

Mrs. Washington sits wide-eyed in the middle of her still-wrecked living room in her best chair while Daran begins to expertly install new locks on the window he just smashed.

Start

DARAN

See, the problem came when my very large company stipulated in very small writing that unless specific locks and alarms were installed, the policy wouldn't be valid.

(B)
REVISED
1/25/61

Mrs. Washington raises her coffee to her lips, tries to follow.

DARAN (CONT'D)

Now I'm a claims adjuster. That means my job is to try to save the company money by weeding out fraudulent claims. And I see a lot of those, from a lot of greedy people. Which I don't like.

Mrs. Washington shakes her head, "Goodness no." Daran powers up the electric drill, powers a lock into place.

DARAN (CONT'D)

But there's something else I don't like. That's when I see an honest, law-abiding citizen who's paid overpriced premiums year in and year out, and I'm expected to nullify the claim.

(Mrs. Washington nods along)

So today I'm going to make an exception. Today I'm going to authorize a claim because I want to.

CONT. →

That Mrs. Washington understands. Off her smile.

74 INT. QUINCY'S TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

74

Quincy and Charlotte travel through San Francisco.

QUINCY

So I was thinking about what we talked about yesterday.

CHARLOTTE

We talked?

QUINCY

About how it's suspicious -- my calling you; you not turning in stories about the department.

T. Arcidi

CHARLOTTE
That is a problem.

QUINCY
What if I were to tell you that our
district attorney is a social man.

CHARLOTTE
Not a crime. As far as I know. I can
check on that for you, though.

QUINCY
He likes to entertain.

CHARLOTTE
So do I.

Quincy is silent for a moment.

QUINCY
You're going to have to do some of the
work, here, Charlotte. What I'm doing.
Right now. It doesn't come naturally to
me.

CHARLOTTE
(incredulous)
What you're doing? You haven't told me
anything.

QUINCY
I've told you enough.

Charlotte regards Quincy curiously. Maybe he has.

75 INT. TINY RANSACKED APARTMENT - DAY

75

Daran and Mrs. Washington sit at the modest dining room
table. Daran takes notes.

DARAN
Now. The television.

MRS. WASHINGTON
...oh, just a small thing. Black and
white.

DARAN
(sighs, then...)
Mrs. Washington, we're making a claim.
(MORE)

CONT →

75 CONTINUED:

DARAN (CONT'D)

You're covered for up to fifty-thousand dollars, and so far all I've got is a small radio alarm and your answering machine. If we're going to maximize this claim, we need to get a little more...creative. Now, what about the television.

MRS. WASHINGTON

But it was just a small...

DARAN

(beginning to jot)

It was a thirty-six inch, color Panasonic home cinema with built in DVD and VCR, remote control and digital surround sound.

MRS. WASHINGTON

(eyes widen)

Was it really?

DARAN

What about on the television?

MRS. WASHINGTON

On the television?

DARAN

The kind of handy place where we frequently leave our valuables.

(prompting)

Like a watch? Or a ring?

MRS. WASHINGTON

Usually it was just the TV Guide.

DARAN

Not this time. This time it was your precious engagement ring.

MRS. WASHINGTON

But I never take it off.

DARAN

You did last Wednesday.

MRS. WASHINGTON

(trying to remember)

Did I?

(CONTINUED)

"Daran"

75 CONTINUED: (2)

42.
75

DARAN

And engagement rings usually come in
clusters of one, three or five stones.
Which was yours?

Daran leans in expectantly.

MRS. WASHINGTON

One.

Daran sighs.

DARAN

Diamond?

MRS. WASHINGTON

Amethyst.

Daran gives up and just writes what he wants.

DARAN

Five diamonds.

Daran turns, looking for inspiration, but Mrs. Washington is
starting to clue in.

DARAN (CONT'D)

Any cameras at all?

MRS. WASHINGTON

Cameras? No. No.

(then the light bulb goes off)

I mean...yes. Now that I think about it:
two.

Daran nods, begins jotting it down.

DARAN

Two is the correct answer.

MRS. WASHINGTON

...with telephoto lenses.

Off Daran's smile.

76 INT. DINER - DAY

76

Mathew and Cal finish up a late breakfast. Cal is still
wearing a bloody rented tux.

MATHEW

...and then this quasi-brother of your
new bride hits you.

(CONTINUED)