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FADE IN:

MOVING THROUGH A DENSE, DARK FOG - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

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

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. STREET - NIGHT

the SHARP CLICK of stiletto heels as...

DR. ANGELA KRIEGER, 40s, walks in a less-than-desirable neighborhood, looks downplayed 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.

Further back, our would-be "RAPIST" steps from an alley. 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

Down the trash strewn alley, he forces her down, means to take her right here, right now on the pavement..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She fights with a fierce animal intensity, scratches his face, tears the stocking. The absence of adequate light, insures his face remains hidden.

He clamps her hands above her head, pushes up her skirt, her panty hose RIP, forces her legs apart, dominates her with his seize and strength.

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

A BUM stumbles into the alley, crashes into a dumpster.

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

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

Suddenly, Angela seizes the moment, knees him in the nuts, momentarily paralyzes him. He's gasping:

She breaks away, grabs his arm, gives him a judo twist, sends him on his ass, nearly breaking his arm.

And on that, Angela turns ankle and motors for the alley, leaves him, nursing his injured arm.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

ONLOOKERS. Police cars. The street's been cordoned off for the press hordes, dishes beaming coverage skyward.

A POLICE HELICOPTER'S searchlight trained on -

On a fourth floor balcony, JIMMY, 20s, desperate, holding a knife to a FEMALE GRAD STUDENT'S throat. His breathing is ragged. Two OFFICERS nearby.

JIMMY

Stay back! Stay back.

DET. JAKE MALONE, 40s, enters -- African American, rumped. Cynical. Burnt out, tries to reason with someone. *Angela approaches.*

DET. MALONE

Can I help you?

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. MALONE

You know this nut?

ANGELA

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

Reluctant, hands her the mike to the PA system.

INTERCUT ANGELA AND JIMMY

ANGELA

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

He recognizes her voice. He's responding, becoming increasing 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, Jimmie. 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 knife drops. She runs towards the OFFICERS.

ANGELA

That's right, let the officers help you. Help you...

The Officers latch onto him, take him down.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

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

Lifts her torn panty hose. Notes her moist fingers. Nonchalantly brings them to her face and drinks in the smell. Pockets them.

Then panics, even if we don't know exactly why.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Equestrian trophies, medals, and plaques on the mantel.

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

She freezes, spots Bill in his Lazy-boy, grading essays.

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

BILL

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

ANGELA

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

BILL

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

ANGELA

I could sleep in the guest room.

BILL

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

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

ANGELA

Pretty lurid details. Battery on a Person. Resisting an officer. B&E, First-degree robbery: it says here he blew up an ATM? Then list goes on. Rape?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nurses a tumbler of whiskey on the rock.

ANGELA

How is his manners? Is he possible?

BILL

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

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

ANGELA

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

BILL

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

ANGELA

That's my job, Bill.

BILL

You're not at work. Screw you.

ANGELA

You never seem to be able to anymore.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

Angela jumps, splashes scotch. The lamp clicks on.

JAREK SPECTOR, 20s, a bad boy attitude, looks to match, playing cat's cradle with a string.

He's good, creating intricate patterns and undoing them.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

Reluctant, she leans in closer as he lights it.

Angela's distracted by the gigantic cock lurking beneath
his boxers. A 14-inch anaconda, pushing the underwear's
fabric to the limit.

She covers her subtle jaw-drop, far from being deterred
by his attitude, she's intrigued. She likes challenges.

JAREK

You're English, aren't you?

ANGELA

And you're little Caesar!

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

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

BILL

I see you two have already met.

ANGELA

Twice. Good night.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - 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.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Angela goes to climb into her Porsche when her Mustang peels out of the garage. Bill appears.

ANGELA

Oh God, you let him borrow my car?

BILL

He needed wheels.

INT. POLICE STATION - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

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

Det. Malone enters to find --

SARA, 40s, a gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men, Angela, and booze, the snugness of her sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality.

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

DET. MALONE

What've you got there, Sara?

SARA

Malone. Tums. You give me heartburn. Lunch?

DET. MALONE

No can-do. Gotta see Krieger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

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

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN - PSYCH WARD - DAY

Angela escorts Det. 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. Det. Malone peers into a cell. Iron
bars on a window. Jimmy cowers, mumbling to himself.

DET. MALONE

You ever used hypnosis on him?

ANGELA

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

DET. MALONE

But you did put him in a trance.

ANGELA

I used no hypnotherapy.

Suddenly Jimmy jumps up right in front of the hatch!

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

ANGELA

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

Angela's PAGER goes off.

ANGELA

Another consult. ICU. Excuse me--

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Angela escorts Jarek, notices him still rubbing his arm.

ANGELA
Hurt yourself?

JAREK
Old rotator cuff injury.

ANGELA
Of course, my judo training.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK (CONT'D)

Hell, that bastard would
threatened to shoot and kill my
pets.

Reminiscing, then --

JAREK

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.

An enigmatic beat. He smiles. Her too.

ANGELA

Remorse show us we're not a
psychopath.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

BILL

What's a five letter word for
psychological Aberration.

ANGELA

Crazy.

BILL

(amused)
Yea, it fits.

ANGELA

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

BILL

What do you think?

ANGELA

He's a bad boy with a bundle of
anger. But he's far more
intelligent than he lets on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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 to have a patient
in idea circumstances. If I can
find out what makes him tick I can
probably straighten him out.
Besides we've never had a criminal
for a house-guest. May be
interesting.

BILL

Could be dangerous.

ANGELA

Quick tempered too. And I'm not a
bit scared.

EXT. HACKMEYER'S HOME - NIGHT

A Dodge Charger(a police ghost cruiser) pulls into the
drive way up the driveway. Angela stumbles out, in a
sexy backless gown, not tight, clingy. She giggles,
moves to the drivers side.

Tugs surreptitiously at her too-tight gown. We hear it
RIP. Shit. She does her best to cover the malfunction.

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

SARA

What was that? No tongue.

ANGELA

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

'K bye.'

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela strolls in from the foyer, moves in such a way to conceal the split in her gown, which isn't easy, or possible.

Jarek browses a book with a *PHOTO OF ANGELA* on *THE COVER*. He shuts the book. The awkwardness is palpable.

Angela uncaps a bottle of scotch, fills a tumbler. She curls up on the sofa, fishes out a cigarette.

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

ANGELA

I'm sorry, Mr. Spector, 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, Dr. Menounos. A prisoner. A condition of my parole was court-mandated counseling. Either this, or go back to prison. Why pretend it's anything else?

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

He plays passionately. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ANGELA

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

As gracefully as she can, she saunters out, cavorts up the stairs, now flashing her BUM in the MOST revealing backless dress we've ever seen.

Jarek's drooling.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

Jarek grips a bar, fastened to the doorjam. Pull ups. His shirt off - toned, sweaty. Angela stares at him lustily.

For a second, her and Jarek lock eyes. Angela heads out. Jarek hurries out of his room, catches up with her.

JAREK

Hang on. I'll come with you.

ANGELA

If you want.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

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

EXT. HORSE BOARDING FACILITY - DAY

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

Before he can respond, Angela heads for her Porsche.

EXT/INT. PHILADELPHIA - PORSCHE - DAY

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

ANGELA

That's not necessary, Jarek.

JAREK

(removes his arm)

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Am I that easy to read?

ANGELA

It's really not that hard.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

It's a mitigating circumstance. Ask any psychologist.

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

You don't like me, do you?

ANGELA

Like? You don't matter to me. You're just a pet project. Here today. Gone tomorrow. What I don't like is what you stand for?

JAREK

And what is that?

ANGELA

Something sick.

JAREK

You sound like my parole officer.

ANGELA

They think you had a bad childhood. It's just an excuse. Lots of people come from broken homes. I got a raw deal too. Still am. But that hasn't made me bitter. I've learned to embrace everything that happens to me in life with open arms and try to make the best of it.

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

JAREK

Mrs. Menuonos, 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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Jarek sits at the piano and plays "*Piano Concerto Number Twenty-four in C Minor*."

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

ANGELA

Don't stop. I love Mozart.

(Jarek resumes)

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

Angela gestures towards the piece Jarek plays.

ANGELA

That's right, the same genius that wrote "*Piano Concerto Number Twenty-four in C Minor*," --

A beat, then - Jarek gets up, moves closer to her.

ANGELA

What? You thought you were the only one with an utterly depraved sex life. When Einstein wasn't sciencing the shit out of everything -- he was pulsating his dick into as many women as humanly possible...

JAREK

So, what'cha reading?

She reads from her kindle, "*The Road Not Taken*" aloud.

(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

Ah, Robert Frost's "The Road Not
Taken." It's 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.

A beat, Jarek stops playing, moves closer to her.

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...

There's something deeper to that statement.

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.

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.

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 - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

BILL

Hey, what's the protocol on involuntary committal. I've got a student threatening to kill herself.

A little thrown, Angela forges on.

ANGELA

Hmm. Take a number. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Oh damn. 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 her for long.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Popeye punches him, knocks him out cold.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A seedy dive bar. CAROL BUNDY, 34, at the bar drinking a gimlet. She's dolled up in a short, tight skirt and heels; a bit plump and over the hill for the look but pulls it off.

She's in mid-conversation, enamoured with (PAN TO) Jarek.

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 is having doggy-style sex with Carol while holding her with a belt tied around her neck, she's a screamer. They sweat profusely.

There's something almost erotic about the way Angela's watching 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.

Angela stares at it, melancholy, reflective, flushes as some sort of transitive euphoria pumps through her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Presses her body into it. Holds onto the washer. Stares at a crack in the ceiling, the sensation overwhelms her.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Sara 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.

SARA

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

They chuckle.

ANGELA

So what brings you here?

SARA

Mr. Spector. You should have told me.

ANGELA

I knew you wouldn't approve.

SARA

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.

SARA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

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

Sara takes Angela's hand. Their faces inches apart. A
kiss imminent.

ANGELA

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

SARA

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Angela's let her hair down, one too many buttons undone
on her satin-blouse, short, tight pencil skirt, sits in
silence. It's very sexy.

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

Jarek hurries in. He loves her new look. She slams the
door shut, livid.

JAREK

Look, I just lost track of time.

ANGELA

Not buying it.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Yea, it sort of comes out like a
lie.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Boundaries, Jarek. I'm your
therapist, not part of your posse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You show up at your appointment times -- not before, not after.

Jarek sits across from Angela who subconsciously does lots of shoeplay, heel-popping, heels dangling, it's hot.

Angela catches him admiring sexy heels.

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.

Jarek doesn't answer. His silence speaking volumes.

She shifts through inkblot cards, hands him one.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

A touristed, quasiseedy strip of iconic real estate.

Angela and Sara enjoying, no, relishing Philly cheesesteaks and fountain drinks.

SARA

When you said you wanted to meet for lunch, i had something more private in mind.

A beat, then -

SARA

If you ask me, he's displaying the traits of a classic covert narcissist, presenting the face of kindness and compassion, but underneath a psychopath.

(then)

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?

SARA

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

ANGELA

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

SARA

You say that with your authoritative tone, and even though I know better, I almost believe you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (CONT'D)

And like a toy that's been wound too tightly, they eventually explode.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Angela gestures towards the vanity in the master bathroom with enough marble to rival Caesars Palace.

ANGELA

I won't you to tear it out, put in something else.

JAREK

I don't know. I kinda like it.

Jarek notices a certain, agitated sadness in her eyes.

JAREK

I guess we could all use a little fixing around here.

Angela smiles enigmatically. If he only knew.

She disappears into her boudoir. Of course, he can catch glimpses of her changing in a nice sex mirror by the bed.

He moves closer for a better view.

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.

Angela, getting into a hot casual mini dress, doesn't bother to put on panties. Naughty.

She zips up, exits, putting on sexy slingbacks.

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

Jarek drives - Angela, sipping a fast food milk shake. She laughs, spontaneously. He laughs with her.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

Uncrowded and overcast. Jarek and Angela stroll the meandering walk-aways between cages and habitats. A mist falls throughout the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They pause before the tiger habitat. The mist has become a drizzle.

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

She's a little bit tipsy. Oh, hell. She's drunk.

Jarek changes the sheets - shirt off - toned, sweaty. Angela stares at him lustily. 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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(off his nod)

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

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

So did Sigmund Freud.

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

ANGELA

Wait, what are you doing?

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

ANGELA

Goodnight.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

An aroused Angela, still in her black slip, reclines on the bed. She smokes, lost in thought...turns to Bill, passed out.

Angela lowers a strap of her slip, fondles a breast. Now opening her legs, begins masturbating.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Angela heads down the corridor, sexy as hell in casual, equestrian apparel, holding her helmet and a riding crop.

Stops at Jarek's room. Thinks about knocking. Listens. When the door opens, Jarek practically walking into her.

ANGELA

Oh. Hey. I was just headed... uh --

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Jarek and Angela riding their horse along a peaceful landscape. Can't make out their conversation but its animated. The air is thick with temptation.

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

EXT./INT. FREEWAY/PORSCHE - DAY

Angela drives. 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

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

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Angela sits in her Porsche, outside a college campus
apartment building. She's waiting. Suddenly Bill exits an
apartment. She doesn't go pale when she sees a GIRL, 20s,
with him. They kiss.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Angela gets to the door to find Det. Malone.

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A drunk Angela, or close to it, her legs thresh open her
long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath. Those
sexy clear 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

Where did you go the other night?

JAREK

Oh, wasn't aware I had a curfew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

JAREK

What do you think?

She sips her drink, catches him staring at her nude body. 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, Jarek grips her arm, a bit dangerously. She twists away, her robe sliding up to reveal her bare ass.

Her tumbler falls, crashes to the linoleum.

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 hauls off and slaps the shit out of him. Really lets him have it.

She doesn't have time to turn around before Jarek's hands pins her head down on the sink, his other hand lifts the bottom of her robe.

He towel falls and takes her, doggy style, right there.

Angela lets out a primal MOAN, he's rekindled something inside her she can no longer control. Something hushed, disquieted that arouses her.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She catches her reflection in the densely fogged mirror with the humid residue of desire.

JAREK

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

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

She grabs his ass from behind and thrusts him into her.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Dawn just creeping in...

The headboard bangs into the wall, chipping away at the plaster as Angela, has rushed, morning sex with Jarek.

As a middle-aged woman, she's desperate to believe she's still got it. Her esteem has metastasized into a bit of an angry chip on her shoulder. And from here on in, all this comes out when she fucks.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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

He shakes salt and pepper on them.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

It's okay. Pancakes are good.

He takes in Angela's freshly-fucked face, sniffs her, deep, close, a rabid dog ready to pounce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

You smell like sex.

ANGELA

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

(off his look)

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

Angela 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.

BILL

No coffee?

ANGELA

I was busy this morning.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Jarek is alone in the driveway, shooting baskets. Badly.

And ogling Angela as she unloads groceries from her Car. The damp bottom of one bag falls out, SPILLING ORANGES and FRANKFURTERS on the ground

Jarek rushes over to help unload more groceries.

JAREK

I feel really handy right now. Do you feel this handy all the time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Nice spin, lover boy, but what's the point? I almost put you out. You know how I feel about porn.

JAREK

It's normal for men to watch porn. You know that.

ANGELA

But you watch it all the time. It's getting out of hand. Look I'm open to new things but when you do things that don't include me, in my eyes you're cheating.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela unloads groceries, grabs a bottle of vodka, and pours herself a drink. Jarek deposits more bags.

ANGELA

What's shocking is how bad you are at hiding what a pervert you are.

Angela kicks off her sexy shoes, puts away groceries.

ANGELA

You have no shame. I respect that.

JAREK

So is it -- you know -- great?

ANGELA

Beyond.

JAREK

Better than Bill?

ANGELA

The best. Ever.

JAREK

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

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

ANGELA

Great sex is about feeling sensual, and indulging our senses switches them on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Start by smelling that orange,
strong in scent and taste, to get
you in the mood. Sounds bonkers,
but arousing your senses before
sex helps you be in the moment -

They embrace, kissing like crazy.

ANGELA

Thought I'd make meatloaf for
dinner.

JAREK

It's my favorite meal. It was the
one thing they served in prison
that I could tolerate.

Angela sees Popeye, hammering two-by-fours together in
the backyard. Jarek follows her gaze.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Helping me build your gazebo.

ANGELA

I don't want you around him.

JAREK

So now you get to choose my
friends?.

ANGELA

No, just him.
(softens...)
Want to work up an appetite?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Angela stuns in a sparking, backless mini dress, not tight, clingy. She dabs some perfume behind her ears, then knees. There's a knock on the door.

Jarek is in the doorway looking stiff and uncomfortable in a new pair of slacks, dress shirt and sportscoat.

Angela sweeps him into a steamy kiss. When they come up for air -

ANGELA

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

Angela lifts a glass of wine off the dresser and drinks.

ANGELA

I'm wearing champagne in honor of my favorite drink.

(modeling)

Is this slutty enough?

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

A blue collar bar packed, sweaty and full of young, uninhibited PEOPLE who are dancing with abandon. Girls in bare dresses.

Angela and Jarek swept up in a sea of gyrating bodies, dancing; her arms around him, a drink in hand, she's a little tipsy, sexy.

He grabs her up into a kiss, running his hands up her thighs, and under her dress, fondling her ass. She gasps.

ANGELA

Are you glad this happened?

JAREK

I'm not depressed if that what you mean.

She laughs, sips her drink. Angela is bumped hard from behind.

ANGELA

Hey --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE, 20s, blonde and beach bum pretty, pushes Angela aside, starts berating Jarek.

NICOLE

What? I turn my back and you start picking up other women?

(at Angela)

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

Jarek tries to step in between them. Too late.

Angela shoves Nicole to the floor, scattering dancers. Grabs a drink from a nearby table -- and dumps it on her. A catfight. The crowd goes wild.

Jarek struggles to pull Angela off Nicole as a thick-neck BOUNCER wades in, pulling at combatants.

Angela glances around, feeling foolish and out-of-place.

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.

INT. MARLA'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.

Angela's at her desk and CARLA, 30s, a very good-looking, Top Gun Psychiatric nurse, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Can you give us a minute, Sara?

CARLA

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 smiles as he kisses her neck. Then - a knock on the door. Realizing...

ANGELA

Oh, I have a client right now.

JAREK

If you ignore it will they go away?

ANGELA

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

The knock on the door again. They laugh, disentangling.

ANGELA

How about a rain check? Tonight I'll come tuck you in.

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

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 boyfriend.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. PENN PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

She opens up Hanna's blouse, stares at bare breasts.
 Angela's gaze is wide, wounded. Raw.

These flashes are subtle impressions. Almost voyeuristic.

*Flash: A silhouetted man, presumably Bill, his lips and
 hands exploring Hanna's naked body, The curve of her hip,
 her breasts...*

A buzz interrupts Angela's thoughts. She presses a
 button talking on speakerphone.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
 Angie, a Mr. Spector called.
 Wouldn't say what he wanted.

ANGELA
 That's because he doesn't know.

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

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. PENN PSYCH WARD - ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

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

(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.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

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

ANGELA

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

LOGAN

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

ANGELA

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

LOGAN

Seriously? Why? I mean -- why?

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela flashes a checkbook. Logan stares, unmoved.

ANGELA

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

LOGAN

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

ANGELA

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela slices vegetables. She hears the front door open and close, and then Jarek comes in. She eye-fucks him, not pleased.

Continues slicing. Jarek embraces her from behind. She flinches a little.

ANGELA

You have a good day?

JAREK

Mm hm.

ANGELA

You do anything special?

JAREK

Nah.

Angela wheels around and Jarek has to jump back to avoid getting gutted by the carving knife.

ANGELA

Like, for example, meeting with your parole officer.

JAREK

Oh, shit. I'm sorry. I completely-

Angela stabs the air to emphasize her point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

This is the second time this month. What's your problem, you're illiterate? How hard is it to make a simple appointment?

Jarek steps back and Angela advances on him with the knife. She's kidding, of course, but it's hard to tell.

JAREK

Could you put the knife away?

ANGELA

I'll put the knife away. You want me to put the knife away?

Slam! She **SHOVES** him up against the fridge, making out furiously... ravenously. Magnets **CLATTER** to the floor.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

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

INT. POOL JOINT - NIGHT

A dark, smoky, honky-tonk with a jukebox. Bad things happen here. Drugs, sex. It's a slice of San Francisco from money side to shady side.

Jarek and Popeye shooting pool, drinking beer.

Angela loiters nearby. An eternal teen-ager. Sexy tight denim skirt, hotter heels, cleavage-baring top. Despite this, 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

Your old stomping ground, huh?

JAREK

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

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

JAREK

Sorry, hopefully he won't notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

This is a private conversation.

POPEYE

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

ANGELA

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

Finally, Jack and DIANNA, a beautiful bar-maid lock eyes. Angela smells history, a sexual vibe. Dianne's not happy to see Jarek, or is she?

Dianna walks over. A measuring stare between two formidable women. Dianna smiles.

DIANNA

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

Angela smiles tightly: *Of course.*

INT. POOL JOINT - DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dianna leans against the wall composing herself.

JAREK

How've you been?

DIANNA

How've I been? How've I been?!

Can't help it she pokes him in the chest. Then checks herself.

DIANNA

One minute you're in my life, and the next... You can't just show up on my turf like this. What the f--

JAREK

I'm sorry. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANNA

I spent the last five years
putting my life back together.
After you left it in pieces. I'm
not letting you destroy it again.

JAREK

I'm in therapy.

DIANNA

I'm living with someone now. He
doesn't know about you. I don't
want him to.

This is news to Jarek. It's a blow. Even after all these
years. He nods.

DIANNA

Jarek? I moved on with my life. So
should you.

She's really torn. He's seen cold feet before.

INT. POOL JOINT - NIGHT

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

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.

POPEYE

Whoa, you sound like his mother.

Fuck the niceties she gets in his face.

ANGELA

I know right? Here I am busting
my ass to get him right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

So, I'm going to need you to stay away from him. Don't you get it. I'm trying to save his life.

POPEYE

Bummer.

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

Easy, now. Popeye, chill.

POPEYE

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

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

POPEYE

Fuck you and your whore of a mother!

Jarek flies at him and pummels him in a fury. Shit. A brutal prison beat down. There's a crazed look in Jarek's eyes, it scares Angela.

ANGELA

You're killing him!

She grabs Jarek's hand and drags him toward an exit. He grabs two beers on the way.

EXT. SCENIC ROUTE - 'LOVERS LANE' - NIGHT

Scalloping POWER LINES. Angela's Porsche sits parked off the pavement on a turnout - "LOVERS' LANE". Tts windows resembles an equinox sauna.

INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Angela is getting smashed by Jarek in her Porsche. Don't ask us how, but apparently it's possible. Angela's all passion and hunger, a greedy lover...

They settle back, exhausted, sweaty.

A glance out the window suddenly gets their attention. Headlights illuminates them briefly, as a car pulls in.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

You're drawn to broken people.

ANGELA

I'm a shrink.

JAREK

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

His comment knocks her down a bit, but she covers it well. He studies her reaction for a beat, then --

JAREK

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

Angela shakes her head, almost laughs --

ANGELA

You love me? What about that skank
back there?

JAREK

Dianna? 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.

ANGELA

He does though. Peace and
security.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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! 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 - 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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

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

She looks into his eyes, kisses him tenderly. She's really falling for him.

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

ANGELA

(re; zippo)

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

JAREK

Already did. It running low on fluid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

I'll just get you a new one.

JAREK

No, it has sentimental value.

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

ANGELA

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

She passes the cigarette to Jarek. Angela dips a hand beneath the sheets, gently caressing, but his mind is elsewhere.

ANGELA

You okay?

She means his dick. It's not getting hard.

JAREK

Thinking about getting a place of my own.

ANGELA

(alarmed)
This is your home.

JAREK

Two's company, three's a crowd.

A beat. They regard each other --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela wraps SARAN WRAP around leftovers, organizing the fridge. Jarek comes in, they kiss. She hands him a Tupperware bowl...

JAREK

I hate peach cobbler.

ANGELA

I know. That's for Mr. Garcia, a peace offering. I made you cherry.

She hands him another bowl.

EXT/INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - DAY

An overcast, miserable day. A cold RAIN drizzling down.

Angela speeds along the interstate. Jarek flicks his zippo's flint wheel and ignites the celluloid, again and again.

ANGELA

At this rate, you're going to run out of fluid if you keep that up.

They drive in awkward silence a beat. Finally:

ANGELA

I need you to promise me something... you ask for a lawyer. I mean it.

Jarek is a tad insulted by the direction this is going.

JAREK

That would make me look guilty.

ANGELA

You are. Stay out the fucking register, Jarek. You need money come to me.

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Sara stands outside the interrogation room, watching Jarek through the two-way -- being questioned by Det. Malone when Angela suddenly bursts in.

SARA

Jeez, Ang. You shouldn't be here.

ANGELA

Let's compromise.

Angela mutes the intercom and both watch for a beat. Jarek shakes his head, *I don't know. Nothing.*

SARA

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, I'm a stubborn, sarcastic, egomaniacal jerk. How's Malone's case?

SARA

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

ANGELA

Can you get me his juvi file?

Sara nods, Angela mouths "thank you." Kisses her good-bye. Unlike with Bill, it's passionate.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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 -

ANGELA

Language, Bill. Please.

(then)

If they had any actual evidence, he'd already be under arrest. Let's not jump to any conclusions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

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

ANGELA

And maybe a twist of Xanax.

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

Angela stares at his erection at full salute.

She pulls back the covers, as Jarek reaches under her silk lace nightgown, removes her panties, she lets him.

Jarek mounts Angela, yanks down his boxers, she eases him inside her, subtly moving her hips, enjoying the mischief yet yanked by caution.

Bill snores himself awake. 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

(whispering...)

I'm trying to wake him. I need to be careful. 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, driving, 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?

A beat. Angela responds with a searing fuck-you glare.

ANGELA

Oh my god. I'm not having this conversation.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Bill smashes Jarek in the mouth, hard enough to knock him unconscious.

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Enough. What the hell is wrong
with you?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATH - DAY

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

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

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

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

She recaps the bottle and returns it to the cabinet.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S ITALIAN MARKET - DAY

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

Angela turns to a fruit display, inspecting the peaches. Chatting with the FRUIT VENDOR. But when she turns around - Jarek is gone.

Angela scans the market, a slight tension settling in her jaw. She moves down the street, her eyes landing on -

Jarek is talking closely with a pretty woman, whose back is to us. Angela's pulse quickens.

He sees Angela staring. He waves. The woman turns, it's Dianna who waves also. Jarek heads toward Angela, all smiles.

ANGELA

Who was that?

JAREK

A friend.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

A locals-only spot. Plastic, checkered tablecloths.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek watches, annoyed, as Angela sips a Diet Mountain Dew. A half-eaten pizza on paper plates in front of them.

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.

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.

He bites into her slice of pizza, shrugs, agreeing.

ANGELA

Follow my lead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

(off his look)

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

Why don't we begin.

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

I choose blue. Like the ocean.

ANGELA

Blue. Okay. Start painting.

Angela goes back down on him.

EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT

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

ANGELA (V.O)

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (V.O.)

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

Angela's head moving in and out of focus in front of him.

Beat. Angela looks up from her efforts, wipes her mouth, still gently caressing his cock.

ANGELA

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

Jarek lifts his INDEX finger - their signal.

ANGELA

Good.

Angela, calm and confident, Jarek in her hands, slips off her sexy pumps. His eyes move rapidly behind his eyelids, his jaw grows slack.

His heart is beating through his chest.

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

ANGELA

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

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

Jarek, back from the dead, dazed, eyes slowly opening. He's 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ANGELA

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

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

Angela pays for two Philly cheesesteaks with the works from a sidewalk vendor. Sara approaches as Angela takes a bite of hers.

She offers up the other to Sara.

SARA

I just don't think it's healthy to be so obsessed with one patient.

ANGELA

I don't think it's healthy, either. But if I didn't help him, no one else would.

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

SARA

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

ANGELA

I'm a doctor. I know what I'm doing.

SARA

Doctor's make their own worse patients.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

SARA

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

They bust a gut.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

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

Angela approaches with a tray of sandwiches and an ice cold beer, Jarek, jeans, tool belt on, gladly accepts.

ANGELA

Roast beef on rye. The house specialty.

Jarek gives Angela the grand tour. She smiles, pleased. Right then, rain drops begin to fall.

She kisses him. It starts small, but it builds into something bigger. It becomes so intense that it's a struggle to catch their breath.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

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

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

Angela appears, eye-fucks him.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Kirsten rushes in.

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

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

CARLA

Are you out of your mind?

ANGELA

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

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bill, gagged, 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. Sara's on her heels.

ANGELA

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

SARA

When was the last time he had a psychosis episode?

ANGELA

Four years I think.

SARA

Well something provoked him into a violent psychotic outburst.

SARA

Honestly, what do you really think is happening?

ANGELA

I wished I knew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

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.

Bill's in shock at Angela's betrayal.

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shower runs, steam pours from the bathroom.

Dark, save for a bedside lamp. Jarek lies naked in bed after a night of heated love-making.

Angela, naked, sweaty, her silk robe hangs open, wipes come off her freshly-fucked face.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

What you did was cruel.

ANGELA

What *I* did was cruel?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Mmm hm. The placebos were already taking effect. All I did was speed up the process.

She sits on the aide of the bed, takes the joint from him, draws hard on the glowing roach, holding the smoke until it burns.

ANGELA

If you'll remember, I did it for you, us. It's what we wanted.

Angela looks at him, puzzled.

ANGELA

Why would you care?

He's flustered, quickly tries to cover.

JAREK

You can't keep him locked up.

ANGELA

Don't worry about it, I can keep him locked away indefinitely. So stop shutting me out. I know that you're scared -- but you don't have to be anymore, if you'll just listen to what I have to say

(kisses him)

Know how much I love you?

JAREK

Of course I love you too.

ANGELA

Promise that you'll never leave me.

JAREK

I never will.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela opens her eyes. Bolts awake. Jarek is gone. In his place, a NOTE: "Had to duck out. Don't worry. Xo J."

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

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

JAREK

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

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

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

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

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

Jarek swings back around, too late.

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

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

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

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

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

POPEYE

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Popeye drives. Jarek rides shotgun. He fucked up. He knows it. Popeye knows it.

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. MARLA'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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

That freaks Jarek out.

JAREK

Look, Popeye's in debt to some big time drug dealers. We just needed some quick cash-- shit went south. We've pulled jobs like that a dime a dozen. He went crazy and just shot him -- I swear. I screwed up. You'll fix it. You always fix it.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

They hate fuck, fast and angry. Jarek looks animalistic, furious, panting, even.

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

ANGELA

What're trying to do, kill me?

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

JAREK

Oh God, no. I'm sorry.

ANGELA

About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

I got kind of... carried away.

ANGELA

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

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. WHOOMF!

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

EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

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

Angela exits in a sexy, tight skirt and satin shirt, carrying a Tupperware bowl.

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

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

Angela climbs the steps to the office, unbuttons the top button of her satin shirt. She undoes the next, exposing a pretty, lacy bra, cleavage.

INT. CHOP SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

POPEYE

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

ANGELA

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

(re: his gun)

You're the shot-caller, Popeye.

She sets down the tuppeware bowl. He looks hard at her, smiles, tucks his gun in his pants behind his back.

Angela smiles wickedly as Popeye digs in.

POPEYE

Mmm, your peach cobbler is divine.

She leans over his desk, flashing ample cleavage, and he's looking. Popeye swigs on the bottle of rum.

ANGELA

You mixing rum and Oxy again?

POPEYE

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

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela, gloves on, moves through the apartment -- a shitbag but there's a flat screen, Xbox --

She lifts a seat cushion and dumps the stolen money under it, along with the gun used to kill the clerk.

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.

DET. MALONE

We found one of the suspects in connection to the robberies. Benji Garza.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. MALONE (CONT'D)

He called him in, and confessed.
It's the darnest thing I ever
seen.

A heavy beat, Jarek takes a deep breath..

ANGELA

Did he tell you his partner in
crime?

DET. MALONE

He won't say a word. And right now
the only other murder suspect we
have is YOU!

JAREK

Murder? What the hell are you
talking about?

DET. MALONE

The store owner died last night.

Jarek freaks, obsessively snapping his zippo.

DET. MALONE

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

JAREK

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

DET. MALONE

Your whereabouts? Two nights ago?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

I can vouch for that.

DET. MALONE

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

ANGELA

We were together.

DET. MALONE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

We weren't sleeping.

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

Angela dismisses Jarek. Det. Malone cricks his neck, keeping his composure. Sara fishes more tums out of a pocket and throws back a handful.

DET. MALONE

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

ANGELA

I beg your pardon.

DET. MALONE

For starters, hampering a criminal investigation.

ANGELA

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

DET. MALONE

I know what I got.

ANGELA

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

Malone says nothing for a beat, then...

DET. MALONE

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

ANGELA

So arrest me. Or get the fuck out.

DET. MALONE

Did you know your husband was having an affair?

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

ANGELA

No. Why do you ask?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DET. MALONE

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

(then)

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

A laugh accidentally escapes from Angela.

DET. MALONE

Something funny, Dr. Krieger?

ANGELA

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

SARA

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

ANGELA

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

DET. MALONE

So it is possible?

ANGELA

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

DET. MALONE

Such as...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGELA

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

Det. Malone smirks, but clearly she's struck a nerve.

She motions towards the clock, like any good therapist.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I see our time is up.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jarek slumped on the sofa staring into space.

JAREK

How bad is it.

ANGELA

Bad. But If they had any actual evidence, you'd already be under arrest.

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

JAREK

Popeye confessed.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

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

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

ANGELA

Oh, I see. Blame me. You wouldn't listen. You had to do it. I tried to tell you, but you knew better. It's like you don't care. You have absolutely no passion for anything but screwing me to the wall.

INT. SFPD - DAY

Sara and Det. Malone move through the busy precinct, both with coffee's in hand.

DET. MALONE

Call me crazy, but I think she was jealous. Her husband is shagging a younger woman so she hypnotizes Jimmy to off her.

SARA

She stop it, remember?

DET. MALONE

Yea, that's the part I don't get.

SARA

Don't knock yourself out doing back flips. Outside a confession, there's no way to prove it.

Det. Malone gives Sara a look. *"No shit, Sherlock."*

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

ANGELA

Hey?

SARA

I hope I'm not bothering you?

ANGELA

No. Not at all.

SARA

Everything ok...?

ANGELA

He takes nothing seriously because there's no consequences for his actions. He tries to joke or con his way out of everything. He'll never learn, he'll never grow.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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

SARA

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

ANGELA

I'm not going to pretend that a little vacation from Jarek wouldn't be nice. But what's the alternative? If he goes back he's finished, I'm sure of that.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela, in her sexy silk robe&nightgown, looks at Jarek in the mirror over her vanity, as he undresses.

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

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.

Disappointed in his reaction, she looks back at herself.

Angela's face changes: she calms down and becomes serene. She's made a decision. Grabs her cell, speed dials.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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

Sara's cell chimes. She checks, it's from "Ang - 911."

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Jarek just shakes his head, starts walking away. Angela hears Sara's lights and sirens.

She turns back towards Jarek, assessing the situation - she's trying to piss him off. And she is.

ANGELA

Your mother was a whore, wasn't she?

Incensed, Jarek gets right in Angela's face.

JAREK

You don't know anything about my mother!

ANGELA

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

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

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

Sara 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

Jarek shakes his head, becoming increasingly emotional.

Angela presses the issue...

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Why are you telling me this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek, feeling more and more like a cornered animal -

Just then - Sara 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...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Subconsciously, Jarek touches his left cheek.

ANGELA

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

(then)

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

SARA

I know Popeye signed a confession but under normal circumstances it would be fake.

A beat, then -

SARA

Because he's suffering from Korsakoff's Syndrome.

ANGELA

Korsa-what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

A neurological disorder characterized by anterograde amnesia, extreme susceptibility to suggestion, and confabulation. When Malone left the room I told him he has a dog named Boo, he remembers having a dog named Boo. I told him he bashed a homeless man's head in, and he remembers that. But there's no dog named but -- and he didn't bash any homeless man's head in. Ang, you forget -- I know how your mind works.

Angela bits her lip, busted.

ANGELA

Popeye shot the store clerk. Why should Jarek pay for that.

SARA

We figured that much.

ANGELA

Did you tell anyone else?

SARA

No, but if we were to have them do a toxocolgy screen on Mr. Garcia, I wonder what we'd find --

ANGELA

Significant levels of Concanavalin A. The primary sugar-binding moleculein in Insulferon. I was grinding it up, putting it in his food to deplete his thiamine..

SARA

Jesus, Ang, you could have induced a heart attack.

ANGELA

Yes, but he didn't. I'm well aware side-effects manifest differently in different patients. Low thiamine levels can cause cardiac failure. But in rare instances, they can also cause -

SARA

Korsakoff's Syndrome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

I took a chance.

SARA

You got lucky. I would've had to arrest you. I still should for poisoning him.

ANGELA

You wouldn't put me in jail.

SARA

In a heart beat.

As much as it pains Sara to say this:

SARA

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.

There's a sincerity and sadness in her voice that registers on Angela. Sara leaves.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela enters. She hears the shower on in the bathroom, sees Jarek, barely, through the steam.

As she undresses, his cell vibrates -- Angela sees it on the dresser. She notes he has a new text message, just waiting to be checked.

Who's texting him at 1:15 AM?

Angela contemplates checking it, the water shuts off. She hears him coming. Angela turns away from his phone. Jarek enters, in a towel.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Angela freezes, a TIGER's muscled body undulating with lethal grace, emerges from thick brush. Its YELLOW EYES meet hers. Its maw sloppy with blood splatter.

It HISSES and FLUFFS. LUNGES, teeth snapping shut only inches from Angela's throat...

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela's eyes shoot open. A nightmare. She looks for Eddie to find that she's alone in the bed. She quietly makes her way out of the bed.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FOYER/STAIRS - NIGHT

She tiptoes down. It's dark, she reaches the bottom of the stairs, she hears WHISPERS. Her heart skips a beat. She follows the sound -

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angela sees light spilling from her office, the door is ajar, whispers coming from in there. She approaches like a praying mantis, silently-- trips over a toy.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Jarek hears the sound. He stops talking, lowers the burner cell phone, and makes his way into--

THE HALLWAY

Jarek looks around-- darkness. Must have been the wind. He goes back into the office, closes the door behind him.

Angela steps out of the shadows, as the embers of her worst fears start to burn inside her--

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Jarek's face darkens. The voice on the other end is hushed but heated.

JAREK

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

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ten thousand for what? A headache!

JAREK

Shut up! Some things you can undo,
this you can't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK (CONT'D)

This is real and there's gonna be repercussions, so I need to know you're one hundred percent sure before...all right, all right, calm down, That's all I needed to hear. I'll take care of it.

He hangs up, turns back and sees Angela standing behind him. *How much did she hear?* A beat as they consider each other..

ANGELA

Everything okay?

He starts kissing her neck but Angela's thinking...

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Angela arranges her home. Straightens pillows. Waters plants. She hears a car engine. She goes to the window-- her Mustang is pulling out of the driveway.

Angela, suddenly frantic as a hundred emotions rise up.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

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

EXT. ROAD - DAY

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

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

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

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dianna and Jarek are eating delivery pizza. He loosens his tie, suffocating. His cell lights up with a new text.

DIANNA

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

JAREK

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

Then her phone rings. She eyes her caller ID:

DIANNA

I gotta answer mine.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - VERANDA - NIGHT

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

JAREK

And?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

You're drunk. Fix yourself some
coffee.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

You're making a fool of yourself.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

She's done everything she can --

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

(pounds the door)

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 --

ANGELA

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

A beat, Jarek opens the door, then -

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 wall. Slow and sharp. A ticking bomb. Then just when she seems about to lunge across the room and rip his throat out...

Angela simply rises...

ANGELA

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Angela races up to find Jarek loading bags into the Mustang.

ANGELA

You're home.

She embraces him.

ANGELA

I made a terrible mistake and I have to set it right some way. So here I am.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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

No, just came for the rest of my
things.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Angela paces like a caged animal. The drink in her hand
is not her first. Jarek, suitcase in hand, ready to
leave.

A beat, Jarek tries a different tact.

JAREK

When I first came here it was for
all the wrong reasons. But you
helped me. And for that I am
forever grateful. My point is, I
know you and Bill, and I think
there's a real deep love there.

ANGELA

You do?

JAREK

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

Angela almost starts to laugh at his ridiculous notion.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Do you even know?

Angela can barely speak; finally she gets out:

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Angela stares down at his unconscious body.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela ascends the stairs, rage climbing with each step.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

A beat. Angela eyes the unmade bed, the sheets from hers and Jarek's debauchery. She goes ballistic.

Rips the sheets off the bed. Now tearing the room apart like some escaped mental patient. Overturning everything. She throws a lamp at the mirror, SHATTERING it.

Then tears come. She slumps against a wall.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SLEDGEHAMMER. Presently being carried across the backyard by Angela, resolute.

She lifts the sledgehammer and winds up -- smashing the half-erect gazebo. Once, twice. It comes crashing down.

EXT. KRIEGER'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela in distress, ranting and raving, combative, screaming, out of control. Sara is trying to corral her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Let me go!

Sara hauls off and slaps Angela's face with full force. It a moment that takes them both by surprise. Angela falls into her arms. Sara comforts her, holding Angela in her arms.

SARA

It's sad. Some women don't appreciate what they have... even when it's right in front of them.

Sara 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 --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

The sex. Hot sex between Sara and Angela. But it's more than sex, it's easy to tell they're very much in love.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela stares out the window, lost in thought. Sara comes up behind her with a cup of hot java. Angela smiles in appreciation.

Sara kisses the back of her neck, Angela enjoying it.

ANGELA

Morning.

SARA

Buenos dias.

ANGELA

He called this morning.

A charged beat as they look at each other, unsure what to say. The tension-- and longing-- between them is palpable.

ANGELA

I'm going. I have to see him.

Sara stares - you've got to be kidding me. But capitulation is clearly the path of least resistance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

You know, I should book you for an MRI.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

INT. JAREK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tiny, shit-hole of an apartment. Jarek opens the door, cinches his track pants, his head bandaged.

JAREK

You did this to me!

ANGELA

I know, and I feel bad.

JAREK

Do you?

Angela nods, almost paternally.

She chokes back a sob. He reaches out to comfort her, hugs her tightly. But their comfort soon gives way to passion and they kiss.

Soon they fall back onto the bed.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jarek stares at himself in the mirror, incredulous of what he did. Then, behind him, he notices Angela admiring him-- just like she did earlier.

Only this time, Jarek's not flattered... or surprised. Instead, he looks regretful, ashamed.

ANGELA

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

JAREK

It doesn't matter.

She moves closer, kisses his shoulder. He shuts his eyes, sighs. In another context, it's almost romantic. But here, he quickly shakes it off with a shudder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

You're still in love with me...
aren't you?

She tries to kiss him but this only angers Jarek. He finally shoves her away.

JAREK

Stop it! Get away from me!

Angela blinks-- a moment of realization. And horror.

ANGELA

Don't you love me?

JAREK

No. I know it's a cruel thing to hear - but you need to accept this, Angie.

ANGELA

Please. You-- you don't know what you're saying.

Too caught up to notice when Dianna enters.

Angela stares at them for a moment, losing her shit.

ANGELA

Oh I see it now, you were just using me, a naive sex starved wife, huh, and now that you've had your fun you're going to just toss me to the side, well I will not be ignored, Jarek!

Angry, she shoves the table. Chinese take-out cartons flies off the table, spilling food everywhere. Now Dianna's frightened.

ANGELA

That was my fatal attraction impression.

A discernible menace in his smile. She meets his eyes.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

The severity of my situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 your authority. You oughta be in jail.

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. I'm going to slap you and that hospital with a three million dollar lawsuit.

Angela just stares. She should have known better.

Dianna remains in Jarek's arms a beat too long. Then brushes past Angela with a victorious smirk.

DIANNA

Don't feel bad, bonita. Someday you'll find your own prince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She walks over to Dianna, SPITS in her face then storms out the door.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Still foggy, a grey mist hangs in the air.

Angela stands there. She's humiliated... and furious.

She spots her Mustang, gazes towards Jarek's apartment window with a cunning look.

A beat, Angela stalks towards her Porsche, pops the trunk. Digs around for something...

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A car alarm blares. Dianna runs across the room. She and Jarek watch out the window - Angela stands in the parking lot, crazily waving a knife in the air.

She starts slashing tires on Dianna's car.

Dianna shrieks, runs to the door and frantically begins unlocking it. Jarek grabs her, tries to hold her back.

JAREK

No, three million reasons not to.
I got her Mustang.

INT. PENN HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DR. BROWN, 38, sits at the table, reading a medical Journal. Angela pours coffee...

ANGELA

Dr. Brown -- I'd like to step in on this one, if you don't mind.

DR. BROWN

Not at all. You're better suited.

ANGELA

...he demonstrates no danger to himself or others. Given our current bed situation, I feel I can recommend this patient's release with some degree of confidence.

INT. BROWNSTONE - 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

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.

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...

A sound. From downstairs. Angela freezes. Another sound.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes down and sweeps her eyes across the room, the gun barrel following, before realizing that the sliding door to the backyard is open.

ANGELA

That you, Bill?

A form takes shape in the shadows outside. Angela gasps and staggers back several steps, swinging the gun about crazily, half out of control.

The shadowy form moves closer, entering the house. Angela continues to retreat, every breath threatening to seize control of her.

ANGELA

This gun is loaded! I'll shoot!
I'll shoot, damn it!

Bill steps into the light. He stares at her with angry, murderous eyes.

ANGELA

I could have killed you. I did
what I thought was best.

BILL

For who? Me or you? So you could
carry on him.

Bill explodes, grabs her by the shoulders.

BILL

*Shut up! Shut up, damn you! SHUT
UP!*

ANGELA

What're you going to do, Bill? Hit
me? Think that'll make you feel
like a real man? Go ahead, Bill!
Hit me!

His eyes bug out. For a moment it appears he is, indeed, going to hit her. Instead walks away.

ANGELA

I had hoped you'd make a full
recovery, but you required long
term. So I stood by your side
faithfully, even when I knew you
weren't until you invited him into
our lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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. 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. And for what? Her?

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. Now she's gone.

ANGELA

Listen to me. You could have told me. I'm so fucking angry. I hate you for bringing me into this. I wanted to come home and make things better between us. Now your mistakes are going to cost us. Whatever deal you previously made with him has now expired. He cut himself a new one -- he's suing me and the hospital for three million dollars. For him and Hanna.

A flicker of disbelief, horror as Bill realizes Angela might be telling the truth. Angela continues, dead-calm.

ANGELA

That's right, she left you for him. Isn't that a laugh. So thank you for fucking up our life!

Bill paces as if seeking escape - an outlet - but there's none. He gets up - pounds his fist into the wall.

BILL

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He grabs Angela by the shoulders. Pained, almost irrational.

BILL

Where is he?

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

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

At the bar, Angela nurses a drink. Behind the bar, a plasma TV, on mute, *the BIG BREAKING NEWS of a TIGER escaping from the ZOO.*

Angela, staring intently. An almost imperceptible smile on her face. Almost.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Sara and Angela spill out of the seedy bar in south Philadelphia. Angela's clinging to Sara like a lifeboat. They're a little bit tipsy. Oh, hell. They're drunk.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jarek is distraught. He stares at a photo of him and Dianna. A knock at the door. He answers.

Bill, seeing red, he charges at Jarek. Bill starts to PUNCH HIM. Pent up rage spilling out. The fight turns ugly. Primal. Bill grabs Jarek by the throat...

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)

The sleep specialist, who treated you as a teen, Dr. Pratt, he would have confirmed your diagnosis. And even if something did go wrong -- there are binders full of legal precedent establishing that a sleepwalker cannot be held accountable for their actions. You lied to me! Now Hanna is gone. Thanks to you. You got my wife to lie to me, too, and you have nothing to say for yourself?

JAREK

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.

INT. SARA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Backlit by the twinkling skyline, modest, a perfect mix of Spanish and Persian furnishings.

Sara and Angela come in, pleasantly buzzed, Angela starts getting out of her sexy shoes, so does Sara.

Sara takes Angela's face and kisses her long and hard. Angela throws herself against Sara, as if having leapt off a bridge, into Sara's arms.

She kisses him back with all her force. The sounds of their ardor are drowned out by FRANTIC BANGING on the front door - it startles them.

Sara gestures for Angela to go to the bedroom, she does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More frantic banging. Someone desperately wants in -- we hear his Aangry voice yelling offscreen --

MAN (O.S.)

Open the door --

Sara's reaching for her shoulder holster with a gun in it, hanging over a chair, shield clipped to its holster. She shrugs it on, as she goes to the door.

Bill barges past her, he's wet, she sees the blood stains on his clothes. He speaks with a quiet intensity:

SARA

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

BILL

Where is she?

SARA

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.

She gives him another once-over, then -

SARA

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 on a coffee table.

Sara goes for her gun when bam -- she's blindsided by Bill-- tackling Sara to a Persian rug. Sara's gun skitters across the floor.

Both lunge for it... Bill can feel Sara right behind him so he stops and throws a haymaker. Sara slips it and drives a right cross into Bill's jaw, then front kicks him onto his ass.

Sara grabs her gun and stands over Bill, stares at him. Adrenalin pumping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Just then, Angela gets between Sara and Bill.

ANGELA

No Sara! I don't have a life right now. This is my only chance of getting it back.

(whispering)

You fought like a tiger.

Bill gives Sara a murderous look. Gestures roughly to Angela that 'They're going.'

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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.

EXT/INT. RURAL ROAD/CORVETTE - NIGHT

Angela drives fast. Tires glide dangerously over wet road. Bill looks in the rear view mirror. They're not being followed yet. It's tense.

BILL

Whoa. Slow down. Or Maybe you want the cops to stop us.

She does... just a little.

BILL

The honest truth is, I bungled the job.

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Just shut up and drive!

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

EXT/INT. ROAD/DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Lights and sirens. Sara drives like a madwoman, darting through traffic, making hairpin turns, hauling ass like she's in Days of Thunder. Anxiety on her face.

Grabs her cell, tracking a GPS signal...

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Angela turns down a dark, rural road, surrounded by woods. Bill is suspicious, 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.

ANGELA

Is there someplace I could drop you off?

BILL

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

The speedometer CLIMBS...

ANGELA

Did you kill him, Bill?

BILL

That son of a bitch said they don't have TVs on death row. I like TV.

ANGELA

Hanna was a patient of mine, Bill. She never made the connection that I was your wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

BILL

You had your claws in her too?

ANGELA

Did you ever read about Br'er Rabbit when you were a kid?

BILL

Who?

ANGELA

An old folktale from the South. Br'er Rabbit is this trickster type of character, a hustler with a line of patter who can talk his way out of any jam. Remind you of anybody?

ANGELA

Anyway, ol' Br'er Rabbit gets himself grabbed by Br'er Fox. Says whatever you do, kill me, cook me, eat me, please don't toss me into the briarpatch. Which looks thorny and twisted and gnarly...but that's where the rabbit was raised. He knew every inch of the terrain - the hiding places, the escape routes

BILL

The fox tosses him and he lams?

ANGELA

The genius was making the fox think it was his idea all along.

A realization dawn on him, he's been set you...

ANGELA

You stole years from me. You caged me like an animal. You made me...inhuman.

BILL

And now? Then it's over.

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

ANGELA

For us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The car fish tales, spins out of control, side-swipes the TIGER, and smashes through a railing... sails through the air and crashes headfirst into a ravine 30 feet below. A bone-crushing THUD.

ON THE STREET ABOVE -

Angela escapes the horrible wreckage. She's shaken, torn dress, bruises but mostly unscathed.

Bill can be seen still trapped inside.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Angela approaches the Porsche, gasoline spewing from the ruptured gas tank. She turns to see Bill still crushed inside.

He reaches a hand out and grabs her ankles. She trips and falls in a puddle of gasoline. He produces a zippo, it's Jarek's. *Oh shit.* Angela tries to break free.

He flicks and flicks, trying to produce a flame... a spark, anything.

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.

Finally, Angela stops struggling, realizing something.

ANGELA

You used him to bring out my paranoid and insane fantasies which in the end backfired, by you two underestimating just how fuckin' crazy I am until..he decided to break up with me. He pushed the panic button in my paranoid brain. But what you didn't quite realize is it wasn't him, but you who raised the *TIGER!*

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela runs up the ravine, reaches the roadway.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

Flashing lights, Sirens. Police cars. A Truck screeches to a halt. It's a GAME WARDER. Angela looks back.

ANGELA

He's stuck inside. My God,
somebody help him!

Sara 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!

-----END

BILL

That's how you operate, isn't it,

ANGELA

Suppose it is. And what you had
cooked up for me any better.

ANGELA

For God's sake, listen to me.
You're sick, Bill. You need help.
I'll figure out something. The
insanity defense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

And what about us, huh? Pretend like all this never happened? Just try and act like you give two shits.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DUSK

The sun hangs a little lower in the sky over the city of brotherly love.

There's a dull roar of constant traffic from the freeway overhead

A GIRL on the BED, stripped down to her undies, puts her hands down her pants and starts to RUB. Her PHONE RINGS

Both still pissed off from their heated exchange, Jarek and Angela hate fuck, it's fast and angry.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

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

Back to us, she steps into a sleeveless turtleneck dress, slowly enough that we see that she is one fabulously put together woman.

The bedroom door is ajar. She catches Jarek's reflection in a mirror by the bed-- spying in the hall. Voyeuristic. A MODERN REAR WINDOW.

He starts to touch himself.

Once the shock wears off...

Angela zips up. Doesn't bother to put any underwear on. A beat. She turns her head -- but the doorway is empty.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

He's banging Angela on top of the sink. By this point she's climaxed, a few times, but she's not ready to stop

They HEAR someone trying to get into the bathroom. The door handle wiggles. He stops, She doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (O.S.)

Jarek, have you seen Angie?

JAREK

No.

A beat, Angela breaks it off, shrugs on her robe.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

I'm not the one who went soft.

(then)

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

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Can you give us a minute, carla?

CARLA

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?

He kissing her, unbuttons her blouse, she wears no bra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek turns Angela over her desk, rough, so he's on top. Reaches under her skirt, rips her panty hose, undoes his pants, belt, and penetrates Angela

ANGELA

Back door!

JAREK

Sorry, it slipped.

But Jarek doesn't adjust as they have animalistic sex.

JAREK

(stoked)

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh...

A few quick pumps and he cums super fast as they hit the carpet, spooning. Angela looks back over her shoulder at him, quietly unsatisfied.

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.

ANGELA

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

He's halfway out the door when Angela realizes that was a 'see-ya' fuck. Pissed -