

EDWIN

--John. Jesus. It's been--

JOHN

--Months. I know. Don't take it personal, I barely talk to my own kid these days--

EDWIN

--How did you find me?

JOHN

Mondays it's The Frolic Room,  
Tuesdays and Thursdays are at  
McMurry's, Wednesdays and Fridays,  
Rosa's. Schedule hasn't changed in  
two years, has it?

Edwin can't disagree. But God, it sounds bad when it's laid out like that...

JOHN (CONT'D)

I didn't want to reach out til I  
had something solid--

EDWIN

--is this about Eileen?

JOHN

(beat)

I can't get into it right now. But  
we should meet. Down by the river,  
like last time. Friday.

EDWIN

--wait, just tell me if she's--

JOHN

--I'm sorry, I gotta go.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Edwin slowly sets down the receiver. The call has clearly shaken him. Off Edwin, his mind somewhere very far away--

AUDIO PRE-LAP: A Woman's voice filtered through a radio--

WOMAN ON RADIO (O.S.)

*...No...please Walter...don't make  
me stay in this prison.*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

A CAR whizzes down a road high up in the hills. A spectacular view of the city below.