

THE CONFECTIONER

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. INGRAM'S THEATER, BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT, 1931

At a dressing room mirror ringed in lights, a thin man sits putting himself together. CHARLES INGRAM, 47, has his back to us, his stilt-like legs wedged beneath him on a stool.

He combs his stringy black hair with a child's brush, parting it down the middle and slathering it with hair tonic.

He adds wax to his tiny, upturned mustache; the only facial hair he's capable of growing.

He accentuates his stark white skin with make-up, drawing in the dimples and freckles.

His teeth are rotten. So he fishes a set of big, ivory dentures out of brown water and pops them into his mouth.

Using his long, narrow fingers he places a paper hat atop his head.

As he smiles, his reflection dissolves into...

EXT. HYDE PARK, CHICAGO -- DAY

...a weather-beaten billboard for Ingram's Ice Cream & Confectionary featuring a picture of his face, sneering and pale.

Underneath it, FATHER HARRIS, 72, leads a physically frail, black youth named TREVOR BOWERS, 18, through the homeless and unemployed.

It is the heart of the Great Depression and there are bread lines and soup kitchens on nearly every corner.

FATHER HARRIS

Look the man in the eye and shake his hand. You're lucky to have a job. Whatever they ask of you, do it. And do it with a smile--

Trevor nods, dutifully, trying to keep up.

TREVOR

Do you think we'll see him?

FATHER HARRIS

Who?

TREVOR

Mr. Ingram.

FATHER HARRIS

Focus, boy-o. Al Shannon's doing us a favor agreeing to meet with you. Listen to what he says now.

They arrive at the back factory door. Father Harris holds it open for Trevor, then follows him inside.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The walls are sanitarium white over slick, linoleum flooring. High-ceilings tower over mammoth rendering vats and employee-lined conveyor belts.

They find the shop foreman, AL SHANNON, 58, overseeing a supply truck delivery. He shifts the clipboard in his hand to greet Father Harris.

AL SHANNON

Father. See you found the place.

FATHER HARRIS

That we did. Smells wonderful in here.

AL SHANNON

That's the heavy cream, that is.

Shannon spots Trevor for the first time, somewhat hidden by the Father.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)

Is this him?

FATHER HARRIS

It is.

AL SHANNON

Does he speak?

FATHER HARRIS

Aye, he speaks.

Harris nudges the boy forward.

TREVOR

It's nice to meet you, Mr. Shannon.

AL SHANNON

How much has Father Harris told you about the job?

TREVOR

Just that it's the midnight shift. Lots of cleaning and mopping...

AL SHANNON

Won't lie to you, it's solitary work. Long hours by yourself.

TREVOR

That'd suit me just fine, sir.

FATHER HARRIS

He's quiet. Keeps to himself. But he's a quick study. You won't have to tell him twice. He just needs someone to give him a chance, that's all.

Shannon gives Trevor a final once over, then turns back to Father Harris.

AL SHANNON

I think we can take it from here.

Harris nods and turns to say his goodbyes to Trevor.

FATHER HARRIS

Then this is where I leave you. Remember what I said, son. You'll do fine.

He pats the boy on the shoulder and leaves without so much as a look behind him.

Al Shannon beckons for Trevor to follow.

AL SHANNON

This way, please. This is a family institution. We sell wholesome here. There's no drinking, no whoring--

TREVOR

Oh, I don't do any of that.

AL SHANNON

Last guy did.

He leads Trevor on a tour of the facilities. They pass industrial scales and temperers, powdered sugar dusters and cookie cutter presses.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)

You got your deep freeze here, your boilers, your steam milkers. You're in charge of locking up for the night, restocking the inventory, basic equipment upkeep. There's so much goddamn sugar in the air you gotta wipe down all the surfaces if you don't want ants or the health department up your ass--

As Shannon continues, Trevor spies the OVERSEER'S OFFICE with its frosted glass features overlooking the factory floor.

There's a FIGURE standing behind the cloudy windowpane staring down at them. Almost as if he can see through it...

TREVOR

Is Mr. Ingram in today?

Al Shannon shakes his head.

AL SHANNON

You'll never see Mr. Ingram.

TREVOR

Is it true that he's the first one here in the morning and the last to leave at night?

AL SHANNON

Got his own entrance. Man's a ghost. You'll never see him come or go.

TREVOR

But I heard--

AL SHANNON

What's with all the questions, kid?

TREVOR

Someday I want to go into business for myself. Start my own company from the ground up. Be a self-made man. I know he did the same...

Al Shannon LAUGHS.

AL SHANNON
Good luck with that.

They've arrived at a disused rendering vat. It's covered in dust.

TREVOR
What's this one do?

AL SHANNON
Nothing. It's broken.

Shannon motions to a line of exhausted factory workers.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
It's why these men have to roll out hundreds of pounds of pastry dough by hand every day.

TREVOR
Maybe I could take a look at it?

AL SHANNON
We've had every mechanic in town in here. No one can make it move. The only reason we haven't hauled it out of here is because it weighs about three tons.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- MOMENTS LATER

Al Shannon leans into the dark room and pulls a drawstring. A single light bulb illuminates the cramped space.

AL SHANNON
Unfortunately, the pay isn't much, but there's a cot in here that you can sleep on...

He points to a ratty mattress rolled atop a rusted spring bed frame. He's almost embarrassed to show the boy, but Trevor's over the moon.

TREVOR
I get my own room...

He smiles as Shannon pulls the drawstring again, dropping the room into darkness.

INT. INGRAM'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR -- SOON AFTER

They arrive in the bustling showroom of the factory. There are gleaming brass fixtures and fixed Naugahyde stools atop a checkered floor.

The scoopers wear starched white shirts with sleeve garters, vests of forest green and paper hats.

Shooing aside one of the workers, Al Shannon leans over the freezer.

AL SHANNON

What's your favorite ice cream flavor?

Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR

We never had ice cream at the orphanage.

Shannon stares at him, bewildered.

AL SHANNON

You never...

When Trevor shakes his head, Shannon grabs a wooden spoon and scrapes some vanilla onto it. He hands it to Trevor who pops it into his mouth.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)

Good?

Trevor wipes a tear away.

TREVOR

Yeah.

INT. FACTORY -- VARIOUS

With the sun going down, Trevor watches as the last of the workers leave.

He spends his nights in quiet solitude, mopping and polishing the factory floor.

His energy is inexhaustible, rolling barrels and dragging crates over to restock the shelves.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- DAY

Unrolling the stained mattress he was gifted, Trevor goes about personalizing his room.

He tries to sleep during the day while employees yell right outside his door.

When a glass breaks, someone comes in to grab a broom. The worker stares at him until Trevor finally rolls over and clamps a pillow over his ears.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- LATE NIGHT

Trevor's boss proves to be elusive. He is always the last man working.

When Trevor finally sees his light go out, he sneaks up and tries the door handle, but it's locked.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR -- MINUTES LATER

Exploring the front parlour, Trevor runs his hands along the marble countertops.

When he accidentally opens the cash register, he's confronted with more money than he's seen in his entire life.

He's about to close it when he glances up and sees a police officer passing in front of the store.

Trevor drops to his knees, ducking behind the counter until the man is gone.

INT. FACTORY -- VARIOUS

When payday finally rolls around, Al Shannon hands him an envelope. Trevor counts the money, smiling.

Back in his closet, he grabs a near-empty coffee tin and dumps out what's left. He tucks his money inside and looks around for a place to put it.

Climbing onto his bed, he hides the tin up in the rafters.

As he steps down, he catches sight of a dusty collection of manuals on a storage shelf.

He takes one down and spends the rest of the night reading: "General Maintenance & Up-keep for the Lumix P-32 Industrial Mixer."

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- MIDNIGHT

Trevor finds a grate at the rear of the broken machine and unscrews it. Armed with a flashlight, he wriggles his way inside.

Batting aside spiderwebs, he makes his way towards the center of the mechanism. Once there, he gathers up the flashlight and aims it up at the guts of the thing.

He's greeted by a shrieking rat that jumps down onto his chest and scampers away.

Catching his breath, Trevor aims the flashlight once again, this time revealing a swarming nest of rats.

He weasels his way out from under the mixer, shuttering.

Opening the rear delivery door, he brings a hose in and flushes the engine block out. Rats scatter by the dozens.

He sprays the entire machine down, scrubbing it clean.

After mopping up, he crawls underneath again. With the rat's nest now gone, he can see the wires the rats chewed through.

He considers what to do. Finding an old broken lamp on the janitor's shelf, he takes a pocket knife and strips the wire to get replacement parts.

He climbs back underneath the mixer and connects the new and old wires using a lighter.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- MORNING

When the next day rolls around, Trevor is there to greet the morning shift. He waves hello to Al Shannon and gives his evening debrief.

TREVOR

I mopped and restocked. Put out
some rat traps...

He gestures over his shoulder at the mixer.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and this should work now.

AL SHANNON

(laughs)
Yeah, sure...

TREVOR
I'm serious.

Al puts his clipboard and thermos down and wheels over a rolling ladder. He climbs up to look in the machine.

Skeptically, he turns the starter and is amazed to see the mixing bowl whisk start circling the bowl.

AL SHANNON
I'll be a monkey's uncle...
(beat)
What was wrong with it?

TREVOR
Just needed a little attention.

A couple of the old-timers who work the conveyer belt send some appreciative nods Trevor's way. Someone even claps.

Trevor takes it all in, smiling. Pleased with himself.

EXT. ST. ALOYSIUS, GROUNDS -- DAY

On Trevor's first day off, he heads back to the orphanage he grew up in. The children of St. Aloysius are rambunctious, loud, and covered in dust. They come running up to him as he crosses the street.

CHUCKIE
What are you doin' back here? You get fired?

TREVOR
It's Sunday, Chuckie.

His old friends crowd around him, including a loud, Irish weakling named SEAMUS, 16.

SEAMUS
Did you bring us anything?!

TREVOR
Did I bring you anything?! What do I look like, I'm made of money?!

SEAMUS
Oh yeah? What's in the bag?!

Trevor innocently lifts the brown bag he's brought with him.

TREVOR
Nothing, just a couple candy bars--

They grab the bag and tear it open as Trevor yells over their struggle.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Hey, make sure the younger ones get
some too!

EXT. ST. ALOYSIUS, PLAYGROUND -- SOON AFTER

Trevor and Seamus sit to the side while the other orphans run around on the rusty playground equipment working out their sugar highs.

SEAMUS
So what's it like out there?

TREVOR
It's not like I thought it'd be.

SEAMUS
Better or worse?

TREVOR
Just different, really.

SEAMUS
I suppose I'll find out myself.
I'll be aging out soon.

TREVOR
But until then, it's up to you to
be mother hen to the others--

Trevor watches as his friend has a coughing fit.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You been taking your medicine?

SEAMUS
I traded it to Rico and some of the
older kids.

TREVOR
God, they'll drink anything.
What'd you trade it for?

SEAMUS
For tickets to the fight -- what
else?

TREVOR
Seamus, you're never gonna get
better if you let them--

SEAMUS
Canzoneri was fighting Kid Berg!

Trevor shakes his head, laughing.

TREVOR
How was it?

SEAMUS
It was great, he knocked him out in
three!

TREVOR
Then why do you look like that?

SEAMUS
Look like what?

TREVOR
You're frowning, Seamus...

The boy is quiet for a while. He almost doesn't share.

SEAMUS
Something happened after the
fight...

TREVOR
What?

Seamus shakes his head.

SEAMUS
I don't think I want to talk about
it.

TREVOR
But you will for me.

INT. CHICAGO COLISEUM -- SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER

A knock-down drag-out fight in front of a drunken capacity crowd. The first few rows get hit with blood, sweat, and spit.

But Seamus is up in the cheap seats, screaming with the rest of his section. When Canzoneri staggers Kid Berg and knocks him unconscious to the mat, they erupt in cheers.

EXT. SOUTH WABASH AVE -- SOON AFTER

Seamus exits the venue re-enacting the match's final moments with a few of the other street kids he was sitting near. He throws a rabbit punch and uppercut in quick succession.

SEAMUS

When he hit him with that vicious
one-two -- it was goodnight, Irene!

He gets a laugh. Seeing his street, he waves goodbye to his new friends.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

This is me, I'll see you guys
later.

He heads down a secluded alleyway, completely unaware that there are three older kids following him...

SEAMUS (V.O.)

*A couple of those Markham assholes
caught up with me. They chased me
down...*

Hearing their approaching footsteps, Seamus picks up the pace. He hurries around a corner, out of breath, only to find he's arrived at a dead end.

One of the teens throws a beer bottle at his head. Seamus turns to see them spreading out to block his escape.

MARKHAM BOY #1

Look who it is! It's one of those
orphans who ain't got no parents...

MARKHAM BOY #2

He's all alone now...

MARKHAM BOY #3

What are you doing in the nice part
of town? You know we got rules
about that sort of thing...

Seamus makes a mad dash to escape, but is easily caught. They throw him to the asphalt, kicking and beating him about the head and chest.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I thought I might die...

As he tries hopelessly to defend himself from their attacks, he looks past their legs and sees something at the mouth of the alleyway...

SEAMUS (V.O.)
That's when I saw him.

A long shadow - cast by a burning trashcan fire - towers over the teens. They turn to face the newcomer.

A MAN in a TUXEDO and evening cape appears, his white gloves gripping a walking cane.

The largest of the teens, the most confident of the group, steps forward.

MARKHAM BOY #1
 This doesn't concern you, old
 fella.

The Man in the Tuxedo stares back at them, coldly.

THE TUXEDO MAN
 Let's see your parents get you out
 of this one...

The Markham boy takes a swing at him. The Man barely flinches.

His cane moves so fast it can barely be seen. It flashes through the air, breaking every bone in the kid's hand.

He wails from the ground holding the pudding sack that used to be his hand--

MARKHAM BOY #1
 Get him!

His friends move quickly to back him up. But the Tuxedo Man moves faster.

He brains the second teen on the head, his cane coming down like a hammer. The youth drops dumbly to his knees and the Man shatters his jaw, knocking his teeth out.

When the third runs at him, the Man steps on the inside of his knee, dislocating it. The kid falls to the asphalt roaring in pain.

The Tuxedo Man grabs him by the collar and snaps his neck in one quick motion to silence him.

He returns to the first teen who's crying by now, screaming--

MARKHAM BOY #1 (CONT'D)
 Please, I'm just a kid!

The Man sends him flying, slamming him against a brick wall. The body lands limp, in a heap.

The Tuxedo Man whirls around to see Seamus cowering on the trash-covered ground. He takes a step towards the boy. Only then does he see the state of his clothes.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

For a moment, he looked like he'd get me too. But he took one look at the hand-me-downs I was wearing and told me to--

THE TUXEDO MAN

...run.

Despite his injuries, Seamus tears down the alleyway as fast as his legs will carry him.

EXT. ST. ALOYSIUS, PLAYGROUND -- BACK TO SCENE

As Seamus finishes telling his story to Trevor, he stares off into nothingness.

SEAMUS

And I'm not the only one who's seen this guy around town...

EXT. LINCOLN PARK ZOO -- THAT NIGHT

A carnival barker circulates, telling all within earshot:

BARKER

The zoo will be closing in fifteen minutes! Please gather your belongings and head for the exits...

Nearby, a chubby little boy named HERMAN MUELLER, age 8, stands looking at the panda exhibit.

His hands are occupied by treats, including an oversized rainbow lollipop.

His face is covered in sugar, but instead of cleaning him up, his German diplomat father seems to be preoccupied, flirting with one of the lady zookeepers.

He leans over her, whispering sweet nothings in his overbearing, Germanic brogue.

MR. MUELLER

Oh my dah-link, you have such tender lips. What are lips like these doing working at such a terrible place...

LADY ZOOKEEPER

Oh, it ain't so bad...

MR. MUELLER

If you were mine you would never have to work...

Herman tugs on his father's coat, trying to get his attention.

HERMAN

Papa, look at the bear!

MR. MUELLER

Not now, Herman!

His father brushes his hand away and returns to speaking with the young lady.

MR. MUELLER (CONT'D)

Perhaps I could show you around the consulate sometime?

She nods eagerly as Herman wanders off to see more of the zoo.

Holding tight to his lollipop, he flits from one exhibit to another.

It isn't long before he finds himself in front of the monkey cages.

The howler monkeys beg for food when they see him, so he tosses them some popcorn, laughing at how they're acting.

While he watches the monkeys, some ways behind him, there's the knock of a cane on asphalt. Its owner is a smiling man in evening attire.

As he approaches, the monkeys start shrieking and shaking their trees, knowing that something is inherently wrong with the man.

He arrives next to Herman, leaning on his cane handle, an engraving of a chicken hawk.

THE TUXEDO MAN

Hello, Herman.

The boy looks up, curiously.

HERMAN

How do you know my name?

THE TUXEDO MAN

Oh, I know a lot about you. See, I'm a good friend of your father. And I know that he would not like you walking around looking like such a fright. Here, let me clean you up...

The Tuxedo Man reaches out to clean Herman's face, but instead of a clean napkin, he holds a rag soaked in ether.

He clamps it over the boy's mouth. As Herman struggles, the rest of his popcorn falls to the ground along with his rainbow lollipop which cracks on the concrete.

Seeing this, the monkeys rattle their cages, screaming, trying to alert someone.

Back at the panda exhibit, Ambassador Mueller finally notices that his son is not with him.

MR. MUELLER

Herman? Herman, where are you?

He looks around, starting to get frantic.

MR. MUELLER (CONT'D)

This isn't funny, Herman! Father says, come out now--

He's interrupted by a woman *screaming*. He takes off running.

By the time he reaches the sound, he's just in time to see his son's body drop into the gorilla enclosure -- where it's quickly torn limb-from-limb.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- THE NEXT DAY

Trevor's laying on his cot, looking through the newspaper. The front page headline reads: "FREAK ACCIDENT AT LINCOLN PARK ZOO."

Further down the page there's another article. This one concerns the kidnapping of a wealthy shipping heir. There's a picture of her; a curly-haired, ten-year-old pageant queen named DAISY DELACOURT.

Trevor tries to read more but he's interrupted by a KNOCK at his door.

TREVOR

Yeah?

Al Shannon pokes his head inside.

AL SHANNON

You're off janitorial for the night. The staff are short-handed for the Orphanage Fundraiser and we need you to waiter.

TREVOR

I've never waiter'd before...

AL SHANNON

Can you hold a tray?

Trevor nods.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)

Then you know how to waiter.

EXT. INGRAM MANSION -- EVENING

At Ingram's house on the hill, Trevor makes his way up the snaking driveway wearing an uncomfortable catering get-up.

The topiary animals and gargoyles only add to his sense of dread.

As he passes the Ford Model T's at the valet stand, he arrives at the front door. He clacks the big Dickensian door knocker and waits.

A rather severe-looking older woman in a French maid's uniform promptly answers. When she sees who it is though, her smile wilts.

MAID

Help goes in the side entrance.

She slams the door in his face. As the valets laugh, Trevor collects himself and heads around back.

INT. INGRAM MANSION, DINING ROOM -- HALF HOUR LATER

In no time at all the guests have arrived; the wealthy of the city in their furs, monocles, and mink stoles. Servants in black coat and tails circulate.

The mansion is cavernous, but well-appointed, with a roaring grand fireplace.

Trevor finds himself next to ANTONIO, 19, in the line of cater waiters handing out hors d'oeuvres. He tugs uncomfortably at his collar.

TREVOR

Thanks for letting me borrow the uniform.

ANTONIO

Let nothing! Shannon made me give it to you.

TREVOR

Well, I'll make sure to wash it and get it back to you.

ANTONIO

Just burn it.

Choosing to ignore him, Trevor scans the party. Across the room, he sees Al Shannon approach the CHIEF OF POLICE.

AL SHANNON

Jerry. Hope you're having a good time.

POLICE CHIEF

Hell of a party, Al. I hope that's not alcohol in those glasses...

AL SHANNON

At a fundraiser for children? Never.

Shannon slips him an ENVELOPE. The Chief opens it and leafs through the money inside. He walks off smiling, passing several guests busy gossiping on a couch.

GUEST #1

I wonder where our host is...

GUEST #2

...just look at this house!

GUEST #3

You haven't heard where he got the money?

GUEST #2

Everyone knows about that. He got it from his first wife. Older than Moses, I tell ya...

GUEST #3

She was a fan of his vaudeville act and bankrolled his first store--

GUEST #1

--then died in bed with him!

GUEST #3

From what I hear, that isn't the only endowment he's supposed to have!

The hum of a pitch pipe cuts through most of the talking in the room. Everyone turns to see Charles Ingram step into view.

He's wearing a sharp, seersucker suit and pork pie hat as if he's a member of some long lost barbershop quartet.

His oversized ivory dentures are in, giving him a rictus grin.

He raps his cane on the hardwood floors to get everyone's attention.

When he opens his mouth he sings in a regal London accent--

INGRAM

*Hello boys and girls, kiddos and
kiddettes,
pull up a chair, and have a seat on
my lap
I know you've come for dinner, but
I'm afraid I must decline
see when it comes to meat and veg,
I just won't eat a bite!*

They watch as Ingram plays peek-a-boo with a baby. When it cries in his face, he frowns, comically.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

*If it's up to me, I'll take dessert
too much ice cream, can never hurt
Sugar makes you nice and strong and
keeps you up super long!*

He turns his attention to the baby's mother. He seductively bites a rose and she swoons on the spot. Ingram catches her, kisses her, and drops her once again.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

*It'll drive you crazy, make you
lazy, do some things you'd never do
so give it a lick, it comes in
handy
just reach in my pocket -- that
isn't candy!*

Everyone LAUGHS and breaks into applause as Trevor leans over to Al Shannon.

TREVOR

I didn't know he was British...

Shannon laughs bitterly, sipping from his flask.

AL SHANNON

Please, his real name's Arthur
Dickle and he came from the same
orphanage you did!

INT. INGRAM MANSION, DINING ROOM -- LATER

At the dinner afterwards, Ingram sits next to the WIDOW PERKINS, 38, a fetching heavy-set woman whose three children run around the party, annoying people and spilling drinks.

WIDOW PERKINS

That was a marvelous performance.
How do you stay so youthful
looking?

INGRAM

Bone marrow.

WIDOW PERKINS

Bone marrow?

INGRAM

Yes, it's full of collagen which is
good for the skin.

WIDOW PERKINS

I suppose I could use some of
that...

INGRAM

What for? You can't be a day over,
what... twenty-four?

WIDOW PERKINS

You old charmer.

Across from them sits, DR. FELIX PELL, 36, a wealthy dentist of European descent. He sees the attention Ingram is getting from Ms. Perkins and looks on, jealously.

When one of her children breaks a champagne flute, the Widow catches them by the arm.

WIDOW PERKINS (CONT'D)
Boys, boys - sit down and eat your soup.

NATHAN
I don't want that -- it's cold!

Ingram takes the child aside.

INGRAM
But you like ice cream, don't you?
And that's cold... Have you even tried it?

The boy shakes his head no.

INGRAM (CONT'D)
Then how can you know you don't like it?

He's about to pick up a spoon to feed him some when Dr. Pell speaks up--

DR. PELL
That's the dessert spoon. The soup spoon is on the left...

Ingram blanches.

INGRAM
Yes, of course...

He changes spoons. Dr. Pell though refuses to look away, smelling a fake.

DR. PELL
So Charles, whereabouts in England are you from?

INGRAM
East side of London, a quaint little neighborhood called Mayfair.

DR. PELL
Mayfair is in the west-end.

Ingram smiles, coldly. He turns back to the widow.

INGRAM

You should come back another time when the mansion isn't so full. You can bring the children. I'll give them a tour.

WIDOW PERKINS

I thought it could be just you and me...

He waves her off.

INGRAM

Oh, they'll be plenty of time for that.

Dr. Pell is too busy shooting daggers at Ingram that he doesn't see one of the Widow's boys approach. When they kick him in the shin, he cries out.

In the wings, Trevor can't wait any longer. He leans over to speak with Al Shannon.

TREVOR

I have to use the bathroom.

Shannon looks at him skeptically as Antonio laughs.

AL SHANNON

You don't have to ask me to take a piss.

Trevor lets the laughter die down before he tries again.

TREVOR

Sometimes people have a problem sharing a bathroom with a black person...

Shannon looks at him, sharply, and finally nods.

AL SHANNON

You're right, use the one on the second floor.

INT. INGRAM MANSION, SECOND FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

As Trevor reaches the upper hallway, the sounds of the fundraiser become muffled and faint.

There's little light to be seen, only the faint strands of moonlight coming in through the windows.

He manages to find the bathroom, but stops just before entering. There's the faint sound of *wind blowing* inside the house...

He turns to where the noise is coming from and puts his hand out. Air whistles out from a crack between a false bookshelf and the wall.

Trevor glances around to make sure he's alone, then pulls the bookshelf out from the wall.

The space inside is nearly pitch black, only the barest shadow of a drawstring. Trevor pulls it, but no light turns on. There's no bulb attached.

He strikes a match and steps further into the darkness. It's a dank, cramped space. Just as he gets his bearings, the match burns his fingers and he drops it.

As the darkness takes back over, a voice whimpers:

DAISY DELACOURT
Help me, please...

Trevor lights another match as fast as he can, illuminating a child being kept in an animal cage, covered in its own filth.

DAISY DELACOURT (CONT'D)
My name is Daisy Delacourt. I live
at 557 Newman Lane. Please, tell
my mom and dad to come get me!

Trevor tries to let her out, but gets a nasty shock. The metal cage is attached to a car battery.

As he thinks of how to proceed, a hand clamps down on his shoulder. Trevor spins around only to see Al Shannon.

AL SHANNON
What are you doing here?!

He pulls Trevor back out into the hallway and forces the bookshelf closed.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
Just go home! Forget what you saw
in there!

EXT. HYDE PARK -- SOON AFTER

Trevor wanders back to the factory in a daze, unsure of what to do.

When he sees a squad car, he's about to approach. But the officer it belongs to is busy violently arresting vagrants, slamming them onto the hood of his car.

To be safe, Trevor crosses to the other side of the street.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- DAY

Trevor wakes the next morning surprised to see Al Shannon sitting at the end of his bed.

AL SHANNON
Get dressed.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- MINUTES LATER

Shannon walks Trevor through the rows of machinery, not saying a word. He's trying to broach the topic carefully.

AL SHANNON
I know you must have questions
about last night...

He trails off and tries again.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
You see, in this job you may
witness some things you'll have to
ignore...

Trevor nods, following him.

TREVOR
Back at the orphanage, we always
knew there were priests like that.
We learned to avoid them.

AL SHANNON
I don't think that's possible here.
You're being given a new title.
Now you'll be working front of
house.

TREVOR
Thank you, sir.

AL SHANNON
Wasn't me that gave you the raise.

He motions over Trevor's shoulder at Ingram. He's on a catwalk high above the factory floor, staring down, his long fingers curled around the railing.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
 By taking you into his confidence,
 he is entrusting you will always
 keep the store's business to
 yourself.

Shannon opens the door for Trevor to enter the ice cream parlour.

INT. INGRAM'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR -- CONTINUOUS

It's the time just before opening when the workers are setting up for the day. Shannon shows Trevor over to the picture window at the front of the store.

AL SHANNON
 Take a look outside. What do you
 see?

Trevor scans where he points and sees the consequences of reporting Ingram on every corner.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
 Gypsies living in their cars
 looking for work, the homeless
 sleeping under newspapers, blind
 beggars and shoeshine boys... any
 of this could be your future.

Trevor nods, understanding.

TREVOR
 I have lived on the street before.
 And if I have to choose, I choose
 indoors. Always.

AL SHANNON
 I'm glad to hear that.

Al turns to address the workers.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, we have a new scooper
 joining our ranks--

Antonio drops the mixing bowl he's using.

ANTONIO
 The fuck he is!

AL SHANNON

Stow that language, Tony! Just for that -- you'll be the one training him.

ANTONIO

Over my dead body!

AL SHANNON

That can be arranged...

Antonio finally shuts up, glowering at the floor. He's quiet until Shannon leaves, then turns back to Trevor.

ANTONIO

Bet you're fucking happy.

TREVOR

What's your problem with me?

ANTONIO

It's monkeys like you that work for five cents on the dollar that up and stole my father's job! And now you're coming for mine.

TREVOR

Says who?

ANTONIO

I know how you people work...
(beat)
...or don't.

TREVOR

Which is it? Are we lazy or do we steal jobs?

ANTONIO

You think you're so clever.

TREVOR

Just show me what you have to show me.

Antonio barely motions to a row of clothes hooks on the wall.

ANTONIO

Put on a smock.

Trevor does as told and joins Antonio behind the counter.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Here we make sundaes, floats, shakes, Neapolitans, and malts but most people just want a cup or a cone. If it's a cone, there are three choices: waffle cone, wafer cone, or sugar scoop. Then you take it to the toppings bar. You've got chocolate sprinkles, rainbow sprinkles, filberts, crushed nuts, hot fudge, butterscotch--

TREVOR

I know all this.

ANTONIO

What do you mean you know all this?

TREVOR

I read the menu.

ANTONIO

You were a janitor. It's not your job to know the menu. Why would you waste your time like that?

TREVOR

For moments like these.

ANTONIO

Do you even know what a black cow is?

TREVOR

Root beer float.

Antonio nods, somewhat taken aback.

ANTONIO

That's right.

(beat)

Fine, if you're so smart where do we keep the footed sundae glasses?

Trevor opens a nearby cabinet and holds up two options.

TREVOR

Large or small?

Antonio mumbles, angrily.

ANTONIO

What do you break in at night to
case the joint?

He looks up at the clock, somewhat defeated, but suddenly
smiles.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Since you know everything, you
should have no problem working the
counter then.

Antonio flips over the open sign and unlocks the door to let
the first customers in.

INT. INGRAM'S PARLOR -- AN HOUR LATER

The line at Ingram's is now snaked out the door. Trevor
hurries to pack a waffle cone with rum raisin.

When he hands it to the skeptical customer who requested it,
the man takes it and exits. Trevor watches through the glass
as the man throws it right in the trash.

Trevor sighs and turns back to take another customer.

TREVOR

Next!

The woman in line looks uncomfortably from Trevor to Antonio.

CUSTOMER #1

I'll just wait for the other one to
be finished.

INT. CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY -- AFTERNOON

Trevor scans the racks, collecting books.

He brings a big stack of them up to the front and dumps them
onto the librarian's counter. Their subjects range from
economics and bookkeeping to etiquette and performance.

The librarian looks at him, dubiously.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- LATE NIGHT

When he should be busy sleeping, Trevor pours over the texts.

Finding something of note, he puts down a book on theatre and
stands. He crosses to the dirty mirror over the sink.

Using a sundae glass that he borrowed from the parlour, he tries to bring some flair to the new job.

TREVOR
Ladies and Gentleman...

He looks around and finds a small pebble at his feet. He throws it up and behind his back.

When he catches it in the sundae glass -- he smiles.

INT. INGRAM'S PARLOUR -- THE NEXT DAY

When his next shift arrives, Trevor works the toppings bar besides Antonio.

At the first sign of a reluctant customer, he goes into some rehearsed patter to put them at ease.

TREVOR
Ladies and Gentleman! Boys and
girls! Get those frowns off your
faces!

Antonio stares at him, mouth agape, not really sure what's going on.

Trevor takes the freshly packed vanilla sundae out of his hand and flips it confidently into the air.

When he catches it there are several "ahhhs!" from the collected crowd, which only feeds his confidence--

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Today we are making a classic
sundae!

Grabbing a ladle, Trevor scoops a bunch of chocolate sauce. Holding it high above his head, he begins to pour it onto the sundae. He misses briefly, but most of it goes onto the glass.

He looks up and sees that all of the people waiting for their ice cream are in the palm of his hand.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Time for some crushed nuts...

He places a few unshelled peanuts onto the counter and starts beating them with his fist, making most of the kids laugh. He sprinkles the nuts onto the sundae.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Now all we need is the...

He lets the sentence trail off and a LITTLE GIRL in the front says:

LITTLE GIRL
...cherry!

Trevor points to her smiling.

TREVOR
Very good, a cherry!

Like he did back in the janitor's closet, Trevor throws a maraschino behind his back and catches it atop the finished sundae.

When he sticks the landing, those attended break into applause.

He waits for it to die down before he asks:

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Who's next?

Unbeknownst to Trevor, Ingram's been watching him this whole time from the factory door.

He smiles, impressed.

INT. INGRAM'S PARLOR -- DAY

Trevor becomes a draw with the customers. A couple enters, eagerly, to see him.

WOMAN #1
Are you the one who does the
tricks?

TREVOR
I am, yes! What can I get you?

Antonio looks on bitterly as Trevor takes their order.

INT. INGRAM'S PARLOR -- LATE AFTERNOON

At the end of the day, Trevor cleans his station with much more vigor than his co-workers. A passing Al Shannon notices.

AL SHANNON

You should all be more like Trevor here. I wish I had a thousand of him!

Hearing this, Antonio scowls openly at Trevor. Seeing the reaction this causes, Trevor takes Al aside.

TREVOR

Thank you for the compliment sir, but please don't separate me from the group again. It just gives them more reason to hate me.

But the foreman only shakes his head.

AL SHANNON

Part of being great is being despised by those who are not great. Better get used to it...

EXT. LOADING DOCK -- NOON

As Trevor carries the garbage out the back door, he passes Antonio and the other front of house workers taking a smoke break.

MICHAEL

Hey, give it a rest - you're making us look bad!

Trevor doesn't respond, just dumps the trash in the big dumpster. On his way back inside though, Antonio just can't let it rest.

ANTONIO

Didn't you hear him?

When Trevor continues to ignore Antonio, he hops down to confront him.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I said--

He takes his lit cigarette and ashes into Trevor's hair. Trevor quickly smothers the flame and spins around. He makes a fist, but he doesn't swing it.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

That's right. Fucking coward...

Trevor stares at him with hate in his eyes, liable to snap at any moment. After a long, tense standoff though, he turns heel and heads back into the factory.

INT. INGRAM'S MANSION, DINING ROOM -- THAT NIGHT

Ingram sits with the Widow Perkins at his dining room table, the remnants of dinner all around them. The woman's children run around his mansion, one of them hammering violently on the piano keys of a baby grand.

WIDOW PERKINS

Thomas, leave that alone.

INGRAM

Nonsense, it can easily be re-stringed. Let the boys have their fun. Besides, I have a surprise for you. One that's strictly for the adults.

She leans in, intrigued, as Ingram reaches under the table and comes out with a heart-shaped box.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Some chocolate liqueurs I had shipped over from France.

WIDOW PERKINS

Oh, I shouldn't! Should I?

Her fingers dance over the chocolates before she picks the one that looks best. She takes a modest bite and seductively coos--

WIDOW PERKINS (CONT'D)

Mm, it's positively sinful!

INGRAM

Have another...

WIDOW PERKINS

I don't want to hog them all...

INGRAM

It's okay...

(beat)

I like watching you eat.

She blushes as one of her boys, DONALD, comes running up to her.

DONALD
Mom, Nathan is hogging it!

WIDOW PERKINS
Hogging what?

DONALD
He ate the rest of the cake and I
didn't get hardly any!

Hearing his name, NATHAN hurries over, cake still on his
lips.

NATHAN
It's not true, ma.

THOMAS, the boy hurting the piano, joins his brothers.

THOMAS
Mom, we're bored!

INGRAM
No one gets bored at Mr. Ingram's
house! Say...
(beat)
Would you like to see a secret
passageway?

All three of them cheer.

INGRAM (CONT'D)
Alright, but I need you to promise
me on scout's honor that you won't
tell anyone where it is.

THOMAS
You were a scout too?!

INGRAM
Oh, I've pitched my share of tents.

The kids hold up two fingers.

DONALD
We promise.

INGRAM
Then follow me!

He leaps to his feet to guide them upstairs.

THOMAS
Where does it lead?

INGRAM
Why to my horses, silly.

INT. INGRAM'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Lighting a candelabra to show the way, Ingram leads the Widow Perkins and her three children to the closed bookshelf.

INGRAM
Just an ordinary bookshelf, eh?
Not on your life...

He swipes some belongings from the shelf and uses the empty space as his handle. He pulls the bookshelf away from the wall as the children "ooh" and "ahh."

The candelabra brightens the cavernous dark within. But the animal cage is now gone. In its place is a long hallway.

INGRAM (CONT'D)
After you...

INT. INGRAM'S DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Ingram lets the children lead the way. Before he follows, he makes sure to close the bookshelf after him.

The long hallway gradually widens into an expansive, dungeinous space. He throws a switch to illuminate the room.

Most of the lights are dim, but in the center of the room is a CAROUSEL that Ingram had built indoors.

As it slowly roars to life, it's dusky carnival lights play over the kid's faces.

THOMAS
Wow, look-it Mom!

The Widow smiles along with her boys.

WIDOW PERKINS
I'm looking!

The boys start to make their move.

NATHAN
Can I go on it--

Ingram suddenly SCREAMS--

INGRAM

--No!

When they look at him, surprised, he smiles away their concern.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Mommy goes first.

WIDOW PERKINS

Oh, it's been ages since I've been on one of these.

She touches her hand to her forehead, feeling faint, and stutters steps to regain her balance.

INGRAM

All the more reason to give it a whirl!

He helps her onto the spinning base. She's already dizzy, so it takes a while to find her seat.

She climbs onto a sneering wooden horse and goes for a ride as Ingram stands by the boys.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Wave to mommy!

They do. She tries to return it, but almost loses her grip.

She loses sight of them as the carousel rotates. When it comes around again, one of her boys is missing. She mumbles to herself:

WIDOW PERKINS

Where's Thomas?

But the carousel continues spinning. When the kids come into view again, Nathan is missing.

Ingram has his hand on Donald's shoulder. The last remaining boy. The tattletale.

When the carousel rotates once more, not one of her boys remains. There's just Ingram, staring at her, dead-faced.

She climbs down off her steed, unbalanced, and waits tremulously as the carousel makes yet another revolution.

Now there's no one to be seen.

The Widow Perkins staggers off the ride, falling to the ground. As she tries to climb to her feet, she vomits suddenly.

Gathering herself, she searches madly for her children, exploring the labyrinthian tunnels that abut the carousel room.

The shadowy corridors of the maze seem to go on forever...

Finally, she stumbles onto a clearing. There's a VAUDEVILLE THEATER there with tinny, gramophone music playing.

The Widow watches in horror as the curtains spring open and Ingram takes the stage.

He's wearing a tuxedo top but is naked from the waste down. As Ingram tap dances across the boards, he begins to sing another one of his terrible tunes--

INGRAM

*Hello my dear! So glad you're back!
I'm sorry your kids are fucking
brats!
They've ruined all my fancy things
and now it's time for pun-ish-ing!*

The Widow watches aghast as Ingram takes his cane and begins fencing with some invisible foe.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

*Oh, they put up quite a fight,
but they crossed a man who isn't
right.
Your children just would not stop
screamin'
the youngest thought I was a demon*

He runs up to the lip of the stage.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

*And maybe I am, I live in the dark
So I bit and scratched and left my
mark
It's time for a lesson, you're a
bad mother
Say hi to your kids, there won't be
another--*

At the song's apex, he crosses to the stage's rigging system and starts releasing pulleys.

One by one, her children fall from the ceiling, hanging from ropes, bloody x's painted over their eyes.

When the Widow's screams become too much to bear, Ingram jumps down off the stage, annoyed.

INGRAM (CONT'D)
You've ruined my song!

He silences her by throwing acid in her face.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Trevor is woken in the middle of the night by the groan of machinery. He rises and dresses quickly.

EXT. INGRAM'S FACTORY, REAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Trevor peeks his head out the back door of the factory only to see Ingram throwing bags into the incinerator.

His boss is framed against the roaring fire, his silhouette rippling.

As if he knows he's being watched, Ingram turns suddenly.

He locks eyes with Trevor for barely a moment before the young man tucks his head back inside and slams the door.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- EARLY MORNING HOURS

Back in bed, Trevor tosses and turns, his sleep restless.

He dreams of an ominous cane knocking on a brick sidewalk. Of stalking children down an alleyway...

He sees Ingram singing and dancing in front of rich white people, but when he looks into a mirror, his face is Trevor's.

Trevor puts a hand to his mouth to stifle a scream, but before he can, his ivory dentures crumble out of his head.

He turns to run but can't. He's stuck in one of Ingram's animal cages. He grips the cage door with both hands and electricity courses through him.

But he won't quit. He throws himself against the cage and the door goes flying open.

He finds himself falling into a monkey pit, but just before impact he lands back on the factory floor.

He's taste testing candy on the assembly line. He bites into one only to find an eyeball in it, staring back at him--

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- MORNING

Trevor jolts awake, sucking in air, the dream too much for him.

When he finally gets his bearings, he notices something amiss...

His sheets are wet. He rolls down his covers to find he's pissed himself.

He throws the blanket off, angrily rising for the day.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- SOON AFTER

Having cleaned and dressed, Trevor heads into work.

But upon opening his door, he finds a NOTE taped there. He takes it down to read.

"Report to Chicago's Children's Hospital. - Ingram."

Trevor crumbles the piece of paper, already worried.

INT. CHICAGO'S CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL -- AN HOUR LATER

Trevor exits the stairwell on the third floor under a sign reading "Burn Ward."

The floor is surprisingly empty owing to the fact that most of the patients and staff are assembled in the common area down the hall.

As Trevor approaches, he sees Ingram at the center of them putting on a puppet show.

Trevor takes a seat on the periphery to watch. His boss sees him almost immediately, but continues performing without missing a beat.

The show is a violent "Punch and Judy" morality play. And from the beginning, it appears to be one long threat to Trevor.

INGRAM

While Punch was out of town on business, Judy had entered his office to clean.

(MORE)

INGRAM (CONT'D)

But while she was there, she saw something she wasn't meant to see...

(beat)

...her Christmas presents.

Several of the terminal patients "oooh" as Ingram puppets Punch through the front door of his set.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

When Punch finally got home and noticed that his things were moved, he had to take Judy aside...

The Punch puppet hits Judy out of the blue. The kids laugh.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

It killed Punch to hurt Judy.

Ingram stares at Trevor, making sure this next point lands.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

But if Judy did all the things her husband was asking of her...

(beat)

There would be no end to the riches that would come her way.

INT. ST. ALOYSIUS, FATHER HARRIS'S OFFICE -- THE NEXT DAY

Father Harris shows Trevor into the rectory.

FATHER HARRIS

Have a seat, have a seat. How's the job going?

Trevor sits across from him.

TREVOR

It's... not what I thought it'd be.

FATHER HARRIS

Well, in the adult world you have to do things you might not be comfortable with. The days of fun and frivolity are over.

TREVOR

I didn't know they'd begun.

FATHER HARRIS

So, to what do I owe this pleasure?

TREVOR

Do you remember a boy named Arthur Dickle?

Father Harris reclines in his chair.

FATHER HARRIS

Wow, that takes me back... Artie Dickle... must have been my first year here as a parish priest.

EXT. ST. ALOYSIUS, YARD -- MORNING, 1896

Father Harris, now in his late thirties, holds the door open for the orphans to run outside.

YOUNG FATHER HARRIS

Settle down now, no screaming--

As the children rush past him, his eyes focus on a small scraggily boy standing apart from his rambunctious classmates.

FATHER HARRIS (V.O.)

I don't know why, but every time we let the kids out into the yard, he wouldn't play, he wouldn't run around... he would just stand by the fence and stare at the private school across the way.

Markham Day School is a severe grey stone building, standing as ominous and permanent as the church grounds they face.

ARTHUR DICKLE, age 12, squints into the sun, watching the rich kids take recess.

One of the rowdier Markham boys, NIGEL, 13, gets perturbed at the attention.

NIGEL

Stop looking at us, creep!

Arthur blinks a couple times but doesn't look away.

Nigel gathers up a rock at his feet and hurls it over the fence.

It hits Arthur in the forehead and a bead of blood runs down his brow.

He finally staggers away.

EXT. MARKHAM ATHLETIC FIELDS -- DAYS LATER

Under a banner that reads "Parent's Weekend," the Markham students and their families sit at folding tables eating cake.

The only thing taking away from the nice moment is Arthur Dickle. He stands at the nearby wrought iron fence making people uncomfortable. Soon enough, a SCHOOL MARM approaches.

SCHOOL MARM
Go away! Shoo!

She slaps the bars with a ruler, but Arthur doesn't move.

SCHOOL MARM (CONT'D)
Go inside!

Instead of listening, Arthur spits on the woman.

FATHER HARRIS (V.O.)
They caned him for that.

INT. FATHER CARMICHAEL'S OFFICE -- LATER

Arthur finds himself doubled-over on the head priest's desk. He takes his licks, psychotically, without flinching.

EXT. ST. ALOYSIUS, YARD -- AFTERNOON

As the end of day bell rings, the Markham students exit their school. When they see Arthur still at the fence, a few of them come up with an idea.

They take one of their classmates, a pretty, young blonde, aside. They whisper to her and point her Arthur's way.

She hardly needs convincing. She makes her way over to him, bashfully, kneading the ground with her shoe. Arthur softens when he sees her.

FATHER HARRIS (V.O.)
She talked to him for perhaps five minutes before convincing him to sneak out that night and meet her at the church's crypt.

EXT. ST. ALOYSIUS -- LATE NIGHT

In the dead of night, Arthur slides a window open and shimmies out of it, dropping to the frosty ground. He hurries around the building towards the church's graveyard.

Once there, he sees the blonde Markham girl beckoning to him and picks up the pace. Just before he reaches her though, he's ambushed by her schoolmates, lying in wait.

Arthur tries to fight back but he's outnumbered and quickly beaten to the ground.

They drag him over to a long marble slab where someone produces a length of rope.

They tie him down onto it. When he's unable to move any longer, they call the blonde girl back over.

She pulls down his pants. They take turns, pointing and laughing at his naked body.

INT. FATHER HARRIS'S OFFICE -- BACK TO SCENE (1931)

Father Harris soberly finishes his tale.

FATHER HARRIS

We found him there the next morning, near frozen. Wasn't soon after that he was adopted by some stage performer. Never saw him again...

(beat)

Why do you ask?

Trevor stands to leave.

TREVOR

I think I work for him.

INT. INGRAM'S ICE CREAM PARLOR -- DAY

Through the glass at the front of the store, Trevor sees a hansom cab pull up. Dr. Felix Pell steps out, leading a little girl in a ballerina tutu into the parlor.

DR. PELL

Come, my darling.

ESTELLA, 10, enters. She has theatrical rouge on her cheeks, her hair pinned back with barrettes.

She is not in a good mood.

ESTELLA

Felix, what are we doing here? You promised me a toy!

DR. PELL

In a minute, cupcake. I've heard very good things about this place. Supposed to be the best ice cream in the city.

ESTELLA

I can't eat ice cream! I have my recital coming up! It's not on my diet!

DR. PELL

Oh, I won't tell anyone!

They step up to the counter where Trevor's waiting to take their order.

DR. PELL (CONT'D)

You must be the new scooper everyone's been talking about. I'll have a vanilla cone and my niece here will have a banana split.

He leans in to confide to Trevor.

DR. PELL (CONT'D)

She's on a diet.

Trevor moves to serve them when Ingram appears out of nowhere.

INGRAM

I'll handle this customer, thank you.

As Trevor moves on to the next person in line, Dr. Pell pastes a fake smile on his face just for Ingram.

DR. PELL

Good to see you again.

INGRAM

What brings you into my shop?

DR. PELL

Well, as a dentist, you're my natural born enemy. But I thought I'd treat Estella here to a split.

ESTELLA

I don't want one.

Ingram kneels down to face the young woman.

INGRAM

What about a carmello truffle or a peppermint pillow?

ESTELLA

Do they have sugar in them?

INGRAM

Oh, it's sugar you're afraid of?

ESTELLA

I'm not afraid of anything!

INGRAM

Then how about a float? It's got half the sugar of our regular serving.

She shakes her head.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Fine, peanut brittle. It's my final offer!

Estella laughs.

ESTELLA

You're funny.

Seeing the change in his niece's mood, Dr. Pell frowns.

DR. PELL

Estella, please tell the man what you'd like. He has to work. He doesn't have unlimited free time like a doctor.

INGRAM

Dentist isn't really a doctor though, is it?

DR. PELL

Well, we don't have to wear paper hats on our heads...

Ingram's about to respond when he notices a familiar crest ironed onto the breast of Pell's suit.

INGRAM
Your jacket...

Dr. Pell looks down at the emblem, proudly.

DR. PELL
My alma-mater.

Ingram nods, grimly. It's a Markham Day crest.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- LATER

Everyone's gone home for the night. The only ones left are Al Shannon and Trevor. They watch as Ingram tears apart an assembly line area, railing against Pell.

He sweeps pots and pans off a counter and rips bags of flour open, sending dust clouds moting through the air.

By now he's lost his affected British accent and his real Southside Chicago accent comes through terribly--

INGRAM
That fuckin' mutt bast'd! Talkin'
to me like that in my shop! How
dare he?! What gives 'em the
right?! Gotta get 'em back! Gotta
get EVEN!

Over the clatter, Trevor manages to ask Al Shannon:

TREVOR
Is he always like this?

Shannon takes a pull from his flask.

AL SHANNON
As long as I've known him. God
help the S.O.B. who gets in his
way. Best you can do is just stand
back.

TREVOR
How long does it last?

AL SHANNON
No telling, really. When he feels
he's been wronged he can be
ruthless. Maybe you have to be to
make it in business.

Shannon stares off.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
 He's the kind of guy who'd buy a
 struggling ice cream parlor for
 pennies on the dollar... off the
 drunk vet who was running it into
 the ground... then turn it all
 around and make it into a
 franchise.

Trevor looks at him, surprised.

TREVOR
 I didn't know...

AL SHANNON
 How could you?

He slides off the counter and cautiously approaches Ingram,
 who's still raging.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)
 Hey Boss, what say we get you home?

Ingram whirls around to face him, his eyes feral and
 indignant.

INGRAM
 He's just like the rest, Al...

AL SHANNON
 I know. You can't do anything
 tonight. But tomorrow is another
 day.

The faintest of smiles breaks through on Ingram's face.

INGRAM
 Tomorrow, yes...

He allows Al Shannon to lead him out the door. Trevor
 watches them go, unsure of what to do next.

After a moment, he begins to clean up.

EXT. ARABESQUE DANCE STUDIO -- THE NEXT DAY

Estella stands at the ballet bar with the rest of her class
 as her teacher runs the students through jetes and
 pirouettes.

Through the studio's plate glass window, several parents watch the little girl's practice.

Soon though, another person joins them. One with no relation to the children...

Ingram stands to the side, not wanting to interrupt. Just wanting to watch...

EXT. ASTOR STREET -- HALF HOUR LATER

The sun is setting as the class finally lets out. Ingram waits patiently for Estella to say goodbye to her friends.

When she heads for home, he starts walking after her.

MONTAGE

As time begins to pass...

In the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, there's a picture of Estella's corpse abandoned in the fountain at Grant Park -- the eyes plucked out of her head.

The press dubs the killer the "High-born Slasher."

At a Christmas gala for the Chicago Grand Opera Company, Ingram dresses as the Nutcracker handing out cocoa.

At Easter, he's hopping around a church parking lot with pre-schoolers.

At the Fourth of July grand opening of a used car lot, he's Uncle Sam on stilts.

All the while, Trevor adds continuously to his coffee tin stash.

When he last returns it to its hiding spot in the rafters, an eavesdropping Antonio sees where he puts it.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- MORNING

Al Shannon circulates, handing out pay. He consults the list on his clipboard.

AL SHANNON
Who's next? Bowers?

Trevor raises his hand and takes the envelope Shannon holds out to him.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- MOMENTS LATER

Trevor returns to his room, counting the money. Stepping on the bed, he reaches for the coffee tin.

But it's not there...

He reaches all around the area then pulls himself up to see.

There's nothing there.

He steps down off the bed, not believing his money's gone.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor storms out of the janitor's closet, seething. He looks this way and that but finds nothing out of place.

Finally, a voice behind him asks:

ANTONIO
Missing something?

Trevor turns to see Antonio laughing with the other scoopers. He's got the missing coffee tin in hand and keeps tossing it in the air and catching it.

Trevor sees red. He runs full-out and tackles Antonio. It's hard enough to send the coffee tin flying.

When the two of them land hard on the ground, Trevor manages to stay on top.

He swings on Antonio, hitting him several times in the face and bloodying his nose.

Somehow, Antonio manages to push Trevor off. He takes off running, scooping up the coffee tin from the ground.

He scrambles up a metal staircase with Trevor in hot pursuit. The stairs lead to a long, narrow catwalk that hangs over the factory floor.

Trevor chases him to the very end of it.

TREVOR

Give it up! You've got nowhere to go!

Antonio holds the coffee tin over the INDUSTRIAL MIXER Trevor fixed. It's filled with honey now and he threatens to throw it in.

ANTONIO

Back up! I'll do it! I swear!

Before Trevor can react, Antonio's foot slips. He makes a desperate grab for the railing, but comes up short -- falling headlong into the vat.

Antonio comes to the surface with honey coating his face, choking him. He sputters, begging--

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Trevor, help me!

But all Trevor does is walk over and pluck the coffee tin out of his hand.

He watches coldly as Antonio goes under.

EXT. ROSEHILL CEMETARY -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

At Antonio's funeral, Trevor is stone-faced. As the ceremony wraps up, he remains standing there, even when the others begin to exit. Ingram soon finds him.

INGRAM

How did it feel when you watched him drown?

Trevor glances up, surprised.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Did it feel like justice?

When Trevor doesn't respond, Ingram continues.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Leaving us in places like that... what do they expect to happen? How can they ever be surprised at what we turn into?

Trevor motions to the coffin the undertakers are lowering into the ground.

TREVOR

He would look at me like those
Markham kids... through the bars
like we were some sort of
prisoners. It wasn't just pity.
It was suspicion. The same look
white people would give me when I
passed them on the street. They
would tap their pockets to make
sure their wallet was still
there... even when I was a kid.

Ingram's eyes glow with possibility.

INGRAM

There is so much I could teach
you...

Trevor squirms under his boss's gaze.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

I knew the first time I saw you
performing for the customers.
You're just like me...

Trevor looks at him, sharply.

TREVOR

I'm nothing like you.

Ingram shrugs.

INGRAM

We'll see...

He heads off, saying over his shoulder:

INGRAM (CONT'D)

You just got his job.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR -- EARLY MORNING

Ingram has come in early to show Trevor how to make the
desserts that no one really knows about. They're standing
around a large brass mixing bowl placed over a burner.

INGRAM

We'll start with candy canes. In
the bowl is equal parts sugar,
water, and corn syrup.

He places a long cooking thermometer in.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

When it reaches 320 degrees, we
remove it from the flame and take
it to the table.

Ingram pulls on a heavy pair of work gloves. Lifting the bowl onto a nearby counter, he pours the contents out onto a marble slab.

Trevor watches the liquid run almost the length of the table. It threatens to spill off the edge when Ingram comes out of nowhere with a paint scraper.

He folds the hardening liquid back onto itself. With the temperature dropping it's become a gooey chunk of resin.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

First, we cut off a piece...

Grabbing a large pair of cooking shears, he lops off a third of the pile.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Then, we add our coloring...

Ingram takes a red paint brush and dabs a few dots of food dye into the mold, folding it over and over again until the color starts to show.

He then takes the un-dyed portion and brings it over to a large hook that's jutting out of the wall.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

By stretching the sugar crystals,
it eventually makes the mold turn
white.

Trevor watches as Ingram uses the hook to pull the taffy-like mold over and over again, until gradually the color is transformed.

When it's a brilliant snowy white, Ingram brings it back over to the counter where the red dyed mold is waiting. He sandwiches them together.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Once the white and the red are back-
to-back you "strangle it, roll it,
cut it, and curl it." Repeat that
back to me.

Trevor does as asked, watching as Ingram turns the big block into a skinny peppermint snake.

He lops off every foot or so and curls the top of each into the classical cane shape.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Nothing to it.

TREVOR

It's quite the show. Why don't you do this out front? I'm sure people would be interested...

Ingram nods, intrigued.

INGRAM

Why don't you?

INT. INGRAM'S ICE CREAM PARLOR -- THE NEXT DAY

Trevor drags a table over to the plate glass window at the front of the store while his co-workers look on, doubtfully.

When the table's in place he dumps out his sugar solution on the counter. Step-by-step, he demonstrates to passers-by how their candy canes are made.

By the time he produces the first one, there are some twenty people standing outside watching him. Most of them kids.

At the rear of the shop, Al Shannon sees the interest Ingram is taking in Trevor and quietly asks his boss.

AL SHANNON

Why don't you leave the boy alone?

Ingram smiles.

INGRAM

Oh, but I see a lot of myself in him. There comes a time in every man's life when he starts thinking about his legacy. I have to leave all this to somebody don't I? Someone has to continue the work...

He watches as Trevor pretends the sugar mold is a baseball bat. He swings it wildly, getting a laugh and applause from the crowd. Ingram happily joins in.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

That's my boy!

EXT. FACTORY FLOOR -- LATE AFTERNOON

After the successful shift, Ingram's curious about one thing.

INGRAM

All those kids who watched you -
why didn't they come in?

TREVOR

Isn't it obvious? They can't
afford the place.

INGRAM

And if I dropped prices?

TREVOR

Most still wouldn't come.

INGRAM

Why's that?

TREVOR

Your store caters to a certain
clientele. A wealthy clientele.

INGRAM

So how would you bring them in?

Trevor thinks on it.

TREVOR

Why don't you go to them? A truck
that goes around the poorer
neighborhoods, selling ice cream at
discounted prices.

Ingram grins, liking the idea.

INGRAM

It could be a traveling billboard
for the shop...

TREVOR

Exactly.

EXT. AUTO GARAGE -- DAYS LATER

Ingram buys a beat-up DELIVERY VAN for cheap.

He has a local garage repair it and repaint it in his shop's
colors.

INT. INGRAM'S MANSION -- EVENING

A butler leads several visitors into the house. When he sees his guests, Ingram rises to shake hands with the man in front.

INGRAM

Mr. Mayor, so good of you to come.

THE MAYOR

My pleasure, Charles. I hope you don't mind but I brought a guest with me...

He steps aside to introduce his plus one.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Felix Pell.

Ingram forces a smile through gritted teeth.

INGRAM

The more the merrier.

He viciously shakes Pell's outstretched hand.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Nice to see you again.

Ingram shows his guests into the dining room, where several others are already waiting around a lengthy mahogany table.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

If everyone would take their seats, I believe dinner is about to be served.

As they sit, Ingram is surprised to find Dr. Pell taking the chair directly across from him. He grimaces as the servers enter with the first course.

Trevor is just one waiter among many. After he places his dish down, he stands to the side next to Al Shannon.

The foreman is already three sheets to the wind and still drinking heavily. He leans in to whisper to Trevor.

AL SHANNON

I need you to do me a favor, Trevor. I need you to take the money you've made and find another job.

But Trevor just shakes his head, trying to get him to quiet down.

TREVOR

There are no other jobs...

Shannon tries again.

AL SHANNON

I'm only here because he's blackmailing me. He's got files on everybody. You should leave before he gets anything on you.

He motions.

AL SHANNON (CONT'D)

Look around this table. You can't get down in the dirt with these people without getting dirty yourself. I know I'm going to hell for what I've seen, but there's still time for you!

Trevor shushes him before he can make a scene.

Back at the dining room table, Ingram is deep in conversation with the Mayor.

INGRAM

It's a truck that travels all around Chicago's poorest neighborhoods selling ice cream. But so far we've come up against nothing but resistance from the permit office.

THE MAYOR

That's an easy fix. I can give them a call first thing Monday morning--

Pell's been eavesdropping and can't help but interject.

DR. PELL

--a truck that sells ice cream? Perhaps you haven't noticed we're in the middle of a recession. What do you think people are going to spend money on -- rent or dessert?

He gets a laugh from a person or two sitting around the table, which irks Ingram.

INGRAM

Actually, they've done studies proving that when money is tight the desire to treat oneself only becomes greater.

DR. PELL

You don't feel you have an ethical responsibility to people?

INGRAM

No, I don't.

DR. PELL

What happens when your ice cream rots their teeth and they suddenly have nothing saved to pay a dentist?

INGRAM

Then I guess you're out of a job.

DR. PELL

You undermine all efforts to steer people towards healthier options like cauliflower or broccoli--

INGRAM

--who the hell likes broccoli?!

DR. PELL

I do! I love broccoli!

Ingram stands and cuts the man's throat in front of his guests. A bloody mist sprays over all their nice clothes.

There's stunned, shocked silence. Then slowly, everyone at the table begins to applaud.

Ingram basks in their approval, until he suddenly finds himself ten seconds earlier...

It was all just a dream. And Dr. Pell is still waiting for an answer.

INGRAM

I considered having a traveling salad bar, but unfortunately I think that would bankrupt me.

EXT. INGRAM'S MANSION, REAR -- MINUTES LATER

Ingram sees Dr. Pell smoking a cigar alone on the back patio. He disappears for a moment or two, then returns with a bottle of something in his hands.

He silently joins his guest on the patio. Soaking a rag in ether, he forces it over Pell's mouth.

The man fights back, but quickly goes limp.

Ingram drags the body into the bushes, then looks around desperately to make sure he hasn't been seen.

INT. PELL'S OFFICE -- HALF HOUR LATER

Dr. Pell wakes tied to the dentist chair in his office. Ingram's standing over him, a sick, satisfied smile on his face. For the first time, Pell actually seems scared.

INGRAM

Normally I stick to children, but for you I'll make an exception. I think I'll pull all your teeth out and fuck your mouth until you're dead. I'm going to use the nitrous here so that you're awake for it.

Ingram turns the gas on and holds the mask over Pell's face.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Deep breath.

As Pell's vision begins to blur, Ingram leans in to whisper.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

By the way, I killed that little girl you brought into my shop.

Pell's eyes bug out even as the light leaves them.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER -- LATE NIGHT

Across town, Al Shannon climbs unsteadily up onto the railing of the DuSable Bridge. He's near falling down drunk.

When he finishes his flask, he looks disappointed. He drops it into the water below.

He watches the wind take it and the splash it makes and it gets him thinking.

Letting go of the metal beam, his body falls forward into the night air.

He lands hard in the water and doesn't surface.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER -- DAY

Al Shannon's body washes up on the banks of the river the next morning.

He's a bloated, pale corpse dragging seaweed.

INT. INGRAM'S OFFICE -- SOON AFTER

Ingram wraps up a phone conversation.

INGRAM
Thank you, Officer.

He hangs up the phone and tells the only other person in the room:

INGRAM (CONT'D)
Al Shannon's dead.

Trevor goes pale.

TREVOR
What?!

INGRAM
They just pulled him from the river.

TREVOR
What happened? Did he fall in?

INGRAM
Please, you saw how much he was drinking. You think that was an accident?

TREVOR
I don't know what to think...

INGRAM
Well, you better start because you're the new shop foreman.

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR
What? No, I can't...

INGRAM
Can't or won't?

TREVOR
They won't listen to me...

Ingram turns on him, violently.

INGRAM
Then, make them! You think that as
a black man, you'll never truly
belong... that you're invisible to
these people...
(beat)
But there is no end to what you can
get away with when no one notices
you.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- LATER THAT DAY

Packing his meager belongings, Trevor moves out of the
storage room.

EXT. EAST SIDE CHICAGO -- AFTERNOON

He's given an upscale townhouse to live in.

INT. CUSTOM MEN'S WEAR -- DAY

At a bespoke tailor, he's fitted for several suits and a
stylish, brown derby.

INT. GENE & GEORGETTI -- NOON

In his new duds, Trevor begins dining out at the finest
restaurants in town.

INT. INGRAM'S OFFICE -- LATE NIGHT

Long past quitting time, Trevor pours over the files he
inherited from Al Shannon. He's deep into balancing the
books when Ingram leans in to say goodnight.

INGRAM
I'm heading home. Don't work too
hard.

TREVOR

Any idea where Shannon kept the
profit and loss statements?

INGRAM

Anything you need will be in those
cabinets right there--

He points to a couple of rusted metal drawers in the corner
of the room before leaving for the night.

Trevor stands, exhausted, and walks over to the cabinets. He
searches for the relevant files, but the bottom drawer is no
dice.

He pulls out the next one and it gets caught on something.
He reaches underneath to find the problem and comes out with
a dusty MANILA ENVELOPE labeled "in case of emergency."

He opens it, curious, and lets the contents spill out into
the open cabinet drawer.

It's everything that Shannon collected tying Ingram to the
"High-born Slasher" murders, including Ingram's personal
schedule, damning crime scene photos, and police reports.

Trevor panics, shoving everything back into the envelope and
returning it to where it came from.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS -- VARIOUS

Outside of Ingram's Confectionary, the city is a powder keg
ready to explode. The poor resent the rich, and Ingram's
crimes push everything to the breaking point.

There's rioting and looting. Someone throws a rock through
the front of a high-end department store.

As an upper crust family exits the opera, they're jumped by a
vigilante group.

The Police Chief gives a press conference on the steps of
city hall.

POLICE CHIEF

I'm here to announce a task force
to address the violence that has
engulfed this city.

In response, on Church Sunday, a black PREACHER screams:

PREACHER

You didn't care about crime in
Chicago until rich white children
went missing!

His congregation cheers.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

We will take security into our own
hands by forming a neighborhood
watch! The streets will be safe
again!

EXT. TREVOR'S TOWNHOUSE -- MORNING

In a posh neighborhood, Seamus walks up the steps of a
brownstone and knocks on the front door. Trevor answers,
surprised to see his old friend.

TREVOR

Seamus... what are you doing here?

SEAMUS

I told you I'd age out sooner or
later.

He leans in past Trevor to get a better look at the place.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Wow, you weren't kidding in your
letter when you said you had a nice
place!

TREVOR

It's alright, yeah.

SEAMUS

Things are working out?

TREVOR

So far...

SEAMUS

Good. I was hoping with your new
title you could maybe see about
getting me a job?

Trevor starts fiddling with the numbers on his mailbox.

TREVOR

That's gonna be tough, there's a
lot of eyes on me right now trying
to see if I screw this up.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Besides, you don't want to work
there.

SEAMUS
I don't?

TREVOR
No, it's miserable. Long hours and
it's dangerous work.

SEAMUS
A candy store is dangerous?

TREVOR
Yeah.

SEAMUS
Okay...

Seamus turns to leave, not really sure what he did wrong.
He's halfway down the stairs when Trevor calls out to him.

TREVOR
Hey, wait a second.

He disappears into the house for a few moments, eventually
coming back with a BROWN SUIT on a hanger.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You'll need a suit if you're
looking for work.

SEAMUS
Hey, thanks!

TREVOR
Where they got you living?

SEAMUS
That flop house on Christopher
street.

TREVOR
You can't stay there. Here, take
this--

He digs into his pocket and peels off several large bills.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Find yourself a better place.

SEAMUS
I can't take this!

TREVOR
You can and you will.

SEAMUS
I'll pay you back.

TREVOR
I know you will. With that new job
you're about to get!

Seamus holds the money up gratefully. With the suit in hand,
he hurries down the street, excited.

EXT. ASHLAND AVENUE -- AFTERNOON

Seamus goes up and down the streets of Chicago's business
district looking for work.

Door after door is slammed in his face. An angry MANAGER
scares him away by screaming--

MANAGER
No soliciting!

He's turned away from Jazz clubs and theaters, from billiard
halls and steel mills...

He's about to enter a Woolworth's when he sees an "Irish need
not apply" sign in their window.

He drops his head and continues on.

EXT. RATTAN PLACE -- EARLY EVENING

By the time the sun sets, Seamus has given up. He walks down
the street, depressed, completely unaware that an ice cream
truck is now following him...

In Trevor's suit, which is far too big for him, Seamus looks
younger than his years.

Ingram waits until the boy turns down a secluded street
before pulling over. He parks and takes his ether rag with
him as he crosses the street.

He follows Seamus on foot, looking around for any witnesses.
When he's sure they're alone, he makes his move.

But he's far too eager. Just before he can muzzle the kid,
Seamus hears his footsteps and spins around.

Seeing Ingram - hands outstretched towards him - Seamus starts screaming at the top of his lungs for help.

Somewhere down the street, the neighborhood watch volunteers blow their whistles.

Hearing this, Ingram runs after Seamus and violently covers his mouth with the rag.

When the kid goes limp, Ingram hitches him over his shoulder and hurries back to the ice cream truck.

By the time he has Seamus loaded, Ingram can hear the far off sound of POLICE SIRENS.

He takes off down the road, trying to keep it together. But he's too busy looking over his shoulder to drive straight.

He puts the truck into a wall, slamming his head on the steering wheel.

As he comes to, people start showing up, including a police car. Ingram reverses the hobbled vehicle and peels off, desperately, as GUN SHOTS sound.

One hits him square in the shoulder. Cupping the wound, he speeds away.

INT. TREVOR'S TOWNHOUSE -- HALF HOUR LATER

In his plush apartment, in the middle of dinner, Trevor gets a phone call. He gets up from the table and answers it.

INGRAM

Trevor, it's me. I'm at the mansion. I need you to come over straight away.

TREVOR

What's this about?

INGRAM

Just get here. Fast as you can.

He hangs up leaving Trevor with nothing but a dial tone.

EXT. INGRAM'S MANSION, CAR PORT -- SOON AFTER

Trevor arrives in his cherry new Packard. He pulls up next to the ice cream truck.

As he gets out, he notices the bullet holes embedded in its side. He runs his hand over them and looks up at the mansion, warily.

He considers leaving, but presses on. The front door is open and he lets himself in.

INT. INGRAM'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Trevor finds Ingram in an upstairs bedroom, bleeding all over his fainting couch.

TREVOR
Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

INGRAM
Oh this? Just a mosquito bite...

Trevor takes one look at his gunshot wound and starts backing up towards the door. But Ingram grabs him by the arm before he can get far.

INGRAM (CONT'D)
Hey, you're a part of this now.

TREVOR
What do you expect me to do?

INGRAM
Stitch me up.

TREVOR
You need a hospital.

INGRAM
No. Hospitals ask questions.

TREVOR
So? You've got nothing to hide, right?

INGRAM
If I go down you can say goodbye to that cushy new job and salary. Now go into the bathroom and get what you need.

Trevor weighs the option of refusing, but finally heads back into the bathroom. He's gone a few moments, collecting antiseptic and gauze.

As he exits, Ingram motions to his bureau.

INGRAM (CONT'D)
Get a needle and thread from the
tackle box.

Trevor obliges and returns to his boss's side. He pours some hydrogen peroxide on the wound and Ingram wails.

TREVOR
Hey, you asked for it.

He threads a needle but pauses just before he's about to start.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You know this is gonna hurt.

INGRAM
Don't worry, I'm anesthetized.

Ingram lifts a bottle of bourbon with his good arm.

TREVOR
Alright...

Trevor pours peroxide on his hands and goes straight to work finding the bullet.

Thankfully it's close to the surface because Ingram's screams are deafening.

When he gets it out, Trevor tosses the bullet aside, bloodying the carpet.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Time for more antiseptic.

INGRAM
Not on your life--

Trevor ignores him and splashes the wound anew. Ingram howls and passes out.

Taking advantage of the quiet, Trevor stitches up the wound as best he can. Ingram wakes as he's finishing up.

TREVOR
Nothing to it.

INGRAM
Beautiful work, beautiful work...

Trevor goes about collecting the bloody gauze when Ingram pats him thankfully on the back.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

You know, I've never had a kid, but
if I did, I think he'd be a lot
like you.

At a loss for words, Trevor throws the trash out.

TREVOR

If that's all there is...

INGRAM

Before you leave, can you get my
jacket? It's cold. I think I
left it in the truck.

Trevor numbly heads back outside.

EXT. INGRAM'S MANSION, CAR PORT -- MOMENTS LATER

Trevor exits the house, exhausted and wringing his hands.
When he remembers what he was sent for he leans into the open
side door of the ice cream truck.

He searches for Ingram's jacket for barely a moment before he
sees the body.

Seamus is lying dead on the floor of the cab, his tongue cut
out.

Trevor stumbles backwards and falls to the pebble drive.
When he gets to his feet, he takes off running for his car.

INT. INGRAM'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Turning on lights as he goes, Trevor returns to work. He
heads up the metal staircase that leads to his boss's office.

Once inside, he makes a beeline for the file cabinet.

Reaching into the hiding space, Trevor collects the "in case
of emergency" file and heads right back out.

EXT. POLICE STATION, CENTRAL DISTRICT -- SOON AFTER

In the driving rain, Trevor pulls up outside a police
station. Clutching the emergency file to his chest, he
hurries up the front steps.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

The lobby is filled with prostitutes and pimps and small-time hoods; hop heads refusing to be arrested. Trevor weaves through them to head to the front desk.

TREVOR
I need to talk to someone.

FRONT DESK COP
You want south side. South side handles all of that.

TREVOR
Handles all of what?

He tries to be heard over the noise of the room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I have information about the High-born slasher murders.

FRONT DESK COP
You and about a million other people.

TREVOR
Yeah, but this is real.

The officer groans.

FRONT DESK COP
Have a seat then, someone should be with you shortly.

Trevor finds an unoccupied spot next to a drunken wino to wait.

INT. POLICE STATION -- AN HOUR LATER

Trevor's been waiting so long he's starting to drift asleep. The second his eyes close an impatient homicide DETECTIVE kicks his feet.

DETECTIVE BUNDY
You the one with the tip?

Trevor stands.

TREVOR
Yeah, that's me.

DETECTIVE BUNDY

Well, I can take your statement but there's no telling--

TREVOR

You seem pretty busy around here so why don't I just save you some time and give you this to read?

The detective placates Trevor by taking the emergency file. He's already annoyed by the weight of it. He leafs through the first pages, skeptically.

After a few moments though, his face turns serious. He looks up at Trevor, who nods.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's real, alright.

The detective calls through the teller window of the front desk into the bullpen beyond.

DETECTIVE BUNDY

Captain, you're gonna want to take a look at this!

He turns to Trevor, briefly.

DETECTIVE BUNDY (CONT'D)

Wait here. Don't go anywhere.

He hurries back into the bullpen.

EXT. INGRAM MANSION, CAR PORT -- MINUTES LATER

Trevor sits in the back of a squad car leading the homicide detective to Ingram's house.

TREVOR

It's a left here and then a right into the driveway.

They pull into the car port. There are already a couple mechanics there fixing up the ice cream truck.

Trevor watches from the back of the squad car as the officer knocks on the mansion door. He waits with baited-breath.

Finally, Ingram comes out of the house, recently showered and bandaged up. The officer points to the gauze peeking out of his shirt. Ingram laughs and goes into a long story about what happened.

Trevor can't hear a word of it. He watches as the detective points at him and for the briefest of moments, Ingram makes eye contact -- pure hate in his eyes.

He explains some more to the detective and they end up shaking hands. Trevor looks on, aghast, as Ingram goes into his pocket and tips the officer.

The detective puts up only the smallest of objections before taking the cash. Waving goodbye, he returns to the cop car.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
What the hell was that? Aren't you
going to arrest him?!

The detective glares at him coldly from the rear-view mirror.

DETECTIVE BUNDY
Shut the fuck up.

He shakes his head as he puts the car into drive.

DETECTIVE BUNDY (CONT'D)
Wasting our time...

He pulls out of the driveway. Trevor watches through the rain-streaked back window as Ingram smiles at him and heads back inside.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Trevor is paraded through the bullpen in handcuffs to the applause of the rest of the police officers.

He's fingerprinted. They take his clothes from him. He's de-loused and hosed down.

They throw him into a cell wearing a soiled prison jumpsuit.

As his cellmates berate him, Trevor lies down in bed, pulling his covers up and around him so no one can see him cry.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM -- THE NEXT MORNING

Trevor sits across from Father Harris. Between them is the morning paper. It's headline reads, "Disgruntled Ward of the State to blame for High-Borne murders."

The priest points at the paper.

FATHER HARRIS

They said you had a grudge against
rich white children.

Trevor looks up miserably at Father Harris.

TREVOR

You don't think I could have been
involved, do you father?

But the man is already crying.

FATHER HARRIS

How could you do such horrible
things?!

Trevor considers protesting his innocence, but Father Harris
is already beside himself. He takes a deep breath and leans
back in his chair.

TREVOR

You don't have to stay. You can go
if you want--

The priest stands without another word and raps at the cell
door for a guard.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- SOON AFTER

Two OFFICERS question Trevor at length. One of them is the
homicide detective he reported Ingram to.

DETECTIVE BUNDY

It'll go easier on you if you just
confess.

Trevor's exhausted, putting his head down on the metal table
in front of him.

TREVOR

For the last time, look at the
evidence I brought you.

DETECTIVE BUNDY

You mean this?

He holds up the file. It's the same envelope with Al
Shannon's handwriting on it, but inside there's nothing but
blank paper.

TREVOR

I don't understand. I showed you
out front everything I had
collected.

DETECTIVE BUNDY

Are you calling me a liar?

Trevor glares at him.

TREVOR

Are you stupid or something?!

The detective throws an unexpected haymaker that sprawls
Trevor across the floor.

Trevor tries to get up, but watches in horror as the man
takes a pair of brass knuckles out of his pocket. He puts
them on.

Trevor screams, but the beating still comes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

They've been at it for hours. Trevor is a bruised and bloody
mess, writhing on the ground.

DETECTIVE BUNDY

Tell us the truth!

He kicks Trevor in the side, breaking several ribs. Unable
to breathe and clutching his damaged mid-section, Trevor
waves him off.

TREVOR

I'll tell you anything! Just
please stop hitting me!

Bundy's partner, OFFICER ROUST, 47, shakes his head.

OFFICER ROUST

He's bullshitting us.

TREVOR

No, no, I can even show you to the
bodies you haven't found yet.

Bundy nods, catching his breath. He watches as Trevor
painfully sits up against the wall.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'll spill everything... but I'll
only tell one person.

DETECTIVE BUNDY
Yeah? And who is that?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- AN HOUR LATER

The Police Chief enters the room. He gives Trevor a once-over. The kid's wounds may be drying, but he still looks a fright.

POLICE CHIEF
Did you have to rough him up so bad?

OFFICER ROUST
He fought back.

POLICE CHIEF
Can he even talk?

OFFICER ROUST
Just try and stop him, sir.

The Chief pulls up a chair and sits across from Trevor.

POLICE CHIEF
I understand you have some information for me?

Trevor doesn't waste any time.

TREVOR
You and I both know I didn't do this.

POLICE CHIEF
So, you *don't* have anything to share?

The Chief stands and collects his hat. He's by the door when Trevor says--

TREVOR
I know about the bribes.

The Chief turns red.

POLICE CHIEF
What did you say?

TREVOR
You heard me.

He stammers--

POLICE CHIEF
You piece of shit--

TREVOR
I'm not threatening you. But
Ingram is. He has files on you.

POLICE CHIEF
That say what?!

TREVOR
Fuck if I know... but YOU do.

The Chief remains silent for a few moments, mulling his options.

POLICE CHIEF
You know, I remember you from his
parties. The clever nigger he put
front of house. What makes you
think you can stop him?

TREVOR
Because I'm just like him. You let
me take care of this. When it's
over I'll leave the state. You'll
never see me again.

EXT. INGRAM'S MANSION, CAR PORT -- NIGHT

The police chief pulls up to Ingram's mansion but doesn't pull in. He stops briefly to let Trevor out, then keeps driving.

Trevor sticks to the shadows, checking all front facing windows for signs of Ingram.

Seeing none, he heads to the front door. He finds it unlocked and let's himself in.

INT. INGRAM'S MANSION, FIRST FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor looks around, but the place is seemingly empty, the help dismissed for the night.

In the kitchen, he grabs the biggest knife he can find, then heads for the second floor.

INT. INGRAM'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Trevor finds the bookshelf passageway door partially open. He squeezes inside.

When his eyes adjust, he comes across another child in one of the animal cages, dirty and scared.

Trevor detaches the car battery and lets the boy out.

TREVOR
Get out of here, kid.

The child runs off as Trevor continues on.

INT. INGRAM'S DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor finds the carousel up and running. Ingram's riding it, stark naked. When he sees Trevor, he stands up on his horse, ecstatic.

INGRAM
Trevor, so good to see you!

He's manic and drugged out.

TREVOR
I wish I could say the same. You had me arrested.

INGRAM
You have to admit, you were a little naughty!

TREVOR
What did you expect me to do -- you kidnap children!

INGRAM
Well, I'd give them back, but I don't think the parents would want them after what I've done to them!

He starts to sing--

INGRAM (CONT'D)
When it comes to abduction--

Trevor cuts him off.

TREVOR
--No more songs!

His boss's good nature takes a dark turn.

INGRAM

What makes them so much better than us, huh?! They don't get to make us feel small!

TREVOR

That doesn't give you the right--

INGRAM

--I do what you could only dream of! But you hate them as much as me, don't you? Maybe you haven't stopped me sooner because you like what I'm doing! You believe in it! You know they deserve this! For all their safety and security... they can be gotten to! Their children can be gotten to! And what makes them so special?!

He screams suddenly--

INGRAM (CONT'D)

--WHY WASN'T I PICKED?!

He takes an abrupt step forward but sees the knife in Trevor's hand.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

I suppose you're here to kill me... can I at least get dressed first?

Trevor nods as Ingram hops down off the carousel. He crosses to his clothes and pulls his pants on.

But instead of grabbing his shirt, he swats a CUP OF ACID in Trevor's general direction.

Trevor barely gets out of the way in time and takes off running down the labyrinthian corridors.

Ingram picks up his cane, twists the handle, and pulls a knife out of it.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

I love it when they run!

He gives chase, his voice echoing off the stone walls.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

How do you like my fun house, Trevor?!

INT. INGRAM'S THEATER -- MOMENTS LATER

Trevor arrives at the theater Ingram had built indoors. But now there's an audience...

The velvet seats are filled with the dead rich children of Chicago in various states of decay.

Hearing Ingram approaching, Trevor slides underneath the curtain and takes cover backstage.

Ducking down in the wings, he waits for Ingram to come.

When Trevor sees a curious BOTTLE of something in front of him on a shelf, he grabs it just as Ingram bursts through the curtains.

INGRAM

Trevor... where are you...

He swings blindly with his cane knife, not used to the darkness.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Did you see the crowd? There's a lot of them, I know...

He pushes over a shelf, trying to find his prey. Trevor remains where he is, letting Ingram tire himself out.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

You see, it's my weakness. I couldn't have just one. Once I started...

(beat)

I had to have them all.

When he comes up empty, Ingram heads back through the curtains. The sudden brightness of the spotlight is jarring, and he puts a hand up to block it.

While he's distracted, Trevor sneaks up behind him and clasps an ether rag over his mouth.

But Ingram bucks him, sending the ether bottle in Trevor's other hand scuttling across the floorboards.

Taking advantage of the chaos, Ingram drives his cane knife into Trevor's thigh. The young man screams in pain, but somehow pulls free.

Ingram raises the knife high above his head. He's about to impale Trevor, when his former employee catches him by the wrists -- the cane knife just inches from Trevor's face.

Out of options, Trevor slams his forehead into Ingram. The head butt hits Ingram squarely in the jaw.

His dentures go flying, revealing little brown cavity-ridden baby teeth. He tries to bite at Trevor, cackling--

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Give us a kiss!

He pins Trevor to the ground, snapping at him. Trevor wrenches his face away.

Only then does he see the ether bottle, lying on it's side just a few feet away. He can grab it, but not without releasing Ingram...

And he needs to decide now, because the cane knife is again about to pierce him.

With both hands occupied, Trevor brings his foot up and kicks Ingram hard in the chest, pushing him up into the air.

In the split second his hands are free, Trevor desperately reaches for the ether.

Just as Ingram comes in for the kill, Trevor smashes the bottle in his face. Ingram rears back, howling. He's cut and bleeding...

Wasting no time, Trevor takes the ether rag and holds it firmly to Ingram's face until he finally passes out.

INT. INGRAM'S MANSION, SECOND FLOOR -- SOON AFTER

Ingram wakes up, tied to the top of one of the animal cages.

Trevor stands above him holding the car battery relays. He snaps them as Ingram eyes open.

TREVOR

You cut my friend's tongue out.

INGRAM

He kept lying -- he said he wasn't rich! Should have seen the suit he had on--

Trevor attaches the battery to the cage and Ingram starts to spasm.

INGRAM (CONT'D)

You fuck! You can't kill me! You need me! Who's gonna give you a job now?!

TREVOR

I think I'll be okay. Before I was arrested, I put all your bank accounts in my name.

Ingram's eyes bug out just like Dr. Pell's did. Trevor turns the voltage up and leaves him there -- *frying to a crisp*.

EXT. INGRAM'S MANSION, CAR PORT -- MOMENTS LATER

As Trevor exits the mansion, limping, he finds the keys to the ice cream truck on a table by the door. He pockets them as smoke begins to curl out of the upstairs windows.

He sees the newly refurbished ice cream truck and climbs in.

But as he starts the engine, there's the sound of *breaking glass...*

He looks up to see a burning Ingram come crashing out of one of the second-floor windows, landing in a bush.

Trevor rolls his eyes and groans -- why won't this guy die?!

Sick and tired, he throws the truck into drive and guns the engine. Making sure to run over Ingram, he speeds off down the road on his way out of town.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END