

BLOOD TIES

by

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Based on the New Yorker article by Nathan Heller

**SUPER OVER BLACK: 1984**

INT. CROWN THEATER - NIGHT

*Stop Making Sense*, the Talking Heads concert film, flickers on the screen.

University of Virginia STUDENTS watch from threadbare seats as David Byrne dances around in his big suit.

LIZZY HAYSOM (20), sits alone. Wrapped in an oversized London Fog trench coat, she's mesmerized by the music's inscrutable mix of melancholy and fun.

JENS SOERING (19), black jeans and a baggy black sweater hanging on his thin frame, slouches in the back row. He brushes back his untidy hair and adjusts his glasses.

Jens gets up and moves down the aisle, wanting to get closer. He finds a seat near the screen and settles in.

He glances over at Lizzy, her dirty blonde hair dimly radiant in reflected light from the screen.

EXT. CROWN THEATER - NIGHT

It's pouring rain.

Sheltering under the theater's glowing marquee, Lizzy lights a cigarette to delay the soaking she's in for.

She takes a long drag, feeling the smoke counteract the cold shiver that wants to run through her body.

She looks over at the other side of the entryway, where Jens smokes a cigarette.

Jens feels Lizzy watching him.

They make eye contact for the first time.

EXT. THE VIRGINIAN - NIGHT

Rain comes down on the brick buildings of Charlottesville's University Ave. Inviting light spills out from the windows of The Virginian, an old diner with wooden booths.

Inside, over cups of coffee and a big plate of fries, Lizzy and Jens smoke cigarettes. Deep in conversation, their bodies lean towards each other, drawn together as if by magnetic force.

We can't hear them because we're still outside in the rain.

INT. JENS' DORM ROOM - DAY

Lizzy and Jens have sex on the top bunk.

She's on top, contorting her body to fit in the cramped space between the bed and the ceiling. It could be awkward, but instead it crushes them together, intensifying their physical connection.

INT. JENS' DORM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lizzy and Jens are naked in bed.

LIZZY

I'm really good at something. Want to know what?

JENS

Okay. What?

He has just a hint of an unplaceable European accent.

LIZZY

I'm really good at making men fall in love with me.

JENS

You're really good at talking about your other boyfriends.

LIZZY

They weren't boys. They were men.

JENS

I see. Men.

LIZZY

And I wasn't in love with them. I cast my spell and made them love me. So I could humiliate them. Fucking men. All fucking men.

JENS

All fucking men?

LIZZY

You're not included. You don't feel like a man.

JENS

Oh, thank you.

LIZZY

I mean that in a good way. You feel like you. You're not a man or a woman or anything. You just...

JENS

No, I think you're right. I'm turning into something else. I feel like I could be... Like a different shape or a different... I'm using all these parts of my brain that I didn't know were there, you know?

LIZZY

I totally know. I feel it too.

JENS

It's like I'm really becoming myself. Like I wasn't who I should be before and now I am. God, I feel bad for the me before I knew you. And for everyone else. I don't think normal people feel like this.

This makes sense to Lizzy like nothing ever has before.

LIZZY

You're so fucking right.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An electric carving knife slices through juicy turkey flesh.

It's Thanksgiving at Loose Chippings, the suburban, colonial-revival home of Lizzy's parents. It's the kind of place with carpet vacuumed so recently you can see lines in it.

DEREK HAYSOM (early 60s) presides over the turkey on the sideboard. He's a sturdy, balding South African expatriate with penetrating eyes.

NANCY HAYSOM (early 60s), buzzes out of the kitchen with the mashed potatoes. In a crisp dress, it's like the 1950s never ended for her.

Lizzy carries in a basket of dinner rolls. With short hair and a huge oxford shirt, she's trying a new wave look.

Jens sets the table. Nancy notices how he's placing the knives.

NANCY

This way, please.

Nancy turns a knife so it faces in the opposite direction. Derek unplugs his carving knife and looks over at Lizzy.

DEREK

You're wearing that for dinner?

LIZZY

Uh huh.

Nancy reaches out to feel Lizzy's hips.

NANCY

You're thin. Too thin.

Lizzy writhes away from Nancy, intercepting Derek's platter of turkey as he moves it to the table. She sets the platter on the table, stealing a slice to chomp on.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(to Derek)

Isn't she thin?

LIZZY

I'm eating right now. Look at me.  
Jens, tell her I eat all the time.

JENS

She eats all the time.

DEREK

Young man, I can't quite place your accent.

JENS

I'm from Austria. Originally. But  
I've moved around a lot. We had to  
because of my father's job.

DEREK

My father moved us around too.  
What's your father's job?

JENS

I'm sorry, but I can't say.  
Honestly, I shouldn't even be  
telling you that his job is secret.

LIZZY

I think you're supposed to say that  
he "works in energy."

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, LIZZY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is girlish, with a pink bedspread and ballet slippers hanging on the wall.

Lizzy and Jens sit on her childhood desk passing a cigarette and blowing the smoke out of the window.

LIZZY  
You know, I don't know what your  
father actually does.

JENS  
He's a diplomat.

Lizzy gives him a look like, "Liar."

JENS (CONT'D)  
No, I'm being serious now. A low-  
level diplomat at the German  
consulate in Detroit.

LIZZY  
What about Austria?

JENS  
Sometimes I say Austria because it  
sounds wealthier or something.

LIZZY  
What about your mom?

JENS  
She died of cancer. Long time ago.

LIZZY  
God, I didn't know. I'm sorry.

Jens shrugs. He notices little bruises on Lizzy's arm.

JENS  
(taking up her arm)  
What's this?

A knock comes at the door.

NANCY (O.S.)  
Time to go to your own room, Jens.

LIZZY  
(whispering in Jens' ear)  
She's afraid we might fuck if you  
stay in here.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Morning sun streaks in. Jens is curled up in bed.

He would still be asleep, but coming from somewhere is a faint,  
nerve-jangling sound of hammering.

I/E. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, GARAGE/DRIVEWAY - MORNING

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Lizzy hammers a nail into the desk she's building.

WHACK! WHACK! Her hammering is violent, angry.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! It feels like she might hurt herself.

Jens walks through the garage to where Lizzy is working in the driveway. She doesn't look up.

LIZZY

My father needs a desk for his computer.

JENS

Can I help?

Lizzy gets a nail lined up. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

LIZZY

He says the juniper extract they use in gin is a poison. It's like speed.

Jens doesn't know what to make of this.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! She drives in another nail. Jens decides to leave her alone.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy, a tumbler of something that looks like gin in her hand, tends the fireplace with a poker.

Jens walks in, exchanging a guarded, fleeting look with her.

Nancy knocks back a gulp from whatever is in her glass as she watches Jens leave the room.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A door stands slightly ajar.

Jens looks down the hall towards the living room. No sign of Nancy or anyone else heading in this direction.

He pushes the door open.

Inside is a kind of artist's studio. There are paints and brushes and painted canvases leaning against the wall.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, ART STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Jens examines the amateurish paintings, all signed by Nancy Haysom.

A forest.

A foot in a ballet slipper.

A nude woman's torso. Or is it a girl's torso?

A stack of Polaroids catches Jens' attention. He picks it up.

He flips through flowers and landscapes.

Then: a fifteen-year-old Lizzy sitting nude on a stool.

*What the fuck?*

A dull thud, like something heavy dropping, comes from somewhere in the house.

I/E. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, GARAGE/DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

Lizzy sucks at her bleeding finger.

Looking around the garage for something to stop the flow, she opens the bottom drawer of an old armoire. She finds some cut up bits of t-shirts.

As she wraps a strip around her finger, she notices something at the bottom of the drawer.

She clears away the t-shirt scraps and finds an old Frederick's of Hollywood box. On it, there's an illustration of an alluring woman from the 1960s.

EXT. KEMPER STREET STATION - NIGHT

Fog hangs in the air. Yellow haloes ooze from streetlights.

Derek pulls his Buick into the parking lot.

Jens and Lizzy rush to grab their luggage from the trunk.

Nancy hovers nearby.

NANCY

Before you go, I want to tell you  
how much we love you. I don't know  
if we say that as much we should.

LIZZY

We have to go.



Nancy kisses Lizzy on the cheek.

Derek presses a twenty dollar bill into her hand. Lizzy kisses him on the cheek and drags Jens away.

They trudge through the fog together, approaching the old brick station.

Jens looks behind him, but Lizzy's parents have already been swallowed up by the fog.

### **SUPER OVER BLACK: 1985**

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A bright spring day. Tulips in bloom. Birds chirping.

MABEL, CAROL, and LOUISE (all 60s), walk down the street towards Loose Chippings.

Derek's Buick is in the driveway.

The porch light is on.

EXT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel presses the doorbell.

CAROL

They never do leave the porch light on during the day unless they're not coming home until after dark. But that doesn't make sense because this is our day for bridge. They never forget about bridge.

LOUISE

And their car is here.

Mabel presses the doorbell again.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - SAME TIME

The doorbell rings.

Everything is vacuumed and scrubbed and in its place.

Except for a splatter of blood on the living room carpet.

EXT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - SAME TIME

Carol rifles through her purse.

CAROL

He gave it to me for emergencies  
and I put it in the little zipper  
pocket. Unless that was my other  
purse...

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - SAME TIME

The voices coming from outside sound distant.

Derek Haysom lies in a pool of blood on the dining room floor.  
He's been stabbed dozens of times.

In the kitchen, Nancy Haysom is sprawled out in a glistening red  
slick of gore. Her throat has been slashed.

The violence done here is overwhelming, sickening.

The sound of a key turning intrudes on the silence.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, KITCHEN - DAY

The bodies have been taken away. Everything else remains.

REESE REZEK (30s) crouches on the periphery, pulling on white  
gloves. Though dressed in an unassuming blazer and jeans, she has  
an unnerving edge. Like there's a spring coiled up inside her.

She gets up and looks around the kitchen.

There's a cake on the counter. And a bowl of lumpy white liquid.  
Maybe whipped cream that was left out.

Reese pulls a couple knives out of the knife block. They're  
spotless.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, ART STUDIO - DAY

Reese takes in Nancy's bland, badly done forests and innocuous  
ballet slippers. Do they have a menacing energy? Why should they?

Reese notices a cluster of Polaroids, facedown on the floor.

Crouching, Reese is about to flip them over when she hears voices  
coming from the front of the house.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DANTE HERNÁNDEZ (early 30s), Reese's partner, wears a suit, but no tie. In contrast to Reese, he's at ease in his body.

DAVE MCLEOD (50s) is an easygoing Bedford County sheriff.

Reese walks in.

DANTE

My colleague, Detective Rezek.

Reese takes one glove off to shake hands with McLeod.

MCLEOD

Dave McLeod. I was just telling your partner how glad we are to have some city cops up here with real experience. I mean, we've had a couple homicides in the county before, but nothing like this.

REESE

Hm. Hey, what's this place called?

MCLEOD

Called?

REESE

I saw a name outside. Like it was an English country manor.

MCLEOD

Oh, yeah. Loose Chippings.

REESE

Loose Chippings. What's that mean, you think?

DANTE

I was about to ask if the family's been informed.

MCLEOD

Right. Okay. We've been in touch with the daughter...

He takes out a notepad and consults it.

MCLEOD (CONT'D)

Elizabeth. She's up at UVA. I talked to her myself. I mean, over the phone. That was the hardest part of the whole thing.

As they talk, Reese looks at the sticky, half-dried blood where Derek's body used to be. In the blood is a partial tennis shoe print and a smeared sockprint.

DANTE  
Other family?

MCLEOD  
Nobody close.

REESE  
When is she coming up here?

MCLEOD  
Who? Oh, the daughter? Well, I didn't ask her that. I guess I didn't think it was the right moment, if you know what I mean. I mean, the neighbors ID'd the bodies so, in the circumstances, I didn't think we needed her right now.

REESE  
In the circumstances, we need her as soon as possible.

McLeod writes this down, nodding as if to say, "See, this is why you guys are here."

REESE (CONT'D)  
And see if she has a boyfriend.

MCLEOD  
Boyfriend?

REESE  
Or girlfriend. Anyone like that.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Sounds of children at recess drift in from outside.

Reese, Dante, and McLeod clear away child-sized desks, consolidating them into one corner.

SIERRA (19) knocks on the glass of the classroom door. You can tell she usually has a goth look, but she's awkwardly trying to appear strait-laced for her police interview.

Reese gives her a sign like, "Wait just a minute."

REESE  
(to McLeod)  
Who's that?

MCLEOD

That'll be the girl who called us up. Far as I understand, she's a friend of Lizzy Haysom. Anyway, seems she's eager to tell us a story. Something about Christmas.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

*[We've gone back a few months in the past. It's December, 1985.]*

A Christmas party is in progress. Teenagers smoke joints and dance to "Sensation" by Bryan Ferry.

Sierra has black lipstick and a Cocteau Twins shirt. She's waiting for the bathroom.

The bathroom door opens and Lizzy steps out, but freezes when she spots Sierra.

Before Sierra knows what's happening, Lizzy pulls her into the bathroom.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy locks the door behind them.

SIERRA

I can't do anything. My boyfriend's here.

LIZZY

Look. Look, look, look.

Lizzy wraps her arm around Sierra's waist and directs her attention to the mirror, where they make eye contact.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

What do you see?

Sierra is stumped by this question.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I'm the devil. You're the one with black fucking lipstick, but I'm the devil. And that makes you...

(dramatically whispering)

The sacrificial lamb.

Lizzy breaks eye contact in the mirror and looks to real-life Sierra.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Boo!!!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

*[We're back in the present.]*

Dante has a video camera going. He and McLeod interview Sierra.

Reese sits off to the side, listening intently.

DANTE

So you did have... relations with  
Miss Haysom?

SIERRA

It was just the one time. I mean, I  
hardly knew her. But I just thought  
when I heard about, you know, that  
I should tell you about what she  
said to me.

REESE

Sorry to jump in here, but I'm kind  
of a music fan. "Sensation" is a  
great song, but I don't think it  
was out yet last Christmas.

SIERRA

Maybe it wasn't "Sensation" then.  
Maybe it was something else. But I  
really thought I remembered it. I  
mean, it's a big part of the  
memory. But it's not important, is  
it?

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY, LATER

Dante puts a new tape in the video camera.

The classroom door is open like someone is expected to arrive at  
any moment.

Reese catches Dante's eye as McLeod leads Jens into the room.

Jens looks around. He has a bandage wrapped around his hand.

JENS

Should I sit?

No waver in his voice. For someone about to talk to the police,  
he's very confident. Almost weirdly so.

MCLEOD

Right here.

McLeod indicates a child's desk/chair. Jens sits.

MCLEOD (CONT'D)

These are detectives Hernández and Rezek. They're up from Roanoke to give us a hand. They'll be asking most of the questions.

JENS

Oh. Well, I have to tell you, I'm happy to answer anything you want, but I don't know how I can help. I mean, I want to help, but the main thing I'm worried about is Lizzy.

DANTE

How's she doing?

JENS

Honestly... She's in bad shape. Critical condition, emotionally.

DANTE

That's why we're glad you're here. Maybe you can just lay everything out for us.

JENS

Everything what?

DANTE

About last weekend. It's like this: Something you don't even know you know could be important. So all you need to do is take us through and let us do the work.

Jens knows this friendly attitude is bullshit. Reese glances at his bandaged hand.

REESE

Just start at the beginning. Start with renting the car.

EXT. HERTZ LOT - DAY

*[We've moved back in time to see events of the previous weekend play out according to Jens.]*

A hail storm is in progress. The sky is so dark that the yellow Hertz sign glows like it's twilight.

Jens and Lizzy dash through the onslaught towards a gray Chevette. They pile in and slam the doors behind them.

INT. CHEVETTE - DAY

They inch along in excruciating Washington, D.C. traffic.

Suddenly, Jens peels out of traffic, onto the shoulder.

LIZZY  
(shouting with joy)  
Oh my god, what are you doing?

He zooms past all the suckers and swerves onto an exit ramp.

He slams on the brakes as they come up behind a truck.

JENS  
I'm getting us out of traffic.

INT. MACARTHUR THEATER - NIGHT

The opening credits of *Porky's Revenge!* play over a bawdy graduation scene.

Lizzy sits down next to Jens with a pack of Red Vines.

Onscreen, a guy gets a boner under his graduation robe.

LIZZY  
Look at this fucking guy. This guy  
is every piece of shit I've ever  
dated.

A MAN IN A BLUE SUIT turns around to shush them. As soon as he turns back, Jens gives him the finger.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
That was Bush!

JENS  
What?

LIZZY  
George Bush! I'm telling you.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

*[We're back in the present.]*

Reese watches Jens closely, looking for signs of stress, but his body is at ease.

DANTE  
Hang on, what time was the movie?



JENS

I don't know. Pretty late. But I know it was over before midnight because we stuck around for *Rocky Horror* after that.

DANTE

What'd you do between getting to D.C. and going to the movies?

JENS

Yeah, the thing is, it's kind of personal.

FLASH: Lizzy sticks her tongue in Jens' mouth.

Jens recrosses his legs, resting his bandaged hand in plain view.

REESE

Hey, what happened to your hand?

Jens looks at his hand like he didn't remember anything happened to it.

He turns to Reese, making real eye contact with her.

JENS

I hurt it yesterday. I'm auditing this machine tech class and... Well, I guess that's why I'm not going to be a machinist.

INT. BLUE RIDGE ARMS, REESE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Reese kicks the door closed behind her.

She turns on the lamp and opens her suitcase.

She takes out a small framed picture and sets it up on the bedside table.

The picture is of a man in a police lieutenant's uniform. It's in black and white and looks pretty old.

Next, she gets out a little tape player. She sets it next to the picture and presses play.

Sade's *Promise* comes on.

Reese slips her shoes off and collapses on the bed.

She lets her head sink into the pillows and closes her eyes for just a second.

INT. BLUE RIDGE ARMS, REESE'S ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

KNOCK! KNOCK! Someone's at the door.

Reese wakes up, but takes a second to remember where she is.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Reese gets up and staggers to the door. She looks through the peephole and then opens up.

Standing on the other side, Dante holds up a folder.

DANTE  
Forensics.

Reese makes way to let him in. Dante hands her the folder.

Reese sits on the bed and opens the folder. Dante pulls a chair over so he can see what she's looking at.

REESE  
(scanning over the pages)  
Three blood types.

She flips through a few pages. Dante notices the little framed photo on the bedside table.

DANTE  
Who's this guy?

REESE  
My dad.

DANTE  
You bring this everywhere?

REESE  
Jesus.

DANTE  
What?

REESE  
Look at this blood alcohol on the  
Haysoms. You see this?

She hands him the page.

REESE (CONT'D)  
See that? What's that tell us?

DANTE  
They had a hell of a party.

REESE

Yeah...

DANTE

Okay. What do you think?

REESE

I think... I think regardless of a  
"critical emotional condition," we  
need to talk to Elizabeth Haysom.

I/E. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PARKING LOT/CLASSROOM - DAY

A cab pulls up and drops Lizzy off.

She walks towards the front doors of the school, but stops,  
looking unsure.

In the classroom, Reese knocks on the window to catch her  
attention.

Through wavy glass, Reese and Lizzy make eye contact for the first  
time.

Reese makes a hand gesture like, "Come inside and go around to the  
right to find us."

Lizzy nods and disappears into the building.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Reese looks down the empty corridor.

She hears footsteps approaching before she sees Lizzy come around  
the corner and walk towards her.

REESE

You're late.

Lizzy comes to a stop in front of Reese. They're near the open  
classroom door, but it feels like they're alone.

REESE (CONT'D)

I'm Detective Rezek. You'll meet my  
colleagues in second.

LIZZY

Okay.

REESE

How are you holding up?

Lizzy shrugs.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

We see Lizzy from the perspective of Dante's video camera. The low quality sound and image is unsettling, ghostly.

DANTE (O.S.)  
Tell us about your weekend in D.C.

Lizzy shifts in her seat.

LIZZY  
Didn't Jens tell you?

REESE (O.S.)  
We want to hear it from you.

LIZZY  
I'm sorry... I'm just still... This is really hard for me.

REESE (O.S.)  
If it wasn't important, we wouldn't put you through this.

Lizzy chews on that, trying to steady herself.

LIZZY  
Well, okay... We just drove up and goofed off. Fooled around in a hotel room and...

REESE (O.S.)  
Tell us about the hotel room.

Lizzy crinkles her nose.

LIZZY  
Do you guys get off on hearing that kind of stuff?

REESE (O.S.)  
We're not looking for details. Just how long you were there. Anything unusual you might remember.

Lizzy thinks about it. Is she deciding on details of a story? Wondering what Jens said?

FLASH: The bristles of a Wite-Out brush streak along the surface of a blurry Polaroid.

LIZZY  
Well, first we went to this restaurant.

INT. THE BRANCH LINE - NIGHT

*[It's the previous weekend. We're seeing events according to Lizzy.]*

The place is jam-packed with train memorabilia. The centerpiece is a real caboose.

Lizzy and Jens are in a booth.

The cover of the menus features an absurdly phallic train rushing into a comically vaginal tunnel.

JENS  
(holding up his menu)  
Remind you of anything?

INT. GEORGETOWN MARRIOTT, ROOM 1017 - NIGHT

Jens flips cable channels. Lizzy peeks out from the bathroom.

LIZZY  
Ready?

JENS  
I still don't know what I'm  
supposed to be ready for.

Lizzy steps out of the bathroom. She's wearing a 1960s Frederick's of Hollywood lingerie set in sheer blue and lace.

JENS (CONT'D)  
What is it?

LIZZY  
I think it was my mother's from the  
'60s. Or it could have been my  
father's. I mean, isn't it fucking  
funny? Funny, but also strangely  
making you want to fuck?

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

*[We're back in the present.]*

LIZZY  
After that we went to see a movie.  
*Police Academy*. The second one.

REESE  
You're sure it wasn't *Porky's*?

LIZZY  
You mean *Porky's Revenge*? Is that  
was Jens said?

Lizzy looks around for confirmation. Nobody gives her anything.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
No, you're right. It was *Porky's*.  
We saw *Police Academy* in  
Charlottesville. I mean, we see a  
lot of movies. So anyway, after  
*Porky's* we saw *Rocky Horror*. At  
midnight.

Dante let's it hang for a second before moving on.

DANTE  
What'd you do the rest of the  
weekend?

FLASH: Lizzy wraps her wet hair in a towel.

LIZZY  
I remember I took a bath. I love  
taking baths in hotel rooms. And  
then we drove back Sunday morning.

DANTE  
That's it?

LIZZY  
(sarcastically)  
Oh wait. This is important. As we  
were leaving, we stopped at Beenie  
Weenie. I had a hot dog. No chili.

Silence. Then rustling of papers.

REESE  
So we've actually been in touch  
with Hertz. And according to them  
the car... Gray Chevette, right?

LIZZY  
I guess so. I don't really remember  
what car it was.

REESE  
Well, that's what I have here. Gray  
Chevette. Anyway, according to  
them, it was driven 669 miles.  
That's about four hundred miles  
more than a trip to D.C. would  
take.

Reese pauses, but Lizzy doesn't jump in with a response.

REESE(CONT'D)

Actually though, 669 miles is just about right for Charlottesville to D.C. to your folks place and back.

LIZZY

(after a moment)

I mean, they could be wrong about those kind of things. Rental car companies are a total scam, right?

REESE

Right...

LIZZY

We did get lost. I remember that. But not four hundred miles lost. You should talk to Jens about it.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Reese finishes washing her hands, but leaves the water running.

A stall door opens and Lizzy steps out. Reese turns the water off as if she just finished with it.

REESE

I could give you a ride back to Charlottesville.

LIZZY

I'll take a cab.

REESE

That's a pretty expensive ride. Come on, I'll take you back.

LIZZY

Is that allowed?

REESE

Sure. Why not?

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

Reese drives a police-issue Plymouth.

Lizzy pointedly stares away from Reese.

LIZZY

So I know you coppers don't drive your real cars. What do you really drive? Can I guess?

Reese glances over at her.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
Shitty little Volkswagen Rabbit,  
I'll bet you anything.

REESE  
So Jens... He's been helping you  
through all this?

LIZZY  
Is this still part of the official  
interview? I mean, whatever I say  
can and will be used against me,  
right?

REESE  
Only if you have something to hide.

Lizzy smirks. Reese ignores it.

REESE (CONT'D)  
So, let's see, if you and Jens have  
been together since October, that  
makes it... six months more or  
less. That's a long time at your  
age.

LIZZY  
I'm not young. I mean, I don't care  
about age. Like, how about how long  
have you and your partner been  
together? I guess a year maybe  
because you like each other, but  
you haven't... Have you?

Lizzy rests her chin on her hand, making a show of leering  
interest. Glancing over, Reese notices Wite-Out painted on one  
fingernail.

REESE  
Run out of nail polish?

It takes Lizzy a second to figure out what Reese is talking about.  
Then she looks at her nail.

LIZZY  
Oh, it's my brand. It's called Wite-  
Out. W-I-T-E-O-U-T. Madonna does  
it. I do it. You should try it.

REESE  
If you're trying to make me sorry I  
offered you a ride...



LIZZY  
Is it working?

INT. UVA MACHINE SHOP - DAY

A saw blade rips through a piece of wood. STUDENTS work at various machines.

The professor, MR. DOUGDALE, leads Reese towards a band saw that looks like it's from the WPA era.

DOUGDALE  
(yelling over the noise)  
Happened at this machine.

REESE  
It doesn't have an automatic shut  
off or--

DOUGDALE  
No, no, these are your basic good  
old dangerous type machines. But I  
still don't know how he did it.

REESE  
When he came in on Monday, could  
his hand have already been injured?

DOUGDALE  
You mean, somehow that's what  
caused the accident?

Reese steers Dougdale away from his students.

REESE  
Could Jens have done it on purpose?

Dougdale shakes his head like, "No way."

REESE (CONT'D)  
I know you can't really believe it,  
but--

DOUGDALE  
Honestly, I have no idea what any  
of these kids have going on in  
their heads. So...

He shrugs.

INT. CAPTAIN ELLIS' OFFICE - DAY

Lizzy's interview plays on a television.

LIZZY

We did get lost. I remember that.  
But not four hundred miles lost.  
You should talk to Jens about it.

Dante pauses the tape. Lizzy's frozen image jitters on the screen.

Reese turns to CAPTAIN ELLIS, an avuncular man with graying hair.

REESE

We're talking to the boyfriend  
again tomorrow. And I want to have  
his hand examined.

ELLIS

Where's that put us? Is he your  
suspect? You're not telling me the  
daughter's a suspect, are you?

DANTE

We're also looking into some other  
stabbings along the 81 corridor.  
Seeing if there could be a  
connection, but...

REESE

Derek Haysom was stabbed to death.  
When he died, his attacker kept  
stabbing him. More than thirty  
times in all. Nancy Haysom was  
stabbed at least six times. Her  
throat was cut. We have no forced  
entry. No robbery.

ELLIS

So.

REESE

So we're looking for someone close  
to the Haysoms. And as far as we  
can tell there's aren't a hell of a  
lot of options. Now, do I think a  
suburban, all-American girl like  
Elizabeth Haysom could do something  
like that? Do I think he boyfriend  
might have done it? Well, it  
doesn't sound very likely, but--

ELLIS

You sold me, it doesn't sound very  
likely.

But hearing Ellis say it, Reese knows he's wrong.

REESE

They're going to bolt.

ELLIS

What?

REESE

I'm telling you, they're--

EXT. UVA DORMS - DAY

Three cars pull up in front of the dorms: a CAMPUS POLICEMAN in his cruiser, McLeod in his Sheriff's Department SUV, Reese and Dante in their police-issue Plymouth.

INT. JENS' DORM ROOM - DAY

McLeod opens dresser drawers. Dante checks the wastebasket.

MCLEOD

Clothes are gone.

Reese picks up a note on the desk.

DANTE

(to Reese)

What is that?

REESE

He left us a note. Shit. Wait, pick up the phone. Hit redial.

Dante picks up the phone and presses the redial button. After a ring, someone picks up.

AMTRAK AGENT (V.O.)

(over the phone)

Tracks are back. This is Amtrak, how can I help you?

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

The train is stopped at Charlottesville's Union Station.

PASSENGERS check their watches, waiting for the train to close its doors and get going.

Reese gets on at the back, a walkie-talkie in hand.

REESE

(into the walkie)

I'm on.

DANTE (V.O.)

(over the walkie)

Me too. See anything?

Reese looks out the window into a train on the opposite track where she sees Dante searching for Lizzy and Jens.

REESE  
Nothing yet.

MCLEOD (V.O.)  
(over the walkie)  
Nothing in the station.

Reese makes her way through the coach car, looking at faces.

She gets to the end of the car and goes through the door.

She checks the bathroom. Nothing.

She leans out the open door to the platform, looking along the side of the train. The STATION DISPATCHER blows his whistle.

Reese ducks back into the train.

STATION DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
All aboard, all aboard!

Reese moves to the next car. She looks at faces, quickly and methodically.

She freezes.

She's right behind Lizzy and Jens. They're in a seat facing away from her.

They haven't seen her.

Reese slides into the empty seat behind them.

The train lurches and begins to move.

Reese looks to the other train, where Dante brings his walkie to his mouth. Moving fast, she turns hers off before Dante's voice comes through.

LIZZY (O.S.)  
I feel like I should be nervous.  
Like in a movie waiting for a plane  
to take off and the Nazis are after  
you.

Just inches behind them, Reese listens.

JENS (O.S.)  
Don't be nervous.

LIZZY (O.S.)  
I'm not. It's like I know this path  
and it's dark, but I'm so sure  
where I'm going, it doesn't matter.

JENS (O.S.)  
Like our brains are ready for it.

LIZZY (O.S.)  
Yes. Oh my god, It's sick how much  
I love you.

GERALD, the ticket collector, steps onto the back of the car.

GERALD  
Tickets, please! Tickets out!

Reese hears the clicks of Gerald punching tickets behind her. She pulls out a notepad and scrawls something down.

As Gerald approaches, she gets out her badge and puts a finger over her mouth. He's puzzled, but understands that he's supposed to keep quiet.

Reese shows him the note. It says, "Where are they going?" An arrow points at the seat in front of her.

Gerlald nods. Moving on, he takes tickets from Lizzy and punches them.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Alexandria. You kids going to the  
Washington Memorial?

EXT. ALEXANDRIA UNION STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

Lizzy and Jens disembark from the train with dozens of other passengers.

Reese slips off behind them. She spots LIEUTENANT HARDING, a uniformed Alexandria policeman. She jogs up to him holding her badge.

LIEUTENANT HARDING  
Lieutenant Harding. You're Rezek?

REESE  
That's me. Come on. Let's pick  
these guys up. You got the doors  
covered?

LIEUTENANT HARDING  
Just like you said.

They weave through knots of slow-moving travelers, losing sight of Lizzy and Jens as they duck inside.

The walkie on Harding's belt crackles.

ALEXANDRIA POLICEMAN (V.O.)  
(over the walkie)  
Nothing at south door, over.

INT. ALEXANDRIA UNION STATION - MOMENTS LATER

It's very busy. Jens hustles Lizzy around a luggage cart.

JENS  
Don't look behind you.

LIZZY  
What?

Jens yanks them into a luggage room off to the side.

Across the lobby, Reese hasn't spotted them.

REESE  
(into her walkie)  
Does someone have them?

ALEXANDRIA POLICEMAN (V.O.)  
Still nothing here, over.

Reese picks an exit door and heads for it.

CAPTAIN KNOX (V.O.)  
(over the walkie)  
This is Captain Knox, Alexandria  
Transit PD. Everyone stand down.  
Repeat, stand down.

Reese spots CAPTAIN KNOX near the door with two OFFICERS.

REESE  
Hey! I've got fugitives here.

CAPTAIN KNOX  
Okay, listen up sweetie, this is my  
jurisdiction. A busy transit hub.  
Now, I don't know who you are, but  
I certainly can't have you running  
all over my--

REESE  
I radioed from the train. I spoke  
with--

LIEUTENANT HARDING  
Sir, she spoke with me.

CAPTAIN KNOX  
That's nice, but we've got a  
process here. Last time I checked,  
you're city, I'm transit so--

Reese turns away from Knox. She looks around the station in  
desperation. Could they still be here? *Where the fuck are they?*

CAPTAIN KNOX (CONT'D)  
Don't you walk away from me. Hey!

Jens and Elizabeth risk a peek out from the luggage room. Seeing  
Reese distracted by Captain Knox, they make a dash for a side  
door.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA UNION STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Jens and Elizabeth pile into a taxi.

JENS  
Dulles.

The DRIVER nods. The taxi pulls away.

DANTE (V.O.)  
(reading from Jens' note)  
"Dear Officers Rezek and  
Hernández..."

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Reese unlocks the door of the police evidence warehouse.

DANTE (V.O.)  
"I assume you will be very excited  
by now and get all the wrong  
ideas."

- Reese and Dante file evidence boxes in rolling stacks.

DANTE (V.O.)  
"My advice is to continue your  
investigation as before;  
undoubtedly you will find whom you  
are looking for."

- Reese parks her Volkswagen Rabbit in her driveway. She turns the  
engine off, but doesn't get out.

DANTE (V.O.)

"As for me? From what Liz has told me of what you discovered at her parents' house, I can only say that I am incapable of such a thing."

END MONTAGE.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Really, it's a converted garage. A kitchenette/living/dining room all in one.

Two framed boxing posters lean against the wall.

Dante sits at the table reading aloud from Jens' note (which is sealed in a Ziploc evidence bag).

DANTE

"You will have to take my word for it. We are not coming back. Jens."

He puts down the note. Reese brings over a pizza box and gets beers out of the fridge.

REESE

You believe him that time?

DANTE

This is a twenty-year-old kid we're talking about. He's just trying to fuck with us.

Dante holds his beer up to "cheers."

DANTE (CONT'D)

To getting fucked with.

Reese clinks, but she's not happy.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Nobody thinks this is our fault.

Dante opens the pizza box and takes a slice.

DANTE (CONT'D)

And you get to say, I told you so.

INT. ROANOKE POLICE DEPARTMENT, DETECTIVES BULLPEN - DAY

FIELDING, a brash detective with a full head of hair, pours himself a cup of coffee. Reese waits for her turn.



Fielding reaches out and touches Reese's arm.

FIELDING  
How do you take it?

REESE  
Thanks Fielding, I'll get my own.

Fielding watches Reese pour herself a cup.

FIELDING  
I don't think it would set the  
women's movement back too far if  
you let me pour you--

REESE  
I just like to get my own.

Fielding leans in, confidentially.

FIELDING  
Just to let you know, that shirt  
shows a lot.

She involuntarily glances at her shirt. *Can he see my bra? Or--*

FIELDING (CONT'D)  
I just thought you should know. So,  
you know, just in case you care.

Turning away, he makes a face like, "Sorry to break it to you."

Reese goes to her paper strewn desk. *It's a normal shirt. Why would he say that?*

She sets down the coffee next to the picture of her father. Before she can do anything else, Captain Ellis spots her through his office window.

He motions her over.

Reese grabs her blazer from the back of her desk chair.

INT. CAPTAIN ELLIS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Reese steps in, still getting her blazer situated.

REESE  
I'll have our report on your desk  
by the end of the day.

ELLIS  
That's not what I wanted to talk  
about.

Now Reese is worried. She sits down.

ELLIS (CONT'D)  
You know we're taking some heat on  
this. In the press. From the higher-  
ups.

Ellis studies her. Reese starts wondering if she's supposed to say something.

ELLIS (CONT'D)  
Have you heard about this joint  
task force we're putting together  
with the DEA?

Reese isn't following.

ELLIS (CONT'D)  
I'm getting ahead of myself. What  
I'm saying is, I'm transferring you  
to that task force. You'll be in  
the field and you'll serve as my  
liaison officer.

It takes her a second to realize, but this is a demotion. Bullshit work.

REESE  
To get me out of sight.

ELLIS  
Yes, if you want the truth.

REESE  
As punishment for being right.

ELLIS  
No, not as punishment. Don't think  
of it like that. They bolted and  
you warned me. And those transit  
cops fucked us.

REESE  
Right. They fucked us. If they had  
cooperated--

ELLIS  
Okay. We both know that. But how it  
looks... Part of my job is to  
manage that.

REESE  
Just tell the truth.

ELLIS

They wanted me to let you go, okay?  
I told them the truth, but the way  
they see it is you fucked this up.

That hits Reese hard.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

So this DEA thing was my last  
option. I know you're pissed, but  
please just keep your head down.

INT. EUROPCAR OFFICE (CHARLES DE GAULLE LOCATION) - DAY

Jens and Lizzy stand at the counter. CEDRIC, the Europcar manager,  
tries to explain something.

CEDRIC

Yes, but there is a problem. Even  
if you pay cash, we need a credit  
card on file.

Jens digs in his wallet and comes up with a credit card.

JENS

How's this? This is my mother's  
card, but I'm able to sign for it.

EXT. EUROPCAR LOT - DAY

Lizzy watches a jet fly directly overhead.

Jens opens the trunk of a yellow Saab and throws in their luggage.

LIZZY

Isn't your mother dead? You told me  
she died of cancer.

Jens looks over at her guiltily.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

She's not dead?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Reese puts on bright red lipstick and thick black eyeliner.

- A DEA AGENT tapes a wire and microphone to Reese's chest. He  
runs the wire up and over her shoulder.

- DEA AGENTS in a van listen to Reese in conversation with a SMALL-  
TIME COKE DEALER.

- Reese (surprisingly believable as a hardcore punk girl in ripped tights and an oversized Bad Brains shirt) scores coke in the graffitied bathroom of a bar.

- In a strip mall parking lot, Reese scores coke from an INTIMIDATING DEALER in a run-down tour van.

- Reese, in her punk getup, rides up in a rickety, caged elevator. It jolts to a stop on the third floor of an apartment building.

END MONTAGE.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING 3RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Thumping sounds of an obscure hardcore band come from apartment 3C.

Reese takes a focusing breath and bangs on the door.

She cocks her ear as she waits for an answer, but can't hear anything except music.

She bangs on the door again.

LANCE SLOANE (19) unlocks the door and opens it. He's wearing a cutoff Ford/Dole '76 shirt.

With no greeting, he leads her inside.

INT. APARTMENT 3C - CONTINUOUS

Reese follows Lance into the living room. The black-painted walls are covered with hardcore posters and snapshots. The music is deafening.

                  LANCE  
                  (yelling)  
          Wait here!

Lance disappears down a hallway.

Reese looks over at OSCAR DOYLE (early 20s), a longhaired kid smoking a joint on the couch.

                  DOYLE  
          You a narc?

                  REESE  
          Oh, fuck yes! Are you?

Doyle takes a long hit of his joint, bobbing his head along with a relentless drum solo. He holds the joint out to Reese.

She hesitates a fraction of a second, probably not enough for Doyle to notice, before accepting it.

She takes a casual hit.

DOYLE  
(indicating the music)  
This is my shit!

REESE  
This is you?

DOYLE  
Fuck yeah, fuck yeah, fuck yeah!  
You like it?

Reese exhales and hands the joint back to Doyle.

REESE  
Maybe.

Doyle leaps up from the couch. He points out pictures of his band on the wall.

DOYLE  
Here's me. And that's everyone.  
We're called All Against One.

Reese goes cold as she notices another picture.

It's Lizzy.

She's standing next to Doyle, stuffing a 7-Eleven employee of the month plaque into her jacket. She's looks different. Like a teenage delinquent. Maybe a junkie.

REESE  
Who's this?

DOYLE  
Oh, fuck her. Some junkie. Owes me  
a hundred dollars.

REESE  
Why don't you collect?

DOYLE  
You really want to know?

*Underplay it. You don't give a shit.* Reese shrugs. Doyle turns down the music.

DOYLE (CONT'D)  
She and her little German numbnuts  
boyfriend chopped up her parents.  
(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

And the pigs were too stupid to nab them before they skipped town.

REESE

Bullshit.

DOYLE

No, serious. Those people up in wherever the fuck. Chopped up. That was her and the German fucker who did it. And what I heard was--

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, GARAGE - NIGHT

*[It's the night of the murders, as Doyle imagines it.]*

Lizzy and Jens crawl in through a window. They each have a knife.

They steal across the garage to the kitchen door.

Lizzy cracks it. Nobody there. Voices come from some other room.

Jens is nervous. Ready to call the whole thing off.

Lizzy kisses him deeply. Sexually. Pleadingly. She pulls back and looks into his eyes.

LIZZY

For me, Jens. Listen to me. For us.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek and Nancy are dead on the floor.

Jens clutches a bloody knife. He can't catch his breath.

Lizzy looms over her mother. She's holding her knife, but it's clean.

She takes a deep breath and then sticks her knife in between her mother's ribs.

INT. APARTMENT 3C - DAY

*[We're back in the present.]*

DOYLE

She didn't do shit until they were dead. That way, see, listen to this: *Her boyfriend did the murders and all she did was stick some dead people.* I fucking swear you couldn't make this shit up.

INT. ROANOKE POLICE DEPARTMENT, DETECTIVES BULLPEN - DAY

At her desk, Reese waits on the phone. Incongruously, she's still in her punk outfit.

Fielding walks by with a cup of coffee in hand.

FIELDING  
I like the look.

Reese flips him off.

FIELDING (CONT'D)  
Oh good. Very authentic. You know,  
I heard punk chicks'll suck dick  
for a gram of coke. What do you  
think?

A SLOVENIAN OFFICIAL comes on the line.

SLOVENIAN OFFICIAL (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
Dober dan.

Fielding rolls his eyes and drifts away.

REESE  
Dober dan, hello. I'm hoping for  
someone who can speak English.

Across the bullpen, Dante spots Reese on the phone. He approaches her just as she's wrapping up her call.

Reese hangs up the phone and looks up at Dante.

DANTE  
What was that?

Reese shrugs like, "Nothing." Dante takes a seat.

REESE  
I'm putting irons in the fire.

Dante scoots in for a clandestine talk. Reese thinks about pretending she doesn't care that much. But she can't do it.

REESE (CONT'D)  
Soering used his mother's credit  
card once. To rent a car near  
Charles de Gaulle. Yellow Saab. As  
far as I can tell, they never  
returned it.

DANTE  
Plates?

REESE  
I've got them, but the only thing  
I've been able to pick up is they  
left France two weeks ago. Heading  
into Italy. After that, nothing.

Dante notices a motley pile of correspondence on her desk.

DANTE  
What's all this?

REESE  
"Tips."

She picks up an envelope and hands it to Dante.

REESE (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
This one has a picture of the guy  
who really did it.

Dante pulls a newspaper clipping out of the envelope. It's a picture of Jens, his features crudely altered with a Sharpie to make his hair longer.

EXT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - DAY

Reese parks her VW across the road from the house. She's dressed like herself again.

She opens her glove compartment and takes out a pocket-sized lock-picking kit.

EXT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - A MINUTE LATER

A sign on the front door reads:

**DO NOT ENTER**  
By Order of  
Bedford County Sheriff

Reese uses tools from her kit to pick the lock. She glances over her shoulder, but nobody's watching her.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, DINING ROOM - DAY

The place is frozen in time.

Reese looks at the same blood stains she's seen before. The same smeared sockprint.



INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, KITCHEN - DAY

A terrible smell hangs over the room. It's from rotting whipped cream in the bowl on the counter.

Reese covers her nose and mouth with her hand. *Why am I here?*

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, ART STUDIO - DAY

The art studio is the same too. Nothing touched for weeks.

The jumble of Polaroids is still facedown on the floor.

Crouching, she flips the helter-skelter pile.

Just some snapshots of flowers and landscapes.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, ELIZABETH'S ROOM - DAY

Reese takes in the thick atmosphere of the room. She opens the window. In the process, she knocks over a cup of pens on the desk.

A few pens roll off and go behind the desk.

Reese reaches into the gap between the desk and the wall. She pulls out the pens and then feels something else.

Sensing it could be important, Reese uses a pen rather than her fingers to coax it out.

It's a blurry Polaroid, half obscured by Wite-Out. The half you can see is a naked woman's chest and hips. *Is it Lizzy?*

INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS, SHARON HUGHES' OFFICE - DAY

In the colorless government office, Reese sits across a desk from SHARON HUGHES (40s). Raspy voice, salty vernacular, crisp pantsuit, Dolly Parton hair. You don't want to fuck with this woman.

They each have copies of the same report in their hands.

REESE

Turn to page eight. You'll have read the report, of course. But I wanted to direct your attention to... to...

Reese scans page eight. *What was I trying to...?*

HUGHES

You got a hot date or something?

REESE

No, I--

HUGHES

Where's your head at?

REESE

Here.

HUGHES

Fuck wrong.

Hughes looks Reese over for an uncomfortably long time.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Play along with me for a second,  
okay? Where are you from, Rezek?  
What kind of background? What kind  
of family?

Reese would rather not get into this personal stuff, but...

REESE

My dad was a cop. He died before I  
was born.

HUGHES

My dad was a cop too. Pretty much  
every man I knew was in law  
enforcement somehow. But I'm the  
first woman in my family to do it.

REESE

Yeah. Me too.

HUGHES

Okay. Good. So take a squint around  
when you leave. I'm deadly fucking  
serious. Go ahead and count how  
many women you see. And I'm not  
talking secretaries. I'm talking  
people with offices.

REESE

I know.

HUGHES

I'll give you a hint. You'll only  
need one hand. You can do whatever  
you want with the other one.

REESE

No, I mean, I really know. I do.  
I'm not here to fuck up or waste  
your time.

(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)  
But if you want to know the truth I  
can't get my mind off a case. A  
homicide case.

HUGHES  
I need you here. Brain, brawn, tits  
and all. Now are you here for me?

INT. GEORGETOWN MARRIOTT, ROOM 1017 - NIGHT

Reese surveys the room where Lizzy and Jens stayed the weekend of  
the murders.

Impersonal furniture. Hotel art. Nothing to reveal anything about  
past occupants.

She opens her suitcase, pulls out the picture of her dad, and sets  
it on the bedside table.

She pulls out her tape player and puts on Grace Jones.

INT. GEORGETOWN MARRIOTT, ROOM 1017 - NIGHT, LATER

In the bathroom, paper-wrapped soaps are in place. The towels are  
folded just so.

Grace Jones is still going.

Reese reaches into the shower and turns on the water.

She broods, feeling just short of connecting across the chasm of  
time to the night when Lizzy and Jens were here.

RING! The tension snaps. It's the phone in the other room.

RING! Reese shuts off the shower.

RING! She moves to the other room and turns off Grace Jones.

REESE  
(picking up the phone)  
Hello?

ELLIS (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
You've been making some interesting  
calls on the department's dime.  
Quite an international list you've  
got going. Italy, Hungary,  
Yugoslavia... shall I go on?

REESE

It's our only shot at Soering and Haysom. I know I should have gotten it approved.

ELLIS (V.O.)

Hernández approved it. I'm calling because it looks like you hit something.

REESE

Hit something?

ELLIS (V.O.)

Yellow Saab, French plates. Sound familiar?

EXT. TRIESTE BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Posters in Italian are plastered on the alley's stucco walls.

A yellow Saab is parked halfway on the narrow sidewalk.

Around a bend, the opposite end of the alley emerges onto a busy thoroughfare.

EXT. TRIESTE THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

A garish neon sign over the doorway to a club reads, "Pianeta Oscuro."

INT. PIANETA OBSCURO - NIGHT

Mai Tai's buoyant, disco-inflected club hit "History" booms out onto the dance floor.

DANCERS and DRINKERS, all young and mostly high, are packed into the neon-lit, mirror-walled space.

Jens stands at the bar. In jeans and a geometrically-patterned shirt, he's got something approaching swagger.

The BARTENDER slides two vodka sodas across to him.

Jens picks them up and turns to force his way through the sweating crowd on the dance floor.

He gets to where he expects to find Lizzy, but she isn't there. He peers around, trying not to spill the drinks.

The song ends and the dancing slackens.

Lizzy parts ways with a MOD GIRL.

Lizzy has bright red hair and a shimmery top. She's confident, invigorated by the club and being on the run.

JENS  
I was looking for you!

Startled, Lizzy turns to him.

ELIZABETH  
Well, here I am!

JENS (CONT'D)  
We can't do that.

LIZZY  
What?

JENS  
We can't lose each other and you  
can't dance with other people. Even  
girls.

INT. PIANETA OSCURO, FRONT VESTIBULE - SAME TIME

ENZO ALFONSI (30s), a local police detective, shows the BOUNCER his badge.

The bouncer glances at Reese and Dante before waving them all through.

INT. PIANETA OSCURO - MOMENTS LATER

Overwhelmed by the flashing lights and silhouetted knots of bodies, Reese loses track of Dante and Alfonsi.

It's hard to imagine finding anybody in here.

ALFONSI  
(handing Reese a beer)  
This way, you blend in, yes?

Reese glances at Dante, who also has a beer.

ALFONSI (CONT'D)  
Come on.

Alfonsi leads them through the crowd. They inch past the bar and along the back wall.

They go up a set of steps to a low platform, where the DJ presides over turntables.

Alfonsi leans over to the DJ, whom he seems to know, and whispers in his ear.

Turning back to Reese and Dante, Alfonsi guides them to the other side of the platform.

They have a perfect view of the crowd.

Reese scans the sea of faces, drenched in sweat and flashing lights.

Deep in the crowd, Lizzy dances with Jens like nothing else matters. For an instant, for no reason at all, she opens her eyes and glances up at the DJ.

Her overheated body goes ice cold, as pink light flashes on Reese's face.

Drawn by her eyes, Reese spots Lizzy. They hold eye contact. It only lasts a second or two, but it feels longer.

LIZZY  
(shouting at Jens)  
We have to go!

Lizzy yanks his arm, dragging him into the crowd.

Up on the DJ platform, Reese grabs Dante's arm and points to where Lizzy was a moment before.

REESE  
There!

Reese leads the way down the stairs.

She pushes into the crowd on the dance floor, her sense of direction thrown off by the lights and noise.

Moving by instinct, she forces her way past a group of BODY-PAINTED MEN AND WOMEN.

Emerging from the thickest snarl of the crowd, Reese steals a look behind her.

Dante and Alfonsi aren't there.

No time to think about that. *Which way did Lizzy and Jens go?*

Past the bathrooms, a closing service door catches Reese's eye.

She sprints down the hallway, past a WOMAN VOMITING ON THE FLOOR, and rips open the service door.

INT. ANCIENT PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Disorienting aftereffects of the music ring in Reese's ears.

At the end of the cave-like passageway, Lizzy and Jens disappear up a set of stone steps.

Reese flies down the corridor, past crates of alcohol and San Pellegrino.

She climbs the steps and finds a closed metal hatch directly above her. She heaves it open and springs through it.

EXT. TRIESTE BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Reese has no clue which way to go. It's happening again. She's losing them.

She chooses a direction at random.

She comes around a corner and finds POLICE IMPOUND OFFICERS hitching the yellow Saab to a tow-truck.

Making the snap decision to double back, Reese retraces her steps and emerges on the other end of the alley.

EXT. TRIESTE THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

PEDESTRIANS crowd the sidewalks.

Reese looks around. *Pick a direction.*

She glances behind her, hoping to see Dante or Alfonsi, but she's alone.

Reese looks down the street, towards a busy square.

A block ahead, a couple walks casually away. *It's them. It has to be.*

Reese dodges around a group of SMOKING TEENAGERS.

The couple steps into the square. For a second, Reese loses them.

She picks up the pace as she catches sight of the couple again. *It has to be them, right?*

The couple turns and Reese sees their faces.

*Fuck. It's not them.*

EXT. TRIESTE PUBLIC STAIRWAY - SAME TIME

The stairway cuts between an old building and a walled graveyard, leading down a hill to the road below.

Lizzy and Jens crouch in the shadows, catching their breath.

They're looking up at Reese, who stands on the street above looking in the direction of the other couple.

Reese turns around, ready to give up. Then she looks down the stairs.

She spots Lizzy and Jens. They take off down the stairs.

Reese follows, taking the stairs two at a time.

She's not gaining.

She comes to the bottom of the steps at full-tilt, taking a sharp left into the street.

EXT. TRIESTE BACK STREET - CONTINUOUS

Reese spots Lizzy and Jens, who are giving it everything they've got.

She follows them down the street, which slopes towards the waterfront.

EXT. TRIESTE WATERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy and Jens emerge onto the industrial waterfront.

They head towards the lonely shipping depots.

Is Reese gaining?

Up ahead, a curving ramp leads to an elevated street.

Jens peels off and runs for it. Lizzy follows.

Reese gets closer every second.

The ramp gets steeper and steeper. Each of them fight through the pain to run as fast as they can.

Reese gains, yard by excruciating yard.

As the ramp levels off into an elevated street, she's getting close to her physical limits.

Jens trips and falls.

He's up again in a second, but it's enough for Reese to catch up and whip out her .38.

Nobody has the energy to say anything.

They all just stand there, catching their breath and listening to the rhythmic sound of a nearby train.

JENS

Are you going to shoot us?



Cla-clack, cla-clack, cla-clack, cla-clack. The sounds of the train continue.

LIZZY

We didn't do anything. We don't know anything about it.

REESE

So come back and prove it.

Jens has realized they're standing on an overpass. The train is passing just a few feet below. Its last few cars are open hoppers filled with garlic.

He grabs Lizzy's arm and yanks her to the railing.

Lizzy understands what they have to do.

They jump.

Reese hesitates for a fraction of a second. Then it's too late.

The train has passed.

REESE (CONT'D)

FUCK!

INT. TRIESTE HOTEL, REESE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A fake-gilded bedroom set is crammed into the microscopic room.

Reese tries to sleep in the ornate bed. First she tries her back and then she tries her side, wriggling around to get the covers how she wants them.

After a long while, she turns on the lamp.

She picks up the picture of her dad from the bedside table.

She turns on her tape player. It's a Grace Jones again.

INT. TRIESTE HOTEL, DANTE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Dante can't sleep either. He smiles at Reese's music, which he can hear through the paper-in walls.

He knocks on the wall. Reese turns the music off.

DANTE

For some reason, there's a bottle of rum in my room.

INT. TRIESTE HOTEL, DANTE'S ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

Dante pours rum into glasses. Reese sits on the bed.

They "cheers."

REESE

My aunt always said my dad drank rum. When he got back from the war. He liked to go to Trader Vic's. He'd get the what's that drink called?

DANTE

Mai tai.

REESE

No.

DANTE

Zombie.

REESE

No. The one Nixon drank.

DANTE

Navy grog.

REESE

Yeah. She said he always drank navy grog at Trader Vic's. Just one.

DANTE

You ever had one?

REESE

No. What is it exactly?

DANTE

I never had it either. I think it's strong.

REESE

Right. That's why he just had the one. After his shift, she said.

Reese looks at her rum.

DANTE

You grew up with your aunt, right?

REESE

My mom died when I was little and my dad died before I was born so... So I grew up with my aunt. My dad's sister.

DANTE

And your dad was a cop?

REESE

Yeah. I guess he was a brave guy. I like to think he's watching out for me. I mean, I don't believe in anything like that so I don't even know what I'm talking about.

She knocks back the rest of the rum and lies down with her feet hanging off the side of the bed.

REESE (CONT'D)

What am I talking about?

DANTE

I don't know.

REESE

If my dad really is looking out for me he's probably slapping his forehead and wondering how his kid could be so dumb. He's probably saying, "Two times you had them and two times you let them get away. What a fucking idiot."

DANTE

You did what you could.

REESE

"Here lies Reese Rezek. She did what she could."

DANTE

That's on your tombstone?

REESE

No, pepperoni and cheese.

DANTE

What?

REESE

It's a frozen pizza slogan.

They're looking at each other. Without either of them having moved, the space between them seems to have shrunk. *When did that happen?*

Reese sits up.

REESE (CONT'D)

I should go.

She's not actually going.

REESE (CONT'D)  
You have a boner.

DANTE  
Fuck. Come on.

He covers his crotch with his hands.

REESE  
No, I'm sorry. It's okay.

Reese pulls his hands away to get a look at his boner. It isn't weird. It's kind of sweet.

She pulls his hands to her breasts.

She touches his crotch and kisses him.

Then they're making out like teenagers.

DANTE  
I'm sorry I had a boner. I--

REESE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I noticed, but...

She breaks away from their embrace. She flops down on the bed and starts taking her clothes off.

REESE (CONT'D)  
Take your clothes off. Take your clothes off and... Shit.

DANTE  
What?

REESE  
Bad underwear.

Dante shrugs. He doesn't care.

She takes her pajama bottoms off. Underneath she has dingy underwear that might have been white to start with.

DANTE  
I like seeing all of you. Bad underwear and--

REESE  
Good, because I want you to see my bad underwear. And I want to shut up and stop talking.

They've been so focused on her bad underwear that Dante hasn't taken anything off yet.

She grabs him and kisses him more. She reaches into his pants and gets them halfway off as he grabs her butt.

Everything else bad that has happened or will happen doesn't exist in this moment.

INT. TRIESTE CENTRALE TRAIN STATION, WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

A white-tiled, marble-countered room.

Lizzy scrubs her hair over a sink, trying to get the red dye out. But her hair has a red glow that won't go away.

INT. TRIESTE CENTRALE TRAIN STATION, PUBLIC LOCKERS - DAY

Lizzy uses a key to open a locker.

She pulls out and unzips a gym bag.

Inside, she finds an envelope with some money. There's also a note from Jens, which begins, "Don't worry, we'll be laughing about this one day."

EXT. ITALIAN RURAL CROSSROADS - DAY

Surrounded by almond orchards, POLICEMEN have a checkpoint set up.

They wave through a camper van.

A bus approaches. The police stop it and two of them get on.

Another policeman waves through a pickup filled with DAY LABORERS.

EXT. PICKUP - SAME TIME

In the bed of the truck, Lizzy peeps out from under a pile of burlap sacks. The young men sitting around her seem pleased at having got one over on the police.

EXT. ALMOND ORCHARD - DAY

The pickup bumps along the dirt road that slices through the trees. It comes to a stop and Lizzy hops out.

The truck pulls away, leaving Lizzy alone with the hum of insects and the chirping of birds.

EXT. ITALIAN RURAL ROAD - DAY

At the edge of the orchard, Lizzy stands beside a lonely stretch of road.

An old Peugeot approaches. Lizzy puts her thumb out, but it zooms by.

She feels invisible.

The sound of another motor grows and a white Fiat convertible comes into view. Lizzy puts her thumb out.

This time the car stops.

The driver is GIADA (20s), an Italian woman with an Hermès scarf around her head.

INT. HOTEL BAR - EVENING

The look is black and pink deco revival.

Lizzy and Giada are ensconced at the far end of the bar, with icy, fizzy, red Americanos in front of them.

GIADA  
Go on, try it.

Lizzy examines the drink.

GIADA (CONT'D)  
You can't tell me you've never had  
Campari before.

Lizzy shakes her head.

GIADA (CONT'D)  
What have you been doing in Italy  
then?

Lizzy shrugs and takes a sip.

GIADA (CONT'D)  
You like it?

LIZZY  
I like it.

GIADA  
I don't know what to think of you.

LIZZY  
You should think that I grew up in  
a boring place with boring people.  
(MORE)

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
That I myself was boring until  
quite recently.

GIADA  
I've made up so many stories in my  
mind leading up to meeting you on  
the side of the road.

LIZZY  
You'd never guess the real story.

GIADA  
You're a wealthy heiress, on the  
run from your parents.

Lizzy shakes her head and takes a sip.

GIADA (CONT'D)  
You're an orphan with no parents.  
Or so you thought. You've just  
found out that your parents are...

LIZZY  
My boyfriend killed my parents and  
an American police detective is on  
our trail. That's why we've  
separated, you see.

GIADA  
I see. Imaginary boyfriend. So the  
truth probably is something boring.

They take sips of their drinks, the cool beads of condensation  
from the glasses making their hands damp.

GIADA (CONT'D)  
Do you want to go dancing with me  
tonight?

Lizzy takes a sip to give herself time to think.

LIZZY  
I can't. There's a night bus to  
Locarno. Switzerland. My boyfriend--

GIADA  
The one who's not real.

LIZZY  
The one who's not real. But he is  
real and he'll be waiting for me.  
And he wouldn't like it if I went  
out dancing with you.

GIADA  
He doesn't have to know.

LIZZY

No. I'd tell him. I'd tell him  
because I needed forgiveness. Or to  
hurt him. Or for some reason. I  
know I'd tell him and I don't want  
to do that.

GIADA

So I don't have a chance?

LIZZY

Maybe in another life.

**SUPER OVER BLACK: 1986**

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM - NIGHT

Above a big picture of Captain Ellis, multicolor letters spell  
out, "FINALLY OFF THE CLOCK!"

Tons of COPS are here to celebrate. It's crowded and rowdy.

Reese, in a black dress and blazer, stands in the back.

Fielding appears beside her with two glasses of Champagne.

FIELDING

Try it. You might like it.

Reese eyes him and takes a glass.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

So this DEA thing is kind of  
permanent, huh?

REESE

Yeah.

FIELDING

At least you get to do the cool  
outfits. I love the punk ones. It's  
like a whole other side of you.  
Like a bad side. I mean, how much  
do you get into the part?

Reese looks around the room for someone, *anyone* else to talk to.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

You know, I like punk chicks. Like  
Debbie Harry.

REESE

She's not punk. And I'm not working  
in the field anymore.



FIELDING

Hey, how come you don't like me?  
I'm always kidding around, but  
you're not into it.

REESE

I just want to do my job. I don't  
want to do whatever this is.

She looks him in the eye. *I'm not interested.*

FIELDING

Don't flatter yourself.

Reese spots Dante through the crowd. She hands Fielding her empty  
Champagne glass.

Reese weaves past knots of people to find Dante.

REESE

Jesus, that guy's such a limp dick  
little shit.

DANTE

Yeah...

Dante realizes that he knows something Reese doesn't.

DANTE (CONT'D)

You know he's taking over Ellis'  
job, right?

REESE

Fuck me. You're kidding.

He's not kidding.

A waiter passes with glasses of Champagne. Dante snags two of  
them.

For a while they just drink.

DANTE

You know the thing that happened  
when we were in Italy? What'd you  
think of that?

Reese takes a moment to answer. Not because it's awkward, but  
because it's important.

REESE

I liked it. But.

She looks him right in the eyes. There's no shame here for either  
of them.

REESE (CONT'D)  
I think we're supposed to be  
something else. What do you think?

DANTE  
Yeah. Same.

INT. MARKS & SPENCER (HAMPSTEAD LOCATION) - DAY

A pen moves along the signature line of a check, elegantly forming the name Julia Holte.

Lizzy clicks the pen closed.

We're in a cheerful English department store.

Lizzy confidently pushes the check across to MAGGIE, a timid clerk at the front counter. Maggie looks at the name on the check.

MAGGIE  
Thank you, Ms. Holte.

Maggie slips a leather jacket into an M&S bag.

LIZZY  
Thanks. I like your necklace.

Maggie touches her necklace, which is ordinary in every way.

MAGGIE  
Oh, thank you.

Lizzy smiles, heads for the door, and exits.

Life in the store goes on.

An ELDERLY WOMAN compares blends of tea.

A YOUNG BOY sneaks sweets into his PARENTS' shopping basket.

A TEENAGE COUPLE argues in low voices.

Jens walks in, carrying the M&S bag, now artfully rumpled.

He makes his way to the customer service counter where an OFFICIOUS MANAGER comes to attention.

JENS  
I was hoping to return this jacket.  
I bought it for my girlfriend, but  
she doesn't like it.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD SIDE STREET - DAY

Lizzy stands in place bobbing around. She rubs her hands and acts all nervous and excited and weird.

She keeps glancing up the street.

Finally, Jens comes around the corner. He doesn't have the bag anymore, but he doesn't look happy.

In fact, he looks panicked.

He shakes his head like, "Be cool, act cool, we need to move fast and get out of here."

Then suddenly, he smiles and whips out a handful of cash.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

In a shadowy grove of bushes, Lizzy and Jens are half undressed and having sex on the ground. It's really dirty and leafy and damp. And joyful.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY, LATER

Now they're lying flat on the ground catching their breath. Lizzy notices her underwear half buried in a drift of leaves.

LIZZY

My underwear has leaves in it.

JENS

It's good luck. Ancient German saying.

Lizzy rolls around a little just to feel the dirt and the leaves and the damp under her body.

LIZZY

I'm so fucking happy. It's like I'm on drugs, but really on drugs and the real drugs are us and fucking and stealing money and writing books about it later but I don't want to think about that right now because we're here.

Lizzy grabs him and licks his face.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese uses an X-Acto knife to slice out a color photocopy of Lizzy's Virginia driver's license.

She's sitting on the floor at the coffee table, which is covered with bits of information about Lizzy and Jens.

The mail slot opens and mail comes shooting through.

Reese leans back to grab it, tossing aside the junk and opening a letter postmarked from Germany.

As she scans the letter, a few phrases stand out like, "Unfortunately, we have no records of..." and "...best of our knowledge, Mr. Soering has never gone under any other names."

INT. GROUND FLOOR FLAT - DAY

The place is tiny and barely furnished.

Lizzy sits in bed (really, a mattress on the floor) paging through the Next catalogue.

Jens comes in from the bathroom. He's just showered.

Lizzy holds up the catalogue.

LIZZY  
Julia Holte's first catalogue.

She points out that it's addressed to Julia Holte.

JENS  
Why does it say £3 on it?

LIZZY  
Because it cost £3.

Jens can't believe it. Lizzy turns to men's suiting.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
There's fabric samples. And it's hardbound like a book and it knows what we want.

JENS  
We have to be smart with our money.

LIZZY  
I know that. I know. But look.

She turns to lingerie. Jens nods, unenthusiastically.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
Ooh la la.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - NIGHT

A copy shop has a neon sign in the window that reads,  
"International Fax Services."

Reese pays a CLERK and heads for the door.

Outside, Reese fumbles as she unlocks her car door, dropping a folder and its contents all over.

Dante jogs over and scoops it up for her.

REESE  
Oh, hi. Thanks.

Dante has just come out of an Italian restaurant. He isn't alone.  
PATRICIA (30s), an elegant, cheerful woman is with him.

DANTE  
You ever been to that place? It's a  
good place for going out.

REESE  
I've never been.

DANTE  
This is Patricia. My fiancé. We  
just got engaged.

REESE  
Oh. Good to meet you. He's a real  
catch.

PATRICIA  
Oh, definitely.

Patricia and Reese shake hands.

DANTE  
Reese and I used to be partners.  
She's one of the good ones.

Nobody knows what to say next, so there's awkward silence.

REESE  
Anyway, I'll get going and leave  
you to it.

Dante realizes he's still holding Reese's folder. He can't help  
noticing it's profiles of Lizzy and Jens.

He hands it to her.

REESE (CONT'D)  
(to Patricia)  
Good meeting you.

Reese gets into her car and closes the door.

INT. UNDERGROUND CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Lizzy's hair is bright green now, but the glow of being on the run has faded. She's drunk and leaning on Jens' shoulder.

LIZZY

What are we going to do?

JENS

We're going to go home and go to sleep.

LIZZY

Remember how we were becoming the people we were meant to be?  
Remember when we said that?

UNDERGROUND CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Maida Vale. This is Maida Vale.

The trains slows down as it pulls into the station.

LIZZY

Remember?

JENS

(getting up)  
This is our stop.

LIZZY

But you remember, right?

The doors open. Passengers exit as Jens tries to get Lizzy out of her seat.

UNDERGROUND CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Maida Vale. This is a Bakerloo line train to Queen's Park.

JENS

Come on.

LIZZY

I'm not coming. You don't remember.

JENS

I do remember. Come on.

LIZZY

No, fuck you. You don't.

Jens pulls her up and towards the exit. She lets him.

At the door, she pushes him away.

The doors close with her on the train and him off.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
I don't remember either, so fuck  
you. Cunt.

But she does remember. She only wanted to hurt Jens, but he didn't even hear her.

INT. MARKS & SPENCER (AYLESBURY LOCATION) - DAY

The store is decked out for Christmas. HOLIDAY SHOPPERS crowd around stacks of chocolates and cakes.

Lizzy signs another check as Julia Holte. Her green hair is faded and dull.

EXT. AYLESBURY HIGH STREET - SAME TIME

Jens leans on the wall of a cinema near a poster for *Robocop*.

He watches the CROWD OF SHOPPERS going by, tapping his foot impatiently until he sees Lizzy approaching with an M&S bag.

Jens snatches the bag, rumples it, and heads to the store.

A few yards from the door, Jens notices a SUSPICIOUS MANAGER peeking his head out.

His flight instinct kicks in, but he hesitates, not wanting to attract attention.

The manager takes a step towards him.

Jens turns, running headlong into a POLICEMAN.

INT. ROANOKE POLICE DEPARTMENT, DETECTIVES BULLPEN - DAY

The room is trimmed with drooping lengths of fake garland.

Reese pours herself a coffee and heads towards her desk.

As she passes an artificial Christmas tree, Fielding calls out from the doorway to his office.

FIELDING  
Hey, Rezek. You in on Secret Santa?

REESE  
Sure.

GOFFMAN (20s), balding young detective, looks up from his desk.

GOFFMAN

Whoever gets her, she wants a  
dildo. That's the only fucking  
thing she wants.

REESE

You're thinking of yourself again,  
Goffman.

This garners a smattering of laughs.

FIELDING

Hey, I've got the real thing if you  
ever get sick of Goffman's dildo.

Reese, hearing the phone ringing on her desk, jogs the last few  
yards.

REESE

(answering the phone)  
Narcotics. This is Rezek.

KIMMEL (V.O.)

(over the phone)  
This is Kimmel of Scotland Yard. I  
hope I've got the right person.

She sets her coffee down. He heart is racing.

REESE

This is Rezek. Detective Rezek.

KIMMEL (V.O.)

I've got two faxed documents in  
front of me. Profiles of Jens  
Soering and Elizabeth Haysom. Do  
you know who I mean?

INT. ROANOKE POLICE DEPARTMENT, FIELDING'S OFFICE - DAY

Reese comes in and closes the door behind her. She looks warily at  
Fielding.

FIELDING

Show me your tits and I might let  
you go.

He lets it hang just a second.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

No, god, please. I'm just kidding.  
Don't show me your tits. Is this  
really that important to you?



Reese is trying to figure out how to get what she wants without showing vulnerability.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Sit down.

REESE

That's okay.

FIELDING

You think you can get what we need?

REESE

I'll get the truth.

FIELDING

Ask me nicely. Come on, just this once, ask me without the attitude.

REESE

I've said what I have to say.

Fielding thinks it over. Reese lets him.

FIELDING

This is a one-off. It doesn't mean you're back on homicide. I want you back here and back on your real job in 72 hours. And don't say I never did anything for you.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

Lizzy sits alone at a table. She looks edgy and unhappy. She's waiting for something and can't understand what's taking so long.

The door to the room opens and Reese steps in.

She takes a seat across from Lizzy.

She sets a tape recorder on the table between them and presses the record button.

LIZZY

You look older than I remember.

REESE

You look like you have regrets.

LIZZY

No regrets.

REESE

You're here. Whatever happened before led you here.

LIZZY

Same goes for you too.

Reese watches Lizzy for a while. *Play it slow. Wait for tension to build. Wait for the right moment.*

Now.

REESE

Do you miss your parents?

LIZZY

This is a bullshit thing, right?  
Like a tactic. You trip me up. Try  
to spook me.

REESE

No. I really want to know. Do you  
miss them?

FLASH: Paint, the color of skin, brushed onto a canvas in a curving stroke.

LIZZY

Well, since you really want to  
know, I'll tell you. I don't miss  
them. I don't give a shit that  
they're dead. I honestly like it  
this way, but do you want to know  
the really fucked up part?

REESE

Yeah.

LIZZY

I can't even enjoy it, because you  
guys have the wrong idea.

REESE

So who killed them?

Lizzy shakes her head. She doesn't know. Or doesn't want to know.

REESE (CONT'D)

You want to know what I think?

Lizzy shrugs.

REESE (CONT'D)

How about this? I'll say what I  
think and you tell me to fuck off  
if I'm wrong.

LIZZY

And what happens then?

REESE  
I fuck off. You deal with your  
local fraud charges.

LIZZY  
So I tell you to fuck off and you  
fuck off?

Reese waits for the tension to build. Lizzy tries not to look nervous. *She's nervous.*

REESE  
I think Jens loves you. A hell of a  
lot. I think that he saw how you  
felt about your parents and decided  
to do something about it. I think  
you didn't know what he would do.  
And I think you want to tell me  
what really happened, but you feel  
like shit because Jens did this  
thing, this crazy thing, for you.  
Or that's what he thinks. That's  
what he's got you thinking too.

Lizzy takes all of this in.

FLASH: Another curving stroke in skin colored paint.

LIZZY  
Fuck off.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

Reese steps in with the tape recorder in hand. Jens looks up at her very calmly.

JENS  
Don't turn that thing on.

Reese sits down, setting the recorder on the table and turning it on.

JENS (CONT'D)  
I won't talk with it on. I just  
want to talk like people.

REESE  
Elizabeth spoke with it on.

Jens reaches forward and shuts off the tape recorder.

JENS  
What did she say?

REESE

I want to know what you have to say. I'm here to find out the truth. That's all. That's why I wanted the tape recorder going.

JENS

Did she say she did something?

REESE

Tell me about that weekend again. Just take me through it in your own words.

JENS

Do you think I could get some coffee? And a chocolate bar?

Reese gives it a moment before responding.

REESE

Yeah. What kind of chocolate bar? Don't they have different ones here?

JENS

I want the one with the coconut.

Reese gets up and exits the room.

Jens waits. He takes another sip of water.

He tries out clasping his hands together on the table. He doesn't like how it feels so he puts his hands in his lap.

Reese comes back in and sits down.

She watches Jens trying to stay calm.

He feels her watching him. It's not comfortable.

REESE

I'll tell you one thing Elizabeth said. She said she hated her parents. I mean, really hated them.

The door opens and a UNIFORMED OFFICER brings in a paper cup of coffee and a Bounty bar. He sets them down on the table and exits.

Reese waits for Jens to say something. The seconds tick by. *He's going to say something.*

JENS

She didn't do anything. She didn't know anything about it.

Jens unwraps the Bounty bar. He takes a bite.

Reese turns on the recorder.

*Don't scare him off. Let him take his time.*

JENS (CONT'D)

I want you to see something.

He holds his hand up for Reese to see.

JENS (CONT'D)

Look here.

Jens points out pale, shiny scars on his fingers.

REESE

From your accident. In the machine shop?

JENS

That's here.

He points to a scar running down his middle finger.

JENS (CONT'D)

It wasn't an accident. I did it to hide the others. That shows you the kind of will I had.

Reese keeps looking at the scars. It's hard interpret them with certainty.

REESE

The will for what, Jens?

INT. CHEVETTE - DAY

*[It's 1985. The weekend of the murders.]*

Jens is at the wheel. Lizzy has her feet up on the dashboard. They're somewhere between Charlottesville and D.C.

LIZZY

My mother's probably having her sixth gin about this time. Maybe she'll get drunk enough to use that fire poker on my father. That would be something wouldn't it?

Lizzy looks over at Jens, but he's focused on the road.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

They told me to break up with you.  
My mother told me you didn't have  
the right kind of standing for a  
girl like me. That's exactly how  
she said it. "He doesn't have the  
right kind of..." She pauses there  
and then she finds this word,  
"Standing." "Standing," she says.  
"The right kind of standing."

She waits for Jens to react, but he's giving her nothing. She  
takes her feet off the dashboard.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Hello? Earth to Jens, are you  
there?

JENS

When we visited at Thanksgiving, I  
saw something. In your mother's  
studio. Pictures of you...

FLASH: A Polaroid flashes and spits out a picture.

LIZZY

I may take up black magic. Then  
maybe I'd get somewhere with my  
mother.

JENS

Are you listening to me? I said, I  
saw pictures of you in your  
mother's studio. Nude pictures.

FLASH: A partly developed Polaroid. A ghostly, naked torso.

LIZZY

You'd help me with my black magic,  
wouldn't you?

JENS

You don't need black magic.

EXT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS - NIGHT

Jens pounds on the door.

Derek answers. He's a few drinks in and pissed about the rude  
pounding.

DEREK

Jesus, you're drunk. How did you  
get here?

JENS

I'm the voice of god. I appear. It doesn't matter my Mr. Haysom. Let me in, let me in or I'll blow your house down.

NANCY (O.S.)

Who is it?

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jens follows Derek into the living room.

DEREK

He says he's the voice of god.

Jens spots Nancy, who stands there whisking a bowl of cream.

JENS

I've come to invade your minds and see if you're worthy. I'm serious.

Jens scans the room taking in the remains of dinner: dirty plates, glasses of vodka, a carved ham and knife.

NANCY

What's he talking about, dear?

JENS

I'm taking very serious measures here because I know how you work. I know how you flip switches. Little wires trip in Lizzy's head and she can't help it.

NANCY

What is he talking about?

JENS

Sir, Mr. Haysom, I'm sure you know and maybe you've done some things yourself. Maybe so, but I don't know about that. But I do know about your wife and how she loves your daughter in ways she ought not. So that's why I'm here.

DEREK

I'm too astounded to speak. If I haven't been speaking, that's why.

JENS

You haven't been speaking because I don't want you to speak.

(MORE)

JENS (CONT'D)  
I'm already in your brain and I'm  
powerful. Now listen to me--

DEREK  
Boy, I used to stick little fuckers  
like you for nothing.

JENS  
Little fuckers like me have  
demands. Number one, you will  
acknowledge your sins.

NANCY  
I'll get the cake.

Nancy buzzes out, pretending nothing's wrong.

JENS  
Number two, money.

Derek rushes Jens and slams him against the wall. He squeezes  
Jens' throat like he's going to kill him.

DEREK  
Get the fuck out of my house. Get  
out and if I ever see you again...

Derek squeezes Jens' neck tighter and then lets go.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I won't let go.

Jens catches himself on the sideboard. His hand is an inch from  
the ham and the knife.

Jens wraps his fingers around the knife handle and clutches it  
tight.

Derek looks at him like, "You don't have the guts."

But he does.

Jens plunges the knife into Derek's neck.

There's blood everywhere.

Nancy comes at Jens with another knife.

Jens puts up a hand in defense, his flesh slicing open as he  
catches the blade between his fingers.

Jens wrenches the knife away.

He lashes out at Nancy, stabbing the knife into her shoulder.



INT. SCOTLAND YARD INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

*[We're back in the present.]*

We're intent on Reese as she watches Jens. She's steady. Careful not to give him anything.

JENS

So what happens now?

**SUPER OVER BLACK: 1988**

INT. HOTEL ROANOKE, LIZZY'S ROOM - DAY

We're intent on Lizzy. She's wearing a chic orange blouse with a belt. She's not defiant anymore. She's an upstanding girl from a good family.

LIZZY

With Jens it was different. I  
thought he was my soulmate. My life  
partner. My creative partner. My...

She pauses to take a sip of water. She's alone in the room, sitting on the edge of her bed.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

With Jens it was different. I  
thought he was my soulmate. My life  
partner. He opened a door for me.

INT. ROANOKE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, ROOM 102 - DAY

Lizzy is on the stand. She's wearing the orange blouse.

The proceeding is closed, so the benches are empty.

LIZZY

With Jens it was different. I  
thought he was my soulmate. My life  
partner. But, because of him, I'm  
pleading guilty today as an  
accessory to murder in the first  
degree. Because of him--

INT. ROANOKE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, ROOM 102 - DAY

Reese is near the courtroom's main exit. She's waiting, watching.

Closer to the doors, SANDY DAVIS, an attorney, has her hand protectively on Lizzy's back.

DAVIS  
Are you ready?

Lizzy glances back at Reese.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Are you ready?

INT. ROANOKE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A MOB OF REPORTERS descends on Lizzy as a BAILIFF opens the courtroom door. Davis tries to protect her.

REPORTER #1	REPORTER #2
How do you feel after today's hearing?	Was it your idea for Jens to confront your parents?

COURTHOUSE POLICE OFFICERS jump in to carve a path for Lizzy.

Reese slips out of the courtroom unaccosted.

She heads away from the fray, towards a door at the other end of the hall.

REESE GOODCHILD (late 20s), a reporter with a pixie cut, catches up with her.

GOODCHILD  
Reese Goodchild, *Roanoke Times*.  
I've never met another Reese before.

Reese glances over at her, but does not reply.

GOODCHILD (CONT'D)  
Those guys are chasing the wrong story. I want to know about you.

Reese keeps walking. She's just a few feet from the door.

GOODCHILD (CONT'D)  
Come on. Give me something. How'd you get that confession out of Jens?

Reese won't bite.

GOODCHILD (CONT'D)  
Elizabeth Haysom pleaded guilty as an accessory to murder. Do you think that's the right charge?

They reach the door, but Goodchild gets in front of it.

GOODCHILD (CONT'D)

One thing I'm particularly interested in. You're not a homicide detective anymore, are you? But you're still involved in this case. How does that work? Is that like an official unofficial thing?

REESE

Are you going to follow me to the parking garage?

GOODCHILD

She speaks.

REESE

You didn't answer my question.

Goodchild takes out her card.

GOODCHILD

Give me a call if you want to talk.

Reese does not take the card. Instead, she opens the door and slips through.

INT. ROANOKE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The only sounds are the fluorescent hum of overhead lights and Reese's footsteps.

Or is there another sound?

Reese glances over her shoulder. WALT, a tall man in a faded army jacket, heads in her direction. Probably just going to his car.

Reese keeps walking.

Walt gains on her. Maybe he's not just going to his car.

Reese increases her pace, but she can't put any more distance between them without breaking into a jog.

She turns to confront the guy.

REESE

Can I help you?

WALT

I've been trying to help you. Did you get what I sent you?

*What the hell is this guy talking about?*

WALT (CONT'D)  
I drew a picture for you. The guy  
you're looking for.

Reese turns and starts walking towards her car again.

WALT (CONT'D)  
He looks a lot like that kid you  
popped, but with long hair.

REESE  
(getting her keys out)  
For one thing, today's hearing  
wasn't about Soering. It was about  
Haysom, who's already pleaded  
guilty. For another thing, Jens  
Soering is still in England.

WALT  
I'm not talking about Jens! I'm  
talking about the guy you should be  
looking for! The guy who's still  
running around laughing at you!

Finally, Reese gets to her car. Walt grabs her arm.

Reese twists out of his grip and pulls out her gun.

Somehow Walt has whipped out a gun too. A big gun, like a .44  
Magnum. In the scuffle, he pulls the trigger.

The shot echoes in the closed space. The bullet glances Reese's  
arm, tearing away a hunk of flesh.

She hits the ground, her gun skittering away.

Blood spreads across the sleeve of Reese's jacket.

Walt bolts.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

On television, a LOCAL REPORTER stands in front of the courthouse  
interviewing an OPINIONATED CITIZEN.

OPINIONATED CITIZEN  
I say accessory? Accessory? Are you  
kidding me? She planned the whole--

Dante switches it off. He looks to Reese, who's in a hospital bed,  
recovering.

DANTE  
I brought your things.

Dante holds up the picture of her father, the tape player, and some tapes.

REESE

Thanks.

DANTE

How are you feeling?

Reese shrugs. It hurts.

REESE

Ow. Fine.

Dante sets her things down on the bedside table. He pulls up a chair and sits down.

REESE (CONT'D)

Put one on one of the tapes. You pick.

He looks through the tapes and puts on *Enya* by Enya.

After some tape hiss, the floating, wistful notes of the opening track come out of the tinny speaker.

DANTE

When they first told me you were shot, I didn't know how bad it was.

REESE

It's okay. I'm okay.

Reese pushes herself up in bed. Dante takes her hand and squeezes it. Then he remembers something.

REESE (CONT'D)

What?

Dante lets her hand go.

DANTE

Look, there's something I have to get out of the way. Something I have to tell you.

Reese waits for him to go on, but Dante doesn't quite know where to start.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Soering's going to be extradited.

REESE

I know.

DANTE

But he recanted his confession. He said he only confessed because he believed Haysom did it. He thought he was protecting her.

REESE

That's bullshit.

DANTE

The DA's worried about the circumstances of the confession. He's keeping you out of their case.

REESE

But I am the case.

DANTE

I know.

REESE

I need to be a part of it. I need to--

INT. ROANOKE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, ROOM 106 - DAY

JUDGE WILLIAM W. SWEENEY presides over a jam-packed courtroom. Three television cameras and their OPERATORS loom in the back. The whole thing is a zoo.

Situated between his attorneys, Jens watches Lizzy on the stand.

LIZZY

He had a choice. He had a four hour drive.

Lizzy pauses. The magnetic force between her and Jens makes her look over at him. For a moment, they make eye contact.

She rips herself away.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

No matter what I had said to him before that, he had a choice whether he killed my parents or not.

Reese watches from the last row in the gallery. She can sense the energy in the room. Jens doesn't have a chance.

INT. ROANOKE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Reese unlocks her car. An old Honda pulls up nearby and Goodchild rolls down the window.

GOODCHILD  
Detective Rezek. Reese Goodchild--

REESE  
*Roanoke Times*. "Never met another  
Reese before." I remember.

GOODCHILD  
Just a spectator for this one, huh?

Reese shrugs. Goodchild holds out her card, but Reese doesn't reach for it.

GOODCHILD (CONT'D)  
Maybe you'll want to talk sometime.

She keeps holding the card out.

GOODCHILD (CONT'D)  
Come on. It won't bite.

Mostly to get her to go away, Reese takes the card.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON, VISITING ROOM - DAY

Live coverage of Jens' trial is on a wall-mounted TV, but the sound is off.

At a dozen tables, FRIENDS and FAMILY visit with PRISONERS.

A TOUGH GUARD brings Lizzy to a table where Reese is waiting.

TOUGH GUARD  
One hour.

Lizzy notices Jens on TV as she sits down.

LIZZY  
He looks terrible up there.

Reese looks to the TV. Even without sound, Jens looks self-satisfied and obnoxious.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
Nodding along, looking sarcastic.  
If I were his lawyer, I'd tell him  
to cut it out.

REESE  
You think he'd listen?

Lizzy shrugs.

LIZZY

Why are you here? They told me  
you're not a part of this anymore.

REESE

I'm here as a regular visitor.

LIZZY

I doubt that.

REESE

I've got this picture I carry  
around with me. A framed picture.  
It's of my dad. He was a cop. He  
liked boxing. He liked drinking  
navy grogs at Trader Vic's after  
his shift. Just one, because one  
was enough.

Lizzy can't figure what Reese is getting at.

REESE (CONT'D)

That's what I tell people. But do  
you want to know the truth?

LIZZY

Sure.

REESE

Everything I just said is what my  
aunt told me. Later on, she told me  
none of it was true. She got the  
picture from a yard sale and made  
all that stuff up.

LIZZY

She should have just left it alone.  
I mean, why spoil it?

REESE

I started asking too many  
questions. I tried to find my dad  
in old newspapers. He was killed in  
the line of duty. That's what she  
said. So I tried to find him, but  
he wasn't there. So she had to tell  
me.

LIZZY

So who was your dad really?

REESE

He was a drunk. He drank himself to  
death before I was born.



LIZZY  
But you still carry the picture?

REESE  
I wanted to be a detective because of him. I thought I had this link to him. Even though we never knew each other.

LIZZY  
So you must have been pissed, right? I mean, when you found out.

REESE  
For me, everything I knew before was true and this new thing, the actual truth was the lie.

LIZZY  
That's bullshit.

REESE  
Which part?

LIZZY  
Do you just do this for fun?

REESE  
Which part is bullshit?

LIZZY  
The whole thing. This is just another tactic, right? But I don't even know what you want with me anymore.

REESE  
How sure are you about what happened that weekend?

Lizzy gets up.

LIZZY  
Don't try to see me again. Ever. You understand me? I'm sick of your face and I'm sick of your tactics and your little tricks. So fuck you and fuck off.

INT. ROANOKE POLICE DEPARTMENT, DETECTIVES BULLPEN - DAY

Reese takes a sip of coffee and sits down at her desk.

She tries to refocus, to forget Jens and Lizzy.

She picks up a stack of papers from her in-box.

She jumps as Dante taps her on the arm. Looking at him, she can tell he has important news.

DANTE  
Soering was found guilty.

Reese doesn't reply. She opens a Manila envelope marked, "Det. Rezek - Urgent!"

DANTE (CONT'D)  
I know you were in the courtroom.  
Watching I mean, so I thought...

Reese looks up from the envelope before seeing what's inside.

REESE  
He looked like a little shit on the  
stand. The jury hated him. He never  
had a chance.

She finally sees what's in the envelope. It's a VHS tape of a movie called *Stripped to Kill*. On the cover, a stripper clasps a giant knife in place of a pole.

It dawns on Reese that this is supposed to be a joke. Dante can tell she's about to snap.

DANTE  
Let it go.

She should definitely let it go. Not give them the satisfaction. But she holds up the tape for everyone to see.

REESE  
(standing up)  
What the fuck is this?

Everyone looks up from their desks. *We don't know anything about it.*

REESE (CONT'D)  
Who put this on my desk?

Fielding appears in his office door to see what the commotion is all about.

REESE (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck did it?

GOFFMAN  
Jesus Rezek, if you're PMSing just  
take a Midol.

For another second, nobody says anything. Then Fielding can't resist anymore.

FIELDING

You know, that's a great movie.  
This sexy police lady goes  
undercover as a stripper. Maybe,  
you should check it out. See if it  
inspires you.

*Oh. He put the tape in my box.*

She hurls the tape at Fielding's head.

TWHACK! The tape hits him square on the forehead and he goes down.

Dante touches Reese's arm, but she pulls away.

REESE

Don't touch me.

Fielding picks himself up and wipes the blood off his forehead with a handkerchief.

Reese is deadly calm.

REESE (CONT'D)

I get it. You're right. I don't  
belong here. I'm leaving now and  
I'm not coming back.

Everyone watches as Reese pulls on her jacket.

She takes a sip of tepid coffee.

She pulls her badge out and puts it on her desk.

She picks up the picture of the man who's not her father.

She looks around to see if she forgot anything. No.

She makes eye contact with Dante. There's nothing either of them can say surrounded by these people.

Reese turns and walks out the door.

### **SUPER OVER BLACK: 1991**

INT. STRIP MALL MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO - NIGHT

TEENAGE GIRLS in t-shirts and sweatpants stand in pairs on a big blue mat.

Reese watches over them.

She looks different now. For one thing, her hair is short. But it's more than that. All of the tension wound up inside her has gone slack. It's hard to tell if she's happy or numb.

REESE

Now, grab.

One girl in each pair grabs the other's arm.

REESE (CONT'D)

And break.

The second girl in each pair tries to break the hold.

REESE (CONT'D)

Good. Again.

INT. REESE'S VW RABBIT - NIGHT

The car is parked in the strip mall lot. Reese starts it up and the radio comes on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...story in *The Roanoke Times*. Mr.  
Soering declined to comment, but--

Reese switches the radio off.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

Reese pulls her VW into an open spot. A muffled cheer comes from one of the houses. She's in the right place.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reese walks in.

The place is stuffed with CO-WORKERS and their FAMILIES. Holyfield vs. Foreman is on a huge TV.

Kids run around. People not interested in the fight chat in the kitchen. There's a huge spread of food.

PAUL (60s), a spectacled man in a checked shirt, spots her.

PAUL

Hey, you made it.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

*Perfect Strangers* is on a small TV on the counter. Some people are watching, but most are chatting or preparing more food.

Reese opens the fridge and grabs a beer.

*Perfect Strangers* goes to commercial. It's a spot for the 11 o'clock news.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR  
Shoddy police work and a forced  
confession in the infamous case of  
Jens Soering. Our top story tonight  
is a blistering report in *The  
Roanoke Times*.

Reese feels a prickle of the old tension.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
Former Roanoke PD Detective Reese  
Rezek was...

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reese sleeps on her pullout couch. Or tries too.

She can't get the covers right. Or the pillow.

She turns on a lamp to check the time: Just past 3 in the morning.

*Why can't I shut off my brain?*

INT. VIRGINIA UNITED INSURANCE - DAY

INSURANCE MEN AND WOMEN work in cubicles.

Pages of a complicated insurance form appear in the tray of a copy machine.

Reese grabs them and navigates back to her desk.

She sits down and checks some figures on her computer.

The phone rings.

REESE  
(answering the phone)  
Claims. This is Rezek.

GRAVELLY VOICE (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
I saw the news last night.

*A tingle of dread.*

REESE  
Who is this?

There's a long silence. *Did he hang up?*

GRAVELLY VOICE (V.O.)  
 The man who shot you. I'll tell you  
 my name. It's Walt Whitman. Like  
 the poet. I own a German car  
 specialist shop outside Lynchburg.  
 And, what I was trying to tell you  
 that day, was I wrote you a letter  
 where I laid it all out. But--

She hangs up.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A light blinks on the answering machine.

Reese presses play. It rewinds. For a while.

It clicks, beeps, and begins to play.

WALT (V.O.)  
 (on the answering machine)  
 Since you won't talk to me, just  
 listen. I wrote you a letter, back,  
 oh, four, five years ago. I guess  
 you read it, thought I was a crank.

Walt pauses to clear his throat. Reese's heart races.

WALT (V.O.)  
 Or maybe you never got the letter  
 and that's why Soering got nailed  
 the way he did. See, in my letter,  
 I laid it all out. With a drawing I  
 made and everything. And the point  
 is just this: I saw the man who did  
 the Loose Chippings job and it  
 wasn't Soering. Now, how come you  
 should believe me? I'll tell you  
 how come. You should believe me  
 because I'm calling and putting  
 myself out there. Hell, you could  
 probably get me sent up to the can.  
 But I don't think you're going to  
 do that. Call me at the shop if you  
 want to talk. Whitman's. I'm--

EXT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE - DAY

Reese pulls her VW off of a rural road, into the cracked, weedy  
 lot of Whitman's.

She turns the car off, looking out at the forlorn garage and the scrapyard.

EXT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Nobody's in sight.

REESE  
(calling out)  
Mr. Whitman?

She moves towards the scrapyard. Peeking down a pathway, she sees a tangle of German cars in various states of deconstruction, but no sign of Walt Whitman.

REESE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Whitman?

WALT (O.S.)  
Over here!

Reese moves into the maze. She finds Walt. He looks up from a rusted Mercedes.

WALT (CONT'D)	REESE
Detective Rezek. I was really hoping you'd--	I came here to tell you stop calling me, stop bothering me.

WALT  
You came all the way out here to tell me that?

REESE  
Don't call me again.

Reese turns and begins to walk away.

WALT  
Elizabeth Haysom was here, detective. She was with someone.

Reese stops and looks back at him.

REESE  
Mr. Whitman, I lead a normal life now. I'm not a detective.

WALT  
What the hell good is a normal life to you? You don't want that, girl. In two seconds, I can tell you're not that type.

REESE  
I am that type.

WALT  
Why are you here then?

Good question.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Now that you're here, just listen  
to what I have to say.

INT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE, OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Walt cracks two beers and hands one to Reese.

WALT  
You got a notebook? Pen or pencil?

Reese shakes her head. He grabs a sheet of paper and a pen.

WALT (CONT'D)  
There we go. You ready?

Reese takes a sip of beer. *What am I doing?*

INT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE, OFFICE - DAY

*[It's 1985.]*

A hand whacks the bell for service. It's Lizzy.

After a moment, Walt appears.

WALT  
How can I help you?

EXT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Putting sunglasses on, Lizzy leads Walt out to a Green Mercedes convertible with the front grill smashed.

In the far corner of the parking lot, Walt notices a YOUNG MAN smoking a cigarette. He's about the same age and build as Jens. But this guy has long, curly hair.

WALT  
This your car?

Lizzy involuntarily glances at the young man.

LIZZY  
Yeah.



INT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE, GARAGE - DAY

Walt drives the convertible onto the lift.

As he gets out of the car, something behind the driver's seat catches his eye.

He puts the seat forward.

On the floor is a hunting knife. With just enough spots of blood to be unsettling.

EXT. WHITMAN'S GERMAN AUTOMOTIVE, OFFICE - DAY

*[We're back in present.]*

Walt takes a sip of beer. Reese sets down the pen.

WALT

I'm telling you, that little S.O.B. with the girl in my shop was *not* the Soering kid. And guess what day it was? I checked my books on this one. It was three days after Loose Chippings.

INT. TEXAS TAVERN - NIGHT

Texas Tavern is not a tavern, but an old-time diner.

The COOK attends to burgers sizzling on the flat top.

Reese sits at the counter sipping a coke.

Dante comes in and takes the stool next to her. There's a cup of coffee waiting for him.

REESE

I need two things from you.

DANTE

Hello to you too.

REESE

Hello.

DANTE

How about how's life going? How's work? Are you seeing anyone? My wife and kids are fine, thank you.

REESE

I ordered you two cheesy westerns with. And coffee.

Dante picks up the coffee and takes a sip.

REESE (CONT'D)  
I've been reading about DNA.

DANTE  
Reese, you have to stop.

REESE  
I haven't even said what this is  
about.

The cook slides plates onto the counter. Dante has two small  
burgers with egg and cheese. Reese has chili with onions.

REESE (CONT'D)  
In the paper, they say I'm  
negligent. They say I coerced Jens'  
confession.

Dante takes a big bite of his first burger.

REESE (CONT'D)  
What if we have the wrong guy?

DANTE  
This guy was convicted by a jury of  
his peers. You know what it takes  
to reopen something like that?

REESE	DANTE (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I said about--	I'll tell you what it takes. You not only have to prove the convicted guy didn't do it, you more or less need to prove who did.

REESE  
What if people's lives are wasting  
away in prison because I fucked up?  
This isn't some theoretical thing.  
This is real.

Dante focuses on finishing off his first burger. After he does, he  
turns to Reese.

DANTE  
You'll go crazy if you think like  
that.

Reese shrugs.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
We can't run DNA locally. We'd have  
to send it to D.C.

He glances at Reese's untouched bowl of chili.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
Eat your chili. Come on. Before it  
gets cold.

Reese eyes him. Then she picks up her spoon and takes a bite of chili.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
What's the other thing? You said  
there were two things.

REESE  
I want to look at the evidence  
files again.

DANTE  
I don't think I can help you with  
that.

Reese eats her chili. After a while, she stops, staring into her bowl.

She leans her head on Dante's shoulder. For a moment, he lets her stay there.

DANTE (CONT'D)  
You can't do that.

But neither of them moves right away.

Then Reese takes her head off his shoulder and goes back to eating chili.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Distant mountains tower over the bleak, asphalt prison yard.

The place is entirely deserted except for Reese and Jens, who sit across from each other at a round metal picnic table.

JENS  
Whatever you think you're doing,  
you're about five years too late.

REESE  
I know that.

JENS  
Have you seen Lizzy?

REESE  
She won't see me.

JENS

So now what? Now that you're not a cop, you don't think I did it?

REESE

I came you hear what you have to say. If you're not interested, then we have nothing to talk about and I can get on with my life.

JENS

I've got lawyers. Sometimes they come to tell me about the appeal.

REESE

And how's that going?

JENS

Just tell me you're not here to fuck with me.

REESE

I'm not here to fuck with you.

Jens wants to believe her.

REESE (CONT'D)

Tell me about the day you drove to D.C. What was the first time you knew something was wrong?

Jens thinks this over for a long time.

JENS

I didn't know until later. I mean, I didn't know it was serious. I should have, but I didn't.

REESE

Okay, when should you have known? Hang on...

Reese pulls out a tape recorder. She meets Jens eyes for a moment.  
*It's okay.*

She hits the record button.

INT. THE BRANCH LINE - NIGHT

*[It's 1985. The night of the murders.]*

Lizzy devours a burger while Jens pokes at a plate of spaghetti and meatballs.

JENS

You're freaking me out. Tell me  
whatever it is you have to tell me.

Lizzy scarfs down the rest of her burger.

LIZZY

I owe someone a favor. Kind of a  
dealer guy. Not like a--

JENS

What kind of dealer?

LIZZY

He does all kinds of stuff. Coke  
and crystal and whatever else. I  
tried a few things because I wanted  
to... Like, it wasn't bullshit,  
fucking around. I wanted to know  
how to be more like me. Like we're  
always talking about. But I'm done  
with it and I just need to do this  
guy a favor and I'll be totally  
done. I need the car and I'll meet  
you later.

JENS

What kind of favor?

LIZZY

Actually, I need you to do me a  
favor too. I need you to buy movie  
tickets for both of us. And while  
I'm gone, you go to the movies and--

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

REESE

Who was she going to meet?

JENS

I don't know.

REESE

Even a guess--

JENS (CONT'D)

She wouldn't tell me. It was  
like... I didn't want to believe  
it, but it was like maybe she  
had a whole other life without  
me.

REESE

Okay. So you go to the movies.

JENS

Right. But she doesn't show up at the end. And she wasn't in the room either. So it's gets later and later. And I'm having all kinds of ideas. Like she's dead. Like she killed someone. I'm going crazy thinking about it.

INT. GEORGETOWN MARRIOTT, ROOM 1017 - NIGHT

The clock on the nightstand says it's 3:59.

Jens sits on the edge of the bed watching MTV. The video for "China in Your Hand" by T'Pau is on.

Jens watches as the lead singer lies down in a stream, her red hair flowing in the rushing water.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Someone's banging at the door. Jens springs up and tears it open.

Lizzy stands there, wrapped in a sheet. Jens pulls her in.

LIZZY

God. We did it.

JENS

Who's we?

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

REESE

She said we? You're sure?

JENS

I'm positive. Because next she said...

INT. GEORGETOWN MARRIOTT, ROOM 1017 - NIGHT

The pop-mystical sounds of "China in Your Hand" continue blaring from the television.

LIZZY

I did it. I meant I did it.

JENS

Did what? Lizzy, what did you do?

Lizzy lets the sheet drop to the floor.

Her clothes are covered in blood.

She reaches into her back pocket, pulls out a stack of Polaroids, and hands them to Jens.

They're nude photos of fifteen-year-old Lizzy and they're covered with her bloody fingerprints.

JENS (CONT'D)  
Tell me what you did. I can't help  
you unless you tell me.

Lizzy sees how much he loves her. How much he wants to help her. She has to tell him.

LIZZY  
I--

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

*[It's a few hours earlier.]*

Nancy whisks a bowl of cream. Derek sits at the table.

Lizzy is at the table too, slapping her fingertips against the palm of her hand. Her energy is weird. Like she's thinking twice as fast and deep as normal.

LIZZY  
Go to the kitchen, Mother. I have  
something I need to say to dad.

NANCY  
You can say anything with--

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
(to Derek)  
Tell her to listen to me.

DEREK  
Listen to her.

Nancy hates being left out. She leaves anyway.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
So what is it?

Lizzy gets up.

LIZZY  
Don't look at me, Dad. What I've  
got to say, I'd like to say it  
while you can't see me.

Lizzy moves around the table so she's behind him.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
It's about Mother.

There's a carved ham on the sideboard. And a knife. Lizzy wraps her fingers around the handle.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Do you know what she's done to me?

Derek takes too long to answer. Lizzy is right behind him. She's got the knife in her hand.

DEREK

No. I don't know what you mean.

Lizzy puts a hand on Derek's shoulder. He looks up at her.

She slices through his neck like butter.

He's too surprised to resist. Blood cascades everywhere.

Lizzy calmly stabs him once, twice, three times.

He falls out of his chair as Nancy comes in. Before she can scream, Lizzy pushes her against the wall.

LIZZY

Don't scream Mother, don't scream.

Lizzy looks Nancy in the eyes. She wants Nancy to see her.

Nancy's going to scream, but Lizzy stabs her in the throat.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

JENS

Anyway, that's what she said. I wanted to believe her. I didn't want to think there was someone else. But later I started thinking about little things. Little things wrong with the story.

REESE

Like?

JENS

Like she didn't have the knife. She said she didn't know what happened to it. But *someone* got rid of it. And a lot later I started to think... I mean, it wasn't like reality. It was like a fantasy. What she wanted to do.

Reese takes her time absorbing all this. She lets her mind wander over the possibilities.



REESE

Okay. What happened next? After she told you what she did?

INT. GEORGETOWN MARRIOTT, ROOM 1017 - NIGHT

In the bathroom, Jens has managed to get Lizzy into the tub.

The shower is on, but she won't stand up.

She lies on her side, watching pink streams come off her body and swirl down the drain.

Jens sits on the floor next to her. As blood comes off her arm, he sees track marks on it.

JENS

Listen to me. Are you listening?

LIZZY

I'm listening, Jens. I'm listening.

JENS

You were with me. At the movies.  
And if you weren't... I was the one  
who did it.

She reaches up and clutches his hand in hers.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

*[We're back in the present.]*

REESE

And the Polaroids? What happened to them?

JENS

We put them in a trash bag. Along with her clothes. We threw the whole thing in a dumpster the next day.

REESE

Where?

JENS

A parking lot. Behind that place with the funny name. I remember because Lizzy got a hot dog there. Weenie Beenie.

FLASH: A trash bag goes into a dumpster behind Weenie Beenie.

It feels true. The whole thing feels true, but--

REESE  
I've been to the room, Jens. Your  
room at the Marriott.

It takes Jens a second to switch from thinking about the dumpster to thinking about the Marriott.

REESE (CONT'D)  
The shower's tiny. Elizabeth  
couldn't have been lying down like  
you said.

FLASH: Pink water swirling down the drain.

JENS  
Maybe she was curled up or sitting  
down. I don't know. Forget the  
shower. I'm telling you: Lizzy  
killed them and she had someone's  
help.

EXT. POLICE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Confidently and methodically, Reese picks the lock.

INT. POLICE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Evidence boxes are packed into rolling metal shelves, the kind mounted on tracks to collapse like library stacks.

Lit by her flashlight, Reese turns a crank on the end of a shelf. It creaks and moves, opening up a narrow aisle.

She searches the shelves for the boxes she wants.

Her flashlight lands on "Soering, Jens."

She pulls down a box and opens it. Crime scene photographs. A transcript of Jens' confession. *Not what I'm looking for.*

She replaces the box to its shelf and pulls down another.

First thing she finds is footprint analysis. *Could be something.*

Reese turns on a camcorder and presses the record button.

She shines her flashlight onto the document and tilts the camera from top to bottom.

She hears a door opening. *Oh no.*

The lights come on.

Voices. Two FORENSIC TECHS. Her heart races.

She turns off her flashlight.

She presses the button the stop the camcorder, which makes a tiny beep. *Shit. How loud was it?*

The techs pass her aisle without a glance. *Okay. Just wait it out.*

Then she hears a crank turning.

Her aisle begins to close up.

She shoves files into the box and gets it on the shelf.

She finds an empty space in the shelves big enough to cram herself into.

She gets in place just as the shelves clang together, sealing her in.

She catches her breath. *Well, this is great.*

She sees a sliver of overhead lights through the gap at top of the shelves. It's a strange perspective. Claustrophobic and uncomfortable, but oddly peaceful.

Muffled voices. Sounds like the techs found what they were looking for.

Footsteps.

The lights go off.

The door closes.

Reese switches on her flashlight. The beam lands on the shelf directly facing her. Right on a box marked Haysom, Lizzy.

Reese contorts herself to get leverage with her legs against the opposite shelf.

CLANG! She kicks at the shelf.

CLANG! The shelf gives a little.

CLANG! She opens up a gap.

CLANG! Another couple inches.

CLANG! Finally, enough space to roll off of the shelf into a pile on the floor.

She gives it a second to catch her breath.

Uncoiling herself, she sits up and pulls out the box of Haysom material.

She flips through a few folders.

Nothing too exciting.

*Wait. What's this?*

A transcript of a witness statement. From Bedford County Sheriff Dave McLeod. Something about a traffic stop. Something about two men with a rented van. *Why is this here?*

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The camcorder is hooked up to the TV.

Reese watches footage she recorded of McLeod's statement.

She presses the pause button.

She leans close to the TV to study a line of text that ends, "...gave false names."

The phone rings. Reese picks it up.

REESE

Hello?

DANTE (V.O.)

(over the phone)

I tried you at work.

REESE

Hm...

DANTE (V.O.)

I ran the DNA. A lot of it's no good anymore. But they think there's blood from four different people.

REESE

Four?

DANTE (V.O.)

That's what they think. And listen. With the condition of the DNA they can't be positive, but what they think is none of the four are a match for Soering or Elizabeth Haysom.

*Holy shit. Okay. What does it mean?* Reese looks to the paused image of the document on her TV.

REESE

Do you remember McLeod? Bedford County Sheriff McLeod. He worked with us on Loose Chippings.

DANTE (V.O.)

Yeah...

REESE

Later on, you took a statement from him. A month after Loose Chippings he pulled these two guys over. Remember that?

DANTE (V.O.)

Maybe.

REESE

They were driving a rented van. The guys got taken in and released the same night, but their van was impounded because they didn't have paperwork on it. And remember what the impound guy found in the van later on?

DANTE (V.O.)

Yeah, a knife. I remember.

REESE

A knife with traces of blood. How come I never heard about this?

DANTE (V.O.)

You were probably on the DEA thing by then.

REESE

There was a stabbing just one week after Loose Chippings in Buchanan. What if these guys did both?

DANTE (V.O.)

This was someone close to the Haysoms. It had to be. You know who said that? Right from the beginning of this whole thing?

REESE

Maybe someone we didn't know about had a connection with Elizabeth.

Dante doesn't reply. *Could this make sense?*

REESE (CONT'D)

You said we have DNA from four people, right? Not Soering, not Elizabeth Haysom. Then I've got an auto shop guy who saw Haysom three days after Loose Chippings. She was with a young man who had long, curly hair. Not Soering. And finally, we've got Sheriff McLeod telling us... wait a second.

Reese rewinds the tape and pauses it on a section of text.

REESE (CONT'D)

This is his description of one of the guys he pulled over. He says, "One of them had kind of long hair, you know, with curls, all crazy."

Reese waits for Dante's excited response, but none comes.

REESE (CONT'D)

You there?

DANTE

Yeah.

REESE

Nothing on this has ever made sense, but this is it. This makes sense.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

The range is up in the mountains. Sheriff McLeod reloads his Glock as Reese approaches.

MCLEOD

Look at this, it's Detective Reese Rezek.

REESE

*Former* Detective Reese Rezek.

MCLEOD

You look good. You want to try my Glock?

Reese takes out her .38 to show him.

MCLEOD (CONT'D)

You know, revolvers went out with Columbo.

Reese steps up to the line and takes two shots, blowing away each knee of the target.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Among the SHOOTERS taking a break and chatting over beers are Reese and McLeod.

MCLEOD

So I guess you want to know if I got what you wanted.

REESE

You found a match?

MCLEOD

Last year the guy served thirty days for carrying.

McLeod slides an envelope across to Reese. She opens it and takes out a dossier.

REESE

Carrying what?

MCLEOD

Meth. They couldn't get him on more than that, but word is he's a heavy. Maybe *the* heavy in the county.

Reese flips to a page with a mugshot paperclipped to it. It's Oscar Doyle.

REESE

I know this guy. From my stint with the DEA. He was just some small-time kid with a hardcore band back then.

MCLEOD

What's a hardcore band?

REESE

It's like punk rock, but less tuneful.

MCLEOD

*Less* tuneful?

REESE

You really think this was one of the guys you pulled over? The guys with the knife in the van?

MCLEOD

Hell, I don't know. That was years ago.

EXT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - DAY

Camcorder slung around her shoulder, Reese fights her way up wooded hillside, stepping over ferns and fallen logs.

She comes to a chain-link fence surrounding a dirt lot.

In the lot, Reese sees a couple partly-restored muscle cars, a busted tour van, and half a dozen motorcycles.

Beyond the lot is a misshapen building. What might have started as a farmhouse has been built out with concrete blocks, plywood, and corrugated metal. Surrounded by barbed wire fencing, the place calls to mind a half-baked survivalist compound.

It's dead quiet as Reese settles in to watch from the tangle of undergrowth near the fence.

EXT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - DAY, LATER

Reese squats to pee.

As she finishes, she hears the sound of a car approaching. She pulls up her pants and gets back into position near the fence.

She turns on her camcorder as Lance Sloane, opens the gate to let in a green Mercedes convertible. Oscar Doyle gets out of the car.

TRASK and STAMBLER, two men who look like they could have played in Doyle's hardcore band, unload big plastic jugs from the trunk of the Mercedes.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese has the camcorder hooked up to the TV.

She plays back footage of the men unloading the Mercedes.

The footage jumps to another day from a slightly different perspective.

Sloane and Doyle talk with an AGING PUNK WOMAN. Money changes hands. Reese holds down the fast-forward button.

The phone rings. Reese looks at it, but doesn't answer.

Reese's answering machine clicks and her own voice comes on.



REESE (V.O.)  
(on the answering machine)  
It's Reese. Sorry, I'm not here  
right now. Leave a message and I'll  
call you back.

The machine beeps.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(on the answering machine)  
Reese, this is Paul. From Virginia  
United Insurance. I know you've  
been sick and... Well, I just hope  
you're--

EXT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - DAY

In her usual spot, Reese turns the camcorder on as a beat-up Mazda stops at the gate.

The driver honks.

Doyle and Sloane come out of the house. Doyle unlocks the gate and walks it open. The Mazda drives through.

Doyle pulls a gun as a TEENAGE SKATER gets out of the car.

BANG! Doyle shoots him in the shoulder.

The skater hits the ground. *Holy shit.*

Doyle yells something, but Reese can't make it out. The skater hauls himself back into the car.

Doyle and Sloane watch as the skater backs up his car, turns around, and drives away.

INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS, SHARON HUGHES' OFFICE - DAY

Reese plunks a fat envelope down on the desk and slides it across to Hughes.

REESE  
You told me to get in touch again  
if I ever had anything.

Hughes glances at the envelope, but doesn't touch it.

HUGHES  
It wasn't supposed to be like a  
lifetime invitation.

Reese shrugs. Hughes opens the envelope and dumps out a dozen Hi8 tapes.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
I heard you weren't a cop anymore.

REESE  
We'll have to talk about that.  
Because I'm not doing this just for  
fun. There's something I want from  
you too.

HUGHES  
Oh yeah, I bet there is. What is  
it? Or should I be afraid to ask?

INT. DEA SUV - DAY

DEA AGENTS are in gear for a raid.

Reese sits in the back wearing a bulletproof vest. She watches out the rain-lashed window as they charge up a steep, muddy incline.

At the top, they bust through the gate of Doyle's compound.

Reese steadies herself as they squelch to a halt. DEMARCO, the driver, turns to her.

DEMARCO  
You're not here, remember?

REESE  
I remember.

The agents get out of the SUV, joining three others getting out of another SUV behind them.

Reese watches as they approach the compound, becoming dim shapes as they move away in the downpour.

She wipes fog off the window to try for a better look, but all she sees is the last agent disappearing around a corner.

She settles in to wait, listening to the rain on the roof.

The seconds tick by.

Reese hears something. So faint she can't be sure she heard it. What was it? She opens the door a crack to listen.

A gunshot.

Two more shots.

Reese closes the door. She's not even here.

Ten seconds go by.

Twenty.

The rain comes down harder than ever.

Reese opens the door and gets out of the SUV.

EXT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Reese moves through ankle-deep mud towards the compound.

Rain soaks her to the bone. Water runs down her face as she comes around the corner of the building and draws her gun.

Ahead, she sees a porch covered by a sheet of metal. She hurries up the steps, passing through a cascade of water running off the roof.

The door in front of her stands open. Beyond it, a bare bulb shines light on what looks like a laundry room.

She steps through the door.

INT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Unmarked jugs line the walls. On the far side of the room are two closed doors. To the left, a screen door leads to a passageway.

Reese listens for gunshots or any sign of life.

She can't hear a thing.

A flash of lightning. A clap of thunder. The light bulb flickers, comes back on, and then dies.

The power is out.

On instinct, Reese goes through the screen door.

She finds herself in a dirt-floored corridor running around the edge of the building.

Thick drops of water fall on her face. Looking up, she realizes that the roof is made up of metal sheets.

Two gunshots tell her she's on the right track.

Heart racing, she moves down the corridor, emerging at a junction that looks like metal sheds patched together with junkyard parts.

She chooses a direction and comes to the head of a steep staircase. Hurrying down the steps, she descends into the darkness of a concrete tunnel.

There's a splash of light on the wall. It's a flashlight someone must have dropped.

She picks it up and shines it down the tunnel.

Directly overhead, there's a flurry of gunshots.

She moves to a set of stairs at the end of the tunnel. She switches the flashlight off.

Looking up the stairs, she sees a nebulous square of light.

More gunshots ring out as Reese eases up the stairs.

She emerges through an open trapdoor and finds herself at the back of a large storage room.

With a feeling like hot ice in her veins, she realizes that she's come out behind the men defending the compound.

Against the far wall, taking shelter behind piles of scrap metal, are the DEA agents.

Nobody notices Reese.

She's frozen in place, caught between wanting to take action and wanting to delay the moment when people notice her.

With a sputtering buzz, the power comes back on.

There aren't any overhead lights, but points of white-purple appear. It's the lights in dozens of homemade reptile terrariums.

Nearest to Reese, a spiky lizard looks up at her from its desert habitat.

Still, nobody has seen Reese, but some sixth sense tells Sloane to turn around.

BANG! Reese squeezes the trigger of her .38 and Sloane goes down.

Doyle shoots back, missing Reese by an inch and shattering the desert terrarium in an explosion of glass.

Reese ducks behind a gigantic, glass-encased swamp habitat as more shots ring out.

A few yards away, another terrarium shatters, spewing glass across the floor.

Trask and Stambler keep taking shots at the DEA agents, while Doyle creeps around to get a better shot at Reese.

Reese takes a peek out from behind the swamp habitat. She catches sight of Doyle as he edges into a patch of darkness.

Reese glances down at her foot as an errant lizard skitters across it. When she looks back up, she sees Doyle getting into position to take a shot at her.

BANG! Reese shoots first.

She misses.

Doyle returns fire.

He misses too.

Doyle ducks behind what looks like a rusted-out concrete mixer.

Reese notices that she's face to face with a baby crocodile, some three feet long, on the other side of the swamp habitat's glass.

She shuffles sideways, peeking out to check her flank.

She can't see much. *Wasn't there one other--*

Trask rushes her.

BANG! She shoots Trask down, scrambling backwards.

Now she's in Doyle's line of fire.

Doyle pulls the trigger, hitting Reese in the shoulder.

But she finally has a clear shot at Doyle.

BANG!

Doyle goes down.

BANG! CRASH! A DEA agent's stray bullet blasts away the glass of the swamp habitat. Murkey water cascades out, flinging the baby crocodile across the floor.

The DEA agents swarm around, tackling Doyle's men.

It's over.

Rain pounds on the roof. Reese catches her breath.

She looks at the slug lodged in her bullet-proof vest.

The scene around her is surreal. The DEA agents hold men down in a standard tableau, but with a disoriented baby crocodile staggering towards them.

DEMARCO

Rezek, is that you?

REESE

Yeah.

Demarco appears from behind the wreckage of the swamp habitat. He helps Reese up.

DEMARCO  
(smiling)  
I told you to stay in the car.

EXT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - DAY

The place is a chaos of flashing emergency lights.

Taking shelter from the rain under an overhang, Reese watches EMTs move Doyle towards the back of an ambulance.

He's conscious. Just as the EMTs get him in the ambulance, he and Reese catch each other's eyes.

INT. LOOSE CHIPPINGS, LIZZY'S ROOM - NIGHT

*[It's 1985. The night of the murders, as imagined by Reese.]*

Lizzy sits at her desk, meticulously brushing Wite-Out onto a blurry Polaroid of a naked woman's chest and hips.

TAP, TAP. Someone quietly knocks at the window.

Lizzy takes a steadying breath and she slides the window open.

Doyle and Sloane are waiting outside. They slip in through the window. They're wearing gardening gloves.

Lizzy has two kitchen knives ready for them. They each take one.

Without another word, they swoop out of the room.

Lizzy brushes Wite-Out onto her pinky nail as she strains to listen.

Silence. Silence.

A scream. Her father's voice. He's shouting. Another scream.

Lizzy breathes quicker. It's really happening. It's really--

DEMARCO  
Rezek.

EXT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND - DAY

*[Demarco's voice pulls Reese back to reality.]*

DEMARCO  
Inside's clear.

INT. DOYLE'S COMPOUND, OFFICE - DAY

The wall is covered with hand drawn hardcore posters.

Reese has white gloves on. She's going through the desk. *What am I looking for?*

She opens drawers, carefully searching for something to go on. *If I just knew what I was looking for.*

Someone is watching her.

Reese turns around and finds Sharon Hughes leaning in the doorway.

HUGHES

You might be relieved to know that nobody you shot is going to die.

REESE

Oh.

HUGHES

This could have been a shitty day for us, but it was alright because of you. So thanks for that. But I am about to contend with the tiny little problem that you're not actually one of my agents.

REESE

Well, like you told me, I'm not here.

HUGHES

Yeah, that was okay before you started shooting people.

*Oh. So this is going to be bad.*

REESE

So what are we going to do?

HUGHES

I haven't figured that out yet. But you being here could really twist everyone's panties. It depends.

REESE

On what?

HUGHES

On whether or not I can figure out some way to sell this as kosher. And what side of the bed my bosses wake up on.

(MORE)

HUGHES (CONT'D)

But let me tell you, unusually  
they're just looking for a reason  
to get those panties twisting.

Hughes checks her watch.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Okay. For one thing, don't be here  
when the techs arrive. Those little  
guys don't like people touching  
shit like you're doing right now.  
And they like filing complaints.  
That gives you ten minutes.

Reese nods.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

You find what you're looking for?

REESE

Not yet. I want to talk to Doyle.

HUGHES

Jesus H. Fuck, talk to Doyle. First  
thing is, we're trying not to get  
fucked here. You ever hear about  
the weight of bureaucracy?

REESE

Talking to him was the whole point  
of this. None of this means  
anything if I don't find out  
whether he's the guy I've been  
looking for.

HUGHES

Listen, just lay low and don't do  
anything until I call. Don't call  
my office. And sure as shit don't  
go talking to anyone until I know  
how it shakes out.

Reese nods. *Okay.*

HUGHES (CONT'D)

And please, please get the fuck out  
of here before the techs arrive.

Hughes turns and leaves before Reese can say anything.

*Okay. Ten minutes.*

Reese opens up a file cabinet. Papers are crammed in every which  
way. *Whatever I'm looking for isn't here.*

She closes the file cabinet.



*There's nothing here.*

She examines a shelf. It's full of three ring binders, hardcore zines, and shoeboxes.

Reese opens one of the shoeboxes. It's full of tapes. She pulls one out. It's unmarked.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Exhausted, Reese tosses the shoebox of tapes on her coffee table.

She flops down on the couch.

After a moment, she reaches across the narrow canyon between the couch and the coffee table to inch the shoebox closer.

She pulls out a tape. There's no label, but someone's scratched in "1/6/85."

She feels around under the couch and comes up with her tape player. She sticks in Doyle's tape and presses play.

It's fuzz and distortion.

Then something rhythmic comes through. The beginning of a song. It must be a recording of a hardcore show.

Reese lets her head loll upsidedown off the side of the couch.

The thrashing beat of the song is so warped it sounds like a broadcast from outer space.

Reese presses stop on the tape.

Her head is still upsidedown off the edge of the couch, but an overwhelming exhaustion sweeps over her.

Before she knows it, she's--

RING!

Reese jolts awake and--

BANG!

She hits her head on the coffee table.

RING!

Disoriented, she staggers to the phone.

REESE  
(picking up the phone)  
Hello?

HUGHES (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
It's Hughes. Now, how's this for  
government fuck-ups? It turns out  
nobody did the right paperwork  
years ago when you stopped working  
with us.

Hughes pauses like Reese should get it, but she's doesn't.

REESE  
So?

HUGHES (V.O.)  
So you're marked inactive, but  
still on the rolls. The way the  
system works, I could backdate your  
activation to the beginning of the  
week.

REESE  
My what?

HUGHES (V.O.)  
Come work for me.

REESE  
Hang on.

HUGHES (V.O.)  
I know this isn't what we talked  
about, but think about it. If you  
work for me, my bureaucratic pain  
in the ass goes away and you can  
talk to Doyle all you want.

REESE  
Right.

HUGHES (V.O.)  
Plus you can chuck your bullshit  
insurance gig and get back to doing  
some real work.

REESE  
I don't like the DEA.

HUGHES (V.O.)  
Fuck you, you don't like the DEA.  
You have five seconds to tell me  
not to put this through.

*Wait, what?*

HUGHES (V.O.)  
Four. Three.

Reese's brain isn't working at the right speed for this.

HUGHES (V.O.)

Two. One.

Click.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Doyle is bandaged and resting in bed. He's watching an episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Reese flips the TV off. Doyle looks over at her, pissed.

DOYLE

I don't have shit to say to you  
people without my lawyer.

Reese sits down, facing him in a stiff plastic chair.

She watches him calmly. *Play it slow. Make him curious.*

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to say something?

REESE

You don't have shit to say without  
your lawyer. That doesn't stop me  
from watching you.

DOYLE

Well, cut it out. It's freaky.

Reese just keeps watching. Doyle looks her over too.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

REESE

I'm the one who shot you.

DOYLE

That's not it.

Doyle studies her. Reese lets him. *Keep him curious.*

REESE

Picture me about five years  
younger. Bad Brains shirt. Ripped  
up tights. Turned out I was a narc.

Now Doyle remembers.

REESE (CONT'D)

You showed me pictures of your band. Then I saw a picture of you and that girl who killed her parents. What was her name?

DOYLE

You're talking about Lizzy Haysom.

REESE

Turned out, her boyfriend killed the parents to prove his love. At least, that was the DA's case.

DOYLE

Sounds like you know something about it.

Reese watches Doyle. She's waiting for her moment.

REESE

Why don't I tell you what I think? Then if I'm wrong, you tell me to fuck off.

Her intensity is freaking Doyle out. He doesn't know what to say.

REESE (CONT'D)

I think someone went with Lizzy to kill her parents that night. Only it wasn't the man who's in prison. It was you. Maybe you were her dealer. Maybe you two got fucked up that night and she asked you to do something for her.

Doyle chuckles. He picks up the remote and turns the TV back on. It's a commercial for *Hot Shots!*

DOYLE

You pigs are dumber than I thought.

He looks to Reese.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I was her dealer. You got that much right. And sometimes she'd go on about knocking off her folks. And oh my god, wouldn't she just fuck the brains out of anybody who'd help her. But I wouldn't touch that crazy girl's murder plots with a ten foot pole, man. Now, you'll like this.

(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Back then, a while after that German twat went through with it, I started to think you dumbshits would pick up a thread, mix things up, and get some idea about me. And that scared the shit out of me. So guess what? I checked to see what I was up to that weekend. Want to guess?

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

A live recording of Doyle's band plays on Reese's tape player.

Reese stops it.

She looks up to Jens who sits across from her. He's puzzled.

She pops the tape out. Written in Sharpie on a piece of masking tape it says, "Ottawa - 3/29/85."

She pulls three more tapes out of her pocket.

REESE

March 30th, Montreal. April 1st, Quebec City. April 2nd, Portland, Maine.

JENS

Okay. The weekend Lizzy's parents were killed.

REESE

Oscar Doyle can't be the guy because he was playing hardcore shows in Canada.

JENS

He could have changed the dates.

REESE

I called the venues. He was there.

JENS

So now what?

REESE

The music video in your hotel room. The one that was on when Elizabeth came back... What was it again?

FLASH: Jens sits on the hotel bed watching the T'Pau video.

JENS

T'Pau. "China in Your Hand."

REESE  
That's what I thought. The thing  
is, that song didn't come out for  
another two years.

INT. REESE'S VW RABBIT - NIGHT

Reese feels around under the seat. She comes up with Reese  
Goodchild's *Roanoke Times* business card.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reese uses an iron to flatten out Goodchild's card.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON, SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Reese slides Goodchild's card across the desk to the DISPIRITED  
GUARD.

REESE  
Reese Goodchild, *Roanoke Times*.

DISPIRITED GUARD  
ID?

Reese pulls out her ID.

REESE  
Now, I just got married and they  
messed up on my ID so...

The guard gives the ID a cursory glance and points to the sign in  
sheet.

DISPIRITED GUARD  
Sign here.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON, VISITING ROOM - DAY

A DOOR GUARD leads Lizzy to a table. Seeing Reese, Lizzy is not  
happy.

REESE  
I know. Hear what I have to say.

DOOR GUARD  
Is there a problem here?

Lizzy studies Reese. Curiosity gets the better of her.

LIZZY  
No. No problem.

Lizzy sits down. The guard leaves them.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
You're not Reese Goodchild.

Reese takes out her recorder and starts it.

REESE  
The newspaper said they think I got  
a false confession out of Jens.

LIZZY  
They also said I made Jens do it.  
If this is all you want to talk  
about, I have better things to do  
with my time.

Lizzy turns the recorder off.

REESE  
I just want to understand it.

LIZZY  
You're looking for closure.

REESE  
Yes, I'm looking for closure.

LIZZY  
Well, fuck you, because this is the  
rest of my life.

REESE  
I've tried to do the right thing  
all along and now--

LIZZY  
That story you told me before--

REESE  
What story?

LIZZY  
About the picture of your dad.  
About how the whole thing was made  
up. Was that true? I mean, was it  
true or were you just saying it to  
draw me out.

Somehow, Reese knew Lizzy would ask. She reaches into her purse  
and pulls out the framed picture. She sets it on the table between  
them.

Lizzy stares into the man's eyes.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
He even kind of looks like you.

REESE  
I think so too.

Lizzy starts the voice recorder.

They let it run for a while, capturing nothing but the air between them.

LIZZY  
What's your name?

Sounds like the opening question of an interview. Reese decides to play along.

REESE  
Reese. Reese Rezek.

LIZZY  
How many years have we known each other?

REESE  
Six.

LIZZY  
And how'd you get on this path?

REESE  
It was my job.

LIZZY  
Still?

REESE  
No.

LIZZY  
I got on my path because I went to a movie. I met Jens at the movies. We were supposed to meet and fuck and get pissed off and forget each other. Imagine me and you at a bar right now. We're there and I say, remember that guy I dated in college? I wonder where he is now. You know, one time we went to the movies and we saw George Bush. Can you believe it?

Reese smiles.



LIZZY (CONT'D)  
We could have had a fun talk about  
it. But now it's not fun. Now all I  
have is this. I'm Lady Macbeth for  
the rest of my life.

EXT. DANTE'S HOUSE - DAY

A suburban brick house with a mowed lawn.

GABRIELLE (5), Dante's daughter, stands in the open front door  
looking up at Reese.

GABRIELLE  
Daddy! There's a lady here!

I/E. DANTE'S STUDY/BACKYARD - DAY

KIDS play in the pool. They shriek and splash and do all the  
things that normal kids do.

Separated by a halfway open sliding glass door, Dante sits in his  
study with Reese. He's wearing shorts and a t-shirt.

They're listening to playback on Reese's tape recorder.

LIZZY (V.O.)  
(on a tape recording)  
I have just one thing to say about  
Lady Macbeth, because apparently  
nobody's read the play. It was Lady  
Macbeth who died of remorse and  
grief and killed herself. It was  
Macbeth who discovered his true  
nature.

Reese presses stop.

REESE  
But nobody asked what happened to  
the ghost. They all forgot about  
him by the end.

DANTE  
What ghost?

REESE  
The ghost. His father. I know it  
doesn't make that much sense, but  
that's what I feel like.

DANTE  
That's *Hamlet*. There's no ghost in  
*Macbeth*.

*Shit, really?* Reese lets this soak in.

REESE

Oh. Well, I guess I've been in the wrong play.

Dante nods and squeezes her hand. *It's okay.*

They make eye contact and Reese knows that he wants to tell her something.

REESE (CONT'D)

What?

DANTE

I'm getting divorced. My wife's leaving me.

REESE

But you're always so... I mean, I'm sorry. What happened?

DANTE

My job. That was part of it. And I guess she met someone else.

There's tension here. *What's he trying to say?*

REESE

I'm not going to be here. I mean, I'm moving to Arlington.

DANTE

I know.

They're not rejecting each other. Just stating facts. Outside, one of the kids jumps in with a big splash.

REESE

I wish I had a suit.

They watch the kids having fun for a few moments.

DANTE

You could borrow one of my wife's suits.

REESE

That would be weird, right?

EXT. DANTE'S BACKYARD - DAY, MINUTES LATER

Reese stands on the edge wearing one of Dante's wife's suits. It has pastel flowers and parrots on it. Not like Reese at all.

GABRIELLE  
Get in! Get in!

Reese acts like she's not going to, then she makes herself all stiff and keels over into the pool with a huge splash. It's weird and funny, like Buster Keaton almost. The kids love it.

Everyone splashes and screams and loves Reese. She's happy and loose and not thinking about anything except right now.

INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - DAY

A WORKER slides a placard into the holder next to an office door.

It says, "Reese Rezek, Special Agent."

EXT. DEA HEADQUARTERS, REESE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pouring rain streaks down the tall, narrow windows.

The modern, comfortable room is set up with sleek filing cabinets and a large desk.

The door opens and Hughes shows Reese into her new office. We can't hear what they're saying because we're outside. Probably, Hughes is razzing Reese for not liking the DEA.

After a moment, Hughes leaves Reese alone.

Reese looks around, taking in the room that's meant for her.

She opens up a filing box and gets out the picture of the man who's not her father.

She sets him up on her desk and sits down, staring at him.

She picks up the picture and pulls a hammer from an open toolbox on the floor.

CRACK. SMASH! She uses the hammer to break away the glass.

Shaking the glass into the wastebasket, she pulls out the picture.

She looks at the back. It says, "Love you Dee, always. Robert."

She rips the picture in half and throws it away.

Reese moves to the window, looking out at the wet, inhospitable world.

For now, she's dry and she has an office.

THE END.