

WHISPER OF FEAR

Written by

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Based on, the book *Whisper of Fear* by Rhonda Saunders and Stephen
G. Michaud

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I/E. CAR - DESERT HIGHWAY - ANTELOPE VALLEY - DAY

Scorching. The blacktop shimmers with heat as it cuts across the barren waste.

In the car, OLD SCHOOL R&B plays above the hum of the hatchback's 4-cylinder. ABIGAIL JAMES (a tired 36) sings along as she speeds down the nearly-deserted highway. She's happy. The rear of Abigail's car is stuffed with camping supplies and the remainder of her worldly possessions.

Up ahead, a lone SUV dawdles in the right lane. Abigail glides left to pass and glances at the YOUNG FAMILY within-- A HUSBAND, WIFE, and GIRL (6). As if sensing Abigail's gaze, the Girl turns and waves. Abigail smiles back. But something about the child has darkened her mood. Abigail pulls in front of the SUV, kills the radio, picks up her cell and dials. RING. Voicemail.

ABIGAIL (INTO PHONE)

Hey Mom, it's Abby. Thought I might catch the girls before you took them to school. But, um...

In the rear-view, Abigail doesn't see the LARGE PICKUP TRUCK emerge from behind the SUV. It's moving fast-- too fast.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I'm just leaving LA now. So I'll see you all in a day or so... I guess I just wanted to--

CRASH! -- The pickup violently crushes the hatchback's rear end. Abigail brakes hard as her car skids off the road and slams into the guardrail.

WE HEAR the PINGING of a SEATBELT ALARM as Abigail hoists her bloody face from the airbag. She's dazed but alive. WE FOLLOW ABIGAIL'S GAZE up to the turning sky--

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ANTELOPE VALLEY - LATER

--A malevolent BLACK SUN looms overhead as THE FRAME EXPANDS. WIDER now, we see this is not a sun at all, but a human pupil. The turning sky is a reflection in the iris of:

Abigail James-- the same woman, but changed. Her mouth hangs slack and open, her eyes wide as if amazed.

We PAN DOWN to discover the odd contortion of Abigail's body. She lays splayed back over the guardrail, arms open to the desert sky. A small dark hole in her shoulder gives forth a plume of blood.

A few inches left of her sternum, the second (and fatal) gunshot wound is grizzly and wide-- an exit wound. Abigail was shot in the back. She was shot in the heart.

A HAND reaches into the frame and closes Abigail's eyes.

THE CAMERA PIVOTS TO REVEAL -- this hand belongs to DIANE HARPER (36), an LAPD detective. Diane is tall and lean, her jet-black hair pulled into a tight bun that reflects her constant state of being -- vigilant, taut, tense. This woman is the straining spring before the trap is sprung.

Diane removes her sun-glasses. THE FRAME EXPANDS as her eyes follow the trail of debris up the highway-- odd household items scattered amid broken glass, skid marks, oil, smoke.

Several paces from Abigail's body, Diane kneels in the road. Her fingers trail across a constellation of paint chips and brake light fragments. As if communicating with this evidence, Diane closes her eyes. We witness the curious way her mind works, as we violently--

FLASH BACK - DESERT HIGHWAY - 46 MINUTES AGO

--CRASH! The pickup's impact, obliterates the rear window and scatters Abigail's possessions across the highway.

(NOTE: Diane's reconstruction of the events surrounding Abigail's death take on a strange hue and pace-- Bent recollections of violence in which time compresses then uncoils-- fast, slow, fast again. NO SOUND.)

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ANTELOPE VALLEY - NOW

Near the rear of Abigail's car, the contents of several exploded cans of split pea soup sizzle on the asphalt. Diane mutters to herself as she observes footprints in the muck.

DIANE

You went forward and then you
stopped. Why'd you stop?

FLASHBACK - DESERT HIGHWAY - 44 MINUTES AGO

Disoriented and bleeding from her nose, Abigail leans on her car as she inspects the crushed rear bumper. Still foggy, Abigail looks down at her shoes. They're covered in-- what is that, soup?

The SUV stops. The Husband emerges from the vehicle. In silence, we see his lips move; "Hey lady, you okay?"

Abigail holds up her hand, nods. Then she spins to address a noise behind her.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ANTELOPE VALLEY - NOW

Diane follows a slick of oil up the highway.

She glances to the median where her partner, CLIFF PARSONS (40) interviews the Husband from the SUV. Affable but tough, Cliff left the Marines after Desert Storm. He kept the hair cut. CHIPS and FORENSIC SPECS mill about. The Husband's words filter through the WARBLE of POLICE RADIO CHATTER.

HUSBAND (O.C.)

(Traumatized:)

I don't know what you want me to say-- there wasn't any, you know, hesitation. Guy didn't even blink.

Diane looks down. At her feet, the oil mixes with crimson blood. Two shell casings lie gleaming in the puddle. Diane is placing an evidence marker when--

FLASHBACK - DESERT HIGHWAY - 43 MINUTES AGO

--A HOODED MAN exits the pick up truck and approaches Abigail. She's pissed off now, screaming as the Hooded Man closes the distance. The Husband escapes his Wife's grasp and moves to restrain Abigail. The Hooded Man reaches into his waistband. Abigail's eyes go wide in recognition.

SFX: Abigail's shocked INTAKE OF BREATH.

We see THE GUN now-- Huge, silver, gleaming with menace.

The husband scrambles for cover. The Wife screams. Abigail remains in place, frozen by fear.

Still in silence, we see THE MUZZLE FLASH. The round strikes Abigail in the shoulder, spinning her to the earth. Abigail rises quickly and sprints for the railing. TIME SLOWS. We see the terror in Abigail's eyes and then-- SFX: BOOM.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ANTELOPE VALLEY

--The GUNSHOT snaps Diane back to the here and now.

Cliff stands in front of her.

CLIFF

Diane. Hey Harper, you okay?

DIANE
She knew him.

CLIFF
Wow. Not bad. I was coming to
tell you that.
(Cliff takes out his note
pad, reads:)
Hollis James. Same last name as
the deceased.

Diane's focus goes to the CHP cruiser that's arriving.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
They got him just west of here.
Jackass tried to drive through a
fence. Wrapped the axel. CHP's
bringing him here for witness ID.

Diane watches the cruiser's door open. Two CHP officers pull
the hooded man from the back seat and march him past Cliff
and Diane. One of the CHiPs pulls back the man's hood.
Diane meets the eyes of HOLLIS JAMES (38). He smiles.

The cops orient Hollis for the witness behind the sedan's
tinted rear window. Inside the car, Diane can make out the
Wife's silhouette speaking to a CHP SERGEANT seated in the
front. The Sergeant hops out and joins Cliff and Diane.

CHP SERGEANT (MIKE)
That's our shooter. Witness is one-
hundred percent.

CLIFF
County will take custody.
(To Diane:)
Smile. They ain't all this easy.

But Diane isn't listening. She's still fixated on Hollis as
the CHiPs march him back to the cruiser.

HOLLIS
(As he passes Diane:)
Told her it wasn't over.

Hollis grins-- complete satisfaction.

Diane snaps. Her hand shoots out and seizes Hollis' throat.

CLIFF
Whoa! No! No! Hey--

Diane is about to crush Hollis' wind pipe when Cliff finally
pries her off. Sgt. Mike and OTHER OFFICERS restrain her.

DIANE
 (To Hollis:)
 Keep smiling you son of a bitch!

CLIFF
 Get her the hell out of here!

Diane thrashes as the Officers pull her away. Cliff leans forward to check on Hollis who is doubled over, wheezing. Hollis spits blood and laughs. The CHiPs carry him toward the cruiser as Sgt. Mike watches Diane grapple with his men.

CHP SERGEANT
 Your partner seems like a sweet gal
 Cliff. She always like this?

CLIFF
 I don't know. First day.

ROLL TITLES:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A PHONE. SFX: BEEP

A HAND REACHES INTO THE FRAME and swats at the intercom button-- miss. Again, BEEP. The hand flails once more and manages to depress the button. We hear the voice of--

DA JACOB WARREN (O.C.)
 Hold my calls Janet!

JANET (OVER INTERCOM)
 I have Supervisor Coleman on one.

DA WARREN (O.C.)
 I'm in a ow-- in a meeting!

JANET (OVER INTERCOM)
 But the--

Janet is silenced by the phone being ripped from its cord. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL-- DA JACOB WARREN (50s, dashing). His meeting consists entirely of the gorgeous woman with her legs wrapped around his hips. This is ADA JULIA WHITMAN (35, driven). Warren drops the phone to the floor.

JULIA
 (In throes of passion:)
 Shouldn't... you take that?

DA WARREN
 He'll call back.

JULIA

Okay.

Julia reaches back and clears Warren's desk. He drops her onto the blotter as they continue their "meeting."

JULIA (CONT'D)

Do you think he saw the article?

DA WARREN

What?

JULIA

The article today about my celebrity stalking convictions.

DA WARREN

Wouldn't you rather discuss this some other time?

JULIA

Sorry.

(Resuming sex:)

It's just that, with the hearing today, I thought the article was good timing, don't you?

DA WARREN

Yes. You're very hot... Judicially speaking.

She laughs. They screw.

JULIA

But you talked to him, right?

DA WARREN

What?

JULIA

Coleman. He's going to back my task force.

DA WARREN

(Stopping.)

I can't think about Jack Coleman and do this at the same time.

(Off Julia:)

This job is about what happens in the courtroom and not in front of those cameras.

JULIA

Wow, you almost sound like you believe that Jacob.

Warrens's eyes flash with anger and... she likes this.

They resume with fervor-- their enthusiasm causes them to slip off the desk and fall onto the floor.

JULIA (CONT'D)

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're jealous. I do get a lot of press. Now. Maybe. If. You. Gave. Me some-- God-- real cases--

DA WARREN

I just want to make sure I'm using your talents in the best possible waaayyy--

She flips him over, straddling him.

JULIA

The board's going to follow Coleman's lead. It would be nice to confirm--

DA WARREN

Don't take this the wrong way, but please shut up.

As the pace of their love making increases, Julia glances over to the desk clock on the floor beside her.

JULIA

Oh my God is that the time?

DA WARREN

(Breathing heavily:)
No. No, no, I think it's fast.

JULIA

(Glancing at her watch:)
No it's not!

She throws Warren aside and begins fixing her clothes.

DA WARREN

Where are you going?

JULIA

The hearing is in hour!

DA WARREN

Come back. I'll be quick.

JULIA

Jacob, those are not the words every woman longs to hear.

DA WARREN

Please.

JULIA

Would you take this seriously? I know this seems like a small thing for a man of your stature but I've been working for this taskforce for the past three years. I may not get another chance.

(Heading out:)

Pants.

Warren pulls his pants up from his ankles. He reconnects the phone, presses the intercom.

DA WARREN

(Into phone:)

Janet. Get Coleman back-- What meeting? Oh, right. Adjourned.

I/E. SEDAN - CA ROUTE 14 - LATER

Cliff drives with one eye on the road as he scolds his new partner. Diane stares out at the blurring chaparral.

CLIFF

You're here what, two whole weeks, and I'm your third partner? See, I don't know how it is in-- wherever you're from, but out here, that's kind of a lot of turn-over, partner-wise. So if you have some issue with authority, or you don't play well with others, or your daddy wasn't nice to you, or maybe your daddy was *too* nice to you, I don't care. I actually don't. But if you happen to be like completely rubber-cell-Mel-Gibson-monkeyhouse crazy, that is something I would like to know. As a professional courtesy. To your partner.

(No response:)

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

And since I'm also your supervising officer, let me say that if you ever, ever, put your hands on another suspect in my custody, I will have your badge, you understand me? Are we clear?

No response. Cliff pulls over and stares Diane down.

DIANE

(A beat. Cold:)
As a bell.

Cliff puts the car in drive.

PRELAP:

JULIA (V.O.)

Stalking is a crime of intimacy. A crime of power, in which the stalker seeks to control every facet of the victim's life. There is a pattern. A progression...

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

A well-attended presentation for the judicial board. Julia's nervous. The five POLITICIANS on the dais listen, their expressions blank, inscrutable.

JULIA

...Inappropriate gifts, repeated phone calls, threatening letters, appearances at the victim's home, their workplace, threats to the victim's friends and--

At the center of the dais, sits the most powerful man in the room. We can almost hear REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN's eyes rolling as Julia signals for the next slide, entitled:

POWERPOINT SLIDE: "STALKING BEHAVIOR AS AGGRAVATING FACTOR IN PROSECUTION OF VIOLENT FELONIES"

JULIA (CONT'D)

--co-workers, violence against pets, vandalism and even--

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

(To the others on dais:)
I'm sorry, pets? Did she say pets?

The other Politicians chuckle. Julia is thrown. Aware she's losing them, Julia signals her assistant, BRIAN GILMAN (28, slick). Brian clicks. A graph appears.

JULIA

Formal studies in Germany have shown a connection between the escalation of violence and--

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

Yes, I know we all share your concern for the doggies Julia. Even the German ones.

More chuckles from the dais. Julia glances at DA Warren, who is seated in the first row. He avoids her eyes.

JULIA

Pardon me?

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

No, pardon me, because I'm no fancy lawyer, but all these crimes you're talking about here, assault, murder, what have you. I was under the impression that these things are already illegal.

JULIA

Yes sir, but in stalking cases, violence is only the final act in a campaign of psychological terrorism--

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

Uh-huh, crank calls, nasty notes, I get it. You have a fine record as a prosecutor especially your work with celebrities.

JULIA

Hold on--

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

So it is with all due respect that I ask you how *in the hell* you expect the members of this committee to spend the taxpayers' good time and money funding a task force just so you can send somebody to prison for being a pest?

JULIA

A *what?* Now wait one second here--

Brian grips Julia's arm. He mouths the word: "Don't."

Julia watches Coleman's focus go over her head. She turns to see the TELEVISION NEWS CAMERAS at the back of the room.

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

Not when we can find *real* and *affordable* ways to prevent actual crime on our streets. That's why today I'm pleased to announce the Coleman Public Safety Initiative. Which I will enact when I become the next. Mayor. Of this city--

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The buzz ignited by Coleman's announcement echoes as Brian pursues a fuming Julia down the stairs.

BRIAN

--You can't give them studies and statistics. They're politicians Julia. They want a story. An image. They need a human face to put on the issue.

JULIA

(Whirling on him:)
How's this one?

This face scares the shit out of Brian.

BRIAN

Hey I'm on your side, remember?

JULIA

Well too bad for you. Because my side is losing. My side let thirty-six sociopaths walk out the door this year because violating a restraining order is a frigging *misdemeanor*-- *There he is! DA Warren! Jacob!*

Julia pursues DA Warren through the crowd. He glances back and then continues, as if he heard nothing. Julia finally grasps his shoulder.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Jacob, you said Coleman would back my task force. What just happened?

WARREN

(An aside:)

I know you're disappointed. I'd give it to you myself if I could.

JULIA

Give? I *deserve* this-- Jacob.

But Warren turns his back, already fielding questions from reporters. Brian pulls Julia away. She's crushed.

BRIAN

Listen to me, you're a great prosecutor Julia. But that's not a courtroom in there.

JULIA

Then what the hell is it?

BRIAN

In there... it's an election year. Look, we can still petition DA Warren for discretionary funds. It's not much but maybe it's enough for a limited version of your task force.

JULIA

You think this is about an anti-stalking task force? No, Brian. This is about me.

(Off Brian:)

A task force has no oversight Brian. It would be my own thing. My people, my rules. This is how an ADA makes a name for herself. It's the only way. Coleman and his flunkies know it. And when they give it to you, they're saying, you're one of us. You're ready to take the next step. DA, mayor, who knows... But when they don't... well, they just don't.

Brian watches Julia disappear into the crowd.

I/E. SEDAN - LOS ANGELES - LATER

Awkward silence. Cliff, feeling guilty for his earlier tirade, steals glances at Diane while he drives. He adjusts the rearview and... she has nice legs. Cliff adjusts the mirror again. Diane meets his eyes-- he's so busted.

CLIFF

(Trying to cover:)

I um, think about the wedding...
when I see something like that.

(Off Diane:)

I mean, at some point, these two
people were saying "I do", right?
The preacher, the cake, the whole
thing. They just registered for a
fondue set or something. Then one
day, hubby blows a fuse and leaves
the Mrs. in a ditch.

DIANE

What's your point?

CLIFF

That something changed. Maybe they
weren't even crazy until they got
hitched. You ask me, simple case
of marriage with a deadly weapon.

DIANE

You think what happened on that
highway was simple DV? She had a
hot plate, map, stove, motel keys--

CLIFF

My ex took the lawnmower, so?

DIANE

So she wasn't just leaving Cliff.
She was on the run. From him.

CLIFF

Don't make it more than it is.
It's a twisted institution. But I
guess that's not news to you, huh?

Diane tenses. She follows Cliff's line of sight to her hand.
The faint impression of a wedding ring is still visible.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What can I say, I'm a detective.

Cliff smiles. Diane turns away. Silence again. Cliff
parks. Outside, the lot is full of COPS changing shifts.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Look, it's none of my business.
But I figure, woman like yourself,
comes all the way out here from...

DIANE

Las Vegas.

CLIFF

Right. Anyway, I admire it. Takes guts to start over. I've been there. New place. Strange faces. Gets lonely, am I right?

DIANE

Yes. It *is* none of your business.

CLIFF

(Stung:)

What the hell is your problem?

DIANE

I'm a cop. A good one. And I need this job. But I don't need a baby sitter. And I certainly don't need someone to keep me warm at night. So, no thanks.

CLIFF

Hold on-- You got the wrong idea.

Diane tilts the mirror back at Cliff and gets out of the car. Cliff tries to follow but nearly hangs himself on his seatbelt. By the time he gets free, Diane is halfway across the lot. Cliff jumps from the car and calls after Diane.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Hey come on! I was just trying to be nice to you lady!

Cliff glances around at the gawking cops. He blushes then, to save some face:

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Maybe you could keep a partner if you weren't a total bitch!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The word rings in Diane's ears as the door closes behind her. She swipes her access card and heads for the elevators.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE UNIT - LATER

Diane hunches in front of her computer. In the search field she types: "ABIGAIL JAMES". On her screen, the progress bar hangs: "SEARCHING..."

Diane watches Cliff hold court with the VETERAN COPS huddled around his cubicle. They are: ROMERO (35), COX (32), MCGILL (55), TANAKA (45). They're out of ear shot, but to Diane, the laughter and hushed tones mean one thing-- joke's on her.

Across the room, Diane notices the data specialist, TIM (29, arrogant) eyeing her with some degree of infatuation.

Diane looks back at her screen. Her eyes grow wide:

"QUERY RESULT: 27 RECORDS FOUND." Diane clicks PRINT, reads.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE UNIT - LATER

Boom. A STACK OF PAPER lands on Cliff's desk. He looks up.

DIANE

Twenty-seven. That's how many complaints Abigail James filed against Hollis. Six restraining orders, and that's just *in state*--

Cliff sees the other detectives beginning to take notice. He beckons and leads Diane back towards her desk.

DIANE (CONT'D)

--I've seen this before. There's no system to aggregate the data, so no one connects the dots. Hollis was *hunting* her. For *years*. Abigail never had a chance. Think about all the others that must be out there. I'm not even talking about the ones who are too scared to--

CLIFF

(Parks Diane at her desk:)

They took thirty-three percent out of the budget this year so I don't know how you landed here when veteran cops are getting the axe. You got friends in high places, good for you. But I'm not riding on some crusade that's going to embarrass this department and get my ass on the night shift at Home Depot. You want to make a good impression? Try doing your job.

DIANE

I am doing my--

CLIFF

No, your job goes like this.
Victim, dead. Perp, arrested.
Case, closed. Report, on my desk.

Cliff walks off. The other cops resume their business.
Diane meets Tim's eyes across the squad room.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE UNIT - LATER

Diane refers Tim to a list of highlighted words.

DIANE

I need a search for case files that
contain these key words.
(A beat, off Tim:)
Look, if you can't do it--

TIM

I didn't say that.

Tim cautiously scans the room as he types. BEEP.

ON SCREEN (RED FONT) - "186 FILES"

DIANE

Wow. Okay. Narrow that down.
Just show me the open files, just
the ones from this division.

TIM

You're looking at them.

DIANE

(Stunned, beat.)
Can you get these for me?

TIM

Red files are confidential. So not
without a requisition order from
your supervising officer.

DIANE

Well, here's the thing Tom--

TIM

Tim.

DIANE

(Re: Cliff:)
Here's the thing Tim, my
supervising officer, is an ass.

TIM

(Whispers:)

Look, I don't disagree with you.
Cliff and the moustache mafia don't
even think I'm a real cop.

DIANE

Unbelievable.

TIM

Quite. But in case you haven't
noticed, this place has gone
completely Kafka... he wrote books.

DIANE

Thanks for that.

TIM

Point is, layoffs make everybody
paranoid. They'd love to see me
go. So I really can't risk...

DIANE

(Her hand on his arm:)

Tim, I'm not going to tell.

Tim smiles but then catches Cliff staring him down across the
squad room. A beat.

TIM

I'm sorry. I can't talk to you.

Diane locks eyes with Cliff all the way back to her desk.

I/E. DIANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Diane wears the day's frustration on her face as she parks in
the drive way. En route to the front door, Diane's attention
snaps to a passing car. Her hand releases the button of her
jacket and we glimpse the 9mm in her shoulder holster. The
car pulls away. Diane exhales.

Diane unlocks a steel gate and turns a series of deadbolts on
the front door. Shades drawn. Every window, barred.

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Diane's home is cluttered with half-unpacked boxes. She
flips on lights and follows the SOUND OF A TV down the hall.

In the master bedroom, Diane finds her son, HENRY (9, a cute smartass) watching re-runs with his babysitter, ANITA (22). Henry jumps up and throws his full weight into hugging Diane.

DIANE
Easy. Mom's beat. How was school?

HENRY
Boring.

DIANE
Good, that means it's working.

ANITA
Henry says his shoes are too small.

DIANE
Seriously? We just got those.

HENRY
Growth. What you can you do?

Suddenly, Diane's gaze snaps to the far wall. She peels Henry off and darts to the open window.

DIANE
(To Anita:)
What is this? Answer me.

ANITA
Um, it's a window.

DIANE
I know it's a damn window Anita.
Why the hell is it open?

ANITA
Geez, Di, chill.

DIANE
Chill? How many times have I told
you to keep these windows shut!

ANITA
It was like a hundred degrees--

DIANE
I don't care. I don't care if it's
a thousand degrees! The windows
stay shut!

Diane winces at her own outburst. Anita huffs out.

DIANE (CONT'D)

No, wait. Where are you going?
 (Following Anita out:)
 Anita. Anita, I'm sorry. I haven't
 been myself lately. Things at
 work are very--

ANITA

(Walking off.)
 Screw you lady.

DIANE

(Beat. Hopeful:)
 Okay. See you tomorrow?!

Anita disappears up the block. In the house, the phone
 begins to ring. Diane races inside and picks up.

DIANE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

No response. The caller hangs up. Diane replaces the
 receiver and stares at her own shaking hand.

HENRY

Who was it? Mom?

Diane turns to see her fear reflected in the eyes of her son.

INT. COURT HOUSE

In the foyer, Julia addresses reporters. Brian stands by.

REPORTER

Hollis shoots his wife in broad
 daylight and gets a plea deal from
 your office. You don't have a
 problem with that?

JULIA

The DA views marital violence as a
 crime of passion. Absent
 premeditation there's no--

VOICE IN CROWD (O.C.)

There he is!

Commotion. Heads turn to-- Hollis James, on his "perp walk".
 We PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TV: LOCAL NEWS - a segment entitled, "HIGHWAY OF DEATH".
Diane watches Hollis walk, his eyes flickering with glee.

HENRY (O.S.)

Mom?

Diane sees her son standing in the doorway in his pajamas.

DIANE

(Killing the TV:)

What are you doing up?

(Beat, off Henry:)

You had the dream again?

Henry nods. Diane pulls back the covers. Henry climbs in.

HENRY

I couldn't find you.

DIANE

I'm right here.

HENRY

It was dark. I couldn't see. But I
wasn't alone. Someone was...

DIANE

Shh. We're safe here. I promise.

(Beat, off Henry:)

It's just a dream.

Diane clicks off the light.

INT. A DARK PLACE

A PAIR OF HANDS work with glue and small panels of wood. A
VOICE HUMS an ODD SONG as the product becomes apparent-- A
CASKET. The hands place a DOLL within. Then the lid.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pete McGill's tantrum rattles the blinds of Capt. Alonso's
office. After a beat, McGill emerges. His fellow detectives
pat his back as Pete collects his things in a cardboard box.

Diane enters as Pete sulks out. He clips her shoulder
without breaking stride. A hush settles over the room as
Diane crosses to her desk.

At her desk, Diane finds a stack of RED CONFIDENTIAL CASE FILES and Cliff.

Diane meets Tim's eyes across the room.

CLIFF (O.C.)
 Requisition of confidential case files requires the signature of the supervising officer. Last time I checked, that's me.

DIANE
 Those aren't mine.

CLIFF
 Don't make it worse by lying. These guys think you're IAD.

DIANE
 I'm not IAD.

CLIFF
 So you say. But this is a serious violation. I have to report this. How'd you get in the file room?

DIANE
 I... Somebody left the door open.

Cliff spots Tim watching this exchange from across the room.

CLIFF
 Is that right? Well I'll have to talk to somebody about that.
 (Beat.)
 You know, maybe I'll just hold on to this. Call it, insurance. And if you go behind my back again, well... you're a smart girl.

Cliff walks off with the files. Diane, utterly alone, presses her hands to her face. Then she sees it. One of the files has slipped behind her desk. Diane puts it into her bag. The label on the file reads: "COMPLAINANT: JANE SMITH."

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Diane removes a DVD from the dossier and inserts it into the player. The time code rolls.

CLOSE VIDEO SHOT of JANE SMITH (35). She is haggard, sleepless, shaking. Jane is a woman at the end of her rope.

JANE

You ever meet someone that truly knows you? I mean someone who thinks your thoughts... sees your secrets. Someone who touches a place in you that you never knew existed...

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Diane approaches the modest house. The walkway is flanked by a brown lawn and plants in various stages of neglect.

JANE (V.O.)

...Everything you feel, they feel it too. They understand everything you want. Everything you fear...

Diane mounts the porch and studies the abundance of locks on the door, the barred windows, etc. It's all too familiar. Diane knocks. No answer.

JANE (V.O.)

You can get so close. So close that you both disappear. And there is no more you. There's no more them. There is only, *us*. And one day you realize, you'll never be apart. Ever. They are living in your skin... uninvited.

Diane sees the light shift beneath the door. She holds her badge up to the peephole.

JANE (V.O.)

Now what if this person hates you?

The door opens. Just a crack. Then wider. Diane beholds what is left of Jane Smith.

DIANE

Jane? I'm detective Harper. We spoke on the phone.

JANE

You never should have come.

END ACT ONE

ACT 2

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

On the porch.

DIANE

I've read your complaint Jane. I know what you've been through and--

Jane scoffs. A beat. Diane shows Jane a photo from the dossier. Jane tenses. Her eyes scan the block.

INSERT - PHOTO: IVY HICKS: In the mug shot, IVY (33) is a dark beauty with a mischievous smirk.

JANE

Are you nuts? Put that away.

Diane does. Anxious, Jane scans the block again.

DIANE

There's no one out there.

JANE

Shows what you know.

DIANE

Maybe you'd feel more comfortable if we spoke inside.

A beat. Reluctantly, Jane opens the door.

INT. DA WARREN'S OFFICE - LATER

JULIA

--total ambush. He had no intention of backing legislation, let alone funding a task force.

DA WARREN

Are my cuff links out there?

JULIA

He wouldn't even use the word, "stalking", for God's sake. He called it, "being a pest."

DA WARREN

Larry's facing a tough primary. Don't act so surprised.

JULIA

Well I was surprised Jacob. Not to mention humiliated and--

DA WARREN

(Emerging, dressed:)
How do I look?

JULIA

Fine.

DA WARREN

Ouch.

JULIA

Did you even hear what I said?

DA WARREN

You said fine, but for 3000 a plate, I'd better be irresistible.

The DA pulls Julia into his arms. She avoids his kiss. Off Warren, "What gives?"

JULIA

You said you talked to Coleman.
You said he'd back me.

DA WARREN

(Brushes her hair, beat:)
I wish politics were fair. I do.
It wasn't your fault. You're not ready. Being in the public eye. Catching a few flashy cases, it isn't enough. I should have said something. But I'm running for reelection next term and you still have an important part to play.

JULIA

As the warm up act for Coleman's press conference?

(A realization:)
Wait...

DA WARREN

I have an idea. Come with me tonight. We'll eat some shrimp. Press some flesh. Then we go to the little place in--

JULIA

Did you know? Jacob.

DA WARREN

Did I know what?

JULIA

Please don't lie. You're no good at it. You knew Larry was planning that announcement? You set me up?

DA WARREN

Calm down.

JULIA

You sent me there to tee it up so Larry could hit it out of the park.

DA WARREN

You need to see the big picture here. Larry needed a platform. We gave him one--

JULIA

You gave him one!

DA WARREN

Yes, and now he owes me a favor.

JULIA

And you owe me a task force!

DA WARREN

My God, what is it with you and this task force thing?

JULIA

Task force *thing*?

DA WARREN

You expect me to believe you give a damn about scared divorcees and phone creeps? Who are you talking to? Don't forget, I *know* you Whitman. You want something to call your own? Fine. You want to make a name for yourself? Maybe take a run at me next election? Bring it sweetie. I beg you. But don't stand here and act like frigging St. Julia of the Meek when we've both seen what you'll do to get ahead. And who.

Julia heads for the door. Warren blocks her.

DA WARREN (CONT'D)

Wait. Forget I said that. I'm sorry. Look, just come with me tonight. We'll talk it out.

JULIA

Jacob, take your wife.

Julia shoves him aside and leaves.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sunlight cuts through the slats of the blinds, illuminating dust, clutter and neglect.

JANE

Do you think you're the first person to come here and try to fix this? What is it with you people? What, you want to make me some promises like that DA lady?

DIANE

Which DA lady?

Jane points to the NEWSPAPER where the caption reads: "Coleman announces Mayoral run." THE PHOTO features Julia, stunned, in the foreground.

JANE

I see her on TV from time to time. She helps a lot of famous folks. Guess I wasn't fancy enough for her. So don't show me your gun and tell me the law's on my side. I know damn well whose side they're on. So does Ivy.

Diane produces a series of PHOTOS from the file-- police photos of Jane's battered body-- clinical, brutal.

Jane studies them as if revisiting the pain.

DIANE

Ivy *did* this to you Jane.

JANE

No proof. The DA let her walk.

DIANE

That's not what I--

SFX: RUSTLING sounds from beneath the house. A beat.

JANE
Possums. My fault. I let the yard
go. I don't do much gardening now.

DIANE
You don't go outside.

JANE
(Re: The photos:)
Would you?

DIANE
I know what you're thinking. You
tell yourself that if you ignore
it, maybe she'll just move on. But
believe me Jane, that is not how
this ends.

SFX: THE PHONE RINGS -- Jane looks at it, trembling.

JANE
(Completely unnerved:)
See what you did? Do you see?
Jesus! She knows everything! She
sees everything!

DIANE
It's okay. Jane--

JANE
You want to help me lady? Do you?

DIANE
Yes.

JANE
Then get the hell out my house.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE- LATER

Still reeling from her encounter with Warren, Julia sits at
her desk, trying to hold emotion at bay. Brian pops in.

BRIAN
That was fast. What'd Warren say?

JULIA
About what?

BRIAN
The task force? Discretionary
funds. You said you'd ask him...
(Reading her defeat:)
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Um, we've got sentencing in ten.
But I can handle it if you... Hey,
you all right? Julia?
(Off Julia's nod:)
Okay. See you down there.

Brian exits. A beat. Suddenly Julia rises and bolts out of her office. Across the hallway, Julia unlocks the Janitor's closet. The fluorescents flicker to life.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The walls of the closet are covered with press clippings. They wrap around the room detailing Julia's mid-profile celebrity stalking cases (rockstars, actors, etc.)

A headline reads: "RISING DA JULIA WHITMAN: PROSECUTOR FOR THE STARS?"

Julia studies the accompanying picture with contempt. Suddenly, she goes berserk, clawing at the walls, shredding every last page. Now the tears come.

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Diane slides her business card under the door.

I/E. DIANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jane watches through the blinds. Diane starts the engine, then looks at the file on the passenger seat. Diane flips pages and finds the RELEASE ORDER for Ivy Hicks. At the bottom, Diane finds the signature: "J. Whitman ADA".

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Brian sees Julia is shell-shocked as they emerge from the courtroom. He shields her from a surge of REPORTERS.

BRIAN

I got this. Take the back stairs.
(To Reporters:)
ADA Whitman has another hearing.
I'll be taking your questions.

Julia doesn't protest. She trudges away.

REPORTER

The judge sentenced Hollis James to
four years for killing his wife.
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Does the DA's office think justice was served?

BRIAN

The people of this state have avoided an expensive trial and put a dangerous criminal behind...

Julia's almost to the stairs when Diane obstructs her.

DIANE

I have a question for the DA.

JULIA

No comment.

DIANE

I'm not a reporter.

JULIA

Oh. Then piss off.

Julia tries to pass. Diane blocks her again.

DIANE

Does it get easier or harder?

(Off Julia:)

Selling out your victims.

JULIA

Ma'am, move, or I call the police.

DIANE

(Producing her badge:)

Allow me.

JULIA

(Off Diane's ID:)

Harper, Diane. I'm not familiar.

DIANE

I'm new.

JULIA

There's a hiring freeze.

DIANE

I'm the exception.

The women lock eyes, neither flinching. A beat.

JULIA

Look, I don't like watching these scumbags plead anymore than you do.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

But this is the world we made. I can't change it. Neither can you. So my advice, let it go.

Julia passes.

DIANE

Like you did with Ivy Hicks?

The name stops Julia in her tracks. A beat.

JULIA

Do you drink Detective?

DIANE

Only when I'm working.

INT. BAR - 2.5 BUSHMILLS LATER

The Jane Smith file sits on the table in front of Julia.

JULIA

Without a taskforce, I don't have the tools. And, if I may be blunt, no one cares about stalking. Dead girl in a dumpster? Gets you the back page of the Metro section. Guy stalking that girl before she's dead? Doesn't get you jack-- I tried to help that woman. Jane wouldn't testify. What am I supposed to do?

DIANE

You're supposed to protect her.
(Beat.)
I've seen the pictures.

JULIA

Ivy Hicks knows more law than half my staff. She is cunning, driven, careful. She studied our procedures. Ivy's read the damn profile. That's why she doesn't fit it. Without a cooperative victim, it takes a lot of resources to catch someone like Ivy Hicks.

DIANE

I get it. So you hunt the easier game. The kind that gets your picture in the paper.

JULIA

Watch yourself. You don't know me.

DIANE

It took me two hours and a library card to know you. Believe me, I am intimately familiar with your type. You're a climber Julia. You catch a few fancy cases, raise your profile. And then? What is it for you? What's the end? DA? Mayor? These aren't rungs on a ladder. These are victims. These are human beings that need your help. Jane Smith needed your--

JULIA

Shut up. God, you're so self-righteous I'm surprised you haven't sprouted wings. Oh, you're a saint. Okay, keep thinking small and I'll light a candle for you. But don't you dare question my...

(Her eyes welling:)

I wanted... to change the system. I wanted to help *all the Jane Smiths*. Do you understand?

DIANE

(Softening:)

And how did you plan to do that?

JULIA

It doesn't matter. They don't turn over the keys to the kingdom to someone like me.

(Beat.)

You know, you think you're getting somewhere. The small cases lead to bigger ones. Maybe you win a few. Get a little press. And all that time, you think, I'm earning their respect. I'm becoming one of them. But you've really just become a threat. You became a threat to them just by wanting--

DIANE

So stop wanting and do your job.

JULIA

Excuse me?

DIANE

You've got some grand ambition?
You want to save all the Jane
Smiths? Change the system?

JULIA

What's wrong with that?

DIANE

Nothing. Except you're going about
it the wrong way.

(Off Julia:)

Start at the beginning Julia.
Start with the first one. I'll get
Jane to cooperate.

JULIA

Right. Good luck with that.

(Beat.)

Why is this so important to you?

REVEAL: Pete McGill watching the women from a dark booth.

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE - HENRY'S ROOM - LATER

Diane stands over her son's sleeping form. Her phone begins
to BUZZ. Diane reads a text, walks into the hall and dials.

DIANE (INTO PHONE)

It's me. I know I'm not supposed
to call but your text... What do
you mean, lost him? Where?

(Distressed:)

What? That's only nine hours from
here. You don't think he-- Okay...
Just don't leave me in the dark.

Diane scans the street. She drops the blinds, pours herself
a drink and sits. A beat. Diane turns out the light.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane awakens to find IVY HICKS sitting on her chest. Jane
tries to scream but Ivy smothers her with a vicious kiss.

Ivy presses her forehead to Jane's and strokes her cheek.

IVY

How can you be so cruel? I've shown
you such love Jane. And you hurt
me. You'll never know how much.

JANE
W-What did I do--

IVY
(Raging:)
What did you do? You take that filthy cop bitch into your house, and ask me what you've done! You're screwing her!

JANE
No! No!

Ivy rains a succession of blows on Jane's face.

IVY
Don't lie! Stop lying!
(Instantly calm:)
But you can't help yourself, can you? You're a spoiled child and words don't mean anything to you. Well Jane, I am not your toy.

Jane cowers, whimpering as Ivy's hand moves under the sheets.

IVY (CONT'D)
And now you've wet your bed. Such a pathetic little girl. What am I going to do with you?

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPT. ALONSO'S OFFICE - MORNING

CAPT. ALONSO (50s, bureaucratic) stands behind his desk.

ALONSO
Corruption, greed, cowardice. Even such reprehensible traits, become tolerable, with loyalty. Last time we spoke of family. I asked Cliff to speak with you. For your protection. He said you understood. You can imagine my disappointment.

Alonso slides a PHOTO: DIANE AND JULIA CONSPIRING AT THE BAR.

DIANE
I missed the memo. Is it now against the rules to talk to a DA?

ALONSO
No. That's merely disappointing.
(Producing the red files:)
(MORE)

ALONSO (CONT'D)

But your unauthorized access to confidential case files is, I'm afraid, cause for termination.

I/E. POLICE STATION - ELEVATOR

Going down. Diane's packed tight in car full of MALE COPS.

ALONSO (V.O.)

... Your suspension begins now. The Ethics Board will convene in two weeks. Your friends at the DA can inform you of these procedures. Please give them my best.

Diane steps out. As she crosses the foyer, her phone RINGS.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL - PARKING LOT/JULIA'S OFFICE

JULIA

Did you see the watch commander's report from last night?

DIANE

Not yet. Busy day.

JULIA

A unit responded to a noise complaint at 236 Cedar.

DIANE

Jane Smith's place? Okay, I'll go.

JULIA

Good. You okay Diane?

Diane approaches Cliff and his crew in the parking lot.

DIANE

Well, I'm a little hung over, I think I just got fired--

CLIFF

What did Alonso want?

Without breaking stride, Diane DECKS CLIFF WITH AN OVERHAND RIGHT. Cliff goes down hard as his crew looks on, stunned.

DIANE

(Checking her hand:)
And I just broke a nail. Other than that, can't complain.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

SCOTT (35, scruffy and hip) answers the door. He holds Diane's business card in his hand.

SCOTT
 Detective Harper?
 (Diane nods.)
 I found your card and I... She's
 not happy that I called you.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Propped up in bed, Jane is a swollen mess. Diane has been waiting by her bedside for some time.

JANE
 Do you hear them Diane?
 (Diane shakes her head:)
 Possums. They're survivors. I saw
 this thing on the nature channel.
 They can adapt to any environment.
 Even this one. It has a way of
 finding the tiniest gap. That one
 unprotected place. And when it
 does, it begins to gnaw and to pull
 at it. When that space is wide
 enough, it climbs inside. You
 can't get it out.

A beat. Diane looks into Jane.

DIANE
 Jane... My name is not Diane
 Harper. It's Monica Ruiz. I grew
 up in New York. That's where I
 became a cop. That's where I met a
 man. Victor. He was a cop too.
 That's why I married him. He made
 me feel safe... If you can believe
 that. But when it didn't work out,
 Victor wouldn't let go. First the
 phone calls, strange gifts, break-
 ins, threats and... Then one night,
 he did this.

Diane lifts her shirt and shows Jane a jagged knife wound.

DIANE (CONT'D)
 I got transferred here. Special
 circumstances. Only four people
 know who I really am. You're
 number five.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

By telling you this now, I'm
putting my life, the life of my
son, in your hands.

JANE

Why?

DIANE

Because I need you to do the same.

(Beat.)

You have no reason to trust the
police Jane. I'm not here as a
cop. I'm here as someone who can't
sleep, who can't stop looking over
her shoulder and wondering if today
is the day. I know he won't stop.

(Beat.)

Ivy won't stop. You know that.

JANE

Ivy's not afraid of the cops. She
doesn't give a damn about the law.

DIANE

Good.

(Beat.)

Neither do I.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY - NIGHT - 1 YEAR AGO

JANE (V.O.)

It was Christmas. And I was high.

The party is in full swing. Jane is nearly unrecognizable. She's beautiful and vibrant as she laughs with a trio of DRUNK ACCOUNTANTS.

JANE (V.O.)

Not from the booze. But every part of me was buzzing. From my big bonus, from my handsome date--

FIND: Scott, clean cut here. He nurses his drink while watching Jane from across the room.

JANE

And the sense that, for the first time, I owned my future.

Ivy Hicks takes up position on the wall beside Scott.

IVY

Not HR. Not accounting. Not--
(Her finger on his lips:)
No don't tell me... Marketing.

SCOTT

Baking.

IVY

See that was my next guess. After candlestick maker.

SCOTT

I'm just somebody's date.

Ivy follows Scott's line of sight to Jane.

IVY

Well, Jane is some somebody.

SCOTT

I'll have to take your word for it. We've only been dating two weeks.

IVY

Maybe she's not the girl for you.

SCOTT
Excuse me?

IVY
I'm not telling you anything you don't know. Look. She's the life of the party and here you are all by your lonesome.

SCOTT
I'm not so good at these things. You know, big parties, strangers...

IVY
(Leaning into him:)
Hey, I'm the same way. Believe me, I'm so much better one on one.

Innuendo makes Scott blush. So he doesn't notice--

JANE (O.C.)
Having fun?

SCOTT
(Flustered:)
Oh. Hi. Jane.

JANE
Hope I'm not interrupting.

IVY
Not at all.

The icy moment is dispelled by the PHOTOGRAPHER.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Can I get a picture of you guys?

IVY
Sure.

JANE
Sorry.
(To Scott:)
We really should get out of here.

SCOTT
Oh, right. Well, Merry Christmas.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Across the party, Ivy watches Scott help Jane with her coat.

SCOTT

So what does that woman do here?

JANE

Her? She doesn't work here.

SCOTT

So how do you know each other?

JANE

We don't.

They step into the elevator.

JANE (V.O.)

If I'd known it was the last time
I'd feel in control... I would have
taken the picture.

Scott meets Ivy's eyes. She smiles as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - RAPID SERIES OF SCENES

MONDAY - Jane gets into the crowded elevator. Ivy watches her from the back of the car.

WEDNESDAY - Jane gets into the crowded elevator. Ivy gets on. She looks at Jane. Jane smiles. Ivy looks away.

JANE (V.O.)

I'm not sure when I first noticed.

FRIDAY - Jane gets into the crowded elevator. She's soaking wet. Ivy hands her a handkerchief.

JANE

Thanks. Mess out there.

Ivy nods then pushes the button for Jane's floor.

JANE (V.O.)

We worked in the same building. Me
on nine. Ivy on ten.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Wind, rain. The engine sputters as Jane tries the ignition. RAPPING on the glass startles her. Jane looks up to see Ivy.

JANE

(Cracking window:)
I don't know what's wrong with it!

IVY

I do.

(Off Jane:)

It's a piece of crap. Want a lift?

JANE

Oh I wouldn't want to bother--

IVY

No big deal. Where do you live?

I/E. IVY'S CAR - NIGHT

Rain pounds the car's roof. Inside, both women are soaked. Ivy is writing with a pen on the palm of Jane's hand.

JANE (V.O.)

Truth is, I didn't have a lot of friends. She made talking easy. And... there was something else.

IVY

Oops.

Ivy wets a finger in her mouth and slowly erases her mistake. The intimacy of the act mixes with the rain... Electricity.

JANE (V.O.)

I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel it too.

IVY

There. Call when you want me. To take you back to your car.

INT. CAFE - MONTHS LATER

Jane sits at a table with Ivy. They are laughing, hard.

JANE (V.O.)

She'd been places. Done things. She was funny, open, fearless.

IVY

--It's not that I have anything against candles and Puccini--

JANE

--you actually fell asleep!

IVY

Is it too much for a girl to ask?
Just once, grab my hair, throw me
up against a wall like you mean it.
I know all the cowboys are gone but
did they close the whole rodeo?

JANE

You're bad.

IVY

Yes. But I'm not wrong.
(A beat. Off Jane:)
So what about uh... Scott?

JANE

Well you know, Scott's... a baker.

A beat, the women crack up.

JANE (CONT'D)

And he's nice. And I need nice now
more than I need... "cowboy sex."

Jane laughs alone.

JANE (CONT'D)

What?

IVY

It's not about what you need Jane.
It's about what you deserve.

INT. POINTSTAR CREDIT BUREAU - DAY

Sleek corporate decor surrounds pods of anonymous cubicles.
Ivy is at work in one of these.

JANE (V.O.)

I realize now, she was already
working-- probing the defenses,
seeking the weakest point...

ON IVY'S SCREEN: Is Scott Conrad's credit history.

INT. CONRAD'S BREAD - NIGHT

Scott is giving Jane a tour of his nearly completed bakery,
by candlelight. Jane is overdressed, nervous.

JANE (V.O.)

Scott was starting his business.
He didn't have time for me. I felt
neglected... There was space
between us. It was all she needed.

SCOTT

... Then it's just the floors, the
paint, a little tile here, ovens...
You don't want to hear about this.

JANE

I do. It's really beautiful.

SCOTT

To be honest, I wasn't sure you'd
come. I know I haven't been very
attentive lately and I just wanted--

JANE

It's okay--

SCOTT

--to say that I'm sorry. And that
I value this-- you, um, you know,
us. And... well, I have something
important to ask you tonight.

JANE

So you said.

SCOTT

We've been together for a long time
Jane. Maybe not as long as some
people, but long enough for me to
know that you are generous and kind
and-- I had this all worked out in
my head but now it's all--

JANE

(Placing her hand on his:)
Don't stop. You're doing great.

SCOTT

There's no one else Jane.

JANE

(Welling up:)
Just ask.

SCOTT

Jane, will you... loan me ten
thousand dollars?

JANE

What?

SCOTT

We lost our financing. I don't know what happened. One day it was fine but then the bank--

JANE

You... you want *money*?

SCOTT

Just a loan. Just so I can pay the crews until I get this sorted out--

Jane bolts out into the night.

I/E. CAR

Pleading, Scott follows Jane to her car. Inside, Jane chokes back tears as she watches Scott disappear in the rearview.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Jane bursts in. She stops. Ivy is waiting on her sofa.

IVY

Door was open so I... Are you okay?

She's not. Jane falls apart, sobbing. Ivy catches Jane and pulls her tight to her chest.

JANE

He wanted *money*! I thought he--

IVY

I know. Shhh. It's okay.

JANE

I'm such a fool. Jesus, I'm *alone*.

IVY

No, not alone. I'm here. I won't ever let you be alone. I promise.

Ivy wipes Jane's eyes. Then, with tenderness, her fingers trace the line of Jane's jaw. Then Jane's lips. Jane, drained from the emotional release, brings Ivy's mouth to her own. The kiss sparks an explosion of carnal energy--

MOMENTS LATER

--*This* is cowboy sex. Jane and Ivy stumble through the house, tearing each other's clothes and laying waste to the furniture. Entangled, they fall to the kitchen floor. Ivy slams Jane against the refrigerator. A beat. Jane looks skyward, breathless, as Ivy trails her mouth down Jane's torso, disappearing out of the frame as we CUT TO:

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE - DAY

JANE
Sorry, should I stop?

BRIAN
God no.

Jane sits before the blinking light of the camera. Brian is at the tripod, rapt. Julia and Diane shoot him a look.

JULIA
Please forgive Brian. He's a virgin. For how long did you have a sexual affair with Ms. Hicks?

JANE
Wow, when you say it like that I... Look, I never thought of myself as bisexual. I'd had feelings before but, everybody does, right?

DIANE
Why are you looking at me?

JANE
Sorry, I don't mean to embarrass you detective.

DIANE
You didn't. Because I'm not a-- Close your mouth, Brian.

JANE
I'd just never acted on it before. But Ivy made it... easy.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Two lithe bodies entangled. Hands navigate the contours of hips, necks, expanses of skin beaded with sweat and then...

MORNING

Jane awakens, alone, to the sound of pounding at her door.

SCOTT (O.C.)
Jane, open up! I'm sorry! Please,
I just want to talk to you. Jane?

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Parked across the street, Ivy watches Jane talk to Scott on the porch. Ivy seethes as Jane reluctantly lets Scott in.

JANE (V.O.)
I forgave Scott. Ivy said I was
weak. Maybe she was right.

INT. POINTSTAR CREDIT BUREAU - LATER

ON IVY'S SCREEN -- is Scott's credit history, which includes:
"MARRIED TO JENNA A. BECK (02-27-1999)".

JANE (V.O.)
I blame myself now. That's the
part no one understands.

Ivy clicks to Jenna's file. She highlights, cuts, pastes.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - DAYS LATER

The house is different. Ivy's things populate the main room.

JANE (V.O.)
I think, how did I not see it?

Jane is slamming drawers in the bathroom.

JANE (O.S.)
Have you seen my hair brush?
(Entering:)
I can't find anything with your
stuff everywhere.

Ivy is sorting Jane's mail.

IVY
You said to bring some things over.

JANE
Yes, I said *some* but--
(Ivy kisses her:)
What are you doing?

IVY
Trying to get you to relax.

JANE
That was a one time thing.

IVY
So you said. Look, I just want you to be happy Jane. You're with the Baker, I respect that, even though I know he doesn't do for you--

JANE
Stop it. I don't regret what we did Ivy. So please don't make me.

IVY
May I finish? I was just going to suggest a way for the two of you to spice it up. Do you think the baker's ever been with two women. No way, right?

JANE
Scott. And I hope you're joking.

IVY
Don't tell me you haven't thought about it.

JANE
No, because I'm not interested in... I just don't think I'd be comfortable with... sharing.

IVY
Him or me?
(Beat. Re: the mail:)
What should I do with this one? To Mr. and Mrs. Scott Conrad.
(Handing it to Jane:)
Sounds like somebody's getting ahead of himself, if you ask me.

Jane hesitates. She opens it, reads.

Ivy watches the letter fall from Jane's hands. Jane is sobbing in her bedroom before it hits the ground.

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Scott is pounding on the door again.

SCOTT

Jane! If you just let me explain--

Ivy opens the door.

IVY

Is it me, or have you been spending a lot of time on the porch lately?

SCOTT

Oh. Ivy. I need to talk to Jane.

IVY

Gee Scott, Jane's not available on account of the fact that you're a wee bit married and you lie a lot.

SCOTT

I didn't. Mostly. We're separated. I haven't seen my wife in years. We're getting a divorce, but I need to wait until my loan comes through. Jane!

IVY

(Approaching him:)

Wow, see that's some smart thinking Scott. Divorce *can* seriously impact your credit rating. I'm an expert when it comes to credit. Hey, did you know that even simple credit inquiries can drop your score? It's true, especially if there's a lot of them over a short period of time.

SCOTT

Wait-- What?

Ivy grips Scott's arm and pulls him close.

IVY

(Whispers:)

Stay away or I swear I'll ruin you.

(Releasing him:)

Don't look so down, Scott. Help is just a phone call away.

SCOTT

Who the hell are you?

IVY

Well I'm a just processor. But I'd be delighted to direct you to one of our wonderful counselors.

Scott begins backing towards his car.

IVY (CONT'D)

No? If you change your mind, you know where to find me!

Ivy smiles as Scott drives away.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL - JANE'S OFFICE/CONRAD'S BREAD

Jane's at her desk talking to Scott at his shop.

SCOTT (V.O.)

...She has access to all kinds of information. Everything a person is or does is in those computers. Why did that letter go to you? Think about it Jane. She found out I was married and--

JANE

Well, I'm glad somebody did.

SCOTT

(A beat, stung:)
I'll regret not telling you for the rest of my life. I don't expect you to forgive me. But please believe me, Ivy is dangerous.

JANE

Ivy is my friend and I have to go--

SCOTT

Just... be careful.
(No response:)
Not that you care, but I think I found a new investor.

We FOLLOW Jane's phone line into the wall where a device splits the wire. The intersecting line leads up to--

INT. POINTSTAR CREDIT BUREAU - CONTINUOUS

Ivy's on her headphones, listening in.

SCOTT (V.O.)
I wanted you to know. Maybe you
can come by some time. I miss you.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

In the shower, Jane inspects an odd BLACK RESIDUE in the tub.

JANE (V.O.)
How did I not see her sickness?
All the jealousy and rage she kept
hidden.

I/E. CONRAD'S BREAD - NIGHT

The new INVESTOR watches SCOTT unlock the door.

SCOTT
...Can't ask for a better location.
The theater, the galleries, plus
the foot traffic from the...

He opens the door and turns on the lights to find that the bakery has been vandalized. Glass and drywall everywhere. On the floor a trail of wet red graffiti-- "SHE'S MINE MINE MINE!!!" Scott follows the trail to the oven. He opens it.

JANE (V.O.)
Was I so lonely, so desperate to be
loved completely, that I went blind
willingly...

WHOOSH-- Scott ducks as a column of flame shoots out and scorches the ceiling.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE

Jane comes out from the shower. Ivy's on the sofa, watching TV. Her hand is bandaged. She turns to Jane and beckons.

LATER

Ivy sleeps with her head in Jane's lap. Jane strokes her hair. The local news comes on. Jane's hand stops.

ON SCREEN: The lead details the arson at Conrad's Bread.

JANE (V.O.)
When I finally saw, it was too
late. She had her hooks in me...

Jane looks down, frozen, afraid to move and wake Ivy. She can't see that Ivy's eyes are already open.

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Ivy comes home. She tries her key. No dice. Ivy, goes ballistic, hammering the door and windows with her hands.

IVY

Don't you see what he's doing!
He's trying to come between us!
Are you going to let him? Jane!

Inside, Jane cowers with the phone in her hand, petrified.

JANE (V.O.)

That's when you realize that it
wasn't love at all. It was never
love. It was only *possession*. It
was only *control*.

A POLICE CAR arrives. Ivy leans close to the door.

IVY

I see who you are now. You're just
a user. You think you can dispose
of me when I become inconvenient
for you? Have I become a nuisance
Jane? Sweetie, you have no idea
what a problem I can be.

(Beat.)

I promise you, when this is over,
you'll come crawling back to me on
your hands and knees.

The COPS mount the porch. Ivy pushes past them and heads to her car.

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

Jane opens her door. On the porch, is the casket containing the "Jane" Doll.

JANE (V.O.)

It's about who owns, and who is
owned.

Horrified, Jane picks up the doll. She inspects it.

JANE (V.O.)

It was my hair... It was her blood.

The doll begins to bleed-- running down Jane's arm. She screams and drops it. The doll bleeds out on the porch.

JULIA (V.O.)
Stop tape.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian turns off the camera.

JANE
(Preempting Julia:)
Don't. I don't want pity. I just want to know what's next.

JULIA
We build a case, gather evidence--

JANE
I already gave you everything.

BRIAN
993 digital communications, 122 letters, 203 photos and, uh, this.

Brian holds up a casket with a "Jane" doll inside.

DIANE
When flowers just won't do.

JULIA
There's no case without you Jane.
It's what you say in that courtroom that's going to put Ivy away.
Until then, the Special Threat Task Force will protect you. Okay?

Jane looks to Diane. Diane nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Harper will take you home.

Diane leads Jane out.

BRIAN
(Aside, to Julia:)
Um, what task force was that? I thought we didn't get approval.

JULIA
It's... pending.

I/E. DIANE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Diane helps Jane into the car. Crossing to the driver's side, She spots a note on her windshield. She reads it: "Miss me? I'm close." Panicked, Diane's hand instinctively goes to her holster as she scans the lot. Nothing. Diane gets in.

Diane's hand shakes as she tries to slide the key into the ignition. She takes a breath.

JANE
Everything okay?

DIANE
Yeah. Forgot to eat.

The engine starts.

JANE
So what now?

DIANE
You've been living in fear for a long time Jane... It's her turn.

Diane's eyes scan the shadows as she pulls away.

END ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. GYM - DAY

DA Warren holds court while bench-pressing with some YOUNG LAWYERS. It's competitive. They're letting him win.

The Young Lawyers begin to filter into the men's locker room. Warren sets up the spotting blocks and resumes lifting.

The lights go out briefly. Warren's distracted. His lift fails. The bar drops but-- the spotting blocks are gone.

DA WARREN

(Straining, sputtering:)

No. Damn. Little help! Help!

A hand reaches into the frame and lifts the bar... slightly.

JULIA

You ignored my meeting request.

DA WARREN

Julia. Could you use... two hands--

JULIA

But you're busy. I get it. You're a tough guy to pin down.

DA WARREN

Lift... please... the bar Julia--

JULIA

You know, when you screwed me over for Coleman, I was mad. I thought, how could Jacob do that? But now I understand, it's just politics. No one gets anything without bringing a little pressure to bear.

DA WARREN

For God's sake--

Julia pushes the bar into Warren's chest. He gasps.

JULIA

May I finish? I mean, I considered playing dirty. Maybe I'd threaten to call your wife. But that's not me Jacob. I don't want to hurt someone else to get what I want. So I thought, he's a reasonable man. I'll ask him to reconsider.

DA WARREN

I... can't--

JULIA

Actually, you can. That's the good news. We can fund the Task Force out of this office. On a smaller scale, of course. All you need to do is open your discretionary fund.

(No response. Beat.)

No? Okay, I respect your decision. Thanks for hearing me out.

Julia drops the bar and begins to leave.

DA WARREN

Wait... Okay... okay.

JULIA

(Returning:)

If you go back on your word, I swear, I will call your wife... So the discretionary fund is paying for discretion. How about that?

Julia helps Warren rack the bar.

WARREN

(Sits up, pained:)

You're crazy, you know that! You're sick, just like your dad. Just like that sick twist of a mother... Damn you. I could have been a friend to you.

JULIA

But I don't want your friendship Jacob. I want your job.

Warren watches her leave.

INT. POLICE STATION - ALONSO'S OFFICE - DAY

ALONSO

This is beneath you Julia.

JULIA

I know, I've been disappointing a lot of people lately. Here's the thing Captain. I can't stop you from holding your hearing. Maybe you'll even get Harper fired.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

But as ADA I can decide if any evidence presented there merits additional investigation.

ALONSO

Investigation of what--

JULIA

Of a standing order within your unit to bury and ignore violent crimes against women.

ALONSO

That's-- That's not true-- that's--

JULIA

Beside the point. Perception really is everything.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE UNIT

Cliff walks over to where Diane is clearing out her desk.

CLIFF

(Re: his tooth:)

It's loose. I should write you up.

DIANE

You'll have to get in line... Look, if you're going to gloat, can you at least do it from over there?

CLIFF

Hey, I came to say. Sorry. There.
(Beat. Off Diane:)

I think maybe you didn't get a fair shot. And, I don't know, maybe some of that was my fault.

DIANE

Some? Like the part when you ratted me out to Alonso.

CLIFF

The files? That wasn't me.

DIANE

Right.

CLIFF

I wouldn't do that.

A beat. Diane wonders if the sincerity she sees is real.

DIANE
So. So who then?

Cliff scans the room. He leans in.

CLIFF
My guess is Takeda. He saw me with
the files. McGill is his partner--

DIANE
Son of a--

CLIFF
Go easy. Pete's his partner. That
means something Diane. It has to.

DIANE
(Beat.)
I know... Yeah. It does.

The moment of unexpected connection is obliterated by--

ALONSO
Harper! Parsons! In my office.

INT. ALONSO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Diane and Cliff stand regarding Julia and Alonso.

DIANE
Him? No. No way, Julia. No.

JULIA
You will both be equal under the
aegis of the taskforce. Reporting
only to me.

CLIFF
Um, ADA Whitman, Ma'am--

ALONSO
Something you want to add to
Harper's statement detective?

CLIFF
I'd guess I'd just add, "Hell." As
in, "Hell no." It's a bad idea.

ALONSO
Noted. Now, to show our enthusiasm
for the ADA's new task force, you
will select men from your detail--

CLIFF

Come on, we have actual cases here!
Actual dead bodies. I can show you
Sir... They're pretty gross.

INT. POINTSTAR CREDIT BUREAU - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy's chipper today. She makes her way through the cubicle maze. The other EMPLOYEES run for cover or hide behind false smiles-- They're scared.

Ivy arrives at her cubicle to find Diane sitting at her desk.

DIANE

How was lunch? Greg said it was
okay if I waited here.

Ivy's turns. Her boss, GREG, ducks back into his office.

IVY

How can I help you?

DIANE

Do you want to know who I am first?

IVY

You're a police lady.

DIANE

What makes you say that?

IVY

Your shoes.

DIANE

My name's Detective Diane Harper.
I want to talk to you about Jane.

IVY

Jane Smith? Why didn't you just
say so? I'm so glad you're here.

DIANE

You are?

IVY

I must have left twenty messages
but no one ever got back to me.
It's just that I've been very
worried about Jane, Diane. I think
that boyfriend of hers, the baker--

DIANE
Scott Conrad?

IVY
He's abusive. Classic narcissist.
And with Jane's low self esteem,
well, it's a slippery slope
straight to codependency. But I'm
sure you know all about that.

DIANE
Let me get this straight. You're
saying you called the police about--

IVY
About Jane, yes. Many messages.
Why, did something happen?

DIANE
(Beat.)
I think you know she was assaulted.

IVY
Assaulted, you say? That's
terrible. When did it happen?

DIANE
Two nights ago. Sometime between
one and two AM.

IVY
Well I must have sensed something
was wrong. That's precisely when I
called, from my cell phone, from
San Diego. Of course, you'd have
to subpoena the triangulation data
to find out exactly where I was. I
must have ESP.

DIANE
You used a relay?

IVY
What's a relay?

DIANE
You're a smart one, aren't you?

IVY
Don't flirt. I'm flattered, but
unless you have a warrant, I'm
going to have to say, toodles.

The women lock eyes. A beat.

DIANE

The next time you see Jane, will be the last time you see anyone, for a very long time. Do you understand?

IVY

Are you threatening me Di?

Diane nods.

IVY (CONT'D)

Good. I have your full attention. And now you have mine.

(Addressing her computer:)

If you'll excuse me, I really have a ton of work to do.

(Diane rises to go:)

It's a big responsibility. All these lives at one's fingertips. I have to be very careful lest this information fall into the wrong hands. Diane, Harper, was it?

INT. CLOSET - LATER

Julia shows Diane her new office. The converted janitor's closet now features a desk and a phone.

JULIA

It's not much. But it's an office.

DIANE

For Smurfs.

(Off Julia:)

Hey. I like it. Really. My sofa's going to look great in here.

(They laugh.)

Your boss sure is a big spender.

JULIA

Never date a man whose passion in life is the pursuit of free shrimp.

(Off Diane:)

I'm going to want an update on Jane once you get settled.

DIANE

Jane's in good hands.

I/E. OUTSIDE JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THROUGH BINOCULARS-- We see Romero behind the wheel of an unmarked car. He's eating a burrito in repulsive fashion.

CLIFF (ON RADIO)
Romero, do you ever accidentally
get any of that *inside* your mouth?

Cliff lowers his binoculars. He's sitting in the darkness of his sedan on Jane's block.

Romero picks up his radio and SIGHTS HIS BINOCULARS ON CLIFF.

ROMERO (ON RADIO)
Hey, just 'cause your girl stood
you up, don't take it out on me.

Romero PANS TO COX, the third set of eyes on this stake out.
COX SIGHTS HIS BINOCULARS ON CLIFF.

COX (ON RADIO)
She was supposed to relieve us an
hour ago Cliff. What gives?

CLIFF (ON RADIO)
(Pissed:)
She was supposed to be here two
hours ago actually.

COX (ON RADIO)
You do see what's happening here,
right? I'm not the only one, am I?

ROMERO (ON RADIO)
I see it man, but I don't like it.
Lot of disrespect.

CLIFF (ON RADIO)
It's beyond disrespect. It's a
friggin' disgrace. I mean, we are
highly trained fighters of violent
crime here.

ROMERO (ON RADIO)
Verdad.

CLIFF (ON RADIO)
But Harper and her pet DA have us
here baby-sitting girlfriends with
relationship issues? Hell no.

COX (ON RADIO)
Hell no.

CLIFF (ON RADIO)
Hell no. That's it. We're done.

Cliff grabs the radio.

THROUGH BINOCULARS -- we watch Cliff get out of his car.

CLIFF (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Let's go! Wrap it up! All units
are released from this detail.

Headlights come on. Engines start. The unmarked cars, pull out and leave. Cliff gets into his car and follows.

Ivy lowers her own BINOCULARS and removes the ear piece connected to the POLICE SCANNER in her hand. Clad in black and wearing knee guards, Ivy crawls out from a wooded area and scampers towards Jane's house.

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy pops the back door with a crowbar and pads slowly through the dark house. Ivy enters Jane's bedroom and stands over her sleeping body

IVY
I realize now, that you've mistaken
my leniency for weakness Jane.
This time, it's going to cost you.

Ivy raises the crowbar with menace. CLICK, the light comes on. In the bed is Diane-- her Beretta pointed directly at Ivy's forehead. Ivy smiles, considering swinging at Diane.

DIANE
Do it. I beg you.

Ivy smiles. Then drops the crowbar to the floor.

I/E. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

The red and blue lights of police cruisers paint the sleeping houses. Cliff and Diane watch LAPD COPS pat-down Ivy who is splayed across the hood of a black and white.

DIANE
You were right. She had a scanner.

CLIFF

Told you. Anybody who has a cellular relay has got to have a scanner. It's like the gateway drug for spy-tech junkies.

DIANE

And you know this because--

Romero and Cox arrive.

ROMERO

Cliff can't stop buying the stuff. He has a problem.

DIANE

Wow Cliff, you're actually creepier than I thought.

(To Romero and Cox:)

Nice performance guys. She bought every word.

The guys watch Diane walk down to a waiting cruiser.

CLIFF

(To Romero:)

What are you smiling at Diva? Next time, stick to the script.

I/E. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Diane leans in the window. Ivy stares straight ahead.

DIANE

I must have ESP.

IVY

I suppose you think you've come between us. Well, you haven't. You can't. Jane and I are two souls wrapped in the same flesh. Nothing can separate us. Not even death. And what are you? You're nothing. You think I don't know what you are? You're a frightened woman, lost in the woods, alone, thousands of miles from home.

DIANE

(Unnerved:)

What? What did you say?

Ivy only grins. Diane seizes Ivy through the window.

DIANE (CONT'D)
 (Throttling Ivy:)
 Say it again bitch--

Romero, Cox and Cliff pull Diane away.

CLIFF
 Hey, take it easy!

Diane shrugs their hands off. Through the rear window, Ivy locks eyes with Diane as the cruiser pulls away.

INT. POLICE STATION - PROCESSING - THE NEXT DAY

Through safety-glass, Diane and Julia watch Ivy make bail.

DIANE
 (Incredulous:)
 Attempted Assault?

JULIA
 Aggravated Attempted Assault.
 (Off Diane:)
 It's what we can get.

DIANE
 What's that? A year?

JULIA
 Plus probation. Look, before you--

DIANE
 Why not drop the hammer and charge her with failure to signal.

Brian and Cliff stand over Ivy as she posts bond.

JULIA
 How's Jane?

DIANE
 Shaking like a leaf. Romero and Cox are there now. Cliff's on Ivy.

JULIA
 Something bothering you?

DIANE
 You mean other than, watching a five star sociopath post and walk?
 (Pause.)
 She said something last night.

JULIA
Ivy? What did she say?

DIANE
Something that made me think she
knows... more than she should.

JULIA
About what?
(Off Diane:)
You can talk to me Di.

DIANE
It's nothing... lucky guess.

INT. DIANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diane's preoccupied, agitated. She drinks wine and watches Henry at play. Passing headlights illuminate the window. Diane looks out-- down the block, a car idles in the darkness. She picks up the phone, dials. The car departs.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL - DIANE'S HOUSE/CLIFF CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cliff sits in his car outside Ivy's apartment building.

DIANE
Hi. It's me. Diane.

CLIFF
I know. What's up?

DIANE
Nothing... I just... had a feeling.

CLIFF
Feelings? Do you miss me Harper?

DIANE
I'm making sure you're not asleep.

CLIFF
You can relax. Nobody's gone in or
out. Your favorite stalker is the
only person sleeping tonight.
(Beat.)
Was there something else?

DIANE
No. Good night.

Diane hangs up. Cliff dials.

CLIFF (INTO PHONE)
Are we good?

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL - CLIFF'S CAR/JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cox and Romero stand guard on Jane's porch. Romero answers. We can hear the scurrying of animals beneath the deck.

ROMERO (INTO PHONE)
Locked down. The boyfriend left an hour ago. Hey man, settle this. Possum's a rodent, right?

CLIFF (V.O.)
It's a marsupial.

COX
What did he say?

ROMERO
Says it's a big rat.

COX
What? That's bull.

ROMERO
That's ten bucks. Check the back.

Cox begins to circle the house. As WE MOVE THROUGH the door--

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

... The TV plays to an empty room. WE MOVE down the dark hallway as MUSIC mixes with RUNNING WATER. A sheet of light illuminates steam pouring from beneath the bathroom door...

SHOWER

... Jane rinses her hair, letting the music take her somewhere else.

CLOSE ON -- the lather as it runs down Jane's freshly shaven leg and disappears into a BOLUS OF MATTED HAIR within the drain. The shower stops. Jane steps out.

The bolus of hair BEGINS TO ROTATE until... WE ARE LOOKING INTO THE WIDE MALIGNANT EYE OF IVY HICKS.

IVY BLINKS.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Julia and Brian sit at the prosecutor's table watching Ivy's lawyer, AGNES RIPON (45) address JUDGE NELSON FISK. Ivy sits at the defense's table, the picture of composed innocence.

Diane sits with Jane in the gallery.

RIPON

My client has no prior record. She is a gainfully employed member of her community. The State's request that her bail be revoked is absurd and reflects the ADA's *vindictive* attitude towards my client--

JULIA

Your honor--

RIPON

She has sent police to my client's place of work. They have followed Ivy Hicks and harassed her to the point of having to seek psychiatric treatment for anxiety.

JUDGE FISK

Is this true Ms. Whitman?

RIPON

I have the doctor's letter here Your Honor. I also have a copy of the restraining order my client was granted to protect her from Jane Smith who lured my client to her home via text message--

Julia looks to Jane. She's stunned.

JANE

How could--

DIANE

She cloned your damn phone Jane.

RIPON

-- where my client observed several suspicious men lurking. It is only out of grave concern for her former romantic partner's safety that Ms. Hicks entered the premises.

(MORE)

RIPON (CONT'D)

Naturally she could have no idea that she was being entrapped by the police. We look forward to showing that the real issue at play here is not the motives of my client but rather the disturbing conduct on the part of the ADA...

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Diane bangs on the door. Scott opens it.

SCOTT

Haven't you done enough?

DIANE

I need to talk to her. Jane!

SCOTT

This is your fault. Jane trusted you and you've made it worse. Ivy won't stop now. Ever. This is going to on and on until-- Hey!

Diane pushes Scott out of the way and enters. She finds Jane in the back bedroom, packing. Scott follows.

DIANE

Don't do this. You can't run.

JANE

You heard the Judge! We'll be lucky to get breaking and entering--
A God damn misdemeanor!

DIANE

If you run now, Ivy's going to win.

SCOTT

She already has! Do you get it?
It's over, we're trying not to die!

DIANE

She'll become bolder, more violent--

JANE

Oh listen to you. My God, you're such a hypocrite! You want me to stand my ground? Sure it's fine when it's my life on the line but what did you do lady?

(Diane's speechless:)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

You changed your name and ran
thousands of miles from home!
Didn't you? Answer me!

Pause. Jane packs. Diane ignores her BUZZING phone.

DIANE

Does Ivy know?

JANE

Know what?

DIANE

About me.

JANE

How should I know?

DIANE

Did you tell her?

Jane slams a box on the wall. Diane silences her phone.

JANE

What? Did I tell... What do you
think I am?

DIANE

I'm sorry. Forget it.

JANE

Forget it? You know, I thought Ivy
was the crazy one. But you are
truly nuts lady. You're so
friggin' paranoid-- you see a
criminal in everybody. You can't
even trust your victims.

DIANE

Jane listen to me--

JANE

No, I'm done listening to you.
We're going to a hotel. Tomorrow,
Scott and I are gone. Don't expect
a post card.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dejected, Diane leaves Jane's house. She checks her phone--
29 MESSAGES. Diane listens to her voice mail:

A QUAVERING VOICE HUMS AN ODD SONG. The next message is the same. Then the next-- Diane begins to run.

I/E. DIANE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Manic, Diane tries to call home as she blows through traffic lights. It's BUSY. Her anxiety rises with each attempt.

I/E. DIANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Darkness falls on Los Angeles as Diane frantically races to open her door's multiple locks.

DIANE
Please... Please God...

CLICK. Diane enters and dashes down the hall to Henry's room. He's playing a game with Anita.

Diane pulls her son to her chest. Henry and Anita look at each other, confused.

ANITA
Everything's okay, Di.

DIANE
I couldn't... the phone was--

ANITA
Oh yeah. It wouldn't stop ringing.
I had to take it off the hook.

HENRY
(Getting crushed:)
Mom, this kind of hurts.

MOMENTS LATER

Diane puts the phone back on the hook. It RINGS IMMEDIATELY. She brings the receiver to her ear.

From the other end of the line, Diane HEARS HER OWN VOICE--

DIANE (V.O.)
Ivy's going to win... become
bolder, more violent-- Ivy's going
to win... become bolder, more
violent--

Diane slams the phone down, picks up, dials.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Scott is vacuuming when-- THE POWER GOES OUT.

JANE (O.S.)

Scott!

SCOTT

Yeah! It's okay! I just tripped
the breaker!

BEDROOM

Jane's eyes fill with dread.

JANE

(Panicked:)

Scott!

HALLWAY TO LAUNDRY ROOM

Scott, sweeps the FLASHLIGHT BEAM as he approaches the
breaker box in the laundry room.

SCOTT

Just stay where you are! I'll have
it on in a minute!

Scott places the flashlight on the washer and opens the box.

JANE (O.S.)

Scott... Scott!

SCOTT

(Trying to find breaker:)

What!

JANE (O.S.)

Don't stop talking!

Scott turns towards Jane's voice. The movement unblocks the
flashlight beam-- ILLUMINATING IVY HICKS. Covered in mud,
Ivy's hair hangs in wet tendrils over her pale grim face. In
her hands-- a Taser, a length of rope.

SCOTT

Fine. What do you want me to say!

BEDROOM

JANE

I don't know! It doesn't matter!
Sing a song or something!

Silence. Jane's apprehension swells to terror.

JANE (CONT'D)

Scott?

From the dark reaches of the house, Jane hears IVY SINGING THE ODD SONG. Jane cowers as FOOTSTEPS approach.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL - DIANE'S CAR/JULIA'S OFFICE

Brian and Julia hustle out of the office.

JULIA

Do not approach the house. Wait for the back up. I repeat, wait.

(To Brian:)

Get me SWAT.

Parked near Jane's, Diane is strapping on her body armor. She surveys the dark house and gets an item from her trunk.

JULIA (CONT'D)

That's an order. Are we clear?

(Click.)

Dammit!

Diane racks a round in a wicked PISTOL-GRIP 10 GAUGE.

CLIFF (O.S.)

I've honestly never found you more sexy than I do right now.

DIANE

Did you miss the entire sexual harassment seminar?

CLIFF

No way. The MILF from HR leads it. What did the bossy lady say?

DIANE

We're ordered to wait.

CLIFF

Well, an order's an order. Let's wait inside.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Through the blinds, Ivy watches Cliff and Diane scamper across the street, weapons drawn. She turns to Jane and Scott who are gagged and bound to chairs facing each other.

IVY

Your annoying friends want to crash our party.

Jane's screams are muffled by the duct tape.

IVY (CONT'D)

You're right Jane. We should get on with it.

Ivy produces a GUN. More screaming from Jane.

IVY (CONT'D)

Please, let's not get emotional. We all need to be adults if we're going to get anything done tonight. I've given our problem a lot of thought, and I realize now, that what we have here, is a lack of resolution. And that, frankly Jane, is your own damn fault. You haven't made a decision. So there's no clarity, am I right? Scott, you're with me on this, right? Scott?

Scott, is catatonic with fear.

IVY (CONT'D)

Scott's on board. Of course he is because... well the fact is Jane, your behavior is selfish. It's confusing and it's not fair. Not to Scott, and certainly not to me. Honestly, I think all this conflict could have been avoided if you'd JUST MADE UP YOUR FREAKING MIND!

(Beat.)

Sorry. I have a headache.

OUTSIDE

Diane looks on as Cliff works to pick the back door's lock.

INSIDE

IVY (CONT'D)

You can't have your cake and eat it too. Scott and I require a decision Jane. We need it now. Whatever it is, we will deal with the consequences together. So. Jane. Who's it going to--

KLIEG LIGHTS illuminate the room. Ivy dives to the floor... and sees Diane's silhouette at the back door.

OUTSIDE, BACK DOOR

Cliff and Diane are preparing to breach when BULLETS SHRED THE DOOR. In the hail of glass and wood, they return fire-- Diane takes a round in the arm. She tumbles onto the grass. At her side, Cliff lays wheezing, one hole, center chest.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - POLICE PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Safe behind the Klieg lights, Julia watches a flurry of POLICE activity. A SWAT COMMANDER yells into his radio.

SWAT COMMANDER
Shots fired. Shots fired.
Somebody get eyes on that shooter!

SWAT SNIPER (OVER RADIO)
...No shooter. Two persons down in
the yard.

INTERCUT - RADIO - SNIPER POSITION/PERIMETER

NIGHT-VISION SCOPE: The sniper scans the house and yard. Diane struggles to drag Cliff to safety.

SWAT COMMANDER (V.O.)
Hostages?

SWAT SNIPER
Negative. It looks like Cliff
Parsons and... some woman.

Julia's face is ashen.

SWAT COMMANDER
Status.

SWAT SNIPER (V.O.)
One injured. No movement from
Parsons.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ivy vibrates with glee as she loads another clip.

IVY
Time's up Jane!

Ivy rips the tape from Jane's mouth.

JANE
Stop! Ivy, listen to me--

IVY
Him or me! Choose!

Ivy presses the gun to Scott's temple.

JANE
(Breaking down:)
I can't. No. No... Please. Ivy.

IVY
You know what, you're right.
You're emotional. No one should
make a permanent decision based on
temporary feeling.

JANE
That's right. Let's just calm--

IVY
Let's take emotion out of the
equation. A simple comparison.

Ivy tears the duct tape from Scott's mouth.

IVY (CONT'D)
Kiss him.

SCOTT
What?

IVY
Kiss him. Kiss me. Then choose.

JANE
Listen to me Ivy. It's not too--

IVY
(Brandishing the gun:)
IT IS TOO LATE!
(Instantly calm:)
Kiss him. Or clean him off the
sofa. Up to you.

OUTSIDE

Blood everywhere. Diane rips off Cliff's shirt and peels
back his Kevlar.

DIANE
(Searching for the wound:)
Oh God, Cliff. Stay with me.

CLIFF
Stop it. That hurts. Ow.

DIANE
Ow? What do you mean, ow? You're
shot! Damn I can't find the entry!

CLIFF
My vest caught it.

DIANE
Then where is all this blood coming-
(Woozy:)
Oh... That's not good.

She falls forward. Cliff catches her.

CLIFF
If it makes you feel better, I
definitely cracked a rib.

DIANE
(Fading:)
It does. Thanks.

INSIDE

SCOTT
It's okay Jane. Everything's okay.

Jane leans in. They kiss. The gesture is devoid of lust-- a
bittersweet farewell between friends, full of permanence.

IVY
How sweet. My turn.

A beat. Ivy leans in.

SNIPER POSITION

NIGHT VISION SCOPE - Ivy's head moves into the frame.

SWAT SNIPER (V.O.)
Target.

SWAT COMMANDER
Green light.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CRACK-- TIME SLOWS as the bullet pierces the window and
grazes the back of Ivy's head. The kiss saved her life. Ivy
falls to the floor, dazed. A beat, then-

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE -- The windows are obliterated by CS CANNISTERS and FLASH GRENADES. Dense white gas fills the house as MASKED SWAT OFFICERS deploy through the house, the beams of their gun-mounted lights crisscrossing the smoke.

OUTSIDE

Cliff carries Diane's limp body towards the spinning red and blue lights. From the house, come the repeated SHOUTS OF --

SWAT OFFICERS (O.S.)
... Clear! Clear! Clear!

I/E. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Julia and Cliff watch the MEDICS load Diane on a stretcher. Diane manages to open her eyes.

DIANE
Did we get her?

JULIA
Absolutely.

Diane smiles as she passes out. The doors shut. Julia and Cliff watch the ambulance pull away.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Tell me we got her.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Scott slump in the chairs, coughing, mucus streaming from their faces.

A SWAT COP scans the room as the smoke begins to dissipate.

IVY HICKS IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

SWAT COP
...Clear.

END ACT 5

ACT 6

INT. COLEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry Coleman holds the remote, cueing back and forth over the most embarrassing footage-- a SWAT OFFICER emerging from Jane's house shrugging "where'd she go." He FREEZES the tape and looks to DA WARREN.

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

The story tomorrow is either,
"Coleman budget cuts kill cops" or
"Eager ADA blows raid." You tell
me Jake, which is it going to be?

DA WARREN

The latter, Larry.
(Off Coleman:)
Sir.

REP. LAWRENCE COLEMAN

Good thinking, because if you let
Julia Whitman off the hook here,
there's another headline. It
starts with your name. And I can
guarantee, you won't like it.

Coleman presses PLAY--

ON TELEVISION:

THE LOCAL NEWS lead is "STALKER EVADES POLICE". We watch a clip from the previous night's chaos. PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Diane turns off the TV.

CLIFF (O.S.)

Julia's happy they're using the
word, "stalker". So there's your
upside.

Diane is propped up in bed, her arm in a sling. Henry sits on the floor, reading a comic book. Cliff stands at the door with flowers and a balloon which reads: "It's a Girl!".

DIANE

What the heck happened?

CLIFF

They were out of "get well soon."
I still think this works.

(Off Diane:)

They're investigating. CSI's been
all over that place and still no
one can figure out how she did it.
Media's eating it up. Heads will
roll.

DIANE

How is this even possible? The
house was surrounded.

CLIFF

You got four separate sub-
divisions, four different chiefs,
and they laid off most of logistics
people so no coordination.
Basically, it was a complete
clusterf--

(Noticing Henry:)

Fuuudddge. Hey kid.

HENRY

Hey.

CLIFF

Anyway, don't worry your pretty
head. They're giving you the week
off. And all you had to do was
take a bullet.

DIANE

I don't want a week off. I want--

CLIFF

To relax. Look, we have it
covered. Julia's got a fresh lead.

(Re: Henry's comic:)

Ironman?

Henry nods. Cliff scoffs, "whatever."

DIANE

What lead?

HENRY

You have a problem with *Ironman*?

CLIFF

You mean, with an over-hyped sell-
out taking attention from the best
comic book hero of all time?

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)
 (Off Henry:)
 Aquaman.

HENRY
 Isn't he like, a mermaid?

CLIFF
 I'm not even going to dignify that.

DIANE
 Cliff--

CLIFF
 He's the *Guardian of the Seas* kid.
 Ironman's just guy in a metal--

DIANE
 Cliff!
 (Cliff shuts up:)
 What lead?

CLIFF
 Video of Ivy crossing the border at
 San Ysidro. The Mexican
 authorities think they have a
 witness ID outside Juntas.

DIANE
 They *think*?

CLIFF
 We'll nail her. We're close.

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE

Julia is on her way out the door, when DA Warren blocks her.

JULIA
 Excuse me Jacob. I've got a member
 of my team in the hospital and a
 victim to debrief.

DA WARREN
 No. You don't. There's no team.

JULIA
 I beg your pardon?

DA WARREN
 It's done. Your little stunt was
 fun, but the powers that be have
 noticed. They're going to hang
 this fiasco around your neck.

JULIA

My neck? I'm not the one who let
Ivy slip away.

DA WARREN

You still don't get it. Someone is
going to twist in the wind for
this. But if you shut it down now,
I can protect you.

(Off Julia:)

Look, I like you Whitman. You have
a hell of a future here. Don't go
risking your career for a bunch of
second rate cops and a--

Julia pushes past him and heads down the hall.

DA WARREN (CONT'D)

I'm warning you Whitman! Your task
force is dissolved! It's done!
You or your band of idiots go near
this case and you'll be a public
defender in Barstow before sundown.

Julia disappears down the hall.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM

Cliff and Julia sit on the sofa opposite Jane. Jane is
unkempt, her eyes appear empty and far away. HAMMERING
reverberates through the house as BUILDERS work on repairs.

JULIA

The house is coming together.

CLIFF

Good as new. Better than new.

JANE

I'm selling it. Going away.

JULIA

Oh. I didn't know that. Where?

(No response:)

We'll need to know Jane. So we can
protect you.

(JANE scoffs, a beat.)

Is Scott going with you?

JANE

He says... we need to start over.

JULIA

I understand that. That's good.

JANE

Separately. He's going alone.

JULIA

Well I... Jane, I know this has been difficult-- is difficult. But it's almost over. We're confident that we'll have Ivy in custody very soon. In the meantime, if she contacts you--

JANE

Ivy's here.

JULIA

No Jane. Ivy's in Mexico.

JANE

(Drugged:)

She'll be back tonight. In my sleep. I wake up. She's here. I wake up again... she's gone... I don't know which is the dream. Do you? Do you know?

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Henry hands Diane a permission slip.

HENRY

Since you got shot, you can come on my field trip.

DIANE

Oh sweetie, I don't know if I can. They need me back at work.

HENRY

(A beat:)

So is Aquaman your boyfriend?

DIANE

No. Absolutely not... He's just someone Mommy works with.

HENRY

You must like him.

DIANE

What makes you say that?

HENRY

Why else would you work so much.

Ouch. Diane looks at her son. A beat. She reads the slip.

DIANE

So, where are we going?

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Julia and Cliff exit Jane's house and head for their cars. An EXTERMINATOR pulls up in his truck.

JULIA

What's Jane on?

CLIFF

Seconal, Nembutal, Valium? Your guess is good as mine. Whatever it is, she's upping the dose.

JULIA

I can't even blame her. This is my fault. I was careless. I let my ego take over. I just wanted to get Ivy so badly that--

CLIFF

Don't be dumb... Ma'am. Any cop worth his salt will tell you there's only one way to stop someone like Ivy Hicks.

EXTERMINATOR

You the folks with the raccoon problem?

JULIA

Possums.

EXTERMINATOR

Okay. The gas don't discriminate.

They watch the exterminator run a hose from the truck to Jane's porch.

CLIFF

He's got the right idea.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

The field trip. CHAPERONES and TEACHERS herd KIDS along the lush pathways. Diane lingers near the back of the group with Henry, who is wearing most of his ice cream cone. Diane laughs. She can't help having a good time.

LATER

The kids spread out to view the animals in the North American section. Diane overhears a NATURALIST.

NATURALIST

...You'll note the long tail which helps the opossum in climbing.

Diane looks in the exhibit. An OPOSSUM blinks back at her.

NATURALIST (CONT'D)

Opossums have adapted to urban environments. They make their homes in burrows, in structures...

The opossum hisses and bears its teeth. The kids love it.

NATURALIST (CONT'D)

Whoa. Her bark is worse than her bite. She's fierce if cornered but her best defense is, of course--

The Naturalist raps the cage. The Opossum falls over, dead.

NATURALIST (CONT'D)

Playing possum. Or I should say, playing "opossum" since "possums" are indigenous to Australia--

Cold realization spreads across Diane's face. The ice cream cone falls from her hand. Splat.

DIANE

(To Henry:)

I have to go.

HENRY

What? Why? Mom!

Henry watches Diane frantically speak with his TEACHER then dash out of sight.

IN DARKNESS

WE HEAR the sound of MEN WORKING-- grunting as they pry boards from their studs. Light filters through the cracks, partially illuminating the interior of this space-- PHOTOS, TWISTED DRAWINGS, MANIACAL SCREEDS. A large section falls away. BLINDING SUN LIGHT STREAMS in. As it fades, we see Cox, training his gun on the opening. He pokes his head in, gags, turns away and pukes.

COX
(Weakly:)
Clear.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Romero uses a crowbar to widen the opening of the "Burrow" beneath Jane's house. Cliff, Julia and Diane step forward for a closer look.

CLIFF
Holy...

The burrow's dank crawl space is dominated by a TWISTED SHRINE TO JANE. Amid the trash and rotting organic matter, Diane sees food scraps, a COMPUTER, RECORDING EQUIPMENT, CAMERAS, NOTEBOOKS and a GAS MASK. Cables snake through the floor boards. Cliff shines his light on a TRAPDOOR.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Do you think... this whole time...

JULIA
I do. Be careful what you touch.

Cliff watches Diane begin to climb inside.

CLIFF
So I'll just wait out here--

DIANE
Quit whining. You probably use the same decorator--

-- A PIERCING SCREAM

No one noticed Jane's approach. She stares at the shrine, overcome by terror. Julia embraces Jane and pulls her away.

DIANE (CONT'D)
(A beat.)
Hey. Look at this.

Diane shows Cliff a stack of small boxes. Their labels read, "Jane's Hair, Jane's nails, Jane's skin, etc."

CLIFF

Ain't love grand.

DIANE

We're going to need some help.

LATER

FORENSIC COPS are suiting up. Diane walks over from where Cliff is coordinating the crime scene and stands over Tim, the data analyst. Tim powers on Ivy's computer-- a LOGIN SCREEN. Tim taps keys.

DIANE (CONT'D)

So? Can you get in?

TIM

Sure. I'm about to use a computer expert trick that will bypass the security and give us access to her files. Just give me a minute.

DIANE

Wow. Really?

TIM

No. I don't even know what sort of security she's using. It may require a hard token. She may have PKI authentication, In which case--

DIANE

Just. How long?

TIM

Three days.

DIANE

Seriously?

TIM

No, not seriously. But until I get it back to the lab, I can't tell you anything except that her last login was at 7:42 this morning.

(Re: Cliff:)

I can't believe you actually talk to that Cro-Magnon.

DIANE
 (Shocked:)
 What did you say?

TIM
 Cro-Magnon. Paleolithic cave dweller?

CLIFF

Looks up to see Diane running in his direction.

DIANE
 Stop! Stop! Don't touch it!
 She's still here Cliff. Ivy was here today.

CLIFF
 What?

DIANE
 Seal it up. Get these people out of here. We'll stake it out.

Diane's phone BUZZES.

CLIFF
 Today? I don't under--

DIANE
 Just get these people out before she comes back!

Cliff begins shutting down the crime scene. Diane looks at her CALLER ID: "HENRY'S CELL". She answers.

DIANE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Hey kiddo. Sorry I had to run off like that. I promise I'll make it up to you.

IVY (V.O.)
 I know you will.

Ivy's voice sucks the air from Diane's lungs.

IVY (V.O.)
 You took what belonged to me. You took everything I loved. Now I'm going to show you how it feels.

DIANE
 (Welling up:)
 Don't you hurt him... Please.

IVY (V.O.)
 I'll be in touch. Good night
 Diane. Henry says not to wait up.

CLIFF AND JULIA

Hear DIANE'S BALEFUL SCREAM. Cliff's already running in her direction as Diane crumples to the earth.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. A DARK PLACE

CLOSE ON - Henry, bound, gagged, terrified.

He surveys his surroundings. It's a workshop of sorts. DOLLS and PUPPETS dangle from hooks-- crude marionettes with elements of collected human tissue-- hair, nails, teeth.

In front of Henry is, a CAMERA ON A TRIPOD.

IVY (O.S.)
 I see you've met my friends. Do
 you like them?

Henry nods. Ivy walks into his view.

IVY (CONT'D)
 I knew you would. If we had more
 time, I think you and I would find
 we have a lot in common.
 (Beat.)
 You move around a lot?
 (HENRY nods:)
 It's hard being new. Believe me, I
 know how cruel they can be. They
 don't want you. Not really. The
 only friends you can trust are the
 ones you make yourself.
 (Re: the puppets:)
 They always do what I want. They
 never let me down.
 (Beat.)
 Back then, it was just me, Momma...

A "MOMMA" PUPPET drops into view. Ivy works the strings.

IVY (CONT'D)
 ... and my sister, Jilly.

Ivy produces a "JILLY" puppet. Jilly's had a rough go. Its face is charred with one rolling eye and half a head of hair.

IVY (CONT'D)

Jilly was good at making friends. Especially boyfriends. She's pretty, yes?

(HENRY nods.)

You really think so?

(HENRY shakes, no.)

Yeah. Me neither. Truth is Alex-- may I call you Alex?

(A beat. HENRY nods.)

Truth is Alex, Jilly was one of *them*. She said mean things. She did mean things. There was a boy I liked. And because I liked him, Jilly took him away. I was never good with boys. But that was okay. Because I was very good at watching. So I watched Jilly and that boy. And you know what I saw?

Henry shakes his head. Ivy PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE VIDEO CAMERA. The RED LIGHT BLINKS as it begins to record.

IVY (CONT'D)

People are just like puppets. They have strings. It's true, if you watch long enough, you can see where the strings attach. And then Hank, all you have to do is pull...

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. JULIA'S OFFICE - LATER

Diane, Julia, Brian and Cliff watch THE CONTINUATION OF THIS RECORDING ON A TV in Julia's office. Diane's shattered.

ON SCREEN -- Ivy appears in the frame, her chin on Henry's shoulder. Diane emits an anguished gasp.

IVY (ON SCREEN)

Do you feel that detective? That's me, tugging yours.

CLIFF

(To Julia, Re: Diane:)

She shouldn't be here for this.

DIANE

He's my son.

IVY (ON SCREEN)
 ...You took something that belongs
 to me. Now I have something that
 belongs to you. Fair is fair. The
 only question now is, how badly do
 you want yours back?

Ivy produces a LONG PAIR OF SCISSORS. The air leaves the
 room. A beat.

IVY (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 Follow my instructions carefully or
 I swear, I will cut the strings.
 (Beat.)
 For now, I'll just take a little
 off the sides.

Ivy begins to trim Henry's hair. Diane loses it. Cliff
 tackles Diane as she tries to jump through the screen.

DIANE
 I'LL KILL YOU BITCH!

JULIA
 Get her out of here!

CLIFF
 I told you this was a bad idea!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cliff drags a hysterical Diane into the hallway.

DIANE
 She's going to kill him!

CLIFF
 No. No way. That won't happen.

Diane breaks down, she clings to Cliff.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
 I won't let that happen. I promise
 you. I won't let that happen.

Diane buries her face in his chest and disintegrates. Cliff
 looks up. Through the glass, he sees Julia and Brian
 watching the remainder of Ivy's recording. Julia turns to
 Cliff. He sees her eyes are full of dread.

END ACT 6

ACT 7

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Jane Smith sits at a table with Julia.

JANE

What do you mean "trade"? You mean, Ivy gives you the kid and you give her... no. No, I--

JULIA

Ivy's instructions are explicit. If she sees any police presence, she... we can't risk her harming the boy, Jane. Our only option--

JANE

I don't understand. You're asking me to just... go to Ivy? Alone?

JULIA

No. Not alone. Not entirely. Detective Harper will be with you.

JANE

The one-armed cop. Sounds safe.

Julia places a SMALL DEVICE on the table.

JULIA

This is a GPS transponder. We can track this anywhere in the world. We'll be close Jane. We will be watching. And as soon as the boy is safe--

JANE

She wants to kill me! Do you get that?

JULIA

Well I... I don't know if we can jump to that conclusion. Our profiling people think that's unlikely.

JANE

So send one of them.

JULIA

I wish I could.

Jane takes out a pill vial. She's about to pop the top when Julia's hand covers the lid.

JULIA (CONT'D)

A child's life is at stake here.

JANE

Don't you think I know that? Don't you think I want to help?

JULIA

I wouldn't ask this of you if there were any other--

JANE

What you're asking is suicide.
(Pacing, agitated:)
I can't do what you want me to do!

JULIA

You're the only one who can.

JANE

Look, Ivy's not going to hurt the kid. She wouldn't. I know her. There's a limit to how far she--

JULIA

You don't believe that anymore than I do.

(Beat.)

I won't lie to you. This is dangerous. And I know what is happening right now, inside of you. I see it. That fight between the Jane that is frightened-- And the other Jane. The Jane that had the guts to stand up and say, enough. Do you remember her?

JANE

I remember, that you came to me lady. I didn't come to you--

JULIA

She's still in there. And that Jane is not a coward. I know for a fact, she would not leave a child in the hands of a monster.

JANE

That... this is not my fault.

Jane moves towards the door.

JULIA
Not your fault? Sit down.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane heads for the door, Brian stops her.

CLIFF
 So much for the soft touch.

DIANE
 I'm going in there.

Brian blocks Diane.

BRIAN
 Stop. Julia knows what she's doing
 Diane. Trust her.

DIANE
 We're going to lose Jane. She's
 Henry's only chance.

Commotion from the TV. Brian and Diane's look to see--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Julia shoves Jane into the chair.

JULIA
Not your fault? That's what you're
 going to tell yourself when you
 read about that boy in the paper?

JANE
 You can't treat me like this. I'm
 not a criminal. I'm the victim.

JULIA
 Yes you are. You are the victim.
 But do you know why?
 (Off Jane:)
 You think what happened to you was
 bad luck? "Poor Jane, she got
 involved with the wrong girl." You
 think Ivy chose you out of love?
 Attraction? She chose you Jane,
 because she thinks you're *weak*.

JANE
 I'm leaving.

JULIA

It's about who owns and who is owned. Your words Jane. But let me tell you something, nobody owns you until you let them.

JANE

Shame on you. You think you can manipulate me into risking my life just because you call me a coward?

JULIA

I don't think you're a coward. Ivy does. Is she right?

JANE

She is going to kill me lady!

JULIA

If she's right, you're already dead.

(Beat.)

And you will never be free. You will spend the rest of your life hiding. Because you Jane, will know there's nothing you can ever have that can't be taken away.

A beat.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Diane's heart drops as she watches Julia open the door.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Jane rises and heads out. At the threshold, Julia puts her hand on Jane's shoulder.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Before you go, ask yourself, which Jane you really are. Because you're going to live with her, every hour of everyday, until you are dead.

Jane meets Julia's eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE UNIT - AFTERNOON

Tim's bypassed the login security and is now stuck trying to break into a FILE FOLDER LABELED: "MONICA RUIZ." Finally, the password protection comes down.

Tim scrolls through dozen of communications. He stops on a PHOTO OF DIANE AND HENRY. The caption reads, "MISSING: MONICA AND ALEX RUIZ - HAVE YOU SEEN US?"

TIM

Uh oh.

Tim picks up his phone, dials.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Julia mutes her phone. She watches Cox monitor TECH EQUIPMENT on the hillside overlooking a decommissioned power station.

JULIA

I didn't know we had this sort of capability.

COX

We don't. Fortunately, Cliff is a next-generation peeping Tom.

Cliff surveys the dark building through his binoculars.

CLIFF

(To Cox:)

That reminds me, tell your wife she has a run in her thigh-highs.

Down the slope, Diane helps Jane don a Kevlar vest as Romero affixes a TINY CAMERA to Jane's shirt.

ROMERO

Test. Test.

(To Jane:)

Camera and mic are live. We're going to see and hear everything.

Jane nods. Diane reads the terror in Jane's eyes.

DIANE

(To Romero:)

Give us a minute.

Romero nods and walks off to join Cliff and the others.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You were right... When you called me a hypocrite.

(Off Jane:)

It's okay. You were right. I ran.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

I thought if I ran far enough, if I became somebody else, the feeling would...

JANE

I know. It doesn't.

WITH CLIFF, JULIA, COX

Romero arrives.

ROMERO

Shaking like a leaf.

CLIFF

Which one?

ROMERO

Both.

WITH JANE AND DIANE

DIANE

...The fear is always there. Sometimes, I think the fear is worse than anything Victor could do to me... I gave him that power. When I ran, I proved it was real. What you're doing here tonight...

Diane chokes on her emotion. The women look at each other-- an unspoken recognition of a shared suffering.

JANE

We're both done running. Let's get your boy back.

Diane activates the GPS DEVICE and inserts it behind Jane's watch. Diane looks up the hillside to where Cliff is holding the TRACKING MONITOR. Cliff gives a thumbs up.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. ABANDONED POWER STATION - CONTINUOUS

From a window, Ivy watches through her binoculars.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - LATER

Brian's on the phone. DA Warren enters.

DA WARREN
Where is she?

BRIAN
Sir, I'm unclear as to--

DA WARREN
Don't shine me Gilman, where's
Julia?
(Beat.)
Do you know what the next job is
for the under-qualified screw-up
son of sanitation commissioner?

BRIAN
Well sir... I'm looking forward to
finding out.

Warren sees Brian's eyes instinctively go to the white board.
Warren tears away the papers there, revealing the floorplan
of--

I/E. ABANDONED POWER STATION - LATER

Jane grunts as she throws her weight into the rusted door.
Inside, she finds only DARKNESS. The door slams behind her.

IVY (O.S.)
I'm surprised to see you Jane. Did
Mommy-cop pluck your heart strings?
Good thing she doesn't know how
fickle you really are.

NIGHT-VISION - Ivy watches Jane and Diane feel their way
blindly into the cavernous room.

DIANE
Henry? It's okay. I'm here.

HENRY (O.S.)
Mom!

JANE
Ivy, let the boy go!

IVY (O.S.)
First things first.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The VIDEO, AUDIO, and GPS DISPLAYS turn to SNOW and STATIC.

JULIA
What's wrong?

CLIFF
It's the damn structure. Copper
wire, concrete-- switch frequency.

COX
What do you think I'm doing? Oh
God... We're blind.

INT. ABANDONED POWER STATION - CONTINUOUS

HENRY (O.S.)
Mom! Mom, I'm here!

IVY (O.S.)
Come to me Jane. That's it ladies.
Don't be afraid.

NIGHT VISION - IVY'S POV - Jane and Diane blindly follow the
sound of Ivy's and Henry's voices. Jane walks face first
into a wall. She falls.

IVY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now, on your knees.

Jane begins to crawl over the rubble, through a hole in the
broken wall. She stops.

IVY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's it. Come to my voice.

JANE
No. Not until the boy is safe.

IVY (O.S.)
That's not how this works! You
don't make the rules here! I make
the rules! This is my game!

JANE
No.

HENRY (O.S.)
Mom! I'm here!

Diane, lost in the dark. Pounds on the concrete wall that
separates her from her son.

DIANE
Where are you? I can't see.

NIGHT VISION - IVY'S POV - We see Henry now. He's still bound. Ivy holds him to her chest.

EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The WHINE OF SIRENS rises as POLICE UNITS traverse the road that winds up the hillside. Through his binoculars, Cliff can make out DA Warren in the lead car. He hands them to Julia.

JULIA

Oh God. I suppose now is a good time to tell you that this operation isn't exactly--

CLIFF

Authorized? Who did you think you were fooling?

Julia smiles ruefully. She turns to say something but Cliff is already bounding down the hillside, gun drawn.

INT. ABANDONED POWER STATION - CONTINUOUS

NIGHT VISION - IVY'S POV

Ivy points a large pistol at Jane's head, a few feet away.

IVY (V.O.)

I'm beginning to lose my patience.

HENRY (O.S.)

Mom!

JANE

Diane!

Diane draws her gun. She presses it to the wall, trying to gauge the height of Ivy's head.

DIANE

(A prayer:)

Please. Say something.

IVY

I told you you'd come crawling back to me. Get up.

JANE

(Rising:)

What did you say?

IVY

I told you you'd come crawling--

In the darkness, the words are enough for Jane to gauge the location of Ivy's face. Before Diane can fire, Jane swings, connecting with Ivy's jaw and sending her sprawling in the rubble. Ivy rises, bloodied, she trains the gun on Jane.

IVY (CONT'D)

Whoa! What got into Jane? Honey,
I hardly knew--

CLIFF KICKS IN THE DOOR. Light streams in, BLINDING IVY. She screams and tears off the Night Vision goggles. Jane is on her like a puma, raining blows-- years of torment pouring forth in a torrent of violence.

Through the shattered wall, Cliff sees the women struggling. Henry goes sprawling. Cliff grabs him and pulls him out of the way. Diane scoops Henry into her arms as Cliff crawls through the broken wall to help Jane.

DIANE

Are you okay? Are you okay?

Henry, speechless, nods and clings to his mom.

IVY AND JANE

Jane continues beating Ivy.

JANE

WHO OWNS WHO! WHO OWNS WHO!

A GUNSHOT. Jane falls forward, grasping her stomach. Ivy, wrecked but alive, stands over her.

IVY

It's... who owns *whom*.

Jane's hand seizes Ivy's ankle. Ivy kicks it off.

IVY (CONT'D)

See you on the other side.

CLIFF

Cliff sees Jane fall as Ivy scuttles out the side door.

CLIFF AND JANE

Cliff pulls Jane into his lap. She's bleeding, listless.

JANE
Is the kid...

CLIFF
He's fine. You did great.

JANE
You can track her...

COPS and MEDICS enter. They begin to tend to Jane.

CLIFF
And we will. I promise. You just
breathe. Help is here.

Diane arrives with Henry. They're joined by Julia.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
She'll be okay. The vest slowed
the round. No fragmentation.

HENRY
What are you, a doctor?

CLIFF
I'm going to let that slide because
of your ordeal.

HENRY
No. I mean, you're beeping.

Cliff looks down. The GPS monitor on his belt is beeping.
He flips it open. A beat. He looks at Jane. She smiles.

CLIFF
Clever girl.
(To Diane:)
Ivy's on foot. You coming?

Diane looks to Henry.

HENRY
I'm okay Mom. Go.

EXT. HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy, slowed by the damage Jane dealt her, limps through the
brush, unaware of the GPS TRANSPONDER stuck to her ankle.

DIANE AND CLIFF

In pursuit. The BEEPING of Cliff's monitor increases tempo.

CLIFF

Hold up. She's close.

Guns drawn, they move cautiously through the dense brush. Cliff stops.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

We're right on top of her.

Ivy's arm shoots out from the undergrowth and buries a knife deep into Cliff's calf. He screams and falls. Ivy runs. Cliff, writhing on the ground, waves for Diane to pursue.

The two injured women stumble through the brush. As the TV NEWS HELICOPTER arrives overhead.

Ivy reaches the distant fence first. She scales it and jumps down to the freeway. Diane can't climb with one arm. She rips off her sling and breaks the cast against the fence. It's excruciating. But somehow, she climbs.

I/E. OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

The News Chopper follows Ivy and Diane as they dodge traffic. Ivy fires haphazardly at Diane as she dashes for the shelter of the overpass and disappears.

Diane steps into the darkness...

The headlights of passing cars and the churning dust from the chopper's rotors make it nearly impossible to see. Diane breathes rapidly, turning her weapon on each strange shadow and then--

--Ivy appears like a wraith in the dust. Diane sees Ivy's gun. She fires. Ivy falls, shot in the arm. Diane approaches. She kicks Ivy's gun out of reach.

IVY

Nice shot. Got my arm. Guess we're even there detective.

DIANE

Not even close. You're going to answer Ivy. For me. For Jane. For my son.

Ivy smiles.

IVY

I'll take my chances in court.

DIANE
No. You won't.

DIANE PUMPS THREE BULLETS INTO IVY...

IVY
(Dying:)
We all answer someday Monica
Ruiz... Yeah, I know your name...
And now, someone else does too.

From the fence line, Cliff watches Diane leave Ivy's body in
the dirt.

END ACT 7

ACT 8

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Diane waits outside a door marked "INTERNAL AFFAIRS." After a moment, the door opens and Cliff emerges, on crutches, in his best suit. Diane walks with him.

CLIFF

I'm not supposed to talk about it.
It's confidential.

DIANE

Did I ask? I don't care.
(Pause:)
What did you say?

CLIFF

Nothing.

DIANE

You were in there for an hour.

CLIFF

I thought you didn't care.

They board the elevator. Silence.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I told them that, from my vantage
point, I didn't have a good view.

DIANE

So you said you didn't see.

CLIFF

I said I didn't have a good view.
I can't say what I saw.

They exit the elevator. A beat.

DIANE

But did you...

Cliff stops. He turns to Diane. A beat.

CLIFF

(Stern:)

I saw a criminal and a cop go
beneath that overpass. Only one of
them came out. I'm not sure which.
I'm hoping it was the cop.

He walks through the doors. A beat, Diane follows him into--

INT. THE SPECIAL THREAT TASK FORCE - DAY

-- The new offices of the STTF. The space is new, sleek, and large-- a significant upgrade. WORKERS install phones, desks, computers, etc. Romero and Cox sit around.

Brian holds the remote. He's replaying last night's news for Julia's benefit on the large plasma screen.

Everyone turns to see Cliff and Diane.

JULIA

(Re: crutches and slings.)
Geez, you two look really... awful.

BRIAN

Quiet, quiet. Here it is.

ON SCREEN - The local news lead is: DEADLY STALKER DRAMA.

A NEWS CHOPPER SHOT shows Diane heroically pursuing Ivy through the highway traffic. They cut to:

Julia addressing several REPORTERS.

JULIA (ON SCREEN)

... What we have here are several agencies working together under the aegis of the Special Threat Task Force...

BRIAN

We need a new acronym. Stttfff, sounds like uh, I don't know--

ROMERO

Old lady fart.

BRIAN

Exactly. Thank you. Who are these guys?

JULIA

Brian, nobody wants to see this.

BRIAN

Hold on, it's coming.

JULIA (ON SCREEN)
 ... Our success tonight, would not
 be possible without a lot of hard
 work and the vision and courage of
 our District Attorney. Jacob,
 would you like to say a few words?

THE CAMERA SWIVELS to DA Warren.

Brian pauses the tape. Warren, in the midst of being royally
 bitched out by Larry Coleman, looks absolutely like--

BRIAN
 Deer, meet headlights.

Brian cracks up. Then PRESSES PLAY again.

DA WARREN (ON SCREEN)
 Yes, well, uh. Big success
 tonight. Big uh, team effort.
 Just goes to show--

Coleman, not to be upstaged on camera, jumps Warren--

COLEMAN
 DA Warren means that specific
 threats require specific resources.
 Ms. Whitman's task force is a prime
 example of the Coleman Anti-Crime
 Initiative at work. The taxpayers--

Warren enters. Brian stops the tape.

DA WARREN
 Julia. Officers.

JULIA
 Jacob, glad you could make it down.

DA WARREN
 Getting everything you need?

JULIA
 Yes. Tell Larry he's outdone
 himself.

DA WARREN
 Tell him yourself. He wants you at
 lunch. One o'clock.

Julia nods. Warren leaves.

BRIAN
 And a star is born.

JULIA
 Shut up Brian.
 (To Diane:)
 Can I see you in my office?
 (Off Cliff:)
 Just Detective Harper.

INT. JULIA'S STTF OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Diane enters to find Tim is already there.

DIANE
 Tim.

TIM
 Have a seat.

JULIA
 I've asked Tim to come on board to
 handle our computer--

TIM
 Data Forensics.

JULIA
 Right. Sorry. He's been working
 Ivy Hick's computer.
 (Off Diane:)
 Show her.

Tim PROJECTS THE CONTENTS IVY'S COMPUTER on the wall.

TIM
 It took me a little while because I
 didn't know what I was looking for.

He clicks the MONICA RUIZ file.

TIM (CONT'D)
 It turns out Ivy was a very busy
 lass. We're just starting on her
 machine at the credit bureau. She
 had access. And worse, she knew
 what to do with it. A good
 identity thief can build a whole
 profile from very little
 information. Ivy, was great.

Tim pulls up dozens of communications.

TIM (CONT'D)
 There are hundreds of missing
 persons sites online.
 (MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Most of their users are just trying to find someone they know. Someone lost. But some are looking for people that don't want to be found.

DIANE

I can explain--

JULIA

You don't have to.

TIM

Like VengeanceMan323. Ivy communicated with this alias forty times over the past two months. He was very interested in finding--

Tim projects the PICTURE OF DIANE AND HENRY. Diane gasps.

TIM (CONT'D)

Monica Ruiz and her son Alex. She was a cop in New York City until recently.

DIANE

(In shock:)

Who else knows?

JULIA

I was going to ask you the same thing.

DIANE

There's a US Marshall in DC. An Admin in New York. He's a friend.

JULIA

And here?

DIANE

Besides you two. One other. The person who handled my transfer. I don't know who they are. It was supposed to be safer that way. Why do you ask?

TIM

Because Ivy found out. Somehow.

DIANE

So what am I supposed to do?

INT. THE SPECIAL THREAT TASK FORCE - DAY

A little ceremony, Julia addresses her team: Diane, Cliff, Brian, Cox, Romero, and Tim.

JULIA

...The violent act that ends in blood and smoke and flashing lights begins, sometimes, in silence. It goes unspoken and unseen. The victims are the lonely ones, the frightened ones, the meek, the ashamed. They suffer at the hands of predators they know, and those they have never met. Each of them waiting, helpless, as their tormentors move ever closer to that invisible line and then...

(Beat.)

Today, the line is no longer invisible. The line is here. The line is us. We will be what stands between. We are the line. And those who cross us, will find only retribution on the other side.

(To Tim:)

Turn it on.

Tim hits a button.

TIM

Phones are live.

Everyone waits... waits... the phones begin to ring, slowly at first, then more calls, and more calls until, the phones are a constellation of flashing red.

JULIA

Well... Pick them up.

The team starts fielding calls. VOICES BEGIN TO MULTIPLY AND OVERLAP, BLENDING INTO A CACOPHONOUS BUZZ AS WE--

PULL BACK FROM LOS ANGELES... DAY TURNS TO EVENING.

I/E. DIANE'S HOUSE - EVENING

From the kitchen, Diane watches Henry, watching Cliff work the backyard grill. They playfully argue like two old fishing buddies. Diane smiles. Cliff is good with the kid.

Diane retrieves two beers from the refrigerator. She's heading back outside when the PHONE RINGS.

DIANE
(Picking up:)
Hello.

No response from the caller. Just quiet breath.

Cliff makes eye contact with Diane from the backyard. She smiles back at him and gives a little wave.

Diane goes to the front window and looks out.

A CAR IDLES in the darkness.

DIANE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Listen you son of a bitch. I'm
done being afraid. It's your turn
now. And you better run. Because
I'm coming after you now. And I
will not stop until you are dead.

The car REVS ITS ENGINE and disappears into the distance.

Diane hangs up.

END ACT 8