

HOLDEN  
Hey... Falcon.

KEVIN  
Deathstalker.

Kevin pulls Holden into an embrace. And he LOSES IT. Twelve years of EMOTION pouring out and onto Holden's shoulder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(in between sobs)  
I'm so sorry... it's all my fault... I--I didn't know... I'm so sorry...

We HOLD on this moment. It's RAW. And undeniably HUMAN.

45 INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

45

Holden is standing, facing a wall where Kevin's DIPLOMA hangs, framed and matted. Below that, a photo of Kevin and the Pretty Woman from earlier, on their wedding day.

HOLDEN  
You're married?

KEVIN  
Little over two years. Christine. She's -- we -- are expecting a baby boy. She's due the end of summer.

HOLDEN  
Christine...  
(then; realizing)  
Todd's sister Christine? The cheerleader? The one who you --

KEVIN  
-- dated all through senior year of high school. Been together ever since.

Kevin leans back against his desk, still can't get over seeing Holden up and about.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
It's like I'm looking at a ghost.  
I swear I thought I'd never see you again.

\*  
\*

Holden smiles weakly. Shrugs. Doesn't really want to talk about it. He glances through Kevin's bookshelf, crowded with psychology textbooks, journals, files.

FYI

BEYOND - KEVIN

START  
sc. 1 →

1/7

HOLDEN

So you're some kind of  
psychiatrist?

KEVIN

School counselor... slash teacher.  
I'm working on my doctorate so they  
let me see students during office  
hours. Well... not *just* students.

(beat)

Dr. Warren filled me in. Said it  
might help for you to talk to  
someone.

Holden looks down, hearing the pity in Kevin's voice.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look, Holden... I'm here as your  
friend. First and foremost. We  
were blood-brothers for God's sake.

He lets his eyes wander back to the wall of certificates and  
family photos -- each one featuring a grinning STRANGER.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

How're you holding up?

HOLDEN

I wish everyone would stop asking  
me that.

KEVIN

You've been through a lot.

HOLDEN

Yeah. And now I'm back.

Kevin nods, assessing Holden. Reads between the lines.

KEVIN

There's this Swiss psychiatrist...  
Elizabeth Kubler-Ross... She  
outlines five stages of grief, the  
first being denial. She says a lot  
of the time, people ignore or  
rationalize what they're going  
through. Whether it's divorce, or  
the death of a friend or family  
member --

\*

HOLDEN

You think that's me? You think I'm  
in denial?

KEVIN  
I don't know. Are you?

HOLDEN  
Thought you said you're my friend,  
first and foremost.

KEVIN  
I am.

HOLDEN  
Yeah, well, my "friend" never read  
anything that didn't have a  
centerfold, so...

Kevin softens a bit. Cracks a smile.

KEVIN  
Still don't, by the way. You're  
right. Some things never change.

HOLDEN  
(pointed)  
Some things.

KEVIN  
Talk to me, Holden. I want to help  
you. You know you can trust me.

ON HOLDEN. He BLINKS as we FLASH BACK to that ominous  
warning -- Holden looking down at his hand with the words  
"TRUST NO ONE" written in ink.

Holden blinks again. Back to the present. He locks eyes  
with Kevin, SUSPICIOUS now.

But on the surface, he reveals nothing. Smiles warmly.

HOLDEN  
I know.

// END  
Sc. 1 CUT TO:

46 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

46

Diane enters the empty room, her arms cradling fresh towels.  
She moves to the dresser and sets them down. She's about to  
leave when she notices the bed is unmade. She stretches and  
tucks the sheets. Pauses. Then sits down on the freshly  
made bed, lowering her face into Holden's pillow. She  
INHALES deeply, allowing herself this minor indulgence when --

A DOORBELL rings. A beat. Diane reluctantly lifts her head,  
smoothing out the pillow, gathering herself as we CUT TO:

Large Man removes several POLAROIDs from a file, snapshots of a YOUNG WOMAN in her underwear, posing provocatively.

LARGE MAN  
You don't say.

MODULATED VOICE (V.O.)  
*Do what you have to do.*

LARGE MAN  
Copy that.

Large Man ends the call. He pockets his cell phone. Pauses. Then pockets the Polaroids as we CUT TO:

53

INT. CAR - NIGHT

53

An angry, heavy RAIN POUNDS the roof of the car. Kevin sits, unmoving, contemplating his next move. Up ahead, neon lights FLASH, advertising the BAR at the far end of the parking lot.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Kevin watches a CAR pull up in front of the bar. Broken side-view. Nasty scrape running from head to tail. Luke is in the driver's seat, idling as Holden exits on the other side.

ON KEVIN, his features grim. Heavy. Preparing himself for something onerous. He reaches over and opens his glove-box. Catching the light is a SILVER .22 HANDGUN --

Kevin looks at it. Considers it. And we CUT TO:

54

INT. MURRAY'S DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

54

Kevin makes his way down the length of the bar as Journey HOWLS from the sound system. It's dark. Sticky. Sweaty. Beer, blood and vomit have all been spilt in equal measure.

Kevin pulls up a stool, sliding in beside Holden.

FYI

START →  
sc. 2

HOLDEN  
Nice place.  
(glances around)  
What's the opposite of a dress code?

KEVIN  
Hey, c'mon. I wanted your first bar to be special.

Further down the bar, a PATRON BELCHES loudly, then passes out in a bowl of peanuts.

4/7

HOLDEN  
... Touching.

GUS THE BARTENDER approaches. Gives Holden a long look.

KEVIN  
Two beers, Gus.

Kevin throws a nervous glance around the bar. Gus returns with the beer.

~~GUS THE BARTENDER  
(re: Holden)  
His is on the house. VIP discount.  
(takes the card)  
Yours is four bucks~~

Holden takes his beer, still uncomfortable with his celebrity status. He catches more than a few eyes on him, but quickly turns his attention back to his friend.

HOLDEN  
Hey, man, about the other day...  
What I said about you not being a friend?  
(shakes his head)  
You were my best friend. My only friend.

Holden looks down at his beer, not used to opening himself up like this.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
And you were right... about me not wanting to move on --

KEVIN  
Holden --

HOLDEN  
But I do hope there's some way...  
or some Swiss psychiatrist that helps us to, y'know... pick up where we left off.

KEVIN  
Holden, listen, I --

HOLDEN  
Wait, let me finish.  
(a beat; then)  
I'm finished.

Kevin absorbs this. Guilt starting to eat away his insides.

KEVIN

Those were some of the nicest things you've ever said to me --

HOLDEN

All true. I wrote them down and everything --

KEVIN

But I really wish you hadn't said them.

ON HOLDEN, thrown by this. He finally notices Kevin, who hasn't touched his beer. Who looks like he's gonna be sick.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I screwed up.

HOLDEN

No, I was out of line --

KEVIN

(soft; intense)

Listen, I don't know how much time we have, or what they plan to do --

Holden looks back at Kevin, thrown by his sudden intensity.

HOLDEN

They?

KEVIN

You're in a lot of trouble, Holden.

HOLDEN

What are you talking about?

A CRACK of POOL BALLS colliding causes Kevin to jump. Holden notices, which only puts him further on edge.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Kevin -- what the hell's going on?

Kevin takes a swig of beer. Tries to ease his nerves.

KEVIN

I brought you here to warn you.

HOLDEN

Warn me? About what?

KEVIN

I don't know --

HOLDEN  
Look, if this is some joke --

KEVIN  
Dammit, Holden, I'm not making this up!! They're going to be coming for you. I don't know when, I just know they're real and they're well-financed --

Holden SLAMS his palm on the bar. Nerves starting to FRAY.

HOLDEN  
Who? Who's coming for me?  
(putting it together)  
Is it the girl? With the brown hair? Did she get to you?

KEVIN  
What girl?

Holden hesitates. Realizes his mistake.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Holden, what girl? Did someone threaten you?

HOLDEN  
No, she didn't threaten me, she tried to --  
(then; realizing)  
... Warn me.

Holden's head starts to spin. Anxiety stirring his insides as Kevin's words finally find some purchase.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
What am I supposed to do? The police? Can we go to the Sheriff?

KEVIN  
With what?

Holden's head spins faster. He sways on his bar stool.

HOLDEN  
I need to... I'm gonna be sick --

1/END  
SMASH TO: SC. 2

55

EXT. MURRAY'S DIVE BAR - SECONDS LATER

55

Holden bursts through the door. He doubles over, hands on his knees, and struggles to fill his lungs up with air.

7/7