

At the same moment Rebecca abruptly stops speaking, Zeph notices movement in the distance and looks toward it. A pickup truck comes into view a good distance away on the road that runs along the edge of the farm. Zeph grimaces on seeing the truck. It has appeared before he is ready - he had wanted to be waiting at the edge of the road, alone, when his new employer arrived to pick him up. He awkwardly stops and his face shows that he realizes he is now at the dreaded door, which, after he goes through it, will lock behind him. He turns back to Rebecca. He sets the suitcase down and steps over to where Rebecca herself has stopped dead. He places his hands on her arms.

ZEPH

(Subtitles) I will always love you.

She is surprised by this uncharacteristic expression of feelings by an Amishman - words she has not heard since they were newlyweds - and she is furious for a second before tamping down her anger. She speaks sternly but quietly.

REBECCA

(Subtitles) You never loved *me*. It was always Amos -

Zeph shakes his head.

ZEPH

(Subtitles) I loved you from the beginning.

(Taps his breastbone)

I've always *loved* you. I've never had to be dishonest about that.

Rebecca has no words for this. She is suddenly dumbfounded by the potency of his words and by her awareness of the point in their relationship when they are spoken. Zeph brings his hands up to her cheeks and gently kisses her, her face cradled in his hands, his thumbs dampened by her tears. When they separate gently, his eyes are wet as well. No words are needed as they look into each other's eyes a last time, as they kiss briefly a last time. Wiping her eyes hurriedly with her apron, Rebecca turns back and walks quickly up the lane toward the house.

The submerged lamps of the pool throw a noirish gray light onto the back of the house, and the shadowed areas of the B/W image drop into deep black. Several windows on the first floor glow from within. Zeph floats languorously in the water, a wavering silhouette suspended in the lighted interior of the pool.

Above the gentle lapping sounds of the water, what seem to be sound effects from a neighbor's TV - a gun with a silencer fired twice and a quick, muffled scream - are briefly and indistinctly heard. Zeph turns to listen, unsure that he has heard anything. The muffled sounds of a side door opening and a man running away immediately follow, but no movement is seen in the low-angle view of the house. After a moment, the sounds of another man emerging from shrubbery and running in the same direction can be heard. Again, no movement is seen. Zeph begins to suspect that the sounds may not have been from a TV and swims over to the side of the pool and pulls himself up onto the patio. He picks up his towel and dries himself as he moves toward the house.

INT. HOUSE, LOWER HALL - NIGHT

Still drying himself so as not to drip onto the carpets, Zeph walks hesitantly down the hall. He looks in one doorway and moves on to the next and stops.

INT. HOUSE, GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Zeph steps uncertainly into the dim room, which is a classic gentleman's game room with backgammon and chess boards inlaid into tabletops. Small lamps create pools of light around the room. Bar is sitting in a chair against a wall, and she giggles to herself. She is focused on her finger, which is tracing imaginary designs onto her skirt. Zeph takes a step toward her.

ZEPH

Bar, this isn't funny. This is a little too real.

She looks up to him coyly.

BAR

You're cute.

Screenplay 2: The Death Valley Zephyr

He goes to put his arm around O'Keefe, but O'Keefe shoves him away and the phone flies out of Zeph's hand. With an enraged growl, O'Keefe heaves the table over and plates and all crash into the cabinets and down to the floor. Zeph stares mutely at O'Keefe, who swings around and crooks his arm around Zeph's throat.

O'KEEFE

You thought it was me!

ZEPH

No - I was *afraid* I was going to
find out that it was you!

O'Keefe, fully enraged, swings Zeph around and slams him hard into the wall. He pulls him back and slams him into the wall again. He does this several more times, growling each time with the effort.

ZEPH

O'Keefe! Please stop! Please stop!

O'Keefe slams Zeph into the wall a last time and then drops him onto the floor as the anger moves past its peak. Zeph lies there gasping, and O'Keefe begins to regain control. When he looks up, he notices Slim in a nightgown standing in the doorway with a handgun trained on him. She holds it steadily. O'Keefe's anger continues to drain away visibly, and Slim lowers the gun. O'Keefe looks back down to Zeph and his eyes become increasingly more hollow as he takes in the aftermath. Without a word, he turns and walks past Slim and out of the kitchen. After a moment, the sound of the front door closing can be heard. Slim sets the safety and lays the gun down on the counter. She steps over to Zeph and kneels beside him, her hand on his cheek. Zeph looks up to her.

ZEPH

God. I *knew*...

SLIM

We both knew. Anything broken?

Zeph thinks a moment.

ZEPH

Don't think so.

Screenplay 3: The Sunset Local

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Zeph crawls out of the car and stands. He retrieves the dark flashlight, steps around the open door and heads quietly toward the gate. He slips around the end of the gate and continues cautiously forward, looking all around, listening. The road, marked with a few potholes and some dead branches, continues into the brush and Zeph follows it around a curve. Up ahead is what looks like a pile of branches in the roadway, and Zeph heads toward it. As he approaches, he realizes that it is O'Keefe's body and he runs toward him and shines the flashlight on him. He crouches over O'Keefe and turns him over and shines the light in his face.

ZEPH

Oh god. Oh god.

Zeph frantically looks him over, checks for a pulse and then realizes he's breathing. He lifts an eyelid and studies the pupil in the light. O'Keefe begins to come around and moans and then takes a deep breath. Zeph clutches O'Keefe's shirt.

ZEPH (cont.)

Are you okay? Are you okay?

O'Keefe opens his eyes and blinks in the glare of the light. His hand sluggishly comes up to shade his eyes, and Zeph turns off the flashlight. O'Keefe's hand drops onto his chest. He speaks thickly.

O'KEEFE

Yow...just like the movies.

In a rush of relief, Zeph clutches him and buries his face in his throat.

ZEPH

Oh god. Oh god.

O'Keefe's arms come up around Zeph.

O'KEEFE

Hey, it's okay. Happens all the time.

Screenplay 4: The Woodlawn Starliner

At the edge of the platform, he takes a picture of the tracks receding into the mouth of the tunnel and then turns quickly around to the dozen or so people waiting on the platform with him. One man looks down to his newspaper a little too quickly. He looks like he could have been one of Burkhart's bodyguards at the cemetery, but Zeph isn't sure. He studies the other people on the platform as he waits. When the train enters the station, it creates a strong breeze that picks up a few scattered pieces of litter. When the doors open, Zeph steps on.

INT. METRO STATION, HIGHLAND - NIGHT

Zeph rides the up escalator to street level. When he steps off, he crosses to the other side of the Metro entrance, turns around, leans against the wall and waits. After a long moment, the man with the newspaper steps off the escalator, glances blandly over to Zeph and walks out to the plaza. Zeph waits as a few other people step off the escalator and then walks unhurriedly out onto the plaza himself.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND - NIGHT

Zeph walks to the curb in front of the metro entrance and retrieves his tripod from his bag. When his camera is set up, he takes an exposure of Hollywood Boulevard looking east. Traffic is light as it moves below the neon on the Scientology building and the Guinness and Ripley museums. He turns the camera around and takes a shot looking west, with the glare of the El Capitan marquee bouncing across the wet street. He picks up the camera and walks down the sidewalk until he is across the street from the El Capitan and sets the tripod down. As he adjusts the camera, he glances around and spots the man with the newspaper. Zeph looks through the viewfinder and zooms in on individual details of the façade of the El Capitan. The busts and garlands gently glow in the incident light from the flaring marquee. After several exposures, Zeph pulls out his cell phone and answers it. He speaks into it briefly and then disconnects. By the time his camera and tripod are back in his bag, Slim pulls the car over to the curb and Zeph gets in. After the car pulls away, the camera zeroes in on a battered fedora sitting incongruously in the stream of water flowing along the curb.

Screenplay 5: The City of Electrons

DANCE FLOOR

The crowd again fills the dance floor. Ahmad, still in his Persian costume, now dances with Bar, and Zeph is again by himself at the table. O'Keefe moves through the crowd toward Zeph. When he reaches him, he takes his hand and gently tries to draw him onto the dance floor. Zeph rolls his eyes with a look that says *You know how hard it is for me*, but then he takes a healthy swig of his drink and sheepishly stands. He looks like he feels foolish as he follows O'Keefe into the crowd, but he also looks pleased to be included.

They reach Ahmad, Bar and Slim, who smile at him like *Hey, look who's here!* Zeph uncomfortably begins to move his hips in time with the music, but his movements become more relaxed and flowing as he focuses on and imitates O'Keefe's movements.

Sahib reappears and dances near Zeph. He glances at Zeph gently and then away and back again as if to say *Hey, no pressure*. Zeph smiles shyly at him. He looks back to O'Keefe, who gives him a look like *Go on, go on!*, and Zeph shyly begins dancing with Sahib. As they dance, they slowly move closer together and Zeph studies the Arabian face, which is not entirely European but not entirely foreign either. Sahib looks into his eyes gently, studying him as well. He leans close to Zeph and shouts over the music.

SAHIB

What's your name?

Zeph leans toward Sahib's ear.

ZEPH

Zeph!

Sahib knits his eyebrows and leans closer.

ZEPH (cont.)

Zeph! Short for Zephaniah!

Sahib understands and nods.

SAHIB

I'm Sahib!

Screenplay 6: The Musk of the Gardens of Allah

HEATH

Now, I'm not going to ask you to speculate. *I'll* do that and will ask you if the evidence your team has found corroborates my hypothesis. At the dumpster, Mr. Corcetti pulls the body of the victim from between the front and back seats of the vehicle -

(Demonstrates dramatically)
- with his arm around the victim's neck, then pulls him over to the dumpster, and, still with his arm around the victim's neck, *flings* the victim's body, by the neck, up and over the front of the dumpster.

Most of the people in the courtroom quietly chuckle at this. O'Keefe, chuckling, gives Zeph a look that says *She's really something*. The judge simply raises the gavel a few inches and sets it down gently and the quiet laughter subsides. He gives Heath another level look.

JUDGE

Now, does Mr. Corcetti have a dog that was present during this incident, and will you next be on all fours, barking?

Quiet chuckling again fades out quickly.

JUDGE (cont.)

Ms. Heath. The court reminds you that there are no TV cameras present. No jury. And only a few people in the gallery.

HEATH

I'm sorry, your honor. I simply wanted to make it abundantly clear how absurd I think it is for the prosecution to propose that Mr. Corcetti could get the victim's body from the vehicle into the dumpster without getting one trouser fiber on either sleeve.

Screenplay 7: Chameleon Night