

**NORTHGATE RUN**

by

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EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Damp. Quiet. Empty. The college apartment community parking lot is largely unoccupied. Majority of the apartments themselves are dark. Uninhabited.

Two people walking down the sidewalk. One of them is holding a duffle bag. Too dark to identify. They enter the closed computer cafe connected to the main office.

INT. COMPUTER CAFE -- NIGHT

Almost too dark to see. Vague light from a row of four computer screens. The two men are now clothed in black. Masked. Slipping on leather gloves.

MARCUS (22), among the baseball bats, pulls out a pistol from the duffle bag. Cocks it.

JEREMY (23), slipping on his other glove, notices. His eyes widen.

JEREMY

Wait. What's that for?

MARCUS

Protection.

JEREMY

We brought bats for that...

MARCUS

Is anyone inside the apartment?

JEREMY

Their mailbox hasn't been touched in a week... But that could mean anything.

MARCUS

You're right. Anything. Maybe the odds fuck us on this one and someone is home. And maybe that someone is the equivalent to John-fucking-Rambo. I guarantee, if that were the case, you'd wish we brought the piece with us.

(rhetorical)

Wouldn't you?

(beat)

Let me spare you the regret.

Marcus tucks the weapon into his pants.

JEREMY

Don't bring it...

Marcus sighs.

MARCUS

Jeremy...

Marcus advances.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You're going through with this.

Marcus gets uncomfortably close to Jeremy's face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And the gun is coming along for  
the ride.

Jeremy against the wall. Avoiding eye contact.

Marcus stares. Invading Jeremy's breathing space.

Silence. Marcus opens the cafe entrance door. Holds it.  
Waits for Jeremy to exit first.

Jeremy succumbs.

Marcus watches his every move. Follows him outside.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Marcus scans the parking lot: No one in sight.

They jog across the street. Repeatedly glancing in every  
direction. Approach an apartment on the first floor: 202.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus keeps an eye out.

MARCUS

Open it.

Jeremy doesn't obey. Stares at Marcus.

Marcus finally notices.

JEREMY

If anyone's here, we leave. Okay?

Marcus glares. Lethal.

MARCUS

Unlock the door.

Jeremy silent. Disobedient.

Marcus charges. Pulls out the gun and jabs it beneath Jeremy's jaw.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

There's a swamp out back. Plenty of options to hide your body.

Marcus losing patience. Jeremy takes out a set of keys. Marcus snatches them. Shoves Jeremy aside. He sifts through the collection of keys, finding the master key. He inserts and unlocks.

INT. APARTMENT 202 -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcus opens the door. Turns on the overhead kitchen light. Apartment appears empty. No one home.

MARCUS

Shut the door.

Jeremy does. Nosily.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus continues into the apartment, turning into the hallway.

A bedroom at the end of the hall: the light clicks on.

Marcus bolts for the kitchen light. Turns it off. Darkness.

The bedroom door opens. Light spills into the living room. A COLLEGE KID (20) stares. Listening. Watching for movement in the darkness.

Silence. He re-enters his bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jeremy reaches for the front door.

CLICK. Marcus jabs the pistol into Jeremy's kidney.

Jeremy turns. Marcus slowly shakes his head.

Jeremy releases the knob. Frightened. Steps away from the door.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus turns. Gun trained. Slowly treads toward the bedroom. The light's still on.

Jeremy follows. Keeps his distance.

Marcus presses his ear against the door. Listens. The television plays.

Marcus grips the door knob. Breathes in quietly.

The door flies open -- not by Marcus.

The college kid swings a bat -- Marcus ducks -- the bat impales the wooden door -- Jeremy trips backward -- Marcus rises, pointing the gun into the college kid's face.

INT. BEDROOM A -- NIGHT

The college kid raises his hands, stepping backward while Marcus advances until finally hitting the wall.

COLLEGE KID

Don't shoot, don't shoot.

Marcus shakes. Ready to pull the trigger.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Don't.

Marcus never looks away from his prey.

MARCUS

Grab the camera.

Jeremy hesitates.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

NOW!

Jeremy does. Rummages through his belongings. Bags the most valuable items: money, an expensive digital camera, etc.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Shouldn't have enrolled in summer classes.

Marcus SLAMS the butt of the pistol into the college kid's head. He crumbles to the floor. Instantly unconscious.

JEREMY

What -- !

Marcus raises the weapon to Jeremy.

MARCUS

Would you rather I shoot him?

Marcus aims at the college kid, bleeding and knocked out.

JEREMY

Stop. We're done. We have what we came for.

Marcus hesitates. Grins. The gun still trained.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Put it down.

Marcus cocks the gun. Continues staring at Jeremy.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Marcus...

Marcus' grin widens.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Two lovers: CHRISTIAN (22) and CLARA (21), pregnant. Entangled. Wrapped in each other's arms. Making love. Both carry a similar scar over their kidney area.

BANG! Gunshot.

They jump. Startled.

CHRISTIAN

That sounded close.

Christian rises.

CLARA

Where the hell are you going?

CHRISTIAN

I'll be right back. Stay here.

EXT. APARTMENT 202 -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jeremy exit the apartment. Shut the door.

Jeremy locks it with the master key.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Christian peaks through the eyehole.

EXT. APARTMENT 202 -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Marcus stepping back. Building momentum. He kicks the door open across from Christian -- .

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Christian jolted. His knee hits the door.

EXT. APARTMENT 202 -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Marcus and Jeremy freeze. Slowly turn to Christian's apartment door.

Marcus aims. FIRES twice!

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Christian lunges aside. The bullets tear through the wood. Missing him.

EXT. APARTMENT 202 -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Marcus and Christian bolt. Sprinting through the back, along the swamp.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Christian regaining his wits.

CLARA (O.S.)

CHRISTIAN!

CUT TO:

BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT 205 -- ROY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Across the apartment: front door SLAMS shut.

ROY (28) awakens on his desk.

Bland bedroom. Naked white walls.

He looks up at his laptop, re-reading his words from last night: Blank. The cursor repeatedly blinks. A writer's arch nemesis.

He shuts the laptop. Stands.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Roy standing in the bathroom. Washing his face. He dries himself and looks up at the mirror.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Roy exits the bathroom. Comes down the hallway toward the kitchen. Halts. Stares. Appalled.

The living room and kitchen area are filthy.

A trail of large muddy footprints are imprinted on the carpet across the apartment, stopping at his roommate's door.

Roy sighs. Frustrated.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY -- LATER

Roy picking up empty beer bottles, soda cans, old food off the tables and floor. Disgusted.

His roommate's door opens behind him. Down the hall.

Roy momentarily freezes. Then, continues.

Jeremy brushes by. Ignoring Roy. Leaves.

MARCUS (O.S.)

What the fuck are you doing?

Marcus stands by the kitchen window.

Roy proceeds cleaning. Doesn't look at Marcus.

ROY

The apartment doesn't clean itself.

MARCUS

Stop.

Roy ignores. Continues cleaning.

Marcus snatches the trash bag out of Roy's hand.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Roy does. Reluctant.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You don't touch what's mine. I don't touch what's yours. That's arrangement's worked for eight months.

ROY

(sarcastic)

I apologize. Sincerely.

(beat)

Empty beer bottles and old chinese food... I forgot you consider them collector's items.

Marcus' anger rising.

ROY (CONT'D)

The eight month streak doesn't have to stop here. Clean up after yourself. That's all I ask.

Marcus pins Roy against the wall. Roy isn't afraid.

MARCUS

Are we going to have a fucking problem?

Roy glances at Marcus' hands.

ROY

You tell me.

Silence. Marcus releases him. Steps back.

ROY (CONT'D)

Should I continue picking up after you or can I continue with my life?

Marcus doesn't answer. Glares.

Roy leaves the apartment.

Marcus ties the bag without picking up any other trash. Leaves the apartment as well.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Christian speaking with a uniformed officer. Finishing up his story about the events from earlier. The officer nods. Walks away.

Christian turns. Looks around the living room. Doesn't see Clara.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

SOBBING.

Christian opens the bedroom door.

Clara lying on the bed. Crying.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Christian lies beside her. Wraps his arms around her.

She acknowledges him. Doesn't turn, though. Only places her hand on his forearm.

CLARA

I heard those gunshots...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- EARLIER

Clara sitting in the bed. Listening. Staring down the dark hallway. Waiting for Christian.

CLARA (V.O.)

... and I thought you were dead.

BANG BANG! Two gunshots.

SLOW MOTION: She reacts. Jumps. Eyes widen.

CLARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought I lost you...

CLARA (CONT'D)

(top of her lungs)

CHRISTIAN!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Clara gazing ahead. Dead stare.

CLARA

I thought about having this  
child... without a father.

(beat)

And I wanted to die too.

Christian places his hand on her stomach.

CHRISTIAN

(beat)

I'm still here.

Clara wipes her tears. Turns to Christian.

CLARA

I haven't stopped asking myself  
since last night...

(beat)

Are we really ready to have this  
kid?

Christian silent. Unsure how to answer.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I'm failing my classes... my  
family hasn't spoken to me since  
they found out... the other  
students look at me like I'm a  
pity case... I mean... do you  
think it's worth it?

Christian tries to find the right words.

CHRISTIAN

I don't know if I'm ready to be a  
father. I don't. But I do know  
what I want, and I do know what I  
need. And I need you. And being  
with you means taking  
responsibility... for you, for  
this child. And I want that  
responsibility.

(beat)

But I can't answer that question.  
I can't honestly tell you whether  
or not we're in over our heads  
because... I don't know. But I do  
know we'll be together to find  
out.

(beat)

So, yeah... yes, I think it's  
worth it.

Clara studies Christian's eyes closely.

CLARA

I'm not sure I want to be a mother yet... I don't think I want the responsibility.

Silence.

CHRISTIAN

That's not our decision anymore, Clara...

Beat.

CLARA

It isn't?

Silence. Clara waiting for Christian's reaction. Christian understands her point.

CHRISTIAN

We have to go.

Christian rises. Heads toward the bathroom.

CLARA

What -- Where?

Clara sits up.

CHRISTIAN

Doctor's appointment. The ultrasound, remember?

Christian shuts the bathroom door.

Clara contemplative. Worried. Lowers her head.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Christian hunched over the sink. Staring. Conflicted.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Down the road on the other side of the community, several police cruisers are parked out front. The red and blue lights garnering attention from the other residents.

Marcus, standing on the edge of the sidewalk, grins at this. Proud. He continues on his way across the street, approaching a dumpster in the back.

He stops. Searches the parking lot. Doesn't see anyone around. Drops his garbage bag on the road.

He climbs inside of the dumpster. Fumbles forward. Finds his footing.

He rummages through the trash. Searching. Checking random cardboard pieces, blank boxes, etc.

EXT. MAIN OFFICE, MAIL CENTER -- DAY

Roy opening his mail compartment. He sifts through it. Most of it for Marcus until --

"Roy Cameron has a package".

INT. MAIN OFFICE, FRONT DESK -- DAY

Roy entering the main office. No one at the front desk.

The first office: unoccupied. The second: shut, lights off. Someone inside, though.

MARIEBELLE (O.S.)

Hey!

MARIEBELLE (21), short, Latin, peaks out from the conference room. Waving Roy to follow her.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Come here.

She slips back inside.

Roy confused.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Roy enters the conference room. Hesitant. Stops at the door. Mariebelle stares out the window.

ROY

I'm here to pick -- .

MARIEBELLE

What do you think he's looking for?

Roy stands beside her. Looks outside: Marcus scavenging the dumpster.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

I still haven't decided. Do you know him?

Roy doesn't answer.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Ten minutes now he's been in there... Maybe he purposely threw away his engagement ring and regrets it... Or maybe... he realized he could get the same quality food in there that he could at McDonalds... Or maybe his girlfriend caught him frolicking with some bimbo, cut his dick off and threw it away... I like that one.

(turns to Roy)  
Thoughts?

Roy baffled. Hands her the slip.

ROY

I have a package...

Mariebelle reads it.

MARIEBELLE

Yes, you do, Mr. Cameron. I'll be right back.

She smiles. Exits into the back room.

Roy looks back out at Marcus. Curious.

MARIEBELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come on.

Roy turns. Mariebelle, package in hand, waves him to follow her.

Roy glances back out at Marcus. Leaves.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- SECOND ROOM -- DAY

Jeremy sitting behind his desk in uniform. Staring outside. Blank. Lost in thought. Hollow.

Knock. Knock.

MARIEBELLE (O.S.)

Jeremy?

Jeremy ignores.

Mariebelle opens the door. Turns on the overhead light.

Jeremy snaps back. Turns.

JEREMY

KNOCK.

Silence. Mariebelle surprised.

MARIEBELLE

I-I did -- .

JEREMY

Try harder.

MARIEBELLE

I'm sorry I bothered you.

She starts closing the door.

JEREMY

Wait!

She stops.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You're new. I don't  
want to get off on the wrong foot.  
I'm not having an easy morning.

MARIEBELLE

Okay.

JEREMY

What'd you need?

Jeremy notices Roy at the front desk. Looks away.

MARIEBELLE

There's a...

(changes her mind)

Could you watch the front for me?  
I have to take out the trash. Just  
in case the police come through.

Jeremy nods.

Mariebelle starts to leave again.

JEREMY

Maria, right?

She stops.

MARIEBELLE

Mariebelle.

JEREMY

Beautiful.  
(beat)  
Turn the light off.

Jeremy forces a smile. Bordering on threatening.

Mariebelle does so. And leaves.

Jeremy sighs. Opens his desk drawer. Takes out a bottle of liquor.

INT. FRONT DESK -- DAY

Mariebelle hands Roy the package.

Roy examines. No return address attached.

ROY

No return address?

MARIEBELLE

Nope. You don't check your mail often, huh?

ROY

Why?

MARIEBELLE

The notice is a week old.

Awkard silence.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can do for you?

ROY

No.

Roy turns. Starts to leave.

MARIEBELLE

Hey.

Roy stops. Looks at her.

Mariebelle offers her hand. Smiling.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

My name's Mariebelle, by the way.  
It's a pleasure to meet you, Roy.

Roy considers the gesture. Doesn't shake her hand.

ROY

Okay.  
                   (beat)  
 Thank you.

Roy leaves.

Surprised and somewhat hurt, she watches him leave.

INT. HOSPITAL -- ULTRA-SOUND -- DAY

An ultrasound monitor: fetus in three months of development.

DOCTOR HELBERT (O.S.)

There he is.

The doctor indicates at the fetus' genitals.

Clara lying on the hospital mat. Christian by her side.  
 Both gazing at the screen, wide-eyed.

DOCTOR HELBERT (53) smiling.

CHRISTIAN

Wait. He?

Doctor Helbert nods.

DOCTOR HELBERT

Congratulations.

Doctor Helbert leaves.

Christian continues staring.

Clara, tears in her eyes, looks at Christian.

Christian notices. Stares back. They don't say a word.  
 Both undeniably overcome with excitement. Silence.

INT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Marcus still in the dumpster. Tossing trash around.  
 Searching.

He freezes. Grabs a box. Studies the side:  
 'Gutiarcenter.com.'

Marcus reveals a switchblade. He carves open the box,  
 finding the receipt and all of the buyer's information.  
 'Les Paul Gibson - \$800'.

MARIEBELLE (O.S.)

Good morning.

Marcus spins around, startled. He hides the knife from view.

MARCUS

Morning.

MARIEBELLE

I've been watching you for ten minutes now.

MARCUS

Have you?

MARIEBELLE

(nods)  
Lose something?

Marcus thinks. Climbs out.

MARCUS

Tossed away the receipt for an expensive new toy. Gibson guitar.

MARIEBELLE

Nice.

MARCUS

Thanks. I heard about the robbery. Can't be too careful, you know. I also heard the guy living there was rushed to the hospital. Is he alright?

MARIEBELLE

When'd you hear about that?

MARCUS

Hour ago, maybe.

MARIEBELLE

Really?

MARCUS

Yeah. Why?

MARIEBELLE

Police just informed us twenty minutes ago. Strange... Guess news travels fast.

(beat)  
Doesn't it?

Silence. Marcus glares. He slowly advances on her. The grip on his knife tightening. She backs up. Frightened.

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

It does.

(beat)

Have a fantastic day, honey.

Marcus folds the switchblade. Walks away.

Mariebelle watches him leave.

Marcus glances at the address cut out.

INT. HOSPITAL -- KYLE'S ROOM -- DAY

Christian entering the hospital room. Stops.

KYLE, the college kid attacked by Marcus earlier, lying in the bed. Bandaged. Unconscious.

By his bedside, BRANDON (24), Kyle's roommate, looks up at Christian.

BRANDON

Christian...

Brandon stands.

CHRISTIAN

Hey.

BRANDON

I heard you called the police.

Christian nods.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Christian unsure how to respond.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Is Clara okay?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. She'll be okay.

BRANDON

And the baby?

Christian smiles. Briefly.

CHRISTIAN

Good... Good.  
(beat)  
How is he?

BRANDON

Still unconscious. The doctor's  
say he could be in a coma.

Brandon pulls Christian a chair. Brandon sits. So does  
Christian. Awkward silence.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I should've been there.

CHRISTIAN

You can't blame yourself. It's out  
of your hands.

Brandon considers Christian's words.

BRANDON

I don't think this was random.

CHRISTIAN

Does Kyle have any enemies?

BRANDON

None.

Silence.

CHRISTIAN

What about you?

Brandon studies Christian. Silence. Christian looks away.

BRANDON

Whoever did this knew exactly what  
they wanted before they got there.  
No one else's room was robbed.  
Only thing missing is an HD  
camera. Kyle blew five grand on  
that shit. Told him not to.

CHRISTIAN

How could they have known he had  
it?

Brandon looks at Christian. He doesn't know.

BRANDON

I just... I wish I had been there  
when it happened. I would -- .

Brandon stops himself. Contemplating various ways he'd hurt those responsible.

CHRISTIAN

They'd be worse off in prison,  
Brandon...

Brandon stares at Christian. Intense.

BRANDON

No.  
(beat)  
They won't.

Brandon looks back at Kyle.

Christian continues staring at Brandon. Then, turns to Kyle.

Utter silence.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Roy sits on his bed. Stares at the box. Hesitant.

He opens the box. Pulls out a small jewelry case. A note taped on the top: "Don't run."

Roy slowly opens the box.

He immediately throws the box down, afraid of what's inside: A gold ring and a torn photograph of a young girl.

Roy hyperventilates. Staring, wide-eyed at the ring.

He looks through the window blinds, outside. Suddenly, a little paranoid.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY -- LATER

Roy, in work uniform, crosses the street towards his vehicle. His eyes wander. Paranoid.

He takes out his keys and unlocks the door. Stops. Stares.

A Firebird parked in the space behind his car. Windows tinted. Engine lifeless. Feels out of place. Seems to be watching him.

Roy enters the car. Starts the engine. Glances at the Firebird in the rearview mirror.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- AUDITORIUM 5 -- DAY

One source of light: the projector.

Moving images reflect off Roy's enthralled eyes. A grin at the corner of his mouth.

Old. Compact. Two audience members occupy the auditorium.

MR. HUGO (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Roy!

Roy scrambles for the walkie.

The two audience members glare at him.

Roy ducks slightly. Exits.

ROY  
(whispers into  
walkie)  
Roy here.

MR. HUGO (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
You're whispering. Are you  
watching a goddamn movie?

ROY  
What do you need?

MR. HUGO (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Clean up in Auditorium 2.

INT. AUDITORIUM 2 -- DAY

Broom and dust pan in hand, Roy enters the theatre.

Credits rolling. One remaining person in the auditorium. Face covered in shadow.

Roy walks up the stairs, examining each aisle. All of them clean except the row in front of the MAN. Roy starts sweeping. Ignoring the man's existence.

MAN (O.S.)  
Goddamn people.

Roy stops. Turns.

ROY  
Excuse me?

MAN  
These fucking people. Can't leave  
without creating a mess.

Roy confused. Man points at the pile of popcorn.

ROY  
Oh...

Awkward silence. Roy continues.

MAN  
Been here long?

Roy nods.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Like it -- ?

MR. HUGO (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Roy, need you at the front.

ROY  
(from walkie)  
Coming.

Roy walks away.

MAN  
You didn't answer me.

Roy stops.

ROY  
What?

MAN  
Do you like it here?

Roy studies him.

ROY  
Have a nice day, sir.

Roy leaves.

MAN  
You too, kid.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- DINING ROOM -- DAY

Jeremy sitting at his kitchen table. Alone. Only a single  
bite taken out of his sandwich. Can't eat.

Front door opens. Slams shut.

Jeremy jumps. Bolts to his feet.

JEREMY

Who is that?

Marcus enters.

Jeremy sits.

Marcus stands by the door. Staring. Holds up a new receipt.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

No... no. I can't. I won't.

Marcus sits across from him.

MARCUS

What's your bank statement look like?

Jeremy silent.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Rent. Loans. Insurance. Gas. Groceries. Do you think working at the main office will cover all that?

JEREMY

We can figure something else out.

MARCUS

Let me ask you something, when they finally shit-can you, which they will, and you're completely fucking broke, what then?

Jeremy can't answer.

Marcus slides the receipt over to him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We need this money.

Jeremy hesitant. Looks at the receipt. Eyes widen.

JEREMY

This is -- .

MARCUS

Yes. Yes, it is.

JEREMY

We can't just wing this.

MARCUS

Don't be naive. Time isn't  
convenient and it never will be.

Jeremy studies Marcus.

JEREMY

No gun.

Marcus sighs. Glares. Long pause.

MARCUS

No gun.  
(beat)  
We do this tonight.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Roy in a trance. Gazing at photograph of the young girl.  
Pensive. Contemplating past memories.

Knock. Knock. Roy jumps. Startled.

EXT. ROY'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Roy approaching the front door. Peaks through the  
eyehole: Christian standing outside, waiting.

Roy reluctantly opens the door. Doesn't say anything.

Christian turns.

CHRISTIAN

Hey! I don't know if you know me.  
We work at the theatre together.

ROY

Your name's Christian. I know you.

CHRISTIAN

Oh.  
(beat)  
How are you -- ?

ROY

What do you want?

CHRISTIAN

A favor... we just had our  
apartment broken into...

ROY

You want me to cover for you.

Christian silent. He's right.

ROY (CONT'D)

Called all of your friends, huh?

Christian nods.

CHRISTIAN

Please. I'm at your mercy.

Roy measures him.

ROY

People are strange. No one says anything to me unless they want something.

(beat)

Just funny...

Silence.

CHRISTIAN

Please...?

Roy thinks it over.

ROY

No. Can't help you.

Roy shuts the door.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Christian slowly putting on his uniform for work. Pinning his name tag on.

CLARA

The baby's going to arrive by the time you're dressed.

Christian sits.

CHRISTIAN

(beat, sincere)

If anything is wrong, you call me.

CLARA

If the toilet backs up, I will phone you immediately.

Christian still not amused.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
 If you don't leave, I won't give  
 you

Clara smiles. Kisses him.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
 Now, get out!

Christian smiles. Silence. The smile fades.

CHRISTIAN  
 It's already loaded. You know  
 where I keep it, right?

CLARA  
 You're kidding.

CHRISTIAN  
 Do you?

CLARA  
 Top drawer. Now, go to fucking  
 work.

CHRISTIAN  
 Okay, okay!

They kiss. Christian leaves. Clara listens for the front  
 door -- BAM. Christian's gone.

Clara immediately shuts the bedroom door. Looks beneath  
 the bed: Pile of clothes. She pushes some aside. Reaches.  
 Pulls out something. She holds it up: Les Paul Gibson  
 guitar.

INT. JEREMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

From afar, Christian comes outside. Scans the area.  
 Enters his car.

Marcus and Jeremy watch him back out and drive away.

JEREMY  
 I don't like it. Light's still on.  
 Someone could be inside.

MARCUS  
 No. He left it on. That's not an  
 accident. After last night, I'd do  
 the same.  
 (beat)  
 Ready?

JEREMY

(sighs)  
Let's get this over with.

MARCUS

That's more like it.

Marcus and Jeremy exit the car.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Clara applying the finishing touches. She steps away.  
Examines her work.

The guitar now sits on a stand. Bow wrapped around the  
stem. Ready for Christian.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Key inserted. The door slowly opens.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The walls breathe. Someone's here.

Clara rolls her eyes.

CLARA

Shit...

Clara comes out of her bedroom. Pitch black hallway.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Christian, goddamnit!

Silence. No answer.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus hiding. Back to the wall. Around the corner.

Something catches Clara's eye. She freezes: Marcus' shoe  
is slightly in view.

CLARA

Shit...

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus comes around the corner. Charges.

Clara SLAMS the door shut. Locks it.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus crashes against the door. Pounds his fist on the wood.

Cell phone rings: "Christian". She answers.

CLARA  
Yes?

CHRISTIAN  
Are you okay?

CLARA  
Goodbye.

CHRISTIAN  
I'll call you later!

CLARA  
Goodbye, Christian!

She hangs up. Shakes her head. Chuckles to herself.

She relaxes. Watches the television.

The walls breathe. Odd.

Clara sits up. Stares at her door. Listens.

Nothing. Not a sound. She sighs in relief. Begins to lie back down.

CRACK. As if pressure was applied to the bedroom door from the other side.

She mutes the television.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Christian?

No answer. She glances at the top dresser drawer.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus' hand gripping the knob on the other side.

Jeremy taps his shoulder. Marcus turns.

Jeremy hand gestures to leave. Marcus shakes his head.

TALKING. From inside the room.

Marcus listens closely. Alarmed. He takes out a pistol tucked in his pants.

Jeremy's eyes widen. Angry.

JEREMY

Marcus!

Jeremy covers his mouth. They freeze.

Silence.

CLARA (O.S.)

(whispers)

I think someone has broken into --

.

Marcus' eyes widen. He steps back. Kicks the door in.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S -- NIGHT

BAM! BAM! Two shots from the revolver Christian left her -  
- both ricochet off the door frame -- Marcus fumbles back -  
- she leans against the closet door -- out of plain sight  
-- phone to her ear -- breathing heavily.

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)

(from phone)

Hello? Hello! Are you there?

Marcus blind fires two shots.

Clara shrieks. Returns fire.

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ma'am!

CLARA

(into phone)

Please, send someone -- .

Clara recoils. Drops the phone. Barely holds onto the gun. She slowly looks down: Her water has broken.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus attempts to peak inside of the room.

JEREMY

Marcus, we have to leave!

THUMP. Clara falls onto the floor.

Marcus charges inside.

Clara, weak, tries to raise the gun

Marcus kicks the gun out of her hand -- rams her head into the floor with his foot. He bends over, beams the phone against the wall, breaking it into pieces.

JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

MARCUS! STOP!

Jeremy enters.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Don't shoot her.

MARCUS

Seems you haven't given me much of a choice, Jeremy?

Marcus takes off his mask.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

She knows both of our names.

Marcus snatches Jeremy's mask off.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Now what?

JEREMY

Marcus... she's pregnant.

Marcus pauses. Looks at her stomach.

MARCUS

Morality or survival, Jeremy. I'm inclined to the latter.

Marcus offers Jeremy the weapon. Jeremy looks at the weapon. In shock.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Are you?

INT. CHRISTIAN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Christian on his way to work. Stopped at a red light. The light turns green.

Sirens. Two police cruisers dart down the street in the opposite direction.

Christian picks up his cell phone. Speed dials "Clara".

INT. CHRISTIAN'S -- NIGHT

The cell phone dead. In pieces.

MARCUS

She knows your identity. You will go to jail for a very long time.

Marcus notices the HVX200 sitting on the desk.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

There she is.

Marcus grabs it. Throws it in his duffle bag.

Marcus checks his watch.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Cops will be here in two.

Jeremy stares at Marcus. Petrified.

He looks down at Clara.

Bloody and beaten, she looks up at him.

CLARA

Please. I won't say anything.

JEREMY

We can believe her.

MARCUS

No, Jeremy. We can't. One minute.

Jeremy raises the gun. Aims. Hands shaking.

JEREMY

I can't do it! Jesus Christ! She has a child!

Jeremy losing it.

Marcus stands next to Jeremy. Grabs the pistol along with Jeremy.

MARCUS

Not yet, she doesn't. Hold her steady.

Jeremy looks away.

Marcus keeps staring at her.

Clara wide-eyed.

INT. ROY'S -- NIGHT

Roy again staring at his computer monitor.

Bang! He jumps. Gunshot? He stands up.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Jeremy and Marcus darting out of the apartment. Jeremy looks on the verge of puking. Marcus grabs him and pulls him along, escaping through the back along the swamp area.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Christian speeds through the parking lot. Both police cruisers are parked outside his apartment.

He skids to a stop -- bolts out of the car -- sprints toward his apartment. Disappears inside.

Silence.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

CLARA!

EXT. ROY'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Roy opens the front door. Steps outside. Looks to his right: Swamp. To his left: Parking lot.

He squints his eyes. Sees something... The Firebird. Backed into the parking spot directly across the street.

FOOTSTEPS -- Roy turns -- Marcus, masked, shoves Roy back into the apartment. Holding him by the throat.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Marcus kicks the door shut. Holds him against the wall.

ROY  
TAKE WHAT YOU WANT!

MARCUS  
Shut the fuck up.

Silence.

ROY  
Marcus?

Marcus takes off the mask.

MARCUS  
Don't speak. Don't breathe. This  
didn't happen. I was at the bars  
with Jeremy looking for a good  
time. Do you understand me?

Roy silent.

Marcus shoves the gun under his mouth.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Do. You. Understand.

Roy nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Great.

Marcus releases him.

Roy breathes. Watches him storm back into his bedroom.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Roy wide awake in his bed. Staring up at the ceiling.

Knock. Knock. His eyes widen.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Knock. Knock.

Roy looks through the eyehole in the front door. Pales.  
Sighs. He opens the door.

DETECTIVE JOHN BRADLEY (45) flashes his badge. Mariebelle  
stands beside him, surprised.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Marcus Goyer?

MARIEBELLE

That's not him.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Your name, please.

ROY

Roy Bradbury.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

We'd like to speak with your  
roommate, Marcus.

ROY

Let me get him.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

May we come in?

ROY

Oh, yeah. Of course.

Roy steps aside. Allows the two of them to enter. Shuts  
the door behind them.

John scans the filthy kitchen and living room.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Don't clean much...

ROY

Apparently.

MARIEBELLE

Here.

Mariebelle, anxious, offers Roy an envelope: His mail.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Grabbed it for you.

Roy accepts it. Surprised by the gesture.

ROY

You didn't have to do that.

MARIEBELLE

I know.

ROY

Thank you.

She nods but appears nervous. Scared.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'll get Marcus.

Roy starts down the hallway.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Before you do, let me ask you  
something. Did you hear any  
gunfire between 9 and 10 P.M?

Roy stops. Turns.

ROY  
I did. What happened?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Did you ever attempt to phone the  
police?

Roy doesn't answer.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Where is he?

Roy turns. Heads down the hallway. He knocks on Marcus' bedroom door.

ROY  
Marcus, someone is here to speak  
with you.

The door unlocks. Marcus opens it. Stares at John then Mariebelle.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Police walking in and out of Christian's apartment. A crowd beginning to gather outside.

Christian sitting outside the apartment. Staring off. Blank. Emotionless.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Christian?

Christian looks up. John stands over him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

Christian stands. Walks behind his apartment by the swamp. John follows.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- REAR -- DAY

CHRISTIAN  
Cigarette.

JOHN  
Are you alr -- ?

CHRISTIAN  
Ciggarete.

John pulls out his smokes. Gives him one. Hands him the lighter.

Christian takes a drag.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
How's Kyle?

JOHN  
Christian, where's Clara -- ?

Christian reacts. Charges. He throws John against the wall.

CHRISTIAN  
Don't say her name. DON'T SAY IT!

Christian, a mix of anger and despair, stares into John's eyes. A different person. John stays silent. Confused.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
How. Is. Kyle.

JOHN  
He's going to make it.

CHRISTIAN  
Is he conscious?

JOHN  
Barely.

Christian releases him. Steps back.

CHRISTIAN  
That's good.

JOHN  
What happened -- ?

CHRISTIAN  
She's dead, John. Gone. Don't ask again.

Silence. John's mouth hangs open.

JOHN  
I'm so sorry.

CHRISTIAN

Don't be. Not for me.

(beat)

We're you serious?

JOHN

About what?

CHRISTIAN

Finding him. The person responsible for Kyle's situation. We're you serious?

JOHN

How do you know this is the same guy? Or a guy, at all?

CHRISTIAN

Gut-feeling.

JOHN

You're not a pig. We don't get gut feelings. Do you know it's the same person or don't you?

CHRISTIAN

Take me to see him. Take me to see Kyle. I need to ask him something.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Marcus, Detective Bradley and Mariebelle sitting together at the dining room table.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Mariebelle tells me the two of you have met before. Where'd this happen?

MARCUS

On the beach. Watched the sunset. It was magical.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Answer the question, smartass.

MARCUS

She works at the front desk. Tough not to run into her.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

What about yesterday? Ten AM. Where were you?

MARCUS  
Probably in my room.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Doing...?

MARCUS  
Jerking off. Watching a movie.  
Sleeping. Pick one.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Did you ever take the trash out?

MARCUS  
Maybe.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Jumping inside of the dumpster to  
toss the trash out is pretty  
unorthodox.

MARCUS  
So is being interrogated in your  
own home.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
This is a questioning. I'd be  
thrilled to bring you down to the  
station and show you an  
interrogation. What were you doing  
in the dumpster?

MARCUS  
Tossed something away that I  
shouldn't have. I told this lovely  
girl here the same thing  
yesterday. Isn't that right,  
Mariebelle?

Marcus smiles at her. Mariebelle looks away.  
Uncomfortable.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
A twenty-two year old female was  
shot to death last night. You  
should really take this more  
seriously. What did you  
accidentally throw away?

MARCUS  
Wow. Any suspects?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
I guess we're about to find out.

Marcus sighs.

MARCUS

I trashed the shipping box of an expensive item that still had the address on it. I heard about the robbery. I panicked.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

And you can prove this?

MARCUS

I burnt it. I didn't keep it as a souvenir.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Unfortunate. Where were you last night?

MARCUS

Sleeping. If you want proof of that, I apologize for not snapping photos of my eyes shut.

Detective Bradley sighs. Frustrated.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Mariebelle claims you threatened her. Is that true?

MARCUS

Detective... Threaten a lovely face like that? Not a chance.

Marcus smiles at Mariebelle. Menacing.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Roy dressing for work. Gathering his wallet, keys, etc. He eyes something on the desk: the unopened mail Mariebelle gave him earlier.

He opens the envelope. Takes out a photograph. His eyes widen. Hand shakes.

It's a photo of Roy being brought into the apartment by a masked Marcus.

He turns the photo around: "Fashion Square Mall. Food Court. 20 Min."

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jeremy sitting behind his desk. Exhausted. Acting busy.

Mariebelle enters the office. Walks by.

Detective Bradley and another OFFICER enter Jeremy's office.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Jeremy?

JEREMY  
Hey, how's the investigation going?

Detective Bradley shuts the door. Doesn't sit.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Were you at home last during the break-in?

JEREMY  
Yes. I believe so.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
You believe so?

JEREMY  
I was at home.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Can you prove that?

JEREMY  
Well, I live alone. I don't know how I could. Why?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
We'll be coming by here often.

JEREMY  
Do you have any suspects?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
Yes. A couple. And you're currently one of them.

Jeremy freezes. Pales.

EXT. MAIL CENTER -- DAY

Marcus standing outside. Watching through the window: Jeremy's terrified expression. His eyebrows furrow. Eyes cold. Contemplative.

INT. HOSPITAL -- KYLE'S ROOM -- DAY

Kyle, bandages wrapped around his skull, sleeps quietly.

Christian and John stand by the bedside.

CHRISTIAN  
Can we wake him up?

JOHN  
No. We have to let him do that on  
his own.

CHRISTIAN  
How long?

JOHN  
Could be tomorrow. Could be months  
from now.

Christian reacts. Uncomfortable with the possibility of  
waiting.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I understand you're hurting.

CHRISTIAN  
You don't.

JOHN  
I'm sorry about Cl -- .

Christian glares.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Look, I want this motherfucker as  
much as you do.

CHRISTIAN  
Apparently not.

Silence.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
God, I need a cup of coffee.

JOHN  
Me too. I'll grab some. Take a  
seat. I'll be back.

Christian sits by Kyle's side.

John leaves.

Christian turns to Kyle. Snaps his fingers.

CHRISTIAN  
Kyle.

Nothing.

Christian closes off Kyle's respirator. The heart monitor picks up. Kyle's eyes open. Wide. Unsure where he is. Gasping for air.

Christian release the tube. Stands over him.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Kyle!

Christian grabs Kyle's face.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Look at me. Focus! I need you to think back!

JOHN (O.S.)

Christian, what the fuck!

John throws Christian against the wall. Christian recovers. Punches John in the mouth. Hard. John fumbles backward.

Christian stands back over Kyle.

CHRISTIAN

KYLE! Your apartment was broken into two nights ago! Can you remember anything? A name? Anything!

Kyle dazed.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Kyle! Come on! Answer me!

John pulls Christian off. Christian spins around -- pushes John against the wall. Pins him.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I have to know!

JOHN

Not like this! What the fuck is the matter with you?

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

What the hell is going on in here?

She notices Kyle conscious.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus!

She runs to his side. Preps a needle to knock him out.

CHRISTIAN

WAIT!

Christian shoves the nurse aside.

NURSE

SECURITY!

CHRISTIAN

Kyle! Tell me. What do you remember?

Two SECURITY GUARDS grab Christian and John.

Christian struggles to get loose of the burly man but can't.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

KYLE!

Kyle mumbles. Tries to speak.

The security guards stop. Everyone freezes.

KYLE

M-Mark...

CHRISTIAN

Was that his name!

Kyle dazes.

NURSE

That's enough.

The Nurse injects the drugs. Kyle falls back asleep.

The Nurse turns. Glares at Christian:

NURSE (CONT'D)

Get them the hell out of here.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy exiting his car. Scanning the surroundings. Slow day.

INT. MALL -- FOOD COURT -- DAY

Roy walking into the food court area. Stops. Searches. Spots a family eating Chinese food. A elderly woman eating alone.

A man. JAKE (46). Sunglasses. Scarred face. Chewing bubble gum. Staring directly at Roy. Smiling.

Roy stares back. Approaches.

ROY  
Are you him?

JAKE  
Have a seat, kid. This won't be  
short.

Roy hesitantly does so.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You hungry, Roy?

Roy doesn't answer.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Or do you prefer the other name?

ROY  
Who are you?

JAKE  
Come on now. We're passed that.  
You aren't stupid. You're my  
Hollis Mulwray. I'm your Gittes.

ROY  
P.I.

JAKE  
(sarcastic)  
Your knowledge impresses me more  
by the second, kid.

Roy quiets.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Great flick. They don't make them  
like that anymore.

ROY  
Did you call me out here to talk  
about movies.

JAKE  
You wish.

Jake takes out a photograph: A family portrait. Woman in  
her 40s with Roy and two other children.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
They want you to come back home.

Roy can't look at the photo.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Police got tired of chasing you  
so, your mother hired me. Tough to  
find you.

ROY  
Apparently not.

Silence.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now what?

JAKE  
I'm no cop. I'm not fixing to slap  
a pair of cuffs on your wrists but  
I guarantee you, if you run, I  
will find you. Much faster. Count  
on that. She doesn't want me to  
force you back. She wants you to  
choose.

ROY  
My mother said that?

Jake laughs.

JAKE  
Hell no. That woman's a handful.  
She wants me to toss you in the  
trunk. Drive you back home. When I  
say "she", I don't mean your  
mother.

Silence. Roy looks down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Girl's got more tolerance than you  
and I combined.

Roy nods.

ROY  
How is she?

JAKE  
Alive.  
(beat)  
She wants you to decide when to  
come back.

ROY  
Then why are you here?

JAKE

She wanted me to find you and tell you that she forgives you. But now, it's more complicated, isn't it?

ROY

What do you mean?

JAKE

You got my photograph. It's oddly coincidental that on the same night of a young, pregnant woman's murder, a man dressed in black, wearing a mask, arrives at your home. And stays there. Overnight.

ROY

No -- .

JAKE

Save it. I don't care. Point being, it looks bad. So, what that does, is give you a deadline. Do you follow?

Roy nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Three days, bud. If by day three you still haven't made up your mind, I'll drop off the photograph and allow the police to make their assumption on your current situation. Let them find out who you are.

Roy speechless.

Jake smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Glad we're on the same page. Good talk. I'll be around.

Jake stands. Leaves.

Roy sits. Shocked.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, FRONT DESK -- DAY

Marcus entering the front office.

Mariebelle walking in from the back.

They both stop. Stare.

Marcus smiles. Steps toward her.

She backs away.

MARIEBELLE

Stay the fuck away from me.

MARCUS

Or what?

MARIEBELLE

I'll call the goddamn cops.

MARCUS

I'm sure they'll be thrilled to hear from you again, cunt.

Marcus winks. Enters Jeremy's office.

Mariebelle sighs. Relieved.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Marcus standing by the door. Glaring.

Jeremy ignoring Marcus' presence.

MARCUS

Jeremy.

Jeremy continues staring outside. Silent.

Marcus charges. Spins Jeremy's chair around.

Jeremy appears strung out. Eyes badly blood shot. Sluggish.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Talk. What'd you tell them?

JEREMY

Nothing.

Jeremy attempts to turn the chair back around.

Marcus stops him.

MARCUS

JEREMY! You're fucking lying. What did you tell them? What happened?

Jeremy sobs.

JEREMY

We're going to fucking prison,  
Marcus. And we deserve it.

Marcus slaps him.

MARCUS

Shut the fuck up. Answer me.

JEREMY

I didn't have to tell them  
anything. They're police, Marcus.  
They sniffed out our fuck ups.

Marcus' eyes widen.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'm a suspect.

Marcus backs away.

MARCUS

We didn't kick the door in...

JEREMY

We didn't kick the door in.

MARCUS

Did you give them my name?

JEREMY

No.

Marcus charges. Grabs his collar.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Marcus, I didn't tell them your  
name.

MARCUS

If you're lying.

JEREMY

I'm not!

MARCUS

I will fucking kill you, Jeremy.

Beat. Marcus releases him. Starts to leave.

JEREMY

Wait. What do we do?

Marcus stops. Turns.

MARCUS

There is no we, Jeremy. There's just you.

Marcus leaves.

Jeremy dumbfounded.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

John examining Christian's front door. Puzzled.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Christian sitting on the bed. Staring at the center of the floor. Clara's blood stains the carpet.

JOHN (O.S.)

Christian.

Christian doesn't react. He's somewhere else.

John stands at the doorway.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Christian.

Christian comes to.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. What?

JOHN

When you left the house, are you sure you locked the door?

CHRISTIAN

Yes. Why?

JOHN

Do you know anyone else who has a key to the apartment? Anyone close to Clara?

CHRISTIAN

No. What're you suggesting?

JOHN

The front door was unlocked.

CHRISTIAN

They could've picked the lock.

JOHN

No. The lock wasn't picked.

CHRISTIAN

I didn't leave the fucking door unlocked.

JOHN

That's not what I'm implying.

CHRISTIAN

I'm tired of the guessing game.

JOHN

I think we should ask around the front office. They're the only other ones with a key to the place.

CHRISTIAN

Okay. Give me two.

John nods. Leaves.

Christian pauses. Stands. He breaks a framed photo of him and Clara. Gazes at the photo. Folds it into his pocket. Breathes.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy parking in front of his apartment.

INT. ROY'S CAR -- DAY

Roy sits for a moment. Collecting his thoughts. He glances at the rearview: Jake, parked behind him, waves. Smiles. Drives off.

Roy looks away.

EXT. MAIL CENTER -- DAY

Mariebelle filling the mailboxes. Organizing.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

Anything for me?

Mariebelle, startled, turns. Studies Christian.

MARIEBELLE

Aren't you...

Mariebelle stops herself.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Sure. What's your name?

CHRISTIAN

No. Wait. Finish what you were going to say.

Christian steps forward.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Aren't I what?

Mariebelle silent.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Mark. Does anyone work at the office by that name?

MARIEBELLE

Mark?

CHRISTIAN

Yes. Mark.

Christian steps forward.

MARIEBELLE

No. I'm sorry.

Christian studies her.

CHRISTIAN

You wouldn't lie, right?

EXT. ROY'S CAR -- DAY

Roy exits his car. Glances at the mail center. Stops. He looks at Christian advancing on Mariebelle.

He sighs. Contemplating.

EXT. MAIL CENTER -- DAY

MARIEBELLE

Look, I'm sorry for your loss but I can't help you. I don't know the name.

CHRISTIAN

Who would have access to all of the apartments then?

Mariebelle's eyes widen. Pales.

Christian stares her down. Mariebelle looks away.

ROY (O.S.)  
Any packages today?

Mariebelle, Christian and John turn.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Hey, Christian. I heard about  
Clara -- .

Christian advances on him. Stares him down. Roy doesn't  
back down.

CHRISTIAN  
Was it worth it?

ROY  
What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN  
One shift. That's it.

ROY  
Christian...

CHRISTIAN  
She'd probably still be alive.

ROY  
Christian, it's no one's fault  
except the ones who broke in.  
Don't put the blood on my hands.

CHRISTIAN  
Some of it belongs on your hands.

Silence.

ROY  
Mariebelle, I have a matinance  
issue at my apartment.

MARIEBELLE  
Let's take a look.

Mariebelle tries to step away. Christian grabs her arm.  
Roy snatches Christian's wrist. Gets in his face.

JOHN  
(intervening)  
Whoa, whoa. Stop. That's enough.

ROY  
I'm sorry for what happened,  
Christian. I am.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Don't take it out on people who  
don't deserve it.

Christian only stares.

Roy and Mariebelle walk away.

CHRISTIAN

(to John)  
After I find who did this, he's  
next.

JOHN

Christian -- .

Christian walks toward the main office entrance.

Roy and Mariebelle walk quickly across the street.

MARIEBELLE

Thank you.

ROY

Yeah...

EXT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

They stop at Roy's door.

MARIEBELLE

Can we start over? I'm Mariebelle.

Mariebelle offers her hand. Roy studies it.

ROY

Roy.

Roy shakes her hand. Awkward silence.

MARIEBELLE

Well, if you have any mail, I'll  
bring it by.

ROY

You don't have to do that.

MARIEBELLE

Well, I am. I'll see you later.

Mariebelle walks away.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Bye.

ROY

Bye.

Roy enters his apartment. Shuts the door.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Roy locks the door. Leans his back against it. Sighs.  
Hits the back of his head against it.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Jeremy sitting on the toilet seat. Shooting up.

Ring: Front desk bell.

Jeremy sighs. Puts the dope away.

INT. FRONT DESK -- DAY

Ring: Front desk bell again.

Jeremy entering from the back. Putting on his fake smile.

JEREMY

Hi.

Jeremy freezes. Stares. The smile fading.

Christian and John stand at the front desk. Staring.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

H-Hi guys. Let me find Mariebelle  
for you.

CHRISTIAN

She's got her hands tied. You'll  
do.

Jeremy attempts the fake smile. Perspiration developing  
on his forehead.

JEREMY

Okay.

Jeremy steps behind the desk.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

CHRISTIAN

Who else works here?

JEREMY

What?

CHRISTIAN

Who else. Works here.

JEREMY

Just Mariebelle and I today. Why?

CHRISTIAN

Anyone by the name of Mark?

Jeremy tenses.

JEREMY

No.

JOHN

He's lying.

JEREMY

I'm not. No one named Mark works here. What do you guys want anyway?

CHRISTIAN

What reason would he have to lie?

JOHN

Protect someone. A friend.

John stares at Jeremy. Jeremy looks away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where can we find Mark?

JEREMY

I don't know anyone named Mark.

Silence.

CHRISTIAN

Do you know who I am?

Jeremy silent.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Good. Then you should also know what will happen if I find out you're lying to me.

Jeremy still silent.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Now, are you sure there is nothing you want to tell me?

JEREMY

I don't know anyone named Mark.

Christian studies him.

CHRISTIAN

What's your name again?

JEREMY

Jeremy.

CHRISTIAN

Right. We'll be back.

JEREMY

Why would you come back?

CHRISTIAN

Well, we still have rent to pay,  
now don't we.

Jeremy nods.

Christian grins. They exit.

Jeremy watches them go.

EXT. MAIL CENTER -- DAY

John and Christian leaving.

JOHN

Well?

CHRISTIAN

He knows something. We'll talk to  
him later.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Jeremy barging into the bathroom. Vomits into the toilet.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- MARCUS' BEDROOM -- NIGHT

COMPUTER MONITOR

Ebay. Christian's stolen HVX200 being sold. No bids yet.

BACK TO SCENE

Knock. Knock. Front door.

Marcus freezes. Grabs his pistol off the desk.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Marcus opens the door. Jeremy stands outside, scared.

INT. MARCUS' BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcus at his desk. Jeremy reeling. Pacing back and forth.

MARCUS

What are you talking about?

JEREMY

He knows.

MARCUS

He knows what?

JEREMY

The boyfriend, Christian Mitchell.  
He came to the office asking  
questions.

MARCUS

Oh, calm down. He isn't going to  
do anything. He doesn't know shit.

JEREMY

He came looking for you.

MARCUS

You mean us.

JEREMY

He's looking for someone named,  
"Mark".

Marcus freezes. Studies Jeremy.

MARCUS

How...

JEREMY

Maybe the cops know something.

MARCUS

They'd be kicking the door down  
right now. And they sure-as-hell  
wouldn't tell him.

JEREMY

Well, what the hell do we do?

Marcus contemplates.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
MARCUS!

MARCUS  
Shutup.

Marcus thinks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Get me his phone number.

JEREMY  
What? Why?

Marcus stands.

MARCUS  
I've always got us out of shitty  
situations. This is no different.  
Do what I say. Trust me.

Jeremy slightly relieved.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Roy cleaning the kitchen. Finishing what he started  
earlier.

Ring. Ring. Cell phone in his bedroom.

INT. ROY'S BEDROM -- NIGHT

Cell phone sitting on the bed.

Roy enters. Sits down beside it. Checks the caller ID:  
"Private". He hesitantly answers.

ROY  
Hello?

Silence. Breathing.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Who is this?

Silence.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)  
Brian... is that you?

Roy freezes. The world stops.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Come home. Please. She forgives  
you. We all do.

ROY  
Forgive me? I didn't ask for your  
forgiveness. Don't call me again.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
DON'T HANG UP!

Roy hangs up. Throws the phone against the wall. Tries to  
calm himself.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

John asleep on his bed.

Christian sitting on John's chair. Staring at John. Fully  
clothed.

CHRISTIAN  
John.

John doesn't respond.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(kicks mattress)  
John!

John awakens. Rolls over.

JOHN  
Christ, what time is it?

CHRISTIAN  
Time to get up.

John glances at his bedside clock: 6:15 AM.

JOHN  
Shit, it's 6 in the morning.

CHRISTIAN  
Come on. Up.

John rolls back over.

JOHN  
Fifteen more minutes.

Christian losing patience.

CHRISTIAN  
GET. UP.

John startled. Rolls over. Stares at Christian.  
 John sits up. Continues glaring at Christian. Silence.  
 Ring. Ring. Christian's cell phone. Caller ID: Unknown.  
 Christian answers.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Who is this?

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE PARKING LOT -- DAY

Marcus sitting in his car. Phone to his ear.

MARCUS

I know who you're looking for.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

Cut back and forth between Marcus and Christian.

Christian stands.

CHRISTIAN

Keep talking.

EXT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Quiet. Still. Jeremy's place resides near the front gate, isolated from the complex.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jeremy lying in bed. Wide-awake. Hypnotized by the ceiling. Unable to sleep.

He sits up. Snatches a bottle of sleeping pills off the bedside table. Pops a couple.

He sets the bottle back on the table. Sighs. Buries his face into his palms. Contemplative. Perspiring.

He lifts his head. Turns toward the bedside table and stares: His cell phone.

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Parked across the street, Marcus watches Jeremy's apartment. Thinking.

He picks up his cell phone and dials a number.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

John sits on the sofa watching television. Anxious.

Christian stands by the window. Searching outside. Calm.  
Patient.

RING. The cell phone vibrates on the coffee table.  
"Unknown".

Christian instantly spins around and answers.

CHRISTIAN

Talk.

Silence.

MARCUS

Apartment 101. Place by the front  
gate. He's home.

CHRISTIAN

(beat)  
I'll find you too.  
(beat)  
You know that.

Click. The line dies.

Christian hangs up.

JOHN

It's a set-up.

CHRISTIAN

I'm aware.

JOHN

And we're still doing this?

CHRISTIAN

Absolutely. Get up.

KNOCK. KNOCK --

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Roy answers. Mariebelle smiling on the other side. Hiding  
something behind her back.

MARIEBELLE

Are you busy?

ROY

Why?

MARIEBELLE

Well, are you or aren't you?

ROY

I mean... I'm writing.

MARIEBELLE

Anyone else home?

ROY

No... Why?

Mariebelle reveals a six pack of beer. She invites herself inside.

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Marcus tosses the phone onto the passenger seat. Looks back at Jeremy's place. Kitchen light is on.

Ring. Marcus' cell phone vibrates. Marcus checks the caller ID: "Jeremy".

Marcus hesitates. Answers.

MARCUS

What?

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jeremy leaning on the counter. Cut back and forth between Marcus and Jeremy.

JEREMY

I'm turning myself in.

Silence.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'll take the blame. I don't care.  
But I can't do this. I'll sleep  
better behind bars.

MARCUS

Jeremy...

JEREMY

Can't talk me out of this, Marcus.  
I'm done.

Jeremy hangs up.

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Marcus dazed. Takes the phone from his ear.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jeremy walks into his bedroom. Puts the phone down. Slightly relieved.

EXT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- BACK ENTRANCE -- NIGHT.

Christian hops the fence. John follows closely behind. Both armed. Christian, a shotgun. John, a pistol.

Christian and John halt. Search the area. It's clear.

Christian eyes Jeremy's window. The light turns off.

CHRISTIAN

Take the front door.

JOHN

Are you sure about this?

Christian glares.

CHRISTIAN

I'll see you inside.

Christian slowly moves toward the back door.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jeremy throwing on his jacket. Pocketing his cell phone and wallet. Takes a last look at the bedroom. Last time he'll see it.

BOOM! Front door.

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Marcus reacts. Thrown out of a trance. Looks out the window: John kicking the front door open. Charges into the apartment.

Marcus dials '911'. Puts the phone to his ear.

Pause.

MARCUS

There's a break-in happening right now!

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jeremy quietly walking down the hallway. Stops. Peaks around the corner.

John scans the area. Gun firmly held. Cautious.

Jeremy hides. Tries to control his breathing.

He starts back for his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jeremy bolts into the bedroom. Slams the door behind him. Takes out his cell phone. Dials "911".

911 OPERATOR  
Please, state your emergency.

JEREMY  
Someone has broken into my home.

911 OPERATOR  
Where are you located, sir?

JEREMY  
2837 Northgate Lakes.

911 OPERATOR  
Someone has already called-in,  
sir. Units are on there way right  
now. Hide somewhere. Get to  
safety.

Jeremy freezes. Puts it all together.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
Sir?

Jeremy drops the phone.

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Marcus sweating. Conflicted.

He glances at Jeremy's apartment. Looks away. Deciding.

He punches the dashboard. Frustrated.

MARCUS  
FUCK!

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jeremy watches John's shadowed feet beneath the door.  
Frozen.

DISTANT SIRENS.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Shit!

John backs away from the door.

Silence.

Jeremy sighs. Still.

BOOM! Shotgun blast shatters the bedroom window. Jeremy hits the floor.

INT. MARCUS' CAR -- NORTHGATE FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Marcus jumps. Eyes widen.

MARCUS

Goddamnit!

Marcus bolts out of the car. He takes out his pistol and charges Jeremy's apartment.

SIRENS GETTING CLOSER.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jeremy lying on the floor. On his stomach. Badly wounded.

Christian enters through the broken window. Rolls Jeremy over with his leg.

Jeremy's eyes widen.

John comes to the window.

JOHN

Christian, we need to leave now!  
Cops are close!

Christian kneels. Grabs Jeremy's face.

CHRISTIAN

What's your partners name?

Jeremy gurgles on his own blood.

JOHN

CHRISTIAN!

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcus inside. Running to the back room.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Christian digs the barrel beneath his chin.

CHRISTIAN

Give me a name! NOW!

BANG! The bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus against the bedroom door.

MARCUS

JEREMY!

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Christian stands. Stares at the door. Eyes wide with rage.

CHRISTIAN

That's him.

JOHN

CHRISTIAN! WE HAVE TO GO!

Christian raises the shotgun. FIRES at the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The shotgun TEARS a hole through the door. Marcus fumbles back. Unharmed.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

John books it. Jumps back over the fence.

CHRISTIAN

I'll find you! Remember that.

Christian leaves. Follows after John.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Marcus glances into the bedroom: Jeremy on the floor.  
Surrounded by blood.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

He kicks the door in. Stops. Kneels next to Jeremy.

Jeremy stares at Marcus. Takes his last breath...

Jeremy lies dead on the floor.

Marcus gazes at his still corpse in disbelief.

The police pull up out front. Marcus comes to. Bolts for  
the window.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

The police raid Jeremy's bedroom. Marcus is gone.

EXT. SWAMP -- NIGHT

Marcus sprints along the swamp. Panting. Running on  
adrenaline.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Mariebelle and Roy sitting on the sofa. One on either  
side. Uncomfortable.

MARIEBELLE

So, does this image work for you?

ROY

Image...?

MARIEBELLE

The brooding. This mysterious...  
dark... rude thing you have going  
for yourself.. That image.

ROY

Roy: Does the bubbly, obnoxious  
and nosey image work for you?

MARIEBELLE

Fabulously.

ROY

No one bothers me. That's the way  
I like it.

MARIEBELLE

So, I'm bothering you.

ROY

Bothering, no. A disruption,  
definitely.

MARIEBELLE

Am I keeping you from someone  
else?

Roy gives her an odd look.

ROY

I go out of the apartment for two  
reasons: Work and groceries.  
That's it. I don't socialize much.

MARIEBELLE

And mail.

Mariebelle smiles. Roy doesn't.

ROY

And mail.

Roy takes a swig.

BOOM! Distant gunfire. Christian's shotgun.

Mariebelle reacts. Immediately reaches for Roy. Holds  
onto him. Roy backs away as far as he can. She doesn't  
notice the discomfort.

Boom. Another shot. Mariebelle jumps again.

Roy reluctantly puts his arm around her.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

Roy staring ahead. Contemplative.

Knock. Knock!

Mariebelle startled. Awakens.

Roy stands. Answers the door. It's Detective Bradley.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Where is he?

EXT. RANDOM STREET -- NIGHT

Marcus sprinting down the street. Running on battery acid. He stops at the corner. Looks ahead: gas station. One vehicle at the pump.

EXT. GAS STATION -- NIGHT

The man at the gas pump screws on the hub cap.

Marcus walks up behind him. Presses the gun into the back of his head.

MARCUS

Keys! NOW!

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mariebelle, Detective Bradley and Roy standing in the living room.

Roy holds a photograph of Jeremy.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

You knew him, correct?

MARIEBELLE

Knew? Is he okay?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

(ignores her)

When was the last time you spoke with Marcus Riley?

ROY

You think he had something to do with this?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Answer the question.

ROY

Yesterday.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Jeremy and him knew each, correct?

ROY

Yeah. Jeremy came here almost everyday.

Detective Bradley nods.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY  
You need to make a call.

INT. STOLEN CAR -- NIGHT

Marcus speeding through the street. Driving away from town. Decently far now.

He turns to the side of the road. Turns off his headlights. Parks.

He lays his head back. Tries to calm himself.

Initially he attempts to laugh it off. Relieved to be alive.

Slowly, he begins to cry. Fighting the urge to be that vulnerable with himself. Beats on the steering wheel. Finally, he completely breaks down.

Ring. Marcus freezes. Checks the caller ID: "Roy".

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Roy on the phone. Waiting for Marcus to answer.

Detective Bradley, Mariebelle and additional police stand nearby.

INT. STOLEN CAR -- NIGHT

Marcus stares at the caller ID. Contemplative. Tempted to answer. He opens the phone and hangs it up.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Roy takes the phone from his ear. Looks up at everyone.

INT. DINER -- DAY

Christian and John are seated at a local 24 hour diner.

John seems distracted. Distraught.

Christian's thoughts are elsewhere. He stares out the window.

The WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
What'll it be?

CHRISTIAN  
Cheeseburger. No pickles.

Christian smiles.

WAITRESS  
(to John)  
And you?

JOHN  
I'm not hungry.

WAITRESS  
Okay. I'll have your order up.

Christian stares at John, who gazes out the window.

CHRISTIAN  
What?

JOHN  
Just not hungry.

CHRISTIAN  
You should be happy.

JOHN  
Yeah?

CHRISTIAN  
We got one.

JOHN  
I'm not sure what we got.

Christian studies him.

CHRISTIAN  
Suck it up. We're not finished  
yet.

John sighs.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
You're still with me, right?

John pauses.

JOHN  
What do we do now?

CHRISTIAN  
Wait. Look. Let him come to us.  
Should I be worried about you?

John doesn't answer. Looks out the window again.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- DAY

Rear view mirror: Roy approaching.

Jake waiting in the car. Smoking.

Roy leans into the passenger side window.

ROY

What do you want?

Jake pats the passenger seat.

Roy gets in. Hesitant.

JAKE

Marcus' pal is toast. And Marcus himself is on the run.

ROY

I've heard. Is that what you called me over here for?

JAKE

Your mother informed me about her recent phone call. She wasn't suppose to do that.

ROY

Probably shouldn't have given her my number then, huh?

JAKE

That's the hell of it, I didn't. How was it hearing from her again?

Roy attempts to leave the car. Jake pulls his arm.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We're not done. Sit your ass down.

Jake forces Roy back into the seat. Roy shuts the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You have a problem.

ROY

Which is?

JAKE

Your deadline. It's up. We leave tonight.

ROY

Wait. Why?

JAKE

You're not the only one I see.  
Shit around here's heated. I'm  
uneasy. And I don't revel in being  
uneasy. Marcus' friend is dead.  
The kid who lost his girlfriend --  
.

ROY

Christian.

Jake nods.

JAKE

I've seen his eyes. The boy's out  
for blood. Have your bags packed  
by midnight. That's longer than  
you deserve. If it wasn't for your  
mother, I'd drive away right now.

ROY

If it wasn't for my mother, I'd be  
left alone. I'll stay at a hotel.

JAKE

For what?

ROY

I'm not ready.

JAKE

Your life can go one of two ways,  
bud: Either you grow a pair and  
accept the consequences of what  
you did to Cassy or you continue  
running until the guilt persuades  
you to off yourself. You have an  
opportunity. Being misdiagnosed is  
a second chance.

ROY

How do you know about that?

JAKE

I found you, didn't I? It wasn't  
hard to find your medical files.  
You're clear. Not many people can  
say they that. You're one of the  
lucky who can. Don't squander it.

ROY

You ever hit a woman?

JAKE

Never.

ROY

Then, you can't imagine the guilt of facing her.

JAKE

I'm two times your age. I served in the military. Did you ever watch a friend die and then face their parents. Tell them that their only son is dead?

Roy silent.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Exactly. The only thing holding you back from living your life is you. The self-pity ninsense you're pulling doesn't merit you an extension. We leave tonight. Midnight. Otherwise, you know what happens.

ROY

And what's to stop me from telling the police that you are withholding information?

JAKE

Proof. Get the fuck out.

INT. MARCUS' HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Marcus holding his phone. Staring at the contact list: "Mother". Low battery. Marcus presses send. Puts the phone to his ear.

Ring. Ring. Ring. MARCUS' MOTHER answers -- .

MARCUS' MOM (V.O.)

Hello?

Marcus quiet.

MARCUS' MOM (CONT'D)

Who is this?

MARCUS

Don't hang up.

MARCUS' MOM

I told you never to call here.

MARCUS

I need to stay with you. I have  
nowhere else to go. Please.

MARCUS' MOM

Cops came looking for you.  
Searched the house. You'll never  
change.

MARCUS

Mom -- .

Click. Marcus' Mom hangs up.

Beep. Beep. Marcus pulls the phone away. Battery dies.

Marcus puts the phone down. Thinking.

He picks up the hotel phone. Dials.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy walking back to his apartment.

Ring. Ring. His cell phone. Roy checks the caller ID:  
Random number. He answers. Cut back and forth between the  
hotel and parking lot.

ROY

Hello?

MARCUS

So, they're looking for me?

Roy stops. Eyes widen.

ROY

Marcus...

MARCUS

Am I suspect number one?

ROY

Yes.

MARCUS

And Christian?

ROY

Christian? What about him?

Marcus sighs.

ROY (CONT'D)

I don't know what the hell happened but Jeremy's dead and the police think you're responsible. Did you do it?

Silence.

MARCUS

What's your real name?

ROY

What?

MARCUS

My pop was a cop. Only thing he taught me before he died was how to spot bullshit. The first time we met... I asked your name and you told me but something strange happened. I didn't believe you. Why is that?

Silence.

ROY

I suggest you turn yourself in, Marcus.

MARCUS

You have no friends. No family you contact. You keep to yourself. Are you running from something?

ROY

Turn yourself in.

Marcus chuckles.

MARCUS

Strange... you may be the closest thing to a friend I have and I don't even know your name.

ROY

Fuck you.

Roy hangs up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Marcus puts the phone down. Grins.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy speed dials a phone number. Ring. Quick answer --

DETECTIVE BRADLEY (V.O.)  
Detective Bradley here.

ROY  
It's Roy. Write this phone number  
down.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

John sitting on the sofa. Passed out. Television on.

Christian pacing. Back and forth, back and forth. Can't sit still.

Ring. Christian's cell phone. He tenses. Then answers.

CHRISTIAN  
What?

THEATRE MANAGER  
Christian, are you okay?

CHRISTIAN  
Who is this?

THEATRE MANAGER  
Your boss! I heard about your  
girlfriend -- .

CHRISTIAN  
Fiance'.

THEATRE MANAGER  
I apologize... I'm very for your  
loss.

CHRISTIAN  
Who did you hear it from?

THEATRE MANAGER  
Roy? Your co-worker. The quiet  
one. He's been covering all of  
your shifts. He told me yesterday.

Christian's eyes widen. He hangs up. Contemplates.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- LATER

Christian walking down the hallway. Quickly. Tucking a weapon into his pants.

John awakens.

Christian doesn't notice.

John catches a glimpse of Christian's concealed weapon.

Christian leaves.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Christian walking outside. Focused. Until something catches his eye --

Police cruiser parked outside his old apartment. No sirens.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Christian slowly enters. Hears SOBBING down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Christian comes around the corner. Approaches his old bedroom. A police officer stands by the door, back facing Christian. An old woman, Claire's mother, MARGARET (65) sits at the edge of his old bed, crying. Holding a recent photograph of Claire and Christian. Beside her is Claire's father, ROBERT (68).

CHRISTIAN

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

The police officer spins around.

POLICE OFFICER 3

Sir! You need to leave right now.

CHRISTIAN

(ignoring the cop)  
What are you doing here?

POLICE OFFICER 3

Mrs. Thatcher, do you know this man?

Margaret silent.

POLICE OFFICER 3 (CONT'D)

Sir, please leave or I'll force you to leave.

Christians glares. Stares at the cop.

CHRISTIAN  
 Are you going to toss me in the  
 car for standing in my apartment?

The police officer silences.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
 Answer me.

Quiet.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
 ANSWER ME!

POLICE OFFICER 3  
 Okay. That's it. Out.

The Officer starts to force Christian out. Christian  
 pushes back.

Margaret jumps.

MARGARET  
 Wait!

They stop. Stare at Margaret.

She stands. Takes a step forward.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 I'm collecting. My daughter died  
 the moment she met you. I'm  
 entitled to anything she possessed  
 before her death. Her real death.

Silence. Christian stares. He reaches for his pistol.  
 Grips the handle.

John grabs Christian's wrist. Holds it down.

JOHN  
 We're leaving. Sorry for the  
 trouble.

John pulls Christian away from the room.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John brings Christian outside.

Christian spins around. Takes out his gun. Presses it  
 against John's head.

CHRISTIAN  
 Don't touch me again!

JOHN  
Too fucking far, Christian. Come  
on -- a cop?! Are you fucking  
kidding me?

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Now what? You're going to kill me  
now?

Christian takes the gun away. Backs away.

John shoves him aside.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
This has to stop.

John walks away. Christian watches. Emotionless.

INT. ROY'S BEDROM -- DAY

Roy sitting on his computer chair. Staring at his open,  
empty suitcase on the bed. Not sure where to start.  
Whether he should start at all...

Roy sighs. Opens his phone. Dials a number.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Hello?

Roy almost hangs up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Hello?

ROY  
I can't come back.

Silence.

SUSAN  
Yes, you can.

ROY  
Leave me alone. Just... please,  
leave me alone.

SUSAN  
I can't do that, honey.

ROY  
It isn't hard. Don't call me.  
Don't write me. Don't come looking  
for me.

SUSAN

Cause you're my child. My baby  
boy. And I want my baby boy back.

This hits home with Roy. A tear streams down his eye.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Come back home.

Roy hangs the phone up. Tosses it against the wall. He stands. Chucks the empty suitcase against the wall and storms out of the house.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Roy starts his car. Looks in the rearview: Jake in his car across the street. He backs out and drives off.

INT. GAS STATION -- DAY

Marcus walking down the aisles of a 7-Eleven. Looking up and down selection. He pockets some candy bars. Beef jerky.

He glances at the front counter.

The clerk reads a paper. Oblivious.

Marcus pulls out his pistol. Slowly. Eyes focused on the register. He walks toward the clerk, concealing the weapon slightly behind his coat.

Marcus readies to unveil the weapon.

SCREECH! Across the street -- Marcus and the Clerk turn -- Police cars round up in the hotel parking lot. Marcus walks toward the window. Watches Detective John lead uniformed officers up the stairs and in front of Marcus' room.

CLERK (O.S.)

Put it down.

Marcus turns. The Clerk holds a shotgun at him.

Marcus glances down at his pistol. Shit... He tucks the weapon into his pants.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I said, put it down, not away.

Marcus walks side-to-side.

MARCUS

I'm just going to leave.

Marcus continues. Clerk keeps his aim steady.

Marcus approaches the entrance.

CLERK

Don't move another inch.

MARCUS

Let me just leave.

BOOM! From across the street -- The police kick the door in -- The clerk turns for a moment -- Marcus beelines it out the front -- The clerk turns back. Lowers the weapon.

EXT. HOTEL -- MARCUS' ROOM -- DAY

Detective John comes out of the hotel room. Looks out the balcony. Anything suspicious... Nothing.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Call Roy Burns. Now.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Christian entering the apartment.

John putting the phone to his ear.

CHRISTIAN

What are you doing?

John gasps. Stares.

JOHN

What's it look like, you prick?

CHRISTIAN

Who were you going to call?

John stands.

JOHN

It's not your business.

CHRISTIAN

Put the phone down.

JOHN

This has to stop here.

CHRISTIAN

John, give me the phone.

Silence. Christian and John stare each other down. Christian reveals a pistol. The revolver used by Clara to defend herself.

John presses send.

John looks to the phone. Dials the first number.

Christian, in a flash, advances. Whacks John across the head.

He grabs the pillow on the couch, sinking the barrel into the cushion against John's head.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, John.

BAM. The pillow suppresses the bang. John's body goes limp.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- AUDITORIUM 2 -- DAY

Roy sitting in the center. Empty theatre. Watching a film. In trance. At peace.

Ring. His cell phone goes off.

JAKE (O.S.)

Sh.

Roy glances behind him. Jake has his finger to his lips. Smiling.

Roy turns back to the screen. Checks his caller ID: "Detective John..."

Roy stands. Leaves the auditorium.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- LOBBY -- DAY

Roy presses the phone to his ear.

ROY

Hello?

DETECTIVE BRADLEY (V.O.)

We found the hotel. He did check-in here but he wasn't around. Be careful. We don't know where he could be.

Roy silent.

ROY

So, he could possibly know that I gave him up. That's what you're saying.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

I'm saying, I could send a squad car to check on you every hour.

ROY

Okay.

Silence. Roy stares off. He doesn't need this.

DETECTIVE BRADLEY

Well?

ROY

I won't need it.

Roy hangs up. He glances over his shoulder at his auditorium entrance then out the window at his car.

INT. AUDITORIUM 2 -- DAY

Jake still sitting. Watching the film. He notices Roy hasn't come back.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- LOBBY -- DAY

Jake comes out and looks out the window. Roy's car is gone.

JAKE

Son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Roy speeding through traffic. Jumps onto the highway. Heading North.

INT. ROY'S CAR -- DAY

Ring. Cell phone. "Unknown Number". He answers.

ROY

What?

JAKE

Where are you going to go?

Roy throws the phone onto the floor.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Roy speeds up.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- DAY

Jake takes the phone away from his ear. Shakes his head.

JAKE

Okay, kid...

Jake speed dials a number. He gets back onto the phone.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's me. Tell her to do it now.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Roy hitting 100. Zipping in and out of traffic.

He zooms by a cop. The sirens immediately come on and the cop speeds after him.

INT. ROY'S CAR -- DAY

Roy glances in his rearview. The squad car is far up his ass.

Ring. Ring. Roy glances at the caller ID: Random number. He ignores it and pulls over.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- MEDIAN -- DAY

Roy and the Officer are parked. The officer approaches.

Roy knows the drill. Immediately hands him the information.

PATROL

You know the drill well. Never a good sign.

ROY

Watch too many movies.

PATROL

Stay in your vehicle.

The officer walks away.

Roy sighs.

Ring. Ring. The cell phone. Again: a random number. Ring. Ring.

Roy angrily picks it up.

ROY  
What the fuck do you want? JUST  
LEAVE ME ALONE!

Silence.

CASSY  
Don't run, Sean.

Roy's eyes widen. Skin pales. Can't speak. The words echo.

Roy hangs the phone up. Drops it on the floor. Pale.

He steps out of the car.

The police officer reacts. Reaches for his weapon.

PATROL  
Get back in your vehicle!

Roy ignores him. Looks toward the oncoming traffic.

Parked down the road, close by, is Jake. Waiting.

Roy looks forward.

PATROL (CONT'D)  
Sir! GET BACK IN THE FUCKING  
VEHICLE.

Roy steps toward traffic. Slowly.

PATROL (CONT'D)  
STOP!

The Officer unholsters his weapon.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- DAY

Jake tensing.

JAKE  
What are you doing... Fuck.

Jake presses on the accelerator.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Roy continues. Almost there.

Jake turns sharp into the right lane -- Car SLAMS into his side. Hits a car in the next lane over. Stopping just short of killing Roy.

The Police Officer grabs Roy. Pulls him out of the road. Throws handcuffs on him.

PATROL

What the fuck is the matter with you?!

Roy is unemotional. Completely shut down.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- DAY

Jake's okay. He looks up and sees Roy being tossed into the back of the cruiser.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: (Sigur Ros -- Track 4)

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Christian covering John's corpse in a sleeping bag. Zips up the sides. Right before he covers John's face, he stops. Gazes. A split-second of humanity. The old Christian peaks through for a moment. Then... it's gone. Christian zips the bag up.

EXT. RANDOM ALLEY -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Marcus walking down the sidewalk. Head lowered. He looks up. Everyone walking by, stares. Incriminating. Do they know?

SLOW MOTIOM: The sidewalk becomes increasingly crowded. Women, men, husbands, wives, children, stare at Marcus as they walk by. Watching him.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Roy in the back of a police cruiser. Staring out the window. Aimless. Numb.

EXT. RIVER -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Christian pushing John's body into the river. Slowly floating away. Christian watches it. Eyes cold. Without emotion. Without a soul.

SLOW MOTION: Christian turns. Walks away.

SLOW MOTION: The sleeping bag continues, then sinks. Disappearing from view.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Marcus can't take it. He breaks out into a run. Pushing everyone in his path out of the way.

SLOW MOTION: He finally turns into an alley --

EXT. RANDOM ALLEY -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Marcus sprints down the alley. The uninterested crowd getting further and further away behind him.

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Roy sitting in a local police station jail cell. Bigger, buffer men than himself surround him but he seems unafraid. Uninterested. Staring at the floor. Shut off from the world around him.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Christian sitting on the sofa. Holding a photo of Claire in his hands. Gazing at it.

He clicks his lighter. Ignites the photograph. Watches it burn.

EXT. RANDOM ALLEY -- DAY

SLOW MOTION: Marcus stops running. He hides behind a dumpster. Looking for any followers. There are none.

SLOW MOTION: He curls up. Frightened. Alone. Without anyone who cares for him.

END MONTAGE

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

Roy still sitting. Staring.

GUARD  
(muffled)  
Roy Burns.

Roy doesn't hear him. Only stares:

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Roy Burns!

Roy comes to. Looks up.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
You've been bailed out.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- EVENING

Jake driving Roy back to his apartment. In silence.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS -- DAY

Marcus hopping the fence. Back of the main office.  
Searches the area. Walks toward the rear entrance of the  
office.

Marcus looks through the window.

Mariebelle standing behind the front desk. Finishing up  
with a resident.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Jake pulls up to the curb.

JAKE  
Get out.

Jake exits the vehicle. Goes to Roy's side.

Roy steps out. Shuts the door.

BAM -- Jake gut punches Roy. Roy grabs his stomach. Falls  
to the floor. Out of breath.

Jake leans in.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 We're leaving tonight. You try  
 something like that again, I'll  
 shoot your knee caps and drag your  
 fucking ass back home.

Jake grabs Roy's face.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 Tonight. Understand me?

Roy continues to catch his breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 I'll be here in four hours. Be  
 ready.

Jake gets into the car. Drives off.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- JEREMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mariebelle sits in front of Jeremy's desk. Scared. Angry.

Marcus paces. Gun firmly in his hand.

MARIEBELLE  
 Why are you doing this? What do  
 you want?

MARCUS  
 For starters, I want you to shut  
 the fuck up. If you aren't  
 answering MY questions, you aren't  
 speaking.

Mariebelle quiet.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Give me your phone.

Mariebelle hands it over.

Marcus skims through the contact list. Chooses a name.  
 Clicks "Talk". He tosses it to Mariebelle.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Tell him to come here. Now.

Mariebelle glance at the phone. Sees the name. Eyes  
 widen.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy picking himself up. Walking toward his apartment.

Ring. His cell phone. He checks the caller ID: "Mariebelle". He debates whether to answer. He finally does.

ROY

Hey...

MARIEBELLE

Could you come over to the front office?

INT. MAIN OFFICE, FRONT DESK -- DAY

Roy enters. No ones around.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Lock the door.

Roy turns.

Marcus behind him. Holding the gun in his hand.

Roy shuts the door. Locks it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Kill the light.

Roy does.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Walk.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Roy walks into the office. Mariebelle brightens up when he enters. She stands to hug him.

MARCUS

Sit, bitch.

Mariebelle does.

Roy turns around.

ROY

Don't call her a bitch again.

Marcus shoves Roy against the wall.

MARCUS

I have the gun, asshole.

Marcus closes the office door. Locks it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Sit down.

Roy sits next Mariebelle.

ROY

Now what?

Marcus sits behind the desk.

ROY (CONT'D)

Marcus, what happened to Jeremy?

Marcus looks away.

MARCUS

He died.

ROY

No. What did you do?

Marcus doesn't answer.

ROY (CONT'D)

Marcus!

Marcus slams his fist on the desk.

MARCUS

I killed him, Roy. Jesus Christ...  
I killed him. I set him up. He was  
the only friend I had and I set  
him up.

ROY

You set him up? Who killed him,  
Marcus?

MARCUS

The girl I killed...

ROY

Christian... Shit... Marcus, this  
has to stop.

MARCUS

It will. Tonight.

ROY

What are you going to do?

MARCUS

Don't be home at Midnight. If I  
see any police there, I'm coming  
for her.

Marcus leaves.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

Ring. Christian answers the phone quickly.

CHRISTIAN

Speak.

EXT. SWAMP -- DAY

Marcus hiding in the swamp. Cut back and forth between Marcus and Christian.

MARCUS

We settle this tonight.

CHRISTIAN

Good. Where?

MARCUS

No weapons.

CHRISTIAN

That isn't a place. Where?

MARCUS

You'll find out in a couple of hours but, no weapons.

CHRISTIAN

So, this time you'll set me up but I'll be defenseless. I'm looking forward to it already.

MARCUS

No cops.

CHRISTIAN

Doesn't have to be cops.

MARCUS

I have no friends.

CHRISTIAN

Me either.

Silence.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Okay.

MARCUS

You have one chance to have me.  
Don't blow it. No weapons. Or I'll  
turn myself in.

Marcus hangs up.

Christian hangs up. Grins slightly.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Roy packing his suitcase. Reluctantly. Rummaging through  
each drawer and tossing it in his luggage carelessly.

His phone rings over and over but he ignores it. Doesn't  
want to answer.

Knock. Knock. Roy stops. Leaves the room.

INT. FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Roy answers the door. Jake stands impatiently.

JAKE

Answer your fucking phone.

ROY

It was tough having to get out of  
your car, huh?

Jake wants to slap him.

JAKE

Stop stalling. Are you almost  
done?

ROY

Sure.

JAKE

Good. Doesn't matter. We leave in  
20 whether you have your luggage  
or you don't.

ROY

So assertive.

Jake leaves. Roy slams the door.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Christian reaches into John's closet. Pulls out a 12  
gauge shotgun.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Christian cleaning the shotgun. And the handgun.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

Christian loading the bullets into the magazine.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

Christian loading the shotgun.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

Christian lays out his weapons and ammunition on the coffee table. Enough shells and magazines to take out a militia.

EXT. BACK OF APARTMENTS -- NIGHT.

Marcus walks to the sliding glass door. Looks inside. No one in the living room.

INT. ROY'S BEDROM -- NIGHT

Roy continuing his packing.

MARCUS (O.S.)

I said not to be here tonight.

Roy gasps. Spins around.

Marcus standing in the doorway.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I think packing your bags is overdoing it.

ROY

I didn't hear you come in.

MARCUS

Back door. I noticed you cleaned the living room.

ROY

Are you going to kill me for that?

Marcus grins to himself.

MARCUS  
You need to leave. Now.

ROY  
What do you plan on doing?

MARCUS  
Settling this.

ROY  
And how's that? Guns blazing?

MARCUS  
I don't know.

Pause. Marcus suspects him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
You know if you call the police,  
I'll hurt her. Bad.

ROY  
You won't touch her.

MARCUS  
Don't force me.

Pause.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Get out of here.

Roy looks around the room for a moment. Walks out of the room.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
What about your bags?

ROY  
I don't need them.

EXT. BACK OF APARTMENTS -- NIGHT.

Roy peaks out the sliding glass door. No one's around.  
Doesn't see Jake.

He scurries behind the next apartment over. Takes out his phone.

INT. MARIEBELLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ring. Mariebelle answers.

MARIEBELLE

Hello?

ROY (V.O.)

What are you doing right now?

Mariebelle smiles.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus turns off all the lights. Walks down the hallway.  
Sits down at the kitchen table.

Takes out his cell phone. Dials.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ring. Christian immediately answers.

CHRISTIAN

Where?

MARCUS

I have a condition.

CHRISTIAN

What's that?

MARCUS

No guns. No weapons.

CHRISTIAN

How are you going to settle this?  
A therapy session?

MARCUS

Let's talk.

CHRISTIAN

This started with blood shed and  
it will end the same way.

MARCUS

Good luck finding me.

CHRISTIAN

Wait.

Marcus listens.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Fine. No weapons. No cops.

Marcus pauses. Rethinks?

MARCUS  
Apartment 202.

Marcus hangs up.

Christian's eyes widen. Roy's apartment.

EXT. NORTHGATE LAKES, FRONT GATE -- NIGHT

Mariebelle slowly pulls up to the curb.

Roy jumps out. Enters the passenger side.

MARIEBELLE  
Not gonna lie, I'm insanely  
suspicious.

Roy smiles.

ROY  
Take a right.

Mariebelle drives forward.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcus puts the phone down. Sighs.

Knock. Knock. Marcus jumps.

MARCUS  
Jesus... that was quick.

Marcus stands. Looks through the eye hole: It's Jake.

Jake knocks again.

JAKE  
I know your behind the door,  
asshole. Come on, let's go.

MARCUS  
Who the hell are you?

Jake tenses.

JAKE  
Who is that?

MARCUS  
None of your goddamn business.  
What do you want?

JAKE

Where's Roy?

MARCUS

Gone. He isn't home.

Jake pauses. Leaves.

Marcus steps away baffled.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- AUDITORIUM 2 -- NIGHT

Roy and Mariebelle sitting in the middle of an empty auditorium. Watching the film. Enjoying it.

Mariebelle stares at him.

Roy notices.

ROY

What?

MARIEBELLE

I don't think I've ever seen you this happy.

ROY

It's a good movie.

MARIEBELLE

Did you ever want to make movies?

ROY

Once.

MARIEBELLE

What happened?

Roy avoids the question.

ROY

What do you want to do?

MARIEBELLE

Ah. No. Tell me. What happened?

Roy hesitates.

ROY

I don't deserve to have achieve my dream.

MARIEBELLE

Bullshit. If you work for it, you do.

ROY  
No. Not me. I lost the privelege  
to pursue it.

MARIEBELLE  
Jesus...

ROY  
What about you? What's your major?

MARIEBELLE  
Oh. I don't go to college. I'm on  
my way to becoming a police  
officer. Want to be SWAT.

Roy surprised.

ROY  
Wait. What?

MARIEBELLE  
I know. I always get that  
reaction. I'm too nice.

ROY  
Why SWAT? You never wanted to be  
something that requires a little  
less... defense.

MARIEBELLE  
A nurse, once.

ROY  
What changed your mind?

Mariebelle hesitant. Roy and Mariebelle look at the  
screen.

Roy ignores his vibrating phone.

EXT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- ROY'S BEDROOM WINDOW -- NIGHT

Jake outside Roy's window. Phone to his ear. Searching  
inside the dark room. Goes to Roy's Voicemail.

Jake puts the phone away.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)  
Who the fuck are you?

Jake freezes. Turns to Christian.

Christian aims a shotgun at Jake.

JAKE

Whoa. Calm down, friend. Looking  
for an applebottom Chihuahua.  
Little thing. You seen it?

Christian pauses.

CHRISTIAN

Get the fuck out of here.

Jake nods. Leaves. Walks away from Christian. Fast.

Christian glimpses into Roy's bedroom window. Darkness.  
Moves to the back.

EXT. BACK OF ROY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Christian glances into the sliding glass door window.  
Pitch black. Can't see anything. Christian places the  
shotgun on the ground in the bushes.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Jake opens the passenger side door. Opens the glove  
compartment. Pulls out a six shooter. Checks the ammo.  
Walks back toward the house.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Marcus peaks out from the hallway. Checks the sliding  
glass door for anyone.

He walks up to the front door. Looks into the eyehole.

MARCUS

Throw the gun away.

CHRISTIAN

I came unharmed. I kept my word.

MARCUS

Bullshit. Where's your friend?

CHRISTIAN

Dead.

MARCUS

Unfortunate. How'd that happen?

CHRISTIAN

Tripped down some stairs.

MARCUS

Right.

Pause.

CHRISTIAN

Now what?

MARCUS

I don't know. I didn't really think much father than this moment...

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- AUDITORIUM 2 -- NIGHT

The credits roll and the lights come up.

Roy stands. Mariebelle sits.

MARIEBELLE

Seems we both have something we don't want to tell.

Roy sits back down.

ROY

Seems that way. You don't have to tell me.

MARIEBELLE

My father... was involved with the philedelphia crime syndocite. He was a good man. Good father. Good to my mother. Never complained. But one night, he comes home, hysterical. He fucked up. Big time. Told us we had to leave. No bag packing. Nothing. We had to go. He rushed out the door and when we got outside, two cars were parked out front. Shot down my father, mother, and sister. I lived. Rushed to the hospital. I went to dozens of foster homes. When I was old enough, I left. Got as far away as I could get.

ROY

And you pursued law enforcement because...

MARIEBELLE

Because one day, I'm going to be an Officer in New York. I've never told anyone that.

ROY  
Why'd you tell me?

MARIEBELLE  
I don't know.

Roy and Mariebelle stare at each other.

ROY  
Let's get going -- .

Mariebelle grabs Roy and kisses him. Hard.  
She pulls away. Silence. They attack each other.  
They make out. Hold each other tight.  
Mariebelle slowly reaches toward his crotch.  
She gropes him.

Roy reacts. Eyes widen. He shoves her off the seat. She hits the floor.

Mariebelle groans in pain. Looks up at Roy.

Roy stares back. He runs out the door.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE -- NIGHT

Roy sprints out of the theatre and down the street.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Marcus still against the front door.

MARCUS  
For whatever it's worth, I'm  
sorry.

CHRISTIAN  
What?

MARCUS  
About your girlfriend. I'm sorry.  
Just wanted to say that before I  
opened the door.

Christian reaches for a pistol tucked in the back of his pants.

Silence.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Okay.

Marcus starts to unlock the door.

GLASS SHATTERS IN THE BACK ROOM.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

SHIT!

Marcus starts down the hallway.

EXT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Christian draws his pistol.

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Christian FIRES through the apartment door. Sprints to the side of the bushes.

EXT. BACK OF APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Christian sprinting. Snatches up the shotgun from the bushes.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- ROY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jake searching for Roy in the bedroom.

Marcus comes in. Aims at Jake.

MARCUS  
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

Jake and Marcus aim at each other.

JAKE  
Where's Roy?

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

Jake instinctually lunges at Marcus.

Christian aims through the broken window. BOOM! Blasts a hole in the wall.

Jake FIRES back. Christian hides behind the wall.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jake slams Roy's bedroom door shut.

Jake and Marcus stand. Marcus draws his weapon on Jake.

MARCUS

Who are you?

JAKE

Where's Roy?

MARCUS

He ran off. Who are you?!

JAKE

A friend. Shut the fuck up!

GLASS SHATTERS IN MARCUS' ROOM.

Jake and Marcus huddle against the wall.

No noises in the room.

Jake glances into Marcus' bedroom -- No one.

BOOM! SHOTGUN BLAST TEARS A HOLE THROUGH ROY'S BEDROOM DOOR.

Jake and Marcus fire back -- No one there.

GLASS SHATTERS -- SLIDING GLASS DOORS!

Jake and Marcus turn down the hallway -- No one.

BOOM! Christian FIRES.

Marcus is thrown down by the hit.

Jake spins. Fires. Christian disappears behind the wall.

Marcus groans. Bleeding on the carpet.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sh!

Jake listens.

FOOTSTEPS -- LIVING ROOM.

Jake hides in the bathroom.

Christian pops out from down the hallway. Points the shotgun at Marcus lying on the floor.

CHRISTIAN

This is for her!

Jake leaps out. BAM! -- Christian's hit in the chest. Fumbles backward into the kitchen -- BOOM! -- He fires aimlessly at Jake.

Jake falls back into the bathroom.

EXT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- BACK OF APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Roy finally halts by the sliding glass door. Out of breath.

He looks inside. Sees Christian.

ROY

Christian.

Christian looks at Roy.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Jake tenses.

JAKE

Sean, get out of here!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Roy enters the living room. Stops at the center.

ROY

I'm tired of the guilt. I don't want it anymore.

Roy gets down on his knees.

Christian, wide-eyed, forgets his wound. He walks toward Roy. Lifts the shotgun.

ROY (CONT'D)

Do it.

CHRISTIAN

Gladly.

SLOW MOTION: Roy shuts his eyes.

FLASHBACK TO --

Mariebelle smiling.

MARIEBELLE (V.O.)

There's always another chance.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy opens his eyes.

SLOW MOTION: Jake comes out of the bathroom.

SLOW MOTION: Christian steadies.

SLOW MOTION: Jake aims.

SLOW MOTION: Christian cocks the shotgun.

SLOW MOTION: Jake FIRES. The gun's empty.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Marcus FIRES his pistol until it's empty.

Christian drops to the ground. Falls dead to the ground.

Roy watches his eyes turn frozen and dead.

Marcus lies back down.

Roy rushes to his side.

ROY

Marcus!

Marcus gurgles blood. Tries to speak.

ROY (CONT'D)

What?

MARCUS

Remember me... for this...

Roy says nothing. Watches his eyes go cold and dead.

Jake and Roy stand still. Taking in what just happened.

DISTANT POLICE SIRENS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy approaching the dumpster. Throws out his clothing.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Jake sitting in the living room.

JAKE

You done yet?

ROY

Almost.

JAKE

I don't quite understand the  
throwing everything away business.  
Could probably use some clothes.

ROY

I'll buy new clothes.

JAKE

And that computer? I suppose  
you're gonna take that computer at  
least.

ROY

It's already gone.

JAKE

Are you... I won't argue.

Jake stands.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll be parked out front. Hurry  
up. We got quite a drive.

Roy nods. Walks into his bedroom.

INT. ROY'S BEDROM -- DAY

Roy enters. Stops at the doorway. Examines the room.  
Everything has been removed. Nothing is left except for  
the photograph.

Roy picks it up off the bed. Gazes at it. Folds it up and  
slides inside his pocket.

EXT. NORTHGATE APARTMENTS, PARKING LOT -- DAY

Roy walks outside to the car. Reaches for the handle.  
Stops. Looks across the street at the main office.

JAKE

Oh, Christ. Why are you stopping?

ROY

Give me ten minutes.

JAKE

No.

Roy looks at him, sincerely.

ROY

I need it. Ten minutes and we're gone.

Silence.

JAKE

Five minutes.

Roy walks away.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, FRONT DESK -- DAY

Roy enters the main office. It's empty.

He approaches the front desk. Rings the bell.

MARIEBELLE (O.S.)

Hold on, please!

Mariebelle comes from the back room. Stops. Stares at Roy.

MARIEBELLE (CONT'D)

Please, leave.

ROY

Not until explain myself.

MARIEBELLE

I promised myself no one would ever touch me like that again.

ROY

And you're right to do so.

MARIEBELLE

Then turn around.

ROY

I told you, I don't deserve what I want. Do you remember that?

Mariebelle doesn't answer.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm a victim of cancer.

MARIEBELLE

What kind?

ROY

Testicular.

Mariebelle quiet.

ROY (CONT'D)

Six years ago, I felt a lump. I felt something and it scared the living shit out of me. Didn't tell anyone for a good year. Finally, I informed my mother. My father wasn't around anymore.

MARIEBELLE

I'm sorry.

ROY

Don't be. He left us. So, I got checked up. I was diagnosed with testicular cancer in both testicles that evening. I didn't know what to do with myself. My friends all looked at me different. Conversations about women were no longer relaxed but awkward. I was looked at differently. And then my girlfriend of three years at the time... Well, she tried. She tried to act as if everything would be okay. The night before my surgery, we were together. And she looked at me strangely the entire night. Like I didn't belong with her. Wouldn't kiss me. None of it. And I snapped. I saw red. I shoved her on the ground and... hit her... more than once. She sat there unconscious. I couldn't believe what had just happened. Couldn't take it. I left that night. Disappeared from everyone. Came here eventually.

MARIEBELLE

And the cancer?

ROY

I continued on without any check ups of any kind, waiting for it to spread and take my life. Seemed to be what I deserved. But finally, I left. Got checked up. It wasn't cancer. There were no signs of cancer. It was something else. Something easily treatable.

MARIEBELLE

And ever since that event, you've just been zombie.

ROY  
Until I met you.

MARIEBELLE  
And Marcus.

ROY  
That's another story. But... thank  
you for the interruption.

Silence.

MARIEBELLE  
What now?

ROY  
Now... now, I disappear. Back  
home. Real home.

Mariebelles and Roy stare at each other.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Roy offers his hand.

ROY (CONT'D)  
My name's not Roy. It's Sean.

Mariebelles smiles. Shakes his hand.

MARIEBELLE  
Mine's still Mariebelles.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- DAY

Roy and Jake on the road. Roy has his head against the  
window. Contemplating.

Jake driving. Focused on the road.

ROY  
How much did she pay you?

JAKE  
What?

ROY  
My mother. How much?

JAKE  
What does that matter?

ROY  
We,, you're a P.I. Not a  
babysitter.

JAKE  
What are you getting at, kid?

ROY  
I don't know. Maybe why. Why go  
through all of that for me?

JAKE  
I didn't do it for you. I  
should've taken you at gun point.  
But... I love your mother.

Silence.

ROY  
Love her?

Jake raises his hand. Wedding ban.

ROY (CONT'D)  
No shit...

JAKE  
Married to her a year after you  
ran off.

ROY  
So you're my...

JAKE  
Yeah. Don't make a big deal out of  
it.

Silence.

Roy blown away. Looks back out the window.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

EXT. OPEN ROAD -- DAY

Roy and Jake driving past a sign. "Welcome to \_\_\_\_\_".

EXT. TOWN -- DAY

Roy looking out the window. Watching everyone. He looks  
like he's getting sicker by the moment.

INT. CAR -- DAY

People glance at him in the car. He looks away immediately.

ROY

Pull over.

JAKE

We're almost there.

Roy holds his mouth.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, jesus!

Jake pulls aside. Roy jumps out of the car. Vomits.

EXT. SHERRI'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jake pulls up to the driveway. Parks.

INT. JAKE'S CAR -- DAY

Roy stares at the dashboard. Ready to lose it.

JAKE

Ready?

Roy doesn't answer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hey.

Roy looks at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

She's your mother. Your flesh and blood. You've fucked up but she still loves you as much as she did when she first held you.

Roy says nothing.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Jake gets out. Roy does as well.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Jake unlocks the door. Enters.

JAKE

Honey!

SHERRI, Roy's Mother, steps out of the back room. Down the hallway. Silhouetted.

SHERRI

Sean...

Jake steps aside.

Roy (Sean) stands frozen. Sherri and Sean gaze at each other. Unsure what to do next.

ROY

Mom...

Sherri charges. Throws her arms around him. Both of them crying. Holding each other.

SHERRI

I missed you so much, baby.

ROY

I missed you too.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- LATER

Roy and Sherri in the living room. Sitting together on the sofa. Sherri holding him.

ROY

Where is she living now?

SHERRI

Cassy? Same place she did years ago.

Sherri sits up. Roy does as well. Margret takes his hand.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

You need to go there.

ROY

I know.

SHERRI

You can't wait any longer. You need to let it go.

Roy hesitant. Stares.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Sean... everything is going to be okay.

ROY

I know...

Margret turns his head. Makes him stare into his eyes.

SHERRI

No... everything is going to be  
okay now.

Roy and Margret stare in silence at each other. She  
smiles. Roy grins.

THE END