

Sex, Greed, Money, Murder, and Chicken Fried Steak

by

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Based on a true story

Current Revisions by
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FADE IN:

INT. RANGOON RACQUET CLUB - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

SUPER: AUGUST 2, 1976 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Filled with late night drinkers, the Rangoon Racquet Club is at full capacity. Thick cigarette smoke fills the air.

Seated at a table are BEVERLY BASS, 18, sporting a deep, late summer tan. BUBBA GRAVEL, 19, a heavy-set Texan, finishes off his beer.

Moving through the gauntlet of drinkers, a huge plume of platinum blond hair appears majestically - it belongs to PRISCILLA DAVIS, 35, slim, womanly, with Hollywood good looks and a presence that lights up the dark room. Beside her lopes STAN FARR, 30, a huge man; 6'10" tall, a former basketball player dressed in far out 1970's western wear.

BUBBA

Man...Stan is huge. Look at him!
How tall is he? Seven foot?

BEVERLY

More or less.

BUBBA

And she's so little...how do
they...do it? I mean...the
geometry of it doesn't work, does
it?

BEVERLY

You know what Priscilla told me?
(whispers)
She said some cocks are for
fucking, and others are for
sucking.

Priscilla waves to Beverly. Beverly joins Priscilla.

BEVERLY

Ya'lls party break up early?

Priscilla peers over to Bubba, pulls Beverly close.

PRISCILLA

Who's that you're with?

BEVERLY

Bubba.

PRISCILLA

That's why your waterbed's leakin'?

Beverly laughs.

PRISCILLA
I got what I wanted in court today.
Tell you about it later...you're
still comin' over, right?

BEVERLY
Of course!

PRISCILLA
Anything you need. If you ever need
a place to stay, you got a home
with us. Come to think about it, I
believe Andrea made some brownies
for us.

Beverly's eyes widen - eager.

PRISCILLA
Not those kind...naughty girl.

Priscilla smiles - a beauteous grin that makes women feel at ease and men dream of magnificent ecstasies. She gulps two big, blue pills, washes them back with a margarita.

SUPER: PRISCILLA CHILDERS WILBORNE DAVIS

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
If someone tapped me on the
shoulder that night and told me
"your entire life is about to take
a turn for the worse, Priscilla, so
get ready to walk through Hell" I
woulda laughed. Life was just too
damned good to think that way.

Priscilla sees an enormous bouquet of roses on a table. She gently picks them up.

PRISCILLA
Andrea would love these!

STAN
Sweetie...you can't take those.

PRISCILLA
They won't mind.

EXT. DAVIS MANSION - MOCKINGBIRD LANE - NIGHT

The Davis Mansion sleeps atop a bluff overlooking the Trinity River. A half moon bathes cold, summer light on the structure that looks more like a modern art museum than a mansion.

Stan's black Ford Thunderbird stops in the driveway. They get out and trudge to the back door.

STAN
My belly hurts.

PRISCILLA
Why'd you drink so much?

STAN
It tastes too good not to.

They both weave as they stroll to the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

The kitchen is enormous - modern - breathtaking. Chrome gleams. The air conditioner whispers. Freshly cooked brownies in the shapes of animals are displayed in a baking pan.

Priscilla unlocks the door and steps in with Stan, who brushes past her. She sets down the roses.

PRISCILLA
Why're all the lights on?

She glances to the alarm panel. It's been turned off. She regards the animal shaped brownies.

PRISCILLA
Andrea?

INT. HALLWAY - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Stan clunks up the stairs, his enormous weight causing the stairs to groan.

INT. KITCHEN - DAVIS MANSION

Priscilla glances around the commanding kitchen. Something is wrong - she can feel it.

PRISCILLA
Andrea, honey?

She steps into an alcove - and sees that the basement door is ajar. Priscilla reacts - beside the open basement door - a bloody handprint.

PRISCILLA
Stan!

A SLENDER MAN dressed in black appears behind her. A dark, curly wig spills off his head.

MAN IN BLACK

Hi!

He raises his right hand - it's wrapped in a black, plastic garbage bag concealing a gun.

THE GUN FIRES! Wisps of black plastic rip into the air.

Priscilla goes down fast - blood rushes from her chest. She gasps;

PRISCILLA

But...

All sound fades. We only hear the sound of labored breathing and her quiet voice;

PRISCILLA

(whisper)

...I love you.

FADE OUT.

EXT. - TENNIS COURTS - COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

SUPER: 1967

Priscilla, younger, with darker blond hair and just as breathtaking, warms up. She scans players on other courts, and laps up the lustful looks thrown her way.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

I met Cullen Davis on the tennis court at Colonial Country Club in the summer of 1967. Texas was different then; there was no other political party than Democrat, no cell phones, no fax machines, no home computers, no pagers, no text messages...and no Internet porn. Makes you wonder how people used to live.

Another woman, SANDRA DAVIS, 30, extremely attractive and shapely, steps onto the tennis court.

SANDRA

Ready, Pris?

She serves, and Priscilla returns the ball with ease.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

I worked hard to get here...on the tennis court of Fort Worth's best country club, bein' that I grew up poor, from the wrong side of the tracks. I got married to a car dealer, we were well off, but I wasn't happy. Three kids, the so-called perfect husband, but I still wasn't... satisfied. There's always been this hunger in me that I can't begin to explain. I wanted things that I was told I couldn't have. My thinking has always been, if someone else has it, why can't I?

A slight, young man watches them play. He reclines in a chair on the side of the court. He seems odd - with unfocused, far away eyes, and a smile that doesn't upturn on the ends.

The girls finish their set. Priscilla sips a cup of water. Sandra jogs over to Cullen.

SANDRA

How'd I do?

CULLEN

Who's that?

SANDRA

The blond with the big tits?

Cullen's eyes flick to Priscilla.

SANDRA

Jack Wilborne's wife.

CULLEN

The Cadillac dealer?

SANDRA

(whispering)

He's twenty years older than she is, you know. And...I hear she's never even met her own father. White trash.

CULLEN

You're not exactly Vanderbilt material yourself.

Sandra opens her mouth to reply to the insult, but Cullen's cold eyes make her think better of it.

PRISCILLA
(shouting)
Another set?

Cullen watches them play another set, his eyes focused on Priscilla's enormous "rack". She glances up to him, then turns her back and concentrates on the game.

SUPER: THOMAS CULLEN DAVIS - SECOND SON OF A SELF MADE BILLIONAIRE

When they finish their game, Cullen hops out of his seat and strolls over to them. He reaches a well manicured hand out to Priscilla.

CULLEN
Hi! I'm Cullen Davis.

Priscilla looks to him with doe eyes as she takes his hand.

Sandra's eyes become razor blades.

INT. COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB BAR - SAME

Priscilla lounges in her booth with her girlfriends, KAY-LINN, 25, and SKEETER, 29. She has her hands apart, gesturing.

PRISCILLA
It was that big.

KAY-LINN
Was he black?

PRISCILLA
Maybe a quarter black...but you never can tell in the dark.

They laugh. Priscilla's big eyes look across the dining room, and there he is -

PRISCILLA'S POV

Cullen seated at the head of a large table. He passes a small pornographic picture furtively to the man beside him, who guffaws when he sees it, then he passes it on.

CULLEN
You ever seen one that big before?

Their haircuts and clothes smell of money, and they all listen to Cullen, the only one talking. Suddenly, he stops, and looks Priscilla's direction. He strolls over to her table, not breaking his gaze.

CULLEN

Did I say something to offend you?

PRISCILLA

What? Um...no, no you didn't.

He smiles that weird grin, turns and goes back to his table. The other girls look to Priscilla, who regards her wedding ring.

PRISCILLA

This thing gets tighter every day.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

And just like that, I couldn't get him off my mind. I didn't know his father was so wealthy...or anything about him, really. He had a good haircut, he was polite, and he had good manners. Where I come from, that's somethin' to consider.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILBORNE HOME - DAY

Priscilla traipses through the house dressed in pink lingerie. Her two daughters are crying, and her son, JACK, 8 months, crawls on the floor wearing a dirty diaper.

A big Curtis Mathis television blares cartoons in the background. Priscilla kneels down, and dumps a plate of scrambled eggs onto a blanket on the floor.

PRISCILLA

Here you go, angels.

In front of the kids, she steps out of her pink lingerie and quickly slips into tennis whites.

THE BLACK HOUSEKEEPER, ROSIE, rolls her eyes.

JACK WILBORNE, 45, a rugged, all-Texas car dealer, watches from the kitchen.

JACK

Priscilla! Feed those kids at the table like a civilized human being!

PRISCILLA

I'm late.

JACK

Late for what? These are your kids!

PRISCILLA
Gotta go! Bye!

She blows him a kiss, and runs out of the house.

Jack watches her back out of the drive in her 1966 pink Cadillac.

JACK
(V.O.)
I never could...for the life of me,
my wife out. Never. I loved
her...I did. But only to a point.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - SAME

Priscilla plays, but not well - her mind somewhere else. Her opponent, Kay-Lynn, fires a ball her way.

KAY-LYNN
(O.S.)
Forty - love! Come on, Priscilla!
Planet earth to Priscilla?

Priscilla smiles, then spots Sandra Davis making her way to the tennis courts. Priscilla returns a serve, then looks around again - Cullen gazes at her in the distance. He throws a slight wave, that inscrutable smile on his face.

The ball whizzes past her. She doesn't even try for it.

KAY-LYNN
(O.S.)
Game!

She puts down her racket, and walks Cullen's way when she sees Sandra begin a game in a different court.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - SAME

Priscilla leans against her Caddy, Cullen stands close by. They murmur in hushed tones.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - EVENING

The sun sets, they still talk, then nod goodbye. She gets in her car, starts it up, and drives away.

INT/EXT. CADILLAC - SAME

Priscilla glances into her rearview - Cullen watches her.

INT. BEDROOM - WILBORNE HOME - NIGHT

Priscilla hunkers on her large bed, magazines laid out before her, a huge, glass ashtray overflows with Parliament cigarette butts. She stares at her telephone, picks it up, dials, then hangs up.

She leafs through Life Magazine. She leafs through Reader's Digest. She picks up her telephone, dials, the Colonial Country Club members listing beside her. She hangs up.

She leafs through National Geographic, looking at pictures of naked African men. She dials the number again.

CULLEN
(through telephone)
Hello?

Priscilla takes a deep breath.

PRISCILLA
Remember me?

CULLEN
(through telephone)
Yes.

PRISCILLA
This sounds kinda crazy...but I figured it was worth a shot; can you get me tickets to the Dallas - Green Bay exhibition game next week?

Long pause.

CULLEN
(through phone)
You don't want much, do you?

He laughs. She does, too.

PRISCILLA
I don't normally ask for small favors...only big ones.

CULLEN
(through phone)
I'll see what I can do.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVIS HOME - NIGHT

Cullen hangs the phone up. His two young SONS, 3 and 5, play on the bed next to him. Sandra scans "Reader's Digest". She has a big, blue bruise screaming on her right shoulder.

He hangs up the telephone, a quizzical expression crosses his face.

CULLEN

(V.O.)

At that second, it hit me. I
wanted her. And...I didn't want
the other one anymore.

He glances to Sandra, her face covered in night cream.

MONTAGE:

EXT. COTTON BOWL STADIUM - DALLAS COWBOYS FOOTBALL GAME - DAY

Priscilla waits in the concourse. Cullen appears. The
Cowboys score a touchdown on the field below, and Cullen goes
in for a kiss. Priscilla returns it.

INT. DALLAS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cullen sits across from Priscilla. They stare at each other,
dreamy eyed. Below the table, Priscilla gropes Cullen's
privates.

EXT. TEXAS REGENCY HOTEL - NIGHT

Rain falls. Cullen leads Priscilla, who hides her face with
dark glasses, out of a hotel room. He opens an umbrella to
hide both of them.

INT. DALLAS LOVE FIELD AIRPORT - NIGHT

SUPER: JANUARY 2, 1968

The airport is packed with Texan A&M fans, still cheering on
their upset victory over favored Alabama at the championship
game.

Cullen grabs his Samsonite luggage off the carousel that
reads: PAN AM FLIGHT 391 FROM ACAPULCO.

Priscilla lurks behind him, huge sunglasses obscuring her
face. They both hotfoot it out of the airport.

EXT. GREEN OAKS INN - NIGHT

The Green Oaks Inn - upscale, 1968 modern.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Cullen and Priscilla kiss on the bed. She has the sheets pulled up to her chin, and she's shivering with fever.

PRISCILLA
Cullen...sweetie...this flu is
killin' me.

CULLEN
I been lookin' forward to this.

He strips down to black, bikini underwear.

CULLEN
Wore these just for you.

She sneezes.

PRISCILLA
I gotta sleep, Cullen. Feel like
shit.

He crawls into bed next to her.

CULLEN
Can't we do...somethin'? Anything?

The door SMASHES OPEN -

Mace sprays into the room. Cullen and Priscilla choke.

THREE BURLY PRIVATE DETECTIVES flank through the door, old time flashbulbs popping.

Cullen hops out of bed, lunging for the private detectives. Behind them stands Sandra Davis and Jack Wilborne.

Priscilla leaps up, and sprints into the bathroom wearing only panties and a bra. She locks herself in.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE
Smile, you two.

Cullen reaches for the man's camera. AN ENORMOUS PRIVATE DICK slams Cullen's lithe 150 pound frame against the wall.

PRIVATE DICK
Calm down, feller. Just breathe
deep...and calm down.

SANDRA
It's over, Cullen. Over!

She storms out of the room.

Jack Wilborne waits in front of the locked bathroom door.

PRISCILLA
(through door)
Wilborne! You son of a bitch! I'm
calling the police!

JACK WILBORNE
Open the door...and I'll dial them
myself for you.

INT. PARIS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Cullen sits at a table at the Paris Coffee shop, his lawyer
WAYNE EUBANKS, 36, a bookish man, sits stiffly beside him.
Rain pats against the window.

Jack Wilborne enters with another man, J.O. STEELE, a fifty-
something ex-Marine. They sit down.

CULLEN
Jack...(he nods to the other) Hope
you don't mind but I brought my
lawyer.

JACK
Not at all. I brought my
bodyguard.

CULLEN
I'm gettin' a divorce from Sandra.

JACK
I'd imagine you would be.

CULLEN
Let's get down to it. How much of
my money are you lookin' to get out
of this?

Jack and J.O. exchange looks.

JACK
I don't want a cent of your damned
money.

Cullen seems surprised - pleasantly so.

CULLEN
Priscilla?

JACK
You can have her. I've filed for
divorce.

CULLEN
So what do you want?

JACK
Keep the hell away from my kids.
They're stayin' with me.

Cullen breaks into a smile.

CULLEN
I don't see a problem with that.
Wayne?

WAYNE
Sounds fair to me.

Cullen reaches over to shake Jack's hand. Jack hesitates,
then offers his hand.

CULLEN
Well...all right then.
Gentlemen...

He gives a curt nod to Jack and J.O. Cullen and Wayne leave.

J.O.
When you told him you weren't after
his money...he became downright
friendly.

Both men share a laugh. Thunder rattles the old coffee shop.

BACK TO:

INT. ALCOVE - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

SUPER: AUGUST 2, 1976

Priscilla sits up - blood dribbles down her shirt.

PRISCILLA
Andrea?

The Gunman leaps up, and pivots to see Stan Farr charging
down the stairs.

He fires - black plastic strips whiff into the air.

The bullet cleaves into Stan's shoulder - he winces, and
slams the door shut before the Gunman. The Gunman fires
through the door - four more times.

Heavy weight slumps against the closed door.

The Gunman opens it, and empties his gun into Stan's huge
body. He flicks open his revolver, empties the spent shells
into a small bag, then reloads and snaps it shut.

Priscilla glances to Stan, looking him right in the eye - Stan loudly exhales one last breath, and his eyes go blank. The Gunman lifts Stan's heels and effortlessly drags his huge body into the next room.

Priscilla jumps to her feet and dashes to the back sliding glass door. She sprints through it -

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME

- and out into the courtyard. She trips on a paving stone, directly in front of a faux Greek statue of Aphrodite.

The Gunman appears behind her, grabs her and gets her to her feet.

GUNMAN
Come on, come on!

He drags her across the courtyard toward the house.

PRISCILLA
Stop it!

EXT. MANSION - SAME

Beverly Bass pulls up the long drive in her white Chevy Blazer. Bubba gets out.

Bubba peeks his head over the top of the garden wall - he sees the Gunman dragging Priscilla through the courtyard.

PRISCILLA
(O.S.)
Please! You're hurting me! I've
never loved anyone else but you!
Stop! I love you!

BEVERLY
What's goin' on?

BUBBA
I dunno.

BEVERLY
Someone tryin' to rob the house?

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME

The Gunman stops, and cocks his head, listening. He can hear Bev talking - he releases Priscilla. She dashes to a dark corner of the courtyard and hugs the earth.

The Gunman heads straight for Priscilla, who balls up into a fetal position. He passes by her, and creeps to the front gate. She gets to her feet, unsteady, and scampers out of the courtyard.

BUBBA
Hey! What's going on?

The Gunman treads toward Bubba. His face can't be seen in the darkness.

BUBBA
Where is everybody?

GUNMAN
Right this way. Let's go inside.

BUBBA
What are you doin'?

Bubba turns to Bev -

BEVERLY
(whispering)
I think he's taken something from
the house. Looks like he broke in.

BUBBA
(whispering)
I'm gonna take this son of a bitch.

Bubba follows the Gunman, and Beverly behind him. The Gunman quickens his pace, leading them toward the back door of the house.

EXT. FIELD - ADJACENT TO THE MANSION - SAME

Priscilla sprints barefoot as fast as she can through a grassy field, her denim dress gathered around her bleeding chest wound.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Bubba steels himself - he reaches his hand to the Gunman just as they pass under a pool of light. The Gunman turns, gun in hand.

BEVERLY
Bubba! Watch out!

The Gunman fires. Bubba crumples to the sidewalk. The Gunman calmly walks over to him, aims at Bubba's head.

BEVERLY
No!

BUBBA

Run!

The Gunman looks directly at Beverly, just feet away from her - his face is still unseen, shrouded in shadow.

BEVERLY

It's me...Bev.

BUBBA

Run!

Beverly runs. The Gunman chases her.

BEVERLY

Cullen...please don't shoot me!

Beverly looks over her shoulder - the slender Gunman silhouetted against the white mansion. He aims his plastic wrapped gun.

Beverly sprints, darting across the enormous lawn that sweeps in front of the mansion. Her sandals fly off. Another gunshot - a bullet whizzes by. Beverly looks over her shoulder - the Gunman has vanished. She dashes out into the street that snakes before the mansion. She screams at the passing cars -

BEVERLY

Help me! My boyfriend's just been shot!

A car slows.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Priscilla bangs on the front door. Lights come on. Her eyes wild, crazy, unfocused.

PRISCILLA

Help me! Please...please...I live in the big house on the hill...Cullen's up there killing everybody!

A voice sounds through the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(O.S.)

I know who you are and we're not gonna let you in. My husband's called the police.

PRISCILLA

Let me in! Please! He's coming after me!

WOMAN'S VOICE

(O.S.)

I'm sorry...but I don't trust you.
The police are on their way.

EXT. BACK OF DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Emergency vehicles are lined around the back of the mansion,
all the way down the driveway.

Beverly Bass sits in the back of an ambulance. Two Fort Worth
PD officers listen to her.

BEVERLY

It was Cullen...I saw him...

POLICE OFFICER #1

How do you know it was him?

BEVERLY

Because I saw his ugly fucking
face!

The cops look to each other with "that look". A skeptical
EMT rolls his eyes, then mimics smoking a joint to the cops.

EXT. HULEN STREET - FRONT OF DAVIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Priscilla shouts from another ambulance.

PRISCILLA

Someone's gotta find my little
girl! Andrea! She's still in
there! Please!

They close the door and the ambulance wails away.

INT. ALCOVE - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Two Homicide detectives examine Farr's huge body. They've
circled and flagged all of the blood stains on the white
carpet. A Police Photographer flashes pictures of the
gruesome scene.

TWO UNIFORMED COPS look at the collection of strange, modern
art sculptures in the house.

COP #1

Do you get this? I don't.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

I hate to interrupt your critique,
but could you guys check out that
basement? Thank you, gentlemen.

INT. BASEMENT - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Two Fort Worth PD cops step down into the basement.

COP #1
Let's see if there's any of that
art down here.

COP #2
We might find ourselves a modern
masterpiece.

The cops look at the walls, which are lined with a series of doors. Cop #1 opens the first, but it's simply a small storage area.

He opens the second one - a 12 year old girl, ANDREA WILBORNE, lies dead, her eyes open. A large gunshot wound yawns open in her chest.

COP #2
Oh, no.

He fights back tears and nausea.

INT. BEDROOM - KAREN MASTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: 4:00 AM

A telephone rings in the darkened bedroom of a modest bungalow in southwest Fort Worth. Cullen, looking older and grayer since last time we saw him, lies beside KAREN MASTERS, 33, the perfect, Texas prom queen beauty. She answers the telephone, then hands it to Cullen.

KAREN
Who the heck calls at this hour?

CULLEN
Hello?

VOICE
(through telephone)
It's your brother, Ken. Cullen,
what the hell is going on?

Cullen yawns.

CULLEN
I don't know. You tell me.

KEN
(through phone)
Police just called me lookin' for
you.

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)
Four people got shot up at your house tonight...two of 'em are dead. What are you gonna do about it?

CULLEN
Nothing much I can do except go back to sleep.

A commanding voice breaks in on the line:

VOICE
(through phone)
This is the Fort Worth Police Department breaking in on this line...am I speaking with Cullen Davis?

CULLEN
Yes.

POLICE OFFICER
(through phone)
You have exactly five minutes to come outside, sir. Five minutes.

EXT. KAREN MASTERS HOUSE - NIGHT

High intensity floodlights burn at the modest Masters home. Nervous police officers have taken up positions, weapons drawn and aimed at the front door.

The door opens, and Cullen steps out with a spring to his step, shielding his eyes from the light.

COP WITH MEGAPHONE
Hands in the air!

Cullen complies, and walks toward the source of the light. Hulking Cops put him in the backseat of the cruiser without cuffing him. The car darts away, siren blaring. Davis reclines in the back, looking as if he didn't have a care in the world.

INT. DOWNTOWN FORT WORTH POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

Cullen sits on a plastic chair in front of the booking officer, SERGEANT DAVIS, 45, (no relation), who reads the report and then looks to Cullen. He looks back to the report, then to Cullen again.

SGT. DAVIS
Cullen Davis, before I formally arrest you, I must ask if you would like a lawyer?

CULLEN
I don't need a lawyer.

His weird, far off eyes scan the room.

SGT. DAVIS
All right. What do you know about
the shooting at your place?

CULLEN
Perhaps I'd better talk with my
lawyer first.

SGT. DAVIS
I don't want you to sign
anything...I just want you to tell
me why two people got killed
tonight up at your house? What
would be a good enough reason for
those two people to end up dead?

Cullen looks the Sergeant in the eye.

CULLEN
Sometimes a man doesn't need a
reason.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MEDICAL PLAZA HOSPITAL - DAY

Priscilla, sweaty and broken, lies in a hospital bed. IV's
snake from her arms.

Christy DAVIS, 18, her daughter, looks like a brunette
version of her mother. She stands vigil beside her.

AN OLDER NURSE and two FORT WORTH PD HOMICIDE DETECTIVES
stand by in the background.

Priscilla screams. AN OLDER NURSE hurries in, closes the
drapes.

PRISCILLA
Where is she?

NURSE
Who?

PRISCILLA
Andrea?

Priscilla burns a stare into Christy, who can't meet her
gaze.

The Nurse turns up the Demoral.

NURSE
She's dead.

The Nurse leaves the room..

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MEDICAL PLAZA - DAY

The Older Nurse whisks by TWO DETECTIVES.

COP #1
Some bedside manner.

A heavy-set attorney from the DA's office, JOE SHANNON, 34, waits with the detectives.

Christy steps out of the partition.

JOE SHANNON
Christy Davis?

Joe reaches his hand out to her.

JOE SHANNON
Joe Shannon. I'm with the DA's office. I'm so sorry for your loss.

PRISCILLA
(O.S.)
I hear you talkin' outside!
Christy! Bring 'em in here.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Priscilla glances to the two detectives and the prosecutor.

PRISCILLA
She's really gone?

JOE SHANNON
I'm so sorry for your loss, ma'am.

PRISCILLA
Is Cullen in jail?

JOE SHANNON
He was released on \$50,000 bail this morning.

PRISCILLA
\$50,000? That's how much money he puts down on a crap table in an hour.

The detectives and the ADA look to each other, alarmed.

PRISCILLA
 He's got a Learjet out at Meachum
 Field, ready to go whenever he
 wants to, twenty-four seven. He's
 especially fond of Venezuela.

EXT. MEACHUM AIR FIELD - DAY

The jet engines on a Gates Learjet 24D are turning. The
 pilots up front are going through their checklist.

Wheeling onto the airfield is a 1976 two-tone Cadillac. It
 stops short of the jet. Cullen leaps out, grabs a suitcase,
 hoofs to the whining jet. Just as he's at the gangway, FORT
 WORTH POLICE OFFICERS come running from all directions, guns
 drawn and aimed at Cullen.

COP
 Taking a trip Cullen? Get on the
 ground! Spread eagle on the
 ground!

Cullen does what he's told.

INT. LEARJET - COCKPIT - DAY

A Detective bursts in the cockpit.

DETECTIVE
 Where you goin'?

PILOT
 Nashville...Mr. Davis has business.

The Co-Pilot shakes his head "no", and hands the manifest to
 the Detective. It reads: CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MEDICAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Priscilla wakes up.

PRISCILLA
 Andrea? Andrea?

Christy leaps up from the chair she was sleeping on beside
 her mother.

PRISCILLA
 She's at home...could you check on
 her?

Christy shakes her head, tears blinding her.

PRISCILLA
 She's supposed to be at home. She
 told me she would be okay. She
 told me it would be all right.

She snaps back to reality.

PRISCILLA
 She's gone, isn't she?

CHRISTY
 Mommy...I'm so sorry.

Christy hugs her mother.

CHRISTY
 I was supposed to be with her.

Priscilla hugs her tighter.

PRISCILLA
 Good thing you weren't...or he'd
 have killed you, too.

EXT. FOREST PARK CEMETERY - FORT WORTH, TEXAS - DAY

Andrea's funeral. People in black, melting in the oppressive
 August heat. An older Jack Wilborne cries openly.

PRISCILLA
 (V.O.)
 She was gone.

Priscilla sits in a wheelchair, her head buried in her hands.
 Christy pushes her away from the grave site. Andrea's small
 coffin lowers into the ground.

PRISCILLA
 (V.O.)
 What did I do to deserve this?
 Yeah, I'm a crazy girl sometimes
 ...I like attention...I like
 men...I like livin'. I love
 people. But...to pay this price
 for just bein' me?

FLASHBACK -

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - FORT WORTH - DAY

SUPER: 1968

Cullen and Priscilla kiss before a minister - she in a huge,
 white wedding dress and Cullen wearing a black tuxedo. The
 sanctuary is full of Fort Worth's A-list.

KEN DAVIS, 39, Cullen's older brother, stands next to him, a worried expression on his face.

Cullen and Priscilla march down the aisle together and out of the sanctuary. People look to each other, exchanging bemused expressions.

EXT. FRONT OF CHURCH - SAME

Cullen and Priscilla smile and wave to the society photographers. Ken leans toward Cullen while flashbulbs pop.

KEN
(whispering)
I need a word with you.

INT. SIDE ALCOVE - FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - SAME

Cullen playfully punches his brother, who doesn't respond.

CULLEN
I know you don't like her...but
she'll grow on 'ya. She's
great...I love her to death...and,
she's terrific in the sack.

Ken puts his hand on Cullen's shoulder.

KEN
Daddy died this morning.

Cullen's smile disappears.

KEN
I didn't want to spoil your
wedding.

Priscilla pokes her head in the room.

PRISCILLA
Cullen...everything okay?

Cullen goes over to Priscilla, hugs her, and pulls her close;

CULLEN
(whispering)
Ken just told me we're gonna be
billionaires.

Priscilla cocks her head. What?

CULLEN
Daddy died this morning. It's
terrible.

MONTAGE:

Cullen and Priscilla at the Spanish Steps in Rome. She's got a handful of shopping bags with the big names; Givenchy, Pierre Cardin, Gucci, Yves St. Laurent. She kisses Cullen lustfully.

Cullen and Priscilla stand at the top of the Eifel Tower, over looking Paris. They kiss lustfully.

Cullen and Priscilla at a Spanish bullfight. Cullen enjoys the gore, Priscilla winces from it. They kiss lustfully.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS - DALLAS - DAY

Priscilla at the Neiman Marcus in Dallas, Texas. She fashions a new dress for Cullen - a miniskirt. He watches her pose before him, mesmerized by her beauty.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

He took me to a world I could never have imagined...a world where you never had to think about lacking money. Ever. We lived like rock stars that didn't have to worry about their next hit song, because the engine that drove the Davis fortune was oil...and in the 1970's, oil wasn't going anywhere...oil was the blood that pumped through the heart and veins of the world. Oil was everything.

IN THE JEWELRY SECTION OF NEIMAN MARCUS

Cullen gently places a necklace on Priscilla that spells in diamonds: RICH BITCH. She turns to the mirror, sees what it says, and laughs.

EXT. BLUFF OVER TRINITY RIVER - DAY

Cullen marches along the bluff with AN ARCHITECT and A CONTRACTOR. He's laying out the groundwork for the mansion.

ARCHITECT

Okay...I think I got it.
Money's....

CULLEN

No object. Whatever you need.
Checkbook's open.

Priscilla watches in the background. He smiles at her.

INT. PRIVATE BOX - TEXAS STADIUM - DAY

SUPER: 1970

Priscilla places a syrupy lava lamp on the bar. She's just finishing decorating a private box overlooking the fifty yard line of Texas Stadium - below the blessed Dallas Cowboys stand at attention on the sidelines. The Star Spangled Banner plays.

TWO CONSERVATIVE COUPLES, JACK AND DOROTHY SPRATLIN, and WADE AND BARBARA HEARN, step into the box, and take in the decor; pink satin wallpaper lines the walls. Mauve fur drips from the ceiling, and big, white beanbag chairs dot the lime green shag carpet. It's as if Liberace, Zsa-Zsa Gabor, and Bootsy Collins conspired with Priscilla to choose this decor.

CULLEN

What do ya'll think?

Barbara and Dorothy look horrified; Wade and Jack seem bemused.

JACK

It's different, Cullen. You pick out the wallpaper?

PRISCILLA

I did. I think it's sexy.

WADE

By God, that's what it is!

Priscilla lounges on a beanbag chair, a low cut top and mini-skirt showing off her best assets.

PRISCILLA

Ya'll like it? Really?

DOROTHY

Well...it's different, Priscilla.

BARBARA

Which isn't a bad thing.

DOROTHY

No, it's not bad.

WADE

Different's good.

He takes a long look at Priscilla's rack.

WADE

I like it.

PRISCILLA
I see you do.

Cheers from below. The game begins.

CULLEN
Sit down, people, or we'll miss the
game. The real show's down there.

He squeezes Priscilla's shoulder.

PRISCILLA
Or up here. Take your pick.

She winks at them.

INT. ART DEALER - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Modern art sculptures and paintings festoon a sterile art gallery. AN ART DEALER with a thin moustache follows Cullen around the place as he gives each painting a cursory glance. Priscilla, dressed in a short skirt, go-go boots, and a low cut blouse, chews gum and looks bored.

ART DEALER
Sir...you should seriously take a
look at each one of these pieces
and take in their individual
grandeur. This Rothko, for
example...

Cullen takes a look at it, then nods.

CULLEN
Priscilla, what do you think of
this one?

He lays on the Texas accent.

PRISCILLA
Looks good to me.

CULLEN
Just looks like a picture of a
damned box.

ART DEALER
I see. If you're truly serious
about...

CULLEN
How much for all of 'em?

ART DEALER
Sir?

CULLEN
The whole bunch. How much?

ART DEALER
How....?

CULLEN
There's another gallery across the street with pretty much the same junk in it. I bought all those, too. Name your price.

He looks to Priscilla and winks. She loves it.

INT. FORT WORTH AMERICANA HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

An audience of stockholders listens. On the stage the board members of Alco Corporation are seated. Cullen slouches, bored, with the other board members.

At the dais, an old CHAIRMAN stands, reading off statistics to stockholders.

OLD CHAIRMAN
We had a big day on the Dow today, which brings our numbers up a good 2 percent. With the Dow at 956, we can't go wrong.

Priscilla enters the room, wearing a white mini-skirt, a low cut, psychedelic blouse, and go-go boots. Huge, round sunglasses obscure her face. She waves broadly to Cullen.

OLD CHAIRMAN
Our January billings are...

He stops, peers over his glasses.

OLD CHAIRMAN
Who the hell is that?

Cullen stifles a smile.

The stockholders all turn and look Priscilla's way. She curtseys, then takes a broad, stage bow.

OLD CHAIRMAN
(covering microphone)
Who invited the hippie?

CULLEN
That's my wife, sir. She's no hippie. She's a registered Republican.

Gasps throughout the audience. Cullen soaks in their shock and revels in it.

INT. DAVIS MANSION - FORT WORTH, TEXAS - NIGHT

SUPER: 1972

The Davis mansion as completed - far-out sculptures and modern art oil paintings are displayed throughout the enormous architecture.

OIL TYCOONS, older Texas men, hold their cocktails awkwardly as they take in the moderne effrontery of the Davis mansion. These people are used to Remingtons and Russells - this kind of art is beyond them.

Their WIVES, dripping with expensive jewelry and reeking of perfume and hair spray, whisper to each other as Priscilla makes her way around the party. She laughs loudly at one red-faced OIL MAN'S joke. She rests her hand on his shoulder.

Cullen watches this exchange with sharp eyes. Priscilla looks up, catches his scornful gaze, and she backs away from the red-faced Oil Man.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

Cullen used to watch me...
carefully...to make sure there
weren't any other men that caught
my fancy. It was times like these
that...well, he scared me.

Cullen nods to her, then points toward the dining room.

PRISCILLA

They're tellin' me it's time for
dinner! So ya'll come on in!

They file in to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

The well dressed guests take a seat. Priscilla sits at the head of the table and regards a crystal dinner bell that rests before her. She picks it up, examines it. A SOCIETY MATRON, 55, smiles to Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Could you tell me what's this for?

She rings it and laughs.

CULLEN
Priscilla....? I'd like to
introduce you to one of our
guests...

Cullen points to a man with piercing brown eyes, a pin
striped suit, and a playful grin. This is RICHARD
'RACEHORSE' HAYNES, 47.

CULLEN
If you ever get in any
trouble...he's a hell of a defense
attorney...just got a man off
accused of killing his wife.

Priscilla laughs. She holds up a glass of champagne to him.

EXT. COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - NEAR GOLF PRO SHOP - DAY

A Winnebago RV squats near the pro shop, cream colored and
ugly. Men dressed in golf wear file in to the Winnebago,
craning their necks to see what's inside.

INT. WINNEBAGO RV - SAME

Cullen holds court next to a clattering 16mm movie projector
which shines the X-rated movie "Deep Throat" onto a bedsheet.

DAVID MCCRORY, 29, a fat bully boy, slurps back Schlitz beer
and hangs on Cullen's every word.

CULLEN
I told him son, you married up.
Way too far up.

Everyone in the room keeps their eyes glued on the lewd
action unfolding on the screen. David falls over himself
laughing, slapping his knee.

CULLEN
It wasn't that funny, David.

David stops laughing, ashamed.

DAVID
I thought it was funny.

CULLEN
Really?

DAVID
Yeah.

Cullen scrutinizes him.

CULLEN
Why'd you laugh so hard?

DAVID
I dunno.

CULLEN
Tryin' to make me happy?

DAVID
It was funny.

CULLEN
It was? Then why didn't anyone
else laugh as hard as you did?

DAVID
I dunno.

CULLEN
You "dunno"?

David's eyes turn downward.

CULLEN
Don't look at the floor...look at
Linda Lovelace gettin' nasty up
there on that screen, son. I was
just funnin' with you.

Cullen smiles. David laughs. The others in the room feel
free to laugh, too.

CULLEN
That nude guy up there looks like a
Jew. A dishonest one. They have
Jews actin' in porn movies?

DAVID
If you call that acting.

CULLEN
You know...I can tell the
difference between an honest Jew
and a dishonest Jew just by the
shape of the head...you know that?
The dishonest Jew has a look about
him a man can spot a mile away.
It's the shape of their head...the
really round headed Jews? You can
trust them. It's the ones with the
oval shaped heads are the ones
you'd better watch your ass around
'cause they got no morals to speak
of. Big, oval heads with a long
nose.

(MORE)

CULLEN (CONT'D)
That's scientifically proven to be
a warning sign...of a crooked Jew.

Everyone else in the Winnebago exchanges puzzled looks.

INT. FORT WORTH PETROLEUM CLUB - NIGHT

A big soiree - powerful, rich people sport evening wear and talk big business.

Cullen strolls with Priscilla, who wears a white, gravity defying cocktail dress with holes cut out to display her well toned abdomen. She drags her mink stole on the floor as she sashays beside Cullen. Every eye is on her - and her dishonored mink.

A FORT WORTH SOCIETY MAVEN looks to Priscilla with undisguised revulsion. Priscilla smiles at her.

PRISCILLA
I'm doin' great tonight...how about
you?

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
The thing about marrying Cullen...I
pretty much started at the top of
the social register. And when it
was over...and I mean really
over...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MEDICAL PLAZA - DAY

Priscilla cries in her bed, Christy crying beside her. She stares out the window, at the summer inferno that is Fort Worth in late summer.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
...I didn't care anymore. I just
wanted my little girl back.

FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - DAVIS MANSION - IGH

Andrea, 12 years old, with a child's face and a teenager's body, pulls a hot cookie sheet out of the futuristic oven. She hears a knock at the kitchen door. She takes off her oven mitt, and goes to the door, her brow furrowed. She reaches to deactivate the alarm system.

FADE TO WHITE:

EXT. FOREST PARK CEMETERY - FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Andrea's small casket lowered into the earth.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

...and she was never comin' back,
which is something that I can't
ever get used to. No one can.
They say that's why we have
religion, but religion doesn't help
me. Me and God aren't on speaking
terms...and never will be.

EXT. DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Christy pulls the big, white Lincoln into the drive. She helps her mother get into a wheelchair.

Wind blows - bits of thin, black plastic flutter past and circle in the air. Priscilla sees the wisps of black plastic skipping across the lawn in the wind and shudders.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Christy wheels her mother in. Air conditioning whispers.

CHRISTY

Everything's okay, Mommy...they
have bodyguards here...

Priscilla looks around the giant structure - yellow police tape hangs limply from the door to the basement. She reaches into her side bag and takes out more Percodan, dry swallowing three.

CHRISTY

You sure you should...?

PRISCILLA

I need 'em.

Christy wheels Priscilla into the mansion, and Priscilla looks up at an enormous painting of Cullen and Priscilla; done in a pseudo-Norman Rockwell style, it features Cullen in a business suit, Priscilla behind him, and all around the painting are vignettes from their life. Cullen behind a desk on the telephone, Cullen shooting pool, Cullen at an oil rig wearing a hard hat, while all the pictures of Priscilla display her posing in mini-skirts and short-shorts.

FLASHBACK -

SUPER: 1973

Priscilla stands before the same painting, admiring it. The house is full of FORT WORTH SOCIETY TYPES. A WELL DRESSED WOMAN behind Priscilla sniffs;

WELL DRESSED WOMAN
It looks like Cullen's got all
kinds of things going on here.
What is it that you do?

PRISCILLA
I do Cullen.

Her "Rich Bitch" necklace gleams as bright as her smile.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - LA MANCHA PRIVATE RESORTS - DAY

SUPER: PALM SPRINGS 1973

Priscilla sits out by the pool in her bikini, sipping a Bloody Mary and smoking a cigarette in the hot, clean desert air.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
There were times, though, that
Cullen did me.

Cullen steps out to the pool deck dressed in a suit and tie.

CULLEN
I told you...I don't like cigarette
smoking!

He grabs hold of her, yanking her to her feet, and pulls her inside.

INT. VILLA - LA MANCHA RESORT - SAME

He throws her across the Spanish tiled floor. Her head smashes into the bar. Bottles rattle. He kicks her as she crawls away.

CULLEN
How...many...times...do
I...have...to....tell...you?

He kicks her in the gut with his sharp dress shoe.

INT. WHITE ELEPHANT SALOON - FORT WORTH - NIGHT

Cullen lines up a pool shot. David McCrory gloats beside Cullen.

DAVID
You're gonna miss, sport.

Priscilla, seated at the bar with Margie McCrory, watches with fear in her eyes.

PRISCILLA
Margie...could you tell your
husband to turn down the gloating a
notch? And...

Margie leans in.

PRISCILLA
(whispering)
...tell him to start losing...or
I'm gonna pay for it later.

MARGIE
What are you saying?

PRISCILLA
Just do it. Please.

Margie slides off her bar stool and whispers something to David.

Cullen watches this exchange, then glances over to Priscilla. She smiles to him. He doesn't return it.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Cullen drives, his face a mask of white lipped rage. Priscilla cowers as far away from him as possible.

CULLEN
What'd you say to Margie?

PRISCILLA
Lots of things. We talked about
Watergate, we talked about the
selection committee at the country
club, we talked about...

CULLEN
The truth.

PRISCILLA
What do you mean?

CULLEN
Did you ask her to tell David to
throw that game?

Priscilla's eyes confess.

He smacks her across the mouth so hard the band on his gold Rolex snaps.

INT. SKI LODGE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER: ASPEN, COLORADO - 1974

Cullen throws Priscilla against a wall.

PRISCILLA
Stop it!

Cullen smacks her in the face.

PRISCILLA
I think you broke something!

Cullen punches her in the stomach.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

ANDREA WILBORNE, 9, sits in her bed, Priscilla next to her. She reads aloud;

PRISCILLA
Good night, good night to all.

Andrea, who looks very much like Christy, smiles and stares off into the distance, dreamy eyed.

ANDREA
Thanks, Mom.

PRISCILLA
Thank you for coming over tonight
angel.

Cullen bursts into the room, holding up a kitten. It struggles in his grasp.

CULLEN
This yours?

Andrea looks to her mother with frightened eyes.

CULLEN
Yes or no?

PRISCILLA
Put that thing down...you're
scaring it.

CULLEN

If you're gonna come stay here on weekends, you have to follow my rules. Got it?

Cullen regards the kitten, then throws it on the floor with such force the animal goes into convulsions.

CULLEN

I thought I made it clear...no animals in the house!

He stomps on the dying cat, killing it. Priscilla and Andrea scream. Cullen reaches to Andrea, grabs her by the hair, and forces her to look at the dead animal.

CULLEN

This'll happen to any other animal that sets foot in my house. Got it?

INT. HALLWAY - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Cullen walks into the hallway, Andrea and Priscilla wailing after him. He waits for a long time, staring ahead, then his face relaxes. He seems at total peace with himself.

INT./EXT. PRISCILLA'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

SUPER: FORT WORTH, TEXAS 1974

Priscilla speeds, Margie McCrory beside her. Margie glances at the speedometer - they're going over 100 mph.

MARGIE

Priscilla...I'd like to live to see tomorrow.

PRISCILLA

Gotta get home. Cullen'll kill me if I'm...

She glances at the digital clock.

PRISCILLA

Shit I'm late!

MARGIE

I know it's none of my business...but why do you put up with it, girl?

PRISCILLA

Put up with what?

MARGIE
Living your life in terror?

PRISCILLA
And give up all this?

Priscilla gestures around the plush interior of the Lincoln, a half smile on her face.

PRISCILLA
A black eye every once in a while
is a small price to pay for living
like a queen.

MARGIE
What are you gonna do when the
price goes up?

PRISCILLA
I'm making this up as I go along.

INT. POOL ROOM - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Cullen plays pool alone. The digital clock on the wall reads 1:24 AM. Headlights sweep across the large picture window.

Keys rattle, Priscilla giggles, and enters with Margie.

Cullen holds up his pool cue. His face tightens.

PRISCILLA
Hi, Cullen. Judy's car broke down
and I had to go out and get her...

CULLEN
I smell smoke. Cigarette smoke.

His impassive face registers nothing. He stalks over to Priscilla, grabs hold of her hair, and smashes her face against the side of the pool table.

She collapses to the floor. Margie gasps.

CULLEN
You know I don't like smoking.

He swings the pool cue again and Priscilla catches it. He tries to pull it back but she holds on fast. She uses it to get back on her feet.

PRISCILLA
We're finished, Cullen.

CULLEN
What the fuck did you say?

PRISCILLA
We're over.

CULLEN
Been down that road before.

PRISCILLA
Not with me you haven't.

Margie helps Priscilla out of the house.

INT. BERK RITCHIE'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Priscilla lounges across from BERK RITCHIE, 43, a burly divorce attorney.

PRISCILLA
You don't mind if I smoke, do you?

Ritchie lights her Eve cigarette, and then shakes out a Marlboro red for himself.

RITCHIE
I need to go through some preliminaries with 'ya...so we can get a decent number as a settlement. Okay?

PRISCILLA
Sure.

RITCHIE
What's the approximate value of your house?

PRISCILLA
About six million dollars.

Ritchie frowns.

RITCHIE
I'm a busy man, Mrs. Davis...I got plenty of people waitin' outside, so let's stay within reason.

PRISCILLA
It was worth that when we built it four years ago. It's probably worth more now.

Ritchie puts down his pen, and leans back skeptically.

RITCHIE
So what is it exactly your husband does for a living?

PRISCILLA
You name it.

RITCHIE
No. You name it.

PRISCILLA
Okay...he's president of about a
hundred corporations all over the
world...he's the CEO and owner,
with his brother, of Kendavis
Industries...

RITCHIE
Is your husband T. Cullen Davis?

Priscilla nods.

RITCHIE
Well...at the very least, this
should be damned interesting.

INT./EXT. VOLKSWAGEN MICROBUS - DAY

SUPER: CONNECTICUT, SUMMER 1974

A scruffy hound dog of a man, W.T. RUFNER, 34, drives. He
passes a joint to David McCrory, who sits beside him.
Rufner's a country western song come to life - a hard luck
story etched in every line on his face.

Priscilla and Margie sit in the back. Priscilla pops a
Percodan.

W.T. RUFNER
Why don't you lay off them pills
and go natural with some Mother
Mary?

PRISCILLA
No thanks.

DAVID
Awww, come on. I won't tell
Cullen.

PRISCILLA
I'm sure you won't. He'd kill you
if he knew you were here with me.

David nods, shaken. W.T. gives Priscilla a wink in the rear
view. She appreciates it.

MARGIE

Priscilla...the whole point of this trip to forget about that man for a while. Could you at least try?

Priscilla pops open a beer and takes a gulp.

PRISCILLA

Here's to forgetting.

INT. BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - D/FW AIRPORT - DAY

Priscilla goes to get her bags. Rufner walks with her, and gives her ass a squeeze.

W.T. RUFNER

Wanna come by my place later?

Priscilla reaches for her pink Samsonite that comes round on the carousel - Cullen suddenly appears and snatches it for her.

CULLEN

Here you go, darling.

Priscilla startles but quickly recovers.

PRISCILLA

Cullen...how'd you...?

CULLEN

David gave me a call...told me what ya'll were up to.

He reaches a hand out to Rufner.

CULLEN

Cullen Davis. Haven't had the pleasure.

W.T. grins and takes Cullen's hand.

W.T. RUFNER

W.T. Rufner.

CULLEN

What's W.T. stand for?

W.T. RUFNER

I forgot a long time ago.

CULLEN

Let me give you a ride home, W.T. Priscilla...

He hands her a roll of Bennies.

CULLEN
...this'll get you a cab.

Priscilla throws a frightened glance W.T.'s way. He pretends not to see it.

INT.EXT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Cullen drives his Caddy - fast. Rufner slouches beside him.

CULLEN
You're a motorcycle racer?

W.T. RUFNER
Ten star flat track.

CULLEN
That means nothing to me.

W.T. RUFNER
It's the kind of racing I do...not motocross, or any of that kind of horseshit. What about yourself?

CULLEN
What about me?

W.T. RUFNER
What do you do?

CULLEN
I'm in oil.

W.T. RUFNER
Make a right up here.

EXT. W.T.'S HOME - EAST FORT WORTH

Cullen's Cadillac looks totally out of place in W.T.'s dilapidated neighborhood. W.T. climbs out, pulls out his ratty suitcase.

W.T. RUFNER
Thanks, Cullen. Let me know what I can do to repay the favor.

Cullen stares at him.

W.T. RUFNER
Just let me know.

Cullen stares ahead.

W.T. RUFNER
Good night.

Cullen doesn't respond. W.T. walks up to his house, and turns. Cullen sits in his car, still staring ahead. W.T. unlocks the door and goes inside.

INT. W.T. RUFNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

W.T. enters, shaken. His ROOMMATE, BIG AL, a huge, 400 pound black man, sucks up smoke from a bong, soaking in the cold light of late night television.

W.T. RUFNER
What's that son of a bitch doin'?

Big Al doesn't respond. W.T. peeks out a window. Cullen stares at Rufner's house, engine idling.

W.T. RUFNER
What the hell is wrong with that
guy?

Finally, he slips his car in gear and drives away.

BIG AL
Who?

EXT. W.T.'S HOME - DAY

FORT WORTH PD OFFICERS in yellow raid jackets kick in Rufner's rickety front door. Black and whites are lined up in the street, lights flashing.

INT. W.T.'S HOUSE - SAME

A POLICE OFFICER holds up a baggie of white cocaine powder. ANOTHER COP holds up a bag of pot.

Rufner, his shirt off and looking forlorn, sits handcuffed on the floor. He watches what's going on with tired eyes.

W.T. RUFNER
(V.O.)
It didn't take a rocket scientist
to figure out who dropped the dime
on me. That woman, as sweet as she
was, she was poison. She had some
dangerous company around
her...sure...but I couldn't get her
off my mind. When it comes to
thinking with the little head and
the big head, with me, the little
head always wins.

FLASH FORWARD -

INT. COURTROOM - TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE SEPTEMBER 2, 1976

Priscilla, in a wheelchair, shrunken and tiny, sits before the court.

SUPER: STATE OF TEXAS VS. T. CULLEN DAVIS BAIL HEARING

Cullen, at the defense table, slouches beside PHIL BURLESON, 55, his defense attorney.

SUPER: PHIL BURLESON - THE LAWYER THAT DEFENDED JACK RUBY

BURLESON
Objection, your honor.

The judge, TOM CAVE, 48, shakes his head.

JUDGE CAVE
Overruled, Mr. Burleson.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY TIM CURRY, 41, curly headed and intense, nods to Priscilla.

TIM CURRY
Go ahead.

PRISCILLA
He jumped out of a corner...by the laundry closet, and he had a wig on...

She looks over to Cullen, who returns her look with a tight lipped, know-it-all smile.

PRISCILLA
...and he shot me.

She reaches down and turns up the IV drip of painkiller that flows into her veins.

PRISCILLA
Right here...

She points to her chest.

TIM CURRY
Who is "he"?

PRISCILLA
T. Cullen Davis...sitting right there.

Cullen stares ice daggers at her. She returns the favor.

INT. OUTSIDE OF COURTROOM - DAY

LONG HAIREd NEWS REPORTERS lugging huge, 1970's era camera equipment and microphones, smoke cigarettes and wait.

GASPS and EXCLAMATIONS ERUPT in the courtroom.

A REPORTER pokes his head out from the double doors;

REPORTER
He's been denied bail for the
duration of the trial!

REPORTERS scramble to the pay phones.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Priscilla lounges propped up on pillows on a huge, fairy tale, pink super-duper king sized Elvis-like bed, wincing when she moves. Christy helps her sit up.

CHRISTY
You okay, Momma?

PRISCILLA
I'm good...pass me those...

She points to a brown, plastic bottle and Christy takes out one pill.

PRISCILLA
Three. I need three.

CHRISTY
Here's two.

PRISCILLA
I need three. Three.

Christy shakes her head.

CHRISTY
You should be careful with that
stuff.

PRISCILLA
I need it.

Two Tarrant County prosecutors, FRED GRUBER, 50, who looks like a worn out church deacon, and Joe Shannon.

Gruber can't bring himself to look at Priscilla - keeping his eyes glued on the white, shag carpet at his feet.

GRUBER
Priscilla...let's go over this
witness list again, if we could.

Priscilla pops the two Percodan and dry swallows them.
Gruber watches her.

GRUBER
Those aspirin?

PRISCILLA
Percodan.

GRUBER
I'm just a little worried about
this list of witnesses to Cullen's
behavior.

PRISCILLA
Why? Christy, one more.

GRUBER
To be quite honest, some of these
people are low-down, no good
criminals with long records.

PRISCILLA
What does that matter?

GRUBER
It matters.

Gruber shoots a look to Joe Shannon.

JOE SHANNON
Priscilla? Could I ask you
some...um...delicate questions?

Priscilla nods, then looks to Christy.

PRISCILLA
You don't need to hear this stuff,
baby. Just give me my other pill,
and let us talk here...you know,
privately?

Christy hands over the sought after Percodan, smiles a
knowing grin and leaves the room.

JOE SHANNON
Okay...Mrs. Davis, we've hearin' an
awful lot of...rumors...about drug
use and sex orgies here in this
mansion during the period after
Cullen moved out?

PRISCILLA
Well...there were some crazy
times...how'd you hear about that?

JOE SHANNON
Our sources are pretty reliable.
You don't exactly keep a low
profile. Remember, the defense is
gonna know what we know.

Tolly Gruber looks like he's about to throw up.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
They hated me. I could see it in
their holier than thou Baptist
faces. He killed my little girl. So
what does it matter that I had some
good times?

FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

SUPER: SUMMER 1975

Rock and roll music blares. Marijuana smoke fills the room.

TEN Naked and half naked HIPPIES loll on the oversized
pillows and carpet. ONE YOUNG GIRL fellates a bong smoking
naked BIKER who lounges on a beanbag chair.

Looking down at this bacchanal from the balcony, Priscilla
holds a Margarita and smokes. She's naked. Behind her, in
the bedroom, W.T. Rufner sits up in the bed, also naked.

W.T. RUFNER
Priscilla, come over here and let
me do a rail off your ass so's I
can get in the mood.

He holds up a vial of cocaine. Priscilla turns and walks in
the room.

PRISCILLA
You're always so romantic.

She kisses him.

W.T. RUFNER
Lay down on your stomach, sweetie.

She lies on her stomach as he sprinkles cocaine on her rear.

W.T. RUFNER
I know you know I'm a drug addict
and an alcoholic...but maybe, just
maybe...you'll learn something from
me.

He sniffs it up through a children's silly straw.

W.T. RUFNER
Aw, hell...that's good!

He mounts her, peering down at the orgy below.

W.T. RUFNER
Damn...that's hot!

Priscilla giggles.

BACK TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

The prosecutors both stare at her, mouths agape. They can't believe what they're hearing.

PRISCILLA
So, yeah...we had some crazy times.

JOE SHANNON
Were there actual sales of
narcotics going on here in this
house?

PRISCILLA
Maybe. Yeah. I think so. I mean,
they don't give that stuff away for
free.

JOE SHANNON
Did you take any illegal narcotics?

Priscilla shakes her bottle of Percodan.

PRISCILLA
These aren't illegal... they're
prescribed. I started takin' them
when Cullen beat the shit out of me
in 1973 and broke my ankle, nose,
femur, shattered my
cheekbone...want me to go on?

JOE SHANNON
I think we get the picture.

GRUBER
So the answer's no?

EXT. FRONT OF MANSION - NIGHT

Gruber and Shannon close the front door, and look to one another. Gruber falls to his knees in mock prayer;

GRUBER
Oh, Lord, please let me off this
case...I hate that woman!

JOE SHANNON
What the hell's wrong with you?

GRUBER
Just 'cause they're victims...
doesn't mean we have to like 'em.

INT. KITCHEN - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Priscilla staggers into the kitchen, inebriated from the combined effects of the massive amounts of Percodan and the margarita she carries. She glances down to see a baking sheet on the counter.

FLASHBACK:

Andrea sets out a baking sheet of animal shaped brownies. The back door knocks furiously. Alarmed, she looks up, and then relaxes when she sees who it is. She reaches to the alarm panel and turns it off.

CUT TO:

Priscilla collapses onto the floor, weeping.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
The worst thing about all of this
was...I really missed her... and it
was my fault she got killed.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE RESTAURANT - WEST FORT WORTH - NIGHT

Tolly Gruber devours a steak and baked potato. Across from him Phil Burleson nurses a Scotch and soda.

BURLESON
I gotta be honest with you,
pardner...I think I bit off a
little more Cullen Davis than I can
chew. That man is one hell of a
billion dollar piece of work.

GRUBER
Try dealin' with his wife.

They share a laugh.

BURLESON
Wasn't it F. Scott Fitzgerald that
said "let me tell you about the
very rich...they are different than
you and me..."?

GRUBER
That sounds right.

BURLESON
I know we can't talk about the
case, but...well, bein' old
friends, maybe you could recommend
another attorney we could bring on
our team. Seriously, Tolly...I
need all the help I can get on this
one...take some of the pressure off
me.

GRUBER
Money's no object?

BURLESON
Not that I can tell.

GRUBER
Richard Haynes.

BURLESON
Racehorse?

GRUBER
Get him. If anything, maybe we'll
both start to have a little more
fun with this thing havin' him on
board.

Burleson chuckles.

INT. TARRANT COUNTY DA'S OFFICE - DAY

The prosecutors sit and examine large dry erase boards that
display crime scene photos.

TIM CURRY
Okay, people...we got our work cut
out for us, sure, but this one
seems pretty open and shut to me.
Tolly...you're rollin' your eyes
back there.

GRUBER
Our witnesses...they got shitty
reputations, boss.
(MORE)

GRUBER (CONT'D)

You know that Priscilla was doing drugs, sex orgies, all kinds of naughty business in that house after her old man moved out?

TIM CURRY

I heard. Too bad we're not tryin' this case in New York City.

GRUBER

Or Hollywood. People 'round here, they ain't gonna shine to Priscilla. That I can guarantee you.

TIM CURRY

I'll admit...she is terrible. I can hear pills rattlin' in her purse every time she walks, with those big hooters...hell, she smokes like a chimney...cusses like a sailor...not exactly the preacher's wife.

JOE SHANNON

Come on, guys, this woman just lost her daughter.

TIM CURRY

That's not lost on me and I think that's our best angle. We won't try Cullen for Stan Farr's murder. The little girl...bless her heart...let's lock that rich bastard away for what he did to her.

JOE SHANNON

Why not Farr, too? Double up charges on the son of a bitch?

TIM CURRY

That's a tough one. That big bastard was shacking up with the man's wife, drinking his whiskey, playin' on his pool table. Three out of five Texans will tell you that's justifiable homicide. Any objections, gentlemen?

INT. TARRANT COUNTRY JAIL - NIGHT

A stocky man in a dark gray three piece suit marches into the jail and opens his briefcase for inspection. His brown eyes beam intensity at the Deputy who's inspecting his case. This is RICHARD RACEHORSE HAYNES, 49, the same man who was at the Davis's dinner party earlier.

DEPUTY
Who're you here to see?

RICHARD RACEHORSE HAYNES
Cullen Davis. I'm Richard Haynes,
one of his attorneys.

DEPUTY
The Racehorse Haynes? Wow.
Pleased to meet you, sir. Come on
in.

Haynes happily shakes the Deputy's hand and walks past the inspection point. He heads into the visitor's room.

INT. PRIVATE VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Davis waits for him. Haynes steps in. The Deputy won't leave.

HAYNES
Deputy, could you give us some
privacy please, sir?

DEPUTY
My orders are to be here.

HAYNES
Your orders are in direct violation
of the Constitution of the United
States. I'd hate to have to report
you as an unpatriotic American that
disrespects our grand Constitution.

Haynes fixes a steely gaze on the Deputy, who exits.

HAYNES
Mr. Davis? Richard Haynes.

He gives Cullen a bone crusher handshake.

CULLEN
Two questions, Mr. Haynes. Can you
get me out of here on bail?

HAYNES
No can do. A judge's order like
that is perfectly acceptable and
nothin' I can do to change it.

Cullen looks like he's about to reach across the table and strangle Haynes.

HAYNES
What's the second question, Mr.
Davis?

CULLEN
Can you get me off these charges?

HAYNES
You can bet your life on it, only
if; you stop whining about being in
jail and do exactly as I say.

EXT. TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: NOVEMBER 14, 1976

Priscilla, flanked by TWO BEEFY BODYGUARDS, rushes out of the courthouse. Behind her, shouting and excited voices shout questions to her.

Priscilla looks over her shoulder, and ONE REPORTER bellows down to her;

REPORTER
Can I get a reaction to the change
of venue?

Priscilla doesn't respond, and gets whisked into a waiting Lincoln.

INT. COURTROOM - TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Haynes beams to Davis, who stares ahead, thin-lipped.

HAYNES
Your honor, may I commend you on
your decision.

Judge Tom Cave nods, resigned. Phil Burleson and Racehorse Haynes shake hands.

JUDGE CAVE
I would like to remind the
defendant that this ruling does not
allow him to post or seek bail. By
moving the trial to Amarillo, Mr.
Davis you shall remain in the
custody of the State of Texas until
the conclusion of the new trial.

Davis glares at Judge Cave. Haynes puts a hand on Cullen's knee - "easy".

INT./EXT. LINCOLN - SAME

Priscilla slumps in the backseat. Behind her media vans line the streets of downtown Fort Worth.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

He was already buying his way out of this one...consider this his first step. What happened next I heard about later, but who, in 1976, would have believed it? Nowadays, people buy their way outta just about anything. But back then?

CLOSE ON

The Fort Worth Star Telegram:

DAVIS TRIAL VENUE MOVED TO AMARILLO, TEXAS

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BURLESON ATTORNEY'S OFFICES - DAY

Racehorse paces, a fireball of energy. Phil watches him. Ken Davis is also present.

HAYNES

They don't have any real evidence, Mr. Davis. Nothing.

Haynes struts over to a dry erase board, starts scribbling.

HAYNES

Do they have a murder weapon? No!

He illustrates a gun and draws an "x" through it.

HAYNES

Do they have fingerprints?

He does the same, this time with a clumsy drawing of a fingerprint.

HAYNES

No! They don't have anything substantial except the word of two ladies of ill repute...and one guy who didn't see who it was that shot him.

KEN DAVIS

May I ask what your strategy is going to be?

HAYNES

I have the same strategy for every case I take on. Say you sue me because you say my dog bit you. Well, this is my defense; my dog doesn't bite.

(MORE)

HAYNES (CONT'D)

If that doesn't work, my dog was tied up that night. If that doesn't work, then we go to number three, I don't believe you really got bit. If that doesn't succeed, I just say I don't have a dog.

Haynes lights his pipe.

HAYNES

Cullen didn't kill that little girl. No, sir. And we're gonna prove it.

BURLESON

Race, is it true that you were defending some Hell's Angels one time who allegedly crucified a man to a tree and you injected your hand with Zylocaine, 'cause you were gonna nail it to the defense table to prove to the jury that it didn't really hurt that much?

Haynes smiles.

HAYNES

Yeah...everything you just said is true, except the part about the Zylocaine.

INT. MEN'S JAIL - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Davis, dressed in a business suit, steps into his cell, which is actually four cells linked together. He has a television, and a private telephone. A HUGE DEPUTY escorts him in.

Davis takes in his new surroundings.

HUGE DEPUTY

Mr. Davis, if there's anything you need, I'm right out here. Anything at all.

CULLEN

I'd like to go home.

HUGE DEPUTY

Anything but that.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AMARILLO TEXAS - DAY

A big Cadillac pulls to a stop near an Amarillo diner. FOUR HARD LOOKING MEN climb out. These are private detectives.

INT. DINER - AMARILLO, TEXAS - SAME

PRIVATE DETECTIVE #1 strolls over to a table where a lone diner, a SKINNY MACHINIST sits.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE #1
Hey, Puddin'. You ready to go to work?

The Private Detective takes out an envelope stuffed with cash.

SKINNY MACHINIST
Yes, sir.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE #1
Spread this stuff around.
Especially at church. Which church you go to?

SKINNY MACHINIST
Cavalry Baptist.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE #1
Make sure everyone you know is aware that Priscilla Davis is a lying whore who takes illegal drugs and is after her husband's money.

SKINNY MACHINIST
Consider it done.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE #1
Spread the gospel, Deacon.

MONTAGE

SUPER: THAT DAMNED BITCH

INT. FELLOWSHIP HALL - CAVALRY BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT

A deacon's meeting is in progress - about thirty people are in the room, none of them under 65.

AN OLD WOMAN shakes her head.

OLD DEACON WOMAN
I heard she took drugs...

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - AMARILLO - DAY

A BIG MAN in a cowboy hat leans on a Ford and smokes. TWO BLACK MEN beside him listen.

BIG MAN
Rich people don't murder little
girls themselves...they hire a hit
man. Besides, if he did hire a hit
man to kill that damned bitch...

BLACK MAN
...he'd be within his rights.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - AMARILLO - NIGHT

A BOWLING LEAGUE plays. AN OLDER WOMAN stands drying her
hands over the blower.

OLDER WOMAN
...she's just after Cullen's money.
Women like that are all the same...

INT. POOL HALL - AMARILLO - NIGHT

A COWBOY sucks down a Lone Star. A TRUCK DRIVER lines up a
shot.

COWBOY
Sex orgies...drugs...and from what
I hear, that damned bitch is a
goddamned lesbian.

TRUCK DRIVER
A what?

COWBOY
You know...likes girls and niggers.

TRUCK DRIVER
Really?

COWBOY
Really.

INT. AMARILLO MARRIOTT HOTEL - AMARILLO, TEXAS - DAY

Joe Shannon and Tolly Gruber at the front desk, checking in.

THE HOTEL MANAGER hands the two men their keys.

HOTEL MANAGER
If I were on that jury...I know
just what I'd do...I'd let that
Cullen off. That damned bitch just
wants his money. That's what this
whole thing is about.

The two prosecutors look to one another with astonishment.

HOTEL MANAGER
Ya'll with the defense or the
prosecution?

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Haynes paces before the TWO OTHER DEFENSE LAWYERS and Phil
Burleson.

HAYNES
We got it covered, Phil. We're
ready to go.

PHIL BURLESON
I'm not so sure...damn, this thing
is nerve wracking. You wanna order
up some drinks?

HAYNES
Normally, I'd say yes, but I
can't...I read somewhere that
alcohol impairs the memory, and I
need all the memory I can get.
I've made a vow to abstain...for
the duration. Abstinence of any
kind is an ugly concept for me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Priscilla looks at herself in the mirror. Christy lounges on
the bed, watching "Good Morning, America". Priscilla places a
large, silver cross around her neck, then looks at her
reflection for a long time.

PRISCILLA
That bulldog lawyer Cullen's got is
gonna eat me alive.

CHRISTY
Mama! Why're you worried? You
have the truth on your side.

PRISCILLA
And he's got the law on his.

INT. COURTROOM - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE GEORGE DOWLEN, 38, youthful and hardly imposing,
watches Haynes with undisguised amazement at the bench.

Joe Shannon stands.

JOE SHANNON
 Your honor, we'd like to call
 prosecution witness Priscilla Davis
 to the witness stand.

Priscilla walks into the courtroom. Her cross gleams.

SPECTATORS scowl at her entrance. They nudge each other with
 contemptuous winks.

The jury notices her as well, and if they could nudge and
 wink, they'd do it.

She takes the stand, and winces with pain. No one buys her
 painful grimace.

Priscilla looks out over a sea of faces;

ONE FAT WOMAN shakes her head at her.

A RED FACED MAN licks his lips.

RACEHORSE HAYNES squints, sizing her up.

CULLEN's dark eyes bore into her soul.

JOE SHANNON
 Hello, Mrs. Davis. If you could,
 state your name for the jury?

All sound goes away.

Priscilla glances around the room as she talks. Every stare
 leveled her way is filled with loathing.

The sound returns.

JOE SHANNON
 Could you please go over the events
 of August 2 and 3rd, 1976 for us,
 please?

PRISCILLA
 I was with my friend Stan Farr...

HAYNES
 Objection! Not responsive.

Dowlen nods.

JUDGE DOWLEN
 Sustained.

JOE SHANNON
 Go on.

PRISCILLA
We were coming home...

HAYNES
Objection, your honor. Leading.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Leading? I'm not following you.

JOE SHANNON
That's because there's nothing to follow, your honor.

HAYNES
Who is we? She said "we". Who is "we" referring to? Who is the "we" she's assuming we know?

PRISCILLA
Stan...

Judge Dowlen shoots her an angry look.

JOE SHANNON
Let me rephrase. Priscilla, you came home...

HAYNES
Objection. Leading.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Sustained.

JOE SHANNON
Mrs. Davis...please tell us about what happened when you arrived home on the night of August 2, 1976.

PRISCILLA
I walked in...the house...and I noticed the alarm was off. Stan went upstairs...

HAYNES
Objection. Not responsive. The defendant is not on trial for the murder of Stan Farr. Why does she keep mentioning his name, Your Honor?

JUDGE DOWLEN
Sustained.

TIM CURRY

Your Honor, Mrs. Davis is simply trying to tell us what happened that night. Why can't we just let her tell the story?

HAYNES

Your Honor...the defense feels that Mrs. Davis is trying to interject her, um, story...

Haynes shoots a skeptical look to the jury and rolls his eyes.

HAYNES

...with information not pertinent to this case in an attempt to misled the jury as to the facts.

JUDGE DOWLEN

Sidebar, gentlemen, please.

Both attorneys approach the judge. Priscilla's eyes sweep the jury - not one friendly face returns her gaze.

The attorneys speak with the judge in whispers, and then they return to their seats.

JOE SHANNON

Mrs. Davis, if we could, let's return to what happened once you returned home on the night of August, 2, 1976. You walked in, and what did you notice?

PRISCILLA

I noticed the alarm was turned off.

JOE SHANNON

And why was that important to you?

PRISCILLA

It was normally turned on at night.

JOE SHANNON

Who could have turned that alarm off?

PRISCILLA

Andrea...or...um...

Haynes's eyes narrow.

PRISCILLA

Cullen.

HAYNES
Objection! Assuming facts not in
evidence.

Priscilla keeps talking - all the sound goes away - Haynes
keeps objecting.

Priscilla looks to the prosecution table. Not one of the
lawyers can look at her.

CUT TO:

Priscilla and Christy wait in the lobby. Priscilla smokes.

PRISCILLA
This is bullshit.

CHRISTY
That bastard won't even let you
talk!

Joe Shannon pokes his head out of the courtroom.

JOE SHANNON
Priscilla? It's the defense's turn
to cross examine.

PRISCILLA
This sucks, Joe.

JOE SHANNON
He's tryin' to rattle you. Just go
up there and tell the truth.

PRISCILLA
I'm trying to.

INT. COURTROOM - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE

Priscilla on the witness stand. Haynes stands up at his
table and smiles at her.

HAYNES
Good afternoon, Mrs. Davis. I'd
like to ask you a few
questions...if I may?

Priscilla nods at him. She looks to Cullen, who grins at
her.

HAYNES
I'd like to talk about your
painkiller prescriptions, if I
could.

The prosecutors look to each other - oh, shit.

HAYNES
You are on painkillers now, I believe?

PRISCILLA
I am.

HAYNES
What kind, may I ask?

TIM CURRY
Objection...this is immaterial, your honor.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Overruled. Go ahead, answer the question.

PRISCILLA
Percodan.

HAYNES
And you've been taking this...how long?

PRISCILLA
Since 1973....a skiing accident.

HAYNES
I don't care why you're taking it, I just want to know how long. You answered the question, thank you.

Haynes pauses a long time.

HAYNES
Percodan, really? Hmmm.

PRISCILLA
Yes.

HAYNES
Were you on Percodan the night of 2 and the 3rd of August 1976?

PRISCILLA
I suppose I was.

HAYNES
Suppose?

TIM CURRY
Objection. Badgering the witness.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Um...sustained.

HAYNES
Let me rephrase. Were you in pain
that night?

PRISCILLA
No.

HAYNES
So you had taken Percodan?

PRISCILLA
Yes.

Haynes shoots a "fuck you" look to Curry.

HAYNES
How many Percodans had you taken
the night of 2 August?

PRISCILLA
I don't know.

HAYNES
No further questions.

LATER -

Priscilla still on the witness stand. Haynes gives her a
look that says "get ready" and then he scowls at the jury.

HAYNES
Mrs. Davis, is your personal
attorney in the courtroom? I mean,
someone other than the DA's from
Tarrant County?

Priscilla glances to the prosecution table.

PRISCILLA
Uhhhhh....

HAYNES
We're waiting for an answer and I
don't think the lawyers at the
prosecution table can answer it.

PRISCILLA
Uhhhhh....I'm not....

The jurors cross their arms. She's lost them.

HAYNES
Could we please mark this answer
down in the record as unresponsive?
Thank you. I have a picture here
I'd like you to identify...

Haynes reaches into a pile of papers, and then a large photo of Priscilla flutters out. Beside her is W.T. Rufner, naked, with a sock covering his genitals.

TIM CURRY
Objection!

HAYNES
Sorry about that...this just
slipped out. I'm sorry Your Honor.

Judge Dowlen cranes his neck to see the photo.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Mr. Haynes...put that away. That
photograph has not been submitted
into evidence and is therefore I
will not allow it.

The jury, like a bunch of ostriches, also crane to see the
obscene photograph.

HAYNES
I don't suppose you've seen that
photo before, Mrs. Davis?

He hides it away.

PRISCILLA
Never. That's a doctored photo.

HAYNES
Quick answer.

JUDGE DOWLEN
I instruct the jury to stricken
that last question and answer. Mr.
Haynes, don't make me have to fine
you for contempt.

HAYNES
Yes, sir.

Haynes sneaks a grin at the jury. They eat it up. Tim Curry
and Tolly Gruber look to Priscilla with disgust.

HAYNES
No further questions.

Priscilla walks off the stand.

INT. FOYER -- POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Priscilla walks out with Christy. TWO FAT WOMEN carrying big
Bibles hiss at her.

EXT. POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Priscilla walks out of the ancient limestone building. A waiting Lincoln idles.

Christy opens the door for her.

TWO OLDER COWBOYS shout at her across the courthouse lawn;

OLDER COWBOY
Get outta Amarillo you gold digging
bitch!

MONTAGE:

INT. COURTROOM - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE

The EMT who treated Beverly Bass on the witness stand.

EMT
She was high on something, if you
know what I mean.

TIM CURRY
Objection! Assuming facts not in
evidence.

HAYNES
You are a Emergency Medical
Technician, are you not?

EMT
I am.

HAYNES
Does that qualify you to judge if a
person were inebriated?

EMT
Yes.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Objection overruled.

Haynes nods a "thank you" to Dowlen.

HAYNES
You said "you know what I mean".
No, I do not know what you mean.
Could you elaborate?

EMT
Ms. Bass...her eyes were all
red...like...she was high on pot.

HAYNES
Pot? And what is that a vernacular
for?

EMT
Marijuana.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cullen strolls the hallway, his hands in his pockets,
whistling a cheerful tune.

A telephone rings in the bailiff's office, and Cullen picks
it up.

CULLEN
Courthouse. This is Cullen Davis.

MAN'S VOICE
(through telephone)
They got you answerin' the phones
now?

CULLEN
Just tryin' to help.

INT. COURTROOM - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE

Cullen sits at the defense table, and TEN OLDER, HEAVY WOMEN,
lean over to him, handing him a plate of chocolate cookies.

These are Cullen's Groupies.

CULLEN GROUPIE #1
We made these just for you, Mr.
Davis.

CULLEN
Why, thank you, ma'am.

He takes a cookie and eats it.

CULLEN
Just delicious. It really is.

CUT TO:

Beverly Bass on the stand. Haynes sizes her up.

HAYNES
So, it was in the summer of 1975
that Priscilla helped you out with
your...ahem...situation?

BEVERLY BASS

Um...

She looks to the prosecution table. They look away.

HAYNES

Don't look at them...they can't help you. Just answer the question. You had a medical procedure done in the summer of 1975 that was paid for by Priscilla Davis, correct?

Tears spill out of her blue eyes.

BEVERLY BASS

Yes.

HAYNES

One might say you were indebted to Mrs. Davis.

BEVERLY BASS

It's not like that.

HAYNES

Um...in your deposition taken last year, you stated you'd had no medical procedures. Did you suddenly remember?

She looks to the jury. They return her glance with piercing expressions of repugnance.

BEVERLY BASS

I didn't want to...you know...

HAYNES

It's okay...you perjured yourself, but unless the DA's office wants to pursue that...

Haynes flashes a quick grin to Joe Shannon.

HAYNES

You've cleared it up for us. Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

Haynes still questioning her. Beverly is tired, her face ashen.

HAYNES

You said you heard shots inside the house, correct?

BEVERLY BASS

Yes.

HAYNES

But you said you saw a man in black
outside the house? Correct?

BEVERLY BASS

I...um...yeah...I heard...yeah, I
saw the man outside...

HAYNES

Gunshot inside, but you saw a man
outside. Hmmmmmm.

Haynes turns to the jury and gestures with an exaggerated
mock shrug.

HAYNES

No further questions. You may
excuse the, uh, witness.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bubba Gravel on the witness stand.

Haynes stands at his table, glasses in hand.

HAYNES

Before we proceed with you, Mr.
Gravel, I'd like to ask; do you
have a pending personal injury suit
against the defendant, Mr. Davis?

Bubba nods, sheepish.

HAYNES

I didn't hear you. Speak up for
the court transcript, please sir.

BUBBA GRAVEL

Yes.

HAYNES

No further questions, your honor.
I'd hate to sully Mr. Gravel's
personal injury suit with
testimony. Good luck with your
lawsuit, Mr. Gravel.

Haynes winks at Bubba.

DISSOLVE TO:

W.T. Rufner on the stand, wearing dark glasses, a sports
coat, and a T-shirt.

HAYNES

Did you have sex orgies at the Davis mansion in the summer of 1975?

W.T. RUFNER

How many people have to be involved to make it a orgy?

The prosecutors bow their heads - defeated.

W.T. RUFNER

More than two?

Haynes grins to the jury.

HAYNES

How many times did you sell drugs in the Davis mansion during that summer?

W.T. RUFNER

I plead the fifth.

INT. JAIL CELL - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Cullen sits alone in his cell, talking on the telephone. The television runs in the background.

CULLEN

Karen...this thing should be wrapped up before Thanksgiving. I'm not worried. So go ahead and make those reservations at Aspen. For two. Nice way to celebrate.

INT. COURTROOM - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

W.T. Rufner, looking hungover and spent, on the witness stand.

Haynes suppresses a smile.

HAYNES

Let's go over this again...you and Priscilla broke up, amicably...

W.T. RUFNER

Yes...amicably.

HAYNES

...and you talked with her about this...how long?

W.T. RUFNER
Well, let's see...over a six pack,
so I'd say an hour or so.

HAYNES
Over a six pack?

W.T. RUFNER
Yes, sir.

Haynes nudges Burleson.

HAYNES
Your Honor, I request we take a
break.

JUDGE DOWLEN
Let's call a break...ten minutes.

People stand up, stretch. Jurors file out.

HAYNES
I'm gonna go easy on this guy.
This ain't your killer.

BURLESON
This guy's a druggie...Race...what
the hell?

HAYNES
Any man who measures time with a
six pack can't be all bad.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Priscilla sits alone on her enormous bed, chain smoking. She
knocks back 4 Percodans and washes them down with a tumbler
full of tequila. Old movies play on TV.

INT. COURTROOM - POTTER COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Haynes stands before the jury - closing arguments.

HAYNES
Are you gonna believe her? She's
the corruptor of young people, the
Machiavellian influence behind this
whole thing...the lady in the la-di-
dah pinafore.

All eyes and hears are on Haynes, except one man, who sits at
the back of the courtroom openly weeping; Jack Wilborne. He
shakes with grief.

SUPER: NOVEMBER 17, 1977

The jury foreman stands;

JURY FOREMAN
We the jury find the defendant,
Thomas Cullen Davis, not guilty of
the charge of capital murder.

The courtroom erupts with rebel yells and cheers.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Joe Shannon stalks out, lugging a huge briefcase.

Jack Wilborne, face red from grief, reaches his hand out to Shannon.

JACK WILBORNE
Thank you so much, sir, for
everything you did. You did a
great job. No jury in Texas will
ever convict Cullen Davis...but I
appreciate your trying.

Joe can barely look him in the eye. Wilborne slowly walks to his Cadillac in the distance. Joe watches him, and then climbs in his car.

INT./EXT. JOE SHANNON'S CAR - DAY

Joe Shannon cries bitter tears of shame.

INT. RHETT BUTLERS BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Judge George Dowlen sits alone at the bar, drinking a Scotch and soda in the upscale Amarillo watering hole. He stirs his Scotch with a celery stick.

Haynes, Davis, Burleson, and the others on the defense team, as well as Cullen's Groupies, bound in to the bar. They cheer and whoop it up.

Dowlen gets up to leave.

HAYNES
Judge...hold up, mister. You gotta
join us.

JUDGE DOWLEN
I really can't...it's unethical.

HAYNES
Yes you can, sir. I'm off the
wagon as of...

Haynes reaches for a cognac that's offered him.

HAYNES

...now.

He knocks back the drink and downs it in one gulp.

HAYNES

Damn...that tastes good! One forgets...how perfect that stuff is.

He motions for a refill and gets it. Dowlen reluctantly joins the victory party.

TV CAMERAS with their bright lights invade the bar. Haynes gulps the drink down, then motions for another refill. His cheeks are flush.

TV REPORTER

Could we have a word with you Mr. Haynes?

Haynes bounds forward, eyes gleaming, expensive cognac sloshing out of the snifter.

TV REPORTER

Congratulations on your victory, sir.

HAYNES

Thank you.

TV REPORTER

Do you have any comments?

HAYNES

Yes, I do. Priscilla Davis is the dregs of the earth! She's probably shooting up right now...she's the most shameless, brazen hussy of all humanity! She's a charlatan, a harlot, and a liar! She is a snake, unworthy of belief under oath! A dope fiend...a habitué of dope!

Phil Burleson, seeing Haynes in the bright lights, tries to pull him away. Haynes resists.

HAYNES

She is the most sordid person in the entire United States...no, the world! Someone ought to wrap barbed wire around her house and not let her out!

Haynes goes back into the party, grinning to the TV crew and giving them a thumbs up. Cullen and Karen walk over to Haynes, who hugs Cullen, and then both men do "the bump". Someone hands Haynes a guitar, and he starts strumming, singing "The Ballad Of Cullen Davis"

HAYNES
(singing)
There was a man named Cullen
Davis...a man accused of a
crime...he was a good man, with
lots of money!

And then Haynes laughs.

HAYNES
(singing)
And that no good woman wanted it
all. She tried to take his
reputation...

LATER -

The party winds down. Haynes sways over to Cullen, sits next to him.

HAYNES
Tell me, pardner...

CULLEN
Yes?

HAYNES
Did you change while in jail?

CULLEN
No...not at all. I'm the same man.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Priscilla chain smokes and watches television. The telephone rings, she picks it up -

PRISCILLA
Hello?

INT. POOLROOM - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Priscilla walks into the cavern-like poolroom, reaches for one of Cullen's pool cues, and smashes it into kindling. She takes another, and smashes it to pieces, screaming with frustration. She smashes another, then another. She throws all of them in the fireplace and watches them burn, the flames reflected in her tears.

INT. TEXAS STADIUM - DAY

SUPER: CHRISTMAS 1977

Cullen Davis, Karen Masters beside him, stroll onto the promenade deck at Texas Stadium. Other rich people swarm around him the minute he steps in - he's a rock star. Papers are thrust at him, men and women ask for autographs.

Cullen obliges. Big, Texas OIL MEN grab for meaty handshakes.

OIL MAN #1
Congratulations on beating down
that damned bitch!

CULLEN
Cowboys are gonna win today.

OIL MAN #1
We were always with you, Cullen.

INT. PRIVATE BOX - TEXAS STADIUM - DAY

Cullen Davis takes a seat in his now refurbished box - all done in Laura Ashley dullness.

Ken, Cullen's brother, sits beside him.

KEN
How're you doin'?

CULLEN
Fine. Merry Christmas. Think we
can win today?

KEN
We're goin' all the way this year.

Cullen's friends mingle politely in the box. Karen passes out cocktails and lays out chips and dip.

The game roars below.

Cullen glances from the game to the activity going on around him. He watches his brother sipping his cocktail. Dark thoughts cloud his expression.

TWO OIL MEN lean in to Cullen.

OIL MAN #2
Cullen, tell me...how high do you
think we're gonna go a barrel this
year?

CULLEN
(annoyed)
I dunno.

OIL MAN #2
You don't?

CULLEN
Don't care, either.

OIL MAN #2
Why not?

CULLEN
Why should I? All the oil's gonna
be gone by 1990.

The entire room goes quiet.

CULLEN
That's right. Mark my
words...it'll all be gone. No
future in that business.

Ken looks to his brother with an astonished expression.
Cullen turns back to the game, enjoying the results from the
verbal stink bomb he just unleashed. He stares at all of the
people in his private box with killer's eyes.

CULLEN
No future at all.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

SUPER: SPRING 1978

Priscilla paces the room, chain smoking and carrying a white,
princess telephone with a super long cord attached.

PRISCILLA
What do you mean he's coming over?
What happened to that restraining
order?

RITCHIE
(through telephone)
The judge has rescinded it
temporarily so he can do an
inventory of the contents of the
mansion.

Priscilla stubs out her cigarette and lights another. She
downs two Percodans.

PRISCILLA
Absurd!

RITCHIE

(through telephone)
It's considered perfectly acceptable. And this judge, Eidson...he's on your side. I can tell. Cullen's argument is that he has a lot of valuables in the home that he wants to check on to insure that they're still...uh...valuable. Isn't there some kind of gold and jade chess set in a safe upstairs? That's what he's got his panties in a bunch about.

PRISCILLA

When's he comin' over?

RITCHIE

(through telephone)
In an hour or two.

PRISCILLA

Damn! Ronald! You gotta delay this!

RITCHIE

(through phone)
The judge has already made his decision. I'd suggest you go somewhere for a few hours...get the hell outta there. And make sure...double sure...that gold and jade chess set is in that safe.

She throws the receiver across the room. Christy appears, a worried expression on her face.

CHRISTY

I was listenin' on the extension.

PRISCILLA

So you know. Come on, girl. Let's get the hell outta Dodge.

CHRISTY

How many pills did you take today?

PRISCILLA

I don't remember.

Priscilla shakes two more out of the bottle.

PRISCILLA

I gotta get a refill.

CHRISTY

Mama...you gotta be careful with
that stuff. Remember what happened
to Elvis?

PRISCILLA

If Cullen's bullets can't kill me,
how can these little, old pills
hurt me?

She looks around the bedroom - it's a mess. Clothes
everywhere. An ashtray full of cigarettes. Empty pill
bottles. Christy helps her clean the place up.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Priscilla goes into the cavernous closet - her clothes
hanging on both sides. She goes to the distant safe, turns
the dial, takes out the jade chess set and dumps it in a
pillow case. She then spends more time in front of the safe,
and slams it shut.

She carries the pillowcase laden with the golden-jade chess
set out of the bedroom.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Christy drives the white Lincoln, and Priscilla slouches in
the seat, hidden behind huge sunglasses.

A fleet of three black Cadillacs swoop into the driveway just
as Christy leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Cullen and Wayne Eubanks enter. FIVE LAWYERS come in behind
them, along with TWO PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

Cullen strolls around - examines the pool table. Cigarette
burns scar the wood finish. The pool cues, gone, what's left
of them in the fireplace. He sniffs the air, shakes his
head.

CULLEN

I smell cigarettes.

Cullen also examines the walls - handprints and grime
everywhere.

CULLEN

Get pictures of all this damage,
will ya?

Cameras flash.

CULLEN
Wayne, you see this?

WAYNE EUBANKS
I do, indeed.

Cullen lightly bounds up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - DAVIS MANSION - SAME

Cullen enters, stalks over to the safe, spins the dial, opens it. He looks inside.

In the safe are framed portraits of Stan Farr and Andrea Wilborne.

Cullen stares at both pictures with a blank expression.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION

Cullen leaves the cavernous closet, then walks over to a night stand beside the bed. He looks down at the ashtray overflowing with Eve cigarette butts surrounded by empty bottles of prescription pain killers. He kicks the table over, and an ugly cloud of ashes floats down, marking the spot where the table used to be.

INT. RESTAURANT - COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Cullen holds court at a table full of ADMIRERS.

CULLEN
I'm thinkin' about financing a
movie about the murder case. You
know...tell it like it really
happened.

Karen hangs on his every word. She wears sunglasses that barely cover the new shiner that stains her left eye.

CULLEN
I want Ann Margaret to play
Karen...and I was thinkin' Phyllis
Diller for Priscilla.

Everyone laughs - a little too loudly. David McCrory, Cullen's sycophantic friend, leans in;

DAVID
Who's gonna play Racehorse?

CULLEN
Mickey Rooney.

KAREN
Here's the real question...Cullen,
who plays you?

CULLEN
Al Pacino.

INT. SWISS HOUSE STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Cullen and Karen enjoy a steak dinner. All eyes in the Swiss chalet style restaurant are on Cullen, who bathes in the attention.

ANOTHER PARTY is seated at a far away table. Suddenly, the attention on Cullen shifts. Cullen cranes his neck to see who it is that just stole the spotlight away from him.

Actor JAMES GARNER, looking like he just stepped out of an episode of "The Rockford Files", sits with his WIFE.

CULLEN
Why didn't I think of him?

KAREN
What?

CULLEN
James Garner, sittin' right over
there. He'd be perfect to play me
in my movie.

Cullen gestures to a passing WAITRESS in Swiss National Costume.

CULLEN
Miss...could you send a bottle of
your best champagne over there to
Mr. Garner?

She nods.

CULLEN
And give him this.

Cullen pulls out a notepad from his jacket and scribbles something down. He signs it with a flourish.

TWO WAITERS wearing lederhosen arrive with a chilled bottle of Dom Perignon and set it at James Garner's table. The Waitress hands him the note. Garner glances over to Cullen, who is beaming his way, and then he whispers to the waitress.

The Waitress summons up courage, then heads back over to Cullen.

WAITRESS

Mr. Davis, Mr. Garner thanks you
for the champagne but...he told me
to tell you he wants nothing to do
with your movie.

Cullen's smile evaporates.

INT. PARIS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Priscilla sits at a table sipping coffee, wearing her
enormous sunglasses. TWO BEEFY BODYGUARDS flank her.

A KXAS TV REPORTER and his camera crew approach her table.
She gestures to the bodyguards - "it's okay".

TV REPORTER

Mrs. Davis...how are you?

She shrugs, flying on Percodan.

PRISCILLA

You?

TV REPORTER

Can't complain. Could we get an on-
camera comment from you?

PRISCILLA

Go ahead.

TV REPORTER

Cullen wants to make a movie about
the murders and the trial.

Priscilla takes off her sunglasses, a bemused expression on
her face.

TV REPORTER

He has stated he wants Ann Margaret
to play Karen Masters and Phyllis
Diller to play you.

Without skipping a beat -

PRISCILLA

Did you ask him who's going to play
Andrea?

INT. WHITE ELEPHANT SALOON - NIGHT

Cullen and David McCrory play pool. McCrory misses easy
shots. Cullen gloats.

CULLEN
Guess today's not your day, David.

DAVID
It's not a good time for me.

Cullen makes a shot, sinks a six ball.

CULLEN
Well...maybe I can turn that
around. How'd you like to work for
me?

DAVID
You gotta be kidding!

CULLEN
Why?

DAVID
I thought you were still pissed off
at me for not testifying on your
behalf in Amarillo.

CULLEN
There's a lot I'm pissed off about
from that Amarillo trial...

David eyes scream panic.

CULLEN
...because of that...because you
were a friend that didn't help me
out...you owe me. You know that,
don't 'ya?

DAVID
I know.

David watches Cullen sink more balls. He lines up the eight
ball.

CULLEN
Here we go...

He sinks it.

CULLEN
That's four games to nothing. Want
to keep playin'?

DAVID
You serious about that job?

Cullen racks up.

DAVID

'Cause I could use one. Hell, I got overdue bills to pay since I lost my last job. Kids over there at the private school, I got two tax liens on me...

Cullen shoots the break shot.

CULLEN

I'd like to hire you to be the assistant to the guy that runs Jet Air...a company I just bought. Job pays \$20k a year, plus a car and benefits.

DAVID

Twenty! That's huge! Thank you, Cullen! Thank you!

Cullen misses his next shot, and David lines up his. He deliberately misses. Cullen pulls out his wallet, and flips out a picture. He shows it to David, who grimaces.

DAVID

What the fuck?

CULLEN

What do you think of that?

DAVID

Why do you carry somethin' like that?

CULLEN

I dunno.

EXT. MID-CONTINENTAL BUILDING - FORT WORTH, TEXAS - DAY

Establish the Mid-Continental Building, headquarters of Kendavis Industries.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MID-CONTINENTAL BUILDING - SAME

Cullen slouches in his chair, Ken sits at his, and AN ACCOUNTANT goes over paperwork.

KEN

When's it gonna stop?

Cullen shrugs with his eyes.

KEN

You've unloaded half of our company assets into what I believe to be...if you don't mind me saying so...questionable investments that have yet to pay off.

Cullen stares off into space.

KEN

And this divorce of yours...this goddamned divorce judge has his hand up our ass! We can't do anything with the company without informing him! We're frozen without this bastard's permission.

CULLEN

What do you want me to say?

KEN

Just tell us...when's this craziness gonna end? At the rate we're goin'...we'll be broke by...

The Accountant holds up a paper.

KEN

1987. Think about it. A billion dollars down the commode. And for what?

Ken storms out of the conference room.

INT./EXT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - DAY

SUPER: DAVID'S BIG JOB

David McCrory drinks beer and drives his huge, Lincoln Town Car around Fort Worth. He's living large and loving it. A huge car phone rings - loudly.

DAVID

McCrory.

CULLEN

(through phone)
Come to my hotel.

DAVID

Yes, sir!

David accelerates at his master's beckoning.

INT. CULLEN'S SUITE - GREEN OAKS INN - DAY

David slurps beer and listens as Cullen paces before him.

CULLEN
Side work. An addendum to your
current job.

DAVID
Yes, sir.

CULLEN
I'm gonna pay you for this work in
cash.

Cullen peels off several hundred dollar bills.

CULLEN
This'll get your started.

DAVID
Can I have another beer?

Cullen throws a beer his way. David struggles with the cap,
twisting it to no avail.

Cullen's snake eyes size David up.

CULLEN
The real work begins...now.

DAVID
What do you want me to do?

CULLEN
Keep an eye on Priscilla's
attorney...I don't trust that fat
snake. That big bastard is feeding
his fat ass with my money. He's
got an "in" with that son of a
bitch judge...Eidson. See if
they're meeting up...colluding.

DAVID
Why?

CULLEN
If they are in collusion, then we
get that judge off the case. I
need another judge...that's a
little more business friendly. I
want this goddamned divorce over
and this motherfucker is draggin'
it out.

DAVID
Got it.

CULLEN
There's ten grand in this if you
get this all figured out for me.
Can you handle it?

Cullen watches the Dallas Mavericks play on TV. A long
silence. Then -

DAVID
Cullen, I've always wondered about
something...

CULLEN
What?

DAVID
Those shootings at the mansion.
Ever wondered who did it?

Cullen shakes his head "no".

DAVID
I mean, it's weird. I read
somewhere that when Priscilla came
home that night...all the doors
were left open.

Cullen watches the game with interest.

CULLEN
I didn't leave any doors open.

David gulps.

INT. BILL MARTIN'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Priscilla picks at fried oysters, cigarette in hand. Berk
Ritchie sits across from her.

RITCHIE
Judge Eidson really has the screws
down on Cullen.

PRISCILLA
Good. The man needs to be
watched...on the loose like he is.

Ritchie tries to calm her down.

RITCHIE
They can't retry him for Andrea's
murder.

PRISCILLA
Why don't they try him for Stan's?

RITCHIE

I don't work in the District
Attorney's office...I can't
elucidate on their decision making
process.

PRISCILLA

It makes no sense to me...letting a
sick son of a bitch like Cullen off
for murder. Two murders. And I got
a funny feeling he's not
finished...you know...he's still
got unfinished business with me.

Priscilla sets down her fork.

PRISCILLA

How come everything's gotta be
fried? Fried oysters, fried shrimp,
fried clams...and then I've got
indigestion for hours. Why do they
do it that way?

RITCHIE

We're not in a coastal region...
it's hard to keep seafood fresh
here. So...they fry it. Otherwise
it tastes like shit.

PRISCILLA

Whoever's gonna figure that out
someday will make themselves a
mint.

RITCHIE

What's that?

PRISCILLA

How to keep fish fresh...for inland
seafood restaurants like this one.
Let's try to figure it out, Berk.
We'll get rich.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COCO'S FAMOUS HAMBURGERS - DAY

David steps out of his Lincoln and crosses the parking lot.
Cullen sits in his huge Cadillac Eldorado, the engine idling.
Cullen motions for David to come in.

INT./EXT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - SAME

David, sweating profusely, plops down beside Cullen in the
front seat. David shivers - Cullen's got the a.c. on full
blast.

CULLEN
What you got?

DAVID
There is absolutely no evidence of
collusion between Judge Eidson and
Priscilla's attorneys. I been
watchin' 'em for days.

Cullen turns up the radio to stun volume. He pulls David
close to him, talking in his ear.

CULLEN
Change of plan. You say you know
reliable, trustworthy people?

DAVID
I do.

CULLEN
Good. Then I'd like you to get
Beverly Bass and Bubba Gravel
killed.

David's jaw drops.

CULLEN
Make it look like a drug deal gone
bad.

DAVID
Why do you want to do a crazy thing
like that?

CULLEN
Beverly Bass was the only one that
anyone believed at that trial. I
can't have that, David. I just
can't.

David doesn't know what to do - so he laughs.

DAVID
Anyone else you want killed?

CULLEN
Yeah...fifteen people. Don't worry
about money...I'll take care of
that. I got a list together.

David can't believe what he's hearing.

CULLEN
That fucking judge...Eidson...I
want him dead. Along with
Priscilla.

David sweats despite the a.c.

DAVID
Really?

CULLEN
Really.

DAVID
I can't go along with you on this one.

Cullen's eyes go ice cold.

CULLEN
If you turn around on me this time...betray me again...I will have you and your entire family killed in the nastiest way I can come up with. I have the money and the power to make you disappear and seem like you were never born.

David nods.

CULLEN
You on board with me?

DAVID
Yeah...

CULLEN
I'll call you with further instructions.

David stumbles out of the car. Cullen starts up and zooms away. David lurches over to his car, and vomits.

INT. DAVID MCCRORY'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: AUGUST 1978

David McCrory's wife, Margie, stands at the bedroom door listening.

HIS DAUGHTER, PICKEL, walks up.

PICKEL
Is Daddy okay?

MARGIE
Go back to your room, sweetie.
Daddy's fine.

Through the doorway, David can be heard blubbering.

DAVID

(O.C.)

I don't know what I was
thinkin'...goin' to work for Cullen
again...I shoulda known.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVID MCCRORY HOME - NIGHT

Daddy is not fine. David sits on the floor, a half empty
bottle of Jack Daniels in front of him. He chain smokes, and
tears wet his face. He's on the telephone.

DAVID

I done fucked it up bad this
time...real bad...that mean ass son
of a bitch is comin' after me if I
don't hire a hit man for him...

DAVID'S FRIEND

(through phone)

Hold up...what'd you say? Cullen
Davis wants you to hire a hit man?

DAVID

Yeah...and he wants to kill
everyone who testified against him
at that trial...

DAVID'S FRIEND

(through phone)

Whoa! Whoa! Hold on, buddy! He
wants to kill...well, who else?

DAVID

Some judge...his divorce
judge...his wife...and his brother,
man. His brother! Isn't that a
sin against God...?

DAVID'S FRIEND

(through phone)

What's wrong with you? Right now,
get your act together, start goin'
back to church, and get right with
God. I'm gonna call the FBI when
we hang up. Hiring a hit man is
bad enough...hiring a hit man to
kill a judge is bad as hell.
David, go back to church. God's
the only one that can help you now.

DAVID

Okay...okay...

He hangs up, swigs more Jack, then opens the bedroom door.
Margie gives him a hard look.

DAVID
Not a word of this to anyone. Not
one, single word.

He embraces her. She does not return it.

INT./EXT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Cullen drives, a.c. on high, his eyes scanning the night.

CULLEN
(to himself)
I like to drive. See things.
Quiet, perfect, peaceful. A
cloudless horizon. Let's see
here...

Cullen slows and looks toward a large, residential home that
sits quietly. Cullen checks out the neighborhood, then
drives on.

CULLEN
(to himself)
This is easy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

AN FBI AGENT, clean cut and all business, tapes a microphone
to David's enormous torso. His body pours sweat.

FBI AGENT
You okay? You seem kinda nervous.

DAVID
I am.

FBI AGENT
Don't let him see your nervous.

DAVID
I'll try.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COCO'S FAMOUS HAMBURGERS - DAY

Cullen and David sit in Cullen's Cadillac.

INT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - SAME

Cullen admires a .22 Ruger resting on his lap.

CULLEN
That's nice...just what the doctor
ordered.

He picks up the gun, balances it in his hand, and aims it at McCrory.

CULLEN
Isn't that sweet?

DAVID
Hey! Don't aim that son of a bitch at me! We're friends now, aren't we? You're not gonna do something stupid with that gun, are you?

CULLEN
Self protection.

DAVID
Self protection my ass.

Cullen hands him back the gun.

CULLEN
I want a silencer.

DAVID
Will do. Hey...I gotta tell you...we got somewhat of a problem. The man is in town to put the judge away...he's the first target you know...

CULLEN
What's the problem?

DAVID
The man found out he was a judge and now he wants a lot more money.

CULLEN
How much?

DAVID
One hundred thousand dollars.

CULLEN
Bullshit.

DAVID
I told him bullshit, too, but he says it's a judge and it's gonna bring a lot more heat. It's in the fucking paper every day...he's on TV...what more can I do?

Cullen clenches his jaw.

DAVID
Priscilla is a different story.
He'd rather do Priscilla than do
the judge, so if you give me a
price on Priscilla, I can lay it in
his lap.

INT./EXT. FBI VAN - SAME

FBI agents focus their cameras and listen to the tape.

CULLEN
(through speaker)
Like hell!

INT./EXT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - SAME

Cullen turns the a.c. on higher.

CULLEN
She's always got people around her.
The judge doesn't. I've checked it
out. If the judge is too hard...go
back to the original plan, Beverly
Bass. Have him kill her and
Gravel, cut them up, and make it
look like a drug hit.

DAVID
What about paying him? The guy
wants his money up front.

CULLEN
Get him to do a hit first...then I
pay him.

David's eyes grow wide.

DAVID
If that motherfucker goes to work
tonight...or tomorrow...and I don't
have the money...he'll kill me
next. He will. Don't leave me
hanging.

CULLEN
I won't.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

David comes into the hotel room - SIX FBI AGENTS wait for
him. David is drenched in sweat. He takes his shirt off.
The FBI men recoil from his body odor.

DAVID

Good, huh?

THE FBI AGENT takes the recorder off him. It's dripping with sweat.

David's hands tremble.

FBI AGENT

Tell him you got the hitman down to \$25k. Got it? And get him to say he wants people dead. On tape. He has to say "I want them dead" or we don't have a case.

DAVID

He's gonna find out...I know it.
He's gonna find out and kill me and my family.

FBI AGENT

Quit whining, sport. Remember; you came to us. If you didn't want to do this, you shoulda kept your mouth shut and let your boss kill fifteen people and then you woulda gone to jail as an accessory. You think you made the right choice?

INT./EXT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Cullen drives at high speeds, the a.c. blowing so cold his windows have fogged. Cullen slows as he drives by the mansion. No lights are on. He stares at it.

CULLEN

(to himself)

One, two, three. Four, five. Five first, then another six. That makes eleven. Eleven. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.

He drives away.

INT. BEDROOM - DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Priscilla sits alone in bed, high as a kite on painkillers, watching old movies on TV. The a.c. whispers. She sits up, feels something outside. A worried expression crosses her face. She fishes out five Percodan from the bottle, dry swallows them.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

FIVE FBI AGENTS stand around the opened trunk of a Ford LTD. JUDGE JOE EIDSON, 54, climbs in the trunk. An FBI agent smoking a cigarette burns holes in a T-shirt, then he hands it to Eidson, who puts it on. He climbs in.

ANOTHER AGENT dabs ketchup on Eidson's T-shirt.

FBI AGENT
Raise your arm a little. Yeah.

The FBI Agent flashes pictures of Eidson.

FBI AGENT
You okay, judge?

JOE EIDSON
Okay enough. Let's get this over.

They snap more pictures.

FBI AGENT
Just a few more.

The Agent snaps several other pictures from different angles. TWO AGENTS help the judge out of the trunk. He shivers.

FBI AGENT
Thank you, Your Honor.

JOE EIDSON
I did not like doing that...for obvious reasons.

FBI AGENT
We'll get him.

JOE EIDSON
I'm not worried about you guys. I'm sure you'll arrest him. It's the trial that comes after that concerns me.

INT./EXT. CULLEN'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

The digital clock on the dash reads 2:10 AM. Cullen speeds over the empty Texas plains.

INT. BATHROOM - DAVID MCCRORY HOME - MORNING

David McCrory slumps over the toilet, vomiting. His face is puffy, his eyes almost swollen shut. He wipes his mouth, sprays shaving foam on his hand, lathers up, and shaves.

He nicks himself. He stares at the dripping blood, then punches the mirror, shattering it.

He pulls down the shower curtain. He kicks over the trash can. He takes the lid off the toilet tank and smashes it on the ground. He empties every bottle of shampoo in the bathtub.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

FBI Men tape the recorder to David's huge torso. David reaches for a morning bottle of beer, chugging it down.

On a desk near David are the black and white photographs of Judge Eidson face down in the trunk of the car, ketchup smeared on his T-shirt.

FBI AGENT
You feel up to this?

DAVID
As long as that gun isn't loaded.

FBI AGENT
Um...let's see. Did I remember to
take the bullets out or not?
Sometimes, I forget in all the
confusion.

The other agents laugh. David doesn't share their humor.

FBI AGENT
It's from "Dirty Harry".

DAVID
What's "Dirty Harry"?

EXT. PARKING LOT - COCO'S FAMOUS HAMBURGERS - DAY

SUPER: AUGUST 20, 1978 9:05 AM

Cullen pulls into the lot with his Cadillac. He steps out, and then looks across the lot to a parked van with blacked out windows. He walks over to it. He taps on the windows - tries to peer in.

INT. FBI VAN - SAME

FBI MEN lay flat on the floor, their hands on their weapons.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COCO'S FAMOUS HAMBURGERS - SAME

Cullen kicks the van. He turns, then strolls over to David's car. David McCrory sweats. He opens his trunk.

DAVID
Got that silencer for you.

He shows Cullen the .22 Ruger, this time with a silencer attached.

CULLEN
Beautiful.

DAVID
Got something here...

He hands Cullen the photos of Judge Eidson in the trunk. Cullen peruses them. Cullen hands the photos back to McCrory, who won't take them.

CULLEN
Damn...you keep it.

McCrory still won't take them.

DAVID
Who you wanna do next?

Cullen keeps trying to thrust the photos into David's sweaty hand. Finally, David takes them.

CULLEN
What're you gonna do with those?

DAVID
Get rid of the motherfuckers.

Cullen reaches in his jacket pocket and takes out a thick envelope.

CULLEN
Here.

DAVID
Who do you want to do next?

CULLEN
The three kids. You know, the ones we talked about.

DAVID
Who?

CULLEN
You know!

DAVID
You mean Beverly Bass, Bubba, and
Christy?

CULLEN
Yeah, yeah...

David hands the .22 to Cullen, who takes it.

CULLEN
Look at that motherfucker.

Cullen walks to his car, stuffs the gun in his coat pocket.

INT. FBI VAN - SAME

The FBI Men shake their heads.

FBI AGENT
Come on, David...get him to say it.
Not enough...

EXT. PARKING LOT - COCO'S FAMOUS HAMBURGERS - SAME

David seems to read the FBI men's thoughts. He follows
Cullen.

DAVID
Hey...

Cullen stops.

DAVID
You want Beverly Bass dead, right?

Cullen's face darkens.

CULLEN
All right.

DAVID
I don't want to make a mistake
here...you're sure?

CULLEN
Yeah.

Cullen doesn't know what to make of McCrory.

DAVID
You want a lot of people dead,
right?

Cullen clenches his teeth.

CULLEN
All right.

DAVID
Am I right?

CULLEN
All right.

Cullen gets into his Cadillac and drives away.

INT. FBI VAN - SAME

The FBI men look to each other.

FBI AGENT
(into radio)
Take him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN - DAY

Cullen parks his Cadillac, then strolls over to a telephone booth in front of a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise.

UNMARKED POLICE CARS and FBI cars screech into the parking lot.

PLAINSCLOTHES POLICE wearing bulletproof vests and FBI agents leap out of the cars and rush the telephone booth the second Cullen steps out. He holds up his hands trying to shield his face.

Joe Shannon, also wearing a vest, nods to Cullen.

JOE SHANNON
Remember me?

TWO AGENTS throw Cullen against a car and frisk him. They pull out his wallet, and bag the .22 Ruger.

Joe opens Cullen's wallet.

JOE SHANNON
We got ourselves...one thousand,
one hundred and twenty two dollars
in bills...fifteen cents in
change...and this...

Joe holds up a picture of a small boy, who stands naked. He sports an improbably huge penis.

EXT. BEAR LAKE - HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS - DAY

A hot, August day on Bear Lake. A large yacht trolls lazily along the water.

EXT. DECK YACHT - DAY

Haynes, a drink in hand, stands at the helm of his yacht, entertaining GUESTS, four COUPLES who enjoy the hot, August sun as they sip their fruity cocktails.

HAYNES

The only thing that ever really worries me is that someday I might defend someone who is really guilty, get 'em turned loose, and then they get out and hurt someone. Then again, that'll never happen because I've never defended a guilty man...at least, not knowingly.

The Guests laugh, soaking in the charm of their charismatic host. Below, the radio crackles. RICHARD'S WIFE, BETH, calls up from below.

BETH HAYNES

Richard? Someone wants to talk with you on the radio.

HAYNES

Bob...come over here and take the helm. Just keep her true north. And if any other boats come too close, just honk this horn here until they get out of your way.

INT. RADIO ROOM - HAYNES'S YACHT - SAME

Beth, 45 and classy, gives Haynes an alarmed expression. He reads her, then takes the microphone.

HAYNES

This is Haynes.

SHIP TO SHORE RADIO

Yes...I have an urgent message for you from a Mr. Phil Burleson ...Cullen Davis was arrested this morning in Fort Worth on murder solicitation charges. Mr. Burleson is asking you come to Fort Worth as soon as possible.

Haynes looks at the radio a long time, thinking. He glances to Beth, worried. She looks worried, too.

EXT. DECK YACHT - SAME

Haynes emerges from the cockpit. All of his guests look to him - they overheard.

GUEST #1
Damn...what's it mean?

Haynes looks over his boat, and finally grins.

HAYNES
A much bigger boat.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TARRANT COUNTY DA'S OFFICE - DAY

Haynes, Burleson, and THREE OTHER DEFENSE ATTORNEYS sit at attention - before them, a big television set plays them black and white video footage of Cullen Davis making plans for murder with David McCrory in Coco's Parking Lot.

Joe Shannon and JACK STRICKLAND, 32, a new prosecutor, lean and curly headed, grin at them. Payback.

Haynes and Burleson exchange glum looks.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR - SAME

Burleson drives while Haynes sits beside him. The other attorneys sit in the backseat. They don't say a word - until:

HAYNES
Oh, come on. Don't be so depressed. All they got up there is a bunch of evidence.

They guffaw.

EXT. AMERICANA HOTEL - SAME

Haynes and the others get out of their car with briefcases in hand.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
Cullen got his star defense team together again...this time costing him a hell of a lot more than it did before.

INT. COURTROOM - TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Haynes stands before Judge Tom Cave again.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

They got a change of venue, this time to Racehorse Haynes's backyard...Houston, Texas. They stacked the deck. Again.

INT. COURTROOM - HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: HOUSTON, TEXAS

JUDGE PETE MOORE, 59, a World War Two Marine fighter pilot whose face is creased with stern lines, looks to Haynes with hooded eyes.

JUDGE MOORE

This ain't Amarillo, pardner.

HAYNES

Yes, sir.

JUDGE MOORE

Consider yourself put on notice.

CUT TO:

David McCrory on the witness stand.

DAVID

He told me he wanted fifteen people dead...

HAYNES

Objection...not responsive.

JUDGE MOORE

Overruled. Sit down, Mr. Haynes. Continue, Mr. McCrory.

DAVID

Okay...he wanted to have Beverly Bass and Bubba Gravel killed and cut to pieces so's it looked like a drug murder.

JOE SHANNON

Those were his words?

DAVID

More or less.

David looks to Cullen and tries to smile - one of those "sorry" grins. Cullen glares right through him.

CUT TO:

Haynes stands.

HAYNES
Objection...assum...

JUDGE MOORE
Overruled. Go ahead, Mr. McCrory.

Davis watches with tight lipped anger. Haynes loathes the sight of David McCrory and has a hard time hiding it.

CUT TO:

David keeps talking -

DAVID
He told me he'd kill my entire family and make it seem as if I was never born.

HAYNES
Objection...

JUDGE MOORE
Overruled. Sit down, Mr. Haynes.

HAYNES
Your Honor, you don't know the reason for my objection.

Haynes takes a seat, red faced and angry.

JUDGE MOORE
I know what you're trying to pull here, Mr. Haynes. I don't like it. There was nothing wrong with Mr. McCrory's answer. Go ahead, Mr. McCrory.

DAVID
With which part?

Jack Strickland stands.

JACK STRICKLAND
Let's talk more about that job Mr. Davis offered you.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRIS COUNTY JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Cullen sits in his cell - no TV, no telephone, no special favors. He wears prison dungarees. A man screams in the background. Cullen glowers.

INT. COURTROOM - HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Priscilla walks toward the witness box. She looks to Haynes, who smiles at her.

HAYNES

State your name for the record, please?

PRISCILLA

Priscilla Childers Wilborne Davis.

HAYNES

Why so many names? Were you married four times?

JOE SHANNON

Objection. Badgering, your honor.

JUDGE MOORE

Sustained. Restrain yourself, Mr. Haynes.

CUT TO:

Haynes adjusts his glasses.

HAYNES

Let's go back to the summer of 1974...

JACK STRICKLAND

Objection! Immaterial!

JUDGE MOORE

Sustained. Let's stay with the facts of Mr. Davis's alleged murder for hire trial, Mr. Haynes. 1974 was a long time ago. May I remind you again that Mrs. Davis isn't on trial.

Priscilla looks up to the visitor's galley - big, red faced women glare down at her.

CUT TO:

A SALLOW FACED EX-CONVICT covered with Aryan Nation tattoos and a huge, mouth obscuring moustache limps toward the witness stand.

JUDGE MOORE

Mr. Haynes...let's hope there's some relevance to this witness's testimony.

HAYNES

Oh, there is Your Honor. There is.

SALLOW FACED CONVICT

I heard that Priscilla had a hit out on Cullen...and he was tryin' to protect himself.

JACK STRICKLAND

Who told you this?

SALLOW FACED CONVICT

I don't recall...some nigger who was dating Priscilla, I think.

JACK STRICKLAND

Your Honor? What relevance does this have to the case?

SALLOW FACED CONVICT

I never really wanted to come here...but...

CUT TO:

A BLACK MAN, huge, with a shiny, bald head testifies:

BLACK MAN

Word was out...Priscilla was out to have Cullen killed...I met with her on three occasions and she said she was gonna pay me a million dollars.

Judge Moore rolls his eyes.

Haynes smiles. Joe Shannon stands for the cross;

JOE SHANNON

When did this meeting take place?

BLACK MAN

Um...I can't recall...somewhere....

He looks to Haynes and the defense table.

JOE SHANNON

Don't look to them for answers.

BLACK MAN
I think...hummmmmmmmm....in the
summer of 1973.

JOE SHANNON
When Mr. Davis was still married to
Priscilla?

BLACK MAN
No, they weren't married at the
time. Not that I knew, at least.

CUT TO:

A TRANSVESTITE named BEE-BEE on the stand. She/he looks like
John Wayne dressed as Minnie Pearl.

BEE BEE
I had an affair with Priscilla and
she hired me and my friend,
Beauregard, to kill Cullen.

JOE SHANNON
You did? Really?

BEE BEE
Yes...really.

JUDGE MOORE
I want the jury out of the
courtroom...NOW!

Judge Moore's face goes beet red.

JUDGE MOORE
Haynes, get up here.

Haynes stands and trudges over to the bench.

JUDGE MOORE
Race...I know what you're tryin' to
do here and I do not like it ONE
BIT! Not in my courtroom. No sir.

CUT TO:

Cullen takes the stand.

HAYNES
Mr. Davis...could you tell us how
you got wrapped up in
this...alleged murder for hire?

Cullen nods.

CULLEN

I was contacted by the FBI in the summer of 1978...by an Agent Manning...who told me that my life was in danger.

HAYNES

How?

CULLEN

Priscilla was going to have me killed. He told me that I was to be contacted by someone close to me...David McCrory, who was in cahoots with Priscilla...

HAYNES

Cahoots?

CULLEN

They were allies. Margie McCrory, David's wife, was very close to Priscilla.

HAYNES

Go ahead.

CULLEN

Agent Manning told me that Priscilla was trying to set me up in a murder for hire scheme...to try and make me look guilty.

HAYNES

What were the FBI's instruction to you?

CULLEN

He told me that I was to go along with McCrory and do whatever he said.

MEMBERS OF THE JURY all exchange puzzled looks. Shannon and Strickland both look to each other - incredulous.

HAYNES

I'd like to call Agent Manning to the stand.

CUT TO:

AGENT MANNING, middle aged, respectable, on the stand.

HAYNES

And you did warn Mr. Davis about a potential threat on his life?

AGENT MANNING
Yes...and I did tell him to go
along with their demands and report
them to us.

HAYNES
No further questions.

Jack Strickland stands.

JACK STRICKLAND
Agent Manning...one question. Did
Cullen report back to you, tell you
how it was going?

AGENT MANNING
No. He did not.

JACK STRICKLAND
So were you surprised when he was
arrested?

AGENT MANNING
I didn't know what the heck was
going on.

CUT TO:

The videotapes of Cullen and David play. Haynes stops them.

HAYNES
See? Never once does my client say
"kill them". Never once. He says
"all right". He's playing along.
Would you agree?

AN AUDIO EXPERT, nerdish and ill nourished, sits at the
witness stand.

AUDIO EXPERT
He only says "all right". He never
says he wants those people dead.
He could very well have been
playing along.

INT. LOBBY - HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Priscilla talks to Joe Shannon.

PRISCILLA
I'd really like to hear your
closing arguments, Joe, but I can't
go in, bein' that I'm a witness.

JOE SHANNON
I'll get you a spot up behind the
gallery.

Spittle hits Priscilla in the face. A RED FACED, FAT WOMAN
screams -

RED FACED FAT WOMAN
Whore!

Joe Shannon goes after the woman, who backs away.

JOE SHANNON
Get outta here now before I have
your fat ass arrested.

The Red Faced Woman hobbles away.

JOE SHANNON
You okay?

PRISCILLA
I'm used to it.

JOE SHANNON
We're gonna get him this time,
Priscilla. We got too much on the
son of a bitch. He ain't gettin'
away with it again. I can feel it.

INT. ALCOVE BEHIND VISITOR'S GALLEY - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Priscilla watches as Joe Shannon and Tim Strickland make
their closing arguments. She watches Cullen, who sits, tight
lipped.

INT. JURY ROOM - HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

JURORS argue. THE FOREMAN shakes his head.

FOREMAN
Don't you get it? A rich man like
that would never stoop to murdering
a judge!

JUROR #1
Didn't you hear those tapes?

JUROR #2
Those tapes...I couldn't make head
or tail of 'em. Could you?

FOREMAN
Nope.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAW OFFICES OF RICHARD HAYNES - DAY

Haynes and Burleson examine papers.

HAYNES
I already got the appeal drawn up.
Just in case.

BURLESON
Just in case? If I were you I'd
take it when they announce a
verdict.

A CLERK pokes his head in the room.

CLERK
Jury's in.

HAYNES
Here we go.

BURLESON
Put that in your briefcase.

HAYNES
Where's your optimism?

Haynes slips the appeal in his briefcase.

INT. COURTROOM - HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Moore takes his place at the bench.

JUDGE MOORE
Does the jury have a verdict?

The Foreman stands.

FOREMAN
Your honor...we are unable to reach
a verdict.

Judge Moore shakes his head, then glares at Haynes.

JUDGE MOORE
I have no choice but to judge this
a mistrial.

The courtroom erupts in cheers. Cullen and Haynes grin to each other. Cullen looks like the cat that swallowed the canary.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Priscilla and Christy watch the verdict being announced on television. They're both stunned.

PRISCILLA
We'd better pack up, Christy. Time
to get outta this place for good.

Priscilla and Christy both cry and hug.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
So they had another trial...this
time in Fort Worth. No mistrial
this time, because the good people
of Tarrant County got exactly what
they deserved.

INT. COURTROOM - TARRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: NOVEMBER 9, 1979

Cullen Davis beams as the courtroom audience claps and
cheers. A GROUP OF WOMEN clutching Bibles start a chant:

WOMEN'S CHANT
Final justice! Final justice!
Final justice!

CUT TO:

A Fort Worth juror, a heavy set man with a cigar, nods to a
TV CAMERA and Reporter who thrusts a huge microphone in his
face.

FORT WORTH JUROR
We voted to acquit Mr. Davis on the
basis that we thought...why would a
good, Christian man like that do
something that low down? He's
above that kind of behavior.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Cullen and Karen walk out, beaming and waving. TV cameras
crowd around him. People applaud him. The chanting
continues -

CHANTING
Final justice! Final justice!

Haynes and Burleson step out and hug Cullen. They beam to
the cameras.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

Suddenly, Cullen Davis walked on water. He was a pundit, a man who people went to for answers. God knows why; the man couldn't even fuck well, let alone have great insight into world events. I never even saw him read, except to check up on sports scores.

INT. TV STUDIO - DALLAS - NIGHT

SUPER: THE CHARLIE ROSE SHOW - DECEMBER, 1979

Charlie Rose, brows furrowed, looks to Cullen, who reclines in a swivel chair.

CHARLIE ROSE

Could you give us your opinion on the war in Afghanistan, the Iranian Revolution, and do you think this is the reason for the sudden spike in gold prices?

CULLEN

Well, those are three different things.

CHARLIE ROSE

Yes...yes they are.

CULLEN

I see no correlation between the three.

Charlie Rose leans in.

CHARLIE ROSE

Tell me, Cullen...what is it important to you? What does Cullen Davis care about?

CULLEN

Well, that's a very broad question.

CHARLIE ROSE

Are you afraid of living in the mansion again?

CULLEN

Whoever did it wasn't after me. I have no reason to fear for my life.

CHARLIE ROSE

Do you have any idea of who it was?

Cullen smiles.

CULLEN

Yes.

CHARLIE ROSE

Do you think you know?

CULLEN

Yes, I do.

Rose looks to the audience.

CHARLIE ROSE

Who was it?

CULLEN

I can't reveal that on public television!

Laughter.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

After that, he said he was givin' his life to Jesus. He got the mansion back and said he was havin' all of our modern art destroyed because it was possessed by demons.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF DAVIS MANSION - DAY

Cullen and Karen stand with a pile of the modern art sculptures that once adorned the inside of the mansion.

A BLOW DRIED TELEVANGALIST, JAMES ROBSON, 48, grins beside them. They all go to work on the art pieces with hammers, smashing them to pieces for assembled TELEVISION CREWS. They destroy ancient Indian, African, and Middle Eastern masks and carvings.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

They threw it all in Lake Worth but later some divers went down and they revealed that what he broke was phoney.

EXT. UNDERWATER - LAKE WORTH - DAY

Scuba divers hold up cheap, plastic replicas of modern and native art.

INT. EVANGELICAL TABERNACLE - NIGHT

Cullen stands before a mega-church packed with worshippers. He holds the microphone, shaking with the spirit of the Lord.

CULLEN

I had demons in me. I did! But
the Lord got 'em out of me. Yes,
sir, he did! Praise Jesus.

The congregation cheers him on.

CULLEN

I can sniff out a demon when I feel
one near me. Yes, sir, I can.
Praise God for the many gifts he
bestows on us. Praise God. Now
who's got a demon in them... 'cause
if you do, come up here, and I'll
cast it out. I will! With the
merciful help of Jesus, I will!

A line of people queue up before him. He holds his hands out, then casts out the demons, real or imaginary, that vex the congregates. They hand over money to an USHER before approaching Cullen.

An OLD, STOOPED MAN comes up to Cullen - it's Jack Wilborne, looking very old and frail. Cullen takes him in an embrace.

CULLEN

I'm sorry, brother. I'm so sorry.

Wilborne fixes him with a steely, blue eyed glare. Cullen tries to embrace Wilborne, but he side-steps him.

EXT. MID-CONTINENTAL BUILDING - DAY

Movers truck out stacks of paperwork and filing cabinets to waiting repossession trucks.

Ken and Cullen look on.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

By 1986, Cullen had totally ruined
Kendavis Enterprises. All of the
world's oil didn't dry up in 1990,
as he predicted. He'd divested the
company's billions and invested in
poor investments that fell apart.
Every one of them. Kendavis
declared bankruptcy in 1987, and
the company Cullen's daddy built
for him vanished overnight.

EXT. DAVIS MANSION - NIGHT

Lines of cars are in the drive. A VALET runs to each car.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

The mansion was sold and became a restaurant. Like most restaurants, it was popular for a while and then went outta business. It was sold and now it's a high priced banquet hall that rents out for special occasions.

INT. DAVIS MANSION - DAY

The interior is unrecognizable. HUGE WOMEN line up at a buffet table, ladling enormous amounts of starchy food onto sagging paper plates. On the wall is a primitive banner that reads: FORT WORTH LYONS CLUB.

A SMALL MAN stands at the dais, reading off statistics;

LYONS CLUB MAN

So far, we've donated twenty sets of football pads to local high schools and over one hundred cheer leader pom-poms...all different colors.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cullen stands alone before a mostly empty room. Only two extremely OBESE WOMEN sit, waiting. He holds a Bible.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

Finally, people stopped payin' Cullen to cast out their demons.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Cullen steps out from the underpopulated conference room. He pours himself a cup of complimentary coffee in the lobby.

Priscilla, heavier and older than when we saw her last, sits across the lobby from him, glaring his direction. Cullen spots her, pretends that he didn't, then walks over to her.

Priscilla instinctively draws in on herself. Cullen looms over Priscilla.

CULLEN

Hello, Priscilla.

She burns daggers at him with her eyes.

PRISCILLA
Cullen.

CULLEN
What're you doin' here?

PRISCILLA
I'm speaking before a support group
of grieving parents who've lost
children to violent crime.

CULLEN
What? In there?

He glances over to the nearby conference room across the pink
lobby - unlike his, this one is packed with people.

CULLEN
You doin' okay?

PRISCILLA
No. You?

CULLEN
Not really.

A long, icy silence passes between them.

PRISCILLA
Good.

Priscilla studies him, sizing up the shrunken figure before
her.

CULLEN
Glad to see you haven't changed.

PRISCILLA
Have you?

Cullen doesn't miss a beat;

CULLEN
I believe I have.

PRISCILLA
You think so? You look like the
same, old Cullen to me.

CULLEN
No...I live at the foot of the
cross now.

PRISCILLA
Really?

CULLEN
Yes, ma'am.

PRISCILLA
Willin' to prove it?

Cullen nods; "bring it on".

PRISCILLA
Jack tells me you apologized to him
durin' one of your "holy"
services...

CULLEN
Hold on, now...

PRISCILLA
...and I'd like you to apologize to
me. Right here, right now.

CULLEN
Just so we're clear...I apologized
to Jack for stealing his wife.

Cullen's eyes blink behind his enormous eyeglasses.

Priscilla points to a large picture of Andrea Wilborne on an easel that's propped just outside of the crowded conference room. Below her smiling face it says - Andrea Wilborne: 1964 - 1976. Child-like drawings of animals surround her portrait.

PRISCILLA
Today's her birthday...you
know...or maybe you forgot. She
would have been twenty-five.

Cullen can't bring himself to look at the picture. He burns a stare at the floor, ashamed.

CULLEN
(whispering)
Sometimes I wish I could...go back
and...

Priscilla stands and leans toward him, trying to hear his voice.

CULLEN
...do things differently. (pause)
I'm not a monster.

PRISCILLA
Yes, you are.

Cullen considers her statement, slowly nods.

CULLEN
Maybe I am.

PRISCILLA
Shouldn't you go back in there and
cast out some demons? They're
waiting.

He slowly walks back to the old ladies searching for
salvation.

AN OLDER MAN, REVEREND W.C. TAYLOR, pokes his head out of
Priscilla's crowded conference room.

W.C. TAYLOR
Mrs. Davis? We're ready for you.

Priscilla flashes a million dollar smile and glides into the
room, majestically, despite the tragic reason for her being
there. She receives a thunderous ovation.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Karen Masters scribbles math problems on a chalkboard.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
Karen had to go back to work,
teachin' school. And Cullen? He
ended up in Dallas peddling hand
cream and living off his infamy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOME IN DALLAS - NIGHT

A cocktail party populated with older people in a middle
class home. Cullen, looking very old and with weary eyes
that have seen too much, sits down next to TWO OLD LADIES. He
holds up a tube of hand cream.

CULLEN
This one is really good for
covering up those liver spots.

He smiles, pathetic. His teeth are yellow and jagged.

OLD LADY #1
I'll take two.

A TALL MAN approaches Cullen. He holds his hand out.

TALL MAN
Cullen Davis?

CULLEN
Yes, sir?

TALL MAN
My name is Joe Groves. Pleased to
meet you.

CULLEN
Where you from, Joe?

JOE GROVES
Fort Worth.

CULLEN
I can't say Fort Worth was very
good to me.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME - COLLEYVILLE, TEXAS - DAY

SUPER: 7 MAY, 2008

Establish an upscale, Tudor home in a quiet, bedroom
community. Dark clouds gather above it.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
As much as he wanted to blame his
problems on Fort Worth, wherever
Cullen went, bad fortune followed.

A lightning bolt streaks out of the sky and strikes the
house, setting it on fire.

A 77-year-old Cullen hobbles outside, holding up a fire
extinguisher. He pulls the trigger - it fails to operate. He
throws it down in disgust.

INT. SMALL FORT WORTH APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christy, broader at the beam and with lighter hair, watches
her mother balance twin grand-daughters on her lap, smiling,
happier than we've ever seen her.

PRISCILLA
(V.O.)
My daughter Christy didn't let me
down...and for the first time in my
life, I felt genuine happiness with
those two little babies. I guess
it was the years or maybe the bumpy
road I chose...but I'd like to
think I learned a thing or two
about myself.

INT. GAY BAR - NIGHT

Priscilla dances with a group of GAY MEN, all of them wearing the costumes of the Village People. The Indian Chief simulates sex with her, and she loves it, swinging around a long, feather boa.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

My only regret in life is that Cullen never had to pay for killin' my daughter. That gets to me. But I just hope that when I breathe my last there's something else out there, something beyond all this, 'cause I'd like to see Andrea one more time. If I could, I'd never stop hugging her and telling her how much I love her.

Priscilla dances, raising her arms to the sky, a rapturous smile on her face.

PRISCILLA

(V.O.)

I'm kinda like the Statue of Liberty...lotta people want to say they've been there, but no one wants to pay for the upkeep.

SUPER: A WRONGFUL DEATH SUIT WAS BROUGHT AGAINST CULLEN DAVIS IN 1987. HE WAS AGAIN ACQUITTED.

PRISCILLA DAVIS DIED IN 2001 FROM CANCER

CULLEN DAVIS LIVES A QUIET LIFE IN DALLAS, TEXAS

"AMERICAN JUSTICE IS WONDERFUL FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD IT" - WINSTON CHURCHILL

EXT. BANKS OF TRINITY RIVER - FORT WORTH - EVENING

The sun is going down. The area where the mansion is to be constructed is marked off with wooden posts and small, red flags.

Priscilla watches the sunset. Cullen wraps an arm around her shoulders.

CULLEN

We're gonna have a great life.

PRISCILLA

I know.

FADE OUT.

