

The Plea Agreement

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The glow of a television is cast on a darkened room. A shadowy outline of a man aims a remote at the screen. The volume rises as a distinguished looking, gray-haired gentleman speaks into the microphone the "Barbie Doll" reporter holds to his face.

DALE "CAPPY" CAPELLO

It will seem very strange indeed.
For the last 33 years I've gone to
work everyday, without fail!

PAIGE MATTHEWS

So what is the occasion for the time
away? It must be big!

DALE "CAPPY" CAPELLO

Yeah, I reckon it is. My darling
granddaughter, the baby, is getting
married. Its going to be in Hawaii,
so I figure I have to account for
some travel time.

PAIGE MATTHEWS

Ok Cappy, the big question that is
on everyone's mind... who will be
minding the store while you are away?

Cappy chuckles and scratches his beard.

INT. TAVERN -- CONTINUOUS

A small crowd gathers near a small TV hanging above one end of the bar. The people are exceptionally well dressed but look haggard from their drinking.

JERRY TAFT

Shhh, Shhh! Here it is. Here it
comes.

P.O.V. TV SCREEN -- CONTINUOUS

DALE "CAPPY" CAPELLO

I suppose I'll be giving JT his
chance. Little spitfire's been
waiting for me to keel or retire for
a few years now and I imagine he'll
be pretty anxious to prove himself.

INT. TAVERN -- CONTINUOUS

The group erupts into hoots and hugs and high-fives.

JERRY TAFT

(A smug look of
satisfaction)
Yes! My shot baby. Whoo!

He grabs the hips of a young, attractive woman and pulls her tight to him and grinds his hips against hers.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Mmmm. I can't wait for us to celebrate alone.

INTERN MANDY

What are we waiting for?

She tugs his tie and leads him toward the door.

FRED GAINES

Hey, no fratnizing with interns.

Jerry turns and waves. Fred winks and smiles. Jerry looks at his boss on the TV and pumps his fist.

JERRY TAFT

Game on, baby! Game on.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The man in the shadows sits silently.

PAIGE MATTHEWS (O.S.)

So there you have it. Dale "Cappy" Capello is embarking on his first vacation in thirty-three long years. It will be a strange sight next week when Deputy DA Jerry Taft tries to fit into his sizable shoes.

The man, late 20's, good looking, intense, leans forward in his chair, emerging from the shadows.

EUGENE BEHRENT

(Calmly, intensely)

Game on.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- MORNING

Taft stares in the rear view mirror of his BMW and pats at his gel-slicked hair. He basks in a moment of self-admiration and opens his door and steps into the parking lot. He stands and stares up at the building that reads, Jackson County Municipal Building. He inhales deeply and lets out a little whoop.

JERRY TAFT

(To Himself)

Game on.

He briskly walks to the stairs and nearly hops up them. He begins the ascent, briefcase in one hand a foam coffee cup in the other.

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

JERRY TAFT

Any messages for me, Ms. Mandy?
(Winks)

INTERN MANDY

No sir, Mr. Taft
(Giggles)
There is a man here to see you.
(Points to Behrent
seated in the lobby.)

JERRY TAFT

Well. Who the hell is he and what
does he want?

INTERN MANDY

(shrugs)
Uh, I dunno. He looks kind of
official, though. He insisted on
seeing you.

JERRY TAFT

(Annoyed)
Do you think you can get a name and
a purpose out of these people next
time? Is that...
(Stops himself)
Just tell him I will see him in 10...
no make it 15 minutes.

INT. OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

JERRY TAFT

(Into speaker box)
Mandy, send in Mr. So and So please.

INTERN MANDY

Sure JT, uh I mean Mr. Taft.

Taft shuffles some files on his desk and adjusts his coat
and tie and sits as high as he can. The door opens and
Behrent enters the room.

EUGENE BEHRENT

Hello District Attorney Taft

Taft sticks out his chest subconsciously sitting even higher.

JERRY TAFT

Well, its actually Deputy again after
this week.

EUGENE BEHRENT

Of course. This is just temporary
for you before you become Capello's
lapdog again.

JERRY TAFT

Excuse me?

EUGENE BEHRENT

Oh, no disrespect. I just mean, wouldn't it be nice to be the go-to man here, not have to answer to him?

JERRY TAFT

Look, Mr...

EUGENE BEHRENT

Behrent.

JERRY TAFT

Mr. Behrent, I'd love to sit here and chit-chat, but I have a lot of work to do.

Behrent looks at the 3 small file folders on Taft's desk.

EUGENE BEHRENT

Of course, sir.

JERRY TAFT

So, what can I do for you?

EUGENE BEHRENT

I need you to get a conviction of a murderer for me.

JERRY TAFT

(Impatient, Sarcastic)

Well, that is what we attempt to do here.

EUGENE BEHRENT

I mean you. You get the conviction. You be the stand out.

(Pause)

You become famous.

Taft sits back in his chair and taps the arms restlessly.

JERRY TAFT

Mr., I have no idea what your talking about or why you're here, but you need to get to the point or move on.

The two stare at one another in a tense, awkward moment of silence. Taft leans forward and gestures for a response. Behrent tightens his gaze on Taft.

(Beat)

EUGENE BEHRENT

I'm here to confess to a murder, and
I want to negotiate the terms of it
with you.

Taft puts his elbows on the desk and forms a pyramid with
his to hands. He bursts into hysterical laughter. Behrendt
stares blankly in return.

JERRY TAFT

Oh, Shit you are good. Who put you
up to this? It was those cock-suckers
over at McKenzie-Steele wasn't it?
Or Cappy? Does that crusty old
buzzard have a sense of humor after
all? Oh damn.

(Points at Behrent)

You got me good.

Behrent stares blankly, hands clasped at his chest. Taft
lets out a few more chuckles and refocuses on Behrent.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Alright God Dammit. Far enough.
Who sent you here? I got my laugh!

EUGENE BEHRENT

I came here on my own. I always
thought people should take
responsibility for there crimes.
Denying all that was done, when all
the evidence is there, is like
recommitting another crime on the
families. I'd have some respect for
these scumbags if they'd just come
clean. It's like those fucking
worthless politicians. They look
directly at the public and say, "I
did have my cock in that woman" or
"I will not sodomize the American
public and raise new taxes. Blood-
sucking politicians.

Taft shuffles in his chair, at a loss for words. He bristles
at the comments.

EUGENE BEHRENT (CONT'D)

Now I don't mean District Attorneys
when I say that. Oh no.

(Sarcastic)

You people always got the public's
best interest in mind. You're not
worried about notoriety or winning
percentage, as long as the public's
best interests are served.

Taft begins to look nauseous. He stands abruptly.

JERRY TAFT

I don't know who the Fuck you are or why you came here to fuck with me, but the joke is over! You need to get the fuck out of here or I'll have you escorted out.

EUGENE BEHRENT

Whoa, all I want is to make sure that you aren't going to pursue the death penalty. In fact, you will pursue only second-degree murder, with no pre-meditation. In exchange, I'll give you a full disclosure, written confession.

JERRY TAFT

Ok, I'll play along. So who did you murder and where is the body?

EUGENE BEHRENT

You're getting a little ahead of yourself Jerry. You agree to my terms first. I'm certain you would pursue my death once you know the details of the confession.

JERRY TAFT

I tell you what. Why don't you get your ass out of my office, escorted by an officer, who will in turn follow you home and search for a corpse. Then, I will use the skills that put me in this position and see to it that you will meet death if you did in fact kill someone. Personally, I think you forgot to take your medication.

Behrent stands and takes a step to the door then turns to Taft.

EUGENE BEHRENT

I think it would be a career-ending error in judgment to pass on a double homicide confession your first day on the job. I guarantee, you will be looking for a very, very, long time and may never get what you need to convict me. I cannot guarantee that you will only be investigating a double homicide, either. Of course I know you will do what's in the best interests of the public and of the families involved.

Behrent smiles and opens the door and begins to step out. Taft throws his hands up.

JERRY TAFT

Wait! One minute.

(Inhales deeply)

Now you look me in the eye and tell me you are not just screwing with me... and that you killed two people.

Behrent steps to Taft and positions himself nose to nose with him, staring blankly into his eyes.

EUGENE BEHRENT

I am here to offer my confession to murder and to negotiate a plea agreement in return for the confession. Exactly what I said I was here for.

Taft steps back with a glazed expression, throwing his hands over his face.

EUGENE BEHRENT (CONT'D)

So, do we go to an interrogation room? I want to be sure that our terms are recorded.

JERRY TAFT

(Staring blankly past Behrent)

Yeah, sure.

Taft ushers him out the door. He leads him down the hall by the arm. They walk passed the front desk.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Holds all my calls, all day.

INTERN MANDY

(Concerned)

Yes, sir.

INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Two women are standing in a break room, filling their coffee cups. There is a modest looking woman, brown hair mid-40's and a stunning exotic beauty with dark features and Raven black hair.

OFFICE WOMAN

So if he's not at work, where do you think he is?

SABRINI BEHRENT

I don't know. He's been acting strange lately. I think he's planning something.

OFFICE WOMAN

Like what?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

I don't know. Our anniversary is in a month.

OFFICE WOMAN

Oh, maybe he's planning a trip. Yes. He's at the travel agent today!

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Oh, that would be so nice. Maybe to Maui.

(Frowns)

Aww. Now you got my hopes up. He's probably just banging his secretary.

OFFICE WOMAN

Oh my god! You didn't just say that.
(whispers)
You think so?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

No. Christ, no. I'm just kidding! I have no reason to distrust him. Hell, he's always suspicious of me.

OFFICE WOMAN

Honey, if I had your tits and ass, my husband would have plenty of reason to suspect me. I'd be screwing every hot man that came my way. Believe that, sister.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Oh, you are terrible. I can't say that thought hasn't crossed my mind though. I does get a little tempting, especially when things aren't exactly cooking at home.

OFFICE WOMAN

Ok, now I got to ask you. Is it true that you and Roger got... you know, uh... busy that night after happy hour?

Sabrini nervously scans the room to be sure no one can hear.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Are you kidding me? How can you even bring that up?

OFFICE WOMAN

Well, the rumor has been around awhile, and you two were pretty cozy that night. He did give you a ride home didn't he?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

(Whispers)

All right! Tell no one. I had way too much to drink that night.

She again scans the room.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (CONT'D)

We pulled over and I gave him head. It was a mistake. It should have never happened.

OFFICE WOMAN

God, why can't I make those kind of mistakes? It was big wasn't it?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Jeannie! You tell no one!

OFFICE WOMAN

It was big, wasn't it?

Sabrini smiles and shakes her head sheepishly.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

We need to get back to work.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

The two men sit across the table from each other. Taft holds his hand over his mouth.

JERRY TAFT

So, let me get this totally straight here. You admit to murdering two people and expect me to just bend over and give you a nice little plea deal? What makes you think I'm going to agree to that?

EUGENE BEHRENT

Hold on now. You are getting ahead of yourself again. I did not admit to committing murder. There will not be any such admission until I have a signed plea agreement.

JERRY TAFT

But you said you committed a double homicide!

EUGENE BEHRENT

Pay attention, Jerry. I said it would be an error to pass up a confession to a double homicide on your first day on the job.

(MORE)

EUGENE BEHRENT (CONT'D)

I also said I was here to confess to a murder. There is no admission on my part. You understand the difference don't you Jerry?

JERRY TAFT

Ok. Ok. Now you're just fucking with me.

Behrent leans over the table smoothly and calmly.

EUGENE BEHRENT

I have told you from the beginning what I was seeking. I think perhaps you are the one fucking with me.

Jerry bursts into laughter and comes to his feet, his chair shoots out behind him. Behrent sits still.

JERRY TAFT

Oh, that's rich! I'm fucking with you?

(Shakes his fist)

How's this? I book you now and pursue murder one, strongly recommending your execution and the meanest, baddest, cellmate they can find?

EUGENE BEHRENT

I will be out within the hour, you will not find any evidence, circumstantial or otherwise, I can assure you of that. And if you bomb out trying to nail me, you cannot try me again for the same charge. So I suggest you agree to my terms. What I am offering is a full confession, full details, locations, motive and I'll even write the obituary.

JERRY TAFT

And if I don't?

EUGENE BEHRENT

I leave, you'll be powerless to stop me, and you may or may not ever know any of the details of the confession. I guess I would take those to the grave.

JERRY TAFT

You do know that I could and probably will, pursue the maximum, up to life in prison?

EUGENE BEHRENT

(Flatly)

Fine.

JERRY TAFT

Ok. I'll give you that deal. You got it. Second-degree, now give me the confession.

EUGENE BEHRENT

Jerry.

(Shaking his head)

Come on now. I'll be wanting that in writing. Run out there and have little miss hot pants type out one of those forms. And make sure I get an envelope too, please.

JERRY TAFT

Yeah sure.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jerry enters the room with an armed officer and a document. The officer waits by the door as Taft slides the papers across the table. Behrent scans the document and holds out his hands. Taft hands him the pen. Behrent signs each copy and slides them to Taft, who signs and hands Behrent a copy. Behrent neatly and methodically folds the document, places it in the envelope and puts it in his breast pocket. Taft holds his hands, palms out, anxiously.

JERRY TAFT

Ok, Mr. Behrent. You got your deal, let's have it.

Behrent stands calmly and deliberately. The officer tenses and puts his hand over his gun, unstrapping the holster latch.

EUGENE BEHRENT

Oh, not now Jerry. I've got a lot to do today. This is all I came for.

The officer moves completely in front of the door and pulls his gun. Behrent looks at him, puzzled by his actions. Taft stands and takes an authoritative stance, well away from the officer and Behrent.

JERRY TAFT

Listen, Asshole! You got your deal and you are going to give me the confession. And then you are going to be processed and sent to jail. Do you understand me?

EUGENE BEHRENT

I do. But I just can't do that.

JERRY TAFT

Of course you can. You sit there, I sit here, we press record and you tell us a little story.

EUGENE BEHRENT

I can't do that.

Taft, now visibly pissed off steps up to Behrent nose to nose.

JERRY TAFT

You can and you will.

EUGENE BEHRENT

No I can't.

JERRY TAFT

WELL WHY THE FUCK NOT, ASSHOLE?!?!

EUGENE BEHRENT

(Calmly)

Because it hasn't happened yet.

The room turns dead silent. Taft's face slowly turns from rage to bewilderment. The gears are turning as he internally inventories the conversations of the morning.

EUGENE BEHRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're getting ahead of yourself,
Jerry.

Taft holds up a finger but can't muster the words.

EUGENE BEHRENT (CONT'D)

Gentleman, if you'll excuse me.
I've got a really full day ahead of
me.

He walks slowly toward the officer who looks at Taft for direction. Behrent stops to wait for the answer. Taft's face becomes flush and he motions for the officer to let him go.

JERRY TAFT

(Sheepishly)

We have nothing to hold him here.

(Turns to Behrent)

But we're not done with you. This isn't the last you've seen of me.

EUGENE BEHRENT

I know. I will see you when I deliver the confession.

(Smiles)

Have a great day gentleman.

EXT. BEHRENT RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Jerry Taft sits in his car, across the street from Eugene Behrent.

JERRY TAFT

(To self)

Come on asshole, do something. Three nights to watch you be a goddamn homebody. Oh, helloooo. Mrs. Behrent, I presume.

Taft looks up at a second story window where he sees Sabrini Behrent unbuttoning her blouse. He grabs a pair of binoculars for a better view. She turns her back to him as the blouse lazily falls to the floor. He focuses tightly on her as she reaches behind her to unlatch her bra. He gasps as the bra clasp open and springs open on her back. She slowly lowers each side off of her shoulders and tosses it aside. In a blink, Eugene appears from nowhere, standing in front of Sabrini, Taft jumps and loses focus.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Where did he come from?

Eugene perches his head over the shoulder of his wife and slowly plants a gentle kiss on her cheek and shoulder. Taft is startled as Eugene's eyes appear to be staring right at him. Taft shrinks in his seat.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

No way. There's no way he can see me.

RING! Taft nearly jumps from his skin as his cell phone rings loudly.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Oh shit.
(Grabbing heart)
(Into phone)
Hello?

INTERN MANDY (O.S.)

(Childish voice)
Jerry Bear? Where are you?

JERRY TAFT

I'm on business, Mandy.

INTERN MANDY (O.S.)

I want you to come over here and take me out.

JERRY TAFT

Look, Mandy...

INTERN MANDY (O.S.)

(Interrupting)

I wanna see what its like to sleep
with the big boss, the real DA.
Just blow that other stuff off.

JERRY TAFT

You know I have to do this. This
lunatic may have plans to kill someone
and I granted him leniency. I gotta
stop it from happening or I'm ruined.
Not to mention, I'll have somebody's
blood on my hands.

(Annoyed)

We aren't a couple Mandy. You need
to understand that. You're a great
piece of ass and a nice kid, but..

INTERN MANDY (O.S.)

What an AssHole! You really know
how to make a girl feel like shit
Jerry.

Jerry looks up to Sabrini's now vacant window.

JERRY TAFT

I'm sorry, you're right. Why don't
you come by and see what its like to
service the boss on a stakeout.

INTERN MANDY (O.S.)

Fuck you, you Asshole pig!

Hangs up. Jerry clicks closed his phone and shrugs.

JERRY TAFT

Damn, women are so fricken sensitive.

He looks back toward the house and sees Sabrini wrapped in a
towel around her body and one on her head.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Goddamn Behrent. What is wrong with
your head, man. Drop-dead gorgeous
wife, nice house... Poor woman
probably doesn't know she's married
to a nut case.

Sabrini walks away from the window, the lights go out moments
later.

EXT. BEHRENT RESIDENCE -- MORNING

The sun beats down on Taft's car as he sits awkwardly, eyes
closed, mouth wide open and snoring. Sabrini Behrent looks
from the front porch, puzzled by the stranger in the car.
She stands in a robe with a cup of coffee in her hand & the
newspaper under her arm.

She puts her hand to the door and pauses.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Screw it. I gotta know.

She turns to the street and walks toward it. She scans the sleepy neighborhood to be certain no one is watching. She stops next to the driver's window and studies Taft for a moment. She looks at him sympathetically. She taps the window, Taft jumps and frantically looks all around, trying to get his bearings. He reaches to start the car, she raps again more frantic this time.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (CONT'D)

Open your window, sir.

She motions, he slowly reaches for the window control.

JERRY TAFT

(Sheepish smile)

Uh, hi.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

You've been parked out here for a couple of nights now, last night you apparently never left. Who are you? Do I know you?

JERRY TAFT

No. No Ma'am. I'm Jerry Taft.

She shrugs with no apparent recognition of his name.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

The Deputy District Attorney.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

(Heavy Sarcasm)

Ok. And it doesn't pay so good so you live in your car and chose my neighborhood to camp out? Or are you just a peeping tom, looking to see my tits?

She teasingly leans forward, her robe opens to reveal her cleavage. Jerry's eyes are drawn to her chest. He forces his gaze away and to her eyes.

JERRY TAFT

No, ma'am. I'm here on a stakeout of sorts.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

You can stop calling me ma'am. Makes me feel old.

(pouts)

I'm Sabrini.

JERRY TAFT

It's your husband Sabrini. He came to see me Monday.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Oh my god. Is he in trouble? What did he do?

JERRY TAFT

I'm not sure if he's done anything yet. I'm concerned about what he said. Look, I can't be talking to you here. If he sees me...

SABRINI BEHRENDT

He left for work 40 minutes ago. He won't be back for a while. Why don't you come in. I'll get you a coffee.

Taft looks at his watch and nods.

JERRY TAFT

Ok, I have a few minutes to talk.

Jerry steps out of the car and follows Sabrini to the house. His eyes are fixed on her ass, silhouetted in her silky robe. She looks back and catches his gaze, she smiles.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

The neighbors might think we are having an affair.

Jerry chuckles nervously, his gaze turns to the ground.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

JERRY TAFT

So he gets up to walk out, and I'm powerless to do anything.

Sabrini is visibly shocked and is stirring her coffee frantically.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

I don't believe it. Who would he want to kill? He didn't say who did he?

JERRY TAFT

He told me nothing. Not who, not where, not when. Only how many.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

How many? More than one?

JERRY TAFT

He said there would be two, or as he said a double homicide. Does he have any enemies that you know, overheard any arguments?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

No, nothing. He gets along with almost everyone. That's why this is so hard to believe.

JERRY TAFT

Are the two of, uh, you know, getting along?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

(hysterical)

Oh my god! Did he say he wanted to kill me?

JERRY TAFT

No, no. I just had to ask.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

We never fight, really. He has been a little distant lately but Christ, I thought everything was normal.

Her face gets real tense and she looks around nervously.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (CONT'D)

I need to get out of here, I can't stay here.

JERRY TAFT

Shhh. Don't unravel on me Sabrini. If you leave, he will know I talked to you. You need to act as if nothing has changed.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Oh, sure. That will be simple. You tell me my husband is planning a murder and I should just lay next to him at night and act natural?

JERRY TAFT

I'm afraid so. If he gets tipped off, who knows what he'll do. Don't worry, I'll always be near by. Shit! I gotta go, can you meet me this afternoon?

Sabrini nods yes.

JERRY TAFT (CONT'D)

Ok, Babblers park, 3 O'Clock.

She nods, he stands to leave. Sabrini stands staring blankly, holding her coffee inches from her mouth.

EXT. BEHRENT RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

MONTAGE OF SHOTS

Taft stares up at Sabrini's window, longingly.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (V.O.)

I'm so scared. I don't know what to do.

JERRY TAFT (V.O.)

Don't you worry. I'm going to make sure nothing happens to you or anyone else.

Sabrini stands in front of the window in her night gown and gives Taft a subtle wave.

JERRY TAFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

How did such a beautiful woman like you get messed up with a maniac like Eugene?

SABRINI BEHRENDT (V.O.)

He wasn't a maniac to me... Until you showed up and told me he is.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry sits at his desk, unkempt and flustered as he holds the phone to his ear.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (O.S.)

Jerry, I'm scared. He's acting strange, asking a lot of questions.

JERRY TAFT

(Into phone)

Ok calm down. You are probably just more sensitive to any quirks he has.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (O.S.)

No, he's just different. More intense than I'd ever seen him. I want to leave, Jerry. Take me somewhere. Away from here, please.

JERRY TAFT

(Into phone)

I can't do that right now. He hasn't threatened you has he? Raised his voice?

SABRINI BEHRENDT (O.S.)

(Sobs)

No.

JERRY TAFT

(Into phone)

Look I know it can't be easy for you but I think... I know we'll get through this. I followed him to a job site last night. He had a pretty viscous argument with a project manager or somebody like that. I think he's having issues with a business partner. I don't know but I will figure it out.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

He has been pretty stressed when he comes home from work.

JERRY TAFT

Just hang in there, Ok? I will get this thing figured out. Cappy will be back tomorrow. I'll have to just tell him all that happened and he'll help me figure it out, Ok?

SABRINI BEHRENDT (O.S.)

Ok. Just hurry ok?

JERRY TAFT

I will. Hell after tomorrow, I may need to skip town after Cappy finds out. You can bet I'll take you with me then.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (O.S.)

I'd like that. Gotta go, bye.

The phone clicks and buzzes the dial tone. Jerry leans back in his chair and lets out a giant breath toward the ceiling.

INT. TAFT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jerry has dozed in front of the TV in his easy chair. A knock at the door jolts him from his nap. He looks through the peep hole and frantically unlocks the door. He opens the door to a drenched Sabrini. Her blouse, skirt and stockings are soaked and cling tight to her. She falls into Jerry's arms and holds him tight. He holds her as he shuts the door behind her.

JERRY TAFT

What's going on Dear? Did he hurt you?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

(Sobbing)

I came home and he was frantic,
looking through drawers. He had
such a look in his eyes. I'd never
seen that before.

JERRY TAFT

Did he say anything?

Jerry reaches to adjust the light. Sabrini grabs his hand
and pulls it around her waist.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

Don't let go. Don't let go.

JERRY TAFT

What did he say Sabrini?

SABRINI BEHRENDT

He didn't say anything. It was that
look. I'm sorry, I freaked out and
I just left.

She just starts frantically kissing him and apologizing
intermittantly.

SABRINI BEHRENDT (CONT'D)

(Shivering)

I'm so wet and cold.

She unbuttons her blouse and drops it to the floor and presses
her bare chest against Jerry's body. His arms smother her.
She kisses his neck and claws at his arms. Jerry cups her
ass and picks her up. Her legs straddle his waist. He kisses
her deeply and carries her to the next room and drops her on
the bed. He tears at her skirt and slides it off of her.
She lies there shivering in only her panties and stockings
as he struggles with his clothes. He removes his shirt and
pants and lies on top of her, kissing and fondling her.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jerry and Sabrini lie under the covers, cuddling and kissing,
still catching their breath.

SABRINI BEHRENDT

I feel so safe here with you.

There is a click that startles them both. They look to see
a silhouette standing a few feet from the foot of the bed.
The figure steps forward revealing himself as Eugene Behrent.
He raises a cocked gun, causing the couple to flinch and
cringe.

EUGENE BEHRENT

(Emotionless)

I always knew you could cheat on me.

Bang! Bang! Behrent calmly aims and squeezes two bullets from the gun. He puts the gun into his coat pocket and reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out an envelope. He walks over to Jerry's side of the bed. He looks at the two. His wife lays motionless with a bullet hole in her forehead, blood oozing down the front of her face. Taft sits gasping, a bullet hole through his throat, a stunned, panicked look on his face. Behrent places the envelope on Jerry's lap. The envelope is hand written with the words "My Confession" on the front. Behrent kisses his two fingers and lays them across his wife's bloody lips. With the same hand he pats Jerry on the top of the head.

EUGENE BEHRENT (CONT'D)

Game Over.

FADE OUT:

P.O.V. BLACK SCREEN -- CONTINUOUS

EUGENE BEHRENT (V.O.)

You agree to my terms first. I'm certain you would pursue my death once you know the details of the confession.

(Beat)

I think it would be a career-ending error in judgment to pass on a double homicide confession your first day on the job. I guarantee, you will be looking for a very, very long time and may never get what you need to convict me.

JERRY TAFT (V.O.)

Now you look me in the eye and tell me you are not just fucking with me and that you killed two people.

EUGENE BEHRENT (V.O.)

You're getting ahead of yourself, Jerry.

(Beat)

It hasn't happened yet.

FADE OUT: