

**GRACE**

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**OVER BLACK:**

Sounds of a WOMAN CRYING.

Growing louder... LOUDER...

Then...

**SMASH!!!**

The sound of a LAMP CRASHING to the floor.

CUT TO:

**ECU ON A YOUNG GIRL'S EYES...**

...shooting open with the sound of SHATTERING GLASS.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - NIGHT**

**GRACE BYRNES** (9) sits up in bed, breathing heavy.

She listens carefully, hearing only the sound of WIND cutting through the old house. An uneasy silence.

Something is very wrong.

Grace scans her bedroom for clues. Nothing.

She wants to stay tucked in bed, but something pulls her out.

Grace moves to her door, which CREAKS as she opens it.

She continues into the...

**HALLWAY**

... where she finds her **MOTHER** curled up on the floor, crying - catatonic.

Through the open door of Grace's parents' bedroom we see a broken lamp, toppled furniture.

Next to Grace's mother, an open WINDOW swings with the wind, BANGING against its frame.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Grace steps forward, approaching the open window.

Closer... Closer...

Reaching the window, Grace looks out to see...

A FIGURE standing on the roof on the opposite side of the L-shaped house: Grace's **FATHER** dressed in a three-piece suit, looking out into the pitch-black void.

On closer look, we see a NOOSE wrapped around his neck, firmly affixed to the weather vane at the top of the house.

Grace looks to her father, too horrified to scream.

Her father slowly turns toward her. Turning... Turning...

Finally, he locks eyes with Grace.

He lets out an enigmatic smile.

Then...

He JUMPS.

ON THE ROPE, going deadly taught.

ON GRACE, processing a visual she can never unsee.

She doesn't cry, she doesn't scream, but her expression reflects the horror she is witnessing.

We PUSH TIGHTER and TIGHTER until we're ECU on Grace's eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

**ECU ON A WOMAN'S EYES...**

More mature, more world weary, but unmistakably still the eyes of **GRACE BYRNES**.

**INT. BANQUET HALL - KENNEDY LIBRARY - BOSTON, MA - NIGHT**

Black tie event - champagne, passed hors d'oeuvres, COASTAL ELITES enjoying the company of fellow BLUE BLOODS.

Grace is right in the thick of it.

Now 32, Grace has grown into an elegant woman, but the broken girl inside remains.

Next to Grace is the man of the hour: her husband **JAY CONNORS** (37), winner of the Democratic primary for Governor of Massachusetts. Jay is casual, confident, and he looks fantastic in a tux.

In a series of SOUND BITES, we hear Jay hit all the right talking points. His speech carries almost no trace of the Southie roots he's worked hard to leave in the rear-view:

JAY

Education is equality's greatest ally... No one should have to take on debt to get a shot at the American dream... Women deserve fair pay, and fair pay means equal pay...

A group of POTENTIAL DONORS melts in the palm of Jay's hand.

Grace makes for a useful plus-one, but she's largely ignored.

DONOR #1

Be honest, just between friends - is this a stepping stone to get to Washington?

JAY

I can assure you that this state has my undivided attention.

DONOR #2

Come on... no Massachusetts politician can say with a straight face that he's not looking toward the national stage.

JAY

My work is here. Our home is here. Plus, I think I'd miss all of you too much...

Laughs from the group.

An **ACADEMIC TYPE**, somewhat less charmed, tries to cut in:

ACADEMIC TYPE

Excuse me...

... but another donor beats him to the punch.

DONOR #3

Must be a lot of pressure on you two - the next first couple of Massachusetts.

Grace knows she could take this one, but she lets it pass to Jay.

JAY

It's not always easy, but honestly the more things ramp up, the closer we get.

(looks lovingly to Grace)

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)  
We're both just taking it one day  
at a time and--

ACADEMIC TYPE  
Excuse me... Do you have a position  
on the opioid hearings?

JAY  
Come again?

ACADEMIC TYPE  
The opioid hearings? I noticed you  
haven't released a statement.

JAY  
Right. As some of you know, our  
family was directly affected by  
this issue, as have many others in  
this state. But my office is still  
reviewing the report.

ACADEMIC TYPE  
Governor Hunt is still pushing for  
criminal charges even though he  
lost his whistleblower witness.  
Will you commit to doing the same  
if elected?

JAY  
Grace and I were both saddened to  
hear of Dr. Lerner's passing.  
Look, it's up to the Attorney  
General to decide if there's enough  
evidence to pursue charges.  
Governor Hunt shouldn't interfere  
just to score points in an election  
year.

ACADEMIC TYPE  
Then what do you propose?

JAY  
I'm introducing legislation to the  
State Senate that's focused on  
treatment and recovery. We have to  
be careful not to attack the people  
we need to help solve the problem.  
Innovation is important. My father  
died when I was young from a  
bacterial blood infection that is  
treatable today with a basic drug  
regimen.

## ACADEMIC TYPE

Mrs. Connors, do you agree? Your father was a critic of the pharmaceutical industry while he was in office.

The focus swings to Grace - an unwelcome spotlight.

## GRACE

I agree that innovation is important.

She could just leave it there. But she doesn't...

## GRACE (CONT'D)

... But I've seen the dark side of these drugs. My brother died last year from an overdose, which is why I've made the opioid crisis the focus of my family's foundation.

## ACADEMIC TYPE

So you support the charges?

## GRACE

Mark Lerner, the whistleblower you referred to, gave me a firsthand look at the way opioid manufacturers manipulated data, targeted at-risk areas even as fatalities were rising...

## JAY

But we need to look forward - not just point fingers... Once we--

## GRACE

We can look forward and hold people accountable at the same time. The crimes that Mark uncovered need to be answered for, and the people responsible should be in jail.

All eyes swing to Jay - a collective "Well...?"

## JAY

Pitfalls of marrying someone smarter than you...

(smiles from the group)  
She's my closest advisor. My secret weapon.

DONOR #1

'Hard to imagine any member of the  
Byrnes family being secret.

DONOR #2

Did you ever consider taking her  
last name?

LAUGHS from the group as the conversation moves on.

A FOCUS RACK reveals...

A MAN across the room enjoying the free shrimp cocktail, watching the exchange. While the rest of the crowd hobnobs, he is all business. This is **PAUL SHERIDAN** (60s, ill-fitting suit, a lifelong political operator) - more from him in a minute.

**INT. BANQUET HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Jay and Grace peel away, headed toward the next batch of donors. Grace is fried.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I need to keep my mouth shut.

JAY

Remember, seen and not heard.

Grace is taken aback. Jay cracks a smile.

JAY (CONT'D)

Come on... That's the last thing I want. We're a team, right?

She smiles, but he sees she's struggling.

JAY (CONT'D)

You OK?

GRACE

This weekend would be Jack's birthday.

Jay offers a somber nod, then:

JAY

Ready for the next batch of vultures...?

GRACE

I need some air. Come outside with me?

JAY  
You know how it is...

GRACE  
Just for a minute?

Jay looks to the expectant donors, conflicted.

JAY  
Can you tough it out?

Grace's look says 'no' - she's spent.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You go and find me when you're  
ready. Take as long as you need.  
(then...)  
It won't always be like this.

Grace musters a smile, semi-convincing nod. Jay kisses her on the cheek.

GRACE  
Go get 'em.

Jay moves on to the next batch of donors, effortlessly glad-handing and greeting each donor by name.

**EXT. TERRACE - MOMENTS LATER**

A good distance from the crowd inside, Grace looks out onto the harbor, her breath visible in the February air.

She checks that she's alone, then pulls a CIGARETTE from her purse. She takes several cracks at lighting it, but the wind and her shot nerves make it a tall order.

Just when she's about to get it lit...

A HAND enters frame and pushes away the lighter. Grace JUMPS.

She WHIPS AROUND to see Paul Sheridan. She smiles - a familiar face.

GRACE  
Jesus...

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Sorry to sneak up on you, kiddo.  
'Best if you're not seen smoking.  
Optics.

GRACE

I didn't know anyone was watching.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Someone's always watching.

Paul smiles, hands her a glass of water, senses her strained state.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You holding up OK?

GRACE

Just needed a breather.

(covering...)

I saw the B.U.R. poll - looks like we're off to a good start.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Favorability rating's through the roof. Everybody loves our Jay.

They look inside to Jay, who is effortlessly holding court.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd see anyone work a room like that again after your father...

(beat)

I can't tell you how proud he would have been to see you here tonight. Feels like just yesterday you were running around on that stage during his acceptance speech. I'm the one who had to chase you down.

Grace smiles, nods appreciatively.

She sees Jay talking to a PRETTY FEMALE SUPPORTER - standing just a little too close, laughing just a little too hard.

Grace clocks the woman's hand touching Jay's arm.

Paul clocks Grace clocking.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I don't envy you - wife of a politician... not an easy job.

Jay's got a gift. We gotta keep him sharp. Keep him focused.

Grace considers this. She takes a gulp from her drink, trying to calm her nerves.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You sure you're OK?

She nods.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Alright, kiddo. I'm proud of you.  
Let me know if I can get you  
anything else. Almost time for the  
big speech...

Paul heads back inside. Grace remains on the balcony, looking more strained than ever.

**INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER**

All eyes on stage. Jay stands at the podium. A banner above him reads: "CONNORS FOR GOVERNOR: A VISION FOR THE FUTURE."

JAY  
I couldn't be more honored to be here tonight. Believe it or not, my first job out of college was working here as a bartender, serving many of you. Over-serving the rest of you.

Good-natured LAUGHS from the crowd.

JAY (CONT'D)  
I want to thank Councilman Blake for his endorsement.  
(to a man near the stage)  
You put up a hell of a fight in the primary, and I'm sure glad to have your support going into the general.

COUNCILMAN STEVE BLAKE nods to Jay, waves to the crowd.

**EXT. TERRACE - SAME**

Grace tries to make her way inside to catch Jay's speech.

She looks queasy, struggling to stay upright.

**INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Grace comes in from the terrace looking lost and dazed.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Tonight is a celebration, but we're only at the beginning.  
(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

I challenge each and every one of  
you to join me in building a  
stronger future for Massachusetts.

Pushing past members of the crowd, Grace knocks a GLASS out  
of a woman's hand.

The jarring sound of the GLASS SHATTERING on the floor calls  
back to the broken lamp from the opening.

**FLASH IMAGE:** Grace's father on the roof, noose around his  
neck, looking right at us. That haunting, baffling smile.

JAY (CONT'D)

(spotting Grace)

There she is... I know she hates  
the attention, but I have to ask  
for a round of applause for the  
woman who has guided me, challenged  
me, pushed me through the primary  
campaign. Ladies and gentleman,  
Mrs. Grace Byrnes Connors.

APPLAUSE as Grace reaches the center of the room.

Grace starts to speak, fading fast. The crowd quiets.

GRACE

He looked at me before he jumped.

With that, Grace goes CRASHING down, taking out a serving  
table with her.

GASPS from the crowd. Grace lands with a THUMP.

LIGHTS OUT.

**OVER BLACK:**

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Medical equipment steadily monitoring.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

We're looking up from a moving HOSPITAL BED, watching  
FLORESCENT CEILING LIGHTS whip past.

Grace lies in the bed, half-asleep, being pushed backward  
through a crowded hallway. She groggily scans the area.

**GRACE'S POV:** she spots Jay talking to Paul on the other end  
of the hallway before she's carted into a hospital room,  
losing sight of them.

Exhausted, Grace falls back under.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

A buried memory pulled from Grace's past:

Grace's mother curled up on the tile floor of a psych ward. She rocks back and forth, heavily medicated.

Over this disturbing visual, we begin to hear ODDLY INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC.

JAY (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
This country is built on the  
promise of opportunity.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Grace once again comes to, looking healthier and more rested.

She's greeted by a surreal sight: Jay looking directly into camera on the TV in the corner.

JAY (CONT'D)  
(on TV)  
Every child deserves the same  
opportunity I had: the chance to  
live the American dream.

Jay stands inside the hospital room with his back to Grace, closely watching his campaign ad run on the TV.

The ad shows a montage of campaign footage: Jay reading to school kids, shaking hands with factory workers, giving a speech to a crowd.

It's carefully curated bullshit, but it's largely effective. Jay's a star.

JAY (CONT'D)  
(on TV)  
I'm asking you to give me the  
opportunity to serve the state that  
has given me so much.

The ad ends with a shot of Jay on a sailboat. Title over picture: "CONNORS FOR GOVERNOR: A VISION FOR THE FUTURE."

As the ad comes to a close, Grace sits up in bed.

JAY (CONT'D)  
(notices she's awake)  
Hey... there she is. Welcome back,  
hon.

Jay walks over, sits on Grace's hospital bed.

GRACE  
Did I...? Oh god.

JAY  
How are you feeling?

GRACE  
In front of everyone... I must have ruined the entire night - your big night.

JAY  
You didn't ruin anything. All that matters is your health.

GRACE  
I don't know why this keeps happening.

JAY  
The doctors said there is nothing physically wrong with you... which is good.

Jay puts a comforting hand over Grace's, smiles to her.

JAY (CONT'D)  
What'd you think of the new ad?  
'Sailboat too much?

GRACE  
No, it's good. Very JFK.

Jay can't help but smile at the comparison.

The TV transitions to local news. Headline: "TROUBLE IN CAMELOT?"

NEWS ANCHOR  
Grace Byrnes Connors collapsed last night at a fundraising event where her husband Jay Connors was celebrating his primary victory. The Byrnes family, of course, has a well-documented history of health problems. Earlier this month, Mrs. Connors had to leave a primary debate due to exhaustion. Governor Hunt, who was at the State House this morning to attend the ongoing opioid hearings, expressed his concern.

TV: A stuffy politician (**GOVERNOR HUNT**) answers questions as he enters the state house.

GOVERNOR HUNT  
We all wish Grace the best. At the same time, Governor is an important job, and the people of Massachusetts deserve undivided attention. I hope she gets whatever help she--

Jay switches off the TV.

JAY  
(re: Hunt)  
Prick...

Grace's expression says it all.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Hey... it's ok.  
(then...)  
Dr. Harmon wants to see you.

GRACE  
Dr. Harmon?

JAY  
The psychiatrist on staff.

Grace doesn't like the sound of that.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

Grace sits on a wax-paper covered examination table under harsh fluorescent lighting.

**DR. HARMON** (70s, stuffy tweed jacket) stands over her with a clipboard.

DR. HARMON  
Grace, have you ever tried to hurt yourself?

GRACE  
No.

DR. HARMON  
(re: medical file)  
It says here you were hospitalized after an overdose of prescription pills.

Grace glares at Harmon, not happy to be fact-checked.

GRACE

I went through a difficult stretch  
after my mother died. I had dreams  
where I would see her--

DR. HARMON

Dreams or hallucinations.

GRACE

Vivid dreams. I wanted them to  
stop. It was a mistake.

Harmon nods, takes a note.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Can I go home now?

DR. HARMON

Have you been in contact with the  
police recently?

GRACE

I'm guessing you know the answer to  
that question.

DR. HARMON

Your husband mentioned you filed a  
report claiming you were being  
followed by an unidentified man.

GRACE

That's right.

DR. HARMON

Were the police able to confirm  
this account?

Nothing from Grace.

DR. HARMON (CONT'D)

Did your husband or anyone else  
ever see this man who was following  
you?

Harmon's implication does not sit well with Grace.

DR. HARMON (CONT'D)

Have you considered seeing a  
psychiatrist to discuss these  
events?

GRACE

No.

DR. HARMON  
And why not?

GRACE  
Because I don't like psychiatrists.

Dr. Harmon absorbs this barb, jots down a note.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Grace sits alone looking out into the cold. We see Jay through the door window, speaking with someone (we can't see whom).

Grace looks over, watches as Jay listens. Not looking good.

After a beat, Jay enters the room, sits next to Grace.

GRACE  
What did he say?

JAY  
He said... there are some things we should keep an eye on. We'll get a second opinion.

(off her look)  
But not right away.

GRACE  
I'm not crazy.

JAY  
I know.  
(beat)  
There's something I wanted to ask you about last night...

Grace tenses before the question is even asked.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You said something: "He looked at me before he jumped." Do you know what that meant?

Grace shakes her head 'no,' burying a secret she's kept for too long.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You know you can tell me anything, right? We're a team.

Grace considers, possibly about to open up, when...

The door swings open. Paul Sheridan steps in carrying two coffees, hands one to Jay.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Good to have you back, kiddo. How are you feeling?

Grace nods: *better*.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You gave us quite a scare.

GRACE  
What's the latest?

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Focus on your rest for now.

Grace shoots him a look - she wants to know what's up.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Our line is that all this is related to a bad cold - I've pulled some strings to convince the major outlets to run with that. There is a story in the Arlington Advocate - whatever the hell that is - connecting last night's fall with Grace's previous... episodes. It'll blow over.

(beat)  
I do think we need to get a handle on this thing before the general election gets into full swing. The spotlight is only going to get brighter and--

JAY  
Paul...

PAUL SHERIDAN  
This is the third time she's collapsed, except this time it was in a room full of people. We can't just ignore--

JAY  
Not now, Paul.

GRACE  
(re: Paul)  
He's right. There's too much at stake.

Jay knows it's true - an unfortunate reality.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Look, you're gonna hate me for bringing it up again, but I think it's time to consider the Gardner institute.

GRACE

I'm not going to a psych ward.

PAUL SHERIDAN

It's a recovery center... and it'd only be temporary.

GRACE

I'll work something else out.

Grace looks to Jay, who stays out of it.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Just until we figure out what's going on. Trust me, I understand your concern, but you're not going to get better unless--

GRACE

I said no, Paul.

Grace shoots him a stern look - end of discussion.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Right. Just a thought.

JAY

Paul, can you give us a minute?

Paul holds a long look on Jay, then starts to leave. He turns back...

PAUL SHERIDAN

We all just want what's best for you, Grace.

... then exits, leaving Jay and Grace alone together.

JAY

You know, there are people who can help you, but you've got to keep an open mind.

Grace holds firm. A somber silence. Then, an idea:

JAY (CONT'D)

Hey - what do you say we get away  
for a week, just you and me? Leave  
the campaign behind.

GRACE

(surprised by the  
suggestion)

You could do that?

JAY

I have some time now that the  
primary is wrapped up. Besides,  
all that matters is that we get you  
better.

GRACE

But the foundation - I have  
meetings scheduled.

JAY

They can be rescheduled. Ally can  
take care of the foundation. It's  
just a week.

GRACE

(considers, then...)

You sure you can do this?

Jay smiles, nods. Grace is sold.

**INT. SUV / EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Jay and Grace sit in the back of the chauffeured SUV. Grace  
looks out the window, watching winter trees whip by.

JAY (V.O.)

I know a place off the coast where  
we won't be bothered.

**EXT. MAINLAND DOCK - DAY**

Grace and Jay climb onto a small FISHING BOAT. A grizzled  
FISHERMAN and his STERNMAN load on their bags.

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

I'll make all of the arrangements.  
We can leave tomorrow.

**EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY**

CLOSE ON GRACE, rough winter water passing behind her.

We PULL BACK to reveal Jay sitting next to her on the back of the boat, his arm wrapped around Grace to warm her.

Something occurs to Grace. She looks back in the direction of the mainland, orienting herself.

GRACE  
Isn't Nantucket South?

She looks to Jay, who can only partially contain his smile.

JAY  
I had a better idea.

Grace looks out ahead and spots something emerging through the fog:

**CRANE ISLAND**, isolated, a quarter mile long. Elegant summer homes look out over the water, vacant for the winter season.

Grace immediately reacts to the sight. Her body tenses.

She knows this place.

GRACE  
Is that...?

She spins back to Jay, who is beaming, proud of his surprise.

JAY  
When was the last time you were out here?

GRACE  
It's been years. Jack's the only one who came out here. I always wanted to sell it but he would never let me.

Grace looks out to the approaching island.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Jay, this--

JAY  
It's perfect - no press, no one to bother us. Nobody goes to their summer house in February. I wanted you to be somewhere familiar - somewhere you'd feel at home.

Grace does not share his enthusiasm.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm leaving everything behind, all week. No internet, no cell service - I even told the staff we're headed to the Bahamas so there's no way we'll be bothered.

GRACE

Is that safe?

Jay pulls out a beefy SATELLITE PHONE with a thick antenna.

JAY

Just in case.

(re: fishermen)

Plus, these guys come out at dawn most mornings to collect their traps.

They creep closer to the island, which looks increasingly menacing in the thick fog.

JAY (CONT'D)

This is exactly what you need.

**EXT. DOCK - CRANE ISLAND - DAY**

Grace stands on the dock as Jay unloads the bags, tips the fishermen. As the fishermen prepare to depart:

JAY

See you guys in a week.

Grace watches as the fishing boat takes off into the open ocean, leaving her and Jay cut off from the world.

**EXT. ROAD - CRANE ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER**

Jay and Grace walk down the middle of the dirt road with their bags. Grace takes in the surroundings:

Barren trees, cold winds, empty homes. It has the skeleton of a vibrant summer island, but right now it's a ghost town.

GRACE

There's no one else on the island?

JAY

The estate manager said there's a guy who looks after the properties, but I guess that's it. We've got the place to ourselves.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

They reach the Byrnes' summer home, take it in from the road: An imposing structure in Gothic New England style. The house announces a legacy of both power and tragedy. The weather vane on the roof matches the one we saw in the opening.

This is the home where Grace's father killed himself.

JAY  
(admiring)  
I can't believe you've never  
brought me here.

Jay starts toward the house, but Grace calls him back.

GRACE  
I think it would be better if we  
went back to the city.

JAY  
What?

GRACE  
I think I'll recover better if I'm  
around people. If I'm working.

JAY  
Diving back into work isn't going  
to help. You need rest.

GRACE  
I know I can get better if I--

Jay places a hand on her arm.

JAY  
This week is our only chance to get  
you back from whatever it is you're  
going through. If you don't get  
better now...

(beat)  
It's just really important that we  
hit this thing head on.

GRACE  
But does it have to be here?

JAY  
What's wrong with this place?

Grace can't (or won't) answer that.

JAY (CONT'D)

We're already out here. Just give it a shot. Wait till you see what I have planned for dinner.

(then)

We need this.

Grace gives in. She nods, then follows Jay toward the house.

**INT. ENTRYWAY - BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

We TRACK through the entryway, slowly revealing the house's contours:

Exquisitely decorated, but hasn't received attention in years. Antique furniture covered by blankets to protect from dust. The blinds are all drawn, leaving the space eerily dark.

Jay and Grace make their way inside.

JAY

Look at this. It's perfect.

Grace hangs back, uncomfortable in this space.

Jay opens the blinds, pulls off the dust coverings - bringing some life back into the place.

Grace follows Jay into the...

**DRAWING ROOM**

Also dark. Jay again opens the blinds. The light reveals a large PORTRAIT of GRACE'S FATHER. Grace eyes the portrait.

Jay pulls open cabinets, admires the FINE CHINA inside.

One cabinet won't open. He pulls, but it seems to be jammed.

GRACE

Here...

Grace presses against a foot pedal that releases the cabinet doors - one of the house's many tricks.

Inside the cabinet are family photos. Jay pulls out one photo, blows dust off the frame.

PHOTO: the picture-perfect family. A very young Grace (7) and her younger brother (Jack) positioned between their regal parents. Massachusetts royalty.

JAY

Incredible. How come you keep  
these locked up in here?

Jay directs his focus to a portrait shot: GRACE'S MOTHER in her early 20's, gorgeous.

JAY (CONT'D)

This is your mother? She was  
beautiful.

GRACE

I wish I could remember her like  
that. She was never the same after  
my father died.

JAY

Makes sense. Husband dropping dead  
of a heart attack at 49. All the  
media attention. That's got to  
take a toll. Right?

Grace doesn't correct him, simply nods. Grace has never told Jay how her father really died.

As Jay moves on, Grace hangs back. She holds a long look on the portrait of her father before following Jay into the...

## KITCHEN

For such a pristinely decorated house, the kitchen is oddly bland, presumably because it was intended for servants.

Against one wall, Jay finds an opening covered by a 2'x2' door. He pulls open the door, revealing an odd platform.

GRACE

It's a dumbwaiter.

Grace pushes a button and the platform rises.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Dining room's upstairs.

JAY

This place is full of surprises.  
We didn't have dumbwaiters growing  
up in Dorchester.

Jay smiles to her, moves on to the...

**PANTRY**

Practically pitch black. Jay pushes into the dark, tries to open the window - it's boarded up.

Grace cautiously makes her way in, not enjoying the vibe.

As Jay pulls against the plank board covering the window...

A RATTLING NOISE comes from within the darkness.

Jay freezes. *What was that?*

Silence. Then, another RATTLE.

Grace peers into the darkness. Something pulls her closer.

*Is someone back there?*

When Grace is only a few feet away...

A CREATURE LAUNCHES out from within the dark, striking Grace. She SCREAMS.

Jay JUMPS back, also terrified.

*Who's there?*

Jay RIPS back the boards covering the window. Light floods in. On the counter, we see...

A scraggly CAT - the source of the commotion. The cat scurries off to another room.

Both Jay and Grace breath heavy, shaken. Then, Jay BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

Grace eventually joins him laughing.

Jay moves to his wife and gives her a meaningful kiss - nothing to be afraid of.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER**

POV down the hallway looking toward Grace's parents' bedroom - we've seen this visual before.

Grace stands in the hallway, taking in the sight. Unwelcome memories flooding back.

She creeps forward, tracing the familiar path. She lands at the window looking out onto the roof.

GRACE'S POV: The rooftop is empty, but the visual carries heavy baggage. Outside, cold wind blows through barren trees.

ON GRACE, looking out onto the roof, into her past.

**INT. SHOWER - LATER**

Grace enjoys a much needed shower.

As she cuts off the water and towels off, she hears a muffled VOICE outside. She looks out the window to the yard, sees...

POV: Jay on his satellite phone, pacing as he speaks. We can just make out pieces of his conversation.

JAY

See if you can get him to stall the hearings until after the debate...  
Tell him our administration will have his back once--

Grace closes the window, blocking out the noise.

As she does, something in the distance catches her attention:

POV: A FIGURE Grace can hardly make out, seemingly looking right at the Byrnes' house.

Grace startles. *Is that the caretaker Jay mentioned?*

The figure walks off, disappearing behind the trees.

Spooked, Grace closes the blinds.

**INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Candle lit dinner. The dining room could easily hold a dozen people, but right now it's an intimate space for two. Jay has prepared a delicious spread.

Grace enjoys a particularly tasty bite, shakes her head.

JAY

No good?

GRACE

You're the worst.

JAY

What...?

GRACE

You know I'm a sucker for  
Bolognese.

JAY

I just wanted to make my wife a  
delicious meal on our first night  
alone together. Is that so wrong?

GRACE

You're a smooth operator, Mr.  
Connors.

They share a loving, flirty smile.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That phone call today... in the  
back yard...?

Jay winces, caught.

JAY

You heard that, huh?

She nods, mock scolding.

GRACE

I thought no work. Leaving it all  
behind...

JAY

Hunt is trying to drag drug execs  
in for a hearing right before the  
first debate, but--

Jay realizes he's going down the rabbit hole.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You're married to a  
liar.

Jay gives her a puppy-dog look, begging forgiveness.

GRACE

I'm married to a politician...  
which means I'm married to a liar.

She smiles to him - he's forgiven.

Jay takes her hand, locks in on her eyes - a nice moment.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER**

Grace stands at the dresser in her parents' bedroom, slipping into a nightgown. As she removes her jewelry, she studies herself in the mirror.

Jay walks up behind her, wraps his arms around her. She soaks in his touch. He kisses her neck. Gentle at first, slowly becoming sexual.

He runs his hand from her stomach, up toward her chest, passion building.

Grace tries to run with it, but she abruptly pulls away.

GRACE

I'm sorry...

JAY

It's OK.

Jay gently moves back in, kisses her again. Grace tries to run with it, but then pulls away, this time forcefully.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I need time.

Jay gives her space, quickly swallows the sting of being rebuffed.

JAY

I understand. We've got time.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead, then hands her a glass of water. He guides her toward the bed.

JAY (CONT'D)

Let's get some rest.

Grace downswallows her water. She and Jay climb into bed.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

Once again, we see the image of Grace's mother curled up on the tile.

A haunting visual.

We PUSH closer, closer, until...

On a FLASH, the face of the woman switches from Grace's mother to Grace herself.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace SHOOTS AWAKE in a cold sweat, rattled by her nightmare.

She looks to the other side of the bed - no Jay. She scans the room - no sign of him.

Grace climbs out of bed, moves to the...

**HALLWAY**

Dark. Empty.

GRACE

Jay...

No answer.

As Grace moves deeper into the hallway, she notices something odd: an open window swinging with the wind - the same window that was open the night of her father's suicide.

Grace flips on the hallway light, illuminating the space. A beat later...

The bulb BLOWS, leaving the hallway dark again.

Now thoroughly disturbed, Grace creeps closer to the window.

GRACE (CONT'D)

JAY...

A NOISE behind Grace causes her to turn. As she does...

A FIGURE crosses the door frame behind Grace. The figure disappears just before Grace turns back.

The wind coming in from the window picks up.

Grace reaches the window and looks out onto the roof - the same visual as the last time she saw her father alive.

Suddenly...

BANG!!!

The door to the master bedroom SLAMS SHUT.

Grace JUMPS at the noise. She RUSHES to the door, tries to open it. It won't budge.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Jay!

She puts all of her weight against the door - nothing.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
JAY!!!!

Giving up on the door, Grace turns to RUN the opposite direction, when...

BAM!

She CRASHES into a MAN standing in the hallway. She SCREAMS!

JAY  
Grace... it's OK. It's me. It's  
me.

Grace looks up to see Jay's comforting face. He holds her close, trying to bring her back from the episode.

She shakes in his arms.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Grace and Jay sit at the kitchen table.

JAY  
It was just a cross-wind. That's  
all. Doors close on their own all  
the time.

GRACE  
Why would that window be open? And  
what about the light bulb blowing?

JAY  
This is an old house.

GRACE  
Where were you?

Jay looks away, ashamed to admit...

JAY  
I had to take a call. There's a  
lot going on right now. But I'm  
here for you. There's a reasonable  
explanation for everything that  
happened last night.

GRACE  
You think I'm crazy.

JAY

No. No. I just think your mind is  
playing tricks on you.

GRACE

That's the definition of crazy.

JAY

That's not what I meant.

GRACE

I just want to feel safe in my own  
head.

JAY

We'll get there. We've got all  
week.

Grace scans the house.

GRACE

We should leave this place.

JAY

Be patient.

**EXT. ROAD / INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

In a WIDE SHOT, we see Jay and Grace out for a stroll by the water. They're bundled up, braving the cold, but it's worth it for the view.

We slowly PULL BACK, revealing that we are watching them through a four-pane window inside a rundown cottage home.

*Is someone watching them?*

A scruffy CAT (our friend from before) lurks past on a nearby countertop.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

They reach the lighthouse on the far point of the island, surrounded by ocean views.

JAY

Beautiful.

GRACE

(re: lighthouse)  
I used to hide up there.

JAY

You can go up?

GRACE  
I'm sure it's locked this time of  
year.

JAY  
How sure...?

Jay flashes a mischievous smile, takes off toward the lighthouse. Grace follows.

Jay reaches the door, pushes against it. It doesn't budge.

GRACE  
Told you.

Jay PLOWS against the door with his shoulder - it blows open.

JAY  
Just a little elbow grease. Come  
on...

Jay leads the way inside.

**INT. LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The light from the door reveals cobwebs and a rusted staircase.

Jay leads Grace up the stairs to the...

**SECOND STORY**

A hanging ladder leads to an opening to the top floor.

JAY  
We don't have to go up if you don't  
want.

Grace is game. She cuts past Jay, scales the ladder.

**THIRD STORY**

Grace pushes back the covering above the ladder, moves into the top floor. As she climbs up we see...

A breathtaking view of the open ocean. Jay joins her on the top floor, soaks it in.

Jay studies the massive light in the center of the room: a Fresnel bulb on a rotating platform, dormant for the day.

As Jay pushes aside a wooden beam behind the light...

A BAT FLIES OUT. Jay JUMPS back. The bat manically flutters, taking off through the opening in the floor.

JAY  
Jesus.

Grace is oddly calm.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Friend of yours?

She smiles.

GRACE  
I spent a whole night up here once, hiding. My parents were fighting. I doubt they noticed I was gone. At night, the light flashes every three seconds - blinding white light. For weeks, I'd see that flash when I'd close my eyes. FLASH.... FLASH.... FLASH.... But I liked it up here. I felt safe.

Jay wraps his arms around Grace. They take in the view of the ocean together.

They kiss.

Something pulls Grace's attention away. She looks down to see...

A MAN staring up at them from the ground below - the same man she saw the night before. Grace jumps back.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Someone's there.

JAY  
What...?

Jay sees the MAN looking up at them - an intimidating sight.

JAY (CONT'D)  
That must be the caretaker. Guess we should introduce ourselves.

Jay leads the way down.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jay walks out, approaches the caretaker. Grace follows.

Dressed in paint-stained working clothes, caretaker **BILL MCCABE** (50s) has the unkempt appearance of a man who hasn't had human contact in months.

JAY

You must be Mr. McCabe.

Jay extends his hand for a shake. McCabe leaves him hanging.

MCCABE

You're not supposed to be up there.

JAY

The door was open. We just wanted to take a look around.

Uncomfortable beat.

JAY (CONT'D)

Right, I'm Jay Connors. This is my wife, Grace Byrnes Connors.

MCCABE

(to Grace)

I knew your father.

JAY

Oh? I never got to meet the Senator - I'm jealous.

MCCABE

You shouldn't be.

Another awkward beat.

GRACE

We should go, Jay.

A scraggly CAT wanders over - the same cat we met at the Byrnes' house. McCabe picks up the cat, pets it.

JAY

That's your cat, huh?

McCabe nods.

JAY (CONT'D)

OK, well, we'll be on the island for the week, but we'll stay out of your hair. It'll be like we're not even here. Speaking of which, you might recognize me from the campaign ads.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)  
We're trying to stay under the  
radar, so I'd appreciate it if you  
didn't spread the word. You can  
keep a secret, right?

Nothing from McCabe.

GRACE  
Jay, let's go...

JAY  
(ignoring Grace)  
I guess there isn't anyone to tell  
out here, but still...

Jay fishes through his pocket, pulls out a few bills. McCabe  
indifferently looks at the money.

JAY (CONT'D)  
For your discretion...

Jay places the cash in McCabe's chest pocket.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Good. Well, like I said, it'll be  
like we're not even here.

Jay and Grace walk off.

As they continue down the road, Grace looks back to see...

McCabe standing in the same spot, watching them.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Coming down the stairs, Grace hears Jay talking on his  
satellite phone.

She listens from the drawing room doorway.

He paces with his back to her.

JAY  
(into phone)  
Yeah, I'll be there.... Next  
Tuesday? Sure, I can make that  
work... No, that won't be a  
problem. Call my office - they'll  
handle everything.

Jay turns, sees Grace - caught in the act.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Listen, I gotta run.  
(hangs up, to Grace:)  
I thought you were asleep.

GRACE  
We have the symposium next Tuesday.

JAY  
Remind me...

GRACE  
The Byrnes Foundation...  
Conversation between doctors and  
addicts... You said you'd be  
there.

JAY  
Right, right. We'll work out the  
scheduling.

GRACE  
We set the date months ago. It's  
important to me.

JAY  
Of course. You're right. I'll be  
there - I promise. But try not to  
think about work right now. We're  
here to help you rest, right?

Grace nods.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Lunch is ready.

**INT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - SUN ROOM - DAY**

Grace sits by the window, looking out into the back yard.

Dense fog coming in from the water fills the surrounding  
trees.

Jay comes in carrying a lunch tray - sandwiches for two.

JAY  
Bon appetit.

Jay dives into his sandwich, notices Grace vacantly looking  
out into the fog.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Eat. You gotta stay healthy...

Grace obliges, eats.

JAY (CONT'D)  
That McCabe fellow is interesting.  
I guess that's to be expected, out  
here all alone six months a year.

GRACE  
I didn't like what he said about my  
father - it made me uncomfortable.

JAY  
A lot of people knew your father -  
met him at least.

GRACE  
He made it pretty clear he didn't  
like him.

JAY  
Goes with the job. You can't work  
in politics and not be disliked.  
'Something I'm still getting used  
to. Being told you're a villain  
starts to take its toll.

GRACE  
So does being told you're a saint.

Jay picks up her meaning. She smiles - playful ribbing.

JAY  
I'm lucky I have you to keep me  
grounded, remind me who I really  
am.

Grace continues eating. Looking out into the trees, she  
spots something in the fog. She can just make out:

A FIGURE in the distance, obscured by the trees...

It appears to be A MAN IN A THREE PIECE SUIT.

**FLASH IMAGE:** Grace's father on the roof wearing a three-piece  
suit.

Grace looks at the man, trying to make sense of what she's  
seeing.

GRACE  
Do you...?

She looks to Jay, who follows Grace's look into the yard,  
then looks back to her. He seems to see nothing.

JAY  
What is it?

Grace stands, walks through the glass door outside.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - CONTINUOUS**

As Grace starts toward the man, he calmly walks off, disappearing into the trees.

Grace begins to RUN, hoping to track him. Jay exits the house, follows.

JAY  
Grace...?

Grace cuts into the trees, moving through barren branches.

She reaches the area where the man was standing, looks - no sign of him. The fog and dense trees limit her view.

JAY (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

GRACE  
Did you...? There was a...?

Grace looks to Jay - he has no idea what she's talking about.

*Did she imagine the whole thing?*

JAY  
What? What is it?

GRACE  
Nothing. I saw the branches moving in the wind and thought maybe... it was stupid.

Jay studies her, trying to get a read on what's going on.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
It's nothing, really.

JAY  
You sure?

GRACE  
Yes. Could we go to the beach?  
I'd like to be by the water.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Grace sits on a dried-out log, looking out toward the ocean.

Jay stands near the water, skipping rocks. He's got a natural, effortless throwing delivery.

GRACE

Sometimes I think you'd be happier leaving politics behind and coaching college baseball for the rest of your life?

JAY

Sometimes I think the same thing.

(smiles to her)

No, baseball was just a way out. I wouldn't have politics without baseball.

GRACE

How do you figure?

JAY

No way I could've afforded to go to BC without the scholarship. And the only reason I got my foot in the door with the blue-blood gatekeepers was because they remembered my no-hitter against Harvard. Not all of us can be born into the Byrnes family.

She throws a small rock at him, harmlessly hitting him in the ass. He laughs.

Jay looks out into the calm ocean.

JAY (CONT'D)

I think I can do a lot of good for kids like me. If I can just get through this election... I think I can really do some good.

Grace looks to her husband, believing in him.

**EXT. BEACH - LATER**

Jay and Grace sit huddled together on the log, looking out at a breathtaking sunset.

**INT. ENTRYWAY - BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - EVENING**

Jay and Grace enter, climb out of their winter gear.

JAY

Want to get a fire going while I get dinner started?

GRACE

Sure.

JAY

I'll be in the servant quarters,  
preparing the evening meal.

Jay gives her a playful kiss, heads off toward the kitchen.

Grace continues inside to the...

**DRAWING ROOM**

She makes her way to the fireplace, begins to prep a fire.

After a beat, she feels a slight RATTLE.

She uncomfortably scans the room, landing on the **PORTRAIT OF HER FATHER**. She holds a long look, then...

**THE PORTRAIT INEXPLICABLY FALLS FROM IT'S MOUNT, CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.**

Grace JUMPS back, stunned.

She walks to the painting, looking into her father's eyes.

An eerie connection.

Suddenly...

**THE DOORS TO THE SURROUNDING CABINETS SWING OPEN.**

**THE STACKS OF FINE CHINA SLIDE OFF THE SHELVES, CRASH TO THE FLOOR.**

Grace SCREAMS, surrounded by breaking glass.

The glass settles.

Everything goes still.

Quiet.

Jay rushes in. He looks around, takes in the wreckage.

JAY

What happened?

Grace faces Jay's accusatory look, doesn't have an answer.

Surrounded by shattered glass, Grace buries her face in her hands.

MATCH CUT TO:

**CLOSE ON YOUNG GRACE...**

... her face buried in her hands.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

Young Grace sits alone on the sofa, hiding from the world.

Outside, PARAMEDICS load a stretcher into the back of an AMBULANCE. A sheet covers a corpse on the stretcher.

Grace's brother JACK (6) plays with his toys in the corner of the room, too young to understand what's going on.

As Grace looks to her brother, we hear a familiar VOICE:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You don't have to be afraid.  
Everything will be all right.  
Eventually, this will all be all right.

We PULL BACK, slowly revealing PAUL SHERIDAN, twenty years younger, sitting next to Grace on the couch.

Grace looks to Paul. Her expression reveals not so much pain as the burden of a trauma she will never shake.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Your father was a great man - one of the greatest I've ever known.  
But he had his demons.  
(rueful)  
He would have been president.

Grace watches as a PARAMEDIC pushes her mother out of the house in a wheelchair. Grace's mother's eyes are glossed over - permanently paralyzed by the experience.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Your mother needs to go away for a while, to get healthy. You and Jack are going to live with your cousins while...

Paul's words fade into a distant echo as Grace watches her mother disappear out the door - out of her life.

We PAN WITH Grace's POV to Jack, who is playing innocently.

Grace studies her brother, sensing the troubled future that awaits him.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Grace...

Grace snaps back, looks to Paul. His tone becomes deadly serious.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Grace, you can never tell anyone what you saw last night. Do you understand?

Grace holds a long look on Paul, then nods.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

It's very important. All we can do for your father now is remember the man that he was, and let the people that loved him do the same.

(beat)

Eventually, this will all be all right.

END FLASHBACK.

**INT. DINING ROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jay and Grace eat together in silence. The romantic vibe of their previous dinner is gone - a dark cloud hangs over.

JAY

Is there something you're not telling me?

Grace just looks away.

JAY (CONT'D)

There's nothing I wouldn't do to help you get past this. But you need to let me in.

GRACE

I want to leave this house.

JAY

Why?

Grace doesn't answer.

JAY (CONT'D)

You think it's haunted? Grace,  
that's insane.

(off her reaction)

I'm not saying you're insane, I'm  
saying... Look, it's not the  
house. Something is going on with  
you. If you won't take medication,  
and if you can't be open with me,  
then maybe we need to get you to a  
place where--

Grace's look silences him. She projects resolve, not ready  
to be put away like her mother.

GRACE

Do you believe the things I'm  
experiencing are real?

Jay considers this question, then:

JAY

I believe they are real to you.

This answer both saddens and terrifies her. *Is she losing  
her mind?*

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace sits in front of the vanity, holding a long look on  
herself. She downs a glass of water, then joins Jay in bed.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING**

Grace wakes up to soft morning light coming in through the  
window. She's alone.

**HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Dressed in her nightgown, Grace enters the hallway, rubbing  
the sleep from her eyes.

She barely notices the shadow of a FIGURE headed downstairs.

GRACE

Jay...

Grace follows the figure down the stairs.

**KITCHEN**

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, Grace sees Jay in the  
kitchen making breakfast with his back to her.

Grace is comforted seeing Jay, but a beat later...

A FIGURE crosses behind her through the drawing room.

*Who the hell was that?*

Sensing the movement, Grace whips around, moves into the...

**DRAWING ROOM**

The door in the back of the room is open to the back yard.

JAY (O.S.)  
Scrambled eggs sound OK to you?

Grace creeps toward the door. Looking outside, she can just make out the figure disappearing into the trees.

She moves outside to follow.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Grace moves through the empty yard - eerily quiet.

Grace looks through the woods for a trace of the figure. As she spins back toward the house...

She freezes. Shocked horror.

In front of her...

A NOOSE hangs from the roof - the exact spot where her father died.

Grace stares at the dangling rope, which innocently sways with the wind.

Grace races toward the trees, looking for whoever did this.

The dense wooded area offers no clues.

Her search is quickly interrupted...

JAY (O.S.)  
Grace? What's going on?

Grace whips around to see Jay standing by the house.

The noose is now gone.

*Did she imagine it?*

Jay walks to Grace.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Everything all right?

GRACE  
(covering)  
Yeah - fine. Just looking at the  
birds. Scrambled eggs sound  
delicious.

JAY  
Great. Let's eat.

Grace follows Jay inside, eying the roof on her way in.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Grace and Jay eat in silence. Grace's wheels are turning.

Jay's SATELLITE PHONE BUZZES. He looks at it for a beat.

GRACE  
Take it.

JAY  
Whatever it is, it can wait.

GRACE  
No, really. I'd like to take a  
walk anyway, clear my head.

JAY  
You sure?

Jay gives her an "*is this a trap?*" look. Grace presses the answer button, hands the phone to Jay.

JAY (CONT'D)  
This is Jay...

Grace leaves him to it.

**EXT. MCCABE'S COTTAGE - DAY**

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Grace raps against the door to the caretaker's run down cottage on the far end of the island.

McCabe opens the door and emerges from the cavernous interior, his scraggly cat scurrying out. Grace glances inside: overrun by grime and decay - like looking into the abyss.

MCCABE  
Can I help you?

GRACE  
Just waking up?

MCCABE  
Not much use getting up early out  
here.

GRACE  
How long have you been working on  
the island?

MCCABE  
(considers)  
Over thirty years now.

GRACE  
And you knew my father?

MCCABE  
That's right.

GRACE  
What do you know about the day he  
died?

McCabe checks the area to see that they are alone.

MCCABE  
I know enough to not talk about it.

GRACE  
Good.

MCCABE  
I always wondered what became of  
you. The little girl...

Grace takes a beat to size him up - a charged beat.

GRACE  
I don't want to see you near my  
family's property. Do you  
understand?

McCabe eyes her, doesn't answer.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Do you understand me?

MCCABE  
Yes, Mrs. Connors.

GRACE

That's all I came to say.

Grace walks away, starts back toward her side of the island.

McCabe stands in his doorway, watching her walk off.

**INT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Grace and Jay sit in front of the fireplace. Jay has pages scattered, reviewing campaign documents.

Grace stares vacantly into the flames.

As Grace gets lost in the fire, she begins to nod off.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

Young Grace and her brother Jack make their way through the psych ward guided by an ORDERLY.

Loud steps on grimy tile, cutting past glaring, unhinged patients - visuals no child should have to see.

ORDERLY

Do you want to say hello to your mother?

Grace gathers the courage to start toward their mother, who is curled up in the corner.

Getting closer and closer. As Grace's mother lifts her head...

We see her eyes are vacant, soulless. A living ghost. Too flooded with antipsychotics to even recognize her children.

We PUSH TIGHTER and TIGHTER on those terrifying, vacant eyes until we...

CUT TO:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Grace's eyes SPRING OPEN, coming out of the horrific vision.

Grace groggily scans the room: pitch black. Middle of the night. Jay lies asleep next to her in bed.

We pan with GRACE'S POV, taking in the empty room. Then...

*Holy Shit!*

There's a MAN standing inside the room, his frame a silhouette against the moonlit window.

Grace startles. Too shocked to scream. She lies frozen.

The figure steps forward into the light. He is wearing the same three-piece suit her father wore the night he jumped.

*Is this the man she saw in the yard?*

*Is this Grace's father?*

The man slowly moves toward the bed...

GRACE  
(sotto)  
Jay... Jay...

Jay remains asleep. Grace is dazed, unable to move - locked into some form of sleep paralysis.

As the man approaches, we see his face: 60s. Similar features to Grace's father, although significantly aged. Ghostly deep-set eyes.

The man continues to inch closer... closer...

He's now mere feet away from Grace.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Jay...  
(screams)  
JAY!!

Jay doesn't even stir. *Can he not hear her?*

The man places his hand on Grace's knee. As Grace tries to recoil...

SUITED MAN  
It's OK, Grace. I'm here for you.

The man runs his hand from her knee toward her inner thigh. He pushes his hand up, up...

Frozen in place, Grace SCREAMS.

As she closes her eyes, we...

CUT TO BLACK. GRACE'S SCREAMING plays over. Then...

JAY (O.S.)  
Grace!! It's OK, Grace. GRACE!!!

Without looking, Grace grabs a LAMP off the bedside table.  
She SWINGS it wildly.

THE LAMP SMASHES AGAINST A MAN'S HEAD.

Grace opens her eyes to see...

Jay above her. He's dazed.

After a beat, a line of blood streams from his forehead.

Grace looks to Jay, completely disoriented.

GRACE  
I'm losing my mind...

GRACE'S POV: The image of Jay above her BLURS into a haze.

**EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY**

CLOSE ON A WOMAN we have not seen before. Professional attire with a sympathetic face. This is **DR. NICOLE ERNST** (50s, intelligent, nurturing, almost maternal presence). She rides on the back of the boat through choppy water.

JAY (V.O.)  
She can help you - or at least try  
to get to the bottom of what's  
going on in your head.

GRACE (V.O.)  
Can't we just go home?

JAY (V.O.)  
We can't run from this. We came  
here to fix this thing. She's one  
of the best psychologists in the  
country.

Dr. Ernst looks out toward the approaching island.

Also on the back of the boat are two campaign AIDES - large men in suits and trench coats. We'll call them **AIDE #1** and **AIDE #2**.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - DAY**

The campaign aides lead Dr. Ernst toward the house.

Jay swings open the door to greet them. He now has a bandage covering the wound on his forehead.

Jay and Dr. Ernst shake hands, exchange introductions. Jay leads the group inside.

**INT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - SUN ROOM - DAY**

Grace sits alone, staring out into the back yard. She looks frail and exhausted.

The door slides open, revealing Jay and Dr. Ernst.

JAY

Grace, this is Dr. Ernst. She works with the Gardner Institute.

Ernst walks to Grace, shakes her hand.

DR. ERNST

Nice to meet you, Grace.

JAY

I thought this would be a good place to talk, but we can set up another room if you prefer.

DR. ERNST

This works fine.

Ernst takes off her coat, sits in a chair opposite Grace.

JAY

Good. Well, I'm not sure where you want to begin. I assume Paul filled you in. Grace has been experiencing--

DR. ERNST

It might be best for me to hear from Grace directly.

JAY

Right.

(hovers, then gets the  
hint)

I'll leave you to it. If you need me, I'll just be... around.

Jay exits the room, closing the door behind him.

Ernst lets the silence sit, allowing Grace to make the opening move.

GRACE

Did you get anything to eat?

DR. ERNST  
I had lunch in town.

GRACE  
What'd you get?

DR. ERNST  
Lobster roll.

GRACE  
How was it?

DR. ERNST  
Delicious.

Grace smiles, fidgets for a beat.

GRACE  
So... how much do you know?

DR. ERNST  
I don't know anything. Your husband's associates told me a little about what you've been going through, but like I said, I'd prefer to hear from you.

GRACE  
What'd they tell you?

DR. ERNST  
That you've been experiencing exhaustion and dizziness. That you were hospitalized after a fall.

GRACE  
But that's not all...

DR. ERNST  
That you may have experienced hallucinations.

GRACE  
I just want to know what's real.

Grace's fried nerves begin to show.

DR. ERNST  
I understand. What did you see?

GRACE  
My father.

DR. ERNST  
Is your father still alive?

GRACE  
(shakes her head 'no')  
... When I was young.

DR. ERNST  
How did he die?

Grace takes a beat, considers answering, then:

GRACE  
Is this conversation...

DR. ERNST  
Confidential? 100%. Not even your  
husband has to know.

GRACE  
No, I mean, is this conversation...  
real? Is it really happening.

Dr. Ernst considers, giving the question surprising weight.

DR. ERNST  
What do you think?

GRACE  
I don't know. I don't know.

DR. ERNST  
Me neither. It feels real to me.

GRACE  
Me too.  
(beat)  
I don't want to be crazy. My whole  
life, I've worried I'd be crazy.

DR. ERNST  
Why is that?

GRACE  
My mother spent the last decade of  
her life in a mental institution.  
She died two days before my 18th  
birthday.  
(beat)  
Sometimes I think my family is  
cursed.

Dr. Ernst takes this in. The two women sit in silence for a  
beat then...

DR. ERNST  
Tell you what: why don't you show  
me around.

GRACE  
What do you mean?

DR. ERNST  
Let's take a walk around the  
island.

Grace is surprised by the suggestion, but not opposed to it.

GRACE  
OK.

**INT. ENTRYWAY - SAME**

The campaign aides sit in the entryway, still in their coats. They don't talk, they don't exchange looks - they just sit.

We hold on this visual just long enough that somebody in the audience thinks to herself "who are these guys and why the hell are they here?"

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Jay speaks on his satellite phone while reviewing campaign documents. He uses a metal LETTER OPENER to open envelopes.

CAMPAIGN ADVISOR #1 (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
We can get some volunteers out to  
Marlborough this spring, just to  
gauge the temperature.

Jay spots something outside: Dr. Ernst and Grace walking through the yard, taking a leisurely stroll.

Jay moves to the window, watches them walk.

CAMPAIGN ADVISOR #2 (V.O.)  
Didn't you have a college friend  
who was a selectman out there?

Jay misses the question, busy studying Grace and Ernst.

CAMPAIGN ADVISOR #1 (V.O.)  
Jay?

JAY  
Hmmm...? Oh, yeah, Bill Thorne.  
Shortstop.

Jay returns his attention outside.

CAMPAIGN ADVISOR #1 (V.O.)  
Right, well, let's connect him with  
our people, set up the ground game.

JAY  
Mmhmm.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Grace and Dr. Ernst walk on the shore near the Byrnes' house.  
Ernst takes in the coast.

GRACE  
Nantucket's about 8 miles that  
direction. You can see it on a  
clear day.

DR. ERNST  
It's beautiful.

GRACE  
Do you do this type of work often?  
Traveling to see crazy people?

DR. ERNST  
I'm mostly at my office at the  
clinic. I do some political  
advocacy, which is how I know Paul.  
A day at the beach is a nice change  
of pace, even if it is freezing.  
(marveling)  
What a view...

Grace nods unconvincingly.

DR. ERNST (CONT'D)  
You don't like it out here very  
much, do you?

Grace's look says 'no.'

GRACE  
... 'Lot of memories.

DR. ERNST  
Think you're ready to tell me about  
them?

**INT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - SUN ROOM - DAY**

Grace and Ernst are back in their seats, now in a full on  
therapy session.

GRACE

My father could be very charming,  
but he had a temper - not many  
people knew that side of him. I  
could hear him scream at my mother  
through the walls. Sometimes he'd  
hit her.

DR. ERNST

Do you and Jay fight?

GRACE

No. Never like that. Jay has  
always been... gentle with me.

DR. ERNST

How did you meet?

GRACE

Volunteering. Jay was a community  
organizer, helping at-risk kids -  
kids like him. I'd never believed  
in anyone so much. I still believe  
in him.

DR. ERNST

So it's a good relationship?

Grace nods.

DR. ERNST (CONT'D)

You said you saw your father here  
on the island?

GRACE

I imagined I saw... He was dressed  
like my father, similar features,  
but older. It seemed so real.

DR. ERNST

Your parents fought in this house?

GRACE

Every night. He was at his worst  
on the island. Something about  
this place... I used to sneak into  
my little brother's room to cover  
his ears.

DR. ERNST

Your brother passed away recently?

GRACE

(nods)

Last year. I tried to leave all this in the past. Jack never could...

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

CLOSE ON a photo of the Byrnes family.

The conversation plays over as we PUSH TIGHTER and TIGHTER on young Jack.

GRACE (V.O.)

...He used pills to numb the pain. By the time he realized what they were doing to him, it was too late. I should have done more to save him.

DR. ERNST (V.O.)

Were you two close?

GRACE (V.O.)

I was all he had. And he was all I had... until Jay.

BACK TO:

**INT. SUN ROOM - SAME**

DR. ERNST

You started experiencing these episodes not long after your brother's death...?

GRACE

Maybe. I couldn't say.

Ernst takes in this information for a beat, then...

DR. ERNST

You know, you never did tell me how your father died.

ON GRACE, finally crumbling under the weight of her secret.

She can't hold onto it any longer.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER**

Jay sits on the couch on the phone.

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
We won't make any statements until  
after the hearings. If Hunt keeps  
pushing the charges, we'll--

Dr. Ernst enters the room.

JAY  
(into phone)  
Hold on...  
(to Ernst)  
How's everything going?

DR. ERNST  
Good. Very good. This might be a  
good time for you to join us.

JAY  
Sure.  
(into phone)  
Gotta go.

Jay hangs up, follows Ernst toward the sun room.

**INT. SUN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jay sits on the couch next to Grace, facing Dr. Ernst.

DR. ERNST  
Go ahead, Grace.

Jay looks to Grace expectantly. Grace hesitates.

GRACE  
This can't leave this room.

JAY  
(to Dr. Ernst)  
This is all confidential, right?

Grace holds a look on Jay: *that's not what I meant.*

JAY (CONT'D)  
I won't tell anyone. I promise.

Grace gathers her strength, then dives in.

GRACE  
When I was nine years old, I woke  
up to the sound of my parents  
fighting. I'd heard it hundreds of  
times before, but somehow I knew  
this was different. I walked from  
my room...  
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(points to her room  
upstairs)  
... toward my parents' room...  
(traces the path)  
... where I found my mother curled  
up on the floor and the window  
swinging open - the same window  
that was open the other night.  
When I got to the window, I saw my  
dad standing on the roof in a suit,  
with a noose around his neck. He  
looked right at me... and jumped.

Jay is floored by this revelation.

JAY  
(recalling Grace's words)  
'He looked at me before he jumped.'  
Why didn't you tell me?

GRACE  
Paul made sure the heart attack  
story played in the press, told me  
to never tell anyone what I saw. I  
almost made myself forget. If you  
tell a lie long enough, you start  
to believe it.

JAY  
Grace, if I had known, I never  
would have taken you out here. I  
am so sorry I put you through this.

DR. ERNST  
It's good that she's here. This  
type of trauma was bound to surface  
at some point.

GRACE  
But why now? It's been twenty  
years.

DR. ERNST  
I'm sure your brother's death  
reopened these wounds, triggered  
feelings of abandonment. Add on  
the stresses of the campaign,  
you've got a ticking time-bomb.

JAY  
What can we do? How can we make  
Grace better?

DR. ERNST

I'll be honest, this is only going to get harder as the campaign intensifies. Grace, what you do now is completely up to you, but you can't run from this. It will only get worse.

JAY

I'll leave the campaign. I'll drop out if that's what it takes.

GRACE

I won't let you do that. You've come too far to stop now.

(to Ernst)

What can I do?

DR. ERNST

Come with me to the clinic. You'd be under my personal care, and we can tailor a program that will get you back out into the world.

GRACE

I can't end up like her, rotting away in an asylum.

DR. ERNST

I won't let that happen - I promise. I'm going to look after you. It's an intensive program and it will take time, but there is a light at the end of this tunnel. We can get you better.

JAY

There has to be another way. Can't we--

GRACE

It's OK.

Jay looks to Grace, surprised.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I need to do this. I need to get better.

JAY

Are you sure? I mean, is this what you want?

Grace looks to Ernst, knowing the weight of this decision.

DR. ERNST  
This has to be your decision. It  
has to come from you.

Then...

GRACE  
I'm sure.

Jay places a hand over Grace's, supporting her.

JAY  
So what happens now?

DR. ERNST  
Grace signs a few forms and I get  
started on the paperwork. We can  
have a space ready by Friday.

GRACE  
Can I go back to Boston until then?

DR. ERNST  
I don't think that's a good idea.  
In fact, I'd like you to do me a  
favor: stay here for the next  
couple days. Track everything you  
feel, everything you see.

JAY  
Is that really necessary?

DR. ERNST  
The more we can identify what it is  
she's experiencing, the more we can  
tackle the problem.

(off Grace's hesitation)  
Just two more nights. You've made  
progress today, and I don't want to  
lose that.

Grace processes this, then nods.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Grace stands over the table with Jay next to her. Ernst  
walks her through paperwork, indicating places to sign.

**ECU ON PAPERWORK:** At 60 FPS, we see Grace's signature filled  
in beneath a chunk of legalese: GRACE BYRNES CONNORS.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - DAY**

Dr. Ernst says goodbye to Grace and Jay. Aide #2 waits with Ernst's bag. Aide #1 looks on from nearby.

DR. ERNST  
Remember: the things inside your head can't hurt you.

Grace nods. Ernst takes off toward the docks with Aide #2.

JAY  
(to Grace)  
Come inside.

Grace looks toward Aide #1, who is hovering nearby.

JAY (CONT'D)  
These guys are gonna stay on the island till Friday to help us out. They're renting a house nearby.

Jay picks up on her discomfort, calls out to Aide #1.

JAY (CONT'D)  
We're all set here, thanks.

Aide #1 nods, heads off. Jay leads Grace inside.

As Grace follows Jay, she sees something in the attic window: the man in the suit looking directly at Grace.

Grace quickly looks to the others, checking if anyone else has seen. They've all taken off - nobody is looking toward the attic. By the time Grace looks back up...

The man in the attic is gone. Grace stares at the empty window.

*It seemed so real.*

Grace gathers herself, musters the courage to head inside.

**EXT. DOCK - EVENING**

Dr. Ernst climbs onto the fishing boat. Aide #2 loads on her bag and gives the send-off to the fisherman at the wheel.

The boat pulls away, taking off into the open ocean.

**INT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Flames dance inside the fireplace.

Grace sits on the couch, lost in the spell of the flames. She's exhausted, but comfortably resigned.

Jay enters, hands Grace a glass of water.

JAY  
Drink this.

Grace drinks the water. Jay places a blanket on top of her.

Grace stares into the flames, starting to nod off.

We begin a slow FADE from GRACE'S FACE to the FLAMES.

ON THE DANCING FLAMES, a mesmerizing visual.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER**

Jay collects Grace off the couch, carries her to the stairs.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jay gently lays Grace into bed, pulls the covers over her.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY [FLASHBACK / DREAM]**

We PUSH IN on Grace's mother curled up in the corner, looking as terrifying as ever.

Then...

Grace's mother picks up her head, looks right into camera.

GRACE'S MOTHER  
Don't let them take you.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE**

Grace's eyes SHOOT OPEN, coming out of the dream.

She looks around: no sign of Jay.

GRACE  
Jay...?

Nothing.

Groggy, even a little woozy, Grace sits up.

She grabs the glass of water off her bedside table, ready to down it, but something stops her. She puts down the glass.

Grace stands, walks out into the...

**HALLWAY**

She listens for cues, gets none. It's dark, quiet.

GRACE

Jay...?

Grace is about to turn back into the room, but stops.

She looks up, studies the ceiling above her.

*What (or who) is in that attic?*

Grace presses against the seemingly flush wall, revealing a staircase that leads up to the attic.

Grace looks up into the pitch black.

**INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER**

Complete darkness. Then...

A FLICKERING LIGHT coming from the stairs. Grace makes her way into the attic holding a flashlight.

She scans the space looking for... something. Anything.

The flashlight only reveals so much, but the attic appears to be empty.

The light on the floorboards shows something in the dust: fresh footprints from a man's shoe.

Grace kneels to examine the dust, studies the prints.

*What does it mean?*

Grace digs through some old boxes. She's about to give up when something catches her eye: a ROPE, tucked away behind the boxes.

Grace pulls at the rope until she sees that it's been tied into a noose.

Grace studies the noose, trying to make sense of it.

A NOISE from outside snaps her back.

Looking out the window, she spots Jay and a MAN carrying a BRIEFCASE walking through the lawn, approaching the house.

The MUFFLED SOUNDS of their voices echo up to the attic.

Grace moves through a winding passageway toward the sound.

**DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Jay enters and takes off his coat, warming by the fire.

We PUSH IN on a vent above him, where we see Grace peaking out into the room.

As the other MAN steps inside...

We see that it's PAUL SHERIDAN.

ON GRACE, surprised to see Paul. She silently listens in.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Jesus, it's cold. Sorry you had to  
be stranded out here all week.

Paul nods to the open hallway door. Jay gives a quick scan off the hallway, then closes the door.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

She was asleep when you left?

JAY

Yeah.

PAUL SHERIDAN

And you gave her the sodium  
pentothal? The full dose?

JAY

I gave her enough.

Paul holds a look on Jay: are you sure?

JAY (CONT'D)

So what happens now?

PAUL SHERIDAN

Everyone stays on the island until  
Friday, then Grace goes away.

JAY

For how long?

PAUL SHERIDAN

At least through the election.

Grace leans closer to the vent to track Paul's movements. As she does, the wall CREAKS.

Jay and Paul immediately react to the sound. They go completely still, listening.

Paul silently approaches the door to the hallway, WHIPS it open, looking for a sign of Grace.

Above, Grace controls her breathing as best she can.

Satisfied, Paul returns from the hallway, closes the door.

JAY  
Old house...

PAUL SHERIDAN  
I put together a press release for Friday. We'll be way ahead of the news cycle. If Hunt tries to use it as dirt, which I hope he'll be dumb enough to do, you hit back hard: invasion of privacy, my wife's health is all that matters, et cetera, et cetera.

JAY  
Was all this really necessary?

PAUL SHERIDAN  
You've seen what's been happening - collapsing in the middle of the fucking Kennedy Center... It's only been getting worse.

JAY  
But bringing her out here, the theatrics, staging all these... 'episodes.' Was it necessary to make her feel insane?

PAUL SHERIDAN  
It had to come from her. Once she's inside, my people can hold her as long as I tell them to, but it had to be her idea to be institutionalized in the first place.

JAY  
It doesn't feel right.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
This is the best thing for her, and for you. Trust me, this is not what I had in mind when I introduced you two.

Listening from above, Grace tries to wrap her head around what she's hearing.

Jay squares up to Paul, asserting himself.

JAY  
It doesn't feel right.

Paul's tone suddenly hardens.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Jay, that's not your call to make.  
There are other ways to handle  
things, but I can guarantee you  
won't like them. You can ask  
Grace's whistleblower friend about  
that.

JAY  
You mean he was...?

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Don't ask questions that you don't  
want to know the answer to. Point  
is, the Malta board isn't taking  
any chances. If we don't handle  
this, they will.

JAY  
Oh my God.

His knees seeming to weaken, Jay sits down.

Paul softens his tone.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
This is all just until we kill the  
charges. After that you can solve  
world hunger, save the crack  
babies, whatever the fuck you want.  
She'll be away eight months, a year  
tops.

JAY  
Promise me she'll be released once  
the investigation is dropped.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
That's the plan.

JAY  
Promise me.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
I promise.

Paul reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a SYRINGE.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
In case of emergency. It'll knock  
her out for about four hours.

Paul replaces the syringe, hands the briefcase to Jay.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You're doing good. Get some rest.

Paul gives Jay a paternal head rub, then heads out the door.

Jay stands for a contemplative beat, then kills the light,  
heads upstairs with the briefcase.

Above, Grace has to scramble to get back. She bolts away  
from the vent.

#### **ATTIC**

Grace darts through the attic, continues toward the stairs.

#### **HALLWAY - SAME**

Jay reaches the top of the stairs, moves through the hallway.

*Is Grace too late?*

Jay opens the door to the bedroom, revealing...

Grace lying in bed with her back to Jay, seemingly asleep.

ON GRACE, one eye open, waiting for the next move.

Jay looks back into the hall, where he notices something:

The wall seam is not quite flush, leading to the stairs.

Jay opens the door, looks up into the attic: no sign of any  
activity.

Jay quietly closes the door, continues into the...

#### **MASTER BEDROOM**

Jay slides the briefcase under the bed, then undresses and  
climbs into bed.

He wraps an arm around Grace, holding her.

Grace has no choice but to lie in his arms.

#### **EXT. OCEAN - PRE-DAWN**

WIDE ON Crane Island from the open water.

The lighthouse BLASTS out light in methodical intervals, illuminating choppy water.

FLASH...

FLASH...

FLASH...

On the horizon, we can see the faintest hint of daylight.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE - SAME**

Grace lies in bed - she hasn't slept a wink. Jay is fast asleep, his arm draped over her.

Grace notices the pre-dawn light coming through the window - her cue to move.

She gently slides out from under Jay's arm, gets out of bed.

Jay stirs. Grace freezes, holding for a tense beat.

Jay settles, resumes his deep sleep.

Grace carries her shoes out of the room.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - PRE-DAWN**

Wearing a coat over her nightgown, Grace silently exits the house. She creeps off the property, headed toward the dock.

**EXT. DOCK - DAWN**

Two LOBSTER BOATS collect their traps a half-mile off shore as the sun is just beginning to rise.

Grace reaches the docks, looks out to the vast distance between her and the boats.

Not wanting to wake Jay or Paul, Grace jumps up and down, hoping to catch the attention of the boats.

She flails, but gets no recognition from the boats.

Desperate, she cautiously calls out.

GRACE

Hey!

No reaction. Grace looks around to make sure no one on the island has heard.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Hey!!

**EXT. OCEAN - SAME**

The fishermen are hard at work. Grace's calls don't have a shot over the sounds of SEAGULLS and HAULING TRAPS.

**EXT. DOCK - SAME**

GRACE  
HEY!!

She jumps up and down, but it's no use.

Finished with their haul, the boats pull away. Grace's window has closed.

She watches the boats drift away, deflated.

Then... an idea.

Grace takes off toward the far end of the island.

**EXT. HOUSE - SAME**

Paul stands on the balcony of a summer house further down the island. From here, he has a clear view of the docks.

He watches as Grace leaves the dock, having seen everything.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE - MORNING**

Jay wakes up to sunlight coming through the window. He looks around, surprised to see that Grace isn't there.

JAY  
Grace...

**EXT. MCCABE'S COTTAGE - MORNING**

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Grace waits impatiently by the door.

She KNOCKS again.

The door swings open - a groggy McCabe steps forward.

MCCABE  
What time is it?

GRACE  
I need your help. I'm not safe.

MCCABE

What are you talking about?

GRACE

I need to get off the island as soon as possible. The men here are trying to hurt me. Do you understand?

MCCABE

Well, no. What's going on?

GRACE

I can't explain. I'm asking you to trust me, to help me.

MCCABE

I thought I was supposed to stay away from you.

GRACE

I made a stupid mistake. I thought you were... It doesn't matter what I thought. The point is I was wrong and I'm sorry.

McCabe looks at her, not revealing much.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm not safe. I need to get off the island right away.

MCCABE

There's no boats. Everything's stored up for the winter.

GRACE

Can you radio to someone?

MCCABE

The only radio on the island is at the lighthouse.

GRACE

OK, let's--

Grace cuts off as a CALL echoes across the island.

JAY (O.S.)

Grace! Grace!!

Grace reacts to the call.

GRACE

Listen, I don't have much time.  
Can you radio for a boat?

MCCABE

Sure.

GRACE

How soon can it be here?

MCCABE

Depends. Could be a few hours.

GRACE

(checks her watch)

Tell them to be at the dock at 1pm -  
1pm sharp. I'll be there. Promise  
me you won't let the men I'm with  
know I came to you.

MCCABE

I promise.

JAY (O.S.)

Grace!!

GRACE

1pm.

MCCABE

1pm.

GRACE

Thank you... and I'm sorry.

Grace takes off as Jay's calls continue.

**EXT. ROAD - SAME**

Jay walks down the middle of the road, calling out.

JAY

GRACE!!

He searches frantically for signs.

JAY (CONT'D)

GRACE!!!

GRACE (O.S.)

Over here.

Jay turns to see Grace casually walking on the beach.

JAY

Where were you? I was worried sick.

GRACE

I woke up early and decided to get some air.

JAY

You can't run off like that. Not in your condition.

GRACE

Right, right. I thought a walk might do me some good. But you're right.

Jay touches Grace's rosy cheek.

JAY

You're freezing.

GRACE

It's not so bad. I kind of like the cold air.

JAY

Let's get you home.

Jay puts an arm around Grace. She allows him to guide her back to the house.

**INT. DINING ROOM - BYRNES' SUMMER HOUSE - DAY**

Grace and Jay eat breakfast. Grace studies Jay, working out her plan.

JAY

How'd you sleep?

GRACE

I woke up in the middle of the night. One of my 'episodes.'

Jay nods understandingly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

But, you know, what Dr. Ernst said really helped. I reminded myself that it was all in my head, that I was safe, that there was nothing to worry about, and I was able to go back to bed.

JAY  
That's great.

GRACE  
I think maybe I've had a breakthrough, you know?

Jay knows where this is headed, doesn't like it.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I was thinking we could push back going to the clinic for a week. Now that I see things differently, I'm interested to find out what I can accomplish on my own - see if I can get back on track.

JAY  
Dr. Ernst was pretty clear that you should hit this thing head on.

GRACE  
Right, but just a week.

JAY  
Grace, the arrangements have already been made.

GRACE  
I'm sure there's some flexibility, right? If I could just get back to Boston, maybe--

JAY  
(raising his tone)  
Grace, everyone has been very patient with you, but that patience has limits!

Grace is startled by the sudden reprimand.

JAY (CONT'D)  
We've gone through... I've gone through a lot for you, trying to accommodate your needs, but the time has come to do what needs to be done. You signed the papers.

The two share a long look. Grace sees that she's not going to talk her way clear.

GRACE  
You're right. You're right. It's time.

JAY

Good. Good. Trust me - this is  
for the best.

GRACE

You're right. I trust you.

Grace stands, approaches Jay. Standing only inches from him:

GRACE (CONT'D)

Thank you for being so  
understanding.

She gives him a long, sensuous kiss, then collects his plate.

ON JAY watching Grace walk out of the room, her kiss having  
ignited a spark.

**INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

McCabe makes a call over the radio.

MCCABE

(into radio)

Crane Island to all available  
boats, Crane Island to all  
available boats. In need of  
immediate pick-up, over.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)

(through radio)

This is Flyaway, responding, over.

MCCABE

How soon can you reach the island?  
We have a woman in distress, over.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)

We're about an hour out, over.

MCCABE

Be here at 1pm sharp. This is an  
emergency pick-up. Repeat, she is  
in distress. Over.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)

Understood. 1pm. We'll be there.  
Over.

McCabe hangs up the radio. As he exits the lighthouse...

He's cut off by Aide #1, standing in the doorway.

*Shit.*

McCabe is cornered. Nowhere to run.

**INT. SHOWER - LATER**

Jay stands under the shower.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME**

Grace moves through the room, keeping close tabs on the bathroom.

She checks her watch: 12:40. Not much time.

Grace pulls the BRIEFCASE out from under the bed, opens it. Inside, she finds a collection of black and white PRINTS.

She studies them.

PHOTOS: forensic shots from the day of Grace's father's death. They show GRACE'S FATHER HANGING FROM THE ROOF.

Grace is horrified by the visuals, memories flooding back.

As Grace flips through the shots, she finds one showing YOUNG GRACE being ushered away by paramedics.

Grace studies her young self - a broken girl, never to be whole again.

Next, she finds stacks of papers in Jay's bag - all of them watermarked "MALTA GROUP."

FLASHES OF TEXT: "PRESCRIPTION DATA ANALYSIS," "RESPONSE TO REGULATION INITIATIVE," "KEY RESEARCH FROM THE GARDNER INSTITUTE."

Replacing the papers, Grace digs into Jay's bag and finds the SYRINGE Paul gave Jay the night before.

The SHOWER CUTS OUT. Jay will be out soon.

Grace repositions the bag. She looks herself in the mirror.

Doing a quick touch-up, she fixes her hair, polishes her lip gloss, presents a flash of cleavage.

As Jay emerges with a towel around his waist, Grace conceals the syringe.

She squares up to him with a piercing look - she looks damn good.

Jay is taken aback, but noticeably intrigued.

JAY  
What's going on?

GRACE  
I'm sorry for what I've put you  
through these last few months. I  
know how understanding you've been.

JAY  
Of course. I just want to help.

Grace slowly steps toward him.

GRACE  
I'm going to be away for a while.  
I don't know how long it will be  
until we're alone together again.

Now only a few inches away...

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Before I go, I want to make sure to  
show my appreciation.

Grace gently pulls on Jay's towel. It unravels, falls to the floor. Jay is frozen, thoroughly seduced.

They kiss.

Grace slowly lowers, kisses his neck, his chest, his stomach.

ON JAY, about to get exactly what he's been waiting for.

Suddenly, Jay's face contorts in a swirl of pain and ecstacy - a bizarre 'O face.'

Jay falls backward like a stiff board, CRASHES to the floor. As he lands, we see the syringe protruding from his hip.

Grace eyes him on the floor, then checks her watch: 12:56. She snaps into gear.

She retrieves the papers and the photos from Jay's bag, then looks out the window and sees:

A FISHING BOAT in the distance approaching the dock. Perfect timing.

Grace bolts out of the room, into the...

#### **HALLWAY**

Grace SPRINTS down the hallway, rounds the corner to race down the stairs, then...

She freezes.

At the bottom of the stairs is Paul Sheridan, waiting patiently.

*Shit.*

Grace stands frozen, halfway down the stairway.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Hey, kiddo.

GRACE  
(playing dumb)  
Paul, what are you doing here?

Nothing from Paul.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Jay's taking a nap. I thought I'd  
go for a walk.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Is that right?

Grace nods - he knows she knows, and she knows he knows.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You're sick, Grace.

GRACE  
I know what I heard.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
You don't know anything. Nobody  
knows anything.

A NOISE from the top of the stairs causes Grace to whip around, where she sees...

Aide #2 moving into place at the top of the stairwell. Grace is blocked in from both sides.

Paul starts up the steps toward Grace.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You need to rest.

GRACE  
You won't get away with this.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Your mind is playing tricks on you.

Paul gently takes the papers, photos from her.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Thank you for bringing these to my  
attention, Grace.

He takes a step closer.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Scared little girl.

Paul is now only inches away from Grace. She tenses, unsure what comes next. Then...

A hand wraps around Grace from behind. Aide #2 presses a white cloth over her mouth. Within seconds, she's out cold.

**EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY**

A **LOBSTERMAN** and his **STERNMAN** approach Crane Island. Up ahead, they see Aide #1 waiting for them on the dock.

**EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

The boat reaches the dock. Aide #1 greets them.

LOBSTERMAN  
We got a call about a pick-up.  
Something about a woman in  
distress.

AIDE #1  
Right, that was for my boss's wife.  
She woke up real sick this morning.  
Turns out it was just some bad cod.

LOBSTERMAN  
She around?

AIDE #1  
She's sleeping it off. Big false  
alarm.

The lobsterman looks to his sternman, then:

LOBSTERMAN  
Maybe I should talk to her. We're  
the only boat in the area. Don't  
want her stuck out here if she's  
getting worse...

AIDE #1  
It's mostly cleared up at this  
point. Just needs her rest.  
(MORE)

AIDE #1 (CONT'D)  
Our pick-up is scheduled for  
tomorrow morning anyway, so won't  
be long before she's back on the  
mainland.

The lobsterman considers, unsure of what to do.

AIDE #1 (CONT'D)  
Between you and me, she's a bit of  
a pill. Lotta drama. This sorta  
thing happens all the time.

The lobsterman smiles politely, but he's not sold yet.

Aide #1 fishes in his pocket, produces a stack of bills.

AIDE #1 (CONT'D)  
I appreciate your making the trip  
out. So does my boss.

The aide places the bills in the lobsterman's shirt pocket.

AIDE #1 (CONT'D)  
For your time...

The lobsterman hangs for a beat, then returns to the controls.

Aide #1 gives them a gentle push off the dock, waves as they take off into the open ocean.

**OVER BLACK:**

We hear DUCT TAPE STRIPS being pulled, aggressively wrapped.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

CLOSE ON Grace's hands, duct tape being wrapped around them.

The damp basement is almost pitch black, save for the cracks of daylight seeping through. Grace sits in a chair in the middle of the space.

Aide #2 finishes securing her hands, moves in front of her.

GRACE  
Please, don't, don't--

Aide #2 slaps a piece of tape over her mouth, silencing her.

Grace tries to scream but can only manage MUFFLED GRUNTS.

Aide #2 heads up the stairs to exit the basement, closing the door behind him. Grace is left alone in the dark.

**EXT. OCEAN - EVENING**

A view of isolated Crane Island as the last light of day disappears over the horizon.

Night is rapidly approaching.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ON JAY, lying naked on the floor. He's been out for hours. Slowly, he comes to.

Groggily scanning the room, Jay is surprised to see Paul sitting on the bed.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
For a second I thought she killed  
you.

JAY  
Where is she?

PAUL SHERIDAN  
That's what I need to talk to you  
about. Drink this.

Paul hands him a glass. Jay eyes it suspiciously.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
It's just water.

Jay drinks.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You know, when you got Blake's concession call last week, I thought about the day we met. You came into my office - no experience, got out of BC with what, 2.6 GPA? But I could tell right away that you were a survivor. Pulled yourself up from nothing. I knew you'd do whatever it'd take to claw out of the shit-hole you came from. That's what all successful politicians have in common. Not policy, not charisma, not even money. Survival. That's what I saw in you.

JAY  
What's going to happen to Grace?

PAUL SHERIDAN  
I'm getting to that.

Jay's eyes gloss over, starting to tear up.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
You're still in a good spot here, Jay. You've got the backing of the most powerful lobbying group in the nation. You wouldn't believe how cleanly they can make all this disappear. But I gotta be able to assure them that you're still our guy. What happens next can go very quickly, very painlessly - well, relatively painlessly. Point is, this can all wrap up nice and neat, but it has to come from you.

Jay is now openly crying, knowing what's being asked of him.

**INT. BASEMENT - SAME**

Paul and Jay's conversation plays over the image of Grace tied to the chair, trying in vain to pull free.

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
Hermit caretaker alone on the island six months out of the year. Couldn't ask for a better fall man.

JAY (V.O.)  
I can't do this.

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
This is what survival means for you, right here, in this moment. Path number one: you and Grace die on this island tonight in one of the most infamous murder-suicides in American history. Path number two: Grace is the tragic victim of a violent attack from a deranged stranger who had a grudge against her family. You go on to have a long, distinguished career, dedicating your public service to your lost love. A man driven by tragedy to build a better world.

(reflects)  
Hell, that's good. That man could be president one day, story like that.

JAY (V.O.)  
She never was losing her mind, was  
she?

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
She's got some pretty fucked up  
daddy issues. I just pushed her  
along...

FLASH TO:

**EXT. KENNEDY LIBRARY - TERRACE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

Paul and Grace's conversation on the terrace. Paul hands her the GLASS OF WATER.

FLASH TO moments later as Grace downs the water.

BACK TO:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Malta's put tens of millions of  
dollars into this election. Did  
you really think they were going to  
let her go on her opioid crusade  
while they're looking at possible  
jail time? She became a liability  
the second her brother OD'd.

JAY  
You were never going to let her  
out, were you? You were going to  
put her away forever.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
I was trying to protect her. If  
we'd gotten her to the institute,  
everything would have been taken  
care of, but that ship has sailed.  
Local P.D. on our payroll has been  
briefed on the situation. They'll  
be out first thing in the morning  
to tie everything up, but this next  
part has to be you.

JAY  
Politicians don't kill people.

Paul holds a look on Jay crying, then...

SLAPS him across the face.

PAUL SHERIDAN

You can bitch and cry if you want,  
but do not insult my intelligence.  
We're ten miles from  
Chappaquiddick. You tell Mary Jo  
Kopechne that politicians don't  
kill people. Ted Kennedy was a  
Senator for forty years after that,  
would have been president if he  
hadn't botched the cover-up.  
*'Politicians don't kill people'* -  
give me a fucking break.

Paul takes a moment to come down from the rant.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I really wanted it to be you. I  
wanted to see how far you could  
take this thing. But don't think  
for one second that you're the only  
one that's come into my office.  
Don't think you can't be replaced  
the instant you stop being a  
survivor. Malta's got too much at  
stake to only bet one horse.

Paul stands over Jay, extends his hand.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

The Byrnes legacy ends here tonight  
with Grace, one way or another.  
But the Connors legacy...

Jay looks Paul's extended hand for a long beat, then reaches out, accepts Paul's help getting up.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Come with me.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Paul leads Jay (now wearing a bathrobe) down the stairs.

Paul's aides wait by the foot of the stairs. Aide #1 holds a gun by his side.

Jay slows as he sees the gun.

PAUL SHERIDAN

Come on, Jay. This will all be  
over soon.

Aide #1 holds out the gun. Jay stares at it, then grabs it. He studies the gun, feels the weight of it in his hand.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Atta boy.

JAY  
Where is she?

Paul points downward, indicating the basement.

Jay moves to a door by the foot of the stairs, swings it open to reveal the stairs to the basement.

Jay stands in the open doorway.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Need me to go down there with you?

Jay gives him a glare - that's a 'no.'

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Grace sits in darkness.

TAP, TAP, TAP - each step echoes as Jay makes his way down the hardwood stairs.

When Jay appears and Grace sees the gun in his hand, she begins to cry.

Jay looks at her, his eyes glossed.

JAY  
It was never supposed to go this way. I never wanted to hurt you.

With her mouth taped, Grace can only listen.

JAY (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you think it was all a lie. I really did care for you. I thought we could be together. I was wrong.

Jay steps closer and closer, now only a foot away.

JAY (CONT'D)  
I need you to know that I'm sorry.  
I am sorry.

Grace stares at the gun in Jay's hand. Slowly, he raises it.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Grace.

Grace closes her eyes, prepared for the end.

OVER BLACK:

**BOOOOOOM!**

Silence. Then...

A surprising sound: GRACE'S BREATHING.

She's still alive.

Grace opens her eyes and sees...

Jay holding the gun, smoke coming from the barrel. He holds a finger to his mouth, directing Grace to be quiet.

He reaches behind her and unbinds her hands.

Grace sits frozen in the chair, unsure of what the hell is going on.

Jay nods to a 2'x2' siding door in the wall - the entrance to the dumbwaiter.

Grace stands, looks her husband in the eye - their look says all that can be said.

Jay holds out the gun. It takes Grace a beat to realize he is handing it to her.

She accepts the gun, then moves to the dumbwaiter entrance. She quietly climbs inside.

Jay stands alone in darkness, then heads to the stairs.

**DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Jay reaches the top of the stairs.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Is it done?

Jay nods.

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Where's the gun?

JAY  
I left it down there.

Paul looks at him suspiciously, then gives a nod to his men. They take off down the stairs.

ON PAUL, studying Jay.

ON JAY, eyes locked in on Paul.

The two men stand together in silence. They wait.

It feels like an eternity.

Then...

AIDE #1 (O.S.)  
SHE'S GONE!!!

In a flash, PAUL PULLS A GUN FROM HIS POCKET.

Jay SHOOTS forward, blocks Paul from raising the gun.

The two men struggle to gain leverage, eyes locked on each other.

Then...

Paul is able to swing the gun into position over Jay's knee.

BANG!!!!

Jay SCREAMS in pain as the bullet tears through his kneecap. He goes crashing to the floor.

Paul stands over him, collecting his breath.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
What a fucking mess. You would  
have been president.

Just as Paul raises the gun to blow Jay away...

JAY GRABS THE METAL LETTER OPENER OFF THE DRAWING ROOM TABLE, THRUSTS IT INTO PAUL'S GUT.

Paul CRIES OUT, the letter opener lodged deep in his stomach.

He BLASTS OFF three shots into Jay's torso.

**BASEMENT - SAME**

Paul's aides whip their FLASHLIGHTS around the darkened basement, guns drawn.

They listen to the GUNSHOTS coming from above. They exchange looks, then resume their search.

**DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Both Jay and Paul are hobbled, but Jay is significantly worse off. He tries to crawl away, but he can barely drag himself across the floor.

Paul, in great pain, composes himself, steps forward.

He presses the barrel against the back of Jay's head.

Jay holds still, knowing he is finished.

**BANG!!!!**

PAUL BLASTS A BULLET THROUGH JAY'S SKULL.

Goodbye, Jay.

**BASEMENT - SAME**

Aide #1 scans his flashlight over the open dumbwaiter.

AIDE #1  
(cueing Aide #2)  
Go...

Aide #2 moves to the dumbwaiter entrance. He looks up to see Grace two stories up, climbing through the narrow corridor.

As he takes aim, Grace tumbles through the upstairs opening.

BANG! He fires a beat late. She's gone.

AIDE #2  
Missed her.

Both men take off for the stairs.

**DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Paul stands over Jay's lifeless body as the aides reach the top of the stairs.

The aides take in the visual of Jay's corpse and Paul's blood-soaked shirt, the letter opener still lodged in his stomach.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Well...?

AIDE #1  
She's upstairs.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Go get her.

The men take off for the stairs. Paul gingerly sits on the couch, examines his wound.

He takes hold of the letter opener and in one motion YANKS it out, GRUNTING in pain as he does.

**HALLWAY - SAME**

Reaching the upstairs hallway, the men hold for a beat. Aide #1 gives a "you go this way, I go that way," nod.

The men separate, guns drawn.

**GRACE'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Grace lies on the floor under her childhood bed.

She listens to the CREAKING FLOORBOARDS as Paul's aides move through the hallway.

**HALLWAY**

As Aide #1 disappears into the master bedroom, Aide #2 continues down the hall in the direction of Grace's room.

We TRACK with him as he opens a hallway closet, sees it's empty. He continues on, reaches Grace's room.

Aide #2 pushes the door open and scans the room.

**GRACE'S BEDROOM**

CLOSE ON GRACE, hidden under the bed. She does her best to control her heavy breathing, holding tight to the gun Jay gave her.

GRACE'S POV: she watches as Aide #2's feet enter the bedroom. The feet approach the bed, landing inches from Grace.

Aide #2 looks around the seemingly empty room. Eying the bed, he kneels down to check underneath.

GRACE'S POV: Aide #2's knee touches down on the ground.

This is coming, and there's nothing Grace can do to stop it.

Grace steadies the gun in her hand, points it straight ahead.

GRACE'S POV: Aide #2's hand reaches down, pulls up the bed skirt.

Grace waits patiently, steady.

GRACE'S POV: Aide #2 bends down to peer under the bed.

Not yet...

Not yet...

Just as Aide #2's face comes into sight...

**BANG!!!!**

Grace blasts him right between the eyes. He crumples onto the floor, lifeless.

**DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Paul, sitting on the couch bleeding heavily, listens to the deafening silence. He scans the ceiling for an indication of what's going on.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Aide #1 stands frozen, also listening.

AIDE #1  
Hank...? HANK...?

Nothing. Aide #1 races into the...

**HALLWAY**

He reaches the entrance to Grace's bedroom, sees Aide #2's body on the floor.

AIDE #1  
Shit...

Moving into the room, he WHIPS his gun around the door in search of Grace - nothing.

In the back of the room, he spots an open closet.

**ATTIC - SAME**

Grace scrambles up the ladder staircase that runs from the closet of her bedroom to the attic.

Reaching the attic, Grace spins frantically, unsure of her next move.

She darts toward the window and looks out - too high to jump.

**GRACE'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Aide #1 pulls open the closet door, sees the ladder leading upstairs.

**ATTIC - SAME**

Grace hears Aide #1 making his way up the ladder.

She slides open the window. She begins to climb onto the roof, then remembers something.

She turns back, collects the noose rope she found earlier, and carries it out onto the roof.

A beat later, Aide #1 reaches the attic.

**EXT. ROOF - SAME**

Grace scales the slanted roof, struggling to keep her balance.

The weathered shingles slide underneath her feet.

Suddenly, she SLIPS.

She's barely able to hang on to avoid the thirty foot drop to the ground below.

The gun falls from her hand, sliding down and off the roof.

*Shit.*

Grace pulls herself up. She ties the base of the rope around the large weather vane, preparing to scale down.

Just as she gets the rope tied...

Aide #1 leans out the open window. He draws his gun and FIRES.

Grace dives behind the roof gable. She's a beat late - the bullet grazes her arm.

She CRIES OUT in pain.

Aide #1 climbs out onto the roof.

Grace keeps her back pressed against the gable, hiding. With no gun, she's a sitting duck.

Aide #1 creeps closer and closer, reaches the corner of the gable.

He gathers himself then...

WHIPS AROUND the corner. To his surprise, Grace isn't there.

Grace silently creeps up behind him, having circled the gable. Aide #1 is oblivious.

IN ONE MOTION, GRACE TOSSES THE NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK AND PUSHES HIM OFF THE LEDGE.

Aide #1 goes FLYING toward the ground below.

Before he can even figure out what's going on...

The rope goes taught, snapping his neck - his body goes limp.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - SAME**

Paul sits on the couch, completely spent. Suddenly...

Aide #1 comes CRASHING through the window, sending glass everywhere.

Paul JUMPS up, stunned.

He takes in Aide #1's lifeless body swinging with the wind.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
What the fuck.

Paul looks toward the upstairs, knowing he has to handle this himself.

**EXT. ROOF - SAME**

Grace looks down at the body hanging below her, working out her next move.

She eyes the open window, considering returning inside. She thinks better of it.

She takes hold of the rope, begins to scale down.

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

Paul reaches the upstairs, hobbled by his injury.

Limping through the hall, he arrives at Grace's bedroom, where he sees Aide #2 lying dead on the floor.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Jesus Christ.

He spots the open closet door leading to the attic.

**EXT. ROOF - SAME**

Grace slides down the rope, her movement limited by the injury to her arm.

She hovers above Aide #1's body. Still a good height off the ground, she has no choice but to scale the body on the way down.

**INT. ATTIC**

Paul reaches the empty attic. He scans the space, notices the open window.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME**

Grace lets go of Aide #1's body, lands on the ground below with a THUMP.

She looks into the house and sees...

JAY'S BODY on the floor.

She takes in the sight - a swirl of complicated emotions. Then...

She runs off the property at full speed.

**INT. ATTIC**

Paul reaches the window and sees Grace racing off the property, about to disappear behind a cluster of trees.

He patiently lines up a shot then...

FIRE.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME**

The bullet CUTS through Grace's hip.

She CRIES OUT in pain.

It's not a kill shot, but it's sure to slow her down.

**INT. ATTIC**

Paul watches as Grace disappears behind the trees.

PAUL SHERIDAN

I got ya.

**EXT. BYRNES' SUMMER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Paul makes his way to the spot where Grace disappeared. He uses a FLASHLIGHT to survey the ground below him.

He finds a SPLATTER OF BLOOD just past where Grace was hit. Scanning the ground ahead, Paul spots a dribble of blood, then another.

He has his trail.

**EXT. ROAD - SAME**

Grace runs as fast as she can in the direction of the lighthouse, the shot to her hip slowing her down.

She looks back for a sign of Paul, but sees nothing.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The swirling, rhythmic light illuminates the otherwise pitch-black sky.

Grace arrives at the lighthouse visibly weakened, her shirt soaked through with blood.

She pulls open the door to the lighthouse.

**INT. LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Grace spills inside, darts toward the radio. Before she makes the call, she notes something below the radio deck.

She bends down to check what it is, only to be greeted by...

The stone-dead face of Bill McCabe.

Grace jumps back in terror. She takes a beat to gather her breath, then moves to the radio to make a call.

**GRACE**

Anyone, anyone out there, please help me. They're trying to kill me. I'm on Crane Island and they're trying to kill me.

Silence. *Is no one out there?*

**GRACE (CONT'D)**

Please!! Anybody!!! I've been shot. A man with a gun is trying to kill me!!!

Still nothing. Grace backs away from the radio to check outside for signs of Paul.

Then...

FISHERMAN (V.O.)  
Is this a crank, over?

Grace dives back to the radio.

GRACE  
No! No, this is real. My name is Grace Byrnes Connors. There are men on the island who are trying to kill me. My husband is dead. Please - you need to come right away.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)  
I'm on the mainland, but I can be there in one hour. I'll notify the police and head out right away.

GRACE  
Thank you! Thank you, thank you.  
Please hurry.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)  
Yes, ma'am. Over and out.

Grace looks outside, this time seeing Paul's flashlight cutting through the trees, headed toward the lighthouse.

*Shit.*

It's too late for Grace to run. Her only option is to go up.

Grace pulls McCabe's body out from under the radio deck and pushes it up against the lighthouse door - the best she can do to lock it shut.

Grace climbs the stairs to the second floor.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - SAME**

Paul limps his way across the grass. Grace's blood trail leads the way to the lighthouse.

Paul switches off the flashlight, continues ahead.

**PAUL'S POV:** Between swirls of light from the lighthouse, Paul spots Grace arriving on the second floor.

**INT. LIGHTHOUSE - SECOND STORY - SAME**

Grace peeks through the window, sees Paul approaching.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - SAME**

Reaching the lighthouse, Paul pushes against the door. It doesn't budge.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
(calling out)  
So you're going to make me huff and puff, Grace?

**INT. LIGHTHOUSE - SECOND STORY - SAME**

INTERCUT

GRACE  
(calling back)  
It's all over. I called it in over the radio. The police are on their way.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
That's a shame. But I still have to come in there and kill you. I promised some very powerful people I'd clean this up and that's a promise I have to keep.

A tear falls down Grace's cheek - it just won't end.

GRACE  
But there's no point. Jay is dead and... and you're going to prison. The police know everything.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
Nobody knows everything. Nobody knows anything - it's all just stories, like your father's heart attack. It's not personal, Grace - it was never personal.

GRACE  
I have a gun. If you come in, I'll shoot you.

PAUL SHERIDAN  
I don't think so, Grace. If you had a gun, you would have shot me already. I think you're all alone in there - a scared little girl.

Grace remains silent - she knows he's coming, and there's nothing she can do.

Grace uses her good arm to pull herself up the ladder toward the third floor.

Outside, Paul hauls back and THROWS his weight against the door. He GROANS in pain. The door budges open slightly.

Again. It budges a little more.

One more time - the door SWINGS OPEN enough for Paul to get inside.

Paul enters, sees the stairs heading to the second story. He holds for a beat, calls up:

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Your father took something from me  
the day he off'd himself.  
Something that was owed to me. I  
spent twenty years clawing to get  
it back. Jay was my last chance.

Paul starts limping up the stairs, blood dripping from his soaked shirt. On his way:

PAUL SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
I always looked after you, Grace.  
I had such hopes for you two...  
The next great American family.  
Then your brother went and fucked  
everything up, just like he always  
did.

Paul reaches the...

### **SECOND STORY**

Locked and loaded, Paul SPINS around looking for signs of Grace - nothing.

### **THIRD STORY - SAME**

The space is filled by intervals of blinding white FLASHES from the rotating Fresnel light, followed by total darkness.

Every three seconds:

FLASH...

FLASH...

FLASH...

In between flashes, we can just make out...

Grace in the back of the space, curled up in a ball. Her eyes are closed, her breath steady - oddly calm.

This is a safe space for her.

**SECOND STORY - SAME**

Paul spots the ladder to the third floor, which now has splotches of Grace's blood. He calls up:

PAUL SHERIDAN

I tried to get you somewhere safe,  
somewhere you would be protected.  
But you wouldn't listen. I tried  
to protect you! Look where it got  
me...

**THIRD STORY - SAME**

ON GRACE, taking this in, waiting...

**SECOND STORY - SAME**

PAUL SHERIDAN

I take no joy in this, Grace. I  
wish I could go back to that little  
girl, to protect her. But you were  
born into tragedy, right from the  
start. It was always going to end  
like this for you... one way or  
another.

With that, Paul begins to climb.

**THIRD STORY - CONTINUOUS**

Paul emerges on his way up the ladder. He's ready to blow Grace away, but he's immediately blinded by a FLASH of light.

Paul tries to reset his eyes during the dark lull, but another BLAST OF LIGHT throws him again.

On the next FLASH, Paul spots Grace across the space.

Then, darkness.

Paul FIRES into the pitch black.

The following FLASH reveals that she's no longer there.

Paul spins around in the dark.

*Where is she?*

Paul tries to peer into the darkness, but he's again blinded by a piercing FLASH. It's a relentless barrage of light:

FLASH...

FLASH...

FLASH...

Then...

Paul spots Grace's silhouette moving behind the light.

He FIRES, but it's like shooting at a ghost.

He FIRES AGAIN...

And AGAIN...

Frantically searching...

As he spins around, a FLASH illuminates...

GRACE, only a foot away. Before Paul can even register...

GRACE CRACKS HIM ACROSS THE HEAD WITH A 2X4 BOARD!

PAUL GOES DOWN.

His gun flies out of his hand.

Recovering, Paul claws in the dark for his gun. Before he can find it...

THWACK!!

GRACE BASHES HIM IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE BOARD.

Paul is now totally dazed, almost knocked out.

The next FLASH reveals Paul's gun on the floor.

Grace DIVES for the gun. Just as she collects it...

PAUL RIPS HER DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

For a moment, we lose them in darkness.

Then...

FLASH: GRACE SQUIRMS UNDERNEATH PAUL AS HE TRIES TO PIN HER DOWN.

FLASH: CLOSE ON THEIR HANDS AS THEY WRESTLE FOR CONTROL OF THE GUN.

FLASH: PAUL PRESSES HIS HAND AGAINST HER THROAT.

FLASH: PAUL APPLIES HIS FULL FORCE INTO GRACE'S THROAT AS SHE DESPERATELY GASPS FOR AIR.

She's overwhelmed by his force, powerless underneath him.

Then...

**BAM, BAM, BAM!!!**

Three SHOTS ring out in the darkness.

Silence.

FLASH: Paul lies on top of Grace, both perfectly still.

One of them must be done for, but who?

Then...

FLASH: Paul opens his mouth and blood pours out, spilling onto Grace's face.

Grace musters the last of her strength to push him off.

OVERHEAD on Grace and Paul...

Lying peacefully side by side, illuminated by the methodical FLASHES...

Grace catching her breath and Paul done breathing for good.

**EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAWN**

The very beginnings of sunrise. Beautiful morning light cast out over the peaceful ocean water.

We TRACK BACKWARD to reveal...

Grace sitting on the rocks by the lighthouse, drenched in blood and sweat. She's exhausted and freezing in the winter air, but there's a surprising strength to her.

On the horizon, she spots TWO POLICE BOATS racing toward the island - they'll reach her soon.

Reaching into her pocket, she finds something unexpected: a LIGHTER and a few blood-soaked CIGARETTES. She eyes the cigarettes, then moves to light one.

The cigarette is too drenched with blood to light. Grace tosses it, tries another - same problem. She tries the last cigarette, but it won't take.

*Shit.*

Grace tosses the lighter and cigarette to the ground, lies back onto the rocks to pass out.

The police boats reach the shore, sirens blaring.

FADE TO BLACK.

**OVER BLACK:**

DR. ERNST (V.O.)  
Grace's mind constructed an alternate reality, and when that reality became threatening, she reacted violently.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Dr. Ernst speaks from a witness stand, addressing the courtroom.

DR. ERNST  
She believed, in fact still believes, that she was acting in self-defense.

PROSECUTOR  
Killing five people in their sleep?

**STILL IMAGES:** Crime scene photos of the deceased, MCCABE, the two AIDES, PAUL, and JAY - all shot dead execution style, tucked into their beds.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Her prints were on the murder weapon and she was the only person left alive on the island. It's hard to see how that could be an act of self defense.

DR. ERNST (V.O.)  
I didn't say it was self-defense - I said she saw it that way. Her mind convinced her it was.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)  
Her mind convinced her...?

Back in the courtroom, Ernst struggles to clarify her point.

DR. ERNST  
Is this real?

PROSECUTOR  
Excuse me?

DR. ERNST  
This conversation - are we really  
having it.

PROSECUTOR  
(going along with it)  
Yes.

DR. ERNST  
How do you know?  
(not waiting for an  
answer)  
Because you perceive it - because  
your mind tells you it's real.  
Even though Grace imagined that she  
was in danger, it was real to her.  
That's mental illness.

PROSECUTOR  
So what are you advocating?

**EXT. BAKER'S ISLAND - DAY**

AERIAL VIEW - a straight down overhead shot of a remote  
island with imposing concrete structures and expansive lawns.

DR. ERNST (V.O.)  
It is my opinion that Grace is  
criminally insane - that she needs  
to be institutionalized  
indefinitely, possibly for the rest  
of her life.

We're looking at the BAKER'S ISLAND ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY  
INSANE.

We PUSH IN to see PATIENTS (inmates) roaming the lawns under  
strict supervision.

DR. ERNST (V.O.)  
My hope is that under my  
supervision, we can treat her. We  
can make her better.

**INT. BAKER'S ISLAND INSANE ASSYLYM - DAY**

INMATES (heavily drugged) roam the hall, shackled. It's dark, damp, depressing, much like the assylum Grace's mother was in.

We TRACK DOWN THE HALLWAY before PANNING TO...

A vacant administrative desk. A tube TV behind the desk plays local news.

NEWS ANCHOR

...Governor-Elect Steve Blake dedicated the monument today in Connor's home town of Dorchester.

TV: **STEVE BLAKE** (Jay's primary competitor we saw at the Kennedy Center) addresses a small crowd.

GOVERNOR-ELECT BLAKE

Jay Connors was a great politician, and an even better man. The tragic circumstances of Jay's death only reinforce the importance of an issue that Jay cared deeply about: the advancement of the pharmaceutical industry in this state. If our mental health professionals had the infrastructure and freedom to diagnose Grace Byrnes Connor's mental illness in time and get her the medication she so desperately needed, Jay and the other victims would be with us today. That's why my first act as Governor will be providing research and development funds to find new treatments through the Prescription Access and Medical Innovation act, which I will be calling "Jay's Bill."

TV: Applause from the crowd.

PUSHING PAST the desk, we see a familiar face outside...

**EXT. BAKER'S ISLAND INSANE ASSYLYM - SAME**

Grace sits on a bench in the lawn, looking much like RP McMurphy post-lobotomy.

She's chained to the bench, but appears to be in no shape to make a run for it.

Nearby inmates roam the grounds - some RANT about government conspiracies, brainwashing, Armageddon, etc.

Grace reaches into her pocket, pulls out a pack of CIGARETTES and a LIGHTER. She tries to light the cigarette, but her motor skills are shot.

After several failed attempts...

A hand enters frame with a lit match, lighting the cigarette.

Grace takes a long, satisfying drag.

GRACE

Thank you.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're welcome, Grace.

We know that voice... but where have we heard it?

Grace looks up and sees a MAN standing over her.

We recognize those ghostly deep-set eyes.

It's the man she saw wearing the three-piece suit on the island, now wearing an orderly's uniform.

The man blows out the match and walks away.

Grace watches him, her mind racing (to the extent it can race in her state).

GRACE

I know him...  
(louder)

I know him! That's the man from  
the island! He was dressed as my  
father...

Grace stands, trying to get someone, anyone's attention. She pulls against her chains, but doesn't get far.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I know him!!! That man! He's the  
man from the island!!! HE WAS  
THERE!!! HE WAS THERE!!!!

The man casually continues on, joining a group of orderlies - nobody notices or cares.

Grace's words are drowned out by similar cries from fellow inmates...

Lost in the insanity.

As Grace continues to CALL OUT in vain...

We PULL UP AND OUT...

Higher and higher...

Showing the isolated island from above.

Grace's personal hell.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**