

SAME AS IT EVER WAS

Written by
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INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A drawer opens. A delicate hand with RED FINGERNAILS, reaches inside. Removes a gun.

GUNSHOT.

A body falls. Four more gunshots.

On the floor, beneath the drawer, a river of blood.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS.

Opened paint cans on the floor. Next to them, a garden GNOME.

On a ladder beneath a clip lamp, a joint hanging from his lips, bearded, shirtless, KEVIN TOSKA.

On the wall, in red, he paints the word: KILLER

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

TWO MONTHS EARLIER

KEVIN TOSKA, 28, pale, wearing mint green pajamas, stands at the window and stares at a white house across the street.

At the mirror, MARA, 28, dressed for work, puts the finishing touches on her long, blonde hair. Her tanned skin glistens. One last look. Ready for battle, she smiles.

Mara picks up her purse, walks to the window next to Kevin.

KEVIN

The house across the street. Was it always white? Wasn't it blue?

MARA

Blue? That house? No. White. Always white.

KEVIN

I thought it was blue.

MARA

Whatever. It is what it is.

KEVIN

Not always.

Kevin turns to Mara.

KEVIN
You're taller.

MARA
New shoes.

He glances down at her shoes.

MARA
I've got break my losing streak,
showing a condo in Tannersville.
Feel good about this one!

KEVIN
You're incredible.

Mara kisses him on the cheek and pulls quickly away.

MARA
Thanks! Wish me luck. Don't be late
for work.

Kevin returns his attention to the house across the street.

The sound of Mara's heels echoes as she leaves the bedroom
and walks down the stairs. With each step he nods his head.

Door slams.

He watches Mara get in her car and drive away.

INT. BATHROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Water pours from the sink's faucet.

Kevin, hair combed, shaven. Thoroughly cleans his razor in
the sink water.

He pushes the stopper, watches the water go down the drain.
Leans forward. SUDDENLY

IN KEVIN'S BRAIN

Kevin is sucked into the drain. He flies headfirst through
the darkness. Bright light ahead.

Out of the pipe! He drops into the ocean. No land. Treads
water for a moment. Slowly he disappears beneath the surface.

Underwater, Kevin sinks into the darkness. Disappears.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Water from a hose fills an empty birdbath.

Kevin, grey suit, steps back, turns off the hose.

He steps into the house, looks back at the birdbath. A bird lands at its edge. Jumps into the water.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin steps out of the house, pulls the door shut.

Stops at a Garden Gnome. Bends down, moves it slightly.

He walks to his SUV, looks up at his house. Blinks.

INT. BANK, KEVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin blinks. At his computer, he stares at a spreadsheet.

TONY, 28, overweight, prematurely balding, watches from the doorway.

TONY
Bro, you alive?

Kevin, expressionless, looks up.

TONY
There he is! Reunion this weekend!
Saturday. Ten fucking years.

KEVIN
Right. Not fucking going.

TONY
The fuck you are, dude. My ex will
be there. You gotta have my back on
this. Bro, Fat Tony needs you.

KEVIN
Fat Tony. I'll tell you what, I'll
check with Mara, see what she says.

TONY
Fuck, yeah! Mara gets what Mara
wants. Done deal.

He leans over Kevin's shoulder, looks at the spreadsheet.

TONY
Report for Gallagher? Heard about
him, right?

KEVIN
Is he dead?

TONY
I wish. He moved into a hotel.

KEVIN
What's wrong with his house?

TONY
His wife lives there. She filed for
divorce. Him and Joan Kline. The
chick from the University. He's
been banging her.

KEVIN
Banging?

TONY
Fucking.

KEVIN
Yeah I know what --

TONY
I can see it. She's got something.
A certain "bang-ability".

Kevin types "BANG-ABILITY" into the spreadsheet.

INT. BANK, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A dozen youngish bankers sit staring at their phones. Kevin
studies each of one them. Looks at Tony who gives him a wink.

JACK GALLAGHER, 50, handsome, athletic, bursts into the room.

GALLAGHER
Good morning! Phones down, please.

KEVIN
How are you, sir? I heard. About
your divorce.

GALLAGHER
Fuck's sake, Toska. Not now!

Tony, laughing, hides his face in his hands.

INT. BANK, CORRIDOR - DAY

Tony walks with Kevin.

TONY

Fuck me, that was cold. Announcing
his divorce to the whole room.

KEVIN

I was trying to be --

TONY

A dick. You were being a dick. Read
the room, dude. That was the
definitive dick move.

Tony goes into his office.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin alone in the living room, furnished by IKEA. Stares at
the television, which is off.

Mara enters. Looks at the television.

MARA

Kevin? You know it's off, right?

KEVIN

Gallagher's wife is divorcing him.

MARA

About time. What happened? Did she
catch him screwing a waitress at
one of their cocktail parties?

KEVIN

Not exactly.

MARA

They were never a good fit. She's
sexless and he hits on anything
with tits.

KEVIN

He does? Not you, though, right?

MARA

Do I have tits? Yes, of course he
hit on me.

KEVIN

I never noticed that.

MARA
I know. You wouldn't.

KEVIN
Why wouldn't I?

MARA
It's not what you do.

KEVIN
What do I do?

MARA
I don't know, but not that.

He looks back at the television.

KEVIN
Tony asked about the reunion.

MARA
I know! I can't wait!

KEVIN
You're kidding. What's the point?

MARA
To see old friends from high school, see who they've become.

KEVIN
They've become people we don't know.

MARA
Sometimes I don't know you, and yet I still come home every night.

She leaves. He looks at his reflection in the TV screen.

INT. BANK, GALLAGHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Gallagher, alone. Kevin knocks on the door.

KEVIN
Uh, sir, yesterday. The meeting. What I said, about your divorce.

GALLAGHER
What? Oh, right. Yeah Toska. What the fuck were you thinking? For a smart guy, you know, sometimes, you're not a very smart guy.

KEVIN

I wasn't trying to be a dick.

GALLAGHER

You did that without even trying?
Impressive. Bottom line, you spoke
out of turn. We can't have that. In
the future, zip it.

KEVIN

Zip it. Of course.

Head down, Kevin is distracted by a coffee stain on the
carpet that seems to be moving.

Gallagher let's out a laugh. Kevin looks up.

GALLAGHER

Jesus! Toska, I'm fucking with you.
Honestly, I don't give a shit. It
seemed inevitable, like, of course
I'll get divorced because, I have
an appetite. You get me?

KEVIN

I don't.

GALLAGHER

This month it was Joan from the
University, who, by the way, is a
tragically bad kisser. Sucks I was
caught with her.

Kevin forces a laugh.

GALLAGHER

I got no business being married.
I'll never be satisfied with one
set of tits. I want them all.

Gallagher smiles.

GALLAGHER

How is that wife of yours?

KEVIN

Mara? She's good, we're, she's
dragging me to our high school
reunion this weekend.

GALLAGHER

Shit. Those are the worst. I'd
sooner shoot myself.

KEVIN
I'm considering it.

Kevin points at the stain.

KEVIN
There's stain. Coffee, I think, or
it could be blood.

Kevin leaves.

Gallagher leans over his desk to look at the stain.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin, casually dressed, stares out at the birdbath.

MARA
Hey.

He turns around.

Mara, hair cut very short. Short skirt, top that exposes her
toned abs.

MARA
Like it?

KEVIN
I do.

MARA
Let's go show off.

EXT. PARKING LOT, HOTEL - NIGHT

Kevin and Mara walk through the lot. KIM, plump, modestly
dressed, approaches.

KIM
Mara! My God! I love your hair!

MARA
Thanks. Got it cut this morning.

Kevin notices Mara's haircut for the first time.

KIM
Super cool. So sophisticated!

MARA
You think so?

KIM
What does Kevin think?

KEVIN
Kevin, uh, Kevin loves it.

KIM
You're so brown. Were you on vacation?

MARA
Spray tan for now. But I plan on getting away soon.

KIM
And your nails. French manicure?
You look incredible.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Ballroom packed with people in their late twenties.

Kevin, alone, clutches a beer, scans the crowd. Watches Mara talking to JACK: beard, black tee, jacket, jeans, sneakers.

Tony slides in next to Kevin.

TONY
You won't fucking believe this. My Ex? She brought her boyfriend. Do you fucking believe that?

Tony nods at Jack.

TONY
And look at that motherfucker.

KEVIN
What motherfucker?

TONY
There. With Mara. Jack.

KEVIN
That's Jack? Looks different.

TONY
Right? In New York. Works in TV.
Probably gets hair plugs and has a personal trainer. Douchebag.

Mara points at Kevin, Jack smiles, walks over.

JACK

Tosk!

Jack gives Kevin a big hug.

JACK

Man it's good to see you.

Turns to Tony.

JACK

Tony, right?

TONY

Hey dude. Looking good.

From a distance Mara watches. She turns and walks through the ballroom. She exits into the

HOTEL LOBBY

Walks to the elevator. Gets in.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mara leaves the elevator. Walks down the hallway. Stops. Knocks on a door. The door opens. She steps inside.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Crowd has thinned out. Kevin and Jack at a table, drinking.

JACK

Weird, right? Seeing these people all grown up.

KEVIN

I dreaded coming but, Mara...

JACK

That's why I'm not married. I only do what I want to do. A lesson learned from Kevin Toska.

KEVIN

Doesn't sound like me.

JACK

Not you now, maybe. But you, then.

KEVIN

"Then"?

JACK

Tosk, buddy, if not for you, I never would have made it out of this shitshow alive.

KEVIN

He said hyperbolically.

JACK

Not true. We met, freshman year, I was messed up. Bad shit happened that summer and I didn't know how to deal. I was fucking suicidal.

KEVIN

Did I know this?

JACK

Nobody knew. Your fuck-the-world attitude saved me.

Embarrassed, Kevin looks around the room.

JACK

This one time, at the mall, people drifting by, dull, directionless. You said they're all stuck in suburban ennui.

KEVIN

Ironic.

JACK

I didn't know what ennui meant. Had to go home and look it up.

(Beat)

You showed me the way out. Thing is, I expected you to come with me. What the fuck happened? You get lost along the way?

KEVIN

Something like that.

JACK

Hey. Idea. Come spend a weekend with me. Reconnect.

KEVIN

Seriously? That would be --

JACK

Fucking great, right?

Mara walks up to them.

MARA

Uh-oh. I've seen this before. You two huddled together. What are you plotting?

JACK

A trip to New York. No wives.

MARA

You're not married Jack. I think you mean no wife.

She kisses Kevin on the head.

MARA

Sounds like a great idea. You boys have fun.

She walks away.

KEVIN

Mara's hair. She got it cut this morning and I didn't notice. There's this disconnect.

JACK

You and her?

KEVIN

Just me. I'm, my head, it's like I'm underwater.

JACK

This place, it's not you. Never was. You don't fit.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tony, with friends, smoking a joint, laughing. A woman with short blonde hair - MARA'S DOPPELGANGER - walks by.

TONY

Mara! Hey! Where you going? Mara!

The woman turns. Not Mara.

TONY

Sorry. Thought you were my friend.
(Turns to his buddies)
Looked just like her, right?

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mara in bed, scrolling through her phone. Kevin crawls in next to her, and gently strokes her arm.

KEVIN

You looked very sexy tonight.

MARA

People didn't recognize me. Like I was a different person.

KEVIN

Do you want to be a different person?

MARA

No, of course not. Why would you even ask that?

KEVIN

You seem unhappy, distracted.

MARA

I've got a lot on my mind.

KEVIN

Are you having an affair? You're not sleeping with Gallagher?

MARA

What's wrong with you? Where do you come up with this shit?

KEVIN

I don't know what's going on, you're different somehow.

MARA

It's work. I haven't sold anything in six months. If things don't improve I don't know what's going to happen.

Mara puts her phone down.

MARA

I can't deal with you, now. Let's just go to sleep, okay?

She rolls over, smiles.

Turns out the light, leaving Kevin in the dark.

INT. BATHROOM, SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Holding two phones, Mara downloads an APP. She then sends a text: At the gym. The message comes up on the second phone, and then on her phone.

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, asleep.

Mara enters, places Kevin's phone on the night stand. Quietly leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, in a bathrobe, drinks coffee.

Phone buzzes. Text message. From Jack: I'm standing outside.

Kevin walks through the house, opens the door.

Jack smiles. Steps inside.

JACK
Get dressed. I'm buying you brunch.

KEVIN
Now? Mara's not home.

JACK
Then she won't miss you.

Jack wanders through the house.

JACK
Your house. Very, uh, comfy cozy.

Stops.

JACK
What's that smell?

Jack removes a small device from an outlet. Smells it.

JACK
Plug in air freshener.

KEVIN
Didn't know we had that.

Jack throws it in a trash can. Smiles.

JACK
Go get dressed.

Kevin nods. Goes upstairs.

Jack inspects the house.

Mara, in workout clothes, carrying a large, pink duffle bag, returns. She puts on a sweatshirt.

Jack watches. Without looking, she smiles.

MARA
Hi Jack.

JACK
Eyes it the back of your head?

MARA
I thought you'd be on your way back
to New York by now.

JACK
Some unfinished business.

He takes a step toward her.

JACK
Working out? Running or --

MARA
Yeah, at the gym. And some weights.

JACK
And you barely broke a sweat.

He winks at her. Looks around the house.

JACK
Decorate this place yourself?

MARA
With Kevin.

JACK
Doesn't seem like his style. You
know, tedious suburban Ikea chic.

MARA
You're such an asshole.

JACK
Just kidding. I love it. Really.

MARA

Besides, you haven't seen him in years, how would you know what his style is?

JACK

Trusting my gut on this one.

MARA

It's good enough for now. Although, you're right, if I thought I was going to be here forever I'd --

JACK

Shoot yourself?

She raises her eyebrows.

MARA

Uh, no. Can I get you anything?

JACK

Kevin and I are going to brunch.

MARA

He didn't mention that.

JACK

Does he need a permission slip?

Sizing Jack up, Mara prepares to pounce.

Kevin comes down the steps.

JACK

Mara's home.

MARA

You didn't tell me you had plans.

KEVIN

I didn't know.

JACK

It's on me Mara. I dropped by unannounced. You know, like a friend.

MARA

Right. Whatever. Well. Enjoy talking about the good old days.

She forces a smile. Grabs her bag and goes upstairs.

Jack smiles sardonically, puts his hand on Kevin's shoulder and leads him outside.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Kevin and Jack sit at an outdoor table. A WAITRESS brings two Bloody Marys with two sides of horseradish and Tabasco sauce.

JACK
Perfect. Thank you.

He adds the horseradish and Tabasco.

JACK
Horseradish. That's the key.

Drinks.

JACK
Try it.

Kevin adds horseradish and Tabasco to his drink.

JACK
Being back here, crazy. I feel like
an alien.

KEVIN
You kind of are.

Jack laughs.

KEVIN
Where did your parents move?

JACK
Kingston. Dad teaches at Marist.
Mom's learned to rock climb.

KEVIN
Wow, that's impressive.

JACK
She's a warrior. How's your dad?

KEVIN
Five years sober. Still has his
practice. Finally started to date.

JACK
And you? What the fuck? Kevin Toska
working in a bank?

Kevin plays with his napkin.

KEVIN

I know. I'm the last person you
would think, but, Mara wanted --

JACK

Plug-in air freshener?

Kevin seems to disappear for a moment.

JACK

How did you ever hook up with her?

KEVIN

Mom was dying. I moved home. Ran
into Mara one day. Her mom had just
died. Of course, her father...

JACK

He split, right?

KEVIN

Not exactly. He was in jail.

JACK

No shit? For what?

KEVIN

She wouldn't tell me what he did,
so I Googled him. He raped someone.

JACK

Shit. Probably why she hates men.

KEVIN

Not all men.

JACK

Just me?

KEVIN

No there's others.

JACK

Let's plan your trip. When are you
coming to New York?

KEVIN

I don't know. If I go, I have to
come back.

JACK

No you don't.

KEVIN
I have a job. A mortgage.

JACK
One weekend. You'll still make your
mortgage payments.

Jack studies his friend, opens his menu.

JACK
So, what's to eat?

I/E. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin arrives home.

He walks into the

KITCHEN

Laughter outside. He looks through the window. Mara and
PATTY, early thirties, very pregnant, in the backyard. They
slowly walk toward the back door.

Patty sees Kevin first.

PATTY
Hey Kev!

He looks at her belly.

PATTY
Huge, I know. Four more weeks! I'm
just happy I made it through the
school year.

MARA
Did you have fun with Jack?

KEVIN
Yeah, yeah, it was...

MARA
Jack wants Kevin to go for a visit.

KEVIN
Yeah, but with work.

PATTY
You don't work on the weekend.

MARA
You should go. Do something nice
for yourself.

PATTY
Mara will find something to do.

Mara shoots Patty a look.

KEVIN
I'll definitely think about it.

Mara opens the refrigerator door.

MARA
Shoot. Kevin, can you run down to
the basement and get me a bottle of
white wine?

KEVIN
Sure.

MARA
I think there's a Chardonnay.

KEVIN
Got it.

Kevin runs down the steps.

MARA
Thank you.

Mara pulls the door shut, stares down her sister.

MARA
Mara will find something to do?

PATTY
What's wrong with that?

MARA
Don't be an idiot. I need him gone,
Patty. Got it?

PATTY
Fine. Ruin your life. You need to
see someone. You know that? Ever
since I told you --

MARA
Shut up! I know what I'm doing. Do
not fuck this up for me.

INT. BASEMENT, SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Kevin stands looking at sketches that are hung on the wall.

He takes one down. A bird, with a man's face.

INT. BANK, KEVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin at his desk. The bird sketch from his basement hangs on the wall.

Tony seated across from him, squeezing a rubber ball.

TONY

Bro, like she could have been
Mara's twin. Same size, short hair,
even dressed like her.

He throws the ball in the air.

TONY

She looked very hot. Mara. Remember
when we thought she was a lesbian?

KEVIN

Who thought that?

TONY

We all did.

KEVIN

I don't remember that.

TONY

Cuz you were always stoned.

KEVIN

No I wasn't.

TONY

Bro, you reeked of pot, like every
day. You did a shitload of drugs.

KEVIN

I don't think so.

Tony stops, leans forward, looks at the sketch.

KEVIN

Something I drew in college.

TONY

Yeah, you didn't do drugs.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Kevin removes a long needle from his desk. Sticks it into Tony's belly.

Tony deflates like a balloon, flies around the room and out the window.

END

I/E. SUBURBAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin and Mara eating dinner.

KEVIN

Did I do a shitload of drugs in high school?

MARA

What's a shitload?

KEVIN

Tony said I always reeked of pot.

She shrugs her shoulders.

MARA

This fish. It would be much better if it was fresh, from the ocean.

KEVIN

I like it.

MARA

Don't you ever get tired of it?

KEVIN

The fish?

MARA

No, not the, just, never mind.

KEVIN

Seriously, it's delicious. I can't even taste the poison.

MARA

Asshole!

KEVIN

It was a joke.

MARA

Ha. Ha.

She gets up, begins to clear the table.

MARA

Any thoughts about New York?

KEVIN

New York? To see Jack? No, I mean,
I don't think I should go.

MARA

What's wrong with you? God! You're
such a fucking pussy. Go!

He stands, slowly, puts his plate in the sink.

KEVIN

I'll load the dishwasher later.

He walks into the living room, turns back, looks in the
kitchen. Mara is texting.

Kevin opens the front door. Steps

OUTSIDE

He bends down and straightens the garden gnome.

Mara comes out.

MARA

I love that. My little garden
gnome. Best gift ever.

Puts her arms around him.

MARA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
snapped. You work so hard and never
take a break. You deserve it.

She kisses him on the cheek.

He turns around. Mara is gone. He goes

INSIDE

Mara leans against the kitchen counter, texting. Kevin grabs
her from behind and begins to kiss her neck.

MARA

What are you doing?

Kevin turns her around. He kisses her aggressively.

She pushes him off.

MARA
Stop! Not now!

KEVIN
Fucking Christ! Who are you?

MARA
I told you I'm stressed.

She returns to her phone.

He looks down at his plate, still on the counter. He picks it up. Drops it at her feet.

Startled, Mara steps back.

KEVIN
Can you take your face out of that
fucking phone for two minutes!

MARA
I am trying to save my job.

KEVIN
Fuck your fucking job.

MARA
You are so fucking selfish.

KEVIN
Really? Am I annoying you?

MARA
What do you think?

KEVIN
I think everything is collapsing.

MARA
What do you mean, everything?

KEVIN
I mean every thing. All things.
That's what everything means.

He puts his hands on her shoulders.

KEVIN
And you just keep staring at your
goddamn phone.

She pushes past him, leaves the kitchen, runs upstairs.

KEVIN

We used to love each other.

INT. BANK, GALLAGHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin sits across from Gallagher.

KEVIN

Mistakes? In my report? I never make mistakes.

GALLAGHER

That's why we're having this talk.

Mouth dry, Kevin swallows.

GALLAGHER

What's going on? Something I should know about? Financial difficulties? Troubles at home? With your wife?

KEVIN

No. No. No, everything is the same.

GALLAGHER

Well, if you need time, a few days or a week, to clear your head.

KEVIN

It is clear. No more mistakes.

GALLAGHER

This conversation is about more than the mistakes you made. You know that, right?

Kevin looks down at the coffee stain then back at Gallagher.

KEVIN

Sir I...thank you.

He gets up abruptly and leaves.

INT. INDOOR FIRING RANGE - DAY

A hand, red fingernails, grips a gun. The Doppelganger, wearing goggles, fires at a target.

Mara, also wearing goggles, watches from a distance.

I/E. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Kevin, parked on rooftop of parking garage.

MARA (O.C.)
What kind of mistake?

KEVIN
It's not a big deal.

MARA (O.C.)
Jesus, Kevin! Do not get fired,
okay, you, we can't afford it.

Kevin smiles.

MARA (O.C.)
We'll talk about it later.

KEVIN
Okay. Later.
(Beat)
Bitch.

MARA (O.C.)
Kevin. I'm still here.

Kevin winces.

MARA (O.C.)
I'm texting you a grocery list.

KEVIN
Yeah, okay.

MARA (O.C.)
When are you going to New York?

KEVIN
I didn't say --

MARA (O.C.)
Let me know. I'm hanging up now if
you want to call me a bitch again.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

On the ledge of the roof, Kevin looks out over the town, then
straight down to the street below.

He falls forward. Through the air. Toward the street.

The pavement below turns into water. A huge wave smashes into
him and sweeps him through the streets.

Out of control, he is carried to a giant whirlpool. Finally he is sucked under into the darkness.

END

On the ledge, Kevin holds his phone.

JACK (O.C.)
Tosk! You returned my call.

KEVIN
Yeah, yeah I was just thinking.

JACK
How about this weekend?

Kevin looks down at the street.

KEVIN
There are no happy endings.
In the end...everyone dies.

JACK (O.C.)
That's a little melodramatic, but
yeah. The happiness, all the
happiness, is before the end.

Kevin steps away from the ledge.

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin sits on the edge of his bed.

Kevin looks up at Mara standing next to him. She strokes his face. He takes her hand, looks at her red fingernails.

MARA
Have fun in New York. You'll be
home Sunday night?

He nods.

MARA
I'll be waiting.

She leans down and kisses him gently on the lips.

MARA
Bye Kevin.

Mara walks out.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

He drives. The New York skyline in the distance.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Kevin walks through the lobby. Steps into the

ELEVATOR

A woman with KILLER LEGS and high heels joins him.

The door closes. She smiles at Kevin.

KILLER LEGS

Long day. Cannot wait to get out of these shoes.

She looks at his suitcase.

KILLER LEGS

Here on business?

KEVIN

Visiting a friend.

KILLER LEGS

Came to raise some hell, huh?

He smiles. She looks away.

He stares at her legs. Blinks.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

She turns back, catches him staring at her legs.

KILLER LEGS

Are you just gonna look?

She pushes him against the wall. They kiss passionately.

She unbuckles his belt. He lifts her up.

KILLER LEGS

That's it! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh God! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

END

Elevator door opens. She turns to Kevin.

KILLER LEGS
Have a nice evening.

The door closes.

He looks down. She has dropped a scarf.

He picks it up, puts it to his nose and inhales her aroma.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

At the window, holding the scarf, Kevin looks down at the people on the street below.

He lies down on the bed and places it over his face.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Mara slices a tomato. Looks up.

The doppelganger, LIZZIE, stands near her.

She feeds Lizzie a slice of tomato.

They kiss.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack and Kevin at a table, finishing their dinner.

JACK
I'm surprised Mara let you out for
the weekend.

KEVIN
Honestly, she seemed pretty happy
to get rid of me.

JACK
Understandable. You are kind of a
douchebag.

KEVIN
That's what they tell me.

JACK
What it's like?

KEVIN
Being a douchebag?

JACK
Your life. Your beautiful home.
Your beautiful wife.

KEVIN
My life? My life it's uh, I don't
know, it just sort of is, it isn't
like anything. It's like nothing.

Kevin shrugs his shoulders self-consciously.

KEVIN
Work, home, dinner, sleep, wake up,
wash, shave, repeat. Nothing.

JACK
And that doesn't that make your
head explode?

KEVIN
I guess I'm on cruise control.

JACK
Yeah? Cruise control?

KEVIN
Shit, that sounds really lame.

JACK
You know what I think?

Jack smiles takes a sip of wine.

KEVIN
What is this? Dramatic buildup?
Tell me me what you think? You're
going to tell me anyway.

JACK
We forget who we are. Something
happens, our universe gets twisted
in some way, our mother dies, we
meet an unlikely partner, and we
get lost.

Jack takes another drink of wine. Deep breath.

JACK
Last time I saw you, when I said
that I was suicidal? My universe
got twisted. At camp. Summer before
high school. I went for a walk.

Jack leans in, lowers his voice.

JACK

At night. It was still light out.
These three older kids, bigger than
me, grab me from behind.

KEVIN

No one saw?

JACK

No. I fought them, but they dragged
me into the showers and turned on
the cold water, held me under.

Jack hesitates.

JACK

Then, then they stripped me. Naked.
Shoved a broom into my ass, or
tried to. Laughing the whole time.
Then they ran off with my cloths.

Kevin listens intently.

JACK

I waited until dark and walked back
through the camp, naked. Everyone
was around a campfire. I snuck into
my cabin and got dressed.

KEVIN

Did you tell anybody?

JACK

My shrink, last year. Just poured
out, all the shit I had been
holding in for years.

Jack laughs.

JACK

So, it wasn't some bullshit "oh I
was sad and wanted to die". Suicide
was definitely on the table.

KEVIN

Shit, I'm so sorry.

JACK

Then, two weeks into freshman year
you walk up to me, and just start
babbling, a mile a minute, like you
knew me. You seemed to have it all
figured out.

KEVIN

I think that was just an act.

JACK

You showed me what I needed to see.

KEVIN

We fucking kicked ass, didn't we?

Jack raises his glass.

JACK

You were the champion.

Drinks.

JACK

It was...

KEVIN

What?

Jack shakes his head. Changes direction.

JACK

Mara sells houses, huh? Seems like she would be good at that.

KEVIN

Explain.

JACK

Just an observation, but she knows how to enhance.

KEVIN

Enhance what?

JACK

A place is a dump, she paints it, adds some fancy furniture, a vase with white lilies...the dump sells. I bet she's good at that.

KEVIN

Deception. The key to her success.

JACK

Shiny things. People love them.

Kevin looks around the restaurant at all the shiny things.

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Candlelight.

Mara removes her robe, stands in front of Lizzie. They kiss.

Mara pulls Lizzie into bed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack, immersed in his brainfuckery, leads Kevin down the crowded street.

JACK
What's it like with Mara?

KEVIN
Lately she's been, distracted.

JACK
No passionate lovemaking?

KEVIN
No passion.

JACK
Sorry about that. When the passion goes, it's gone. Ain't coming back.

KEVIN
That's cynical.

He puts his arm around Kevin.

JACK
Is it? Or is it a bull's eye?

KEVIN
Relationships evolve.

JACK
If we're lucky. Choice. Walk away, or stay and take what you can get, pretending nothing has changed.

KEVIN
Those aren't the only choices.

They pass a TOOTHLESS MAN, rotting from the inside, who sits next to cardboard sign that reads: PLEASE HELP.

JACK
Be grateful that you had what you
had. It's part of you, what makes
you you.

Jack reaches for the door of a bar.

JACK
And, knowing that, you carry on.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Old time bar. Jack slides onto a seat. Kevin next to him.

JACK
That's probably why I'm single.

KEVIN
Your cynicism?

BARTENDER comes over.

JACK
Jamesons. Rocks.

Bartender looks at Kevin.

KEVIN
Same.

JACK
My love. Is it a beautiful woman?
Wet kisses? Soft, warm thighs
wrapped around me on a cold night?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
Not even close. My work is my
passion. It gives me a reason to
wake up every day. A sense of
purpose. And with that...

The Bartender puts the drinks down.

JACK
I create new memories. And I love
them all, my creations, my progeny.
They feed me. And you know what?

Jack slides the Bartender a fifty.

JACK

I am never on fucking cruise control. My foot's always on the motherfucking gas pedal. Moving forward.

Jack takes a drink.

JACK

If I had stayed, like you did, I can't imagine how shriveled and impotent my soul would be.

Kevin, speechless, looks away.

JACK

Sorry, I didn't mean...

KEVIN

No, that's, I think an accurate description of my soul.

JACK

Shit. Shit!

He grabs Kevin by the scruff of the neck.

JACK

You okay? Having fun?

KEVIN

Yeah, yeah, this is...

JACK

Incredible, right?

Kevin, uncomfortable, nods.

JACK

Knee deep in squalor, every element of humanity. It's where life is! It's where you need to be.

KEVIN

Not happening in this lifetime.

JACK

No? Huh. Then maybe next lifetime, right? Or the one after that?

KEVIN

Okay, okay.

JACK
Okay. Okay. Tell me, Kevin Tosca,
what do you want?

Kevin, not getting it.

JACK
What the fuck do you want? Who do
you want to be?

KEVIN
Uh, I, I guess it doesn't matter.

JACK
That's serious bullshit. Fucking
tragic. You're not living your
essence. Who you really are versus
what you've become.

KEVIN
I wanted to have a job where I can
own a house and be an adult.

JACK
If that's true, and I don't believe
it for a fucking second...Come on,
I want to show you something.

Jack empties his glass. Looks at his friend.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An apartment with a view of the Empire State Building.
Spacious, well-furnished.

JACK
True story, Tosk, owning a house
does not make you an adult.

He puts his hand on Kevin's shoulder.

JACK
Smaller than your place, true, but,
that's a pretty sweet view.

The two men stare out the window.

JACK
You can still do work you love and
be an adult. I could help you.

KEVIN
Mara would never --

JACK
Fuck Mara.

KEVIN
She's my wife, I can't fuck her.

Realizes what he said. Looks at Jack. Laughter.

KEVIN
It's too bad about her.

Imagining life without Mara, Kevin looks out at the view.

KEVIN
That she's alive.

JACK
Right, like she's the problem.

Kevin, understands Jack's meaning, looks for an escape.

JACK
There's lots of ways to do it.

Kevin shakes his head.

JACK
Suicide. I was going to hang myself
in the garage. No mess for my
parents to clean up.

Takes a step toward Kevin.

JACK
What you're doing, it takes a lot
longer and is much more difficult
to watch.

Kevin backs toward the door.

KEVIN
Then don't watch.

JACK
Shit. Sorry man. Sometimes I push
too hard, or so I've been told.

KEVIN
Really? You think?

JACK
Question. You're alone. Not
married. Hypothetically, let's say
Mara runs off with your pool boy.

KEVIN
We don't have a pool.

JACK
Like I said, hypothetically.

Jack leans into Kevin.

JACK
She's out of the picture. What then? What do you do?

Jack puts his hand on Kevin's shoulder.

JACK
I'll leave you with that question.
(Beat)
Gotta crash. Work tomorrow.

He walks Kevin to the door.

JACK
I'll text you the address. Come to the set. Hang out. Get to see me adulting. I got nothing Sunday so...

Wraps his arms around Kevin, gives him a big hug.

JACK
Love you, buddy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Carrying the weight of his conversation with Jack, Kevin walks zombie-like toward his hotel, slowly pushing past people, lost in thought.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

In a daze, walking as if every step hurts, Kevin approaches the elevator bank. Pushes the button.

KILLER LEGS
Looks like you had a rough night.

Shaken out of his fog, Kevin looks up, sees the KILLER LEGS.

KILLER LEGS
Party too hard?

KEVIN
Eh, you know. You?

The door opens. They step into the

ELEVATOR

KILLER LEGS
I wish. Dinner with the people from
the New York office. Total snooze.

KEVIN
Hey, I have your scarf. You dropped
it, on the floor, I saw it after
you, uh, and picked it up. I have
it in my room.

KILLER LEGS
Let me guess, you want me to go up
to your room to get it?

KEVIN
No, no I could, uh...

KILLER LEGS
Uh, sorry to suck the juice out of
your balls, but it's not mine.

Door opens.

KILLER LEGS
Scarfs. Not really my style.

She steps out, turns back.

KILLER LEGS
I prefer handcuffs.

The door closes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On the edge of the bed. Kevin holds the scarf, smells in.

Looks at his reflection in the mirror.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Kevin, in a trance, blinks.

REFLECTION
There's lots of ways to do it.

The Reflection leans forward, out of the mirror.

REFLECTION

You know. You thought about it, the
other day on the roof.

KEVIN

No. No!

Kevin looks at the scarf in his hand.

REFLECTION

Jack's right. Shriveled, impotent.
Tell me. What do you want?

Kevin hides his face in the scarf. Looks up.

REFLECTION

Do something. Fuck cruise control.

END

Kevin folds the scarf and puts it into his jacket pocket.

He goes to the window. Looks down at the street.

He knows what he wants.

Spins around, quickly exits the room.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Kevin steps out of the hotel. Watches the people as they pass
by. Deep breath, inhales the life.

Begins to walk, disappears into the crowd.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Kevin, like a sponge, absorbs the city's energy as he walks.

Stops. Across the street:

A HOMELESS MAN, wearing filthy rags, slowly pushes a shopping
cart loaded down with his possessions. He stops at a garbage
can, searches for treasure.

Transfixed, Kevin crosses the street.

The Homeless Man looks up. Kevin stops. The two lock eyes.

HOMELESS MAN

Boo!

Standing his ground, Kevin steps closer. The man is dirty, hair matted, clothing soiled.

KEVIN

Can I help you?

HOMELESS MAN

I asked for your motherfucking help? No, I fucking did not.

Without taking his eyes off the man, Kevin pulls out his wallet, removes all the cash and offers it.

KEVIN

It's only about thirty bucks.

Conflicted, the Homeless Man hesitates. Finally he grabs the cash. Counts it.

KEVIN

Do you mind? Please don't be offended, but, how did this happen?

Ignoring Kevin, the man finishes counting the cash and shoves it into his pocket.

KEVIN

You, living on the street.

The Homeless Man looks up. Considers the question.

HOMELESS MAN

Don't fear the unknown. Nothing is known.

KEVIN

Things don't make sense.

HOMELESS MAN

Fucking demons. That's what.

KEVIN

Demons. Like drugs?

HOMELESS MAN

Inside. Evil motherfuckers. It was the evil rescued me.

He steps closer to Kevin, who doesn't move.

HOMELESS MAN
 Didn't fit, never felt part of,
 always outside, square peg.

KEVIN
 In a round hole?

HOMELESS MAN
 City full of round holes. I let the
 evil take me. Freedom.

The Homeless Man lets out a laugh. Returns to his cart.

HOMELESS MAN
 How was that? Thirty bucks worth?

Pushes it down the street.

HOMELESS MAN
 The journey continues. Good talk.

Kevin watches him wheel away.

The streets have emptied. He sees a group of young adults,
 dressed for a party, laughing and talking, enter a building.

Without hesitation he catches up to the group and is waved in
 with them.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Cavernous space. Packed with people. Graffiti on the walls.

DJ on a stage.

Kevin floats through the crowd. Removes the scarf from his
 pocket and ties it around his neck.

He wanders into a room. Paintings on the wall.

He glances at the art, then back at the people looking at the
 art.

A woman, dark, exotic, everything Kevin isn't. He studies her
 as he would a painting.

She looks at him. Takes her hands and messes up his hair.
 Admires her creation.

EXOTIC WOMAN
 That's better.

She walks away.

LATER

On a couch, Kevin sits alone. Watching the people. Exotic Woman sees him. Walks over, sits down.

EXOTIC WOMAN
Were you pissed?

KEVIN
About?

EXOTIC WOMAN
Your hair.

KEVIN
Oh, no.

EXOTIC WOMAN
Maybe a little bit.

KEVIN
More like, "what just happened?"

She looks out at the crowd.

EXOTIC WOMAN
What do you see?

KEVIN
Connections. Disconnections.

EXOTIC WOMAN
I see hunger. Dissatisfaction.
Desire. What do you want?

KEVIN
People keep asking me that.

EXOTIC WOMAN
What brought you here?

KEVIN
A whim. An inspiration.

EXOTIC WOMAN
Did you know my brother?

KEVIN
Who's your brother?

EXOTIC WOMAN
Maléfique. The artist?

KEVIN
Oh. I'm an admirer.

EXOTIC WOMAN
It crushed my soul when he died.

KEVIN
Yeah. Tragic.

EXOTIC WOMAN
He had his demons.

KEVIN
We all do.

EXOTIC WOMAN
We do, You remind me of him.

She gently touches his face.

EXOTIC WOMAN
Your eyes. Uncurable sadness.

She is lost in Kevin's eyes, then pulls her hand away.

EXOTIC WOMAN
I should mingle. What's your name?

KEVIN
My friends call me Tosk.

EXOTIC WOMAN
Tosk. I'm Marlene.

She squeezes his arm, gets up and leaves.

He takes out his phone. Types in Maléfique.

Headline: Pop artist Maléfique found dead.

He scrolls down, reads: suspected fentanyl overdose.

LATER

Kevin pushes his way through the crowd, returns to the gallery. Empty.

He walks slowly, from one painting to the next.

Stops.

A painting of a man, naked, puncture wounds on his body. Wings lying at his feet. He looks at his reflection in a mirror. The reflection is whole, with wings, no wounds.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

VOICE

Is he looking at who he was or who
he is now?

Kevin turns his head. He is standing next to HIMSELF. Both
look back at the painting.

KEVIN

I don't know.

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Lizzie, the doppelganger, asleep. Hints of sunlight come
through the closed window shade.

Mara next to her. Eyes open.

She looks at Lizzie, carefully gets out of bed. Opens her
closet door. Removes a shoebox. Takes out a wrapped object.

Mara looks back at Lizzie. Still asleep. With the object in
hand, Mara leaves the bedroom.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

The sun has risen. Alone, Kevin studies the graffiti on the
rooftops adjacent to the Bridge. He photographs them.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Static sound and snow like on a TV set.

END

KEVIN

Do something.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Door is propped open with a cinder block.

On the ground, a can of paint, a roller in a pan, brushes.

Kevin, spray paint can in hand, puts the finishing touches on
his work: the silhouette of a blue man with wings and bright
red eyes, knees bent, ready to take off.

He steps back, photographs the painting with his phone.

A SKINNY MAN steps onto the roof.

SKINNY MAN
Who's here? Who's up here?

Kevin ducks behind a vent.

Skinny Man sees the top of Kevin's head.

SKINNY MAN
I see you!

He chases Kevin, who runs to the door, kicking the block away. The door slams shut, locking Skinny Man on the roof.

SKINNY MAN
Motherfucker! Open the door!

He pounds on the door.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Kevin runs down the steps. Gets to the vestibule. Out of breath, laughing.

He steps through the door of the building into the sunlight.

INT. SET, TELEVISION SHOW - DAY

Kevin, disheveled, unshaven, smudges of paint on his pants, watches scene being shot.

Break. Jack walks over.

KEVIN
This is great.

JACK
Why is there paint on your pants?

KEVIN
Long story, tell you later.

JACK
Make it home last night?

KEVIN
Fucking awesome, what you do.

JACK
We're meeting up with two of my friends tonight. You up for it?

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Jazz trio on stage.

Kevin at a table with Jack and his friends: BILL, aging hipster; GRACE, 30's, sexy, lots of jewelry, wild hair.

Kevin watches Grace who sways to the music. He's crushing on her. She looks over, smiles. Leans into him.

GRACE

Jack said you're an old friend.

KEVIN

Yeah, since high school.

GRACE

And you're married? Your wife's cool with this?

KEVIN

Cool with what?

Grace flirtatiously runs her fingers through his hair.

She takes Kevin's hand and pulls it between her legs. Shocked he pulls away.

She turns away from Kevin and watches the musicians.

Kevin catches Jack's eye. Jack gives him a nod.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mirror on a table. Kevin looks at two lines of cocaine.

BILL

Without a doubt the worst thing that ever happened to mankind.

JACK

The worst? Seriously?

BILL

Dead serious.

JACK

Global warming? The plague? COVID? Trump?

GRACE

Hitler? The fucking holocaust?

BILL
Worse than all of those
motherfuckers.

JACK
You're an idiot.

Grace whispers in Kevin's ear.

GRACE
He always does this.

BILL
I heard that Grace.

GRACE
Fuck off, Bill.

Kevin leans over, snorts one of the lines.

BILL
It's the beginning of the end. It
saps our creativity, our curiosity,
our deductive reasoning.

JACK
Did I tell you? Tosk made a film in
high school.

BILL
What the fuck does that matter?

JACK
Whole year when we were seniors,
Tosk walks around with a camera,
filming everything. He must have
shot a hundred hours.

BILL
Sounds annoying as fuck.

GRACE
You're annoying as fuck.

JACK
After a while people forgot he was
there. How many hours was it, Tosk?

KEVIN
What? The film? One twenty three.

JACK
He used one of those Sony
handicams, remember those?

BILL
Still got mine.

Kevin does another line.

Grace licks her finger and removes coke from Kevin's nose.

GRACE
Did you ever show it?

KEVIN
Oh, yeah, of course.

JACK
He showed it at Senior Night. Tosk edited all of that down to fifteen minutes. Fucking brilliant.

KEVIN
It wasn't -

JACK
It's why I majored in film.

BILL
So we have you to blame for him?

JACK
True story. Blame Kevin.

Bill does a line.

BILL
Question.

Looks up.

BILL
Why do we have cursive?

JACK
Please, Bill, shut the fuck up.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kevin washes his face.

Steps outside.

BILL
Let it go man. The guy makes a film in high school doesn't mean --

JACK

Dude was obsessed. We went to every movie, even the bad ones. And afterward, the insights. His passion. You don't understand.

Kevin joins the others. Bill looks up.

BILL

Jack is trying to convert you.

KEVIN

Into?

BILL

A clone, perhaps. But the truth is, Jack, we all can't be Miles Davis. Someone has to play the trombone.

KEVIN

I don't get it.

JACK

Just Bill's coked up gibberish.

GRACE

This is boring.

BILL

It's an important discussion.

GRACE

We never discuss anything important.

BILL

Fuck you, Grace.

GRACE

You wish, honey. Anyway, I have an early call, so --

Grace leans over and kisses Kevin passionately.

GRACE

Very nice meeting, you.

She walks out.

JACK

Looks like you made a friend.

KEVIN

Yeah, no, before, earlier, she --

JACK
I saw. Kevin discovered Grace's
dick.

BILL
Holy shit! You touched her dick?

JACK
She's transitioning.

KEVIN
Why does she still have - ?

BILL
She's saving it for a rainy day.

JACK
Actually, she scheduled the surgery
for Valentine's day.

BILL
Gotta love her sense of whimsey.

Bill does another line.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kevin, fully clothed, coffee in hand, stares at the Empire
State Building. Jack stands next to him.

Kevin sips his coffee.

KEVIN
There's a row of doors, separating
me from the audience. They can hear
me, what I'm saying. But they can't
see me. And I open each door, one
by one, and as I do, with each door
that opens, I expose myself more to
the audience. Not just physically,
but who I am, my truth.

JACK
Does the audience react?

KEVIN
They're with me, they're getting
it, they're mesmerized. And I want
to hide, go back behind the doors,
but I can't.

Kevin looks at Jack.

KEVIN

I can't hide. And I can't stop talking. It's weird, in the dream I feel like I'm making it all up when I'm on stage. Maybe it's scripted, or improvisation. I don't know.

JACK

What happens?

KEVIN

I start to wake up, and I'm half awake and I'm writing new lines, telling myself what to say. It's like I'm flying.

JACK

I know that feeling.

KEVIN

I spend a lot of time not knowing what's real and what's not real.

JACK

Hallucinations?

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

Something else. I went to a party Friday night, after I left you.

JACK

A party? Where?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I don't know. I walked by this building, there was a party inside.

JACK

Uninvited? You just walked in?

KEVIN

Yeah. This artist who, his paintings, one of them, one of the paintings, it was me.

JACK

A painting? Of you?

KEVIN

The way I see myself. Stunted.
Wounded. I don't know. I have so
many questions, questions I should
have answered long ago.

JACK

There's no expiration date, you
know that, right? If you want
something then go for it.

KEVIN

You make it sound easy.

JACK

You're suffocating. Choose not to
be suffocated.

KEVIN

Right. Just like that.

JACK

Look at Grace. She knew something
wasn't right.

KEVIN

It's not the same.

JACK

It fucking is. And it took, is
taking, a tremendous amount of
courage. Fuck fear, man.

Jack finishes his coffee.

JACK

Tosk, life isn't static. Follow
your desire. Stay fluid.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Kevin looks out at the water. Jack stands nearby, coffee cup
in hand.

JACK

Every week we watched. Hours and
hours. You scribbled down notes.

Kevin, remembering, nods.

JACK

Then, you created fifteen perfect
minutes.

Kevin watches a boat go by.

JACK
Hey, idea. Stay a few more days,
meet some more of my friends.

KEVIN
Can't do that.

JACK
Right. Gotta get back to the bank.

KEVIN
Yes! I do! It's my job. My life.
Please! Just, stop. Okay? Stop!

Kevin turns, walks away. Jack follows. Kevin turns around.

KEVIN
I know I'm not who you thought I
would be. And I'm certainly not who
I thought I would be. But here I
fucking am.

Kevin, barely holding it together blinks back the tears as he
looks out at the water.

Jack looks at his friend, starts to speak but thinks better
of it.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving, Kevin struggles to stay awake.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Homeless Man sits in the passenger seat.

HOMELESS MAN
Fucking bitch. Gotta cut bait.

KEVIN
I can't. There's no way out.

HOMELESS MAN
You know what you gotta do. LOOK
OUT!

A big rig blows it's horn.

END

Startled, Kevin opens his eyes. In the rear view mirror: the lights of the rig bearing down on him. He struggles to control the wheel. Finally, the big rig passes him.

LATER

Pulls into his driveway. Gets out of the car. Looks at his house. Lights are out. Goes inside.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, still dressed, sits up in bed. Gets up. Looks across the street at the white house. Glances down at the driveway. Mara's car parked next to his.

Leaves the bedroom. Looks in the bathroom. No Mara.

Goes downstairs.

Walks into the

KITCHEN

JOLTED. Mara. On the floor. Blood everywhere.

Kevin falls back against the kitchen counter, slowly slides to the floor. He looks away from her face, her hand red fingernails, her wedding ring.

He shuts his eyes. Opens them.

Shock.

He stumbles to his feet, backs away.

KEVIN

NO! This is real! This is real.

Frozen. He stares at Mara's dead body.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Police everywhere.

Mara's body is covered with a sheet.

Two detectives: ROONEY and YAGELSKI, next to the body. Yagelski pulls back the sheet.

YAGELSKI
Fuck me. Where's her fucking face?

ROONEY
Five shots. The first in the back of the head. See the blood spatter on the fridge? Then he turns her over, four point blank to the face.

YAGELSKI
Sadistic motherfucker.

Yagelski returns the sheet, looks at Kevin, in the living room, sitting.

ROONEY
Husband said he found her this morning, after he woke up.

YAGELSKI
That's him?

ROONEY
Haven't found the murder weapon.

YAGELSKI
I'll take some swings at this sick piece of shit.

Yagelski approaches Kevin. Sits near him.

Kevin looks up.

YAGELSKI
Sorry for your loss. I'm Detective Yagelski.

Kevin nods.

YAGELSKI
Fucking mess in there. Nasty shit. You found her this morning?

Kevin nods.

YAGELSKI
Hear anything during the night? Shouting? Shots fired?

Kevin shakes his head.

YAGELSKI
What time did youse two go to bed?

KEVIN

I got home around ten. I went straight to bed.

YAGELSKI

Was she asleep?

KEVIN

I don't know.

YAGELSKI

Drinking? A little drunk, maybe?

KEVIN

I was in New York all weekend.

YAGELSKI

Doing?

KEVIN

With a friend. An old friend.

Yagelski leans closer to Kevin.

YAGELSKI

And you got home at what time?

KEVIN

Ten. I think. I was exhausted.

YAGELSKI

Was your wife's car here? In the driveway. When you got home?

KEVIN

The lights were out.

YAGELSKI

Inside? So maybe she wasn't here.

KEVIN

Just went to bed. I'm still, these are the clothes I drove home in.

Yagelski studies Kevin, notices the paint on his pants.

YAGELSKI

What's that on your pants?

KEVIN

Huh? Oh. Paint.

YAGELSKI

You a painter?

Patty bursts through the door, followed by ERIC, 30's.

PATTY
Where is she? Where is she? Mara?

Kevin looks up.

Yagelski jumps up. Stands between Patty and the body.

YAGELSKI
Can't go in there.

Patty pushes him out of the way. Stops, see's the sheet covering Mara's body.

PATTY
Oh God! No, no, no. No!

Rooney steps in and gently pulls her away.

PATTY
Let me go! I need to see her!

ROONEY
I'm sorry. We're gathering evidence. Please step back.

Eric holds Patty.

ERIC
Patty, let them do their jobs.

Patty sees Mara's hand, red fingernails, sticking out from under the sheet. On her wrist is a charm bracelet. Patty screams.

PATTY
Oh God! Eric! Her bracelet. She's wearing the bracelet I gave her.

Breaks down.

Kevin goes to Patty. Puts his hand on her back. She turns, sees him. Pushes him away.

PATTY
You fucking asshole! Why?

KEVIN
Huh?

PATTY
You didn't have to kill her.

She punches Kevin in the chest. Eric holds her back.

ERIC

Patty. Come. Let's sit down.

Eric guides Patty into the living room.

Kevin looks up, all eyes are on him. Shaken, he retreats to the back yard.

Rooney turns to Yagelski.

ROONEY

Keep an eye on the husband. Make sure he doesn't bolt.

Yagelski follows Kevin

OUTSIDE

Kevin stares at the empty birdbath.

YAGELSKI

That was fucking rough.

KEVIN

She's devastated.

YAGELSKI

And you? Are you devastated?

Kevin turns to Yagelski, looks through him.

YAGELSKI

When was the last time you saw your wife alive?

KEVIN

Friday. When she left for work.

YAGELSKI

Did you fight?

KEVIN

With Mara? No. We never fought.

YAGELSKI

Can you think of, who would want to do that to her?

A bird lands in the birdbath.

YAGELSKI
No forced entry. The killer is
probably someone she knew.

KEVIN
Like me?

YAGELSKI
Your sister-in-law thinks --

Kevin, watches the bird playing in the birdbath, smiles.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Rooney sits in the living room with Patty and Eric.

ROONEY
Your sister. Mara. She was shot
multiple times at close range.

PATTY
Oh God!

ROONEY
It's as bad as it sounds. She's
unrecognizable.

Patty buries her face in her hands.

ROONEY
What you said earlier --

ERIC
Patty didn't mean that.

PATTY
Eric --

ERIC
You can't possibly think that.

PATTY
I know what I think!

ERIC
Be reasonable.

PATTY
That's a pretty unreasonable
request, considering.

ERIC
But --

PATTY
Stop talking!

ROONEY
Was there a history of abuse?

ERIC
No. He never hurt her.

ROONEY
Then why - ?

PATTY
I need silence. No more questions.

She looks at the detective.

Rooney nods. Leaves.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin in the driveway, flanked by Yagelski and Rooney.

Mara's body is wheeled from the house. Patty and Eric walk behind it. The body is placed in a van.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kevin seated at a table, across from Yagelski and Rooney.
SERGEANT PAGE sits in a chair against the wall.

KEVIN
We couldn't have this conversation
at my house?

ROONEY
Our sergeant wanted to sit in.

Kevin looks at Sergeant Page, who nods.

KEVIN
Moral support?

Rooney looks at Page, then back at Kevin.

KEVIN
Your questions?

ROONEY
You get home, climb into bed, and
don't notice your wife is missing?

KEVIN

I don't even remember climbing into bed. Just waking up.

ROONEY

You're in your car. Next thing you know you're awake, Mara is dead.

YAGELSKI

Fucking wild. Anything could have happened. You just don't fucking remember. Convenient.

Kevin laces his fingers, presses his lips into his knuckles.

ROONEY

Kevin, do you have a history of blackouts when you drink?

KEVIN

No. And I wasn't drinking.

YAGELSKI

Mara was shot multiple times. In her face! After she was dead.

KEVIN

I know.

YAGELSKI

I bet you fucking do!

Kevin looks up.

KEVIN

I found her. Remember?

ROONEY

When someone does that, Kevin, keeps firing into the victim's body after they're dead...

YAGELSKI

That's serious fucking rage.

ROONEY

Why were you angry with your wife?

KEVIN

I wasn't. I love my wife.

YAGELSKI

Look at you. Not even fucking upset. You know what I think?

Kevin looks away, watches a roach climbing the wall.

YAGELSKI
She had a boyfriend. You caught her
fucking around.

KEVIN
I was in New York.

YAGELSKI
Maybe. Round trip in four hours.
Middle of the night. Who's to know?

ROONEY
The thing is, Kevin, if you didn't
kill her, then who did?

KEVIN
A confession? That's what you want?

ROONEY
If you have something to confess.

KEVIN
Then what? If I confess?

Rooney looks at Yagelski.

KEVIN
You celebrate? Crack open some
beers? Go home, rub one out to a
job well done?

Kevin taps his fingers on the table.

KEVIN
Sorry, but I didn't kill Mara.

Stands. Looks at Yagelski.

KEVIN
You want to see upset? See what
happens if you don't find Mara's
killer. Do your fucking jobs!

Kevin storms out.

YAGELSKI
You believe that fucking guy?

SERGEANT PAGE
Oh, I believe him. He just told you
boys to go fuck yourselves.

Page gets up slowly.

SERGEANT PAGE

Clear as a bell. Can't say I blame him. Man's wife is brutally murdered. And you two shitbrains.

Page looks at Yagelski.

SERGEANT PAGE

Fucking embarrassing.

Page opens the door.

SERGEANT PAGE

Call his buddy in New York, get the security tapes from his hotel. He's right. Do your fucking jobs.

Page leaves.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Kevin looks at the murder scene. Reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out the scarf from the hotel.

At the spot where Mara was killed, dried blood on the floor.

Kneels down.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Gun pointed. Trigger pulled. Blood splattering against the wall and counter top. Mara on the floor.

Another gunshot. Then three more.

Puts his hand where Mara's head was. Holes in the floor. Sticks his finger into one of the holes.

MARA

Hey.

Looks up.

Mara, hair cut very short.

The doorbell rings.

ENDS

He goes to the front door, opens it: JAMES, 60, well-dressed.

KEVIN

Dad.

James hugs Kevin.

Looks at the police car parked in the driveway.

KEVIN

They think I might try to escape.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, BACKYARD

James and Kevin sit in lawn chairs.

JAMES

They can't think you did this.

KEVIN

I thought it.

JAMES

That you killed her?

KEVIN

This morning. When I first saw her
on the floor. I didn't know.

JAMES

You were in shock.

James rests his hand on his son's arm.

JAMES

You didn't kill her.

Kevin's gaze drifts to birds playing in the birdbath.

KEVIN

Everything is different, now.

He looks at his father.

KEVIN

All night, I slept all night
upstairs. She was in the kitchen.

Kevin's body shakes. He breaks down.

KEVIN

I knew I should have stayed home.
Something told me. If I was here
she'd still be alive.

JAMES
Or you'd both be dead.

INT. PATTY AND ERIC'S HOUSE - DAY

Yagelski and Rooney sit with Patty and Eric.

ROONEY
Mara was murdered Saturday night.
We thought Kevin could have driven
home and back in four hours, but...

YAGELSKI
There's all these security cameras
in New York. Everywhere.

The detectives look at each other.

ROONEY
We were able to time stamp his
movements. He was definitely in New
York, all weekend, never left.

ERIC
So he didn't kill Mara?

Rooney shakes his head.

ERIC
Fuck's sake, you could have just
said that.

Annoyed, Eric looks at Patty.

ERIC
Patty, you should tell them.

She nods.

PATTY
Mara was cheating.

ROONEY
Did he know that?

Patty shakes her head.

ROONEY
Who was she having the affair with?

PATTY
Mara never mentioned her name. It
was a woman in her spinning class.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

SARAH, young, looks at a computer. Rooney and Yagelski wait.

SARAH
Mara was scheduled Saturday
afternoon but didn't show up.

Sarah looks up.

SARAH
Oh no! Is that when she was - ?

ROONEY
Any other no shows?

SARAH
One, Elizabeth Jones.

She hits a few buttons.

SARAH
Oh Lizzie! She hung out with Mara.
They were like, best friends. She
must be crushed.

INT. JONES HOUSE - DAY

Yagelski and Rooney stand in the kitchen with ROMAN JONES.

JONES
I got no idea where she is.

YAGELSKI
No shit? Your wife? No clue? Do not
fuck with us. This is a murder
investigation.

JONES
We're separated. I sleep on the
couch in the basement. She sleeps
upstairs. I work nights she works
days. We avoid each other. Get it?

ROONEY
Got a photograph?

JONES
Bunch of 'em over there on the
table. Take your pick.

Rooney picks up a photo of Lizzie, the doppelganger.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, unshaven, in his bathrobe, sits at the kitchen table clutching a cup of coffee. Next to him is his phone, on speaker.

JACK (O.C.)
You still there?

He stares at the front page of the newspaper. HEADLINE:
Murder Suspect at Large with a photograph of Lizzie Jones.

KEVIN
It's coming up. The deep dark
inside.

JACK (O.C.)
Tosk. You're not making sense.

Kevin rubs his fingers across Lizzie's photo.

KEVIN
Apparently, Mara was having an
affair with this woman, Lizzie.

JACK (O.C.)
It says that? In the paper?

KEVIN
Possibly a crime of passion. Lizzie
has disappeared. They found her car
downtown.

JACK
They'll catch her.

KEVIN
Mara's face was blown off. Catching
Lizzie won't put her back together
again.

He stands, walks to the blood-stained floor. He lays down on
the spot where he found Mara.

JACK (O.C.)
Tosk? Tosk? You there?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, still in his bathrobe, opens the door.

Roman Jones.

JONES

Mr. Toska? I'm Roman Jones. My wife, Lizzie, she's the one --

Kevin steps outside.

JONES

I can't believe she would, we had our troubles, but Lizzie wasn't...

KEVIN

She's just a suspect.

JONES

No, I meant, that they were...

KEVIN

What? Lovers? That's what bothers you? You do know my wife is dead?

JONES

I know. Yeah. Just that, you know, if they were, together, that's why.

KEVIN

Why what?

JONES

Lizzie wanted a divorce. Your wife did that. She made Lizzie that way.

KEVIN

A killer?

JONES

Lizzie wouldn't have done that if your wife didn't --

KEVIN

This morning. You know what I found?

Kevin, shaking.

KEVIN

A piece of Mara's flesh stuck to the refrigerator door.

JONES

Yeah, well.

KEVIN

Yeah well? Lizzie did that. She blew Mara's face off.

Kevin steps forward.

KEVIN

The first shot killed Mara. But
Lizzie kept pulling the trigger.

Kevin takes another step forward. Nose to nose.

KEVIN

I don't give a single fuck about
your wife or your failed marriage.

Kevin steps inside and slams the door.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

MILLIE, middle aged, sits across from Rooney and Yagelski.

She holds Lizzie's photograph.

MILLIE

She sat across from me, wearing a
Yankee cap. She had a big pink bag.

Rooney looks at Yagelski.

MILLIE

And she tapped her foot the whole
time, like she was in a hurry. Then
at Tannersville, the driver said we
had to wait, we were ahead of
schedule. She gets up and walks off
the bus. Never came back.

Millie looks at the photograph.

YAGELSKI

Her ticket was for New York City.

MILLIE

Maybe, but, that's what happened.
I think it was her, but it was
dark, I didn't get a good look.

Kevin bursts through the door.

KEVIN

You fucking assholes! See this?

Kevin holds up the newspaper.

KEVIN

This is how I find out my wife was
having an affair?

Rooney looks at Millie.

ROONEY

Can you please excuse us?

Millie gets up. Puts her hand on Kevin's arm.

MILLIE

So sorry for your loss.

She leaves.

ROONEY

You can't just burst in --

KEVIN

Fuck you! You wanted to see me
upset, well here it fucking is!

He slams the newspaper on Rooney's desk.

KEVIN

What kind of a shitshow is this?
Her goddamn husband showed up.

ROONEY

Roman? Where?

KEVIN

My house. He's pissed because Mara
made his wife a lesbian.

Rooney slides out a chair for Kevin.

KEVIN

Fucking idiot!

ROONEY

You're right. We messed up. Your
sister-in-law told us about the
affair, and --

KEVIN

Patty? She knew? Jesus! What the
fuck is happening?

Kevin paces manically.

KEVIN

Roman, that piece of work, he could have done it. He seemed unhinged.

ROONEY

He was in Philly with his crew, all weekend. Went to a Phillies' game. They got a casino down there.

YAGELSKI

He was losing like a bitch at blackjack when Mara was murdered.

Exhausted, Kevin sits.

ROONEY

Mara worked in Tannersville?

KEVIN

Huh? Yeah.

ROONEY

Sell a lot of homes?

KEVIN

Used to. The last year was pretty lean. In fact, nothing really. She didn't make a penny. It was really getting to her.

Kevin picks up the newspaper. Studies it.

KEVIN

Explains a lot, really. Sorry. Sorry I lost my shit. Just, no more surprises. Got it?

Kevin slowly stands, throws the newspaper in the trash and walks out.

ROONEY

You forgot to call him.

Yagelski shrugs.

ROONEY

A person sells houses, they're empty. The old owner moved out. What if Mara and Lizzie?

YAGELSKI

That's where they hooked up?

ROONEY

Lizzie got off the bus cuz she
knows where the empty houses are.

INT. PATTY AND ERIC'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Patty leans against the counter. Kevin paces.

KEVIN

Fucking unbelievable.

PATTY

Kevin, please!

KEVIN

No. No. No Kevin please! You
actually thought that I walked in
on Mara and this other woman, flew
into a jealous rage and, what?

PATTY

I wasn't --

KEVIN

I killed my wife? With a gun I
don't own? You know me. You know if
I did walk in on them, killing Mara
is not what I would have done.

PATTY

I wasn't thinking rationally...

KEVIN

Obviously.

PATTY

...because my sister had just been
brutally murdered. Ya know?

She picks up a glass and chucks it against the wall.

PATTY

This is so unfair!

She looks at him.

PATTY

I'm sorry I accused you.

KEVIN

Falsely accused.

PATTY
Fuck you, Kevin!

KEVIN
If I'm being honest, I would have been relieved, if I caught her, you know. I would have been...

Kevin taps his fingers on the countertop.

KEVIN
We, Mara and I, we used to be happy, I think, then there was this change. She wasn't Mara any more.

PATTY
It was our father.

KEVIN
She told me he's in prison. I know he raped someone.

She takes his hand.

PATTY
Not someone, Kevin. When she was twelve, he raped Mara. Got her pregnant. She had an abortion. He went to jail.

KEVIN
And the surprises keep coming.

PATTY
When Mom died I wrote to him. Then sent him Christmas cards every year. He never responded, until...

Rubs her belly, looks up at Kevin.

PATTY
I told him I'm pregnant. He wrote back. Said he's getting out soon. Can't wait to meet his grandson. That was six months ago.

KEVIN
You told Mara.

PATTY
What he did to her, we never discussed it. It seemed like ancient history.

Kevin lets it sink in.

PATTY

In all those years she never talked about the rape. But when she learned he was getting out.

She sits.

PATTY

He gets released next month. Mara said she was going to kill him.

Patty looks up at Kevin.

PATTY

And you know what? I believed her.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

HOWARD, tall and charismatic, sits with Rooney and Yagelski.

HOWARD

I'm heartbroken, to be honest. She was special.

YAGELSKI

Special?

HOWARD

You're gonna find out, anyway. We had an affair. But, it ended.

ROONEY

Yeah? It did? When?

HOWARD

Last year. My wife got pregnant --

ROONEY

So you broke things off. And Mara?

HOWARD

She had the leverage she wanted. I gave her the best listings.

He chuckles.

HOWARD

She hustled. Sold a lot.

YAGELSKI

No shit? That's not what we heard.

HOWARD

From her husband? Poor guy thought she never made a sale. She had a secret bank account.

ROONEY

How much did she make?

HOWARD

Seventy grand in the last six months. She was killing it.

Yagelski looks at Rooney. Mouths "killing it".

ROONEY

How many properties was Mara showing at the time of her death?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, wearing a suit, mops the kitchen floor.

Yagelski and Rooney sit at the kitchen table.

ROONEY

We're still waiting on the DNA.

YAGELSKI

Fucking state police.

ROONEY

There backed up. But we expect the results to confirm Lizzie was here when Mara died. We think Lizzie knew about the secret account. Got access to it.

Kevin squeezes the bloody water out of the mop into a bucket.

ROONEY

We're searching the houses Mara was showing. We think that's where Lizzie could be hiding out.

KEVIN

The cremation service was today. The woman we cremated, it wasn't Mara, at least...

Kevin turns on the water, watches it run.

KEVIN

I hope you find her killer. I do.

Kevin washes the blood off his hands.

Grabs a towel.

KEVIN

This may sound callous, but, after
all I've learned about my wife. I'm
done. You can see yourselves out.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin sits on the floor. Sips coffee.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

The HOMELESS MAN leans against the wall. He winks at Kevin,
and then disappears into the wall.

END

Kevin goes into the kitchen, returns with a black Sharpie.

Begins to draw on the wall.

LATER

A life sized drawing of the Homeless Man next to his shopping
cart has been drawn on the wall.

Kevin looks at his work, then

Removes every framed photograph and picture from the wall.
Stacks them up and carries them into the

GARAGE

Returns, picks up a chair, carries it out.

LATER

The Living Room, emptied of furniture, rugs, and wall
hangings. Only the couch and television remain.

Kevin, standing, closes his eyes. Extends his arms.

Deep Breath. Exhale.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin, unshaven, hair unkempt, drags out a garbage bag, throws it into the back seat of his car with other bags.

Gets in the car. Pulls out of the driveway.

INT. DINER - DAY

Kevin at a table with James.

JAMES

When your mother died I was lost.

KEVIN

This isn't that. You and Mom were inseparable.

JAMES

No, no, I know. See, I succumbed to self-pity. And I wanted company in my grief.

James folds his napkin.

JAMES

I really steered you wrong.

KEVIN

I'm not following you.

JAMES

Manipulation. It's not hard to influence the mind of a boy who is devastated at the loss of his mother.

James looks up at his son.

JAMES

Convincing you to stay in town, go to the University, switch majors, finish your degree here.

KEVIN

Don't. Dad. Not now.

JAMES

You were on a path. I stopped you from pursuing your passion.

KEVIN

What is this, some kind of amends?

JAMES
Long overdue.

KEVIN
We're good Dad. Really.

JAMES
When you were a kid, remember how I used to force you to listen to my old jazz records.

KEVIN
You didn't force me.

JAMES
I was trying to enhance your musical vocabulary. Miles said once, something like "You should never be comfortable"

KEVIN
That screwed up a lot of musicians.

JAMES
Right. Something like that. But I wanted comfort, and with your mother gone having my boy nearby. You were brilliant, creative and...

KEVIN
And we move on.

JAMES
We do. Just find the truth. Your truth. Be wary of bullshit.

Kevin shakes his head.

JAMES
Especially the bullshit you tell yourself. It's a way to escape the truth. A habit. A drug.

Kevin considers this.

JAMES
And once we eliminate the bullshit, we both know you're not a guy who should be working in a bank.

James puts his hand on his son's arm.

EXT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY

Kevin loads the trash bags into a bin.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Kevin, eyes shut.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

The Homeless Man, pushing his shopping cart, looks up.

END

Kevin opens his eyes.

KEVIN

Boo!

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Kevin pushes a shopping cart.

Fills it up with paint, brushes of different sizes, canvas drop cloths, clip lamps.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Unopened paint cans on the drop cloth. Kevin on the couch, drags on a joint, stares at the Homeless Man drawing.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Homeless Man emerges from the wall with his shopping cart. Wild beasts, demons with huge eyes and fangs, emerge from the shopping cart and crawl across the wall.

END

Kevin sets up a camera on a tripod.

Turns on music. Loud.

Pries open up a can of paint. Dips a brush into the can and steps up to the wall.

The camera records as he paints.

I/E. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin in the kitchen, wearing a bathrobe over a paint covered tee-shirt and shorts.

Pushes down on the French Press. Pours coffee.

He walks into the living room: the creatures from his imagination painted on the wall, crawling out of the shopping cart. The rest of the wall still blank.

He picks up a paintbrush, dips it into a can of black paint, writes on the wall, next to the Homeless Man.

He focuses the camera on what he has just written:

"If you hit a wrong note, it's the next note that you play that determines if it's good or bad." Miles Davis.

Puts down the camera. Walks

OUTSIDE

Sees his NEIGHBOR, an elderly man, across the street.

KEVIN

Excuse me!

The man looks up, Kevin walks toward him.

KEVIN

Excuse me! Sir?

Kevin runs across the street.

KEVIN

Your house. Was it ever blue?

Neighbor looks at his house, back at Kevin.

NEIGHBOR

Well, we moved here about forty years ago and it was white, and it's been white ever since.

(Beat)

But before that, when I was young, yeah, yeah it was blue, pale blue.

KEVIN

I thought so. Maybe you should paint it blue again.

NEIGHBOR

No. No. Don't want a blue house.

KEVIN

Maybe the house wants to be blue.

Neighbor puts his hand on Kevin's shoulder.

NEIGHBOR

I've been meaning to knock on your door. What happened, to your wife. It was such a tragedy.

Kevin begins to respond. Stops. Nods. He runs inside his house. Leaves the door open.

A minute later he drags his couch out, across the front yard, and positions it facing his house.

He sits on the couch.

Neighbor watches. Crosses the street.

NEIGHBOR

How did you know?

Kevin looks up.

NEIGHBOR

That the house used to be blue?

KEVIN

Energy. Energy can't be destroyed. I can feel the blue, the blue energy, coming from your house.

Neighbor nods.

KEVIN

It's amazing the stuff we know that we don't know we know.

NEIGHBOR

You okay?

KEVIN

We'll see.

NEIGHBOR

Every day, I saw you leave, for work, in a suit.

KEVIN

It was a tragedy for her.

NEIGHBOR

What?

KEVIN
My wife. Mara. It was a tragedy for
her, dying that way. The rest of
us, we get to live.

Kevin turns toward his house.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A WOMAN, hat pulled down over her hair, watches the bar from
across the street.

Tony stands outside. Kevin approaches.

The two men enter the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Kevin and Tony, at a table, with drinks.

TONY
My fucking ex, man. What a bitch.

KEVIN
Cathy? What about her?

TONY
She calls me up, invites me over. I
get there and she fucking seduces
me.

KEVIN
Yeah?

TONY
It was unbelievable, we never
fucked like that when we were
married.

Shakes his head.

TONY
And we finish, right? We're all
sweaty and naked, she tells me
she's getting remarried.

KEVIN
Good-bye sex.

Takes a drink.

TONY
It sucks, right?

Kevin nods.

TONY
Fuck it.

KEVIN
Nothing you can do.

TONY
Hey. Remember at the reunion? I
told you about Mara's doppelganger?
It's the woman who, in the news.

KEVIN
The same one?

TONY
Yeah bro. Ryan was with me. Saw
her. He called me. Thinks it, too.

KEVIN
Yeah, well, fuck it.

TONY
Fuck it. That's right. Fuck it!
Miss you, man. When you coming back
to work?

KEVIN
The daily slog?

TONY
Help take your mind off this stuff.

KEVIN
Mara? I don't think about it.

TONY
Come on, Kev, seriously?

Kevin shrugs.

TONY
You found her murdered. I'm sure
you think about it.

KEVIN
Why?

TONY

I don't know, maybe because your
wife was shot in the head?

KEVIN

Face.

He looks at Tony.

KEVIN

Once in the back of the head, then
four in the face.

He takes a drink.

KEVIN

When I found her, no eyes, no nose,
just...Anyway, no, I don't think
about that.

TONY

Jesus. Bro. I am so fucking sorry.

Silence. Looks away. Almost to himself:

TONY

Amazing how much they looked alike.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Clip lamps are on. A record player in the middle of the room.
Jazz: Miles Davis.

On his stomach, Kevin paints: "What is eating me from the
deep, dark inside?"

He rolls onto his back.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

The Homeless Man emerges from the wall. Falls to his knees.
Looks at the words Kevin just painted.

HOMELESS MAN

What is?

KEVIN

What is what?

HOMELESS MAN

What is eating you?

Kevin shakes his head.

HOMELESS MAN
You wrote it.

KEVIN
It means nothing.

HOMELESS MAN
Everything means something.

KEVIN
Nothing means anything.

Homeless Man stands and looks at the wall.

HOMELESS MAN
So that's what this is? All of
this? Nothing?

KEVIN
I don't know.

HOMELESS MAN
You know.

KEVIN
I don't.

HOMELESS MAN
You fucking do! You know. You've
always known.

Kevin covers his face with his hands.

HOMELESS MAN
Sometimes we get what we wish for.

Homeless Man squats next to Kevin.

HOMELESS MAN
You gotta be okay with that. Just
remember, it's the next note you
play.

END

Kevin fishes a joint from his pocket. Lights it.

Inhales. Holds it.

Exhales slowly.

Watches the smoke drift up to the ceiling as the jazz plays
on.

I/E. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The door to the house is open. Patty walks in.

She steps into the living room, sees the painted wall, furniture gone.

PATTY
Jesus Christ.

Kevin walks in, still unshaven, wearing a blazer and a buttoned down shirt with an open collar.

She looks at him, baffled.

KEVIN
The room needed an upgrade.

Patty starts to cry.

Kevin holds her.

KEVIN
You need to let it go.

PATTY
That's what Eric says. He's been a saint. So patient. I try to accept that she's gone, but I can't. I just can't.

KEVIN
You can. You will.

He lets her go.

PATTY
You're going somewhere?

KEVIN
I have an appointment.

PATTY
I, sorry, I shouldn't have just, you know, dropped in. I guess I just needed a hug.

He gives her another hug. They walk

OUTSIDE

Kevin locks the door. Sees the gnome has been knocked over.

He picks it up.

KEVIN

Shoot. The gnome got injured.

He puts the gnome on the porch. Bends down and picks up the broken piece.

KEVIN

I'll fix it later.

PATTY

Your couch is in the front yard.

KEVIN

You don't like it?

PATTY

You're spending too much time alone. Come over for dinner. Eric would love to see you.

She looks at the couch.

PATTY

Are you throwing it away?

KEVIN

No.

PATTY

Then why is it there?

KEVIN

There's not always a reason, Patty. We like to think there is, but...

Kevin into his car. Drives away.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

TODD, 30's, sits behind his desk.

TODD

Man, I'm so sorry. You must be a wreck.

KEVIN

It's a precarious balancing act.

He reaches in his pocket. Pulls out a paper.

KEVIN
Death certificate.

TODD
We'll make a copy of it. There's
some paperwork for you to sign.
Then, well, the payment will take a
few weeks.

Kevin nods.

TODD
It's a lot, two fifty. Knowing you
I'm sure you'll invest it wisely.

KEVIN
Maybe I'll go to Vegas and blow it
all.

TODD
You're joking, right?

KEVIN
I don't know. Am I?

Uncomfortable, Todd chuckles as he hands papers to Kevin.

TODD
Think of it as money that you
invested and this is the return.

KEVIN
But that's not what it is.

Kevin signs the papers.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

From the parking garage, someone watches as Kevin crosses the
street from the Insurance Agency to the Bank.

INT. BANK, GALLAGHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin with Gallagher.

GALLAGHER
The beard. Looks good.

Gallagher chuckles.

GALLAGHER
So, when do you want to come back?

KEVIN

I don't. Really, I never wanted to be here.

Kevin, released from the lie, exhales.

KEVIN

It's toxic, the lies we tell ourselves to justify collecting a paycheck.

GALLAGHER

Well, just in case, take two more weeks to weigh the pros and cons. I'll keep you on payroll.

KEVIN

That's not necessary.

GALLAGHER

Shut the fuck up. I'm the boss. I do whatever I want.

With a broad smile he extends his hand. They shake.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Kevin walks to his car.

A woman, wearing a hat, with shoulder length black hair steps in front of him.

Startled, he takes a step back. Looks at the woman.

MARA

Hi Kevin.

Recognizes her: MARA. Unsure, he steps forward.

MARA

It's really me.

Kevin steps back. Without looking away he opens the car door, ducks into

KEVIN'S CAR

Inside he waits. Mara walks around the car. He hesitates, then unlocks the door.

Mara gets in. Sits. Silence.

He looks straight ahead. Grips the steering wheel.

Kevin shuts his eyes. Breathes deep.

Opens his eyes. Looks at her.

MARA

Are you going to say something?

In one quick motion Kevin grabs the hat and wig and rips it off her head.

KEVIN

There she is.

MARA

Give it back.

He stares her down.

MARA

Kevin! My wig.

KEVIN

Says the dead woman sitting in my front seat.

MARA

Clearly, I'm not dead.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out the death certificate. Slams it down on the dashboard.

KEVIN

Your death certificate. I needed it to claim your life insurance policy, which I was able to do because you are fucking dead!

He nervously drums the steering wheel. Stops.

KEVIN

Wow. Wow, Mara, Jesus! You killed someone. Lizzie. You killed her.

MARA

Very good, Kevin. You figured that out all by yourself.

Someone gets into the car next to Kevin's. Mara turns away. The car pulls out.

MARA

My wig.

KEVIN

This wig?

MARA

Give it to me.

He holds it in his left hand. Challenges her to get it.

Mara punches Kevin in the jaw and jumps on top of him.

She leans into him. Nose to nose.

MARA

Yes. I'm a killer and everyone thinks I'm dead. So clearly I've got nothing to lose.

KEVIN

Who are you?

She slaps him across the face.

MARA

I'm "Don't Fuck With Me". That's who I am. And you would be smart to remember that.

She grabs her wig and puts it on. Returns to her seat.

MARA

Let's get to it, sweetie. The insurance money. I want it.

KEVIN

I can't accept that money, now. You're alive.

MARA

No, you have the death certificate. And my ashes.

She forcefully grabs his hair.

MARA

Pay attention. I can get away with anything. Get me that money or the people closest to you will die. Your father. Jack. Fat Tony.

She lets go of him.

KEVIN

You're fucking sick.

MARA

When they're all dead the police
will get an anonymous call,
connecting you to their murders,
telling them where you hid the gun.

She puts on her hat.

MARA

The same gun that you used to kill
me. You'll spend the rest of your
life in jail.

KEVIN

You're fucking twisted.

MARA

No. I'm a girl with a plan. So
what's it gonna be?

Resigned. Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I get the check in a few weeks.
You'll get the money.

MARA

Smart choice. Did you have fun with
Tony last night?

She opens the door.

MARA

If you call the police, I'll know.
I know everything you do.

She gets out. Shuts the door. Walks away.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

MARA

You'll be home Sunday night?
I'll be waiting.

She leans down and kisses him on the lips.

MARA

Bye Kevin.

END

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Kevin sits on the couch. It begins to rain. Then pour. He remains on the couch, staring at his house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Dripping wet. Kevin strips.

He takes the death certificate, puts it on the counter to dry. He finds the broken piece from the gnome in his pocket. Places it on the counter.

Leaves.

Returns with the gnome.

He turns the Gnome on its side. He hears a clink. Kevin gives the Gnome a shake. Rattling sound. He examines it, sees it has been cut in half and not glued together perfectly.

Kevin picks up a hammer and screwdriver. Gently taps on the gnome, pries it open.

Something inside. His eyes grow wide.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Kevin has glued the Gnome back together.

He returns it to its place in the yard.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Kevin purchases a replacement Gnome.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin carefully saws the new Gnome in half.

Puts something inside.

Glues it together.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Kevin looks around. Replaces the old Gnome with a new Gnome.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Howard, alone at his desk. His door swings open. He looks up.

Mara enters, wearing the wig, the hat, and black gloves.

HOWARD

You shouldn't be here.

She leans over and kisses him.

MARA

I get so lonely in that house.
Don't you get lonely?

She runs her fingers on his thighs.

MARA

Thanks for handling the cops. By
now they've found out about the
seventy thousand I deposited in
Lizzie's account.

HOWARD

You withdrew it, right?

MARA

The day she killed me. I bought the
airline tickets. We leave three
weeks from today.

She gets on her knees, between his legs.

MARA

I really miss you.

Mara rubs his crotch and slowly unbuckles his pants.

Howard, aroused, puts his head back.

MARA

Feel good?

HOWARD

You have know idea. So good.

He closes his eyes.

As she goes down on him, Mara pulls a gun from her jacket,
sticks it under his chin.

He opens his eyes.

She pulls the trigger.

Howard is dead.

She puts the gun in his hand. She zips up his pants.

Mara opens his e-mail. Types: Dear Dottie. I have been so

She looks at him. Types: weak.

She looks at a photograph of Howard and his wife and three kids. She picks it up and puts it on his lap.

Continues typing.

I/E. MARA'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked across the street from Patty's house, Mara waits.

Kevin emerges with Patty and Eric. She hugs him.

Kevin gets in his car, pulls away. Mara follows.

At a red light she pulls up next to him. Beeps her horn. He looks over. She motions for him to follow.

The light changes, Mara drives.

She pulls into an empty vacant lot. Stops her car. Gets out.

Kevin gets out of his car.

MARA
How was Patty?

KEVIN
Sad that her sister is dead.

MARA
I need you to bring me my clothes.

KEVIN
I donated them to the Salvation
Army.

She rolls her eyes.

KEVIN
I thought you were dead.

He points at her car.

KEVIN
Steal it?

MARA

Company car from my old job.
Howard's not going to miss it.

KEVIN

Someone could see you. You should
be more careful.

MARA

Nobody notices anything in this
town. Besides, they're not looking
for me. They're looking for Lizzie.

KEVIN

Yeah, she killed you and took all
that money.

MARA

Speaking of which?

KEVIN

The money. The money. The money.

He circles her.

KEVIN

The cops told me about your stash,
those sales I never knew about.

He shakes his head and continues to circle her.

KEVIN

So why do you need insurance money?

MARA

Seventy thousand? To start a new
life? In a new country? It takes a
little more than that.

KEVIN

New country. A place with fresh
fish, beaches, coconuts, flamingos?

He continues to circle her.

MARA

Can you please stand still?

He stops in front of her. Looks up at the sky.

KEVIN

So many stars. If you were in
another galaxy you could never see
us. We're so, small.

Kevin begins to circle Mara again.

KEVIN

Our planet, I mean. From out there
you could barely see our sun. And
here we are, living on this rock.

MARA

What are you --?

KEVIN

Floating in the sky.

He stops in front of her.

KEVIN

We get so consumed by the events of
our lives, these big moments, life
altering moments.

He looks back up at the stars.

KEVIN

Trivial. Slivers of time within the
sliver of time that we're alive.
And just like that. We'll be dead.
Gone. Forgotten.

MARA

Stop with the crazy Kevin fairy
dust shit. When do I get my money?

He looks at her.

KEVIN

It makes sense. Why you're doing
this, why you killed Lizzie, why
you threatened to kill my father.

MARA

I hate it when you get like this.

KEVIN

This is who I am. The weight of our
marriage vows changed me, but he's
bubbling up, the real me.

MARA

Jesus!

KEVIN

Honestly, I'm grateful. Your death,
your fake death, has been good for
both of us.

He steps close to her.

KEVIN
I don't care that you killed
Lizzie. In fact, I understand.

MARA
Thanks so much. I really needed
your approval.

KEVIN
Doubtful. But, I'll help you.

He smiles.

KEVIN
You are a girl with a plan. You
need the money to escape after you
kill your father.

He walks around her again.

KEVIN
Patty told me. What happened. Your
father. What he did. Fucking awful.
I'm so sorry, Mara, I really am.

MARA
You don't talk about that.

KEVIN
To pull it off, you're father's
murder, to really pull it off, you
had to be dead.

He stops circling her.

KEVIN
I'm on your side. You do want to
kill your father, right?

She hesitates. Nods.

KEVIN
Good. Fucker destroyed your
childhood. You deserve justice.

MARA
I'm going to kill him and
disappear. I don't ever want to be
reminded of this life again.

KEVIN

I want you to have the money. To start fresh.

MARA

Thank you, Kevin.

She grabs him and holds him tight.

MARA

You've always been such a kind person. I didn't deserve you.

He holds her. Smiles.

MARA

When you have the money, I want you to bring it to me here. Okay?

KEVIN

I don't think that's a smart idea.

He gently pushes her away.

KEVIN

In a vacant lot in the middle of the night with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? It's not safe for either of us.

MARA

Where then?

KEVIN

Our home.

MARA

No fucking way.

KEVIN

That's the safest place.

He touches her shoulder gently.

KEVIN

Don't worry, no one around here notices anything and besides, they're looking for Lizzie.

He opens his car door.

KEVIN

I'll always love you, Mara. You'll get the money. And your revenge.

MARA
How will I know when you have it?

KEVIN
I'll bring the gnome inside. That
night you show up at midnight.

MARA
The gnome. Good idea.

KEVIN
And I want the gun. No gun, no
money. Agreed?

MARA
Sure.

KEVIN
Interesting.

MARA
What?

KEVIN
That you knew I was at Patty's.

He drives away.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Music blasting. Painted on the wall are visions and creatures
from a childhood nightmare.

In the corner of the room: bearded, shirtless, Kevin, a joint
hanging from his lips, stands on a ladder.

He paints, in red: KILLER MARA.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE

Rooney and Yagelski at their desks. Sergeant Page enters,
carrying a folder. The detectives look up.

SERGEANT PAGE
DNA results are back. We have a
problem.

He drops the folder in front of Rooney.

INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY

Kevin dives into the water. Swims beneath the surface for the length of the pool. Reaches the wall. Emerges. Gasps for air.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Homeless Man squats in front of him.

HOMELESS MAN
So what's it gonna be?

END

Kevin pushes off from the wall, glides through the water.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin knocks on his neighbor's door. The door opens.

NEIGHBOR
You got your suit back on.

KEVIN
My phone, my cell phone, it's not working. Do you have a landline?

NEIGHBOR
A what?

KEVIN
A phone. A landline phone?

NEIGHBOR
I got a house phone. Come on in.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

Todd hands Kevin a check.

INT. BANK - DAY

Kevin watches as stacks of one-hundred dollar bills are put into a briefcase.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin with Jack and James looking at the painted wall.

Jack looks at Kevin.

JACK
I missed you.

KEVIN
I met a homeless man in New York.
He talked to me about his demons.
And this is that.

James looks at the wall, going from image to image.

JAMES
Demons, huh? After your mother died
I couldn't get out of bed without a
long drink of vodka. That was my
demon. But you...

He looks at his son.

JAMES
You can do. Do whatever you want.
But whatever it is...

Kevin looks up.

JAMES
...do it like a motherfucker.

JACK
Amen to that.

KEVIN
I applied to some film schools,
with Jack's help.

JAMES
About time.

James looks at the corner of the wall.

JAMES
What's that? Killer Mara?

KEVIN
One of my demons.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kevin, Jack, and James sit at a table.

JACK
Tosk, she's not gonna stop with the
life insurance policy.

JAMES

And you're breaking the law, taking that money when she's alive.

KEVIN

I know, I get it.

JAMES

You have to go to the police.

KEVIN

It ends tonight.

JAMES

What ends?

Kevin looks at his father, then at Jack.

KEVIN

I have a plan, and if it works, Mara will be gone, forever.

JAMES

Forever?

JACK

You're not going to kill her?

KEVIN

Legally, she's already dead.

I/E. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The gnome has been removed. A car pulls in the driveway. The sound of heels on the pavement.

Mara pushes the door open. Lights out in the living room. She follows the light to the kitchen.

On the counter: a bottle of champagne, two glasses, the Gnome.

Kevin leans on the counter.

KEVIN

She returns, to the scene of the crime.

MARA

Where's the money?

KEVIN

First, your jacket.

MARA
My jacket?

KEVIN
Take it off. Please.

MARA
Why?

KEVIN
Because you want two hundred and
fifty thousand dollars.

She removes her jacket. He takes it from her.

KEVIN
Now, turn around.

She hesitates. He makes a circular motion with his hand.

She turns around. He looks at her closely.

KEVIN
Where's the gun?

MARA
Where's the money?

He pours the champagne.

KEVIN
A toast. To your plan.

He drinks.

KEVIN
It worked out well for you. Soon
your father will be dead and you'll
be on a plane to paradise.

MARA
Cut the chit-chat. My money?

KEVIN
You thought of everything. Even
staging your own death.

He slides a glass to Mara.

Reluctantly she picks up her glass and drinks.

MARA
Well, that wasn't part of the plan,
at least not at first.

KEVIN

Then you met your doppelganger.

MARA

She was a good girl. Too bad she had to die. When I got my haircut, we were twins.

KEVIN

How did you get her to stand still?

MARA

What?

KEVIN

Lizzie, you shot her in the face. There was blood everywhere. Obviously she was standing up.

Mara smiles.

MARA

Easy peazy. I told her to close her eyes, I had a surprise for her.

KEVIN

Was she surprised?

MARA

No doubt.

KEVIN

But then you kept shooting her.

MARA

I wanted identification to be impossible.

KEVIN

Ah!

MARA

Then I put my bracelet and wedding ring on her.

KEVIN

Nice touch.

MARA

So?

Enjoying the suspense, Kevin takes another drink.

MARA
The money?

KEVIN
The gun?

MARA
Not without the money.

He points to the floor.

KEVIN
Sit. On the floor.

MARA
Why?

KEVIN
I have trust issues.

Annoyed, Mara sits.

He bends down, opens a cabinet, removes the briefcase. Opens it. It's filled with stacks of one-hundred dollars bills.

Shows it to Mara, then tosses one of the stacks to her.

KEVIN
Each stack has one hundred one-hundred-dollar-bills. There are twenty five stacks.

He closes the briefcase.

KEVIN
Now. The gun.

Satisfied, Mara nods. She points to the gnome.

MARA
It's in there.

He looks at the gnome.

KEVIN
This whole time? The gun you used.

He picks up the gnome. Shakes it. A rattling sound.

MARA
Break it open.

He smashes it on the floor. A plastic bag with an object wrapped in cloth slides toward Mara. She grabs it, reaches into the bag, rolls of quarters fall out.

KEVIN

Is this what you're looking for?

Mara looks up. Sees

Kevin, pointing the gun at her.

She starts to get up.

KEVIN

Sit the fuck down!

She stops.

KEVIN

I had a conundrum. Want to know what it was?

MARA

Please don't point that at me.

KEVIN

I could go to the police. But then I have to give back the money. That's the conundrum.

Mara shakes her head.

MARA

Kevin, you're not a killer.

KEVIN

I would have said the same about you. And Lizzie, she definitely didn't think you were a killer.

MARA

You said you were on my side.

KEVIN

I lied.

MARA

Kevin, I need to finish this. Give me the money and I walk away.

KEVIN

But if I kill you, I keep the money. And let's face it, everyone already thinks you're dead.

He points the gun at her.

KEVIN

I have your death certificate. And your ashes.

MARA

Kevin, no baby, I'll leave. Keep the money, Kevin, please!

KEVIN

You threatened to kill my father. Tony. Jack. Why would I ever trust you?

MARA

No, I would never!

KEVIN

Sure you would. You killed Lizzie.

MARA

I had to kill her. I thought you understood. Killing her was the only way. I promise, I'll leave. Just, Kevin, please!

He points the gun at her face.

KEVIN

I see you now.

She puts her face in her hands.

He pulls the trigger. Click.

KEVIN

Good-bye, Mara.

She looks up. Unsure of what happened.

Rooney and Yagelski enter the kitchen followed by two officers. Yagelski grabs Mara.

ROONEY

Mara Toska, you're under arrest for the murder of Lizzie Jones.

MARA

What? No!

They lift her up.

MARA

No! Kevin! You fucking asshole!

Rooney handcuffs Mara. Hands her to the officers.

She fights as the officers drag her out.

MARA

Let me go! Kevin! Kevin!

Kevin hands the gun to Rooney.

YAGELSKI

You were fucking amazing.

Kevin forces a smile.

ROONEY

That was sweet. Whole thing's on tape.

YAGELSKI

She's toast. A beautiful thing. A beautiful fucking thing.

Yagelski pats Kevin on the shoulder.

The detectives leave.

Alone, Kevin pours himself a glass of champagne. Drinks.

Goes to the spot in the floor where Lizzie died. Squats down. Puts his finger in one of the holes.

INT. BANK, KEVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin carefully places his possessions into a box.

Removes his sketch from the wall. Looks at Tony, who is seated in Kevin's chair.

KEVIN

I want you to have this.

Hands the sketch to Tony.

TONY

Dude, you can't leave. What am I going to do without you here?

KEVIN

Do whatever you want.

He puts his hand on his Tony's shoulder.

KEVIN

And, some advice, never do anything
you don't want to do.

He picks up his box.

KEVIN

Walk me out?

Kevin leaves his office. Reluctantly, Tony follows.

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Kevin looks at the house across the street. Smiles to himself.

Walks through his house. Down the stairs. Into the

LIVING ROOM

James stands in the middle of the empty, clean room. All of the walls covered in Kevin's paintings.

JAMES

Damn shame, new owners will
probably paint over all of this.

KEVIN

It will still be there. All of it.
Energy can't be destroyed.

James smiles.

KEVIN

I'll be home for the trial.

JAMES

Between now and then, if you get
lonely, give me a call.

Kevin hugs his father.

JAMES

This journey we're on, huh?

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Kevin backs out of the driveway.

The original gnome sits next to him in the passenger seat, seatbelt on.

He looks at the house, the couch still in the front yard.

I/E THE D SUBWAY TRAIN, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Kevin seated, writes in a notebook.

The train, on the Manhattan Bridge, stops.

He looks up. Studies the rooftops.

He sees it.

On top of one building a silhouette of a blue man with wings and bright red eyes.

KEVIN'S BRAIN

Kevin's painting slowly comes to life.

Blinks its red eyes.

Pushes away from the wall, elegantly flaps its wings.

Slowly, the blue man with the red eyes lifts off.

He gracefully floats over the tops of buildings. Glides over the East River and slowly rises up toward the sky.

FADE OUT