

Subconscious

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DRIVEWAY CAR - NIGHT

MALE lies on the asphalt, gunshot wound to his left temple spewing blood. His wide, terrified eyes focus on --

A BLACK MUSTANG

Inside, a FEMALE PASSENGER sits in stunned silence, shot in the chest. Gasping for air, panicked.

In the backseat, a six-year-old FEMALE CHILD lies bleeding, lifeless.

Distant SIRENS echo.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A male silhouette leaps up on the sofa.

Similar SIRENS wail somewhere in the distance.

He waits until it fades out, then lies back down.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

What would you do if you lost  
everything? If you had nothing left  
to live for? What would you be  
capable of?

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Any thought that is passed on to the subconscious often enough and convincingly enough is finally accepted.

-- Robert Collier"

Faint sound of FIRE ALARM.

Muffled SCREAMS.

Swirling smoke fills the frame, blurring out the words, until suddenly we're in --

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM (DREAM) - NIGHT

A burning inferno.

A FIRE ALARM WAILS.

Desperate SCREAMS reverberate.

BEDROOM

A YOUNG WOMAN (30s) bangs frantically on the door as flames lick closer.

EXT. YOUNG WOMAN'S HOME (DREAM) - NIGHT

Smoke billows from an upstairs window.

SCREAMS and FIRE ALARM are faint again.

An address plate beside the door reads: "143 Schuller Rd."

A HAND reaches for the scorching doorknob but quickly retracts.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bookshelves overflow with psychiatry books. Diplomas and awards decorate the walls.

In the center of the room sits --

NOLAN (30s), stubble-faced, hair and clothes disheveled. He is handsome but with a hardened exterior. A man that's been to Hell and hasn't quite found his way back.

He fidgets with a brightly colored lump of dried clay that resembles an ashtray. Sets it down on a nearby end table, lights up a cigarette with a black disposable lighter.

JAMES (40s), from his armchair, gives Nolan a penetrating stare over his black-rimmed glasses.

JAMES

You can't smoke in here.

NOLAN

But you have an ashtray.

James snatches the cigarette from between Nolan's lips. Snuffs it out in a mug of coffee.

JAMES  
Megan made it in kindergarten. It's  
a paperweight.

Nolan attempts to light another one. James confiscates his  
lighter.

Nolan slouches down into his chair. Folds his arms across  
his chest.

JAMES  
Can you focus?

NOLAN  
The dreams...

JAMES  
Not dreams, memories. Your mind is  
trying to fill in the missing  
pieces.

Nolan shakes his head, doesn't accept that.

NOLAN  
Jody and Megan, maybe. But I didn't  
know that woman in the fire.

JAMES  
You don't remember knowing her.  
There's a difference.

Nolan stares at him, irritated.

NOLAN  
Don't shrink me. I came to talk to  
my brother.

JAMES  
And I'm listening. Are you?

Nolan exhales sharply.

NOLAN  
What am I supposed to do?

JAMES  
Go home, get some sleep. You still  
have those pills I gave you?

NOLAN  
Ran out.

JAMES

That's because they were only supposed to hold you over until you made an appointment with a psychiatrist --

NOLAN

You're a psychiatrist.

JAMES

We're family. It's unethical for me to treat you, let alone prescribe medication.

Nolan gets up, removes his jacket from the back of his chair, slides it on.

NOLAN

Forget it.

Nolan treads toward the door. Can't get out of here fast enough.

James gets something out of the top drawer of his desk.

JAMES

Nolan, wait...

Nolan turns just in time to catch the object as James lobs it to him.

It's an unlabeled bottle of pills.

JAMES

You didn't get that from me.

Nolan buries the bottle into his jacket pocket. Turns to leave.

JAMES

Give yourself a break. It's only been a couple of months.

INT. SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

A scattering of people ride along in silence. Reading, dozing, gazing out the window.

Nolan stares blankly at the back of the seat in front of him.

Suddenly, a woman SCREAMS.

Nolan bolts to his feet, ready to spring into action.

A woman and man wrestle playfully a few rows ahead.

Nolan watches them for a moment, then sinks back down.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Nolan walks up, takes a moment to stare at the Black Mustang parked in the garage.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Nolan trudges through the front door. Once inside, he engages all six locks, ending with the chain.

He heads through the sparsely furnished living room and into the --

KITCHEN

Nolan positions a cigarette between his lips, attempts to light it but can't locate his lighter. He rummages through all the drawers until finding a replacement.

He takes a long drag, then sets it on the counter.

He removes the pill bottle from his pocket. Shakes out a couple into his hand, swallows it with a drink straight from the faucet.

He picks up the cigarette on his way out.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nolan collapses onto the sofa, fully dressed. Stares up at the ceiling for endless moments until finally... his eyes flutter closed.

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S HOME (DREAM) - NIGHT

Flames climb the walls, spread wildly across the ceiling.

A FIRE ALARM WAILS.

GLASS SHATTERS.

A woman SCREAMS for help.

EXT. QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Quaint model homes with white picket fences line the street on either side.

Woman's SCREAMS echo eerily, momentarily muddling the tranquility.

Nestled between two beautifully landscaped homes lie the burnt remains of what used to be the Young Woman's home.

FLASH TO:

The home is momentarily returned to its previous splendor, fitting in perfectly with its surroundings.

A wind chime above the door JINGLES in the light breeze.

An address plate beside the door identifies it as: "143 Schuller Rd."

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan stands across the street, stares at the transformation back to ruins, transfixed.

Turns to walk away, but then --

The front door to a neighboring home opens and a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN steps out. She collects a rolled up newspaper off the front porch, heads back inside.

NOLAN

Excuse me.

Middle Aged Woman looks up.

Nolan jogs across the street, stops at the fence.

NOLAN

(re: charred home)

When did this happen?

Middle Aged Woman tightens her bathrobe around her.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

A few nights ago.

NOLAN

Was there anyone inside when it happened?

Middle Aged Woman looks apprehensive, doesn't want to go on.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Did you know the family?

NOLAN  
There was a woman, about  
twenty-five, dark hair, medium  
height...

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Wait here.

She steps into the house, leaving Nolan in silent reverie in front of the house.

His eyes fall upon the burnt remnants of the house next door. He stares at it for a moment, then walks over.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(frantic)  
Help! Help me! Please!

As he opens the soot-covered gate and steps through, the wood returns to a gleaming white.

He takes note of this, eyes wide with disbelief. Treads down the sidewalk to what remains of the front porch.

As he carefully ascends the stairs, the house begins to rebuild itself. Ash materializes back into broken boards. Broken boards mend themselves back into stairs and support beams.

All very surreal, like being inside of a bizarre dream.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (O.S.)  
Her name was Sarah.

The sound of her voice snaps Nolan out of his daze. He finds himself standing, once again, in front of the Middle Aged Woman's home.

Middle Aged Woman, now fully dressed, joins him at the gate. Hands over a newspaper article.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

ARSON SUSPECTED IN HOUSE FIRE THAT CLAIMED LIFE OF BLIND  
RESIDENT

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan's attention drifts from the headline to the accompanying picture -- the Young Woman from his dream.

Middle Aged Woman watches as he scans the article.

He finally looks up, haunted.

NOLAN  
She was blind?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
I'm not answering any more  
questions until you tell me who you  
are and why you're so interested.

Nolan thrusts out his hand cordially. Accompanies it with a half-hearted smile.

NOLAN  
Nolan. I used to be a cop.

Middle Aged Woman contemplates before finally accepting.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Vivian.

NOLAN  
I think I may have known Sarah.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN/VIVIAN  
You think?

NOLAN  
I had an accident... memory loss.  
Did she live alone?

VIVIAN  
Yes, but she was married.

NOLAN  
Where was her husband?

VIVIAN  
I really shouldn't say any more.

She hurries back up the stairs.

NOLAN  
Wait --

VIVIAN  
If you were really a cop, you  
shouldn't need my help.

She enters her home, shuts the door behind her.

Nolan regards the newspaper article in his hands. Folds it in half, slides it into his back pocket.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Uniformed and plain clothes cops hustle and bustle around the crowded station.

Nolan approaches the entrance, taking special care to keep a low profile and not make eye contact with anyone. He reaches for the handle, then pulls back. Turns to leave.

A tall, lanky male, BENSON (40s), stands a few feet away. He wears plain clothes with a detective badge clipped to his waistline. A smug smile stretches across his face.

BENSON

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

Nolan doesn't respond, just scoffs with disgust. A palpable tension between them.

BENSON

You're not armed, are you? Should I call for back-up?

Nolan takes out the newspaper article, flashes it to Benson.

BENSON

You heard about that? That's karma, hard at work.

Nolan narrows his eyes, no idea what Benson is alluding to.

BENSON

That's right, the whole memory loss thing. Keep forgetting.

Benson tries to circumvent Nolan, but he blocks his path to the entrance.

NOLAN

Who was she? How do I know her?

BENSON

You're on your own. Things didn't go so well for me last time I tried to help you.

He pushes past Nolan and into the station.

INT. JAMES'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

James stands at the microwave, watches as a frozen dinner rotates inside.

A KNOCK on the door comes from the adjacent room.

He exits the kitchen, through the --

LIVING ROOM

-- and over to the front door. Opens it to find --

Nolan stands there, fidgety, holds a six pack of beer.

NOLAN

What's for dinner?

James doesn't respond right away. At a loss, then --

JAMES

Come in.

Nolan steps inside. Shoves the beer at James's chest.

JAMES

You look like shit. Aren't you taking the sleeping pills?

NOLAN

Sleep hasn't exactly been peaceful lately.

James heads back into the --

KITCHEN

Nolan stops short in the dining room doorway. Watches as --

James opens the freezer, pulls out two frozen dinners. Holds them up for Nolan's inspection.

JAMES

Lasagna or meatloaf?

NOLAN

Surprise me.

James tosses one back into the freezer, removes the other from the box.

JAMES

Gonna be a couple minutes.

Nolan wanders back into the --

LIVING ROOM

-- then continues on into the --

HOME OFFICE

He gets comfortable in the task chair before booting up the computer. As he waits, his attention diverts to a framed photo. A beautiful red-headed woman and adorable child.

Nolan stares stoically at the picture for a moment before laying it face down.

He turns back to the computer, brings up a search engine, types in: "Sarah Stevens".

Scrolls past numerous links that are of no use to him: "Sarah Stevens on Facebook", "Sarah Stevens on MySpace", "Find Sarah Stevens for only \$4.99", etc.

Gets all the way to the bottom of the page. Dead end.

Nolan rubs his chin, deep in thought, then types in: "Sarah Stevens Seattle".

This time a few images appear before all the links. One in particular catches his attention. He clicks it.

Image opens up in a new window, enlarged.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A horrific car accident. Superimposed on the side are two smaller pictures, one of Sarah and the other a YOUNG MAN (20s), head shaved and tattoos all over his neck and arms.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan's eyes go wide at the mere sight of him. Recognition.

FLASH TO:

The same neck and arms, covered in tattoos.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan shakes the image out of his head. Blinks a couple times to focus on the computer screen.

NOLAN  
(reading)  
Seattle woman loses eyesight after  
car crash. Husband charged with  
DUI.

Scans the rest of the article, stops on something, face  
pales.

NOLAN  
(reading)  
Arresting officer, Nolan Mathis.

JAMES (O.S.)  
What're you doing?

Startled, Nolan snaps his attention to the door where James  
stands sternly. He switches off the computer screen, heads  
out of the office.

NOLAN  
Is it ready? I'm starving.

James watches him go, then glances at the computer. Takes a  
step toward it, but is distracted by the overturned picture.  
He sets it back upright.

EXT. JAMES'S HOME - BACKYARD DECK - NIGHT

Nolan stands at the deck railing, holds a beer in one hand,  
cigarette in the other. Stares off into the dark night.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Who's Sarah Stevens?

Nolan turns toward the voice to find --

James heading in his direction with his own can of beer.

NOLAN  
The woman from my dream.

JAMES  
You remembered?

James joins him at the railing. Looks out in the direction  
of his gaze.

NOLAN  
I went to the house.

JAMES

For what?

NOLAN

I thought I could warn her, or something. But it had already happened.

James stares quizzically at him, searching his expressionless face for clues.

JAMES

You're not a prophet. You weren't chosen to save this woman. You got shot in the head.

He taps Nolan on the forehead. Nolan swats his hand away.

JAMES

You have brain damage.

NOLAN

Brain damage doesn't make you dream of people dying.

JAMES

I've already given you my theory on it, but what do I know about the human brain? I've only spent the last twelve years of my life studying it.

Nolan scoffs. Takes a long swig of beer, then a pull of his cigarette.

NOLAN

I talked to a neighbor.

JAMES

You can't go around interrogating people. You're not a cop anymore.

NOLAN

So I've heard.

JAMES

Tell me you didn't mention the dreams.

NOLAN

Thanks for your support. It means a lot.

He hands the beer back to James, starts off down the deck stairs and around the house.

James yells after him:

JAMES  
Take the pills. Get some sleep.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nolan tosses and turns on the sofa. Expression troubled. Sweat beads on his forehead.

The bottle of pills James gave him sits on the coffee table.

A GUNSHOT rings out. BANG!

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Nolan!

CHILD'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Daddy!

Two more GUNSHOTS follow.

Nolan's eyes burst open at the sound of them. Body remains rigid against the sofa. Chest rises and falls rapidly.

Just as his breathing returns to normal --

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(playful)  
Daddy!

Nolan searches the darkened room for the source of the voice. Can't make anything out. Reaches for a lamp. Clumsily knocks it over, causing it to crash to pieces on the floor.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Daddy?

Nolan's eyes dart wildly again, desperate to locate the person behind the voice.

NOLAN  
Megan?

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Come find me.

Nolan stumbles off the sofa. Sways unsteadily. Grabs the back of the sofa for stability with one hand, clutches his head with the other.

NOLAN  
Megan?! Where are you?

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Count to ten.

Nolan gives the living room one last look, then staggers up the stairs.

NOLAN  
One... two... three... four...

UPSTAIRS

Nolan squints down the darkened hallway. Holds both sides of the wall as he makes his way down.

NOLAN  
... five... six... seven...  
eight...

He tries a doorknob, but it won't turn. He jiggles it.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Getting warmer.

He continues down the hallway.

NOLAN  
... nine... ten...

He finds himself in front of the last door at the end of the hall. Again he tries the doorknob, but, like before, it's locked.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Warmer.

Voice appears to be coming from behind the locked door.

NOLAN  
Megan, open the door.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Okay, you found me. Your turn to  
hide.

Nolan jiggles the doorknob violently, desperate to get inside.

NOLAN  
Open the door, Megan.

He rams his shoulder into the door repeatedly until it bursts open. Flips on the light, sees --

CHILD'S ROOM

Canopy bed, castle-shaped bookcase loaded with fairytales, toys and stuffed animals everywhere.

Nolan's expression sinks as reality sets in. Megan isn't in here.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Steam fills the room, fogs the mirror.

Nolan stands inside the shower, under the steaming hot water, forehead pressed against the tile.

LATER

Nolan clears the fog off the mirror with a swipe of his hand. Stares numbly at his reflection.

His eyes find and fix on a scar above his left temple, right below his hairline. A gunshot wound. He puts a finger to it, then quickly pulls away.

He opens the medicine cabinet, removes a razor and can of shaving cream.

Then suddenly he's across the room, watching a slightly younger version of himself lather his face with shaving cream.

Younger Nolan chooses a razor from a cup sitting on the counter. Cuts himself on the very first stroke. Checks out the damage in the mirror.

A tiny cut drips blood.

A FEMALE HAND comes out of nowhere, takes the razor from him. The rest of her body moves into frame.

This is JODY (30s), a beautiful redhead with bright green eyes and a vibrant smile. She wears a skimpy satin nightgown.

She positions herself on the counter, straddling Nolan.

JODY

Let me do it, before you end up  
looking like Frankenstein.

She shaves him effortlessly as if this is something she's done countless times.

When she's finished, she uses a towel to wipe off the excess shaving cream.

YOUNGER NOLAN

You have to admit, I'd make a damn good Frankenstein.

JODY

I think you make a pretty damn good you.

She wraps the towel around Younger Nolan's neck, pulls him in for a kiss. Her legs wrap around his waist. Hands reach for his shirt.

YOUNGER NOLAN

I gotta get to work. I'm already late.

Jody's lips travel up his neck, then to his ear.

JODY

What a coincidence, I'm late, too.

YOUNGER NOLAN

But you don't --

Then it hits him. He stares at her, excitement suppressed... until a huge smile stretches across her face.

YOUNGER NOLAN

No?

JODY

Yes.

Younger Nolan can barely contain his joy, downright beaming. He locks lips with Jody again, wraps her in his arms.

YOUNGER NOLAN

I'm gonna be really late.

He carries her out of the bathroom.

Nolan turns to watch them go. Alone in the bathroom again, he contemplates the shaving cream and razor for a moment, then sets them down on the counter.

INT. HOSPITAL - NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A CAT scan image of a brain on a computer screen.

A gray-haired man, DR. WEAVER (60s), studies the image for a long while. Flips off the monitor. Turns to --

Nolan who waits anxiously beside him.

DR. WEAVER

Everything looks normal. Well, as normal as can be expected.

Dr. Weaver moves to his desk. Motions Nolan to have a seat in the chair across from it.

DR. WEAVER

What's your primary concern? Are you having headaches, memory problems, impulsivity...

NOLAN

What part of the brain controls dreams?

Dr. Weaver thinks on this. Nolan quickly grows impatient:

NOLAN

Is it possible to have... vivid dreams after an injury like mine?

DR. WEAVER

What are the dreams about?

NOLAN

Does it matter?

DR. WEAVER

It could, if the dreams somehow relate to the trauma of your accident.

Nolan sighs, rests his head into his hands.

DR. WEAVER

I know that's not the answer you wanted. It always seems easier to blame every negative side effect on a physical ailment and hope that a pill will take care of it.

Nolan glances up at him, even more frustrated.

DR. WEAVER

But the truth is, to fully recover from something like this, it's going to take more than time and patience.

NOLAN

Is this the part where you refer me to a shrink? So I can sit in front of someone that doesn't know a thing about me and listen to them spout off everything they've learned about surviving a traumatic experience as memorized from a textbook?

DR. WEAVER

Your cynicism is understandable, but you'd be amazed at how helpful it can be. Maybe join a group for victims of violence.

NOLAN

I was a cop for eight years. I'm familiar with violence.

DR. WEAVER

Then you should be well aware that no amount of training can prepare you for the devastation of experiencing it first hand.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (DREAM) - EVENING

The rich part of town. Majestic two-story mansions rise up into the pinkish-orange pre-sunset sky.

CHILDLIKE GIGGLING can be heard over the sound of a high-pitched BELL.

Children ride their bikes up and down the quiet street devoid of cars.

One LITTLE GIRL in particular rings the bell on her bike vigorously. Her black and white polka dotted dress billows in the wind. Hair braided, secured with red ribbons. Cute as a button.

She makes a wide u-turn in the cul-de-sac at the end of the street, then heads back the way she came.

Headlights illuminate the stunned expression on her face.

BRAKES SQUEAL.

INT. SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nolan jumps up in his seat, a frantic look on his face.

NOLAN

No!

Everyone in the car turns their attention toward him.

Nolan's wide, terrified eyes dart from one face to another.

Two teenage girls sit to his right, gaping.

A father pulls his young son against him, protectively.

A business man in a suit and tie looks up from the keys of his Blackberry.

No one says a word.

Nolan gets to his feet, hurries into the next car. Pulls his cell phone out, dials.

NOLAN

It happened again.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Nolan and James sit opposite each other in a small, dimly-lit booth.

Nolan rubs his tired, bloodshot eyes.

James mechanically stirs the contents of his coffee cup, staring inside of it instead of at Nolan.

NOLAN

Maybe I'm supposed to do something.  
Stop it from happening.

JAMES

Nolan...

Nolan continues on as if James hadn't spoken. It's obvious he doesn't give a rat's ass what James thinks.

NOLAN

But this time would be nearly  
impossible. I didn't see an address

(MORE)

NOLAN (cont'd)  
or... not even the license plate.  
Nothing to help me track her down.

JAMES  
Do I even need to be here for this  
conversation?

NOLAN  
But I saw the girl's face. Maybe...

He thinks long and hard, isn't coming up with anything.  
James sees an opening.

JAMES  
You said she looked around six. The  
same age as Megan...

Nolan snaps out of his deep concentration to shoot a dagger  
at James.

NOLAN  
This has nothing to do with Megan!

Nearby patrons stop eating to stare at him.

Nolan hangs his head, clears his throat. Looks back up at  
James, apologetic.

NOLAN  
I know you think you're helping --

JAMES  
This isn't something you can do on  
your own. You need help and I can't  
give it to you. Do you have any  
idea how frustrating it is to watch  
you struggle like this?

NOLAN  
Do you have any idea how  
frustrating it is to be the one  
struggling like this? There isn't a  
damn thing your shrink friends can  
tell me that I don't already know.

Nolan gets to his feet, takes a couple dollar bills out of  
his wallet. Drops it down on the table.

NOLAN  
I'm not crazy, no matter how many  
times you or anyone else tries to  
convince me that I am.

JAMES  
That's not what I'm trying to do.

NOLAN  
I'm going home.

JAMES  
Good. Go home. Take those pills.  
Get some sleep.

NOLAN  
You sound like a broken record.

JAMES  
Maybe if you'd start listening I  
wouldn't have to repeat myself so  
often.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nolan picks up the bottle of pills off the counter. Shakes a couple out into his hand. Raises the hand to his mouth, then reconsiders. Drops the pills back into the bottle, sets it back on the counter.

LATER

Nolan pours himself a cup of coffee. Adds a few spoonfuls of sugar, then tosses the spoon and dumps straight from the sugar bowl.

He stirs the sugar into his coffee. The mixture is so thick, it doesn't even resemble coffee anymore.

He takes a sip, makes a face, but drinks some more.

He rummages through a cabinet filled with canned goods and over the counter medicine bottles.

Locates one with the word "caffeine" on it.

Dumps a couple into his hand, swallows it with the overly sweetened coffee.

Takes his coffee mug into the --

LIVING ROOM

-- and flops down on the ratty old sofa. Flips on the TV.

Takes a drink of coffee. Tries to focus on the TV.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME LAPSE

-- Nolan fights against his heavy eyelids.  
-- He fixes another cup of coffee, even more sugar in this one.  
-- He takes more caffeine pills.  
-- He paces back and forth in the living room.  
-- More coffee.  
-- More pacing.

END SHOTS

Nolan sits on the sofa, head back, staring up at the ceiling. Eyes severely bloodshot, barely open.

Then they close.

EXT. LAKE (DREAM) - NIGHT

Rain falls in sheets.

THUNDER RUMBLES.

LIGHTNING FLASHES across the sky, giving momentary glances of the heavily saturated ground.

Then suddenly the ground shifts.

A HUGE MUDSLIDE.

A white PRIUS with personalized plates is swept up in the rolling mud.

A WOMAN (30s) inside the car screams and struggles to escape the vehicle as it travels perilously close to the enormous LAKE beyond.

Her attempts to get the door open and free herself are in vain.

The car plummets into the lake.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

A group of spandex-clad women are in the middle of a complex yoga pose.

The instructor, ANNAVAY (30s), a petite woman with dark hair and eyes, walks the perimeter of the room, inspecting the positioning of the women. Makes occasional corrections to their stance.

Nolan stands in the doorway, eyes trained on Annavay.

As if sensing his gaze, Annavay glances over in his direction. He gives a little wave which she reluctantly returns.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Nolan and Annavay stroll side by side through the produce aisle.

Nolan carries a basket of groceries.

Annavay carefully picks out the nicest bunch of broccoli, adds it to the basket.

ANNAVAY

I was gonna come see you in the hospital, but I wasn't sure if you'd remember me.

NOLAN

Some things are clearer than others.

Annavay studies his expression for a moment, doesn't know what to make of the comment.

ANNAVAY

I'm sorry I didn't make it to the memorial. I just... I couldn't...

NOLAN

It didn't make my list of "fun things to do on a Saturday", either.

Annavay gives him a look of disbelief. Takes away the basket. Heads off in the opposite direction.

Nolan hurries to catch up. He takes back the basket.

NOLAN

I'm sorry.

ANNAVAY

She wasn't just my best friend. She was... like a sister.

Annabay leads the way to a --

CHECK-OUT COUNTER

-- and unloads the groceries onto the conveyor belt.

Nolan gives her a hand.

Silence between them as they wait idly by while the Cashier scans each item painfully slow.

Then finally --

ANNAVAY

So, how've you been?

NOLAN

Great. Don't I look great?

ANNAVAY

You look like shit.

Nolan offers a forced smile.

NOLAN

Thanks.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Nolan and Annabay walk through the parking lot. He carries two brown paper bags filled with groceries.

ANNAVAY

So, why'd you come to my yoga class? I'm guessing it wasn't to apply for membership.

Nolan stops dead in his tracks, eyes go wide at the sight of --

A WHITE PRIUS.

The same make, model and color as the one from his dream. Same personalized license plate.

Annabay glances at him over her shoulder. Sees the haunted look in his eyes.

ANNAVAY

What's wrong?

Nolan nods toward the car. Can't take his eyes off of it.

NOLAN

That yours?

ANNAVAY

Yeah. Do you need a ride?

Nolan doesn't respond. Still staring.

FLASH TO:

Annabay, inside the car, screaming and struggling to escape the vehicle as it travels perilously close to the enormous LAKE beyond.

BACK TO SCENE

Annabay's desperate cries echo in Nolan's ears. He shakes his head, tries to get the image out. He hands Annabay the bags, takes off in the opposite direction.

NOLAN

Take care.

Annabay unlocks the car. Tosses the bags into the trunk. Jogs off after him.

ANNAVAY

Hold on.

But he doesn't.

Annabay pulls him to a stop. Tries to look him in the eye, but he refuses to meet her gaze.

ANNAVAY

Let me cook you dinner.

EXT. ANNAVAY'S HOME - NIGHT

The Prius pulls into the driveway of a modest two-story colonial home that sits on a perfectly landscaped lot.

INT. ANNAVAY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Modern contemporary furnishings adorn the large space. A floor-to-ceiling bookcase displays numerous photographs, among the books and knick-knacks.

Nolan stands in front of it, perusing the photos. Finds one of particular interest. Picks it up for a closer look.

INSERT- PHOTO

It's a professional wedding photo of the entire wedding party.

Front and center are Nolan and Jody. Her in a flowing white dress. Him looking dashing in his black tux and close shave. A totally different Nolan.

To the left of Jody stands Annavay in a beautiful crimson colored dress. The bridesmaid.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan investigates the photo as if seeing it for the first time.

KITCHEN

The contents of a frying pan sizzle on the stove. Then burns. Unattended. Coils of smoke snake up from the pan.

Annavay gets a carton of cream out of the refrigerator. Heads back to the stove when she notices --

Nolan, in the living room, staring stoically at the wedding picture.

She watches him for a beat. Curious.

The smoke reaches a blinking smoke detector above the dinner table.

It emits a HIGH-PITCHED ALARM.

Annavay panics. Grabs a magazine off the stack of mail on the table. Fans uselessly at the smoke.

Before long, Nolan is beside her. He pulls up a chair and stands on top. Reaches for and plucks down the smoke detector.

ALARM ends.

Annavay turns off the burner. Grabs the handle of the frying pan. Drops it to the floor with a yelp.

ANNAVAY

Damn it!

Nolan takes her hand for a closer look. The skin is inflamed and already starting to blister. He guides her hand under the running faucet.

NOLAN

Better?

Annavay meets his eyes. Only manages a nod.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Thought I heard the smoke alarm.

Annavay and Nolan turn toward the voice --

ROBERT (30s) enters the room. White T-shirt, faded blue jeans, mud-splattered beige work boots. Blue collar to the core.

He stops short upon seeing Nolan, then notices his hand atop Annavay's. Too close for comfort.

Annavay and Nolan ease away from each other, as if they are guilty of something.

ANNAVAY

You probably don't remember, but  
this is my husband, Robert.

Nolan puts out a hand for a shake. Robert begrudgingly accepts, though it looks like he'd rather punch him in the gut.

Robert tosses his keys onto the kitchen table. Moves in for a kiss. Awkward. Doesn't know whether to kiss her on the cheek or lips. He aims for lips. She turns her cheek.

Nolan takes it all in. Watches as --

Annavay slides her left hand into her pocket. When she brings it back out, a wedding ring adorns the appropriate finger.

Robert surveys the toppled frying pan and spilled food. Displeased.

ROBERT  
What happened here?

ANNAVAY  
I dropped it.

ROBERT  
Did you hurt yourself?

He reaches for Annavay's hand, but she pulls it behind her.

ANNAVAY  
No. I'm fine.

LATER

Annavay, Robert and Nolan sit down to the most strained dinner of all time.

An awkward silence stretches on, broken only by the occasional sound of a fork CLANKING against a plate.

Nolan steals occasional glances at Annavay, which Robert always seems to catch.

Someone needs to say something. But no one does.

LATER

Nolan washes the dinner dishes.

Annavay lingers beside him, watching, anxious.

Robert is no where to be found.

ANNAVAY  
You don't have to do that.

NOLAN  
Your hand...

Annavay glances down at the strip of gauze wrapped around her right hand.

ANNAVAY  
I'll live.

Wrong choice of words. Nolan sets the dish in his hand down in the drying rack a little too harshly.

Annavay flinches.

Nolan shuts off the water, quickly exits the kitchen.

Annavay follows him into the --

LIVING ROOM

Finds him standing in front of the bookshelf, looking over more pictures. More memories.

She stands a good distance away, watches him, hands on hips.

ANNAVAY

When are you gonna tell me why  
you're here?

Nolan picks up one of the photos.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Robert and Annavay lounging on a white sand beach. Annavay with a tropical drink in hand and a smile on her face. Robert not even looking at the camera, focused on something (or someone) down by the shoreline.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan flashes the photo to Annavay.

NOLAN

Honeymoon?

Annavay just nods.

NOLAN

Hawaii?

ANNAVAY

Florida.

NOLAN

Are you happy? Is Robert? You're smiling in this picture, but Robert looks bored.

Annavay takes the picture from him. Puts it back where it belongs.

ANNAVAY

What's going on?

NOLAN

We're having a conversation. I asked a question. It would be polite if you'd answer it.

ANNAVAY

Then start answering mine.

Nolan exhales sharply. Walks away, putting some much needed distance between them. Paces around before finally settling on a spot.

NOLAN

You were Jody's best friend. She would've wanted me to look in on you. Make sure you were doing okay.

Annavay lets out an ironic chuckle.

ANNAVAY

She hated me. Blamed me for... a lot of things.

NOLAN

For instance?

Annavay blinks back tears at what must be a painful memory.

ANNAVAY

It was good seeing you.

Nolan waits a moment longer for an answer to his question. When it becomes apparent he won't receive one, he heads for the door.

ANNAVAY

Do you need a ride?

NOLAN

I'll take the subway.

ANNAVAY

It's a couple blocks from here.

NOLAN

I know where it is.

He and Annavay move toward each other. They stand there for a moment, intimately close, unmoving. Then, finally, Nolan embraces her.

She looks at ease in his arms, as if it's been a long time coming. Holds him tight, savors the closeness.

ROBERT (O.S.)

It's late.

Nolan and Annavay separate quickly. Neither turn to meet the gaze of --

Robert as he stands at the bottom of the stairs, arms folded across his chest. All business.

NOLAN  
(to Annavay)  
Take care.

Nolan heads for the door.

Annavay flashes Robert a hard look before following Nolan out.

EXT. ANNAVAY'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Annavay stops in the doorway, watches as --

Nolan trudges down the stairs, disappears around the darkened street corner.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nolan enters, tosses his keys onto the coffee table. Something isn't right and he senses it. He stares at the kitchen doorway.

Suddenly the room around him transforms. Furniture now occupies empty spots. A fire flickers in the fireplace. SOUNDS OF COOKING come from the kitchen.

A KNOCK on the door.

Nolan turns his attention to the front door as --

Jody sticks her head out from the kitchen. She's wearing an apron over a pretty party dress.

JODY  
Can you get that, baby? I don't  
want my sauce to burn.

A sweet, curly-haired girl, MEGAN (6), skips out of an adjacent room. She, too, wears a party dress.

She makes her way to the front door. Pulls up a little stool that assists her in seeing out the glass panel.

She hops down, then pulls the door open. On the other side stands --

Annavay, incapable of returning the polite smile Megan offers.

MEGAN

Hi, Aunty Anna. Mommy's in the kitchen.

Annavay looks right past Nolan, cranes her neck to see into the kitchen.

Jody is hard at work at the stove, distracted.

Annavay lowers her voice nonetheless.

ANNAVAY

Actually, I need to talk to your daddy. Is he around?

MEGAN

He's upstairs. I'll go get him.

Megan cheerfully starts for the stairs.

Annavay tugs her back.

ANNAVAY

That's okay. I'll just go up.

As Annavay creeps up the stairs, Megan skips into the --

KITCHEN

Nolan enters a few paces behind her.

Jody busily chops some veggies.

Megan comes up alongside her, unnoticed, reaches for a stalk of celery. Nearly gets her fingers chopped off.

JODY

Megan!

MEGAN

I'm hungry. When are we eating?

JODY

When everyone gets here. Who was at the door?

Megan, munching on the stolen celery:

MEGAN

Aunty Annavay.

Jody looks around, then into the living room.

JODY  
Where is she?

MEGAN  
She went upstairs with Daddy.

A look of concern spreads across Jody's face. She sets the knife into a butcher's block. Heads out of the kitchen.

JODY  
Stay here.

Jody quickly makes her way through the --

LIVING ROOM

-- then --

UPSTAIRS

Heads directly for the door at the end of the hall.

Nolan trails behind, a look of concern on his face.

NOLAN  
Jody, don't...

Jody tries the doorknob, but it's locked. She knocks.

JODY  
Nolan? What's going on in there?

LIVING ROOM

Nolan snaps back to reality. Rubs his tired eyes. Eases onto the sofa, still in a daze.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

James leads a FEMALE PATIENT to the door.

JAMES  
Call me on Monday if the new prescription isn't helping.

Female Patient nods thankfully.

James opens the door, waits as the woman walks down a short hallway and through the waiting room.

He's about to walk back into his office when he sees --

Nolan sitting in the waiting room, among the other patients, a cup of coffee in each hand. Looks even more sleep deprived and completely lost.

He catches James's glance. Shrugs his shoulders.

LATER

James sits behind his desk, holding one of the coffee cups.

Nolan slouches in a chair across from the desk with the other.

JAMES

I take it the sleeping pills aren't working?

NOLAN

I stopped taking them.

JAMES

You look like a fucking zombie.

NOLAN

Ran into Annavay yesterday.

A look of shock washes over James's face despite his attempts to conceal it.

JAMES

What'd she say?

NOLAN

Not much. Sounded like she'd been briefed.

James takes a sip of coffee. Chokes. Sputters.

JAMES

What's in here?

NOLAN

That's mine.

He switches coffee cups with James.

JAMES

Now I know why you can't sleep. Have you ever heard of caffeine-induced psychosis?

NOLAN

I had a dream about her.

James sighs loudly, exasperated. Sets his coffee cup down on the desk. Takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. Puts them back on. All very theatrical.

NOLAN

You done now?

JAMES

The last thing you need is Annavay surfacing old memories.

NOLAN

I thought you wanted me to remember. Isn't that step one on the road to recovery?

JAMES

Some things are better left forgotten.

Nolan eyes him curiously.

NOLAN

What is it you don't want me to remember?

James reaches into his desk drawer. Pulls out another unmarked bottle of pills.

JAMES

Try these. They're milder than the others. Less side effects.

He holds out the bottle but Nolan refuses to take it.

NOLAN

I don't want any more pills.

JAMES

Because you're doing so well on your own.

NOLAN

Why does her husband hate me?

JAMES

Just a misunderstanding. You have more important things to concentrate on.

NOLAN

What kind of misunderstanding?

JAMES

She moved on, Nolan. You should, too. It's what Jody would have --

NOLAN

She doesn't get a say in the rest of my life, and neither do you.

It's obvious Nolan isn't going to accept the pills. James slides them back into his desk. Slams the drawer.

JAMES

Do you know what you're going to do?

NOLAN

I don't know much of anything right now except that I'm not gonna let what I saw happen, no matter what.

JAMES

It's not real.

Nolan rises out of his seat. James's face pales with remorse.

JAMES

Nolan, wait --

Nolan reaches into his back pocket, pulls out the folded newspaper article. Unfolds it. Slaps it on the desk in front of James.

James scans the article, pensive.

NOLAN

That dream was real. Why should this one be any different?

JAMES

Let's say it's real, Nolan. You got shot in the head and now you've been given a rare opportunity to see into the future. What makes you think you can change it?

NOLAN

Why show me if there's nothing I can do about it?

James folds the article back up, slides it across the desk to Nolan. Wants nothing to do with it.

JAMES

Are you familiar with Freud's theory on dreams?

Nolan sinks back down into his seat.

NOLAN

Only one of us went to shrink school.

JAMES

Freud believed that all dreams were a form of wish-fulfillment. A means for your unconscious mind to resolve inner conflict. In essence, satisfying a need, desire or impulse.

NOLAN

You're suggesting I wanted that woman dead?

JAMES

Considering who her husband was...

NOLAN

And what about Annavay? She hasn't done anything wrong.

JAMES

That you can remember.

Nolan stares at him. Can't believe what he's hearing.

JAMES

Just stay away from her. You'll both be better off.

Nolan scoffs loudly, tries to collect the newspaper article.

James's hand comes down on top of his. Hard.

JAMES

Let me help you.

NOLAN

Not interested.

He rips his hand away, heads for the door.

James is one step behind. Determined.

JAMES

You need some counseling. Anger management, at the very least. Maybe if you hadn't been such a hot-head that night --

Nolan turns on his heels, slugs James right in the face.

James reels back, stunned. Puts a hand to his gushing nose.

NOLAN

I won't bother you anymore.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - BEDROOM (DREAM) - NIGHT

Nolan paces back and forth, fuming. Barely able to contain his anger.

Annabay stands across the room from him, conflicted, fearful.

ANNAVAY

I didn't know if I should tell you.  
Maybe I misunderstood what I saw.  
(off his infuriated silence)  
Jody loves you.

Harsh KNOCKING on the door, followed by:

JODY (O.S.)

What's going on in there?

NOLAN

Jody would never do that to me...  
to us... this family.

BANGING on the door becomes louder, more desperate.

JODY (O.S.)

Nolan! Let me in!

Annabay dissolves to tears.

ANNAVAY

I hope I'm wrong.

She unlocks the door, runs from the room.

Jody rushes in. Studies the expression on Nolan's face.

JODY  
What's going on?

Nolan picks up a framed wedding photo. Stares blankly at it.

JODY  
What'd she say to you?

Nolan looks into her eyes. Really looks.

NOLAN  
How long?

JODY  
How long what?

NOLAN  
How long have you been having sex  
with another guy?

Stunned, Jody takes a cautious step back. Saddened,  
remorseful.

JODY  
A while.

NOLAN  
One month, one year, five years...

JODY  
Seven.

Nolan reels with the news, completely floored.

NOLAN  
So pretty much our entire goddamned  
marriage.

Then realization washes over him.

NOLAN  
Is Megan even mine?

Jody remains tight-lipped. Terrified to answer.

Nolan flashes her a look of unbridled disgust, then launches  
the picture frame across the room. But he doesn't stop  
there. He systematically destroys the room, throwing every  
item he can get his hands on.

INT. SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nolan wakes from his dream, finds himself clutching the seat in front of him with a white-knuckled grip.

A BELL CHIME suddenly attracts his attention. Sounds like it came from a child's bicycle.

He looks around at the small scattering of patrons, but no one else seems affected by it.

Up ahead, a Little Girl in a black and white polka dotted dress exits one car and heads into another. The door slides closed after her.

Nolan leaps to his feet, gives chase.

NOLAN

Hey!

Patrons look up from their cell phones, mp3 players and e-readers to stare curiously at him.

Nolan slides the door open, enters --

SECOND SUBWAY CAR

Even more people in this one, but none resemble the girl he just saw.

NOLAN

Did anyone see a little girl come through here? About six, black and white polka dotted dress?

The patrons exchange confused looks. Some shake their head. Most go back to what they were doing before the interruption.

Nolan continues on into the --

THIRD SUBWAY CAR

Searches all the faces. Still no sign of the Little Girl.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

Come find me.

Nolan whips around toward the voice. Sees the Little Girl standing outside the subway car. She zips by in a blur as the train continues on.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

A subway train comes to a stop. The doors open and people flow in and out.

Nolan is among them, elbowing his way out of the crowd.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Nolan walks through the quiet neighborhood. Tightens his jacket around himself as a gust of wind blows past. Looks around, investigating his surroundings. Nothing seems out of the ordinary.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

You're getting warmer.

The Little Girl materializes up ahead. Turns down a side street.

Nolan turns the same corner. Sees faint blue and red lights illuminating the night sky. He increases his pace to a near jog.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

EMERGENCY VEHICLES and personnel swarm the area.

Yellow crime scene tape cordons off a sizable portion of the street, keeping curious on-lookers at bay.

Nolan rushes up, eyes wide with horror and dismay. He manages to elbow his way to the front of the group and slip under the crime scene tape.

In the center of the secluded area lies a tiny covered body and the mangled remains of a pink bicycle.

Benson, talking on a cell phone, looks up just in time to see Nolan's infiltration. He rushes up behind him.

BENSON

Hey! You can't be here!

Nolan doesn't respond, doesn't even hear him. Can't stop staring at the covered body. Transfixed.

Benson grabs his arm, whirls him around, shocked to see his face.

BENSON

Nolan?

Nolan pulls away from him, focuses back on the body.

NOLAN

What happened?

BENSON

What the hell're you doing here?

He lifts the police tape, ushers Nolan underneath it, back into the crowd.

NOLAN

What happened to her?

BENSON

Hit and run.

(realization)

How do you know it's a her?

Nolan, at a loss, then --

NOLAN

Pink bike.

BENSON

What're you doing here?

NOLAN

I was walking home. Saw the lights.

BENSON

Did you move, 'cause last time I checked you didn't live anywhere near here?

Nolan visually sweeps the area. Notices an INCONSOLABLE WOMAN surrounded by several uniformed police officers on the porch of a neighboring home.

NOLAN

Is that the mother?

He rushes off before Benson can reply. Benson dashes after him.

BENSON

Nolan, wait --

Nolan confronts the woman, causing looks of concern on the faces of the police officers with her.

NOLAN

What was your daughter wearing?

The woman sobs, all but ignoring the question. Dabs at her nose and eyes with a tissue.

Nolan attempts to get closer, in her line of vision, but the police officers block his path.

Benson arrives, pulling Nolan away as he struggles to get closer.

NOLAN

Was it a black and white dress? A polka dotted dress?

BENSON

Let's go.

The woman looks up, as if just noticing Nolan's presence.

INCONSOLABLE WOMAN

What?

BENSON

I'm sorry. He's leaving.

Benson tries harder to lead Nolan away as he resists with every ounce of resolve.

NOLAN

Did she have her hair in braids?  
With red ribbons?

The woman's face pales. Eyes fill with fury. She scampers to her feet, knees shaky, as if they will give out at any moment.

INCONSOLABLE WOMAN

How dare you come here! After what you did to my husband!

Nolan is taken aback. It's obvious he has no idea what she's talking about. He pulls away from Benson, reels back.

INCONSOLABLE WOMAN

You stay away from me! Stay away!

The police officers grab hold of the woman. Guide her back down onto the stairs.

Nolan gives Benson a clueless look, then hurries off.

INCONSOLABLE WOMAN (O.S.)  
Are you happy now? She was all I  
had left!

INT. POLICE STATION - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Benson slaps two black and white postmortem photos down on his desk - one of Sarah Stevens, the other of the Little Girl.

Nolan turns away, doesn't want to see.

Benson continues on, undaunted. Stabs Sarah's picture with his index finger.

BENSON  
Sarah Stevens, wife of Danny  
Stevens.

He indicates the Little Girl's picture in a similar manner.

BENSON  
Becky O'Malley, daughter of Chris  
O'Malley.

FLASH TO:

Five men stand against a white wall with height markings. All handcuffed. Brooding.

Nolan looks them over. Walks up to one, a scruffy looking guy with long greasy hair and an overgrown goatee. Gets right in his face. Just stares at him for a long beat then... beats the ever-loving shit out of him.

BACK TO SCENE

Benson observes as realization creeps across Nolan's face.

BENSON  
What were you doing at the crime  
scenes?

Nolan hasn't recovered from the flash yet. Just stands there, dumbfounded.

NOLAN  
Crime scenes?

BENSON  
That woman you talked to at the  
Shuller road fire. She reported a  
(MORE)

BENSON (cont'd)  
"suspicious man" poking around and  
asking a bunch of questions.

NOLAN  
I didn't realize curiosity made one  
suspicious.

He gets a cigarette out, lights it up.

Benson eyes him but doesn't protest. Sighs loudly. Regrets  
what he's about to ask:

BENSON  
Did you kill them?

Nolan leans across the desk, stares Benson dead in the eye.

NOLAN  
How long have you known me?

BENSON  
Since the academy. Eight years.

NOLAN  
And yet you felt you had to ask  
that question?

BENSON  
Just doing my job, Nolan.

NOLAN  
Am I under arrest? Can I finish my  
cigarette first?

BENSON  
We used to be friends, so I'm  
warning you... get outta town.

NOLAN  
Only the guilty run.

BENSON  
You look pretty fucking guilty from  
where I'm standing.

Nolan, betrayed, disgusted --

NOLAN  
Then come stand over here. You  
might see things differently.

The ash on his cigarette falls off onto the desk top,  
settles on the photo of Sarah Stevens.

BENSON  
You threatened them, in front of  
witnesses. Said you'd --

NOLAN  
I know what I said.

BENSON  
Where were you at five p.m. this  
evening and the night of September  
seventeenth, at approximately  
nine-thirty?

NOLAN  
Where I always am. At home. Where  
were you?

BENSON  
I'm not a suspect.

NOLAN  
Neither am I.

Benson looks him over, really torn now. Wants to believe him  
in the worst way. Expression softens.

BENSON  
I'll drag my feet on the  
investigation as long as I can, but  
it's not gonna be long before  
fingers are pointed at you.

NOLAN  
It's your job to point them at  
someone else. At the person who  
really did it.

Benson sinks into the chair behind his desk. Gathers up the  
photos into a neat pile.

BENSON  
Don't make me arrest you.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nolan lies on the sofa, staring up at the ceiling, like a  
zombie, while a message plays on his answering machine in  
the background.

JAMES (ON MACHINE)  
If you don't deal with your  
emotions, they will find a way to  
surface.

Nolan forces himself off the sofa, trudges --

UPSTAIRS

Treads slowly to one of the doors down the hall. Puts a shaky hand to the doorknob.

NOLAN (V.O.)  
(infuriated)  
I'm not interested in hearing how  
this is all my fault.

He pulls back from the doorknob as if it has just shocked him. Takes a deep, shaky breath.

NOLAN (V.O.)  
I work my ass off so you don't have  
to. So you can stay home and raise  
Megan.

He flings the door open and enters --

BEDROOM

Nice and neat. Everything in it's place.

The further into the room Nolan walks, the more disorganized it becomes until it is fully transformed into what resembles the wake of a tornado.

Overturned furniture. Broken picture frames and other mementos. Belongings scattered all over the floor.

Nolan watches, a mere spectator as --

Younger Nolan and Jody continue their fight.

YOUNGER NOLAN  
Don't stand there and tell me this  
is all my fault!

JODY  
You do. You work your ass off...  
and I raise Megan... all by myself.  
I never see you. If I want to have  
dinner as a family, I have to pack  
her up and take her to the station  
so we can eat pizza in your office  
while you listen to your police  
scanner and run off at a moments  
notice.

YOUNGER NOLAN  
It's my job, Jody.

JODY  
It's a job. It's not the only job  
in the world.

YOUNGER NOLAN  
I'm a cop. That's what I do. That's  
all I know how to do.

JODY  
I'm lonely, Nolan. I can't keep  
going like this. We can't.

YOUNGER NOLAN  
Who is he?

Jody walks over to the bed, sits on the edge. Rests her head  
into her hands.

JODY  
Stop.

YOUNGER NOLAN  
Who is he? Do I know him?

JODY  
Stop!

Younger Nolan stomps over to her, lifts her head, stares her  
in the eye.

YOUNGER NOLAN  
Have I passed him on the street?  
Have we attended the same parties?  
Have I seen you with him and  
thought nothing of it?

JODY  
Yes!

Younger Nolan releases her. Takes a step back, tries to  
control his anger.

JODY  
You know him... well.

Younger Nolan and Jody fade away as --

Nolan snaps out of it. Squats down to pick up the wedding  
photo, frame smashed to pieces.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A large structure with little more than the frame work complete.

A group of construction workers move about, completing different tasks.

Robert stands at the top of a tall piece of scaffolding, operating a noisy nail gun.

The FOREMAN (50s), a husky guy with a hard hat and back support belt, approaches the base of the scaffolding. Shouts up at Robert, shielding his eyes from the sun.

FOREMAN

Robert, you got a visitor.

Robert stares down at him, no idea what he just said. Too much construction noise.

ROBERT

What?!

FOREMAN

A visitor!

Robert still can't make it out.

Foreman points across the way to a dirt lot where --

Nolan stands against a parked car. Waiting for him.

EXT. DIRT LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Robert takes his time trudging across the lot to meet Nolan. He doesn't look pleased, to say the least. Stops a good distance from Nolan, arms folded across his chest.

ROBERT

I'm working.

NOLAN

I need to talk to you... about Annavay.

ROBERT

I don't want to hear anything you have to say about my wife.

NOLAN  
You'll want to hear this.

ROBERT  
What's with this sudden interest?  
Your wife died and now you think --

NOLAN  
This has nothing to do with --

ROBERT  
You may not know me, but I know  
you. I know all about you. Don't  
you think you've caused enough  
trouble?

NOLAN  
Listen to me...

ROBERT  
Stay away from her.

Robert gives him one last scowl, then starts back off in the  
direction he came.

NOLAN  
She's gonna die.

Robert stops dead in his tracks. Slowly swings back around  
to face Nolan. Pissed the hell off.

ROBERT  
Are you threatening her?

NOLAN  
I see things... in my dreams. There  
was a woman, in a fire. A little  
girl. They're both dead now.

ROBERT  
You're fucking losing it.

Nolan takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself. Jaw  
tightens into a stubborn line. Fuming.

ROBERT  
I dunno what kind of sick pleasure  
you get going around predicting  
people's deaths --

NOLAN  
You think this is fun for me? I  
would rather be anywhere but here,  
(MORE)

NOLAN (cont'd)  
right now, saying this to you.  
About her.

ROBERT  
Your wife and kid were killed. That  
fucking sucks. So I'm gonna give  
you a pass... this time. Next time  
I call the cops.

He starts off again, faster this time.

Nolan gives chase. Determined. Relentless.

NOLAN  
Take her on vacation. Someplace  
warm and sunny.

ROBERT  
Maybe I didn't make myself clear...

He turns without warning, pushes Nolan in the chest.

Nolan staggers back.

ROBERT  
Get out of my fucking face.

NOLAN  
How did a great woman like Annavay  
end up with an asshole like you?

ROBERT  
I could say the same for Jody.

Nolan lunges at Robert with his fist. Makes contact.

A full out brawl ensues.

Nolan is able to get a couple good shots in on Robert before  
--

The other construction workers rush over to break up the  
fight. One peels Nolan off of Robert while another helps  
Robert to his feet.

Nolan struggles to get free but the guy is easily twice his  
size.

Robert gets a few punches in while Nolan is restrained.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Nolan sits stoically inside the cell, face badly mangled.

Robert stands at the front desk with Benson, filling out paperwork.

NOLAN

See, this is a classic example of what's wrong with the justice system. I get the shit beat outta me and I'm the one in the cage.

ROBERT

Stay the hell away from me and my wife or I'll beat more than just the shit out of you.

Benson folds up one of the documents. Hands it to Robert.

BENSON

That's a copy of your statement.

ROBERT

What about the restraining order?

BENSON

The guy just lost everything. Give him a break.

ROBERT

He attacked me, unprovoked. He shouldn't be walking the streets.

Robert flashes Benson and Nolan one last murderous glare, then skulks out of the station.

Benson walks over to the cell. Looks around to make sure no one is listening. Keeps his voice low:

BENSON

Guess that little talk we had didn't sink in.

Benson pulls up a chair. Sits.

BENSON

You seeing someone?

NOLAN

(sarcastic)

Figured I'd let my wife get cold first... unless you know someone that's looking.

BENSON

You know what I'm talking about.

NOLAN

You're lucky I'm behind these bars.

BENSON

There's a lotta people that care about you, Nolan. That's all I'm sayin'.

(beat)

Tried to get a hold of James.

NOLAN

Leave my brother out of this.

BENSON

Left a message. Wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't show, though. I imagine he must be pretty sick of bailing you out by now.

EXT. CEMETERY (DREAM) - DAY

A bright sunny day, in stark contrast to the grim reality below.

A funeral is under way. Two caskets, one full-sized and one smaller, perched above freshly dug plots.

A sea of black-clad mourners sitting on metal fold-up chairs gather around as a PRIEST delivers a sermon.

Nolan sits out in front, square of gauze taped to his forehead. Detective badge hanging around his neck. Eyes locked onto the smaller casket. Blank and expressionless. Like a statue.

A large group of uniformed POLICE OFFICERS form a semi-circle around him, as if separating him from the rest of the mourners.

Nolan attempts to rise up from his chair. A hand goes up to his head, face curls in pain.

Hands are offered in every direction, but he doesn't accept any. Stands on his own accord. Straightens out his shirt and tie.

LATER

The funeral lets out. Mourners disperse.

The other Police Officers shadow Nolan, as if preparing for some monumental breakdown.

James comes up alongside him. Places a hand on his shoulder.

JAMES

Come stay with me for a while.

Nolan stops in his tracks, turns to him, his words dripping with venom:

NOLAN

What the hell for?

James reels at the tone of his voice.

JAMES

I just thought...

NOLAN

What? That I'd play sleepover at your house for a while... snuggle up in your flannel sheets and try to forget that I just put my wife and kid into the ground?

James lets his arm fall away from Nolan. Hands up in defeat.

Benson comes up behind Nolan, places a hand on his shoulder.

BENSON

Nolan, c'mon --

Nolan turns to him sharply. Brushes away his hand.

NOLAN

Don't touch me.

He turns to find concerned looks on all the cops faces, as well as James. They have all placed a considerable amount of space between Nolan and themselves.

NOLAN

You think I'm gonna cause a scene at my family's funeral? You think I'd spit on their graves like that?

He walks over to a fold-up chair, flips it closed, weighs it in his hands. Uses the chair to take out a whole row of chairs, like they're dominoes.

Benson takes hold of him, tries to get him to stop his destructive behavior.

Everyone else just watches, too shocked to move.

Nolan finally calms himself, or so it seems. Reaches under his jacket and pulls out a gun. Levels it on Benson.

Benson stands in stunned silence as the other police officers draw their weapons, all aimed at Nolan.

BENSON

Jesus Christ, Nolan. Calm the fuck  
down.

Nolan takes a couple steps toward Benson, jaw tightened, determined.

The other officers close in. Benson waves them back.

Nolan presses the gun to Benson's forehead, right between his eyes. Pulls back the hammer.

Sweat beads form on Benson's forehead.

James steps toward them, hands out in front of him.

JAMES

Give me the gun.

NOLAN

Stay back!

Nolan blinks back tears of rage.

Finally, he tosses the gun on the ground. Takes his badge off, throws it on top.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Nolan jolts into an upright position on the cell bench. Looks around, trying to decide where he is.

Finds James sitting in the chair where Benson was previously.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

James and Nolan walk in silence to James's SUV parked in the lot.

James looks like an angry parent that's just had to bail his teenage son out of jail.

He unlocks the SUV with a remote. Moves to get into the driver's side.

JAMES

Why the hell haven't you been answering the phone?

NOLAN

Your little brother is a murder suspect. You must be so proud.

JAMES

I'll find you a good lawyer. Pay all the fees. Whatever you need.

Nolan stops dead in his tracks, stares James in the eye.

NOLAN

I didn't do it. You of all people should know that.

JAMES

I get it, okay? Someone takes the woman I love and my child away from me, I'd make damn sure they paid for it. If I couldn't get my hands on them, I'd find another way to make them suffer.

Nolan stares at him in amazement. Can't believe what he's hearing.

NOLAN

That's you. That's not me.

James meets his gaze for a moment, then continues on to his car.

JAMES

Get in the car.

NOLAN

Thanks for bailing me out. That was the last time, I promise you.

JAMES

You need to go to the hospital, get that face looked at. You could have a concussion.

Nolan folds his arms across his chest, stubborn. Unyielding.

JAMES

Benson told you to run, didn't he?

Nolan's silence is as good as a reply.

JAMES

Do not take advice from him.

NOLAN

He was my partner.

JAMES

You can't trust him.

NOLAN

He knows I'm innocent. Deep down he knows.

JAMES

He was fucking your wife!

Nolan's utter dismay quickly morphs into fury. He storms toward the police station entrance.

JAMES

Nolan, don't!

James grabs a hold of him. Nolan turns, swinging. They scuffle for a second before James is able to get a hold of him.

JAMES

What do you think's gonna happen if you go back in there? What're you gonna do, kill him... in front of a room full of cops?

His words take an effect on Nolan. He calms slightly. Pulls away from James.

JAMES

Stay here, face the charges, prove them wrong.

NOLAN

Now you suddenly believe I'm innocent.

JAMES

I want to believe.

NOLAN

There's something I gotta do first.

Nolan walks away, leaving James in disbelief. He thought he was getting through to him. James throws his hands up, exasperated.

EXT. ANNAVAY'S HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Annavay kneels in the center of a flowerbed, planting marigolds.

She wipes the beads of sweat off her forehead with the back of her gloved hand. Glances over toward the driveway, sees --

Nolan crossing the street, headed in her direction.

Annavay picks up a shovel, begins digging another hole.

Nolan comes to a stop, casting some much needed shade over her.

NOLAN

Marigolds?

ANNAVAY

Jody's favorite.

Both fall silent at the mention of her name.

Then, after a long beat:

ANNAVAY

Robert filed a restraining order this morning. You can't be here.

NOLAN

You gonna turn me in?

Annavay puts down the shovel. Gets to her feet. Dusts the dirt off her knees.

Takes a good look at Nolan's battered face and cringes. Pulls off her right glove, lifts a hand to gently caress the worst of his bruises.

NOLAN

Your husband is a piece of work.

ANNAVAY

What'd you say to him?

Nolan removes her hand from his cheek. Sets it back down at her side.

NOLAN

I'm going away.

Annabay waits for more, but it doesn't come.

ANNAVAY

Away?

NOLAN

I have no idea where or for how long. And I was hoping you'd come with me.

ANNAVAY

Sure. Let me just pack my things.

Before Nolan has time to hope, Annabay goes back to planting her marigolds.

NOLAN

I'm serious.

ANNAVAY

I can see that.

Nolan is at a loss. That didn't work. Silence builds, then:

ANNAVAY

Why do you want me to go?

When Nolan takes too long to think up an answer, Annabay gets back up, scampers toward the house.

Nolan grabs her by the arm, pulls her back, almost against him. For a split second, she looks afraid. Then softens.

NOLAN

I want to remember. Everything. Can you help me?

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annabay drives, focus divided between the road ahead and --

Nolan, who sits in the passenger seat. He stares out the side window, mind a million miles away.

ANNAVAY  
Where're we going?

NOLAN  
I'll let you know when we get  
there.

ANNAVAY  
If you really wanted to remember,  
wouldn't you stay put? Stay where  
things and people are familiar?  
Wouldn't that help bring it all  
back?

Nolan gives her a look. She's too observant for her own  
good.

ANNAVAY  
Which leads me to believe you have  
another agenda and I want to know  
what it is.

Nolan finally gives her his attention. Solemn. Trying to  
figure out how much of the truth he wants her to know.

NOLAN  
A new start, maybe. Not sure yet.

ANNAVAY  
Where do I fit into your new start?

Nolan stares at her a beat, considers, then sees a motel up  
ahead on the left. Points.

NOLAN  
Over there.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Filthy and cheap. One full-sized bed. A small, rickety table  
and two chairs located beside the grime-covered window.

Annabay takes a look around, apprehensive about more than  
just sanitary issues.

ANNAVAY  
Maybe I should get my own room.

NOLAN  
Take the bed. I don't sleep.

He turns on the TV, but the screen remains black.

ANNAVAY  
Everyone sleeps.

NOLAN  
I don't.

He gives the TV a hard whack on one side.

The picture appears, although grainy.

He turns the screen until it faces the chair next to the window. Pulls the curtains closed. Gets comfortable in the chair.

ANNAVAY  
You're just gonna sit there... all night?

Nolan doesn't reply. Focused on the TV screen. Tuning her out.

Annabay curls up in bed, closes her eyes.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Nolan stands outside the motel room door, cigarette in hand, enshrouded in a smokey haze.

His cell phone RINGS from inside his pocket.

INT. POLICE STATION - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nolan sits at his desk, listening to endless RINGING on the phone. Checks his wrist watch. 1:27 a.m.

NOLAN (ON PHONE)  
What the hell do you want?

INTERCUT - BENSON'S OFFICE/MOTEL

Nolan holds his cell phone to his ear. Closely monitors the motel room door.

BENSON  
When I told you to get out of town,  
I meant alone. Annabay's husband's  
been up my ass all day, insisting  
on filing a missing person report.

NOLAN

Maybe she finally wisened up and decided to get away from him. Got nothing to do with me.

BENSON

Fuck you, Nolan. I know she's with you. You have to bring her back.

NOLAN

What if she doesn't want to go back?

BENSON

A kidnapping charge is the last thing you need on top of all the shit you're already facing.

Benson hangs his head with regret, exhales sharply.

BENSON

Chief assigned some random fucking rookie to the O'Malley case. Took him all of six hours to connect you to both crime scenes. Ambitious little shit already got a judge to sign a search warrant.

NOLAN

Let 'em look all they want. They're not gonna find anything.

BENSON

You sure about that?

NOLAN

Don't call this number again.

Nolan abruptly ends the call. Powers the phone down. Drops it into his pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

Benson sighs, disappointed. Sets the phone down.

INT. HOSPITAL - NOLAN'S ROOM - DAY

Nolan lies in the bed, asleep, thick band of gauze wrapped around his head. Monitors connected to him. Machines BEEPING rhythmically.

James sits in a chair at his side, stoic. A far-away look in his eyes.

A KNOCK, then Benson enters, on duty. All business. Holds a couple of photographs.

Nolan struggles against his eyelids, forces them open.

BENSON  
How's he doing?

JAMES  
In and out.  
(re: photos)  
What's that?

BENSON  
Possible suspects. One's a guy  
Nolan put in jail a couple years  
back on a DUI. Just got out a few  
days ago. The other one's --

JAMES  
He just had a bullet dug out of his  
head.

Nolan extends a hand toward the photos.

Benson hands them over.

Nolan takes a long look, squinting, trying to focus.

INSERT - PHOTOS

A bald-headed male with tattoos all over his arms and neck.  
One prominent tattoo on his forearm reads: "Sarah".

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan's eyes roll back in his head. Body wracks with an  
intense seizure.

Machines go off, BEEPING urgently.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nolan awakens to find --

Annavay shuffling across the room with a plastic shopping  
bag. She sets it down on the bed.

He rubs his eyes, groggy. Looks around the room, getting  
re-acclimated with his surroundings.

NOLAN  
What time is it?

Annabay glances at her watch.

ANNAVAY  
Almost noon. Thought you said you  
didn't sleep.

NOLAN  
I don't.

ANNAVAY  
Got some toiletries. Toothpaste,  
soap. You look like you could use a  
bath... and a shave.

Nolan absently strokes his almost full beard.

NOLAN  
You don't think it makes me look  
distinguished?

ANNAVAY  
It makes you look like a caveman.

Nolan goes over to the bed, sifts through the shopping bag,  
chooses a few items.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Nolan stands in front of the mirror, towel wrapped around  
his waist.

A large crack runs down the center of the mirror, distorting  
his reflection.

He applies a generous amount of shaving cream to his face,  
then starts shaving.

BEDROOM

Annabay stands by the window, curtains drawn, looking out at  
the parking lot beyond. Cell phone to her ear.

ANNAVAY  
Then maybe it's time someone told  
him.

BATHROOM

Nolan is almost done shaving when --

The sound of Annavay's escalating voice distracts him.

He creeps over to the door, opens it just enough to peer out, sees --

BEDROOM

Annavay by the window, back facing the bathroom, phone still pressed to her ear.

ANNAVAY

Who are you trying to protect,  
because it doesn't sound like it's  
Nolan?

Nolan comes up behind her, takes the phone right out of her hand. Raises it to his ear.

NOLAN

Who is this?

His face pales.

NOLAN

James? What the hell's going on?  
Protect me from what?

Annavay sighs deeply. Takes a seat on the edge of the bed.

NOLAN

Don't call back unless you have  
something new to say.

He ends the call. Tosses the phone on the bed beside Annavay.

NOLAN

What was that about?

ANNAVAY

He doesn't want you to know.

NOLAN

(growing impatient)  
Know what?

ANNAVAY

About the affair.

NOLAN

I already know.

Annavay, shocked, confused --

ANNAVAY  
Is James aware?

NOLAN  
My memory is coming back, in  
pieces. I saw it before he told me.

Annabay gets off the bed, cautiously closes in on him.  
Stands intimately close. Strokes his arm.

ANNAVAY  
What else do you remember?

Nolan seems responsive to her touch for a moment, then heads  
back into the --

BATHROOM

Goes to the sink and continues shaving.

Annabay positions herself in the doorway.

NOLAN  
Nothing that makes any sense.

A long silence stretches on, and then --

ANNAVAY  
How can you forgive him?

NOLAN  
Who says I have?

ANNAVAY  
How could you forgive her?

NOLAN  
(annoyed)  
I don't remember.

He checks on Annabay's reaction in the mirror. Distracted,  
he cuts himself with the razor.

Annabay steps into the bathroom, tries to take the razor  
from him.

ANNAVAY  
Let me do it.

Nolan pulls it away roughly.

NOLAN

I got it.

Dejected, Annavay creeps out of the room.

EXT. NOLAN'S HOME - DAY

Benson and a group of uniformed COPS stand beside Nolan's front door.

ROOKIE COP (20s), green as a gardener's thumb, knocks on the door.

ROOKIE COP

Police, open up. We have a search warrant.

He waits expectantly. Not a single sound comes from the other side of the door.

Benson and the other cops wait impatiently.

BENSON

He's not in there. Bust it down.

Rookie Cop rams his foot into the door repeatedly until it flies open.

Benson gives him a displeased look, then pushes him aside as he and the other cops flow into --

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cops spread out, scouring the area for evidence.

Benson makes sure no one is watching him, then slips into the --

KITCHEN

Searches through drawers and cabinets. Comes across the unlabeled bottle of pills on the counter. Investigates the contents with rubber-gloved hands, then drops it into a clear evidence bag.

Walks back into the --

LIVING ROOM

Hands the bag to the first officer he sees.

BENSON

Get this back to the station. Call me as soon as you know what it is.

Officer nods his understanding, starts off.

Benson heads --

UPSTAIRS

Navigates the long hallway. Enters the first door he comes across.

MEGAN'S BEDROOM

Makes his way around the room, taking it all in. Finds a framed photo of Megan in a ballet tutu. James and Jody stand in the background, beaming proudly.

ROOKIE COP (O.S.)

Benson...

Benson sets the picture back. Turns to regard Rookie Cop in the doorway.

ROOKIE COP

You should see this.

INT. NOLAN'S HOME - GARAGE - DAY

Benson enters to find a group of officers surrounding Nolan's black Mustang. One of the men points out a huge dent on the hood and traces of pink paint.

ROOKIE COP

Looks like we got our hit and run.

Benson gives him an evil glare.

BENSON

This isn't Nolan. This is sloppy.

ROOKIE COP

Didn't know the guy, but rumor has it he's not exactly playing with a full deck.

Benson grabs Rookie Cop by his collar. Slams him against the wall.

BENSON

He was my partner for longer than you've been out of high school. He wouldn't just leave this here for us to find.

An OFFICER comes up behind Benson. Places a supportive hand on his shoulder.

OFFICER

He's just a rookie.

Benson stares murderously into Rookie Cop's eyes for a beat, then releases him. Walks out of the garage with the other officers staring after him.

EXT. NOLAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Benson dials his cell phone. Puts it to his ear. It goes straight to voice mail.

NOLAN (ON VOICE MAIL)

This is Nolan. Sorry I missed your call. Leave a message.

Frustrated, Benson ends the call.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Dinner rush. The place is packed, all tables occupied.

Nolan and Annavay sit at a table right in the center of the action.

Annavay peruses her menu.

Nolan stares off into the distance.

ANNAVAY

Do you know what you're having?

When Nolan doesn't reply, Annavay glances up from her menu, follows Nolan's gaze to --

A father and his young daughter. They share an ice cream sundae over hushed conversation.

Annavay reaches across the table, takes Nolan's hand.

FLASH TO:

Nolan and Annavay sit shoulder to shoulder on the front steps of his home. She reaches out and takes his hand. He smiles gratefully, rests his head against hers.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan struggles to keep his emotions in check. Turns back to Annavay.

NOLAN

I've asked myself every day since the accident, would they still be alive if I had left?

ANNAVAY

You can't change someone's fate.

EXT. RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Annavay and Nolan cut through the lot, head toward her car. She lobs the keys at him.

He catches it as if it's a grenade with the pin pulled.

ANNAVAY

Your turn to drive. I'm exhausted.

Nolan tosses them back.

NOLAN

I don't drive anymore.

ANNAVAY

There's gotta be a motel close by.

She tosses the keys back at him, gets into the passenger side of the car.

Nolan stands beside the driver's door, staring at the keys, trying to find the courage to get behind the wheel.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annavay is sound asleep in the passenger seat, head rested against the window.

Nolan drives, both hands on the wheel as if he expects it to leap away from him at any moment. Eyes focused, unblinking.

NOLAN  
Annavaay, I don't know where I'm  
going.

He glances over at her, but she hasn't even stirred.

NOLAN  
Anna.

Nothing.

Nolan cautiously looks back to the road, then over to Annavaay again. There's a map folded up in her lap. He reaches for it.

When he straightens back up, he sees --

BLINDING HEADLIGHTS in the rear view mirror.

INT. NOLAN'S CAR (MOVING) (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Jody sits in the passenger seat, visibly upset about something.

JODY  
Are you even listening to me?

Nolan, behind the wheel, eyes focused on the BLINDING HEADLIGHTS in the rear view mirror.

JODY  
What're you looking at?

She turns in her seat to see behind them. Notices a DARK CAR trailing one car length behind.

NOLAN  
They've been behind us for the last  
ten minutes.

JODY  
Maybe they live around here. Or  
they're lost.

Nolan pulls into a driveway. Cuts the engine, unbuckles.

NOLAN  
Stay in the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME (FLASHBACK) - CONTINUOUS

The dark car pulls up on the street. Two occupants exit the vehicle, head in Nolan's direction.

NOLAN

You guys need some --

And that's when he sees it. They're both armed with handguns.

The driver, STEVENS, approaches Nolan while the passenger, O'MALLEY, heads for the car.

NOLAN

Wait, wait...

PASSENGER

Get outta the car!

Nolan peers over his shoulder, sees --

O'Malley aims his gun at Jody through the window.

NOLAN

No! Stay in the car, Jody!

Driver comes right up to Nolan, puts the gun against his chest.

DRIVER

Out of the car or I shoot him.

Nolan and Jody's eyes lock. She looks absolutely terrified. No idea what to do.

A GUNSHOT rings out. BANG!

JODY

Nolan!

MEGAN

Daddy!

BANG! BANG!

Then silence.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nolan swerves the car off the road. Throws it into park. Overcome with emotion, he bangs his fists against the steering wheel. HORN wails.

Annavay jerks up from her sleep, alarmed by the noise. Then even more so when she sees Nolan's state.

She cautiously reaches for him, but he throws the door open and bails.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Annavay exits the car, finds Nolan pacing beside it. Afraid to get too close, she just takes a few steps toward him.

ANNAVAY

I shouldn't have asked you to drive.

He doesn't respond or react. Continues pacing. Faster now. Looks like a wind-up toy.

ANNAVAY

Nolan...

NOLAN

Why didn't I do something? I should've done something.

ANNAVAY

What were you supposed to do with a gun to your head?

He leans against the car, slides down onto the ground. Rests his head in his hands.

He rams his elbow repeatedly against the driver's door until the metal buckles and caves, leaving a huge dent.

Annavay gives him a moment to calm down, then kneels in front of him. Strokes his arm compassionately.

NOLAN

I've been seeing things... in my dreams. Things that turned out to be real.

ANNAVAY

What kind of things?

NOLAN  
People dying.

Annabay is rendered speechless by the revelation.

Nolan looks into her eyes, sees that he's frightened her.  
But there's no turning back now.

NOLAN  
I've dreamed about you.

Annabay shakes her head vehemently.

ANNAVAY  
I don't want to know.

Nolan reaches out, strokes her face tenderly.

NOLAN  
Did we... were we the reason that  
Jody cheated? Did I do it to her  
first?

ANNAVAY  
There was something there, maybe,  
but we never acted on it.

Nolan exhales a relieved breath.

ANNAVAY  
I was in love with you. I thought  
once you found out about Jody...

Nolan moves in, as if to kiss her. Their foreheads come  
together, but the kiss doesn't happen.

NOLAN  
We need to move on.

Disappointed, Annabay watches as --

Nolan trudges around the car, gets into the passenger seat.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR (DREAM) - DAY

Benson and another DETECTIVE stands in the narrow hallway  
with --

Nolan, barely recovered from the shooting, head wrapped in  
gauze, stubble-faced, eyes sleep deprived. Wears his  
detective badge around his neck.

BENSON  
Sure you can do this?

NOLAN  
Benson, I swear to God, if you ask  
one more time...

BENSON  
Okay, okay. Shit.

Benson nods to DETECTIVE, who opens a nearby door. Motions  
Nolan to enter.

NOLAN  
No, I wanna be in the room.

BENSON  
You can't be in the room.

NOLAN  
I want those sons-of-bitches to  
look me in the eye.

Benson takes a long, laborious sigh. He doesn't want to  
agree to this.

BENSON  
Let him in the room.

Detective flashes Benson a wary look.

DETECTIVE 1  
Benson...

BENSON  
I said let him in the room.

Detective opens a different door. Nolan enters the --

WITNESS LINE-UP ROOM

Finds five men standing against a white wall with height  
markings. All handcuffed. Brooding.

Nolan looks them over. Walks up to number two, O'Malley.  
Gets right in his face. Just stares at him for a long beat  
then... beats the ever-loving shit out of him.

O'Malley, handcuffed and defenseless, falls to the floor.

Nolan pounces on him, kicking and punching, like a wild  
animal. A man possessed.

Benson and Detective burst into the room. It takes both of them to pry Nolan off of O'Malley.

Back on his feet, Nolan struggles to get free, to get one more strike in.

As he's dragged from the room:

NOLAN

You're gonna pay, you hear me? I'm gonna make you suffer in the worst way imaginable. You sick fucks!

Nolan's furious shouts fade out as he's dragged down the corridor.

INT. SECOND MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Different room, this one slightly more modern.

Nolan startles himself awake, in a chair by the window. Finds Annavay sound asleep in bed. He watches her for a moment, then slips out the door.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Nolan sets a cup of coffee down on the counter.

CONVENIENCE CLERK comes over.

CONVENIENCE CLERK

Just this?

Nolan points to a pack of cigarettes behind the counter.

Clerk retrieves the pack, slides it across to Nolan, along with a book of matches. Rings up his total on the cash register.

CONVENIENCE CLERK

Eight fifty.

Nolan digs his wallet out of his back pocket, gets out some cash, hands it to Convenience Clerk.

While Clerk makes change, Nolan's attention diverts to --

A plastic bin filled with black lighters.

Nolan picks one up.

FLASH TO:

A HAND pours gasoline all the way around the base of a home. Gas dispenser is placed aside. Hand flicks on a black lighter. Sets the home ablaze.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan stares at the lighter in his hand.

Convenience Clerk attempts to hand him his change, but he's not paying attention.

CONVENIENCE CLERK  
That'll be a dollar fifty for the  
lighter.

Nolan tosses the lighter back in the bin. Grabs his change, coffee and cigarettes and hurries out.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Nolan exits the store. Sets his coffee down on a newspaper stand. Lights a cigarette, his hands trembling. Gazes across the street at the motel.

FLASH TO:

The Little Girl rides her bicycle, black and white polka dotted dress billowing in the wind. Makes a wide u-turn at a cul-de-sac.

A BLACK MUSTANG heads deliberately in her direction. Nolan's black Mustang.

Headlights illuminates the child's stunned expression.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan shakes his head, trying to get rid of the image. Horrified.

FLASH TO:

A black GLOVED HAND opens the back door of Annavay's car. Engages the child lock.

Moves on to the opposite side, does the same.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan drops the cigarette, stomps it out. Pulls his cell phone out of his pocket.

INT. POLICE STATION - BENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Benson sits at his desk, the plastic evidence bag with the unlabeled bottle of pills in hand.

His phone RINGS.

He answers urgently.

BENSON

Benson.

NOLAN (V.O.)

Did they find anything?

INTERCUT - BENSON'S OFFICE/OUTSIDE CONVENIENCE STORE

Nolan rests his head against the side of the store, distraught. Jaw clenched, holds the phone with a white-knuckled grip.

BENSON

Nolan?

NOLAN

Did they search my house? What'd they find?

BENSON

A whole lotta stuff that says you did it.

Nolan grits his teeth, takes a deep breath.

BENSON

And one little bottle of pills that says you didn't.

Nolan's grave expression fades ever so slightly, replaced with confusion, but also hope.

NOLAN

What pills?

BENSON

Unlabeled bottle. Found it in the kitchen.

The glimmer of hope is suddenly wiped away.

NOLAN

It's just sleeping pills.

BENSON

Not according to forensics. It's called Mentatrazine. Causes disorientation, confusion, hallucinations...

Nolan takes it all in. Tries to make sense of it.

BENSON

Where'd you get it?

NOLAN

Forensics got it wrong. Run it again.

BENSON

In all your years as a cop, how many times has forensics gotten it wrong?

NOLAN

Then it was a mistake. He gave me the wrong bottle.

BENSON

James?

Benson tosses down the evidence bag, exasperated.

BENSON

Think like a cop. Look at all the facts. He was drugging you.

NOLAN

You set me up.

BENSON

What reason would I have to want you to go down for something you didn't do?

NOLAN

You were sleeping with my wife!

The look on Benson's face displays his utter dismay.

BENSON

Jesus Christ, Nolan, is that what you think? I wasn't having an affair with Jody... James was.

Nolan, dumbfounded, can do little more than shake his head.

NOLAN

No, he wouldn't... he said you --

BENSON

Think about it. All you know about every day of your life before the accident came from James. He could've told you anything and you would've had no choice but to believe him.

NOLAN

He wouldn't lie to me.

BENSON

Ask Annavay. She was the one that saw them together. She knows.

INT. SECOND MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nolan enters, surprised to find Annavay sitting up in bed, knees drawn to her chest. Watching TV.

ON SCREEN

A meteorologist gives the weather report.

Annavay hits a button on the remote. Mutes the TV.

Nolan, a distressed look on his face, paces back and forth like a caged animal. Intense fury just below the surface.

ANNAVAY

Where'd you go?

NOLAN

I ran out of cigarettes.

ANNAVAY

What's wrong?

NOLAN

James was sleeping with Jody?

ANNAVAY

You said you knew.

NOLAN

He told me it was Benson.

ANNAVAY  
Why would he do that?

JAMES (V.O.)  
Someone takes the woman I love and  
my child away from me, I'd make  
damn sure they paid for it. If I  
couldn't get my hands on them, I'd  
find another way to make them  
suffer.

Realization washes over Nolan's face.

Annavay notices.

ANNAVAY  
What's going on?

Nolan picks up Annavay's strewn belongings. Tosses them at  
her. In a frenzy.

NOLAN  
Get ready. We're leaving.

ANNAVAY  
There's a big storm coming. They  
say it could get really bad.

NOLAN  
We can't stay here!

ON TV

Meteorologist continues to gesture at an ominous Doppler  
image, in silence.

Annavay climbs out of bed. Cradles Nolan's face between her  
hands. Tries to talk some sense into him --

ANNAVAY  
We can't be out there either. We'll  
ride it out here. Leave when the  
weather clears up.

Nolan's eyes go wide as --

FLASH TO:

Annavay screams and struggles to escape her vehicle as it  
travels perilously close to the enormous LAKE beyond.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan takes a deep breath, nods his head in compliance.

NOLAN  
You're right. Okay. We'll wait it  
out.

Annabay wraps her arms around him.

Nolan pushes her away. Moves to the chair by the window,  
sits.

NOLAN  
Go back to sleep.

ANNAVAY  
You're scaring me.

NOLAN  
(under his breath)  
I'm scaring myself.

EXT. SECOND MOTEL - NIGHT

Monsoon-like rain falls heavily, quickly turning the dirt  
parking lot into a mud pit.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

THUNDER RUMBLES.

INT. SECOND MOTEL - NIGHT

The storm continues to rage in the background.

Annabay is asleep in bed, Nolan passed out on the chair by  
the window.

The TV, still on mute, plays an infomercial.

Annabay's cell phone RINGS from inside her purse across the  
room.

She stirs in bed, finally awakens. Sees Nolan sound asleep.  
Phone stops ringing before she can get to it. Checks the LCD  
screen: Missed call from James.

She sets the phone down, heads back to bed.

A CHIME signals a new voice mail.

Annabay creeps back over and checks her message. Face pales.  
She dials rapidly.

ANNAVAY

James? What's wrong?

Her intense look of worry deepens as her eyes slowly focus on Nolan. She sucks in a shocked breath, eyes fill with tears.

EXT. SECOND MOTEL - LATER

Annavay runs for her car. Fumbles in her purse, finally locates her car keys. Unlocks the door, tries to pull it open, but it's stuck.

She frowns at the huge dent left behind by Nolan. Pulls on the handle a few times, with all her might, and the door finally swings open.

She climbs inside, fires up the engine.

Tires fling mud in every direction as her car peels out of the motel parking lot.

INT. SECOND MOTEL - NIGHT

Nolan's eyes pop open. He scans the darkened room, can't make anything out. Walks over to the bed, tosses back the covers.

Annavay is gone.

He checks the bathroom first, then pushes back the curtain on the window.

WINDOW POV

An empty spot where Annavay's car once was.

As he rushes to the door, he notices Annavay's cell phone on the floor. She must've dropped it in her haste. He picks it up, sees the missed call from James. Dials her voice mail.

JAMES (ON PHONE)

Annavay, it's James. I need you to call me back as soon as you get this. It's about Nolan... and your safety.

EXT. SECOND MOTEL - LATER

Nolan trudges through the rain and mud, investigates the cars remaining in the lot. Settles on a PICK-UP TRUCK.

Uses his elbow to break the glass, unlocks the door and gets in.

He fiddles with the wires under the dash, hot wiring it. The engine ROARS to life.

The truck skids through the parking lot like a bat outta Hell.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annavay drives, vision clouded by rain and tears. She can barely see where she's going.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nolan drives, struggles to see through the wipers as they furiously try to keep up with the rain on the windshield. Visibility decreasing by the second.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Annavay clears some fog off the windshield. Eyes scour the empty gas station parking lot through windshield wiper strokes.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND knocks on her window, startling her. With a hand to her chest, she turns to find --

James standing outside in the pouring rain.

Relief washes over Annavay's face as she tries to open the door. It takes her pushing and James pulling before it finally creaks open.

JAMES

Move in. I'm driving.

Annavay complies, fastens her seat belt.

James slides into the driver's seat, hands Annavay a steaming cup of coffee.

JAMES

Here. You're gonna need this.

With Annavay staring at him, perplexed --

James puts the car into drive and pulls away.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Annavay's car speeds along on a nearly deserted road.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annavay sits in disbelief as James fills her in.

ANNAVAY

I don't believe it. He's not  
capable of something so... brutal.

JAMES

There's evidence.

Annavay, unresponsive, stares down at the coffee cup in her hand.

JAMES

He blames you for the demise of his  
marriage. He wants you dead.  
Explained in great detail how he  
was going to do it.

The news is starting to take its toll on Annavay. Tears drip down her cheeks.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nolan wipes some fog off the windshield. Through the momentary clearing --

A gas station up ahead on the right.

He turns in.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Nolan enters, dripping wet.

A bell above the door JINGLES.

A GAS STATION ATTENDANT (20s) sits behind the counter, feet propped up, watching some weather footage on TV. Not a care in the world. Sluggishly sits up when he sees Nolan.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Nice night, huh?

Nolan advances on the counter, urgent determination plastered across his face.

NOLAN  
Is there a lake around here?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
This isn't exactly swimming weather, dude.

NOLAN  
Just tell me where it is!

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Fine. Chill.

Gas Station Attendant picks up a brown paper bag and a pen. Scribbles directions.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
It's about ten miles from here. You're gonna wanna stay on this road. When you get to the fork, turn left, go about a half mile. Once you hit the bridge, it's the next left after that. There's signs all over. Can't miss it.

He hands the directions to Nolan.

NOLAN  
Call nine-one-one. Tell 'em to send help.

Nolan races right back out.

Gas Station Attendant calls after him:

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Hey, aren'tcha gonna buy something?!

The bell above the door JINGLES as Nolan exits.

Gas Station Attendant shakes his head, then dials the phone.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annavay looks more than just shocked now. Sweat dots her brow, breathing quickens.

ANNAVAY

You need to pull over. I don't feel right.

JAMES

You're in shock. It's a lot to take in. Close your eyes. I'll wake you when we get there.

Annavay rests her head against the window. A second later, her hand relaxes and the coffee cup tumbles out, spilling its contents onto the floorboard.

A satisfied smirk spreads across James' face.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nolan drives along, glances occasionally at the directions.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Annavay's car comes to a stop several yards away from the bank of a huge lake, its murky waters turbulent with rain drops.

James exits a moment later. Walks around to the passenger side. Carries Annavay out of the car. Gingerly lays her across the back seat.

Just before closing the door, he carefully engages the child lock. He goes around to the opposite side and engages the other one.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Through the windshield, Nolan sees a fork in the road up ahead. Checks the directions. Turns left.

Further up the road, he speeds over a bridge. Once on the other side, he makes a sharp left turn onto a dirt road.

Sees a sign that identifies the location of the lake. Grinds the gas pedal even harder.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Nolan's truck comes to a jarring halt a few feet from Annavay's car.

He immediately leaps from the vehicle, confused look on his face as he regards the Prius.

He cautiously approaches. Sees Annavay laid out across the back seat.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Don't get too close.

Nolan whips around to find --

James standing there, gun drawn, aimed at him.

JAMES  
It's in neutral. Any little movement and it'll be at the bottom of that lake.

Nolan takes it all in: Annavay's car, the gun, the crazed look in James's eyes. This isn't a dream. It's really happening.

NOLAN  
I survived a shot to the head. You better aim for my heart.

JAMES  
I borrowed this from your place. You don't mind, do you?

NOLAN  
(re: Annavay)  
She alive?

JAMES  
Jody died slowly, painfully. Coroner's report says her lungs filled with blood and she basically drowned in it.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna let you pick for Annavay. Either she drowns in that lake... or takes a bullet, from your gun.

NOLAN  
You might be better at head games, but I'm a cop. So I'm gonna let you pick. Either you give me the gun  
(MORE)

NOLAN (cont'd)  
and walk away or I take it and put  
a bullet right there.

He taps on his own forehead, right between his eyes, for effect.

James smirks arrogantly.

JAMES  
You're the one that can see into  
the future. How does Annavay die?

NOLAN  
I'm not about to let that happen.

JAMES  
You're gonna stop it. Like you  
stopped it with Jody and Megan?  
Like you stopped it with Sarah and  
Becky?

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Annavay slowly comes to. Immediately grabs a hold of her head as she's overcome with pain. Looks all around, disoriented.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

James, gun still trained on Nolan. Determination and hatred in his eyes.

NOLAN  
You know what Jody said to me right  
before the accident? She said you  
were turning into someone she  
didn't know. Said she was afraid  
Megan would turn out the same  
way... inherit your mental  
instability.

James shakes his head, scoffs loudly.

NOLAN  
I thought it was guilt talking...  
that she was just telling me what I  
wanted to hear. So I'd stay. Turns  
out she was right.

JAMES

She wouldn't say that. She loved me.

NOLAN

She was afraid of you.

James shakes his head vehemently.

It's working. James is starting to break.

NOLAN

Afraid to break it off with you.  
Afraid of what you'd do to her...  
or Megan.

Enraged, James shoots at Nolan with a shaky hand. Misses. Just enough of a distraction for Nolan to charge him.

James regroups, fires again. BANG!

This time the bullet strikes Nolan's left shoulder. But he keeps coming, wild with determination. Leaps on top of James, wrestles him to the ground. Gun goes flying out of his hand.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Annavay struggles to an upright position. Peers out the back window. Aghast at what she sees. Tries to get out, but the door won't budge. She lifts the lock, tries again. Still won't open.

She dives across the seat and tries the other side. Locked. She pulls desperately on the handle, then pounds the window.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Annavay's car begins to roll toward the lake.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annavay sees the lake getting closer. Eyes fill with panic. She pounds her fists against the glass.

ANNAVAY

Help me!

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The movement of the car and Annavay's screams are enough to attract Nolan's attention, giving James the upper hand. He punches Nolan in the face, sending Nolan careening off of him.

With Nolan momentarily dazed, James crawls for the gun. He grabs it a split second before Nolan is upon him again, arm around his neck in a choke hold.

INT. ANNAVAY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Annavay dives into the front seat. Slams her foot down on the brake, to no avail. Pulls up on the emergency brake. Still, the car continues on.

It's not just rolling. It's being swept away in a massive mudslide.

She tries the driver's side door but it won't open.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Nolan tightens his grip on James's neck until James falls limp. Looks up just in time to see --

Annavay's car plunge into the lake.

UNDERWATER

Annavay continues to pound against the window. Her blows gradually increase in intensity as the car fills with water.

ON SHORE

Nolan dives headfirst into the lake.

UNDERWATER

He swims down to the bottom, locates the car. Water around him quickly turns red as he bleeds profusely from his gunshot wound.

As Nolan's murky image appears beside the door, Annavay pounds with renewed conviction.

He bangs on the other side with her, hoping the combined force will shatter the glass, but it doesn't.

Nolan swims away.

Annavay's expression sinks as she follows him with her eyes.

He picks up a rock from the bottom of the lake, motions her to get away from the window. Slams it against the glass.

After a few blows, the glass finally spiderwebs, then shatters.

ON SHORE

LIGHTS and SIRENS approach. Help is on the way.

UNDERWATER

Nolan eases Annavay out of the car through the broken window. Motions her to go up. On the verge of swimming up behind her, he sees something that causes him to stop dead in his tracks.

LAKE

Annavay breaks the surface of the water, immediately blinded by the still heavy rain. Takes a ravenous gulp of air. Coughs. Sputters.

ON SHORE

A FIRETRUCK pulls up. An AMBULANCE and POLICE CRUISERS are not far behind.

Rescue Workers race from their vehicles, dive into the water.

A paramedic rushes over to James. Feels for a pulse.

LAKE

RESCUE WORKER grabs hold of Annavay, swims to safety. She fights him off, frantic, determined to get away.

RESCUE WORKER

Let us help you, ma'am.

ANNAVAY

I have to go back. He's still down there!

UNDERWATER

Nolan treads water with his uninjured arm, stares flabbergasted at --

Megan, long brown hair swimming on either side of her head. Beautiful, angelic.

FLASH TO:

Nolan, slumped against the steering wheel, blood pouring from a gunshot wound on his forehead. He forces his eyes open, sees--

Jody, in the passenger seat, shot in the chest. Gasping for air, panicked. Eyes wide with alarm, pleading.

Megan, in the back seat. Bleeding, lifeless.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan stops treading. Closes his eyes. Accepting. At peace.

ON SHORE

Rescue Worker hands Annavay off to a waiting paramedic. Turns to the other Rescue Workers.

RESCUE WORKER

There's someone else in the car!

He and several other Rescue Workers dive into the water.

UNDERWATER

Rescue Workers locate Nolan. Drag him up to the surface.

ON SHORE

Paramedic tends to Annavay at the back of his ambulance. She stares into the distance, almost catatonic, eyes fixed on --

BANK OF THE LAKE

-- where Rescue Workers try valiantly to resuscitate Nolan.

As it becomes increasingly apparent that their attempts will fail, Annavay's chest wracks with sobs.

NOLAN (V.O.)

What would you do if you lost everything? If you had nothing left to live for? What would you be capable of?

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A large circle formed out of chairs, each occupied by a support group member focused intensely on --

Nolan, out of his seat, in the spotlight.

NOLAN

I killed my brother to save a woman  
I barely remembered but knew deep  
down inside I loved. Now she can  
have the life she deserves.

Silence fills the room, then is broken by a round of applause.

Nolan flashes a spastic smile. Sinks down into his seat.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Nolan exits along with the rest of the support group members. He exchanges pleasantries with a few of them - hugs, pats on the back, words of encouragement, etc.

As they all go their separate ways, his attention finds and fixes on --

Jody and Megan, standing in the distance, waiting for him.

FADE OUT