

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A wooden match IGNITES, lights the end of a cigarette.

WALTER BENEDEK, mid 40's, takes a long pull on a cigarette, savoring the stillness. He stares through the smoke at an off-screen DETECTIVE.

BENEDEK
Who's your friend?

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
County medical. He's here to observe.

Benedek almost smiles. Fresh scratches mar his cheek.

BENEDEK
Guess I can't blame you.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Can you tell me what you were doing last night at the club Live Girls?

BENEDEK
I was on a job.

The off-screen detective slides a family portrait towards Benedek. Vernon Macy, the man from the first scene, his wife and teenage daughter.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
For your sister.

Benedek stares at the photo for a long beat.

BENEDEK
Doris, yeah. Came to me about a week ago.

INT. BENEDEK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Benedek, looking hungover, nurses a glass of whiskey.

Benedek's sister DORIS sits across from him in his cluttered apartment, wringing her hands.

BENEDEK (V.O.)
Said her old man was acting funny. Staying out all night, whatnot. Had her so she couldn't sleep.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Benedek watches Macy from a discreet distance. Macy marches past various sex shops, nervous and pale.

BENEDEK (V.O.)
 Me I never trusted the prick, but I
 told Doris I'd look into it.

Macy slows and looks around. CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Snapshots of Macy entering the front door of a black featureless club. The red neon sign above reads LIVE GIRLS.

Benedek stands up holding the telephoto camera.

BENEDEK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Sometimes I hate being right.

INT. DORIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

Benedek takes a swig from his flask, looks at the incriminating photos of Macy. He pushes through the doorway onto Doris's floor, slides the photos into a manila envelope.

BENEDEK (V.O.)
 I dreaded bringing her the news.
 The look on her face. I was sick of
 seeing her hurt by this guy.

INT. DORIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Benedek knocks on the door to Doris's upscale apartment. It drifts open.

BENEDEK (V.O.)
 But I had no idea.

INT. DORIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Benedek steps in. Through a doorway he spots a WOMAN'S SHOE in the middle of the floor. Splatter on the carpet.

BENEDEK
 Doris? It's Walt.

He walks to the shoe and finds a trail of BLOOD leading into the bedroom. Benedek follows it, heart racing.

BENEDEK (CONT'D)
 Doris! DORIS!!

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Benedek slides the family photo away. He takes another drag, his hand quaking.

BENEDEK
Anyway. That's all in my statement.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
But it didn't end there.

BENEDEK
Fucker kills his family... my family. Goddamn right it didn't end there.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
You're convinced it was Macy.

INT. DORIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

Doris and her daughter lie like torn dolls.

Benedek drops the envelope, spilling the shots of Macy.

BENEDEK (V.O.)
I know it was.

Benedek stumbles into the bathroom, trying to keep his gorge down. There he spots:

MACY'S CLOTHES, soaked with gore, lain neatly on the counter. The shower shows evidence of rinsed blood. On the shower door: a BLOODY HANDPRINT.

BENEDEK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I also happened to know where he was spending his nights.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Why didn't you alert police of Macy's connection with the club?

BENEDEK
Slipped my mind.

He pulls a final drag on the cigarette. The sound of PAGES TURNING off-screen. They stop.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Tell me about Davey Bowen.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Sneakers walk along the wet, filthy sidewalk.

BENEDEK (V.O.)
What do you want to know?

DAVEY BOWEN, early 20's, clumsily handsome, walks through the windy night looking intimidated. He's moving through a rough neighborhood.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
How did he first get involved with Live Girls?

BENEDEK (V.O.)
Maybe he found himself on the wrong side of town. Got lost or something.

His sneakers slow at a shallow puddle. Reflected in it is a red neon sign that seems to read 'EVIL'. Davey blinks at the reflection, looks up at the sign above. LIVE GIRLS.

Davey stares at the entrance. The black curtains move hypnotically in the wind.

BENEDEK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You want specifics you'll have to ask him.

INT. DAVEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BETH, 28, a headstrong red-head, stuffs her things into a bag. Davey follows her around their meager apartment.

DAVEY
Whoa whoa, what happened?
Everything's fine and you just decide to up and leave?

BETH
The fact you think everything's fine... I don't know where to start. It's better if I just go.

She heads towards the bedroom, stepping over a turtle sporting a gift bow and "Happy Birthday Beth" painted on his shell.

In the bedroom Beth stuffs her clothes into a duffel.

DAVEY

See that's the problem. You never wanna talk about anything. How are we supposed to work things out?

BETH

Talk. Yes let's do that, Davey. Let's talk and talk until we can't fucking hear each other anymore. You talk things to death. How about action for a change?

DAVEY

Oh? Actions like throwing a tantrum on your birthday like some spoiled brat? Hey I hear you loud and clear.

She stops packing and looks at him.

BETH

No, Davey. Actions like fucking other guys behind your back.
(off his look)
Remember when my friend Tim was in town?

DAVEY

No, you... that's bullshit.

BETH

Why do you think I wouldn't let you touch me for weeks? Weren't you at all curious? That's what I mean. You don't listen.

DAVEY

Fine then, get the hell out. Go on. Go fuck whoever you want.

She gathers her bags and heads for the door. Davey passes her and BLOCKS the door.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Wait. Please. I didn't mean that.

BETH

Move.

DAVEY

Why are you doing this? Why can't we just work this stuff out?

She tries to get the door handle, but Davey blocks her.

BETH
Get out of my fucking way.

DAVEY
You can't leave here without
talking to me.

Beth puts a bag down, grabs the TURTLE and sets him on the floor. He hides in his shell.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Beth lifts a standing lamp with a HEAVY METAL BASE. She holds it with difficulty above the turtle, threatening to CRUSH IT.

BETH
I'd move if I were you.

DAVEY
You wouldn't.

BETH
No?

She lifts it higher, arms shaking.

BETH (CONT'D)
One... two... three--

DAVEY
Okay fine.

He steps away from the door. Beth DROPS the lamp right next to the turtle, grabs her bag and throws the door open.

BETH
Fuckn' wuss.

She marches out. Davey SLAMS the door behind her.

On the wall is a framed PHOTO of Davey and Beth together during a happier time.

In a sudden rage Davey PUNCHES it so hard it breaks the sheetrock wall behind it.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Davey stares at the Live Girls entrance. He pulls his coat closer. A bloody bandage covers his knuckles.

INT. LIVE GIRLS - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Animal-eyes peer out, almost glowing.

The sound of something SNIFFING THE AIR.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The bandage on Davey's hand darkens with MORE BLOOD. The SNIFFING SOUND continues, quickens.

CAREN (V.O.)
You really messed up your hand.

INT. PENN PUBLISHING - DAY

CAREN, 20's, plain but cute, wraps a bandage around Davey's hand in his cubicle. The window shows a dark, rainy day.

CAREN
Guess it was a pretty good fight,
huh?

DAVEY
I still don't know what happened.
She won't answer her cell.

CAREN
It hasn't been twelve hours. Just
leave it alone.

CHAD, 29, cocky and well-dressed, approaches.

CHAD
Look who decided to show, finally.
Tough break about you and Beth.

DAVEY
You heard? Already?

CHAD
Got some news that might cheer you
up. Guess who Miss Schuman chose to
be new assistant editor? Give you a
hint: he's got two thumbs.
(thumbing at himself)
Ta-da!

DAVEY
What? I've got seniority. She
practically promised me that job.

CHAD

You haven't been playing the game, buddy. Schuman appreciates a more personal touch.

CAREN

Where exactly have you been touching her?

CHAD

Right where it counts. That's how you get ahead around here.

JERRY, 26, balding and doughy, interrupts from the next cubicle.

JERRY

Who's giving you head?

DAVEY

Schuman, apparently.

JERRY

Digging the ol' plumpers, huh? Watch out for Schuman. I hear she humps like a bear.

CHAD

That's funny Jerry. I'll remember that for your quarterly review.

JERRY

You wanna fire me? I'll walk out now. You can fix the network.

DAVEY

Since when do we do quarterly reviews?

CHAD

Since right now. See Schuman agrees its time to trim some of the dead wood around here. You wanna watch yourself.

JERRY

You wanna watch yourself with Schuman too, get one of those big mirrors, I'm talking really big. Take up one whole wall.

Chad pastes on a smile, leaves.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You like that? Okay later Chadwick.
Lemme know when you wanna get on
your knees and review me.
(giggles happily)
He hates me.

CAREN

Thank you.

JERRY

I gotta return this fuckin' router.
I'll meet you at eight for
shenanigans.

DAVEY

I'll be there.

Jerry exits.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Jerry wants to force me to have a
good time.

CAREN

Not a bad idea.

DAVEY

I know, it's just the Beth thing's
making me crazy.

CAREN

Trust me you are so better off
without her.

DAVEY

You're right. I know. So why can't
I stop thinking about her?

CAREN

Do yourself a favor. Let it go.
She's not worth the hassle. And
don't call her. Okay?
(off his look)
Promise me. Do not call her.

DAVEY

Okay, I won't.
(off her look)
Really. Scout's honor.

He lifts his bandaged hand in a parody of a scout salute.

BETH'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey it's Beth. You know what to
do... don't you? *BEEP*

INT. PENN PUBLISHING - MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Davey hides in a toilet stall, talks on his cell phone.

DAVEY
Hey. It's Davey. Listen I don't
know what the hell happened last
night. I have no idea. We both said
things we didn't mean...I hope.
Let's talk, okay? I really wanna
talk through this. The apartment
was so empty last night without y--

The phone BEEPS in his ear. He looks at it.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
Oh. You're trying to call me. I'm
switching over.

He hits a button on the phone.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
Beth?

BETH
What.

DAVEY
I was just leaving you a message.

BETH
(long pause)
What do you want?

DAVEY
I want... come on, I want to talk
to you.

BETH
There's nothing to say.

DAVEY
I miss you, okay? I miss you and I
want to clear this up.

BETH
I gotta go. Don't call me again.

DAVEY
No wait. I can't leave it like
this.

BETH
Yeah well I can.

DAVEY
Wait. Don't hang--

CLICK.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
Are you still there? Beth?!

PRELAP: the sound of a speed dial.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Davey stares at the LIVE GIRLS entrance, holding his phone to
his ear.

RECORDED VOICE
You have -- no new messages.

Davey hangs up.

He turns to leave when he sees -- for an instant -- a
beautiful BRUNETTE standing just inside the curtains,
revealed by the wind.

Davey blinks at the curtains. *Did he really see her?*

JERRY (O.S.)
Davey, wait up!

JERRY runs to meet Davey.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey we can't meet at Silicone
Valley. I guess it's closed down.
Don't worry, I got a plan B.

DAVEY
What about this place?

JERRY
What, this? Forget about it. I know
a club you're gonna love. The girls
there aren't as hot but they'll do
anything.

DAVEY
Jerry I don't know...

JERRY
I know you don't. That's why I'm
telling you. Tonight you will
forget about Beth. You with me?

Davey looks at his phone, puts it away.

DAVEY
Okay. Yeah.

JERRY
Then follow me.

And they nearly walk straight into:

DOLL FACE, a sexy BLONDE in skimpy outfit that could raise
the dead. She smiles invitingly, apparently unaffected by the
cold wind.

DOLL FACE
Hey boys. This your first time to
LIVE GIRLS?

JERRY
Damn.

DAVEY
We weren't actually... we're going
to another--

JERRY
It's definitely our first time.

DOLL FACE
That's good. Because the first
time's on the house.

JERRY
You got anything special for the
birthday boy here?

DAVEY
No. It's not my birthday. In fact,
Jerry you go ahead. I think I'm
gonna, you know. I'm not really in
the mood...

She silences him with a finger to his lips and a sultry look.

DOLL FACE
Come on inside, baby.

The air seems to go out of Davey. He's lost in her eyes.

DAVEY
Yeah. Okay.

JERRY
That's right. This shit is on.

She takes his hand and leads them to the entrance.

INT. LIVE GIRLS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Beyond the velvet curtains, a caged-in booth and a passageway beyond. Dark shadows, deep colors, pools of warm light. The thumping RUMBLE of some underworld MUSIC within.

Inside the cage is POPPY, a fiery young red-head dressed in leather straps. Her eyes fix on Davey.

POPPY
Welcome.

Jerry SLAPS Doll Face's behind. She spins and GRABS his shirt.

DOLL FACE
Naughty.

JERRY
Hey I can't help myself.

She smiles.

DOLL FACE
You don't smell half bad. I know
the perfect girl for you.

She leads him through the passageway.

POPPY
These are for you.

She places five METAL TOKENS into Davey's palm.

POPPY (CONT'D)
Straight ahead, darlin'. Booth
number three.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Davey walks down a few steps and along a short passageway. Erotic paintings adorn the walls. Ahead, the PEEP SHOW lounge comes into view, bathed in colored light.

Down a long hallway to his left, Davey spots Jerry and Doll Face. Jerry gives Davey a THUMBS UP. Davey waves and continues on.

What Davey doesn't see:

A RED DOOR opens for Jerry. He looks inside.

JERRY
The fuck is this?

He's SUCKED IN by an invisible force. The door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. PEEP SHOW LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Davey enters the lounge. Exotic draperies, statues, clusters of plush furniture. The MUSIC is much louder here.

The room centers around FIVE CLOSED DOORS, each equipped with an illuminated occupied/vacant sign.

Booth five bursts open. A middle-aged TUBBY MAN emerges, sweaty and embarrassed. He hurries past Davey, buckling his trousers.

CAKTLING makes Davey turn. A weak OLD MAN draped on a sofa sports a toothless grin.

OLD MAN
Booth three, boy.

Davey jingles the tokens in his hand, looks at the doors. The one marked THREE swings slowly open. The sign says VACANT.

DAVEY
This is crazy.

He steels himself and enters the booth.

INT. PEEP SHOW BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Davey closes the door. The room is small, dimly lit, dirty. The MUSIC thumps and grinds all around him.

He drops a token into an illuminated slot marked TOKENS.

A CLICK. A HUM. The black panel in front of him SLIDES OPEN, revealing a window to the PEEP SHOW STAGE.

TWO GIRLS dance on either side of the smoky chamber. Lights play over their bodies, but the girls are distant, removed.

The smoke seems to swallow them up. Then Davey sees:

A gorgeous brunette with coal-black eyes FLOATS face-first from the smoke STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM. This is ANYA.

Davey instinctively steps back, surprised.

Anya reaches his window and stands, eyes locked with his. She dances slowly, sensually, just for him.

A SNAKE TATTOO coils around her body, almost seems alive.

Anya moves with the music wearing only a g-string, cupping her breasts. Her eyes remain LOCKED with Davey's.

The TOKENS sign BLINKS. The panel CLOSES, blocking the view. Davey quickly drops a token in the slot.

The panel OPENS. Excited, Davey pops in two more tokens.

The panel opens much wider now -- the Plexiglas window rises up as well. Smoke spills into the booth.

Anya glides forward. She reaches into the booth, caresses Davey's face and pulls herself in...

Her lips almost meet his for a kiss, but not quite.

She backs out of the booth, cradling his good hand in hers. She presses it to one of her breasts. Davey SHUDDERS with the thrill of it.

She slides the hand up to her mouth. She kisses the palm, runs her tongue along the fingers, sucks playfully.

Her other hand pushes his sleeve up past the elbow.

Anya runs her tongue along the inside of Davey's forearm, allowing her breasts to glide along his skin.

She kisses the crook of his arm where a vein bulges.

DAVEY
You're amazing.

She looks up at him, smiling. Her eyes seem DIFFERENT.

ANYA
Keep coming back.

She PLUNGES her head into his arm. Davey GASPS!

INT. DAVEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Davey wakes up with such a START that he SLAMS HIS HEAD on a shelf and FALLS out of bed.

He GROANS in pain, turns over to see:

He's drenched in sweat, still fully clothed from the night before. His feet are tangled up in the mess of bedsheets.

DAVEY
Great. Thanks Jerry. I feel so much better.

Davey turns his head and sees the name BETH painted across the turtle shell nearby.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
Aw shit.

INT. DAVEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Davey enters holding his head in one hand and the turtle in the other.

Davey scoops up the picture of him and Beth from the floor.

He sits, staring at Beth's face through the broken glass. The turtle's head emerges from his shell. Davey looks at him.

DAVEY
I know. Don't call her.

PRELAP: An internal PHONE RING.

INT. DAVEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Davey holds the phone to his ear, listens to it ring. In his lap is a notepad scribbled with suggestions of what to say.

Davey circles the words "I'M SORRY". The phone CLICKS.

RECORDED MALE VOICE
The subscriber you're calling has discontinued service.

DAVEY

What?

RECORDED MALE VOICE

No further information is available. Goodbye.

DAVEY

Are you fucking kidding?

Davey looks at the phone. He hears it BEEP.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Beth? Hello?

A drop of blood hits the notepad. Davey doesn't see it.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

What is that, you're new outgoing message? Like you cancelled your number or something.

More blood drips.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

So if this is your voicemail and I'm not just talking to a dead line, call me okay? It's important.

He hangs up. That's when he spots BLOOD dangling from his elbow. Davey carefully pushes up his sleeve to find:

Four small PUNCTURE WOUNDS slowly seeping blood.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Jesus!

INT. BENEDEK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

A dingy depressing building. A janitor's vacuum HUMS at the far end of the door-lined hallway.

A man lies face-down in an open doorway, feet in the hall, dark coat covering the sleeping mass.

A small CHINESE GIRL pushes his arm to wake him.

CHINESE GIRL

Mister?

The body stirs, GRUNTS. It's Benedek, looking terrible, sweaty -- like he's still drunk.

BENEDEK
What. What issit?

He looks up at the girl to see:

She's there with her PARENTS. They look at Benedek with a mixture of fear and concern.

BENEDEK (CONT'D)
Yeah?

He looks around, realizes where he is.

BENEDEK (CONT'D)
Ah. Okay.

He gets up, refusing help from the father.

BENEDEK (CONT'D)
I got it. I got it.

He stands, motioning for the family to continue on. He steadies himself on the door jamb as they pass.

INT. BENEDEK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The place is shadowy with all the shutters drawn.

Benedek walks in, his balance totally off. He sees the picture of Macy with Doris and their daughter, remembers:

FINDING THE GIRLS MURDERED

He barely makes it to the kitchen sink in time to VOMIT.

INT. DAVEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Blood mixes with the water in the drain.

Davey lets the shower hit him, eyes closed. The PHONE RINGS in the other room. His eyes snap open.

DAVEY
Beth!

He shuts off the water, reaches for a TOWEL, but the rack is empty.

He hurries through the bathroom, dripping everywhere.

He opens the linen closet, but it's EMPTY too.

The phone keeps RINGING.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Hang on!

INT. DAVEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Davey SPRINTS to the phone wearing a WHITE ROBE, still dripping wet. He goes for the phone, trying to stop but SLIDES on the hardwood floor. He crashes hard.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi you've reached Beth & Davey.
Leave a message...

Davey grabs the phone from the floor, answers.

DAVEY

Hey I'm here. Nice of you to finally call.

CAREN (O.S.)

Don't start with me. I've been calling you all day.

DAVEY

Caren? What's wrong?

CAREN

What's wrong is we've got a book launch in two hours and Chad's threatening to fire you and Jerry. Is he with you?

DAVEY

Jerry? No. No last night we... I think we went our separate ways.

Davey sees BLOOD is soaking into the robe from the wound in his arm. He grabs it, wincing.

CAREN

His roommate says he never came home. And I don't have time to track you two down.

He sits on the couch, applying pressure to the wound.

DAVEY

I'll come right in, don't worry. The book launch isn't until tonight.

CAREN
Davey it's five o'clock. PM.

DAVEY
What?

CAREN
Tell me you didn't just get up.

Davey stands up and moves to the window.

DAVEY
Uh, sort of. I think Beth took the
alarm clock with her...

He opens the shades and INTENSE SUNLIGHT pours in. He covers
his face.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
Jesus fuck!

He stumbles out of the light, momentarily blinded.

CAREN
You okay? What happened?

DAVEY
I'm all right. I'm just clearly
having an off day.

CAREN
What do you want me to tell Chad?

DAVEY
Nothing. No, tell him I'm sick, but
I'll make it to the launch.

CAREN
Don't worry. I'll make it sound
like you're on death's door.

DAVEY
Thanks Beth. I mean Caren! Shit,
sorry, sorry.

CAREN
It's okay. Hurry up and get here.

DAVEY
Okay.
(hangs up)
Wow. What an asshole.

INT. BENEDEK'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

Incense burns. Pictures adorn the wall. Awards. Certificates. Japanese banners. A bonsai tree.

Benedek pours a generous glass of WHISKY.

He grabs BULLETS from a box, loads a pistol.

Pictures of VERNON MACY going into Live Girls lay about.

Benedek SNAPS the chamber shut, holsters his gun.

He finishes the drink in one gulp.

He takes down a sword mounted on the wall, unsheathes it.

Benedek POSES with the sword, tries to center himself.

He SWIPES at the air. Clearly he's had training. He SPINS, SWIPES and STOPS, the tip pointing at a photo of Macy. He glowers at it.

He takes a few ANGRY SWIPES, turns, loses his balance and FALLS BACKWARDS, taking some things down with him.

BENEDEK

Goddamnit.

PRELAP: An internal PHONE RING

INT. BENEDEK'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Benedek, cradling the phone, takes a drink -- nothing left but ice. He dumps the ice into a dead potted plant, puts a cigarette in his mouth. Before he can light it:

The call PICKS UP.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Walter.

BENEDEK

Hey Lizzy. This a bad time?

ELIZABETH

Walt, I heard. Ken told me about the girls. I'm so sorry.

BENEDEK

Yeah. Thanks. You know it's hard to... it's just hard. They say they died quick, so.

ELIZABETH
How are you doing?

BENEDEK
I miss you, Lizzy.

ELIZABETH
I know.

BENEDEK
No. I mean. I really miss you. Look
I gotta... this. They're doing the
cremation today. I'd like for you
to come with me.

ELIZABETH
Walter.

BENEDEK
It'd mean a lot.

ELIZABETH
I can't go with you.

BENEDEK
Of course you can. It's not a date.
You were like family to the girls.
Come. Help me see them off.

ELIZABETH
You know I can't do that.

BENEDEK
I don't know that. Why? It's a
funeral for chrissakes.

ELIZABETH
Walter--

BENEDEK
Is it Riley? You afraid to rock the
boat? What? Are things really that
shaky with you two?

ELIZABETH
Ken and I are getting married.

Benedek stops, poleaxed.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

BENEDEK
Yeah.

ELIZABETH

I didn't want to tell you like this. What happened between you two on the force is your business. But Ken is a good man.

BENEDEK

Good man, huh? That's great, Lizzy. I'm glad. Glad you finally found yourself a good man. Who'd do anything for you. You know, like fucking over his best friend.

ELIZABETH

Walt, don't do this.

BENEDEK

You want my blessing? Is that what this is? Guess what. Tough shit. You don't get to have that. You and Riley can burn in Hell for all I care. Hear me? I hope you fucking burn.

He SLAMS the phone down.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

Two COFFINS roll forward into a huge oven full of OPEN FLAMES.

Benedek stares at them, the light dancing in his eyes. A priest recites scripture for the six or seven people gathered. But Benedek doesn't hear.

His eyes are full of HATE.