

LURE

Screenplay by
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Inc.

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1 EXT. ERIC DALTRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A snow-covered two-story home in a quiet suburban neighbourhood.

An SUV piloted by a Soccer Mom carefully pulls out of the icy driveway.

A man, silhouetted in an upstairs window, waves goodbye.

CUT TO:

2 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Family pictures adorn the walls of a small study. Its crowded with a computer desk sporting dual monitors, an ancient record player and a stack of 78s.

ERIC DALTRY, thirties, slim, clean cut, wearing a plaid fleece housecoat and slippers, moves about the room in a choreographed dance.

He turns on the computer and pours himself a scotch.

He seats a record on the turntable and carefully sets the needle in place.

The melodic sounds of a 40s jazz standard sweep through the room.

Eric sways to the music, relishing in the static and pops of the old vinyl.

He settles in front of the computer and takes a slow drink of scotch.

He cracks his knuckles, then rests his fingers on the keyboard.

He breathes deeply and smiles.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

The sun sets on a run-down brownstone apartment building.

CUT TO:

4

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Textbooks, term papers, court records and newspaper clippings cover every available surface of the living room turned office.

The clippings read:

"Internet Killer Caught", "Millionaire's Granddaughter Killed". "Killer Gets Two Years on Technicality".

Pictures of Eric Daltry wearing an orange prison jumpsuit and a tall, handsome, well-dressed man in his early sixties, MILES SPENCER, are pinned to a bulletin board.

REBECCA MARKOWITZ, a petite, dark-haired girl in her late twenties who's both awkward and pretty at the same time, appears in the middle of the mess.

She's wearing a form-fitting long sleeved t-shirt and faded jeans. Her hair is swept up in a loose bun held in place with a pencil.

A cordless phone is pressed against her ear.

REBECCA

Hello! Its Rebecca Markowitz calling. I'm trying to -- No -- please! This is long distance. I've been on hold for fifteen minutes --

Rebecca is cut off by the sound of hold muzak.

She paces nervously in time to the muzak. She bumps into a table, papers slide to the floor.

REBECCA (CONT)

Dammit!

Phone still pressed to her ear, she stoops to pick them up.

Her hand closes on a prescription pill bottle. She stands up and takes a closer look.

She smiles.

REBECCA (CONT)

There you are...

The muzak stops for a second. She snaps to attention.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT)
Hello! I'm trying to arrange an
interview with Mr. Miles
Spencer. I'm... wait! Please --

Rebecca's voice is drowned out by muzak once again. She pretends to strangle the receiver.

REBECCA (CONT)
Mother of...

She stops and takes a deep breath, glances down at the pill bottle in her hand.

She gently shakes the bottle back and forth. The pills rattle reassuringly.

She stares at the bottle, lost in thought...

The muzak suddenly stops and the phone clicks, snapping her back to the present.

REBECCA
Hello? Mr. Spencer?

The voice on the other end of the line hesitates...

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)
...Rebecca?

Rebecca grimaces, sucks in her breath.

REBECCA
Professor Reynolds?

CUT TO:

5 INT. PROFESSOR REYNOLDS OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

A cramped office filled with hardbound books. Etchings and a dozen framed diplomas line the walls.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS, a tidy man in his late fifties wearing a neatly pressed suit and horn-rimmed glasses, sits behind an ancient oak desk.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
You haven't been returning my
emails, Rebecca.

CUT TO:

6 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Visibly shaken, Rebecca opens the pill bottle clutched in her hand. She pops one and gulps some water from a bottle.

REBECCA
Yes. Well. I --

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
I'm calling about your thesis.

REBECCA
It's kind of a bad time... I --

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
We need some answers, Rebecca.

REBECCA
Okay. What do you want to know?

Professor Reynolds thumbs through a binder until he reaches a section marked "Rebecca Markowitz".

The pages are filled with notes and red question marks in the margins. He places the binder on his desk.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
Well, to begin with, no one seems to know exactly what your thesis is about.

Rebecca paces manically about her apartment.

REBECCA
That's simple... Its a study on "Indirect Violence Against Women In the 21st Century".

Professor Reynolds looks down at the open binder.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
We understand the title. But what is it about?

REBECCA
Its about how the anonymity of the internet makes it easier for men to victimize --

He spots the name Eric Daltry circled in red ink.

He cuts her off.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
Is the focus still on the Eric
Daltry case?

Rebecca freezes.

REBECCA.
It was... But I can't get to
him. A court order has cut him off
from outside contact. No
interviews. No press. Nothing.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
So where do you go from here?

She pauses. Grimaces again.

REBECCA
I - I may need another extension...

Professor Reynolds balks.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
We have already given you several
extensions, Rebecca. I hate to
suggest this, but perhaps you
should re-evaluate your academic
path? Maybe take a break? What
with your... health problems...

Rebecca looks down at the bottle of pills in her hand.

REBECCA
Thank you for being so... so...
understanding, Professor Reynolds.
I can do this. I just need a little
more time.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
There is no more time. You are
scheduled to defend your thesis in
two months and you haven't even
presented an outline. We have been
VERY understanding about your
"situation" --

She cuts him off.

REBECCA
But I... I've arranged another
interview that will tie my thesis
together. It'll make a real
impression on the committee.

Professor Reynolds sighs, rests his head in his hands.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
If not with Daltry, then with whom?

Rebecca's eyes roam frantically around her apartment. They settle on the picture of Miles Spencer.

She gulps.

REBECCA
Miles Spencer.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
The grandfather of Daltry's last victim? That sounds promising.

REBECCA (CONT)
I was just on the other line, ironing out the details with Mr. Spencer's assistant.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
Well, now that's --

Rebecca cuts him off again.

REBECCA
Sorry, that's his assistant now. I really have to go...

Rebecca quickly hangs up the phone. She pauses, takes another look at the picture of Miles Spencer, then hits redial.

There is a click on the line. She wastes no time.

REBECCA
Hello. This is Rebecca Markowitz. I'm trying to get a hold of...

CUT TO:

7 EXT. CITY - AFTERNOON

A huge glass office tower.

CUT TO:

8

INT. SPENCER'S INDUSTRIES BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON

Rich hardwood adorns the walls of a corporate boardroom. Rebecca sits in a wheeled leather bound chair, messenger bag in her lap, alone and waiting.

Her hands shake noticeably as she pulls the familiar pill bottle from her bag. She pops one of the pills and washes it down with some water.

She sucks in some air, lets it out and slowly spins around in her chair.

Miles Spencer suddenly appears in the doorway with several Suited Assistants in tow.

He shoos them away as he enters the room.

Caught mid spin, Rebecca flashes an awkward smile in his direction.

Miles returns the smile.

MILES
Miss Markowitz?

REBECCA
Yes?

He approaches, hand out.

MILES
Miles Spencer.

Rebecca nervously shakes his outstretched hand.

REBECCA
Yes sir, Mr. Spencer, it's a pleasure to meet you.

MILES
Please, call me Miles.

REBECCA
Yes sir, Miles.

MILES
Rebecca - may I call you Rebecca?

REBECCA
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

Miles takes his seat at the head of the boardroom table. He places a leather bound folder and an ornate pen in front of him.

MILES

When my assistant told me that you were researching my granddaughter Bridget's case, I was naturally skeptical. What with the tabloid coverage...

Rebecca nods.

REBECCA

I completely understand.

MILES

But when I reviewed your request and your academic credentials, I realized how important your study could be.

Rebecca, surprised.

REBECCA

Really?

MILES

No one should have to go through what I did.

REBECCA

I can't tell you how sorry I am about your --

Miles cuts her off.

MILES

Bridget would've wanted her story to be told. For Eric Daltry to get the punishment he deserved.

REBECCA

I understand. Miles, I want you to know that I feel very strongly about this study.

Rebecca glances down at her hands. They shake slightly.

REBECCA (CONT)

Suicide is... I mean...

She takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT)
...I promise that Bridget's story
will be told in a clear and
unbiased manner.

Miles stares hard at her, nods.

MILES
I believe you.

Rebecca, relieved.

REBECCA
So when can we start?

MILES
We can start right now.

REBECCA
Really?

Miles nods. Rebecca takes out a tiny MP3 recorder.

REBECCA
May I record this? For my
research?

Miles smiles.

MILES
Of course.

REBECCA
Okay, how about we start with the
basics?

Miles nods again. Rebecca slides the recorder across the
table.

REBECCA (CONT)
Tell me what Bridget was like as a
child?

Miles leans back in his chair. He rubs his eyes.

MILES
When she was twelve, she wanted
this kitten. God help me, I hate
cats, but I couldn't say no to
Bridget. When it ran away, she
cried for a week. Ended up getting
a "B" in English. You know what she
said to me? She said, "I know I can
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILES (cont'd)
do better than this. I'm going to
do whatever it takes to make it
right".

Miles suddenly leans forward and turns the recorder off.

MILES
I'm sorry... This is still rather
hard for me. Can we pick this up
another day?

REBECCA
Oh? Are you? Yes... of course.

MILES
We have all the time in the world
to talk about Bridget... What we
should be talking about is
something that will really make a
difference.

REBECCA
I'm sorry, I don't...

MILES
Something that will make a
difference to both your study and
to the memory of my
granddaughter. I want you to
interview Eric Daltry.

REBECCA
But I've tried. The courts have
blocked --

MILES
Don't worry about the courts. It
will all be taken care of.

REBECCA
Wait. You can arrange an interview
with Eric Daltry? In Nova Scotia?
In prison?

Miles shrugs and pulls a cheque book from his leather bound folder.

MILES
Absolutely.

He flips the cheque book open and starts writing.

REBECCA

But how? And what about Bridget's story?

Miles hands her the cheque.

MILES

Think about it, Rebecca. Think of what this interview will do for your thesis.

She glances at the cheque. Her eyes widen.

REBECCA

But this is... is...

MILES

To help cover some of your expenses.

REBECCA

This is extremely generous!

MILES

My last living relative is dead and Daltry got two years on a technicality. Two years!

Miles stands and shows Rebecca to the door.

MILES (CONT)

Your thesis will make people sit up and take notice. It's the closest I'll ever get to justice.

She quickly gathers her recorder and bag.

REBECCA

Thank you Mr. Spencer... uh... Miles... I know that this study will help stop people like Daltry and to prevent further --

He cuts her off.

MILES

Yes, of course.

He ushers her out and closes the door behind her. He returns to the boardroom table and picks up his file.

He opens it, revealing candid photos of Rebecca, her academic transcripts, overdue bill notices, phone records... and her psychiatric evaluations.

(CONTINUED)

The evaluations list depression, mood swings, emotional instability...

Miles places the folder on the table and smiles...

CUT TO:

9 INT. MILES SPENCER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Rebecca stands in the hallway, cheque in hand. She looks at the amount and gives a long, low whistle.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE YEAR EARLIER

Eric Daltry, in robe and slippers, sits behind his dual computer monitors.

He mouses over an icon labeled "CU2morrow" and clicks. A screen pops up, demanding an access code.

Eric's fingers fly over the keyboard.

A new screen pops up with a large female avatar on the left and a chat window on the right. The avatar, though female, somewhat resembles Eric.

The chat window reads: "Welcome back InvisiGirl84"

Eric pours himself a scotch and slides on a wireless headset microphone.

Several names pop up in the chat window, each registering as "online".

The chat window suddenly flashes:

"Message from Lady_Lazarus. Will you accept?"

Eric clicks "Yes".

CUT TO:

11 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BRIDGET SPENCER, early twenties, slim, blonde, attractive, sits on a leather couch in her upscale condo.

She is wearing a form-fitting gray pants suit and a cream coloured blouse. Her matching gray heels are carefully placed next to her laptop on the coffee table in front of her.

She looks tired, troubled even.

On screen is the CU2morrow program interface. Her avatar, slim, blonde, attractive, closely resembles her actual appearance.

The chat window on the right of the screen flashes.

"Message sent to InvisiGirl84."

CUT TO:

12 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eric picks up his scotch and leans closer to his monitor. He clears his throat and adjusts his microphone.

ERIC
Hey Lady_Lazarus.

As he speaks, his words appear in the chat window.

An avatar with speech to text.

Its as anonymous as you can get in the internet age.

INTERCUT: CHAT SESSION.

BRIDGET
InvisiGirl84... what are you up to tonight?

Eric looks at his female avatar on his monitor, he smiles.

ERIC
Oh, you know. Girl stuff.

BRIDGET
I hear you, sister.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

So, are you on here often?

BRIDGET

A bit. Quite a bit. Pretty much all the time... you?

ERIC

Only when I'm awake.

Bridget laughs.

BRIDGET

You're funny! So what do you do when you're not here, or asleep?

ERIC

I'm a nurse.

BRIDGET

Really? That sounds interesting.

ERIC

If you think being elbow deep in human feces is interesting, then yes, I'm a rock star.

Bridget grimaces.

BRIDGET

I couldn't do that.

ERIC

Its not for everyone, that's for sure. So... what about you? What do you do?

BRIDGET

I help run my grandfather's corporation.

ERIC

That sounds cool.

BRIDGET

It isn't.

ERIC

Well, if you ever want to do the "trading places" thing, let me know. Maybe we can have our own reality show?

BRIDGET
Sounds like a plan.

ERIC
Hey - you wouldn't believe what
happened at work today.

BRIDGET
What?

ERIC
Its kind of gross...

BRIDGET
I'm a big girl, I can take it.

ERIC
I don't know...

BRIDGET
Come on - don't leave me hanging!

ERIC
Okay... we're talking horny men,
candlesticks, spatulas, golf balls
and toothbrushes.

BRIDGET
What? No way!

ERIC
Seriously. Respectable middle aged
men will put anything up there just
so they don't have to go out and
buy a sex toy.

Bridget laughs.

BRIDGET
That is so gross.

ERIC
So this guy came in. He had those
Russian dolls. You know the ones
you open and there's more inside?

BRIDGET
Yes...

ERIC
Well... every time we tried to pull
one out, the bottom came off. We
hailed six dolls out of him.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET
That's hilarious. So humiliating.

ERIC
They're always like, "I
accidentally sat on it". As though
we wouldn't notice it was covered
in lube.

BRIDGET
That's what my grandfather would
say if it was him.

ERIC
Maybe it was him?

Bridget laughs again.

BRIDGET
Could be... he does do a lot of
traveling.

ERIC
Oh yeah?

BRIDGET
Well, for work.

ERIC
So, what exactly do you guys do?

BRIDGET
Mostly mergers and
acquisitions. I'm the VP. He's the
Chief Executive Asshole.

ERIC
And your Mom and Dad?

Bridget pauses.

BRIDGET
They passed away. Car accident...

Eric smiles and takes a sip of his scotch.

ERIC
Oh, that's tough. I'm sorry,
sweetie.

BRIDGET
Don't be. It was a long time ago.

She takes a sip of her tea.

BRIDGET (CONT)

And now I'm stuck with my
grandfather. It's really...
frustrating.

She pauses.

BRIDGET (CONT)

Today, for example, we reviewed who
needs to be "downsized" before the
end of the fiscal year. Half of
them had been working for us for 20
years.

ERIC

That's awful.

BRIDGET

That's what I said - and we don't
even need to downsize!

ERIC

Then why do it?

BRIDGET

Because lowering costs makes the
stock go up, and that's what the
shareholders want. I tried to talk
him out of it and he gave me an
hour long speech about free market
capitalism and betraying the family
legacy.

ERIC

No pressure, huh?

Bridget sighs.

BRIDGET

Welcome to the family. Our real
legacy is to end up pathetic, mean
and miserable. But I'm not like my
grandfather... I can't do that.

Eric takes another sip of his scotch.

ERIC

Sounds to me like you already have.

Bridget's eyebrows furrow.

BRIDGET
I guess so...

CUT TO:

13 EXT. NOVA SCOTIA PRISON - MORNING

An aged chain link fence topped with razor wire surrounds a large gray, depressing looking concrete structure.

Armed guards patrol the perimeter.

Some prisoners gather around the basketball court. They shuffle around, trying to keep warm while they smoke.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. NOVA SCOTIA PRISON PARKING LOT - MORNING

A dark rental sedan pulls into the prison parking lot.

Rebecca gets out of the car and takes a long look at the rusted prison gates.

She takes a deep cleansing breath and slowly lets it out.

She hits the "lock" button on her keyring and walks out of frame.

CUT TO:

15 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

A battered steel door with "Prison Warden" stenciled across its cracked glass fills the frame.

A Prison Guard leads a handcuffed Prisoner past the office door and down the hallway.

CUT TO:

16 INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

The WARDEN, a graying man in his mid-fifties, sits behind a large wooden desk. He wears an ill fitting suit and a cigarette dangles from his lip.

A "No Smoking" sign hangs on the wall behind him.

He thumbs through some papers as he smokes.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca sits opposite, nervously waiting for him to finish. Her knee moves up and down like a piston.

With a low humming noise, the lights in the office flicker slightly.

Rebecca's leg stops in mid-motion.

REBECCA
Is that normal?

The Warden glances up.

WARDEN
It is around here. Soon as we transfer the rest of the prisoners out, this place will be a pile of bricks in a landfill. Until then, we make do.

REBECCA
I see.

The Warden eyes her for a moment, then continues going through the papers.

WARDEN
So... your paperwork is in order.
Background check came up clean.

He leans back in his chair.

WARDEN (CONT)
And you even used our hand sanitizer on the way in. Very considerate. Yessiree, I can't think of any reason we shouldn't let you in to see him. But the thing is...

REBECCA
What?

WARDEN
I don't know why you're here.

REBECCA
I'm - I'm sorry?

The Warden raises his voice.

WARDEN

I don't know why you're here.

Rebecca, confused.

REBECCA

There was an arrangement... I need to talk to Mr. Daltry... In person.

WARDEN

I know all about your "arrangement".

He shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

WARDEN (CONT)

I kept politics out of my prison for 15 years and I don't like being dragged into it now.

REBECCA

Well - I'm --

He cuts her off.

WARDEN

So what's talking to him going to do for you?

REBECCA

Because - for - for my research. ...My research?

WARDEN

Yes I know, I know. I don't get what the point of it is.

REBECCA

...What I'm trying to do is to find the root cause of indirect violence committed against women in the digital age. You see, modern media --

He cuts her off again.

WARDEN

"Indirect violence"?

REBECCA

...Excuse me?

He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

WARDEN

There isn't anything more direct than violence. This place holds some of the most violent men in the country. We have a prisoner here who decapitated his own daughter with a kitchen knife.

Rebecca, shocked but indignant.

REBECCA

I fully understand the situation. This is a prison. Its filled with criminals and Eric Daltry is one of them. Warden, the results of my work here will prevent Daltry and predators like him from killing again.

WARDEN

The Judge didn't seem to think Daltry killed anyone...

REBECCA

You can't believe that he's innocent?

The Warden cocks his head and stares at her for a moment, then takes a permit pass out of a drawer.

He stamps it and slides it across the desk to her.

WARDEN

It doesn't matter what I believe. The courts have already settled the matter. You're wasting your time.

Rebecca starts to say something, thinks better of it. She takes the pass.

REBECCA

...thank you.

WARDEN

You have one week here. No more, no less.

He shakes his head as he watches her leave.

The lights flicker again.

The Warden looks up and scowls at them.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA - MORNING

Rebecca enters the Prison Holding Area and looks around nervously. The walls are faded white cinderblock. Bars and rusty wire mesh cover the windows.

She notices a security camera, pointed at her from above.

She stares at it, transfixed.

Suddenly, the intercom bursts to life.

She jumps.

A disembodied voice addresses her.

PRISON GUARD (VO)
Pass please.

REBECCA
S-sorry?

PRISON GUARD (VO)
Hold your pass up to the camera.

Rebecca rummages through her messenger bag and produces the pass.

REBECCA
My - my name is Rebecca
Markowitz. I'm here to see --

The voice cuts her off.

PRISON GUARD (VO)
Straight down the hall and turn to
your right. We'll get you to sign
some paperwork, do a quick search
and you're good to go.

The lights flicker. Rebecca shifts nervously.

REBECCA
Not going to be a cavity search, is
it?

PRISON GUARD (VO)
Down the hall and to your right.

The door buzzes open.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca goes through and disappears down the hall.

CUT TO:

18 INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca steps into the Prison Interrogation Room. The morning light filters through the wire mesh covered windows. She is alone with a heavy metal table and two chairs.

She sits at one of the chairs and arranges her messenger bag in front of her. She tries to remain composed as she waits, but fails.

She fidgets and twists in her chair.

There is a loud buzz and Eric Daltry, escorted by a PRISON GUARD, enters the room. Eric takes two steps in and stops.

The Prison Guard positions himself next to the door.

Rebecca and Eric stare at each other for a moment, sizing each other up.

Eric has a nasty looking bruise under his eye. If he walked into a door, it looks like it had five knuckles and an attitude.

Rebecca notes the bruise, then nervously makes the first move.

REBECCA

Mr. Daltry, hello. My name is Rebecca Markowitz...

ERIC

I'm not supposed to have any visitors.

REBECCA

Oh, of course. I mean... things had been arranged for me to meet you... with you.

She motions to a chair.

REBECCA (CONT)

Please, have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
I prefer to stand.

REBECCA
Oh. Okay. That's fine too. Um...
did they tell you why I requested
this meeting?

The lights flicker and the room goes dark for a split second. Rebecca looks around frantically. Her eyes dart between the Prison Guard Extra and Eric.

Eric carefully watches her reaction to the flickering lights.

He smiles.

ERIC
Yes. But I don't see why I should
talk to you.

REBECCA
I can appreciate that.

ERIC
So why should I?

REBECCA
I'm interested in your story.

ERIC
So is the Herald.

REBECCA
You know what I mean.

ERIC
No. No I don't.

Rebecca takes a breath and flat out lies...

REBECCA
I'm here to gather data for my
graduate thesis... not to pass
judgement. If anything, its a
chance to give the world your
perspective.

ERIC
That's awfully nice of you.

REBECCA

Oh - well. I - thank you?

ERIC

No. Thank you.

Rebecca shakes her head. Realizes she's being played.

REBECCA

I know you're not stupid, Mr. Daltry. I didn't come in here thinking I could outwit you. I believe you deserve to be heard.

ERIC

Do you really believe that?

REBECCA

Absolutely. It must be awful to watch yourself portrayed as a monster in the media. Is that how you want to be remembered?

ERIC

Isn't that how I should be remembered?

REBECCA

You tell me. I would like to hear the whole story before I make up my mind.

ERIC

Okay. What's the title of your thesis?

REBECCA

It's... well, it's only a working title...

Eric cocks his head and stares her down.

Rebecca lowers her eyes.

REBECCA

"Indirect Violence Against Women In the 21st Century: A Study of Abuse in the Age of Communication".

Eric scoffs.

ERIC

Violence... Abuse... Sounds like
you've already made up your mind
about me.

Rebecca is silent. Eric shakes his head.

ERIC (CONT)

This conversation is over.

Rebecca looks down at her hands. They are shaking
slightly. She suddenly looks Eric straight in the eye.

REBECCA

**Must be tough in here being a
pariah. The other prisoners
treating you like a child
molester...**

She stands and starts to pack her things in her messenger
bag.

REBECCA (CONT)

**When you're released, you won't
have a hope in hell of living a
normal life. Unless you tell your
story. Unless I tell your
story. Thank you for your time Mr.
Daltry.**

She picks up her bag and nods to the Prison Guard Extra.

The buzzer sounds. She leaves the room.

Off Eric, smiling, bemused.

CUT TO:

19 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA HALLWAY - MORNING

Pale and shaken, Rebecca stands outside the Prison
Interrogation Room. She spots her reflection in a barred
window.

She stares hard at herself for a moment, then shakes her
head.

The buzzer sounds again, startling her.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. STARDUST MOTEL - EVENING

The Stardust "no-tell" Motel. A throwback from the 50s that should have been burned down in the 70s.

Rebecca's rental sedan sits in the parking lot.

REBECCA (VO)
Have returned from my meeting with
Eric Daltry...

CUT TO:

21 INT. STARDUST MOTEL ROOM 13 - EVENING

Rebecca sits, slumped over the desk in her room. She stares at the blinking red record light of her MP3 recorder.

REBECCA
He was defensive, and as expected,
highly manipulative. He refused to
be interviewed. Now I...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her bottle of pills. She rattles the pills slowly back and forth. Stares at them...

CUT TO:

22 INT. PRISON PHONE BOOTH - EVENING

Eric Daltry leans against a prison payphone booth. Names and phone numbers are scrawled over the walls. The sound of people shouting is heard in the background.

Prison Guard move Prisoners past the phone booth.

The lights dim and flicker.

Eric looks around suspiciously, then drops a quarter into the payphone.

CUT TO:

23 INT. STARDUST MOTEL ROOM 13 - EVENING

The phone rings, snapping Rebecca out of her funk. She picks up the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (VO)
Miss Markowitz?

REBECCA
Yes...?

CUT TO:

24 INT. PRISON PHONE BOOTH - EVENING

Eric presses the phone tightly to his ear to drown out some shouting in the background.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

ERIC
Its me. Eric Daltry? I've been thinking a lot about what you said and you're right. Its important that I be heard. I'd like to do the interview.

REBECCA
Really...? I mean yes - of course!

ERIC
Great. I'll see you tomorrow then.

A burly tattooed PRISONER with long hair, eyes Eric. He smiles at him menacingly. Eric pales, quickly hangs up the phone.

The line goes dead.

Rebecca puts her pills on the desk and turns off her MP3 recorder.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Scotch in hand, Eric stares at his female avatar on the CU2morrow interface. Names of other users pop up in his chat window.

He lazily rolls his mouse over a few names.

Suddenly, new text appears onscreen:

"Message from Lady_Lazarus. Will you accept?"

(CONTINUED)

Eric leans forward, interested.

He clicks "Yes".

CUT TO:

26 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget, in her bathrobe on the couch, looking tired.

BRIDGET

Hey you...

CUT TO:

27 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eric turns on the charm.

ERIC

Hey girlfriend! Missed you last night... and the night before.

INTERCUT: CHAT SESSION.

BRIDGET

Sorry. I was out of town. I had to give a speech at my university.

ERIC

Oh... What was it for?

BRIDGET

It was a motivational seminar for first year students: "If you work hard, you too can achieve anything!"

Eric takes a sip of his scotch.

ERIC

Aren't you, like, 22?

BRIDGET

I finished high school early and jumped right into university.

ERIC

What did you major in?

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET

My Undergrad was Computer Science
and my Masters was Business
Administration.

ERIC

You have an MBA? So you're some
kind of prodigy or something?

BRIDGET

Not really. I just don't have a
life. Never did.

ERIC

Neither did I, but its not like I
was a straight "A" student.

BRIDGET

I did get a "B" once.

ERIC

Ooooooh... do tell.

Bridget hesitates, then continues.

BRIDGET

It was in grade seven. I'd just got
a kitten and I guess I was
distracted.

ERIC

I love kitties!

BRIDGET

It was the first time I was allowed
to have a pet. A little gray
tabby. He was the best.

ERIC

Awww...

BRIDGET

So I got the "B" and my grandfather
flipped out. Said I wasn't
responsible enough to keep him. So
he took him away.

ERIC

That seems extreme.

Bridget talks faster.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET

I spent days begging him to let me have the kitten back. The only way he would budge was if I agreed to do summer school. I said I'd do whatever it took to make it right. Aaaaaand that's how I ended up skipping grade 8... and a few others...

ERIC

So, did you get your kitten back?

BRIDGET

No.

ERIC

But he promised?!

BRIDGET

I found it dead in the woods two weeks later.

ERIC

That's horrible.

BRIDGET

Yes. It was the first time that I... felt like...

She drifts off.

Eric moves in.

ERIC

If that was the first time,
Lady_Lazarus... when was the last?

Bridget torn, decides to confess.

BRIDGET

Yesterday...

Eric smiles and takes another sip of his scotch.

ERIC

You want to talk about it?

CUT TO:

28 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA - MORNING

Rebecca enters the Prison Holding Area. She holds up her pass and addresses the camera.

REBECCA
Umm... Hello? I'm Rebecca
Markowitz. I have an appointment
with Eric Daltry.

The lights flicker and she's blasted with static.

It goes quiet for a second, then the speaker suddenly crackles back to life.

PRISON GUARD (VO)
... I said down the hall and to the
right.

Rebecca nods to the camera.

REBECCA
Yes sir. I think I'm starting to
get the hang --

The door buzzes open - cutting her off.

CUT TO:

29 INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca and Eric sit in uncomfortable silence.

The Prison Guard waits by the door.

Rebecca's papers litter the table.

The Mp3 recorder blinks red.

Rebecca squints at him, confused.

REBECCA
I'm sorry. Did you not understand
the question?

Eric, his bruised eye on the mend, flashes a smile at her.

ERIC
You want to know if I fed the
family dog bleach. That sort of
thing?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

No, I - I was just wondering what kind of environment you grew up in.

ERIC

It was cold.

REBECCA

O-okay, and how did that - affect - you?

ERIC

I wore a lot of long underwear.

Rebecca, confused.

REBECCA

I'm sorry. Maybe I'm not...

Eric, frustrated.

ERIC

Come on Rebecca. What is this - Freudian Profiling 101? Didn't your prof's teach you how to conduct an interview?

REBECCA

Well, I...

Eric sighs.

ERIC

Okay. Let's stop wasting time and get this over with. When I was seven, I tried to kiss a girl and she beat me up in front of my friends. When I was nine, I got barfed on in gym class. Twelve, I broke my arm during hockey team tryouts. Because of that, I still can't shoot a puck straight. At sixteen I was expelled for cheating on my exams.

Rebecca writes furiously. Eric pauses and leans in to her.

ERIC (CONT)

Anything good in there?

REBECCA

Yes, its all very - yes... Ummm... Do you have any happy memories?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

I was taken away from my parents when I was a kid and lived in a dozen different foster homes. It was a shitty childhood... but I would never feed my dog bleach.

REBECCA

O-okay...

ERIC

Great. Next line of questioning please.

REBECCA

Um... Would you say you were socially and sexually integrated into your age group?

ERIC

What? You've decided that my childhood was a failure so now you move straight on to sex?

REBECCA

I... yes... So... did you date girls?

ERIC

Yes.

REBECCA

Anything serious?

Eric smiles.

ERIC

I'm not going to discuss my sex life with you, Rebecca.

She stops, takes a deep breath.

REBECCA (CONT)

Okay.... So did you... like... high school?

Eric leans back in his chair.

ERIC

That's not even a real question.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

It is so! I'm gathering
demographical data.

Eric gets angry.

ERIC

Demographical data? You -

He spots something...

Rebecca's sleeves have ridden up slightly...

...revealing matching scars across her wrists.

He stares at the scars for a moment, then looks back up at
Rebecca.

Smiling slightly, his voice softens.

ERIC (CONT)

I'm sorry. It's just this place.
It's... please... ask me something
else.

REBECCA

Really?

ERIC

Yes. Look, I didn't have a serious
relationship until nursing
school...

REBECCA

...and you married early, didn't
you?

ERIC

Right after graduation.

Rebecca refers to her files.

REBECCA

...uh, so you've been married for
six years?

ERIC

I was. We were... She filed for
divorce while my trial was pending.

REBECCA

Oh...

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Yup.

REBECCA

How did she find out about your
online... activities?

ERIC

When the police kicked down my door
and arrested me...

REBECCA

...and how did you keep it a secret
for so long?

Eric laughs.

ERIC

She never asked and I never
told. She probably thought I was
surfing for porn the whole time.

REBECCA

Did you seek out relationships
online because your marriage was in
trouble?

Eric blinks at her.

Rebecca leans in.

REBECCA (CONT)

So... was it easier to talk to
strangers online than to talk to
your own wife?

A buzzer suddenly goes off, startling her.

REBECCA

What's that?

Eric smiles.

ERIC

Visiting hours are over.

Rebecca looks at her watch. Its 11:00.

REBECCA

Already? Oh...

She starts to gather her papers.

Eric heads to the door. He stops and looks back to her.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Rebecca?

She looks up.

REBECCA

Yes?

ERIC

You'd better bring your "A" game tomorrow because this line of questioning is getting you nowhere fast...

Off Rebecca's confused look.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Rebecca carefully weaves her way through the cars in the parking lot. Her cell phone is jammed between her shoulder and her ear. She rifles through her messenger bag, looking for her keys.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)

So... what's the good news?

REBECCA

I just spent the morning interviewing Eric Daltry.

CUT TO:

31 INT. PROFESSOR REYNOLDS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Professor Reynolds sits behind his desk, surrounded by piles of term papers.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

Daltry? But I thought --

CUT TO:

32 INT. PRISON PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Rebecca's bag suddenly falls to the ground, spilling the contents in the snow.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Dammit!

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

Rebecca?

REBECCA

No. Sorry. One minute please...

She bends down, trying to hold the cell phone against her ear while scooping up her belongings.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

I thought Daltry was out of the equation and that you were going to interview Miles --

She cuts him off.

REBECCA

He was. I mean, I did. Mr. Spencer was very... Anyway... I managed to pull a few strings and here I am in Nova Scotia.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

Great. So what approach are you taking for the interviews? How you tackle them could spell success or failure for your thesis...

Messenger bag in hand, she stands up and looks around self-consciously.

REBECCA

I have it all figured out and I should have an outline for you tomorrow. No choice really. The prison closes in a few days...

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

I look forward to --

Rebecca fishes her keys out of her bag.

REBECCA

Okay... thanks for calling.

She hangs up.

Looks at her rental car.

(CONTINUED)

She parked in a "No Parking Zone".

Her car has been booted.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Lit from below by the CU2morrow interface, Eric stares intently at his computer monitor. His female avatar stares back at him.

He is in full predator mode.

ERIC

They said I needed a hysterectomy. We waited as long as we could with the cesarean, but the baby didn't make it. She died an hour after delivery...

CUT TO:

34 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget sits curled up in a blanket on her couch. She pulls her blanket tighter.

BRIDGET

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eric takes a dramatic pause... and a sip of scotch.

ERIC

I'm sorry, give me a moment.

INTERCUT: CHAT SESSION.

Bridget takes a deep breath.

BRIDGET

Of course. Take your time.

Eric sits back in his chair. He calmly watches the screen for a moment, then continues.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

We were separated six months later.
He's remarried now. Just had his
second son. I hear he's very
happy...

BRIDGET

I'm so sorry.

ERIC

For some people, life doesn't go
the way they planned.

BRIDGET

But that's... that's...

ERIC

Unfair? Of course its unfair.

He pauses, takes another sip of scotch.

ERIC (CONT)

Its so hard... life is so hard...

BRIDGET

Yes... Yes you're right. But we
have each other now.

ERIC

Yes... We have each other.

BRIDGET

I'm here for you InvisiGirl184.

ERIC

Thank you Lady_Lazarus.

Bridget pauses. Takes a deep breath.

BRIDGET

Bridget. My name is Bridget.

Eric smiles at the sound of her name.

CUT TO:

36

INT. STARDUST MOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING

A maid vacuums the hallway outside of Room 13.

CUT TO:

37 INT. STARDUST MOTEL ROOM 13 - EVENING

Rebecca at her laptop, typing furiously. Her messenger bag is dumped out on the bed. Files, papers, court records and news clippings cover every available surface.

She has successfully transplanted the chaos of her apartment to her motel room.

The phone rings, she ignores it, keeps typing.

The call flips to the answering machine.

MILES (VO)

Rebecca! Are you there...? Its Miles Spencer. Just checking in to see how things are going. Any revelations? You promised to keep me updated on your progress.

Rebecca reaches for the phone, shakes her head, then continues her typing.

Seconds later she opens an email program. Professor Reynolds email profile pops up.

Rebecca attaches a document and clicks "send".

She leans back in her chair and breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

38 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eric sits huddled over his computer with scotch in hand. The CU2morrow interface fills one of his monitors.

BRIDGET (VO)

...I can't keep up with it. The harder I try the harder it gets...

He sets the scotch down and his fingers fly over the keyboard. A search engine pops open in a monitor.

He types:

"Bridget Spencer"

CUT TO:

39 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget, curled up on her couch in a blanket.

BRIDGET

...there's always more and I'm
tired of more and when does it ever
stop?

ERIC (VO)

What are you tired of?

CUT TO:

40 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Hundreds of "Bridget Spencer" web pages and photos pop up. Eric starts to surf through them.

They reveal that Bridget has an active life. Plenty of friends. A life worth living. Not at all the helpless struggling creature he thought she was.

Eric's brow furrows.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

BRIDGET

...of everything. The
expectations. The pressure. Being
forced to succeed.

Eric turns his attention back to the conversation.

ERIC

It stops whenever you want it to...
Bridget.

BRIDGET

But there's just too much --

Eric interrupts.

ERIC

Its okay... we have each other
now. Together we can do
anything. Remember that.

BRIDGET

But what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

We take control. Control of our own destinies... Our first step is to make a "to do" list, then we'll start working through it.

CUT TO:

41 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA - MORNING

Rebecca enters the Prison Holding Area. She has her phone pressed to her ear.

REBECCA

...I don't understand. I've been
--

Professor Reynolds cuts her off.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)

I know that you haven't had much time to prepare...

CUT TO:

42 INT. PROFESSOR REYNOLDS OFFICE - MORNING

Professor Reynolds sits behind his desk reading a print out of Rebecca's work.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

...but so far all I see is information that could have been gathered from court transcripts and the press...

CUT TO:

43 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA - MORNING

Rebecca stops in her tracks.

REBECCA

I'm doing my best here...

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS

Well you are going to have to try harder. Once that prison shuts

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (cont'd)
down, you will be left with
nothing. You have to get him to
open up, Rebecca.

The lights flicker. She hears shouting down the hall.

Rebecca pauses for a second.

The speaker suddenly burst to life, filling the room with
unintelligible static.

She jumps.

PRISON GUARD (VO)
Pass please.

Rebecca rifles through her purse, looking for her pass.

She holds it up to the camera.

Nothing happens.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
Rebecca...? What's going on?

She peers up at the camera.

REBECCA
I... it... one second please.

She waves her pass around.

REBECCA
Hello?

The lights flicker and dim.

The speaker crackles.

PRISON GUARD (VO)
Is that you, Miss Markowitz?

REBECCA
...Yes?

PRISON GUARD (VO)
...the camera's are down again.
I'll buzz you in.

The door buzzes.

Rebecca returns to her phone conversation.

REBECCA

Sorry Professor Reynolds, I have to go...

She hangs up and pulls on the door.

It doesn't open.

The buzzer sounds again, she jumps.

She sees her reflection in the barred glass of the door. She gives herself a hard look.

She pulls on the door with both hands.

It swings open.

Satisfied with her small victory over the door, she goes through.

CUT TO:

44 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget is on her couch, reading intently.

ERIC (VO)

...we pick a definitive day. Then that's it, no switching.

CUT TO:

45 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Headset on, Eric leans back in his chair. On his screen are several pictures of Bridget.

ERIC (CONT)

After that... we log on and say our goodbyes... Together.

INTERCUT: CHAT SESSION.

BRIDGET

Will it... hurt?

Eric swirls his cursor over the pictures of Bridget for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

No, not the way we're going to do it... At first you're going to feel a little lightheaded. But its okay, just close your eyes. Pretty soon you'll start fading in and out, and your head will get really heavy. Eventually you just doze off. Then its all over.

BRIDGET

Do I need a prescription?

ERIC

If they won't sell it to you in one place, just try another. I already have mine. Just having it makes me feel better.

Bridget takes a sip of herbal tea.

BRIDGET

Its weird to talk this openly about it.

Eric pauses, conflicted.

ERIC

What do you mean?

BRIDGET

Its just weird... Everyone who follows my blog will wonder what happened when I stop posting.

He laughs.

ERIC

It gets easier. Soon you'll find comfort in it. But... you have to be sure. Is this something that you really want to do?

BRIDGET

Yes.

ERIC

Then we just have to move forward. Do what I tell you... okay?

CUT TO:

46

INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca steps into the Prison Interrogation Room. Eric is already seated at the table.

She pauses, looks around. There is no Prison Guard at the door.

REBECCA
Where is uh...

ERIC
He's helping transfer "D" Block
today. Is that okay?

Rebecca sits. She opens a file and nervously shuffles through her notes.

REBECCA
Yes... Its fine.

She tugs at her cuffs, pulling them down, then presses record on her MP3 recorder.

REBECCA (CONT)
So... according to court records,
you said that you found "posing as
a twenty-something female made
young women more likely to trust
you".

ERIC
Right...

REBECCA
Why did you specifically target
young women?

ERIC
I didn't.

Rebecca refers to her notes.

REBECCA
Really? My research shows all
three confirmed victims were women
between the ages of 19 and 25.

ERIC
That's just those three. And for
the record, they were not victims.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
Wait...? There were more?

Eric hesitates for a second.

ERIC
I've talked to a lot of people
online.

REBECCA
And their age and gender were just
a coincidence?

He shrugs.

ERIC
I guess.

REBECCA
Then how did you choose who to
contact?

Eric pauses, thinks.

ERIC
I don't know... Sometimes I
message someone at random,
sometimes they message me. It's not
about age or gender, it's about the
relationship we can build.

REBECCA
What kind of relationship...?

ERIC
Well, they're all
different. People are
different. It's not like there's a
template.

REBECCA
So tell me about your
"relationship" with Bridget
Spencer.

Eric pauses.

ERIC
Lady_Lazarus...

REBECCA
Yes, Lady_Lazarus. Tell me about
her.

ERIC

She wasn't the usual person I would chat with.

REBECCA

What made her different?

He thinks for a second.

ERIC

She was... very smart... I --

Rebecca cuts him off.

REBECCA

Would you say you knew her well?

ERIC

Thought I did.

REBECCA

Was she your friend?

ERIC

Something like that.

REBECCA

What does that mean?

Eric searches for the right words.

ERIC

Bridget was someone who knew what she wanted.

REBECCA

And what was that?

ERIC

She'd been running with the ball her whole life. She just wanted to stop... but her grandfather had such high expectations...

REBECCA

So you thought the best way to help her was to tell her that she should kill herself?

ERIC

It's not about what I thought was best for her... It was about giving her the control she wanted. The control she needed...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

What she needed was someone to tell her not to do it. She was reaching out.

ERIC

Yes... but not in the way you think.

REBECCA

She felt safe with you. She let herself be vulnerable with you, and you took advantage of her.

ERIC

How do you know how she felt? Did you know her? Do you know what its like to feel that alone? To feel that --

She cuts him off.

REBECCA

Yes - yes I do know! How can you be so calm about this when you're getting off on suicide.

ERIC

I cared about what happened to Bridget.

REBECCA

No you didn't, or you would've tried to save her.

ERIC

Why even talk to me if you already know everything?

REBECCA

She was a victim, I know that much.

ERIC

Things are not always as they seem.

REBECCA

She's dead because of you!

ERIC

You think you're qualified to judge me based on court records? Or what you saw on the news? You don't know me and you didn't know Bridget.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
No, I didn't, but I know women just
like her. Women who need help!

Eric leans in.

ERIC
Aren't you supposed to be
interviewing me?

REBECCA
What?

ERIC
This isn't meant to tell my story.

**He reaches over the table, grabbing her wrists, exposing her
scars.**

Rebecca recoils.

REBECCA
No! I...

Eric holds her wrists while she squirms.

He refers to her scars.

ERIC
When did you do it? Was it when
you were flunking out of school?

REBECCA
You don't know anything about me!

Eric lets her go.

ERIC
And you don't know anything about
me!

He stands and walks quickly to the door.

REBECCA
Wait! I'm sorry! I...

With his back to Rebecca, a small smile flits across his
face.

He bangs loudly.

The buzzer sounds, letting him out.

CUT TO:

47 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Warden's battered steel door fills the frame.

WARDEN (VO)

Doesn't matter. Your time here is up.

CUT TO:

48 INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Warden sits behind his desk with a smug smile on his face and a cigarette dangling on his lip.

Rebecca leans forward in her chair, talking excitedly.

REBECCA

But once I understand his behaviour... we can use that data to stop him and people like him. It can enable stricter laws and harsher sentences for internet predators!

The Warden stubs out his cigarette in a crowded ashtray.

WARDEN

Request denied.

REBECCA

You don't understand. I really have to have more time!

He sighs.

WARDEN

You just don't get it do you? It's not safe for you to be here anymore. We're short staffed and the cameras aren't working.

REBECCA

You can't be serious.

WARDEN

As a heart attack.

REBECCA

Is it Eric? You said yourself he wasn't dangerous!

(CONTINUED)

WARDEN

He is for you --

Rebecca cuts him off.

REBECCA

What you've been talking to the guards?

WARDEN

They work for me, don't they?

REBECCA

Listen! I'm not some kid. I'm a PHD candidate doing approved research - you have no grounds to deny me this!

The Warden leans over his desk menacingly.

WARDEN

Do you really believe your "thesis" will make a difference in this world? Who is going to read it? A few professors and a handful of students?

He scoffs.

WARDEN (CONT)

This whole thing is a waste of time and has been from the second you walked in here. Now listen to me... Its over.

Rebecca jumps to her feet. She leans over the Warden's desk.

REBECCA

No! This is not over. Do you know who pulled the strings with your boss to get me in here?

The Warden slowly looks up at her.

REBECCA (CONT)

And what do you think he's going to say when he finds out that you wouldn't give me a few lousy extra days to finish my research?

The Warden's eyes shift away from her.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT)
Is it really worth all that
trouble?

She slides her pass across the desk to him.

REBECCA (CONT)
I think that you should
reconsider... and give me this
extension.

The Warden hesitates, then reaches for her pass. He puts a
new stamp on it, hands it back to her.

WARDEN
You have two days. That's it. Now
get the hell out of my office...

REBECCA
Thank you for your time.

The lights flicker.

Rebecca storms out.

CUT TO:

49 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rebecca stands outside of the Warden's office, breathing
heavily.

She hears a commotion down the hall.

People are yelling.

The sounds pull her back to the present.

She spots her reflection in a barred window.

She looks pale, frightened, childlike.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Alone in the dark, Eric stares silently at the CU2morrow
interface on one of his screens.

In the corner of the second screen is a web page with a
picture of Bridget. She looks happy, surrounded by loved
ones.

(CONTINUED)

Eric's eyes flick back and forth between the picture of Bridget and the CU2morrow interface.

Messages and offers to chat flash across his screen. He ignores them all until...

"Message from Lady_Lazarus. Will you accept?"

Eric mouses back and forth over the "No" button.

Finally, he gives in and clicks "Yes".

CUT TO:

51 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget adjusts her headset.

BRIDGET
Hey InvisiGirl84. Guess
what...? I did it.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eric carefully adjusts his headset.

ERIC
Did what?

INTERCUT: CHAT SESSION.

BRIDGET
I bought it. You were right, they
didn't ask for a prescription or
anything.

Eric glances back to the picture of Bridget. He winces.

ERIC
That's great.

BRIDGET
I also picked up stamps so I can
mail the letters. Now, I just have
to write them. I paid off all my
credit cards. AND... wait for it...
closed down my blog!

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Wow... You're doing it for real.

BRIDGET

Can we try for Saturday? The cleaning lady comes in Sunday and I want them to find me before I get all bloated and stinky.

Eric laughs.

ERIC

Okay... You sure you want to do that to the cleaner?

BRIDGET

Ohhhh... I hadn't thought of that. I should leave her some money shouldn't I? \$500 in an envelope. Do you think that's enough?

ERIC

I guess.

BRIDGET

Soooooo... Can we do Saturday?

ERIC

Yes... maybe. I need to make sure everything's wrapped up at work.

BRIDGET

You're not getting cold feet, are you?

ERIC

No... not at all. It's important to really be ready though.

BRIDGET

I am so ready. For the first time in my life I feel free.

Eric pauses, looks at her photo again.

ERIC

I'm glad to hear it Lady_Lazarus.

BRIDGET

It's Bridget now.

ERIC
Right... Bridget.

BRIDGET
Thank you for being a real friend
to me.

Eric, pauses, sips his scotch.

ERIC
...I'm glad that we have each
other.

BRIDGET
Me too. I couldn't do this without
you. I need you to be there for me.

Eric smiles halfheartedly.

ERIC
Okay. I can do that... So long as
you're sure...

Bridget, resolute.

BRIDGET
I'm sure.

Off Eric, not entirely convinced.

CUT TO:

53 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA - MORNING

Rebecca has her hand on the heavy steel door. She
pauses. Looks at her determined reflection in the glass.

REBECCA
No time... no time...

The buzzer sounds.

CUT TO:

54 INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca and Eric are seated at the table. Rebecca pushes
the MP3 recorder closer to him. The red record light blinks
silently.

Eric, looks her in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

I didn't kill anyone. I'm here for the theft of telecommunications.

REBECCA

You're saying that you don't think what you did was wrong?

He leans back in his chair and smiles.

ERIC

Well, yeah. Apparently, stealing wi-fi's a bad thing.

Rebecca, calmly.

REBECCA

Don't make a joke out of this... You made fake accounts in suicide chat rooms and talked vulnerable women into killing themselves. They died because of you.

ERIC

No... They died because they were in pain and they wanted to die. It was inevitable.

REBECCA

Does that make it okay?

Eric shrugs.

Rebecca stops, tries another angle.

REBECCA (CONT)

So why nursing then? Four years of school just to watch people die?

Eric turns.

ERIC

What - no? You've got it all wrong. I became a nurse to help people. It made me feel good to help them.

He shakes his head.

ERIC (CONT)

If I got off on watching old ladies croak in their hospital beds, nothing would be easier than

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (CONT) (cont'd)
putting an air bubble in their IV.
No... my patients cling to life
with everything they have and I
help them live.

REBECCA
If you want people to live, then
why? Why the chat rooms? Why prey
on people crying out for help?

ERIC
They aren't my patients and they
don't go to chat rooms for
"help". Those places are where
sad, sick people go to whine and
bitch and complain. Life is a
precious gift and those people
can't see that.

Rebecca is taken aback.

REBECCA
Are you serious...?

Eric sighs, leans in.

ERIC
Look... if you don't have the will
to live and are going to suffer for
the next twenty years... what's the
point? Those people... on the chat
sites? They're not there to
live. They're there to die.

REBECCA
**And what about Bridget... was she
just there to die?**

ERIC
Bridget was --

A buzzer sounds.

Rebecca looks at her watch, confused.

It reads 10:15.

CUT TO:

55 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rebecca knocks loudly on the Warden's door.

No answer.

She knocks again.

REBECCA

Hello...? I have more time. I'm
supposed to have more time...?

No answer.

She looks at her watch again.

She kicks the door and walks away.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - MORNING

Rebecca fights her way through the snow to her rental car. She throws her messenger bag in the back of the car and gets in.

CUT TO:

57 INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

Rebecca jams the keys in the ignition and starts the car. She shifts into reverse and looks in the rearview mirror.

A large black sedan pulls up behind her.

Miles Spencer steps out of the back seat and stands, waiting.

REBECCA

Miles...?

CUT TO:

58 EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - MORNING

Rebecca faces her benefactor. Miles speaks first.

(CONTINUED)

MILES
Hello, Rebecca.

REBECCA
...what are you doing here?

He looks carefully around at the parking lot.

MILES
I haven't heard a word from you in a week. I was worried. I've called several times... Did my messages get to you?

REBECCA
They did...

MILES
So, is there a reason you've been avoiding me?

REBECCA
No! Not at all, I've - I've just been busy.

MILES
I thought we had an agreement. I've invested a substantial amount of money and confidence in you.

REBECCA
I know...

Miles takes a letter from his pocket and holds it out to her.

MILES
This arrived by courier yesterday.

Rebecca takes the letter, reads it out loud.

REBECCA
"Mr. Spencer, Please accept our sincerest apologies for any misunderstanding regarding your associate, Rebecca Markowitz...

She trails off, realizing what the letter means.

MILES
What were you thinking, bringing my name into the open like this?

REBECCA

It's the only way the Warden would agree to let me continue the interviews.

Miles snatches the letter from her.

MILES

But now there's a paper trail showing that I am directly involved in your research. Discretion was absolutely essential!

REBECCA

I thought it was a risk worth taking.

Miles shakes his head.

MILES

It's time for you to go home. Your work here is done.

REBECCA

Look... I know I made a mistake, but it's all shifted. I'm seeing a whole new picture.

MILES

You're trying my patience, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Eric Daltry is not "just" a predator. There's more to him than that. He has this... twisted code of ethics. If I can just figure it out...

MILES

Ethics...? What do his ethics have to do with anything?

Rebecca throws her hands up in frustration.

REBECCA

It's the key to understanding him and others like him!

MILES

Talk like that is the kind of thing that turns a piece of filth like Daltry into a celebrity.

Rebecca folds her arms.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
I'm not going home.

MILES
Excuse me?

REBECCA
I'm not finished here.

Miles sighs.

MILES
There's no getting through to you,
is there?

REBECCA
This is my thesis. Its going to
expose how and why Daltry preys on
the innocent. Its not about you
and its not about me. You can't
buy yourself the story you want
people to hear.

Miles stares hard at her.

MILES
Consider our agreement terminated,
effective immediately.

Miles turns and walks away.

MILES (CONT)
It looks like I will have to take
matters into my own hands...

He gets back into his car.

The door slams shut.

Off Rebecca's reaction to this.

CUT TO:

59 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eric opens the CU2morrow interface. Names of users pop up
in his chat window.

He lazily rolls his mouse over a few names.

Suddenly, new text appears onscreen:

"Message from Lady_Lazarus. Will you accept?"

(CONTINUED)

Eric leans forward, pauses, then clicks "No".

New text appears onscreen:

"Message from Sad_Lady:(. Will you accept?"

He adjusts his microphone and clicks "Yes".

ERIC
Hey girlfriend! What are you up
tonight?

CUT TO:

60 EXT. STARDUST MOTEL - AFTERNOON

A light snow dusts Rebecca's rental car in the Stardust Motel parking lot.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)
I just received a call from Miles
Spencer. When were you going to
tell me that he funded your trip to
Nova Scotia?

CUT TO:

61 INT. RENTAL CAR - AFTERNOON

Rebecca sits in the drivers seat, phone pressed tightly against her ear.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)
I'm sure I don't have to tell you
that the committee will now be
taking a much closer look at your
research --

Rebecca cuts him off.

REBECCA
But the work is my own. Miles had
no control over what I wrote...

CUT TO:

62 INT. PROFESSOR REYNOLDS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Professor Reynolds in his office. He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
Rebecca, you have really pushed the
boundaries on this...

CUT TO:

63 INT. RENTAL CAR - AFTERNOON

Rebecca looks down at the clutter in her passenger seat. Spots her pill bottle. She picks it up. Stares hard at it.

There is a single pill left...

She takes it.

REBECCA
I know how it looks, but it was the
only way I could get access to
Daltry! Please... please hold off
on telling the committee until I
get back. I just want a chance to
explain... in person...

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS
This is out of my hands. The
committee meets next week. If you
want to tell them your side of the
story, you had better be there.

REBECCA
I will be. Thank you, Professor
Reynolds.

She looks at her reflection in the rearview mirror. She sees the look of hopelessness in her eyes.

She hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

64 INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rebecca paces back and forth. Ramping up her energy.

The buzzer announces Eric's entrance.

Whatever her new line of questioning was, its lost when she sees him.

The side of his face is horribly bruised, much worse than before.

REBECCA

Oh my God! What happened?

Eric doesn't answer.

REBECCA (CONT)

Who keeps doing this to you?

He turns on her, closing the gap between them.

ERIC

Why her?

REBECCA

What...? I... I...

ERIC

There are two other "victims", but the only name I hear coming out of your mouth is "Bridget Spencer".

Off Rebecca shocked, silent.

ERIC (CONT)

I'm not allowed visitors. Even the networks can't get in here. So tell me... how did you do it? How did you get access to me?

Rebecca backs up.

Eric advances.

ERIC (CONT)

... Who's pulling your strings?

She confesses.

REBECCA

Marshall Spencer.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

He's funding your research, isn't he?

REBECCA

Yes... No... Not anymore...

ERIC

What does he get out of this?

REBECCA

I'm telling his granddaughter's story...

Eric shakes his head.

ERIC

No. The press has already told "her" story.

He takes a breath, touches his bruised face

ERIC

This isn't about Bridget. It's about putting you in this room with me. You're not safe here, Rebecca. And Miles Spencer knows that.

Rebecca, confused.

REBECCA

But...? I -- that's crazy.

ERIC

Is it? He put you in a situation where you were vulnerable, with a man who preys on people like you.

REBECCA

Vulnerable? I'm not --

Eric reaches down and takes her by the wrists. He pulls back her sleeves, exposing her scars.

ERIC

Why do you think I agreed to do these interviews?

Rebecca looks down at her scars, then back up at him.

REBECCA

B-but I thought... I... I'm not...

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
Marshall knew exactly how this
would play out.

She pulls away.

REBECCA
He's not some kind of monster...
He's...

ERIC
Rebecca. The heir to his "empire"
is dead, and I was found guilty of
stealing an internet signal. He
wants me convicted of murder more
than anything. And here you are,
scars and all. An expendable
resource.

REBECCA
But he tried to stop me --

Eric cuts her off.

ERIC
Did he? Let me guess. He was
worried about you. Thought you were
getting in too deep. Tried to stop
you, but he was too late...

REBECCA
He tried...

ERIC
Sure. But he didn't do one
important thing - he didn't stop
your access to me. One phone call
to the Warden would have been
enough.

Silence.

ERIC (CONT)
None of this really matters now...
I had my parole hearing this
morning. They're releasing me at
the end of the week.

Off Rebecca, stunned.

REBECCA
But... why?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

I'm a model prisoner. I'm only here
on a technicality.

Rebecca collapses in her chair.

REBECCA

...I don't know what to say.

ERIC

Hey, it's okay. We have each other
now...

REBECCA

I don't know what to do.

ERIC

We can get through this. But we
have to take control. Control of
our own destinies.

Eric reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a slip of paper,
hands it to her.

REBECCA

What's this?

Eric smiles.

ERIC

Its our first step...

The buzzer sounds.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. STARDUST MOTEL - EVENING

The curtains are open in Room 13. Rebecca stands in the
window, staring out at the gently falling snow.

The answering machine plays.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)

Rebecca? Are you there? Please
pick up... I wanted to tell you
this in person but...

CUT TO:

66

INT. STARDUST MOTEL ROOM 13 - EVENING

Rebecca stares out the window.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS (VO)
...the committee held an emergency
meeting this afternoon. They voted
to reject your thesis. I'm sorry.
I know what this meant to you...

The line goes dead.

Rebecca looks at the paperwork scattered across her desk. Amongst the mess is a picture of Eric and a picture of Bridget.

She stands silently... staring at the photos... thinking.

Suddenly she goes into a rage.

She sweeps the desk clean.

Tears papers, destroys files.

Throws and smashes things.

A mirror breaks.

Shards of glass scatter.

Finally, she collapses on the floor.

Gasping for breath, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out her bottle of pills...

Its empty.

She sees her reflection in a hundred pieces of broken mirror.

Her eyes move to a slip of paper on the floor.

Then back to her broken reflection.

She picks up the slip of paper.

Its Eric's "to do" list.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she picks up the phone, dials.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Could you connect me to a pharmacy
in the area? Either one is fine...
sure... Thank you.

She takes a deep breath and looks down at her shaking
hands.

The scars on her wrists are exposed...

CUT TO:

67 EXT. / INT. NON-DESCRIPT WALKWAY / ROOM - AFTERNOON
MONTAGE.

A woman walks along the side of a building.

A drug store bag is clutched in her hand.

A door opens, bangs shut.

The drug store bag is placed placed on a counter.

Several items are removed and placed in line:

A rubber tourniquet.

A clear bottle of liquid.

A single use syringe.

CUT TO:

68 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S HALLWAY - AFTERNOON
The sound of a phone ringing. Eric rushes into his
study, yelling over his shoulder.

ERIC

I got it!

CUT TO:

69 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - AFTERNOON
Eric bursts into the room and picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
Hello...?

BRIDGET (VO)
InvisiGirl84?

Eric freezes.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bridget on her couch, phone in hand.

BRIDGET
It's Bridget.

CUT TO:

71 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Eric struggles to answer her.

ERIC
I'm sorry... I think you have the
wrong number.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

BRIDGET
This is Eric Daltry, right?
902-466--

Eric hangs up.

He backs away from the phone.

It phone rings again.

He picks it up.

BRIDGET (CONT)
Don't hang up again.

Frantic, he cracks the door and looks down the hall.

ERIC
...what do you want?

He sees no one.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET
To talk to you.

ERIC
How did you find me?

He quietly closes the door behind him.

BRIDGET
I hacked your account.

ERIC
You what? Why... why are you
calling me?

BRIDGET
Why am I calling?! InvisiGirl84
was the best friend I've ever had,
then one day, she disappeared. I
thought we had something special...

ERIC
I don't even know you.

BRIDGET
You know me better than anyone.

ERIC
No, I don't. InvisiGirl84 is not
real.

BRIDGET
She was real enough. She was there
for me when I needed her. And now I
don't have anyone.

Bridget looks down. In front of her, carefully arranged on
a serving tray is a rubber tourniquet, a bottle of clear
liquid and a single use syringe.

She sighs.

BRIDGET (CONT)
Please... I can't do this alone.

ERIC
Bridget, listen to me. I'm not some
angel of mercy. I'm not here to
help you.

BRIDGET
You have to.

ERIC

No! I'm done! InvisiGirl84 is gone.

BRIDGET

No she's not.

ERIC

Yes, she is!

BRIDGET

You can't just get rid of her. It's too late.

ERIC

You don't know what you're talking about! This is what I do. I seek out people and I... I help them take the final steps they need... But trust me Bridget, you have a life worth living. You have options. You don't want to die.

BRIDGET

I know what you do Eric Daltry... I've been on these boards a long time.

She picks up the syringe, examines it closely.

CUT TO:

72

INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

MATCH CUT of the syringe.

Rebecca looks closely at her liquid-filled syringe.

She flicks it a few times, watching the air bubbles dance.

A moment passes.

She places it in her messenger bag.

She looks at her determined reflection in the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

73

INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY / BRIDGET SPENCER'S LIVING ROOM -
AFTERNOON

Eric is taken aback.

ERIC

What are you talking about?

Bridget places the syringe back on the serving tray.

BRIDGET

I know about the others. I know
everything...

Eric is speechless.

BRIDGET (CONT)

I went after you.

ERIC

No.

BRIDGET

You can't fight this.

Eric looks at a picture of he and his wife on a shelf.

ERIC

I'm not alone. This can't
happen. Not now...

BRIDGET

You don't have a choice. I know
where you work, I know where you
live, I know your family. I could
ruin your life. But I won't. If
you help me... right now.

Eric has no words.

BRIDGET (CONT)

Still there?

ERIC

Please don't. I can't do this...

BRIDGET

Why not? Don't you want to?

ERIC

Bridget. It's different with
you. Please. You're not like the
others. You do good things. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (cont'd)
need to live... don't make me do
this...

She cuts him off.

BRIDGET
Make you? This is not about you,
or my grandfather, or anyone else!
For once in my life it's about what
I want. I don't want to be
exceptional. I just want to be
done. I need InvisiGirl84 to be on
my side. I need her now. Right
now.

There is a long pause as Eric accepts his defeat.

ERIC
What do you need me to do?

CUT TO:

74 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA - MORNING

Rebecca stands alone in the Prison Holding Area, clutching
her messenger bag.

She looks up at the security camera.

She raises her hand, holding out her pass.

A loud buzzer sounds and the heavy steel door slowly swings
open.

CUT TO:

75 INT. PRISON HOLDING HALLWAY - MORNING

Rebecca enters the Prison hallway.

She pauses briefly on the other side and takes a gulp of
air.

The heavy steel door bangs shut behind her.

She reaches into her messenger bag and her fingers rest on
the syringe.

She walks down the hall towards the Prison Interrogation
Room.

CUT TO:

76 INT. ERIC DALTRY'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Eric stand in his study, phone pressed against his ear.

The line goes dead.

He slowly lowers the phone.

CUT TO:

77 INT. PRISON HOLDING HALLWAY WEST END - MORNING

Rebecca walks briskly down the hall towards the Prison Interrogation Room.

She passes the Warden and a Prison Guard Extra reviewing a file. The Warden looks up at her, nods.

She rounds a corner and through glass doors at the end of the hall, sees Eric approaching.

She clutches her messenger bag tighter and continues down the hall.

CUT TO:

78 INT. PRISON HOLDING AREA HALLWAY EAST END - MORNING

Eric stands behind a glass door. He waits for the buzzer to let him through. He catches his reflection in the glass. His bruised face is now turning a horrible shade of yellow and green.

He winces.

He spots Rebecca through the glass and smiles.

INTERCUT: ERIC AND REBECCA.

Without missing a step, Rebecca reaches into her bag and takes out the syringe.

She holds it in her hand like a weapon.

Her pace quickens.

Then... something catches her eye.

(CONTINUED)

A bulky man in an orange jumpsuit, a PRISONER, walks down the hall towards Eric.

In his hand glints a dangerous looking shiv.

The Prisoner closes in on Eric.

Rebecca looks confused.

Eric looks to Rebecca.

A question flashes across his face.

Rebecca tries to signal him.

Eric catches the Prisoner's reflection in the glass.

The Prisoner rushes ahead and buries the shiv between Eric's shoulder blades.

Eric is thrust against the glass by the force of the blow.

Alarms sound.

Red lights flash.

Guards appear from nowhere and wrestle the Prisoner to the ground.

Rebecca runs to Eric.

Eric, face pressed against the glass, looks to her.

She arrives at the door.

Reaches out to him.

The syringe is in her hand.

Eric sees it.

He looks to her and smiles.

Guards grab Rebecca from behind, pulling her back.

In slow motion, the syringe falls to the floor.

Heavy boots crush it as the Guards drag her back to the safety of the Prison Holding Area.

Rebecca locks eyes with Eric as he takes his last breath.

CUT TO:

79 INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

White knuckled, Rebecca sits in her rental car. She stares at herself in the rearview mirror.

She doesn't like who, or what she sees.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. RURAL GRAVEYARD - NOVA SCOTIA - AFTERNOON

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

A chill wind whips the freshly fallen snow around Rebecca's feet.

She opens her long black coat, revealing a bouquet of flowers. She places the flowers next to a freshly hewn granite tombstone.

It reads "Eric Daltry".

The sound of footsteps draw her eyes to Miles Spencer. He wears an expensive black trench coat and dark designer glasses.

He settles next to Rebecca.

MILES

I had a feeling I would find you here.

Anger flashes across her face. She keeps silent and turns back to stare, unblinking, at the tombstone.

MILES (CONT)

For every blemish removed from society, there's a bleeding heart to mourn the loss.

She shakes her head.

REBECCA

Its called closure. Isn't that why you're here?

Miles shrugs.

MILES

I had to see it for myself.

(CONTINUED)

He kneels down, getting a better look at the tombstone, contemplating it. He picks up a handful of fresh dirt. He sprinkles the dirt back on the grave.

MILES (CONT)

After Bridget died, I couldn't even visit her grave. The finality of seeing my granddaughter's tombstone...

Miles stops and clears his throat.

MILES (CONT)

But when I got this call... I couldn't get here fast enough.

REBECCA

You came here to admire your handiwork?

Miles smiles.

MILES (CONT)

It's the little things... Here lies Eric Christopher Daltry. Gone, but not forgotten. Well, that's certainly true.

He glances around the cemetery.

MILES (CONT)

It's funny, isn't it, you look around and all the graves look the same. You'd never know this one was different.

REBECCA

How is it different?

MILES

Are you really going to keep up this lie? Even now?

Rebecca turns to him, glaring. Her voice has a hard edge.

REBECCA

What lie?

MILES

That he wasn't a monster.

Rebecca slowly shakes her head and looks at him in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
We are all monsters.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER.

The sun sets on a run-down brownstone apartment building.

A person, silhouetted in a window.

CUT TO:

82 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Rebecca, wearing a plaid fleece housecoat and slippers, moves about in a choreographed dance.

Music sweeps through the room.

She pours herself a coffee and settles in front of her computer.

She cracks her knuckles, then rests her fingers on the keyboard.

She breathes deeply and smiles.

The CU2morrow interface fills the monitors. A Rebecca avatar fills one side of the screen.

The camera pulls back to reveal suicide help line pamphlets pinned to a bulletin board. Affirmative message posters cover the walls of the room.

Rebecca adjusts her wireless headset.

REBECCA
Its not that bad, sweetie. I'm
sure that we can get through
this... together.

FADE TO BLACK