

# EXHIBIT 2



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Transience

by

Stevan Mena

Registered WGAE  
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**Transience** n 1: an impermanence that suggests the inevitability of ending or dying: the attribute of being brief or fleeting.

ON BLACK:

A tiny circle of LIGHT appears. It grows as it moves towards us, or as we move towards it, dancing, spiraling.

We HEAR COMMOTION, muffled, distant.

PARAMEDIC  
Blood pressures dropping.

PARAMEDIC 2  
We're losing him.

The circle of light fills the screen.

PARAMEDIC  
Pulse rate?

PARAMEDIC 2  
We're losing him!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(in our ear, softly)  
There's a reason...

We pass through the light--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- DAY

A yellow kite floats in the blue sky, high above. It passes in front of the sun and disappears in the glare.

We move through tall grass. The kite spirals downward and CRASHES into the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER -- CONTINUOUS

CARL ROSA, 43, eyes red and sunken from no sleep, hands out flyers to passers by. We look over one woman's shoulder as she reads it. It's a missing persons flyer for his daughter, ANGELINA, 19, beautiful.

CARL ROSA  
Her name's Angelina. Please, if you see her...

INT. PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Detective Jack Ridge's office door. We move inside.

Sitting at his desk, slumped over from exhaustion is JACK RIDGE, 49, sickly looking, pale, a deep gravel voice.

He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. On his desk we see crime scene photographs of young girls, not for the squeamish. Also prominently placed in his line of sight is a photograph of ANGELINA ROSA.

We circle in front of Jack, revealing a figure standing in the doorway.

JOHN HARRINGTON, 31, muscular, sharply dressed. Went right from high school football to law enforcement.

HARRINGTON

You look terrible. Why don't you go home and get some rest?

JACK

What's the date?

HARRINGTON

5th.  
(looking at watch)  
...6th.

We get a good look at Jack's pasty complexion, the thinness in his jaw, the dark circles under his eyes. He does look terrible.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

No matches on the DNA search, at least she's not a Jane Doe somewhere.

Harrington approaches Jack's desk.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

This came back from Ann Arbor. 19, Hispanic, no leads. Similar MO.

He drops it on Jack's desk.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I didn't read through it yet. Tomorrow.

Harrington checks his watch again, rubs his tired neck.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I can't even keep my eyes open.

Jack opens the folder and slides out the report.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

She's not wandering around with amnesia from a bump on the head, Jack. She's gone.

Jack slides the picture of Angelina into Harrington's line of sight.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I got 3 of my own.

Harrington moves to the door.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

...No one will ever accuse you of not giving your best, Jack.

Harrington exits. Jack turns his attention up towards a MAP on the wall. A pain causes him to sit up straight. He opens a pill bottle and pops two, washing them down with club soda.

A beat, then the door OPENS again.

Harrington re-enters. He lumbers over, snatches the new case file from Jack and sits down to read it.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

(guilty)  
Asshole...

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE, WAITING ROOM -- DAY

REBECCA LOWELL, 9, pretty, piercing eyes, sits on a bench, drawing skillfully on a pad. Dark circles under her eyes.

A SECRETARY, 30, types behind a computer desk.

SECRETARY

Would you like some candy?

REBECCA

No thank you.

We see Rebecca is drawing a sketch of the secretary. It is INCREDIBLY DETAILED, she is an artist WAY beyond her years.

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE, DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

LAURA LOWELL, 28, attractive, soft features which are beginning to show premature signs of age from too much smoking and stress, sits in a chair opposite DOCTOR LEONARD HELLERMAN, 55, gray, distinguished.

LEONARD

I think terminating Rebecca's sessions now would be a mistake. In fact, I was going to recommend you bring her in twice a week.

LAURA

I just don't think this is helping.

LEONARD

The regressive therapy is working, I think we're close to a breakthrough.

LAURA

I haven't slept in days, I'm up every night with her now.

LEONARD

Have you been giving her the medication I prescribed?

LAURA

(no)  
She's getting worse, not better.

LEONARD

The best advice I can give you is to stay the course. As I said early on, it's going to get worse before it gets better--

LAURA

--She was fine until we moved here. There's been so much stress, the divorce, new house, new school...

LEONARD

Ms. Lowell, Rebecca isn't reacting to the stress of a new environment. Her episodes were triggered by some sort of traumatic event. Until we know exactly what happened to her, we'll never get to the root of the problem.

LAURA

(defensive)  
Nothing happened to her.

Beat. He studies her as she fidgets in the chair.

LEONARD

Look, Laura, if it's the money, I'll even waive my fee.

LAURA

(suspicious)  
Why are you so interested in her?

LEONARD

...I want to help you.

Laura abruptly grabs her coat and stands up. She makes a beeline for the door.

LAURA

I'm sorry...Thank you.

She moves through the waiting area, grabbing Rebecca's hand without stopping. Rebecca shuffles her feet to keep up. She drops her sketch pad on the floor.

REBECCA

(o.s)  
My book...

They bolt through the door, stomping down a staircase.

The secretary comes around her desk to pick up the book. She sees the drawing of herself and GASPS, covering her mouth.

Leonard comes out of his office. He looks at the sketch, and then towards the door.

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jack and Harrington speak with BRIAN JOHNSON, 19. They stand, he sits out in the open, vulnerable, no table between them. The conversation is calm, almost dull, as if it's been spoken a few times already, repetitive.

BRIAN

I dropped her off at work.

JACK

That's the last time you saw her...

BRIAN

I spoke to her on the phone. She said he was there again.

JACK

The strange man?

HARRINGTON

How come nobody else saw this guy?

BRIAN

She worked the ticket booth. Alone. They only come when she needs refills and change.

HARRINGTON

Why didn't you pick her up?

BRIAN

I was working late, you know where I was.

JACK

One of your deliveries took over an hour and a half.

BRIAN

I had a flat tire. How many times are you gonna ask me this?



Brian puts his head in his hands, tired, frustrated.  
Harrington and Jack retreat to a corner.

JACK  
We're spinning our wheels.

HARRINGTON  
The father never trusted him.

Brian watches them.

BRIAN  
(sullen)  
You guys don't know anything at all,  
do you?

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jack's home is very empty looking, cold. His answering  
machine is BLINKING. He presses it.

SOLICITOR  
(on answering machine)  
There's never been a better time  
than now to get term life insurance  
for only--

Jack skips to the next message.

ROBERT  
(on answering machine)  
Hi Jack, it's Robert again.

Jack turns to the machine, his face still. Next to the phone  
we see a framed PHOTOGRAPH of Jack, SMILING (the only time  
we'll ever see him smile) his arm around a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
(insecure)  
I don't know if you're getting these  
messages, I know how busy you are.  
Please call me, we need to talk.  
Something a brother should know,  
anyway. We're still at the same  
number...be really great to hear  
from you. Trish sends her best.

Jack hits the ERASE button. He moves to the BEDROOM.

He opens his closet and puts away his jacket and gun holster.  
There's a BLACK SUIT hanging inside, wrapped in plastic.  
Jack pauses to glance at it, an impending look.

He closes the closet and moves to the KITCHEN.

There are dozens of papers, scribbled notes, photos, newspaper  
clippings, scattered across his table.

He digs through the mess to pick up a prescription pill bottle, one of several. It is clearly labelled, "DO NOT mix with alcohol." He shakes several into his hand.

He opens his fridge, empty except for a few BEER cans. He grabs one, shoves the pills in his mouth, then POPS the lid.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAY

*DREAMLIKE: We run first person, frantic, the trees and brush a blur. A figure follows, silhouetted, black gloves. We fall as the figure reaches. We hear SCREAMING, CHOKING.*

We cut to a voyeuristic angle, high above, the figure hunched over his victim, unseen except for her long black hair.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOWELL HOME, REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Reflected in a dresser mirror we see Rebecca TOSSING in bed, a terrible nightmare. Laura bursts into the room.

Rebecca CHOKES. Laura shakes her awake. Rebecca opens her eyes, disoriented.

LAURA

I'm here. I'm here.

Rebecca cups her throat.

REBECCA

(traumatized)

I can't breathe--

LAURA

(overwhelmed)

You're safe. You're in your own room, in your own bed, safe and sound.

She looks at her mother as if she's a stranger. Laura pulls Rebecca to her breast, rocking her, watching their reflection in the mirror, nervous, her eyes bloodshot.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

Jack drives along the highway. Reverse to his POV as he passes a sign for the exit to Ann Arbor.

INT. ANN ARBOR POLICE STATION/ RECORDS ROOM -- MORNING

Jack flips through a murder report. Several pages have polaroids from the crime scene affixed with paper clips.

Angle on the name Lisa Delgado. SHERRIF MILLER, 57, stands across a file cabinet from Jack.

SHERIFF MILLER  
Illegal, no family, none that've  
come forward yet. No missing persons  
report was ever filed.

Insert grizzly photo's of the crime scene, each one worse  
than the last.

SHERIFF MILLER (CONT'D)  
Just dumped along the side of the  
road. Stripped naked, no prints,  
fibers, nothing. The elements got  
to her before we did. Skull was  
smashed, teeth removed. She was a  
Jane Doe for a few weeks.

JACK  
How long ago?

SHERIFF MILLER  
Bout four years. The decay prevented  
the ME from determining exact cause  
of death. He did find indentations  
in the bone from where her hands and  
feet had been bound with a serrated  
material. The damage to the  
appendages was an erosion, over a  
period of time.

Jack examines the report.

JACK  
Anything else?

SHERIFF MILLER  
A witness said she saw her get into  
a tan car, not sure the model. Didn't  
get a look at the driver.

JACK  
Is her statement in here?

SHERIFF MILLER  
Just the officer's transcript, she  
wouldn't file one. Afraid we might  
put her on the next bus to El  
Salvador.

Jack closes the folder.

SHERIFF MILLER (CONT'D)  
You say you got three on your books?

JACK  
Two. Angelena's body hasn't been  
found. No denying there's a pattern  
here.

SHERIFF MILLER  
 Question is how far back does it go?  
 There could be others we don't know  
 about.

JACK  
 Did you notify the FBI?

SHERIFF MILLER  
 They sat at my desk, drank my coffee.  
 But it's tough to rally the troops  
 for these types. They only come out  
 for blondes.

Jack rolls his tongue around his cheek, put off.

JACK  
 You have a copy machine I can use?

EXT. PRECINCT -- DAY

Carl Rosa stands before several microphones. A crowd has  
 gathered.

CARL ROSA  
 (nervous)  
 I just want to thank all the police  
 and all the volunteers, for the great  
 job they're doing. And for not giving  
 up on Angelina. In my heart, I know  
 she's still alive.  
 (choking back tears)  
 She's all I have left in the world.

Emotional beat.

CARL ROSA (CONT'D)  
 I won't ever stop looking for you...  
 (composing himself)  
 Thank you for your prayers.

Harrington and Jack stand side by side, listening. Harrington  
 shakes his head pitifully.

HARRINGTON  
 They're letting the boyfriend go.  
 Nothing to hold him on.

JACK  
 Doesn't matter. He's irrelevant.

HARRINGTON  
 Says who?

JACK  
 Gut feeling.

HARRINGTON  
The last time you had a gut feeling  
I lost a hundred bucks.

Jacks cell phone RINGS.

JACK  
Hello?

LEONARD  
(on phone)  
Jack?

JACK  
Yes?

LEONARD  
It's Leonard. Doctor Leonard  
Hellerman.

JACK  
(familiar)  
Leonard. They miss you round the  
courthouse.

LEONARD  
Listen, I'd like to speak to you.  
Can you come to my office?

JACK  
What's this about?

LEONARD  
I'd rather speak to you in person.  
It's about your case.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Jack enters Leonard's office. Behind him in the hall, we see several children fussing on their parent's laps, a teenage girl moping. Jack closes the door, shutting out the noise.

LEONARD  
Hello Jack.

JACK  
You running a nursery?

Leonard does a double take upon seeing how Jack's appearance has disintegrated since they last met.

LEONARD  
I...only treat children now.

JACK  
Got tired of patients putting you in  
headlocks?

LEONARD

It's less money, but yes, the risks are few, thanks for hashing that up. Please sit down.

Jack sits. He coughs into a handkerchief.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

That doesn't sound good.

JACK

(ignoring)

You said you have something for me?

Beat. Leonard inhales.

LEONARD

I'm not supposed to divulge anything about patients. But under the circumstances, I feel an obligation. Can I trust your discretion?

JACK

That depends...

Beat.

LEONARD

(measured)

Jack, I think one of my patients may have witnessed a murder.

Leonard waits for Jack's reaction. Jack sits back.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

She was brought to me suffering from night terrors, erratic behavior, blackouts. The elementary school psychologist referred her. I've been putting the child through regressive hypnotherapy to try and get to the root cause.

Jack is intrigued.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Without provocation she recounted witnessing a brutal attack in graphic detail. The girl she described ...matches Angelina's description.

JACK

Maybe she saw something on TV. They don't censor details like they used to.

LEONARD

If I can recognize anything after all those years of examining witness testimony, it's how to discern the difference between imagination, and real memories.

JACK

Who is she? Can I speak to her?

Leonard stands up and opens a very large file cabinet.

LEONARD

The mother concluded her treatment. I don't think I'll be seeing her again.

He pulls a folder.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The sessions were recorded. Most of the dialogue is random and obscure, but you'll know it when you hear it.

He hands jack an audio TAPE. Jack takes it and stands.

JACK

(skeptical)  
I'm working against time here. If you think it's worth looking into, maybe I should just go speak with--

LEONARD

(dissuading)  
She has no conscious recall of the incident.

Jack heads for the door.

JACK

You said the school recommended you?

LEONARD

Jack, I'm violating a trust by telling you this.

Jack opens the door. A young boy is SMASHING his head on the other side of it.

Jack glances at Leonard, the irony not escaping him.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- DAY

Jack drives along the entrance to an elementary school.

The sun is shining, and hundreds of kids are enjoying recess in the large playground. He turns into the parking area.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Jack walks by the playground slowly, a profound longing and emptiness visible in his eyes as he watches them play.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Jack sits in the office of AARON PHILLIPS, 30, school psychologist.

MR. PHILLIPS

She's exceptionally bright. Off the charts as we say. When she started here, she seemed fine. Then overnight her teachers noticed a sudden, disturbing change in her behavior. It got to the point where her episodes became a distraction to the class.

JACK

What's wrong with her?

MR. PHILLIPS

I can't say. There's only so much we can offer here. Doctor Hellerman comes highly recommended.

JACK

Any problems at her last school?

MR. PHILLIPS

They were surprised to hear about it.

A woman sticks her head in.

SECRETARY

Mr. Phillips? She's here.

MR. PHILLIPS

I'll need to document the nature of your visit, detective--?

JACK

(deflecting)

Ridge. This won't take a minute.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits across from Rebecca at a small table. Her clothes are thrift store.

JACK

(slow and paced)

Rebecca, My name's Jack Ridge, I'm a police detective.

Rebecca gives him an odd look.



JACK (CONT'D)  
Mind if I ask you a few questions?

She wrinkles her nose.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Rebecca stares at him in a way that makes him uncomfortable, not an easy feat, considering Jack could probably stare down the barrel of a gun without flinching. Jack COUGHS. He shakes two pills into his hand and swallows them dry.

REBECCA  
You take pills too?

Their eyes lock.

JACK  
Sometimes.

REBECCA  
Do they make you sleepy?

JACK  
Sometimes...Are you ready to--

REBECCA  
You look funny.

JACK  
I do?

REBECCA  
You look just like my grandfather  
did before he died.

Jack hardens a moment, not sure how to respond to that. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a PICTURE of Angelina.

JACK  
Do you recognize this girl?

He shows it to her. She stares at it.

JACK (CONT'D)  
A lot of people are looking for her.  
It's my job to bring her home.

Beat. She looks up at Jack and slowly NODS.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(encouraged)  
Where did you last see her?

REBECCA  
On TV.

JACK  
(disappointed)  
TV...

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Anything else you can tell me?

She shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Something maybe you felt uncomfortable  
telling someone else?

She shakes her head no.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Her family is worried sick. They're  
afraid something bad might have  
happened to her.

Rebecca stares at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I promise, if you tell me, nothing  
bad will happen to you.

No response. Jack gets impatient.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I hear you have terrible nightmares.  
Is that true?

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)  
About a girl? About something bad  
happening?

She shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Do you think maybe you're having  
these dreams because of something  
you saw on TV?

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Rebecca?

She stares.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ok...

REBECCA  
 How do you know I have nightmares?  
 Did my mother tell you?

Jack is caught off guard.

JACK  
 (closing)  
 I appreciate you taking time out of  
 class to come and talk to me, Rebecca.

REBECCA  
 (shrugging)  
 We were doing fractions.

JACK  
 You like math?

REBECCA  
 No.

JACK  
 Why not?

REBECCA  
 The teacher yelled at me.

JACK  
 She did? What for?

REBECCA  
 Correcting her.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

The last bell has rung, and children file out each door of  
 the school, racing to get home.

Rebecca climbs down the steps, trying to avoid any attention.  
 Two rude boys, JEFF and TOMMY, same age, push past her.

TOMMY  
 Watch out, she's mental.

JEFF  
 I think she's foaming at the mouth.

Rebecca ignores them. Another classmate, SARAH, looks on,  
 feeling sorry for Rebecca, but too afraid to say anything.

Rebecca unlocks her weather beaten, rusted BICYCLE from a  
 bike rack. She climbs on and pedals, but the chain FALLS  
 OFF.

In the background merciless child LAUGHTER, especially Tommy  
 and Jeff, who never miss an opportunity.

Rebecca looks over at Sarah, who frowns and looks at the  
 ground.

She toughs it out, marching her bike away defiantly, but the hurt is visible.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Laura PACES on the front stoop, smoking, talking on the phone.

LAURA  
No, I didn't get it.

Laura taps her foot, takes a drag.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Yeah, bullshit.

She checks the street in both directions, anxiously.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
What you say, and what you do are  
two totally different things.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca walks her wounded bike past an entrance to a wooded area. She slows, a look of apprehension. She HURRIES past.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- LATER

Laura sits at the kitchen table. She spots Rebecca angrily TOSSING her bike down on the grass. She enters the house and storms right past Laura.

LAURA  
Hey, where've you been? I was worried sick.

Laura looks up the staircase.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Becky?

INT. LOWELL HOME, REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Adorning Rebecca's room is a gallery of artistic PAINTINGS, each more detailed than the last, truly amazing.

Rebecca throws her book bag on the bed and sits down at an ART EASEL in the center of the room. She takes a brush and dips it in a waiting jar of water.

She continues a painting of a tree, half completed. We rise up to see it is a pixel perfect replica of the tree growing outside her window. *A true prodigy if there ever was one.*

Laura enters the room.

LAURA  
You ok?

No answer. She moves around to where Rebecca can see her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

That bike was broken when I rode it  
to school. I'll get you a new one.  
I promise.

She looks at her new painting.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Pretty soon we'll have to open a  
gallery for your collection.

REBECCA

(still painting)  
Mom, why'd we have to come here?

Laura sighs, she's had this conversation already. She  
caresses Rebecca's face. Rebecca lets her.

LAURA

Warm milk isn't doing the trick, so  
I brought home some herbal teas from  
work. Maybe we can try it, huh?

She kisses the top of Rebecca's head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Try and get some sleep tonight?

No answer. Laura puts her arms around her, getting emotional.  
She looks at a photograph on Rebecca's dresser of her, her  
ex-husband, muscular, tattooed, and Rebecca in the middle,  
all smiling. Rebecca has outlined the picture with a heart.

Rebecca is WINKING at the camera.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry baby. I screwed everything  
up, didn't I...

INT. PRECINCT -- MORNING

Jack walks through the hallway. Another officer, JENNIFER  
TATE, 33, sitting behind a desk, calls out to him.

JENNIFER

Ridge, you got a call on line two.  
Says he's your brother?

JACK

(sour)  
Tell him I'm dead.

Jack enters his office.

JENNIFER  
 (into phone)  
 I'm sorry, he's dead.

Beat.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Just now. You wanna leave a message?

INT. PRECINCT, JACK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack sits at his desk. He takes a CASSETTE PLAYER from a desk drawer and pops Rebecca's tape inside. He presses play.

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 Subject's name Rebecca Lowell, 9 years old. Initial observations bright, articulate, yet difficulty with social interaction. Suffers from persistent insomnia, stomach ailments, blackouts. Having trouble procuring source of her distress, so far unresponsive to open dialogue & session Q&A.

Jack fast forwards the tape.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
 I believe the problem is being obscured by a defensive subconscious. Ruled out possibility of parental abuse, however the query is not completely off the table. I'll attempt to probe deeper, possibly regress into early stages of development.

Jack fast forwards some more.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
 That's good, just relax. Listen to the sound of my voice.

He fast forwards some more.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
 When you were a little girl, what was your favorite doll?

Rebecca's responses are slow and groggy.

REBECCA  
 Mimmy.

LEONARD  
 Think about Mimmy, think about the first time you saw her. Think back. Can you see her, hold her?

REBECCA  
Yes.

LEONARD  
How old are you?

REBECCA  
Three.

LEONARD  
Are you happy here?

REBECCA  
Yes.

LEONARD  
Now, I want you to move to the time  
when you were most frightened, and  
remember, it's just a memory, you're  
safe with me.

Long Beat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Rebecca?

Rebecca's voice suddenly changes, DEEPENS.

REBECCA  
I'm cold. I hear a train. It's  
loud.

LEONARD  
Tell me what you see.

REBECCA  
The river. There's a willow. All  
black. Burned. It's falling into  
the water.

LEONARD  
What else?

REBECCA  
...I'm scared.

LEONARD  
What are you scared of?

Rebecca starts to breathe rapidly.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Is someone there with you?

REBECCA  
Yes.

LEONARD  
Is it your father?

REBECCA  
No.

LEONARD  
Your mother?

Beat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
What happened here, Rebecca? What  
frightened you?

Beat.

REBECCA  
(reliving the moment)  
She's hurt.

LEONARD  
Who?

REBECCA  
(rapid breathing)  
She's not breathing.

LEONARD  
Who's hurt?

She hyperventilates.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
What does she look like?

REBECCA  
(stuttering)  
Pretty...black hair. There's blood.  
Blood coming out her nose!

LEONARD  
Do you know her?

Long Beat.

REBECCA  
(very distressed)  
She has no clothes.

LEONARD  
Stay calm.

REBECCA  
(shouting at someone)  
She can't breathe! She can't breathe!  
Stop it!

LEONARD  
Rebecca, who are you shouting at?



REBECCA  
I want to go home...

LEONARD  
Remember, they're just images, let  
my voice guide you.

REBECCA  
(shrieking)  
No! She's not dead! Don't!

LEONARD  
Who is harming the girl Rebecca?  
Can you see a face?

REBECCA  
No, please--

Rebecca makes a CHOKING sound.

LEONARD  
Concentrate on my voice, Rebecca!

REBECCA  
(choking)  
Stop!

LEONARD  
On the count of three I'm going to  
bring you out, one, two--

REBECCA LETS OUT A BLOOD CURDLING SHRIEK.

Jack STOPS the tape. He unclenches his fist, exhaling.  
He takes a moment to gather himself.

NEW ANGLE

Jack stands before the large map on the wall. He searches  
with his finger till he finds the Twin Rivers. His tongue  
pokes through his lips as he takes a thumbtack and presses  
it where his finger was.

He takes a marker and measures with his finger three inches.  
He draws a radius, then a full circle around the thumbtack.

He picks up the phone.

JACK  
Clarence. I want to do another sweep.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. Different area this  
time, north, by the river. Near the  
tracks.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 What difference does it make, You  
 were wasting time *before* I called.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- DAY

Rebecca sits on the grass, trying to fix her bike. She turns a wrench, then rights it on it's wheels. She gets on and pedals a few feet. The chain falls off again, and she HOPS OFF before crashing.

JACK (O.S.)  
 You'll hurt yourself.

She looks up to see Jack standing over her.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Remember me? We spoke at school?

REBECCA  
 I'm 9, not 90.

Jack motions towards the bike.

JACK  
 What's wrong?

REBECCA  
 I think the chain got stretched.

JACK  
 Here, let me see.

Jack carefully kneels down. He grabs the screwdriver from Rebecca and starts bending the freewheel.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Looks like someone was screwing around  
 with this.

REBECCA  
 The rear derailleur is bent.

Jack pauses, raises his eyebrows, then bends the metal back and starts threading the chain.

JACK  
 Tough being the new kid, huh?

REBECCA  
 They all think I'm crazy.

Jack glances at her.

JACK  
 I was the new kid once.  
 (MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
My dad was in the army, so we traveled  
a lot. I was small, prime target.

He leans in and unspools the chain.

JACK (CONT'D)  
They teased me, called me names.  
One day I just decided I wasn't going  
to let it get to me anymore.

REBECCA  
(empathetic)  
What did you do?

JACK  
I just ignored them.

REBECCA  
What happened?

JACK  
They pulled my underwear over my  
head and tossed me in a trash can.

Rebecca frowns.

JACK (CONT'D)  
But after a while they gave up. The  
trick is no matter how bad it makes  
you feel inside, always stay strong  
on the outside. And if that doesn't  
work there's always option number 2.

REBECCA  
Option number 2?

JACK  
Hit em where it hurts, then run.

REBECCA  
I like that option better.

Jack finishes threading the chain. He rights the bike,  
straining from the effort. Rebecca notices, curious.

JACK  
There. Try that.

Rebecca gets on. She pedals, gliding down the sidewalk.  
Jack looks at his palms, covered in grease.

Laura exits the front door of the house and approaches.

LAURA  
(cautious, suspicious)  
You just saved me 100 bucks.

JACK  
Mrs. Lowell?

Laura is caught off-guard.

LAURA  
(her smile draining)  
Ms.

JACK  
Detective Jack Ridge.

He shows his greasy hands as a reason not to shake hers.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm investigating the disappearance  
of Angelina Rosa.

LAURA  
(one eye on Rebecca)  
I seen it on tv.

JACK  
You recently brought Rebecca to see  
a Doctor Hellerman?

Laura's friendly demeanor evaporates even more.

LAURA  
(how did you know)  
What's this have to do with my  
daughter?

JACK  
He ever discuss his concern that  
what was troubling Rebecca could be  
repressed memory of an actual crime?

Tense Beat. Laura looks at Jack like he has two heads.

LAURA  
What?

JACK  
(calming)  
Doctor Hellerman used to deal in  
criminal psychiatry. We worked  
together on several cases, he provided  
competency evaluations of defendants  
we were prosecuting. He's got a lot  
of experience with witness testimony.

Laura squints, shaking her head trying to follow.

LAURA  
...He never mentioned anything--what  
right does he have to discuss my  
daughter's--

JACK  
(continuing)  
Anytime there's information that can help prevent or solve a serious crime, disclosure is warranted.

LAURA  
What crime?

Jack looks over at Rebecca.

JACK  
Someone's been targeting young Hispanic girls. Three murders in the last four years. Angelina's been missing over three months now. Good home, not the kind of kid to just run away.

LAURA  
How could Becky know anything about it?

JACK  
I don't know.

Laura shakes her head incredulously.

LAURA  
She never leaves my sight, except to go to school and back.

JACK  
You're saying you don't think there's any chance--

LAURA  
She would have told me.

JACK  
Perhaps she was scared to? Or threatened?

LAURA  
I can't believe I'm having this conversation...

Rebecca pulls up to them.

REBECCA  
It's working great now!

LAURA  
Becky, go inside.

Rebecca thinks of protesting, but senses her mother's serious tone. She walks her bike into the garage.

JACK  
I'll admit, I was skeptical myself--

LAURA  
This is ridiculous. She's been having nightmares, and trouble at school. We've both been through a lot lately. It's hard on a child.

JACK  
I didn't mean to push...You get to the point of frustration I am with this case, you'll listen to anything on the slim chance that--

LAURA  
He wanted to prescribe all these pills...

JACK  
Is that why you stopped seeing the doctor?

LAURA  
There's nothing wrong with her. Nothing we can't work through ourselves.

Jack takes out his card.

JACK  
I see. Well, if you think of anything--

Jack begins to COUGH violently. Laura takes a step back.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(embarrassed)  
Don't worry. I'm not contagious.

Laura takes the card.

LAURA  
Is this why he was so interested in her?

JACK  
How do you mean?

LAURA  
He offered to treat Rebecca for free. Called several times, left messages on my machine, even offered to come here. Don't you think that's strange?

JACK  
Yes I do. Please...feel free to call me. Anytime.

Jack hobbles off.

LAURA  
Thanks...for fixing the bike.

Laura watches him a moment then turns toward the house.  
Rebecca looks out through the window.

Jack climbs into his car. He coughs into his handkerchief  
again. He removes it from his mouth. It's filled with BLOOD.

The look on Jack's face tells us that's a new symptom.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Through the branches of a tree, we angle on a window in a  
doctor's office building.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jack sits alone on an examination table. DOCTOR WEXLER, 45  
enters the room, a look of concern.

Jack puts on a brave face.

DOCTOR WEXLER  
It's spreading faster than we  
expected.

Jack grimaces.

JACK  
What now?

DOCTOR WEXLER  
Well, there's still the option of  
surgery--

JACK  
No.

DOCTOR WEXLER  
At this stage there's few  
alternatives.

Jack looks down, scared.

JACK  
How long?

DOCTOR WEXLER  
It's hard to say, everyone's different--

JACK  
--About.

The doctor takes a step towards Jack.

DOCTOR WEXLER

(gently)  
You might want to think about getting  
your affairs in order.

Jack takes a deep breath. He looks up at the ceiling, trying  
to contain his emotions.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you a new  
prescription, at a higher dosage.

Jack slides off the table and starts to get dressed.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)

I'll contact the department, recommend  
that you be placed on disability--

JACK

No.

DOCTOR WEXLER

You're entitled.

JACK

(adamant)  
I can't leave, not yet.

Beat.

DOCTOR WEXLER

Alright.

The doctor scribbles something on a PAD.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)

Jack, the final stages can be  
very...difficult. Is there someone  
at home to help you out?

JACK

No.

DOCTOR WEXLER

No family? Sister? ...Brother?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

...No-one.

DOCTOR WEXLER

I know a very good hospice provider.  
I can put in a good word for you,  
they sometimes have a waiting list.

The doctor hands him the prescriptions.



DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)

Take some time, think about it.

Jack buttons his shirt, staring out the window as RAIN begins to fall.

INT. JACK'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jack stares into a bathroom mirror, as if examining his soul. He's had too much to drink.

JACK

Defective....you're defective,  
detective.

Jack grimaces at himself, pathetically.

NEW ANGLE

Jack opens his closet and takes out the SUIT wrapped in plastic. He puts it on.

He lays on his bed, arms folded in front, like a corpse. He stares at the ceiling a moment, then closes his eyes.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- DAY

A yellow kite floats in the blue sky. It disappears in the glare of the sun. We run towards a tree by a small pond.

There are two pairs of legs sticking out from behind the tree. We can't see who they belong to, but they are apparently locked in a rolling embrace.

We look into the still water. We see a reflection of a young boy, about 5 years old.

A telephone RINGS, *shattering the dream.*

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jack is asleep in his easy chair. He doesn't look comfortable.

The phone RINGS again. Jack looks up at the clock on the wall. It says 5 a.m.

He shakes his head slowly.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAWN

The blast of HELICOPTER ROTORS scream across the screen, hugging the terrain.

INT. HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

Through the pilot's P.O.V. we see several police officers marching across a field, searching...

EXT. WOODED AREA, RIVER -- LATER MORNING

A once tranquil spot is now teeming with police and forensics. Jack is greeted by Harrington.

JACK  
Who found it?

HARRINGTON  
One of the volunteer groups.

JACK  
The one with the dogs?

HARRINGTON  
Yeah.

A sea of volunteers and police personnel part, revealing a team EXCAVATING A BODY. We can't see any details of it's condition.

JACK STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

*The area dug up is beneath a large WILLOW TREE, split in two from a lightning strike, burned black. Half of its limbs drape across the rushing rivers edge, submerged.*

In the distance we hear the whine of a freight train WHISTLE. Jack turns to it, his mind racing.

EXT. WOODED AREA, RIVER -- LATER

Harrington smokes a cigarette, speaking to Jack. The team continues to comb the scene for clues.

HARRINGTON  
Last year I took the boys fishin' up in Roanoke, not a nibble the whole freakin' day. The kids were bored, drivin' me nuts.

Jack stares out at the river, deep in thought.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Finally, I'm just about to call it a day when BAM, I hooked this Pickerel, man what a fight. I got it up out of the water, but before I could net it, the squirmy fucker snapped my reel. Can you believe that?

Jack looks at the deep hole where they removed the body from the ground.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Must have weighed 15 or 16 pounds.

JACK  
He buried the body. He just dumped  
the others. Why was he so concerned  
with this one?

Jack eyeballs the news helicopter circling overhead.

HARRINGTON  
How did you know?

JACK  
Know what?

Harrington takes a long suspicious drag on his cigarette.

HARRINGTON  
Clarence said you told them to search  
this area, Said you were very  
specific.

JACK  
...Gut feeling.

HARRINGTON  
Just like that. Maybe they should  
change your title to Jack Ridge,  
psychic detective?

Jack turns to walk away.

JACK  
(walking away)  
I have to make a phone call.

INT. CARL ROSA'S HOME -- DAY

We frame an empty living room. The phone RINGS.

Carl Rosa, haggard and spent, meanders out from behind a  
door and crosses the room. After a few rings, he picks up.

CARL ROSA  
(bracing)  
Hello?

JACK  
(on phone)  
Carl...Detective Ridge.

CARL ROSA  
(dread)  
...Yes.

JACK  
I wanted to call you personally before  
you heard about it on the news.

Carl shuts his eyes, his heart sinking. He sits down.

CARL ROSA  
(voice cracking)  
Yes?

JACK  
...We found the body of a young girl  
today.

CARL ROSA  
(weak)  
Oh God...

Carl wipes his face with his hand, trying to keep it together.

JACK  
We don't have a positive ID on the  
body yet.

Carl stares at the floor, going limp.

JACK (CONT'D)  
But...we're almost certain...that  
it's not Angelina.

After a moment, Jack's words resonate, and Carl looks up again, a trace of hope and color returning to his face.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- MORNING

Laura parks the car and drops Rebecca off at school.

LAURA  
Be good. Try and have fun sweetie.

REBECCA  
Ok, mom.

Laura watches as Rebecca approaches the entrance. A boy rudely pushes past her, knocking her aside.

Laura grimaces, shaking her head.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca spots Sarah. Sarah smiles back, timidly.

REBECCA  
Hi.

SARAH  
Hi.

Sarah goes to speak, but a mean spirited girl, CHRISTINA, barks at her.

CHRISTINA

What, you friends with this weirdo?

Sarah quickly shakes her head, and looks away. Rebecca keeps walking, upset, terrified someone might notice.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Psycho.

Sarah looks back towards Rebecca, ashamed.

INT. PRECINCT -- DAY

Jack sits at his desk. He puts two pills into his hand. Then a third. He swallows them with water.

He stares at the cassette player, deep in thought. He goes to play it when--

Harrington enters.

HARRINGTON

I took the over on Denver last night.  
Drinks are on me.

Jack puts his bottle of pills away discreetly.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot, you don't go out. In fact you don't socialize at all, do you?

Harrington drops a folder in front of Jack, a picture affixed on top with a paper clip.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Id on the body, name's Carmen Muniz, she was 19. Family hasn't been notified yet.

Jack's eyes gravitate towards the picture of Carmen. Plain, young, sweet. Resembles Angelina. He throws his coat on.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Oh, you volunteer? Good.

Jack moves towards the door.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

They want you to do a press thing this afternoon.

JACK

You love to talk.

HARRINGTON

Only about football.

After Jack leaves, Harrington reaches over and examines Jack's pain medication. A concerned look. He places it back behind the book where Jack keeps it.

INT. JACK'S CAR, DRIVING -- DAY

Jack turns down an urban street. Through Jack's POV, we pass a street sign that reads: "Woods Avenue".

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- ESTABLISHING

A crowded apartment complex, run down, neglected.

INT. HESTER MUNIZ HOME -- DAY

Jack stands with HESTER MUNIZ, 50. Hester wipes her eyes with a handkerchief, sniffing. In an adjoining apartment, a couple ARGUES in Spanish.

HESTER MUNIZ

All these years I pray she living  
her life somewhere.

JACK

I'm truly sorry for your loss.

HESTER MUNIZ

I see that pretty young girl on TV  
every night. They never once mention  
Carmen when she disappear.

JACK

I read her missing person's report.  
What can you remember about the night  
she disappeared?

Hester sits down. She shakes her head.

HESTER MUNIZ

(tearful)

We had a fight. I pray and pray she  
come home. All these years, I beg  
Jesus, please, just let me speak to  
my baby one more time, tell her I'm  
sorry.

JACK

Who else lives here?

HESTER MUNIZ

My husband die two year ago.

Hester begins to cry. An old Brown and white COLLIE enters. Jack touches the dog's head. It paws him, he like's Jack.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

Faucet, no!

She puts the dog outside. Jack wipes away slobber on his pants.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

(a grin)

Carmen name him Faucet, his nose always running.

Jack straightens himself up. He examines several artistic PAINTINGS on the walls. Another incredible artist.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

She was so talented. Her father work himself into the grave to keep us here. She get scholarship for her art, he was so proud.

There's a framed high school graduation photo of CARMEN, her arm around Francisco, her brother, age 10. In the photograph, we see she is wearing a gold cross around her neck.

Jack moves to another photo. We see Carmen smiling with her arm around another young girl, her age. Jack looks closer and we see the other girl is a young LAURA LOWELL. Jack picks it up, intrigued.

*Carmen is smiling with a WINK.*

JACK

Who's this?

HESTER MUNIZ

Her friend...I forget her name.

Jack studies the picture, his mind racing. Hester takes a gold cross on a chain from a framed photo of Carmen as a little girl.

She hesitates a moment, revering it's sentimentality, then puts it into jack's hand and closes it, holding it with him as if she can't bear to let it go.

Jack looks into her tearful eyes.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

(choking up)

This was Carmen's. Go with God. Bring justice for my daughter.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Rebecca sits on the playground cement, drawing a DOG in chalk. Tommy STEPS on her drawing. She looks up.

TOMMY

(sing song)

Reba, the retard.

Rebecca ignores him. Another boy joins the taunting.

JEFF

I hear she's crazy. Had to go to a  
brain doctor.

REBECCA

Get lost.

JEFF

Why don't you make me?

Rebecca stands up. A crowd begins to form. Christina circles  
like a vulture.

CHRISTINA

You gonna draw us a picture?

Christina steps up in her face and pushes her. Rebecca goes  
to push back, but something restrains her and she thinks  
twice. She stands her ground.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

What's the matter, you scared?

They tauntingly circle her. Sarah sees what is happening  
and heroically approaches.

REBECCA

(calm)

You don't bother me.

CHRISTINA

You think you're so smart, don't  
you?

TOMMY

Think you're better than us?

JEFF

Watch it, I think she's foaming at  
the mouth.

TOMMY

Let me see.

Tommy GRABS Rebecca by the arm, and she pulls away. The  
other two join in and start WRESTLING her, refusing to let  
her ignore them.

A crowd of curious children encircles them, shouting taunts.

REBECCA

Get away!

CHRISTINA

Grab her hair!

Sarah pushes through the crowd, but it's too late.



SARAH  
Leave her alone!

They tumble to the ground, Rebecca underneath the pile.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(hysterical)  
Stop it!!

JEFF  
(laughing)  
Hold her down!

SARAH  
You're hurting her!

Through Rebecca's P.O.V., we see a flash of LIGHT, then flashes of something like a waking dream, large HANDS groping her, fingers choking her, blood and terror.

We reverse to her face, now in the throws of a violent SEIZURE, flailing about as if drowning.

Tommy lets up, frightened. He slowly backs away.

MRS. WATSON, a teacher's aide, spots the melee and rushes over, blowing her WHISTLE. She wades through the sea of tiny onlookers.

MRS. WATSON  
What's going on? Break it up!

The three troublemakers back away, alarmed at the damage they have caused.

TOMMY  
We didn't mean it. We were just kidding.

Mrs. Watson kneels down and cradles Rebecca's head, which is SHAKING violently, her body quivering. Several children burst into tears, frightened.

She blows her WHISTLE again, a long breath like an ALARM.

P.O.V. REBECCA

Inside Rebecca's mind, she looks up through the branches of a tree. The vision spins, faster and faster, turning blood red.

FADE TO BLACK, except for a SMALL CIRCLE OF LIGHT, dancing back and forth, slowly.

NURSE SMITH  
(on black)  
Just follow the light, that's it.

The tiny ball of light dances, swirling towards us. The rest of the frame brightens, as we slowly focus on NURSE SMITH'S face, 35, attractive, shining a PENLIGHT into Rebecca's eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

We reverse to see Rebecca, dazed, vacant.

Laura stands nearby, still wearing her Super Saver apron from work. She bites her nails as she looks on helplessly.

INT. HOSPITAL -- LATER

Laura paces in the hallway. Jack turns the corner, spots Laura.

JACK  
(calling out)  
Ms. Lowell.

He hobbles towards her.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(calm)  
I went to your job, they told me you were here.

LAURA  
(surprised)  
What's going on?

JACK  
I was just about to ask you.

Laura looks back at Rebecca's room.

LAURA  
(none of your business)  
She got into a fight. Bunch of God damn animals.

Jack attempts to peer in at Rebecca.

JACK  
We found another body, a girl. Down by the Twin Rivers.

Beat.

LAURA  
I'm sorry. Is it...

JACK  
No.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
The victim's name was Carmen Muniz.

Laura's face drops.

LAURA  
(familiar)  
...Carmen.

JACK  
Ring a bell?

LAURA  
God...I knew her.

Laura cups her mouth and nose, absorbing it. Jack rubs his chin, unsure how to proceed.

JACK  
Laura, the location we found the body...it matched Rebecca's account.

LAURA  
What account? I don't understand.

Beat. Jack wants to say something but refrains.

JACK  
...Neither do I.

Laura shakes her head, confused.

LAURA  
Look I told you, there's no way Rebecca could know anything about it.

JACK  
(suspicious of her)  
I agree...

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
This girl we found...was murdered about 10 years ago.

A doctor exits Rebecca's room, interrupting the standoff.

DOCTOR HARRIS  
Mrs. Lowell?

LAURA  
(unnerved)  
Yes?

DOCTOR HARRIS  
I'm Doctor Harris.

LAURA  
Is she ok?

Jack takes a courteous step back, interrupted.

DOCTOR HARRIS  
She's doing fine. She had a blackout,  
nothing too serious. Has she suffered  
any before?

LAURA  
Yes, several.

DOCTOR HARRIS  
Is she on any medication for them?

Beat.

LAURA  
(guilty)  
No...

DOCTOR HARRIS  
I'd like to keep her here a little  
longer for observation, run a few  
tests, try and get a more definitive  
answer as to what's causing these  
spells.

LAURA  
Can I see her?

Laura follows the doctor. Jack notices a man and woman talking  
with a surgeon down the hall.

The woman begins to weep loudly. The man comforts her.  
Jack watches a moment, then follows Laura into the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, REBECCA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is tossing in her sleep. She SPEAKS in mumbling  
tones. The doctor examines her vitals.

A HISPANIC orderly walks in and dumps the garbage.

Rebecca gets LOUDER.

LAURA  
What's she saying?

The doctor shakes his head, unsure.

DOCTOR HARRIS  
I don't know.

The Hispanic orderly looks over.

ORDERLY  
 (Thick Spanish Accent)  
 She praying.

Laura looks down at Rebecca with confusion. Rebecca's SPANISH words grow more and more audible.

REBECCA  
 (whispered, repeatedly)  
 Santa María, Madre de Dios, ruega  
 por nosotros, pecadores, ahora y en  
 la hora de nuestra muerte. Amen.

Laura's eyes are wide. Jack watches silently from the doorway.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jack hovers over the exam table, Carmen's remains OBSCURED from view. Opposite is the Medical Examiner, SAM, 55, CHINESE, glasses. Harrington stands off to the side.

SAM  
 Multiple knife entry wounds through  
 the breastplate, second and third  
 rib.

Sam moves up towards the head.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 The Hyoid bone was crushed.

Sam points to something, drawing Jack's attention.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Those marks on the ulna and radius  
 were caused by some sort of restraint,  
 a wire. Lab's testing the residue.  
 She must have pulled so hard it dug  
 right through the skin, serrated the  
 bone.

JACK  
 Tough kid...

Jack coughs hard. Sam notes it, concerned, but he continues.

SAM  
 The trauma to the patella and feet  
 are consistent with the others.

JACK  
 Held captive?

ED  
 Those indentations were caused by  
 being kept immobile on a hard or  
 wiry surface for an extended period  
 of time.

Sam moves around again.

SAM

The years of decay make it hard to determine the ultimate cause of death. But it doesn't appear to have been quick and painless.

Jack stares at the victim, deep in thought.

INT. PRECINCT, JACK'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jack sits at his desk, on the phone.

SECRETARY

(on phone)

I'm sorry, Doctor Hellerman's with a patient.

Jack's office door slowly OPENS in the background. Jack's brother, ROBERT, 45, neatly dressed, working man, enters. A scar above his right eye, along his forehead.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Would you like to leave a message?

JACK

No. Thank you.

Jack hangs up.

ROBERT

(o.s.)

Heard you were dead.

Jack turns around. His stare turns ice cold.

JACK

What are you doing here?

ROBERT

You don't return my calls.

Jack turns back to his work.

JACK

We have nothing to talk about.

Beat.

ROBERT

All these years and we have nothing to talk about? At least--

JACK

(cold)

Get out.

Jack goes about his work as if Robert is not even in the room. Robert retreats back towards the door.

ROBERT

Just thought you'd like to know you're going to be an uncle. Trish is pretty far along now.

Jack scratches his head, retaining his composure.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We tried for years. I guess God finally decided we were ready.

Robert opens the door a little.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We're...gonna be relocating to Austin. Got a good job lined up. Trish has family there so it works out great.

Beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You know how it is when people move far away. You say you're gonna come visit, but...well, I guess with the way things are, you and I might never see each other again.

Robert closes the door and takes a step closer to Jack. He tosses a small invitational envelope on Jack's desk.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We're having a little get together. Little...celebration. It would really mean a lot to Trish and me if you could make it.

No response.

Robert wipes his mouth, then runs his fingernail along a SCAR above his eye.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(heartfelt)

Jack...there isn't a day goes by I don't feel sorry about what happened.

Jack can't contain his emotions any longer. He spins around, venom behind his eyes.

JACK

Are you finished? Are you through?

Jack starts to COUGH, heavily.

ROBERT  
 (retreating)  
 ...Alright.

Robert moves towards the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
 (exiting)  
 Hope you change your mind.

The door closes. Jack simmers a moment, then SMASHES his fist down, TOSSING papers all over the floor.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- EVENING

Laura opens Rebecca's door. She peers in. Rebecca is sleeping, but she tosses and turns. Laura bites her lip.

NEW ANGLE

Laura enters the living room. The TV is on.

She moves over to the phone and opens a box nearby. She removes several items, then an old, worn PHONE BOOK. She opens it, a few worn snapshots, odd papers, receipts, tumble out. Names of relatives and friends scribbled in the lines.

An entry for Carmen Muniz has a number and a small heart next to it.

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE -- DAY

Jack enters Leonard's office.

There's a newspaper on Leonard's desk. The headline reads: "Body of girl missing 10 years found." There's a picture of Carmen under the headline.

LEONARD  
 Jack, I risked my practice by confiding in you. I was trying to help you.

Jack paces his approach, deliberate.

JACK  
 Something very strange is going on, Leonard. I feel like you're not telling me everything.

LEONARD  
 I've already said more than I should have. You didn't tell the mother I gave you the tapes did you? I never even let her listen to them.



JACK  
 (impatient)  
 You were right, Rebecca's descriptions  
 were vivid. Every detail.

LEONARD  
 A credible recollection, not a vivid  
 imagination, I told you.

Jack grows intense.

JACK  
 It's not possible...how?

LEONARD  
 You mean...how could a nine year old  
 girl describe a murder that took  
 place...before she was even born?

Jack moves towards Leonard's desk.

JACK  
 How could she have known? Where'd  
 she get it from?

LEONARD  
 You heard the tapes. That wasn't  
 her imagination re-creating something  
 she overheard. She was there.

JACK  
 That doesn't make any sense!

LEONARD  
 They've positively identified the  
 body?

JACK  
 We couldn't release it otherwise.

LEONARD  
 You've visited the family?

JACK  
 What's going on here, Leonard?

Jack scowls. Leonard sits back and exhales.

SECRETARY  
 (on intercom)  
 Doctor, you have a call on 1, Mrs.  
 Burke has a question about her son's  
 prescription.

LEONARD  
 (to Jack)  
 I've exposed my practice too much  
 already.

JACK  
You called me. I could cite you  
with obstruction.

LEONARD  
But you won't.

JACK  
Why?

LEONARD  
...Because you want to know just as  
much as I do.

JACK  
You knew this had nothing to do with  
my case, didn't you?

LEONARD  
If it has nothing to do with your  
case, why are you backtracking your  
investigation as if these crimes are  
related?

SECRETARY  
(on intercom)  
Doctor?

Leonard studies Jack, who stands impatiently. He leans  
towards his intercom.

LEONARD  
Mary, clear my afternoon.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jack and Leonard sit in an adjoining room, across a large  
oak desk. Volumes of books line the walls on both sides.

LEONARD  
At first I was convinced I was looking  
at a clear cut case of some sort of  
abuse, physical, mental. I noticed  
she had these marks on her neck, the  
mother said they were birthmarks. I  
was suspicious.

Jack listens.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
No matter what I tried I just couldn't  
get Rebecca to open up. I suggested  
regression therapy.

Leonard stares at Jack.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
The sessions began normally.  
(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
 But as I regressed her further  
 backwards, she became very distressed.  
 I knew I was getting somewhere.  
 Then, something happened...

Leonard sits forward in his chair.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
 Something that altered my entire  
 belief system, not just as a doctor,  
 as a human being.

JACK  
 Get to the point.

Leonard rubs his hands briskly.

LEONARD  
 Do you believe that the complexity  
 of our bodies, our world, our universe  
 is too great to be just mere  
 coincidence?

JACK  
 Never thought about it.

LEONARD  
 You a religious man?

Jack looks towards the window.

JACK  
 (tiring, impatient)  
 No.

LEONARD  
 Well, I'm Jewish. And my faith  
 doesn't allow for the possibility of  
 transmigration of the soul. So you  
 can imagine my dismay when this nine  
 year old girl began to recount, in  
 wrenching detail, how she was brutally  
 attacked and viciously raped.

(beat)  
 She went so far as to describe the  
 pain of having her windpipe crushed,  
 blood rushing out her nose and ears.

JACK  
 There has to be a logical explanation--

Leonard leans forward.

LEONARD  
 (intense)  
 There are two explanations.  
 (MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

One is the possibility of transmigration, the other is demonic possession. However I gravely doubt that a demon would possess a young child with intimate knowledge of the problems a Dominican immigrant faces in a predominantly white American high school, or fond memories of another loving family and mother. And to my knowledge, no one in her immediate family speaks Spanish, yet I had to translate almost half our session.

Jack leans back.

JACK

It's just not possible.

LEONARD

She even went so far as to recall her fear of dying "unclean" for God. I'm sure I don't have to elaborate. Does that sound like the imagination of a nine year old to you?

Beat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The attention to detail and the forensic pathology with which she described her experience of death virtually eliminated any possibility of an overactive imagination. The evidence of xenoglossy alone should have been enough but I still wasn't convinced. I looked into the identity of this person she described. I found her listing under missing persons.

He reaches into a drawer and hands Jack a printout of the report. It includes a photo of Carmen.

JACK

I've seen it.

LEONARD

I knew if somehow her body was found, it would prove beyond a doubt that what this girl was telling me was real.

Jack's eyes narrow, suspiciously.

JACK

(used)

So you called me. I find the body,  
give your research credibility.  
Unbiased validation.

LEONARD

(excitable)

Do you have any idea how important  
this is? If I can prove it  
irrefutably, it could rewrite Judeo-  
Christian dogma as we know it!

Jack stares, his eyes narrow.

JACK

You're crazy.

The doctor leans back in his chair.

LEONARD

In the following weeks I did some  
research into the subject. Doctor's  
who risked their practice to publish  
articles on their experiences.  
Articles I would have normally  
dismissed suddenly had a profound  
resonance. I discovered that an  
overwhelming majority of these  
children recall suffering through a  
painful, untimely death. Usually  
very violent and traumatic. There's  
nothing more traumatic than murder.

JACK

What does it prove?

LEONARD

Do you remember your dreams?

Beat. Jack's expression turns introspective.

JACK

...Not really.

LEONARD

But I'm sure in your line of work,  
you've awoke on several occasions  
from a terrible nightmare.

JACK

Yes.

LEONARD

Most of us pass away having lived  
out our dull, normal, boring lives.  
Ones many of us might WANT to forget.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

But should you be taken before your time, perhaps stabbed and strangled as you repeatedly begged for your life. That might be something too painful to ever forget. We lose most of our childhood memories, but we retain the painful ones in intricate detail. Many of my adult patients come to me because they're plagued by traumatic events from their adolescence. Most of us have difficulty living with just the problems of this life.

JACK

(resisting)

You really believe this?

LEONARD

It took awhile to discard my scientific ideals, but after your discovery by the river, how can I dispute it?

Jack takes another look at Carmen's picture.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I've always been fascinated by how some children come out of the womb with an uncanny ability to speak and read before they can walk. Or to--

Leonard opens his desk drawer and removes the SKETCHPAD Rebecca dropped in his waiting room. He tosses it at Jack.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

--*Draw and paint*, with skills it takes many artists a lifetime to acquire?

Jack flips through it, each sketch more brilliant than the last. Jack exhales, his resistance being worn down.

JACK

Something in the brain chemistry.

LEONARD

...In 1962, in Glasgow, a 5 year old child was placed in front of his aunt's piano for the first time at a party. The child proceeded to belt out excerpts from Beethoven's Appassionata. Neither of the parent's came from any musical background. A noted physician who attended the party documented the case. There are hundreds of these on file.

JACK

What about these people who get hit in the head and can suddenly remember what the weather was like every day of the year for the last 20 years, memorize entire volumes of encyclopedias?

LEONARD

Photographic memorization is far different than being able to recall something you've never been exposed to.

JACK

If it was her death she was describing, why was she talking in the third person?

LEONARD

She was recalling the moment of detachment from the physical state. Looking down at her own body, unable at that point to make the distinction of self, since we had yet to make that connection.

Jack stares.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Many children who have this experience lose the ability to recall these memories after age 6. Coincidence that age coincides with the onset of the childhood latency period? I now believe this regression is the stage at which old and new merge, and the soul accepts its new identity.

Jack shakes his head.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

In Rebecca's case, her episodes were triggered the minute she arrived in Monroe County. New to her. Grievously unforgettable to Carmen.

JACK

The tape you gave me of Rebecca. It seemed like parts were missing.

LEONARD

They're not missing...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jack listens as Leonard plays back a session on a portable TAPE PLAYER.

REBECCA  
No, please, don't!

LEONARD  
(on tape)  
Rebecca, detach yourself.

REBECCA  
(violated)  
No!

LEONARD  
(on tape)  
Rebecca, he can't hurt you!

Rebecca begins to CHOKE violently on the tape. Jack winces from the disturbing audio.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
(on tape)  
You're safe Rebecca. They're just images! I want you to move away from here. Go back, before this happened. How did you get here?

Beat.

REBECCA  
Mi madre y yo tuvieron una pelea.

LEONARD  
(translating for jack)  
My mother and I had a fight.

REBECCA  
Ella piensa que soy no más larga una virgen. Pero no es verdad. Es una fantasía que compuse.

LEONARD  
She thinks I'm no longer a virgin, but it's not true. I'm clean. It was a fantasy I made up.

REBECCA  
Pienso que mi hermano lee mi diario.

LEONARD  
I think my brother read my diary.

REBECCA  
It's raining. I don't want to go home. I'm scared.

Long silence.

LEONARD  
(on tape)  
Rebecca?



REBECCA  
 (regret)  
 Trusted him...Lied to me.

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 Who?

REBECCA  
 Oh God! Please...No!

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 Who's trying to hurt you?

REBECCA  
 (escalating)  
 Catch her. Catch-her! No! Help!

Jack clenches. Rebecca is crying now.

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 Take a deep breath. Float past this.  
 What do you see?

REBECCA  
 (hyperventilating)  
 It's dark. My hands are tied. Legs  
 hurt. My hair is wet. Blood! My  
 blood! Can't move! Can't Move!!!

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 Try, Rebecca. What is this place?

REBECCA  
 (through tears)  
 There's a light. A window.

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 Can you see through it?

Beat.

REBECCA  
 I see a road.

LEONARD  
 (on tape)  
 What else?

Jack listens.

REBECCA  
 It's getting dark. Church bells.

LEONARD

(on tape)  
Where are you?

REBECCA

Bendito es el fruto de tu vientre,  
Jesús. Santa María, Madre de Dios,  
ruega por nosotros pecadores, ahora  
y en la hoar de nuestra muerte.  
Amén.

Beat. Leonard reads from his notes.

LEONARD

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for  
us sinners now...and at the hour of  
our death.

REBECCA

(groggy)  
The fruits of our labors...find Jesus  
on the hill.

LEONARD

(on tape)  
Rebecca?

Leonard STOPS the tape.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

She just kept rambling prayers after  
that.

JACK

What does it mean?

LEONARD

You're the detective.

JACK

She never gives a name? Something  
specific?

LEONARD

In one of our sessions, she only  
responded to the name Carmen. She  
never names her attacker. But I  
believe she knew him.

Jack is deep in thought. He wipes his mouth, then rubs his  
hands together.

JACK

Doesn't amount to much more than  
chance.

LEONARD

No. That's too dismissive.

JACK  
A bizarre coincidence.

LEONARD  
(impatient)  
There are no coincidences.

Beat.

JACK  
The mother, Laura. She knew the  
victim.

LEONARD  
Some believe there's a synchronicity  
between birth and death, life and  
loved ones, remaining within the  
same circle. Changing roles,  
learning, growing. Who are we to  
know these things?

JACK  
Why burden a little girl?

LEONARD  
Perhaps Rebecca is God's way of  
rectifying an oversight.

Jack opens the tape player. Leonard thinks of protesting.

Jack gets up. He grabs Rebecca's sketch pad, and the tape  
from the machine. He moves towards the door.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Jack, if word of our discussion, the  
nature of it, were to get out, it  
could...my practice would be...

Jack gives him a once over.

JACK  
Don't worry. I have no intention of  
humiliating you...Or myself.

He exits.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- NIGHT

Laura moves through the hallway, passing Rebecca's room.  
She opens the door, quietly, afraid to wake her.

Rebecca is SITTING UP IN BED, a vacant look in her eyes.  
Her catatonic stare is frightening.

LAURA  
Becky?

No response.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Did you try to sleep honey?

Rebecca gently touches her neck with her fingertips.

REBECCA  
(dreamy)  
I can't find my necklace...

LAURA  
...What necklace, baby?

No response.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Rebecca?

Rebecca's glazed eyes slowly move, finding Laura at the door, giving Laura a SHIVER.

REBECCA  
(I know you)  
...Laura.

Rebecca SMILES. Laura backs into the hallway, unhinged.

NEW ANGLE

Laura moves to the bathroom. She opens a cabinet, searching frantically. She finds a bottle of PILLS. She shakes two into her hand and fills a Dixie cup with water.

She returns down the hall to Rebecca's room. When she peers inside, Rebecca is lying down, fast ASLEEP.

Laura stands over her, feeling helpless and frightened. She turns and sees a new PAINTING on her easel.

It's a portrait of CARMEN, half finished. The newspaper article of Carmen lies on the floor.

INT. OBSTETRICIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Imaging screen of a sonogram. A small baby's head visible.

MARTHA  
(o.s)  
Sure you don't wanna know the sex?

TRISH, 38, soft features, easy to smile, lies on her back, as MARTHA, her obstetrician, glides the transducer over her petroleum slicked belly.

Trish smiles, wincing from the cold tickle of the experience.

Robert is beside her, proud, wide eyed, lost in the moment.

ROBERT  
We've waited so long, we want it to  
be a surprise.

TRISH  
Like opening a present.

MARTHA  
I understand. Well, he...or she, is  
doing excellent. Size, weight look  
normal for 34 weeks.  
(to Robert)  
I recommend you stay close to home  
from here on in.

Robert smiles.

TRISH  
Oh, we have our route mapped and  
everything.

MARTHA  
You want to hear the heartbeat?

They both nod. Martha turns a dial, and the electronic  
sounding squelch of the baby's heartbeat fills the room.  
Robert squeezes Trish's hand.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR, DRIVING -- LATER

Robert drives, Trish sits in the passenger seat.

TRISH  
My mom's so upset about the move,  
she's treating this get together  
like a damn funeral.

ROBERT  
She can always visit.

TRISH  
You know she won't get on a plane.

Robert smiles victoriously. Trish frowns.

Long Beat.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
...You see Jack?

Robert's smile loses its luster.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
It doesn't matter.

Robert suddenly seems preoccupied with driving.

TRISH (CONT'D)

This is a very positive moment in our lives. If he doesn't want to be a part of it, that's his loss.

Trish takes his hand. Robert stares at the road.

EXT. MONROE COLLEGE, ESTABLISHING -- DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)

We see so many students each year. But few as naturally gifted as Carmen.

INT. MONROE COLLEGE, ART DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Jack stands in a room full of sculpture and paintings. A teacher, MICHAEL, 49, is putting away supplies. Another teacher, HELEN, 36, is replacing paper on several easels. A class has just filed out.

Jack hands a photo of Carmen to Helen.

HELEN

Some of her work still hangs in the gallery downstairs.

JACK

Do you remember anything bothering her before she disappeared? Was she having problems with another student?

HELEN

I can't say. It was so long ago.

MICHAEL

(remembering)

Carmen was always engrossed with her work. She often stayed late after class. I don't think things were too happy at home for her.

JACK

In what way?

MICHAEL

Just an assumption.

HELEN

You can kind of tell when a student doesn't want to go home. I remember when she disappeared, We thought maybe, you know, she just ran away.

JACK

(deep in thought)

...I see. But otherwise, she wasn't a troubled student?

MICHAEL

Not when she was in here, she wasn't.

Helen examines the photograph of Carmen.

HELEN

All that talent, gone forever. Such a shame.

The classroom fills, getting noisy.

JACK

Well, I appreciate your time.

Jack turns to leave.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh. One more thing.

He opens his case. He takes out Rebecca's SKETCH PAD.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have a friend whose daughter is an aspiring artist herself. Would you mind taking a look at these, give me your professional opinion?

Helen and Michael flip through a few of Rebecca's renderings.

HELEN

They're exquisite. What school does she attend?

JACK

Eastbrook elementary.

MICHAEL

A child did these?

JACK

Have you ever seen work like this from a child that age?

MICHAEL

I've read about it, never actually met one with this kind of talent so young.

HELEN

The attention to detail...Incredible.

JACK

(digging)

So...unusual for a child that age to be able to do this kind of work?

MICHAEL

She's a prodigy. We'd love to meet her.

JACK  
I'll see what I can do.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- NIGHT

A hand picks up the phone. It dials a number. The hand raises the phone to an ear.

It is Rebecca. After 5 rings, a voice answers.

FRANCISCO  
(on phone)  
Hola?

Rebecca is silent.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)  
(insistent?)  
Hola? Hello?

HESTER MUNIZ  
(on phone in BG)  
Quien Es, Francisco?

We hear the phone change hands.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
(on phone, clear)  
Hello? Who is this?

Beat.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Nada...

Rebecca instinctively goes to hang up, but stops. She puts it back to her ear, curiously.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Hello?

LAURA slowly enters the room, her face a big question mark.

LAURA  
Rebecca, what are you doing?

Laura GRABS the phone.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Hello? Who is this?

She hears SOBBING, then a CLICK. She hangs up.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
(getting impatient)  
Who was that?



Rebecca takes a step back. Laura sees her PHONE BOOK on the counter, open, Carmen's name and number visible. An old photo of Laura and Carmen nearby.

REBECCA  
(confounded)  
I have to go.

LAURA  
Sweetie, what are you talking about?

REBECCA  
They must be so worried.

Laura, scared, kneels down and grabs Rebecca's shoulders.

LAURA  
Who?

Rebecca wriggles free, her eyes glazed like she's half asleep.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Who's worried, Rebecca?

Rebecca holds her head as if in pain.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Becky please...

REBECCA  
Get away from me!

LAURA  
Don't talk to me like that. I'm  
your mother. Now who were you calling  
at 2 in the morning?

REBECCA  
You're not my mother.

Laura's eyes go wide. She grabs her and SHAKES her hard.

LAURA  
Now you listen to me! I don't know  
what's gotten into your head, but--

Laura takes a breath and calms herself.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
(guilty)  
I'm sorry, baby. I know how hard  
this has all been for you.

Laura hugs her.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
It's gonna be ok. You hear me?

Rebecca BREAKS the embrace and walks over to the front door.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Rebecca?

She opens it. Laura storms over and SLAMS it shut.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Stop it!

Rebecca picks up the phone again to dial. LAURA SEES RED AND GRABS THE PHONE, YANKING IT AWAY.

LAURA (CONT'D)

ENOUGH!!

Rebecca takes a few steps back, her face full of fear and confusion. She turns and FEINTS. Laura rushes to her side. She turns her onto her back and cradles her head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Rebecca? Rebecca?

Rebecca opens her eyes. She looks up at Laura, a more familiar look about her, as if the spell has subsided.

She pulls herself up to embrace Laura. Laura, shocked at first, hugs her back, her face flush with fear and confusion. A tear drips from her eye.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(overcome)

Oh God, what's happening..?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

We glide down a dimly lit hallway. A door at the end OPENS.

A hand reaches around, grasping the wall to pull the rest of the body forward.

A woman staggers to her feet, balancing herself. She is TERESA MASON, 22, WHITE, slightly overweight. Covered in blood, her hair wet, her face cut. She is a mess.

She stumbles down the hall, each step seeming like it will be her last.

TERESA MASON

(whisper)

H...help...

Another apartment door opens, and an elderly woman peers out, too afraid to help. She covers her mouth in shock.

The bloody woman COLLAPSES in front of a neighbor's door. The door opens, and a young man sees her lying face up, gasping for breath, blood oozing from her nose and mouth. He RUSHES to her side.

MAN  
 (to elderly woman)  
 Call an ambulance!

The elderly woman hesitates, then retreats into her apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

A COMMERCIAL VAN screams down the highway, WEAVING in and out of traffic. Several Highway Patrol officers follow in hot pursuit, lights flashing.

The van sideswipes another vehicle, causing it to veer off the road onto the shoulder.

The van accelerates, blowing a tire from the high speed. Sparks fly as he rides on a rim of metal.

He SWERVES, losing control, and finally CRASHES into the divider.

The Highway Patrol swarms the disabled vehicle. They exit their cars, GUNS DRAWN.

STATE TROOPER  
 Out of the van, now! NOW!

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- LATER

Jack and Harrington walk down the hall, briskly.

HARRINGTON  
 Name's Teresa Mason, 22, She managed to give a description before she passed out.

JACK  
 How is she?

HARRINGTON  
 Critical condition. HP cornered the bastard on the interstate. I think we got him Jack.

JACK  
 Who, our guy?

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Jack enters the room. He approaches a table slowly. Harrington follows.

We turn towards the table. Sitting slouched is EDWARD BISHOP, 38, boyish, wiry, dark brown eyes, almost black. A thin, spitsy nose. Unattractive, ordinary. He looks disinterested.

Jack reads from a clipboard.

JACK  
You live at 223 Washington?

No answer.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Is that your residence?

Harrington GRABS Bishop's hair, forcing him to look up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It says several emails sent to Teresa  
Mason were traced to an IP address  
registered to your computer.

HARRINGTON  
She had a personal ad running on an  
internet dating service.

Jack studies Bishop, who sits stoic.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Claims he was home all day.  
(at Bishop)  
Let me guess, didn't match your tall  
dark and handsome profile, things  
went downhill from there?

BISHOP  
(coy)  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

JACK  
She's clinging to life at Mercy  
General. Claims you attacked her.

BISHOP  
Who?

Beat.

HARRINGTON  
You're a plumber, Bishop?

BISHOP  
So?

HARRINGTON  
Ever use your uniform as a ruse to  
gain entry into a woman's home?

Bishop goes to stand up and Harrington sits him down with  
one push from his powerful arm. Bishop shrinks, sensing  
Harrington's immense strength, he's overmatched.

JACK  
You say you were home all day?

BISHOP  
That's right.

HARRINGTON  
So what happened between 7 and 9 pm  
that caused you to race onto the  
expressway headed towards Ohio?

JACK  
Right now I've got you on aggravated  
assault, weapons possession. If she  
dies, you're looking at murder.

BISHOP  
I want my lawyer.

JACK  
I hope he's a good one.

INT. PRECINCT, HOLDING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Harrington watch Bishop through a two way mirrored  
partition. Jennifer and several other officers stand nearby.

JENNIFER  
They scraped DNA samples from  
underneath the victim's fingernails,  
the lab's running a comparison. Bishop  
has some defensive wounds that match  
her statement.

HARRINGTON  
We have two witnesses who put him at  
the scene around the time of the  
attack. Troopers also found a black  
duffel bag in his van, gloves, rope,  
knives.

JACK  
What about his history?

JENNIFER  
We're running his record now.

Jack peers in at Bishop, sitting idle.

HARRINGTON  
We have the victim's account. He  
fits the profile.

JACK  
She doesn't.

HARRINGTON  
Maybe he got bored of Latinos.

JENNIFER  
Forensics is also examining his  
vehicle for blood and trace evidence.

JACK  
Ok--

Jack begins to COUGH, he looks pale.

JENNIFER  
You alright?

JACK  
(lying)  
I'm fine...Just give me room to  
breathe, will ya?

HARRINGTON  
(concerned)  
You need your pills?

Jack scowls at Harrington. He shoves past him.

JACK  
(to Jennifer)  
Let me know when those reports come  
back.

Jack exits.

INT. PRECINCT, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jack enters the hallway. Carl Rosa ambushes him.

CARL ROSA  
I hear you're holding a suspect in  
custody?

JACK  
That's right.

CARL ROSA  
Did he take my daughter?

JACK  
I don't know. A victim gave a  
positive ID at the hospital.

CARL ROSA  
What are you waiting for?

JACK  
He's a suspect, we're pursuing every--

CARL ROSA  
You have any kids?

JACK  
No...Look, I know how you must feel--

CARL ROSA  
 You have no idea how I feel. What  
 it's like to have the only thing you  
 love in this world...ripped from  
 your heart!

Jack restrains his emotions. A secretary PAGES Jack.

SECRETARY  
 Jack? Call for you.

Beat.

JACK  
 (now what)  
 Excuse me...

Jack moves over to answer the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

LAURA  
 (Distraught)  
 Jack, she's gone--

JACK  
 Laura?

LAURA  
 I don't know, I've searched  
 everywhere. Her bike is missing--

JACK  
 Ok, slow down. Where are you?

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

It's raining heavily. Jack's car swipes the screen.

INT. JACK'S CAR, DRIVING -- LATER

Jack drives, Laura sits in the passenger seat.

LAURA  
 I put her to bed. When I went to  
 check on her, she was gone.

JACK  
 What were you arguing about?

LAURA  
 She hasn't been the same since she  
 came home from the hospital. She's  
 gotten worse, I don't know how to  
 handle it anymore. I haven't slept  
 in days, I can barely see straight--

JACK  
What's the last thing she said to  
you?

Beat.

LAURA  
(nervous, denial)  
She keeps asking to go home.

Jack looks at Laura.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

The rain pours down. Jack's car turns onto another road.

INT. JACK'S CAR, DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Through Jack's POV, we pass a sign that reads "Woods Avenue".

LAURA  
I know this road...

Jack spots something in the distance.

JACK  
Is that her?

As they get closer, we see a bike upended, the tire still spinning.

LAURA  
Oh my God!

Jack pulls over.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Jack and Laura exit the car. They pass the bike, the chain has come undone again.

A few yards away they find Rebecca, face down in the mud. Jack turns her over.

JACK  
Rebecca?

Her eyes flutter.

LAURA  
Becky?

Rebecca opens her eyes, face full of mud, looks up at Jack.

REBECCA  
(groggy)  
It broke again.



JACK  
Let's get her in the car.

They carry her towards the car. Jack struggles to keep up.  
Laura lies Rebecca in the back seat.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- NIGHT

Rebecca lies asleep on the couch in the living room. Laura places a blanket over her.

NEW ANGLE

Jack sits at the table in the kitchen. Laura sits across from him, emotionally spent. Two coffee cups between them.

LAURA  
He actually said that?

JACK  
He's convinced himself.

LAURA  
(disbelief)  
That's why he wouldn't leave us alone.  
He needs his own head examined.

Jack nods, not necessarily agreeing. Withholding.

JACK  
You say this all started when you moved back here to Monroe?

Beat.

LAURA  
That's right. I grew up here. This was my father's house. Promised myself I'd never step foot in here again.

JACK  
How did you know Carmen?

LAURA  
We were best friends. My father kicked me out when I got pregnant. We tried to stay in touch. She went missing a few months later.

JACK  
Did you ever talk about Carmen to Rebecca.

Beat.

LAURA  
No.

JACK  
Maybe she overheard something? Kids  
can have incredible imaginations.  
Especially bright ones like her.

LAURA  
Never.

She sips her coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
You want some more coffee?

JACK  
(shaking his head)  
I really should get back. We're  
holding a suspect in custody--

Jack pushes out his chair a little. Laura pours some coffee  
into his cup anyway.

LAURA  
How long have you had it?

Jack plays dumb.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
I know what cancer looks like.

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
My father had it. Thin as his sheets  
when he died.

JACK  
They didn't tell me how long I've  
had it. Just how long I will have  
it.

LAURA  
I'm sorry.

Jack shrugs indifferently.

JACK  
When did your father pass away?

LAURA  
June. It took him getting sick for  
us to finally reconcile.

She sips her coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
He had scotch for breakfast. I left  
home to escape the abuse, then married  
into it.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

When my father got sick, I refused to visit, until he was admitted into the hospital. I figured I could keep my distance there.

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I saw that big, frightening force reduced to a helpless pile of bones. I almost felt sorry for him. And for the first time, we actually had a normal conversation, father-daughter. He commented on how nice my hair looked. He never paid me a compliment my whole life. It was such a simple gesture, but...

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I realized all this time, he was like a prisoner in a bottle. I know I shouldn't use it as an excuse to justify what he did, but, that's how I was able to find it in my heart to forgive him.

Jack listens.

LAURA (CONT'D)

The day they prepped him for surgery I had to work late. I arrived just as they were taking him into the operating room. He smiled, "see ya soon". I wanted to say I love you so badly, but all that came out was..."good luck."

Jack nods, knowing how the story will end.

LAURA (CONT'D)

When the doctor came out...I just knew...

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)

My father was a very bitter man. Looking back he wasn't blessed with much luck in his life. Just one disappointment after another. I think in the end that bitterness just ate him up inside.

Jack stares into his coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
How's you're family taking it?

Jack shrugs.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Don't you have any family?

Jack reflects a moment.

JACK  
...I have a brother.

LAURA  
Does he help out--

JACK  
We don't speak.

LAURA  
What happened?

JACK  
Long story.

LAURA  
Sometimes it's easier to talk to a  
stranger...

He looks into her eyes.

JACK  
I don't consider you a stranger.

Long Beat. Jack drifts.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Bout 12 years ago, we were at a  
restaurant, it was my birthday. Me,  
him, his wife Trish and my  
wife...Sarah.

It pains Jack just to mention her name.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We were all pretty liquored up. I  
got called in to the station. I  
should have never answered the  
page...My brother said he'd drive  
her home. I was so wrapped up in my  
case, I didn't...

Jack beats himself up emotionally.

JACK (CONT'D)  
They stayed late. He dropped Trish  
off, then drove Sarah home.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Trish asked her to just stay the night, but she had to get up for work in the morning. My brother was in no shape to drive.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

I got a call at the station. Their car had veered into oncoming traffic.

Laura covers her mouth with her fingertips.

JACK (CONT'D)

When I arrived at the hospital, Sarah was in surgery.

Jack's expression hardens.

JACK (CONT'D)

...Standing next to me in the lobby were two sisters discussing their father who had been shot during a holdup at his jewelry store. The bullet miraculously missed his heart. They praised God for watching over him. At that moment the surgeon came out and told me they had done all they could, but she was gone.

Jack drifts in thought and emotion.

JACK (CONT'D)

And...all I can remember thinking was...does that mean God wasn't watching over Sarah? God didn't love my wife, too?

Beat. The emotion hangs in the air.

JACK (CONT'D)

My brother and I never spoke again. I wouldn't even let him attend her funeral.

LAURA

You haven't spoken for 12 years?

Jack studies his coffee cup.

JACK

(not exactly)  
Actually, I'm going to be an uncle.

LAURA

Then now's your chance.

JACK  
For what?

LAURA  
To make things right.

Beat.

JACK  
Never thought I'd be afraid.

LAURA  
Of what?

JACK  
(shrugs)  
...Dying.

Laura gets up and sits in the chair next to him.

LAURA  
Don't carry that anger with you.  
Get rid of it. While there's still  
time.

Jack gazes at Laura, as if no-one has listened to him in a long time. She gives off the same feeling to him.

For a moment it appears as if they have connected on a deep level, and might kiss, but then--

Jack's cell phone RINGS, shattering the moment. Jack answers.

JACK  
Ridge.

JENNIFER  
(on phone)  
Jack. Teresa Mason is dead.

Jack nods solemnly.

JACK  
I'm on my way.

Jack hangs up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I have to go.

They stand up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Are you gonna be ok?

LAURA  
Jack, if you need anything...

She touches his arm. Jack turns to leave.

He passes by Rebecca, fast asleep on the couch. He takes out Carmen's gold cross necklace that Hester gave him and leaves it on the table beside her. He exits.

After he's gone, Laura picks up the necklace. She examines it, then looks at Rebecca. She caresses her cheek.

INT. PRECINCT, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jack walks and talks with Jennifer.

JENNIFER

After Harrington confronted him with the news, he started babbling about how lucky we were. Said he was ready to confess.

JACK

To killing Teresa Mason?

JENNIFER

All of them.

Jack turns to her, surprised.

JACK

What about his history, did the report come back?

INT. PRECINT, RECORDS ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer speaks to Jack, holding a printout in her hands.

JENNIFER

Had to reload the paper tray for this file. Edward Bishop, 38, plumber. He also worked part time for Baxter Mills Inc. They contract out bonded cleaning services to offices, municipalities, schools. I checked, Monroe College was one of their contracts during the time Carmen Muniz was a student.

Jack looks at her. She hands him the report.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

They also service the DMV downtown. Bishop was working there the night Angelina disappeared. It's 3 blocks away from the theater where she was last seen.

Jack looks at the report.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

He spent time at Northville  
Psychiatric hospital on four separate  
occasions. Self admitted. Has a  
long track record of sexual offenses.  
Spent 5 years in jail for rape,  
paroled a little over 4 years ago.

JACK

Would explain the gaps in time between  
the murders. Where is he now?

JENNIFER

Holding area. Harrington leaned  
into him pretty hard. They've been  
at it for over an hour.

INT. PRECINCT, HOLDING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Bishop is pretty worked over. Jack and Jennifer enter.  
They watch through the glass. Harrington's voice is audible  
on a monitor.

HARRINGTON

(on monitor)

I want to hear it again.

Bishop, exhausted, beaten, mumbles.

BISHOP

(on speaker)

The sedation began to wear off. I  
knew she would scream so I choked  
her until she went unconscious again.  
But she wouldn't stay out, so I hit  
her in the head with a rock I grabbed  
nearby. I used too much force. She  
started bleeding from everywhere,  
wouldn't stop screaming so I kept  
hitting her.

HARRINGTON

You used a rock to crush her skull.

BISHOP

I had no choice.

HARRINGTON

Where is she now?

BISHOP

(mumbling)

You won't have to dig to find her.

HARRINGTON

Speak up!

BISHOP

...The reservoir.



HARRINGTON  
 State for the record, Mr. Edward  
 Bishop has just confessed to the  
 murder of Angelina Rosa.

Jack winces. His head droops, hope receding from his body,  
 leaving him deflated looking.

JENNIFER  
 He knew that Ketamine was the drug  
 used to incapacitate several of the  
 victims, I checked the prior  
 toxicology reports. Traces were  
 found in his van.

Jack nods, piecing it together in his head.

JACK  
 It's a common date rape drug.

JENNIFER  
 He also knew where the bodies were  
 found, post mortem specifics.

JACK  
 Those details have been published in  
 the paper.

Jack touches the glass.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 I want to speak to him.

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Bishop sits silently. Harrington looks on.

Jack sits across from Bishop. He places a PICTURE of CARMEN  
 in front of him.

JACK  
 Tell me about her.

BISHOP  
 I already told them everything.

JACK  
 I want you to tell me.

Bishop leans back. Long Beat.

Bishop looks at the picture. A smile creeps across his face.  
 He picks at his teeth.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Did you know her?

BISHOP  
I seen her around.

Beat.

JACK  
Did you rape her?

Bishop grins an ugly grin.

BISHOP  
(proud)  
Look at that mouth.

Jack clenches his jaw.

JACK  
How did you kill her?

BISHOP  
(eyes in the air)  
Strangled her?

JACK  
Are you asking me? Or you can't  
remember.

BISHOP  
(arrogant)  
I remember she smelled sweet like an  
avocado. Ripe and fresh. Pretty  
for a Spic Whore.

Bishops eye twinkles with a macabre delight. Jack sees red.

He uncharacteristically gets up and REACHES over the table  
for Bishop. Harrington grabs Jack, mildly restraining him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
I told them at the clinic I had  
problems. They wouldn't listen.  
Maybe now you'll listen to me.

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION AREA -- LATER

Jack stares at Bishop through the glass. Bishop's eyes seem  
like black sockets in the overhead light of the interrogation  
room, a frightening expression of emptiness on his face.

Bishop stares back as if he can see Jack. Bishop SMILES.

Harrington enters.

HARRINGTON  
We'll need to get a recovery team  
over to the reservoir tomorrow  
morning.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK  
 (to himself)  
 Dammit...

JENNIFER  
 You did everything you could Jack.

HARRINGTON  
 We've been working around the clock  
 to catch this guy.

Jack turns away from the glass.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
 He finally made a mistake and we got  
 him.

JACK  
 (frustrated)  
 We didn't do shit! He's been coming  
 and going as he pleases, getting  
 away with murder for over 10 years.  
 And the only reason we have a suspect  
 in custody is because some brave  
 young girl defended herself long  
 enough to hand him to us!

Jack SLAMS his fist down on a desk in frustration, then clears  
 it of its contents with one swipe, sending papers FLYING.

He takes a moment and calms.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 ...Jen, get Carl Rosa on the phone.

Beat.

JENNIFER  
 No need. He hasn't left since this  
 morning.

INT. PRECINCT, HALLWAY -- LATER

We watch from a distance as Jack approaches Carl, asleep on  
 a bench in the hallway.

Carl gets up and stands. Jack motions for him to sit back  
 down but Carl refuses, animated.

Jack speaks, Carl listens, his facial expressions run amok.

After a few moments, we see Carl collapse into Jack's arms.  
 Jack eases him into a chair. Carl weeps into his hands.

INT. PRECINCT, JACK'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jack sits at his desk, listening to the tape player.

LEONARD

(on tape)  
Rebecca?

REBECCA

Trusted him...Lied to me...

Jack fast forwards.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(on tape)  
It's getting dark. I hear church  
bells ringing. Santa Maria, Madre  
de Dios--

Beat. Jack forwards the tape again.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The fruits of our labors, find Jesus  
on the hill.

Jack stops the tape, frustrated. Harrington opens the door  
and leans in.

HARRINGTON

You never gave up. Everyone knows  
that.

No response.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Carl Rosa knows that. You're a good  
man.

JACK

I'm a coward.

Jack turns and looks at Harrington.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'd rather work 25 hours a day...than  
face those few seconds, that brief  
moment...right before you give someone  
news that's going to destroy the  
rest of their lives.

HARRINGTON

That's our job.

Jack is distant.

JACK

No.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Our job...is to try and prevent those  
moments from ever happening.

Harrington concedes, never intending to have a long conversation, he is wearing his coat already.

HARRINGTON

I gotta go, gotta explain to my wife why there was 1300 dollars stuffed in my sock drawer. One of my kids told her I won it on the Denver game. Believe that? These kids and their crazy imaginations.

Harrington exits. Jack nods, a slight grin.

JACK

Yeah...

INSERT TAPE PLAYER.

Jack reaches down, places his finger on the eject button.

C.U. on the tape popping up and ejecting.

Jack holds the tape a second, frowns with disappointment, then tosses the tape on his desk, scattering a few pictures and papers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

The sun is shining. A car passes.

INT. LAURA'S CAR, DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Laura drives with Rebecca in the passenger seat.

REBECCA

Where are we going?

LAURA

To see an old friend.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

Laura parks and they exit. Rebecca, seeing where they are, tenses up, afraid. Laura climbs the steps, Rebecca hangs back.

LAURA

Come on.

Rebecca hovers at the bottom of the staircase, nervous.

Laura knocks on the door. After a moment, FRANCISCO, 20, wearing a military uniform, opens the door.

FRANCISCO

Yes?

LAURA  
Francisco?

FRANCISCO  
...Yes?

LAURA  
You don't remember me.

No reply.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Laura Lowell. I was a friend of  
your sister, Carmen.

HESTER MUNIZ  
Who is it now, Francis?

Hester enters the doorway.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Yes?

LAURA  
Hello. I don't know if you remember  
me. I'm Laura, I was a friend of  
Carmen's.

Hester takes Laura's hands.

HESTER MUNIZ  
(recognizing, pleased)  
Laura...Yes. Please come in.

Laura steps aside, revealing Rebecca, hovering a few feet  
down the steps.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
You daughter?

LAURA  
Yes. Her name's Rebecca.

Rebecca climbs the steps, like a child afraid of being  
punished.

HESTER MUNIZ  
How are you?

Rebecca stops and stares, mute.

LAURA  
It's ok, Rebecca.

HESTER MUNIZ  
Oh, so pretty...Come in.

INT. HESTER MUNIZ HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

All four enter the kitchen. There are flowers on the table from family and friends. A picture of Carmen in a frame.

LAURA  
(to Francisco)  
The last time I saw you, you were  
this tall.

She motions to her waist. Francisco smiles.

HESTER MUNIZ  
My big man now. He took two week  
leave when we get the news.

Laura nods.

Rebecca enters, hopeful, yet apprehensive. She looks around the room, pausing at every item she looks at, each invoking a different expression from her face.

She studies a collage of snapshots of Carmen and family on the wall. She turns and looks at Francisco. Their eyes meet. Francisco looks back, stoic, curious.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Would you like something to drink?  
Some tea?

LAURA  
Sure, thank you.

Hester puts the kettle on the stove.

HESTER MUNIZ  
(checking fridge)  
How about you, Rebecca?

Rebecca stands in the corner of the room, studying Hester.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
I think I have some juice in here...

The dog enters the room. He goes right to Rebecca.

REBECCA  
Faucet!

Hester turns to Laura, surprised.

HESTER MUNIZ  
You told her about the dog?

Rebecca pets the dog, an instant bond.

LAURA  
No...

Laura's eyes shift back and forth.

HESTER MUNIZ  
That dog won't die. Just sleeps and  
eats.

Rebecca laughs as the dog slobbers all over her.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Francisco, put him outside.

FRANCISCO  
Venir aquí, let's go.

Francisco corrals the dog and puts him out the front door.  
Hester sits down at the kitchen table, across from Laura,  
who stares at Rebecca.

HESTER MUNIZ  
(to Rebecca)  
Come here.

Rebecca hesitates, then approaches.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Rebecca, how did you know my dog's  
name?

Rebecca approaches Hester, unsure.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
I don't bite...

Hester reaches to tickle Rebecca's chin when something  
startles her.

She spots the CROSS around Rebecca's neck. She stands.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Where did she get that?

LAURA  
A friend gave it to her.

HESTER MUNIZ  
...The detective?

Beat. Laura puts two and two together.

LAURA  
...Yes

Hester BLINKS a few times, registering.

HESTER MUNIZ  
That belong to Carmen...

Rebecca smiles.



HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)  
 (angry, confused)  
 Why she wearing it?

Rebecca retreats a step.

LAURA  
 (measured)  
 I'm so sorry. Rebecca, give her  
 back the necklace.

REBECCA  
 But it's mine.

LAURA  
 Rebecca please.

Laura stands up and approaches Rebecca.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 (careful)  
 I'm sorry. We've been having some  
 problems. Rebecca, now--

REBECCA  
 (to Hester, protesting)  
 You gave it to me, for my first  
 communion.

HESTER MUNIZ  
 ...What does she mean?

Hester stares, confused. Rebecca holds up the cross. There  
 is an INSCRIPTION on it. She reads it.

REBECCA  
 El te bendice con us amor. Dios te  
 bendiga, hoy Y siempre.

As Rebecca recites those words, Hester *mouths the same*,  
 simultaneously in silence.

Laura is dumbstruck.

Rebecca reaches for Hester. But Hester doesn't reciprocate.  
 Instead she pulls away, frightened.

Rebecca recoils, hurt. Laura looks on in confusion.

HESTER MUNIZ  
 Why are you...?

LAURA  
 I know it sounds crazy, but...  
 Rebecca thinks she remembers this  
 place. She has these dreams that  
 she and Carmen...are the same person.

Rebecca looks at the photo of Carmen amongst the flowers. A yellow flag in the center reads: "In loving Memory".

REBECCA

(to Hester)

It wasn't my fault. Please don't hate me.

Hester turns to Laura, a look of utter disbelief.

LAURA

I don't know what to do anymore...

HESTER MUNIZ

(tears)

How...

LAURA

(mind racing)

I don't know--

HESTER MUNIZ

How dare you...

LAURA

What?

HESTER MUNIZ

Get out.

LAURA

But--

HESTER MUNIZ

(sobbing)

Please, get out of my home...

Laura pulls Rebecca to her. Rebecca grabs at Hester's apron.

Hester SMACKS Rebecca's hand away.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

(furious, crying)

How...how dare you come here, and tell me that my Carmen is anywhere but by the side of Jesus!

Hester collapses in a chair from the emotion.

FRANCISCO

(reaching for Hester)

Cuidado!

Francisco comforts Hester.

HESTER MUNIZ

(weeping)

My Carmen, sits beside Jesus in heaven...

Rebecca's face goes pale, her eyes well up.

LAURA  
(to Francisco)  
I'm so sorry--

Francisco nods in understanding. Laura pulls Rebecca in tears out the front door.

HESTER MUNIZ  
Jesus cradles her in his arms...

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS

They descend the steps, but Rebecca pulls away from Laura. Laura turns, confused.

LAURA  
(sniffling)  
Rebecca, let's go.

Rebecca, engulfed in emotion, returns back inside the house.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Rebecca!

INT. HESTER MUNIZ HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Hester sobs at the kitchen table. Rebecca reaches out and gently places Carmen's CROSS beside Hester's hand.

Rebecca looks up at Francisco, who watches her curiously. She takes one more look at Hester, then exits.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS

Laura places Rebecca in the car. Rebecca looks up at Francisco in the doorway. He returns her stare, then closes the door.

Laura climbs in the car. She wipes tears from her eyes as she starts the car and drives away.

FADE OUT:

EXT. RESERVOIR -- MORNING

The sun rises, painting the sky orange.

Jack stands next to Harrington, both leaning on Jack's car, overseeing the investigation.

HARRINGTON  
Carl's not coming?

JACK  
He's at the arraignment. Refuses to believe she's down there.

HARRINGTON

I'll be real happy when this one is over. I spend anymore time at work, I'm gonna come home and find the wife with the mailman.

Jack watches the divers go under and resurface.

JACK

Looks like rain.

HARRINGTON

All that hard work, and dumb luck that cracks it.

JACK

It's never what you expect.

HARRINGTON

What were you expecting?

Jack stares out at the lake.

JACK

(deep in thought)  
I don't know. You stare at something long enough, your mind starts to play tricks on you.

Beat. Jack looks up at some black clouds gathering.

HARRINGTON

This is taking too long, maybe we should just drain it.

JACK

Call me when they find something. You're in charge now.

HARRINGTON

What do you mean I'm in charge now? You make it sound like you're not coming back. Where are you going?

Jack climbs in his car and starts the engine. Harrington backs away from the vehicle.

Divers come up and go under. One looks over at Harrington and shakes his head "no".

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- MORNING

Bishop is led out of a police van wearing a white coverall jump suit, his hands cuffed behind his back. Two burly officers lead him past a throng of reporters and cameramen into the courthouse.

Bishop seems calm, almost serene in the chaos of microphones and flashbulbs, the attention not disagreeing with him.

Every reporter SCREAMS a question simultaneously, but Bishop is whisked away too quickly to answer any.

INT. COURTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

As Bishop and fanfare appear at one end of the long hallway, we see Carl Rosa, sitting on a bench, watching the melee, his eyes dark, his expression hard, burning.

EXT. ROBERT'S HOME -- DAY

A modest blue collar suburban home.

There are many cars parked outside. We angle on a window in the front. We see Robert look outside as a couple approaches the house, climbing the steps, carrying gifts.

Robert opens the door and greets them. We see TRISH standing in the kitchen. They enter. Patricia holds her pregnant stomach, concerned, but smiling.

Robert stands at the door, searching both ways expectantly. His expression dims. He retreats inside and closes the door.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jack stands in a mirror. He adjusts his tie, he's dressed for a casual affair.

He brushes his hair.

NEW ANGLE

He sits in his easy chair. He gets up, moves a few feet, then sits back down again.

The clock dissolves from 3 pm to 4 pm.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jack walks slowly to his car. He reaches for the handle, then stops. He turns to walk back inside, then turns around again and opens the car door.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- DAY

Jack gets out and enters the store.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack picks out a small Teddy Bear.

NEW ANGLE

He passes a row of children's BICYCLES. He backs up.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- DAY

Jack pulls up to Laura's house. Rebecca is on a SWING SET.

Jack exits the car. He approaches her.

JACK  
Hi.

REBECCA  
Hi.

JACK  
You're mom around?

Long Beat.

REBECCA  
She's inside.

JACK  
I got something for you.

Jack moves over to his car. He takes a shiny new BIKE from the back seat. He wheels it over to Rebecca, whose face lights up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Hope you like it.

She holds the handlebars, squeezing the brakes, elated.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It's got 21 speeds. And a chain guard. You like pink? Cause I wasn't sure--

REBECCA  
You look nice.

JACK  
(caught off guard)  
...Thanks.

Laura exits the house. She approaches.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Get on, give it a spin.

Rebecca gets on and pedals away. Laura gets a look at Jack in his suit.

LAURA  
A little loose.

Jack looks himself over.

JACK  
I'm half the man I used to be.

She smiles a melancholy smile, not allowing the reality of the statement to dampen their spirits.

LAURA  
I was watching the news, they won't  
leave that poor father alone.

Jack nods, bitter.

JACK  
Tragedy is entertainment when it's  
someone else's.

LAURA  
You did all you could.

Laura looks over at Rebecca, who is zipping around on the new bicycle.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
You didn't have to do that.

JACK  
How is she?

LAURA  
(looking at Rebecca)  
Better. We had a little...  
breakthrough. She slept all night.  
First time that's happened in I don't  
know when...

JACK  
I'll keep my fingers crossed.

Beat.

LAURA  
Where you off to?

JACK  
I've decided to give peace a chance.

LAURA  
Good for you.

Jack fidgets with his tie.

JACK  
Go with me.

LAURA  
Why?

JACK  
If I decide to leave, it'll give me  
an excuse, I can say you're--

LAURA

No, Jack. This is something you need to do on your own. Besides, those teachers you showed Rebecca's artwork to at the university called, asked if they could stop by and meet her.

JACK

Might be good for her self esteem.

LAURA

Yeah. They said some people will pay a fortune for unique artwork like hers. Maybe I'll retire.

Jack smiles. Rebecca approaches on the bike.

REBECCA

I love it.

JACK

Sure you won't change you're mind?

LAURA

Just make sure *you* don't.

Jack nods.

JACK

Well...Take care.

An awkward beat. Jack turns to leave.

LAURA

Jack?

He looks at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger.

He limps towards his car. Rebecca rides up next to Jack.

REBECCA

Jack!

We watch them from Laura's perspective, out of earshot. Rebecca motions for Jack to lean over, and she whispers in his ear. What she says makes Jack look back at Laura.

He grimaces at Rebecca as if to say "ridiculous", and climbs in his car.

He drives off, watching them in his rear view mirror. Rebecca and Laura embrace. Laura kisses Rebecca's forehead.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Can I go riding?



LAURA  
Not too long, ok?

Rebecca rides off.

EXT. RESERVOIR -- AFTERNOON

Harrington stands eating an apple, watching the divers surface and descend over and over.

He checks his watch.

EXT. ROBERT'S HOME -- AFTERNOON

Several cars line the street, making it crowded. Jack finds a place to park.

He sits in his car a beat, then finally gets out. He walks a few steps, then retreats back to the car and retrieves his wrapped gift.

He climbs the steps, hesitates, then KNOCKS. After a moment, the door opens. Trish's mother, EDITH, 69, stands in the doorway.

EDITH  
(recognizing)  
My God...

JACK  
Hello Edith.

EDITH  
Jack. I can't believe my eyes.

Jack smiles and nods.

JACK  
Am I too late?

EDITH  
I'm afraid so.

Jack frowns.

JACK  
I see--

EDITH  
(quickly)  
No. Robert took Trish to the hospital.

JACK  
Hospital?

EDITH  
Her water broke.  
(MORE)

EDITH (CONT'D)  
 Guess the baby got tired of waiting,  
 eh? Must have been all the  
 excitement.

A man in the background recognizes Jack.

MAN  
 (in the BG)  
 Is that Jack?

JACK  
 Which hospital did they go to?

INT. JACK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack speeds back towards the highway. He opens his CELL PHONE. He grabs a piece of paper from the passenger seat and reads it.

He puts the paper down and DIALS a number.

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Robert stands next to a bed where Trish is wincing in pain. Doctor's and nurses come and go.

ROBERT  
 Try to stay calm. Breathe.

Robert turns to a passing nurse.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
 Is our doctor here yet?

NURSE  
 She called, she's on her way.

Robert nods, frustrated. Then his cell phone RINGS. The same nurse reverses towards him.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
 (adamant)  
 You can't use cell phones in here.

Robert turns off his cell phone.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack snaps his cell phone closed, frustrated.

JACK  
 Damn...

EXT. RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

Harrington closes his coat as a light drizzle begins to fall. He holds his hand out, letting a few drops splash into his palm.

A diver surfaces.

DIVER  
Got something!

INT. JACK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack gets back onto the highway.

The traffic is snarled. Up ahead in the distance we see red and blue lights everywhere. It's an accident.

JACK  
Shit...

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Jack drives onto the shoulder. He passes several cars and takes the exit ramp.

INT. COURTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The courtroom is packed with onlookers, relatives of victims.

We angle on Carl Rosa, who grits his teeth as Bishop is led in. He eyeballs Bishop, who looks away.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

It begins to RAIN now. Jack's car swipes the screen.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack Checks the signs along the road. His cell phone RINGS. He answers.

JACK  
Yeah.

HARRINGTON  
(on phone)  
Jack. We found something. They're bringing it up now.

Jack's expression clouds.

JACK  
Ok.

HARRINGTON  
Where are you?

JACK  
(straining to see)  
Lost...

Jack hangs up. He sees a turn and takes it.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Laura watches TV. The arraignment of Bishop is on.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Edward Bishop has confessed to killing at least four women, including the rape and murder of Teresa Mason, and most recently, the abduction and murder of Angelina Rosa, who's remains have still not been recovered. The arraignment's scheduled for 4:30-- Oh, I think they're bringing him in now--

*On TV we see BISHOP being led into the courtroom in handcuffs.*

The doorbell RINGS. Laura gets up and goes to the door.

Standing in the rain is Michael, the art professor, holding a briefcase.

MICHAEL

Ms. Lowell? Michael Ketcher, from the university? We spoke on the phone, about Rebecca?

LAURA

Yes, hi, won't you come in?

MICHAEL

Thanks.

He steps inside, soaking wet.

LAURA

Can I take your coat?

MICHAEL

Thank you.

LAURA

She went out riding,  
(looking out door)  
She should have been home by now.

MICHAEL

Well I can't wait to meet her. I've been a teacher in the arts for over 20 years, I've never seen talent like hers at such a young age. I'll be honest, I'm a little skeptical.

LAURA

Would you like to look at some of her work while we wait?

MICHAEL

Sure.

She leads him into the other room.

EXT. RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

The divers surface with something.

HARRINGTON

You got it?

DIVER

(disappointed)

Yeah, we got it...

INT. JACK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack passes a few rural homes. He presses his nose to the windshield to see through the pouring rain.

JACK

Come on, come on...

Jack passes a SIGN showing the direction back to the main highway. He heads for it when something catches his eye to his left. High up on a hill in the distance is a rusted white WATER TOWER.

----HE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

He rolls down the window and stares a moment. Painted on its side is a worn slogan:

*"Find Jesus."*

He stares a moment, then puts the car in REVERSE and turns down the road headed towards it.

He passes a large brick CHURCH. He turns with the road. Up ahead on his left is a FRUIT STAND, long since closed down.

*He slows to a stop.*

EXT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack stares in stunned disbelief, the rain splashes on the door into his face.

Reverse to the long deserted fruit stand. Angle on SIGN:

*"The Fruits of Our Labors."*

Jack opens his car door and gets out. He takes a few slow steps towards the old, abandoned fruit stand. We RACK FOCUS to the "Find Jesus" slogan on the rusted water tower up on the hill, directly behind it.

JACK IS STUNNED, Rain drips off his face.

He turns around in place. There is a small white house across the street. One light on inside.

Jack looks down the road at the church. He turns towards the house. He notices a basement window facing the road.

He approaches the house, checking that his GUN is in it's holster.

He goes up the steps and knocks. The door SWAYS OPEN.

JACK

Hello?

No answer. He takes a cautious step inside. We hear a TV.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack moves through the kitchen. There are dirty dishes everywhere.

He moves into the dark living room. A TV is on but no one is watching. There are food trays everywhere. And pill bottles. And a WHEELCHAIR in the corner.

We hear a toilet FLUSH.

An ELDERLY WOMAN exits the bathroom, using a walker. She is deplorably malnourished and disheveled.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Turn up the heat, will you? It's cold in here. Aren't you cold?

JACK

(confounded)  
I'm sorry ma'am. The door was open. My name is Jack Ridge. I'm a police detective.

ELDERLY WOMAN

So cold in here, is it cold?

JACK

Is there anyone else here ma'am?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Where's that damn remote. What time is it?

JACK

Do you mind if I look around?

She sits down very slowly.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Hand me my water will you?

Jack sees a glass of water half full nearby on a table. He hands it to her.

JACK  
Ma'am?

She is lost in her TV, not even aware anymore that Jack is in the room.

Jack turns towards a door leading to the basement.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Laura lays out several paintings for Michael to look at. One disturbing picture gives him pause. It shows an ANGEL floating above a tree next to a river. A girl covered in blood on the ground below.

We hear a screen door slam.

LAURA  
I hear Rebecca.

Laura exits the room.

Rebecca is in the kitchen, taking ice cream out of the freezer. Laura enters.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
You're soaking wet. Why didn't you come right home?

Rebecca scoops ice cream into a bowl.

REBECCA  
Whose car is that outside?

LAURA  
Someone I want you to meet.

Laura walks Rebecca into the living room.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Rebecca, I'd like you to meet Mr. Ketcher, he's an art professor.

Michael turns around.

MICHAEL  
Hey darlin'. Whatcha got there, ice cream?

THE BOWL TUMBLES IN SLOW MOTION TOWARDS THE WOOD FLOOR, SHATTERING INTO PIECES.

Rebecca's face contorts as she belts out an ear piercing SHRIEK.

Michael's smile quickly fades into confusion.

Laura is frozen. Rebecca SCREAMS, backing away. Michael stands up straight, his expression suddenly serious, nervous.

INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Jack climbs down the steps into the damp basement. The light switch is broken. Jack takes a small PENLIGHT out of his inside pocket. He reaches for the handle of one door, locked. He steps back and KICKS it open.

There is a passageway to a large STEEL DOOR. It is locked from the OUTSIDE. He releases the lock and opens it.

Jack has to cover his nose from the rancid smell.

Inside is a makeshift studio, with lights and a camera. A painting on an easel of a young girl. Jack examines a shelf full of photographs, girls in various states of undress.

On a table are boxes of polaroids. He shines his light on them. He comes across a picture of a girl, bloody, eviscerated. He doesn't recognize her. He tosses a few. He finds one of a girl tied up, half naked. He examines closer. It's a picture of ANGELINA.

He turns and spots several pictures on the wall, a man posing with various people. The man in the pictures is MICHAEL KETCHER.

Jack's eyes go wide. He goes to rush out of the room when a noise stops him in his tracks.

Beat. Jack breathes.

We HEAR a fluttering sound, flesh and metal, like an animal in a cage. He turns and follows the sound.

The room is dark, just a sliver of light that spills in from a window. Jack looks through the window. We see clearly the fruit stand across the street, the water tower on the hill.

Jack wipes his mouth, his eyes wide, out of breath.

*He quiets. We hear someone else's BREATHING.*

He turns and to his horror, sees a young GIRL locked inside a cage not much bigger than her body.

She has black hair. She is naked, bruised, bloody. There is a bucket under the cage for human waste.

Jack approaches the cage, carefully.



JACK  
My name is Detective Jack Ridge, Can  
you speak?

The girl turns her bruised and battered face towards him.

It is ANGELINA ROSA. She's ALIVE!

JACK (CONT'D)  
Christ...

EXT. RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

Harrington's cell phone RINGS. He recognizes the number and  
answers it.

HARRINGTON  
(into phone)  
Yeah, Jack, false alarm, it was only  
animal bones. ...You what?

Beat.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
My God...

Harrington looks over at the other men and makes a "wrap it  
up" swinging motion with his arm.

EXT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

EMT'S wheel Angelina into a waiting ambulance. Several police  
cars pull up to the home. It's still raining heavy.

The elderly woman stands in the doorway on her walker,  
confused as all hell. A police officer questions the  
delirious woman.

Jack makes a beeline to his car.

JACK  
Listen to me, I need you to get a  
few patrol cars and meet me at 175  
Forest Circle over in Monroe.

HARRINGTON  
Why would Bishop lie--

JACK  
Linking himself to a pattern of  
homicides makes it easier for him to  
plead an insanity defense.

Jack reaches his car and hangs up. He drives off *FULL SPEED*.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Through the window, we see Michael taking something out of his car, looking around nervously.

We pan down to reveal Rebecca on the ground, dazed.

Laura is also on her back, her face bloody and bruised. She rolls over and tries to move towards Rebecca, dazed.

LAURA

Becky...

On the kitchen counter, we see a reporter on the TELEVISION.

REPORTER

With the apprehension of Edward Bishop, the public can finally exhale knowing the killer which had this community on edge is no longer roaming the streets.

The front door SWINGS open, thunder CRASHING outside. Michael enters carrying a spool of wire. He begins wrapping up Laura's hands.

Laura SCREAMS and fights. Rebecca blinks, and begins to cry.

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack's car swipes the screen at top speed.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack calls Laura on his cell phone.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The phone RINGS. We hear SCREAMS in the background.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs up.

JACK

(panicked)  
Dammit!

The rain has picked up again, making it hard to see.

INT. COURTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bishop stands before the judge as he reads out the charges.

JUDGE

Of the rape and murder of Teresa Mason, how do you plead?

LAWYER

My client pleads not guilty by reason  
of insanity.

JUDGE

Of the charge of rape and murder of  
Angelina Rosa, how do you plead?

LAWYER

My client pleads not guilty by reason  
of insanity your honor.

In the stands, Carl Rosa squirms with rage and grief in his seat. An officer enters the room and whispers to the bailiff. The bailiff approaches Carl and whispers to him, motioning for him to follow.

Carl, confused, gets up out of his seat.

He follows the bailiff out of the courtroom. There's a lot of mumbling and murmuring, an excitement building.

INT. COURTHOUSE, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Carl is led towards a group of people gathering.

CARL ROSA

(to officer)

What's going on?

OFFICER

(smiling)

There's a call for you.

Carl takes the phone, wondering what all the excitement is about. Several onlookers point at him and talk amongst themselves.

CARL ROSA

(confused)

Hello?

Beat. Carl's face drains of color.

CARL ROSA (CONT'D)

(stammering)

Is this...some kind of joke?

He begins to shake with joy.

CARL ROSA (CONT'D)

Oh my God...Oh my God...

Carl drops the phone, speechless, tears of joy in his eyes. He collapses to the floor in a rapture of elation.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- LATER

Thunder BOOMS. Lightning crashes. Rain pours.

Jack's car screams into the yard. Jack exits. We HEAR police sirens in the distance approaching.

Jack notices Michael's TAN BUICK SKYLARK parked nearby.

Jack hobbles towards the front door, Gun DRAWN. He looks through a window, then goes around the back.

NEW ANGLE

He reaches the side door, holding his stomach, panting for breath. He opens it, carefully.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Inside it is dark. Jack moves slowly through the kitchen, arms extended, GUN leading the way. He sees the broken bowl on the floor, ice cream melted.

He enters the living room. The furniture has been tossed. He hears a noise. He looks and finds--

LAURA. She is alive, bound and gagged. Her eyes bulging. Jack swoops down and removes her gag.

LAURA  
(exhausted)  
Upstairs...

Jack cuts her loose.

JACK  
Is he armed?

LAURA  
My kitchen knife.

JACK  
Stay here.

Jack heads for the staircase. Laura pulls the rest of her bindings off.

He climbs the steps, completely winded, each step like ten. Just going on sheer adrenaline.

We see Rebecca's door is closed. A light shines from underneath. Jack peers inside. He takes a breath and opens the door.

Michael spins, holding a knife to Rebecca's throat, as if waiting for him.

MICHAEL  
You're right. There he is. How did  
you know he'd come? You're just  
full of surprises.

JACK  
Let her go.

He angles the blade under her chin, drawing blood.

MICHAEL  
I don't like guns.

He presses the blade threateningly, and Jack tosses his gun.

JACK  
Don't be afraid, Rebecca.

MICHAEL  
We're old friends. She told me.  
Isn't that right, Rebecca?

Michael smiles at Jack, circling the knife by his ear,  
implying Rebecca is "crazy".

JACK  
Don't do this.

MICHAEL  
Why not? You already caught the  
killer.

Jack looks into Rebecca's tear stained eyes, keeping her  
focused on him.

REBECCA  
(whispery)  
Jack...

JACK  
Rebecca, look at me, keep your eyes  
on me.

Rebecca struggles, Michael angles the blade tighter beneath  
her chin. Laura appears on the stairs behind Jack.

LAURA  
Rebecca!

JACK  
Stay there, Laura!

MICHAEL  
Back!

JACK  
It's over. Let her go.

Michael's face is a rotation of emotions, disturbing.

MICHAEL  
Carmen was my best student. So brilliant. So shy...Normally I don't bring my work home with me. But she needed a friend. I couldn't turn my back on her.

Beat. Tears drip from Rebecca's terrified eyes

JACK  
That's why you were so careful to bury her body.

MICHAEL  
She never screamed once, the whole time I had her.  
(admiring Rebecca)  
All she would do is pray. And when I hurt her, she would just pray louder. What a prize.

Jack plots.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(gloating)  
Even as I squeezed the life out of her body, she just kept looking me right in the eye, almost as if, she wanted to remember my face...

Michael's grip on Rebecca loosens as he gets distracted by his own story.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
But the thing that sticks with me the most, begging me to let her die a virgin. For God. I'm not religious but, I gotta tell you, When I penetrated her, it was as if I was hurting God himself.

Michael smiles at Jack.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
That was the only time she screamed...

Jack spots Michael's loose grip on the knife.

JACK  
Rebecca, remember what we said about bullies?

MICHAEL  
(to Jack)  
That was my property you stole by the river.

JACK  
Remember option number two?

Rebecca nods.

Michael catches on to their little back and forth just as Rebecca ELBOWS HIM IN THE GROIN.

AS SHE TUMBLES AWAY, JACK USES WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS STRENGTH TO LEAP AT MICHAEL, GRABBING HIS KNIFE HAND.

Michael easily overpowers Jack, getting the better of it. But it gives Rebecca enough time to get clear.

JACK (CONT'D)

Rebecca run!

Jack and Michael struggle, Jack's body suddenly goes limp.

Jack FALLS backwards, clutching his BLOODY stomach.

HARRINGTON

(o.s.)

Get down!

Rebecca turns and sees Harrington aiming his GUN at Michael. She drops to the floor, holding her ears.

*HARRINGTON FIRES, HITTING MICHAEL IN THE SHOULDER. HE FIRES AGAIN, AND MICHAEL IS HIT IN THE LEG. HE GOES DOWN HARD.*

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Move! Move!

Two officers rush in and subdue Michael, who FLAILS and SCREAMS as he is handcuffed both hands and feet.

Rebecca rushes to Jack's side.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Call an ambulance!

Jack turns onto his back. Blood drips from his mouth.

REBECCA

Jack!

Laura rushes past several officers.

OFFICER 1

(restraining her)

Ma'am--

LAURA

Let me through!

Laura pushes past and kneels down next to Jack.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(seeing the blood)

Oh God!

Jack coughs up BLOOD. His stomach oozes red, a mortal wound.

HARRINGTON

Hold on, Jack.

JACK

(glazed)  
Robert...Robert...

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Trish is suffering through labor pains. She winces and spits, rolling back and forth on the bed, moaning.

Robert looks over at the obstetrician.

ROBERT

Is there something wrong?

MARTHA

(looking up)  
She still hasn't fully dilated.  
Just breathe, Patricia. Breathe.

Robert squeezes Trish's hand.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

That's it. Good.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

A team of EMT's rush into the room.

HARRINGTON

(to everyone)  
Back away!

Laura is moved aside as an EMT team surrounds Jack. They check his vitals.

PARAMEDIC

We need a stretcher!

Jack opens his eyes. Rebecca holds his hand. The paramedics go to work on Jack. Rebecca kneels next to Jack's head.

REBECCA

Don't be afraid.

Jack looks into Rebecca's eyes. He squeezes her hand as if to say he's not.

LAURA

Jack...

JACK

(regretful)  
Just a little more time...



The paramedics work frantically on Jack. Jack closes his eyes, unresponsive, the oxygen leaving his brain.

PARAMEDIC  
Pulse rate?

Jack starts to SHAKE, his hands and legs FLUTTER.

PARAMEDIC 2  
We're losing him!

He loses Rebecca's grip.

LAURA  
Oh God. No!

HARRINGTON  
Fight it Jack!

A single tear drips from Jack's closed eye.

JACK'S POV

WE SEE EVERYONE HOVERING OVER US. THE PARAMEDICS WORK ON THE BLEEDING, OXYGEN OVER OUR MOUTH.

The scene begins to fade out.

ON BLACK.

PARAMEDIC 2  
(controlled)  
Blood pressures dropping.

PARAMEDIC  
(o.s.)  
We're losing him!

Now the sound begins to FADE. Until it is DARK. AND SILENT.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(in our ear, softly)  
There's a reason...

After what seems like an eternity of silence and darkness, a small CIRCLE OF LIGHT appears. We glide towards it.

Then we see a FLASH OF BRIGHT WHITE, and we find ourselves floating over a field of grass.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- DAY

There is no sound, only the gentle caress of the wind cascading through the trees and grass. Everything seems to move in slow motion.

A yellow KITE floats in the breeze. It crashes into the ground.

A young boy turns. He drops the cord and races towards a tree near a lake. He stops and turns to see--

JACK. Watching. His face still.

The boy smiles at Jack. He touches Jack's hand. He pulls Jack with him.

We approach the tree. Standing there are Robert and Patricia, slightly older now. They call to the boy.

Jack turns to the boy. The boy looks up at him and smiles. The boy runs to Robert and Patricia and they hug each other.

Jack watches, a look of relief and desire in his eyes.

Then everything goes DARK again. The CIRCLE OF LIGHT begins to drift down, illuminating only Jack.

Jack shields his eyes. It drifts closer, pulling us towards it. It begins to spin, creating a TUNNEL OF LIGHT.

The light GLOWS, expanding, as we drift closer...closer...

It spirals towards us, growing bigger and bigger.

MARTHA

(o.s. distant, muffled)

Push.

A muffled SCREAM of pain.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

I see it. One more. One more.

Another SCREAM of pain as we move through the tunnel of light.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Almost there--

We move closer to the light. Closer, it brightens.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

That's it, push!

The bright white light finally envelops the screen, blinding.

We pass through the BIRTH CANAL to--

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

The bright white lights of the hospital room blind us. The silence is shattered by the din of the doctor's and nurses, and then by--

A baby's CRY.

The nurse cradles the crying baby boy in her arms. She approaches the mother and father, Trish and Robert.

NURSE

It's a boy.

She hands Trish her baby.

TRISH

He's beautiful.

We angle on the screaming baby. Then on Robert and Trish smiling, joyful. The baby CRIES.

C.U. of the baby's eyes. The baby SCREAMS and WAILS.

CUT TO BLACK