

ACT TWO.

EXT. VAUGHAN ESTATE - DUSK

A large, contemporary-design home that exudes money and taste. Many windows and spacious, clean, white walls. And yet, it looks comfortable and lived in, as if it were just photographed for some home design magazine.

Into the long, curving driveway, pulls Hanover's AMC Hornet. The rear wheel shows some wear from the recent boot removal.

INT. VAUGHAN FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Loud, bothersome knocks on the door. A pause. Again.

CHARLOTTE VAUGHAN, in her late thirties, comes to the door wearing a robe, pulling a bathing cap off her head. Long locks of shiny auburn hair spill out. She's very beautiful though something about her betrays a melancholy.

The door opens and Hanover stands there, pulling a rumpled blazer over his wrinkled shirt, a file folder tucked between his knees. He looks up after a beat. A charming-ish smile.

HANOVER

Hey, uh, Don Hanover, from
Butterfield. Looking for...
(consulting the file)
Mrs. Vaughan. My special detective
powers are telling me that's you.

CHARLOTTE

Well, they said they'd send the
best.

Hanover laughs a bit.

HANOVER

Caught you in the bath?

CHARLOTTE

No, the pool. Please, come in.

HANOVER

I didn't bring my trunks.

Charlotte cocks her head slightly, laughs a bit -- maybe blushes? -- and ushers him in.

INT. VAUGHAN SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's very clean and well-ordered. Excruciatingly so.

Charlotte leads Hanover into a sitting room and gestures to a sofa. He doesn't sit down. He drops the file folder on a table and wanders around the room instead, looking it over.

On one wall is a large, mounted photograph of Mrs. Vaughan with her husband taken a few years previous.

CHARLOTTE

Do you mind waiting in here just a few moments, uh, Mr...?

HANOVER

Hanover.

CHARLOTTE

Hanover, yes. I'll be right back, I'm just going to change.

HANOVER

Sure thing.

He lifts a globe off the end table and looks at it.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Give me a chance to catch up on my geography. Ah! Madagascar. Right where I left it.

Charlotte takes a beat to be amused by this strange person, smiles warmly and walks out the door, closing it behind her.

Hanover puts the globe back down -- on a different table -- and strolls around, dragging a fingertip across some shelves. He checks for dust. NONE. Impressed.

He goes to a window and looks out on the expansive backyard. There's just enough sunlight left in the day to paint the whole picture in vivid colors.

Just as he's about to turn back to the room, a flash of speckled gray movement outside the window catches his eye.

IT'S THE CAT! HOLY WHAT THE HECK!

Hanover looks to the door. Still closed. No movement. Good.

He struggles with the window, pushing it open.

EXT. VAUGHAN ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Hanover hangs out the ground floor window trying to attract the cat with whistles and kisses.

HANOVER
Princess! Come here Princess! Kitty
kitty kitty kitty!

The cat, curious, comes over and sniffs at his fingers. Hanover scoops the cat up and pulls it into the room.

INT. VAUGHAN SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Vaughan hasn't returned yet. Hanover puts the cat under one arm and closes the window with the other. He beams with self-satisfaction. This has worked out amazingly well.

He walks across the room, trying to find the perfect place to stand. He tries holding the cat in different poses. He ultimately decides to position himself next to a couch so that the cat, out of immediate view, is resting on top of a small bookcase, but restrained by his hand.

The cat doesn't seem to mind. It's cool.

Hanover adopts a casual, friendly expression.

A few awkward moments pass. Hanover and the cat. Just hanging out, waiting.

Another moment.

Finally, the door opens and Charlotte enters. She has changed into a casual sweater and slacks. Elegant and lovely.

Hanover bows his head slightly and proudly raises the cat into view.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, Thomas!
(to the cat, playfully)
You're not allowed inside!

She takes Thomas from a confused Hanover, opens the window and pushes the cat through.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Out you go.
(back to Hanover)
He's a stray. Very clever. It's not
the first time he's gotten in.

HANOVER

Ah, yeah, I could tell he was a
little bit... out of place here.

As Charlotte closes the window, Hanover picks up his folder and opens it surreptitiously to examine the photo of Princess. Thomas and her don't really look very much alike.

Charlotte turns and notices the globe misplaced. A bit annoyed, she returns it to its rightful perch.