

NOIR

"THE GOOD GIRL, THE DETECTIVE, & THE FEMME FATALE"

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 **DARKNESS AND FOG - NIGHT**

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

Darkness and fog. Thunder, lightning and heavy rain. Specks of light appear revealing a city under the storm.

SUPER: NOIR

SUPER: THE GOOD GIRL, THE DETECTIVE, AND THE FEMME FATALE

We fly through the fog and the rain down into the city streets.

DAVID (V.O.)

The saying is luck be a lady? But to me she's always been more of a seductress. I've never told anyone this story, so you'll have to promise to keep it between us.

Flying through the streets we land on a small cafe where a man sits looking out the window his face covered by a fedora.

2 **INT. CUPCAKE GALLERY - DAY**

It storms outside. DAVID, 30, classic suit jacket, jeans and a fedora, sits looking out a window shuffling cards, his face in shadow.

He deals out the cards.

DAVID

It's a story told from multiple perspectives, of killing three birds with one stone. Of greed, deceit, and revenge...

David sets the deck down and picks up his cards.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, and of course, love.

Lighting strikes, followed by thunder.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: CHAPTER I

SUPER: THE GOOD GIRL

The chapter begins in black and white and slowly fades into color by the end.

(V.O) Indicates Character breaking fourth wall and speaking directly to the camera/audience.

3 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

MELANIE DIANGELO, late twenties brunette both sexy and wholesome, holds a gun in her hands.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Before I entirely let you in as to why I am pointing this gun at the man in the hat and why there is a dead fat man on the floor, I thought maybe we should get to know each other first. Where to start?

4 **EXT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Melanie, stands holding a newspaper across from a beauty parlor. News Paper headline reads "LOCAL PI MURDER REMAINS UNSOLVED."

MELANIE (V.O.)

I'll try to keep it short and sweet. My name is Melanie Diangelo, and I love cupcakes. No, actually I'm obsessed with them.

A hot blond, SANDRA BLOOM, early thirties and gorgeous, exits the shop in the background.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I can't sleep, I count them. Not by numbers but by flavors. Then, if I really can't sleep, I count them by flavors and by types of icing.

Melanie crosses the street to the beauty parlor.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I guess they're kind of my thing. And yes, if I could marry a cupcake, I would. Think about it, they're sweet, kids love them, and they sometimes have a hard shell, but they are always soft on the inside, and always satisfying.

Melanie open the door and heads in.

5 **INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie enters the beauty parlor with the newspaper.

MELANIE

I mean, even when a cupcake is bad,
it's still good, you know? Kind of
like sex, or a Woody Allen movie.

An Asian COSMETOLOGIST sits behind the counter. She walks up
and sets the paper down.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hello, I'd like to make an
appointment.

COSMETOLOGIST

Yeah, yeah, sure when would you like?

MELANIE

I believe my friend has an appointment
already. Could I make it for the
same time?

COSMETOLOGIST

Yeah, yeah sure, what's the name?

MELANIE

Sandra Bloom.

The Cosmetologist looks through her appointment book.

COSMETOLOGIST

Sandra, Sandra... yeah, yeah, four
o'clock tomorrow. But sorry all
booked. You come back tomorrow six
thirty?

MELANIE

No, I really need it to be at the
same time.

COSMETOLOGIST

Sorry all booked, six thirty.

Melanie pulls out a one hundred dollar bill.

MELANIE

Would this help free up a chair maybe?

COSMETOLOGIST

Yeah, yeah, I take that.

The Cosmetologist takes the bill.

COSMETOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Okay... Your name?

MELANIE

Melanie Diangelo.

COSMETOLOGIST

Ok, see you then.

MELANIE

Thank you.

6 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Melanie sits at the dinner table alone, half eaten pasta sits on a plate in front of her. She unwraps a cupcake.

MELANIE (V.O.)

My husband, he didn't much care for cupcakes. Or me for that matter. Red velvet with marscapone frosting are the best.

She takes a delicious bite of the cupcake

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mmm, so good... Jealous much? I would be.

7 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

She does the dishes.

MELANIE (V.O.)

In reality I feel like I barely knew him. I feel that way about myself sometimes too. That's silly right?

She looks at herself in the reflection of the window.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

How can someone not know themselves? I *am* me, at least the last time I checked. It's like I'm here, but I'm really not. I heard from one of those television psychiatrists that abused women sometimes feel that way. I guess it's sort of like an out of body experience. Or maybe I just live in the clouds.

She grabs a towel, dry's her hands and walks out of the reflection.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't know anymore.

8 **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**

Melanie runs down the street of an average suburban neighborhood.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I suppose this all really started when I got the dog.

A very skinny and beat up dog, IDA, follows her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Do I know you? Go home... go home...

The dog stops for a moment then continues to follow her.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had been feeling very lonely for a while. Frank didn't really let me associate with anyone outside of the family.

9 **EXT. DIANGELO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie runs up to her house.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Therefore, I never really had anywhere to turn or anyone to talk to.

She wipes sweat from her brow. She picks up the newspaper from the lawn. The dog stops with her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Didn't I tell you to go home like two miles ago?

The dog whines and barks.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh, you poor thing...

The dog whines, and rolls over on the ground.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I mean really... heroin chic is not attractive anymore.

A look of concern crosses her face. She rolls up the paper and begins to head for the house. The dog sits patiently.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Well, come on. Lucky for us Frank's out of town right now.

The dog barks. Together they walk towards the house.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's probably why I fell so hard for her. We recognized each other's plights, we both just needed some love, you know?

MELANIE (CONT'D)

My great grandma was named Ida, you kind of look like her... It's the ears.

Ida, barks in approval.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Ida it is then.

They enter the house.

10 **INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Melanie sits in a reclining chair with her feet in a tub of water.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Right after high-school I moved to the city to go to college. I wanted to be a journalist and I took a few classes. I left my hometown after the love of my life committed suicide. He had actually left me for someone else, but we're getting to that.

Sandra is escorted by the Cosmetologist to the seat in the empty recliner next to Melanie.

The Cosmetologist places a tub under Sandra's feet.

COSMETOLOGIST

I be back thirty minutes.

She walks away. Sandra leans back and closes her eyes. Melanie looks at her quizzically.

MELANIE

Sandra?... Sandra Simmons?

Sandra laughs.

SANDRA

I haven't been Sandra Simmons for a long time... It's Bloom now.

MELANIE

Then, it is you.

SANDRA

I'm sorry, do I know you?

MELANIE

It's me Melanie, Melanie Gold. From high school? Well, I'm Diangelo now, but...

SANDRA

Melanie?... Melanie?

MELANIE

I went out with Bobby Bowman before you.

SANDRA

Oh, yes, yes. Melanie, of course. Whatever happened to Bobby?

MELANIE

He killed himself remember?

SANDRA

Oh... right... I must have blocked it out.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Even though she was still a complete bitch I managed to play nice.

Sandra notices the ring on Melanie's finger.

SANDRA

You're happily married now too I see.

MELANIE

Happily? If you say so.

SANDRA

That is if you can call any marriage happy.

MELANIE

Honeymoon's over for you too huh?

SANDRA

I think it was over before it began.

MELANIE

I know what you mean... you should give me your number. Grab some drinks or something sometime?

SANDRA

Yeah, sure why not.

MELANIE

Yeah? Ok.

The Cosmetologist enters with a plate of Cucumbers.

COSMETOLOGIST

Cucumber time!

11 **EXT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Ida is tied to a parking meter with a bathrobe belt. Melanie exits the beauty parlor and retrieves the dog.

MELANIE (V.O.)

My spa appointment went so well, I decided to go home and bake a whole batch of cupcakes for us.

She rubs Ida behind the ears.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Wanna go home? Wanna go home?

They turn and skip down the street.

12 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie and Ida cuddle on the couch watching television and sharing cupcakes. MR. BLOOM, fifties in a fine suit, is on the television. Sandra stands beside him.

MR. BLOOM

It is important that we maintain our high moral compass in these sinful times.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Anyway, I used to work part time at this little bakery downtown. It was called The Sunshine Surprise Bakery. I couldn't wait to get to work every day. I even started skipping classes just so I could work more. Obviously my grades began to slip, and eventually I was working full time at the bakery. That's when I met Frank.

Her cell Phone rings. She answers it.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hello... Oh you're back...

MR. BLOOM

If I am re-elected to congress I vow
to to-

She turns off the television.

MELANIE

Yeah, Frank, sure. I'll bring it
there. I need to talk to you about
something...

She looks at Ida, pets her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Yes, Frank. Ok.

She hangs up the phone.

13 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Melanie, in an apron, slices up lasagna and portions it into a plastic container. Ida sits next to her. She sporadically feeds the dog chunks of the lasagna.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I was a sweet, small town girl, and
he was a rough and tough bad boy
from the city streets. I guess that's
what attracted me to him. That, and
he was so sweet for a while.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I'm glad at least someone appreciates
my cooking.

She finishes loading the container, puts the lid on it and places it into a paper bag.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You want to go for a walk?

She picks up the bag and they exit the kitchen.

14 **EXT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

Melanie and Ida, leashed with a bathrobe belt, walk down the street.

MELANIE (V.O.)

The first two months of our marriage were as normal as any. Frank had taken over running his recently departed uncle's books, and the money seemed to be rolling in. Things were going good, that is until the night I lost the baby.

They stop outside the building and Melanie ties Ida to a parking meter.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Now you just wait here, I'll be right back...

Melanie kneels down and pet's the dog's head. Ida licks her face.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I love you too.

She stands and enters the building.

15 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Melanie walks down the hallway carrying the bag of food. She comes to an ajar door and stops.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Everything was pretty much downhill from there.

Two people are talking inside. She stands and eavesdrops patiently.

DAVID (O.S.)

I swear to god Frank... I'm going to have it I swear...

FRANK (O.S.)

Look Davey boy... It's not about the money, it's about the principle... I'm going to give you one more chance. Hundred K next Tuesday or I'm going to make today seem like a play date. You understand?

DAVID (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, I got it, no problem.

FRANK (O.S.)

Good, now get the hell out of my office.

DAVID (O.S.)

Always a pleasure Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)

I said get the fuck out of my office.

Loud Crash.

DAVID (O.S.)

Right.

David, dressed in his suit jacket, jeans and a fedora, camera under his jacket, walks out of the office. She notices bruises and blood on his face.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Then there he was. He was handsome but rugged looking, like he needed a shower and a shave. But he always had that approachable kind of vibe.

David spots Melanie and jumps slightly by her. They make eye contact.

DAVID

Hey.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I wanted to... so many things but all that came out was...

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hey.

David pulls his hat down and hurries past her. David makes it halfway down the hallway, before stopping to look back.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When he turned to look back at me with that look, well... I couldn't help but blush.

Melanie turns and enters the office.

16 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie enters, closing the door behind her. The office is drab, cement walls, and some pornographic calendars hang on the walls.

FRANK DIANGELO, mid-thirties, dressed in a sleazy looking suit, sits behind his desk. Melanie walks over to him.

MELANIE

Welcome home.

FRANK

You have no idea the shit I put up with... I tell ya' what.

Frank stands, kissing Melanie on the forehead.

MELANIE

Frank had changed from the once sweet boy I met into something... not a man? But something else...

He walks over to a file cabinet and pulls out a bottle of whisky. He grabs a glass and fills it.

FRANK

So what's on the menu tonight?

Melanie looks down at his desk. A notebook lies open filled with names and numbers.

MELANIE (V.O.)

He was always angry, and he started drinking heavily.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Sorry what?

FRANK

What's in the bag woman?

MELANIE

Lasagna... it's um, lasagna.

Melanie sets the bag on the desk. Frank sits down in front of it, opens the bag and pulls out the plastic ware. He looks in the bag, shaking it.

FRANK

That's it? No garlic bread or salad?

MELANIE (V.O.)

Anything and everything was my fault. It didn't matter if it was a bet that went south, a wrinkle in his shirt, or that fact that he didn't ask for salad or bread sticks.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was busy today.

FRANK

With what? You got two jobs, clean the house and cook for me.

MELANIE

I... well... I guess we really... We got a dog.

FRANK

...A what?

MELANIE

She's real sweet. She's outside, I could bring her up if you want?

FRANK

What the fuck Melanie? What did I tell you about making decisions?

MELANIE

She followed me home, and... and... her name's Ida.

FRANK

Ida? I tell you what I outta' do!

MELANIE

Damn it, Frank! A girl gets lonely, she's good company. Please?

FRANK

What am I supposed to do about it now, huh?

MELANIE

I need some money for a proper leash and some things, a bed, food...

FRANK

You're unbelievable, you know that?

Frank stands and leans under his desk shaking his head and begins to open a safe. Melanie watches intently.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Frank hated dogs ever since his grade school buddy let his two German Shepherds loose on him. They ripped the back of his pants clean off as he was trying to climb over the fence. He still has the scar on his left butt cheek. Something about Frank getting his ass chewed makes me smile.

Frank stands up with some money in his hands.

FRANK

Dogs, they stink, they tear shit up, piss all over the place.

MELANIE

I'll take care of it and you know it.

FRANK

Yeah, and I'm paying for it aren't I?

Frank holds out the money. Melanie snatches it out of his hand.

MELANIE

I don't suppose you'll be home at any reasonable time?

FRANK

Probably not... a lot of work to do.

She turns to go.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey. You just going to turn your back on me like that?

MELANIE

Ida's outside waiting for me.

Frank comes out from behind the desk. He grabs her by the arms.

FRANK

Thanks for dinner... you know I love you right?

MELANIE

Yeah, Frank. I'll see you later.

She pulls away from him, opens the door and exits.

17 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - DAY**

Morning light filters through the shades.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I don't know if it was the company he was keeping, the job, the stress, me, or a combination of everything.

Melanie lies in bed, Ida next to her. Frank stumbles in drunk takes off half his clothes.

FRANK

What the fuck is this mangy mutt doing in our bed!

MELANIE (V.O.)

He would stay out all night long and
when I did see him he was always
drunk and abusive..

Frank grabs Ida by the scruff of the neck and tosses her out
of the bed, she cries out as she hits the floor.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Frank no!

Melanie jumps out of bed rushing to Ida.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It's ok baby!

FRANK

You better shut the fuck up woman or
you're next!

Frank climbs in bed and pulls the covers over himself.

MELANIE (V.O.)

And we paid the price for it.

Melanie flips Frank off as they leave the room.

18 **INT. DESSERT BAR - NIGHT**

A PERFORMER sings from a stage. Melanie, sipping wine, and
Sandra, a martini, sit at the bar.

MELANIE (V.O.)

That's why I needed to do it.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd hoped that Sandra was more
hospitable after a few drinks.

SANDRA

Shit yeah! That's a Martini. Bill
hired this new Mexican hussy for a
maid. Can't mix a drink to save her
life.

MELANIE (V.O.)

But I think she just got worse.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Sounds rough.

SANDRA

You know what I can't understand?

MELANIE

What's that?

SANDRA

How can a person feel so closed in,
in such a big house?

MELANIE

Low ceilings?

SANDRA

No the ceilings are really high.

MELANIE

Oh, well then it's not that.

SANDRA

Grass is always greener huh?

MELANIE

I suppose...

SANDRA

Thanks for the tip by the way.

MELANIE

Tip?

SANDRA

Getting proof. New guy, though, I
guess the old one was murdered?

MELANIE

Really?

SANDRA

Yeah, but I already knew he was
cheating on me.

MELANIE

Welcome to the club. Maybe we should
get membership cards.

SANDRA

It's not a club I really want to be
a part of anymore.

MELANIE

I don't think it was our choice to
begin with

SANDRA

I guess I should be happy, one of
his coworker recently got caught

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

with his male secretary. An anti-gay one at that.

Melanie almost spits out her wine. She starts laughing, Sandra joins in.

MELANIE

Sounds about right. They have amazing Bavarian cream cupcakes. I'm going to get some. They are to die for.

SANDRA

I haven't had a cupcake in years.

MELANIE

You have to try one...
(to Bartender)
Excuse me, could I get a dozen Bavarian creme?

SANDRA

A dozen?

MELANIE

Don't worry I'll take a few home.

19 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie stands under the shower water, just letting it wash over her.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I'm not going to lie, girl time had actually turned out to be fun.

The bathroom door opens. She looks up listening intently.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Home was still another story altogether. We never made love anymore, and when we did have sex, it was always rough and I stopped enjoying it all together.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

There is no response. Frank pulls the shower curtain back.

FRANK

Boo!

Melanie jumps back.

MELANIE

Frank, what the hell are you doing?!

Frank gets in the shower with her.

FRANK

I heard the shower running and I thought I'd take advantage of the situation.

Frank begins to grope Melanie trying to kiss her. She squirms.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not right now, I... I...

Frank turns her around, bending her over and grabbing her hips.

MELANIE

Frank, I---

FRANK

Just relax.

He begins pounding her from behind.

MELANIE (V.O.)

It had been going on like this for years, but what is a wife supposed to do?

She reluctantly takes it.

20 **EXT. PARK - DAY**

Melanie and Ida run down the street to the park. She carries an envelope.

MELANIE (V.O.)

The laws don't exactly favor us, you know? So I guess sometimes you have to take things into your own hands.

Sandra sits on the park bench smoking. Melanie and Ida run up to the bench.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Thank you for meeting me.

SANDRA

I should get some sunshine once in a while. Thank you for the cupcakes the other night they we're delicious!

MELANIE

I Know...

SANDRA

What's that?

Sandra points at the envelope.

MELANIE

This is Ida.

SANDRA

Excuse me?

MELANIE

Her name's Ida. You can pet her.

SANDRA

I don't really like dogs...

MELANIE

No? That's too bad.

She sits.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I love dogs...

Melanie looks around uncomfortably.

SANDRA

Sorry, more of a cat person myself.

MELANIE

I like both. I think we should do it.

SANDRA

Do what?

MELANIE

You know... the thing...

21 **EXT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE - DAY**

Melanie no longer carries the envelope as her and Ida run up and into the house.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I was going to do what had to be done. Then he really sealed his fate.

22 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - DAY**

Melanie takes off her running clothes.

MELANIE (V.O.)

The day it happened Frank was getting
ready for work, and I was changing
from a run when I heard the gun shot.

A GUN SHOT sounds from the backyard, startling her. Melanie grabs a towel and runs out.

23 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, KITCHEN -- DAY**

Frank comes in the backdoor carrying a ripped up football as Melanie rushes in wrapped in a towel.

MELANIE

Where's Ida?

FRANK

That mangy mutt of yours tore up my
state championship football...

MELANIE

No Ida!

She rushes to the back door and looks outside.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

No! Ida!

Melanie collapses to her knees.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

No, no, no! Frank you bastard!

FRANK

I told you we didn't need a fucking
dog and this is why!

Melanie see's a kitchen knife of the counter, she grabs it and rushes Frank. He grabs her arm and pull the knife from her hands tossing it to the ground. She punches Frank in the chest, balling her eyes out.

MELANIE

God damn it Frank! You son of a
bitch... You son of a bitch...

Frank draws her close.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Ida... Ida...

She pushes him away from her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

No! NO! Don't you touch me...

FRANK

Come on Melanie. Suck it up. It was just some mangy stray!

MELANIE

Not to me she wasn't!

FRANK

I did what needed to be done.

Frank glares at her.

MELANIE

And so will I!

FRANK

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

MELANIE

It means you're a Monster Frank, a Monster!

Melanie runs out of the room.

24 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - DAY**

Melanie runs in and dives onto the bed. She cries. She pulls the sheets over her head.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I cried and I cried until I passed out. I needed to try and sleep it away...

25 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie in bed. Her cell phone rings. she slowly wakes up.

MELANIE (V.O.)

When I woke up my first thought was that it had all been a nightmare. But inside I knew the truth. And it came flooding back to me like a knife in my chest. The image of Ida laying lifeless out back. I knew what I had to do.

She answers the phone.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hello... No, Frank, I'm not bringing you dinner are you fucking kidding me!

Melanie hangs up the phone, stands and begins to walk out of the room.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had to bury my dog, my soulmate, my Ida, whom I named after my grandmother and who loved cupcakes as much as I do.

She walks out of the room.

26 **EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Melanie buries Ida.

MELANIE (V.O.)

And so I did. I grabbed a shovel and just started to dig. It felt good to get it all out, stabbing at the ground as if it were Frank's face.

Melanie stabs at the ground with a shovel.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I took the blanket that she slept on and wrapped her up in it.

Melanie drags the blanketed dog into the newly dug hole.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was heavy, but I managed to get her into her final resting place.

Melanie shovels dirt into the hole. Melanie places a Duck Dog Toy on the mound of dirt, she sits quietly sobbing.

27 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Frank stumbles into the room. Takes off his shirt and pants then crawls into bed.

MELANIE (V.O.)

When Frank got home, I moved to the spare bedroom.

Melanie gets up and takes a pillow, then rips the comforter off of Frank and takes it with her.

FRANK

Hey, what the hell?

MELANIE

Suck it up Frank!

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I would never sleep next to him ever again!

Melanie storms out of the room slamming the door.

28 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Fancy but not overtly, the restaurant is partially full. A SINGER croons from the stage.

MELANIE (V.O.)

That night me and Sandra had a Fancy dinner, it was nice.

Melanie and Sandra sit at a table. Sandra finishes her glass of wine.

SANDRA

It's been a pleasure. I'm glad we're doing this.

Sandra stands puts on her jacket.

MELANIE

Yeah me too, good times.

Sandra turns and walks out of the restaurant. A WAITRESS walks up to Melanie.

SERVER

Will there be anything else ma'am?

MELANIE (V.O.)

I needed to look like a good wife. So I decided to take Frank one last meal.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Actually, I would like to place a takeout order.

SERVER

Certainly.

MELANIE

And one more glass of wine while I wait.

SERVER

The same Pinot Noir, Ma'am?

MELANIE

Yes, please.

SERVER

And to go?

MELANIE

An order of spaghetti and meatballs
with salad and bread sticks. Please.

SERVER

Certainly ma'am.

The server walks away. Melanie finishes the wine she has left in her glass.

29 **EXT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

Melanie strolls down the sidewalk bag of food in hand.

MELANIE (V.O.)

When I got to Franks office the police
were already there.

Police cars are parked in the street, lights flashing.
Melanie enters the building. Sandra's car drives by.

30 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie walks down the hallway past A FEW OFFICERS.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I wondered through the crowd of
uniformed men who didn't even seem
to notice I was there, until I got
to Frank's office.

She approaches the wide open office door, surrounded by yellow
crime tape. She hesitates then looks in.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't want to look, but I couldn't
help it. I had to see it for myself.

31 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie peers in. She sees blood splattered on the back
wall and drops the bag of spaghetti which bursts open.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I was finally free.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

FRANK! Noooooooooooo....

Melanie begins sobbing.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

FRANK!

Just then a tall elderly man in a brown suit, Detective SPEARS, and a younger, shorter, rounder man, Detective BURROWS, Come to block the doorway.

SPEARS

I'm sorry miss you can't come in here.

MELANIE

But that's my husband!

BURROWS

You don't want to see this, Ma'am.

MELANIE

FRANK!...

SPEARS

What's your name, Miss?

MELANIE

Mel... Mel... Melanie...

SPEARS

Melanie, I'm detective Spears, this is Burrows. Let me have an officer take you home. We'll be by to check on you soon as we wrap up here. If that's alright with you?

Melanie sobs and nods in agreement.

MELANIE (V.O.)

You never truly know how you're going to feel when your husband dies...

32 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A doorbell rings. Melanie walks to the door.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Personally I felt great!

Melanie musters up some tears and opens it. Spears, and Burrows, stand in the doorway.

SPEARS

Mrs. Diangelo, may we come in?

MELANIE

Please.

Melanie sits on the couch followed by Spears. She composes herself. Burrows sits in a chair across from her. A tray of cupcakes sits on the coffee table.

SPEARS

I know you've been through a serious trauma Mrs. Diangelo. We'll try to make this quick.

MELANIE

Would you like some coffee or a cupcake?

The detectives exchange glances. Burrows begins to reach for a cupcake. Spears gives him a disapproving look, to which he sits back with a huff.

SPEARS

Thank you, but we're good.

MELANIE

Are you sure? They're delicious. Butter cream.

Burrows looks at Spears longingly.

SPEARS

Maybe later. Your husband dealt with some pretty shady characters. Is there anyone in particular that he might of had serious beef with?

MELANIE

No...no... he didn't really talk to me about his business.

SPEARS

You are aware of the type of business your husband was into?

MELANIE

I know it was none of my business.

SPEARS

What is it that you do Mrs. Diangelo?

MELANIE

Me? I guess I'm a housewife.

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I bake... you sure you wouldn't like a cupcake?

BURROWS

Have you and your husband been getting along lately?

MELANIE

As good as always I suppose.

BURROWS

So it was a happy marriage?

MELANIE

You are going to find whoever did this aren't you?

SPEARS

We'll do our best. There are a lot of possibilities out there.

MELANIE

But, you will find him right?

Spears stands.

BURROWS

Him or her, yes, we'll get to the bottom of this, you can be assured of that.

MELANIE

It's just all so... so, unexpected.

BURROWS

You'll be available if we have any questions?

MELANIE

Of course detective.

Spears hands her his business card.

SPEARS

In case you think of anything.

MELANIE

Thank you, please take one for the road. Trust me, you'll never want another doughnut again.

SPEARS

Of course Mrs. Diangelo. Thank you.

Spears picks up two cupcakes, and hands one to Burrows. The older detective takes a bite.

SPEARS (CONT'D)

I believe you may be right. We'll show ourselves out. Again, very sorry for your loss.

BURROWS

Ma'am.

Spears and Burrows exit. Melanie lies down on the couch. Her phone rings. She answers it.

MELANIE

Hello... What are you talking about?... He's trying to rip us off... Just stick to the plan... I'm sure... Let me know when it goes down.

Melanie hangs up.

33 **EXT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE - DAY**

Melanie runs down the street and up to her house. A black van pulls up across the street. It catches her attention.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Frank's two new goons had started following me everywhere. I decided I needed to change the plan up a bit. I had an errand I needed to run, so I figured I'd let them in on it.

Melanie jogs over to the Van waving. BRUNO, and JACK pretend to ignore her. She knocks on the van window. Jack finally rolls the window down.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I figured since you boys we're going to follow me anyway, you might as well give me a ride, huh?

Jack looks at Bruno for approval.

BRUNO

Climb in.

MELANIE

I gotta change real quick, but I'll be right back.

34 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

A large old brick building that has seen better days but is still standing. Melanie climbs out of the black van.

MELANIE

I won't be long.

BRUNO

Hey isn't this that detectives place?

JACK

Yeah. What are we doing here?

MELANIE

Do you trust the cops to actually find Franks killer?

Bruno and Jack look at each other then shake their heads.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Me neither.

JACK

Hmm, that adds up.

BRUNO

Yeah... We'll come with.

MELANIE

It's Ok, I'm a big a girl, and I don't want any trouble.

JACK

No trouble really.

The Goons get out of the van.

MELANIE

Fine.

Melanie and the Goons head across the street and into the building.

35 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - DAY**

Melanie and the Goons walk down the hall to a door which reads "EARL JONES PRIVATE DETECTIVE".

MELANIE

Ok, now wait here.

Bruno and Jack just shrug. Melanie shakes her head and knocks on the door.

DAVID (O.S.)

Come in!

MELANIE (V.O.)

I hadn't expected them to follow me,
it was slightly awkward.

36 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie opens the door. David lifts his fedora and begins to drink some medicine. He sees Bruno and Jack standing behind her and starts coughing.

MELANIE

Hello.

DAVID

Hel...

MELANIE

Oh my, are you alright?

DAVID

Yes, yes... fine... thanks.

MELANIE

Are you sure?

DAVID

I'm sure. What are you? They...

MELANIE (V.O.)

He was cute when he was flustered.

DAVID

I mean what can I do for you?

MELANIE

I was hoping you could help me.

DAVID

Really? Um... sure, sure... please
have a seat.

MELANIE

Thank you.

DAVID

Um, so, what seems to be the trouble,
Miss?

MELANIE

Diangelo, Melanie Diangelo.

DAVID

Okay, so you came here because?

MELANIE

Well, Mister...?

DAVID

Brissel.

MELANIE

Mr. Brissel. I don't know if you've read the papers, but my husband Frank Diangelo was murdered.

DAVID

Um... yes, I think I did read something about that.

MELANIE

Yes, well, see... I don't have much faith in the police to actually find my husband's killer, as he didn't really have a lot of friends if you will.

DAVID

Really?

MELANIE

So, I thought that perhaps someone like you might be able to help me.

DAVID

Is that right?

She pulls Frank's notebook out of her purse and slides it to him.

MELANIE

I have his books... I'm sure someone in here is responsible.

DAVID

I suppose I could look into it for you.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I knew he'd play along...

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Really, that would be wonderful.

Melanie stands.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

She pulls out a small phone from her purse and slides it across the desk to David.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Please call the number in this phone... I mean if you hear anything.

DAVID

Yes, yes, I will, soon as I know anything.

MELANIE

Well, I'll leave you to it then.

DAVID

Good day Melan-- Mrs. Diangelo.

MELANIE

You too, Mr. Brissel.

Melanie opens the door and heads past Jack and Bruno who stare again at David. David waves awkwardly as they turn and follow Melanie.

37 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie packs all of Frank's clothes into garbage bags. She pulls down all of their pictures from around the room.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I needed to remove any remnant of Frank from *my* space. His clothes, the portraits of him in high school. Us with his family, our wedding album. All his random junk, all everything stacked and stuffed into garbage bags.

38 **EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Melanie burns Franks stuff in a fire pit.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Then I burned it all in our fire pit out back. Just steps away from my Ida. I think she would have been proud.

39 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Melanie pulls cupcakes from the oven. She smells them, delighted.

Melanie stands and looks out her window at the embers still burning in the backyard, she finishes a cupcake. She pulls out a cell phone and dials.

MELANIE

I need to see you.

40 **EXT. PARK - DAY**

Melanie sits on a park bench. The Black Van sits down the street. David walks down the path and up to Melanie. She stands.

MELANIE (V.O.)

He really is all I've thought about since the day we met.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Thank you for meeting me. I just really needed to see you...

DAVID

Have you eaten today? You look famished.

MELANIE

Cupcakes.

DAVID

You have to eat real food sometimes too. My treat. Come on. Invite them if you like?

David stands and points at the van.

MELANIE (V.O.)

He always seemed genuine, with a bit of a brooding side, and just a little on edge, it was sweet.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure they'll invite themselves.

DAVID

That's what I figured.

41 **INT. BISTRO - DAY**

A quaint bistro, small but very charming.

Melanie and David sit at a bar table in a crowded restaurant sipping red wine. Several appetizers adorn the table.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I've always been into bad boys, I guess that's what got me into this mess in the first place, but honestly he seemed different.

DAVID

So, really, how are you doing?

MELANIE

Wonderful now, thank you. You know I did love him at one point... not for a long time. But once. I don't miss him though, that's for sure.

David sips his drink, nibbles on some food.

DAVID

He was your husband.

MELANIE

The life insurance will love me more.

David almost chokes on his food, coughs, sips his wine, slowly recovering.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh dear...

DAVID

It's ok, I just didn't expect that... is all. Out load I mean.

MELANIE

I am a bit tipsy. Just thank your lucky stars you've never been married.

DAVID

Eat, please.

Melanie nibbles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I just never found the right one I suppose.

MELANIE

And why is that?

DAVID

Too obsessed with my work.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Too much time in the dark room, not enough time in the bedroom. I don't know.

MELANIE

Can I ask you a question?

DAVID

Shoot.

MELANIE

What are you passionate about?

DAVID

Photography. Can I take your picture.

MELANIE

I look a mess.

David pulls a camera out from his jacket. He begins snapping off pictures as she giggles and squirms in front of the camera.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I never considered myself to be pretty, cute sure, but sexy, never. And definitely not photogenic. But he made me feel special.

She gets more comfortable and begins posing.

DAVID

See there you go.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Like I was worth something again...

He stops taking pictures and lowers the camera.

DAVID

You're a natural.

Melanie finishes her wine.

MELANIE

Don't be ridiculous... I'd like another bottle?

DAVID

As long as you eat.

MELANIE

Whatever you say Mr. Brissel...

She smiles coyly and nibbles on an appetizer.

DAVID

Another bottle it is.

MELANIE (V.O.)

He had me before that, but now I was going to be all his.

42 **EXT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - NIGHT**

David and Melanie stumble up to the house.

DAVID

Do you think they saw us?

MELANIE

I think we lost 'em in the alley.

They stand outside the back door.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I had a wonderful time.

DAVID

I'll frame you up a picture.

MELANIE

Really? I love frames.

DAVID

I know!

MELANIE (V.O.)

Having him at the house wasn't right, or safe for that matter.

Melanie grabs David and begins kissing him. She opens the door and they stumble inside.

43 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie and David stumble into the bedroom ripping each other's clothes off.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Which is why I enjoyed it so much...

They fall into the bed.

44 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - DAY**

Melanie lies in bed sleeping. She stirs, looking around. David is gone. She sits up and notices a note on the bed.

She picks it up. It reads, "I'll see you later".

MELANIE (V.O.)

And so worth it...

She gets out of bed and walks to her dresser. She opens the dresser drawer and places the note inside, then exits to the bathroom.

45 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - DAY**

Melanie looks in the mirror staring at herself dead in the eyes.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Before I knew it, it was time for the funeral. One last farewell, and then I'd be rid of him forever.

She bows her head for a moment before staring herself down confidently.

46 **INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY**

Melanie stands over Frank's casket in black funeral attire. Bruno and Jack, sit behind her crying. A few others adorn the room. Detective Spears sits in the back row. One bouquet of flowers rests next to the casket.

MELANIE (V.O.)

To my lack of surprise it was a poor showing. Besides his remaining family, there was his lawyer and of course his two loyal goons, and the detective investigating his case.

Melanie picks up a note from the bouquet of flowers and reads it. She looks back down at Frank.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You'd be happy to know your lawyer will miss you.

Melanie tosses the card in the casket. She turns to look at the Goons before walking back towards Detective Spears.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Detective. So nice of you to come.

Spears stands.

SPEARS

Just wanted to pay my respects to you... Hopefully this has all been

(MORE)

SPEARS (CONT'D)

taken care of. I mean with the insurance and all?

MELANIE

Yes, indeed.

SPEARS

Not much of a turnout.

MELANIE

Most his family are already dead.

SPEARS

Hmm...

David enters carrying flowers.

MELANIE

Mr. Brissel.

DAVID

These are for you.

David hands her the flowers.

MELANIE

Thank you. Detective Spears this is Detective Brissel.

SPEARS

Detective Brissel is it now? How is it that you two know each other?

DAVID

She's a client. Apparently she doesn't have much faith in your abilities.

SPEARS

Is that so? Perhaps we should collaborate then?

DAVID

I'll be sure to let you know what I dig up.

SPEARS

Please do... Mrs. Diangelo.

Spears nods to her.

MELANIE

Detective.

Spears Exits. David looks at the Goons.

DAVID

I should probably get going as well.
I just wanted to drop these off.

David hands her the flowers.

MELANIE

Thank you.

David smiles and exits. Melanie stands alone smelling her flowers.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Three hours later, the ceremony was finally over, and the bastard was six feet under.

47 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Melanie sits on the couch eating cupcakes and watching the news on television.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Poll's show incumbent Congressman Bloom with a wide margin over his opponents especially since the news of Mayor Lock's reported affair...

Her phone rings.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Everything after that just happened so fast.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...In other news...

Melanie turns off the TV and answers the phone.

MELANIE

Hello?... What!... Now?

Melanie hangs up and begins to dial.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

He's Coming now! Yes now!

Melanie hangs up the phone.

48 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie puts on all black clothes.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I ran straight to my room and threw
on my "Ninja attire" as I like to
refer to it as. All black, all over.

Melanie grabs Franks gun out of the nightstand.

49 **EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Melanie runs out of the house and out the back gate.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Then slipped out the back.

50 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Melanie runs down the road!

MELANIE (V.O.)

I had to cut through a few backyards
to make up time and when I hit the
street, I ran like a cheetah.

51 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, ALLEY - NIGHT**

Melanie runs down an alley towards a fire escape. She looks
around, then hurries up the stairs.

52 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Melanie hurries down the hallway. She hears David and Mr.
Bloom yelling and crashing about the office.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I hoped I wasn't too late. I could
hear the fighting from down the hall.

She reaches the open office door.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I got to the door I could see
the fat man had David pinned to the
ground. His hands were around his
throat so tight he was turning blue.

Melanie sees David pinned on the ground by Mr. Bloom.

53 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie runs into the office.

David grabs at Mr. Bloom's arms as the older man chokes him.

MELANIE

Oh my God!

Melanie fumbles with her purse.

MR. BLOOM

You're going to pay one way or the other. You understand me?

DAVID

(barely audible)

Mel...

David points.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I suppose this all turned me into the person I am now.

Melanie see's a gun lying in the corner of the room.

Mr. Bloom squeezes harder at David's throat.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Taking charge of my own existence.

Melanie pulls a small revolver from her purse. She crouches down and aims at Mr. Bloom's chest.

MR. BLOOM

You thieving son of a bitch.

DAVID

(choking)

Mel...

Melanie shoots Mr. Bloom in the chest. The large man lurches backwards as David pushes him off, Melanie helps.

MELANIE

Are you ok?

DAVID

I think so...

MELANIE

He seriously was going to kill you.

Melanie helps David up.

DAVID

I know.

They embrace, kiss then survey the damage.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is going to be a pain in the ass to clean up.

Sandra appears in the doorway gun in hand. She aims it at David.

SANDRA

Luckily, you won't be around for it.

DAVID

Luckily we were never partners.

Melanie nonchalantly walks to the corner and picks up the other gun.

SANDRA

I know...

Melanie points the gun at Sandra for a moment.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Where'd you hide the rest of the money?

DAVID

Right.

Melanie turns the gun on David.

MELANIE (V.O.)

I needed some insurance, after all men are not the most trustworthy.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Tell us.

DAVID

You're kidding me?

MELANIE

I didn't want to hurt his feelings, but what choice did I have?

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Now!

Melanie cocks the gun. David cocks his head at her.

MELANIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And so here I am holding this gun and feeling alive for the first time in years. And you know what? It feels good.

DAVID

Shit... it's in a storage unit.

SANDRA

Where?

DAVID

The Forty-First Street one.

MELANIE

Where's the key and what's the number?

David pulls the key from his pocket.

DAVID

Four eleven.

SANDRA

Was that so hard? It was nice knowing you.

David tosses the key to the ground.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Moment of truth.

CUT TO BLACK:

A Gun Shot is heard.

SUPER: CHAPTER II

SUPER: THE DETECTIVE

The chapter begins in black and white and slowly fades into color by the end. (V.O) Indicates Character breaking fourth wall and speaking directly to the camera/audience.

54 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE -- NIGHT**

David stands in the middle of the room. He is sweaty and disheveled. Melanie and Sandra both point guns at him.

DAVID (V.O.)

Okay, so you're probably wondering how I ended up standing next to a dead body with two extremely attractive women pointing guns at me? Well, there's not exactly a simple explanation for it. But here it goes...

55 **INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT**

A small dark room with chairs creating an isle.

David stands wearing jeans along with his suit jacket and fedora, a camera is strapped across his chest.

DAVID (V.O.)

It all started when my mentor was murdered.

David hovers above a casket peering in and begins snapping pictures.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My name is David Brissel, and I'm a photographer. I always dreamed of making it big in the art world, instead I worked for this guy.

He snaps some more pictures of EARL JONES's corpse.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Taking pictures of the unsavory at their best. And now there he was. The man I'd come to admire. The man who treated me like a father. Murdered... strangled to death in an alley... I was gonna need a new job.

Spears walks up behind David and taps the younger man on the shoulder.

SPEARS

Excuse me. David Brissel?

David turns around.

DAVID

Who wants to know?

SPEARS

It's Spears, Detective spears?

Spears extends a hand.

SPEARS (CONT'D)

Earl was an old friend of mine.

DAVID

I remember you. Been a while.

SPEARS

I was away for a while, but I'm back now, and in charge of the investigation.

DAVID

So, what can I do for you Mr. Spears?

David extends his hand. They shake while maintaining eye contact.

SPEARS

I suppose you could answer a couple questions. Fill me in on the cases he was working?

DAVID

Yeah, I could do that.

SPEARS

Could I stop by your office and explain the details?

DAVID

My office? Sorry, I don't have an office.

Spears pulls an envelope from his pocket and hands it to David.

SPEARS

You do now, he asked me to give you this if anything ever happened to him. Earl left all his worldly possessions to you my boy.

56 **EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY**

DAVID (V.O.)

The old man left me everything. One thing being a key to his storage unit.

David unlocks and opens the storage unit. Inside is an Old Impala a dirt bike, and a bunch of boxes.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Most of it was junk, but the car still ran.

David starts the car. David drives the car out of the facility.

57 **INT. IMPALA - DAY**

David drives listening to Jazz.

DAVID (V.O.)

The interior still smelled of Earl. Stale cigar smoke and spilt booze.

It begins to rain.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At his core Earl was a decent and astute man who had a knack for seeing through the bullshit.

It storms hard, David turns up the windshield wipers.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He and my father had been close since grade school, their lives just went in different directions until they didn't anymore. Earl went into the police force, and my father well, he would become a snitch for Earl after getting caught up in a narcotics sting. When he was killed because of it, Earl took me in.

David pulls the Impala up to the curb in front of his Office building. He put the car in park.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was twelve. I resented him for a long time, and he didn't help by getting drunk and agreeing that it was all his fault. Eventually, I came to accept that it wasn't, one thing I don't think Earl ever did.

58 EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

David gets out of the car and runs through the rain into the building.

59 INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

The office door reads, "EARL JONES DETECTIVE AGENCY". It is dark and drab. Thunder rolls outside.

DAVID (V.O.)

I mean it wasn't much, an office with a small studio apartment.

David sits in an old leather spinning chair drinking scotch.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No one would kill for the dump, but it was better than my old digs. Scotch on the other hand, the old man would have killed for a good scotch.

Knock knock!

David swings his chair around.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Door's open.

Sandra, rain coat and umbrella, steps into the office. She is ravishingly beautiful.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then there she was, my first client. And what a client she was.

SANDRA

Hello there, Mr. Jones?

David jumps to his feet.

DAVID

I'm afraid Mr. Jones is no longer with us.

SANDRA

I'm sorry to hear that. I am in the right place though?

DAVID

Name's David, David Brissel. I'll be taking over for Mr. Jones. I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name?

SANDRA

Sandra, Mrs. Sandra Bloom.

DAVID

Well, please Mrs. Bloom have a seat.

Sandra closes the door.

She begins to remove her coat. David runs to help her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Pleas allow me.

He removes her coat revealing a sexy silver dress underneath.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could see down her blouse from over her shoulder, an excellent vantage point. Even better when she turned around.

He hangs her coat on the coat tree by the door.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hung her jacket on the coat tree as her ruby red lips thanked me.

SANDRA

Thank you.

DAVID

Can I offer you a drink?

SANDRA

If it's not too much trouble.

DAVID

No trouble at all.

David opens a desk drawer, pulls another rocks glass and the bottle of scotch out. He pours a good amount and slides the glass across the desk to her as she takes a seat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Scotch, I hope you don't mind?

SANDRA

Beggars can't be choosers. Do you mind if I smoke?

DAVID

Be my guest.

Sandra pulls out a cigarette, places it in her lips and stares at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry...

SANDRA

If you don't mind.

David pulls out a lighter and leans across his desk, lighting Sandra's cigarette. He leans back making himself comfortable.

DAVID

Now, what is it that I can do for you?

SANDRA

You see, I believe that my husband may be cheating on me.

DAVID

That's ridiculous. Why would a man ever cheat on a woman like you?

SANDRA

Thank you, but as strange as it may seem to you, I believe my husband does not share your fine sentiment.

DAVID

And what is your husband's name?

SANDRA

William Bloom.

DAVID

William Bloom...Bloom, Bloom?...
The Congressmen?

She nods, inhaling deeply on her cigarette.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Really?

SANDRA

I am married to the man.

DAVID

And your sure about his infidelities?

SANDRA

If I was sure why would I be here,
Mr. Brissel?

DAVID

Do you have a picture of your husband?

SANDRA

I do, not that you should need one.
He's been all over the television
lately.

Sandra hands David a picture of Mr. Bloom. David looks at it.

DAVID (V.O.)

Yup, that was the guy, Congressman
William Bloom. A self serving man
of the people.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll need to know his schedule and
some other incidentals.

SANDRA

Whatever you need, Mr. Brissel.

She pulls a pad of paper from her purse and slides it across the desk to him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I believe I have it all outlined
here for you.

DAVID

I'll get started in the morning.

She stands.

SANDRA

Thank you, Mr. Brissel. Do you mind if I ask what happened to Mr. Jones?

David stands and makes his way around the desk to Sandra.

DAVID

He was murdered.

SANDRA

I'm sorry to hear that...

DAVID

Me too.

SANDRA

Until next time then...

Sandra retrieves her coat.

DAVID

Allow me.

David holds the coat for her as she slides in.

SANDRA

Such a gentlemen.

DAVID

I do what I can.

David holds the door open for her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good evening Mrs. Bloom.

Sandra exits and walks down the hallway.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Besides earl being gone, I was really starting to like my new direction in life. Sometimes you just have to do what you have to do.

David watches her go before shutting the door.

60

EXT. CAPITAL BUILDING - DAY

A grand old building. Pillars and a long wide stairwell extend towards the sky.

DAVID (V.O.)

I woke up late. The Congressman left work at six and I needed to be there.

David pulls up in the Impala across the street.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was five fifty three when I got there... right on time...

He sits watching with his camera at the ready.

Mr. Bloom exits the building accompanied by his secretary, KELLY. They walk down the stairs chatting.

David begins to snap pictures.

A Sedan is waiting for Mr. Bloom. He holds the door open for Kelly. Mr. Bloom climbs in after her.

David snaps a few more pictures then starts the car and follows the Sedan.

61 **EXT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY**

The Sedan pulls up. Mr. Bloom and Kelly get out.

David keeps his distance and snaps more pictures.

With one arm on Kelly's back he leads her into the building.

David hurriedly parks and follows them in.

62 **INT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, LOBBY - DAY**

A moderate looking lobby. A security guard sits at a small desk.

David follows Mr. Bloom and Kelly as they begin to step into the elevator.

The Security guard looks at David.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me sir.

DAVID

Oh, I'm with them, photo shoot for the paper... Hold the elevator!

David rushes past him. He makes it just in time, sticking his arm through the doors before they shut.

63 INT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, ELEVATOR - DAY

David casually nods to the couple.

DAVID

Thanks.

The couple ignores him. He pushes a button for a higher floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hold on, you're congressman Bloom aren't you.

MR. BLOOM

I am.

DAVID

Can I just tell you sir, I think you are a hell of a guy. And you're policies, well frankly, they are out of this world. No one could do the job like you sir.

They reach the third floor.

MR. BLOOM

Well thank you, I appreciate that. Don't forget to vote now.

DAVID

Trust me, I will not!

Mr. Bloom and Kelly exit the elevator.

The doors begin to close. David quickly pushes the hold button and slides out.

64 INT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, HALLWAY - NIGHT

David peeks his head around the corner to see Mr. Bloom and Kelly opening the door to their room. He snaps a few shots.

Mr. Bloom turns to look his way. David quickly pulls back. Mr. Bloom and Kelly enter the room and shut the door.

He counts the doors in the hallway. Then heads down the hall to a fire exit door.

65 INT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

David makes his way down the stairs and out a back door.

66 **EXT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, ALLEY - NIGHT**

David counts windows. Then proceeds to climb up to an old rickety fire escape to the appropriate window.

He crawls along the grating under the window. Carefully looks up to peer in.

67 **INT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, ROOM - NIGHT**

The couple stand in the middle of the room. Kelly goes down on Mr. Bloom. David watches through the window snapping pictures.

68 **EXT. FANCY APARTMENT COMPLEX, ALLEY - NIGHT**

David continues to take pictures on the fire escape.

DAVID (V.O.)

And what a photo shoot it turned out to be. I was snapping away when a bird startled me and I slipped.

Out of nowhere a bird flies into him. He falls down to the grate with a bang.

He huddles under the window. Mr. Bloom comes and looks out the window.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't know for sure, but I could feel eyes bearing down out the window. I just lay there.

The bird flies back at David. Mr. Bloom closes the blinds.

David lies there for a moment.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It didn't even matter now anyway. I got what I came for.

David crawls away and and down the fire escape.

69 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

David pulls the Impala up to the building. He steps out of the car and heads towards the door.

DAVID (V.O.)

You know how you know something's going to happen? Like, it's inevitable?...

A black van pulls up beside him. The passenger window rolls down.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So instead of worrying about it, you just kind of block it out for a while. You know, until it's right there in your face.

Frank's Goons, BRUNO, at the wheel and JACK, who yells at David from the passenger seat...

JACK

Hey, excuse me? Excuse me?

DAVID (V.O.)

This was one of those times.

David turns towards the man.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Are you talking to me?

JACK

You see anyone else around?

David looks around.

DAVID

You sure you're not lost?

Both Goons get out of the van and walk towards David.

JACK

Nah buddy, we ain't lost.

BRUNO

We're definitely in the right place.

DAVID

Sorry, I think you got the wrong guy.

The Goons look at each other.

JACK

Nah, you definitely the guy.

They step closer to David.

BRUNO

If you don't mind, we're going to need you to come with us.

DAVID

And if I do mind?

BRUNO

However you want to play it.

DAVID

Maybe I just want to sit this one out.

They step even closer. David turns and takes off running. They chase him.

70 **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

The Goons run after David as he tosses trash cans to the ground.

DAVID (V.O.)

I was never a great athlete but I was sure I could outrun those two.

The Goons run around the trash cans. David turns to look back when his foot catches a pot hole and he falls to the ground.

Jack almost catches up to him before David is back on his feet and running. Bruno catches up to Jack as David runs into a parking garage and up the stairs.

71 **INT. PARKING GARAGE, 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Bruno and Jack reach the Parking Garage. There is an elevator beside the stairs. They both stop out of breath.

BRUNO

Wait.

JACK

What? You wanna take the elevator?

BRUNO

Yes... No... Listen...

72 **INT. PARKING GARAGE, 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

David continues up the stairs then out into the parking deck. He runs up the rows of cars finally finding a suitable one to slide under.

He lies there out of breath but trying to be silent. Bruno's foot steps can be heard getting closer.

BRUNO

I know you're up here somewhere.

David can now see his feet. They stop.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Just come out or we'll wait it out
its up to you.

Bruno's foot kicks the tire. David slides out from under the car and takes off running back toward the stairs. When he gets there Jack pops out from behind a wall.

DAVID (V.O.)

And I would have to.

Jack gets hold of David's jacket and swings him face first into the wall then to the ground. Bruno catches up, panting.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You two need a diet, and I need to
quit smoking.

Jack pulls him to his feet and punches him in the stomach. David heaves.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't think I like this game.

JACK

Frank wants to see you.

The Goons both grab a hold of David.

BRUNO

Now, we'll take the elevator.

Bruno pushes the elevator button.

73 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Jack drags David down the hallway and up to the office door. Bruno knocks.

BRUNO

Hey boss you in there?

Bruno opens the door. Frank is zipping up the pants of his sleazy suit at his desk with a SCANTILY DRESSED WOMAN at his side. She stands up, and wipes her face.

DAVID (V.O.)

Did I mention I owed a hundred grand
to a bookie? Because I did.

FRANK

One second boys. Just finishing up
some business.

Frank slaps her on the ass.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's been a pleasure sweet cheeks.
We'll consider it settled.

DAVID (V.O.)

It wasn't really my fault though, I
had gotten a bad tip on a fight that
was supposed to be thrown.

The Scantily Dressed Woman walks around the men.

SCANTILY DRESSED WOMAN

Hey David.

DAVID

Hey...

She walks down the hall. Frank glares at David.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

From one of Franks goons, who, oddly
didn't seem to be around anymore...

FRANK

Davey boy. Glad you could make it.
Go ahead boys put him down anywhere.

74 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

DAVID (V.O.)

Long story short, I lost.

Jack and Bruno toss David onto the cement floor. He lands
in a heap before dragging himself to lean against the wall.
Frank smiles and walks around from behind his desk.

BRUNO

You gonna need anything else tonight
boss?

FRANK

Nah, I think I got it from here.

JACK

Alright then.

BRUNO

Have good night boss.

JACK

Hey, you want to grab a chili dog?

BRUNO

Yeah sure, I could grab a chili dog?

DAVID

Glad to know I've inspired you!

The Goons leave, closing the door behind them.

FRANK

So, Davey boy, how you been? Not looking so hot. You got a little something right here.

Frank points to his own chin. David wipes at his face, but there is nothing. He begins to stand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's ok. No need to get up. Hold on let me get it for you.

Frank slaps David across the face then turns and walks to his desk. David drags himself to his feet.

DAVID

Frank... I really have meant to-

FRANK

Save me the bullshit would ya? Just tell me where my fucking money is?

DAVID

I'm going to have it... it's just, just, well...

Frank picks up a baseball bat from behind the desk. He walks up to David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's been...

Frank rams David in the chest with the butt of the bat. David curls over holding his chest. He sits back up still trying to catch his breath.

FRANK

It's been what Davey boy? I'll tell you. Three weeks! Three goddamn weeks. You owe me one hundred K, with interest...

Frank holds the bat in both hands. He swiftly brings it up and pins David's neck to the wall. David tries to struggle but to no avail.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, tell me Davey, where the fuck are you going to get that kind of dough by next week?

David tries to speak but cannot.

DAVID (V.O.)

I didn't have that kind of money. I wouldn't have even mad the bet if I wasn't told it was a sure thing.

FRANK

Huh? You tell me that.

DAVID (V.O.)

Earl always said there was no such thing as a sure thing in life besides hookers and irony. He was right.

Frank pulls the bat away. David falls to the floor coughing and holds his throat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You cant get your money if I'm dead Frank. I'm going to have it.

FRANK

It's not about the money, it's about the principle. You made a bet with money you knew you didn't have.

DAVID

I know, I'm also short on principle... but is disposing of my body worth a hundred K in principle?

FRANK

I'm going to give you one more chance.

Frank walks behind his desk and sits down. He places the bat back where he got it from.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hundred K next Tuesday or I'm going to make today seems like a play date. You understand?

David pulls himself to his feet.

DAVID

Yeah, yeah, I got it, no problem.

FRANK

Good, now get the hell out of my office.

DAVID

Always a pleasure-

Frank throws the baseball bat at David narrowly missing him.

FRANK

I said get the fuck out of my office!

David opens the door. Melanie stands there surprised. David tips his hat to her.

DAVID

Hey.

MELANIE

Hey.

David hurries down the hallway. He makes it halfway before stopping to look back.

DAVID (V.O.)

She was a sight for sore eyes though...

Melanie turns and enters the office closing the door behind her. David turns and walks away.

75 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

David sits at his desk. He holds an ice pack to his bruised face, sipping a glass of scotch. A printer prints out pictures.

DAVID (V.O.)

It was storming again... The old man was right, nothing like a little scotch to warm a bruised ego. It didn't take a detective to figure that out--

Knock, knock!

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Sandra comes into the office.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then, there she was again, sexy as ever...

David sets his ice pack down on the desk.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mrs. Bloom, you look ravishing.

SANDRA

Mr. Brissel, I believe we have an appointment.

Sandra shuts the door. David looks at his watch.

DAVID

You're early.

Sandra removes white gloves as she takes a seat.

SANDRA

Am I?

Sandra shuts the door.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Shall I come back?

DAVID

No, no, of course not.

SANDRA

What happened to your face?

DAVID

Oh, it's nothing.

She leans across the desk inspecting him closely. She seductively runs the back of her fingers down his cheek.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She smelled almost better than she looked, like honeysuckle, with a just a ton of vodka.

SANDRA

Doesn't look like nothing to me.

DAVID

Just a scratch.

She touches a painful spot. He grimaces.

SANDRA

Oh my, I'm sorry.

DAVID

I slipped in the shower.

She resumes her sitting position and pulls out a cigarette. David instantly pulls out his lighter and lights it for her.

SANDRA

Thank you.

She puffs seductively on the cigarette.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You have something for me then?

David pulls the photos from the printer.

DAVID

I do. But I'm not sure if you're going to like it.

David pulls out the photographs, sliding them across the desk to her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I am sorry Mrs. Bloom.

She looks at them.

SANDRA

Politicians, they're all the same you know.

DAVID

I know.

SANDRA

A bunch of scheming rats, all they really care about is themselves...

She tosses the pictures onto the desk.

DAVID

Those are yours to keep, if you want.

SANDRA

Could a lady get a drink Mr. Brissel?

DAVID

Of course.

David pours Sandra a scotch and hands it to her.

SANDRA

I have something of a proposition for you. And please don't think any less of me for what I am about to say.

DAVID

Of course not.

SANDRA

My husband keeps me under pretty tight wraps. I have no financial freedom of my own.

David lights a cigarette.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

The thing is... I have no desire to confront him with... those pictures. I only wish to secure my freedom.

DAVID

Why don't you just divorce him?

SANDRA

I would, but the son of a bitch insisted on the most ridiculous prenuptial agreement, that I signed...

DAVID

And you need me, why?

SANDRA

To use those pictures to blackmail my husband.

DAVID

Blackmail your husband? You're a classic Mrs. Bloom.

SANDRA

He can't afford to have his reputation tarnished. He'll pay.

DAVID

No shot at governor if these got out huh? How much are we talking about?

SANDRA

He could pay two, three hundred grand easy.

DAVID

That seems like a lot of cash to carry.

SANDRA

It's a drop in the pan for him.

DAVID

Still...

DAVID (CONT'D)

And what exactly would you need me to do?

SANDRA

Send a letter, make a call, you know... be the bag man?

DAVID

Right.

SANDRA

I can't do it alone.

DAVID

I don't know, Congressman and all.

She gets close to David.

SANDRA

Perhaps we just need to work out some of the finer details.

David downs the rest of his scotch.

DAVID

Details?

Sandra moves her lips close to David's.

SANDRA

Yes, details.

DAVID

I like details.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I followed her cleavage up to her face. She wore red lipstick again, it seemed to be a staple. But I was letting my thoughts get away from me. There was a plan, and I needed to stick to it.

SANDRA

Fifty-fifty Mr. Brissel. Straight down the line.

DAVID

Strait down the line...

SANDRA

So can we work something out, Mr. Brissel.

DAVID

What did you have in mind?

Sandra's hands caress David's chest.

SANDRA

I don't want to be too forward Mr. Brissel.

DAVID

Why not?

SANDRA

I am asking you to take a chance.

DAVID

When you see a sure thing, you have to go for it right?

SANDRA

Is that a yes, Mr. Brissel?

DAVID

I don't know Mrs. Bloom, is it?

DAVID (CONT'D)

And sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do...

They kiss passionately.

76 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY**

David wearing gloves, packs a manilla envelope with pictures and a letter then seals it.

DAVID (V.O.)

The following morning I put everything together. The pictures, a letter with instructions as to where and when to make the drop.

77 **EXT. PUBLIC MAIL BOX - DAY**

David wearing gloves, puts the envelope into a mailbox.

DAVID (V.O.)

If he didn't comply, I was sending the picture to every news outlet that would print them.

78 **EXT. BRIDGE - DAY**

DAVID (V.O.)

And then I waited...

David hides in a secluded spot over looking a bridge with a pair of binoculars.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I kept a good eye out to make sure
he didn't try any funny business.

Mr. Bloom pulls up at the edge of the bridge and gets out of his car. He carries a duffel bag. He walks under the bridge, placing the bag behind some rubbish.

He looks around for a moment. He climbs back up to his car and drives off.

79 **EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

DAVID (V.O.)

I waited until dark to make my move.

David stands and walks down to the bag. He unzips it and his eyes go wide.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The coast seemed clear, so I guessed
he liked his job.

David looks around, then pulls the old dirt bike from a pile of debris.

A GUN SHOT rings out. Then another. David scrambles onto the dirt bike. He struggles to get it started as another GUN SHOT rings out.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it turned out he didn't.

Finally, it roars to life and he speeds off as more GUN SHOTS are heard.

80 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

David, dirty and disheveled, walks down the hallway to his office carrying the duffel bag.

81 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Opening the office door, David finds Sandra sitting in his chair at the desk, smoking a cigarette and drinking a scotch.

DAVID (V.O.)

I'd like to say I was surprised to
find her waiting on me.

He stands in the doorway.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I wasn't.

SANDRA

Should we celebrate?

David holds up the duffel bag. Sandra holds up a new bottle of scotch.

DAVID

Well, I'm still alive so I guess that's something to celebrate.

SANDRA

I got you a present.

David closes the door. Sandra pours a scotch and takes it to him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

It all there?

She hands him the glass. He sets the duffel bag on the desk.

DAVID

You know he fucking shot at me?

SANDRA

But you did it.

She unzips it and looks for herself.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I have to say I wasn't sure you had it in you.

DAVID

Well, I'm sure you are going to...

They clink their glasses together and down the contents. Sandra takes his glass and sets them both down on the desk.

SANDRA

Is that so?

She kisses him.

DAVID (V.O.)

Again, there was a plan and I had to stick to it.

They proceed to get hot and heavy on the desk knocking the duffel bag to the floor.

82 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - LATER**

Sandra and David lie on the desk together. He lights a cigarette.

SANDRA

You have no idea how badly I needed that.

DAVID

That's what you said last time.

He takes a deep drag, she steals it away.

SANDRA

So, what are you planning on doing with your share?

DAVID

I'm going to Disney land.

SANDRA

You're funny.

DAVID

Seriously?

SANDRA

Tell another one of your amazing jokes.

DAVID

I owe a hundred grand to a bookie.

SANDRA

Just kill him, my husband has a gun.

DAVID (V.O.)

She was direct I had to give her that.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Look who's funny now.

SANDRA

I know a lot more then you think David.

DAVID

Yeah, how's that?

SANDRA

I know that the man you owe money to is a worthless piece of shit.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

He does bad things to women, good friends of mine. It's... well... brutal.

DAVID

I've heard...

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There wasn't a person on the planet that thought Frank Diangelo was an upstanding individual.

SANDRA

I hear he keeps that safe of his pretty full.

DAVID

You do know a lot don't you?

SANDRA

What if I could get you the combination?

DAVID

Sure, you do that.

SANDRA

What if I could?

DAVID

I don't know.

SANDRA

He has no problem killing you over money. What's the difference?

DAVID

There's a difference. I'm not a murderer.

SANDRA

It's more like self defense.

DAVID

Not if I pay him.

SANDRA

I think you're selling yourself short.

Sandra hands David the cigarette and begins to kiss down David's chest.

DAVID

I'd hate to sell myself short...

She continues kissing down David's body until she disappears from view. David lays his head back hits the cigarette, sips the scotch and lets her do her thing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh yeah...

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tell me, in this situation who do you think the real sucker is?

83 **EXT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

David, all black clothes, black gloves and shoulder bag across his chest, sits in a car across the street from the building.

DAVID (V.O.)

No one ever plans on killing someone. You know what I mean...

David cocks a gun. The Goons exit the building and get into their van.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's not like you're born, and then on your fifth birthday, you're like, "Someday I'm going to take a life!" It's not like that.

As they drive away David gets out of the car. He crosses the street and enters the building.

84 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

David nervously walks down the hall up to the office door. He hesitates a moment, pulling the gun from his belt.

DAVID (V.O.)

And I'm no sociopath, under any other circumstances I would have found what I was about to do a shameful misstep on my part.

85 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE - NIGHT**

David bursts into the office, Frank, sitting at his desk simply looks up at David, who stands staring at Frank as the gun shakes slightly in his hand.

FRANK

Davey boy. From the looks of things, I'm guessing you don't have my money?

Frank slowly reaches under his desk.

DAVID

I do actually, but this isn't about money.

Frank's hand moves to a shot gun in a holster under the desk.

FRANK

That's a shame.

Frank pulls the gun from its holster as David fires right into Frank's head. The bookie's body jerks back. The Shotgun fires narrowly missing David as Frank falls to the floor.

DAVID

Hell of a shame.

Blood runs down the wall. David lowers the gun, tucks it into his pants and pulls a piece of paper from his pocket. He reads the paper as he steps over Frank's body. He begins working the combination on the safe. It opens with ease.

He looks in. Stacks of money stare back from inside. He opens the shoulder bag pulling out a second smaller bag and fills them with the cash. He stands looking down at Frank's body.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But hindsight being what it is, I wouldn't change a thing. At least I know what it's like to kill. Check that one off the old bucket list.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Goodbye Frank. Guess it was self defense after all.

David looks around and hurries out of the office.

86 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

David stands smoking a cigarette. The larger shoulder bag rests on the desk.

DAVID (V.O.)

Really it's up there with sex as far as first major life experiences are concerned. In fact, it's much more intense.

David pours a scotch and downs it, then fills his and another glass. He picks them up, handing one to Sandra.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's done.

He downs his drink.

SANDRA

That it?

DAVID

That's it.

Sandra Shuts the door.

87 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY**

David sits at his desk putting a fizzy antacid into a glass of water. His fedora is low over his face to block the light shining through the blinds of the window.

DAVID (V.O.)

Again, hindsight being what it is, I know why I did what I did that night. I did it out of love. Seems out there, I'm well aware, but it's the truth.

KNOCK, KNOCK!

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come in!

David lifts his fedora and begins to drink the medicine. Melanie opens the door. He sees Bruno and Jack standing behind her and starts coughing.

MELANIE

Oh my, are you alright?

DAVID (V.O.)

This was not part of the plan.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yes, yes... fine, fine... thanks.

MELANIE

Are you sure?

DAVID (V.O.)

They definitely were not supposed to be there.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sure... What are you?... They... I mean what can I do for you?

MELANIE

I was hoping you could help me.

DAVID

Really? Um... sure, sure... please have a seat.

MELANIE

Thank you.

Melanie begins telling her story.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Yes, well, see... I don't have much faith in the police to actually find my husband's killer...

DAVID (V.O.)

She told me how she thought the police were incompetent.

Melanie slides David Frank's record books

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She gave me Franks record book.

MELANIE

I have his books... they we're in his secret safe... I'm sure someone in here is responsible.

DAVID (V.O.)

I picked it up and began to thumb through it. Then I found it. My name with three skulls and crossbones next to it. What better cover then to investigate your own murder case, right?

Melanie pulls out a small phone from her purse and slides it across the desk to David.

MELANIE

Please call the number on this phone... I mean if you hear anything.

DAVID

Yes, yeah, sure, I will, soon as I know anything.

MELANIE

Well, I'll leave you to it then.

Melanie stands.

DAVID

Good day... Mrs. Diangelo.

MELANIE

You too, Mr. Brissel.

David watches her leave the office.

DAVID (V.O.)

Then, she walked away...

The Goons stare him down for a moment.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Taking my breath with her...

David gives them a little wave. They grunt and follow Melanie down the hallway.

David gets up and closes the door.

He sits back down at his desk and opens Franks record book. He pulls out a pencil and erases his own name.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now I know what you're thinking, who still uses pencils? And my answer is, who was Frank Diangelo?

He replaces his name with William Bloom.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I still had a few more fish to fry.

88 **INT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

David walks down an Isle of books.

He turns a corner and sees PHILLOMENA, a young Latino woman browsing through a book.

When she see's David she puts the book back on the shelf and turns to him.

PHILLOMENA

I was starting to think you weren't going to make it.

DAVID

Sorry.

David pulls out Frank's Record Book from under his jacket and hands it to Phillomena.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know what to do right?

PHILLOMENA

Of course. Don't worry about it David, I got this, just keep up your end.

DAVID (V.O.)

If your wondering who this young lady is, it is Phillomena Navarro, and we'll get back to her later.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I always keep up my end.

PHILLOMENA

Thank you.

DAVID

You're welcome.

Phillomena smiles, turns and walks away.

89 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY**

David's cell phone rings.

DAVID (V.O.)

Sometime later, Melanie would call on me again.

He answers it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

David Brissel P.I.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She wanted to see me, and I wanted to see her.

David hangs up the phone.

90 **EXT. PARK - DAY**

David walks through the park, he see's Melanie siting on a park bench.

DAVID (V.O.)

I still can't stop thinking about her since the day we met.

She waves. He looks over to see the Black Van siting on the side of the road.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just as much as I had been trying to forget about those two since we met. I wasn't sure what to do about them, yet.

MELANIE

Thank you for meeting me. I just really needed to see you...

DAVID

Have you eaten today? You look famished.

MELANIE

Cupcakes.

DAVID

You have to eat real food sometimes too. My treat. Come on. Invite them if you like?

David stands and points at the van.

MELANIE

I'm sure they'll invite themselves.

DAVID

That's what I figured.

91 **INT. BISTRO - DAY**

Melanie and David sit at a table away from the rest of the customers. David is taking pictures of Melanie.

DAVID

See there you go.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was small yet, feisty, cute, with just a dash of sexy. She seemed vulnerable but I knew deep down she was anything but...

He stops taking pictures and lowers the camera.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think the camera really likes you.

MELANIE

Don't be silly.

DAVID

You're a natural.

Melanie finishes her wine.

MELANIE

Should we get another bottle?

DAVID

As long as you eat.

MELANIE

Whatever you say Mr. Brissel...

She smiles coyly.

DAVID

Another bottle it is.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What was about to happen wasn't supposed to be, but there was nothing that could stop it.

92 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - MORNING**

David and Melanie lie in bed.

David slowly slips his arm from under Melanie's neck and sits up on the edge of the bed.

He takes a deep breath turning back to look at Melanie sleeping.

DAVID (V.O.)

She was sweet, and really does smell like cupcakes... I could have stayed in bed with her all day, but I had to go...

David gets dressed.

He picks up his camera.

He finds a pad of paper and writes a note. He places it on the pillow.

He puts his fedora on and takes a look at himself in the mirror.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everything was starting to come together.

David turns and walks out of the room.

93 **EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY**

David carries flowers up to the building and enters. The black van sits in the parking lot.

94 **INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY**

David walks in slowly with the flowers. Melanie turns to him. Detective Spears stands next to her.

MELANIE

Mr. Brissel.

DAVID

These are for you.

David hands her the flowers.

MELANIE

Thank you. Detective Spears this is Detective Brissel.

SPEARS

Detective Brissel?... We've met. How is it that you two know each other?

DAVID

She's a client. Apparently she doesn't have much faith in your abilities.

SPEARS

Is that so? Perhaps we should collaborate then?

DAVID

I'll be sure to let you know what I dig up.

SPEARS

Please do... Mrs. Diangelo.

He nods to her.

DAVID

Detective.

Spears exits. David looks at the Goons.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I realized I needed to set a few things strait.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I should probably get going as well.
I just wanted to drop those off.

MELANIE

Thank you.

DAVID

I'll see ya.

David smiles then exits. Melanie stands smelling her flowers.

95 **EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY**

Spears stands outside. David steps out of the building and walks up to him.

DAVID

Detective Spears. Can I talk to you for a minute?

SPEARS

I know you're mixed up in this somehow, and I really don't want to know how, so let's just leave it at that.

DAVID

You know she didn't do it.

SPEARS

Of course not the spouse never does.

Spears turns and hobbles off towards his car. David watches him for a moment then chases after him.

DAVID

Spears, hold up.

96 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

David sits in his chair taking full advantage of his scotch.

DAVID (V.O.)

I found Detective Spears to be a stand up man, and an even more stand up friend. Everything was turning up roses.

David cell phone rings. He answers it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hello... WHAT! Right now... shake your tail. I will... See you soon.

He hangs up the phone and swivels in his chair away from the window and pulls a gun from his desk.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then everything just happened so fast.

A loud banging at the door. David stands and walks to the left side of the door. The person on the other side begins kicking at the door. Finally the door breaks free flying open.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The next thing I knew the Congressman was bursting through my office door.

Mr. Bloom marches in. He quickly grabs David's arm slamming it against the wall. They struggle together.

MR. BLOOM

You blackmailing piece of shit!

DAVID

I don't think your constituents would appreciate that language.

Mr. Bloom knocks the gun from David's hand. It falls to the floor and slides into the corner. Mr. Bloom pushes David back onto the desk and begins choking him with both hands.

MR. BLOOM

Where's my money?

DAVID

You mean my money.

Mr. Bloom chokes David harder.

MR. BLOOM

Then I guess I'll just have to take it out of your ass...

David gets his feet under Mr. Bloom and kicks him into the wall. Mr. Bloom goes for the gun. David grabs the bottle of scotch from the desk and charges him.

Mr. Bloom turns, barely catching David's arm. They grapple and spin until they land on the floor on the other side of the room.

The bottle slides across the floor as they hit. Mr. Bloom gets the better of David and sits on his chest, once again trying to choke the smaller man.

Melanie appears in the doorway. David grabs Mr. Bloom's arms as he tries to struggle free.

MELANIE

Oh my God...

Melanie fumbles with her purse.

MR. BLOOM

You're going to pay one way or the other, you understand me?

DAVID

(barely audible)

Mel--

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I started to lose consciousness, and that's when it hit me. This is exactly what Earl must have experienced right before he died. I guess we'd have a little more in common now...

Melanie pulls a small revolver from her purse, aiming it at Mr. Bloom's chest.

MR. BLOOM

You thieving son of a bitch.

DAVID

(choking)

Mel...

Melanie shoots Mr. Bloom in the chest. The large man falls. David tries pushing him off. Melanie helps.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The next thing I know, Melanie is standing above me trying to push the congressman off of me. It was actually really cute, this tiny little girl trying to move such a big man.

They get David free of Mr. Bloom's body.

MELANIE

Are you ok?

DAVID

I think so...

MELANIE

He seriously was going to kill you.

Melanie helps David to his feet.

DAVID

I know.

They embrace, kiss, then survey the damage.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is going to be a pain in the
ass to clean up.

Sandra appears in the doorway, gun in hand. She aims it at David.

SANDRA

Luckily, you won't be around for it.

David stands staring at her.

DAVID (V.O.)

Then there she was walking into my
office for the last time. She was
even sexier with a gun in her hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Luckily we were never partners.

Melanie nonchalantly walks to the corner and picks up the other gun, drawing it past Sandra.

SANDRA

Ditto, where'd you hide the rest of
the money?

DAVID

Right.

Melanie aims her gun at David as well.

MELANIE

Tell us.

DAVID (V.O.)

So far the plan had been going, well,
according to plan. But I didn't see
that coming.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're kidding me?

MELANIE

Now!

Melanie cocks the gun. David cocks his head at her.

DAVID (V.O.)

So here are I am, standing next to a dead body with two extremely attractive women pointing guns at me. One of which I thought I was in love with and the other, just amazing in the sack. I should have known better, I know. But there was nothing to do about it now.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit... it's in a storage unit.

SANDRA

Where?

DAVID

The Forty-First Street one.

MELANIE

Where's the key and what's the number?

David pulls the key from his pocket.

DAVID

Four eleven.

SANDRA

Was that so hard? It was nice knowing you.

Sandra cocks her gun as well. David tosses the key to the ground.

DAVID (V.O.)

You know for a split second I thought she might not go through with it.

CUT TO BLACK:

A Gun Shot is heard.

SUPER: CHAPTER III

SUPER: THE FEMME-FATALE

The chapter begins in black and white and slowly fades into color by the end. (V.O) Indicates Character breaking fourth wall and speaking directly to the camera/audience.

97 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sandra stands pointing her gun at David. Mr. Bloom is dead on the floor. Melanie stands in the background holding a gun at David as well.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I always thought I was the most manipulative woman I knew, but standing here now, I realize how truly fucked up the rest of this world is. I am about to murder a man whom I have made do my bidding as easily as taunting a dog with a piece of steak. I feel kind of bad about it, but people do way worse things everyday. And for what? Money of course. Oh, and freedom. My name is Sandra Bloom, and I am standing here next to this dead, fat bloated pig pounder holding a gun in this guys face, why? Because I do what I want.

98 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, PATIO - DAY**

Sandra stands on her patio smoking a cigarette and drinking a Martini.

SANDRA (V.O.)

To sum it up, I hated my life. Well, maybe I just hated the life I had created for myself. I suppose it doesn't really matter now.

The DOOR BELL RINGS. Sandra flicks her cigarette butt not the yard and walk into the house.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

MARIA!...

99 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, BACK ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Sandra walks through the house, pictures of her wedding adorn the wall.

SANDRA (V.O.)

But it's not like a girl really asks for a lot out of this world. Just the basics, a rich husband, so she can have a nice house,

We see her pass wearing the following attire,

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fancy jewelry, designer clothes with matching shoes and handbags.

100 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sandra walks through the dining room.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Four course meals that come up as easily as they go down, and a little respect once in while. That's all a girl really needs. And honestly it's not that hard to accomplish, with the exception of the respect part.

The DOOR BELL RINGS again.

101 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A lavish living room.

SANDRA

MARIA! Did I fire her?

Sandra walks to the door and opens it. PHILLOMENA, mid-twenties, Puerto Rican, stands in the doorway with a newspaper.

PHILLOMENA

Hola, my name is Phillomena. I am here for the maids position?

SANDRA

Of course you are.

Sandra checks her bare wrists for the time.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

And you're late.

PHILLOMENA

My apologies Miss.

SANDRA

Well, come in I don't have all day.

They walk into the living room. Sandra sits down on the couch.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

PHILLOMENA

Gracias.

Phillomena sits down in a chair and sets the newspaper on the coffee table. The paper reads "LOCAL PI FOUND STRANGLED TO DEATH IN ALLEY: STILL NO LEADS".

SANDRA

Please, we speak english in this house.

PHILLOMENA

Of course.

SANDRA

You have your resume?

PHILLOMENA

Yes, yes.

She pulls her resume from her purse. Sandra takes it and glances it over.

SANDRA

Can you make a martini?

PHILLOMENA

Martini?... Yes, yes, of course.

Mr. Bloom enters in a fine suit. He fiddles with a cufflink.

MR. BLOOM

Ah, this must be the new one!

Phillomena stands. Sandra stares at Mr. Bloom for a moment.

SANDRA

This is my husband Congressman Bloom.

MR. BLOOM

And your name?

PHILLOMENA

Phillomena, sir.

MR. BLOOM

Phillomena... beautiful name.

Mr. Bloom drops the cufflink. It rolls across the floor.

MR. BLOOM (CONT'D)

Damn it... do you mind?

Phillomena bends over to pick up the cufflink. Mr. Bloom obviously checks out her ass.

PHILLOMENA

Here you go, sir. Allow me.

MR. BLOOM

Thank you.

Phyllomena attaches the cufflink to Mr. Bloom's sleeve. Mr. Bloom walks towards the door.

MR. BLOOM (CONT'D)

She may be a keeper.

SANDRA

That has yet to be seen.

MR. BLOOM

I'm sure she'll do a wonderful job.
Won't you Phyllomena?

PHILLOMENA

Yes, of course, very good job,
Congressman Bloom.

MR. BLOOM

Good.

He winks at her and starts out the door.

SANDRA

Don't forget we have that gala this evening.

MR. BLOOM

It's on my schedule.

Mr. Bloom exits.

SANDRA

Well, first things first. Let me show you the bar.

102 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sandra, gets ready for the gala, she puts on an elegant gown. Jazz plays softly in the background.

SANDRA (V.O.)

The problem is once you get all the things, you can't help but want even more out of life.

She looks at herself in the mirror.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Freedom, happiness, self-sufficiency coupled with a strong sense of self. Sometimes we ask for the wrong things first.

She does her makeup in front of her vanity mirror.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And most the time we have to be careful what we ask for because we just might get it! Trust me, I know. And then what? I mean, don't get me wrong, I've come a long way from the trailer park to get to where I am. The strings I've had to pull along the way weren't always easy.

She sips from a martini.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now I find, as I get older, it's become increasingly harder to play the puppet master. Every night I sit alone in front of my vanity mirror sipping Martinis and watching each new wrinkle as it appears. All the while my former life slowly fades out of existence. I was nothing but a housewife and a trophy to my congressional husband.

Her cell phone rings next to her. She answers it.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You better be on your way home?...
Don't give me that bullshit Bill!

Sandra slams the phone down. She stands, grabs her martini and downs it. She throws the glass against the wall shattering it to pieces.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Never marry a politician unless you want to reduce your entire identity to that of an accessory. One that is no more important than the watch he wears on his wrist or the tie you'd like to hang him with.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Phillomena! Phillomena!

Phillomena tip toes into the room.

PHILLOMENA

Is everything alright, Mrs. Bloom?
I heard a crash.

SANDRA

No, Mr.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Bloom has decided he has come down with a stomach bug and needs to spend the night in the city. AGAIN.

PHILLOMENA

Oh, I am sorry miss... You look lovely.

SANDRA

Another martini, then clean this up...

PHILLOMENA

Yes, Miss.

SANDRA

I'll be on the terrace.

Sandra walks out of the room.

103 **EXT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Sandra walks down the street and into the beauty parlor.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I guess the idea had been in my head forever, but I just never really had the balls to go through with it. Then it was all put into perspective for me.

104 **INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Sandra walks up to the counter where the Cosmetologist sits.

SANDRA

Excuse me, I have an appointment. Sandra Bloom.

COSMETOLOGIST

Oh yeah, yeah. You right here.

The Cosmetologist checks off her name.

105 **INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Sandra sits in a reclining chair, her feet in a tub of water. Melanie sits next to her doing the same.

MELANIE

Sandra?... Sandra Simmons?

Sandra laughs.

SANDRA

I haven't been Sandra Simmons for a long time... It's Bloom now.

MELANIE

Then, it is you.

SANDRA

I'm sorry, do I know you?

MELANIE

It's me Melanie, Melanie Gold. From high school? Well, I'm Diangelo now, but...

SANDRA (V.O.)

She looked vaguely familiar, but I wasn't sure. Was I supposed to remember everyone from high school?

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Melanie?... Melanie?

MELANIE

I went out with Bobby Bowman before you.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Her puppy dog eyes just kept staring at me like I was actually supposed to remember her, or him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, yes. Melanie, of course. Whatever happened to Bobby?

MELANIE

He killed himself remember?

SANDRA

Oh... right...

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I must have blocked it out.

Sandra notices the ring on Melanie's finger.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You're happily married now too I see.

MELANIE

If you say so.

SANDRA

That is if you can call any marriage happy.

MELANIE

Honeymoon's over for you too huh?

SANDRA

I think it was over before it began.

MELANIE

I know what you mean... you should give me your number. Grab some drinks or something?

SANDRA

Yeah, sure why not.

MELANIE

Yeah? Ok.

The Cosmetologist walks up with a plate of cucumbers.

COSMETOLOGIST

Cucumber time. Lay your heads back.

The cosmetologist applies cucumbers on Sandra and Melanie's eyes.

COSMETOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Ok, you ladies relax.

The Cosmetologist exits.

MELANIE

You know I had him followed once.

SANDRA

You're husband?

MELANIE

Yup.

SANDRA

How did that work out for you?

MELANIE

Just found out what I already knew. I could recommend the guy if you like?

SANDRA

My husband would never...

MELANIE

Hey you never know.

SANDRA

Oh I know... I know... you know what, sure, what could it hurt.

MELANIE

Earl Jones was his name. Here...

Melanie fishes the card out of her purse blindly and hands it to Sandra.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Here ya go.

Sandra Fumbles for the card.

SANDRA

Thanks.

MELANIE

Great to see you Sandra.

SANDRA

You too Melanie.

Melanie and Sandra giggle, then lie back and exhale deeply.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Did I need a new friend? It couldn't hurt. Plus we seemed to have a few things in common.

Sandra places the card in her bra.

106 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sandra lies in bed sleeping. Mr. Bloom enters pulling off his shirt, he tosses it to the floor, kicks off his shoes and heads strait into the bathroom.

Sandra hears the SHOWER RUNNING. She pops out of bed and picks up the shirt lifting it to her face she smells it.

SANDRA (V.O.)

That wasn't my perfume on his collar. In fact I recognized it. I smelled it every time I went to his office. His secretary always greeted me with a warm smile as if I didn't know what was going on.

Sandra tosses the shirt back on the ground. Then gets back into bed.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I tried to relax but all I kept thinking about was what Melanie had said,

MELANIE (O.S.)

"I had him followed once... blackmail..."

Mr. Bloom comes out of the bathroom and plops down into bed. He immediately begins snoring. Sandra pulls her pillow over her head.

107 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

Sandra, coat and umbrella, walks down the street in the rain.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I knew I needed a change. I needed freedom, something had to give. The question was, could I get away with it?

She comes to the door and closes her umbrella and enters the building.

108 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE, HALL - NIGHT**

Sandra's heels echo down the hallway. She arrives at the door that reads, "EARL JONES DETECTIVE AGENCY". She knocks on the door twice.

DAVID (O.S.)

Door's open.

109 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Sandra opens the door and enters.

SANDRA

Hello there, Mr. Jones?

He jumps to his feet.

DAVID

I'm afraid Mr. Jones is no longer with us.

SANDRA

I'm sorry to hear that. I am in the right place though?

DAVID

Name's David, David Brissel.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll be taking over for Mr. Jones.
I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name?

SANDRA

Sandra, Mrs. Sandra Bloom.

DAVID

Well, please Mrs. Bloom have a seat.

Sandra closes the door behind her.

110 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

She begins to remove her coat. David runs to help her.

DAVID

Pleas allow me.

He removes her coat revealing a sexy silver dress underneath,
he hangs the coat on the coat tree by the door.

SANDRA (V.O.)

This wasn't exactly the man I was
expecting...

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

DAVID

Can I offer you a drink?

SANDRA

If it's not too much trouble.

DAVID

No trouble at all.

David opens a desk drawer, pulls another rocks glass and the
bottle of scotch out.

SANDRA (V.O.)

This was going to be much more
enjoyable then previously anticipated.

He pours a good amount and slides the glass across the desk
to her as she takes a seat.

DAVID

Scotch, I hope you don't mind?

SANDRA

Beggars can't be choosers. Do you
mind if I smoke?

DAVID

Be my guest.

Sandra pulls out a cigarette, places it in her lips and stares at David.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Or was it...

DAVID

Oh, sorry...

SANDRA

If you don't mind.

David pulls out a lighter and leans across his desk, lighting Sandra's cigarette. He leans back making himself comfortable.

DAVID

Now, what is it that I can do for you?

SANDRA

You see, I believe that my husband may be cheating on me.

DAVID

That's ridiculous. Why would a man ever cheat on a woman like you?

SANDRA

Thank you, but as strange as it may seem to you, I believe my husband does not share your fine sentiment.

DAVID

And what is your husband's name?

SANDRA

William Bloom.

DAVID

William Bloom...Bloom, Bloom?...
The congressmen?

She nods, inhaling deeply on her cigarette.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Really?

SANDRA

I am married to the man.

DAVID

And your sure about his infidelities?

SANDRA

If I was sure why would I be here,
Mr. Brissel?

DAVID

Do you have a picture of your husband?

SANDRA

I do, not that you should need one.
He's been all over the television
lately.

Sandra takes a photograph out of her purse and hands it to David. He examines it closely.

DAVID

I'll need to know his schedule and
some other incidentals.

SANDRA

Whatever you need, Mr. Brissel.

She pulls a pad of paper from her purse and slides it across the desk to him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I believe I have it all outlined
here for you.

DAVID

I'll get started in the morning.

She stands.

SANDRA

Thank you, Mr. Brissel. Do you mind
if I ask what happened to Mr. Jones?

David stands and makes his way around the desk to Sandra.

DAVID

He was murdered.

SANDRA

I'm sorry to hear that...

DAVID

Me too.

SANDRA

Until next time then...

Sandra retrieves her coat.

DAVID

Allow me.

David holds the coat for her as she slides in.

SANDRA

Such a gentlemen.

DAVID

I do what I can.

David holds the door open for her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good evening Mrs. Bloom.

Sandra exits and walks down the hallway. David watches her go.

111 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

Sandra opens her umbrella.

SANDRA (V.O.)

The easy part was over.

Then heads back into the rain and down the street.

112 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sandra wears a bathrobe while sipping a martini. She sits on her bed looking through a box of old photographs, ribbons and sashes.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I went home feeling proud of myself.
The detective would get me the
incriminating pictures I needed. I
was sure of that.

She pulls out a tiara and looks at it longingly. She places it on her head. She pulls out a bundle of sashes and sets them on the bed.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My poor husband wouldn't have a choice
but to pay. Maybe I'd move to Paris
or Milan. Either way I'd be free,
and there wasn't anything he could
do about it.

She takes out a framed picture of herself as the winner of a beauty contest. She wears the same tiara and one of the sashes lying on the bed.

Standing, she sets the picture down by the mirror. She puts on the corresponding sash and looks into the mirror, adjusting the sash and the tiara appropriately.

She smiles a big smile and looks from the picture to the mirror. She notices her crows feet. She begins pulling on her skin.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He deserved what he had coming, the bastard. He was lucky to have had me. Too bad that luck was running out. I was still quite a catch.

She turns sideways examining her figure. The phone rings. - She doesn't answer it. There is a knock on the door. Sandra quickly removes the sash and the tiara, tossing them to the bed.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

What is it?

The door opens a crack and Phillomena pokes her head in.

PHILLOMENA

Mrs. Bloom? There is a Melanie on the phone for you.

SANDRA

Just a splash of vermouth next time, Phillomena. It's not rocket science.

PHILLOMENA

Yes, Mrs. Bloom.

Phillomena closes the door. Sandra walks to the phone and picks it up.

SANDRA

Melanie... I could always use a drink.

113 **INT. DESSERT BAR - DAY**

A PERFORMER sings from a stage. Melanie, sipping wine, and Sandra, a martini, sit at the bar. A BARTENDER works behind the bar.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I needed to get out of the house, I hadn't had what you would call a friend in a long time. And she was just the type of friend I needed.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Shit yeah! That's a Martini. Bill hired this new Mexican hussy for a maid. Can't mix a drink to save her life.

MELANIE

Sounds rough.

SANDRA

You know what I can't understand?

MELANIE

What's that?

SANDRA

How can a person feel so closed in, in such a big house?

MELANIE

Low ceilings?

SANDRA

No the ceilings are pretty high.

MELANIE

Oh, well it's not that, then.

SANDRA

Grass is always greener huh?

MELANIE

I suppose...

SANDRA

Thanks for the tip by the way.

MELANIE

Tip?

SANDRA

Getting proof. New guy, though, I guess the old one was murdered?

MELANIE

Really?

SANDRA

Yeah, but I already know he's cheating on me.

MELANIE

Welcome to the club. Maybe we should get membership cards.

SANDRA

It's not a club I really want to be a part of anymore.

MELANIE

I don't think it was our choice to begin with.

SANDRA

I guess I should be happy, one of his coworkers recently got caught with his male secretary. An anti-gay one at that.

Melanie almost spits out her wine. She starts laughing, Sandra joins in.

MELANIE

Sounds about right. They have amazing Bavarian cream cupcakes. I'm going to get some. They are to die for.

SANDRA

I haven't had a cupcake in years.

MELANIE

You have to try one...
(to Bartender)
Excuse me, could I get a dozen Bavarian creme?

SANDRA

A dozen?

MELANIE

Don't worry I'll take a few home.

SANDRA

You better...

MELANIE

So who's the new detective guy?

SANDRA

Brissel...? Kinda cute...

MELANIE

Oh, the photographer. He owes my husband quite a bit of money.

SANDRA

For what?

MELANIE

Books.

SANDRA

Really? He didn't strike me as a heavy reader.

MELANIE

Gambling, he lost a bet.

SANDRA

Ah, that makes more sense.

MELANIE

Oh...

(giggling)

I bet with the election coming up a scandal is the last thing your husband would want.

SANDRA

Excuse me?

MELANIE

I mean if those pictures ever got out.

SANDRA

How uncomfortable would that be? For him...

Sandra laughs.

MELANIE

You just need a fall guy.

SANDRA

You think I could talk him into it?

MELANIE

Who?

SANDRA

The photographer.

MELANIE

Oh, that's a good idea... I know there's no way he can afford to pay right now.

SANDRA

How about while we are at it, we'll get rid of yours too?

MELANIE

Oh, and frame the photographer for the whole thing!

SANDRA

Now you're thinking.

MELANIE

Sounds like a plan to me. Men, can't live with them, can't kill 'em.

SANDRA

Or can you?

They both laugh, The Bartender delivers the cupcakes.

MELANIE

Oh yay! Thank you... try one.

Sandra and Melanie both pick up a cupcake and take a bite.

SANDRA

Oh my god... that's incredible.

MELANIE

I told you, they're to die for.

They clink their glasses together and drink.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I felt an adrenaline rush from the possibilities or maybe it was the cupcakes... either way, I was going to make something happen with my new friend.

114 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - DAY**

Sandra stands in her bra and panties looking through her closet. She picks out a very seductive red dress.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I decided I couldn't wait any longer. I needed to get the ball rolling.

She puts it on and looks at herself in the mirror, adjusting it appropriately.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had called up the detective and asked him to meet me.

She sits down and begins putting on her makeup. Bright red lipstick, then jet black eyeliner.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I needed to relieve some stress either way, and he'd do just fine.

She does up her hair. Phillomena comes in carefully carrying a martini and sets it next to Sandra.

PHILLOMENA

You look amazing Mrs. Bloom.

SANDRA

Thank you.

PHILLOMENA

You and Mr. Bloom have a hot date?

SANDRA

That will be all thank you.

PHILLOMENA

Yes, Mrs. Bloom.

Phillomena exits. Sandra sips her martini, shakes her head, then looks in the mirror.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I'd been out of the game for a while.
I guess it was time to find out if I
still had it!

115 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE, HALL - NIGHT**

Sandra makes her way to David's office, she knocks on the door.

DAVID (O.S.)

Yeah?

Sandra opens the office door to find David sitting at his desk with an ice pack on his face. David sets an ice pack down on the desk.

SANDRA (V.O.)

When I got there he looked like he had taken quite a beating. It made him look even more intense. I knew that look. He wanted me.

DAVID

Mrs. Bloom, you look ravishing.

SANDRA

Mr. Brissel, I believe we have an appointment.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was no doubt about it.
Convincing him would be a breeze.

Sandra closes the door.

116 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sandra hovers closely to David.

SANDRA

Fifty-fifty Mr. Brissel. Straight down the line.

DAVID

Strait down the line...

SANDRA

So can we work something out, Mr. Brissel.

DAVID

What did you have in mind?

Sandra's hands caress David's chest.

SANDRA

I don't want to be too forward Mr. Brissel.

DAVID

Why not?

SANDRA

I am asking you to take a chance.

DAVID

When you see a sure thing, you have to go for it right?

SANDRA

Is that a yes, Mr. Brissel?

DAVID

I don't know Mrs. Bloom, is it?

SANDRA (V.O.)

I had him wrapped around my pinky finger, tongue still wagging, before he even knew what happened.

They kiss passionately.

117 **EXT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Sandra sits in her fancy car looking in the rear view mirror.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I really did feel like my old self again.

She begins to cry smearing her makeup. She tries to compose herself. She takes out some tissues and tries to clean herself up.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Which is a bit of a double edged sword that I don't want to get into right now.

She takes a deep breath and gets out of the car.

118 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A chic yet modern dining room, dimly lit.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Anyway... I had other things to worry about besides slut shaming myself.

Sandra and Mr. Bloom sit across from each other. They drink wine. Sandra picks at her food. Mr. Bloom hurriedly gulps his down.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

How was your day?

MR. BLOOM

Exhausting.

He continues eating.

SANDRA

So, anything new on the campaign agenda I should know about?

MR. BLOOM

Actually, I do have something that concerns you... your allowance.

SANDRA

My allowance? What about it?

MR. BLOOM

We need to make some sacrifices. The campaign needs more money, so I've decided to handle it myself.

SANDRA

If you think for one second that-

MR. BLOOM

This isn't a negotiation.

SANDRA

And what are your sacrifices?

MR. BLOOM

You'll just have to buy one less pair of shoes a month.

SANDRA

How dare you.

Mr. Bloom wipes his face with his napkin and tosses it onto his plate.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I can't even remember why I married you.

MR. BLOOM

The money I believe.

Sandra stands from the table and storms out.

SANDRA (V.O.)

What could I say, he was right... and since he was worried about money, it looked like my plan was working.

SANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Phyllomena! Martini!

119 **EXT. PARK - DAY**

Sandra sits on the park bench smoking.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Melanie called and wanted me to meet her in the park to discuss our husbands' futures.

Melanie and Ida stand next to her.

MELANIE

Her name's Ida. You can pet her.

SANDRA

I don't really like dogs...

MELANIE

No? That's too bad.

She sits.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I love dogs...

Melanie looks around uncomfortably.

SANDRA

Sorry, more of a cat person myself.

MELANIE

I think we should do it.

SANDRA

Do what?

MELANIE

You know... We just need to convince this Brissel character to rob and kill my husband.

SANDRA

I thought we were just joking about the killing part...

MELANIE

I know for a fact that my husband wouldn't hesitate to take care of Brissel if he doesn't pay.

SANDRA

But he'll have the money now.

MELANIE

We can't have him actually giving away our money.

SANDRA

Our money?

MELANIE

If we're going to be partners that is.

SANDRA

Partners? I think you may have the wrong idea about me.

Sandra stands flicking away her cigarette butt.

MELANIE

Do I?

Melanie pulls her back down.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Frank keeps like a million dollars
in his safe. We'll split it.

Sandra lights another cigarette.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you can be very persuasive
when you want to be.

Melanie gestures towards Sandra's breasts.

SANDRA

Then I want you to take care of Mr.
Bloom.

MELANIE

That could be arranged... I'll get
you the combination to the safe.
Then we make it look like the
Congressman and Brissel off'd each
other.

SANDRA

Is "no" even an option?

Melanie hands the envelope to Sandra.

MELANIE

Here is everything you'll need.

SANDRA

Is there a Martini in there?

Melanie stands.

MELANIE

It's going to be fun... Call me for
that whole blackmail thing.

SANDRA

Yup.

Melanie and Ida walk away.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It didn't take much to convince her
of my plan.

Sandra opens the envelope and looks in side.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If fact she laid it out for me...

120 **EXT. BRIDGE - DAY**

Sandra, with a pair of binoculars, hides behind some bushes overlooking the spot where David is hiding.

SANDRA (V.O.)

But first there was a blackmail to take care of.

Melanie walks up behind her. Her face is red as if she's been crying.

MELANIE

Hey.

Sandra jumps.

SANDRA

What the fuck!

MELANIE

Sorry.

SANDRA

What's with the waterworks?

MELANIE

Frank shot Ida, so no, I'm not ok.

SANDRA

I didn't ask, but... He shot your dog?

MELANIE

I told you he was a monster.

SANDRA

They're all monsters.

Melanie begins to stop crying.

MELANIE

I'll be ok really.

They look down to see Mr. Bloom arrive with the duffel bag.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Wow, you actually married that? How is he in bed?

SANDRA

I wouldn't know anymore.

MELANIE

That's probably a good thing.

121 **EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Once Mr. Bloom is gone, Melanie and Sandra wait until David walks down to retrieve the bag.

MELANIE

How's he in bed?

Sandra gives her a coy smile.

SANDRA

Pity we have to kill him.

GUN SHOTS ring out.

MELANIE

Unless your husband does first.

They watch David get on the dirt bike and speed away as more GUN SHOTS ring out. Sandra quickly puts the binoculars in her purse.

SANDRA

Well time to go.

MELANIE

Agreed!

They both turn and run away.

122 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - DAY**

Sandra carries a bottle of scotch. She reaches above the door jam and grabs a key.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I stole my husbands prized bottle of scotch from his private cask. I decided to have a surprise celebration party. I figured he deserved it, especially after what I was about to ask him to do.

She unlocks the door and enters.

123 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY**

Sandra sets down the scotch and sits at the desk, she pours herself a scotch and lights a cigarette. She sits back striking her most seductive pose. Moments later David appears in the doorway looking dirty and disheveled.

SANDRA

Should we celebrate?

David holds up the duffel bag. Sandra holds up the bottle of scotch.

DAVID

Well, I'm still alive so I guess that's something to celebrate.

SANDRA

I got you a present.

David swings the door closed.

124 **INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sandra and David lie on the desk together. David lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag.

SANDRA (V.O.)

After we desecrated pretty much every surface of the place we found ourselves on his desk.

Sandra steals it away.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

So, what are you planning on doing with your share?

David sips some scotch.

DAVID

I'm going to Disney land.

SANDRA

You're funny.

DAVID

Seriously?

SANDRA

Tell another one of your amazing jokes.

DAVID

I owe a hundred grand to a bookie.

SANDRA

Just kill him, my husband has a gun.

DAVID

Look who's funny now.

SANDRA (V.O.)

If only I wasn't joking...

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I know a lot more then you think David.

DAVID

Yeah, how's that?

SANDRA

I know that the man you owe money to is a worthless piece of shit. He does bad things to women, good friends of mine. It's... well... brutal.

DAVID

I've heard...

SANDRA

I hear he keeps that safe of his pretty full.

DAVID

You do know a lot don't you?

SANDRA

What if I could get you the combination?

DAVID

We'd never get away with it.

SANDRA

What if we could?

DAVID

I don't know.

SANDRA

He has no problem killing you over money. What's the difference?

DAVID

There's a difference. I'm not a murderer.

SANDRA

It's more like self defense.

DAVID

Not if I pay him.

SANDRA

I think you're selling yourself short.

Sandra hands David the cigarette and begins to kiss down David's chest.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He put up some resistance. But in the end, he was putty in my hands to mold to my will...

DAVID

I'd hate to sell myself short...

She continues kissing down David's body until she disappears from view.

SANDRA (V.O.)

He didn't. It doesn't take much to convince a man to commit murder. Either that, or I have the most convincing lips on the planet.

David lays his head back and lets her do her thing.

DAVID

Oh Yeah!

SANDRA (V.O.)

I'm going with the latter.

125 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sandra enters the dining room carrying a bag of money.

SANDRA

When I got home I stashed the money in the safest spot I could think of.

She goes to the back of the room and opens up the hutch cupboard. She removes some dishes and pulls out a false bottom.

She quickly puts the money in the cupboard. She starts to replace the dishes, and closes the drawer. Phillomena enters carrying a martini.

PHILLOMENA

Mrs. Bloom?

Startled, Sandra spins around. Surprise and anger streak across her face.

SANDRA

What the fuck! Don't ever sneak up on me like that. Seriously what is wrong with you people!

PHILLOMENA

My apologies, Mrs. Bloom, I didn't mean to startle you.

Phyllomena hands her the martini.

SANDRA

Is Mr. Bloom in yet?

PHILLOMENA

No ma'am.

Sandra sips the martini.

SANDRA

Ugh! Don't you have some laundry or cleaning to do?

PHILLOMENA

Of course.

Sandra turns and leans against the hutch and downs her martini. She shakes her head in disgust.

SANDRA

A dash of vermouth! A DASH.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Good help really is hard to find.

126 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Melanie and Sandra sit at a table.

SANDRA

The steak tar tar here is killer.

MELANIE

That's nice. The lobster is to die for.

They both giggle politely.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It's almost time. Are you nervous?

SANDRA

I'm fine.

Sandra holds up her martini.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Everything's going according to plan.

MELANIE

According to plan.

They clink their glasses together.

127 **EXT. DIANGELO OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sandra sits in her car and watches David enter the building.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Melanie and I had agreed that in order to ensure the deeds were done...

She gets out of the car and follows him.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We would both be there to make sure our respective husbands did indeed meet their untimely ends.

Sandra pulls a small gun from her purse as she enters the building.

128 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Sandra walks slowly down the hall. She can hear the two men arguing. Sandra turns down the hall and hides in the shadows, listening nervously.

FRANK (O.S.)

Davey boy. From the looks of things, I'm guessing you don't have my money

DAVID (O.S.)

I do actually, but this isn't about money.

FRANK (O.S.)

That's a shame.

A gunshot explodes from inside the office, then another.

DAVID (O.S.)

Hell of a shame.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I really didn't think he had it in him. Thank god he did...

David hurriedly exits the office. Sandra watches him go. After a moment, she enters the blood splattered office and peers behind the desk. She immediately turns and runs out down the hallway.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't need to see that.

129 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHTS**

Sandra exits the building and runs to her car.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Honestly didn't know if I could have done it.

She opens the car door and pukes. She collects herself then climbs in.

130 **INT. SANDRA'S CAR - NIGHT**

As Sandra drives she passes Melanie walking down the street carrying a bag of food.

131 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Sandra stands outside the door taking several deep breaths before knocking.

132 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

David stands at his desk smoking a cigarette and sipping on scotch. The shoulder bag rests on the desk.

DAVID

It's done.

He downs his drink.

SANDRA

That it?

David nods, pouring another scotch. Sandra shuts the door, turns and moves towards the money. David grabs her wrist.

DAVID

Bad news, there was only sixty grand in that safe.

SANDRA

What? Don't even think of trying to double cross me now.

DAVID

I wouldn't dream of it.

SANDRA

If you--

DAVID

What would be the point?

SANDRA

After all I--

DAVID

What would you do anyway? Kill me?

David takes her glass, turns away from her and pours another drink for Sandra and himself. She glares at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good, I'm glad we're in agreement.
Fifty-fifty, straight down the line,
just like you said.

He hands her the drink, she takes it.

SANDRA

There was supposed to be more.

DAVID

Beggar's can't be choosers, remember?

They clink their glasses together and drink. Sandra wipes a dribble from her mouth. David lights two cigarettes and hands one to her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think it's probably a good idea if
we don't see each other for a while.

SANDRA

Well, Mr. Brissel, I suppose this is
goodbye then.

DAVID

Yes, Mrs. Bloom, I suppose it is.

David slaps a stack of cash onto the desk. Sandra stuffs it into her purse.

SANDRA

Take care of yourself.

DAVID

Don't you worry about me doll face.
Go on, get outta here.

Sandra opens the door wide and exits swinging the door closed behind her.

133 **EXT. SANDRA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Sandra sits in her car she pulls out a small cell phone and dials. It rings. Melanie answers.

SANDRA

We need to talk... There wasn't
nearly as much money as you said...
Brissel only got sixty grand...
I don't know... Is he? I'm not
sure. Yeah... I will.

She hangs up, downs her martini and lights a cigarette.

134 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sandra and Mr. Bloom sit at the table. Sandra stares at her food in disgust.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Phyllomena attempted to make dinner. As soon as Bill was gone, she would be gone too. I decided now was as good a time as any.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Bill, I have a confession to make.

MR. BLOOM

What did you do now?

SANDRA

You're not going to be happy about it.

MR. BLOOM

What did you do now!

SANDRA

I may have gotten a tiny bit suspicious.

MR. BLOOM

Of?

SANDRA

You spending so much time in the city.

MR. BLOOM

Do we really have to get into this again--

SANDRA

I hired a private investigator to follow you.

MR. BLOOM

You did what? You know what that could look like--

SANDRA

He assured me that you have been one hundred percent faithful.

MR. BLOOM

If the press ever found out what you--

SANDRA

How was I ever supposed to trust you?

MR. BLOOM

You just do. Now how am I ever supposed to trust you?

SANDRA

I'm sorry, Bill.

MR. BLOOM

What's his name?

SANDRA

Who?

MR. BLOOM

The detective?

SANDRA

David Brissel. I still don't see what that matters-

MR. BLOOM

Maybe I'd like to thank him for assuring my wife of my *fidelity*.

SANDRA

I think I have his card somewhere.

Sandra pulls a card from her purse and hands it to her husband. He looks at it with surprise.

MR. BLOOM

Earl Jones...

SANDRA

Oh, right, Brissel's the young man who took over for him.

MR. BLOOM

Is that right? Perhaps I will thank him in person after dinner.

SANDRA

Tonight?

MR. BLOOM

Why waste time. Excuse me.

Mr. Bloom stands and exits the room. Sandra sits for a moment.

SANDRA

Poor David, I thought... Oh well, you have to crack some eggs if you want to make an omelet. Someone once said that.

She pulls her phone from her purse and begins dialing frantically.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Hello, he's on his way now... Yes now.

Sandra hangs up.

135 **EXT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT****SANDRA (V.O.)**

This was it.

Sandra gets out of her car and walks into the building.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It would all be over tonight one way or another.

136 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Sandra walks down the hall towards the office. She hears a Gun Shot. As she gets closer she can David and Melanie talking.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Are you ok?

DAVID (O.S.)

I think so... Good job.

MELANIE (O.S.)

He seriously was going to kill you.

DAVID (O.S.)

I know... This is going to be a pain in the ass to clean up.

Sandra reaches the door and pulls out her gun, she takes a deep breath.

137 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Sandra bursts into the office.

SANDRA

Luckily, you won't be around for it.

David stands staring at her.

DAVID

Luckily we were never partners.

Melanie nonchalantly walks to the corner and picks up the other gun.

SANDRA

I know... where'd you hide the rest of the money?

DAVID

Right.

Melanie raises her arm pointing her gun at David as well.

MELANIE

Tell us.

DAVID

You're kidding me?

MELANIE

Now!

Melanie cocks the gun. David cocks his head at her.

SANDRA (V.O.)

I could see on his face he was hurt. Like his heart had just been shattered. It was sad. When will men ever learn that women are the dominant species?

DAVID

Shit... it's in a storage unit.

SANDRA

Where?

DAVID

The Forty-First Street one.

MELANIE

Where's the key and what's the number?

David pulls the key from his pocket.

DAVID

Four eleven.

SANDRA

Was that so hard? I'm sorry Davey. It was nice knowing you.

Sandra cocks her gun.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So, now you know why I'm standing next to this recently deceased fat bloated pig pounder, pointing a gun in this guy's face. And now all I have to do is pull the trigger...

David tosses the key to the ground. Sandra watches it land. Melanie turns the gun on Sandra shooting her in the chest.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Honestly I didn't see that coming...

Sandra looks surprised as the gun slips from her hand and to the ground. Her body follows.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

But I thought...

MELANIE

You thought wrong, that was for Bobby.

Sandra coughs up blood.

SANDRA

You double.... crossing...

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I should have known better...

Sandra looks up at David and Melanie, then over to Mr. Blooms Dead body.

SANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Be careful what you ask for in life, sometimes you just might get it.

She smile, coughs one last time and goes limp.

SUPER: CHAPTER IV

SUPER: THE EPILOGUE

138 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

MELANIE

Well, that was fun...

Melanie kisses David wrapping her arms around his neck.

DAVID

We're not in the clear yet. We still have to set this mess up.

Melanie puts Frank's gun in Mr. Blooms hand and fires a shot into the ceiling. David puts Mr. Bloom's gun in Sandra's hand and fires a shot into the ceiling.

Melanie picks up Sandra's gun and puts it in her purse. David picks up the key and puts it back in his pocket. He changes his shirt stuffs the bloody one in a bag and hands it to Melanie.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All right you should get out of here before I call the cops. I'll let you know when it's all over.

They kiss again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Same way you came in.

MELANIE

I know.

Melanie exits.

139 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

David and Detective Spears stand in the hallway. Other COPS mill about the crime scene.

SPEARS

So let me get this straight. She hired you to catch him cheating, which you did. And then you were mediating for them when they pulled out guns and shot each other?

DAVID

That is the long and the short of it. He went crazy, ranting about how he couldn't have his career ruined, that he'd kill us both before he'd let that happen, blah, blah, blah. That's when she shot him and he fired back. It was all I could do to hide behind my desk out of the line of fire.

SPEARS

Hmm.. Well that all seems to add up.

DAVID

It's all here.

David pulls out a manilla envelope and hands it to Spears.

SPEARS

Well, don't leave town. I guarantee I will have some more questions for you.

DAVID

Of course and I will be happy to answer them.

SPEARS

Well until then.

They shake hands. Detective Spears gives David one last long look then turns and walks down the hallway.

DAVID (V.O.)

Well, I suppose I should explain. You remember Phillomena?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

140 **INT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

Phillomena stands reading a book.

141 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Phillomena watching Sandra hide the money.

DAVID (V.O.)

Well she put this whole thing into motion when she hired my boss, Earl to find her father.

142 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY**

Phillomena shaking hands with EARL JONES.

Phillomena sitting at the desk with Earl.

PHILLOMENA

All I have is this old photo. My mother would never talk about him, but I know she used to work around here.

DAVID (V.O.)

Turns out he found him.

143 **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Mr. Bloom and Earl in an alley.

DAVID (V.O.)

See as much as he took care of me,
Earl was a little shady.

EARL

Listen, you just give me the money
and I'll, tell her, her dad's dead.
That easy.

DAVID (V.O.)

The congressman didn't take well to
him trying to blackmail him either,
but Earl wasn't as lucky as me...

Mr. Bloom chokes Earl to death.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So when he wound up dead that night,
I knew what happened. But me and
Melanie had bigger plans to get
revenge.

144 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Melanie and David pass in the hallway.

DAVID

Hey.

MELANIE

Hey.

DAVID (V.O.)

Oh, right I should have told you
we'd been having an affair for a
while.

145 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY**

David and Phillomena in David's office.

DAVID (V.O.)

But when Phillomena found out her
father would rather kill than have
anyone know about her.

PHILLOMENA

No, he's a monster!

DAVID

He is indeed. Lots of monsters in
this world.

146 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Phyllomena at Mr. Bloom's door.

DAVID (V.O.)

When Sandra finally fired her maid.
Phyllomena went to work for them.

147 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie and David lie in bed together.

DAVID (V.O.)

See we'd been planning on offing
Frank for a while...

MELANIE

He doesn't deserve to live.

DAVID

No kidding.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But after Earl's death, well it just
worked out that we could kill three
birds with one stone.

148 **INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY**

Melanie and Sandra sit in the beauty parlor.

DAVID (V.O.)

See Melanie never got over Sandra
stealing her boyfriend...

MELANIE

I went out with Bobby Bowman before
you.

SANDRA

Oh, yes, yes. Melanie, of course.
Whatever happened to Bobby?

DAVID (V.O.)

And causing him to well...

149 **EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY**

A boy, BOBBY, shoots himself in the head.

150 **INT. DIANGELO RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Melanie and David in bed together.

DAVID (V.O.)

So we revised the plan.

MELANIE

It's perfect.

151 **INT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

David gives Phillomena Frank's notebook.

DAVID (V.O.)

Instead of just killing Frank I put
the congressman's name in Frank's
book.

152 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE - DAY**

Phillomena opens and stashes Frank's book in Mr. Bloom's
office.

DAVID (V.O.)

That took care of Franks murder.

153 **EXT. PARK - DAY**

DAVID (V.O.)

And since Melanie plotted with
Sandra...

Sandra and Melanie on a park bench.

MELANIE

So we'll frame your husband for my
husbands murder.

SANDRA

What about David?

MELANIE

We kill them all.

SANDRA

Really?

MELANIE

Really.

154 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE -- NIGHT**

A gun fires, killing Mr. Bloom.

DAVID (V.O.)

And since it was one of Frank's guns
that shot the Congressman...

155 **INT. DIANGELO OFFICE -- NIGHT**

A gun fires, killing Frank.

DAVID (V.O.)

And the congressman's gun that shot Frank...

156 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT**

A gun fires a final time, killing Sandra.

DAVID (V.O.)

Is the same gun that shot Sandra. The police conceded that it was a double homicide and that Mr. Bloom had killed Frank Diangelo over the blackmail, and that Sandra had killed her husband with the same gun the Congressman stole from Franks office with the money they found in the Bloom's house along with the book.

157 **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Spears looks through Frank's book.

Spears and Phillomena sit at the table.

DAVID (V.O.)

Of course Phillomena cooperated with the police.

PHILLOMENA

No, no, he had been acting very strange lately, and they threatened to kill each other constantly.

158 **INT. MR. BLOOM RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Phillomena gets money out of the hutch cupboard, but leaves some behind.

DAVID (V.O.)

Oh, and don't worry Phillomena got most all of Sandra's money.

159 **INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - NIGHT**

Spears turns and walks away down the hall.

DAVID (V.O.)

Spears got to close a few cases, avenge his friend.

END MONTAGE.

160 **INT. CUPCAKE GALLERY - DAY**

David sits at the table holding his cards.

DAVID (V.O.)

And well, if the big boys can get
away with murder why cant we?

He sets them down.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I got two pair Kings and Queens.
What do you got?

David picks up the other set of cards on the table, revealing
a baby in a high chair.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Full house Queens over Aces. Well
You win again.

David stands and picks the baby up from the highchair.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And Earl's death, well, it remains
unsolved.

David walks through the cupcake gallery. The walls are
adorned with David's pictures. Melanie serves cupcakes to
CUSTOMERS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

As for me and your Mom.

Melanie waves at them.

MELANIE

Hey baby...

David hands her the baby.

DAVID

She got her cupcake shop, and I got
a place to display my photographs.

He passes CUPCAKE CUSTOMER at the cupcake bar.

CUPCAKE CUSTOMER

These cupcakes are amazing...

MELANIE

Thank you.

DAVID

Oh and I almost forgot. I finally figured out what to do about Franks Goons.

Bruno stands wearing a baking uniform, and Jack sits at a small table doing accounting.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They work for us now. Turns out Bruno here is a hell of a baker.

BRUNO

Guys, I think I finally nailed the lemon tart! No for real, it's amazing.

DAVID

And Jack is great with numbers, so he does our books now.

JACK

I gotta say ya'll ain't doing too bad. Plus I get to eat all the cupcakes I want... what could be better.

Jack takes a bite of a lemon tart cupcake.

JACK (CONT'D)

Unbelievable, truly amazing.

BRUNO

I know right!

David turns to the camera.

DAVID

So, I guess that just about wraps it up. Any questions?

David turns and goes back to Melanie and the baby as we fly out of the Cupcake Gallery.

161 **EXT. CUPCAKE GALLERY - CONTINUOUS**

We can see everyone inside as we pull back out into the rain and fog.

FADE OUT:
CREDIT
ROLL