

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT PAINTING

The screen is filled with the painted image of a tiny mouse peeking out of a hole in wall.

The still image morphs from painting to moving film as...

INT. ART STUDIO -- MORNING

A mouse skitters across a floor littered with art supplies, paintings in various degrees of finish and plenty of empty wine and liquor bottles. It stops at an old pizza box and nibbles on a piece of half eaten pizza.

CALEB (V.O.)

There must be billions of different things to do in any given day...

The camera leaves the mouse and pans past a painting of a young girl walking a dog twice her size...another of an old man reading in a graveyard...

CALEB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Literally, billions.

Past paintings of a woman breast feeding...a teenager hitch hiking...

CALEB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And out of all of them...

a woman with a swollen black eye staring at herself in the mirror...

CALEB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's one that I hate above the rest...

Camera stops on a mattress in the middle of the floor. On it sleeps a scruffy guy in his mid thirties. Careless splatters of paint mar the high end Rolex on his arm. This is CALEB.

CALEB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...And that's waking up.

Next to him sleeps a naked woman, beautiful, but easily twice his age. The woman stirs. Caleb snuggles her up to him and continues to sleep.

CALEB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So it goes to follow I hate mornings. They're so...relentless.

From inside the woman's purse, a cell phone rings. Caleb turns over with a groan and covers his face with a pillow to block out the sound and the impending day.

CALEB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Like some sort of cosmic boomerang,
morning keeps hurling life back in
your face and there's just no escaping
it, no matter how hard you try. And
believe me, I've tried...

The woman fishes her phone from the purse. She looks at the caller ID on her phone.

NAKED WOMAN

Uh oh...

BAM. A very large man with biceps the size of bowling balls busts down the studio door. Storms into the room. The woman jumps to her feet, bringing the sheet with her...

BIG MAN

I knew it! I God damn knew it!

Caleb reluctantly rolls over in his designer boxers and begrudgingly removes the pillow from his face.

BIG MAN (CONT'D)

I told you if I ever caught you near
my wife again, I'd fucking kill you...

He grabs a nearby easel, busts it against the wall. The piece of wood remaining in his hand boasts a sharp, jagged edge. He lunges for Caleb with it.

Caleb rolls out of the way in the nick of time. The mattress where he just lay is shredded by the sharp wood. He stumbles to his feet.

CALEB

Jesus. What time is it?

BIG MAN

Time for you to stop sleeping with
my wife.

Big Man swings the stick at Caleb's head. He dodges. Big Man comes at him again. Caleb ought to be scared shitless. But it seems he finds it all rather amusing...

CALEB

Okay. Alright. Take it easy...

Big Man has no intentions of taking it easy. He throws the stick like a spear, barely missing Caleb's bare chest. He barrels toward Caleb, busting up a couple of paintings on his way. Caleb runs for the door.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb races down the dirty hallway toward an exit sign.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb bolts down the stairs, Big Man hot on his heels.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb bursts out a side door of the building and starts for the street. A big garbage truck blocks his way. He turns to head the other direction. A barbed wire fence closes the other end of the alley. Trapped...

Big Man breaks through the door. He's winded. But seeing Caleb trapped puts the smile back on his face.

BIG MAN

Now you're mine, you little art
monkey.

He takes a few leisurely steps toward Caleb. Caleb takes a few steps back.

CALEB

Come on, now...easy does it.

Big Man closes the distance between the two of them. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a switch blade knife. As he does, his KEYS fall to the ground.

Caleb looks down, momentarily distracted. But the sound of the switch blade flipping open pulls him back to the moment at hand.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Look, buddy...you're wife's a lovely
lady...and I'm sorry...

Big Man slows.

CALEB (CONT'D)

But you've slept with her...she's
definitely not worth a murder wrap.

That's it. He lunges the knife at Caleb. Caleb drops and rolls toward him, tripping him to the ground. The knife sputters across the ground. Big Man grabs it. Caleb jumps to his feet.

The garbage truck at the end of the alley lurches into gear and drives off. Behind it sits a BMW roadster.

Caleb looks at it. Then back at the guy. He smiles.

BIG MAN

No...

Caleb grabs the keys on the ground and takes off in the direction of the car.

BIG MAN (CONT'D)

Not my car...

He starts after him, but it's too late. He watches as Caleb jumps in, throws it in gear and takes off.

BIG MAN (CONT'D)

Ah Christ...I'd rather you took my wife than my car...

He turns. His wife is standing right behind him.

INT. BIG MAN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb watches in the rear view mirror as the woman slaps her husband. The image shrinks as he drives away in Big Man's pride and joy. He helps himself to a cigarette.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- LATER

One uniformed officer drives. The other holds two Starbucks cups. He sips from one.

OFFICER 1

This is the caramel macchiato.

He hands it to his partner. A traffic light turns red and the cops roll to a stop. They sip their coffees and watch as outside, a homeless man with WILD RED HAIR crosses the street in front of their car. This is RED. Red has no idea his life is about to flash before his eyes...

INT. BIG MAN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Caleb flips through an endless series of satellite radio stations. He finally settles for some cheesy Eighties music and returns his attention to driving. But a bit too late. He blows through the red light is barreling straight for RED.

Caleb and Red's eyes lock as the tragedy prepares to strike. Caleb breaks the spell. Slams on the brakes.

EXT. CROSSWALK -- CONTINUOUS

The horn blares. The tires squeal. But the brakes aren't going to cut it. The Roadster swerves into the adjacent lane, side swipes the cop car then swerves back into his lane, barely missing the homeless guy and causing a few fairly impressive fender benders in the cross lane traffic.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- CONTINUOUS

Hot coffee is splattered all over the cops and their car.

OFFICER 1

You alright?

OFFICER 2

I will be when we nail that asshole.
Punch it.

INT. BIG MAN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb takes a big drag on a cigarette to calm his nerves.

CALEB

Shit. That was

He starts to laugh.

CALEB (CONT'D)

...shit.

Outside a siren sounds. Caleb looks in the rear view mirror to find flashing lights.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Now what?

He slows. Flicks on the turn signal. Pulls over to a stop. The officers pull up behind him. As soon as they get out of the cruiser and start the walk to the car, Caleb punches the gas and takes off.

EXT. N.Y. STREET -- LATER

Caleb races down the street at high speed, weaving in and out of traffic. About half a dozen police cars follow in hot pursuit.

INT. BIG MAN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Music blasts. Caleb's having a ball. He speeds past a bus. The image on the bus side catches his eye. It's him. Larger than life.

ANGLE ON BUS BOARD

The sign reads: New Exhibit Opening October 13.

The sight of the bus board wipes the smile off Caleb's face.

CALEB

Jesus, I can't get away from myself...

EXT. N.Y. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Caleb fishtails onto a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

A HUGE moving van blocks the road. Two movers carrying either end of a sofa stare bug eyed at the car barreling toward the.

The line of screaming police cars hurtle around the bend. Caleb shows no signs of slowing down. The movers drop the couch, dive in either direction toward a sidewalk. Caleb drives straight into the couch, launches it into the air....

SMASH. And lands right on one of the police cars. The others skid out on all directions trying to avoid collision as Caleb, with nowhere to go, throttles up the loading ramp at the back of the truck and crashes into the contents of the very full moving van.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- LATER

Police cars now litter the scene. A crowd has gathered. A distraught couple rifle through the remains of their belongings in and around the moving van.

ANGLE ON An unmarked police car joins the festivities.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- CONTINUOUS

Caleb sits in the back seat, cuffed. He watches as tough looking detective emerges from the unmarked car. A jagged scar decorates the forehead above guy's right eye - a remnant from his days as a street cop. He wears it like a purple heart. This is DETECTIVE JECHO, and his tailored suit and Italian leather shoes offer a sharp contrast to his partner's wardrobe, whose shabby dress is more in line with the salary of a civil servant.

Jecho exchanges a few quick words with a uniformed officer. The officer points in Caleb's direction.

EXT. ANOTHER N.Y. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Jecho addresses his partner with the same arrogant authority that he addresses everyone.

JECHO

Mind if I handle this joker alone?

The question was rhetorical. Jecho heads off in the direction of the cruiser without waiting for a response.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb watches as Jecho strides toward the car. The stormy face heading his way is a tad unsettling...

Caleb flinches as the door is snatched open. Jecho leans inside. Takes a long look at Caleb.

JECHO

Well, well, well...we meet again.

Caleb remains silent.

JECHO (CONT'D)

That's the smartest thing I've ever heard come out of your mouth.

He grabs Caleb none too gently. Yanks him from the car, making sure to smack his head on the roof frame on the way out. He drags him across the scene with exceeding force. They reach Jecho's unmarked car. Jecho throws Caleb up against it. Jacks him square in the nose. Jecho's partner rushes up.

PARTNER

Jecho, what are you doing? Take it easy.

JECHO

This joker almost killed half a dozen of our guys. Trust me, I am taking it easy.

Lowering his voice...

PARTNER

You've got an audience.

Jecho looks around at the neighborhood crowd, all eyes are on him. He turns to a group of uniformed officers who are watching the scene before them unfold. He singles one out.

JECHO

Quigley.

QUIGLEY

Yessir?

JECHO

Give my kind hearted partner a ride back to the precinct, will ya? Me and my friend here are going to need a little privacy.

He waves off his partner's objection before it can start. Throws Caleb in the back seat.

INT. JECHO'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Blood trickles from Caleb's nose and down his lip. Jecho watches in the rear view mirror as Caleb uses both cuffed hands to wipe it away. Jecho's viscious mood has evaporated completely. And in a friendly, even almost playful tone...

JECHO

That was for hauling my ass out of bed early with your shenanigans.

CALEB

I think it's broken.

Jecho laughs. Turns onto a another street. The buildings clearly show they're in a high rent district.

JECHO

It's not broken. Just a little bent.

He tosses Caleb a set of keys over the seat. Caleb uncuffs himself.

CALEB

You're a little bent, man. That hurt.

JECHO

You pissed off a small fleet of cops, asshole. The only way they were gonna let me have you is if they thought I was gonna beat the crap out of you.

Caleb winces as he wipes more blood from his tender nose.

CALEB

Oh, so you were doing me a favor.

JECHO

I usually am.

CALEB

What's this one gonna cost me?

Jecho glances back. Grins at Caleb's appearance. (Remember, he's wearing nothing but boxers.)

JECHO

Well, seeing as you don't seem to have any pockets in that ensemble, I'm assuming you don't have your wallet on you.

CALEB

You know I'm good for it.

Beat.

JECHO
I'll take the watch.

Caleb looks at his ten thousand dollar Rolex.

CALEB
You know how much this cost?

JECHO
A lot less than bail, lawyers fees
and a top notch PR spin would have.

CALEB
You make a point.

Caleb takes off the watch. He parts with it without much of a care. Jecho reaches over the back seat. Takes the watch.

He pulls the car over. Puts the watch on his wrist, as...

CALEB (CONT'D)
Well, thanks. Always nice doing
business with you.

JECHO
One things for sure, nobody could
accuse you of being a bore.

Caleb gets out. Shuts the door behind him. Jecho admires his new watch.

JECHO (CONT'D)
But, boy is your boredom good for
business.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb heads up the red carpet to the doors of the building. The doorman starts to object at the freak in his underwear trying to gain entrance into the private building, then a flash of recognition crosses his face.

DOORMAN
Oh...Good morning, sir. Welcome
home.

He opens the door, ushers Caleb in.

INT. PENTHOUSE -- MORNING

Ornate elevator doors open. Caleb steps out into the opulent penthouse foyer. He passes priceless antiques and original artwork as he heads into...

INT. LIBRARY -- MORNING

Mahogany shelves line every inch of wall space. Every shelf is filled with one of a kind, first edition books. A fire burns brightly in a giant fire place, casting shadows over the plush, down stuffed leather furniture.

On a mantle stands a gilded frame of a woman a large photo of a woman. Behind the bad hair, outdated glasses and awkward smile, you can almost spot a resemblance to Caleb. This is Caleb's sister, ADA.

Caleb grabs a smoking robe off a hook. Puts it on as he walks to a nearby table that offers coffee, croissants, fresh fruits and other breakfast options. Caleb pours himself a glass of fresh squeezed orange juice. Then walks across the room to the bar and adds a healthy dose of vodka. He takes a big swig.

DOUBLE (O.S.)

You're late.

Caleb coughs the screwdriver back up. He turns to find a ridiculously handsome, slick, impeccably dressed man sitting in a large armchair. This is DOUBLE DOYLE.

CALEB

Jesus, you scared the crap out of me.

Double gets up. Glides across the floor. Pours himself a cup of coffee.

DOUBLE

You forget we had a business meeting this morning?

CALEB

Sorry. I got waylaid.

DOUBLE

By a small fleet of New York's finest from what I heard.

Caleb laughs. Downs his drink. Fixes himself another.

CALEB

You're my agent, not my mother, so back off the lecture I feel coming on.

Double backs off. Looks at the dried blood beneath Caleb's swollen nose.

DOUBLE

Let me guess. Another disgruntled husband.

CALEB
Something like that.

DOUBLE
Well, I've got a little something
that might cheer you up.

Caleb's happy to hear it.

CALEB
Do tell.

DOUBLE
It's in your painting studio.

Caleb's interest falls flat. As does his smile. Double holds up a hand to stop Caleb from saying anything.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)
Just trust me.

INT. PAINTING STUDIO -- MORNING

Double opens the door, ushers Caleb in. A few steps across the threshold and he stops short. In front of him, lounging in the built in bench of a large window sill, is a stunning woman. Her body drapes in fluid perfection. Her features are dark, reminiscent of an ambiguous Middle Eastern dissent. This is BARI. And her accent is as exotic as her look.

BARI
Good morning.

Caleb stutters out a boyish response.

CALEB
Good morning.

Bari is amused at his admiration. To a girl like this, bewitching men is as common as the rain.

BARI
You like what you see?

CALEB
I, uh, excuse me?

DOUBLE
Bari is the final model candidate
for your next painting series. If
you like her, we'll put her on the
payroll and you can get started.

He's interrupted by a loud CRASH.

Everyone turns. In the doorway ADA fumbles with the contents of a large tea tray.

China cups and plates shatter into pieces on the floor. The more she tries to balance the the tray, the more things fall.

ANGLE ON DOUBLE

He's genuinely amused.

Ada finally gets it under control. She looks up, embarrassed yet relieved. She sees Double smiling at her and loses equilibrium all over again. Despite her best efforts, even the tea pot hits the floor smashing in a million pieces. Hot tea splashes all over what appears to be a very expensive rug.

The mess sends Ada into an unreasonable tizzy. Her mouth kicks into a nervous TWITCH.

ADA
Stupid. Stupid....

She drops down on her knees to clean up the mess. As she leans forward, her big glasses slide down her nose. She stops, straightens, pushes them back up. Then, when she leans back over to clean, they slide down again. This sends the twitch into overdrive.

ADA (CONT'D)
Stupidstupidstupidstupidstupid

She grabs a broken piece of china, the jagged edge cuts her hand. It's not deep, but it is bleeding. The sight of the blood upsets her even more, and she drops the jagged piece back on the rug, adding blood to the already setting tea stains.

ADA (CONT'D)
Oh, God. Now look what I've done!

Here come the tears....

CALEB
Ada. Stop...

He helps her back to her feet. Wipes the blood off her finger with his sleeve.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Just take it easy. Relax. We can call the maid to clean this up.

He waves Double over.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Double will take you back to your room. Take a few pills and lay down a while. I'll come check on you later.

Double puts an arm around Ada, begins leading her away. His touch sends her into a tizzy of a different kind. She's clearly smitten. Double looks back. He mimics Ada's twitch.

Caleb doesn't find this amusing. He closes the door on Double.

He turns to Bari. She settles lazily back on the windowsill seat like a cat stretching in the sun. Caleb tries to offer the explanation he's given a million times before.

CALEB (CONT'D)

My sister has...anxiety issues. And they tend to triple when Double's around. She's been in love with him since we were kids.

Bari couldn't care less.

BARI

Shall we get started?

CALEB

Oh. Yea. Right.

He grabs a sketch pad and pencil. She strikes a seductive pose.

BARI

Is this how you want me?

INT. PAINTING STUDIO -- AFTERNOON --WEEKS LATER

The passing of time is marked in artwork. Sketches and paintings of Bari stare out over the evening light from various easels around the room. More line the walls. Most of them are nudes.

Caleb and Bari, also nude, are entwined on a couch.

BARI

I'm starving.

CALEB

I've worked up quite an appetite myself. Dinner?

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT -- LATER

The waiter sets a decadent dessert in front of Caleb and Bari. Pours the last of a bottle of wine into their glasses.

CALEB

Thank you.

He hands him a credit card.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Whenever you get a chance.

WAITER
Right away, sir.

The waiter departs. Caleb and Bari dig into dessert.

CALEB
You know, outside of the landscape
of your body, I don't know very much
about you...

BARI
What else does a man really want to
know?

The waiter returns. Stands nervously.

WAITER
I'm sorry sir, your card's been
declined.

CALEB
My cards have no limits. Run it again.

The waiter shuffles on his feet, but doesn't leave.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Yes?

WAITER
I ran it three times sir.

Bari gracefully tries to ease Caleb's embarrassment.

BARI
I will visit the ladies room. Excuse
me for a moment.

She heads for the bathroom.

ANGLE ON BARI

From half way across the room she watches as Caleb pulls out
his wallet and hands the waiter another card. Her face is
filled with pity. Or is it guilt?

CALEB
Take this one.

The waiter takes it and goes, relieved to walk away from the
table. Caleb finishes his glass of wine.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Fucking credit card company...

The waiter returns to the table again. His discomfort says it all as he hands back yet another rejected card.

CALEB (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on?

He pulls out his phone. Speed dials Double.

DOUBLE (O.S.)

Yo.

CALEB

You need to get down to Harry's and save my ass. Something seriously fucked up is...

The call is dropped. Caleb looks at his phone.

ANGLE ON LCD SCREEN

The screen reads "No Service"

CALEB (CONT'D)

What the...

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT -- LATER

Double sits at the table with Caleb. The waiter sets the check in front of him, relieved that this card has gone through.

WAITER

Thank you so much, sir.

Double tips him generously. Hands back the leather holder.

CALEB

Excuse me, can you please have someone check the ladies room for my date? She's been gone a while.

WAITER

Certainly sir.

He leaves.

DOUBLE

Been buying those high priced hookers again?

CALEB

Very funny. I don't know what the hell is going on.

The waiter returns. Again, looking uncomfortable.

WAITER

There's nobody in the ladies room,
sir. But the hostess said she saw
the young lady leaving quite a while
ago.

Double laughs.

DOUBLE

Not your night, huh?

EXT. ATM MACHINE -- LATER

Caleb punches some numbers into the machine. Waits. The
machine eats his card.

CALEB

Will somebody tell me what the fuck
is going on?

INT. PENTHOUSE -- LATER

Caleb and Double step off the elevator. Ada stands in front
of them. She chews so intently on her cuticle blood drips
down her hand. She's in a state.

Caleb gently extracts her finger from her mouth. She
automatically lifts the other hand to her mouth. Every finger
on it is already torn up and bloody.

ADA

Some...some...some...someone's here
to see see see see you.

INT. LIBRARY -- MOMENTS LATER

Caleb and Double enter the room. They find two men in
perfectly pressed matching blue suits.

CALEB

Can we help you?

One of the men pulls out a badge.

FED AGENT

Federal Agent Jason Mason, and I
hope you can help us, Mr. Nestor.

Double finds this humorous.

DOUBLE

Your name's Jason Mason?

The second agent joins the first. He's huge.

FED AGENT 2

Is something funny?

CALEB

No, of course not, what can we do
for you?

The Fed pulls a picture out of his pocket. It is Bari.

FED AGENT

Do you know this woman?

CALEB

She's a model I've been painting.

FED AGENT

No. She's the wife of a well known
terrorist suspect we've been tracking
for years. You'll need to come with
us, sir?

CALEB

This has nothing to do with me.

FED AGENT 2

On the contrary, sir. We have reason
to believe the money you've been
giving her, she's been giving her
husband. And funding a suspected
terrorist cell is not something we
take lightly in this country.

DOUBLE

Take it easy, pal. This is our
country, too.

FED AGENT

We'll see about that.

They take hold of Caleb start to lead him toward the door.

DOUBLE

Just go. I'll call your lawyer and
Bari. We'll be right behind you.
This will all be straightened out
before Leno comes on.

INT. HOLDING CELL -- DAY

Double and Caleb sit on opposite sides of a metal table.
Teh stubble on Caleb's face is at least a few days in the
making.

CALEB

Still no word from Bari?

Doubles silence says it all.

CALEB (CONT'D)

She can't have just disappeared.

DOUBLE

I'm telling you, she's vanished like vapor. Something really weird is going on.

CALEB

What about her modeling agency, they must have an address for her?

Beat.

DOUBLE

She wasn't exactly from a modeling agency.

CALEB

Where the fuck did you find her, Double?

DOUBLE

At a party in the meat packing district.

Caleb glares.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)

What? Where do you think the modeling agencies find them?

Jecho enters the room.

CALEB

Thank God. It's about time.

Jecho joins them at the table.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Well?

JECHO

Well, you've really painted yourself into a corner this time, art boy.

DOUBLE

Clever. Been waiting all morning to share that one, haven't you?

JECHO

Don't come down on me, man. I tried. They aren't letting up.

DOUBLE

They can't keep him forever without pressing charges.

JECHO

No. They're gonna let you go.

Caleb is relieved.

JECHO (CONT'D)

But they aren't releasing your funds.

No so relieved...

CALEB

They can't just take millions of dollars.

JECHO

They can do more than that. If that girl doesn't show up, the money will be the least of your worries. You won't a moment's peace from these guys until you're in your grave.

DOUBLE

Gee, thanks for your help, Jecho.

Jecho shrugs. Checks Caleb's old watch.

JECHO

I gotta run.

INT. STEAM ROOM -- NIGHT

Caleb, wrapped in a towel and, from the looks of the half empty bottle next to him, plenty of scotch, soaks up the steam.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT -- LATER

The two struggle under the weight of the dead body as they carry it the few remaining steps into the little room.

The door slams shut.

THUD. They let the cadaver drop.

CALEB

Sorry about that, my friend.

Double looks around. The place is sparse to say the least. A table. Couple chairs. Easel.

Other than that, just some neatly stacked canvases. A few barely touched paints. A couple brushes.

DOUBLE

Did you ever even use this place?

Caleb shrugs.

CALEB

I liked the gargoyles on the roof.

He grabs the cadaver by the legs. Drags it toward the kitchen area.

DOUBLE

You bought an apartment because of a couple concrete gargoyles?

He lets the cadaver drop. Hands Double a pair of pliers. Double uses them to extract the cadaver's teeth.

CALEB

No. I bought the building because of the gargoyles. I bought the art supplies so I could write it off. All in all, this place cost me about three hundred bucks.

One by one Caleb turns on the stove's gas burners.

DOUBLE

You own this whole building?

CALEB

How else do you think I knew it was empty.

CALEB (CONT'D)

What?

He turns on the gas oven. Opens the door.

CALEB

You nearly finished?

Double gathers the pile of teeth on the floor.

DOUBLE

Yep.

Caleb pulls a little container out of his backpack. Opens it, pours out a couple teeth. Tosses them on the body.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)

Where did those come from?

Caleb pulls back his lip to reveal a gap in his own teeth.

DOUBLE (CONT'D)

Ouch.

CALEB

Nothing a mouthful of vicodin couldn't handle. Beside, it adds a nice touch for the homeless look, don't you think?

He pulls a candle and a lighter out of the backpack. Places the candle on the table. Holds up the lighter.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Do you want to do the honors?

DOUBLE

It's all yours.

CALEB

I was hoping you'd say that.

He lights the candle. The two get the hell out of there. And fast.

INT. CAR -- A LITTLE LATER

Double and Caleb drive away. They get a few blocks between them and the building and...

KABOOM. The building explodes behind them.

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

ADA, clutching a kleenex, walks down the hallway toward one of the rooms. Stops just outside it.

The little stand at the parlor entrance reads: Caleb Franklin.

She stares. Cries.

A funeral director sees her from across the way. Picks up a box of kleenex and heads toward her.

She sees him coming, scurries into the parlor before she has to face him.

INT. PARLOR -- DAY

Literally thousands of flower arrangements crowd every corner, line every wall and cover every surface in the room.

Conversely, a rather nondescript urn sits upon a raised shelf. Next to it, a giant portrait of Caleb in a WHITE ARMANI SUIT.

Ada approaches the urn. Reaches out. Stops. She doesn't have the nerve to touch it.

The tears come faster.