

Clear Winter Noon

by
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FADE IN ON: INT PRISON CELL

In a dim, gray, Spartan prison cell, a man lies on his cot. It's very early in the morning. He is awake. He is 58. His name is Saul Twyman. He is thin, not yet frail. He looks at the ceiling. He waits.

INT BEDROOM MORNING

In a comfortable suburban bedroom, an alarm sounds. 6:30 am. A man, 33, wakes reluctantly. The man is alone in a queen sized bed. This is George Twyman.

INT PRISON HALLWAY

A burly prison guard walks with a cup of coffee. He yawns. He stops outside a cell.

PRISON GUARD
Alright, Saul. It's time.

INT PRISON CELL

Saul rises and begins to dress. Beltless prison pants. T-shirt.

INT SUBURBAN KITCHEN

George waits for coffee to brew. He is sleepy. It is not quite light. He watches the machine. He rubs the sleep from his face.

INT PRISON HALLWAY

Saul and the prison guard, walking side by side. It's quiet. No one awake.

PRISON GUARD
You ready for this?

SAUL
Do I have a choice?

PRISON GUARD
Not really.

They walk.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
It's been a long time. It's a
different world.

SAUL
(Rhetorically.)
Is it?

INT HALLWAY OF SUBURBAN HOME

George walks down the hall with his coffee. He sips
needfully. George opens a door. He enters.

BEDROOM

George crosses through the dark room to the window. He lifts
the shade.

Two girls groan. They roll over, they bury their faces in
their pillows. They don't wanna get up. They are George's
daughters. Abby is 10. Jill is 8.

GEORGE
alright, girls. let's go.

George leaves the girls groaning. This is routine. The same
morning ritual performed the world over. A father rouses his
reluctant children.

INT PRISON OFFICE

Saul stands at a Plexiglas window which resembles that of a
bank teller.

A dimwit prison bureaucrat hands Saul a manila envelope. And
an aged pair of shoes. Black oxfords. An aged suit, shirt and
belt.

INT SUBURBAN KITCHEN

George makes breakfast. Eggs, toast, juice. Father as short-
order cook.

INT PRISON

In a featureless room, Saul is alone. He changes out of his
prison clothes, and into his suit.

His suit is 30 years old, as are all his clothes. The suit of a careful, conservative, not particularly fashionable man of 1978. The clothes of a mid-level manager at IBM. Or of a reasonably successful undertaker.

Saul is thinner now. His pants hang loosely around his waste. He tightens his belt. It doesn't have a hole for how skinny he is.

Saul opens the manila envelope. A money clip. A pen. A wedding ring.

Saul fingers the wedding ring. He slips it on. He takes it off and puts it in his pocket.

INT SUBURBAN KITCHEN

The girls eat. George doesn't. He drinks his coffee and supervises.

The girls chatter to each other. They are close.

JILL (8)
Duncan called me stupid.

ABBY (10)
What an asshole.

GEORGE
Abby.

ABBY
(A correction.)
What a penis.

GEORGE
How is that better?

ABBY
Penis isn't a swear.

GEORGE
Your sister's eight.

JILL
I know that word.

GEORGE
Eat your breakfast.

ABBY
It's not a swear. We learned it.
It's anatomical.

GEORGE
Terrific. You two eat your eggs.
The bus is in 5 minutes.

EXT PRISON

Saul in the prison yard. Upstate New York. It's cold. A small group of prisoners wait. The others are decades younger than Saul. He is alone among them.

A bus pulls up. Thick wire cross-hatches the windows.

Saul gets on the bus.

EXT BUS STOP

Abby and Jill wait in the cold. A yellow school bus pulls up. They get on. The bus pulls away.

EXT GEORGE'S HOUSE

A ranch house in Yonkers, a Westchester Suburb. Not fancy. He is not wealthy. George stands on the front porch, coffee in hand. He watches the yellow school bus drive away. He goes back inside.

EXT BUS STATION

The prison bus pulls in. Saul and the other prisoners get off the bus. They walk into the bus station.

EXT GEORGE'S HOUSE

George steps out the front door, off his porch. He's dressed, now. Casually. He gets into his car.

INT BUS

A Greyhound bus on Interstate 87 South. Saul looks out the window.

EXT HIGHWAY

The bus drives away. Over a hill, and out of site.

EXT BUS DEPOT

An unremarkable bus station in Yonkers, NY. A bus pulls in, salt-stained. Saul gets out. He walks to a taxi stand. He gets into a taxi.

INT TAXI

Saul speaks to the driver.

 SAUL
 42 Croton Avenue.

A pause.

 SAUL (CONT'D)
 Is that still there?

 DRIVER
 Is it there? Yeah, far as I know.

The taxi pulls out.

EXT GEORGE'S HOUSE THAT EVENING

The sun is setting. 5 o'clock on a winter night. George comes out the front door, holding two bags of groceries. He walks to the car, puts the groceries into the trunk. Abby and Jill follow him reluctantly, dragging their feet.

 GEORGE
 (Directing the girls.)
 In the car. Let's go.

The girls get in the back seat.

INT GEORGE'S CAR

George drives. The girls whine.

 ABBY
 Do we have to go?

 GEORGE
 Yes.

 JILL
 We always go.

 GEORGE
 Stop complaining. You love grandma.

JILL
Do we have to love her every week?

GEORGE
Yes.

ABBY
It's Friday night.

GEORGE
So?

ABBY
What if I have a date?

GEORGE
You're ten.

ABBY
I already know I'm ten.

GEORGE
I'll tell you what. When you have a date, you can bring him.

ABBY
That's great. Come to my gramma's and eat spaghetti and watch Hogan's Heroes.

GEORGE
Don't forget the checkers.

ABBY
And play checkers with my grandmother.

JILL
(Plaintively.)
How come she never lets us win?

EXT GRAMMA'S HOUSE

George drives up. The girls get out. George grabs the groceries from the trunk. The house is small but well-kept. A front porch.

George walks up the steps. He stops. The girls stop behind him.

ABBY
What.

Outside the front door, an aged pair of men's shoes. Black oxfords...

George pulls keys from his pocket. But the door is unlocked. It's open a crack. George pushes and it yields easily.

George stops at the threshold. Abby and Jill behind him, standing on the porch.

GEORGE

Wait here.

ABBY

Why?

GEORGE

Sit right here.

ABBY

What's the matter?

George changes his mind.

GEORGE

You know what? Go back to the car.

ABBY

Why?

GEORGE

Do it. Go sit in the car. Lock the door.

Abby takes Jill's hand and scurries to the car, chastened. George moves quietly into the house.

INT HOUSE

George walks warily through the living room. Some lights are on. Nothing disturbed. A couple of half empty tumblers on the coffee table. A bottle of whiskey.

GEORGE

Ma?

George moves into the kitchen. No one there. He walks quietly to his mother's sewing room. It's dark. George turns on a light. It's empty.

He walks back out into the hallway. At the end of the hall is his mother's bedroom. The door is closed.

George walks down the hall. He stands outside the door. He listens intently. He turns the knob. George enters.

BEDROOM

In his mother's bed, Naked under the sheets: George's mother. and Saul.

They're startled. They've been caught in a tender, post-coital moment. They are almost 60.

George is stunned, embarrassed. He scurries back out the door. Closes it quickly behind him.

HALLWAY

This is a shock. Mom doesn't date. She's been alone for years. Decades. George has no idea who this guy is, in his mother's bed.

GEORGE
(Speaking through the
door.)
Sorry.

GEORGE'S MOTHER (ANN)
(From inside.)
George?

GEORGE
(Speaking through the
door.)
I didn't...Sorry. I didn't realize
you had a...a friend over.

ANN
(From inside.)
Come in here.

GEORGE
(Speaking through the
door.)
No thank you.

ANN
(From inside.)
It's ok.

GEORGE
(Speaking through the
door.)
It's fine. I should have knocked.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sorry. I'm gonna go. We'll come
next week, I have the girls in the
car.

Ann opens the door. She's in a robe. She takes George by the
hand and leads him into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Saul sits on the edge of the bed, pants and shirt, but no
shoes or socks.

ANN
George, this is Saul.

Saul stands to shake his hand.

GEORGE
I'm sorry to, I should have knocked
- Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You know what? This is a little
awkward, no offense- Why doesn't
everybody get dressed, I'll see you
in the living room, Why don't you
stay for supper -

Ann stops him.

ANN
George.

SAUL
(To Ann.)
He doesn't know me.

ANN
George. Honey. It's Saul.

George goes suddenly cold. He looks at Saul a moment. He then
turns and leaves the room.

EXT ANN'S HOUSE

George walks quickly down the porch steps and to the car.
George tries to open the car door. It's locked. He fumbles
for his keys. He drops them to the ground. The girls are
inside. Abby unlocks the door. George gets into the car. He
starts it, he peels out of the driveway.

INT GEORGE'S CAR - LATER

George drives too fast. The girls are concerned.

 ABBY
 Was she there?

George doesn't answer.

 JILL
 Is Gramma ok?

 GEORGE
 yeah.

 ABBY
 Are you?

George does not respond.

INT GEORGE'S KITCHEN LATE

George is alone at the kitchen table. The kitchen is dark and quiet. George is upset. He rubs his face. This doesn't help. He stands, he goes to the refrigerator. Nothing to drink, or nothing strong enough.

Above the fridge is the liquor cabinet. George stands on a chair, he opens the cabinet.

Dusty bottles. Ancient, dried up bits of booze in the bottom. George doesn't usually drink, not really. He is unprepared for a night such as this. George finds a bottle half-full of clear liquid.

He sits at the kitchen table, pours himself a glass. He drinks. It's disgusting. He drinks some more.

George goes to the phone. He fiddles with it, unsure if he should. Then he dials. He knows the number by heart.

 A WOMAN'S VOICE
 (Sleepy.)
 Hello?

 GEORGE
 Hey.

She knows him, recognizes his voice in a syllable.

 A WOMAN'S VOICE
 What's wrong.

GEORGE

Nothing.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

What time is it?

GEORGE

It's late. Sorry.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

What happened. Where're the girls.

GEORGE

Nothing. They're fine. They're here. They're asleep.

A BEDROOM

On the other end of line is Maggie. She is George's ex. She's 33. She whispers into the phone. In the bed next to her, a sleeping man.

MAGGIE

What time is it? It's 3 o'clock. shit.

GEORGE

Sorry. I didn't know it was that late.

MAGGIE

Why are you calling me?

A pause.

GEORGE

How're you doing?

MAGGIE

I'm tired. How're you doing.

GEORGE

My father got out.

A pause. Maggie sits up. She takes heed. The sleeping man next to her rolls over.

MAGGIE

Do you want me to come over?

GEORGE

no, s'ok.

MAGGIE
When. When did he.

GEORGE
I dunno. Today. I just saw him.

MAGGIE
You saw him?

GEORGE
At my mother's.

MAGGIE
Jesus Christ.

In Maggie's bed, the sleeping man wakes.

MAGGIE'S HUSBAND
Who's that?

MAGGIE
(To Husband.)
Nobody. Go back to sleep. It's my
sister.

Maggie's husband pulls a pillow over his head. Maggie walks
into the bathroom. She closes the door behind her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Was he supposed to get out?

GEORGE
I dunno. I stopped keeping track.
Twenty-five years, it's not like
I'm counting the days. I forgot all
about him, honestly.

MAGGIE
Well, that's horseshit.

She knows him. He admits it.

GEORGE
I guess.

George takes a sip from his glass. He recoils.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The fuck is this? I think I'm
drinking triple sec.

MAGGIE
Do you want me to come over?

George does want this.

GEORGE
I dunno. It's late.

A sound. George turns. Abby stands in the kitchen doorway.
Watching and listening. Flannel pajamas.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(Into the phone.)
I gotta go.

MAGGIE
Hold on.

GEORGE
I gotta go, Maggie, Abby's up.

MAGGIE
Oh. Ok. Kiss her for me.

GEORGE
I will.

MAGGIE
You alright?

A pause. George doesn't answer.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You can call me. I'll see you
Friday.

GEORGE
'kay.

George hangs up the phone.

ABBY
Was that Mom?

GEORGE
Yeah.

ABBY
Why are you calling Mom?

A pause.

GEORGE
No reason.

ABBY
What time is it?

GEORGE

It's late. Too late for you to be wandering the house. Go to bed.

ABBY

Why are you calling Mommy in the middle of the night?

GEORGE

Because. Go to bed, you have school tomorrow.

ABBY

Aren't you guys supposed to hate each other?

A pause.

GEORGE

Who told you that?

ABBY

I dunno.

GEORGE

We don't hate each other.

ABBY

What are you drinking?

Abby lifts the bottle.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Isn't this for, like, the Cosmos?

George smiles.

GEORGE

For cosmos. Not for the Cosmos. Cosmopolitans. How'd you know that?

ABBY

School. Can I have some?

GEORGE

No.

ABBY

Why are you drinking an ingredient?

GEORGE

It's all we had.

ABBY

Does this mean you love Mom still?

A pause. George doesn't answer the question, exactly.

GEORGE

Your mother's married.

ABBY

So?

GEORGE

Alright. Go. Go to bed. C'mon.
Quick kiss. Get out of here.

Abby kisses him, exits.

ABBY

Goodnight, Daddy.

George sits at the kitchen table. He breathes. He drinks.

EXT POLICE STATION DAY

A weekday morning in front of the station house in Yonkers NY. (Much of Yonkers remains stubbornly shuttered and poor. Westchester is one the richest places on the planet. Yonkers is the exception. It's brick buildings, low and crumbling. Boarded-up stores. Somewhere between a town and a city, Like a tiny Newark.)

At the station house, Cops descend the stairs, some in uniform, Detectives in jacket and tie.

Two detectives. One old, well past retirement age. One young. The older is white. The younger Latino.

They are Tom McCain and Henry Leyva.

LEYVA

We gotta pop by the Dempster houses
and talk to that kid.

MCCAIN

That can wait.

LEYVA

It's been waiting, Mac.

MCCAIN

I got a little something I wanna do
this morning.

They get into their car. A brown sedan. McCain drives.

INT CAR

LEYVA
So where're we going?

MCCAIN
See an old friend of mine.

They pull out.

INT BEDROOM

In a quiet, comfortable, ornate room, an old man sleeps. Oil paintings on the walls. Lampshades with fringe. The man is Michael Bondatti. An old mobster. Once feared, he now rasps and wheezes, an oxygen tube beneath his nose. A blanket pulled high. By the bedside, a nurse. She is a professional in white garb. She reads a book.

Another man enters the room. He's 30. Gaunt, pale, hard. A deep crease runs down his forehead, down between his eyes.

This is James Bondatti, Michael's son. He's neat. Leather coat, ironed creases in his jeans, hair gel.

JAMES
(To the nurse.)
Gimme a second.

The nurse exits. James sits by his father's bed. He wakes the old man.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Pop.

MICHAEL
James. How's my boy.

JAMES
Fine. I'm alright. What's the matter?

MICHAEL
Maybe nothing. I don't know. I got a call this morning. I ever tell you about Saul Twyman?

INT HOTEL ROOM

An SRO. Unpleasant. It differs from Saul's prison cell in few respects. No bars on the windows.

Saul lies in bed. The morning light through the smudged pane.

Saul stands. He goes to the window. He tries to open it. It's stuck. He hits the window sash with his palm, then with a shoe. He wrestles it open.

Saul stands before the open window in the cold air. His first morning in the free world in 25 years.

INT DELI

McCain and Leyva at the counter, waiting for their egg and cheese sandwiches.

DELI GUY
You want coffee, Tom?

MCCAIN
Yeah, three light and sweet, Bobby.

Leyva and McCain pick up their previous conversation.

LEYVA
What's his name, your old friend?

MCCAIN
Saul Twyman.

LEYVA
Never heard of him.

MCCAIN
That's 'cause you weren't born yet.

LEYVA
How long was he upstate?

The deli guy hands them the coffees and sandwiches.

DELI GUY
That's on me, Tom.

MCCAIN
Nah nah nah. Everybody pays. Your patrolman comes in here, you tell him I said so.

Tom McCain is an honest cop. He pays the deli guy. He continues the conversation with Leyva.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

He got twenty-five years. He did all of it. Parole board hated him.

LEYVA

Why?

MCCAIN

I made sure of it. Old Saul paid every day of his debt to society.

LEYVA

Twenty-five years. Shit. Who'd he kill?

They leave the deli, head back out to their car.

INT HOTEL

Saul shaves at the sink. He splashes water on his face. He wipes his face with a towel.

Saul wipes the fog from the mirror. Saul regards himself. An accounting.

INT HOTEL LOBBY

Tom McCain at the front desk of the seedy SRO. Behind the plywood counter, an unclean clerk.

MCCAIN

Thanks for the call, Tony.

TONY THE HOTEL CLERK

No problem.

MCCAIN

Is he upstairs?

TONY

Far as I know.

McCain hands Tony a deli bag and coffee.

MCCAIN

You had breakfast?

TONY

Thanks. You wanna go up, go ahead.

MCCAIN
Nah. We'll wait outside.

McCain exits the lobby.

INT CAR

McCain and Leyva wait across the street from the hotel.
Coffee, tabloids, egg sandwiches.

MCCAIN
So this is thirty years ago, I had
just made detective.

LEYVA
(off topic.)
Are you ever going to retire?

MCCAIN
No. So. At that time, there was a
new mayor, crime initiative, we
were gonna go after Mike Bondatti.

LEYVA
That's ambitious.

MCCAIN
Yeah, and this is before he got
ancient and turned into a cartoon,
these were reasonably serious guys.
Bondatti especially. Doing all
sorts of shit, none of which we
could get anybody to testify to.

LEYVA
Sounds familiar.

MCCAIN
Right? So we're after Bondatti.
Everybody knows who he is, half the
city works for him. We can't get
anything to stick. We arrest him,
he's out that afternoon. Sometimes
it's us who fucks it up, sometimes
the jury is full of retards,
whatever. For a variety of reasons,
we can't get a conviction.

LEYVA
(Pointing.)
Is that your guy over there?

STREET

Coming out of the hotel, a tough looking man of about 40.

CAR

MCCAIN

No. So anyway, finally, we actually get Bondatti on something. Very firm. Eye witness, whole thing. Bondatti kills this other mobster right in front of a mailman.

LEYVA

Postal worker.

MCCAIN

Right in front of a postal worker, thank you. The guy is delivering the mail, standing in the lobby next to this mobster, right? Here comes Bondatti, he shoots the mobster fourteen times.

LEYVA

(Shaking his head.)
What'd he, reload? These fucking people.

MCCAIN

It's a revolver. He reloads twice. He's taking his time shooting this guy over and over right in front of this mailman. Doesn't consider that the guy might actually testify.

LEYVA

But he does.

MCCAIN

Turns out the mailman loves cops. Always wanted to be a cop. He failed the exam, ended up delivering mail, but he's a cop groupie, watches cop shows, reads the crime blotter every day. So when I go to talk to him, he can't wait to talk, can't wait to do his civic duty — Hold on.

McCain stops. He looks out the windshield, out across the street. He is still.

STREET

Saul exits the hotel. He's in his suit. He does not look threatening. He's thin. He must work to keep the wind from blowing him over. Before he crosses the street, he looks both ways, then both ways again. He hurries across the street, his creaky joints slowing him down.

CAR

Saul does not exactly frighten, to say the least.

LEYVA
(Incredulous.)
That guy? That's him?

MCCAIN
Do I look that lame?

A beat. Leyva regards his partner.

LEYVA
(Ribbing him.)
Yeah. Now that you mention it.

STREET

Saul stands at a bus stop. A bus pulls up. Saul gets on the bus.

CAR

LEYVA
You wanna pick him up?

MCCAIN
No. Let's see what he's up to.

EXT STREET LATER

Saul gets off the bus. He walks half a block and enters a **hardware store**.

Down the street, discreetly, the brown sedan.

INT CAR

LEYVA

You sure this guy is still a menace
to society?

MCCAIN

I don't know what he is. I know
what he was twenty-five years ago.

LEYVA

So I take it you don't believe in
the redemptive effects of
incarceration?

MCCAIN

In the what?

EXT STREET

Saul exits the hardware store. In his hand, a brown paper
bag.

Saul walks. He's on the seedier side of Yonkers. Litter in
the street. Graffitied walls. Men drinking from bottles in
brown bags. Saul holds his own bag by his side.

CAR

McCain and Leyva follow at a distance. McCain resumes his
story.

MCCAIN

So the mailman is gonna testify
against Bondatti. The trial's in a
couple weeks, open and shut, right?

LEYVA

(Checking.)

You put the mailman in protective
custody.

MCCAIN

Tried to. Turns out the mailman has
a kid, the kid's birthday is coming
up, he's turning 7 or 8 or some
such age. The mailman is a devoted
Papa, he feels he's gotta attend
the kid's party.

LEYVA

(Anticipating the end.)
Oh, Saul, how could you.

MCCAIN

Saul is a bad person. Saul works for Bondatti. Saul lacks basic human feeling. The mailman goes out to buy balloons. Saul shoots the him and he dies. This makes the mailman a less than effective witness. Bondatti goes free, he continues hurting reasonably innocent people to this day.

LEYVA

So you find Saul.

MCCAIN

He turns himself in.

LEYVA

No shit. Why.

MCCAIN

Who knows. He had a pang. But we figure it's a good sign, right?

LEYVA

Sure.

MCCAIN

So we give Saul a choice. Me and the DA, we say, Saul, how about this. Give us Bondatti. He obviously hired you to do this killing, you testify and you might eventually see the light of day.

LEYVA

but Saul won't talk.

MCCAIN

No he won't. So over the last decade, every time Saul is up for parole, I go up there and I testify that he's a psychopath.

LEYVA

That's some serious devotion on your part, Tommy.

MCCAIN

Thank you.

McCain points at Saul, out on the street.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
What's this now, Where's he going?

EXT STREET

Saul stops at an unmarked door. Right off the sidewalk. A run-down brick building. No windows. Saul knocks.

CAR

Leyva watches Saul. Leyva is hugely amused. A barking laugh.

LEYVA
That horny bastard.

MCCAIN
I'll be damned.

LEYVA
How long you think he's been
dreaming about this?

STREET

The door opens a crack. Saul says something to someone inside. The door opens. Saul enters.

INT WHOREHOUSE

Saul, in his suit, out of place in this dimly lit pit. It is a kind of lobby. A man sits at a small desk. Some furniture, peeling paint. On one of the chairs, a sleeping woman in boots and a bathrobe.

Saul approaches the desk. The man's teeth are brown. (Saul has a formality to him. An old-world dignity. He's quiet. He's grave. I consider him to be noble.)

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
It's nine o'clock in the goddamn
morning.

SAUL
Are you open?

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
We're always open.

SAUL
Is Doreen here?

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
Who?

SAUL
A young woman named Doreen used to work here. It's been a while. She wouldn't be young anymore. She's tall. A redhead.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
I dunno. Doesn't ring a bell. We got a Debbie. She's kind of a redhead. Go ahead up. Number 6. You'll like her.

SAUL
I'd like to see Doreen, if she's still here.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
Well she's not.

The unclean man now addresses the formerly sleeping prostitute, who opens one eye.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER (CONT'D)
Why is everybody a fucking specialist now? Can a guy just come in here to get laid anymore? Everybody has a request. If I gotta deal with one more kinky dentist who has to be tied up and abused in Japanese, I fucking swear to god. It's a whorehouse, ok pal? We sell time. You wanna buy some, that's fine.

SAUL
There used to be a room at the top of the stairs to the right.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
There still is. #8.

SAUL
I want that one.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
That's Leslie. She had a long night. She's asleep.

Saul is firm. He's very serious.

SAUL

I'd like to see the woman in room
#8.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER

(Again to the prostitute.)
You see what I'm saying?
Everybody's a necrophiliac now. Go
ahead up, buddy, it's three
hundred, you pay her first.

Saul ascends the stairs, brown bag in hand.

HALLWAY

A long hall, doors on either side. Saul turns right at the top of the stairs. He knocks lightly on the first door. There is no answer. He opens the door quietly.

INT BEDROOM

A woman sleeps in the bed. There is little else in the room. Bare floor and walls. Except on one wall, an aged photograph.

A soiled blind covers the only window. Saul lifts the blind, bringing light to the room. (This recalls George doing the same in his daughter's room earlier.)

The woman groans, rolls over.

WOMAN

Hey Daddy.

Saul stands awkwardly in the center of the room. The woman is not fully dressed. She sits up to appraise Saul.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Who sent you up here.

SAUL

The man downstairs.

WOMAN

He didn't tell you I was sleeping?

SAUL

He did.

WOMAN

Well I guess I ain't anymore. I'm
Leslie. How you doing.

SAUL

You can go.

A pause. She is surprised.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

SAUL

You can go. Go get a cup of coffee,
I'll be a minute.

The woman regards him.

WOMAN

I been at this a long while, I
finally heard one I ain't heard
before.

SAUL

Go get something to eat.

WOMAN

See, I don't know where you're
from, but it usually goes where I'm
a participant. That's most of what
they pay me for.

SAUL

You can stay if you want. Watch
your eyes.

WOMAN

Why?

Saul opens the paper bag. He removes a hammer.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Woa. Excuse me. You got special
interests, that's a different
payment. Old man and a hammer,
that's it's own separate category.

Saul removes the aged photograph from the wall. A rectangle
of discoloration is revealed. Saul takes aim. He swings the
hammer, claw first, into the wall. An explosion of plaster
dust. The woman yells. Saul swings the hammer. The hole is
large enough for his hand. He reaches into the hole, he feels
around inside the wall.

Saul swings again. and again. He reaches into the enlarged hole and removes a leather bowling bag. Dusty and dried up and 25 years old.

Saul unzips the bag. He looks inside. The woman cowers on the bed, arms covering her head. A fine white dust is everywhere. The woman looks at him.

Saul removes three one hundred dollar bills from the bag. He places them near the woman, gently.

SAUL
Thank you Ma'am.

Saul exits with the bowling bag.

EXT STREET

Saul exits the whorehouse. He walks.

INT. CAR

McCain and Leyva watch him go.

LEYVA
That was quick.

McCain sees the dusty bowling bag.

MCCAIN
What's he got there.

LEYVA
You wanna pick him up?

MCCAIN
Not yet.

McCain starts the car.

STREET

Saul boards a city bus. The bus pulls away. The cops' sedan follows discreetly. When they pull out, a parked car is revealed a block behind them. A black Mercedes.

Behind the wheel, James Bondatti, son of the aging mobster.

Bondatti gets out of his car, crosses the street. He enters the whorehouse without knocking.

INT WHOREHOUSE LOBBY

Bondatti crosses to the desk.

JAMES BONDATTI
The old man who was here.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
Who're you supposed to be?

JAMES BONDATTI
The old man, what did he want.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
We don't divulge client
information. Even if we did -

Bondatti grabs the manager by the back of his head. Both hands. He slams the man's head down into the desk with great force. The Manager is hurt, his nose broken and gushing blood.

JAMES BONDATTI
What room.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
oh my god.

JAMES BONDATTI
What room.

WHOREHOUSE MANAGER
Number 8. Jesus Christ.

Bondatti walks past him and up the stairs. The man's face and hands and shirt and desk are covered in blood.

UNDER THE DESK

The manager's hand reaches for a white button. It looks like a doorbell, inexpertly wired, underneath the desk.

STAIRWAY

James Bondatti ascends. An alarms sounds.

HALLWAY

In the long hallway, doors open and shut, women burst out of their rooms and run. Other doors are locked and bolted. In the distance, sirens.

Bondatti enters the hallway. He finds the door with an "8" on it, scratched roughly into the paint. He kicks this door in.

BEDROOM

The prostitute from the previous scene stands in a corner. Bondatti looks around the room. He sees the hole in the wall.

BONDATTI
What'd he want.

WOMAN
Who.

BONDATTI
The old man. What did he want.

She doesn't answer. Bondatti advances on the woman.

WOMAN
Get the fuck away from me.

Bondatti closes in. Hidden behind the woman's back, the hammer. She swings it, knocking him to the floor. She runs from the room.

He lies on the floor, his mouth bloodied. He struggles to his knees. He stands. The sirens are loud now, just outside. The screeching of tires.

Bondatti looks out the window. He kicks the glass from the window. He jumps out and down and away.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: INT ANN'S KITCHEN EVENING

George and his Mom (Ann.) She's at the stove, stirring. She wears an apron. George is at her table.

ANN
I'm 60 years old.

GEORGE
I know how old you are, Ma.

Ann plates pasta and red sauce. Delicious. George fetches wine, glasses. This is very familiar, very family, only now the topic is way different.

ANN

I got my hair done this morning. I went over to Ellen's.

GEORGE

It looks nice.

ANN

Do you think so?

She really cares if it looks nice. George sighs.

GEORGE

Yeah. It looks great. She did a great job.

ANN

You think I'm a fool.

GEORGE

Is that a question?

ANN

No. I don't care if I am. Has there ever been a person in love who wasn't foolish? It only shows because I'm old.

GEORGE

You're not that old.

ANN

A young girl and her beau, you expect her to giggle. That same laugh from an old woman, we all get embarrassed.

GEORGE

You're in love with him?

ANN

I am. Don't act surprised. I always have been.

GEORGE

Twenty-five years is a long time. People change. Who knows who he even is?

ANN

I know who he is.

GEORGE

Do you?

ANN

He wanted a divorce. Many years ago. Soon after it happened, he had just gone away. I almost granted it.

GEORGE

You should have.

ANN

Don't waste your life waiting, he said. He wanted to set me free. But free to what? To marry some salesman. To pretend. Some other man in my bed who I would tolerate. Who was decent, but who wasn't him. A stranger who wasn't Saul.

A pause.

ANN (CONT'D)

He wouldn't let me visit.

GEORGE

I know.

ANN

I went up there. He wouldn't see me. He was ashamed.

GEORGE

I would think so.

ANN

I had his letters. And some memories. I had enough.

A pause. George appraises her.

GEORGE

You're going to take him back.

ANN

Of course. If he'll have me.

GEORGE

Oh please. Why wouldn't he have you?

ANN

We'll see.

George gets angry.

GEORGE

He's an unemployed ex-con, Ma. He's a felon. He can't vote. He's not exactly bachelor of the year.

ANN

You haven't forgiven him.

GEORGE

It's not for me to forgive. He killed somebody. The guy had a wife and kids.

ANN

I know what happened, I don't need reminding.

GEORGE

I think you do. It's not like he made a mistake. A drunk driver, blacks out and runs somebody over. He went to the guy's house. He was hired.

ANN

I know what he did.

GEORGE

Mom -

ANN

(Firmly, stopping him.)
That's enough.

A silence.

ANN (CONT'D)

I know who he is. and I'm grateful he's here. I prayed for a lot of years, George. Would he survive long enough? Would I survive long enough? I wasn't sure I'd ever see him again.

A pause.

GEORGE

Yeah, well. Be careful what you wish for.

INT SAUL'S HOTEL EVENING

Saul sits on the edge of the bed, a phonebook in his lap. A lamp on the night table sheds a small pool of light.

Saul runs his finger down a list of names. "Thompson." Down past A. Thompson and Benjamin Thompson, down to "L. Thompson." There are three. Each with a different address.

Saul dials the phone.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE

Hello?

SAUL

Larry Thompson, please.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE

This is him.

SAUL

Is your father there?

A VOICE ON THE PHONE

Yeah he's here, hold on a sec-

Saul hangs up. He returns to the book. He dials the next number.

ANOTHER VOICE ON THE PHONE

Hello?

SAUL

Is Larry Thompson there please.

VOICE

Larry? This is Lou Thompson. You mean-

Saul hangs up. He returns again to the book. He dials the last number.

VOICE ON THE PHONE #3

Hello.

In the background, family chaos. Young children yelling and screaming.

SAUL

Is Larry Thompson there?

VOICE

This is he. Who's this.

SAUL
Is your father around?

VOICE
My father? Who is this?

SAUL
Is William Thompson there?

A FEMALE VOICE NEAR THE PHONE
(Off.)
Who is it honey?

VOICE
(Responding to the female
voice.)
Somebody asking for my dad.

Saul hangs up the phone. He sits a moment. Then he circles the name and address in the phone book. He rips the page from the book.

He stands. He takes the dusty bowling bag from the table. He exits.

EXT HOTEL

Saul walks out of the hotel, he walks down the street toward the bus stop. Behind Saul, a block away, headlights come on in a parked car. A black Mercedes edges out into the street. James Bondatti behind the wheel.

INT BUS NIGHT

Saul on a city bus at night. Just him and the driver. The dusty bag between his feet. Greenish light. Saul looks out the window but sees only his own reflection.

EXT SUBURBAN STREET

Saul walks down a leafy street. A wealthy area. Outside of Yonkers, a place like Bronxville. Saul is in his suit. An undertaker with a bowling bag. He consults the torn page from the phonebook. He stops in front of a comfortable home. Warmly lit from inside. He looks through a bay window. In the living room a 40 year old man plays with his kids. The man is on the floor, wrestling with a swarming brood of boys and girls.

Saul on the front porch. He rings the doorbell. A friendly, open woman in a sweater-set opens the door. She smiles.

WOMAN

Yes?

Saul says nothing. An awkward moment. He looks away, unable to meet her gaze.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

SAUL

(A mumble.)

Is your husband home.

WOMAN

He is.

A pause.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

He's inside.

SAUL

Can I speak with him?

WOMAN

Would you like to come in?

SAUL

No.

Another pause. Saul looks at his shoes.

WOMAN

Alright. (Calling off.) Hey Larry honey? There's somebody here.

(Pause.) Larry! (Then, to Saul.) He's wrestling with the boys. Why don't you come in a second, I'll get him.

The woman opens the door wide. After a moment, Saul enters reluctantly.

VESTIBULE

Saul is uncomfortable in this very comfortable home. From all over the house, happy family sounds. Screaming and laughing. A fire crackles in the living room fireplace. The American dream come true.

Larry Thompson enters, tousled from the horseplay. A plain, easy, friendly man. A good neighbor. He walks toward Saul with his hand extended. They shake.

LARRY

Larry Thompson. When was the last time we had a visitor, I couldn't tell you. Used to be people stopped by. What the hell am I saying. No one ever stopped by.

Larry laughs loudly. Saul is silent. An awkward pause.

LARRY (CONT'D)

So. To what do we owe the pleasure?

SAUL

Was William Thompson your father?

LARRY'S WIFE (HELEN)

(From off.)

Honey, supper!

LARRY

(To Saul.)

He was.

SAUL

He was a mailman.

LARRY

That's right. Did you know him?

One of Larry's many children enters. He's 6. He grabs his father's hand and pulls.

CHILD

Daddy, c'mon, supper.

LARRY

Hold on a second, Timmy. Which one are you? Billy. (Then to Saul.) Why don't you come in, have supper with us?

SAUL

No thank you.

LARRY

Come on. Stay for a bite. Friend of my father's? No shit. (Then off.)
Honey?

Larry and the child exit. Saul is alone for a moment. He sighs deeply. Then he goes inside. He takes the bowling bag with him.

INT DINING ROOM

A big informal supper. Sunday night. Steaming pots out on the table. A gallon of milk. There are a lot of children. Six of them, ranging in age from 10 to 1. The little one is in Helen's lap.

It's bedlam. Plates passed, drinks spilled, a steady din. Saul, in the center, quiet as a stone. Immobile. Under his chair, tucked tightly between his feet, the bowling bag.

CHILD

Don't you want some potatoes
Mister?

The child to Saul's right offers a plate. Saul doesn't answer. Then the kid serves Saul. Saul is the recipient of potatoes.

CHILD (CONT'D)

(To Saul.)

Can you pass that to my sister,
please?

The kid engages Saul in a completely innocent way. Saul is accepted into this family, without question, without qualification. Saul passes the plate to the young girl on his left.

and then quiet. as if by some invisible cue, all the children and parents bow their heads in prayer. They hold hands, a ring around the table. Saul consents to hold the hand of the children on his right and left.

LARRY

Bless us oh Lord and these thy
gifts which we are about to receive
from thy bounty through Christ our
Lord.

ALL, EXCEPT FOR SAUL

Amen.

The din resumes. They eat. Saul does not. The child notices.

CHILD

You're not hungry?

Saul doesn't answer.

CHILD (CONT'D)

You have to eat. You won't grow.

Saul attempts to take a bite. He can't swallow it. It sticks in his throat. He stands suddenly, takes his bag and rushes from the room.

KITCHEN

Saul is short of breath. He tries to calm himself. He does not succeed. Saul heads for the exit. He stops.

He places the bowling bag on the kitchen table. An obvious spot, in the light. He crosses again to the door. Larry Thompson enters.

LARRY
You're not hungry?

SAUL
No. I'm sorry.

Larry shrugs.

LARRY
Nothing to be sorry about.

SAUL
There is.

A pause. Saul says nothing further. Saul is in agony. Larry doesn't know why. Larry is a kind man.

LARRY
How about a drink? Don't tell the missus, she hates it when I get into the liquor. Her father had a taste for it. I'm not him, I tell her, but she can't hear it.

Larry pours a couple whiskeys. He hands one to Saul. Saul drinks.

LARRY (CONT'D)
So, how long were you with the postal service?

SAUL
What's that?

LARRY
You said you were a friend of my father's, I thought...

SAUL
I wasn't a friend of you father's.

LARRY

No? I thought you said you were.

SAUL

I didn't know him. I'm sorry.
Listen -

LARRY

You didn't know him?

SAUL

No.

LARRY

So then.... So, Excuse me, I'm
confused, who did you say you were
again?

SAUL

I'm Saul Twyman.

A pause. Then Larry turns pale. He wobbles. He leans against
the counter. He would fall to the floor if the counter
weren't there.

LARRY

oh christ.

SAUL

I understand that an apology might
not -

LARRY

I thought you were dead.

SAUL

I would like to -

Larry spits in his face. Saul calmly removes a handkerchief
from his pocket, wipes his face, and continues. He's been
planning this for decades, but it doesn't come easily.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I would like to offer my ...I'm very
sorry. I didn't know your father. I
understand that he was a good man -

LARRY

Get out of my house.

SAUL

I understand that he was a decent
man-

LARRY
GET OUT.

Larry grabs Saul roughly and throws him through the swinging kitchen door. Saul stumbles into the dining room, where children scream.

Saul falls across the dining room table, knocking plates and food to the floor. Larry pursues Saul. Striking him, pushing him. Saul covers his head, but does not fight back. Larry tosses him out the front door. Larry slams the door shut.

FRONT LAWN

Saul sits. Breathless. His lip split, his shirt torn. Food on his coat. Inside the house, Larry yells at his wife and children. The children cry. Saul listens to the bedlam inside.

Saul stands. He walks back up the steps to the front door. He tries again. He knocks. In response, he hears the door bolted from inside. He rings the bell. No answer.

After a moment. Saul places the bowling bag on the welcome mat. He walks off the porch, and down the street. He limps a little. One of the cars he passes is a black Mercedes.

INT DINING ROOM

Larry and his wife sit on the floor. Larry is in shock. She comforts him. Upstairs, children yell.

A young child enters, holding the bowling bag.

CHILD
Daddy?

The kid pulls a fat bundle of money from inside the bag.

INT DEN - LATER

It's dark and quiet in the house. Larry is alone at his desk, the money spilled out in a heap among the staplers and tape dispensers. Larry slumps in his chair. He stares vacantly at the pile.

A creak from the hall. Larry turns to look. He turns back. It must be the kids.

Another sound. A footstep.

LARRY

Honey, is that you? (Pause.) Billy?
Go back to bed.

Larry begins to put the money back into the bag. And then a gun at his temple. The trigger cocked. A gloved hand.

A VOICE

Put it all in the bag. Don't turn
around. Don't look at me.

Larry gathers up the money, puts it into the bowling bag. He moves very cautiously, the gun at his temple. The bag is full.

James Bondatti takes the bag. He backs out of the room, slowly, quietly.

BONDATTI

Don't look at me. Thatta boy. Easy,
papa bear.

Larry sits very still. He hears the front door close. He hears a car start on the street, the squealing of tires as the car pulls away.

Larry throws up into a waste basket.

EXT STREET NIGHT

Saul gets off a city bus. Walks down the street.

EXT ANN'S HOUSE

Saul walks up the front steps. It's late. He knocks quietly on the door. Wanting to wake her, not wanting to wake her.

He knocks again. After a moment Ann opens the door in her nightgown. She sees his split lip. She takes his head in her hands. She leads him inside. She closes the door.

INT. ANN'S LIVING ROOM

Saul's lip is split, his shirt torn.

ANN

You alright?

SAUL

Fine. It's nothing. Got myself into
a little scrap.

A pause.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Can I sleep on your couch?

ANN
No.

A pause.

ANN (CONT'D)
There is the bed, though.

Saul almost smiles.

SAUL
Didn't your Mother ever tell you
not to get mixed up with convicts?

ANN
My mother married my father. I knew
not to take her advice on romance.

A pause.

ANN (CONT'D)
Can I get you a drink?

SAUL
That would be kind.

Ann goes for glasses and whiskey. Saul sits with a sigh.

SAUL (CONT'D)
I'm getting tired, Annie.

ANN
That's because you're old.

SAUL
Partly. Also because I push the
rock halfway up the hill, then it
rolls over me on the way back down.

ANN
No one said it'd be easy.

SAUL
No they didn't.

Ann hands him a whiskey. Saul holds the glass up to the
light, admiringly.

SAUL (CONT'D)
The second drink I've had in twenty-five years. Hard to believe.

ANN
Cheers.

He drinks.

SAUL
(Re: the drink.)
There ain't a thing wrong with that.

She places her hand on his. He regards her.

SAUL (CONT'D)
You know I'm not one to give advice.

ANN
But you're going to.

SAUL
I'm going to, yes. (Beat.) Are you sure I'm a good idea?

ANN
What kind of question is that.

SAUL
It's an honest one. From someone who's looking out for you. From a friend. Are you sure about me?

ANN
I am.

SAUL
I would be careful.

ANN
I never was much for careful, Saul, you know that.

SAUL
I do.

A pause.

ANN
I believe in you. That's all. It's not complicated.

SAUL
You believe in me.

ANN
Yes I do.

SAUL
There are no facts to support that,
Ann.

ANN
Who needs facts.

She kisses him.

ANN (CONT'D)
I know who you are, Saul. No one's
gonna convince me otherwise.

She kisses him again.

ANN (CONT'D)
Not even you.

INT MICHAEL BONDATTI'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The old man sleeps, rasping into his oxygen tube. The nurse
by his bedside. James Bondatti enters. He holds the bowling
bag. He addresses the nurse.

JAMES
Get out.

The nurse exits. James sits. He gently rouses the old man.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Pop.

Michael Bondatti opens his eyes, just a little. James reaches
into the bag. He removes one of the bundles of bills.

JAMES (CONT'D)
This look familiar?

Michael examines the top-most bill. In the lower left,
printed on the bill by the US Mint, the date. It reads
"Series 1983."

MICHAEL
Oh, Saul. What are you doing?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT BEER DISTRIBUTOR MORNING

George pulls into his parking spot at the office. He gets out of the car. Cup of coffee, tabloid. George owns a beer distributorship in Lower Westchester County. The parking lot is full of beer trucks. A warehouse and a very modest office building, much like the temporary offices at construction sites.

George enters the office building.

INT OFFICE

The company functions in two rooms. A workroom up front (time clock, big white eraser board, shabby couches, a secretary's desk, three or four other desks separated by crates piled high) and George's office in the back, with a door.

George enters. Shirley is his longtime secretary. A woman in her 50's.

SHIRLEY

Look what the cat dragged in.

GEORGE

Hold my calls please Shirley.

George walks past her and into his office, much on his mind. Shirley watches him go with a look of concern.

INT GEORGE'S OFFICE

Wood paneling. Beer crates for furniture. A desk. Stacks of paper. A picture of his daughters is the only human touch.

George sits. He makes a call.

MAGGIE'S KITCHEN

George's ex-wife and her husband having a hurried breakfast. Dressed for work, eating toast standing up. The phone rings.

MAGGIE

I'll get it.

MAGGIE'S HUSBAND

I got it. (Into the phone.) Hello?

GEORGE'S OFFICE

George hangs up. Not the voice he wanted to hear. Then George's phone buzzes.

GEORGE

(Into an intercom.)

I said no calls.

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

It's not a call, it's some guy.

GEORGE

No salesmen. Alright? Not today.
Tell him I'm not here.

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

He says he's here for the job.

GEORGE

Didn't we fill that?

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

Nope.

GEORGE

Shit. Just hire him, ok?

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

You don't wanna meet him?

GEORGE

Can he lift a case of beer?

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

I'm not sure.

GEORGE

Alright, send him in, just send him
in, fine.

George hangs up the phone. His door opens. There's Saul. In his suit. He is wrinkled and thin. His lip swollen, a scrape across his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh for Chrissake. What are you
doing here?

SAUL
I saw your ad in the paper.

GEORGE
You want a job?

SAUL
Yes sir. Yes I do.

GEORGE
Please don't call me that, Alright?

SAUL
What would you like me to call you?

A pause. There is no answer to this question. George shuffles the papers on his desk.

GEORGE
I have a lot to do. Ok? I'm busy. I don't have time to....Maybe I'll see you around.

Saul persists.

SAUL
I saw your ad in the paper.

GEORGE
That position is filled, ok?

SAUL
The woman out front said you were looking for somebody.

GEORGE
We're looking for a warehouse guy, loading trucks, lifting cases. We're looking for beef. You wouldn't last a day.

SAUL
I'd like to apply for the job.

GEORGE
There's a lot of jobs. Go to work in a fucking restaurant or something, shovel snow, what are you doing here?

SAUL
I'm responding to the ad that was in the paper.

A pause. Saul is stubborn. He's calm. George is annoyed.

GEORGE

Fine. Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. Here's your interview. You ready? I'm glad you could come. What's your name?

SAUL

Saul Twyman.

GEORGE

Good. Great to meet you Saul. Do you have any felony convictions?

Saul doesn't answer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's the first thing we ask, ok?

SAUL

I served twenty-five years for murder one.

GEORGE

Terrific. You know what happens now? In the real world? I wish you luck. We don't hire cons. I don't say that's the reason, but that's the reason.

SAUL

I need a job.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. We'll call you if anything comes up.

SAUL

I served my time.

GEORGE

Good for you.

SAUL

I can be trusted.

GEORGE

Oh yeah? What am I supposed to, take your word on that? You can be trusted? Lemme tell you something. One of the things our guys do? They show up. They come to work.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We look for consistency, How are
you at that?

A pause. George's words have a double meaning. Saul hears it.
But he persists.

SAUL
I'd like a chance to prove myself.

GEORGE
Why?

A pause.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What are you proving? That you can
fill a truck? Why would I need to
know that?

SAUL
I want to work. I don't need
special treatment. I'm not asking
for any favors.

GEORGE
You are, actually. You're asking me
to hire somebody unfit. Who I know
doesn't qualify. You're asking for
a huge favor.

SAUL
Let me work a day. Fire me this
afternoon if I haven't done my
share. If I have, let me come back
tomorrow.

GEORGE
No.

George pretends to work. He opens a filing cabinet, closes
it, opens it again, slams it shut. But Saul doesn't leave. He
stands in the doorway. He is unrelenting, undeterred.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What. Please go away.

SAUL
I need a job.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ.

A pause. George shakes his head. Saul is a tough old badger. George takes a weight belt from his desk. He tosses it to Saul.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Fine. Go see Lou on the loading
dock. He'll tell you what to do.

After a moment, Saul exits with the belt. George watches him go.

George dials the phone. He calls Maggie. Then he hangs up before it rings.

INT WAREHOUSE

A large room, cooled to 40 degrees, like a giant meat locker, only it's beer. Cases piled high, grouped by brand. A loading dock out back through plastic slotted curtains.

Burly young men move through the aisles, pushing hand trucks stacked with cardboard cases. Each man loads a particular truck. They work steadily, their breath fogging the cool air.

and Saul. He wears a weight belt around his waist. And his dress shirt and suit pants. He works hard. He is determined, single minded. It is a penance.

LATER

Saul works. Each case is heavier than the last. He's tired. He drops a case. He picks it up. He is offered assistance by one of the men. He declines.

From the back of the warehouse, George watches his father struggle.

LATER

Saul works. He sweats in the cold. His shirt soaked through.

INT OFFICE LATER

Lou, a burly man in his 30's, pokes his head into George's office. George is at his desk.

GEORGE
What's up, Lou.

LOU
Not much. He hasn't died.

GEORGE
Is he still going?

LOU
Oh, he's still going. Can't stop him.

GEORGE
Let him go, then.

LOU
You sure about that?

GEORGE
Man wants to work. Let him work.

Lou thinks that's a bad idea. Perhaps it is a cruel idea. He leaves the office.

LATER

An exhausted Saul lifts a case. A buzzer sounds. The others instantly drop their weight belts, leave their hand trucks where they lie. They walk off. But Saul doesn't stop. Like he's in a trance.

WAREHOUSE WORKER
Yo. That's it. Time to go home, big man.

Saul stops. He's exhausted. He takes off his belt. The sweat has soaked a thick ring around his waist. He sits down on a box.

EXT BEER DISTRIBUTORSHIP NIGHT

It's dark. The workers file out of the shop. They get into their cars and drive away. Then Saul emerges from the building, last and alone.

INT GEORGE'S CAR

George sits in his warm car, the engine running. He looks out the windshield at his father, who is standing alone. George pulls out, leaving Saul behind.

Saul walks through the parking lot and out to the street.

EXT BUS STOP

Saul pulls up his collar against the cold. He looks down the street, searching for the bus.

From the other direction, the brown sedan screeching up to the curb. Tom McCain rolls down the window.

TOM
Get in the car.

SAUL
Tom McCain. Christ. You still
alive?

TOM
Get in the car, Saul.

SAUL
I'll take the bus.

TOM
I'm not asking.

Henry Leyva opens the passenger side door. He stands, the threat implicit. Saul sighs. Then he gets into the car.

INT DINER

A booth in an unclean diner. Saul is squeezed in between the wall and Leyva. McCain is on the other side.

A weary waitress.

MCCAIN
What are you gonna have, Saul?

LEYVA
Treat yourself. Take a look at that
menu. It's a foot thick. They have
everything.

SAUL
(To the waitress.)
Do you have hot tea?

WAITRESS
We got Earl Grey.

Tom interrupts, patronizing.

MCCAIN

(To the waitress.)

He'll have a cup of coffee. And a cheeseburger. How do you want that done, Saul? Medium?

SAUL

I'll have the tea.

MCCAIN

(To the waitress.)

Medium rare. Put a slice of red onion on there, if you have it. You want anything, Henry?

LEYVA

Just the coffee is fine.

MCCAIN

Three coffees then, and a burger for Saul.

WAITRESS

Sure.

The waitress leaves.

LEYVA

(To McCain, referring to Saul.)

You positive this is him?

MCCAIN

Oh, it's him.

LEYVA

He doesn't look like much.

MCCAIN

Trust me, stone cold killer.

LEYVA

I don't see it. Maybe he's been redeemed. Those guys upstate, they get into the bible, power of the word, youneverknow.

MCCAIN

Are you redeemed, Saul?

Saul stands.

SAUL

I'm going to go.

LEYVA

You don't want your cheeseburger?

MCCAIN

Stay and eat, Saul, we'll catch up on old times.

Leyva blocks his exit from the booth. Saul is trapped. He remains calm.

SAUL

Excuse me. I'd like to leave.

MCCAIN

(To Saul.)

Go ahead. I'll give you a couple a minutes, then I'll send Henry out to run you over with the car.

A pause. Then Saul sits.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

So how've you been. 25 years is a long time.

LEYVA

People change.

MCCAIN

Henry thinks people change.

LEYVA

I'm an optimist.

MCCAIN

Me? Not so much.

LEYVA

Tom thinks you're still a piece of shit.

MCCAIN

Something my father taught me. You can take the dog out of the fight, but you can't take the fight out of the dog.

LEYVA

Or in this case, you can lock up a piece of shit for twenty-five years in a federal penitentiary, but when he comes out, he's just an older piece of shit.

The waitress returns. Sets down drinks.

WAITRESS

Coffees.

She leaves.

SAUL

(To McCain.)

What do you want?

MCCAIN

What do I want? I'm a cop. I want to solve crimes. If a guy does something, I want that guy to be punished in an appropriate manner. Is that so much to ask? If a guy hurts someone, I want that guy to be hurt.

LEYVA

By the justice system, he's talking about.

MCCAIN

By whomever. If somebody inflicts pain, in a perfect world, that person will experience pain.

LEYVA

Somebody shoots a postal worker for instance?

MCCAIN

For money? If someone is hired to kill another person, Saul? Can I ask you something? What's he gonna do with that money? Buy a house? live in it? with the money he was paid to take another person's life? He's gonna put his feet up on the sofa and watch TV? With another guy, who he didn't even know, with that guy dead? You were gonna purchase a bed and lay your head down and go to sleep? Was that the idea?

A pause.

SAUL

You tell me when you're finished.

MCCAIN

I'll do that. I'll make sure to do that, Saul. (Beat.) Now I lost my point. dammitt.

LEYVA

(Reminding him.)
Someone inflicts pain.

MCCAIN

Yes, thank you. In an ideal world, a man who killed for profit, will never again see the light of day.

LEYVA

It's right there in the bible, Saul. An eye for an eye.

MCCAIN

If we go by the good book, we shoot you dead. That'd be correct.

LEYVA

(Looking into his cup.)
This coffee has no flavor whatsoever.

MCCAIN

(To Saul.)
But. Here you are. A free man.

SAUL

I did my time.

MCCAIN

Yes you did. In the eyes of the state, your debt is paid.

LEYVA

You know who the state is, Saul? Some fat judge living on a boat in Florida. The state is a Retiree. The actual person who is your redeemer? He's playing pinochle with his cronies in Boca Raton.

MCCAIN

He doesn't remember you. He wouldn't know you from Jesus.

LEYVA

You know who remembers you? Tom McCain.

(MORE)

LEYVA (CONT'D)

This man right here, this old son of a bitch has been thinking about you every day for the last twenty-five years.

MCCAIN

Take it as a compliment.

SAUL

I don't owe you anything.

MCCAIN

That's true. That's probably true. Fuck me. A bitter old Irishman, if every guy I held a grudge against were to drop dead? That's half the population of the County.

LEYVA

(To Saul.)

Plus, he's the one who locked you up, left your wife a widow, pretty much. Orphaned your young son, this guy right here.

MCCAIN

With pleasure.

LEYVA

You don't owe him shit.

The waitress places a steaming burger in front of Saul. Saul will not touch the food.

LEYVA (CONT'D)

You eat, Saul. Don't let us keep you.

SAUL

Lemme out of here.

They ignore his pleas.

MCCAIN

Michael Bondatti is still operating in Yonkers, if you can believe it. He must be a hundred and two. He's barely breathing, he still orders the occasional beating. The guy's on death's door, he's still committing crimes daily, I don't know how they find the energy.

LEYVA

Can I ask you a question, Saul?
Personal question: What do you owe
that guy?

MCCAIN

Twenty-five years inside, not a
word from old Saul. You coulda
done, I dunno, twelve years? You'd
still have your youth. Just flip.
Tell us Bondatti hired you to kill
the mailman, you'd do half the
time. What do you owe him?

A pause.

LEYVA

Loyalty? To the biggest cocksucker
on the planet?

MCCAIN

Has he been paying you?

LEYVA

How much money would you have to
give a guy to spend his life in
prison?

MCCAIN

I hope it's not out of honor, Saul,
some fucked up thing, The guy
doesn't deserve it. He'd flip on
you in an instant.

A pause.

SAUL

I'm not involved with this anymore.

MCCAIN

Oh please. Don't give me that shit.
You don't get to decide whether
you're involved. You can't retire.

LEYVA

Do you ever get over doing a thing
like that? I've heard a sociopath,
he's doesn't even feel it. He kills
some guy, then he goes to pick up
his dry cleaning.

MCCAIN

That's not Saul, though. You can
see it on him.

(MORE)

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
Tuesday, April Nineteenth, 1983. He
thinks about it every day.

A pause. This is the truth.

SAUL
You done yet?

LEYVA
(To Saul.)
We're gonna give you an
opportunity. Consider it a gift.
There's no statute of limitations
of murder.

MCCAIN
You don't owe Bondatti anything.

LEYVA
We're gonna let you put him away.
Let him die behind bars, how he
deserves it.

MCCAIN
Testify. Put the whole thing to
rest, Saul. Make amends. Whoever
you answer to. God. Yourself. We're
gonna give you a chance to make it
right.

A pause.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
Why not, Saul. Why not end it?

Saul takes a sip of his coffee.

SAUL
I'll tell you. A long time ago,
Michael Bondatti and I worked out a
deal. If I agree not to talk. He
agrees not to have me killed. Far
as I know, that deal still stands.

Saul stands.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Let me go.

Leyva doesn't move. Saul smashes his coffee cup down hard on
the table, shattering it. Coffee spills, ceramic flies. The
diner stops dead. All eyes on Saul.

SAUL (CONT'D)
(Quietly.)
Let me out of here.

The cops have little choice in this very public place. Leyva stands. Saul walks out through the very quiet, very still restaurant.

EXT DINER

On the street, in his black Mercedes, James Bondatti watches. Through a window in the diner, he sees Leyva and McCain. Saul walks out the front door of the diner. Bondatti watches him go, then looks back to the cops, the shattered mug, the waitress cleaning up.

INT GEORGE'S KITCHEN NIGHT

It's quiet. George is back at the kitchen table, in a pool of light with the Triple Sec at his arm. He messes with the phone, wanting to call, resisting.

He dials from memory.

MAGGIE'S BEDROOM

Maggie's husband answers.

MAGGIE'S HUSBAND
Hello? (Beat.) Who's this? (Beat.)
Hello.

No response. He hangs up the phone. Maggie enters from the bathroom. She's in a robe.

MAGGIE
Who was that?

MAGGIE'S HUSBAND
Didn't say. No one, I guess.

He lies down, turns his back to her. A big silent, unhearing mound. She looks at him a moment.

GEORGE'S KITCHEN

George hangs up the phone. He stands, he walks down the hall.

THE GIRLS' BEDROOM

George enters. They are asleep. He speaks to them anyway.

GEORGE

You're at your Mom's this weekend.
You gotta pack yourselves,
remember. new rule. (Beat.) and
your grandfather is alive. I don't
know if you knew that, I suppose I
might of mentioned it at some
point. Maybe I didn't. Gramma's
husband. We might see him around.
So. (Beat.) Alright. I'll try this
again when you wake up.

INT SAUL'S HOTEL ROOM

Saul in the bathroom, washing his clothes in the sink. He's a little beat up. The lip. The scrape across his face. A bruise on his chest. Plus he's tired. He wrings out the shirt, hangs it up over the shower rod. He washes his pants. The mirror over the sink confronts him. He regards himself.

GEORGE'S BEDROOM.

George lies in his bed alone. He gets up, walks down the hall.

THE GIRLS' BEDROOM.

George makes a pillow from his daughters dirty socks and shirts and pants. He lies down on the floor. He tries to sleep.

A faint knock on the front door. And then another. George stands.

ENTRY HALL

George unlocks and opens the door. Maggie is on the porch in her overcoat.

GEORGE

Maggie.

MAGGIE

Were you asleep?

GEORGE
No. I was just reading. A book.
Magazine.

He's lying. She knows him. She knows he's lying.

MAGGIE
yeah?

GEORGE
I was on the floor. I don't know
what I was doing.

A pause.

MAGGIE
Can I come in?

GEORGE
Sure. Yeah, sorry, come in. You
want a drink or anything. I don't
know what I have...

MAGGIE
No thanks.

A pause. They stand there.

GEORGE
What time is it?

MAGGIE
I don't know. It's late. Two.

GEORGE
Is everything ok?

MAGGIE
It's fine.

An awkward pause. She doesn't ever visit. They're divorced.
It's late. And yet here she is.

GEORGE
(Making conversation.)
How's Bob.

MAGGIE
He's alright.

GEORGE
How's work.

MAGGIE

It's fine.

Another pause.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Did you call me?

GEORGE

I did. Sorry. I shouldn't, I realize it's not.... I realize that's not part of our arrangement. I tried to talk to my Mother, that didn't go so well...

ABBY

Mom?

Abby in her pajamas. Tousled with sleep. She stands in the door to her room, not fully awake.

MAGGIE

Hi honey.

GEORGE

Go back to bed, Abby.

ABBY

(To her Mother.)

What are you doing here?

A pause. There is no answer available.

MAGGIE

Nothing. I came by.

ABBY

Why?

A pause.

MAGGIE

I don't know.

GEORGE

Abby. Back to bed.

ABBY

(To her mother.)

Will you be here in the morning?

MAGGIE

No.

GEORGE

No.

MAGGIE

(To Abby.)

Go to bed. I'll see you Friday.

ABBY

ok.

MAGGIE

Sleep tight.

Abby goes quietly, sweetly back to bed. They are alone again.
Pause.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I should go.

GEORGE

yeah.

MAGGIE

ok.

GEORGE

It'd be confusing.

MAGGIE

What would be?

A pause.

GEORGE

For the girls, I mean, seeing you
here. You being here. You stopping
by.

MAGGIE

Yeah. Alright.

Maggie goes to the door. George stops her.

GEORGE

I miss you. I'm not sure if I'm
allowed to say that.

MAGGIE

You're allowed.

A pause.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I drove here.

Maggie intends subtext. George doesn't get it.

GEORGE
I figured, yeah.

Maggie gently underlines the subtext.

MAGGIE
My car is outside.

She looks at him a moment. Then she leaves. After a bit, he follows. He locks the front door behind him.

INT MAGGIE'S CAR

She sits behind the wheel. George in the passenger seat. They are divorced. They sit in her car in his driveway, their children asleep inside the house. They don't look at one another. Then they kiss. They make love.

INT SAUL'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Saul in bed awake. A noise outside the door. Saul sits up. The knob turns. The door opens a crack. It is held up by the chain lock. Saul runs into the bathroom. The door is kicked open, the chain proves useless.

James Bondatti enters.

BATHROOM

Saul has his damp pants halfway on, the bathroom window is his intended exit. Bondatti enters. He is calm. He holds a gun.

BONDATTI
Let's go.

Saul does not resist. He goes.

INT BLACK MERCEDES

The car is parked on quiet street. It's dark. Saul is in the back seat with Michael Bondatti. James sits behind the wheel. The older man is dressed for this occasion, up from his sickbed. He wears a pastel golf sweater.

MICHAEL BONDATTI
So good to see you, Saul.
Everybody's dying.
(MORE)

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)
I can't tell you how many times
I've sworn: I will outlive all of
you. Now I have, and I don't like
it.

Saul does not respond.

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)
Except you of course. You're alive.
So far. Congratulations.

Bondatti reaches down near his feet. He produces Saul's
bowling bag, empty. He offers it to Saul.

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)
You want this back? Do you bowl?

Saul goes pale.

SAUL
Where'd you get that?

MICHAEL BONDATTI
You making reparations now? Is this
the thing?

SAUL
If you hurt him, if you touched
that man-

MICHAEL BONDATTI
What. What would you do. Call the
cops?

A pause.

SAUL
What the hell do you want?

MICHAEL BONDATTI
You know what you should've been?
an undertaker. The serious nature.
The suit. The family of the
deceased, in my experience, they
want to see everyone grieve. That
woulda been a perfect job for you,
Saul. Have you ever cracked a
smile?

Saul tries to open the car door. It's locked.

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)
Killing, on the other hand. Maybe
this wasn't your calling.
(MORE)

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)

You perform exactly one job. You then turn yourself in. You confess. You spend most of your life in jail. Not so good. Maybe killing should not have been your chosen occupation.

SAUL

It wasn't.

MICHAEL BONDATTI

No? What were you, moonlighting?

SAUL

Go fuck yourself.

JAMES BONDATTI

(From the front seat,
turning.)

Excuse me?

MICHAEL BONDATTI

That's alright, Jimmy. Saul takes offense. He's changed. He's a man of god, now. Or something. I don't know what he is. A monk. What are you, Saul?

SAUL

I'm old. As a result, I can now tell you to shove it up your ass.

MICHAEL BONDATTI

Is that true? I wonder. You don't value your life. That's fine. That's your choice. But your wife and kids are still alive. That's my choice, Saul. But they're still in play-

SAUL

If you come near them -

MICHAEL BONDATTI

Excuse me. I'm talking. You interrupt me again, Jimmy's gonna hurt you.

Saul is quiet. He seethes.

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)

You've always been a good boy. We haven't had any problems. Have I bothered you? No. But now what.

(MORE)

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)
Now I hear that you're talking to
cops. To McCain and his monkey. You
have lunch. What do you talk about?

Saul doesn't answer.

MICHAEL BONDATTI (CONT'D)
They want you to testify against
me, Saul. Tell me this isn't true.

SAUL
Fuck you.

Bondatti remains calm.

MICHAEL BONDATTI
I'm not gonna go to jail. Not
because of you. Not because you
have some kind of change of heart.
Lemme tell you what I am gonna do.
I'm gonna save the lives of your
wife and son. I'm gonna get out of
the car. I'm gonna have Jimmy take
you someplace and I'm gonna put an
end to all this nonsense.

James unlocks his father's door, using a control in front.
Michael gets out. James starts the car.

SMASH

The windshield explodes. A bat, wham, from outside the car.
The driver-side door is opened, James is dragged from the
car, kicking.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

McCain and Leyva. McCain holds a gun on Michael Bondatti.
Leyva drags James out onto the ground, cuffs his hands behind
his back. Leyva finds a pistol in Bondatti's shoulder
holster.

JAMES BONDATTI
I got a permit for that.

LEYVA
Shut up.

Saul gets out of the car. He immediately walks away.

MCCAIN
Where're you going?

SAUL
Are you arresting me?

MCCAIN
I'm saving your ass, is what I'm
doing.

Saul keeps walking.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
I can't protect you, Saul.

Saul walks off. The cops and the Bondattis watch him go.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Just before dawn. The gray winter morning coming soon. Saul walks quickly through downtown Yonkers, he's almost running. He is wary.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Saul walks. A car approaches from behind. Saul hears it coming, he looks over his shoulder. He's skittish and afraid. The car passes. No one he knows. Saul walks on. Faster.

EXT GEORGE'S HOUSE LATER

Saul approaches his son's house.

He walks around to the back. He knocks on a screen door. George answers. He's sleepy. Coffee cup in hand.

SAUL
Sorry to bother you.

GEORGE
What're you doing here?

SAUL
Couple minutes. If I could have a
couple minutes of your time, I'll
be on my way.

A pause.

GEORGE
You wanna come inside?

SAUL

No thank you. I'd like to stay out here, if it's all the same to you.

GEORGE

Alright.

A pause.

SAUL

I can't come to work today.

GEORGE

That's fine.

SAUL

I won't be coming tomorrow. I'll be going away for a while.

GEORGE

Where.

SAUL

I don't know. I don't know if I'd tell you if I did know.

A pause.

GEORGE

Alright.

SAUL

I need to leave here. I had some ideas about coming back. None of 'em has worked out, so... I don't want to make anything worse.

A pause. Saul sits on the porch rail. He's tired. George steps out of the house.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I was thirty two years old. I had a seven year old son. You. I never was able to keep a job. I haven't had a job for more than a month straight ever in my life. We had rent due. Grocery bills. Nothing unusual, I don't make any excuses. Who doesn't have bills to pay. (Beat.) So a guy I sort of knew offered me a lot of money. Thirty thousand dollars was a lot at the time.

GEORGE

You don't have to tell me this.

SAUL

I regretted it before I even did it. Before I did it, I was sorry. I killed someone. An innocent man. I marred my soul. As it turns out, I did something you can't undo.

A pause.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I'm deeply sorry. I know that doesn't mean much. But in addition to everything else, I was an insufficient father. I could not have done any worse.

A pause. And then a screech. A far off sound. The squeal of a car cornering fast. Then a roar of acceleration. Saul flinches. He looks over his shoulder.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I gotta go. I'm sorry to disturb you. I won't bother you anymore. Thank you for your time.

Saul gets up off the porch rail. He walks away.

GEORGE

Hold on. Saul.

Saul doesn't stop. George watches him go.

EXT STREET

Saul walks fast. He comes to a busy intersection. He doesn't wait for the light. He walks right into the rushing stream. Drivers brake, honk and yell. Saul walks on.

EXT ANN'S HOUSE LATER

Saul walks around to the back door. He knocks. Ann answers.

ANN

Come on in.

SAUL

I'd prefer to stay out here.

ANN

Oh, please. Come inside the goddamn house.

She takes him by the hand and yanks him inside.

INT KITCHEN

ANN

Sit down. I was making breakfast. I still cook like George is in High School, eating everything that isn't tied down, look at all this food. I just can't get out of the habit.

SAUL

I can't stay, Ann.

ANN

The hell you can't. What do you have to do? Sit down and eat.

She puts a plate of eggs and bacon before him. She sits with a plate of her own.

SAUL

I have to go away.

ANN

Where.

SAUL

I can't tell you.

A pause. She steels herself.

ANN

Why not.

SAUL

I'm a danger to you, Annie. Some of my old acquaintances, I thought I would have outlived 'em by now. I can't seem to acquire a past. Nothing fades. I just keep walking through the same swamp.

ANN

Are you trying to leave me again, Saul?

SAUL
I don't want to.

ANN
I get a week every twenty-five years, is that how this goes? Every couple decades I get a glimpse of what life is.

SAUL
I'm sorry.

ANN
I waited for you.

SAUL
I wish you hadn't.

ANN
I didn't choose to. You don't tell your heart what to do.

SAUL
It's not safe for you if I stay here.

ANN
You think I care about safe? I'm sixty years old. What can they threaten me with? What's worse than not having you?

A pause.

ANN (CONT'D)
Stay with me, Saul. Please. Eat your goddamn eggs. Have breakfast with your wife. Let them come.

After a long moment, Saul looks at her. Then Saul takes a bite.

ANN'S BEDROOM LATER

Saul and Ann under a sheet. Daylight. She sleeps. He gets quietly up from the bed. He dresses carefully. He slips out of the room.

EXT ANN'S HOUSE MID-DAY

Saul quickly walks away. He keeps his head down.

INT BUS STATION LATER

Saul sits. A ticket in his hands. He has nothing else. The suit on his back. A bus is announced to "Atlantic City and Points South." Saul stands.

EXT SAUL'S HOTEL SUNSET

James Bondatti parks his black Mercedes. He steps out. He enters the seedy SRO.

LOBBY

Bondatti moves through the lobby with purpose.

HALLWAY

Bondatti stops outside Saul's door. He unholsters his gun. He kicks the door in. It splinters.

SAUL'S ROOM

No one there. Bondatti checks the bathroom. Empty. Bondatti holsters his gun. He exits.

INT GEORGE'S BEDROOM EARLY MORNING

An alarm sounds. George wakes.

INT BUS

Saul looks vacantly out the window at the featureless landscape.

INT GIRL'S BEDROOM

George raises the window shade. Light pours in. The sleepy girls groan.

KITCHEN

Later, the girls eat breakfast. George hurries them out of the house.

EXT GEORGE'S HOUSE

The girls walk out the front door and down the porch steps.
Backpacks.

EXT BUS STOP

Abby and Jill paw the cold ground with their tennis shoes.
They wait for the bus to come.

Then a black Mercedes pulls up to the curb. A man opens the
driver's side door. He wears a ski mask. Only his eyes are
visible. He walks toward the girls.

EXT STREET LATER

Jill runs. She's 8. Her breath comes quick. She runs fast.
She falls. She gets up. She runs home. Her backpack falls
from her shoulders. She leaves it behind.

Jill runs up to her house. As she ascends the porch stairs,
she screams....

JILL
DADDY!

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON: HIGH ABOVE GEORGE'S HOUSE

Police cars, marked and unmarked, an ambulance, TV vans and
Satellite trucks surround the house. Some on the lawn, some
block the street. All of them are nose-in, like pigs at a
trough.

INT GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM

Many cops throughout the house. On a sofa, Maggie holds Jill
tight to her lap. Maggie's husband hovers awkwardly.

George sits with two detectives.

COP #1
She will be found, Mr. Twyman -

GEORGE
When. When will she be found.

COP #2
There's been no attempt at contact.

GEORGE
From the kidnappers?

COP #1
That's right.

GEORGE
They want money?

COP #1
That's usually the case.

A phone rings. The rooms goes quiet. A deadly pause.

GEORGE
Do I answer it?

COP #1
Please.

George breathes deeply. He lifts the receiver.

GEORGE
(Into the phone.)
Hello? (Beat.) Ma?

COP #2
It's his Mother.

The tension releases. Somewhat. Various conversations resume.

INT CAR

McCain drives fast. He slams on the brakes. The car has not stopped moving when he and Leyva jump out.

EXT MICHAEL BONDATTI'S HOUSE

A townhouse on a tidy Yonkers street. McCain and Leyva pull their guns. They kick down the front door.

INSIDE

The living room is empty. They check each room on the first floor, their guns drawn. They ascend the stairs.

MICHAEL BONDATTI'S BEDROOM

McCain kicks the door in. Michael Bondatti lays in his bed, attended by a doctor. James Bondatti stands nearby. The nurse from the previous scene is absent.

McCain crosses to Bondatti, without warning, McCain strikes him across the face with the butt-end of his pistol. Bondatti falls to the ground.

DOCTOR
Jesus Christ.

JAMES BONDATTI
(To McCain.)
What the hell are you doing!

McCain puts a knee in Bondatti's chest, pinning him to the floor. His pistol is in one hand, the other is around Bondatti's throat.

MCCAIN
Where is she?

JAMES BONDATTI
Get the fuck off me.

MCCAIN
Tell me where the girl is.

JAMES BONDATTI
You got a warrant, coming in here?

McCain lifts Bondatti by the hair and smashes his head into the floor. Bondatti screams.

DOCTOR
I'm calling the police.

MCCAIN
(To the doctor.)
You do that. (Then to Bondatti.)
Tell me where she is.

JAMES BONDATTI
I got no idea what you're talking about.

McCain puts the nose of his pistol against Bondatti's forehead.

DOCTOR
(Screaming.)
Oh my God!

LEYVA
 (Simultaneously.)
 Woa Woa Woa Tom Hold on!

The doctor pulls out his cell phone. Leyva pulls McCain off Bondatti. McCain struggles to get at him.

JAMES BONDATTI
 (To McCain.)
 What the fuck is wrong with you?

MCCAIN
 (To Leyva.)
 Let me Go!

LEYVA
 That's enough.

Leyva drags McCain toward the door.

MCCAIN
 (Yelling at Bondatti.)
 You touch her, she shows up with a
 hair outta place, I will make it my
 mission, you piece of shit!

JAMES BONDATTI
 Get outta here! You fucking
 psychopath!

Leyva drags his partner out the door. To this point, Michael Bondatti has not moved, he's been as still as a corpse.

Now, Michael opens his eyes. He looks at his son.

EXT MODEST RANCH HOUSE

A tiny house. Aluminum siding. TV antenna.

INT BEDROOM

Inside, Abby Twyman is blindfolded. She sits on the edge of a bed. She's 10. The shades are drawn. Behind her, a nurse in uniform. The same woman that tended Michael Bondatti in an earlier scene.

The nurse hands Abby a glass of water, carefully placing the glass in her hands. Abby can't see.

ABBY
 (re: the blindfold.)
 Can I take this off?

NURSE
No. I'm sorry.

ABBY
(re: the water.)
Is this ok to drink?

NURSE
It's fine. It's water.

ABBY
I'm thirsty.

NURSE
Just take some, I promise it's ok.

Abby is wary. Distrustful. Terrified.

ABBY
Who are you?

The nurse does not respond. Abby hands the glass back to the nurse without drinking.

The phone rings. The nurse answers. She listens, then whispers.

NURSE
No, of course she's not alright.
(Beat. She listens.) When?

MICHAEL BONDATTI'S BEDROOM

James Bondatti, on the other end of the line.

JAMES
(Into the phone.)
Just stay there until I call you.

Bondatti hangs up the phone. He licks the blood from his lip.

INT GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Cops litter the room. Some in hushed conversation. Ann Twyman makes coffee.

Down the hall, outside the girls' room, George sits on the floor. Maggie enters from the girls' bedroom. She sits next to George.

GEORGE
She alright?

MAGGIE
She's asleep. We'll see how long it lasts.

GEORGE
Is she scared?

MAGGIE
Terrified.

A pause.

GEORGE
You want a drink?

MAGGIE
No.

GEORGE
You gonna try to sleep?

MAGGIE
No.

They hear the front door open and close. Murmured conversation from the Living Room. Tom McCain walks toward them.

MCCAIN
Are you Mr. and Mrs. Twyman?

MAGGIE
Close enough.

MCCAIN
May I speak to you for a moment?

EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY NIGHT

A Greyhound bus travels South on I-95. A police car, sirens wailing, comes flying up from behind. The bus pulls over.

INT BUS

A uniformed state trooper walks down the aisle, holding a picture. He stops. He looks at the picture. He looks at Saul.

TROOPER
You Saul Twyman?

SAUL
I am.

EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY

The police car speeds off. Saul is in the back.

INT GEORGE'S KITCHEN TABLE

George, Maggie, Leyva and McCain.

MCCAIN

I'm Detective McCain, this is my partner, Detective Leyva. We're very sorry to hear about your daughter-

Maggie and George are at wits end. They interrupt.

MAGGIE

Where is she?

MCCAIN

We don't know. We're gonna find out.

GEORGE

How. How are you gonna find out?

LEYVA

We're working on that.

MAGGIE

Why haven't they called? We can pay. We're happy to pay whatever they want.

GEORGE

Why haven't they called us?

MCCAIN

They may not want money.

This makes Leyva uncomfortable. McCain is speaking to a hunch, unsubstantiated.

LEYVA

(Stopping him.)

Tom.

GEORGE

They don't want money? Why not? What do they want?

LEYVA

(Breaking in.)

Tom. Can I talk to you privately
for a second?

GEORGE

No no no, No one's talking to
anybody. What are you saying?
What's that mean if they don't want
money?

MCCAIN

Mr. Twyman. How much do you know
about your father?

GEORGE

My father? Why.

MCCAIN

Do you know who Michael Bondatti
is?

GEORGE

What does my father have to do with
anything?

MCCAIN

I'm gonna be plain. Michael
Bondatti wants your father dead.
Your father's gone. He left town.

GEORGE

What are you saying. So Bondatti
took my daughter?

Maggie begins to lose it.

MAGGIE

YOU KNOW WHO HAS HER?

LEYVA

We don't know anything.

MAGGIE

YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS?

LEYVA

No Ma'am, no we don't. Please try
to calm down. My partner has a
theory. The best thing for us to do-

GEORGE

You think my father caused this?

LEYVA
Not directly, sir, no.

MCCAIN
(Contradicting Leyva.)
I dunno about that. I'm not sure I
would say that.

The front door opens. A state trooper enters.

Then Saul. George attacks him. He crosses the living room,
yelling.

GEORGE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE.

Cops intervene. George is pulled away. George struggles to
get at his father. George is red-faced and enraged. Saul is
ushered outside.

Jill wakes up. An eight year old, in pajamas, steps into the
tumult.

JILL
Daddy?

Everything stops. Maggie and George go to her. They take her
from the room. Quiet is restored, unnaturally.

EXT GEORGE'S HOUSE LATER

On the front porch, Saul sits in the cold. It's still dark,
though dawn approaches.

Tom McCain comes out of the house. He holds a steaming cup of
coffee. He drinks. He offers nothing to Saul.

MCCAIN
They're all inside waiting for the
phone to ring.

Saul says nothing.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
It's not gonna ring, Saul.

SAUL
Why not?

MCCAIN
'Cause they don't want money. And
what they want, they can't exactly
ask for.

(MORE)

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
They call up asking for a certain person in exchange, that'd make it fairly obvious who the kidnapper is, wouldn't it?

A pause.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

SAUL
(Quietly.)
yeah.

McCain asks a sincere question.

MCCAIN
What kind of person are you?

A pause. Saul answers sincerely.

SAUL
I don't know. (Beat.) Lately, I'm somebody who gets a girl kidnapped. I stumble around. I do what I think is best. I make it worse. (Beat.) I tried to do 'em all a favor and disappear, even that I couldn't accomplish.

A pause. McCain takes a slip of paper from his pocket. He writes on it. He takes out his cell phone. He offers both to Saul.

MCCAIN
I'll tell you what. I probably shouldn't do this. This is Bondatti's phone number at his house. Use my phone if you want. You do what you think is right.

Saul accepts the paper and phone.

SAUL
Thank you.

MCCAIN
Don't thank me, Saul. He's gonna kill you.

McCain stands. He goes back inside. Saul sits a moment. The sun begins to rise. Saul dials the phone.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE

Yeah.

SAUL

This is Saul Twyman. I'm here.

A pause.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE.

Go to Teddy's downtown. Half an hour. Go alone. I'll call you on this number. I'll be watching.

SAUL

I want the girl there.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE

You do your part.

SAUL

I want to see the girl.

The line goes dead.

INT. MICHAEL BONDATTI'S BEDROOM

James Bondatti hangs up the phone. He places the receiver back onto the cradle on the table next to his father's bed. He exits quickly.

INT GEORGE'S BEDROOM

George, Maggie and Jill huddle. Detective Leyva stands just outside, discretely. After a moment, McCain approaches, whispers something in Leyva's ear. They exit.

EXT STREET - SUNRISE

Saul very much alone. He walks toward town, down the center of a deserted street. The houses are shuttered, the wind whips. Saul walks toward his fate.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE

Leyva and McCain move quickly to their car.

LEYVA

This isn't right, Tom.

MCCAIN
So don't come.

LEYVA
I shouldn't. I should go back in
there and tell the Captain.

A pause. They stand just outside their brown sedan.

MCCAIN
But you wouldn't do that.

LEYVA
I should.

McCain opens the door for Leyva.

MCCAIN
But you won't. Get in the car
please, Henry.

Leyva gets in. Reluctantly.

EXT. STREET

Saul walks on. In his right pants pocket, the rectangular
outline of Tom McCain's cell phone.

INT. MCCAIN'S CAR

McCain behind the wheel. Leyva holds a GPS device.

MCCAIN
Where is he?

Leyva messes with the GPS.

LEYVA
Hold on. It's coming up.

McCain snatches the device from his hands, impatiently. He
drives away from the curb.

EXT ROOFTOP

The tarred roof of a five story brick building in downtown
Yonkers.

James Bondatti walks out onto the roof. He lifts a pair of
binoculars to his eyes. He looks down onto the street.

INT MCCAIN'S CAR

McCain is driving with the GPS pinned to the wheel, looking at the screen and the road simultaneously. On the GPS, a red dot flashes.

MCCAIN

I got him.

LEYVA

Don't get too close.

ROOFTOP

Bondatti scans the street with his binoculars. Then he sees Saul. He scans the surrounding area. Saul is alone. Bondatti removes a cell phone from his pocket.

EXT. TEDDY'S BAR

Saul stops on the corner. Behind him, the beaten-down bar with a neon sign. Saul looks up and down the street. He checks his watch.

MCCAIN'S CAR

MCCAIN

(Looking at the GPS.)

He stopped moving.

LEYVA

Just go easy. Pull over here.

McCain slows the car to a stop.

MCCAIN

He's over there. Three blocks up.

The car idles. Across the street, a pharmacy with a big plate glass window. McCain's car is reflected in the glass.

EXT TEDDY'S BAR

Saul in his black suit, waiting. A cellphone rings. Saul is startled. He checks various pockets. He finds the ringing phone. He answers it.

SAUL

(Into the phone.)

yeah.

JAMES BONDATTI'S VOICE ON THE PHONE
Good boy. Now get in car. I'm
watching.

The phone goes dead before Saul can respond.

ROOFTOP

Bondatti has his cellphone at his ear and the binoculars up to his face. Bondatti hangs up the phone. He watches Saul through the binoculars.

He sees a white sedan approach Saul's position.

BONDATTI
(to himself.)
Just get in the car, Saul.

He begins to lower the binoculars. Then he stops.

On an adjacent street, three blocks South, reflected in the pharmacy window, Tom McCain's brown sedan. Bondatti can just make out McCain behind the wheel.

BONDATTI (CONT'D)
Shit.

Bondatti hurriedly opens his cell phone and pushes a speed-dial number.

INT WHITE SEDAN

An anonymous man drives. Abby Twyman is in the back seat, blindfolded. A phone rings. The anonymous man answers his cell.

BONDATTI'S VOICE ON THE PHONE
(Screaming.)
Don't Stop! It's FUCKED!

The anonymous man steps on the gas.

EXT. TEDDY'S BAR

Saul watches the white sedan approach. Then suddenly, tires squealing, the sedan speeds off. Through the rear window, Saul sees Abby, blindfolded.

MCCAIN'S CAR

The distant screech of tires on pavement.

MCCAIN
You hear that?

LEYVA
What.

MCCAIN
You didn't hear that?

LEYVA
(Re: the GPS)
Is he moving?

MCCAIN
(Looking at the GPS.)
No. Yes. Goddammitt.

McCain shoves the car into gear, peels away from the curb.

EXT. STREET

Saul runs. He makes a futile attempt to chase the white sedan. The car quickly disappears down the street and around a corner. Saul runs half a block, then stops. He looks to various rooftops, but sees nothing.

Saul is winded. After a moment, McCain's brown sedan approaches, fast.

They screech to a stop.

MCCAIN
Which way?

Saul points. McCain drives away, tires squealing. Saul is left alone. He collapses onto a bus-stop bench with advertising for its back. Saul looks at his shoes.

INT. MCCAIN'S CAR - LATER

McCain and Leyva drive up and down the streets, a hopeless search. The white sedan is nowhere to be seen.

LEYVA
He's gone, Tom.

MCCAIN
We'll keep looking.

LEYVA
You're not gonna find him.

McCain drives on. He's stubborn.

LEYVA (CONT'D)
We gotta call the captain.

MCCAIN
Gimme a minute.

LEYVA
I'm calling it in. We shoulda done
it before.

Leyva takes out his cell phone. He begins to dial. McCain
knocks the phone from his hands. It bounces off the
windshield.

LEYVA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

MCCAIN
Gimme a MINUTE.

McCain drives faster.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Saul is still sitting on the bench. The city is waking up.
Commuters, cars, buses. The sun is higher in the sky.

Saul stands. As if in a trance, he steps out into the street
without looking.

A loud honk and screech. A garbage truck swerves to miss him.
He is almost hit, almost killed. The truck goes up on two
wheels, it careens down the street. Saul seems not to notice.

Saul stumbles on.

EXT. MICHAEL BONDATTI'S HOUSE - LATER

The brown sedan pulls up to Bondatti's brownstone. McCain
jumps out. Leyva does not follow. He stands by the car,
watching.

McCain kicks at the front door. It yields easily. It's
unlocked. He runs inside.

INT. MICHAEL BONDATTI'S HOUSE

McCain searches the house in a panic. The living room is empty. He runs up the stairs.

BEDROOM

McCain bursts through the door. The bed is unmade. There's no one there.

EXT. MICHAEL BONDATTI'S HOUSE

Leyva stands by the brown sedan. He's talking on his cell phone. Tom McCain emerges from the house.

LEYVA

Yeah. Captain, it's Henry Leyva. We fucked up.

McCain doesn't attempt to stop Henry. It's too late. He sits heavily on the porch step. He spits. He puts his head in his hands.

INT. DINER - LATER

Saul sits at the counter of an unremarkable diner. A waitress approaches. She is matronly.

WAITRESS

What can I get for you, hon?

Saul is lost in thought.

SAUL

Sorry. What?

WAITRESS

Is there something I can get you?

Saul looks at her. He begins to cry.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

How about a nice cup of coffee?

SAUL

...tea please.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

A black sedan pulls into the driveway. A police captain gets out of the car. He walks toward the house. He is followed, at some distance, by two detectives.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE

The Captain enters. He speaks to a uniformed cop.

CAPTAIN
Where're the parents?

COP
In there.

The cop points to the bedroom, The Captain knocks softly on the bedroom door, then enters. The Captain closes the door behind him. The living room goes very quiet. A dozen cops are suddenly still. No sound from the bedroom. A pause. And then screaming.

George bursts through the bedroom door.

GEORGE
OUT. EVERYBODY OUT OF MY FUCKING
HOUSE. GET OUT.

George pushes at one of the cops, shoves him toward the door. He grabs papers off the kitchen table, he throws them. He throws walkie-talkies and coffee cups.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
GET OUT. NOW!

The cops stand. Some try to calm him. George won't have it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
GET OUT OF MY GODDAMNED HOUSE.

The Captain stands behind George.

CAPTAIN
You heard him. Everybody out. Now.

The cops move toward the door. Then George turns on the Captain.

GEORGE
You too. Get away the hell outta
here.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Twyman -

George grabs him. A police Captain, full uniform, distinguished gray at his temples, given the bum's rush out the front door.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE

The front door slams closed. The Captain and a dozen cops on the front lawn. Their papers swirl about them, yellow and white, whipped up by the wind.

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON: GEORGE'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

The house is dark and quiet. George, Maggie and Jill sit at the kitchen table. No one looks at anyone. Ann brings plates of food from the kitchen. She sets them down.

A pause. No one eats. No one moves.

ANN

It'll get cold.

JILL

I'm not hungry.

GEORGE

Eat your supper.

JILL

You eat it.

Jill leaves the table. She goes to her room, closes the door behind her.

Then Maggie stands and leaves the table without a word. Ann regards her son.

ANN

That leaves two of us.

GEORGE

I can't eat it, Ma, I'm sorry.

ANN

Don't be. It doesn't matter.

A pause.

ANN (CONT'D)
They'll find her.

GEORGE
Will they?

ANN
Of course.

GEORGE
What makes you so sure?

A pause. Ann stands to clear the plates.

ANN
(Re: the food.)
I'll wrap this up.

George remains at the table.

ANN (CONT'D)
You should try to sleep.

GEORGE
I'm alright.

A pause.

ANN
Do you want me to stay with you?

GEORGE
Either way.

Ann sits next to him. She stays.

INT. DINER - LATER

Saul has been at the counter for hours. The diner is empty.
The waitress counts her tips.

WAITRESS
You want any more tea?

SAUL
No. Thank you.

WAITRESS
I gotta close up.

SAUL
Alright. I'll be on my way.

WAITRESS

You got anywhere to go?

Saul thinks this over. He knows what he must do.

SAUL

I do.

Saul pays with all the money he has. Everything from his pockets, everything from his wallet. Many crumpled bills.

Saul walks out. The waitress watches him go.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ann is asleep on the sofa. George looks out a window into the black. A knock on the front door. George opens it.

Saul stands outside.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE

On the front porch on a cold Winter night.

SAUL

I tried, George, I'm sorry. I'm done trying. I can't screw it up again.

Saul opens Tom McCain's cell phone.

SAUL (CONT'D)

The last number there. Bondatti's kid called me this afternoon from that number. You dial that.

Saul hands the phone to his son.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Is your mother here?

GEORGE

She's inside.

SAUL

I'll be inside, then. I'll wait there for you.

Saul goes into the house. George holds the phone in his hands. Then he dials.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
Who's this.

GEORGE
This is George Twyman. Where's my daughter.

A pause.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Where is she.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
Bring me Saul.

A pause.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I said?

GEORGE
I did.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
Your daughter's fine. You want her back? Your bring me Saul.

A pause. Then George decides.

GEORGE
Where.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
If I see a cop this time -

GEORGE
There won't be any cops.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
There better not be. I'll kill you.

GEORGE
Fine. That's fine. Where do we meet you.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
There's a parking lot behind the old A&P.

GEORGE
I know where it is.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
There'll be a car there. Follow it.

GEORGE
Bring my daughter.

A VOICE ON THE PHONE
Twenty minutes.

The line goes dead.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM

Ann is asleep. Saul sits in a chair next to her. He watches her breathe. George enters.

SAUL
(To George.)
I can't bring myself to wake her.

A pause. George stands behind his father. They don't look at one another.

SAUL (CONT'D)
To tell her what. To tell her: here
I go again.

A pause.

GEORGE
I spoke to him.

SAUL
Good.

GEORGE
You know what he wants.

SAUL
Yes I do.

A pause.

GEORGE
We could call a cop.

Saul won't address it. He's made up his mind.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Saul.

SAUL
Would you get me a winter coat
please, George? If you wouldn't
mind. I'd like to borrow a coat
from you.

GEORGE
We can still call a cop.

SAUL
It's cold outside. I didn't think
to bring a jacket. You get to a
certain age, it goes right to the
bone.

George doesn't move. A pause. Saul turns to him.

SAUL (CONT'D)
George. A coat. Go on now.

GEORGE
Alright.

George walks off. Saul is alone with his sleeping wife. He
wakes her. She smiles.

ANN
...there you are.

SAUL
Yeah. For better or for worse.

He brushes her hair from her face.

ANN
I fell asleep.

SAUL
It's late.

A pause.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Can I ask you to do me a favor?

ANN
That depends on what it is.

SAUL
Would you look at me how you do?

She regards him. There is no discernible change in her.

ANN
How's that.

SAUL
That's perfect. Thank you.

ANN
What are you up to.

SAUL
I dunno. Sometimes you need to be reminded who you are.

A pause. And then, from Saul, a rueful smile.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Alright. I gotta go.

Saul stands.

ANN
Where.

SAUL
We're gonna go get the kid.

Saul turns from her. He walks to the door. She tries to stop him.

ANN
Saul.

He doesn't stop. Saul exits out the front door. George comes down the hall with two coats. He walks toward the exit.

George stops. He places Tom McCain's cell phone down on the table by the door. George follows Saul outside.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE

Saul stands by George's car. George approaches. He hands his father a coat.

SAUL
Thank you.

Saul does not put the coat on. He gets into the car. He tosses the coat into the back.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR

George drives. Saul sits next to him. The dim light off the dashboard and otherwise darkness. Each looks ahead, lost in thought. Saul is calm.

EXT. PARKING LOT

An unlit sign says A&P. George pulls into the lot. A green SUV is the only car there. The SUV pulls out into the street. George follows.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR

They follow the SUV down a deserted road.

GEORGE
Will they kill you?

SAUL
You don't worry about that.

A pause.

GEORGE
They will, won't they.

SAUL
I'm old enough.

A pause. George drives.

SAUL (CONT'D)
I've been living with this for a long time. I've had enough. I wanna make it right. Pay the debt I owe. We'll get you your daughter back home.

GEORGE
Saul -

SAUL
I'm sorry to involve you.

GEORGE
We can call a cop.

SAUL
No. We're not gonna do that. Let's get her home safe. No more cops.

Saul looks at his son.

SAUL (CONT'D)
This is what I want to do, George. It's my choice. This is what's right.

The car in front of them stops. George stops behind him. A quiet moment, then Saul reaches for his door handle.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Ok. I'll see you.

Saul opens his door. George tries to stop him. George is in despair.

GEORGE

Don't get out of the car.

SAUL

Now, now.

GEORGE

Saul. Don't get out of the car.

SAUL

It'll be alright.

Saul pats him twice on the knee. Saul goes. He closes the door behind him.

Inside his silent car, George watches him walk toward the SUV. Saul is lit by George's headlights. Saul stands near the SUV. He shows himself to be unarmed, lifting his jacket, turning around.

The rear door of the SUV opens. Abby stumbles out. She is blindfolded. Saul removes her blindfold. He talks to her, gently. George can't hear them.

Abby nods assent. She's alright. Saul points toward George's car. Abby walks toward George. Saul watches her go.

Abby opens the car door. George pulls her into the car. He hugs her. She cries.

ABBY

Daddy.

GEORGE

Oh god, Abigail.

George kisses her hair, her face.

ABBY

I wanna go home.

GEORGE

Ok.

ABBY

Take me home, please Daddy.

Abby clings to him as George puts the car into gear. Clings to him as George turns the car around. Clings to him as George drives away.

George looks into the rearview mirror. He sees Saul and the SUV, receding. Saul walks around to the front of the car. He stands before it, unbowed.

The SUV's headlights shine brightly on him.

The front door of the SUV opens. A man steps out. George drives on. Saul recedes from view.

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON: CEMETARY - DAY

Noon on a Winter day.

An undertaker. Suitably grave. He's thin. He wears a rumpled black suit. He helps to lower Saul's casket into the ground.

A small group is assembled. George and his daughters. Ann. At some distance, Maggie and her husband.

George steps forward. He gives this eulogy.

GEORGE

Saul Twyman was my father.

FADE TO BLACK