

ELECTRIC LAUGHTER

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FADE IN:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE/CHICAGO - DAY

JOE COYOTE (45) waves from a convertible as he snakes down State Street in the St. Patrick's Day parade. Flanked by bodyguards, he exudes brightness on an overcast day.

The crowd greets him with electric laughter, pressing their devices as he passes. His dark hair is splashed with gray. He wears reflective sun glasses as he turns, faces the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Joe (50) pauses the image, rewinds and zooms in on the bodyguard's expression in his reflective sunglasses. Five years has passed as witnessed by Joe's mostly gray hair.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE/CHICAGO- (FIVE YEARS AGO) - DAY

The car turns onto Wacker Drive with the parade. The green Chicago river takes on an eerie glow under cloudy skies. Joe smiles at the camera as The SOUND OF A GUNSHOT rings out and a bullet pierces the center of his forehead.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Joe flips off the television, no sign of a scar on his forehead. His previous charisma is replaced with melancholy.

He clicks another remote and a hologram of ANGELICA JOHNSON (45, elegant and ethereal) springs to life in a chair by the bay window, poised and ready with her cello clutched between her knees, she smiles and launches into a Bach concerto.

She plays with the fervor of a musical genius. Her long hair sways with the music, perfectly synchronized.

Joe walks around the hologram. He reaches out and touches her and a sharp white light breaks the image. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND BALLROOM (FLASHBACK)- NIGHT

A younger Joe opens his eyes backstage as the MASTER OF CEREMONIES addresses elegantly dressed guests at a big gala.

Joe fights off the panic with a zap of his own electric laughter and presses a thin titanium disc the size of a wrist watch. It blinks and beeps, then jolts his brain in laughter.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (O.S.)

It used to be that we needed comedians to make us laugh, but thanks to our guest of honor, all you need now is a pulse and some brainwaves. Please welcome **Time** Magazine's "Man of the Year" - let's give him a round of applause and **laughter** to the man who invented the cure for sadness- Ladies and Gentlemen - **Joe Coyote!**

The audience activates their electric laughter devices and the room erupts with surreal giddiness. As the energy crescendos, Joe is gripped with panic. He's sweating and immobile. He zaps himself again. No luck.

The laughter sounds like hysteria as Joe forces himself to the podium. His vision blurs as he looks at a surreal crowd. Joe's eyes meet GRAHAM GOLD (40) who sits front and center. He's Joe's height, same body type, fairer, delicate features.

Joe and Graham have a visual language between them. Graham detects Joe's panic and sends him a supportive, calming look.

JOE

(to the audience)

Thank you. Please, hold your applause and laughter for a moment. I'd like to say something.

The Master of Ceremonies motions to the crowd to calm down.

JOE

I'd like to dedicate this new wing of the children's hospital to my mother, the late Grace Coyote. She worked as a pediatric oncology nurse for over twenty years and often told me about the children on her floor, many of whom...

Joe gets choked up. Tears grip him. Renegade laughter still sputters out from the audience. Joe tries to speak, can't.

Graham dashes up and rescues him from the podium.

GRAHAM

Thank you for supporting this important cause. Grace Coyote would be honored and so proud of her son. Enjoy the evening everyone.

Graham whisks Joe off the podium and out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAKE HOTEL CORRIDOR(FLASHBACK)- CONTINUOUS

Graham leads Joe to a nearby stairway, dodging the reporters and hotel security who come chasing after them. He weaves them up the stairs, to another corridor, up a service elevator, and finally, to the roof. They're alone.

EXT. DRAKE HOTEL- ROOF TOP- NIGHT

Graham and Joe sit next to a bright purple neon sign, tinging their skin with an eerie color. Joe unleashes his tears.

GRAHAM

You are one melancholy billionaire, my friend. Are you okay?

Joe nods. His sobbing slows down.

JOE

I'm fine.

GRAHAM

You'd think inventing the cure for sadness would put you in a better mood.

JOE

I don't know why I'm crying.

GRAHAM

I know why. You need to get laid.

JOE

Is that your answer for everything?

GRAHAM

It's a remedy that works for me.

JOE

You're lucky!

GRAHAM

I think I'm onto something. Can you make an electric orgasm device?

JOE

It's been done.

GRAHAM

It has?

JOE

It's called a vibrator.

Their emotions hover around them in the eerie purple light.

GRAHAM

Seriously. Are you okay?

JOE

I made a mistake.

GRAHAM

I would have done the same thing if I had the money. Sick kids and their families will thank you forever. Don't sweat it.

JOE

Not that. I mean, inventing electric laughter.

GRAHAM

Are you kidding me? You're the richest man in the world and everyone loves you!

Joe looks out, tears stream down his cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Joe hovers close to the Angelica's hologram. The sun streams in at an angle that reminds him that she's transparent.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe faces himself in the mirror at an elaborate makeup table. Two Symphony tickets with Angelica's name stare back at him.

Cello music springs to life again, this time inside his head. He transforms his face within moments (prosthetic nose, thicker eyebrows, birthmark, colored contacts).

JOE
 (to himself in the mirror)
 It's so nice to meet you, Ms.
 Johnson. I'm a big fan.

He stops and examines his face. No resemblance to himself.

JOE
 My name? I'm...

He gets so choked up that he can't even say his name. The cello music in his head becomes louder. Joe takes off the disguise. The cello quiets to a whisper.

JOE
 (quietly)
 I'm Joe. Joe Coyote.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe buzzes his hair off and rubs his bald head. He checks the time. The soft SOUND of her cello music continues to play.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Joe hesitates. He checks himself one last time in the front hall mirror. He slips on a baseball cap and steps outside.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Joe winds his way through the Lincoln Park neighborhood. He savors the outside world around him:

- Two girls play two-square and fight over the chalk.
- Dueling joggers with identical dogs stop to pickup poop.
- a homeless man searches a dumpster, (Joe hands him \$100).
- Three elderly women on a park bench chat and laugh
- An angry business man hangs up his phone and then zaps himself with electric laughter to diffuse his rage.
- A couple of young dads fuss over toddlers in strollers.
- Teenage lovers grope each other under the bridge.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN LAKE FRONT - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Acrobatic seagulls swoop against the backdrop of the skyline. Her cello music plays softly in his head. He sits down on the short wall and faces the city. He zaps himself a few times. Time passes. Her cello music speeds up.

At the Oak Street underpass a punk approaches him.

PUNK

Hey mister, you want to buy electric laughter?

JOE

No thanks, I've got one.

PUNK

You don't have this one. It's a new version.

JOE

What do you mean?

PUNK

It's not just laughter anymore.

The punk pulls out a device as a cop walks out from the underpass and sees him hustling Joe. The punk sees the cop and takes off before Joe can see it.

EXT. OAK STREET/MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

The city hustle is too much for him and his perceptions become distorted. A cab pulls up. Joe gets in.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The chatty Jamaican cab driver talks as Joe looks out.

JOE

Orchestra Hall on Michigan Avenue.

CAB DRIVER

They don't call it Orchestra Hall no more. It's the Symphony Center now. Where you been? Under a rock?

Joe unrolls the window. They drive on.

CAB DRIVER

You know who you look like?

JOE

No one.

CAB DRIVER

That dead billionaire! Poor guy!
All that money and KAPOW!

JOE

I'm not him.

CAB DRIVER

Of course you're not him- he's
dead! *Maybe you're that other guy?*

JOE

What other guy?

CAB DRIVER

They say he had a double with the
same exact face. They can do that
now, you know, give you someone
else's face. They use robots for
surgeons.

JOE

I can get out here.

CAB DRIVER

No! I'm driving you. Too far.

The cab driver studies Joe in the rear view mirror.

JOE

Elvis is still dead too by the way.

CAB DRIVER

Maybe there was no double and they
invented him to solve the murder.
You sure do look just like him. You
could say you're his brother. Get
some of that money!

Joe rolls the window up. It gets stuck halfway. He presses on
the glass with his fingers to coax it back up. They arrive.
Joe hands him a hundred dollar bill, gets out flustered.

CAB DRIVER

I just started and can't break this
bill. You have a credit card?

JOE

Keep the change.

CAB DRIVER
Thank you, Joe Coyote's long lost
brother!

The driver watches Joe walk away, then speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

Joe keeps his head down as he enters the building, early.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

He enters the ornate auditorium and avoids eye contact. He slinks into his seat in the center of the third row with an empty seat next to him. He opens the program book, hiding.

Joe's so engrossed in Angelica's photo that he doesn't notice GLORIA (75), a small, spunky woman with a red scarf, angling down the row toward him. Joe notices that she appears to be seeing-impaired as she checks the number with her fingers

GLORIA
Would you please check my ticket
and tell me if this is my row?

Joe glances at it and helps her to the seat next to him.

JOE
Let me help you.

GLORIA
Thank you. I don't see much
anymore, but I can hear! I so love
Angelica's cello playing.

JOE
Me too.

GLORIA
Would you mind reading the program
to me before the concert starts?

JOE
Of course! It would be my pleasure.

He reads as she puts her hand on his forearm. He stops.

GLORIA
I hope you don't mind. I hear
better when I physically connect.

Joe closes his eyes, his first human touch in five years.

JOE

(reading)

"Angelica Johnson's last public appearance was at Carnegie Hall in 2010."

GLORIA

You have a very nice voice.

JOE

Thank you.

GLORIA

Why do you think that is?

JOE

Because she had a bit of a break down on stage last time, which was probably due to the sensory overload caused by her synesthesia.

GLORIA

I meant your voice. Why do you think you have such a nice voice?

JOE

I don't know why.

GLORIA

I know why. You're a gentle soul.

JOE

Thank you.

GLORIA

Is it serious?

JOE

My voice?

GLORIA

Synesthesia.

JOE

No, but it can be debilitating.

GLORIA

What is Synesthesia?

JOE

It's a rare fusion of the sensory receptors in the brain.

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

Angelica has the sight/sound fusion, so she literally sees everything she hears.

GLORIA

That's fascinating!

JOE

It can also be very exhausting. Imagine the sensory overload.

Joe gets flustered when he turns to a photo of himself.

GLORIA

What's next?

JOE

Just some photos. We'll skip it.

GLORIA

What's on the next page?

JOE

Tonight's concert was funded by the Joe Coyote Foundation. You've probably heard all that before.

GLORIA

Read it to me anyway.

JOE

Joe Coyote - inventor of electric laughter with degrees in medicine, neuroscience, bioengineering. It doesn't matter anyway, he's dead.

GLORIA

But not in spirit! Look what he gave us tonight. Angelica Johnson!

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELICA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Angelica sits in a small room and focuses on a white noise machine that emits soft pink mist that only she can see. She breathes out, relaxes, and checks herself in the mirror.

A HARSH KNOCK on the door sends bolts of steely gray into the room at eye level. She flinches.

ANGELICA

Who is it?

GUSTAV (O.S.)
It's Gustav. A word?

She opens and GUSTAV KROEHLER, (70, steely eyes, arrogant stance) enters her dressing room like a bad smell.

GUSTAV
Are you sure you're up to this?

ANGELICA
I'm sure, Gustav.

GUSTAV
I don't want happened in New York.

ANGELICA
That was a long time ago.

GUSTAV
Just so you know, I've got a backup
cellist waiting in the wings.

Another KNOCK and DR. FIRST (75) enters. He's a small, powerful man with a vibrant energy.

DR. FIRST
Angelica my dear. How are you?

Dr. First's voice carries deep blue hues. She perks up.

ANGELICA
Dr. First. You came!

DR. FIRST
I wouldn't your performance.

ANGELICA
(to Gustav)
Give us a moment, please.

Gustav nods coldly to both of them and leaves.

DR. FIRST
Take a few zaps. Doctor's orders.

Angelica's electric laughter device has diamonds around the face. She presses the button and two giggles sputter out.

ANGELICA
I'm so nervous.

DR. FIRST

It's okay. I'll be in the sixth row, near the center. Just look for me and I'll keep you calm.

She hugs him, zaps herself one more time.

CUT TO:

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

Gustav bows to the audience then faces the orchestra. Angelica breezes out and takes her place center stage.

Joe squeezes Gloria's hand. She pats his hand affectionately. Angelica watches Gustav, cello poised between her knees.

The music springs to life. Colors swirl around her: violet violins threads, staccato green bursts from the flutes, vibrating deep blues from the oboes, etc. It's her own personal *Fantasia* with colors only she sees.

Her music leaps out of her cello and vibrates across the air with waves of color as she paints with sound.

Angelica rests while the orchestra continues. She glances out at the audience looking for Dr. First, but her eyes meet Joe's instead. Tears stream down his cheeks and an aura of aqua and deep purple surrounds him. They connect instantly.

Angelica's playing reaches new heights - literally. The colors from her cello rise above the audience and fill the room to the ceiling, shining with intensity and brilliance.

As the colors from her cello crescendo, there's an embrace of colors between her and Joe, his warm glow and her swirling hues. They fall deeply in love somewhere in the atmosphere.

The audience is so moved by her playing that she gets a standing ovation at intermission. Her face is flushed as her eyes stay locked on the crying man in the third row.

GLORIA

(to Joe)

Congratulations! I'm happy for you.

JOE

For what?

GLORIA

For falling in love with Angelica.

Joe puts an arm around Gloria and hugs her. She smiles.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER/MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joe locks himself in the stall and tries to pee - takes a hit of electric laughter - pees. Tears escape his eyes. The SOUND of her concert unravels inside his head as he splashes cold water on his flushed cheeks.

Behind his reflection in the mirror stands STURGIS REGAN (70), tall, willowy, with the veneer of the ultra-rich.

Joe faces him. The tension is as thick as a block of ice.

STURGIS

Joe? Is it really you?

JOE

(quietly)

It is. I couldn't help it.

STURGIS

You're not Graham?

JOE

No. It's really me. I swear.

STURGIS

Good. Graham didn't deserve to be the one who survived.

Sturgis leads Joe through the lobby to a back door.

STURGIS

(softly but sternly)

Come with me.

JOE

Where are we going?

STURGIS

I'll explain outside.

Sturgis sneaks Joe through a back door into the alley.

EXT. SYMPHONY CENTER/BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Two police officers creep toward him from the shadows.

JOE

It's good to see a familiar face after all these years. How did you know it was me?

STURGIS

The cab driver picked up your fingerprints. The police called me immediately because I spearheaded your murder investigation.

JOE

But I wasn't murdered.

STURGIS

Someone was. We all saw it.

Joe notices the two policemen moving toward on him.

STURGIS

You have to go with them.

JOE

But I didn't do anything!

STURGIS

The murder was never solved. We were sure he killed you. Now it looks like the tables are turned.

JOE

But I didn't kill Graham!

STURGIS

Joe, say as little as possible. You don't want to incriminate yourself.

The police officers close in on him, their images stretch and distort from Joe's skyrocketing anxiety.

POLICE OFFICER

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you...

JOE

Angelica!

Joe tries to run, but the cops grab him and slam him against the car. The door to the Symphony Center looks distorted.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELICA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Angelica scribbles a note as Gustav bursts in, followed by Dr. First.

GUSTAV
Magnificent! I bow to you!

ANGELICA
Thank you, Gustav.

DR. FIRST
You were truly brilliant!

They look at Gustav. He leaves. She hands Dr. First the note.

ANGELICA
(extremely excited)
There's a man sitting in the third row next to a small woman with a red scarf. Tell him to meet me in my dressing room after the concert.

DR. FIRST
Angelica, your playing was very inspired, but you seem agitated.

ANGELICA
I need to meet this man.

DR. FIRST
You don't even know who he is.

ANGELICA
I know, but I know how I feel about this man. He even looks like him.

DR. FIRST
Angelica. This isn't healthy.

ANGELICA
Please, Dr. First. I love him and he loves me.

DR. FIRST
Emotions can fly around the room like sounds. Your imagination is highly charged right now.

ANGELICA
I'm not imagining this.

She holds her ground. He gives in and takes the note.

DR. FIRST
All right. What's he look like?

ANGELICA

Bald head. Third row next to a
small woman wearing a red scarf.

CUT TO:

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER/THIRD ROW - NIGHT

Dr. First arrives at Joe's seat and sees her red scarf. She has a certain grace that captivates him immediately.

DR. FIRST

Excuse me, Madam. I'm looking for
the gentleman who was sitting here
during the first half of concert.

GLORIA

The gentleman who just fell in love
with Angelica Johnson?

DR. FIRST

Are you his guest?

GLORIA

I'm here by myself, at least until
you arrived.

She smiles flirtatiously and extends her hand.

GLORIA

Gloria Dominica.

DR. FIRST

Dr. Alvin First. I'm enchanted to
meet you.

GLORIA

Likewise. Please. Join me for the
second half.

DR. FIRST

I'd be delighted to, but isn't
there a gentleman in this seat?

GLORIA

There's an empty seat to his left.

Dr. First takes a seat next to her. She takes his hand.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER/STAGE - NIGHT

Angelica arrives on stage. The orchestra is poised and ready. She grips her cello between her legs and looks for Joe.

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

Joe's hands are handcuffed behind his back. The police officer shoves him into the back of the police car.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

Angelica stares at his empty seat with anticipation. Dr. First sits on the other side of Gloria. She's engaging and he's smitten. He notices her cane, then kisses her hand.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Joe looks out from tear-filled eyes as the red lights from the police car washes over the building. The siren kicks on.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER/STAGE - NIGHT

Angelica looks at Dr. First who's busy talking with Gloria. Gustav comes on stage, taps his baton. She looks at the empty seat instead of at the conductor.

EXT. SYMPHONY CENTER/MICHIGAN AVE. - NIGHT

The SOUND of Angelica's concert unravels in his head. Joe's world turns watery and dark. The siren wails.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

Angelica's first concerto has a murky undertone. The empty seat is like a vortex, causing her music to hover, not soar. Her timing is off. Gustav looks annoyed. He glances backstage at the other cellist. Dr. First looks worried.

Angelica shoots him a desperate look. Dr. First whispers to Gloria and hands her the note.

DR. FIRST

When the gentleman returns, please
give him this note. It's from
Angelica. I will be back. I need to
check on something.

GLORIA
Of course. You have my word.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The police car turns a corner and the Symphony Center is out of sight. Joe puts his head down and sobs.

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER - NIGHT

Angelica falters. Her music lacks vibrancy. The colors and sounds of the orchestra overwhelm her. She collapses. Gustav stops the performance and apologizes to the audience as she's escorted off. The backup cellist takes her place.

INT. ANGELICA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

She's unconscious by the time Dr. First arrives. He tries smelling salts, but she only stirs. The paramedics arrive.

EXT./INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Joe dodges a throng of Paparazzi as he's escorted into the station. Reporters throw questions at him like grenades.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as they "book" him, mug shots, finger prints, name, address, birth date, etc. His perceptions become distorted again and he recoils. Cameras flash in his face, triggering the memory of the gunshot to Graham.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Joe is placed in an isolated cell. He slumps down and tries in vain to hear the music in his head. It's gone.

The cell door opens and two guards lead him down a hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. SYMPHONY CENTER/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Gloria sits in Joe's seat. She runs her hands over the arms and chair as if reading it by Braille. The concert continues.

Later in the lobby, Gloria overhears some of the guards talking about an arrest.

GLORIA
 (to one of the guards)
 Do you know where I can find
 Angelica Johnson? I'm a relative.

SYMPHONY GUARD
 They took her to Northwestern
 Memorial Hospital.

GLORIA
 Did I hear you say they arrested
 someone? Who did they arrest?

SYMPHONY GUARD
 Some guy they said was Joe Coyote.

GLORIA
 Where would they have taken him if
 they arrested him?

SYMPHONY GUARD
 Probably 26th and Cal?

GLORIA
 What's that?

SYMPHONY GUARD
 The police station at 26th and
 California Avenue.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Gloria snakes her way through the crowd of reporters, cane
 first, boldly tapping aside the Paparazzi. One of them helps.

Inside, Gloria has the reporter seat her at a remote bench.
 She waits. Time passes. As if invisible, she goes unnoticed.

A custodian approaches her. She touches his arm, smiles, then
 hands him the note. He nods. She stands up. He leads her out.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/POLICE STATION - DAY

Sturgis stands as they bring Joe into the room.

STURGIS
 Do you understand what's going on?

JOE
I didn't do anything!

STURGIS
That's part of the problem.

JOE
I need to go back to the concert!

STURGIS
You didn't do anything for five years. No one heard from you. No one saw you. This unexplained absence implies enormous guilt.

JOE
I'm not guilty! Whoever killed Graham really wanted me dead. I was too terrified to go anywhere.

STURGIS
I just need to know if you understand what's going on.

JOE
Of course I understand. I'm a recluse, not a moron.

STURGIS
There's going to be an arraignment tomorrow morning. They'll will have to charge you with a crime or let you go.

JOE
Can't they let me go now?

STURGIS
We'll ask the judge to release you on bail. It may be denied because you're a flight risk.

JOE
You have to get me out of here. I can't handle being locked up.

STURGIS
I got word from the prosecution that they're going to charge you with first degree murder.

JOE
All I did was withdraw from society. Other people do it.

STURGIS

You're not other people, Joe.

JOE

I want my life back!

STURGIS

I still can't believe that you're alive. Did you have any contact with anyone after Graham died?

JOE

No contact. Graham didn't die - he was murdered.

STURGIS

Everyone wants to know where you've been hiding all these years and why you killed Graham.

JOE

I didn't kill him. Not technically.

STURGIS

So you hired someone else to kill him?

JOE

No! My arrogance killed him. Who do I think I am that I could hire someone to assume my life and my death?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Angelica stirs, but doesn't regain complete consciousness. Dr. First checks her vital signs. He settles down in a chair by her bed and turns on the television without sound.

A news channel flashes two photos of Joe Coyote- one from the program book and the other taken at the police station.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Joe leans against the wall and closes his eyes. The SOUND of Angelica's cello concert intermingles with his quiet sobs. A note slides under the door. Joe reads it through teary eyes.

CU NOTE: I don't know who you are, but I know that I love you. Angelica

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. First and Angelica are asleep. The silent television flashes photos of Joe leaving an eerie glow in the dark room.

An orderly escorts her in and announces Gloria, waking him.

ORDERLY

She said she's your wife.

Dr. First takes her in his arms. The orderly leaves.

GLORIA

How is she?

DR. FIRST

Too soon to tell. Did you know that the man next to you was Joe Coyote?

GLORIA

I know now. Does Angelica know?

DR. FIRST

No! And I don't want her to know.

GLORIA

Why not?

DR. FIRST

It's a long story. He created a special version of Electric Laughter just for her brain.

GLORIA

Because of her Synesthesia?

DR. FIRST

How did you know about that?

GLORIA

Joe told me.

DR. FIRST

It really was him!

GLORIA

He did fall in love with her. I could feel it in my soul.

DR. FIRST

He fell in love with her a long time ago when they first met her.

GLORIA

And they found one another again!

DR. FIRST

It's a little more complicated.

GLORIA

Love is love. It's that simple. We just make it complicated.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Joe is escorted to a table in the courtroom where Sturgis sits with his defense attorney, MALCOLM ADAMS, (60, edgy).

STURGIS

Joe, this is Malcolm Adams, the finest criminal defense lawyer in the country. He's taking your case.

MALCOLM

(quietly to Joe)
Start acting crazy right now.

JOE

What?

MALCOLM

You know, crazy - drool, talk to yourself, anything. Look as dazed as you possibly can. Be unstable.

JOE

But I'm not crazy. I'm just sad.

MALCOLM

Then fake it. For your own sake.

The judge enters the courtroom.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the PROSECUTOR, (45, smug) and his team make a compelling case during the arraignment.

JUDGE

The defendant is charged with murder in the first degree. How do you wish to plead?

JOE
Not guilty, your honor.

JUDGE
Given the nature of your highly
unusual situation and flight risk,
bail is declined.

MALCOLM
Your honor, please reconsider-

The judge stops him, nods to the guards who surround Joe.

The Prosecutor walks by them. Malcolm chases after him as Joe
looks pleadingly over his shoulder at Sturgis.

STURGIS
(to Joe)
I'll do everything in my power.

MALCOLM
(to the prosecutor)
My client is prepared to cooperate.

PROSECUTOR
Nice try. No plea bargain.

MALCOLM
Some people dislike my client
because he's got a lot of money,
but he didn't come from money.

PROSECUTOR
Save it for the jury, *counselor*.

The Prosecutor leaves. Malcolm goes back to Sturgis.

MALCOLM
Are you sure he's not Graham
pretending to be Joe?

STURGIS
I'm sure. We've got the
fingerprints and DNA to prove it.

MALCOLM
He should have stayed in hiding.

STURGIS
No one can hide forever.

MALCOLM
People do it all the time.

STURGIS

I still can't believe it's him.

MALCOLM

This explains why we never found Graham.

STURGIS

I was sure Graham killed Joe.

MALCOLM

Joe's not a killer, is he?

STURGIS

You never know what someone is capable of, do you?

MALCOLM

I don't think the guy is capable of murder. It's just my instinct. I don't even think he's a good liar.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Angelica opens her eyes as two attendants wake her. Dr. First and Gloria are asleep on some chairs. Before she's fully conscious, one of the attendants whips out a camera and starts flashing away.

PAPARAZZI #1

What's your involvement with Joe Coyote? Did your collapse have anything to do with his return?

Dr. First calls for help as he struggles to get them out of the room. Angelica's eyes are open, but she can't speak.

An armed police officer races in and gets them out. Angelica closes her eyes. Dr. First checks her vitals.

GLORIA

Is she stable?

DR. FIRST

Yes. Her vitals are strong.

GLORIA

Good. Let's get out of here. I'm hungry, you?

CUT TO:

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE/PILSEN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An ambulance pulls into the alley behind her house. Two paramedics wheel Angelica through Gloria's exotic garden.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE/PILSEN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Her home has a warm, eccentric feel. It's small, clean, and bright. The other homes on the block are equally as modest.

They open the pullout sofa in the living room and transfer Angelica to it. She stirs, but soon settles down.

While Angelica rests, Gloria bustles about in the small kitchen, stirring something on the stove.

DR. FIRST

Thank you! I don't want to impose.

GLORIA

When my angels bring me such lovely house guests, who am I to complain?

DR. FIRST

What are you brewing up?

GLORIA

I come from a long line of healers.

DR. FIRST

So do I.

GLORIA

You work on the body; I work on the spirit, the energy of a person.

DR. FIRST

How do you know that I don't work on the spirit too?

GLORIA

You're right. What does your spirit think about this?

She holds out a spoon with some brew from the stove top. Dr. First taste it and smiles.

DR. FIRST

It's delicious. Chicken soup?

GLORIA

You're close. Ceviche.

DR. FIRST
That won't go through her I.V.

She expertly adds spices. He kisses her while she cooks, brewing up a little romance between them.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - DAY

Joe sits on a small iron cot. There's a sink, a toilet and a table. It's stark, cold. He lays down and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The murder scene plays out in more detail: the eerie green river, the frenetic parade, Graham waving from a convertible.

Graham smiles at the camera, a shot, the bullet pierces his forehead. He collapses instantly, as if rehearsed.

The bodyguard throws a blanket around him and races him to their private ambulance, which is conveniently nearby.

A bald, AFRICAN AMERICAN PARAMEDIC sits inside the ambulance. A *quick slice of light* slips out before the doors slam shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE (FLASHBACK)- DAY

Security cameras capture the ambulance whizzing by.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONSTRUCTION (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The ambulance pulls up to a new wing under construction next to the hospital and parks at an open parking lot.

The two paramedics leave the body and race into the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - PRESENT DAY

The doors of his cell open and the guards escort him out.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Joe enters the cramped medical examining room and is left alone with DR. WHITE, (50, Alpha type with a military aura).

DR. WHITE
I'm Dr. White. I'll be your psychiatrist during your incarceration. Let's see if we can drum up a little crazy for you...

JOE
I'm not crazy!

DR. WHITE
Not yet. It's your best defense.

JOE
I have my own doctor, Dr. First.

DR. WHITE
You'll see him when you're out. I've been hired by your attorneys to access your mental state. A little insanity can go a long way.

JOE
I'm only speaking to Dr. First.

DR. WHITE
(speaks into a recorder)
Patient was uncooperative, wants to see First, first.

JOE
Not funny.

DR. WHITE
Have you always have problems with delaying gratification?

JOE
Fuck you!

DR. WHITE
And the profanity? Is that voluntary or involuntary?

JOE
Get the fuck away from me.

DR. WHITE
Tourett Syndrome, maybe?

Joe just glares at him.

DR. WHITE

You ARE going to cooperate with me
whether you like it or not.

Joe screams toward the surveillance camera.

JOE

Malcolm! Sturgis! I didn't agree to
see him. I want to see Dr. First.

Dr. White presses a button and the doors open. Two guards
escort him out as he gives Joe a stony look. Time passes.

Dr. First is escorted in by the prison guards. Joe sobs. Dr.
First hugs him. After a moment, he looks him in the eyes.

DR. FIRST

Joe. It's really you, isn't it?

JOE

Please, forgive me.

DR. FIRST

It's so good to see you again, Joe.

JOE

(overcome with emotion)
It's good to see you too.

DR. FIRST

I don't understand what happened,
but I'm so happy to see you alive.

JOE

How is she?

DR. FIRST

She's fine. Let's talk about you.

JOE

We fell in love again.

DR. FIRST

Joe, what happened to you?

JOE

You mean with Angelica?

DR. FIRST

No, I mean where have you been for
the last five years?

JOE

At my house, a different house than
the one I lived in when I was...

DR. FIRST

When you were what?

JOE

When I was sharing my public
persona with Graham Gold.

DR. FIRST

Why did you do that?

JOE

Because I couldn't handle my life!
I had no privacy. No time to
myself. I couldn't work. I couldn't
sleep. Reporters and photographers
followed me *everywhere*. I was
losing my mind!

DR. FIRST

Did you?

JOE

Did I what?

DR. FIRST

Lose your mind?

JOE

No! I didn't lose my mind. I was
close many times, but I held onto
something inside of me.

DR. FIRST

That's good.

JOE

I'm still holding on, but barely.

DR. FIRST

Don't let go. Sanity is fragile.

Joe struggles as another mound of tears spills out.

JOE

I don't know why I keep crying. I
must be getting my period.

DR. FIRST

It's okay. I'd be more worried if you weren't crying. I'm going to examine you, if that's all right.

Dr. First begins the examination, (listens to his heart, chest, takes his pulse, blood pressure, etc.).

JOE

Loneliness is a dragon that almost devoured me. *I have to see her.*

DR. FIRST

They want me to determine if you're lucid enough to understand what's happening and if you can make decisions on your own behalf.

JOE

Of course I'm lucid.

DR. FIRST

Have you been taking care of yourself during your isolation?

JOE

Exercising every day.

DR. FIRST

Are you well enough to stand trial?

JOE

Whatever it takes to get my life back.

DR. FIRST

You miss your life, don't you?

JOE

You have no idea.

DR. FIRST

Your life missed you too.

DR. FIRST

I thought you might like this.

He hands him the note and an Ipod mini. Joe takes it.

DR. FIRST

The note's from Angelica. This is the first half of the concert. Gustav recorded it.

Joe clutches them, tears fill his eyes. He hugs Dr. First.

INT. PRISON MEETING ROOM - DAY

Malcolm sits at the head of a wobbly table in a cramped room, with Sturgis and PAT GRIMES, (40, black, powerful).

Joe is escorted into the room by guards. He sits in an empty chair across from Malcolm. The guards leave.

MALCOLM

We don't have much time.

Joe's eyes meet Pat's. They have an instant affinity.

MALCOLM

That's Pat. She's a lesbian. They make great criminal defense attorneys because they're tough and they aren't afraid to speak out.

PAT

We also know how to sue the pants off a boss who uses sexual orientation as a descriptor and is prone to racial profiling.

MALCOLM

(to Joe)

What did I tell you? Not afraid to speak out.

Malcolm opens his laptop to review Graham's murder again.

-The bullet enters Joe's (Graham's) forehead - the bodyguard whisks him away - the ambulance doors open - a slight flicker of light as the doors close - Ambulance speeds along Lower Wacker - stops at construction site next to hospital -

Seconds later, the back door of the ambulance blows up, obliterating the dead body to smithereens.

The police stand back. The ambulance driver stumbles out.

The back of his shirt is on fire. They throw him to the ground. A second explosion ignites the top of the ambulance.

They drag him to safety. A third explosion destroys the ambulance so entirely that only a charred shell remains.

The two paramedics are gone. It's not clear if they escaped or got blown up.

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Malcolm switches off the video.

MALCOLM

That's the Prosecution's warm up act.

PAT

It's unfortunate that it was the most watched YouTube video of all time. Jury selection will be a little tricky.

MALCOLM

There's also evidence of your blood in the convertible.

JOE

There was? How do you know that?

MALCOLM

The first investigation into your murder was pretty extensive thanks to Sturgis who spared no expense to find your killers.

STURGIS

To find Graham.

MALCOLM

We were sure the dead body was you because we found traces of your blood and hair in the convertible. The body and the ambulance were blown to smithereens so we couldn't even get a DNA sample.

PAT

Whoever wanted you or Graham dead, wanted you good and dead. They were professionals and didn't leave a trace.

JOE

How did my blood and hair get in the convertible?

MALCOLM

You planted it there to make it look like it was you.

JOE

I did not!

MALCOLM

It doesn't matter. That's what the prosecution is going to posit to support their case that you faked your own death.

JOE

I didn't fake my own death!

MALCOLM

Where were you when Graham was killed?

JOE

I was at the apartment. Alone.

MALCOLM

Which apartment?

JOE

The Lake Shore Drive apartment.

MALCOLM

The one you've been living in for five years like Ted Kaczynski?

JOE

No. The one that Graham and I shared. The one we each went to on our days off from being me.

MALCOLM

How did your blood get in the convertible?

STURGIS

And hair samples too?

MALCOLM

When were you last in that car?

JOE

I've never been in that car before.

MALCOLM

How do you think your fresh blood made its way to the convertible?

JOE

I don't know.

STURGIS

You were supposed to be in that car, weren't you Joe?

Joe becomes so overwhelmed that he can't answer.

PAT

The prosecutor is going to assert that your blood was planted there as part of the decoy of the hit. Was there access to your blood from any other source than your body?

JOE

Graham and I each had a supply of our own blood in our private ambulance in case something like this ever happened.

MALCOLM

(refers to his notes)
Speaking of, we have records to show that you two used your private ambulance once when you had to get through a traffic jam because you were running late for the dentist.

JOE

Graham had a bad toothache once. You have that on record?

MALCOLM

So does the prosecution.

JOE

He got the idea from Mick Jagger.

MALCOLM

You're not Mick Jagger.

JOE

You don't know what it's like not being able to go anywhere at all without being bombarded by-

MALCOLM

(Interrupts him)
We're not going for a sympathy plea, just an insanity plea.

PAT

The prosecution will most likely make the case that you felt you had no other choice but to kill him. It's hard to fire a guy who's got your same face.

JOE

Graham was my best friend. We had an exit strategy for our deal.

STURGIS

One that I never thought was acceptable.

PAT

(reads from her notes)

After ten years, Graham Gold will resume other facial features through plastic surgery and has agreed never to reveal the arrangement. He was supposed to walk away after ten years.

STURGIS

He was never going to walk away. Neither were you...

Malcolm turns on a tape recording of their last phone conversation together. Their voices sound almost identical.

As soon as Joe figures it out, he looks at Sturgis.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

When will you be here?

JOE (V.O.)

You're not alone, are you?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I am now.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CAR (FLASHBACK)- DAY

Joe drives an unassuming car. He's disguised as a big-nosed nerd. It's early morning and the sun rises over the lake

JOE

Do I even know her?

The silence tips Joe off.

JOE

Graham? Tell me who it is.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I can't. Not while you're driving.

JOE
I want to know now.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
It was late and she didn't say who she was, but she thought I was you. You know I don't need too much information to take off my clothes.

JOE
Tell me it wasn't Angelica.

Silence.

JOE
Graham. Tell me it wasn't Angelica!

Silence.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I didn't know it was her. I swear.

JOE
I'm going to kill you!

He screeches past a line of cars on the drive.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Malcolm turns off the tape recorder. Joe looks at Sturgis.

JOE
You had my phones tapped?

STURGIS
His phone. It was a matter of your personal security.

JOE
That's an invasion of my privacy!

STURGIS
His privacy. I only tapped his phone. I did it to protect you.

JOE
How long?

STURGIS
You know I never trusted Graham.

JOE

And he never trusted you! This can't be admissible evidence.

MALCOLM

It was already admissible evidence during the first murder investigation. It's on the record.

JOE

They still don't have proof that I had anything to do with his murder.

MALCOLM

They do. Remember the driver who stumbled out after the first explosion?

JOE

What about him?

Malcolm turns back on the video, rewinds, and pauses on the driver as he stumbles out on fire.

MALCOLM

He lived and he was a little pissed off at his employers for failing to disclose the aftermath of the hit.

JOE

It was a real hit?

MALCOLM

The driver was a known commodity in the Chicago mob. He testified five years ago in exchange for immunity. He helped the Feds reel in a lot of big mafia fish. He got off.

JOE

I had nothing to do with him.

MALCOLM

According to his testimony, a man who sounded like Joe Coyote called him.

JOE

I never called him!

STURGIS

Graham could have called him.

JOE

Why would Graham order his own murder?

STURGIS

Why indeed.

MALCOLM

The guy's in the Witness protection program is he's still alive.

PAT

The prosecution is probably strong-arming everyone to pull him out so they can put him on the stand.

STURGIS

Graham perfected your voice, so this could work against you. He could testify that you hired him.

JOE

So basically, I'm fucked.

MALCOLM

Unless you plead, not guilty by reason of insanity. If we can prove you were insane at the time of the crime, it may save your life.

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria sits by Angelica who seems to be straining toward consciousness. She hums a deep, throaty hum- like a chant.

INT. ANGELICA'S SUBCONSCIOUS WORLD -

Angelica's unconscious mind is filled with murky, muted, dark colors almost like being underwater.

The color of Gloria's hum projects a vibrant purple thread, like a ribbon or a rope. Angelica reaches for the purple thread like a life line, as it pulls her toward the surface.

The colors get lighter and the images become clearer as the purple expands into a thick rope that she grabs onto.

On her way to the surface of her consciousness, Angelica glimpses images: Gustav's face, the orchestra, Dr. First, the colors of her music, and the bald man in the third row.

She recognizes him in her subconscious as Joe Coyote and calls out to him from her underwater landscape.

He reaches toward her but they're still too far apart. She floats all the way up to the surface and breaks through.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angelica opens her eyes. Gloria continues to hum/chant.

ANGELICA

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - NIGHT

Joe listens to her cello music. His memory unleashes the video of the murder and the SOUND of the explosions.

He opens her note. *Precious are the moments when two people connect. Please meet me after the concert. Angelica.*

He closes his eyes and finally falls into a dream...

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM (DREAM) - DUSK

Angelica Johnson her cello in his living room. He touches her shoulders and it's really her. He leans down to kiss her. She looks up at him. He wakes up from the dream before they kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/PRISON - DAY

Joe meets with Pat. She hooks him up to a polygraph machine.

PAT

We don't have to do this now.

JOE

I want to do this. I want you to know that I'm telling the truth.

PAT

It's up to you, Joe.

JOE

Flip the switch. Maybe I shouldn't say it like that.

Pat smiles at his dark humor.

PAT
You're name?

JOE
Joseph Coyote.

PAT
No middle name?

JOE
We were too poor for a middle name.

Pat looks at the chart.

PAT
When did you buy the house that
you've lived in for five years?

JOE
I never bought that house. It was
given to me.

PAT
By whom?

JOE
I don't know. The keys and address
came in an envelope.

PAT
What envelope?

JOE
The morning of the murder I
received an envelope and a note
that said, *Never Tell A Soul*.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S LAKE SHORE DRIVE APARTMENT (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Joe sits at his desk overlooking the Lake. He flips through
the mail and sees a letter with no post mark or address.

He opens it. The TV plays in the background with the St.
Patrick's Day parade. He witnesses Graham's murder on TV.

PAT (O.S.)
So, you get house keys and a
mysterious note delivered to you
and you just ignore it?

JOE (O.S.)
Until I saw Graham's murder on
television. Then it made sense.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/PRISON - DAY

Pat watches the polygraph test closely.

PAT
So you went to the house and what
did you find?

JOE
It was completely set up with
everything I'd need to survive,
including bank accounts with about
a million dollars, all under
aliases. I even had a computer with
all my files loaded onto it.

PAT
What did you think?

JOE
I thought it was from Graham. Only
he would know that much about me-
especially the computer stuff.

PAT
Why would Graham do that?

JOE
Because he was my friend and he
wanted to save my life.

PAT
Could Graham have set up this house
and everything in it for himself?

JOE
Maybe. But who sent me the letter?

PAT
Could Graham have orchestrated the
hit and then last minute, decided
to take the bullet for you?

JOE
I honestly don't know. I don't
think so. He loved life too much.

PAT

Okay, we're going to send a small team to your house. I'll be with them. Is the letter still there?

JOE

Yes. It's in the top drawer of the dresser in my closet.

PAT

Good. Anything else I should know?

His polygraph changes patterns.

PAT

What else can you tell me about your relationship with Graham?

JOE

We were so close. I didn't have to explain anything to him. Even if he didn't understand everything about me, he just accepted me. It's what I always imagined having a brother would be like.

PAT

Did he have any brothers?

JOE

No. He had no family. Well, no parents or siblings or aunts or uncles or cousins if that's what you mean by family.

PAT

What other kind of family is there?

JOE

A wife.

PAT

He had a wife? How come I never heard about his wife?

She scans her notes and the files.

JOE

It won't be in there. I'm the only one who knew about it. Sturgis didn't even know about her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWISS ALPS (FLASHBACK)- DAY

A Mercedes Benz hugs the road as it winds through the Swiss Alps. It's dusk and Joe drives alone through the mountains.

As the sun slips behind the mountains, he crosses the border and enters the Principality of Liechtenstein.

JOE (O.S.)

Graham got there a few weeks ahead of me. He wanted to adapt to the climate before undergoing major surgery there. No one knew about the *transformation*, which is what we called it.

PAT (O.S.)

No one at all?

JOE (O.S.)

Sturgis knew, because he was the lawyer who drew up the legal documents and established the parameters of our agreement.

PAT (O.S.)

Which were...?

Joe drives through the mountains, dotted with purple and yellow wild flowers. A distant castle stands atop a hill.

JOE (O.S.)

He was going to give me ten years of his life for ten million dollars.

PAT (O.S.)

In exchange for showing up as your public double whenever you needed him to.

JOE (O.S.)

I'm ashamed. Just because I could afford to buy someone else's life, doesn't mean I should act on it.

PAT (O.S.)

People do it all the time.

JOE (O.S.)

Graham was my best friend. My only real friend.

PAT (O.S.)
 Ten million dollars for ten years
 is not a small paycheck.

Joe drives as the sky darkens and the clouds look like they're on fire, tinged with red and orange.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHATEAU/CLINIC (FLASHBACK) - LIECHTENSTEIN - NIGHT

Joe gets out and is greeted by Graham and OLGA (35), a European beauty with a powerful presence. They're in love.

Olga and Graham walk in ahead of him. Graham carries his suitcase and puts an arm around Olga.

JOE
 (refers to the suitcase)
 Let me take that!

GRAHAM
 The suitcase, not the girl!

OLGA
 In Europe, we call them women.

GRAHAM
 Sorry, not the WOMAN. She's mine!

Graham kisses her.

JOE
 I see you two have had quite a week! (To Graham) You acclimating to the climate okay?

GRAHAM
 Never better. I love it here!

JOE
 Then stay. As yourself.

GRAHAM
 Can't turn back. A deal is a deal.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE THREE OF THEM at dinner, hiking in the foot hills, shopping for in the small town, and sitting by the fire place after dinner.

JOE (O.S.)
 I had never seem Graham like that.
 He was completely in love with her.

PAT (O.S.)
What happened to her?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S ROOM/CLINIC (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Joe, Graham and Olga sit in front of a mirror as she teaches them how to transform their faces with prosthetic features.

JOE
(to Olga)
How did you learn how to do this?

OLGA
I've been a plastic surgeon for over a decade. I've transformed faces so they were completely unrecognizable.

Olga has just transformed Graham into an exotic looking man with swarthy skin and Mediterranean features.

JOE
That's amazing!

OLGA
It's not that hard once you get the hang of it.

GRAHAM
(with a Greek accent)
My darling you are so lovely and delicious. I'm going to devour you.

He kisses her neck. Joe raises an eyebrow.

OLGA
(to Joe)
What did you have in mind for a disguise?

JOE
Maybe Brad Pitt? George Clooney?

OLGA
I thought the whole point was to get you out of the limelight.

JOE
It is. I just wanted to see what I'd look like as Brad Pitt.

GRAHAM
How about Brad Pitt's mother?

JOE
I don't want to look like his
mother! No offense to his mother.

She gets to work on Joe and transforms him into an older female, and not a very attractive one either!

JOE
Can't you make me any prettier?

GRAHAM
I think you're kind of cute.

JOE
I look like a cross between Ethel
Mermen and Richard Nixon.

OLGA
Let's go.

JOE
I'm not going out like this!

She tosses Joe a dress.

OLGA
I promise, no one will ever know
it's you. Who would expect you to
be a woman?

JOE
Seriously. You want me to be seen
in public like this?

OLGA
You'll get used to it.

JOE
These shoes are all wrong with this
lipstick.

EXT. SWISS ALPS/MOUNTAIN ROAD (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Joe, Graham, and Olga cruise through the mountains. She's drives a sports car. Graham in front, Joe in the back seat.

He looks adorable and awkward as Brad Pitt's mother.

JOE
Where are we going?

GRAHAM

You'll see!

JOE

Are we there yet? Olga, just so you know, I'm going to vomit all over your backseat.

She laughs and keeps driving wildly through the mountains.

EXT. OLGA'S VILLAGE (FLASHBACK)- DAY

They arrive at a small village just before noon. It's Sunday and the church bells chime.

Olga stops at a bakery and returns to the car with a wedding cake, which she places next to Joe.

JOE

Who's getting married?

Graham and Olga look at each other and smile.

GRAHAM

You're my best man, or best woman.

JOE

Really?

Graham leans over and kisses Olga.

GRAHAM

It was love at first sight.

She drops them off at the church with the cake. Graham hands Joe the rings. Olga kisses Graham goodbye.

JOE

Where's she going?

GRAHAM

To change I imagine!

JOE

I hope we recognize her when she comes back.

GRAHAM

I'd know her anywhere.

JOE

You are really in love!

GRAHAM

I never thought I could love
someone like this, Joe.

JOE

I'm so happy for you.

GRAHAM

I owe it all to you.

JOE

Me! Why me?

GRAHAM

I never would have met Olga if we
hadn't come here for the surgery.

JOE

We're not doing the surgery.

GRAHAM

We are. Olga and I discussed it.

JOE

I'm calling it all off. You're
getting married! You don't want to
parade around as me. Go! Start your
life!

GRAHAM

We can't call it off. I won't let
you.

JOE

What do you mean, you won't let me.

GRAHAM

I'm more than your public double,
Joe. I'm your other half and we
have a binding legal contract.

JOE

Isn't Olga supposed to be your
other half?

GRAHAM

She already is. She always will be.

Graham gets choked. Joe is really moved.

JOE

Who do we say I am? Your mother?

GRAHAM

Please. My mother was a beautiful woman, what I remember of her.

They walk toward the church as the townspeople come out.

JOE

Maybe no one will notice us.

They descend on Joe and Graham, as if expecting them. The men take Graham and the women take Joe and the cake.

A short while later, the women wait outside for Olga. She shows up looking radiant and bridal.

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS THEY GET MARRIED:

-Olga walks down the aisle.

-Joe hands them the rings.

-They're pronounced man and wife.

-Graham and Olga kiss.

-Graham hugs Joe. Olga hugs Joe.

-Everyone in the church hugs everyone else.

-Olga and Graham descend the stairs as they throw birdseed.

-Olga stands between Graham and Joe as someone takes a photo of the three of them- The newlyweds with Ethel Mermen.

-They drive off to her small house nearby. Joe stays and has a buffet lunch with the townspeople. They treat him warmly. He's awkward, but happy. He keeps falling off his shoes.

-Graham and Olga return. Music plays. Everyone dances.

-Joe dances, drinks, eats, gets shown around the village.

-Joe eyes some beautiful women, forgetting he's in drag.

INT. OLGA'S CAR/SWISS MOUNTAINS (FLASHBACK) - ALMOST DAWN

Olga drives just as quickly at night. Joe clutches the seat.

GRAHAM

I can't believe it!

JOE

What, that you're married, or that we could die in this little car when it careens off the road?

GRAHAM

I'm all fucked out. I had sex so many times in the last twenty-four hours that I couldn't get it up now if I my life depended on it.

OLGA

Sure you could.

Graham leans over and kisses her breast. She swerves.

JOE

Maybe I should drive.

Joe looks panicked in the back seat. She smiles.

JOE

We're going back to the clinic?

GRAHAM

The surgery is in three hours.

JOE

We're not going through with it.

GRAHAM

Of course we're going through with it. The deal is signed in blood.

JOE

So we'll break the deal. You're married now. That's more important.

GRAHAM

We have to go through with it, Joe.

OLGA

Graham and I have a plan for when he's finished with the job. He won't be you forever.

JOE

You two have to be together.

GRAHAM

We'll still be together.

JOE

We signed the deal before you fell in love. I don't want to stand in the way of you two building your life together.

OLGA

You won't. We promise.

GRAHAM

You have to swear on your life that you'll NEVER SAY A WORD to anyone about tonight, especially Sturgis. *He must never find out.*

Graham exchanges an intimate look with Olga. She takes on the treacherous curves in the road ahead.

GRAHAM

Promise me, Joe.

JOE

I promise. Not a word. Ever.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/PRISON - PRESENT DAY

Pat goes to turn off the polygraph machine. Joe stops her.

JOE

For the record. I didn't kill Graham Gold. He was my best friend and I loved him like a brother. I miss him everyday.

She looks him in the eye instead of at the machine.

PAT

I believe you.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Malcolm and his team, (including Pat, Sturgis, and Dr. First) arrive at Joe's secret house.

MALCOLM

Okay everyone. We're looking for signs of crazy here.

Malcolm unlocks the door. They enter.

INT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

The investigative team and defense attorneys explore every corner of the house with no regard for his privacy.

Pat goes to his room and finds the instruction letter from his top drawer, along with a photo of him, Graham, and Olga.

She takes a photo of it with her phone and places it in a plastic bag as evidence.

In the living room, Sturgis clicks the remote control and Angelica's hologram leaps to life, fueled by her music.

MALCOLM

He's not crazy; he's a genius.

STURGIS

He's a crazy genius.

MALCOLM

This guy could mastermind anything.

Pat comes down the stairs and sees the hologram.

PAT

He's not a killer.

STURGIS

You don't know him like I do.

PAT

You really think he did it, a man who creates romance out of air?

STURGIS

Joe lives in a different world. Look around you. He didn't have any contact with anyone else for FIVE YEARS! Why is that?

PAT

Because he was paranoid and lonely.

STURGIS

Because he doesn't know how to have human interactions or establish a true bond. He's a sociopath.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Angelica's cello music reverberates in his head as he relives the moments when they fell in love in his memory.

The cell door clanks open. A guard escorts him to visitation.

INT. PRISON VISITING BOOTH - DAY

Joe sits down on his side behind thick, bulletproof glass. Angelica walks in and sits down on the other side of it.

They're both so overcome with emotion that they don't say a word. He places his hands on the glass and she places hers palm-to-palm against his. They look into one another's eyes.

It's dream-like and the closest they've come to touching in years. They're filled with love and longing as tears stream down their cheeks. No words could hold that much emotion.

Finally, the guards come in and escort her out. She kisses a finger, then touches the glass. Joe's finger kisses her back.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Joe sleeps on his small cot, a soft smile on his face.

Two men enter with the stealth-like precision, grab Joe, blindfold him, tape his mouth, and drag him out.

One of the guards delivers a strategic blow to a pressure point, which makes him collapse.

The SOUND of his body dragging on the floor fills the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - HUMMER - NIGHT

The ominous vehicle weaves through the city.

CONTINUOUS

THE CITY STREETS-HIGHWAY-COUNTRY - NIGHT

Heading south, the Hummer leaves the city, crosses the Skyway and enters Indiana. The ominous smoke pollutes a clear night.

INT. HUMMER - BACK SEAT - NIGHT

The noxious fumes rouse Joe like poisonous smelling salts. He squirms. The two men sit on either side, faces covered.

One of them presses a spot on his neck. Joe goes limp.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

They drag Joe in and take him to a brutally bright room and lay him on a semi-reclined table. Metal straps secure every part of his body with the flip of a switch.

They remove the blindfold and tape over his mouth. He's still unconscious as one of the men takes off the Electric Laughter device on his right wrist and puts on a new one.

The harsh light overhead gets brighter as he opens his eyes and sees his own reflection in the two-way mirror.

He freaks out and tries to free himself.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

We thought it was time to share
your true contribution to
humankind, Joe Coyote. Electric
laughter was just the beginning...

His Electric Laughter device beeps and blinks. A jolt sends him into an orgasmic state. He moans uncontrollably.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

Not bad. Huh?

JOE

Electric laughter wasn't invented
for sex.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

But you enjoyed yourself!

JOE

That's not what it's for!

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

Think of all those pretty little
girls sold into the sex trade. Now
they can enjoy themselves too.
Sexual pleasure isn't just for
their masters anymore!

JOE

You're sick! You're not going to get away with this!

DISTORTED VOICE

We already have. Is this painful to learn about?

JOE

You're not human!

DISTORTED VOICE

You want pain. Here you go!

Joe screams as the Electric Laughter beeps, blinks, and sends Joe writhing in excruciating pain.

He screams from the depths of his soul. By the look on his face, the pain is complete and intense.

JOE

Stop! Please! I'll do anything.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

You know how much money you've saved our government and other governments? You've taken us out of the stone age of torture. We can inflict the worst pain known to man without a trace. No muss, no fuss.

The voice laughs sardonically. Joe looks defeated.

JOE

You can't do this!

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

I'll tell you what. I'll give you a little pleasure to clear your palate. Think of it as sorbet between courses.

JOE

Please. Stop!

The Electric Laughter device beeps, lights up, and sends him hurling into another long, uncontrollable orgasm.

The moans coming from him sound at first pleasurable, then torturous.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
This device will be attached to you
for the rest of your life and you
we will not be in control of it.

JOE
What do you want from me?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Nothing anymore. We just want to
share our progress with you.

JOE
This is madness.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Madness, you say? Just what the
doctor ordered.

The Electric Laughter beeps and blinks, Joe reels into the depths of madness. He screams. It's terrifying.

JOE
(sobbing)
Please. I'm begging you.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Why beg? You should be angry.

JOE
I am angry!

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
No you're not. Here's a little
ditty we call murderous rage.

Joe stares down at the Electric Laughter device as it blinks and beeps and sends him reeling into a fit of blinding rage.

His mouth foams. He screams and nearly breaks his own arms trying to get free from the metal straps.

He sees himself in the reflection and he's terrified.

The rage finally ends. Joe looks nearly comatose from the exertion and terror. He can't even cry, he's so drained.

The lights go out and he's left in pitch darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Time has passed and Joe's hair has grown in. Malcolm has assembled the team. Joe looks desperate, distant.

STURGIS

Joe, we've examined every other possibility and no other defense will keep you off of death row.

JOE

Prove that I didn't do it!

STURGIS

There's nothing left to uncover. We examined every possibility during the first investigation.

JOE

You didn't uncover everything because you didn't find me!

PAT

He's got a point.

MALCOLM

If there was a way to prove that you didn't kill Graham, I'd be the first one to recommend it.

JOE

So you want me to pretend I'm crazy?

MALCOLM

You're already a little crazy! Just play it up. That's all I'm asking.

JOE

I'm not a little crazy. I'm heartbroken! My life was taken from me and I want it back. I want this thing off my wrist. NOW!

MALCOLM

Why?

JOE

It's not laughter. It's pain.

MALCOLM

(to the others)
Are you getting this?

JOE

I will not agree to an insanity plea and get locked up for the rest of my life in a loony bin.

STURGIS

According to Dr. First-

JOE

I'm fine.

STURGIS

He said you've had some paranoid fantasies about someone kidnapping you in the middle of the night, altering your electric laughter.

MALCOLM

The guards report that you scream in your sleep - agonizing howls.

JOE

I have bad dreams. So what! I'm locked up in a cell for a crime I didn't commit and my best friend was murdered and no one is taking me seriously.

PAT

I'm taking you seriously.

MALCOLM

After a few years in an asylum, we can always ask for a hearing to revisit your sanity.

JOE

Revisit my sanity! I'll already be insane from being in an asylum!

STURGIS

People regain their mental health all the time. We can ask the court for a review.

JOE

How long is that going to take?

PAT

Ten years, minimum. There's less than a five percent chance that you'd ever get out.

JOE

Thank you! Finally someone is
telling me the truth.

Malcolm and Sturgis exchange a quick look.

PAT

I've got statistics to back me up.

MALCOLM

It's either insanity or death. Take
your pick.

Joe hesitates. He'd take death, but then there's Angelica.

JOE

I'm the guy who couldn't even get
out on bond. Remember? I'll never
see the light of day.

STURGIS

You can still help me run the
business and the foundation. I'll
consult you on all matters. It'll
almost be like-

JOE

But it won't. Not to me. I want my
life back. I already spent five
years in hiding. I don't want to be
afraid anymore.

STURGIS

We'll do everything we can to make
your life comfortable.

Joe looks at Sturgis with sudden recognition.

JOE

You did it, didn't you? I can't
believe I just figured it out now.

STURGIS

You're being paranoid, Joe.

MALCOLM

That happens in isolation. But
paranoia will help our defense.

JOE

You hired the hit man to kill Graham and then pretended he killed me and ordered this whole big investigation to deflect any suspicion on you. I can't believe I didn't see this until now. Here's our killer, ladies and gentlemen. He's been under our nose all along.

Pat exchanges a look with Joe.

STURGIS

Joe, this is nonsense, but your insanity is convincing.

JOE

Is it, Sturgis? You're the one who's in control of my empire.

STURGIS

The board is in control.

JOE

You're on the board. Graham and I would NEVER have killed on another.

STURGIS

Graham would have killed you, Joe.

PAT

Even if Sturgis is right and Graham had it in him to hire a hit on you, why would he take the bullet instead? Why did he set you up with a house?

STURGIS

We don't know who set him up with that house.

MALCOLM

We know that someone is dead and all fingers point to you, Joe. I'm just trying to keep you alive.

JOE

(to Sturgis, furious)

You have more control when I'm dead or insane. You greedy bastard!

STURGIS

I've been completely transparent in my business dealings.

JOE
You're working with them, aren't
you?

STURGIS
Them?

JOE
The people who are turning electric
laughter into my worst nightmare.

STURGIS
I have no idea what you're talking
about, but you sound convincingly
paranoid.

PAT
I'd like to administer a polygraph
test on Sturgis right now.

STURGIS
Please do! I'm happy to have
another polygraph test.

JOE
Another polygraph test?

STURGIS
During the first investigation I
volunteered to have one in order to
clear up any suspicion about me.

MALCOLM
Sturgis, you don't have to do this.

Pat gives Joe a look, which lets him know she's on his side.

STURGIS
I'd gladly do it if it will assuage
Joe's fears. I don't take it
personally, Joe. I'd be grasping at
straws too if I was days away from
a murder one trial.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Pat administers the polygraph test. Malcolm, Joe, and two
prison guards watch from behind a two-way mirror.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as she asks him pointed questions, INTERCUT
with Joe's reaction from behind the mirror.

PAT
Did you kill Graham Gold?

STURGIS
No.

PAT
Did you have anyone else kill him?

STURGIS
No, I did not.

PAT
Did you know about the murder in
advance?

STURGIS
No.

PAT
When did you first learn about it?

STURGIS
I saw it on television at the
health club.

PAT
Did you ever want to kill Graham
Gold?

STURGIS
We didn't like one another very
much.

PAT
Answer the question. Did you ever
want to kill Graham Gold?

STURGIS
Maybe, but I didn't act on it.

PAT
Did you ever try to find Joe Coyote
during the first investigation?

STURGIS
No.

PAT
Why not?

STURGIS
Because I thought Joe was dead.

PAT
Why Joe and not Graham?

STURGIS
Because Joe texted me from his
phone that he was in the parade.

PAT
Do you think Joe Coyote is capable
of murder?

STURGIS
I don't know.

MALCOLM
(To Joe in the booth)
It looks to me like he's passing
with flying colors.

JOE
Something isn't adding up. Sturgis
isn't completely innocent. I'd bet
my life on that.

MALCOLM
Sturgis is your only friend.

JOE
No. He's not.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sturgis has a smug, self-righteous look on his face.

STURGIS
(to Joe)
You see, Joe. I never lied to you.

JOE
Something isn't adding up.

STURGIS
You're scared! If it's any
consolation, this is hard on me
too. I finally get you back in my
life - learn that you're alive- and
now you're being taken away again.

JOE
Not if I can help it!

MALCOLM

The prosecution wants a full psychiatric work up.

JOE

Dr. First can...

STURGIS

They've requested Dr. White.

JOE

Dr. White's an arrogant prick.

MALCOLM

You're going to have to be examined by the prosecution's psychiatrist. It's a court order.

PAT

I have one last question for Joe. What about Angelica?

JOE

What about her?

PAT

Maybe there's something there for your defense. What happened when you fell in love with Angelica Johnson the first time?

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT HOME (FLASHBACK) - BOSTON - NIGHT

Angelica plays the same Bach concerto as her hologram played in the opening scene. She's even wearing the same outfit.

The residence exudes old world, East Coast charm, complete with society types, enjoying a private concert.

JOE (V.O.)

I went to Boston to speak at a neurology conference at Harvard and Dr. First met me there. We were invited to a private concert in the home of some big philanthropist.

Joe and Dr. First are among the elegant guests. Joe looks uncomfortable in this crowd, until his eyes meet hers.

PAT (V.O.)
I thought Graham did most of the
socializing for you.

JOE (V.O.)
He did, but I always showed up for
the academic engagements.

Angelica plays passionately, the intense colors coming from
her cello swirl around Joe and create an aura of deep hues.

Joe is moved to tears. She notices and they share a look. Joe
recreated this same moment with her in his hologram of her.

She finishes playing and takes a break. Joe approaches her.

JOE
(to Angelica, emotional)
I've admired your playing for
years.

ANGELICA
Thank you. You seemed to be-

JOE
Moved to tears!

He's flustered and awkward. He extends his hand.

JOE
I'm Joe Coyote.

ANGELICA
I know who you are.

JOE
I'm not really. I mean, I am Joe
Coyote. I'm not the guy you see all
over the media with all those -

ANGELICA
You're entitled to be with whomever-

JOE
Will you have dinner with me?

ANGELICA
Thank you, but I don't go out much.

JOE
I'm sort of a recluse myself.

ANGELICA
You! You're all over the place.

JOE
That's not really me.

ANGELICA
No? Who is it then?

A few of the guests crowd around her. She turns her attention away from him. He's smitten with her. Waits. Watches.

Later, she excuses herself and he follows her. She sneaks out to a balcony to breathe and be alone.

JOE
Mind if I join you?

ANGELICA
What?

JOE
I just want to tell you that the reason I love your music so much is because *you are your music*. You put your whole heart and soul into it and there's an energy that comes through that's so pure and so beautiful and so brilliant. I cry every time I hear it.

ANGELICA
Thank you. I can tell by the colors of your voice that you're sincere.

JOE
The colors of my voice?

ANGELICA
Even when you told me that the media playboy image isn't you, I believed you.

JOE
What do you mean, 'the colors of my voice' - do you have synesthesia?

ANGELICA
I do. I'm sort of a freak.

JOE
You're not a freak! Your brain is unique. You're so gifted.

ANGELICA
It's debilitating. I was asked to play Carnegie Hall, but-

JOE
I can help you!

ANGELICA
How?

JOE
Electric laughter. I can reconfigure it for your brain. The laughter can release some of the sensory overload.

ANGELICA
You can do that? You'd do that?

JOE
Anything. My God, you're beautiful.

He leans over to kiss her when the SOCIALITE interrupts them.

SOCIALITE
There you are, Angelica! Several of my guests are leaving and wanted to say goodbye to you. Oh! I didn't see you here with-

ANGELICA
It's quite all right.

He looks at her with intense longing. She see deep, soothing blues and heartfelt greens in the sound of his voice.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pat works late at night going over the files and re-watching the murder scene. Malcolm shows up at the office late.

MALCOLM
I knew I'd find you here. Go home.

PAT
He didn't do it.

MALCOLM
You're taking this too personally.

PAT
You're not taking this personally enough.

MALCOLM

I am.

PAT

We need to change our strategy.

MALCOLM

The only way to save his life is with an insanity plea. I don't think he's crazy, but I don't want to see him die.

PAT

I keep thinking that maybe Graham escaped somehow. That his body wasn't in the ambulance when it exploded.

MALCOLM

We've been over this dozens of times. The police escort said they never stopped to let out a passenger with a bullet in his head and no one left the ambulance except for the driver and the two paramedics.

PAT

Maybe he never got in the ambulance.

MALCOLM

There was a crowd of people at that parade. He couldn't have escaped with a bullet in his forehead.

PAT

The office building where the alleged shooter was standing-

MALCOLM

We've been over this dozens of times. Perhaps Graham did order the hit on Joe, why did he take the bullet?

PAT

Graham didn't seem like the kind of guy who would sacrifice his life for someone else.

MALCOLM

He wasn't. He didn't know he was taking the hit. You heard Sturgis.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)

Joe was supposed to be in the car that day. They switched places at the last minute. But why?

PAT

Then HOW did Joe get the envelope with the instructions and the house with the computer all set up?

MALCOLM

Maybe Joe set the whole thing up, wrote the note as an alibi, and even had his own computer files waiting for him.

PAT

Joe didn't do that.

MALCOLM

How do you know?

PAT

I've been giving polygraph tests for decades. I know how to read them.

MALCOLM

A truly, criminally insane mind can fake a polygraph test.

PAT

Joe isn't crazy and he's not a killer. He wouldn't have killed Graham, no matter how mad he was.

MALCOLM

Graham was dangerous. I would have considered ordering a hit on Graham if I were Joe.

PAT

Don't say that!

MALCOLM

It's eat or be eaten. You know that, especially for the ultra wealthy.

PAT

I think Sturgis ordered the hit on Graham and set Joe up with the house. He didn't plan on him reemerging.

MALCOLM

I've thought about that. Sturgis would never get his hands that dirty. And for what? He had it made either way. He was a major shareholder and a member of the board whether Joe was alive or dead. He didn't need the money.

PAT

I don't trust him.

MALCOLM

I don't either.

PAT

You don't?

MALCOLM

I didn't tell you this, but I've had a team of lawyers working around the clock to see if we could find anything on Sturgis.

PAT

You're always sucking up to him!

MALCOLM

Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

PAT

Did you find anything?

MALCOLM

Not yet.

PAT

What about Graham's wife?

MALCOLM

A figment of Joe's imagination.

PAT

I don't think so.

MALCOLM

You saw the hologram in his apartment. He's got no shortage of imaginary friends.

PAT

Joe said she was the surgeon who performed the robotic facial transformation on Graham.

MALCOLM

The surgeon was a man who died several years ago after a long bout with cancer. There were two male nurses in the room the whole time. No sign of Olga the Swiss wife anywhere.

PAT

We have a photo of her!

MALCOLM

That woman could be anyone.

She replays the tape of the murder again in slow motion.

The bullet enters his forehead. The bodyguard covers him and races him to the ambulance. The Caucasian paramedic gets out.

The African American paramedic sits in the back of the ambulance. Pat freezes the shadowed image of him.

PAT

Something doesn't add up.

MALCOLM

Unless you can resurrect Graham from the dead, we'll never know.

Just before the ambulance doors slam shut there's a slice of light, almost like a photographer's flash.

PAT

See that? Like a camera flash. Maybe the media is behind this.

MALCOLM

The flash could be coming from anywhere. From any idiot with a cell phone. Let's get some sleep.

The ambulance pulls up to the parking lot. The paramedics dash out. She pauses it on the African American paramedic.

PAT

He looks suspicious.

MALCOLM

Of course he's suspicious! He's a hit man! And a good one because he covered his tracks completely.

PAT

Then why was there only Joe's blood in the convertible and not any of his brains?

MALCOLM

Because his brain is still in tact!

PAT

During the first investigation when everyone thought it was Joe, why didn't anyone notice that only his blood and not his brains were found in that car?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - NIGHT

Joe stares at the ceiling. The murder scene plays back in his head from the moment he saw it on television.

INT. JOE'S LAKE SHORE DRIVE APARTMENT (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Joe works at his desk with images of Graham masquerading as him in the St. Patrick's Day Parade. He looks up and watches Graham work the crowd and mug for the camera. He smiles.

The bullet hits him in the forehead. Joe is in shock. At first he can't move.

The SOUND of a heartbeat gets really loud, then a SCREAM. Joe catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror screaming.

He takes the open envelope on the corner of his desk with the key inside and the address. The note says, NEVER TELL A SOUL.

His survival instinct kicks in and he pockets them.

He sees the police and television crews pulling up to his building. He turns everything off (television, computer).

In the bathroom, he throws disguises, wigs, prosthetics, and makeup into a big gym bag. He grabs clothes, his laptop.

He ducks into the staircase near the garbage shoot as the elevator doors open and the police arrive with the building superintendant who opens his apartment. They swarm in.

Joe races down thirty-nine flights of stairs with his bag of disguises. He's terrified, running on adrenaline.

At the bottom of the stairs, he quickly adheres a nose, some stubble of facial hair, a ratty-looking wig and black makeup. He transforms into a homeless man, which he suddenly is.

He sneaks into the back of the garage and then slips out another door to the alley. He's done this before.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HIS APARTMENT BUILDING (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Joe takes a big black garbage bag out of the dumpster and places it over his gym bag. He opens up his cell phone and smashes it, throws it in the dumpster.

Camera trucks drive into the alley to park.

CAMERA MAN

It was all a matter of time until
someone knocked him off. A guy that
rich has to have enemies.

They notice Joe rummaging in the dumpster.

CAMERA MAN

(to Joe)

Hey buddy. If you find anything in
there of Joe Coyote's I'll give you
twenty bucks for it.

The cameraman approaches Joe who gives him such an anguished look that he seems truly deranged. The cameraman backs off.

As the camera crews and paparazzi swarm around the entrance to his building, Joe sneaks away dressed as a homeless man.

EXT. STREETS/NORTH SIDE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

It's a cold, dreary day in March as Joe searches for the house that matches the key. He wanders for hours. No phone. No GPS. No way he'd talk to anyone, too frightened, confused.

EXT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

It's dark and rainy by the time Joe finds the three story brownstone on a secluded street in Lincoln Park. There's an iron gate surrounding the property, which is locked.

The key opens the gate. He locks it behind him. He goes up to the house. The key also opens the front door. He goes inside.

INT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Joe sits on the stairs near the front door. He's so weary and freaked out that he doesn't move.

He doesn't even turn on the light or take off his wet clothes. He sits numbly, clutching his bag of disguises.

INT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Almost a day has passed and he hasn't moved. He gets up and takes off his wet clothes. He's shivers and walks through the house nearly naked. He goes upstairs and takes a hot shower.

INT. JOE'S BATHROOM (FLASHBACK)- DAY

In the shower, the pulsing water hits his forehead and the SOUND and memory of Graham's murder returns. He sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - PRESENT DAY

Joe wakes himself up crying. The doors open.

INT. PRISON EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Joe is taken into the same, windowless room where he first met Dr. White. Two chairs sit empty in the middle.

Dr. White enters. He's got something so cold to his demeanor that Joe shivers. He motions for Joe to sit down. Joe does.

DR. WHITE
Are you frightened?

JOE
Should I be?

DR. WHITE

Well, you've got a Murder One trial beginning in a few days. I'd be frightened if I were you.

JOE

I thought you meant, was I frightened of you?

DR. WHITE

Are you frightened of me?

JOE

Should I be?

Their mutual antipathy is palpable.

DR. WHITE

I'm just going to ask you a few questions, but first I'd like to see if I can get you to relax.

Dr. White motions to the Electric Laughter device on Joe's wrist. Joe recoils.

JOE

I don't feel like laughing right now, doc. You understand. Murder One trial and all.

DR. WHITE

The court monitors the device and according to the records, you haven't laughed in months. Why not?

JOE

I'll tell you what, I'll cooperate with you if you get this off of me.

DR. WHITE

It's also your prison monitor.

JOE

What will they think of next?

DR. WHITE

Do you want me to coach you on paranoid schizophrenia?

JOE

No. I've got it.

The two men stare at one another. Joe just hates him.

DR. WHITE
Here's a little ditty I like to
call, 'Go To Hell.'

Dr. White reaches for Joe's Electric Laughter device, presses it, and Joe suppresses the laugh.

JOE
What did you just say?

DR. WHITE
Go to Hell.

JOE
Before that...

Dr. White looks at him with a triumphant grin.

JOE
It was you! You Mother fucker.

Joe lunges for Dr. White. Guards swarm in instantly.

DR. WHITE
You're a quick study!

Dr. White activates Joe's Electric Laughter device, which beeps, blinks, and jolts his brain. He has a seizure.

The colors in the room bleed out. All is watery and dark. He can't focus and there's a horrendous ringing in his ears.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - NIGHT

Joe lays in his bed with a blank look, as if he's catatonic. Time passes, Joe doesn't move. Two guards come to his cell.

GUARD
You have a visitor.

Joe stares at the ceiling and can't move. The guard leaves. It's completely empty in his head.

He tries to unfurl her cello music in his head, but can't find it. Tears escape from his eyes. He doesn't move.

INT. PRISON VISITING BOOTH - DAY

Angelica sits on her side of the glass partition, waiting, but Joe never shows up. She's finally asked to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURT ROOM - DAY

The first day of the trial and Joe and his attorneys line the benches. Dr. First sits a couple of rows behind Joe.

JUDGE

How does the defendant wish to plead?

MALCOLM

Not guilty, your honor, by reason of insanity.

The judge nods and the trial begins.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Angelica and Gloria sit in front of the television watching and listening to the trial. The media is ever present.

GLORIA

How does Joe look to you?

ANGELICA

The gold is gone.

GLORIA

What gold?

ANGELICA

He had this gold mist around his body, like an aura. I saw it the first time I met him. It was there the night of the concert and when I visited him in jail the first time, but now it's completely gone.

GLORIA

How can it be gone?

ANGELICA

They've done something to him. That
aura is not the kind of thing you
could destroy on your own.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - PRESENT DAY

The court adjourns. Joe is escorted out by guards. The
Prosecutor comes over to Dr. First with a subpoena.

PROSECUTOR

Are you Dr. Alvin First?

DR. FIRST

I am.

PROSECUTOR

Do you have a Ms. Angelica Johnson
in your care?

DR. FIRST

I don't need to answer that-
doctor/patient confidentiality.

PROSECUTOR

You're required by law to answer
that question.

Dr. First looks at Sturgis who has just walked over.

STURGIS

You do have to answer it.

DR. FIRST

I do.

PROSECUTOR

We've been trying to subpoena Ms.
Johnson as a witness for the
prosecution and have been unable to
locate her whereabouts. As her
doctor, the court holds you
accountable.

DR. FIRST

I'm not her legal guardian.

The marshall serves Dr. First with a subpoena for Angelica.

DR. FIRST
She's not emotionally fit to be a
part of this circus.

They walk out, leaving Dr. First holding the subpoena.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLORIA'S GARDEN - DAY

Late afternoon, Gloria and Angelica are in a heated debate.

ANGELICA
He won't know.

GLORIA
He'll know.

ANGELICA
He won't be home for hours.

GLORIA
What if he comes home early?

ANGELICA
We'll tell him I was tired.

GLORIA
The trance could last six hours.

ANGELICA
Then just give me a little bit.
People with Synesthesia have strong
psychic energy. I won't need much.

GLORIA
It's too risky.

ANGELICA
It's worth the risk if I can help
Joe. Please, Gloria. Let's just
give me a really small amount and
see if I go into a little tiny
psychic trance to get some answers.

Gloria concedes and starts describing all the herbs and
plants, which Angelica collects from the garden.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

A tea kettle screams. Angelica takes it off the stove and
pours it over the concoction. She drinks the tea quickly.

GLORIA

Be sure to sip it slowly.

She stops drinking and looks at the bottom of the tea cup.

ANGELICA

Nothing's happening.

GLORIA

Just relax. It takes some time.

ANGELICA

Maybe I should have something to eat. You know, help it absorb into my system faster.

Angelica makes herself a sandwich. She opens the silverware drawer and the glint of the knife sends her into a vision.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM/ GRAHAM'S SURGERY - DAY

Suddenly, she's in a surgery room and sees Graham just before his face gets reconstructed to look like Joe's.

She looks horrified as Olga peels back the outer skin on his face. She looks at Joe, who is about to faint.

The underside of Graham's face is now exposed. A robotic device measures the peaks and valleys of Joe's face.

OLGA

(to Joe)

Now smile so it can read where the lines fall.

Joe's smile is forced, excruciating. The robotic surgery tool takes the measurements.

OLGA

Now frown.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Joe mimics a myriad of emotions, which all look artificial. Only the fear on his face looks real.

ANGELICA (V.O.)

(gasping)

Oh God!

GLORIA (V.O.)
Angelica? Are you okay?

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Angelica is in a daze, which Gloria can detect by her voice. The two women reach for one another.

Gloria leads them to the living room, Angelica lays on the couch. Her eyes open, seeing things from another time.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC/SWITZERLAND/GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Graham's face is all bandaged up. Olga stays by his side. Joe looks completely freaked out and remorseful.

JOE
This was a horrible mistake.

OLGA
He'll be fine. I promise.

JOE
I'm so sorry Olga.

ANGELICA (V.O.)
Graham has just had the surgery.
There's a female surgeon named
Olga. Joe looks frightened, upset.

OLGA
You don't have to be sorry.

JOE
I hate seeing him like this.

OLGA
Graham made his own decisions.

JOE
I love him like a brother.

OLGA
I know. He loves you too.

She walks Joe to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- DAY

Gloria puts wet, cool cloths on Angelica's forehead. Dr. First arrives back home. He knows something is awry.

DR. FIRST
Gloria? Angelica?

GLORIA
You're home early.

Angelica is in a trance and can't respond.

DR. FIRST
What happened to her?

GLORIA
She wanted to help Joe.

DR. FIRST
We all want to help Joe. What did she take?

He examines Angelica's eyes and checks her pulse.

GLORIA
An herbal brew, my grandmother's recipe.

DR. FIRST
What kind of brew?

GLORIA
A vision quest brew.

DR. FIRST
She's got enough visions without giving her hallucinations.

GLORIA
She's got the gift of inner sight.

DR. FIRST
Her brain is delicate.

GLORIA
Her brain is powerful. She has a gift. She must stop being so afraid and use it. She wants to help Joe.

DR. FIRST
How long does this last?

GLORIA
She has been on the journey for
about an hour. It can last up to
six hours.

DR. FIRST
Let's hope she's okay by tomorrow.

GLORIA
Why tomorrow?

DR. FIRST
The prosecution subpoenaed her to
testify at Joe's trial.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS (DREAM/DRUG SEQUENCE) - DAY

Angelica walks through a small village in the alps. The
steep, cobblestone streets are slippery from the rain.

She holds onto the side of a building to keep from falling.
The mountains loom large all around her.

She sees two children laughing and chasing each other in the
foothills behind the town. She's drawn to them.

The boy (5) and the girl (4) run into the arms of their
mother, Olga.

Angelica follows them, but they don't see her. The three
arrive in a small plaza and dine at an outdoor cafe.

A man joins them. The little girl sits in his lap. He takes a
sip of coffee and looks directly at Angelica. He nods at her.

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hours have passed. Dr. First sleeps in an arm chair next to
her. Gloria snores softly from the other couch.

Angelica opens her eyes, completely coherent.

ANGELICA
Graham is still alive.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE/CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Malcolm and Pat meet with Angelica and Dr. First.

DR. FIRST
I don't know if she's up to this.

MALCOLM
No one is ever up to this.

ANGELICA
If it's going to help Joe, I'm up to it. Can I see him first?

MALCOLM
You'll see him in the courtroom.

ANGELICA
How is he?

Malcolm hesitates. Pat answers instead.

PAT
Not good. He's losing it.

ANGELICA
I want to make sure that I don't say anything that the prosecution can use against him.

PAT
If you're unsure about something, you can always plead the Fifth.

MALCOLM
They're setting you up as the motive- why Joe allegedly killed Graham.

ANGELICA
But Joe didn't kill Graham.

MALCOLM
Why he hired the hit.

ANGELICA
He didn't hire the hit.

MALCOLM

For the sake of their argument, they're trying to prove that Joe was so angry at Graham for sleeping with you that he ordered his murder. They have a tape of Joe and Graham's last phone conversation. Pat will play it for you.

ANGELICA

For the record. When I slept with Graham, I thought it was Joe.

MALCOLM

I'm sure you did.

ANGELICA

I had no idea about their arrangement.

PAT

Joe wanted it that way. He wanted you to love him, the real him.

ANGELICA

I do.

MALCOLM

(sarcastically)
Ain't love grand!

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Joe is escorted in by guards as the judge arrives. At first he doesn't look up, he's still really out of it.

The courtroom rises as the judge takes his place. Joe looks up and sees Angelica. She smiles. He comes back to life.

They don't take their eyes off of one another.

Court is in session. The Prosecution calls its next witness, Angelica Johnson. She gets sworn in. She takes the stand.

Joe reacts like he did during her concert. Eyes locked on Angelica, her voice and presence brings him to tears.

The Prosecution grills her. She's unruffled, keeping her gaze on Joe as if fueling his inner strength.

PROSECUTOR

So you only met the real Joe Coyote
in person once.

ANGELICA

That's correct.

PROSECUTOR

Then you climbed in bed, without
saying a word with Graham Gold. Is
that correct?

ANGELICA

That's correct. I didn't
intentionally climb into bed with
Graham, I thought he was Joe.

PROSECUTOR

But you didn't know Joe very well.

ANGELICA

I knew him in my soul.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S LAKE SHORE DRIVE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe (Graham) sleeps in bed alone. The phone rings. Graham
answers it.

GRAHAM

(as Joe)
Yeah?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S LAKE SHORE DRIVE APARTMENT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Angelica waits in the lobby with the doorman.

DOORMAN

There's a woman here who says
you're expecting her. Yes. She is.
(Pause) Okay. (to Angelica). He
said to go up. Top floor.

Angelica looks nervous, surprised. She gets in the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S LAKE SHORE DRIVE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Graham/Joe opens the apartment door. He's sleepy, confused.

ANGELICA

Please, don't say a word.

She walks in, drops her coat, and walks naked to his bedroom. She slips into his bed. Graham/Joe follows.

They begin their lovemaking, kissing and feeling their way around one another's body.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

So you jump into bed with a man you barely know.

ANGELICA (V.O.)

I know Joe.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

After meeting him once?

ANGELICA (V.O.)

We had been corresponding. He designed an electric laughter devise for my brain's anomaly.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

We've gone over every email Joe Coyote has ever written.

ANGELICA (V.O.)

Letters. The old fashion way with pen and paper.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

You don't even know if he wrote those letters himself...

Angelica senses something's off. She stops the sex before penetration. She looks at him.

ANGELICA

(to Graham)

Say something.

GRAHAM

Who are you?

Angelica jumps back. The colors of his voice are all wrong!

ANGELICA

How can you not recognize me?

GRAHAM

I'm sorry. I meet a lot of women.

The colors of his voice frighten her. She jumps out of bed.

ANGELICA

Something happened to you.

GRAHAM

Nothing happened to me.

ANGELICA

Your voice! The colors are all wrong. It's not really you.

She grabs her coat. He chases her.

GRAHAM

Just tell me your name! Please.

ANGELICA

(steely cold)

Angelica Johnson. Have a nice life,
Joe Coyote.

GRAHAM

Oh shit!

Angelica storms out and pushes the elevator button frantically. Graham comes after her.

ANGELICA

Leave me alone. This is so creepy.

GRAHAM

I'm not me. I'm not the Joe you know. I'm so sorry.

ANGELICA

Don't ever contact me again.

GRAHAM

I'm not him!

ANGELICA

No?

GRAHAM

I'm, uh, on some medication that makes me not myself.

The elevator door opens. She gets in. Closes him off.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - ANGELICA'S TESTIMONY - DAY

Angelica looks at Joe. He loves her.

PROSECUTOR

Do you do this kind of thing often,
Ms. Johnson?

MALCOLM

Objection, your honor. Irrelevant.

JUDGE

Sustained.

PROSECUTOR

Are you mentally well, Ms. Johnson?

ANGELICA

I am right now.

PROSECUTOR

How was the sex?

MALCOLM

Objection your honor!

The judge gives the smarmy Prosecutor a look.

JUDGE

Sustained.

PROSECUTOR

No further questions, your honor.

Pat cross-examines Angelica.

PAT

Ms. Johnson, do you have any
regrets about that night?

ANGELICA

I don't really believe in regrets.

PAT

If you had the chance to sleep with
the real Joe Coyote, knowing what
you know now, would you do it?

ANGELICA

In a heartbeat.

PAT

And what about Joe? Think he would
welcome you in his life, his bed?

ANGELICA

I think so.

Joe has a huge smile on his face for the first time.

PAT

No further questions, your honor.

Angelica steps down. She's arm's length away from him, but still can't touch him.

They keep their gazes locked for as long as possible until she's escorted out of the court room.

STURGIS

(angrily to Pat)

What was that all about?

PAT

It's part of the defense strategy.

STURGIS

You're here to prove his insanity,
not his romantic possibilities.

Pat slips out of the courtroom after Angelica.

The Prosecution calls its next witness, LARRY TESTADURA (38), surrounded by guards with burn scars on his neck and face.

BAILIFF

State your name.

LARRY

My old one or my new one?

BAILIFF

Your birth name.

LARRY

Lorenzo Giovanni Testadura.

The Prosecutor puts Larry on the stand. He's jittery.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Testadura, please tell us in
your own words about your role in
the St. Patrick's Day murder of
Graham Gold.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE (FLASHBACK)- DAY

Graham/Joe rides in the convertible flanked by bodyguards.
The murder scene unfolds from Larry's perspective.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The SOUND of the back doors open, commotion, doors shut. The window between the driver and cabin is blacked out.

LARRY (O.S.)

I was hired as a driver. My
nickname was Lead-Foot Larry
because I drove like Mario
Andretti.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

What was your relationship to the
alleged paramedics in the back?

LARRY (O.S.)

I never saw them before until that
day. As I said, I was called in
just to drive.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Larry sweats on the stand. He's clearly nervous.

PROSECUTOR

Let me remind you that you've got
immunity from past crimes.

LARRY

Like I'm worried about immunity.

PROSECUTOR

Do you know who ordered the hit?

LARRY

I heard it was Joe Coyote.

MALCOLM

Objection your honor. Hear say.

JUDGE

Sustained. Strike the statement.

PROSECUTOR

What was your reaction when you learned that the body in the back of the ambulance was Joe Coyote's?

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE (FLASHBACK)- DAY

The crowd parts. Larry hits the gas and speeds away, turning onto lower Wacker Drive. Police cars are right behind.

LARRY (V.O.)

I thought either the shooter made a mistake, or this guy ordered his own hit. Like a suicide.

Larry knocks on the dividing window, which is blacked out so he can't see back there. He drives like a madman.

LARRY

I didn't agree to no cops!

At the empty parking lot, the police get on the megaphone.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Follow us to the Emergency Room.

The dividing window opens a crack, then closes quickly.

AFRICAN AMERICAN PARAMEDIC

Don't stop. Get out. Run like hell.

EXT. HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION (FLASHBACK)- DAY

The African American paramedic and the other paramedic jump out. Larry jumps out as the ambulance is still moving.

The ambulance explodes. Larry's shirt catches fire.

The paramedics race into the partially constructed hospital wing as two more explosions destroy the ambulance.

INT. COURT ROOM (PRESENT)- DAY

Larry sweats. The Prosecutor continues.

PROSECUTOR

Did you ever encounter the two paramedics again?

LARRY

No. I never heard nothing about them ever again.

PROSECUTOR

And the man who hired you to drive?

LARRY

Jimmy DeCanto. I testified against him three years ago. He's in jail for the rest of his natural life.

Larry looks around nervously, twitches.

PROSECUTOR

No further questions, your honor.

Court adjourns for the day before they cross-examine Larry.

MALCOLM

(reassures Joe)

We'll cross examine him tomorrow.

PAT

(quietly to Malcolm)

If he's got a tomorrow.

Sturgis has a cold expression as Testadura's eyes meet his. The guards escort him out of the court room. They leave.

Meanwhile, Pat catches up with Angelica and Dr. First.

PAT

Angelica.

ANGELICA

Pat!

PAT

You did a great job.

ANGELICA

I have something to tell you. It's about Graham Gold.

PAT

What is it?

ANGELICA

I think he's still alive.

PAT

(leads her to a corner)

What makes you say that?

ANGELICA
I had this vision last night.

PAT
Vision? Like a dream?

ANGELICA
More like a drug-induced journey.

PAT
Are you on any medication?

ANGELICA
No! I took the drug so I'd have an out-of-body experience. I was just trying to help Joe.

PAT
Drug-induced testimony is usually not admissible in a court of law.

ANGELICA
I know, which is why I didn't say anything earlier. It sounds ridiculous, but I saw Graham alive.

PAT
Do you have any kind of history with this sort of thing? Other times you've predicted something from these visions?

ANGELICA
No, but people with my condition have a higher proclivity to ESP.

PAT
I wish we could prove that, but without any concrete evidence, there's nothing I can do.

ANGELICA
Is there anything in the files that would leave some doubt that Graham was still alive?

PAT
Believe me, I personally went over everything the investigators did the first time Sturgis was looking for Graham. They searched around the globe. Nothing.

ANGELICA

He was somewhere in the mountains.

Dr. First approaches them.

DR. FIRST

(to Angelica)

I've arranged to have them escort you out an alternate entrance to avoid the media. We have to go now.

Before the two women part ways, Pat gives Angelica her business card with her direct cell phone.

PAT

Call me anytime, day or night.

ANGELICA

I'm going to find Graham. Joe didn't kill him.

PAT

I really hope you do.

ANGELICA

I also think Sturgis had something to do with this.

PAT

Why do you say that?

ANGELICA

The colors of his voice and around him. I don't trust him.

DR. FIRST

Angelica, I'll hold the elevator.

PAT

Anything else about this vision?

ANGELICA

I saw him with a wife and two kids.

PAT

Did you catch the wife's name?

ANGELICA

Olga.

Pat takes out her phone and shows her the photo of Graham and Olga with Joe on their wedding night. Angelica nods.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON VISITING BOOTH - DAY

Joe waits for the visitor on the other side. He looks slightly disappointed when Pat enters.

PAT
You were expecting someone else.

JOE
Thanks for coming.

PAT
She had to make a quick escape because of the media.

JOE
How is she?

PAT
She's wonderful. I see why you fell in love with her.

JOE
Seeing her today gave me hope.

PAT
I'm glad. I need to talk to you about something.

JOE
Why here and not in the conference room?

PAT
I want this one off the radar.

JOE
Is anything off the radar.

Pat deactivates the surveillance camera.

PAT
This one's private.

JOE
Good, because I need your help! I want to change my plea.

PAT
To guilty?

JOE
No. To, 'not crazy.'

PAT

The 'not guilty' plea is the same,
no matter how we argue your
defense.

JOE

I can't spend my life locked up in
some psych ward or I'll die and
I'll never get to be with Angelica.
You have to help me.

PAT

I'm trying.

JOE

There has to be something we can
do.

PAT

I know it seems impractical, but
have you ever had the feeling that
Graham is still alive?

JOE

All the time! I dream about him
too. I'm sure it's denial.

PAT

Maybe not.

JOE

Are you looking for more proof that
I'm crazy?

PAT

What do you make of those dreams?

JOE

He was my best friend. The only way
I can hang onto him is in my
dreams. I've been living in a total
dream world for five years,
imagining that Graham isn't dead
and that Angelica is in love with
me. Maybe I truly am delusional.

PAT

That's not why I'm here.

JOE

Did you see Angelica today! She
loves me.

PAT

She does.

JOE

You didn't kill Graham Gold. I'd
bet my life and my career on it.

Joe leans his head on the glass and cries, laughs for joy.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - NIGHT

Joe sleeps restlessly.

EXT. ROOF OF A HOTEL (DREAM SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Joe and Graham are back on the roof top, though this time
Graham has already transformed and looks just like Joe, so
it's as if he's talking to himself.

JOE

I'm so sorry.

GRAHAM

Don't be sorry. I'm not dead.

JOE

But you're not alive either.

GRAHAM

Neither are you.

Joe wakes up with a start. His Electric Laughter device
beeps, blinks, and he's thrown into intense pain. He screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - DUSK

Even though she looks exhausted, Angelica's all fired up.

ANGELICA

You remember the purple hum, right?

GLORIA

What about it?

ANGELICA

Can you send me another hum and instead of leading me out of my own darkness, can you lead me into a place where my psychic energy is at it's strongest?

GLORIA

Angelica.

ANGELICA

It's worth a try. I won't take anymore magic herbs. Promise.

Angelica slips into a meditative trance as Gloria chants.

A bright, golden stream of sunlight washes over her. She grabs a purple kite string, hair dancing in the wind.

EXT. SWISS ALPS/MOUNTAIN ROAD (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Angelica's hair catches the wind from a convertible that speeds through the mountains.

EXT. OLGA'S VILLAGE (DREAM SEQUENCE)- DAY

She arrives at Olga's village and stops at a bakery. She opens a pastry box and the words, **Planken** are on a cake.

CUT TO:

INT. TESTADURA'S GUARDED HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Larry watches porn, unable to sleep. He checks the door and peers out the peephole at the armed guards at his door.

Later, as Larry sleeps with porn still blaring, two masked men come in and strangle him in his sleep, then hang him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

An International carrier takes off and soars in the air.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Angelica looks over at Dr. First as he works on his computer.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Joe looks around for her. He leans over to Pat and Malcolm.

JOE
(to Pat and Malcolm)
I want to testify on my own behalf.

MALCOLM
I'm strongly advise against that.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

The plane lands.

EXT. THE SWISS MOUNTAINS - DAY

The train speeds furiously through tunnels and across the mountains. Angelica looks like she's about to faint.

DR. FIRST
This might be a wild goose chase.

ANGELICA
It's better than sitting at home
and doing nothing.

DR. FIRST
You weren't doing nothing. You were
taking drugs. With Gloria.

The train plunges into a dark tunnel.

A SERIES OF SHOTS INTERCUT WITH ANGELICA AND DR. FIRST ON
THEIR JOURNEY while the prosecution calls the rest of their
witnesses:

- the arresting officers from outside the Symphony Center
- the cab driver
- The elegant socialite from the first night they met

-Gloria

EXT. SWISS ALPS - DAY

They get off the train, rent a car, then drive through mountainous roads. Her hair flies into the wind, dreamlike.

EXT. PLANKEN - DAY

They walk through the small town and enter a bakery.

INT. BAKERY- PLANKEN - DAY

Angelica speaks to a woman behind the counter and shows her the photo on her phone of Graham and Olga (and Joe in drag).

The woman's voice has soft pastel colors, which reflect the pastels of the pastries. She buys a few.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS OF A CHURCH - DAY

They sit on the steps of the church where Graham and Olga got married. Angelica and Dr. First eat the pastries.

ANGELICA

Try this one. It's hazelnut.

DR. FIRST

This is insane!

ANGELICA

No it's not. Desperate, but not insane.

INT. BAKERY - PLANKEN - DAY

Inside the bakery, the baker makes a phone call, watches them closely. Angelica and Dr. First walk around the small town.

EXT. PLANKEN - DAY

As they walk to their car, the woman from the bakery brings them another box.

Angelica thanks her. The woman's voice has new, excited colors. She tells her to open it on their ride down. Soon!

Inside the box are pastries and the name, **VICOSPRANO** written on the inside of the top. They exchange a knowing look.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as they drive through winding roads.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

The prosecution rests. All eyes are on the defense.

INT. JOE'S CELL - NIGHT

Joe paces like a caged animal. He screams for someone to let him out, a scream that echoes from years of isolation.

Finally, two guards escort him to the examining room.

INT. PRISON EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's the same exam room as the one he was in with Dr. White.

JOE

I want to see my lawyers!

The guards leave him there alone. He paces and rants.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICOSOPRANO - DUSK

The town is so small there are only a few streets and no hotels. A shopkeeper pours out a bucket of hot water. Steam rises and the cobblestones shine like copper pennies.

EXT. CAFE IN VICOSOPRANO - NIGHT

They sit at an outdoor cafe. They order, eat. By the time they finish, it's dark.

Graham slips into an empty chair at their table. He looks a bit like his former self, but older, rounder.

ANGELICA

Graham?

GRAHAM

I don't use that name anymore.

DR. FIRST
My God in heaven...

GRAHAM
He has to be stopped.

DR. FIRST
Who?

GRAHAM
Sturgis.

ANGELICA
It is really you. I can tell by the
colors of your voice.

DR. FIRST
How are you not dead?

GRAHAM
I'm sorry about what happened
between us, Angelica. I didn't-

ANGELICA
That's behind us now. You have to
help us save Joe.

DR. FIRST
How are you still alive?

Graham motions to the cafe owner not to be disturbed...

GRAHAM
It started out as a simple idea.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF FLASHBACKS with Graham narrating.

EXT. WEST SIDE FISH MARKET (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A younger Graham works the fish docks in the early morning.
It's a horrible job and he looks miserable.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
It was set up years ago,
orchestrated by Sturgis.

Sturgis shows up and speaks with him. Graham looks him in the
eye and takes off his apron.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I went to jail when I was in my twenties because some of the guys from my old neighborhood wanted to collect insurance money on a restaurant they owned. I was good with explosives. I blew it up, but someone saw me and I got caught. I was sentenced to ten years in jail.

ANGELICA

Joe never knew, did he?

GRAHAM

He doesn't know most of this! I never ratted those guys out and did my time quietly. When I got out, Sturgis found me and offered me the sweetest deal I could have ever imagined. I figured this was my reward for keeping my mouth shut.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK ZOO (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Graham follows Joe from a distance and watches as a pack of Paparazzi attack him during his morning run.

Graham takes an alternate route and meets Joe at the North Avenue Beach overpass.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

All I had to do was to befriend one of the richest men in the world, convince him that I'd make a perfect public double, let him think the idea was his, and then parade around in his life as him. If I pulled this off, I'd never have to worry about money again. Of course I didn't know at the time what I was really getting into. Joe still doesn't know.

Joe and Graham meet at the overpass. They run along the lake front together. Graham plays it cool. Joe takes the bait.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE IN VICOSOPRANO- NIGHT

Angelica looks confused.

ANGELICA

Why did Sturgis want Joe to have a public double?

GRAHAM

So the double could do all his dirty work for him, like convincing the board to transfer power to Sturgis in the event of Joe's death or incapacitation. Like giving him the ability to sell the patent to foreign markets. Sturgis masterminded everything, right down to tipping off the media every time Joe left home so it would wear down his nerves. Sturgis pushed Joe so hard that he couldn't survive without me - his public double.

DR. FIRST

But I thought Sturgis was against the idea of a public double.

GRAHAM

He pretended to be against the arrangement so Joe would never suspect it was part of his plan. Sturgis *needed* control of Joe's company.

DR. FIRST

Why?

ANGELICA

For the money?

GRAHAM

Sturgis wants more than money.

Graham looks uneasy. They pay the check and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS/VICOSPORANO - NIGHT

They take the back roads to a small car. They climb in and Graham drives them miles into the mountains to a small farm.

INT. GRAHAM AND OLGA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham shows them inside. It's a quaint, clean little place.

The two kids from her dream run into his arms, calling him 'Papa.' Olga emerges from the small kitchen.

ANGELICA

Olga?

OLGA

It's nice to meet you Angelica, Dr. First. We've been following the trial on the Internet.

ANGELICA

And these are your children?

OLGA

Yussel and Marina.

ANGELICA

Yussel?

GRAHAM

It's a German nickname for Joseph.

Angelica smiles. Graham takes them to his study and sets up the computer to record their conversation.

GRAHAM

As Joe's attorney, Sturgis secured International patents for his electric laughter device. Sturgis figured that it was all a matter of time until someone knocked off Joe's invention and made a cheaper model, so he took it upon himself to be the one to do that.

He was the only other person who had access to the DNA brain mapping that causes electric laughter. It wasn't just the black market profits that he loved. Sturgis loved the power. He was on top of the world.

ANGELICA

Did Joe know about it?

GRAHAM

No. I still don't think he knows about it. Sturgis is an expert at covering his tracks.

DR. FIRST

How did you find out about it?

GRAHAM

I had access to everything, after all I was Joe Coyote or so everyone else thought.

DR. FIRST

Why didn't you stop him?

GRAHAM

I am stopping him. Some things take time. There's something else that you should know.

ANGELICA

What's that?

GRAHAM

That the knockoffs weren't just for laughter. Once the brain mapping was exposed, the brain could be triggered to less desirable emotions.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. White zaps Joe with anguish. He writhes in pain and calls out. He keeps zapping until Joe is unconscious.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

The responses in the brain are like a double helix. The counterpart to an emotion is also accessible. For example, joy is wrapped around anguish. Laughter, is intertwined with sadness

Dr. White administers another dose of pain and anguish.

Joe plunges into the darkness of the emotion and experiences debilitating convulsions. He passes out.

ANGELICA (V.O.)

What's across from love?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Love isn't in the brain. It's somewhere else. The closest Joe got to love was laughter.

Dr. White revives Joe with laughter, only to administer another dark emotion that puts him over the edge.

He goes into cardiac arrest. Dr. White puts the defibrillator to his heart. Joe flops back to life like a fish.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM AND OLGA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham is really quiet as it sinks in for Dr. First.

ANGELICA

Why didn't you tell Joe about Sturgis?

GRAHAM

Because he wouldn't have handled it the right way. Sturgis has a brilliant, criminal mind. Joe doesn't know how to think like a criminal. He's too honest and completely naive. He would have tried to reason with Sturgis, or persuade him, or rehabilitate him, or confront him!

ANGELICA

What should he have done?

GRAHAM

The only way to defeat Sturgis was to outsmart him. I always knew it was a matter of time until he had us both killed. Sturgis ordered a hit on me first. I was tipped off about it, which was my real reward for doing my time quietly.

ANGELICA

And the fight with Joe over what happened between us?

GRAHAM

That was good timing, or bad timing! I made it seem worse than it was so Joe would get mad at me.

DR. FIRST

Why?

GRAHAM

To throw Sturgis off. Joe and I never had a fight. Not one. We really were like two halves of one person.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (cont'd)

I knew Sturgis would make his move when there was discord between us. He'd have me killed, Joe would be too freaked out to function. Sturgis would get control over the company *willingly* from Joe. I knew from the first moment I met him that he'd eventually dispose of me, which is why I went through with the hit.

DR. FIRST

But you're still alive!

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - NIGHT

The burly guards carry him back in and drop him on the bed. Joe looks out and everything looks like he's underwater.

INT. GRAHAM AND OLGA'S HOUSE

Graham kisses his family good night. His bag is packed.

ANGELICA

You got shot in the head and then the ambulance exploded with you in it. How did you not die?

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Graham/Joe smiles and waves for the crowd. He puts his other hand in his pocket.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Smoke and mirrors. People believe what they see. I had a remote control in my pocket that set off a fake bullet wound from a prosthetic on my forehead. I shaved every hair off my body the night before. I took some of Joe's blood from his supply in our ambulance to splatter from the prosthetic in order to plant evidence that it was him.

The shot rings out, blood spurts from his forehead. The bodyguard whisks him to the ambulance.

The ambulance doors slam shut and the siren wails.

INT. AMBULANCE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

GRAHAM (V.O.)

The African American paramedic
inside the ambulance was a
hologram. I learned that from Joe.

The hologram of the African American paramedic gets sliced open for a second when the side of the gurney touches it, so a streak of light darts out, (the flash).

The doors close. Graham gets up from the gurney.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

There was a soundproof barricade
with tinted glass between the front
and the back so the driver didn't
know what was going on.

Graham quickly rips off the outer shell of his face with the fake bullet hole. Underneath his mask is another disguise—that of the African American paramedic.

He's all ready changed the color of his skin. He quickly applies the prosthetic nose, some facial hair, gloves of the same color and a wig so he looks identical to the hologram.

Meanwhile, the other paramedic smiles lovingly at Graham. It's Olga in disguise.

E.R. DOCTOR

(from the radio)

How's he doing?

OLGA

We lost him. He's dead.

EXT. HOSPITAL/CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The ambulance drives to the construction site. The cops instruct them to go to the Emergency Room.

The ambulance keeps moving. They all get out. The first explosion forces the cops to keep their distance.

INT. HOSPITAL/CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE (FLASHBACK)- DAY

They escape into the building and climb up through the air ducts to the SOUND of the other two explosions.

Within moments the side entrance is swarming with people and police. By the time the cops get to the entrance, they're gone. They alert the building.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

The explosions bought us some time.

They split up and crawl through the air ducts to separate locations. Olga climbs down into a handicapped bathroom.

Her change of clothes and disguise are hidden in the bathroom ceiling. Olga transforms into a female nurse.

She exits through the commotion as they bring in Larry.

Graham slides down into a storage closet and transforms into a Janitor. Olga goes out the front door, Graham goes to the basement.

She goes to the parking lot, gets in a car and drives off.

Graham drops the paramedic costumes and all evidence down the incinerator and takes the service elevator to a loading dock.

He gets in another unassuming car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CELL - DAY

Sturgis enters with Dr. White who administers an injection that revives Joe. He's in bad shape.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Joe sits numbly at the table. Pat looks horribly distraught and keeps looking over at him.

The judge arrives. The court reconvenes. Malcolm calls his next witness, Dr. White.

Dr. White gets sworn in. The judge notices the comatose state of the defendant. He speaks to Joe.

JUDGE

Mr. Coyote. Are you still with us?

The judge's voice sounds distorted and everything looks hazy.

JUDGE

Do you understand what's going on?

Joe nods again. The judge looks at his council.

MALCOLM

The defendant was a bit agitated last night and needed some medication to calm down. He's fine.

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS THE TRIAL PROGRESSES. Joe is still so out of it. Pat keeps talking to him, but he's lost.

Every now and then Joe calls out for Graham or Angelica, then retreats into his stupor. The insanity plea is convincing.

INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY

Pat's livid. She's alone with Malcolm

PAT

Don't tell me that was just an improper dose of medication! He had electric shock therapy or a lobotomy or something like that!

MALCOLM

It couldn't be avoided. He wanted to testify on his own behalf and I couldn't let him.

PAT

So what did you do?

MALCOLM

I didn't do anything.

PAT

It was Sturgis, wasn't it?

MALCOLM

Pat, it was late when they called me. I'm not a medical doctor so I don't know about-

PAT

Prisoner abuse! How about a mistrial? Do you know about that?

EXT. LANDING STRIP/SWITZERLAND - DAY

A private jet takes off. The Alps are all around.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Joe looks really out of it. Pat tries to encourage him.

PAT
(close to his face)
Joe. It's me. Pat. Please come
back. Stay with me.

JOE
I'm trying.

PAT
I know you are. I am too.

He takes her hand.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the defense calls its witnesses. To Joe, everything sounds like it's underwater and blurry.

He sobs uncontrollably at times during the witnesses' testimony. The judge looks concerned. Pat keeps checking her phone as Malcolm questions the witnesses.

Pat gets a message that she's waiting for and leans over and touches Joe's arm. For an instant, she's clear in his vision.

PAT
(Quietly to Joe)
It's going to be okay. Just hang in
there. Trust me on this one.

JOE
Where's Angelica?

PAT
On her way. This will all be over
soon. You're going to get your life
back. I promise.

Time passes and Joe mumbles loudly at times, cries other times. The judge asks if he should adjourn.

PAT
Not yet, your honor. We have one
more witness.

JUDGE
Not on my docket.

Malcolm looks at her, confused. A message comes through.

PAT

Your honor, may we approach the bench?

The judge motions for her. Malcolm follows.

JUDGE

Councilors?

PAT

We have a witness who has been in protective custody all night.

PROSECUTOR

Testadura's dead.

PAT

Not him. Your honor, please. It's so sensitive that I haven't even been able to brief all of my colleagues yet.

MALCOLM

Or any of your colleagues. You're not running this defense.

PAT

I'm the only one the Defendant still trusts.

MALCOLM

She's off the case.

PAT

(to Malcolm)

Do you want me to have Joe fire you and hire me in front of the judge?

The judge looks accusingly at Malcolm.

PAT

Please, your honor. I'll lay my life and my career on the line for this one. If I had been lead council, I would have taken better care of the defendant, as you can see he has been...

JUDGE

No need for drama, Council. You can have your witness.

The judge shrugs and gives in to her.

PROSECUTOR

This is highly irregular.

JUDGE

Considering the untimely death of a previous witness, I understand why this witness has been in seclusion.

PAT

The defense would like to call Mr. Graham Gold to the stand.

The courtroom doors open and in walks Graham, Angelica, and Dr. First with several police guards.

From Joe's perspective, Graham walks in and it's as if he's walking through a wall of water and emerges crystal clear.

Graham walks directly over to Joe before he takes the stand.

JOE

Graham?

GRAHAM

It's me, Joe.

JOE

You're not dead?

GRAHAM

Neither are you.

Graham hugs him. Joe comes back to life. He sobs and the colors and sounds return around him.

He looks over and sees Angelica, with tears streaming down her cheeks this time.

The police and guards flank Sturgis. Malcolm looks at Pat. She's all smiles as tears fill her eyes.

PAT

Your honor, I'd like to ask you to dismiss the case on the grounds that the defendant didn't kill the victim because they're both still alive.

The judge grants it. She hands him an iPad with Graham's testimony and recorded explanation.

PAT

And I'd like to submit this as grounds for arresting Sturgis Regan for attempted murder and about a gazillion other counts of fraud.

JUDGE

A gazillion, council?

PAT

I'll refine the numbers later. Sorry about the drama.

The judge nods. They recite the Miranda rights to Sturgis.

STURGIS

You're arresting me? I didn't do anything. You can't prove anything.

GRAHAM

Yes, we can.

STURGIS

You're out of your mind.

GRAHAM

Your honor, I would bet my life that the device around Joe Coyote's wrist is not just electric laughter. Please have it removed.

JOE

Thank God!

The judge nods and one of the guards unlocks the device. Joe rubs his wrist and looks around for Angelica. She's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE/THE PARK - DUSK

The sunset reflects off the tinted windows of his old house and turns it bright magenta. A car drops Joe off.

INT. JOE'S BROWNSTONE - DUSK

It's dark inside and before he can even turn on the light, a familiar sound of cello music greets him.

He goes to the living room where the real Angelica plays the cello in the same spot as her ghostly hologram used to play.

Angelica watches the warm vibrant colors of the music swirl around Joe. The warmth of the sun brightens the room.

With a dreamlike quality he moves across the floor to her. She stops playing and the colors reverberate around them.

ANGELICA

Welcome home, Joe Coyote.

They kiss with the passion and the tenderness of two people who have been waiting a lifetime to fall in love.

FADE OUT.