

kiuljuk

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET -- MORNING

A busy street with people walking, with cars inching along, with tall buildings on either side. Horns go off as a crowd takes initiative and crosses against the light.

One man stands out, moving briskly down the sidewalk, a handheld computer in his palm, a tiny headset protruding from his ear. From a distance he seems to be talking to himself, but TREVOR SYLES is simply connected to the world.

TREVOR

(punching at the
computer, talking
fast)

Christ, is that today? Move it to eleven and make sure Jim I don't care, make them wait, and make sure Jim knows I need him on time at ten cause it's gonna take a full hour easy. Where's lunch yeah, I'm looking at an email from him now call him back and tell him to dump it at twenty-nine and tell him to stockpile FTG at the bell and I mean *at the bell*. Where's lunch today, that's right. Push that to one and I know, but she's used to it so push her to one and get Lonnie to come see me--

He pushes through a revolving door into

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

without missing a beat, heading for the elevators.

TREVOR

--at noon about the promotion, send Dave in at half past no Dave got it but I like to let the winner sweat it out a bit.

(laughs)

That's why you love me, what's this here from Prader? Shit, has he called yet, call him and tell him to--

The elevator opens as he walks up to it and a couple people come out as he pushes in and punches a floor button.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

--get over here by eleven, I'm on my I know, they'll have to wait till

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

the afternoon find something and put them off, I'm on my way up now so...

And the doors are closed.

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- MORNING

And the doors open, and he comes out, walking alongside his ASSISTANT, who met him at the elevator with a notepad. They weave very quickly through an office full of occupied desks. They talk even faster, responses and questions overlapping in an odd barrage of communication.

TREVOR
Has Lyle checked in yet? Get Prader on the phone now and patch him through as soon as you I don't care, I can't worry about them there may be a major issue with the shipping lines...

TREVOR'S ASSISTANT
No, he has a meeting until nine then breakfast with already did, he's on line three but the people from I'll let Lyle know you need to see him as soon as he gets in...

And they keep going, into an office with Trevor's name on the door, as another man sitting at a nearby desk snatches a ringing phone to his ear. This is GREG MITCHELL, mid 20s, average.

GREG
Strater & Syles, Lyle Strater's office... Please hold.

He punches a couple buttons on the phone and hangs up. Turns to his computer. Types lazily while reading from a document next to the keyboard. Checks his watch. Sighs. Types lazily while reading from a document next to the keyboard.

A woman comes out of the office behind him, which has the name LYLE STRATER on it, and drops a folder on his desk.

LYLE'S ASSISTANT
Greg!

He jumps and turns to her.

LYLE'S ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Mr. Strater needs these faxed immediately. When you get back I need you to call Dr. Hurst and make me an appointment for sometime tomorrow.

GREG
Anything serious?

(CONTINUED)

LYLE'S ASSISTANT
Just these damn headaches, I--

TREVOR'S ASSISTANT
(coming out of Trevor's
office)
Has Lyle checked in yet?

LYLE'S ASSISTANT
No, he won't be in until a little
after nine. Something wrong?

TREVOR'S ASSISTANT
(scoffs)
Yeah, just a *minor* problem, someone
fucked up the shipping invoices.
We'll try to handle it, but get him
in here like yesterday...

Trevor's assistant disappears into the office, Lyle's assistant shakes her head and goes to Lyle's. Greg gets up slowly, grabs the folder on his desk and strolls across the room.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Greg at a fax machine, watching it transmit.
2. Greg at a coffee machine, chatting with a co-worker.
3. Greg being an answering machine, jotting a message down.
4. Greg at a copy machine, watching the light scan its field.
5. Greg wishing for a time machine, staring at his watch.
6. Greg typing like he's a machine, while people race around him.
7. Greg leans back in his chair, looks at his watch and sighs.

INT. DINER -- DAY

Greg is sitting at a small table with another man, PAUL. Lunch is in front of them.

PAUL
You work for the founders of a
multinational corporation...

GREG
Yes...

PAUL
In their office...

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yes...

PAUL

Where they do everything they do...

GREG

Yes...

PAUL

You take their phone calls, you type their letters, you watch them as they race from one appointment to the next...

GREG

Yes...

PAUL

And you're bored...

GREG

Yes...

(beat)

I'm an assistant's assistant, Paul, I'm nobody. They don't know me, they don't know my name. They barely know their assistants' names, they never have time to use them. All the work that filters down to me is scut work, meaningless, boring.

PAUL

You sound like every secretary I've ever met...

GREG

Exactly! And that's the problem. I'm becoming a God damn stereotype, and fuck if it isn't pissing me off!

He violently tears into his sandwich.

PAUL

So quit...

GREG

(shakes his head)

If I answer that I'll just be more depressed...

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- AFTERNOON

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Greg filing some folders.

(CONTINUED)

2. Greg talking on the phone.
3. Greg typing on his computer.
4. Greg looking at his watch.
5. A mailboy pushing a cart through the office.
6. Greg looking at his watch.
7. Greg shuffling through envelopes.
8. Greg looking at his watch.
9. Greg typing on his computer.
10. Greg looking at his watch.
11. Greg looking at his watch.
12. Greg looking at his watch.

A loud *BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP*...

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

A microwave. The display reads END. The door is pulled open.

Greg takes out his frozen dinner and walks a half dozen steps to his couch. His apartment is tiny, a studio. There's his couch, his television, the makeshift kitchen, a bathroom over in the corner, and a computer against one wall. The computer is on.

He sits on his couch and watches HOLLYWOOD SQUARES and scoops microwave pasta from a cardboard dish.

A newspaper lies on the couch next to him. He looks at it. Picks it up. Scoops microwave pasta from a cardboard dish.

He looks up at the TV. Whoopi is laughing. He smiles. Scoops microwave pasta from a cardboard dish.

BOWJOO!

He jumps and glances over at his computer. A window's popped up on the screen, a message window. He goes over to look. Blue letters identify the sender as AAA88. He looks confused.

It reads

AAA88: help

He stares at it.

He sets down the cardboard dish.

(CONTINUED)

He moves his hands toward the keyboard.

BOWJOO!

He blinks. A second message.

AAA88: they're trying to kiuljuk

He furrows his eyebrows. Rests his fingers on his keyboard. Tries to decide what to type.

The phone rings.

He jumps again, looks over at it, a portable sitting next to the computer. Looks back at the screen. Listens to it ring again. Snatches it and answers cautiously.

GREG

Hello?

PAUL (V.O.)

What's up?

GREG

Paul...

(clears his throat,
stares at the screen)

With what?

PAUL

With you... Doing anything tonight?

GREG

I don't think so...

BOWJOO!

AAA88: kevin

He stares at it. Looks at the screen name.

AAA88

He tries to place it.

PAUL

Greg?

(beat)

Greg!

GREG

(with a start)

Yeah, Paul, uh... Come over... I
want you to look at something...

He hangs up and scratches his forehead, types

(CONTINUED)

HELLO?

and hits enter.

BOWOOUH!

Greg's screen name, CHELL980, appears in red lettering before his message.

INT. AAA88'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A computer screen. A message window. The colors of the names are reversed.

AAA88: help
 AAA88: they're trying to kiuljuk
 AAA88: kevin
 chell980: hello?

There's a buddy list open on the side of the screen, and chell980 is on highlighted on it.

A cursor blinks in the reply window but doesn't move.

BOWUOO!
 chell980: what's kiuljuk?

A cursor blinks in the reply window but doesn't move.

BOWUOO!
 chell980: are you there???

A cursor blinks in the reply window but doesn't move.

Nothing moves.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Paul and Greg are staring at the screen.

PAUL
 Triple-A Eighty-eight... Who is it?

GREG
 I don't know...

PAUL
 Are they on your buddy list?

GREG
 I don't think so...

He double-clicks an icon by the clock and his buddy list pops up. At the very top, his only buddy online, is AAA88.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Okay...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
So who is it?

GREG
I don't know! I haven't cleaned out
my list in years, I don't know who
half the people are anymore.

Paul shakes his head slowly.

PAUL
What's kiuljuk?

Greg stares at it. Paul stares at it.

GREG
Is it German?

PAUL
I'd bet Russian. Or Swedish.

GREG
Either way I don't know what it
translates to.

They stare at the screen.

PAUL
I'll bet it's just someone pranking
you is what it is...

GREG
Yeah, probably...

PAUL
I wouldn't worry about it...

GREG
Yeah...

PAUL
Probably nothing...

GREG
Probably...

They stare at the screen. Greg sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)
Let's go get a beer.

PAUL
Sounds good.

He right-clicks on the icon next to the clock and clicks
exit. The window disappears.

INT. AAA88'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

A cursor blinks in the reply window but doesn't move.

Nothing moves.

And then the mouse arrow moves, across the screen, to the buddy list, to the name *chell980*, which is in italics because he just logged off. And a list appears.

Send Intant Message...
 Get Member Info...
 Send Chat Invitation...
 Select Buddy Icon
 Send File...
 Get File...
Preferences...

The arrow moves to GET MEMBER INFO, and a new window pops up. It shows his screen name, WARNING LEVEL: 0%, OFFLINE, and below that is a blank white window labelled PERSONAL MESSAGE. And below that, three icons. IM, ADD BUDDY, and DIRECTORY INFO. The mouse arrow chooses DIRECTORY INFO.

This window is a large white box with personal information. Name, address, interests. The only field filled in is the name. Greg Mitchell.

The box closes.

INT. BILLIARDS HALL -- NIGHT

Paul and Greg are sitting at the bar drinking drafts. People shoot pool in the background.

Paul is laughing his way through a story, Greg is pretending to pay attention.

PAUL

*...and says to me, hey big fella,
 how bout I show you the real way to
 chalk your cue? I didn't know what
 to say! I stared. Stupidly.*

Greg empties his mug.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're still on it...

GREG

I know that name! I'm just... trying
 to remember who she is...

PAUL

She?

Greg looks over at him.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's a she?

GREG

I don't know...

Greg looks down at his empty mug, thinking.

GREG (CONT'D)

Triple-A Eighty-eight... A - A - A -
eight - eight... Three As, two
eights... Three As... es...

(looks up)

Three aces! Aces and eights!

PAUL

Dead man's hand...

GREG

Oh shit, it... Em... Emily, no!
Elizabeth! Elizabeth Watson, she's
from... I used to play cards with
her in college! Christ...

PAUL

Watson is... a British name...

GREG

Yeah...

PAUL

So where's kiuljuk come from?

GREG

I don't know...

PAUL

And who's Kevin?

GREG

I don't know...

PAUL

And what's she need help with?

GREG

I don't know! But I know who she
is, damn it!

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Greg bursts through the door and over to the computer. He double-clicks his Messenger shortcut and impatiently taps the keyboard as it goes through

(CONTINUED)

1. Connecting...
2. Verifying user name and password...
3. Starting up services...

and the buddy list opens. And her name appears. And he double-clicks her, moves to the new window that opens, types quickly and hits enter.

BOWOOUH!

chell980: elizabeth?

He stares wide-eyed at the screen, waits for her reply. Waits for her reply. Waits for her reply.

Types. Hits enter.

BOWOOUH!

chell980: Elizabeth Watson, right?

His hands nervously move about as he waits for her reply. Waits for her reply. Waits for her reply.

Grits his teeth, moves the mouse to her name. A yellow box appears beneath it.

AAA88

Service: Trial Internet

Warning: 0%

Online Time: 17 hours, 32 minutes.

Idle.

He clenches a fist to his mouth.

GREG

Damn it, where did you go?

He stares down at the keyboard, thinking.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

He lays on his sofa couch, sleeping.

BOWJOO!

He shifts in his sleep. Seconds pass.

BOWJOO!

His arms stretch, he rolls to his back.

On the computer, a message window is open.

BOWJOO!

His eyes pop open, he looks over at the screen, scrambles to his feet and goes to the computer. Sighs.

(CONTINUED)

cueriousq: what the hell are you doing up already?
cueriousq: greg???
cueriousq: you passed out without shutting down your puter
again... lol

He rubs his eyes, types, hits enter.

BOWOOUH!

chell980: shut up, i'm here...

He pulls a chair over to the desk and sits.

BOWUOO!

cueriousq: and? did you talk to her?

He stares at it, thinks for a second, glances over at his
buddy list. Two names now instead of just one.

AAA88

cueriousq

He highlights Elizabeth's name again.

AAA88

Service: Trial Internet

Warning: 0%

Online Time: 25 hours, 13 minutes.

Idle.

He types.

BOWOOUH!

chell980: no answer... she hasn't logged off and she's idle...

He gets up and goes to the makeshift kitchen, fills a mug
with water, pulls a bag of instant coffee from a box and
shakes it to loosen the mix.

BOWUOO!

He goes over to the computer, still shaking the pouch.

cueriousq: you don't think something really happened, do
you?

He sighs, goes back to the kitchen, tearing the bag open on
the way. Dumps it in, mixes it, carries it back to the desk.
Sits down. Pauses. Sighs again.

And types.

BOWOOUH!

chell980: i don't know... i don't know what to think...

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Paul and Greg are walking down a sidewalk, buildings and people and cars passing them by.

PAUL

I called Tina. Kiuljuk is definitely not Swedish. And she doesn't think German. I'm guessing Russian. Has she gotten back on yet?

GREG

No, she's still idle, at least she was when I left. This feels so stupid, I haven't seen her or talked to her since...

PAUL

Why would she IM you though? I mean why you and nobody else?

GREG

Maybe she did somebody else, I don't know. And maybe the whole thing's a joke...

PAUL

Doesn't sound like a joke to me, not anymore. If you leave your Messenger open all the time you're not idle this long a stretch...

GREG

And she's not usually on all the time, at least I don't think so... I don't pay attention to the names I don't talk to much...

PAUL

We have to assume she's not. We have to assume she's in trouble.

GREG

Or we could just let it go...

PAUL

You're not gonna let it go...

GREG

I know.

PAUL

So we get a Russian dictionary...

GREG

This whole thing is fucked...

INT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

They're behind a shelf in the language aisle. Paul is flipping through a Russian-to-English dictionary. Greg is looking on over his shoulder.

PAUL

It's like... a foreign language and
shit...

GREG

Yeah...

PAUL

I mean it's not even letters...

Greg sighs. A SALES GIRL comes up.

SALES GIRL

Help you guys with something?

PAUL

Yeah. Can you read this?

SALES GIRL

(chuckles)

No, I just work here... Sorry...

Greg sighs. Paul puts the dictionary away. The sales girl disappears.

GREG

Now what?

PAUL

Know anyone who speaks Russian?

GREG

No...

(beat)

This is stupid, it's a message from...
it's nothing. Stuff online isn't
real.

PAUL

Unless it is...

GREG

It isn't. It's nothing. I'm not
gonna worry about it anymore. Let's
get lunch.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Greg walks in, tilts his head back, closes his eyes and sighs. Goes to the computer. Sits. Opens his Messenger program.

(CONTINUED)

He stares at her name on his buddy list.

AAA88.

He shakes his head and minimizes the window.

He leans his head back and closes his eyes.

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- MORNING

Lyle's assistant comes out of her office and drops a folder on his desk without stopping.

LYLE'S ASSISTANT

Fax those in the next five minutes...

And she's gone.

He sits up and opens his eyes, blinks, grabs the folder.

GREG

Yeah...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Greg at the fax machine, watching paper feed through.
2. Greg at the computer, typing slowly but steadily.
3. Greg at the copy machine, watching the light go back and forth.
4. Greg getting coffee.
5. And typing.
6. And copying.
7. And faxing.
8. Greg checking his watch.
9. And copying.
10. And faxing.
11. And copying.
12. And the light.
13. And the light.
14. And the light.

INT. DINER -- AFTERNOON

He sits at a table, alone, waiting. Paul comes in and pulls up a chair.

PAUL

How goes the daily grind?

Greg shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Any word from the phantom coed?

Greg shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She hasn't been booted off for inactivity?

Greg shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Does Messenger even do that or do you just like stay on forever?

GREG

I don't know. We may just find out.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

He sits on his couch, watching TV, eating microwave pasta from a cardboard dish.

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- DAY

He stands at the coffee machine, sipping from a mug. A woman comes over, LORNA, and pours herself a cup. They smile at each other. She walks away. He watches her, makes a decision and hurries to catch up.

GREG

Hey...

She stops.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

LORNA

Lorna... Kustev...

GREG

Right. I'm Greg Mitchell, I... work over there...

LORNA

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

GREG

(laughs)

This is gonna sound... odd... but do you know what the word kiuljuk means?

She looks at him as if he's odd.

GREG (CONT'D)

...in Russian. Does it mean anything? Do you speak... Russian?

LORNA

I do, some. It doesn't, that I know of.

GREG

(frowns)

Okay.

LORNA

Sorry...

She goes to her desk.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

He sits at his computer, staring at his buddy list, at her name, in italics, unmoving. He taps a fist against the keyboard absently. And stares.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MORNING

Paul and Greg walking down the street.

GREG

How would I even start?

PAUL

Uh... Phone book?

GREG

She won't be in the phone book... She wouldn't even be in New York. Besides, there's probably like eighty-three Emily Watsons...

PAUL

Elizabeth Watsons.

GREG

Right.

PAUL

What was her major?

(CONTINUED)

GREG
I don't remember... Something...
science. I think. Political science!

PAUL
DC...

GREG
Maybe...

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- MORNING

Greg at his computer. He rubs his mouth, takes a deep breath, and types.

A search engine pops up on the screen. He clicks a link labelled PEOPLE SEARCH.

He fills in ELIZABETH, then WATSON, then WASHINGTON and DC. Clicks FIND NOW. A new page loads.

5 MATCHING LISTINGS. And all of them just with the initial. E. WATSON or E.G. WATSON or E.L. WATSON.

He sits forward, staring at the screen.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. He's on the phone.

GREG
Hi, I'm looking for an Elizabeth
Watson. Or Emily. ... No?

He frowns.

2. He's on the phone.

GREG (CONT'D)
Yes, is this Elizabeth? ... Okay,
I'm sorry.

3. He's on the phone. He waits. And waits.

GREG (CONT'D)
Hi, my name is Greg Mitchell and I
probably have the wrong number. I'm
looking for a woman I used to know
named Elizabeth Watson, she tried to
contact me the other day and... If
that's you or someone in your
household, please contact me again.
I guess that's it. Bye.

4. He's on the phone. He waits. And waits. And waits.
And waits. And hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

5. He's on the phone. A folder lands on his desk.

LYLE'S ASSISTANT

Fax those asap.

He glances at her and nods, then jerks his head toward the phone.

GREG

May I speak with Elizabeth please?

(eyes widen)

Elizabeth? ... Elizabeth Watson? ...

My name is Greg Mitchell, I think I may have gone to college with you.

(looks confused)

You haven't... You're...

(laughs)

I'm sorry, I have the wrong number.

(laughs)

Yeah, prom is a blast. ... Well I'm sure you'll find someone.

(laughs)

No, I'm actually in New York. ...

Yeah. ... All right, sorry again.

(laughs)

You too, bye.

He hangs up the phone and sighs. Grabs the folder and heads to the fax machine.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Greg is fishing through the fridge. Paul stands by the couch.

PAUL

She asked you to her prom?

He comes out with a pair of beers.

GREG

Yeah. Aren't people like that amazing?

PAUL

(laughs)

Crazy people?

Greg flops down on the couch.

GREG

People who are so open... People who can just... well, talk to wrong numbers, for one...

There's an awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
What about the other four?

GREG
Two wrong numbers, a machine, and no answer.

PAUL
No answer? As in not even voice mail?

GREG
Not even voice mail.

PAUL
That's suspicious...

GREG
Why? Because they can't afford voice mail?

PAUL
Everybody has voice mail.

GREG
Yeah, just like everybody has a computer...

PAUL
You don't think it's worth checking... That there's no response. Just like on the computer. No response.

GREG
It's... You're reading too much into it... Besides, how would I check into it? Go to DC on the off chance this is the person who sent me a strange IM? We're heading into insanity here...

Paul goes over to the computer.

GREG (CONT'D)
(getting up)
What are you doing?

He opens Greg's buddy list, opens a window to AAA88, types.

BOWUHOO!
chell980: did you get a phone call today?

GREG (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Very funny.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Well it's worth a shot...

(beat)

What search engine'd you use? Big Yellow?

GREG

Yeah.

PAUL

Don't they list the person's neighbors, too?

GREG

I'm not calling this person's neighbors!

PAUL

Why? Aren't you even a little curious?

GREG

There's a difference between curious and psychotic!

PAUL

Concerned...

GREG

Obsessed.

PAUL

That's society talking.

GREG

That's me talking. You don't let the Internet affect real life.

PAUL

Why not?

GREG

It's not healthy!

PAUL

Why not? There's a *real* person on the other end of that window, and she may or may not be in trouble. If you got that same message by phone, would you do everything you could to track her down?

GREG

I... You don't let the Internet affect real life.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Horse shit. You used to be friends
with this girl. You used to know
her.

GREG
I used to take money from her.

PAUL
You had a relationship with her.

GREG
I never went out with her.

PAUL
That makes her less important?

GREG
(laughs)
I'm not calling the neighbors of a
person I found in a phone book on
the off chance that they're living
next to an old friend from college.

PAUL
Then you'll never know.

GREG
I'll know I'm not insane.

PAUL
But you won't know she's all right.

GREG
She's fine.

PAUL
You'll never know who Kevin is.

GREG
Probably her boyfriend.

PAUL
And you'll never know what kiuljuk
means.

They stare at each other. Greg shakes his head.

GREG
Probably a typo.

He slams his beer.

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- DAY

He stares at his computer screen. The search page is open.
Elizabeth's info fills the fields.

(CONTINUED)

He stares at the FIND NOW button. Taps his fingers on the keyboard. Shakes his head.

He moves the mouse to the X at the top left corner of the window. Hovers there but doesn't click. Taps his fingers on the mouse. Moves it to FIND NOW and clicks.

5 MATCHING LISTINGS.

He scrolls down to the fourth listing. Clicks MORE INFO.

A new page pops up, with a map and a list of options.

Add to My Directory
Find neighbors
Driving directions
Update or Remove this listing

The mouse arrow quivers under the control of his trembling fingers. Moves to FIND NEIGHBORS. He clicks.

404 MATCHING LISTINGS.

He laughs. Glances around at his co-workers. Shakes his head.

He clicks the BACK button at the top of his browser, highlights her address with the mouse. Drums his finger. Clicks the FORWARD button. Scrolls down a bit. Highlights the address of a listing that matches hers.

He nods.

GREG
 (to himself)
 I'll just call the people in her
 building...

He chuckles nervously and checks to make sure his face is still attached to his skull. Picks up the phone.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Mr. Alt? I'm sorry to bother you,
 but do you know someone named
 Elizabeth Watson?

2.

GREG (CONT'D)
 She shares your address...

3.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)
She lives in your building...

4.

GREG (CONT'D)
Possibly Emily?

5.

GREG (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Maybe Estelle?

6.

GREG (CONT'D)
Watson. First name starts with an
E. Her address is the same as...
no?

7.

GREG (CONT'D)
Ms. Dunmyre?

8.

GREG (CONT'D)
Mr. Freeman?

9.

GREG (CONT'D)
Mrs. Jinkrow?

10.

GREG (CONT'D)
She's an old friend, she lives in...

11.

GREG (CONT'D)
Her address is...

12.

GREG (CONT'D)
She's been trying to get in contact
with me.

13.

GREG (CONT'D)
No?

(CONTINUED)

14.

GREG (CONT'D)
No?

15.

GREG (CONT'D)
No... Okay, thanks.

16.

GREG (CONT'D)
Sorry.

17.

GREG (CONT'D)
Sorry to have wasted your time.

18.

GREG (CONT'D)
Mrs. Neumyre? I'm looking for an
old friend who may live in your
building. Her last name is Watson,
you don't happen to--

INT. NEUMYRE APARTMENT -- INTERCUT

BARB NEUMYRE is standing over a stove, bracing the phone
against her shoulder as she cooks.

BARB
Sure, 8C. She has old friends?

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- INTERCUT

Greg perks up.

GREG
You know her?

BARB
I'm on her floor.

GREG
Really! I mean, well... Her first
name...

BARB
Elizabeth.

He exhales loudly, his eyes wide.

BARB (CONT'D)
You all right?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yeah! Yeah, I just... She's not answering her phone, do you have any idea why?

BARB

Probably not home.

GREG

There's no answering machine.

BARB

Doubt she'd have one. Doesn't do too good with money.

GREG

What do you mean?

BARB

She's got a problem, that one. Likes to gamble. Haven't seen her in a few days, they disappear every couple months, extended trips to Atlantic City.

GREG

They? Her and Kevin?

BARB

Yeah, poor kid. Can't choose your folks, you know?

GREG

Um... When was the last time you saw either of them?

BARB

Few days, like I said. Sometime last week. I usually see him get home from school, my Tammy gets home same time.

GREG

Tammy? That's a girl, right?

BARB

(laughs)
Right.

GREG

Has she said anything about him?

BARB

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I don't know... That she's seen him.
That anything strange is going on
with him.

BARB

No, she hasn't. Why exactly are you
so anxious to find her?

GREG

I... I'm an old friend, like I said...

BARB

Yeah...

GREG

She just... She contacted me the
other day and... it was strange.

BARB

Strange how?

GREG

It's hard to explain... Can you tell
me how old Kevin is?

BARB

I don't know...

GREG

Please, I'm just trying to make sure
she's okay.

BARB

Tammy's fourteen, he's about her
age. Why is that important?

GREG

I... guess it's not.
(sighs)
Could you... I don't want to impose,
but... Could you just go knock on
her door? See if she answers?

BARB

She won't. Like I said, they
disappear all the time.

GREG

(sighs again)
All right. Well if you see her, or
if Tammy sees him, could you get her
the message that Greg Mitchell would
really like to hear from her?

BARB

Greg Mitchell...

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yeah.

BARB

I'll see what I can do.

GREG

Thanks. One more question, and it may seem a little odd.

She lets out a chuckle.

GREG (CONT'D)

Do you know what kiuljuk means?

BARB

What what means?

GREG

Ki-ul-juk. She said it to me last time I heard from her.

BARB

I haven't the foggiest. Sounds Russian.

GREG

Yeah. All right, thanks again.

BARB

No problem, Greg. Does she have your number?

GREG

Uh, yeah, she knows how to get ahold of me.

BARB

Okay then. I'll tell her to call.

GREG

Thanks. Thanks again. Bye.

He hangs up and takes a couple deep breaths. Looks at the computer. Grabs a message pad and writes down the address.

GREG (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Eight-C...

He writes that down too, and shoves the paper in his pocket.

A folder hits his desk.

LYLE'S ASSISTANT

I need seven copies in seven minutes.

(CONTINUED)

He nods.

INT. DINER -- DAY

PAUL
Are you going?

He and Greg are at their regular table.

GREG
I... don't know. The lady... Mrs.
Neumyre... didn't exactly alleviate
my concern...

PAUL
You played cards with her... Did she
have a gambling problem then?

Greg looks down at the table, thinks.

GREG
I mean we were in college. We played
poker. We bet. She usually lost.
I can't say she had a *problem*...

PAUL
But she could have...

GREG
She could have.

PAUL
And she has a son...

GREG
Kevin.

PAUL
And the they who are trying to
kiuljuk... They could be anybody.
And if she has gambling problems, if
she owes people money... I think you
have to go check it out, man.

Greg stares at the surface of the table.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I think this is beyond curiosity...

Greg nods.

INT. STRATER & SYLES, INC. -- DAY

He stops Lyle's assistant before she goes into her office.

GREG
I need a few days off. Now.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

He drives down a long highway in a small car.

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

He pulls into a hotel parking lot.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

He hands a clerk a credit card. The clerk hands him a key.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

He sits on a bed in a small room, staring at the floor. He lays down and puts his hands behind his head. He stares at the ceiling.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- MORNING

He drives down a long highway in a small car.

EXT. DC STREET -- MORNING

He pulls up to an apartment building, nondescript. Three cars are parked across the street. He gets out and heads toward the building. A girl of about 14, TAMMY, is coming out. He catches the door before it closes, but doesn't go inside.

GREG

Excuse me...

Tammy stops.

GREG (CONT'D)

Are you Tammy Neumyre by any chance?

She looks at him suspiciously.

TAMMY

Who are you?

GREG

A friend of your neighbor's. Have you seen Kevin Watson lately?

TAMMY

Kevin who?

GREG

In 8C... Elizabeth's son...

TAMMY

Kevin Hart. Watson's the bit-- his mom's name.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
Have you seen him lately?

TAMMY
No. They off on some trip again.

GREG
He told you that?

TAMMY
We walk to the bus stop together, we
ain't all that close. I gotta go
'fore I'm late.

She continues down the sidewalk.

GREG
All right, thanks...

He goes into the building.

Three cars are parked across the street.

And in one of them, the driver is on a cell phone.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR -- MORNING

The hall is dark and quiet. Dank. Eerie. Greg crests a
flight of stairs.

He walks slowly down the hall, looking at the doors. 8F,
8G, he turns and goes the other way. 8G, 8F, 8E, 8D...

8C. He stops and faces it. Takes a deep breath. Knocks
hopefully. Waits.

Puts an ear to the door. Calls out.

GREG
Elizabeth?

The stairs creak. He jumps, glances at them. It's quiet, a
few floors down.

GREG (CONT'D)
Elizabeth? Elizabeth Watson? Are
you in there?

The stairs creak again. He jumps again, shakes his head.

GREG (CONT'D)
Elizabeth, it's Greg Mitchell...

The stairs creak again. He stares at them. The creaks are
single and slow. He takes a deep breath and tries the door.

Notices the broken chain.

(CONTINUED)

Stares at it.

The stairs creak again.

His breath catches in his throat. He swallows hard and goes inside.

INT. WATSON APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

A thin hall leads inside. A bathroom stands off one wall. He glances at it through the open door. Empty.

He comes to the end of the hall. In front of him is a small living room. Couch. Television. And a kitchen area against one wall.

And straight ahead, in the far wall, two doors, one half open. And as he gets closer, he sees that the one half open is dented and splintered. As if it had been kicked in.

The stairs creak outside. He spins toward them. Turns back to the door.

Pushes it open slowly.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Small. Bland. Undecorated. A bed and a dresser and a desk with an incredibly old looking, dirty computer. A window that leads to a fire escape.

He goes to the computer and looks at it. It's off, the screen is black.

The stairs outside creak again. Quietly, but he's so far away. No way to tell if they're closer. No way to tell when they'll stop.

He goes back out to

INT. WATSON APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

and watches the hall as he crosses to the other door. Turns to it.

The stairs creak outside.

He jerks his head toward the hall. Definitely louder. Definitely closer. He breathes slowly, turns toward the door.

The stairs creak outside.

He puts a hand on the knob.

The stairs creak outside.

(CONTINUED)

He turns it, pushes, the door won't budge.

The stairs creak outside.

He looks down. There's a towel or a blanket or a cloth under the jamb. He pushes harder. The door slides.

The stairs creak outside.

He puts his shoulder into it.

The stairs creak outside.

He pushes hard and stumbles in.

And clutches his mouth and stumbles out. He stares. He stares at ELIZABETH WATSON, dead on the floor.

He stares at her battered head.

He stares at the pool of blood leading from it.

He glances at the open window across the room, the window that doesn't even have curtains.

He stares at her arm reaching forward toward a desk on which sits a computer. Newer than the other one, and not dirty with dirt. And on, with a buddy list and a message window open on the screen.

He steps back in and looks.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The window is addressed to him, chell980. He stares at it. Six lines remain on screen, all six messages from him.

chell980: hello?

chell980: what's kiuljuk?

chell980: are you there???

chell980: elizabeth?

chell980: Elizabeth Watson, right?

chell980: did you get a phone call today?

He looks at the window through a spray of blood.

He looks at the keyboard, the right side dirty with blood.

The K dirty with blood.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

Hands type frantically, there's a loud *CRACK!*, the right hand slams down at the keyboard, falls away, the left following and slapping at the keys as it goes.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

He blinks. He looks at the keys around the K.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

A hand types in slow motion. The left hand hits T, R, Y. The right hits I, N. The left hits G, SPACE, T. The right hits O, SPACE, K, I--

CRACK!

The right slams down as it reaches for the L, landing on the U and the I and the K and the J. It falls away, the left crossing on its descent, blindly punching ENTER.

BOWUHO!

On the screen, a message appears.

AAA88: they're trying to kiuljuk

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

His mouth hangs open. He stares down at her body.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

She struggles forward, her hands reach up. Slowly. Desperately. And she holds herself up with her right hand and types painfully with her left.

K... E... V... I... N...

And with a last burst of strength - ENTER.

And she falls.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

GREG
(whispered)
Kiuljuk...

He notices the stairs have stopped creaking.

He looks up.

And sees the gun.

And sees the silencer.

And ducks as it fires and the bullet lodges in the wall right next to the open window that leads outside and suddenly Greg is on the GUNMAN, the gun pushed toward the ceiling, four hands grasping it, struggling against each other and moving backward until the gunman is against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

A knee finds Greg's stomach and he doubles over and the gun hits the back of his head and he falls, falls and lies next to a corpse but without thinking or noticing immediately rolls as another silent shot sinks into the floor.

Above him, towering over him, the gunman's arm follows him, the barrel of the gun follows him, but suddenly his foot is extended and connected with flesh, the gunman's flesh, the gunman whose face is masked and hands are gloved, the gunman who is stumbling back, giving Greg time to leap to his feet. To charge forward, slamming the gunman into the computer. To watch the gun fall from his hand.

And then the gunman is pushing back, and again they're wrestling, but the gun is on the floor by the computer. Wrestling, pushing, trying not to step on the corpse.

And the gunman throws a punch that makes Greg flinch and move his head even as his arm comes up and blocks it.

And the gunman's knee comes up again, but Greg traps it between his legs, traps it and throws the gunman off balance, throws Greg off balance, and both of them stumble, stumble toward the window, the open window, the window that leads only to air because Kevin's room leads to the fire escape.

And the gunman goes through as they stumble, and Greg's arms find the wall around the portal and the gunman's hands find Greg's wrists and both of them are outside from the waist to the head.

And the gunman's knee is between Greg's legs and the gunman's hands are pulling his wrists and his breathing is desperate as he feels himself slipping, feels himself falling, and strains his arms to push back inside.

And the gunman's hands are slipping from his wrists.

And the gunman's knee is slipping from his legs.

And the gunman has nothing to hold onto.

And the gunman falls, falls away, snatches in desperation at the band of Greg's watch, and Greg jerks forward as the band breaks off and exhales a sound of fear that he'll fall, but his other hand holds fast to the wall and his feet manage to stay on the ground and he watches with wide eyes and open mouth as the gunman and his watch fall. And he closes his eyes against the splat.

And he looks at the building across the alley, at the WITNESS standing wide-eyed in a window, watches the man grope for a table and lift up a phone and dial. Greg turns from the window.

And he looks at the corpse. AAA88. Elizabeth.

(CONTINUED)

And he looks at the computer. The messages. From him.

And he looks at the blood. Dried. Marked with footprints.

And he tries to slow his breathing.

And he tries to wet his lips.

And he grabs the gun and he runs from the apartment, runs like a bat out of Hell.

EXT. ALLEY -- MORNING

And he scrambles into the alley, shoving the gun in his waistband. Goes to the gunman, lying broken and dead on the concrete. Searches the gunman's pockets. Pulls a wallet from the dead man's jeans. Lifts the mask and looks at the face of the man who just tried to kill him. The face of a boy no more than nineteen.

Sighs. And flees.

EXT. APARTMENT PHONE BOOTH -- MORNING

Greg is glancing up and down the street, clutching the phone to his ear. Holding the wallet in one hand, staring at it.

He jumps. Catches his breath.

GREG

Paul! It's me, I need you to do something. Go to Big Yellow, look up Elizabeth Watson, find her neighbors, find a... B. Neumyre I think it was. B. I'll call you back in five minutes.

(beat)

No... No, she's not. She's... I'll call you back in five minutes, do it now.

He hangs up.

INT. NEUMYRE APARTMENT -- MORNING

Barb heads for her door carrying a full laundry basket. Sirens are heard in the distance, but she doesn't really notice. The phone rings. She sighs, puts the basket down, goes to it.

BARB

Hello...

EXT. APARTMENT PHONE BOOTH -- INTERCUT

Greg watches the flashing lights down the street. Coming closer.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
(nervous)
You hear those sirens?

INT. NEUMYRE APARTMENT -- INTERCUT

She glances out the window.

BARB
Yeah...

GREG
They're headed toward your building...

BARB
Excuse me?

GREG
There's a dead man in your alley...
A masked man who had a gun...

BARB
Who is this?

GREG
I'm not sure I should say. They
knew I was coming, your phone might
be tapped. Elizabeth is dead. Kevin
is missing. Please just go outside
and wait for me.

He hangs up.

The sirens are right outside.

She grabs her coat from the couch and heads out the door.

EXT. DC STREET -- MORNING

The sirens are loud and close as Barb comes out the door.
Greg's rental car is there, Greg leans out the passenger
side.

GREG
Get in!

She glances down the street and gets in. The car pulls away.
A police car stops in its place, an ambulance just seconds
behind.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- MORNING

Greg drives. Barb glances between him and the road.

BARB
You're...

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Greg Mitchell. I called you
yesterday.

BARB

Yeah. Elizabeth's...

GREG

Dead. Her... skull was caved in...

Barb laughs nervously.

GREG (CONT'D)

On the computer, she... I Med me while
it was happening. You know what
that is?

BARB

Not...

GREG

Instant Message. Like AOL. She
asked for help. She said they're
trying to... kill her, I think. She
said Kevin's name. Kevin's missing.

BARB

Trouble since she moved in, that
one...

(beat)

And you think they tapped my phone?

GREG

A man with a gun attacked me... He
knew I was there...

BARB

And you killed him...

GREG

He fell! He fell out the window...

BARB

And you don't think we should have
told the police that?

GREG

I... It's too late for that now.
Where's Tammy go to school?

BARB

What?

GREG

We have to get to her, make sure
she's safe...

(CONTINUED)

BARB

Wait a minute! You think... You said Elizabeth contacted you a few days ago...

GREG

Friday.

BARB

And you think she's been dead all that time...

GREG

The window was open, there was a rag under her door, you... the smell wouldn't have...

BARB

But they didn't get rid of her body. But you think they tapped my phone. If they could tap a phone they could hide a damn body.

GREG

I... Well if they're bookies...

BARB

They're not very smart.

GREG

Amateurs...

BARB

And if they were planning on killing they'd--

GREG

Get rid of the body, yeah. So then...

BARB

What exactly did she say to you?

GREG

Help... They're trying to she said kiuljuk but I think that's when they hit her and... her hand... slammed... down on the keyboard...

BARB

So you figured kill...

GREG

And then she said Kevin.

BARB

But if it were kill they'd be more prepared.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Then...

BARB

Kiuljuk... K, I, ...

GREG

U, L, J, U, K... They're all next to each other on the keyboard...

BARB

K, I... D-nap...

Greg jerks his head toward her.

BARB (CONT'D)

She meant kidnap.

(beat)

Turn left here.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- MORNING

They stand in the waiting area of a principal's office. Secretary, mailboxes for teachers, filing cabinets, chairs.

An angry but disinterested looking STUDENT - a junior or senior - sits in a chair intermittently staring at the floor and staring at the adults.

Greg pats his thigh and glances around anxiously, Barb stands in front of the SECRETARY's desk. The secretary speaks into a microphone.

SECRETARY

Could you send Tamara Neumyre to Mr. Yulen's office, please?

An ominous OOOOOOOOOOH can be heard from a class, and a few laughs.

TEACHER (V.O.)

She's on her way...

The secretary smiles at Barb, and Barb steps over to Greg.

BARB

She'll be down in a minute.

Greg nods, glances at the student in the chairs, who's staring at him. The student looks away.

GREG

(quiet)

You think she'll know anything?

BARB

It's a shot.

(CONTINUED)

Greg nods.

A buzz sounds, the secretary picks up a phone, listens for a second.

SECRETARY

He's on his way...
 (motions to the student)
 You can go in now.

She hangs up as the student crosses to Mr. Yulen's office, carrying an envelope, watching Greg as he goes. Greg watches him, too, then stares at the office door when the student disappears inside. He blinks and shakes his head and looks back at Barb.

GREG

(quiet)
 I want to make it clear you don't need to be involved in this. I thought maybe you were in trouble, the phone thing, but...

BARB

(also quiet)
 They were probably watching the building...

GREG

Which means you're off the hook.

Tammy comes in from the hall and stops when she sees her mother. Barb goes to her, Greg in tow, and leads her back out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

BARB

Tammy, we need you to be very honest with us.

She looks at them warily.

BARB (CONT'D)

This is Greg Mitchell, he's a friend of--

TAMMY

We met.

GREG

I came in when she left this morning.

TAMMY

I don't know nothing about Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

BARB

Tammy... it's important. Think really hard. Has he said anything lately about his mom being in trouble or...

TAMMY

His mom's always in trouble.

BARB

But more than usual...

TAMMY

He don't talk about her all that much.

BARB

Well has he seemed... nervous or...

TAMMY

No, he's been normal as he ever is. What's going on?

BARB

When did you last see him?

TAMMY

I don't know. He's been gone since last week sometime.

GREG

Did he walk with you Friday?

She glances at Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

You said you walk here with him... Did you Friday?

TAMMY

I guess... What's going on?

GREG

Friday night, did you hear anything coming from their apartment?

BARB

No, we didn't hear it.

TAMMY

Hear what?

GREG

Did *you* hear *anything*, Tammy?

TAMMY

No! What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

BARB

Kevin's mom was killed Friday night,
Tammy...

Her eyes widen.

BARB (CONT'D)

Kevin's missing, we're trying to
find him...

TAMMY

Did you call the cops?

GREG

They probably know, but we haven't
talked to them.

She looks down.

BARB

So if you hear from Kevin or... if
someone says something about him...
it's very important you tell me,
okay?

TAMMY

Yeah, sure. I'll... ask around.

BARB

Good.

(beat)

Why don't you go to Kelly's after
school, too. I'll pick you up there
later.

TAMMY

Yeah okay.

BARB

Okay. Go back to class.

Tammy nods and walks away. Barb sighs.

BARB (CONT'D)

(looks at Greg)

I'm involved, okay? That part's
done. Any decent human being would
try to help find this kid.

GREG

Should we just go to the cops?

BARB

No. We've established these guys
are sloppy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARB (CONT'D)

The cops'll be looking on their own when they find her, which they probably already did. We can try to come up from behind before the whole thing gets messy.

GREG

But how do we find him?

BARB

I don't know... What can you remember about the guy with the gun?

GREG

(sighs)

My height, a little taller. Thinnish. Young. I... I have his wallet, I haven't looked at it.

BARB

You have his wallet?

GREG

It's in the car.

BARB

Well let's go!

She starts down the hall. He stares after her.

The door to the principal's office opens, the student comes out. He meets Greg's eyes as he goes in the opposite direction. Greg stares back for a second, swallows hard and jogs to catch up to Barb.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- MORNING

Barb is in the passenger seat, the wallet in her hand, open, her fingers searching through it.

Greg gets in.

BARB

Twenty-three dollars, a picture of a girl, and this...

She hands him the gunman's driver's license.

He stares at it.

GREG

Charles Pont, five foot ten, born... He's seventeen!

BARB

Was...

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her, mouth open.

BARB (CONT'D)

Focus. We have his address...

He blinks, looks back down at the card. Turns the key in the ignition and shifts into gear.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

And the car pulls away, pausing behind two cars also exiting the parking lot, followed by a third, a pale green Caprice.

EXT. PONT HOUSE -- DAY

Greg and Barb stop on the curb of a normal looking suburban street, outside a normal looking suburban house. They get out and start up the drive. The Caprice pulls to the side halfway up the block.

Barb rings the doorbell. Greg is glancing around nervously. After a few seconds, MRS. PONT answers the door.

BARB

(smiling)

Good morning! I'm Janice, this is Dave, we're here on behalf of DC for Statehood...

MRS. PONT

Okay...

BARB

Are you familiar with our campaign?

MRS. PONT

I'm actually on my--

BARB

We only need a few minutes of your time to speak to you about this very important issue. You will be paying taxes this year?

MRS. PONT

I... suppose I will...

BARB

Doesn't it bother you that you're forced to pay taxes but are given no representation in 'your' government?

MRS. PONT

Not... really...

(CONTINUED)

BARB

No taxation without representation was the battle cry of our founding fathers, and now, two centuries later, we live with it again. Please... just five minutes... let us explain what sort of things our organization can do for you...

MRS. PONT

(sighs)

All right, five minutes.

Barb smiles and follows Mrs. Pont inside. Greg stares at her a second and trails two steps behind.

INT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The three of them enter a small living room. Barb smiles and motions to the couch.

BARB

Shall we sit?

Mrs. Pont sits on the couch, Barb takes an armchair nearby. Greg stands behind the chair, pretending not to be nervous.

BARB (CONT'D)

Do you work, Mrs...

MRS. PONT

Pont. Julia. I'm a stay-at-home mom.

BARB

Really! How old are your kids?

MRS. PONT

Wendy is twelve, Justin thirteen, and my oldest, Charlie... Chuck... is seventeen...

BARB

Seventeen! Well he'll need a job of his own soon! And I'm sure you want something better for him than flipping burgers, right?

Mrs. Pont looks unaffected.

BARB (CONT'D)

We already work toward opening up the workplace to kids coming out of high school. Real jobs, like accounting and legal assisting and--

(CONTINUED)

GREG

(clears his throat)

I'm sorry, this is terribly rude of me, but can I use your bathroom?

Mrs. Pont looks up at him.

MRS. PONT

Sure. Down the hall on the left.

She points. He goes.

BARB (O.S.)

What's your son - Charlie - interested in as a career?

MRS. PONT (O.S.)

I... don't think he's really decided yet...

BARB (O.S.)

Well that's fine too! What we're trying to do is...

Her voice trails off as Greg walks past the bathroom and starts up a flight of stairs.

INT. PONT SECOND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

From the top of the stairs, he can see three doors along the opposite wall. He moves to one straight ahead and peeks inside.

King size bed. Pastels. Parents' room.

He moves to the second. Opens it.

Small. Boxes. A baseball bat propped against the wall. Closet.

He moves to the third, takes a look.

Toilet. Shower. Bathroom.

He turns and checks the other wall. Two more doors.

He moves to the one on the left. Opens it.

Pastels. Flowers. Lacy sheets. Girl's room.

He moves to the one on the right, takes a look.

Neutral colors. Neatly made bed. Guest room.

He closes the door and looks around, confused. Glances at the stairs. Runs his hands through his hair and tilts back his head.

(CONTINUED)

And hanging from the ceiling is a chain. That leads to a hatch. That would logically lead to an attic.

He hops up, misses the chain. Cringes at the noise and glances at the stairs. Hops up again and snatches it, pulls down the hatch to reveal a wood staircase.

He takes a deep breath and climbs it.

INT. PONT ATTIC -- CONTINUOUS

And there it is.

Two beds. Two desks. Two dressers. A computer.

He climbs into the room and looks around.

The beds are unmade. The computer is off. There's clothes strewn about the floor.

He goes to the dresser nearest to him and digs his way through its drawers. Shirts, pants, socks, underwear. Clothes the size of a boy just entering his teens.

And in the top drawer, a pair of socks tucked in the back and buried beneath underwear, with a texture not of an empty pair of socks. He squeezes them and they crinkle, the crinkle of paper crinkling. He reaches in and pulls the paper out.

A soft pack of cigarettes. Nearly full.

He dumps the pack into the drawer, shaking it to be sure it's empty.

A small plastic bag falls out. A nickel bag of pot.

He looks into the pack. Empty.

He drops it back in the drawer and makes his way to the desks.

Two desks, side by side, one with a computer, one with a phone.

He opens the drawers, one at a time, both are fairly identical. Pens and paper, a couple magazines. *Sports Illustrated* and *XXL*, *Biker* and *Time*.

He furrows his eyebrows and picks up the *Time*.

A car door slams outside.

He goes to the window on the far wall and glances down at the street.

Two cars. One a rental, rented by him. The other a police cruiser parked across the street.

(CONTINUED)

And an officer pulling a young boy from the back and leading him up to the house.

Greg panics and glances around. He goes back to the desk and slams the drawer shut, tosses the *Time* down on top. It lands on the edge overlapping the desks, next to a small brown book that sits next to the phone.

He snatches the book and looks inside.

Numbers. Names. An address book.

He shoves it in the waistband of his jeans and hurries over to the hatch.

INT. PONT SECOND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

He shoves the hatch upward and watches it closed, then takes a deep breath and heads for the stairs.

INT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

And as he descends, he hears the eminent knock.

MRS. PONT

(sigh)

I'm sorry... Do you want to... come back another time?

BARB

Oh no, you go ahead, I'll wait here.

He hears another sigh, followed by footsteps on carpet. He can see her opening the door as he comes in the room.

Barb shoots him a *where have you been?* look.

He motions to the door forcefully with his eyes.

MRS. PONT

(another sigh)

Go to your room.

JUSTIN

What? You don't even--

MRS. PONT

I don't need to know, go to your room.

JUSTIN

No!

MRS. PONT

Justin... There's people here.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
So the fuck what?

MRS. PONT
Hey! Go to your room!

Barb gets up and she and Greg head for the door.

PONT OFFICER
(clears his throat)
Your son was in the park--

JUSTIN
Minding my own business!

PONT OFFICER
Smoking and wasting time instead of
going to class.

MRS. PONT
I'm sorry, Officer...

JUSTIN
You can't arrest me for
cutting school, you
oversized cock with a badge!

PONT OFFICER
Lux.

PONT OFFICER
It's called truancy, and you're lucky
I don't write you a ticket...

JUSTIN
That's such a load of bullshit!

BARB
Um... Mrs. Pont - Julia - maybe we
will just come back later...

She looks over at them, rolls her eyes. They sneak by and
out the door.

Greg's eyes lock with Justin's, just for a second, as they
go.

EXT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They hurry out to the car.

PONT OFFICER
I just thought I'd bring him home
safe and make sure you knew he's
been--

JUSTIN
Don't start with that lame ass shit,
you're not trying to keep me safe!

MRS. PONT
Justin!

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

No! It's bullshit, he's just trying
to show me his dick's bigger and so
is he!

They get in the car

INT. GREG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

and Greg breathes a sigh of relief, turning the ignition and
flooring it.

EXT. GREG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The car speeds to the end of the block, rounds the corner
and disappears.

The Caprice is nowhere to be seen.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- DAY

Greg stares at the road ahead.

Barb stares at him expectantly.

He glances at her.

BARB

So...

He looks confused. Blinks. Reaches behind him and tosses
the address book onto the dashboard.

GREG

That's about it.

She takes it and flips through it.

BARB

All right...

Greg stares at the road ahead.

She sets the book in her lap.

BARB (CONT'D)

They won't have identified him yet,
you know.

GREG

Who?

BARB

(chuckles)
Buddy Holly...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARB (CONT'D)

(beat)

We have his wallet, so there's no ID. We're safe.

He glances over at her again.

GREG

They could have his fingerprints.

BARB

Not unless he had a record.

GREG

Somehow I like the odds on that.

BARB

Even if he did, it takes awhile to match. Even then, they don't know you.

He tries to see into the depths of the steering wheel.

GREG

They'll know my name.

BARB

How could they?

GREG

The message window... It's still open on Elizabeth's computer...

BARB

And... it has your name on it?

GREG

It has my screen name. They can find my real one in my profile.

BARB

How hard is that?

GREG

Two clicks of a mouse.

She nods.

A tense silence.

BARB

Well tell me about Chuck's room.

GREG

He's in the attic. Shares...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

(deep breath)
...shared a room with Justin. Not
much to it. Didn't even get to his
dresser.

BARB

(lifts the book)
Where was this?

GREG

By the phone. On a desk. I... there
was a *Time* magazine in his drawer.
What kind of a kid reads *Time*?

BARB

Seventeen is hardly a kid.

GREG

Still...

Another lull.

GREG (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

Barb looks around.

BARB

Turn here. We can go get lunch and
figure out who his friends were.

INT. DC DINER -- DAY

They're sitting at a table, food in front of them, Greg
staring off into space, Barb flipping through the address
book.

Greg looks down at the table, then up to Barb.

GREG

Wine coolers...

She looks up at him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Wild cherry wine coolers. That was
her drink.

She goes back to the pages, half listening.

GREG (CONT'D)

Every... Thursday I think... Every
Thursday she'd come over to my dorm
or I'd go over to hers or we'd both
go over to someone else's, but she'd
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

always, always have a pack of wild cherry wine coolers to drink. And we'd play poker. And she'd lose, she'd... always lose, but she didn't care. She never cared. It was almost like she *liked* to lose.

A WAITER comes over with a smile on his face.

WAITER

Everything okay?

Greg glances at him and half-heartedly nods. He walks away.

GREG

We played poker every week, every week for almost four years, and... I don't think she ever won. Not once. She must have, though, right? In four years? At least once...

He pauses and looks up at the ceiling.

GREG (CONT'D)

It's just so... obvious... she had a problem. How could she not, how could we not have noticed? How could we not have said something, have helped her? We claimed to be her friends...

(beat)

Do you... Do you think we did notice?

Barb looks up.

BARB

What?

GREG

What if we did? What if we noticed and just didn't say anything? What if *I* noticed and just didn't bother? What if I... what if I took advantage of her so I could keep taking her money?

Barb tosses the address book down on the table. Some of the pages flip shut, but not all. She watches Greg for a long second.

BARB

I don't know you too good, but I don't think that's what you did...

(CONTINUED)

GREG

No? So I was just so stupid I didn't notice my friend in trouble?

BARB

Come on... How do you even know she *had* a problem back then? Maybe she was just having fun...

GREG

No. It was obvious. It was there.

BARB

No, it *is* obvious. It *is* there. You had no reason to see it in college.

(beat)

Give yourself a break, Greg. She's dead. She had a problem and it got her in trouble and then it got her dead. There was nothing you could do about it, you were two states away when it happened.

GREG

She was *talking* to me when it happened!

BARB

What, on the computer? What were you supposed to do, download yourself to help?

GREG

I... could have called someone...

BARB

Hi, 911? This girl I don't know just asked me for help, could you go help her please?

GREG

I could have done *something*, damn it!

He looks down at the table angrily. Barb shakes her head.

He sighs and glances toward the book. Looks closer. Turns it around to face him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Kevin's last name is Hart...

BARB

Is it?

(CONTINUED)

GREG
That's what Tammy said...

Barb takes the book and looks at it.

KEVIN HART
OBSTRUCTION89@HOTMAIL.COM

BARB
Coincidence...

GREG
Is it?

BARB
What the hell would Kevin be doing
in Chuck Pont's address book?

GREG
Why does he have Kevin's email
address?

The waiter comes over and drops their bill. Greg looks at
it. His eyes widen. He jumps up and looks around the room.

BARB
What?

He runs over and grabs the waiter.

WAITER
Hey!

Barb looks at the bill.

GREG
Who was it?

WAITER
What?

GREG
Who told you to give us that?

WAITER
The bill? Everyone gets one, let me
the fuck go...

GREG
(staring at him)
Who wrote it?

WAITER
I get the bills from the kitchen,
man...

(CONTINUED)

Greg shoves him and backs away slowly, glancing around the room. Barb comes up next to him, touches his arm.

BARB

Let's go, come on...

They head for the door.

The bill sits on the table, next to a pair of tens. Words are scrawled across its front.

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM

EXT. DC DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Greg stares back toward the entrance angrily.

GREG

We need to go back in the kitchen
and find out who the hell wrote that!

She stops him with a hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

Someone in there knows where he is!
Someone in there is holding him!

BARB

And they're not gonna raise their
hand if we ask who!

GREG

We'll beat it out of em, damn it!

BARB

All right there, Kojak, dial it down.

GREG

No!

BARB

(laughs)
Yes.

GREG

No! This is as close as we'll get!

BARB

Wrong. Now listen, cause here's
what's about to happen. You're gonna
walk down the street to that pay
phone and call someone you know with
a computer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARB (CONT'D)

(hands him the address
book)

You're gonna have them send an email
message to Kevin's address asking
him where he is.

GREG

He's not gonna be--

BARB

It's a long shot, but it's something.
Meantime, I'll go back inside and
get a list of names from the manager,
everyone on duty right now. We'll
check that list against Chuckie's
phone book and see who ends up a
match, okay?

GREG

How are you--

BARB

Don't worry about it...

GREG

He'll need a reas--

BARB

Don't worry about it! Go make a
phone call.

GREG

I don't--

BARB

Go!

He sighs and walks down the street. She sighs and goes
inside.

INT. DC DINER -- CONTINUOUS

She finds their waiter handing out food at another table.
He sees her coming and jumps, glances toward the door.

BARB

He stayed outside. Where's your
boss?

WAITER

I don't know anything, I don't know
what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

BARB

All I want from you is a finger,
pointed in the direction of someone
in charge.

WAITER

I...

BARB

Hey! This isn't hard...

He sighs and points toward the back.

EXT. DINER PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Greg stands with his head against the fiberglass wall, his eyes closed, the phone to his ear. His eyes pop open and he turns.

GREG

It's me, I need another favor.

INT. CUBICLE -- INTERCUT

Paul sits in a small cubicle with a computer and a phone.

PAUL

Dude, what's going on? And don't
give me that rush crap...

EXT. DINER PHONE BOOTH -- INTERCUT

GREG

I need you to send an email.

PAUL

Come on, man!

He looks down at the open address book in his hand.

GREG

I need you to send an email to
obstruction--

PAUL

Greg!

GREG

Obstruction--

PAUL

Greg!

GREG

Obstruction eighty-nine at Hotmail.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Hang on...

Paul double-clicks an email program. Clicks NEW MESSAGE.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(typing 'obstruction')
Obstruction...

GREG

Eighty-nine.

PAUL

At Hotmail dot com.

GREG

Say... Say Kevin, I'm a friend of
your mother's...

Paul types as he talks.

GREG (CONT'D)

...I'm... I'm going to help you...
If you get this... If you get this,
try to reply and tell me where you
are...

PAUL

Seriously, dude, you're killing me
with this... What the hell is
happening there?

INT. DC DINER -- DAY

Barb knocks on a door labeled GENERAL MANAGER.

DINER MANAGER

Open...

She goes in.

INT. DINER OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A girl who can't be more than a few days over 18 gets up
from behind the desk.

DINER MANAGER

Can I help you with something?

Barb closes the door behind her.

BARB

My name is Jean Durnam, I'm with the
DCPD. Do you have a list of your
staff on duty right now?

The girl stares at her blankly. Blinks.

(CONTINUED)

DINER MANAGER

What... exactly are you looking for?

BARB

Names, addresses, phone numbers...
Anything you have.

DINER MANAGER

But... why exactly?

BARB

It's part of an ongoing investigation.

DINER MANAGER

What kind?

BARB

Homicide, kidnapping, take your
pick...

(beat)

Look, I just need some names. Can
you get them for me or do I need to
come back with paperwork?

The girl stares at her blankly.

DINER MANAGER

(clears throat)

Could I see some ID or... something?

BARB

Sure...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a leather billfold.
Hands it to the girl, who flips it open and stares at it
blankly. Inside is a card identifying her as Detective Jean
Durnam. The girl looks up at her.

Barb smiles.

INT. CUBICLE -- DAY

PAUL

And... she thinks this kid is gonna
check his email from...

EXT. DINER PHONE BOOTH -- INTERCUT

GREG

It's a long shot.

INT. CUBICLE -- INTERCUT

PAUL

(laughs)

Yeah...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Dude. Killing, kidnapping, notes from mystery men... You sure you don't wanna just come home?

GREG

Should I?

PAUL

No...

GREG

Didn't think so.

Greg turns toward the diner and sighs.

PAUL

You know... if you wanna know what these guys are talking about, you *could* try to hack an account.

GREG

What?

PAUL

It's a shorter shot than sending an email to a hostage.

Greg squints and looks at his feet.

GREG

How would I...

PAUL

Easiest way? Maybe Trigger's got a cookie...

His eyes widen.

The booth shakes.

He jumps and looks up, Barb knocked on the wall.

GREG

I'll, uh... I'll talk to you later.

PAUL

Todd's a decent hacker, too. Want I should put him on Kev's account?

GREG

I... Sure, if you want...

PAUL

Cool. Eyes open, man...

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yeah...

Greg hangs up and steps out of the booth.

Barb hands him a piece of paper. He looks at it. Names, addresses, phone numbers.

BARB

Let's get outta here...

They go over to the car, get in, pull away.

A pale green Caprice is parked across the street.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- DAY

Barb is flipping through the address book, checking it against the list from the diner. Greg is driving.

BARB

What's a cookie?

GREG

There's a million different kinds of sites out there that ask for a username and password. Instead of you keeping track of them all, the computer remembers a lot of them itself. It stores them in a file called a cookie and automatically logs you in when you go to the site on that computer...

BARB

So if Pont had a cookie set up for his email, you can get into his account?

GREG

Only if I can get to his computer.

BARB

Then we go back to the Pont house...

EXT. PONT HOUSE -- DAY

A few cars line the street. One of them is a rental in Greg's name, parked a couple houses back from the Ponts'. The door of the house opens, Justin storms out and slams it behind him and walks quickly down the sidewalk.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Greg ducks. Barb looks over from the address book.

(CONTINUED)

BARB
What are you doing?

GREG
He'll see us...

She stares at him.

BARB
Sit up.

GREG
Is he gone?

BARB
Sit up.

Greg sits up. Justin is halfway down the street and still walking away. Barb is shaking her head and smiling.

GREG
We can't just sit here...

BARB
What?

GREG
Someone will recognize us...

BARB
Who?

GREG
The kid... Mrs. Pont...

BARB
(chuckling)
They're not picking us out from across the street in a car. Not unless they look.

GREG
She could see us out the window...
She'll recognize the car...

BARB
She never saw the car.

GREG
She saw us get in the car...

BARB
She was a little busy with her son.

Greg sighs. Barb starts checking names again.

Seconds pass.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
 Won't they notice a car sitting
 outside for hours?

BARB
 Look out the window. There's cars
 parked on the street.

Greg nods.

Seconds pass.

GREG
 So we're just gonna sit here until
 they leave?

BARB
 You got something better to do?

He looks up at the ceiling, down at the steering wheel.
 Closes his eyes and shakes his head.

GREG
 I just--

BARB
 Found it!

GREG
 What?

BARB
 Callore. Thomas. He makes both
 lists.

She holds out the book, her thumb marking the spot. Greg
 looks. Her thumb covers the first half of the phone number.

CALLORE
 -4933

BARB (CONT'D)
 He works the grille.

GREG
 No first name...

BARB
 How many Callores you know?

GREG
 Yeah... So what now?

She takes the book back.

(CONTINUED)

BARB

(opening the door)

You stay and watch the house. I'll
find a phone and give him a buzz.

She gets out and starts down the street.

Greg leans his head back and sighs.

As Barb disappears around the corner, a quiet whir makes him
look up. The garage door opens. A car pulls out. And as
it pulls away, the door starts to go back down.

Greg glances back and forth from the door to the car.

He moves over to the passenger seat, opens the car door.

The garage door is a quarter closed.

Mrs. Pont's car rounds the corner.

Greg jumps out of the car and sprints toward the house, slows
to look both ways, sprints again.

The garage door is halfway closed.

He runs down the drive.

Three-quarters closed and he ducks, dives to get under it,
whacks his head on the bottom panel and grimaces as he falls,
his leg sliding under.

The door reverses its descent.

He gets up slowly, rubbing his forehead, and goes inside.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

He looks around. No cars. Some tools laying in the corner.
Boxes in the back. A door to the house on one wall. He
looks at the door, thinking.

Wood door, glass window.

He looks over at the tools. Goes to them. Grabs a monkey
wrench.

Goes over to the door. Winds up. Stops.

Tries the knob.

It's unlocked.

He tosses the wrench down and goes inside.

EXT. PONT PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Barb dials. Waits. Waits.

BARB

Hi, is this Thomas Callore? ... My name is Helen Indigo, I'm a reporter. I'm doing a piece on the New York Diner, and I understand you work the-- ... Oh, well is he-- ... Could I leave you my number and he could call me when he gets in? Or actually, maybe I could stop by later, I'd love to talk to him in person.

(laughs)

Diner Magazine, actually. ... Around seven would be great. ... How would I get to your place?

She watches Justin walk by, heading back toward the house with a plastic shopping bag.

INT. PONT ATTIC -- DAY

Greg climbs into the attic and glances around. He goes over to the desks and turns on the computer. The *Time* is pushed away from the phone, completely onto the desk with the computer. Greg drums his fingers on the desk as the computer boots up.

He glances over at the dresser on the far wall, the one he didn't get a chance to look through. He goes over and opens the top drawer.

Underwear, socks, a tie. He goes to the next one down.

Shirts. He rifles through them. Nice shirts, mostly button-down, a few plain tees. Not the shirts you'd expect from a 17-year-old gunman. He checks the pockets of a few. Nothing interesting.

The next drawer has pants, a mix of jeans and slacks, folded fairly neatly. He searches through them, lifts a pile. Underneath is a stack of magazines.

He takes them out, looks at them. *Playboys*. He shakes his head and drops them back in, on top of the slacks.

BOWJOO!

His head swings over to the computer.

A buddy list window is on the screen.

A message window is there too.

He walks over slowly and looks closer.

(CONTINUED)

lostboy69: where were you?

He stares at it. Takes a deep breath.

BOWJOO!

lostboy69: chuckie?

He blinks and swallows and moves his hands to the keyboard.

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: I'm here...

BOWJOO!

lostboy69: you sure?

He closes his eyes and nods. Types.

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: yeah... what's up?

BOWJOO!

lostboy69: you tell me...

He looks down and takes another breath. Types slowly. Hits enter.

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: he got away from me

He stares at the screen. And waits. And waits.

BOWJOO!

lostboy69: who did?

He lets out a breath. Backs away from the computer. Ignores the quiet metallic *creak!* of a cyberdoor opening as a second Buddy logs on.

He looks at the desktop behind the message window. Scans the icons. Shakes his head and double-clicks one.

A browser window opens. Auto-loads the Hotmail homepage.

BOWJOO!

And a new message window appears. And Greg's eyes widen.

obstruction89: greg mitchell

He slowly steps back, staring.

BOWJOO!

obstruction89: go home, greg

He swallows hard and breathes very deeply through his nose. Steps up to the keyboard. Types.

(CONTINUED)

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: Where's Kevin?

A short wait.

BOWUOO!

obstruction89: I'm fine...

His breathing goes shallow.

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: Where are you?

BOWUOO!

obstruction89: go home, greg

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: where are they keeping you???

BOWUOO!

obstruction89: go home, greg

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: they killed your mom

BOWUOO!

obstruction89: GO HOME GREG

BOWOOUH!

cpont444: NOT UNTIL I FIND YOU!

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Hey!

Greg whips his head around to the door. Slaps the off button on the computer.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing in my room?

Justin climbs the last couple steps and stands just in front of the hatch. Greg just stares at him dumbly.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Greg stares. Justin raises his eyebrows expectantly.

GREG

I'm...

JUSTIN

Yeah?

GREG

I'm a friend of your mother's...

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
Right.

GREG
I am!

JUSTIN
And that gives you the right to be
in my room? When my mom ain't even
here?

GREG
I...

JUSTIN
What's her name?

GREG
What?

JUSTIN
What's my mom's name?

Greg stares.

GREG
(under his breath)
Mrs. Pont...

JUSTIN
What?

GREG
Where do you get off interrogating
me?

JUSTIN
You're in my room! What were you
doing on my brother's computer?

GREG
Nothing...

JUSTIN
I'm calling the cops...

GREG
Why? To show em the pot in your
dresser?

Justin stares at him.

JUSTIN
Who are you?

Greg doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Who are you? Why'd you go in my dresser? Why'd you come back to use a computer? Who the fuck are you?

GREG

I'm the guy who threw your brother out a window!

Silence. They stare at each other.

JUSTIN

What?

GREG

Sit down...

JUSTIN

What the fuck did you just say?

GREG

Justin, sit down...

JUSTIN

How the fuck do you know my name?

GREG

Your mom told me...

JUSTIN

She told you mine but not hers...

GREG

Just... sit down... please...

Justin glares at him. Greg reaches for Justin's shoulder. Justin shrugs away and moves over to his bed, but doesn't sit.

JUSTIN

Talk.

GREG

(sighs)

Your brother... Chuck...

JUSTIN

Talk!

Greg looks away, then back.

GREG

He came at me with a gun this morning...

Justin stares at him coldly.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

He... we got into a fight... He fell
out a window... Eighth floor...

Greg looks down at his feet.

GREG (CONT'D)

He's dead, Justin.

And then Greg is falling backward with a 13-year-old boy on
top of him. They roll across the floor, Justin pummeling
him with fists, Greg trying to pin him down.

And then Barb is there, pulling Justin away, pinning his
arms behind his back.

BARB

Calm down! Calm down or I'll tear
your arm clean off!

JUSTIN

Get off me, bitch! I'll kill you
both!

Greg gets slowly to his feet. He has trouble finding his
voice.

GREG

Jus... I didn't mean for it to
happen... I didn't want it to
happen... I just wanted to find a
girl I knew a long time ago and make
sure she was okay. And... then I
found her dead and... your brother
walks in with a gun and...

JUSTIN

Chuck's no God damn murderer! Fuck
off! Let me go!

BARB

Chuck may not have killed the girl,
Justin, but he knew the guys who
did. He was stuck in a big load a
cow shit, and it stinks something
fierce. It's up to you to help us
now, to help us pull him out, if
only so he can rest in peace.

Justin stops struggling, stares at Greg, panting.

GREG

Do you know Kevin Hart?

JUSTIN

No.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Well it's his mom who got killed,
and whoever killed her's got him
hostage.

Justin laughs.

BARB

Nothing funny about kidnapping,
Justin.

JUSTIN

You're right. There's not.
(beat)
Let me go.

BARB

You'll behave?

JUSTIN

Let me go.

She lets him go.

He backs up to where he can see them both, shakes his head.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You guys are so stupid it's funny.

GREG

What kind of loan sharks was Chuck
mixed up with?

Justin laughs again.

GREG (CONT'D)

Give us a name and we'll make sure
they pay.

JUSTIN

Shit! You think this is about
gambling?

BARB

Why don't you tell us what it's about
then?

A car door slams.

JUSTIN

That'll be my mom. You're screwed
now.

BARB

You're really not gonna help us?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Go find another monkey to fuck.

BARB

These people got your brother killed.

JUSTIN

(stares at Greg)

The prick who killed Chuckie'll pay,
don't you worry about that.

Greg looks down.

MRS. PONT (O.S.)

(cold)

Come eat, Justin!

Justin smirks.

JUSTIN

Let's see you guys sneak out the
back.

BARB

We're trying to help, Justin. You
may not believe us, but--

JUSTIN

Free advice, we eat in the living
room.

GREG

I really am sorry.

MRS. PONT (O.S.)

Justin!

JUSTIN

(calling)

Untwist your g-string, I'm coming!

Barb shakes her head. Justin brushes past them and goes
down the hatch. They look at each other. The stairs creak
as he goes downstairs. They head down after him.

INT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They slowly descend the flight of stairs. Mrs. Pont, Justin,
and WENDY are in the living room, in front of the TV, eating
fast food. As Barb and Greg strafe the wall and slide into
the kitchen, they can hear Mrs. Pont talking.

MRS. PONT

Be nice if Charlie called to say
he'd be late. Be nice if he'd make
it home once a week.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
I'm sure he's fine...

They slip out the front door and shut it quietly behind them.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

They get in the car and Greg turns the ignition.

GREG
So Kevin IMed me...

BARB
What?

He pulls away from the curb.

GREG
Or they IMed me from his account,
told me to go home, called me by
name.

BARB
What?

They round the corner and start down the next street.

GREG
Actually they were IMing Chuck, so
they know he's dead, too.

They're approaching an intersection. The light is green.

BARB
What did you say to them?

GREG
I said I'm not going anywhere until
I find Kevin. Then I shut down cause
Justin walked in.

BARB
So they know we're not giving up...

GREG
They know.

They pass through the intersection.

A car slams into their right rear.

EXT. GREG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The car spins and stops. Four teenagers jump out of a pale green Caprice with a smashed in hood. They run around to the front of Greg's rental.

(CONTINUED)

They each have a pistol.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

BARB

Get down!

Greg ducks as the pistols raise.

Barb snatches Chuck's gun from the dash.

Guns pop. Bullets fly. Glass shatters.

Feet run fast across pavement.

Greg sits hunched under the dash, panting. Barb jumps out of the car.

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

Come on!

(beat)

Greg, come on!

Greg slowly gets up and out. She grabs him by the arm and pulls him out of the intersection. He catches a glimpse of four teenagers running down a sidewalk down the street, faintly hears Barb's voice.

BARB (CONT'D)

DCPD, I need your car.

And then he's being pushed into a passenger seat, and they're moving, racing away from approaching sirens.

INT. BARB'S CAR -- DAY

Greg is staring at nothing. Barb is staring at the road, driving.

GREG

What...

BARB

You all right?

GREG

What...

BARB

Take a couple breaths. That was called the bad guys getting nervous.

GREG

Bad guys... They were...

(CONTINUED)

BARB
Kids, yeah. I'm guessing this isn't
about gambling.

GREG
Then...

BARB
I'm guessing it's not about Elizabeth
at all. I'm guessing this is all
about Kevin.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- DAY

A two-family townhouse. Greg follows Barb to one of the
doors. Barb knocks. Someone opens it. They go inside.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Barb and Greg are standing in a small living room. A woman,
KELLY'S MOM, is with them.

KELLY'S MOM
(calling)
Tammy, your mom's here...

Tammy and another girl, KELLY, come in from the back.

TAMMY
Hey... Did you find him?

BARB
Not yet. I need to talk to you.
And Kelly.

Barb looks over at Kelly's mom.

Kelly's mom looks back, questioningly.

Barb raises her eyebrows.

Kelly's mom furrows hers.

KELLY'S MOM
Does... anybody want something to
drink?

BARB
I'd love some coffee.

KELLY'S MOM
I don't have any made...

BARB
Even better.

Kelly's mom sighs and disappears into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

What's going on?

BARB

Do you know Kevin Hart, Kelly?

KELLY

Sure, a little...

BARB

His mom is dead, and he's missing.

KELLY

What?

(beat)

Did he kill her?

BARB

(raises her eyebrows)

No. We think whoever did kidnapped him. We're trying to figure out why.

TAMMY

Probably a loan shark. Bitch owed so much money...

BARB

That's what we thought, too, but we were wrong. We're pretty sure it's someone coming after Kevin, not his mom.

The girls both look down.

BARB (CONT'D)

Do either of you know anyone who would be mad at him about something?

Kelly shifts her weight.

TAMMY

No. Kevin don't mess with nobody, he just sits there. He ain't even popular.

Kelly looks away.

BARB

(to Kelly)

Do you know of anyone? Even just someone he got into an argument with?

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

You think they took him? You don't think he's dead?

BARB

No. We don't think he's dead.

She nods.

Her mom comes back in from the kitchen.

KELLY'S MOM

It'll just be a few minutes...

Barb looks at her watch.

BARB

Actually we should go. Would you mind if Tammy stays for dinner?

KELLY'S MOM

Uh... Sure, you know she's always welcome.

BARB

I'll pick you up later, okay?

TAMMY

Yeah.

Barb nods and heads for the door. Greg follows obediently.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They walk out to the car.

GREG

What was that?

BARB

Yeah, they're bad liars.

GREG

You're her mother, make her tell!

Barb laughs.

GREG (CONT'D)

How do you think they're involved in this?

BARB

They know something is all. This is probably a gang thing.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
A gang thing? Why would a high school
gang kidnap anyone?

BARB
I don't know. Maybe we haven't
decoded kiuljuk yet...

INT. BARB'S CAR -- DAY

Barb at the wheel. Greg with his head in his hands.
He looks up.

GREG
Kiss?

BARB
They're trying to kiss Kevin?

GREG
I don't know...

He rubs his forehead and furrows his eyebrows.

GREG (CONT'D)
Kindle?

BARB
What?

GREG
They're trying to kindle... like the
flames... of... something, I don't
know!

BARB
A bit artistic for a life and death
struggle.

GREG
Well you think of something!

They sit. He stares at the dashboard. Barb drives.
He looks up, right, left.

GREG (CONT'D)
Where the hell did we get this car?

BARB
I borrowed it.

GREG
When?

(CONTINUED)

BARB

After the pistoliers tried to kill us. Which reminds me... we should probably start looking out for cops pretty soon.

GREG

What?

BARB

They'll find your rental in a bullet-riddled heap in the middle of an intersection, I'm sure they've tracked you by now through that message thing on the computer. They're probably looking to talk to you about a few things.

GREG

(laughs)

I'm hiding from the cops in a carjacked car...

BARB

We didn't jack this.

GREG

Then how did we get it?

BARB

I borrowed it.

GREG

From who?

BARB

Its former owner.

He laughs and leans back in his seat.

GREG

Where are we going now?

BARB

Right now we're driving. In a little while we have to go interview a cook.

GREG

What?

EXT. CALLORE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Barb knocking on the door. Greg a step behind. A man, MR. CALLORE, answers.

MR. CALLORE

Are you...

(CONTINUED)

BARB
Helen Indigo. This is my intern,
Jeff, I hope you don't mind him
tagging along.

MR. CALLORE
Intern?

GREG
I... took a few years off before
college...

Mr. Callore nods. They all go inside.

INT. CALLORE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A younger man, TOM, in his late teens, stands as they enter
the living room.

BARB
Hi! You must be Thomas. Tommy?
Tom?

TOM
Tom.

BARB
(smiling)
Great. Your...
(glances at Mr. Callore)
...dad?

TOM
Yeah.

BARB
(laughs)
You sound so similar, I thought maybe
you were brothers.
(beat)
Anyway... your dad told you about
me, right?

TOM
He said you're a reporter?

They all sit.

BARB
From *Diner* magazine. I'm writing a
piece on the New York Diner, a slice
of the Apple in our nations capitol.

She laughs. Tom raises an eyebrow.

BARB (CONT'D)
Anyway... I understand you work there?

(CONTINUED)

TOM
I do. I make hamburgers.

BARB
(laughs)
Make hamburgers... I'm sure you do
more than that!

TOM
Not... really...

BARB
Well I heard you're *in charge of the*
grille...

TOM
(chuckles)
Hardly. I'm just a cook.

BARB
But still... A cook at your age?
That's a lot of responsibility, isn't
it? What grade are you in?

TOM
I'm in college.

BARB
Really...

Greg glances at her. She maintains eye contact with Tom.

BARB (CONT'D)
Is cooking your major?

TOM
No. I'm undeclared.

BARB
Really! So how did you end up working
at the Diner?

TOM
It's really just a part-time job to
make some extra cash.

BARB
(laughs)
Let's talk about the Diner itself.
What's it like to work there?

TOM
It's okay.

BARB
Just okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARB (CONT'D)

What's the atmosphere like? Is it relaxed or is your manager a real tyrant?

TOM

It's pretty relaxed I guess.

BARB

Do you ever have friends visit you while you're working?

TOM

Sometimes. My sister actually came by today...

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECH!

Tires tearing against pavement, a faint slam of a car door, a car screaming into the distance. Everyone looks over toward the door. Mr. Callore moves to the window and looks.

He cocks his head and goes outside, staring at the window.

Barb then Tom then Greg all follow.

EXT. CALLORE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A motionless form at the end of the driveway.

They move toward it.

A person. Crumpled and on its side.

A girl.

MR. CALLORE

(whispered)

Anna...

He runs toward her. Tom breaks into a run. Barb and Greg walk faster.

Mr. Callore drops to her side.

MR. CALLORE (CONT'D)

Anna!

TOM

Anna!

MR. CALLORE

Anna, can you hear me?

Barb pushes past Tom and drops down next to Mr. Callore. Tom moves around to ANNA's other side.

There's blood all over her clothes and skin, welts on her face from multiple blows. Barb checks for a pulse.

(CONTINUED)

BARB
 (to Tom)
 She's your sister?

TOM
 (nods)
 Anna.

BARB
 Call 911.

Tom runs into the house, brushing Greg's shoulder as he passes. Greg stares down at Anna dumbly.

BARB (CONT'D)
 Anna...
 (takes her hand)
 Squeeze if you can hear me, Anna...

Everybody stares at her hand.

BARB (CONT'D)
 Good! Good... Anna, can you talk at all?

She moans quietly.

BARB (CONT'D)
 What happened, Anna? Can you tell me what happened?

She moans quietly.

Tom runs back out.

TOM
 The police and an ambulance are on the way!

Greg jerks his head up.

BARB
 (still calm)
 Jeff...

Greg doesn't respond.

BARB (CONT'D)
 Jeff...

He glances over at her.

BARB (CONT'D)
 Go back to the hotel, okay?

GREG
 What?

(CONTINUED)

BARB

Go back to the hotel and wait for me...

GREG

The...

BARB

Yes. And tell Ms. Neumyre I'll call her in a bit.

GREG

Ms...

He blinks, gets it, and starts toward the car.

BARB

Anna, can you tell me at all what happened?

ANNA

(weakly)

Kevin...

Greg stops and looks back. Barb looks up at him sternly. He turns and runs to the car.

INT. BARB'S CAR -- EVENING

Greg at the wheel, driving furiously, breathing heavily.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

He pulls up to the house and gets out of the car. As he jogs up to the door, he hears a loud but unintelligible whispering. He looks over toward the side of the house.

Slowly and quietly, he moves to the corner to listen.

TAMMY

(heated whisper)

They're doing something good, Kelly!
They're trying to change the world!

KELLY

They're killing people!

TAMMY

It was an accident! It had to be!

KELLY

Well that would be something to ask Kevin, if anybody knew where he is!

TAMMY

I don't know where he is!

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

I didn't say you did! Why you so defensive, Tam?

TAMMY

Go to Hell! And stop even thinking about fuckin with them, because I won't let you and neither will they!

She storms around to the front door, right past Greg. Greg turns with her as she goes by. She stops at the stoop and looks at him. Their eyes meet.

For a few seconds, neither speaks.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Where's my mom?

GREG

Helping someone.

TAMMY

Who?

GREG

You tell me.

TAMMY

What?

GREG

Tell me what's going on. Now.

TAMMY

I don't know what you're--

GREG

Tammy! People are dead!

Kelly comes around from the back slowly.

TAMMY

I don't know anything about that!

KELLY

(quietly)
People?

GREG

I heard you, Tammy!

He turns toward Kelly, back to Tammy.

TAMMY

(forceful)
Kelly, go inside.

GREG

Yes. People. Not just one.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Is Kevin...

GREG

I don't know. I don't know where Kevin is. But his mom's dead, her head was caved in. Chuck Pont is dead--

Kelly's eyes widen, Tammy looks away.

GREG (CONT'D)

he went out a window. And there's a girl named Anna--

KELLY

Anna Callore?

GREG

Laying on her driveway bleeding right now.

KELLY

Is she okay?

GREG

No she's not okay! None of them are okay! And Kevin won't be okay unless you tell me what's going on!

TAMMY

Kevin's fine!

GREG

And how would you know that, Tammy? Where is he?

TAMMY

I don't know!

GREG

Bullshit!

TAMMY

I don't know! But I know he wasn't *kidnapped*!

The three of them stare at each other.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

(almost to herself)

I know he wasn't kidnapped.

She storms inside.

Greg stares at the door.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
Justin must be...
(beat)
Can you... take me over there?
Please?

He turns to her slowly.

GREG
I need to know what's going on.

She nods.

KELLY
I don't think I know your name.

GREG
Greg...

KELLY
I'm Kelly.

He nods.

A pause.

GREG
Get in the car.

She exhales. They get in the car. The engine turns over, they drive away.

Tammy comes back outside and watches them disappear down the street.

She breaks into a jog in the other direction.

INT. BARB'S CAR -- EVENING

Greg is driving. Kelly is staring at the inside of her eyelids, and beyond that her knees. Greg glances at her every few seconds.

KELLY
Did you like school?

He glances at her again.

She slowly raises her head and looks at him.

He glances at her again.

GREG
What, like high school?

KELLY
Yeah, like high school.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
Nobody likes high school.

She sighs.

Time passes.

He glances at her again.

GREG (CONT'D)
I need to know what's--

KELLY
I like high school. There are people who like high school. There are people who go to school because they want to go to school, because they want to better themselves, because they want a career and a life and maybe even happiness.

She stares at the rearview mirror.

KELLY (CONT'D)
But there's other people... more people... who don't like school, hate school, hate it to the point where they'll live without money in a tiny apartment and a dead-end job and no hope for a future. People call them worthless, call them bums, call them stupid and not ambitious or tenacious enough to succeed. But they're not. They're just people. They're just people who don't like school.

He glances at her again. She looks at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)
So here's the thing. Why does society force us into its mold? Why do we have to have a brain that works a certain way if we hope to go anywhere in life? There are morons out there, sure, people who are just too stupid to breathe, but what about the other people, the people like Einstein, the people who are brilliant but just don't think the same?

GREG
Loop it around, Kelly. How does this fit into what's going on now?

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Did you know Einstein dropped out of college? He couldn't handle it, too structured, his mind just wouldn't bend to its will. Society couldn't stop him, the world couldn't stop him, and he changed the world because of it. Without him we wouldn't have ever split the atom.

GREG

We wouldn't have the bomb...

KELLY

Without Edison there'd be no lights, no phone. Without Franklin there'd be no glasses. Without Jefferson and Washington and John Adams, there'd be no home of the free.

GREG

Who are you comparing to them, Kelly?

KELLY

And yet... And yet we sit here, in the home of the free, herding the country into thirty foot rooms, lining them up in neat little rows, and molding them into the norm.

She searches the side of his face.

He glances at her again.

KELLY (CONT'D)

See what I'm saying?

GREG

No... You want to drop out of high school?

KELLY

No! I *like* school!

(sighs)

You have to listen to what I'm saying...

She looks down and shakes her head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

It's *illegal* to not go to school. They can fine you for skipping, they can fine your parents, which I'll never understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KELLY (CONT'D)

They can absolutely force you to attend until you turn sixteen, and if you misbehave they kick you out! But they kick you out and send you to *another* school.

And then you turn sixteen, and if you do hate it so much that you walk away, you're stuck for the rest of your life because you can't get into college and nobody will hire a drop out. So you flip burgers and you live with your parents and you have no money and you have no life.

GREG

You don't have to drop out...

KELLY

Exactly! If you don't like it, stick it out. Conform if you want to succeed. That's the mindset of the home of the free. And somehow nobody sees the wrongness of it.

Greg furrows his eyebrows and stares at the road.

KELLY (CONT'D)

They see the wrongness of it...

He glances at her again.

GREG

Who?

KELLY

They see the wrongness of it and are actually willing to do something about it. There's two problems that need to be fixed. First, you need to make it legal to not go to school. Then you need to make it acceptable.

GREG

What are you...

KELLY

Making it legal is making the government see that we don't need laws to protect us from ourselves. You can't protect someone from themselves without somehow changing who they are, and isn't freedom about individuality?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I...

KELLY

Making it acceptable is making the world see that people can be intelligent all by themselves, that knowing different things doesn't mean knowing less. And that what you know and how you use it in essence is who you are.

GREG

That's...

KELLY

Society isn't usually willing to change.

GREG

Kelly...

KELLY

And it isn't easy to make it.

GREG

What are they...

KELLY

They're not crazy, though. They're not like zealots or anything. They're going to show... to try to show... to try to make people see the wrongness of it, but... Violence isn't part of the plan. They're...

She stares at the rearview mirror.

GREG

What is the plan?

He glances at her again.

GREG (CONT'D)

Kelly?

KELLY

I don't know.

GREG

Don't--

KELLY

No, I really don't know. I'm not a part of them, I'm... I just know what Tammy's told me.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
So then Tammy is... a part of them...

KELLY
Yes.

GREG
And Chuck was...

KELLY
Yes.

GREG
And Anna...

KELLY
Yes.

GREG
And Justin...

KELLY
No. I mean, I don't know. I think
he's like me, he just knows about
it. I don't think he's really
involved.

Greg takes a deep breath and looks at her.

GREG
And Kevin?

She meets his eyes.

They stare at each other.

He looks back at the road.

KELLY
This is the street.

He turns left.

GREG
I know.

EXT. PONT HOUSE -- EVENING

Kelly gets out of the car and starts toward the door.

Greg leans out.

GREG
Kelly!

She stops.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

His mom may not know yet...

She cocks her head. He sits back in his seat. She slowly walks up to the door and knocks.

It opens. She steps inside.

INT. BARB'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Greg's head is leaned back, he closes his eyes. Breathes deeply. Opens them. Looks at the house.

The garage door is open. No cars.

He sits up and looks down for a second.

Gets out of the car.

EXT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

And jogs across the street.

A black car passes by slowly.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

He goes over to the door that leads inside from the garage and looks in through the glass panel at its top.

Inside, Justin and Kelly are sitting at the kitchen table.

He quietly opens the door a crack.

INT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN

...came over earlier and told me all about it. You can't talk to that guy, Kel. Everything's fine.

KELLY

I already told him...

JUSTIN

What?

KELLY

He's just trying to help! He wants to make sure Kevin's okay...

JUSTIN

You know Kevin's fine!

KELLY

I don't know Kevin's fine!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Everything's going to shit, Justin.
 People are dead.

She looks down at the table.

They don't say anything for a few seconds.

JUSTIN
 Things went bad.

Kelly laughs.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Things went bad and people got hurt,
 but everything is going to be fine.
 They'll get back on course.
 (beat)
 I know what the plan is...

KELLY
 What?

JUSTIN
 I hacked Chuck's email. His password
 was freedom, how unoriginal can you
 get?

KELLY
 And?

JUSTIN
 They're gonna get to Mr. Yulen, they
 already did I think.

KELLY
 How?

JUSTIN
 Phil was supposed to go see him today
 and show him some papers or
 something...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- BLACK & WHITE

A buzz sounds, the secretary picks up a phone, listens for a second.

SECRETARY
 He's on his way...
 (motions to the student)
 You can go in now.

She hangs up as the student crosses to Mr. Yulen's office, carrying an envelope, watching Greg as he goes. Greg watches him, too, then stares at the office door when the student disappears inside.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- EVENING

Greg looks down at the cement floor, the crowbar lying where he dropped it, his eyes slightly widened.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Statements, from parents. Yulen's been letting people buy their kids' grades.

He looks back up at the door.

INT. PONT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

KELLY

What?

JUSTIN

Yeah, a bunch of em. Didn't say who anywhere.

KELLY

So... He's what? Gonna help change the law?

JUSTIN

I guess. They think if he can change it in our school it's a start. The point is, they have a plan, and it's going to work. They just...

KELLY

Need to stop killing people?

JUSTIN

Need to get back on track.

KELLY

And you think they can?

JUSTIN

I think they've got a strong, smart guy telling them what to do, so yes...

INT. PONT GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

He feels the gun against the back of his head. Freezes. Slowly turns to face a 14-year-old boy.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

I think Kevin can get them back on track.

He hears chairs sliding, feet walking. He glances back, the kitchen is empty.

The boy is staring at him coldly.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
Go home, Greg.

GREG
(quiet)
Not until I find you.

He stares down the barrel of KEVIN's gun anxiously.
Kevin backs away two steps and looks him in the eye.

KEVIN
You found me. I'm fine. Can you
walk away?

Greg slowly shakes his head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Why not?

GREG
You're out of control, Kevin.

KEVIN
I'm making the world a better place.

GREG
You're out of control.

KEVIN
I'm changing society for the better.

GREG
You're out of control!

KEVIN
I'm in control of my future!

GREG
Then how did your mother get her
head beat in?

Kevin's face flares in a strange momentary contortion then
returns to its cold placid stare.

KEVIN
That got out of hand...

GREG
Out of hand?

KEVIN
Yes. Out of hand. She...

GREG
She what, Kevin? She pissed you
off?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

She forced us all into an unwinnable situation.

GREG

So you killed her.

KEVIN

It was an accident!

GREG

Her skull was caved in! You bashed her skull in with a baseball bat!

KEVIN

I DID N...

(deep breath)

I did not use a baseball bat. Do you really think I'm that clichéd?

Greg's mouth opens just a bit.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Elizabeth Watson was not a sane woman. She was not an intelligent person. She could just barely be classified as human. And she could not be made nor expected to understand the truth of the reality I portray.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

Kevin is in his bedroom, sitting on his bed. Chuck is there. So is Tammy. And Anna. And PHIL, the student from Mr. Yulen's office. Kevin is holding a short stack of papers.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I was meeting with some friends of mine, discussing the future of the American school system. And she burst into my room all in a huff, ready to tear a hole in the world.

Elizabeth flings open the door and stares at them. Kevin stares back.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What?

ELIZABETH

I just got a phone call from Jason Roosevelt's mother.

KEVIN

(smirks)

Really...

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

She's quite angry with me.

KEVIN

She's little more than an ignorant cum receptor for any guy with a cock. Don't worry about her.

ELIZABETH

Excuse me?

KEVIN

It's only proven by the fact that she's pissed at you for something I did, for something *she* did, for fink's sake. She has the IQ of a swine, she's not worth the aggravation.

ELIZABETH

When did you get to be such an ass?

Kevin raises an eyebrow.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And what the hell are those?

She steps forward and snatches the papers from his hand.

KEVIN (V.O.)

They were documents that will help us greatly with our mission.

GREG (V.O.)

The statements. About the grades.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- EVENING

Kevin cocks his head.

KEVIN

I'd think you were intelligent if you didn't have Jean dragging you around all day.

GREG

Who?

Kevin smirks.

KEVIN (V.O.)

God damn it, bitch!

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

These are them then?

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

Chuck and Phil have one foot forward, as if they were moving toward Elizabeth. Kevin has a hand up toward them.

ELIZABETH

These are them then? The so called statements?

KEVIN

They're affidavits attesting to the corruption of America's schools. You all put so much stock in grades... When that stock goes public to the highest bidder, it loses some of its market value, doesn't it?

ELIZABETH

What are you planning to do with these, Kevin? Take them to the cops?

KEVIN

I'll do with them as I please, it's none of your damn business, really.

ELIZABETH

I'm your mother, Kevin.

KEVIN

When you feel the urge...

She stares at him. Takes the stack of papers in both hands. Tears it down the middle.

Chuck and Phil and Tammy lunge forward, Phil and Tammy get there first and grab her, pull her arms back, make her drop the halves. Elizabeth lets out a little gruntshriek.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(masked anger)

Stop! It's okay, Lord knows I can print more copies.

Elizabeth glances at the computer across the room.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

They're going to let go of you. And you're going to leave. You're going to go out to a casino or a bar or maybe a street corner and find yourself a way to lose some money and pass some time. And then you'll come back and everything will make much more sense. Okay?

Elizabeth stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

He nods at Phil, then at Tammy. They let her go.

Elizabeth stares at him.

And walks over to his computer and reaches for the plug.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

God damn it, bitch!

And Chuck is on top of her pulling her back, and she's fighting him off and reaching for the keyboard, and Phil is there and Tammy is there and Anna is backed into a corner, and Elizabeth is trying desperately to just get ahold of something, anything that would make the computer stop functioning.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- EVENING

Kevin's face, cold and placid.

KEVIN

I didn't know why she cared so much, why she was so... desperate... to destroy what I've been working for, then I realized... if I succeed, it just shows her how much she's failed. In everything. In life. And in a way I felt sorry for her. As much as you can feel sorry for a moron.

Greg stares back, trying to stay steady and calm.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

The fight got out of hand quickly. We were trying her get her under control. At one point...

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

Chuck throws her across the room.

KEVIN (V.O.)

...Chuck threw her across the room. And she scrambled out, and they started after her, and I stopped them.

He puts an arm up.

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

And I told them we needed to talk to her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Let's just try to talk to her...

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

So we went out into the living room...

INT. WATSON APARTMENT -- BLACK & WHITE

Empty.

KEVIN (V.O.)
 ...and she wasn't there. But then I
 heard it...

BOWOOUH!

KEVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And I turned and saw her in her
 bedroom. And she was on the computer.
 And she was typing so quickly, like
 she wanted so badly to get something
 told, to tell someone about me.
 Half a second, maybe two, but... it
 all happened so slowly...

I reached down and grabbed it off
 the coffee table. The cold steel of
 it in my grip. The weight of it.
 And all it was was a dish, one of
 those dishes, those wheels that hold
 your poker chips.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- EVENING

He smiles.

KEVIN
 It was just there, like it was always
 there, and it was the first thing I
 grabbed.

INT. WATSON APARTMENT -- BLACK & WHITE

Poker chips drop against the floor.

KEVIN (V.O.)
 The chips themselves... rained down
 on the carpet when I lifted it, as I
 stepped forward, as I stepped forward
 into her room...

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- BLACK & WHITE

KEVIN (V.O.)
 ...and swung her vice with all my
 might. And I was aiming, I swear I
 was aiming for her monitor, to stop
 her, but... I missed.

CRACK!

Her head forward.

(CONTINUED)

Blood.

Her hand slamming down on the keyboard.

KEVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The fates wouldn't have me stopping
 her that night. No. It was *time*
 for the world to shuck her dead
 weight.

She falls to the floor as he steps back, stares.

She crawls forward, lifts herself, holds herself up with one
 hand and types so slowly with the other.

K... E... V... I... N...

BOWOOUH!

And then she falls.

INT. PONT GARAGE -- EVENING

And Kevin and Greg stare at each other. Greg shakes his
 head.

GREG
 You're out of control.

KEVIN
 The *situation*... was out of control.

GREG
 You... murdered your mother.

KEVIN
 I killed her, I didn't murder her.
 It was an accident.

GREG
 You're out of control.

Kevin closes his eyes and shakes his head.

They stare at each other.

Kevin's finger closes on the trigger.

Greg's foot hooks a crowbar lying on the floor and hurls it
 upward as he ducks.

Metal on flesh, Kevin's arm flies up, the gun goes off as he
 stumbles a step. And Greg is on him, grabbing his wrist,
 pushing him backward across the garage.

The gun falls from his grasp.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

People are dead, Kevin. It's time to let it go.

KEVIN

No! That's why important ideas never get realized, because people get scared and let them go! I will not let go! That's what makes me different! That's what makes me me!

GREG

You can't just kill people who get in your way!

KEVIN

That's not what I'm doing! That's not what I've done! I'm just trying to get back on track. If you walk away, I'm back on track.

GREG

What?

KEVIN

You're all that's left of this, Greg. You're it. My mother started it because she couldn't see. Then I sent Chuck to try and stop you. He died, and that's not your fault, but you need to realize he wouldn't have killed you. He just wanted to get you to leave.

Greg looks down and shakes his head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He's dead. And they'll track that to you, and they'll track my mother back to me, and we'll both end up in jail. Unless you convince them of self-defense, but they generally don't buy that when you run.

GREG

I was...

KEVIN

I know. You were looking for me. And maybe you can make everyone see that. But look... what if that's not really what even happened?

GREG

What?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

What if Chuck attacked my mother?
What if he hit her over the head?
What if he broke into the apartment,
and she tried to stop him, and he
came after her, and she, in sheer
desperation, IMed an old friend from
college. And while she was
desperately calling for help, Chuck
came in and hit her on the head.
Hard. And in the shock of the moment
he stumbled back, and he fell out an
open window.

GREG

What?

KEVIN

I was there, Greg. I saw it. But
I'm just a kid, and it tore me apart,
and all I could do was run away.

GREG

I... my footprints... My footprints
in the blood...

KEVIN

You tracked her down to see what was
wrong, and you found her dead, and
you came looking for me. Her young
son who could have been somehow
harmed.

GREG

It's almost the truth...

KEVIN

It is the truth!

GREG

There was a witness...

KEVIN

He's out of the equation.

GREG

How?

KEVIN

Trust me, he's fine.

GREG

I... This is insane! They can tell
Chuck and your mom died a week apart!

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Not if they didn't. It's all about the records. Barb can help us with that.

GREG

How?

KEVIN

There's things you don't know about her, Greg. Interesting things. But those are another story.

Greg closes his eyes tight and feels his grip relax.

GREG

(whisper)

Kiuljuk...

Kevin pulls out from under him and sits up. Looks at him.

KEVIN

Kiuljuk is life... Kiuljuk is this...
Kiuljuk is just a typo...

Greg looks up at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Typos can be fixed. You just have to erase them.

Greg swallows hard and looks away.

MRS. PONT (O.S.)

What's going on here?

Kevin climbs to his feet. Greg looks up at her.

MRS. PONT (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? Dave, right?

GREG

My name is Greg... Greg Mitchell...

KEVIN

Mrs. Pont, I'm... Greg brought me here before we went to the police, because... There's something you need to know...

Justin looks down and breathes shortly. Kelly turns away.

MRS. PONT

What's going on here?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Mrs. Pont... Charlie broke into my apartment this morning.

MRS. PONT

What?

KEVIN

He... There was a fight, he... My mother is dead...

MRS. PONT

What?

Justin turns away and puts a hand over his eyes. Greg stares back and forth from Kevin to Mrs. Pont.

KEVIN

They fought, and she... died... and... in the struggle... Mrs. Pont, Charlie was killed too.

MRS. PONT

What?

KEVIN

He fell out the window...

Her eyes are wide with disbelief. She looks over at Greg.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I saw the whole thing, Mrs. Pont. I... I just couldn't handle it. I... ran away... Mr. Mitchell, he found me and... he convinced me to come forward.

Greg looks down at his feet. Mrs. Pont stares at him. Kevin looks over at him, too.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He convinced me... to come talk to you... Right, Greg?
(beat)
Right?

Greg breathes deeply more than a couple times, staring at the laces of his shoes. His eyes are full, his lips are dry.

GREG

(under his breath)
We wouldn't have the bomb...

He closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

Kiuljuk...

He slowly lifts his head. Opens them.

FADE OUT.