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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*.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark, no personal touches whatsoever.

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

Black takes off her mask, trying to pretend she's not pissed.

DR. ANGELA HACKMEYER -- 40s, The consummate presence of a tiger pacing in a cage. Ferocious, calculating, and in the end, impossible to take your eyes off of.

The other fencer takes off her mask --

SARA SHAHI, her Top-gun psychiatric nurse. She's in her 40's, a yummy mix of Persian/Spanish, and would take a bullet for Angela.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A light drizzle of rain falls. The street is quiet, empty of people and traffic...

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

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

Until something else catches his eye...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

In a less-than-desirable neighborhood, SOUND OF heels on concrete comes our way, which belongs to--

Angela, hastily put together in terms of hair, blouse and skirt, throws on a weathered trench coat as she starts down the street.

She thinks she hears footsteps behind her. After two or three more steps, she stops, listens.

A FAINT FOOTFALL. It stops. It might be someone, it might not... She continues, her senses are heightened, ours too.

She looks back, nothing. She shakes it off, her pace gradually quickening, her paranoia growing... ours too.

She unlocks the door of her Porsche 911 Turbo 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...

And suddenly he pulls her toward him, tearing open her silk blouse. She tries to scream but he's now out of control, a 'rape is in progress. Angela, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He has her to the pavement and starts to rip off her panty hose. She tries to scream, but his hand finds her face, a crumpled pink panty tight against her mouth and nose.

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

He UNDOES HIS ZIPPER and goes to PENETRATES HER. The expression *on his face changes to one of shock, agony, then ecstasy. He makes a strange noise, Angela realizes he has just premature ejaculated...*

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

Angel and her rapist acknowledges the bum's presence.

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CONTINUED:

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

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

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

She regains her footing. He lunges, clutches her throat.

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

He fights for breath, slithers down the alley.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

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

A wet Angela sits on the edge of the sink, a foot propped up on the toilet seat. Her skirt pushed up, examines her ripped panty hose.

Angela slips off her sexy fuckme pumps which elongates her sexy legs, rips away her torn panty hose. Wraps them in a ball, goes to throw them away.

Notes her moist fingers. Then, seemingly out of nowhere: Holds them to her face, inhaling her scent.

She's breathing heavily, fighting desire, fear, longing, pain. Trying to push it all away, she checks her skirt for come stains...

She takes off her trench coat. Her silk blouse is soaked through, lacy bra and erect nipples visible.

Grabs paper towels, wets them, liquid soap and takes a whores bath. Eyes herself in a mirror-- he's stirred something in her.

She throws the paper in the toilet, flushes it, pulls down her skirt. Her cell phone RINGS, startles her....

She fishes through her coat's pocket for her cell.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - NIGHT

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Equestrian trophies, medals, and plaques on the mantel.

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

She 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: A registered sex offender.

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

ANGELA

How is his manners? Is he possible?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In JUMP CUTS, Angela showers in a glass enclosure, dries herself, tries to decide what to do with her torn hose and then tosses them in the dirty clothes hamper.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

A romantic bedroom suite, at the moment, a little untidy.

Bill and Angela have retreated to opposite side of the bed. They're out of breath, exhausted and frustrated.

ANGELA

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

BILL

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

ANGELA

That's my job, Bill.

BILL

You're not at work. Screw you.

ANGELA

You never seem to be able to anymore.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

She 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

Angels doesn't return it. Her demeanor is all icy, controlled professionalism, but there's fury below that surface.

JAREK

Sorry, I didn't realize you were --

ANGELA

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

She pours herself another scotch.

JAREK

Anything?

ANGELA

Of course. Since you've made yourself at home.

JAREK

Oh, you don't approve.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

And you don't?

A beat

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

Don't think so.

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

ANGELA

One more and it's time for bed.

JAREK

Is that an invitation.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Can I offer you some advice?

JAREK

Everyone else is.

ANGELA

Don't mistake my kindness for weakness.

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

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

Reluctant, she leans in closer as he lights it.

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

JAREK

You're English, aren't you?

ANGELA

And you're little Caesar!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 - HALLWAY - DAY

Jarek moves down the hall, but stops because a bedroom door is ajar. He stares, spying. Voyeuristic. A MODERN REAR WINDOW.

With her back to him, Angela, naked, save for slingback heels, stepping into a very tight, very attractive dress. She zips up, doesn't bother to wear any panties.

Angela freezes when she sees his reflection in a mirror by the BED. She spins around, but he's gone.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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

Sara in *full official regalia* -- blue coat, I.D. tags, stethoscope, pouring two cups of coffee. Hands one to Angela.

BILL

How's our guest doing?

ANGELA

Keeping his hands to himself.

BILL

Oh I told him it was alright if he borrows your Mustang.

(off her look)

He needed wheels.

ANGELA

He break it. You buy it.

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN - PSYCH WARD - DAY

Angela escorts DET. STEIGER, 40s, African-American, rumped. Cynical, burnt out, 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. STEIGER

What does that mean?

ANGELA

He's a tough nut to crack.

She opens a hatch. Det. Steiger peers into a cell. Iron bars on a window. JIMMY, 20s, sits, mumbles to himself.

Sara shakes out a couple of tablets, dry-chewing them.

ANGELA

What've you got there, Sara?

SARA

Tums. You give me heartburn.

(re: steiger, joking)

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.

Suddenly Jimmy jumps up right in front of the hatch!

Steiger 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.

Sara just grins. Angela's PAGER goes off.

ANGELA

Another consult. ICU. Excuse me--

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Angela eyes a medical chart, wears a blue lab coat, stethoscope, and a brass lapel tag bearing her name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She escorts Jarek, notices him 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).
Marla checks her cell. Hits ignore, ushers him into --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAREK
I'm not a murderer.

ANGELA
You tried to kill that bum?

JAREK
No! I just wanted to scare him.

Jarek glances up at the DEER HEAD ON THE WALL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

That's what? A ten point?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Nice. Rifle?

ANGELA

Muzzleloader.

JAREK

My father use to take me hunting.

ANGELA

Big game? Deer? Buffalo? Moose?

JAREK

Naw, Rabbits. Squirrels. But I hated it. My mom would tell me to suck it up and do it for my dad. Hell, that bastard would threatened to shoot and kill my pets.

(reminiscing)

Honestly, I tried to enjoy it, but I always felt guilty from the killing. When I was in fourth grade I threw a rock over a fence at a robin during recess. I thought it would fly away or my aim would just be off, but I hit that fucker and he fell over dead. I still feel bad about it to this day.

ANGELA

Remorse show us we're not a psychopath.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

BILL

What's a five letter word for psychological Aberration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

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

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela strolls in, Jarek seated in a comfy chair shuts a book with a *PHOTO OF ANGELA* on *THE COVER*. The awkwardness is palpable.

JAREK

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

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

JAREK

Maybe you could take me for a
ride.

ANGELA

Perhaps?

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

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

ANGELA

I'm sorry, Mr. 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, I'm not a guest, Mrs. Krieger.
I'm a prisoner. A condition of my
parole was court-mandated
counseling. Either this, or go
back to prison. Why pretend it's
anything else?

ANGELA

Bill tells me you found a shorter
path from the hot water heater, so
there's less waste as it warms.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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.

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.

She pauses, perhaps unsure which direction to go.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

A beat.

ANGELA

What? You think you're the first reclamation project he invited into our home for me to rehabilitate? Or try to? What I don't like is what you stand for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Dr. Krieger, you're fake. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances at his watch, debating... In the b.g., Angela strolls in, studies him.

JAREK

So, what'cha reading?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

You ever been locked up?

ANGELA

Not the way you mean.

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

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

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

POPEYE

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

JAREK

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

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

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

JAREK

Hey, looks like we got a good one.

SUITED MAN

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

JAREK

That's good.

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

Popeye punches him, knocks him out cold.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela hasn't slept well, listening to Jarek and a woman having some very vocal and savage sex.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

She tosses clothes into a washer: She notices lipstick on the collar of Bill's dress shirt.

Angela stares, her face reveals nothing. She pulls the dry load out and places it into the basket on a machine. As she sorts through clothes...

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

She just stares, then panics, tries to contain a terror in her eyes, even if we don't know exactly why.

Angela flushes as some sort of transitive euphoria pumps through her.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Angela looks on as Steiger takes the grand tour of our office.

ANGELA

So what brings you here?

DET. STEIGER

Mr. Spector. I'm aware 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.

DET. STEIGER

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.

DET. STEIGER

In my opinion, he's far too dangerous to be living under your roof.

ANGELA

You're entitled to your opinion, detective. He should be here soon. Care to talk to him?

DET. STEIGER

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

She stares at Angela, who smiles to mask her annoyance.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

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

A long beat. Jarek enters. She gets up, slams the door shut... none too pleased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Excuse me? Is this where I go to
get my head shrunk?

(off her look)

Look, I just lost track of time.

ANGELA

Not buying it.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Yea, it sort of comes out like a
lie.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

(takes her seat)

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

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.

JAREK

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK (CONT'D)

When they mount, they place love bites up and down the female's back. Hell, stallions pull their mares' hair. And you know what? I love every one of those things when I fuck. Every. Single. One.

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

ANGELA

It's a power thing. I get that, you're tapping into your primal animal urges. But in rabbits, if the females don't want to breed, they won't. The buck may throw a fit. They may, literally, kick and scream and bite, but the doe won't put out unless she wants to. All human sex should be safe, sane, and consensual. Period. No questions. No gray area. But that doesn't mean it can't be rough. Because, in my thoughts, it's supposed to be. Sex is carnal. Instinctual. Primal. It's raw and vivid and lewd. Yes, gentle, passionate and sensual sex is fine. But... rough sex is where it's at. It's getting late.

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jarek gives her a wan smile as he sits across from Angela who subconsciously does lots of shoeplay, heel-popping, heels dangling, it's hot.

ANGELA

Look, I want to try something different. I'm going to give you a list of words, and I won't you to say the first thing that comes to your mind. But for it to work, we can't make eye contact.

She slides open a desk drawer, hands him a blindfold. Reluctant, Jarek dons it, then settles back on the chaise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Voyeurism.

JAREK

Guilt.

ANGELA

Mother.

(he hesitates)

One word. Quick.

JAREK

Whore.

The surprises Angela. She makes annotations.

Angela shifts through inkblot cards as she escorts jarek inside her office.

JAREK

So what is a Rorschach?

ANGELA

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

Angela hands him one. He studies it.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Humor me.

JAREK

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

She hands him another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Just one more. I promise.

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

JAREK

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

Angela senses she may finally be getting somewhere.

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Sara does paperwork. Angela paces. On a desk computer; voice recognition software types everything she dictates.

ANGELA

The patient seems somewhat resistant to therapy. His answers are evasive in general. Nevertheless the session had some interesting preliminary results. 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.

Beat, then...

ANGELA

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

A beat, Sara scrutinizes inkblot cards. Turns it every which way, can't make heads or tails out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ANGELA

He basically said the same thing.

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.

A beat. There is something else.

SARA

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela makes dinner. She stares at Jarek from across the way.

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Not if you know what you're doing.

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

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - UTILITY CLOSET - DAY

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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?

(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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

So did Sigmund Freud.

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

ANGELA

Wait, what are you doing?

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

ANGELA

Goodnight.

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

Jarek drives. Angela, sipping a fast food milk shake. She laughs, spontaneously. She wears a little white summer dress.

She laughs, spontaneously. Subconsciously, crossing and uncrossing her legs, her dress rides up her thighs.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

He's looking for a way out.

ANGELA

It's a she.

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

JAREK

I don't usually make that mistake.

ANGELA

Not any more. She's just waiting.

JAREK

For what?

ANGELA

Her keeper.

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

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

Jarek climbs in. Angela beside him. Suddenly, it's intense in the small space... body heat fogging the windshield as rain hammers the car, falling even harder.

JAREK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Not this. And even if I were interested, it's against the law. Not to mention unethical. I have responsibilities with my patients and I've almost abused everyone of them with you. 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.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

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

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

Jarek pulls up. The rain is really coming down now

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Angela gets to the door to find Malone.

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

Angela slips inside, leans back against the door, locks it. Sips from a tumbler of whiskey and ice.

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.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

What do you think?

She sips her drink. 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.

They eye each other. She backs up imperceptibly. There is a knowing in her eye. He sees it. He takes a deliberate step toward her. She moves to her left...

ANGELA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I am married and respectable. And perhaps that simple fact has less importance for you than it has for me.

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 him. Really lets him have it. Angela spins and tries to run out, but Jarek's quicker.

He grabs Angela. She twists away, doesn't have time to turn around before his hand pins her head down on the sink, his other hand lifts the bottom of her robe..

He takes her, doggy style, right there. She let's out a primal moan. He thrusts so fast and furious, it looks like he's having an ass-spasm. She's not complaining. Her face turns into one of enjoyment and extreme lust. It is the first hint of emotion Angela has exhibited...

Angela catches her reflection in the densely fogged mirror with the humid residue of desire. she stares at it, a wild look in her eye, like she's afraid of herself-- she starts to panic.

It's the look she had in the laundry room.

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

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.

ANGELA

(in the throes)

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM/BATH - NIGHT

Angela showers. She rubs her neck - shoulders, it's red and sore. She leans against the tile.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dawn just creeping in...

The headboard slamming into the wall, chipping away at plaster, as Angela and Jarek have rushed, morning sex. As a middle-aged woman, Angela's desperate to believe she's still got it. Her esteem has metastasized into a bit of an angry chip on her shoulder.

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

ANGELA

I've fucked a lot of men in my life but it's always that one dick that does your pussy good.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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

He shakes salt and pepper on them.

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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.

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.

Jack rushes over to help unload more groceries.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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

Angela walks away, LAUGHING.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She kicks off her sexy shoes, puts away groceries. Jack opens the fridge, pounds Tropicana straight from the carton. Puts the juice back.

ANGELA

Thought I'd make meatloaf for dinner.

JAREK

It's my favorite meal.

ANGELA

Really?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Want to work up an appetite?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Angela carries a plate of bread to a table where Bill, Sara, and Jarek are seated, enjoying dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

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

ANGELA

Jesus, tell her to take a number.

SARA

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

BILL

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

SARA

Hold her hand. Feed her some pills.

(off his look)

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

ANGELA

How's the meatloaf.

JAREK

This is best meal I've had in I don't know how long. Could someone pass the gravy?

Angela obliges.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

On Angela's face.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the wall comes a THUMPING SOUND.

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jarek and Angela lie there, spent, having made love.

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

She passes the cigarette to him.

ANGELA
 (re; zippo)
 You might want to pull up the wick
 and trim it.

JAREK
 Already did. It running low on
 fluid.

ANGELA
 I'll just get you a new one.

JAREK
 No, it has sentimental value.

This surprises Angela who lays it the zippo on a bedside table processing what she just heard.

JAREK
 Tell me your deepest, darkest
 secret.

ANGELA
 Hmmm. I don't have any.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Everybody has at least one.

ANGELA

Not me. At least I don't feel
that I do.

She plucks the cancer stick from his lips, takes a hit.

JAREK

You're drawn to broken people.

ANGELA

I'm a shrink.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Tell me about your mother.

JAREK

I'm sorry. I'm under a lot of
stress.

ANGELA

You want to know what your problem
is?

JAREK

No, I want to remain in the dark.

ANGELA

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

He wants to open up, not sure how.

JAREK

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

He kisses her. She sighs again..and suddenly she's
grabbing for him. A moan as her hands run all over him,
he's kissing her everywhere...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

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

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Crammed room. It's disaster area. Pool equipment strewn.
There's a dingy bed, with a dirty bare mattress.

Angela walking in. She stares lustily. Jack, shirt off,
sweaty - replaces the stained sandstone.

ANGELA

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

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

POPEYE

You can go in the bushes.

Angela fixes Popeye with an icy glare.

ANGELA

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

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

They trudge back towards the house in an awkward silence.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Helping me build your gazebo.

ANGELA

I don't want you around him.

JAREK

So now you get to choose my friends?.

ANGELA

No, just him.

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

She joins him. They crush together, kissing passionately.

ANGELA

The water pressure is amazing.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

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

INT. POOL JOINT - NIGHT

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

Angela loiters nearby. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

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

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

JAREK

Sorry, hopefully he won't notice.

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

This is a private conversation.

POPEYE

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

ANGELA

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

Jarek excuses himself to go to the bathroom.

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

ANGELA

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

POPEYE

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POPEYE

Whoa, you sound like his mother.

Fuck the niceties she gets in his face.

ANGELA

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

POPEYE

Bummer.

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

Easy, now. Popeye, chill.

POPEYE

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

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

EXT. DRIVE -IN THEATER - NIGHT

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

A forgotten relic of yesteryear.

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

Jarek and Angela make-out hardcore as a classic porn movie "DEEP THROAT," quietly sounds from the SPEAKER BOX affixed to the Porsche's driver's side window.

Though they're still clothed, but one gets the impression they won't be for long.

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

You love me? What about that skank back there?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Do I?

JAREK

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

ANGELA

He does though. Peace and security.

JAREK

It's the money.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

And what am I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

Bill, none the wiser - reluctantly nods.

ANGELA

Mr. Spector?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

She touches his lips, shushing him.

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

ANGELA

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

She smiles, begrudgingly, then addresses his suspicion.

ANGELA

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

BILL

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

ANGELA

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

BILL

So he's been in are bed?

Angela responds with a searing fuck-you glare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Just kidding.

ANGELA

It's not funny.

She deliberates for a beat. *"How do I squash his suspicions."*

ANGELA

You want me to give you a little...?

BILL

Only if you want to.

Angela doesn't, but pushes up her chemise and Bill moves on top of her. He enters her and they go about the business of fucking. He comes quickly with a furious yell.

He rolls off her and Angela rearranges herself and settles back down to sleep.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S ITALIAN MARKET - DAY

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

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Trauma. Like what?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

I'm sure I don't

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Why?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

ANGELA

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

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

Angela pays for two Philly cheesesteaks with the works from a sidewalk vendor. She hands Sara one as they walk and talk.

They laugh. As they walk, Angela and Sara enjoying, no, relishing Philly cheesesteaks and fountain drinks.

ANGELA

His behavior suggest some trauma and when I ask him about his past nothing seems to be out of the ordinary.

ANGELA

I'm seriously considering hypnosis. I think it's the next logical step. He doesn't remember a thing. I'm convinced he's suppressing some severe trauma back then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Hypnosis. Do you think that a help?

ANGELA

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

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

Angela flashes a checkbook. Logan stares, unmoved.

ANGELA

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

LOGAN

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

ANGELA

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

BILL

Okay, enough of the artsy-fartsy mumbo-jumbo. Let's just get down to brass tacks here.

JAREK

The wall in your sun room is a good place for a TV. The wood will have to go.

A beat..

JAREK

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

Angela passes a basket of garlic bread to Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

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

ANGELA

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

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

ANGELA

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

JACK

I still want us to try Greek.

She laughs spontaneously.

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

Tonight? My room?

ANGELA

Yes. And yes.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Roast beef on rye. The house specialty.

Jarek gives Angela the grand tour. She smiles, pleased.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FOYER - DAY

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

ANGELA

What can I do for you, detective?

DET. STEIGER

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

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

DET. STEIGER

Search warrant. We'll start in his room.

Angela attempts to hide her concern.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

BILL

A suspect in a string of robberies.

ANGELA

They're just doing their job.

BILL

You believe that idiot?

ANGELA

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

A silence stretches between them.

BILL

Do you believe him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

It's a little more complicated than that.

BILL

What's so goddamn complicated -

ANGELA

Language, Bill. Please.

(then)

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

BILL

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

ANGELA

And maybe a twist of Xanax.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

BILL

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

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

ANGELA

Enough. What the hell is wrong with you?

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angela cracks raw eggs, dumps them into a glass of milk. Pulls a box of green tablets from her attractive robe, drops two into the drink.

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.

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.

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 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.

Finally:

ANGELA

Look, I need you to promise me something... keep your mouth shut. 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. You need money-- come to me.

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.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

A locals-only spot. Plastic, checkered tablecloths.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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...

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.

ANGELA (V.O.)

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

Jarek lifts his INDEX finger - their signal.

ANGELA

Good.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She whispers something in his ear...

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

Jesus. Doesn't even come close to describing it. It's like being completely sober and on three hits of ecstasy at the same time. Where did you learn that?

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

Such a head enthusiast.

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

ANGELA

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

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

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

Angela appears, eye-fucks him.

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

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

Sara rushes in.

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

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

SARA

Are you out of your mind?

ANGELA

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

INT. PENN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

Racing down the hall is Angela, with a bottle of sedative. She preps the syringe. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Four years I think.

SARA

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

ANGELA

I wished I knew.

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 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jarek sits there. He bites a nail, nervous. Something is clearly bothering him. Angela fixes herself a scotch.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

What I did was cruel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ANGELA

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

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

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.

She sets her drink next to the picture of her and Bill on a beach somewhere, happy.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Is that why you married him?

ANGELA

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

Angela takes her drink and relaxes on the sofa.

JAREK

Paying him back for that?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Why didn't you leave him?

ANGELA

I was going to, but he wanted to try again. That's like Bill, he's always breaking something and trying to put it back together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He insisted if we were alone things would be different...didn't work out.

JAREK

You can't keep him locked up.

ANGELA

I can keep him locked away indefinitely.

This gives him pause.

ANGELA

Promise that you'll never leave me.

JAREK

I never will.

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

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

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

JAREK

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

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

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

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

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

Jarek swings back around, too late.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

POPEYE

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

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

POPEYE

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

JAREK

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

POPEYE

You gonna pout like a bitch all night?

JAREK

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

POPEYE

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

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... desperately searches for something, while she speed dials her phone with her thumb.

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Angela paces throughout like a caged animal.

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

ANGELA
You lied to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Angela opens a washer, shifts through the wet load, finds
Jarek's shirt. Traces of blood. A beat, Angela disappears
up the stairs.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

Angela eyes the flames for a moment before tossing
Jarek's clothes from the robbery into the fire. She
watches them burn.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

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

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

INT. CHOP SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

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

ANGELA

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

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

POPEYE

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

ANGELA

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

(re: his gun)

You're the shot-caller, Popeye.

Popeye swigs on the bottle of rum.

ANGELA

You mixing rum and Oxy again?

POPEYE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POPEYE

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

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

Lay back...

MOMENTS LATER...

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

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

ANGELA

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

POPEYE

Yes, I hear you.

ANGELA

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

He tries, and cannot.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

ANGELA

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

INT. CHOP SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

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

DET. STEIGER

We found one of the suspects in connection to the robberies. Benji Garza. He's dead. He committed suicide last night.

A heavy beat, Jarek takes a deep breath..

ANGELA

You find the stolen cash? The weapon?

DET. STEIGER

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

JAREK

Murder? What the hell are you talking about?

DET. STEIGER

The store owner died last night.

Jarek freaks, obsessively snapping his zippo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. STEIGER

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. STEIGER

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. STEIGER

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

ANGELA

We were together.

DET. STEIGER

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

ANGELA

We weren't sleeping.

The revelation throws Steiger for a sec, then -

ANGELA

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

Angela dismisses Jarek. Steiger cracks his neck, keeping his composure.

DET. STEIGER

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

ANGELA

I beg your pardon.

DET. STEIGER

For starters, hampering a criminal investigation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. STEIGER

I know what I got.

ANGELA

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

Steiger says nothing for a beat, then...

DET. STEIGER

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

ANGELA

So arrest me. Or get the fuck out.

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

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I see our time is up.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jarek slumped on the sofa staring into space.

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

JAREK

Popeye's dead.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

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

ANGELA

Oh, I see. Blame me. You wouldn't listen. You had to do it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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. 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. Lab coat draped over her arm. Long day. Tired.

ANGELA

Hey?

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. 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 - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Since when did you become such a high class bitch?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Yeah, what?

ANGELA

Conversation.

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Your doctor sent me your medical records. There's a reference to a brief stay at -- Sutherland York psychiatric facility.

Jarek suddenly looks concerned, but tries to cover.

JAREK

So.

ANGELA

You were treated for a heart arrhythmia. It reared its ugly head while you were under hypnosis. So I terminated it earlier than I would have liked too.

(then)

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

A reluctant Jarek paces agitated.

ANGELA

Your Parasomniac. You know what causes it? Extreme anxiety. Unresolved issues. Repressed memories. There's something you've locked away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It's the root cause of your problems. I want to put you back under hypnosis.

In a flash he forces Angela to her stomach. Pushes up her negligee. She tries to push him back, he gets rougher, grabs her ass, pulls her into him.

She struggles to no avail. He fucks her, hard, his hand around her neck. Somewhere between hate and love. Good for both, as always, but cruel.

ANGELA

Back door!

JAREK

Sorry, It slipped.

He doesn't adjust as Jarek starts RAPING HER. She grins to ENDURE THE RAPE. She moans through gritted teeth as a TEAR of repressed agony rolls down her cheek.

He grips her neck harder. Then, like a gasp for air - Jarek squeezes. Tight -- crushing her throat. All while rambling...

JAREK

(stoked)

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh... Fuck you bitch -- you slut -- you dirty fucking whore... I fucking hate you...

ANGELA

What're trying to do, kill me?

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

JAREK

Oh God, no. I'm sorry.

ANGELA

About what?

JAREK

I got kind of... carried away.

ANGELA

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

Disappointed in his reaction, she looks back at herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

ANGELA

Your mother was a whore, wasn't she?

Incensed, Jarek gets right in Angela's face.

JAREK

You don't know anything about my mother!

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

Why are you telling me this?

Jarek, feeling more and more like a cornered animal -

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

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

Angela fixes him with FEARLESS, COLD EYES.

ANGELA

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

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

JAREK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

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

ANGELA (V.O.)

Jarek! It's me, Angela.

RESUME SCENE

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

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

Subconsciously, Jarek touches his left cheek.

ANGELA

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

(then)

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

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

EXT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

nd fountain drinks.

ANGELA

I know better. I'm a stubborn, sarcastic, egomaniacal jerk --

SARA

You forgot 'manipulative' and 'self-destructive' --

ANGELA

Fine. It just kinda... happened.

SARA

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

ANGELA

It was a mistake --

SARA

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

(then)

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 don't help him, no one else will. He's alone in the world. Look, I have an issue with talk therapy, you know that. The coddling, the unequivocal support. It doesn't do anyone any good.

SARA

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

ANGELA

It worked.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Angela, suddenly frantic as a hundred emotions rise up.

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - DAY

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

EXT. ROAD - 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 - NIGHT

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

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. KRIEGER'S HOME - VERANDA - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

And?

ANGELA

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

JAREK

You're drunk. Fix yourself some
coffee.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

You're making a fool of yourself.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

She's done everything she can --

ANGELA

That includes cooking dinner for
you among other things. Great. She
knows how to cook. Getting to your
heart through your stomach.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This whole discussion is making me sick to mine.

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

JAREK

Your smothering me. I can't breathe.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

She embraces him...

ANGELA

I made a terrible mistake and I have to set it right some way. So here I am. Feeling very small and very bare. I know I haven't any right to say this to you. It's like an atheist who calls a priest to his deathbed, but I love you. I can't bare to lose you.

JAREK

I'm leaving you.

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

ANGELA

Excuse me?

JAREK

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

A beat. Angela is hurt, but tries not to let it show.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Look, why don't you take a week and think about it. Then on Friday, if you still feel like taking a break--

JAREK

Actually I need my own space, authorize me an apartment.

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

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

Jarek looks out the window, clearly stressed.

JAREK

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

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

Angela simply rises...

ANGELA

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

INT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Jarek, can we please talk?
You probably never want to talk to me again, I get it...but Jarek, I have so much I want to say. I'm so sorry about everything. I'm just crazy jealous. But I still love you. I never stopped. So whenever you decide you want to talk, I'll be around.

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

ANGELA

You do?

JAREK

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

Angela almost starts to laugh at his ridiculous notion.

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

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.

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.

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..

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

ANGELA

(consoling)

I wanted it as much as you did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ANGELA

You're 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

Don't you love me?

JAREK

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

Angela's face falls. This is her worst nightmare.

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

Angry, she shoves the table. Chinese take-out cartons flies off the table, spilling food everywhere.

ANGELA

That was my fatal attraction impression.

INT. PENN HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

DR. BROWN

Not at all. You're better suited.

ANGELA

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

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Very cute apartment tastefully designed.

Bill follows Hanna into the living room. She doesn't sit. Just picks up a glass of wine - not her first - and stands there, anxious and tense.

HANNA

You look tired.

BILL

I'm alright. What's the matter?

HANNA

Bill, I know what you came here to discuss. But before you say anything, you need to know: I met somebody.

BILL

I'm sorry?

HANNA

I met someone.

BILL

What do you mean? Met who?

HANNA

It doesn't matter.

He's stunned. Trying to work it out, work it through.

BILL

What do you mean? When?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNA
Just go home, Bill.

BILL
This is my home.

HANNA
No, not anymore.

INT. ANGELA'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The METRONOME. A finger comes into frame. Starts the pendulum rod. Tick... tick... tick...

Angela paces like a caged animal, dark thoughts swirling through her mind. Tick... tick... tick...

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

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

ANGELA
That you, Bill?

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

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

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

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

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

BILL
For who? Me or you?

Bill explodes, grabs her by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

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

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

ANGELA

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

Angela whirls on him, her anger pouring out.

ANGELA

you stole years from me. You caged me like an animal. You made me...inhuman. With Jarek, it was mostly the sex, but there was a psychological component to it. I can't remember the last time we've been truly intimate. When you turn to the person lying in bed next to you, try to initiate sex, and you get rejected. And it hurts and builds resentment then that resentment spills into other areas. And for what? Hanna?!

BILL

Once in a while a man has to be himself, Angie. There comes a time in every man's life when he has to be a failure in front of someone. You know everything about art, politics, fine wine but with Hanna I was on my own dead level. I could tell her my personal troubles. The stupid mistakes I've made. I could be me.

ANGELA

You could have told me. I'm so fucking angry. I hate you for bringing me into this. I wanted to come home and make things better between us. Now your mistakes are going to cost us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Whatever deal you previously made with him has now expired. He cut himself a new one -- he's suing me and the hospital for three million dollars.

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

ANGELA

First me, now Hanna. That's right - she left you for him. Isn't that a laugh. He had us both at your expense!

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

BILL

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

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

BILL

Where is he?

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

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

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jarek is distraught. A knock at the door. He answers.

With unexpected speed, Bill grabs Jarek by the throat and hurls him into the room! Slamming the door behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jarek is flung across the room. Goes tumbling head over heels. Bill edges closer to Jarek. Takes a moment of pure malevolent pleasure in Jarek's desperation.

Bill doesn't speak rationally.

BILL

Tell me something, when you were having dinner at my house, did you stop to think for one second that maybe your actions --

(punches his face)

Look at me! Weren't altogether honorable?

JAREK

Honorable?

BILL

Yeah... you don't know what that means? He had a deal. You lied to me! It wasn't enough to fuck my wife -- now Hanna is gone thanks to you. You got my wife to lie to me, too, and you have nothing to say for yourself?

JAREK

Who the hell is Hanna? Look, I don't think it's me you're angry at?

BILL

Don't you fuckin' try and psychoanalyze me... too. She's got her claws in you I see. You preyed on me. Playing your phony intellectual games just to get into her panties!

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

JAREK

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

Jarek is instantly upon him, beating Bill relentlessly, over and over, It's nasty, a prison beating.

Finally Jarek lets up. Bill, now beaten so badly that he throws up all over the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jarek's terribly burdened by his troubles. Too far gone to stop now. He hits the off-camera Bill again... and again.

INT. 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.

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.

More frantic banging. Someone desperately wants in -- we hear Jarek's angry voice yelling offscreen --

JAREK (O.S.)

Open the door --

Sara slides open a drawer, grabs a gun as she goes to the door.

Jarek barges in, he's soaking wet, and covered in blood.

SARA

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

JAREK

Where is she?

SARA

You need to calm down.

JAREK

Don't fucking tell me to calm down. You're a vulture. SEE, RIGHT there, that fucking kills me. You just standing there with that smug look. You're pathetic, you know that? You find that fucking funny.

SARA

Yeah. Coming from you?

JAREK

You think I'm fucking joking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

She's not here. You need to --

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

Jarek eye-fucks Angela's cell phone amongst a trail of sexy undergarments, club clothes, heels, leading to the open door of Sara's bedroom.

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

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

Sara grabs her gun and stands over Jarek, who slowly gets to his knees and puts his hands in the air.

Sara stares at him. Adrenalin pumping

ANGELA

No Sara!

Sara drills her with a look; whose side are you on? It gives Jarek enough time to run out the door...

Suddenly Angela throws her arms around Sara's neck.

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.

INT./EXT. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

The roar of HEAVY RAIN. A run-down Philadelphia neighborhood. Angela slows, stares out the windshield. For the first time in her life, it seems, she knows just what to do.

A hunched figure hustles through the downpour and into the waiting car --

The figure shakes the rain from his head, and we now see: it's Jarek.

EXT/INT. ROAD/PORSCHE - NIGHT

Angela drives fast. Tires glide dangerously over wet road. He looks back constantly, no one following them at the moment. It's tense.

JAREK

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

She does... just a little.

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

EXT/INT. ROAD/DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

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. ANGELA'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

You're paranoid. Relax. No cops out here. What? You getting care sick, Jarek?

Jarek looks back - they're not being followed.

ANGELA

You were right, we need to go somewhere. Far away. First I need to find you a place to stay for a bit. We have an old farmhouse -- you can stay there while I rap thing up here..

JAREK

No. I'm going to the police.

Angela looks irritated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Bill attacked me first. It was self-defense. I'm sure they'll see it my way once all the fact come out.

ANGELA

No they won't. That's a murder rap, Jarek. That's a long time. With your record, twenty... twenty-five years... You think you can do that, no need to listen to what I'm about to say.

ANGELA

This way, we can be together now. Bill's dead. You have no more excuses...

JAREK

You got me to kill your husband. That's what you wanted, isn't? You kniving bitch. Hell, you probably killed Popeye.

ANGELA

Probably those punks he owed money to.

JAREK

Bullshit! I didn't want to believe it, but you took the gun and cash and planted it so the police could find it. After you did it.

ANGELA

You left me no choice. I did it to protect you.

For a long moment, there's only the sound of the rain and the wipers. Finally, Jarek eye-fucks Angela again.

JAREK

Stop the car. Let me out. I'm going to turn myself in.

ANGELA

I can't let you do that.

JAREK

You have no choice. Then after that, you are not in this picture. Understand?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAREK (CONT'D)

I don't want to see you, I don't
want to talk to you, I want
nothing to do with you.

ANGELA

You don't mean that.

ANGELA

It's my way or the highway.

Jarek looks at her, terrified. She's gone insane. Angela
fixes him in her gaze.

ANGELA

What do you intend to do?

JAREK

The highway.

Jarek leaves it there. Angela's expression darkens.

An eerie calm has descended.

Suddenly, Angela guns it, pushing 80, and climbing...

JAREK

Slow down. What're you trying to
do -- KILL US!

ANGELA

You said it yourself -- remember?

Jarek looks at her for a beat, a thought forming. It's
like a light bulb goes on in his head...

JAREK (V.O.)

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

In the last moment, Jarek senses the danger and with a
quick reflex-- grabs the wheel.

JAREK

NO!

They fight for control of the wheel.

The drives recklessly along the road, weaving through
minimal traffic, past construction barriers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly, our escaped TIGER appears in the roadway.

Both a deer in the headlights - Angela heads for it - she's going to mow it down, as if she's trying to kill something deep within herself --

But Jarek jerks the wheel, the car swerves to avoid it but too late--

SCREAMS as the Porsche skids wildly, crashes into a concrete barrier, and bursting into flames.

It's hard to imagine there will be survivors.-

Lights and sirens as Sara screeches to a stop, several other police cars follow.

Sara jumps out, races towards the burning vehicle...

She tries to get closer, but can't, the flames are everywhere.

SARA

Angie! Angie!

Steiger joins her, backs Sara away from the burning wreckage. She sobs as they all look on.

JAREK

You gave me a fresh start, it was my chance at a new beginning, then you had to go and take that away. Whatever lies you told him -- he was stark raving mad when he forced himself into my apartment. I tried to reason with him, but he was irrational. He was going to kill me. I knew right then and there my life was over. No thanks to you. It's what you wanted all along, wasn't it?

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - MASTER BATH - DAY

A post-sex Jarek naked. Standing, taking a leak. A topless Angela in post-coital panties, hair in a messy up-do. Steps behind him, grabs/holds his dick while he pisses:

ANGELA

(nods towards vanity)

I meant what I said. He had that vanity put in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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

JACK

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

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

In the semi-darkness, squeaky bedsprings, clothes strewn on the floor.

On the dingy BED, Jarek and Angela, naked and sweaty and MID-FUCK doggy style with Jarek holding her with a belt tied around her neck.

She looks at him in a dirty mirror in a corner.

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

She comes. He comes. He lays his head down upon her. They both breath heavily, prone...

ANGELA

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

JAREK

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

ANGELA

Then you'll die happy, won't you? You know what I want for brunch?

Jarek has a pretty good idea. He's resistant...

JAREK

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

ANGELA

And leave me her with nothing to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAREK

Haven't you done enough.

ANGELA

I'm a bit fatigued myself.

JAREK

Thank God. I'd hate to think I was the only one.

ANGELA

Are you glad this happened?

JAREK

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

They laugh.

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAWN

Early morning, dawn just creeping in.

Angela, asleep, white-hot in a tank and granny panties. Jarek crawls into bed. He spoons her, gets amorous. She stirs, then settles. Out. Leaps up, awake.

ANGELA

What're you doing in here?
You... can't be here... no!

JAREK

No?

ANGELA

I mean...it's a bad, bad idea.

A few beats. She weakens. The guy's charming.

ANGELA

Oh, crap.

Off Angela, letting him stay --

INT. KRIEGER'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

The naked bulb barely providing any light. Angela, barefoot, sun dress, bounds down the stairs, looking like she's just rolled out of bed.

Once again, the clutter of washers and dryers churning in steady rhythm. The room... hot. Steamy hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Jarek appears, shirtless, barefoot, drawstring pants. He eyes her. She shrieks, face flashes *WHATTHEFUCKYOU DOING?*

ANGELA

Look. It's not appropriate. You know it and I know it.

JAREK

I get it.

ANGELA

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

He grins.

ANGELA

Don't laugh at me.

JAREK

I'm not.

ANGELA

Don't belittle.

JAREK

I'm happy.

ANGELA

Don't be. We've just cheated on Bill. Fucking hell.

Jarek and Angela crush together, kissing. Jarek pushes her up against the wall. She pulls her dress roughly over her head, she's naked underneath. His pants fall--

Suddenly a wash machine kicks into its spin cycle, roaring and buckling wildly, trying to escape the closet.

Angela's ASS hikes up onto the surface of the machine as she WRAPS HER legs around him. And now he's banging the everloving shit out of Angela --

She bites, screams - holds on for dear life. The banging noise from the washer, their grunts and moans, and it's so fucking loud...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

103.

FADE OUT.