

REDS

Written by

Katy Deitz

605 Dakota  
Norman, OK 73069  
(918)-269-0300

OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

PETER TALBOT (24), a skinny, chestnut haired young man, and ROSCOE HOROWITZ (38), a Jewish man with a tightly groomed beard, sit in a large meeting room, pitching their script to KARL SILVA (50s), a studio producer.

Peter constantly looks over at Roscoe for guidance. Roscoe has a very calming presence about him. He makes no sudden movements, his actions are carefully planned and deliberate.

PETER

So our hero must decide whether he should leave his friends behind and complete his quest, or save them and give up his dream.

Peter looks expectantly at Karl. After several moments, he looks nervous.

KARL

Well Peter, I can tell you its an interesting script. How old are you son?

PETER

Twenty-four sir.

ROSCOE

What do you think Karl?

Karl pulls on his beard, thinking.

KARL

I tell you what. Leave the script with me so I can have a closer read. I'll talk to my people, and give you a call sometime next week. How's that sound?

ROSCOE

That sounds great, Karl.

KARL

I'm also interested to hear what you've been working on lately, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

I have a few ideas in mind. Right now, I'm interested in getting this script made. Peter's really talented, Karl. You should give him a shot.

KARL

Mhmm. Well like I said, I'll make a few calls and see what I can do.

Roscoe shakes his hand.

ROSCOE

It sure would be nice to work together again.

KARL

You'll be hearing from me.

Peter shakes his hand a little too emphatically, and exits the room along with Roscoe.

EXT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter catches up with Roscoe outside of the meeting room. He looks hopeful.

PETER

That went pretty well, don't ya think?

ROSCOE

You did good, kid. Just remember, this ain't your small town sock hop. This is Hollywood. Every person has at least three sides to them.

PETER

Does that include you too?

ROSCOE

Just keep your wits about you.

Roscoe leads the way out of the building, leaving Peter to think about what Roscoe just said.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

DANIEL BRYSON (28), tall and lanky, is shaken awake by his wife CLAUDIA (27), who is 6 months pregnant. Daniel's dark eyes always gives an impression of seriousness and authority, even though he is constantly walked on by others.

CLAUDIA  
Honey, it's 6:30.

DANIEL  
(half asleep)  
Mmmhm. Just ten more minutes.

CLAUDIA  
I'm really hungry, and the baby keeps kicking.

DANIEL  
Okay, I'm getting up. Is everything okay?

CLAUDIA  
(annoyed)  
You mean, besides the growing child inside me, sapping all of my energy? Yeah, I'm peachy. Try not to under cook the eggs this time.

Claudia rolls over and closes her eyes.

DANIEL  
Alright, I'll do my best.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel cooks breakfast, as Claudia waddles in. Daniel moves to pull the chair out for her and hold her arm as she sits down. He grabs the frying pan from the stove and serves half the eggs to her plate.

Claudia stares at him expectantly. Daniel pours the rest of the eggs onto Claudia's plate, accidently breaking a yoke.

CLAUDIA

(frustrated)

God Daniel, could you please be a little more considerate and not make me feel like a whale? I'm sorry that I eat more now.

DANIEL

No, I just didn't know how much to make. It's fine, I'll just make more for myself.

Claudia sighs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What?

CLAUDIA

I just wish you would help me out a little more. You're gone all the time at work, and this is a really stressful time for me.

DANIEL

I'm sorry, hon. I know I've been working a lot, but Mr. Warren has really taken a liking to me. I think he may promote me soon.

The phone rings. Daniel answers.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hello? Mr. Warren! How are you doing to...What's that? Um, yes sir, I can do that. No, no inconvenience. I'll leave now.

Daniel hangs up the phone, and slowly turns to face Claudia.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Warren wants me to come in early.

CLAUDIA

God, doesn't that man know you have a family?

DANIEL

Well, yes. But he said it was urgent. I think this could be it, Claud.

Daniel waits for Claudia's response, but she eats silently.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I guess, I could call him back and  
tell him...

CLAUDIA  
(interrupting)  
Just go.

Daniel runs out of the room before Claudia changes her mind. He runs back in briefly to kiss her on the cheek, and then runs out the door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLYDE WARREN (46), clean shaven and gray haired, sits at his desk, drinking coffee and looking at papers in a file folder. Clyde is a former military man, able to find creative solutions in the most difficult of situations. His desk contains no clutter except for a framed photo of his wife. Daniel knocks on the door.

CLYDE  
Come in.

Daniel enters.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Ah, Daniel. Thank you for coming  
in early.

DANIEL  
Of course, sir. You wanted to talk  
to me about something?

Clyde pulls out a photo of Roscoe.

CLYDE  
What do you know about Roscoe  
Horowitz?

DANIEL  
The writer? Well, he seems to be  
doing very well for himself lately.  
His name is always in the trades.

CLYDE  
He's also a Red. The Bureau wants  
to purge the public of all  
Communist influence. Roscoe  
Horowitz is a big shot out there in  
the writing community. Think you  
can take care of him?

DANIEL

Yes sir. I will make this my highest priority. Thank you for the opportunity.

CLYDE

You remind me a lot of myself Daniel. Don't disappoint me.

DANIEL

I won't, sir.

CLYDE

And I hope you like steak.

DANIEL

(confused)

Yes sir.

CLYDE

We'll discuss what you've found tomorrow night at dinner. Leave the wife at home. Dismissed.

Daniel nods and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. ROSCOE'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Daniel walks up to Roscoe's apartment door. He makes sure no one is around, takes out two small tools, and picks the lock. It clicks, and he enters.

INT. ROSCOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dark. Daniel holds a flashlight in his mouth as he ruffles through Roscoe's papers on the desk. He carefully puts everything back where it was before.

Daniel moves on to the desk drawers. He opens the top, and finds a black book. He opens it. The front part contains appointments. The second half of the book contains contacts. Daniel pockets the book, closes the drawer, and exits.

EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY

Roscoe and Peter walk on the streets of Los Angeles. Roscoe looks back over his shoulder a couple of times.

PETER

You okay?

ROSCOE

Yeah, I just...is it just me or did I see that fella in the suit at the last couple of producer's meetings?

PETER

What guy?

ROSCOE

Try not to be too obvious. He's at the newspaper stand a few feet back.

Peter looks back. Daniel studies a newspaper, paying no attention to Peter and Roscoe.

PETER

I don't think so.

ROSCOE

Maybe I'm just paranoid. Up for one more meeting? Roger's a friend who produced my last picture.

PETER

Swell. I'm so thankful you have all these connections. Think that will happen to me someday?

ROSCOE

That's what we're working on kid. You'll get there. You just need someone to give you a little push. You remind me a lot of myself you know.

PETER

Really? Did you have someone help you when you were starting out?

ROSCOE

Once you're in this community, it's all about good vibes. Help someone out and maybe down the line they'll be in a position to help you when you need it. Remember that.

Roscoe looks back over his shoulder one last time. Daniel is gone.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Guess I was just imagining things. Come on, maybe we saved the best for last.

INT MEETING ROOM - DAY

Roscoe studies ROGER (40s) as Peter pitches his script. Roger seems distracted, and doesn't notice that Peter has finished his pitch. Peter looks at Roscoe nervously, and then continues.

PETER

So um, yeah. It's great, because we have this epic hero, who isn't tied down by romantic notions. A true independent spirit, which is what I think this country needs right now.

Roger finally stirs from his thoughts.

ROGER

Hmmm. Well you know, that's kind of a tough idea to sell at the moment, Peter.

PETER

Well, I...I think people would really identify with the main character. I'm positive it would be a hit at the box office.

ROGER

I tell you what. I'll take a closer look at it, kick it around to a few people, and give you a call next week. Eh?

Peter's face falls at the familiar response.

PETER

(noticeably less  
enthusiastic)  
Yeah, sounds great.

ROGER

Alright, well I appreciate you guys coming in. Roscoe? We'll talk soon?

ROSCOE

Sure. Thanks for seeing us.

Peter and Roscoe exit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Kira (32) walks on the sidewalk outside her low-rent apartment on her way to work at the local diner. Kira is a Russian immigrant with a light accent. Attractive and lighthearted, her eyes often reflect sadness. Locals on the street wave and greet her as she passes by.

MR. SANDOVAL

Kira! How are you today?

KIRA

Wonderful Mr. Sandoval! Save you piece of pie today?

MR. SANDOVAL

I'll be there!

As she walks around the corner, she bumps into Peter, who is walking with Roscoe. Peter is knocked to the ground.

KIRA

Oh my! I'm so sorry! Are you okay?

Peter gets up, but is unable to speak.

PETER

I...I...uh...

Roscoe speaks up for Peter.

ROSCOE

I'm sure he's fine. How are you today? Headed to work?

KIRA

Yes, as a matter of fact I am! Maybe I'll see you and...

PETER

(loudly and nervously)

PETER! My name's Peter...uh...yeah it's Peter.

KIRA

(laughing)

Right. Well maybe I'll see you two later.

Kira walks away.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel Bryson sits waiting for Roger. Daniel sits in Roger's chair behind his desk. Roger enters and after a pause sits in the chair in front of his desk. He seems nervous.

ROGER

Sorry that took so long Mr. Bryson.

DANIEL

No trouble at all. Listen, I need you to spread the word that Roscoe Horowitz is persona non grata.

ROGER

Erm. May I ask why?

DANIEL

Do you know what's going on in this country Mr. Faulks?

Roger opens his mouth to speak.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

It's a dangerous time to be a writer with a radical mind. Mr. Horowitz is one such mind.

ROGER

Roscoe? Are you saying Roscoe's a...a RED?

DANIEL

Spread the word Mr. Faulks. Unless you want me looking into your extracurricular activities.

Daniel doesn't wait for a response. He gets up and leaves.

INT. CLYDE'S HOME - NIGHT

Clyde's wife DANA (40s) answers the door. Daniel greets her warmly with a kiss on the cheek and flowers.

DANA

Daniel, so good to see you! How's Claudia?

DANIEL

(smiling)

She's doing good. The doctor says she just needs to take it easy and keep off her feet.

DANA

I can only imagine how excited you  
both must be!

DANIEL

Yes ma'am.

Clyde enters, two glasses of bourbon in his hands. He hands  
one to Daniel.

CLYDE

Glad you made it Daniel. Dinner  
should be just about ready.

INT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel, Clyde, and Dana finish eating. Dana gets up to clear  
the table.

DANIEL

Thank you, Dana. Dinner was  
lovely.

Dana smiles and exits.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I gathered some interesting  
information about Horowitz today.

CLYDE

Is that so? Let's hear it.

DANIEL

Well, his colleagues seem to hold  
him in high regards. In fact, none  
would accept the fact that he could  
be a sympathizer, let alone a full  
blown Commie.

CLYDE

I'm listening.

DANIEL

It wasn't hard to persuade them to  
freeze him out, but none agreed to  
testify.

CLYDE

That's unfortunate. I hope that's  
not all you have.

DANIEL

No, sir. Horowitz seems to have taken a young writer under his wing. Peter Talbot.

CLYDE

What do we know about Talbot?

DANIEL

Well, he's straight off the bus from a small town north of Ojai. Parents are small business owners. Didn't go to college. No family here. Horowitz got him some meetings with some producers today. The kid seems pretty eager to be a writer.

CLYDE

What do you suggest?

DANIEL

I say we concentrate on this kid. He's young, impressionable. Looking for a way to get his foot in the door. Let's crack the door open and see if he walks through.

Clyde smiles. He raises his bourbon glass to Daniel. Daniel raises his and they both drink.

INT. CLYDE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Clyde walks Daniel to the door. Daniel leaves. Clyde walks to his office.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clyde enters, sits down behind his desk with a glass of bourbon. He opens his desk drawer and takes out a pack of pills and washes it down with the bourbon. He puts the rest of the pills in the top desk drawer.

Clyde opens the folder on his desk and continues to work. He blinks his eyes hard, as if trying to get rid of a thought.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Clyde walks back and forth in a bunker with a line of soldiers. The soldiers have their guns aimed at the distance, prepared for enemies.

Explosions can be seen in the distance. Clyde walks between each man and hands out pills. He takes a handful and swallows them.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dana stands at the entrance of Clyde's office, concerned. Clyde tries to focus on her, but his vision becomes hazy.

DANA

Clyde?

Clyde snaps out of his haze.

CLYDE

What's wrong Dana?

DANA

Are you okay? You seemed...like you were going to faint.

CLYDE

I'm fine. Just tired.

DANA

Well you gave me quite a scare. I've noticed you've been talking in your sleep a lot.

CLYDE

I'm fine. Stress will do that sometimes. I don't want you to fret, I'll be up to bed soon.

Clyde gives her a reassuring smile. Dana pauses for a second more.

DANA

Alright. Try not to be too much longer.

Dana exits.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Clyde enters his office and immediately opens his desk drawer. His pills are missing. Clyde shuffles papers in the drawer in desperation. He shuts the drawer forcefully and begins pacing behind his desk rubbing his face and mumbling to himself.

Clyde hears the sounds of breakfast being made from the kitchen, stops, and looks in that direction. He moves quickly out of his office.

INT. CLYDE'S KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Clyde hurries around the corner and stops. Dana's back is to him, cooking breakfast at the stove. Clyde takes a deep breath to compose himself and sits down at the kitchen table. He picks up the paper and pretends to read.

CLYDE  
Morning hon.

DANA  
Did you sleep well last night?

CLYDE  
Off and on.

Clyde closes the paper and sets it down on the table.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
(nonchalantly)  
Say, did you happen to clean anything out of my desk this morning?

DANA  
(innocently)  
No. Is there something missing?

Dana has an expectant look on her face. Clyde stares at her. For a few seconds, they stare this way, in a standoff.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER - DAYDREAM

Clyde leaps out of his chair towards Dana. Dana throws her hands up in defense. Clyde closes his hands around Dana's throat.

CLYDE  
(furious)  
YOU FUCKING BITCH! DON'T YOU KNOW  
I NEED THOSE?!

Dana stops fighting back and lies on the kitchen floor, limp.

END DAYDREAM.

INT. CLYDE'S KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Clyde looks back at the paper and continues reading.

CLYDE  
No, just curious.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

Roscoe and Peter sit in a booth. Roscoe looks discouraged as he pushes food around on his plate. Peter eats ravenously. Roscoe lets out a sigh.

ROSCOE  
Something's not right.

PETER  
With your food? Want me to get the waitress?

ROSCOE  
No, it's not the food. It's this town. It's a dangerous time to be a writer, Peter. Especially one with an independent voice.

PETER  
What do you mean?

ROSCOE  
One of those meetings should have panned out. I get calls every week from producers. Producers wanting to know what my next big project is, and who I'll be working with. My phone has been silent lately.

PETER  
Maybe you're going through a dry spell?

Peter looks at the seriousness in Roscoe's face.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Remember when you thought someone was following us earlier? You're just being paranoid.

ROSCOE  
Maybe I wasn't.

PETER  
What? You think you're being shunned or something?

ROSCOE  
Not shunned. Blacklisted.

PETER  
Blacklisted? I thought that was just a rumor. It doesn't really exist. Does it?

ROSCOE  
Not on paper. But as a silent agreement? Sure. The government controls everything. I'd think you'd know that by now.

Peter puts down his fork, and looks down at his plate as though he's been scolded. Roscoe observes Peter's solemnity and changes his demeanor immediately.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
It's probably just bad luck though right? We'll get there, it's a great script Peter.

Peter doesn't look up.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
How about some pie huh?

Peter shrugs.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
Well, I'm going to have some pie.  
Kira!

Kira walks over.

KIRA  
What can I get you Roscoe?

ROSCOE  
Well I think I'm going to have a slice of that wonderful blueberry pie I saw on the way in.

KIRA  
Sure thing! And for you? Peter is it?

Peter perks and his face goes red. Kira smiles at Peter. Peter returns the smile and laughs nervously.

PETER  
Yeah. Sorry about earlier.  
Sometimes I just get tongue-tied.  
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
I'd love some of your pie. Erm,  
the blueberry pie, I mean.

Kira laughs as she writes down the order and walks away.

ROSCOE  
(smiling)  
Well, looks like the day wasn't a  
total waste after all.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Across the street, Daniel observes Roscoe and Peter inside the diner. He walks to a nearby pay phone.

DANIEL  
Roger? This is Daniel Bryson. I  
want you to invite Peter back  
without Roscoe for a meeting this  
afternoon. Call the Flex Diner.

Daniel hangs up and walks back to where he observes Roscoe and Peter. A few moments later, Kira walks to the table. Peter leaves the booth. Peter returns a few minutes later, exchanges words with Roscoe briefly, and leaves the diner. Daniel follows.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE - DAY

Clyde sits at his office, staring at his papers and bouncing his leg up and down. Daniel knocks and enters.

DANIEL  
The meeting's all set up.

CLYDE  
Very good, and Mr. Faulks is clear  
on what to do?

DANIEL  
Yes. I'm following up with him  
afterward.

CLYDE  
Mmmhm. You know Daniel, it's  
thoroughness that will get you  
pushed up within the Bureau. I  
know you have a little one on the  
way, I hope that's not going to be  
a distraction?

DANIEL  
No sir. Claudia understands.

CLYDE  
And how is Claudia?

Daniel hesitates.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
You can speak freely with me, Dan.  
I think of you as more than just a  
talented agent. You're more of a  
son to me, you know.

Daniel sighs.

DANIEL  
Well if I'm speaking honestly, it  
seems as though everything I do is  
wrong.

CLYDE  
You need to stick up for yourself  
more, son. You can be caring and  
the head of the household all at  
the same time.

Daniel looks unsure.

DANIEL  
She's stressed because of the  
previous two miscarriages. She  
just wants to make sure everything  
goes perfectly this time.

CLYDE  
Don't make excuses for her. She  
may be a mother, but she's your  
wife first. Lay down the rules.  
Don't let her walk all over you.  
She is a woman after all.

DANIEL  
Yeah, I suppose you're...

Clyde rubs his forehead as though he has a headache

CLYDE  
(interrupting)  
Go get me some coffee, will you  
Dan?

Daniel opens his mouth as if to say something, but quickly  
closes it and stands up.

DANIEL  
Sure, boss.

Daniel begins to exit.

CLYDE  
Oh, and Daniel?

DANIEL  
(expectantly)  
Yes sir?

CLYDE  
Just one sugar this time.

DANIEL  
Sure thing, sir.

Daniel exits, his posture slightly slouched.

EXT. ROGER FAULK'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter stands outside of Roger's office. He's wearing his best clothes, which aren't much. He wipes his sweaty palms on his pants, knocks, and enters.

PETER  
It's good to see you again Mr.  
Faulks.

ROGER  
Sit down, Peter.

Peter sits.

PETER  
Did your people like the script?

Roger pays no thought to Peter's question.

ROGER  
Where are you from Peter?

PETER  
Crescent Mills, sir.

ROGER  
Did you like it there, Peter?

PETER  
Not really, sir.

ROGER

How would you like to go back?

Peter becomes uneasy, confused by the direction of the conversation.

PETER

(hesitating)

I...wouldn't like that very much sir.

ROGER

This is a tough town Peter. You need to align yourself with the right kinds of people. Otherwise, you'll find yourself falling through the cracks, nameless, and kicking shit back to Failure Mills. Is that what you want Peter?

PETER

I don't quite get what you mean, sir.

ROGER

Just think about it. There are people in this town watching you under a magnifying glass. You need to be able to protect yourself.

PETER

And how do I do that?

ROGER

Know who your friends are, and what they stand for. You need to know everything if the Committee comes sniffing around asking questions.

PETER

Who's the Committee?

ROGER

It's the Big Bad Wolf in this town kid. Trip up once, and they'll pounce on you, and they won't let up until they destroy you.

Peter looks down at his hands. He rubs his sweaty palms on his pants again.

PETER

Well I don't really have many friends here yet, I just moved here last month.

ROGER

You've got Roscoe. I'm willing to help you on this Peter. You've got talent, and I'd hate to see it get struck down by the Committee.

PETER

So...you want me to do what exactly?

ROGER

Go about your business as usual with Roscoe. Report your observations to me.

PETER

What kinds of observations?

ROGER

(annoyed)  
Stuff you see. People you meet.

PETER

How will that help?

ROGER

(laughing)  
Listen, kid. I've been in this business for a long time. I know how to work the system. Just do your part, and I'll do mine.

PETER

Can I think about it?

Roger nods. Peter gets up to exit.

ROGER

(at Peter's back)  
Don't wait too long kid. The Committee's already got you in their sights.

EXT. FBI - AFTERNOON

Daniel Bryson walks to his car.

DANIEL

Just be assertive, be strong.  
You're the head of the household.

Daniel gets in his car and leaves the parking lot.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I can do this. Be caring, but  
assertive.

Daniel takes in a deep breath, and exhales slowly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hey honey. Can we talk? I think  
maybe we should try...It might be  
beneficial if we could...I'm just  
feeling like maybe you don't give  
me enough credit for the things I  
do and...

Daniel is in deep concentration, and does not notice his car  
drifting into the other lane. An oncoming car honks at him,  
and he swerves his car in response.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Shit! Okay bitch, listen. This is  
my house, my rules! If you don't  
like it, you can take your fat ass  
and unborn demon child back to  
King's Beach, and let your dick  
father deal with you!

Daniel pants, out of breath, and then bursts into laughter.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Honey, I know you're having a  
difficult pregnancy, but you need  
to give me more credit. I'm the  
man of the house, I make the  
decisions.

Daniel thinks and then starts nodding his head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, that could work.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Clyde sits behind his desk, sweating. His knee bounces up and  
down frantically and his hands are together over the bridge  
of his nose, as though he is praying.

Finally, he picks up the phone and dials his dealer. No answer. Clyde hangs up and keeps trying. He slams the phone down. It bounces off the carrier and pulls the entire thing off the desk. A dial tone beeps loudly as Clyde exits his office in a hurry.

EXT. DEALER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Clyde arrives at the apartment and bangs on the door. No response. Clyde continues to bang on the door. His dealer opens the door, the chain still on.

CLYDE

Where the hell have you been?!  
I've been calling all day!

DEALER

Look, I'm tired. Come back  
tomorrow, and...

Clyde busts his way through the door. The dealer is knocked to the floor. Clyde picks him up and slams him against the wall.

CLYDE

Listen to me, you lowlife piece of  
shit! When I call, you answer.  
EVERY TIME!

Clyde cuts off the dealer's breath with his hand on his throat.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Test me again, and I'll put you  
away for the rest of your pathetic  
life.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Karl Silva polishes some silver behind the counter. His concerned face watches MAN 1 and MAN 2 dressed in suits across the street.

The men cross the street and make their way towards the store. Karl gently puts down the silver and sighs audibly.

The men enter the store.

MAN 1

Karl Silva?

KARL

Yes.

MAN 2

Your profession is that of a studio producer. Is that correct.

KARL

I think you already know that is true. Or was true until you smoked me out.

MAN 1

We're just here to make sure you attend your hearing tomorrow.

KARL

(pleading)

I assure you I will be there, now please leave before my boss returns and you get me fired from yet another job.

Man 2 takes an offensive step forward. He gets into Karl's face.

MAN 2

We don't give a SHIT about your job. You Commies think you can come in here and just terrorize our country!?

KARL

Terrorize? I'm just working in a pawn shop trying to make a living! And it's my country too!

Man 2 grabs Karl around the collar.

MAN 2

Your country? How dare you! I oughtta clean your clock right now. One less piece of trash off the street.

MAN 1

(calmly)

That's enough.

Man 2 doesn't release his grip on Karl. Karl's BOSS comes in from outside.

BOSS  
What is going on? Karl, what is  
the meaning of this.

Man 2, still holding onto Karl, turns to face the boss.

MAN 2  
Do you know what kind of scum you  
have working in your store?

BOSS  
(confused)  
Karl are you in some kind of  
trouble? Sir, I don't know who you  
are, but I think you should leave.

MAN 2  
We're with the FBI. This man is a  
known Communist. An enemy of the  
state.

BOSS  
Is this true Karl?

KARL  
I am not a Communist!

MAN 2  
You lying piece of shit.

MAN 1  
(sternly)  
I said that's enough! It's time to  
leave.

Man 1 addresses Karl.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Be there tomorrow.

The two men leave.

BOSS  
Karl?

KARL  
I can explain.

BOSS  
I'm afraid today will have to be  
your last day. I can't have the  
reputation of the store  
compromised.

KARL  
But, it's a pawn shop.

BOSS  
Karl, you're a good worker, but  
it's too much.

The boss exits to the back of the store.

INT. ROSCOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter enters Roscoe's apartment. Roscoe sits in a recliner,  
reading a novel.

ROSCOE  
Ah, Peter. You left so suddenly  
from the diner. Is everything  
alright?

PETER  
Uh, yeah. Just some personal stuff  
came up. Can I ask you something?

ROSCOE  
Shoot.

PETER  
What do you know about the Party?

Roscoe puts his novel down.

ROSCOE  
What makes you so interested in the  
Party all of a sudden?

PETER  
So you do know about it?

ROSCOE  
I know some, yes. But, you need to  
be careful who you ask about this  
sort of thing.

PETER  
I understand. Can you tell me  
anything about it?

ROSCOE  
Another time, maybe. Just know:  
this isn't your local glee club.

PETER

I get it. Look, I gotta go. I think I'm going to work on the pitch a little bit more.

Peter exits.

EXT. ROSCOE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Peter closes the door behind him and pulls Roger Faulk's card out of his pocket. He crumples it up, and throws it into the trash. He pauses, looks at the trash, then digs the card out and puts it in his pocket.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Daniel enters his house, and puts on a serious face. He enters the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Claudia cooks dinner. She turns when Daniel enters the room.

CLAUDIA

(faking surprise)

Well! I wasn't sure if you were ever coming home!

DANIEL

Sorry, hon. Lotta work to do.

CLAUDIA

Well, next time you plan on disappearing for the whole day, maybe you can clean up after yourself first, give me less work to do.

DANIEL

I didn't disappear for the whole day. I was working.

CLAUDIA

(getting emotional)

I'm sorry if I drive you away so you'd rather be at work than at home.

DANIEL

Now Claudia. You're not gonna start in on that.

CLAUDIA  
 (tears flowing)  
 What do you mean? I just need you  
 here.

DANIEL  
 Look, Claudia. You can't use your  
 pregnancy to manipulate me. I'm  
 the man of the house. I make the  
 decisions.

Claudia opens her mouth, but Daniel quickly cuts her off  
 again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
 And enough with using your  
 miscarriage, as an excuse for being  
 a bitch!

CLAUDIA  
 Two! There's been two  
 miscarriages!

DANIEL  
 I don't care if there's been fifty!  
 It affects me too! You are not the  
 only one in this family!

Daniel exits.

CLAUDIA (O.S.)  
 EXCUSE ME?

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Daniel enters and sits in a recliner watching baseball on the  
 television. Claudia waddles in, angrily.

CLAUDIA  
 You cannot talk to me like that!

Daniel turns up the volume on the television a little louder.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
 Are you listening to me? I AM YOUR  
 WIFE!

Daniel turns up the volume on the television louder again.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
 How dare you drown me out.

Claudia waits for Daniel to respond. Daniel stands his ground but his face hints at nervousness. Claudia storms out.

Daniel laughs quietly to himself, and returns the volume to normal. Upstairs, the door slams. Sounds of things being thrown around. Daniel winces, and his smile falters.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Peter enters the diner and sits at a booth. Kira comes over.

KIRA

Twice in one day huh? If I didn't know better, I'd say you were coming just to see me.

Peter blushes.

PETER

That's sort of true I suppose. The diner is the only place I see familiar faces. I didn't know where else to go.

KIRA

What's wrong?

PETER

Everyday I wake up and realize where I am, I pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming.

KIRA

I can relate to that. For you, it must seem like a foreign country, compared to your small town. For me, it is a foreign country, but it's wonderful compared to where I came from.

PETER

In Russia?

KIRA

Yes. You know 20 years ago, my parents had everything: furs, horses, a nice home. Then the Red Army came and took it all away. They left us with nothing. But I have the opportunity to get my life back.

PETER  
And you're family?

Kira's face falters for a moment, but she quickly regains her composure.

KIRA  
Taken by the army as traitors. I escaped with the help of a friend in the Party.

PETER  
Wow. I guess I can't complain about anything anymore.

KIRA  
Nonsense. Just because someone experiences pain in their life, doesn't make yours any less.

PETER  
It's just. I don't know. I feel like people are manipulative here. And they're not exactly bashful about it.

KIRA  
Hmm. Well I guess you just have to ask yourself what you're willing to do to save yourself. I'll be right back, just let me check on my other table.

Kira leaves. A man in the booth in front of Peter turns around.

MAN  
I couldn't help but overhear your conversation.

PETER  
And?

MAN  
Looky here fella. You don't come to this town to make friends. You come to make something of yourself. You're never gonna make it to the top if you keep being polite. If an opportunity presents itself, you take it. End of story.

PETER  
I just don't think that's right.

MAN

Well then, you're not in the right town.

The man turns around. Peter sits for a moment then, leaves the diner. Kira comes back to find Peter gone.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Peter walks the streets of Los Angeles aimlessly. Karl is in a wrinkled suit, a cigarette in his mouth and scruff on his face. He approaches Peter.

KARL

Peter! So good to see you! How's Roscoe doing?

PETER

We're both doing pretty good. How are things with you? Any word on our script getting pushed through?

KARL

The studio let me go. No luck so far setting up anywhere else.

PETER

What happened?

KARL

My name isn't worth much in this town anymore. Say, are you still working at the corner market? Think you could put in a good word for me?

PETER

Um, sure.

KARL

That's a good boy! Take care of yourself Peter!

Peter turns around and watches Karl walk away. He feels around in his pocket and smooths out Roger Faulk's card. He walks to a pay phone, and dials.

PETER

Mr. Faulks? Tell me what I need to do.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Peter sits anxiously at his desk. Someone knocks at the door. Peter answers it. Karl stands looking disheveled.

KARL

Hello, Peter. I'm glad you called.

Peter moves aside to allow Karl to enter his living room. Karl and Peter sit down on the couch.

KARL (CONT'D)

I hope you have good news for me.

PETER

Well that depends...on whether you have news for me.

KARL

News for you? What news?

PETER

I need you to help me get into a Party meeting.

KARL

What are you talking about? I don't go to meetings!

PETER

I know you have a hearing today, Karl.

KARL

(flabbergasted)

What? How do you know that?

Peter folds his arms, not revealing anything.

KARL (CONT'D)

I don't know anything! They're trying to trap me!

PETER

They don't summon you unless you know something Karl.

KARL

Why do you need to get into a Party meeting?

PETER

That's my business.

KARL

But, I really don't know anything! Please! I have mouths to feed. Can't you ask Roscoe to take you?

PETER

He doesn't think I'm ready. You need to talk to him and convince him otherwise.

KARL

Roscoe won't return my calls.

PETER

Well if you won't help me, I can't help you.

Peter grabs Karl's arm and begins to usher him out of the room.

KARL

Please, Peter. I can't pay my bills, I can't feed my kids. I need your help.

PETER

I can't help you.

Peter pushes Karl out and slams the door. Peter leans against the door. His face is pale.

Peter runs to the bathroom, barely making it before he throws up in the toilet.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE (FBI) - DAY

Daniel sits in Clyde's office. He shifts nervously as Clyde sighs loudly with his hand pinching the bridge of his nose, as though he has a headache. Finally, Clyde looks at Daniel directly.

CLYDE

Frankly Daniel, I'm disappointed.

DANIEL  
(solemnly)  
Yes sir.

CLYDE  
I just don't understand why no  
progress has been made on the  
Horowitz case.

DANIEL  
Well, Peter has been feeding  
information to Roger Faulks. But,  
it's nothing that has been  
necessarily helpful.

CLYDE  
So he's using Roger to get ahead  
with his career, and distracting us  
with meaningless information?

DANIEL  
Well he says he needs more time.  
If he pries too much into Roscoe's  
life, he may become suspicious.

CLYDE  
Either cut Peter off and find  
another way to take down Mr.  
Horowitz, or I'll handle it myself.

Daniel sits up straight.

DANIEL  
Maybe if I took a more direct role  
in Peter's life, I can steer him in  
the right direction.

CLYDE  
I'll believe it when I see results.  
Dismissed.

Daniel exits.

Clyde shuts his eyes and again pinches the bridge of his  
nose. He pulls out a cigarette, but when he tries to light  
it, his hand shakes. He slams his fist on the desk.

Clyde opens his desk drawer and shuffles through several  
papers to reveal his pills. He dry swallows a handful. With  
a steady hand, he lights his cigarette and exhales smoke  
through his nose.

## INT. COMMITTEE HEARING - THE NEXT DAY

Karl sits behind a table. A microphone sits in front of him on the table. In front of him, a panel of men sit high up at a desk that peers down at Karl's table.

## COMMITTEE

Mr. Silva, it is the responsibility of this panel to ensure that the freedoms and happiness of this great country remains intact. With that said, we've gathered information that names you as a prominent figure in the Communist community. What have you to say?

## KARL

That is untrue sir.

## COMMITTEE

Are you saying that you are not nor have you ever been a Communist nor held associations with Communists?

## KARL

That is true sir.

## COMMITTEE

Do you know Paul Green?

## KARL

I...uh. Yes. I know Mr. Green.

## COMMITTEE

And do you know that Mr. Green is a known Communist?

## KARL

I don't believe he is sir.

The Committee holds up a photo. Karl begins to sweat.

## COMMITTEE

Are you saying that his man in this photo attending a protest against the atomic bomb is not in fact Paul Green.

## KARL

I...yes that is Paul.

## COMMITTEE

And who else do you see in that photo?

KARL  
(quietly)  
Me.

COMMITTEE  
I'm sorry, Mr. Silva, you'll have  
to speak up.

KARL  
ME. That is me standing next to  
Mr. Green.

COMMITTEE  
Do you understand that perjury is a  
serious offense, Mr. Silva?

KARL  
What does a nuclear protest have to  
do with communism? This is  
unconstitutional!

COMMITTEE  
Unconstitutional?  
Unconstitutional?! We are at war,  
Mr. Silva! These Reds are imposing  
themselves on our borders,  
threatening our freedoms and the  
very foundation of this country!  
You call yourself an American? You  
should be ashamed, Mr. Silva.

Karl sits in silence.

INT. BAR - DAY

Clyde sits at the bar. The place is dimly lit, yet gives off  
a very comfortable and safe ambience. Karl enters and sits a  
few seats down.

Karl orders a bourbon from the BARTENDER (20s) and gulps it  
down. He exhales slowly with his head hung low. The  
bartender moves to pour Clyde a drink and then returns to  
refill Karl's glass.

BARTENDER  
This is from Mr. Warren there.

Karl looks up. Clyde raises his glass to him.

CLYDE  
You look like you could use another  
one.

Clyde moves to take the empty seat next to Karl.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Mind if I sit here?

KARL  
Sure, go ahead.

CLYDE  
I know who you are, you know.

Karl looks up suspiciously.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
I'm a big fan of your work.

Karl relaxes slightly.

KARL  
Well thanks, I appreciate that  
Mr..?

Clyde extends his hand.

CLYDE  
Clyde.

KARL  
Clyde. Good to meet ya. I'm  
afraid you'll have to wait awhile  
for another Silva production.

CLYDE  
I understand. I was at the  
hearings today.

KARL  
You were? Are you a journalist?

CLYDE  
No. I work with the Committee.

Karl's face scrunches in anger.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Don't get all riled up now. What's  
done is done. You really must be  
more careful about your  
acquaintances, Mr. Silva.

KARL  
You know who ratted me out?

CLYDE

Of course. I know everything that goes around in this town, Mr. Silva. I have eyes and ears everywhere, and that little weasel running around with Roscoe Horowitz has been more than happy to feed us information.

KARL

Peter? He's just a boy.

Clyde motions the bartender to pour more drinks.

CLYDE

Let me tell you something. Peter came to us wanting to further his career. He told us he could get us names, dates, photographic evidence, the whole shebang if we'd just give him a little nudge in the industry.

KARL

Evidence for what?

CLYDE

Reds, of course. Try to keep up, Karl. Your name was the first he gave. Do you think it's coincidence Roscoe hasn't taken any of your calls?

KARL

How did you..?

CLYDE

Eyes and ears, Karl. Remember that.

KARL

Why are you telling me all of this?

CLYDE

I just thought you should know. I know you're not a Communist, Karl.

KARL

Then can't you do something about my sentence?

CLYDE

I wasn't aware you were given a sentence.

(MORE)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

As far as I'm concerned, there's no  
Blacklist. How your peers treat  
you is not up to me.

(beat)

And what you do about Peter Talbot  
is of no concern to me either.

(beat)

How about one last drink for the  
road? Let's make it a double.

Clyde and Karl clink glasses, and drink.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter knocks and enters. Daniel sits behind Roger's desk.  
Peter looks around nervously.

PETER

Um. Sorry, I'm supposed to meet  
Mr. Faulks?

DANIEL

You're in the right place, Peter.  
I'll be taking over from now on.

PETER

Who are you?

DANIEL

Daniel Bryson.

PETER

What happened to Mr. Faulks?

DANIEL

Enough stupid questions. Let's get  
down to business.

Daniel opens a file and pulls out a screenplay and a few  
snapshots of Roscoe entering the Hotel Clark. He holds up  
the photos to Peter.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Are these supposed to mean  
something?

PETER

Well, I think that's where the  
meetings are held.

DANIEL

You think? Thinking is not  
helpful, Peter.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Knowing is what I need, evidence is concrete. Unless you can get me THAT, you might as well consider your project shelved.

PETER

Please, I think Roscoe's going to invite me soon.

DANIEL

Again, thinking is not important in this war, Peter. Unless you can get sufficient evidence that will support you in front of the Committee...

PETER

(interrupting)

Wait, I can't go in front of the Committee. I thought this was anonymous?

DANIEL

Whatever gave you that idea? If you want to be successful in this business, you have to put yourself out there. Pick a side.

PETER

What if I can get you more names? If I get into the meetings, I can get you all the names of the people in there.

DANIEL

It sounds like you're stalling.

Peter's eyes dart away uneasily.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Look, I know you're new to this town. Let's go to lunch, and I'll show you the ropes. You don't have any plans do you.

Daniel looks at Peter intimidatingly.

PETER

Um, no. No plans.

DANIEL

Excellent!

Daniel stands and walks towards Peter. He grabs Peter by the arm and escorts him out like a criminal.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Let's see if we can't improve your standing in this community.

EXT. ROGER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Daniel and Peter walk outside of Roger's office building. Daniel breaks the awkward silence.

DANIEL

Look, I may have come off too strong at the beginning, but trust me, I have your best interest at heart.

PETER

It seems like everyone has been saying that to me lately. Maybe I'm still adjusting to this town.

DANIEL

Well you're in luck, I know this town like the back of my hand. How about the diner?

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Peter sit down at a booth.

PETER

I may look like a doe-eyed farm boy straight off the bus, but I'm not stupid you know.

DANIEL

Meaning?

PETER

I know I'm being used.

Kira comes over with menus.

KIRA

Peter! I'm glad to see you. Who's your friend?

DANIEL

Daniel Bryson.

PETER

He's not my friend.

KIRA (CONT'D)

O...kay. Maybe I'll come back once you've had a chance to look over the menu.

DANIEL

(sighing)

It doesn't have to be that way Peter. This can be a mutual beneficial relationship, if you let me help you.

PETER

What do you mean?

DANIEL

You're treading on thin ice, Peter. You can't play both sides.

PETER

I'm not...

DANIEL

(interrupting)

Yes you are. And I get your hesitation, but we can help each other. My boss won't wait forever.

PETER

And why would you help me?

DANIEL

It's my job. When you win, I win. Conversely, if you hold out, we both fail.

PETER

I don't know...I just don't feel right about ratting my colleagues out.

DANIEL

Your colleagues? Peter, you're not even on the same level as them. You could be, however.

Peter sits speechless. Daniel gets up from the booth. He puts on black leather gloves.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Come on. We have a few errands to run.

INT. BEN'S HOME - DAY

Daniel holds a framed family photograph in his gloved hands. Peter stands in a corner of the room, out of the way. A writer, BEN (40s) stands across from Daniel, wearing a scowl on his face.

DANIEL

This is a nice looking family you have here, Benjamin. Such a shame.

BEN

And what is that supposed to mean?

Daniel walks towards Ben until they are standing face-to-face.

DANIEL

Just that I'd hate to see them go hungry.

Ben takes an offensive step towards Daniel. Daniel shoves him back into the wall. Peter flinches as he watches from afar.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(scolding)

Tsk. Tsk. Don't get so upset Benjamin. Just tell me what I need to know and I'll get out of your hair.

BEN

I don't know anything.

DANIEL

Maybe, maybe not. But you can tell me if you know these men or not.

Ben stands in silence.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Karl Silva.

BEN

No.

DANIEL

Paul Green.

Ben hesitates.

BEN

No.

DANIEL  
Roscoe Horowitz.

Ben reacts.

BEN  
Roscoe?

Daniel smiles as though he's won.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Roscoe Horowitz is a good man.

DANIEL  
A dangerous man. One not  
appropriate for this country. Now  
all I need is for you to bear  
witness that he has attended a  
Party meeting. Perhaps a protest?

BEN  
(defiantly)  
I will not.

Daniel's expression changes into anger.

DANIEL  
Then you'll go down with him.  
We'll be in touch.

Daniel begins to exit, motioning Peter to follow. Daniel  
stops and turns.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I have one more name for you. What  
about Peter Talbot?

BEN  
Never heard of the man.

Peter reacts as though stung.

Daniel smiles and exits along with Peter.

EXT. BEN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Peter struggles to catch up with Daniel. He grabs his arm  
and whirls him around.

PETER  
What the hell was that?

DANIEL

What was what Peter? Don't you understand this is how the world is right now?

PETER

Full of deceit and betrayal?

DANIEL

Full of self-preservation. It's not betrayal if it's the truth. These men are threatening the very core of this country. Don't you understand what the Party is all about?

Peter stares.

PETER

I just don't get what the point of that was.

DANIEL

(raising his voice)

Wake up PETER! This is not your little farm town! You need to pick a side. If you're with me, I can help you. Otherwise, your name will always be followed by "Never heard of him."

PETER

How do I know I can trust you?

Daniel puts his arm around Peter's shoulder.

DANIEL

Only time will tell.

Peter gives a nervous smile.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You should go home and get some rest. We'll discuss our next move tomorrow.

PETER

Alright.

Peter begins to walk away.

DANIEL

Oh and Peter!

PETER

Yes?

Daniel hands him a business card.

DANIEL

You call me if you need me.

Daniel walks away.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A persistent knocking wakes Peter from sleep. He walks to the door and opens it to reveal Karl Silva, disheveled and obviously drunk.

PETER

Mr. Silva? What are you doing here? It's like three in the morning.

KARL

(slurring)

I was in the neighborhood, and I thought I'd come talk to Roscoe's new pet, since he won't return my calls.

Karl stumbles in. Peter shuts the door and tries to guide Karl to the couch. Karl shrugs off his help.

KARL (CONT'D)

Don't touch me!

PETER

Okay, okay. Just sit down. What's going on?

KARL

(angrily)

You tell me! You've obviously turned Roscoe against me! No one will talk to me since...since my hearing.

PETER

You mean with the Committee?

KARL

You did it, didn't you?! You named me!

PETER

What? No! Mr. Silva you've had a little too much to drink I don't think...

Karl grabs Peter around the collar.

KARL

(interrupting)

I had everything you little weasel! Every screenwriter in town was banging down my door to work with me!

Karl pulls a gun out of his pocket and shoves it under Peter's chin.

KARL (CONT'D)

You think you can just take it all away from me?

PETER

Mr. Silva please! I swear I didn't do anything, honest to God!

Karl shoves the gun more violently into Peter's chin. Peter closes his eyes in anticipation.

PETER (CONT'D)

Please, I swear I didn't name you! I can talk to Roscoe for you, just please don't!

KARL

It's too late for that I'm afraid. I've lost everything.

Karl turns the gun on himself.

PETER

Christ!

Peter lurches for the gun, trying to wrestle it away from Karl. In the process, the gun goes off. Blood sprays Peter in the face. Karl crumples to the ground.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter stands in shock for several moments, then scrambles towards the phone. He pulls out Daniel's card, smearing blood on it.

INT. DANIEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Daniel lies in bed. All of the covers are congregated around Claudia. The phone rings. Peter rolls over to answer it.

DANIEL  
(sleepily)  
Hello?

PETER (O.S.)  
Daniel? I know it's late, but I  
need your help.

CLAUDIA  
(angrily)  
Who's calling at this hour?

DANIEL  
What's wrong Peter?

PETER  
I'm in trouble. Please come quick.  
I can't say any more.

DANIEL  
Sit tight. I'll be right there.

CLAUDIA  
YOU WILL?

Daniel hangs up.

DANIEL  
Sorry Claudia, I have to go.

CLAUDIA  
Surely you're joking.

DANIEL  
Just go back to sleep.

CLAUDIA  
Like it's that easy! What if I go  
into labor?!

Daniel looks at Claudia as though she is crazy.

DANIEL  
You're barely six months pregnant.

Daniel begins to exit. The phone rings again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Peter, I told you I'm on my way.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Not Peter, I'm afraid.

DANIEL  
Mr. Warren? I'm sorry, I thought  
you were...

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Peter Talbot? I know Daniel.

DANIEL  
You know what?

CLYDE  
That things needed to be sped up.  
Now you better be on your way.  
You've got quite a mess to clean  
up.

DANIEL  
What did you do?

The line goes dead. Daniel hangs up.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
God damn it!

CLAUDIA  
I thought you were leaving to help  
Mr. Warren?

DANIEL  
I'm helping a client of ours.

CLAUDIA  
Sounds like you're messing up. You  
better not lose this job, Daniel.

DANIEL

For the love of GOD Claudia! Could you maybe be on my side for once?

CLAUDIA

I'm just saying babies aren't cheap.

DANIEL

Don't wait up.

Daniel exits. Claudia sits shocked for a moment, then slams her arms down on the bed.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter opens the door to Daniel. Peter wears different clothes. Peter's face is chalk white.

DANIEL

Peter, what's wrong? Are you sick?

PETER

It's Karl Silva...He...I...He's dead.

DANIEL

What?

PETER

He attacked me, saying I ratted him out to the Committee, and then he turned the gun on himself.

DANIEL

What? Where is he?

Peter leads Daniel to where Karl lies.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Peter, I need you to go. I'll take care of this here.

PETER

But, I...

DANIEL

Peter, just go to the diner or something. Have some coffee, and do not under any circumstances speak to anyone about this. Now!

Peter runs out of the room.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks aimlessly on the city streets. He turns the corner and runs into Kira.

KIRA

Peter!

Kira surveys Peter's look.

KIRA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

PETER

I don't know what to do. I don't have anywhere to go.

KIRA

You're a mess. Come on, I'm opening the diner. Let's get you some coffee.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

The diner is empty except for Peter and Kira. Kira brings a pot of coffee over and pours Peter a cup.

PETER

Thanks.

KIRA

Well, getting here at four in the morning has its perks I suppose. Now do you want to tell me what's going on?

Peter looks down into his coffee.

KIRA (CONT'D)

If you don't want to tell me it's fine.

Peter looks up at her. He looks terrified.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Kira looks at Peter, concerned.

PETER

I think I just killed someone.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Daniel stands over Karl's dead body. Daniel takes the carpet underneath Karl and begins to roll Karl in it. Daniel's normally smoothed back hair falls in his face as he struggles to conceal Karl in the carpet.

Daniel begins to drag Karl through the living room to the door. Daniel opens the door and peaks outside to make sure no one is coming.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel drags the carpet to his car parked a few feet away. Daniel opens the backseat doors and stuffs Karl inside.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Driving away, Daniel nervously wipes his hand across his face, smearing Karl's blood on his face. Daniel desperately wipes the blood off.

Daniel pulls up to a scenic spot near Lake Arrowhead. As the sun rises, Daniel takes Karl out of the carpet and drags him into a small cave hidden off shore.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE (FBI) - DAY

Clyde sits in his office, drinking coffee. The phone rings.

CLYDE

Hello? Daniel! I was wondering when you were going to call. You're late for work. Where have you been?

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Daniel stands at a pay phone at a gas station.

DANIEL

Where have I been? Cleaning up your mess! You know why I'm late.

CLYDE

Watch your tone Agent Bryson. I'm still you're superior. Honestly, I thought you would have taken care of that little issue by now. It's early afternoon.

(MORE)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Now get your ass to the office, or  
I'll find a competent agent to work  
on this case.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Daniel hears a click and stands in disbelief.

DANIEL

Hello? Hello?!

Daniel slams the phone on the carrier. He picks it up and smashes it several more times.

INT. CLYDE'S OFFICE (FBI) - CONTINUOUS

Smiling, Clyde sets the carrier down gently in the cradle. He opens his drawer and fishes through to the bottom until he reaches his pills. Once again, it's empty. His demeanor quickly changes.

Clyde picks up the phone and dials. After a few rings, he sets the phone down in his cradle. He grabs his coat and leaves the office.

EXT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Clyde's car pulls up to his dealer's apartment just as his dealer begins walking up with a paper bag of groceries. Clyde gets out and begins walking towards him briskly. The dealer sees him.

CLYDE

What did I tell you about answering  
your phone?

DEALER

I didn't know you would call! I  
just went down to get some  
groceries!

Clyde grabs him by the arm and whips him towards the apartment building.

CLYDE

Inside NOW!

INT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Clyde is close behind as the dealer unlocks his door. As soon as the lock clicks, Clyde shoves him inside. The door swings back, but remains open. The dealer begins to get the pills from his stash, hidden in a bookcase.

DEALER

I didn't think you would run out that fast.

CLYDE

I don't pay you to THINK.

DEALER

I just meant...Nevermind.

CLYDE

Maybe you short changed me on the pills. Ever think of that?

DEALER

(beginning to get annoyed)  
Hey man, it's not my fault you don't count your stash when you get it. You can't blame me if...

Suddenly, Clyde punches the dealer in the nose. He falls forward on his knees. Clyde kicks him in the stomach and he rolls over on his side. Clyde picks up a heavy bookend from the book case and smacks the dealer in the head. With hands on each end he thrusts it at the dealer's throat, cutting off his air.

CLYDE

I will end you, you insignificant piece of scum. But not before I ruin your entire family, which if I'm correct, consists of your drug addled mother in a sanitarium. My, how far the apple falls from the tree.

The dealer's eyes widen.

Suddenly, Kira walks by holding some takeout boxes.

KIRA

What's the hell is going on?!

Clyde gets off of the dealer and tosses the bookend to the side. Kira stands in shock just inside the apartment. Clyde walks towards Kira, smoothing his hair back.

KIRA (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

CLYDE  
Nothing that concerns you, Kira.

KIRA  
How do you know my name?

CLYDE  
Oh I know all about you. Just  
remember that.

Clyde exits.

INT. ROSCOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roscoe sits reading an issue of The Daily Worker. Sounds of a knock on the door. Roscoe carefully stuffs the paper behind a cushion and stands to answer the door.

The door opens to reveal Kira standing there. She smiles, looking a little frazzled and holds out a take out container.

KIRA  
You didn't make it by the diner  
today, so I though I'd bring you by  
some pie.

ROSCOE  
Thanks, Kira. Come in.

Kira enters the apartment and sits down on the couch.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
You didn't come all this way to  
bring me pie though did you?

KIRA  
Well no. I thought maybe we could  
talk. About Peter.

ROSCOE  
Peter? What's wrong with Peter?

KIRA  
Well, he came by the diner today,  
and just seemed really distraught.

ROSCOE  
About?

KIRA

Well, he wouldn't really say. I have a feeling it has to do with all this...

Kira takes the paper poking out from behind the cushion.

KIRA (CONT'D)

THIS stuff.

ROSCOE

Hmm. Well, I haven't involved Peter in any of that. In fact, he hinted that he wanted to go to a meeting, but I didn't think he was ready.

KIRA

This is dangerous territory, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

This is important to me.

KIRA

You think it's important to you. You Americans think you know everything. The truth is, you're just playing house.

ROSCOE

I'd like to think I know quite a lot about it.

KIRA

(sighing)

I think you're a very intelligent man, just misinformed about what Communism really is.

ROSCOE

What is it then?

KIRA

Not a utopia.

INT. TAGANOV RESIDENCE - FLASHBACK

The Taganov family struggles to pack things as sounds of rioting in the street gets louder outside. Bangs can be heard on the door from the G.P.U. (the secret police) and orders to open up.

MR. TAGANOV (40s) moves to open the door.

MR. TAGANOV  
Girls, out the back door with your  
mother. Move quickly.

The three Taganov women move to exit through the back.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - FLASHBACK

As the women exit, a G.P.U. OFFICER (20s) grabs MRS. TAGANOV (50s).

MRS. TAGANOV  
Run girls!

EXT. CITY STREETS - FLASHBACK

The girls run through the streets, moving towards the border.

EXT. FIELD IN RUSSIA - FLASHBACK

Kira and her younger sister, MARISKA (17) run in a snowy field. A BORDER GUARD (20s) yells for them to stop. A barbed wire fence is in front of them.

Kira and Mariska climb the fence as gun shots ring out around them. Mariska makes it over, but Kira's coat gets caught on the fence. Mariska tries to help her out of the coat. She is shot in the head and falls, just as Kira is free of the coat.

KIRA  
MARISKA!

Kira cradles Mariska. The man's shouts get closer. Kira gently lays Mariska back down and gets back up to run. A shot rings out, hitting Kira in the shoulder. She lies for a moment in pain, then begins to crawl.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ROSCOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roscoe sits still, soaking in Kira's story.

ROSCOE  
I had no idea how much you had gone  
through to get here. I'm so sorry.

KIRA

I'm telling you this because your government is starting to seem eerily similar. Policing people and taking them from their jobs. You should keep a better eye on Peter.

ROSCOE

You keep bringing up Peter, but you won't tell me what's going on with him.

KIRA

(apprehensively)

I think Peter might be getting mixed up in something going over his head.

ROSCOE

Like the Party?

KIRA

Like the Committee.

Roscoe looks at Kira in shock.

ROSCOE

Peter would never inform against his friends, not his community.

KIRA

I think he already has Roscoe. I saw him the other day at the diner with a guy in a suit. I think he was FBI.

ROSCOE

Peter contacted the FBI?

KIRA

I don't think he had to. I was making a delivery today, and a man I've never seen before was beating up my neighbor. He knew my name.

Roscoe's eyes reflect concern.

KIRA (CONT'D)

The FBI are already keeping tabs on me and Peter. They probably have a whole file on you already.

ROSCOE

I think you better tell me exactly what you and Peter talked about earlier.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE (FBI) - AFTERNOON

Daniel sits at his desk, shuffling papers, appearing to be busy. Peter knocks and enters the office.

PETER

I waited for you at the diner, but you never showed up.

DANIEL

(not looking up)  
Close the door behind you.

Peter closes the door and sits down in front of Daniel. Daniel pushes his papers aside and folds his hands in front of him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I hope you understand the gravity of the situation, Peter.

PETER

I do. It all happened so fast...

DANIEL

(interrupting)  
I took a big risk on you today Peter. I hope we can trust each other.

PETER

I trust you.

DANIEL

Good. Because covering up a murder...

PETER

(interrupting)  
I didn't murder anyone!

Daniel narrows his eyes.

DANIEL

Things have changed now Peter. You will report to me everyday.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I want to know what Roscoe is doing, where he's going, and what goes on during the Party meetings.

PETER

Roscoe hasn't invited me yet.

DANIEL

Then GET invited. Or the police might just discover Karl's body along with a gun. A gun that just so happens to have your fingerprints on it.

PETER

I thought you got rid of the body?

DANIEL

It's in a safe place. Do we have an agreement?

Daniel extends his hand to Peter. Peter gives his hand.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR