

No Neighbors
by
Kristine Kennedy

Kristine Kennedy
1550 E Berks St.
Philadelphia PA 19125
(215) 280-5993
kris@plottwist.com

OPEN:

EXT. FLAT TAR ROOFTOP, PHILADELPHIA - SUNSET

Looking west, the sun ducks behind Philadelphia's powerful skyline, which is miles away, practically another world.

Between here and those skyscrapers, there are miles of flat, black tar roofs that sizzle in the early summer heat.

INTO FRAME

A boy's hand holds an M-80 firework. He lights it. We follow the lit cylinder as the boy throws it over the edge of the roof.

Continue following the M-80 as it falls like a bomb over Dresden.

EXT. DAUPHIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The M-80 EXPLODES with a tremendous CONCUSSION next to a TEEN MOM pushing a baby in a stroller.

The Teen Mom screams. Her baby WAILS. She looks up to see two BOYS, about 10 years old, laughing from the roof of the adjacent house.

As the Teen Mom unleashes a barrage of profane-laced threats, we PULL BACK to reveal FISHTOWN, a working-class Irish Catholic neighborhood where everyone is at least a little related.

TITLE SEQUENCE OVER MONTAGE of Fishtown:

In front of endless rows of identical two-story brick homes, overweight CHILDREN run through an opened fire hydrant.

Generations of WOMEN, only 15 years apart, bicker. A tattooed HIPSTER flies past on an expensive, custom bike.

A MAN sits on the cement steps of his rented home. He finishes a beer, then tosses the can into the street.

A YOUNG GUY waxes his sports car as his PREGNANT GIRLFRIEND smokes a cigarette nearby.

A mid-thirties PROFESSIONAL COUPLE walk past pushing a Bugaboo stroller as they text on their smart phones.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET - DAY

A typical Fishtown block of two-story brick homes. Two of the houses boast "For Sale" signs.

A small moving truck turns onto the street and searches for a place to pull over near one of the homes for sale.

Cars line both sides, so there's no option but to stop in the middle of the street. The hazard lights start blinking.

PETE WOLT, late 20's and clean cut, hops out of the cab. He looks to a rusty gray station wagon parked in front of his newly purchased house, then notes that two orange cones are lying on the sidewalk next to it.

PETE

Really?

Cars begin to line up behind the moving truck. Some begin to HONK their horns.

One long HONK. Pete holds a hand up and smiles to an ANGRY MAN in the car behind the truck. He returns a middle finger.

Pete unlocks the back of the moving truck.

INT. TAXI -- CONTINUOUS

DAN FARNSWORTH, early 30's, waits in the back seat. He watches the meter run.

Through the windshield, we see the moving truck and the Angry Man gesticulating from the car in front of the cab.

DAN

(to Cabbie)

I can get out here.

CABBIE

You sure? With your bum leg?

DAN

I'm just a couple houses in.

He hands the CABBIE a twenty.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Pete rolls the truck door open. The Angry Man really lays on the HORN. Then-

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)

Get the fuck outta the way.

PETE

We're going to be here for a little bit.

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)

No you ain't. Get that fucking truck out of my way. Now.

(Honks)

PETE

You're going to have to back up.
We're not moving the truck.

The Angry Man gets out of his car. With a baseball bat. We see that he has a KID in the back seat of his dented car.

Pete backs away. SABRINA WOLT, Pete's petite wife, comes from around the truck.

SABRINA

What's going on?

The Angry Man turns to her. Pete moves to get in between them.

RICK MCKEE (O.S.)

Hey Bill.

The Angry Man (Bill), turns to see RICK MCKEE, in a security guard uniform, emerge from the house between the two that are for sale.

He's large, imposing, but in a teddy bear kind of way.

ANGRY MAN

Rick.

RICK

What's the yellin' about?

ANGRY MAN

Just that I gotta get to work and they're blocking the fucking street.

Pete and Sabrina look helplessly to Rick.

RICK

Well, people gotta move in, Bill.
Why don't you back up? I'll get them cars behind you out of the way.
You can take Dauphin Street.

Bill relents. He walks to his car without apology.

Rick also walks away without acknowledging the new neighbors. Pete and Sabrina reluctantly begin to unpack the truck.

ACROSS THE STREET

Dan hobbles toward a gray, stone-faced house. He struggles with a heavy, army green duffel bag. His left leg appears to be injured in a way that impairs his gait.

He knocks on the door.

EXT. BELGRADE AND DAUPHIN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Teen Mom pushes past with her stroller.

A pack of TEEN BOYS turns the corner. One of them karate kicks a car mirror, setting off the ALARM. The headlights flash. WOM WOM WOM... It makes the Boys laugh, but not run.

A COP CAR cruises past, blowing through a stop sign, not even slowing down to check on the car or the boys.

WOM WOM WOM WOM--

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- NIGHT

The house is small, with plaster walls and hardwood floors. The living room and kitchen are separated by an archway and are the only two rooms on the first floor.

Pete and Sabrina unpack cardboard boxes. They become aware of the car alarm outside.

SABRINA

That's not our car, is it?

PETE

No.

SABRINA

I'm going to go check it-

THUD. A loud noise comes through a party wall. They pause, look to one another. THUD.

PETE

What the hell was that?

Suddenly, a faint commotion can be heard through the wall. Pete puts his ear up to it.

Muffled: A man and a woman are SCREAMING at one another while a kid CRIES.

SABRINA

What's going on?

PETE

I believe this is what is referred to as a domestic disturbance.

Sabrina puts her ear to the wall. The woman SCREAMS. Another THUD. Pete and Sabrina step away from the wall.

SABRINA

Pete- we should we call the cops.

PETE

He is the cops, Sabrina. That's the house the cop came out of this morning.

SABRINA

He's a security guard, Pete.

A CRASH, like a lamp being thrown, comes through the wall.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I should go over there-

PETE

Are you nuts? Let her call the hotline if she needs help.

SABRINA

(incredulous)

The hotline?

PETE

First of all, he's got a gun. Guaranteed. Secondly, let's not get embroiled in a violent conflict on our first day in the neighborhood. Right?

He resumes unpacking. Sabrina is upset, but she's not quite up to going over there alone.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- NIGHT

A small, concrete square hemmed in by chicken wire and cinder block.

All the neighbor's yards are in plain view. They go in this order: DiMarco, McKee, Wolt. Each yard has a gate that leads to a narrow, dark alley running parallel to the houses.

MAXINE DIMARCO (35) drags on a cigarette. She was probably quite beautiful once.

She gazes emptily at the McKee's screen door. The domestic disturbance emanates from within.

RICK (O.S.)

I will fucking kill you. I'll kill both of you and no one will give a shit.

Maxine's daughter, CHRISSIE (16), steps out into their yard. She wears too much make-up. Her tight jeans are slung low and her breasts bulge out of a low cut t-shirt.

She nabs the cigarette from her mom and takes a drag.

CHRISSIE

Don't use my fucking make-up, whore.

NICOLE

Don't steal my tops, bitch. You're fat and you stretch them out.

MAXINE

(opening a beer)

The both of you- shut up. Save the fighting for school.

CHRISSIE

She's been using my really expensive eye shadow.

NICOLE

I have not. You fucking liar-

MAXINE

Both of you, shut up. Get to school so I can have some peace and quiet.

Maxine walks through the house to the back door.

EXT. WOLT HOUSE, BACKYARD -- MORNING

Sabrina steps out into her yard. She's suited up for some serious gardening: gloves, tools, some plants in arm.

Two yards over, Maxine steps outside. Sabrina watches as she lifts another trash bag and returns to her house.

Janice then enters the yard in between from the alley gate.

SABRINA

(timidly)

Hi.

Janice freezes, tilts her head slightly, peering out from bed-head hair with searing mistrust.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I'm Sabrina. We just moved in yesterday.

Awkward silence. Sabrina approaches the chicken wire fence between them, looking toward to see if Rick is in the house. She speaks softly.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

(softly)

I just finished my masters in social work. I start as a case worker on Monday.

JANICE
Case worker for what?

SABRINA
Social Services. I help people get into programs, to get them to a better place in life. A safer place, sometimes.

JANICE
Welfare. I getcha. You give free shit to the lazy niggers and the illegals while the rest of us work. Well, somebody's gotta do it I guess.

Sabrina is at a loss for words. Pete CALLS from their house.

SABRINA
I gotta go. It was nice meeting you.

JANICE
Whatever.

Sabrina retreats to her house. Janice breathes deep before entering he back door to her house.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREETS -- DAY

Dan walks around the neighborhood, taking note of some of the changes:

A fancy cake shop next to a corner deli.

A Porsche parked between two pick-up trucks with union stickers.

HIPSTERS sipping on bloody marys outside a gastro pub. He almost gets run over by a hurried WAITRESS.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- DAY

Maxine walks out with the can of beer. She pauses at the sight of ELISE MCKEE (4) sitting in her back yard, playing with a GUINEA PIG.

MAXINE
Hi Elise. How are you today?

ELISE MCKEE
Look what daddy gave me.

MAXINE
He's beautiful.

Janice bursts into the yard. She wears sunglasses.

JANICE

C'mon Elise. We're going to K Mart.

Elise follows her mother inside with the guinea pig.

A RUSTLING sound in the alley. Maxine cautiously steps toward the gate. MALE VOICES. She unlatches the lock. The voices hush, the rustling stops.

Maxine flings open the gate. It's just two MEXICAN LABORERS, hauling construction debris down the alley. They apologize in Spanish, then move past.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- DAY

Dan looks over the block. Mrs. Farnsworth stands next to him.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

How does it feel to be back in
Fishtown, Danny?

DAN

Uh... pretty weird. It's really
different.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

We got some new neighbors across the
street. Young folks. No kids.

They watch Maxine step out of her house with a recycling bin precariously perched on her hip and a can of beer dangling from her mouth.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)

That's Maxine. Her husband left her
with two teenage girls and no money.

DAN

I guess things really haven't changed.

Janice emerges from the adjacent carrying Elise. They get into the gray station wagon that took the Wolt's parking space earlier.

Rick, in uniform, steps out after them.

DAN (CONT'D)

We got a rent-a-cop on the block.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

He used to be a real cop.

DAN

Even better.

EXT. MCKEE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Rick calls to his wife-

RICK
I'm working a double. I'll be home
round ten.
(waves to Elise)
Bye baby. Love you.

Janice speeds away.

Rick approaches Maxine as she almost drops the recycling bin.

RICK (CONT'D)
You need a hand Maxine?

MAXINE
(setting it down)
I'm fine, Rick.

Rick points to the "For Sale" sign.

RICK
Aren't you still married? You know
you can't run away. Different town,
same shit.

She turns the knob to her front door.

RICK (CONT'D)
He sending your money? If not, you
know I can help.

Maxine remains silent as she enters her house. Rick starts across the street.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Rick pulls out a set of car keys as he approaches Mrs. Farnsworth, who clearly does not like him. Dan is also wary.

RICK
Mrs. Farnsworth. You look well.
Are you still having trouble with
the hospital? I know some people
there, you know.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
I'm fine, thanks.

RICK
(to Dan)
And you are?

DAN

Dan Farnsworth.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

My grandson. Come to live with me
for awhile.

RICK

How 'bout that. Where'd you go?
College?

DAN

No. Just left the neighborhood for
a bit is all.

RICK

No one ever just leaves the
neighborhood for no reason.

Dan returns an icy look. Rick points to Dan's left leg.

RICK (CONT'D)

I seen you limping earlier. I can
get you a handicap placard, if it'd
make your life easier.

DAN

No thanks.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

I got lunch on the stove.

RICK

Don't let me hold you up.
(looks Dan over)
Welcome home, Dan.

Rick gets into his huge pickup truck. The engine REVS loudly.

INT. FARNSWORTH KITCHEN -- DAY

CLOSE ON a cup of steaming black coffee. White cream pours
into it. A spoon swirls the black and white together.

DAN (O.S.)

What's this?

REVEAL Dan seated at a small metal table, looking over a
stack of papers. He stirs the coffee.

Mrs. Farnsworth sets a bowl of sugar on the table.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

That's the bill the hospital sent
me. Medicare denied the claim.

DAN

I'll call them on Monday.

She takes a seat at the table, clutching her mug.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

I prayed for you every day.

DAN

Well, that was a waste. But, I'm here to help you out, not the other way around.

He looks around the kitchen. The wallpaper is peeling. A cabinet door hangs cockeyed.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fix this place up. Sell it for a boat load. Get us out to the burbs.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

That reminds me. I'm putting you on the deed.

DAN

Why would you do that?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Because if I die, I want the house to go to you, not your worthless father.

DAN

Have you talked to him lately?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Not in two years. You?

DAN

Not since the sentencing hearing.

They fall silent.

DAN (CONT'D)

I was thinking of getting a job as the guy in the chicken suit outside Church's Fried Chicken.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

(chuckling)

I think you need prior experience for that.

DAN

Being a chicken? I'm an expert.

This lightens the mood.

EXT. PALMER CEMETERY (AT ELM TREE POST) -- DAY

The Elm Tree Post is a veteran's club house.

Dan smokes on the steps. He is watching two GRAVEDIGGERS digging a new grave in the cemetery across the street.

His pant legs are raised just enough that we can now see his ankles. His left leg is PROSTHETIC.

An ELDERLY VET exits from the Post. He looks down to Dan, and upon seeing the prosthetic, salutes him. Dan offers a weak salute back. The Vet continues on his way.

EXT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- DAY

Dan stands in front of the corner bar where he once spent a lot of time. He takes a long moment to consider whether or not to go in.

INT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- MOMENTS LATER

A rowdy place with a pool table in the front. There is no day or night here.

Dan enters cautiously. He scans for familiar faces as he approaches the bar.

As he passes the pool table, he literally runs into a mean looking sonofabitch with a shaved head and neck tattoos. This is NICKY (30's).

They stand tet a tet for a long beat. The iceberg of their past chills the room.

A husky guy, JIMMY SHOES, jumps up from a barstool.

JIMMY SHOES

Danny Farnsworth?

Dan diverts his gaze to Jimmy. Nicky waves him in, like a sarcastic invitation. Dan passes him.

DAN

Jimmy Shoes. How 'bout that?

JIMMY SHOES

(bear hugs Dan)

They finally let you out?

DAN

(glancing back at
Nicky)

I gave them ten prime years.

Jimmy, mindful of the tension between the men, guides Dan to the bar. Nicky resumes playing pool, but always with an eye on Dan.

JIMMY SHOES
Heard you got hurt bad.

Dan lifts his pant cuff to reveal the prosthetic.

DAN
I'm used to it. Not so bad now.

JIMMY SHOES
Shit. Let me buy you a drink.

DAN
Thanks. But, I don't drink no more.

JIMMY SHOES
Just a little drink, then.

DAN
I don't drink at all.

JIMMY SHOES
Let me buy you a soda, goddamn it.

DAN
I'm in and out. Gotta get home.

JIMMY SHOES
C'mon. We haven't seen you in ten fucking years.

Dan relents. Jimmy turns to everyone-

JIMMY SHOES (CONT'D)
Hey! Look who's come back to the neighborhood. Danny fucking Farnsworth.

HOOTS and HOLLERS. Nicky claps slowly, a wry and dangerous grin on his stubbled mug. Next to him stands Janice McKee. She tries to get him go back to playing pool.

The BARTENDER sets two shots of whiskey in front of Dan and Jimmy.

DAN
Just a water, please.

BARTENDER
(half kidding)
No pussies allowed. Go home if you're gonna drink water.

Everyone jeers.

JIMMY SHOES

(to Bartender)

Give Danny a break. He lost a goddamn leg. Let him sip Philly's toxic tap water if that's what he wants.

BRENDA, a hideous lanky woman with greasy hair, throws her arms around Dan and plants a sloppy kiss on his cheek.

BRENDA

(slurred)

Danny! I missed you so much.

He pushes her off, but she gets even closer.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

You back in the game, Danny? My connect just went away for twenty.

DAN

No. I haven't been in the game for a long time, Brenda. You know that.

BRENDA

That's good. They made a good man out of you. You deserve it.

Someone pulls her away.

DAN

It was good seeing you, Jimmy. But, I gotta run.

JIMMY SHOES

You ain't finish'n your water?

DAN

Some other time.

(quietly)

I'm trying to stay clear of... certain people.

The bartender puts a six pack of O'Doul's on the bar.

BARTENDER

On me. But if you ever come back in here, you drink like a man.

Dan takes the six pack with a nod. As he passes the pool table, Nicky trips Dan up with a pool stick. Dan recovers.

NICKY

So good to have you home, Danny. Really. I've waited a long time for this.

Dan looks from Nicky to Janice, then leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON a frosty martini glass. The low DIN of a cocktail party hovers over Bebop jazz.

A pale yellow, icy liquid pours into the glass.

PETE (O.S.)

You have to strain out the lemon pulp, otherwise it looks snotty and you don't get the full effect of the drink. The Creme de Violette drops in last. Don't mix.

A purplish-blue liquid drizzles into the glass and settles at the bottom. The effect is quite pretty.

PETE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's like a cloud floating in the sky. The Aviation.

A few HANDS CLAP.

REVEAL-

A cocktail party. The tiny house is packed with young professionals and artist-types balancing wine and martini glasses.

Sabrina opens the front door to let in two GUESTS. She leads them through the crowd.

GUEST 1

Oh my god. Your house is so cute!

SABRINA

Thanks. You guys want a drink? Pete's mixing some Prohibition-era cocktails.

They find Pete chatting with other Guests.

PETE

We're not going to sink too much money into this house. It'll be a rental once I finish my residency and we move to a bigger place.

GUEST 2

You like the neighborhood?

PETE

Uh- no. Everyone here is on Oxy or meth and they all have kids the minute they hit puberty. I want to move to Center City, where people eat vegetables and read books.

The DOOR BELL rings. Sabrina moves toward the front door.

FRONT DOOR

Sabrina swings the door open to find Rick McKee.

RICK

Hey. Rick McKee. I live next door. I helped you guys out the other day with the parking. Anyway I just got home from a double and I'm exhausted. You guys gotta wrap it up soon cuz I gotta get up in a couple of hours for my next shift.

SABRINA

Oh... Well, people are still getting here.

RICK

Right. I get it. You just moved in. You want your artsy friends to get a look at your cute new little house. It's a big accomplishment moving into Fishtown. Usually, people are born here.

Rick puts his hands on his hips, one hand landing on his service weapon.

RICK (CONT'D)

...But, if you guys are gonna throw parties like this all the time, we got a problem.

SABRINA

No. Not all the time. This is just a house warm-

RICK

Wrap it up by eleven.

He steps over to his stoop and enters his house. Sabrina is frozen with disbelief.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Through the front window, Dan watches Rick step from the Wolt stoop to his own house. Then, Dan checks the locks on the window. Then the lock on the front door.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREETS -- NIGHT

Kids kick a soda can around like a soccer ball. It seems a little late for these kids to be out with no parents around.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- LATE AT NIGHT

Rick gets home from work. Music and laughter emanate from the Wolt house. He is pissed.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- LATE AT NIGHT

There are fewer, drunker guests. The music is louder. Sabrina, Pete, and a number of others are dancing, singing along...

A loud RAP at the door. GUEST #3, a gangly hipster with glasses, answers. When he opens the door, he is shoved back onto his ass.

Pete turns down the music and goes to the door.

PETE

What's going on?

Rick McKee is on the top step in sweat pants and a Philadelphia Soul football jersey.

RICK

What time did I say?

PETE

What?

RICK

What fucking time did I say to wrap it up?

GUEST #3

You wanna go, buddy?

PETE

(to Guest #3)

Settle down, man.

RICK

(stepping into house)

Do I want to go?

He pulls up his shirt and shows his gun. The guests gasp.

PETE

Wow. Really impressive. That's like a janitor showing off his broom.

Rick moves closer.

SABRINA

Pete-

RICK

I could kill you and no one would do anything about it.

PETE

Get the fuck out of my house, Harvey Keitel.

Sabrina gets out her phone.

RICK

You gonna call the cops, sweetie? Cuz I'm a fucking cop.

GUEST #3

No you're not.

SABRINA

I'm actually calling my friend whose an assistant DA.

PETE

Look dude. You should go back home, cool off. We're all a little drunk right now.

RICK

You saying I'm drunk?

PETE

It's Friday night. Everybody's drunk. This whole fucking town is drunk. It's cool. We're cool.

Rick stares them all down. He takes a step back, letting his shirt fall back over his gun.

RICK

I work my ass off to keep motherfuckers like you safe.

PETE

I understand.

RICK

You got to show some respect.

PETE

Absolutely.

RICK

Respect.

PETE

We respect... security guards.

Rick doesn't like that.

RICK

No more parties.

PETE

Sure thing.

Rick stumbles down the steps, casting one last glower before Pete shuts the door. Pete turns back to the guests. Sabrina puts away her phone.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wow. Sorry about that.

SABRINA

Welcome to the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGRADE AND DAUPHIN INTERSECTION -- MORNING

A KID shoves a soda bottle down the storm drain on the corner and walks on. The Teen Mom passes with her stroller, gossiping about another girl into her cell phone.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- MORNING

A real estate AGENT and a young YUPPIE COUPLE wait on the stoop. The Agent knocks.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- MORNING

Maxine is crashed out on the sofa. The coffee table is littered with full ashtrays and empty beer cans. She snores softly. A soft KNOCKING does not awaken her.

A much louder KNOCK startles her awake. She sits up.

AT DOOR

Maxine looks really hungover.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Hi Maxine. Did I wake you?

MAXINE

Yes.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

So sorry. I'm here to show the house.
I called yesterday...?

Maxine looks at the Couple.

YUPPIE MAN

Hi. We really love the block.

MAXINE

(dryly)

Yeah. It's great.

She lets them in.

LIVING ROOM

Maxine flops back on the sofa and sips an old beer. The house is no shape to be shown. The situation is awkward.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

You don't mind if we just take a look around?

MAXINE

Knock yourselves out.

The Agent starts...

REAL ESTATE AGENT

This house is very solid mechanically. It's been updated with newer windows, a new heater five years ago. Three bedrooms...

As they start up the stairs, Rick McKee can he heard YELLING through the wall. Maxine turns on the television to drown him out.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MORNING

Dan sits at the table, looking over the classifieds. His Grandmother serves him coffee.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

How about Hardware Junction? I hear they hire just about anybody.

DAN

Well, then I qualify.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

I'm serious, Dan. You need to get a job.

DAN

You don't need to remind me. I gotta go there anyway to pick up some paint. I'll fill out an application.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

You want me to drive you?

DAN
I can still drive.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
I didn't mean anything by it.

She digs her keys out of her purse, and a twenty dollar bill as well.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)
Put some gas in the car.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- DAY

Dan and Rick exit their respective houses at the same time and head toward their cars. Pete gets out of his car.

ANGLE ON: PETE

Pete pulls some IKEA bags from the trunk of his hatchback. He shuts the hatch and turns toward his house, stopping to let three TEENAGE GIRLS pass.

One of them tosses a half-eaten soft pretzel right in front of him.

PETE
You like living in your own trash?

TEEN GIRL
Faggot.

PETE
(sarcastic)
Do you mean a cigarette or a stack of twigs?

The Girls walk away giggling.

INT. WOLT HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Sabrina is cleaning the kitchen. She goes after a spider web int he window overlooking the back yards.

SABRINA'S P.O.V.

Swipe by swipe, the web disappears. FOCUS SHIFTS past the web, into the McKee back yard...

Someone enters the McKee backyard through the unlatched gate. Nicky.

RETURN TO SCENE

Afraid, Sabrina pulls out her cell phone. She dials 911 and is about to hit "send" when Janice steps out into the yard to greet Nicky. They kiss.

SABRINA

Oh. Wow.

Pete comes through the front door with the IKEA bags.

PETE (O.S.)

Hey.

SABRINA

Hey.

PETE (O.S.)

I bought some lamps. Hope you like them.

SABRINA

Cool.

He sets the bags on the kitchen floor. Sabrina turns to him.

PETE

Have you noticed that people around here just don't give a shit.

She looks back out the window. Janice and Nicky are gone.

SABRINA

Yes. I have noticed.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- DAY

Dan steps up to his grandmother's station wagon, finally having found the right key.

O.S. - SLAM! WOM WOM WOM...

Dan spins around to see where the noise is coming from.

Across the street, Maxine is in her car. She drives forward and in reverse, hitting the cars on either side repeatedly.

Dan crosses the street and taps on Maxine's window. She rolls it down. He can tell that she is drunk.

DAN

Where you headed?

MAXINE

The grocery store.

DAN

I'm going to the Hardware Junction. There's a grocery store right there. You want to save some gas, catch a ride?

MAXINE

Uh...

DAN

I'm Mrs. Farnsworth's grandson, Dan.

MAXINE

Yeah- I figured that's who you were.

She pulls the keys out of the ignition. Slowly, as though she is not sure of her choice, she gets out of her car.

INT. FARNSWORTH CAR -- DAY

Maxine sits in the passenger seat. Dan drives carefully.

MAXINE

Mind if I smoke?

He shakes his head. She offers him one, but he declines.

DAN

I quit.

MAXINE

Good for you. I've never tried to quit. I'd like to, but... I'd probably fail.

(beat)

So, why'd you move back in with your grandmother?

DAN

Well... I got discharged from the military because of my injury- my leg. It was supposed to be my career. Now I don't know what to do. I just got done with rehab.

MAXINE

Drugs?

DAN

No. No, physical rehabilitation. Learning how to walk again.

He reveals his prosthetic.

MAXINE

Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean-

DAN

It's okay. I did go to that kind of rehab, when I was young. I'm ten years clean.

MAXINE

Fantastic.

DAN

Yeah. I left the neighborhood- joined the army- to get away from that. I had a lot of bad friends.

MAXINE

Don't we all. I can't wait to get the hell out of Dodge.

DAN

Where you goin'?

MAXINE

Anywhere I can afford to go. So, probably nowhere.

DAN

An optimist.

MAXINE

(laughs)
You like it here?

DAN

Well, it's changing. But, I ran into someone...

MAXINE

An ex-girlfriend?

DAN

Uh. No. A guy I... didn't get along with when we were young. I kind of forgave and forgot. But, I don't think he did.

MAXINE

Ah.

She follows his profile as he focuses on the road. Handsome. Kind.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Well, maybe if you lay low, he'll just go away.

DAN

Maybe.

He pulls up in front of the grocery store. Maxine gets out.

DAN (CONT'D)

An hour?

She nods. He watches as she walks a crooked line into the store.

INT. HARDWARE JUNCTION, PAINT COUNTER -- DAY

Dan walks up to the paint counter with a color swatch. The PAINT MIXER takes it from him.

DAN
Gallon of latex. Eggshell. I'll be
back in a minute.

He steps away.

INT. HARDWARE JUNCTION, CUSTOMER SERVICE

Dan waits at the counter. A REP approaches.

SERVICE REP
Can I help you?

DAN
I'd like to fill out a job
application.

SERVICE REP
Sure.

He pulls several sheets of paper from under the desk and hands Dan a pen.

DAN
Thanks.

The Rep turns to another CUSTOMER.

Dan starts filling in the form, checking the box for military service. When he gets to the line asking about criminal convictions (yes or no), he pauses.

He considers which box to check. He finally checks "No", then looks over the application. He pushes it toward the Rep.

DAN (CONT'D)
There ya go.

SERVICE REP
I'll pass it on to the manager. He
should give you call within a week.

Dan nods, walks.

INT. HARDWARE JUNCTION, PAINT COUNTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Dan waits at the counter. The Mixer taps down the lid on a can and puts it in the mixing machine. He flicks the switch.

The mixer shakes violently. DUH DUH DUH DUH... it gets louder... louder...

AUDIO INTO *PSSST*. The sound of a beer can opening.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

A small kitchen, similar to the Wolt's, with a window overlooking the backyard.

Maxine takes a sip from the beer can she just opened. She is unpacking groceries as she talks on the phone.

MAXINE

(into phone)

Ma, I just need a little to get by until I sell this place.

(listens)

I am *trying* to get my life together and move on. I need just a little help right now.

Something in the periphery catches her attention. She moves closer to the window.

INT. WOLT HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina is examining another spider web on the window that overlooks the back yards.

Sabrina looks up to see Nicky leaving the McKee house. He slips out the back gate into the alley.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Maxine looks out the back window.

MAXINE

(into phone)

You're right, ma. I made some mistakes. I married a bum. I lost my job. But, I'm gonna get outta here.

MAXINE'S POV OF THE MCKEE BACKYARD

Nicky exits the McKee house and slips through the back gate into the alley.

MAXINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I gotta go, ma. I got something on the stove.

RETURN TO MAXINE

Maxine hangs up the phone and steps outside.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Maxine looks toward the McKee's wide open back door, then down into their yard. Elise is silently playing with her guinea pig.

In the next yard over- Sabrina steps outside. She and Maxine exchange looks.

Sabrina leans toward Elise, but a slow, serious shake of the head from Maxine stops her from speaking.

Maxine goes back into her house. Sabrina looks to Elise, then to the McKee gate.

EXT. HOUSE GETTING PAINTED -- DAY

Dan is walking up the block. He slows to watch PAINTERS working on the window trim.

He passes the work site, then pauses. He turns around and addresses one of the Painters. After some back and forth, the Painter hands him a business card. Dan nods, waves, then keeps walking.

He takes a few positive strides when Nicky exits an alley a few yards in front of him. The two men see one another and freeze.

Nicky takes slow, taunting steps toward Dan. Dan doesn't have much choice. He can't walk away without looking like a coward.

Nicky reaches him. His tone is searing.

NICKY

Dan Farnsworth.
(points to bum leg)
You're looking good.

DAN

Nicky.

NICKY

It seems like just yesterday that you shot my brother in the back. Don't it? I'm sure his ten years felt longer than your's.

Dan tries to get past, but Nicky blocks him.

NICKY (CONT'D)

It's funny, don't you think? Ironic, actually. You put him in a wheelchair, and then you end up getting your leg hacked off. How'd that happen again?

Dan tries to move forward again, but Nicky body checks him.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Maybe you could stop by one day and apologize to him. And to my mother, who has to wipe his ass for him.

DAN

Maybe you can go suck a dick, Nicky.

NICKY

(laughs)

Oh man. Time has ripened you like a bag of trash. But my brother... he's exactly the same. For the rest of his life, he'll be in that fucking wheelchair.

DAN

(pointing to alley)

It ain't gonna end good, you and that ex-cop's wife. That asshole can't wait to waste someone.

NICKY

Ain't no one gonna fuck with me. I own this neighborhood. You on the other hand. I'm gonna fuck with you forever. Even in your grave, I will fuck with you.

Nicky shoves Dan as he continues past. Dan steadies himself. It's all Dan can do to not beat the shit out of him.

NICKY (CONT'D)

That's right, bitch. You can't touch me.

Dan watches Nicky jig on down the sidewalk, singing a song about fucking Dan's life up.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Dan wobbles at the top of a ladder with a paint brush. He listens to a radio report about poor conditions at Vet hospitals as he cuts in along the ceiling.

His Grandmother enters the room.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

(looking around)

I can't believe what a difference it makes, a little paint. Did you call Medicare?

DAN

Shit. I forgot. I'll call tomorrow.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Okay. But, don't forget again. I don't want that bill from the hospital going to a collections agency. And oh- did you put gas in the car?

DAN

Forgot. I'll take care of it tomorrow. Promise.

He smiles faintly until she is halfway down the hall. Then his smile turns to irritation.

EXT. BELGRADE AND DAUPHIN INTERSECTION -- NIGHT

A cop car rolls through the stop sign. Some firecrackers POP in the distance.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sabrina is washing dishes. The window above the sink is open. FIGHTING can be heard from the McKee house. She pauses to listen.

RICK (O.S.)

You don't get to make an asshole out of me, Janice. I know what you're up to and it's gonna stop right now.

JANICE (O.S.)

Don't touch me!

Sabrina quickly shuts the kitchen window, blocking out the argument. And there it is- the spider web. It's gotten bigger.

She grabs a fork out of the sink and tears at the web.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- NIGHT

Maxine is passed out on the sofa. Empty beer cans clutter the coffee table. The McKee's fight can be heard through the wall.

Chrissie stands over her. She picks up her mom's purse and pulls out her wallet. Three bucks. That's all she's got. Chrissie takes it and leaves.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dan sits on the stoop drinking an O'Doul's and smoking a cigarette. Across the street, Janice smokes a cigarette on her stoop.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- DAY

The PRETZEL GUY rolls past on a bike towing a little cart full of soft pretzels. He shouts something unintelligible, but sounds something vaguely like "hot pretzels."

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Maxine opens the fridge. There's only one beer left. And not much food.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- DAY

Maxine steps out with beer in hand.

She sits in a dingy plastic chair and lights a cigarette. After a couple of drags and a guzzle of beer, she sees something through the chicken wire, something in the McKee's yard. She gets up to take a look.

It's furry. It's bloody. It's the guinea pig, cut open and dead. Maxine gasps.

EXT. MCKEE HOUSE -- DAY

Maxine, still clutching her beer and cigarette, pounds on the door.

Janice cracks open the door.

JANICE

Yeah?

MAXINE

Did you see what's in your backyard?

JANICE

Is it a brand new car?

MAXINE

Janice... go take a look at what's in your goddamn yard.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Maxine and Janice, separated by the pathetic wire fence, stand over the dead guinea pig. Janice keeps her head tilted in a strange way, her stringy hair covering her face.

MAXINE

I just come out here to have a smoke and I see this. Who would do a thing like that?

JANICE

Probably a cat.

MAXINE

Why was the guinea pig out here? I mean, did Elise forget to bring it in?

JANICE

Who knows. I hated that damn thing anyway. Her father gave it to her.

MAXINE

Well, she's going to be traumatized.

Janice still tries to hide one half of her face as she scoops up the dead animal with newspaper.

JANICE

I'll get her a kitten. I like cats.

MAXINE

(getting furious)

You know, you don't need to hide that black eye from me, Janice. I hear him doin' it to ya every other night. You may as well show it off.

JANICE

It makes me ugly.

MAXINE

No, sweetie. That ain't what makes you ugly.

Maxine stomps out her cigarette and goes back into her house.

Janice dumps the limp animal in a trash can.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- EVENING

Maxine sits alone at the dinner table, waiting while the food on her plate grows cold.

Loud music emanates from upstairs. She stares at two empty and idle plates set out for her daughters.

Tired of waiting, Maxine begins to eat.

INT. FARNSWORTH KITCHEN -- EVENING

Dan and his Grandmother are eating dinner at the table.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Did you get a job yet?

DAN
Working on it.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
You need to have something to look forward to every day, Dan. A man without a job is a burden to society and a menace to himself.

He nods to make her happy.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Pete and Sabrina sit on the sofa eating Chinese food and sipping white wine.

PETE
I liked Sai Tai Gow better.

SABRINA
This place is a lot faster.

PETE
But who knows what animal this really is?

He holds up a mangled piece of meat with chop sticks.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- NIGHT

Maxine slowly ascends the stairs. At the top, she knocks on a door with girly decorations around the name "Nicole". This is the source of the loud music.

NICOLE (O.S.)
What?

MAXINE
Don't you think it's time for bed?

The door cracks open.

NICOLE
Are you kidding? It's nine o'clock.

MAXINE
Right. Pack it in and go to bed.

NICOLE
Since when are you such a mom?

MAXINE
Nicole, you have school tomorrow.

NICOLE

Gee, thanks for noticing. Now, go
get yourself another beer.

She slams and locks the door.

MAXINE

Hey! Don't talk to me like that.

Nicole turns the music louder. Maxine tries to open the door, but it's locked. She backs away, eventually turning and going back downstairs.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Pete and Sabrina are kissing on the sofa.

POW. A loud, compressed sound. They jerk apart.

POW. POW.

PETE

Is that fireworks?

CUT TO:

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dan is sitting on the front stoop drinking an O'Doul's.

POW.

He sits up, eyes dart.

POW. POW.

Dan looks to the dark McKee house. Just then, Janice turns the corner, headed home from somewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- NIGHT

Maxine is washing dishes.

POW.

She turns off the water and walks to the back door.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Maxine steps out into the yard. She listens.

POW POW-- this time crisper.

MAXINE

Oh my god.

She runs inside.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Dan watches Janice across the street. She walks slowly up the steps of her house. She looks at her watch, but does not yet enter.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- NIGHT

Maxine grabs a cordless phone and dials 911. She runs back out to the yard-

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Phone in hand, frantic, Maxine waits for someone to answer-

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Nine one one. What's your emergency?

Just then, the back door of the McKee house opens. Maxine is paralyzed-

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
What's your emergency?

From the McKee house steps a man in a hoodie. Something in his hand, black and shiny-- a GUN.

He slides it into the pocket of his hoodie, then looks up to Maxine. It's Nicky.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Hello? Do you have an emergency?

NICKY
(whispers)
Maxine...

He points an index finger at her, like he's aiming a gun. Then he moves the finger to his lips and mimes "SHHHH."

He exits via the gate and disappears into the dark alley.

Maxine slowly pulls the phone up to her ear-

MAXINE
(into phone, weak)
Hello?

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Yes, ma'am. Do you have an emergency?

But Maxine can't get out the words.

EXT. THE BLOCK -- LATER, NIGHT

Red and blue lights flash. An array of police cars and ambulances block the street.

A COP runs yellow tape to cordon off the area.

A WAIL directs us to Janice, who is being both consoled and questioned by DETECTIVE #1.

FOCUS ON MAXINE

Maxine quivers as she speaks with DETECTIVE #2.

MAXINE

I heard, um... One shot. And then a couple seconds later, two more back to back.

DETECTIVE #2

Did you see anyone?

MAXINE

(hesitates)

No.

DETECTIVE #2

You said you were in the back yard?

MAXINE

Briefly. Then, I went inside to make the call.

DETECTIVE #2

So, you didn't see anyone exit from the back of the house?

MAXINE

No. Do you think it was it a burglary?

The Detective shrugs.

A FEW FEET AWAY Pete and Sabrina give their statements to DETECTIVE #3.

DETECTIVE #3

You're a doctor?

PETE

(nods)

Well, a resident still. But, yes.

DETECTIVE #3

Didn't you think to go over and see if you could help?

PETE

I thought it was fireworks. I've never heard a gunshot before.

DETECTIVE #3

How well did you know the McKees?

SABRINA

We just moved in. He came over the other night, drunk, to tell us to turn our music down.

DETECTIVE #3

What makes you think he was drunk?

CUT TO:

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is dark, lit only by flashing lights from the street below.

Dan sits silently on his bed, awaiting the inevitable.

From downstairs-

MRS. FARNSWORTH (O.S.)

Daniel? Dan? The police want to talk to you.

CUT TO:

INT. FARNSWORTH KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dan walks in on Detective #2 taking a cup of coffee from Mrs. Farnsworth.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Dan. He just wants to ask you a few questions about what you heard.

The Detective takes out a note pad.

DETECTIVE #2

Mr. Farnsworth, could you tell me what you were doing when the shots were fired?

DAN

I was on the stoop, out front, just hanging out and I heard three shots.

DETECTIVE #2

You were out front alone?

DAN

Yes.

DETECTIVE #2

What were you doing?

DAN

Just sitting. Nothing, really.

DETECTIVE #2

So, you *heard* the shots, but you didn't see anyone?

DAN

Yes. I heard three shots across the street. One, then two back to back. But, I didn't see anything.

DETECTIVE #2

No one going in or out of the house?

DAN

Well, the wife came home moments later.

The detective scribbles.

DETECTIVE #2

Where do you work, Mr. Farnsworth?

DAN

I'm currently looking for a job.

DETECTIVE #2

Unemployed. Well, I guess it's tough when you first get out.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Danny was here all night. With me.

DETECTIVE #2

Is this where we can find you Mr. Farnsworth, if we have any more questions?

DAN

Yeah. I live here.

The Detective hands the mug back to Mrs. Farnsworth, then he hands Dan a business card.

DETECTIVE #2

You know the drill.

He leaves. Dan looks to his shaken grandmother.

EXT. MCKEE HOUSE -- NIGHT

WORKERS from the Coroner's Office remove two BODY BAGS from the McKee house- one large, one quite small.

TWO OFFICERS keep REPORTERS and ONLOOKERS at bay.

Another OFFICER seals the McKee front door with tape after the workers are clear.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- MORNING

Maxine, in a thin nightgown, stands at the fence bordering the McKee yard with a can of beer in her hand. DETECTIVES #1 and #2 scour the yard.

#1 kneels over the red stain left on the pavement by the guinea pig.

MAXINE

That's from a guinea pig.

DETECTIVE #1

A what?

MAXINE

A dead animal. It was there before... everything.

But he swipes the stain anyway.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- MORNING

Dan dodges the reporters in order to get to Maxine's door. He knocks. Chrissie answers in her pajamas, teary eyed.

DAN

I just come to check on your mom.

Chrissie disappears. Dan waits, unsure. The Reporter shoves a microphone in Dan's face.

REPORTER #1

Did you know Rick McKee?

Maxine appears in a tattered robe, shrinking back when she sees cameras.

She lets Dan in.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MORNING

Dan sits at the table. Chrissie pours herself a cup of coffee.

CHRISSIE

You want some?

DAN

No thanks.

CHRISSIE
I babysat that girl a few times.
It's fucked up.

 DAN
Yes it is.

 CHRISSIE
But, I gotta say, I ain't sad to see
Rick go.

Maxine enters, now dressed in jeans and a sweat shirt.

 CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
Everyone knows it was Nicky. Just
no one will say it.

 MAXINE
(sitting)
Shut it, Chrissie.

 CHRISSIE
What? I got free speech. And anyway,
Dan here knows him.

Maxine looks to Dan.

 DAN
We grew up together. I was friends
with his brother.

 CHRISSIE
That's not what I heard.

Maxine waves her out. Chrissie huffs as she leaves.

 MAXINE
So, what brings you over?

 DAN
I just come over to see if you needed
anything.

 MAXINE
I need to get the fuck out of this
neighborhood is what I need. But,
since that ain't gonna happen any
time soon, I could use a stiff drink.

 DAN
You wanna go get a drink?

 MAXINE
It's ten in the morning.

 DAN
That never stopped no one.

Maxine finds this amusing.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- DAY

Sabrina stands in the middle of the living room, overwhelmed by towers of unpacked boxes.

Pete comes downstairs dressed to run. He stretches as they talk.

PETE

You gonna finish unpacking today?

SABRINA

I don't think we can stay here.

PETE

What do you mean?

SABRINA

(incredulous)

Two people got murdered next door last night. I guess you forgot.

PETE

I didn't forget. But, I understand that when a disgraced cop gets shot in his sleep, especially that disgraced cop, it's got nothing to do with us.

SABRINA

I don't feel safe.

PETE

Don't be dramatic. We just paid through the nose for this place. We couldn't rent it for enough to cover the mortgage.

SABRINA

Is that all you care about?

PETE

Since I'm the only one working right now, it's a pretty big concern of mine.

SABRINA

I start my job tomorrow.

PETE

Working in the welfare office. I give it six months.

SABRINA

Fuck you.

PETE

It's true. That place is going to wear you down. I gotta get in ten miles. See you around dinner time.

He leaves the house. Sabrina kicks a box.

INT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- DAY

Two OLD MEN hunch over the bar. Maxine and Dan slide into a booth. A shapeless WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

Coffee?

MAXINE

Screwdriver.

DAN

I'll take the same.

The Waitress goes over to the bar.

MAXINE

I thought you don't drink.

DAN

Today's a new day.

MAXINE

Is that really how you want to start that new day?

DAN

When in Rome.

MAXINE

Wow. You're just an encyclopedia of useless proverbs.

DAN

You think he killed himself, the security guard? I mean, after killing the kid?

The Waitress comes back with the drinks.

MAXINE

Oh. That's how you want to start your new day.

WAITRESS

My cousin's on the force. Told me the murder weapon is out on the street. Wasn't Rick's gun, that's for sure.

DAN

He probably had a couple guns. Trust me, they're addictive.

WAITRESS

His wife probably had her own stash. If I were her, I'd have killed him years ago.

And with that, she waddles away.

DAN

She's got an alibi. I saw her come home just after the shots went off.

MAXINE

How convenient.

DAN

But, she could have hired someone.

MAXINE

Can we not talk about it? I thought we came here to get away from it for a minute.

She knocks back her drink. Dan hesitantly lifts his to his lips. He pauses for a brief moment, then takes a long awaited gulp.

EXT. PALMER CEMETERY -- DAY

The property is a full city block in both dimensions. Large elm and maple trees provide shade for generations of the neighborhood's deceased.

Dan and Maxine walk slowly along the chain link fence encircling the burial ground. Inside, between two-hundred year old markers, GRAVE DIGGERS hollow a fresh hole in the earth.

DAN

So, I guess you'll really be moving now.

MAXINE

Who's gonna buy my house? We live on cop killer row.

DAN

Former cop-killer row. Some dumb yuppies will buy it.

(beat)

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?

MAXINE

I have no fucking idea. Probably the country. No neighbors to deal with. But, I'd be bored out of my mind. What about you?

They are in front of the Elm Street Post, the vet hang-out.

DAN

Not sure.

MAXINE

Where were you stationed?

DAN

... Uh. Germany.

MAXINE

Really? Did you like it there? Do they speak English?

DAN

Sure, they speak English. I lived on a base full of Americans.

She laughs.

MAXINE

Would you go back?

DAN

(takes a moment)

No.

MAXINE

Why not?

Dan is distracted when Pete Wolt jogs past them. It seems strange that he can do something so normal the day after a tragedy.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

He just bought the house on the other side of the McKee's.

DAN

Yeah.

MAXINE

I think he's a doctor.

DAN

Well, then there's hope yet to sell your house.

She laughs. Several ELDERLY VETS begin to rehearse a march in front of the Post. Dan and Maxine stop to watch.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dan and Mrs. Farnsworth sit at the table and are about to eat dinner. She closes her eyes and puts her hands together.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Dear God, thank you for this meal
and for another day on this planet.
Our hearts go out to Janice, who
must be in so much pain tonight.
And to her little angel, Elise. May
she rest in peace. And... for Rick.
May you forgive him his trespasses.
Amen.

DAN

Amen.

She serves food.

DAN (CONT'D)

You ever think about getting a pet?
A cat or dog. Liven the house up?

She is a bit put off by the shift in subject.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Heavens no. All the fur. And they
destroy furniture.

DAN

So do I.

She smiles.

DAN (CONT'D)

I also pee in the basement and eat
all your food.

This makes her chuckle.

A KNOCK on the door.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

He gets up.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

Dan opens the door. Detectives #2 and #3 are on the stoop.
#3 holds up a WARRANT.

DETECTIVE #3

Mr. Farnsworth. We'd like to take a
look around. Whether or not you
mind.

Dan lets them in.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- LATER

Dan and Mrs. Farnsworth sit at the table, their dinner untouched, as the cops search the rest of the house.

DAN

(to Grandmother)

It's got nothing to do with me, Grams.

She just leers at him.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dan enters. It's in shambles. The cops really tore the place up. Dan begins to clean up. He carefully folds his clothes and puts them back in his dresser.

EXT. PALMER CEMETERY -- DAY

In a distant corner, a crowd of MOURNERS, some in blue uniform, are collected around a cask. "TAPS" plays on bagpipes.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- A WEEK LATER: DAY

A COP unseals the McKee door. The Teen Mom pushes her stroller past. She's on her cell phone and does not even glance at the house.

INT. WELFARE OFFICE -- DAY

Sabrina sits in her cubicle facing a PREGNANT TEEN with a BABY bouncing on her knee. On the wall is a counter that reads 0234.

PREGNANT TEEN

When do I get my check?

SABRINA

The beginning of every month.

PREGNANT TEEN

How much?

SABRINA

It depends. Probably about five hundred.

PREGNANT TEEN

Five hundred dollars? For a whole month? Shit. I can't live on five hundred dollars.

SABRINA

No one can. It's temporary help.
You'll need to find employment after
24 months.

Sabrina hands her a completed form.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Take this to the desk up front.

PREGNANT TEEN

(hesitates)

How did you get this job?

SABRINA

What do you mean?

PREGNANT TEEN

Does it pay well? You think they'd
hire me here?

SABRINA

Believe it or not, you need to go to
college in order to get this job.

PREGNANT TEEN

College? But you don't do nothin'.

SABRINA

That makes two of us.

The Teen gets up, annoyed. Her belly swings close to
Sabrina's face as she exits the cubicle.

Sabrina presses a button that changes the counter to 0235.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- DAY

Sabrina enters and tosses her shoulder bag in a corner. She
passes the new, huge plasma TV hanging on the wall.

She goes into the kitchen and pours herself a glass of wine
from a bottle on the counter. She swats a fly away as she
steps out into the yard.

EXT. WOLT HOUSE, BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina halts immediately, mid-sip.

Standing in the middle of the McKee yard is Janice, her back
turned to us, her gauze-like hair fluttering in the breeze.
She has a surreal aura about her.

SABRINA

Janice?

Janice turns around. Her pale white face is expressionless.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JANICE

(empty)

I live here.

SABRINA

I thought you were in the hospital.

JANICE

For a bit. They told me I was depressed. Imagine that. They gave me some meds.

SABRINA

Can I... do anything for you? Maybe my husband can help?

Janice shrugs.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

He knows some good thera-

JANICE

Coffins are so expensive.

The women stand in chilly silence. Sabrina finally turns to her door.

SABRINA

Well. If there's anything you need...

JANICE

I don't understand what happened. Everything went wrong. It wasn't supposed to end up like this.

SABRINA

Yeah.

Janice looks to the gate in a peculiar way. Sabrina steps closer to her.

JANICE

Is this hell? I mean, did I wake up in hell one morning? I thought I was in hell, but then it just got way worse.

SABRINA

It's gonna get better, Janice. A little bit every-

JANICE

Because I feel like shit.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

The pills- they only make me feel like sleepy shit. Not better. Just, tired, old shit.

SABRINA

You should get some rest. Maybe stay at a relative's.

Janice doesn't seem to hear her. Sabrina quietly turns to her house. She pauses to get one last look at her distraught neighbor, then goes inside.

INT. WOLT HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina steps up to the window to see Janice unmoved.

Her FOCUS RACKS to the spider web on the window sill.

A fly writhes in a desperate attempt to break free from the web. It is only then that Sabrina becomes aware of the flies collected all over the kitchen. They are everywhere. Like a plague.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Dan sits at the table with the newspaper spread in front of him. He dials a number on a phone, then puts it to his ear.

DAN

(into phone)

Hi. I'm interested in the job you have in today's Inquirer.

(listens)

Yes. I have some contracting experience. Mostly painting and roofing. I've installed windows as well.

(listens)

The last position I had... well, I've been out of the job market for awhile. But, I worked for my uncle's painting business.

(listens)

Ten an hour. Okay.

(listens)

Yes. I can start tomorrow. That sounds great.

(beat)

Dan Farnsworth.

He reaches for a note pad. On the pad, a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, along with a note:

Dan, go get your hair cut. - Grams.

Dan tears out this note and writes on a new page.

DAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Great. Seven AM. See you there.

He hangs up, then puts the twenty in his pocket.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Maxine opens the refrigerator. She's drunk and in nothing more than a threadbare nightgown. SHIT. No more beer.

She gets on her knees and digs deep into a cabinet. She pulls out a fifth of whiskey. When she stands, she sees:

THROUGH THE WINDOW, someone in the McKee back yard.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BACKYARD -- DAY

Maxine walks out. In the McKee yard stands Janice, perfectly still, looking down to the faded guinea pig stain.

MAXINE
 Janice?

Janice sees only the whiskey.

JANICE
 I'll take some of that.

Maxine passes the bottle and Janice takes a swig.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 I'm getting new carpets.

MAXINE
 (unsure)
 That's good. What color?

JANICE
 White. And I'm getting the whole house re-painted. White.

MAXINE
 Janice. I-

From inside Maxine's house- KNOCKING.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
 I think someone's at my front door.
 But, we need to talk.

Maxine returns to her house, letting Janice keep the bottle.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- DAY

Dan knocks on the door. He is in pressed khakis and a tucked in dress shirt. His hair is combed, but not cut.

Maxine answers, still in nightgown.

DAN
Hello Maxine.

MAXINE
Dan! Wh-- What's up?

DAN
I was actually wondering if you might want to go out.

MAXINE
Right now?

DAN
Yep.

MAXINE
Where?

DAN
Wherever. I got a job. Thought we could celebrate.

MAXINE
Oh...

He realizes that she is drunk.

DAN
Or maybe another time.

MAXINE
No. Now is fine. Let me put on something... better. C'mon in.

DAN
You sure you're up to it tonight?

MAXINE
I'm as good as I get.

She lets him in.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Maxine leads Dan into the living room.

MAXINE
Have a seat. I'm just going to get changed.

She stumbles up the stairs.

Dan looks around. The coffee table is littered with overflowing ash trays and empty beer cans.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, NICOLE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Maxine rifles through a drawer. She pulls out a top.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dan starts to clean up the coffee table.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Maxine sloppily applies eye shadow and some mascara.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dan picks some clothes off the floor and puts them in a neat stack on the sofa.

SUDDENLY - A loud THUMPING as Maxine tumbles down the stairs. She falls hard, SMACKING her head into the wall at the bottom of the stairs.

Dan runs to her.

DAN

Are you okay? Don't move. Stay still.

He looks her over for blood.

MAXINE

Ow.

DAN

Don't move. I'm gonna get that doctor.

Maxine starts laughing. The laughing gets deeper, harder.

DAN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

MAXINE

I fell down the stairs.

DAN

You ever think about quitting drinking?

MAXINE

I could really use a drink right now. Ohhhhh. My head hurts.

Dan helps her to the sofa, then he goes to the kitchen.

DAN (O.S.)

It'll be worse tomorrow. Especially if you keep drinking.

He returns with ice wrapped in a towel. He puts the ice to her head. She relaxes.

MAXINE

You're so nice to me.

DAN

Because I got you ice after you slammed your head against a wall?

MAXINE

Because you wanted to take me out.

DAN

Yeah. Well. I'm a nice guy.

MAXINE

Are you really?

DAN

I am now.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dan sits on the sofa watching television, his arms stretched along its back. Maxine lies with her head on his lap.

Chrissie comes through the front door. She takes a couple of steps before seeing Dan and her mother on the sofa.

CHRISSIE

Wow. That's something I don't see every day. Usually, there's some date rape going on at this point.

(looks to TV)

Whatcha watching?

DAN

Documentary on rats.

CHRISSIE

Very sexy.

(looks around)

Did you clean?

He nods.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

She better marry you before you realize what a useless bum she is.

She runs upstairs.

Dan strokes Maxine's hair as rats go ballistic on the television.

EXT. GUTTED HOUSE -- MORNING

Plaster dust and POUNDING sounds waft out of windowless openings.

INT. GUTTED HOUSE -- MORNING

Dan and another LABORER are plying plaster off the walls with crowbars and hammers. Dust flies everywhere.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- MORNING

Maxine wakes up on the sofa. She grabs her head and moans. Looking around- she is alone. She gives the clean coffee table a funny look.

She goes into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. It's empty.

AT FRONT DOOR

Mail slides through the slot. Maxine picks it up. Credit card offers. Bills. More bills.

MAXINE

Goddamn it. Where's his fucking check?

She holds her aching head.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- MORNING

Pete walks out his front door with a brand new trash can. A CAMERAMAN and REPORTER corner him.

REPORTER

Excuse me. We want to ask you a few questions about the McKee case. What did you see the night of the murders?

Pete sets the can at the curb and turns toward his house.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Did you see Rick McKee beat his wife?

The McKee front door opens. Janice takes a step onto her stoop with a huge trash bag.

Pete watches the Cameraman shove the lens into Janice's face as she continues on toward the curb.

REPORTER #2

Mrs. McKee- did you have anything to do with the murder of your husband and child?

JANICE

I am an innocent victim of a heinous crime.

She drops the bag and walks back up her steps. A TRASH TRUCK makes its way slowly up the street.

REPORTER #2

Is it true that your husband abused you?

Janice slams the door shut behind her.

The Cameraman turns his lens to the bag of trash Janice dropped. The Reporter starts to open it.

REPORTER #2 (CONT'D)

(to Cameraman)

It's toys. Get a shot of this.

PETE

Hey. HEY. Get out of there. Leave the woman's stuff alone.

REPORTER #2

She's throwing out her kid's toys.

PETE

It's none of your business what she's throwing out. The police did their work here. The DA is doing their job. Now, get the hell out of here and leave our block in peace.

REPORTER #2

I'm just doing my job.

They continue rifling through the trash.

PETE

What's that? Checking for proper recycling?

REPORTER #2

(to Cameraman)

I think we've got what we need.

They head toward their van.

PETE

Fucking vampires!

Pete steps closer to Janice's trash. It overflows with toys and men's shirts. The trash truck moves closer.

Across the street, Mrs. Farnsworth struggles to get grocery bags from her car. Pete jogs over to help her.

INT. GUTTED HOUSE -- DAY

Dan is on a ladder. He is loosening a large piece of plaster with a pry bar.

He climbs to the top step of the ladder. It SHIMMIES. He really leans into the plaster, pushing with all he's got...

He slips and falls back with a THUD, the hunk of plaster smashing on his chest.

The CONTRACTOR, a handsome guy in his 40's, runs in.

CONTRACTOR

What the hell is going on here?

Dan pushes the plaster off his chest and tries to sit up.

CONTRACTOR (CONT'D)

You all right?

DAN

Just fell off the ladder.

Then Contractor notices Dan's prosthetic leg. It's news to him.

CONTRACTOR

I think you should call it a day.

DAN

No. I'm okay. Not hurt.

CONTRACTOR

Really. You should go home. I'll call you tomorrow if we need you.

He pulls his wallet out and gives Dan a twenty.

Dan stands, takes the money. The other Laborer gets back to work without a word.

Dan reluctantly leaves.

EXT. STREET, NEAR GUTTED HOUSE -- DAY

Dan limps up the street, dejected and covered in plaster dust.

Nicky appears behind him. He trails Dan, getting gradually closer.

He is right behind Dan, who just starts to notice someone is there when-

Nicky lifts a BASEBALL BAT and sends it FULL TILT into Dan's prosthetic leg. Dan buckles with a HOWL.

Nicky cracks up laughing.

NICKY

Bet you didn't see that one coming!

Dan can see immediately that his prosthetic is messed up.

DAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?

NICKY

Nothin'. I got both my legs. Hope you're enjoying your time as a free man, Danny. You never know how long you got.

And Nicky strides away singing something about "tighty whities." Dan pulls himself up on a trash can.

The TRASH TRUCK pulls up. An able-bodied SANITATION WORKER handily lifts heavy the can and empties its contents into the truck. He then tosses the can away like it never existed to him.

The truck moves on down the line.

Dan gimps slowly toward his house.

EXT. WOLT HOUSE -- DAY

Sabrina steps out into her yard with a glass of wine in hand. She looks to the McKee yard. Something about it bothers her. The gate... It is now LATCHED CLOSED from the inside.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Pete sets the grocery bags on the table.

PETE

Do you need help putting things away?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Oh, no. My grandson will be back soon. He'll help me.

(pointing)

See. He painted the kitchen and he fixed the cabinet doors.

PETE

Yeah. Looks good.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

You need some work done on your house? Dan is very handy.

PETE

Not right now. But, I'll keep him
in mind.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

You don't have no kids.

PETE

No. Not yet. My wife just finished
grad school. So, we're going to
wait a little bit.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

That's good. All women should go to
college. I didn't. I got married
right out of high school and had
four kids. Never got to travel.
All you young people are waiting
until you're ready. That's good.

PETE

Yeah. Well- let me know if you need
anything. I'm a doctor. So-

MRS. FARNSWORTH

A doctor! On our block? Well, that's
a first. You want some coffee?

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

The Wolt GATE OPENS. Sabrina steps into the narrow, gravelly
alley.

A STRAY CAT scurries away.

She looks to her right, where the alley empties to a street.
To her left, it fades into a jungle of overgrown vegetation.

She steps over to the McKee gate. She pushes it. Shut tight.
She assesses its climbability.

A twig SNAPS. Sabrina spins around. Nothing. No one. She
pulls herself up on the McKee gate to look into their yard.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- LATER

Dan pulls himself in the house. He nears the steps that
lead to the second floor.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (O.S.)

Dan!

He spins around. His grandmother is having coffee in the
living room with Pete.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)
This is Peter Wolt. He's a doctor.
He lives across the street.

DAN
Oh yeah. I've seen you around.

PETE
Hi.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
What happened to you? You're filthy.

DAN
I got a job.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Doing what?

DAN
Getting dirty. I gotta go take a
shower.

Pete stands.

PETE
I have to get to work soon. Thanks
so much for the coffee.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Any time. And thank you for your
help.

PETE
No problem.

Pete notices that something is wrong with the way Dan is
standing.

PETE (CONT'D)
You okay?

DAN
Yeah.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
You look tired, Dan.

DAN
I just got off work.

PETE
You hurt yourself?

DAN
No. I'm fine.

PETE

Okay. Bye then.

Pete leaves. Dan begins to make his way up the stairs.

Mrs. Farnsworth sees now that he isn't walking right.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

You did hurt yourself.

DAN

No. I just got to adjust the leg is all.

He disappears up the stairs.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Sabrina is holding herself up off the ground on the McKee gate, looking into their yard.

DETECTIVE #3 (O.S.)

Anything interesting?

She falls down, terrified. She sees that it's the detective who took her statement the night of the murders and calms just a bit.

SABRINA

Oh my god. You scared the crap out of me.

DETECTIVE #3

It's a scary little place.

She gets up and moves toward her gate.

DETECTIVE #3 (CONT'D)

You looking for something in particular?

SABRINA

A cat. But, he ran off.

DETECTIVE #3

Uh huh. Well, if you see anything bigger than a cat back here, you let me know.

He holds out a business card.

SABRINA

You already gave us one of those.

DETECTIVE #3

People have a way of losing them.

She takes it, then disappears into her own backyard.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

Dan pulls the door closed and locks it. He sits on his bed and takes a long, deep breath.

He kicks off his shoes, then pulls off his pants. A breeze from an open window next to him blows the curtains about. It feels good.

He detaches the prosthetic from the flesh colored plastic stump at his knee and takes a close look at it. It's a cheap metal leg made from low-grade materials. And now it's bent.

DAN

Fucking asshole.

He takes his shirt off. At this moment, he notices that one of the drawers of his dresser is AJAR.

He hastily puts the prosthetic back on and opens the drawer all the way.

His underwear are neatly folded in the drawer, except one pair that seems out of place. He lifts it.

There it is. Black and shiny. A small six-shooter revolver, the kind you get at a pawn shop.

A KNOCK at the front door downstairs is so loud, we can hear it all the way up here. O.S. Mrs. Farnsworth calls up for Dan.

Dan uses a pair of his tighty whities to carefully lift the gun.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS up the creaky stairs outside the door...

Dan holds the gun up to the window, looking for reflections on the shiny barrel.

THERE-- tiny splatters of dried blood at the end of the muzzle. And the handle looks polished, wiped.

He carefully pops open the chamber. Three bullets remain.

A KNOCK at the bedroom door.

Dan quickly puts the gun back under his clothes and shuts the drawer.

DAN (CONT'D)

Yeah?

MRS. FARNSWORTH (O.S.)
 A police officer is here. Said there
 was a complaint about domestic
 violence. You got to talk to him.
 This is crazy.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Dan and Mrs. Farnsworth stand with an OFFICER, who is writing
 a report.

OFFICER
 Is there anyone else in the house?

DAN
 No.

OFFICER
 No wife or kids?

DAN
 No. Just the two of us.

OFFICER
 The caller said that they heard
 screaming coming from upstairs. I
 need to check it out.

DAN
 Who called?

OFFICER
 I don't know. You got a girlfriend?

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Officer heads up the stairs. Dan is on his heels.

DAN
 Was the caller a guy?

OFFICER
 I don't hear the calls, sir.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, TOP OF STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

The Officer reaches the second floor. Dan and Mrs. Farnsworth
 are close behind. Dan positions himself between the Officer
 and his bedroom door.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
 This is insane. Someone gave you
 the wrong address. Dan hasn't touched
 a hair on my head.

The Officer gives her a once over. She looks like hell.

DAN

There's no one else here. It's just the two of us. This is nuts. There's been no fighting here.

OFFICER

I gotta write a report. Let's make it the only one today.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Oh for chrissake. He wouldn't hurt me. He's my grandson.

OFFICER

On probation.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Get out of my house.

OFFICER

(to Mrs. Farnsworth)

You want to go to the hospital?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

What for?

OFFICER

To get looked at.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Get out. Now.

The Officer folds up his report book. He looks from the old woman to Dan, then heads down the stairs.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

At the front door, the Officer pauses to address Dan.

OFFICER

A lot of activity on this block lately. You'd do yourself a favor keeping the noise down over here.

And then he leaves. Through the open door, we see Janice letting the carpet INSTALLERS in her house across the street.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- DAY

The Realtor is showing the house to a HIPSTER COUPLE. Maxine is dusting, picking up clothes, etc.. Her hair is brushed and she is in clean clothes.

A KNOCK at the door.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina is on the doorstep. Maxine opens the door.

SABRINA

Hi.

MAXINE

What do you want?

SABRINA

I need to talk to you.

MAXINE

About what?

SABRINA

(uncomfortable)

Uh... about the guy.

MAXINE

Which guy?

SABRINA

With the shaved head. In the neighbor's back yard.

Maxine turns frigid.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Two weeks ago. You shook your head at me when I asked the little girl about him.

MAXINE

I don't know the guy.

SABRINA

I think you do.

The Agent interrupts.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Maxine? May we?

Maxine moves to let the Agent and Couple out.

REAL ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

We'll be in touch.

Maxine waves bye to her. When they are gone, Sabrina continues.

SABRINA

Who is he?

MAXINE

I don't know the guy and you should try to do the same.

SABRINA

Don't you care what happened? I mean, there's a killer on the loose.

MAXINE

And the best way to end up dead is to keep looking for him.

SABRINA

Him?

MAXINE

Look, as you may have noticed, I'm trying to sell my house. I don't care anymore what happens next door.

SABRINA

Well, I just bought my house and I do. I think the gate was left open for him. And I think you know why.

Maxine shuts the door in her face.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

Dan is sitting on his bed, holding the gun with a pair of underwear.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Mrs. Farnsworth is washing dishes. Dan enters.

DAN

Grams, you got twenty bucks I can borrow? I gotta...

MRS. FARNSWORTH

What happened to the twenty for the haircut you never got?

DAN

(shamed)

I dunno. Listen, I got the job at Hardware Junction. I start tomorrow-

MRS. FARNSWORTH

What time?

DAN

What time what?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Do you start work tomorrow?

DAN

Eleven.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

In the morning?

DAN

Yeah.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

An odd time to start work.

DAN

I work until eight. Just twenty bucks to get me through till I get my first check.

She turns to him, looks him in the eye. It's hard for him, but he meets her gaze.

She gets money out of her purse. He takes it, kisses her, then leaves.

INT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- DAY

Dan is sitting at the bar pounding "ponies", 7oz beers. The bar is otherwise empty.

The Bartender puts another pony in front of Dan.

BARTENDER

Quittin' is for losers.

DAN

Yeah.

He looks toward the spot near the pool table where Nicky had been earlier.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Dan hobbles toward home. Between the beer and the bent prosthetic, he is a tragic sight.

A stray cat meanders in his path. Dan kicks at it with his good leg, but misses by a mile. He collapses on the crooked prosthetic.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- DAY

Dan pulls himself in. He closes the door. Mrs. Farnsworth is asleep in a recliner in the small room to his right.

He limps over to her. Her head tilts back, which causes her mouth to remain agape. Her teeth are yellow, her skin gray. Her hair is falling out.

He glances down at the NEWSPAPER on her lap:

"NO LEADS, WEAPON IN DISGRACED COP'S MURDER"

Dan picks a pillow off the nearby sofa. He stands over his grandmother.

He moves the pillow toward her head. Closer. Just as it seems he might cover her face, he lifts her head up gently and tucks the pillow under it, positioning her so her mouth now remains shut.

He very slowly makes his way up the stairs.

EXT. MCKEE HOUSE -- EVENING

Maxine knocks on the door. A little police tape still sticks to the jamb.

Janice answers. She seems heavily drugged.

MAXINE

Can I come in?

JANICE

Do you bring frankincense and...
what's the other thing?

MAXINE

Myrrh. I need to talk to you.

CUT TO:

INT. MCKEE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Janice leads Maxine in. The house is newly painted white. They stand on a new white carpet. It's almost clinical.

JANICE

You want a drink?

MAXINE

No thanks.

JANICE

What is it, Lent?

MAXINE

Janice- I saw Nicky leave your house
that night. He had a gun. I know
he killed Rick and Elise.

Janice reclines on a new white sofa, unaffected by the admission. She sips on a drink.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Look, in the end, it's between you and God. But, get it off your chest. Tell me what happened.

JANICE

God... God's a load of crap. I tell you Maxine -- We're all flies. Just little, meaningless bugs. We live for a little bit, eat a bunch of shit, and one day, we either keel over, or we get eaten by something bigger. Either way, nobody cares, especially not God.

MAXINE

Janice, you had your own family killed.

JANICE

I didn't do nothing. Nicky did it on his own.

MAXINE

Why?

JANICE

What difference does it make?

MAXINE

I need to know.

JANICE

You think I'm gonna tell you something that makes you feel better?

(sighs)

I wanted Rick dead- I admit that. You know, the Police Department, they take care of you for the rest of your life, like family, when your man goes down. Too bad he wasn't still a cop.

MAXINE

What about Elise?

JANICE

(beat)

It was supposed to look like a burglary. But... Elise woke up.

MAXINE

She scared him?

JANICE

No. He just shot her-

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)
 (almost cracks)
 -Because he could.

MAXINE
 Why don't you say anything?

JANICE
 He goes down, I go down.

MAXINE
 I think you might be crazy.

JANICE
 It's just the Xanax.

MAXINE
 No. There's something really wrong
 with you.

Maxine turns toward the door.

JANICE
 Are you going to tell them?

Maxine gives her a long look, then leaves.

HOLD ON Janice, lost in the big white room.

AUDIO INTO:

EXT. BELGRADE AND DAUPHIN INTERSECTION -- NIGHT

A shrill BELL, like something from a school yard, announces the arrival of the PIZZA TRUCK, a staple meal provider for the neighborhood's late eaters.

The large, garishly lit truck pulls up on the corner. Instantly, a line of CUSTOMERS forms at the truck's side.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dan carefully removes the gun from his underwear drawer. He drops it into a paper bag.

EXT. BELGRADE AND DAUPHIN INTERSECTION -- NIGHT

Dan exits his house. He halts at the sight of the Pizza Truck. It's foiled some plan of his.

The truck soon pulls away. Dan waits for the CUSTOMERS to disperse.

He limps toward the storm drain cut into the sidewalk on the opposite corner, the paper bag tucked under his arm.

He crosses the street, nearing the drain.

When he reaches the wide open drain, he looks around. A PACK OF ROWDY TEENS is coming his way, so he's got to do this quick.

With some difficulty, he gets on his good knee. He places the paper bag on the ground and pretends to tie a shoe.

Just as he is about to push the paper bag into the drain, a COP CAR pulls up. For perhaps the first time in history, it STOPS at the stop sign.

The OFFICER inside the car is but feet away from Dan. Dan looks up to him.

OFFICER

Sure hope you weren't planning on throwing that in there.

DAN

No. Just tying my-

OFFICER

Because you know that empties into our drinking water.

DAN

Oh. Does it?

OFFICER

And I don't want to drink your dog's shit. So put it in the trash, where it belongs.

DAN

Okay. I'll do that.

Dan stands. The Officer idles, looks him over, then continues on.

Dan takes a deep breath. He is about to toss the bag in the drain again when the pack of Teens arrives at the corner. They take up camp on the nearest stoop.

Dan starts to cross the street. *POP POP POP*. He jumps as FIRECRACKERS land near his feet. The Teens laugh. Dan skulks away.

EXT. WOLT HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dan pauses in front of the house. The Wolt's new trash can sits nearby. Dan peers into it. Empty. For a moment, he considers it... dumping the gun on his new neighbors.

Another COP CAR blows past, lights flaring. Dan tucks the paper bag under an arm.

Just then, Sabrina steps out of her house. She stops when she sees Dan just standing there.

SABRINA

Hi.

DAN

Hi.

She grabs her trash can and hauls it inside. Dan crosses the street toward his house.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dan puts the paper bag back in his underwear drawer. He checks the locks on the windows, then flops on his bed and stares up at the ceiling.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

We find Dan exactly how we left him. A soft knock at the door barely rouses him.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (O.S.)

Dan? It's time to get up for work.

He opens his eyes just a crack.

DAN

Work?

MRS. FARNSWORTH (O.S.)

The Hardware Junction. Eleven AM.

She opens the door and steps in.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)

I'm driving you.

DAN

No, grams. I'll take the bus.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

My god, Dan. It's got to be ninety degrees in here.

She moves to the window.

DAN

Leave it closed.

But, she opens it anyway.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Get up. Breakfast is waiting.

She leaves. He closes his eyes.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- MORNING

Mrs. Farnsworth approaches the passenger seat as Dan circles around to the driver's door.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
(shrieking)
Oh my dear lord!

He runs to her.

DAN
What?

She points at the side of the car: "Bitch."

DAN (CONT'D)
Oh... jeez.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Look what they did to my car! I've never done anyone wrong. Who would call me such a thing.

DAN
It's probably just some kids, didn't even know it was yours.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
I'm calling the cops.

DAN
They're not going to come out for this, Grams. You know that.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
We can't drive around in this. It's an embarrassment.

DAN
I'll call the insurance tomorrow and take it to the shop, get it fixed first thing.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Just like you'll call Medicare. You never got your hair cut. Nevermind. This message is obviously for you.

She gets in the driver's seat.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- MORNING

Pete is getting ready for work as Sabrina sips coffee.

SABRINA

Don't you think it's weird that Janice is getting the house re-done?

PETE

Who's Janice?

SABRINA

McKee. Next door. The widow.

PETE

Yeah. That's weird. Because I'd move the fuck out. Maybe she's gonna sell it. We should buy it. We could rent it. The beginning of our empire.

SABRINA

That's so insensitive.

PETE

Is it? Sabrina, I work in the ER. All day long, I see the worst things that people can do to one another. Gun shots, knife wounds, bashed skulls, burned kids-- you name it. I have no sympathy for humanity. If she puts the house on the market, we should buy it. And the one next to that too.

SABRINA

I think she had something to do with the murders.

PETE

I'm sure she did. Wouldn't you have killed him? He was a monster.

SABRINA

Their daughter wasn't a monster.

PETE

She would have been eventually.

Sabrina can't believe he just said that. Pete grabs his shoulder bag, kisses her on the cheek, and leaves.

EXT. WOLT HOUSE -- MORNING

Sabrina locks the front door, then jots down the steps. She is intercepted by Chrissie.

CHRISSIE

Hi.

SABRINA

Hello.

CHRISSIE
I'm Chrissie DiMarco. I live a couple
doors down.

 SABRINA
Okay. Good to meet you. I'm Sabrina
Wolt.

 CHRISSIE
Yeah. You work at the welfare office?

 SABRINA
I do - and I'm actually late for
work.

 CHRISSIE
How do I apply?

 SABRINA
Uh... well as a minor, you mother
would apply.

 CHRISSIE
But, this is for me.

 SABRINA
Well, it's the head of household who
applies. I mean, sometimes multiple
adults in a household can qualify,
but-

 CHRISSIE
I'm pregnant.

Sabrina is not totally surprised. She motions that they
walk and talk.

 SABRINA
Is the father in the picture?

 CHRISSIE
Not anymore.

 SABRINA
And have you considered your options?

 CHRISSIE
I'm Catholic.

 SABRINA
Don't let that hinder you.

 CHRISSIE
What are my options?

SABRINA

Could you live on five hundred bucks
a month?

CHRISSIE

I don't know. Maybe.

SABRINA

No. You couldn't. Not without moving
into the projects and going on food
stamps. Is that how you want to
raise your kid?

CHRISSIE

You're not going to help me, are
you?

SABRINA

I'm not sure what you want me to do,
Chrissie.

CHRISSIE

You people all act like you care.
But, you don't give a fuck. No one
gives a fuck.

Chrissie walks away. Sabrina takes a deep breath, then
resumes on her way to work.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- MORNING

Maxine is on the phone.

MAXINE

(into phone)

I'm not getting rich off your pathetic
eight hundred a month, Johnny. That
money feeds your daughters and keeps
the lights on. Not much else.

(listens)

Just send the check. Today.

She hangs up, then sits at the kitchen table and lights a
cigarette.

Chrissie shuffles in.

CHRISSIE

Ma.

MAXINE

What?

CHRISSIE

I need to talk to you about something.

MAXINE

What?

CHRISSIE

(sitting down)

Don't be mad.

MAXINE

You're already asking too much.

Long beat-

CHRISSIE

Mom. I'm pregnant.

MAXINE

Goddamn it. You have the worst
goddamn timing.

INT. HARDWARE JUNCTION -- DAY

AT ENTRANCE-

As Dan passes the Customer Service desk, The Rep who took his job application shoots him a disapproving look.

PAINT AREA-

Dan gimps up to the paint swatch station. He pulls out a couple of chips to kill time.

Janice McKee steps up next to him and sifts through some chips.

JANICE

Hey neighbor.

Dan freezes at the sight of her.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I'm re-painting my whole place.
What do you think of this color?

She holds up an off-white. Dan barely glances at it.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Some people think it's strange that
I would want to still live there.
But, it's my house. I mean, where
else am I gonna go?

Dan nods.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I grew up in that house. My
daughter... would have grown up in
that house. And my grandkids.

Dan walks away.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREET -- DAY

WORSHIPERS exit a CHURCH as the bells ring out.

EXT. NEAR GUTTED HOUSE -- DAY

Dan steps off a BUS. He pauses at the gutted house. Out front is a large dumpster that is nearly overflowing.

The Laborer comes out of the house with a trash can full of plaster. He empties it into the dumpster.

The Contractor fills the doorway.

CONTRACTOR

(to Laborer)

Tried to get them to haul this away tomorrow, but I forgot it's Memorial Day. Such a stupid holiday.

The Contractor then sees Dan. He turns back into the gutted house.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREET -- DAY

Sabrina is walking with her arms full of plants and flowers.

She passes the Pack of Teens with the firecrackers. They light one and toss it at her feet. POP. She jumps, almost dropping the plants.

The Teens apologize and suddenly cross the street. Sabrina looks around, expecting to see a cop. But it's Nicky, walking right toward her.

She stops and takes in his person: A tough stride. Thin, but not bony. Tattoos. Stubbly shaved head. He's looking right at her.

He gets close. Sabrina unconsciously takes a step backward. Nicky looks her over like a wolf eyeing a weak doe.

Her body slackens as he gets close. But, he doesn't stop. He just licks his lips, then grins as he passes.

She waits a long beat before turning around. When she does, he's a beat ahead of her, already checking her out from behind.

She turns quickly and walks rapidly toward her house.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dan lies on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He is sweating profusely. The windows are shut.

The sounds of a game show emanate from downstairs.

Red and blue lights flash outside briefly. A passing cop car.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sabrina sits alone on the sofa. The TV is on, but the sound is muted. She listens to the ever increasing repetition of holiday fireworks.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREET -- MEMORIAL DAY

FAMILIES waving American flags gravitate toward Palmer Cemetery. Patriotic music wafts from a distance.

EXT. BELGRADE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Dan cautiously exits his house, the gun/paper bag tucked under his arm.

EXT. GUTTED HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The street is quiet. Dan approaches the dumpster. He looks at the houses nearby. No one in the windows. No one on their stoop.

He gets right up to the Dumpster. He begins to lift the bag toward the rim.

MAXINE (O.S.)

Dan?

He turns to see Maxine with Chrissie and Nicole.

DAN

Oh, hey.

MAXINE

We're going to the parade. You want to walk with us?

DAN

Uh. No thanks. I got stuff to do.

MAXINE

But the parade is in fifteen minutes. You don't want to miss the parade.

DAN

Right. The parade. What's it for?

MAXINE

Oh, you're funny. Come on.

She grabs his arm and tows him.

EXT. PALMER CEMETERY (AT ELM TREE POST) - SAME DAY

About a hundred PEOPLE gather for the MEMORIAL DAY PARADE, a small affair that means a lot to the people of Fishtown.

The parade starts and ends at the Elm Tree Post after wrapping around the oldest continuously used cemetery in America.

FAMILIES wave American FLAGS as the VETS parade by. A pick-up truck with speakers in the flat bed blares the "Star Spangled Banner."

Most of the vets are OLD MEN, probably served in WWII or Korea, judging from their age. A few younger men, maybe from the Gulf or Afghanistan.

One FEMALE VET in her 20's rolls by in a wheel chair, proudly waving a flag.

Some firecrackers POP nearby.

FOCUS ON Maxine and Dan, who are standing along the sidelines. She gives him a little shove.

MAXINE

You should walk with them.

DAN

Nah.

MAXINE

Yes. You deserve it.

DAN

I don't want to.

MAXINE

You lost your goddamn leg for this country. Walk with them. I'll take your sandwich.

She grabs the paper bag and pushes him toward the parade.

DAN

I'll take it with me.

MAXINE

It's not manly to parade with a sandwich.

She gives him one last little push and he succumbs to the flow of Vets.

A BIKER VET shouts above the blaring music to him.

BIKER VET

Iraq or Afghanistan?

Dan ignores the question. He slows, falls back. He looks down at the Female Vet in the wheel chair. She smiles up at him.

Dan peels away from the crowd, making sure that Maxine doesn't see him.

ANGLE ON MAXINE

Once she loses sight of Dan, Maxine suddenly becomes aware of the bag in her hand. It clearly does not contain a sandwich.

She fingers it, feels for the contour of its contents. Then she realizes. IT'S A GUN.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- DAY

Mrs. Farnsworth answers a violent knock on the door. She opens it. Maxine is on the stoop.

MAXINE

Is Dan here?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

No. I don't know where he went.
You look like you could use a drink.

CUT TO:

INT. FARNSWORTH KITCHEN -- DAY

Maxine sits at the table, keeping the paper bag on her lap. Mrs. Farnsworth sets out coffee cups and sugar.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

All I got is coffee. Sorry.

MAXINE

(anxious)
Place looks nice.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Dan's been fixing it up.

MAXINE

So, he paints houses all day and then comes here to paint yours?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

He mixes paint. He doesn't paint the actual houses.

MAXINE

No. I think he paints them. That's what he told me.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

He used to paint houses for his
uncle's company before they sent him
away.

MAXINE

To Iraq?

Mrs. Farnsworth's brow knits.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Iraq? Dan's never been to Iraq.
He's never been past the Jersey Shore.
(chuckles)
He's been in prison for ten years,
sweetie. Attempted murder. He got
out early for being *cooperative*.

MAXINE

Oh.

(beat)

So, how did he lose his leg, if not
in the Army?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

I don't know exactly. It happened
in prison. They said that he was
pushed down some stairs and the break
was very bad. It got infected.
They took it off. I don't know if
that's true, though.

MAXINE

(looking to paper bag)

Who did he try to kill?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Some drug dealer. I don't know. It
was when he was young and doing stupid
things. Kid ended up in a wheel
chair.

She sees that Maxine is upset.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)

Dan didn't want to come back here.
But, he had nowhere else to go.
He's just trying to start fresh.

MAXINE

Yeah. Aren't we all.

(stands)

Thanks for the coffee.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

You didn't even drink any.

Maxine heads for the door. It swings open before she can get her hand on the handle. Dan steps inside.

DAN
Hey. Sorry I lost you there.

MAXINE
A new definition to packing heat,
Dan.

She shoves the paper bag in his chest.

DAN
It don't belong to me.

MAXINE
Save it.

She brushes past him quickly. The door slams behind her.

Dan finds his grandmother and plays dumb.

DAN
What's going on?

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Iraq? You fool. How long did you
think that would last?

DAN
I was going to tell her the truth
eventually.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
The truth. Hm. Well, when you finish
painting houses, we can talk about
the truth.

Dan turns to leave, but pauses.

DAN
I mix paint, grams- at Hardware
Junction.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Sure you do.

He slowly turns back to the door, steps slowly toward it.

EXT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- DAY

Dan rings the bell.

Maxine answers, cracking the door open only a little.

DAN
Can I talk to you?

MAXINE

You got some war stories to tell me?

DAN

I'm sorry that I lied to you.

MAXINE

You know, there are some real heroes out there losing their limbs defending our freedom. You get tossed off a staircase in some prison fight and you want my sympathy?

DAN

I don't want your sympathy and I didn't get tossed.

MAXINE

Whatever.

DAN

Can I come in?

MAXINE

No.

DAN

Okay. The truth is... I jumped. I broke my own leg. I didn't mean to lose it. I was just trying to get out of general for awhile, to get away from some bad people.

He looks around, anxious.

DAN (CONT'D)

I did ten years on a fifteen year sentence because... I ratted. I helped put someone else away. I should have just done the fifteen.

MAXINE

(mocking)

That's a sad story.

DAN

It's the truth. I'm not trying to make you feel sorry for me. I just didn't want you to know.

MAXINE

Know who you really are?

DAN

I'm not the same person I was ten years ago.

MAXINE

Yes you are. You're just older and sadder. I don't need this shit in my life.

She tries to shut the door, but he stops her.

DAN

You want to know where the gun came from?

MAXINE

No. I really don't. People don't change, Dan. Whatever you're involved in, I don't want to know about it.

She succeeds in shutting the door. We hear the dead bolt CLICK.

DAN

Maxine!

He steps off the stoop. He punches the "For Sale" sign.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Sabrina walks slowly. Her eyes dart, as though she's searching for something. Or someone.

And then she sees it. Half a block ahead, the back of a MAN with a SHAVED HEAD. She picks up pace to catch up to him.

She nears him. It's Nicky, she's sure. But, then the Man turns his head. His profile is distinctly different from Nicky.

She crosses the street.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- EVENING

Dan digs a backpack out of the closet. He shoves some clothes into it. He removes the paper bag from he underwear drawer and puts that in the backpack.

He opens the windows.

MRS. FARNSWORTH (O.S.)

Dan? You ready to go to the market?

DAN

Yep.

INT. WOLT HOUSE, BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Sabrina walks out into the dark yard. She opens the back gate of her yard.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina steps into the narrow, poorly lit gravel alley. She walks a few steps to the McKee gate. She heaves herself up and jumps over.

EXT. MCKEE BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Sabrina lands softly. The blood stain from the guinea pig has been scrubbed and is almost gone. She takes a step toward the house.

A door SQUEAKS OPEN. Sabrina quickly stops moving.

Maxine steps into her yard. She sees Sabrina.

Sabrina turns quickly-

MAXINE

Wait-

Sabrina stops, turns.

The light in the McKee kitchen comes on. Sabrina opens the gate and quickly jumps into the alley. The gate latches behind her.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina freezes when she hears-

JANICE (O.S.)

Standing out here all alone, Maxine?
Big surprise.

MAXINE (O.S.)

Chrissie just went inside.

STEPS approach the gate. She doesn't know what to do. Walking on the gravel will give her away.

JANICE (O.S.)

It'll be nice when you're gone,
Maxine. The new people, they won't
give a fuck. All they care about is
their goddamn flowers.

Just then an uprooted flower flies over the fence and lands next to Sabrina. It's one she planted.

EXT. MCKEE BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Janice lights a cigarette.

MAXINE

You'll be gone before I am.

Janice takes one drag, then flicks her cigarette into Maxine's yard before going back into her house.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina bends over and picks up the flower. She throws it back into Janice's yard.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Farnsworth station wagon pulls up.

INT. FARNSWORTH CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Farnsworth turns off the car and removes the key from the ignition. Dan, sitting shotgun, eyes the keys.

DAN

You know, Grams, I gotta go run an errand. Can I borrow the car?

MRS. FARNSWORTH

I already told you that I don't want you driving it.

DAN

I can drive just fine.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Not with that bent leg.

DAN

It's not gonna be a problem.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

Where do you need to go?

DAN

Just... a little errand.

MRS. FARNSWORTH

If you can't tell me what this errand is, I can't let you take the car. At this point, I really don't trust you, Dan.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Farnsworth stops short at the sight of her front door. It's AJAR. Dan holds the BACKPACK close to his chest.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dan and Mrs. Farnsworth enter to find Detectives #1, #2, and #3 sifting through the house. #1 holds up a WARRANT. Dan stiffens.

MRS. FARNSWORTH
You already searched our house.

DETECTIVE #1
And now we're searching again.

Dan slings the backpack over his shoulder as though it's nothing important. He acts put upon.

DAN
You'd do yourself a favor by digging through Nicky's house.

DETECTIVE #3
Funny. He said the same thing about you.

DAN
(riled)
So you've talked to him?

DETECTIVE #2
If they ain't a baby, we've talked to 'em. Funny, you mention Rick McKee around here and all you get is *goo goo ga ga*.

The Detectives are done here. They collect at the front door.

DAN
So, then you know he was fucking the cop's wife?

DETECTIVE #2
Former cop.

It's not exactly news to the Detectives. As they file out the front door, Detective #1 turns to Dan.

DETECTIVE #1
We need the gun. With prints.
Because fucking ain't a crime.
(looks outside)
That your car?

MRS. FARNSWORTH
Yes.

He holds up the warrant.

DETECTIVE #1
Keys please.

She reluctantly hands them over.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dan peers through the curtains in the living room. He's very anxious.

THROUGH WINDOW we see the Detectives get in a car and drive away.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- LATER

Dan enters carrying the BACKPACK.

Clothes everywhere, dresser drawers tossed about, the closet emptied.

FOCUS ON the underwear drawer. It's been emptied.

He searches for a place to stash the backpack. There is no good place, so he pushes it under his bed. He takes a deep breath- both of relief and of stress.

He lies on the bed, eyes wide open.

EXT. THE BLOCK -- MORNING

Dan sits on his steps, brooding, mulling...

EXT. WOLT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Pete leaves his house for work. The Real Estate Agent is waiting on Maxine's front stoop with the Yuppie Couple from earlier. They stop Pete-

YUPPIE MAN

Hi. Do you live here?

PETE

No. I'm just banging the girl who lives here.

YUPPIE MAN

(unsure)

Well, we love the block.

PETE

Yeah. It's... exciting.

Maxine answers the door. She holds it open to let them in. She glances across the street to Dan, then looks away.

YUPPIE MAN

(to Pete)

I'm Rick.

PETE

Rick? Wow. That's... ironic.

The Yuppie Man hops up the stairs into Maxine's house.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- MORNING

Maxine lets the Real Estate Agent and the Yuppie Couple in.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
You remember the Smiths? They were
here last week.

MAXINE
Sure.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
They want to take one last look
around.

The Couple go upstairs.

REAL ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
(whispers)
They're going to make an offer.
They're going to meet your asking
price.

MAXINE
That's great.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
You'll be out of here in weeks.

MAXINE
Yeah.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
So. Where are you moving?

MAXINE
New Jersey, to live with my sister.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
The suburbs. I see that a lot in
this neighborhood, long-time residents
moving out there. People like this
moving in.

MAXINE
Hm.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
(whisper)
I haven't mentioned next door.

MAXINE
That's sweet of ya.

The couple comes back downstairs with broad smiles.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- DAY

Maxine KNOCKS on the door. Dan answers.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- DAY

Dan and Maxine sit in the living room area. Awkward silence.

MAXINE

I sold my house.

DAN

That's great.

MAXINE

We settle in three weeks.

Dan nods.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Look, I have to tell you something.

(gathers herself)

I guess I've been lying to you too.

(long beat)

I witnessed Nicky leave the McKee house from the back door. He had a gun in his hand.

DAN

Why are you telling me this now?

MAXINE

You have to understand. The only thing I got is that house. I can't have Nicky or his family burning it down. But, I needed to tell someone. It's killing me, that he's just out there and no one can touch him.

DAN

Well, I have something to show you.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

Maxine sits on the bed. Dan unzips the backpack and pulls out the paper bag. From it, he pulls the GUN.

MAXINE

So it's Nicky's.

DAN

Yep.

MAXINE

How did you get it?

DAN
He put it here.

MAXINE
What?

DAN
He got in through that window and
put the gun in my dresser. Then he
called the cops.

MAXINE
Why would he do that?

DAN
Why not? The cops find me with it,
and it's a done deal. I'm a convicted
felon.

MAXINE
Why should I believe you?

DAN
I went to prison because I shot
Nicky's brother.

MAXINE
You got to get rid of it.

DAN
I've been trying to. It ain't easy
to just dump the most sought after
gun in Philadelphia when you got the
cops searching your shit.

MAXINE
Well, just give it to the cops.

DAN
It's been scrubbed.

MAXINE
So?

DAN
So, in order for the gun to pin Nicky,
his prints need to be on it. I hand
it to the cops, I fry in a chair.

MAXINE
How you gonna get Nicky's prints on
it?

DAN
I don't know yet.

She stands.

MAXINE

I gotta start packing.

DAN

All you have to do is talk, Maxine.

MAXINE

I'm three weeks from this never having happened.

DAN

It will follow you everywhere you go.

She leaves.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Same old shit. Packs of BORED TEENS roam. The Teen Mom is still fighting with someone on her phone, mindlessly pushing a stroller.

INT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dan pulls on a dark hooded sweatshirt. He finds a pair of leather gloves and puts them in the hoodie pocket.

On his way to the front door, he stops to watch Mrs. Farnsworth picking up clothes and debris from the floor.

She looks up to him with malcontent. He leaves the house.

INT. DIMARCO HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chrissie is throwing things down the stairs. Nicole sits on the sofa, watching. Maxine is at the bottom of the stairs, ducking objects.

CHRISSIE

I'm not moving to fucking Jersey!

MAXINE

The sign's been up there for four months. You didn't notice?

CHRISSIE

I'm keeping the baby and I'm moving in with Len.

MAXINE

You're sixteen, Chrissie. You do what I say. You're staying in school.

CHRISSIE

In Jersey? Fuck you!

Nicole laughs.

MAXINE
 (to Nicole)
 What's so funny?

NICOLE
 I'm trying to imagine her with a
 baby.

CHRISSIE
 Fuck you too Nicole!

A KNOCK at the door. Nicole gets up.

MAXINE
 I'll get it. You stay right there.

AT DOOR

Maxine swings the door open. It's Dan.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
 What do you want?

DAN
 To say goodbye.

He walks away quickly.

MAXINE
 I'm not moving for awhile-
 But he is already out of earshot.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
 (sotto voce)
 Asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- NIGHT

Dan approaches the entrance with purpose.

INT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- NIGHT

Dan enters, hood pulled tight over his head.

At the end of the bar, coolly sipping a beer, sits Nicky.
 He is engrossed in whatever is on the television and doesn't
 notice Dan.

As Dan passes him, Nicky laughs at the television.

Dan walks up to a pay phone in the corner and turns his back
 to the rest of the bar. He dials 911.

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
911. What's your emergency.

DAN
(quietly into phone)
Someone's about to get shot at the
Fishtown Tavern.

He hangs up the phone.

Dan pulls his hood off and takes a seat next to Nicky, who can barely hide his astonishment.

DAN (CONT'D)
Surprised to see you out in public.

NICKY
Likewise.

DAN
Well, I may be a convicted felon,
but I'm no child killer.

Nicky looks around the bar. The Bartender looks away.

NICKY
I'm just a citizen minding my own
fucking business.

DAN
And that business is what brought me
here.

Dan pulls the GUN from his hoodie. He lifts it, points it...

And sets it down on the counter. Nicky looks down at the gun.

LONG, TENSE MOMENT.

NICKY
Put that fucking thing away.

DAN
I shot your brother because he's a
faggot.

Now Nicky looks right at Dan.

DAN (CONT'D)
He's a weak, stupid cocksucker just
like you and it makes me endlessly
happy that he's in a fucking
wheelchair.

Nicky tries to remain calm.

DAN (CONT'D)

It's like your mom spread her legs to the whole neighborhood and let every cross-eyed dipshit that passed by fuck her over and over until you and your shithead brother slithered out.

Nicky takes a deep breath.

DAN (CONT'D)

And then she let those dipshits fuck her in the ass, because she's Irish and that's what the Irish do. Right? Isn't that what you do? Get fucked in the ass?

Nicky shifts in his seat.

DAN (CONT'D)

They fucked her in the ass night and day until she shat out your other brother.

Nicky stands, putting his bare hand on the pistol, forgetting himself completely.

NICKY

You got some fucking mouth on you.

Dan stands.

DAN

And then your pig-faced sister popped out nine months later and the same dipshits fucked her till she couldn't walk. What's she got now? Six kids?

Nicky stands. Dan backs toward the door. Nicky follows him step for step, gun in hand.

NICKY

My sister has problems.

DAN

Runs in the family. I've seen her kids. Eyes like flounder. All that booze really fucked them up in mommy's rotting, stinking womb.

Nicky picks up the pace. Dan takes longer strides back. He backs out the door.

EXT. THE FISHTOWN TAVERN -- CONTINUOUS

Dan walks backwards into the street. A police SIREN wails in the background, getting closer.

Nicky does not seem to notice as he follows Dan into the street. He is totally focused.

DAN

I should have shot your brother in the balls, so he couldn't fuck any more little boys.

NICKY

Shut the fuck up about my family.

DAN

What do you know about family? Other than how to shoot them in their sleep?

Nicky squeezes the gun, but does not raise it. The SIRENS are louder still...

DAN (CONT'D)

Everybody's afraid of you. I don't know why. You shoot sleeping children and passed out drunks. You couldn't do what I did. You could never really shoot a guy face to face.

NICKY

You shot him in the back like a coward.

DAN

As he turned to grab a gun from his car.

NICKY

My brother will never walk again.

DAN

He never walked right in the first place, what with all the ass reaming your father gave him.

NICKY

Fuck you. Shut up about my fucking family.

DAN

Oh, and everyone knows that you fuck your little niece. It's good you got to her first, before the neighborhood boys use her all up.

Nicky raises the gun, points it at Dan's head. The SIRENS suddenly stop. A cold silence...

NICKY

What else, motherfucker? You got something else to say?

DAN

Yeah.

A car door OPENS and SHUTS O.S.

DAN (CONT'D)

This neighborhood is going to be so much nicer when you're gone.

NICKY

When *I'm* gone?

Nicky starts to squeeze the trigger.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Put the gun down!

They look- an OFFICER trains his weapon at Nicky.

Nicky looks at the gun in his hand and realizes what Dan has done. He bolts. The Officer pursues.

FOCUS ON Dan, catching his breath. SIRENS blare past. Blue and white lights flash against the brick houses.

Dan walks away. As he does, he peels off the gloves and shoves them down a STORM DRAIN. He heads for the Block.

In the distance -- a GUNSHOT. Then ANOTHER GUNSHOT.

INT. WOLT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sabrina and Pete eat Chinese food on the sofa. Pete is about to say something about the food when-

Reverberating POPS from a couple blocks away. They look to one another.

PETE

Gunshots.

Sabrina nods.

EXT. FISHTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

The street is blocked by cop cars, their lights flashing brightly.

ONLOOKERS gather at the corner. One is being interviewed by police. We overhear-

WITNESS

(to COP)

His name is Steve McComb, but we all called him Stevo.

EXT. FARNSWORTH HOUSE -- WEEKS LATER/DAY

Dan is on a ladder, painting the trim around a window.

A MOVING TRUCK stops in the middle of the street. Almost instantly, horns start BLARING.

Dan turns to see what the commotion is all about.

Maxine rolls open the back gate to the truck. Chrissie and Nicole start bringing boxes from their house. Maxine glances at Dan only briefly.

A REAL ESTATE AGENT is attaching a "For Sale" sign to the McKee house. Pete Wolt approaches the Agent.

Dan resumes painting. He starts to sing "Long Black Veil" by The Band.

CRANE UP to reveal the city skyline.

ROLL CREDITS.