

"Murdering America"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN DAY 1967

Seagulls eye view; slowly flying low over the water. At first just calm waves but occasionally passing by expensive yachts and sail boats. After a period of calm waves, a dead body is seen floating face down. There are watery wisps of blood in the water. It is a male adult dressed in casual sailing clothes; white T-shirt and cut off jeans. We continue towards shore where the boat activity gets busier, finally passing over the bustling docks. A major port city is visible in the background. An old man is sitting outside the marina watching and waving as the boats come and go.. From overhead, we see a YOUNG MAN posting a flyer on a wall of the marina.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DAY

A young man is posting a flyer that reads;

(POSTER)

Murdering America. A multimedia presentation on the role of violence in art and media. Opening reception tonight at 7:00 at the Fairlight Gallery. Artists Morgan Harvey and Mr. Death to be in attendance. Party to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO SECOND SET DAY

The cheap second set next to the main news set. There are just two chairs, a potted tree and a cheap backdrop. In the background you can see an ANCHORMAN and the main set. MINNIE OLSON is interviewing MORGAN HARVEY. She is a hippie dressed up for her day job as an up and coming reporter. Morgan is a twentyish hippie artist.

MORGAN

Well, in the end, it's just a shame that this whole controversy has overshadowed what it's really all about... an art opening.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY DAY

Protesters outside gallery. A pretty uptight group.. a lot of suits, bibles and signs reading "Protect our Children", "This is not Art", "Boycott this Gallery", "Murder is not Art", etc.

MORGAN (VO)

We have put together a mixed media presentation that we hope will make people think about the role of violence in art and media in our culture and how it shapes the way we think about ourselves.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO SECOND SET DAY

Back to interview.

MINNIE

Well, you certainly have a lot of people talking already and the show hasn't even opened.

MORGAN

Talking yes, not sure if any actual communication is going on though.

MINNIE

And is this show just your work or is there..

MORGAN

No, no. There are two of us, sorry. I will be contributing the large format paintings and a few mixed media works. There will also be amazing audio-video collages created by a very talented friend of mine that...

MINNIE

You are referring to Mr. Death?

MORGAN

Yeah, Mr. Death, right. I hate that name,, can I say that? He is a great friend and a visionary but that name su  
(looks at camera)  
stinks.

MINNIE

Why do you think that your friend decides to remain anonymous?

MORGAN

He has his reasons and I respect them. I think that, I uh I'd like to tell... hey, the art... that's what we should focus on. I think everyone should come down and see his wonderful presentation pieces and forget the silly name.

MINNIE

I'm sure this is going to be a fabulous opening.

(turns to camera)

Morgan Harvey, artist and the man behind the controversial new exhibit at the Fairlight Gallery; Murdering America. This is Minnie Olson for Weekend Beat. Back to you, Gene.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO MAIN SET DAY

As professional a set as 1967 allows.

ANCHORMAN

Thanks Millie.

(pause)

Interesting. So John, how's the weather looking for the big game?

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO SECOND SET DAY

Lights are lower, main set is illuminated in background. PETER, the cameraman, walks towards the set to join Morgan and Minnie. Peter is also twenty something, dark haired and very handsome.

MINNIE

That was great.

PETER

Did he call you Millie?

MINNIE

Yeah, well, you can't expect him to be able to have good hair and a brain.

MORGAN

Thanks so much for pushing this for us, Minnie. It'll help the opening so much.

MINNIE

Oh, no, this was great. It was almost like I was reporting real news.

PETER

Sure beats that gardening spot last week. Now that was some real hard hitting journalism.

MORGAN

Anyways, It'll be a real help.

Minnie turns to Peter. Peter has started rolling cords, putting up stuff.

MINNIE

(flirty)

And how could I not help the mysterious Mr. Death?

PETER

(french accent)

ooooh, you laugh my little one, but wait until you see my magnificent costume. It is inspiring. It will, uh, how you say? Knock your panties off. Is that not the phrase you Americans use? No?

MINNIE

That's your specialty now isn't it? Knocking off panties.

MORGAN

You inspire me, Peter. Every time I think I'm out on the cutting edge, there you are in the distance just waving and grinning. Shoutin' out "come on in, the water's fine". You're going to wear a costume?

PETER  
 (back to no accent)  
 Hey, it's a p-a-rty, man.

MORGAN  
 I thought it was art.

PETER  
 Don't wig out, Morgan. We're art  
 tists  
 (french accent again)  
 .. that means we can do anything,  
 anything. The world is our oyster.

MORGAN  
 (getting up to leave)  
 Oyster, got it. Okay. Minnie,  
 he's all yours.  
 (turns to Peter)  
 See you back at the loft?

PETER  
 Sure thing.

Peter puts a few of the cords into a duffle bag along with larger pieces mark "Studio B, Do Not Remove".

PETER  
 Just gotta borrow a few things  
 for the opening. See you there.

MINNIE  
 Mr. Death strikes again.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Giant art studio cluttered with works in progress. There's makeshift sleeping areas, living area, etc. all in one big work space. Peter is spread out on an old hand painted sofa with ANDY WARHOL (a large blond dog) in the living area watching TV. A small curtain has been set up behind the TV to separate it from the other areas. Morgan is walking past the TV and stops when he sees himself on the set.

MORGAN  
 Whoa!

He moves left and right. His image moves accordingly.

MORGAN  
 How did you?

PETER  
Pretty groovy, huh?

MORGAN  
Are we gonna get in trouble?

He jumps left and right while looking at the screen.

MORGAN  
Now I'm here.  
(jump)  
Now I'm here. The networks can't  
like this.

PETER  
It's no problem, it's just this TV.

MORGAN  
Just this TV?

PETER  
Hardwired. A closed circuit.  
That's what they call it. A  
camera set up just for this TV.

MORGAN  
No network? So where's the camera?

Peter has gotten up and pulls back the curtain that was behind the TV.

PETER  
You gotta see this, it's tiny.

He reveals a gigantic old video camera.

PETER  
Sony DV-2400! The future of the  
World!

MORGAN  
Wow! That's small.

ANDY  
(staring at camera)  
GRRRRRR.

MORGAN  
Andy! Be good. Art is good.

ANDY

Roowlf!  
 (he lunges at camera  
 and darts back a few times)

PETER

Andy Warhol, you go outside! Bad  
 dog. You can come back when you  
 learn to appreciate fine art.

Andy goes to a doggie door leading "outside".

CUT TO:

INT. FAKE PATIO

The patio is painted to look like it's a park; painted trees  
 on the brick walls, astro turf grass, big fake bushes. Andy  
 enters from the doggie door, urinates on a fake bush and  
 then curls up under a paper mache' tree.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

PETER

The world's first portapack VTR,  
 man. Take it anywhere. It was a  
 fortune but it's gonna pay for  
 itself in no time.

MORGAN

Not from art.

PETER

No, man, I can use it at work. We  
 can go mobile. Shoot spots  
 anywhere, anytime. It's gonna  
 change the world.

MORGAN

That is the coolest thing I've  
 ever seen.

Peter fidgets with the machine. He pulls out a giant spool  
 of tape.

PETER

Twenty minutes per cartridge! It  
 just came out and we're gonna use  
 it tonight.

(french accent)

The people will freak!

MORGAN

Will you cut out that stupid french accent?

PETER

Ah, but I must respect my noble heritage.

MORGAN

Peter, I've known you since you were 10. We grew up in Ohio together for Christ's sake. Give it a rest!

PETER

(drops accent)

Hey, asshole, I am french, remember?

(then in perfect french)

"And besides, I can say anything and no one understands."

(back to flat english)

It's not my fault my parents moved to the big, boring United states when I was a kid.

MORGAN

Yeah, yeah

(he plays an imaginary violin)

Look, we both know you just do the accent to pick up girls.

PETER

Well... duh.

MORGAN

So just cut it out around here, man.

PETER

Sure, Morgue. Just gotta keep in practice, you know. Got a big party.. Lot of opportunities for cultural exchange if you know what I mean.

MORGAN

Well, duh.

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

What we would call a rave today. Back then it was a "Freak Out" or a "Happening". Very crowded, partying everywhere. Strobe lights, many different rock songs playing simultaneously.

There are enormous art pieces depicting violent scenes from the lyrics of the rock music coming from small 8 track players set in front of each piece. Very low tech. On large sheets, 8mm films are showing clips of violent scenes from old movies interspersed with Vietnam War footage and President Johnson speeches. In one corner, a crowd has gathered around a TV set. Everyone there is staring intently at themselves on the screen and moving from side to side, oohing and ahing. MR DEATH is mingling and having a great time. He is wearing a costume that resembles the ones used by French guillotine operators. His face is covered. As he mingles through the crowd, he hands out name badges to the people he deems to be hip. They are the typical ones used for conventions with hand writing added to read "HELLO I'M DEAD".

PARTY PERSON#1

Great party!

MR DEATH

Drop dead.

(he hands him a name badge)

Peter passes a large Mexican styled painting of a man with a gun. We hear Jimi Hendrix song "Hey Joe" at the point it says "I shot her!". Morgan walks up. They talk while Mr Death does some adjusting on a video monitor that is just playing static.

MORGAN

Well, well, well.

Morgan eyes the finished costume.

MR DEATH

Not too bad.

MORGAN

You sure go to extremes to protect your identity. So misterioso.

Mr. Death gives a good healthy WHACK to the side of the monitor. It immediately starts working again... showing a clip of Little Joe Cartwright shooting his gun at bad guys.

MR DEATH

Cut it out, Morgue. If the station learns that I'm involved with this madness, they might just start looking a little too close at the equipment here.

We see a close up of the video monitor. It says "WKIN Studio B, do not remove" on its side.

MORGAN

It just doesn't seem fair. You deserve...

Mr. Death notices a pretty woman passing by and drifts off in pursuit.

MORGAN

(to no one)  
What the hell, you get more than you deserve, already.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

Another corner of the party. Morgan is conversing with an older man who is taking notes as Morgan explains the painting. We just hear music and see Morgan making large brush strokes in the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

Still another area. Peter and Morgan are working a small crowd in front of one of the large paintings. The women in the crowd are primarily congested on Mr. Death's side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY SOFA AREA NIGHT

We see Morgan standing motionless in front of a small unoccupied rest area (sofa, coffee table, etc). The party continues all around this small island of tranquillity. Morgan slowly collapses to the sofa. MAGGIE, a drop dead gorgeous mystery woman, emerges from the nearby crowd, eyes Morgan and approaches.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY SOFA AREA NIGHT

A few minutes later. Morgan and Maggie converse.

MAGGIE

People have such stupid conversations at parties.

MORGAN

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

They just miss such an opportunity to actually communicate. Everyone acts so coy or self important. They just say anything to make people think they're worth talking to.

MORGAN

Don't know about women but men just say whatever they think will get them laid.

MAGGIE

Well yeah, like I said.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

Several shots of guys in the crowd hitting on girls with varying degrees of success. Behind one couple is a painting of a man floating face down in water while music plays "Ode to Billie Joe" lyrics "jumped off the Tallahatchee Bridge". Another guy strikes out with a girl in front of a painting of an inferno while Arthur Browns song plays "you're gonna burn, burn. You're gonna burn".

MORGAN(VO)

They just say whatever they think will keep a girl talking and interested enough not to walk away. That's it. We don't usually think much past that. That's the secret to guys.

MAGGIE(VO)

That's not much of a secret. It sure doesn't leave much room to have a real conversation... actually say something of importance to another human being.

MORGAN(VO)

Boy, what planet are you from? Guys just work on the 3 A.M. Rule.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY SOFA AREA NIGHT

MAGGIE

3 A.M. Rule?

MORGAN

Now, that's a guy secret.

MAGGIE

Excuse me? You tell me your secret and I'll tell you mine.

MORGAN

Hmmm, okay, here goes. The 3 A.M. Rule. If you can nod and agree long enough to keep a girl talking to you.. be witty and charming enough to keep her from wandering off until say, 3am, she's yours.

MAGGIE

She's yours?

MORGAN

Statistically.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

Several quick cuts of guys at party striking out and being slapped by women.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

Another corner of the party. Very drunk Anchorman Gene walks up to Minnie. Minnie is dressed like the hippie chick she really is. In the background, Vietnam war scenes play on a suspended sheet and "Eve of Destruction" by Barry Maguire plays

ANCHORMAN

I have to be up early for a morning shoot, but..

MINNIE

Huh?

ANCHORMAN

You may recognize me. I am the anchor for the..

MINNIE  
 (incredulous)  
 I recognize you.  
 (under breath)  
 Do you recognize me?

ANCHORMAN  
 What is your name my lovely..

MINNIE  
 Minnie! Minnie , Minnie, Minnie.  
 Capeesh?

ANCHORMAN  
 My what a lovely name. What is it  
 that you do?  
 (doesn't wait for answer)  
 Maybe we could leave together. I  
 could show you my Mycroft Award,  
 Millie.

He runs his hands through her hair and bends over to kiss her.

MINNIE  
 Minnie! You idiot!

She storms away passing another couple. The guy is propositioning her but we can't hear what is being said due to the loud music. She smiles sweetly, leans in to him and they leave together.

MORGAN(VO)  
 And believe me, guys work  
 statistically. Numbers are our  
 friends.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY SOFA AREA NIGHT

Back to conversation..

MAGGIE  
 3am and she's yours?

MORGAN  
 Pretty much, that's it. I know  
 guys who don't even bother to  
 come to parties until 2am.  
 Conserve energy.

MAGGIE

Seriously? That's all there is to guys?

MORGAN

Pretty much. I think you're making a mistake if you give a guy much more credit than that.

MAGGIE

What time is it now?

MORGAN

(without looking at watch)  
2am.

MAGGIE

Can you be sure? You didn't even look at your watch?

MORGAN

Oh yeah, I'm sure.

MAGGIE

So, I guess you have to be interested in my conversation for a while longer.

MORGAN

You were saying that conversation was wasted at parties. Here's your chance to change that.. say something important.

MAGGIE

No pressure there. I just meant it's the perfect time to be honest. Total strangers, people we will probably never see again. What a chance to spill our deepest secrets.

MORGAN

Oh yeah, you owe me a secret... a big secret. So..what's your biggest secret?

MAGGIE

See, I want to tell you, but I can't.

MORGAN

I am a perfect stranger, I don't even know your name. And besides, I told you the secret 3am rule.

MAGGIE  
I want to tell you.

MORGAN  
Then do.

MAGGIE  
You won't believe me  
(beat)  
but I'm dying to tell someone.

MORGAN  
I'm your man.

She judges him. Smiles seductively.

MAGGIE  
You certainly are.

MORGAN  
So?

MAGGIE  
My secret is  
(she looks around)  
I just killed a man.

MORGAN  
What?

MAGGIE  
I just killed a man. My husband.

MORGAN  
I heard.  
(not amused)  
That's funny. I'm the Murdering  
America artist and you thought  
you'd have some fun. Nice joke.

He gets up to leave but she stops him.

MAGGIE  
My husband. I just killed my  
husband. I'm telling a total  
stranger and no one will ever  
believe you.  
(she smiles)  
It is so delicious.

MORGAN  
What do you..

Mr Death and a GIRL stumble backwards into Morgan and Maggie breaking the moment and knocking Morgan, Mr Death and the girl to the floor. They are laughing and drunk.

MR DEATH  
Whoa! Death takes a tumble!

GIRL  
(giggle sound)

Maggie dissolves into the crowd making one last eye contact with Morgan.

MR DEATH  
Mr. Harvey! Are we having a good time? We certainly are.

Mr Death helps the girl up. Morgan rises looking around for Maggie.

MORGAN  
That girl, where did she go?

MR DEATH  
Need a girl? I'd like to introduce you to Miss  
(looks at name badge)  
Dead.

GIRL  
Charmed.

MORGAN  
No, the girl I was talking to.  
Did you see where she went?

He eyes the crowd and spots her melting into a throng of people.

MORGAN  
Her!

MR DEATH  
Her?

MORGAN  
You know her?

MR DEATH  
Well, yeah. Everybody knows her.  
She's my boss's wife. You might want to be a little careful there.  
It could get..

MORGAN

Her husband works at the TV station?

MR DEATH

Her husband owns the TV station.  
And the radio station. And the  
paper and hell, most of downtown.

MORGAN

No shit?

MR DEATH

No Shit.

The girl accompanying Mr. death is growing impatient.

MORGAN

Have you, uh, seen him lately?

MR DEATH

Seen him, hmph. I've never seen  
him. No one sees him. He's our  
own little Howard Hughes. I think  
he bought the paper just so his  
picture would never be in it. You  
gonna move in on the old man?  
Make your move on his sweet  
little lady?

MORGAN

Shut up.

PETER

You can't talk that way to death.

The girl kisses Mr. Death on the cheek.

MORGAN

I stare death in the face.

And he does.

MR DEATH

(turning to girl)  
How about the kiss of death?

She kisses him again, passionately.

MR DEATH

(to Morgan)  
Gotta go.

Peter and Morgan turn and go back to mingling and being good hosts. Occasionally, Morgan's eyes search the crowd for his mystery girl.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY SOFA AREA NIGHT

A discussion has broken out between Morgan, the Anchorman and DICK CHRISTIAN. He is an older, Eastern Intellectual wanna be hipster complete with turtleneck, love beads and jacket. He has long hair but it is styled to be casual. Refer to Dick Cavett videos from that era. A few other hippies fill out the scene.

DICK

..but you must admit that all this violence in music must influence the youth culture. Just look at all the protests, rioting.

MORGAN

I think the protesting might have a little more to do with the violence in Vietnam than some song Neil Young happens to be singing.

DICK

I understand your passion. I'm not talking about censorship..

Morgan starts to interrupt but is beaten.

ANCHORMAN

It's just that there has to be some sort of limit, control.

A wasted hippie chick is hypnotized by the Anchorman's perfect hair.

ANCHORMAN

Just for the decency of..

She reaches out and touches his hair.

MORGAN

Look, the two biggest movies this year are Bonnie and Clyde and Dr. Doolittle. Does that mean that I have to go out and rob banks while talking to my dog?

ANCHORMAN

Lama.

DICK

Don't be childi..

MORGAN

I just don't think that that's the problem.

DICK

So what is? What are you arguing with this show? It seems that you want to have it both ways. The allure of violence without the responsibility.

MORGAN

You're right. I do want it both ways. I want a conversation, a forum. What we're doing right now. I think that something IS happening. There has to be an effect of all this violence on people... from being subjected to more and more images of violence. I just don't think there's a simple answer to what that is.

DICK

Maybe you just don't see the answer because it isn't what you want to see.

MORGAN

That's possible, that's possible. I just can't believe that we are fighting a war because your generation watched too many violent Bugs Bunny cartoons and Three Stooges films.

DICK

(laughs)

Oh, no. You're not going to corner me into defending the three stooges.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. FAIRLIGHT GALLERY NIGHT

A small crowd, including Morgan, is leaving. They are a little tipsy. There are a few abandoned protest signs on the sidewalk and curb; "Harvey is a sadistic pervert", "Satanic", "This art is trash".

FRIEND#1

You sure?

MORGAN

Absolutely, I'm beat.

FRIEND#2

You gotta come.

FRIEND#1

It's your party!

MORGAN

No, no, no. No more. No more. I'm headin' home.

Morgan walks off in one direction, his friends in the other.

HIS FRIENDS

(Chanting as they disappear)

Morgan is a party pooper, Morgan is a party pooper.

(it evolves into)

Morgan is boring, Morgan is boring.

CUT TO:

## EXT. BUILDING NIGHT

Morgan is walking up to the steps leading to his loft.

MAGGIE(OS)

So, what time is it now?

Morgan smiles and turns to see Maggie.

MORGAN

2:59

MAGGIE

How can you tell? You didn't even look at your watch.

MORGAN

It's 2:59. Believe me.

MAGGIE  
Looks like I'm just in time.

She slips off her heels and walks up to Morgan. They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

Old style industrial elevator. Morgan and Maggie do some old style industrial making out as it rises to the loft.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT NIGHT

They burst through the door making out. By now they are semi undressed. Andy runs up.

ANDY  
Grrrrufff!

MAGGIE  
Hi doggy.

ANDY  
Growlf, growlf!

The barking isn't slowing down the carnal action.

MORGAN  
Andy! Be good. What's got into you. Be nice to the lady.

Maggie looks at Andy.

MAGGIE  
You be nice to the lady.

Maggie looks at Morgan.

MAGGIE  
You be nice to the lady.

Andy does not like Maggie.

MORGAN  
Out!

Andy hesitantly exits through the doggie door. Maggie and Morgan tumble around the loft making out, getting more unclothed. She knocks over some paint.

MAGGIE

Whoopsie. Hmmm.

She scoops a finger through the paint and makes a red heart shape across Morgan's chest.

MORGAN

You shouldn't do that.

MAGGIE

I shouldn't?

She continues to paint an arrow through the heart.

MORGAN

No, you shouldn't.

He picks up a different paint container.

MORGAN

That's oil based. You should always use water based paints when painting the naked body.

He begins painting her face. They start kissing again, painting each other the whole while. He maneuvers her to a large bare canvas laying on the floor.

MORGAN

Lie down.

Maggie eyes the canvas and then lies down, nude. Her body already smudges paint onto the canvas. Morgan gathers more paints and begins painting the canvas while she lays upon it. He moves her around the canvas like a paint brush. Finally, she pulls him down to join her.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT MORGAN'S BED AREA NIGHT

Morgan wakes up in his bed to see Maggie across the room looking at one of his paintings. She is wearing a red paint stained sheet. There is a smudgy trail of paint on the floor leading up to the bed. She notices him.

MAGGIE

You sign your paintings Morgue?

We see a close up of his signature on the painting.

MORGAN

Just a nickname. Morgan.

MAGGIE  
Oh, I get it.

MORGAN  
Kids can be cruel.

MAGGIE  
No wonder you're so obsessed with death.

MORGAN  
I'm not obsessed with death.

She turns around.

MAGGIE  
You're not?

MORGAN  
No  
(beat)  
I'm obsessed with you.

She crosses back over to him and they kiss.

MORGAN  
What's your name?

MAGGIE  
Uh uh.

She covers his mouth and kisses his chest, working downward.

MORGAN  
You're kidding.

MAGGIE  
I could leave. Do you want me to leave?

She works her way lower.

MORGAN  
Ughhh.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT MORGAN'S BED AREA MORNING

Morgan stirs and rolls over to kiss Maggie. Maggie has left. It is Andy in bed with him. Andy kisses Morgan.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT MORNING

Morgan is exiting the shower area, all clean and almost dressed. Peter enters loft. He is carrying his Mr. Death costume in his arms along with a huge stack of video tapes for the Sony 2400. He is wearing shorts and a T-shirt..what he had on under the costume the night before.

MORGAN

You're up early.

PETER

Haven't been to bed yet. Least not my bed.

Peter looks at the canvas on the floor admiringly.

PETER

Looks like you got a little action, yourself.

Morgan has crossed to the messy kitchen area and begins looking for food. The kitchen is typical bachelor disaster.

MORGAN

That's not saying the half of it.

PETER

I'm so proud.

Peter inspects the painted canvas closely.

PETER

Mmmm. Nothing like paint sex. Hmm, nice tits.

He looks from another angle.

PETER

She went with red. Nice. Do I know her?

Morgan peers out from behind a cupboard.

MORGAN

I'll never introduce you.

Morgan notices a particularly bad mess of dried mexican food on a plate. He eyes admiringly for a second and then rushes off to another area of the loft and picks up a 12"x18" frame that is currently sitting on the floor around an overflowing trash can. Peter notices and quickly joins Morgan as he returns to the kitchen. Morgan carefully, artfully positions the frame around the plate of dried up mexican food.

Across the bottom of the frame is painted "THIS IS ART" on a placard. They both admire the finished art piece.

PETER

Nice. So, you have a mystery woman?

MORGAN

I...

PETER

Wait! Not a mystery woman. THE mystery woman!?

Morgan smiles.

PETER

You bugger. I didn't think you had it in you.

MORGAN

Irresistible force.

PETER

Indeed.

Looks at overturned lamps, etc.

PETER

Looks like things went well.

MORGAN

Perfect. Almost.

PETER

Uh oh. Already trouble in paradise. Jealous husband?

MORGAN

I just. I just never even got her name.

PETER

Groovy.

MORGAN

No, really, you can't remember her name? Think.

PETER

I really don't think I ever knew it. Besides, I don't really store nouns, man. You know that. I'm more of a verb man. Minnie now, she..

MORGAN

Call Minnie!

PETER

She would know. She keeps track of all the office politics.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Peter is on the phone in the living room area. Andy is licking something on Peter's leg. Morgan is straightening up the mess from last night.

PETER

Hey, gotta question for you.

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Yes, I will marry you.

PETER

The owner guy, the millionaire.

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Richard Farlow?

PETER

Right! Farlow. Hey, What's his wife's name?

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

His wife? Peter, what have you done?

PETER

Ha. I'm innocent.

CUT TO:

INT. TV PRODUCTION ROOM DAY

Minnie is editing video and talking on the phone.

MINNIE

You haven't been innocent since you were 15.

PETER(ON PHONE)

13. And anyway..she was just at the party last night and Morgue wanted to..

MINNIE

Morgan?

PETER(ON PHONE)  
Yeah, well..

MINNIE  
Way out of his league, Peter  
darling. Tell Morgue that he  
doesn't stand a chance of her  
even striking up a decent  
conversation, let alone..

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Peter is looking at the painting.

PETER  
I wouldn't be too sure.

Morgan takes the phone.

MORGAN  
Her name. What is her name?

MINNIE(ON PHONE)  
Hey, Morgue. You sure? It's  
uhhh... man.. Maggie. Yeah.

MORGAN  
Maggie?

MINNIE(ON PHONE)  
Yeah. Let's see... young,  
beautiful, rich and unattainable.  
You sure Peter didn't send you to..

MORGAN  
No, no, no. Thanks Minnie, I..

CUT TO:

INT. TV PRODUCTION ROOM DAY

MINNIE  
Hey, did you see where Peter  
disappeared off to last night?

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Morgan looks at Peter's make shift clothes.

MORGAN

No, I just saw him doing normal Peter stuff. Lost track of him, though. Left early, I was kinda tired.

Silence on the line. Peter is making funny faces at Morgan.

MORGAN

You know, if you'd just say the word, Pete would quit that whole scene. He adores you.

Peter makes an ok sign with his hand.

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Yeah, I could tell by the way he disappeared last night. Maybe if he stopped doing the whole Peter thing I might take him a little more seriously.

MORGAN

The whole chicken and egg dilemma.

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Huh?

MORGAN

Hey, you seen your boss guy lately? Mr. Farlow?

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Farlow? I never see him. No one does. He's the invisible man. Well, John does.

MORGAN

John?

Peter mouths "our director".

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Our director. Staff meeting, things like..

MORGAN

Well thanks, anyway for the..

MINNIE(ON PHONE)

Tell Peter that I hate him. Leaving a good woman at a wild party.

MORGAN  
He loves you, too. Misses..

CUT TO:

INT. TV PRODUCTION ROOM DAY

MINNIE  
Oh, can you put him on? We have  
some bits to edit for sund...

JOHN, the director walks past the production room window.

MINNIE  
Hey, there is one thing about  
Farlow.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Morgan starts to give the phone to Peter but stops.

MORGAN  
Huh?

MINNIE(ON PHONE)  
John said, when I saw John, this  
morning to talk to him about the  
Sunday editing...

MORGAN  
What about Farlow?

MINNIE(ON PHONE)  
He said Mr. Farlow didn't show up  
for some financial meeting a day  
or two ago. He always shows up  
for the money meetings. But, no  
big deal, though. Like I said,  
Invisible man.

MORGAN  
Invisible. Got it.

MINNIE(ON PHONE)  
Well, peace, Morgue.

MORGAN  
Later.

He hangs up the phone.

PETER

What did she say about me?

MORGAN

Man, you two. She said she wants to get married and needs help picking out a dress.

PETER

Seriously, man.

MORGAN

She said you should stop fucking every slow moving female and maybe she would take you seriously.

PETER

(French accent)  
Ahhh, but have I ever mentioned that I am French?

MORGAN

Qui. Well, it's official. There is no food in this house. I'm gonna walk down to the docks and get something to eat.

Morgan starts towards the door. Andy runs up excitedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING DAY

Morgan and Andy walk off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY DAY

Morgan gets a croissant from a walk up window at the bakery.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK DAY

Morgan strolls the dock deep in thought. Boats, birds, sunrise. He sees the poster for his art opening and removes it from the wall and tosses in the trash. He throws a piece of food to Andy but a pelican steals it. Andy chases the pelican and jumps into the water attempting to catch it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET DAY

Morgan and Andy continue walking only to find themselves in front of a police station. Morgan hesitates, then goes inside.

POLICEMAN(OS)  
 (barely heard)  
 Hey! Dogs aren't allowed in here!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION DAY

A waiting room with activity visible through the windows. Morgan and Andy sit patiently. DETECTIVE JACK finally enters.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Hey, Dogs aren't allowed in here.

MORGAN  
 He was arrested for illegally entering a police station. I'm just waiting on his attorney to make bail.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Guess he's better than a lot of the scum that I see.

The Detective pets Andy.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 So, I need to talk with you about the charges you made.

MORGAN  
 It's not a charge. I just got to thinkin' that I should tell someone.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 And get a little publicity for your art show.

MORGAN  
 Fuck it.

Morgan gets up.

MORGAN  
 I was just tryin' to do the right thing. It was probably nothin' anyway. The girl was just fucking with my head. I think she might be a nut case.

The Detective blocks Morgan's way and directs him back to the chair.

DETECTIVE JACK  
I'm just sayin' you should be careful about spreading rumors.

MORGAN  
I'm not spr..

DETECTIVE JACK  
Mr. Farlow, he and his wife are well respected 'round here.

MORGAN  
Well connected.

DETECTIVE JACK  
No, I mean respected. He's done a lot for people in this town. He's an alright guy.

Jack's partner, ROGER enters the room and whispers to the detective.

MORGAN  
Well, maybe Mr. Alright Guy was murdered by Mrs. Alright.

Roger leaves. The detective begins to leave.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Well, I think we will have this whole mess settled pretty quickly. Why don't you and your dog just settle back for a few minutes.

The Detective leaves. Morgan sits uncomfortably for a second before he notices the detective through the window. He is talking with Maggie Farlow. Though he can't hear, he watches them converse. They are friendly, laughing, very casual, almost intimate. Maggie gently touches the detective on the arm. They both turn and look at Morgan, laughing. The detective returns.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Well, looks like they aren't going to be pressing any charges. You're free to..

MORGAN  
THEY? They aren't pressing charges? Are you fucking kidding me?

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Hey! I'd just settle down, kid.  
 Maggie decided that..

MORGAN  
 Maggie?

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Look!

The detective gets serious and Morgan knows it. Morgan settles down a bit.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 The Farlows get a lot of kooks.  
 If it were up to me, I'd... Well,  
 Mrs. Farlow..

MORGAN  
 (quietly)  
 Maggie.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 ..has decided that she is going  
 to prove to you that her husband  
 is very much alive.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Peter is laying on sofa watching the TV (which is connected to the Sony video machine). Andy and Morgan enter. Andy runs directly to his food bowl and begins eating. The "THIS IS ART" frame sits on the floor around the food bowl. Morgan walks towards Peter.

MORGAN  
 Man, what a night.

PETER  
 Amazing, wasn't it? It was a  
 breast magnet.

Morgan is confused. Peter motions to the TV and Morgan notices that there is a naked woman on the screen.

PETER  
 It was amazing. I think I've  
 discovered the new drug.

MORGAN  
 Showing your breasts on TV?

PETER

The oldest drug of all, man. The quest for immortality, fame.

Morgan sits down on sofa and stares at the TV.

MORGAN

Breasts?

PETER

This is a revolution, man. The networks are losing control. Anyone can make their own shows, now. Show your friends. Save forever like photographs.

MORGAN

Breasts? So, did people just start taking their clothes off?

PETER

Don't laugh, man. All new technology is driven by sex. You may have heard of the Guttenburg Bible but the big bucks that made that whole movable type thing profitable came from little porno books.

MORGAN

Now you're making it up.

PETER

No shit, Morgue. Thousands of little books full of dirty stories floatin' through Europe and , BANG! everyone can suddenly read.

MORGAN

But that's just..

PETER

And the first photos were nudes...

Peter is on a roll, now.

MORGAN

I thought they were..

PETER

Rooftops, yeah. Just to make sure that the thing worked and then, wham, breasts everywhere.

MORGAN

That's pretty pessimistic.

PETER

It's humans, Morgue. Humans love sex and violence. Movies the same way. I bet video cameras. I bet in five, ten years there will be hundreds, no, thousands of home tapes floatin' around. Professional tapes, too. you watch. That's where they'll make the money..

Waves at the Sony.

PETER

..to pay for all these toys. They'll have stores.

MORGAN

And people will just sit in their house and watch dirty movies?

PETER

It's the future. And Morgue, the future starts tonight. We're havin' a party.

MORGAN

We're having a party?

PETER

A few of the guys are comin' by to watch a little movie.

Peter points to the TV. A grainy video shows Peter and a young lady getting more and more naked. The audio is bad.

MORGAN

You made a movie? Oh my God, you filmed some poor girl..

PETER

Poor girl? Morgan, I couldn't stop her.

The screen goes black. Peter rushes up and begins putting in the next video reel.

PETER

I tell you, this is the best money I've ever spent. You gotta see what she did when I went hand held.

Morgan gets up and begins to leave.

MORGAN

The sound's shitty.

PETER

Yeah, I gotta work on that. I have to get her real close to the mike to pick up everything. So, you coming tonight?

MORGAN

Sounds tempting but I've got my own little party to go to. A few upper crust socialites are having an intimate dinner party tonight and as near as I can figure, I'm the entertainment. Meet the topical avant garde artist. Oh yeah, and I've been invited to meet a dead man.

PETER

Creepy, man. Just what the hell are you talking about?

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION ENTRY NIGHT

The Farlow mansion. The front door is open and Morgan walks hesitantly into the entry vestibule.

MORGAN

Hello! Anyone home?

He walks further into the entry hallway.

MORGAN

Hello!

(to himself)

Where's Alfred the trusty butler?

MAGGIE(OS)

Actually, his name is Patrick.

Morgan is startled. Maggie enters from a side door.

MORGAN

Well, Patrick should be fired. I don't know much about the millionaire game but I think the door's supposed to be shut and the butler is supposed to make me wait in the study.

Maggie closes the entry door.

MAGGIE

Oh, Shall we retire to the study?

She takes Morgan by the arm and leads him towards another side door.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

A very masculine room; deep wood paneling, fireplace and leather furniture. There are many photos throughout the room. Maggie and Morgan enter.

MAGGIE

Actually, Patrick is in France right now preparing the house for our annual visit.

Morgan looks around the room as they talk, picking up awards and photos.

MORGAN

Don't tell me your poor husband can't afford extra help? No wonder you killed the cheap bastard.

MAGGIE

Don't be a bore, Morgan. It's just the two of us. Patrick is plenty. I can open my own doors. And we have a woman come in to clean a few times a week.

MORGAN

Slummin' it, eh. What do the neighbors say?

MAGGIE

Actually, they do talk.

Morgan picks up a photo that is on the end table next to the "master" chair. It is a photo of three laughing men on a luxury boat.

The middle man is the detective, holding a large fish.

MORGAN  
Interesting photo.

MAGGIE  
That's a favorite. Typical boys  
lost weekend. What is it about  
men, boats and beer?

MORGAN  
This your husband?

MAGGIE  
Yes, and Patrick, our assistant.  
I believe that was taken last  
year near the cape.

MORGAN  
Ah, before you killed your  
husband... happy times.

Morgan looks at the other photos spread around the room.

MORGAN  
Looks like your husband was quite  
a sports freak.

He draws near Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Yes, quite the..

MORGAN  
So what's going on here? No party,  
no husband. What are you..

She looks past Morgan and smiles.

MAGGIE  
Ahhh, Morgan, I'd like to  
introduce you to my husband,  
Richard Farlow.

RICHARD FARLOW is older, distinguished. He is dressed in  
casual clothes and has a dish cloth over one shoulder.  
Richard reaches out to shake hands.

RICHARD  
Morgan, my boy, so good to meet  
you. Maggie has been telling me  
such good things about you.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM NIGHT

A formal dining area. The table is set for 10-12 people but there are only Morgan and Maggie sitting. Richard is acting as cook/waiter, clumsily dumping a large lump of fish onto Morgan's plate from a large platter.

RICHARD

Please excuse us, Maggie and I don't really adhere to strict society standards. And with Patrick gone..

The fish lands on Morgan's plate with a loud "Plunk"... throwing sauce onto Morgan.

RICHARD

Shit! Damn it!

He quickly slams the platter onto the table and regains composure.

RICHARD

You okay?

Maggie has risen and approaches Morgan.

MORGAN

(laughing)  
I'm fine, really. Guess that fish had a little life left in him after all.

MAGGIE

Let me get you a towel or..

MORGAN

No, really, I'm fine.

They all sit down.

RICHARD

I'm so sorry, Morgan. It's been that kind of day. Fucking week! Bloody everything's gone wrong.

MAGGIE

That's why we canceled the other guests.

MORGAN

I'm sorry, should I .. I didn't know. Do you..

RICHARD

Oh, no boy. Don't get me wrong. It's just been a bad few days... the fish weren't biting, boat troubles. I stayed out a couple days extra to try to catch a little something decent for tonight's party. All I caught was a headache.

MAGGIE

Maybe if you didn't drink so..

RICHARD

What's the fucking point of being a boring brain dead business robot if I can't escape now and then? A little r&r never..

MAGGIE

You could've at least let me know you were..

RICHARD

(a little too loud)  
And then what? You'd stop fucking around and..

MAGGIE

I am not fucking ar..

Richard turns to Morgan.

RICHARD

I apologize. We're not being good hosts.

Richard rises and opens a bottle of wine. As the conversation continues, he pours glasses for everyone.

RICHARD

Maggie has told me all about your special talents.

(beat)

Tell me all about your art.. uh, process.

MORGAN

Well, I primarily work in oils but lately I have been experimenting a little in water based..

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION NIGHT

Morgan is slowly walking off down the sidewalk in front of the Farlow's estate. He is a little in shock.

DETECTIVE JACK(OS)  
So, is he dead?

The detective emerges from behind a bush.

MORGAN  
You scared the shit out of me.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Is he dead?

MORGAN  
Were you watching me?

DETECTIVE JACK  
No, just hanging out waitin' to see what happened. That's my job. You didn't answer the question.

MORGAN  
He's alive. He's crazy, but he's alive.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Crazy, huh? You should watch what you say about the Farlows, they're well respec..

MORGAN  
Yeah, yeah respected. Got it. And pals with the ol' police department..

DETECTIVE JACK  
I've known Richard for a long time. I'm proud of that. He's an alright guy in my book.

MORGAN  
Whatever. In my book they're both fucking nuts. Drama.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Wild party, huh?

MORGAN  
Not exactly. No one else was there, just the three of us. Kinda creepy, really.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
One of them's gonna kill the  
other, just can't decide which.

The detective motions back toward the house.

DETECTIVE JACK  
I bet they work it out. Seem to  
be gettin' along okay.

In an upstairs window, the shadow of a man and woman kiss.  
The lights go out.

DETECTIVE JACK  
So, are you happy now? Gonna  
leave him alone?

MORGAN  
Well, no... Actually, we're going  
yachting tomorrow.

DETECTIVE JACK  
What? You shitting me? You musta  
gone over big time.

MORGAN  
He wants to talk to me about  
buying some art.

DETECTIVE JACK  
That murder, bloody stuff you  
showin' downtown? I take it back,  
he is crazy.

MORGAN  
Thanks.

DETECTIVE JACK  
No accountin'. Guess celebrities  
like to hang out with celebrities.  
Enjoy it, kid. Once the protests  
are over, you'll go back to being  
a nobody.

MORGAN  
Yeah, guess so. Can I go home now?

DETECTIVE JACK  
Yeah.  
(he begins to walk off)  
Keep your nose clean.

EXT. DOCK DAY

The private dock house of Mr. Farlow. Morgan is clumsily trying to board the boat.

MORGAN  
Hello! Uh, anyone home?

Richard sticks his head out from below. He is wearing a white T-shirt and cut off jeans.

RICHARD  
There you are! I thought maybe we scared you off.

MORGAN  
Permission to come on board.

RICHARD  
That's so funny. This ain't the bloody Queen Mary, get on kid.

Richard yanks him onboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DAY

They are leaving the dock area.

RICHARD  
I think we got it, now. You ready to take her out?

MORGAN  
Me?

RICHARD  
Yeah, you. How am I going to tell if we're going to do business if I don't see how you handle a woman.

MORGAN  
Excuse me.

RICHARD  
The Elizabeth. One hell of a gal, huh?

MORGAN  
It's a beautiful ship.

RICHARD  
It's a boat, boy.

MORGAN

Well, it's the biggest boat I've ever been on.

RICHARD

Now, here..

Richard starts to show Morgan the controls.

RICHARD

It's just like a Ford Mustang. Turn it and it turns, give it gas and it goes.

MORGAN

I thought you said it was like a woman?

RICHARD

Good point. Maggie never goes where I tell her.. or she'd be burnin' in hell by now.

Richard broadly waves to the old man in the far, far distance at the marina. The old man waves back.

RICHARD

Now just give her a little.. good, good.. and creep on out a little.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT LATE DAY

They are at sea. No land or other vessel in sight. Morgan and Richard both lounge, drinking. There are fishing poles cast but no one is minding them. There is assorted fishing tackle, a few towels and a large knife laying around on bench seats near poles.

RICHARD

Another drink?

MORGAN

No thanks, I'm pacing myself.

Richard gets himself another drink.

MORGAN

I'm sorry, man. I think this may be a waste of our time. I really don't think any of my art would work for your hotel.

RICHARD

Don't be so quick, son. You don't know what...

MORGAN

You don't even know what my stuff looks like!

RICHARD

Doesn't matter in the least. This is business. If people are talking about your stuff, it might be something for the upper floors. And besides, Maggie's made me a small fortune with the young boys that have followed her home through the years. She has an eye for art.

MORGAN

I didn't follow her home.

RICHARD

Yes, you did. You just don't realize it yet.

MORGAN

She said she murdered you.

RICHARD

Ha... bet she wished she did. We're getting a divorce, you know.

MORGAN

I didn't.

RICHARD

Hell, it would be in my best interest if she happened to die soon, too. You wouldn't happen to be interest..

MORGAN

You guys deserve each other.

RICHARD

Don't worry, I'm just fucking with you.

Morgan is acting a little woozy.

RICHARD  
Hell, we'll just get divorced,  
she'll make a small fortune and  
you two can go back to fucking  
each other instead of me.

MORGAN  
What? What did you just say?

Morgan is very disoriented.

MORGAN  
I'm not feeling too well. I  
wouldn't, uh..

RICHARD  
You doin' okay?

MORGAN  
No, I'm not. I, uh.... Man, did  
you fuck with my drink?

Richard smiles.

RICHARD  
That would be the windowpane  
kicking in.

MORGAN  
I knew it. Fucking acid.

Morgan waves his hand slowly in front of his face.

MORGAN  
What the hell are you..

RICHARD  
Relax, kid, we're supposed to be  
having fun.

Morgan regains a little composure but is still noticeably  
fucked up.

MORGAN  
Look, you're not gonna scare me  
with a little acid trip. I'm a  
product of the 60's remember, age  
of aquarius... all that shit.  
I've done..

RICHARD

I wasn't trying to scare you. Really. Think of it as a party favor. I was trying to be nice. There's nothing better than floating out on the open water with a good buzz on.

MORGAN

You don't just slip acid without..

RICHARD

Call me a bad host, then.

(laughs)

Just what are the odds you would've said yes to a drug offering from a reclusive, uptight millionaire?

MORGAN

It doesn't make sense.

RICHARD

An old establishment guy like me?

MORGAN

Well, kinda.

RICHARD

Hippies didn't invent drugs, boy. Beatniks had drugs, flappers had drugs. Hell, I bet even puritans had drugs. I'm a business man and hell, trust me, business men have drugs. Drugs are business, not art.

MORGAN

Are you going to kill me?

RICHARD

Oh my fucking

(beat)

relax kid. I thought you said you could hold your drugs? We're gonna relax..

Richard goes to one of the fishing poles and reels in the line. It is missing bait and he re-baits his line as he gives his drunken rant.

RICHARD

..have fun, I'm gonna buy half a dozen of your most expensive paintings.

Morgan relaxes a little.

RICHARD  
Hell, everyone will talk about  
how hip I am to exhibit such  
controversial art in my lobbies.

Morgan goes to the other fishing pole.

RICHARD  
We're all gonna make money and  
float along and have a nice  
little boat tr..FUCK!

Richard's hand is wrapped in fishing line, blood is everywhere.

MORGAN  
You're bleeding!

Morgan grabs a towel and runs to help Richard.

RICHARD  
It's nothing.

Richard wraps the towel around his hand. Blood has gotten on Morgan and the deck area. Richard madly throws the pole overboard.

RICHARD  
I got it. Damn, Man.. maybe I'm a  
little too wasted.. I should..

Richard stumbles against the railing. He might fall off.

MORGAN  
Look out!

Morgan helps him regain his standing.

RICHARD  
I'm okay, fuck.  
(looks at hand under towel)  
This is just too fucking real.  
I've ruined your shirt.

MORGAN  
Don't worry 'bout a stupid shirt.  
How's your hand?

RICHARD  
Worry, hell, I, I make too much  
money to worry, I'll buy you a  
new shirt.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 (swoons a little)  
 I'm okay. I'm okay.

MORGAN  
 You okay?

RICHARD  
 Never mix your drugs, ok? I'll  
 be.. whoa.

Richard stumbles.

MORGAN  
 You should lie down.

RICHARD  
 I'm o... I should probably lie  
 down a little.

Richard staggers to the steps below.

RICHARD  
 Wanna drive a little? You should  
 drive us back, it's getting dark.  
 You can do it. It's like a  
 Mustang, drive it like a, you  
 drive and I'll buy some of your  
 sick fucking art, we'll all party..

Richard stumbles downstairs.

MORGAN  
 I'll drive..rest..I'll come check  
 on you in a few.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK NIGHT

All is quiet. The boat is docked. Morgan leaves the boat alone.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Someone is knocking on the door. Morgan groggily wakes, goes to the door and opens to greet the detective. Morgan is still wearing clothes from the night before.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT SOFA AREA DAY

Jack and Morgan sit, talking. The detective pulls out a little notepad and pen.

DETECTIVE JACK  
And you haven't seen him since?

MORGAN  
No, I just said goodnight and left. He was still fucked up but he was okay.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Mrs. Farlow is a little worried.

MORGAN  
He's probably still on the boat. He got pretty wasted last night.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Yeah, the boat. We checked that. We found signs of a small scuffle but no Mr. Farlow. Oh yeah, and blood, we found some blood. Was there a fight?

The detective looks at the blood stains on Morgan's shirt.

MORGAN  
Oh no, no. We were fishing, a hook. It got kinda messy. Like I said, we were a little wasted.

DETECTIVE JACK  
A hook. You sure there wasn't a fight? Maybe about Maggie? The dock master didn't see Richard come back.

MORGAN  
The dock mas? .. oh, that old man? He saw me, ask him I..

DETECTIVE JACK  
He saw you, he just didn't see Richard.

MORGAN  
We didn't have a fight. Listen, I drove, steered, whatever you call it. And like I said, Richard was passed out... downstairs.

DETECTIVE JACK  
And you just left him on the boat?  
And now he's gone.

MORGAN  
Listen, I don't know what you're ..

The detective flips to a page in his notepad.

DETECTIVE JACK  
I went by and took a look at your  
art show.

MORGAN  
Really? How'd you like it?

DETECTIVE JACK  
I didn't. It was trash.

MORGAN  
Sorry. Different strokes.

DETECTIVE JACK  
There was one painting, though,  
I'd like to ask you about...

The detective glances at his notepad.

MORGAN  
Yeah?

DETECTIVE JACK  
It was a man floating face down  
in water. It's called "Ode".

MORGAN  
That was Billie Joe McAlester.

The detective begins writing the name down in his notepad.

MORGAN  
He jumped off the Talahatchee Bridge.

The detective stops writing in his notepad.

MORGAN  
You might want to investigate. It  
was very suspicious.

DETECTIVE JACK  
This is serious, Mr. Harvey.

MORGAN

Look, If Richard's disappeared, maybe he... Ask Maggie. If anything's happened, it's Maggie, she must've really..

DETECTIVE JACK

Killed him? Like before?

MORGAN

Yes, kinda stupid, huh? It's just..

DETECTIVE JACK

You said he was dead, and now he is.

MORGAN

Whoa, slow down. If anything happened...I bet.. you gotta talk to Maggie. Listen, you've gotta check..

DETECTIVE JACK

Her alibi? Well, I'd say she had a pretty good one.. she was with me... at a charity banquet last night. We we're both speakers.

MORGAN

Huh? Maybe she slipped out, later..

DETECTIVE JACK

Kinda hard. The banquet was in New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING DAY

The detective returns to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR DAY

The detective is sitting in car talking with his partner, Roger.

DETECTIVE JACK

He seemed pretty spooked, but I don't know.

ROGER

Nothin' we can do 'til he fucks up.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Yeah, I think we should check  
 out the neighborhood. You never  
 know. And maybe get a search warrant.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Morgan is peeking out his window to the street below. He watches as the two detectives exit their car and start walking around the neighborhood. Morgan heads for the door.

EXT. BUILDING DAY

Morgan slips out the front door, glancing to be sure he hasn't been seen by the detective.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET DAY

Morgan walks, thinking. He goes to a pay phone and makes a call. When there isn't an answer, he hangs up and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO SECOND SET DAY

Peter is wrapping cables. The main set is being prepped in the background. TWO TECHS walk past.

TECH 1  
 Hey Walter Chronkite!

TECH 2  
 Ha!

PETER  
 What's so funny?

TECH 2  
 What a newsman!

TECH 1  
 Nose for news, that Peter.

PETER  
 What the fuck is going on?

TECH 1  
 You couldn't spot a story if you  
 were roommates with it!

TECH 2

Idiot.

PETER

What are you..

Anchorman Gene rushes onto the main set in the background. He is wearing jeans and a dress shirt with the tail hanging out. He is putting on a tie. He sits down.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO MAIN SET DAY

People are frantically applying make up to the anchorman. Lights are raised. Production staff have taken their places.

DIRECTOR

We're going live in four, three...

The director hand signals "two" and "one" and takes a seat behind the camera operator.

ANCHORMAN

We interrupt this program to bring you breaking news. A warrant has just been issued for radical artist Morgan Harvey. He is wanted for questioning in the mysterious disappearance of millionaire philanthropist, Richard Farlow.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO SECOND SET DAY

Peter runs to a phone. The main set is visible in the background. He dials. We hear the RINGING on the other end.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

Detectives are searching the loft. The phone is ringing.

ANCHORMAN(VO)

We have been informed by sources that a knife and bloody towels have been recovered from a dumpster behind Mr. Harvey's art studio. Mr.

(MORE)

ANCHORMAN(VO; CONT'D)  
 Farlow has been missing since a  
 boat trip he undertook with Mr.  
 Harvey yesterday. Our sources say  
 that drugs may have been involved.

The detective answers the phone.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO SECOND SET DAY

Peter hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT DAY

The police continue their search for clues. An investigator  
 walks up to the detective.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 What's the word on the sheets?

INVESTIGATOR  
 As near as we can tell, it's paint.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 Paint?

INVESTIGATOR  
 Yes, sir. Red paint. Water based.

A police officer turns to the two men.

POLICE OFFICER  
 I found something here.

The detective and the investigator walk over to join the  
 police officer. There is a crowd of officers blocking the  
 way. Jack and the investigator make their way through the  
 officers to see a TV. They stare at the TV set.

POLICE OFFICER  
 It appears to be spliced together  
 to just keep repeating.

The set shows a woman taking off her bra, suddenly back on  
 and repeating over and over. Around the screen is the "THIS  
 IS ART" frame.

DETECTIVE JACK

You idiot.

POLICE OFFICER

It could be a sex cult, sir.

The two men walk off leaving the police officer.

DETECTIVE JACK

Let's get back to work here!

The crowd breaks up slowly.

POLICE OFFICER

(barely audible)

A sacrifice.. for some satanic  
ritual.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Morgan stands in shadows watching police outside his loft entry. Through the windows, he can see police officers taking the place apart. He turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Morgan is rushing down a deserted street. He passes an electronics store and pauses to watch some tv's set up in the display window. The news story is flashing his picture and a poster from the Murdering America exhibit. He turns and looks in both directions and rushes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NIGHT

A busy sidewalk filled with a festive crowd. Morgan goes into a phone booth and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

Maggie looks at the phone as it rings. She does not answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NIGHT

A man is waiting to use the phone when Morgan finishes. Morgan hangs up the phone and begins to leave the booth. As he almost exits, he notices a horse mounted policeman near the phone booth directing revelers. Morgan quickly turns, picks up the phone and pretends to talk. The WAITING MAN is not happy. As soon as the policeman passes, Morgan exits.

MORGAN

Sorry, man.

WAITING MAN

Asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION ENTRY NIGHT

There is rapid knocking on the door. Maggie walks to door and opens it to see Morgan. She reels backward and immediately turns and runs. Morgan rushes in after her.

MAGGIE

Go away! What are you doing here?

MORGAN

What do you mean? Have you seen the TV? They say I murdered your husband.

MAGGIE

You did murder my husband.

Maggie runs to the study.

MORGAN

Wait! I didn't..

He follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

Maggie runs to a desk and pulls out a gun. Morgan enters the room.

MORGAN

Wait! Maggie.. listen.

Maggie aims the gun at Morgan.

MAGGIE

Don't move.

MORGAN

Don't, Maggie. Put down the gun.  
We have to talk.

MAGGIE

It's too late for talk. Bye Morgan.

She fires the gun. Morgan, hit, falls limp to the ground.  
The detective runs into the room.

DETECTIVE JACK

Oh my God.

He kneels beside Morgan's body. Roger enters the room.

DETECTIVE JACK

Call for an ambulance.

Roger exits. The detective quickly checks Morgan's pulse and  
then tries to revive Morgan. He stops.

DETECTIVE JACK

(to Maggie)

I think he's dead. You okay?

Maggie is standing motionless, still holding the gun. She  
breaks into tears. Jack rises and comes to her side. Maggie  
breaks down in his arms. Jack takes the gun from her hands,  
lays it on the desk and consoles the crying Maggie.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION NIGHT

Commotion outside the mansion. An ambulance pulls away. The  
detective is talking with Maggie while other officers rush  
around taking pictures, collecting evidence, etc.

DETECTIVE JACK

It's okay, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I just can't believe.. he came at  
me so..I thought he was going to  
kill me, too. I just didn't know  
what to do.

DETECTIVE JACK

It's okay, it's okay.

MAGGIE

And then you came running in. How?  
How did you get here so quickly?

DETECTIVE JACK

It was an accident, Maggie. We  
had just come to tell you. My God,  
I never told you. Richard.  
Richard's body has been found.

Maggie breaks into tears.

MAGGIE

Richard?

DETECTIVE JACK

We had just come by. You, you  
need to come down to the docks to  
identify the body.

MAGGIE

Oh my God. I can't...

DETECTIVE JACK

I know this is hard. A fishing  
boat found the body. They should  
be in by 6:00. We need..

MAGGIE

Richard. A boat.

DETECTIVE JACK

The body is in bad shape but,  
Maggie, it's him. There are knife  
wounds all over...

Maggie breaks into tears again.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK SUNRISE

The detective and Maggie walk along the dock. In the  
background police and sailors can be seen loading a body  
into an ambulance.

DETECTIVE JACK

Thanks, Maggie. I know this is hard.

MAGGIE

It's okay, Jack. Somehow it's  
better seeing the body. Knowing.  
(looks around)  
Maybe it's just the daylight.

DETECTIVE JACK

I know this is hard to hear, but things will get better. You have friends.

He puts his arm around Maggie to console her.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Jack. But I think, I think I need to get away. This is all too much.

DETECTIVE JACK

Get away?

MAGGIE

After the funeral... I think I'm going to head over to France. We were planning to go.. and he had business there. I guess I have business there, now.

DETECTIVE JACK

France?

MAGGIE

I have to, Jack. I just can't take it anymore here. Things have gotten so violent. You see it on the news every night. And the press.. they're going to have a field day with this.

DETECTIVE JACK

But Maggie..

MAGGIE

You've been so good through all this, Jack. I don't know if I will ever be able to thank you enough.

DETECTIVE JACK

Maggie.

MAGGIE

I know I shouldn't say this, but I'm glad Harvey is dead. I don't know if I could have made it through a trial... just sit there and watch Morgan Harvey on the stand.

Jack stops and turns to Maggie.

DETECTIVE JACK

But Maggie, Morgan isn't dead.

Maggie is visibly shaken for a mere second but composes herself. The detective notices.

MAGGIE

He isn't dead? But I shot him.  
You said he was dead. There was  
blood everywhere.

DETECTIVE JACK

I was wrong. I just talked with  
downtown. They said he was gone  
but.. he had lost his pulse but  
they brought him back.

Maggie breaks into tears and hugs the detective.

DETECTIVE JACK

They don't know if he'll make it  
but...

MAGGIE

I can't stand this! I can't stand  
it. I've just got to get away...  
think...Richard.

DETECTIVE JACK

There, there. It'll be okay.

Maggie pulls away and stares at the detective.

MAGGIE

I've got to go, Jack.

DETECTIVE JACK

It'll be okay. You go on. It will  
do you good. Take care of that  
business in France. Even if he  
makes it, it will be months  
before the trial. We can get all  
we need from you before you go.

Maggie hugs Jack. They have walked up near a parked police car. A police officer is standing next to the driver's door.

DETECTIVE JACK

The officer here will take you  
back to your house. I have a few  
more things here.

She walks away toward the car.

MAGGIE

Thanks so much, Jack. For everything. I don't know what I'd have done without you.

DETECTIVE JACK

You get some sleep.

The detective watches as she walks to the car and gets in. He is still watching as the car pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION DAY

Jack is sitting at his desk. His partner is at a file cabinet.

DETECTIVE JACK

Have we looked at everything?

ROGER

Jack, what's up? This is over. We've looked at everything that there is to look at. We've done everything right. We're good detectives. Man, I wish they all were this easy.

DETECTIVE JACK

It just doesn't feel right. The blood?

The partner goes through the case file in the cabinet.

ROGER

It was Mr. Farlow's blood on the boat, on Morgan's shirt and on the knife.

DETECTIVE JACK

Fingerprints?

ROGER

All over the boat, the steering wheel.

Roger removes the file from the cabinet.

ROGER

Jack, this is a solved case. Mr. Harvey is getting better every day. Any day, we're going to have to testify on this.

DETECTIVE JACK  
So let's make sure, Roger. The  
Marina guy?

ROGER  
He saw them both go out and only  
Morgan come back.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Of course he's blind as a bat.

ROGER  
But Morgan admitted it, too.

DETECTIVE JACK  
The blood on the boat...

PARTNER  
The blood? Christ, Jack.

DETECTIVE JACK  
There wasn't anything funny?

PARTNER  
No, no .. nothing. Just Mr.  
Farlow's blood and the usual  
residues.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Residues?

Roger reads from the file.

ROGER  
You know, the common stuff that  
always shows up collecting blood  
at a crime scene... dust from the  
floor, chlorine...

DETECTIVE JACK  
From the deck.. cleaning compound.

ROGER  
... and nonoxynol-9.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Nonoxynol?

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

Total BLACK at first.

DETECTIVE JACK(VO)

Morgan.

Then FADE IN to see the detective's face looming over Morgan as he wakes.

DETECTIVE JACK

Welcome back to the living.

MORGAN

Hwuh?

DETECTIVE JACK

I have one question for you.

MORGAN

Huh?

DETECTIVE JACK

Out on that boat, did you have sex with Richard Farlow?

Morgan jerks up in bed.

MORGAN

What? No! Shit man, what am I accused of now?

The detective looks at him earnestly.

DETECTIVE JACK

This isn't a joke, Morgan. Look at me. Tell me truthfully and I'll believe you. Did you have sex with Richard Farlow?

Morgan sits up straight in bed.

MORGAN

No.

(beat)

I didn't.

The detective contemplates.

DETECTIVE JACK

Well, then.. as soon as you are able... I need you to take a short trip with me that just might prove your innocence.

Morgan starts to get out of bed..

MORGAN

Let's go now!

...but swoons.

DETECTIVE JACK

Whoa, settle down. We don't have to do this right now.

Morgan again gets out of bed, this time with determination.

MORGAN

Yes we do.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION ENTRY NIGHT

A police officer lets Morgan and the detective enter past the police line in the doorway. The house is dark. The detective leads Morgan to the study entrance guiding with a flashlight.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

A flashlight cuts through the room, finally resting on a photo next to the "master" chair. It is the photo with detective Jack holding the big fish. The detective picks it up, eyes it for a second and hands to Morgan.

DETECTIVE JACK

You recognize this?

MORGAN

Sure, It's you from the fishing trip with Farlow. I saw it when I came here the other night... for dinner. When I first met..

DETECTIVE JACK

Richard Farlow.

MORGAN

Yes.

DETECTIVE JACK

Can you point him out?

Morgan is confused. Morgan points to Richard in the photo.

MORGAN

Sure. What's..

The lights go on. The room is exactly like it was when Morgan first saw it.. only, every picture in the room is of a different man... the third man in the photo; Patrick, the assistant.

DETECTIVE JACK

Thanks, Roger.

Roger is standing by the light switch.

MORGAN

I don't understand. Why are there all.. why are the pictures of Patrick?

DETECTIVE JACK

The pictures aren't of Patrick. Morgan Harvey, I'd like to introduce you to the Honorable Richard Farlow, millionaire philanthropist, good, good friend and unfortunate victim of murder.

MORGAN

Richard?

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT NIGHT

At sea. Maggie and Patrick are struggling with Richard. Maggie stabs Richard to death.

DETECTIVE JACK(VO)

They had the murder all planned. They just needed an alibi, a fall guy.

They dump the body over the edge of the boat. The body slowly drifts away into the darkness.

DETECTIVE JACK(VO)

They knew the sea water would make accurately dating the murder impossible. Maggie told you the truth at that party, she had just murdered her husband. You didn't meet her by chance, she had you picked out as soon as the controversy over your opening started making news. No one knows what Richard looks like, so it was easy to pass off Patrick as her dear husband.

MORGAN(VO)

Patrick was..

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY DAY

Patrick and Maggie are taking down Richard's picture and replacing with similar photos of Patrick. Maggie picks up the picture of the three men fishing, eyes it for a second and returns it to the end table.

DETECTIVE JACK(VO)

A few photos here, a few there  
and you were convinced. Just  
change 'em back after you leave.  
Everyone involved agreed that  
Patrick was out of the country...  
you even said it.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

MORGAN

But the blood? Wouldn't it have  
been Patrick's blood on the boat?  
When he cut himself on the hook?

DETECTIVE JACK

Patrick never cut himself, Morgan.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT NIGHT

Patrick is holding a condom up to a wound on Richard's dead body. It isn't going well and Maggie and Richard noiselessly argue over how to do it.

DETECTIVE JACK(VO)

When they killed him, they saved  
just enough blood to make a mess  
later.

MORGAN(VO)

Saved blood?

DETECTIVE JACK(VO)

In a condom.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

ROGER  
Nonoxynol-9

MORGAN  
Huh?

DETECTIVE JACK  
Nonoxynol-9. It's used in condoms.  
Spermicide. We didn't think  
anything about it at first  
because it's always there at  
crime scenes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT NIGHT

Patrick is holding the full condom in his hands. When Morgan is distracted with his own fishing pole, he punctures the condom with the fish hook, releasing the blood. As he screams, he drops the empty condom overboard.

ROGER (VO)  
99% of the time.

DETECTIVE JACK (VO)  
Because 99% of murders are  
between lovers.

MORGAN (VO)  
But we..

DETECTIVE JACK (VO)  
But you and Richard weren't  
lovers. It got us to thinking.  
Looking at the other evidence.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

ROGER  
Fingerprints on the boat.

DETECTIVE JACK  
Your fingerprints were there as  
expected. Richard's fingerprints  
were there too, but that' was  
expected; He normally helms the boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT NIGHT

An empty steering wheel at the helm.

DETECTIVE JACK (VO)  
 But Richard's finger prints  
 (beat)  
 Not one. We were so busy looking  
 for what was there that we missed  
 what wasn't.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY NIGHT

MORGAN  
 And I was the boy who cried wolf.

DETECTIVE JACK  
 And I was the perfect alibi. I've  
 known Maggie for years.. I just  
 couldn't see...

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION NIGHT

Morgan, Roger and Jack walk back to the car.

MORGAN  
 So do we go get them now?

DETECTIVE JACK  
 I'm afraid it isn't that easy.

MORGAN  
 What?

DETECTIVE JACK  
 I think we have enough evidence  
 to get rid of the charges against  
 you..

MORGAN  
 Man, this has got to be enough to  
 get her arrested. Just because  
 she's rich doesn't..

DETECTIVE JACK  
 That's not it, Morgan. She's left  
 the country. She's in France.

MORGAN  
 France?

DETECTIVE JACK  
 They have strong extradition  
 rules. Everything we have is  
 circumstantial. I'm afraid that  
 it wouldn't be enough.. we really  
 don't have anything..

MORGAN  
 What! So she just gets away with  
 murder?

DETECTIVE JACK  
 I'm afraid there's not much we  
 can do.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL PARTY NIGHT

A wild socialite party in a Paris hotel. The camera makes  
 its way through the festivities to finally reveal Maggie  
 sitting in a corner at a sofa. She is talking, laughing and  
 flirting with a FRENCHMAN who sits facing her. We cannot see  
 his face.

MAGGIE  
 (in French)  
 Oh but i can't do this.  
 (in english, laughing)  
 Stop, stop! I can't do it.

FRENCHMAN  
 (in French)  
 Do what? I do not..

MAGGIE  
 Speak english! I am too drunk.

She touches his arm.

MAGGIE  
 I just can't keep it up, I'm sorry.

FRENCHMAN  
 (in broken english)  
 Then I will. English. We will  
 work on together. Yes?

MAGGIE  
 Yes.

FRENCHMAN  
 America, you were speaking.. the  
 violence?

MAGGIE

Oh, it's not just the press, it's the whole culture there. In America, there is violence everywhere.

FRENCHMAN

Yes, we see on TV.

MAGGIE

Yes, yes.

Maggie pauses and appraises the Frenchman.

MAGGIE

Would you like to know a secret?

FRENCHMAN

Secret? But, of course. I love secrets. You must tell me.

MAGGIE

I even killed a man in America.

FRENCHMAN

I do not understand. The english.

MAGGIE

I killed a man.

FRENCHMAN

You? But you make a joke?

Maggie gives him a look telling him how serious she is. The camera comes around to finally reveal the Frenchman's face. It is Peter.

PETER

No?

(pause)

Ah, but you must tell me.

(his voice gets tinny  
and distant sounding)

MAGGIE

(tinny, faint and  
inaudible sound as she talks)  
muh maaaa duuuuhhh

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL STORAGE ROOM NIGHT

The exact same image of last scene but now it is 60's vintage video.

PETER  
 (perfectly clear but  
 tinny sounding)  
 Come closer, The party is so loud.  
 I must hear every word of your  
 delicious story.

Maggie moves much closer to Peter. Peter puts his hand on Maggie's thigh and leans in.

MAGGIE  
 (tinny but now  
 perfectly audible)  
 You are such a pretty, pretty boy.

The camera moves back to reveal that we have been watching a video monitor. The "THIS IS ART" frame is duct taped around the monitor screen. We are in a storage room next door to the party. Minnie is hunkered over a coffee table adjusting knobs on an audio mixer and watching the video. Morgan is slouching in a chair next to her with his feet propped up near the Sony DV 2400 on the coffee table, also watching the screen. Morgan is tossing a ball up in the air.

MINNIE  
 Watch those hands, Peter! This is  
 business here.

DISSOLVE TO:

Video static at first then old video footage of the 1968 Olympic ski jumps. Superimposed over the scene is;

SUPERIMPOSED  
 When introduced in 1967, the Sony  
 DV2400 revolutionized the media  
 world. It was used to provide the  
 first sports instant replay  
 during the 1968 Winter Olympics.

The footage changes to the student riots outside the 1968 Democratic Convention.

SUPERIMPOSED  
 During the 1968 Democratic  
 Convention, the DV2400 provided  
 the first "on the floor" coverage  
 of a presidential convention.

The footage changes to a montage of modern news video including Rodney King, Columbine, Beheadings in Iraq, O.J. Simpson trying on a glove, etc.

SUPERIMPOSED

The incidence of violence in America has dropped steadily from the 60's to the present day. We are, statistically, safer than we have ever been. When surveyed, however, Americans fear violence at the highest levels ever recorded. The miracle of instant worldwide news coverage has made all violence local.

Fade to video static.

FADE OUT.