

WAYS TO HIDE IN WINTER

Based upon the novel by Sarah St. Vincent

Adapted by Jenny Halper

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OVER BLACK:

YOUNG AMOS  
What's the worst thing that ever  
happened to you?

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
We're supposed to be having fun,  
Amos.

YOUNG AMOS  
Aren't we?

OPEN ON:

EXT. ROAD - DAY - THE PAST

A road in rural Pennsylvania, marked by overgrown trees and a sliver of a Lake - Opossum Lake - shimmering darkly.

It is afternoon. The damp green of spring turning to summer. In the distance, we hear screaming. The sound of a vehicle accelerating.

A TRUCK speeds into frame and slams into a tree. Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - GARDNERS, PA - 2007 - DAWN

Winter now. A Greyhound groans into the parking lot, spraying brown slush from a snowfall that has come and gone. A few COLLEGE STUDENTS unload, followed by a YOUNG MAN, thin with dark hair and intense eyes.

For now we'll call him THE STRANGER.

He watches as the students light cigarettes, blowing smoke into the frigid air. He watches as they toss frozen rocks towards the road.

A car pulls up, collecting them.

EXT. HIGHWAY - GARDNERS, PA - MOMENTS LATER

The stranger walks with purpose. He wears a coat but no hat. Carries only a small KNAPSACK. The tips of his ears are red with cold. The occasional truck heaves past him, a few ambling cars.

Despite the expansive beauty of the Blue Ridge mountains, people do not come here often.

A WOMAN rolls down a window and screams for him to get out of the road.

The stranger turns to look at her, but she's already gone.

Snow starts to fall.

TITLE: WAYS TO HIDE IN WINTER

EXT. GARDNERS, PENNSYLVANIA - GENERAL STORE

KATHLEEN MCELWAIN formerly GUTSHALL, 40s, wool hat pulled tight over her forehead, slams the door to her Honda and trudges through snow towards a general store, breath puffing clouds in the bitter air.

She walks with effort. Her LEFT LEG drags a little. She passes a few ice-crusted picnic tables and reaches a rickety porch. Climbs the stairs. Flips a sign from CLOSED to OPEN. Flips the door open with her foot.

Up the hill, a weather beaten HOSTEL.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen goes about her routine: starting a fire with a few remaining logs, wiping down the counters, brewing a pot of coffee, checking the freezer and noting they are low on frozen meat.

She is practiced and efficient, and takes pleasure in her mundane routine.

She mostly uses her right hand. Occasionally she stops to rub her left hip.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

Outside, snow falls. There are no customers. Kathleen goes through merchandise, filling a crate with expired candy, re-ordering.

The door dings open and MARTIN lumbers in. He's Kathleen's age, the type of kind, unobtrusive person who often isn't noticed for these very qualities. He grabs a bag of candy.

MARTIN  
Dispensing justice with an even  
hand, I see.

Kathleen gets up and heads to the grill.

KATHLEEN  
One or two?

MARTIN  
One with cheese, please.

KATHLEEN  
Looking forward to South Carolina?

MARTIN  
That's a question.

KATHLEEN  
Sorry.

MARTIN  
I'll catch excellent trout I can't  
bring back and Mary will let me see  
Ruby for an hour.

KATHLEEN  
I can check up on the hostel. See  
about getting the boiler fixed.

MARTIN  
So the beds don't freeze to death?

KATHLEEN  
Can't have that.

Kathleen grins, serves up his burger. There's history between  
these two, an eager sweetness in the way Martin looks at  
Kathleen.

MARTIN  
You sure you're OK?

KATHLEEN  
Martin. Just eat.

She throws him a bag of Swedish fish.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
They haven't even expired yet.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

Cup of coffee in hand, Kathleen looks out at the Blue Ridge Mountains as Martin pulls away. A woman in a snow globe, trapped in beauty.

Two HUNTERS approach the store and she readies the coffee again.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

Wind rattles the windows. Snow falls more intensely. Kathleen sits at the counter, reading a dog-eared copy of *Crime and Punishment* and occasionally dipping a spoon into a frost-bitten drum of ice cream.

She sees a burly MAN trudging towards the store. Tosses the book aside. Heads to the grill, starts frying two burgers.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

JERRY, 60s, stomps in, rifle slung over his shoulder. His boots are as loud as his presence. Kathleen focuses on the burgers.

JERRY

That sign ever read, closed?

KATHLEEN

You want it to?

JERRY

Just wondering what kind of profit  
Martin is making keeping you.

KATHLEEN

Isn't that his problem?

JERRY

You got onions?

KATHLEEN

Not today.

JERRY

Cheese?

Kathleen takes out two unappetizing slices of orange cheese, sets them quietly next to the grill.

KATHLEEN

Just give it a minute.

After a tense moment, meat sizzling behind them, Jerry takes out a paper BAG, drops it on the table. Kathleen eyes the bag with reticence. Takes it, looks inside.

JERRY  
You don't trust me or something?

She pulls two twenties from her pocket and hands them to him.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I need sixty.  
(off her look)  
They raised the price at the VA.

This is not the first time they've had this conversation.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
You want it or not?

KATHLEEN  
Jerry -

He nods at the burgers. Kathleen flips them off the grill, puts them in front of him. He digs in. Kathleen pulls a few crumpled singles out of her pocket, puts them on the counter. He raises his eyebrows.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

Kathleen heads into the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A small safe is squeezed above a humming deep freezer. Kathleen opens it, a few sad stacks of twenties inside.

KATHLEEN  
Shit.

She stands there, conflicted. After a moment she takes one of the twenties.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen gives Jerry the twenty.

KATHLEEN  
(beat)  
Can you keep it at sixty?

JERRY

You've already got the friend and family discount.

Jerry goes back to his food.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DUSK

Kathleen locks up the store, heads down the stairs.

A buggy with a MENNONITE FAMILY passes. Their small SON stares at her.

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen, wrapped in a towel, hair wet, removes the contents of the bag - TRAMADOL. She takes two pills, gulps water, relief coursing through her system.

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM- LATER

Kathleen, hair nearly dry, straightens a small, neat kitchen, plastic flowers on a Formica table. The chatter of a game show in the background is interrupted by the whine of a tea kettle. Kathleen pours tea, cuts two slices from a pineapple upside down CAKE.

CONTINUOUS

She brings the tea and cake into the living room.

LYDIA, Kathleen's grandmother, early 90s and wavering between fragile and sturdy, stares at the television with amused boredom, lighting another in a long line of cigarettes.

Kathleen takes a bite of the cake.

KATHLEEN

This is good, grandma.

LYDIA

Used to think canned pineapple was the best thing next to the atom bomb. Shows how much I knew.

Kathleen looks through a stack of mail. Lydia is fixed on the TV, a middle-aged-WOMAN jumping for joy.

KATHLEEN

Wish winning a dishwasher would make me that happy.

LYDIA

She didn't win a dishwasher, she won a trip to Miami by guessing the price of a dishwasher. Nine hundred fifty dollars, you believe that?

KATHLEEN

I mean, that's amazing.

LYDIA

Don't you laugh at me.

KATHLEEN

I'm not. I'm not!

Kathleen opens a card, scans the back. Mixed emotions on her face. She shows it to Lydia.

LYDIA

He's a good boy.

KATHLEEN

Yeah.

LYDIA

Beth left a message. And your parents called.

Lydia reaches for another cigarette. Kathleen intercepts.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You're no fun.

KATHLEEN

I know. I'm sorry.

LYDIA

Your father's the same way. I don't know how he has any room to talk. Smokes like a chimney and *Menthols*. You'd never catch me touching that garbage, no sir.

KATHLEEN

It's all garbage, grandma.

She leans over, kisses Lydia. Stands up and takes her plate. Lydia pushes the card across the table.

LYDIA

You should call him.

KATHLEEN

I will.

LYDIA

And you should call Beth. Have some fun.

Kathleen nods at the TV.

KATHLEEN

Look at her. Off to tell her husband he'll have the shiniest dishes in America.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathleen pulls a blanket up around her grandmother, who has fallen asleep on the couch, the TV still flickering. Glowing embers from the cigarettes in an ashtray.

Lydia's breathing is thick and worrisome. Kathleen nudges her awake and gets her to take a few difficult puffs on an inhaler.

INT. KATHLEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen gets ready for bed. Her room is equally small and spare. She plays a message on her answering machine:

BETH (O.S.)

Kathleen, sweetie, you know who it is. Friends don't let friends watch The Price is Right on their birthdays. Just say the word and I'll pick you up - also have you given any more thought to my idea about school -

Kathleen stops the message.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - MORNING

Kathleen slams the door to her car, approaches the store. The Stranger. Hands deep in the threadbare pockets of his jeans.

KATHLEEN

We're not open for another hour.

THE STRANGER

I was looking for something hot to drink.

He speaks with a slight accent she can't quite place. He's shivering, his hands red and raw.

KATHLEEN

Come.

Kathleen climbs the stairs. Several DELIVERY BOXES sit on the porch. She picks up one of the boxes.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Could you grab the other ones for  
me?

He scampers after her, picks up the boxes. Follows her in.

INT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

The stranger hovers by the doorway, still holding the boxes, as she drops a few remaining logs of wood near the fire.

KATHLEEN

Just put them anywhere. Coffee or  
tea?

THE STRANGER

Whichever is easier.

KATHLEEN

Same difference.

THE STRANGER

Coffee. Thank you.

Kathleen puts the coffee up, moves around the store, spraying the grill, straightening hiking maps, checking the freezer for ground beef, which they are low on.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

I can see I've inconvenienced you.

KATHLEEN

It's fine.

THE STRANGER

May I sit?

KATHLEEN

Plenty of space.

He takes his scarf off. His posture, movements are strangely formal. He notices her worn copy of *Crime and Punishment* on the counter

THE STRANGER

Does this belong to someone?

KATHLEEN  
It's mine.

THE STRANGER  
I like Dostoevsky.

This piques her interest.

KATHLEEN  
Don't hear a lot of that around  
here.

THE STRANGER  
*Notes From the Underground* is his  
masterpiece, in my opinion.

They look at one another for a moment. A connection between  
them, it unnerves her.

The machine finally beeps, Kathleen gives him a cup of  
coffee.

KATHLEEN  
That's a dollar. There's sugar on  
the counter.

He puts a crumpled dollar on the counter. Does not take the  
sugar. Kathleen loads wood in the fire, stokes it. He shivers  
with relief at the heat from the fire and the coffee.

THE STRANGER  
(off her silence)  
I was wanting - I am looking for  
the person who runs that little  
hotel, up the hill. Or maybe it is  
you.

KATHLEEN  
It's not me.  
(beat)  
He left yesterday. Won't be back  
till after New Years.

THE STRANGER  
Is there somewhere else to stay? \*

KATHLEEN  
You'd have to go into Carlisle.

THE STRANGER  
I see.

KATHLEEN  
Gardners is down the mountain but  
there isn't much.

\*

He wraps his scarf back around his face, leaves the cup on the counter, rubs his bare hands together. They haven't yet thawed.

THE STRANGER  
Thank you for this.

He leaves, the screen door flapping closed behind him.

Kathleen pours herself a cup of coffee. Watches his figure regretfully descend the stairs. The wind getting louder and louder, the windows and door rattling.

The stranger stands outside, a little further down the hill, looking lost.

KATHLEEN  
Shit.

She shoves on her coat.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen heads outside.

KATHLEEN  
You don't have a car, do you?

He shakes his head.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
How did you get here?

THE STRANGER  
I was given a ride.

KATHLEEN  
(beat)  
Alright, I have a key. I could  
probably let you in.

THE STRANGER  
You can do this?

KATHLEEN  
Twenty dollars a night, OK?  
It isn't free. Come on.

EXT. INT. HOSTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen opens the door to the hostel, a lonely mass of brick.

KATHLEEN

It's not the Ritz, just warning  
you, and it's freezing cold.

THE STRANGER

What is the Ritz?

KATHLEEN

A nice hotel. Supposedly.

The young man struggles to keep up with her.

INT. HOSTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Inside it's bleak. An empty desk, a few broken lights, a narrow staircase leading to a second story. It clearly hasn't been cleaned in at least a month.

KATHLEEN

When Martin comes back, you have to talk to him. He might not want to keep the place open for just one person. We have to get the boiler going and it's a whole thing.

The stranger nods.

INT. HOSTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen leads him up the stairs. They keep their coats on.

KATHLEEN

The room on the left is for men.  
But you can really sleep wherever.  
Twenty dollars.

He stands there, uncertain. Then reaches into his pocket and takes out a few bills. Fives and singles. Gives them to her. She counts it.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Just pick wherever.

THE STRANGER

This is very kind of you.

KATHLEEN

There should be extra blankets in  
that closet.

She goes to the closet, pulls out a few blankets.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Here.

THE STRANGER

May I ask what your name is?

KATHLEEN

(beat)

It's Kathleen.

THE STRANGER

That's a nice name. I'm Daniil. At  
home they call me Danya.

Kathleen just nods, heads down the stairs.

DANIEL

Did something happen to your leg?

KATHLEEN

No.

He seems to want to ask another question, but the look on her  
face stops him. She turns and leaves.

EXT. HOSTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen watches from the hill as Daniil chooses a bed in the  
men's room, still wrapped and shivering in his coat.

She turns and walks back towards the general store. Now self-  
conscious, her stride slightly more uneven. She stops to rub  
her left hip, looking out at the woods, the branches tangling  
wildly against each other.

EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - MAGIC HOUR - THE PAST

*A Priest, FATHER MCINTYRE, marries Young Kathleen, 17 here,  
and Amos, 18.*

FATHER MCINTYRE

*Do you promise to care for one  
another, in sickness and in health?*

YOUNG AMOS

*I do.*

*Young Kathleen wants to believe this.*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*I do.*

*She turns to look at the spectators: Amos' dubious mother SHARON GUTSHALL, Kathleen's parents, JODY and AARON, Lydia, YOUNG BETH, a bridesmaid and Kathleen's best friend.*

*The sound of a GUNSHOT pierces the silence -*

EXT. HOSTEL - SAME

Jolting Kathleen back into the present. She looks towards the snowy expanse of the woods. Another gunshot. She reaches into her pocket and takes out the vial of Tramadol.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen furiously smooths out the bills.

INT. GENERAL STORE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen puts the bills into the safe. Counts all the money inside. Enters it into a little log. Organized, precise.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CARLISLE - DAY

Kathleen and Lydia sit across from DR. JOHN PADOVESE, late 30s.

DR. PADOVESE

Mrs. McElwain, your chart shows you were diagnosed with emphysema two years ago.

KATHLEEN

She's been using her inhaler.

DR. PADOVESE

I also told you to stop smoking.

LYDIA

You ever try to quit something you've been doing for seventy years?

KATHLEEN

You could try a patch?

LYDIA

Your grandfather tried those. Made him even crazier. You might not remember, but I do.

DR. PADOVESE

(to Kathleen)

Are you the primary caregiver?

KATHLEEN

I am. My parents moved to Brentwood a couple years ago. So they're reachable but not super close.

DR. PADOVESE

And they'd been staying with her?

KATHLEEN

She was self sufficient. I'm not going anywhere, if you mean -

LYDIA

- I'm right here, aren't I? Don't talk about me, like I'm not.

KATHLEEN

The point is, you're ok right now. But you won't be if you don't stop with the cigarettes.

DR. PADOVESE

(to Lydia)

I understand how hard it is.

LYDIA

You understand nothing, son -

DR. PADOVESE

- Mrs. McElwain, to be honest, I'm surprised you're not on oxygen already.

He writes a prescription, hands it over.

DR. PADOVESE (CONT'D)

Here's a prescription for Nicoderm. Should you want it.

Kathleen takes the prescription. Lydia eyes it with disgust.

INT. CARLISLE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kathleen helps Lydia down the aisle, picking out canned green beans, canned cranberry.

LYDIA

You ever hear anyone tell your Grandfather to stop doing god knows what? He could have drunk Heineken clean out six packs and no one would of said a word.

KATHLEEN

He's just trying to help, Grandma.

LYDIA

Bah. Mr. Blue Eyes know it all. You like him?

KATHLEEN

The doctor?

LYDIA

Nice looking young man.

KATHLEEN

(laughing)

What?

LYDIA

I saw you looking at him. Mr. Blue Eyes. You like him.

KATHLEEN

I love you.

LYDIA

Was he the doctor that patched you up?

KATHLEEN

That was in Hershey. They took me there by helicopter, remember? You visited with Grandpa.

LYDIA

I forgot he lived that long.

KATHLEEN

Grandma!

LYDIA

I'm glad you went to Hershey. These Carlisle doctors don't know their ass from their elbow if you ask me.

Kathleen grins, shakes her head, continues up the aisle, slowing her pace to match Lydia's. She doesn't let go of her grandmother's arm.

Kathleen heads towards an exuberant display of glossy hams.

Amos' mother, Sharon, now 60s, rounds the corner with another WOMAN. Kathleen sees her. Her breath catches. An uncomfortable silence.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

We've got everything, let's go.

Sharon gestures to Kathleen, speaks quietly to her friend, who shoots Kathleen a covert glare. Lydia glares back.

KATHLEEN

You said you wanted ham.

LYDIA

I'm ninety two years old, who cares what I want?

KATHLEEN

I do.

Kathleen grabs a ham.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

This one looks good, doesn't it?

Kathleen heads to the cashier. Lydia shoots a withering glance back to Sharon, then follows.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen sits there, fighting emotion, wanting to reach for her Tramadol. Instead she takes a gulp of water.

LYDIA

Don't let that woman upset you, you hear me?

KATHLEEN

She didn't.

LYDIA

Like hell she didn't. I'll give her  
a piece of my mind, she looks at  
you again.

Kathleen turns to her grandmother. Soothing.

KATHLEEN

I'm fine, OK?

LYDIA

You know, Kathleen, I'm not going  
to live much longer.

A conversation they've had before. It weighs on Kathleen. She starts the ignition emphatically, as though erasing the sentence.

KATHLEEN

Can you not say things like that?

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - KATHLEEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen looks at a picture of her wedding day. Summer. Young Kathleen's face is shining, happy, so is Amos'.

It's a brighter picture than Kathleen's memory - a photographic lie.

EXT. TUMBLING RUN - MORNING

Kathleen chops wood. She's thin but strong. Working out her anger on this tree stump.

She sees Jerry through the trees, gun strapped on his back. Grabs the wood and heads in the opposite direction.

The sound of LAUGHTER from a distance that is actually the past.

EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - MAGIC HOUR - THE PAST

*YOUNG KATHLEEN, 16 here, and AMOS, 17, thin with the same haunted countenance as Daniil, run through the woods, laughing.*

YOUNG AMOS

*I told you.*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*Told me what?*

YOUNG AMOS  
That it would be worth it.

Young Kathleen turns to look at him. There's something in his face that puts her on edge, but she buries it deep.

EXT. TUMBLING RUN/LAUREL LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen, carrying the wood, walks around the rim of the frozen lake.

She puts down the wood and walks into the center of the lake. She stands for what seems like a very long time.

The smallest CRACK forms under her. She stands there a moment longer, as though curious what might happen if she remained there.

Kathleen resumes her walk to the store.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Kathleen sits by the window, reading. Occasionally looking out at the hostel to see if there's any movement, of which there isn't. Jerry and three MEN, guns slung over their shoulders, head up the hill.

Kathleen goes behind the counter.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry and three HUNTERS come in, guns slung over their shoulders. Look around.

HUNTER 1  
Well, ain't this quaint.

JERRY  
Hey, Kath.

KATHLEEN  
Hi. You gentlemen want any coffee?

HUNTER 2  
Not really a coffee guy, if you know what I mean.

HUNTER 3  
Maybe you could whip us up some burgers.

KATHLEEN  
Course.

HUNTER 1  
He's always hungry.

The men laugh, Jerry seems a little sheepish. Kathleen starts to grill burgers.

KATHLEEN  
Jerry, you too?

JERRY  
Why not?  
(beat)  
Pals from the service passing  
through town. Figured I'd show them  
the sweat box.

KATHLEEN  
Generous of you.  
(beat)  
You want onions?

HUNTER 2  
How bout some onion rings. Got any  
of those?

KATHLEEN  
I can check.

HUNTER 1  
(to Kathleen)  
You know what a sweat box is?

KATHLEEN  
I do.

JERRY  
Kathleen's educated, if you know  
what I mean.

HUNTER 3  
That's some straight up Bridge On  
the River Kwai shit. Dozens of  
Japanese fuckers roasting in the  
middle of summer.

Kathleen heads into the kitchen.

CONTINUOUS

Kathleen pulls a bag of onion rings from the freezer.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen throws onion rings onto the grill, not making eye contact with them.

KATHLEEN  
You're in luck.

JERRY  
Kathy, hey.

She keeps her attention to the sizzling meat. Gives the burgers to the men.

KATHLEEN  
Here you go, gentleman.

They dig in.

Daniil appears on the porch, SCARF wrapped around his neck and mouth. The physical contrast between him and the hunters is vast.

He sees the men. Kathleen can see the terror on his face. He turns and darts off as quickly as he came.

Jerry notices.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
You need anything else?

The men chew loudly.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

Kathleen watches the men trudge down the hill.

INT. HOSTEL - LATER

Kathleen pushes the door open. It's dark inside, save for a small fire in the fireplace. The places is tidier than it was, he has made small changes, dusted the check in desk, re-arranged the cushions on an ancient sofa.

KATHLEEN  
Hello?

INT. HOSTEL STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen climbs the stairs, all the lights are off. She pulls her coat tighter.

INT. HOSTEL/MEN'S BUNKS - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen opens the door. At first, the room seems empty.

Daniil sits in the corner, in the dark.

KATHLEEN

They're gone. They serve an important function, those guys. Animal control.

(beat)

That's a joke. I guess it's not a funny one.

(beat)

Are you all right?

After a moment, Daniil nods.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

You sure?

He nods again. Eyes on his knees. He looks like a scared child.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Jesus, it's freezing.

(beat)

Come on, I'll make you something to eat.

Daniil looks up at her, quiet gratitude on his face.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Daniil hovers by the door as Kathleen takes eggs out of the fridge. Cheese. English Muffins. Begins to cook in silence. Pops the muffins in the toaster.

DANIIL

One is enough.

KATHLEEN

The other one's for me. What's with the scarf?

DANIIL

I wear it because my lungs are weak.

KATHLEEN

You're so young, though.

He says nothing.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
My grandmother has emphysema.

He does not say more. Kathleen's book on the counter, a unifying symbol. The muffins pop out of the toaster.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Are you from Russia?

DANIIL  
I am from Tashkent. The capital of  
Uzbekistan.  
(beat, gesturing with his  
hands)  
Russia is here, and Uzbekistan is  
here.

KATHLEEN  
Right.

She slides eggs onto two English muffins, gives him one. He takes a small, careful bite. Then his hunger overcomes him, he finishes in a few bites.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Was it all right?

DANIIL  
It is very good.

She looks over at the book.

KATHLEEN  
And you said - you liked  
Dostoevsky?

DANIIL  
When I was young, my father gave me  
Notes from the Underground and The  
Brothers Karamazov. Have you read  
them?

KATHLEEN  
I haven't.  
(beat)  
His masterpiece, right? Notes from  
the Underground.

DANIIL  
I think so, yes.

KATHLEEN  
What's it about?

DANIIL

How do you describe - it is about a man with a very particular view of the world, I would say. When I first read it, I thought it was about the necessity of suffering. Now I think it is about survival.

She studies him, impressed.

KATHLEEN

Are you a student?

DANIIL

Yes. Law.

KATHLEEN

I used to study physics. Thought I'd be an engineer.

DANIIL

I was very bad at science.

KATHLEEN

Me too, at this point.

She taps her book.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I just can't figure out the main character. Why he killed the old woman. Especially since he just buries the money and never comes back.

DANIIL

It's a good question.

KATHLEEN

And I bet you have the answer.

He shakes his head. They smile at each other. An attraction there. A charged beat. It makes Kathleen uncomfortable.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I know a lot more about hamburgers than I do about literature.

DANIIL

I think that is not true.

He gives Kathleen a little smile. Offers her a few dollars, she shakes her head.

He opens her hand and folds her fingers around the bills.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER

Kathleen turns on her old computer, searches on the internet: *Uzbekistan*.

The server is slow. The pictures that materialize are horrific. Dead bodies en masse. People whipped with electric chords and worse. An article about Uzbekistan's "House of Torture." An article about car bombs killing thirteen government officials.

The phone rings, goes to voice mail.

BETH (O.S.)

Sweetie, it's Beth. Are you OK? I'm starting to get worried. Look, I know this is your decision but I did look into the costs at Bradford and there are decent aid programs. We could both start in September - a whole 'nother year, right - so you don't need to decide yet you just need to think about **MAYBE** -

Kathleen stops the message and turns off the computer.

EXT. HOSTEL - DAY

Kathleen, carrying a canister of coffee and an egg sandwich wrapped in aluminum, pushes open the door to the hostel.

INT. HOSTEL - MEN'S BUNKS

The men's bunks are empty. A chess set has been set up on the rickety table, next to his knapsack.

Kathleen gently moves the chess set out of the way, sets the food down, knocking over the knapsack. Several books fall out, a small bible and a copy of *Anna Karenina*. So does a PASSPORT.

She opens it. His faded picture, he's younger in it, and his name. Daniil Ivanov. Born in 1984. Tashkent, Uzbekistan.

The sound of the door opening.

Kathleen puts the passport back. The books. Picks up the food.

Daniil comes in. They look at one another for a moment. The same connection between them, and it unnerves Kathleen.

KATHLEEN  
I was bringing this for you.

He looks at his bag, at her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
How long are you planning on being  
here?

DANIIL  
(beat)  
Two weeks. Perhaps three.

Kathleen looks at him. A charged beat.

DANIIL (CONT'D)  
Would you - go for a walk with me?

KATHLEEN  
You really know how to pick your  
moments.  
(beat)  
You should eat that while it's hot.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DUSK

Kathleen reads *Crime and Punishment*. Looks out at the dark  
hostel, one light on.

EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - DAY

Kathleen and Daniil hike up a steep embankment, Kathleen  
leading, sidestepping ice.

KATHLEEN  
It's nicer in the summer but busy.  
Lots of kids. They take a bunch of  
camps up here. Watch your step.

Daniil struggles to keep up with her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I like how quiet it is.

Daniil, stops, catches his breath.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Your lungs, sorry.

The approach a WOODEN MARKER, it reads: *In this spot were found three babes in the woods. November 24th, 1934.*

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

This man was traveling with his daughters and his wife. They were starving, and no one would take them in or give them food. He didn't know what else to do. So he took them here and...

(beat)

Apparently he thought it was an act of mercy.

(beat)

There's a prisoner of war camp that way. Or the remains of it.

(beat)

You ever think a place can be cursed?

Daniil seems deep in thought, but doesn't answer.

EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - DAY

They've reached the frozen waterfall.

KATHLEEN

This is the highest point. I used to come up here with my husband. Apparently, he came up here when he was a kid, they used to camp out.

DANIIL

I thought the hostel was, what do you say, the top.

KATHLEEN

Mountains are deceptive like that. You think you're at the top, then realize you're nowhere near it.

DANIIL

And the hostel, that is south mountain.

KATHLEEN

Right, and this is north.

DANIIL

What happens if you go south of south mountain or north of north mountain?

KATHLEEN  
 You can't. That's where the world  
 drops off.  
 (beat)  
 That was a joke.

Daniil is shivering violently. She takes her scarf off, holds it out to him.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
 I don't get cold. Here.

She wraps it around him - his neck, his face. The connection between them palpable.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
 Can I ask you a question?

Daniil nods.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
 Why did you leave home?

He is silent.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
 You don't have to say if you don't want to.

He looks at her. After a moment:

DANIIL  
 Not very long ago, there were car bombings in Tashkent. The government blamed the Muslims. My professor was a very nice man who said what he thought, and he was Muslim.

(beat)  
 One day I received a call, telling me I was invited.

KATHLEEN  
 Invited?

DANIIL  
 Yes. They are like a secret police. They invite you casually, as though it is a dinner party.

Kathleen glances at him - keep going.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

I took the bus. The people around me seemed to know where I was going, but no one would look at me. When I got there, there were two men. One was short and one was tall, but their faces looked the same.

KATHLEEN

They wanted to know about your professor?

DANIIL

(nods)

They had me there for some time.

Kathleen looks at him. Turning this over in her mind.

KATHLEEN

Was that when you got sick? Your lungs.

DANIIL

Yes.

He looks at her, his eyes glassy. As though he's scared all over again.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

They asked me many questions, and my professor...I did not protect him.

KATHLEEN

(beat)

Was he killed?

DANIIL

It is likely.

KATHLEEN

(beat)

Is that why you left?

DANIIL

They let me have a student visa.

KATHLEEN

Because of what you told them.

DANIIL

Yes.

KATHLEEN  
Is your family still there?

Daniil nods. They sit in silence, the wind whipping around them. Otherwise it is completely quiet.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
My husband died. A car accident.  
It was almost five years ago.  
People around here think I killed  
him.

DANIIL  
Why would they think that?

KATHLEEN  
People think all sorts of things.

DANIIL  
Do you have children?

KATHLEEN  
One. He's grown.

He can tell she doesn't want to say anything more, and he doesn't ask.

EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - LATER

Kathleen and Daniil walk down the mountain. She glances back at him, he struggles to keep up with her.

EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - DUSK

Kathleen and Daniil exit the woods. A Mennonite buggy passes by.

DANIIL  
Why do they dress like that?

KATHLEEN  
Out of respect for God. I used to want to be more like them. Happy with the bare minimum, you know? They don't need to get a masters or live in a city.

They watch the buggy depart. After a moment:

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I think religion gives people  
permission to act like assholes and  
blame it on God.

(off his silence)

Amos always said I talked too much.

DANIIL

You do not.

She touches his shoulder. Walks ahead of him.

EXT. GARDNERS STREET/GARDNERS SPIRITS - DUSK

Kathleen drives past a small liquor store, is surprised to see a light on and two CUSTOMERS inside. She parks.

INT. GARDNER'S SPIRITS - SAME

The store is small and woodsy, manned by a scrawny CASHIER, twenty-ish. A YOUNG COUPLE debates packs of beer. Kathleen picks up on their tension, picks a bottle of wine.

CASHIER

We're closing soon.

She brings the wine to the counter. On impulse, she grabs a plastic Christmas figurines, a DOVE.

KATHLEEN

And this. Thank you.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Kathleen and Lydia sit in church, surrounded by townspeople. BETH SULLIVAN, now in her forties, a few rows up with her husband, MARK, and their five-year-old, JACK. They sit with Jerry (Beth's uncle) and his wife ROBERTA. Beth keeps trying to catch Kathleen's eye. The SERMON is long, and dull.

Kathleen gently nudges Lydia, who is on the verge of a snooze and not happy to be disturbed.

LYDIA

Is it just me or have his sermons  
gotten longer?

KATHLEEN

(under her breath)

It's not just you.

PREACHER THOMAS

We offer up a special prayer to the families of our men and woman who are serving. The family of Matthew Thomas. The family of Aaron Tyler. The family of Avery Gutshall.

Kathleen finally meets Beth's gaze. Preacher Thomas continues.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Kathleen and Lydia leave the church, two small fish in a steady stream of the tired and possibly faithful.

Lydia moves carefully, holding Kathleen's arm. Notices an OLDER WOMAN looking at Kathleen. Two OLDER MEN.

LYDIA

What the hell do they want? That's Morris Otter, you know, he pissed himself at his communion.

KATHLEEN

Grandma.

LYDIA

He did.

The older woman walks up, touches Kathleen's shoulder.

WOMAN

We pray for Avery.

KATHLEEN

(uncomfortable)

Thank you.

BETH (O.C.)

Kathy!

Beth, standing with her husband Mark, holds out an arm to Kathleen and hugs her. Jerry's playing a rough and tumble game with Jack, who laughs hysterically.

MARK

I hear my wife can't get you to play pool with her.

BETH

I'll pick you up and bring you back. Come on, Kath, you used to kick my ass at pool.

KATHLEEN  
A hundred years ago.

BETH  
I left a message about Christmas dinner? Mark's making ribs.

MARK  
Sacrilege, I know.

BETH  
My uncle's making his famous egg nog.

(beat)  
Dylan's staying up at school so we need all the help we can get, we'll have leftovers for a month.

Kathleen looks at Jerry, who nods at her.

KATHLEEN  
Lydia and I got a ham.

BETH  
Come after. Come for dessert. I'm making pear cobbler and cheesecake. Jack's decorating.

KATHLEEN  
I'll think about it.

LYDIA  
You go, Kathleen. There's no point in you turning into a fossil too.

Kathleen glances at Jerry, who is playing a rough game with Jack.

BETH  
Kathy. Hey.

Kathleen looks at Beth's sweet, open face, wanting to say yes to her.

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Kathleen opens the oven, checks on the ham.

KATHLEEN  
It's almost ready.

Lydia sits there, smoking. Kathleen holds out an ashtray. Lydia looks at her with amused defiance.

LYDIA

No fun.

They hear a CAR pulling up.

Kathleen heads to the window. Her parents, JODY and AARON, late 60s, get out of a Honda. Her face pales.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Kathy, it's Christmas.

Kathleen slams out of the house.

EXT./INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen stands outside.

KATHLEEN

Surprised you made the drive.

AARON

Give us a break, Kath.

KATHLEEN

I told you she was having trouble breathing. See if you can get her to stop smoking, I'm not having much of an effect.

Jody hands Kathleen a casserole. Kisses both her cheeks. Kathleen wants to soften.

JODY

Merry Christmas, Kathleen. Please put on your coat.

Jody and Aaron head into the house. Kathleen stands there, arms around her body, watching as they greet Lydia.

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen splashes her face. After a moment, she grabs a hairbrush, begins brushing her hair vigorously.

After another moment, she takes out a tube of lipstick. Looks at it, an object she has not seen in some time.

## INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL

Kathleen hovers near the door, listening to her parents poke around the kitchen, lay out food. Anxiety building inside of her.

AARON (O.C.)

This has the marshmallows Kathleen likes. Jody went to three different stores.

JODY (O.C.)

We need to heat it up for forty minutes. Where is Kathleen?

LYDIA (O.C.)

She'll come down.

JODY (O.C.)

Did she call Avery yet?

LYDIA (O.C.)

She'll call him when she calls him.

AARON (O.C.)

Kathleen?

Kathleen grabs her coat and heads out the door.

## EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathleen pulls up to a small, cozy house. A few Christmas lights on. Through the window she can see Beth, Mark, Jack, Jerry and his wife ROBERTA, a few other people from the church.

## EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathleen stands at the door, hesitant. Beth sees Kathleen and bounds towards the door, swinging it open.

BETH

Were you just going to stand out there all night?

KATHLEEN

I was thinking about it.

BETH

Yeah, I'll bet you were. Your parents stop by?

Kathleen nods.

BETH (CONT'D)  
You OK?

KATHLEEN  
I'm fine.

BETH  
Well you look great. Jerry made eggnog. I'm giving Jack a very important lesson in how to decorate a Christmas tree.

Beth pulls her into a hug.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - LATER

They all sit around the living room, drinking, talking. The house is slightly smaller than Kathleen and Lydia's but lived in, cared for, colorful.

Mark is mid-story. Jack and Beth decorate the tree, Kathleen helping them pick ornaments. The little boy is shy around her, as though he is a bit afraid.

MARK  
- then Beth says, he wants Darth Vader's space ship.

BETH  
I meant the Millenium Falcon, which obviously belongs to Hans Solo, they've heard this story -

MARK  
Kathleen hasn't heard it.

KATHLEEN  
You don't need to say anything on my account.  
(to Jack)  
You like this one?

JACK  
That one.

BETH  
Well, it ends with Mark buying a plastic light saber that someone might as well of made with saran wrap and a flashlight. Totally useless.

MARK

When the boys were his age you  
could buy a castle and a train set.  
Now they've got a toy for every  
movie that comes out. And they all  
break.

BETH

(to Kathleen)

Apparently plastic gets flimsier.  
You'll have some eggnog?

KATHLEEN

I've got to drive.

BETH

Stay in Dylan's room.

KATHLEEN

That's OK.

BETH

Oh come on, we can make breakfast  
tomorrow. Apple pancakes. I'll  
spike 'em.

KATHLEEN

Beth -

JERRY

A little eggnog never hurt anyone.

KATHLEEN

I'm good, Jerry, thanks.

BETH

(to Kathleen)

Remember when I tried to get you to  
go out before exams?

(to everyone)

Kathleen was the smartest person I  
knew. Is.

KATHLEEN

No I'm not.

JERRY

Kathleen, I was thinking that you'd  
bring your boyfriend.

KATHLEEN

What are you talking about?

JERRY

Young guy. Foreign one.

BETH

Are you holding out on me, baby girl?

KATHLEEN

I don't know what he's talking about and I'm too old for a boyfriend.

MARK

Constantly on patrol, aren't you, Jer?

JERRY

When I need to be.

BETH

My uncle's always been paranoid.

JERRY

I'll say what I want. She should ask her kid what he thinks.

MARK

Jerry.

JERRY

Her kid's probably being shot at by people like him. Poor Martin.

KATHLEEN

What are you talking about?

JERRY

You'd think he'd get something out of paying you to hang around and read.

MARK

Jerry, what the hell?

Beth covers Jack's ears.

KATHLEEN

(to Mark and Beth)

He doesn't know what he's talking about.

JACK

Mom, ow.

JERRY

Where's he from, Kathleen?

KATHLEEN

If you're talking about the guy at  
the hostel, he's a *guest*, and he  
isn't from the Middle East.

JACK

Mom!

Jack wriggles out of his mother's grip.

BETH

(to Jack)

Go upstairs.

JACK

It's not even eight.

BETH

I don't care.

JERRY

(to Kathleen)

Where's he from?

KATHLEEN

Russia, I think.

BETH

Wait, Kath, who is this guy?

KATHLEEN

He's someone staying at the hostel.  
As people do.

JERRY

(to Kathleen)

You gonna go with *him* for a drive?

MARK

Are you kidding me?

BETH

Jerry, shut the fuck up.

Jack lets out a giggle.

BETH (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

UPSTAIRS.

Jack darts upstairs.

JERRY  
 (to Beth)  
 You got some mouth.

BETH  
 You've got some fucking nerve you  
 asshole.  
 (to Kathleen)  
 Kath.

KATHLEEN  
 I'm gonna go.

MARK  
 No, they're leaving now.

JERRY  
 Just let me take a whizz.

MARK  
 You can't hold it twenty minutes?

KATHLEEN  
 I'm gonna go.

BETH  
 Kath. At least take something with  
 you. Kath -

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen sits in the car, gripping the steering wheel.  
 Swallows a Tramadol dry. Another. Takes a few deep breaths.  
 The bottle of wine is still on the seat next to her.

Jerry knocks on her window. She just glares at him. He holds up a brown paper bag. A beat. She rolls the window down.

KATHLEEN  
 I didn't bring any money.

JERRY  
 Did I say anything about money?  
 Merry Christmas.

She hesitates, then takes the bag.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Vicadon.  
 (beat)  
 I'm just giving you a hard time,  
 you know that.

KATHLEEN  
It isn't funny.

JERRY  
I saw you out there on the ice, you know. You looking to kill yourself?

KATHLEEN  
I don't know what you mean.

JERRY  
Yeah you do. Had a friend that died that way, before you or Beth was born. Ice cracked under him, swallowed him up. Just be careful, that's all I'm saying.

Kathleen shakes her head, starts the car.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
About your boyfriend. I'm looking out for you, Kathleen. People are getting a bad feeling about him.

KATHLEEN  
You mean you?

*EXT. AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen, twenties, stares at the ceiling. Amos kisses her knee.*

*INT. AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen, twenties, sits across from Amos. They pick at plates of spaghetti.*

YOUNG AMOS  
You ashamed of me?

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
Of course not.

YOUNG AMOS  
Come here.

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
Can I finish eating?

*After a beat, Kathleen goes to him. Sits on his lap. He kisses her, she tries to respond. He takes off his belt.*

*The sound of BREAKS SLAMMING.*

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kathleen slams hard, nearly hitting a DOE. It stares at her. Two FAUNS follow the doe.

KATHLEEN  
Jesus Christ.

EXT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

Kathleen parks outside. The men's bunk light is on.

INT. HOSTEL - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen opens the door, holding the bottle of wine. Daniil is downstairs, reading, in front of the fire. Momentarily startled to see her.

KATHLEEN  
Is it OK if I come in?

DANIIL  
Yes. Of course.

KATHLEEN  
What are you reading?

He shows her the book. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I used to read that to my son. It was considered standard enough.

DANIIL  
What does that mean, standard?

KATHLEEN  
Boys getting into mischief. Getting other people to do their work for them. Inoffensive. My husband approved.

DANIIL  
He is young, Tom. He has time to redeem himself.

KATHLEEN  
You're young.

DANIIL

"Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it -- namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain."

Kathleen is moved.

KATHLEEN

I forgot that part.

She sits next to him. An attraction between them. They search for the next thing to say. She holds up the wine. \*

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

You'll have some? \*

DANIIL

Yes.

Kathleen finds two mugs, pours.

KATHLEEN

Super classy, I know.

They drink. Kathleen gulps hers. Smiles. Something loosening in her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Thirsty.

He leans over, kisses her. She responds, the kiss intensifies. After a moment she pulls away.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Is this all right?

Daniil nods. She pulls away from him a little. Suddenly uncomfortable. She takes the little glass bird out of her coat pocket.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

For you.

Daniil takes it.

DANIIL

Why?

KATHLEEN  
What's Christmas without a dove?

She kisses him again, but the mood is broken. A beat.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
If you want to stay here, you've  
got to try - not to be seen. OK?  
You might think you're in the  
middle of nowhere but you stand out  
like a sore thumb and you aren't  
safe. Do you understand me?

He nods. Kathleen goes over to a shelf next to the fireplace. A few romance novels. Worn and browning hiking magazines. The copy of *Anna Karenina* that was in Daniil's bag.

DANIIL  
It is hard, sometimes. To be alone.  
Do you find this also?

KATHLEEN  
I never really liked people that  
much.

She puts on her coat.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Don't let anyone see you.  
Especially Jerry. Goodnight.

Kathleen leaves. He sits there, alone and confused.

EXT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathleen pulls up to the house. Her parents' car is no longer there.

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen goes into the kitchen. It's a mess, of course. The carcass of the ham on the table, dishes on the table, her marshmallow casserole mostly devoured. She shakes her head, starts to clean.

KATHLEEN  
Thanks a fucking lot.

There is a note on the counter in neat, blocky handwriting.

Lydia fell. We had to take her to the ER.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen drives quickly. The roads are empty. She waits at a stoplight that stays red too long.

A couple of KIDS are throwing broken bottles at someone's window.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CARLISLE - NIGHT

Kathleen rushes into a hospital room, Lydia sleeping, hooked up to tubes, Aaron and Jody anxiously sitting.

KATHLEEN

What happened?

JODY

She fell.

KATHLEEN

Was she having trouble breathing?  
She always has her inhaler, did you give her her inhaler?

Aaron touches his daughter's shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CARLISLE - LATER

Kathleen paces as Dr. Padovese examines Lydia.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CARLISLE - LATER

Kathleen, Aaron, and Jody stand outside the hospital room with Dr. Padovese.

DR. PADOVESE

She had a stroke.

KATHLEEN

Is it fatal?

DR. PADOVESE

At her age we don't really speak in those terms.

KATHLEEN

Fuck you. There are people who live to a hundred and twenty.

JODY

Kathleen!

Aaron looks at Kathleen with a rush of pride.

AARON  
Thank you, Doctor.

Dr. Padovese leaves.

KATHLEEN  
I'm going to get her some jello.  
(to her parents)  
You'll stay here, right?

Jody looks exhausted. She hates a scene, does not make eye contact with her daughter. Aaron nods softly - of course.

INT. HOSPITAL/SUPPLY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen walks down the hall. It's an understaffed and slightly pathetic hospital. There's no one around. Kathleen rounds a corner.

Kathleen keeps walking, again no one. She passes an open door to a supply room and goes in. A NURSE sits on the floor, unpacking boxes of pills.

The nurse sees her looking and closes the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CARLISLE - DAY

Kathleen pulls back the curtain around Lydia's bed. Two unopened containers of jello in front of her grandmother. Kathleen sits, takes her hand. Lydia opens her eyes.

LYDIA  
Kathleen.

Lydia speaks with difficulty. Kathleen takes her hand.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
I killed your grandfather.

KATHLEEN  
No, you didn't. He had a heart attack.

LYDIA  
Humph. You sure?

KATHLEEN  
Yes, Grandma.

LYDIA

Well, I wanted to kill him. Same thing.

KATHLEEN

No it isn't.

Lydia starts to cough, Kathleen gives her her inhaler. Aaron comes in, holds out a COFFEE. Kathleen shakes her head.

AARON

She seems better.

KATHLEEN

Why don't you tell her that?

AARON

Kath -

Kathleen takes the coffee, leaves the room.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Kathleen stands with the same cup of coffee, looking at the hostel. All the lights off.

A small CAR pulls up. Martin gets out. His car is tied up with BUNGEE CORDS, trying to contain something metal that doesn't quite fit. He starts to unload the contents of his trunk.

She watches him for a moment. She pulls on her coat.

EXT. GENERAL STORE/HOSTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen heads outside, trying to muster cheer, but she's pretty lousy at it.

KATHLEEN

When did you get back?

MARTIN

Late last night.

KATHLEEN

(beat)

Your car eat some other car?

MARTIN

Yeah, you joke, but when I build it it's going to be awesome.

KATHLEEN

When you build what?

MARTIN

Belated birthday present. Can't  
ruin the surprise.

KATHLEEN

Oh, come on, Martin. What is it, a  
Ferris Wheel? An electric tractor?

MARTIN

When did you get your sense of  
humor back?

KATHLEEN

How's Ruby?

He pulls a picture out of his pocket, holds it out in his  
gloved hand.

MARTIN

Her confirmation.

KATHLEEN

You all right?

Martin shrugs.

MARTIN

Two years without incident. 842  
days.

They stand there for a moment, neither knowing what to say.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I put your friend to work.  
The Russian guy. Says he knows how  
to chop wood.

A beat.

KATHLEEN

I said he could spend a night or  
two, till the weather passed. I'm  
surprised he's still here.

MARTIN

Says he ran out of money.

KATHLEEN

Are you mad?

MARTIN

Nah. I just always thought lawyers  
had money.

KATHLEEN

He told me he was a student.

Kathleen turns this over in her head. Martin shrugs,  
unconcerned.

EXT. TUMBLING RUN/LAUREL LAKE - DAY

Kathleen walks her usual walk towards the woods. Daniil is  
chopping wood, clumsily.

KATHLEEN

You've got to use both hands.

He looks at her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

You keep swinging like that, you'll  
probably chop off your foot. Like  
this. See?

Kathleen hacks away at the wood for a moment. Swift and  
practiced. She grimaces slightly from the pain in her leg.

She hands him the axe. Their hands touch.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Try again.

He does. He swings the axe tentatively, then with strength. A  
beat.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

It's strange that you would lie  
about being a student.

Daniil just looks at her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

You do remember what you told me?

DANIIL

I had just finished law school.

KATHLEEN

Why should I believe you?

Daniil says nothing. Kathleen just looks at him, frustrated.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I want to show you something.

The sound of a GUNSHOT.

Through the trees, she can see Jerry aiming at a darting DEER.

He turns and looks at them.

EXT. PINE GROVE FURNACE - CAMP MICHaux- LATER

Daniil follows Kathleen down a steep trail. The same path young Kathleen and Amos ran. They reach the prisoner of war camp, the tall stone wall like half a broken furnace.

KATHLEEN

In the middle of the summer they would put the prisoners into a sweatbox, roast them alive until they told them their secrets. They didn't have to do anything - the sun did the work. Developed weapons that way. Didn't matter how many Germans or Japanese they had to torture. Guys like Jerry and my husband get a kick out of it.

DANIIL

(beat)

Why do you tell me this?

KATHLEEN

I was thinking a lot about that book. Dostoevsky. And what it takes for one person to hurt another. And how angry he was, and how maybe he was just getting back at the world. Maybe she was a vehicle for all his anger. And she never was very nice to him, she deserved it, and she was old, so you can come up with all these reasons. But then I started thinking, what if he killed the old woman simply because he could get away with it?

Daniil says nothing.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I want to trust you.

A beat. He looks like a trapped animal. Kathleen gives him her scarf, then walks back away.

INT. JOYRIDE - NIGHT

Kathleen walks into a rural bar. Beer on tap. Pool. Most places, this wouldn't be much, but in Gardners it's the best they've got. Beth is chatting with a bartender. The bartender fills two beers and Beth gives Kathleen a deep hug.

BETH

I'd try to persuade you to get a  
girly drink but that'd be a lost  
cause wouldn't it?  
(to the bartender)  
You don't let her pay a dime,  
Scottie.

KATHLEEN

Mark holding down the fort?

BETH

You know Mark.

KATHLEEN

I hope I didn't -

BETH

Are you kidding? You come see me,  
you call me anytime.

Kathleen nods, trying to warm to Beth's friendliness. But she's uncomfortable.

BETH (CONT'D)

How is she?

KATHLEEN

Awake. Talking. You know. Hanging  
in.

Beth looks at her friend with sympathy, Kathleen shrinks away from her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Let's just have fun.

BETH

That's what I'm here for.

INT. JOYRIDE - LATER

Kathleen smashes the rack on a pool table with wobbly precision.

BETH

- it's just so hard to tell, you know? He says he's fine, he looks good, but I want to be able to hug him. Doesn't matter how old he gets, he'll always be my little baby. I can show you? It's really easy, webcam.

KATHLEEN

Whoever thought we'd be talking on video over the internet.

BETH

You really do live under a rock do you?

(off Kathleen's look)  
I'm just teasing. You stay pure, baby girl.

KATHLEEN

Yeah, me and the Mennonites.

Kathleen takes another shot, she's very good.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

You remember learning about Dirk Willems?

Beth shakes her head. Takes a shot.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I was thinking about him the other day. I'm not sure why.

BETH

I don't know what you're talking about, Kath.

KATHLEEN

I thought we learned about him in school. Didn't we?

(off Beth's look)  
He was this 16th Century Mennonite, thrown into jail for being a Baptist. He escaped and a guard chased him across a frozen pond. The guard was too heavy and he fell threw the ice.

(MORE)

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Dirk turned back and saved him. He was captured again and burned at the stake.

BETH

Jesus. Why on earth were you thinking about that?

KATHLEEN

I have no idea.

BETH

Is that why you went out on the lake?

Kathleen freezes. Shakes her head. Pissed.

KATHLEEN

Thanks, Jerry.

BETH

Look, Kath, my uncle means well -

KATHLEEN

Can we not?

A familiar tension between the two.

BETH

Of course.

Kathleen takes another shot.

BETH (CONT'D)

The reigning queen.

KATHLEEN

Barely.

BETH

I'm so glad to see you, Kath. Surprised, but glad.

Kathleen shrugs.

BETH (CONT'D)

You give anymore thought to the school thing?

KATHLEEN

I can't afford it.

BETH

There are aid programs. Tons of them. Someone as smart as you.

KATHLEEN

I'm not that smart.

Kathleen hits the eight ball, it skitters off the table. She grabs her hip.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

BETH

Are you OK?

KATHLEEN

Yeah I'm tired of everyone always asking me that.

BETH

You can tell me anything.

KATHLEEN

I know.

BETH

You promise?

KATHLEEN

Yes.

BETH

Kath -

KATHLEEN

You want to ask me about him? I can tell, you want to ask. What did Jerry say?

BETH

Kath, I want you to be happy -

KATHLEEN

He's just a kid staying at the hostel. He likes to talk about books. You remember when we used to talk about philosophy?

BETH

That guy....Jerry says the rangers have been asking about him. They're looking for him, Jerry doesn't know why -

KATHLEEN

That's such paranoid bullshit -

BETH

Look, Kath. Like I said, I know my uncle isn't a saint. He served a couple years and thinks that makes him the authority on right and wrong.

KATHLEEN

He's not the only one.

BETH

I know that, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

I'm sure you do, Dylan didn't have enlist.

BETH

(beat)

Yeah, I'm aware of that.

KATHLEEN

Sorry. I'm sorry. I just sometimes wonder if our country's doing the right thing. Going to war in those places.

(beat)

And about Avery, if it's gonna turn him, you know?

BETH

He's good, Kathleen. Always took after you.

KATHLEEN

Amos wasn't even in the service.

BETH

Kathleen. I don't want to fight with you, OK?

Beth takes a sip of her drink.

BETH (CONT'D)

Look. I'm the first person to call my uncle on his shit. But this time he's worried about you -

KATHLEEN

Oh yeah? Where was he five years ago, if he's so worried now?

This hits Beth even harder. After a moment, she speaks with difficult.

BETH

We tried, Kath. You didn't want to hear it.

KATHLEEN

I guess.

BETH

I swear to you, we tried.

Kathleen picks up her beer and drains it.

KATHLEEN

I gotta pee.

INT. JOYRIDE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen slams into stall. Looks at herself in the mirror.

*INT. AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S BATHROOM - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen stares at herself in the mirror. She's frail, her eyes hollow. She takes out a pair of scissors, holds them to her wrist. Then raises them, cuts her hair savagely, till it's extremely short.*

*Amos comes in, wiping sleep from his eyes, startled by her appearance.*

YOUNG AMOS

*Beth put you up to that?*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*You don't want me to see her, remember.*

*They stare at each other for a long moment. He grabs her face, her hair, examining her like she's an animal. Kathleen grips the scissors. It is unclear what Amos might do. And then he starts to laugh.*

YOUNG AMOS

*You better stay inside, looking like that. People already think you're crazy.*

*Kathleen tries to get past him. He lunges at her. The sound of BREAKS SLAMMING.*

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. GARDNERS - NIGHT

Kathleen breaks hard. A red light. She has nearly hit a couple of teenagers. They give her the finger.

Her breath is ragged. She looks over, sees the VA. A few DRUG ADDICTS outside, long hair, whisper thin, vulnerable yet frightening.

She watches them, thinks.

INT. LYDIA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen watches Lydia sleep.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Kathleen stands at the window, watches Martin and Daniil work on the metal contraption from his trunk on the hostel porch. There's an ease between them.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

Kathleen sits at the counter, reading *Anna Karenina*. Daniil comes in, carrying a box under his arm. There's a tense beat.

DANIIL

I was sent here to study. That is  
the truth.

KATHLEEN

Then what happened?

DANIIL

I had to leave.

KATHLEEN

And you walked all the way here?  
From Harrisburg?

DANIIL

I got a ride. And then I walked.

Kathleen looks at him for a moment, unsure. He hovers by the door.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

The book. Do you enjoy it?

KATHLEEN

I don't know if enjoy is the right word. It's about freedom, I think. It's sad.

Daniil holds out a box.

DANIIL

There is a chess set in that little space, downstairs. Would you like me to teach you?

KATHLEEN

I know how to play.  
(beat)  
Don't look so surprised.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

Kathleen and Daniil sit over a chessboard. Kathleen makes a move, takes Daniil's pawn.

KATHLEEN

Not bad for a redneck?

DANIIL

What does this mean, redneck?

KATHLEEN

Uneducated person. You go.  
(beat)  
I think your rook might be in trouble.

He looks up at her, she's right. He smiles.

DANIIL

This is, what do you call it, an unfair advantage.

KATHLEEN

(grins)

I guess I just don't like to win.

Daniil makes his next move.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Smart.

She makes a move.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Who taught you to play?

DANIIL  
My father.

KATHLEEN  
You know what I like about this game? Everything counts. It's impossible to win without pawns.

DANIIL  
This is true. They just get sacrificed.

The sound of a CAR.

Kathleen gets up, sees Jerry's JEEP.

DANIIL (CONT'D)  
Is everything all right?

KATHLEEN  
We're getting company.

Daniil hurries into the kitchen. Kathleen puts the chess board back into the box as Jerry comes in, carrying a bigger GUN than before.

JERRY  
Your friend around?

KATHLEEN  
I don't know what you're talking about.

JERRY  
Get me a coffee, Kathleen.

Kathleen gets him a coffee. He drinks it while poking around the store. Kathleen sees Danya darting towards the hostel.

KATHLEEN  
You need a gun that big to shoot a deer?

JERRY  
You bet. Damn that's hot.

KATHLEEN  
I just made it.

JERRY  
I'm getting a new prescription. Supposed to be even stronger.

KATHLEEN

Great.

JERRY

Don't you want to know when?

KATHLEEN

Not really.

Jerry's still looking around the store.

JERRY

I could have sworn I saw that  
skinny foreign little fucker.

KATHLEEN

Maybe you need to start taking your  
own prescription.

JERRY

You're a funny girl, Kathleen.  
Martin know about this?

KATHLEEN

Know about what?

JERRY

Be a real shame if this screwed up  
his probation. A real shame.

KATHLEEN

Like I said. He runs a hostel.  
People stay there. That's why it  
exists.

JERRY

Yep.

KATHLEEN

Jerry, you want to tell me what  
your problem is?

JERRY

The cops are looking for a guy,  
fits his description. Told a bunch  
of us down by Tumbling Run.

KATHLEEN

I'll bet. I can just see you  
sharing beers and xenophobia.

JERRY

You better watch it. I'll tell my  
niece the truth about you.

KATHLEEN  
Tell her what you want. You sell to  
me, don't you?

Jerry just looks at her. Stuffs a few packages of Swedish  
fish into his pockets.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Those are expired.

Jerry takes another pack. Kathleen watches out the window as  
he makes his way to the woods, passing Martin. They speak for  
a moment.

Martin looks up at the store, locks eyes with Kathleen.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Martin comes in, shaking snow off his boots.

MARTIN  
What was that about?

KATHLEEN  
Jerry being Jerry. You want coffee?

MARTIN  
(still concerned)  
Kathleen?

KATHLEEN  
You want a burger?

MARTIN  
No. Who is this guy, Kath?

KATHLEEN  
He says he's a law student. Got  
sent here on a visa.  
(beat)  
Look. Martin. I think there's more  
to it, but I also think he's in  
trouble.

Martin sips his coffee. A beat. Then he puts a card down on  
the table, nods at it. Kathleen takes it, reads: TYLER  
MCDONOUGH. PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
What's this?

MARTIN  
Some cops came to the hostel.

KATHLEEN

When?

(beat)

Why didn't you tell me?

MARTIN

I handled it, Kathleen. I didn't want to worry you.

KATHLEEN

Did they see him?

MARTIN

No.

KATHLEEN

(beat)

What did they say?

MARTIN

They asked if I was paying him a salary. I said he helped me out with chores sometimes.

KATHLEEN

Martin.

MARTIN

I can't lie. They said I was harboring an illegal immigrant.

KATHLEEN

What did you say?

MARTIN

I said I run a hostel. Harboring is what I do.

KATHLEEN

But they didn't see him?

MARTIN

No.

KATHLEEN

Did they look for him?

MARTIN

They didn't have a warrant. I asked them to leave.

KATHLEEN

Where is he?

INT. HOSTEL/CELLAR - DUSK

Kathleen hurries down rickety stairs to a basement. It's filled with dusty boxes, a few broken and discarded games. Daniil sits alert a thin mattress, wrapped in a blanket, the chess board in front of him, playing against an invisible opponent.

KATHLEEN  
Are you all right?

Daniil nods.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
You should start thinking about  
where you want to go. You  
understand?

Daniil nods. Kathleen takes out a map.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
We're here, see. Harrisburg is  
there. That's Washington D.C. New  
York - I've never been there, but  
New York City, I bet that's a place  
you could get lost in.

DANIIL  
Not a city.

KATHLEEN  
It's much easier to hide in a city.

DANIIL  
Not a city.

KATHLEEN  
Fine. Have it your way. Pick a  
place. But you can't stay here.

Daniil seems to wilt at this.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I'm going to get some dinner. You  
want me to bring back anything for  
you?

DANIIL  
Can I come?

KATHLEEN  
Are you serious?

DANIIL  
Please?

They sit together for a moment.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DUSK

Kathleen watches as Martin gets into his car and drives away. Gunshots ring out from the woods.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - LATER

Kathleen drives, Daniil in the passenger seat. He slumps, makes himself as low as possible.

EXT. CARLISLE DRIVE IN/INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - NIGHT

*North by Northwest* plays on a flickering screen.

Kathleen and Daniil eat take out, Kathleen picking at her food, Daniil ravenous.

KATHLEEN  
Amos and I used to come here all the time. We didn't really watch the movie.

She smiles at the memory. They watch for a moment. Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint on a train.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I always wanted to look like her.

DANIIL  
Why?

KATHLEEN  
Why do you think?  
(beat)  
There are two types of people.  
She's the kind that sort of floats.  
Makes misery seem appealing.

DANIIL  
It is good to be out.

KATHLEEN  
Yeah. Yeah it is.

She looks at his profile in darkness. Road lights highlight the beauty of his features. She puts her hand on his cheek.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Why do you like me?

He leans towards her. Kisses her. The kiss grows. He unbuttons her coat, slips his hands under her sweater. She pulls away, accidentally honking the horn. She starts to laugh, then he does. After a moment.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
You didn't answer the question.

They look at each other. Breathless. On edge. It has been a long time for both of them. He kisses her again, gently this time.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
My parents are staying at my house  
and I don't want to go back.

DANIIL  
You don't like them?

KATHLEEN  
We're just different people.

DANIIL  
I think it is more than this.

KATHLEEN  
Yeah. It is.

DANIIL  
Would you like to tell me?

She puts her hand on his cheek. Just looks at him.

KATHLEEN  
Some other time.

Daniil seems to understand this.

EXT./INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Kathleen pushes opens a door, they go in. Through the dim light two thin mattresses are visible. A loud and ineffective space heater clatters.

Daniil reaches out to her. They stand close to one another in the dark. Another kiss.

DANIIL  
Is this all right?

Kathleen nods, then steps away, finds the light switch. The room is beige and sparse.

KATHLEEN

I'm showing you all the greatest places aren't I? Shitty drive ins and motels.

She sits down on one of the beds, he sits down next to her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I could take you somewhere. I've never been to Chicago, or New York. I'd need to figure out money but -

They kiss again, more urgently.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I don't have to stay in Gardners. I think I actually just realized that.

They kiss again.

She puts her hand on his cheek. It rests there for a moment. She takes off her shirt, her pants, stands in front of him. There's a scar crossing her hip, down her leg.

We see her scar for the first time, as he does - the scar is brutal, jagged, badly and cheaply patched.

He gives her a look - permission not to talk about it - and they kiss again.

She takes off his shirt. He's even thinner than she realized. There are scars, faded, on his chest. On his shoulders.

She turns him around. His back covered with jagged scars.

DANIIL

It is too much -

KATHLEEN

No.

She kisses him. Takes his pants off. They are careful with one another. They begin to make love.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Kathleen sits on the side of the bed, thinking. Daniil stirs, sits up, puts his arm around her. They sit for a moment.

KATHLEEN  
I do want to tell you something.

Daniil simply nods.

DANIIL  
Your husband?

Kathleen nods.

KATHLEEN  
After he lost his job, he changed.  
At first he just wanted me to prove  
that I still loved him. He used to  
make me sit on his lap and put his  
belt around my neck.  
(beat)  
He'd say, *I can kill you like this.*

DANIIL  
Did you try to leave?

Kathleen nods.

KATHLEEN  
Once. Right after I found out I was  
pregnant the first time. He went  
fishing, so I knew he'd be gone  
most of the day.

*EXT. ROAD - DAY - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen, twenties, hair short now, backpack on,  
wearing sandals, walks quickly, with purpose.*

*She turns onto a highway. Trucks fly past her.*

*EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen stands on the side of the highway, thumb  
tentatively up. Cars just rush by her.*

*EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen walks, exhausted. Her feet are bruised and  
bleeding from her sandals.*

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT - THE PAST

Young Kathleen dials Beth, waits. Tears streaming down her face that she wipes away. The phone rings and rings.

BETH (O.S.)  
You've reached Mark, and Beth. We can't come to the -

Kathleen hangs up. Digs more coins out of her backpack. Someone is waiting for the phone now, looking at her strangely as the woman at McDonalds did.

Kathleen dials. We can, again, hear faint ringing.

JODY (O.S.)  
Hello?

Kathleen breaks into sobs.

JODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Kathleen, is that you?

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
Mom, I....

JODY (O.S.)  
Kathleen, where are you?

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
I can't be with him, mom.

JODY (O.S.)  
Kathleen, you listen to me. We all go through tough times. He's a good man, from a good family. Better than ours.

Kathleen wipes her eyes and hangs up the phone.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Kathleen looks at Daniil. He watches her with sympathy. Hanging on her every word.

KATHLEEN  
I keep thinking about you on the bus. Waiting to meet them.

DANIIL  
Kathleen.

Kathleen looks at him. After a moment, she nods.

KATHLEEN

I just kept walking. I walked all the way to Carlisle. Near where Amos used to work.

*EXT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - CARLISLE - DAY - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen reaches an unremarkable church in need of a new coat of paint.*

*INT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - CHAPEL - CARLISLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen walks in. It's so quiet. She passes a nativity scene.*

*INT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - OFFICE - CARLISLE - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen enters a small OFFICE where Father McIntyre, whom we recognize from Kathleen and Amos' wedding, looks up. He is surprised by her appearance and does not seem to remember her.*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*Father McIntyre? I'm Kathleen Guttshall. It's OK if you don't remember.*

FATHER MCINTYRE

*You've hurt your feet.*

*INT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - BATHROOM - CARLISLE - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen cleans her feet, applies alcohol to broken skin.*

*INT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - OFFICE - CARLISLE - THE PAST - MOMENTS LATER*

*Young Katherine, feet bandaged, face washed, sits in the priest's office.*

FATHER MCINTYRE

*Does your husband hit you?*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*(beat)*

*He doesn't - hit, exactly.*

FATHER MCINTYRE  
Is he under a lot of stress?

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
He's been trying to find a new job  
for three years.

FATHER MCINTYRE  
Kathleen. It's our duty to love  
those who are suffering. To help  
them find the right path.

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
How do we do that?

FATHER MCINTYRE  
Just think of Christ on the cross.  
The pain he bore in order to redeem  
us. There are times we need to  
endure certain things to remain  
true to God's will.

(beat)  
Go home. Forgive your husband. Ask  
for his forgiveness. Everyone is  
capable of change.

Kathleen takes this in.

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
Can I go tomorrow?

INT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - BATHROOM - CARLISLE - MOMENTS  
LATER - THE PAST

Kathleen showers. Puss drips from the bandages on her feet.

INT. OUR LADY OF GRACE CHURCH - CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER - THE  
PAST

Kathleen, hair wet, wearing a change of clothes provided by  
the church, follows Father McIntyre into the chapel.

Her parents sit tensely in the pews.

YOUNG KATHLEEN  
(to McIntyre)  
What are they doing here?

They hear a car pull up. Kathleen's father looks extremely  
uncomfortable.

YOUNG KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

*Mom?*

*JODY*

*Kathleen, he deserved to know -*

*Amos strides into the church. Without a word he grabs Kathleen's arm and they walk past her parents, who don't say or do anything, out into -*

*INT. AMOS' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - THE PAST*

*Amos drives. He says nothing. His face is unreadable.*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*I'm sorry.*

*INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME*

Kathleen looks at Daniil. He is hanging on her every word.

KATHLEEN

*It took me almost a day to walk there and we were back in half an hour.*

*INT. AMOS' TRUCK/EXT. AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - THE PAST*

*Amos pulls into their tiny garage.*

*INT. AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - THE PAST*

*Amos closes the garage door. Opens the passenger door, takes Kathleen's elbow gently and helps her out. Still says nothing.*

*Then he goes into the house and closes the door behind him, leaving Kathleen alone. It takes a moment for this to sink in.*

YOUNG KATHLEEN

*Amos?*

*Kathleen tries to open the door to the house, but it's locked.*

YOUNG KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

*Amos?!*

*Kathleen bangs on the garage door, tries to open it, tries more desperately. Her nails bleed.*

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Kathleen has moved slightly away from Daniil.

KATHLEEN

He left me in there for three days.  
There wasn't any water. I kept  
thinking - is this what it feels  
like to be tortured?

DANIIL

I think that you are very brave.

KATHLEEN

I don't know.

Daniil puts his arms around her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I've never told anyone about that.

INT. MOTEL - DAWN

Kathleen wakes up on one of the cheap mattresses. Daniil's bed is empty. The sound of the shower running.

She reaches for her purse, still puffed large with pills. She doesn't take one.

INT. MOTEL/BATHROOM - DAWN

Kathleen washes her face. Glances at Daniil in the shower. His scars visible. She stands there, toothpaste gobbed in her mouth.

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

Kathleen looks out over a parking lot, drinks a weak cup of motel coffee. Daniil comes out.

DANIIL

Are you not cold?

KATHLEEN

Used to it.

He goes back inside, returns with a blanket. Wraps it around her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I think about what happened to me. And it seemed awful. The thought that you could die - everyone knows that you're going to, but the thought that it could happen in five minutes or an hour. And I was thinking about - what it takes to make a body break down. I saw some pictures on the internet.

(beat)

I don't mean to - I'm sorry.

She studies his face carefully, something changing in it.

EXT. PA TURNPIKE/INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - DAY

Kathleen drives, Daniil looking out at the highway, the anonymous wideness of the turnpike. They pass a sign for Philadelphia.

KATHLEEN

We could go to Philadelphia first. Beth and I went there for a weekend when we were in college. It was - I don't know - busy but nice. We went to a jazz club. You ever been to one of those?

Daniil shakes his head, deep in thought. Kathleen flicks a glance at him.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

What is it?  
(off his silence)  
What?

DANIIL

I told you about - my professor.  
There is something else.

His face is pale.

EXT. PA TURNPIKE/INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - SAME

Kathleen pulls the car to the side of the road. Waits for Daniil to speak again.

KATHLEEN

Go on.

Daniil pauses for a moment. This is the first time he's told these details.

DANIIL

You must understand, I was frightened, and angry about the bombs. It is one thing to see this on the news, it is different when it is your city.

(beat)

And I was - many of us were worried - that if there was independence everything would change too much. I started giving names.

KATHLEEN

(beat)

Not just your teacher.

DANIIL

Friends who were activists. In most cases they were names I was certain that the government already had. I thought I couldn't be doing any harm.

(beat)

They asked about my father.

She nods at him - keep going.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

The police, they know more than you do about yourself. It's not that they are intelligent - they're often the men who don't do well in school. My father was trying to get someone to pay a debt. He got the wrong people angry. I was not strong enough to go through that, and they knew.

(beat)

They kept wanting more names.

(beat)

I agreed to work for them. I knew a lot of people. Other students. My professor's clients. There were many people who trusted me.

KATHLEEN

How many?

DANIIL

Maybe a hundred. Maybe more.

KATHLEEN

(beat)

Did they die?

DANIIL

Some of them confessed.

KATHLEEN

But they're dead.

Daniil doesn't respond. Kathleen gets out of the car, starts walking quickly up the frozen road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen throws up. Her entire body seems to empty out. Daniil comes up behind her.

KATHLEEN

Please get back in the car.

Daniil doesn't move.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Get back in the car.

He does. She wipes her mouth and looks out at the highway, trucks flying by.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen drives. Daniil looks at the signs with a sense of growing dread, glances at Kathleen. The car is filled with a deeply uncomfortable silence.

DANIIL

I thought that you would understand.

Kathleen looks at him, incredulous. She turns back to the road and keeps on driving.

EXT. HOSTEL - LATER

Kathleen pulls up to the hostel. Martin's still working on the porch. Daniil looks at the hostel, at her, not quite what to do or where to go.

KATHLEEN

Go. Go on.

DANIIL

Are you going to tell Martin?

KATHLEEN

Go inside while I figure out what to do.

Daniil looks at her for a moment. Then he goes inside. Martin comes over.

MARTIN

What's going on?

Kathleen gets out of the car and starts walking towards the general store.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You were supposed to open two hours ago. Kathleen!

Kathleen keeps walking.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen slams into the familiarity of the general store, starts opening up.

KATHLEEN

Fuck.

Kathleen shoves the bottle back into her purse. Thinks for a moment. Goes to the phone, suddenly decisive.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen's on the phone. Repetitive ringing. Then an answer.

WOMAN (O.S.)

This is the rangers' station.

KATHLEEN

Is there someone I could talk to about someone in the park?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Are you in danger, ma'am?

KATHLEEN

Not right now.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Did someone do something to someone  
at the campsite?

KATHLEEN  
No. He did something - before.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Ma'am? Can you tell us what this  
person looks like?

KATHLEEN  
Tall. Thin.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Caucasian?

KATHLEEN  
I guess so.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Age?

KATHLEEN  
Around 24. Maybe 25.

Martin climbs the stairs. Kathleen hangs up.

MARTIN  
Kathleen, what's going on?

Kathleen brushes past him.

EXT. TUMBLING RUN/LAUREL LAKE - DAY

Kathleen walks over the lake, which has started to slightly thaw. She pokes her boot into the ice, it cracks under her. Too loose for her to walk any considerable distance.

She hears the sound of a gunshot.

EXT. TUMBLING RUN - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen finds Jerry. He seems surprised to see her. She nods towards his gun.

KATHLEEN  
Can I see that?

Startled, Jerry nods. Hands her the gun. It's heavy.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
How do you do it?

Jerry straightens up. This is something he knows well, and he's quietly proud to show her.

JERRY  
You have to get a firm grip. Put the handle over your shoulder, like so. Like so. Then press down. Over there!

A doe in the distance. Kathleen fires three shots towards it. The last one kills the deer.

She sits down and starts to cry. Full sobs. Jerry hovers over her.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Kathleen? Kathleen?

Kathleen continues to sob.

*EXT. WAGGONER'S GAP - MAGIC HOUR - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen, 16, and Amos, 17, arms and legs entangled on the soft ground, kissing.*

*INT. AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - THE PAST*

*Young Kathleen, 20s, takes a pregnancy test. It's positive. She throws it in the trash, buries it deep.*

*INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER*

Kathleen walks down the hall, into Lydia's hospital room, where another FAMILY sits with an OLD MAN.

A beat as Kathleen registers this. Stares. The family doesn't notice her. Kathleen turns to a passing nurse.

KATHLEEN  
My grandmother was here. Lydia McElwain.

The nurse looks at her a moment.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Lydia McElwain. Do you know where she is?

NURSE  
Please calm down, miss.

KATHLEEN  
I am calm.

Dr. Padovese approaches.

DR. PADOVESE  
She was stable. We moved her from  
intensive care.

Kathleen looks at him for a moment, drained.

DR. PADOVESE (CONT'D)  
When you take her home, she's going  
to need someone around the clock.  
You thought about how you're going  
to take care of that?

KATHLEEN  
You mean how we're going to pay for  
it?

The doctor's face tells her everything she needs to know.

INT. NEW HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen sits next to her sleeping grandmother. There are three other beds with patients hooked up to beeping machines, mostly unconscious, similarly discarded. Lydia opens her eyes. She's hanging on, but barely.

LYDIA  
I told you.

Kathleen  
They said you were better.

LYDIA  
Lies.

There's something about the way she's said this that almost makes Kathleen smile.

KATHLEEN  
Grandma. If you knew someone had  
done something really bad - do you  
think it's your duty to make sure  
they're punished?

Lydia thinks for a moment. Her breathing is shallow, she's struggling.

LYDIA

Did they do it to me?

KATHLEEN

If they hadn't done it to you.

LYDIA

Don't see how it's any of my business.

Kathleen takes this in.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/SUPPLY ROOM - LATER

Kathleen walks down the hall, quickly and with purpose. Pushes open a door; we recognize it as the supply room. It's messier than it was before, someone's been in here.

The boxes are sealed with tape. Kathleen pauses. Pulls her keys out of her pocket, slices them open. Fills her purse with boxes of pills. Tramadol and Vicodin. She fills her purse.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen leaves the supply room. A NURSE spots her. Kathleen walks faster. She reaches the elevator, it opens quickly.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen clutches her purse tightly.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen hurries through the lobby, passing her parents.

AARON

Kathleen!

Kathleen just keeps walking.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. GARDNERS - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen drives. Breaks hard at a stoplight. Takes a tramadol to calm her nerves.

Looks out the window at the VA. One of the vets, grizzled and emaciated, looks back at her.

EXT. GARDNERS - VA - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen parks, walks towards the men. After a beat, she holds out a bottle of Vicodin.

KATHLEEN  
I'll give you one for sixty dollars.

The men stare back at her.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. GARDNERS - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen sits in her car, holding a twenty dollar bill. She shakes her head. The absurdity of the situation almost makes her laugh.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DUSK

Kathleen looks out the window, cup of coffee in hand. A COP CAR drives up the hill.

Two COPS, a man and woman, get out.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen waits behind the counter. The cops come in.

FEMALE COP  
Are you Kathleen Guttshall?

KATHLEEN  
McElwain.

MALE COP  
You know Martin Landis, up the hill?

KATHLEEN  
He's my boss.

FEMALE COP  
You seen anything unusual going on up there? Anyone going in and out at odd hours?

KATHLEEN  
(beat)  
It's a hostel.

COP

One of my colleagues was up there the other day but Mr. Landis wasn't cooperative. We thought you might be able to help.

Kathleen hands them both coffee.

KATHLEEN

He was out of town for Christmas. Cream and sugar are over there.

FEMALE COP

Please, ma'am. We know about your friend. The rangers have been watching him for weeks. They said he was from Uzbekistan.

KATHLEEN

I don't know anyone from there.

MALE COP

You have no idea what we're talking about?

KATHLEEN

That's what I just said.

FEMALE COP

Ma'am, it's a criminal offense to lie to the police.

The male cop takes a step close to her, searching her face. She looks right at him, unblinking. A standoff. A familiar slim figure walks up the stairs, into the store. Daniil.

DANIIL

I believe you are looking for me.

The cops turn to him. Kathleen looks out at the police car, shining blue lights on the mountain.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen and Martin watch Daniil, handcuffed, get into the cop car. The car leaves rather quietly.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Kathleen and Martin sit, nursing hot mugs. Neither has spoken for a while.

MARTIN

Kathleen, I don't ask you a lot of  
questions -

KATHLEEN

You gave me a job. A place to go.  
You can fire me if you want.

MARTIN

I'm not gonna do that.

KATHLEEN

You should just tell them the  
truth. I didn't say anything to  
you.

MARTIN

Nah. They'll do what they want.

KATHLEEN

I'll tell them.

Martin just looks at her.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to help him, OK? I was  
just tired of...weak people getting  
weaker. Seems like it's been that  
way since we were kids. You know?

MARTIN

Who do you think you're talking to?

KATHLEEN

I'm sorry.

MARTIN

(beat)

Two years without incident. So  
that's something.

KATHLEEN

Martin.

Martin nods. Gets up, puts on his coat.

MARTIN

I just want to help you.

Martin leaves.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - LYDIA'S ROOM - DAY

Kathleen sits with Lydia, who sleeps. Breathing even more labored.

Aaron hovers in the doorway. Their eyes meet.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - LYDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen sleeps next to Lydia. Lydia opens her eyes. Reaches for Kathleen's hand, grabs it.

KATHLEEN

I think I'm scared of my son.

LYDIA

Phuff.

KATHLEEN

Grandma.

Lydia struggles to breath.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Kathleen and her parents stand at a sparse graveside. Martin, Beth, Mark, Jerry, Roberta, a few other townspeople listen to Preacher Thomas' sermon.

PREACHER THOMAS

Though preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies,  
Thou anointest my head with oil; my  
cup runneth over. Surely goodness  
and mercy shall follow me all the  
days of my life -

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen sits at a distance from her parents. The lights of the TV flicker. The sound of FIREWORKS outside.

EXT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathleen stands outside, watches fireworks above them. Aaron comes outside.

AARON

2008. Whoulda thunk.

Kathleen shrugs.

AARON (CONT'D)  
She's my mother, Kathleen. You  
think I'm happy about this?

KATHLEEN  
She lived here her entire life. Did  
you know she never even saw the  
ocean?

They stand there for a beat. He takes out a cigarette and smokes.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
You mind if I have one of those?

Aaron gives one to her, a menthol. She lights it.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Grandma was right. They taste like  
shit.

Aaron musters a smile.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Was grandpa really as bad as she  
says he was?

AARON  
Probably worse.

KATHLEEN  
He used to say, you'll be all  
right. You're tough like me. Except  
you're not a piece of shit, that's  
the only difference.

Aaron shakes his head at the memory.

AARON  
He loved you. That's for sure.

KATHLEEN  
I don't know how to remember him. I  
guess he was a bad man with good  
aspects.

AARON  
You talk to Avery?

KATHLEEN  
Not yet.

AARON  
Not a bad idea, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN  
It'll just upset him.

AARON  
(beat)  
Is there anything - that I can do  
to help?

Kathleen looks at him, unsure of what to say.

INT. LYDIA AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - KATHLEEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen takes out a photo album. A beat. A few pictures of her and Beth as teens. Kathleen and Amos' wedding. A baby picture, Avery, brown-haired and scrunched.

And the last picture, one she clearly hasn't looked at in a long time: Lydia, about ten years ago, Kathleen, early 30s, hair still short, Avery at nine, dark hair and eyes, slender.

EXT. GARDNERS - DAY

Kathleen drives through town, turns down a road.

INT. AMOS' TRUCK - THE PAST

*Kathleen, in her late 30s, in the passenger seat. Looking at Amos, his harsh profile, his thickened body. There is a hunting knife on the dash. She watches the keys dangle from the ignition.*

EXT. GARDNERS - AMOS AND KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kathleen pulls up at their small house. Another YOUNG COUPLE taking down lights from a Christmas tree.

INT. AMOS' TRUCK - OPOSSUM LAKE - THE PAST

*Amos's truck now turns up a narrow dirt road, Kathleen still focused on the keys.*

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Kathleen chops wood. Her leg hurting more than usual.

EXT. WOODS/LAUREL LAKE - DAY

Kathleen, carrying the wood, looks out at the lake.

EXT. OPOSSUM LAKE - THE PAST

*Kathleen watches as Amos dangles a fishing line into the water.*

EXT. OPOSSUM LAKE - THE PAST

*Amos reels in a trout. He turns to Kathleen and grins with pride. The trout wriggles desperately.*

AMOS

*Give me the knife.*

*Kathleen goes through Amos' fishing bag.*

KATHLEEN

*It's not here.*

AMOS

*Where is it?*

KATHLEEN

*I think I saw it on the dash.*

AMOS

*Why didn't you say something? Go get it.*

*He tosses her the keys. She catches them.*

EXT. GENERAL STORE/HOSTEL - DAY

Carrying the wood, Kathleen sees a POLICE CAR up the hill. Martin is outside the hostel. He notices Kathleen but doesn't make the cop aware.

The cop starts the engine, drives down the hill, passing Kathleen. His eyes meet hers, dark with blame.

Kathleen drops the wood on the porch.

EXT. HOSTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen approaches Martin.

KATHLEEN

What was that about?

MARTIN

You'll never guess who's back.

She doesn't need him to tell her. She stands there for a moment, torn.

INT. HOSTEL/BASEMENT - DUSK

Kathleen descends the stairs into the basement. The few clothes and scarves in Daniil's suitcase are neatly folded. The glass bird she gave him delicately placed on top of the clothes.

KATHLEEN

So that was pretty stupid. You could have gotten Martin in a world of shit.

DANIIL

I apologize. I thought it would be best - for you.

KATHLEEN

What did they ask you?

DANIIL

Where I came from. What I came here to study. They asked for my passport.

KATHLEEN

And you gave it to them?

DANIIL

They weren't looking for the person in the passport.

Kathleen holds out her hand. Daniil holds out his passport. Kathleen takes it, flips through it. It hasn't changed since she looked at it. A beat.

KATHLEEN

Is your name really Daniil?

He shakes his head.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

What is it?

DANIIL

The less you know, it is better, I think.

She shakes her head. Trying to process. Gives the passport back to him.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

Kathleen. I need you to understand that - I grieve about the things I did.

KATHLEEN

You should.

DANIIL

I miss my father.

Kathleen says nothing.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

It was as though, when I started talking, someone had startled the thing that was me out of my body.

Kathleen says nothing.

DANIIL (CONT'D)

I don't expect you to forgive me.

KATHLEEN

It isn't my forgiveness that you need.

Daniil nods.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kathleen slips into the living room. Her parents are watching TV.

KATHLEEN

You asked how you could help.

Aaron looks up, hopeful.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I need your credit card.

JODY

Why?

KATHLEEN  
Does it matter?

After a moment, Aaron gives her the card.

INT. HOSTEL/CELLAR - DAY

Kathleen descends the stairs. Daniil is sleeping, he opens his eyes when he sees her. She hands him a map.

KATHLEEN  
Pick a place. Before I change my mind.

He looks at her, surprised.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Kathleen picks at her food, glances over at the wait staff. College students, laughing and joking with each other.

The lights of a police car are visible, and then pass.

KATHLEEN  
Have you decided?

DANIIL  
Pittsburg. Perhaps.

KATHLEEN  
God, you really don't want to get out of this state.

They sit there for a moment. His gaze on her is intense.

DANIIL  
You've made all the difference for me.

KATHLEEN  
Danya, stop.

Daniil nods. Looks at his food. The voracious appetite he once had has waned.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen sits on the toilet. She hears the door open, two GIRLS walk in, chattering energetically.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen washes her hands intently. One of the GIRLS is putting on eye shadow. She smiles innocently at Kathleen.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen heads back into the restaurant. The booth she and Danya were sitting in is empty. The waitress collects their plates.

KATHLEEN

Did you see where my friend went?

The waitress shakes her head.

Kathleen shoves a couple of dollars onto the table and hurries to the door.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Kathleen runs into the parking lot. Daniil crouches in the shadow of her car.

A POLICE CAR barrels past them on the road, a blinding glare of lights.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. CARLISLE - NIGHT

Kathleen drives. Daniil next to her, his small suitcase on his lap. Kathleen looks in the rear view mirror.

INT. AMOS' TRUCK - THE PAST

*Amos drives (we are watching this again). Kathleen looks at the dangling keys.*

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Kathleen turns off onto the highway. A BLACK SUV is following them.

EXT. OPOSSUM LAKE - DAY - THE PAST

*Kathleen waits for the keys (we are watching this again).*

KATHLEEN

*I need the keys.*

*Amos digs into his pocket, tosses Kathleen the keys. She catches. Kathleen heads back to the car, walking steadily. Counting the seconds until he realizes.*

*EXT. OPOSSUM LAKE - DAY - THE PAST*

*Kathleen starts to run. Amos takes off behind her.*

*INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. ROAD - NIGHT*

*Kathleen looks in the rear view mirror. A POLICE CAR behind the SUV.*

KATHLEEN

Shit.

*Daniil edges down in his seat. Kathleen abruptly turns off the highway. Both cars turn also.*

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit.

*Kathleen looks in the rear view mirror.*

*EXT. OPOSSUM LAKE - THE PAST*

*Kathleen does not look back as she runs. Amos is catching up.*

*EXT. OPOSSUM LAKE/ROAD - THE PAST*

*Kathleen reaches the car, yanks open the door. Amos reaches her, grabs her.*

AMOS

*You think you're so smart.*

*He throws her on the ground and KICKS HER repeatedly with the steel tip of his boot.*

*INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. CARLISLE ROAD - NIGHT*

*Kathleen accelerates. Daniil looking nervously behind her. The sound of SIRENS. There's a stop light up ahead.*

DANIIL

Stop.

KATHLEEN

No.

Kathleen powers through the stop light. Cars HONK, angry drivers SCREAM.

*INT. AMOS' TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER - THE PAST*

*Amos drives. Kathleen, beat and bleeding, buckled into the passenger seat as he accelerates.*

*AMOS*

*There's blood on your mouth. Wipe it off.*

*Kathleen does not wipe the blood off.*

*AMOS (CONT'D)*

*Wipe it off.*

*Kathleen does not. Amos accelerates.*

*EXT. CARLISLE ROAD/INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER*

*Kathleen accelerates. There's another POLICE CAR now, getting closer, passing the SUV.*

*DANIIL*

*Kathleen!*

*INT. AMOS' TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER - THE PAST*

*Amos grabs Kathleen's hand, shoves it in her face.*

*AMOS*

*Wipe it off!*

*With a GRUNT, Kathleen wrenches her hand free, leans forward, grabs the WHEEL, turning them into the a TELEPHONE POLE.*

*BLACK. SILENCE. Then, the sound of SIRENS.*

*EXT. CARLISLE/INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER*

*The car is stopped. Two CARS parked behind them. Kathleen at the wheel, catching her breath. Daniil catching his.*

*COP (O.S.)*

*This is the police. Please step out of your vehicle.*

*Daniil opens the door.*

KATHLEEN

Don't.

COP (O.S.)

I repeat. Please step out of your vehicle.

They lock eyes for a moment. Daniil goes outside. He's swarmed by COPS, pushed to the ground, whipped with the back of a pistol. Kathleen gets out of the car.

KATHLEEN

Stop. Please. Can you stop?

They pay no attention to her.

EXT. ROAD - THE PAST

*Kathleen blinks up as the sound of sirens grows louder. A HELICOPTER swirls over her. It seems there are lights everywhere.*

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Kathleen, lead by two cops, walks through the police station. Everyone seems to be looking at her.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Kathleen is brought into a small, windowless room. Martin sits with the male cop, the female cop, another COP, two FBI AGENTS in plain clothes.

FBI AGENT 1

This is her?

Martin nods.

MARTIN

You should sit, Kath.

FBI AGENT 1

We're aware of your relationship with the minister.

Kathleen looks at Martin.

KATHLEEN

The minister?

FBI AGENT 1  
He's in a lot of trouble. They  
called the state department in for  
this one. Things won't be easy for  
you if you don't cooperate.

KATHLEEN  
You can arrest me if you want.

MARTIN  
Kathleen.

FBI AGENT 1  
How bout you go easy on yourself  
and answer our questions?

Martin nods at her. A beat.

FBI AGENT 2  
How long did you know the Deputy  
Minister?

KATHLEEN  
The deputy minister?

The FBI Agent pushes a picture across the table. It does not  
look like Daniil.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I don't know that man.

FBI AGENT 2  
Look again. He's lost a lot of  
weight.

Kathleen looks. Shakes her head.

FBI AGENT  
His name is Vladimir Tanchuk. He  
was born in 1969. He ran the  
detention centers in Uzbekistan.

KATHLEEN  
He ran the...?  
(beat)  
Are you sure it's him?

FBI AGENT 1  
We're sure.

KATHLEEN  
How? I bet you don't even know  
where Uzbekistan is.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
It doesn't look like him. Does it,  
Martin?

MARTIN  
I don't know.

Kathleen looks again at the picture. It doesn't look like him.

INT. KATHLEEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Kathleen in the bathtub, looks at her scars, faded under the water.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen sits with her parents, watching TV. They don't speak. Kathleen gets up, puts on her coat.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beth makes Kathleen a cup of tea.

BETH  
Chamomile all right?

KATHLEEN  
Anything. You sure it's OK that I'm here?

BETH  
Of course it is. If you'd come just fifteen minutes earlier you would have gotten to see Dylan over the internet.

(beat)  
You can always come here, you know that, Kath?

Kathleen nods.

KATHLEEN  
I think I really fucked up.

BETH  
You wanted to help someone.

KATHLEEN  
I did.

BETH

So what did you do wrong?

(beat)

'For I was hungry and you fed me. I was thirsty and you gave me drink. I was a stranger, and you invited me into your home. I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you cared from me. I was in prison and you came to me.' Matthew twenty-five. It's a beautiful chapter.

Kathleen reaches over. Pulls Beth into a hug. Kisses her hard on the cheek.

BETH (CONT'D)

What is it?

KATHLEEN

Why do you like me?

BETH

What kind of a question is that?  
You're my best friend. You'll  
always be my best friend.

KATHLEEN

Thank you.

(beat)

Can you show me how to use that  
WebCam?

Beth looks at her. Smiles.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - DYLAN'S ROOM

The unmistakable room of a teenaged boy. Basketball posters, carefully neatened clutter. Kathleen sits at a desktop computer, watching a video slowly come into focus.

A young man, 19: Kathleen's son, AVERY. Dark hair and eyes. Trying to hide his fragility under the slightest growth of facial hair. Barracks behind him, the desert somewhere nearby. The opposite of here.

AVERY

Hi mom.

KATHLEEN

Avery.

(beat)

How are you?

AVERY  
You know. Solid.

They don't really know how to talk to each other.

KATHLEEN  
Listen, Avery. Lydia died.

AVERY  
(beat)  
What from?

KATHLEEN  
She had a stroke. On Christmas.

AVERY  
Did it hurt her?

KATHLEEN  
I don't think so.

AVERY  
Are Grandma and Grandpa there?

KATHLEEN  
At the house. I'm at Beth's.

AVERY  
Oh. Cool.

KATHLEEN  
(beat)  
Listen, Avery. I want you to know  
that. I think you deserve better.

AVERY  
What do you mean?

KATHLEEN  
I wish you didn't have to be there.

AVERY  
I like it here.

KATHLEEN  
(beat)  
You do?

AVERY  
Yeah. I mean I get fuck-all sleep  
and I have to exercise so much I  
puke but at least it's different. I  
get to wear t-shirts in December.

KATHLEEN

You're not just saying that?

AVERY

I just do what they say and no one bothers me.

KATHLEEN

Well, you're not missing anything here. There's practically more deer than cars on the road, you believe that?

AVERY

(beat)

Mom, are you OK?

KATHLEEN

I was thinking of moving. Would that be OK with you?

AVERY

Dad's not around. Who said you had to stay?

Kathleen thinks for a minute. His grainy image seems so real. She touches the screen.

INT. KATHLEEN AND LYDIA'S HOUSE - KATHLEEN'S ROOM - DAY

Kathleen takes out a suitcase. Puts a few clothes in. A few books. Picks up her wedding picture. Rips it up.

She's determined yet unhurried. Aaron comes in.

KATHLEEN

I need you to do one more thing. I need you to sell the house and send me the money. Will you do that?

AARON

Where are you going?

KATHLEEN

I'm not sure. I'll tell you when I figure it out.

Jody joins Aaron in the doorway. Kathleen zips her bag. Looks at them.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Will you?

Jody looks at Aaron.

AARON  
Yes.

KATHLEEN  
I can't imagine you'll get a lot  
but it'll be something.  
(beat)  
I want to go back to school.

AARON  
That's good, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN  
Yeah, mom, you think so too?

Jody says nothing. Kathleen picks up her bag.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something? Did you  
know?

JODY  
Kathleen.

KATHLEEN  
Mom, I'm asking. Did you know? I  
was in there for three days, I was  
calling you for three days. Why did  
you never ask what happened? Were  
you that scared of the answer?

They say nothing.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
I wish I could forget. I mean, part  
of me still loves him, isn't that  
crazy?

AARON  
We didn't know how bad it was. We  
didn't, Kath.

KATHLEEN  
I wish I could believe that.

They just look at her, unsure of what to say. A moment  
passes. When it's clear they are not going to ask her  
anything, Kathleen zips her bag and passes them.

EXT. HOSTEL - DAY

Kathleen knocks on the door. Martin is inside. He looks up, holds a hand up in greeting. A beat.

MARTIN  
The rumors are true.

KATHLEEN  
Are you going to be OK?

MARTIN  
Hell. I should be. I cooperated  
with the FBI.  
(beat)  
I found this under the mattress  
downstairs.

He hands her a LETTER.

KATHLEEN  
Did you read it?

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN  
It's addressed to you.

Kathleen opens it. Daniil's tight, neat handwriting. Two short paragraphs.

KATHLEEN  
(reading)  
If you are reading this, I am no  
longer here, and this is for the  
best. You have given me some  
happiness. This has made all the  
difference for me.

(beat)  
You may ask, who is this man they  
say I am. I can promise to you, I  
am not him, though I did know him.  
Lesser evils may be sacrificed to  
greater evils. I believed that he  
might show me mercy. Perhaps this  
is something I no longer deserve.

She puts it in her pocket. They stand in silence for a moment.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)  
(to Martin)  
He isn't who they say he is. I know  
he's not.

After a moment, Martin nods. He still seems unsure. In the corner, Kathleen sees whatever it was they were making, covered by tarp.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Hey. Can you show me what you're making?

MARTIN

We finished.

He walks over to the tarp, pulls it up, revealing a RECUMBANT BIKE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

87 screws to put that together. You can even fold it up, put it in the back of your car. Look.

He shows her.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's for your leg. You said it was still giving you trouble. They use these in physical therapy.

Kathleen just looks at him, moved.

INT. KATHLEEN'S CAR/EXT. ROAD - SERIES OF SHOTS

Kathleen drives. The RECUMBANT BIKE folded next to her, like a passenger.

She passes the VA, the Joyride, the strip mall.

The car turns onto the highway.

EXT. VIRGINIA BEACH - DAY

Kathleen stands under the glare of sunlight. A flock of seagulls congregate nearby. She watches as they fight for the last bits of a bagel. She watches as they take off, swooping down over the water.

END.