EXT. DENVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

JANUARY 22, 1975

A small car screeches to a halt in front of the Denver Police Department. The driver bolts from the car. MARY GEORGE, 23, is visibly upset and shaken.

A large, black, mob-type Lincoln pulls up alongside her, cutting her off. We can’t make out the driver, or passenger in the back seat.

The rear passenger door of the Lincoln opens.

PASSENGER
Mary! Mary George!

Mary peers into the car. She seems to know the men.

MARY
(Out of breath)
Not now! Oh my God...

The Passenger, face hidden from our POV, motions for her to get in the car.

PASSENGER
What’s wrong?

MARY
I can’t talk now.

PASSENGER
Get in. Let’s talk about it. Calm down.

Mary looks at the building, looks in the car. She looks at the building. Making her decision, she climbs in the back seat. The Passenger reaches to close the door.

PASSENGER
What’s wrong, Mary? Tell me about it.

MARY
Oh, God, you’ve got to help me.
With a gloved hand, the passenger smother her face with an ether-covered cloth. She struggles, but for an instant.

The Lincoln drives away. Mary’s car sits, driver’s door ajar. Her purse and keys lay on the concrete.

INT. MOB CAR – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

PASSENGER
Okay, dumbass, don’t do anything stupid.

DRIVER
I won’t.

PASSENGER
Take 87. Head north. Drive normal and don’t get stopped.

The Driver steers the car through the city. Signaling at every turn, driving the speed limit.

DRIVER
What’d she do?

PASSENGER
Does it matter?

EXT. OUTSKIRTS NORTH OF DENVER – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The car reaches the edge of the city, increasing its speed onto the highway. We see the two, DRIVER up front, PASSENGER in back, travel down the highway to a grove of trees.

PASSENGER
It’s coming up. Turn right up here.

The Driver turns the car onto a dirt road. Dust kicks up from behind the car as it speeds up.

PASSENGER
Slow down, stupid!

The car slows.
PASSENGER

I’ll tell you what,
you son-of-a-bitch,
if we get spotted out
here, you’ll be going
down, right along with
these bitches.

The Driver turns onto a tree lined drive.

EXT. ISOLATED FIELD – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The car stops at an unused, unplugged water well casing.

Both men get out. We still can’t make out their faces. The Passenger carries Mary from the car. The Driver opens the trunk, pulls the dead body of a DARK HAIRERED WOMAN out. The men carry the bodies to the well.

The Driver holds the dark haired woman over the opening, then slides her into the casing.

The dark haired woman’s watch gets hooked on the well casing, stopping her fall. WE see her bloody hand, ring finger missing. With a deft nudge from his foot, the Passenger flips the hand up, down she goes. The Passenger slides Mary’s body into the casing.

We see Mary slipping down the well casing. Sliding down 4 feet. Her bare feet stop on top of the DARK HAIRERED WOMAN’S head. It’s tight, cramped. Arms at her side, she’s lodged in the casing.

PASSENGER

Let’s go.

The men drive away quietly.

EXT. OUR P.O.V. AT THE WELL. – CONTINUOUS

Dusk has fallen over the countryside. The brightest stars begin to twinkle in the sky. The moon is full. From a distance WE hear muffled cries for help.

WE go down the casing, dark, darker. WE stop at Mary’s terror filled face. Looking skyward. Eyes wide, tears on her face. She’s sweating profusely. Struggling to free her trapped body.
WE see her bare feet slipping on the DARK HAIR WOMAN’S head.

MARY
SCREAM! HELP! HELP ME!

She looks to the opening of the well, and the heavens.

MARY
Oh, sweet Jesus, come to my aid.

She struggles.

PAN OUT TO A WIDER VIEW FROM THE WELL, TO THE FIELD. Darkness envelopes the countryside.

MARY (O.S.)
SCREAM. SCREAM.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: DENVER - TODAY

INT. WALKER & WITTER LAW OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Long-time Denver attorney HERK WALKER, 70ish, sits in his office, meeting with his new client MACK GARDNER, 60ish.

WALKER
Our city has changed a lot since you left.

MACK
Everything everywhere changed.

WALKER
How long were you in the Navy?

MACK
32 years.

WALKER
You were a, what, a S.E.A.L.?
MACK
No... Intel. My brain was stronger than my body!

WALKER
32 years, Colonel, amazing!

MACK
Thanks.

WALKER
At times we have a need for some undercover work. Interested?

MACK
Might be. Give me a call.

WALKER
Excuse me for a minute. I’ll have my girl make some copies for you.

Herk hustles out of his office. Mack sits patiently in his chair, looking out the window to the busy street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - 1970 (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNG MACK is driving a convertible Chevy on Main Street. A YOUNG MARY GEORGE, 17, sits next to him. Mack’s friend TOMMY and his GIRLFRIEND sit in the backseat holding hands.

The music is groovin’, times are good. They pull up to a stoplight. Mary squeezes in close to Mack.

MARY
I love you, Mack.

He holds her close with his right arm. TOMMY taps Mack’s shoulder.

TOMMY
Hey Mack, have you decided? You gonna enlist?

Mary looks at Mack, her smile fades from her face. Mack looks at the light, at traffic. At Mary...
INT. WALKER’S LAW OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

A breeze blows in Walker’s office. Papers rustle. A yellowed newspaper clipping floats from the top of a bookcase, zigzagging into Mack’s hands.

Mack glances at the clipping, looks up and is face to face with an ANGELIC VISION. Illuminated in light, Mack can barely make her face out. Her wings encircle her body.

Mack blinks. Stares.

ANGEL
(Whispering)
I need your help.
A life depends on it.

In a second, the vision is gone. Walker enters the room. Mack squints.

WALKER
You alright?

MACK
Yeah, just a little head rush, I guess.

Dazed, Mack folds the clipping and puts it in his shirt pocket. KELLI SULLIVAN, 30, Walker’s paralegal, enters the room carrying documents. She hands them to Walker.

WALKER
Want us to mail these, or do you want to come by later?

Kelli looks at Mack, smiles. Mack smiles back, snapping out of his trance.

MACK
I’ll come back.

MACK
(To Kelli)
You look familiar. Do I know you?
Mack extends his hand to greet Kelli. Walker attempts a joke.

    WALKER
    Hey, no hittin’ on the help!

Mack ignores him. Kelli blushes. Mack and Kelli’s eyes meet, it’s electric.

    MACK
    Do I?

    KELLI
    I ... uh... don’t think so.

They shake hands gently.

    MACK
    Yes, sir. Very familiar. Something about your eyes.

A beat.

Mack continues to hold Kelli’s hand. She blushes, smiles again.

    MACK
    Well... I’ve got a million things to do.
    Good day, Counselor.

    WALKER
    Thanks, Colonel.

    MACK
    Kelli, pleasure meeting you.

    KELLI
    Thank you, sir.

    WALKER
    Kelli? Have you finished the summary notes on the Franks case?
KELLI
I brought that in yesterday.

WALKER
Well, goddamit, do I look like a magician? Where is it?

Kelli walks to his credenza, retrieves the file.

KELLI
Right here, sir.

She hands him the file. He grabs it, grunts his acknowledgment. She walks to the door, shaking her head.

KELLI
Mr. Walker?

WALKER
Yeah?

KELLI
I was wondering if you would write a letter of recommendation for me?

Walker looks through the Franks file, answers without looking up.

WALKER
Recommendation for what?

KELLI
Law school, sir. I’ve already taken the L-SATs, scored really high...

Walker cuts her off.

WALKER
Kelli, sit down.

Kelli sits across from Walker. His chair is in an obviously dominant height.
Only two kinds of people should become lawyers. Those who are hungry for blood, and those who drink the blood.

Kelli’s expression turns to disappointment.

I can’t envision you being hungry for blood. Can you?

I don’t think every lawyer has to be blood-thirsty.

Well, you may be right, but you have to know where I’m coming from. There’s a certain level of confidentiality and integrity entrusted to my employees. In return for that level of confidentiality I reward my employees handsomely.

Kelli nods her head in agreement. In the mirror WE see the reflection of the ANGELIC VISION.

That said, I am willing to even PAY for your education at a top law school, IF, in return, you come back to my firm as an attorney.

Kelli looks puzzled.

If you refuse, I will prevent you from working as an attorney for the next 25 years.
Walker’s response takes the wind right out of her. She looks at the window, at the ceiling, fighting back tears.

\[ \text{KELLI} \]
\[ \text{Well, thank’s for your generosity but my decision on law school isn’t definite.} \]

She rises from her chair, heads for the door.

\[ \text{WALKER} \]
\[ \text{Kelli, what other choice could you possibly make?} \]

Kelli turns to leave, tears fill her eyes.

\[ \text{WALKER} \]
\[ \text{There’s some old files in Room 3B we need disposed of. Shred everything in the boxes, okay?} \]

INT. LAW FIRM RESTROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The firm’s restroom décor is cherry wood, plants, nice wall-paper. Classical music emanates from the speakers. We see Kelli’s reflection as she stands in front of the mirror, tears streaming down her face.

She looks away to grab a tissue. Back to the mirror. The ANGEL is behind her. We see Kelli and the angel in the reflection. Kelli cannot see the angel.

\[ \text{KELLI} \]
\[ \text{Why are you so mean? Bastard.} \]

More tears. The angel reaches out to stroke Kelli’s hair, resting her other hand on Kelli’s shoulder. Kelli senses something behind her, turning quickly. Nothing there.

INT. ROOM 3B, WALKER & WITTER OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Room 3B is stacked full of boxes housing old legal work. She sets a paper shredder between two desks. She takes files from boxes, running the papers through the shredder.
In a corner, a stacked box begins to move. It wiggles back and forth, sliding forward, falling onto the floor, spilling the contents.

KELLI
Oh! Jeez!

Brightness illuminates the room as the angel floats nearby. A file opens, pages rapidly flipping, like someone thumbing a large book. They stop. Kelli turns, startled.

KELLI
What in the world?

Kelli picks up a file with hastily scribbled messages. She shivers. It’s cold. Her breath fogs the air.

KELLI
(Reading messages)
I’ve heard of these...
Bradley Cooperative,
RD Bridge.

The angel is face to face with her. Kelli does not see the angel. Kelli shuffles through the papers. We see legal documents, notes, copies of abstracts.

KELLI
What did Walker do...

LOUD KNOCK on the door. Kelli jumps. The ANGEL disappears. Kelli shuffles the papers together, stuffing them in an open box. The door opens.

WALKER
Kelli? You in here?

KELLI
Yes, sir.

WALKER
Forget that for now. I need a trust drafted.

KELLI
Okay.
Herk leaves. Kelli checks again to see what she found is safely tucked away, for now.

EXT. SAM GARDNER’S BACKYARD - DAY

Mack sits at the outdoor table of his younger brother, SAM GARDNER, 50’s. They enjoy burgers, beans and a long overdue reunion. Sam’s wife ROXANNE, early 50’s, pours iced tea as the two brothers visit.

MACK
You were always mom’s favorite! Didn’t matter what you did, her 'baby' could do no wrong!

SAM
What about you and dad? Who got to go on all those fishing trips?

MACK
Could I help it if you were a mama’s boy?

ROXANNE
Alright, knock it off you two... Mack, how’s the house hunting going?

Mack sips his tea.

MACK
Good, closed on a property today. I should take possession next week.

SAM
Well, let us know when you’re moved in, we’ll throw a house burning, I mean, house warming party!

Mack raises his glass to Sam. They go back to their burgers, chips, tea. The Rockies play the Royals on the radio. All seems perfect in Mack’s new world.
INT. SAM GARDNER’S LIVING ROOM – LATER THAT NIGHT

Mack sleeps restlessly on the couch. He stirs.

Mack kicks and thrashes his legs. He punches at the air, struggling like a man possessed.

MACK
NO! TAKE ME BACK!

Sam cautiously enters the room. Sam grabs Mack.

SAM
Mack. Mack, wake up.

Mack bolts off the couch, throwing Sam onto the coffee table, breaking the glass top.

Roxanne grabs Mack from behind. Sam gets up, tries to wake Mack. Mack struggles at Roxanne’s grasp.

ROXANNE
Sam, what’s going on?

SAM
He’s having a nightmare!

Together, Roxanne and Sam restrain Mack, trying to wake him. They all fall on the couch in a heap.

SAM
Mack, wake up!

MACK
Hey... Sam. What’s up?

SAM
Holy shit, man. You were totally out of it!

Roxanne begins to pick up pieces of broken glass.

ROXANNE
Oh look at this! Sam, are you okay?

SAM
Yeah, I’m fine. Mack, what the hell’s going on?
Mack and Sam sit on the couch. Mack rubs his head.

MACK
I think I need a shrink.
I’ve been having this same
dream for 20 years.

SAM
Dream? About what?

MACK
A funeral. I’m at a
funeral, then this vapor,
this ghost, is tearing me
away.

Sam and Mack help Roxanne pick up the glass.

MACK
It’s exactly the same
dream every time but
the ghost gets more
intense with every dream.

SAM
Ghost? No, shit.

MACK
And weird things have
been happening to me lately.

SAM
Weird things?

MACK
Yeah, today in Walker’s office,
a newspaper clipping about
Mary’s disappearance just
fell into my lap.

SAM
Newspaper clipping?
MACK
Yeah, and then, you’re really gonna love this, I saw a vision or something. Am I crazy or what?

SAM
Yes. I said you should have been committed when we were kids.

ROXANNE
Oh Sam, shut up.

Mack hands Sam the clipping. Sam’s POV reading the headline: INVESTIGATOR’S FEAR WORST IN DENVER WOMAN’S DISAPPEARANCE.

SAM
A lot of strange things happened that year, you know? Mary disappeared. You went MIA.

ROXANNE
Is Mary’s disappearance the reason you stayed in the service, Mack?

MACK
I guess so. I just didn’t want to face life here without her.

SAM
Where’d you say this clipping came from?

MACK
I’ve gone over it a hundred times in my mind, but I think it blew off a shelf in Walker’s office.

SAM
And, you saw a vision or something?
MACK
Yeah. I must have been
daydreaming.

SAM
Now I’m really spooked.
What if you weren’t daydreaming?

ROXANNE
Sam believes in all that
ghost hunter stuff.

INT. MOLLY BROWN’S UNSINKABLE TAVERN – SAME NIGHT

Molly Brown’s Unsinkable Tavern commemorates the legendary
Unsinkable Molly Brown, complete with Titanic memorabilia, gold
panning equipment, and scenes from the movie starring DEBBIE
REYNOLDS.

Kelli sips a screwdriver at a table with her 30-something
FRIENDS. A live band plays on stage.

KEVIN STORM
Hey Kel, did Walker
write your recommendation?

KELLI
Are you kidding? That
jerk won’t even write
my name.

JILL HEDRICK
Why don’t you come work
for us?

KELLI
Prosecuting tax evaders
and drug smugglers? No
thanks.

PAM REBEW
At least Mr. William
would give you a good
recommendation.

KEVIN
Yeah, all of us would!
KELLI
I don't know... I just can't figure Walker out. Why is he so mean?

JILL
They're all mean!

KELLI
You know, I’ve been having these weird dreams. I know it’s because of him.

Another sip. Kelli scoots her chair back.

PAM
He’s so creepy!

KEVIN
A damn good lawyer, though.

KELLI
A corrupt lawyer. He won most of his cases by violating someone, something, or the law! I know he’s done things

KELLI
that would land a regular person in jail.

Kelli leans closer to her friends.

KELLI
I wish I could get away from him, but when people leave his firm, he destroys them.

JILL
Yeah, look at that JACKSON woman. She committed suicide six months after she left Walker’s firm.
KELLI
The only way I’ll be able to make a clean break of it is to catch him at something.

KEVIN
What do you mean, catch him at something.

KELLI
He’s a bully, and a master at twisting and knotting up the truth. Lawyers and judges are afraid of him. I think he’s done some things that, if given to right people, like in your office, would put him away -- forever. If I got some info to you guys, would you help me with it?

KEVIN
Kelli, you’re walking into a minefield.

PAM
Kelli, you know we’d do anything we could to help you.

JILL
We would. But you’ve got to be careful.

KELLI
I will. I’ve just got to get away from him.

Kelli takes another sip. Scoots her chair back.

KELLI
I’ll be right back.

Kelli heads for the restroom. The band bangs out a heart wrenching tune.
INT. TAVERN RESTROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Kelli grabs some tissues from the vanity counter, wiping her eyes. She looks into the mirror, the angel hovers behind her, touching her shoulder.

This time Kelli sees her, turns, tries to run, but is mesmerized. A feeling of comfort and warmth overcomes Kelli. The angel smiles at her.

ANGEL
(In Aramaic, subtitled)
God is with you.

KELLI
What? Allah?

The restroom door opens, the angel is gone. Kelli is motionless, awestruck.

JILL
Kelli? Kel? You alright?

KELLI
Just give me a minute.

Kelli looks in the mirror again. A determined look crosses her face.

KELLI
Okay, Mr. Jerk Walker. It’s me or you. And with God on my side, who can be against me?

INT. LORENA GEORGE’S HOME - DAY

Mary’s mother LORENA GEORGE, late 80’s, hasn’t seen Mack for 20 years. They sit together on her couch. Pictures of Mary adorn the walls.

LORENA
I am so thankful that you’ve returned to Denver, Macky.
MACK
It’s good to be home.

LORENA
I have some things of
Mary’s I want you to
take. Just some pictures,
cards, and letters.

MACK
Thanks. I’m sorry I
haven’t kept in better
touch.

LORENA
That’s okay, I know
you’ve been busy.

An awkward beat.

LORENA
So, tell me, have you settled
in to your new home?

MACK
Almost. I closed on the
house this week. Walker’s
firm has been helping.

Lorena has a far off look in her eyes.

LORENA
I don’t like that man. I
didn’t trust him when Mary
worked for him, and I don’t
trust him now.

MACK
Well, he seems to know
quite a bit about the law.

LORENA
I suppose.

Lorena’s demeanor continues to sadden. We get the feeling
Lorena wants to tell Mack more than she can.
MACK
What is it, Lorena?

LORENA
Oh, nothing. There’s just so much to talk about.

MACK
I know. It’s been hard.

LORENA
Thanks for coming back to help search for Mary.

MACK
I wish we would have had some kind of sign of where she went, who might have taken her.

LORENA
In broad daylight, in front of the Police Department. It was a Tuesday, 5:30 PM.

MACK
Walker’s firm never had to pay the reward, huh?

LORENA
There was never any information.

Lorena wipes her eyes.

LORENA
But I have long suspected that Mary knew something she wasn’t supposed to know.

MACK
About?

LORENA
Something legal. Or illegal.
MACK
You mean, at Walker’s firm?

LORENA
Yes.

MACK
You think Walker had something
to do with Mary’s disappearance?

LORENA
Yes.

INT. WALKER LAW OFFICE - DAY

Mack and Walker finalize the house deal. Mack stands when Kelli
enters the office. She glances a tepid smile at him, placing
a file on Walker’s desk.

WALKER
That should do it.
We’ll take care of
the rest.

MACK
Thanks.

Mack seems more standoffish today.

WALKER
How’s the PI business?

MACK
Got my license, weapons
permit. Have gun, will
travel!

WALKER
I don’t know, spying on
cheating old men doesn’t
sound like an exciting way
to spend retirement.

KELLI
(Under her breath)
You should know about
cheating old men.
WALKER
What’s that, Kelli?

KELLI
Nothing, sir.

WALKER
(To Mack)
Come, I’ll see you out.

EXT. WALKER’S BUILDING – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli, clutching a bag, hustles to catch Mack as he leaves the building.

KELLI
Mack!

MACK
Yes, dear?

KELLI
You’re a PI, right?

MACK
As of yesterday.

KELLI
Can we talk? In private?

MACK
I’ve heard Starbucks has the best coffee in Denver. How’s that sound?

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Walker enters his office carrying a file. Our POV shows his office from the door. We notice the back of the two conference chairs and the dark hair of someone sitting in one of the chairs.

WALKER
Can I help you?

No response.

Walker makes his way around the chair.
WALKER
Excuse me ...

We see the ghost a DARK HAIR ED WOMAN. Donning a black dress, her pearl necklace is wrapped in a death choke around her neck. Her gray, decaying face, evil look and wicked smile is too much for Walker.

Walker drops the file, its contents spilling over the floor. He backs into his credenza.

WALKER
Olivia?

He bolts from the room.

INT. STARBUCK’S – DAY

Mack and Kelli sip coffee at a table near the back of the store. They are alone but for a SCRUFFY OLD MAN reading a newspaper in a nearby easy chair.

MACK
So, Ms. Sullivan..

KELLI
Kelli.

MACK
So, Ms Kelli, what’s on your mind?

KELLI
How well do you know Herk Walker?

MACK
I’ve known of him for a long time.

Kelli sips her coffee, places the bag on the table, looks around the store. She’s nervous and anxious.

KELLI
I’m having a very difficult time with this.
KELLI
(Cont’d)
I think Herk Walker was involved in some very devious business about 30 years ago.

Mack sips his coffee, listening intently.

MACK
What type of business?

KELLI
(Softly)
Land deals, blackmail, murder.

MACK
(Softly)
Murder?

KELLI
Yes.

MACK
What makes you think that?

Kelli opens the bag, takes out a thick manila envelope.

KELLI
This is the weirdest thing I’ve ever seen. There’s all kinds of notes, deeds, clippings.

Kelli hands the file to Mack. Mack opens it, glancing through the contents.

KELLI
I don’t know, maybe I’m jumping to conclusions.

MACK
Some of these records go back 20 or 30 years.

KELLI
I know, I was just a baby when these deals were made.
MACK
Kelli, are you telling me that Herk Walker blackmailed some city commissioners to sell a piece of land he owned to build a bridge?

KELLI
I don’t know, maybe. You were in Naval intelligence, right?

MACK
Yes.

KELLI
See if you can find anything out.

A beat.

KELLI
I’ve got to go back to work.

MACK
Mind if I look at this file for awhile?

KELLI
No. Just tell me what you think.

MACK
Kelli, does Walker seem like the type that could …

KELLI
Murder someone? Maybe. But I’ve seen some pretty intimidating characters come through his office.

MACK
Hired it done?

KELLI
Perhaps. Those goons could be capable of anything.
MACK
Any names?

KELLI
Yeah. AJ Day. That
guy is as creepy as
they get.

MACK
If this file comes up
missing, will Walker
know it?

KELLI
I don’t think so. He
asked me to shred the
files where this one
was.

MACK
Be careful.

Mack hands Kelli his business card.

MACK
My cell phone number’s on
here, call me anytime.

KELLI
Okay. I’ve got to get back
to the office.

The SCRUFFY OLD MAN lowers his newspaper.

SCRUFFY OLD MAN
You people talkin’ ‘bout
Herk Walker? You want to
know if he’s capable of
those things?

KELLI
Well, we don’t know.

The old man gets up, slowly. Throws the paper behind him on
the chair.
SCRUFFY OLD MAN
He’s capable, alright. He’s proficient in destroying lives. He’d eat your liver raw if it meant he’d make a buck.

Kelli, disgusted, gathers her things.

KELLI
(To Mack)
I’ve got to go.

MACK
Have a seat, Mr. ?

SCRUFFY OLD MAN
Bradley. Anthony Bradley.

Mack sits down at the table with the old man.

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE ROOM 3B - DAY
Walker enters the room where Kelli has been shredding files. Visibly shaken, he scans the boxes.

WALKER
Anderson... French...
Katz...

A puzzled look. His eyes dart around the room.

WALKER
Dammit. What’d I do with that?

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) - MOMENTS LATER
Walker peeks into his office, enters cautiously. He combs his file cabinet, looking for something.

WALKER
Shit.
Walker buzzes for Kelli.

WALKER
Kelli?
He buzzes again.

    WALKER
    KELLI!

Frustrated, he slams his chair back into the wall as he gets up. Kelli comes in just as he comes around the desk.

    KELLI
    Yes, sir?

    WALKER
    Dammit, Kelli. Where the hell have you been?

    KELLI
    I just stepped out for lunch.

    WALKER
    Did you finish shredding the files?

    KELLI
    No. You had me draft a trust, sir.

    WALKER
    Forget the shredding. I’m just going to burn ‘em.

    KELLI
    Okay. Anything else, sir?

    WALKER
    No.

Kelli turns to leave.

    WALKER
    Yes, one more question. Did you run across a file that had the Bradley Cooperative papers in it?

Kelli stops, frozen, her back to Walker.
KELLI
Bradley? Bradley. No, no
I didn’t.

Walker comes up behind her, close in.

WALKER
Well, that’s good. Very
very sensitive material.

Kelli turns to face him, trying to keep her composure.

WALKER
Wouldn’t want any of
that to get into the
WALKER
(Continued)
wrong hands, now would
we?

KELLI
No, sir.

A beat.

KELLI
Anything else, Mr. Walker?

WALKER
No. I think we’re done --
for now.

Kelli leaves his office, closing the door behind her. She
feigns backwards into the door.

KELLI
(Softly)
Oh, God.

INT. SAM GARDNER’S DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Mack sits at his brother’s table pouring over the file Kelli
had given him. He takes notes as he reads each paper.

Mack’s cell phone rings. Our POV shows the caller id. KELLI
SULLIVAN 720-441-5642.
MACK
Mack here.

KELLI (O.S.)
Mack? This is Kelli. I think Walker suspects something.

MACK
Why’s that?

KELLI (O.S.)
I think he made a mistake and left some evidence in a file he forgot about.

INT. KELLI’S APARTMENT – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

KELLI
It’s just a feeling, but he questioned me today about the file.

MACK (O.S.)
There’s not too much in the file. Seems like unrelated papers and clippings.

KELLI
They appear unrelated. My gut instinct tells me they are related.

MACK (O.S.)
Ever heard of Joel Porter, or CJ Church?

KELLI
No.

MACK (O.S.)
Tomorrow I’m gonna pay them a visit. If there is a connection, if Walker thinks you suspect him of something, you’ve got to be careful.
KELLI
I know. You be careful, too.

MACK (O.S.)
I’m always careful.
Remember, call me anytime.

KELLI
Mack? What was that old man talking about today?

MACK (O.S.)
That was Tony Bradley. He said Walker ruined his life. Bradley’s wife was loaded and when she died 25 years ago, Walker finagled her estate and sold off 90% of the Bradley Cooperative to a guy named CJ Church. Then, Church bought the other 10% from Mr. Bradley.

KELLI
What? Oh my God, and he wasn’t disbarred?

MACK (O.S.)
Apparently not. Nothing Bradley could do about it.

KELLI
Now the old man is broke?

MACK (O.S.)
And destitute.

INT. SAM GARDNER’S DINING ROOM – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Mack jots names and addresses from the file onto his pad. He opens the phone book. His cell phone rings again. Our POV shows the caller id. UNAVAILABLE 464-643-2836. Mack lets it ring.

INT. MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP RECEPTION AREA – DAY
Mack enters the MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP, greeting MIDGE, the RECEPTIONIST, by flashing his shiny new PI badge.

MACK
Mack Gardner. Is Joel Porter working here?

MIDGE
Out in the garage. What’d he do now?

MACK
Do? So he’s been in trouble before?

MIDGE
Oh, hell yes. Honey, if I had a dollar for every time a cop came around for Porter, I could have retired years ago. Don’t know why METRO keeps him around. Guess a good grease monkey’s hard to come by.

MACK
Metro?

MIDGE
Yeah, Metro. PAUL WHEELING. The boss. Everybody calls him Metro.

MACK
So, could I talk to Porter?

She presses on the intercom button. A LOUD CLICK.

MIDGE
(On intercom)
Joel Porter, come to the front. Joel, to the front.

MIDGE
(To Mack)
So, what’s he done now?
MACK
I’m not a cop, ma’am.

MIDGE
What’s with the badge?

MACK
Private Investigator.

Midge laughs.

MIDGE
Oh! Porter’s not in trouble with the law, but with somebody’s husband! Doesn’t surprise me a bit!

The garage entrance door opens. Joel Porter, 55, walks into the reception area wiping his hands.

PORTER
Midge, the FRANCIS car’s gonna need struts.

MIDGE
Alright. I’ll get ‘em ordered. That’s the Volvo, right?

PORTER
Yeah. 2002.

MIDGE
Joel, this here’s Mack. A private investigator.

Porter looks Mack over. Mack flashes his badge, then hands Porter a business card. Porter pushes it into his pocket.

PORTER
Oh, yeah?

MACK
Got a minute to talk?

PORTER
That’s about all I got.
Mack motions Porter outside.

EXT. MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP – DAY – CONTINUOUS


MACK
No thanks, quit years ago. Those things will kill ya, you know.

Porter light a cigarette with a shiny lighter.

PORTER
Yeah, so will jealous husbands. Who sent you? POHLING? ROBERTS?

MACK
Bradley. Tony Bradley.

Porter stops in mid inhale.

MACK
Name ring a bell?

PORTER
Bradley. Bradley?

MACK
About 25 years ago?

PORTER
That the guy who owned the oil and gas coop?

MACK
The same one. What’d you know about it?

Porter flicks his cigarette down. Squishes it nervously with his foot.

PORTER
I don’t know anything. Where’d you get that information?
MACK
Private Investigator, remember?

PORTER
All I know is that the wife was loaded, she died, and he ended up a bum.

MACK
You didn’t know them personally?

PORTER
Shit, no. I worked for their lawyer doing odd jobs on his rental properties. Mowing, shoveling snow, shit work. I didn’t know any of his clients.

MACK
Who else worked with you?

PORTER
I worked alone. But that lawyer had a couple of guys I’d drive around from time to time.

MACK
Like?

PORTER
Hell, man, I don’t remember names. That was 30 years ago.

MACK
How about Day. AJ Day.

Porter pulls another cigarette from his pocket. Pounds it on his lighter. He’s irritated, even more nervous now.
PORTER
I haven’t seen that nasty son-of-a-bitch in a long time. And I don’t want to see him again. Ever.

MACK
You two have a history together?

Porter lights the cigarette. Takes a long drag. Exhales.

PORTER
Let’s just say there’s no love lost between us.

The conversation is over. Mack has pushed his suspect to the edge and now Joel Porter is backing up.

PORTER
Hey, I got a transmission tune-up to finish. I’m the only guy turnin’ wrenches today, covering everybody else’s butt.

Porter heads for the door.

MACK
Where can I find Day?

Porter opens the door to the shop. Tosses the cigarette.

PORTER
Bronco Billy’s Bar & Grill, up on 13th Street. He owns it, or something like that.

Mack tosses a nod, Porter opens the door to the shop.

MACK
Porter! What happened to Mrs. Bradley?
PORTER

Dunno. She disappeared. All they found was a finger with her wedding ring on it.

INT. MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP RECEPTION AREA – DAY – CONTINUOUS

Midge picks up her purse, opens the garage entrance door.

MIDGE

Porter, I’m going to the post office.

PORTER (O.S.)

Alright.

INT. MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP GARAGE– DAY – MOMENTS LATER

Porter jacks up a car, grabs some tools, tosses a drop light under the car. He lays down on a creeper and slides under the car. The radio blares.

INT. UNDER THE CAR – CONTINUOUS

He wipes off the casing of a transmission. Eyes focused on the task at hand. We see a faint cloud surround the car. Porter whistles to the tune on the radio.

The cloud becomes thicker. Porter looks to his right for a tool, sees the cloud. Starts to roll out from under the car.

PORTER

What the hell?

His creeper stops. A vision appears over Porter. WE see OLIVIA BRADLEY’S GHOST from Porters POV. Faint at first. Then clearer to reveal her decrepit face, then her human form.

PORTER

No fuckin’ way.

B & W FLASHBACK – DAY OF MARY’S DISAPPEARANCE – DENVER POST OFFICE

WR see the face of the driver of the black car. A younger Porter turns to look out the rear window as he backs up
B & W FLASHBACK – DAY OF MARY’S DISAPPEARANCE – AT THE WELL

Porter climbs out of the car, opens the trunk, pulls OLIVIA BRADLEY out, carries her to the well.

Porter slides the body down the well. Our POV from inside the well, we look up to see Porter’s face.

PRESENT DAY – MILE HIGH GARAGE (CONTINUOUS)

OLIVIA hovers above Porter as he tries to roll the creeper out from under the car. The creeper’s frozen to the floor.

    PORTER
    Shit, dammit.

Porter kicks underneath the car, striking the jack with his foot, collapsing the jack. The car falls on Porter with a squish. The radio blares. The vision dissipates.

EXT. BRONCO BILLY’S BAR & GRILL – DAY

Mack pulls his SUV up to the curb at a downtown pub. At mid-morning, the pub only has a few customers, the graveyard shift in for a nip after work.

INT. BRONCO BILLY’S BAR – DAY – CONTINUOUS

Dimly lit, the patrons at the bar watch THE PRICE IS RIGHT on the overhead TV.

Mack surveys the patrons then goes up to the bar.

    MACK
    Looking for Day.
    AJ Day.

    BARTENDER
    He ain’t here, right now.

    MACK
    Know when he’ll be back?

    BARTENDER
    Saw him when I opened. Said he had to go the bank.
The BARTENDER clinks glasses together, placing them overhead in a rack, as he talks.

BARTENDER
You a cop?

MACK
Nope. Just want to ask him a couple questions.

BARTENDER
Got a card or something?

MACK
No card.

The bartender pours a cup of coffee.

BARTENDER
Who’s looking for him?

MACK
A friend of Tony Bradley.

BARTENDER

MACK
No thanks. When do think Day will be in?

Bartender sips his coffee.

BARTENDER
Noon. He likes to oversee the lunch crowd.

MACK
I’ll be back.

BARTENDER
Well, awright then. Hey, we got a special today. Burger and fries for $ 4.
MACK
Sounds good! Let’s get that cholesterol level up.

EXT. MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Police cars and an ambulance are parked in front of the repair shop.

INT. MILE HIGH REPAIR SHOP RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Through the glass between the reception area and shop we see a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER taking photos around the car Porter was working on. Another OFFICER takes notes in a pad.

Inside the reception area, Midge is visibly shaken, talking with DETECTIVE RON SPOONER, late 50’s.

SPOONER
Were you the last person to see Joel Porter?

MIDGE
Yeah, I think so. I don’t know if anybody came in after I left.

SPOONER
How long were you gone?

MIDGE
20 minutes.

SPOONER
Who else was here today?

MIDGE
Mr. Culpepper picked up his Chevy.

SPOONER
Anybody else?

MIDGE
A guy came to ask Porter some questions.
SPOONER
A guy?

MIDGE
A PI, said his name was Mack something or another.

SPOONER
Do you know what he wanted to talk to Porter about?

MIDGE
Don’t know. But Joel’s pissed off a lot of people in his day.

SPOONER
Like?

MIDGE
Like husbands, wives, loan sharks.

SPOONER
Did Mack leave a card?

MIDGE
No, not for me. But he gave one to Joel...

Midge breaks down again. Spooner hands her a box of Kleenex.

SPOONER
Well, for now I guess we’ll say it was an accident. But I do want to talk to this Mack fellow.

The officers in the shop begin jacking up the car. More photos. Spooner opens the door to the shop.

SPOONER
Check his pockets for a business card. Something with a name on it.
OFFICER
Yes, sir.

Spooner goes back to Midge.

SPOONER
When will your boss be back?

MIDGE
I called him. He’s coming.

SPOONER
I’ll want to talk to him, too. Did Porter have any next of kin?

MIDGE
A sister, I think. Utah.

SPOONER
Want us to notify her?

MIDGE
Would you? I don’t think I could.

INT. DENVER COUNTY COURTHOUSE – DAY

Crowded courtroom, a JUDGE sits high on the bench. The BAILIFF holds a clipboard, approaches the microphone.

BAILIFF
The Court calls ROBERT WESTON.

Robert Weston, overweight, blue-collar guy, mid-30’s, rises from the crowd, approaches the witness stand. Herk Walker rises to question Weston.

WALKER
Mr. Weston, how are you today?

WESTON
Okay.
WALKER
Mr. Weston, state your address for the court.

WESTON
824 Killian Road, Denver.

WALKER
Now, Mr. Weston, do you know the defendant, TOM PAULS?

WESTON
Yeah, I know him. Lowlife son-of-a…

STATE’S ATTORNEY
Objection. Opinion, your honor.

JUDGE
Just stick to the facts, Mr. Weston.

INT. HERK WALKER’S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kelli stands in front of Walker’s door, looking both ways down the hall. Unseen, she slips into his office, closes the door.

KELLI
Okay, let’s see what we can find.

She moves the mouse on Walker’s computer and the screen is roused from its screen-saver. She moves the mouse around, clicks on SEARCH. She types in BRADLEY COOPERATIVE, clicks SEARCH NOW. The computer hourglass spins, files appear on the SEARCH RESULTS screen.

BRADLEY COOPERATIVE appears several times during the search.

KELLI
Hello!

She clicks on one of the files. The message box MISSING SHORTCUT pops up.
KELLI
Shoot.

She clicks on another file. More folders appear. RD BRIDGE. CITY COMM. COLORADO PORT.

JAN (O.S.)
Kelli? Kelli, are you back here?

Kelli quickly closes the files. She opens Walker’s file cabinet, taking out a random file.

KELLI
In here.

Walker’s door opens, Jan peeks in.

JAN
Kelli, Mr. Walker called during recess and wants the pre-judgment paperwork on SCARLETTI ready this afternoon.

KELLI
Oh, okay. I was just catching up on some filing.

Kelli places the random file in the cabinet and pulls the SCARLETTI file.

INT. BRONCO BILLY’S BAR & GRILL – Day

Mack enters the bar and grill, busy with the lunch time crowd. He makes his way to the bar.

BARTENDER
Hey, how ‘bout that cholesterol burger?

MACK
No thanks! Is Day here?

BARTENDER
Yeah, over by the register.
Mack turns to see DAY, 60'ish, rough looking but well dressed. Mack makes his way through the tables to DAY.

MACK
AJ Day?

DAY
Yeah.

MACK
I need to talk to you.

DAY
Salesmen need to come back around 2 or 3, after the lunch crowd.

Mack flashes his badge and id to Day.

MACK
I’m not in sales.

Day grabs the badge, looking closely at it.

DAY
I tell all dick’s to come back at 3 or 4 in the morning...

Mack, annoyed with Day’s insensitive nature, pulls his badge away.

MACK
Look, I’m not gonna play games with you. I just want some info.

DAY
On what?

MACK
Tony Bradley.

Day leans forward as if he can’t hear Mack.

DAY
Tony who?
MACK
(Louder)
Bradley, Tony Bradley.

DAY
Never heard of him.

MACK
Oh, I think you have.

Day turns to his register, gets busy.

DAY
Hey, I’m not gonna play
games with you, either.
Now, either order
something to eat or get
out of my bar.

Mack, bemused at Day’s demeanor, gives him a half smile.

MACK
Okay, but I’ll be back.
I just have a feeling I
can place you with Bradley.

DAY
You can’t place shit.

Mack smiles bigger now.

MACK
Hey, have a great day!

DAY
Screw you.

Mack leaves the bar. Day picks up the phone, dials.

DAY
Yeah, let me talk to Walker.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER, MACK’S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Mack’s office is in an big, old building. Cars, buses, and
trucks pass by the front. Spooner parallel parks his unmarked
Crown Vic in front of the building.
INT. MACK’S OFFICE, THIRD FLOOR – DAY – CONTINUOUS

Mack’s second floor office, is sparse. The lone picture on the wall is an 8 x 10 of his platoon from Nam. Mack pecks at the keyboard of his computer. A knock on the door interrupts the clicking.

MACK
Come.

Spooner enters the office, pulls his badge.

SPOONER
You Gardner?

MACK
That’s me.

SPOONER
I’m Detective Spooner, Denver PD. Got a minute for some questions?

MACK
That’s about all I got.

SPOONER
Did you speak with a Joel Porter at Mile High Repair today?

MACK
Yeah, Why?

SPOONER
He’s dead.

MACK
No shit?

SPOONER
No shit. A car fell on him.

MACK
What’s that got to do with me?
SPOONER
What was your relationship with Porter?

MACK
No relationship. Just asking some questions.

SPOONER
About?

MACK
The ABS on a 2005 Yukon.

SPOONER
Uh-huh.

MACK
You’re probing for motive, Detective. I just met Porter today.

SPOONER
Had to follow it up. He had your card in his pocket.

MACK
No problem.

INT. KELLI’S APARTMENT – THAT NIGHT

Mack and Kelli rehash the day’s events. Kelli’s TV is tuned to the local news.

TV ANCHOR
In a bizarre accident today, Joel Porter, 55, was killed when a car he was working on collapsed, crushing him underneath.

KELLI
Oh my God! There it is.

MACK
Yeah. A cop came to ask me about Porter today.
KELLI
And?

MACK
I told him I just met Porter today.

KELLI
Man, that’s weird.

MACK
Yeah, it is. I also talked to Day. Got his feathers really ruffled.

KELLI
I found a lot of information on Walker’s computer. Tomorrow I’m going to try to transfer some of it off.

MACK
Just be careful. I’m going to visit Mr. CJ Church. Old man Bradley said he could enlighten us on Walker.

KELLI
This is getting kind of scary. I’m having these creepy dreams about a black haired woman in a tunnel.

MACK
I’ve been having the same dream for the last 20 years. A funeral and a vision.

Kelli takes Mack’s hand in hers. She strokes it caringly. He returns with a touch on her face. They look into each other’s eyes, and although he’s 20 years older, there seems to be an attraction.
MACK
You're beautiful, Kelli. I feel like I should know you. I feel familiar, comfortable with you.

Kelli closes her eyes, feigns into his hand, kisses it.

MACK
I, um, should go.

SAM’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mack sleeps restlessly on his brother’s couch, dreaming his usual dream.

DREAM STATE - BLACK AND WHITE - DAY

Mack, at the funeral, surrounded by FAMILY with obscure faces, listens to a PRIEST pray the LEVAVI OCULUS over the casket.

PRIEST
I will lift mine eyes unto the hills. Oh whence cometh my help? My help cometh even from the Lord …

Mack’s arm is grabbed by a GHOSTLY PRESENCE, and is pulled from the casket, past grave markers, his vision becoming darker.

He turns to see the ghost. The same face he saw in Walker’s office has a death grip on his body. He no longer struggles at the apparition’s grasp.

SAM’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mack wakes up, covered in sweat, near the sliding glass window of Sam’s kitchen.

MACK
It’s Mary.

He stands for a beat, letting his revelation sink in.
INT. WALKER’S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA – DAY

Kelli works at her computer, glancing at open files. She opens a desk drawer, takes out a USB key chain jump drive, placing into her pocket.

She grabs a file, heads down the hall to Walker’s office.

KELLI
JAN, I’m going to look for another ruling in Mr. Walker’s books.

JAN
Okay. Kelli, are you going to Molly Brown’s tonight?

KELLI
Yeah. I’m meeting some friends. You going?

JAN
Duh! It’s Texas Hold ‘em night!

KELLI
I’ve heard that’s a lot of fun!

JAN
Let’s hook up, see how we do!

KELLI
Sounds good.

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli closes and locks the door of Walker’s personal office. She wakes up Walker’s computer, plugs the jump drive into the USB cable.

She moves the mouse to bring up the Search screen. Our POV as she types in RD BRIDGE. Clicks enter. The hourglass spins until a box brings up several files. CO PO, C COM. She clicks on CO PO.
KELLI
There you are.

She clicks with the mouse to download the file onto the jumpdrive. She grabs several law books from Walker's shelf, placing several sticky notes between the pages.

She clicks to download the next file, glances at her watch. Our POV shows its 11:55.

KELLI
Okay, got about five minutes.

She stacks the books and files on top of each other. She motions for the computer to hurry up.

KELLI
Come on, come on.

From outside the office, faint voices and Walker's laugh.

WALKER (O.S.)
Weston caved. The acquittal's in the bag.

Kelli stares down the computer.

KELLI
Come on!

The transfer finishes. Kelli clicks out of the files, removes the thumb drive, slipping it into her pocket. She runs to the door, unlocking it just as Walker opens it. She takes three quick steps back.

Walker enters the office as she approaches the door again.

WALKER
Kelli!

KELLI
(Nervous)
Just getting another ruling, Mr. Walker.

Walker, puzzled by her presence in his office, blocks her exit.
WALKER
Anything wrong with the library, Kelli?

KELLI
Well, this book is not in the library, sir.

WALKER
I see.

Walker glances over her shoulder, surveying the office.

KELLI
Sir, I’ve got a lot to look up.

WALKER
Alright. Go.

Kelli exits the room. Walker goes to his desk. Perplexed, he studies his desk, computer. Walker notices the warning on his computer about the wrong removal of the jumpdrive. He picks up his phone. Dials.

WALKER
(On the phone)
Hey, got a job for you. I need somebody followed.

INT. MOLLY BROWN’S UNSINKABLE TAVERN – NIGHT

Kelli sits next to Jill as they play Texas Hold ‘Em. A nice looking YOUNG MAN of around 35 sits next to Kelli.

Kelli wins a hand, the young man turns to congratulate her.

YOUNG MAN
Nice hand! Did you bluff on that one?

KELLI
I have no idea what I’m doing! This is the first time I’ve ever played.
YOUNG MAN
(Extends hand)
Trevor Mann. Maybe some of your luck will rub off.

KELLI
I don’t know, maybe.

They prepare for the next hand. They play, joking and kidding each other throughout the night.

INT. MOLLY BROWN’S UNSINKABLE TAVERN – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli and Trevor sit close together at a secluded table. The tavern’s had its last call. The couple’s glasses are empty, but they’ve had enough to drink.

TREVOR
So, Kelli Sullivan, tell me where you came from.

KELLI
A mom and a dad. Duh!

TREVOR
No, were you born and raised in Denver?

Kelli’s giddiness changes to melancholy.

KELLI
I was born here, raised in Fort Collins.

TREVOR
Any brothers, sisters?

KELLI
A brother in Idaho.

TREVOR
That’s cool.

KELLI
Yeah, I never get to see him though.

A beat.
TREVOR
So, you moved from Fort Collins to Denver when?

KELLI
I had a scholarship to Regis, moved down four years ago.

TREVOR
And you’re working where?

KELLI
Yech! At a law firm with the most disgusting man.

Trevor moves in closer.

TREVOR
Aren’t most lawyers?

KELLI
No, you have to know this guy. He’s evil.

TREVOR
Why do you still work there?

KELLI
I won’t be for long. I’m looking for a way out.

KELLI
Hey, it’s getting late. I’ve got to work in the morning.

EXT. MOLLY BROWN’S UNSINKABLE TAVERN – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli and Trevor are the last to leave. Still tipsy, they walk arm in arm down the sidewalk. They pause under a street light.

TREVOR
Come with me.

KELLI
No, I’ve got to go.
Trevor pulls her tight.

TREVOR
Come on.

KELLI
Nah. Call me tomorrow.

A kiss and warm embrace ends their night. A DARK CAR idles just down the street, its DRIVER watching the couple.

INT. MACK’S OFFICE – DAY

Mack pages through the file Kelli brought him. Double checks his notebook.

MACK
Porter, Day, Church.
C.J. Church. Let’s find you.

Mack enters the name into his computer. The screen shows numerous CHURCH’S. One by one, Mack jots down addresses.

INT. HERK WALKER’S OFFICE – DAY

Walker and Day sit at Walker’s conference table.

WALKER
Don’t worry, Day. I’ll make sure everything is covered.

DAY
You better. Just make sure you get all the evidence destroyed this time.

WALKER
Hey, I said I’d take care of it.

DAY
And that little secretary?

WALKER
What’s she gonna do?
DAY
What did George almost do?
She saw you! How could you be so careless? You can’t afford to have another secretary disappear.

WALKER
No shit, Einstein. Don’t worry, we’re on it!

Hovering in the corner is the vision of Mary, listening, watching, and waiting.

EXT. DENVER STREET IN THE SUBURBS – DAY

Kelli jogs on the sidewalk, unaware a car follows some distance behind her.

She travels a winding path, sensing something nearby. Slowing down, she sees that she is casting a shadow toward the sun. Turning around, she sees a bright glare. Then it’s gone. She notices a car following her, the same car outside the bar.

KELLI
Uh, huh! So that’s the game you want to play.

Off she goes, speeding up, turning quickly, taking a route to lose the car.

The car speeds up, following her elusive path. Kelli cuts on a dime, jumps a fence, and flips off the driver of the car.

KELLI
Follow this, you s.o.b.

She sprints across a long yard to a grove of trees.

INT. DENVER LAND & CATTLE – DAY

Denver Land & Cattle, owned by CJ Church, is an extravagant operation near the downtown area. Mack arrives with notebook in tow.
MACK
(To RECEPTIONIST)
Mack Gardner for Mr. Church.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

MACK
No, I hope he can see me, though.

RECEPTIONIST
What’s this regarding?

MACK
Tell him Herk Walker sent me.

RECEPTIONIST
Walker? I’ll let him know you’re here.

Mack walks around the reception area. REMINGTON bronzes embellish the room, and cowboy and Indian paintings adorn the walls.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Gardner, follow me, please.

INT. CJ CHRUCH’S OFFICE – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

CJ Church is in his late 50’s, tanned and gorgeous. Tailored suit, French cut shirt. His personal office is just as adorned as his reception area, complete with saddles and a closet size humidor.

CHURCH
CJ Church. Have a seat.

MACK
Mack Gardner. Thanks.

CHURCH
So, that old scurvy dog Walker sent you? What for?
MACK
I have some questions.

CHURCH
Fire away.

MACK
What can you tell me about the Bradley Cooperative and Walker’s involvement in it?

CHURCH
Bradley? That’s Olivia and Tony Bradley, right?

MACK
Yeah.

CHURCH
You think I know something?

MACK
Well, you’re signature is on these documents, so, yeah, I think you know something about.

CHURCH
You a reporter? A cop?

MACK
PI.

CHURCH
I know Walker didn’t send you. And you’re getting into some territory that could be very dangerous to your health.

MACK
Is that advice? Or a warning?

CHURCH
Take it how you will, but if go diggin’ into this
Church rises from his desk, grabs a cigar, cuts and lights it. Paces his office.

Church takes his seat.

Church

You see, Mr. Gardner, there are times when a deal is a deal. And there are good deals and bad deals.

Mack

I’m listening.

Church

Sometimes a deal goes bad. When that happens, people get hurt. And they can get hurt physically, financially, and emotionally.

Church takes his seat.

Church

The Bradley Cooperative was one of those deals. Mr. Bradley was a nice guy. A loving husband and father. A pillar of the Denver community. But he was weak, and he was consumed by his own passion for helping people.

Mack

What happened?
CHURCH
Mrs. Bradley, it’s been said, was cavorting around the Denver community with highly social commissioners, judges, lawyers.

MACK
Cavorting?

CHURCH
Oh, goddammit, she was screwin’ their brains out. And she was loaded. When she died, a most mysterious death, Mr. Bradley was to take over her accounts and retain full, 100 percent ownership of the Cooperative. But, Herk Walker, in his usual shyster style, produced an unusual document, allowing him to sell Mrs. Bradley’s share to him.

MACK
So Walker would own 90 % and Bradley 10 %.

CHURCH
Correct. With Walker in majority control of the Cooperative he could bulldog Bradley out, and retain full ownership.

MACK
And he did that?

CHURCH
No. Everybody thinks he did. Obviously if Walker would have done that, he’d be disbarred.

MACK
Someone else bought it? Who?
CHURCH
Me.

MACK
You bought the Bradley Coop?

CHURCH

MACK
I saw Mr. Bradley, he doesn’t look like he has a dime to his name.

Church freezes for an instant.

CHURCH
He was penniless. Wait a minute, you said you saw Bradley? When?

MACK
Yesterday.

CHURCH
That’s impossible.

MACK
Why’s that?

CHURCH
Tony Bradley died 20 years ago.

INT. KELLI’S APARTMENT – LATER THAT NIGHT

Kelli and Mack confer in Kelli’s apartment. She plugs the jump drive into her USB cable on her computer, clicks on a program, maneuvers the mouse over BRADLEY, double-clicks.

MACK
You looked at this yet?
KELLI
No. This is the first time. All I had time to do was to transfer it to my jump drive.

MACK
Think we’ll get any answers?

KELLI
Don’t know. Hope so.

MACK
Hope this is more helpful than talking to those goons.

KELLI
Didn’t get very far, huh?

MACK
Just more questions.

The computer screen lights up with additional files, Kelli clicks on the first one.

KELLI
Well, look at that! Bradley’s assets and liabilities. 1975.

MACK
Before Mrs. Bradley died, or after?

KELLI
I think before.

She scrolls down the pages.

KELLI
Denver National Bank. OILCO.

MACK
IBM, GM, lots of stocks,

KELLI
And land. Looks like close to a million acres!
MACK
Who’s names are these in?

KELLI
Mrs. Bradley.

MACK
Does it list Mr. Bradley’s assets?

Kelli clicks on another section of the file.

KELLI
I think this might be it. Checking, savings, some bonds. Less liabilities, all totaling about $12 Million.

MACK
What was Mrs. Bradley’s total?

Kelli clicks back to Mrs. Bradley’s file.

KELLI
Less liabilities, $32 Million.

They look at each other.

KELLI
And you said that scruffy old guy in Starbuck’s was Mr. Bradley?

MACK
Yeah. But Church said …

KELLI
Where did all the money go?

MACK
I don’t know. Maybe Walker took it.

KELLI
I think he’s watching me.
MACK
Walker?

KELLI
Yeah. A car was following me today. I don’t know if it was some suburban freak or Walker.

MACK
We’re going to have to be even more cautious than we first thought.

KELLI
I know. I think I’m going to have to leave his firm tomorrow.

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE – DAY

Walker and Day meet in Walker’s office.

WALKER
You have somebody watching Kelli?

DAY
Yeah. My guys are following her.

WALKER
Word on the street is that Gardner is asking a lot of questions about Bradley.

DAY
Not surprised. He came to see me. I brushed him off.

WALKER
He’s taken with Kelli.

DAY
Taken with her?
WALKER
They’ve buddied up. They’re
digging in the same shit
George did 30 years ago.

DAY
You want to tail him, too?

WALKER
Tail him, or eliminate him.

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE, KELLI’S DESK – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Day and Walker, briefcase in tow, leave Walker’s office, passing
by Kelli’s desk.

DAY
Enjoy your run, yesterday?

She flips him the bird after they pass by.

WALKER
I’m going to court.

JAN
What was that all about?

KELLI
Nothing, forget it.

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli slips into Walker’s office, plugs in the jump drive.
She begins to download more files.

The office is quiet today, giving her more time.

KELLI
Think I’ve got everything.

She unplugs the jumpdrive, walks past Walkers desk. As she
passes the conference chairs WE see dark hair. OLIVIA is back.

INT. WALKER’S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA – DAY – MOMENTS LATER

Kelli returns to her desk, gathers her personal items, and
leaves without a word.
INT. WALKER’S OFFICE – DAY

Walker wakes his computer up, checks the usage.

    WALKER
    Uh-huh. Gotcha.

Walker picks up his phone. Dials.

    WALKER
    (On phone)
    Day? Get Kelli’s computer.

A beat.

    WALKER
    Oh, and Day? Get her, too.

We see OLIVIA sitting across from Walker. Walker does not see her. A TREMENDOUS GUST of wind blows across Walker’s desk, scattering everything.

INT. KELLI’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Kelli sleeps in her moonlit bed. Shadows dance on the wall, a reflection from the moon and swaying trees outside. In the other room, WE hear a window jimmied open. WE go into the other room. A dark figure climbs through the now open window. Light illuminates Day’s face.

Day scans the room. He walks to Kelli’s bedroom. WE see Mary near Kelli’s bed. Day approaches the still sleeping Kelli, a syringe clutched in his gloved hand.

Mary causes Kelli to stir. Kelli bolts upright, and out of bed.

    DAY
    Time’s up, little miss nosy.

Mary gets between Day and Kelli. Day lunges for Kelli, a force keeps his grasp at bay. Day is puzzled at his captured state.

    DAY
    Dammit, what the ...
Kelli inches her way past Day, to the door. Mary releases Day. He falls to the floor, the syringe stuck in his cheek.

DAY
Damn.

Day struggles to get up, to remove the syringe. Olivia is on him, in his face like a banshee holding his hand from the syringe, wrapping her legs around his body.

He is frozen and face to face with terror.

B & W FLASHBACK - EXT. DENVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

WE see a younger Day as the Passenger, motioning for Mary to get in the car.

DAY
Get in. Let’s talk about it.

She climbs in the back seat. With a gloved hand, he smothers her face with an ether-covered cloth. She struggles, but for an instant.

We see Day look up as Mary slumps into his lap.

B & W FLASHBACK - EXT. ISOLATED WELL - DAY

Porter holds OLIVIA BRADLEY’S body over the well. Day sets Mary’s body down by the well.

DAY
Hold on.

Day takes a switchblade from his pocket. He grabs Olivia’s left hand, pulls her ring finger up, places the blade below the ring.

WE see the blood flow red in color as her finger is cut off.

DAY
Okay, dump her.

Porter slides Olivia down the well, her watch catching on the well casing.
INT. KELLI’S BEDROOM – PRESENT DAY – NIGHT

Kelli stands at the door, Mary beside her, watching Day struggle with himself. We see Olivia hover over Day. From Day’s POV, the syringe begins its descent downward.

DAY
NO...

Day struggles to get up, but is unable to move. He’s puzzled, confused, terrified. Olivia allows Day to see her in her mortal form. Day knows Olivia is holding him down, cannot believe it.

DAY
No way. You’re... dead!

From Day’s POV the syringe empties its deadly contents into him. He gurgles and chokes as the potion takes hold. Olivia’s vision fades.

Kelli runs for the front door and out of the apartment.

EXT. MACK’S HOUSE – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli arrives on Mack’s porch, winded from the run from her apartment. She knocks on the door.

KELLI
Mack!

Nothing. Another knock. Louder.

KELLI
MACK! Open up.

A light comes on inside the house. Mack opens the door.

MACK
Kelli, what’s the matter.

Kelli falls into Mack’s arms.

INT. MACK’S OFFICE, THIRD FLOOR – DAY

Mack is hanging more pictures on the wall of his office, when his door opens.
SPOONER
Gardner!

MACK
Spooner!

SPOONER
AJ Day. Bronco Billy’s. Sound familiar?

MACK
Yeah, Why?

SPOONER
Now he’s dead.

MACK
No shit?

SPOONER
No shit. Found in YOUR friend’s apartment with a syringe stuck in his face.

MACK
And, what was he DOING in my friend’s apartment?

SPOONER
What I’m trying to figure out is how TWO guys you JUST MET and spoke briefly with ended up dead.

MACK
Unlucky twist of fate, I guess.

SPOONER
Twist of fate, huh? What’s your relationship with them?

MACK
With whom? The girl, or the dead guys?
SPOONER
All three, actually.

MACK
No relationship. I’m friends with Kelli. Just met the other two.

SPOONER
I know I’ll be sorry, but I’ll ask it again — any particular reason you went to talk to Day and Porter? Bad brakes and wilted lettuce is pretty lame.

MACK
I was doing a little leg work on an old case. Thought they might have some info.

SPOONER
Mile High’s secretary says you specifically asked for Porter. The bartender says you specifically asked for Day.

MACK
You don’t think that I … Hold on, Detective. I talked with Porter outside, and Day when …

SPOONER
We’re calling Porter’s death an accident, for now. Day’s death looks like self-defense.

Spooner jots a few notes into a little black pad.

SPOONER
Which case did you see them about.
MACK
Olivia and Anthony Bradley.
You familiar with that one, Detective?

Spooner stops writing. Looks up.

SPOONER
Yeah, I’m familiar. I had the lead on Mrs. Bradley’s investigation. Someone hire you to probe this case?

MACK
Nope. But I have an interest in it.

SPOONER
How’s that?

MACK
She died mysteriously, right?

SPOONER
Yeah.

MACK
And Walker’s secretary vanished, right?

SPOONER
Yeah, so?

MACK
So Walker’s secretary and I were together before she disappeared.

SPOONER
Together?

MACK
Yeah, you know, TOGETHER. You’re a detective, I think you can figure it out.
SPOONER
What makes you think Walker, Porter and Day figure into Mrs. Bradley’s death or the George disappearance?

MACK
Weren’t they questioned in your investigation?

SPOONER
No they’ve never been of interest in these.

MACK
Intriguing.

SPOONER
Why’s that?

MACK
Oh, nothing. Just that nobody ever tied them all together.

SPOONER
Was there a reason to link them together?

MACK
No.

SPOONER
Well, how’d you know to talk with him?

MACK
Just a hunch, I guess.

SPOONER
A hunch, huh? A hunch. Any other hunch’s you want to let me in on?

MACK
Nah, Detective, my hunch’s have dried up!
SPOONER
Why do I get the feeling you’re not telling me everything?

MACK
I don’t know anything!
By the way, mind if I stop by and look over your file on the George case?

Spooner closes his little black book, annoyed.

SPOONER
No.

MACK
No, you don’t mind or no I can’t.

SPOONER
No, you can’t.

MACK
Might help me develop some more hunch’s.

Spooner gets up from his chair.

SPOONER
Just stay close by, I might need to talk to you again.

Mack pulls his keyboard closer.

MACK
I’m not going anywhere!

INT. KELLI’S APARTMENT – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Detective Spooner and a UNIFORMED COP interview Kelli. Day’s body has been removed. Kelli is shaken.

SPOONER
Let’s go through this again.
KELLI
I already told you.

SPOONER
This guy Day comes into your apartment, trips over his feet and plunges a deadly brew into his face?

KELLI
Yes.

SPOONER
And the syringe...

KELLI
I never touched him, or the syringe.

SPOONER
We’ll see what the prints show.

A knock on the door. Trevor rushes to Kelli. They embrace.

TREVOR
Kelli, are you alright?

KELLI
Yeah.

SPOONER
Stay close to home, Kelli. I’ll be in touch again soon.

TREVOR
You sure you’re alright?

KELLI
I’m fine.

TREVOR
Need a break? Let’s go to the lake. I’ve got a cabin where you can recoup.

KELLI
Yeah. I think I’d like to get away.
EXT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – DAY

Walker and TWO LARGE THUGS climb into Walker’s helicopter. Walker starts the chopper as the thugs buckle up.

Walker checks gauges, flips switches, places his headphones and microphone on.

WALKER
(On headphones)
Denver ATC, this is MKA 443, requesting vertical clearance at H-55.

DENVER CONTROL (O.S.)
MKA 443, clear for vertical, heading 2-3 Northwest.

Walker increases the chopper’s rotor, the bird takes flight, heading northwest into the sunlight.

EXT. I-70, WESTERN EDGE OF DENVER – DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Trevor and Kelli head into the mountains on I-70 in Kelli’s car. Kelli rests as Trevor drives.

TREVOR
You had a rough night.

KELLI
Yeah. It’s been a rough week.

TREVOR
Well, just relax, everything’s going to be over soon.

KELLI
(Drowsy)
What?

TREVOR
I said everything’s going to be going smooth.

KELLI
Hmmh.
Trevor looks in the rear view mirror. WE see Mary and Olivia in the mirror. Trevor whips his head around to look. Nobody there.

He looks again in the mirror. Nothing. Our POV from outside the car shows Trevor and Kelli in front, Olivia and Mary in back.

INT. MACK’S KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mack finishes his supper dishes, placing a cooking pot on the dish rack to dry. His cell phone rings. Our POV shows UNAVAILABLE 464-643-2836. He doesn’t answer.

MACK
Let’s see how Kelli’s doing.

Mack dials Kelli’s number on his phone.

RECORDED MESSAGE (O.S.)
The number you have dialed is either not switched on at this time or is out of the service area. Please check the number and …

Mack hangs up.

INT. CABIN 42 AT GRAND LAKE – NIGHT

Nice cabin. Indian rugs, wood furniture, running water, full kitchen, TV.

KELLI
Wow. This is nice!

TREVOR
Yeah, it’s my employers. I can use it anytime.

KELLI
Can’t wait to see the lake in the morning.

TREVOR
Hey, would you go out on the porch and get a couple of logs?
KELLI
Yeah, sure.

EXT. CABIN PORCH – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli grabs a couple of logs. Two THUGS grab her, stifle her voice with a gloved hand. They duct tape her mouth, put a black hood over head, bind her arms and legs.

She attempts to kick, throws her head back into the nose of one of the thugs.

THUG 1
Dammit.

He hits her over the head. She slumps, unconscious.

THUG 2
Jesus, RAMONE, she sure got you.

Blood spills from Ramone’s nose. He pinches it shut with his fingers.

RAMONE
Shut up, BANKS.

They carry Kelli into the cabin. Trevor opens the door to the bedroom. We hear footsteps on the porch. The front door opens.

WALKER
She in there?

TREVOR
Yeah, Ramone knocked her out.

WALKER
Did she do that?

Ramone nods and squeezes his nose shut with a bloody towel.

WALKER
Just be sure to clean it up.
INT. MACK’S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mack's cell phone rings. WE see UNAVAILABLE 464-643-2836. He answers it.

MACK
Mack here.


It rings again. UNAVAILABLE 464-643-2836. He lets it ring, still looking at the numbers.

MACK
Okay. I’ll call you.

He presses the recall key on his phone. We hear the phone dial, ring, then a busy tone.

The phone rings, startling Mack. UNAVAILABLE 464-643-2836.

MACK
Hello?

Crackling, distant wails.

VOICE OVER
(Faint whisper)
Grand Lake. Cabin 42.

Silence.

MACK
Hello? Hello? Who is this?

Mack dials Kelli. Busy signal. He grabs his gun, jacket, leaves his house.

INT. BEDROOM OF CABIN 42 - NIGHT

Kelli wakes in the darkened bedroom of the cabin, hood still on her head. She’s still bound and struggles to sit up.

In the other room she hears muffled voices. Then yelling. Pounding.
INT. MAIN ROOM OF CABIN 42 - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Ramone, Banks, and Trevor play cards at the table. Walker is on his cell phone.

    RAMONE
    (Loudly)
    Hah! You thought you could bluff me, you son-of-a-bitch.

    TREvor
    Deal 'me again.

    WALKER
    Dammit, keep it down, you assholes.

EXT. KELLI’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mack drives by Kelli’s apartment, no lights on, car gone. He stops, goes up to the door.

He knocks on the door, it swings open slightly.

    MACK
    Kelli? Hello?

He turns the light switch on. Kelli’s apartment has been ransacked. Her computer is missing.

    MACK
    Dammit.

His phone rings again. UNAVAILABLE 464-643-2836.

    MACK
    Hello? Hello?

    VOICE OVER
    (Whisper)
    Grand Lake. 42.

    MACK
    What? Hello? Grand Lake 42?

Silence.
Mack turns to leave, he’s overcome with a vision of Grand Lake and Cabin 42. He senses Kelli is in trouble.

EXT. CABIN 42 – NIGHT

Mack pulls his car up to the cabin. Kelli’s car is parked in the drive. Mack silently edges up to a large window, and peeks in.

Ramone, Banks, and Trevor play cards. Mack goes to the door. He knocks.

RAMONE
(To Walker)
You expecting company?

Walker, on the phone, shakes his head no, motions for the men to cover the door. Walker goes to the back of the cabin, out of sight, and looks out at the chopper.

As he turns and steps away from the window, WE see Olivia peering in from the outside.

WALKER
I’ll call you back.

Trevor and Ramone go to either side of the door. Banks opens it.

BANKS
Yeah?

MACK
Hey, I’m looking’ for the driver of that car out front.

BANKS
I’m the driver.

MACK
Nah, I don’t think so. It belongs to a girl.

BANKS
Come in, let’s talk about it.
INT. BEDROOM OF CABIN 42 - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli, close to the bedroom door, hears Mack, starts banging on the door with her body.

INT. MAIN ROOM OF CABIN 42 - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mack steps into the room.

    MACK
    Who’s in there?

Ramone clubs Mack in the face. Mack falls to the floor.

    BANKS
    (Over Mack)
    Who the hell are you?

    WALKER
    I’ll tell you who he is.
    Kelli’s buddy and fellow snoop.

Walker pulls a gun from under his coat. Points it at Trevor.

    WALKER
    And somebody led him here.

Trevor backs away.

    TREvor
    Wasn’t me boss, I didn’t
    let that girl tell anybody
    where she was going.

    WALKER
    Well, Trevor, maybe you were
    followed.

    TREvor
    No way, we came...

(To Ramone)
Put him in back. Tie the PI up. Let’s wrap this up and get out of here.

Ramone binds Mack’s feet. Banks drags Trevor to the back of the cabin.

Kelli, bangs louder on the bedroom door.

AND SHUT HER UP!

Walker exits the cabin through the back door.

Ramone punches Mack and begins to bind his hands. Mack comes out of his stupor, punches Ramone hard on the nose. Blood gushes from his nose.

Son-of-a-bitch.

Mack draws his gun. Banks comes from the back of the cabin, gun drawn. Mack shoots Banks square in the chest.

Ramone closes in on Mack as they lie next to each other.

Did you like that?

Mack hits him in the nose with the butt of his gun.

Dammit!

Walker enters from the back, gun in hand.

What the?

Mack turns to Walker, guns pointing at each other.

I should have known.
Where’s Kelli?
WALKER
I think we’ve done enough
shooting, don’t you?

MACK
Where’s Kelli?

From the bedroom, more bangs and thuds from Kelli. Walker
tosses a nod toward the bedroom.

WALKER
She’s fine.

MACK
What the hell are you
doing, Walker?

WALKER
Protecting my interests.

MACK
By kidnapping your secretaries?

WALKER
Secretary.

MACK
That’s not what I heard.
What about Mary George?
What dirt did she scoop
up around your stinking,
miserable life?

WALKER
I had nothing to do her
leaving.

MACK
She didn’t leave. Someone
took her. Someone she
trusted.

WALKER
It doesn’t matter now.

Walker cocks his gun. Mary appears, illuminated at first, then
more clear. She circles Walker, watching, unable to help.
WALKER
Who’d have thought, another secretary diggin’ in my affairs. This one’s just like the other one. They even look alike.

RAMONE
Let me shoot him, boss.

WALKER
Hold on. He needs to hear this. If you must know, before you die, Mary George was close to betrayal. I gave her everything, but she saw too much.

MACK
You killed Olivia Bradley. and Mary George.

WALKER
Maybe I did, maybe I didn’t. But the important thing to remember is, nobody could put it together.

MACK
Mary did. So did Kelli.

WALKER
Yeah, and look at them now.

Mack struggles to get up on his knees. Ramone, bloodied from head to toe, kneels over Walker.

RAMONE
You son-of-a-bitch. I’m gonna break YOUR nose, then I’m gonna...

Walker abruptly jabs him in the nose again. Ramone falls back.

RAMONE
Oh, shit.
WALKER

ENOUGH!

Ramone draws his gun.

RAMONE

You’re a dead man.

Ramone cocks the gun.

WALKER

RAMONE!


WALKER

Dammit!

Walker and Mack empty their guns into each other. Walker slumps, Mack is still. Mary hovers over Mack.

Mack grabs at the cabin’s telephone near him, it falls, revealing the numbers. Mack passes out.

WE see the numbers 9 – 1 – 1 being depressed on the dial pad.

Kelli continues to bang on the door, screams muffled by the duct tape.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT

In a darkened room, Walker lies in bed. A monitor beeps. An iv drips from a bottle, through a tube, and flows into his arm. He is handcuffed to the bed.

Detective Spooner talks with an OFFICER outside of Walker’s room.

SPOONER

Nobody enters without clearing with me first.

OFFICER

Yes, sir.

The officer takes a seat outside Walker’s room.
Circling Walker’s bed is Olivia. She floats over his body. His eyes open, dreamily.

WALKER
Huh... what...

In an instance, Olivia grabs Walker and they dive downward through the floor, through the building, the bedrock, through light and vapor. They stop on a ledge.

OLIVIA
I want you to meet someone.

WALKER
Olivia?

INT. WALKER’S PERSONAL OFFICE – JANUARY 22, 1975 – FLASHBACK – DAY

Walker paces his office behind the conference chairs. The dark haired Olivia sits in one of the chairs.

WALKER
Dammit, Olivia, why can’t you just keep your big mouth shut?

OLIVIA
Oh, Herk, don’t get so ruffled. You’ll get your share.

Walker faces Olivia.

WALKER
You think?

OLIVIA
Yeah, probably.

WALKER
If this goes public, I’ll be ruined.

OLIVIA
What’s the matter? Don’t you trust me?
She raises a leg to touch his crotch. He abruptly pushes her leg away.

WALKER
You're a dangerous woman.

OLIVIA
Does that excite you?

WALKER
I'll help you sell your shares before the deal goes public, but then we're through.

OLIVIA
Oh, I don't know. I kind of like having a little "lawyer-toy-boy" around.

WALKER
After this, it's over.

OLIVIA
I'LL SAY WHEN IT'S OVER. I'm calling the shots, you prick. You're just going to take what I want through the legal motions. I don't give a shit if you go down or not.

WALKER
It's over now.

Walker walks behind her, grabs her pearls, pulls them up to her neck, strangling her. She struggles, kicks, attempts to get up. No use.

WALKER
I'm going to have your money AND your fairy god-father husband's.

Walker's door opens during the strangulation, Mary, seeing the event, screams, runs from the room. Walker, Olivia, and Mary are the only people in the office.
WALKER
MARY! It’s not what you think. Shit.

Walker follows her, but she’s gone. Out the door, in her car, screeching out of the parking lot. Walker knocks on the window of Day and Porter’s Lincoln.

DAY
Who was that?

WALKER
Go get her. Wherever she stops, get her, keep her quiet, and bring her back. NOW!

INT. LEDGE ABOVE HELL – PRESENT DAY

Olivia lets Walker go. He falls, watching Olivia standing on the ledge in the light and vapor, as he drifts farther away.

Walker lands with a squish. The floor seems to move. He stands. Smoke and stench fill the air. He hears PIG squeals and lower, mournful growls. A large PIT VIPER slithers nearby, ready to strike. The snake hisses, bares its fangs.

WALKER
AHHHHHH...

The floor crawls with SNAKES. Out of the darkness, MAN-SIZED DEMONS grab Walker with their talons, goo and slime dripping from their grip. Smaller DEMONS slice his hospital gown from his body with their small talons. Worm-like tentacles attach to his arms and legs, stretching him spread-eagled.

WALKER
AHHHHHH...

A black, slimy, yellow-eyed DEMON rises up from the snakes. Standing over Walker, the demon raises its fist, opens its hand to reveal a razor sharp talon. The demon looks at Walker, turns its head, puzzled. Walker struggles to free himself from the attachments.
WALKER
Oh, God... NO

The demon raises its arm, brings its talon down onto Walker’s left clavicle, slashing down across his chest, to his right hip. A large, gaping wound spills blood.

WALKER
AHHHHHHHHH...

A snake wraps itself around Walker’s head, stifling his screams. We see only the coiled snake and Walker’s terror-filled eyes.

Amid the pig squeals and growls, a low rumble. Louder. Louder. Then, we see the BEAST. Twenty times larger than the demons. Black eyes. Evil, decrepit. The beast closes in on Walker.

The beast grips Walker’s body with a large, bony hand. With the other hand, the beast strokes Walker’s head. Then, with its free hand, wielding a large, pointy fingernail, the beast prepares to impale Walker.

Terror. Helplessness. Suddenly, Walker is freed from his captivity. The tentacles snap off. Walker rises up swiftly. The small demons try to catch him. The beast follows, in hot pursuit.

Out of the smoke they come, close to the light, and vapor. Walker screams, the beast and his demons in hot pursuit. Walker rises to the ledge, sees MARY. She waves her hand and his wound heals. He reaches for her.

Above her are thousands of white, translucent figures. His face is illuminated by the light. Looking below him, the beast closes in, ready to impale him.

WALKER
Please help me.

In an instance, Walker stands next to Mary on the ledge. The beast stops just short of the ledge. Lets out a loud ROAR.

Smaller demons are unable to stop before the ledge, passing into the light and vaporizing instantly. The beast turns and descends.
MARY
You must answer to a
a higher power before
the beast can have you.

Walker and Mary float up into the vapor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Walker is back in his bed. His hair is now pure white. His face is sunburned. He places his hand on his chest, feeling something under his gown. Lifting his gown we see a large scar running from his clavicle to his waist. Walker traces the scar with his finger, stares to the ceiling.

The monitor beeps slower. Slower.

Walker buzzes the nurse.

NURSE
(Offscreen, on intercom)
Do you need something?

WALKER
I... I . . .

The monitor beeps its final beep. Walker stares into the abyss, mouth open, hand on the scar.

NURSE
Mr. Walker? Mr. Walker?

INT. MACK’S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mack’s in bad shape. Bruises and cuts cover his face. Bandages, IV’s, and monitor leads surround his body. A respirator is plugged into his windpipe.

Mack’s PARENTS sit by his bedside, praying a rosary. Jim and Roxanne confer with the doctor.

DOCTOR
There’s nothing more we can do at this point.

Lorena knocks softly on the door.
JIM
MOM, DAD, Lorena is here.

Lorena walks into the room, clutching a small lavender diary. She freezes at the sight of Mack.

LORENA
Oh, FRANK, ERMA, I’m so sorry.

They hug and embrace. Tears flow. Lorena touches Mack.

LORENA
How’s he doing?

ERMA
Not so good.

FRANK
The doctors say if he makes it, he’ll be paralyzed.

ERMA
Frank, let’s let Lorena have a minute, we need to talk to Jimmy.

Frank and Erma leave the room. The monitors beep, the respirator gulps air for Mack.

LORENA
Oh, Macky. I lost Mary. I can’t lose you, too. Mary loved you so much. She was devastated after she heard you disappeared.

Lorena opens the lavender diary.

LORENA
There are so many things I should have told you. I found this little diary Mary kept after you enlisted. After she disappeared, I felt this little book was the last string to her heart that I had.
Lorena wipes her eyes with a tissue.

LORENA
She wrote so many of her feelings in it, and I felt as though she had intended me to find it. I know she would want you to have it, but I couldn’t seem to part with it. This book really belongs to you. You were the source of all the love in Mary’s heart.

Lorena places the open diary on Mack’s chest.

LORENA
You were the love of her life, Mack. Maybe somehow having the words Mary wrote close your heart will bring you back to us.

She places his hand on top of the book. Bows her head.

INT. KELLI’S HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kelli stirs, awaken by the voices of her FAMILY in the room. Excitedly, her MOTHER presses the buzzer for the NURSE.

KELLI’S MOTHER
Kelli, how do you feel, dear?

KELLI
Mack! Where is Mack, is he okay?

The NURSE enters.

NURSE
Well, you’re awake! How do you feel?

KELLI
Where’s Mack?

NURSE
Mr. Gardner? He’s in ICU.
KELLI
Take me to him.

KELLI’S MOTHER
Lay down, dear. You can see him tomorrow.

NURSE
Yes, lay down, now.

KELLI
He saved my life. I need to see him. Is he okay?

KELLI’S MOTHER
No. He’s not okay. They don’t know if he’ll make it.

INT. MACK’S HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Frank, Erma, and Lorena sit at Mack’s bedside, rosary’s in hand. A corner of the room is illuminated, WE see the light but the prayerful parents are unaware.

ERMA
Hail Mary, full of grace
the Lord is with thee,
blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus...

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

The light travels to Mack’s hand and the book, encircling them both.

INT. KELLI’S HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

Kelli finishes her breakfast, buzzes the NURSE.
NURSE
(O.S. on Intercom)
Yes?

KELLI
Can I please see Mack Gardner? Please?

NURSE
(O.S. on Intercom)
I’ll check with the Doctor.

Kelli is determined to see her hero with or without permission. She pushes her cart away, climbs out of bed. The Nurse comes in the room, pushing a wheelchair.

NURSE
Okay, the doc says you can see him, but only for a minute.

INT. MACK’S HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

Mack’s room is dark, the illumination gone. Kelli’s nurse pushes her wheelchair into the room.

KELLI
Oh my God. Oh my God.

NURSE
He’s still unconscious.

Tears fill Kelli’s eyes as she eases the wheelchair next to Mack’s bed. She stands to touch him.

KELLI
Please be alright. I know you’ll come out of this. You’ll be the best PI in Denver.

She picks up the diary, skims the pages. A yellowed newspaper clipping juts out from one of the pages. She removes and reads it.
CLIPPING
LOCAL MAN MIA. Mack Gardner, Denver reported MIA from a mission....

Kelli looks at the handwritten excerpt where the clipping had been kept.

KELLI
(Reading)
My world has come to an end. My worst fears have been realized. I love Mack more than life itself and now that he has been declared missing I can’t seem to go on with my life. I have prayed that God save him, I begged that He take my life and bring Mack home safely.

Kelli skims a few pages, stops as she recognizes a name.

KELLI
Oh my God! Merle and Sharon Francis. Mom and dad!

Kelli continues to read.

KELLI
Everything is happening so fast. I fear I am making the biggest mistake of my life...

INT. 1974 KITCHEN OF MARY’S PARENT’S HOME – FLASHBACK

Mary, her father, and mother, Lorena, have a heated discussion in the kitchen. Her father, visibly upset, berates Mary.

FATHER
Do you know how ashamed we are? Mr. Walker has made arrangements for you to have your baby at the St. Agnes Home.
LORENA
It’s your only option. You’re 18, not married, and the father of your baby is missing in Vietnam.

Mary breaks down.

MARY
I’m sorry.

FATHER
It’s too late for crying!
Now I have to fix the mess you’ve made of things!

INT. SERIES OF EVENTS AT ST. AGNES HOME – FLASHBACK

Mary’s room at the home is sparse. A dresser, closet, bed, and crucifix on the wall.

MARY (V.O.)
My life is in shambles. I have lost touch with reality, can’t make a decision, and all I can do is cry.

NUNS lead Mary in prayer.

MARY (V.O.)
The nuns are very kind, but I feel they see me as an unclean soul because of my mess.

Mary meets with MOTHER SUPERIOR.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Mr. Walker has made arrangements for your baby to be adopted.

MARY (V.O.)
The moment my little girl was born, was the last time I saw her. She was severed from my life forever.
INT. MACK’S HOSPITAL ROOM – PRESENT DAY

Kelli skims the book again.

KELLI
Why are my parents in this book?

Kelli stops at a page. Reads.

MARY (V.O.)
After three years I have made progress finding my sweet baby. After much searching in Mr. Walker’s records, my girl was adopted by Merle and Sharon Francis. My daughter is almost four years old. I just feel like I need to be a part of her life.

Kelli reads the names of her parents over and over.

KELLI
Merle and Sharon Francis, Merle and Sharon... I can’t believe it.

A nurse enters the room to take Kelli away. The room is spinning, bodies moving in slow motion.

Kelli bursts from Mack’s room, holding the lavender book, into the hallway, meeting Mack’s family.

LORENA
Excuse me, who are you? And what are you doing with that diary?

Panicked, Kelli looks at Mack’s family.

KELLI
Which one of you is Mary?

The family look at each other, puzzled.
LORENA
What ever would possess
you to ask a question
like that?

KELLI
I know this book belonged
to her. I must meet her.

LORENA
Why?

Kelli opens the diary to the page where her adoptive parents
are named.

KELLI
Because she’s my mother.

The family looks puzzled. Lorena guides Kelli down the hall
for some privacy.

KELLI
Look, look here. Merle
and Sharon Francis. My
name is Kelli Francis.
It’s all in here.

LORENA
I’ve read that book cover to
cover a hundred times. Memorized
every detail Mary ever wrote.

KELLI
Who are you?

LORENA
I’m Mary’s mother, Lorena.
I lost Mary but I’ve found
you! You’re my granddaughter.
Now I have a piece of Mary’s
heart close to me again.

Lorena and Kelli hug and cry.

From inside Mack’s hospital room, a long beeping tone.
Two NURSES rush into the room. Mack’s family rush in as Lorena pushes Kelli, in her wheelchair, into the room.

The nurses frantically work on Mack. The heart monitor registers a flat line.

NURSE 1
CODE BLUE! CALL A CODE BLUE!

NURSE 2 hits the code button. An alarm sounds in the hallway.

Mack is gone. The room is full of angels who have come to take Mack home.

EXT. DENVER CEMETARY – DAY

Mourners gather around Mack’s casket. A PRIEST prays from an open book. A MILITARY HONOR GUARD performs a salute.

Two MILITARY MEN fold up the flag draping Mack’s coffin and present it to Mack’s mother. Kelli and Lorena, arms locked, wipe tears.

Mack stands behind the mourners, illuminated. A bright light draws him away from the funeral as he walks towards it.

MARY (V.O.)
Mack! Mack, wait!

Mack turns from the light. The angel vision he saw in Walker’s office is coming closer, getting clearer.

MARY
I’ve been waiting for you, Mack. We’ve been given another chance. Take my hand, we’re going back to the way things should have been. He’s giving us the life we were meant to have.

Mack takes Mary’s hand, together they ascend. Only Kelli can see the two. She smiles, crying tears of joy.
MARY
You saved our baby, Mack!

EXT. MAIN STREET - 1970

A younger Mack is driving a convertible Chevy on Main Street. A young MARY GEORGE, 17, sits next to him. Another YOUNG COUPLE sit in the backseat holding hands.

The music is groovin’, times are good. They pull up to a stoplight. Mary squeezes in close to Mack.

MARY
I love you, Mack.

He holds her close with his right arm. Mack’s friend, TOMMY, sitting in the back, taps his shoulder.

TOMMY
Hey Mack, have you decided? You gonna join up?

Mary looks at Mack, her smile fades from her face. Mack looks at the light, at traffic. At Mary...

MACK
Nah, I think I’ll stick around here! Maybe start a family.

Mary leans her head on Mack’s shoulder, smiles, whispers “Thank you” to the heavens.

FADE OUT.