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by

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FADE IN:

INT. - DAY - KITCHEN

PINTO, 50s, wearing glasses, sits at a table in an ordinary kitchen reading a newspaper. Over the table hangs a lamp with a hunter green tin shade, casting down a cone of warm light. There are four chairs around the table—wooden, old-fashioned.

A mint-green vinyl tablecloth, on which sit salt and pepper shakers—clear glass, with silver metal tops—next to a sugar bowl. A half-height metal paper napkin dispenser, exactly like one on a diner counter, stands next to the sugar bowl. One broken-handled coffee mug holds pens, pencils, markers, and scissors. A second broken-handled coffee mug holds scuffed flatware: spoons, butter knives, forks.

Grey overcast light sifts through the window over the sink. MUSIC from a radio plays in the background.

INT. - DAY - KITCHEN BACK DOOR

Through the window and the sheer curtain covering it, the dark outline of MARLIN appears, indistinct in the grey light.

KEYS in the lock, the SHAKE of the window in its frame as the door opens, and Marlin, 50s, enters.

He SNIFFS the air.

PINTO (O.S.)

That you?

Marlin says nothing as he locks the door, puts the keys in his jacket pocket, takes off his jacket, and hangs it up next to the door.

KITCHEN DOOR FRAME

Marlin looks at Pinto's back, sees the newspaper.

Pinto turns to look at Marlin.

PINTO'S POV

Marlin is silhouetted by the grey light in the door frame.

PINTO

It is you.

KITCHEN TABLE

Pinto turns back to reading his newspaper.

Marlin pulls up a chair to the table, leans forward.

He taps a finger on a picture on the page that Pinto is reading.

NEWSPAPER PAGE

Marlin's fingernail, bitten and ragged, taps the picture.

MARLIN (O.S.)

I did that.

KITCHEN TABLE

Pinto takes off his glasses, fixes his look on Marlin.

PINTO

What's listed here.

MARLIN

Yes.

PINTO

I don't believe it.

MARLIN

Believe me.

PINTO

I don't want to.

MARLIN

It's true.

NEWSPAPER PAGE

Marlin's fingertip taps the text of the story.

MARLIN (O.S.)

It's true.

PINTO (O.S.)

If that's true, then kiss me.

THEIR FACES IN PROFILE

Marlin kisses Pinto. They separate by an inch, nothing more.

PINTO

How?

MARLIN

Lock, stock, and barrel to his head. That's not in the article.

Pinto pulls away, leaving only Marlin's profile.

KITCHEN TABLE

MARLIN

Only a detail the perpetrator would know—

PINTO

Cause of death is not in the article.

MARLIN

But I know. I was there.

Their eyes lock, then Pinto turns his face away from Marlin.

NEWSPAPER

Pinto's index finger, nail neatly trimmed, traces the edge of a grainy photo of an overexposed body under a covering.

PINTO (O.S.)

Then that means—last night I slept with—

MARLIN (O.S.)

Such a one that would do that, yes.

PINTO (O.S.)

(overlapping at “would”)

—would do this—

MARLIN (O.S.)

You always knew I was capable.

KITCHEN

Pinto’s chair scrapes back as he jumps out of it. He paces. He shuts off the radio.

Marlin pivots the newspaper in front of him, takes a pen from the mug.

NEWSPAPER

Marlin’s pen scribbles around the edge of the photo and the caption underneath: “Local shopkeeper murdered.”

MARLIN (O.S.)

No photo can ever capture, you know—two dimensions can’t
be three—the air, the brittle light—pixels cannot—

KITCHEN TABLE

Pinto, hands planted flat, leans in to Marlin.

PINTO

Tell me. Why. Hard.

Marlin puts the pen back in the mug.

MARLIN

Of course. It’s not without a reason. I had my own business
to mind—

PINTO

Faster.

MARLIN

—self-important, going through the park—

Pinto pulls his chair up to the table, sits. He folds his glasses and slips them into his shirt pocket.

MARLIN

—a mundane day.

PINTO

Then. What.

MARLIN

Not him—not at first. Jonathan.

PINTO

Johnny Appleseed?

(sing-song)

Troll, troll, troll for my hole—

MARLIN

I don't think he was there for that. Hair slicked, teeth white—
clean. No prowling-around for him. He had found a source.

PINTO

And of course—

MARLIN

We greeted.

PINTO

Innocent.

MARLIN

Jonathan is all done. I have told you that.

PINTO

You have told me that.

MARLIN

But still open, as befits friends—a kiss, an embrace. We are
not in medieval times.

PINTO

So when did he appear?

Marlin positions the sugar bowl behind the napkin dispenser.

MARLIN

He must have been there, but maybe behind those concrete
urns with the knackered flowers—a niche—

The shakers now become Jonathan and Marlin.

MARLIN

Jonathan and I, we talk—by now, dusk—the lamps splutter on—traffic, moist air—you know that garden—and Jonathan leaves.

PINTO

A big kiss.

MARLIN

You know his manner.

PINTO

Several—and him watching all.

MARLIN

And then I am alone.

The salt shaker gets put to the side. The pepper shaker stays.

MARLIN

I thought that that would be brief—that time of day—but the place stayed deserted. Only myself.

EXT. - HOUSE - DAY

In succession: flower urn on the front stoop, peeling white paint, dead plant in it rustled by the breeze; the back door that Marlin entered, a St. Brigid cross hanging just below the window; a small dead vegetable garden with a statue of Buddha; Marlin and Pinto at the table through the window over the sink.

MARLIN (V.O.)

I knew he was there, though I hadn't seen him. Ghost-
nerves, you know, the ones that pick up on a breeze: they
zizzed. Purple shadows, like ink.

PINTO (V.O.)

I have to know.

INT. - KITCHEN - DAY

Marlin dances the pepper shaker in front of the napkin dispenser.

PINTO

You had no reason to stay.

MARLIN

I had no reason to stay.

PINTO

But you did.

MARLIN

Something stayed me. Danger—excitement—

PINTO

Your center of gravity—

MARLIN

It's why you love me. I called out—"olly olly oxen free"—he didn't have to stay, either—but his voice came back: "I saw you." "I can't talk to a ghost," I say. And he, summoned, appears.

Marlin looks at Pinto and nods.

MARLIN

Go on.

TABLE

Pinto's hand moves the sugar bowl from behind the napkin dispenser.

MARLIN (O.S.)

And when he did, I swear the air broke. Not shattered but—reconfigured.

KITCHEN

Marlin gets up and walks to the window over the sink.

KITCHEN WINDOW

Through the window, Marlin sees the vegetable garden with the Buddha statue.

PINTO (O.S.)

"I saw you."

MARLIN

"I saw you," he said, with a voice like ripped glass. "I saw you kiss him."

PINTO (O.S.)

A double-edge to that.

Marlin turns to face Pinto, leaning the small of his back against the sink.

MARLIN

Doesn't it. "I saw you—I want" or "I saw you—I loathe." Then this bit of closure: "You faggot."

Pinto's voice changes slightly to take on a different timbre.

PINTO

I saw you, faggot.

MARLIN

Like that, yes.

PINTO

Because I need to know.

Pinto gets up and approaches Marlin.

PINTO

I saw you, faggot.

MARLIN

More hoarse, more outbreath.

PINTO

I saw you kiss him, you faggot.

KITCHEN WINDOW

Marlin turns away from Pinto, puts his hands on the windowsill and leans his weight toward the window.

MARLIN

Something—clicked. Brittle to brutal.

WINDOWSILL

Marlin's knuckles go white as he squeezes the wood to anchor himself.

KITCHEN

Pinto stares at Marlin's hunched back.

PINTO

I saw you kiss him. I did. I saw all of it.

MARLIN

“What of it.?” I say.

MARLIN AT WINDOW, IN PROFILE

PINTO (O.S.)

Do you want some for yourself?

MARLIN

I did say that, almost beat for beat.

PINTO (O.S.)

That’s why I said you said it.

MARLIN

“Do you want some for yourself.?”

Marlin turns and faces Pinto.

KITCHEN

PINTO

Why do you always have to correct?

MARLIN

Because I knew what was next. I knew, even before the words I knew would come out of his mouth came out of his mouth.

PINTO

(outbreath)

I hate you.

MARLIN

See, you know as well. The words lasering in, zeroing out. “I hate your kind.”

PINTO

Your kind—

MARLIN

“I hate all of you—filth.”

Pinto sits down. He holds the pepper shaker.

MARLIN

The air frags all around me—and something just—clicks.

PINTO

Permission.

MARLIN

Granted.

PINTO

Sit. Please.

Marlin sits.

MARLIN

Permission.

Marlin indicates for Pinto to pass him the pepper shaker, which Pinto does. Marlin pulls the sugar bowl toward him, faces the two items together.

MARLIN

“Filth,” “sewage,” “deserve to die” “loathe”—as these grenades come in, I am in this suspension, waiting for the permission to begin.

PINTO

Why didn’t you leave? Avoid the temptation.

MARLIN

I had that choice.

PINTO

Sky failing, venom spilled—but you still intact—

MARLIN

Intact—

PINTO

The higher road to take—

MARLIN

(laughing)

You are so delicious, you are! You would have left.

Marlin lifts the sugar bowl up like a chalice.

MARLIN

"I loathe you"—infection, viper—that long "o"—click.

PINTO

Click.

MARTIN'S POV

Marlin's hands hold the sugar bowl.

MARLIN (O.S.)

A voice in the dusk—no human tether—

Marlin drops the bowl, and it CRASHES onto the table.

KITCHEN TABLE

The upended bowl, sugar spilled across the photo.

MARLIN (O.S.)

He had earned his passage out of the garden.

KITCHEN

Pinto moves to clean up the mess.

MARLIN

Leave it alone—stop being who you are!

Marlin gets up and moves around the kitchen. Pinto doesn't stop cleaning up.

MARLIN

It was easy, actually. Stop it!

Pinto stops.

MARLIN

Come here. Come here.

Pinto goes to Marlin.

THE TWO IN PROFILE

Marlin takes Pinto's hands.

MARLIN

We share everything. This will out in our every touch from now on—these hands make you co-conspirator. Co-respirator.

Marlin puts Pinto's right hand around his throat.

MARLIN

I grab him—click, off go his words—the soft places to the sides of the larynx. Squeeze!

Pinto squeezes.

MARLIN

(constricted voice)

I ram him against the wall. Do it!

Pinto, pressing against Marlin's throat, slams him against the counter edge. Pinto's BREATHING is heavy.

MARLIN

He feels this vice tighten, tighten until—

Marlin slides out of Pinto's grasp to the floor.

MARLIN

He falls.

Marlin LAUGHS. Pinto looks crushed.

MARLIN

At the foot of the wall, but still breathing.

Marlin imitates THICK, RACKETY BREATHS.

MARLIN

Pick up that chair—pick it up! Over your head.

Pinto lifts the chair over his head.

MARLIN

The trash barrel.

Marlin sits up, adjusts his back against the cabinet door.

MARLIN

“Look at me.” Honestly, I can’t tell, but I hear him turn his head. “I want you to see what’s going to kill you”—and then I know.

Marlin SNAPS his fingers.

MARLIN

Click.

Pinto puts the chair down, sits in it. Marlin reaches out his right hand. Pinto grasps it.

MARLIN

No good scare and give him a chance for penance—but with cold rage end his days. I hated him, friend, I hated every hatred he held for me, for you, for Jonathan—and it was no effort at all to let gravity judge.

KITCHEN

Pinto moves to his original seat at the table. Marlin picks himself up off the floor.

MARLIN

Now one less hater in the world.

Pinto picks up the newspaper with the spilled sugar on it and takes it to the sink to empty it.

PINTO

Floating it as a possible “hate crime.”

MARLIN

How do these things gets judged?

Pinto sits back down, lays the emptied newspaper in front of him, stares at the picture.

MARLIN

How do you judge me? There is one less hater in the world.

Pinto takes a pair of scissors from the mug.

PINTO’S POV

The scissor blades slice through the paper as Pinto cuts out the article and picture.

PINTO (O.S.)

Hate for hate.

The scissors slice. The SOUND of a chair being pulled up to the table.

MARLIN (O.S.)

Hate for hate, it was—but at least a little bit cleaner, don't you think?

And the scissors slice.

MARLIN (O.S.)

Yes? Cleaner?

KITCHEN

Pinto finishes cutting out the article and picture.

PINTO

It is not without meaning. And I am scared.

MARTIN

If they find, they find, not likely, but—

PINTO

Not that.

Pinto turns the cutting face down, smooths it.

MARLIN

Of me.

Pinto half-shrugs, half-nods.

MARLIN

One less.

Pinto half-shrugs, half-nods again. He arranges the items on the table, putting them back into order.

PINTO

Could you turn the radio back on?

Marlin doesn't get up right away, but then he does, goes to the radio, turns it on. CLAIR DE LUNE plays at a low volume.

Marlin watches Pinto, who stares at the turned-over article.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

EXT. - HOUSE - DAY

In succession: flower urn on the front stoop, peeling white paint, dead plant in it rustled by the breeze; the back door, a St. Brigid cross hanging just below the window; a small dead vegetable garden with a statue of Buddha.

INT. - KITCHEN - DAY

Pinto at the kitchen table, dressed in different clothes but otherwise unchanged, bathed by the overhead light.

Yesterday's newspaper is folded. The article, face up, sits on top of it.

The radio is not on.

INT. - KITCHEN BACK DOOR - DAY

Through the window and the sheer curtain covering it, a dark outline appears, indistinct in the grey light.

KITCHEN

Pinto hears KNOCKING on the back door. He looks up, stares ahead, says nothing. KNOCKING again.

PINTO

It's open.

The SHAKE of the window in its frame as the door opens.

BACK DOOR

JONATHAN enters, early 30s verging on going to seed but looking cleaned-up. He closes the door, then slides around the door jamb and looks at Pinto's back, the newspaper on the table.

He SNIFFS the air.

JONATHAN

Hello.

KITCHEN

Pinto still stares straight ahead, his face shaded by the reflection of the overhead light bouncing off the table cloth.

He hears Jonathan STEP into the kitchen, WALK toward him. Jonathan pulls out a chair, sits.

JONATHAN

Pinto.

PINTO

Jonathan.

A silence hangs in the air.

JONATHAN

Marlin about?

Pinto does not answer, stares. Jonathan fidgets but light-hearted, not anxious.

JONATHAN

You look stung, bub.

Jonathan, using the edge of his hand, makes a chopping motion between his own eyes.

JONATHAN

Two-by-four'd—pole-axed.

JONATHAN'S POV

Jonathan sees the article on top of the folded newspaper.

ARTICLE

Jonathan's fingertip, the nail clean and clipped, taps the picture.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Ah.

KITCHEN

JONATHAN

Ah.

PINTO

You know. Don't you.

JONATHAN

Well—

PINTO

I know. I was—informed.

JONATHAN

Now I know what I'd only suspected.

Jonathan makes the chopping motion.

PINTO

Stop that! Lock, stock, and barrel to his head—I sit here knowing!

JONATHAN

Not doing you any good.

PINTO

Why are you here?

JONATHAN

A visit. Long time.

PINTO

You can have him, his lock, stock, and barrel—

JONATHAN

Not why I came.

PINTO

Because he has forfeited! Take him!

Jonathan picks up the salt and pepper shakers.

JONATHAN

I came by because he said he was happy.

Pinto shoots him a quick look. Jonathan makes the shakers do a dance for Pinto. Pinto goes back to staring straight ahead.

JONATHAN

Yes.

PINTO

Happy.

JONATHAN

See it myself because I am happy for him. I am!

PINTO

Happy. Put those down.

Jonathan puts them down.

JONATHAN

Whatever Pinto wants.

PINTO

All night—

Pinto SLAMS one palm flat on the table, then SLAMS the other one next to it, parallel. Jonathan, for all his coolness, jumps.

PINTO

Like this.

Pinto then CLAPS his hands together, palm to palm, and holds them together tightly.

PINTO

Not like this. All night—

Pinto SLAMS both hands back onto the table.

PINTO

The ceiling steals my eyes all night. Drawn out there—the scene.

Jonathan makes the chopping motion.

JONATHAN

Barrel.

KITCHEN - BACK DOOR

Marlin eases the door open, newspaper under his arm.

PINTO (O.S.)

Could feel his warmth next to me.

Marlin leans against the wall, unseen by the two of them.

PINTO (O.S.)

And then the barrel—cold. And then his warmth. And then the—

Marlin eases the door closed.

KITCHEN

PINTO

He slips away early—I'm glad! Never was before—but I am now! I have to do something—

KITCHEN DOOR FRAME

Marlin slides around the door frame.

KITCHEN

Jonathan sees Marlin. Pinto sees that Jonathan sees something and stops talking.

MARLIN

What? Hello Jonathan. Do what?

Marlin kisses Pinto on the forehead.

MARLIN

My love.

Pinto does not answer.

Marlin throws the newspaper on the table.

MARTIN

So—are we all knowing all here?

JONATHAN

I didn't when I came in. Completely. Then when I came in, I did. Completely. Him—

Jonathan makes the chopping motion.

PINTO'S CHAIR

Marlin pulls an empty chair next to Pinto. He clamps an arm across Pinto's chest, as much embrace as stranglehold.

MARLIN

Do what? Do some. Thing. Do what?

MARLIN'S HAND

Pinto lifts Marlin's hand and clamps his teeth down on it, but lightly. Pinto slowly but intentionally increases the pressure of his bite.

KITCHEN

Not showing any of the pain he feels, Marlin stands up. Pinto carries Marlin's hand in his mouth: a feral image. Then Pinto releases his bite. Marlin holds up his hand like a prize.

MARLIN

I'm not sure that that was unpleasant, given our present circumstances.

PINTO

Jonathan? A favor.

JONATHAN

By all means.

PINTO

Would you ask him what he expects of me.

JONATHAN

Through me to him?

Marlin holds up his hand.

MARLIN

Because contact is painful.

PINTO

Will you?

MARLIN

Do it, mate.

JONATHAN

Well—what do you expect of Pinto?

Marlin turns away from them both.

WINDOW

Marlin puts his hands on the windowsill and leans his weight toward the window.

HAND ON WINDOWSILL

The bright red outlines of a set of human teeth.

THROUGH WINDOW

The vegetable garden with the Buddha statue.

MARLIN (O.S.)

I went back.

KITCHEN

Marlin turns and faces them both, leaning back against the edge of the sink.

MARLIN

To the scene.

JONATHAN

You punk.

MARLIN

This morning.

JONATHAN

Brass-faced.

MARLIN

The “crime scene.” The people milling about—and the secret lodged right there among them. I had all these—impulses.

PINTO

Jonathan, ask him again—

JONATHAN

Can you answer to him, Marlin?

MARLIN

I am.

JONATHAN

Not really.

MARLIN

Do you like being his solicitor?

JONATHAN

He asked what you expected, and, Christ, he even bit you to get it!

MARLIN

You like being his advocate?

JONATHAN

I like to know the future when I can.

Marlin LAUGHS.

MARLIN

The officer in charge.

Marlin takes a page from the newspaper he brought in and folds an origami admiral's hat as he talks.

MARLIN

To him I say, "I did that." Eyes never flinched. "Did you, now.?" "Yes," I repeated, still, composed.

Martin puts on the hat, models it.

JONATHAN

You look daft.

MARLIN

"Barrel to his head." A flick! of his eyes—we lock for a moment. Then. "You should move along."

JONATHAN

You are daft.

Marlin takes another piece of newspaper and rolls it so that it becomes a sword.

MARLIN

"I'm trying to make your career." But he doesn't bite. And off went I, a freed man. La di da di da di da.

JONATHAN

Moth and flame as usual.

Marlin turns around the empty chair next to Pinto, straddles it between the two of them. He leans toward Pinto.

THE TWO IN PROFILE

MARLIN

Two dark spots on the ceiling—your eyes boring last night—
the dust of judgment raining down—

JONATHAN (O.S.)

What else could you expect—

MARLIN

Did you not gavel me all night long? By morning, Jonathan, I
was encased in judgment. Muddled up, immured. Cask of
Amontillado.

Pinto finally turns his face to Marlin.

PINTO

But did you just want me to dismiss it?

MARLIN

Yes.

PINTO

As if what had happened—

MARLIN

Yes.

PINTO

—did not happen.

MARLIN

Yes. Yes.

KITCHEN

PINTO

How?

MARLIN

You mean, “why.” Why. Why? For love, of course. For love,
love.

Jonathan rolls out of his chair, LAUGHING but without any real humor behind it.

JONATHAN

Oh oh oh.

Jonathan walks over the window, looks through it.

PINTO

If I did that for you—

MARLIN

Then what?

PINTO

(as if coming up for air)

Nothing!

MARLIN

Advocate.

JONATHAN

Then—he would be like you—barrel held overhead, ready.

PINTO

Co-conspirator, you said. Co-respirator.

MARLIN

Can you love someone who did barbaric but who you know is not barbaric?

Jonathan LAUGHS derisively. He turns and faces them.

JONATHAN

Oh, rich, Marlin! Don't you see it? He's as deep as guano on the cliffs of Peru! No doubt at this moment sorry—

Jonathan straddles a chair at the table.

JONATHAN

—sincere—always good at moments—

Jonathan makes a series of faces.

JONATHAN

A little simper, droop of mouth, sad-face of sorry—seen it all, Marlin. Pinto, it's played out.

Pinto turns an anguished face to Marlin.

PINTO

I want to believe you.

JONATHAN

Cherub! There are clues here! He confesses to a brick-brained officer of the court—he obviously does not care about you—

Pinto grabs Marlin's paper sword.

JONATHAN'S CHEST

The sword crumples against Jonathan, right up to Pinto's hand. Jonathan eases the paper out of Pinto's hand.

KITCHEN

With daintiness, Jonathan smoothes it out on the table.

JONATHAN

How easy these things have become.

Pinto tears out of his chair, caroms around the kitchen.

PINTO

(choking)

I have to—

MARLIN

I meant what I said—

PINTO

I can't—

MARLIN

I did it because—

Pinto picks up a chair and, for an instant, seems capable of smashing it against one or both of them.

PINTO

I—have—to—tell—I—have—to—tell—

MARLIN

Who? Who?

PINTO

The—proper—authorities—

MARLIN

Proper authorities?

JONATHAN

So much for your love.

Marlin grabs Jonathan by the throat.

MARLIN

Shut up!

JONATHAN

I am commanded.

PINTO

I am tired of “Pinto, you can’t do”!

Pinto throws the chair down.

PINTO

Something has to resolve! Human being wasted!

MARLIN

Not without meaning, you said—

PINTO

Meaning—meaning—

Pinto snaps his fingers faster and faster, as if trying to find a word or words but cannot.

PINTO

Aaaaagggghhhhh! My head—smashed— My face—
Ahhhhhhh! One—less—hater—yes—but—even—he—
deserved—

MARLIN

Even he?

PINTO

Not—to—die—

Pinto smashes his fist into his other hand several times, hard. Pinto BREATHES HEAVILY for a few beats, then calms himself and SNAPS his fingers once.

PINTO

(quietly)

I feel I have to.

MARLIN

(equally quietly)

Then what has been unthinkable has become available to our thought.

JONATHAN

Marlin?

MARLIN

And if to thought, then to action.

PINTO

What could be unthinkable to you now?

MARLIN

Faced with your betrayal—

Marlin SNAPS his fingers.

MARLIN

Faced with being walled away—

Marlin SNAPS his fingers again.

MARLIN

Nothing is unthinkable.

Marlin SNAPS his fingers a last time.

JONATHAN

Marlin. Marlin!

PINTO

We have cut each other loose.

JONATHAN

Pinto!

MARLIN

Equals, then.

PINTO

Equals more than we have ever been.

Marlin and Pinto stare at each other for a hard moment. Then Pinto reaches out.

MARLIN'S FACE

Pinto's hand caresses Marlin's cheek. Marlin ever so slightly leans in to the caress.

KITCHEN

Jonathan suddenly moves between them.

JONATHAN

Marlin, come home with me—you two obviously need a break from each other. Come on—I'll take care of you.

Marlin does not move. He and Pinto continue to look at each other.

JONATHAN

C'mon, love—come on—you know—you know you've always wanted to come back.

MARLIN

Have I always?

JONATHAN

You can't really mean to—

MARLIN

What a finger down the throat is to puking—that's you. Why would I?

Marlin takes off his admiral's hat and puts it on Pinto.

MARLIN

Real danger, worth courting.

JONATHAN

So I should leave?

MARLIN

You were never invited.

PINTO

No scraps for you here.

Jonathan hesitates, then goes to leave.

KITCHEN DOOR FRAME

The light behind Jonathan casts him as a silhouette.

JONATHAN

I've got no pity for the broken bastard in the park—but who knows? Investigative dead end, walled in—then some—

Jonathan SNAPS his fingers.

JONATHAN

—tip, anonymous, that cracks the case, as they say. One can never predict how things will click.

Jonathan pivots and leaves, the SLAM of the back door RATTLING the window in its frame.

THE TWO IN PROFILE

Pinto takes off the admiral's hat.

PINTO

Nothing is changed. Everything is changed. All possibilities.
All wounds.

Like GUNSHOTS, several rhythmic heavy POUNDINGS on the back door. Their faces startle, then ease, as they continue looking at each other.

Jonathan's LAUGHTER rings out, then FADES as he moves away from the house.

VEGETABLE GARDEN

Jonathan picks up the Buddha and slams it down to the ground, then does it again.

BREATHING heavily, he glares at the house.

FADE OUT