

THE AVONDALE PARK KILLER

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

MELISSA KING (24), naturally beautiful, her cheeks glow as she stands at the altar in her flowing wedding dress.

TOM HOWARD (39), ruggedly handsome and self-assured with a neatly trimmed moustache, stares deep into her eyes.

An ageing PRIEST stands between them.

PRIEST

Thomas Michael Howard, do you take Melissa King as your lawfully wedded wife, to live in the holy estate of matrimony? Will you love, honour, comfort, and cherish her from this day forward, forsaking all others, keeping only unto her for as long as you both shall live?

TOM

I do.

Melissa shakes with excitement as the priest talks.

PRIEST

Melissa King, do you take Thomas Michael Howard as your lawfully wedded husband, to live in the holy estate of matrimony? Will you love, honour, comfort, and cherish him from this day forward, forsaking all others, keeping only unto him for as long as you both shall live?

Without a moment of hesitation...

MELISSA

I do!

PRIEST

I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

And he does, with passion. Loud APPLAUSE from the many GUESTS inside.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Fancy decorations. Expensive table linen. The whole works. Many GUESTS sit around the tables, talk amongst themselves.

Melissa and Tom sit at the largest table at the top of the room.

TOM

I told you everything would be fine.

MELISSA

It's perfect.

TOM

And just think, in a few hours we'll be thousands of feet in the air on route to the Caribbean.

MELISSA

Doesn't get any better than that.

Melissa smiles, kisses Tom on the cheek.

TOM

It certainly doesn't.

AT THE BAR, ADAM HOWARD (35), a little tipsy with an air of confidence about him, gently taps his glass with a fork.

ADAM

Excuse me. Everyone, can I have your attention?

Everyone turns towards Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I would like to thank everyone for coming. The bridesmaids, Jenny, Linda, Molly... especially Molly. Please accept my apology for any unwanted advances that will undoubtedly happen in the next few hours.

Adam winks at MOLLY (23), a beautiful blonde who laughs nervously.

ADAM (CONT'D)

My name's Adam, for those of you who haven't had the pleasure. I'm Tom's younger brother and today, I have the honor of being his best man. I will try to keep this as brief as possible as I know we all want to laugh at Tom's dancing, if you can call it that. That's why we're really here! Admit it!

Laughter in the room. Tom smiles.

Adam walks behind Tom, stands between him and Melissa.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I wish I had some embarrassing stories to tell for the red face to make an appearance, but the truth is, I don't. The Lord knows I've made my fair share of bad choices, terrible choices in fact, but Tom was always there to help me through it. We get on so well I think I've only been on his bad side once. I remember when he took me on my first golf trip. When I made this tiny little scratch on one of his prized clubs by accident, I'll spare you all the gory details. Note to Melissa - Don't touch the golf stuff!

Melissa tries her best not to laugh.

ADAM (CONT'D)

My point is, if Tom takes care of Melissa half as well as he does those darn clubs, he will be the perfect husband.

Molly wipes tears from her eyes.

Adam puts his hand on Tom's shoulder.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Also, I've had a chat with some of Melissa's lovely family and learned a thing or two, so here goes. Note to Tom - Do NOT let her drive your car. Especially the Porsche. Or any car, actually.

More laughter. Melissa turns and playfully hits Adam on the arm.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'd like to congratulate you both on a whirlwind year. It's been quite a journey. Ladies and gentlemen, could I ask you to stand with me, and raise your glasses in a toast to Tom and Melissa, the new Mr and Mrs Howard!

Everyone raises their glasses. Tom stands and gives Adam a hug.

LATER

Tom sits at the table alone. CARRIE (24), talks too fast for her own good, approaches, a small THREE MONTH BABY in her arms.

TOM

Hey.

CARRIE

Even the baby is happy for you.
He watched the whole service and
didn't cry once.

He smiles, looks at the baby.

TOM

(to Baby)

Are you having a good time? Huh,
are you?

Tom tickles the baby's face with his finger.

CARRIE

Well, he did fall asleep during
part of the service but, boy,
could that old guy talk! I mean,
I thought--

TOM

Thanks for everything, Carrie.

She nods her head, flashes a smile.

CARRIE

No sweat.

Carrie looks towards the other side of the hall. Melissa holds the bouquet of flowers, lots of women gather in front of her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Oh, do you mind?

Tom extends his arms. Carrie hands him the baby. She smiles, rushes across the room to Melissa.

ON MELISSA, as she turns her back to the crowd of women.

MELISSA

Ready? One... two... three!

Melissa throws the bouquet behind her. A hand reaches up from the crowd and grasps it from the air.

It's Carrie. She jumps up and down like she's won a million dollars.

CARRIE

Yes! YES!

Tom watches on from a distance, a happy man.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Tom and Melissa climb into a vintage pink Cadillac. On the back window, a banner reading "JUST MARRIED" with "HEADACHE ALREADY" scribbled next to it in black ink.

ADAM

Wait! Say cheese for Facebook.

They both smile. Adam takes a picture with his phone.

The grey-haired DRIVER (60) starts the engine.

All the guests wave. Carrie moves the baby's arm in a waving motion as they drive off.

Melissa hangs her head out of the window.

MELISSA

Bye, everybody!

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Melissa looks out of the window as they drive away.

MELISSA

God, I can't even breathe in this dress.

TOM

Flight's not for another two hours. There's lots of time to change.

He holds her hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

For the record, I don't think there's any need. I think you look beautiful in your dress.

Melissa smiles sheepishly. She rests her head on his shoulder.

MELISSA

I'm gonna miss this place, you know.

TOM

Really?

MELISSA

No! It will be perfect. Just you
and me--

A CAR HORN BLARES.

FROM OUTSIDE, a VAN attempts to move into the outside lane to overtake. It clips the back end of the Cadillac.

IN THE CADILLAC, Melissa SCREAMS as the car spins out of control.

FROM OUTSIDE, the car skids past a STOP SIGN, comes to a halt in the middle of the road.

DRIVER

Maniac!

IN THE CADILLAC, the driver turns towards Tom and Melissa.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Mr Howard? What was
he thinking?!

Tom nods his head but looks far from okay. Melissa takes deep breaths.

TOM

Everything's fine.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, behind Melissa, an EIGHTEEN WHEELER TRUCK hurls towards them. It slams on the brakes, skids towards them.

MELISSA

(off Tom's look)
What?

The truck SLAMS into the side of the car. BLACKNESS.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Several NURSES rush Melissa on a gurney through the busy corridor. Her white wedding dress is badly ripped and red with blood. Carrie runs alongside her.

CARRIE

You're gonna be okay. Do you hear
me?

Melissa's eyes flicker.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Melissa, please stay with us.

Her eyes close. BLACKNESS.

EXT. AVONDALE PARK - DAY

Large trees line up alongside a glistening lake. Crime scene tape corners off an area of the woodland. POLICE OFFICERS and FORENSIC TEAMS roam around inside the area.

A female NEWS REPORTER (28) stands in front of the cameras, already in full flow.

NEWS REPORTER

-- here at Avondale park. Police were called at nine AM this morning after a man found the naked body of the female victim while walking his dog.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

ON THE TV, the same news reporter.

NEWS REPORTER

Very few details have been released at this time, but our sources tell us that the victim was so badly beaten, her face was barely recognizable.

A heart monitor beeps steadily. Melissa, in a hospital gown, lies on the bed unconscious, an oxygen mask pulled over her face.

Her eyes flicker slightly, then gradually open. Confused, she takes in her surroundings. Barely able to move, she stares at the TV.

ON THE TV, News Reporter continues to talk.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

A police spokesman has refused to rule out any connection to the murder of Sharleen White, who's body was also found in this exact park under similar circumstances just over a week ago.

Melissa takes the oxygen mask off, tries to move. A NURSE (25) rushes towards her.

NURSE

Woah! Take it easy.

MELISSA

Wh-- Why am I here?

The nurse tries to make Melissa comfortable in her bed.

NURSE
You were in a accident. A car
accident.

Her expression is blank.

MELISSA
Car accident?

The nurse studies her face for a second.

NURSE
Do you have anyone you'd like me
to call?

Melissa struggles to find an answer.

NEWS REPORTER
A family member? A friend?

A beat of silence.

MELISSA
I don't know...

Now the nurse is worried. Melissa's eyes fill up. She tries
to rise from the bed again.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Why can't I remember?

NURSE
You've been unconscious for a few
days--

Melissa raises her voice.

MELISSA
What car crash? I can't remember
any car crash!

The nurse prepares a syringe.

NURSE
It's time to rest, okay?

Melissa struggles as the nurse grips her arm. She injects
the syringe.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Everything will be okay. Trust
me.

The nurse walks towards a GROUP OF DOCTORS in the corner of
the room.

Melissa tries to fight the sedative. Her eyes close.
BLACKNESS.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Tom stands next to the same nurse from earlier, his eyes fixed on Melissa, who sits upright on her bed in the next room, watches TV.

NURSE

We have to run some more tests, but I think I've got a good idea of what's going on. Your wife is suffering from retrograde amnesia.

TOM

Amnesia?

NURSE

Yes, Mr. Howard. Unfortunately, right now she doesn't remember you, your wedding day, not even the day you met.

Tom turns to face the nurse, reveals a HUGE SCAR down one side of his face.

TOM

You're sure?

NURSE

As far as she's aware, she's a single girl who works in a restaurant down town and it's still 2009.

Tom sighs, turns back towards Melissa.

NURSE (CONT'D)

We will run more tests, but even then, we may never know the extent of the damage.

TOM

Her memories, will they ever return?

NURSE

In all probability, her long-term memories should return, but in no particular order. Think of it like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. She will need you to help her through it. Answer any questions she has. Tell her stories. Just don't overdo it. I can't stress that part enough.

Tom nods his head in acknowledgement.

TOM

Is it okay if I can talk with her
now?

NURSE

I think that can be arranged.

HOSPITAL WARD

The nurse approaches Melissa's bed.

NURSE

Melissa? You have a visitor.

Tom walks towards her.

TOM

Hi.

MELISSA

Uh... hi.

An awkward beat of silence as Melissa studies Tom's face.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

What happened to your... you
know...

Melissa motions towards her face. Tom touches the scar self-
consciously.

TOM

I was in a car accident.

She gasps.

MELISSA

Oh my God, were you the driver of
the other car?

Tom bites his lip. He doesn't know how to break the news to
her.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Really--

NURSE

Melissa, this man's name is
Thomas Howard. Does that sound
familiar in any way?

Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA

Should it?

TOM
I'm your husband.

A blank expression on her face.

MELISSA
What?

TOM
The car crash. I was in the same car as you. The pink Cadillac.

MELISSA
I always wanted a pink Cadillac for my wedding day.

TOM
It was our wedding day. We were on our way from the church--

MELISSA
No... I don't remember any wedding...

TOM
We were due on a flight to the Caribbean... For our honeymoon!

MELISSA
I don't remember!

The nurse steps in between them.

NURSE
Stop. You're upsetting her.

Tom persists.

TOM
I proposed to you two months ago. You made me the happiest man in the world.

He grabs Melissa's hand.

TOM (CONT'D)
Mel, please. You've got to believe me.

Tears in his eyes, he kisses her hand.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- She gets into the pink Cadillac with Tom on her wedding day.

- She rests her head on Tom's shoulder inside the car.

- The truck horn BLASTS, slams on the brakes as it hurls towards them.

BACK TO SCENE

MELISSA

Tom?

A smile creeps across Tom's face. She extends her arms. He leans in for a hug.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Tom talks to the nurse as Melissa watches TV in her bed.

NURSE

I know it doesn't feel like it now, but she was very lucky. You both were. We'd like to monitor her overnight just to be sure, but we're pretty confident she'll be able to return home tomorrow.

TOM

That's great news.

NURSE

Just remember, don't overload her with information. Her memories will return gradually, forcing the issue won't make matters any better.

TOM

I understand. I just want to take her home.

The nurse smiles, walks away.

TOM (CONT'D)

Wait.

The nurse turns back.

TOM (CONT'D)

I have one more question, actually, if that's okay?

NURSE

That's what I'm here for.

TOM

Has there been anyone else here to visit Melissa?

The nurse thinks for a moment.

NURSE

Yeah, the girl... Carrie I think.

TOM

No, I mean a guy. About six foot tall and skinny...

NURSE

Not that I'm aware of. Is there a problem?

TOM

No problem.

The nurse nods her head, flashes a smile. She walks away.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - DAY

Tom escorts Melissa to the car park.

MELISSA

What color's your car again?

TOM

The black one.

Tom points towards a sporty black PORSCHE. Melissa's eyes widen.

MELISSA

Not that black one.

Tom points the keys towards the car. The lights come to life.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

A Porsche! No way!

She moves quickly towards the car door.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Can I drive?

Tom looks at her, says nothing.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I've bugged you about this before, huh?

Tom grins, opens the drivers door, climbs in.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Melissa looks out of the window, takes in the sights as Tom drives.

MELISSA

We can't actually afford to live
in this area, could we?

She looks out of the window again. They drive past huge,
expensive houses. Upper class doesn't begin to describe it.

TOM

Why not?

Melissa laughs.

MELISSA

Yeah, right. Go on then, tell me
we live in one of those houses.

TOM

No, we don't... That's our house.

Melissa stares in awe. Up ahead, is the biggest house in
the street. A HUGE MANSION you could see from a mile away.
Acres of green grass surround it.

MELISSA

No way!

EXT. HOWARD MANSION - DAY

The black Porsche drives through the open gates, up the
driveway and parks outside the front door.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

They both walk down the hallway.

Melissa looks at the surroundings in amazement. Framed oil
paintings on the wall. A beautiful marble staircase.

MELISSA

You're sure this isn't a joke,
right?

Tom shakes his head.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

This isn't your rich friend's
house?

TOM

They wish.

She can hardly hide her excitement.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you want me to show you
around?

MELISSA
Yeah, I'd like that.

Tom points towards the marble staircase.

TOM
Shall we?

He leads the way.

STAIRCASE

Melissa takes her time, admires the artwork on the walls as she walks.

She trips on a step. Tom catches her before she hits the ground. She looks up, tries to hide her embarrassment.

TOM
You okay?

She nods her head, laughs nervously.

MELISSA
These pictures are amazing. They must have cost a fortune!

Tom looks at the same picture as Melissa.

TOM
You picked that.

She looks surprised.

MELISSA
I did?

TOM
I know absolutely nothing about art.

Melissa laughs.

MELISSA
I dunno what I've told you, but unless I've had an art major scholarship in the past year, I know just as much as you!

TOM
I know that, but I trust your opinion.

Tom walks on. Melissa stares at the picture for another moment, a huge grin plastered across her face.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

An identical hallway to the one downstairs. Melissa notices an elevator near the top of the staircase. She stops and stares at it as Tom walks ahead.

MELISSA

We walked up all those stairs
when you have an elevator?

Tom stops, turns back.

TOM

Then you wouldn't have seen your
pictures.

She smirks, rushes to catch up with him. He opens a door on the left side of the hallway.

TOM (CONT'D)

After you.

Melissa enters.

BEDROOM

Melissa stares in awe. A king-size bed. Colorful paint on the walls. A huge aquarium with many different fish, all shapes and sizes.

MELISSA

Wow.

He gives her a moment to take everything in.

TOM

So, does it ring any bells?

Melissa walks over, takes a seat on the bed. She continues to look at all four corners of the room.

MELISSA

I wish it did.

She picks up a picture on a table next to the bed, stares at it.

TOM

We designed this room the exact
way you wanted.

ON THE PICTURE, Tom and Melissa pose. Tom naturally while Melissa pulls a funny face.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- Adam holds the camera as they pose for the same picture.

- The camera flashes. She turns, kisses Tom passionately.

BACK TO SCENE

She sets the picture back on the table. Tom walks towards the door, holds it open.

TOM (CONT'D)

No problem. The nurse says you'll remember everything soon enough.

They exit the room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Melissa tries to open the door opposite their bedroom. It's locked.

MELISSA

This door's locked.

Tom looks a little nervous.

TOM

Never mind. That's just a storage room with some old useless junk.

MELISSA

I would love to see what someone with your bank account calls useless junk!

TOM

Maybe some other time.

Tom puts his arm around her, leads her away from the locked door towards the elevator.

TOM (CONT'D)

So you fancy a ride in the elevator, huh?

She grins.

MELISSA

Well, when you say it like that...

HALLWAY

The elevator doors open, they both step out.

A phone RINGS!

TOM

I've got to take that. Have a look around... It's your house, too.

Melissa beams. Tom enters the living room. When Tom is out of sight, she pumps her fist in delight.

She walks down the massive hallway. She stops and looks at a HUGE HORSE HEAD on the wall.

Tom's voice can be heard on the phone in the background.

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

She's home safe and well but she still can't remember much.

Melissa walks towards the living room door, curious.

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

Everything's not fine. It's so far from fine. You don't understand. I'll have to live with what I've done for the rest of my life.

She places her ear on the door, listens intently.

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

(raises his voice)

That's not the point. It doesn't change anything. The only person to blame here is me. I'm still a killer.

Melissa gasps, pulls her head away from the door. Her mind racing, she turns, runs straight into someone behind her.

ANDREA (50), the house maid, overweight with stringy hair. She smiles, showing what teeth she has left to be extremely rotten.

Melissa SCREAMS!

Tom rushes out into the hallway.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mel? You okay?

He puts his arm around Melissa, comforts her.

Andrea, her smile now long gone, quietly wonders what she done wrong.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, this is Andrea.

Melissa looks like she's seen a ghost.

TOM (CONT'D)
She's our maid.

Andrea forces a smile but Melissa still looks shaken.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you sure you're okay?

She takes a second to find an answer.

MELISSA
Yeah...

INT. HOWARD MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melissa lies in the bed, blanket pulled over her.

Behind her, a door opens. Tom enters.

TOM
Mel?

Melissa pretends to be asleep. Tom moves closer to her.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm going out for some chicken.
Do you want some?

No answer from Melissa.

Tom switches the light off, exits the room.

Melissa opens her eyes again, the shock still clearly evident across her face.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: ONE YEAR AGO...

Tom sits at a table with EDWARD (42), cares more about his hair than anything else. Both are dressed to impress in their expensive suits.

EDWARD
So, how does it feel to be back
on your home turf?

Tom stares at someone off screen.

TOM
I bet she has a great
personality.

Edward tries not to laugh.

EDWARD
Jesus, if you wanted laid, then I
know this great hooker. High
class--

Tom's doesn't listen.

TOM
She's cute, too.

EDWARD
If by cute, you mean she has a
darn fine ass, then yeah, she's
cute.

Tom continues to stare, almost in a trance.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
She's also a waitress.

TOM
And? One hundred dollars says
she'll be coming home with me.

EDWARD
Make it interesting. The loser
pays for the next five visits to
the strip joint.

Tom shakes his hand.

TOM
Deal.

Tom looks towards the other side of the room.

TOM (CONT'D)
Excuse me, miss?

A girl turns her head. It's Melissa, in full waitress
uniform.

MELISSA
Can I help you, sir?

Tom stares at her chest area.

TOM
Melissa. That's a beautiful name.

MELISSA
What?

Melissa looks at him, then her chest, notices her name tag.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Oh.

Tom smiles at her. A beat of awkward silence follows.

TOM
So, tell me, Melissa. Have you
ever had a ride in a Rolls-Royce
convertible?

MELISSA
I can't say I have.

Tom pulls his car keys from the inside of his suit pocket,
dangles them in front of him.

TOM
I can tell you it's quite the
experience.

Melissa laughs, shakes her head.

MELISSA
Does that trick work with every
girl you meet?

She looks him up and down, walks away.

Edward bursts into a fit of laughter.

EDWARD
Ouch!

Tom strokes his moustache, can't hide his embarrassment.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You made my night, Tom. Thank
you!

Tom stands from his seat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Woah! Round two. You're not gonna
take another beating for a
waitress, are ya?

Tom ignores him, approaches Melissa, who writes in her
notebook as a FAMILY order their food.

TOM
Uh... Hi.

Melissa smiles at the family.

MELISSA
Sorry about this.

She turns to Tom, gives him the angry eyes.

TOM

I think we got off on the wrong foot.

Melissa shakes her head in disgust, tries to turn away but Tom grabs her arm.

TOM (CONT'D)

Please, hear me out. I'm Tom.

She looks down at her arm as he grips it tightly.

MELISSA

You're hurting me.

Tom lets go of her arm, blushes.

TOM

I'm sorry, I didn't realize--

MELISSA

Tom, it's been real nice talking, but if I don't get back to work, I'm not gonna have a job tomorrow.

She turns to walk away again.

TOM

Mel, wait... Can I call you that?

Melissa stops, doesn't answer the question.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come with me, you'll never work another day in your life. I promise.

She sighs.

MELISSA

Do you honestly think this 'I'm so rich' act works? Look around you. Every man, woman and child in this town has money. Did you think it would impress me?

Tom stays silent.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you've probably bet your buddy in the suit over there that you can get my number. Right?

Tom looks at the floor, feels sorry for himself.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Tell you what, I'm gonna get back to work. You're gonna walk back to your table with your rich little tail between your legs. We'll forget this ever happened.

He can't bring himself to make eye contact.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Tom.

She walks away. Desperate, Tom rushes in front of her. She stops, sighs again.

TOM

I know right now you think I'm a complete asshole--

MELISSA

Think?

TOM

Give me a chance, that's all I ask. This isn't about the bet--

MELISSA

Oh, so there was a bet--

TOM

One date. That's all. After that, you walk away if you want.

She thinks this over.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's the worst that can happen? You'll get a free dinner.

MELISSA

If I say yes, will you let me get back to work?

Tom smiles.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

Melissa enters the kitchen to that same unmistakable smile as Tom pours two mugs of coffee.

TOM

Coffee?

No answer from Melissa. He proceeds anyway.

TOM (CONT'D)

I take that as a yes. I honestly
can't remember the last morning
you started without one.

Melissa takes a seat at the table, rests her head in her
hands.

Tom sits a mug next to her, watches her for a moment.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're not feeling so bright,
huh?

She shakes her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

Would you like Andrea to whip up
something quick to eat?

MELISSA

No thanks.

Melissa takes a sip from her coffee, keeps an eye on the
television through the doorway in the next room.

ON THE TV, the news reporter stands outside the police
crime scene tape in Avondale Park.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

-- after a third body was
discovered, also in the woodland
in Avondale Park. The local
community are stunned--

Tom tries to create conversation.

TOM

So, how did you sleep last night?

Melissa doesn't even acknowledge him, keeps her eyes on the
TV.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mel?

Tom notices Melissa's attention is focused on the TV.

ON THE TV, the news reporter continues to talk.

NEWS REPORTER

-- Police are looking to speak to
anyone who was in the surrounding
area between eleven and midnight
last night.

Tom walks into the next room, turns the TV off.

MELISSA

Hey, I was watching that.

Tom sits back down at the table.

TOM

It isn't what you need right now.

MELISSA

Did you even hear that? There was a murder in the park fifteen minutes from here!

TOM

And that's unfortunate, but you're my only concern--

MELISSA

You were out after eleven. Why don't you talk to them?

Silence. Tom looks through Melissa with his piercing eyes.

TOM

I wasn't anywhere near the park.

Melissa stares through him. He doesn't look away.

MELISSA

Why don't you talk to them anyway. Maybe you saw something important but you just don't know it.

TOM

I'm not interested--

MELISSA

Someone was murdered and this is your reaction? It could be someone you know. Why don't you care?

Tom takes a deep breath, tries not to snap.

TOM

I do care. I care about you.

Melissa watches him as he takes a drink from his mug of coffee.

TOM (CONT'D)

How do you know I was out after eleven? You were asleep.

She can't find an answer, pushes her mug away.

MELISSA

I'm not listening to this.

She stands up and storms out of the room. Tom watches her go. He takes another sip from his coffee.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom, dressed smartly in his expensive black suit, stands by the door, briefcase in hand.

TOM

I trust you girls won't do anything crazy while I'm gone?

Melissa and Carrie sit on the sofa.

CARRIE

What? Like credit card crazy? That must be a rhetorical question.

Carrie laughs but Melissa doesn't see the funny side.

TOM

Remember, only the best for my girl.

Tom approaches Melissa, tries to give her a kiss on the cheek. She pulls away.

Carrie watches on, doesn't know what to say. Awkward.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll leave you to it.
(to Carrie)
Thanks again.

CARRIE

Yeah, no problem.

Tom exits. Carrie turns to Melissa.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's up with you?

Melissa looks at the floor.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

He's not been sleeping with Andrea behind your back again, has he?

Carrie laughs but Melissa stares through her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Relax, I'm only messing with ya.

Silence as Melissa stares at the floor again.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
You know who I am, right?

MELISSA
I've known you since seventh grade. Of course I know who you are.

Carrie smiles.

CARRIE
Great... then you can tell me what's bothering ya.

Melissa looks uncomfortable.

MELISSA
It's just Tom. He just doesn't seem like the kind of guy I'd... you know...

CARRIE
Woah, hold the phone! You and Tom are made for each other, trust me!

MELISSA
You think?

CARRIE
I know, honey. Listen, your memories, they will all come back, and when they do, you'll realize how silly these thoughts were.

Melissa's still not convinced.

MELISSA
We were only going out for what, a year? Why did he marry me?

CARRIE
He knows you're not like those other girls that throw themselves at any guy with a thick wallet. You're genuine.

Melissa takes all this information in.

MELISSA
I dunno... I heard him on the phone and he said--

CARRIE

Listen, honey I've known Tom for over five years. Whatever is making you unsure about him, forget it. He's a great guy. You've got everything you could ever want. You've married an insanely successful and handsome man. Everything you have now, you deserve it all.

MELISSA

So you don't think there's nothing weird about him, like double-life weird?

Carrie's almost speechless.

CARRIE

What?

MELISSA

Never mind.

Carrie picks up her handbag.

CARRIE

Come on, let's stop talking about men and start talking about shoes. Your dear husband has generously donated a piece of plastic that is accepted in all major stores. Let's go.

Carrie walks towards the door, waits.

After a moment's thought, Melissa grabs her handbag, walks towards the door with a spring in her step.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

That's my girl right there.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Melissa enters. She struggles to carry several bags of shopping.

MELISSA

Sorry I'm late. I was at Carrie's place and completely lost track of...

The place is eerily quiet.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Tom?

Still no response. Melissa enters the...

LIVING ROOM

...and sits the bags of shopping on the floor.

MELISSA
Are you home?

Still no answer.

A BANG from outside.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Hello?

Melissa exits back into the...

HALLWAY

She looks at the main door. Another BANG from outside. She walks closer to it.

The sound of someone trying to pick a lock. She puts her hand on the door handle, takes a deep breath. She pulls the door open.

MELISSA
Kevin?

KEVIN SCOTT (23), tall, skinny, scruffy, bags under his eyes, not the usual type of resident in this neighborhood.

KEVIN
Melissa?

They stare at each other in silence for a few seconds.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
It's been a while. Can I come in?

Melissa reluctantly opens the door wider.

MELISSA
I guess.

Kevin enters, Melissa shuts the door behind him.

KEVIN
So... How have you been--

MELISSA
Why are you here?

KEVIN
I heard about the accident. I
just wanted to see if you were
okay. That's all.

MELISSA
I'm fine.

Kevin steps closer to her, looks into her eyes.

KEVIN
Why don't I believe you?

MELISSA
I'm fine. Better than fine,
actually. I'm great.

KEVIN
It's him, isn't it?

Melissa avoids eye contact, which tells Kevin all he needs
to know.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What did he do?

MELISSA
Nothing.

KEVIN
You've gotta tell me, baby. Did
he hurt you?

MELISSA
What? No!

Kevin puts his hands on her shoulders.

KEVIN
You can tell me anything, you
know that, right?

Melissa thinks for a moment.

MELISSA
He didn't hurt me, but I think
he's hurt someone else.

She struggles to get the words out.

KEVIN
Tell me, baby.

She takes a deep breath, composes herself.

MELISSA

If you watched the news, you'll know they've found three dead bodies in this town within two weeks. I think Tom might have something to do with it.

Silence. Kevin's stunned.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I overheard him say so himself on the phone. It might be nothing--

Kevin nods his head in acknowledgment.

KEVIN

That makes sense.

MELISSA

It does?

KEVIN

I've always thought there was something weird about that guy.

Melissa paces back and forth.

MELISSA

I don't have any real proof, it's just a feeling.

KEVIN

Don't defend him. I can help you.

He tries to calm her down.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Have you told anyone else?

She shakes her head.

MELISSA

I was gonna tell Carrie but she would never believe me over him.

KEVIN

You can't trust her. Just keep this between me and you, okay?

She nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I know that I'm probably not your favorite person right now, and you have every reason to be pissed with me. You might be with him now but your still my baby. Do you hear me?

Melissa nods her head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
We need to find something
concrete that says he's involved.

MELISSA
Like?

KEVIN
You see all those TV shows where
the killer always take something
from the victim, like a memento?

She thinks for a moment.

MELISSA
We could check his room?

KEVIN
Let's do that.

They walk towards the marble staircase.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Melissa leads the way down the hallway, through the last
door on the left.

BEDROOM

They both enter, glance around the room. Kevin doesn't know
where to start.

MELISSA
I'll check over here.

Melissa shuffles through a set of drawers. Kevin walks over
to the table by the bed.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
What exactly are we looking for
again?

Kevin eyes something on the table.

KEVIN
It could be anything. Clothes.
Jewelry. Anything that's for a
girl and not yours.

ON THE TABLE, is a very expensive gold Rolex watch. Kevin's
eyes widen. He picks it up, inspects it closely.

MELISSA
There's nothing here.

Melissa SLAMS the drawer shut in anger. Kevin jumps, startled. He hides the Rolex as Melissa turns towards him.

KEVIN

That's cool. I know a guy. We can get him another way.

MELISSA

How?

KEVIN

Just leave it with me, baby.

They both exit.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Melissa stares at the door opposite the bedroom. The locked door.

KEVIN

Do not act suspicious, whatever you do. If he is the killer and he even thinks you know, the game's up.

MELISSA

Of course...

Melissa continues to stare at the locked door in front of her. Kevin notices.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

If there's anything, it's in here.

She tries the door. It's still locked.

A door slams shut downstairs. Melissa and Kevin stand frozen to the spot.

TOM (O.S.)

Mel?

Panic spreads over both of their faces.

MELISSA

You've gotta go. Now.

Melissa pushes Kevin back into the bedroom. He pulls out a piece of paper, quickly writes on it.

KEVIN

That's my number, call me.

She shuts the door, runs towards the staircase.

MELISSA
I'm coming, honey.

HALLWAY

Melissa makes her way down the last few steps of the staircase. Tom awaits, a bucket of fried chicken in his hands.

TOM
Sorry I'm late. Work was crazy, I
couldn't get away.

She forces a smile, nods her head.

TOM (CONT'D)
I brought chicken.

Tom extends the bucket of fried chicken to Melissa.

MELISSA
What are we waiting for?

She grabs a piece of chicken, follows him through the door into the living room.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: TEN MONTHS AGO...

A tear falls down Tom's cheek. He stands with Adam, both dressed in identical black suits and black ties.

TOM
You know who's fault this is.

They both watch as a coffin is lowered into the grave.

TOM (CONT'D)
What the hell was he thinking?

ADAM
Anything for a piece of ass, huh?

Tom's eyes follow someone as they move through the crowd of MOURNERS.

TOM
(shouts)
Do you feel good now?

A girl turns her head, walks towards him. Her name is JENNIFER (28), with the good looks of a Playboy model.

JENNIFER
This isn't the time, Thomas.

TOM

How do you live with yourself?

Jennifer sighs.

JENNIFER

Look, Tom, I know this is hard on you--

He raises his voice.

TOM

Hard on me? That's my father in that box right there!

His eyes fill up.

JENNIFER

And he was my husband. Whether you liked it or not.

Several mourners look over to see what all the commotion is about.

TOM

You didn't love him. Don't even try to pretend.

Jennifer shakes her head in disgust.

JENNIFER

You know, I actually feel sorry for you.

Claudia walks away. Tom says nothing. Adam shouts.

ADAM

Yeah, walk away, you gold-digging bitch.

Melissa, also dressed in black, approaches Tom and Adam. She senses something's up.

MELISSA

Did I miss something?

Tom looks at her, ready to break down at any moment. He gives her an almighty hug. She is taken aback.

TOM

Are you still feeling sick?

MELISSA

Yeah, a little. It must be your cooking.

Tom finally finds something to smile about.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

The radio BLARES an old 80's anthem as Melissa prepares a plate of waffles.

Tom enters, dressed in his bathrobe. He watches her for a few seconds, she's oblivious to his presence.

He smirks as she turns round and notices him.

MELISSA

Surprise!

Melissa pushes the plate of waffles to his side of the kitchen table.

TOM

Waffles.

MELISSA

Ah! Waffles with syrup.

TOM

You amaze me.

Tom kisses the proud Melissa on the cheek then takes his seat at the table.

MELISSA

Orange juice?

Tom looks surprised.

TOM

You're memories... they're coming back?

Melissa nods, gives him another convincing smile.

MELISSA

Just small stuff, bits at a time, you know?

She pours a glass of orange juice, slides it over to Tom.

TOM

Every little helps.

The song on the radio ends. A NEWS BROADCAST plays in the background.

NEWS BROADCAST (V.O.)

Police have confirmed another girl has been reported missing. Claire Jackson, nineteen--

MELISSA

I'm feeling much better for it.

Melissa walks over to the radio, puts her hand on the switch but stops. She listens to it for a few seconds.

NEWS BROADCAST (V.O.)

She was last spotted ten minutes from the notorious Avondale Park, where three bodies have already been found in the past week, late last night. Police are doing door-to-door enquiries and hope they will get some information on her whereabouts.

Tom takes a bite out of his waffle.

TOM

Hey, have you seen my Rolex? I was sure I left it by the bed.

Melissa stares into space, her hand still on the radio switch.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES.

- Tom comes in late with the bucket of fried chicken.

BACK TO SCENE

Tom looks confused as Melissa continues to stare at nothing in a trance.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mel?

Melissa snaps out of it, switches the radio off. She turns and gives him her best fake smile.

MELISSA

Sorry, what's that?

TOM

My watch. It was in our room but I can't find it.

She shakes her head.

MELISSA

Sorry. No idea.

She takes a seat opposite Tom at the table. He studies her face, senses that something's up.

TOM

Are you okay?

She takes a second longer than she should to answer.

MELISSA

Yeah.

A few beats of silence. Melissa avoids eye contact but she can feel Tom's eyes trained right at her.

She looks at him, smiles nervously.

TOM

I need to get dressed. I've to meet with investors at eleven.

Tom rises from his seat, exits the room. When he's out of sight, Melissa pounces up.

She hurries towards the radio, switches it on. The news broadcast nears its end.

NEWS BROADCAST

Search teams have searched the lake and surrounding woodland but no body has been found.

Melissa rushes towards her cell phone on the table. She picks it up, presses a few buttons and holds it to her ear.

MELISSA

Carrie! Call me when you get this. The missing girl, I think Tom has something to do with it. You've gotta call me.

She sets the phone down, rushes out of the room.

HALLWAY

She runs towards the ELEVATOR at the end of the hallway.

ELEVATOR

She presses the "GARAGE" button. The doors close.

GARAGE

The elevator doors open. Melissa steps out.

MELISSA

Oh.

There are TWELVE CARS parked, fancy sports cars, expensive SUVs. The bodywork so shiny you can see your reflection on each and every one of them.

She approaches the PORSCHE from earlier. She circles it, looks in the windows.

She sighs, turns towards the other cars. She stares at one in particular.

It's a LARGE SUV. The wheels and the bottom of the bodywork are covered in dry dirt.

Melissa moves towards it, tries to peak through the dark tinted windows.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

No...

She looks around the garage, her eyes scanning every wall. She spots something at the far end of the garage.

ON THE WALL, are various tools. Screwdrivers. A hammer. A crowbar.

Melissa reaches for the CROWBAR, but accidentally knocks it off the wall. It CLATTERS onto the floor. The sound echoes throughout the entire garage.

Tom can be heard upstairs.

TOM (O.S.)

Mel?

Melissa grabs the crowbar from the floor, dashes back towards the SUV.

She forces the crowbar into the trunk, tries to force it open.

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

Where are you, honey?

She presses down on the crowbar with all her strength.

Tom's voice nears.

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

Mel?

Melissa's hand slips. She gasps as her hand rips off a sharp edge of the crowbar. Blood drips from the resulting wound.

She tries again. This time the trunk pops open. She looks inside.

IN THE TRUNK, a golf bag with various golf clubs stuffed inside.

Melissa sighs, looks up as a DOOR OPENS O.S.

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

Are you down here?

ON TOM, as he walks down the last few stairs leading to the garage. He glances at all the cars. Melissa's gone.

He walks casually past several of the cars, inspects the bodywork.

TOM (CONT'D)

Honey?

He walks towards the SUV.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mel?

He drops to the floor, looks under the SUV. Nobody there.

As he rises to his feet, he spots something at the other side of the room.

It's the crowbar. It dangles from the hook on the wall while all the other tools remain still. He walks towards it.

Tom uses his hand to stop it swaying. He looks closer. Blood drips from the end of the crowbar.

Footsteps from above. Tom looks towards the ceiling.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melissa paces back and forth, her hands on her head.

Tom walks towards her, stares suspiciously.

TOM

Where were you?

Melissa turns, surprised to see him so soon.

MELISSA

Outside... I needed a little fresh air, that's all.

She avoids eye contact.

TOM

Are you okay?

MELISSA

Yeah... I'm fine.

She exits the room. Tom watches her go.

He looks down to see small drops of red blood on the floor.

EXT. AVONDALE TOWN CENTER - DAY

Melissa, in her full running gear, jogs past the many shops.

Up ahead, Kevin stands at an alleyway between two buildings. Melissa slows to a stop, wipes the sweat from her forehead.

KEVIN

Hey.

MELISSA

Hi.

A moment of uncomfortable silence as Kevin eyes Melissa's cleavage.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

He finally takes his eyes off her boobs. He spots the bandage on her arm.

KEVIN

Your arm? What happened?

She looks at the bandage, then at Kevin.

MELISSA

I tried to break into Tom's SUV.
(off Kevin's look)
I had too! It said on the radio
the girl was still missing so I
thought... I dunno.

Melissa trails off, realizes how crazy it sounds.

KEVIN

Did you find anything?

She shakes her head, disappointed.

MELISSA

I called Carrie and left her a
message. She's gonna think I'm
crazy!

KEVIN

What? Why? Why did you do that?

MELISSA

I panicked, okay? It's fine, she
won't tell anyone... I'll talk to
her.

Kevin smirks, looks at Melissa. She looks slightly uncomfortable.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

What did you call me for?

KEVIN

I've called in a favor from one of my old friends. If there's any dirt on old Tom, he'll find it.

MELISSA

You could have just told me that over the phone.

KEVIN

I wanted to see you.

Melissa has a good look at Kevin's face. His eyes are all over the place.

MELISSA

You don't know anything about Tom's missing Rolex, huh?

A delayed response from Kevin.

KEVIN

What? Rolex? No... why would...

She turns to walk away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Melissa, wait!

Kevin grabs her arm, pulls her back.

MELISSA

You're using again. I know you are!

KEVIN

I'm clean. One hundred percent.

Melissa pulls her arm free from his grip.

MELISSA

Don't you lie to me.

Kevin gives in, sulks.

KEVIN

Okay, I am. I was, even. But I want to help you, you've gotta trust me on that.

MELISSA

Why should I trust you to help me when you can't get your own life in order?

KEVIN
I'm trying to stop--

MELISSA
Maybe you should try harder.

Melissa storms away.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET, Andrea stands outside a shop, watches on open-mouthed.

EXT. HOWARD MANSION - GARDEN - LATER

Tom lies back on a deck chair, takes a sip from a bottle of beer. Melissa lies on an identical chair opposite him, her eyes hidden beneath huge sunglasses.

Adam approaches, cocktail in hand.

ADAM
Melissa, just wait till I crack out the barbecue, your memories of my world famous burgers will come flooding back.

Melissa forces a smile.

TOM
For all the wrong reasons, might I add.

ADAM
Says the guy who has his maid use the toaster for him.

TOM
Touché.

Someone SCREAMS O.S. Everyone turns. It's Carrie, with a golf club in hand.

CARRIE
Did you see how far I hit that frickin' ball?

ADAM
Calm down, Tiger. You know you're using a sand wedge, right?

CARRIE
A sand-what-now?

ADAM
Why don't you give me a minute to talk with my brother, then I'll show you how to hit like a pro?

CARRIE
Sounds great!

She hands Adam the golf club.

ADAM
It does indeed, sweet cheeks.

Adam turns to Tom.

ADAM (CONT'D)
So... Business, huh?

Tom talks to Adam as they walk out of earshot. Carrie watches them go.

CARRIE
He's kinda cute, huh?

Melissa stares through her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
You know all those myths about whoever catches the wedding bouquet? That she would be the next to marry...blah, blah, blah.

MELISSA
Carrie?

CARRIE
Well, right now I'd settle for a date! It doesn't even have to be on a weekend, you know what I mean?

Carrie snaps out of it, notices Melissa's blank expression.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
You can try and be happy for me, you know.

MELISSA
Did you get my message?

Carrie continues to look at Adam as he talks to Tom in the distance.

CARRIE
And he has a *great* ass--

MELISSA
Are you even listening to me?

Carrie lowers her sunglasses.

CARRIE
Melissa, girl, the less we say
about that message, the better.

MELISSA
I heard him say that he was a
killer!

CARRIE
Then you must have heard wrong.
Or you've taken it out of context
or something. There's an
explanation.

Melissa snaps, raises her voice.

MELISSA
I know what I heard!

That catches Tom's attention. He turns to see what all the
fuss is about.

Carrie waits till Tom turns away, puts her hand on
Melissa's shoulder.

CARRIE
Honey, I know your mind is racing
right now, but give it time. Your
memories will all come back,
you'll be fine. You love Tom, I
know that. Deep down, you know
that, too.

MELISSA
I don't.

CARRIE
Don't say that. Yes, you do. If
you didn't really love him, why
would you have...

Carrie stops mid sentence.

MELISSA
What?

CARRIE
Never mind, the point I'm trying
to make is that Tom would never,
you know... kill anyone.

MELISSA
He knows something... I'll prove
it.

CARRIE

No, honey, to prove it you'll need evidence, and you won't find any because this is all in your head. You're talking crazy, girl.

MELISSA

What about the upstairs room with the locked door? What's he got to hide?

Carrie can't answer.

Tom and Adam both look over, slightly concerned. Adam shouts.

ADAM

Ladies! Come on over and show me what you got! Both of you.

CARRIE

Just a minute!

Carrie turns back to Melissa, looks her straight in the eyes.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Listen, I've been keeping these little conversations between you and me because I honestly believe you will wake up one morning and see the light.

Carrie stands, Melissa turns her head away from her, refusing to make eye contact.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

But if you keep pursuing this, I'm gonna have to tell Tom, for your own safety. Believe me when I say I only want what's best for you, sweetie. I always have.

Carrie makes her way towards Adam and Tom. Adam hands her a golf club.

Carrie takes the golf club. Adam stands very close behind her, hugging her body. He holds her arms and does some practise swings. Carrie laughs.

Melissa stands, storms towards the entrance to the mansion. Tom notices.

TOM

Mel?

She ignores him, walks on.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melissa throws things off a tabletop, frantically searches for something. She looks frustrated.

MELISSA

Come on...

Her eyes catch something on a rack on the wall. A set of KEYS. She grabs them, rushes out of the room as quick as she can.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

She moves quickly down the hallway towards the door opposite her bedroom.

Her hands shake as she selects a key, forces it into the lock. It doesn't fit.

She tries another key. Same result.

The frustration is etched all over her face. She tries another key, attempts to force it into the lock.

SNAP! She pulls the key out, looks at it. It's broken in the lock.

She throws the keys against the wall in anger, slumps against the door and falls to the floor. She breaks down into tears.

As she leans her back against the door, it pushes open slightly. She can't believe her luck.

BABY BEDROOM

Cartoon characters on the wallpaper. A large mirror on the wall. Baby toys hang from the ceiling. A cradle in the middle of the room.

Andrea runs towards Melissa, worried.

ANDREA

Mrs Howard!

Andrea tries to usher Melissa out of the room but she brushes past her.

CRYING can be heard from the large cradle in the middle of the room.

The cries continue. Melissa takes careful steps towards the cradle, looks inside. Her eyes widen. She holds her hand over her mouth.

IN THE CRADLE, is a BABY, only a few months old.

Melissa reaches out, touches the baby's outstretched arm.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- Melissa holds the baby in a hospital ward moments after delivery.

- Melissa holds the baby in her arms, Tom stands behind her. They look into the large mirror on the wall, smile.

- The same baby in Carrie's arms on her wedding day.

BACK TO SCENE

Melissa's eyes fill up. She takes deep breaths, tries to compose herself.

TOM (O.S.)

His name's Dylan.

Melissa turns, stunned. Tom stands with Andrea by the doorway.

TOM (CONT'D)

You always loved that name, so much so that it didn't matter what I suggested, your mind was set.

MELISSA

Dylan...

Melissa stares at the baby, can't take her eyes off him.

TOM

He was born barely three months ago. Your parents weren't big on the whole sex before marriage thing. Guess it's a good thing they live in Europe now.

Tears stream down Melissa's cheeks.

TOM (CONT'D)

Carrie was going to take care of him while we were on our honeymoon. She had him at our wedding. She's also helped me and Andrea keep an eye on him since the accident.

The baby continues to cry in the background.

MELISSA

But... why?

TOM

It was my decision to keep this from you. I take full responsibility. You had to take so much information in, and we could all see you were struggling right away. Your reaction in the hospital when you couldn't remember me is a great example. This could have done more harm than good.

Tom walks over to the cradle, lifts the baby.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'd be lying if I said we were planning for a baby, but believe me when I say, this is the best thing that ever happened to us.

Tom cradles the baby in his arms. The cries stop.

TOM (CONT'D)

I know you've been having a hard time the past few days, I just want to say that I'm here for you.

Tom carefully hands the baby over to Melissa.

TOM (CONT'D)

We're here for you.

Her cheeks red with tears, her arms shake as she holds Dylan in her hands.

She looks at herself in the large mirror on the wall as she holds him.

EXT. HOWARD MANSION - GARDEN - NIGHT

Tom approaches Adam and Carrie.

CARRIE

Where's my girl?

TOM

She said she'll give you a call. She's feeling a little under the weather, that's all.

Carrie nods, staggers slightly, obviously drunk.

Adam gives Tom a manly hug.

ADAM
Keep your head up, bro. She'll
get through it.

Tom nods. Adam pats him on the back.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And don't wait three months
before you call again.

Tom forces a smile, watches as Adam and Carrie walk away.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - BABY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melissa looks in a trance as she stares at baby Dylan in
the cradle.

Tom enters, stands beside her.

TOM
I was going to tell you before
the end of the week. I hope you
can forgive me.

Baby Dylan is sound asleep. They both continue to watch
him.

MELISSA
No more secrets?

TOM
No more secrets.

She's not convinced.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: NINE MONTHS AGO...

Tom stands outside the closed door to the toilet.

TOM
Mel?

MELISSA (O.S.)
Give me a minute!

Silence.

TOM
Sick again?

MELISSA (O.S.)
Maybe.

A toilet flushes O.S.

The door opens. Melissa steps out in her bathrobe, looks a little worse for wear.

TOM
You okay?

Her eyes fill up. She holds something up in front of Tom. A pregnancy test stick.

MELISSA
I'm pregnant.

Silence. Tom's eyes light up. He grabs the stick from her hand, looks closer.

TOM
You're pregnant? You're pregnant!

He can't hide his delight. She grabs Melissa, hoists her into the air. She laughs.

MELISSA
Tom?

Still holding her, he looks up. She holds her hand over her mouth.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I think I'm gonna be sick again.

Tom hurriedly lowers her to her feet. She runs into the toilet.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

Melissa and Tom sit at the kitchen table. Tom eats his breakfast but Melissa can't take her eyes off Andrea as she feeds the baby not so far away.

TOM
Aren't you going to eat?

Melissa doesn't even look at Tom, just the baby.

TOM (CONT'D)
Mel?

She snaps out of it, looks at Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
Your breakfast?

Melissa looks at her bowl of cereal, back at Tom.

MELISSA
I'm not hungry.

She stares at the baby again. Tom studies her face then looks towards Andrea.

TOM
Andrea?

ANDREA
Yes, Mr Howard?

TOM
Could you check Dylan's diaper?
Better to be safe than sorry.

Andrea nods her head, lifts the baby, exits the room.

TOM (CONT'D)
Thanks.

A long beat of silence. Melissa avoids eye contact with him.

MELISSA
You should have told me...

He sighs.

TOM
Mel, we've been through this--

Melissa stands from her chair, shouts.

MELISSA
That is my son! You can't just
decide to tell me things like
that when you feel like it!

Tom takes a deep breath, wipes his face with a napkin.

TOM
Fine. I was wrong. I should have
told you. I was just trying to do
what I thought would be best--

MELISSA
Who are you to decide?

The doorbell RINGS!

Melissa stares at Tom, waits for an answer.

TOM
That'll be Carrie. Pull yourself
together.

Tom exits the kitchen. Melissa wipes away the tears.

Carrie enters, Tom behind her. She marches right over to Melissa, a look of regret on her face.

CARRIE
Come here, honey.

Carrie grabs Melissa, gives her a comforting hug.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

She pats Melissa gently on the back of the head.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
I feel so bad! I should've told
ya.

Carrie lets go.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Come on, let's sit down.

Carrie holds Melissa's hand, leads her out to the...

LIVING ROOM

They both sit on the couch. Tom enters, sips from a mug of coffee.

CARRIE
I'm gonna take you out today,
we're gonna have a great time,
just like we used to. Just me and
you, baby, just me and you.

No reaction from Melissa.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Do you want a drink? Water?
Coffee?

Still no answer from Melissa.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
I'll get you some water.

Carrie walks past Tom, towards the kitchen.

Melissa rubs her eyes again. She spots something on the table in front of her. A newspaper.

ON THE NEWSPAPER, A photo of a beautiful blonde girl in her mid-twenties, a crucifix hangs around her neck. The headline reads: "POLICE FEAR FOR MISSING GIRL - SEARCH CONTINUES"

She grabs the newspaper, stares at the picture of the girl.

Carrie approaches with two glasses of water, sits one down in front of Melissa.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Do you think we should hit the
stores first or settle for a nice
lunch downtown?

MELISSA
It's him...

Melissa frantically skips through the pages of the newspaper. She stops.

Carrie looks at the front page, reads the headline.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I know it's him.

Tom watches her from a distance.

CARRIE
(whispers)
Melissa, please don't do this.
Not now.

MELISSA
Why is it so hard for you to
believe?

Tom casts another suspicious glance towards Melissa, takes another sip from his coffee.

CARRIE
Not now, honey.

MELISSA
Really? I want to know.

CARRIE
Remember our talk?

Melissa shakes her head in disgust.

MELISSA
I thought I could trust you to
listen to me at the very least.

Melissa stands, storms past Tom and exits. Tom gives Carrie a confused look. Carrie shrugs her shoulders.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - BABY BEDROOM - DAY

Melissa storms into the baby's room. Andrea cradles baby Dylan in her arms.

MELISSA
Give him to me!

Andrea lowers the baby into the cradle.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna ask again.

Andrea shakes her head.

ANDREA
Mrs Howard... please...

MELISSA
He's my son!

Melissa pushes Andrea to the side, knocks her into a nearby cabinet. She looks shocked.

TOM (O.S.)
Don't even think about it.

Melissa turns, Tom and Carrie stand by the doorway.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're not thinking straight.

She stares through him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Carrie's told me everything.

She draws daggers at Carrie, betrayed.

CARRIE
I had to, babes.

TOM
I don't know how to say this so
I'm just going to come right out
and say it. I'm not a killer.

Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA
You're lying.

TOM
I have not killed any girls, nor
do I know anything about any
missing girls in the newspaper. I
don't know where you're getting
all this from.

MELISSA
I heard you on the phone! You
said you were a killer!

Tom can't muster an answer.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
You're not even gonna deny it.

Carrie doesn't know where to look.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I'm taking my son. Don't even
think about trying to stop me.

Melissa goes to pick the baby up.

TOM
I wouldn't do that if I was you.

MELISSA
Watch me.

TOM
I can't just let you walk away
with him. He's my son, too.

MELISSA
What are you gonna do? Kill me,
too?

Melissa goes to pick the baby up again but Tom forcibly
pulls her back. She falls flat on her backside on the
floor. He kneels down, leans in close to her face.

TOM
I could have a legal team on this
in minutes. You're trying to take
away a baby you don't even
remember having. Your mind is all
over the place. I have doctor
reports to back that up. Who are
the courts going to side with?

Carrie puts her hand on Tom's shoulder.

CARRIE
Tom--

He pushes her hand away, continues to stare Melissa
directly in the eyes.

TOM
Look at you, you're a mess. They
will make you look even more
crazy and unstable, if that's
possible. You will never get to
see Dylan again. Believe me, I
will make that happen.

CARRIE
Tom, come on--

Tom turns to Carrie, snaps.

TOM
It's none of your damn business!

Melissa's eyes water. Tom turns back to her.

TOM (CONT'D)

You can stick around, with me and Dylan until your memories come back and you realize how... silly all these allegations were. Or, you could try and pick up our son and leave. The choice is yours.

Melissa considers this.

TOM (CONT'D)

So, what's it to be? Stay or go?

Melissa just nods her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's that? I can't hear?

She speaks up, loud and clear.

MELISSA

Stay.

TOM

That's what I like to hear.

Melissa lifts herself to her feet, walks away. Carrie gives her a nod as she passes her, exits behind her.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Melissa leans against the wall, breaks down into tears. Carrie approaches her.

CARRIE

It's okay.

She tries to give Melissa a hug but she pushes her back.

MELISSA

Don't.

Carrie's shocked.

CARRIE

I'll help you, help you get Dylan away from him.

Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA

I'm sorry... I can't trust you anymore.

Melissa cries some more.

CARRIE

Babes?

Melissa rushes away down the hallway.

EXT. AVONDALE TOWN CENTER - EVENING

Melissa, in her full running gear, jogs down the walkway by the shops. She stops by the same alleyway as before. Kevin leans against the wall, sunglasses cover his eyes.

MELISSA

Did your guy find anything?

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

He's clean.

MELISSA

He must be wrong--

KEVIN

There's nothing. It's a waste of time, you need to drop it.

Melissa pulls a folded up newspaper from her pocket, shows the front page to Kevin.

MELISSA

This girl? Her name is Claire.

KEVIN

Yeah, I can read.

MELISSA

That's not the point. I remember her. She was my replacement at the restaurant I used to work at. The same restaurant I met Tom.

KEVIN

Lot's of people go to that restaurant. It proves nothing.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLAIRE, very good-looking blonde with a golden crucifix hanging around her neck, leans on the table, shows her cleavage as she talks to a BUSINESSMAN (30).

MELISSA (V.O.)

I'm still good friends with some girls who work there. None of them liked her.

At the other side of the restaurant, Melissa and another YOUNG WAITRESS watch Claire's every move.

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

She didn't go on any nights out with the rest of the girls. She acted like she was better than every one of them. They told me she only worked there so she could meet guys with money. That was the life she wanted.

Claire laughs, the most fake laugh you'll ever hear.

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

She was fired less than a month later as the complaints piled up. It guess it never worked out for her.

BACK TO SCENE

Melissa looks at the picture of Claire in the newspaper but Kevin doesn't look interested.

KEVIN

Girls like that are a dime a dozen in this part of town. What are you getting at?

MELISSA

Two months before he died, Tom's father married a girl forty-five years younger than he was. Why did she marry a millionaire who's much older than her own father?

KEVIN

Dollar signs in her eyes too, huh?

MELISSA

Tom thought that, too. I don't know all the details on how his father died, it's something he never wants to open up about. To say he hated Jennifer for what she done, that's a massive understatement. He blames her for everything.

Kevin absorbs all the information.

KEVIN

You think he's killing gold diggers?

MELISSA

He is where he is today because of his father. His business. His empire. It was all his father's work. He's changed since the day he died.

KEVIN

Why not just kill this Jennifer girl Why the other girls?

MELISSA

I dunno... maybe he's trying to make a point.

Kevin shakes his head.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Look, it's a connection. We need to look into the other murders. Their history. There's got to be more to it.

KEVIN

Why don't you take this to the cops?

MELISSA

They won't take anything I say seriously. Not after the accident.

Kevin looks confused.

KEVIN

Why?

She changes the subject.

MELISSA

Never mind. Right now, we need to find a way to get Dylan out of the house--

KEVIN

There's one problem.

MELISSA

What?

KEVIN

This Claire girl. They haven't found any body. For all we know, she might be alive and well and just ran away to be with some asshole boyfriend or something.

MELISSA
Kevin, listen to yourself--

KEVIN
I wanna help you, I do, but the
fact is we still have nothing.

Melissa sighs. She walks away.

MELISSA
Forget I said anything.

KEVIN
Wait!

She stops, turns back.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I wanna see more of you, Melissa.

He strokes the hair away from her face with his hand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
It means the world that you've
found it in your heart to forgive
me and give me another chance--

Melissa looks closely at Kevin's face.

MELISSA
What's this?

She lifts the sunglasses up over his eyes. His face is
badly bruised, his eyes are swollen. She gasps.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Oh my God. What happened?

KEVIN
It's nothing.

MELISSA
Who did this?

He doesn't answer.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Do you owe someone money?

KEVIN
No. I told you I'm not using
anymore.

MELISSA
Then who did it?

A look of realization across Melissa's face.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Tom...

KEVIN

Melissa--

MELISSA

It was him, wasn't it? Is he trying to scare you?

KEVIN

Listen to me--

Enraged, Melissa storms away, leaves Kevin in the alleyway. He smashes the sunglasses off the ground in anger.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa enters the room, still in her running gear. Tom sits on the couch, smokes a cigar.

She focuses on his hand. His knuckles on his right hand are bruised.

MELISSA

What did you do to your hand?

Tom looks at his bruised hand, then at Melissa.

TOM

What did you do to your arm?

He nods towards the bandage on her arm.

MELISSA

You hit Kevin, didn't you?

TOM

I'm only trying to protect you.

She snaps.

MELISSA

You're not trying to protect me. You're only trying to protect yourself!

Tom takes a deep breath.

TOM

Kevin is bad news. You should know that.

MELISSA

He's not perfect but he cares more about me than you ever will.

TOM

Not true.

Tom stands, walks over to a set of drawers. He shuffles through the top drawer, pulls out a piece of paper. He hands it to Melissa.

TOM (CONT'D)

This is a restraining order,
placed on Kevin by you.

She looks at the restraining order, refuses to believe it.

MELISSA

No..

TOM

He's not allowed to be within
five hundred feet of you.

MELISSA

He's harmless.

TOM

Mel, please. I'm trying my best
to be honest with you.

MELISSA

Honest? Why don't you start by
explaining that phone call the
night on my first night home?

Tom can't answer. She turns to walk away.

TOM

Wait.

Melissa stops, turns back.

TOM (CONT'D)

You have to promise to hear me
out.

MELISSA

Just say it!

TOM

Mel, please--

MELISSA

I want to hear you say it!

Tom takes a deep breath, looks into Melissa's eyes.

TOM

You're right. I am a killer.

Melissa covers her mouth with her hand.

MELISSA

I knew it...

Tom grabs her arm tightly.

TOM

You said you'd hear me out.

Melissa pulls her arm free of his grasp.

MELISSA

Don't you touch me!

TOM

Mel?

Melissa takes a step back, away from Tom. She takes a few deep breaths, tries to compose herself.

MELISSA

Where's Dylan?

TOM

Listen to me.

Melissa takes another step back, shouts.

MELISSA

Where is he?

TOM

He's sound asleep.

Melissa bolts out of the room.

TOM (CONT'D)

Melissa!

Tom pursues, runs through the doorway into the...

HALLWAY

Melissa is already halfway up the marble staircase.

TOM

Don't do this!

But Melissa doesn't stop. Tom chases after her.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Melissa rushes down to the end of the hallway, enters the baby's bedroom.

Out of breath, Tom stumbles to the top of the staircase, looks down the hallway. He moves quickly towards the same door Melissa entered.

BABY BEDROOM

Tom pushes the door open.

TOM

Melissa--

SMASH! Melissa cracks Tom over the head with the large mirror from the wall. The glass shatters. Tom crumbles to the floor.

She rushes towards the cradle.

MELISSA

Come on, boy.

Melissa covers baby Dylan up in a blanket, lifts him up.

Tom stirs on the floor, blood drips from a cut on his forehead.

Melissa holds the baby in her arms, carefully steps over Tom, exits the room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

She races up the hallway, takes the occasional glance behind her as she runs.

She stops outside the elevator at the end of the hallway.

TOM (O.S.)

Melissa!

She turns back. Tom holds onto the wall, keeps himself steady. Blood runs down his face.

Melissa carries the baby into the...

ELEVATOR

She hits the "GARAGE" button.

Full of anger, Tom runs towards her...

Melissa waits for the elevator doors to close...

Tom's only a few feet away...

The doors close. Tom BANGS on the door from the outside. Melissa breathes a sigh of relief as the elevator moves.

GARAGE

The elevator door opens. Melissa steps out with the baby. She hurries towards the many cars.

She tries the door of the SUV. It's locked. She moves onto the next car, a smart sports car. It's also locked.

She glances around the room. On the far wall, next to the tools, is a cabinet. She lies Dylan on top of the car, makes her way towards the cabinet.

IN THE CABINET, car keys, lots of them. She tries to open it. It's also locked.

ON THE STAIRCASE

Tom rushes as fast as he can down the staircase. He nearly trips, but grabs the bannister, steadies himself.

GARAGE

She sits baby Dylan on a table top, the blanket still around him. She grabs the crowbar, closes her eyes and takes a swing at the cabinet.

SMASH! She knocks the remainder of the glass out with the crowbar then throws it to the floor. She reaches in, grabs a random set of keys.

She turns back towards the cars, presses the "UNLOCK" button on the keys.

The PORSCHE bleeps and the lights come to life.

She runs back and lifts the baby carefully from the sports car, hurries towards the Porsche.

ON TOM, as he gets to the bottom of the staircase, catches a glimpse of Melissa as she opens the door to the Porsche.

TOM

No!

Melissa turns as Tom bursts towards her. She sits Dylan in the passenger seat, climbs in and slams the door shut and locks it.

Tom catches up, bangs his fists on the window.

TOM (CONT'D)

Open the door!

Melissa puts the keys in the ignition, starts the engine.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't!

Tom hits the window hard with his elbow. It doesn't break.

Tom YELLS as the back wheel runs over his foot. The Porsche roars off out of the garage.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT - MOVING

Melissa presses hard on the gas pedal. The car scrapes off the wall as it exits the garage. Sparks fly.

She looks in her rear view mirror. A black SUV screeches out of the garage.

She makes a sharp turn, out into the street.

The baby CRIES.

MELISSA

Come on, boy, we're gonna be just fine.

Melissa looks in her mirror again. The SUV is really close. It's Tom. He blasts his HORN.

Dylan continues to cry.

Tom's SUV speeds up alongside the Porsche. Melissa looks out of the side window. Tom motions for her to pull over.

She grits her teeth, floors the gas pedal. The Porsche easily pulls away from Tom's SUV.

The baby cries again. Melissa takes her eyes away from the road for one moment.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Ssh! Mommy's here. It's safe now.

She looks up. The car has veered to the other side of the road. She mounts the walkway, SLAMS on the brakes.

It's too late. The Porsche CRASHES into a streetlight.

The airbag deploys. The cries from the baby stop. Dazed, Melissa looks out of the window.

Tom's SUV comes to a stop. He gets out, walks towards her.

Melissa's eyes close. BLACKNESS.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: ONE MONTH AGO...

Both dressed to impress, Melissa and Tom sit at a small candlelit table in the corner of the restaurant. They look into each other's eyes.

MELISSA
I'm getting stressed just
thinking about it.

TOM
Everything will be perfect. I
promise. I even have a nice
surprise up my sleeve.

Melissa's eyes light up.

MELISSA
Oh! Is it pink?

Tom taps his nose with his finger.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Does it rhyme with spadallac?

TOM
You'll see.

She laughs.

MELISSA
Well, I'm gonna go to the toilet
real quick, but when I come back,
I expect a clue!

Tom smiles as she gets up and leaves.

Claire, in her waitress uniform, approaches Tom. She smiles, waits for him to make eye contact.

CLAIRE
Can I get you anything?

Tom looks up at her.

TOM
No thanks.

She puts her two hands on the table, leans down, exposes her cleavage.

CLAIRE
I totally love the moustache you
have goin' for ya. Bet it drives
all the girls crazy!

Tom reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a small business card. Her eyes widen in excitement.

TOM

Here. This is my brother's number. He entertains girls like you all the time. Give him a call.

Claire huffs, deflated. A phone RINGS.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now excuse me. I have to take this.

Embarrassed, Claire walks away. Tom answers his cell phone.

IN THE TOILET

Melissa carefully applies some lipstick.

She throws the lipstick in her handbag, lifts it up and walks towards the toilet exit with a smile on her face.

OUTSIDE THE TOILET DOOR

A hand GRABS Melissa as she exits. It's Kevin. He looks like he hasn't slept for weeks.

MELISSA

Kevin?

KEVIN

Ssh! I'm not gonna hurt you.

MELISSA

What do ya think you're doing here?

Melissa tries to free her arm from his grip.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Let go of me!

Kevin rubs his nose, looks increasingly agitated.

KEVIN

What happened to us, baby?

She tries to fight him off.

MELISSA

Kevin, let go of my arm.

He doesn't.

KEVIN

We were good for each other. Better actually. We were perfect.

MELISSA

I'm not gonna tell you again.

He gets in her face, threatening.

KEVIN

Why did you have to ruin it all?

A hand grabs Kevin by the back of the neck, pulls him away.
It's Tom.

He throws him against the wall, holds him by the throat.

TOM

Kevin, isn't it? I thought we
were clear before. Five hundred
feet means just that. Stay away
from me and my future wife.

Kevin struggles to breathe with Tom's massive hand around
his throat. He looks towards Melissa, tries to talk.

KEVIN

W... wife?

TOM

That's right. You're not part of
her life anymore. You haven't
been for a long time. Look at
you. Anybody who beats up a woman
doesn't deserve to breathe the
same air as the rest of us.

Tom lets loose his grip on Kevin's throat. He falls to the
floor, breathes heavily.

Tom escorts a shaken Melissa back to their table.

MELISSA

Thanks...

Tom nods his head. A long beat of silence. Melissa looks at
his face.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

TOM

It's Jennifer.

MELISSA

What about Jennifer?

TOM

I got a phone call a few minutes
ago. They've found her body in
her car at the bottom of a cliff.
They think it's suicide.

Melissa's stunned.

MELISSA

Oh my God... Suicide?

TOM

I guess she really did love my father. Maybe the loneliness got the better of her.

Silence as they both reflect on the news.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Melissa lies on the bed, a cover around her. Her eyes open. She tries to sit upright.

TOM (O.S.)

That was quite an impression you made on my car.

Melissa turns her head. Tom sits on a chair at the other side of the bed, smokes on a cigar.

TOM (CONT'D)

I can live with that.

Melissa puts her hands on her head, winces in pain.

TOM (CONT'D)

What I can't live with is you putting my son's life in danger with such reckless actions.

Tom has another puff on his cigar.

MELISSA

Where... where is he?

TOM

Andrea has taken him to hospital to get checked out, just in case. You got lucky. He could have been fired through the front windshield. He could have banged his head on impact. He could have died. He was lucky, just like you... again.

He stubs out the cigar.

TOM (CONT'D)

You understand that I can't allow anything like that to happen again? Whatever your mental state, there can be no excuse. Are we clear?

Melissa nods her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

I thought I'd remind you that you're banned from driving. Luckily, I decided to take the fall for the smashed streetlight. There were no witnesses so nobody even knows you were in the car. Jail time is the last thing you could be doing with right now.

He takes Melissa's hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now, you said you'd hear me out.

Melissa tries to pull her hand away from Tom's but he grabs it tightly, squeezes hard.

TOM (CONT'D)

We both might have walked away from that crash on our big day, but someone else wasn't so lucky. A family friend for more than thirty years. Our driver.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- The driver smiles as they get in the pink Cadillac.
- The driver shouts at the other van driver just before the crash.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM (CONT'D)

His name was Jonathan Richards. He was supposed to be on holiday but I asked him to come home early to be our driver for that day. I couldn't think of anyone more deserving. He was honored. It's my fault he was in that car.

Tom takes a moment to get his thoughts together.

TOM (CONT'D)

He died because of me. I will have that on my conscious for the rest of my life.

Tom struggles to keep his emotions in check. He points to the scar on his face.

TOM (CONT'D)

Every time I look in the mirror, I'll be reminded of that day.

Melissa doesn't try to push his hand away anymore.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's safe to say we've both started on the wrong foot since you returned home. I'm more than willing to take my share of the blame. God knows I should have done so much differently.

Melissa looks genuinely moved.

TOM (CONT'D)

I would love it if we could start fresh. Sometimes, people deserve a second chance. It would mean the world to me if you could give me that chance.

A beat of silence.

MELISSA

I forgive you.

Tom leans in, gives her a massive hug.

TOM

You won't regret it.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa sits on the couch, cradles baby Dylan in her arms.

Tom enters, sits a glass of orange juice on the table in front of Melissa.

TOM

How's the headache?

MELISSA

I'm working on it.

Tom smiles, takes a seat next to her.

TOM

How's he doing?

MELISSA

Sleeping. Like a baby.

Tom runs his finger down the side of the baby's face.

TOM

You should give Carrie a call, tell her to come over. I'd like to apologize.

MELISSA

I left her a message. She'll be okay.

Melissa shoots a smile in Tom's direction.

A phone RINGS! Tom reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cell.

TOM

Give me a minute, I have to get this.

Melissa nods her head. Tom answers the call, walks out of the room.

Melissa sets Dylan down on the sofa, covers him with a blanket.

She picks up her glass of orange juice, walks towards the landline phone. A button on the answer machine flashes. She presses the button.

AUTOMATED ANSWER MACHINE (V.O.)

You have one new message. Message received on Thursday twenty-ninth of July at 10:09PM. To hear the message, press play now.

Melissa hits "PLAY" on the machine.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hi, Tom. It's me, Claire, incase you didn't recognize my voice.

Melissa looks stunned.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was nice to see you last night. I feel bad about having to leave early so I was wondering if we could meet up again and, you know, talk. If you already got this message on your cell, sorry! Just delete this. Bye!

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- The picture of Claire on the front page of the newspaper.
- Claire serving tables in the restaurant as Tom sits nearby.

BACK TO SCENE

Melissa drops the glass of orange juice in her hand. It SHATTERS on the floor.

She yanks the cables from the back, grabs the answering machine and bolts towards the door.

She stops, looks back at the baby on the sofa.

Andrea enters the room, stares at Melissa with the answering machine in her hands, confused.

MELISSA

Andrea! You have to take Dylan
and run from this place as fast
as you can. Go to the police.

Andrea stands frozen to the spot, looks stunned. Melissa shouts.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

NOW!

Andrea quickly nods her head, makes her way towards the baby.

Melissa exits into the...

HALLWAY

She peaks her head out. Tom's nowhere in sight. He can be heard on the phone in another room.

TOM (O.S.)

Yes, I understand what I have to
do.

She makes her way past the room door where Tom's voice is coming from as quietly as she can.

EXT. HOWARD MANSION - NIGHT

The front door opens, Melissa rushes out. She runs down the steps as quick as she can, out to the...

STREET

She rushes down the street. Someone walks towards her. She waves her hands, tries to get his attention.

MELISSA

Hey!

She gets closer. It's Kevin. She slows down. Kevin walks towards her.

KEVIN

Melissa, I tried to call.

No reply from Melissa.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I've been thinking, and I've got a proposal. I think we should go together. Move away from here.

MELISSA

Kevin--

KEVIN

Tom will never find us. It'll be just me and you. The way we always wanted it to be. The way it should be.

MELISSA

This isn't a good time...

Melissa tries to walk past Kevin but he puts his arm out, stops her.

KEVIN

I know we can make it work.

MELISSA

Kevin, please.

She forces his arm out of her way, tries to walk on. He grabs her by the hair.

KEVIN

Why do you always do this, huh?
Why?

Melissa SMACKS him over the side of the head with the answering machine.

Kevin stagger back, lets go of her hair. Melissa runs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Melissa!

Kevin pursues.

Already out of breath, she struggles on down the street.

IN THE DISTANCE, police cars, flashing lights, sirens.

MELISSA

Over here!

She quickens her pace.

IN THE DISTANCE, crime scene tape is being set up around a house as several locals watch on.

Melissa pants heavily as she makes her way towards the cars. As she nears, the house the police are outside is familiar.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Carrie?

She tries to burst through the crime scene tape. A COP holds her back.

COP

Wow, I can't let you through.

MELISSA

This is my friend's house--

She looks ahead. A BODYBAG is wheeled out of the front door.

Melissa gasps, puts her hand over her mouth.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

No...

COP

I'm sorry, ma'am.

She shakes her head, refuses to believe it.

MELISSA

No!

Melissa's legs give way. The cop catches her before she hits the ground.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Melissa sits at the table, her face still red with tears.

The door opens, DETECTIVE JONES (40) enters, two cups of coffee in his hand. He sits one on the table for Melissa.

DETECTIVE JONES

I'm sorry, Mrs Howard, we have released your husband without charge.

Melissa looks up, worried.

MELISSA

What?

DETECTIVE JONES

We have no evidence to hold him on. It's just your word against his.

MELISSA

But what about the recording?

Detective Jones sighs.

DETECTIVE JONES

The girl on the recording is not the victim. It's his sister. Your sister-in-law.

She looks startled.

DETECTIVE JONES (CONT'D)

He said in his statement that you won't remember her because of your condition.

MELISSA

My condition?

DETECTIVE JONES

He had his lawyers get the hospital reports. You're suffering from some pretty severe amnesia, yet you forgot to mention that to us.

Melissa holds her head in her hands.

MELISSA

My memories are returning--

DETECTIVE JONES

But not all of them.

Melissa stays silent.

DETECTIVE JONES (CONT'D)

Look, there's no evidence to suggest this murder has anything to do with the Avondale Park murders. We can't investigate your husband based on a hunch.

MELISSA

But--

DETECTIVE JONES

Also, he said you've been in contact with Kevin Scott. Is that true?

She nods her head.

DETECTIVE JONES (CONT'D)

There's been a warrant out for his arrest for a while. Stay clear of him at all costs.

Melissa breaks down into tears.

MELISSA
Do you think I'm crazy?

He doesn't answer.

DETECTIVE JONES
I'm sorry about your friend but I
can't arrest one of the most
influential businessmen in this
town based on your statement
alone.

Detective Jones stands from his seat.

DETECTIVE JONES (CONT'D)
I need evidence. Proper evidence.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melissa enters the room, looks around. It's eerily quiet.
Tom is nowhere in sight.

A noise comes from the kitchen. She walks towards the door,
enters.

KITCHEN

Tom sits at the table, smokes a cigar. He doesn't even look
at Melissa as she enters. Dylan is strapped into the high
chair a few feet away.

A plate of sausages and eggs with a fork and knife sit
opposite him at Melissa's end of the table.

A long beat of silence as Melissa stands by the door, her
eyes locked on Tom.

TOM
Take a seat.

She sits in the chair. He continues to avoid eye contact.

TOM (CONT'D)
I made you breakfast.

Melissa stares at the plate in front of her. Another beat
of silence follows.

MELISSA
I don't want you smoking in the
same room as Dylan.

Tom ignores her, takes another puff of the cigar.

TOM

Right now, Mel, I don't care. Do you want to know why I don't care?

Melissa stares through him with her hate-filled eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

I had swarms of cops bursting through my front door arresting me, saying they wanted to question me about some murder, because of some message my own sister left.

She is taken aback by his tone.

TOM (CONT'D)

I spent hours in a small room with only a table and chair for company, all because you have some crazy ideas in your head. I thought we were stronger than this?

MELISSA

She was my friend!

TOM

She was my friend, too. I've known Carrie for over five years and I would never cause any harm to her, or you. I've given you everything! I'm trying to make this work!

Tom flips the plate of sausages off the table. It SMASHES on the floor.

MELISSA

I know you did it.

TOM

How can I trust you?

MELISSA

You killed those girls. You killed Carrie, just like you killed Jennifer.

Tom stares through her.

TOM

How dare you?

MELISSA

You didn't think I'd remember that, huh?

The anger washes over his face.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

It's all coming back to me. The way you've acted, it's all making sense now. I thought when I got pregnant, you could let it go. You couldn't. You killed her.

Tom stands, puts his hands on the table, leans in close to Melissa's face.

TOM

If only you could remember the things I've done for you. You had nothing before you met me!

MELISSA

No...

TOM

You were warned. We're finished. I'll see to it that you never see Dylan again.

Melissa snaps. She grabs the steel fork next to her plate, STABS it clean through Tom's hand, impales it onto the table.

Tom SCREAMS in pain. Melissa runs towards baby Dylan, lifts him from the highchair.

MELISSA

Come on, boy.

She wraps a blanket around the baby, holds him in her arms.

Tom pulls the fork out of his hand, winces in pain.

TOM

Don't even think about it!

Melissa makes a break for it with the baby. Tom pursues.

HALLWAY

Melissa runs towards the main door. Andrea stands by it. She moves away as Melissa approaches.

Melissa tries to open the door. It's locked. She draws Andrea an angry stare.

MELISSA

The keys?

Andrea stares through her, doesn't answer.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Give me the keys!

Melissa's raised voice doesn't phase Andrea.

ANDREA
I'm sorry, Mrs Howard.

Tom appears at the top of the hallway. He walks towards Melissa, who's now backed in a corner with no escape.

TOM
Hand over my son.

Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA
Never.

Tom steps closer.

TOM
Hand him over and we'll forget
all about this.

MELISSA
I would rather die than see him
with you.

He takes a few more menacing steps towards Melissa, now only feet away.

TOM
I don't want to hurt you.

MELISSA
You're sick, you know that?

TOM
Don't test me.

MELISSA
Or you'll do what?

Tom takes Melissa by surprise, grabs her by the hair. She SCREAMS.

TOM
Hand Dylan over to Andrea.

He pulls harder on her hair. He nods towards Andrea. She lifts Dylan from Melissa's arms.

TOM (CONT'D)
Why did you have to make this
hard on yourself?

Melissa tries to fight him off.

MELISSA

Let go of me!

He SMASHES her head against the door. She crumbles to the floor in a heap. Her eyes close. BLACKNESS.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: THREE WEEKS AGO...

Tom sits on the couch. Her eyes scan several pieces of paper on the table in front of him.

He looks away for a split second, rubs his eyes with his hands then stares at the papers in front of him again.

Melissa enters. She cradles Dylan in her arms, a smile on her face.

MELISSA

(to Dylan)

Let's see Daddy, huh? What do you say?

Melissa looks towards Tom, notices his agitated look as he continues to stare at the papers.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

You're not dressed.

Tom ignores her.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

But Jennifer's service is at eleven.

TOM

I'm not going.

MELISSA

What?

TOM

Nobody should shed any tears for her. Not after what she...

Tom trails off. Andrea enters the room, senses something is up.

MELISSA

Andrea, can you take Dylan upstairs and sit with him for a few minutes, please?

Andrea nods her head, takes Dylan from Melissa and exits the room.

TOM

She killed him. I know that now.

Melissa sits next to Tom on the couch.

MELISSA

I thought you were over this.

He raises his voice.

TOM

No. I know for sure. This is the proof. Right here.

He SLAMS his fist on the papers in front of him. Melissa picks them up, quickly glances through them.

TOM (CONT'D)

There has been no history of heart problems in my family, so I wondered how he could die from a heart attack.

Melissa continues to look through the papers.

TOM (CONT'D)

I've been looking over the coroner's report. There were excess levels of Nitroglycerin compounds in my father's blood.

She sets the papers back down on the table.

TOM (CONT'D)

My father was poisoned. She made it look like a heart attack. All for his damn money!

Tom FLIPS the table over. The papers fly in all directions.

MELISSA

Tom--

TOM

I was right all along. I said at the time that she killed him but nobody believed me. Not even you.

He casts an accusing glance in Melissa's direction.

MELISSA

She's family--

TOM

She's not family! She deserved to die! I'll be damned if you think I'll go to her funeral and pretend everything's okay.

A moments silence.

MELISSA

Your father was seventy-three years old. Heart problems are common at that age with everyone.

Tom stares through her.

TOM

You still don't believe me...

The anger washes over his face.

MELISSA

Listen to yourself for once. What you're suggesting, it's crazy! We're stronger than this.

Tom grabs one of the sheets of paper from the floor, shoves it in front of Melissa's face.

TOM

The proof is right here, in black and white!

Melissa sighs.

MELISSA

Tom, please. This has gotta stop.

TOM

Why is it so hard to believe? She's a murderer!

Melissa takes a deep breath to compose herself.

MELISSA

Listen to me. This obsession with Jennifer can't go on. For the sake of our son. Think about it.

Tom sits in silence.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

In a few weeks, you'll be waiting at the altar while I walk down the aisle. Let me be clear now. If you can't drop this, the wedding's off. I can't live with you making these crazy accusations while I'm left to raise our son. You're father's dead. Jennifer's dead. Let's look to the future from now on. Our future.

Her words hit him hard. He can't muster a reply.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
You need to leave this all
behind. If you don't, I'll need
to leave, and believe me, I'll be
taking Dylan with me.

Melissa exits the room, leaves Tom alone with his thoughts.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - HALLWAY - LATER

Melissa lies on the floor, completely unconscious. Blood runs from a small wound on her head.

A MESSAGE TONE SOUNDS. And again.

Melissa's eyes flicker open. Dazed, she reaches into her pocket, pulls out her cell phone. She looks at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN, it reads: "MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM TOM. VIEW NOW?"

She presses "YES", rubs her eyes and looks at the screen again.

ON THE SCREEN, the message reads: "MEET ME AT THE PLACE WHERE WE VOWED TO STAND BY EACH OTHER FOREVER... TOM"

Melissa staggers to her feet.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Melissa staggers towards the church, has a look at the surroundings. No one else is in sight.

She walks towards the entrance.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Melissa enters, looks down the aisle. Still no one in sight.

MUSIC STARTS. Piano music. "Here Comes the Bride".

She looks towards the large piano. She can't see who's behind it

She walks down the aisle as the music continues to play. She doesn't take her eyes off the piano as she walks.

She walks cautiously up towards the altar. The music stops. Someone CLAPS. She gasps.

Adam stands from behind the piano, continues to clap his hands.

ADAM

I haven't played piano in fifteen years. Pretty damn good considering, huh?

Melissa takes a step back as Adam approaches.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't look so stunned. You didn't actually expect to see Tom here... did you?

She doesn't answer.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's right! You think he's a serial killer! Ha! He told me all about that one.

MELISSA

Where's my son?

Adam stands behind the altar, takes in the view of all the empty pews.

ADAM

They're in a safe place. Tom thinks you're unstable and doesn't want young Dylan anywhere near a crazy person now, does he?

MELISSA

Why did he send you?

Adam walks towards Melissa.

ADAM

Oh, no. You've got it all wrong, baby. He doesn't know I'm here. That message you got, he doesn't know I sent it. He's probably hitting a few golf balls as we speak. He thinks I'm just away to get diapers for the little one.

Melissa backs off as she puts it all together.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm actually here to do my old brother a favor. You see, I can't let you just go to the cops and accuse him of murdering all those girls.

MELISSA

You're helping him...

ADAM

Lord, no. If they start to investigate him, then they will investigate me. That's the way they work.

Melissa backs off some more as Adam steps towards her. She falls back onto the front row of pews.

MELISSA

It's you.

She tries to stand up but Adam leans in close to her face, forces her to lean back.

ADAM

I can't let you ruin my life. I'm not going to let one stupid mistake send me to jail.

MELISSA

You killed Carrie...

Adam forces a smile.

ADAM

I liked Carrie. Like, genuinely liked her. But, man, she was a fighter! A little too much fight in her for my tastes. It didn't take long to knock that outta her.

Melissa's eyes fill up. She tries to stand but Adam forces her back down again.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I mean, she just wouldn't sit still. I didn't want to kill her... you've got to believe me.

MELISSA

What are you going to do to me?

ADAM

Isn't it obvious? Do you want it in writing or something?

He whispers in her ear.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But before I kill you, maybe you can show me why my brother bothered with an uneducated little waitress.

He licks her ear. She pulls her head away.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And if you don't struggle like
your friend, this won't hurt as
much as you'd imagine.

Adam rips Melissa's top, she SCREAMS, kicks him in the
groin.

He falls to his knees. Melissa runs for the exit.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Another fighter...

Adam sprints in pursuit. He leaps forward, grabs her legs
as she runs, pulls her to the ground.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I love a fighter.

He rips Melissa's top some more. She swings a punch,
connects with the side of his face.

MELISSA
Let go of me!

Adam lies on top of Melissa, punches her in the face. She
cries in pain.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Help!

ADAM
Your screaming, it's like music
to my ears.

Adam unzips his trousers. Melissa kicks her feet furiously.
She manages to knock him over.

She gets to her feet. Adam springs up quickly, his body
between her and the only exit.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Where to now, beautiful?

Melissa runs towards the altar, Adam closely behind.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Melissa, please, baby.

He catches up with her, grabs her hair and pulls her back.
She screams.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'm not playin' around now.

He pulls her towards the large piano, throws her against
it. He rips her top off, exposes her bra.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Now we're talking.

He presses his body close against hers, his hands on the piano behind her.

As he licks the side of her face, she SLAMS the hinged lid used to cover the piano keys down on his fingers.

Adam SCREAMS in pain. Melissa bolts, disappears behind the altar.

Adam holds his fingers, some are obviously broken. He shouts at the top of his voice.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Fuckin' bitch!

He pulls a small knife out of his jacket pocket, but struggles to hold it with his mangled fingers. He walks towards the altar, glances around.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I know you're here...

He turns, checks behind him. Still no sign of Melissa.

He looks towards a massive red curtain that has already been pulled back halfway. He pulls the rest of it back. No one there.

He turns. SMACK! Melissa cracks him over the head with an iron bar. He staggers back, falls down the stairs at the altar.

Melissa watches as Adam falls face down onto the floor. He stirs slightly... then nothing.

Melissa walks down the altar steps towards him, iron bar still in hand. She kicks his lifeless body.

ON ADAM, as his body rolls over, his own knife has stuck in his own chest.

Melissa walks up the aisle towards the exit, the iron bar still in her hand.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- She and Tom walk up the same aisle towards the exit on their wedding day. Both happy. Smiling. In love.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Sirens blare as a police car draws up next to the other cars already parked.

Melissa sits at the back of an ambulance, a blanket around her. Her expression is blank.

TOM (O.S.)

Mel?

She looks up. Tom stands before her. She pounces up, gives him a huge hug.

MELISSA

I didn't get the chance to make things right. She was my best friend and I told her I couldn't trust her anymore!

Tom consoles her as her eyes fill up again.

TOM

I don't know what to say... he was my best man... I didn't think he would...

Tom chokes on his words, stops mid sentence.

MELISSA

I know...

Melissa continues to cling on to Tom.

TOM

The police said he matched the description of the guy spotted leaving Carrie's house...

She looks towards the ground, the subject still a sore one.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's all my fault... I shouldn't have let him anywhere near you...

MELISSA

Don't blame yourself.

TOM

But I knew about his past, his history with women.

Melissa looks at him, concerned.

TOM (CONT'D)

When I first meet you, he was in jail for attempted rape.

She looks stunned.

TOM (CONT'D)

I thought he was past this. He promised it was a one-off.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
I didn't think he could... kill.
You have to trust me.

Tom looks into Melissa's eyes. A beat of silence.

MELISSA
I do.

They look into each other's eyes. Tom leans in for a kiss.
They embrace.

INT. SUV - MOVING

Tom drives while Melissa looks out of the passenger side window, a hint of a smile on her face.

MELISSA
I'm sorry.

Tom looks at her, slightly confused.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
For accusing you... I was wrong.

Tom turns away, concentrates on driving.

TOM
Consider it water under the
bridge.

Melissa looks out of the window again, this time a definite smile from ear to ear.

EXT. HOWARD MANSION - DAY

Tom's SUV approaches the mansion, drives into the garage.

INT. HOWARD MANSION - GARAGE - DAY

The SUV comes to a stop. Melissa and Tom exit. Tom pops the trunk.

Melissa stares at the banged-up Porsche several feet away.

MELISSA
You're never gonna let me drive
that car again, huh?

Tom pulls his golf bag from the trunk, slings it over his shoulder.

TOM
Sometimes, people deserve a
second chance.

Melissa grins, turns towards him.

MELISSA

Really?

Tom walks away. Something falls from the side pocket of the golf bag. Melissa notices but Tom is oblivious.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Hey.

Tom walks on. Melissa picks the object up. It's a golden crucifix.

SHE HAS QUICK FLASHES

- the picture in the newspaper of Claire, with the very same golden crucifix around her neck.

- Adam in the church saying he won't go to jail for one stupid mistake.

- Her watching as Carrie leaves the garden with Adam at night.

BACK TO SCENE

Melissa gasps. She looks up. Tom waits in the elevator.

She looks at the crucifix again, then back at Tom.

FADE OUT: