

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE

Written by

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1

EXT. HOUSE, NIGHT

1

YOUNG LEVY STRATTON (age 19), in a hyper and drug induced psychotic state, sneaks up to a basement window, peeks in, knocks on the glass.

His friend, ROSEY (age 16), runs to the window, opens it, climbs out with his help. They run off.

2

INT. CAR, NIGHT (CONTINUATION)

2

Levy and Rosey drive along a highway, grooving to loud music. They giggle, share a joint. Levi takes a few swipes at the windshield, thinking he sees bugs.

LEVY
God damn it!

ROSEY
What?

LEVY
I hate bugs!

Rosey looks at Levy confused.

ROSEY
Bugs? What bugs?

She shakes her head, then plays with her ring finger, admiring it as she views it from different angles. She extends her ring finger to Levy. Levy laughs, gestures to it.

LEVY
That has to be the ugliest ring!
Where'd you get it?

He takes a puff from the joint, hands it to Rosey. Annoyed, she waves it off. He takes another puff.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Reminds me of those dinky prizes
you get from popcorn boxes.

Rosey pouts, slaps him.

ROSEY
What do you know about jewelry,
anyway. I love it. My mother wanted
me to have it. It was a gift from
my father.

LEVY
Oh, ain't that special.

He laughs.

LEVY (CONT'D)
The man you never met!

Levy looks at Rosey. Rosey, looking ahead, reacts with fear. Bright headlights get closer and closer, followed by loud sounds of squealing tires, broken glass, cars crashing.

Levy, blood running down his face, slowly moves. Rosey does not. Distant bystanders approach, yell for help, call for police/ambulance.

Levy, shocked and disoriented, panics, runs. Witnesses call for him to come back.

3 EXT. WOODS, NIGHT (CONTINUATION) 3

Disheveled, sweaty and drenched in blood, Levy runs haphazardly through the woods, police and search dogs are heard in the distance.

He pants and trips repeatedly from exhaustion, his vision and hearing blurred and warped. Levy trips for the final time, unable to go any further.

Guns cocked, appear suddenly, pointed at his head and upper back. Police and dogs surround him.

4 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL MEETING ROOM, DAY 4

Nearly fifteen years pass.

OLDER LEVY (age 35-40) sits before a three person tribunal, led by Chairperson Roussy. Files are spread out in front of them.

Psychiatrist, DR. HORSEMAN, and Case Worker, PAUL WALSH, also attend.

Dr. Horseman finishes his submission, sits down.

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY
Thank you, Dr. Horseman. It's obvious that you're invested in this case, and have a good handle on the subject, Levy Stratton.

(MORE)

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY (CONT'D)

And, thank you, Mr. Walsh, for your comprehensive case management report.

He looks to his colleagues, raises an eyebrow at one of them. They nod.

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY (CONT'D)

Mr. Stratton, clearly, you have some underlying mental health issues that, when combined with illegal drugs, has on more than one occasion resulted in psychosis, starting in your late teens.

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY (CONT'D)

Every time you went into one of those psychotic states, you were warned that more drug use would likely result in progressively deteriorating mental health functioning.

The Chairperson looks at the other two members.

SECOND BOARD MEMBER

Fifteen years in a mental hospital after being deemed Not Criminal Responsible for causing the death of a young girl... with her whole life ahead of her, can for some be considered a long time, and others not long enough... Looking at your discharge plan, it seems solid and doable.

THIRD BOARD MEMBER

I agree. It's a major improvement over prior reviews. You have a good job waiting, and your mother, always supportive, is prepared to have you live with her.

She turns back to the Chairperson, nods.

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY

Mr. Stratton, the decision of this Board is that you be released to the community under Mr. Walsh's strict supervision, and that your treatment with Dr. Horseman continue.

(MORE)

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY (CONT'D)

You will have a mandatory review on a yearly basis, but optional reviews are also a possibility when your situation changes, for the better or worst. Good luck.

All three members stand, shake Levy's hand. Levy, happy and appreciative, does the same with his psychiatrist and case worker.

5 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH, NIGHT

5

Sexy DJ Levy, AKA The Cat man, on air, speaks flirtatiously to a female caller, SHARON MOSS.

His attractive colleague, DEBRA BALE, sneaks a peek through the booth window, raising her cup of coffee as their eyes meet. Levy waves her in.

LEVY

Can you repeat that for Debra. I want her to hear this straight from the horses mouth, so to speak, of course.

He chuckles, sits back in his chair, in anticipation of Debra's reaction. She smirks, sits down, takes a sip of coffee, listens patiently.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Go ahead, sweetheart. Debra's listening.

Sharon speaks in a breathy, sexy voice.

SHARON

Hey, Debra. How can you stand working shoulder to shoulder with that sexual beast?

She laughs. Debra groans, looks suspiciously at Levy who enjoys the exchange. She turns on her mic.

DEBRA

Please, don't encourage him. He's already an egomaniac.

Sharon laughs.

SHARON

Well, anyway Cat man, in case you didn't guess, it's your old friend, Sharon. You can find me at The Blue Light tonight! TTFN!

Levy chuckles.

LEVY

You felines out there (he chuckles) kill me, honestly.

Levy winks at Debra, then looks at the clock.

LEVY (CONT'D)

And that concludes another evening with the Cat man! To all you beautiful kittens out there....

He lets out a sexy purr. He plays another song, chuckles, shuts off mic, pulls his headphones off, springs out of his chair.

Debra scoffs, shakes her head, grabs his chair, prepares to take the controls.

Levy places things in his backpack, leaves a bottle of pills out. Debra discreetly watches Levy swallow a couple of pills that he washes down with coffee. Levy walks by Debra, stops, grins.

LEVY (CONT'D)

If I didn't know better, I'd say your acting like a woman that wants me!

Levy opens his arms, closes his eyes. She snickers, waves him off. He heads towards the door, stops.

LEVY (CONT'D)

It's going to take me awhile to get used to the new technology. Not at all what it was before I...

She smiles, he waves, exits. The music ends. She turns on the mic and starts to talk.

6

INT. BLUE LIGHT JAZZ BAR, EVENING (CONTINUATION)

6

Levy enters a busy bar, many men in suits, women dressed to the hilt. They listen to a breathy FEMALE JAZZ SINGER, dressed elegantly. Levy studies the room.

SHARON MOSS, (early 30's), a prostitute, dressed scantily, sits at the bar alongside a cocky, loud mouth older man, TIBOR KOVACS (50's, mobster appearance). His head is turned away from Levy, facing an annoyed Sharon.

Levy walks up to the bar, steals a glance at Sharon and her male friend. Their eyes briefly meet as Sharon steals a quick glance back.

Levy's attention turns to a young bartender, PADDY.

PADDY
How's it goin'?

Levy takes a deep breath, nods.

LEVY
Good, man.

PADDY
I'm learning the ropes so take it easy on me, will ya?

He smiles. Levy smirks.

LEVY
Tonic water with a twist of lemon.
Can you handle that?

Paddy nods, smirks, walks away. Levy shakes his head slightly, chuckles to himself. He turns his attention to Sharon and the belligerent man.

TIBOR
Aren't you a little old to be playing coy? Very unbecoming. Tsk. Tsk. We both know you've been around the mill, literally. And, hell, I'd say you're well past your "best before" date.

Sharon, calm, cool and collected, takes a drink.

SHARON
And you? If I'm past my due date...what are you?

TIBOR
Oh, honey, if I were to take you out back, you'd change your entire opinion of me. Believe me!

Tibor grabs Sharon's arm. Levy springs to his feet, pulls him away from her. Tibor falls off his stool.

Levy catches a quick glimpse of Tibor's side profile.

TIBOR (CONT'D)

What the...

LEVY

The lady isn't interested.

Tibor slowly pulls himself up.

Levy gently pulls Sharon onto the dance floor as Tibor is heard in the background laughing. He yells.

TIBOR

Did I hear right? Did you call this
whore a lady?

They ignore Tibor and dance, their bodies moving slowly to the rhythm of the jazz music.

LEVY

Hi. Who's the idiot?

SHARON

I have no idea.

Sharon briefly studies him.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I honestly didn't think you'd come
tonight.

LEVY

Oh? Then, why did you offer?

SHARON

A girl can wish, can't she?

Tibor looks on contemptuously for a brief moment, turns back to the bar, gulps down his drink, pays his bill, scoffs, and walks off.

Levy and Sharon look into each other's eyes. Sharon then cradles her head comfortably in Levy's chest. They dance, oblivious to everyone around them.

7 INT. VEHICLE, NIGHT (CONTINUATION)

7

Levy and Sharon, in Levy's red Silverado truck, drive into Sharon's dimly lit dooryard, her home small and modest.

Easy listening music plays on the radio. Levy shifts the truck in park, engine running.

Sharon's face, partly illuminated by the light of the moon, hesitates.

SHARON

Ah, thanks again for rescuing me.

Levy nods, smirks. Sharon looks at him, concerned.

SHARON (CONT'D)

How have you been since you got out?

Levy sighs, looks out his side window. He looks back at Sharon, pauses, nods.

LEVY

Good, as long as I stay on my medication and away from drugs and alcohol. I can never let my guard down, that's just my reality.

SHARON

Mmmm.

She nods, smiles, looks out her side window, then back at Levy.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Want to come in, I mean, for a night cap? Non-alcoholic of course!

Levy shakes his head. She makes another attempt.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Come on. I need some company. Please? Pretty please?

LEVY

Don't look at me like that!

He exhales.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I really can't.

Sharon, disappointed, briefly stares at him with sultry eyes. She unbuckles the seatbelt, reaches for the door, exits the vehicle.

Levy watches her hips move seductively as she swings her purse back and forth. She takes a quick peek back at Levy, smiles, then continues. She approaches the house, enters, turns on a hall light.

He pulls out of the yard just as a figure quickly glances from behind the curtain. Levy, unaware, drives off.

8

INT. STRATTON KITCHEN, DAY

8

Levy's mother, HELEN STRATTON (60's), sits at the table eating breakfast. Levy, wearing jogging pants and a t-shirt, enters, grabs juice from the fridge, sits and munches on a slice of toast.

HELEN

You got home late last night. I heard you come in.

LEVY

Sorry. I'll be more careful.

HELEN

No, no. Nothing to do with you. Ever since your father died, I haven't slept much.

Helen pauses, takes a bite of food and a drink of coffee.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Working tonight?

Levy nods.

LEVY

Louis wants to make sure I'm over, ah, whatever he thinks I'm over, before he commits to hiring me fulltime.

She nods.

HELEN

Honey, please don't take this the wrong way, but...

Levy interrupts.

LEVY

I'm good, Ma. Nothing to worry about. Really. Nothing.

He leans over and kisses her on the cheek. She smiles.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I'm going for my run.

He grabs a piece of bacon. Exits.

9 EXT. STREET, DAY (CONTINUATION) 9

Levy runs along the street, approaches Sharon's house corded off with yellow police tape. Investigators and media fill the surrounding area.

Levy runs, his senses magnified; slow motion visuals, exaggerated glances exchanged with officers, and sounds personified.

He hurries away from the scene.

10 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH, NIGHT 10

Levy works at his desk, Debra reads the news that covers Sharon's unsolved murder. Levy listens, misses his cue. Debra takes charge, plays music. She removes her headphones. Levy removes his.

DEBRA

What the hell's got into you?

Levy inhales, exhales, pauses.

LEVY

That story, about Sharon Moss. I knew her.

DEBRA

You did?

LEVY

Yeah. I went to school with her. We met up last night at a club. I drove her home.

Debra, speechless, shakes her head.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I swear, Debra, she was alive when I dropped her off.

DEBRA

What do you know about her?

LEVY

Not much. We went to high school together.

(MORE)

LEVY (CONT'D)

She told me that she was trapped in an abusive marriage until a year ago, left without her kids, moved back to Rexton. She lives alone in a little house that she rents. That's about it.

She sighs.

DEBRA

Did you contact the police?

LEVY

And say what?

Debra responds sarcastically.

DEBRA

Oh, I don't know. Something minor like, maybe, you were with her last night?

Levy mocks her.

LEVY

Yeah, right. Look officer, I may have killed a girl many years ago while in a psychotic state, but, believe me, I was sober and in my right mind the night I met Sharon Moss at the bar. She was very much alive when I dropped her off!

The music ends. Levy takes his cue, grabs the mic. Debra looks at him, shakes her head, annoyed.

11 INT. STRATTON KITCHEN, DAY

11

Levy sits at the kitchen table with his laptop. He reads about Sharon's murder, and developments in the investigation; headline reads "Woman Brutally Slain in Her Own Home."

He reads aloud the article that indicates Sharon was involved in an acrimonious child custody battle with her estranged husband, that a neighbor witnessed a red Silverado truck pulling out of the yard in the early morning hours, and police request public assistance.

Levy, confused and concerned, stares at the computer.

12 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH, NIGHT

12

Radio call-in show underway. Levy, back on air following a quick advertisement, takes a call that begins awkwardly.

LEVY
 Heyyyyy! Cat man here! What gives
 you PAWS tonight, sweetheart?

The male caller chuckles quietly and eerily, followed by an awkward silence.

Levy, annoyed, scoffs.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 Did another Cat get your tongue?

TIBOR
 I know you were with Sharon the
 night she...

Levy is taken off-guard. He interrupts.

LEVY
 Sorry?

TIBOR
 You heard me. The bitch they found
 dead, did she...

Levy abruptly cuts him off.

LEVY
 Creepy basement dwellers, nothing
 better to do. Let's see...this
 seems as good a time as any to wrap
 things up for tonight! Until next
 time...

He turns on some music, takes his headphones off, throws it on the desk, sits back, shocked and confused.

13 INT. COFFEE SHOP, DAY

13

Levy sits at a table alone, drinks coffee, reads from his laptop. TINA RYAN (mid 30's, attractive), mother of his fifteen year old son, Pete, enters, approaches Levy.

LEVY
 Hey.

TINA
 Hey.

Levy closes the cover of his laptop. Tina pulls out a chair and sits. A waitress appears with coffee. Tina nods and holds out her cup.

TINA (CONT'D)
I can't stay long. I have to pick
Pete up at school for an
appointment.

Levy nods.

LEVY
It's been a long time. You look
great.

Tina, apprehensive, looks away.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Tina, like I said on the phone, I
just want to meet my son. I know I
gave you a lot of reasons to be
leery... I swear, I would never
hurt him any more than I've done
already.

She scoffs.

TINA
Do you have any idea what it's been
like for me... us. I was sixteen
years old raising a baby whose
psychotic, drugged-out father is in
a psychiatric hospital? Pete was a
little boy with no father...I mean,
my father was there for him but,
still, kids are cruel, Levy.

Levy nods.

TINA (CONT'D)
And it's a scary thing to see you
in that condition, believe me. I
would never want Pete to witness
that.

LEVY
Like I said, I would never do any
thing to hurt... Not on purpose,
anyway.

TINA

Maybe not on purpose but taking drugs, even marijuana, for you is playing Russian roulette with your mind.

LEVY

That's very true, but I've been getting professional help for years and that's not going to change now that I'm out. I know what I need to do.

Levy gazes at her. She gathers her things.

TINA

Just so you know, Pete has no idea that you're out and asking to see him.

Levy reaches for her hand.

LEVY

Tina.

She slowly pulls her hand away.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Our son is fifteen now. Let him decide whether or not he wants to meet me. Please?

Tina stands up.

TINA

We'll see.

Levy offers a slight, appreciative smile. Tina turns away, Levy watches her exit the restaurant.

14 INT. VEHICLE, DAY 14

Levy, parked on the street, watches children leave the high school. PETE emerges, walks towards a car driven by Tina. He enters the car, the two drive away.

15 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH, DAY 15

Levy, speaking on air, notices police in the main reception area. The RECEPTIONIST motions Levy to come out. Levy nods, plays music, takes off headphone, exits the booth.

16 INT. RECEPTION AREA, RADIO STATION, DAY (CONTINUATION) 16

Levy and OFFICER BEN O'BRIEN enter a private meeting room. Levi closes door. They sit.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Levy, I'm Officer Ben O'Brien with
the Rexton Police Department.

Levy nods.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
I'm investigating the murder of
Sharon Moss, know her?

LEVY
We went to the same high school.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
That's it?

Levy studies the officer briefly. He takes a deep breath.

LEVY
She called into my radio show the
night she died. She wanted to meet
up, so we did, at the Blue Light.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
How long were you together?

LEVY
The bar was about to close when we
left. Am I a suspect?

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Everyone's a suspect. Is that your
red truck out there, in the parking
lot?

Levy nods.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
A witness reported seeing a late
model Chevrolet Silverado crew cab,
red in color, in her yard around 2
am that morning.

LEVY
That's right, I dropped her off at
her house, then left right away.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Do we have your permission to check
your vehicle?

Levy thinks.

LEVY

I think you can appreciate my
situation. I mean, it doesn't look
good with my history, does it. I
probably should get a lawyer.

The officer nods, stands, gathers his things.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Fair enough. We'll be in touch.

He starts for the door.

LEVY

Officer O'Brien, next time can we
do this away from my work? I need
this job.

The officer purses his lips, leaves.

17

INT. TINA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, DAY

17

Tina and Levy sit on the couch. PETE (age 15) enters with
backpack in tow, sets it down as he looks at his father.

TINA

Dear, how was your day?

Pete slowly makes his way towards them. He looks at Levy with
slight trepidation. Tina nods reassuringly.

Levy nervously rubs his hands together, jumps up, and steps
forward towards Pete.

LEVY

Pete, I...I'm so happy to meet you.
Finally.

Levy motions to hug him, Pete takes a step back.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry.

Embarrassed, Levy extends his hand. They shake.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I'm Levy, Pete.

Levy sits back down on the couch.

TINA
Sit down, dear.

Pete sits in a chair across from his mother and Levy. He sits quietly, studying the stranger.

Levy chooses his words carefully.

LEVY
I know this must be hard for you,
and confusing. It's hard for me
too.

He chuckles, looks down, pauses.

LEVY (CONT'D)
I had it all planned out what I was
going to say. Look at me. I didn't
expect to be so nervous.

Tina jumps in.

TINA
Levy, maybe start with the question
Pete always wanted me to explain.

Levy nods, waiting for her to continue.

TINA (CONT'D)
Why did you continue to take drugs
if you knew the effect it had on
you mentally.

LEVY
That's a good question, and I asked
myself that many times. The only
thing I can say is that it had
never occurred to me that it could
affect me as bad as it did, even
when the professionals tried to
warn me. It took a tragedy to make
me understand, unfortunately.

PETE
Were you found guilty of murder?

Levy shakes his head.

LEVY

No, I was NCR. That's a legal term, Not Criminally Responsible for criminal negligence causing the death of another person. I was in very bad shape for a long time, and that's why I was sent to a state mental hospital.

Levy stops, looks at Tina. Tina nods for him to continue.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I didn't intend to hurt anyone that day. I was driving while in a psychotic state, and got distracted. My friend, her name was Rosey, was about a year older than you are now.

Pete hangs on his words.

LEVY (CONT'D)

You were an infant when it happened. The only thing that I had to keep reminding myself of was that I had a son named Pete, that I loved him, and that someday we would meet.

Pete looks at his mother, then Levy.

PETE

Then why didn't you ever contact me?

Levy and Tina lock eyes.

TINA

He wanted to...

Levy interrupts so as not to lay blame on Tina.

LEVY

But your mother and I agreed it was too much for a child to handle.

He shoots a look at Tina.

TINA

You're older now, so...

LEVY

I'm hoping we can make up for all those lost years. You know, maybe take it one step at a time?

He pauses, studies Pete.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Umm, I hear you're quite the athlete! What's your favorite sport? Wait. Don't tell me. Basketball, right?

Pete nods.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Do you think I could go watch one of your games?

Pete, cautious, shrugs.

PETE

It's up to you.

He turns to his mother.

PETE (CONT'D)

I have an assignment for tomorrow.

She nods. Pete stands up.

LEVY

Ah, I'll see you at your next game!

Pete nods, exits. Levy sighs, shoots Tina a faint smile, she reciprocates.

18

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM, DAY

18

Levy and his seasoned lawyer, JACK MOSES (50's - 60's), sit at a table, across from Sgt. BRUCE KELLEN and Officer O'Brien. The meeting is almost finished.

JACK MOSES

Again, fellas, Levy already answered that. Would YOU go to the police right away, if you were in his shoes? With his history?

Jack sneers.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)
 Getting back to my earlier point,
 Levy admits that he was there! Just
 because Ms. Moss's time of death
 was close to when Levy dropped her
 off means nothing in my books!

He shakes his head.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)
 As far as I'm concerned we have
 nothing more to say. Is he under
 arrest or not?

Officer O'Brien shakes his head.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)
 Then, let's go.

He motions Levy to come with him.

SGT. KELLEN
 You'll be hearing from us again
 real soon, gentlemen.

Jack scoffs, the two men exit.

19

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, HALL AND WAITING ROOM, DAY
 (CONTINUATION)

19

Jack and Levy walk down the hallway to the waiting room,
 followed by Sgt. Kellen. A few men, mobster types in
 handcuffs, led by a police officer, sit down.

Also sitting there is Sharon Moss's husband, RANDY KILLOP (in
 30s, large, intimidating presence).

Sgt. Kellen calls out.

SGT. KELLEN
 Randy Killop?

Randy stands up, walks up to Sgt. Kellen, follows him down
 the hallway.

JACK MOSES
 Huh, imagine that! There goes Sharon
 Moss's ex husband, Randy Killop.
 What a piece of work! I represented
 him once, he still owes me.

Jack and Levy exit.

20 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH, NIGHT

20

Debra and Levy work at their desks, music plays in the background. Debra briefly steals a glance at Levy.

DEBRA
How are things going?

LEVY
Surviving.

DEBRA
I heard something the other day at the gym.

Levy, only slightly attentive, works away, head down.

LEVY
Oh yeah?

DEBRA
I guess your deceased friend's ex husband is a mean son of a bitch.

LEVY
Seems so.

DEBRA
Yep, he's from these parts, but after he and Sharon got together they moved to Johnsville so he could work at the Mount Pleasant mine. Not well liked in these parts.

Levy stops, looks up.

LEVY
Yeah, and he doesn't pay his bills.

She looks at him confused. Levy smiles, shakes his head.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Forget it. My poor attempt at humour. The police had him in the station when I was there, I assume he's a suspect, the spouse always is.

DEBRA
Hmmm.

He goes back to working. She looks at him, concerned.

21 INT. STRATTON HOUSE, DAY

21

Levy enters his house dressed in jogging pants and a t-shirt. Sweat streams down his face, and soaks his clothes.

A distinct click comes from the direction of the back door.

LEVY
Hey, mum. You home?

No reply.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Ma!

He grabs a towel from the bathroom and returns to the living room. He walks to the back door that is left ajar. He steps outside, looks around yard.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Mum!

He goes back in the house.

22 INT. STRATTON HOUSE, DAY

22

Sgt. Kellen and Officer O'Brien, along with other officers, comb through Levy's bedroom. They retrieve a comforter and sheets, and cut a piece of the mattress.

Officers look for evidence in the kitchen and living room. They carry items out of the house (boxes, computer, etc.).

Helen and Levy sit at the kitchen table, watching the activity.

Levy stands up, looks out the window. He observes an officer examining the inside of his truck.

23 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, DAY

23

Levy and Tina sit in a school gym, on a bench with other parents. They watch Pete and his teammates play basketball. Pete scores, Tina and Levy clap enthusiastically. The clock buzzes, game over.

The team disperses, head towards locker room. Pete makes his way over to Levy and Tina. Tina hugs him.

LEVY
Wow! You've got quite the moves, a star player! Amazing.

PETE

We have some great players on our team this year.

TINA

He's being humble. He IS a star player.

She looks at Pete.

TINA (CONT'D)

The other boys look up to you, Pete.

Levy reaches for his shoulder, gives him a mild shake.

LEVY

Humility is a great quality, Pete. Come on, get changed and let me take you two out for some "mind blowing" Mexican grub.

He looks at Tina, she hesitates, nods. Pete goes off to change.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Thanks, Tina. I know none of this has been easy for you.

She scoffs, looks down. He looks at her, concerned.

24

INT. RADIO BOOTH, NIGHT

24

Sultry, sexy music plays in the background. Levy speaks playfully to his late night listeners.

LEVY

I have to say, what a show! You have bared your soul to the Cat man once again! There's some very naughty, naughty fantasies out there!

He laughs.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Thanks for staying up with me! Hmmm, another caller... Okay, one more, I guess. Hey, Cat man here, what titillating fantasy are you about to share with our audience of frisky felines?

Tibor speaks in a quiet, lazy voice.

TIBOR
How you doin'?

LEVY
Whoa! You're not quite what I
expected.

Levy laughs.

LEVY (CONT'D)
I'm great, man. I have to admit, I
don't often get a male caller.
Wonderful! Are you ready to share
your deepest secrets with our
listening audience?

The man chuckles.

TIBOR
What I desire is you.

Levy chuckles.

LEVY
Sorry, chum. You're not my type!

TIBOR
Ditto, it's not what I mean.

LEVY
That's a relief.

Levy laughs. Tibor's tone grows ominous.

TIBOR
I have two secret fantasies, shall
I tell you what they are.

Levy chuckles.

LEVY
Okay man, but make it quick.

TIBOR
Sure thing. My first one is that
you end up six feet under in a pine
box. If that fails, seeing you
behind bars for the rest of your
life would come a sweet second.

Levy jumps out of his chair, puts music on and picks up the
phone receiver.

LEVY

What in Christ' name are you trying to prove? Who is this?

TIBOR

That's not important, Cat man. As for what I'm trying to prove, nothing much, just that you are a murderer and don't deserve to live.

LEVY

What are you talking about?

TIBOR

You're pathetic. I'm surprised that the police haven't arrested you by now.

LEVY

I had nothing to do with Sharon's death... What does her death have to do with you?

TIBOR

A little advice, brace yourself, Cat man.

LEVY

For what?

Tibor laughs.

TIBOR

You sure ask a lot of questions. Oh, by the way, that boy of yours, what's his name? Pete? And his hot mama, Tina. You guys looked like one happy little family the other night, taking in Pete's basketball game. And, those burritos afterwards, man, I was salivating. Mexican's my favorite.

Tibor scoffs, hangs up. Levy, incredulous, grows fearful.

25

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM, DAY

25

Levy sits at a table. Officer O'Brien enters, sits across.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

By the way, where's lawyer Jack?

Levy shakes his head.

LEVY

I know where he is if I need him.
What's up?

OFFICER O'BRIEN

We found some things the other day.

.

LEVY

What things?

OFFICER O'BRIEN

A couple of strands of long hair on
the passenger seat in your truck.

LEVY

Is it Sharon's? I told you that I
drove her home.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

And in your bed?

LEVY

We danced. Her hair could have been
on me, and transferred onto my bed.

The officer continues.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

We also found blood on the inside
passenger door, and on your
bedding.

He shakes his head.

LEVY

No way.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Yep. The hair and blood's been sent
to an out of state lab for DNA
testing.

Levy grows frustrated.

LEVY

I had nothing to do with her
murder! Any more questions?

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Since you've come back to Rexton,
how have you been managing?

LEVY
 Are you asking me if I've had a
 psychotic episode? The answer is
 no, definitely not!

Levy pauses, calms down.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 Sharon's ex husband, not a nice
 man. Sounds like he fits the bill
 for a domestic abuser.

Officer O'Brien shrugs.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 A strange thing has been happening
 to me. I think you should know...
 I've been getting some disturbing
 calls on my radio show.

He pauses.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 A man that sounds like he wants me
 arrested for the murder. He's
 obviously been watching me because
 he can describe everything I do,
 and with who.

He stops, remembers something else.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 Oh, yeah, one more thing. I came
 home the other day and could swear
 that someone was in the house.

Officer O'Brien raises an eye brow at Levy, exhales loudly.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
 We'll be in touch.

Levy reluctantly nods, stands up, exits.

26 INT. PAUL WALSH, CASE WORKER'S OFFICE, DAY

26

Paul Walsh sits behind his desk, across from Levy.

PAUL
 The last thing we need is hysteria
 from the community. Remember what
 we had to deal with when you were
 released?

Levy nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

NIMBY, Not In My Back Yard. We promised your neighbors that you weren't a safety threat. Now, with the murder that's getting a lot of media attention, once the public learns that you were the last one to see her...

LEVY

Listen, Paul, you don't need to tell me that having my name associated with the murder is the last thing I need. I swear, I had nothing to do with it. I think it's some kind of a set up.

Paul is unconvinced.

PAUL

How many times did we talk about decisions that, at the time, seem harmless and unimportant, like meeting a girl after work at a club, and that decision has a domino effect. It leads to a series of events that you never expected. In this case, someone you were with died.

LEVY

I've done everything possible to keep my nose clean, no drugs, no alcohol, I never skipped my medication, no voices, no detachment from reality.

PAUL

Look, Levy, you haven't been ruled out as a suspect in this murder, and the Rexton Police Captain has personally written to us recommending suspension pending their investigation.

LEVY

But the investigation could go on for months!

PAUL

I've given your situation a lot of thought and I've decided to suspend your release for two weeks. It'll give the Review Board a chance to convene. Then we'll have a better idea of what the police have for evidence.

Levy appears visibly beaten down, distraught.

LEVY

Ah man, please! Don't, please! I'm just starting to get my life together... getting to know my son.

Paul stands up, motions Levy to follow him. Levy, upset, rests his head in his hands, elbow on knees, sobs.

27

PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, VISITING ROOM, DAY

27

Tina and Jack Moses join Levy sitting at a table. Other patients talk with visitors at nearby tables.

Levy looks intensely at Tina.

LEVY

Thanks for coming.

He looks at Jack Moses.

JACK MOSES

I talked to your case worker. He's not going to revoke the suspension. It's a "cover your ass" move if you ask me. But, he has the power to do what he's doing.

LEVY

I'm innocent, Jack!

JACK MOSES

Yeah, yeah, but it's not me that needs convincing.

Levy turns to Tina. Exasperated, she looks away.

LEVY

I would never hurt a flea, let alone murder someone.

He turns to Jack Moses.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Jack, you got to do something, man.

Jack nods.

JACK MOSES
There's a PI, Roy Sickles that's done some work for me in the past. He's an ex cop, you know the story... disgruntled with life, wife left with everything, drinking away his sorrows, could stand to lose a few pounds, yada, yada, yada. He's willing to help.

LEVY
Not much of an endorsement.

JACK MOSES
I forgot to mention, he should never be underestimated.

He looks at his watch.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)
I've got Court.

He stands up, grabs his briefcase, exits.

Tina and Levy look at each other, brief awkward silence.

LEVY
How's Pete?

TINA
Confused.

Levy looks at her, puts head down, thinks.

LEVY
Can he come and see me? I need to explain things to him myself.

Tina shakes her head.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Please.

He becomes emotional.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Tina!

TINA

Let's see what Jack and the PI
comes up with first.

Levy looks down, upset.

LEVY

Why is this happening to me?

She looks at him sympathetically.

28

INT. DELI, DAY

28

ROY SICKLES, dishevelled, eats a hearty Ruben sandwich at the counter, surrounded by other patrons and a waitress. Jack Moses enters the place, pats Roy on the back, sits down next to him.

JACK MOSES

That'll kill you, my friend.

Roy looks at him, mouth full, slight dab of mustard near his mouth. He wipes the mustard off with a napkin, smiles at Jack.

ROY

And I thought you didn't care!

Jack snickers. The waitress comes over.

JACK MOSES

Your Soup of the Day and a roll.

Roy scoffs, chuckles to himself, keeps eating.

ROY

That Casanova you're defending,
Stratton? I need to learn a few of
his moves, seems the ladies love
him. Cat man!

Jack shakes his head.

JACK MOSES

Is this what I'm paying you for?
The night Levy and Sharon got
together... at the night club, what
did you find out?

Roy gulps down his food, takes a quick drink of beer, wipes his mouth again, shakes his head.

ROY

Yeah, The Blue Light. I always wondered about that place. Changed hands a bunch of times. It's a hang out for some dandy characters these days. Like, mob types draped in thick gold chains, expensive tailored suits, side kicks ready to lick their Armani shoes at the drop of their wise guy hat... so far, these guys and their female concubines are real hard nuts to crack. Not a loose lip among them.

Roy smacks his lips as he eats, mustard drops on his shirt again. He wipes it with a napkin, resumes eating.

Jack watches, shakes his head.

JACK MOSES

All it takes is one to crack.

He laughs.

ROY

I was told about the little scene between Levy and the man that was harassing Sharon but no one seems to know who he is.

JACK MOSES

Cameras? Don't tell me, not working.

Roy shakes his head.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)

What now?

ROY

I'm waiting to talk to the bartender working that night, when he's back on shift. Levy says he was new so, maybe, he's not locked into that code of silence yet.

Jack nods.

ROY (CONT'D)

In the meantime, I think I'll go on a road trip to the big city of Johnsville.

A waitress delivers Jack's soup and sandwich. He is about to start eating when Roy, finished eating, stands up and sets down cash on the counter.

Jack starts eating. Roy raises his bottle of beer, gulps it down, smiles at Jack, exits.

29

INT. RANDY KILLOP'S HOUSE, DAY

29

Roy walks up to the screen door. A television show plays in the background. He peeks in, does not see anyone but hears Randy, drunk, shouting and threatening a young female, DESIREE.

Desiree cries, begs to be allowed to leave.

DESIREE
You're hurting me!

RANDY
Oh, poor Desiree. Pathetic!

DESIREE
We're done! I can't take this any more.

RANDY
We're done when I say we're done.

A scuffle follows, Randy slaps Desiree across the face.

Roy, concerned, hurries into the living room.

ROY
Killop? Randy Killop!

Desiree, crying and holding the side of her face, and Randy look at him, surprised.

RANDY
Who the...

ROY
Let the girl go.

Randy, tipsy, turns, facing Roy.

RANDY
Who the hell do you think you are?
Get out of my house.

Desiree gasps, runs. She grabs her purse, jacket and heads for the door. Randy attempts to chase her, Roy holds him back.

Desiree yells as she exits the house, slamming screen door behind her.

DESIREE

You've knocked me around for the last time. You freak!

RANDY

Get your hands off me or I'll knock your head off.

ROY

That's not a good idea, Mr. Killop. I suggest you cool it. I just want to ask you some questions.

He sighs,

I need to sit.

Randy watches the stranger sit on a chair. Roy motions Randy to join him. Randy hesitates, sits.

ROY (CONT'D)

My name is Roy Sickles. I'm investigating your ex wife's murder, Mr. Killop.

RANDY

You're a cop.

Randy ignores his question.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You're too late. I already told your Sargent "what's his face" that I don't know nothing.

ROY

Sgt. Kellen?

Randy nods, annoyed.

ROY (CONT'D)

I just thought I would meet you myself to see if there might be something you hadn't thought of before.

Randy takes a drink of beer sitting on the coffee table.

RANDY

Are you guys trying to see if you can stump me, to see if I might contradict myself?

Roy sighs.

ROY

Nothing like that. I'm just a little persnickety.

RANDY

Yeah, well, get on with it before the kids get dropped off from school.

Roy nods.

ROY

How would you describe your marriage to Sharon?

Randy scoffs.

RANDY

We were getting a divorce. What does that tell you?

ROY

Right on. Stupid me...You know, I couldn't help but hear that little scuffle between you and that little lady. Ever smack Sharon around like that?

RANDY

Never, ever! By the way, things aren't what they seem. Desiree likes to over react.

Roy raises an eyebrow, unconvinced.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Me and Sharon argued a lot. A few years into our marriage, I realized that Sharon liked to sleep around. I wasn't man enough for her, I guess.

ROY

You don't seem to be anyone's fool.

RANDY

You're right there. I thought, okay, two can play that game, you don't respect me, why should I respect you?! So, I slept around too. The only problem is that the system is stacked in favour of women, and Sharon learned that very quickly.

ROY

How so?

RANDY

All a woman has to do is claim abuse, and it's gospel as far as you guys are concerned. A fellow doesn't have a chance. She'd accuse me of being abusive whenever she couldn't get her own way.

ROY

So, you never hit her?

RANDY

Only in self defense.

Roy pauses.

ROY

After the two of you separated, did you try to see Sharon, or contact her?

RANDY

Nope.

ROY

Where were you the night Sharon died?

RANDY

Like I told your Sargent, me and my kids were in Rexton, visiting my sister for the weekend. A real coincidence. Even so, we never left the house the whole time.

ROY

Have you taken a polygraph?

RANDY

Not yet. I told them I'd think about it.

Randy's 7 year old daughter, ALEXA, and 9 year old son, JOSH, run into the living room from school. They stop abruptly upon seeing Roy and stare at him.

ROY
Hi there. I'm Roy. What's your names?

ALEXA
Alexa. This is my brother, Josh.

ROY
Nice to meet you both.

ALEXA
Daddy, I'm hungry.

RANDY
Wait for supper.

Alexa stomps in protest.

RANDY (CONT'D)
You're just like your mother.

Randy looks at Roy, demeanor changes.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Mr. Sickles and I were just finishing up. He's about to leave now.

Roy raises an eyebrow, stands up.

ROY
Thanks for your time. I'll see myself out.

Randy sits, watches as Roy leaves.

30 INT. BLUE LIGHT JAZZ BAR, NIGHT

30

Roy sits at the bar, surrounded by other patrons. Paddy motions to Roy's drink.

PADDY
Another one?

Roy looks at his glass, gulps down the last drop.

ROY

Ah, why not. It's not like I have a woman at home chomping at the bit to take advantage of poor little, old me.

Paddy chuckles.

PADDY

Lots of beautiful women around here.

He jokingly looks Roy up and down.

PADDY (CONT'D)

Well, you may be in for a few challenges, if you get my drift.

He laughs.

PADDY (CONT'D)

On the other hand, show them the money and they'll show you a good time. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink.

Paddy winks. Roy raises an eye brow, shakes his head.

ROY

I would think women would be a little afraid to hang out here. You know, after what happened to that poor woman, Sharon Moss. Know her?

Paddy shakes his head.

PADDY

Never had the pleasure, I was newly hired here the night she died... Seems, though, that she was a lady of ill repute.

ROY

I heard some guy twice her age was giving her a hard time. Know who he was?

Paddy chuckles.

PADDY

He looked like someone from American Gangster. I heard his name...

(MORE)

PADDY (CONT'D)
 not a common name, I think it
 starts with the letter T - Thadius,
 Theodore. I...I... Tibor. That's
 it.

ROY
 Tibor have a last name?

Paddy shrugs.

PADDY
 Sorry, man.

Roy takes a bill from his pocket, hands it to Paddy.

PADDY (CONT'D)
 If you ask me, old Tibor was
 probably looking to get a free
 ride, if you know what I mean.

Roy points his index finger at Paddy, laughs.

ROY
 Clever, very clever.

He turns, exits.

31 POLICE STATION, LUNCH ROOM, DAY

31

Roy sticks his head in the room. Officer O'Brien eats, reads
 from his iPhone. Roy strolls over, grabs a piece of cheese
 from Officer O'Brien's lunch.

ROY
 Hey.

O'Brien looks up, snickers.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
 Well, well, if it isn't old
 Royster! What you doing here?

ROY
 Oh you know, just snooping around.

Officer O'Brien snickers.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
 Last time I saw you, you were
 packing everything you owned into a
 little brown box... and didn't the
 door hit you in the backside on
 your way out?

Roy shakes his head, smirks.

ROY

Now is that any way to treat your former partner in crime? Huh? I know you miss me... Seriously, Ben, you're my only friend around here.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Here we go again! What're you trying to suck me into this time?

ROY

Don't be like that, Bro.

Roy exhales loudly.

ROY (CONT'D)

Sharon Moss case.

Officer O'Brien chuckles.

O'BRIEN

Sorry. If you think...

Roy interrupts

ROY

Can you just answer a couple of questions?

Officer O'Brien looks at him suspiciously.

ROY (CONT'D)

You've always been pretty...on point when it comes to investigations. Do you believe that Stratton killed that girl?

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Come on, Roy. Do you really expect me to tell you anything about any investigation?

Roy looks away, then back at Officer O'Brien.

ROY

I took it for both of us, Ben. OUR, note my emphasis on OUR, unorthodox search and seizure activities could have seen you out the door just like me. I saved your neck, buddy.

Officer O'Brien looks incredulous at Roy.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
If you're going to hold this over
me forever, it's not worth it.

ROY
Oh believe me, you don't want to
end up like me. It's worth it, my
friend, it's worth it.

He smiles slightly.

ROY (CONT'D)
Do you really believe Stratton
killed Sharon?

Officer O'Brien acquiesces, shakes his head.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Evidence points his way, but my gut
is saying no. Too convenient.

ROY
The husband, Killop, what about
him?

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Don't know.

He pauses.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Look, Captain Milson is watching
this case like a hawk. He's
personally assigned Kellen as lead
investigator. Kind of odd for the
brass to have their hands so deep
down in the weeds. They're keeping
everything they uncover close to
their chest, we're just told things
on a need to know basis.

Roy listens intently, absorbing his former partner's
information. As if snapping out of a trance, Roy slaps both
hands on the table.

ROY
Interesting, very interesting.
Thanks, buddy.

He grabs another piece of cheese from Officer O'Brien's
container, gives a quick peck on the officer's cheeks, waves
farewell.

ROY (CONT'D)
Don't be a stranger!

Roy exits.

32 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY CONTINUATION 32

Roy passes Sgt. Kellen and Tibor Kovacs as they walk down the hall. Roy and Sgt. Kellen's eye's lock briefly, Roy gives a slight nod. Sgt. Kellen ignores him.

33 INT. PSYCHIATRIST, DR. HORSEMAN'S OFFICE, DAY 33

Levy sits across the desk from Dr. Horseman.

DR. HORSEMAN
Your baseline mental health functioning hasn't changed much since the last time you were assessed, which was before you were released from here.

LEVY
So, what does that tell you?

Dr. Horseman smiles slightly.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Isn't that proof that I never had a psychotic episode while I was out...that I didn't kill Sharon.

DR. HORSEMAN
I wouldn't necessarily go that far, but it's definitely a good thing.

LEVY
Look, Doc. You've known me for more than a decade. You know everything about me. You'd know if I had a psychotic episode. And, if I'm lying.

Dr. Horseman shoots a lingering stare.

LEVY (CONT'D)
What?

DR. HORSEMAN

Just that psychosis doesn't necessarily lead to murder, and murder isn't necessarily the result of psychosis.

LEVY

Do you think I'm capable of murdering someone?

DR. HORSEMAN

I'm just speaking in generalities. Look Levy, we'll just have to see how your review hearing goes in a couple of weeks. Let the police investigation run it's course.

LEVY

But it could take a long time to get resolved. I can't live in limbo.

Levy, discouraged, looks away.

34

POLICE STATION BRIEFING ROOM, DAY

34

CAPTAIN MILSON (early 70's), suffers from health issues. He sweats profusely, frequently wiping his forehead with a handkerchief retrieved from the inside pocket of his jacket. He addresses officers from the podium. Detective Kellen stands nearby. Briefing underway.

CAPTAIN MILSON

This joint operation with the Feds, it's always challenging, only sharing what they think we need to know even though it's in our jurisdiction and the bloody public doesn't know the difference, so guess who gets blamed when things go south? They think they're so much better, smarter... (He inhales, exhales loudly) Well, give me their budget and let me show you what I can do with it.

Officer O'Brien snickers, visibly incredulous.

CAPTAIN MILSON (CONT'D)

You got something to say, O'Brien.

Officer O'Brien pauses.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Something hit a nerve. I mean, the
Feds only sharing what they think
we need to know? It's kind of like
the Sharon Moss case.

Milson and Kellen exchange glances.

CAPTAIN MILSON

I'm not sure where you're going
with this, O'Brien, but I suggest
you discuss your thoughts with Sgt.
Kellen, in private.

Captain Milson shoots a piercing glare at Officer O'Brien,
continues his briefing.

CAPTAIN MILSON (CONT'D)

As I was about to say, this
operation is nothing short of a
delicate tightrope. The informant
could have jeopardized everything,
dumb ass. But he didn't. Not yet
anyway. Arrests can't come fast
enough, I'm told takedown is in a
few weeks. Sgt. Kellen has my full
confidence in seeing through our
part of the plan.

He closes his briefing book, barks at Sgt. Kellen.

CAPTAIN MILSON (CONT'D)

That's it for today. Kellen, see me
in my office.

He exits. Sgt. Kellen looks at Officer O'Brien, walks out.
The other officers talk among themselves, gradually exiting
the room. Officer O'Brien briefly remains in his seat, then
exits.

35 INT. HALLWAY, DAY, CONTINUATION

35

Captain Milson enters his office, Sgt. Kellen follows. Just
as Officer O'Brien approaches, the Captain looks at him.
Annoyed, he shuts the door and raises his voice.

Officer O'Brien stops, listens briefly to the muffled
conversation between Captain Milson and Sgt. Kellen, then
continues on his way.

36 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, HALLWAY, DAY

36

Dr. Horseman comes out from the hearing room, looks through the window of the room where Levy stands, passionately pleading his case before the Mental Health Board. Paul, his case worker, sits beside him.

Chairperson Roussy addresses him, shakes his head. Levy, disappointed and defeated, hangs his head, sits down.

37 INT. JACK MOSES OFFICE, DAY

37

Jack and Roy sit in Jack's office, talking. Officer O'Brien enters, sits down.

JACK MOSES

Okay, you've got our attention.

ROY

I knew we could depend on you, bud.

Officer O'Brien nods.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Yeah, well I'm definitely putting myself on the line. I don't have to tell either of you that this City has been under the control of organized crime for the last few years.

JACK MOSES

If that's the scoop, I'm not impressed.

Officer O'Brien shakes his head.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

The night of Sharon Moss's murder, we had a police informant in the Blue Light. I have no idea who it is, all I know is he travels in the mob world, and things are coming to a head. He's about to bring them down.

He pauses.

JACK MOSES

Does Sharon's murder have anything to do with the mob?

OFFICER O'BRIEN

That's my hunch. Our department is involved in both investigations, and information flow in both cases is being controlled from the top. I have no idea why. Hell, I don't even think Kellen has a clear picture of what's going on. Your guy, Stratton? I wouldn't be surprised if he was in the wrong place at the wrong time...or, maybe the right place at the right time, depending on whose perspective.

JACK MOSES

So, if I'm following you right, Stratton's presence that night at the Blue Light, and at Sharon Moss's house, might have been an unforeseen blessing for Milson and the Feds.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Possibly. Maybe a patsy, a fall guy to protect their informant.

ROY

How does the ex husband fit in. We know he likes to beat women, and there was no love there between he and Sharon.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Yeah, he's a scary dude, no doubt about it.

JACK MOSES

Interesting. So Levy's a convenient patsy, whether her death is somehow connected to the mob, or her ex husband.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Looks that way.

ROY

By the way, the name of the man that was bugging Sharon that night, is Tibor, last name unknown.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

If my theory is right, then, this Tibor guy could be the informant, and the murderer.

ROY

He has balls, I'll give him that. Anyone that turns on the mob like that...He must have fallen from their good graces, about to face his own mortality, someone prepared to double cross to save his hide.

Jack mulls things over further.

JACK MOSES

A dead man walking...Hey, wait a minute. One of the young fellas I just defended, his mother described the boy's father as pretty shady, a wannabe big shot with an appetite for the good life. Things were going sour for him lately, though. The name was unusual.

Jack goes to his filing cabinet, thumbs through files, pulls one out.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)

The boy's name...James Bolan. He's a good kid, just got in a fight at a school dance with another kid making comments about his father.

He looks, reads from the file.

JACK MOSES (CONT'D)

Tibor Kovacs. Right! I remember now. The father and mother never had much contact, not since the boy was little. All of a sudden, maybe the last few months, Kovacs appears and wants to play Daddy. He travels in and out of the country on "business", no known address.

ROY

Tibor Kovacs. It has a certain ring to it, doesn't it?

He chuckles.

JACK MOSES

What motive would Kovacs have for killing Sharon? Surely rejection is not motivation enough. And, could he be the one threatening Levy? If he is, it seems more personal than payback for a simple scuttle in a night club.

ROY

I'd say it's time to pay a visit to Kovac's ex.

JACK MOSES

Well, what are you waiting for?

The two men stand, exit.

38 INT. BOLAN APARTMENT, DAY

38

Roy sits on a chair, across from PENNY BOLAN. They sip from tea cups and Roy munches on a cookie.

ROY

I'm a sucker for sweets!

She smiles.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thanks for meeting with me, Ms. Bolan.

MS. BOLAN

Call me Penny. As I said to you on the phone, I have as little contact with Tibor as possible. But, when it comes to our son, I have no choice. It's only been a handful of times over the years, that is, until lately. It's been more frequent for some reason.

Roy nods, continues to munch on a cookie.

PENNY BOLAN

You've probably guessed that Tibor thinks rules and the law don't apply to him.

Roy smirks, nods.

PENNY BOLAN (CONT'D)

Yes, of course, or you wouldn't be here asking questions about him. Anyway, James is definitely conflicted. He despises his father's criminal lifestyle. But, still, Tibor is his father and he wants him to be some sort of urban legend.

Roy nods.

ROY

Tell me about Tibor?

MS. BOLAN

Let's see... He's always been a street hustler. You know, always looking for ways to make a buck. One day he crosses paths with some pretty shady businessmen, criminal types. He's pretty happy for awhile, a big shot, at least in his mind. Time passes, and Tibor being Tibor with that cocky mouth and sticky fingers of his, gradually loses the trust of these guys. He's had a few close calls, which is why he claims to want out. The problem is, he knows too much, if he were to leave he'd have a target on his back.

ROY

Could he be an informant working with police, you know, to bring them down?

She grows concerned.

MS. BOLAN

It certainly wouldn't surprise me. He always thought he was the smartest person in the room.

ROY

How long were you and Tibor married?

MS. BOLAN

We were never married.

RON

Oh.

MS. BOLAN

Tibor has always been stuck in the past. He's really screwed up. You know how life serves you lemons, that's Tibor. He had a terrible upbringing, and before me, something traumatic happened to him, but I never knew what it was. He would never talk about it.

ROY

Any idea how I can find him?

She shakes her head.

MS. BOLAN

No idea. As far as I know, Tibor has nobody, and he makes darn sure I don't know where he lives.

ROY

Do you know Levy Stratton?

MS. BOLAN

The radio disc jockey that's being blamed for killing that poor woman? It's all over the news.

ROY

Do you know if there's history between Tibor and Stratton?

She shakes her head.

He stands up.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time, Ms. Bolan. You've been very gracious.

He looks at the cookies.

ROY (CONT'D)

May I?

She smiles, hands him the plate. He takes one, then another, exits.

Roy meets with Officer O'Brien. Officer O'Brien produces a mug shot of Kovacs, hands it to Roy who looks, then hands it back.

ROY

He could use a little something,
you know, to eliminate those awful
sun spots.

Officer O'Brien snickers.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

I recognize him from somewhere but
...Yes! Here, in this building, a
couple of times lately.

ROY

Bam! That confirms it for me!
Kovacs has to be our mob informant.
But, I keep wondering how Sharon's
ex husband fits into her murder.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

He doesn't. He passed the lie
detector test and his alibi is
airtight. Randy's been eliminated
as a suspect.

ROY

Okay then. So, if Kovacs is
Sharon's murderer, that means that
Milson and Kellen are protecting
him. To the brass, and the Feds,
clearing the city of the mob would
trump the murder of a prostitute.
Levy is just an unfortunate
casualty.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

We're back to the million dollar
questions, why would Kovacs kill
Sharon? And, why does he have it in
for Levy?

Roy points to Kovac's mugshot.

ROY

Can I have that?

Officer O'Brien hands it to him. He exits.

40

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, MEETING ROOM, DAY

40

Roy sits at a table, waiting. Levy walks in, closes the door,
sits done.

LEVY
Hey. What's up?

Roy grabs the mug shot from his pocket, hands it to Levy.

ROY
Recognize this dude?

Levy studies the picture, shakes his head.

ROY (CONT'D)
You sure?

Levy looks again, shakes his head.

ROY (CONT'D)
Tibor Kovacs. The name mean anything?

LEVY
No.

ROY
He's the guy that was bothering Sharon at the club. Now does he look familiar?

Levy flashes back to when he was at the Blue Light Jazz Club, where Sharon was being harassed. He nods.

LEVY
Damn! That's him.

ROY
He's a mob informant, involved in a joint sting. And, he's Sharon's murderer. That makes him almost untouchable.

LEVY
I never laid eyes on him before that night. Is he the one that's been threatening me too?

ROY
Yep. It was more than a chance encounter that night between you and Kovacs. It's deeply personal.

Levy stares at Roy, perplexed. Roy stands, pats Levy on the shoulder, exits.

41 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

41

Roy, fully dressed, lies on the couch, asleep. Beer bottles, fast food on coffee table. Knock on apartment door. He wakes up, walks over to the door.

Officer O'Brien enters living room with Roy, throws items of clothes from a chair onto floor, wipes the chair down with the cuff of his jacket. He sits.

ROY

Beer?

Officer O'Brien shakes his head.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

This better be good.

Roy, still drowsy, scoffs.

ROY

Levy confirmed that Kovacs was the man that he pulled off Sharon at the club. He also said that he never met Kovacs before that night.

Officer O'Brien grows a bit excited, hit with a new thought.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

One thing I've been wondering, is it possible that there's more than meets the eye between Sharon and Kovacs. Maybe she was working with him? If so, why did he kill her?

Officer O'Brien stands up, walks to the window, casually looks out. A marked police car idles below, pulls away.

Officer O'Brien, puzzled, gathers his things.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

I've got to go. Look into it, will you?

He exits.

42 INT. SGT. KELLEN'S OFFICE, DAY

42

Sgt. Kellen sits at his desk, typing on the computer. Officer O'Brien comes in, shuts door. Sgt. Kellen looks up, surprised, returns to typing.

SGT. KELLEN

Hey, O'Brien. I'm pretty busy right now.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Not too busy to order surveillance on me though, huh?

SGT. KELLEN

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Officer O'Brien slams his hand down on Sgt. Kellen's desk, causing a slightly startled response from Sgt. Kellen. Sgt. Kellen turns away from his computer, stares directly in the officer's eyes.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

I think you do. Why?

Kellen remains calm.

SGT. KELLEN

You're way out of line, Ben.

He studies Officer O'Brien, sighs.

SGT. KELLEN (CONT'D)

Okay, I was going to bring you in for a little chat, this time is as good as any. You and your little group of Stratton supporters are going to compromise this very important sting. You have no idea.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

This very important sting is going to ruin an innocent man's life. How can you justify that?

DETECTIVE KELLEN

I don't need to justify it to you. Look, Ben. I'm not privy to every aspect of this case. All I know is that the Feds are the lead agency, that Milson is the lead for us and he tells me only what he thinks I need to know. Unlike you, I follow my superior's orders. You need to do the same.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Sarge, Levy is a victim of
circumstance, and could face murder
charges. Are you okay with that?

Sgt. Kellen, annoyed, shakes his head.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Can you at least tell me what the
connection between Kovacs and Levy
is?

SGT. KELLEN
That I honestly can say I don't
know.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Sharon Moss and Kovacs had some
kind of a relationship with each
other when he harassed her that
night at the club, didn't they?!

Sgt. Kellen looks, says nothing.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
There was more to it than Sharon
just wanting to connect with Levy
that night. What were Sharon and
Kovacs up to?

Detective Kellen points his index finger at Officer O'Brien.

SGT. KELLEN
You're treading on thin ice,
O'Brien. Milson's orders are that
Kovacs be protected at all costs,
and that's what I plan to do.

Sgt. Kellen watches as Officer O'Brien, frustrated, exits the
office.

43

EXT. CITY STREET, NIGHT

43

A number of prostitutes stand around, others solicit cars and
people randomly walking down the street for business. A few
successful ones hook up, leave.

Roy walks along, stops to talk to one prostitute, then
another. He shows them a picture of Sharon. One points to
another prostitute, JENNY. Roy approaches her.

ROY
Hey.

Jenny assumes a seductive stance.

JENNY

What's your name, handsome?

Roy chuckles.

ROY

Roy.

JENNY

Hmm. Just Roy?

She sizes him up and down with her eyes.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You look like a cop.

He snickers.

ROY

At one time, not now.

JENNY

What do you want with me? I saw you talking to the other girls.

Roy pulls out a picture of Sharon Moss.

ROY

Did you know this girl.

Jenny looks at the picture, then quickly hands it back. She nods, extends her hand, wiggles her fingers.

Roy takes out bills, hands her one. She takes it, puts it in her purse.

JENNY

We were work friends, colleagues.
Let's just say we worked for the
same...company!

He takes out the picture of Tibor, shows her. She looks at him, waiting to be paid again. Roy rolls his eyes, takes another bill, hands it to her. She stuffs it in her purse again.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Tibor Kovacs, a company man, makes
sure we girls are towing the line.
Only, poor Tibor liked to skim some
of the profits for himself.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Not only that, he also had a tendency to dip his toes in the merchandise, Sharon was one. He was losing credibility, big time. A dangerous place to be.

She licks her lips, sizes him up and down.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Talking about dipping into the merchandise...

Roy ignores her suggestive behaviour.

ROY

So, you girls pretty well do whatever Tibor tells you to?

PROSTITUTE

You got it. Survival in our world depends on knowing what side your bread is buttered.

ROY

But Sharon didn't survive.

Jenny hesitates, her eyes dart around. She whispers.

JENNY

Hand over \$300, so we don't look suspicious, and lets walk to my apartment. It's just around the corner.

Ron winces.

ROY

Geezuz, woman.

JENNY

That's a deal!

She smiles, puts out a hand. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wad of bills, hands her some and puts the rest in his pocket. She takes it, stuffs it in her purse. They walk away from the crowd, towards her apartment.

ROY

So, what happened to Sharon?

JENNY

Before Sharon went out the night she died, she told me that Tibor wanted her to lure Levy to the club, then her home, and he'd be inside waiting to kill Levy.

Roy listens, she pauses.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Obviously, things didn't happen as planned because it was Sharon that ended up dead. I'd say that Levy turned down Sharon's invitation to come in the house, and that's when Tibor's plan changed, he'd kill Sharon and pin it on Levy.

Roy listens intently.

ROY

Why is he so fixated on Levy?

Jenny shrugs.

JENNY

Sharon didn't say.

Roy nods.

ROY

Thanks. I got to go.

Jenny becomes indignant.

JENNY

Hey, if you think you're getting a refund...

Roy chuckles.

ROY

It hadn't even crossed my mind. Take the rest of the night off, on me!

He turns, starts to walk away. Jenny, feeling rejected, yells out.

JENNY

Hmmm. You have no idea what you're missing.

Ron chuckles, he waves her off, keeps walking.

Jenny struts seductively, continuing in the direction of her apartment.

44 INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM, DAY

44

Pete, JAMES BOLAN, and other teammates, all drenched in sweat, practice under the guidance of COACH BEGGS. The coach blows his whistle.

COACH BEGGS

That's enough for today. See you all Wednesday, and come on time or you'll be on the bench for the next game. Got it?

The boys yell "Got it!" A few laugh. They disperse.

Pete and James walk together towards the locker room. Tibor appears, approaches them.

JAMES

What are you doing here?

Pete casually looks at him.

TIBOR

Pete! Levy Stratton's son!

Pete and James, surprised, exchange looks.

JAMES

You know each other?

Pete, confused, shakes his head.

PETE

You KNOW me?

TIBOR

Not exactly. Your father and I are acquaintances, well, kind of. I know all about you. Where's my manners. I'm James' daddy, James' prodigal father, Tibor!

He extends his hand to Pete, they shake. Pete, uncomfortable, steps back. He looks at James.

PETE

Ah, I got to run up to my locker. I'll see you later.

James nods, his father smiles devilishly as he watches Pete exit. Tibor calls out to Pete.

TIBOR
An absolute pleasure to meet you,
Petie!

Tibor chuckles, he and James start walking towards the locker room.

TIBOR (CONT'D)
Strange kid. But then, what do you
expect with a psycho for a father,
huh?

He assumes a boxing stance, playfully jabs him in the stomach. James looks at him, annoyed.

JAMES
Why are you here, anyway?

TIBOR
To be a supportive dad for my
awesome son! Why else?!

He puts his hands on the back of James' neck, guides him towards the locker room.

45 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, VISITING ROOM, DAY

45

Pete enters the visiting room, spies Levy, walks over and sits down beside him.

PETE
Hi.

LEVY
Hey, thanks for coming.

He chuckles to himself.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Watching you walk over, made me
think of your namesake, Old Peter.
He was quite a man.

PETE
My grandfather was like a father to
me. He taught me so much.

LEVY
I know. He was quite an athlete
too, just like you.

Pete nods.

PETE
Never missed any of my games.

Levy nods, hesitates.

LEVY
What about your mom?

PETE
She did everything for me. I never
went without.

Levy hesitates.

LEVY
Pete, I need you to know that a day
didn't go by that I wasn't thinking
of you, and your mom.

PETE
Mmmm.

LEVY
So many times I thought about
giving up, just putting myself out
of my misery. But, then I'd think
of you.

Pete thinks.

PETE
I always worried that I would
inherit your mental illness, but
mom says I can learn from you and
not take drugs, that drugs
triggered your mental illness.

Levy nods.

LEVY
Your mom is right. You'll be fine.

He pauses again.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Ah, by the way, your teammate's
creepy father, has he come around
again?

PETE
Mom told you?

Levy nods.

PETE (CONT'D)
She reported him to the Police but she didn't hear back.

LEVY
I'm not surprised. What did James tell you about his dad?

PETER
Not much. The only thing I remember him saying once is that his dad can get pretty crazy and vindictive when someone crosses him.

Pete looks at the clock.

LEVY
You'll be back?

Pete nods. They stand. Levy grabs Pete, hugs him tightly. Peter hesitates, then puts his arms around his father.

Pete steps away, leaves. Levy watches him exit.

46 EXT. CITY STREET, NIGHT 46

Pete, duffle bag in tow, walks along a street. He walks by a parked car. Tibor jumps out, sneaks up behind him. Tibor covers Pete's mouth and nose with a cloth, drags him to the car. Tibor throws Pete, passed out, in the back seat, drives the car away.

47 INT. TINA'S APARTMENT, NIGHT (CONTINUATION) 47

Tina, frantic, responds to a knock at the door. She opens it.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Hi, I'm Officer Ben O'Brien from the Rexton Police Department.

She nods, waves him in.

TINA
Levy mentioned you to me. I'm losing my mind. I've called everyone I can think of.

Tina sits, motions him to sit.

TINA (CONT'D)

I have a terrible feeling about this. The father of one of Pete's teammates stopped by basketball practice a couple of days ago. He seemed too familiar with Levy and called Pete by name. I reported it to your department.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

I never got your complaint. (He thinks) Anyway, his name is Tibor Kovacs. He has it in for Levy but we don't know why.

TINA

Did it ever occur to anyone that if this man has it in for Levy, then Pete and I might be in danger too?

Officer O'Brien hesitates.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

This is a very complicated situation, Tina. There are so many pieces to this puzzle, but it's finally all falling into place.

Tina breaks into tears.

TINA

I'm afraid for my son.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Do you have family or friends that you can stay with?

She shakes her head.

TINA

I'm staying here, in case Pete shows up.

Officer O'Brien nods, turns to leave. Tina grabs his arm.

TINA (CONT'D)

Is Pete going to be okay?

He hesitates, nods, exits. Tina cries, locks the door behind him.

48 INT. SGT. KELLEN'S OFFICE, DAY

48

Sgt. Kellen works behind his desk. Officer O'Brien knocks, enters.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Sir, we need to talk.

Sgt. Kellen motions him to sit.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
It's about Kovacs.

He puts down his pen, sits back.

DETECTIVE KELLEN
Ben, I thought I gave you very
clear instructions to stay in your
own lane.

Officer O'Brien shakes his head. Sgt. Kellen studies him, sighs.

SGT. KELLEN
What?

OFFICER O'BRIEN
He used Sharon to get to Levy, and
kill him. When Plan A didn't work,
he put Plan B into gear and killed
her to pin it on Levy. Kovacs knew
that Levy was in a tricky situation
being under strict release
conditions. Kovacs also knew that
he had the protection of police,
being an informant in a major
police sting.

Sgt. Kellen leans forward.

SGT. KELLEN
Look, what do you want from me? You
know as well as I do how this
works!

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Right, sacrifice one for the
greater good.

(MORE)

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Look, Sarge, if you're willing to put up Levy, an innocent man who's just starting to live his life, are you also okay with having his 15 year old boy sacrificed, because he's missing and looks like Kovacs probably has him.

SGT. KELLEN
When?

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Last night.

Sgt. Kellen scoffs, rubs his mouth, stands up, stares out window.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
I know you, Sir, you've always been a man of integrity... Pete's an innocent kid. If Kovacs wants Levy killed, he'd do the next best thing to get to him, unless or until he can get Levy directly.

Sgt. Kellen turns around, looks at Officer O'Brien.

DETECTIVE KELLEN
I'm very aware of the web that's been weaved, believe me... this is a damn mess.

Sgt. Kellen sits back down behind his desk, leans into Officer O'Brien.

SGT. KELLEN
I've tried to talk to Captain Milson about my concerns, he's not listening. He's trying to prove that he can play with the big guys, probably because of his lacklustre performance the last few years. His health is interfering with his judgment. Shit!

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Time is not on our side, Sir. We have to find the boy soon.

Sgt. Kellen hesitates.

SGT. KELLEN
Okay. Okay. The hell with Milson. Do what you need to do.

Officer O'Brien breathes a sigh of relief, exits.

49 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY (CONTINUATION) 49

Officer O'Brien's phone rings as he walks down the hall. He answers it.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

O'Brien.

Tina trembles.

TINA

That man, Tibor Kovacs, just called.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

What did he say?

TINA

It was hard to hear him, there was loud, clanging noises in the background. All I could make out is that he had Pete and that Pete could end up dying for his father's sins.

She sobs.

TINA (CONT'D)

I said what sins are you talking about? He didn't answer.

She continues to sob.

TINA (CONT'D)

He just laughed, and hung up.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Don't leave the house, and don't answer the door.

Officer O'Brien puts his phone away, continues on his way.

50 INT. LIBRARY, DAY 50

Roy walks through a library, and goes to archival newspapers, looking up the incident involving the fatal accident that killed Rosey fifteen years earlier. He happens on to an article of a press conference.

The article depicts Rosey's mother. She stands behind a podium in front of reporters. Several people stand behind her. One of them is a much younger Tibor.

Pleased with his fine, he makes a copy of the article.

51

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, MEETING ROOM, DAY

51

Roy, Officer O'Brien and Jack Moses meet with Levy. Levy displays difficulty controlling his emotions.

LEVY

If that bastard hurts a hair on Pete's head, he'll pay. Mark my words.

JACK MOSES

I can't fault you for feeling that way, but you know better than anyone the need to stay in control of your senses. Now that it's clear who Sharon's real murderer is, you should be able to get your release suspension revoked. I'll work on getting you before the Review Board as fast as possible.

ROY

And, it looks like Kovac's has some kind of link to Rosey's mother.

He pulls out the archival picture of Tibor at the news conference, hands it to Levy.

ROY (CONT'D)

Recognize these people?

He looks at it, nods.

LEVY

It's the news conference that was held after my accident. That's Rosey's mother.

ROY

Anyone else?

Roy holds the picture out to him again. Levy looks closer.

LEVY

Oh my god. It's him.

He points to Tibor, pauses.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Is that... it can't be.

ROY
Yep, the one and only.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
It at least hints at a connection
between you and Kovacs.

JACK
With you released from the
hospital, and with the joint sting
operation and the police protection
he had, it was the perfect scenario
to get even.

LEVY
After all these years. What about
Pete?

OFFICER O'BRIEN
It's you, not Pete, that Kovacs
wants so, once you're released,
you'll make it look like you're
turning yourself over to him in
exchange for Pete's release. Of
course, we'll use a police decoy in
your place.

LEVY
A decoy? If he sees through it, God
knows what he'll do. We're not
playing with Pete's life. I'll do
it.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Sorry, pal.

Roy interrupts.

ROY
Ben's right. Kovacs' a desperate
man. We'll use a police decoy,
trained for events like this.

Levy stares at the others, frustrated, determined.

Board members sit at a table, Levy sits across, accompanied
by Jack Moses and Paul Walsh.

CHAIRPERSON ROUSSY

Given the letter from Sgt. Kellen confirming that you are no longer a murder suspect, you will be released back to the community immediately. Good luck.

Jack pats Levy on the back. Board members pack their things, prepare to leave.

53

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, MEETING ROOM, DAY

53

Officer O'Brien and Levy sit at a table.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Kellen was able to track down Kovac's cell phone information. We didn't want to waste time accessing a digital warrant...so we went right to the cell carrier. What did we ever do before technology. It looks like Kovacs made the call to Tina from the vicinity of an old, abandoned cement plant. That explains the background noise that Tina heard, there's a lot of construction going on out there.

LEVY

So, what are we waiting for? Let's go!

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Whoa, cowboy. Not so fast. You're not going anywhere. Go home, this needs to be well managed, we only get one try.

Levy, resolute, reacts.

LEVY

There's no way I'm staying home while my son is being held hostage. It's me he wants.

Officer O'Brien shakes his head.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Look man...hell. Then you'll follow my instructions, got that?

Levy nods.

54 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, MEETING ROOM, DAY 54

Officer O'Brien, Roy and Sgt. Kellen sit, wait for Levy to come and get wired for his encounter with Tibor.

SGT. KELLEN

I'm going against my better judgment, Roy. But, I have to give you your due. You were one heck of a cop, especially in situations like this. Hell, there was no better team than you and Ben. Still, you guys better not go rogue on me.

ROY

Thanks, Sarge.

Officer O'Brien looks at his watch.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

He's way past due.

SGT. KELLEN

You don't suppose that Stratton decided to shake us off, do you?

Officer O'Brien and Roy exchange glances. They quickly exit.

55 EXT. STRATTON HOUSE, NIGHT 55

Officer O'Brien and Roy, in an unmarked police car, slowly drive by the Stratton house. There is no truck in the driveway. They drive off.

56 EXT. CEMENT PLANT, NIGHT 56

Levy, headlights off, drives into a small clearing between trees, walking distance from the cement plant. He turns off the ignition, gets out, quietly making his way towards the plant entrance. He enters, cautiously and quietly.

57 INT. CEMENT PLANT, NIGHT (CONTINUATION) 57

Levy hesitates before entering the shadowy, dimly lit building. He sneaks in and out of empty rooms on the first floor, every step producing a slight gravelly sound. Suspense increases.

Levy continues to the second level, inches his way in and out of rooms, sees something resembling a person, carefully approaches. Suspense builds, discovers it was nothing.

He makes his way to the third level, spots the partially visible, partial silhouette of Pete, mouth, feet and hands duct taped, bound to a chair.

Levy hurries over to him, removes the bindings first. He then removes the tape from his mouth, all the while looking out for Tibor.

Pete yells.

PETE

He's behind you!

Levy, hot, sweaty and anxious, looks behind. Tibor holds a gun pointed at him.

LEVY

Look, man. It's me you want. Pete had nothing to do with Rosey's death.

TIBOR

Get on the floor.

Tibor moves closer to Levy, stands over him with a gun.

TIBOR (CONT'D)

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't shoot you right now.

LEVY

For our sons' sakes.

Tibor looks at him, stunned.

TIBOR

How dare you bring up James.

LEVY

I just meant that James and Pete are friends, just like Rosey and I were.

He pauses.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Are you a relative of Rosey's?

He does not respond.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I was a kid when we had the accident, trying to find my way in the world, experimenting with things. I had no idea it would trigger something in my mind.

Tibor scoffs.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Your son has his whole life ahead of him. He's a good boy, on the right path. Don't mess him up so he carries the burden of knowing his friend died at the hands of his father. It would be a life sentence for him. Let him go, please.

Tibor becomes emotional.

TIBOR

No one has to tell me about a life sentence. What if I kill your loved one, so you can feel that same pain, huh?

LEVY

It was an a-c-c-i-dent! I didn't know that drugs would trigger a psychotic episode. I know that now.

Kovacs yells.

TIBOR

A lesson too late! You should have been the one to die, not Rosey.

Levy nods. He notices Rosey's ring on Tibor's pinky finger.

LEVY

Rosey treasured that.

Tibor looks at him puzzled.

TIBOR

What?

He nods at the ring.

LEVY

That was Rosey's. Her dad gave it to her mom. She treasured it.

Levy pauses, experiences a revelation.

TIBOR
OH-MY-GOD! You're Rosey's father?!

Tears start to fill Tibor's eyes. Pete looks on, frozen with fear. Levy glances at his son, inconspicuously offers reassurance.

LEVY
Tibor, please. Let Pete go.

Tibor cries, his eyes focused on the floor. He stops crying, slightly tilts his head upwards, uses his gun to motion Pete to leave.

TIBOR
Get the hell out of here. Go!

Levy looks at Pete, nods his head in the direction of the exit. Pete looks back at his father as he makes his way out.

Tibor looks up, stops crying. He becomes furious, and aims his gun at Levy.

58 EXT. CEMENT PLANT, NIGHT (COTINUATION) 58

Roy and Officer O'Brien drive in, spot Levy's truck, stop in close proximity to it. They get out, guns drawn, inch their way slightly closer to the cement plant to have a clear view.

Pete runs out of the cement plant, confused and afraid. Officer O'Brien quietly runs up, quickly guides him back to the unmarked car.

PETE
He has Levy on the top floor. He's got a gun.

Officer O'Brien nods, guides Pete to the front passenger seat of his police car.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Stay here no matter what.

Pete, scared, hesitates and nods.

59 INT. CEMENT PLANT, NIGHT (CONTINUATION) 59

Levy and Tibor continue their discussion. Tibor grows angry, shakes the gun in Levy's face. Levy, sweating profusely, winces.

TIBOR

Do you have any idea how destroyed I've been? I may not have been around much, but she was my baby.

Levy nods.

LEVY

She loved you too. That ring? It's all she had of you.

Like Levy, Tibor is drenched in his own sweat. His demeanor changes back to anger. He seethes, points the gun under Levy's chin, leans in close to his face. He yells, saliva visibly dripping from his mouth.

TIBOR

You must think I'm pretty gullible, trying to manipulate me. How dare you use Rosey's memory!

Tibor fires his gun twice at an adjoining room. Levy reacts, covers his head with his arms, curls his body into a ball, tense and petrified. He screeches out.

LEVY

JESUS, MAN! WE CAN WORK THIS OUT!

Disgusted, Tibor grabs Levy off the floor, pushes him out the door, and down the stairs.

60

EXT. CEMENT PLANT, NIGHT (CONTINUATION)

60

Officer O'Brien and Roy hear the gun shots, and Levy's reaction. With guns drawn, they run closer to the building, observe Tibor and Levy exit the plant. They take cover.

They listen patiently to Tibor and Levy's conversation.

TIBOR

I know that by me removing myself from police protection, I'm a dead man walking. That makes me a very dangerous man right now, Stratton, A VERY dangerous man.

LEVY

Tibor, the police will still protect you. I'll vouch for you.

Tibor looks at him with disbelief, laughs loudly. He develops a crazed look, eyes bulging.

TIBOR
Are you kidding right now?

LEVY
You're very important to them. That
hasn't changed.

Tibor, incredulous, nudges Levy with the gun.

TIBOR
SHUT-UP! UNBELIEVABLE!

LEVY
What are you going to do with me?

TIBOR
Where's your wheels?

Levy points in the direction of his truck. Tibor pushes him
in that direction.

61 EXT. CEMENT BUILDING, NIGHT, CONTINUATION

61

Officer O'Brien and Roy stay undercover as Tibor and Levy
walk to the truck. Tibor reacts to the nearby unmarked police
car where Pete is hiding on the floor.

TIBOR
You bastard!

Levy panics, shakes his head.

LEVY
I swear, I didn't know anyone else
was here! I didn't want anyone to
come with me.

Tibor, furious, throws him on the ground, surrounded by
trees.

TIBOR
Liar.

Officer O'Brien sneaks closer, takes cover behind a large
hardwood tree.

OFFICER O'BRIEN
Drop the gun, Kovacs.

Tibor dives into the brush, near Levy. He yells.

TIBOR

Do you think I care if you shoot me? I'm already dead.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

Kovacs, it doesn't have to end like this. None of this is going to bring Rosey back. Nothing.

Roy, careful to stay out of Tibor's sight, makes his way through the woods, inches in the direction of Tibor and Levy.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Come on, Kovacs. Throw me your gun.

Kovacs, agitated, pulls Levy up off the ground by his shirt. Tibor positions Levy in front of him, forming a shield between he and Officer O'Brien.

He points his gun to Levy's head. Levy closes his eyes, trembles.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

You don't want to hurt any more people.

TIBOR

Now, that's where you have it all wrong. I don't give a rat's ass who gets hurt, especially this piece of shit.

He becomes more agitated, swinging his gun, shoots past Officer O'Brien.

O'Brien ducks, gather's his wits.

OFFICER O'BRIEN

I just want to talk peacefully okay, Kovacs? I'm even going to prove it to you.

He displays his gun, drops it on the ground, kicks it away.

Tibor briefly chuckles.

TIBOR

What a hero! A dumb hero, but nevertheless, a hero. Unfortunately you miscalculated my desire to talk. What are you going to do now?

Officer O'Brien takes a few steps forward. Tibor aims his gun at him. At the same moment, Roy comes up behind Tibor, sticks the barrel of his gun behind Tibor, startling him.

ROY
Drop your gun.

TIBOR
No way.

ROY
DROP THE GUN!

Tibor scoffs, slightly turns to see Roy, raises his gun.

Roy shoots him, he falls to the ground.

62 INT. HOSPITAL, DAY 62

Police guard the outside of a hospital room where Tibor lays in a bed hooked up to a breathing apparatus and heart monitor. Officer O'Brien and Sgt. Kellen approach the room, enter.

63 INT. CAPTAIN MILSON'S HOME, LIVING ROOM, DAY 63

MRS. MILSON gently escorts her husband, Captain Milson, dressed in pyjamas and housecoat, to the living room. His wife has him sit, places a tray table in front, then exits.

Somewhat fragile, he shakes as he uses the television remote to turn it on. Mrs. Milson returns, sets his food on the tray. She helps him to eat.

64 INT. CLUB, NIGHT 64

A raid occurs on the Blue Light Jazz Club where mob members and prostitutes drink and dance. Police quickly enter the club and surround the place. They round up several men and women, handcuff them, and march them out.

65 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH, DAY 65

Levy sits in front of his mic, joined by Sgt. Kellen, his rank changed to Captain, O'Brien to Sergeant, as evident by their uniforms. He interviews them on air.

66 INT. DELI, DAY 66

Jack Moses eats soup and salad. Ron, looking healthier, stares at his salad and water, picks away, unimpressed. Jack notices, chuckles to himself.

67 EXT. STRATTON HOME, BACKYARD, DAY 67

Pete, James, Helen and Penny sit at the picnic table as Levy finishes barbecuing, Tina assists. Levy and Tina eat standing up, laughing, wrapped up in one another. The others, done eating, interact with them and each other.

PETE

We'll have to get a ride to practice, or we'll be late.

PENNY

Let me take them. I'll grab my purse.

Penny, James and Pete head to the back door. Helen stands up, follows them.

LEVY

Do you think the three of us could go and throw some hoops some time?

TINA

Hey, that sounds like a great idea, huh, guys?

Pete and James smile at each other, Pete nods, they continue into the house.

LEVY

I love that boy more than I can ever describe.

Levy gazes lovingly at Tina, about to reach in and kiss her. She giggles nervously, takes dishes into the house. Amused, he does the same.

68 INT. STRATTON HOUSE KITCHEN, DAY (CONTINUATION) 68

They carry dishes to the sink. Amused, he follows.

Levy runs water in the sink as she puts condiments in the fridge. He starts to wash dishes.

LEVY

Being here with you and Pete is
surreal, like a dream.

Tina grabs a dry cloth, takes a dish from the sink. She steals a side eye glance at him as she dries dishes. She smiles, he notices, smiles back.

Levy leans in, they kiss. Tina drops the dry cloth, they embrace, continue kissing passionately.

69

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, DAY

69

Levy, unshaven, dishevelled and physically drained, lies unconscious in his hospital bed, his arms and legs secured for his personal safety.

From his POV, the sound of the door opening and closing echoes loudly as Dr. Horsemen, a NURSE, and a MALE ORDERLY enter, stand around his bed. Their speech is garbled and illegible.

Levy's closed eyes begins to flutter, opening intermittently, revealing blurred images including a slew of bugs near his face. He moves his head as he struggles to avoid them.

DR. HORSEMEN

Levy, can you hear me? It's Dr.
Horsemen.

Dr. Horsemen pauses, studies Levy.

Levy is in and out of consciousness, responds with slurred speech.

LEVY

Help. Help.

Dr. Horsemen looks at the nurse.

NURSE

Bugs. They're back.

Dr. Horsemen raises an eyebrow. He looks again at Levy.

DR. HORSEMEN

Your medication's not working.
We're going to add another
antipsychotic...to your Clozapine.

LEVY

How can you do this to me? I was
following all the rules...

(MORE)

LEVY (CONT'D)
of my release. My beautiful son...
and Tina...things were good... we
had a future...

Dr. Horsemen shakes his head.

DR. HORSEMEN
I'm sorry, Levy, but that is not
true. Your schizophrenia...you're
not doing well, your mind is
playing tricks on you. You have
never been released to the
community, your risk is too high...
Tina and Pete?

Dr. Horsemen shakes his head.

DR. HORSEMEN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

Levy grows angry, tries to break free.

LEVY
You're a liar.

Dr. Horsemen nods to the nurse and orderly. The orderly prevents Levy from moving as the nurse injects him with medication. Levy screams in protest.

The three exit. Levy whimpers, calls out for Pete.

THE END