pretty much jumps right into it. Lacks rhythm and is somewhat boring. But can be a selfish fuck, so bring your vibrator.

Then directs Angela's attention towards - the BARTENDER, mixing cocktails. He shoots Shiva a flirty look.

SHIVA

Now J.D. A good looking dick and can go all night! He's into "let me choke you while I poke you." Missionary bores him so he'll have you flipping like a pancake. Someone you'll have fun with.

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

A very soused Angela clinging to Sara like a lifeboat, holding their heels, walks through the boisterous, pulsing nightlife of san Francisco.

SHIVA

What about police protection?

ANGELA

If you think it's necessary.

SHIVA

It's necessary... Ang, you know what you mean to me.... but you've got to understand I'm a cop, too. It's what I do; it's what I am. I can't stop being a cop just because I'm nuts for you.

Angela just stands, processing a wave of emotions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Shiva?

Shiva pivot towards Angela. She's too far away and obscured by shadow for Shiva to see Angela's expression.

Shiva walks back toward Angela. Halfway there Shiva sees the tears in Angela's eyes.

SHIVA

This isn't easy. Believe me.

ANGELA

You don't want me?

SHIVA

No. I definitely want you. I just have a feeling sex is a very complicated thing for you at the moment.

Angela pulls her into a kiss - a long kiss, that grows increasingly passionate, the emotion of the night taking hold of them both and pulling us up to -

INT. SARA'S CONDO - NIGHT

By lit by the twinkling skyline.

Where sexy clothes drop hastily on the floor as they make their way toward a bed, passionate.

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shiva and Angela in bed having slippery. Sweaty, body-grinding, bed-squeaking lesbian sex, their passion building toward a crescendo ... years of pent up lust, overflows like a breaking dam

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jarek packs a suitcase. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Going somewhere?

A SCUFFLE. Bill smashes Jarek in the face. He drops. Plants a knee on Jarek's chest, pinning him down, and shoves his gun against his temple.

JAREK

Have you fucking lost your mind--?

He studies Jarek. 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! Hanna is gone. Thanks to you. You got my wife to lie to me, too, and you have nothing to say for yourself?

JAREK'S

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!

JAREK

It was your crazy ideal. Look, man, I tried, scouts honor.

Bill's terribly burdened by his troubles. Too far gone to stop now. Slowly raises the gun to Jarek's head again.

Jarek CLUBS Bill with a crushing forearm and sends Bill stunned, staggered and he crashes into a lamp, the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

How does it feel, Bill? To be on
the receiving end? Not so good,
huh?

His gun skitters across the floor...they dive for it, on
the floor wrestling for control.

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Breathless, post-amazing-sex, Shiva and Angela lie on the
bed, both looking thoroughly satisfied and spent.

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Shiva in a silky robe, hustles towards the door. Bill
barges past her, his clothes are covered in blood.

SHIVA

Whoa, whoa, okay, why don't you
come in.

BILL

Where is she?

SHIVA

You need to calm down.

BILL

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.

SHIVA

Yeah. Coming from you? She's not
here. You need to --

Then, a familiar ring tone; a deep roar and growl to a
raspberry-like "chuffing."

Bill eye-fucks his wife's cell phone amongst a trail of
sexy undergarments, club clothes, heels, leading to the
open door of Shiva's bedroom.

Bill goes to grab Shiva, but Shiva punches him in the
face! He punches Shiva right back, and it's on!

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hearing the ruckus, Angela wrestles free of the sheets, throws on clothes.

INT. SHIVA'S CONDO - NIGHT

But Shiva's does not respond, because she's still fighting Bill, countering his punches!

Bill grabs Shiva and throws her across the room. She hits the wall with a CRASH!

Bill rushes Shiva, pinning her up against the wall. She knees him in the crotch but he grabs her by the throat and pulls her down with him.

Shiva kicks Bill and gets up, running for the back bedroom. He grabs her ankle and she falls to the floor.

He gets on top of her to strangle her but Shiva uses her legs to flip him over. She straddles him, pins his hands under his body, and brings her knees directly onto his chest.

AHIVA

What are you trying to prove, huh?

BILL

What do you think?

SHIVA

I don't know, Bill. You tell me.

BILL

You think I'm fucking joking?

She kneels on his chest, using her full body weight and covers his nose and mouth with one hand. He's suffocating

Angela hurries from the back, carrying Shiva's .40 Cal.

ANGELA

No shiva!

Bill shoves Shiva off of him, violently grasping for breath.

Shiva drills her with a look; whose side are you on? Shiva pushes Angela behind her, who whispers to her.

ANGELA

You fought like a tiger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Angela's dragged out of Shiva's hot embrace.

Bill gives Shiva a murderous look. Gestures roughly to Angela that 'They're going home!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Distant SIRENS. Bill ushers Angela through a parking lot. Keeps the gun loosely trained on Angela throughout.

BILL

And now she's hungry for a wild life that she feels only Shiva can give. Just try and act like you give two shits.

His face goes hard, searches for a getaway car.

BILL

We need new wheels. They'll be looking for ours. Surely you remember how to do it now.

Bill spots a Bentley... shoves her in that direction.

ANGELA

It's no good. We need an older model.

Bill spots a beat-up Corvette. SMASHES its window with his gun. They climb in, Angela hot-wires it, race off.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Angela and Bill look in the rear view mirror. They're not being followed yet.

BILL

We had a little deal. The honest truth is, we bungled the job. We thought we'd planned an air-tight murder, but as you well know, it started to unravel almost immediately.

ANGELA

What makes you think you're getting any better at this?

A SIREN interrupts their conversation. Bill looks back, a police car in hot pursuit.

EXT/INT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Shiva, pedal to the metal, all over the two lane road, bearing down, catching up to them. Shiva checks her load with a free hand -- closing the gap -- dodging oncoming cars -- pulls up alongside the Chevy in the opposite lane -- sees the two,

He opens fire. Bullets rip into the Charger. Shiva ducks.

Shiva ducks, tries to force them off the road, when suddenly the wheel starts to jerk. The engine GRINDS and smoke starts coming out from under the hood.

SHIVA

No... shit... not now!

Red dash lights blink. Fuel. Transmission. Brakes. Everything's empty, gone to hell.

She pumps the accelerator, frantic, but the charger sputters, then farts to a halt. And so do her chances of catching up.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

She drives - taking the long, winding coastal road.

BILL

Are you getting car sick, Angie?
Did you give him your wildcat
breakfast, too? I think he
regrets it now.

Bill is suspicious, don't answer for a moment, then: jams the gun into her face - frantic... Angela swerves.

BILL

Where are we headed. I don't know
this road.

ANGELA

You're paranoid. You are. Relax I
know this road. No cops out here.

She steps on the gas. The speedometer CLIMBS...

ANGELA

Did you kill him, Bill?

BILL

It's what you wanted, isn't it?
Anyway, it don't matter now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)

Old man regrets. Hollow and too fucking late. That son of a bitch said they don't have TVs on death row. I like TV.

ANGELA

I'm so fucking angry. I hate you for bringing me into this. I wanted to come home and make things better between us.

ANGELA

She was a patient of mine, Bill.

Bill's in shock - didn't expect that.

ANGELA

She never made the connection that I was your wife. I used my maiden name -- Dr. Angela Frankienstien. Neither did the police.

BILL

You had your claws in her too?

ANGELA

She told me all the juicy details. You want to hear them? Oh wait -- you lived them. And now you're going to die for it.

BILL

Then it's over.

ANGELA

You used him to bring out my paranoid and insane fantasies! But neither of you knew how nuts I was until he decided to break up with me. He pushed the panic button in my paranoid brain. Which in the end backfired, by underestimating just how fuckin' crazy I am! What you don't quite realize is it wasn't you, but me who raised the TIGER!

Just then -- someone or thing skirts out into the middle of the road! They see -- THE MALE TIGER.

She slams on the brakes, fishtails, side-swipes the TIGER, smashes through a guardrail, crashes into a ravine.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Angela escapes the wreckage, gasoline spewing from the ruptured gas tank.

She's shaken, torn dress, bruises but mostly unscathed.

She turns to see Bill still crushed inside the car. He reaches a hand out and grabs her ankles. She trips and falls in a puddle of gasoline.

He brandishes a zippo lighter, it's Jarek's.

BILL

For better or for worse. Can you smell it, all that gasoline. Got a light? One flick of the wrist Angie and we go out in a blaze o' glory.

Angela tries to break free. As Bill flicks and flicks, trying to produce a flame...Finally...

Angela escapes his grasp, scrambles to her feet... He laughs but there's no humor in it as he eye-fucks the useless zippo..

Angela moves towards him like a predator, then -

ANGELA

A revenge so exquisite, it should be in the Smithsonian under glass.

Angela runs up the ravine. She reaches the roadway.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

Flashing colored lights, EMTs, an ambulance. Sirens. Police cars. Angela looks back one last time.

A TRUCK SCREECHES to a halt. It's a GAME WARDER. He JUMPS OUT.

ANGELA

He's stuck inside, my husband.
You gotta help him!

Shiva rushes to her: they embrace, escorts Angela away.

INT. SUNDERLAND YORK - DAY

The door burst open, two ORDERLIES can barely hold Jarek, kicking and screaming like some escaped mental patient.

They slam him onto a bed, strap his wrists down. Angela indicates more straps. Her expression unreadable.

EXT. SUNDERLAND YORK - DAY

Portentous storm clouds gather on the horizon. Distant lightning. A chill in the air. Jarek, in a wheelchair, wrapped in an afghan, stares blankly.

Angela stands behind him. Thunder rumbles. It spooks him. She places a hand on his shoulder to reassure him..

ANGELA

It's okay, if you're not paranoid,
you're crazy!

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Shiva's hitched a ride with Malone. She drives, fast, eye-fucking data on her cell, a GPS tracker.

MALONE

You know where they're headed?

SHIVA

Uh-huh. She left her cell on for
me.

Shiva makes a smoking U-turn. Heads north.

DET. MALONE

I see she has her claws in you,
too.

SHIVA

We met at Berkley. I was her maid
of Honor -- and she was mine.

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

Angela driving. Heading down the long highway between Oakland and San Francisco. Her face says it all. She's half-listening to Jarek's apology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Hypnotic trance allows subjects to reclaim areas of their life that have been out of control, it does not relinquish control to the hypnotist. Hypnotists are guides, not master manipulators, and ALL hypnosis is self-hypnosis.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A gorgeous sunset. Angela walks along the shoreline, her pant legs rolled up. She skips a few stones.

Angela stares at him for a beat. Half-plea, half-demand:

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jarek and Angela hate-fuck. Fast and angry.