

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Restaurant staff members move to and fro around the restaurant like synchronized swimmers.

A candle lights up the table where JAMES DeSare, 35, dressed in a high end dress shirt, sits. Sat across him is a beautiful WOMAN that looks pulled straight out of a Victoria's Secret catalog.

WOMAN

I don't think any man has ever taken me to a place this nice before. Last guy took me to McDonalds.

James nods his head, listening to her speak.

JAMES

Well of course. It's only proper to treat a woman like you this well.

She smiles at him as she stares into his eyes.

A waiter, EMILIO, comes over to their table holding two platters. James and the woman look up at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Emilio, good evening my friend.

EMILIO

Good evening Mr. DeSare. Good evening miss.

Emilio places the plates down on the table.

The woman looks at James.

WOMAN

You two know each other?

JAMES

I know him well.
(to Emilio)
How long's it been now?

EMILIO

About four years now sir.

James smiles at Emilio, nodding his head.

JAMES

Can't believe it. Time sure goes by fast.

EMILIO

Certainly.

(beat)

Now, for tonight we have a five course tasting menu for you to enjoy. This first course is an in-house prosciutto wrapped fig served with a reduced balsamic glaze.

They look down at the plate.

WOMAN

This looks delicious.

JAMES

Yes it does.

James takes a sip of his wine. Emilio takes the wine bottle and fills James' glass. He brings it over the woman's glass and pours it in

WOMAN

Thank you.

He sets the bottle down into a wine bucket situated beside them.

EMILIO

Enjoy.

Emilio sets off back to the kitchen. James and the woman begin eating.

WOMAN

So are all tasting menus like this?

JAMES

Pretty much. Why do you ask?

WOMAN

It's quite the small size, that's all.

JAMES

Well that's why it's a tasting menu.

They continue eating, enjoying the food with each bite.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - LATER

The door to James' apartment opens. James and his date walk in making out with each other. He closes the door and they make their way to the bedroom.

WOMAN

That tasting menu really built up
my appetite.

JAMES

I'm glad.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They start stripping their clothes off, leaving them on the bedroom floor. James lifts her up and places her on his bed, continuing to make out with her.

He goes over to the light-switch and dims the lights.

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

James stands in the bathroom staring at himself in the mirror. He holds a razor up to his face, shaving his beard. He rinses his face and puts on aftershave.

Behind James through the open bathroom door is his date, still asleep on the bed. The sunlight shines through the window on her.

James continues getting ready for the morning. He flosses, brushes and gels his hair, and rubs lotion on his face.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

James exits the bathroom into the bedroom. He heads over to his closet and opens it. He looks through his clothes and pulls out a suit and button up shirt.

The bright sun wakes up the woman. She rubs her eyes and sits up.

WOMAN

(groggy)
What time is it?

James turns his head around and looks at a clock on his bedside table.

JAMES

7:10.

WOMAN

7:10? What are you doing up so early?

JAMES

I have to go to work.

He begins getting dressed as the woman watches.

WOMAN

Will you be gone for long?

JAMES

Most likely.

James turns around and walks out the bedroom, grabbing his watch on the way. The woman watches, still half asleep.

EXT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

James exits an elevator and enters the apartment lobby. He approaches the lobby receptionist AMANDA who sits in her chair reading the newspaper.

JAMES

Good morning. You're looking lovely this morning.

Amanda looks up at James and smiles.

AMANDA

Thank you Mr. DeSare. You look very good yourself. Important day today?

JAMES

I hope so. Got a big client lined up today.

AMANDA

Well best of luck.

James smiles.

JAMES

I have a good feeling about it.

He walks towards the lobby door where the doorman PETER holds the door open for him.

PETER
Good morning sir.

JAMES
Good morning.

PETER
Have a good day at work.

James exits the apartment building.

EXT. WALL STREET - LATER

The Manhattan streets buzz with the sound of cars and people bustling through the city. James, wearing his nice suit and tie walks down the sidewalk. He stares straight forward, giving no attention to the people and sights around him.

Towering above him is a large office building. He slows down and turns into the building.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

James enters the office floor and walks through large glass doors into the main office. The front desk is empty. James walks past it where a number of cubicles are lined up.

James' boss PAUL steps out of his office and approaches him.

PAUL
James, glad to see you. Did you get my email about the meeting wednesday.

JAMES
Yes I did. I looked over everything. I think we're in the good so far.

PAUL
I look forward to it.

JAMES
So do I. Speaking of is Lisa in yet?

PAUL
No I don't believe so.

JAMES
Alright, I still have to get some forms from her.

James walks towards his office, located behind large glass windows. Paul follows him, standing outside his door as James takes a seat at his desk. Across from his desk is a brown leather couch with a dark wooden coffee table sat next to it.

PAUL
For Mr. Savini?

JAMES
Mhmm.

PAUL
I still think it was extremely unwise to try and pull something like that on him. The man may be old but he'll still know if someone's trying to play him.

JAMES
Nothing you haven't done before. Besides, with the market the way it is now, I can easily blame the dip in his portfolio on it.

Paul walks up to James. He slams his hands down on his desk.

PAUL
Savini isn't some naïve sucker James. That man has been dealing with Wall Street bullshit longer than anyone.

JAMES
Not if he doesn't know there's a dip in the first place. Now that he's gotten too old to handle his finances himself it's like he straight handed me the keys to his safe. It would take him years before he ever noticed a dent in his pocket.

PAUL
Well don't come crawling to me when he inevitably finds out. You're one of the best guys here, but even I know when the risk isn't worth it.

James leans back in his chair and grins ear from ear.

JAMES
You say risk, I say profit.

Paul scoffs at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I can handle it.

PAUL
You better hope so.

Paul heads back out of his office.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Let me know how it goes, alright.
Good fucking luck.

He steps out, the glass door swinging closed behind him. James turns on his computer. He sorts through some papers on his desk while it boots up. The computer screen turns on, shining on his face.

LISA, early 30s, walks past his office. James sees her walk past and sit at her cubicle. He gets up and walks over to her.

LISA
Morning Mr. DeSare, how are you?

JAMES
Where have you been Lisa?

LISA
Sorry sir, traffic was quite a lot
this morning.

JAMES
No matter. What's important is
you're here now. So do you have
those forms I told you to print
out.

Lisa doesn't respond.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Her face goes white as a ghost.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Please don't tell me. I do not have
time for this shit.

LISA
I-I swear I brought it with me.

Lisa scrambles looking in her large bag on the floor for the papers. James grips his hair nervously.

JAMES
(panicking)
God damn it! I can lose my fucking
job without those! Why the fuck did
I ever think of putting my trust in
you?! I swear to god-

Lisa leans back up holding the folder of papers.

LISA
See, I knew I put it in here.

He breathes with a sigh of relief. He leans over and grabs
Lisa by the shoulders.

JAMES
Lisa you beautiful fricking woman.
I could kiss you right now.

He grabs the folder and flips through the pages.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You sure this is all of it? I can't
be having another panic attack if
it's not.

LISA
Whatever's in there is whatever you
told me to print.

He looks at his watch.

JAMES
Okay, good. Thank you.

LISA
Always. And ease up on the
compliments there hun. Might make
my husband jealous.

James heads back to his office.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

James sits at his desk as the phone rings on speaker. He
waits, glancing back and forth at his watch and the phone.
The phone continues ringing for what feels like an eternity
until it stops.

JAMES
Did I get the wrong time? Where is
he?

Lisa stands up outside the glass doors of his office holding a phone to her ear. James notices her look at him. She puts the phone down and makes her way to him. She enters his office with a bad look on her face.

LISA

James...

James looks at her worryingly.

JAMES

I'm not liking that look.

LISA

Well you're not gonna like the news that comes with it. That was Mr. Savini on the phone. He sounded mad.

JAMES

What'd he say?

LISA

Besides the cursing out I think it's safe to say he doesn't want you handling his stocks anymore

JAMES

Leave.

LISA

You don't think-

JAMES

Now!

James slams his fist down startling Lisa. She leaves his office not saying anything.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Fuck!

James leans forward, elbows on the desk, gripping his face.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

James exits his office and storms over to Paul's office.

LISA

Everything alright?

James doesn't answer her as he enters his office.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Paul sits at a large desk talking on the phone. He looks up at James who enters, flushed red.

PAUL
Umm, one moment sir. Let me call
you right back.

Paul looks at James knowing something is off.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What's wrong James?

James approaches his desk and places his hands on it, leaning over it.

JAMES
What's wrong? I'll tell you what's
wrong. That Mr. Savini. That man is
the most stubborn mule I've ever
worked with.

PAUL
What did you do?

JAMES
Nothing! I didn't even get a chance
to talk to him! How the fuck is he
going to blame me for losing his
money?

PAUL
Oh no, not this shit. I told you it
was a huge risk. You know he has a
right to be mad.

JAMES
I know, but he can at least listen
to me first!

PAUL
And then? Cause I know damn well
he's still not giving you a second
chance.

James sits down across from Paul.

JAMES
It's not over yet. I've handled
bigger fish.

PAUL

This isn't no fish James. Whatever you think you can do to solve this isn't worth it.

James leans forward.

JAMES

I don't care. Fuck risks, I got myself into this mess I'm getting myself out of it.

Paul looks at James disappointed.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What?

PAUL

Nothing. I've said what I've said. Good luck trying to get a hold of him.

James gets up and nods his head. He waits for a moment before leaving. Paul watches James as he leaves.

EXT. TAILORS - DAY

James stands outside a high end tailor in midtown Manhattan. The greenish metal awning sticks out covering him in shade. Fancy suits of all kinds line up the windows of the store.

James stares at them and pulls out his phone.

INT. TAILORS - CONTINUOUS

James enters the beige and gray brick-walled store. An assortment of shoes, hats and other accessories line the shelves on the left. Suits hung up on racks are displayed on the right.

An EMPLOYEE stands behind the checkout desk. He looks up at James holding his phone.

EMPLOYEE

Why it's good to see you Mr. DeSare. How are you today?

JAMES

Hey, is uh Vincent here?

EMPLOYEE

Yes he should be in the back.

JAMES

Thanks.

The cellphone picks up. James' stops in his tracks as he's walking towards the back of the store.

JAMES (CONT'D)

No, no, wait, please Mr. Savini.

(beat)

No I promise I just want to talk.

VINCENT, a bald man in his early 50s, walks out from the back of the store. Wearing a dark navy blue suit he spots James walking towards him.

VINCENT

James! Hello there.

James looks at Vincent and waves his hand.

JAMES

I know, but please understand I know just as much as you d- no, I'm not lying. I promise you.

James motions at his body to Vincent, mouthing the word "suit" to Vincent. Vincent nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Who? I don't know who, but I promise I will get that money back to you.

James waits while Vincent passes by him and grabs a measuring tape from a table

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mr. Savini tell me right now, how long have we known each other? When in all the years I've worked with you have I ever broken a promise. Now you and me both know that I'm the only one that will help you.

Vincent passes by again. He turns around and looks at James, nodding his head up. James smiles, following Vincent to the back.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Yes, of course I think so, but at this point, with the amount you have saved even I would feel unsafe handling all of it on just my own.

(beat)

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

One meeting. That's all I ask.
After that, done. I will not bother
you anymore if that's what you
want.

James' eyes widen. A big smile forms over his face. Vincent smiles back.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you, thank you,
thank you, thank you. Yes, sorry.
When? Wednesday... no I can do
Wednesday. Great, I look forward to
talking to you. Goodbye.

James hangs up the phone and breaths a sigh of relief.

VINCENT

Good news sir?

JAMES

Oh Vincent, this is more than good
news.

He goes over and gives Vincent a quick hug. Vincent stands still not sure how to react.

VINCENT

Umm, so, how may I be of service
for you?

JAMES

I'm looking for a new suit. I got
an important meeting tomorrow as,
well-

VINCENT

Of course. Want to make a good
impression.

JAMES

Exactly. I'm thinking something
slim fitting.

James gestures to a dark gray suit hung up on the wall.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Maybe something in this color.

VINCENT

I think we can figure something
out.

They enter a private measuring room.

EXT. TAILORS - LATER

James holds the store door open holding a garment bag.

JAMES

Thank you so much for the help.

VINCENT

Anytime. Have a great day James.

JAMES

You too.

James walks out onto the street, the store door closing behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - WEDNESDAY 1:50 PM

James enters his bedroom in his apartment wearing his new suit.

JAMES

Out of all the days to have a
fucking train delay!

Still on his bed is the woman from the date last night. James sees her sitting up watching TV.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What the hell are you still doing
here?

The woman looks up at him startled

WOMAN

Oh, hey what are you doing back so
early?

JAMES

That's none of your business. What
are you still doing in my
apartment?

The sound of the TV plays over the woman's voice. James grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

WOMAN

I was going to leave but I can't
find my purse anywhere. I tried
texting you for a ride but you
didn't answer.

James let's out a sigh in frustration.

JAMES

I need you to get out of here.

WOMAN

Help me find my purse then. I can't leave with no money.

JAMES

Ughh, here-

James gets out his wallet and hands her some cash.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Get a cab.

The woman gets out of the bed and takes the money.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now go. I'm in a big rush right now.

She heads out the door but turns before she leaves.

WOMAN

Will I see you again?

JAMES

No, what? Did you actually think I would've gone on another date with you?

WOMAN

Seriously?

JAMES

I do not have time for this. Nothing against you but you're just not my type.

She looks at him, mouth agape.

WOMAN

UH!-

The woman grabs a glass of water sitting on the table and throws it at James. She storms out in anger, slamming the door behind her.

James looks down at his suit and rushes over to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

James looks in the mirror as he blow-dries his new suit. The water dries but there is still a small noticeable stain. He exits the bathroom, the door closing behind him.

There's a panicked looks over James' face as he quickly rushes to his bedroom closet.

JAMES

Shit! Fucking bitch!

He quickly pulls out a tie and puts it on.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Just my fucking luck.

He scrambles out of his room and into his apartment office, keeping an eye on his watch.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

James, dressed in a suit and tie, sits at a desk in his apartment. He stares at his laptop screen, waiting on video call for his client Mr. Savini to answer. He fixes his hair as he waits. Mr. Savini joins the call.

JAMES

Mr. Savini, so glad you could join!

MR. SAVINI

This better be worth my time James.

JAMES

Of course. I know how important your time is to you.

MR. SAVINI

My time is important to a lot of people.

Mr. Savini coughs.

JAMES

How are you holding up?

MR. SAVINI

(sarcastically)

Great... What do you think?

James lets out an awkward chuckle. Mr. Savini does not reciprocate his laughter in the slightest. James clears his throat.

JAMES

Anyways, how about we get into business.

MR. SAVINI

How about we is right. As you know I have my lawyers looking over my finances for my will.

JAMES

I've heard. Was there something wrong with it before?

MR. SAVINI

You should know, shouldn't you?

JAMES

As far as I know should be fine.

Mr. Savini looks at James, noticing the stain on his suit.

MR. SAVINI

You should take better care of your clothes there. Not a great look.

James looks down at his suit.

JAMES

Don't get me started. I picked up this suit down at the tailors, you know the one down on 6th ave.

MR. SAVINI

Didn't ask why-

JAMES

Well, I had this girl over last night. The kind you try to forget the next day.

MR. SAVINI

Okay, enough.

JAMES

Guess she got a bit greedy. Next thing I know, BAM, coffee all over me.

MR. SAVINI

(stern)

Enough.

JAMES

Oh come on. A handsome guy like you should know what I'm talking about.

MR. SAVINI

I said enough! I am not hear for small talk. Now stop trying to kiss my ass and get serious.

The heart monitor beeps in the background.

JAMES

You're right, you're right. This is about business.

MR. SAVINI

You know who my lawyers are don't you?

JAMES

I believe so-

MR. SAVINI

So you know if anything is off, they'll find out.

JAMES

I can assure you nothing is off.

Mr. Savini stares James down.

MR. SAVINI

I don't believe you. Now tell me why you scheduled this meeting with me?

JAMES

Well I care about you.

MR. SAVINI

No you don't. My money yes, but me? You could care less about me.

(beat)

Look, I've known you how long now? You seriously think I don't know this whole dumb schtick by now.

James pauses for a second, trying his best to not be intimidated.

JAMES

I don't know what you're talking about. Is everything okay sir?

MR. SAVINI

(sternly)

Stop it with that sir crap. If you seriously think I don't notice when someone's been stealing from me, you'd be sadly mistaken.

JAMES

Why would I steal from you?

MR. SAVINI

Why wouldn't you? Come on, you know it's tempting.

JAMES

I promise you I didn't.

MR. SAVINI

Bullshit! At this point I don't even care you stole from me. It's the lying to my face that I don't appreciate.

JAMES

I would never lie to you sir. I'm better than that.

The heart monitor beeps faster.

MR. SAVINI

You are not better! Not even close. You may think so wearing your nice suits and going out with these broads, but here? Here you're an amateur!

James raises his voice.

JAMES

Mr. Savini I can assure you-

An unexpected guest shows up to the video call. Their camera is off, showing only a default avatar. James stops talking mid-sentence. He looks at the stranger, a confused look on his face.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Who is this?

MR. SAVINI

What?

He looks back at Mr. Savini.

JAMES

One second, I think someone
accidentally joined our call.

MR. SAVINI

What are you talking about?

JAMES

(irritated)

This is a private meeting. You need
to leave.

A sudden SCREECH sound plays, like the sound of tires
skidding against a road. James winces at the sharp noise.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Turn that off! I will call the
police if you don't leave this
instant!

MR. SAVINI

Who are you talking to? I don't
have time for these games!

Mr. Savini freezes in place. His body trembles before
snapping up straight, stiff like a board. James looks at him,
frightened.

JAMES

Um, M-Mr. Savini...

Mr. Savini, now possessed, talks in a boisterous volume.

MR. SAVINI

Confess.

Tears flow down his face. James watches in horror.

JAMES

What?

He yells louder.

MR. SAVINI

Confess!

JAMES

This isn't funny! Now stop it!

The chat box pops up. The word "CONFESS" appears over and
over in a rapid pace.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I did it alright! I stole your
fucking money is that what you
wanted to hear?!

Mr. Savini voice suddenly changes, now sounding like a young
GIRL.

GIRL
You know what you did.

James falls silent, his heart palpitating. Mr. Savini rocks
violently back and forth. The heart monitor beeps extremely
fast.

JAMES
No...

James CLICKS his mouse rapidly trying to end the call to no
avail. He slams the laptop shut. The girl's voice continues
talking in his head.

GIRL
You left me there.

JAMES
I-I had no choice-

GIRL
You dug that hole!

JAMES
Why are you doing this?!

GIRL
You know why. How could

JAMES
(anguish)
Pleaaaaase...

GIRL
Confess!

JAMES
I'M SORRY!

James hyperventilates. He gets up and punches a mirror, the
glass shattering below. He grips his hair in his hand tight.
His body shakes and fills with fear and rage. Blood drips
down his face from his cut up hand.

A cold breeze blows through the open window sending a high WHISTLE through the apartment. The girl's voice rings in James' head through the breeze.

GIRL
(airy)
Confesssssss...

JAMES
WHERE ARE YOU?!

MONTAGE

- James grabs a knife and swings his arms around in a fit of rage
- He swipes over his desk, papers and other objects on it flying off onto the floor
- He knocks down a vase, the ceramic breaking spilling water on the floor
- He takes his fist and punches the wall hard, creating a hole
- He rips off his clothes, stripping down to just his white underwear.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

James looks around the apartment trying to find where the sound of the girl's voice is coming from, tearing down everything in the room.

GIRL
Confess.

JAMES
GET OUT!!!

The breeze suddenly stops. Complete silence as James looks around the room. His breathing is hard and heavy.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(hyperventilating)
I didn't mean to. Please don't do
this to me. Not now...

Sweat flows down his face and body. He stands in the middle of the apartment, the huge mess of his fit of rage scattered all around him.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul paces around his office holding his phone to his ear. The phone rings then stops going to voicemail.

PAUL

James, it's Paul here. I hope everything's okay. Haven't seen you in the office in the past two days. If this is about Mr. Savini we can talk about it. Call me back whenever you get this.

Paul hangs up the phone. He leaves his office.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks over to Lisa.

LISA

Any word?

Paul shakes his head.

PAUL

No. I'd like you to go over to his apartment.

LISA

You don't think he?...

PAUL

I don't know, but let's not take those chances.

LISA

Of course.

PAUL

Do you have his address?

LISA

Yeah.

Lisa gets up from her desk and grabs her belongings. Paul watches as she heads out of the office. He sighs, worried for James.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - LATER

Lisa enters the apartment building. Amanda looks up at her.

AMANDA

Hello there miss. Are you here to see someone.

LISA

Umm actually I was hoping you knew a James DeSare that lives here.

AMANDA

Oh, why of course! Is he expecting you?

LISA

Well, that's the thing. I work for him and he hasn't shown up to the office in two days.

AMANDA

Hmm, that's strange. James isn't one to miss work.

LISA

Yeah. Do you know the last time you saw him?

AMANDA

Umm, two days ago. He came in, I believe he'd purchased a new suit. He looked like he was good when I saw him.

LISA

There was nothing that seemed off about him? Did he say anything?

Amanda scratches her head.

AMANDA

No, he didn't say anything. Seemed like he was in a rush actually.

(beat)

I did see this woman leave the building not soon after that was with him last night. She looked pretty upset.

LISA

Hmm, you don't think she has something to do with it?

Peter, hearing their conversation, speaks up.

PETER

I don't think so.

Lisa and Amanda look at him.

LISA
How come?

He shrugs.

PETER
I think she was just a disgruntled
date.

LISA
Do you know where he went then?

PETER
No, sorry. He must've left on
someone else's shift.

Peter looks down away from them, avoiding eye contact. Lisa
turns to Amanda.

LISA
Well would it be okay if I took a
look in his apartment?

AMANDA
I guess so. I should go with you
though.

Amanda looks under the desk and pulls out a set of keys. She
makes her way to the elevator. Lisa follows.

Peter watches them as the elevator closes.

PETER
(to self)
It's a good thing I like you James.

He lets out a sigh and shakes his head.

EXT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda stands outside of James' door opening it with the key.
Lisa stands behind her. She steps back as Amanda opens the
door.

AMANDA
Umm...

Amanda stares into the apartment. Lisa tries looking over
Amanda.

LISA
What is it?

Amanda moves to the side. Lisa freezes in place, staring into the apartment.

LISA (CONT'D)
What the-

The two of them enter the apartment.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Lisa spin around, looking at the mess in James' apartment. The room looks untouched from James' rampage from before.

Lisa steps in the puddle of vase water. She looks down at the puddle.

LISA
What the hell happened here?!

Amanda is too shocked to respond. Lisa continues looking around.

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't see any sign of him.

AMANDA
Maybe he got in a fight with that girl?

LISA
I don't see any blood though.

AMANDA
Maybe he cleaned it up?

LISA
Why would he do that?

Amanda looks at Lisa and shrugs.

AMANDA
I don't know, but I think we should call the police. Let's make sure we don't get our fingerprints anywhere.

Lisa nods her head. They step off to the side. Lisa takes out her phone and calls 911. The phone rings.

Amanda squats down and examines the new suit James left on the ground. She looks at the stain trying to piece together what happened.

INT. SPORTS CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

James, wearing a plain white shirt and jeans, drives down a highway in a high end sports car. He tightly grips the wheel both hands. His right hand is still scratched from the broken window. A commercial plays on the radio.

Looking for your next home? Whether you're a newlywed couple, or starting a new family, the people of Franklin and Moore are here to help. Visit our location in Hastings and we'll find you your dream home.

James slows the car down as he takes the nearby exit. He enters a suburban town. The sidewalks are busy with people sitting at outdoor restaurants and walking to and fro. James looks forward, not paying any attention to them.

A coldness enters the car. James shivers and goes to turn up the heat. He pushes the heater button but nothing happens. He looks down at the button, trying to get it to turn on. His breath is visible in the cold air.

JAMES

Stupid heater. What is wrong with this thing?

James looks back up at the road and sees a young girl standing in front of his car.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Shit!

James slams his foot on the brake stopping the car. He tries calming his breathing down as he peers over the front window. The girl is gone without any trace. James rubs his eyes, confused and exhausted. The car behind him HONKS their horn at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Oh shut up!

James tries moving the car but it won't budge. He shakes the manual shift and presses on the gas to no avail. The car behind him HONKS again.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Seriously, what is wrong with this
thing?!

The citizens along the sidewalk now begin to look at James stuck in the middle of the street. James leans his forehead on the wheel, frustrated.

INT. DINER - LATER

KATHY, a waitress holding a notepad and pen makes her way to a booth where LEWIS, 30s, sits alone. He looks up at her, a written letter in front of him.

KATHY
How's it going?

LEWIS
I don't know. I think it's going
well.

KATHY
That's good. How are you feeling in
general? I know it's hard right
now.

Lewis looks at her with a sense of grief.

LEWIS
There's good days and bad days. But
you just got to take it one day at
a time.

KATHY
You're a strong one.

Lewis nods his head.

KATHY (CONT'D)
So, you wanna order something

LEWIS
Of course, and extra-

KATHY
Extra crackers, I know.

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS
This is why you're the best.

She heads off to the back kitchen. Lewis watches her, smiling softly as he writes on the paper. The entrance door CHIMES.

Lewis puts his pen down and looks up as James enters the diner. James walks over to the booths and takes a seat near Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Good evening.

JAMES

Are you Lewis Foster? I was told he'd be down here.

LEWIS

I am. May I ask who I'm speaking with?

James extends his hand out.

JAMES

Vincent Foster. I believe we're cousins.

LEWIS

I don't think I've seen you before? Which side of my family are you from?

JAMES

Your father Bryan. It's been a while since I've seen you. You've grown so much.

LEWIS

Figures I wouldn't know about any of his relatives till now. What are you doing up here then?

JAMES

I heard about what happened to your sister. I am deeply heartbroken by your loss.

LEWIS

Thank you. But you didn't have to come all this way to give your condolences.

JAMES

I needed to. To help you. I want to fund her case.

James takes out his wallet, showing off loads of money to Lewis.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I know money has gotten tight so I want to help with whatever you need.

Lewis examines James wearing just his white shirt and rough looking jeans.

LEWIS

I don't know what to say?

JAMES

You don't have to say anything.

LEWIS

Thank you.

James stares at the back window, watching the staff working in the kitchen. Lewis notices the cuts on James's hand and winces.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

What happened there?

JAMES

Huh? Oh, nothing just a um, a clumsy accident.

LEWIS

Definitely get that cleaned up if you haven't yet.

Kathy walks back out. James sees the girl from before behind the kitchen door. She stares straight at him. James quickly stands up and takes a step back, startled. Lewis and Kathy look at him.

KATHY

You okay there son?

James looks back at the window. The girl has vanished again.

JAMES

Uh, y-yeah. Thought I saw something.

KATHY

Sounds like someone could use some coffee.

JAMES

Sure.

Kathy takes a cup and fills it with coffee. She places it down next to James.

LEWIS

I got it. Kathy, this is my cousin Vincent.

KATHY

I didn't know you had a cousin.

LEWIS

Neither did I till now.

KATHY

Well it's nice to meet you Vincent.

JAMES

Good to meet you.

Lewis places cash on the table. Kathy takes it.

LEWIS

Least I can do.

JAMES

Thanks.

James picks up the coffee and drinks it in one big sip. He places it back down.

LEWIS

So anyways where you coming from?

JAMES

Manhattan. But my car broke down. It's in the shop now.

KATHY

You must've met my husband Terry. Owns the shop.

Kathy takes the mug and goes back to the kitchen.

LEWIS

You got somewhere you're staying?

JAMES

Not yet. Probably find a hotel somewhere?

LEWIS

Around here? Not gonna find much.
Unless you're looking to wake up
with bed bugs in the morning.

(beat)

I'd be a rude guest and cousin to
not have you stay at my place.

JAMES

Awfully nice of you. Are you sure?

LEWIS

Yes, of course.

Lewis taps a gun on his side belt and smiles.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Plus I got protection. Case anyone
decides to take all that money.

JAMES

Alright. I'll only be there until
tomorrow though.

LEWIS

All good.

Kathy comes back out with Lewis's food.

KATHY

Here you go.

Lewis stands up and pays Kathy. He takes the food.

LEWIS

Thanks Kathy! I'll see you
tomorrow.

KATHY

See you Lewis! Say hi to your
grandma for me!

LEWIS

Will do.

Lewis exits the diner, holding the door open outside for
James. He accidentally leaves his letter on the counter.
James takes it and follows him out of the restaurant.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Lewis walks down to his car. The side of it reads "HASTINGS
POLICE".

JAMES
You're a cop?

LEWIS
Yep, been on for five years.

Lewis gets in his police car. James hesitates for a moment. Lewis chuckles.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm not here to arrest you or anything.

James awkwardly smiles and enters the car.

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - LATER

Lewis pulls his car up to his light-yellow house. Located on a small road, the house is close to dilapidation. Overgrown weeds surround the chipped painted house.

James looks up at it concerned. Lewis gets out of the car, grabbing the food.

LEWIS
Sorry, I've been busy.

James talks under his breath.

JAMES
Busy... that's for sure.

James gets out of the car.

LEWIS
Just watch your step coming up.

The two walk up to the house entrance. James walks carefully, noticing a large space between the wooden patio steps.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Hey, could you hold these?

He hands over the plastic bags of food to James who takes them. Lewis takes out his house key and unlocks the door, holding it open for James.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
After you.

James slowly enters the dark house. Lewis enters behind him, the door closing behind them.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Sorry, one sec. Hard to find this
light switch sometimes.

Lewis reaches around eventually finding the switch. He turns it on and the house lights up.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
So, this is it.

James looks around the old house. The interior is almost as old and rundown as the exterior. The walls are covered in tacky wallpaper and all the furniture is covered in plastic.

JAMES
It's umm...

LEWIS
Don't worry, I hate it too.

JAMES
Why don't you change it then?

Lewis sighs.

LEWIS
Wish I could. It's for my grandma.
She doesn't really like change.

Lewis makes his way over to the kitchen. James follows with the food.

KITCHEN

A light emanates from the nearby room. James turns to look and sees a TV on.

JAMES
Is that her over there?

James goes over to Lewis and sets the food on the table. Lewis starts taking the food out of the bag.

LEWIS
Yeah, since I'm gone most of the
day so the TV keeps her company.

JAMES
And she doesn't mind?

LEWIS
I don't think she even knows.

Lewis motions to a nearby drawer as he places ice cubes into a container of soup

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Could you grab me a spoon from that drawer please?

James reaches out and touches a drawer handle.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
To the right.

He opens the drawer and takes out a spoon. He hands it over to Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Thanks.

JAMES
You're welcome.
(beat)
And umm, thanks for letting me stay. Again I'll try to be out of here as soon as I can.

Lewis takes the bowl of soup and crackers and heads over to his grandmother in the living room. James follows.

LIVING ROOM

LEWIS
No worries at all. Didn't ask, but where are you coming from anyways?

JAMES
Manhattan.

LEWIS
Manhattan? What are you doing all the way up here? Relatives?

JAMES
No umm... business.

Lewis sets the food down on a small table beside his grandmother, DOROTHY. She doesn't notice, continuing to stare blankly at the TV.

LEWIS
Hi grandma, I'm back from the diner. I got you your favorite soup.

DOROTHY
Huh?... George is that you?

LEWIS
No grandma, it's me Lewis.

JAMES
Who's George.

LEWIS
George was my grandfather. She's been having trouble with her memory for a while. It's come and go.

JAMES
I'm sorry.

LEWIS
Don't be, only one to blame is life. Questioning life's choices can only lead to sorrow.

Lewis picks up the spoon and scoops up the soup. He squats down and slowly brings it to Dorothy's mouth to feed her.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Grandma I'd like you to meet my friend.

Lewis looks at James.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
So, Vincent, that's a French name right?

JAMES
It's Italian

LEWIS
Huh, guess that makes me part Italian as well?

Lewis continues feeding Dorothy. A few drops trickle out the side of her mouth. He takes a napkin and wipes her mouth.

DOROTHY
Italian? We're having Italian? Did you tell the waitress George can't have red meat? His cholesterol...

Dorothy's words trail off and she loses her train of thought. James looks at her concerned.

LEWIS
You get used to it.

Lewis finishes serving the soup to Dorothy and stands up. He sees James look back at Dorothy.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Don't worry, she sleeps there. Only
place she will sleep.

Lewis cleans up the bowl and tosses the container in the trash. He grabs a bag of oyster crackers and starts eating them

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Alright, I'm gonna clean up now.
Got work early tomorrow so I gotta
get some sleep.

Lewis sees James looking at his crackers.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah... here.

He hands James the rest of the cracker bags.

JAMES
Umm...

LEWIS
Sorry, would've brought more if-

JAMES
No, no, it's fine. Thank you.

LEWIS
Tomorrow I'll give you a real
dinner, promise.

James smiles and nods his head.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Here, I can show you to your room.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lewis opens the door to Dorothy's bedroom. He turns the light on. Specks of dust float in the light. James stares at the queen sized bed that looks like it hasn't been slept in in years.

JAMES

I take it this is Dorothy's old
bedroom?

LEWIS

Yep. Don't worry, no bed bugs in
these sheets. Last time I checked

JAMES

That's certainly reassuring.

James sits on the bed, feeling it out.

LEWIS

Hey so, since I'm going to be out
at work would you mind watching my
grandma? Probably good she gets
some other interaction besides that
TV.

JAMES

Yeah, no problem. Not like I'm
doing anything tomorrow anyways.

Lewis claps his hands together.

LEWIS

Great. Well, goodnight.

JAMES

Night.

James lies back on the bed staring up at the eggshell white
ceiling.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - DAY

A DETECTIVE stands in the middle of James's apartment. Police
officers walk and stand about the room. Wearing gloves, he
swabs James's suit for DNA samples and puts it in a bag. An
OFFICER approaches him.

OFFICER

Sir, we found a laptop. We believe
it belongs to this man.

DETECTIVE

Where is it?

OFFICER

One of the officers is bringing it
up now.

DETECTIVE

Up?

OFFICER

Yeah they found it in the alleyway.
It's completely shattered though.

DETECTIVE

Alright, well get it down to the
station straight away.

He hands the coat sample to the officer.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Take this down as well.

The detective walks over to the taped up broken window. He
peers down and sees it goes down to the alleyway below.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

James, wearing his clothes from last night, walks into the
kitchen. He stretches and rubs his shoulders.

JAMES

God, no wonder that lady doesn't
want to sleep in that bed.

He goes to the fridge and opens it. He looks through it and
pulls out a carton of milk. He opens it and gives it a smell.

JAMES (CONT'D)

At least something in this house
isn't decades old.

He walks over to a pot of coffee on the counter and notices a
note sitting there. The note reads, "Be back at five. If you
need anything here's my number: 914-555-0120". James looks at
it and leaves it on the counter.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hope my car's fixed by then.

James takes a mug and places it down. He grabs the coffee pot
and pours it in, along with the milk. James lifts up the mug
but then quickly sets it down, grasping his hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Fuck!

The coffee inside begins to bubble like it's being boiled. It
splatters over the mug onto the table. Freaking out, he grabs
a handful of napkins and wipes the coffee from the table.

GIRL

Hehehe.

The ghost giggles. James gets goosebumps, his hair standing on it's end.

LIVING ROOM

Dorothy sleeps on her chair facing the TV. The TV turns on by itself. A soap opera begins playing on loud volume.

ACTOR

Maria my dear, I swear it was nothing!

James hears the TV and runs over. He looks at Dorothy and sees she's still sleeping.

ACTRESS

I know what I saw-

The actress's voice begins to distort, changing to sound like the ghost.

ACTRESS (CONT'D)

James! How could you live with yourself.

James darts his head around to the TV. The actress begins weeping uncontrollably. She covers her face with her hands.

ACTRESS (CONT'D)

How James?

The actor looks at her turns directly to James, his face and voice now exactly like James's.

ACTOR

HOW?!

James grabs the remote and rapidly presses the power button. The TV turns off. James tries keeping himself up as he hyperventilates.

JAMES

(scared)

Shit, what the fuuuuck! Leave me aloneee-ugghhhh!

James turns and sees Dorothy still fast asleep. He stumbles over to the front door. He opens the door and leaves the house. He slams the door closed behind him.

INT. HASTING'S POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Lewis wearing his uniform sits at a desk eating a bagel. He crumbles a paper napkin in his hand and tosses it, missing the waste basket. KEITH, another officer sitting at the desk behind him chuckles.

KEITH

Nice aim.

LEWIS

Like you'd make it.

KEITH

Please.

Keith crumbles a piece of paper and tosses it. It bounces right off the rim, just missing the inside of the basket. Lewis laughs.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Pshhh come on. That was going right in.

LEWIS

Guess neither of us are getting in the NBA.

Keith goes over and puts the crumbled papers in the basket. He walks back and stops at Lewis's desk.

KEITH

Did you get the invite for Greg's bachelor party Saturday?

LEWIS

Yeah but I can't go.

KEITH

Seriously? We've been planning this party for weeks now.

LEWIS

Sorry.

KEITH

Don't sorry me. You're the one missing out. You sure you definitely can't make it?

Lewis sorts through a stack of paper on his desk.

LEWIS

No, I got a lot on my plate.

KEITH

That's just work though. One break day won't hurt. All you ever do is work anyways.

Lewis looks down silently at his desk. He holds a folder with the words "Foster, 3/30/17" on it. Keith sees it and frowns.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I-I didn't realize-

LEWIS

It's okay.

KEITH

Has it really been four years now?

Lewis doesn't answer. He puts the folder away.

KEITH (CONT'D)

You know, maybe a party is what you need? Get your mind off of it.

LEWIS

I can't.

KEITH

Are you sure? It's not healthy keeping yourself locked up all the time.

LEWIS

I said I can't, alright?

KEITH

Alright, alright.

Keith sits down at his desk.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Maybe some other time.

LEWIS

Have fun though.

Captain LANDON, a stout man with a tall stature, walks out of his office.

LANDON

Lewis, I need to see you in my office.

LEWIS

One second. I've got to finish this up-

LANDON

Now, it's important.

Keith turns to Lewis, concerned.

KEITH

You didn't do anything did you?

Lewis stands up and shrugs.

LEWIS

Not that I know of.

Lewis makes his way to the captain's office.

KEITH

If you're gone I want your desk!

LEWIS

Closer to the trash or not, you'll still miss.

Keith rolls his eyes. Lewis enters the office. Captain Landon closes the door behind them.

INT. CAPTAIN LANDON'S OFFICE - LATER

Lewis sits in a chair facing the police captain. Various award plaques and pictures are on the walls. Landon's bushy mustache shakes up and down as he talks

LANDON

We've received something. It's related to Sarah's case-

LEWIS

That's great to hear.

LANDON

And before you say any- wait, you're happy about this? Usually whenever I bring up the case you get annoyed, saying that it never goes anywhere.

Landon places a flash drive on the table and slides it over to Lewis.

LEWIS

I would be. I think that problem is over though.

LANDON

How so?

LEWIS

Met someone. My cousin actually.

LANDON

And?

LEWIS

He's rich. Like Manhattan Wall Street rich. Came down, says he wants to fund the entire investigation.

Landon looks at Lewis skeptically.

LANDON

You don't have a cousin Vincent. I knew your entire family. I'm sure of it.

LEWIS

He's from my dad's side. Guess my dad had a sister I didn't know about or something.

LANDON

Are you sure about him?

LEWIS

Look, he's promised to give us all the money we need. I'm sure as hell not gonna turn that down.

LANDON

Very well. Tell him to come down to the station as soon as he can. We can discuss funding then.

Lewis nods.

LANDON (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, look over this. It's from the Manhattan department. They found a laptop. It contained a bunch of computer files on the Foster case.

LEWIS

What do you mean found? Who's laptop is it?

LANDON

Some rich Wall Street guy. James DeSare.

LEWIS

Why would he have files on a case from all the way up here?

LANDON

That's what I'm hoping you can figure out. This James guy might be the answer to what happened to Sarah.

Lewis stares at the flash drive.

LEWIS

What if it isn't?

LANDON

What if it is?

Lewis stands up. He chuckles to himself then leaves Landon's office without saying a word.

INT. HASTING'S POLICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Keith looks up at Lewis as he leaves Landon's office.

KEITH

So, how's my new desk looking?

Lewis doesn't answer. Keith gets concerned.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Wait, you're not actually in trouble are you...

Lewis sits down at his desk and puts down the flash drive. Keith notices it.

KEITH (CONT'D)

What's that?

LEWIS

Nothing.

KEITH

Nothing? C'mon why would the captain give you a useless flash drive?

LEWIS

It's evidence.

KEITH

I didn't know you were on a case?

LEWIS

It's an old one.

Keith tilts his head and raises his eyebrow.

KEITH

But what...

Keith's eyes widen.

KEITH (CONT'D)

No, it can't be. Are you serious?

LEWIS

I don't know yet. Apparently they found these files on this random guy's computer. Think he might be the guy, or at least know who.

KEITH

Wow. Wow! I mean, seriously, wow, this is great news! Why aren't you excited?

LEWIS

Keith this doesn't mean anything. We still don't know if this will give us any leads.

Keith gets up and goes over to Lewis's desk. He picks up the folder labelled "Foster, 3/30/17" and places it in front of Lewis.

KEITH

There's no way this isn't a coincidence Lewis. Exactly four years to the day and suddenly you get new evidence?

LEWIS

Coincidences are just coincidences. Doesn't make any evidence more legit.

Keith sits back down at his desk.

KEITH

I don't know man. I got a feeling
this might your answer.

Lewis picks up the flash drive. He eyes it, holding it up to the case folder behind it.

EXT. HASTINGS MAIN STREET - DAY

A bird stands on the ground pecking at a discarded food wrapper. James's foot steps forward and the bird flies off.

James walks at a brisk pace, his hands in his pockets. He pays no attention to his surroundings. NANCY Moore, 40s, wearing a bright red pantsuit, steps out from a building. She crosses right in front of James, bumping into him.

NANCY

Woah there, someone's in a rush.

JAMES

Sorry ma'am.

NANCY

No need for ma'am. Name's Nancy
Moore.

James looks at her strangely.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Ah you must recognize my name.

She points up to the building behind her. James looks at the sign labelled "FRANKLIN & MOORE"

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm sure you've heard our
commercial before.

JAMES

Oh, yeah. It's uh nice meeting you.

NANCY

I've got a pretty good memory.
Don't think I've seen you around
here before? You new in town?

JAMES

No, just visiting. Sorry I've got
to go.

NANCY
Here, take my card.

She hands him a business card.

JAMES
No thanks.

NANCY
You never know.

James takes the card and places it in his pocket. He turns to go back on his path.

NANCY (CONT'D)
And slow down there.

JAMES
I will.

James continues walking at the same brisk pace. Nancy watches him, feeling slightly suspicious. She turns walking the opposite way of James.

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - LATER

James slows down as he approaches a stone bridge. The length of it is just wide enough to fit one way traffic. The stones are covered in random graffiti tags. No cars are in sight.

James comes to a stop in front of the bridge. He looks out across it at the narrow road ahead. He's tense, as though nervous to step foot on the bridge.

He takes a deep breath then steps onto the bridge. He goes over to the ledge and peers down, holding the stone wall. A small creek below WOOSHES between mossy rocks.

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lewis sits on the couch watching TV. He quickly eats a microwave dinner. Sat next to him is Dorothy, also eating dinner.

DOROTHY
So how was school today? Any homework?

LEWIS
Grandma, I don't go to school.

DOROTHY

What do you mean? You're not skipping school are you? I raised you better than that.

LEWIS

No, I meant I graduated already.

Dorothy doesn't respond. She eats her food, slowly bringing the fork to her mouth. She watches the TV as an old movie plays. Lewis looks at her, shrugging off her sudden switch in topic.

A noise is heard from the other room. Lewis turns and sees his younger sister SARAH, 16, walk towards the front door. Her high heels TAP on the floor.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Umm hello?

Sarah stops and turns to Lewis.

SARAH

What's up?

LEWIS

Where are you going?

SARAH

To Emily's. She's having a party.

LEWIS

What? You do know what today is don't you?

SARAH

Umm, Thursday?

LEWIS

Yeah, I have night duty.

Sarah groans, annoyed.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I've told you this like five times before. Besides, you have school tomorrow.

SARAH

(whining)

Come on, pleaaaaase. Everyone's gonna be there. I can't miss out.

LEWIS

Well I'm sorry, but unless you can find someone in the next ten minutes to take care of Grandma, you're staying here.

SARAH

(whining)

Why can't she take care of herself?

Lewis gets up and goes over to Sarah.

LEWIS

She can't and you know that! Now do you want to act like a brat, or is your own grandmother's wellbeing worth less than some stupid high school party?

SARAH

(whining)

This is so unfair! I never get to do anything fun!

LEWIS

I'm sorry but-

SARAH

Shut up!

Sarah storms off in tears.

LEWIS

Your tears aren't going to help!
And put grandma's high heels back!

She takes the high heels off and flings them at Lewis, nearly hitting him. Lewis sighs in frustration. He heads back to Dorothy.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

Dorothy turns to Lewis, oblivious of what occurred.

DOROTHY

What's that?

Lewis smiles softly. He leans over and kisses her head.

LEWIS

Nothing Grandma. Love you.

DOROTHY
Love you too sweetie.

LEWIS
I've got to head out to work now.
Sarah will be here if you need
anything.

Lewis takes his microwave dinner and tosses the remains in the trash. He grabs his police uniform off a rack and puts it on, along with his shoes. He opens the front door and leaves.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

James drives in a black sedan along a road lit up by street lights. His phone is up on the dashboard on a call with Paul.

JAMES
Yes sir, of course. I won't forget.

PAUL
I look forward to having you on our team James. Manhattan will be quite the change from where you are now.

JAMES
I've heard. Excited though.

PAUL
Glad to hear. So, when's your move in date?

JAMES
I'm actually heading down now to check the apartment out. Need to do some last minute signing with the landlord.

PAUL
Oh, good to know.

JAMES
Yeah, only for two days though.
Gotta get back up here to pack everything.

PAUL
Actually, this could be perfect. I have someone that would love to meet you in person. I've told him a lot about you.

James pulls around the corner, exiting the main part of town.

JAMES

I'm not sure if I can.

PAUL

I'd recommend you do. If Mr. Savini says he wants to meet you in person, that's something you don't skip on.

JAMES

I'll see if I have time.

PAUL

Sounds good, hope to see you there. Goodbye.

JAMES

Goodbye.

James hangs up the phone. He turns the radio on. Music plays as James continues driving, a smile on his face.

The streets get smaller as he drives through the residential parts of town.

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah enters the living room holding the high heels. She looks towards Dorothy and sees her mindlessly watching the TV.

SARAH

I'll be back Grandma!

DOROTHY

What?!

SARAH

Nothing.

DOROTHY

Alright, have fun at work Lewis!

Dorothy resumes watching TV. Sarah grabs a winter coat and opens the front door, sneaking out of the house.

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah steps out of the garage wearing her coat and pushing a bike. She gets on it and starts pedaling before suddenly stopping.

SARAH
 (to self)
 Shit, wait.

She pulls her phone out and opens a map. The light from the phone lights her face in the night sky.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Ugh, seriously. I hate this bridge.
 Why couldn't you patrol there
 instead Lewis.

She puts her phone in her coat pocket and resumes biking down the street.

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - LATER

The road is pitch black. Not even the light of the moon can be seen through the trees above. The radio from James's car plays over the faint sound of the creek below.

MONTAGE

- James drives down the road, his headlights on low. Upbeat music plays on the radio. James hums along.

- Sarah rides along the road. She looks down, swiveling her bike through bumps and potholes.

- James comes to the bridge, still driving at his normal speed.

- Sarah approaches the bridge. She is still distracted, looking down in front of her.

- James quickly opens the center console and glances in. He grabs a phone cable and pulls it out. He looks back up.

- Sarah sees the road start to get brighter. She looks up and sees James's car only meters away.

- CRASH! James jumps back in his seat at the loud thud.

JAMES
 Shit! What the hell was that?

Unsure and scared at what happened, he slows the car down. He exits off the bridge and pulls the car over to the side.

Sarah's bike lies on the bridge, completely bent and misshapen. The front wheel is completely missing.

James steps out of his car and sees the bike on the bridge. He starts breathing heavily.

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

He walks slowly to the front of his car. He sees Sarah's blood and bike wheel jammed in the car grill.

JAMES

Fuck...

James starts feeling faint. He holds on to the car for support. He closes his eyes, trying to calm down. He walks onto the bridge towards the bike. No other cars or people are in clear sight.

Holding his phone flashlight, he scans the bridge and sees one of the high heels. Sarah is no where to be seen.

Still breathing heavy, he slowly approaches the ledge of the bridge. He pauses to catch his composure then looks over.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Please no, please no. This can't be happening. Fuuuuuuck...

UNDERNEATH BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Sarah's body lies dead. Her clothes are bloody and wet from the creek. The other high heel is sat near her. Her blood mixes in with the water, flowing down the creek.

EXT. CAR - LATER

James closes his phone and puts it away. He opens his car trunk and pulls out a snow shovel, staring down at it.

EXT. UNDERNEATH BRIDGE - LATER

Sarah's lifeless body lies in a hole beside the creek. The shovel comes down as James looks down at her. Sweat drips from him as he struggles to cover her body. Her eyes face James in a dead blank stare. He shovels dirt on her.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Trickles of rain start coming down, hitting the creek water. James stares down in the hole at Sarah's decomposing bones. Dirt and worms crawl through her skull and other remains.

James's phone dings. He doesn't notice at first, his mind washed over with guilt.

JAMES
(emotional)
You're not real!

Visions of Sarah lying in the ditch form in James's mind. He tries closing his eyes to no avail.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You can't be.

He leans down and grabs the dirt, gripping it with intense force. He breaks down, tears flowing down his face.

SARAH (V.O.)
You did this to me.

JAMES
I didn't mean to!

SARAH (V.O.)
You did this to me.

JAMES
Please...

SARAH (V.O.)
You did this to-

James picks up a wet rock from the creek. He starts bashing the skull and bones repeatedly. They crack and crumple into pieces.

James falls over on his knees. He grips his head on the dirt ground in anguish. He takes out Lewis's letter and places it next to her. Nancy's business card falls out of his pocket and he stands up.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Lewis pulls up to the diner parking lot. Rain pours down on his windshield. He comes to a stop and turn the windshield wipers off. He puts his police hat on and steps out into the rain.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Lewis walks in, wet from the rain. A WAITRESS walks out the back and sees Lewis.

WAITRESS
Wow it's coming down.

LEWIS
You're telling me.

Lewis makes his way to the counter and sits down. He take his hat off and places it on the stool next to him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Sorry for getting your seats wet.

WAITRESS
It's all good.

LEWIS
So is Kathy out?

WAITRESS
Yeah, had to see her husband.
(beat)
Actually she left her jacket here.
Would you mind stopping by the
shop? With this rain-

LEWIS
Of course, yeah, no worries.

The waitress brings out a plastic menu and hands it to Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
No need.

WAITRESS
Already know what you're getting?

She takes out a notepad and pen.

LEWIS
Yep, Let me get two chicken soups,
a chicken parm, burger, medium, and
a spinach pie. To go please.

WAITRESS
Wow someone's hungry.

Lewis chuckles.

LEWIS

Haha, nah, got a visitor over. Told him I'd treat him to dinner tonight.

WAITRESS

Well, will that be all then?

LEWIS

Actually make that three soups.

WAITRESS

Sounds good.

Lewis turns around in his bar stool. He watches the rain as it comes down hard, hitting the windows.

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - LATER

James stands inside a repair garage talking to TERRY, 60s, holding a clipboard. James's shirt and pants are soaked, covered in rain and dirt.

TERRY

Sorry you had to walk all this way in this storm. Wish I had clothes I could give you.

JAMES

It's alright.
(beat)
How's my car looking?

TERRY

Should be coming down now.

Terry lifts a pair of glasses to his face and checks his clipboard. He tears off a piece of paper and hands it to James.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Here's your final cost statement.
If you need a moment to check everything over-

JAMES

No need.

James pulls out his wallet, wet from the rain. He shakes it off and hands his credit card over.

TERRY

Very well. We'll get you out as soon as we can. There's chairs over there if you'd like to take a seat

JAMES

Thanks.

James goes over to the chairs and takes a seat. He darts his eyes back and forth nervously and sees LEWIS enter the shop. His eyes widen.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(to self)

Shit.

Lewis walks up to Terry.

LEWIS

Terry! How's it going?

TERRY

Hey Lewis, it's going well. Glad I got this roof over my head.

LEWIS

I bet. Is Kathy around? I was told she came by to see you.

TERRY

She's in the bathroom right now.

Terry sees Lewis holding her jacket.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Guessing that's her jacket?

LEWIS

Yeah, I was just at the diner. She left it there.

TERRY

Figures. Here, can take that for you.

Lewis hands over the coat to Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

LEWIS

You're welcome. Better getting going now. Don't want my food getting cold.

Lewis waves his hand and turns around. James watches him. The two make eye contact. James quickly looks away.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Vincent? Is that you?

Lewis walks over to James. He sees James's dirty clothes.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Sheesh, what the hell happened to you?

JAMES
(worried)
Umm, nothing. What um, what are you doing here?

LEWIS
Just uh, dropping something off.
Hey, is everything good?

JAMES
Oh, yeah, sorry. Just this weather I guess.

LEWIS
Yeah...
(beat)
So, your car's ready?

James nods his head.

JAMES
Mhmm. Gonna get going soon.

LEWIS
Oh, you're not leaving are you?

JAMES
Got a long trip ahead.

LEWIS
No way. I can't let you go out all soaked like.

JAMES
It's okay

LEWIS
Please, it's no problem. I have plenty of clothes I can spare you.

James stares at Lewis's chest, not able to make eye contact.

JAMES

I-

LEWIS

I got you that dinner I promised.

James rubs his eyes hard. He let's out a drawled moan.

JAMES

I can't stay long though.

LEWIS

Totally fine.

Terry comes up to them. He gives James back his credit card and car keys.

TERRY

Sorry to interrupt. Your car's ready.

James looks between Lewis and Terry. Lewis turns and sees James's sports car.

LEWIS

Umm... Is that your car?

James stands up. He goes over to the car with Lewis. Lewis looks over the car, admiring it.

JAMES

Yeah.

LEWIS

Wow. I mean, this is some car you've got here.

JAMES

Thanks. Are you uh, into cars?

LEWIS

Not really. I mean helped my father on his car when I was little, but this-

Lewis walks around the car examining it. He looks at the back of the car, dragging his fingers over the license plate.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

This is something else. I had no idea someone like you would own this.

JAMES

Oh umm,

LEWIS

No, no, I just meant you've been really nice. Usually its the douchebags that I find driving these cars.

JAMES

Well, uh, thanks I guess.

(beat)

We should get going.

James unlocks his car. He opens the door and gets in the driver's seat. His wet pants squish on the leather seats.

LEWIS

Won't that ruin the seats?

James shrugs.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Alright, well I guess you can follow me home. Help escort you in this weather.

Lewis walks out the building to his car. James sits in his car watching him intently through the front window. He takes a moment before turning his car on.

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - LATER

The rain continues coming down at a fast rate. Lewis rolls up to his house and parks outside. He looks in his rear view mirror. It's too dark to see out of it.

Lewis steps out of the car. He looks behind him, standing in the rain. James's car is nowhere around.

LEWIS

Don't tell me...

Lewis walks around the passenger side and opens the door. He sighs and grabs the food. James pulls up behind him just as Lewis closes the car door. James steps out of his car.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Had me worried there for a second!

JAMES

Huh?!

LEWIS
I said you had me worried! Thought
you drove off!

James walks up to Lewis.

JAMES
Oh, umm, well here I am.

The two of them walk up to the house. James sees the bags of food.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You got a lot of food there.

LEWIS
Eh it's not much.

Lewis transfers the bags to one hand. He takes his keys from his pocket. He goes to open the door but it's already unlocked.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Oh, I guess someone forgot to lock
the door.

JAMES
Sorry, didn't realize-

LEWIS
It's okay. Let's just get out of
this rain.

They walk inside, wiping their feet on the carpet.

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - LATER

DINING ROOM

James and Lewis sit at a table eating dinner in new dry clothes. There's an awkward silence between them.

LEWIS
You, umm, doing better?

James sits eating his burger. He takes in the silence, feeling calm. The TV plays in the background.

JAMES
I think so.

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS

Glad to hear.

(beat)

I don't know about you, but I'm
starving. How's the burger?

JAMES

Good.

LEWIS

I'm sure you've eaten a lot nicer
burgers in Manhattan.

JAMES

Not really. Honestly this is
probably the first burger I've had
in like over a year.

LEWIS

(surprised)

What, seriously? Damn, I can't
imagine going more than a month
without having a burger.

JAMES

I'm used to it.

LEWIS

You know my dad made a mean burger.
Man owned the grill.

James wipes his face on the napkin.

JAMES

Your father still around?

LEWIS

No idea as far as I know. He left
us after our mother died.

JAMES

I'm sorry. I didn't know-

LEWIS

Don't worry, it's been years. We
moved in with our grandmother soon
after. Been living with her ever
since.

The two finish their meals.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You done?

JAMES

Yeah, thanks.

Lewis gets up and takes their plates. James gets up and follows Lewis into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

James begins strolling around as Lewis cleans. He goes into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Dorothy sits blissfully in her chair watching TV.

LEWIS (O.S.)

Do you want to meet them?

James shrugs.

JAMES

What good would it do? Not like I could care any less about them.

LEWIS (O.S.)

That's an interesting mindset I guess.

A picture of Sarah sits on the wall. James comes across it and freezes. He stares at it, unable to speak.

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

Hello?

Lewis puts the plates down and turns the sink off. He turns and walks over to James. He sees him staring at the photo. They stay standing in silence, the white noise of the room filling the air.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Her name was Sarah.

The name Sarah echoes in James's head. Lewis stands behind James unable to see the tears coming down his face. James's face goes pale.

SARAH (V.O.)

How could you?

JAMES

(shakily)

No.

Lewis responds not able to hear Sarah's voice.

LEWIS
Vincent?

JAMES
I-

The picture of Sarah starts moving in a stiff-like motion. Her head creaks up and she tilts her eyes. James stares motionless at the photo of Sarah.

SARAH
Tell him James.

Lewis looks at James with great concern. Only James can see and hear Sarah. Lewis out and touches James on the shoulder. James doesn't react.

LEWIS
(worryingly)
Vincent? Are you okay? I didn't say something bad before did I?

JAMES
I-I-I thought

Lewis grabs James by his shoulders and turns him around. He sees his bloodshot eyes flooded with tears.

LEWIS
(scared)
Please, come.

Lewis takes James by the hand. James can barely stand up, feeling extremely weak. Lewis hold on to him and brings him to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lewis enters the bathroom holding James up. He lets go of James and he drops to his knees, gripping the toilet. Tears drip down into the bowl

SARAH (V.O.)
Jamessss...

JAMES
Get out.

LEWIS
It's okay.

James grips the toilet tight. He starts gagging before throwing up profusely into the toilet. Lewis steps back, cringing with disgust.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

SARAH (V.O)
He can't hear me.

JAMES
(groaning)
Get... out!...

James keeps throwing up, barely able to get his words out. He grips the bowl even harder. His arms tremble.

SARAH
You did this.

JAMES
Get out!!

LEWIS
Alright, alright.

Lewis slowly backs out of the bathroom, leaving James sitting over the toilet. He breathes heavily, scared for James and the distressing situation.

INT. LEWIS'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lewis bring James onto his bed. James is passed out, the intensity from before completely draining his energy. Lewis exits the room, leaving James to rest.

LIVING ROOM

Lewis checks on Dorothy. He sees her sitting in her exact spot. The TV plays, shining black and white images into the dimly lit room. Lewis grabs his coat and an umbrella as Dorothy sleeps, snoring heavily.

The front door closes shut.

EXT. HASTING'S POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Police officers surround the outside of the building. Lewis pulls up, confused as the officers draw their weapons towards him.

LANDON
Officer Lewis step out of your
vehicle with your hands up!

Lewis stares wide eyed, unsure if he'd heard Landon correctly.

LANDON (CONT'D)
Step out now Lewis!

Lewis slowly opens his car door and steps out with his hands up. Police officers approach him cautiously and turn him around. They cuff his hands and walk him to the station

GREG
Lewis Foster you are under arrest
for the suspected murder of Sarah
Foster. You have the right to
remain silent. Anything you say can
be used against you in court. You
have the right to a lawyer-

LEWIS
Damn right I want a lawyer! What
the hell is going on?

GREG
If you cannot afford a lawyer, one
will be appointed for you before
any questioning if you wish.

Lewis looks at Keith beside him.

LEWIS
You guys seriously can't think I
killed my own sister?! Keith, say
something!

Lewis turns his head forward and sees Landon's sullen face as he holds the door open for them.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
This isn't funny guys! Captain
where's Sarah's body?! What did you
find?!

INT. LEWIS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

James lays face up sprawled out on the bed, his arms and legs spread out. His body writhes as he tries to fight off the voice of Sarah. He's barely able to speak.

JAMES
Please... leave... me... alone....

SARAH (V.O.)
This is your own doing.

JAMES
I'll confess! Pleaseee, just get
out of my head!

SARAH (V.O.)
I'm sorry James, but it's too late
for that.

Sarah stands on her knees on top of James's chest weighing him down. Tears form as he struggles to breath. He shakes his body trying to rid her, his head violently hitting against the headrest.

JAMES
Get off of me!!

James looks up. Sarah is gone. He lays on the bed, trying to regain his breath. The bedroom door creaks open. James jolts his head up and looks at the door but nothing is there. He gets out of the bed using all his strength

KITCHEN

James stumbles into the kitchen, struggling to hold himself up. The ghost of Sarah stands in the kitchen. James tries grabbing her but she vanishes, just out of reach.

SARAH (V.O.)
You can't get rid of me.

JAMES
Leave me alone!

SARAH (V.O.)
You never will.

A breeze blows behind James. He quickly turns around on edge.

JAMES
Where are you?!

James grabs a knife and brandishes it in the air. He spins around looking for Sarah.

The mumbled sound of the television plays in the background. James walks over menacingly towards the sound holding the knife up. His breathing is heavy and meticulous.

LIVING ROOM

James stands in front of Dorothy, sitting in her chair. Blurry visions of Sarah flash in place of Dorothy. His eyes glares with a fear and rage unmatched by no other, unable to discern reality.

JAMES
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!!

The light of the television casts a shadow in the dimly lit room onto the chair. The shadowy figure of James lifts his arm over her, knife in hand.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lewis is brought into an interrogation room. He sits down at the table. Keith walks in holding a folder. The mood is tense.

LEWIS
Keith what is going on?

Keith sits down and places the folder on the table. Lewis looks at it.

KEITH
We found something Lewis.

LEWIS
What is that?

Keith opens the folder. Inside is a picture of Sarah's dead body and a letter sat next to her. Lewis sees the letter also attached.

KEITH
Look, I want to be on your side here Lewis, but this-

Keith gestures to the photo.

LEWIS
Why are you showing me this?

KEITH
This is evidence. You see this letter don't you?

LEWIS
How the hell did you get this?

KEITH
Then you recognize it.

LEWIS
Well yes, but why is it here?

KEITH
We found it by her body Lewis. Can you tell me how it got there?

LEWIS
I don't know how?! This is ridiculous!

Lewis angrily wriggles his handcuffed hands.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Please let me go!

KEITH
Stop that. Tell me the truth, how did you know where her body was?

LEWIS
I didn't!

KEITH
Then explain the letter.

LEWIS
(stressed)
I can't believe this right now
(beat)
Keith it's me! You can't seriously think I would've killed her!

KEITH
I mean-

Lewis slams his hands down.

LEWIS
I DIDN'T!

Lewis breaks down. He can hardly contain himself.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
(stuttering)
How is this happening? Test for DNA, fingerprints, whatever you can from that scene. I'm sure we can with all the money Vincent gave us.

KEITH

What are you talking about? We didn't get any money?

LEWIS

Didn't my cousin come in to talk to the captain? Maybe you missed him or something?

KEITH

I've been here for the past three days doing guest processing. I would know if he came into the station.

Lewis's breathing slows down.

KEVIN

So, can you think of anyone. I mean ANYONE, that could've gotten their hands on that letter? Anyone that might've known about it?

LEWIS

(despairingly)

No, only one that I showed it to was Kathy. She helped me...

Lewis's face sinks and he freezes like a deer in headlights.

KEVIN

What? What is it? Lewis?...

INT. DINER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Keith's dialogue continues over flashback.

Lewis sits at the diner counter with a cup of coffee. He holds a pen, tapping it on piece of paper, in deep thought. Kathy stands behind the counter watching. No one else is around.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Lewis?

KATHY

Lewis. Hey you alright hun?

Lewis looks up at Kathy.

LEWIS

Huh, oh yeah, um sorry.

KATHY

How's the letter going?

LEWIS

How do you think? I just don't get how this is supposed to help? Nothing I think of sounds good.

KATHY

That's okay. It's not about sounding good. It's about writing what you feel. Whatever comes to your mind write it down.

Lewis clicks the pen. He places it on the paper, holding it there as the ink bleeds through. Kathy jots down Lewis's order and leaves to the kitchen.

He starts writing, the words spilling out onto the paper. As he's about to finish, the door chimes. Lewis turns and sees James enter the diner.

BACK TO INTERROGATION ROOM

Lewis looks at Keith who stares back at him, concerned at his sudden silence.

LEWIS

I know who did it.

KEITH

Wait, what?

LEWIS

We need to go to my house. Now!

Lewis quickly stands up.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

It's Vincent! It's fucking Vincent or whatever the hell his name is!

KEITH

Woah, woah, wait. What do you mean? Are you sure it's your cousin!

LEWIS

Yes, I'm more than sure. He was there when I wrote that letter. I'm positive he took it.

Keith looks at Lewis, trying to gauge the information. He stands up.

KEITH

Alright. This might be a huge mistake, but I believe you.

LEWIS

That's a first.

KEITH

Yeah, you might be weird and antisocial at times, but I can tell when you're being honest.

LEWIS

Thanks. So, should we head back to my place? Get this guy?

KEITH

Oh, well I'll go but... I'm gonna have to keep you here in the holding cell.

LEWIS

What? I thought you said I was innocent?

KEITH

I said I believed you, not that you're innocent. I can't free you just based on personal opinion. You know that.

Lewis stomps his foot down.

LEWIS

My grandmother is at home RIGHT NOW with a murderer and you're going leave me here?! No fucking way!

KEITH

Potentially. We don't know for certain.

LEWIS

Potential or not, I am not taking that risk!

Keith sighs.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You said it yourself you thought I was telling the truth. If I'm wrong then you can send me right back. If anyone finds out I'll take all the blame. No matter the consequence.

Keith opens the door.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

The door to James's red sports car opens. Before getting in James takes off the bloody shirt loaned from Lewis and balls it up before getting in.

Starting the car, he puts it in reverse and turns his head. His eyes lock with Sarah's who stares back at him intensely.

JAMES

Shit!

She vanishes as James blinks, startled. James panics and slams on the pedal, driving the car in reverse. He swipes the garbage can at the end of the road, knocking it over. The wheels SKID off down the road.

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - LATER

Lewis sits in the passenger seat, looking out the window, as the car comes to a stop outside the house behind the knocked over trashcan. The house is pitch black and James's car is gone.

KEITH

I've got my gun so I'm gonna go in first, you stay behind me.

Keith steps out of the car and starts walking towards the house. Lewis steps out and quickly walks past Keith, ignoring his order.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Hey!

LEWIS

He isn't here.

KEITH

How do you know?

LEWIS

His car is gone. He came back from the shop with it. Red lambo, hard to miss.

Lewis turns the doorknob and sees it's unlocked.

KEITH
Wait, if he's gone why are you
heading inside?

Lewis doesn't respond, rushes to open the door and turns on the lights. Keith follows cautiously.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Hold up!

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE -

Keith enters and sees Lewis on his knees over in the living room. There's an intense silence as Keith walks over to him. Before he gets over, Lewis stands up in tears and looks at Keith who stops in his place.

KEITH
What...

Nervous, Keith walks forward and slowly leans his head around to see Dorothy's dead limp body sitting in the chair, her body covered in bloody stab wounds.

KEITH (CONT'D)
SHIT! What the fuck?!

LEWIS
I knew it, I fucking knew it! This
is my fault!

KEITH
Okay, it's okay, don't freak out on
me.

Keith takes out his police radio.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Pick up, everyone, I need backup!
I've got a 187 down at 23 Maple
street, multiple stab wounds,
suspect is gone. Put out an APB for
a white male, driving a red
Lamborghini.

LEWIS
I fucked up, I fucked up big time
Keith!

Keith grabs Lewis's arm, looking at him to get his attention.

KEITH

Lewis, look at me, this is not your fault. I know this it's not easy, but we've gotta go after James.

LEWIS

I- I can't leave her.

KEITH

It is not the time for this! You've been after this asshole for a year, and suddenly you're gonna give up? Think of Sarah, how would she feel if you gave up now.

Lewis turns his head back and looks at Dorothy. He takes a deep breath and nods his head.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The red Lamborghini sits parked outside a gas station, the over head lights from the roof shining on it. The station is empty of any other cars or patrons. A cashier stands alone in the store.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom sink runs. James stares at himself in the mirror trying to keep hold of himself.

SARAH (V.O.)

You won't get away.

JAMES

Shut up! Shut up!

He splashes water on his face. Grabbing a big wad of toilet paper he drowns it in soap and water. He takes it and starts furiously scrubbing his shirt trying to get the blood stains out.

SARAH (V.O.)

You're losing it.

James squeezes his eyes close trying to ignore Sarah's voice. The door KNOCKS. James jumps startled. He swiftly turns his head and looks.

CASHIER (O.S.)

You okay?

James sighs.

JAMES

Oh, um, yeah sorry. I'll be out in a sec.

CASHIER (O.S.)

Well hurry up in there. I've gotta close up, so I need that bathroom key

JAMES

I said I'll be out.

He looks back down at the shirt and starts scrubbing harder, but the blood is still noticeable.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Ughh!

CASHIER

You sure you good? Better not be making a mess in there. I'm so not in the mood to clean any shit.

James shuts the water off, grabs the wet shirt and balls it up in his hands. He opens the door and the young cashier steps back.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Finally.

James gives back the key. The cashier takes it and peers into the bathroom as James leaves without a word. He looks at the sink and sees it stained with faint splotches of blood.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Umm...

He turns around to look for James, but he's already gone.

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAWN

Police caution tape surrounds the outside perimeter of Lewis's house. Officers stand outside the house keeping guard.

Captain Landon stands at the end of the driveway talking to Keith. Lewis sits beside them on the curb not paying attention.

LANDON

I feel so bad for him.

KEITH

Same. I tried asking what he knew about this James guy, doesn't seem like much.

LANDON

You know I told him to be careful. Came to me all excited about his relative... just wish I could've known.

KEITH

We all wish we did. No one more than him I'm sure.

Keith turns and looks at Lewis.

LANDON

I've been on the force so many years, never seen anything like this here. If this James guy truly did kill them, there's got to be some explanation.

KEITH

What do you mean?

LANDON

Something this messy, there's no way he's working alone.

KEITH

What, like the mafia? A hitman?

LANDON

Mafia, hitman, whatever it is, if the guy's riding around in a Lamborghini he clearly has money. Money means connections.

Officer Greg rushes out of the house clutching his mouth and stomach trying to not throw up.

GREG

FUCK!

Keith and Captain Landon look at Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

I am not going back in there! No way!

Greg makes his way over to them. He sees Lewis sitting down. Lewis gets up and turns to them. His eyes are sunken and red.

GREG (CONT'D)
Umm, hey Lewis. Sorry about everything. If I knew I wouldn't of cuffed you.

LEWIS
It's fine. You were just doing your job.

GREG
You know I still haven't had my bachelor party yet, you're always invited.

LEWIS
Appreciate it.

LANDON
So, what's the news? Any leads?

GREG
Not much, still getting what we can. Can't even find a murder weapon. Must've taken it with him or something.

Landon thinks for a moment.

LANDON
Alright well keep searching, but at this point it doesn't seem like there's going to be much here to help us find him.

He looks at Keith.

LANDON (CONT'D)
I suggest we put out info of this guy, contact news stations, whatever we can do so he'll be recognized by someone.

KEITH
Yes, right away.

Keith walks off, taking out his phone to make a call.

LANDON
And Greg-

GREG
Yes sir?

LANDON

Try to keep your lunch down.

Greg smiles and rolls his eyes. He heads back to the house.
Lewis walks up to Landon

LEWIS

Thank you, and don't worry about
before. With the way I've been
distant from everyone I would've
suspected me too.

Landon places his hand on Lewis's shoulder.

LANDON

I promise you we'll catch him.

He drags his hand off, dropping it to his side.

INT. MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

BROOKLYN, 20, sits on a fold-up chair in the front lobby of a
motel talking on speaker to her BOYFRIEND over facetime. No
one else is around.

BROOKLYN

I told you already I didn't want to
facetime. There's nothing more to
talk about.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

Baby I had to. You won't give me
any chance to explain myself.

BROOKLYN

What's there to explain? I know
what happened!

BOYFRIEND

Pleaseee... what happened to second
chances?

BROOKLYN

I already gave you a second chance
and look where that brought us.
It's over now okay? Go talk with
that other girl.

The sound of a car pulls up outside. Brooklyn looks up
through the window and sees James's red Lamborghini. Her eyes
widen.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)
But I love you babe! I can't leave
you!

Brooklyn gets out of her chair.

BROOKLYN
Well you're gonna have to. I've got
a customer coming in.

BOYFRIEND (V.O.)
Wait-

BROOKLYN
Goodbye.

Brooklyn hangs up the phone and puts it in her pocket. She
opens the front door and exits.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Brooklyn walks up to James as he grabs the shirt and knife
from the car. Her demeanor changes as she puts on a much
friendlier sounding voice.

BROOKLYN
Hello, welcome to the Shepard Inn.

James, having not noticed her, gets startled and hits his
head on the roof.

JAMES
Aghh!

BROOKLYN
You okay there?

James takes the shirt and knife and hides it in his pockets.
He stands up out of the car and looks at Brooklyn.

JAMES
Gotta room?

BROOKLYN
Look around-

They look across the empty parking lot aside from a pickup
truck.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Got plenty. Follow me to the lobby,
I can check you in. How long are
you planning on staying?

James follows behind Brooklyn as she turns and walks back to the lobby.

JAMES
Not long at all. Just needed to
stop for a bit. Do you have phone
service here?

They enter the building.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Brooklyn reaches over the desk and grabs a clipboard. She puts it down and leans on her elbow on the counter trying to look flirty

BROOKLYN
Yeah we do.

She hands James a pen but he doesn't take it.

JAMES
I don't want to sign anything.

BROOKLYN
If you're staying here you have to.
Fifty per night.

JAMES
I'm not staying overnight.

BROOKLYN
Even if it's for an hour you have
to. Sorry, it's my stupid boss's
rules

James reluctantly takes the pen and signs a fake name.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Terry is it? Hmm, you don't come
across as a Terry.

James takes his wallet out. Brooklyn awes at the wads of cash as he scours through it. He pulls out a fifty and places it on the counter.

JAMES
Can I get my room now?

BROOKLYN

Umm yeah...

She goes around the counter, grabs a key off a key cabinet, and hands it to James.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

Second room to the right when you exit.

James takes the key and walks out.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

I'll be here if you need anything!

She bites her nails, smiling as she watches James walk to the room.

INT. HASTING'S POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Keith pours out a basket of random items found at the scene of Sarah's death. Included is the letter and the high heels.

KEITH

This is everything that was found.

Wearing plastic gloves, Lewis picks up a high heel and stares at it solemnly.

LEWIS

I can hardly recognize them. Used to be so colorful.

KEITH

She loved these shoes. Remember when we were hanging out, she came out wearing them. So big she kept tripping in them.

Lewis puts them down delicately. He looks through the rest of the evidence and spots a business card. He picks it up.

LEWIS

Nancy Moore, realtor... that sounds familiar.

KEITH

Yeah, you know, she has that commercial that's always playing on the radio. Looking for your next-

LEWIS

I remember, don't have to recite it. But why is her business card here?

KEITH

I don't know? Was your sister looking for a house or something?

LEWIS

Was my-

(sarcastically)

Yeahhh, my fifteen year old sister with no job was looking for a new place.

KEITH

Hey you never know. Must've been James's then. Should we contact her, maybe she has info?

LEWIS

Can't hurt I guess. Plus it'll confirm he was at the scene if she did see him.

Landon walks out of his office and heads to them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

James moves around the motel room in a nervous fashion, holding his phone to his ear. He goes up to the curtains and closes them, making sure no one is watching.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Paul sits in a diner drinking a cup of coffee. The phone rings and he puts down the glass.

INTERCUT JAMES/PAUL

PAUL

(unenthusiastically)

Paul Di Stefano, how may I help you?

JAMES

Paul I need your help!

Paul yells at James under his breath so the other diner patrons don't hear.

PAUL

James, is that you?! Where the hell have you been? Do you even realize the crap I've had to deal with since you disappeared?!

PAUL (CONT'D)

I can't fucking believe you'd have the gall to call me! I don't know if you have balls of steel or you the biggest dumbass in history!

JAMES

Wait, let me explain. If you'd just- hold on-

JAMES (CONT'D)

Paul! PAUL! Listen to me!

PAUL

What is it? You gonna tell me where you've been?

JAMES

I fucked up. I'm not doing good man.

PAUL

Again? Are you serious?! I thought you were done making dumb decisions.

JAMES

I think I killed someone...

(beat)

You there?

PAUL

I'm here. Look, just do what I told you last time. Dig a hole, bury them. Make sure you don't get your prints on anything.

JAMES

I can't.

PAUL

What do you mean? You've done it before.

JAMES

I left already. I panicked, the police could've been on me any minute.

PAUL
Hahahaha!... Oh James, James,
James, James.

JAMES
Why do you keep saying my name?

PAUL
You haven't changed at all.
Probably a good thing to be honest.
Made me. A lot-

The line starts breaking up.

SARAH (V.O.)
It's no use.

PAUL
Prepared for your shit.

James sits down on the bed.

JAMES
Please.

The sound of Paul's voice drowns out.

SARAH (V.O.)
No one can help you.

JAMES
Stop it.

SARAH (V.O.)
Nothing you do will change your
fate.

JAMES
(exasperated)
Go away...

PAUL
Alright?

James rubs his eyes.

JAMES
Huh?

PAUL
I said I'll be up soon. Try not to
get in any trouble while you wait.

Paul hangs up with a smile on his face. He gets up and places cash on the table. Kathy appears and takes the cash.

James lets out a deep breath, dropping his phone on the bed. He gets up and takes the shirt and knife, placing them in the nightstand drawer. His head pounding in pain, James exits the room to get fresh air.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Lewis and Keith sit in a security room. A tape plays on a small screen.

KEITH

Well then.

LEWIS

This is it.

They watch security footage from in front of the Franklin & Moore building. James is seen on the video taking the business card from Nancy.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

This proves he had her card.

KEITH

I mean it's not bloody fingerprints all over his shirt evidence, but it's still evidence.

LEWIS

The guy killed my god damn grandmother. Evidence like this is not even necessary. More of a cherry on top.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

James inserts a dollar into a vending machine slot. He presses buttons and waits for a bottle of soda the drop.

Brooklyn approaches James, her reflection getting closer on the vending machine glass.

BROOKLYN

You know we got free water in the rooms?

James bends down and grabs the soda. He opens it and takes a drink, spitting it out immediately.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Yeah, should've said something bout
that. None of the drinks are cold.

JAMES
It's fine. You guys sell ibuprofen?

BROOKLYN
Not sure, I'd have to check the
back office.

James holds on to the vending machine with one hand and his
head with the other, wincing in pain.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
I think I might have something else
to help you.

JAMES
Anything.

Brooklyn takes James's arm, leading him to the motel lobby.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - LATER

Brooklyn reaches up and grabs a bottle of vodka from the top
shelf. She opens it and takes a swig, then puts it down on a
table.

Sitting down, James looks at the bottle then up at Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN
Here.

JAMES
Are you supposed to be drinking
this?

Brooklyn shrugs.

BROOKLYN
Who's stopping me? I know you
ain't.

JAMES
Whatever.

He takes a big drink of the vodka.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What is this shit?

BROOKLYN

Huh? What have you never had vodka before?

JAMES

Of course I have, but not this tasteless crap.

BROOKLYN

What are you, Bruce Wayne or something? Never had anything worth less than hundred dollars?

JAMES

No, I just-

He takes another sip.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's been a long day.

Brooklyn sits down across from James.

BROOKLYN

So like, what's your deal?

JAMES

What do you mean?

BROOKLYN

Like, why's some rich looking dude hanging out at a motel? You're not some drug dealer or whatever?

JAMES

What? No, why would you think that?

Brooklyn takes a drink.

BROOKLYN

Relax, I don't care. Besides, I watched that Scarface movie, that Tony is so cool. Kinda hot too.

JAMES

I'm not a drug dealer alright? Also I don't think Scarface is the best person for you to look up to. Guy gets shot to hell at the end.

Brooklyn starts crying. James looks at her concerned.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are you okay? He's just a fictional character, you know he's not actually dead right?

She wipes her eyes.

BROOKLYN

It's not that. I just- ughhhh, why do guys have to suck so fricking much! All he cares about are his stupid friends, he never paid any attention to me!

JAMES

I umm-

BROOKLYN

I'm stuck in this motel all day, the only guys I ever see are two hundred pound truck drivers.

JAMES

I don't think this is my business...

Brooklyn looks deep into James's eyes. She grabs the bottle and takes another sip.

BROOKLYN

Y-y-you, you're not like them though.

She rubs her foot against James's leg.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

It gets so lonely here.

JAMES

Whoa, hold up.

He backs up his chair.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let's not-

BROOKLYN

I'm sorry. You don't understand how hard it can be.

Brooklyn breaks down in tears.

JAMES

It's okay, I didn't mean to make you upset.

James reaches out and places his hand on Brooklyn's arm.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You're beautiful alright?

BROOKLYN

Oh shut up you don't mean that. You're drunk.

JAMES

Yeah but, who cares, it doesn't mean it's not true.

James moves closer to Brooklyn. The two go in to kiss, knocking the vodka bottle to the floor. Brooklyn leans too far and James falls backwards in his chair. Too drunk to care, they continue making out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James lifts Brooklyn onto the bed.

JAMES

Wait, wait. Is someone going to see us?

BROOKLYN

Nah we're the only ones here. My dad's away for the weekend.

James holds Brooklyn back for a second.

JAMES

Hold up, dad? How old are you?

She rolls her eyes.

BROOKLYN

I'm twenty two asshole.

JAMES

Hey don't call me that, I'm not trying to be some pedo.

BROOKLYN

Don't mention pedos while we're making out. It's like, not attractive.

Brooklyn goes back in and they resume making out on the bed. They begin undressing, stripping down to their underwear.

Brooklyn stops in her tracks.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Hahahahahaha-

James opens his eyes and looks at her as she laughs.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D) JAMES
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA- Stop it.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
HAHAHA-Aghh.

Brooklyn's incessant laughing turns to crying.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Oh James, it's useless.

JAMES
How'd you know my name?

James looks and sees Sarah now sitting over him in place of Brooklyn. He freaks out and pushes her off of him.

SARAH
You seriously think you can escape me?

JAMES
No, stop it.

SARAH
I'll always be in your head James.

JAMES
STOP IT!

James leans up on the bed gripping his head. Sarah is gone and Brooklyn looks nervously at James in her place

JAMES (CONT'D)
Get out!

BROOKLYN
(worryingly)
Did I do something wrong?

James struggles to look up at Brooklyn out of distress.

JAMES

I'm sorry. Please leave, I can't do this.

BROOKLYN

Is there something I can do?

JAMES

I need you to leave.

BROOKLYN

Okay I'll leave, I'm sorry.

Brooklyn gets out of the bed and carefully backs up to the door. Keeping eye contact with James, she reaches behind and opens the door. She exits, slowly closing the door.

James gets up and stumbles over to a minifridge. He swings it opens and grabs all of the mini alcohol bottles. He proceeds to open and drink them all before crashing to the floor, past out.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Brooklyn crashes down onto a chair. The table and chairs are still scattered from their prior intimate occurrence. She turns on the TV hooked up in the wall corner and places her head down on the table.

The news comes on. A news ANCHOR sits in front of a greenscreen city reading a teleprompter.

ANCHOR

Breaking news, there has been new development involving James DeSare, who went on the run in a red Lamborghini after killing Dorothy Foster in her home.

Brooklyn looks up at the TV.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Sarah Foster, granddaughter of Dorothy, and sister to officer Lewis Foster, went missing a year ago. Police have recently discovered her remains and believe James to be behind her death as well.

A police sketch of James appears on the screen. Brooklyn looks up at it, scared and concerned.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

If you see this man, contact police immediately and do not attempt to approach him.

Brooklyn's eyes go wide and she starts to hyperventilate. She gets up and heads over to her cellphone, charging on a counter. She picks it up and dials 9-1-1.

INT. POLICE CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A police DISPATCHER sits at a desk in front of computer monitors with a phone headset on.

DISPATCHER

Yes, we're sending police units there right away. Stay right where you are. Make sure the doors are locked and he can't get to you.

(beat)

It's okay sweetie, nothing will happen to you. I'm gonna have to hang up now.

She hangs up the call.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! James squirms in his sleep.

JAMES

Ughhhh...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! He jolts up and rushes over, peaking around the window curtains. Paul and Peter stand waiting. James opens the door.

PAUL

Come on James, I ain't got all fricking day!

James holds on to the windowsill.

JAMES

Sorry Paul, thought you were the police.

PAUL

Do I look like the stinking police to you Petey?

PETER
Not at all sir.

PAUL
Now, how bout your ol' pal here
take care of everything.

They enter the room and close the door behind them. Peter stands by the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You know I heard the news on the
way over. Got yourself into quite
the pickle.

JAMES
It's nothing you can't clean up
though, right? I mean, I've seen
the work you've done.

PAUL
Oh I can clean it up. I always
clean things up.

Paul walks forward towards James. James back up, trying to keep space between them.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I just really wish you would've
called me earlier. Would've helped
a whole lot. Now you got these
police over.

JAMES
You can handle police Paul. I'm
sure Mr. Savini gave you plenty to
work with.

Paul motions for James to sit on the bed. He leans back against the wall, looking down at James.

PAUL
Mr. Savini is dead kid. Something
you would've known if you hadn't
ran off like some lunatic.

JAMES
What? How, I- I know he had that
heart attack but I thought the docs
said he was gonna recover?

PAUL
Nah, he was doing better and then-

He claps his hands together.

PAUL (CONT'D)
He's dead like a doornail.

Peter steps outside.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Parked right next to James's Lamborghini is a black sedan. Peter scans the area, keeping an eye out for any police.

He turns and sees Brooklyn peeking out at him through the window curtains. They make eye contact before she quickly shuts the curtains.

Peter walks towards the lobby entrance.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brooklyn double checks that the doors are locked. She runs to the corner and squats down, trying to hide herself.

BROOKLYN
(distraught)
I'm gonna die. I can't believe it.
The only guy I've ever come close
to sleeping with is a murderer, and
now I'm gonna die.

She grips her arms around her legs, pressing her face hard into her knees out of fear.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

JAMES
No, that's not true.

PAUL
He loved you James and what did you
do in return? You stole his money
and ran away like the greedy
fucking rat you are!

JAMES
It wasn't like that!

PAUL
I always thought you had potential.
You could've been one of the
greats, and now you're dead.

Peter reaches over to his pocket.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

Peter walks behind the lobby desk and grabs ahold of the doorknob. Seeing it's locked, he easily pushes the door open, breaking the flimsy wood.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brooklyn stays in the corner.

BROOKLYN
Stay away!

Peter goes over and grabs her.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
No! Let me go!

He pulls her up.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Keith drives down in his police car with Lewis in the passenger seat. They follow a number of other police cars down the road.

LEWIS
I'm telling you I could've driven.

KEITH
With everything that's happened to you? Your ass is way too unstable.

LEWIS
Whatever. As long as I get to cuff him.

KEITH
The look on his face when he catch him is gonna be priceless.

LEWIS
Are we almost there? Getting so nervous, can't believe this is finally happening.

Lewis lets out a deep breath.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Paul holds a gun up to James who sits frozen in fear. Peter bursts in holding a squirming Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN

I swear I won't say anything!

PETER

What should I do with this gal?

Paul puts his gun down and looks at Peter.

PAUL

Ah fuck Petey, why'd you take her?
I don't got time for this shit.

PETER

She was watching us, I couldn't
leave her there. Could've called
the cops on us.

Peter rubs his eyes with his non-gun hand.

PAUL

Ugh you killing me here. Take her
to the bathroom. I'll deal with her
later.

BROOKLYN

LET ME GO!

Peter takes Brooklyn to the bathroom and closes the door.

Paul sighs. He looks back at James and starts to raise his gun back up. James charges at Paul, knocking the gun to the ground.

The two grab each other, fighting to gain the upper hand. James pushes Paul to the floor and grabs the gun. He points it down at Paul.

PAUL

Whoa, James, what are you doing
there?

JAMES

I didn't want any of this to happen
Paul.

PAUL

It doesn't have to James. If you
just put the gun down, we can leave
this all behind us.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

There's a car out there, I can take you, we'll forget all about this.

JAMES

Do you think I'm stupid? Do you think I'm fucking stupid?!

PAUL

No, no, of course not! I care about you. Remember what I said? I think you're brilliant at your job.

James shakes his head.

SARAH (V.O.)

Do it James. Pull the trigger.

James grips his hair, still pointing the gun at Paul with his other hand.

SARAH (V.O.)

You've already killed twice now. What's one more to a murderer like you?

JAMES

(distraught)

Leave me alone.

PAUL

What is it?

SARAH (V.O.)

You know you want to.

JAMES

No, you're wrong!

PAUL

What are you talking about??

James closes his eyes tight and stomps his foot on the floor. Paul stares up, stunned.

JAMES

AGHHHHHH!!!!

PAUL

The fuck-

James bends down pointing the gun at Paul. He reaches in Paul's pocket and takes his car keys. He turns around still holding the gun and runs out the room.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 What the FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!
 PETER!

PETER (O.S.)
 What is it?! I'm kind of busy in
 here!

The sedan wheels SKID loudly against the road. Paul gets up
 and rushes to the doorway to see James driving off.

PAUL
 FUCK! This was not the plan!

Peter walks out of the bathroom, leaving Brooklyn tied up.

PETER
 What's going on? Where's James?

PAUL
 He got away you idiot! This is why
 you're supposed to stay out here
 with me so shit like this doesn't
 happen!

PETER
 I'm sorry Paul!

PAUL
 Sorry my ass! I got a reputation to
 hold up here!

PETER
 What are we gonna do then?

PAUL
 We ain't staying here, capeesh? Ask
 that girl for her car keys.

BROOKLYN
 I don't have any keys!

PAUL
 Didn't your parents teach you not
 to lie little girl? I saw the truck
 parked out there.

He looks at Peter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Go get it.

Peter goes over to Brooklyn. She tries covering her pockets
 but he takes the keys from her.

PETER

Got 'em.

Peter turns and walks back over to Paul. The sound of sirens play outside in the distance.

PAUL

We gotta go now!

Paul steps out the door.

PETER

What about the girl?

PAUL

Who the FUCK cares about her?! Now come on!

The two exit the motel room leaving Brooklyn tied up with the shower curtain.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Peter drive off in the truck. They leave minutes before the police show up. The cops surround the motel parking lot. They rush out and run into each and every room.

Brooklyn hears them and shouts from the bathroom.

BROOKLYN

HELP ME!

Greg enters the room and sees Brooklyn. He rushes over and unties her.

GREG

You're gonna be okay.

He takes her arm and brings her outside.

GREG (CONT'D)

Guys, I found someone!

Captain Landon approaches them.

LANDON

You're in safe hands now.

BROOKLYN

You have to go after them!

LANDON

It's okay we're searching up and down this whole place for him.

OFFICER

Sir we found a knife and shirt!
It's covered in blood!

LANDON

Then bag it!

BROOKLYN

Mister they're not here! They escaped!

Landon stops and looks at Brooklyn.

LANDON

Wait, they? You mean there's more than one person?

BROOKLYN

Yes! Two guys showed up and tied me up! They took my car keys and left!

Lewis and Keith see Landon talking to Brooklyn and walk up to them.

LANDON

Was James with them?

BROOKLYN

No he left before them.

KEITH

What's going on?

LANDON

She says they aren't here.
Apparently this guy's working with two others.

LEWIS

Shit! Why are we standing around here then?!

Lewis starts running to his police car.

KEITH

We don't even know what car he's driving!

BROOKLYN

It's a black Honda sedan! I saw it
as I was being taken to the room.

LEWIS

You hear that? Now let's go! I'm
not waiting one more second here so
he can get away!

He gets in the car and pulls out of the parking lot.

LANDON

Get back here Lewis!

KEITH

Wait up!

LANDON (CONT'D)

Greg, stay here with this lady
until medics arrive! I need
everyone else to follow Lewis! NOW!

Landon hands Brooklyn over to Greg. Keith and the rest of the
officers get in their cars . They drive off after Lewis.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cars travel along the highway. Traffic is heavily backed up
from work commute. James drives up getting stuck behind a row
of cars.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

James sits impatiently in the car, trying to calm down. He
stares out at the numerous cars in front of him. Bright red
and blue lights flash in the side-view mirror.

A dark blur moves past the mirror. He jumps in his seat and
quickly turns the mirror away.

SARAH

Why do you run?

James turns and sees Sarah sitting in the passenger seat
staring at him. Her body is bloody and pale white.

JAMES

Get away!

SARAH

Why do you run James?

JAMES

Shut up!

The car doors lock. James tries opening them but the doors won't budge.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lewis slowly weaves his car in between traffic. He looks into each car he passes trying to find James. His radio BUZZES.

KEITH (V.O.)
Come in Lewis. Are you there?

Lewis lifts up his radio.

LEWIS
What is it? I don't have time to talk right now.

KEITH (V.O.)
You found him yet?

LEWIS
What the hell do you think? If I found him don't you think I would've said something?

KEITH (V.O.)
Well sorry, it's hard to tell with all this fucking traffic. I was hoping for a chase but this is more of a snail race.

A black sedan sits idly, three spaces in front of Lewis's car. Lewis sees the car and places the radio back down. He blares the siren.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The sirens ring out behind the car. James grips the steering wheel and shakes it out of frustration.

JAMES
MOVE! FUCKING MOVE!

The radio turns on by itself and music starts playing. James tries turning it off to no avail.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lewis drives up, getting right behind the black sedan. Getting ready, he reaches down and places his hand on his gun.

A space opens between the sedan and he drives up next to it. Without looking, Lewis stalls his car and hops out. He runs up to the sedan and KNOCKS on the driver's side window.

LEWIS
Police, open up!

The window rolls down. An OLD MAN looks up at Lewis, his WIFE sitting next to him. She smacks his arm.

WIFE
Look what you did! I told you not to drive so close to the other cars.

OLD MAN
Will you be quiet woman?! I didn't do anything wrong.

LEWIS
Shoot! So, so, sorry you two. Wrong car.

Lewis looks up on his tip-toes across the sea of cars. Multiple black sedans are sat around the traffic.

OLD MAN
See I told you I wasn't in trouble.

He looks up at Lewis walking back to his police car.

LEWIS
Listen to your wife. She's right y'know.

Lewis gets in his car.

LANDON (V.O.)
What the fuck is going on out there?

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

LANDON
I swear we've been waiting her forever now.

Landon stands outside the motel. Brooklyn and Greg wait behind him, sitting on the curb. Landon takes out his radio.

INTERCUT LEWIS/LANDON

LANDON

Can someone tell me what the hell
is taking you guys so long?

LEWIS

I got it covered captain. There's a
lot of cars out here.

LANDON

And tell me why that makes a
difference? You got a pair of
working legs don't you?

LEWIS

It ain't that simple. It'd take me
forever to search each car by foot.

LANDON

Go up to the black sedans-

LEWIS

Black sedans? Black fucking
sedans?! There's at least fifty god
damn black sedans in my eye sight
alone!

LANDON

(aggressively)

I don't care if there's a sea of
black sedans! Now get out there and
find that fucking cocksucker!

Landon puts his radio away.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The music continues to play on an incessant loop. Visions of Sarah appear in James's head. Her voice sounds out, scattered around.

SARAH

What do you think is going to
happen here?

(beat)

You're trapped.

(beat)

There's no one to help you escape.

James looks across the other side of the highway, where there are very few cars on the road.

JAMES
It's all over.

SARAH
It's all over James.

James grips the steering wheel.

JAMES
It's all over.

He takes a deep breath.

JAMES (CONT'D)
It's all over!

In a swift motion, James turns the wheel and SLAMS on the gas. The car swerves off the road.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

A loud CRASH is heard as James's car crashes through the railing. Lewis looks up and sees the black sedan. It drives the wrong way down the highway at rapid speed.

LEWIS
Fuck!

Lewis turns on his siren and lights. He swerves the car, entering the other side of the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

James speeds down the highway in the black sedan, Lewis chasing him in his police car. Cars quickly swerve to avoid James, HONKING their horns.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

James pushes harder on the gas, reaching extremely unsafe speeds. James starts humming the same melodic tune played prior on the radio.

SARAH (V.O.)
It's all over, no escape. It's all over, no escape. It's all over, no escape-

James covers his ears to try and drown out Sarah. Her voice continues talking despite his efforts.

SARAH
It's all over, no escape.

JAMES
There is.

SARAH
It's all over, no escape

JAMES
Yes there is.

The siren gets louder and louder as Lewis gets closer. A large semi-truck appears driving towards James's direction.

JAMES (CONT'D)
It's all over now.

James closes his eyes. The truck gets mere yards away. It BLARES its loud horn, attempting to warn James.

Sarah looks at James as she slowly fades away. The truck veers to the right to avoid James. The back of the truck clips the side of the sedan.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lewis watches in horror as James's car spins out of control. It tumbles and crashes, car shrapnel flying about. Lewis slows down his car, coming to a stop.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

THUD. Smoke rises up from the sedan as it stops, top up on the grassy side of the road.

Police cars drive up to James. They pass by Lewis, still stopped. Officers step out of their cars, guns drawn. Keith pulls up by Lewis. He gets out of his car.

KEITH
Someone call for fire and EMT now!

Keith heads over to Lewis. He knocks hard on the car door.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Get out Lewis!

Lewis snaps out of his frozen state and looks up at Keith.

KEITH (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing in
there? Get out.

Lewis opens the door. Keith steps back as Lewis comes out.

LEWIS
Why would he do that?

KEITH
Why would he do that? Guy's a
fucking loony, that's why.

Lewis follows behind Keith as they walk up to the crash. They peer in the sedan and see James, eyes closed and smiling. His face and body is covered in blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER

James lays on a stretcher seemingly dead. Lewis approaches James.

LEWIS
Why'd you do it?

In a neck brace and cuffed to the stretcher, James is unable to move. His eyes remain closed.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Why did you run all this time.

He squeezes his eyes closed tighter.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
The nightmares, every day and night
after you killed her. I know you
never forgot about that night.

Lewis leans in closer to James, coming a foot from his face.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
You don't deserve to die. Not by
your own choosing.

A tear flows down James's eye. Lewis backs up.

JAMES
I never wanted this to happen. None
of it. I was stupid.

LEWIS

You're a coward. That's what you are.

JAMES

I'm sorry. For all the pain, the suffering, wondering where she was, why she never came home. You kept that guilt with you and I'm sorry for that. If you want to kill me yourself, go right ahead.

Lewis let's out a deep sigh. He takes a hold of James's hands and stares in silence down at his swollen red eyes. He smiles softly, nodding his head.

LEWIS

If one questions life's choices it will only lead to sorrow.

(beat)

Fate will decide your death.

James watches through bloody vision as Lewis walks off towards the other officers. The bright flashing lights of the emergency vehicles flood the dark sky above James.

He closes his eyes once more as EMTs carry him into the back of the ambulance.

END