

# **BLIND TRUST**

by  
William C. Martell

William C. Martell  
11012 Ventura Blvd #103  
Studio City, CA 91604  
818-497-2707  
wcmartell@ScriptSecets.Net

"BLIND TRUST"

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, 1983 -- EVENING

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

INT. BENOIT HOME -- EVENING

Whack!

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

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

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

(CONTINUED)

Spots the telephone on the night stand, crawls to it as the pick axe 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 axe 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 axe falls.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, 1983 -- 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 axe 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 axe 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 Baily.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

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.

TIGHT ON:

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: SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

GUARD (O.S.)  
Grandfort, Roger.

ROGER is no longer a baby faced fifteen year old. His hair is short, face lean, eyes cold.

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(beat)

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.

(beat)

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)

(long beat)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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. 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 he 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 nods, leaves.

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.  
A SERVANT hovers close by, to see to their needs.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (CONT'D)  
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.

ROGER  
Fill it.

The Servant nods, fills his glass to the brim.  
Roger chugs it, gestures for more.

As the Servant pours, Roger kicks back, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

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.

MRS. GRANDFORT

We've lived apart for over fifteen  
years. Both become set in our ways.

(beat)

We have to learn to compromise.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Establishing.

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.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

In the yard, only reason someone'd sneak behind you was to stick in a shiv.

(explains)

A knife. Made 'em out of spoons they's steal from the mainline.

(explains)

Cafeteria.

ANNE

Like a whole different language.

ROGER

Whole different world.

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

(throws it)

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 an ex-convict. Hides her fear.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

KELLER

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

(beat)

A pick axe? 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 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KELLER (CONT'D)

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.

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 17 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KELLER (CONT'D)

(beat)  
 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.  
 (beat)  
 Just getting ready to leave, weren't  
 you, Walt.

Keller gives him a cold stare.

KELLER

Yeah. 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.

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. It's HIS orange, now.

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 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 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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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" stencilled. GRANDFORT sits on a wooden bench, head touching his knees. We can't see his face.

Another prisoner, "Vilette" stencilled on his shirt, enters frame and looks down at him.

PRISONER

Grandfort. Working for Jesus, now?

(CONTINUED)

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 ten million waiting for me.

ROGER  
 Catch is: You're not getting out.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(beat)

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.

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.

(beat)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

GRANDFORT  
Right.

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?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRANDFORT  
Get me a glass of water. Now.

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 studies the locked door.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL -- DAY

Roger studies Grandfort's face.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

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

(beat)

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

I got a guy in records who'll swap the names on our files, so the fingerprints match.

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

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 fifty-fifty.  
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.

Roger finally gets it, and nods.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDFORT  
We have a deal, Vilette?

Roger 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 unlocks the storm cellar door.

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

ROGER  
The only wine we had was "prune juice".  
(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 as a kid.

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 axe. Roger grabs the pick axe, 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.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Night falls on the hacienda.

INT. LIVING 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.

MRS. GRANDFORT

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

(beat)

Afraid to leave your mother.

Roger gives a neutral expression. He doesn't remember.

MRS. GRANDFORT

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

Roger nods, smiling. 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.

(beat)

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

MRS. GRANDFORT  
Come on, Roger.

ROGER  
(snaps)  
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  
15 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.

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.

Roger feels her watching him and turns around.

She's gone. Just moving curtains.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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...

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.

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)

She gave me this lighter when I turned fourteen, but won't let me smoke in the house.

ANNE

She's your flesh and blood.

ROGER

She's a cold, manipulating, 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.

(beat)

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.

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

ANNE

Can I ask you a personal question?

(CONTINUED)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

Roger walks away, leaving her alone.  
Inside the house, the buzzer sounds.  
Mrs. Grandfort needs her.

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  
Roger. You going to invite me in?

ROGER  
What do you want?

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

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 at 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  
They were dead when I got there.

(CONTINUED)

KELLER

That's what you told the officers seventeen years ago. But I noticed a couple of discrepancies I'd like to clear up. This 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.

KELLER

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

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...

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(beat)

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

(beat)

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 an 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.

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 rolls out of bed, grabs her robe.

The buzzer again and again, insistent.

ANNE

All right. I'm coming.

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.

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 takes Anne's arm, cutting off the argument.

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 searches the room.  
Quietly tearing it apart, flashlight stabbing the darkness.

A prowler.

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

Roger stands in the middle of the room, searching. Caught.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Who is it?

Roger and Anne look at each other.

ANNE

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

(beat)

I'll clean it 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.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Morning.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

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

ANNE

What were you doing last night?

(CONTINUED)

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. Odorless, colorless, a level 6 toxin. Very deadly.

Hides the insecticide in a pocket.

Roger pulls the house key ring from his pocket, flips it in his hand, then returns it to the hook inside a cupboard.

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, grey 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

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.

ROGER

Yes. Of course.

They shake, but Larrue is still staring at him.

(CONTINUED)

LARRUE  
You look completely different.

ROGER  
Lost the baby fat.

Larrue continues studying him.  
Anne notices Larrue's confusion... Suspicion.

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)  
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 is angry.

LARRUE  
Had I defended you, you'd have still  
gone to prison.

ROGER  
Not that good, eh?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

Anne watches Roger with growing suspicion.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger, smoking in bed, remembers...

INT. PRISON BUS -- NIGHT

Just like a school bus, except none of the passengers have any class.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.)

He looks pretty bad.

The sick Prisoner vomits.

ROGER

Christ, he's puking all over the place!

The Guard touches the Driver's shoulder, pulls out his keys.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

Soon, the Prisoners are gone.

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.

(beat)

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

GRANDFORT

Mother & I have a special relationship.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER  
I'll take care of her for you.

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

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

Murphy shakes his head.

ROGER  
Tell anybody and we'll kill you.  
Understand?

Murphy nods.

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

Murphy nods again. Roger smiles, sits back in his seat.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Roger lays back in his bed, smiling.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort trims her rose bushes by touch.  
Wearing thick garden gloves, using a pair of clippers.

A hand grabs her shoulder, frightening her. It's  
Roger.

ROGER  
Thought we could go for a walk, mother.

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.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

MRS. GRANDFORT  
 Working with the ranch hands and the  
 roustabouts, I had to be tough as  
 leather, demanding, bossy.  
 (beat)  
 Sometimes I brought the toughness home  
 with me. That was a mistake.

ROGER  
 Let's forget about the past.

She almost misses the wooden bridge, falls into the water.  
 Roger waits until the last minute to correct her.

ROGER  
 Opps! This way, mother.

She hugs his arm. They climb the steps towards the gazebo.

EXT. QUARRY -- DAY

Roger guides her away from the gazebo, towards the cliff.

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

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  
Opps! 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 to the gazebo.

EXT. GAZEBO -- DAY

They cross the grass to the gazebo, arms linked.

Roger still looking for possible accident opportunities.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

ROGER

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

Except Roger can't get the taste of that weird kiss out of his mouth. He keeps looking strangely at Mrs. Grandfort.

Anne notices. Wonders what is up.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Night must fall.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Light from under Roger's door goes out.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Anne creeps out of bed, throws on a robe, grabs a flashlight. Quietly leaves her room.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Anne sneaks past Roger's door, creeps into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Anne uses the flashlight to find the ring of house keys.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- NIGHT

In her nightgown and 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 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 creeps to the barn, 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

(trembling)

I... came down to look at your things.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Nothing.

ROGER

You came all the way out here in your nightgown, 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...

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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.

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

                                    ROGER  
                                    Morning, mother.

                                    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, smiles.

                                    MRS. GRANDFORT  
                                    Going away to college?

(CONTINUED)

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 turns 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

(smiles)

Never thought of it like that before.

Mrs. Grandfort and Anne sip their 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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").

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

KELLER

They don't match. How can that be?  
They matched seventeen years ago. No  
way his fingerprints can 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

Because it's not Roger.

Figures it all out.

KELLER

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

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.  
Going to confront the false Roger.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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 someone 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

I'm going to take a walk.

Anne watches Roger leave, very suspicious.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Roger opens the cupboard, looking for the keys to the storm cellar under the barn. The hook is empty. Keys are gone.

EXT. BARN

Roger tries opening the storm cellar door. Locked. Looks at the door and lights a cigarette, smiles.

ROGER

Hell, might as well get this thing over with.

Pockets the engraved lighter.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Roger strolls along the road, past the orange groves.

(CONTINUED)



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 presses the gun into his face again, losing patience.

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.

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.

(beat)

Look, 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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, man. 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! 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

ROGER

Shit.

Roger strolls back to the house, smoking his cigarette.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mrs. Grandfort sits in her thrown. Anne enters, pulls the keys from the storage cellar from her pocket. She had them.

ANNE

I'm going outside for a moment, ma'am.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Make it quick, Anne.

Anne exits.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

Anne runs across the grounds to the barn.  
Pulls out the house keys 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.

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 box containing Roger's past. Pulls it down.  
Uses the flashlight to search the contents.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

(CONTINUED)

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

The eyes are different.

She lowers the photo, knows the truth.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Jumps a mile. Anne hides the framed photo under her clothes,  
scrambles out of the room. Shadows everywhere.

She finds her way to the stairs, begins climbing them.  
Noises from beyond the door.  
The wind?

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. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Anne enters, sees Mrs. Grandfort in her chair. Approaches.

ANNE

Mrs. Grandfort?

(closer)

I was just out in the...

Anne sees Roger. Standing casually across from his mother.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Yes, Anne?

Anne can see that Roger is torn up. Bloody, clothes ripped.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER  
Out exploring?

ANNE  
Having a smoke. What about 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.

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

Roger nods to Anne 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.

ANNE  
I went out to the storage cellar, found the photos of Roger. It's not the same person. He's an imposter. An escaped convict or something. That's why he can't remember...

MRS. GRANDFORT  
Are you sure?

ANNE  
Yes, ma'am.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

ROGER (V.O.)

No reason to do anything... dangerous.

ANNE

Yes?

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 and accidents do happen. Let nature take its course.

Anne hangs up the phone, bolts to the door.

ANNE

I'm going for help.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Anne?

She roars out of the house.

EXT. GRANDFORT HACIENDA -- DAY

Anne runs away from the house.

From another door, Roger gives chase. Blasting after her.

EXT. HACIENDA GROUNDS -- DAY

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

ROGER

(singing)

Look out girl 'cause I'm gonna get  
you, I'm gonna git you...

Anne looks back. Roger is gaining!

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 ten 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.  
Roger chases.

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 about eight feet behind her.

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

Roger stops running, looking from tree to tree.

ROGER

Olley-olley oxen free!

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

ROGER

Come on, Anne. We can do this together.  
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.

(CONTINUED)

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 ten 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

Ten 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.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls her close. Within kissing distance.  
Sniffs her. Gets ready to lick 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 laughs... until she starts pummeling him.

ANNE

You son of a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

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

WHAM!

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

Anne is down and out. Face bloody, maybe dead.

Roger staggers to his feet, throws the rock at her FACE.

ROGER

Bitch.

Kicks her body.

Then 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 scarry... But Mrs. Grandfort can't see that.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Where's Anne?

ROGER

Out having a smoke.

Mrs. Grandfort backs away from him.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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

(laughs)

What have YOU done with him? You claim  
to have some kind of 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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (CONT'D)

That's sick. You breast feed him, too? 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!

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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  
Olley-olley oxen free.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

Roger has sauntered 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.

(CONTINUED)

She pushes him aside as she runs to the bathroom.

ROGER

You BITCH!

As Mrs. Grandfort reaches the bathroom door, Roger moves to his feet, gun in hand. Not happy.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

Silhouetted in the door frame, Roger is the picture of evil.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.  
(smiles)  
Let's take a walk. Down to the quarry.

Roger starts to muscle her to the front door.  
She tries to get away, but he holds tight.  
Closer to the door.  
Closer.

INT. ENTRY HALL -- NIGHT

Dragging her to the front door, and her death.

ROGER

It's a pleasant night.  
(closer)  
A little chilly, but I don't think  
you'll catch cold.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRANDFORT

I'll give you money. Whatever you want. Just let me go. 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.

No obstacles to trip over... And a phone in the kitchen.

Roger goes down HARD, gets up angry. 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.

(beat)

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.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER  
I've had enough of this shit.

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  
Shit.

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  
Shit.

He feels around the kitchen, trying to find her.

The tables have been turned. Now Roger is the blind one,  
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.

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 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.

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.  
WOOOOSH!

MRS. GRANDFORT  
Why do you want to kill me?

ROGER  
'Cause your son doesn't have the guts.

(CONTINUED)

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 axe, 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

(laughs)

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

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 pick axe  
 that family?

MRS. GRANDFORT

Because I did.

She swings again, almost connecting with his head.

MRS. GRANDFORT

I should have killed her the first  
 time he stuck it in her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRANDFORT (CONT'D)

(beat)

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 axe 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 six, 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 axe 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.

(CONTINUED)

Then Roger remembers the gun in his hand, ducks a poker swing, aims, and fires at Mrs. Grandfort.

BANG!

Hits her in the chest and blasts her off her feet.

ROGER  
Damn, that felt good.

Mrs. Grandfort hits the floor. Lets go of the poker and touches her chest, wet with blood. She's mortally wounded.

ROGER  
You know, a guy can only take so much, even from his mother. I expect your son feels the same way.

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 hated 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.

ROGER  
Kept trying to change the circumstances so your kid would love you, when you should have just changed yourself.

(CONTINUED)

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.

WHAM!

A hypodermic needle plunges into Roger's neck (or arm).

Roger spins before Anne can press the plunger.  
Roars off Mrs. Grandfort, staggering to his feet.

Anne is a bloody mess, but still alive. Maddier than hell. A  
Rambette with a medical kit.

ANNE

Son of a bitch.

ROGER

Don't talk about my mother that way.

Roger aims the gun at her, but she kicks it out of his hands.  
The gun skitters away.

Roger jumps at her, throwing a vicious punch.

Anne blocks the hit, delivers one of her own. They scuffle.  
Trading punches and kicks.

Then Roger gets his hands on her throat and starts strangling.  
Anne's eyelids flutter...

Then she finds the hypo (still hanging from Roger) and  
depresses the plunger. Forcing all of the liquid into him.

Roger's eyes pop open.  
He lets go of her neck, grabs his own.  
Staggers away, mouth opening and closing like a beached fish.

ANNE

Toxichlor Insecticide. Your choice.  
Found it in your room.

Roger falls over, convulsing.

ANNE

Odorless, colorless, attacks the brain,  
fatty tissues, and liver. A level 6  
toxin, perfect for killing pests...

Roger takes his last gasp... dies.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Like you.

Anne tosses the vial of insecticide at Roger's corpse, leans down next to Mrs. Grandfort, who is slowly dying.

Mrs. Grandfort grabs Anne's hand.  
Looks at her not as a servant, but as a possible saviour.

ANNE

Hold on, ma'am. I'll get an ambulance.  
You'll be okay.

Anne wrenches free of Mrs. Grandfort, goes to the phone.

Picks up the handset to dial 911.  
A finger presses the hang up bar.

Anne looks up to see a complete stranger smiling at her. The prisoner we know as Grandfort, in a cheap suit.

GRANDFORT

Let her die first.

ANNE

You're out early.

GRANDFORT

Good behavior.

Grandfort pulls her into his arms, holding her.

GRANDFORT

All of those letters you wrote... You were the only one who ever thought I was innocent.

(kisses her)

It's good to finally touch you, kiss you... without the bullet proof glass between us.

(pulls away)

Did you have to screw him?

ANNE

No. But I had to keep prodding him with the boxes of photos.

(beat)

For a while, there, he thought he was Cinderella. I think he was just going to kick back, live your life, and let the old bitch die of natural causes. That might have taken years.

(CONTINUED)

Grandfort steps over to Roger's corpse, gives him a quick search, comes up with the engraved cigarette lighter. Checks it: still works. Smiles.

GRANDFORT

It was supposed to be an accident, Vilette. What a screw up.

Grandfort pockets the lighter, goes over to his dying mother.

Anne 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?

Anne 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".

(beat)

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 as she lays dying.

GRANDFORT

So you killed the only girl I ever loved. Murdered her with a pick axe.

(beat)

Then killed her parents.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRANDFORT

Roger...

GRANDFORT

It wasn't MY blood under Melinda's fingernails... it was YOURS.

MRS. GRANDFORT

Yes.

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.

(beat)

To force you to finally let go.

Grandfort looks down at his hand clutched in hers. Trying to hold back his tears... failing.

GRANDFORT

But I guess I just didn't inherit that killing gene. I'm not a murderer.

(nods to "Roger")

So I hired Vilette... Set a killer to catch a killer.

(cries)

And look what he caught.

Grandfort cradles her in his arms as she dies, 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...

Mrs. Grandfort looks at her son, unclenches his hand. Finally letting go. Then dies.

(CONTINUED)

Grandfort folds her hands over her chest, moves to his feet.  
Looks at Anne.

GRANDFORT

You going to call the police or am I?

ANNE

You should.

Anne smiles at him. He returns the smile, moves to the phone  
in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Grandfort dials the phone.  
Anne enters the kitchen, moves close to him.  
Touches him.  
Clinging to him for support.  
Clinging... like his mother used to.

FADE OUT.