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# The Gingerbread Man

By Clyde Hayes

When you DA geniuses gonna learn  
that logic  
runs a distant second  
to God, country and colour?  
That's why I vacation  
in the Canary Islands  
and your news comes from  
the bottom of a birdcage.  
You took  
a 20-year vet to pieces.  
He blew procedure,  
suppressed evidence.  
C'mon, Terry. I support  
cops, but there are rules.  
- What about morality?  
- Morality? In law?  
Who told you that? The lawyer  
fairy? I protect my client.  
I don't know about you or the  
cops, Terry, but I'm movin' on.  
So you push for civil,  
I'll see you in court.  
Noted Georgia Defence  
Attorney, Rick Magruder,  
argued that police posing as  
drug dealers were overzealous...  
I told you not to leave  
those on the sofa.  
The phone in here?  
We're watching Dad on TV.  
Hello?  
Betty, it's Mr Magruder.  
- How are the kids?  
- Fine.  
I'm just fixing their...  
My gosh, you're on TV!  
We must've done  
pretty well today.  
Is Leeanne around?  
No, Mr Alden picked her up.  
Mr Alden, huh?  
Kids, your daddy's  
on the phone.  
Hi, Dad.

How you doin', darlin'?

OK. The guy on TV says  
you're a snake-oil salesman  
and I told Jeff you're  
a lawyer, right?

You don't believe  
everything on TV, do you?

No, guess not.

I told you, Jeff!

Daddy said he's still a lawyer.  
But Dad's still on TV.

Hey, you guys, quit fightin'!

OK, I love you both.

See you tomorrow, OK?

Bye, Dad!

Yeah, bye, honey.

Dunson, Hess and Magruder?

Hey, Konnie, it's Rick.

Put Lois on.

Yes, Mr Magruder.

One second, please.

Lois? It's Rick.

Well,  
if it isn't the golden boy!

I just saw you  
on the six o'clock.

Why'd you wear that tie?

That tie's good luck.

Are you coming by here?

You read my mind. How's dinner  
at the Pink House sound?

Ricky, I'd love to,  
but we're swamped here.

But swing by  
for something later.

- I'll come by, Lo.

- All right.

They ever gonna fix this door?

Congratulations, Rick.

What is this?

- Was this you?

- Sorry,  
I wanted to say,  
but they made me swear.

Let me take your stuff.  
Is this all for me?  
- I don't drink champagne.  
- I got yours.  
You are a psychic.  
What are you doin' here?  
Good to see you.  
I appreciate it.  
Who are all these people?  
Do I know all these people?  
Well, look who's here!  
You didn't wear that...  
I wore... I knew you'd  
mention this suit.  
Well, it worked.  
I wanna tell you, you did a  
superb job in Jacksonville.  
Savannah lawyers haven't won  
a case down there in 10 years.  
In 10 years?  
Oh, Judge Winslow  
sends his regards.  
Hey, Lo!  
You put her up to this?  
Lois, this is his night.  
His night.  
I know.  
We'll take care of him.  
- Enjoy.  
- Thanks. Thanks for this.  
It's a good surprise.  
- You all right?  
- We have to do this?  
Oh, boy.  
Why is she here?  
I'll see you later.  
Thanks.  
Hey, Leeanne!  
Oh, congratulations, Rick.  
- Lipstick, there.  
- Thank you.  
Hey, Carl. I thought  
I recognised that Lincoln.  
Yes, isn't she a beauty?

Yeah, didn't spoil the surprise,  
but the licence plate's obvious.  
It's clever, you're an attorney  
and it says attorney...

- Self-defence?

- Works every time.

Everyone's very happy for you.

- Well...

- You worked hard.

We got lucky.

A marvellous knack

for making cops look rotten.

Law says we've all gotta play by  
the rules, Carl. You know that.

I bet that's exactly what you  
told the jury, wasn't it?

We lay it out,

let 'em do the right thing.

So why didn't they?

I'll get us some more drinks?

All right, I'd love another  
Bacardi and cranberry, thanks.

Thanks, honey.

Yeah. Thanks, honey.

Er, no, thank you.

So, I thought you'd  
given up on attorneys?

Well, everyone's got  
their thing.

Is that what it is?

What do you call someone  
addicted to attorneys?

Stupid?

At least he's a divorce lawyer,  
not a criminal.

- Lawyer, that is.

- Don't start.

That he was your  
divorce lawyer is shitty,  
don't you think, Lianne?

Why are you here?

You wanna go through with this?

Tomorrow,

what time for the kids?

9:

why don't we make it 9:30?

All right, do me a favour  
and be on time, Rick.

Carl? Er...

Can I get another drink?

- Jack, straight up?

- What am I gonna do?

- That jerk.

- JD, please.

Oh, boy. How she  
picked him, I do not know.

I try so hard, I really do.

- I know, just...

- Every time l...

Remember the carrot here...

Fuck the carrot,

I have to put up with this crap.

- Lose it with him now and...

- I know...

Lose it now,  
it'll cost you later.

He just pisses me off.

I understand that.

Let's forget about it.

- Where's the car?

- Down here.

One step, two steps...

- What colour is it?

- It's green.

Do you know what a fabulously  
attractive woman you are?

Why don't we leave here  
and go have some dinner?

That's the booze, Rick.

It makes you itch, remember?

Well, we can scratch.

You know better.

If you don't, I do.

It's what you pay me for.

Good judgement.

Well, I got the kids tomorrow,  
but I'll call in, so...

One nightcap.  
Something medicinal.  
I'll fix you one, but I've got  
an hour or two to catch up.  
Hey, goddamit! That's my car!  
Jesus... Shit!  
Somethin' wrong?  
Son of a bitch just  
stole my fucking car!  
What, just now?  
Yeah, just now. Didn't you see?  
Well, maybe  
we should call the police.  
Why? So they can make out  
some goddamn report?  
Tell me to call my insurance  
company, which I don't have,  
because I can't afford, and they  
won't do a darn thing anyway.  
No, thanks. I been  
through this shit before.  
Well, is there  
anything I can do?  
Find me a new life.  
I'm gonna walk  
to a phone booth...  
I got a phone in the car.  
'Course you do.  
Listen, I'm on my way.  
I could give you a ride.  
No, thanks. I just need a cab.  
Well, this time of night,  
this weather,  
you gonna wait around forever.  
Where'd you live?  
Across town.  
Well, I don't mind, really.  
I'm just wired from today,  
so I could use the drive,  
but, you know, whatever.  
I'll... I'll give you a ride.  
It's up here?  
It's down this road about...  
I don't know, three lights,

then turn right on Victory.  
It's a couple of miles  
out of town.  
You like your job?  
It wasn't a lifelong ambition,  
if that's what you're asking.  
I was just wonderin'.  
Pays the rent.  
Any news about Geraldo?  
TV guy?  
The storm.  
I've had other things  
on my mind.  
Just wondered whether  
it was coming in.  
Boy, it's funny sometimes...  
You get so wrapped up in a case  
you forget other things exist.  
Like what?  
Like storms.  
OK, now, at the end  
of the street, turn right.  
Turn right.  
Right here.  
Down the street or...?  
No, first house  
on the right-hand side.  
All right.  
What is it?  
That's my car.  
The one that was stolen?  
Maybe it wasn't stolen.  
What do you mean?  
You got a roommate?  
No, I live alone.  
Thanks again for the ride.  
What do you mean?  
You forget to lock it?  
You want me to come in?  
For what? I'm fine.  
Well, I'm comin' in.  
Hello?  
Another probable  
depression has developed...



They your car keys?  
Anybody home?  
Hello?  
So what did I walk into here?  
Jealous boyfriend? Ex-husband?  
Current husband?  
None of the above?  
My daddy.  
Your daddy? Your daddy stole  
your car? Broke into your house?  
Any particular reason?  
He's just not well.  
What's wrong with him?  
There's nothing wrong with him,  
I didn't say that.  
He just does weird  
shit sometimes.  
How long's this been goin' on?  
Hey, you know what?  
You gave me a ride, swell, but  
I don't wanna talk about this.  
Well, I think you should.  
What is it he's doin'?  
He follows me.  
You mean stalks you?  
What's that, the legal word?  
Yeah, it is.  
- Then that's it.  
- Why?  
I don't know,  
he's in this group.  
It's not religious, they don't  
believe the world's ending.  
They just got  
some strange ideas.  
Well, this is not  
rational behaviour.  
You gotta have somebody  
talk to him.  
You sound like  
everybody else here.  
Acting like it's so easy...  
I ain't sayin' it's easy,  
I'm just sayin' these

things escalate  
and easily become dangerous.  
You can make him get help.  
What do you mean?  
That if he's dangerous the state  
can make him get checked out.  
There's no money for that.  
There doesn't have to be money.  
You have an evaluation period.  
If he needs psychiatric help,  
the court can order it!  
Courts can do shit for me!  
Get him on Lithium, Prozac. All  
I'm saying is maybe that's...  
He ain't gonna get better!  
My daddy ain't gonna get better.  
I'm sorry, I...  
I didn't mean to upset you.  
It's all right.  
Am I in your spot?  
Oh, Jesus!  
Come on, LEEANNE.  
'Course I didn't forget.  
I'm sorry. I was not screwing  
around! I had a meeting!  
Why'd you always assume...?  
I'll be with you in 15 minutes.  
Yeah, I'm comin'.  
Dad! You're late! Again!  
I'm sorry, darlin'.  
How are ya?  
I'm sorry, Jeff.  
In we go. Squeeze up.  
There you go.  
- You look like shit.  
- LEEANNE!  
- Forgot to shave.  
- Don't start.  
Same shirt as last night,  
isn't it?  
We're good to go.  
Say goodbye to your mom.  
Bye-bye, angels.  
I love you both.

Listen, guys, I let go your hands, will you behave?

- Maybe!

- C'mon.

Listen, you want anything?

Just... Hey, listen.

You want one of these wheel things? OK, you choose one.

Can I have one of these...

I'll have two.

OK, listen, look at this.

What is this?

You wanna get over here?

Look at this guy, he's somethin' else, isn't he? Look at this.

Yeah?

Yeah, put him on.

Come on, Jack. Did I just step off the banana boat?

I don't give a rat's ass.

It's not even in the ball park.

Get outta here.

When you guys land back on Earth, give me a call.

Oh, yeah, and thank you.

Libby? Jeff!

Libby!

Jeff! Excuse me.

I thought I lost you guys.

It's starting again.

Well, where's the Benadryl?

Mom's got it.

It's the cats.

I thought you weren't supposed to play with cats?

I was just petting them.

I tried to warn him, but no-one listens to me.

I know that, honey.

Well, I guess we shouldn't tell your mom too much about this.

Why?

Well, we don't wanna upset her.

I don't like to lie.

You don't have to lie,  
but Jeff's still sneezing...

So?

Out you come.

I'm real sorry I was late.

- Love you.

- Love you too.

Mom, Dad took Jeff to the pets.

Take your Benadryl.

For God's sake, Rick.

What?

I've warned you about pet shops.

Leeanne, they were just there.

He's allergic to cats.

What?

Should I keep him on a leash?

Keep yourself on a leash.

Look at you.

- What?

- I can smell her on you.

Well, I can smell something  
on you, Leeanne.

Good morning, Cassandra.

Good afternoon.

I know. Hi, Konnie.

Mr Whittaker called.

Mr Howard rang again

for a response

on the Jensens case.

And Judge Russo asked  
about golf.

Tell Howard I haven't heard yet  
and make Russo sweat a little.

- And can I have some...

- What? What?

Coffee. Same shirt?

I didn't notice.

Jim, we haven't seen  
all we're gonna have.

A stationary front sits  
right on top of us.

All right, Konnie.

Thought you might be  
a little hungry.

A lot of food left over  
from last night.  
And Philip wants to talk  
when you get a chance.  
What we got here?  
Caviar House?  
Yeah, you catered last night  
for Dunson, Hess and Magruder,  
and, um, one of the caterers  
left a jacket,  
and I wanted  
to get it back to her.  
Sure. Do you have a name?  
No, I don't have a name.  
Uh, she was a girl, about 5'7",  
brunette and, um...  
We have a lot of people.  
You need Jerry.  
He's back tomorrow.  
Yeah, well,  
I agree with you on this one  
and I agree also that this case  
should never get to trial.  
I think we can achieve that.  
I appreciate your call.  
Thank you.  
You didn't even get her name.  
What?  
I'm simply curious.  
You just keep propositioning  
people until somebody says yes?  
Come on, Lois.  
Or was this another  
of your regular girls  
who have trouble with  
too many syllables?  
How many syllables do you need?  
Sign this for me.  
By the end of the day.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Thank you, Lois.  
You're welcome.  
Konnie,  
I'll be back in one hour.

What about...  
I'll call 'em later.  
Lois. So sorry for the delay.  
Have a nice day!  
Hello!  
Anybody home?  
Hello?  
Anybody home?  
Hello? Anybody home?  
Jesus!  
Konnie, get Clyde  
to meet me at the office.  
I'll explain when he gets there.  
OK, see you later.  
Hey, Cassandra.  
Where's Konnie?  
She's in with Lois.  
- Has Clyde Pell shown up?  
- No, sir.  
Cassandra, put your legs  
away and answer the phone.  
While you're here.  
Hey, Konnie?  
Where's Clyde Pell?  
I told you to get him right now.  
- I did.  
- So where is he?  
She's been waiting for you.  
I had to see you.  
I went to the house.  
I saw what he did.  
- Everything'll be all right.  
- Can I get anything?  
Get Lois. Clyde shows up,  
bring him right in.  
Son of a bitch.  
Hey.  
I liked that cat.  
I came home from work  
this afternoon and found him.  
I know, I know.  
I'm scared.  
No smokin' in here, right?  
Mr Pell, Mr Magruder's waiting.

How're you, sweet cheeks?  
You're lookin' fine.  
Thank you. Don't play  
with my phone. Go on in.  
I won't,  
if you don't play with my...  
Hey, remember me?  
Private dick?  
Don't touch me.  
Mr Magruder's waiting.  
I called half an hour ago.  
I know, my pager's on the fritz.  
- Hey, Rick.  
- Hey, Clyde.  
Thanks for comin'  
at short notice.  
Clyde Pell, this is, er...  
Doss. Mallory Doss.  
You know each other?  
- No.  
- Not exactly.  
What does that mean?  
Well, maybe she don't  
remember me.  
I investigated her father.  
Shoeless Joe, they call him.  
- For what?  
- I worked at the DA. Tax case.  
Some fringe group applied  
for religious exemption.  
Joe was up shit creek  
without a paddle.  
Excuse me, ma'am.  
Come on in, Lois.  
You know Clyde.  
Mallory Doss, Lois Harlan,  
one of my associates.  
- Hello.  
- Hi.  
Didn't you waitress  
at the party last night?  
That's right.  
Sit on down, Lois.  
You should hear this.

Mallory, why don't you tell them just what's been happening?

Well, my daddy's always been a bit different.

He dresses real strange and he don't wear any shoes, and doesn't get along with many people.

But lately things have got... He's threatenin' her, stalkin' her, breakin' into her house...

He stole my car a couple of times, and then my cat...

He strung up her cat.

Wow. No offence, ma'am, but he's always appeared a few beers shy of a six-pack.

Well, we should maybe ask some questions, just to help out.

You have any other family?

No. Momma died eight years ago.

Any brothers or sisters?

No.

Any of your father's family livin'?

Not that I know of.

Does your father have an attorney to handle his affairs?

No, Daddy hates attorneys.

He had one, but he went nuts and jumped out a window.

There's one with a conscience.

Well, we're gonna need someone.

We need someone to corroborate your father's behaviour, confirm he's been doing this stuff.

I don't know.

Pete, maybe.

Pete?

Peter Randle, my ex-husband.

Daddy put him in hospital once.

Why's that?



Because he drank out  
of Daddy's favourite cup.  
We'll need him to testify  
as to your father's behaviour  
when we get into court.  
Well, I don't know.  
We're not friends exactly.  
He swore he wouldn't piss on me  
if I was on fire.  
We'll talk to him.  
I think you should leave your  
house while this is going on.  
I don't have my things.  
Clyde'll drive you to get them,  
then to the Bayshore.  
- It's a nice quiet place.  
- Who'll pay?  
We will. We'll talk  
about it later, Lois.  
So you get Clyde some addresses,  
your father and ex-husband.  
Maybe some telephone numbers.  
And then I'll fill in Lois,  
and she'll be in touch.  
No, I thought  
you'd handle this?  
Lois is just gonna help out.  
It'll be OK, I promise.  
Clyde, you want to...?  
Yep. Yeah, you come on with me.  
Get her into Bayshore, OK?  
C'mon.  
I thought our firm didn't handle  
these kinds of cases.  
Cases where people need help?  
Ask me, it looks like  
she can help herself.  
A few others too.  
What's that mean, Lois?  
Nothing.  
It's just you don't know her.  
There may be...  
There's no other reason,  
no money.

She wants her father to get better. It'll take a week. Before you put him away, make sure he's nuts... You don't wanna do this, we can talk when it's done. I'll handle it, as long as you know what you're doing.

Hello?

Hey, Diane.

Rick Magruder for Judge Russo.

Hi, how are you?

I'm good, thank you.

Hold on while I get him for you.

- Roy Russo.

- What's the word?

Rick, you gotta give me another shot.

I'll give you another shot, you'll get your swing back. So what can I do for you? You mind givin' a subpoena commitment order a quick glance? What's the story?

Nothing earth-shattering, just some... nutty old man. Talk to you for a second?

Sir! Sir!

Looking for Dixon Doss.

Looking for Dixon Doss!

We're looking for Dixon Doss. He around?

- No.

- We got a warrant.

Looking for Dixon Doss!

Whoa, slow down!

Hey! You Dixon Doss?

We're looking for Dixon Doss.

Hey, you can't go anywhere. They gotta talk to you.

Hey, Officer! We got one here!

Anybody else back there?

- Anybody here?

- I'm not Dixon.

Get back there!  
Sir? Get that guy!  
Dixon Doss?  
Hey, hey! What's your name?  
Everybody out front!  
We're takin' IDs.  
Move it out.  
Pick it up! Come on!  
Let's go, guys, everybody out!  
Come on. Pick it up.  
You got some ID?  
Looking for Dixon Doss!  
Dixon Doss!  
Aw, c'mon, fellas!  
Where are your shoes, buddy?  
Officer!  
That's him!  
His old lady kicked it,  
coupla years back.  
Left him a few thousand  
acres of unimproved land.  
There's nothing there, right?  
Enough for your  
dry cleaning bill.  
- You seen my bill?  
- Yes, Giorgio.  
- Remember you saw the house?  
- I saw it.  
Land's got some cabins on it,  
but no water, no roads.  
Nothing adds up.  
It ain't even near anything.  
Tax rolls say it's...  
There... Around \$13 an acre.  
Speakin' of dollars...  
What?  
How's she making her retainer?  
- Where's the captain, buddy?  
- Right up there.  
Hey, tough guy.  
That one's called Ike.  
- He looks like the general.  
- No, like Ike and Tina.  
Still, looks like

he's been through a war.  
- Needs nine lives on this rig.  
- Yeah.  
If the machinery don't get 'em,  
the gearbox usually does.  
Grind a 200lb man into  
cheeseburger, let alone a cat.  
I'm looking for the captain,  
Peter Randle?  
Yeah, that'd be me.  
Oh, shit on my hands.  
Capitano. Busboy. Receptionist.  
You from Port Authority?  
No, I'm Rick Magruder.  
Attorney for your ex-wife.  
Bitch has had her  
last dime from me.  
It's not about that, Mr Randle.  
I'm here in the matter  
of her father.  
What? Something happen  
to that old shoeless fruitcake?  
I hope he croaked.  
Miss Doss wants him committed.  
He's become unstable.  
Become?  
He never had a stable day  
in his life.  
He's become dangerous  
to himself and his daughter.  
I understand  
he attacked you once?  
Ain't no big deal.  
That's not what I heard,  
Mr Randle.  
He put you in hospital.  
He what?  
We know that he put  
you in a hospital.  
I'd like you to testify, to help  
establish violent tendencies.  
You want me to help Mallory?  
That's the general idea, sir.  
That'll be a cold day in hell.

I wouldn't piss on her,  
if she was on fire.  
We're aware of your  
urinary problem, sir.  
Thing is...  
Mr Randle,  
I can force you to testify.  
You couldn't force me  
to do anything,  
except throw your sorry ass  
off this vessel.  
We can talk about that  
when you're subpoenaed.  
I'll look forward to seeing you  
in court, Mr Randle.  
All rise!  
All rise!  
Be seated, please.  
My calendar shows this  
is a competency hearing.  
Are we ready to proceed?  
Yes, Your Honour.  
Mr Cherry?  
Your Honour, I regret  
to inform you this late,  
but I've been discharged  
by Mr Doss.  
He wishes  
no legal representation.  
Is this so?  
You understand you're waiving  
your right to an attorney?  
Yes, sir.  
Since this isn't a criminal  
matter, I'll let it proceed.  
But please stand by, Mr Cherry.  
Yes, sir.  
- Mr Magruder?  
- Yes, Your Honour.  
We will prove the respondent  
is mentally incompetent,  
and call our first witness,  
Dr Bernice Sampson.  
Disoriented, certainly.

And showing distinct signs  
of paranoia as well.  
He was utterly uncooperative  
and given to violent outbursts.  
And your conclusions, Doctor?  
Judging from his behaviour  
I'd say Mr Doss suffers  
from rather acute schizophrenia.  
I recommend that he be committed  
to hospital for an evaluation.  
Unmedicated and untreated,  
he is volatile  
and possibly dangerous,  
- to himself and others.  
- Thank you, Doctor.

Any questions, Mr Doss?

Mr Cherry?

You may step down, Doctor.

Next witness, Mr Magruder.

Your Honour,

we call Mr Peter Randle,

who appears today

pursuant to a subpoena.

Noted.

Come forward, sir.

Raise your right hand.

Do you swear the evidence you  
give the court is the truth,  
the whole truth and nothing but  
the truth, so help you God?

- Yeah, OK.

- Have a seat.

Mr Randle, what is  
your relation to Mr Doss?

Oh, yeah, I used to be  
married to his daughter.

Is she here?

Please point her out.

That skinny girl over there.

Let the record show he indicated  
Mr Doss's daughter, Mallory.

Your marriage ended in divorce,  
I believe, sir.

Yeah.

During your marriage you made acquaintance with Mr Doss, and your relationship with him was turbulent, was it not?

Well, c'mon, you had fights with him. You had actual physical confrontations, didn't you?

Why?

Non-responsive, Your Honour.

Answer the question.

I don't remember.

Did you go to hospital after any of these incidents, Mr Randle?

May I remind you you're on oath?

No, I will.

Mr Randle, answer the question, or I'll hold you in contempt.

Punishable by a fine and up to 30 days in jail. Understood?

Yes, sir, but you can't prove I remember something I don't.

Let's see if you remember this, Mr Randle.

Is it true, as it says here, three years ago you were admitted to Savannah Memorial Hospital with concussion?

Yeah, I guess.

Well, I guess so too, sir.

It says here, on your medical record, that you were clubbed with a stick of firewood.

A stick of firewood, Mr Randle.

You remember that?

Yeah.

By whose hand, sir?

Doss.

Mr Doss. Counsel.

That kind of behaviour will not be allowed. Get them out!

We just won the case.

Mr Magruder, please continue.

Mr Randle, why did Mr Doss  
attack you with a stick?  
'Cause I drank out of his cup.  
'Cause you drank out of his cup.  
On March 17th the following year  
you received 22 stitches  
in your right arm.  
Mr Doss again, I believe?  
- Yeah.  
- That's all, Your Honour.  
If you have any defence,  
Mr Doss...  
Your Honour, nothin'  
this asshole said is true,  
but help me with this,  
will you, Your Honour?  
You arrest me, you arrest me  
based on her pack of lies.  
You appoint me a lawyer who's  
incompetent, inexperienced,  
he probably cheated his way  
through law school.  
On top of that, two doctors  
examine me, they come in,  
look at my eyes  
and then rush out.  
The first one wanted me to name  
the first five presidents.  
Can you do that, Judge?  
Let me hear you.  
Name the first five presidents  
of the United States.  
George Washington,  
Abraham Lincoln, John Kennedy...  
Mr Doss?  
Mr Doss! I don't answer  
questions, I ask them.  
They ought to ship  
you off for 90 days.  
This man's terrorised  
his own daughter.  
He needs treating.  
Simple as that.  
That's enough.



I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Mr Doss, please stand.  
Stand up.  
Yes, sir.  
After hearing the evidence here,  
I think it's best  
for you and all concerned  
that you be hospitalised,  
in Georgia Regional in Savannah  
for psychiatric examination.  
I order that you be  
admitted for that purpose.  
Come on, Mr Doss.  
You little bitch!  
Judge?  
Can I go?  
It's paying bills,  
checking investments,  
making sure he doesn't suffer  
financially in hospital.  
That's why they call it  
conservator.  
But can't you  
be the conservator?  
If I touch his money,  
he'll accuse me of stealing it.  
You have to,  
you're the next of kin.  
Besides, you need court approval  
for every penny spent.  
Oh, good.  
Anyway, they'll get your father  
on Lithium, treat him.  
In a few months  
he'll feel a lot better.  
Hey, easy, easy. Hey.  
It was a dream. I was dreaming.  
Was it him?  
It was him. It's always him.  
When I was a kid  
he used to tell me stories,  
and they became  
stranger and scarier.  
He'd come into my room

and sit on my bed and he'd...  
There was one...  
The one about  
the Gingerbread Man.  
A lonely old man and woman  
who lived in the woods.  
They had no children,  
so she decides  
to bake a gingerbread man.  
And when he comes out  
the oven he's alive.  
And he runs out of the house,  
and past the cow,  
past the horse, past men  
who all want to eat him up.  
But he keeps  
runnin' and yellin',  
"Run, run as fast as you can,  
you can't catch me,  
"I'm the Gingerbread Man."  
That's it.  
And he grew very proud,  
because he thought  
no-one would ever catch him.  
Until one day,  
he came upon a river,  
which he couldn't cross, or he'd  
break into little pieces.  
So he lets this fox,  
who promises not to eat him,  
carry him across on his back.  
Only, just before  
they reach the other side,  
the fox snaps his head back,  
and swallows him whole.  
My daddy used to warn me,  
it was just as easy  
for little children to disappear  
as it was for gingerbread men.  
Now, is somebody gonna help me  
with this food here?  
Is anyone gonna  
help me carry this?  
I'm gonna catch you!

C'mon! Don't stop! Don't stop!  
You gonna give me a hand here?  
OK, last one there  
gets no food!  
Who wants to eat? Am I gonna  
be carryin' this stuff all day?  
You want some food?  
OK, what did we order?  
- Mashed potatoes.  
- I get the chicken.  
You order chicken, you get  
chicken.  
Macaroni cheese,  
you get macaroni cheese.  
Listen, I just saw  
someone from work.  
You lay this stuff out.  
I'll be right back.  
Well...  
Fancy meetin' you here.  
It's a sign.  
- Hey.  
- How are you?  
OK. Cute kids.  
You wanna come meet 'em?  
You sure it's a good idea?  
I think it's a good idea.  
- OK.  
- Come on.  
Libby and Jeff.  
Or Leffy and Jib.  
Whatever you want.  
Or Leffy and Jib.  
You'll endear yourself  
by calling them different names.  
What's for lunch?  
We got everything you can get.  
Hey, guys! Here's somebody  
I know. Say hello to her.  
Libby, say hello to Mallory.  
Jeff, say hello to Mallory.  
Shake hands.  
I'm Jeff, I'm a lovely person  
with a fabulous dad.

- Come and sit down.

- In your dreams!

My dreams? In your dreams!

Come and eat.

Hi, there.

- OK, so...

- Hi, Rick!

You tell him we're comin' here?

No. Did you tell him

we were going?

Guys, lay this stuff out

and help yourselves.

I'll be right back.

How'd you know to come here?

That's my profession. I gotta

tell you something quick.

What's the matter?

I don't want to panic Miss Doss,

but her old man didn't like

his new address.

What?

Some wingnuts from the group

broke into the hospital,

busted him out somehow.

Staff put someone in his room

by mistake.

Didn't even know till today.

- Son of a bitch.

- Don't freak, but...

- I'd keep an eye on her.

- Sure. Thanks.

Listen, do me a favour?

Take the kids home?

Leeanne's back soon.

Don't tell her what's goin' on.

Say I got tied up.

Hey, guys!

Clyde's gonna give you a ride!

...It's not much comfort.

Introducing

the Norelco reflex...

...Has become Hurricane Geraldo,

and is...

...Scared and anxious

for no real reason?  
Sorry, LEEANNE,  
this is real important.  
I promise, if it wasn't an  
emergency, I wouldn't do it.  
Come on, you know Clyde, the  
kids are comfortable with him.  
I just don't like him.  
Never have.  
The guy hung around  
here for an hour.  
Then he asked for a drink.  
He was flirtin' with me too.  
- Well...  
- I don't trust him.  
He did me a favour  
droppin' off the kids,  
and he's gone now, so let it go.  
I don't want that drunk  
hangin' round my children.  
Would you mind  
if I call you later?  
As a matter of fact, I would.  
Well...  
I'll give you a call later.  
I'm sorry.  
Rick, wait.  
I was scared. Clyde said  
if I had one I should carry it.  
Take it.  
What is it?  
They left it on the steps.  
Get your things.  
Where we goin'?  
Just get your bag.  
Let's get out!  
Where are we headed?  
To get some help.  
But we weren't  
even in there very long.  
Then we got the picture  
and then the car blew up.  
Did the doorbell ring  
or just a knock?

Why?

Helps with the profile.

Certain criminals knock,  
others ring doorbells.

You understand?

This guy is dangerous.

Probably why

he's a called a criminal.

Savannah Police Department,  
Eleventh Precinct.

Oh, hi, baby. How you doing?

What?

Can I have some help here? Hal!

You can't go in there!

Goddamit, Hal!

- What are you doing, Magruder?

- I know what they're up to.

If someone doesn't do something,  
I'll make problems.

We got a problem. You.

You got no manners.

This place is full of guys  
fed up bustin' their chops,  
bringin' in scumbags,  
ones who shoot cops,  
so some champion of civil rights  
like you can get 'em off.

If you want to complain,  
do it at the desk.

Get out of my office.

Have a nice day.

You got a car fire?

Call the fire department.

Lois!

Lois! It's Rick!

Lois!

I'm sorry, Lois. Her old man  
flipped again real bad.

Cops didn't wanna know.

I thought it was a good idea.

To bring her here?

- Just tonight.

- Then?

I don't know. While

he's loose she's in danger.

Why are you in charge?

She needs help.

Nobody else is...

- I paged Clyde to call here.

- Hello?

Hello? Lois?

Hi, gorgeous.

Let me talk to Boss Man.

Hold on a second, Clyde.

Clyde, where are you?

I'm at Huey's,

watchin' the storm.

How long you been there?

Two, three hours.

What's goin' on, anyway?

Somebody torched Mallory's car.

Jesus H. Christ.

Well, anybody see anything?

No. It was so fast.

- What should I do?

- When can you be here?

- Where are you?

- At Lois's.

Damn! Sorry, man, I'm a little  
blown away and a little toasted.

Give me the address,

I'll pop over in a minute.

I'll wake up.

Forget it. Go home.

Get sober. Get some sleep. Meet  
me at eight tomorrow morning.

- Sure thing, boss.

- Yeah. Bye.

Clyde's gonna come by tomorrow  
while we go to the office.

Right. What about tonight?

We'll stay here.

We just have to decide  
who sleeps with who.

The last hurricane was David,  
a minor hurricane.

The Savannah Storm will monitor all the action  
and keep you posted on how

to prepare for the worst.  
Still to come on ABC Savannah...  
I'll call Clyde,  
figure out when they're leaving.  
I appreciate that.  
And thanks for last night.  
Anything good today?  
I'm sure last night was better.  
Your only exercise  
is jumping to conclusions.  
Lois! You wanna do  
this Whittaker thing today?  
That'd be great.  
You get lucky last night,  
Konnie?  
No, I'm not very lucky, sir.  
I don't know,  
you still got your job.  
Lighten up, Konnie.  
You were being a smart ass!  
Hey, what's seven letters  
for unnerves?  
Should I get this?  
Blank, blank, T.  
Maybe another T in there.  
Ah, "Rattles".  
Yeah, hello?  
Clyde, it's Rick.  
What's goin' on?  
Is Mallory there?  
'Course. She's fixin' breakfast.  
- Wanna put her on?  
- OK, hold on.  
Guess who?  
Hello?  
Hey, how you feeling?  
I don't know. Little better.  
Any news?  
Nothin' yet,  
but they'll find him.  
Everything goin' OK with Clyde?  
Sure.  
- Er, can I call you back?  
- All right.



What's that?  
Oh, my God.  
Hello?  
Er, yeah, Betty,  
is LEEANNE there?  
No, sir, they went to Nashville  
for a couple of days.  
Yeah, I forgot. Uh...  
Where exactly are the kids now?  
In school.  
Is everything all right?  
Yeah. I'll call back later.  
Cancel this Whittaker thing  
and call Clyde,  
tell him what's happening.  
Jesus, Rick!  
What are you doing?  
These are my kids, Lois.  
Maybe he's just scaring you...  
Well, he's done a good job!  
I'm Richard Magruder.  
I need to take my kids out,  
right now.  
What's the problem, sir?  
Let me sign what I need to.  
I'm in a hurry.  
Can you let me know which  
classroom they're in, please?  
I gotta get moving,  
could you...?  
I'm sorry, sir. I need their  
mother's authorisation.  
I appreciate that,  
but I think they're in danger.  
- What's up here?  
- I can't talk about this.  
Tell me where they are.  
I'll get 'em.  
I'm sorry, but our rules  
in such cases...  
You don't understand.  
We'll talk later.  
Mr Magruder!  
Call Mr Pitney.

- Libby!  
- Mr Magruder...  
Jeff!  
Stop, or we'll call  
the authorities!  
Miss Hamrick, call the police!  
- Mr Magruder.  
- Put this on, honey.  
- Tell me where your brother is.  
- You're having a bad divorce.  
Hey, Jeff! Jeff, there he is.  
- Jeff!  
- How are you?  
We're goin' on a trip.  
I can't talk now.  
I'll call you. I'm an attorney.  
All right, settle down...  
Don't do that!  
He's OK, he's OK.  
He's OK. Let's go.  
OK, strap up!  
Now, everything's  
gonna be OK, all right?  
- You're not missing anything?  
- Yes, I am.  
Miss Hamilton was  
giving me a bird test.  
I thought you  
didn't like birds? Jeff?  
- I skip math!  
- Well, that's good, isn't it?  
You shouldn't sound so pleased,  
don't tell your mom that.  
Why'd they call the police, Dad?  
And why did Mr Pitney  
try to hit you?  
They thought I wasn't your dad.  
They have to look out  
for strangers.  
Is something wrong with Mom?  
There's nothing wrong  
with Mom, honey.  
Then what's going on?  
Er, we're just goin'

on a trip, darling.  
Will you stop talking  
like I'm Jeff's age!  
What's wrong with my age?  
I know something's goin' on.  
It's your grandmother,  
she's just a little sick.  
- Cancer or heart attack?  
- What?  
She's just got a little flu,  
24-hour stomach flu.  
She'll be fine,  
once we get there.  
Then why are we going?  
Hey, why don't you two  
concentrate on navigating?  
Dad, was that judo  
you used on Mr Pitney?  
Yeah... that was kind of judo.  
Come on.  
OK, you wanna get some candy?  
Let me give you some...  
watch the puddle.  
OK, OK, what do you want?  
OK, I'll give you both one.  
You want to fill her up, please?  
Hey, Clyde?  
Rick. What's goin' on?  
Nothin', man.  
Police don't know nothin'.  
Are they looking?  
He's under a court order.  
He bust out, blew up a car,  
threatened my kids.  
The cops are pretty hacked off  
at you right now.  
Get on it, Clyde!  
It's your job to.  
How am I supposed to? I'm here  
babysitting Pandora, man.  
All right, leave her.  
She's probably safe there.  
I'll figure it out.  
Leeanne got a call from school,

she about blew her lid.  
You know there's a warrant  
out for your arrest?  
- For what?  
- For what?!

Popping that janitor.  
He's filed for assault.  
I'm not dealing with that  
till the cops put Doss away.  
This is about  
my kids now, Clyde.  
Nobody's gonna harm  
either of them!  
Now, you find Doss! I wanna hear  
the door slam before I hang up!  
- All right.  
- Put Mallory on.  
He wants to talk to you.  
Here's Nervous Nellie himself.  
All right, I'm gone, Rick!  
- Rick, hi.  
- Mallory.  
L... I never meant for you  
to get involved like this.  
It's not your fault.  
We have to deal with it now.  
Where are you?  
I'm on the road.  
Better if no-one knows.  
All right. I understand.  
How are the kids?  
They're fine. I don't think they  
know what's going on.  
L... I don't think you should  
be left on your own.  
I think you've gotta  
come with us,  
if you don't mind.  
All right. Whatever you say.  
OK, listen. Take the Greyhound  
to Stillwell, off the 25.

**Get a bus at 6:**

I'll see you at eight.

Now, whatever,  
you wait there for me.  
- What about Clyde?  
- Hasn't he gone?  
You on a cellular,  
dumb shit?  
I thought you'd gone?  
You know  
a cellular gives a signal?  
Get rid of it,  
use a hard line.  
Yeah. Will you get movin'?  
Calm your liver.  
Hello? Hello?  
- Rick?  
- Mallory?  
- Yeah.  
- Is he gone?  
Yeah.  
I better hang up.  
Don't... Don't miss that bus.  
I won't.  
Libby, Jeff! Let's get movin'!  
Let's get movin' now!  
OK, you strap up, there.  
Goin' far, pal?  
I'm getting out of town.  
Been in these storms before.  
Yeah, looks big.  
Well, y'all have a nice trip.  
Hey, it's room service!  
You going to let Daddy in here?  
Thank you.  
All right, we have food!  
Food comin' your way.  
Where's the pizza?  
They didn't have pizza.  
Let's enjoy this.  
I'm gonna telephone  
your Mommy, OK?  
You stay here, enjoy this. This  
is good food, you'll love it.  
What the hell do you mean,  
everything's all right?

I mean, you kidnap my kids,  
then you punched out a janitor!  
And now there's a maniac  
after my children!  
That's why I have 'em,  
they're safe.  
God damn you, Rick!  
Bring them home!  
I can't, LEEANNE.  
Not now, not yet.  
Why the hell not?  
Whether this creep's serious  
or not, I don't know,  
but I'm sure as hell  
not taking chances.  
I... LEEANNE, I should go now.  
I'm going to the police.  
There's a warrant out for you.  
This creep's loose and  
there's a warrant out on me?!  
I don't care. You made that bed.  
I just want my children back.  
As soon as the guy's put away,  
we'll come home, I promise.  
Until then,  
it's not safe. I gotta...  
LIBBY! JEFF!  
LIBBY! JEFF!  
LIBBY! JEFF!  
- What is it?  
- He's got my kids.  
Somebody got in the room.  
Where would he go? Think!  
Move the car!  
You hired me to watch her. Now  
she's meeting you? I'm clueless.  
Move the car. DOSS has my kids!  
What? How?  
Somebody must've been  
following me.  
- See him?  
- No!  
Maybe it was his guys.  
Let's find him.

I got a lead they might  
be in his compound.  
- You know it?  
- His old hunting place.  
- Know where?  
- I'll try!  
You go to the police. Meet us at  
the compound! Move!  
Careful. That old man's crazy!  
Run my ass over, too!  
Put your belt on.  
I was just on the phone.  
It wasn't your fault.  
- If anything happens...  
- Take this road.  
- I'm not sure.  
- Remember!  
- I'm trying!  
- Think!  
- I don't remember!  
- Left or right? Think!  
Is it left or right, goddamit?  
I don't know!  
Left, I think.  
Back at that tree.  
That's his car.  
What're you gonna do?  
You better wait here.  
You're trespassin', lawyer boy.  
You're trespassin'.  
Give me my kids.  
You're trespassin'.  
Give me my kids,  
you son of a bitch!  
The kids. They've got the kids!  
They're safe.  
Your kids are safe.  
Drop the gun!  
The kids are safe?  
They're at the station,  
not a scratch on 'em.  
Will you give me the gun, now?  
Throw the gun down!  
Throw it down, Clyde.

I killed Doss.  
Step over here!  
Now!  
- Slow down!  
- How far?  
All right, come on, Bill!  
Your kids  
are at the station, Rick.  
We dropped them off.  
Get me the Fire Department.  
Send an ambulance.  
I need back-up.  
Get your hands up!  
Lady, get your hands up!  
Step around to the front!  
Move!  
Put your hands on the hood!  
It's all right, ma'am.  
Easy, Bill.  
I know this lady.  
- Let us do our job.  
- I am...  
She's good people, man.  
Be nice to her.  
Step back!  
It's all right, ma'am.  
Who started this party?  
I don't know.  
When they saw he was dead they  
just started burning everything.  
Just burning everything.  
It's all right, I just wanna ask  
you some questions.  
Careful with this guy,  
he's a lawyer.  
He'll put you away first.  
All right, boss?  
Self-defence?  
See you at the station.  
He lifted  
the gun and started to shoot.  
You were trespassing  
and the daughter said  
he fired in the air.



If I waited to see where  
he fired, I'd be dead.  
I thought my kids  
were in danger.  
But they weren't.  
The Founding Fathers established  
the right to protect oneself,  
by force if necessary.  
Even from lawyers.  
And I don't have the right  
to protect my kids?  
They were found here,  
safe and sound,  
minutes after you called me.  
Somebody took 'em  
and dropped 'em off.  
They said so themselves.  
That's right, somebody.  
Some tall guy with a beard  
and dirty clothes.  
I could spit outside  
and hit nine just like that.  
Isn't that  
a little strange, sir?  
You tell me.  
Excuse me,  
could I see Mr Magruder's kids?  
Either it was Doss  
or one of his group.  
They were in on this,  
broke him out of state hospital.  
That doesn't carry  
the death penalty.  
Doss came at me  
with a 12-gauge shotgun.  
So you thought you had to  
protect yourself?  
Yes, I did, sir.  
But y'all never gave that  
courtesy to Officer Watson,  
down in Jacksonville, did you?  
You put him on the stand.  
He was just protecting himself.  
You punched holes the size of

cow chips in a 20-year career.  
You got yourself in a whole  
bucket of shit here, Magruder.  
And if I were you,  
I'd find myself a good lawyer.  
I wanna see my kids.  
My children? Are they all right?  
Yeah, they're fine, they're OK.  
Thanks, Lois.  
Mommy!  
OK, kids, it's all right.  
Tell you what, how about  
I take you guys to the car...  
Don't tell my kids what to do.  
I'm trying to help.  
Can I talk to you, Rick?  
The last thing you've ever been  
is a father.  
And if you can't keep them safe,  
I'll fight tooth and nail for  
full custody with no visitation.  
Don't do that, LEEANNE.  
Please don't do that.  
And do me a favour.  
Keep your white trash tramps  
away from my children.  
And that drunk pervert too.  
Let's go home, honey.  
Wave to your daddy.  
Bye, Daddy!  
I'll have to impound the car.  
You didn't actually see those  
kids get in that car, did you?  
I don't know. I thought I did.  
I just saw everybody running.  
It doesn't make sense.  
What's that?  
Why Doss would take my kids,  
then release them after an hour.  
He wasn't after them,  
just wanted to use them as bait.  
To get me on his property?  
Yeah, and kill you.  
With your kids' there,

you're a loose cannon.  
Then he drops them  
at the police station?  
Makes kidnapping charges  
harder to press,  
and he's got you trespassin'.  
How could I find him?  
Those cabins were up five miles  
of unmarked dirt road.  
Me.  
He didn't know you'd come.  
The kids were taken  
before you arrived.  
Probably figured you'd call and  
she'd tell you the way.  
Yeah, Daddy didn't figure  
I'd be with you.  
And when he saw me he hesitated.  
That's when you shot him.  
We've got something.  
- What'd you get?  
- A box of some kind.  
Well, Rick, on the good side,  
under these circumstances,  
you might not have  
to do any hard time.  
Say that again?  
If things go right  
you won't go to prison.  
So what's the bad side?  
Well, even without  
serving any time  
you're probably  
looking at disbarment.  
- You serious?  
- I'm serious.  
Listen, counsellor, you don't  
understand the gravity of this.  
I understand it, sir.  
Listen to me.  
You don't understand it.  
Right here,  
under standard 66...  
I know about standard 66.

Even if you plead no contest  
and serve no time,  
you can still be disbarred.  
I don't believe this!  
He kidnapped my children!  
Wait a minute!  
You violated the court order  
by taking your own children.  
Have you lost your minds?  
Wait, let me clean it off first.  
It's a metal box.  
There's no evidence connecting  
Doss to those photos.  
- We gotta have something.  
- Or that he had the kids.  
It was someone  
they can't identify.  
Here's how they'll present it.  
You put him away...  
I was set up! Got that? Set up!  
You went to his property with a  
loaded weapon and you shot him.  
If that weren't enough...  
Yeah, what?  
That daughter is your client,  
who, rumour has it,  
you're sleeping with.  
Normally, it wouldn't  
be my business...  
It isn't, counsellor.  
But I'm obligated to tell you...  
- You're not!  
...it'll raise eyebrows.  
Can you open it  
while I photograph?  
Everything was charred up, Rick.  
All I could see  
was probably Doss's...  
If there's a copy of the will,  
there may be an original.  
This is Georgia,  
they're held privately.  
Who else might have one?  
- County?

- That'll take forever.  
His attorney committed suicide  
a while back.  
It's a long shot, Lois.  
He could've kept a copy.  
What's that gonna tell us? He  
had that old house, some land...  
We need something.  
When's his hearing?  
- Tomorrow.  
- Who's presiding?  
- Judge Cooper.  
- OK, do it quietly.  
We need more time before  
we hand over...  
- What should I do?  
- Check anywhere they lived.  
- For what?  
- I don't know!  
But Doss was a hunter, right?  
He had a clean shot at me.  
So how come I'm not dead?  
Your land  
didn't register as much,  
because there's nothing  
really taxable on it.  
No roads, improvements,  
limited access.  
Yeah, we know  
what's on the tax books.  
I don't get this.  
What... exactly is this worth?  
The land? Not much.  
- But the timber...  
- Yeah?  
On this 2,000 acres  
is 15 acres of Black Walnut.  
But they can't tax it  
until it's cut down for income.  
Black Walnut? Isn't that rare?  
- And very valuable.  
- How valuable?  
Well, depending upon  
the density and the quality,

between 10 and 15  
million dollars.

Counsellor, it's very  
difficult to believe  
that a man with these assets  
had no will.

No documentation. Nothing. Nada.

Your Honour, the late  
Mr Doss was mentally ill.

And had a fear of attorneys.

Don't we all.

Miss Doss, in the circumstances  
I'm compelled by the law  
to appoint you as administratrix  
of your daddy's estate.

Only, before I do so I would  
like a full search and inventory  
of all his assets and papers  
filed with this court  
within 30 days.

Do you understand?

Yes, Your Honour.

Court's adjourned.

See you later.

Rick...

Mallory?

What's going on?

What do you mean?

You didn't know  
about those trees?

No, I don't care what they're  
worth. I don't want any of it.

I'm supposed to buy that?

I don't care what you buy  
or don't buy, Rick.

But I'll tell you, I hope  
there is a will somewhere,  
and he left the whole thing  
to those hillbillies.

If not,

you'll always have  
that choice, won't you?

Good evening,

I'm Natalie Kendricks.

Geraldo, the category three hurricane, is coming back. Storm trackers believe Geraldo is aimed right at us. If it continues on its current path, Savannah is the bullseye. Yeah, hello? Yeah, Magruder. You sittin' down, partner? Why? I was at County, runnin' a cross ref on the old man, and boop! Daughter's name's on a marriage certificate from South Carolina. Well, turns out your girlfriend and Pete Randle? They aren't exactly husband and ex-wife. What are you saying? What does it sound like I'm saying? They never divorced. Never even filed for divorce. They're as married as can be. Whatever's hers, is his. Line's goin'. You there? Rick? Yeah. Yeah, I'm here. Where are you now? Huey's Bar, right? You know it. How long to get to Mallory's? With the rain? 20 minutes. I'm heading over to Huey's. In 45 minutes, I'll call Mallory with the good news.

- Good news?
- We found the will.

Wait, I'm behind here, man. Bait, Clyde. Let's see what we hook. Go to Mallory's. Park outside and wait. OK.

She'll go driving after I talk  
to her. Follow her and call me.  
All right, Boss Man.  
Hey, Robin?  
Robin, I gotta go work, OK?  
You got that \$20?  
- Yeah.  
- OK, pay the bill.  
See you later.  
Love you, love you.  
Love you.  
He ain't comin' back!  
Death and debris.  
Geraldo is here.  
This was the Georgia coast  
earlier today...  
Hello?  
Mallory, it's Rick.  
I want to apologise.  
It was wrong what I said,  
I'm real sorry.  
What do you mean?  
We found the will. We haven't  
had time to go into the details,  
but you got your wish. Your dad  
left everything to the group.  
You there, Mallory?  
That's great.  
I can get you the paperwork...  
The cellular unit  
you called is not responding.  
- Hang up and try again.  
- What?  
And those on the streets  
right now need to seek shelter.  
Thanks.  
What time is it, Sara?  
It is too dangerous  
to be out on the roads.  
Sara?  
Give me that phone again.  
It's too dangerous  
for any of us to be out.  
Power has gone out



in most of the downtown area.  
It's far too dangerous  
to be out.  
Clyde!  
Hello?  
Lois?  
Rick! Thank God it's you.  
Listen, we found a copy  
of the will in Effingham.  
We should've started there.  
And?  
Hello?  
Hello, Lois!  
I thought I lost you.  
Lois, what else you got?  
It's all hers, Rick.  
He left her everything.  
And his!  
What's that?  
And his too!  
Listen,  
keep trying to get Clyde.  
Try his cellular,  
I'll call you later!  
- OK.  
- OK, bye, Lois.  
Come on. Come on, Clyde.  
OK, answer. Come on,  
Clyde, where are you?  
Come on, Clyde.  
Wherever you are now,  
stay there!  
That was a good shot.  
I had to. He'd have killed you.  
Lucky for me,  
you know how to shoot  
these things off.  
What do you do? We need help.  
Two guys are dead.  
Whatever you thought about  
your father, you were wrong.  
He left you everything.  
You would've had it all.  
That's a lie.

You son of a bitch,  
you lied to me!  
Bastard!  
Let me out of here!  
You know, Mac,  
it's a pretty lousy offer.  
Five years, lose your licence  
to practise. Community service.  
I'm not risking a trial.  
I've the kids to think about.  
Community service  
never hurt anybody.  
You were used, we've proof.  
Any way you cut it,  
I killed Doss. There's proof.  
You thought he'd  
kidnapped your kids.  
Yeah, but he didn't.  
You haven't lost  
in eight years, Rick.  
Well, maybe it's time I did.