

FAMILY BLOOD

aka "BLIND TRUST"

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"BLIND TRUST"

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- EVENING

A typical house in a pleasant suburban neighborhood.
Spielberg country.

A title is SUPERED: 17 YEARS AGO.

INT. BENOIT HOME -- EVENING

Whack!

A pick ax slams into a sofa, barely missing MELINDA BENOIT.
Sixteen, pretty, and athletic, Melinda scrambles over the
sofa, escapes the swinging pick ax. She runs to...

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

Slams the door closed, no lock, wedges her body against it.
Scared to death.

INT. BENOIT HOME -- EVENING

The KILLER climbs over the sofa in pursuit.
We can't see the Killer's face, only the garden gloved hands
holding the pick ax and an occasional flash of long hair.

The Killer SLAMS his body against the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

Melinda scoots as the door is forced a few inches open.
She presses back on the door, closing it.

WHAM! It's slammed open again.

Melinda tries pressing it closed, but the Killer's gloved
hand reaches in and grabs her. Yanks on her hair. Melinda
screams and slams the door closed on the Killer's hand.

INT. BENOIT HOME -- EVENING

The Killer withdraws his hand, raises the pick ax.

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

The door SPLINTERS over Melinda. She screams, scrambles away.

Spots the telephone on the night stand, crawls to it as the
pick ax splinters away at the door.

In the bed, her parents MR. & MRS. BENOIT lay dead.

Melinda grabs the (rotary) phone, starts dialing 911.

The door rips open, the Killer enters, pick ax swinging.

Melinda lets go of the phone, hides under the bed.

The Killer hits the hang up bar on the phone, returns handset to cradle, reaches under the bed for Melinda.

Melinda crawls away from the searching hand.

She crawls to the left side of the bed, the gloved hand reaches in from the left.

She crawls to the right side of the bed, the hand reaches from the right.

In the center of the bed, out of reach of the sides. Safe.

Until the gloved hands grab her ankles and YANK her out from under the bed. Melinda screams as the pick ax falls.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- EVENING

A siren screams as a Santa Mira sheriff's car pulls up.

INT. BENOIT HOME -- EVENING

A pair of SHERIFFS cautiously enter the house, guns drawn. Used to breaking up domestic disputes and making sure drunks don't drive home, they aren't prepared for all of the blood.

Sitting on the floor, singing a childish lullaby, is YOUNG ROGER Grandfort. Fifteen years old, long hair, baby faced. Clothes blood stained, the pick ax lays on the floor nearby.

YOUNG ROGER

(sings lullaby)

Hush little dreamer, off to sleep. No
reason to fear the shadow's creep.
Drift little sleeper, off to dreams.
Slumber through the midnight screams...

SHERIFF #1 keeps his gun on Young Roger as SHERIFF #2 looks into the bedroom... almost gets sick.

SHERIFF #2 (O.S.)

Roger? Roger? What have you done?

Young Roger keeps singing the lullaby as Sheriff #1 and Sheriff #2 cuff him, and lead him away from the carnage.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Elegant, secluded. The Grandfort family built Santa Mira, and lives in the single story palace on the outskirts. Surrounded by orchards.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Small town Attorney DON LARRUE paces across from wealthy widow MRS. GRANDFORT, who relaxes on a divan.

MRS. GRANDFORT
But Roger says he's innocent.

Attractive, early forties, she's used to getting her way.
Unhappy at this situation.

LARRUE
Ruth, he was at the house...

MRS. GRANDFORT
He went to see that daughter of
theirs, found them all dead.

LARRUE
He had the victim's blood on his
clothes...

A servant, CASSY, enters with a tray of iced tea and glasses.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Thank you, Cassy. You may leave.

She pours a glass from the pitcher.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Iced tea?

LARRUE
No.
(beat)
Roger has been in trouble before.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Drugs, drink, brawling. Youthful
indiscretions. Nothing like this.
Why would he want to kill that girl?

LARRUE
She was two months pregnant. His
child, he admits it. Maybe she
refused to get an abortion. Wanted
him to marry her. I don't know, and
Roger isn't talking.

MRS. GRANDFORT
He said he's innocent.

LARRUE
Melinda put up a hell of a fight.
Scratched the killer. Had his blood
under her fingernails. Roger's blood.

MRS. GRANDFORT
How can you know that?

LARRUE
The Benoit family are Type A, Roger
is O negative.

Mrs. Grandfort sets her iced tea down. Worried.

LARRUE
The blood evidence ties him to the
crime. So does the murder weapon.
It was the pick ax from your shed.
(beat)
He brought the weapon with him.
That's premeditation.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Do you think he did this?

LARRUE
(reluctant)
Yes.

MRS. GRANDFORT
My God.
(beat)
What should I do?

LARRUE
The DA's going to try him as an adult,
maybe even go for the death penalty.
(beat)
I'm good for contracts and wills,
but Roger's going to need a big gun
lawyer for this. Someone like F.
Lee Bialy or Mark Garegos.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I don't know.

LARRUE
You can afford it. He's your son.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Is he? How could my son do something
like this? My own flesh and blood.

Larrue touches her shoulder, then leaves.

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Flashbulbs pop nearby.

A TV news REPORTER in front of the courthouse.
Commotion in the back ground.

REPORTER

After deliberating for less than an hour, the jury has found fifteen year old Roger Grandfort guilty of three counts of first degree murder.

Courtroom sketch of Young Roger.

REPORTER

Even though these were the most brutal killings in the history of Santa Mira, in fact, in the history of Kern County, Judge Hitchcock's sentence of life in prison without the possibility of parole showed great leniency.

Courtroom sketch of the judge.

REPORTER

This young man will...
(commotion)
They're bringing him out of the courtroom, now.

Young Roger in shackles. Microphone thrust in his face.

REPORTER

Roger, do you have any...

YOUNG ROGER

I didn't kill those people. Tell my mother I'm innocent. Mother?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort turns off the news report.
Pain changes to determination. Resolve.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I don't have a son anymore.

She packs the last photos of Young Roger into a box, gestures for Cassy to take the stack of boxes.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Cassy, put these things in storage.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Cassy carries the boxes out of the house, past the fountain, across the grounds, to the barn.

EXT. BARN -- DAY

Cassy opens the storm cellar doors, climbs down.

INT. STORM CELLAR -- DAY

Cassy climbs down the stairs to the dark, spooky, cellar.
Places the boxes in a storage area of the cellar.

Climbs the stairs back to the surface.
Every trace of Mrs. Grandfort's son Roger in storage.

Forever.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOLEDAD PRISON -- DAY

Establishing shot of the prison.

Title is supered: PRESENT DAY

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

"Grandfort" is stenciled on the back of the denim shirt.
When a shadow falls over him, he looks up.

GUARD (O.S.)
Grandfort, Roger.

ROGER is no longer a baby faced fifteen year old. His hair
is short, face lean, eyes cold. He's a different person.

ROGER
What do you want?

GUARD (O.S.)
Warden wants to see you.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

State flag and American flag hang limp behind WARDEN AHERNE.
A picture of the President on the wall.

Roger sits across the desk from him, in shackles.

ROGER
This about my DNA test?

WARDEN
Grandfort, you know what I did before
I became a warden?

ROGER
Runway model?

WARDEN
I used to own a little motel in Fairvale.
(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)

On the old highway. Quiet little place.
Peaceful. That's the way I like it.

ROGER

Is there a point?

WARDEN

I hate to see my guests leave so
soon after arriving. You've only
been in this facility...

ROGER

One year, seven months, fifteen days.

WARDEN

Right.

ROGER

But I had fifteen plus up in Q. That's
a lot of time for an innocent man.

WARDEN

What makes you think you're innocent?

ROGER

Did the tests come back or not?

WARDEN

Except for your attitude, Grandfort,
you've been a fairly peaceful guest.

ROGER

Do I have a choice?

The Warden flips through Roger's file.

WARDEN

Your jacket makes you sound like a
model prisoner. Never mentions that
smart mouth of yours.

(beat)

How come you were such a saint up at
San Quentin and such a hardass here?

ROGER

My inner child has been acting up.

The Warden controls his anger. Barely. Studies Grandfort.

WARDEN

When they shipped you here, your prison
bus had a little mishap. Some of the
men tried to escape. But three of you
stayed with the bus.

Roger gives the simple answer - a lie.

ROGER

We were hurt.

WARDEN

A lot of guys were hurt. Drayton ran almost forty miles with a busted leg.

ROGER

He's a show off.

WARDEN

Now, I can understand Vilette and Murphy staying with the bus, they're short timers, but you're here for life. Why didn't you run when you had the chance?

ROGER

I'm an innocent man, Warden.

WARDEN

Didn't you want to escape? Find the real killer? Bring him to justice?

ROGER

Bullshit. If I'd have run, the minute you guys caught me I'd be back in slam for life, real killer or not.

(beat)

Only way I can prove I'm innocent is to prove that blood evidence is wrong.

WARDEN

Evidence is evidence.

ROGER

Seventeen years ago the best they could do was match blood types. I was convicted because I had the same type blood as the killer... so did a few hundred other people in town.

WARDEN

None of them knocked that girl up.

ROGER

Now they can compare the DNA. Narrow down those few hundred people with the killer's blood type to the one guy who did it. Almost a hundred percent accuracy. A God damned miracle of modern science.

WARDEN

You demanded a DNA test at the State's expense. We gave you one.

ROGER
So? Did I kill all those people?

WARDEN
(studies him)
No match.

ROGER
(smiles)
Said I was innocent. No one believed me. My own mother disowned me. Didn't want the scandal of having a hard timer for a son. Pretty cold hearted.

WARDEN
She's your mother. The only family you've got. Remember that.

ROGER
Right. They going to try me again, or let me walk?

The Warden pulls some forms from the file.

WARDEN
Your release papers. I wanted to keep you. Drill a little respect into you. Make you lose that attitude.

ROGER
When can I leave?

WARDEN
Tomorrow morning. The state's providing you with a suit of clothes and five hundred dollars. But first you have to sign this.

Shoves a form across to Roger.

ROGER
What is it?

WARDEN
Waver, absolving the State of any civil and criminal false imprisonment charges.

ROGER
You take seventeen years of my life, treat me like a dog, and you want me to just forgive you? Pretend it didn't happen?

WARDEN
Your family's rich.
(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)

You don't need the money. I can't
let you leave until you've signed
the paper.

Roger thinks about it for a moment, then grabs a pen.

ROGER

Now get me the hell out of here.
(soft)
I want to go home. See my mom.

The signed form goes back in the file.

THE FILE

Has a label: Roger Grandfort, prisoner ID # 7559292.

The label looks fairly new, even though the file has seventeen
years of wear and tear on it.

INT. JAIL CELL -- NIGHT

Roger lays in bed smoking. Smiling. Then laughs.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOLEDAD PRISON -- MORNING

Establishing shot of the prison.

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

Roger is dressed in a cheap suit, clunky leather shoes.

A small carry bag contains all of his belongings.

GUARD (O.S.)

You ready to go, Grandfort?

ROGER

I've been ready for the past 17 years.

Roger grabs his bag, the cell door CLANKS open.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS -- DAY

The bus doors clank open, and Roger steps off the bus with
his carry bag. The bus roars away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Roger walks along the street. Takes off the prison-bought
neck tie, throws the suit jacket over his shoulder.

Walks past the Benoit house, gives it a glance.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Takes him home, to the place, he belongs.
Roger sticks out his thumb as a car whizzes past.
It doesn't stop.

Roger sits on a roadside guard rail, takes off his shoes.
His feet are blistered.

Hears a car, moves to his feet and sticks out his thumb.

A SHERIFF'S CAR whizzes towards him.
Roger lowers his thumb.

The Sheriff's car slows as it passes him.

INT. SHERIFFS CAR -- DAY

WALT KELLER is a small town Sheriff with small town values.
Santa Mira is his town. He exudes a paternal protectiveness.

KELLER

Trouble.

Keller frowns at the hitch-hiker, then zooms off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Roger waits until the Sheriff's car is long gone before
putting his shoes on and continuing down the road.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Roger stops walking when he sees the house.

Big, beautiful, amazing. Home has never looked so good.

ROGER

Wow.

For a minute, Roger just takes it in.
Then grabs his bag and walks up the drive to the front door.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

The front door is opened by private care nurse ANNE LOGAN.
Quiet, shy, with a girl next door beauty. No nurse uniform,
Anne dresses in comfortable clothes.

ANNE

Yes?

ROGER

Where's Cassy?

ANNE

Retired. You must be Roger.

He nods. Wonders if he's supposed to know who she is.

ANNE

Come in.

Roger enters the Hacienda.

INT. ENTRY HALL -- DAY

Anne leads Roger through the house.

ANNE

Must be nice to be home again...

Roger stops.

ROGER

Wait a minute. Who the hell are you?

ANNE

(moment to recover)

I'm sorry.

(shakes his hand)

Anne Logan, Mrs. Grandfort's nurse.

Roger hasn't touched a woman in over seventeen years. Pulls his hand away in fear. Confusion. Lust.

Anne continues down the hall.

ANNE

You do know she's lost her sight.

ROGER

They told me. Completely blind?

Anne nods, keeps moving.

Roger tries to keep up, isn't sure where she's leading him.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort sits in a thrown-like chair near the fireplace. Though seventeen years have passed, she's still a stylish, attractive woman. She wears dark glasses, cane at her side.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger? Is that you?

ROGER

Yes, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Come here.

Roger crosses to her side. Looking at her dark glasses.
Can she see anything at all?

She finds Roger's arm, pulls him down to her.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Let me touch you.

She runs her hands over Roger's face, "seeing" him.
Joy turns to confusion.

MRS. GRANDFORT
You're different.

ROGER
Prison changes a man.

Roger pulls away from her.

MRS. GRANDFORT
You sound different, too.

ROGER
I'm not a boy anymore.
(emotional)
My childhood ended long ago.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Are you alright?

Roger's temper flares. He is as volatile as nitroglycerin,
shake him too much and he's liable to explode.

ROGER
They took seventeen years of my life.
Put me in a cage, like some dog.
Fed me slop on tin trays. Told me
when to talk, where to walk. Took
everything away from me. Everything.

Anne tries blending into the wall, afraid.
Like a whipped puppy.

ROGER
I said I didn't kill those people.
But no one believed me. Not even my
own mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I always knew you were innocent.

ROGER
But you didn't do anything about it.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Roger...

Mrs. Grandfort reaches for Roger, but he shrugs her off.

Roger pops a cigarette in his mouth, lights it with an engraved lighter: "To Roger. Love, mother." Puffs.

MRS. GRANDFORT
You know I don't allow smoking in
the house. Why don't you take that
outside?

ROGER
Throwing me out already?

MRS. GRANDFORT
No, Roger...

ROGER
I've only been home twenty minutes...

He snubs out the cigarette on some priceless nick-nack.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Maybe you should go to your room,
freshen up.

ROGER
I've been in my room for more than
seventeen years.

MRS. GRANDFORT
You remember where it is?

ROGER
Of course.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I can have Anne show you the way...

ROGER
I'll find it.

Roger softens, moves to Mrs. Grandfort, kneeling beside her.

ROGER
Mother, they took everything. You
know I wouldn't be here if I didn't
need your help. All I've got is this
cheap state suit, and a couple of
hundred dollars. They didn't even
give me a wallet. I've got no job, no
car, no future. You're all I have.

She strokes his head... like a dog.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I'm sorry, son. So sorry.

A tender moment before Roger pulls away.

ROGER
I guess I'll get settled, freshen
up, before dinner.

Roger grabs his bag, starts towards the hall.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Roger?

He stops.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I... I cleaned out your room. Put
all of your things in storage.

Anger creeps into Roger's expression.

ROGER
Like I wasn't coming home?

MRS. GRANDFORT
You weren't.

Anger dissipates.

ROGER
Guess that's fair.

Anne moves to clean up the cigarette mess on the nick-nack.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Roger tries a couple of doors before he finds the right one.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- DAY

An impersonal guest room. Looks like Motel 6.

Roger drops his bag on the bed, looks around.

ROGER
Home sweet home.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- EVENING

Sun sets behind the house.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- EVENING

Roger lays in bed smoking. Smiling. Then he laughs.

INT. HALLWAY -- EVENING

Anne listens at his door.
Why is he laughing? She moves her ear closer to the door.

Wham!

The door opens and Roger grabs her wrist, yanking her inside.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- EVENING

Roger throws Anne against the wall, slams his door closed.

Anne tries to scramble away.

Roger grabs her, pins her against the wall.

ROGER

I don't like people spying on me.

She struggles to get away, but Roger overpowers her. Keeps her pinned against the wall. Fear in her eyes.

ROGER

Privacy is important to me,
understand? Understand!?

ANNE

Yes.

ROGER

I don't like maids snooping around.

ANNE

I'm a nurse.

ROGER

Really? Where's your uniform.

Roger examines her clothes, roughly coping a feel.

ANNE

Not that kind of nurse. Live in.
Residential. Like a paid companion.

ROGER

I could use a little companionship.

Nuzzles her neck, freaking her.

ROGER

Know how long it's been since I've
slept with a woman? Since I've
touched a woman?

(cops a feel)

Smelled a woman?

(sniffs her)

Kissed a woman? Licked a woman?

He licks her face. Gross.

Anne knees him in the groin, ducks under his arm, escapes. But grabs his arm and twists it behind his back, slamming his face against the wall a couple of times.

ANNE

Your mother wanted me to tell you
dinner was ready.

She lets go of Roger, and he starts laughing.

ROGER

I like a girl with spunk. You and
me are gonna get along just fine.

ANNE

In your dreams.

ROGER

I'm sure they'll be wet ones.

Anne exits as Roger laughs.

INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Elegantly set table. Fine china. Silver service. Anne in
charge of serving, even though this is her meal break.

Mrs. Grandfort and Anne eat gracefully.

Roger shovels food into his mouth with one hand, the other
arm guarding his plate. As if he's in the prison mess.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Did you have any job training when
you were...

ROGER

Inside?

(Mrs. Grandfort nods)

I know how to stamp license plates,
work an industrial laundry, and I
picked up some tips on armed robbery.
Guy named Ryan had these ten rules.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Have you given any thought to your
future? Employment?

ROGER

(mouth full of food)

I've been living in a cage, I need
some time to stretch my legs.

Mrs. Grandfort stops eating, turns to him.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Have you lost your manners?

ROGER

Sorry. Not used to civilization.

Roger watches the way his mother eats, tries to mimic it. Has trouble holding his fork in the continental position (tines down, not like a shovel).

MRS. GRANDFORT
Anne tells me...

ROGER
(glares at Anne)
What?

MRS. GRANDFORT
You already knew about my affliction.

ROGER
Cassy sent me a Christmas card every year. Kept me up to date.
(smiles)
Only mail I ever got, from the maid.

MRS. GRANDFORT
She retired last year.

Roger nods, goes back to shoveling his food. Chugs his glass of Bordeaux and signals for more. Anne pours the glass a quarter full.

ROGER
Fill it.

Anne fills his glass to the brim... he's an animal. Roger chugs it, gestures for more.

As Anne pours, Roger kicks back, smiles.

ROGER
I have any back allowance coming?
Could sure use some money for clothes and smokes.

MRS. GRANDFORT
If you'll write down your measurements I'll see that you get what you need.

ROGER
I'm not a kid anymore. I want to buy my own things, okay? I need money. Can't you get me a checking account, let me borrow your credit cards?

MRS. GRANDFORT
(hesitates)
I don't know if that's a good idea...

ROGER
You don't trust me.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 It's not that...
 (it is)

Roger's temper flares. Like a bomb about to explode.

ROGER
 You don't care about me, you don't
 care about anyone other than yourself!

Anne is as shocked as Mrs. Grandfort.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 Roger.

ROGER
 Sorry.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 This isn't easy for me. I can't
 just instantly start loving you again.
 Trusting you again.

ROGER
 I'm your SON... Your own flesh and
 blood. You gave birth to me.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 We've lived apart for over fifteen
 years. Both become set in our ways.
 (beat)
 We have to learn to compromise.

ROGER
 I still need some money. My own
 money.
 (back to eating)
 Most of my life, the state's been
 buying my clothes, my food,
 everything. I need to be independent.
 Start living my own life, making my
 own decisions.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 I'll call Don Larrue in the morning.
 Have him open a bank account for you.

ROGER
 Thank you.

Truce. Roger and his mother focus on eating.

Anne focuses on Roger. Hard to believe he's a Grandfort.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne is helping Mrs. Grandfort get ready for bed.

ANNE

Hard to believe he's your son.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Despite his behavior, he is my son,
and you will treat him with respect.

ANNE

Yes, ma'am. But... what if he's
dangerous? He's lived more of his
life as a convict than as a Grandfort.

MRS. GRANDFORT

In his heart he's a Grandfort. I
trust once he is settled in, he will
follow his heart, his nature...

Anne helps her to the bed, even though Mrs. Grandfort knows
where it is. Anne is there to serve her.

MRS. GRANDFORT

(snapping)

Watch it! Get me my pills.

Anne spends a second too long with Mrs. Grandfort.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Now, Anne!

Slaps Anne's arm. Taking out her anger and frustration.

Anne jumps to grab the pills. Scowling at Mrs. Grandfort.
Who doesn't see a thing.

Mrs. Grandfort takes her pills, adjusts herself in the bed.
On the stand near the bed: a buzzer button to signal Anne.

ANNE

Anything else, ma'am?

MRS. GRANDFORT

What did they do to him in there?

ANNE

I don't know, ma'am. Goodnight.

Anne flips off the lights and leaves.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne's personal touch is evident in the room, from family
photos to art lithos (anything with people's reflections).
Her medical kit is on top of the dresser.

Anne begins undressing for bed.
Gets ready to take off her bra when she sees...

A face outside her window.
Lit from below. Demonic.

Anne jumps, frightened.

EXT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger laughs and takes another puff on his cigarette.
Waves at her as she closes the curtains.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

The hacienda and orchards.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Roger wanders around the grounds, exploring.

ANNE (O.S.)
Help you find something?

Startling Roger. Contains his fear.

ROGER
Don't like people sneaking behind me.

ANNE
Sorry.

ROGER
In the yard, only reason someone'd
sneak behind you was to stick a shiv.
(explains)
A knife. Made 'em out of spoons
they'd steal from the mainline.
(explains)
Cafeteria.

ANNE
Like a whole different language.

ROGER
Whole different world. Nothing like
this at all. Weird being outside
for so long. Fresh air. Sky.

Roger looks around, walking as if he's lost.
Anne decides to keep an eye on him, follows.

ROGER
Where's the barn?

ANNE
You don't remember?

ROGER
It's been a long time.

ANNE

Forget?

ROGER

Look, I spent more time in Q than I did in that house. Everything about this place is kind of hazy.

ANNE

The barn's through there.

They walk to the barn.
Anne still suspicious.
Keeping her distance.

ROGER

Look, sorry about last night.
(picks up a rock)
Wasn't trying to spy on you.

Holds the rock like a weapon.

ANNE

Get a good look?

ROGER

Guess I'm an idiot - when I saw you were undressing I looked away.

ANNE

Why were you watching me?

ROGER

(throws the rock)
She didn't want me smoking inside.
Didn't know it was your window.

The rock hits the side of the barn. Anne realizes she's alone with a potentially violent ex-convict. Hides her fear.

ANNE

I should get back.

ROGER

Mother keeps you on a pretty short leash, doesn't she?

ANNE

That's none of your business.

ROGER

No reason for us to be on opposite sides of this thing, you know?

ANNE

Keep your hands off me, no more surprises, we'll get along.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

They get to the front of the house, where a Santa Mira Sheriff car is parked in the driveway... So is Sheriff Keller.

ROGER

Shit.

Keller blocks Roger from entering the house. Anne enters.

KELLER

Roger.

(shark smile)

Thought I'd stop by, see how you're doing. Adjusting to life outside.

ROGER

Do I know you?

KELLER

Sheriff Keller. Walt.

Holds out his hand to shake. Roger looks at the hand, doesn't take it. These two are natural enemies. Circling each other.

ROGER

Did my mother set this up?

KELLER

Hard to believe you're the same boy who killed those people.

ROGER

I'm not.

KELLER

Saw you arrested on TV. Still have the case file down at the station.

(beat)

A pick ax? Wasn't that messy?

ROGER

I didn't kill them. DNA evidence.

KELLER

That's right. I keep forgetting.

ROGER

Shouldn't you be out looking for the real killer? Leave me alone?

KELLER

(smiles)

I don't play golf.

ROGER

Is this some sort of shakedown?

KELLER

Just want to make sure you aren't having any problems re-adjusting.

ROGER

What kind of problems?

KELLER

Usual kind. Lot of you guys get out of the joint, nothing to do, fall right back into their old nasty habits.

ROGER

Start finding people with pick axes in them, you know where to find me.

Keller gets right in his face. Threatening.

KELLER

I thought you were an innocent man, wrongly accused?

Roger doesn't back down.

ROGER

Then there's nothing to worry about. Now how about getting out of my face?

KELLER

See? That's what I'm afraid of. That bad prison attitude. You may have gone in an innocent man, but you came out an ex-con.

ROGER

Take the boy out of prison but you can't take the prison out of the boy?

KELLER

Genetics versus environment. You may have been a rich kid for fifteen years, but you were a hard timer for seventeen. A useless piece of crap convict.

ROGER

Seventeen and a half.

KELLER

(nods)

Prison can turn a man into an animal.

ROGER

That'll happen when you put a man in a cage, treat him like a dog.

Keller unsnaps the flap over his gun, just in case he has to shoot Roger in his own drive way. A serious threat.

ROGER

Don't you have something to do?

KELLER

I don't think so.

ROGER

If I didn't kill those people, it means someone else did. The killer's still running loose somewhere.

KELLER

Funny how he went seventeen years without striking again, isn't it?

ROGER

Down-right hysterical.

Keller smiles like a shark, gets in Roger's face again.

KELLER

I don't know who was in charge back when you killed those people, but I'm in charge now. This is MY town. You get into even a hint of trouble, I'll have you back in slam before you know it. You understand me on this?

ROGER

I hear you.

Keller backs Roger up against the car, hand on his gun.

KELLER

Do you UNDERSTAND me?

ROGER

I understand you.

Keller takes a step back.

KELLER

Good.

Anna and Mrs. Grandfort step onto the porch.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger? Who are you talking to?

ROGER

Sheriff Keller.

Anne looks from Roger to Keller. Tension between them.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Walt? Is something wrong?

KELLER

No...

ROGER

He just stopped by to see how I was adjusting to my new environment.

MRS. GRANDFORT

That's kind of you, Walt.

KELLER

Was telling your son that some people have trouble --

ROGER

Just getting ready to leave, weren't you, Walt? Things to do.

Keller gives him a cold stare.

KELLER

Guess I was. Good day, Mrs. Grandfort.

Sheriff Keller gets in his car, leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Roger, Anne, and Mrs. Grandfort enter the house.

MRS. GRANDFORT

What did he want?

ROGER

He doesn't believe the DNA evidence. Thinks I killed those people.

Mrs. Grandfort nods, but doesn't comment.

EXT. SHERIFF STATION -- EVENING

Green and white building with a pay phone out front. Sign says: Santa Mira Sheriff Station.

Sheriff's car parked out front.

INT. SHERIFF STATION -- EVENING

Keller drops a box of old case files on his desk and starts sorting through them.

Finally finds the one labeled Roger Grandfort Murders. Inside are old newspaper stories, arrest forms, case notes from the previous sheriff. A ton of papers.

Keller pours himself a drink and starts reading. It will take him months to get through the whole box.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Roger enters with the tea service.

ROGER

I thought you'd like some tea, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Yes, Roger.

Roger fills Mrs. Grandfort's cup, smiles and pours for Anne.

ANNE

Aren't you having any?

ROGER

It's a beautiful day. I thought I'd take a walk around the estate.

Roger sets down the tea service and leaves. Anne thinks he's up to something, wants to follow...

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- MORNING

Roger explores the grounds, wandering over the trails.

EXT. ORCHARD -- DAY

Walks through the groves. Reaches up and plucks an orange from a tree, peels it and eats it.

ROGER

MY orange. MY orchard.

Spits out some seeds.

EXT. STREAM -- DAY

Roger crosses the wooden bridge, still eating the orange, and climbs the stairs to the...

EXT. GAZEBO -- DAY

Roger pokes around the gazebo.

Anne watches him from the trail. Wonders why he seems lost.

Roger feels someone watching him.
Turns around.

The trail... but Anne is gone.

ROGER

Hello?

Roger backtracks to the trail, turns to the left instead of going down the stairs.

EXT. QUARRY -- DAY

The trail leads to the edge of a cliff overlooking a quarry.
 Roger looks down.
 A fifty foot drop to the rocks.

ROGER

Pretty damned dangerous.

He picks up a stone and drops it... all the way down. A
 fall like that would kill someone.

Roger wanders back to the house.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

Roger enters the courtyard, rubs the head of a statue, passes
 the fountain, enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort lifts her head when Roger enters.
 Anne by her side.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger?

ROGER

Yes, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I called the bank this morning.
 Opened a checking account for you.

ROGER

Thanks.

MRS. GRANDFORT

You'll have to go down and fill out
 some paperwork...

ROGER

This mean I'm back in the family?
 No longer disowned? Disinherited?

MRS. GRANDFORT

Let's give it some time, Roger.
 Time to get to know each other again.
 Time for old wounds to heal.

Roger moves to his mother, embracing her, laying it on.
 Anne studies him - he doesn't sound sincere at all.

ROGER

Thank you, mother. It's good to be
 back in the family. Good to feel a
 mother's love again...

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger lays in bed, smoking a cigarette, remembering...

EXT. SAN QUENTIN -- DAY

Establishing.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL -- DAY

The back of the prisoner's shirt has "Grandfort" stenciled. GRANDFORT sits on a wooden bench, head touching his knees. We can't see his face.

Another PRISONER, "Vilette" stenciled on his shirt, enters frame and looks down at him.

PRISONER

Grandfort. Working for Jesus, now?

GRANDFORT

(doesn't raise head)

Just here to see the Padre.

PRISONER

Confession's good for parole, huh?

GRANDFORT

That's what they say.

Grandfort finally raises his head... it isn't Roger!

GRANDFORT

Hear they're bussing you to Soledad, too, Vilette.

PRISONER

Yeah. Medium security for my last year. What about you? Figure you're too old to be a threat?

GRANDFORT

We're about the same age.

We see the prisoner's face for the first time when he sits on the wooden bench across from Grandfort. It's "Roger".

ROGER

More or less.

With only a few feet between them, we see their similarities. About the same height, weight, hair and eye colors... But totally different faces.

GRANDFORT

Got plans when you get out, Vilette?

ROGER

The usual. Get a straight job, fuck up, knock over some liquor stores and hope I don't get caught this time.

GRANDFORT

No money outside?

ROGER

Cops found it. Pricks.

GRANDFORT

I've got twenty million waiting for me.

ROGER

Catch is: You're not getting out.

GRANDFORT

Right.

ROGER

But you've got a plan?

GRANDFORT

You're a smart guy, Vilette.

ROGER

I'm listening.

GRANDFORT

You're getting out and you're broke, I'm inside for life, and I'm rich. But what if we switch places?

ROGER

You get out, and I get rich... but I'm stuck inside for life.

(smiles)

Not much of a plan, Grandfort.

GRANDFORT

You know what convicted me?

ROGER

Jury of your peers?

GRANDFORT

Blood evidence. They found my blood at the crime scene. Under the victim's finger nails. On the murder weapon. My type - O negative.

ROGER

So?

GRANDFORT

They didn't find your blood there.

ROGER
 (smart ass)
 That's why I'm getting out and you're not.

GRANDFORT
 That's how we're BOTH getting out.
 (smiles)
 You become me, I become you. You ask
 for a DNA test. Everyone's doing it.
 When they compare your blood to the
 crime scene... no match. You walk.

ROGER
 And you just finish out the last
 nine months of my sentence?

GRANDFORT
 That's the plan. You live my life
 and I live yours. A swap.

Grandfort smiles.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- DAY

Roger has suits, shirts and ties laid out on his bed.

He mixes and matches, trying on one combination after another
 and admiring himself in the mirror. Settles on a combo.

ROGER
 It's perfect.

The new Jud Vilette: Roger Grandfort, wealthy gentleman.

INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Roger, looking dapper in a new suit and Rolex, dines with
 Mrs. Grandfort and Anne. As time has passed, he has learned
 how to fit in. How to hold his fork, sip his wine.

All are smiling.
 A happy family.
 Laughing together.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne is asleep when the buzzer on the wall sounds.
 She wakes up, rolls out of bed, throws on a robe.

ANNE
 (sotto)
 I'm coming. I'm coming.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort is in bed, still leaning on the buzzer, when Anne enters.

ANNE

Yes, ma'am?

MRS. GRANDFORT

Get me a glass of water.

ANNE

Yes, ma'am.

Anne goes to fetch the glass of water.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Half asleep, Anne fills a glass from the tap.
Mrs. Grandfort's slave.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- MORNING

A beautiful day.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Roger continues exploring the grounds.

EXT. STATUES -- DAY

Roger examines the statues, running his hands over their faces. Wondering what statues are all about.

ROGER

How you doing today? Getting any?

Roger wanders away from the statues, exploring.

EXT. BARN -- DAY

Roger stops at the barn, looks inside.
Nothing there.

Starts poking around the outside of the barn until he finds the cellar door. Tries opening it. Locked.

ROGER

Must be where they keep the gold
plated farm tools.

Roger studies the locked door.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL -- DAY

Roger studies Grandfort's face...
Which is different than his.

ROGER

You know, that's a great plan, except for one little problem.

GRANDFORT

What would that be?

ROGER

You and I don't look a damned bit alike. Every guard and con in the joint will know what we're up to.

GRANDFORT

Everyone at Q, but what about Soledad?

ROGER

We switch on the bus?

GRANDFORT

See? You're smarter than you look.

ROGER

Smart enough to know we don't share the same fingerprints.

GRANDFORT

Fingerprints, blood type, DNA - it's all data. Information in some computer. All we have to do is switch the files and the data in the computer. They pull up your name, they get my file. They pull up my name, they get your file. Simple.

ROGER

What about the screws on the bus? We just swap clothes in front of them?

GRANDFORT

Drayton's going to take care of that. He and a couple of the other hardcases got a plan to crash the bus and run. We switch places in the confusion.

Roger nods, sounds like it might work. Might.

ROGER

Let me get this straight: We pull this switch, I walk away with your fortune and you serve my last year. What's the catch?

GRANDFORT

Two catches.

ROGER

Okay.

GRANDFORT

One: We split the money ninety - ten.

ROGER

You're too kind. Ninety percent of twenty million is what? Eighteen?

GRANDFORT

Yes. That will be my share.

ROGER

And I get two million for giving a little blood? Deal of the century.

GRANDFORT

Two: In order to inherit the money, my mother's got to die.

ROGER

That could take a while.

GRANDFORT

Take as long as you want. But it must look like an accident. You want to be free to spend your two million, don't you?

ROGER

For that, I want fifty percent.

GRANDFORT

(laughs)

Balls but no brains. You're a small timer, Vilette, and always will be. What would you do with fifty percent? You can't even imagine spending two million, let alone ten. You're a little man with little dreams.

ROGER

I can learn how to dream big.

GRANDFORT

How many liquor stores would you have to rob to make two million dollars?

ROGER

We're not talking about smash & grabs, we're talking about killing someone.

GRANDFORT

My mother. My dear mother. The bitch. You don't think one of these other cons would do it for a thousand dollars or less?

Roger realizes he has a point.

ROGER

It's just... I've never killed anyone.

GRANDFORT

Ten percent - final offer. Do we have a deal, Vilette?

Roger nods, reaches across to shake Grandfort's hand.

ROGER

Call me Jud.

GRANDFORT

No. I'll call you...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger?

ROGER

Yes, mother?

Roger, dressed elegantly, looks up from his magazine at the woman who is not his mother.

Mrs. Grandfort smiles, touches Roger's face.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Could you help Anne carry some wine back from the storm cellar?

ROGER

Of course.

Mrs. Grandfort hands him the ring of house keys. Roger looks at the keys, smiles.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Roger and Anne cross the hacienda grounds to the barn.

ROGER

Must be pretty good stuff if they keep it under lock and key.

ANNE

She has a lot of first growths. Even some Petrus down there.

ROGER

Petrus?

EXT. BARN -- DAY

At the barn, Anne uses a key from the ring to unlock the storm cellar door. Roger notes a word on the key: "Unica".

ANNE

Hard to believe you grew up in this house without knowing wines.

ROGER

The only wine we had was "pruno".
(translates)
Prison squeeze. Home brew. Kind of like Mad Dog 20-20, only not as tasty.

INT. STORM CELLAR -- DAY

They climb down the spooky stairs. Anne goes right to the wine, Roger pokes around, opens a door: the storage room.

ANNE

Your things are in there.
(tries to enter storage)
Be fun to see what you looked like as a kid. Old school photos --

ROGER

Let's leave the past alone.
(blocks her)
I've outgrown everything in there.

Anne looks at him with suspicion, but nods.

ROGER

Where's the wine?

ANNE

Through there.

Garden tools against one wall, including a shiny new pick ax. Roger grabs the pick ax, hefts it, swings. Replaces it and opens another door.

ROGER

What's in here?

ANNE

Pest control supplies for the grounds.
Insecticides, rat poison, ant sprays.

Roger nods, looks at the door again.
Rat poison.

EXT. BARN -- DAY

Anne and Roger leave carrying wine crates, half full.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

As Roger sets down the wine crate in the kitchen he watches Anne return the keys to Mrs. Grandfort.

ANNE

Your keys, ma'am.

Roger watches her click them to a lanyard around her neck... and wonders how to steal them to get the rat poison.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Night falls on the hacienda.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

After dinner, they sip wine. Roger pours for his mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Have you given any thought to your future, Roger?

ROGER

I got my GED inside, guess I could go to college. World's oldest student.
(holds up bottle)
Anne?

ANNE

No thank you.

Pours a quarter glass for himself, sets the bottle down, and sits - hand touching the sharp steak knife by his plate.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I remember your first day of school. You hung on to my leg and wouldn't let go. Afraid to leave your mother.

Roger gives a neutral expression. He doesn't remember. Anne watches closely.

MRS. GRANDFORT

During harvest, you'd run out into the orchard, pretending to help the crews. Picking up the rotted fruit. Remember?

ROGER

Yes, mother.

Roger hasn't a clue what she's talking about.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Right after your father died, it was just the two of us, we were the family. I gave you whatever you wanted.

Anne watches Roger...

ROGER

Spoiled me.

MRS. GRANDFORT

When you got into trouble, with cars
or girls or drugs, I did whatever
was needed to get you out.

ROGER

I never thanked you for that.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Do you remember the lullaby I used
to sing you to sleep with?

No. Roger's face is blank.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Sing it. Sing it like you used to.

Roger can't remember, because he's not Roger.
Mrs. Grandfort prods him more by humming the tune.
Anne watches closely... wondering if he's an impostor.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Come on, Roger.

Roger - hand still on that steak knife - snaps.

ROGER

I'm not a child anymore, mother. My
childhood ended my first week in slam.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Did they....?

ROGER

Was I abused? Is that what you're
asking? You send your pretty little
fifteen year old boy to prison, and you
wonder if they took advantage of him?

(punchline)

I'm amazed I can still sit down.

Roger bolts out of the room.
Anne watches him go... suspicious as hell.

EXT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Roger escapes the house, pulls out his smokes.
Lights the cigarette with his engraved lighter.

IN THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM

Anne watches him..

Roger feels her watching him and turns around.

She's gone.
Just moving curtains.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne walks in.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Anne! Take me to bed.

ANNE
Yes, ma'am.

Anne helps her out of the chair, guides her to her bedroom.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne helps Mrs. Grandfort to the bed.
Undressing her, grooming her, guiding her.
More of a lackey than a nurse.
Anne pulls the covers over her, tucks them in.

MRS. GRANDFORT
(snapping)
Get me my pills.

Anne spends a second too long with Mrs. Grandfort.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Now, Anne!

Anne jumps to grab the pills.
Knocks over one of the vials, spilling pills onto the floor.

ANNE
(sotto)
Shit.

MRS. GRANDFORT
What's taking you so long?

ANNE
I dropped them.

MRS. GRANDFORT
You what? How could you be so clumsy?

Anne picks up the pills. Gives pills and water to her.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I put up with your laziness, but I
can't abide by this total disregard
for simple...

ANNE
I'm sorry, ma'am.

Mrs. Grandfort swallows her pills, hands Anne the empty water glass, continues her complaints.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 ...competency. How you ever became
 a nurse, I shall never know.

ANNE
 Ma'am, if you need anything else, I'll
 be in my room. You can buzz me.

She gets out of there before she loses her temper.

EXT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Anne steps outside, shaking with anger.

ANNE
 Bitch.

Puts a cigarette between her lips.

WHAM! Light flares as someone from the darkness lights it.
 She jumps.
 Calms when she sees it's Roger.

ROGER
 Why do you put up with it?

ANNE
 I need the job.

Pops the engraved lighter closed, flips it in his hand.
 Reads the engraving out loud.

ROGER
 "To Roger. Love mother."
 (flips lighter)
 Gave me this lighter when I turned
 fourteen, but won't let me smoke in
 the house. Bitch.

ANNE
 She's your flesh and blood.

ROGER
 She's a cold, manipulating, mean,
 domineering bitch. Don't know how
 you stand it.

ANNE
 They're all like that. Because you
 work in their homes, empty their bed
 pans, they think you're their servant.

ROGER
 Do something else. Something that doesn't
 involve bedpans and the other crap.

Anne laughs, takes a drag of his cigarette.

ANNE

The craphole I'm from, you go to beauty college or you work retail. Those are the choices. People I've worked for don't know how tough the world really is. Never had to work hard and dig their way out. They think of fast food as a starter job... in my home town, fast food is a damned career. Back there, I'm considered a success story.

ROGER

We all have our prisons.

ANNE

Your mother is better than most. Lets me eat at the same table. She practically treats me like family.

ROGER

(laughs)

That's not saying much.

ANNE

Just once, I'd like to be in charge of my own life. Not be someone's lackey on some work schedule. Do whatever I want whenever I want. Have the power.

They walk away from the fountain, away from the light.

ANNE

Can I ask you a personal question?

ROGER

Fire away.

ANNE

Why do you antagonize her like that? Every time she begins to melt, she says something wrong and you blow up.

ROGER

Inside, you know, there are rules for everything. Etiquette.

ANNE

Etiquette? Like Emily Post?

ROGER

They value your privacy. Won't push you around unless they're trying to fight you. Every action could cause a reaction.

Puffs on his cigarette.

ROGER

Out here, people screw around with you, push you against a wall. For no reason. Like there's no consequences.

ANNE

You're not used to that.

ROGER

I only been back a couple of months, she's already trying to run my life again. Like I was a little boy. She can't see that I'm all grown up.

Roger snubs out his cigarette, realizes he's only a few inches away from Anne. Their faces move together as if magnetized.

They kiss. A good kiss.

Then Anne pushes him away.

ANNE

This isn't a good idea.

ROGER

Why not?

ANNE

There's enough tension in this house already. Let's not add to it.

ROGER

Your loss, baby.

Roger walks away, leaving her alone.
 Inside the house, the buzzer sounds.
 Mrs. Grandfort needs her.
 Anne frowns, heads inside to be ordered around some more.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

The Sheriff's car pulls up and Keller steps out.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Roger opens the door, Keller on the porch.

KELLER

You going to invite me in?

ROGER

What do you want?

KELLER

I want you.

Keller pushes into the house, Roger tries to block him.

Fails - Keller ROUGHLY pushes past Roger in the house.

KELLER

I'm going to take your advice. Reopen the Benoit murders. Find the killer.

ROGER

So what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be out golfing with O.J.?

KELLER

You were the last one to see her.

Roger grabs his glass of iced tea, tries to act calm.

ROGER

I didn't kill them.

KELLER

Never said you did. But you were in the house, covered with their blood...

ROGER

The DNA didn't match...

KELLER

Their blood was on you, but the DNA proved it wasn't your blood on them.

(smiles)

You were still at the scene. Maybe as a witness, or an accomplice.

Roger shakes his head - the two men circling each other.

ROGER

They were dead when I got there.

KELLER

That's what you told the officers seventeen years ago. But I noticed a couple of discrepancies I'd like to clear up. Won't take much time.

Roger can't remember things somebody else said 17 years ago.

ROGER

That was a long time ago, Sheriff. I was a kid. My memory isn't so great. Being wrongly convicted will do that to a man.

KELLER

You discovered your pregnant girlfriend and her parents pick axed to death, and it's just kinda slipped your mind?

Getting right in Roger's face - unsnapping his holster.

MRS. GRANDFORT (O.S.)
 Sheriff Keller.

Both spin to see Mrs. Grandfort and Anne at the doorway.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 What can we do for you?

KELLER
 Just some questions for Roger, ma'am.

Mrs. Grandfort approaches Keller, prodding with her cane.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 I think Roger has answered enough
 questions, don't you?

KELLER
 Mrs. Grand --

She "accidentally" hits Keller with her cane.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 This man is my son, Sheriff. A member
 of the Grandfort family. I will not
 have you bullying him. You will
 treat him with a measure of respect.

KELLER
 I'm conducting a murder investigation.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 You are harassing my son and I won't
 have it. Not in my house. Not while
 I'm alive. He is an innocent man.
 Roger may have signed away his right
 to sue, but I haven't.

Keller glares at Roger.
 Mrs. Grandfort "accidentally" hits him with the cane again.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 My family built this town, our businesses
 employ this town. I find it hard to
 believe you want to sacrifice us for
 your own gain.

KELLER
 That's not my intention --

MRS. GRANDFORT
 The evidence has proven that Roger is
 innocent. He IS innocent.

KELLER
 He was the last one to see her alive,
 Mrs. Grandfort, I need to --

MRS. GRANDFORT

Don't you think we should consider this case closed, Walt? Leave the tragic memories behind us and move on with our lives? Haven't we all suffered enough?

KELLER

Yes, ma'am.

Roger smiles at him.

ROGER

Anything else, Sheriff?

Keller turns to Mrs. Grandfort, secretly snagging Roger's empty iced tea glass.

KELLER

Good day, Mrs. Grandfort. Sorry for any inconvenience.

Keller leaves with the iced tea glass.
Roger's finger prints.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Keller holds the glass up to the sun, sees finger prints.

KELLER

Gotcha, asshole.

Smiles as he gets into his patrol car and zooms away.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

ROGER

Thank you.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I'm your mother. I've always protected you. Done what was best for you.

Roger nods, goes to grab his iced tea glass. Can't find it.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

The dead of night.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort is awakened by a noise.

She lays in bed listening. Maybe it was her imagination?

Another noise.

She presses the buzzer on her night stand.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The buzzer wakes Anne up.
She looks at the clock: 3am, rolls out of bed.
Grabs her robe - buzzer rings again and again, insistent.

ANNE
All right. I'm coming.

Ties her robe over her T shirt and panties and leaves.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne enters the room, clicks on the light.

ANNE
Yes, Mrs. Grandfort?

Mrs. Grandfort hushes her. Whispers.

MRS. GRANDFORT
There's someone in the house. I
think he was in my room. I heard
him near my bed. I --

Anne starts to say something, when they hear another sound.

Anne grabs a fire poker, starts out of the room.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Don't leave me here alone...

ANNE
Mrs. Grandfort...

Mrs. Grandfort grabs her key ring from the night stand and hangs it around her neck, then takes Anne's arm. Anne doesn't even try to argue - just leads her out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

They creep down the hall quietly. Looking through doors.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The kitchen is dark, spooky... empty.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Sounds from the living room.
Suspense as they get closer.

A flashlight stabs past them.
They hold still.

The light swings away.
They creep closer.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

In the darkness, a MAN walks through the room flashlight stabbing the darkness, heading to the front door.

A prowler.

Anne lets go of Mrs. Grandfort, hefts the fire poker overhead. Hits the light switch.

Roger stands near the door - right in front of a window. Caught. Fully dressed and wearing a coat. At 3am?

MRS. GRANDFORT

Who is it?

Roger and Anne look at each other.

ANNE

No one. Window's open. Blew some papers off the table.

MRS. GRANDFORT

No, I hear someone.

Roger stands perfectly still - trying not to breath.

ANNE

There's no one here, ma'am.

Mrs. Grandfort "looks" around the room, sensing someone. She stops when her heard faces Roger. Milky dead eyes staring right at him.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Right there. I can hear him breath.

ANNE

You're mistaken, ma'am.

Mrs. Grandfort takes a step right at Roger... Then stops, cocks her head.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Perhaps I am.

ANNE

I'll take you back to bed and clean up in the morning.

Anne lowers the fire poker, turns off the light, guides Mrs. Grandfort back to bed. Leaving Roger alone in the dark.

Roger clicks on the flashlight and looks at the contents of his hand - a key with the word "Unica" on it.

After a moment, he opens the door and leaves.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Morning has broken.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Roger is sipping coffee, Anne enters to grab the tea service.

ANNE

What were you doing last night?

MRS. GRANDFORT (O.S.)

Anne?

Roger smiles at her as she hustles to bring mother her tea.

When she's gone, Roger takes the bottle of TOXICHLOR INSECTICIDE from behind the coffee pot and reads the warning.

WARNING LABEL: Odorless, colorless, a level 6 toxin. Deadly.

Hides the insecticide in a pocket.

Roger pulls the "Unica" key from his pocket, wonders how to get it back on Mrs. Grandfort's key ring.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Anne sets the tea service on the table, pours two cups.

Mrs. Grandfort sits across from attorney Don Larrue. Larrue is fifteen years older, gray-haired, glasses. His briefcase on the floor near him, and papers in his lap.

LARRUE

I've drawn up the new will as you asked, Ruth.

Anne hands Larrue a cup of tea.

LARRUE

Thank you, Anne.

Anne hands the other cup to Mrs. Grandfort.

LARRUE

The majority of the assets will remain in the blind trust your husband set up before his death...

Mrs. Grandfort sips her tea. Wrinkles her nose.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Anne, did you remember my sugars?

ANNE

Three cubes, ma'am.

Mrs. Grandfort takes another sip of the tea. Tastes funny.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Go on.

LARRUE

In the event of your passing, the trust will be liquidated, the ranch and other assets pass to your son.

Larrue speaks softly.

LARRUE

You sure this is what you want, Ruth?

MRS. GRANDFORT

He's my son, Donald.

LARRUE

The other provisions remain the same. I just need your signature. Anne, if you'll witness?

Anne nods.

Larrue puts a pen in Mrs. Grandfort's hand, places the hand on the document. She signs. Larrue pulls out another copy.

LARRUE

Again. Once more.

Anne signs the witness area of the three copies.

Roger hides at the door, watches himself inherit ten million. "Unica" key in his right hand.

LARRUE

Good. Now on your passing, your son will inherit the ranch and assets.

Mrs. Grandfort smiles and nods. So does Roger.

Mrs. Grandfort hears a noise, turns to the doorway.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger?

ROGER

Good morning, mother. I saw you had a guest, didn't want to disturb you.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Nonsense. Do you remember Don Larrue?

Larrue and Roger face each other to shake hands. Each man studying the other for points of recognition.

Anne watches Roger fake it and Larrue look confused.

ROGER

Yes. Of course.

They go to shake hands - Roger still has the "Unica" key in his right hand and has to secretly pocket it before he shakes.

Larrue is still staring at him. Did he see the key?

LARRUE

You look completely different.

ROGER

Lost the baby fat.

Larrue continues studying him.

Anne notices Larrue's confusion... Her suspicion grows.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Would you like some tea, Roger.

Roger lifts his cup.

ROGER

I have coffee, mother.

Anne crosses to Roger, looks in his cup.

ANNE

It's empty. I'll get you some tea.

She pulls the cup from his hand, moves to the tea service.

LARRUE

I can't believe how different you look.
I'd have never recognized you.

Roger watches her pour from the tea pot.

ROGER

Well, Don, we didn't spend that much
time together.

(smiles)

But I'm sure the public defender
could pick me out of a line up.

Anne hands him the cup of tea.

ANNE

Sugar? Milk?

ROGER

It's fine, thanks.

LARRUE

You realize had I defended you, you'd
have still gone to prison.

ROGER
Not that good, eh?

LARRUE
Too much evidence against you.

Larrue wants to verbally fight Roger, but not in front of his wealthy client. He smiles, changes tack.

LARRUE
We can't change our past mistakes,
so let's move on to better times.

MRS. GRANDFORT
To having my son back.

Mrs. Grandfort raises her tea cup in toast. Anne and Larrue do the same. Roger reluctantly raises his cup.

LARRUE
And better times.

ROGER
Better times.

All four drain their tea cups.
Roger didn't poison the tea.
Yet.

Anne watches Roger with growing suspicion - is he an impostor?

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The "Unica" key on Roger's night stand.

Roger, smoking in bed, remembers...

INT. PRISON BUS -- NIGHT

Just like a school bus, except none of the passengers have any class. Keys go into the ignition.

PRISONERS in name stenciled denim, including "Roger", Grandfort, meek looking MURPHY, and savage DRAYTON. Shackled together.

UPFRONT: The DRIVER and GUARD. Both armed. The Guard is a mean looking guy with a shotgun and a key ring chained to his uniform.

PRISONER (O.S.)
All aboard for the Soledad Express,
non-stop bus service to Soledad medium
security prison from San Quentin...

GUARD
Shut up, Stevens.

Roger and Grandfort are in different rows, opposite sides of the aisle. They glance at each other, nod. Murphy notices.

UPFRONT: The Driver and Guard look out the window at...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Headlights on the road.

INT. PRISON BUS -- NIGHT

The Prisoners look like they're sleeping.

Drayton opens his eyes, nods to another Prisoner.
The Prisoner begins moaning, sweating, looking awful.

GRANDFORT

Got a sick man back here.

GUARD

He'll last till Soledad. It's only
a couple more hours.

PRISONER (O.S.)

Looks pretty bad.

The sick Prisoner vomits.

ROGER

Christ, he's puking all over the
place! He's stinking up the bus!

The Guard touches the Driver's shoulder, pulls out his keys.
None say "Unica".

Drayton smiles, nods to the other Prisoners.

The Guard puts a hand on the sick Prisoner's shoulder.

GUARD

You okay, son?

The Prisoner looks like he's going to get sick again, then
whips his shackles around, snags the Guard's leg, trips him.

GUARD

Help!

The Driver looks back, but has to keep his eyes on the road.

Drayton attacks the fallen Guard, pounding him.
The Guard fights back, reaches for his gun.
Holster flap is snapped.

Wham! Drayton hits him, whips his chains around the Guard's
neck, strangling him.

The Guard unsnaps his holster, pulls the gun.

Drayton pushes the gun away as it fires.

BANG!

BANG!

Roger ducks as bullets ricochet through the bus.

BANG!

A bullet hits the Driver, splattering blood on the window.
The Driver slumps over the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Headlights swerve off the road into the woods.

INT. PRISON BUS -- NIGHT

As Drayton fights the Guard, we hear the bus SLAMMING into
branches and shrubs. Bouncing Prisoners on their seats.

The Guard pushes his gun against Drayton's head...
Drayton YANKS the chain around his neck, killing him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

The headlights zero in on a tree.

INT. PRISON BUS -- NIGHT

WHAM!

Everyone in the bus gets thrown to the floor.
Drayton's leg SNAPS.
He screams in pain.

When everything settles, Drayton checks his busted leg, grabs
the Guard's fallen gun and handcuff keys. After freeing
himself, he tosses the keys to the sick Prisoner (well now).

PRISONER (O.S.)

You okay? I think I busted my arm.

Roger sits up, looks at Grandfort, as the other Prisoners
unshackle themselves and scramble out of the bus.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Headlights crazy beams as the prison bus leans against the
tree, smoke billowing.

Prisoners race out of the bus for the walnut groves a hundred
feet away. Drayton limping on his busted leg.

Soon, the Prisoners are gone.
The smoking bus remains.

INT. PRISON BUS -- NIGHT

Roger, Grandfort, and Murphy are left in the bus.

Roger and Grandfort unshackle themselves, swap stenciled shirts, ID tags, everything else that identifies them.

GRANDFORT

When I get out, I expect my mother
to have had her little accident.

ROGER

Your tags. Here you go.

They swap ID tags...

Then Grandfort remembers his engraved cigarette lighter.

GRANDFORT

Gift from mother. Fourteenth
birthday.

ROGER

Right.

Roger looks at the lighter, pockets it.

GRANDFORT

Remember. It has to be an accident...

ROGER

Or I can't inherit.

GRANDFORT

We can't inherit.

ROGER

Right.

(looks at Grandfort)

You can kill three people with a pick
ax, but you can't kill your mother...

GRANDFORT

Mother and I have a special relationship.

ROGER

I'll take care of her for you... For
my ten percent.

Roger and Grandfort swap seats, then shackle themselves in place. That's when Roger notices Murphy, still in the bus. He's heard everything.

ROGER

Don't you want to run, with the others?

MURPHY

They's gonna let me out in six months.

ROGER

Tell anybody and we'll kill you.
Understand?

Murphy nods.

ROGER

From now on, I'm Grandfort, and he's
Vilette. Understand?

MURPHY

Yes, sir. Anything you say, Jud.

ROGER

Did we have a failure to communicate,
there? I don't want to kill you...

MURPHY

I understand, Roger.

Roger smiles, sits back in his seat.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger lays back in his bed, smiling.

The "Unica" key still on the night stand.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort trims her rose bushes by touch.
Wearing thick garden gloves, using a pair of clippers.
The lanyard and key ring around her neck.

A hand grabs her shoulder, frightening her.

ROGER

Thought we could go for a walk,
mother. Talk a bit.

She smiles, clips a flower and makes it into a boutonniere.
Feeling her way to Roger's lapel to attach it.

Takes off her garden gloves, touches his face and smiles.

MRS. GRANDFORT

That would be nice. Maybe stop by
the barn to get some wine for dinner?

Roger looks at her key ring - no "Unica" key.

ROGER

Sure.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Roger guides Mrs. Grandfort on a walk through the orchard.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Your father and I used to walk through the orchards at harvest time... before his accident.

EXT. ORCHARD -- DAY

The walk through the orchard, arms linked.
Roger looking for good places for a fatal accident.

MRS. GRANDFORT

He never understood our special bond, Roger. Thought I was babying you.

ROGER

This way, mother.

Roger guides her around a fallen branch, she might have tripped over... and hurt herself.

MRS. GRANDFORT

After he was gone, I was so busy trying to hold the business together, running the ranch, that I didn't pay as much attention to you as I should have.

EXT. STREAM -- DAY

Roger guides her down the narrow path by the stream.
Lots of places where she might trip.
Lots of big rocks...

Roger stops for a moment, picks up a handful of stones.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Working with the ranch hands and the roustabouts, I had to be tough as leather, demanding, bossy.

Roger takes a stone... and skips it across the stream.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Sometimes I brought the toughness home with me. That was a mistake.

He looks at the stones in his hand, skips another.

ROGER

Let's forget about the past.

They come to a WOODEN BRIDGE over the stream...

Roger guides her slightly off the path so that she will miss the bridge and fall into the stream...

ROGER

Oops! This way, mother.

Roger waits until the last minute to correct her.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Thank you.

She hugs his arm. Roger doesn't know why he did that. He could have drowned her and collected two million dollars.

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE -- DAY

They cross the wooden bridge, water rushing beneath them.

Roger looks at the railing - one section is broken - he could push her through the broken section into the water.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I always wanted the best for you. I
always fought for you.

Roger steers her to the broken section, working up the nerve to push her through. His arm pulls back to push her...

MRS. GRANDFORT

I should never have doubted you all
of those years ago.

Roger gets ready to push her...

But can't.

He pulls the "Unica" key from his pocket, looks at her key ring. Continues to guide her over the bridge.

EXT. QUARRY -- DAY

Roger guides her away from the barn, towards the quarry.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Don't forget we need to get the wine
for dinner tonight.

ROGER

It's beautiful over here.

MRS. GRANDFORT

The old quarry?

ROGER

You can feel the sunlight on your face.
Smell the flowers on the breeze.

She skeptical, but allows Roger to guide her to the quarry.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Yes, it's nice.

They walk right up to the edge of the cliff.

One push and Roger inherits.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 I never liked that Benoit girl.
 (closer to the edge)
 Never approved of your relationship
 with her.
 (closer)
 She was trash.
 (closer)
 Beneath your.
 (closer)
 I'm afraid I let those feelings guide
 the way I handled that situation.
 (over)
 I hope you'll forgive me.

Roger grabs her before she falls, pulls her into his arms.

ROGER
 Oops! Too close to the edge, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 (laughs)
 I'm glad you're here, Roger.

ROGER
 Wouldn't want you to get hurt.

They head back down the trail to the barn.

EXT. BARN -- DAY

At the barn, Mrs. Grandfort pulls the key ring into her hand and feels each key, searching for the "Unica" key... which is in Roger's hand. She feels every key at least twice.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 I can't seem to find the key.

ROGER
 What does it look like?

MRS. GRANDFORT
 It has a hexagonal head and the word
 "Unica" stamped on it.

ROGER
 Let me have a look.

He takes the key ring from her hand, quietly slides on the "Unica" key as he talks, careful not to pull the lanyard.

ROGER
 It must be on here somewhere, right?
 Maybe you just passed over it.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I'm not sure how that's possible.

ROGER
"Unica" you say? Here it is.

Hands the key ring back, pressing the "Unica" key into her fingers. She feels the key head, smiles.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Must be losing my touch.

She uses a key from the ring to unlock the storm cellar door. Opens it - standing over the steep, creepy stairs.

One push and she's dead - with no keys missing from her ring.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Roger?

Roger takes a step back to push her. Puts his palms out. Gets ready to earn his two million.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Where are you? What are you doing?

Roger starts forward...
Mrs. Grandfort moves away from the doorway, looking for him. Roger stops. Touches her shoulder.

ROGER
What type of wine did you need?

INT. STORM CELLAR -- DAY

Roger climbs down the spooky stairs. Looks up at Mrs. Grandfort, silhouetted in the doorway.

INT. WINE CELLAR -- DAY

Roger looks at all of the bottles, searching for a Chardonnay. Pulls out several bottles until he finds the brand and year she wanted. Grabs two bottles and heads back to the stairs.

EXT. BARN -- DAY

Climbs the stairs and steps into the light.

ROGER
Two bottles, Cullens 2002, as ordered.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Let me lock up and we'll head back.

She feels the keys on her ring until she finds the "Unica" key, slides it into the lock and turns until it locks. Then allows the key ring to fall on her lanyard.

EXT. GAZEBO -- DAY

They cross the grass to the gazebo, arms linked.

Roger still looking for possible accident opportunities.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger...

ROGER

Yes, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

You are my son. My flesh and blood.
I lost you once. I don't want to
lose you again.

They climb the steps to the gazebo. A beautiful day.

MRS. GRANDFORT

The gazebo. Glenn had this built. As
a gift to me. We used to come out
here when you were a boy, remember?

ROGER

Of course I remember.

Mrs Grandfort moves into Roger's arms. Mother and son.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Kiss me the way you used to...

Roger has no idea how he used to kiss this woman.

MRS. GRANDFORT

When you were a boy...

On the forehead? On the cheek?

MRS. GRANDFORT

On the lips.

Roger smiles.

ROGER

Of course, mother.

He goes to give her a peck on the lips, but she grabs him
and lays a major kiss on him. Full on rotor-rooter tongue.

Roger pulls away, shocked. This isn't even his real mother,
but it seems dirty, creepy, and incestuous.

ROGER

We... We should be getting back, now,
mother. It's getting close to dinner.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Of course, Roger.

She links arms with him and he guides her back to the house.
Completely creeped out.

Anne watches from the other side of the wooden bridge.
Suspicious.

INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING

A pleasant family dinner.

Except Roger can't get the taste of that weird kiss out of
his mouth, no matter how much of the wine he drinks.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Haven't you had enough wine, Roger?

ROGER
It's... very good.

Anne notices he keeps looking strangely at Mrs. Grandfort.
Wonders what is up.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Well, I guess you know your limits.

Roger wipes his mouth and takes a serious drink.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Night must fall.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne sets a glass of water on the night stand...

ANNE
There's a fresh glass of water on
the night stand, ma'am.

She grabs the key ring and lanyard, careful not to make a
sound. One of the keys shifts and almost rattles.

ANNE
Buzz if you need me.

She pockets the keys, turns off the lights and leaves.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne lays in bed, looking out her open door...

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Light from under Roger's door goes out.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne creeps out of bed, throws a robe on over her T shirt and panties, grabs a flashlight. Quietly leaves her room.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Anne sneaks past Roger's door, creeps to the front door.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- NIGHT

In her robe, Anne creeps across to the barn.
Wind whistles through the trees.

A noise in the night.
Rustling.
Footfalls.
Something creeping towards her in the darkness.

ANNE

Who is it?

Anne lifts the flashlight like a club.
Can't see the assailant.
Clicks the light on, shining it at the creeping figure.
A kitty cat.

EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

Anne finds the "Unica" key, unlocks the storm cellar door.
Wind whistles, scattering leaves in the darkness.

INT. STORM CELLAR -- NIGHT

Anne sneaks down the stairs, flashlight stabbing darkness.
The cellar is spooky, creaky.
Slips, almost falls on the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, several doors.
Lots of shadows.

Anne opens the door to the storage room.
Creeps inside.

Flashlight searches darkness for the box of Roger's things.
Finds the box.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The cellar door blowing open and shut?

Anne scrambles out of the room, shines light up the stairs.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Just the door.

A hand grabs her shoulder!
Spins her around!

ROGER

What are you doing down here?

ANNE

I... I came down to look at your things.
From when you lived here before.

ROGER

Nosey little...

Anne pours on the sex appeal.

ANNE

I was curious. Ever since we kissed...
I wanted to know more about you.

ROGER

Why didn't you ask?

ANNE

Didn't want to pry. I know you value
your privacy. Please, don't be angry.

She pulls him close, gives him a serious kiss.
Second one of the day for Roger... counting his mom.

Just out of prison, years since he's had a woman. Roger
kisses back, hands all over her. Yanks off her robe.

Passion erupts. They strip off each others clothes, kissing
newly exposed flesh. Roger slams a stored mattress to the
floor and they make love in the musty storm cellar.

AFTERWARDS:

Using her robe for warmth, they lay on the single mattress.

ROGER

What did you want to know?

ANNE

It's not important.

ROGER

You came all the way out here in
your robe, had to be a reason why.

ANNE

Wanted to see you as a kid, before...

ROGER

They locked me up.

ANNE

Come on, let's take a look. I want
to know more about you...

Anne makes a move toward the storage boxes, Roger stops her by talking about his past... his REAL past.

ROGER

I don't remember my dad, he was already gone when I was a kid. It was just me and mom. She was working, so I was alone most of the time...

ANNE

What did you do?

ROGER

Got into trouble, mostly. I was a little hellion. Shop lifting, joy riding, fighting, usual stuff.

ANNE

What about the good times? Your best memory?

ROGER

I don't know... Waking up on days when it snowed and going outside to play. Throwing snowballs at other kids. Snow always seemed so clean...

He snuggles with Anne... who knows that's he's an impostor. It has never snowed here in orange country.

Roger looks at the storage boxes... evidence he's an impostor.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Roger and Anne walk back to the house together. Not touching. Anne keeping some distance between her and the false son.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Rogers lays back in his bed and smiles. Flipping over the container of insecticide in his hand.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- MORNING

The sun also rises.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort and Anne are having their morning tea when Roger enters. Tension between the three.

ROGER

Morning, mother. Anne.

Anne knows Roger is an impostor. Roger doesn't want any more special kisses from mother. Mother is afraid of setting Roger off again.

ANNE

Tea?

ROGER

(holds up cup)

I have coffee, thanks.

Roger watches his mother sip her cup of tea. Smiles.
She drinks it down, has Anne refill her cup.

ROGER

I've been thinking about my future.

Mrs. Grandfort gives Roger her complete attention.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Going away to college?

ROGER

I'm thinking about staying home,
running the ranch.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Follow in your father's footsteps?

A strange incestuous sexual connotation to that.
Roger tries to avoid it.

ROGER

Settle down, maybe find a nice girl
and get married.

Roger smiles at Anne. Her turn to freak.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Not some town slut like the last
time. Do you already know this girl?

ROGER

No. But I'm sure I can find someone
we can both agree on, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

A gentleman farmer.

ROGER

Never thought of it like that before.

Mrs. Grandfort finishes her tea.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Anne?

ROGER

I'll get it.

Roger grabs the tea pot, back to Anne and Mrs. Grandfort...

Then walks across the room and fills Mrs. Grandfort's cup.
Holds the pot up to Anne, who shakes her head no.

Roger returns the tea pot...
As Mrs. Grandfort takes a sip of her tea...
Gags...
Coughs...

MRS. GRANDFORT
My sugars!

ROGER
Sorry, mother, I forgot.

Roger grabs three cubes of sugar from the service, drops them in Mrs. Grandfort's cup.

ROGER
Three, right?

Mrs. Grandfort nods and stirs the tea.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Managing the ranch is quite a...
financial... responsibility.

ROGER
If you can't trust your family, your
own flesh and blood, who can you trust?

Mrs. Grandfort takes another sip of tea, nods.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Alright.

ROGER
I'll need to learn the nuts and bolts
of the operation. Is there a ranch
manager or something?

MRS. GRANDFORT
Mr. Arbogast.

ROGER
Can you have him show me the ropes?
Go over the books with me?

So Roger will know how much he stands to inherit.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I'll call him this afternoon.

Anne watches as Roger smiles... what is he up to?

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- DAY

Roger pulls the sealed bottle of poison from his pocket.

ROGER

What if the old Roger just disappears,
all of the old pictures of him, all
of that evidence... And I am Roger?
How can Grandfort prove otherwise?

Roger makes a decision...

EXT. SHERIFF STATION -- DAY

Establishing.

INT. SHERIFF STATION -- DAY

Keller dusts the glass for finger prints.
Removes the prints using clear tape.
Places the tape on a fingerprint card (labeled "glass").

KELLER

Gotcha, asshole.

Compares the fingerprint card to a fresh computer print out
of Roger Grandfort with a comparison microscope.

KELLER

Perfect match.

The Roger Grandfort print out has our Roger's photo.

KELLER

Now to put you at the crime scene,
and prove you're guilty as hell.

Compares the print to an old card (labeled "crime scene")
with the comparison microscope.

KELLER

How can that be? They matched
seventeen years ago. Fingerprints
can't change.

Keller looks back through the old report, finds the arrest
record card (mug shot of 15 yr old Roger). Compares the
prints with those from the drinking glass.

KELLER

No match.

Keller pulls out the prison file, flips it open.
Compares the mug shot of current Roger with Young Roger.

KELLER

That's why the DNA didn't match.
He's an impostor.

Keller closes the files, pulls out his gun, checks it.
Gets ready for action.

EXT. SHERIFF STATION -- DAY

Keller runs from the station to his car, climbs in. The engine roars, and he speeds away from the station.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Roger is now the perfect son. Eating like a human, smiling, pleasantly conversing with Mrs. Grandfort and Anne. One big happy family.

ROGER

How long do you think it'll take Mr. Arbogast to show me the ropes? A month? Two?

MRS. GRANDFORT

No more than a month.

(smiles)

I haven't felt this well since... since you were a boy.

ROGER

A new beginning.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Sing for me Roger. Sing the lullaby.

Roger reaches across the table, takes her hand.

ROGER

Mother, some... painful things... have happened to me. When I try to remember the good things, I can't help but remember the bad.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger...

ROGER

Let me finish. To forget the bad memories, I'd wipe out the good ones.

(grips her hand)

I'm a new man, mother. A changed man. Let's forget the past and move on to better times. We can both be new.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Yes Roger, yes.

She squeezes Roger's hand, that special bond between them. Anne doesn't buy a word of it.

ANNE

Since Roger has decided to stay on and run the family businesses, maybe
(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

he'd like to have his things taken out of storage?

MRS. GRANDFORT

How thoughtless of me. Your pictures. Your trophies. All of your little treasures from when you were a child. I'll have Anne bring the boxes up from storage in the morning.

ROGER

No reason to do that mother. Those things were part of my past. Part of my childhood. I'm a different person, now. I don't want to be reminded of the past... of who I used to be.

Roger lets go of her hand, pulls away from the table.

ROGER

But maybe I'll take a look at them one last time.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Whatever you want, son.

Mrs. Grandfort hands Roger her key ring and lanyard. Anne watches Roger leave, very suspicious.

EXT. BARN -- DAY

Roger walks to the barn carrying a can of lighter fluid and some rags... ready to burn the evidence. At the door he pulls out the key ring, searches for the "Unica" key - can't find it. Keeps flipping through keys.

ROGER

I put it back. I put it back.

Tries opening the storm cellar door. Locked, of course. Lights a cigarette, makes a new decision.

ROGER

Hell, might as well get this thing over with. Earn my inheritance.

Pockets the engraved lighter.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Roger strolls along the road, past the orange groves.

ROGER

Someday all of this will be mine.

A car on the horizon.

Roger puffs on his cigarette, studies the car as it gets closer. The Sheriff's Car. Trouble?

INT. SHERIFFS CAR -- DAY

Keller sees Roger, pulls up next to him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

The Sheriff's Car skids to a stop only a few inches away from Roger, forcing him to jump back. Surprised.

ROGER

Crap, Keller, you almost hit me.

Keller climbs out of the car, unsnaps his holster flap.

ROGER

What's the problem?

KELLER

I don't know what you're up to, or why you're here, but I know you aren't Roger Grandfort.

ROGER

Sure I am...

Keller draws his gun, presses it against Roger's face.

KELLER

Cut the crap, convict.

Roger lifts both hands. Doesn't want any accidents.

ROGER

Look. I haven't broken any laws...

KELLER

Yet. Who are you?

ROGER

No reason to get hostile...

Keller presses the gun into his face so hard he has to back up. A slip and Roger won't have a face anymore.

KELLER

Who the fuck are you?

ROGER

Jud Vilette. Was in for armed robbery. Did my time, model prisoner, turned my life around, was up for parole.

Keller whips Roger with the gun and then presses it into his face again, losing patience. Roger's nose bleeds.

ROGER
Grandfort made me a deal.

KELLER
What kind of deal?

ROGER
Look, he's the one you want, not me.
I did my time.

KELLER
Living the straight and narrow? You
cons are all alike. Full of shit.

Whips him again, presses the gun harder against Roger's face.

ROGER
It's not like that...

KELLER
What kind of scam are you running?

ROGER
Grandfort's running the scam, not me.

Keller doesn't let up on the pressure.

ROGER
It's true, man, you gotta believe me.
She's a sick old woman, okay? I've got
nothing. No home, no family. I can be
the son she never had... The GOOD son.
Let her last days be happy ones.

Keller pulls the gun away from Roger's face. Believing.

ROGER
That's the only scam I'm running. I
get a home, a family, she gets a
son. Grandfort serves the end of my
sentence and walks free.

Keller doesn't holster the gun or let go of Roger.

ROGER
Just let me go, okay?

KELLER
How stupid do you think I am?

Keller pulls out his handcuffs, snaps one on Roger's wrist.

KELLER
You know the position.

Roger looks at the cuff on his wrist. Scared.
He's not going to get out of this one.

ROGER

Look, there has to be some way...

KELLER

Hands against the car NOW! Feet
back and spread 'em NOW!

Roger starts to turn around, hands against the car...
Then swings into action.

Whack! Slams the handcuff into Keller's head.
Keller takes the hit, aims his gun at Roger.

KELLER

Son of a bitch.

Roger grabs the gun, pushes it away from his face.

They wrestle for control of the gun.
Keller pressing it into Roger's face.
Roger twisting it away, at Keller.

BANG! BANG! BANG!
Blasting between them.
Bullets missing them by inches.

Keller gains control of the gun, aims it at Roger.
Finger tightening on the trigger.

Roger kicks him in the knee.
Keller collapses.
Roger chops the gun out of his hand.

The gun goes skittering in the dirt.

Keller slams Roger with a fist, pulls out his club.
Roger swings the handcuff like a mace.

ROGER

Couldn't you just let me be?

Keller and Roger fight like gladiators.
Club against chain.
Woosh!
Clang!
Clang!
Woosh!

Roger takes a few hits from the club, pushes Keller back by
swing the handcuff. Lands a vicious hit to Keller's face.
Drawing blood.

KELLER

You're going back for life, Vilette.

Keller counter attacks with his club, swinging it at Roger's
arm, legs, face, head. Landing a fair number of hits.

Pressing Roger back against the car.

Keller gets ready to hit a home run with Roger's head.

Woosh! Roger ducks.

Keller swings again, lower.

Connects.

Roger screams.

Keller laughs, kicks Roger's legs out from under him.

Roger hits the ground hard.

Keller staggers to his feet over Roger, club ready.

ROGER

Let me go. I can't go back inside.

KELLER

Don't want to spend the rest of your
life in slam? A caged beast. Some
other con's prom date?

Keller stands over Roger, club in hand.

KELLER

Maybe you won't have go to back.

ROGER

Please...

KELLER

Maybe you got killed trying to escape.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Savagely hits Roger with the club.

Roger tries crawling away, as Keller pummels him.

Hard to crawl when you're on your back.

Getting savagely beaten.

Then Roger's right hand touches something.

A rock?

The gun.

He lifts the gun as Keller swings the club again.

Fires.

BLAM!

Blows Keller right off his feet.

Slamming against the car.

Sliding down to the dirt.

Dead.

Roger staggers to his feet, limps over to Keller, gun ready.

ROGER

Shit.

He's killed a cop.

Roger takes a minute to catch his breath.
Plans a next move.

Pockets the gun and a handful of shells. Opens the door of the Sheriff's Car. Lifts Keller up and stuffs him inside. Seat belt on.

ROGER

Safety first.

Puts the car in neutral.
Starts pushing the car off the road into the orange groves.

A car on the horizon, coming this way.
Fast.

Roger pushes faster, trying to get the car all the way into the groves before the car passes. Working up a sweat.

The car is closer.

Roger pushes faster.
Five feet.
Four feet.
Three feet.
Two feet...

Gets the Sheriff's Car hidden in the groves SECONDS before the car roars past.

ROGER

Close.

Leans against the car and lights a cigarette.
Giving the car enough of a push to start rolling down hill.
Through the groves.
Out of control.

Roger starts chasing it, but can't catch up.
SLAM!
The car stops when it hits a tree...
Horn BLASTING.

Roger runs up to the car, opens the door, pulls Dead Keller off the steering wheel. Stopping the horn.

ROGER

Today just ain't working out.

Roger strolls back to the house, smoking his cigarette.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort sits in her throne. Anne enters, pulls the "Unica" key from her pocket. She had it all along.

ANNE

I'm going outside for a moment.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Make it quick, Anne.

ANNE

Yes, ma'am.

Anne leaves Mrs. Grandfort alone...
Unaware that Roger is returning.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Anne runs across the grounds to the barn, keeping her eyes open for Roger. He's not around, she spots the lighter fluid.

ANNE

Wouldn't want to burn it if it wasn't
incriminating. What's down there?

Pulls out the "Unica" key and unlocks the storm cellar door.

INT. STORM CELLAR -- DAY

Dark, spooky. Anne clicks on her flashlight, stabs through the dark. Creeps down the stairs into the underworld.

A noise behind her.
She spins.

ANNE

Roger?

Just the wind fluttering the door.

Anne creeps to the storage room, opens the door.

Carefully picks the mattress up from the floor, puts it back against the wall. Erasing evidence of sex with Roger.

Anne finds the boxes containing Roger's past. Pulls them down. Uses the flashlight to search the contents.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The cellar door blowing open and shut?

Anne scrambles out of the room, shines light up the stairs.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Just the door.
Anne goes back into the storage room.
Continues searching the box.

Finally finds the photos. Lots of them.

Young Roger and Mrs. Grandfort 17 years ago.
Finds a portrait of Young Roger, studies it.

ANNE

Eyes are different. Completely different.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Jumps a mile.

Anne hides the framed photo under her clothes, a final look
at the mattress - she slept with him. Scrambles out..

She finds her way to the dark, creepy stairs, climbs them.
Noises from beyond the door.

Slips, almost falls on a step.
Keeps climb in the darkness to the closed cellar door.
Takes a deep breath, pushes it open.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Anne crosses the hacienda grounds from the barn to the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Anne enters quietly through the kitchen...
Spots of blood on the floor...
The Tea Kettle whistles.

She spins - looks at the kettle, steam rising from the spout
but burner underneath turned off.

ON THE COUNTER: an open canister of tea, a broken cup, and
the bottle of rat poison - now open, lid beside it.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Anne enters, sees Mrs. Grandfort in her chair... A full cup
of tea beside her. Mrs. Grandfort takes the cup in hand...

ANNE

Mrs. Grandfort?

(closer)

I was just out in the barn, and...

Anne sees Roger.
Standing casually across from his mother, clothes torn up.
Drips of blood from his smashed face dripping on the floor.
Watching her bring the tea cup up to her mouth.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Yes, Anne?

ANNE

Ma'am, there's something in your
tea, let me get you a new cup.

She takes the cup from Mrs. Grandfort's hand, carries it into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Anne pours out the contents of the cup, takes a new cup from the cupboard, places a tea bag in it, pours the tea kettle. Puts in three cubes of sugar, stirs.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Returns quickly with the tea cup, hands it to Mrs. Grandfort.

ANNE

Here you go, ma'am.
(turns to Roger)
What happened to you?

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger and I were talking about next year's crop. He has some interesting ideas about increasing profit.

Anne studies Roger. Roger tries to hide the handcuff by putting his hand in his pocket. Anne and Roger lock eyes.

ROGER

I think I'm going to clean up for dinner. What are we having, Anne?

ANNE

It's a surprise.

ROGER

I don't like surprises.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Don't take long, Roger. We still have lots to talk about.

Roger gives Anne a threatening look and leaves.

As soon as he's gone, Anne goes to Mrs. Grandfort's side.

ANNE

(whispers)
Mrs. Grandfort, he's not your son.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Nonsense, Anne. I know at first I was --

ANNE

I went to the storage cellar --

MRS. GRANDFORT

How did you get the keys? I gave them to Roger. I thought --

ANNE

I found photos of Roger when he was younger. It's not the same person. He's an impostor. An escaped convict or something. That's why he can't remember anything about his childhood, why he doesn't know that lullaby you use to sing him --

MRS. GRANDFORT

You're sure about this? Those photos are very old, he was just a boy...

ANNE

Yes, ma'am. He put poison in your tea. That's why I took it from you.

Mrs. Grandfort realizes it's true. Nods slowly. Decides.

MRS. GRANDFORT

(whispers)

Call Sheriff Keller.

Anne moves to the phone, picks it up and prepares to dial. Hears a CLICK on the line.

ANNE

Hello?

ROGER (V.O.)

You don't have to tell her, Anne. It can be our little secret.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Roger has the phone in one hand, Keller's gun in the other.

ROGER

Twenty million dollars. That's how much I inherit when she dies. There's enough for us to share.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

ANNE

The man who says he's Roger is an impostor.

ROGER (V.O.)

No reason to do anything... dangerous.

Mrs. Grandfort can only hear Anne's side of the conversation.

MRS. GRANDFORT

What does Walt have to say?

ROGER (V.O.)

She's an old woman. Accidents happen.

ANNE

What about the real Roger?

ROGER (V.O.)

I'll take care of him when the time comes.

ANNE

I don't know...

ROGER (V.O.)

Maybe she drowns in the bathtub?
Falls into the quarry? Overdoses on
sleeping pills? She's an old woman...
Let nature take its course.

ANNE

I can't do that.

Anne hangs up the phone, bolts to the door.

ANNE

I'm going for help.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Anne? Don't leave me alone --

She roars out of the house.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Anne runs away from the house.
From the kitchen door, Roger gives chase.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Anne runs for her life.
Roger a hundred feet behind her.

She trips on a branch, goes sprawling.

Roger laughs, continues running. Closer.

ROGER

You're running the wrong way, Anne.
I'm about to inherit twenty million
dollars. Should be running TO me.

Anne scrambles to her feet, roars out of there.
Pours on the speed, trying to make up for tripping.

Anne sees the orange groves, runs for them.

INT. ORCHARD -- EVENING

A maze of orange trees. Hundreds of them.
The sun is setting, creating crazy shadows.

Anne is tired of running, out of breath.
Roger still behind her.

Anne hides behind one of the trees as Roger enters the grove.

Roger stops running, looking from tree to tree.

ROGER

Come on, Anne. We can do this together.

Roger pulls Keller's gun as he creeps through the groves,
looking from tree to tree for some sign of Anne.

ROGER

It's not too late to go back, tell
her you made a mistake.

Anne hides behind a big tree, as Roger comes closer.

Gun swinging from tree to tree, Roger searches for her.

ROGER

A couple of months from now, Mrs.
Grandfort can have her little accident
and we can split the money.

Roger sees a strange shadow, heads towards a tree...
The one Anne is hiding behind.

ROGER

Or not split it.
(closer)
We could share it.
(closer)
You and me and twenty million dollars.

Roger is on the opposite side of the tree as Anne.
Starts circling, gun ready.

Anne, back against the tree, circles the tree at the same
pace as Roger, keeping the trunk between them.

ROGER

Would that be so bad?
(circling)
I thought we were pretty good together.

Roger makes it all the way around the tree. No Anne.

ROGER

If it doesn't work out, we could
still split the money.

Roger starts circling the tree in the opposite direction.

Anne hears his voice coming towards her and starts circling
away from him. Trying not to make a sound.

ROGER

Twenty million bucks. That kind of money
doesn't happen to people like us.

(circling)

How many bedpans would you have to
dump to earn that kind of money?

All the way around the tree and still no sign of Anne.

Anne, shaking in fear, listens for foot falls.
Hears nothing.

Until Roger GRABS HER!

ROGER

I could smell you.

He pulls her close.
Within kissing distance.
Sniffs her.

Anne tries to knee him...

...he pulls away...

...hits her with the gun.

Anne slams against the tree, but comes up fighting.
She knocks the gun out of his hands, hits him.

They exchange a couple of punches, then Anne lands a direct
hit on Roger's jaw, knocking him to the ground.

Anne takes off running.

Roger grabs his fallen gun, takes aim, fires.

BANG!

A tree near Anne explodes into splinters.
She pours on the speed, running deeper into the grove.

Roger pockets the gun, runs after her.

EXT. ORCHARD -- EVENING

Anne runs, trips but doesn't go down.
Running for her life. Weaving through the trees.

Roger chases, pouring on the speed, running between trees.

ROGER

Nowhere to run!

Anne sees salvation.
A Sheriff's car parked off the side of the road.
Changes course, heading to the car.

ANNE

Help!

Pours on speed to get to the car before Roger catches her.
Anne sees the Sheriff sitting inside.

EXT. SHERIFFS CAR -- EVENING

Anne gets to the car, Roger close behind her.

ANNE

Help me! Please help me!

She pounds on the window.
The Sheriff ignores her.
Roger gets closer.

ANNE

Help! Help!

She yanks open the car door, turning on the dome light.

Sheriff Keller's dead face looks at her.

Anne screams.

Sheriff Keller's body sags against the shoulder harness,
falling out of the car at her... Grabbing for her?

Anne screams again. Takes a step back.

Hands grab her shoulders, spin her around.

She screams at Roger's face, inches away from her.
Roger laughs.

ROGER

See? There's no one left to help you...
but me. Last chance at romance.

Anne slams him with a fist.
He catches it, laughs.

She throws a left.
He catches it, pulls her arms apart.

She struggles, he moves in and kisses her.

ROGER

That's more like it.

She head butts him, knees him, kicks his legs from under
him. Roger goes down... pulling her down with him!

Anne twists her wrists, breaking his hold.
Joins both hands into one fist and SLAMS HIM.

Scrambles to her feet and takes off running.
Doesn't get far.
Roger pounces on her, knocking her to the ground.

They roll across the ground, trading punches.
 More wrestling than fighting.
 Anne lands a couple of really good hits.
 Rolls over on top of Roger, straddling him.

ROGER
 That's more like it.

Roger laughs... until she starts pummeling him.

ANNE
 You son of a bitch.

Roger's hand searches the ground for a weapon.
 Finds a rock.

WHAM!
 Hits her in the head with enough force to knock her off him.

Anne is down and out.

Roger sits up, grabs a bigger rock, straddles Anne, lifting
 the rock high overhead...

ROGER
 No percentage in it.

Sets the rock down and staggers to his feet.

ROGER
 Could have shared a fortune.

Roger checks himself for damage, combs his hair, heads back
 to the house, and his mother's little accident.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort sits in her chair by the fireplace.
 Hears the front door open. She moves to her feet, listening.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 Anne?

ROGER
 Guess again.

Torn up, ragged, the gun hanging from his pocket. Roger
 looks scary... But Mrs. Grandfort can't see that.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 Where's Anne?

ROGER
 Out having a smoke.

Mrs. Grandfort backs away from him.
 One step at a time.

MRS. GRANDFORT

You saw her?

Roger takes a step towards her.

ROGER

Bumped into her outside.

She takes a step back, closer to the wall.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I have some things for her to do...
When is she coming in?

ROGER

She didn't say. Might be a while,
though. What did you need?

MRS. GRANDFORT

I don't want to trouble you...

ROGER

No trouble at all.

MRS. GRANDFORT

It's a medical procedure...

ROGER

Then I guess Anne should handle it...
When she gets back.

Tension stretches with the silence, threatening to snap.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger?

ROGER

Yes, mother?

Mrs. Grandfort takes another step away from her son.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger... You... Well... You haven't
been acting like yourself lately.

ROGER

That's probably because I'm not Roger.

Mrs. Grandfort takes another step back, hits the wall.
Trapped.

MRS. GRANDFORT

What have you done with my son?

ROGER

What have YOU done with him?

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

You claim to have a special relationship with him, but he wants you dead.

MRS. GRANDFORT

That's not the truth. Roger... the real Roger... loves me.

ROGER

Does he kiss you like that? What's with this rotor-rooter tongue action? That's sick. Got a little mother-son action going, there?

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger understands.

ROGER

What kind of a mother are you?

MRS. GRANDFORT

You'll never understand the things I did for that boy. The sacrifices I made. I gave my life for that boy.

ROGER

Not yet, but you will.

Roger pulls out the gun, aims it at her face. Inches away.

ROGER

He wanted it to look like an accident. But too many things have gone wrong for that, so I'm leaning towards something massive like a fire.

Caresses her face with the gun barrel.

ROGER

Or maybe you became despondent over failing health, shot yourself.

Mrs. Grandfort's hand searches for a weapon.

ROGER

Isn't that what you do to an old horse to put it out of its misery?

Mrs. Grandfort finds the fireplace tools, doesn't know which one is the poker from the handles: they're all the same.

ROGER

Roger sends his love.

Roger puts the gun to Mrs. Grandfort's head, covers his face with a hand (blood spray and skull fragments), and...

Mrs. Grandfort tries to pull out a fireplace tool, tips over the entire set.

Roger pulls the trigger.

BAAAANG!

The fireplace tools hit the floor.

But the gun goes: Click! Out of shells.

ROGER

Shit.

Mrs. Grandfort pushes him aside and takes off running.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort runs, bouncing off walls, in a blind panic.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger breaks open Keller's gun, dumps the empty shells. Reloads. He stole a pocket full of shells from Keller.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort has a choice of three doors, picks her room. Enters just as...

Roger steps into the hall, gun ready.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort runs into her room, closes the door. Searches (by hand) for a place to hide. Ends up squeezing between the bed and night stand.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Roger looks at the three closed doors.

ROGER

Well?

(Monty Hall)

Are you behind door number one? Door number two? Or door number three?

Roger makes a choice, moves to Mrs. Grandfort's door. Gun ready.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The door knob begins to slowly turn.

Mrs. Grandfort tries to squeeze between the bed and the nightstand. But we can see her plain as day.

The door begins to creak open.

Mrs. Grandfort hears the door opening.
Reaches up and hits the buzzer button.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Roger is about to enter Mrs. Grandfort's room when he hears the buzzer coming from Anne's room.

Stops. Turns. Goes to Anne's room, following the noise.

ROGER
I can hear you...

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger throws open the door, gun in hand.

The buzzer suddenly stops.

Roger searches the room, looking everywhere.
Tearing the place apart savagely.

Spots the buzzer on the wall, smiles.

ROGER
Clever, clever, Mrs. Grandfort.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM -- NIGHT

She hears Roger's footsteps getting closer.

Quickly, Mrs. Grandfort bolts across the room to the closet.
She quietly slides the closet door open and crawls inside.

Mrs. Grandfort closes the closet door just as Roger kicks down the door to the room.

Wood splinters as the door smashes in.

Roger aims the gun into the room, eyes searching.

ROGER
I know you're in here, Mrs. Grandfort.
This is where the buzzer is.

Roger looks from bed to chair, wondering where she's hiding.

INT. CLOSET

Mrs. Grandfort cowers, listening to the foot steps.
Scrunches up in the corner, hoping not to be found.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM

Roger aims the gun under the bed, no one hiding there.
Kicks over one of the chairs.
Tearing the room apart.

ROGER

Why don't you just come out? We can
gets this over with and move on.

INT. CLOSET

Mrs. Grandfort cowers in the corner, listening as Roger's
footsteps go right past her.

She holds her breath.
The footsteps move away.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM

Roger walks to the bathroom door, opens it.

INT. BATHROOM

A huge old fashioned bathroom. Roger springs in, gun ready.
Nobody here.

He looks at the closed shower curtain and advances slowly.

One hand on the shower curtain, one hand on the gun, he tears
open the curtain. Nothing. The shower is empty.

He opens the connecting door to the guest bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Empty.
Roger takes a step inside, but KNOWS she isn't in here.

INT. CLOSET

Mrs. Grandfort hears no footsteps. Believes Roger has moved
on to the guest bedroom. Reaches up to open the closet door.

Footsteps approaching!

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM

Roger spots the closet door and smiles.

ROGER

There you are.

He saunters over, gun ready.

Roger pulls back his foot to kick open the door.

Suddenly, the door jerks open and Mrs. Grandfort attacks
Roger with a wooden hanger. Knocks the gun out of his hands.

ROGER

Ugh!

Keller's gun goes skittering across the floor.

Mrs. Grandfort swings the hanger again, aiming for the sound of Roger's voice. Woosh!

Roger steps back, and the hanger misses. He laughs.

She swings for the laugh, but Roger has already moved.

ROGER

Hard to hit what you can't see.

She swings again, connects with his shoulder.

Roger laughs again. It's only a hanger.

She swings for his voice again, but hits nothing.

He's gone.

She searches with one hand, hanger ready in the other.

No sign of him. She's confused, but keeps swinging.

Roger saunters over to pick up his fallen gun.

Scoops it up, aims it at Mrs. Grandfort.

ROGER

Let's put an end to this.

Mrs. Grandfort THROWS the hanger at his voice.

WHACK! Hits him right in the face.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Go to hell.

She pushes him aside and runs to the bathroom.

ROGER

You damned BITCH!

As Mrs. Grandfort reaches the bathroom door, Roger moves to his feet, gun in hand.

INT. BATHROOM

Mrs. Grandfort tries to slam the door behind her.

But it's too late.

Roger is halfway through the door.

The door hits him in the face, but he doesn't go down.

He keeps pushing on the door, muscling it open.

Mrs. Grandfort slams against the door, crushing his arm.

ROGER

Shit.

Roger pulls back his arm as he steps up pressure on the door.

They push back and forth with the door.

Roger trying to get in, Mrs. Grandfort keeping him out.
Like a tug of war.

Several times Roger gets a hand through to terrorize her.
Gouging at her face or ripping at her clothes.

Mrs. Grandfort pushes the door, but can't get it closed.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM

Roger pushes the door open a few more inches, gaining control.

INT. BATHROOM

Roger almost has enough space to squeeze into the bathroom.
He reaches in to grab Mrs. Grandfort's face.

She bites him.

Then she slams against the door, pinning his shoulder.

Roger screams, withdraws his arm.

Mrs. Grandfort SLAMS the door closed and flips the lock.

Takes a step back, bumping into the counter.

She's trapped in the tiny bathroom.

Roger pounds on the door.

ROGER (O.S.)
Open the damned door, bitch.

She panics as Roger pounds harder on the door.
Then the pounding stops.

Mrs. Grandfort sinks to the floor, catching her breath.

BLAM!
BLAM!

Roger fires through the door.
Bullets ricocheting through the bathroom.
Punching holes in the door.

Fingers of light reach through the bullet holes.
Reaching for Mrs. Grandfort.

BLAM!
BLAM!

Mrs. Grandfort screams and bolts out of the bathroom.
Into the guest bedroom.

INT. MRS. GRANDFORT'S ROOM

Roger kicks open the bathroom door, roars inside.

INT. BEDROOM

Mrs. Grandfort scrambles into the guest bedroom. Gets to her feet, runs for the door, feeling in front of her.

Hits the wall.
 Hands searching for the door.
 The door knob.
 Finding it.
 Opening the door.
 Racing into the hall.

Roger blasts into the room, gun ready.
 Chases her into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort runs down the hall for the living room.
 And the phone.

Roger spins into the hall and aims at Mrs. Grandfort...
 But she's gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort scrambles into the living room.
 Picks up the phone.
 Dials 911.

Waits, shaking, as the phone rings.

Roger strolls in, calmly rips the phone line out of the wall.

Mrs. Grandfort is holding a dead line.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger?

He doesn't answer. Stands quietly.

She hangs up the phone slowly.
 Remembers the phone in the kitchen.

Feels her way along the wall to the dining room and kitchen.
 Bumps right into Roger.
 Screams.
 Roger grabs her by the wrist to keep her from running.

ROGER

Got you. Let's take a walk. Down
 to the quarry.

Roger muscles her to the front door.

ROGER

It's a pleasant night.

She tries to get away, but he holds tight.

ROGER

A little chilly, but I don't think
you'll catch cold.

Dragging her to the front door, and her death.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I'll give you money.

Closer to the door.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Whatever you want. Just let me go.

Closer.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Please. Please, Roger.

Roger opens the front door.

For a moment, he's concentrating on the door.
She breaks away, runs outside.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- NIGHT

Roger stands on the front porch, watches Mrs. Grandfort run.

ROGER

Where can you run? That's the wild
world out there. No one to guide
you around the fallen branches...

As if on cue, Mrs. Grandfort trips over a branch, goes
sprawling into the dirt.

Roger laughs, lights a cigarette.

Watches her stagger to her feet and try to run some more.

ROGER

You're gonna kill yourself, lady.
I'll feel real guilty taking your
money for work I didn't do.

She trips again, goes sprawling. Lays there.

Roger ambles across the grounds to her, snubs out his
cigarette and drags her to her feet.

ROGER

Now let's go to the quarry.

Mrs. Grandfort rams and elbow into his face, breaks away.

Runs back to the safety of the house...
And the phone in the kitchen.

Roger goes down HARD, gets up angry and gives chase.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort runs through the living room.

The front door blasts open and Roger tears after her.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort runs in panic, knocking over chairs.

Bumps into the table, sending a crystal vase to the floor.
Shattering.

ROGER

You should be more careful, mother.

Mrs. Grandfort finds the sideboard. Grabs a plate and sails it at Roger's voice. A dangerous Frisbee.

Roger ducks as the plate sails over; grabs a chair, pulling it up for protection.

Mrs. Grandfort throws more plates.
They slam against Roger's chair-shield.
Shattering.

Roger pokes the chair at Mrs. Grandfort, like a lion tamer.

Mrs. Grandfort takes a step back, trying to avoid the chair.

Roger pokes again, laughing.

Mrs. Grandfort grabs the front chair legs, tries to pull it away from Roger.

Roger spins the chair, slapping her hands from the legs.

Mrs. Grandfort runs into the kitchen.
Roger tosses the chair aside, follows.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

She scrambles for the phone, starts to dial.
Roger hits the hang up bar.

ROGER

Sheriff Keller isn't there, anyway.
He's out in his patrol car, dead.

MRS. GRANDFORT

No...

ROGER

I think he'll end up in some sort of
single car traffic accident...
Maybe drive off a cliff.

She SLAMS him in the face with the handset, knocking him
away. Dives for the kitchen drawers. And the knives.

Yanks open a drawer, feels inside: Spoons.
Tries another drawer: Utensils.
Another drawer: Knives. Feels until she finds a BIG one.

ROGER

I've had enough of this crap.

Roger rushes at her.
She turns...
Stabs his leg...

Roger SCREAMS as the blade sinks into his thigh.

Mrs. Grandfort begins crawling away at top speed.

ROGER

You bitch!

Roger pulls the knife from his thigh.
It makes a gooey sound.
He raises the knife.
Springs for Mrs. Grandfort.

She rolls away, the knife plunging into the floor.
Roger tries to pull out the knife, but it's stuck.

ROGER

Come out, please come out.

Mrs. Grandfort gets to her feet, stumbles against a wall.
Feels something under her hands.
The circuit breaker box.

She tears it open, begins flipping switches.

Roger yanks the knife out of the floor, looks at it for a
moment, then tosses it aside. Pulls out Keller's gun.

Mrs. Grandfort hears Roger moving, flips switches faster.
Finally flips ALL of the switches.

SENDING THE ENTIRE HOUSE INTO DARKNESS.

ROGER

Damn.

He feels around the kitchen, trying to find her. The tables
have been turned. Now Roger is the blind one and Mrs.
Grandfort has the advantage.

MRS. GRANDFORT (O.S.)
Welcome to my world.

Roger staggers toward her voice.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Grandfort finds the fallen fire tools, grabs the poker, hands feeling the barbed end.

MRS. GRANDFORT
The land of always night.

Roger staggers into the room, following her voice.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I've had fifteen years to learn how
to live in the dark. Use my sense
of hearing, touch, and smell.

She swings the fire poker, hitting Roger in the chest.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I can "see" you. You can't see me.

Roger scrambles into a corner, trying to escape.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I could see you that night in the living
room with Anne. What were you up to?
What have you done with Anne?

Mrs. Grandfort stops, listens.

Roger stands perfectly still, hears her move past him.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Why do you want to kill me? The money?
I don't have any real money. Just the
estate, and a trust account your father
set up before his accident.

Roger moves away from her voice, looking for a better place to hide. Feeling the wall... but completely lost.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I keep calling you Roger. Thinking
of you as my son. But you aren't.

Stepping carefully so as not to knock over anything.

MRS. GRANDFORT
You're some stranger here to kill me.

Roger is on the opposite side of the room as Mrs. Grandfort.

She swings the fire poker like a samurai sword.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Why do you want to kill me?

ROGER
'Cause your son doesn't have the guts.

She swings the poker, knocks over a lamp.
Moves towards Roger's voice as he moves away.

ROGER
Strange, isn't it? He can kill three
people with a pick ax, one of them
the girl he was sleeping with.

Mrs. Grandfort swings again.
Almost connects.
Roger slinks away.

ROGER
Can you imagine that? But he can't
bring himself to kill his own mother.

Swings again, barely missing Roger.
They circle each other in the darkness.

MRS. GRANDFORT
He didn't kill those people.

ROGER
Remember: It was MY DNA that didn't
match the blood evidence, not his.

She gets a bead on his voice and swings.
A powerful, deadly swing.
JUST misses his head.
He pulls away quickly, stumbling.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I know in my heart he didn't kill them.

ROGER
How can you be so sure?
(she swings)
Your special bond?
(misses)
A mother's blind trust of her son?
(Roger backs away)
How do you KNOW he didn't ax that family?

She swings again, almost connecting with his head.

MRS. GRANDFORT
Because I did.

MRS. GRANDFORT
I should have killed her the first
time he stuck it in her.

She swings again.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 Girl like that's not much more than
 a common whore. Not the kind of
 girl a Grandfort marries.

Roger scrambles away from her.
 She's a crazy pick ax murderer.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 When he told me she was pregnant, and
 that he wanted to do the right thing
 and marry her, I had to stop it.

She swings again, but Roger is out of reach.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 I offered to pay for the abortion.
 Kill the spawn before it killed him.

She swings again. Blind rage adding force to her swing.

Roger is on the far side of the room, listening as her voice
 gets closer and closer. Soon she'll find him and kill him.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 But he said he loved her. Loved her
 more than he loved me.

Swings. Getting closer to Roger.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 I was in labor for twelve hours giving
 birth to him. I fed him milk from
 my own breasts until he was seven,
 and this is how he treats me?

Swings, destroying a lamp, a few feet from Roger.

MRS. GRANDFORT
 This is the respect he shows his own
 mother? By choosing some tramp?

Roger pulls out his lighter, flicks it on.

She hears the lighter click, gets a bead on him, and charges.
 Swinging the fire poker as she did the pick ax seventeen
 years before. Screaming like a banshee.

Roger has nowhere to run.

She slams him with the poker a half dozen times.
 Pummeling Roger. Beating him to a pulp.

Then Roger remembers the gun in his hand, ducks a poker swing,
 aims, and fires at Mrs. Grandfort.

BANG!

Hits her in the arm, spinning her around.

ROGER

You know, a guy can only take so much, even from his mother. I expect your son feels the same way.

Mrs. Grandfort hits the floor. Lets go of the poker and touches her arm - fingers come away sticky.

MRS. GRANDFORT

You shot me.

ROGER

Screws up the suicide plan, but I'll figure something out.

Mrs. Grandfort tries to crawl away.

Roger lights a decorative candle with his lighter.

THE ROOM FLICKERS TO CANDLE LIGHT.

Roger reads the inscription before pocketing the lighter.

Mrs. Grandfort tries dragging herself away.
If she can get to the front door...

ROGER

Where do you think you're going?
It's OVER, lady.

She keeps dragging herself away.
Roger keeps the gun trained on her.

ROGER

Your son hates you, your nurse hates you, I even grew to hate you.

Closer to the door. But not out of Roger's gun sites.

ROGER

You can't bully the world into loving you. It doesn't work that way.

Roger grabs her leg, pulls her back.

She screams. Claws at the carpet. Tries to scramble away.

ROGER

Kept trying to change the circumstances so your kid would love you, when you should have just changed yourself.

He straddles her, holds down her arms.
Puts the gun to her head.

ROGER

Guess it's too late for that now.

Presses the gun barrel into her face.
Finger tightening on the trigger.

Pulls the gun away.

ROGER

Crap. Killing's just not in my blood.
I'm gonna fuck this up and lose twenty
million bucks.

Roger gets off her, moves to his feet, gun still in hand.

WHAM! The door blasts open, and Roger spins.

The prisoner we know as Grandfort, in a cheap suit, steps
into the room.

ROGER

Son of a bitch.

GRANDFORT

Don't talk about my mother that way.

ROGER

Out early.

GRANDFORT

Good behavior. Yours, not mine.
(looks past Roger)
Is she dead?

ROGER

I couldn't...

GRANDFORT

Loser.

He pulls the gun from Roger's hand... then aims it at him.

GRANDFORT

Lighter.

Roger hands over the lighter and Grandfort fires one up.

Mrs. Grandfort slowly tries to crawl away, they ignore her.

GRANDFORT

It was supposed to be an accident,
Vilette. What a screw up.

Grandfort aims the gun at Roger...

Roger sees someone in the doorway over Grandfort's shoulder...
Anne - messed up, but the cavalry here to save him.

Then, Anne just disappears, leaving Roger alone.

Roger watches as Grandfort cradles his mother in his arms.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Who? Who?

GRANDFORT

It's your son, Roger.

Her hands touch his face, feeling over it.
A familiar face.
She smiles.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger.

She clenches his hand in hers.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Why? Why did you do this to me?

GRANDFORT

(laughs)

To you? Why did you do this to me?

Roger watches as he explains to his mother...

GRANDFORT

You just couldn't let go. Wouldn't let me live my own life. I had to be "your son".

MRS. GRANDFORT

My son.

GRANDFORT

When I told you I loved Melinda, that I wanted to marry her, did you feel my joy? No. You thought she was taking me away from you.

Mrs. Grandfort grips his hand.

GRANDFORT

So you killed the only girl I ever loved. Murdered her with a pick ax. Then killed her parents.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Everything... for you.

GRANDFORT

It wasn't MY blood under Melinda's fingernails... it was YOURS.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Kiss me. Kiss me the way you used to... when you were a boy.

GRANDFORT

I spent seventeen years in prison
for YOUR crimes.

(beat)

And you ask why I did this to YOU?

(beat)

You took away my entire life. If
you couldn't have me, nobody could.

Mrs. Grandfort grips his hand.

GRANDFORT

I wanted you dead. I used to dream
about it in prison. Different ways
to extract my revenge. To get out
from under your thumb. To force you
to finally let go.

Grandfort looks down at his hand clutched in hers.
Trying to hold back his tears... failing.

GRANDFORT

(nods to "Roger")

So I hired Vilette... But he just
doesn't have killing in his blood
like we do, mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Everything for you...

They kiss - with tongue. Grandfort cradles her in his arms,
singing her the lullaby she used to sing him as a child.

GRANDFORT

(lullaby)

Hush little dreamer, off to sleep. No
reason to fear the shadow's creep.
Drift little sleeper, off to dreams.
Slumber through the midnight screams...

Grandfort puts the gun to the side of her head and pulls the
trigger. BLAM! Killing her. Brutal. Roger is shocked.

Grandfort moves to his feet, turns to Roger, gun in hand.

GRANDFORT

Your turn, Vilette. You killed my mother
as part of your scheme to impersonate me
and inherit my fortune. We struggled,
and the gun went off killing you. Sounds
believable, doesn't it?

Grandfort advances on Roger - pressing the gun into his face.

Roger kicks it out of his hands. The gun skitters away.

Grandfort jumps at him, throwing a vicious punch.

Roger blocks the hit, delivers one of her own. They scuffle. Trading punches and kicks.

Grandfort gets his hands on Roger's throat - strangling him.

GRANDFORT

Sometimes you just have to do it by hand. I can feel the life slipping from your lungs, Vilette.

Roger's eyelids flutter... He is dying.

WHAM!

A hypodermic needle plunges into Grandfort's neck.

Grandfort spins before Anne can press the plunger. Roger falls to the floor, gasping for breathe.

Grandfort punches her in the face, she slams against the wall, but bounces back at him with fury. They grapple - bouncing around the room. Grandfort PUMMELING her.

Then she finds the hypo still hanging from Grandfort's neck, depresses the plunger. Forcing all of the liquid into him.

Grandfort's eyes pop open.

He lets go of her, grabs the hypo and yanking it out. Staggeres away, mouth opening and closing like a beached fish.

ANNE

Toxichlor Insecticide. Odorless, colorless, attacks the brain, fatty tissues, and liver. A level 6 toxin, perfect for killing pests...

Grandfort takes his last gasp... dies.

ANNE

Like you, Roger Grandfort.

Roger (Vilette) staggers to his knees.

Looks up and sees Anne over him - gun in hand.

ANNE

Guess I'm in charge.

ROGER

You have the gun. You can do whatever you want whenever you want. Turn me over to the police if that tickles you.

ANNE

Might be fun to shoot you.

ROGER

I didn't much like shooting the Sheriff, and he was trying to kill me.

She keeps the gun aimed at him.

ANNE

Can I ask you a personal question?

ROGER

Fire away. Not with the gun, please.

ANNE

Who the hell are you?

ROGER

Judd Vilette, robbed enough convenience stores to get arrested. Grandfort, there, had this scheme...

ANNE

I heard. She killed those people.

ROGER

This was one screwed up family.

ANNE

Why didn't you kill her?

ROGER

Just not in my blood. Lost twenty million or two million - loser either way. Gonna call the cops, send me back to slam?

ANNE

I have the power.

ROGER

Use it wisely. Far as anyone knows, I'm Roger Grandfort, and I'm worth twenty million bucks. That dead guy is some loser convict named Judd Vilette, came here to rob me.

Anne smiles more with every word "Roger" says.

ANNE

So, he killed the Sheriff, too?

ROGER

That's how he got the gun.

ANNE

Okay, Mr. Grandfort, are you going to call the police or am I?

She lowers the gun, and Roger smiles. She helps him to his feet and they walk to the kitchen phone... holding hands.

FADE OUT