

ARCHITECT'S RENDITION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY/NIGHT

Set in Manhattan in the early 2000s, the action opens with a series of shots of some of New York City's finest architectural gems: Guggenheim Museum, Seagram Building, Lever House, Whitney Museum, TWA terminal, Standard Hotel, New Museum, Hearst Building, IAC Building, Plaza Hotel, Chrysler Building, The United Nations Building. The final shot is of the Flatiron Building illuminated at dusk in the manner of Edward Steichen's famous photograph. From there the action moves across Madison Square Park toward an office high-rise a couple blocks away.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Forty-something GERALD, the handsome, well-dressed proprietor of a high-end New York City boutique architecture firm - Pfalzgraf Associates - sits at a sleek desk in his office. A striking view of the Flatiron Building is visible behind him through the floor-to-ceiling windows. Gerald studies a computer program that reports on an employee named OSCAR who has downloaded illegal pornography onto his workstation. Gerald scrolls through the report (which features a head shot of Oscar) and recoils at what must be filthy photos. A KNOCK at the door. In pops Oscar, a lumpy, thirty-ish nerd.

OSCAR

Sorry to interrupt, Gerald. I'm about to head out. I think the call with Arbogast went well. Anything you need from me?

Gerald, barely masking disgust, shakes his head.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

OK, Have a nice weekend.

Oscar steps back out of the office. Gerald stands up, stares contemplatively out the window for a moment, then returns to his desk and shuts down the computer. A copy of "The Prince" by Machiavelli is one among other books on Gerald's desk.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Carrying a briefcase, Gerald walks pensively along the sidewalk in a residential area. He strolls by a brownstone just in time to hear a man SCREAM obscenities in a foreign language from inside a first-floor apartment.

Through the open blinds in the window, Gerald observes an argument between the man, SINISA and a young woman, WREN.

WREN

Here's your fucking watch back.

She tosses the watch onto the coffee table.

WREN (CONT'D)

That's it. I don't have any money to give you. Comprehend?

Sinisa clocks Wren hard across the jaw, then storms out of the apartment, heading east. Gerald steps into the shadows and watches Sinisa until he turns the corner. Wren walks out, rubbing her jaw. A real beauty, she's in her mid-twenties with smooth alabaster skin, willowy arms and shoulder-length golden hair. Wren and Gerald lock eyes for a moment, and just when it seems Gerald might say something, Wren whisks by him and heads down the sidewalk to the west.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - NIGHT (LATER)

Keeping some distance, Gerald follows Wren until she ducks into a BAR. He turns and walks away.

INT. GERALD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lying in bed, Gerald awakens to an irritating whirring SOUND. He glances at the clock: 7:30. Gerald reluctantly gets out of bed and walks past the door of an EXERCISE ROOM where his wife MORCILLA works out on a step machine. About the same age as Gerald, Morcilla is short and a bit overweight. She has Mediterranean features. Without looking at him, Morcilla addresses Gerald who plods past without acknowledgement.

MORCILLA

The decorators are coming at 10.  
The caterers at 2.

INT. GERALD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sitting on a sofa facing a bay window overlooking Central Park, a sweaty Morcilla is on the phone while opening mail.

MORCILLA

I was about to close the deal for the Ferrari when the sales manager tried to charge me an additional 10K for the luggage.

(beat)

(MORE)

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

Well, it's custom made to fit in the car, but it's not about the money. It's the principle.

(beat)

No, really.

Morcilla looks at a piece of mail, and calls out to Gerald.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

Gerald! You didn't make a donation to the Whitney, did you? I truly hope you didn't.

INT. GERALD'S BEDROOM - DAY

On the edge of the bed, Gerald rubs his temples.

INT. GERALD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morcilla tosses mail into an expensive-looking trash can as she resumes her phone call.

MORCILLA

Sometimes, Vicki, I wonder where his head is at. Anyway, I'm going to have it out with Signore Enzo, that pompous bidonista.

(beat)

Okay, I'll see you tonight.

Morcilla hangs up the phone and continues to paw through the mail. Gerald walks in with a towel wrapped around his waist. He stares sadly at his wife's chunky silhouette against the big bay window. After a moment, Morcilla looks back at him.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

What are you staring at Gerald? Don't you have something to do?

Gerald faintly sneers and walks away.

INT./EXT. GERALD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

A RING at the door and the Pfalzgraf's BUTLER opens it. A few uniformed CATERERS with food carts and assorted equipment stand in the lobby outside Gerald's Home.

CATERER

Hello. We're from L'Epicure.

Gerald steps in to take over from the Butler.

GERALD

Come on in.  
 (To the Butler)  
 Show them to the kitchen.

The Butler leads the L'Epicure crew away.

MORCILLA (O.C.)

Is that the caterer?

GERALD

Yeah. L'Eprosy has arrived.

Gerald exits out the door.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME - DAY

A DOORMAN holds the door for Gerald as he steps onto the sidewalk of his Fifth Avenue building across from Central Park. As he heads to a waiting limo, a TOURIST interrupts, holding a big map flapping in the breeze.

TOURIST

Pardon me sir, but mightcha tell me  
 which way the Guggenheim Museum is?

GERALD

(Pointing up the avenue)  
 It's about fifteen blocks that-a-  
 way. It's the building that looks  
 like a gigantic toilet.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

As Gerald sits in a barber chair, a fawning, androgynous STYLIST messes with his hair. Finally, he renders judgement.

STYLIST

I think Monsieur would prefer his  
 hair to be parted on the right.  
 Your nose points ever-so-slightly  
 to the right. We can achieve  
 balance with a part on the right.

Gerald appears unconvinced.

STYLIST (CONT'D)

It is not conventional, but can  
 work for a man who is very self-  
 confident.

Gerald looks around and notices a couple other CLIENTS watching him, waiting to hear whether he has self-confidence.

GERALD  
Sure. Let's try it.

INT. GERALD'S HOME - DAY

The Caterers stand around beautifully arranged foods, taking bitchy scorn from Morcilla who is thoroughly dissatisfied.

MORCILLA  
I was willing to overlook your failure to procure the jamón ibérico de bellota, but smell the snapper ceviche. Just smell it.

A caterer makes a move to sniff, but decides against it.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)  
And the frog leg and watercress velouté certainly doesn't look velouté-y enough.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

Sporting his new hairdo, Gerald walks the same sidewalk the night he brushed into Wren. He makes it to the entrance of the Bar, hesitates, then walks in.

INT. BAR - DAY

Gerald scans the dark, empty Bar and spots Wren languidly wiping a glass. He takes a seat at the bar. Wren approaches; a bruise is visible on her jaw.

WREN  
May I make a cocktail for you?

GERALD  
Gibson, please.

WREN  
I haven't mixed one of those in quite a while. I hope the onions haven't turned black.

GERALD  
Or black and blue.

Wren touches her sore jaw and departs for the bottle of gin. While she mixes the drink Gerald absentmindedly plays with his hair. Wren returns with the drink; Gerald takes a sip.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Mmmm, perfect. This cocktail always reminds me of Cary Grant. An elegant drink.

WREN

Glad you like it.

GERALD

Did you ever watch "North by Northwest"?

WREN

Once. The plot doesn't make much sense but it's entertaining.

GERALD

I love the buildings. The United Nations, the bad guy's house. The cantilevers, the open plan, the built-in furniture. Sometimes I find the buildings more interesting than the actors.

(Takes a sip)

I'm an architect, in case you couldn't tell. I own a firm near the Flatiron Building.

WREN

The Flatiron, huh? That might just be my favorite building. What do you design?

GERALD

Residences mostly, in the so-called International Style. Steel and glass, flat roofs, pilings, minimal decoration. That sort of thing.

WREN

I'm not too wild about that. Too cold for my taste.

GERALD

Yeah, I get it. It's not for everybody. We're bidding on a contract for a private museum for a big art collector in Pennsylvania. He wants something very Bauhaus.

WREN

My knowledge of architecture is pretty limited. I'd like to learn more about it.

GERALD

I'd love to tell you about it.

Wren rubs her bruised jaw.

GERALD (CONT'D)

How'd you get that?

WREN

You know how.

(beat)

I like your new haircut. Suits your face well.

INT. GERALD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Morcilla's party is in full swing. The place is crowded with dozens of GUESTS all snappily dressed, along with several L'Epicure Caterers delivering hors d'oeuvres, and a JAZZ QUARTET playing cultured background music on the Balcony. A hired PHOTOGRAPHER mills around documenting the festivities. The Butler greets additional Guests periodically. Gerald speaks with a pair of flamboyant men, CHAPPY and GARTH, when HUMBOLDT, a distinguished German gentleman and his skinny WIFE step into the conversation.

HUMBOLDT

Lovely party Gerald. You look fit. Morcilla tells me you're bidding on a museum for David Arbogast.

GERALD

Yeah. He needs more space to show off his Mapplethorps.

CHAPPY

They must be big. His Mapplethorps.

GERALD

Humboldt, Catharina, may I introduce Chappy Hardwick. A good friend of Morcilla's. And, um, his, uh--

CHAPPY

--This is Garth Barthlemes, my latest discovery.

(MORE)



CHAPPY (CONT'D)

I found dear Garth in a Mini-Storage building along the Westside Highway - actually living inside one of those dreadful units - working like a madman on his absolutely marvelous sculptures of grizzly murder scenes. Do you know he fashions the crime victims from dried goose droppings? I have more than thirty of Garth's sculptures in my collection.

GERALD

Goose droppings, huh? Canadian? No shortage of that media, I imagine.

GARTH

That's true. And so demanding to work with, what with the smell and all. I'd be honored to have one of my pieces displayed in your office, Mr. Pfalzgraf.

GERALD

Well, uh--

HUMBOLDT

--Morcilla also tells me you're expanding your office space.

GERALD

I'm taking the vacant floor one flight down from the office.

HUMBOLDT

Congratulations, Gerald. Things are obviously going well with the business.

GERALD

Can't complain. I mean I could, but who would listen?

The WINE STEWARD steps in.

WINE STEWARD

I'm terribly sorry to interrupt, Mr. Pfalzgraf. May I have a few minutes of your time to discuss the wine selections?

Gerald scans the room and spots Morcilla talking with a gaggle of guests.

GERALD

I guess so.

(To his guests)

Please excuse me for a moment.

Chapst-- uh, Chappy, why don't you tell Humboldt and Catharina how you made a million bucks off of Keith Haring's untimely death?

Gerald and the Wine Steward walk off. In another part of the Living Room some female Guests chit chat.

GUEST #1

I hear Morcilla is thinking about turning her building on Little West Twelfth Street into condos.

GUEST #2

Amazing isn't it? Twenty years ago men in leather pants with the ass-cheeks cut out had sex in the elevator shaft of that dilapidated building.

GUEST #1

I remember that.

GUEST #2

Then they turn an overgrown train trestle into a park, and voila, "hello gentrification."

GUEST #3

Turning that dump into luxury condos has got to cost 25 mil. Not that she can't afford it, but I bet Gerald wouldn't be too happy.

GUEST #1

Why's that?

GUEST #3

It's no secret that Pfalzgraf Associates stays in business due to Morcilla's, shall we say, largesse.

GUEST #2

In part.

GUEST #3

OK. In part. He'll almost certainly get the Arbogast museum project because Morcilla and David are, shall we say, long time bosom buddies.

The three Guests look across the Living Room past Morcilla who is speaking to Chappy. They spot two new arrivals.

GUEST #2

Oh, look over there? Is that Dodo and Trevor Cholmondelay?

Across the Living Room, Gerald speaks with the Wine Steward who walks off just as the Pfalzgraf's MAID steps up.

MAID

Mr. Pfalzgraf? Mrs. Pfalzgraf ask for you to come to the safe room.

GERALD

Now?

MAID

Si.

INT. GERALD'S HOME/SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Gerald and Morcilla face one another in the Safe Room, a secure place where wealthy tenants go during a home invasion.

GERALD

You're out of your mind, Morcilla. I simply stepped away for a second because that asshole wine steward you hired can't make a decision. I never snubbed Chapstick, that sensitive peter-puffer.

MORCILLA

See! You just called him 'Chapstick.' Goddammit, Gerald. That's what he told me. You introduced him to one of your stupid clients as 'Chapstick.' Are you drunk?

Gerald glances at the big drink in his hand.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

Well?

GERALD

Back off, Morcilla. You remember the last time ole Chappy came to one of your asinine parties. I caught him getting a blowjob in our bedroom.

MORCILLA

Well...

GERALD

I still have the bag of cocaine he tried to hide under the bed. And the dry cleaning bill. Y'know, getting cum stains out of 400 thread count Egyptian cotton ain't cheap.

MORCILLA

You're disgusting.  
(In German)  
Stay away from my guests if you're going to behave like a 12 year old.

Morcilla storms out of the Safe Room. Gerald tosses his drink into a plant and smooths his hair, forgetting at first that it is now parted on the right. He adjusts his tie, sniffs a rose affixed to his lapel, and walks calmly out.

INT. GERALD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gerald suffers a stultifying conversation with DODO. He checks his watch a couple times.

DODO

The farmhouse is in Putnam County near the border with Duchess. I kind of wish it was in Duchess. Anyway, the septic system has me nervous. I keep finding what might be, um, toilet paper in the lawn. Is that a bad sign? I want to rent it out next summer. I think the roof has asbestos shingles. That's what the first inspector told me. I was wondering, Gerald, do you know a--

(Winks)

--really good building inspector?

GERALD

Really good? Well, I know a guy  
who can detect lead paint by  
licking the walls. He's that good.

Trevor joins the conversation.

TREVOR

Dodo, are you trying to squeeze a  
favor out of our host?

DODO

Well, sort of, but he's not biting.

Garth storms past the threesome in a huff toward the door.

TREVOR

Gerald, did Morcilla tell you I  
sold an Egon Schiele chalk study  
last week for an \$810,500 profit?

GERALD

How nice for you.

Suddenly a SCREAM from O.C. Gerald, the Cholmondelays and other Guests in the Living Room rush to the Balcony overlooking Central Park; the balcony where jazz players are assembled and some guests had been dancing.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME/BALCONY - NIGHT

Seriously drunk, Chappy wobbles atop the balcony wall 30 stories above the Fifth Avenue sidewalk. Morcilla and her guests look on in shock while the hired Photographer snaps the lurid action. Chappy points an accusatory finger at a horrified Humboldt.

CHAPPY

If you want him you can have him,  
but I warn you now, he might be  
cute but Garth has hemorrhoids.  
Pretty nasty ones.

GERALD

Get the hell off now before you  
fall.

CHAPPY

I tell you - I caught Garth in his  
smelly storage unit attempting anal  
sex with a Canadian goose.

Humboldt and his wife beat a path to the exit.

CHAPPY (CONT'D)

That's right Herr Humboldt. Take your skinny wench to U-Stor-It and have a ménage à oiseau with Garth the goose-fucker.

GERALD

Will you please get down.

CHAPPY

I don't have to prove that I am creative! All my pictures are confused!

GERALD

OK. I can't argue with that.

(beat)

Look, Chappy, if you fall off the ledge, Garth will just turn your gruesome death into another one of his smelly sculptures. And you'll be forever remembered as a piece of goose shit. Is that what you want?

Chappy looks down at the sidewalk for a moment, then steps gingerly off the ledge back onto the Balcony. As Morcilla approaches, Chappy vomits all over the grand piano as the Photographer captures the affront.

INT. GERALD'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Gerald sits back in an LC4 lounge chair with a wet rag across his eyes. The lights are dimmed. Morcilla walks in and sits on the floor next to Gerald.

MORCILLA

That was the most awful thing I have ever had to deal with. What a disaster. I'll probably have to get a gag order on the photographer to keep him from selling his pictures to Page 6.

(beat)

I guess it's true: mensch tracht, Gott lacht. Anyway, I appreciate your help with Chappy's meltdown, Gerald.

She touches his hand; he removes the rag from his eyes. A momentary thaw between the two.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

Still, I can't understand why you didn't intervene before things got out of hand. Didn't you notice Chappy was getting really drunk and that Garth was becoming awfully chummy with your German client? Is he gay?

GERALD

What are you getting at, Morcilla? Those freaks are your friends, not mine. I didn't invite Chapstick, and the rest of those mooches who graze on the expensive food you insist on serving them.

MORCILLA

Expensive? What would you know? You're blissfully ignorant when it comes to my money.

GERALD

Go to bed, Morcilla.

MORCILLA

You should have done more to keep things under control, Gerald. You know I'm busy with the guests. You should have kept an eye on Chappy. Especially after you insulted him. You know he can be unpredictable.

GERALD

Maybe I should have just let him take a swan dive off the balcony.

MORCILLA

You're a bastard.

GERALD

And you could have followed along behind him.

Morcilla storms out.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A uniformed DRIVER opens the door to a black limo and out steps Gerald and MARTINA, his dark-haired and pretty power-suited assistant. They walk to the door of a Bank and are greeted by a corporate-looking EXECUTIVE.

INT. BANK/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gerald, Martina and the Executive sit together at a conference table with papers spread out upon it.

EXECUTIVE

The museum project sounds exciting, Gerald. When do you break ground?

GERALD

We have to win the bid first, but I'm confident Arbogast will choose us over Curtain, Wall, Buckley & Company. I'm going out to Pennsylvania with the team next week to seal the deal.

EXECUTIVE

Well, best of luck. As for the loan to expand your office, we've completed the due diligence and you're pre-approved for the full amount. Congratulations, Gerald.

Gerald nods appreciatively. He looks over at Martina and in the process notices through the glass walls of the Conference Room a middle aged man (TOM) talking to a LOAN OFFICER. Tom appears agitated, although Gerald cannot hear the conversation.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Normally we wouldn't do such a large sum, but with Morcilla being such a valued client we couldn't resist.

Gerald expresses mild irritation at the impudent comment.

GERALD

Anything else?

EXECUTIVE

Just a few signatures.

The Executive slides a packet across the table toward Gerald who slides it on to Martina. Gerald stands up, buttons his bespoke suit jacket and shakes hands. He again looks inquisitively at the man engaged with the Loan Officer, as though he knows him but can't recall how.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Gerald and Martina mill about the sidewalk.



GERALD

I'll see you back at the office. I have to meet Morcilla for lunch. You can take the limo. I'm going for a walk.

Tom exits the Bank. He rudely passes between Gerald and Martina. Gerald finally places the face.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Tom? Tom Stull?

Tom turns around and wracks his brain. He's dressed like a contractor straight from a work site. Finally it clicks.

TOM

Gerry Pfalzgraf?

Tom approaches Gerald.

GERALD

Gerald. Man it's been, what, 25 years? How've you been, Tom? What are you doing these days?

MARTINA

I'll get all this together for you this afternoon, Gerald.

Martina departs for the waiting Limo. Tom leers at her from behind until Mustapha closes the door.

TOM

Uh, yeah. Long time. I'm doing OK, but not as good as you, I guess. Hot wife, or girlfriend, whatever, you got there.

GERALD

She works for me. I own an architecture firm here in town.

TOM

Nice. I kind of went into the same line of business myself. Construction.

Gerald smirks imperceptibly at the notion that construction is like architecture.

TOM (CONT'D)

After serving 4 years in the Army.

GERALD

What are you doing in Manhattan?

TOM

I got a contract to do some paving along I80 in Jersey. I'm just here to get my asshole reamed out again by the cocksucking loan officer. A couple a months ago they jacked up my interest rate. Now they want me to put up more collateral which I ain't got. If they repo my stuff, I'm fucked for real.

(beat)

So that's how I'm doing.

GERALD

Damn, that's pretty messed up. Do you have a card?

TOM

I might have one left.

Tom pulls out his wallet and fishes around.

GERALD

Maybe we can have lunch. Catch up on old times.

TOM

Old times?

Tom hands over a wrinkled card with the name of his construction company: TS Erection. Gerald smiles derisively at the company name as he slides the card into his wallet.

GERALD

Y'know, reminisce over the shit we put up with back in Aliquippa.

TOM

Whatever. I'd rather talk about any work you might know of.

GERALD

That too. Listen, I have a lunch appointment coming up.

TOM

OK. Be cool, Gerry.

Gerald is about to correct Tom, but he's already headed toward the subway station, papers bulging from a folder.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Gerald paces the sidewalk outside the Bar, deciding whether to enter. After a couple seconds, he does.

INT. BAR - DAY

Gerald takes the same barstool he occupied the first time he was there. Wren presents him a Gibson.

WREN  
Hello, handsome.

GERALD  
How did you know--

WREN  
--I saw you pacing around outside.  
I willed you to come in. It's so  
boring here this early in the day.

Gerald smiles and takes a sip.

GERALD  
Well here I am. I'm Gerald by the  
way.

WREN  
Nice to meet you. I'm Wren.

GERALD  
Like the little bird.

WREN  
I have two sisters: Robin and  
Sparrow, if that tells you  
anything.

GERALD  
I don't suppose your parents raised  
free range Birkenstocks in the 70s.

WREN  
Pretty close.

GERALD  
So, my little bird. What's new  
with you?

WREN  
Let's see. I saw "Last Year at  
Marienbad" at the Film Forum last  
night after my shift.

GERALD

Great movie. Love the shrubbery.  
Thank god for the Film Forum.

WREN

Yeah. Whenever I'm down, I know  
can always go there to escape.

GERALD

What's got you down?

WREN

I go there when I'm not down too,  
you know.

Gerald takes a long sip of his drink, tempting Wren to elaborate.

WREN (CONT'D)

OK, my tormentor, the guy who hit  
me that night, has decided to  
return to the city. He wants to  
suck me back into his miserable  
existence. He found out where I  
live and where I work. It's all  
bad now.

GERALD

Damn, I'm sorry to hear that.

WREN

I'm sorry to tell it. Makes me  
seem like a loser.

GERALD

Don't talk like that, Wren.  
What're you going to--

WREN

--I'm sorry I mentioned it, Gerald.  
I appreciate your concern, but I  
don't want to get into it now.  
Maybe another time.

(beat)

What about you? You strike me as a  
man who has everything going for  
himself. What's your cross to  
bear?

GERALD

Besides being married to a master  
manipulator for 20 years, not much.

WREN  
That's too bad.

GERALD  
Yes it is. But business is great,  
at least.

(beat)  
I am worried though about one of my  
employees - the one who's handling  
that museum project I told you  
about. I discovered he's been  
downloading some, well, let me just  
say some very dicey content.

WREN  
Yuk. Why don't you fire him?

GERALD  
I probably should, but I have to  
consider all the possibilities. I  
might be able to persuade him to do  
something for me.

WREN  
Ooo, very Machiavellian.

Gerald lifts his glass in a mock toast.

GERALD  
As the Prince once said, "He who  
seeks to deceive will always find  
someone who will allow himself to  
be deceived."

INT. BISTRO - DAY

The Bistro is located in the gentrified Meatpacking District. Gerald walks from the entrance toward a table where Morcilla talks on a cell phone. A glass of wine and a notebook rest on the table in front of her. She glances up at Gerald then without acknowledging him refers to an item in the notebook.

MORCILLA  
If that's how you feel about it,  
you give me no choice.  
(In Italian)  
You'll regret treating me this way,  
Signore Enzo.

Morcilla hangs up the phone and takes a hefty gulp of wine.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)  
Gerald, you're late.

GERALD

Nice to see you too, dear.

MORCILLA

Don't be cute. How did your meeting go with the bankers?

GERALD

Fine. I ran into an old--

MORCILLA

--When will they green-light the financing?

Annoyed at the interruption, Gerald flags down a pretty, young WAITRESS and motions her to come over.

GERALD

(Smiling)

Will you bring me a glass of Château de Valflaunès, darling?

WAITRESS

Certainly, sir.

After the Waitress departs, Gerald loses the smile.

GERALD

It's done. The light has been greened. Who were you talking to just now? That Ferrari asshole?

MORCILLA

Signore Enzo, yes. That Ferrari asshole.

GERALD

Why don't you just tell him to go to hell, Morcilla? What do you need the car for anyway? Is there something wrong with the Bentley?

The Waitress returns with Gerald's wine. Morcilla orders.

MORCILLA

(In French)

I'll have the Moules Frites Au Pernod.

(In English)

What are you having, Gerald?

GERALD

(To the Waitress)

Steak tartare and an endive salad.

MORCILLA

Are you seriously going to eat that?

Gerald hands the menu to the Waitress with an expression that telegraphs "my wife here is a pain in the ass, but it's a cross I must bear." Sympathetic, the Waitress departs.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

Honestly, Gerald, sometimes I think you do the most disgusting things just to annoy me.

GERALD

As I always say: when in the Meatpacking District, pack meat.

Morcilla shakes her head and sips her drink.

MORCILLA

Oh, and as if it's any of your concern, there's nothing wrong with the Bentley. I happen to like the Ferrari. And I can afford it. Even after propping up your firm.

Gerald stares daggers at Morcilla.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Gerald. I didn't mean that. You're doing a great job. Forgive me. I'm proud of the work you're doing. Really. I just have a lot on my mind, with the charity ball and my building and everything.

She reaches for Gerald's hand but he quickly pulls back and sips his wine.

GERALD

Forget it.

The Waitress arrives with the food. Gerald mashes a raw egg into the beef.

GERALD (CONT'D)

So, what's with the building? You find a buyer for that dilapidated piece of shit?

MORCILLA

It might be dilapidated, Gerald,  
but it's a hundred yards from the  
Highline. It would be foolish to  
sell it now.

Gerald shovels a big load of tartare into his mouth. As he  
speaks some bloody, yellowish juice oozes down his chin.

GERALD

(With food in his mouth)  
Don't tell me you're thinking of  
renovating it.

Morcilla gags at the sight, and bolts for the restroom.  
Feeling guilty over his childish behavior, Gerald wolfs down  
the rest of his meal. He places napkin over the plate just  
as Morcilla returns and takes her seat.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I'm going out to Pennsylvania next  
week to meet with Arbogast on the  
museum project.

MORCILLA

Well, I sincerely hope David gives  
you the business, Gerald. I've  
decided to turn my--  
(Quotes with fingers)  
--"dilapidated piece of shit" into  
condos. And I'm going to re-  
configure the ground floor into  
retail space. Going to cost fifty  
mil, so I won't be funneling any  
more cash your way. Hope you  
enjoyed your steak tartare.

INT. TAXI (TRAVELING) - DAY

Gerald sits in the back seat in a contemplative mood.  
Suddenly he feels ill. He calls to his Driver.

GERALD

Pull over. Now!

The Driver complies. Gerald gets out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Gerald rushes into the Park and vomits. After a moment, he  
shuffles listlessly back to the Taxi.



INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Bar is packed with drinkers and diners. Wren busily works the bar along with a couple other BARTENDERS. Inebriated, Sinisa steps to the bar, wedging between a MAN and his GIRLFRIEND. Sinisa is a stocky Slav in his 30s. He wears a cheap leather jacket and speaks with an accent. Sinisa calls out to Wren.

SINISA

Wren! Wren, goddammit!

Wren spins around and is shocked to see Sinisa.

SINISA (CONT'D)

Wren! I gotta talk to you.

WREN

You're not supposed to be here.

The Girlfriend hops off the bar-stool and walks off.

SINISA

Just give me a minute.

WREN

What do you want?

SINISA

I need your help. Can we talk, y'know, somewhere in private?

WREN

I'm working. There is no private.

SINISA

Come down to the end of the bar, then. It'll only take a minute.

Wren exhales dramatically. They move to the end of the bar.

WREN

So what's the big emergency?

SINISA

You know. I need some money.

Wren rubs her jaw.

WREN

Yeah, I vaguely remember something about that.

SINISA  
Can't you help me out?

WREN  
What about the Piaget watch?

SINISA  
That didn't cost you anything.

Wren shrugs.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
I'm going to A.C. soon to collect  
from a deadbeat who owes me 10K.  
But that's not enough.

WREN  
How much is enough?

SINISA  
More like 100.

WREN  
Jesus.

SINISA  
Listen, I got an idea. How about  
you leave the back door unlocked  
after you leave here tonight? I'll  
do the rest. Whaddya think?

WREN  
What do I think? You're insane.

SINISA  
You owe me, cunt!

WREN  
Go fuck yourself. Anything else I  
can do for you?

SINISA  
Get me a drink.

WREN  
Ask someone else. And you better do  
it fast before they kick you out  
again.

Wren leaves to serve another drinker. Sinisa walks back and takes the seat of the absent Girlfriend. He addresses the waiting Man.

SINISA

Are you trying to hit on that  
blondie bartender, fuckface?  
That's my wife. You want her to  
suck your cock you have to get  
permission from me.

The Man nervously avoids eye contact. His Girlfriend returns and stares angrily at the insolent Sinisa. She turns her ire toward the Man who hasn't immediately jumped to defend her possession of the barstool. Finally the Man acts.

MAN

Uh, sir, would you please mind--

SINISA

--Fuck you say?

MAN

Um. You're sitting--

SINISA

--On her face?

(Laughs)

Oh, I get it.

Sinisa gives up the barstool. He extends his hand in reconciliation, and as the Man does likewise, Sinisa knocks the Man's drink all over his pants. The MANAGER of Public Hair witnesses the commotion. As Sinisa walks away, the Manager places a phone call.

INT. BAR/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sinisa pulls out a packet of cocaine. As he prepares to snort, the Manager and a huge BOUNCER enter.

MANAGER

Sir, you'll have to leave the  
restaurant. Now. We don't permit  
drug use on the premises, and we  
don't tolerate harassment of our  
patrons.

Sinisa puts his hands behind his head and interlaces his fingers in dramatic fashion.

SINISA

Lead the way, ossifer.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Closely accompanied by the Bouncer, Sinisa walks toward the exit, then plows drunkenly into a two-top, scattering the food and drink of two PATRONS. With that, the Bouncer grabs Sinisa by the scruff of the neck and hustles him to the door. Sinisa wails. Along with everyone in the Bar, Wren looks on aghast. She addresses a fellow bartender.

WREN

I'll probably get fired for this.

BARTENDER

You know that asshole?

Just as Sinisa and the Bouncer get to the exit, Sinisa escapes from the Bouncer's grip and bites him on the hand.

BOUNCER

You fucking animal!

The Bouncer shoves Sinisa violently through the glass door, shattering it. Sinisa falls at the feet of a POLICE OFFICER. The Police Officer hoists Sinisa to his feet, flips him around and cuffs him.

POLICE OFFICER

You again? Man, you just don't  
fucking learn, do you?

The Police Officer hustles Sinisa to a waiting black & white.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerald sits at his desk listening to the bank Executive over a speakerphone. He peruses his computer.

EXECUTIVE

(Over speakerphone)

That's basically it, Gerald. You have the funding to expand your office, and if - ha ha - I mean when you get the museum contract, we're ready to extend the construction loan for your spec houses to twenty-five--

GERALD

--Thirty, John.

EXECUTIVE

(Over speakerphone)

Oh yeah, sorry. Thirty million.

GERALD  
Just for that, I want thirty-five.

EXECUTIVE  
(Over speakerphone)  
Funny, Gerald.

GERALD  
I'm serious. Bump it to thirty-five. I'll put in a good word with your board. Or I suppose I could persuade Morcilla to--

EXECUTIVE  
(Over speakerphone)  
--Be cool, Gerald. Thirty-five is doable.

GERALD  
Shit, I should have pushed for fifty. Talk to you later.

EXECUTIVE  
(Over speakerphone)  
Thank you so--

Gerald hangs up.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Gerald approaches the bar and takes stock of the boarded door where glass once was. He cautiously steps in. A Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER  
What're you drinking?

GERALD  
Is Wren here?

BARTENDER  
Wren doesn't work here anymore.

GERALD  
Uh, um, what happ-- Any reason--

BARTENDER  
--You saw the door, right? I guess her ex-boyfriend came looking for her and made a bit of a mess.

GERALD  
Jesus. I don't suppose--

BARTENDER

--No idea.

GERALD

What happened to the ex-BF?

BARTENDER

Cops took him away. He was busted here before. I think that's why Wren got the boot. Apparently they blamed her for his presence.

GERALD

Jesus, what bullshit.

EXT. FILM FORUM - NIGHT

The marquee indicates "Rififi" is playing.

INT. FILM FORUM - NIGHT

Gerald steps into the darkened theater where the movie is underway. He scans the room, locates Wren and sits behind her. The credits roll, Wren turns and spots Gerald.

GERALD

Can I buy you a cocktail?

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Lounge is urbane and lightly attended by other well-dressed couples. Gerald and Wren sit at a quiet table, each with a cocktail.

GERALD

How'd you like the movie?

WREN

Probably better than you did. How much of it did you catch? The last five minutes?

GERALD

I've seen it before. Great noir story.

WREN

Kinda like my life.

GERALD

That guy - quite the bad penny.

WREN

Well, given he's Serbian, I'd say he's quite the bad dinar.

GERALD

I gather you're in the market for a new job, thanks to, um--

WREN

--Sinisa.

GERALD

You have anything lined up?

WREN

I'm thinking about going back to school. Finish my art degree, maybe.

GERALD

What about architecture? That's an art form that can pay the bills.

WREN

I love beautiful buildings, but I don't know the first thing about becoming an architect. Do you know anyone I could talk to about it?

GERALD

Let me think. Yeah, I know a guy who owns a top-notch firm right here in Manhattan. They're designing a museum as we speak.

WREN

Sounds intriguing. Can you put me in touch with him?

GERALD

He's going to meet the client later this week, but I'm sure he can make time to explain the business to you over dinner. Say, Thursday evening, 8:00, Eleven Madison Park?

WREN

This Thursday? I'm not sure I can make 8:00.

GERALD

8:05?

WREN

That's better. Would you please inform your colleague I'll be there at 8:05 this Thursday?

GERALD

Done. I mean, I certainly will.

Gerald hands Wren a card.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Here's his number in case you want to confirm.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Seated at his desk, Gerald presses a button on his intercom.

GERALD

(Into intercom)

Janet, can you send in Oscar and his team?

Oscar and his team of architects, including engineer PAUL, walk into the office and take seats.

GERALD (CONT'D)

OK, men. We're going to meet with David Arbogast and amaze him with our proposal. We have funding, so no excuses. The presentation for the museum has to be orgasmic. You know what I mean, right Oscar.

Oscar appears flummoxed.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I want Arbogast to blow a load when he sees our proposal.

OSCAR

Uh, yeah, Gerald. Sure. We'll bring him to climax if that's what it takes.

GERALD

Good. Now you might be lulled into complacency because my wife has a long-time friendship with David. That whole Jeff Koons-Barcelona exhibition thing. But believe me - Arbogast will base his decision on quality of plans.

(MORE)



GERALD (CONT'D)

Clarity of vision. Friendships won't mean shit when it comes to this project.

PAUL

There's nothing to worry about, Mr. Pfalzgraf. We'll kick ass out there.

GERALD

I appreciate your optimism, Paul. Oscar, I trust you've explained to Paul just how formidable a competitor Curtain, Wall, Buckley and Company can be.

OSCAR

Yeah, Paul, I'll tell you offline.

GERALD

You do that, Oscar. For the rest of you - make no mistake, Curtain, Wall is ten times bigger than we are, and that old fuck Richard Curtain - bless his 90 year old ass - studied under Frank Lloyd Wright.

OSCAR

I think Arbogast, with his property so close to Falling Water, won't want to hire a firm that will propose a Wright-like building.

GERALD

I tend to agree. I just don't want to take any chances. OK, take me through the pitch, Oscar.

Oscar flips on a projector, and a schematic image of a sleek, modern building appears on the screen.

EXT. ELEVEN MADISON PARK - NIGHT

Wren and Gerald walk together away from the restaurant, waiting to cross the street toward Madison Square Park.

WREN

That was spectacular. I've never devoted that much time to eating a meal in my whole life.

GERALD

Glad you enjoyed it, Wren. I don't think I've ever devoted that much time to a conversation in my life. You're fascinating.

The WALK sign illuminates. Wren's hand sweeps by Gerald's. He lightly takes it without resistance from her.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

The lighted Flatiron Building is in the near distance looking like the famous Steichen photograph.

WREN

Mmmm. My favorite building.

EXT. FLATIRON BUILDING - NIGHT

Gerald and Wren look up at the building.

WREN

I just love the detail.

GERALD

Yeah. Daniel Burnham went a little overboard on the dentils and pilasters and those things at the top that look like cartouche. Pretty much the opposite of what my firm designs. Still, it's a marvelous structure.

(beat)

It's like a mighty plow in one of those Depression-Era WPA murals, furrowing Manhattan into Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

WREN

I never thought of it that way.

GERALD

It's more apparent from my office. Would you like to take a look?

WREN

Love to.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES - NIGHT

Gerald and Wren wait outside the elevator.

GERALD

First I'll take you to the floor I just leased. I hope to have it built out in a few months. We really need the space.

The elevator doors open and the couple step out.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES/UNFINISHED FLOOR - NIGHT

Gerald escorts Wren around the vacant space.

GERALD

I'm planning to hire 15 new people before the end of the year. Maybe more if we get the subcontract for a high-rise on 57th.

(beat)

Let's take the stairs up to my office.

Gerald produces a security badge. C.U. of the badge reader in a box on the floor, not yet installed. He stuffs the badge back into his pocket. Gerald opens the door and he and Wren walk up the stairs.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Standing side by side, Gerald and Wren take in the beautifully lit Flatiron Building. After a moment, Gerald strokes Wren's hair.

WREN

I don't like that you're married.

GERALD

Neither do I.

WREN

I won't be your mistress.

(beat)

Not for long, anyway.

GERALD

I promise you won't have to.

The couple embraces. Gerald and Wren kiss - silhouetted against the floor-to-ceiling windows, skyline shining brilliantly in the background.

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - DAY

Gerald, Oscar and Paul ride in the limo along Interstate 80.

OSCAR

I hope we didn't go overboard on the square footage. Still seems awful big to me.

GERALD

Arbogast's collection is awful big. He owns Basquiat, Keith Haring, Chuck Close, Mapplethorpe, Jeff Koons. All top notch stuff. Shit, the Koons collection will need 10,000 square feet by itself. Those huge balloon figures take up a ton of space.

OSCAR

Well, I can't wait to get started.

GERALD

Listen, Oscar. Just because we've done four other buildings for him doesn't guarantee we'll get the commission. It's a freaky business.

PAUL

Isn't your wife--

GERALD

--Yes. My wife is a good friend of Arbogast's. Honestly, I'm not sure if that helps or hurts.

OSCAR

Well, our proposal is rock solid. I'm not worried.

GERALD

And that worries me.

EXT. ARBOGAST'S PLACE - DAY

The limo advances through a stately gate up a long, tree-lined driveway, passing stylish, modern buildings. The limo passes a vacant area with some idled construction vehicles, and large dumpsters.

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - DAY

The Limo passes the vacant area on Arbogast's Place.

GERALD

There it is boys. Site of the  
future Arbogast Museum.

OSCAR

And hookah lounge.

Paul chuckles.

EXT. ARBOGAST'S PLACE - DAY

The limo pulls to the front entrance of a large, thoroughly modern house. A well-dressed, elderly MAN-SERVANT awaits.

INT. ARBOGAST'S PLACE - DAY

The Man-Servant leads Gerald and team into a Conference Room where ARBOGAST greets them, accompanied by a few AIDES. Arbogast is about 60 and modestly overweight. He's dressed in a well-made double-breasted suit, and wears his thinning, grey hair slicked back.

ARBOGAST

Gerald, so good to see you. How's  
Morcilla?

GERALD

David. Lovely to be here.  
Morcilla sends her regards. It's  
too bad you couldn't make her  
party.

ARBOGAST

I saw some pictures. Sorry I  
missed the festivities.

GERALD

Uh, let me introduce you to a  
couple of my people. Oscar Dupree,  
team leader on the project.

Oscar steps forward and shakes hands.

OSCAR

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Arbogast.

GERALD

And Paul Clay, one of my engineers.

Paul shakes Arbogast's hand.

PAUL  
How do you do.

ARBOGAST  
(Points to his employees)  
That's Harold McCullough, my  
curator, and Bob Wolfe, my  
accountant.

The two men wave from across the long conference table.

ARBOGAST (CONT'D)  
I have lunch coming soon. Let's  
get started, shall we, Gerald?

Everyone sits down except Gerald who stands at the head of the table, and Oscar who sets up a laptop projector.

GERALD  
David, Pfalzgraf Associates has  
designed every building on your  
property. We are in the best  
position to ensure the look of your  
new museum will provide the  
esthetic continuity you must have.  
That your compound deserves.  
(beat)  
I'm confident what you'll see today  
is a handsome building that  
establishes a bold presence yet  
integrates cleanly with the overall  
site parameters.  
(beat)  
Now I'd like Oscar to take you  
through the details. Oscar?

Gerald takes a seat. Oscar projects an image of a modern-looking structure on the screen.

OSCAR  
As Mies Van Der Rohe once said,  
"Architecture starts when you  
carefully put two bricks together."

INT. FERRARI SHOWROOM - DAY

Morcilla and her long time friend VICKI wander about the Ferrari Showroom, admiring the various exotic automobiles on the floor. Morcilla runs her hand along the fender of one.

MORCILLA

You like this one, Vicki? Feel the curves.

Vicki runs her hand along the sensuous fender and smiles.

MORCILLA (CONT'D)

This is the car I've been trying to buy from these people for the past month. The Modena in Rossa Corso red. Now after all this time, I'm beginning to fancy that convertible Spider over there.

(Gestures to the car)

Giallo Fly Yellow. Gorgeous.

VICKI

It certainly is, M.

Disturbed that Morcilla has made an unannounced appearance, ENZO the sales manager hustles from his office.

ENZO

Signora Pfalzgraf! Why you not tell me you come in today? How can I help you?

MORCILLA

Save it, Enzo. Are you going to sell me the Modena with the luggage included or not? Yes or no - right now.

ENZO

Well, I uh, we, uh. Yes, of course. I throw in the lugg--

MORCILLA

--Throw in? You mean like floor mats?

ENZO

I meant--

MORCILLA

--Forget it, Enzo. I've changed my mind. I'll take that yellow Spider instead.

ENZO

Um, that one already have a deposit on it.

MORCILLA

So? Do you really think I care  
about your little business details?

(beat)

Have the car delivered to my  
garage. I'll have my accountant  
settle the bill next week.

ENZO

Signora Pfalzgraf--

MORCILLA

--You are aware that I can take my  
business to that very nice dealer  
in Greenwich, right, Signore Enzo?

ENZO

Yes, but the Spider is, shall we  
say--

(In Italian)

--somewhat more expensive.

MORCILLA

(In Italian)

No more expensive than my time  
wasted haggling with you.

(In English)

Are we settled? Or shall I spend a  
day in Connecticut meeting with  
your charming competitor?

ENZO

Excuse me for a moment, Signora  
Pfalzgraf.

Enzo departs for his office.

VICKI

He seems all hot and bothered.

MORCILLA

He should. My calendar is jammed.  
The building renovation, the  
charity ball, the zoo annex. And  
somewhere in there I have to wedge  
in Barcelona for a week.

VICKI

Barcelona. Nice. Will you be  
meeting David there?

Enzo returns.



ENZO

Signora Pfalzgraf. Will it be satisfactory if we ship the Spider to your garage next week?

MORCILLA

Of course.  
 (To Vicki)  
 Of course.

INT. ARBOGAST'S PLACE - DAY

Oscar finishes his presentation. The projector casts an image of large sculptures set about a courtyard outside the museum. A KNOCK at the door and a WAITER pokes his head in.

ARBOGAST

Lunch has arrived. Harold, you don't mind showing Gerald the collection while we eat, do you?

The Waiter sets up the food while Harold steps to the head of the table. He starts his presentation with an image of a large balloon-shaped animal. Gerald unwraps a piece of expensive-looking chocolate and pops it in his mouth.

HAROLD

Acquired by Mr. Arbogast in 1994, this piece is 22 feet tall and weighs 7 tons. There are several more like it in the collection.

As Harold speaks, Oscar leans over and whispers to Paul.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I point this out because we must accommodate adequate entrance and egress for--

Harold is interrupted by a stifled guffaw from Paul. Everyone at the table stares at Paul incredulously. Gerald in particular is appalled.

PAUL

I'm sorry--

GERALD

--Harold, please continue.

Arbogast looks on quizzically as if he's thinking "what the fuck?" Gerald stares at Paul like he wants to kill him.

HAROLD

Um, as I was trying to say, you have to consider the immense size of these sculptures.

EXT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

The limo pulls out of Arbogast's place.

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

The limo is tooling along Interstate 80. Uncomfortable silence until Gerald finally blows his stack.

GERALD

What the fuck was so funny back there? Are you two insane? Jesus Christ, Arbogast is our top client and you two assholes are goofing around like second graders.

PAUL

I'm sorry Mr. Pfalzgraf. Oscar made a joke and I couldn't help myself.

GERALD

Oh he did, did he?

OSCAR

Paul lost his cool, Gerald. I just asked him why my piece of chocolate had corn in it.

GERALD

That's hilarious, Oscar. I know you can tell by the way I'm laughing my fucking ass off.

(beat)

So help me god, if we lose the museum...

OSCAR

Gerald--

GERALD

--Shut up. Both of you. Don't talk. I have to think.

Gerald turns away and looks out the window at the passing landscape. The limo drives by a construction site.

Gerald spots a truck emblazoned with the name "TS Erection." He takes out Tom's business card from his wallet and studies it.

INT. GERALD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gerald wakes up to the whirring SOUND emanating from Morcilla's step machine. He glances at the clock: 6:30. Gerald gets out of bed and heads to the shower. The whirring stops and Morcilla intercepts him.

MORCILLA

Gerald, what happened at your meeting with David Arbogast?

GERALD

Huh? What do you mean?

MORCILLA

I, uh, he called me last night to tell me things didn't go so well in your meeting.

GERALD

David Arbogast called you? About a meeting with me? What's going on, Morcilla? Why would he do that?

MORCILLA

He wants to give you the contract for the museum, but he's worried about some of your employees, Gerald. He's concerned your team might not be up to the task. Have you spoken with him?

GERALD

It's the first thing I plan to do this morning. But I asked you: why would he call you?

MORCILLA

(Childlike)

I don't know. I'm just relaying to you that he likes your proposal.

GERALD

I don't--

MORCILLA

(Forcefully now)

--Look, Gerald, you have to straighten out your operations.

(MORE)

## MORCILLA (CONT'D)

You can't bring half-wits to meetings with important leaders in the art community like David... Arbogast.

After an odd pause, Gerald responds coolly.

## GERALD

You're right, dear. I really should fire Oscar. He's becoming more of a liability as time passes. If Mr. Arbogast calls you again, please remind him we will work two hundred percent to make his museum a masterpiece of design and functionality.

Morcilla shrugs and leaves. Gerald angrily yanks a black suit out of his closet, breaking the wooden hanger.

## EXT. GERALD'S HOME - DAY

Gerald walks toward his waiting limo but when he notices a truck parked behind it bearing Morcilla's new yellow Ferrari Spider, he approaches the TRUCK DRIVER instead.

## GERALD

Hey. I don't suppose that snazzy car is for Mrs. Pfalzgraf.

## TRUCK DRIVER

Yeah. I was supposed to load a different car for her but my boss told me she decided on this one instead.

## GERALD

I see.

## TRUCK DRIVER

She must have some pull, cuz my boss told me this one already had a deposit on it. Some rock star dude.

## GERALD

That Mrs. Pfalzgraf sure must be a persuasive woman.

## TRUCK DRIVER

Apparently.

Gerald walks to the limo.

GERALD  
(Sotto voce)  
Fucking manipulative is more like  
it.

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - DAY

Gerald talks to Arbogast on the phone.

GERALD  
David? Gerald.

INTERCUT WITH ARBOGAST'S OFFICE

ARBOGAST  
Hello, Gerald. Nice of you to  
call. Listen, my staff and I  
really enjoyed your presentation  
yesterday. The design concepts  
look to be very integral to the  
compound.

GERALD  
Thank--

ARBOGAST  
--I wanted you to know however that  
I've asked Richard Curtain to come  
by personally to size up my  
requirements. Perhaps you've come  
to believe I would give you the  
contract without competitive bid,  
but I must say I am a trifle  
concerned with the professionalism  
of your team.

Gerald mouths the word "fuck."

GERALD  
David, you have every right to  
consult whomever you choose. In  
fact, I think that's being very  
smart. But I'm confident you'll  
decide on us after you have  
evaluated all the factors. David,  
we've designed all the buildings on  
your property. Whatever Curtain,  
Wall, Buckley comes up with won't  
work. It may be a subtle design  
element, but it won't work.

ARBOGAST  
Have a great day, Gerald.

As soon as Arbogast hangs up, Gerald's phone rings. He answers. In the background he hears the CLANG of pots and pans.

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Sporting a shiner, Wren is on the phone in the kitchen of a Vietnamese Restaurant where cooks and dishwashers work. She holds Gerald's business card.

WREN  
(Sniffling)  
Gerald? Can you hear me?

INTERCUT WITH THE LIMO

GERALD  
Wren? What's wrong? Are you crying?

WREN  
I'm sorry, Ger. I just didn't know what else to do.

GERALD  
What's going on? What's all that noise?

WREN  
I'm in the kitchen of the Vietnamese restaurant down the block. Sinisa came to my apartment this morning. He threatened me.

GERALD  
Where is he now?

WREN  
I don't know. I'm afraid to go home. What should I do?

GERALD  
Give me the address of the restaurant. I'll come get you.

EXT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - DAY

A HONK from the limo draws Wren out. She runs to the opened back door of the limo and dives in.

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - DAY

Wren embraces Gerald and makes a move to kiss him.

GERALD

Not here. Let's go to the park and talk.

Gerald eases Wren away, suddenly noticing the black eye.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Jesus, Wren. You didn't tell me he hit you.

He caresses her eye.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Standing on the sidewalk next to Wren, Gerald signals to his Driver to leave. The couple walk into Madison Square Park and take a secluded bench.

GERALD

Don't worry, Wren. I'll protect you from that scumbag bastard. My firm holds a room at the Gansevoort Hotel for out-of-town clients. You can stay there while I figure something out.

WREN

I don't know what to say. We barely know each--

GERALD

--Can't you tell I care about you.

WREN

Yes, I do. Me too.

GERALD

I need to know more about this creep. Sinisa, right?

WREN

Yeah, Sinisa Ražnatovi. Coke head, compulsive gambler, breaker of bones for the Serbian mob.

GERALD

Mob? What? He's into organized crime, too? Jesus, Wren, what were you thinking?

WREN

He's very jealous, Ger. Watched me like a hawk. The only time I'd ever get a break was when he went to Atlantic City to collect on debts.

GERALD

Damn. How did you get away?

WREN

He disappeared. Simple as that. Never even left a note. I assumed he found a better gig. Didn't matter. I was free.

GERALD

Then the cat came back.

(beat)

I know this guy's an asshole, but you were with him for awhile. Does he have even one redeeming quality?

WREN

I guess like all tough-guys, Sinisa is deep down a child, suffering with childhood issues. He told me about a time he was an altar boy and a priest molested him. Pretty bad stuff. Sinisa actually cried like a baby when he told me that story. It was the only time I truly felt sorry for him.

GERALD

Wren, I want you to check into the Gansevoort under the name Dominique Francon. Tell them you're with Fountainhead Productions in town to meet with Pfalzgraf Associates.

(Writes on a paper)

Give them my passcode - LC4. Say you'll be staying for a few weeks.

Gerald hands the paper to Wren.

WREN

Why do I have to use a phony name?

GERALD

It's for your protection. And mine, too, I suppose.

Gerald pulls out his wallet and hands some money to Wren.



GERALD (CONT'D)  
Buy yourself some clothes and  
whatever else you need, Wren.

WREN  
Thank you so much.

GERALD  
We'll figure things out, Wren, I  
promise.

Wren snuggles up to Gerald.

WREN  
I know we will.

She gives Gerald the passionate kiss she wanted to give him  
back in the limo.

GERALD  
I'd love to spend the rest of my  
day right here with you, but I  
gotta get to the office. Why don't  
you grab a cab to the hotel and  
freshen up. Take care of that eye.

Wren gives Gerald another juicy one, then walks off to hail a  
cab. Once Wren departs, Gerald hails a cab too.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The cab drops off Gerald in a gritty industrial neighborhood.  
He walks to one of the last working pay-phones in New York  
that still exists, plucks a card from his wallet and dials.

INTERCUT WITH TOM STULL'S HOME

TOM  
TS Erection, Tom here.

GERALD  
Tom, Gerald Pfalzgraf. How's the  
erection business?

TOM  
Um, OK. What can I do for you?

GERALD  
I was wondering if you'd like to  
have lunch with me in the city this  
week. I have some job prospects.

TOM

Shit, yeah. I've got another appointment at that fucking bank on Thursday morning. Should be available after that.

GERALD

Perfect. Meet me at Bubba Gump Shrimp - it's in Times Square. 12:30, OK?

TOM

I know that place - great seafood. I'll see you at 12:30.

Gerald hangs up.

GERALD

(Laughing)

TS Erection. Jesus H. Christ.

INT. GERALD'S HOME - NIGHT

Gerald walks in.

GERALD

Morcilla. You here?

Hearing no response he walks into the Bedroom and proceeds to look through Morcilla's notebook at her busy schedule. On the current day he notes that his wife is to attend a fund raiser. He jumps a few weeks ahead and notices an entry about her traveling to Barcelona for several days to oversee a museum exhibition opening. The initials D.A. are penciled in. Gerald grimaces. He backs up to a couple weeks in the future where he spots an entry about Morcilla going to Vicki's house in New Jersey to plan a high school class reunion.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES - DAY

Gerald walks imperiously past Oscar without looking at him. Oscar is tense. The time on a wall clock: 8:45.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES - NIGHT

It's now 6:59 and the place is empty. Oscar stares at the wall clock and when it clicks to 7:00 he walks nervously toward Gerald's Office, and KNOCKS on the door.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gerald stands next to his computer, a hand on the mouse.

GERALD

Come in.

Oscar enters, trepidation in his gait.

OSCAR

Gerald, I got your email. I've been shitting bricks all day. Let me say right off how sorry I am for my behavior in front of Arbogast. Completely inappropriate.

GERALD

I want to talk to you about something very serious. I installed software a few weeks ago to track what employees are doing on their workstations. Here's what it reported on you.

Gerald pivots his computer screen so Oscar can see a decidedly onerous pornographic image.

GERALD (CONT'D)

There's a lot of this kind of material in your folder. I assume you know this not only violates your condition of employment, but is also illegal.

OSCAR

I, uh, don't know, uh, why you think I would download such stuff. I mean, anyone could have--

GERALD

--Spare me, OK? I can call in the software people as witnesses to testify on the infallibility of their program. Do you really want--

OSCAR

--OK, OK. I got carried away. It's really nothing. But it will never happen again, I swear.

Gerald clicks to bring up another ghastly image.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

You're right, Gerald. I was stupid. I admit it. I could've gotten the firm in trouble. I'm really sorry.

GERALD

Not good enough.

OSCAR

I'll take a pay cut, give up my vacation. Whatever it takes. I want to stay with the firm. Please, don't fire me. I'll do anything you want.

Gerald smiles when Oscar says what he wants to hear.

GERALD

Good. Here's the story. I am going to dock your pay, but I also have a task you must perform. Something a bit unusual.

OSCAR

Well, sure Gerald, if it means avoiding dismissal. Or prison.

GERALD

Let me make it clear that what I'm about to describe to you must be kept in complete confidence. You cannot discuss it with anyone else. Understand?

Oscar nods.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Any word out of you and I'll turn you in. Now, sit down.

Oscar takes a chair.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES - NIGHT

Gerald and Oscar can be seen but not heard through the glass wall of Gerald's Office.

Gerald lays out his task to Oscar which we cannot hear. After a moment, Oscar reacts strongly.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

OSCAR

You're joking, right? I can't do that!

GERALD

Yes you can, and you will. Unless you'd rather spend the next 20 years getting your asshole reamed out twice a day. That's a lot of reaming: 20 times 365 times 2.

Oscar is conflicted.

GERALD (CONT'D)

That's 14,600 asshole reamings - not counting leap years.

OSCAR

I trust your math, Gerald, but--

GERALD

--Oscar, this guy is blackmailing the firm. He has damaging information that could keep us from bidding on contracts. We'll lose the museum for sure, and maybe even get hit with some serious litigation.

(beat)

Shit, Oscar, this bastard is a threat to all of us, and we - you - have to make him disappear.

OSCAR

Well, he does sound like trouble.

GERALD

He is.

OSCAR

And I certainly don't want to go to prison.

GERALD

I know you don't.

OSCAR

But what if I get caught?

GERALD

No one will find out. People will think it was a random act of senseless violence. Happens all the time in the Big Apple.

OSCAR

Can I think about it overnight?

GERALD

No. I need your answer now.

Oscar walks to the window and gazes out.

OSCAR

The Flatiron Building... tonight it looks just like that old Steichen photo in the lobby.

Oscar turns toward Gerald, resigned.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I don't want the firm to get in trouble, Gerald. And I can't go to prison, that's for sure. Just let me know when you need this thing done.

GERALD

OK, Oscar. Hey, it might not even be necessary. Who knows? Get your things and go home.

INT. BUBBA GUMP - DAY

Gerald and Tom sit together at a corner booth in the tourist-infested BUBBA GUMP restaurant. Gerald picks at a salad while Tom digs into a huge pile of deep-fried gorp.

GERALD

Man, I can't believe how many years it's been since we went to that lame-ass school. Remember that dunce, Sheila something? Kept the whole class back. Couldn't even turn a fraction into a decimal.

TOM

Yeah, she was stupid but she knew how to give a killer blowjob.

Gerald is suddenly deflated.

GERALD

Really? In fourth grade?

(beat)

I recall show-and-tell when you brought in a picture of a bear you shot.

TOM

I bagged him with a 300 Savage right below the ear.

GERALD

Somebody told me at a class reunion that you joined the army and became a sniper.

TOM

Kinda. I was an SDM, not a sniper.

(beat)

SDM - squad designated marksman. Y'know, a sharpshooter.

Gerald nods as though he understands the distinction.

TOM (CONT'D)

So, what is it you wanted to meet about? Need some paving done?

GERALD

I do need some work done, but it's not paving. Or anything construction related, in fact. Before I describe it, I want you to know I'm ready to make it very worth your while. Nice payday. I'll also use my influence with the bank to get your credit line increased. And I'll throw some of my firm's business your way.

TOM

I don't get--

GERALD

--I'll even try to shut down the investigation into your wife's credit card fraud problem.

TOM

How do you know about Tori?

GERALD

I know a lot of things, Tom. For instance, I know if you turn down my offer, you'll never fill another pothole again. Unless you take a dump in it.

TOM

How's that?

Gerald casually pops a tiny tomato into his mouth.

TOM (CONT'D)

(Angrily)

What's with the threats? You want my boot up your fucking ass?

GERALD

Relax, Tom. You haven't even heard what the job is about. Just listen to me, OK?

TOM

Fuck.

GERALD

You're familiar with the section of Interstate 80 that runs through east Jersey, right?

TOM

Sure. I'm working on it right now.

GERALD

And I know you're a great shot.

TOM

Huh? So fucking what?

GERALD

I know this sounds strange, but I want you to take a few random potshots at some vehicles driving on I80.

Incredulous, Tom stops chewing, holding food in his cheek.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I'll give you the exact time and location later. You'll shoot a few semi trailers, maybe a dump truck. Hit them someplace where the driver won't notice.

(MORE)



GERALD (CONT'D)

At the exact time you're taking these shots, someone will be driving an unmistakable car on the highway. The top will be down. You can't miss it. Make that one a head shot.

TOM

Are you crazy? Jesus Christ!

GERALD

I'm not crazy. I'm dead serious. I need this to happen.

TOM

Forget it.

GERALD

Big payday. You need that to happen, don't you, Tom?

Tom calms down, and chews and swallows the rest of his food.

TOM

What if I get caught? I could get life - maybe even the fucking chair. Go to hell, motherfucker.

Some DINERS turn toward the agitated Tom.

GERALD

Tom, calm down. You're not going to get caught because the whole thing will go down in a few minutes. By the time the cops get to the scene you'll be back at your job site. They'll figure they have some deranged killer on their hands, like that DC sniper. They'll focus their energy on catching him when he strikes again. But you're never going to strike again. The shootings will remain an unsolved mystery.

TOM

You're out of your fucking mind.

Tom eats aggressively, then abruptly puts his fork down.

TOM (CONT'D)

If I do this you'll bail out me and Tori? Why? Who's gonna be driving the car?

GERALD

That's none of your concern. The less you know the better. Suffice it to say you'll be helping my company by eliminating a greedy, cocksucking blackmailer.

TOM

You know if I get caught, you're going down with me, Fuckzgraf.

GERALD

Tom, you're not going to get caught. I have confidence in you. I also have fifty K in tens and twenties set aside - my fifty percent down-payment. The rest of the money and the other favors will come after the deed is done.

TOM

No good. It'll cost you way more than that. A quarter mil. You're talking murder here my friend.

(beat)

I gotta get outta here.

Tom starts to stand up.

GERALD

Tom, sit. Please. I meant to say 'my twenty percent down payment.' OK? I agree - a quarter mil is appropriate for what I'm asking you to do.

Tom slowly retakes his seat.

TOM

Shit. I had you pegged all wrong when I saw you in the bank the other day. You're a scumbag.

GERALD

What's it gonna be, Tom?

After a delay, Tom responds.

TOM

When would I get the money?

GERALD

I'll get you the 50K tomorrow.  
Don't spend it right away - stash  
it for awhile. When the job is  
done I'll arrange payment of the  
rest. You just sit tight and wait  
for my call with the details on  
when and where.

TOM

I don't know, man.

GERALD

Yes, you do. I'll call you with  
the details when I have them. How  
was your scampi?

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Gerald lies in bed next to Wren, post-coital pleasure on  
their faces.

WREN

That was special.

GERALD

You're beautiful, Wren. Being with  
you makes me feel 20 years younger.

WREN

I can tell.

GERALD

Not just when we make love, but all  
the time. Does it bother you that  
I'm that much older than you? I  
mean--

WREN

--Age doesn't matter to me. You're  
wonderful, Ger. You make me feel  
safe. I like that, especially now.

GERALD

Has that bastard contacted you?

WREN

No. But still--

GERALD

--He has to go once and for all.  
You can't go on like this, knowing  
he could show up at any moment.

WREN

Yeah, well.

Gerald sits up, ready to get serious.

GERALD

Besides him being a sexually molested drug addict, what other problems does Sinisa have?

WREN

He owes a ton of money - a hundred thousand he told me - to the mob.

GERALD

Well, that's another useful vulnerability.

WREN

That night he punched me out... you remember. Sinisa came begging for help. I gave him back an expensive watch, but that wasn't good enough. I guess he thought I was hiding a fortune from him.

GERALD

What's he planning to do next?

WREN

Who knows? He told me he's going to Atlantic City soon to collect on a debt. It's only ten thousand, but some poor slob will probably lose the use of a limb in the process.

Gerald ponders the situation for a moment.

GERALD

Where in Atlantic City?

WREN

I don't know for sure. He used to come home with matches from the Borgata Hotel sometimes. I assume he stayed there.

GERALD

Borgata, huh?

WREN

What happens next, Gerald? I can't stay in a hotel forever.

GERALD

Not forever, but a little longer  
would be safer.

WREN

And I have to start looking for a  
new job.

GERALD

I'm not sure that's such a good  
idea, Wren.

WREN

I don't have a choice. I need the  
money.

GERALD

I can help with that.

WREN

I'm sure you can, but I'm not too  
keen on that idea. You're married,  
and like I already told you, I  
can't be on the payroll as your  
mistress.

GERALD

What if I wasn't, y'know, married?

WREN

I don't want to be the reason you--

GERALD

--You wouldn't be. I've wanted to  
get out for some years now.

WREN

Really?

GERALD

Morcilla is tough to be with. Plus  
I think she might be screwing one  
of my clients. She's probably  
plotting right now to cut me loose.  
I have to get ahead of it. I have  
to make a plan.

WREN

Like what?

GERALD

I don't know yet. I just want to  
get out with my fair share.

(Chuckles)

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

Y'know, all of it.

(beat)

Wren, I want you to be with me in my life. Live with me in my house. It has a fantastic view of Central Park. You'd love it.

WREN

I'm sure I would.

(beat)

Will.

INT. GERALD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Intrigued, Gerald watches a true story on TV about the assassination of a Bulgarian dissident by a KGB agent armed with an umbrella with a tip poisoned with ricin. Morcilla enters.

MORCILLA

I'm going to Vicki's house tomorrow to plan the class reunion. I think I'll take the Ferrari. Is it supposed to rain?

GERALD

Only if you put the top down.

MORCILLA

Mr. Optimism.

Morcilla leaves. The TV announcer notes that ricin is a derivative of beans from the castor plant. Death is assured and pinpointing ricin as the cause is difficult unless someone suspects it. Gerald calls out to Morcilla O.C.

GERALD

Morcilla, I have to run down to that job site in Philly for the next couple days. Fucking builders always think they know better than the architect.

MORCILLA (O.C.)

I wonder why that is.

(beat)

You should visit your mother while you're down there. By the way, David Arbogast called. He said he has some good news to tell you.

GERALD

I still don't understand why he  
calls you about my business.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Gerald works at a computer in the Public Library, taking notes about the effects of ricin poisoning. He clicks, bringing up a foreign patent for making ricin out of castor beans.

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE

Gerald buys a used chemical suit, complete with a gas mask. He pays with cash.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Gerald drives a rental van along a country road before pulling into a TREE NURSERY.

INT. TREE NURSERY - DAY

Gerald exits the rental van and wanders about the potted plants arrayed on the ground. A WORKER steps up.

WORKER

Can I help you?

GERALD

I'm looking for some ornamentals.  
That's what my wife asked me to  
get, anyway. Ornamentals.

Gerald pulls a paper from his pocket and starts reading.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Celosia, gomphrena, portulaca,  
castor, mercardonia. You got any  
of those?

WORKER

Give me the list. Let me check.

EXT. TREE NURSERY - DAY

The Worker loads a bunch of plants into Gerald's rental van. Gerald pays with cash and drives off down the country lane.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Gerald pulls off the country road and dumps most of the plants into the woods. Wearing rubber gloves, he delicately picks beans from the castor plants and places them in a Ziploc bag.

EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Gerald parks in the driveway of his Mother's House set in a middle-class neighborhood. He walks to the front door carrying a duffle bag, and RINGS the bell. His elderly MOTHER answers. Gerald walks in.

MOTHER

Gerald! What a surprise. What brings you out here?

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

He kisses his Mother.

GERALD

I just need to get a couple tools from the garage. Oh, and to see you too, of course. Do you have the key?

EXT. MOTHER'S GARAGE - DAY

Gerald unlocks the door and enters the detached Garage with his duffle bag.

INT. MOTHER'S GARAGE - DAY

Wearing the chemical suit, Gerald grinds up castor beans on a workbench. A food dehydrator sits nearby.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Vicki's House is a nicely appointed colonial. Vicki and Morcilla sit at a table covered with papers and photographs.

VICKI

It seems like we just had our 10th reunion. And, poof, here we are planning the 25th.



As Vicki reaches for a pair of scissors, Morcilla briefly caresses her hand.

MORCILLA

You look the same as you did on graduation day, V.

INT. RENTAL VAN (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Gerald calls the Borgata Hotel. A DESK CLERK answers.

DESK CLERK (O.C.)

Borgata Hotel. How may I direct your call?

GERALD

Can you connect me to a guest. Sinisa Ražnatovi?

DESK CLERK (O.C.)

How do you spell-- Did you say Mr. Ražnatov Sinisic?

GERALD

No-- I mean yes. Yes. That's him.

DESK CLERK (O.C.)

Thank you. Please hold while I connect--

Gerald hangs up. Then he places another call.

GERALD

Morcilla? Listen, I'm going to be stuck here for a couple more days. I'll be back on the weekend.

INT - VICKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In bed, naked, Morcilla hangs up the phone. Pull back to reveal she's in bed with Vicki.

VICKI

Who was that?

MORCILLA

Nobody.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gerald's van passes a sign: "Atlantic City 40 miles." He drives into an isolated, empty Highway Rest Stop.

INT. RENTAL VAN - NIGHT

Parked in a Highway Rest Stop, Gerald types a letter on an old manual typewriter.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - NIGHT

Gerald walks to a dumpster and stashes a garbage bag and the typewriter. He walks into the lavatory. A moment later he walks out wearing a snazzy suit of a unique purplish color and pattern.

EXT. BORGATA HOTEL - NIGHT

Gerald parks the van and walks into the Borgata Hotel.

INT. BORGATA HOTEL/CAGE - NIGHT

Standing at the Cage, Gerald hands over \$15,000 and receives the equivalent in chips from the CAGE WORKER.

INT. BORGATA HOTEL/CASINO - NIGHT

Gerald plays cards at a blackjack table. As he plays, a minor disturbance erupts at a different blackjack table across the room where an agitated Sinisa can be seen taking issue with another player's perceived incompetence.

INT. BORGATA HOTEL/CASINO - NIGHT (LATER)

Accompanied by a few ASIAN PLAYERS and a CROUPIER Gerald wins a big hand at baccarat.

GERALD

That about gets me back to even.  
I'm gonna cash out. Give me a  
couple 5K chips, OK?

The Croupier settles up and hands over two \$5,000 chips along with additional chips.

INT. BORGATA HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Gerald inserts the previously typewritten letter and the two \$5,000 chips in an envelope, seals it and walks to the Front Desk where the Desk Clerk awaits.

DESK CLERK

Good evening, sir. Checking in?

GERALD

No. I have a letter for a colleague. Ražnatov Sinisic. Can you see that he gets it? It's for his meeting.

Gerald hands the letter to the Clerk.

DESK CLERK

Of course, sir.

INT. BORGATA HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

Sinisa stumbles into the Room and crashes onto the bed. He notices a red light FLASHING on the phone and dials the front desk. After another moment, he lashes out at the Desk Clerk on the other end.

SINISA

Well, fucking bring it up to me.

INT. BORGATA HOTEL/BAR - NIGHT

Gerald sits alone in a booth in the back of the Bar, sipping a Gibson. He checks his watch, fiddles with the drink, and scans the bustling bar. Finally, Sinisa walks up and sits across from Gerald.

GERALD

Thank you for--

Sinisa produces the two \$5,000 chips.

SINISA

--What the fuck is this? How do you know that scumbag Selakovic?

Gerald hesitates for a split second.

GERALD

Uh, what does it matter, Sinisa?

SINISA  
That's another thing. How do you  
know my name?

GERALD  
Look. I specialize in solving  
problems. That means I'm good at  
getting information.

SINISA  
Did Selakovic hire you, Mr. What-  
the-Fuck?

GERALD  
Geraci. Paul Geraci.

Gerald hands Sinisa a fake business card. He takes a chance.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Selakovic. He owes you 10 grand,  
right?

SINISA  
Yeah.

GERALD  
No, he didn't hire me.

SINISA  
Then why--

GERALD  
--I have no interest in him other  
than to move him out of the way. I  
need your complete attention. I  
have a very important client who  
seeks someone with certain special  
skills that I believe you possess.  
We're willing to pay off  
Selakovic's debt so you can  
concentrate on a job for my client.  
One worth 100,000 dollars.

Sinisa lights a cigarette. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS in a skimpy  
outfit appears.

SINISA  
Captain and coke, babe.

GERALD  
Another Gibson, please.

As the Cocktail Waitress leaves, Sinisa stares at her ass.  
Then he returns his attention to Gerald.

SINISA

Go on.

GERALD

An employee in my client's company possesses damaging information; enough to cause insolvency for the company and incarceration for my client. You do know what insolvency means, yes?

Sinisa nods unconvincingly.

GERALD (CONT'D)

This asshole has blackmailed my client for a year. Now he's demanding double. You have to understand - it's a problem that can't be solved by firing him. He's gotta go. With prejudice.

SINISA

Tell me about the money.

GERALD

50 when you show up at the job site. The other 50 when it's all over. All cash deal, small bills. I'll explain the details.

The Cocktail Waitress returns with the drinks. Gerald hands her a \$100 chip.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Thank you so much, sir.

The Cocktail Waitress departs.

GERALD

Another thing, this employee is a disgusting pervert. He likes little boys. Let me show you something we found on his computer.

Gerald produces one of Oscar's illicit photos. Sinisa takes the photo and looks on with a combination of pain and fury. He slugs down his drink.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I can't understand these pedophiles. Can you?

Sinisa angrily crumples the photo.

SINISA

I'd kill this fucker for nothing.  
What does your boss want me to do?

EXT. RENTAL CAR COMPANY - DAY

Gerald drives the rental van into the lot of a Rental Car Company situated in an industrial area in an outer borough.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Gerald enters a pay-phone booth. He sprays the mouthpiece with Lysol, then makes a call.

GERALD

Can you talk?

INTERCUT WITH TOM STULL'S OFFICE

TOM

Yeah, I can talk. What do you want?

GERALD

I think you know. Are you familiar with the Route 604 area of Allamuchy? There's large stand of trees on a bluff overlooking I80.

TOM

Yeah, sure. We're doing work down the road a piece.

GERALD

Good. Tomorrow, on or about--

TOM

--Tomorrow? Are you fucking nuts?

GERALD

On or about 4 in the afternoon, a bright yellow Ferrari convertible driven by my nemesis - your target - will pass over the rise from the west. There's no way you can miss seeing it. Very flashy vehicle.

TOM

I asked you: are you fucking nuts? I can't get it together in one day.

GERALD

Yes you can and you will. You took my 50 grand. That's a commitment in my book. Besides, I've got another 200 burning a hole in my pocket that I'm sure you can use.

(beat)

Listen, Tom, this is an opportunity I can't pass up. It's the first reliable info I've gotten on the bastard's exact movements. I may never get such solid intel again. We have to nail him tomorrow. No choice.

A long silence.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You still there?

TOM

Shit. Alright. I just want to get this over with. What about the rest of the money?

GERALD

What did you do with the 50 grand I already gave you? I sincerely hope you didn't spend it all.

TOM

I stashed it like you said. It's in a tool compartment in my grader. Nobody knows about it, okay? Now, how do I get the rest of my money?

GERALD

At 11 in the evening, after the deed is done, go to the 14th Street subway station. The 1 train. Wait at the far south end of the platform. A guy dressed like a bagman will deliver the rest of your payoff. A month later, one of my subcontractors will hire you to pave the parking lot of a mall we're constructing in Ohio. And I'll have a talk with an old fraternity buddy in law enforcement about your wife's credit card problems. After that, we never speak again.

TOM

Very neat.

GERALD

Do you want the fucking money or not?

TOM

Of course. Be cool, man. Shit. I'll get it done tomorrow.

GERALD

Remember: no cell phones. Don't leave any cartridges or other shit laying around. Just take the shot and leave. And don't forget to pick your ass.

TOM

What?

GERALD

I told you. My guy - the bag-man - will scratch his balls as a signal to you. You reciprocate by picking your ass. Simple enough?

TOM

Yeah.

GERALD

Are you sure you got it all?

TOM

Yeah, yeah.

GERALD

Good. Now tell it all back to me in detail.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES/LOBBY - DAY

Gerald steps off the elevator into the lobby. His receptionist JANET sits behind a desk.

GERALD

Good morning, Janet.

JANET

Welcome back, Gerald.

GERALD

Tell Oscar to come my office.



INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerald stares out the window at the Flatiron Building. A KNOCK on the door.

GERALD

Come in.

Looking haggard, Oscar shuffles in holding a balled-up handkerchief. His face is reddish and pimply.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Are you alright Oscar? You look like shit. Sit down. We have important work to do tomorrow night.

OSCAR

(Coughs)

Oh. I was hoping you were going to tell me the problem went away somehow.

GERALD

No, the problem didn't go away somehow, Oscar. The son-of-a-bitch is all too alive and well. Just yesterday I had to pay him not to contact Arbogast and scotch the museum deal. Cost me fifty K. This can't go on, understand?

OSCAR

Well, of course, Gerald.

GERALD

Don't go soft on me. The job is a cinch to pull off, and when it's done you'll be on the road to recovery. You'll get your old pay back... and a new client. You're a good architect, Oscar. Don't blow it.

OSCAR

A new client? Really? Jeez, Gerald, that would be outstanding. And all that crap with the internet: that goes away, too, forever. Right?

Gerald nods. Oscar pushes his crusty hair out of his eyes and rubs some pimples on his forehead.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I look so bad, Gerald.  
I've been in a real funk lately.

GERALD

On the contrary, you look perfect  
for your role tomorrow. Really  
shitty. Mr. Dupree, you're ready  
for your close-up.

Oscar smiles wanly.

OSCAR

OK, Gerald. And the day after - I  
start my life over.

GERALD

That's what I like to hear, Oscar.  
Confidence. Listen, I'm going to  
Pennsylvania tonight to see  
Arbogast. I'll be back tomorrow  
night. Meet me back here alone  
precisely at midnight to do a  
debrief on your mission.

Gerald produces a duffle bag from behind his desk and hands  
it to Oscar.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Your costume. Wear it well. And  
don't forget to scratch your balls.

Oscar takes the duffle bag and opens the door just as Martina  
KNOCKS on the door. She pokes her head in.

MARTINA

Gerald, the limo's waiting. Are  
you ready to go?

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Gerald and Martina sit in the back of the Limo. She pores  
over some papers.

GERALD

What's the schedule?

MARTINA

Dinner tonight with Mr. Arbogast  
and his team. Presentations all  
day tomorrow. Financial stuff,  
mostly. We'll show our latest  
designs.

(MORE)

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Then another dinner tomorrow, this time with some artists and society types.

GERALD

Good lord.

MARTINA

Day after tomorrow, Mr. Arbogast wants you to visit a quarry nearby his compound.

GERALD

What the hell for?

MARTINA

According to his guy, Arbogast wants your opinion on the color of the stone for the balustrades.

GERALD

Jesus. I suppose I'll have to tour a paint factory to decide whether to use satin or semi-gloss.

INT. TOM'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Standing by a work table, Tom checks out his rifle. He stows it and ammunition into a case. As he inspects the scope, the SOUND of a door opening. His wife TORI calls down to him.

TORI (O.C.)

Tom, what are you doing down there?

Tom quickly scuttles the scope into the case and shoves everything under the work table.

TOM

Uh, just getting some things together for work tomorrow. I gotta scope, uh, check out that new job site I was telling you about.

Dressed in pajamas and a robe, Tori sidles next to Tom.

TORI

That one in Ohio? You don't have to go there tomorrow, do you?

TOM

Yes, Tori. I told you. It's a big job. Decent money.

TORI  
But it's so far away.

TOM  
It's not that far. I'll drive out there in the morning, check it out, make some measurements and shit, and come back. Probably midnight.

TORI  
I got a letter this afternoon. I had to sign for it.

TOM  
You signed for it? Why did you do that? Who's it from?

TORI  
I think the district attorney. I'm afraid to open it.

TOM  
You're afraid to open it, but you signed for it?

TORI  
What was I supposed to do?

TOM  
Fuck. Look, the guy with the Ohio job knows people who can help get you out of this. I don't know the details, but--

TORI  
--You told him about me? How come?

TOM  
Do you want to go to jail? Listen, you fucked up with your stupid eBay scam. I'm trying to help you.

TORI  
Who is he?

Tom shakes his head at revealing too much.

TOM  
Leave me alone, Tori. I gotta get my shit together for tomorrow. Go back upstairs and pack me a lunch for the road.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Sun shines on Morcilla's yellow Ferrari in the driveway.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Morcilla and Vicki are in bed together, naked. It's 2:30 according to the clock on the dresser.

VICKI

C'mon, M., get up. If Sherwood catches us like this--

MORCILLA

--OK, Babe. I need a minute. I haven't had sex like that in God knows how long.

VICKI

You and Gerald? No?

Vicki picks up her bra from the floor and starts dressing.

MORCILLA

I suppose after 20 years, the friction intensifies, and not in a good way. Sometimes I wonder if Gerald is out screwing someone younger. Maybe even some young guy.

Morcilla likewise gets dressed.

VICKI

Really? That's shocking. Are you thinking about splitting up?

MORCILLA

Who doesn't after 20 years. But, right now, no.

VICKI

What about David?

MORCILLA

I'll see him in Barcelona next month. It'll be fun, then I'll come home. That's all.

VICKI

Do you think Gerald will pop home one of these days and ask for a divorce?

Morcilla laughs derisively.

MORCILLA

And jump off the gravy train? My wealth is well-protected from Mr. Pfalzgraf. He'd be stupid to divorce me. I'd have to die before him - and that's not happening. He thinks drinking is an aerobic exercise.

A door SLAMS O.C. It's Vicki's HUSBAND

HUSBAND (O.C.)

Afternoon, honey! Is that Morcilla's sexy yellow Ferrari I see in the driveway?

VICKI

Shit.

Morcilla and Vicki quicken the pace.

EXT. JOB SITE - DAY

Tom and a few WORKERS on his construction crew look over papers. Several large pieces of road equipment sit nearby behind cones separating them from rushing traffic on the interstate highway.

TOM

You got it? A hundred yards before the bridge, not fifty like these fucked up plans say.

CREWMEMBER #1

Yeah, yeah. I got it.

Tom looks at his watch which reads 3:00.

TOM

OK. I'm gonna run ahead to the grading team.

Tom hops in his truck and drives off.

EXT. - VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Vicki speaks to Morcilla who's in the Ferrari with the top down.

VICKI

It's a pity we didn't make more progress on the class reunion.

MORCILLA

I guess that means I'll just have to come back out here again next week. Bye, Babe.

Vicki strokes Morcilla's hand. Morcilla backs out of the driveway and speeds down the suburban lane.

EXT. WOODSY AREA - DAY

Tom dons camouflage then lies prone in a grassy area amidst trees in a Woodsy Area near the Interstate Highway. His rifle is mounted on a tripod and he peers through the scope at traffic tooling along the busy interstate. He nervously checks his watch which reads 3:50. Unexpectedly, his cell phone rings. He scrambles to turn it off.

TOM

Fuck!

Tom gets serious. He presses his eye against the scope, spots a long, double-length semi and squeezes off a round that strikes the rear trailer. The unaware truck driver continues on. Tom cocks the bolt-action rifle and takes a shot at a truck hauling new automobiles, hitting one near the rear. He cocks the bolt again, and checks his watch which reads 3:55. He spots a truck bearing the logo of a construction competitor, and with a sinister grin on his face Tom fires a round. This one mistakenly pierces the tire of a mini-van which was behind the truck a second earlier, but lagged back suddenly. The minivan swerves and rolls over.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shit!

Traffic moving in the opposite direction slows down as the tumbling mini-van sheds parts. Morcilla is among those slowing down. Tom spots the yellow Ferrari, quickly cocks the bolt and takes the shot that strikes Morcilla in the head, Zapruder style. The Ferrari abruptly veers onto the grassy median strip and slams into a knoll. Tom packs his gear and rushes into the dense stand of trees behind him.

EXT. JOB SITE - DAY

Workers mill around, talking among themselves. Traffic on the opposite side is stopped, whereas the interstate adjacent to the Job Site is eerily vacant.

Emergency vehicles zoom past the Job Site, followed by news trucks. Tom, now in his regular clothes, steps into the conversation.

TOM  
What the hell is going on?

WORKER #1  
Obviously a wreck back there, Tom.

TOM  
Yeah, I figured that. Any idea what happened?

A helicopter passes overhead.

WORKER #2  
Maybe it was a fuckin' sniper.

Tom blanches.

WORKER #1  
Oh, c'mon.

TOM  
(Anxiously)  
You hear a gunshot or something?

WORKER #2  
No. I'm just sayin'. Maybe it was some fucker like that nigger in DC.

TOM  
Jesus Christ. Would you please not use the N-word. What's the matter with you?

WORKER #1  
The DC guy was a nigger?

TOM  
Listen, there's no sniper. Some guy probably ran off the road, texting or something.

INT. ARBOGAST'S PLACE - DAY

Gerald and Martina sit at a conference table along with Arbogast and a couple of AIDES. A pencil-neck ACCOUNTANT stands at a podium, making a boring presentation. Gerald struggles mightily to pay attention.



ACCOUNTANT

David, the FASB gives a nonprofit collecting organization the option of capitalizing its collection. But if you don't, you'll have to certify that you're preserving the collection for public exhibition or research or something educational.

ARBOGAST

That makes sense.

ACCOUNTANT

Yes. If you sell pieces from your collection, you'd have to use the proceeds to acquire other works.

ARBOGAST

Well, I could always use another Koons. I hope your team factored in enough floor space, Gerald, for new acquisitions.

GERALD

Huh? Yes, David, we considered--

MARTINA

--May I say, Mr. Arbogast: exhibiting the Koons balloon figures juxtaposed with your Mapplethorpe photos of large penises is pure genius.

Gerald grins nervously, looking at Arbogast in anticipation of a spicy retort as when Paul Clay embarrassed the team.

ARBOGAST

Very perceptive, Martina. Do you have curatorial training?

MARTINA

I took a course. Nothing formal, but I have a passion for art.

ARBOGAST

Good for you.

(beat)

By the way, Gerald, why didn't you bring your man, uh, Oliver--

GERALD

--Oscar? He's bent over his desk busily working on the project right now.

INT. OSCAR'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

Oscar is bent over the toilet retching.

INT. OSCAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oscar shuffles out of his Bathroom and glumly studies a pile of ragged, dirty clothing on his bed. The bag Gerald handed him back at the office sits nearby, opened and empty. Oscar looks at himself in the mirror with disgust.

INT. ARBOGAST'S PLACE - DAY

Back to the scene.

ARBOGAST

Glad to hear it. OK, let's continue. Accounting rules fascinate me. I wanted to be an accountant when I was a kid.

Gerald sighs. Martina's phone DINGS with a text message. Gerald eyes Martina as she silently reads the text.

MARTINA

Oh my god! There was an accident on I80 an hour ago. They think a sniper might've killed a couple drivers.

GERALD

A couple? What?

ARBOGAST

Insanity.

GERALD

More than one? I mean--

AIDE

--Didn't you take I80 to get here, Mr. Pfalzgraf.

MARTINA

Yes we did.

ARBOGAST

Pure insanity. Gerald, maybe you should take a different route back to New York tomorrow.

GERALD

Why?

MARTINA

Does the limo have bulletproof glass, Gerald?

GERALD

What?

ACCOUNTANT

These crazy snipers will keep shooting until they're caught. They think they're still in Vietnam and Charlie is lurking all around. The shooter is probably military.

GERALD

Well, I wouldn't--

MARTINA

--Who's Charlie?

ARBOGAST

Please be careful, Gerald.  
(To the Accountant)  
Jacob, I have a few questions about that FASB rule.

The Accountant flips to the next chart.

EXT. FILM FORUM - NIGHT

Wren exits the Film Forum where Sinisa is waiting on the sidewalk holding a tool bag. She is startled to see him.

SINISA

I've been looking all over for you Wren. You're not at the bar.

WREN

Thanks to you. Why are you stalking me?

SINISA

I'm not stalking you. I just wanted to give you back the watch.

WREN

I thought you needed money.

SINISA  
I did. Now I don't. Listen, have  
a drink with me.

WREN  
I can't.

SINISA  
C'mon, Wren. One drink.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Sinisa and Wren sit in a booth opposite one another. The  
tool bag is on the seat next to Sinisa.

SINISA  
Wouldn't you like something besides  
water?

WREN  
I'm fine. What do you want?

SINISA  
You, of course.

WREN  
I knew it. I gotta go.

SINISA  
Wait. Please. I'm getting my shit  
together. I got a new job. The  
pay is good, and it's gonna keep on  
paying.

WREN  
Good for you.

SINISA  
Yeah, I met some pompous asshole at  
the Borgata named Garcia... No,  
that's not it.

Sinisa pulls out the business card and looks it over.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
Uh, Ger--

Wren's eyes widen.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
--Geraci. Some slick motherfucker  
in a purple suit. He's got a big-  
time client with a problem.  
(MORE)

SINISA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna help him out of it and  
it's worth a hundred grand to me.

WREN

Congratulations, I guess.

SINISA

So now you see. I'm doing good.

Sinisa hoists the tool bag onto the table, and as he fishes around in it, Wren notices with concern that it contains a rope, pliers and an ice-axe. Finally, Sinisa produces a box and hands it to Wren.

SINISA (CONT'D)

Here's the watch. I'm sorry I  
asked you for it back. Put it on.

Wren takes the box and stuffs it in her purse.

WREN

Anything else?

SINISA

Why are you such a bitch?

Wren makes a move to leave but Sinisa grabs her by the arm.

SINISA (CONT'D)

I love you. I'll take care of you.  
After tonight, I'm debt free. Then  
I'm gonna squeeze Geraci for more.  
It's gonna be good. Come back to  
me, Wren.

WREN

Let go. You're hurting me.

Sinisa makes eye contact with the BARTENDER who has taken an interest in the looming altercation. He lets go of Wren and calmly takes a drink.

SINISA

Go ahead and leave. I'll find you  
again.

Wren bolts. Sinisa reorganizes the contents of his tool bag.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Oscar, dressed in the bag-man costume, complete with phony grungy teeth, shuffles down the stairs into the Subway Station carrying a garbage bag.

The platform is sparsely populated with just a few straphangers who don't pay attention to Oscar. He proceeds slowly toward the end of the platform. When he's about 30 feet from the end he spots Tom standing by a support beam with his back to the rails. When the two make eye contact, Oscar scratches his balls. In response, Tom picks his ass. Oscar shuffles in place until he hears the faint SOUND of a train approaching the station, then he walks to Tom.

Oscar and Tom are now face to face. The train races into the station. Oscar extends the garbage bag toward Tom.

OSCAR

Here's your payoff, fucker.

Tom offers a quizzical look, then reaches for the bag. As Tom does so, Oscar shoves him into the path of the oncoming train. The brakes SCREECH but it's too late; Tom is crushed under the train. Oscar rushes up the stairs.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Oscar hustles out of the Subway Station, bolts around a dark corner and sneaks behind a row of hedges. He quickly sheds the bag-man garments revealing normal street clothes underneath. He pops out the grungy teeth and stuffs everything into the garbage bag. Oscar steps from behind the hedges unobserved and casually ambles along the sidewalk. He tosses the garbage bag into a trash can then hails a cab. As he hops in the blaring SOUND of sirens builds.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

The cab deposits Oscar at Madison Square Park. Oscar strolls ebulliently toward the offices of Pfalzgraf Associates. He looks up at the illuminated Flatiron Building and smiles.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES/EMPTY FLOOR - NIGHT

In the dark Empty Floor under construction one flight below the Offices, Sinisa rifles a filing cabinet, eventually recovering a brief case. He opens it to reveal bundles of neatly wrapped money bound by ribbons bearing the Borgata Hotel logo. He makes a quick count of the cash, satisfied that it's all there. He finds a package of white powder included with the money. A note on the package reads "A token of our appreciation." Sinisa grins at the gesture.

Sitting on the floor by the window, Sinisa snorts a fingernail of the powder. By his reaction, it's quality cocaine.

SINISA  
 Goddamn! Gle kurtsa ti u  
 slamnatome sheshiru!

He snorts some more.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
 That's gonna make things easier.

He checks his watch, pulls on gloves and a ski-mask, and takes a last-minute admiring look at the Flatiron Building. He walks to the stairway past the box sitting on the floor containing the badge reader.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES - NIGHT

Oscar sits at his cubicle, fidgeting nervously. Suddenly, from the adjoining cubicle the masked Sinisa appears.

SINISA  
 Stand up motherfucker and turn  
 around! Don't look at me!

Stunned, Oscar stammers.

OSCAR  
 Who-- What do--

SINISA  
 --Shut up asshole. I told you to  
 stand up and turn around right  
 fucking now!

Oscar complies. Sinisa takes a straight-jacket from his tool bag and tosses it on Oscar's desk.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
 Put this on.

Oscar starts to put it on like a regular jacket.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
 Not like that, fool. Turn it  
 around.

Oscar fumbles with the straight-jacket, dropping it on the floor before getting it right. Sinisa buckles him tight.

SINISA (CONT'D)  
 Now get down on the floor and face  
 the wall.

Whimpering, Oscar drops to his knees and falls on his face.

OSCAR  
Why are you doing this?

SINISA  
Shut the fuck up, pervert.

OSCAR  
Pervert? What? Did Gerald--

Sinisa kicks Oscar in the gut, shutting him up. He takes a rope fashioned with a noose from the tool bag, slips it over Oscar's head and pulls the knot tight. Oscar thrashes about, but Sinisa straddles his body and pulls even tighter until Oscar ceases to move. When he's certain Oscar is dead, Sinisa hoists the corpse onto the desk and removes the straight-jacket. Then he loops the rope over an exposed beam above the desk and ties it tightly. Sinisa climbs atop the desk, lifts up Oscar's body and drops it. The neck SNAPS and urine runs onto the carpet. Sinisa stashes the straight-jacket and tarp into the tool bag and heads to the exit.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

A well-oiled Sinisa puts down a shot, chased by a beer. He barks as order to the Bartender.

SINISA  
One more time, bud.

The Bartender sets him up, and takes some money from a few moist bills on the bar.

EXT. SINISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Inebriated, Sinisa fumbles with his keys at the entrance to the Apartment Building.

INT. SINISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sinisa unsuccessfully tries his key at apartment number 4F. Frustrated at his inability to get in, he kicks the door. A large, muscular NEIGHBOR opens the door.

NEIGHBOR  
What's your fucking problem, pal?

SINISA  
My problem? What's your fuck--

Sinisa spots the apartment number - not his.



SINISA (CONT'D)

--Oh, sorry, man.

NEIGHBOR

You should be, you drunken asshole.

The Neighbor slams the door in Sinisa's face.

EXT. SINISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sinisa sticks a key in a door marked 5F, and turns the knob.

INT. SINISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sinisa throws a frozen dinner in the oven, sits on the couch and flicks on the TV. He opens the brief case, takes out a stack of money and ogles it lovingly. He takes out the packet of coke, dumps a pile onto a mirror on his coffee table and divides it into three lines. He snorts two in rapid succession. Sinisa changes TV channels rapidly, settling on an old movie. Suddenly, he becomes distressed, puking all over the coffee table. Struggling to breathe, Sinisa staggers about the room, coughing hard.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Neighbor intruded upon by Sinisa earlier glares angrily at his ceiling. The STOMPING of feet is heard O.C.

EXT. SINISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sinisa stumbles into the hallway, coughing uncontrollably. He presses a button on the elevator, and when it doesn't arrive immediately he heads for the stairwell. He opens the door to the stairwell, takes a step and tumbles all the way down, bashing his head against an old-style accordion radiator. Blood seeps from a deep crack in Sinisa's cranium.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Wren makes a call and gets a recorded greeting from Gerald.

WREN

Ger, I miss you terribly. I hope your meeting is going well. I suppose you heard there was a shooting on the interstate. Please dodbe careful on your way back.

Wren is about to hang up, then she continues speaking.

WREN (CONT'D)

I, uh, Sinisa tracked me down.  
He's got me scared. I'm sorry to  
bother you with my shit. I just  
can't wait for you to come back,  
that's all. I love you.

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

On a hot, sunny morning, Gerald, Martina, Arbogast, an Aide and the QUARRY MASTER trudge along a dusty path into the Quarry. Gerald is inappropriately dressed in a dark suit and Italian shoes. He brushes dust off his clothing as the Quarry Master leads the gang past a stack of stone slabs.

QUARRY MASTER

We can cut the balusters and  
balustrades you want from the same  
vein as the lintels.

Gerald's cell-phone RINGS, startling him. He steps away from the others.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES - DAY

Lots of action takes place in the background: rubber-necking employees cordoned off from a body bag, Cops and EMT's working the scene. Janet is on the phone.

JANET

Gerald? Gerald? Oh, Gerald. The  
police are here.

INTERCUT WITH QUARRY

GERALD

(loudly)  
What's going on?

The others in the Quarry party look over at Gerald.

JANET

(sobbing)  
I was the first one to come into  
the office this morning, and I  
found... I saw... Oscar's dead,  
Gerald! He hung himself right at  
his desk. I found him hanging from  
the ceiling. It was awful.

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

The police are here now. They want to talk to you.

Janet hands the phone to Detective DUNN.

DUNN

Mr. Pfalzgraf, I'm Detective Dunn with the NYPD. How are you this morning, sir?

GERALD

How am I? My secretary is sobbing, for Christ sake.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Detective. What's going on there?

DUNN

I regret to inform you that one of your employees, uh...

(Checks his notes)

...Oscar Dupree committed suicide last night, probably around midnight. That's just a bit after the time he badged in. Hung himself right next to his desk. We didn't find a note or any other kind of communication. So far, we've had trouble identifying a next of kin.

GERALD

I, uh, I'm shocked. I don't know what to say. Next of kin? I don't know who that would be. I'd have to check his personnel file. He wasn't married and had no children as far as I know.

DUNN

Do you know of a reason why he mighta done this? Did he seem depressed or desperate or anything?

GERALD

Well... I... Oscar was having some problems at work, which I'd rather not discuss over the phone.

DUNN

When will you be back in town, sir?

GERALD

As soon as I can. Probably late-afternoon.

DUNN

Your secretary told me you're in Western PA. Please be advised that traffic through New Jersey on I80 and adjacent highways will probably be slow as the State boys there hunt for that sniper. You heard about that, I assume.

GERALD

Yes, terrible. Thank you, Detective.

Gerald hangs up.

MARTINA

What's the matter Gerald? Is something wrong?

GERALD

Oscar. He... The Detective. Oscar killed himself last night. Right by his desk.

ARBOGAST

What?

MARTINA

Oh my god!

GERALD

Last night, I guess. Damn.

Lots of chatter among the others as Gerald paces about aimlessly. Then, Gerald's phone rings once more. He tightens up and answers the call he hopes for yet dreads.

OFFICER (O.C.)

Mr. Pfalzgraf? Mr. Gerald L. Pfalzgraf, Fifth Avenue, New York City?

GERALD

Yes?

OFFICER (O.C.)

My name is Lieutenant Colonel Maria Esposito of the New Jersey State Police.

(MORE)

OFFICER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Are you the husband of Morcilla  
Calatrava Pfalzgraf, also of Fifth  
Avenue in New York?

Gerald listens for a moment, then drops the phone and falls  
to his knees. Martina rushes toward him.

MARTINA

Gerald! What's the matter?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JET (FLYING) - DAY

Gerald sits in the back row of David Arbogast's private jet,  
wearing dark sunglasses. He stares out the window at the  
ground below. Martina sits a few seats away, reading some  
papers and occasionally glancing up to check on Gerald.

The PILOT opens the door to the cockpit and announces some  
news to the two passengers.

PILOT

It's a good thing you two are up  
here instead of down there. They  
just closed interstate 80 again. A  
half hour ago that crazed sniper  
took some more pot shots. Fired on  
a charter bus full of seniors  
heading to Atlantic City.

MARTINA

Unbelievable.

Gerald peers out the window again. The quizzical look on his  
face slowly turns into an ever-so-slight smile.

GERALD

(Sotto voce)

That is unbelievable.

INT. GERALD'S HOME - NIGHT

Gerald walks into his home, drops a piece of luggage on the  
floor and checks his answering machine. The first message is  
one of condolence. Gerald shuts off the machine in mid-  
sentence. He walks to the couch and flicks on the TV. A  
NEWS REPORTER details the arrest of an alleged sniper caught  
near Interstate 80.

NEWS REPORTER

(On TV)

The suspect, Silas Crowder, was apprehended about a half-hour after reports of a shooting this afternoon along Interstate 80 in the town of Allamuchy.

(beat)

According to a law enforcement official, Mr. Crowder took credit for yesterday's shootings in the same area that took the lives of two drivers and wreaked havoc for hours on the busy thoroughfare.

INT. SINISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER interviews the Neighbor one floor below Sinisa's apartment.

NEIGHBOR

He was drunk as a skunk. Didn't even know what floor he was on. I heard him stumbling around upstairs.

POLICE OFFICER

He fell down a flight of stairs.

NEIGHBOR

What a surprise.

POLICE OFFICER

Bashed his head on a radiator. Did you notice if he was carrying anything? A tool bag, maybe? Or a brief case?

NEIGHBOR

Nah. I was too pissed off. Where is he now?

POLICE OFFICER

The morgue.

NEIGHBOR

Jesus.

INT. SINISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Police Officer enters Sinisa's Apartment and addresses INSPECTOR REINKING who checks out the scene. The air is smoky.

POLICE OFFICER  
God, what's that smell?

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Burned TV dinner. I think it was  
Salisbury steak once upon a time.

POLICE OFFICER  
The downstairs neighbor says the  
victim was visibly drunk before he  
fell down the stairs.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Yeah, it certainly looks like an  
accident. There's a line of coke  
and a puddle of barf on the coffee  
table. He probably went out for  
some air and stumbled.

Reinking examines the brief case.

POLICE OFFICER  
He was a real problem child. Last  
time I saw him a bouncer hurled him  
through a glass door. I picked him  
up a couple other times for small-  
time drug shit.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Does this appear small-time to you?

Reinking shows the brief case revealing bundles of hundred dollar bills tied with Borgata logo'd ribbons.

POLICE OFFICER  
Holy shit. There must be--

INSPECTOR REINKING  
--Fifty grand at least.

POLICE OFFICER  
Looks like our boy just got paid  
for doing something naughty.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Or maybe he was getting ready to  
pay somebody who will soon come  
looking for it.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR REINKING (CONT'D)

We might have ourselves some bait  
to catch a bad guy.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

C.U. of the Coroner's report for Sinisa Ražnatovi on a  
computer screen; "Accidental" is typed into the space marked  
"Cause of Death."

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A DETECTIVE sits with a teary Tori and her yipping lap-dog.

DETECTIVE

Why do you think your husband was  
in the subway at that hour of the  
evening, Mrs. Stull?

TORI

I don't know. He told me he was  
going to Ohio. Maybe he changed  
his mind. Or came back early.

DETECTIVE

He worked in Jersey. I wonder why  
he was in Manhattan late at night.

TORI

I have no idea, detective. Honest.

DETECTIVE

That's too bad. You should try  
harder to remember. Who was Mr.  
Stull supposed to meet in Ohio?

TORI

Just a guy with a paving job. He  
wouldn't tell me who.

DETECTIVE

Why not?

TORI

Tom hated to talk about his work.  
I asked but he wouldn't say.

(beat)

Did you catch the person who pushed  
him onto the tracks?

DETECTIVE

Well, that's just a theory. No one  
saw what happened.

(MORE)



## DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The security cameras don't point to where your husband fell. But, some people we interviewed said they saw a disheveled homeless guy wandering near there around that time.

(beat)

It's really impossible at the moment, Mrs. Stull, to be sure what happened. He could have fallen.

## TORI

(Bawling)

What am I gonna do now?

## INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

C.U. of the Coroner's report for Tom Stull on a computer screen; "Accidental" is typed into the space marked "Cause of Death."

## INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES/LOBBY - DAY

Gerald shuffles somberly into the Office and receives a hug of condolence from Janet.

## JANET

Gerald, we're all so sorry for your loss. I can't believe what happened. How are you doing?

## GERALD

Not so good, Janet. It's all so mind-boggling.

## JANET

A Detective Dunn is in the guest office.

## GERALD

He's here now?

## INT. GERALD'S OFFICE/GUEST OFFICE - DAY

Gerald walks into the Guest Office where Dunn is pacing around. Gerald extends his hand.

## GERALD

Detective Dunn. Gerald Pfalzgraf.

The two shake hands.

DUNN

Mr. Pfalzgraf, let me first express my condolences for the unfortunate death of your wife. So tragic and unnecessary.

GERALD

Thank you, Detective.

DUNN

I'm just so glad they captured that hillbilly Crowder before he could inflict any more mayhem.

GERALD

Thank god. How can I help you?

DUNN

I want to finish up my investigation of the suicide of your employee. I spoke to some of your employees. One of them - Paul Clay - told me about an embarrassing incident with one of your clients--

GERALD

--Detective, I think I know the reason Oscar committed suicide. Nothing to do with a client. I discovered he had downloaded child pornography on his workstation--

Gerald turns on his computer and types a command.

GERALD (CONT'D)

--And I slammed him pretty hard. I threatened to turn him over to the authorities if he didn't straighten out. I demoted him, cut his pay, took him off a key project.

DUNN

Interesting.

GERALD

I suppose the pressure got to him. Here's what the tracking program captured from Oscar's screen.

Gerald turns the monitor so Dunn can see.

DUNN

(Disgusted)

Jesus! Why didn't you notify the authorities right away? You must know this is kinda stuff is illegal.

GERALD

I thought if I was strict with him, and I got rid of the stuff, y'know, replace his workstation with a new one, he'd toe the line going forward.

DUNN

But you didn't get rid of the stuff. You kept a copy.

Gerald fights the urge to swallow.

DUNN (CONT'D)

Why did you monitor Mr. Dupree's computer? Did you suspect him of something?

GERALD

Not particularly. I monitored all the employees.

DUNN

I see. Did you hold this over his head - as a threat maybe?

GERALD

Detective Dunn, please understand. I had the software installed to protect my company's intellectual property. I had no idea Oscar was downloading this material until I looked at the files. I didn't want to ruin the man's life by turning him in. I focused my attention on executing, um, meting out a combination of punishment and reward. A carrot-and-stick approach, if you will.

DUNN

Carrot-and-stick. I see. So, again, why did you keep these files?

GERALD

In my business, it's common for architects who get fired to file lawsuits later, claiming bias or discrimination. I wouldn't put it past Oscar, so I kept the files in case I needed to show his termination was based on a legitimate reason.

Dunn jots something onto his note pad.

DUNN

Well you really should have called in the authorities. Transmission and possession of child pornography is a serious felony. I'll be calling in the department's IT specialists to go through your company's computers to ensure nothing else illegal has been archived. With your permission, naturally.

Gerald nods.

DUNN (CONT'D)

It must be very hard to deal with the death of your wife and the suicide of your employee, y'know, both happening at the same time. Bizarre, really.

(beat)

I appreciate your cooperation, Mr. Pfalzgraf.

GERALD

Thank you, Detective Dunn.

DUNN

You know, to lose an employee, Mr. Pfalzgraf, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both an employee and a wife looks like carelessness.

GERALD

How's that?

DUNN

Oscar Wilde. The Importance of Being Earnest? Oh, never mind, I thought you might recognize it. Have a nice day.

Dunn exits the Guest Office, leaving Gerald with a nervous, quizzical look on his face.

EXT. HOTEL/ROOFTOP POOL - DAY

Wren lies on a chaise lounge by the Hotel's Rooftop Pool, eating a sandwich and reading the newspaper. She spots a small headline in the obituary section that reads "Morcilla Pfalzgraf, Art Patron, Socialite, Victim of 'I80 Sniper'".

She nearly chokes on her sandwich.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Morcilla's funeral mass has just broken up. In attendance are David Arbogast, Gerald's Mother, Chappy Hardwick and his new boyfriend, some of Gerald's employees, members of Morcilla's family, Vicki and Sherwood. Gerald mills around by the front pew with other mourners offering condolences. Vicki approaches Gerald.

VICKI

I'm so sorry, Gerald. And so sad.  
What a tragedy.

Gerald nods.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Y'know, Gerald, Morcilla told me she thought you might be having an affair.

GERALD

What?

VICKI

With another man. I hope that's not true, Gerald.

GERALD

Oh for god's sake, Vicki.

Gerald turns and walks away. Vicki call out to him.

VICKI

Why did you change your hairstyle, Gerald?

Gerald keeps on walking.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

C.U. of the Coroner's report for Morcilla Pfalzgraf on a computer screen; "Homicide" is typed into the space marked "Cause of Death."

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Gerald reads the NY Post in the back seat. He scans page after page stopping when he sees a brief article of interest. The headline: "Man dies in fall."

C.U. of the article reporting "The man, identified as Sinisa Ražnatovi was found dead of head injuries at the bottom of a stairwell." Gerald mutters to himself.

GERALD

Best 50 grand I've ever spent.

The Limo pull up to a trendy-looking Restaurant. Gerald addresses his Driver.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I'll find my own way home later,  
Mustapha. Take the night off.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed in an expensive suit and tie, Gerald sits alone at a table near the back in a dark Restaurant, sipping a cocktail. He checks his watch and eyes the entrance. Gerald tenses up when a police car drives slowly past the window of the Restaurant, its lights flashing. After a moment Wren walks in, dressed runway-stylish. A MAITRE D' leads Wren to Gerald's table. Gerald stands and the two lovers embrace and kiss.

GERALD

Wren, you look lovely.

He holds the chair for Wren, then takes a seat.

WREN

Ger, I don't know what to say.  
It's such a shock. What a  
senseless crime. I'm really sorry.  
How are you holding up?

GERALD

I'm... OK.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

That cocksucker Crowder is bragging  
in the papers like he's Lee Fucking  
Harvey. I mean, Lee Fucking  
Oswald. I mean--

Flummoxed, Gerald finishes his drink. A WAITER comes by to  
take an order.

GERALD (CONT'D)

What would you like, Wren?

WREN

How about a saketini?

GERALD

(To the Waiter)

A saketini and another Aviation.

The Waiter departs.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Morcilla and I had our differences,  
but she didn't deserve to be mowed  
down like that. Anyway, I was  
already working out a settlement  
with her that would leave me and my  
company financially viable.

WREN

I didn't know that.

The Waiter brings the drinks. Wren takes a sip.

GERALD

Let me put it this way: I would  
never wish Morcilla dead, but now  
that she is, I have to move on. I  
want to be with you. What can I  
say - it's the truth. I love you,  
Wren.

Wren twirls her cocktail, an absent-minded look on her face.

GERALD (CONT'D)

From the moment I met you.

WREN

I-- Me too, Ger. I just wish--

She shakes her head.

GERALD

--Wish what?

WREN

I wish that bastard Sinisa would go away forever and leave me alone.

Gerald takes her hand.

GERALD

I think he will. I have a good feeling.

EXT. - HOTEL/ROOFTOP POOL - NIGHT

Alone by the pool, on a peaceful moonlit evening, Gerald and Wren make love.

INT. - HOTEL - DAY

Gerald and Wren eat room-service breakfast in Wren's room. They both wear plush terrycloth robes and goofy-looking slippers supplied by the hotel.

GERALD

Wren, do you remember that jerk who worked for me? The one I told you about who downloaded kiddie porn onto his computer?

WREN

Did you finally fire him, Ger?

Gerald sucks air through his clenched teeth.

GERALD

No. He-- he committed suicide. In the office. He hung himself. I guess he was desperate. Maybe I was too harsh on him.

Wren is taken aback. Gerald solemnly sips his tea and stares out the window, expecting inquisition from Wren.

WREN

That's, I don't know... crazy. I'm speechless.

GERALD

Think about this, Wren. Now that Morcilla's funeral is over, I might come in for some scrutiny from the investigators just because of the sheer oddity of two people I know dying on the same day. The

(MORE)



GERALD (CONT'D)

detective in charge of Oscar's suicide strikes me as someone who might want to make a federal case out of it. I'm sure I'll be okay but in the meantime I don't want to arouse suspicion by having you too close.

(beat)

We can't be together for awhile, Wren. Do you understand?

WREN

I'm not sure. I guess so.

(beat)

Ger, did you--

GERALD

--You know that every husband becomes a prime suspect when his rich wife dies unexpectedly - especially if he immediately takes up with a younger, more beautiful woman. It screams motive.

WREN

But your wife was killed by a sniper. A random thing.

GERALD

Yes, but you know how overzealous the cops can get.

WREN

Not really.

GERALD

Look, it'll just be for a little while until the dust settles. Then we can be together.

WREN

What am I supposed to do, Ger? Where am I supposed to live? I can't stay in the hotel any longer. It's driving me crazy.

GERALD

I have a plan.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerald speaks on the phone at his desk.

GERALD

That's right. Three month lease on the yellow guest house overlooking the river. My lawyer will transfer the whole rent tomorrow.

(beat)

Dominique Francon. F-R-A-N-C-O-N.

Gerald hangs up. Paul KNOCKS and enters.

PAUL

You wanted to see me, Gerald?

GERALD

I think we should acquire some heavy equipment of our own to use on the museum project. We'd save money over the long run.

PAUL

Good idea, Gerald.

Gerald hands a flyer to Paul.

GERALD

I see that a construction company called TS Erection is having a fire sale. I'd like you to go to the auction next month and bid on the grader. I can go up to \$15K.

PAUL

Sure thing, Gerald.

(beat)

Janet told me to tell you that a Detective Dunn is here. He wants to talk to you.

GERALD

Again? Jesus. Alright, have her send him in.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Detective Dunn sits across from Gerald at his desk. Gerald pays half-attention to what Dunn says.

DUNN

Our IT guys finished removing all the pornography from your database.

Gerald fiddles with a pen.

DUNN (CONT'D)

I probably shouldn't tell you this Mr. Pfalzgraf, but your buddy Oscar was found guilty of feeling up girls in the subway when he was a minor.

GERALD

He's not - he wasn't - my 'buddy,' Detective, but thanks.

DUNN

Sure thing.

(beat)

Are you seeing anyone now, Mr. Pfalzgraf? Socially, or otherwise?

GERALD

My wife is recently dead. I'm grieving. Have you ever heard of something called the grief process?

DUNN

Yes, I have.

Dunn fixes his gaze at Gerald who eventually relents.

GERALD

No, I am not seeing anyone now, if that's any concern of yours.

DUNN

I must say, Mr. Pfalzgraf, I was rather hoping we'd find a more compelling reason behind the death of Mr. Dupree than just some basic boring troubles at work. But that's just me.

GERALD

Well, I--

DUNN

--The secret of life is to appreciate the pleasure of being terribly, terribly deceived. Do you know what I mean?

GERALD

Umm... not really. Is that another quote?

DUNN

Oscar Wilde. A Woman of No Importance. Gee, I really had you pegged as someone who'd be familiar with his work.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

C.U. of the Coroner's report for Oscar Dupree on a computer screen; "Suicide" is typed into the space marked "Cause of Death."

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PARK - DAY

Wren stands by the railing in the Hudson River Park looking out across New York Harbor on a breezy day. Wearing the same uniquely purplish suit as when he met Sinisa at the Borgata Hotel, Gerald approaches unnoticed from behind and wraps his arms around her. He kisses her on the ear.

GERALD

Hello, luscious.

WREN

Mmm... hello, lover. Hug me tighter.

GERALD

Did you know the nautical term 'fathom' originally meant a hug?

WREN

No, I didn't, Mr. Pfalzgraf. Were you a sailor? What else do you know?

Gerald points to a ship on the Hudson River.

GERALD

See those people on that ship, Wren? They're standing on the fo'c's'le.

Wren turns and faces Gerald.

WREN

Fo'c's'le? How do you spell that?

GERALD

I'm not sure. I can never remember if there are three apostrophes or only two.

The couple stroll hand-in-hand along the river front.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss you, Wren. I'll be going crazy without you near me.

WREN

Me too, Ger. Are you sure this is the best thing to do?

GERALD

Right now, at this moment, no. But we both know we have to separate for awhile. Until things get back to normal.

(beat)

You're going to love that little village up there on the Hudson, Wren. The place I found for you is really quite charming.

WREN

I hope I don't forget how to make a Gibson while I'm in the sticks.

A brisk wind kicks up, driving Wren into Gerald's arms.

WREN (CONT'D)

Ooo, warm me up.

Gerald holds Wren tightly. She puts her hands in his pockets and after a moment takes out a \$500 chip from the Borgata.

WREN (CONT'D)

Where'd you get this, Ger?

Gerald takes the chip and examines it like it's a foreign object.

GERALD

Wow. \$500. Geez, that must be from that time I went to an architect's conference in Atlantic City. I guess I haven't worn this suit in, like, five years. I wonder if the chip is still good.

Wren takes notice of Gerald's purplish patterned suit.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

FLASHBACK.

SINISA

Yeah, I met some pompous asshole at the Borgata named Garcia-- wait, that's not it.

Sinisa pulls out the business card and looks it over.

SINISA (CONT'D)

Geraci. Some slick motherfucker in a purple suit.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PARK - DAY

BACK TO SCENE.

WREN

(Tentative)

Um, Gerald, I know this sounds weird, but would you happen to know anyone named Geraci by chance?

Gerald thinks for a second, shaking his head.

GERALD

No, never met anyone with a name like that. Why do you ask?

WREN

Just wondering. I thought you might know him, but if you don't, you don't.

GERALD

Who is he?

WREN

I'm not sure. I'm kinda afraid to find out.

GERALD

That doesn't make any sense, Wren.

WREN

I suppose you're right.

The ship on the river BLARES its foghorn. Gerald takes Wren back into his arms and kisses her passionately.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Wren packs clothes when her cell phone RINGS.

WREN

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH POLICE STATION

INSPECTOR REINKING

Is this Wren Colfax?

WREN

Yes. Who is this?

INSPECTOR REINKING

I'm Inspector Reinking of the NYPD. Your name and phone number were in the possession of Mr. Sinisa Ražnatovi. Would you be able to come to the station and answer a few questions for us?

WREN

I don't know. I really have nothing to do with him. Is he in trouble again?

INSPECTOR REINKING

You could say that. How about it, Ms. Colfax. Can you stop in for a few minutes?

WREN

I'd rather not. I'm getting ready to go on a vacation, uh, trip.

INSPECTOR REINKING

Well, I don't want to force you to do anything. It's just that now Mr. Ražnatovi is dead--

WREN

--Dead? Oh my god!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Inspector Reinking and Wren meet in the Police Station. They're accompanied by another INSPECTOR.

INSPECTOR REINKING

We found him at the bottom of the stairwell. He hit his head on a radiator and almost certainly died instantly. Toxicology reported a significant concentration of alcohol and drugs in his system.

WREN

Well, it doesn't surprise me he'd go out that way. He was a consummate abuser of drugs... and other things.

INSPECTOR REINKING

Other things? You?

WREN

What did you want to talk to me about?

INSPECTOR REINKING

What did Mr. Ražnatovi do for a living?

WREN

As far as I know, he beat up people for money and sold drugs.

INSPECTOR REINKING

Did he make good money?

WREN

My god, no. He was broke most of the time. Last I knew he owed some guy a lot of money.

INSPECTOR REINKING

Like how much?

WREN

He told me \$100,000. And I believed him. Although the last time I saw him he said he had a job lined up that would help him clear his debt. I suppose that was just another one of his fantasies.

INSPECTOR REINKING

I'm not so sure. After he died we found a substantial amount of cash in a brief case in his apartment. I can't tell you the exact amount but it was in the thousands.

WREN

Really?

INSPECTOR REINKING

Do you know of anyone who might've paid him the cash?



Wren shakes her head.

INSPECTOR REINKING (CONT'D)  
Or who he might've owed money to?

WREN  
Possibly some mobster he worked  
for. I'm really not sure.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
I see. The money was hundred  
dollar bills wrapped in ribbons  
with the Borgata logo.

WREN  
Borgata?

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Does that mean something to you,  
Ms. Colfax?

WREN  
I, uh, recall Sinisa saying he was  
going to meet someone at the  
Borgata who wanted him to do a job.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Do you remember the contact's name?

WREN  
(Hesitating)  
No. I'm... I don't remember. I'm  
sorry.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
C'mon. Think.

WREN  
I... Can't remember.  
(beat)  
Can I go now, Inspector?

INSPECTOR REINKING  
I suppose so.

He hands her his card.

INSPECTOR REINKING (CONT'D)  
Here's my card. If you remember  
any details, especially the name of  
the guy Mr. Ražnatovi was supposed  
to meet at the Borgata, you give me  
a call.

WREN  
I will, Inspector.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
Thank you for coming down today.  
Where are you going for vacation?

WREN  
I'm not sure I can go now.

Wren departs. Inspector Reinking addresses his companion Inspector.

INSPECTOR REINKING  
I'd say she pretty much confirmed  
the money is a payoff to some mob  
criminal. Plant the RFID with the  
cash and let's see who comes  
looking for it.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerald works at his desk. Janet calls to him over the intercom.

JANET  
(Over intercom)  
Gerald, there's a Ms. Francon here  
to see you. She doesn't have an  
appointment.

GERALD  
(Into intercom)  
Francon? Um, OK, tell her I'll be  
right out.

INT. PFALZGRAF OFFICES/LOBBY - DAY

Gerald enters the Lobby where Wren is waiting for him.

GERALD  
Wren, uh, Ms. Francon. What are  
you doing here?

Wren is about to answer when Gerald, noticing Janet's interest in their conversation, cuts her off.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Let me take you to that property we  
discussed.

Gerald escorts Wren to the elevator.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Gerald and Wren sit together on a bench.

GERALD

I thought you'd be on your way to the apartment upstate, Wren. What's going on?

WREN

I got a call from the police this morning. Sinisa's dead.

GERALD

Dead? How'd that happen?

WREN

He fell down the stairs. He was stoned and must have slipped.

GERALD

Why did the police call you?

WREN

Gerald, do you know someone named Geraci?

GERALD

Why are you asking me that again?

WREN

Sinisa told me he met a man named Geraci at the Borgata Hotel. Someone who was paying him to do, well, something illegal I assume. The police found a lot of money in Sinisa's apartment. The money came from the Borgata.

GERALD

So?

WREN

Sinisa said Geraci wore a fancy suit. Kind of like the one you wore the other day. And then I found that chip in your pocket. Do you really not know who Geraci is?

GERALD

Listen to me. Sinisa's dead, Wren. I love you and want to marry you. I know a lot of people - some good, some bad.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

Would it really matter to you  
whether or not I knew this guy  
Geraci?

Wren contemplates the question, then strokes Gerald's face.

WREN

Not really.

GERALD

Then, I don't know him.

Wren embraces Gerald and kisses him.

WREN

I love you too, Gerald.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Gerald accompanies Wren and her luggage to the track where  
the train to the Hudson Valley awaits departure.

GERALD

I'm going to miss you more than I  
can imagine, Wren. But it's only  
for three months.

WREN

It'll feel like three years, I know  
it. What are you going to do  
without me, Ger?

GERALD

Cry a lot.

WREN

Oh, my.

GERALD

I also have to attend the trial of  
that cretin Crowder. It starts in  
a month and I'll have to give  
victim's testimony at some point.  
Shit. Do you believe that bastard  
now claims he wasn't there the  
first day of the shootings?

WREN

It's all so awful, Ger. I don't  
envy you at all. I'll think about  
you day and night.

GERALD

In three months you'll be back in my arms. I'll introduce you to all my friends. We'll travel. It'll be great. I'm so happy.

WREN

Me too.

An ANNOUNCER calls 'all-aboard'; Wren departs for the train.

INT. GERALD'S HOME - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

Gerald carries Wren across the threshold, followed by the Butler who schlepps a bunch of luggage.

GERALD

Welcome to your new abode, Mrs. Pfalzgraf. How about fixing us some drinks?

WREN

With pleasure, Mr. Pfalzgraf.

Gerald puts Wren down and she heads to the kitchen. Gerald paws through a pile of mail. He stops to open an important-looking letter from the D.A. He reads it.

D.A. (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Pfalzgraf - As you are a victim of Silas Crowder's capital crimes, I want to be the first to inform you that Mr. Crowder's new lawyer has filed an appeal. The appeal is based on new evidence uncovered since the guilty verdict was rendered three months ago. Although I cannot go into specifics, the new evidence consists of rifle rounds found from the second day of the shootings that do not match those from the first day.

Wren exits the Kitchen and places a Gibson on the coffee table. Gerald watches her walk out onto the balcony. Her beautiful silhouette contrasts with that of Morcilla's we saw in the beginning. He goes back to reading the letter.

D.A. (V.O.)

Mr. Crowder's lawyer intends to assert that his client is not guilty of the shooting that killed your wife and another victim. Rest assured that the New Jersey State Police and Warren County detectives will pursue with vigor the identity of a second shooter, should one exist, who was responsible for your wife's murder. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact my office.

Gerald returns the letter to the envelope. He admires Wren on the balcony for a moment. She turns and blows him a kiss.

GERALD (V.O.)

What a Prince would do now?

He sips his Gibson, his face a mix of triumph and impending doom.

FADE OUT.

THE END