

**His Servant**

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIFER CONNORS (40's) storms down the stairs of their large colonial home. Strands of brown hair cover her flushed face. She's got one thing on her mind, and it shows.

LIVING ROOM

DAVID CONNORS (40's) sits in front of the TV with a beer in his hand. He leans back against the sofa and takes a sip of beer, hoping his apparent comfort will spare him. It won't.

JENNIFER

Get up! Get up and do something!

DAVID

Jesus Christ, what do you want me to do?

David still has his eyes glued to the screen, Jennifer snatches the remote from him, turning off the TV.

JENNIFER

This is your daughter, I don't know why -

DAVID

For god-sakes, she's grounded. She doesn't have to open her door.

David gets up from his seat, and walks to the stairs.

JENNIFER

She wouldn't just ignore me.

David chuckles to himself as they go up the spiral stair case. Family photos and expensive paintings drape the wall leading to the bedrooms. They stand outside Cynthia's door.

David KNOCKS.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Honey, we just want to talk with you.

DAVID

Cynthia, open up.  
(a beat)  
That's enough now...

David twists the knob and now it's Jennifer's turn to chuckle at her husband. He KNOCKS again, louder this time.

JENNIFER

You shouldn't have been so hard on her.

DAVID

You want to see her end up in a gutter with a needle in her arm? She needs a little tough love.

JENNIFER

I know but-

DAVID

But what? You can't just spoil her to death and think you're helping her, you're not.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

DAVID

Cynthia?! I'm not joking now. Open up.

JENNIFER

I don't think she's there.

DAVID

Where could she have gone? I have her car keys, and her phone is with you, right?

Jennifer looks away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Right?

(a beat)

Are you fucking kidding me?

David throws his shoulder into the door. It doesn't budge. He continues slamming into it.

SAMANTHA, 16, open her bedroom door. She's pretty like her mother and shares her father's attitude about being bothered.

SAMANTHA

What the hell is going on?

JENNIFER

Not now.

Samantha stands in the hallway while David finally pushes the door in. They all stand in the doorway of Cynthia's room. The window is open and a curtain blows in the wind.

Jennifer runs to the window. Several knotted towels run down from her window. Jennifer looks back at her family.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

She's gone.

Jennifer runs to the door. Samantha and David remain standing in the doorway.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A cross dangles from David's rear view mirror, he drives while glancing back at Samantha. Jennifer also looks back at their daughter.

DAVID

That's enough, Sam.

JENNIFER

You're not helping her honey, she could be in trouble or -

SAMANTHA

She'll hate me if I -

DAVID

Samantha!

SAMANTHA

I don't even know where she is!

JENNIFER

We know that, we just want places she might go and... And I want you to tell me where that boyfriend of hers lives.

(turning to David)

She's been acting this way, ever since...

SAMANTHA

I don't know where he lives.

(a beat)

But I, I know some places she likes to go to...

MONTAGE - LOOKING FOR CYNTHIA

## CLUB

A small, dingy spot with a half a dozen cars sit in parking lot. Jennifer is escorted out by MANAGER.

## BAR

Jennifer talks to a BOUNCER who shakes his head.

## HOUSE PARTY

Jennifer along with Samantha exit a residential house, Samantha looks embarrassed as they're led out by two COLLEGE AGED MALES.

## INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

Samantha hangs her head in disgust as her mother stares back at her.

JENNIFER

You're embarrassed for looking for your sister? What's wrong with you?

SAMANTHA

She's fine. She's probably just...

JENNIFER

Just what? Doing god knows what with that... Where does he live, Samantha? I'm not going ask you again.

SAMANTHA

I. Don't. Know!

DAVID

Everyone relax. Maybe she's back home.

Jennifer gives Samantha one last scornful look, before turning forward. David glances back at Samantha then towards Jennifer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If she's not back yet, we'll wait up for her, OK?

Jennifer hardly hears him, staring off into the darkness.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer sits at the edge of the bed, cell phone in hand; the room's dark and David SNORES as he sleeps. She sits there, thinking when... A NOISE downstairs. Is she home?

LIVING ROOM

Jennifer rushes downstairs, but doesn't see her Cynthia. Only Samantha, sleeping on the sofa, with the TV still on.

Just to be sure, Jennifer walks down the stairs, and checks the door. There's no one there. She sighs, and glances at Sam. She's curled up into a ball.

Jennifer grabs a blanket from the other sofa, when...

RING.

Jennifer checks her pockets then glances up the stairs. She drops the blanket back down on the couch and runs upstairs.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She grabs her phone from the bed, it's an unfamiliar number; she answers it anyway.

JENNIFER

Hello? Hello, Cynthia?

DETECTIVE SPEARS (O.S.)

This is Detective Spears of the Ithaca Police Department. You're the mother of Cynthia Connors correct?

JENNIFER

Yes, yes, is she alright? We've been so worried.

A prolonged beat.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Detective?

DETECTIVE SPEARS (O.S.)

Ma'am, can you come down to the station?

JENNIFER

Please, I need to know if she's alright.

INT. HALLWAY, AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha is crumpled over on a bench crying while David stands beside Detective Spears watching as Jennifer identifies the body.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

(to David)

Falls must've washed her up to the rocks.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia's body is bloated and pale with contusions running up and down her torso and thighs. Jennifer brushes her daughter's hair, moving a strand away from her swollen lips.

Detective Spears and David enter the room, but Jennifer doesn't notice; struggling to make Cynthia look like the beautiful daughter she always was.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

(to David)

Some students found her, we're gonna do an investigation. Just to make sure, but it's, we're fairly certain it's a suicide. I'm so sorry. Was she displaying any... Were there any warnings signs? Previous attempts in the past?

David glances at Jennifer who continues to stand over their daughter.

DAVID

No, nothing that would...

(choking up)

I'm sorry, I can't exactly, she wasn't a perfect child. Nobody's perfect, but for her to...

David slowly walks towards Jennifer and takes her hand, trying to lead her to the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jennifer?

(a beat)

C'mon, let's go.

Jennifer glances down at Cynthia, her daughter looks no different than when she first entered the autopsy room. Jennifer's beautiful daughter was gone. She runs towards Detective Spears and grabs his jacket.

JENNIFER

This, this isn't her. This isn't my  
Cynthia. It was him. His name is...

Jennifer waves her hands wildly.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Anthony. Anthony Solomon. Please.  
Please investigate him.

Detective Spears takes out a pen and his notepad. He jots  
down his name.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Who is this, Ma'am?

JENNIFER

Her boyfriend, he's older. Much  
older than her. Please.

David tries to pull his wife away, but she resists.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Don't touch me. Don't touch me.  
This, this I told you, I told you  
he was...

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Ma'am, we're gonna do everything we  
can to make sure we figure out  
exactly what happened to your  
daughter.

(a beat)

Here's my card.

Detective Spears hands his card to Jennifer.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Don't hesitate to call me if you  
have any questions.

Jennifer nods. David tries to comfort Jennifer, but she  
pushes him away, exiting the room; he follows her.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Samantha gets up from the bench as her parents come into the  
hallway.

Jennifer storms off, ignoring Samantha who stands besides  
David, watching her go.

EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

Rain pours as Cynthia's casket is lowered into the ground. FATHER JAMES (50's) faces the mourners and does the sign of the trinity.

Jennifer, David and Samantha sit in the first row as guests come up and WHISPER a remark or shake their hands.

Samantha buries her head in her father's shoulders, David extends his hand to Jennifer but is ignored.

FATHER JAMES

We don't often think of how  
precious and special each one of us  
is, in the eyes of God, and Cynthia  
was no exception. She was and we  
all are chosen by God.

The CASKET finally settles below the dirt.

Jennifer turns away, refusing to even nod at the MOURNERS who pay their respects.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Jennifer, David and Samantha enter the house in silence.

Samantha runs up to her room and slams the door. David tries to take his wife's hand but she rips it away and slowly walks up the stairs.

CYNTHIA'S ROOM

It's just like her daughter left it. Her bed is unmade and some shoes and clothing lie on the floor.

Jennifer puts the shoes on the rack and picks up the dirty clothing and puts it in the hamper. She then makes her daughter's bed as she hears a KNOCK on the door.

David enters.

JENNIFER

Please.

With her eyes, she tells him to leave. But he won't.

DAVID

You're right, it's my fault, OK?

Jennifer nods, now sitting on the foot of the bed. David joins her.

JENNIFER

I told you...

DAVID

I know, I know you did. You didn't like the way he looked, I remember you told me that.

Jennifer continues to nod, trying to hold it in, but she can't. She takes Cynthia's cracked phone out of her pocket.

JENNIFER

(crying)

She begged me, she said I could trust her... I didn't think... I didn't think she would...

Jennifer squeezes the phone in her hand.

DAVID

I know, I know...

Jennifer buries her head in David's chest.

INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

Jennifer stands at the front of a classroom that has maps, periodic tables plastered to the walls.

The projector reveals an image of the Ithaca Gorges Waterfall behind her. Jennifer glances from the gorges to the twenty students that pretend to pay attention.

For a moment, her eyes light up, it's Cynthia; she's alive. On second look, Jennifer realizes it's only Samantha staring back at her.

JENNIFER

Our field trip to the...to the Ithaca gorges comes at a good time this year. Who can tell me how currents...

She stares at the class, and sees Cynthia's face in Samantha's again.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Why don't you guys start on some homework, I'll be right back.

Students look surprised, as Jennifer hurries out of the classroom.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer takes several deep breaths as she walks down the hallway, not knowing where she's going. She sees RILEY SOLOMON (17), the kid brother of Cynthia's boyfriend. It stops her in her tracks.

JENNIFER

Riley?

Riley nods as Jennifer approaches.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What did your brother tell you?

RILEY

What? I'm sorry about what happened to -

JENNIFER

Please. He didn't say anything?  
Nothing about Cynthia?

Riley shakes his head.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Listen, I'd like to speak to him,  
do you think you could tell me  
where he's staying?

RILEY

I don't know...

JENNIFER

You do know, now tell me.

Jennifer takes a step forward towards Riley who bumps into the lockers.

RILEY

Mrs. Connors, I don't feel...

PRINCIPAL WEXLER (O.S.)

Everything alright here?

Jennifer and Riley turn to see PRINCIPAL WEXLER (50s), a balding man with glasses, facing them.

Riley glances towards Jennifer then to Principal Wexler and nods, just as the BELL for class ending rings. Students RUSH into the hallway.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Connors, you have a conference period next?

Jennifer nods.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER (CONT'D)  
Mind joining me?

Riley slips away and Jennifer follows Principal Wexler down the opposite side of hallway.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer faces Principal Wexler who leans forward in his chair.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER  
Is everything OK? Are you sure you don't want some time off?

JENNIFER  
This helps me keep my mind off it.

Principal Wexler nods. He grimaces.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER  
What I over heard... That wasn't... Please tell me you weren't interrogating that boy?

Jennifer looks away.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER (CONT'D)  
Jennifer, the police are handling it. Let them do their job.

Jennifer nods.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Spears sits at his desk, phone pressed to his ear.

He sees a group of DETECTIVES walking past his desk into the conference room. Detective Spears shrinks in his desk, but that doesn't stop DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (30's) from leaning over the cubicle.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
We got a meeting. Hurry up.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm on the phone...

Detective Spears points to phone and Detective Martinez shakes his head, not getting the hint.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Yes, Madeline, bring him over. No,  
no, fine. Hold on.  
(to Martinez)  
What's up?

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
This doesn't suit you...

Detective Spears shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
(on phone)  
Madeline, let me call you back.  
(to Martinez)  
What?

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
You should be in there.

Detective Martinez glances back at a room filled with Police Officers and Detectives.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I have a case already.

Detective Spears shows him case file as he gets up from his seat. They both see CAPTAIN DANIELS (40's): a bald, black man with hawkish eyes approach the conference room.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
(looking at Daniels)  
Can't keep covering for you, sooner  
or later he's gonna figure it out.

Detective Spears ignores him, walking away when Captain Daniels calls after him:

CAPTAIN DANIELS  
Spears.

Detective Spears turns back towards them.

CAPTAIN DANIELS (CONT'D)  
Where you headed?

Detective Spears shows him case file.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Going to check autopsy report, so I  
can put this case down.

Captain Daniels nods, suspicious. As Detective Spears turns  
back around, he's called again.

CAPTAIN DANIELS  
Spears.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Yeah, captain?

CAPTAIN DANIELS  
Where's your gun? You were cleared  
weren't you? Or did I misread that  
memo?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
No, you're right - I....

Detective Spears retreats to his desk. He grabs gun from  
drawer, but removes the clip, before putting it in holster.  
He swings back around, acting as if nothing's wrong.

CAPTAIN DANIELS  
What's the matter with you? You  
look like I just made you kill your  
dog. If you're still not right I  
suggest you -

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
He's just stressed out about this  
suicide he's got.

Detective Martinez nudges Detective Spears who nods.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
She was only 17. Mother's torn up  
about it.

Captain Daniels nods, sympathetic.

CAPTAIN DANIELS  
I understand. Finish with it as  
soon as you can. We'd like to have  
you back in there. We're short as  
it is.

Captain Daniels enters the conference room while Detective Martinez shakes his head at Spears and follows.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

Detective Spears faces the CORONER, a short, asian man who has the demeanor of a man born to examine dead bodies.

Cynthia's body is stretched across the cold, steel, table.

CORONER

The cause of death was drowning,  
but as you can see.

The Coroner points to the various cuts and bruises that Cynthia suffered.

CORONER (CONT'D)

She suffered several lacerations,  
and has contusions that are  
consistent with such a fall. She  
was most likely knocked unconscious  
and drowned as she was carried  
through the gorges.

Detective Spears nods.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Thank you.

Detective Spears turns towards the door, then takes out his notebook and faces the Coroner.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

The girl's mother, brought up some  
ideas of foul play, is their  
anything to suggest -

CORONER

No, not at all. This is a suicide,  
detective.

Detective Spears nods.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer puts on her shoes as David ties his tie. Samantha KNOCKS then enters their room. She carries two sheets of paper.

SAMANTHA

Here's my class schedule.

DAVID  
Thanks, honey.

Samantha passes it to David first before coming back to Jennifer who has another sheet of paper beside her.

SAMANTHA  
(to Jennifer)  
Here, Mom..  
(handing over schedule)  
Mom, is everything alright? We all kinda got worried when you left class.

JENNIFER  
I'm fine. Just needed some air.  
(a beat)  
And here.

Jennifer passes Samantha back the schedule.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Remember, I go to Cynthia's classes and Dad goes to yours.

Jennifer smiles at Samantha who frowns. David turns around.

DAVID  
Don't you think we should both go to Samantha's classes this year?

JENNIFER  
I specifically asked to have tonight off, so I could go to Cynthia's classes. Now, are you ready?

Jennifer stands up and David nods.

DAVID  
See you when we get back, honey.

Samantha nods and they walk past her into the hallway.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - LATER

David and Jennifer walk down the hallway, past other PARENTS who try to hide their surprise through smiles. Jennifer hardly notices as she studies Cynthia's schedule.

Jennifer stops outside of a classroom.

JENNIFER  
Meet you by the -

DAVID  
(looking around)  
You don't need to do this.

David pulls Jennifer aside as PARENTS enter the classroom.

JENNIFER  
I have to, I have to know why...

Jennifer enters the classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer finds her seat and smiles at David who continues to stand outside the door, like a guard dog. He eventually leaves his post, and Jennifer is left with the beady eyes of PARENTS staring at her.

MR. GARRETT (40's) heavysset, with a goatee, gives an awkward wave towards Jennifer before closing the door.

MR. GARRETT  
Welcome to 12th Grade English,  
looking around, I imagine most of  
you won't be passing my class.

Garrett gets LAUGHTER from the parents, but Jennifer is distracted. Scratched into her desk is: "Do Drugs." Next to it is a PHONE NUMBER with the initials: "A.S"

JENNIFER  
(under her breath)  
Anthony Solomon?

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

PARENTS get up from their desks and head for the door, others TALK with Mr. Garrett. Jennifer waits for the room to clear until she approaches her colleague.

JENNIFER  
Hey, Garrett. Nice job.

MR. GARRETT  
Jennifer, hey... I'd just like to -  
well, you just know how torn up we  
all are. Cynthia was a wonderful, a  
wonderful and bright young woman.

JENNIFER

Thank you.

MR. GARRETT

If there's anything I can do...

JENNIFER

There actually is. I was wondering if there's anything that you might have overhead, anything that could help me, that could explain...

Jennifer tries to smile, but it's obvious she's hiding her profound pain.

MR. GARRETT

Nothing stands out but she had been somewhat withdrawn for the last couple months.

JENNIFER

Bored, withdrawn? Or was it, did it look like something *else*?

MR. GARRETT

I'm not sure what you mean?

Jennifer frowns.

MR. GARRETT (CONT'D)

You know Emily Dickinson wrote a beautiful poem about -

JENNIFER

I don't care about Emily fuckin' Dickinson. I want you to tell me if it looked like my daughter was on drugs in your class?

MR. GARRETT

OK, OK.

(a beat)

Maybe. It - It might have looked like... She might have been, but I don't know. It could have been - she might have been crying or something.

JENNIFER

You should have reported it?! That's your job. You're mandated to report it.

MR. GARRETT

No, I'm not, what - what's wrong with you? Are you crazy? Are you trying to get me fired?

Mr. Garrett looks around to make sure they're alone. Jennifer points back to the desk she was sitting at.

JENNIFER

On one of your desks. Someone wrote, "Do Drugs." Do Drugs. Next to it was a number, and someone's initials. Where did Jennifer sit?

Mr. Garrett looks puzzled.

MR. GARRETT

Uh... Give me a second.

Mr. Garrett goes back to his desk, he takes out a SEATING CHART.

MR. GARRETT (CONT'D)

There.

Mr. Garrett points to the seat where Jennifer was sitting.

INT. HALLWAY / CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

David opens the door, peeks his head in.

DAVID

Jennifer? Everything alright?

Jennifer nods and she walks towards the door. David waves at Mr. Garrett who looks dizzy.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer storms down the hallway and David struggles to keep up.

DAVID

What was that about?

JENNIFER

It was that boy. I know it.

Jennifer glances down at her schedule.

DAVID

Why don't you give it a rest for tonight? Come to Samantha's history class with me.

Jennifer ignores him, and continues down the hallway.

INT. MATH CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer enters the classroom late, and all the PARENTS eyes are on her. They WHISPER to one another as Jennifer struggles to find a seat.

MRS. JOHNSON (60's) smiles at Jennifer as she passes around a sheet of paper. Finally, Jennifer finds a seat, next to a well-dressed, and gentle looking COUPLE.

MRS. JOHNSON

Here you go, Jennifer.

Mrs. Johnson gives Jennifer a syllabus of the class, then hands two to...

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And... Mr. and Mrs. Solomon, such a pleasure having Riley in my class.

Jennifer double takes.

JENNIFER

(to couple)

You're Riley's parents?

MRS. SOLOMON

Yes. You are...? We're so bad at attending these things. Have to practically drag him out of the house.

Mrs. Solomon smiles at her husband.

MR. SOLOMON

Yea, yea.

MRS. SOLOMON

Sorry, whose parent are you?

JENNIFER

Cynthia's. Cynthia Connors was my daughter and your son... Your son...

Jennifer gets up from her seat, and even though she's not tall, she manages to tower over both of them.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Your son killed her!

Mrs. Johnson rushes to Jennifer's side as Parents WHISPER and TALK to each other.

MRS. JOHNSON  
Jennifer, please. Let's not -

Jennifer glars at her colleague before turning back to the Solomon's.

JENNIFER  
Do you know where Anthony was the night that my...

MRS. SOLOMON  
He doesn't live with us, please, we're so sorry for what happened to her. But we know Anthony would never - he always talked so lovingly -

JENNIFER  
Don't you dare. I know Anthony's a thug, drug dealer, I know he - he -

MR. SOLOMON  
That's enough.

Mr. Solomon finally gives Jennifer his attention.

MR. SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
(to Mrs. Johnson)  
Is this why I pay taxes? To get yelled at by some lunatic?

JENNIFER  
Why'd you kick him out then? Why is a young kid like him, living by himself?

MR. SOLOMON  
He's a grown man, decided he wanted his own place, there's nothing wrong with that.

JENNIFER  
Nothing wrong? Nothing wrong with selling drugs to his former classmates?

Jennifer glances around at the other PARENTS.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
That's right, Anthony Solomon is  
selling drugs to your kids.

Jennifer points to the Solomon's.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Their son killed my daughter. He  
drugged her , killed her and tossed  
her into the Gorges.

PARENTS drops their heads in shame.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me?! Their son drugged  
MY DAUGHTER. He DRUGGED HER... Then  
he DUMPED HER BODY INTO THE GORGES.

Mr. Solomon glares at his wife then looks towards the front  
of the class. A SECURITY GUARD enters the room along with  
Principal Wexler.

MRS. JOHNSON  
Jennifer?

Jennifer nods and walks to the door, glaring at the other  
PARENTS who can't make eye contact with her.

INT. HALLWAY, SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is grabbed around the arm by Principal Wexler.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER  
What the hell was that?

Jennifer doesn't respond she walks to David who stands in the  
middle of the hallway.

PRINCIPAL WEXLER (CONT'D)  
Fine. Take a month and figure it  
out.

Jennifer doesn't turn around, but her shoulders drop, taking  
in the news.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LATER

As Jennifer and David enter the house, Samantha storms down  
the stairs.

SAMANTHA  
Mom? What - what the hell happened?  
Jenny's mom said that you -

DAVID  
Go to your room, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
Dad?

DAVID  
Now, please.

Samantha goes back upstairs, not before turning back to glare at her Mom.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I thought we were leaving this for  
the Police.

A beat

JENNIFER  
She didn't do this... She didn't...

David nods.

DAVID  
Why don't we get out of here? I've  
got some vacation time, Samantha  
can stay with one of her friends...  
Just me and you...What do you  
think?

Jennifer shakes her head and takes a step back.

JENNIFER  
Without hearing the police report?  
They might need us... We can't just  
leave.

EXT. SPEARS' EX-WIFE'S HOUSE - DAY

Detective Spears can't keep his feet still as he waits outside his ex's home. Finally, Madeline opens the door.

MADELINE  
(shrugging)  
I tried.

Detective Spears shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
What is that?

Detective Spears mocks her shrug.

MADELINE  
What is what?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
"I tried." What did he say?

MADELINE  
I told you. He's shaken up about this. The kids at school - he just doesn't want to come with you. Give him time.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Let me at least - let me talk to him.

Detective Spears moves to enter the house but is cut off.

MARGARET  
(looking behind her)  
Robert.  
(turning back to Spears)  
I don't think that's a good idea.

ROBERT, Madeline's new husband, shows up at the door and stands behind her.

Detective Spears fumes, but tries not to show it. He leans forward.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
(quietly)  
Next week. Matthew's coming with me.

Detective Spears glances at Robert.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
Nice sheep dog, you got there, sweetheart.

INT. DETECTIVE SPEARS'S HOUSE - LATER

Detective Spears sits alone, in a sparsely furnished apartment. It's dark, with the only light coming from the glow of the television. He flips the channels till he settles on the NEWS.

ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Tensions remain high as members of  
 the Native American community  
 demands answers as to the...

Detective Spears turns off the TV. Now, he sits in total  
 darkness. But it's only for a moment, as he turns the TV back  
 on. A FIELD REPORTER stands next to NATIVE AMERICAN woman.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN (V.O.)  
 He was a good boy. A good,  
 Christian boy, what the police have  
 said...

She shakes her head.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It's not like him. He's no thief.  
 (a beat)  
 Where's - it's not right... He  
 loses his life, this man - this  
 police officer - nothing happens to  
 him?

The CAMERA cuts back to the FIELD REPORTER

FIELD REPORTER (V.O.)  
 I talked to Captain Daniels, and he  
 has reiterated that a full  
 investigation has found that  
 Detective Spears acted in  
 accordance with Police protocols  
 when he responded to the robbery of  
 Winli Supermarket that left Antoine  
 Edwards dead.

Two PHOTOS are inserted on the screen. One of Detective  
 Spears and the other of the deceased teen, Antoine Edwards.

Detective Spears turns the TV off again, this time, for good.  
 He sits there, stirring, unable to move. Unable to breathe.

Detective Spears starts HYPERVENTILATING, and grips the couch  
 cushion until it splinters with wrinkles.

He regains his composure, and takes out his phone and dials.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 (on phone)  
 I know what time it is...I'm not  
 trying to argue, just.... Don't  
 have him watch the news, OK? OK,  
 Thank you.

As Detective Spears puts down the phone, it starts to VIBRATE.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer leans against the door.

JENNIFER

Yes. I'm - this is - this is  
Jennifer Connors, Cynthia's mother.

INT. DETECTIVE SPEARS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Spears sighs, remembering he had given her his card.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Yes, Mrs. Connors, what can I do  
for you?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer clenches her barefeet into a ball.

JENNIFER

I was just - you haven't told us  
anything since, and I'd - I just  
wanted to know what - if there was  
any progress?

DETECTIVE SPEARS (O.S.)

I wanted to tell you this in  
person, but, but it looks like it  
was a suicide, Mrs. Connors.

Jennifer slides down the door, she sits on the floor and drops her phone.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Mrs. Connors?

She picks up the phone.

JENNIFER

No... It can't be - did you  
investigate the Solomon boy? I'm  
sure that if you -

INT. DETECTIVE SPEARS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Spears looks towards the window sill, the moonlight peers through the drapes and onto the dining table which is prepared for two.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Ma'am, I'm sorry.... But there's,  
there's nothing left for me to do.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer presses the phone to her ear.

JENNIFER  
I'd like to talk you in person, is  
that alright? Can I come by the  
station, tomorrow?

INT. DETECTIVE SPEARS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Spears sighs.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Sure. I'll see you tomorrow, Mrs.  
Connors.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer gets up from the floor and exits the bathroom.

BEDROOM

David is already asleep, his light is off, and Jennifer slowly climbs into bed. She doesn't even try to sleep, Jennifer sits there, staring off into the distance.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jennifer faces Detective Spears who sits at his desk.

JENNIFER  
Detective, I know my daughter, I  
know she couldn't go through with  
it. She was, we were having  
problems, but she would never, she  
wouldn't do it.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm sorry, but there's, I'm  
sounding like a broken record...  
Here.

Detective Spears hands Jennifer a psychiatrist's CARD.  
Jennifer frowns.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
She'll help.

Jennifer rebuffs him.

JENNIFER  
No, no, please, just, if you could  
show me her file. Please. I need  
this...

Detective Spears looks around then sighs. He opens a desk  
drawer full of manila folders, he takes out one folder and  
places it on his desk.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm going to get coffee, you should  
be gone by the time I'm back.

Jennifer nods then sits down at his desk as he walks away.  
Once he's out of sight, she pours over the folder.

INSERT - PHOTO: DAUGHTER'S AUTOPSY PHOTO

She trembles before starts going through all the documents.  
Jennifer scrambles to write down all the information she can  
find, taking pictures of documents, and photographs.

INSERT - PHOTO: CRIME SCENE/BODY IN GORGES

Something doesn't look right. Jennifer shakes her head in  
disbelief. She takes a picture and jots down more notes.

She takes a picture of the last file in the folder, and sets  
the folder back down. Detective Spears is nowhere in sight.

Taking one last look for Detective Spears, she goes on the  
Detective's computer and searches: "Suicide Ithaca Gorges."

She finds the names of GEOFFREY SMITH, LESLIE JONES, and  
STEPHEN NEUBIG, all Cornell students who killed themselves by  
jumping off the bridge over the last five years.

Jennifer glances at the desk drawer. She pulls the handle.  
It's locked. She peeks her head around the corner.

Still, no Detective Spears. She takes a pin out of her hair and picks at the desk lock when...

OFFICER (O.S.)  
Spears? Hey, Spears?

Jennifer freezes, momentarily, as the sound of FOOTSTEPS come closer. She opens the lock just as an OFFICER turns the corner. Jennifer pretends to look over the documents.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? Where's Detective Spears?

JENNIFER  
I was - he asked me if I could ID a potential suspect...

OFFICER  
Alright. Got some mail for him.

The Officer throws the mail on the desk and walks away. Jennifer lets out a sigh of relief as she goes through Spears's files.

She finds the folders of Geoffrey Smith, Leslie Jones, and Stephen Neubig, and quickly takes pictures of as many documents as she can before she hears Detective Spears.

Jennifer stuffs the documents back into the drawer and gets up from her seat, hurrying towards the exit.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

David enters to a house that looks like it was hit by a tornado. Furniture is out of place, framed photographs, and paintings sit on the carpet.

DAVID  
Jennifer? Jennifer, is everything alright?

David rushes up the stairs, when he hears a NOISE. He pushes open the door to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Jennifer pushes an armoire across the room, David walks towards her, stepping over a large stack of papers, spread across their floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

She continues to push, but it's too heavy. Jewelry and necklaces fall to the floor. David bends over to pick it up.

JENNIFER

Leave it. Help me, please.

David picks up the jewelry anyway then helps her push the armoire into their walk in closet.

DAVID

Now, what?

Jennifer faces her empty bedroom wall, she starts pinning the police documents to it like it's a bulletin board.

David starts examining them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How did you get these?

JENNIFER

The Detective.

Jennifer continues working, pinning more sheets of paper to wall.

DAVID

What good will this do?

(a beat)

Jennifer? Will you look at me?

JENNIFER

Please.

Jennifer continues working, and David throws up his hands in disgust.

DAVID

I'm getting out of here...

JENNIFER

Why?

DAVID

Why? Look at you, look at what you're doing...

JENNIFER

If you think it's a problem that I'm trying to save our daughter -

DAVID

She's dead! She's dead, Jennifer. You can't save her...

Jennifer doesn't respond.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna stay at a hotel... I think it'd be best if Samantha came with me.

JENNIFER  
You're not taking her from me.

DAVID  
I'm not taking her...

JENNIFER  
That's exactly what you're doing. You're taking her and you're running away.

David shakes his head as Jennifer grabs some of the documents from the floor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
She couldn't have done this. I don't - I won't believe it. These documents, somewhere. It's gonna prove it.

She continues to flip through the police records when she comes across photograph of Cynthia's dead body.

DAVID  
Jesus Christ, stop. Put that away.

David steps away from Jennifer and walks towards the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm leaving now, OK?

Jennifer ignores him and continues to organize her documents.

David looks back at Jennifer who starts to pin pictures and documents to the wall. He exits the bedroom.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
Dad, don't go. Please.

DAVID (O.S.)  
It'll only be for a little while, OK? No big deal.

SAMANTHA  
Please?

DAVID

I love you, and I'll see you soon.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I love you too.

Samantha CRIES in the hallway and we can hear FOOTSTEPS going down the stairs. Samantha KNOCKS then enters room.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

You're just gonna let Dad leave?

Jennifer continues examining the documents and pins one to the wall.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Mom?

JENNIFER

Yes.

SAMANTHA

What are you doing?

JENNIFER

I don't think... Your sister didn't kill herself.

SAMANTHA

What? How do you know?

JENNIFER

I don't know, I just, I know she didn't. I know my daughter...

Jennifer pins a picture of Cynthia's PHONE BILL to the wall.

INSERT - PHONE NUMBER: SUICIDE HOTLINE

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jennifer stares at her wall of documents, when she hears a KNOCK on the door. Samantha enters the bedroom, and stares at the wall. She carries her backpack over her shoulder.

SAMANTHA

Looks like you're making some progress.

Jennifer smiles, excited that her daughter has taken interest. She gestures to a divide in the wall.

JENNIFER

I got her phone records too, so  
I've divided it between the police  
reports and her calls.

Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA

What's all the stuff you circled?

JENNIFER

So that's all the numbers she  
called during her - leading up to  
it - and over here.

(police side of wall)

It's all the suspicious parts of  
the case - you know, Sam - there  
were three other kids, Cynthia's  
age, who died and were found in the  
same place as Cynthia.

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

Well, it is a place where people go  
to -

JENNIFER

And look at this -

Jennifer points to the toxicology report.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

She had Adderall and THC in her  
system, when... I know he had  
something to do with this...

Jennifer glances over the files.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I just have to prove it...

Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA

So, Mom? I was thinking, maybe we  
have a - what did you call it?  
Girls night? We could go to the  
movies, get some pizza?

Samantha backs away to the door, anticipating rejection.

JENNIFER  
 (not looking at Samantha)  
 You know what honey...

Jennifer turns to Samantha.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 That sounds like an excellent idea.

Samantha smiles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Pick you up from school?  
 (a beat)  
 If I'm even allowed on campus, ha.

SAMANTHA  
 I'm actually going to Jenny's right  
 after school, but I'll meet you  
 there at 7? Get dinner then movie?

JENNIFER  
 Perfect.

Samantha nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Have a great day, dear.

SAMANTHA  
 You too...

Samantha heads to the door, before turning around.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
 I'm glad we're doing this...

JENNIFER  
 Me too.

As Samantha leaves, Jennifer grabs another document from the ground, she tries to find an open space on the wall, but can't.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The living room wall is now mostly filled with documents. Jennifer pins another sheet to the wall, when the door swings open. It's Samantha.

SAMANTHA  
 Why am I not surprised?

Samantha glares at Jennifer, who still can't figure out what she did wrong.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Really?

Finally, it hits her.

JENNIFER

Oh my god, why didn't you call me?  
I'm so sorry.

SAMANTHA

Why didn't I call?

Samantha laughs as she glances around the room. She finds Jennifer's phone on the couch, tosses it to her.

INSERT - 10 MISSED CALLS.

JENNIFER

It must have been on mute, I've been - look - I had to move everything down here, there wasn't enough room. We can still -

SAMANTHA

Can still what? I was waiting there for hours. My friends showed up, and I told them I was waiting for you.

(a beat)

You know embarrassing it is, to be stood up by your own Mom!

JENNIFER

I'll stop everything, we can go into the kitchen, I'll - I got some pizza yesterday - Pepperoni and Olive, you're favorite. And I promise, tomorrow, we'll -

SAMANTHA

Pepperoni and olive, really?

Jennifer nods.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

That's Cynthia's favorite.

Samantha heads for the door.

JENNIFER

Where? Where are you going? It's late.

SAMANTHA

What the fuck do you care?

JENNIFER

Don't speak to me that way. I made a mistake but -

SAMANTHA

You know what Mom? Cynthia was my sister, and you're - you're making me hate her!

Samantha slams the door shut.

Jennifer runs to the door, hoping to catch Samantha, when she hits a CUP of WATER, that spills across the wooden floor. It RUNS across the hardwood floor, shifting and moving like currents. She stares at PICTURES of the GORGES.

Something clicks. Jennifer rips a picture of the GORGES from the wall. Instead of chasing after Samantha, Jennifer runs to the dining room.

DINING ROOM

She feverishly starts writing down math equations, completing a complex problem on currents.

INSERT - MATH EQUATIONS

Jennifer finishes the problem and takes a red pen from her hair and circles a LOCATION on the picture of the Ithaca Gorges.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jennifer points to the red circle on the Ithaca Gorges's picture. Detective Spears looks away, frustrated.

JENNIFER

She shouldn't have ended up on the rocks. The currents would have held her here.

She taps the point again for good measure.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

And this is where you found her.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

So?

JENNIFER

So? So someone moved her onto the rocks. Cynthia couldn't have killed herself.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

That's a big leap. Why would the, I'm guessing you think the killer moved her?

Jennifer nods.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Why would he risk getting caught?

JENNIFER

That's your job.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I'm sorry but -

Detective Spears picks up the sheet of math equations.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

This is a pretty clear - there's just not enough to go on. Why don't you - I think I still have it.

Detective Spears searches his desk, then finds the psychiatrist's CARD.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Take it. It helps.

Jennifer grabs the card to make Spears shut up.

JENNIFER

You're not listening... The currents wouldn't have taken her there, shouldn't that be enough to at least -

DETECTIVE SPEARS

How do you know? From some equation? How do you know you have all the variables right? All those rocks...

(MORE)

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Something could have happened to -  
I don't know why I'm even... I'm  
sorry, Mrs. Connors. But there's  
nothing we can do...

JENNIFER

Please, just look. That Solomon  
boy, he, he might have given her  
something that she overdosed  
on...Then he panics, right? Tries  
to make it look like a suicide.  
Puts her body on the rocks to make  
it looks like she...

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I understand that you're -

JENNIFER

You do? You understand? How could  
you? Now are you going to do  
anything or not?

Detective Spears shrugs his shoulders.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Fine. I will.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOME - DAY

Jennifer stands in the living room with the LIMBS of  
MANNEQUINS surrounding her.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LATER

She's put a MANNEQUIN together and now ropes around an ankle  
weight, and places it on a scale. Holding Cynthia's chart:

INSERT - WEIGHT: 130 pounds.

Jennifer adds more ankle weights.

EXT. ITHACA GORGES - NIGHT

Jennifer stands on the bridge, looking down at the raging  
water. She has several mannequins with her, each have ankle  
weights tied to their bodies.

MONTAGE - EXPERIMENTS

Jennifer tosses a mannequin over the bridge, she hears it  
PLUNGE into the water.

She stands over the mannequin which has come to a rest. It's exactly where she predicted. Jennifer holds up PICTURE of where Cynthia's body was found. It's 100 feet away.

Jennifer tosses another mannequin over the bridge, it PLUNGES into the water. She finds it next to the other one.

Again, Jennifer gathers the mannequin to throw it over when... A COUPLE starts crossing the bridge. She holds off on throwing it over bridge until they're out of sight.

The mannequin is in the same place as the others. Jennifer stares down the GORGES, she imagines where Cynthia's body was found.

JENNIFER

I knew it...

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - LATER

Several young women, in their late teens, walk to their cars, wearing their work out clothing, and dance shoes.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Rebecca.

REBECCA, 17, is startled by Jennifer's sudden presence. She waves off the other DANCERS and approaches her.

REBECCA

Mrs. Connors? What are you doing here?

JENNIFER

I wanted to speak to you about Cynthia...

Rebecca nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You don't mind, do you?

Rebecca shakes her head.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I know you and Cynthia were very close, I, uh, I got a copy of Cynthia's phone records.

(a beat)

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You two talked, and texted, quite a bit, and on the week of her - I'd just like you to tell me anything you know. Anything you know about what might happened.

REBECCA

I really don't know anything.

Rebecca smiles and walks to her car. Jennifer takes out several sheets of paper that are highlighted. She glances down at them.

JENNIFER

October 5th, five calls between the two of you, more than 10 texts. May 6th the day before... six calls, 13 texts, and the day she died, she texted you more than 20 times.

Jennifer flings the sheets of paper at Rebecca who's frozen.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I know she was struggling and I know you know that. I just want to know if he was the reason. If he... Please, if you cared for Cynthia...

Rebecca walks back to Jennifer

REBECCA

You're really off base, OK? He's a good guy, he's - they really liked each other.

JENNIFER

You're not telling me everything.

Rebecca glances around.

REBECCA

Anthony's a good guy, OK? What you're saying about him isn't fair.

JENNIFER

My daughter's dead, is that fair? We found pills in her room. You know her. She was NEVER like this. Avoiding us. Running to her room. Just three months with him, she's a different person...

REBECCA

Oh my god, it was just Adderall!  
She just wanted to be able to do  
well - to get into a good school.  
So you'd stop pressuring her.

Jennifer takes a step back.

JENNIFER

No, they - they found weed in her  
system too.

REBECCA

So? Maybe she smoked? Who wouldn't  
if they had you as their Mom.

Rebecca walks away.

JENNIFER

Rebecca? I need to know where he  
lives.

Without turning around, Rebecca says:

REBECCA

He hangs out at the Stool.

INT. THE STOOL, BAR - LATER

Jennifer enters the bar, and walks over to the BARTENDER.

Anthony sits at the far end of the dank, dimly lit bar with  
several FRIENDS (20's). His head hangs over his chest.

Thick glasses hang from his nose. Beer bottles are scattered  
on the wood table. A FRIEND nudges Anthony.

FRIEND

(glancing at Jennifer)  
That's your cue.

Anthony shakes his head and looks down into his empty mug.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

We made a deal man, it'll get your  
mind off things.

Anthony looks over at the bar.

FRIEND (2) (CONT'D)

Just go. There'll be another beer  
waiting for you when you get back.

Anthony gets up from the table and his FRIENDS laugh as he ventures towards the older woman. Jennifer TALKS with the BARTENDER who points in the direction of Anthony's FRIENDS. As Jennifer turns her head, their eyes meet.

Anthony staggers backwards.

ANTHONY

Mrs. Connors? Wha - wha - what are you doing here?

Anthony nearly bumps over a stool.

JENNIFER

Mind if we talk, Anthony?

Anthony sits down, he glances over to his friends who smile and nods in his direction, oblivious to who Jennifer is.

ANTHONY

Umm... I - I should go back to my friends.

JENNIFER

It'll only take a minute, here.

Jennifer reaches into her bag, where she turns on a TAPE CORDER then grabs her credit card and hands it to Bartender.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Another round for him.

ANTHONY

Thank you.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

So, Anthony -

ANTHONY

I'm so - I'm - Cynthia meant everything to me, I'm sorry didn't come to the funeral it was, I just didn't want to see her like that.

JENNIFER

I understand... I'd just like to figure out somethings, if you don't mind?

ANTHONY

Sure, sure.

Anthony takes a long sip of his beer as Jennifer retrieves PHONE RECORDS.

JENNIFER

You guys, well, you texted quite often. It's hard to even -

Jennifer scans the sheets of paper.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

More than a hundred texts in the week leading up to... And you guys called back and forth more than 10 times. What was all that back and forth about?

ANTHONY

Uh, nothing, it was just - you know, we like talking to each other. I wasn't - not being in her class - we couldn't talk as much as other - like her friends could with their boyfriends. We just talked.

JENNIFER

Just talked?

Anthony nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

About what?

Anthony glances around.

ANTHONY

You know, just typical stuff.

JENNIFER

I don't know. Why don't you tell me?

ANTHONY

What do you want to know? Just how her day was, her classes, teachers, you guys?

JENNIFER

Us?

ANTHONY

Yeah, you know, family stuff.

JENNIFER

What'd she say?

ANTHONY

Uh, uh, she - she was angry about you trying to - trying to keep us part, taking her keys away, and her phone -

JENNIFER

I gave her phone back.

ANTHONY

Yeah, but she was still angry about it -

JENNIFER

Why do you think we took her phone away? Why do you think we took her keys?

Anthony looks down again

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Why do you think?!

The Bartender approaches Jennifer.

BARTENDER

Anything I can get for you, Ma'am?

JENNIFER

I'm fine.

The Bartender glances over both of them.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

We found drugs in her room, but you know that, don't you? You gave them to her.

Anthony shakes his head, and Jennifer nudges closer to him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Don't lie... You gave them to her, I know you did. Admit it, admit what you did..

Anthony's eyes dart around the room, his feet tap against the stool.

ANTHONY

It's only because of you guys that I had to do it, it's only because she felt that she needed it, I didn't want her to get it from someone else, I wanted to... I wanted to protect her.

JENNIFER

What? What are you talking about?

Anthony finishes his beer.

ANTHONY

The only reason she was stressed, that she was so worried about what she'd get on her SAT's and what college she'd get into, was because of you. That's why she came to me for - I never -

JENNIFER

I don't believe you...

Anthony shakes his head.

ANTHONY

You gotta be a Bear, Cynthia.  
Cornell's the only place for you.  
(a beat)  
See for yourself...

Anthony passes his phone to Cynthia. She scrolls through the texts, her face changes.

JENNIFER

I - I didn't think, it's always been her dream to go to Cornell, I wasn't -

Jennifer hands Anthony his phone back.

ANTHONY

I wasn't there for her either, Mrs. Connors.

Anthony gets up from his seat.

JENNIFER

Anthony, Anthony, I'm sorry - uh, before you go, is their - is their anything else I don't know - something she wouldn't have told me?

Anthony frowns then says:

ANTHONY  
She was talking to someone about,  
from some Hotline for - I told her  
to call me instead but she said he  
was easy to talk to.

Jennifer nods and gets up from the stool.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Ms. Connors.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer stands facing the wall of documents, she looks over  
Cynthia's calls.

The SUICIDE HOLTINE is highlighted in red. There's more than  
a half dozen calls to the number.

JENNIFER  
(under her breath)  
How did I not see this before?

Jennifer glances over at the documents for the other SUICIDE  
VICTIMS when she hears a KNOCK on the door. She takes a step  
towards the door, when Samantha rushes down the stairs.

Samantha opens the door.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Hey. You ready to go?

SAMANTHA  
Let me just grab my suitcase.

Jennifer frowns and walks towards the stairs.

JENNIFER  
David?

Jennifer turns the corner and sees David, who remains in the  
doorframe, unwilling to enter their home.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
What is this?

Samantha rushes down the stairs, dragging her suitcase.

DAVID  
Wait outside, sweetheart.

JENNIFER

Samantha, you're making a mistake.

DAVID

You don't even know what she's doing. How do you know she's making a mistake?

JENNIFER

It's obvious, you're, you're taking her from her home. To - to live in a hotel...

David rolls his eyes.

DAVID

We're going up to my father's cabin for the long weekend, you're welcome to join.

Jennifer laughs to hide her embarrassment.

JENNIFER

Put my foot right in my mouth, didn't I?

DAVID

You've gotten quite good at it...

JENNIFER

Shut up...

David smiles.

DAVID

Come with us.

Jennifer sighs.

JENNIFER

I want to...

DAVID

Then do it, what's stopping you?

JENNIFER

Cynthia's... I'm - I was wrong about that boy - Solomon - he told me - I have some things I have to figure out, then I'll - then I'll join you, is that okay?

Samantha looks back, listening in on her parents.

SAMANTHA

Really?

JENNIFER

Yes, really.

Samantha turns around and continues to the car.

SAMANTHA

We'll see.

Samantha shuts the door to the care behind her.

DAVID

We have two daughters, two.  
Samantha deserves better.

JENNIFER

I know but, but so did Cynthia.

David looks away.

DAVID

So you know?

JENNIFER

What do you mean?

David scans the board and points to the SUICIDE HOTLINE NUMBER.

DAVID

I checked her phone records too.  
She needed help, and we didn't give  
it to her. Now, Samantha... I won't  
make the same mistake again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't make us lose another daughter  
chasing after one who's gone.

David exits the house, and Jennifer watches them drive away.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer's teeth are stained, she clutches a glass of wine in one hand, and her phone in the other. The wine bottle rolls in a circle on the wooden floor. It spills on a sheet of paper listing Cynthia's phone calls to the SUICIDE HOTLINE.

INSERT - SUICIDE HOTLINE, NUMBER

Jennifer dials the number after finishing her glass.

JENNIFER

Hello?

OPERATOR

(automated)

You have reached the Ithaca county  
suicide hotline. If you are in  
emotional distress please press  
one.

Jennifer hangs up and tries again.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

(automated)

You have reached the Ithaca county  
suicide hotline. If you are in  
emotional distress please press  
one.

Jennifer clenches the phone in her hand.

JENNIFER

(quietly)

Why wouldn't you talk to me? You  
should have talked to me...

She re-dials the number.

OPERATOR

(automated)

You have reached the Ithaca county  
suicide hotline. If you are in  
emotional distress -

JENNIFER

I want to talk to someone!

OPERATOR

If you are in emotional distress -

JENNIFER

Put someone on the phone!

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)

Ithaca Suicide Hotline -

JENNIFER

What the hell is wrong with you?

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)

Excuse me?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer paces while talking.

JENNIFER

You'd let someone contemplating  
suicide wait to talk to someone?

ALBRIGHT

I am sorry about that, there have  
been cutbacks. Not too many of us  
left...

(a beat)

Do you need to speak to someone?

JENNIFER

I want to talk to the person who -  
who spoke to my daughter.

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)

I don't know what you mean?

JENNIFER

My daughter, Cynthia Connors. She -  
she spoke to you guys - she called,  
before she died.

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)

I'm sorry for your loss, ma'am.

(a beat)

I shouldn't... uh...

JENNIFER

What... What is it?

ALBRIGHT

I was - I was actually the one who  
talked with Cynthia...

Jennifer's face loses its color, she's frozen.

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

Ma'am, are you still there?

JENNIFER

Yes, yes - would you - could I come  
talk to you? I have some questions.

ALBRIGHT

Sure. Let me give you the address.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer scrambles across the floor to find a pen. She finally finds one.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Ready.

ALBRIGHT  
935 Danby Road.

JENNIFER  
I got it.

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)  
OK. Bye.

Jennifer stares forward at living room wall full of documents.

INT. SUICIDE HOTLINE OFFICE - CONTINUED

Jennifer walks into a dimly lit floor. Some of the lights' strobe on and off while some areas of the floor are marred in darkness. She passes a large pot that contains a dead plant.

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)  
(barely audible)  
Please just wait just one more day.  
You'll see. A lot can change in  
just one day.

Jennifer follows the sound of Albright's voice.

ALBRIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You will? Good, good.  
(a beat)  
Bless you. Thank you.

Jennifer weaves her way through the maze of cubicles to Albright's.

BARON ALBRIGHT (40's) turns around and sees Jennifer Connors. He gestures her into his cubicle with paint stained fingers. Albright is short, physically unimposing, everything about him screams, "forget me." Everything except his cold, green eyes.

He holds his hand up - signifying it'll only be another minute.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
 No, Thank you. OK. Goodbye.  
 (hanging up phone)  
 Mrs. Connors, right?

Jennifer nods and Albright extends his hand which Jennifer takes.

JENNIFER  
 Thank you for seeing me.

Albright nods.

ALBRIGHT  
 It's no problem. Please.

Albright gestures towards the seat.

Jennifer sits down and notices the rosary beads that hang from cabinet drawer and a picture of Saint Michael.

JENNIFER  
 So you spoke to Cynthia?

ALBRIGHT  
 Yes, yeah, I did.  
 (a beat)  
 She was - it was, she was just so funny. And smart, quick. She was hard to keep up with, sometimes.

Albright smiles.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
 I wish I could have... Sometimes the pressure can be too much for someone...

Albright's words are like a dagger into Jennifer's heart. The Solomon boy wasn't lying. Everything he said was true. It was *her*, she was the cause of this.

As Jennifer was processing, Albright continues, unprompted:

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
 It's hard for people like us...

Jennifer frowns, not understanding... But presses forward.

JENNIFER  
 Did she - is there anything in particular that she... It couldn't have just been that - there must have been -

ALBRIGHT

She, she wanted to make you proud,  
both of you... For her, not living  
up to your legacy meant... She was  
a failure.

Jennifer gets up, shaking her head. She glances around at  
Albright's cubicle, his framed certificate, his drawings and  
paintings of saints and angels.

JENNIFER

Then why didn't you say something?  
If you knew she was struggling so  
much, why didn't you - why didn't  
you call us?

Albright shakes his head.

ALBRIGHT

That would have violated my trust  
with Cynthia. We would have lost  
her completely.

JENNIFER

Like she is now!

Jennifer taps her feet, feverishly against the floor. She  
pulls out pictures of the other SUICIDE VICTIMS found at the  
gorges.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You, your agency talked to all  
three of these - of these children,  
all three of them died!

ALBRIGHT

Please, Ms. Connors. I know you're  
upset, but we've saved. We've - you  
have no idea. There's been so  
many... So many that we -

JENNIFER

BULLSHIT!!

(a beat)

You should be fired! You should  
be...

Jennifer rips his framed certificate from the wall, and  
throws it to the ground, shattering it.

Albright cowers in fear, holding up his hands.

ALBRIGHT  
Please, please, leave or I'll call  
security.

As Jennifer storms away, Albright sits upright in his chair.  
Another CALL.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Ithaca suicide hotline - Oh, hello,  
Mr. White. Sir? Please, calm down.  
Don't make a rash decision, taking  
your life is something that can  
never be -

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
This isn't something I've just  
decided to do! I've thought, I've  
thought long and hard about this.  
I'll just sit in the car and wait.  
All I have to do is just wait for  
it... It's peaceful that way,  
there's no suffering. There's no  
other way.

ALBRIGHT  
There's always another way.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
No, no, not for me. Not for me.

Mr. White sounds short of breath.

ALBRIGHT  
Take a deep breath sir, things  
will...

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
Goodbye, thank you. Thank you for  
everything.

Baron Albright hangs up the phone and writes down a phone  
number. He inputs the number in the computer and gets an  
address which he also writes down. Albright cleans his phone  
and keyboard, pushes in his chair and leaves cubicle.

EXT. SUICIDE SUPPORT GROUP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Albright hurries to his car.

**SPLIT SCREEN:**

INT. ALBRIGHT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A cross dangles from Albright's mirror, he pulls out of the parking lot, looking at himself in the rearview mirror.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer cries as she drives, a cross hangs from her mirror as well. She continues, dabbing her eyes.

Finally, she reaches her destination: THE ITHACA GORGES. She parks her car.

INT. ALBRIGHT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Albright parks his car outside of a large, colonial home. He stares at it, before exiting the car with a small bag.

EXT. ITHACA GORGES - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer stands on the bridge, she hears the CRASHING of the water against the rocks. She looks over the bridge, and glances around to make sure that she's truly alone.

She puts her feet between the railing and starts to lift herself onto the ledge.

EXT. COLONIAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Albright picks the lock of the fence door, he puts on a mask and enters the backyard. He sees the GARAGE.

**END OF SPLIT SCREEN**

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A silver mid-sized Mercedes Benz sits in a three car garage. Napkins are stuffed in the exhaust pipe.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUED

MARTIN WHITE (40's) sits in the driver seat. His hands tremble, holding the keys in the ignition. Martin can't seem to start the engine.

Suddenly, the backseat of the car opens and Martin turns to see a hooded figure clutching a bag.

MARTIN

Go ahead and take the car you piece of shit, but do me a favor and reach into that bag and put one right here.

Martin presses his thumb firmly between his eyes. Albright removes his hood and smiles at the wounded man.

ALBRIGHT

I'm not here for your car. I don't have a gun, Martin. I'm here to help you.

MARTIN

Martin? How do you... Who the hell are you?

ALBRIGHT

Don't you recognize my voice?

Martin stares at Baron Albright then looks away. He shakes his head in disbelief.

MARTIN

That's what I get for talking to someone... Dad knew better.

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

The police are on their way then?

ALBRIGHT

No, it's just me.

Martin LAUGHS again.

MARTIN

What are you some boy scout? You better be going, before I... You better go.

ALBRIGHT

Please, Martin, don't go through with this - you, you have so much to live for...

MARTIN

This is my choice, this is my decision! Now, go!

Albright shakes his head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You got some sort of death wish?

(chuckling)

Oh I get it, you want to be a hero?

Suicide operator saves man from  
taking his life?

(a beat)

It's not going to happen. I'm  
turning the ignition, you just  
might have to come on this ride  
with me.

Albright stares into Martin's eyes, he sees a man, who's  
ready to die, ready to give into his fears and insecurities.  
A man who needs saving.

ALBRIGHT

You've made up your mind then?

Martin nods and Albright shakes his head.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)

One day I do hope to join you, if  
the Lord deems me worthy.

MARTIN

You some sort of nut?

ALBRIGHT

No, I'm not. Don't say that... You  
are. You're abandoning your family,  
you're taking your own life. That  
makes you - that makes you crazy.

MARTIN

You don't understand, if I don't do  
this my family, they'll, they'll  
lose everything. Get out of my  
garage before you get hurt.

Albright shakes his head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well, God bless you then.

Martin turns the ignition.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Carbon monoxide gas filters through the air. Two figures are  
visible inside the silver Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUED

Martin's head is tilted against the car window. Eyes bloodshot.

MARTIN  
I think I, I-

Martin reaches for the keys, but a strong hand holds him back. He turns to see Baron's dark eyes peering through a gas mask.

Martin gasps. His arm struggles against Albright's, his eyes widen with fear. Albright ties the seat belt around Martin's torso restraining him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Please...

As Martin struggles against the restraint, Albright reaches into his pocket and rips out a note card. He scribbles something down and shows it to Martin.

INSERT - TEXT: "IT'S TOO LATE. DON'T STRUGGLE, I'VE SAVED YOU. I'VE GIFTED YOU ETERNAL LIFE."

Martin's eyes pop out of their sockets. His shoulders lurch back and forth and his hands extend as far as they can before falling limp.

Albright waits for several moments then unfastens his restraint. He takes a deep breath then removes the mask.

Albright's eyes become wet, he touches Martin's forehead.

ALBRIGHT  
Lord Jesus, receive his spirit.

Albright quickly puts his mask back on and takes several deep breaths. He does the sign of the trinity and finally exits the vehicle, walking through the gas filled garage.

EXT. ITHACA GORGES - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer stands on the ledge, she struggles to balance herself - she can feel the wind whipping at her back. The water crashing against the rocks.

She closes her eyes, mouthing a prayer. This is it. This is the end.

As Jennifer readies herself to jump, her phone VIBRATES.

It's SAMANTHA. Jennifer glances down at her phone, should she get it? She steps down from the ledge.

JENNIFER  
(voice breaking)  
Yes?

SAMANTHA  
Mom?

JENNIFER  
Yes, honey?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
Are you - I was just calling to say  
I hope you join us at the cabin, I,  
I - I can only hear Dad's stories  
for so long.

Jennifer LAUGHS. It's one of those good laughs that lights up her whole face.

JENNIFER  
How many times has he told you  
about that homeless woman who -

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
Who was taking a piss on his door?  
Only about five times.

They both laugh.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
So, I'll see you?

JENNIFER  
You'll see me.

SAMANTHA  
Sorry, Dad's calling me. Bye, Mom.  
Love you.

JENNIFER  
Love you too, honey.

Jennifer hangs up the phone then stares over the Gorges.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Police cars and fire trucks block off the various streets leading to Martin's house. The garage door is open and uniformed officers in masks wander around the car.

Detective Spears stands just outside the garage. Martin White's body has been brought out in a stretcher.

His WIFE and two CHILDREN (boy and girl) stand next to an OFFICER in the driveway. Their CRIES get louder as the body is rolled towards Spears.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
(to officer)  
Get them out of here.  
(gesturing to family)

An OFFICER escorts the family back towards their house while Detective Spears nods at the MEDIC who looks over the body.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
(voice, hiding his  
discomfort)  
Suicide, huh?

MEDIC  
Yup. About as standard as they  
come.  
(a beat)  
Shame the family had to be here.

Detective Spears nods, the Medic pulls back the tarp that was covering Martin's face. It's disfigured and purple, but what gets Spears is that the face he sees isn't Martin at all.

It's the boy. Antoine Edwards. The boy he killed.

MEDIC (CONT'D)  
It's common for a victim's face to-

Detective Spears nods, and continues nodding. He hears NOTHING, it's just WHITE NOISE.

He can't get the boy's face out of his head. Finally, the Medic zips up the body, and Spears can breathe.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DAY

For the first time, in a *long time*, Jennifer looks good. She has a small suitcase in the backseat, and a smile on her face.

JENNIFER  
(on phone)  
Tell Sam, I'm coming, okay? Her  
phone keeps going to voice mail.  
Everything's alright, there?  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

That's what I figured. Anyway, traffic is pretty bad, shouldn't be getting in till later, but just wanted to call and say I'm on my way.

(a beat)

Love you.

Jennifer hangs up the phone.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jennifer parks near a large cabin that Henry David Thoreau would take exception to. She hears bugs BUZZ across the lake, and smiles. David was right, this was the time to get away.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer enters the cabin and sees both David and Samantha asleep by the fireplace. Samantha is curled up into a ball, again, on an armchair. This time, Jennifer grabs a blanket and covers her. She gives Samantha a kiss, causing her to somewhat wake-up.

SAMANTHA

(half-asleep)

We were waiting for you...

JENNIFER

I know, honey.

Jennifer tucks in the blanket under Samantha's legs. Samantha smiles, and just nods. Jennifer smiles and runs her fingers through her hair as she falls back asleep.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Jennifer dips her paddle in the water and smiles at Samantha who sits behind her, in the kayak. They're across from David who stretches while holding his own paddle.

DAVID

You ready?

Samantha rolls her eyes.

SAMANTHA

Yes!

JENNIFER  
 (to David)  
 Should we count down?

David frowns.

DAVID  
 I told you that in college I was -

JENNIFER  
 Voted the captain of the  
 rowing club.

SAMANTHA  
 Voted the captain of the  
 rowing club.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
 We know, Dad.

David nods, smirking.

DAVID  
 OK. I'll try not to beat you guys  
 by too much.

JENNIFER  
 C'mon, there's two of us....

David shrugs.

DAVID  
 On your mark, get ready -

SAMANTHA  
 It's get set, Dad.

DAVID  
 Oh. Fine.  
 (a beat)  
 On your mark, get set, Go!

David starts rowing, and is quicky ahead of the mother and daughter team. He rows straight, like a pro while Samantha and Jennifer can't get it right. They veer to the right.

SAMANTHA  
 Mom! More on that side. Mom!

JENNIFER  
 We need to -

Jennifer looks up at David, who's almost ten yards away.

SAMANTHA  
 Start on your right first.

Jennifer moves her paddle to right side of kayak and Samantha has hers on left.

JENNIFER  
OK.

SAMANTHA  
Now.

They coordinate their strokes. LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT.  
Until, Samantha stops rowing.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Mom?!

Jennifer looks back, and sees Samantha's shirt is drenched.

JENNIFER  
Was that -

Jennifer laughs.

SAMANTHA  
How do you like it?

Samantha splashes Jennifer.

JENNIFER  
Oh, it's cold!

DAVID  
(yelling)  
I'm waiting, ladies!

SAMANTHA  
C'mon, let's get a rematch.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Jennifer's shirt is drenched, and she looks tired. So does, Samantha, who gasps for breath.

DAVID  
I can always let you win...

Jennifer splashes David with her paddle.

JENNIFER  
(to Samantha)  
Try again, tomorrow?

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

Let's try one more.

Samantha nods at David.

DAVID

Hurting for more, huh?

(a beat)

On your mark, get set, go!

This time, David doesn't pull away from Sam and Jennifer. They work in unison, like a well-oiled machine, racing to an ORANGE PADDLE that drifts slightly in the water.

SAMANTHA

We got him, Mom. Keep pushing.

It's a neck and neck race and David looks nervous. Their paddles cut into the water, pushing them past the FINISH LINE, a nose before David.

The mother, daughter team throw their hands into the air in celebration. Tossing their paddles into the water. Cynthia tries to reach forward to give Jennifer a hug, but nearly FALLS into the LAKE. Jennifer catches her.

JENNIFER

I got you, honey. Mom's got you.

INT. SPEARS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Spears enters carrying a small duffell bag, he's followed by MATTHEW (13), a teenager in every sense of the word.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I thought we'd -

Matthew walks away without looking at his father, entering guest room and closing the door.

Detective Spears looks down at the duffell bag. It was enough of an excuse. He walks down the hallway and knocks on door.

Opening it:

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Where do you want this?

Matthew points to the foot of his bed, and Spears places it there.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
You sure you don't want something  
to eat, first?

Matthew doesn't look up from his phone, he just shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
It's uh, it's just good to have you  
here. Things haven't been -

MATTHEW  
I thought you weren't in trouble.  
That's what everybody keeps saying.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
It's not about being in trouble,  
it's about... I didn't mean to hurt  
that boy, you have to know that.

MATTHEW  
You didn't hurt him, you *killed*  
him.

Matthew looks up at his father.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
His brothers go to my school, you  
know.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Their making it tough on you?

MATTHEW  
What do you think?

Matthew drops his head again.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Matthew, I can go to the school,  
make sure the Principals talks -

Matthew lifts his head again, and giving his father an incredulous glare.

MATTHEW  
You trying to make my life worse?  
You can't do anything. You were the  
one who... It doesn't matter, I'm  
the one paying for it.

Matthew looks down at his phone, signaling his father to leave.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

The wall is nearly bare as Jennifer takes down more documents and places them into several boxes.

Samantha emerges from the kitchen.

SAMANTHA  
You need any help?

JENNIFER  
No, I'm fine, honey. Created this mess, I might as well clean it up.

SAMANTHA  
I don't mind.

Samantha grabs a document and pulls it from the wall. It's one of Cynthia's AUTOPSY REPORTS. Samantha starts reading it, and Jennifer can just tell. Motherly instinct. She grabs the sheet.

JENNIFER  
Why don't you grab those papers.

Jennifer points to another part of the wall. Samantha smiles and nods.

They continue to work in silence when David enters their home, carrying a PICTURE FRAME.

DAVID  
Hey guys... Jennifer, you want to help me with this?

Jennifer walks over to David.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd might want to replace the one that you...

JENNIFER  
Oh, yes, ha, I feel so bad about it now. Thank you.

Jennifer kisses David who smiles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Poor guy looked petrified.

DAVID  
Least we can do.

Samantha, always, with her ears perked, calls out:

SAMANTHA

What's that?

DAVID

What'd you say, sweetheart?

SAMANTHA

What's the least we can do?

DAVID

Your mother told you about the hotline operator who talked with your sister?

Samantha nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well, uh, she -

JENNIFER

I broke his picture frame. It's no big deal. I'll go and hand deliver this one to him.

(to David)

You didn't happen to get a card?

David shakes his head.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a little while, I think I'll stop back at the school, hopefully they haven't replaced me.

SAMANTHA

I'll come with you.

JENNIFER

No, I should -

SAMANTHA

Why? If you're going to school after, I should check in. And I'd like to thank that man too. If he helped Cynthia.

David nods.

JENNIFER

Alright. Let's go, young lady.

EXT. SUICIDE HOTLINE - DAY

Jennifer leans the card against her leg as she writes, scribbling an apology for Baron Albright.

JENNIFER  
(to Samantha)  
Grab the picture frame from the  
backseat, please.

Samantha stretches backwards and grabs it. While Jennifer continues to write:

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
You sure you want to -

SAMANTHA  
Yes, Mom.

Jennifer nods. She finishes the card, closes it and seals the envelope. When she looks, she sees Albright approaching his car.

JENNIFER  
Oh, there he is.

Jennifer pokes her head out of her car. She waves at Albright who ignores her. He then drives away.

SAMANTHA  
That was weird.

JENNIFER  
(to Samantha)  
Maybe he didn't see me...?

SAMANTHA  
You were waving right at him.

JENNIFER  
Maybe he didn't have his glasses -  
or contacts. I'm blind as a bat  
without them too. He might have  
thought I was some Kook.

SAMANTHA  
Let's just go to school, Jenny said  
there -

JENNIFER  
We have to give this to him, it's  
the least we can do. I'll flag him  
down.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer follows Albright, FLASHING her headlights and even HONKING gently, but it only makes Albright drive faster.

SAMANTHA

What is he doing?

Albright makes a sudden turn, and Jennifer loses him. She laughs.

JENNIFER

Can't say we didn't try... You want to punch in the GPS to school - don't know the fastest way from here.

Samantha punches in the address.

GPS (V.O.)

Traffic up ahead, re-directing.

Jennifer is re-directed through side streets and residential houses. She continues driving when Samantha points to a car that's parked on the curb.

SAMANTHA

Mom! That's the car. I think that's his car.

Jennifer can't believe it. She's right, parked beside a small townhouse is ALBRIGHT'S VEHICLE.

Jennifer parks their car behind his, and glances to the townhouse.

JENNIFER

You think that's his house?

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

JON LIVINGSTON, a twenty - something, tall, skinny white male stands on a chair with a long rope tied around his neck.

JON

Get outta here! Get outta here you freak!

Albright flinches, his face turns red. Embarrassed. Angry.

ALBRIGHT

I'm not a freak.  
(under his breath)  
(MORE)

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
They always say that, why does  
everyone always say that...?

Albright starts to pace as Jon looks down at the chair. He thinks about kicking it out from under him. Instead, he just stares at Albright.

JON  
Get out of here then. This has  
nothing to do with you.

ALBRIGHT  
I'm trying to help you, can't you  
see that?

Albright stops pacing, he looks at Jon who can tell that the poor Suicide Operator is in pain. It's clear even to Jon that his actions are actually hurting the poor Suicide operator.

JON  
I should be able to do whatever I  
want - it's, it's my life.

ALBRIGHT  
Your life belongs to more than just  
you. Don't you know that? Don't you  
know anything?

Jon laughs.

JON  
Not that again! If he cared about  
me he wouldn't put me through this  
- this hell.

Albright tries to rush forward, but Jon starts to kick out at the chair, keeping Albright at a safe distance.

JON (CONT'D)  
Don't try and stop me. It's all a  
lie. There's no heaven and hell!  
It's all lies! Lies!

Albright creeps forward as Jon talks.

ALBRIGHT  
Don't be scared - it's gonna be  
alright - we're going to -

JON  
I'm sorry.

Albright's too late, Jon kicks the chair from under his feet. His eyes bulge. His lips purse and tremble as his legs kick wildly.

Albright rushes forward and lifts up the chair, he grabs Jon's feet and holds them together. Jon pants while Albright places his hand on Jon's sweaty forehead, mouthing a silent prayer. Finally, he finishes:

ALBRIGHT

Lord Jesus, receive his spirit.

Jon tries to TALK but can't spit out the words. He smiles at Albright who smiles back at him.

JON

(almost inaudible)

Thank you.

In on motion, Albright sweeps the chair from under Jon's legs.

With all his energy gone, Jon can barely kick his feet. His hands cling to the rope and his eyes SCREAM, "help me!"

Has he changed his mind?

Albright starts to pace, back and forth; clawing at his own face. Jon lets out a pained, SHRIEK, and Albright rushes towards him, grabbing the stool.

No, no, no. This is was his survival instinct, not a will to live.

Albright drops the STOOL. He watches as tears stream down his face and Jon's legs stop kicking.

Jon swings, lifelessly.

Albright touches his own face. Blood, from his cut, mixes with the tears and drops to the floor.

Light sears through the blinds and onto a mirror, hanging from the wall.

INSERT - MIRROR

Albright looks himself over.

ALBRIGHT

Please forgive him father for his  
temptation and great me the  
strength to carry out your work.

Albright removes a napkin and stops the bleeding. He does the sign of the crucifix as he stares at Jon's swaying body in the mirror. Moving away from the mirror, he studies the wooden floor, tracing the drops of blood.

MONTAGE - ALBRIGHT CLEANING

Baron Albright uses a mop and cleans every panel of the living room, WHISTLING as he works.

He uses a nail filer to clean all of Jon's fingers.

Finally, he wipes down the chair, the kitchen and the doorknob.

MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

Albright walks to his car, and Jennifer pops out of her own.

JENNIFER  
 (to Samantha)  
 Honey, it's him. Grab the frame.

Jennifer hurries forward.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Hey? Hey, you.

Albright is taken so off guard that he flinches. Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, I never got your name?  
 (looking at cut)  
 You OK? You're bleeding...

Samantha joins her mother, holding the picture frame. Albright looks tongue-tied as he sees Samantha.

ALBRIGHT  
 I'm fine.  
 (a beat)  
 Your, your daughter?

Jennifer nods.

JENNIFER  
Yes, this is Samantha.  
(a beat)  
Sorry your name was?

ALBRIGHT  
Peter.

SAMANTHA  
Thank you for - I'm just glad my  
sister got someone to talk to, you  
know before she...

Samantha hugs Jennifer who smiles.

JENNIFER  
We both are... And I just wanted to  
apologize for the other day.

Jennifer hands him the CARD along with the frame.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Hope this will do....

Albright smiles, taking them. He glances at the house.

ALBRIGHT  
How did you...?

JENNIFER  
Oh, right, sorry this probably  
seems stalkish. I just saw your car  
- we were actually at the Hotline  
office, but I guess, you didn't see  
us? And then Sam here, spotted your  
car when we were on our way to run  
some errands.

Samantha frowns at her mother.

Albright nods, he's visibly nervous now. His green eyes dart  
from side to side, and he bites at his chapped lips.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Is this your house? We were  
thinking of knocking, but we didn't  
want to impose. We're lucky - were  
about to leave, but you came out  
just in time.

Albright nods. He opens his trunk and places the items  
inside.

ALBRIGHT

OK. I, I have to get going. Thank you.

Albright enters his car, and drives out of sight.

SAMANTHA

That was weird.

JENNIFER

Well honey, I did yell at him, and break his frame, I'm just glad we gave it to him. Now, we can go to your school and I'll -

As they walk back to their car, she notices something. Something hanging by the curtains in the house.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Stay by the car, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

What? Mom?

JENNIFER

Stay there.

Jennifer glances around, and walks up towards the window. Walking across the lawn, she sticks her head up to the glass and sees: JON'S LIFELESS BODY.

Jennifer falls onto the grass, she can't breathe, her vision is blurry. It's hard to hear. Everything's spinning.

She GASPS for air.

Samantha runs towards her mother, trying to help her up.

SAMANTHA

Mom? Mom? What's wrong? What's wrong?

Samantha glances around for help. She sees a FEMALE PEDESTRIAN (50's)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Call an ambulance!

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer sits in the back of an ambulance, she has a blanket draped over her shoulders. Samantha rubs her back as Detective Spears approaches them.

Jennifer doesn't even look up as Detective Spears begins to talk:

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm sorry you had to see that. Are you alright?

Jennifer doesn't respond but Samantha nods.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
So Ms. Connors, let me see if I have this right, you told Detective Martinez -

Detective Spears points in his general direction, hoping to finally get Jennifer's eyes. He doesn't. She continues to stare at the ground.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
You told Detective Martinez that a man named Peter left the house, and after he left you saw something in the window?

Jennifer doesn't respond.

SAMANTHA  
She's not feeling well, can we just leave? We've been here -

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
If you could answer my questions it'd speed things along.

Samantha looks at her mother then nods.

SAMANTHA  
It wasn't just some man, like we told him.  
(a beat)  
He worked at the Suicide Hotline, we were, we wanted to give him a - it doesn't matter. But it was the man from the Hotline, the man who spoke to Cynthia.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
And how do you know that?

Samantha looks at Jennifer. Detective Spears sighs.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
 OK. You can leave but we might have  
 to ask your mother to come down to  
 the station to clarify a few  
 things.

JENNIFER  
 No.

Jennifer finally looks up at Detective Spears. Her eyes could  
 turn him to stone.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Ma'am, it's not uncommon for  
 witnesses to -

JENNIFER  
 No. I told you. I told you that  
 Cynthia didn't do this -

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 What does this have to do with -

Jennifer leaves the ambulance followed by Samantha, Detective  
 Spears watches as Samantha drives away.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - LATER

Jon's eyes bulge from their sockets as he continues to dangle  
 from the rope. Detective Spears nods at Detective Martinez  
 who watches as the MEDIC (40's), male, examines the body.

The MEDIC raises his eyebrows and looks over the body and  
 points to Jon's neck.

MEDIC  
 Signs of asphyxiation, ligature  
 mark, swollen tongue.

Detective Martinez nods, sighing, almost bored to having been  
 sent to a suicide.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
 (to Spears)  
 This is what gets you out of the  
 station, huh?

Detective Martinez shakes his head.

Detective Spears notices some blood near Jon's head. He  
 points it out.

MEDIC

Common misconception, his blood vessels ruptured. This is quite obviously a suicide.

Detective Spears nods as the MEDIC instructs his team to cut down Jon and place him on stretcher. Detective Martinez begins to follow as they wheel him out when he's grabbed by his friend.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

What do you make of what she said?

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

Who?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Jennifer Connors.

Detective Martinez signals that she's crazy.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

You heard him, this is a suicide. Let's get out of here.

The light from the moon splinters through the shades off the bookcase and onto the floor which glistens.

Detective Spears, who wears gloves, runs his index finger along a wooden panel. Nothing. Not a bit of dirt or dust.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

You hear what forensics said?

Detective Martinez shrugs.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Place was cleaned. There're no fingerprints, hair, nothing. Don't you think that's weird? If she's right, maybe he -

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

Why are you doing this to yourself?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

What?

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

This. Stop punishing yourself, come back. Come back and do real police work. Stop forcing yourself to see... It's no good. It's no good for anyone.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer and Samantha enter the house, and Samantha ushers her mother upstairs, but she refuses. Dropping to her knees, she crawls to the boxes of documents.

SAMANTHA

Mom... Mom, no...

David rushes down the stairs.

DAVID

(to Samantha)

I, I - how, how did this happen?

(a beat)

Jennifer? Jennifer, let's go to bed.

Jennifer pours the boxes out on the floor, she flips through sheets of paper for several minutes before finding ONE SHEET.

It's an article about a SUICIDE VICTIM. Highlighted is the: ITHACA SUICIDE HOTLINE.

Scurrying through the files, she finds another article, it too is highlighted: ITHACA SUICIDE HOTLINE

Finally, she finds Cynthia's own call history: ITHACA SUICIDE HOTLINE.

She holds up the files and turns to David with tears in her eyes.

JENNIFER

(quivering)

It's him... It's him, I know it. I know it.

INT. POLICE STATION, SPEARS' DESK - DAY

Detective Spears goes over Jon Livingston's file. Phone call.

CORONER #2 (O.S.)

Hello, Detective Spears?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Yes.

CORONER #2 (O.S.)

I'm down in the autopsy room, I think I found something you'd be interested in.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
The Livingston Suicide?

CORONER #2 (O.S.)  
That's right.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'll be right down.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

The windowless room is large with white tiles and walls.

Detective Spears stands next to the body along with a  
different CORONER #2 (40's male).

CORONER #2  
See the diagonal marks on the neck?

Detective Spears nods.

CORONER #2 (CONT'D)  
Most suicides by hanging have these  
inverted "V" marks, but what makes  
this case interesting is that he  
has two.

The Coroner #2 points to two distinct neck markings.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
What do you make of it?

CORONER #2  
Look at the consistency of the  
contusions.  
(a beat)  
Indistinguishable.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
So they didn't happen very far  
apart?

Coroner #2 nods.

CORONER #2  
I'd say less than an hour between  
each attempt.

Detective Spears shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

So he tried to hang himself and failed, then tried again within an hour? That - that doesn't make sense.

CORONER #2

And look at this.

The Coroner #2 pulls the tarp down past his chest and lifts his hands.

CORONER #2 (CONT'D)

His nails have been completely cleaned.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

All of them?

The Coroner #2 nods. Detective Spears paces from back and forth.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

Were there any signs of struggle? Anything else that would suggest that -

CORONER #2

Listen, Detective Martinez was pretty adamant that this was a suicide and I don't necessarily disagree but I have some reservations and wanted to make you aware of them.

Detective Spears nods.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

So what are you stating as cause of death?

CORONER #2

I have a couple days to make final judgment, maybe something might come up before then to, to make suicide more dubious.

Detective Spears nods, catching his drift. He heads for the door then turns back around.

## DETECTIVE SPEARS

There was a suicide, two actually. Cynthia Connors and Martin White, both cases their families suggested the possibility of foul play. The Connors case seemed less likely but White had marks across his chest, contusions... Do me a favor and review their reports and get back to me.

## CORONER #2

Will do.  
(a beat)  
Oh, and Detective...

The Coroner presents a sheet of paper, documenting Livingston's injuries.

Detective Spears takes it and exits the autopsy room.

## INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUED

Detective Spears walks towards his office when he runs into Detective Martinez.

## DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

Where you been? Let's get lunch already. Your turn to buy.

Detective Martinez's smile slowly fades as he sees autopsy report. He snatches it from Detective Spears.

## DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

I'm trying to understand, he hangs himself and you're digging around. Why?

## DETECTIVE SPEARS

He hanged himself twice. Look.

Detective Spears points to the marks on the report.

## DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

I don't even care about him. I'm worried about you. Why are you -

Detective Martinez notices that Detective Spears still doesn't have gun in his holster. He shakes his head.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)  
 It wasn't your fault, you have to  
 let it go. How many people were in  
 the store?

Detective Spears walks away.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)  
 You killed one criminal to save,  
 how many people?  
 (a beat)  
 Where are you going?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Got some digging to do.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOME - LATER

David stands near the door, he looks back at Jennifer who has  
 started to put some files back on the wall.

DAVID  
 Can I drop you off at the school?

Jennifer doesn't respond.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 It's on my way.

Still, no response.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I thought you were going to try to  
 start teaching again?

JENNIFER  
 David, that's enough. I'm busy.

David sighs and leaves.

After a minute or two of work, a KNOCK on the door. Jennifer  
 sighs. She wasn't going, she thought she made that clear.

Jennifer swings the door open.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 How many times do I have to - oh.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Mrs. Connors, how are you?

Jennifer looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
Mind I come in?

Jennifer fully opens the door and Detective Spears enters.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

Jennifer stands by the door, as Detective Spears marvels at her wall.

INSERT - WALL OF DOCUMENTS

Detective Spears approaches the wall with a puzzled expression.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Did you take these from my office?

Jennifer struggles to make eye contact as she approaches him.

JENNIFER  
If you remember, you, you gave me permission.

Detective Spears examines the wall

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
This is pretty impressive.

Jennifer shrugs. She picks up another sheet of paper.

JENNIFER  
It was more impressive before I let you convince me I was wrong.

She STICKS the sheet into the wall.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
You might not be.

Jennifer stops in her tracks.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LATER

With a phone pressed to her ear, Jennifer peeks into the window, she sees Detective Spears studying her wall.

JENNIFER  
(on phone)  
No, no I'm not making this up. He's here. I'm staring at him right now.  
(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(a beat)

No, I didn't misunderstand - he thinks - he thinks I might be right.

Jennifer walks back and forth.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

No, no, I can handle it. I don't need you to come back... I'll let you know. I'll let you know. Oh, and can you pick up Sam after school? I don't know how long this will take.

Jennifer hangs up the phone.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Spears sits on the coffee table. He shows her the autopsy report of Jon Livingston.

JENNIFER

What is this?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

It's the autopsy report for Jon Livingston the young man you saw...

Jennifer nods. Detective Spears points to neck area.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)

If you look here, our examiner noticed that he had two "V" shaped contusions.

Jennifer frowns.

JENNIFER

So, he'd tried this before? How does that -

DETECTIVE SPEARS

The contusions had the same consistency, he - it was like he tried and failed, then tried again immediately after.

JENNIFER

That doesn't make sense.

Detective Spears nods.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I know. That's why - I think that  
this Peter - he might know  
something.

Detective Spears stares at the wall.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jennifer stands near the wall of documents, she unpins the  
pictures of Suicide Victims. She shows them to Det. Spears.

JENNIFER  
All three victims' family members  
did not accept that it was a  
suicide. However, they did all  
acknowledge that they were seeking  
help.  
(a beat)  
From the Ithaca Suicide Hotline...

Detective Spears shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
That's not enough - we won't even  
be able to -

As Jennifer is about to reply, his phone RINGS. Detective  
Spears gets up and walks towards the door.

CORONER #2 (O.S.)  
Hi, Detective this is Randy from  
Coroner's office.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
How's it going? You find anything?

CORONER #2 (O.S.)  
Might have. Martin White, the  
Carbon Monoxide, suicide. After re-  
examining his body, I noticed a  
contusion stretching, diagonally,  
across his torso.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Could the gas...?

CORONER #2 (O.S.)  
No. These were not the result of  
the poisoning.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
So what do you think?

CORONER #2  
No idea, just thought you'd want to  
know.

Detective Spears hangs up the phone and faces Jennifer.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Come with me.

JENNIFER  
Where?

Detective Spears doesn't respond, he exits the house and  
Jennifer follows.

INT. / EXT. SPEARS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer sees Detective Spears sitting in driver seat of his  
car, he gestures for Jennifer to join him.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer frowns at Detective Spears who looks around the car.

JENNIFER  
What are we doing?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Coroner just called.  
(while glancing around  
car)  
Martin White died of carbon  
monoxide poisoning... What wasn't  
mentioned to me, until now, is that  
he had bruises going across his  
chest.

Detective Spears glances around the car, thinking.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
The gas is filling his lungs... He  
can't breathe, he's trying to get  
out and...

Detective Spears pulls the door handle and opens it. Nothing.

He can't figure it out, was there even anything to figure  
out? What was he doing with this woman?

Meanwhile, Jennifer has moved to the backseat.

JENNIFER

Do that again.

Detective Spears struggles to breath, he tries to pull the keys out of the ignition but he can't. He pulls the door handle when.... a SEATBELT wraps around his torso.

He struggles to free himself but he can't as Jennifer squeezes harder, his hands extend to the handle but fall short. Finally, he stops struggling.

Detective Spears unbuttons his shirt and nods to himself.

Turning to Jennifer he reveals a diagonal RED MARK across his chest.

INT. SUICIDE HOTLINE OFFICE - DAY

Baron Albright leans over his desk with a phone pressed to his ear.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I can't do this anymore, this isn't helping. Nothing helps.

INT. CAR - DAY

Detective Spears and Jennifer turn into the suicide hotline building's parking lot. Spears touches the gun on his holster as they quickly exit the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUED

They walk with urgency, nearly stride for stride as they approach the building.

INT. SUICIDE HOTLINE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Albright continues to sit leaning over the desk, rosary beads move from finger to finger and extend over the desk.

ALBRIGHT

Don't. Please, I'll be there. Sure.  
I'll see you soon.

He hangs up the phone and starts to clean his desk.

INT. SUICIDE OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUED

Detective Spears and Jennifer enter a quiet office space. Most of the cubicles are empty except for the telephones that sit on the desks.

The Suicide hotline representatives voices are monotonous and chilling.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
You sure this is the right floor?

Jennifer nods and points to a decal behind them near the door.

INSERT - ITHACA SUICIDE HOTLINE CALL CENTER

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Let's go down the right side.

Jennifer nods. They walk down the right side, past a row of cubicles, until they reach Albright's section.

JENNIFER  
He was in the third to last cubicle.

Detective Spears nods. He motions for Jennifer to stay there as he approaches Albright's cubicle. It's empty.

Detective Spears runs his finger against the desk, not a speck of dust. He exits the cubicle and motions for Jennifer who hurries down the aisle.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Nothing?

Detective Spears nods. He looks around and sees an office at the end of the hall with the lights on.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
C'mon.

SUICIDE OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Yeah, yeah, alright.

They walk past a SUICIDE OPERATOR who gestures that the person on the other end is talking too much.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUED

The MANAGER (50's) watches TV at his desk. Half of a sandwich sits in front of him while the other half rests on his belly which rises up and down like the tide.

He looks surprised as Jennifer and Detective Spears approach.

MANAGER

Why... Hello folks. What brings you all down here? Guessing you all on the wrong floor? That couples doctor is on -

DETECTIVE SPEARS

We're on the right floor. We wanted to talk to you about one of your operators.

MANAGER

Well shoot.

Detective Spears looks at Jennifer.

JENNIFER

He's uh - he told me his name was Peter.

MANAGER

Sorry. Don't have anyone named Peter that works here. Sure you're on the same floor. No harm in going to -

DETECTIVE SPEARS

(to Jennifer)

What does he look like?

JENNIFER

Uh, skinny, not too tall - oh, and... He's got these green eyes.

MANAGER

You mean Baron?

Detective Spears nods.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

What he'd do?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

We just wanted to talk with him - could you tell us his schedule or when he'd be in next?

MANAGER

Today's his last day. Put in his walking papers. I think he just left too. Sorry about that.

Detective Spears and Jennifer hurry for the door. The Manager rolls around in his chair.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUED

Detective Spears leans over the stair railing. He hears the SOUNDS of footsteps.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Baron!

Albright looks up, making eye contact with Jennifer who stares down at him.

JENNIFER

It's him.

Detective Spears starts to race down the stairs.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Go back and talk to the manager, get everything you can from him.

JENNIFER

What about -

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I've got him.

Detective Spears pulls his gun from his holster. His hand shakes as he raises the gun. As Detective Spears continues down the stairs, Jennifer retreats to the door.

The stairwell echoes as Albright races away, Detective Spears rushes to catch up with him, his gun continuing to waver in his hand. He hears the door slam shut, and hurries to the bottom of the stairwell.

Gun raised. Sweat flows from his face. He's slow in his movements, struggles to breath; but most of all, the gun continues to shake. Finally, he pushes the door open, the light is BLINDING and Spears crumples to the ground.

Albright is gone...

INT. BUILDING - LATER

CONVERSATIONS echo in the hallway as Albright passes by rooms of group meetings. He stops outside of a door.

INSERT - SUICIDE SUPPORT GROUP

Albright enters the room and faces a COUNSELOR (40's), male, who stands at the front with most PEOPLE sitting in a circle except MARGARET (17).

She looks part Native American with her jet black hair, and round features.

The Counselor nods at Albright who smiles back.

COUNSELOR

Go ahead and take a seat, we were just trying to encourage -

ALBRIGHT

Is this Margaret?

Margaret frowns as Albright takes a seat next to her.

MARGARET

Baron? I - I didn't think you'd actually come.

ALBRIGHT

I promised. I wouldn't break a promise...

Margaret smiles, but the Counselor is troubled by the interruption, and approaches Ablright.

COUNSELOR

I'm sorry, I thought you were attending our group session for your own benefit. I'm afraid that I'm -

ALBRIGHT

We both want to help, isn't that what's most important?

COUNSELOR

No, I'm sorry you don't seem to get what we -

MARGARET

Just leave us alone!

The Counselor backs away.

COUNSELOR (O.S.)  
I guess, let's close our circle.

MARGARET  
(to Albright)  
What am I doing here?

Margaret glances around the room.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
This doesn't help me, it makes it worse. I hate having all these people stare at me with their hairy eyeballs, judging me. I know what they think of me, what they think of my people...

The Counselor, who remains sitting in the circle, can't help but glance over. Albright gives him a look that sends chills up his back.

Albright gets up from his chair, and kneels next to Margaret, whispering in her ear, as if he's giving a confessional.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOME - LATER

Jennifer sits next to Detective Spears on the couch.

JENNIFER  
What happened?

He gets up, irritated.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I just lost him, he got away.

JENNIFER  
How? He was - he was right there.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I don't know - he, he must have known another way out of the building. We'll find him.

JENNIFER  
I should have never - why would he run if he wasn't responsible, you should have listened to me. Now, how are we - he's gone...

The door opens and Samantha and David enter, they stare at the Detective then Jennifer who looks flustered.

DAVID  
Everything alright, Jennifer?

Jennifer nods. She glances at Detective Spears.

JENNIFER  
Can I tell them?

Detective Spears nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
We think, I think we know who did this.

SAMANTHA  
Did what, Mom?

JENNIFER  
Cynthia. I was - she didn't do it.

Samantha just stands there shocked, David shakes his head.

DAVID  
I thought we were - Detective, why are you here? Really? I want an honest answer.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm here because... I came here to talk to Jennifer because I thought there was more to it... And now, now I think she - she might have been right.

DAVID  
Then get out of my house and investigate who's responsible! Don't bring my wife into this.

Detective Spears moves towards the door.

JENNIFER  
David, no! I deserve - nobody took me seriously, nobody believed in her... I want to help, I want to get him.

DAVID  
Even if you're right... What'll it do? What if he... No. Detective, please, leave.

As Detective Spears heads for the door, Detective Martinez KNOCKS and David can see his badge and gun. He opens the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 What is going on? Our house turned  
 into a fucking police station?

The tension is palpable, and Detective Martinez forces a smile.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
 (to Spears)  
 What did you drag me into?  
 (a beat, to David)  
 Would you like us to leave, sir?

David glances at Jennifer then shakes his head.

DAVID  
 (to Samantha)  
 Let's go up stairs, sweetheart.

SAMANTHA  
 Mom, isn't there some way that I  
 can help?

JENNIFER  
 Yes, by going upstairs with your  
 father. I can handle it.

Samantha nods and follows David upstairs. When they've disappeared up the stairs, Spears turns to Martinez.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 What do you have for us?

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
 You know, it turns out I was wrong.

Detective Martinez hands over a file to Detective Spears.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Yeah? You found something on him?

Detective Martinez smiles, watching Spears pour over the notes.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
 No. I just realized, I don't even  
 care that it's a closed case. It's  
 just good that you're really  
 working again. Even if it's...

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
No priors? How's that possible?

Jennifer takes the file, she studies it.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
It's possible if you're chasing  
after some poor guy who did nothing  
wrong.

JENNIFER  
What's this? A domestic call?

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
Yeah... Apparently some boys were  
called up to his apartment a couple  
years back... Poor guy was  
threatening to off himself.

Jennifer's eyes light up. She moves from the foyer into the  
living room, pointing at the wall. The Detectives follow her.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, what is this?

Jennifer waves the file that Martinez gave them.

JENNIFER  
Police were called to Albright's  
home on 11/15...

She points to a document on the wall.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Three months later - a suicide  
victim, who utilized the Ithaca  
Hotline, was found at the bottom of  
the gorges.

Jennifer goes through her files that are on the floor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Give me one second, looking for -  
from the manager, he said, let me  
see here.  
(a beat)  
Baron Albright began volunteering  
at the Ithaca Suicide Hotline on  
January of 2016... A month before  
our first victim started calling  
in.

The Detectives glance at each other, frowning.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

And, and, when I visited his office, he had rosary beads hanging from his drawer, religious paintings pinned to his walls... He even lied and said his name was Peter when Samantha and I confronted him...

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Jennifer, this is all...

JENNIFER

Maybe after trying to take his own life, he realized how much of a sin it was, a mortal sin. Maybe he's...

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

I can't even - are you - Spears? C'mon... That's the biggest leap I've ever heard.

Detective Martinez heads for the door.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

He has no record, doesn't have a stated address -

JENNIFER

That's why he's been able to get away this.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

(to Jennifer)

Excuse us for a moment.

Detective Spears and Detective Martinez go into dining room.

DINING ROOM

DETECTIVE SPEARS

What does it hurt to see this through?

Detetive Martinez frowns.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

I'm not going to.

(a beat, smiling)

Actually, here's what I'll do. I'll help, but that means you're back in the car with me.

Detective Spears nods.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)  
No, no. I wanna hear you say it.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
We'll be partners again.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
There we go.  
(a beat)  
So what do you need?

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Jennifer sits on a stool and watches as the SKETCH ARTIST does the finishing touches on the drawing.

The sketch artist leans back as Officer Callahan glances around the station nervously. He rips off the drawing from the pad and hands it to Jennifer.

SKETCH ARTIST  
Is that about right?

Jennifer holds the drawing in her hand.

INSERT - PICTURE OF ALBRIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Baron Albright has a paint brush in one hand and a pencil in the other. The three walls in front of him display a painting worthy of a cathedral.

**LEFT WALL:**

A fiery HELL that could fit the cover of "Paradise Lost." Within hell's boundaries are serpents and the silhouettes of lost souls. In the flames of hell, Albright's VICTIMS fight not to be consumed.

Their faces are distinct and recognizable. On the shores of the lake of fire, ALBRIGHT stands with outstretched hands.

**MIDDLE WALL:**

The victim's families stand in PURGATORY. JENNIFER'S face is clearly identifiable staring into the depths of hell with tears in her eyes.

LESLIE WHITE can also be made out along with her children, who stare in wonder to their right, to the clouds of heaven.

**RIGHT WALL:**

ANGELS surround GOD who sits on a cloud next to his son. Unmistakably, below them, is a large representation of Baron Albright who seems to have caught God's eye. Albright kneels in his bright blue robe.

Below Albright are Cynthia, Martin, and Jon who also kneel in God's presence. However, they all form a semi-circle around Albright like they are bowing to him.

Albright stands facing the wall representing heaven. He is nearly finished drawing Margaret. He takes a step away from the drawing. It's complete.

**EXT. SUICIDE SUPPORT GROUP BUILDING - DAY**

Detective Spears turns off the engine while turning to Jennifer.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

We have to take every lead seriously.

JENNIFER

Where did he even said the sketches too? These places haven't even been-

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Yes?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Let's just see.

Jennifer nods. They exit the vehicle.

**INT. SUICIDE GROUP SESSION - CONTINUED**

Jennifer and Detective Spears enter the room and see the Counselor, a short man with a pinkish complexion, sitting at his desk. They walk towards him and he springs to his feet.

COUNSELOR

So sorry, didn't hear you come in. Please, sit down, sit down.

Jennifer and Detective Spears exchange looks and sit down.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

So, we got a call that you may know the whereabouts of our person of interest?

COUNSELOR

Yes, yes. Well. Whereabouts no. But he does come here. He comes to our group sessions.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Are you sure it's him?

Detective Spears removes the sketched photo from a folder and slides it across the table. The counselor looks at it then glances away.

COUNSELOR

Yes, yes. I'm certain.

(a beat)

He's only been coming here for a couple of weeks. Since then, he's been talking to one of our regulars. Margaret. Margaret is one of our most vulnerable participants, half- native, lived most of her life on a reservation. You know what happens there? Drugs, alcohol, and the - the abuse. Poor girl has been... Excuse me, I shouldn't say, but there's no counselor or psychiatrists in her community so she comes here. I thought I was helping, and now he's taken her out of the group session. He has some sort of hold over...

The Counselor points to the chairs outside circle.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

They sit over there. Outside of the group, where he whispers God knows what to that sweet girl.

The Counselor swallows hard.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Last week, I tried to stop him from - I tried to get Margaret to join us again and that's when...

JENNIFER

What? What'd he do?

COUNSELOR

He gave me this look that, that I swear, if you could have only seen it. This glare he gave me would stop the Devil in his tracks.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

That's it?

COUNSELOR

You would understand if you had seen it. I - I knew that man was no good. It wasn't till I saw the sketch that I felt compelled to say anything.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I understand. Well, thank you for your help.

COUNSELOR

Aren't you going to do anything?

JENNIFER

When is the next group session?

COUNSELOR

Tonight at eight. He usually shows up just after her.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Okay, we'll be in touch.

JENNIFER

(to Counselor)

Thank you.

Jennifer and Detective Spears exit the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUED

Jennifer checks her watch as they walk.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I'm sorry about that.

JENNIFER

What do you mean?

Detective Spears gestures back at the building.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
You didn't buy what he was saying?

Jennifer nods.

JENNIFER  
I think we scared him away from the  
suicide hotline. I think he's using  
this place to find his new targets.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Well, there's only one way to  
find out.

JENNIFER  
Which is?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
We wait...

Detective Spears opens the car door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jennifer looks at her watch as Detective Spears stares  
forward.

JENNIFER  
(to herself)  
Where is he?

Detective Spears smiles.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Most people are restless on their  
first stakeout.

Jennifer can't help but smile. It's the first time, she's  
smiled in a long time.

JENNIFER  
Is this what being a cop's like? I  
don't know how you do it.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
There are perks.

JENNIFER  
Like what?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Arthritis.

Jennifer's laughter distracts her from seeing Albright exiting his vehicle and walking inside the facility.

INT. SUICIDE GROUP SESSION - LATER

The Counselor sits at the front of the circle of a mixed group of MEN and WOMEN. Margaret and Albright continue to sit outside of the circle.

COUNSELOR

One thing that our sessions should demonstrate to all of you, is that you're not alone in this. You may not believe it now but these feelings will change.

(a beat)

What do you think, Margaret? Has talking helped you to understand that you're not alone?

Margaret springs up from her chair.

MARGARET

No, no, I am alone - I have to go back home, go back to a place that... There's nothing there.

Margaret pushes her fingers against her temple.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm drowning...

Albright nods and rubs Margaret's back.

COUNSELOR

Margaret, please sit down, I might not be able to understand exactly how you feel but -

MARGARET

Exactly. You don't understand, you don't understand. I want peace, I want it to stop.

Margaret storms out of the meeting. Albright rises from his chair and runs after her.

EXT. / INT. CAR - CONTINUED

Jennifer sees Margaret walk across the parking lot, followed by Albright. Her black hair shines and her face reminds Spears of that boy. She could be his sister...

Spears pulls the door handle.

JENNIFER

Didn't you say we have to catch him  
in the act?

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Yes, but, I, I was just thinking  
that we shouldn't risk...

JENNIFER

What's going on? This was your  
plan. You said if we called the  
police he'd get away, that they  
wouldn't believe us.

Detective Spears nods. They watch Margaret approach her car,  
she struggles to open the door. Albright approaches her.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

(under his breath)

Just leave. Leave.

They watch as they talk, finally, Margaret follows Albright  
to his car, and they pull away.

Detective Spears reaches for his phone, but Jennifer stops  
him.

JENNIFER

He'll get away if we call now.  
Let's just follow him. We won't let  
anything happen to her.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Detective Spears and Jennifer sit in the car, they watch as  
Margaret and Albright enter the building.

After a moment, Spears turns to Jennifer.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

I know you don't want to hear this,  
but I think you should wait in the  
car.

JENNIFER

You're not serious?

(a beat)

We're wasting time, he could be -

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
If something happens to you, I'll  
feel responsible.

JENNIFER  
I'm coming...

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Please, I need to do this.

JENNIFER  
You need to do this?

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
You better give me a good reason to  
stay or I'm -

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
There's a girl in there!

JENNIFER  
Don't you think I know that?

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
You're too worried about him -  
you're not - I don't want to have  
to worry about you and her, OK?

Detective Spears takes the safety off his gun.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
If I don't bring him out in hand  
cuffs in fifteen minutes, call the  
police.

Jennifer nods as Detective Spears exits the car.

INT. ALBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Margaret is guided towards the bathroom by Albright who  
pushes the door open.

ALBRIGHT  
It's on the top cabinet, please  
only take two. I know how many I  
have.

BATHROOM

Margaret goes through the medicine cabinet.

MARGARET

You promised you'd trust me...

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)

Let's discuss that later - drugs aren't a solution to your problem, Margaret.

Margaret nods.

INSERT - PILL BOTTLES FILL EVERY ROW

She searches for a particular bottle, before finally finding it. Margaret quickly swallows two pills without water. Glancing around, she stuffs the bottle in her pocket.

Margaret turns around and realizes Albright is gone.

MARGARET

I don't think you have it.... I can't find it... You sure it's here?

ALBRIGHT (O.S.)

Maybe, I finished it...

Margaret smiles to herself. Splashing water onto her face, she doesn't see Albright enter the bathroom.

INSERT - MIRROR - ALBRIGHT BEHIND HIM

Margaret looks up and stares into the mirror, her eyes flicker with a hint of fear.

MARGARET

Thanks anyway, it's nice to finally talk to someone who will listen. Nobody listens.

ALBRIGHT

There's no one else you can talk to?

Margaret shakes her head.

MARGARET

I've tried and they just - they think, they think I'm just weak and that they can...

She grimaces, touching her temple.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Can I - can I have a drink? I, I need one.

Albright frowns.

ALBRIGHT

No, I couldn't do that...

MARGARET

Why not? Everyone on the reservation -

ALBRIGHT

Why did you have to do it? Why? We could have talked, we could have tried to make things better. I could have come up to the reservation, I could have helped you.

MARGARET

What? I don't - what do you mean?

Albright quickly pats her down and finds the bottle of pills.

ALBRIGHT

You know what alcohol would do to you, mixed with these?

Albright shakes his head.

MARGARET

No...

ALBRIGHT

It'd kill you...

Albright's face turns red, he beats his head with his fist.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)

I should have done better. I wish you didn't do that. I really wish you didn't do that.

Albright holds a damp napkin in his hand, and in one motion; he presses it to her mouth and she collapses in his arms.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Detective Spears stands outside of Albright's door and hears the SOUNDS of struggle. He KNOCKS on the door.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Police! Open up!

Detective Spears draws his weapon and kicks in the door.

INT. ALBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Detective Spears slowly moves through the apartment. His gun raised as he observes the paintings on the wall.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
What the hell is this?

He continues moving through the apartment until he reaches the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Detective Spears hears water drop from a faucet and pushes the slightly ajar door open with his foot. Water continues to splatter against the sink. He flicks the light switch.

Detective Spears sees an unconscious Margaret lying in the bathtub. He drops to his knees and checks Margaret's pulse. As he tends to Margaret, a dark shadow looms over him.

Albright watches as a desperate Detective Spears tries, in vain, to wake up Margaret.

Finally, Detective Spears feels Albright's presence. He turns his head and stares up at the Lord's Servant who smiles down at him.

SMACK.

Albright knocks Spears unconscious with a statue of an angel.

INT. CAR - CONTINUED

Jennifer checks her phone.

JENNIFER  
Where is he?

She stares up at the apartment building then exits the car. Jennifer walks quickly into the building.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUED

She goes to the mailboxes and searches through the names of the different tenants.

INSERT - ROOM 513: ALBRIGHT, BARON

Jennifer races to the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Almost out of breath, Jennifer paces the hallway until she finds Albright's door. She notices that it has been kicked in. Jennifer peers into the apartment, but cannot see Detective Spears. She dials "911."

VOICE (O.S.)  
9-1-1, What's your emergency?

JENNIFER  
(on phone)  
There's a kidnapping taking place,  
a police officer is -

Jennifer hears the pained MOAN of Detective Spears and enters the apartment.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Ma'am? Ma'am?

INT. ALBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Jennifer creeps into the apartment and is struck by the painting on the wall.

JENNIFER  
Cynthia...

Jennifer touches the painting of her daughter, and can't help but put her hands to her beautiful daughter's face.

A MOAN comes from another room. Jennifer moves out of the living room towards the bathroom. She pushes the door open and sees Detective Spears. Blood gushes from his head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm alright...

Detective Spears gestures towards the bathtub, Jennifer looks up and sees water spilling onto the floor. She stands and sees Margaret almost submerged in water.

Jennifer rushes forward until she hears an exaggerated SIGH. Albright stands at the doorway. He holds Spears's gun in his gloved hands.

ALBRIGHT

Are you stalking me, Ms. Connors?

Albright smiles at Mrs. Connors hoping she'd get the joke. She doesn't and he becomes upset.

Albright wipes down the sink with some cloth then throws it in the trash.

He motions with the gun for her to leave the room, grabbing Detective Spears by his collar and hoists him forward.

HALLWAY

Albright follows Jennifer and Detective Spears to a separate room. Blood drops from Detective Spears' head, as they walk.

ROOM

The room is bland with no decorations except for a cross nailed to the wall and a framed picture of scripture that sits on the window sill.

Albright motions for them to sit down next to the radiator. He takes out some handcuffs.

ALBRIGHT

Please?

Detective Spears handcuffs himself to the radiator while Albright gets a zip tie from a duffel bag next to his mattress.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

You're a man of God? Killing all these people. You think that's what God wants?

Albright CHUCKLES to himself.

ALBRIGHT

Not killing, saving.

Albright ties Jennifer to the radiator, the white zip-tie has a dark blood stain on it. Jennifer notices.

JENNIFER

You're crazy...

Albright SCREAMS. He hates it, he hates when they call him that.

ALBRIGHT

Stop saying that. I'm no. I. AM.  
NOT!

Albright takes out a bottle of pills and shakes them so they RATTLE loudly.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)

See these? You both met Margaret. She was going to steal these. If it wasn't for me, she'd be face down in her bedroom. She'd be dead. DEAD.

JENNIFER

Instead of drowning in your bathtub?

ALBRIGHT

Yes! Exactly! I'm saving her, don't you get it? Just like I saved Jonathan, and Martin and Cynthia...

JENNIFER

What did you do to her?

ALBRIGHT

Cynthia was going to kill herself. She told me. Only me.

EXT. ITHACA GORGES - NIGHT

Cynthia Connors stands on the ledge of the bridge.

ALBRIGHT (V.O.)

It was too much for her. The pressure, the expectations, and you. Taking her away from her boyfriend - what was his name? Anthony. Her crutch. You killed her, I, I saved her!

Cynthia Connors looks over the edge of the bridge, when she hears a FOOTSTEPS.

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

But I was there too, and I wouldn't let her do it. I wouldn't let her end her life and spend eternity in fire.

Albright approaches Cynthia, she steps down from the ledge and he suffocates her with chloroform stained napkin.

ALBRIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Then I did what I had to.

INT. ALBRIGHT'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Albright stands over Cynthia, drowning her in the tub.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. ALBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer LUNGES towards Albright, and he takes a step backwards.

JENNIFER  
She wouldn't have done it. You made her. She would have chosen to live.  
(a beat)  
All of these people who you've killed, you made the decision for them. You killed them.

Albright paces around the room, he starts smacking his head again.

ALBRIGHT  
No, no, no! I talked to them for hours. Days!  
(out of breath)  
... Cynthia, she was, she was in pain. You no idea. You have no idea the pain she was in. She, she had made her decision. Whether it was off the bridge, or from drugs, her path would have led to the same inevitable conclusion.

JENNIFER  
Then why are you still here?

Albright frowns.

ALBRIGHT  
What?

JENNIFER  
How could you know they were going to die, when you didn't?

Albright's eyes boil, he lifts up his sleeve, revealing the scars of his past suicide attempt.

ALBRIGHT

I was chosen. Me! Saved. I was spared, to do this. To save others. Now, thanks to me.

Albright points at his chest, his finger trembling.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Thanks to me. Your daughter sits among the angels and archangels.

SIRENS can be heard in the background and Albright runs to the window. He sees police cars, and COPS running to the building. Albright runs out of the room, leaving them.

LIVING ROOM

Albright opens a window and looks up to the fire escape. He tries to pull the ladder down, but he can't. It's jammed.

He runs out of the apartment.

STAIRS

He looks down the stairs and hears the CHATTER of POLICE OFFICERS, Albright glances up towards the roof.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUED

Detective Spears rattles his cuffed hands against the radiator while Jennifer eyes the framed piece of scripture.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Can you get free? I don't think - I don't know how much time she's got..

Jennifer doesn't hear him, she's focused on the glass piece that sits on the window sill. She extends her left hand until her fingertips manage to push it off the ledge.

The glass SHATTERS across the floor. As she scrambles to find a long piece of glass, she reads the piece of scripture.

INSERT - "NO WEAPON FORGED AGAINST YOU WILL PREVAIL, AND YOU WILL REFUTE EVERY TONGUE THAT ACCUSES YOU. THIS IS THE HERITAGE OF THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD, AND THIS IS THEIR VINDICATION FROM ME. DECLARES THE LORD."

Jennifer starts cutting her restraint with the broken glass.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
You've almost got it.

BLOOD gushes from her wrist as she accidentally cuts herself. Jennifer doesn't stop, working feverishly until she frees herself of the wire. Finally, free, she turns to Detective Spears.

DETECTIVE SPEARS (CONT'D)  
Margaret...

Jennifer runs to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Water spills onto the bathroom tiles, and hits Jennifer's shoes. Margaret is fully submerged in the tub, bubbles of air dissipate as Jennifer reaches the tub. She pulls Margaret out of the water.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Detective Spears leans forward, as if being closer will give him a better chance of helping.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Is she breathing?

BATHROOM

Jennifer leans over Margaret's seemingly lifeless body.

JENNIFER  
I - I don't know...

ROOM

Detective Spears pulls himself as far away from radiator as possible.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Feel her pulse or, or lean, see if  
you can feel her breath.

BATHROOM

Jennifer tries to feel her pulse, nothing. She leans in, listening by her nose and mouth for signs of life. Nothing.

JENNIFER  
She's not breathing!

DETECTIVE SPEARS (O.S.)  
 Start with compressions, push hard,  
 at least thirty compressions per  
 minute, you hear me?

Jennifer starts pumping Margaret's chest. Still, nothing.

JENNIFER  
 C'mon, honey. Please. You can't  
 die.  
 (yelling to Spears)  
 Now, what?

DETECTIVE SPEARS (O.S.)  
 Tilt her head back, give her mouth  
 to mouth. Then do the - then do the  
 compressions again.

Jennifer applies mouth to mouth resuscitation then continues  
 to push hard against her chest cavity.

JENNIFER  
 (softly)  
 Please. No, no, no, wake up.

ROOM

Detective Spears can't take it, his handcuffs cut his skin;  
 he's waiting in the hospital again. Waiting for them to tell  
 him that the young man was dead.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Jennifer?!

BATHROOM.

Jennifer again tries to breathe life into her, before  
 pressing against her chest, pushing as hard as she can,  
 when...

Water jumps from Margaret's mouth, she coughs as more pours  
 out.

JENNIFER  
 Oh my god, breathe. Breathe. You're  
 alright.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Jennifer? Jennifer, what's going  
 on?

JENNIFER  
 She's fine, she's alright.

## ROOM

Detective Spears fights back tears, he sits back against the radiator, finally able to rest.

## BATHROOM

Jennifer pats Margaret on the back.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Just breathe, you're gonna be fine.

Jennifer runs into the other room.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
You did it.

JENNIFER  
I wouldn't have known what to do.

Detective Spears smiles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Let's see if we can get you out of these -

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
No, go. He couldn't have gone far.

JENNIFER  
The police should -

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
They don't even know what they're looking for. Go. Go.

Jennifer is off. She runs out of the room and out of the apartment, bumping into Detective Martinez

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
Mrs. Connors?

JENNIFER  
Spears is in there - he's handcuffed. He went up the stairs.

OFFICER CALLAHAN  
Wait, for the Officers, we'll take it from -

## STAIRS

Jennifer races up the stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUED

Jennifer reaches the rooftop and sees Albright standing over the ledge. She hears the CREAK of metal as Albright tries to kick down the fire escape.

With another KICK, she hears the fire escape RATTLE down. Albright starts to head over the edge when...

JENNIFER

You've got nowhere to run!

Albright turns around and stares at Jennifer.

ALBRIGHT

Some fire escape. What if there was an actual emergency? People could die.

JENNIFER

If you actually care about innocent people, give yourself up.

Albright looks back towards the edge of the fire escape, and his only chance at escape.

ALBRIGHT

Did you see the painting?

Jennifer nods.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have to run. I - I'm helping, don't you get it? I, I cared for Cynthia, I knew her. I cared for all of them, but they, I couldn't some of help them...

When Albright looks up, the crazed monster that killed Cynthia disappears. Jennifer doesn't see an evil man anymore, but a frightened child.

Jennifer starts walking closer to Albright who paces, Spears's gun scratching his head.

JENNIFER

I know you did, I know you did, Baron.

Albright looks up, smiling.

ALBRIGHT

Did you see how beautiful I made her?

Jennifer nods.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
She's a beautiful angel now, with  
white wings -

Albright uses his gun to accentuate the wings, when Detective Martinez and Spears push open the door, guns drawn.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
Gun!

Detective Spears's arm shakes. He glances at Jennifer.

JENNIFER  
No!

That doesn't stop Detective Martinez who fires several shots striking, Baron. He stumbles backwards falling over the edge.

Jennifer glances at Detective Spears then runs to the edge of the building.

Albright hangs, over the edge, by his rosary beads that have wrapped around his wrist.

Blood drips from his shoulder.

A cryptic smile greets Jennifer as she stares down at him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
... Give me your hand.

He looks down at the ground below him.

ALBRIGHT  
The rosary's... Untangle them,  
please.

Jennifer shakes her head.

JENNIFER  
Give me your hand.

Albright tries to reach his hand to untangle them himself, but he can't.

ALBRIGHT  
DO IT!

Jennifer shakes her head, and she notices Albright's face changing, the killer's returned. Albright smiles.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
 You should have heard her that  
 night. Cynthia wanted you there,  
 she asked for you.

Jennifer's face turns white.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
 But you weren't there.  
 (a beat)  
 You were never there. That's why  
 she did it. And you'll do it again,  
 with that other one... What's her  
 name? Samantha. You'll drive her to  
 it too, only I won't be there to  
 save her.

In a mad fury, Jennifer untangles the rosary's.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Jennifer, what are you doing?

JENNIFER  
 Leave!

She continues untangling the beads, but Spears grabs her  
 hand.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Don't let him use you. This is what  
 he wants.

Jennifer stares back down at Albright.

ALBRIGHT  
 I KILLED HER!!! DOOOO ITTT!!!

As the last rosary bead rips away from the fire escape,  
 Jennifer grabs onto Albright's wrist. Detective Spears drops  
 to his knees to help Jennifer who is being pulled over the  
 by Albright's weight.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
 Hold on! I've got you.  
 (to Police Officers)  
 Hurry!

Jennifer and Albright are within a whisper of each other. The  
 smell of burnt flesh from Albright's wound burns her nose.

ALBRIGHT  
 (whisper)  
 Thank you. I will send your love to  
 Cynthia.

Albright pulls Jennifer closer, she moans in pain. The weight of her daughter's killer pulling her over the edge.

DETECTIVE SPEARS

Help!

Detective Spears looks behind him as Detective Martinez tries to provide leverage, but it's too late.

Albright falls through the air with a smile on his face, before colliding with a closed garbage container. THUD.

The bloodied and bruised body of Baron Albright lies motionless in the alleyway. His eyes close and he sees a blinding LIGHT before closing his eyes to DARKNESS.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUED

Jennifer and Detective Spears peer over the ledge.

JENNIFER

No. No. He's dead... I - I -

Detective Spears and Jennifer embrace as Police Officers circle around Baron Albright who lies motionless.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Blinding white light, of what could only be heaven, seeps through the eyelids of Baron Albright. His eyes blink open and closed. His once mortal eyes adjusting to the lights of the great beyond. He smiles. And opens his eyes.

The blinding white light passes and becomes nothing more than hospital walls. Baron Albright looks around, his arm is handcuffed to bed. Hard casts mummify his body.

ALBRIGHT

NOOOOO!!!

Albright convulses from side to side screaming louder and louder.

INT. POLICE STATION, PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Margaret, stands behind a podium, and is flanked by her NATIVE AMERICAN FAMILY as well as POLICE OFFICERS.

Jennifer, David, Samantha along with Detective Spears and Martinez stand in the audience.

MARGARET

I'm just so thankful to have been given a second chance, thanks to the efforts of some extraordinary people.

APPLAUSE. Margaret glances at Jennifer.

Captain Daniels walks into the room and the Photographers rapidly SNAP photos of him. A POLICE OFFICER ushers Margaret away from the podium to make way for the captain.

CAPTAIN DANIELS

I want to officially announce the arraignment of Baron Albright for the murders of Cynthia Connors -

David and Jennifer squeeze each other's hands.

CAPTAIN DANIELS (CONT'D)

Martin White, and Jon Livingston. He will also be charged with attempted murder.

(a beat)

This result certainly wasn't orthodox but demonstrates that our department still has a commitment to justice and the pursuit of the truth. Even if it takes some outside help...

Captain Daniels turns to Jennifer and smiles. Samantha leans into her mother.

SAMANTHA

Mom...

Samantha CRIES as she hugs her Jennifer.

JENNIFER

I know honey, I know.

Jennifer kisses Samantha on the cheek. David struggles to fight back tears as well, he squeezes his wife's hand.

Detective Spears walks over and observes the family. He nods to Jennifer and smiles.

As he walks through the crowd of people, Detective Spears bumps into Detective Martinez.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

I'm surprised they didn't bring you up on stage for a medal.

Spears laughs.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ (CONT'D)  
I took the liberty of filling out  
the paper work, don't worry I gave  
you all the credit. Hell of a shot,  
hitting that psycho.

Detective Martinez brings out a folder, and points to a  
signature line.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
Uh, I - I think that was you.

Detective Martinez sighs.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ  
I don't care... It'll just be good  
for it to be in the report. So the  
boys know that you're back, you  
know?

Captain Daniels walks towards them and Spears shakes his  
head.

DETECTIVE SPEARS  
I'm sorry, I can't. I can't  
anymore.

Spears walks away as Captain Daniels stands alongside  
Detective Martinez.

INT. PRISON CELL - LATER

Baron Albright paces in his cell. He wears the typical orange  
jump suit, a bible rests on his lap. Father James faces him.

ALBRIGHT  
You said, you said I sinned. You  
said I had to -

FATHER JAMES  
Not like this. Never like this.

Father James shakes his head.

ALBRIGHT  
But it's a sin, they would have  
died without - they wouldn't have  
been forgiven. I saved them, I  
saved them, didn't I?

Father James struggles to make eye contact with Baron.

ALBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
DIDN'T I?!

A GUARD (40') comes to the cell.

GUARD  
(to Father James)  
Everything alright?

Father James nods.

FATHER JAMES  
It's not for you to save, my son.  
That's for the Lord.

Father James gestures to the Guard who opens the cell.  
Albright faces him.

ALBRIGHT  
You'll see. Soon, I'll be with him.  
And we'll smile down at you. One  
day you'll see him and kneel. I'm  
his - I'm his only servant. I was  
spared for -

FATHER JAMES  
You won't be executed, my son. The  
family has lobbied the District  
Attorney to only seek life  
imprisonment.

Baron sinks to the ground.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LATER

The once lifeless house is full of color and energy. Light  
beams through the windows and onto the newly colored blue  
walls.

David sits in the living room watching TV, he has a beer in  
his hand. Jennifer is in the dining room, she places plates  
down on the table.

JENNIFER  
David, c'mon...

David gets up, he peers into the dining room.

DAVID  
Where's your daughter?

JENNIFER  
Call her.

David walks into the dining room and sits down.

DAVID  
You know she doesn't listen to me.

Jennifer smiles and leans over and kisses him.

JENNIFER  
Samantha?! Dinner.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Honey, can you turn the volume down  
on the TV?

INSERT - TV

NEWSCASTER  
In other news, Baron Albright, the  
man, who confessed for preying on  
potential suicide victims, killed  
himself today.

Jennifer rushes into the living room. She gives David a look,  
and he turns the volume back up.

JENNIFER  
Samantha?!

Samantha comes down the stairs. She stands by her mother.

SAMANTHA  
What is it?

Jennifer doesn't answer, her eyes glued to the TV.

NEWSCASTER 2  
Police say they're investigating  
and will confirm the cause of death  
later this hour.

David turns the TV off, and Jennifer breathes a sigh of  
relief.

SAMANTHA  
Everything alright?

Jennifer squeezes Samantha's hand.

JENNIFER  
Everythng's fine.

123.

They all walk into the Dining room.

THE END.