

FORGIVING TROY

THE THOM BIERDZ STORY

What Does
A Soap Star Do
When His Brother
Kills Their Mom ?!

Screenplay
based on a true story
by Thom Bierdz

CONTACT
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my brother beat our mother to death...

Forgiving

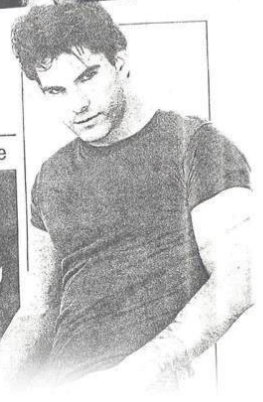
Young & Restless hunk
terrorized by brother accused
of murdering their mom

Soaper's agony
as his brother
sought after
mother's murder

THE NATIONAL
ENQUIRER

YOUNG & RESTLESS STAR'S MOM
MURDERED — AND YOUNGER
BROTHER IS PRIME SUSPECT

Thom Bierdz feared he would be
the next target



Phyllis Bierdz, above, told friends...
son Troy (center) would still be...
say he was positive of brother's...



TV IDOLS
IN FEAR



AFTER 3
SHOT TO
DEATH

No. 1 For Celebrity News
Star

Soap Star Gets Death Threat From
Brother Charged in Mom's Murder



FADE UP:

INT. HOLLYWOOD THEATRE, LOS ANGELES, CA - NIGHT - 1989

A FAMOUS SOAP STAR holds an award and speaks to a crowd of glamorous soap stars.

FAMOUS SOAP STAR

The winner of 1989's Best Young Leading Man is. . . Thom Bierdz, The Young & The Restless's Phillip Chancellor III.

THOM BIERDZ, 27, handsome, rises from his table, kisses cast-mates, and walks on stage.

THOM

Wow! Thank you! Thank you! Mom, are you watching?

CUT TO:

INT. PHYLLIS' WISCONSIN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Thom's mom, PHYLLIS (49, petite), is indeed watching. She rises from the sofa, claps her hands proudly.

PHYLLIS

He won!!! Tommy won!!

TROY BIERDZ (19, cute, muscular) watches from the sofa, jealous.

THOM (ON TV)

She's back in Wisconsin probably watching this with my brother Troy, who is... dealing with... some problems.

TROY

You're the one with problems, homo!

The rest of Thom's speech can barely be understood because Troy talks over him.

TROY

(standing in front of the TV)

I want to thank mom and Troy and I'm gay closeted gay cocksucking faggot got lucky on a soap opera when I can't act worth shit...

PHYLLIS

I'll just watch it later. It is on tape.

Troy jumps to the VCR and Phyllis tries to stop him from ripping out the VHS tape. They struggle - he is much stronger, and laughs manically as he karate chops her to the floor. He is a muscular black belt and she is a petite victim. He rips the VHS tape out of the VCR and throws it at her, then grabs a baseball bat and thinks about killing her, but instead strolls toward the door.

A rational woman would sigh in relief at the exit of her abuser, but Phyllis cannot afford to be rational. She is overwhelmed with maternal instincts and knows she must protect her young. ALL of them:

PHYLLIS

You get back here this instant!! Troy, you get back in here!! Don't you dare hurt anybody!! Get back here!!

(weeps)

Please.

TROY

(steps back to say)

I'm going to kill the fag!

PHYLLIS

Nooooo! Troy, please! Stay here!

He's out the door. She hurriedly dials the phone.

CUT TO: AWARD CEREMONY - CONTINUOUS

THOM (ON TV)

(hears his cell phone ring)

That's my agent now.

The crowd laughs with him, and applauds as he steps down from the stage with his award, speaking into his phone.

THOM

Hello? . . . Hello?

PHYLLIS

It's just me.

THOM

I won!! Can you believe it?!

PHYLLIS

I told you you would.

THOM

What's wrong? You sound out of breath.

PHYLLIS

I wanted to warn you to be careful, but,
no, it's nothing. You enjoy your party.
I'll call you in a few hours to talk,
okay? I love you.

THOM

Love you, too.

She hangs up. Troy comes around the corner. She jumps, then ignores him and tries to wash dishes.

TROY'S SCHIZOPHRENIC POV: As the scene continues, we get a sense of Troy's schizophrenia, as his mother's face enlarges and shrinks and distorts, as do other objects in the room.

TROY

Was that Tommy?

PHYLLIS

No.

TROY

Why are you lying to me?!

She sees him raise the bat and pretends not to be afraid. She continues housework and he follows her, laughing crazily and threatening her with the bat. Her exhausted eyes try to ignore him as he swings the bat close to her head.

Behind them, the photographs on the wall explain she is a single mother with four adult kids (one girl, three boys), Troy the youngest.

Heartbreaking music plays as Troy corners his mother. Troy's POV shows flying demons coming in and out, and chanting Satanists. She knows this time he is really going to kill her, and she doesn't try to stop the bat from cracking her skull.

PHYLLIS

(barely coherent)

Don't you hurt anyone else. You stay away
from Tommy and Gregg and Hope -

Four blows to her head. She is dead. Her brain is in pieces.

EXT. THOM'S HOUSE, LOS ANGELES, CA. - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Thom parks his truck in the driveway of a Hollywood bungalow. ROD (blond, bearded, masculine) meets Thom at the front door and takes the award.

ROD

Way to go, Best Younger Leading Man!

INT. THOM'S HOUSE, ENTRY/LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thom enters, closes the door, kisses Rod, puts his award on the table, where a stack of mail is.

THOM

No more mail today? Just this?

ROD

Just this letter from your brother.

THOM

Gregg or Troy?

ROD

Troy.

THOM

(opens the letter)

It's another one of Troy's drawings? He sent me one last week.

Rod takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

ROD

You need to call Troy's psychiatrist who warned you last year about his threats.

THOM

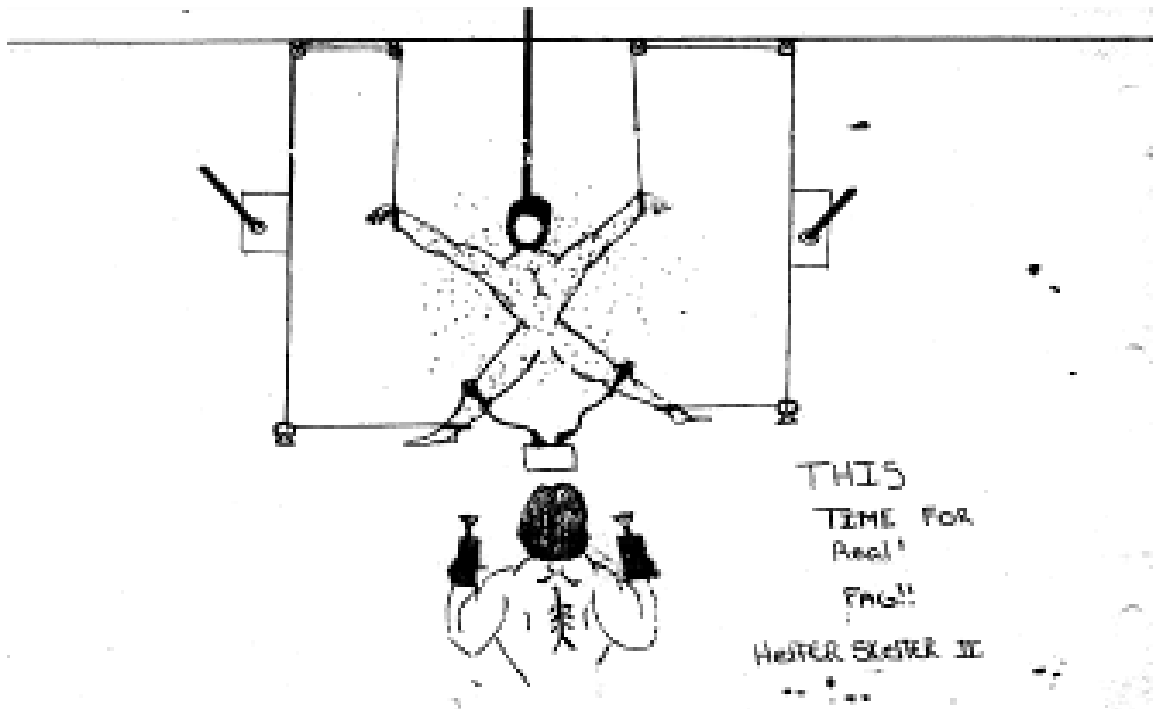
Nah, Troy is just looking for attention.

ROD

Troy's dangerous.

THOM

Not really. If he really wanted to kill me, he would've when he lived with us last summer.



ROD

You did the right thing by sending Troy back to your Mom's. It's the best place for him.

THOM

He could have stayed here if he followed my rules, but you saw him refuse to.

EXT. PHYLLIS' WISCONSIN HOME - NEXT MORNING

HOPE (28, petite) parks her car in the driveway and exits it, walking toward the front door, looking upset.

HOPE

Mom?! You in there?! Where's your car? You didn't call me back last night!

She points her key toward the door but it is ajar, so she enters.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Your door's not even closed! Mom??

She sees SOAP MAGAZINES WITH THOM on them ripped and strewn all over. This concerns her greatly:

HOPE (CONT'D)

Troy?? Troy, did you do this?!

Afraid and guarded, she tiptoes toward the hall, toward the kitchen - where she sees BLOOD. Stepping nearer, in panic,

she sees her worst nightmare - her mother, Phyllis, dead on the kitchen floor; her brain in pieces. The breeze makes the bloody baseball bat roll across the linoleum. Hope jumps, her face sobs, but no sound comes out. She falls to her knees, breathless. It occurs to her Troy may be near and she quickly rises and looks around. Her face screams, "Troy!!?", but no words come out. Nauseated, she falls to the wall, and grabs the phone as she steadies herself.

Her fingers press 911.

911 OPERATOR

911. What is your emergency?

Hope explains in empty gasps, BUT no words come out.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)

I cannot understand you. Please state your emergency.

HOPE

My mom is... killed.

911 OPERATOR

What is your address?

HOPE

709... Oakwood. Lane.

911 OPERATOR

We will send out an ambulance.

HOPE

No! Send the police! Right away!

She stretches the phone cord as far as it will reach, her eyes terrified to find Troy - but he's nowhere to be seen. She drops the phone and tiptoes down the hall, peeking in the bedrooms. When she realizes Troy is not there, she rushes for the phone again. It is dead. She dials.

INT. THOM'S HOUSE, LOS ANGELES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings. Thom answers.

THOM

That you, mom?

INTERCUT WITH HOPE:

HOPE

Mom is dead.

THOM
What are you talking about?

HOPE
Troy killed her.

THOM
Troy killed Mom?

HOPE
You'd better get away from your house
right now. He ripped all your soap
magazines mom had. He probably still has
your house key from last year.

Thom stands in SHOCK.

EXT./INT. PHYLLIS BIERDZ' CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Troy, pumped with adrenalin, powerful, speeds along a
deserted highway. Keeping one hand on the wheel, he rummages
through his mother's purse, finds a wallet, removes cash and
credit cards, then dumps the purse and wallet out the window.

CLOSE UP: The wallet lies open on the road to a picture of
smiling Phyllis and her four happy kids: Hope, Thom, Gregg
and Troy. A large truck hurdles across the photo and wallet,
shredding them.

EXT. LONELY TRUCKSTOP - PHONE BOOTH - LATER THAT MORNING

911 OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
911. Please state your emergency.

TROY (ON PHONE)
This is THOM Bierdz, the soap opera star.
I just killed my mother.

INT. THOM'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

TWO POLICEMEN are at his front door. Rod is watching.

POLICE
Thom Bierdz?

THOM
Yes?

POLICE
Thom Bierdz called 911 from Missouri an
hour ago and said he killed his mother.

ROD

Thom was right here. He couldn't have been in Missouri. That was his brother, Troy.

THOM

Why is Troy trying to frame me?

POLICE

Your sister also thought it was your brother Troy, who may be on the way here to kill you next. Get to a safe motel right now, okay?

ROD

Of course. Please stay here for five minutes as we pack.

THOM

Why did he kill her?

ROD

He kept saying he would.

THOM

He didn't mean it. It must have been an accident. Maybe they got in an argument?

Thom is frozen. Rod pulls him and makes him pack.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

Rod is looking nervously out the window.

INT. MOTEL, BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Thom turns on steaming hot bath water, closes his eyes. The bathroom door is kicked open. Thom is startled and sees TROY entering, crying in remorse. -

But it was only Rod who entered, handing Thom his phone.

THOM

Shit! I thought you were Troy!

ROD

Sorry, just wanted to remind you to call Gregg about getting the same flight.

THOM

I'll call and make sure we get seats together.

Rod closes the bathroom window.

THOM (CONT'D)

I need air in here.

ROD

Troy could break in.

THOM

Nah, he wouldn't. He's not a threat! He didn't mean to kill mom. It must have been an accident. She probably fell or something.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Thom, Rod and GREGG BIERDZ (25, handsome) find their seats on a plane. Thom at window, Gregg middle, Rod aisle.

GREGG

Thom, switch with me so you can be next to Rod.

THOM

Nah I booked the window.

GREGG

But I'd like the window.

THOM

Then you should have booked the window.

GREGG

It. Was. Taken.

ROD

Have you two even seen each other since Gregg moved into his own apartment?

GREGG

Since Thom kicked me out of your home?

THOM

Well you should have bought clothes that picked themselves off the floor when you were done with them. Because you didn't.

GREGG

Are you ever going to forgive me for that? You don't know how to forgive.

THOM

I forgive you. But. How many times did I beg you to pick up your clothes?!

ROD

Gregg, how is the auditioning going?

GREGG

Nothing yet. But I'll be more famous than Thom. I promise you.

The plane takes off. Thom takes a pen and pad, draws eyes.

GREGG (CONT'D)

Is that Mom?

THOM

I wasn't trying to draw anyone in particular.

GREGG

Her saddest eyes - right after the divorce.

Silence.

THOM

Troy called the cops... from three states this week? He's got to be so scared?

GREGG

I hope he shows up at the funeral so I can strangle him with my own hands.

THOM

He WILL show up. And he'll be crying and apologize and explain he never meant to kill her. It must have been an accident -

GREGG

Earth to Thom.

THOM

Fuck off.

ROD

She's okay, you know. She's somewhere without pain now. Energy doesn't die.

THOM

Bull shit. Energy dies. Everything dies.

ON THOM - DEEPLY HURT.

EXT. CHURCH - NEXT DAY

Phyllis's funeral. Six policemen guard the entrance, guns ready to kill Troy if he shows and ambushes. Hope is being comforted by her husband, SAM - who talks to Rod, and Gregg, who looks tense, furious.

LARGE LADY

I worked with your mom and she had the sweetest attitude. So tiny but always said that big things come in small packages.

Hope cries, Gregg stares at her, furious, and Thom smiles politely.

THOM

Thank you for coming and sharing that.

ROD

I am sure Phyllis is right above us watching this.

THOM

If that were true, she'd give us a sign. There's been no signs because she's... dead.

LARGE LADY

She used to make us all watch you on the soap!

AL BIERDZ (55, their father) approaches sheepishly.

GREGG

Dad's here.

Before Al can even greet them, Thom corners him.

THOM

Been awhile since you've been in this church, eh dad? Maybe the last time was when you made a vow to mom to love her til death do you part and then had four kids and walked out, leaving her to work three jobs and... with Troy!

AL

The divorce was fifteen years ago.

THOM

The divorce is still going on, dad. It's still going on in my head. Still going on in Troy's head, wherever he is right now. When I make promises, I keep them.

GREGG

Stop being a judgmental asshole, Thom.

THOM

This wouldn't have happened if Dad never left. I'm just saying why make promises if you can't keep them?

GREGG

People fall out of love. I understand.

THOM

Then don't say stupid vows -

GREGG

You don't know how to forgive.

THOM

So it was okay for him to promise to love Mom and raise us, then chaaange his mind?!

ROD

Nice to see you again, Mr. Bierdz.

AL

You too, Rod.

ROD

How's the psycho-therapy business?

THOM

Probably time Dad threw in the towel?

AL

(very hurt by that truth)

How good a therapist can I possibly be?

ROD

Mass is starting. Let's get inside, Thom.

INT. - CHURCH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

In the front row, Hope is so catatonic it's like she is not there. Sam holds her up, while checking the cops who guard the entrance. Al looks dead, Rod is alert, Thom appears nervous and Gregg takes in the huge crowd, and the PRIEST at the altar ending a prayer.

PRIEST

Would one of Phyllis's children like to start the eulogy?

Thom nods, nervous. He peeks to see many faces in the crowd in anticipation of his speech.

HOPE

Thommy, you do it. Everyone knows you.

THOM

Yeah, I should -

Thom rises, but Gregg pushes past, and jumps on stage, speaks into the microphone.

GREGG

Mom was the best mom. All the kids at my college loved her, and the pizzas she brought up when coming to visit. I had the chance to interview her on my college radio show and she said I was her favorite.

The crowd laughs, or smiles, but not Thom. He is seething with jealousy.

GREGG (CONT'D)

She argued at times with Thom, and Troy, but not with me. No one ever argues with me. I am too cute.

He is very cute - and confident onstage. The crowd relaxes, emotional. Thom is jealous.

ROD

(whispers to Thom)

Why didn't you get up there?

THOM

I hate crowds. I don't have his confidence.

GREGG (CONT'D)

I could not hate Troy more. He had no right to kill the one person who gave him everything, all the time. He not only ruined her life. He ruined ours. Let us all pray together now.

(Heads bow in prayer...)

Let us pray... that the cops find him and kill him in justice!

Awkward silence. Music plays. The casket is carried in. Phyllis' face is made up to look peaceful. But -

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT, LAREDO, TX - CONTINUOUS

As Troy switches license plates with another car, a police car pulls up. Two OFFICERS get out.

SCHIZO POV: The two officers become four, then forty.

OFFICER #1

Put your hands on the car and spread your legs.

TROY

I didn't do anything.

OFFICER #2

What's your name?

TROY

Presley.

OFFICER #2

Spread 'em, Elvis?

Troy is handcuffed and put in the police car.

TROY

What are you arresting me for?

OFFICER #2

Stolen car.

TROY

Is that all?

OFFICER #1

Is there more?

TROY

(grins)

Didn't you see America's Most Wanted last night?

INT. JAIL INTEROGATION ROOM, KENOSHA, WI - DAY

Troy reads his written confession to an officer.

TROY

I, Troy Bierdz, am competent and would like to plead guilty of the charge of the death of my mother. I would simply like to walk into court plead guilty and be sentenced the same day. I want a speedy sentence!

OUT THE DOOR WINDOW - Thom, puzzled.

EXT. JAIL INTEROGATION ROOM, KENOSHA, WI - DAY

Thom and Hope and Gregg whisper outside the room.

GREGG

He's saying he's guilty and wants a quick sentence. It was SO premeditated.

HOPE

Now let's get out of here. I don't want him to see me.

THOM

He said he meant to kill her?? No way!

Hope pulls Thom and Gregg away, although Gregg resists:

GREGG

I want him to see me.

THOM

No.

Thom pulls Gregg away.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR, KENOSHA, WI - DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

JUDGE RILEY presides. GUARDS sit a handcuffed Troy at the defense table with DEFENSE ATTORNEY FLYNN. Thom, Hope, Sam, and Gregg sit behind PROSECUTER JOHNSON.

JUDGE RILEY

Do you know what the charge against you is?

Defense Attorney Flynn signals Troy to stand up. Troy looks lost. Watching, Thom appears sympathetic.

TROY

Murder.

JUDGE RILEY

And do you understand what can happen if you are found guilty of murder?

TROY

I can be sent to prison.

JUDGE RILEY

Have you had a chance to discuss with Mr. Flynn the plea that you wish to enter in the court?

TROY

Well, yeah.

JUDGE RILEY

Are you presently experiencing any physical discomfort in the jail?

TROY

No.

JUDGE RILEY

Are you hearing any voices from persons you don't see?

ON THOM - SYMPATHETIC.

TROY

No.

SCHIZO POV: INSECTS COVER EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING.

JUDGE RILEY

Are you having any difficulty with seeing or hearing things?

TROY

No.

JUDGE RILEY

Are you having any trouble sleeping?

TROY

No.

JUDGE RILEY

Do you feel you want to offer a defense?

TROY

No.

JUDGE RILEY

Have you ever been diagnosed as being mentally ill?

TROY

Yeah, I think so.

Flynn walks to the bench and hands the judge a report.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY FLYNN

Demonstrates paranoid schizophrenia.

JUDGE RILEY

You were hospitalized then?

TROY

Um, yeah.

JUDGE RILEY

For how long was that?

TROY

I don't know.

JUDGE RILEY

Have you discussed this with Mr. Flynn?

TROY

He is my attorney. I will tell him what I want to tell him. I have the right to remain silent. I will do what I want and give him the information I want.

CUT TO LATER:

Dr. Drowley is led to the stand, and sworn in.

DR. DROWLEY

About Troy's diary, listing the number of flies he killed to the number of turtles he stepped on to some stray cats he suffocated. Interspersed with this insanity are references to God and church, which reflect a desire to be saved.

JUDGE RILEY

You're saying he's insane, but has been praying to be saved?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY FLYNN

Exactly, Your Honor, and for the first time, Troy indicated to me that inner forces are guiding his decisions and he wishes his competency to be reevaluated.

Thom looks sympathetic - until Troy smirks.

JUDGE RILEY

He's smirking right here in the court. The record will reflect that.

HOPE

(whispers to Thom)

How can he expect any of us to ever forgive him?

GREGG

(whispers)

He doesn't care about any. Of us.

ON THOM: HORRIFIED.

INT. JAIL INTEROGATION ROOM - NEXT DAY

Hope, Gregg and Thom continue to whisper as they watch a handcuffed Troy taken to the court stand.

GREGG

(whispers)

I think his mental evaluation is next.

DR. HOSDAL interviews a Troy, who smirks at Hope.

TROY

Insanity would be an easy way out - it was my mother. I am competent.

DR. HOSDAL

You understand the charges?

TROY

Murder. I hit Mom with a bat and killed her. She got on my nerves. No issue at all. I just wanted to kill her. She got on my nerves. She is a woman constantly controlling.

THOM

He's lying!

DR. HOSDAL

(to Troy, continuing)

I'm sure it was not that simple. Why did you use a baseball bat?

TROY

It was the only thing I had at the time.

DR. HOSDAL

You can plead non-responsibility.

TROY

I did it. I'll take the maximum term.

DR. HOSDAL

Do you like being in jail?

TROY

I feel bad being in jail, but I don't feel bad about what I did to Mom. It's no big deal. She was a bitch.

SCHIZO FLASHBACK: Troy beats Phyllis with the bat. After she is dead, her face spins and she taunts him.

DR. HOSDAL

Have you cried about the situation?

Troy shakes his head no. Thom whispers to Gregg and Hope -

THOM

I am not wasting my energy here. I'm leaving.

GREGG

You should be here because Mom cannot be.

Thom stands to exits but Hope pulls him down to a seat. They listen to Dr. Hosdal on the stand.

DR. HOSDAL

As to the issue of competency, I find no evidence of mental impairment that would cause him to lack substantial capacity to understand the charges against him, or to be able to assist in his own defense.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY FLYNN

(stands)

I can assure you that Troy is insane. Your Honor, do I need to quote from Matricide by Sons, a study of 58 male psychiatric patients who had killed their mothers? Six of the patients had personality disorders. The rest were schizophrenic or depressive. This study illustrates how single, dominant, and possessive mothers can create sons dependent upon them. The sons grew hostile, resentful, and were unable to have healthy relationships with other women. These sons usually killed their mothers in the bathroom or kitchen with a blunt object. The sons did not express remorse, only relief.

GREGG

(whispers)

Dad says Thom is gay because of mom.

THOM

You're straight - and we both had the same absent father and "single, dominant, and possessive mother."

INT. COURTROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Judge Riley, Prosecutor Johnson, Thom, Hope and Gregg are seated. Troy and Flynn stand at the defense table.

JUDGE RILEY

I sentence you to life imprisonment, which ordinarily would mean you must serve thirteen years and nine months before becoming eligible for parole. But, I am exercising my right, for the first time under Wisconsin state law to require a murderer to serve more time before becoming eligible for parole. You will not be eligible for parole for fifty years, until 2039, in effect keeping you behind bars for the rest of your life. If you are willing to kill your mother, it seems a far easier thing to kill a sister, brother, or stranger.

As Troy is walked out, he glares murderously at his siblings. Hope looks away from his stare, Thom and Gregg do not. When he's gone, Gregg comforts Hope. Thom approaches the judge.

THOM

My mother didn't want to worry me, so she did not share with me Troy's complete criminal records. Can I have his files?

JUDGE

You can request copies from the clerk.

CLERK

Did you want all 400 pages?

THOM

400 pages?!

CLERK

(reading pages)

Breaking school doors at 14, petty thefts at 15, hallucinations, halfway houses, psychiatric facilities, escaping facilities, attempting to strangle nurse, pot, cocaine, Satan worship, animal-killing diaries...

THOM

Yes. Please. I had no idea.

CLERK

There are treatment reports from almost forty doctors in the past three years.

THOM

She didn't tell me any of that.

HOPE

It was our secret.

GREGG

He's an evil murderer.

THOM

I don't believe anyone is evil. But he's empty. Dead. When did that happen?

HOPE

Several of the doctors diagnosed him as a paranoid schizophrenic.

THOM

No way. He was totally alert here - and knew everything that was going on.

GREGG

He's evil.

HOPE

He's crazy.

THOM

No, he's... I don't know but he's not schizophrenic. He's a... killer. Dead inside. When did that happen?!

EXT. COLUMBIA CORRECTIONAL PRISON (CCP), PORTAGE, WI - DAY

ESTABLISHING: A maximum-security prison with three-story electrical fences and armed guards on lookout towers.

INT. CCP - SAME

Guards walk Troy into a cell in a frightening prison unit.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Thom reads some of Troy's animal-killing diaries:

THY SHALL NOT KILL

1) pet fish - nomber unknown? Species unknown? Died because of unclean water and STARVATION...

About 10 years of Age.

2) Pet Rabbits - ACE and THUMPER. Number of RABBITS (2) species unknown.

Tourchered and killed, by starvation and cold... About 8-10 years of Age.

3) Turtles - number unknown? Species unknown? Painters and snappers...Killed because of Tourcher, poking with STICKS and Throwing and stepping on and Crushing.

About 8-10 years of Age.

4) Dog (BEAGLE), KING. WATCHING FOR FRIEND when I unleashed him and he Got

Away...wearabout unknown? About 8-10 years of Age.

5) FLYS - Number Unknown? Species unknown? Killed because of Tourcher. tearing off of wings, Sticking pins in them and burning them...

About 8-10 years of Age. (consistently spraying pesticides)

6) ANTS - Number unknown? Species unknown? Killed because of Tourcher. Burning of Ant houses, And Spraying of poison PESTICIDES...(consistently killing Aunt Species through life, stepping on and spraying PESTICIDES)

7) GRASSHOPPERS - Number unknown? Species unknown? Killed because of suffication (pet Houses) Killed because of Tourcher, Squeezing, Tearing off of limbs... (consistently killing spicies of Grass-Hoppers Through life, walking and stepping on, Spraying of PESTICIDES...)

8) CRICKETS - Number unknown? Species unknown? Killed because of SUFFICATION (pet houses) Killed because of Tourcher, Squeezing, Tearing off of limbs... (consistently killing spicies of CRICKETS Through life, walking and stepping on, Spraying of PESTICIDES...)

9) FROGS - number unknown? Spicies unknown? Killed because of Tourcher, Killed because of SUFFICATION (pet houses) Killed because of STARVATION. (consistently Killing Species of frogs Through life...)

10) SPIDERS - number unknown? Species unknown? Tourchered and Killed, Fed To FROGS...Squashed and flushed down toilet...(consistently killing Species through life, Spraying of POISONIOS PESTICIDES AND STEPPING on them...)

11) Misquito's - Number unknown? Species unknown? Tourchered and killed... (consistently killing species Through life, swatting and spraying of POISONIOS PESTICIDES)

12) LADY BUGS - Number unknown? Species unknown? Tourchered and Killed...Kept as pets and fed to other pets...(consistently Killing of species through life, with use of poisonios PESTICIDES...)

13) CATTERPILLER'S - Number unknown? Species unknown? Tourchered and killed...

Kept as pets in pet houses Sufficated and STARVED...(consistently Killing Species

Through life, Spraying of PESTICIDES...)

14) BUTTERFLYS - Number unknown? Species unknown? Tourchered and Killed...

Kept as pets in pet houses Sufficated and STARVED...(consistently Killing species

Through life, Spraying of PESTICIDES...)

15) lightning bugs - Number unknown? Species unknown? KEPT AS PETS IN PET HOUSES, STARVED AND TOURCHERED. STEPPED ON AND Killed...(consistently killing of spicies Through use of POISON PESTICIDES...

16) WORMS - Number unknown? Species unknown? (NIGHT CRAWLERS) kept in WORM HOUSES AND CONTAINERS. refrigerated, Tourchered and Killed (STUCK HOOKS through them) USED TO LUER Fish...

17) FISH - Number unknown? Species (Bull Heads, perch, Suckers, CATFISH, BASS, Small Mouth Bass, large mouth Bass, Blue Gill, Carp...Killed for food and sport...

18) ANY OTHER SPECIES of Being I may have killed... walking STICKS SPECIES, moths species...

19) SNAKES - Number unknown? Species unknown?

20) Bees - Number unknown? Species unknown?

Seated next to him is Gregg, crying silently.

THOM

Troy did pot and cocaine? Where did he get that stuff?

GREGG LOOKS GUILTY.

INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, LOS ANGELES, CA - NIGHT

The room is dark, except for one light illuminating Gregg like an interrogation lamp. He smokes a joint and flips through a True Crime article about his mom's murder. He stops at a photo of Troy. Gregg repeatedly burns the photo of Troy with the end of his joint.

EXT. HOPE'S HOUSE - DUSK

A sweet home near a cornfield. Hope, pregnant, walks out of the field carrying a few ears of corn.

INT. HOPE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Hope, lifeless, shucks the corn and drops it into a boiling pot.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - MONTAGE

Pregnant Hope and Sam visit Phyllis's grave.

MONTAGE of 5 years passing, as Hope, Sam, and their growing twin daughters visit Phyllis's tombstone in autumn, winter snowstorms, springs, summers, holidays and rains.

EXT./INT. TRENDY BAR - LOS ANGELES, CA - 1994

The street, club, and crowd are hip and pretentious. Thom enters the bar, ill at ease and way beyond his comfort zone.

GREGG

Hey bro. Almost didn't recognize you.

THOM

We need to see each other more than once a year.

GREGG

Bar tender! Two more of these!

(to Thom)

My girlfriend Patsy brings me here.
A retired Asian dancer with a rich daddy.
I'll introduce you sometime, but don't talk about being gay.

THOM

It has no reflection on you.

GREGG

And don't talk about Mom or Troy.

THOM

Can I at least tell her about Dad?

GREGG

What about Dad?

THOM

He's coming for a visit.

GREGG

Why couldn't you tell her that?

THOM

I don't know. You're the one acting paranoid.

GREGG

Keep your voice down. I'm not paranoid.

THOM

Don't you think telling me to lower my voice is acting a little paranoid?

GREGG

No, there's a hundred assistants competing with me to become an agent. They'll use whatever they can about me, or my family, to get me out of the way.

THOM

Are any of those people here now?

GREGG

You never know.

THOM

That's paranoid.

GREGG

This is THE industry bar.

THOM

Anyway, that's why Dad's coming.

GREGG

Dad thinks I'm paranoid?

THOM

No, I want to ask him about our family history.

GREGG

What for?

THOM

To understand why Troy did what he did.

GREGG

(whispers)

Drop it. It was five years ago! And we know why. Troy's evil.

Gregg angrily stubs out his cigar, downs the new beer, and leaves. Thom follows.

THOM

Was Troy abused by anyone?

GREGG

No, he was evil. "EVIL IN SEASON", A POEM BY Troy Bierdz at 17. "Evil in season, Taste the blood, Churn the knife, Start the flood, Kill the pigs, Slaughter them all, Stack them up, Stack them tall. A quest for me? We soon shall see."

INT. THOM'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY (WEEKS LATER) - 1994

Thom serves chicken dishes to Gregg and their father, AL BIERDZ. Several unfinished portraits of Phyllis are in the room. They have BLUE X's on them, as do all his paintings. One painting of a boy is ripped in shreds.

AL

What do the blue X's mean?

THOM

Don't know. My brush told me to do it.

AL

Something in your subconscious.

THOM

Like what?

AL

Two things interjecting. Crossing?

THOM

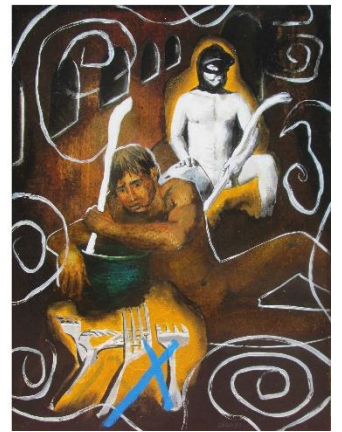
Like what?

AL

What is going on in your life that is crossing?

THOM

Nothing I can think of.



THOM

Dad, do you think I lose my temper, like kicking a door or smacking the radio when it doesn't work, because of genes?

Al digests this, like a true analyst.

GREGG

Dad, does Thom rip his paintings that don't turn out to shreds because Thom got spanked as a kid or because his genetic make-up is off - being so sensitive and gay?

THOM

Fuck off. Is Gregg's paranoia genetic?

GREGG

I'm not paranoid.

THOM

What, Dad, you're thinking I am?

Thom, paranoid, glances at his paintings, some of which look paranoid. This is not lost on Al, who spills his thoughts:

AL

When you were tiny, your mother nagged me to spank you and Hope every time I got home from college. She didn't want to be the bad guy, and she made me spank you.

GREGG

Mom asked you to hit us?

AL

If I didn't hit you, she would beat you until your asses were red.

GREGG

For what?

AL

Whenever you disagreed with her orders.

THOM

Mom wasn't like that.

GREGG

If Mom told you to hit us and you didn't want to, why did you?

AL

She was impossible with her jealousy.

THOM

What did you expect from the woman who then had a broken heart and had to raise four kids you never really wanted?

AL

I never said that.

GREGG

Dad, if Thom killed you, it might make sense, at least he was hit by you, right? But Mom never hit Troy, right?

AL

No, she acquired some patience after ten years of smothering you guys first. And she never asked me to spank Troy with a belt like she asked me to do to you guys.

THOM

(suddenly remembering)

Oh shit. It was me. I was the one.

GREGG

What are you talking about?

THOM

Troy was probably a year old. I must have been nine. In the basement, I used to build these huge cities with Lincoln Log houses, Lego hotels and Tinker Toys.

CUT TO: Events as described by Thom.

THOM

I used Hot Wheels tracks as roads. It was like I was God. I loved to create. Troy was downstairs because Mom was doing laundry in the other room, but crying, missing Dad. Troy was by me and kept accidentally ruining my cities. I worked so long on those cities, and Troy was destroying them. I don't know what happened, but I started swinging a Hot Wheels track and I know I hit him.

GREGG

So Mom took it out on Dad, who took it out on Thom, who took it out on Troy, who took it out on Mom.

THOM

I didn't have to hit him.

(dropping his fork of chicken)

I have no right to hurt anything. What gives me the right to kill a chicken?

GREGG

You didn't kill the chicken.

AL

So you're giving up meat now?

THOM

I will never eat meat again. What right do I have to hurt any being in any way?

AL

You have some of your mother's Italian temper and her Catholic guilt. You were spanked hard and you simply vented on the younger sibling. That's what American families did in the 60's. You didn't cause Troy to kill your mom. Troy is a schizophrenic, and no one at this table is responsible for that!

Thom pushes his plate away, so Al grabs the extra chicken and bites into it.

THOM

Dad, that is an innocent animal.

AL

It's a delicious innocent animal.

ON THE CHICKEN; DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. CANTER'S RESTAURANT, LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

Chicken on a plate. Thom is holding it, looking sympathetic at it, but he's not eating it: he's a waiter serving it to a customer.

CUSTOMER

I didn't like the Matzo Ball soup.

THOM

Well, you ordered it.

CUSTOMER

Can you take it off my bill?

THOM

You ate it. No.

CUSTOMER

(shoves the bowl at Thom)

Ass.

THOM

(shoves it back)

Hole.

CUSTOMER

You're as cocky as when you left the soap opera thinking you were going to be a movie star.

THOM

But. What. I. Really. Want. To. Do. Is.

CUSTOMER

Direct?

THOM

Wait tables!!

He sees a group of motorcycle guys rising from their table and exiting. He quickly checks their table for a tip. No tip. He follows them outside.

THOM

Excuse me. Was there something wrong with the service?

The MAIN MOTORCYCLE GUY look pissed.

NICE MOTORCYCLE GUY

No.

THOM

Well it's customary to leave a tip. You guys should have left me about six bucks. Maybe had a couple less crème sodas.

The MAIN MOTORCYCLE GUY want to punch Thom, but the others hold him back, and give Thom six singles.

THOM (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He walks back inside the deli.

INT. THOM'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Thom is surrounded by his BLUE X paintings. He struggles to paint more of his mother, but he accidentally splotches her face, gets mad and stabs the canvas with the brush.

INT. THOM'S APT BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tossing in his sleep, he has a dream.

INT. PARK - NIGHT

Thom rises and finds himself in a strangely illuminated park, with his mother Phyllis, who is alive, but troubled. They embrace for a long time. A miraculous semi-dream semi-conscious spirit contact.

INT./EXT. GREGG AND PATSY'S MANSION, GREAT ROOM/FOYER, LOS ANGELES, CA - NEXT DAY

Competitive Gregg and Patsy race on treadmills. A NANNY feeds their cranky baby. Doorbell rings. Gregg jumps off his treadmill and hurries through the mansion. He opens the front door and finds Thom waiting outside.

THOM

Can we talk a minute?

GREGG

Come on in.

THOM

Let's talk outside.

GREGG

Outside?

THOM

I don't know what you allow me to say in front of Patsy these days.

PATSY (O.S.)

Who is it, honey?!

GREGG

It's only Thom, Patsy!

THOM

(whispering)

I need to talk about Mom. I was just hugging mom. Mom's okay!

GREGG

What?!

THOM

She came to me in a dream last night. It was not a dream though. It was a visit. She wants me to save Troy. Those are the words she said - but her lips did not move. She needs me to save Troy.

GREGG

I don't believe in metaphysical stuff.

THOM

Neither do I!!

(flustered)

You want to see Troy with me?

GREGG

No way!

THOM

I have to save Troy. Mom begged.

GREGG

Save Troy from what?

THOM

I don't know. Will you go see Troy with me? I'll give you the window seat.

GREGG

No, if he wanted to kill you with his karate, his sentence wouldn't even increase. He has nothing to lose by killing you. How many times did he threaten to pull out your heart and show it to you?

THOM

He can't kill me, cause he couldn't reach me. Prisoners stay behind thick security glass.

GREGG

Troy could chop through it. He escaped institutions by breaking thick glass!

INT. THOM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER (MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT)

Thom can't sleep. The vision of Troy splitting boards with his bare hands keeps repeating.

INT. AIRPLANE - NEXT NIGHT - 1994

Thom sits still, his eyes closed in sleep or prayer.

EXT. AIRPORT, MILWAUKEE, WI - DAWN

The airplane lands in a snowstorm.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER

Thom heads to Rent-A-Cars.

EXT. WISCONSIN HIGHWAY - LATER (EARLY MORNING)

Thom maneuvers a rented white car through a blizzard past cows and barns.

EXT. CCP - LATER (LATE MORNING)

ARMED GUARDS on lookout towers observe Thom getting out of the parked car.

INT. CCP, VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

As Thom nervously enters, a ceiling camera turns to inspect him. An electric buzzer allows him entrance to Admittance.

ADMITTANCE - CONTINUOUS

The ADMITTANCE GUARD is behind a bulletproof window. He passes Thom a form. Thom fills it out.

ADMITTANCE GUARD

ID please.

The guard approves Thom's ID and hands him a key.

ADMITTANCE GUARD (CONT'D)

Put your stuff in locker 52 - everything in your pockets, except five dollars.

Thom puts his jacket and pocket contents - except for a five-dollar bill - in the locker. He walks/trips through a metal detector and hands the guard the five-dollar bill.

ADMITTANCE GUARD (CONT'D)

It's not an admittance fee. It's for the vending machines.

THOM

Vending machines? Everything either has wheat or corn syrup - wheat and corn bloat me.

The guard stamps Thom's hand, leads him down a black-lit security passage. Thom trips several times.

ADMITTANCE GUARD

The inmates aren't so particular.

THOM

(points to a posted rules sign)
The sign says they can't have money.

ADMITTANCE GUARD

You have to get whatever the inmate wants from the vending machines for them.

THOM

And what - hand him Count Chocula morsels one by one through a hole in the partition?

ADMITTANCE GUARD

What partition?

THOM

The partition...the security glass separating me and him...

ADMITTANCE GUARD

There are no partitions.

FLASHBACK:

Troy's diagram for torturing Thom.

INT. DR. CARBIAN'S OFFICE, KENOSHA, WI - DAY

DR. CARBIAN (ON PHONE)

Troy described how he would kill you by torturing you slowly over four days - hang you from your hands, burn you with cigarettes, pound nails into your kneecaps, and use a car battery to give you electrical shocks.

FLASHBACK:

Troy cups his fist and jabs it at Thom's chest.

TROY

In six seconds, I could rip out your heart and show it to you before you die.

BACK TO SCENE:

Thom, white with fear, and the guard reach a locked door at the end of the hall. The door electronically opens and the

guard returns to admittance. Thom cautiously looks through the open door.

He sees twenty groups of side-by-side chairs sitting around low tables, a wall of vending machines, a display cabinet containing inmates' paintings and Green Bay Packer themed knitted clothing, and a playpen with children's toys.

NANCY (O.S.)

Come on in, honey. This way.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Startled, Thom takes a deep breath and enters, preparing to be killed by Troy. He sees a motherly guard, NANCY, standing with a notepad by a circular guard desk in front of the inmate's entrance and search room. Bookshelves are built into the desk's front. A large clock above the desk ticks a loud reminder of every second sentenced here.

NANCY

First-timer?

THOM

My brother and I always had...tension.

NANCY

(consulting her pad)

I can see if Mike Groth is available to supervise your visit.

THOM

Who's he?

NANCY

He's the counselor for the psychiatric unit where your brother is housed.

THOM

Yes, please, I'd like Mike to be here.

NANCY

(leads Thom to a table)

I'll call him. This is the table you and your brother are assigned to.

THOM

(sits)

Where are all the other visitors?

NANCY

No one in their right mind comes out when it's below zero to visit somebody who ain't going nowhere.

THOM

Guess I'm not in my right mind.

NANCY

You said it, not me.

(looks toward search room)

That must be your brother?

THOM

No, that can't be him - is it? - it's been five years.

Thom watches Nancy walk back to the guard desk, where she waits for the signal to buzz Troy into the visiting area. Thom fearfully looks past Nancy through the search room window. All he sees is the back of an inmate's head covered with long, wildly matted hair. Nancy buzzes the door open. The inmate turns and creeps into the visiting room.

THOM

(unsure, whispers)

Troy?

Worn green cotton prison-issue shirt and pants hang on Troy's rail thin body; his threatening muscular physique is gone. A scraggly beard unevenly covers his pasty face, and dirty hair clings to oily patches where the beard is missing. Troy slowly walks toward Thom as if being dragged. Troy's eyes are unfocused and hollow. His grin is sickening and reveals brown and yellow teeth. Troy stops by Thom's chair. Thom leans back to escape Troy's stench.

TROY

J.I.A. folder a hutch - to be cardboard - if eyes laughing.

Thom doesn't know how to react.

TROY (CONT'D)

Face is on the right side. Faces are on the right side - keep the sounds on the right to wave at sync.

Troy speaks gibberish to his left side. He rolls an invisible cigarette, puts it in his mouth, and realizes it doesn't exist. He looks around the room for the first time.

SCHIZO POV: Occasionally throughout this scene, Troy's perspective shows distorted or shaky objects, and maybe a gigantic insect appearing and disappearing.

THOM

You've never been in this room before?

(silence)

Not once in five years?

(off Troy's gibberish)

Ah...Mom asked me to come.

TROY

(stares at visitor entry)

Mom?

MIKE GROTH (35, long hair, bifocals) approaches from the search area with a stack of files.

THOM

(offers his hand)

You must be Mike? I'm Thom, Troy's brother from California.

Mike shuffles files, then shakes Thom's hand, then sits with pen and paper watching Troy. He adjusts his glasses.

MIKE

Troy, your brother flew here from California.

TROY

TV camera?

Troy looks around curiously.

MIKE

There is no TV camera here, Troy.

Troy doesn't know where to sit. Mike indicates the chair. Troy sits, looking terrified.

THOM

What is it like in here, Troy?

MIKE

(to Troy)

Do you know who Thom is?

TROY

Tommy.

THOM

So you're Troy's counselor?

MIKE

I oversee his unit, but we've never spoken before. Nice to meet you, Troy.

THOM

Then who counsels Troy?

MIKE

I only have enough time to counsel problem inmates. Troy seems content in his cell.

THOM

Troy, what do you do in your cell?

TROY

At - the ceiling changes when I look there - changes into screaming bugs.

MIKE

Troy earns several dollars a month for not causing trouble. It goes for tobacco - you can tell from his teeth and fingers. He lies on the floor most of the time, sometimes for twenty-three hours a day, so he's not a problem.

THOM

Twenty-three hours a day? Excuse me.

(emotional, rises)

I need something to drink.

MIKE

(points)

Vending machines are over there.

THOM

I don't suppose I'll find a margarita?

MIKE

If you do, bring me one.

THOM

Troy, can I get you a margarita, too?

(silence)

Troy, can I get you a soda to drink from the machine?

Troy has no idea what that means. Thom hides his tears, drifts to the vending machines, gets a hot chocolate. His hands shake as he passes the cocoa to Troy - accidentally scalding Troy's arm.

THOM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

(Troy doesn't react)

Hot chocolate. For you.

Troy can't believe it - looks to Mike for approval.

THOM (CONT'D)

Has he ever had hot chocolate?

Mike shrugs. Troy speaks gibberish, pours the scalding drink down his throat, but doesn't flinch at the pain.

MIKE

Troy, do you need some water?

THOM

Aren't there pills that can help him?

MIKE

There is a doctor who is in charge of that. Would you like to talk to her?

THOM

Doesn't Troy take medication?

MIKE

(checks his files)

It says he does not and has never requested to.

THOM

Look at him. He needs something.

MIKE

At Columbia Correctional, a family member must request an inmate be medicated.

THOM

I'm his brother and I'm requesting it.

MIKE

Would you like me to talk to the prison doctor today?

THOM

Well, yeah...

MIKE

Happy to help.

Mike leaves. Troy speaks gibberish to Thom, who cannot communicate with him in the slightest.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

Thom has gotten crayons and paper from the play area; he leans over the table drawing. Troy is silent, spastic, out of it. DR. GREEN (female, pretty) walks up to them.

DR. GREEN

I'm Dr. Green. I understand you would like Troy to be put on medication.

THOM

Uh, yeah...is there some place else we could talk?

DR. GREEN

I don't think Troy would understand us, but let's step over to the desk.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Thom and Dr. Green stand talking at the guard desk.

DR. GREEN

Chlorpromazine cuts back psychotic symptoms such as disassociation and hallucinations, but paranoia usually sticks around.

THOM

How fast does that work?

DR. GREEN

There could be a noticeable change in twenty-four hours in some cases.

THOM

Really? That fast?

DR. GREEN

Sometimes, but don't expect a miracle.

THOM

It's a miracle I'm even here, Dr. Green.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE CCP - LATE AFTERNOON

THOM (ON PHONE)

I'm in Wisconsin, Hope. I'm coming for supper. I'll be there in two hours.

EXT. AN INDIAN CASINO, NEAR PORTAGE, WI - LATER (DUSK)

ESTABLISHING: Snow continues to fall as Thom's rented car speeds along the highway by the casino.

EXT. HOPE'S HOUSE - LATER (NIGHT)

Hope and Sam are shoveling and wearing parkas emblazoned with the words Hope's Yogurt. Their four-year-old twin girls, JENNIFER and JULIA, are playing in the snow. They all scurry out of the way as Thom's car skids into the driveway.

HOPE
It's Uncle Tommy, girls!

Thom hugs the kids.

SAM
Thom, why you here in town?

THOM
That's a long answer.

He kneels in the snow to be eye-level with the twins.

THOM (CONT'D)
How come there are two of you?

Jennifer and Julia look at each other and giggle.

HOPE
Tommy, your pants are gonna freeze!

THOM
Maybe I'm not Tommy. Maybe I'm Tommy's twin?

HOPE
Soap operas have those crazy plot twists. Not real life.

THOM
Ummmmm. Funny you say that...

INT. HOPE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

Supper is over. Hope washes dishes and Thom dries a plate.

THOM
I saw Troy today.

HOPE
Gregg phoned me and said you were going to! Tommy, you don't make any sense!

THOM
You don't always make sense. Who opens a frozen yogurt store in Wisconsin?!

HOPE

Everybody makes mistakes!

THOM

That's what I'm talking about - Troy!

HOPE

I don't want to hear about Troy!

THOM

He can't escape this time. Come with me tomorrow and see the electrical fences and all the guards.

Sam gets a beer out of the refrigerator.

SAM

You're not going back to see Troy again, are you?

THOM

I don't know.

HOPE

I never understand you, Thom. Your dirty looks when the rest of us eat meat. And I don't get the gay thing, I really try to understand, but I don't get why a man would lie with another man.

SAM

He likes tube steak not round steak.

Thom hi-fives Sam. They laugh.

HOPE

Very funny! How funny is it that Thom left a job paying over a hundred thousand dollars a year to go back to waiting tables? ...and how funny is it that he's visiting Troy?

THOM

Hope, Mom asked me to come.

HOPE

Oh. My. God. Stop this!!

THOM

I was not sleeping - my eyes were closed -
- she was with me as clear as day and she
didn't speak with her mouth but when I

felt her hug me, I knew her feelings and she begged me to "save" Troy.

HOPE

You need to see a psychiatrist.

THOM

But she didn't tell me anything else. Just to see, no, save, Troy. Hope, don't you want to know what happened the night that he killed her? I need to know what happened. What she was saying and thinking. Troy can finally answer these questions for us.

HOPE

We know what happened that night. He beat her to death with a baseball bat. Her brain was all over the floor! I STEPPED IN IT! I. STEPPED!! IN. MY. MOTHER'S!!! BRAIN!!!!!!

Hope cries, leaves. Sam wants to talk to Thom, but Hope's glare makes Sam follow her to their bedroom.

HOPE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hope's soft face collapses. Sam tries to hold her, but she resists and waves for him to close the door.

HOPE'S KITCHEN/HALL/BEDROOM - LATER (MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT)

Troy breaks in the backdoor and enters carrying his bat. He walks to Hope's bedroom door, opens it, and stands watching Hope and Sam sleep.

HOPE

(wakes up screaming)

Troy, no!

THOM

(standing in the doorway
without a bat)

It's me! It's Thom.

SAM

(protects Hope)

What do you want?

THOM

I thought I heard Hope crying.

SAM

You did. This Troy thing all of a sudden,
I mean...go to sleep, okay?

Thom closes the door.

HOPE'S KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Thom and Sam feed the twins Cap'n Crunch cereal. Thom hides his face behind the box. He reappears making a silly face. The girls giggle. He covers his face again, then reveals another goofy face. Hope enters the kitchen.

HOPE

Uncle Tommy is weird, huh?

Thom empties the cereal box in his bowl, then shoves his head into the cereal box. Hope grabs her keys, then kisses Sam.

SAM

Mommy is going to the yogurt store.

She kisses her twins.

THOM

(inside the cereal box)

You won't have nightmares if you come and see how high the prison fences are.

HOPE

Girls, why don't you can go play with your dolls in your room?

After they leave, she opens a drawer and unfolds some horrifying and explicit drawings of torture.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Troy's diagrams of killing me.

THOM

He's different now. Like his brain rotted and he's a kid again.

HOPE

He's - not - a - kid.

THOM

He is. He's our kid brother.

HOPE

You have another kid brother, a good brother. Gregg.

THOM

A rich wife buying him a business and the Armani suits to go with it. Jeez. Gregg and I have so much in common.

HOPE

What do you have in common with Troy?
 (before Thom answers)
 Why can't you be normal? I'm going to work. Don't you dare tell Troy I have kids.

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - SAME MORNING - 1994

Thom and a lucid Troy sit at a table by the toys. They drive Hot Wheels cars around a Lincoln Log house. A few other VISITORS and INMATES sit at neighboring tables.

THOM

Remember when I built cities in our basement with Lincoln Logs and Hot Wheels?

FLASHBACK TO 1971:

Thom (9) swings the Hot Wheel track and hits Troy (1).

BACK TO SCENE, 1994:

TROY

Hot wheels? No.

THOM

(fights tears)
 Oh...remember The Twilight Zone?

TROY

People and aliens.

THOM

In some of them. Once when I was a kid, I believed everyone else was a robot. Like there was this huge conspiracy to get me. Maybe an episode of The Twilight Zone I watched.

TROY

Robots could've gotten your eyes out when you were sleeping.

THOM

I never thought about that.

TROY
People get killed. Robots.

THOM
I don't think that's really true. Do you
really think there are robots killing
people?

Over their shoulders, icicles cover the window.

THOM (CONT'D)
Think I'll get me a coffee. Want
something?

TROY
(holds Thom in place)
No. We have to sit here. We can't move
around all the time.

THOM
Oh...why not?

Troy looks around the room and rolls an invisible cigarette. He leans back in his chair to light the cigarette, then angrily realizes it doesn't exist.

THOM (CONT'D)
Think it's time for popcorn?

TROY
I'd like to just sit here.

THOM
I'll go get me something then.

TROY
(holds Thom in place)
No. Both of us have to stay here.

They sit silent and listen to each other breathe. Troy studies Thom and discreetly imitates his crossed legs. It's like a young boy emulating his older brother.

TROY (CONT'D)
(confused)
We were never very close. I can't figure
out why I'm visiting you in jail.

THOM
(stunned)
Let's think about that.

(gentle)

Look at our clothes, then the clothes of the other people in this room.

TROY

There's one person at each table wearing my green outfit. I'm the one in jail? I thought I was a security guard and you got in jail because you're homo.

THOM

Not quite. Think back to July 14, 1989. Mom's last night.

TROY

Her last night?

THOM

In the kitchen. I saw the coroner's photos, but only you and Mom were there. Tell me what happened.

(off Troy's confusion)

You have to remember. What happened between you and Mom? Don't you know why you're in jail? Troy, when I kicked you out of my house, you went back to live with Mom. And you hurt her. You HURT Mom.

TROY

That's a dream I keep having.

THOM

It's not a dream. It's a fucking nightmare, and I'm not gonna put up with you pretending you don't remember.

TROY

Can I get ice cream?

THOM

No, it's too cold. You should have worn a T-shirt! The other prisoners in here have T-shirts on!

Troy looks confused. Thom points to what a T-shirt is.

TROY

(looks toward windows)

My name is like Ted Bundy. It's written in the clouds. No lie. I like it up there, kinda like your magazine covers.

THOM

(stands)

Make sure you see Dr. Green all you can.
I'm sorry but I don't think I can help you
anymore.

Thom gets Nancy's attention:

THOM (CONT'D)

I'm ready to go.

(to Troy)

My MasterCard is gonna get you a TV and a
radio for you in your room. You're set. I
don't need your games. I have way too
many games in Hollywood as it is and I
need to get back to my cheating boyfriend.

Thom walks away. Troy stares after him.

INT. BARN RESTAURANT - LATER (NIGHT)

Thom has had several cocktails and is reading a menu. Hope
enters and sits at his booth.

THOM

Thanks for meeting me halfway. I pushed my
flight back another day. It's only an hour
further north if you want to see Troy with
me tomorrow.

HOPE

No.

As she peruses the menu, Thom has a rehearsed dialogue ready:

THOM

When Troy was twelve he wrote that his
goal was to assassinate President Reagan.
For the publicity or to gain manhood.
Quote.

HOPE

Do we have to talk about Troy?

THOM

To gain publicity and manhood. That's the
same reason I got a job at 19 bar tending
in a Milwaukee gay bar. I went from being
a closeted high school nerd to a popular
twink bar tender. To gain manhood and
publicity is also why I went to Hollywood
to try to be a movie star. That's why
Gregg wanted a rich wife, right? Looks

good to others, makes him feel like a big man.

HOPE

Are you drunk?

THOM

Hope, sister dear, would you agree that all your life you have also been compelled to seek manhood and publicity?

HOPE

No more drinks for you.

THOM

I'm kidding. I know your goals were not like any of our goals. Why is that? Why are girls different than boys?

HOPE

Girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice.

THOM

That old Mother Goose poem. And boys are made of... what was it?

HOPE

I don't know. Dirt and something?

THOM

Dog tails and dirt or something?

HOPE

It'll show up.

THOM

What will?

HOPE

That poem. When you put a question out into the universe, somehow it hears and the answer comes back. Just you wait and see. I bet the twins will bring home a Mother Goose book or something.

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Thom waits at a table by the vending machines for Troy, who enters and proudly shows he remembered to wear a T-shirt.

TROY

I think I made you come back.

THOM

You did?

TROY

I'm trying to decide if I control you or not.

THOM

Hmmm. You think you control me?

TROY

I said I am not sure.

THOM

I'm not sure why I'm here. Hey, you smell better. Did you take a hot bath?

TROY

There aren't any bathtubs in here.

THOM

Oh. I suppose not. I would hate that.

(stands)

I got you a surprise cooking for you.

Thom starts to leave then stops when he sees Troy's fearful glances at the other visitors.

THOM (CONT'D)

(leans in, whispers)

I already checked. They're not robots.

The microwave beeps. Thom walks over and removes a hot pizza slice with napkins. He brings the pizza to Troy with some salt packets. Thom sits as Troy takes the sizzling slice with his bare hand. With the other hand, he pours FOUR packets of salt on the pizza! As Troy begins eating, his sour expression registers the salt, but not the heat.

THOM (CONT'D)

You're burning your mouth.

Troy shakes his head and keeps chewing.

THOM (CONT'D)

You can take off some of the salt, you know?

Troy doesn't understand. Thom wipes off most of the salt.

THOM (CONT'D)

Try it now. Better, right?

Troy nods.

THOM (CONT'D)

From now on just half a packet of salt,
okay?

TROY

Half a packet.

Thom puts his arm around Troy. Nancy walks over, taps Thom's shoulder, and points to the posted rules sign.

NANCY

Sorry. No physical contact, except for
when you arrive and exit.

Thom immediately withdraws his arm.

VISITING ROOM MONTAGE: The brothers sit and draw with crayons. Troy draws a karate man in red. Thom draws his mother's eyes. Thom leads Troy past glass cabinets, points to the Green Bay Packer themed clothing knitted by inmates.

THOM

Maybe you can learn to do this stuff?

TROY

Only girls knit.

THOM

Rosie Greer knits. This stuff was knitted
by the, uh, people in here...what's the
right word?

TROY

Inmates.

THOM

Do you guys prefer that term to
'prisoners'?

TROY

It doesn't matter.

Troy walks back to the table and sits. Thom hides his emotions by browsing the bookshelves. He pulls out The Little Mermaid, returns to the table, and reads to Troy. Icicles melt at the window.

LATER

A GUARD snaps a Polaroid of Thom and Troy as they awkwardly stand against a backdrop of painted trees.

LATER

Thom spreads Dominoes on the table. Troy is paranoid of everyone in the room, except Thom. Thom takes a Domino and places it face up. Troy takes a Domino, but doesn't know what to do next.

TROY

You've been here over three hours.

THOM

Are you tired of my jokes? You want me to go?

TROY

(stares at the clock)

Yeah.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT, PORTAGE, WI - LATER (NIGHT)

Thom sits alone in the crowded restaurant waiting for his food. He tries to avoid the other customer's eyes.

ECU of his mouth and social anxiety.

INT. MOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM, PORTAGE, WI - SAME NIGHT - 1994

Thom opens the drapes. There's a highway in the distance - lonely lights going to and fro. Thom studies it, facing the sporadic smears of traffic light.

He goes into the bathroom and turns on the tub's hot water. Thom sticks his hand into the scalding stream, fighting the pain.

PAINTING DISSOLVE - continue the scene as it becomes like an animated impressionistic painting, then two blue lines oddly appear, and form a BLUE X. Suddenly other layers of figures overlap (like Thom's BLUE X paintings) and create a heady, surreal, complicated visual. DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Troy has gotten a crew cut. He sits, cold, shivering, next to Thom. Thom puts his arm around Troy.

TROY

Some of the guards say you're a has-been.

THOM

I am happy to blow the ones that don't. Hate being single. Yup. My auditions suck, too. The whole day before I'd be

short-tempered and use all these weird exercises to relax. I tried everything from putting cold pennies in my underwear to distract my anxiety - to pretending to be someone else. I could be Gregg but when the audition came I fell apart. I got so mad afterwards. And I don't ever want to get so mad I lose my temper again.

TROY

How did you lose your temper?

THOM

Brand new CD player, I plug it in, and put a CD in it and it skips. Deserves to be punished, right?

TROY

I know what you mean. Bugs, too.

THOM

What?

Troy's eyes shift to the floor, as if remembering the animals he tortured and killed - or his mother. But he no longer imagines bugs or schizo images - the pills have stopped this.

GUARD (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

Visitors and inmates are not allowed to touch.

Thom withdraws his arm, picks up a crayon.

THOM

I should get back to L.A. My rent is due. Unless you can you loan me some cash?

TROY

A million dollars, okay?

THOM

Sure, then I could stop waiting tables and bar tending at private parties. I bar tend at all these movie stars' homes. Joan Collins, Don Rickles...

TROY

In Malibu?

THOM

Yeah. And Bel Air, Beverly Hills, Hollywood Hills...

TROY

You're just gonna be a waiter or bartender?

THOM

Unless there's a job for me here? I hear they pay 35 cents an hour handing out towels in the prison showers. I would kill for that job. Oh my god that is so not funny.

TROY

A little.

THOM

I would never kill.

(beat)

And I'd need 45 cents an hour anyway.

TROY

You might start to hear voices and see things here.

THOM

I have already started to see things.

When I close my eyes I see things.

(closes his eyes)

Dad says it's lucid-dreaming.

THOM'S POV: The second he closes his eyes, a myriad of dreamlike images parade very fast. This is the common event of the brain digesting what the eyes and senses have experienced, and filing these in symbols. However, for Thom, his higher sensitivity makes him aware of this, and frustrated, as well.

THOM (CONT'D)

What is it you see?

(silence)

I see the most bizarre pictures, and cartoons, and colors...and faces. I always see people's eyes. Sometimes just their eyes. And when I make eye contact, they disappear and new eyes appear. It keeps me awake hour after hour sometimes.

TROY

I never have any trouble sleeping.

THOM

Wish I were like that.

(opens his eyes)

Okay, I'm gonna go now, unless there's something else you want to talk about?

(silence)

Like maybe about Mom?

TROY

I got nothing to say.

THOM

(stands)

Then I have to be going. You take care of yourself. I hope the cafeteria has pizza for you this week.

TROY

I think on Thursday.

THOM

Tell Mike I said goodbye. Are you happy with your TV? Does the remote work good?

TROY

TV works, but I have to turn the knob.

THOM

I bought you one with a remote.

TROY

We can't have remotes in prison. People turn them into weapons.

THOM

Oh. I would hate not having a remote.

TROY

It's not that hard to turn a TV knob.

THOM

Well, Mike says you can play cards with the other inmates during the day.

(silence, leans over and hugs Troy)

Good-bye.

Troy begins shivering again as he watches Thom leave.

EXT. CCP - MINUTES LATER

Thom gets into the rented car, puts the key in the ignition, then stares at the prison. He closes his eyes and sees his

brain filing away the subconscious turmoil of Troy and his past. Thom opens his eyes to stop the images, and pulls his hair as hard as he can to send different images into his head. Thom starts the car and drives, continuing to give himself pain from pulling his hair. The pain relieves his heavy thoughts.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

Thom paints naked in the tub. Thom, the tub, and the tiles are covered in painted letters, but no definite words. He repeatedly paints his mother's face, her eyes.

PAINTING DISSOLVE - continue the scene as it becomes like an animated impressionistic painting, then two blue lines oddly appear, and form a BLUE X. Suddenly other layers of figures overlap (like Thom's BLUE X paintings) and create a heady, surreal, complicated visual. DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Troy approaches Thom, warily watching the other inmates and visitors. Dr. Green observes them from another table.

THOM

(stands)

What happened on Mom's last night? You watched the soap opera awards, right?

TROY

I don't know. I blacked out.

THOM

You blacked out? You really did? No lies?!

Troy won't look at Thom.

THOM (CONT'D)

Why don't you sit down and think about it, while I get a book or some crayons.

Troy sits as Thom walks to the guard desk bookshelf. Dr. Green approaches Thom.

THOM (CONT'D)

Oh hi, Dr. Green.

DR. GREEN

I can see to it that Troy has three twenty-minute calls a week to you.

THOM

That would be great. Maybe over the phone he could get in touch with being sorry for what he did. He's playing games. He's not sorry.

DR. GREEN

Most boys who commit matricide never are. About the same percentage don't reach out or call. Brings up too much emotion.

THOM

Oh. I never thought about that.

Thom gets The Little Mermaid off the shelf, returns to Troy, and sits down.

THOM (CONT'D)

Dr. Green's pretty, huh, for a girl?

TROY

Girls are spies, though. How long do I have to see her?

THOM

I think an hour.

TROY

You're not listening! How long am I in here?

THOM

Nobody talked to you about this?

TROY

Maybe I can get my security job back at CBS. Mom has my uniform at her house.

THOM

Mom's dead, Troy. You killed her. The house is sold.

(beat)

And I doubt CBS wants you back.

TROY

But it's my house. Mom promised.

THOM

You don't get a house if you kill somebody.

TROY

Do you think I can fit my bed in with the living room stuff?

THOM

Forever you'll be locked up. Forever, champ. You fucked up real good. Oh what a big man you are to kill your mom.

Troy looks crushed, as if hearing this for the first time.

THOM (CONT'D)

Don't you feel bad about what you did?

TROY

She asked for it.

THOM

Take a look at the other guys in here, I bet they all get out before you. If you ever get out, you'll be 69 years-old. Now I really need to get back to L.A. and make rent.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER (NIGHT)

Overwhelmed, Thom looks out the window.

INT. MANSIONS

MONTHS PASSING MONTAGE: Thom works his waiter shift, and bartends in celebrity homes. In these mansions, he is as impressed with the famous paintings on the walls as the famous people.

INT. THOM'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY - 1994

Thom is on the phone. He is standing over a painting of a letter reading, "TROY, PLEASE CALL ME!"

THOM (ON PHONE)

It's been months since I last saw Troy, and he hasn't called me. Can't you do something?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CCP, DR. GREEN'S OFFICE

Dr. Green is seated at her desk using the speakerphone:

THOM

Can you ask Troy to write me?

DR. GREEN

I can't force him.

THOM

Doesn't have to be much. Even a Haiku.

DR. GREEN

I've encouraged him to contact you, Thom. You must remember perpetrators of matricide rarely reach out to family members. They don't know how to cope with their feelings. Avoidance and violence are their typical defenses.

INT. GREGG AND PATSY'S MANSION, DINING ROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

Gregg and Thom sit at Patsy's elegant supper table.

THOM

I talked to Troy's doctor today.

GREGG

Don't mention Troy in my house.

PATSY

(enters and sits down)

Ignore Gregg, Thom. I paid for this house. Gregg can't afford to have secrets. Not here, not from me. So tell me, what did Troy's doctor say?

THOM

That Troy may not ever call me.

PATSY

That's sad. Do you need money to fly back and see him?

THOM

I'll visit Troy when I can afford to. But thanks anyway, Patsy.

PATSY

Before I had a baby, I wouldn't have believed your mother sent you to see Troy in prison. Now I know, now I believe it, because a mother's love has no boundaries.

GREGG

(to Patsy)

I don't believe it. And Thom's the one without any boundaries.

(to Thom)

You can have one brother. Who's it gonna be?

THOM

Grow up.

GREGG

Me or Troy?

THOM

I don't have to choose.

GREGG

I'm telling you to choose.

THOM

Mom made us promise to always be together if anything happened to her.

Thom leaves.

INT. THOM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - WEEKS LATER - 1994

Thom has grown a beard. He receives a letter from Troy.

TROY (V.O.)

My friend Thom, your unreal. Like D, E, F, and G. Troy Bierdz.

NEXT DAY

Another letter arrives. Thom begins painting.

NOTE: Thom begins a new painting for every letter. Troy's words influence the mood of each canvas.

TROY (V.O.)

Does your fame go with you always? Do you miss anything?

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

Do you miss the free life with me? Let me no.

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

I don't wish I was normel, but I wish it wasn't so hard to try to fit in.

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

Do you get angry at me behind my back? I think I'm better than you.

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

Don't you think brothers should be torchured together? Would you run to my side? Do you hear the voices? You are my big brother and I am lucky you protect me from Hell.

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

You sent me the Jesus Christ card. I like it. It makes me feel like I'm the only person in the world.

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

Have I left you with enuff feelings?

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

So many voices tell me what to do. How do I no which one to listen to? I have schitzophrenia. It means I'm afraid of people.

NEXT DAY

TROY (V.O.)

I'm just a little worried about suiside.

INT. THOM'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - WEEKS LATER - 1994

Thom paces and talks on the phone.

THOM (ON PHONE)

Dad, Troy hasn't written anything in the past few weeks. He was writing me almost every day.

AL (OVER PHONE)

Did you talk to Troy's counselor?

THOM (ON PHONE)

I've left messages, but they haven't returned any of my calls.

AL (OVER PHONE)

Don't you think if Troy were in trouble, in a serious depression, they'd contact you?

THOM (ON PHONE)

It's not the Miami Hilton. They do not do that. Dad, you're a therapist, will you go see Troy with me?

AL (OVER PHONE)

I gave up my practice when Troy killed your mother. How good a therapist could I have been when my son killed his mother?

THOM (ON PHONE)

Don't you want to see him again?

AL (OVER PHONE)

I doubt he's aware enough to even know if I was there.

THOM (ON PHONE)

Maybe it isn't too late to be a good father?

AL (ON PHONE)

Tell you what. I'd like to see you and Hope and my granddaughters, so let's meet in Milwaukee.

INT. AIRPORT, MILWAUKEE, WI - NIGHT

Hope greets Al and Thom at the airport. Thom seems very socially anxious - even paranoid.

THOM'S PARANOIA POV: As he talks with his family, strangers float in his eye-line. They smile at Thom, but Thom looks back with worry, and the strangers become exaggeratingly rejected and hurt.

Thom, Hope and Al walk toward the baggage claim area:

HOPE

You're not going to see Troy, are you, Dad?

AL

I have a degree in psychotherapy. Maybe I should.

HOPE

(hugging Al)

You can't tell Troy about my girls.

THOM

I've never mentioned them to Troy, and Dad won't either.

HOPE

You shouldn't talk about Gregg's daughter either.

THOM

Troy can't escape and hurt any of us.

AL

Have either of you spoken to Gregg recently? He's not returning my calls.

THOM

Not since he lied to me about Patsy being home when I helped him move out of her house. She was furious. So awkward.

HOPE

Maybe he didn't know she would be there.

THOM

He manipulated me. I told him I didn't want to be there with Patsy because I was tired of listening to their drama.

HOPE

Patsy threatened to kill him?

THOM

I didn't hear that but Gregg told me she said that.

AL

If Patsy did threaten Gregg, it was probably a desperate attempt to remain in control. She controlled him for years with her money. I just hope it doesn't get any worse.

HOPE

The last time Gregg called, he told me Patsy was going to seek sole custody of

Lissa if Gregg pursued divorce. Losing his daughter, that's what would kill Gregg.

THOM

Gregg and Troy are both prisoners.

AL

We all are prisoners...in some way.

Thom certainly is a prisoner: of his newly visible paranoia as he desperately tries to avoid strangers' eye contact.

MONTAGE of a million overwhelming faces.

INT. BOOKSTORE, LOS ANGELES, CA - MORNING - 1994

Gregg is humiliated by his new job stocking books.

BUSINESS MAN

Where would I find the books on tape?

GREGG

I'll show you.

Gregg's cocky walk is gone. He is defeated to his core.

INT. CCP, ADMITTANCE - NEXT MORNING

Thom and Al put their belongings in a locker.

THOM

I should go in first and prepare Troy for your visit? Dr. Green says not to overload him with stressful situations.

AL

That makes sense. I'll join you in half an hour.

Al watches Thom pass through security and out of sight. Al is overwhelmed by the prison atmosphere and begins to weep.

VISITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Thom and Troy sit near the windows. Crayons and paper are spread out on their table. Thom wolfs down a Hershey bar. Troy slowly savors each small bite of a Kit Kat as if it were the first and last time he tasted chocolate.

THOM

Good?

TROY

It's alive on my tongue. It makes my mouth alive.

THOM

Okay. My turn.

(licks his wrapper)

Rhymes. Chocolate rhymes. Tell me what color it is.

TROY

Scarlet.

THOM

Yeah, baby! Scarlet.

TROY

It tastes free...

THOM

Talk to me.

TROY

Like an airplane.

THOM

Chocolate is an airplane, you're absolutely right.

First Troy, then Thom, makes airplane sounds. They raise their arms like wings, bumping into each other as they soar.

THOM (CONT'D)

It's not fair. If I gave back when Mom was alive, I wouldn't have owed her this favor, to see you. Why should I get so much out of it? I love it here with you. Outside this room, I'm always pretending to be somebody else. Here, I'm just me.

TROY

Airplanes don't talk.

A roach climbs onto the chocolate wrapper on the table. Thom watches Troy ominously inch his hand toward the bug.

TROY (V.O.)

Cockroaches. Number unknown. Species unknown. Killed because of tearing legs off. Burning of roach hotels and spraying of poison pesticides.

Instead of killing the roach, Troy slowly lowers the wrapper onto the floor and lets the bug scurry away. Thom, overcome by Troy's evolution, turns his face toward the window to hide his joy. Al approaches while Thom is looking away.

TROY

Dad?

THOM

Yeah, Troy, I told you Dad was coming.

TROY

I thought you were kidding.

THOM

I wouldn't kid you like that.

TROY

I thought it was one of the voices.

AL

Hello, Troy.

Al awkwardly attempts to hug a still-seated Troy. Troy tenses. Al sits facing Troy and Thom.

TROY

I'm going to Hell, but so are you for being late on child-support! And all fags like Thom go to Hell.

THOM

St. Mark's Church damned me to Hell for being gay long before you were born, Troy. I'm gay and this just in: there's no Hell.

TROY

(panicky, stands)

And Mom went to Hell because she said goddamn it.

AL

Troy, sit down.

THOM

If he wants to stand, he can stand. You had plenty of years to tell him what to do. You only used four of those years. In case you lost count.

AL

I didn't lose count.

TROY

Gregg is going to Hell because he fucked all the neighbor girls. And Hope...I don't know why, but she's going to Hell.

AL

Can you sit down, Troy?

THOM

He can stand. Don't boss him around in his own home.

AL

I'm not bossing anybody.

TROY

Thom, if you want to kill yourself, I'll do it, too, so we can be together.

Nancy walks over to investigate the commotion.

NANCY

(lowers Troy into his chair)

Nobody's killing themselves on my shift.

THOM

Nancy, will you tell Dr. Green I need to talk to her about adjusting Troy's medication?

NANCY

(leaving)

I'm on it.

AL

I'll go get my sons another candy bar.

THOM

No. He hasn't eaten any meals. All that sugar will make him jittery. Do you want popcorn, Troy?

TROY

I told you I don't want popcorn.

THOM

I gave him some popcorn before and he wouldn't eat it. Something's wrong with his appetite.

TROY

Nothing's wrong with my appetite.

AL

(to Troy)

I'll get you another Kit Kat. How often do I get to see you?

THOM

Dad, it's 10:30. We're here until 2:00. He can have sugar at 11:00 and 1:30 and anything healthy in-between.

AL

You're being a bit ridiculous.

THOM

Tell Dad you want a sandwich.

AL

Salami?

THOM

Why does an animal have to die? Why does it have to be meat?

TROY

I'm not hungry.

AL

I'll get you something.

THOM

He can't have candy.

Defeated, Al walks to the vending machines.

TROY

They'll rip my heart apart in Hell because of the paper route. They chainsaw your brain in Hell.

THOM

What paper route?

TROY

Route 71, maybe it's Route 72. It hasn't been delivered in ten years so I'm going to Hell.

THOM

The Kenosha News?

TROY

I never told them I quit. You have to move back to Kenosha and do it.

THOM
Yeah that'll happen.

TROY
You have to.

THOM
I don't want to be a paperboy.

TROY
You have to save me from Hell.

THOM
There is no Hell.

TROY
The Bible says there is.

THOM
The Bible was written by men in power
trying to control the people not in power.

Al returns with a sandwich and tries to give it to Troy.
Troy ignores him. Al puts the sandwich aside and sits.

THOM (CONT'D)
Tell you what, I'll go to the Kenosha News
and find out who's doing the route.

TROY
Nobody's doing it!

Troy takes a crayon and scribbles a message on a piece of
paper, "The 72 street the 73 street and the 74 street route
number hasent been done in ten years I lost my bags and the
book. I have 60 papers. Im quitting my route I hope you can
find somebody."

TROY (CONT'D)
(hands note to Thom)
Here's my two-week notice for you to take
it to the newspaper. Are you going to let
the demons in Hell attack me?

THOM
No, no, I won't.

INT. RENT-A-CAR - LATER (AFTERNOON)

Al drives as Thom studies Troy's note.

THOM

When we get to Kenosha, drop me off at the Kenosha News.

AL

Don't you think that's silly?

THOM

You don't know what it's like to be damned to Hell. As a gay kid, I spent my childhood damned to Hell and I am going to do whatever I can to save Troy that guilt and fear.

EXT. KENOSHA NEWS BUILDING - LATER (DUSK)

The rent-a-car stops at the entrance. Tom gets out.

INT. RENT-A-CAR - CONTINUOUS

AL

Just fake the note from the paper. Troy's not going to know.

THOM

He'll know if I'm lying. I can't lie. My mouth tightens like this. People see it. Have you ever known an actor who can't lie? That's why my acting sucks.

AL

If the newspaper prints a story about this, it'll tear your sister apart.

THOM

I'm not gonna let them do a story.

INT. KENOSHA NEWS BUILDING, CIRCULATION DEPT. - MINUTES LATER

Thom nervously approaches the BUSY WOMAN behind the counter. His fake smile is so off it's pitiful but funny.

THOM

I need the name of one of your paperboys, please.

BUSY WOMAN

Are you a subscriber?

THOM

Not at this time.

BUSY WOMAN

Then, I can't release the name of one of our carriers.

THOM

(shakily holds out Troy's note)
Would you just take a look at this?

She takes the note and reads it.

THOM (CONT'D)

(awkwardly fake smiles)
My brother was a paperboy here ten years ago. He's paranoid schizophrenic and thinks he has the route. If you could give me the name of the new carrier or write on Kenosha News stationery that you have his two-week notice?

BUSY WOMAN

(hands back the note)
I'll check on this.

Thom takes the note. The busy woman walks behind a glass cubicle. Thom secretly opens his wallet and stares at a photo of Gregg. His method acting class helps him start to become Gregg... or, at least, pretty much...

BUSY WOMAN

We're not authorized to do that.

THOM

(becomes a flirtatious "Gregg")
I give you the required authorization.

BUSY WOMAN

Mr. Brandt owns the paper. You should talk to him.

STAIRCASE - MINUTES LATER

Thom, now asthmatic, inhales Primatene Mist then climbs up two flights of stairs while studying Gregg's photo. He becomes more Gregg with each step.

MR. BRANDT'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

MR. BRANDT (60) sits behind an antique desk facing Thom.

THOM

(confidence fading)
Mr. Brandt, I have just a little...ah...

it's hardly anything at all. I don't know why it's such a big deal...

(holds up Troy's note)

...my brother is in prison. He can't hurt anybody.

MR. BRANDT

That must be very hard on you. May I see that letter? I can't see it from here.

THOM

(hesitates)

You can't print it in the paper.

MR. BRANDT

So far, I haven't heard anything particularly newsworthy.

Thom hands the note to Mr. Brandt.

MR. BRANDT (CONT'D)

Hmmm...Troy Bierdz. That must mean you are Thom Bierdz. You were on a soap opera, weren't you?

(Thom nods)

Your mother informed me of that. So very sorry about your mother's demise. Sweet lady. She was responsible for us doing a story about your TV success six or seven years ago.

THOM

I'm not here to do a story. I just need a note saying you got Troy's resignation.

MR. BRANDT

I'll have to show it to the head of my legal department first.

THOM

You can't take it.

MR. BRANDT

I can't give you anything in writing without my lawyer's consent. While they review your brother's resignation, and compose the letter you're requesting, you and I could do a short interview.

THOM

I really really need this to be private. Just between us. Nothing in print.

MR. BRANDT

You're not on that show anymore?

(Thom shakes his head)

A little publicity could do you some good.

THOM

My sister would die if there was a story in the paper. If you insist on one, then I'll have to fake a note and give it to Troy. He's real sensitive and he'll know I'm lying by my mouth. There's not a lot Troy can believe in - not even his own mind. He needs to know he can always believe something and I want to be that something. All I need is a few words on a piece of paper. Can't you just give that? Does this have to be a negotiation? We're dealing with a boy that is delusional and you can give him peace by picking up that pen and writing you forgive him. Please.

Long stare down. Eventually Mr. Brandt hands Thom Troy's note, then picks up a pen.

THOM (CONT'D)

If I could save you from Hell, too, Mr. Brandt, I would. I don't mean you're going to Hell...I don't believe in Hell, but if you were going...well, I am not VOWING I'd try to save you. I don't like making vows when I don't know what it'll be like in the future, like marriage vows. Why do people promise they will always love someone a certain way? Isn't that insane? They don't know how they will feel in the future. (awkward smile)

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Al stands by the guard desk looking at the shelf of books. Thom sits at a nearby table drawing with crayons. Nancy buzzes open the search room door. Troy hurries in and over to Thom, ignoring Al. Thom hands Troy a piece of paper.

THOM

Read it.

TROY

(sits, slowly reads aloud)

"Dear Troy. Your brother asked that I write a letter to you relieving you of all responsibilities as regards to your previous newspaper route. Please be

assured that your route has been reassigned and that we appreciate your service as a carrier."

Troy smiles at the note, relieved. He nearly cries in joy, then Thom almost cries with joy. Al brings a book, Encyclopedia Of The Brain, back to the table.

TROY

Aren't you going to draw, Dad?

AL

No. You and Thom are the artists.

Al flips through the book and finds a chapter on schizophrenia. Thom's eyes peek, reading silently.

TROY

You guys wanna read a book?

THOM

(closing the book)

Why don't you get The Little Mermaid.

TROY

Why don't we read what you're holding?

Troy takes the book from Thom. Troy reads aloud in a slow, expressionless voice, stumbling over multi-syllable words:

TROY (CONT'D)

"One person in a hundred is schizophrenic, which means fragmenting of personality. He is aware of the outside world but he's indifferent or withdrawn or confused. He may have difficulty grasping concepts or may use a private logic or a language only he understands, or repeat words or phrases. In their artwork, they often use words to express what is already expressed. Vivid and contrasting colors."

INTERCUT WITH:

Thom's paintings matching this description.

TROY (CONT'D)

"He may suddenly shout 'Don't poison me' or sweep all day with an imaginary broom, but if symptoms are not severe, a schizophrenic may not be recognized as such by the people around him."

Al's eyes wander to Thom.

TROY (CONT'D)

"Delusions of grandeur, or eroticism. Paranoids think an outside voice is speaking his thoughts, or that his feelings are imposed on him by external force. He imagines himself the center of a worldwide conspiracy, and goes from withdrawal to violence. People related have a higher-than-average chance of also being schizophrenic."

(looks at Al)

Is Thom schizophrenic?

THOM (V.O.)

What a ridiculous question to ask Dad. He had no evidence I was schizophrenic. I was the one with doubts. At my apartment, I had dozens of paintings that appeared schizophrenic. And in my wallet was a photo of Gregg that I pulled out three times a day to pretend to be him to get through social anxiety.

Al studies perspiring Thom as Troy continues reading:

TROY

"The definition of schizophrenia in existential psychology is a special strategy that a person invents in order to live in an unlivable situation."

THOM (V.O.)

Shit. That was me.

(beat)

But that also described pretty much everyone else in Hollywood.

INT. AIRPORT, MILWAUKEE, WI - LATER (NIGHT)

Thom fights his nerves in the crowded terminal as he and Al wait for flights.

THOM

Aren't you going to mention that you think it's odd?

AL

What is?

THOM

You thought my paintings looked schizophrenic? You think I am a paranoid schizophrenic? - or am I just being paranoid?

AL

As a psychotherapist, I have studied schizophrenic paintings before, from the great mad artists.

THOM

Like Van Gogh, who cut off his ear?

AL

Basquiat had his demons. Georgia O'Keefe and Jackson Pollack also displayed a link between creativity and mental instability. Writers Ernest Hemmingway and Virginia Woolf lost out to psychological instability when they entered psychiatric hospitals and later killed themselves.

THOM

Are you worried I will cut off my ear or kill myself?

AL

People who commit suicide can't accept life on anyone's terms but their own.

INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT - SAME

Alone, Gregg smokes a joint and listens to beautiful music. He cries. His tears fall onto photos of his daughter spread out on the carpet. Gregg smiles at a picture of Phyllis.

INT. AIRPORT, MILWAUKEE, WI - SAME

AL (CONT'D)

Your terms wouldn't include being a waiter again, but you accept it.

THOM

I like it. I waiter all day, then paint all night.

AL

Just so you know, artists are three times more likely to suffer mental disorders than waiters.

THOM

You think that is why I heard a voice?

AL

You hear voices?

THOM

After the visit from Mom, yeah, a couple times. I wonder if we humans are capable of hearing voices or a higher consciousness or spirit guides all the time? Psychic, not psycho. Once I heard a chirping in my bedroom and thought it was a mouse. I asked what it was and a voice said, "Usually on the ceiling." First I thought WOW I finally HEARD an answer to one of my million questions, then I thought, "Shit! The ceiling?" Troy used to watch screaming bugs on the ceiling. I was afraid to look up. When I did I saw a smoke detector. That was the chirping! It was low on batteries. I had no idea smoke detectors chirped until that voice told me. A voice told me.

AL

"Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night?" Didn't Edgar Allan Poe say that?

THOM

Not to me. Did he say he did? Kidding. But since Edgar lost his marbles to "the raven, nevermore" he loses credibility. Do you think there could be words and messages floating around us in space, only to be noticed by the super-sensitive people? Like Dr. Seuss's Horton Hears A Who?"

AL

Where the elephant heard the little voice from tiny people living in a flower?

THOM

Exactly! Most people drudge through life as victims -- but the truth is we create our lives and life can be limitless! There was a whole village in that flower that only the elephant could hear at first, then everybody found out about the

Whos and the elephant was no longer
thought of as crazy!

AL

Not based on a true story, you know.

AIRLINE WORKER (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

Flight 208 boarding at Gate E7.

THOM

That's me. I have to cut off my ear, I
mean, I have got to go, Dad.

AL

I worry about you. And Gregg. A divorce
can really destroy one's manhood.

THOM

What about your manhood now, dad? I mean
when Troy was twelve he wrote an essay on
killing the president - for manhood and
publicity. I look at my life and I think
all these years I also worked hard for
those same two things. I hated being a
skinny effeminate kid so I did everything
I could to be macho. Manhood. Publicity.
Were you ever on a quest for manhood or
publicity?

AL

Of course. All men are. Freud would say
since we are separate independent beings
with egos we are naturally centered on
ourselves - ego-centric. We are looking
to feel powerful. I say we are even
looking to feel adequate.

THOM

And all those teen boys today that do
school-shootings?

AL

We are all just trying to be more.

THOM

How can we stop it?

AL

That's not your job. Don't worry about it.

THOM

How can I not worry about it? When I close
my eyes I see teenage boys killing

classmates. Why has the USA been at war
226 of our 243 years? 92 % of our time
since 1776 America has sent soldiers to
kill 'bad guys'? No human ever has to
kill anyone or anything, Dad. No human
ever needs to kill. Why do they keep doing
it?

Al hugs Thom. Thom boards the plane.

INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAYS LATER

Thom knocks on Gregg's apartment door.

THOM

Gregg, let me in! Come on, I've got a
date to get to! Patsy called hysterical
saying you didn't visit Lissa today!

LATER

Thom leads the APARTMENT MANAGER to Gregg's door. They both
knock.

THOM

Gregg!

APARTMENT MANAGER

Gregg? Are you inside?

They listen and can hear a phone off the hook.

THOM

Don't you have a key?

The apartment manager uses a passkey to unlock the door, but
it is chained on the inside.

APARTMENT MANAGER

He has to be in there.

THOM

Should we break the door down?

APARTMENT MANAGER

I think we should call the police.

LATER

Thom and the apartment manager watch two LAPD OFFICERS break
down the door.

INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The LAPD officers find Gregg sitting in the closet with a gun in his lap. His bloody head lies back between his Armani suits.

LAPD OFFICER #1

It's a suicide.

Thom walks in.

LAPD OFFICER #2

You are not allowed in here! Step out.

THOM

I need to see him.

Thom kneels next to Gregg's body.

THOM CONT'D)

That's not Gregg.

LAPD OFFICER #1

This isn't Gregg Bierdz?

THOM

That's his body, but he's not in it. Look at him. That's not Gregg.

Thom reaches for the body. The officers pull Thom away before he touches it.

PAINTING DISSOLVE - continue the scene as it becomes like an animated impressionistic painting, then two blue lines oddly appear, and form a BLUE X. Suddenly other layers of figures overlap (like Thom's BLUE X paintings) and create a heady, surreal, complicated visual. DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. FUNERAL - DAY

Gregg's funeral. Pan from him in the open casket, to his family in the front pew. Crying Hope, consoling Sam, their confused daughters, devastated Al, and angry Thom listen to a priest finishing his sermon.

PRIEST

Did anyone want to come up and say a few words about the deceased?

No one raises their hand. Hope and Al prod Thom to get up. Thom rises, slowly, anxious. He meanders to the altar. He stares down. No one can see his face. His shoulders show he is breathing deeply, almost hyperventilating. He looks up.

THOM

Gregg didn't always like me.

(long pause)

And I didn't always like Gregg. But Gregg wanted to be me, on TV, you know. And I always wanted to be Gregg.

He almost cries, and just freezes in bewilderment, loses his thoughts. He cannot think of anything else to say, steps down. Hope instantly hugs him, nodding, very moved and proud.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - LATER

As the casket is lowered in the ground, Hope's daughters talk, in earshot of Hope, Sam, Al and Thom.

JENNIFER

Uncle Gregg is gone so now there are only two siblings.

JULIA

Uncle Thom and mom are only two siblings. Like me and you. Just two siblings.

COLD SILENCE as the adults know there are three - that Troy exists, and each starts to say that, but no one does.

JENNIFER

Mommy has only one brother.

HOPE

Shhh.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAYS LATER

Thom, clean-shaven now, stares at the empty seat next to him.

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Thom goes to an assigned table, sits, sees Troy hurry over.

THOM

Gregg killed himself.

TROY

I was hoping he and I could be brothers again.

THOM

(gently)

It's too late.

TROY

I almost killed myself when I was younger.
How'd he do it?

THOM

He shot himself.

LATER: Books, cards, and sandwich wrappers litter the table.

TROY

I'm sorry I did it.

THOM

What?

TROY

I'm not going to be eaten and beat up in
Hell for it because in my heart I'm sorry
about what I did. No lie.

THOM

About killing Mom?

TROY

I'm sorry.

THOM

Looking back, I can see you were leading
up to it, but why Mom? Why not Dad...or
me? Why not a stranger?

TROY

It had to be Mom first.

INT. HOTEL - WISCONSIN, CA - NEXT MORNING -

Thom is finishing his large painting of Phyllis's face. He
gift wraps it.

EXT. KENOSHA, WI - LATER THAT DAY

Autumn leaves are changing colors. Cows graze beside red
barns.

INT. HOPE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Thom enters carrying the box.

THOM

Hello? Where are my nieces?

HOPE

At school.

THOM

And this box is for you.

Hope unwraps it. It is a large painting of their mother.
Hope's less than thrilled.

HOPE

It's so...big. I mean it's real nice of
you, but...I don't know, Tommy.

THOM

I've been working on it for a while.

(emotional)

I'll do you one of Gregg, too.

HOPE

I don't think so.

She rewraps the picture.

HOPE (CONT'D)

It's just so big. That's your style - not
mine. I'm sorry.

THOM

You could see it even in the dark. I
thought it might stop your nightmares.

HOPE

I've been sleeping fine.

Awkward silence. He hasn't.

THOM

You still gonna driving me up to see Troy?

HOPE

Yes, but you know that I'm not going in?

THOM

Whatever.

HOPE

I'm sorry. It's too hard. But I'm off
today and the girls are in school, so we
can visit on the road. It's over two
hours driving to Troy, right?

THOM

Yeah.

HOPE

And over two hours on the way home. I thought we could catch up. Talk. I even made us a tofu salad.

THOM

For me?

HOPE

Well I'll try some but it honestly does not look very good.

INT. HOPE'S CAR - AN HOUR LATER

Hope drives as Thom watches the passing autumn scenery.

EXT. CCP - AN HOUR LATER

Hope parks the car. Thom gets out.

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Crayons, paper, and a deck of Uno cards are between Thom and Troy as they visit.

EXT. CCP - SAME

Hope paces by her car.

INT. CCP, VISITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Troy and Thom are playing Uno. An approaching shadow falls across the table then stops.

Troy and Thom look up from their cards to see -

HOPE STANDING BY THEIR TABLE.

Troy, Thom, and Hope all look as if they can't believe she is there. It's been over 5 years since Hope and Troy have seen each other.

HOPE

Tommy told me you guys like to play cards. Can I join the next hand?

THOM

(close to tears, stands)

Why don't you finish my hand? I need to stretch my legs, and Troy's too good at cards for me anyway.

HOPE

(unsure)

I don't know...would that be okay with you, Troy?

Troy nods. Hope sits.

HOPE (CONT'D)

It's been such a long time since...since I played Uno. I may need help with the rules.

THOM

Sure. I think it's Troy's turn.

Troy and Hope pretend to concentrate on their cards, but sneak glances at each other's faces, quickly looking away when their eyes meet. Troy wins the hand.

HOPE

You were right. Troy is good.

She glances at Thom. His eyes well up with tears again.

THOM

Why don't I get us a book or something?

HOPE

I'll go with you.

Thom leads Hope to the bookcase.

THOM

What do you think of him?

HOPE

I was hoping he was more schizophrenic or something. It would be easier to forgive him. But he seems normal.

THOM

He is schizophrenic but the pills help a lot. You don't know what's in his head.

(looks at Troy)

We should get a book. He knows we're talking about him.

Thom pulls out Encyclopedia Of The Brain. Hope looks at the cover, then looks at Thom like he's lost his mind. She puts the book back and pulls out another - happens to be Mother Goose.

HOPE

Oh look what this is!

THOM

You said that book would show up!

HOPE

Will Troy like nursery rhymes?

THOM

Sure.

They walk back to the table and sit. Hope takes the book and holds it in front of herself like a shield.

THOM (CONT'D)

Should we all take turns reading our favorite rhymes?

HOPE

(flips thru the book)

I haven't read these since my girls started school...

Thom is surprised by what she has just revealed.

TROY

You have kids?

HOPE

Yes...two girls...twins...

TROY

Tommy never told me that.

THOM

(incredibly moved by Hope's trust)
I must have forgot.

TROY

Gregg had a little girl, too. Did you know that, Hope?

HOPE

Yes, I did...

(brightens)

...here's a rhyme about little girls.
"What are little girls made of?"

TROY

Sugar and spice.

HOPE

"Little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. That's what little girls are made of. What are little boys made of?"

THOM

I can't wait to find out.

TROY

Snails and something else.

HOPE

"Snips and snails and puppy dog tails. That's what little boys are made of."

THOM

(jokes)

Sorry about that.

HOPE

(smiles)

Who wants to read next?

THOM

And Troy's sorry about 'that'.
[Thom means the murder].
Aren't you, Troy?

Troy nods, looking frightened. Hope almost bursts into tears. She looks destroyed for a moment, recovers, and picks up the Uno cards:

HOPE

I like Uno. I hadn't played in a very long time. I didn't realize how long it's been...

THOM

Let's play again. You deal.

HOPE

I'll deal.

Thom clutches his chair arm to stop his tears. Hope's tears fall to her sleeve as she deals. Troy looks confused. Overwhelmed. Almost innocent.

THOM

I'm going to get us some crayons and paper.

As soon as Thom walks away, he sobs in secret, steadies himself, then returns with red eyes - and crayons and paper. As Hope and Troy play cards, Thom draws a stick figure family of six.

TROY

Is that our family?

HOPE

It could be dad, mom, me, Thom, Gregg and Troy.

Troy writes "Dad, Mom, Hope, Thom, Gregg, Troy" above the figures, as Thom's fingers add more details. Then Troy puts an X on Gregg and an X on Mom, indicating their deaths. This is awkward, and Thom quickly grabs a blue crayon and makes the X's blue.

HOPE

Why do you always put blue X's on your paintings?

THOM

I'm not sure. I think it means the crossing of two planes - humans on earth - and the higher spiritual plane.

(solemn, yet inspired)

Energy doesn't die.

(breathe deeply, relaxed)

Nothing ever dies.

FOR A SPLIT SECOND: The GHOST OF PHYLLIS and GREGG are seated among them --- ! Eerie, pulsing white light, family reuniting -- triumphant... then they vanish.

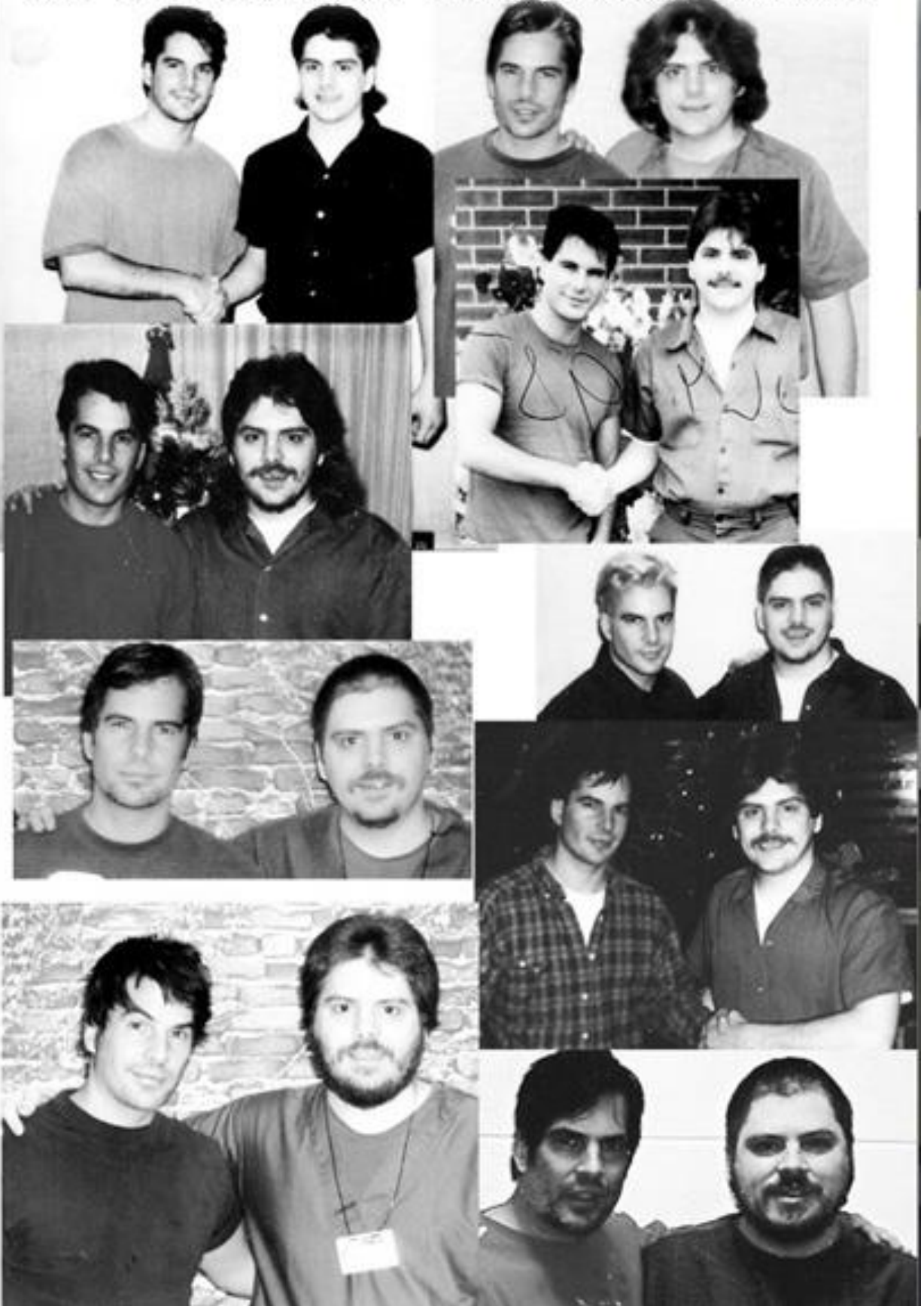
ON HOPE: Not believing Thom's words, but smiling politely.

ON TROY: Considering Thom's words. FREEZE FRAME ON TROY.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: Troy remains an inmate in the psychiatric unit at CCI in Portage, Wisconsin. His sentence ends in 2039. He will be 69.

DISSOLVE INTO: Montage of Thom visiting Troy in prison year after year, similar to this photo:

THOM'S VISITS WITH BROTHER TROY IN THE PRISON PSYCHIATRIC UNIT.

















DISSOLVE INTO: HOPE. FREEZE FRAME.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: Hope still lives in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and has become an advocate for gay rights and marriage equality. Her two daughters recently finished college with high marks.

DISSOLVE INTO: The drawing. On Al. FREEZE FRAME.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: AL and his wife live near Seattle, Washington. Though he is 81 and just had a heart attack, he still regularly visits Troy.

DISSOLVE INTO: The drawing. Troy draws a YR (the Young & The Restless logo) by Thom's figure.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: Even though Thom's character Phillip Chancellor III on The Young & The Restless died in 1989, he came back from the dead in 2009. Thom became the first openly gay actor in daytime to have a principle role.

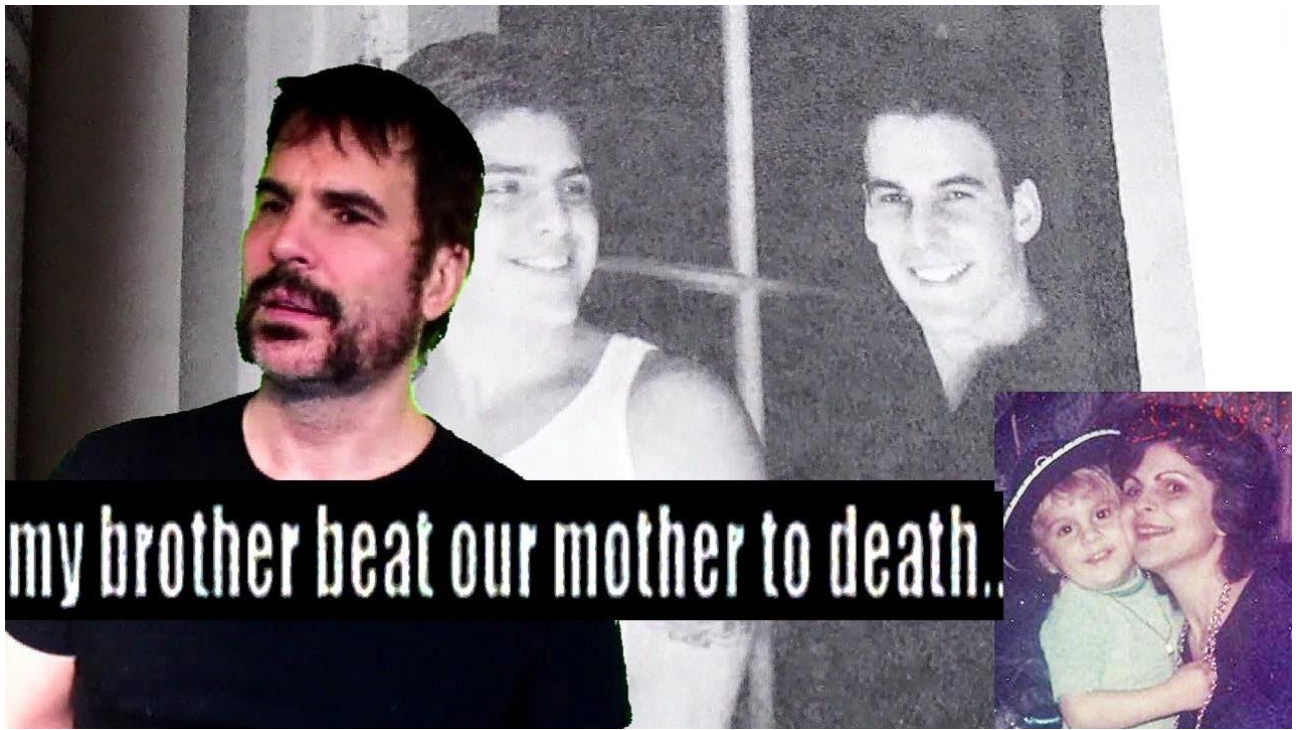


DISSOLVE INTO: A montage of Thom's paintings. FREEZE FRAME.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: Thom's paintings have raised over \$100,000 for charities such as the National Alliance Of Research On Schizophrenia And Depression.

DISSOLVE INTO: *EVIL LIVES HERE*: "The Soap Star's Secret"


SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: In 2019, the Investigation Discovery channel interviewed a very emotional Thom on his award-winning book, *Forgiving Troy*.



Biography / True Crime \$14.95

"In 1989, my brother beat our mother to death..."

Thom Bierdz loved his schizophrenic brother. Despite Troy's erratically cruel behavior, his years of creative threats weren't taken seriously. Then the unthinkable happened. Now Thom must delve into hospital records, police reports, court transcriptions, newspaper stories, his mother's papers and his own painful memories in a search for understanding. Nothing was omitted from this honest and soul-reaching account, which leaves the reader stunned and amazed at his insights.



Troy and Thom, 1988

"I was sure that our mother's soul lived on without a body – and that Troy's body lived on without a soul."

"...the soap sensation who played Phillip Chancellor III on The Young and the Restless has written a terrific, gut-punching memoir that chronicles his triumph over an unspeakable family tragedy... Chilling, hopeful, spiritual – you'll never read anything like it."


— Michael Logan, TV GUIDE

"...His gripping story of family, murder, insanity, and forgiveness leaps off the pages...horrifying...inspiring...riveting."

— David Mixner, author of A Stranger Among Friends


"A true-life tale of love and loss, terror and triumph that will take your breath away – and play on every single emotion you own"

— Bill Harris, E! ENTERTAINMENT TV



Thom Bierdz
www.ThomBierdz.com


ISBN 13: 978-1-01038-486-2 5 14 9 5



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Forgiving TROY

A True Story of Murder,
Mental Illness, and Recovery



THOM
BIERDZ

Actor / Artist / Author

DISSOLVE INTO: www.AmericanArtAwards.com screen image.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: For ten years, Thom has been president of www.AmericanArtAwards.com, which annually awards

the 25 Best Galleries And Museums In America, who in turn award emerging artists in every country in the world.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Thom plays with his two dogs outside a secluded cabin.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS SCREEN: After almost 30 years in Hollywood, Thom moved to a cabin in Lake Arrowhead with his dogs and found peace painting portraits for a living.

Thom and the dogs enter the cabin, which has several portraits in progress.



THE END

This material can also be a mini-series
or an ongoing TV series.

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