

# **BOURBON STREET**

Original Screenplay

by

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DARKNESS -

The sound of HEAVY BREATHING.

A RING TONE, heard from the caller, DRONES and PAUSES.

INT. BOURBON STREET STRIP CLUB - BACKROOM - DAY

HANK LEBEAU'S FACE (38) chiseled features, drunk eyes, bloody and battered as all hell. He's BREATHING heavily and holding a phone to his ear.

As we PULL BACK we see that he has a GUN to his head from an unseen assailant's GLOVED HAND.

He's waiting desperately for the caller on the other end of the line to answer the phone.

Finally they do.

RAY LEBEAU (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Hey Hank, what's going on?

Hank BURSTS with relief at hearing his brother's voice.

HANK LEBEAU  
(into phone)  
Ray, oh god. Thank god. How's it going?

INT. RAY'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

RAYMOND LEBEAU (40) a Southern sophisticate wearing a suit, sits at his mahogany desk in his law office.

RAY LEBEAU  
Fine Hank. It's three o'clock in the afternoon, how can I help you?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

HANK LEBEAU  
What are you doing right now?

RAY LEBEAU  
Right now? I'm just knee deep in DA shit, as per usual. Are you okay?

HANK LEBEAU  
(breaking down)  
Yeah, no - I'm fine.  
(MORE)

HANK LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
I just, I need your help right now big  
bro. I'm in some pretty serious shit.

Ray leans forward at his desk with a worried look.

RAY LEBEAU  
What's going on? Are you safe?

HANK LEBEAU  
(eying the gun)  
Umm - not exactly. It's something we need  
to talk about in person.

Ray checks his watch.

RAY LEBEAU  
Where are you right now?

HANK LEBEAU  
Can you come meet me down at Bourbon  
Street?

RAY LEBEAU  
What cross road?

HANK LEBEAU  
No, the strip joint up in Carrollton.

Ray's red flag is raised by the mention of this name.

RAY LEBEAU  
What are you doing up there?

HANK LEBEAU  
Just please come, Ray. Please, can you  
hurry. I'm in really big trouble. I'm so  
sorry big bro. I never wanted this to  
happen like this. I never...

RAY LEBEAU  
(interrupting)  
Shh. It's alright. I'll be there in  
fifteen minutes. Let me in the back.

Hank is almost on the verge of tears.

HANK LEBEAU  
Ray. Thank you. You just saved my life.

RAY LEBEAU  
Okay. Just - I'll be right there.

Ray gets up from his desk and hangs up his phone.

Ray grabs his coat off of the back of his leather chair and takes off out of his office.

EXT. BOURBON STREET STRIP CLUB - DAY

Ray parks his BLACK CADILLAC behind a desolate Strip Club building. He gets out of his car and approaches a large Black BOUNCER waiting for him at the back door.

Ray approaches the Bouncer fearlessly.

BOUNCER  
Ray Lebeau?

RAY LEBEAU  
That's right.

BOUNCER  
Any recording devices or weapons on your person? Cell phone?

RAY LEBEAU  
Yeah. Just my cell phone.

BOUNCER  
Alright, please take the phone out of your pocket and put your arms up for me.

Ray takes his phone out and lifts his arms. The Bouncer gives him a frisking and takes his cell phone.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Their waiting for you inside.

The Bouncer leads him into the DARK INSIDE ROOM and locks the door from the outside behind him.

INT. BOURBON STREET STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks into the fortified back room of a strip club. The couches are all plush RED VELVET and there are two STRIPPER POLES and a nice CHERRYWOOD BAR in the corner.

Hank is tied to a chair surrounded by two ARMED MEN.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (40's), a well dressed black gentleman who commands enormous respect in this kingdom, eyes Ray as he enters the back room.

Louis grabs two COCKTAILS from the BARTENDER (20's) and walks towards Ray with swagger and purpose.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Raymond Lebeau. So nice of you to join us today. I hope you like it with soda.

Louis hands Ray a glass of scotch and soda.

RAY LEBEAU

Thanks. But I don't drink anymore.

Ray puts the glass down, but Louis looks offended.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Pick up the drink Raymond.

RAY LEBEAU

What am I doing here? Want to tell me what's going on?

Louis turns around towards Hank and his Armed Guards.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Marcus.

One of the armed guards pulls out his gun and COCKS it against Hank's head.

RAY LEBEAU

You pull that trigger in this room and the whole block is going to hear it.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Raymond, this room is completely soundproof. Had one of those Hollywood set guys construct it. We can shoot all the guns we want in here. Ain't nobody gonna hear a goddamn thing.

The other Armed Guard pulls out a SWITCH BLADE and holds it to Hank's Ear.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

That goes for screams too...

RAY LEBEAU

Please don't do that.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Then why don't you have a drink with me?

Ray looks nervously down at the drink.

He reaches down and grabs the glass of Scotch and soda. He raises it to Louis in a mock sort of cheers.

Ray takes a big long GULP and Louis smiles.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
I have a video I'd like to share with  
you. It features your little brother over  
there. His first starring role I believe.

One of the Armed Guards presses PLAY on a Remote Control  
and a VIDEO comes up on a huge flat-screen TV.

THE VIDEO - AN EMPTY CONDO ROOM - NIGHT

The door to the condo room opens, and in fall Hank Lebeau  
and a scantily clad PROSTITUTE (18).

They kiss deeply and fall all over each other into the  
room. Hank throws her on the bed and she GIGGLES.

Hank starts to take his shirt off and climb on top of  
her, but...

PROSTITUTE  
Wait, not yet. Can you put the money on  
the dresser for me sweetheart?

Hank tilts his head to the side, considering.

HANK LEBEAU  
Three Hundred, right?

PROSTITUTE  
Not if you want to do whatever you want.

HANK LEBEAU  
Whatever I want? How much does that cost?

PROSTITUTE  
Another one fifty. Five fifty is my lucky  
number baby.

HANK LEBEAU  
Five fifty.

Hank counts out the money and puts it on the table.

HANK LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
You're worth every penny.

PROSTITUTE  
You bet I am.

Hank finishes taking off his shirt and his pants.

INT. BOURBON STREET STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray turns around to Louis while the video continues to play behind them.

RAY LEBEAU

Alright. I think I can tell where this is going. What do you want?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

What I do I want?

(to Marcus)

Hey Marcus, man! Can you fast-forward to the good part so we can show Raymond Lebeau exactly where this is going.

(back to Ray)

Then I'll tell you what I want.

THE VIDEO - INSIDE THE HOTEL ROOM - (FAST FORWARDS)

Hank and the Prostitute have all kinds of sex in fast forward for what feels like 15 minutes of real time but goes by in about ten seconds on the screen.

Eventually they get on the bed and Hank pulls out his belt and puts it around the prostitute's neck.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Oh damn, this is the good part. You can play it there Marcus.

THE VIDEO PLAYS -

The point of view is from right behind the center of the head board. Hank has his belt tied around her neck as he thrusts into her hard in the doggy-style position.

She looks to be enjoying it, but their sex is very ROUGH.

Suddenly the Prostitute's eyes roll into the back of her head and she passes out. Hank continues until he finishes, not realizing that she has fallen unconscious.

INT. BOURBON STREET STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray turns around to Marcus furious.

RAY LEBEAU

That's enough!

Marcus only listens to Louis Lafayette and the video keeps playing. Ray turns to Louis.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Stop this. Is that girl alive?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
Keep it playing Marcus.

RAY LEBEAU  
Is that girl alive!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
She dead as a door nail, son. Still lying  
in that there hotel room just like your  
baby brother left her.

Ray looks over to Hank furious.

RAY LEBEAU  
(shouting)  
What the hell is wrong with you! You have  
a wife Hank! Kids!

HANK LEBEAU  
(on the verge of tears)  
I'm so sorry.

RAY LEBEAU  
You're a fucking idiot. I can't even  
believe this is happening right now.

HANK LEBEAU  
I fucked up! I know I did.

RAY LEBEAU  
You have no idea!  
(to Louis)  
So what do you want? Money?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
That girl was eighteen years old. She  
started working for us only a week ago.  
She was pregnant, I let her dance and use  
our in-call facility so she could save a  
little bit for her kid.

RAY LEBEAU  
Jesus Christ.

Ray runs his hand through his hair and DOWNS his SCOTCH.  
He walks over to the Cherrywood Bar in the corner and  
TAPS his glass.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
(to the bartender)  
I'll have another. Neat.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Now, there is a way out of this dark and desolate situation you two find yourselves in. If you'll have a seat, I'll explain to you my terms.

Ray gets his drink back from the Bartender and Louis motions for Ray to sit down. Both men have seat.

RAY LEBEAU

Are there cameras in the Hotel Lobby?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

It's a condo building. It belongs to our holding company. That's not a problem.

RAY LEBEAU

And what do you need from me? What is this going to cost.

Louis smiles and sets his drink down.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Money, we ain't exactly short on. What I need are two things money can't buy.

RAY LEBEAU

And what is that?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Access and retribution. Access and retribution Raymond. It's that simple.

RAY LEBEAU

Access to what?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

The Mayor. You and he were old schoolboys if I'm not mistaken? And now you're the DA and he's the mayor. Awful lot of influence you two hold.

RAY LEBEAU

That's right. We went to Charles Prep together. He's a good friend.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

CHARLES PREP! Look at you name dropping that shit up in my place of business. You want to know a secret? My son attend there himself right now. They don't invite me to the parties per se, but I do know some of the fathers very well. Like Hank here...

Ray looks over at Hank and shakes his head.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
So, you can provide access to the Mayor?

RAY LEBEAU  
Done.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
Right. Now for the retribution. The names Peter Johnson and Donald Franklin mean anything to you?

RAY LEBEAU  
I think you know they do.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
I need you to prosecute them for this.

Louis Lafayette points to the screen.

RAY LEBEAU  
How am I going to do that?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
Leave that to me. Just make sure that you win this time.

Ray nods.

RAY LEBEAU  
So that's what this about? Let me ask you something. Is that girl even dead?

Ray points to the Video.

Louis SMILES and leans in close so Ray can understand.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
Let me make this clear to you. Do not mistake this extraordinary act of kindness for weakness. It took all the self-restraint I have in my soul not to hang your brother from his toes and break out the blow torches and cork screws on that mother fucker's ass.

Ray looks Louis right in the eye.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
After Hank told me you was his brother, I thought that we might be able to achieve some kind of greater good from all this. Rather than just two dead white folks.

RAY LEBEAU

Alright. You get me the evidence, I'll get you the conviction.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

I'm glad you understand.

RAY LEBEAU

And what's your business with the mayor?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

We need a contract.

RAY LEBEAU

For what?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Order of ten thousand security cameras, like the one we watchin' your brother's Oscar winning performance on right now.

ON THE TV - CONDO ROOM - NIGHT

HANK runs around the room frantically running his fingers through his hair trying to figure out what to do with the dead body.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

It's going to be good for Jimmy's political image. It'll repair the bad reputation he gained after you let those cops go free when they murdered three unarmed women and an innocent child.

RAY LEBEAU

There was no evidence. We couldn't prosecute them with no evidence. I hope you understand that.

BIG LOUIS

And that's precisely what I'm offering. Evidence. A security camera on every street corner in New Orleans. There will be no more "what ifs" when it comes to crimes committed out on the street.

RETURN TO SCENE

RAY LEBEAU

Okay, I think we could get behind that. Who manufactures the security cameras?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

It's a local New Orleans corporation. That will look good for the Mayor too. "Mayor James Paulson, tough on crime, stimulator of the local economy. Supporter of black businesses." It will win him the reelection, and maybe even make way for you to follow in his footsteps Mister Lebeau. That's my desire anyway. A friend in court...

Ray nods.

RAY LEBEAU

How much per unit? Just so I know what to tell the Mayor when I see him.

Louis takes a dossier out of a briefcase on the table and throws it over to Ray.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

That's the proforma. We need ten million dollars to start. You and he look it over and get back to me.

RAY LEBEAU

Done, it might take some time, but I'll make it happen.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

You have one week. Now, I need you to take Hank here and get out of town for the weekend. Need you both to have a Saturday alibi for what's about to go down. He mentioned you had a hunting lodge upstate?

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah. We can do that.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Would Mayor Jimmy join you on such a short notice?

RAY LEBEAU

I don't know, I'd have to ask him.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Text him now. We'll wait for his reply.

The Bouncer throws Ray his cell phone and he starts to text the Mayor on it.

RAY LEBEAU

What about this tape? There are copies?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Oh yes.

RAY LEBEAU

I do this for you?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

We watch 'em all burn together.

Ray nods. His cell phone BUZZES.

He looks at the text message and shows it to Louis.

RAY'S TEXT: "Hey buddy, you want to come up to Bienville and shoot some quail this weekend?"

MAYOR JAMES TEXT: "Hell yeah. Wife's mother is in town anyway. You just saved my life."

Louis smiles.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

Perfect. So we have a deal then.

Louis reaches out his hand for a shake and Ray shakes it.

RAY LEBEAU

Yes we do.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

I'm glad you see it that way.

(to Armed Guards)

Marcus, you can untie that bitch.

(to Ray)

You're never to come back in to this establishment, either of you. The only communication we'll have will be through my own anonymous agents. I expect the camera contract in a matter of one week, or that tape finds its way down to the New Orleans Police Station.

Ray stands up.

RAY LEBEAU

Come on Hank.

Hank is cut loose from his chair by Marcus.

Hank stands up, rubbing his wrists and GLARING at the Armed Guards.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Come Hank. Let's get out of here.

Hank looks around the room silently and follows behind his Ray as they walk out of the back door.

EVERYONE in the room STARES at them as they go.

Ray opens the door and they walk into the BLINDING LIGHT.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Ray gets in his car and starts the engine. Hank gets in after him and looks at his brother pathetically.

HANK LEBEAU  
Ray, look I'm...

RAY LEBEAU  
No words! No fucking words out of you Hank. Not a single goddamn word for the entire ride. I mean it.

Hank nods, embarrassed.

HANK LEBEAU  
Okay.

Ray pulls out of the disheveled parking lot and drives away from the strip club.

EXT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Ray, Hank, and MAYOR JAMES PAULSON (39) good looking black guy, all wear camouflage and carry shotguns as they hike into the woods away from the HUNTING LODGE on the massive property.

MAYOR PAULSON  
So where did you come up with this crime camera idea?

RAY LEBEAU  
Just been trying to think of a way to deal with the backlash from the Katrina shooting incident.

MAYOR PAULSON  
The two cops?

RAY LEBEAU  
Yep.

MAYOR PAULSON

Lucky we didn't have a goddamn riot.

RAY LEBEAU

Yes we are. This is how we show them that you about justice, that we care about the safety of the people of New Orleans.

MAYOR PAULSON

And how much is all of this caring going to cost our bottom line?

RAY LEBEAU

How much federal aide we got pouring into our coffers? How many donations? Katrina was one hell of a nasty bitch, but her coat tails were lined with gold, James.

MAYOR PAULSON

How much Raymond?

RAY LEBEAU

I need to get some bids from a a few companies and get back to you next week. I'm told around ten million to start.

MAYOR PAULSON

What do you think Hank? You've been awfully quiet this whole time.

HANK LEBEAU

I think it's a great idea. It'll show that you're taking action to push the city in the right direction.

James nods his head.

MAYOR PAULSON

I don't think it's a bad idea honestly. You Lebeau boys may be on to something here. I got to give it to you.

EXT. LOUISIANA WOODS - DAY

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The three men empty their shotguns at a FLOCK OF QUAIL.

RAY LEBEAU

Go get him boy.

Ray spansks a BIRD-DOG and the dog takes off and chases a down the dead BIRDS.

Hank, Ray, and Mayor Paulson EJECT the 12 Gauge shells from their shotguns and load more rounds in.

Ray looks particularly pleased with himself.

MAYOR PAULSON  
Not too bad boys. Not too bad.

A SHRILL FEMALE SCREAM comes out of the woods.

RAY LEBEAU  
What the hell was that?

They all look at each other worried.

HANK LEBEAU  
Is there someone out there!?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(yelling out)  
Someone fucking shot me!

They all look at each other worried.

RAY LEBEAU  
(quietly)  
Mayor, you better get out of here.

MAYOR PAULSON  
(quietly)  
You gotta be kidding me.

HANK LEBEAU  
(shouting out)  
Are you alright!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(shouting back)  
You shot me! How do you think I am?

MAYOR PAULSON  
(whispering)  
I'll see you boys back in New Orleans.  
Take care of this quietly.

Ray and Hank look at one another and shake their heads as Mayor Paulson jogs off in the opposite direction.

The Bird-Dog comes running up with the QUAIL in its mouth. Ray pats the dog on the head and it drops the Quail at his feet.

RAY LEBEAU

Good boy.

Ray and Hank walk toward the voice cautiously.

HANK LEBEAU

(shouting out)

We're coming to help! Stay calm!

Ray takes out his PHONE and starts TEXTING.

EXT. WOODS - THICKET - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Hank trudge through the thick swampy woods and come upon

DARCY (40's), gorgeous, rustic, with a CAMERA around her neck and dressed in casual attire, she's grasping her right arm and bleeding from the shotgun pellets.

Ray and Hank approach her cautiously, she looks up at them with mad eyes from the stump on which she sits.

DARCY

Which one of you ass holes shot me?

RAY LEBEAU

Jesus, are you alright?

DARCY

Do I look alright?

Ray is lost in Darcy's beauty for a moment. Unable to react, or think - like he's star struck.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Are you just gonna stand there and let me bleed to death over here?

Hank bends down and looks at her arm.

HANK LEBEAU

We need to get her to a hospital.

RAY LEBEAU

I already texted doctor Kelly in town, he's on his way over.

DARCY

Don't want this getting out, do you?

Ray and Hank look at one another worried.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm trying to help you. What are you doing walking around back here anyway? Don't you know this is private property?

Darcy shows him her camera indignantly.

DARCY

I'm a reporter for "New Orleans Living." Didn't know this was private.

RAY LEBEAU

Awfully far from New Orleans, aren't you?

DARCY

I'm on an assignment about the disappearance of bees in the northern part of the state. Trying to find out what effects, if any, it's having on the Magnolia blossoms.

RAY LEBEAU

The old state flower, huh? Happy to see New Orleans Living is focussing on issues besides beautiful homes and the vapid people who inhabit them.

Darcy looks up at him and smiles, surprised.

DARCY

Well we do have something in common then. Besides, of course, the fact that you shot me.

RAY LEBEAU

You're in Bienville Parish, Miss. Just about anybody around here's gonna shoot you if you wander onto their land. You're just lucky I wasn't aiming for you.

DARCY

So it was you then?

RAY LEBEAU

It was me. Look, we'll get you cleaned up. I'll take care of everything, this doctor's a good friend of mine and he knows what he's doing.

DARCY

You're just lucky I don't prosecute you both for attempted murder.

Darcy smiles, a devious smile that frightens Ray.

HANK LEBEAU

Now, now, nobody attempted any murder.

Ray reaches his hand out to her to pick her up.

RAY LEBEAU

Can you walk.

DARCY

You shot me in the arm. I think I can manage. What are your names anyway?

RAY LEBEAU

Off the record? I don't want to wind up in New Orleans Living.

DARCY

If you treat me like a lady and offer me some bourbon, nobody will know a thing.

RAY LEBEAU

Well I tried to stop drinking.

HANK LEBEAU

I'll run out and get some.

DARCY

Names?

RAY LEBEAU

This is Hank, and I'm Ray Lebeau.

DARCY

I'm Darcy. Darcy Dubois. Why does Ray Lebeau sound so familiar?

RAY LEBEAU

I couldn't possibly guess.

DARCY

I think I did a puff piece a while back about the new and elegant home of an older Ray Lebeau and his bubbly wife. He was mayor of New Orleans way back, maybe

RAY LEBEAU

Nineteen Eighty six to nineteen ninety four.

DARCY

Wow, native sons who actually know the history of their city.

RAY LEBEAU

Actual sons. He's our father. I'm Ray junior.

Darcy nods.

DARCY

Ah. That must be one hell of a story in and of itself.

RAY LEBEAU

Well we got a long walk back. What is it you'd like to know?

Darcy smiles and the three of them walk through the woods back towards the hunting lodge.

INT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Darcy is lying on a couch that is covered in a blanket. DOCTOR PETERSON (70's) takes the pellets out of her arm with tweezers very carefully.

The room is trying hard to look rustic, but the designer touches stick out and paint a picture of old money.

Darcy takes swigs of a glass bourbon to try and stifle the pain as the Doctor does his work.

DOCTOR PETERSON

You shouldn't drink so much right now, it will make the bleeding worse.

DARCY

I'm a girl doc. I'm used to bleeding every damn month.

Hank and Ray look at each other and smile at that one.

Darcy takes out a pack of MARLBORO 27's and LIGHTS ONE.

DOCTOR PETERSON

I wish you wouldn't smoke.

HANK LEBEAU

No, it's alright. Mind if I have one.

RAY LEBEAU

I thought you quit...

Hank nods his head back and forth.

HANK LEBEAU  
Yeah, well...time like this.

Hank and Ray make eye-contact again.

Hank LIGHTS a cigarette.

Doctor Peterson takes the last pellet out of her arm and swabs it with alcohol and puts a band-aid on it.

DOCTOR PETERSON  
Alright, that just about does it.

Doctor Peterson begins to pack up his belongings.

Ray and Hank stand up. Ray shakes hands with the Doctor.

RAY LEBEAU  
Thank for coming out on short notice.

DOCTOR PETERSON  
Short notice is all I do.  
(turning to Darcy)  
Miss.

DARCY  
Thanks again Doc.

HANK LEBEAU  
(to Doctor Peterson)  
I'll walk you out.

Hank and the Doctor walk out of the room. Ray crosses over towards Darcy and sits beside her.

RAY LEBEAU  
Anything I can get you? Anything I can do for you?

Darcy bites her lip sexually, undressing Ray with her eyes from top to bottom.

DARCY  
I can think of a few things you could do TO me...

Ray can't believe she's coming onto him like this and he looks embarrassed. She looks dead serious.

RAY LEBEAU  
Well, what did you have in mind?

Darcy cracks a smile and starts to LAUGH.

DARCY

Oh boy. Gullible too. I like my men gullible. It's endearing.

Ray CLEARS HIS THROAT.

RAY LEBEAU

Okay. How about I invite you to dinner this week down in New Orleans? Try to make all this up to you.

DARCY

I could be open to that.

RAY LEBEAU

Alright. Well it's getting late. Let's get you set up in the guest bedroom.

Darcy nods and gets up from the couch.

DARCY

Thank you for all this hospitality.

RAY LEBEAU

Our pleasure.

Ray shows her to her room.

INT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray leads Darcy into the regally decorated guest bedroom.

DARCY

This will do just fine.

Darcy closes the door behind her and Ray, leaving him in a vulnerable position. She gets close to him.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Do you want to tuck me in?

Ray CLEARS HIS THROAT.

RAY LEBEAU

Umm, look, how about we just take things slow here. I just met you.

Darcy smiles coyly and leans into his ear.

DARCY

That's usually the way I like it too. But with you, I just can't hardly resist.

She bites his ear and flicks her tongue inside of it.

RAY LEBEAU

Darcy...

DARCY

Oh yeah. Say my name again.

She bends down from his ear and kisses his neck gently.

DARCY LEBEAU

Darcy. Please.

Darcy takes a hard bite of his neck and Ray MOANS, getting into it a little bit.

DARCY

I can see you like it rough.

Ray shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU

The things I would do to you.

DARCY

Well don't just stand there talking about it. Your brother won't mind...

Ray takes a step back.

RAY LEBEAU

Right. But um...I'm...

DARCY

Married? I can see that on your finger. But that didn't stop you from asking me to dinner, did it?

Ray continues to take steps back towards the door.

RAY LEBEAU

Let's just...take this slow. Dinner is about as far as I should go.

Darcy smiles wide and bites her lip.

DARCY

I can handle slow at first, but only at first, Ray. Don't lead a girl on.

RAY LEBEAU

I'll see you in the morning Darcy.

DARCY  
Sweet dreams, Raymond.

Ray turns around and exits the room and shuts the door.

Darcy BREATHES DEEP, and falls on top of the bed.

EXT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - MORNING

Hank and Ray wave goodbye to Darcy as she walks away from their Hunting Lodge.

RAY LEBEAU  
Just follow that road there and you'll  
come out on the main drag.

DARCY  
Thanks Lebeau's. Safe trip back now!

Darcy turns and walks away.

Hank leans over quietly.

HANK LEBEAU  
What happened between you two last night?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU  
I don't know. Nothing special.

HANK LEBEAU  
Yeah but she is something special.

RAY LEBEAU  
No kidding. Not what she appears though.

HANK LEBEAU  
What do you mean?

RAY LEBEAU  
You think it's a coincidence that she's  
just up here on our property with a  
camera? My guess is she's up here on a  
political assignment, trying to do a  
piece on the Mayor.

HANK LEBEAU  
You think?

RAY LEBEAU  
New Orleans Living? The disappearance of  
Bees? Give me a break.

HANK LEBEAU

What are you going to do about it?

RAY LEBEAU

I don't know. Play dumb, see what she knows or doesn't know. Maybe it could lead somewhere. I could divert her attention and play her to our advantage.

HANK LEBEAU

Just be careful. We're already playing around with fire here.

RAY LEBEAU

Don't lecture me on being careful Hank. We wouldn't be here if you could keep your goddamn dick in your pants.

Ray walks off from the porch of their property and leaves Hank standing there contemplatively.

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - DAY

Ray opens the door to his large Antebellum home and enters into his foyer.

RAY LEBEAU

(shouting softly)

Honey! I'm back.

GLORIA LEBEAU (30's) a beautiful Southern Belle, walks into the foyer with a big wide smile.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh hi sugar.

Gloria walks up to him and kisses him on the cheek. He grabs her tight and pulls her in close to him, grabbing her ass and squeezing it hard.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Raymond!

She SWATS his hand away from her ass.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)

What has gotten into you?

RAY LEBEAU

I haven't seen you all weekend and this is how I'm greeted?

GLORIA LEBEAU

We have company over. I think you know her actually...

Ray looks worried.

RAY LEBEAU

What? Who's here?

GLORIA LEBEAU

A one misses Gilda Lebeau.

RAY LEBEAU

(relieved)

Oh. Mom's here. How is she?

GLORIA LEBEAU

Fine. We were just discussing the plans for our charity event out on the River this weekend.

RAY LEBEAU

Oh right. Let me just take a quick shower and I'll come say hi.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Shoot any girls while you were up there?

Ray stops cold as he walks up the stairs.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm sorry?

GLORIA LEBEAU

Did you shoot any girls up there at the hunting lodge?

RAY LEBEAU

What are you saying?

GLORIA LEBEAU

Birds! Birds silly! For the third time. Are you becoming hard of hearing?

Ray nods...he's on edge.

RAY LEBEAU

Sorry. Yeah, one or two. Nothing special.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh okay...I was just curious. Well come down and say hi after you get showered up. Don't take forever.

Ray nods and walks up the stairs to his room.

INT. LEBEAU HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY

GILDA LEBEAU (60's), bouffant black hair, bursting with enthusiasm and Southern charm, speaks with Gloria about the upcoming charity event.

She looks up when Ray enters the room in new clothes and wet hair.

GILDA LEBEAU  
(overjoyed)  
Well hot dog! There you are!

Gilda gets up from her seat.

RAY LEBEAU  
Here I am.

Gilda hugs her son, squeezing him tight!

GILDA LEBEAU  
Oh don't act so happy to see your old geriatric mother.

RAY LEBEAU  
You don't look a day over forty.

Gilda rocks him back and forth hugging him.

GILDA LEBEAU  
Oh stop it!

They separate and Gilda sits back down. Ray starts to brew some coffee.

RAY LEBEAU  
So how's it coming?

GILDA LEBEAU  
It's going to be the charity event to end all charities.

Gloria LAUGHS and CLAPS her hands.

RAY LEBEAU  
Well, let's hope not.

GILDA LEBEAU  
You know what I mean. Darcy was just telling me about your brother, Hank.

Ray stops suddenly.

RAY LEBEAU

What about him?

GILDA LEBEAU

About his job. Linda called her on Friday and broke the news. Is he okay?

RAY LEBEAU

I don't know what you mean?

GLORIA LEBEAU

He lost his job over at Greenbriar Capital last week.

RAY LEBEAU

Oh...yeah.

GLORIA LEBEAU

I thought that's why you all went away so suddenly. Brother-bonding kind of time.

Ray nods.

RAY LEBEAU

Right, yeah. He's doing okay, still licking his wounds. I wouldn't bring it up to him if I was you.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh, we won't.

GILDA LEBEAU

I was just worried about him. That's all. He is still my son.

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah. He'll figure something out, I'm not too worried for the kid.

Ray puts the coffee in the pot and starts the machine.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

I'll leave you two ladies to it. I've got some work that needs to get done before work tomorrow. Good seeing you Mom.

GILDA LEBEAU

You too Raymond. We're going to have dinner on Tuesday night, you free then?

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah, I think I am. I can make that work.  
I'll see you then.

GILDA LEBEAU

Bye Raymond. Good luck with the work.

Ray exits the room and Gilda and Gloria get back to the business of planning the charity event.

INT. RAY'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Ray is reading over some notes at his desk. His phone RINGS beside him and he looks at it cautiously. He picks up the phone.

RAY LEBEAU

(into phone)

Hello.

(listens)

Of course, send him in.

Ray hides some pieces of paper under a bigger stack and stands up from his chair and walks around his desk.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Come in.

The door to Ray's office opens and Mayor Paulson enters. The two men shake hands.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Mister Mayor.

MAYOR PAULSON

Raymond.

Mayor Paulson closes the door behind him.

MAYOR PAULSON (CONT'D)

You heard the news this morning?

RAY LEBEAU

Yes I did, came as quite a shock.

MAYOR PAULSON

We are beyond fucked on this one. We allowed these two to walk after they shot and killed four innocent people and then less than a month later they've murdered a pregnant eighteen year old prostitute and tried to cover it up?

Ray nods and sits down at his desk.

RAY LEBEAU

It's not all bad, they're in a jail cell at least.

MAYOR PAULSON

You think you can keep 'em there this time?

RAY LEBEAU

I'm pushing for no bail. Security footage from the condo building up in Carrollton has the cops entering the building and exiting three and a half hours later, carrying the body in black plastic bags and placing it into the trunk of their car before they drive away. Girl's body was chopped up into little pieces.

MAYOR PAULSON

Jesus Christ. Girl has a family?

RAY LEBEAU

Seems like a runaway from what the chief told me. No family they've been able to locate yet.

MAYOR PAULSON

Security Camera footage caught 'em red handed huh?

RAY LEBEAU

That's right.

MAYOR PAULSON

Makes me think about what we were talking about this weekend.

RAY LEBEAU

What's that?

MAYOR PAULSON

The crime cameras and all. This case could be our selling point.

(MORE)

MAYOR PAULSON (CONT'D)

Proves how effective that one camera was in catching these guys. Imagine if we had cameras on every street corner? We could eliminate crime in this city, Ray. It could be our crowning achievement.

RAY LEBEAU

Wow I didn't think about it like that James, but you're right. This could be the catalyst we need for change.

MAYOR PAULSON

Did you get any estimates about how much this might cost if we were going to actually go through with it?

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah, a few.

Ray opens his desk drawer and pulls out the Proforma that Louis Lafayette gave to him.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Now just about all of the companies I found manufacture their cameras in China, or Indonesia, or Vietnam.

(tapping the proforma)

This one right here is fully staffed to produce these cameras right in our back yard up in Metarie.

Ray hands Mayor Paulson the Proforma.

MAYOR PAULSON

You're kidding?

RAY LEBEAU

And, it's a black-owned business.

MAYOR PAULSON

Damn. You may have found the Holy Grail here Ray. How much it come in at?

RAY LEBEAU

Coverage in the French Quarter all the way to uptown is about ten million for the first installations. Then we can scale up if we're having a lot of success with it. All depends.

Mayor Paulson thumbs through the proforma quickly.

MAYOR PAULSON

Just like you said. Goddamn. I think I can get this to go through.

He TAPS the Proforma, impressed with Ray.

MAYOR PAULSON (CONT'D)

Nice work here, Ray. Like I said, we could ride this thing all the way to reelection. Could really change the way people perceive New Orleans.

RAY LEBEAU

You take the credit on that one sir. We need to get the people of New Orleans back on your side.

MAYOR PAULSON

Will do, you just make sure those cops aren't allowed to make bail and are sitting in a jail cell for the rest of their miserable lives.

RAY LEBEAU

That shouldn't be too hard.

MAYOR PAULSON

(re: the Proforma)

Good, mind if I take this?

RAY LEBEAU

Of course, get the ball rolling. The faster we can make the press announcement that we're actively trying to make the city safer, the better. We need something positive to counter the negative press that's going to come from all this.

MAYOR PAULSON

Couldn't have said it better. Keep up the good work. Keep me in the loop.

RAY LEBEAU

I will.

Mayor Paulson exits the room and Ray stands up from his desk and turns around to his window.

He looks out at the cloudy day.

His cell phone BUZZES in his pocket. It's Darcy.

DARCY TEXT: "Hey there you. What about dinner this week?"

RAY'S TEXT: "Galatoire's at eight on Wednesday."

Ray changes Darcy's contact in his phone to "Mayor Jim."

Ray puts his phone away and grabs his jacket off of his chair. His phone BUZZES in his pocket again, this time from "Mayor Jim" AKA Darcy.

MAYOR JIM'S TEXT: "Sounds good I'll wear something nice."

Ray smiles down at his text and then DELETES the conversation from his text message board.

Ray walks around his desk and exits his office.

EXT. RAY'S PARENT'S HOME - NIGHT

Ray's Black Cadillac pulls up to the front of a STATELY MANSION in the Garden District.

Gloria and Ray walk up the porch of the gorgeous Mansion and Ray RINGS the doorbell to the home.

Gilda OPENS the door smiling wide at Ray and Gloria.

GILDA LEBEAU  
(overjoyed)  
Well hot dog! There you two are.

RAY LEBEAU  
Mama.

Gilda hugs Ray.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
How's dad?

Gilda's smile turns sad.

GILDA LEBEAU  
He's had better days.

Gloria holds Gilda and kisses her.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
You're such a saint.

GILDA LEBEAU  
You look absolutely radiant.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Thank you so much.

GILDA LEBEAU

I'm just so happy y'all could join us for dinner and let us help take a little bit of the burden off of you.

RAY LEBEAU

We really appreciate it Mama.

They enter the home and Gilda shuts the door behind them.

INT. RAY'S PARENT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gilda leads Ray and Gloria into the Living room.

RAY SR. (70's) cold eyes, perfectly combed grey hair, wearing a sweater, is sitting on a lay-z-boy watching a college football game on TV.

Hank is sitting beside his father. He gets up to greet Gloria and Ray.

HANK LEBEAU

(slightly tipsy)

Big brother, big brother, how you doin'?

The two brothers hug.

RAY LEBEAU

Everything's a little hectic right now at work. But all is well.

Ray goes over to Ray Sr. and sits down next to him. He gives him a pat on the shoulder.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Hey Pops. How you doing?

Ray Sr. looks over at him with far-away eyes.

RAY SR.

How are you?

RAY LEBEAU

I'm hanging in there. You happy LSU is in the lead?

Ray Sr. nods, but we get the feeling he's not following.

RAY SR.

Oh yes. Yes of course. Tigers are kicking their asses. Did we play together?

Ray smiles sadly and PATS his Dad on his shoulder.

RAY LEBEAU

We sure did Dad. It's just been a long time.

Ray sees that ON THE TV -The football game he's watching was originally broadcast in 1988.

Ray shakes his head, sadly and looks back over his shoulder to Gilda.

GILDA LEBEAU

Well, we can always pause the game and come back to it later.

A BLACK CHEF (50's) portly, comes out of the kitchen.

BLACK CHEF

We got food on the table whenever you guys want to come take a seat.

RAY LEBEAU

Sounds good, I'm hungry.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Me too.

Ray gets up and bends down to help his father into his wheelchair.

RAY LEBEAU

Here we go Pops.

Ray bends down and lifts up Ray Sr. into his wheelchair.

HANK LEBEAU

You need a hand with Dad?

RAY LEBEAU

No, I got it. Thanks.

RAY SR.

(shouting)

What the hell are you all looking at? Get out of here.

They all SIGH sadly and turn around and exit the room.

INT. RAY'S PARENT'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They are all sat at a nice dining room table at the end of the meal and enjoying a few coffees.

Ray Sr. has all but dozed off in his chair.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Well what do you think about it Gilda? I see you rolling your eyes over there.

Gloria smiles at her mother-in-law.

GILDA LEBEAU

I just know that if someone were to really look at the issues in our inner city, and realize the damage control that just a few of these community centers could bring, then we could maybe start to see some real change. That's why we're doing this charity event. It's not about catching people doing these crimes, it's about crime prevention. From the get-go.

RAY LEBEAU

Well I'm happy you guys are doing it. I'll tell you that.

GILDA LEBEAU

I just want to make sure we get as much press on this boat as possible. Force the issue with the papers so they understand what we're trying to accomplish here, instead of fighting us on it.

GLORIA LEBEAU

I've already been getting that done. There is going to be somebody from every major publication in the city there.

Those words give Ray a little bit of a jolt.

GILDA LEBEAU

What's wrong honey?

Ray's mother knows him better than anyone.

RAY LEBEAU

What do you mean?

GILDA LEBEAU

You jumped a little when she said every major publication.

(MORE)

GILDA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
 If you're going to be the Mayor one day,  
 you better get used to the press.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Yeah. Of course. You're right. I know.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Damn right she is.

Gloria and Gilda do an "air high-five."

Ray smiles. Hank shakes his head at the two.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Hey Mom, I have a weird question for you.  
 Speaking of the press, do you remember  
 doing an interview about this house a  
 while back when you first moved in here?

GILDA LEBEAU  
 We did so many interviews for this home  
 back then, I couldn't possibly know which  
 one you meant.

RAY LEBEAU  
 You remember doing one for "New Orleans  
 Living?"

Gilda squints her eyes at Ray.

GILDA LEBEAU  
 I can't quite recall. Although again, I'm  
 sure we did.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Why do you ask?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU  
 I don't know. They're just...trying to do  
 a story on the mayor and he was asking  
 about how they treated you.

Gilda shakes her head.

GILDA LEBEAU  
 I really don't remember. I'm sure it's  
 fine. Jimmy's a big boy, he can handle  
 himself out there.

RAY LEBEAU  
 You're right. Just forget about it. Let's  
 talk about something else...

They all sip their coffee in silence for a moment.

INT. LEBEAU HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray comes into the bedroom, dressed the same as he was at dinner. Darcy is already in bed.

RAY LEBEAU  
You got ready for bed fast.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
I'm just exhausted sweetheart.

Ray takes off his tie and approaches his wife.

He sits on the side of the bed with her and takes his tie and puts it against her wrist.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Ray leans down and kisses his wife's ear.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Ray, I told you I'm tired.

RAY LEBEAU  
Are you sure?

Ray goes from her ear down to her neck and bites it.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
Ouch. Yes, I love you, but I'm exhausted tonight. I have a long day tomorrow.

Gloria rolls over away from Ray. Ray looks deflated.

RAY LEBEAU  
Okay. I love you too.

Ray rolls over to his side of the bed and puts his cell phone and his keys down on the night stand. He stands up and heads towards his closet where he starts to take off his clothes and get ready for bed.

His cell phone BUZZES on the night stand. He looks over at it nervously.

Ray finishes getting changed and his phone CHIMES again.

Gloria rolls over and looks at his cell phone screen.

GLORIA LEBEAU

You got a text messages from Mayor Jim.  
Want me to read it?

Ray rushes over eagerly.

RAY LEBEAU

No, it's fine. He and I have been working  
on something these past couple days. It's  
just requiring a lot of communication.  
That's all.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh yeah? What are you working on?

RAY LEBEAU

Just this crime camera initiative. It's  
going to do great things for this city.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh like you were saying at dinner. That's  
wonderful honey. I hope you two boys can  
get folks back on our side.

RAY LEBEAU

That's exactly what we're working to  
accomplish.

Ray reads the text.

MAYOR JIM'S TEXT (DARCY): "I can't stop thinking about  
the outline of your hard cock in those khakis you were  
wearing when we first met."

Ray nervously texts back.

RAY'S TEXT: "Please don't text this phone anymore. It's  
my private line. I'll see you tomorrow at 8..."

Ray sends the text and then thinks for a moment...

RAY'S TEXT: "And I can't wait. :)"

Ray presses send, as soon as he does, he regrets it.

MAYOR JIM'S TEXT (DARCY): "Ok, sorry. Me too. :P see you  
tomorrow."

Ray shakes his head, angry with himself. He DELETES the  
text message history on his phone.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Everything alright?

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah, fine. Just James is nervous about some stuff. It'll be okay. Good night babe.

Ray sets his phone on the night stand and crawls into bed with Gloria.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Sweet dreams.

RAY LEBEAU

You too honey.

Ray SHUTS OFF THE LIGHT and we

SMASH TO BLACK:

FUNKY JAZZ MUSIC builds to a roaring frenzy as we  
CRASH INTO

INT. JETHRO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A kicked-up JAZZ BAND plays magnificently on stage in a dirty little Jazz Bar in New Orleans.

PEOPLE are dancing, drinking, and having a good time.

Ray and Darcy are sat in a back booth.

She's having a cocktail and he's having a coke.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm glad to see you're making a full recovery.

DARCY

Yeah well, it was nothing too serious.

Darcy CHUCKLES a little bit and spills her drink.

RAY LEBEAU

What's so funny?

DARCY

I just never thought I'd say "it was nothing too serious" about a gun shot.

RAY LEBEAU

It was bird shot, and you were at least fifty yards away. Wasn't too bad.

DARCY  
Whatever helps you sleep at night.

Darcy smiles big at Ray.

RAY LEBEAU  
So, how's the article coming?

DARCY  
It's finished. Turned it into today.

RAY LEBEAU  
Is that so?

DARCY  
Yes indeed.

DANNY FITZGERALD (30's) a slovenly drunk patron,  
approaches their table.

Darcy turns away embarrassed when she spots him coming.

DARCY (CONT'D)  
Oh Jesus. Here we go.

RAY LEBEAU  
What is it?

DARCY  
Just...a trouble maker.

RAY LEBEAU  
Oh, so you do come here often?

DARCY  
Not here, but this neighborhood is kind  
of my stomping ground. Should have told  
you that before we came.

Danny approaches their table and points a drunk finger  
directly at Darcy.

DANNY  
Sandra Henry.

DARCY  
I think you got me mixed up with someone  
else cowboy.

RAY LEBEAU  
Can I help you with something?

Danny sways back and forth and GLARES at Ray.

DANNY

You? No. Your date here sure as hell could owe me some kind of explanation.

DARCY

Danny right?

DANNY

Well that's right. You do remember me after all. Hell of a thing...

DARCY

Unfortunately I do. And I don't owe you any kind of explanation. You hit on me everywhere I see you every single time I'm out at the bars in this neighborhood. You never quite remember my name correctly, but do always manage to thoroughly embarrass yourself.

DANNY

What are you talking about? Sandra Henry, I always remembered your name.

Darcy smiles at Ray and shakes her head.

DARCY

Exactly. Now, I don't know who Sandra is, or what exactly you think our connection was, but let me be clear with you. Whiskey breath and foul body odor are not my colognes of choice. Unemployed is not exactly an attractive career path to me.

DANNY

You gave me a wrong number and I just called and called and nobody ever answered. Now I want some kind of goddamn explanation or I'm not leaving here!

RAY LEBEAU

She just gave you an explanation pal. The wrong number should have been enough of an indication. Now, please excuse us before I have to call the management over and get you thrown out of here.

DANNY

Oh go ahead and call management over mister suit and tie. Cause you sure as hell can't stick up for your own goddamn self. I can see that plain as day.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Alright. That's enough.

Ray stands up and motions to a BUSSER (20's). He walks over towards them quickly.

BUSSER  
 This guy bothering you?

DARCY LEBEAU  
 Yes he is.

BUSSER  
 Come on buddy. Pay your tab and get out of here.

Danny points his finger at Darcy.

DANNY  
 I'll see you around baby cake.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Get the hell out of here!

The Busser leads him off and Danny throws up his middle finger as he trounces away.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
 I didn't know you had so many admirers?

DARCY LEBEAU  
 Jesus Christ, I need to start hanging out at more expensive bars apparently.

RAY LEBEAU  
 I'm sorry I brought you here. I just thought I would know everybody and their mother over at Galatoire's. Thought this was a more casual experience.

DARCY LEBEAU  
 No, it's okay. I like it here. Less stuffy anyway.

Darcy smiles at Ray and they sip their drinks and watch the JAZZ BAND PLAY.

A WAITER (30's) sets down their appetizers at the table.

WAITER  
 Don't mind that asshole. He's always causing trouble.

DARCY LEBEAU

Oh don't worry, we won't.

WAITER

Okay, sorry about that.

(pointing to the food)

So we have the alligator bites with garlic aioli. And the prosciutto and mozzarella toast to start. Your entrees will be out in a little bit.

RAY LEBEAU

Thank you very much.

WAITER

My pleasure. Enjoy.

The Waiter leaves. Darcy and Ray look at the food, very satisfied and excited.

DARCY

You ever think about what a great publicist Mayonnaise must have?

Ray squints his eyes at her, confused.

RAY LEBEAU

I think you've had too many of these.

Ray taps his glass.

DARCY

I'm not drinking Coca-Cola like you.

RAY LEBEAU

You know what I mean.

DARCY

No, I'm serious. One day this whites stuff is called Mayonnaise. Just the very name makes you think about obesity, high fat content, cholesterol, all manner of unhealthy shit. Then some genius in the restaurant business is like, bam! Aioli. We're calling it Aioli from now on.

RAY LEBEAU

Well, it's different than mayonnaise.

DARCY

Oh please, how is it different? It's oil, egg yolks, salt, and pepper. The only thing that makes Aioli different than mayonnaise is garlic and lemon.

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)

Squirt some lemon juice and sprinkle some garlic salt in a tub of mayonnaise and you got Aioli baby boy. In fact, I'm quite sure that's exactly what happened here.

Darcy points to the aioli dipping sauce. Ray dips an Alligator bite into it and takes a bite with relish.

RAY LEBEAU

And damn is it tasty.

DARCY

I'm sure you'd like anything if they gave it a fancy name. I suppose you think prosciutto is far superior than it's other more mundane name too?

RAY LEBEAU

Which is?

DARCY

Bacon. Cured bacon, baby boy.

RAY LEBEAU

You got a funny way of enjoying a meal.

DARCY

Yeah well, it's just names is all. They can be quite deceiving as we just saw.

RAY LEBEAU

I'll try to keep that in mind, Sandra.

Darcy LAUGHS.

DARCY

I'm pretty sure I did give him a false name and phone number like he said. Can't have people like that getting too personal with you.

RAY LEBEAU

Oh, I understand completely. Believe me.

Ray chews his food and looks up at THE BAND, they're playing hard and getting into a good rhythm.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

So, can I ask you something serious.

DARCY

And here I thought this was going to be all hunky-dory and we would talk about the weather, and what TV shows we're watching, and Ailoi, and stuff like that.

Ray smiles.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm not that kind of guy.

DARCY

Oh? Well then shoot. By all means mister Lebeau. Hit me with some real.

Ray nods and wipes his mouth. He looks at Darcy for a

LONG MOMENT

before finally speaking up.

RAY LEBEAU

What are you doing here?

Darcy stops chewing, wipes her mouth, and glares at Ray.

DARCY

I'm sorry? I thought you invited me here as a consolation prize after you shot me.

RAY LEBEAU

No, I mean here. In New Orleans?

DARCY

This is my home.

RAY LEBEAU

But you could do better.

DARCY

Certainly better than a school-girl crush on some married lawyer. That's for damn sure. I'm glad we can agree on something.

Ray smiles and nods.

RAY LEBEAU

I mean professionally. I read up on you. Darcy Dubois, graduated second in her class at Columbia School of Journalism. Writes for the New York Times political column for six years, and then something happened. You didn't even write a single article anywhere for eight years.

(MORE)

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

And then you show up here and start working for "New Orleans Living." Of all the meaningless magazines in the whole wide world, "New Orleans Living?"

DARCY

Don't pretend to know anything about me, Ray. Just because you read a few articles and looked at my transcripts. Don't think that helps you understand anything about who I am as a person. It's just facts, and there's a lot more that goes on in a person's life than facts on a piece of paper.

RAY LEBEAU

Speaking of which, I read your piece about Mayor Giuliani's cabinet. Pretty heavy stuff. That must have caused quite a stir up in New York.

DARCY

I'm not sure I like where this is going.

RAY LEBEAU

No? I didn't think you would. Because I think I know exactly what happened up in New York.

Darcy tilts her head to the side.

DARCY

Do you now? How presumptuous.

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah. Here's my take. You were screwing around with someone in the mayor's inner circle. Got close to the secrets, to the dirt. Guy was probably married too and you took your job seriously. So seriously that you were willing to sacrifice your integrity for that story.

Darcy shakes her head.

DARCY

Please stop it.

RAY LEBEAU

But then you published that article and it went too far. Maybe a death threat followed it. Maybe your editor found out about the affair.

(MORE)

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Whatever it was, you had to leave New York, and serious journalism forever. So you settled for whatever you could get and it took eight years before all the heat died down.

DARCY

You're unbelievable.

RAY LEBEAU

What's unbelievable is you trying to convince me that you were up in Bienville Parish writing an article about Bees. I know that you followed the Mayor up there to my hunting lodge. I know this isn't all just some grand coincidence.

DARCY

That's quite enough. I'm going to leave.

Darcy gathers her things and gets up from the table. Ray grabs her arm.

RAY LEBEAU

Stay.

DARCY

Let go of me or I start to scream.

RAY LEBEAU

Just tell me the truth. That's all I want. You owe me that. I'm not stupid.

DARCY

Sure you aren't, Ray. But you are gullible if that's what you believe.

RAY LEBEAU

Just the truth.

Darcy SIGHS and looks around the restaurant.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Please. For my peace of mind.

DARCY

The truth is, I left New York because my mother was dying, you fucking asshole. I went to Houston to care for her and it took eight years for her to die. I wrote a novel while I was there if you must know.

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)

And you can read my article about bees  
online tomorrow on the New Orleans  
fucking Living Website. Now let go of my  
arm before I scream rape.

Ray looks like the wind was just knocked out of him.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm sorry. I didn't

Ray lets go of her arm Darcy grabs her purse.

DARCY

No. I'm sorry. I misunderstood what I  
thought you wanted. Maybe it was just  
what I wanted anyway. This was a waste of  
time. Forget about it.

RAY LEBEAU

Wait! What did you think this was?

Darcy turns around and walks out of the restaurant.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

What did you want out of this?

Ray sits there for a moment and gathers himself, looking  
around at the

EYES OF PATRONS - LOOKING ON AT HIM - JUDGING EYES.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Shit.

The Waiter arrives with their entrees at the table.

WAITER

Here we go. The misses head to the ladies  
room?

Ray gets up from the table and digs in his wallet and  
pulls out a \$100 BILL.

RAY LEBEAU

Here you go. Something came up. Very  
sorry for the inconvenience.

WAITER

No need to apologize. Was it the drunk  
guy? Terribly sorry about that.

RAY LEBEAU

No, it's personal. Keep the change.

WAITER  
Thank you so much, sir.

Ray runs out of the restaurant.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
Come back soon now!

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - NIGHT

Darcy tries to hail a cab across the street.

Ray runs out of the Restaurant and sees Darcy trying to hail a cab.

He runs up to her across the street.

RAY LEBEAU  
Hey, Darcy, wait!

A CAB finally pulls over and Darcy gets in quickly.

Ray gets to the cab just before it takes off. He opens the opposite door and gets in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Darcy looks over at Ray, annoyed.

DARCY  
What are you doing?

RAY LEBEAU  
Where do you live?

DARCY  
Just get out. I don't want to talk to you right now.

The Cab driver leans back.

CAB DRIVER  
Mam, is this guy bothering you?

DARCY  
Yes, very much.

Ray leans in and KISSES DARCY DEEP. Her whole body goes limp as she gives in to his touch.

CAB DRIVER  
Oh, hell no! Not in this cab!

The Cab Driver opens his door and gets out of the driver's side seat angrily.

Ray pulls back from kissing Darcy slowly just as the Cab Driver open the back door.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Alright, that's enough asshole! Get the fuck out of here!

DARCY

No! He's my husband! I was just mad at him, that's all.

The Cab Driver stops short of punching Ray in the face and lets his guard down.

CAB DRIVER

Okay, Jesus. You had me worried lady.

DARCY

Sorry, you know how marriages can be.

CAB DRIVER

I guess so.

The Cab Driver closes the back door and gets in the front of the cab and starts the METER.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

So where are you two love birds headed?

DARCY

Fifty Eight Magnolia way. In Uptown.

CAB DRIVER

You got it.

Darcy and Ray haven't stopped looking at each other since Ray kissed her.

Ray kisses her again, she reciprocates.

He puts his hand behind her head and kisses her hard.

They really get into each other and start to tear at each other's bodies violently.

The Cab Driver adjusts his mirror so he can have a better view of the action.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

I got to see y'all's marriage counselor.

INT. DARCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darcy and Ray fall into her bedroom and start to tear each other's clothes off.

Ray pushes her up against a wall and pins her hands above her head and starts to kiss her all the way down her torso. His head falls down to her underwear, and he peels them off slowly and starts to go down on her.

She MOANS passionately.

She picks him up by his hair and drags him over to the bed and THROWS him on top of the duvet cover.

Darcy climbs on top of Ray and takes his pants off.

She mounts him and he enters her body.

She gyrates on him forcefully and MOANS passionately.

Darcy falls on top of him and slides the tie out of his shirt and slips it off of his neck

RAY LEBEAU

What are you doing?

DARCY

I want you to strangle me with this.

Ray looks at her suspiciously. She SMILES.

RAY LEBEAU

Are you serious?

DARCY

It makes me orgasm really, really hard if you do it right. I'll tell you when I'm about to cum and just pull on it.

RAY LEBEAU

I don't know Darcy.

DARCY

Don't be such a choir boy.

Darcy slides the tie around her neck and tightens it.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Take me from behind.

Ray flips her over into doggy style and starts THRUSTING into her hard. She MOANS and nears her orgasm.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Now. Do it!

Ray pulls back on the neck tie and chokes her gently.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Harder!

He chokes her harder until she can barely breathe.

Her eyes roll into the back of her head and her whole body SHAKES as she orgasms violently.

Ray lets the tie go and cums with an exasperated GRUNT.

They collapse onto Darcy's bed in a heap of sweat.

She rolls over and takes the tie off her neck.

She kisses him sweetly on the cheek, catching her breath.

DARCY (CONT'D)

That - is my favorite thing in the whole wide world. Thank god you lasted...

Ray just shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU

You are so sexy. My wife would never be into anything like that.

DARCY

I'm sure that's what you say to all the girls.

RAY LEBEAU

No, I'm serious that was the hottest sex I've ever had.

DARCY

You shouldn't tell people that on the first date. It sets the bar too high...

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah. You're right. Sorry

Darcy looks at her watch.

DARCY

I think you should go. Wouldn't want the Misses to get suspicious, would you?

Ray looks at his watch.

RAY LEBEAU  
Shit. You're right.

DARCY  
I just hope for your sake she's not in  
the mood too. Or can you go all night?

RAY LEBEAU  
Not since I was twenty five.

Darcy LAUGHS.

DARCY  
Too much honesty stud muffin.

RAY LEBEAU  
Can I talk a shower here?

Darcy smiles.

DARCY  
Yeah. There are towels under the sink.

Darcy rolls over in bed and smiles a big satisfied smile.

Ray walks into her bathroom and STARTS the SHOWER.

EXT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Ray's Cadillac pulls up to his Garden District Mansion  
and he pulls into the driveway and gets out of his car.

A MAN walking a dog passes by Ray's house. We recognize  
him as the BOUNCER from the Bourbon Street Strip Club.

BOUNCER  
Fun night tonight?

The Bouncer's DOG BARKS at Ray.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Easy boy. It's just Raymond Lebeau.

Ray recognizes the Bouncer.

RAY LEBEAU  
What are you doing here? This is my home.

BOUNCER  
It's the only place I knew where to find  
you. What with all of your late night  
appointments. You're a busy man.

Ray squints his eyes, feeling threatened.

RAY LEBEAU

Is there something I can help you with?

BOUNCER

Mister Lafayette wants an update on where we stand with our mutual agenda.

RAY LEBEAU

It's in progress. We're announcing the initiative to the Press on Friday.

BOUNCER

And the contract?

RAY LEBEAU

It's pending approval.

BOUNCER

Just make sure it's more than pending by the end of the week.

RAY LEBEAU

With all the press that's going to be surrounding this case, it should be no problem for the city treasure to approve. How did you manage to get that tape of the Police Officers?

The DOG BARKS again.

BOUNCER

Easy boy. We have our ways, you have yours. Just make sure they're convicted. Mister Lafayette wouldn't want to be disappointed. For Hank's sake.

RAY LEBEAU

You can assure him, he won't be. Now if you'll excuse me, it's late.

BOUNCER

Wouldn't want the misses to get suspicious.

Ray glares at the Bouncer, recognizing the same phrase that Darcy used only an hour before.

RAY LEBEAU

Stay away from my home. You want to speak to me, do it a Mamas Diner. I'm there for breakfast everyday at eight AM.

BOUNCER

Thanks for your time Raymond. I'll see  
you at breakfast on Friday.

The Bouncer starts humming the old Jazz Tune "On the  
Sunny Side of the Street" as turns around and walks his  
Dog away from Ray's house.

Ray watches him go cautiously and then enters his home.

TIME LAPSE - THE NIGHT TIME - TURNS TO DAY

EXT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - MORNING

Birds CHIRP and the sun rises over the Lebeau Mansion.

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Ray is already up and dressed in a full suit. He's  
adjusting his tie in the mirror.

Gloria comes up behind him and hugs him from behind.

She looks at him in the mirror and turns him around to  
face her. She grabs his tie and puffs the knot out.

Ray seems nervous with Gloria's hands around his tie.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm already running late.

GLORIA LEBEAU

You look great honey.

RAY LEBEAU

Thanks babe.

Ray kisses her on the forehead and walks past her to grab  
his briefcase.

GLORIA LEBEAU

How was dinner with the Mayor last night?  
You get tied up late?

Ray looks up at her, her choice of the words "tied up"  
piercing through him.

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah. Um...it was good, we had a lot of  
stuff to go over, ended up accomplishing  
most of it. If not all.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Well I'm glad. I'm looking forward to seeing James and his wife at the Charity Event on Saturday.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm sure they are too.

Ray takes one last look in the mirror.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Your parents are coming over a little bit later as well. Just so you know, I've invited them for drinks.

Ray nods and smiles at his wife.

RAY LEBEAU

Okay. I should be done around six o'clock. Love you.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Love you too sugar.

Ray exits the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A meeting is just getting underway.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN (50's) a tough, broad-shouldered woman in a suit, sits with her partner PETER ROSSI (50's), they are getting situated.

Ray enters the conference room and sits down across from them both.

RAY LEBEAU

Sorry I'm late.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

It's more the rule than the exception these days, Raymond.

Ray forces a smile, he hates this woman.

RAY LEBEAU

Margaret, pleasure as always.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

You know my associate, Peter Rossi, he'll be the trial lawyer if we go that route.

RAY LEBEAU

I think it's pretty clear what route we're going.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

I'm not sure you have all the facts.

Ray opens his brief case and gets out his notes.

RAY LEBEAU

Look, this is a cut and dry case as far as I'm concerned. We're willing to negotiate a plea bargain that keeps your clients out of the Electric Chair if they cooperate with the state.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

My clients are innocent. A trial will only prove this point and serve to embarrass the state. We recommend dropping all charges at this juncture.

Ray looks at her in disbelief.

RAY LEBEAU

Miss Braverman, your clients were pulled over with the chopped up body of a pregnant eighteen year old prostitute in the trunk of their car. Security footage from the building shows them leaving carrying the body in four plastic bags and placing it in the trunk of their car.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

Let's watch that security camera footage. Shall we?

Ray and Chandler SIGH. Peter Rossi brings up a video on an Ipad and passes it over to Ray.

RAY LEBEAU

Miss Braverman, these two officers have been under heavy investigation for the better part of the last two years. Alleged involvement in prostitution rings, murder, and now this, the most heinous of all of the accusations.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

All charges from those previous investigations were dismissed by your very office. The alleged crimes were paper-thin cases, just like this one.

RAY LEBEAU

It would appear that those dismissals were one of our biggest mistakes.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

I'm not here to talk about your failure to produce any evidence which might have implicated my clients in an illegal act. I'm here to demonstrate the fallibility of the current charges brought against them, and the suspect evidence presented by the Monroe Parish District Attorney's office. That would be you...

RAY LEBEAU

I've already seen this video Miss Braverman. This is some of the most damning evidence I've ever witnessed in all my years in the DA's office.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

Watch it again mister Lebeau. And please do pause it at the sixteen second mark.

Ray shakes head, but plays along. He presses play

EXT. SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE - BUILDING ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A black car pulls up and two men dressed in Detective Suits get out and enter the building.

The video is poor quality, but we can make them out.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN (O.S.)

We jump from them entering the building, to them exiting the building at the twelve second mark which was allegedly a period of three and half hours.

RAY LEBEAU

There's a time-code in the top left corner. Allegedly isn't exactly the word I would use.

The two Detectives exit the building with their backs turned towards us. They carry two plastic trash bags in both of their hands. One sets down the bags and steps in front of the trunk of the car.

The 00:16 second marker comes up.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN (O.S.)

Pause it at that sixteen second mark.

Ray PAUSES the image.

The Detective is standing in front of the trunk of his car, we can't quite make out what is going on.

RETURN TO SCENE

Ray looks up at Margaret.

RAY LEBEAU

What am I looking at here?

Margaret and Pete exchange confident glances.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

It takes him a full ten seconds to open the trunk of the car.

Ray presses play and watches.

RAY LEBEAU

Proving what? That he was nervous carrying the chopped up remains of an innocent young girl and fumbled with his keys for a few seconds?

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

The lock to the trunk had been tampered with and scratched to hell on the inside.

PETER ROSSI

The scratches are consistent with techniques used by car thieves, locksmiths, people of this nature who know how to pick a lock.

RAY LEBEAU

Give me a break, they could have had their trunk broken into anywhere, at any time since that car was purchased.

PETER ROSSI

There's more.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

Press play.

RAY LEBEAU

It is playing.

EXT. SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE - BUILDING ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The Detectives finally get the trunk unlocked and they put the plastic bags inside of the trunk and shut it.

They turn away from the car, one of them points at the door, and they walk off camera never turning toward the camera, but walking backwards.

About five seconds later they reappear on camera, walk to the doors of the car and get in and drive away.

RETURN TO SCENE -

Ray looks up at Margaret and Peter curiously.

RAY LEBEAU

I fail to see your point.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

Why would anyone who has just committed a gruesome murder and stuffed a body in the trunk of a car go back and check on something inside before fleeing the scene of the crime? Walking backwards mind you.

RAY LEBEAU

That's a ridiculous circumstantial conjecture. Even for you Margaret. I'm impressed, really.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

They never look towards the camera once, as if they knew it was there. Someone called in an anonymous tip to police officers about the car. If all this isn't adding up, let me spell it out for you. My clients were framed. No doubt by somebody still upset over the chumped-up charges of murder they faced after the Katrina shooting. As soon as we find out who made that phone call to tip off the police, this house of cards will come tumbling down, along with your case.

PETER ROSSI

We recommend you save yourselves the embarrassment and drop the charges.

RAY LEBEAU

The state is moving forward with the prosecution, we'll push for no bail as a result of your clients being a flight risk. I will ask my prosecutor to pursue the death penalty.

PETER ROSSI

But you will lose, as soon as we find out who tipped off the police, it's only a matter of time before their connection to the victims of the Katrina shooting becomes public.

RAY LEBEAU

I'll take my chances.

Ray hands Peter back the iPad.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

You're making a huge mistake.

RAY LEBEAU

Miss Braverman, Mister Rossi. Thank you so much for coming down to sit with me today. Best of luck to your clients. Their families are going to be so disappointed when they no longer have someone to go visit on Death Row.

Margaret and Peter look at each other sceptically and stand up.

Ray stands up and Margaret and Peter exit the room without shaking hands with him.

MARGARET BRAVERMAN

See you around Ray.

RAY LEBEAU

Hopefully not very soon.

INT. RAY'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Ray is at his COMPUTER and on the phone with somebody.

RAY LEBEAU

(into the phone)

Yes...I've been holding for ten minutes.

(listens)

Oh, fantastic. Well, I was wondering if you could help me out with a question I have regarding a former employee of yours.

(MORE)

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(listens)

Yes, I understand. It's nothing like that, it's a matter of due-diligence.

(listens)

Certainly. Her name is Darcy Dubois, she worked for you from nineteen ninety four up through nineteen ninety nine, covering the political columns.

(listens)

No, it's nothing like that, I'm aware I can find those in your archives. I was just curious if you had a staff picture of her. And if by chance you knew the reason for her sudden departure?

(listens)

Alright...

(listens)

Yes, I have a pen. Whenever you're ready.

Ray's door opens abruptly and in marches Mayor Paulson.

Ray looks up at him and give him a "one-second" finger.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(listens and writes)

Kyle Stephens, okay. I'm ready.

(listens)

Two one two, eight six three, eighty eight seventy one.

(listens)

Alright, and you'll work on finding that staff photo for me?

(listens)

Two business days, alright. It's R - dot - Lebeau - at LA-LAW.Gov.

(listens)

Alright. Thank you so much for your time.

Ray hangs up the phone and stands up to greet the Mayor.

He sees that James is holding the Proforma.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

James.

MAYOR PAULSON

Raymond.

(re: the proforma)

We got a bit of problem with all this.

RAY LEBEAU

What's happening?

MAYOR PAULSON

The shell company that owns the controlling interest in this camera manufacturing plant up in Metairie also is the majority stake holder in several unscrupulous businesses. Including those tied to strip clubs and prostitution.

RAY LEBEAU

It's New Orleans, James. Everybody's got their hands in something.

MAYOR PAULSON

Not like this they don't. It's going to look bad for us. Is there nobody else?

RAY LEBEAU

Nobody else who will also create jobs for the people of New Orleans.

MAYOR PAULSON

I can't present this tomorrow. I'm sorry.

RAY LEBEAU

James. Take a step back for a minute. Look at the issues facing our city right now. Joblessness, insecurity, lack of safety, lack of governmental ability to do anything about it.

MAYOR PAULSON

Ray...

RAY LEBEAU

So the same men who own this company also own a few strip clubs. What's the harm in that? I know you and I have frequented a few strip clubs in our day. Hell all of New Orleans probably has. Men and women. That hasn't stopped us from becoming people of high moral character. This is a black-owned business. It's going to create jobs and save lives. What more could you possibly ask for?

MAYOR PAULSON

Ray, Louis Lafayette is the majority stake-holder of this company. He did four years in Angola and operates one of the most sophisticated crime syndicates between here and Atlanta.

RAY LEBEAU

According to who?

MAYOR PAULSON  
The chief of police.

RAY LEBEAU  
That's bullshit James.

MAYOR PAULSON  
My hands are tied here Raymond. I'm  
sorry. Find someone else.

Ray SIGHS. Mayor Paulson points his finger at Ray.

MAYOR PAULSON (CONT'D)  
Don't fight me on this. I don't even know  
why you would. This will look bad for  
both of us if it got out.

Ray nods.

RAY LEBEAU  
You're right. I'm sorry. I'll figure  
something out.

MAYOR PAULSON  
I still have the press meeting and I need  
something to tell them to take the heat  
off these goddamn cops.

RAY LEBEAU  
Just tell them what we're going to do.  
You don't have to be specific.

MAYOR PAULSON  
Alright. Good idea. That will buy you  
some time. Find me something by the  
weekend though, Ray. If you can. I want  
to present this next week.

RAY LEBEAU  
I will.

MAYOR PAULSON  
Good stuff. Talk soon.

The two men shake hands silently and Mayor Paulson exits  
and SHUTS THE DOOR to his office.

Ray runs his hands through his hair nervously and shouts!

RAY LEBEAU  
(quietly)  
Fuck!

Ray goes to shut down his computer and we see that

ON RAY'S COMPUTER SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

Darcy's article in "New Orleans Living" titled - "What's happening to the Birds and the Bees?" on Ray's computer.

He CLEARS his history and SHUTS DOWN his computer.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Ray is driving down the road on his cell phone.

RAY LEBEAU

(into phone)

Hi there, Kyle Stephens?

(listens)

Right, well a mister McCoy over at the New York Times gave me your number and I just wanted to ask you a quick question.

(listens)

No it's nothing like that. I was just curious, do you remember a reporter of yours back in the nineties. Darcy Dubois?

(listens)

Oh okay, yes I'm told she was very good.

(listens)

Right. Listen, do you remember why she left? I mean, was she fired? Did she resign? I'm just doing my due-diligence.

(listens)

Her mother?

(listens)

Oh, I'm very sorry to hear that. That does makes sense thogh.

(listens)

No, no. That was all actually. Thank you for your time.

(listens)

Okay. Bye now.

Ray hangs up his phone and SHRUGS. He places his phone in his cup holder and continues driving down the road.

EXT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - DAY

Ray parks his Cadillac in the driveway and looks around at his surroundings to make sure nobody is following him.

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - DAY

Ray enters the foyer of his home in a rush.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (calling out)  
 Honey! You here?

Ray looks around for his wife.

GLORIA LEBEAU (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 Just back in the living room, dear!

Ray walks towards the living and hears his wife talking to another woman and GIGGLING with her.

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks into the living room and stops dead in his tracks when he lays his eyes on.

DARCY - smiling and speaking to his wife on the couch.

Darcy smiles up at Ray when he enters. Knocks him cold.

Gloria gets up from her seat and walks over to Ray.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Raymond. I want you to meet someone.

Ray just stares at Darcy in disbelief.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
 This is Darcy Dubois, she writes for New Orleans Living. She's doing a piece on the charity event we're hosting this weekend. Came over to do an early interview with me.

Darcy stands up to greet him.

DARCY  
 So nice to meet you Raymond. Your wife was telling me all about you.

Ray snaps out of it and tries to play cool.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Very nice to meet you. I wouldn't believe everything she tells you.

Darcy and Gloria fake a nice hearty laugh.

DARCY  
 Oh I won't. I like to keep my articles purely objective anyway.

Darcy and Ray shake hands.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh now, let's not get too objective here.  
We want the event to look good, and the  
charity to be honored by all this.

DARCY

Of course, and that's my full intention.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Well good. I'm very glad to hear that.  
(to Ray)  
You're home a bit early.

RAY LEBEAU

I thought we had drinks and dinner with  
my parents?

Gloria looks at her watch.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh my goodness. How time has gotten away  
from me. I had no idea it was already six  
o'clock. We've just been talking and  
carrying on like two old friends.

RAY LEBEAU

You two know each other?

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh no, it was just an expression.

DARCY

I should get going.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh no, by all means. You should meet  
Ray's mother and father. Gilda has just  
as much to do with this event as I do.

DARCY

I really should get going.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Non-sense. Ray, will you go to the bar  
and rustle us ladies up some cocktails?

DARCY

I couldn't possibly on the job.

RAY LEBEAU

She's probably got some place to be  
Gloria, we can't just kidnap this busy  
woman and ply her with booze.

Gloria LAUGHS at this.

GLORIA LEBEAU

You're both too much.

RAY LEBEAU

Didn't you do an article about my  
parent's home a while back? About six  
years ago, was it?

Darcy GLARES at Ray.

DARCY

I should be going.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh that must be them. Just stay for one  
drink, that's all.

Gloria exits the room to go open the door.

Ray approaches Darcy.

RAY LEBEAU

(whispering)

What the hell are you doing here?

DARCY

(whispering)

My editor came to me with this story this  
morning. What was I supposed to say, no?

RAY LEBEAU

(whispering)

Of course you're supposed to say 'no!'  
What's wrong with you? You come to my  
house? Have tea with my wife?

Darcy leans into Ray's ear.

DARCY

(whispering)

She's a hot little number? Ever tried  
inviting another girl into the mix?

Darcy smiles deviously at Ray. He shakes his head.

GLORIA LEBEAU (O.S.)  
 Oh welcome, welcome! We have some company  
 in the back. If you'll just walk right  
 this way.

GILDA LEBEAU (O.S.)  
 Who is it?

GLORIA LEBEAU (O.S.)  
 Reporter from "New Orleans Living." She's  
 doing a story on the charity event.

GILDA LEBEAU (O.S.)  
 Oh, hot dog! Well I'm glad we came early.

GLORIA LEBEAU (O.S.)  
 Yes indeed. Right this way.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (whispering to Darcy)  
 Is my mother going to remember you? Or  
 was that a lie too?

DARCY  
 (whispering)  
 I'm sorry I came. I should be going.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (whispering)  
 Oh no, you're staying for a drink.

Gloria walks in followed by Gilda and Ray Sr.

Ray Sr. is being pushed in a wheel chair by a NURSE.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Allow me to introduce to you to Darcy  
 Dubois, from "New Orleans Living."

Darcy shakes Gilda's hand.

DARCY  
 So nice to meet you Misses Lebeau. I'm so  
 excited for the event on Saturday.

GILDA LEBEAU  
 It's going to be the charity event to end  
 all charity events.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Mom, you have to stop saying that.

Darcy smiles.

GILDA LEBEAU

Well you know what I mean. This is my husband, Ray Senior. He's not much of a talker these days.

Ray Senior is dozed off asleep.

GILDA LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Raymond! Ray! This is Darcy Dubois. Say hello, honey.

DARCY

Oh no, it's okay.

Ray Sr. opens his eyes and is met with Darcy's face.

He GASPS, as if awakening from a nightmare.

GILDA LEBEAU

Honey, don't be rude.

Ray Senior immediately starts hyperventilating.

GILDA LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Now come on, we haven't got time for all of these theatrics.

But Ray Sr. isn't being theatrical. He lets out a LOUD GRUNT and grabs his chest desperately.

Ray looks on in horror. The Nurse comes around to him.

NURSE

Ray. Raymond, what's wrong?

GILDA LEBEAU

Oh my goodness, what's going on?

Ray Sr. GASPS for air and the Nurse CRANKS up the level of his oxygen tank.

NURSE

Just breathe honey. Just breathe deep.

Ray Senior stretches out his hand with all his strength and points his craggy old finger directly at Darcy.

Ray Junior watches all of this in amazement and horror.

RAY LEBEAU

Nurse, what's going on!?

Ray Senior collapses into his wheelchair after all of his might is spent pointing his finger at Darcy. The Nurse takes his vitals desperately and feels for a pulse.

She looks up at Gilda desperately.

GILDA LEBEAU

What is it?

NURSE

Jesus, we need to get him to a hospital.

GILDA LEBEAU

(screaming)

Raymond!

Ray goes into action.

RAY LEBEAU

Here, let's get him in my car. Quick.

The Nurse wheels Ray Senior out of the living room and Ray and Gilda follow him, running.

Gloria just stands there with her hand over her mouth and looks over at Darcy.

GLORIA LEBEAU

I trust you can keep this little detail out of your article? He's been struggling for some time.

DARCY

Of course. I'm very sorry, I feel really guilty about it. Like I scared him or something.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Oh, don't be. You probably just reminded him of someone from his past. An old girlfriend maybe. He gets confused a lot.

DARCY

Again, I'm just very sorry. Are you going to go with them?

GLORIA LEBEAU

I'll meet them at the hospital. Here, let me walk you out.

Gloria walks with Darcy out of the Living Room.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Ray SPEEDS down the road driving like a maniac.

Gilda and the Nurse are in the back seat with Ray Senior seated in the middle of both of them.

The Nurse is on the phone with the hospital.

NURSE

(into phone)

He's going into shock, we need somebody ready at the door when we get there.

(to Ray)

Ray! How far?

RAY LEBEAU

Six minutes!

NURSE

(into phone)

Six minutes. Have someone ready! Okay thanks, bye!

RAY LEBEAU

Dad.

GILDA LEBEAU

He can't hear you Raymond!

RAY LEBEAU

Dad, I know you can hear me. Did you recognize that woman from somewhere?

Ray Senior is breathing heavily and catatonic.

GILDA LEBEAU

Ray, he's unconscious! Jesus!

RAY LEBEAU

Dad! Where did you recognize that woman from? Tell us where you knew her from!

NURSE

Mister Lebeau! Please!

RAY LEBEAU

Mom, have you seen that woman before?

GILDA LEBEAU

The reporter?

RAY LEBEAU

Yes? Has she ever interviewed you before?  
When you bought your new home?

GILDA LEBEAU

I don't know Raymond! Can't this wait for  
Christ's Sake? Your father is dying back  
here! Enough already!

RAY LEBEAU

No! It can't wait!

GILDA LEBEAU

I've never seen that woman before in my  
life! Okay? That was the first time I've  
ever met before. I'm one hundred percent  
certain. Okay? Is that enough for you?

NURSE

Y'all keep your voices down now! I'm  
trying to listen for his blood pressure.

Ray BANGS on the steering wheel of his car and drives as  
fast as he can towards the hospital.

RAY LEBEAU

(shouting)

Son of a bitch!

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray, Hank, and Gloria are all waiting in the Hospital  
Waiting Room along with TWELVE PEOPLE of various ages and  
ethnicity.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Where did you say Lily was, Hank?

Hank looks to be dozing off, a bit drunk.

RAY LEBEAU

Hank!

Hank snaps away.

HANK LEBEAU

What?

RAY LEBEAU

Gloria asked you where your wife was?

HANK LEBEAU

Oh...she's at her mothers still. From the fight the other night I told you about.

Ray and Gloria nod. Take that in.

RAY LEBEAU

Hank, can I speak to you for a moment?

Hank nods.

HANK LEBEAU

Sure thing.

Ray kisses Gloria on the forehead and exits with Hank out of the Waiting Room.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Hank enter into the stairwell of the Hospital.

HANK LEBEAU

What's going on?

RAY LEBEAU

James can't go through with the camera contract.

HANK LEBEAU

Why the hell not? Have you told him what's going on?

RAY LEBEAU

Of course not. Are you insane?

HANK LEBEAU

He's supposed to be your friend. Can't best friends tell each other anything?

RAY LEBEAU

Not this, Hank. Not this.

HANK LEBEAU

What are you going to do?

RAY LEBEAU

Stall. The Mayor will make the announcement tomorrow and keep it vague. It'll buy us some time.

HANK LEBEAU

He said one week, Ray.

RAY LEBEAU

And I've done all that I can to get it done in one week, goddamnit Hank! I'm meeting with one of Louis Lafayette's people tomorrow at Mama's.

HANK LEBEAU

Okay. Just make it right. Is that all you wanted to talk to me about?

RAY LEBEAU

No.

HANK LEBEAU

I've got enough stress as it is, these guys won't bat an eyelash at killing me Raymond. You know that they'll...

The STAIRWAY DOOR - SWINGS OPEN - cutting Hank off.

Gloria pokes her head.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Guys, your mother's in here.

Ray and Hank look at each other solemnly.

RAY LEBEAU

Okay. Let's go.

Ray and Hank follow Gloria into

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gilda is crying, being held by the Nurse.

She looks up to Ray and Hank and Gloria as they approach.

GILDA LEBEAU

There was nothing they could do...

Ray runs up and hugs his mother.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm so sorry.

Hank and Gloria join in and they all share a group hug.

HANK LEBEAU

It was just his time Mama.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 He's looking down on all of us in heaven  
 right now. God bless him.

Hank and Ray shed a few tears and rock their mother back  
 and forth as GILDA CRIES her eyes out.

INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Ray drives in silence.

He picks up his cell phone and dials.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (into phone)  
 Hey baby. Listen, I'm going to go meet  
 James for a drink. Vent a little bit of  
 steam to him.

INT. GLORIA'S CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Gloria drives and listens to Ray on the other end.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 (into phone)  
 Honey, don't you think this is a time to  
 be with your family? With me? I don't  
 want to wait up for you again.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

RAY LEBEAU  
 I know, please don't wait up. I just -  
 James was a big admirer of Dad's that's  
 all. I told him what happened and he  
 wanted to meet me for a drink. We all  
 have our own ways of coping.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Okay honey. I won't wait up for you. Just  
 - I thought you didn't drink anymore?

RAY LEBEAU  
 I don't. We're just having one drink.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Alright honey. Just be careful.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Good night sugar baby.

Ray hangs up.

EXT. DARCY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Ray pulls his Cadillac up to Darcy's building.

INT. DARCY'S BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ray walks down the hallway and stops at her door.

He pulls out a small .38 special REVOLVER. He checks to make sure that it's loaded and SNAPS the chamber shut.

Ray KNOCKS on the door to her apartment.

He waits for a long moment and then KNOCKS AGAIN.

ROSIE (32) a woman who looks to be a little bit high and bent out of shape, answers the door.

RAY LEBEAU

Who are you?

ROSIE

I'm Rosie, sweetheart. Not just by name, but also by disposition. Are you Clyde?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU

No, I'm not Clyde. Where the hell am I?

ROSIE

Sweetheart, you're at fifty eight Magnolia Way, apartment twenty seven. Maybe you made an appointment with one of the other girls? I can look it up online for you and tell you which apartment number you're looking for.

RAY LEBEAU

Stop, does Darcy Dubois live here? Are you her girlfriend or something?

ROSIE

I can call up Darcy or whoever you want, but two girls costs extra darling.

RAY LEBEAU

What is this? You're a hooker?

ROSIE  
Honey, I don't like your tone. You  
starting to seem a bit too much like law  
enforcement for my taste, so if you'll  
excuse me...

Rosie starts to close the door on Ray, but he pushes his way into

INT. DARCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray looks around the apartment. It's the exact same one Darcy brought him to the night before.

He starts going through the drawers, and they're empty.

ROSIE  
Hey! If you want to make an appointment,  
you can go through the bouncer at Bourbon  
Street strip club or go online. But I  
don't take kindly to rude visitors.

Rosie dials a number on her cell phone.

Ray goes to the bathroom and looks under the sink.

THE TOWELS that Ray used the night before are all stacked neatly under the sink.

RAY LEBEAU  
Goddamnit!

ROSIE  
Yes, I got a problem up here. Room twenty  
seven. Please send some one up.

Ray rushes out of the room.

ROSIE (CONT'D)  
You better run asshole!

Ray runs out of the room and closes the door behind him.

EXT. JETHRO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ray walks towards the front door of Jethro's Restaurant. He enters the Restaurant quickly, on a mission.

INT. JETHRO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ray enters the establishment and scans the PATRONS.

The BAND is playing wildly and PEOPLE are dancing and drinking just like the previous night.

Finally his eyes fall onto

DANNY FITZGERALD - drinking at the bar.

Ray marches towards him and sits down next to him at the bar. Danny looks over at him and puts his hands up.

DANNY

Hey listen mister, I don't want no trouble. I already apologized to the owners about everything. I'm usually not such a dick.

RAY LEBEAU

What did you call Darcy when you came over to our table last night?

DANNY

What?

RAY LEBEAU

The girl I was with. What did you call her? You remembered her name from some other time?

Danny nods and tries to remember.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Another round of bourbon for my friend and I here.

Danny squints at Ray.

DANNY

What is it you're after here?

Ray nods casually.

RAY LEBEAU

She burned me too. I imagine she's lied to a bunch of guys all around town, I'm just here to sympathize with you and share a drink.

DANNY

Yeah, she been doing that since high school, I swear to God. Act like her shit don't stink.

RAY LEBEAU

Wait, you went to high school with her?

DANNY

Nah, not me. I couldn't afford the school she went to.

RAY LEBEAU

What school is that?

DANNY

Charles Preparatory or something uppity like that. One of those, you know. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

RAY LEBEAU

Charles Preparatory? That's where I went to high school.

DANNY

Well I guess that's how you got to go an actual date with her. Friend of mine knew her back in high school, we were out together when I was introduced. Now he's married, so he let me have a go at it. Never got anywhere near as far as you did though, so you ought to at least feel some pride about that.

The BARTENDER sets down their Bourbons.

Ray picks up the drink and he and Danny cheers. Both men down the shots of Bourbon.

RAY LEBEAU

Could I get the bottle?

The BARTENDER EYES him funny.

BARTENDER

Two fifty.

Ray counts out the money and the Bartender brings them the bottle.

RAY LEBEAU

What did you say her name was?

DANNY

Sandra. Sandra Henry.

Ray writes down the name in his notes - "Sandra Henry."

RAY LEBEAU

And this friend of yours?

DANNY

What's going on here? You a cop or something? Or you just obsessed with her like the rest of the boys in this town?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU

It's nothing like that. You know what, forget about it.

The Bartender gives Ray the bottle. Ray hands the money.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Thank you.

DANNY

His name is Ralphy Honore, my buddy.

RAY LEBEAU

Can you call him up for me and ask him what high school he went to?

DANNY

No, I remember. It was Charles Prep. One hundred percent sure about it. He said he had ran into her at their twenty year reunion. Something like that.

Ray POURS another drink for Danny.

RAY LEBEAU

Alright. Thanks for your time.

DANNY

Thank you for the drink.

RAY LEBEAU

Take care now.

Ray walks out of Jethro's Restaurant quickly carrying the bottle.

EXT. JETHRO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ray walks to his car and dials "Mayor Jim" on his cell.

Ray listens on his phone as he gets in his Cadillac.

ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE

The wireless number you are trying to reach is no longer in service. Please check the number and call again.

Ray gets in his car.

INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ray SLAMS his FIST onto this steering wheel, tosses his phone on the seat next to him, and STARTS his car.

RAY LEBEAU

Goddamnit!

Ray puts the car in gear and he SPEEDS away.

INT. MAMA'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

A Southern Diner bustling with PATRONS and WAITRESSES trying to keep up with the busy traffic.

Bouncer enters the restaurant and sits down next to Ray in the back corner in a booth.

Ray is reading a copy of "New Orleans Living," and doesn't look up from the magazine and a FAT WAITRESS (60's) approaches their table.

FAT WAITRESS

What are you boys having?

BOUNCER

Coffee, black. And a beignet.

RAY LEBEAU

Make it two.

FAT WAITRESS

You got it sweethearts.

The Fat Waitress takes their menus and walks off.

BOUNCER

Want to tell me what you're doing reading a copy of "New Orleans Living" from two thousand and four?

RAY LEBEAU

I was hoping you could help me out with that actually.

BOUNCER

I don't know dick about high society.

RAY LEBEAU

No, but I think you might know a little bit about the author of this article.

BOUNCER

Who dat?

RAY LEBEAU

Darcy Dubois mean anything to you?

Bouncer crosses his arms and looks away from Ray.

BOUNCER

Got any recording devices on you? Cell phone? Anything?

Ray opens his shirt so Bouncer can see.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Cell phone?

Ray SIGHS and passes his cell phone across the table and Bouncer grabs it and holds it below the table.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

RAY LEBEAU

Darcy Dubois? You know her?

BOUNCER

I don't know anyone by that name.

RAY LEBEAU

What about Sandra Henry?

Bouncer SIGHS.

BOUNCER

Nope. What's this about?

RAY LEBEAU

Author of this article. Moonlights as a hooker turning tricks down at fifty eight magnolia way. A whore house owned and operated by Louis Lafayette. Your boss.

BOUNCER

It's a residential building, Raymond. What certain ladies do with their own personal residences are their own business and their own liability.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm trying to help you guys out and get you this contract, and you got me being followed around by some street hooker?

BOUNCER

You're helping us out because your brother's life depends on it. And I fail to understand what all this has to do with our current business agenda.

Ray sits back in seat and GLARES at Bouncer, not believing a word he's saying.

RAY LEBEAU

There's an issue with the contracts. Mayor won't don't do business with known criminals. Especially those with the violent pedigree of mister Lafayette.

BOUNCER

Then your brother has a date with the devil that he's late for.

RAY LEBEAU

There is a solution to all of this. It hit me yesterday evening.

The Fat Waitress brings over their coffees and beignets and sets them down in front of both of them.

BOUNCER

Thank you kindly.

FAT WAITRESS

Oh, my pleasure.

The Fat Waitress smiles and walks away from their table.

BOUNCER

What you got in mind?

RAY LEBEAU

Darcy Dubois.

(leaning in whispering)

You know her? You don't know her? I don't really care. I want her dead.

BOUNCER

My - my...

RAY LEBEAU

And I want her murder blamed on the Mayor.

(MORE)

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

She's trying to do a story about him and it puts both he and us in harms way of being dragged into a scandal.

BOUNCER

What makes you say that?

RAY LEBEAU

Her history. I've done my research. With him out of the way, I can get this contract through. But it will take some more time. He's announcing the initiative this morning, as a sign of good faith. But he will not contract you for the job.

Ray leans back confidently.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

You guys are good at that kind of thing aren't you? Framing murders on people?

Ray sips his coffee confidently. Bouncer leans in coldly.

BOUNCER

You don't find yourself in much of a position to negotiate, I'm afraid.

RAY LEBEAU

You overestimate my love and devotion to my dear brother. See, I don't care if you kill Hank. You'd actually be doing me a favor. He's going to fuck up my career sooner or later. Sooner or later he'll get himself killed. From drugs, the bottle, or the wrong end of a married man's shotgun. It's only a matter of time, and time is something I have increasingly less patience for.

(leaning in quietly)

I want Darcy dead. And I want it blamed on the Mayor. That's the only way this gets done. You win. I win. Mister Lafayette and I begin a long working relationship together that doesn't just end in the city of New Orleans. I'm thinking much, much bigger.

Bouncer nods and smiles.

BOUNCER

So let me guess, you come in like prince mother fucking charming and save the day? Prosecute your best friend Mayor Paulson, and then run for Mayor yourself?

(MORE)

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Push this contract through, help us out with various agendas that spring up?

RAY LEBEAU

And Louis Lafayette is going to provide financial support for me and my campaigns all the way through this.

BOUNCER

(mock fascinated)

Is he now?

RAY LEBEAU

Yes he is. These crime cameras you're making, they get a state-wide order when I make my run for Governor. Maybe even the White House one day. All the while, expanding the institution that we build together. A safer America. New Orleans is a small fish, but necessary bait.

Bouncer shakes his head and CHUCKLES, but Ray is deadly serious and he can see that.

BOUNCER

(mock sincere)

Hot damn, Raymond. You one cold son-of-a-bitch. I got to admit, I didn't see this coming. Not from a mile away.

RAY LEBEAU

You go tell that to your boss.

BOUNCER

Okay. I'll tell him. But you need to listen to me first.

Bouncer leans in close so that Ray can understand him.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

(deadly serious)

You are a cold mother fucker, Raymond. I can see that. And I admire it coming from a honkey wearing a suit. But you got to understand something here - Louis Lafayette is the coldest mother fucker ever did walk the planet Earth.

RAY LEBEAU

I know who he is. Make this happen.

BOUNCER

I don't think you understand how deep this rabbit hole goes.

(MORE)

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

See, that girl your brother fucked in the ass and choked to death - she was Louis's own daughter.

RAY LEBEAU

What?

BOUNCER

That's right. God's honest truth.

RAY LEBEAU

Why would he put his own daughter out on the street like that?

BOUNCER

Cause he the coldest mother fucker ever did walk the planet earth. I already told you that part.

RAY LEBEAU

Why wouldn't he just torture and kill Hank then? He doesn't need the money.

BOUNCER

Like you assumed, he'd rather make a friend in the city than kill a DA's brother and face all the heat that come from that. He's cold, not stupid.

RAY LEBEAU

So what are you gaining by telling me this disturbing shit? I'm already afraid of the man. What's the point?

BOUNCER

Point is, be careful what you ask Louis Lafayette to do for you. You might not want to go digging around in a field full of rabbit holes, Raymond. You never know when you might uncover a snake pit.

RAY LEBEAU

Duly noted.

BOUNCER

You been warned. There are certain things you can undo. Asking Louis Lafayette for a favor comes with life-long strings.

RAY LEBEAU

And I'm willing to accept that. But this Darcy situation is something that I need to happen in order to move forward with both of our mutual interests. She is a danger to me, and I want her eradicated.

Bouncer nods.

BOUNCER

Okay. Your words Raymond. But you can't turn back from this once the train is in motion. I will present Mister Lafayette with your request. and we'll be in touch.

Bouncer gets up from his seat and tosses Ray's cell phone onto the table.

Bouncer smiles a sarcastic smile down at Ray.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Thanks for the breakfast. Toodahoo Raymond.

Ray looks up as Fat Waitress as Bouncer leaves.

RAY LEBEAU

Excuse me. Can I get the check?

FAT WAITRESS

Coming right up sweetheart.

Bouncer WHISTLES an old tune as he exits the restaurant.

INT. RAY'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Ray DIALS A NUMBER on his phone that he reads off of his computer screen while sitting at his desk.

RAY LEBEAU

(into phone)

Good morning, is this the Charles Preparatory School's Office of the Bursar?

(listens)

Yes, thank you. This is um...Raymond Lebeau. I'm with the New Orleans Parish District Attorney's Office.

(listens)

Yes that's correct.

(MORE)

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

There's been an ongoing investigation into an identity theft involving a former student of yours, and a possible connection to a current student as well. Do you have tuition payment records dating back to the nineteen eighties?

(listens)

Oh you do? Okay. And would you mind if I came down and had a look?

(listens)

Alright.

(into phone)

I can get a subpoena, but I'd rather keep this quiet. You see, I myself am a Charles Prep alumni, and I would rather the information that I obtain remain confidential. To protect the integrity of the school. If you catch my drift.

(listens)

Oh fantastic.

(listens)

You can? Oh - great, that will save some time. The names are, one Sandra Henry. I believe she graduated in the late nineteen eighties.

(listens)

That's correct. And the current student is ummm...last name of Lafayette. I don't have a first name.

(listens)

Okay. That'll work.

Ray looks at his watch.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I can be there in half an hour.

(listens)

Great. See you then. George was it?

(listens)

Thank you mister Porter. Talk soon.

Ray hangs up and stands up from his desk.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Oh! It's eleven O'clock.

Ray grabs a remote control and TURNS ON the TV.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Mayor Paulson is being interviewed by a gaggle of REPORTERS outside of the steps of City Hall.

MAYOR PAULSON

(over TV)

...decided to go this route. The city just simply cannot afford to function without the assistance of these crime cameras. They will help us prevent and protect our citizens from the many violent crimes and crimes of property that continue to plague our city streets and hurt our tourism industry today.

REPORTER 1

Will the crime cameras only cover the French Quarter?

MAYOR PAULSON

The initial roll out will cover the French Quarter North to Tremé, Magazine street down to the Garden District, and certain high-risk sections of Carrolton. But the locations will be confidential.

REPORTER 2

Who will manufacture these cameras? Can we afford such a luxury on the heels of Post Katrina recovery?

MAYOR PAULSON

We're still gaining bids from various companies capable of producing these cameras. But I can assure you this, we are going to be purchasing these cameras from manufacturers right here in our own backyard. My cabinet refuses to outsource jobs from the hard working citizens of New Orleans. And we remain dedicated to growing local and minority-run businesses within New Orleans.

REPORTER 3

What about the two police officers who were arrested in connection to the body found in the trunk of their car? Does this decision somehow stem from those arrests?

MAYOR PAULSON

This was a long gestating idea, so the recent arrests and ongoing unsolved cases were a catalyst. I can tell you that.

REPORTER 1

Can you tell us anymore about the two police officers?

(MORE)

REPORTER 1 (CONT'D)

The communities are anxious for an explanation why they were reinstated into the police force following the previous allegations, and who will be held responsible?

MAYOR PAULSON

I think that's a better question for our police chief. Now, if you'll excuse me...

Mayor Paulson waves and wades through the sea of reporters and gets into a black car waiting for him.

INT. RAY'S LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ray pumps his fist looking at the TV.

RAY LEBEAU

That a boy! Things are looking up!

Ray TURNS OFF the TV and exits his office.

EXT. CHARLES PREPARATORY SCHOOL - DAY

Ray walks into a prestigious looking high school.

INT. CHARLES PREPARATORY SCHOOL - BURSAR OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE PORTER (40's) bald with glasses, welcomes Ray to take a seat in his office.

GEORGE PORTER

Please, have a seat.

RAY LEBEAU

Thank you kindly.

Ray takes a seat and George crosses over behind his desk.

GEORGE PORTER

You said the name Lafayette over the phone, did you happen to find out the first name of the student?

RAY LEBEAU

You know, I couldn't find it.

George stares at his computer.

GEORGE PORTER

This is New Orleans, so we have five students currently enrolled with that last name.

RAY LEBEAU

It's a boy.

GEORGE PORTER

We have two boys. One Peter Lafayette and a Daniel. Either of those ring a bell?

RAY LEBEAU

Can you check both? I just need to know who pays the tuition.

George SIGHS.

GEORGE PORTER

And you said this was a police matter. That you'll keep this off the records.

RAY LEBEAU

It stays between us. Believe me when I tell you, I want to keep this just as quiet as you do.

GEORGE PORTER

Okay. Daniel Lafayette's tuition was last paid by one Kyle Lafayette, his father, who actually owes a balance it would appear.

George makes a note of that and CLEARS his THROAT.

GEORGE PORTER (CONT'D)

Peter Lafayette is umm...huh.

RAY LEBEAU

What is it?

GEORGE PORTER

Well it appears that it's paid by the very same name you brought up to me.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm sorry? What do you mean?

GEORGE PORTER

Sandra Henry. She pays his tuition.

Ray squints his eyes, confused by this.

RAY LEBEAU

Are you sure?

GEORGE PORTER

It's right here in front of me. That's probably the connection you were after.

RAY LEBEAU

And Sandra? What did you find out?

George grabs a file out from his drawer and TAPS it.

GEORGE PORTER

Now this was before we had everything automated in the system, but I was impressed with my old habits of filing because it was easy to find.

RAY LEBEAU

Organization is the key to success.

GEORGE PORTER

You said it.

George opens the folder.

GEORGE PORTER (CONT'D)

Now this one is odd as well because it was paid for in the form of an LLC. Quite unusual for a high school tuition. Actually I almost never see it done.

RAY LEBEAU

Why is that?

GEORGE PORTER

Taxes. There's no incentive for an LLC when paying for tuition, but for an individual filing tax returns, you get a big discount for school tuitions.

RAY LEBEAU

Then why would somebody do that?

GEORGE PORTER

Anonymity maybe?

RAY LEBEAU

But LLC's are public companies.

GEORGE PORTER

You probably know more about this than I do. I just collect the tuition and maintain the balances Mister Lebeau.

RAY LEBEAU

What's the name of the LLC?

GEORGE PORTER

It's right here. Thirteen payments from Nineteen seventy five through nineteen eighty eight by Grove Island LLC.

RAY LEBEAU

Grove Island LLC?

Ray types it into his phone.

GEORGE PORTER

That's correct. Is there anything else I can help you with Mister Lebeau?

Ray stands up from his seat.

RAY LEBEAU

No, that will be all. Thank you.

GEORGE PORTER

Any time. Please do keep our interaction confidential. This is quite unusual.

RAY LEBEAU

Of course. Take care.

Ray rushes out of his office.

INT. CHARLES PREPARATORY SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Ray walks past bookshelves upon bookshelves on his phone.

RAY LEBEAU

(into phone; quietly)

Marcy I need you to look up an LLC. Find out all the principles for me. It might be expired.

(listens)

Okay you ready?

Ray finally arrives at a row of books he was looking for.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's called Grove Isle LLC.

He gets down on his knees and SCANS - THE YEARBOOKS.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Right. Yeah. Call me back when you have a  
answer. Thanks.

He finally selects the YEARBOOK for the year 1988.

He flips to the back of the index and scans for the name  
"SANDRA HENRY."

He finds the name and sees that there are two pages  
associated with the name (98, 43)

He FLIPS the pages to 98.

The PAGE IS GONE - only 96 and 100 in between it.

Ray squints nervously at the year book. He flips to page  
43 nervously. That page is also missing.

Ray shakes his head nervously at this discovery.

INT. LIBRARY - FRONT DESK - DAY

Ray approaches the LIBRARIAN (70's) an old lady with  
glasses, sitting behind the desk.

RAY LEBEAU

Excuse me, I'm an alumni here and was  
trying to locate a fellow student who  
I've recently become friends with. But  
she seems to be missing from all of the  
copies of the yearbooks.

LIBRARIAN

Oh my. How odd.

RAY LEBEAU

Yeah, I'm just doing a friendly little  
collage, and wanted to use her photo from  
this for it. Are there any digital copies  
or any way of finding another copy of  
this yearbook or any from the late  
eighties? They're all missing her photo  
for some reason.

LIBRARIAN

That is odd. I think you would have to  
order that from us. We don't carry any  
other than the ones on that shelf there.

RAY LEBEAU

There wouldn't be one just lying around somewhere that I could look at?

LIBRARIAN

Not that I know of.

RAY LEBEAU

Okay. How do I order it?

LIBRARIAN

Just give me your name, address, and a credit card and I'll have one shipped to you. Might take a few weeks though.

Ray digs in his wallet and hands her a credit card.

RAY LEBEAU

Here. Just try to expedite it for me.

LIBRARIAN

Sure thing.

BUZZ! Ray gets a text message on his phone. He looks down at it and sees that Hank is texting him.

HANK TEXT: "Where are you? We're ready to start."

Ray looks at the text curiously and texts back.

RAY TEXT: "What are you talking about?"

The Librarian hands Ray his credit card back.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

All set. Should be there in a matter of a few weeks.

RAY LEBEAU

Thanks so much.

LIBRARIAN

No, thank you.

Ray turns and walks away. He gets another text.

HANK TEXT: "At Mom's house. We're doing that interview you told me to attend today."

Ray looks at his cell phone a bit panicked.

RAY TEXT: "I didn't tell you to attend anything?"

Ray's Cell Phone Buzzes again.

MAYOR JAMES TEXT: "We're all here. Waiting for you."

Ray looks at the message frantically and dials the Mayor.

EXT. CHARLES PREPARATORY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks towards his car.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (into phone)  
 James, what are you talking about?

INT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mayor Paulson smiles at Gilda, Hank and DARCY and stands up from the living room to take Ray's phone call.

MAYOR PAULSON  
 (into phone)  
 You texted me and told me that you needed me to come to your Mom's house at two today. I don't exactly have a lot of free time, but given your father's death, I made an exception for your family. Like any good friend. But you're being rude a half hour late like this.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

RAY LEBEAU  
 I did not tell anyone to meet at mom's house. Is she there?

MAYOR PAULSON  
 You texted me this morning Ray.

RAY LEBEAU  
 Okay, whatever! IS SHE THERE?

MAYOR PAULSON  
 Who?

RAY LEBEAU  
 Darcy. The reporter.

Mayor Paulson smiles over at Darcy.

MAYOR PAULSON  
 Yes. Why?

RAY LEBEAU  
 Don't let her out of your sight.

MAYOR PAULSON

We're waiting. How long do you think that you'll be?

RAY LEBEAU

Fifteen minutes.

James checks his watch and SIGHS.

MAYOR PAULSON

Alright. We'll be waiting. Try to hurry. I don't have all day.

Mayor Paulson hangs up.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Ray hangs up the phone wildly and SPEEDS out of the parking lot and PEELS out onto the main street.

He shakes his head remembering what happened to his cell.

INT. MAMA'S RESTAURANT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Bouncer crosses his hands at the table and looks at Ray.

BOUNCER

Got any recording devices on you?

Ray opens his shirt so Bouncer can see he's clean.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Cell phone?

Ray SIGHS and passes his cell phone across the table and Bouncer holds it below the table.

RETURN TO SCENE

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Ray BANGS on his steering wheel.

RAY LEBEAU

Goddamn you people!

Ray drives wildly towards his destination.

INT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darcy gets up from her seat.

DARCY  
I just need to make a quick phone call if  
you don't mind.

HANK LEBEAU  
Take your time.

MAYOR PAULSON  
Ray said he was fifteen minutes out.

DARCY LEBEAU  
Okay.

Darcy dials her phone and puts it up to her ear as she  
exits the living room and enters into the kitchen

MAYOR PAULSON  
How you holding up, Gilda?

GILDA LEBEAU  
Oh, I'm alright. It was just his time.  
That's all James. I appreciate you coming  
over to support us in all like this. I  
know it means a lot to me and probably  
even more to my son.

MAYOR PAULSON  
Of course. It's the least I can do.

INT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Darcy makes sure that nobody is watching her as she grabs  
a dish rag off of the counter and approaches the stove  
with her hand in the towel to avoid finger prints.

She PULLS THE STOVE BACK from the wall as she says loudly

DARCY LEBEAU  
OH HI THERE MARY-ANNE!

Her loud voice masks the sound of the stove as she  
unscrews the natural gas line from the wall ever so  
slightly so that natural gas begins SEEPING out.

DARCY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
No, that's fine! Call me back any time.

She returns the dish cloth to its proper place, she grabs a couple of COKES from the fridge, and returns into

INT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darcy enters with the cokes.

DARCY  
Anyone want one? I hope you don't mind, I grabbed a few.

GILDA LEBEAU  
Not at all.

Hank puts his hand up.

HANK LEBEAU  
I'll take one of those.

MAYOR PAULSON  
Me too.

DARCY  
Certainly.

James leans over to Gilda.

Darcy sets down Hank's coke on the table and puts her pack of MARLBORO 27's down next to the Coke nonchalantly.

Hank eyes the pack of cigarettes and reaches for them.

HANK LEBEAU  
(to Darcy)  
Do you mind?

DARCY  
Not at all.

GILDA LEBEAU  
I thought you quit.

HANK LEBEAU  
Yeah well. Time like this...

Darcy smiles.

DARCY  
I've heard that before...

Darcy and Hank make eye-contact.

HANK LEBEAU

I've said that before. You got a light?

Darcy looks around in her purse and stands up.

DARCY

I think I have one in my car. Hang on.

Darcy gets up and exits the room, but Hank looks over and sees that there's a LIGHTER sitting right in her seat.

HANK LEBEAU

(after her)

Darcy...

The FRONT DOOR is HEARD OPENING AND SHUTTING.

Hank look over at Mayor Paulson and shrugs.

MAYOR PAULSON

She'll find out in a second. I'll have one too. Tough times call for a smoke.

GILDA LEBEAU

You know, I didn't even see her car out front to tell you the truth.

HANK LEBEAU

Probably parked around the corner.

Hank gets up and goes and grabs the lighter off the seat.

He goes to light the cigarette when

GILDA LEBEAU

Wait!

Hank stops before striking the lighter.

GILDA LEBEAU (CONT'D)

I'll join you boys. It's been twenty years, but screw it.

Hank smiles and nods. He brings his mother the pack.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

MAYOR PAULSON

Must have locked herself out. I'll go get the door.

GILDA LEBEAU

What is it you were saying?

Gilda grabs a cigarette.

HANK LEBEAU  
Times like these...

GILDA LEBEAU  
That's right. 'Bout as good of an  
occasion I can think of.

INT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

James goes to open the front door.

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (40) wearing glasses stands at the  
front door holding a note pad.

James squints at her, surprised to see her.

MAYOR PAULSON  
May I help you with something?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
Oh hi. I'm Darcy Dubois. I'm here from  
"New Orleans Living." I have an  
appointment with misses Lebeau to  
interview her about the Charity Event out  
on the river tomorrow.

Mayor Paulson looks very confused.

MAYOR PAULSON  
I'm sorry. Who did you say you were?

INT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gilda puts the cigarette to her lips and Hank holds the  
lighter up to his mother, about to strike the flame.

MAYOR PAULSON (O.S.)  
Gilda! Something strange going on out  
here. Come here for a moment?

Gilda SIGHS.

GILDA LEBEAU  
Alright. I'm coming. Just a sec.

Gilda takes the lighter from Hank.

GILDA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Always something...

Gilda STRIKES THE FLAME and the whole room COMBUSTS.

EXT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - DAY

The home EXPLODES and sends the Real DARCY'S body flying onto the lawn. The house quickly combusts into a flames.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Ray is driving down the road. He sees a FIRE TRUCK ahead of him and a whole lot of smoke.

RAY LEBEAU  
(to himself)  
What the hell is this?

Ahead of him, his parent's home is BURNING DOWN.

Huge plumes of FIRE and SMOKE rise on top of it.

FIRE FIGHTERS SPRAY the house down with HOSES.

An AMBULANCE is parked out front and PARAMEDICS are wheeling three PEOPLE covered with sheets into their van.

EXT. ANTEBELLUM HOME - DAY

Ray SCREECHES to a stop in front of the burning home and jumps out of his car.

RAY LEBEAU  
(to fire fighters)  
What's going on?

Ray runs towards the flames and puts his hand over his mouth as the smoke and heat get to be too intense.

A FIRE-FIGHTER bear-hugs him, restraining him, and drags him out of harm's way.

FIRE FIGHTER  
Sir. We're doing all we can here.

RAY LEBEAU  
Get the hell off of me! My family is in there! Get off of me!

Ray wrestles out of the Fireman's grasp and runs toward the Ambulance.

A Paramedic closes the gates to the Ambulance Van.

PARAMEDIC  
Sir, stand back!

RAY LEBEAU  
How many are there! Are they okay?

The Paramedic BREATHES in deep.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Are they alright!? Did you pull them out  
of the fire?

PARAMEDIC  
They're not breathing sir. There was  
nothing we could do. The explosion  
probably knocked them unconscious.

RAY LEBEAU  
What explosion?

PARAMEDIC  
The neighbors said they heard an  
explosion. Probably a gas leak. I'm very  
sorry. Look you can ride with us if you  
like, but these people are gone.

RAY LEBEAU  
Gone!

Ray runs his hands through his hair.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Who was here? Did anyone see a car?

PARAMEDIC  
Sir!

RAY LEBEAU  
Who witnessed it!

PARAMEDIC  
The police will do a full investigation  
I'm sure. Please give us our space.

Ray turns around and walks away from the terrible scene.  
He gets in his car as his Parent's ANTEBELLUM HOME  
continues to BURN DOWN to the ground.

INT. RAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray buries his head in his hands SOBBING uncontrollably.

He looks over at the BOTTLE of BOURBON from the night before. He GASPS for air, trying to control his tears and reaches over for the bottle.

He unscrews the cap and takes a LONG PULL off the bottle.

He wipes his lips and continues CRYING as takes his cell phone out to dials his wife.

RAY LEBEAU  
(to himself)  
Tell me you weren't in that house. Please  
god tell me you weren't in that house.

As he calls his wife he gets another phone call.

It's MARCY, Ray hangs up on his wife and answers.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
(in tears)  
Hello?

MARCY  
(over phone)  
Ray? Are you alright?

RAY LEBEAU  
(into phone)  
No. I'm not alright!

MARCY  
(over phone)  
What happened?

RAY LEBEAU  
(into phone)  
Just! What did you find out!?

MARCY  
(over phone)  
Jesus, it's um. It's your father, Ray.

Ray stops crying and perks up in his seat.

RAY LEBEAU  
(into phone)  
What about him?

MARCY  
(over phone)  
He was the sole proprietor of Grove Isle,  
LLC. You asked me to look it up for you.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (into phone)  
 What?

Ray's face starts SHAKING.

MARCY  
 (over phone)  
 Raymond Lebeau Senior. It says here he  
 was the sole proprietor.

Ray puts his hand over his mouth.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (into phone)  
 Oh God.

MARCY  
 (over phone)  
 Is everything alright?

RAY LEBEAU  
 (into phone; crying)  
 I got to go. Thanks Marcy.

Ray calls his wife.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 (over phone)  
 Hi sugar. What's up?

Ray GASPS with relief, but continues crying.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
 Are you crying, honey?

Ray breaks down into a fit of tears.

RAY LEBEAU  
 (crying)  
 Oh thank God. Thank god you're alright.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Honey, what's wrong? What's going on?

RAY LEBEAU  
 It's Mom and Hank. They were in the house  
 when it went up...oh god!

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 What went up? What are you talking about?

Ray BREATHES DEEP and centers himself.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm happy you're okay. But there's something I have to do now. And I hope you'll be able to forgive for me it later on. One day you'll understand why I was forced into this.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Stop talking like that. Come home. Explain to me what happened.

RAY LEBEAU

Goodbye Gloria. I love you.

GLORIA LEBEAU

Ray - wait don't...

Ray HANGS UP his cell phone and SQUEEZES it HARD between his hands YELLING OUT in agony as he tears the battery out of the back of his phone and SMASHES it out the window of his car.

RAY LEBEAU

(screaming)

AHH!!!!!!!

Ray lifts the bottle of bourbon to his lips and starts to CHUG the entire bottle.

As Louis Armstrong's version of "Mac the Knife" BUILDS up to a loud and forceful volume that overpowers everything.

EXT. CHARLES PREPARATORY SCHOOL - DAY

Ray's car is sitting outside of the pick-up area for students at Charles Preparatory School.

INT. RAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray has almost finished the entire bottle of bourbon.

He has a sort of mad drunken look in his eyes - as if he's capable of anything at this point.

He's holding his .38 Special Revolver and swaying a bit back and forth as he sings "Mac the Knife."

RAY LEBEAU

(singing)

Fancy gloves though...wears MacHeath dear! So there's not a trace.... ooooo, of red!

Ray SCANS the crowd of SCHOOL BOYS and SCHOOL GIRLS as he continues drinking heavily and singing.

Among the WHITE ADOLESCENT FACES - only one half-black student sticks out, PETER LAFAYETTE (14) laughs with his other schoolmates as he waits for his ride.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

(singing)

On a sidewalk - blue Sunday morning! Lies  
a body - just a ooizin life! Some,  
someone's sneaking... 'round a corner.  
Could that someone be...old Mack the  
Knife!

Ray watches as Peter Lafayette gives his friends "high-fives" and starts towards a car that has pulled up.

Ray sits up in his chair and turns down the music a bit to focus his attention on this.

Ray sees DARCY - walking toward Peter.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

Darcy kisses Peter on the cheek and pats him on the back. She puts her arm around Peter and they walk to her car.

Ray takes a long SWIG of the BOURBON and his face changes from anger to some kind of a SICK SMILE.

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)

Oh this just keeps getting better.

Ray puts his car in gear and follows Darcy's car as she and Peter get in and drive away from the school.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - DAY

Darcy's Car pulls up to a stop sign and stops.

INT. DARCY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Darcy turns to Peter in the passenger seat.

DARCY

So how was the test this morning?

Peter shrugs.

PETER LAFAYETTE  
I think I probably aced it. I find  
calculus to be fairly rudimentary.

Darcy shakes her head.

DARCY  
I know you must have gotten your brains  
from your father then.

PETER LAFAYETTE  
Where is dad? He's been gone all week.

DARCY  
He's be home tonight. He's just been out  
of the state on...

BAM! Darcy and Peter are JOLTED violently in their seats  
as a CAR REAR-ENDS them.

The AIR BAGS EXPLODE. Finally the CHAOS stops. And Darcy  
and Peter recover.

DARCY (CONT'D)  
Are you okay sweetheart?

PETER LAFAYETTE  
I think so.

Darcy looks behind her and sees

RAY - getting out of his car and running up toward them.

DARCY  
Oh, Jesus!

Ray crawls in before she can take off and he puts his gun  
up to the back of Darcy's head.

RAY LEBEAU  
Miss me?

PETER LAFAYETTE  
What's going on?

RAY LEBEAU  
Shut up kid! Put the car in gear Darcy.

Ray puts on his seat belt.

DARCY  
Look mister, if you want the car, take  
it! Just let us go. Please don't hurt us.

RAY LEBEAU

You didn't let my brother go, did you?  
Didn't let my mom go. The Mayor. Do I  
need to keep going?

PETER LAFAYETTE

What's he talking about Sandra?

RAY LEBEAU

Ah! Sandra! What is he talking about? I'm  
dying to know.

DARCY

Don't listen to him Peter.

RAY LEBEAU

Drive the fucking car Darcy!

PETER LAFAYETTE

Why does he keep calling you that?

DARCY

I'm not moving. The cops will be here  
momentarily and you'll have a lot to  
explain to them.

Ray COCKS the hammer of his PISTOL against Peter's head.

RAY LEBEAU

I will blow your son's brain all over the  
windshield. I swear to god! There is  
nothing I wouldn't do right now!

DARCY

What makes you think he's my son?

Ray leans over and BAM! He blasts Peter's foot.

PETER LAFAYETTE

Ah!

DARCY

Oh my god! Stop it!

RAY LEBEAU

Do you I think I'm playing? The next one  
goes in his fucking head. Now drive the  
fucking car Sandra!

Darcy puts the car in gear and pulls out.

DARCY

Alright, alright. We're moving. We're  
moving. Are you okay honey?

Peter is holding onto his foot crying.

PETER LAFAYETTE

No...

DARCY

You bastard Ray! He's going to need a doctor. He could die from the blood loss.

RAY LEBEAU

And I know just the one.

Darcy reaches over and grabs Peter's hand.

PETER LAFAYETTE

Mom...it hurts really bad.

DARCY LEBEAU

It's alright sweetheart. Just breathe. Keep pressure on the wound.

RAY LEBEAU

Get on the highway. We're going to where we first met. I trust you know the way.

DARCY

Why are you doing this to us?

RAY LEBEAU

If you play by the rules and drive fast, your favorite doctor will be waiting for this kid when we get there.

DARCY LEBEAU

(to Peter)

Hold on for me. You're going to be okay.

RAY LEBEAU

Call Louis. Tell him where to meet us.

DARCY

I don't know who you're talking about.

PETER LAFAYETTE

He's talking about Dad!

RAY LEBEAU

Do it now!

DARCY

Okay. Just calm down.

RAY LEBEAU

Tell him to come alone or I will kill you both. I want to talk terms.

DARCY

He doesn't negotiate, Ray. This will end badly for you.

RAY LEBEAU

It already has. Now move!

EXT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - EVENING

Darcy's car sits in the driveway of the Hunting Lodge.

Doctor Peterson parks his old PICK-UP TRUCK in the driveway of the home and walks past Darcy's car.

Doctor Peterson notices the spent AIR BAGS and eyes the back bumper with some suspicion as he walks into the hunting lodge.

INT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Peters on enters the room and stops in his tracks when he sees Ray with his pistol tucked into his pants and holding a shotgun pacing back-and-forth.

Darcy is sitting on the same couch where he treated her the week before, only this time, she's holding Peter's foot and trying to keep pressure on it.

DOCTOR PETERSON

What's going on here Raymond?

RAY LEBEAU

(slurring his words)

Look at the boy. Look at his wounds.

Doctor Peterson SIGHS, uncomfortable with this.

DOCTOR PETERSON

Two gun shot wounds in less than a week?  
You keeping busy...

Doctor Peterson sets his doctor's kit down on the coffee table and sits next to Peter.

Peter is relatively calm.

DOCTOR PETERSON (CONT'D)

Let me see what we got here.

Darcy peels back the rag she's been using to cover the wound. It's a bad gun shot wound that has torn his foot up.

DOCTOR PETERSON (CONT'D)

Oh my. You're a very brave boy.

Ray RATTLES a bottle of Oxycontin.

RAY LEBEAU

Not that brave. Mom has a little bit of a habit apparently.

Doctor Peterson peers up at Darcy as Ray SWIGS a bottle of bourbon.

Darcy MOUTHS: "Help us" to the Doctor.

Doctor Peterson nods in understanding.

DOCTOR PETERSON

Raymond, I'm going to need some extra equipment from the trunk of my car to perform this operation.

Ray finishes a long swig of the bottle and SLAMS it down.

RAY LEBEAU

Oh no, no, no. You sit your ass down and you do the surgery doc. Just like last time. I got money. It's no problems...

Doctor Peterson SIGHS.

DOCTOR PETERSON

Raymond. The boy probably needs to go to a hospital. That's my honest opinion as your long time friend. It's not just some shotgun pellets. His foot is split open, there are nerve endings, blood vessels ruptured, bone fragments. At the very least I need some of the equipment in my trunk, but I highly recommend you let me take him to a hospital.

RAY LEBEAU

This really isn't the time for excuses is what it isn't Doc.

DOCTOR PETERSON

Raymond - I - what's the matter with you? What's going on?

RAY LEBEAU

What's the matter? Oh, nothing Doc.  
Everything's peachy in my world.

DOCTOR PETERSON

Why don't you put down the gun?

RAY LEBEAU

Don't lecture me. Don't - don't look at  
me like that. You don't know what this  
is.

DOCTOR PETERSON

I know that the kid might lose his foot  
if I don't do something. That's all I  
know. I'm not a psychiatrist. I'm a  
country doctor.

Ray waves Doctor Peterson out of the room.

RAY LEBEAU

Go to the car. Get your tools.

DOCTOR PETERSON

Thank you.

Doctor Peterson exits the room.

DARCY

Ray, you don't have to...

RAY LEBEAU

Don't Sandra! Just don't! I have no idea  
why you chose my brother for all this. I  
really don't.

DARCY

We didn't choose him, Ray. His own  
decisions started this fire. Once a blaze  
is set, it's awfully hard to put out.

RAY LEBEAU

You'd know a lot about that wouldn't you?

DARCY

Do you know what Louis Lafayette does to  
people who get in his way?

RAY LEBEAU

I'm beyond fear at this point. Beyond  
rationale or any semblance of care I once  
I had for my own life. You've taken my  
family from me.

(MORE)

RAY LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Somehow you've stripped away everything I  
hold dear in less than a week.

DARCY  
You've done this to yourself.

RAY LEBEAU  
Just stop it! How far away is he? He  
should have been here by now.

DARCY  
I can call him if you give me my cell  
phone back.

RAY LEBEAU  
No, I'll do it. I want him to hear my  
voice and see how serious I am.

Ray takes out her cell phone and dials.

EXT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - EVENING

Doctor Peterson is on his cell phone.

DOCTOR PETERSON  
Sheriff, you need to high-tail it. I  
don't exactly know what's going on, but  
I've never seen Raymond like this, but  
the woman and her son are scared to  
death.

(listens)  
Yes. He is armed. Be cautious.

Doctor Peterson HEARS something down the driveway.

DOCTOR PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Hold on just a second.

Doctor Peterson puts his phone down and looks

DOWN THE DRIVEWAY -

A glint of light - like a mirror - passes his eyes.

ZOOT! ZOOT! Two bullets enter Doctor Peterson's head and  
chest almost simultaneously and he's knocked down dead.

INT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray puts down the cell phone.

RAY LEBEAU

He's not answering. Where the hell is that Doctor.

Ray goes to the front door of the home and opens it.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Three BULLETS TEAR at the front door and Ray only catches a glimpse of four ARMED MEN approaching his home before SLAMMING the door and hitting the deck.

Darcy and Peter get down on the floor and cover their heads.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (O.S.)

(yelling)

Not at the house damnit!

Ray crawls over towards Darcy and Peter and aims his pistol at them.

RAY LEBEAU

Don't fucking move.

Ray catches glimpses of MOVEMENT outside the window.

He turns around and sees movement on the other side of the house as well.

The SOUND of BOOTS WALKING ON WOOD is heard on the front porch just outside of the front door.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (O.S.)

Sandra?

DARCY

We're here.

RAY LEBEAU

Shut the fuck up!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (O.S.)

Are you safe?

DARCY

He shot Peter. He's bleeding bad but still alive. He needs to get to a hospital as soon as possible.

RAY LEBEAU

(yelling out)

I'll kill them both Louis! You've brought this on yourself! You come in here, they're both dead!

Ray keeps his gun trained on Darcy.

Louis Lafayette can be heard SIGHING outside.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (O.S.)

It doesn't have to be like this Raymond. Right now I have three men, all armed with automatic weapons just waiting for my command to come in there and take you out. They got orders. And they aren't gonna shoot to kill you. I want you alive for a long time if you catch my drift.

RAY LEBEAU

Then she dies. So does your son!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (O.S.)

That would be unfortunate. But I would have to live with it. There is, however, another way out of this.

RAY LEBEAU

I'm all ears.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

You put down that gun. You let those two go. You and I continue our business as usual. And I let that pretty little wife of yours live as well.

RAY LEBEAU

Don't you touch her!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

I'm gonna do a lot more than that if I have to write my son's obituary. You can count on it.

RAY LEBEAU

Why me? Why did you pick me?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

It ain't about you Ray. It was about your brother. I held up my end of the bargain, I killed Darcy Dubois and your brother. Sure I didn't frame the mayor, like you asked, but he just fit nicely into it.

RAY LEBEAU

What do you want from me?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

I want you to live up to your end of the bargain.

(MORE)

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

Now I know your upset about your mother. I didn't mean for her to get dragged into all of this. But that's just collateral damage. It happens in warfare.

RAY LEBEAU

This isn't warfare!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Than you must not have been down on Bourbon Street lately. We always at war Raymond. Mostly with each other unfortunately, but once in a while, a dandy like you get mixed up in the wrong batch of briars and find it's awfully hard to wrestle his way out.

RAY LEBEAU

How do I know you won't just kill me and my wife anyway if I let these two go.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Because that would just be bad business. You saw how I let personal grudges go before. Now I'm willing to do that again in the name of building a partnership. But it's gonna have to be on my terms.

RAY LEBEAU

Your Bouncer. He explained what I wanted?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Every word of it. Now, I'm not a patient man, so I'm gonna count to three, and at three. You're gonna open the door, unarmed, and let me into this house, or you and your wife will only see each other again in hell.

RAY LEBEAU

How can I trust you?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

How could you not? One...

RAY LEBEAU

I'm willing to play ball.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Two...

Ray gets up and tosses his guns down.

RAY LEBEAU  
I'm opening the door now!

Ray opens the door to Louis's smiling face.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
Three.

Louis LUNGES at Ray and TACKLES him to the floor.

Louis throws some quick PUNCHES at Ray's face. WHAM!  
WHAM! WHAM!

Ray KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS and stuns him for long enough  
to allow Ray to roll out from under Louis and get the  
upper hand.

Ray SLAMS Louis's head into the floorboards and turns him  
over facing him.

Ray PUNCHES LOUIS as hard as he can a few times in the  
face until Louis HEAD BUTTS Ray and sends him staggering  
backwards towards the door.

Both men struggle to their feet as TWO ARMED MEN appear  
at the door and aim their guns at Ray's back.

ARMED MAN  
Sir?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
(shouting)  
No! Don't shoot! Don't do anything!

Ray turns around and sees that their guns are pointed  
right at his head.

Louis and Ray stand about five feet apart in silence as  
the tension grows in the room.

DARCY  
Shoot that son-of-a-bitch Louis!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
No! Nobody do a goddamn thing!

Louis wipes the blood off his mouth.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
Hell of a right hook you got there, Ray.  
You learn that at Charles Prep?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY LEBEAU

Law school.

Louis CHUCKLES at that and motions for the Armed Men to put their guns down.

ARMED MAN

Sir?

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

I said put 'em down! We done here.

The Armed Men look at each other confused.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

I'm a man of my word, Raymond.

DARCY

Louis! Look at what he did to your son.

Louis turns his attention toward Peter on the floor.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Get him out of here. Take him to a hospital. Tell 'em it was an accident. Mister Lebeau invited us up here for some hunting to discuss our new business arrangement and Peter there shot himself in the foot accidentally.

DARCY

He shot! Our son!

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Get him out of here! I don't want to hear another word about it.

Ray stands there dumbfounded by the whole situation.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

Got any more of that Bourbon?

Ray smiles and nods.

RAY LEBEAU

Yes I do.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Then let's have a toast to our future together. Now that I know you're a man willing to do anything and get creative in the face of immense personal consequences, I know that you're a man I want to be in business with.

Darcy shakes her head and carries Peter out of the house with the help of the Armed Men.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
Y'all need to get that Doctor's body in the trunk of the car and get on out of here. Ray and I got details to discuss.

The other Armed Men leave the house.

Louis staggers over to Ray puts his arm around him.

They both walk towards the bar.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
I didn't see any of this coming.

RAY LEBEAU  
What do you mean?

Ray gets two glasses out and pours them a drink.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
When I first met you. I thought, now here's a man who may accomplish what I put in front of him, but who positively won't have the gusto to see it through to the end. I underestimated you, Raymond.

The two men raise their glasses.

RAY LEBEAU  
Here's to surprise endings.

The two men CLINK their glasses.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
To the future.

Both of them drink their drinks and sit there in silence.

The sound of two CARS starting their ENGINES and PEELING out of the driveway can be heard outside of the home. The two men nod to each other with some comfort that everything is being taken care of.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
Now, I have something to share with you. About Sandra, the mother of my son, and it's not gonna sit well. I must warn you.

Ray GULPS down his drink and pours another.

RAY LEBEAU  
She's my sister. I already know.

Louis looks surprised by this information.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
You knew that, and you still went through with what you did? I knew you was a sick mother fucker, Raymond. But that shit is downright repugnant.

Ray shakes his head back and forth.

RAY LEBEAU  
No, I found out today.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
How that?

RAY LEBEAU  
My father, he had a lot of affairs when we were growing up. He paid her tuition through Charles Prep. Makes me sick to my stomach what we did. But how could I have known? She's the sick one.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE  
I hear that. It's just New Orleans, just Bourbon Street anyway. We all got a little bit of incest some way or another.

Ray GULPS down his drink.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
Shit, I'd be drunk as hell too if I just found that out.

The sounds of a POLICE SIREN is heard outside.

Ray and Louis look to it nervously.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)  
You fuck me on this?

RAY LEBEAU  
I didn't do shit.

The FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN and Darcy rushes in and closes the door.

DARCY  
Sheriff's out there.

Ray and Louis get to their feet as Darcy bends down and grabs Ray's revolver off of the floor.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

What are you doing? We stick to the plan.  
Son had an accident, we took him to the  
hospital, that's all.

Darcy aims Ray's Revolver at both of them.

DARCY

Fuck the plan.

LOUIS LAFAYETTE

Sandra!

Darcy opens fire BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! CLICK.

Darcy stands in the doorway frozen - the barrel of the gun oozing out SMOKE into the home.

Louis and Ray sit in a heap of broken glass and blood, torn to shreds by her bullets.

WOOP! WOOP!

POLICE LOUD SPEAKER (O.S.)

This is the Bienville Parish Sheriff's  
Department. Come out with your hands up!

Darcy looks down at the gun.

She WHIPS herself in the face a few times HARD.

WHACK! WHACK! Her lower eye starts bleeding.

She drops the gun and walks slowly towards the door.

Darcy opens the door and puts her hands up.

EXT. LEBEAU HUNTING LODGE - DUSK

The SHERIFF (60's) and his DEPUTY (30's) look at each other concerned when they see Darcy.

SHERIFF

(over loud speaker)

Mam! Is there anyone else inside

Darcy shakes her head.

DARCY  
 (shouting)  
 They've kidnapped my son! There's a dead  
 body in the car with them!

The Deputy approaches her from behind the car.

SHERIFF HENDERSON  
 (over loud speaker)  
 What are you talking about?

DARCY  
 A black crown vic! They just left.  
 They're headed toward town.

Sheriff looks to Deputy.

DEPUTY  
 I'll call it in.

Sheriff nods to his Deputy and approaches Darcy with his  
 gun drawn.

SHERIFF HENDERSON  
 Now mam! Don't make any sudden movements.

Darcy doesn't move a muscle as Sheriff approaches her  
 slowly while his Deputy calls in the vehicle description.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gloria sits with a LAWYER (40's) in a suit. She is  
 looking over a group of documents that have signature  
 flags attached to each page.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Now what is the part here mean?

LAWYER  
 That's just saying that you acknowledge  
 Miss Henry as a rightful heir to the  
 Lebeau family fortune, as evidenced by  
 DNA tests conducted by the state.

Gloria nods.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
 Right. Of course she is entitled to  
 anything that I am.

Gloria signs and initials the documents.

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
There, that just about does it.

The Lawyer gathers up his papers off of the table and places them in his brief case.

LAWYER  
I'm very sorry for your loss Miss Lebeau.  
I can only imagine the trauma you've been through over the past couple of months.

Gloria nods.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
Thank you for your kind words. If anything, I've gained a friend. And a sister from all of this.

Gloria reaches out and grabs a hand.

DARCY'S HAND!

Both women hold hands and smile sadly at one another.

The Lawyer stands up from the table and stretches out his hand to both women.

LAWYER  
The money should hit your accounts in a matter of days. You'll owe estate taxes on it, but I'm sure you have good accountants for all of that.

Gloria nods and shakes his hand.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
That we do.

LAWYER  
Miss Henry.

Lawyer shakes Darcy's hand.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! All three look to the knocking sound at the front door.

LAWYER (CONT'D)  
Expecting somebody?

Gloria looks at Darcy suspiciously.

GLORIA LEBEAU

No we're not. If it's another goddamn reporter, I'm going to chase them up the street with a broomstick. I swear.

DARCY

I got your back.

All three of them get up and walk into

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Outside is a UPS DELIVERY WOMAN (40's) holding a package.

DARCY

Expecting a package?

GLORIA LEBEAU

Not that I know of.

EXT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Gloria opens the door and is greeted by a wide smile.

GLORIA LEBEAU

May I help you?

DELIVERY WOMAN

Package for a Mister Raymond Lebeau.

Delivery Woman hands over the package.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can you sign for it?

GLORIA LEBEAU

Sure can.

Lawyer slips by the women and walks down the steps as Gloria signs for the package.

LAWYER

(over his shoulder)

We'll be in touch. My condolences again!

GLORIA LEBEAU

(after him)

Thanks for all your help!

Delivery Woman takes the signature pad from Gloria.

DELIVERY WOMAN

Thank you Miss. Y'all have yourselves a good one.

DARCY

You too.

Gloria and Darcy go back inside the home and shut the door.

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - FOYER - DAY

Gloria starts to open the package as they walk inside the home towards the living room.

DARCY

Too early for champagne?

GLORIA LEBEAU

I'd say the fat lady has significantly sung. Bottle of Dom in the fridge just for this occasion.

DARCY

I love it when you spoil me.

INT. LEBEAU FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gloria finally gets the package opened and finds inside a

CHARLES PREP YEARBOOK - 1988

POP! Darcy shoots the cork out of the Dom Perignon.

DARCY

What was in the package.

GLORIA LEBEAU

It's a yearbook from Charles Prep. Nineteen eighty eight.

Darcy pours two champagne flutes full of bubbly and sits down next to Gloria on the couch, handing her one.

Gloria has it opened to PAGE 88.

ON THE YEARBOOK PAGE - A YOUNG DARCY AND GLORIA

They are in Cheerleader Uniforms and smiling wide with the rest of their CHEER SQUAD.

RETURN TO SCENE

GLORIA LEBEAU (CONT'D)  
Look at how young we look.

Darcy hold up her glass to Gloria.

DARCY  
To staying young forever.

GLORIA LEBEAU  
I'll drink to that.

They CLINK GLASSES and drink their champagne.

Darcy leans in and KISSES GLORIA.

Gloria puts her hand on Darcy's face and reciprocates.

They both GIGGLE as Darcy climbs on top of Gloria and  
spills her Champagne onto the yearbook.

ON THE YEAR BOOK -

As the champagne SPREADS on the page, we ZOOM IN CLOSER  
ON THE PICTURE and can now clearly see

DARCY AND GLORIA - HOLDING HANDS IN THE PHOTO.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END