

THE LAST KILL

by  
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FADE IN:

**WHITE...**

Then a black and white POLICE PHOTO of a dead woman. Lying posed in a bathtub... A nylon stocking wrapped around her neck.

Then another POLICE PHOTO. Another dead woman in another pose.

GRACE (V.O.)  
...What has created the phenomenon  
of the serial killer?

Another black and white PHOTO.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Genetics? Environment?

Another PHOTO...

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Genetics and environment?

**INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY**

The light of the projector illuminates the faces of rows of 20-somethings. Some watch fascinated...some disturbed.

GRACE (O.S.)  
What is it in this particular  
psychopath's makeup that distorts  
his concept of reality...

GRACE ENSLEY, a beautiful woman in her 30s, walks around the room, a remote in her hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
...And allows him to enact and  
reenact the destruction of that one  
specific person in his life who was  
the trigger—the creator—we might  
say, that laid the foundation for  
his psychopathology?

The last slide goes out.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Lights please.

The lights come on in a turn of the century lecture hall packed full of students. A young woman, LIBERTY, raises her hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Liberty.

As she speaks, Liberty pulls down the sleeves of her sweater.

LIBERTY

You're always saying "he" and not "she." Have you ever met a female serial killer?

Grace glances up at the clock over the door. 4:45.

GRACE

Not personally, but they do exist.

MALE STUDENT

I think I've dated one or two.

The class chuckles.

LIBERTY

I'm surprised you're still alive. I'da killed ya.

The class cracks up. Grace smiles.

GRACE

Thank you...

She closes her laptop and opens up her briefcase.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I have to end class a little early, I have to be across campus by five. See you Thursday.

The class disperses. She shoves her papers in her briefcase.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Liberty?

(Liberty hurries up)

Take all this stuff back to my office and get the website ready for tomorrow, okay?

LIBERTY

Yeah, look about the website...

Grace does not have time for this.

GRACE

What?

LIBERTY

...Nothing, I'll get it, I got it.

GRACE

Thanks.

With that Grace is out. Liberty sigh and grabs the box.

**INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY**

Grace bolts out the door. Waiting for her is WHITNEY, a young, distraught, weary-eyed graduate student.

WHITNEY

Dr. Ensley?

GRACE

Whitney. Walk with me. Where's that dissertation?

WHITNEY

That's what I wanted to speak with you about. I just...I can't...seem to finish it...It's not good enough...I'm not good enough...

Grace comes to an outside door and stops.

GRACE

I want to see you tomorrow morning in my office—

WHITNEY

Doctor, please. It's impossible.

GRACE

I need a first draft, Whitney.

Whitney just hangs her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

My office, eight o'clock. And get some sleep. You look awful.

Grace pushes through the door as Whitney stands watching her go.

**EXT. BERTRAM UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

This is a robust and bustling campus, with students swarming to and fro. The lawns are beautifully manicured and the ancient trees flaunt their Autumn colors.

Then, over loud speakers, the NATIONAL ANTHEM plays. Every single student stops where they are, faces the flying American Flag in the center of the "Quad", and puts their hand over their hearts...

Everyone, except Grace, who puts her hand over her heart but hurries around the standing students statues...

**INT. PRESIDENT'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

A group of WHITE MEN in blue suits sit around a massive mahogany table. There IS one WOMAN, middle-aged, sort of frumpy, who sits behind them in front of a laptop computer. She's a secretary.

At the head of the table sits FRANKLYN MADSEN, a handsome, distinguished, clean-cut man in his mid-60s. He has a warm smile and a gentility about him so rare in men these days.

Behind him is a plaque that says "Doubt Your Doubts Before You Doubt Your Faith."

Suddenly, Grace plows through the door. All heads turn.

FRANK

Grace!

Every man rises.

GRACE

Sit, please, sit.

She hurries to an empty chair.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I had to walk 'cross campus.

She sits. The men sit after her.

FRANK

We're glad you're here.

Grace settles in as Frank leans forward.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Dr. Christianson, will you please open this meeting with prayer.

CHRISTIANSON

Be glad to.

Everyone folds their arms, bows their heads and closes their eyes.

CHRISTIANSON (CONT'D)

Our Father in Heaven, we are grateful that we, thy servants, could meet here this day.

Grace peeks at Christianson.

CHRISTIANSON (CONT'D)

We are also grateful that we are blessed and privileged to work here at this, thy university, and ask a special blessing on President Madsen.

She eyes the men around the table, especially STEWART ANDERSON, a conservatively dressed man in his early 30s. He looks like a young clone of Frank. 'Course, all of them look like young clones of Frank.

CHRISTIANSON (CONT'D)

We ask that we may continue to strive  
to be like thee and like thy Son.  
We say these things in the name of  
Jesus Christ, amen.

ALL

Amen.

FRANK

Thank you.

(everyone settles in)

These last few weeks have been  
difficult ones. Not only because  
we lost a dear friend and colleague  
when Dean Wilkins died, but because  
he left such a gaping hole in the  
College of Social Sciences.

He leans back in his chair. Grace takes a deep, calming breath as  
her eyes rest on Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

As you all know, I have been faced  
with the dilemma of who to appoint  
as the new Dean and I've prayed  
long and hard about it. As you  
also know I narrowed the field down  
to Doctor Stuart Anderson and Sister  
Grace Ensley.

Grace looks up. Sister? He called her sister? She shifts in her  
chair glancing at the Secretary, who shakes her head, imperceptibly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Both extremely qualified... And  
after weeks of asking for guidance,  
I believe that...Dr. Anderson is  
our new Dean.

Anderson sits up, wide-eyed. Brilliant smiles appear on every  
man's face. Grace, however, is stunned. Even the Secretary stops  
and looks up. The men congratulate Anderson.

ANDERSON

Thank you. Thank you, President  
Madsen.

Frank shakes Anderson's hand then glances at Grace who looks like  
she's been hit by a truck. He looks at the Secretary who glares at  
him. Grace stares at the legal pad in front of her, fuming.

FRANK

I would like to thank you all—

Suddenly, Grace bolts to her feet. The place falls silent.

She looks around at the cleanly shaven and perfectly parted hair that surrounds her, then she strides out the door and slams it behind her. The men look at one another, when:

SUIT #1

P.M.S.?

The men laugh, except for Frank who glares at Duncan.

SUIT #1 (CONT'D)

Sorry, Sir.

Frank rises and follows Grace.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY**

Grace disappears as Frank exits the conference room.

FRANK

Grace...

(he follows her)

Grace... Wait.

He turns the corner and nearly runs into her.

GRACE

Doctor! Doctor Ensley. If it's Doctor Anderson, then it's Doctor Ensley!

FRANK

I'm sorry, you're right.

GRACE

Yes, but the damage is already done, isn't it, Frank? He's a doctor and I'm just a what? A woman, a sister, a secretary?!

She turns and continues down the hall.

FRANK

Grace, please.

He takes her arm. She spins, ready to strike.

GRACE

Don't— I can't believe this! My undergrad credentials eclipse anything Anderson has ever done!

She composes herself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is this 1957? Are all Mormon men living in 1957?

FRANK

Look, I know how disappointed you must be...

GRACE

Yeah, well, I'm getting used to it.

She disappears around a corner. He just sighs.

**EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

A VOLVO sits in the driveway of a beautifully restored Victorian house.

GRACE (V.O.)

I am so sick of this!

**INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Grace paces, righteously indignant, around the perfectly appointed kitchen. It's the sort of place an obsessive/compulsive Martha Stewart would live.

GRACE

Twice! This is twice I've been passed over!

Finally, she stops and focuses on JEAN MADSEN, an attractive earth-mother of a woman in her early-60s, who busies herself at the counter.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I could be at Princeton right now. Full tenure track. Twice the money!

JEAN

Then why aren't you?

Grace turns away.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'll tell you why. Because you're needed here. The young women at this university need you here and you know it. God wants you here.

GRACE

God might but nobody else does.

JEAN

Now, that's just silly. Stop your whining and take it gracefully.

GRACE

You can't tell me how to take it, you're not my mother.

JEAN

No, I'm your mother-in-law and that gives me certain rights.

GRACE

You're my "ex" mother-in-law, and you have no rights at all.

(kissing Jean's cheek)

Unless I give them to you, and I don't give them to you on this.

Then the back door lock flips. Grace hops to.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Crap, what is Frank doing here?

JEAN

He lives here.

She grabs her coat and purse, but the purse upends and everything in it scatters to the floor.

GRACE

Dammit!

Grace kneels and gathers her stuff. The back door opens. Frank enters and stops when he sees Grace on her knees.

FRANK

Are you praying, generally, or asking forgiveness?

She glares at him.

GRACE

Asking forgiveness... For you.

Frank smiles, kisses Jean's cheek and holds out his hand to Grace. She hesitates, then grabs it and Frank helps her up.

FRANK

I'm surprised you're talking to me.

GRACE

I'm not talking to you I'm talking to your wife.

She grabs her stuff and leaves. Frank just watches her.

JEAN

Well...? Go explain it to her.

He takes a deep breath then exits.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - DAY**

The sun is nearly gone as Grace strides to her car. Frank appears at the front door.

FRANK  
Why don't you stay for dinner?

GRACE  
Lost my appetite.

She opens the car door.

FRANK  
Grace...

He walks a couple steps to her. Fed up, she slams the door and strides towards him.

GRACE  
Why didn't you give it to me, Frank?  
You know Anderson isn't up to it.  
Why?

FRANK  
I intended to.  
(that stops her)  
I fasted and prayed...three times.  
But every time, it was Stuart's  
name that came to me, not yours.

She pauses, thinking, then sighs.

GRACE  
Thank you. Knowing now that both  
you and God don't want me makes me  
feel so much better.

She climbs in her car as Jean appears at the door. The Volvo backs out and peels off. Frank ambles back to Jean, who smiles and pats his arm. They go inside.

**INT. GRACE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Grace is on her rubber-gloved hands and knees scrubbing the bathroom floor like a woman possessed.

Then the phone rings. Grace stops, perplexed.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace yanks off a glove, picks up her cell and answers.

GRACE  
Hello?... No, I was— What are you  
doing up? It's two in the morn—

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jean stands in her robe leaning against the counter. Men's voices can be heard from the other room.

JEAN  
It's Whitney Dearborn...

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace listens. Dread floods her face.

**INT. WHITNEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

The place is full of cops as Grace enters. Then:

COP (O.S.)  
Excuse me, ma'am.

A COP stops Grace.

COP (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid you can't—

KINCH (O.S.)  
Sure she can.

Grace smiles, ruefully, at the sound of the voice.

GRACE  
Detective Kinch. Isn't it past  
your bedtime?

LIEUTENANT KINCH, a clean cut, husky man in his late 40s ambles over.

KINCH  
Yeah, and it ticks me off. What  
are you doing here? I thought I  
told you to stop listening to that  
police scanner.

GRACE  
And I always do what you tell me.

Grace looks around and spots Jean sitting on the couch comforting a middle-aged woman. Jean looks up as they catch each other's eye.

KINCH  
You know the dead girl?

GRACE  
Yeah...

Kinch leads Grace through the living room.

**INT. WHITNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace and Kinch stop at the bedroom door. Grace looks into the room and stands stunned.

KINCH  
Creepy, huh?

The room is dark, lit only by a handful of burning candles. Lying on the bed is Whitney... Serene and dressed in a long white dress, white stockings and white shoes with white soles.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
It's like she dressed for her wedding.

GRACE  
Or her funeral.

Grace looks around the room.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Was there a note?

KINCH  
Still looking. This was looping on her phone.

He presses play. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir sing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

GRACE  
Eerily appropriate. Got a glove?

KINCH  
Yeah.

He pulls a surgical glove out of his pocket and tosses it to her. She puts it on and approaches the body as around her the police work systematically investigating everything.

Grace moves to the bed table and picks up a vial.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
Valium. Prescription made out to her.

Grace replaces it and moves to Whitney, who lies there serenely. Grace pinches the waist of the dress. There's a good two inch gap.

GRACE  
Is this her dress?

Then from the doorway:

MRS. DEARBORN  
Why do you ask?

Grace turns and sees the middle-aged woman, MRS. DEARBORN, standing in the door way.

GRACE

Ah...because it doesn't fit.

MRS. DEARBORN

She'd lost weight. She wasn't eating. Said it was stress. Are you a detective?

GRACE

No, I'm, ah...

Jean steps in.

JEAN

This is Doctor Ensley. She's a forensic psychologist at the university.

MRS. DEARBORN

I know that name.

GRACE

I was chair of Whitney's dissertation committee.

MRS. DEARBORN

Oh, yes. She admired you. Thought you were fair.

(Grace smiles, sadly)

Why did she do this? She had everything going for her. She had a 4.0. Always had a 4.0. She worked so hard.

Grace has no answers as Mrs. Dearborn stands, her eyes pleading. Jean puts an arm around her.

JEAN

Let's go outside.

Mrs. Dearborn lets herself be steered out of the room. Jean throws a look to Grace over her shoulder and smiles, sadly, but reassuringly.

Then a police investigator who rifles through a Book of Mormon:

INVESTIGATOR

Hey, Lieutenant...

(Kinch looks over)

Found it.

Kinch crosses to him as the Investigator hands him a crumpled piece of paper. Kinch gives it the once over.

KINCH

Well... Here's our note.

Grace looks up. He holds out the note. Grace takes it and reads.

KINCH (CONT'D)

At least it doesn't mention you personally.

Grace shoots a look at Kinch. There is no love lost here. He leaves the room. Grace returns to the note.

**INT. WHITNEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

Jean sits on the couch as a coroner's gurney is wheeled into the bedroom. Jean watches the wheels wobble as they move over the carpet.

GRACE (O.S.)

You all right?

JEAN

I remember that sound. The wheels as they took her out. Isn't that a strange thing to remember?

Grace sits next to her.

GRACE

We remember what we remember.

Silence as the crime scene investigators mill around.

JEAN

What did it say?  
(Grace looks at her)  
The note.

Grace takes a deep breath.

GRACE

It said she couldn't possibly live up to what her committee expected. She meant, what I expected.

Silence as the gurney wheels out. Jean stares at the gurney's wheels as they wobble no longer, but squeak. Mrs. Dearborn follows, stunned.

JEAN

She'll wonder for the rest of her life.

GRACE

It wasn't her fault.

JEAN

But she'll think it is... And always will. That's how mothers are.

She sits a moment, then rises and exits. Grace watches her go.

CUT TO:

INSERT - CAMPUS NEWSPAPER HEADLINE, which reads:

"Suicide Part of Campus Life? Promising Ph.D.  
Candidate Found Dead."

GRACE (V.O.)

She reached out for me and I didn't  
see it.

**INT. FACULTY WOMEN'S ASSOC. MEETING - DAY**

The newspaper comes down, revealing Grace standing at a lectern.

GRACE

...I'm trained to see it and I didn't.

She looks out over the audience at two dozen average-looking women, including Jean, as they listen somberly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Whitney was bright and promising,  
and troubled. What I thought was  
procrastination was distress. I've  
made up a handout of warning signs  
and how to approach a person at  
risk. My TA will pass them out.

Liberty hands out flyers.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sisters, we are stewards. The Lord  
has placed these young women and men  
in our care, their parents trust us  
to keep them safe. We must not let  
one, not one, slip through. Thank  
you all for being here.

The women applaud.

GRACE (CONT'D)

There's still plenty of food so  
let's be American women and overeat.

The women laugh and start to mingle. Jean comes up to Grace and pats her arm. Liberty walks up.

LIBERTY

Here, Doc.

She hands Grace the left-over flyers.

LIBERTY (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Good to see you, Sister Madsen.

JEAN

You, too, Liberty.

Liberty takes off as ADDIE MCGREGOR, a plain, tailored woman of about 60 comes up to them.

ADDIE

Good work. I have two of my own students who are high risk.

JEAN

We should make a list.

GRACE

Can't. Against the law.

ADDIE

Well... Actually, it's not. It would fall under "duty to warn."

Jean frowns, not understanding.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

If we suspect that a student is going to do themselves or another bodily harm, we have a "duty to warn" the authorities. And in this case, we would be the authorities.

Grace thinks a moment, then pulls the women aside.

GRACE

It couldn't get around. It would be like blacklisting them... But if we could intervene, even with one.

ADDIE

Yes...

Grace looks around the room again. Her eye lights on several women.

GRACE

I'll speak with Barta and Steph and Janet...

ADDIE

I'll email—

GRACE

No, no email. Send them to me by confidential campus mail only.

ADDIE  
 Good idea. Good.

Jean listens intently.

CUT TO:

**INSERT - GRACE'S COMPUTER SCREEN**

Women's names are typed:

12. Rebecca Jennings
13. Melissa Judd
14. Stephanie Mercado

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace sits at the computer typing from a letter on her desk. Then Liberty enters, she looks exhausted.

LIBERTY  
 Here's the pop quiz, Doc. It's  
 supes hard. You're evil.

Grace puts the computer to sleep and turns over the piece of paper, hiding it.

LIBERTY (CONT'D)  
 Anything else?

GRACE  
 No, no, that's good.

LIBERTY  
 Okay. I'm off to the library for a  
 evening of torts. Wish it was  
 "tarts." Either kind.

Grace smiles as Liberty starts out.

GRACE  
 Lib...  
 (Liberty turns)  
 Are you okay?

LIBERTY  
 (unsure what she should  
 say)  
 Yeah... Well, I will be after three  
 Rockstars and a Red Bull.

Grace raises an eyebrow.

GRACE  
 Liberty.

Liberty sighs and rubs her forearm.

LIBERTY

I'm fine, Doc. There's just mid-terms in two weeks and I have three papers due...

Tears well in her eyes. She takes a deep breath and wipes her eyes, pulling herself out of her feelings.

LIBERTY (CONT'D)

And I have a place waiting for me in my Dad's law firm...

(rubs her arm)

Lucky me.

Liberty thinks a moment and sighs.

LIBERTY (CONT'D)

I wish I were smarter and my peers were dumber.

A STREAK of BLOOD seeps through the arm of her blouse where she was rubbing. Grace eyes it, then looks back to Liberty.

GRACE

Smarter? You're pulling a 3.87.

LIBERTY

Which is not a 4.0.

She rubs her arm and feels the blood. She folds her arms, hiding the spot.

LIBERTY (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Tears well in her eyes. She heads to the door.

GRACE

Libby...

LIBERTY

(without turning)

See ya tomorrow.

Liberty gone. Grace follows her through the door.

GRACE

Liberty...

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

But Liberty is trotting down the hall and out the door. Grace thinks a moment, concerned, then moves back into her office.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace sits at her desk, and wakes her computer. She thinks a moment, then types on the computer list "Liberty Bell."

**INT. DEAN ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

A letter opener slices through an envelope marked "CONFIDENTIAL." Hands withdraw a letter and open it. It's "the list."

GRACE (V.O.)

Enclosed please find a list of students classified as "at risk" of suicide.

Stewart Anderson sits at his perfectly neat desk, in his perfectly neat office, wearing his perfectly neat suit and reads the letter. He looks over the list then places it in and inbox on his desk.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Frank holds the letter and reads.

GRACE (V.O.)

These students should be monitored by their professors and mentored.

Frank folds it up and puts it in his Day Planner...he still uses a Day Planner?

**INT. ADDIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Addie holds the letter, then rises and locks it in a cabinet.

GRACE (V.O.)

This list is extremely confidential and should be protected.

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - DAY**

A collection of vegetables plop into a pot of boiling water.

JEAN

Why me? I'm not a professor.

GRACE

Because I don't know anyone that can take care of children better than you.

JEAN

I know some children that might not agree.

Jean moves to the sink, picks up her knife and slices through a carrot. Grace leans against the counter.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 What if I..."go off"...I could "go off." I never know when it's coming.

GRACE  
 Is that Frank talking or you?

JEAN  
 He knows me better than you think.  
 (thinks a moment)  
 Do you really think I could...stop someone...from...doing this?

GRACE  
 Yes.

Jean puts the knife down and wipes her hands on her apron.

JEAN  
 May I see the list.

Grace pulls it a computer list out of her purse and hands it to Jean who reads.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Grace. Liberty is on the list?

Grace nods.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 May I think about it?

GRACE  
 Sure.

Jean smiles, folds the letter and shoves it in her purse.

**INT. JEAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A hand pulls a toothbrush from it's holder. Jean leans against the door jam as Frank brushes his teeth.

FRANK  
 I don't think you should.

JEAN  
 Why?

FRANK  
 You're not up to it.

JEAN  
 Grace thinks I am.

He rinses his mouth.

FRANK  
Grace is mistaken.

He replaces his toothbrush and exits, kissing her cheek as he goes.

**INT. JEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jean keeps leaning against the door jam.

FRANK  
Besides I don't think the threat exists. I think that poor girl was one sad, but isolated incident.  
(Frank climbs into bed)  
Why open old wounds? You've been doing well... Leave it at that.

She wanders into the room. He gets his bible from the night stand and opens it. Jean sits on the edge of the bed.

JEAN  
You know, I keep expecting her to walk in. After all this time.  
(he looks up)  
Did that girl understand, I wonder? When she swallowed those pills, did she understand what it would do to her mother? If I could spare one mother that pain...

She sits thinking...

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

The ball is "hiked" to the holder as the place kicker's foot slams into the ball.

It's in! It's good! 35,000 Mormons scream! Who knew Mormons could be so loud?

**INT. STADIUM/PRESIDENT'S VIP BOX - NIGHT**

Grace, Frank and Jean sit in the V.I.P booth with a dozen other very special guests. The place is charged with "school spirit."

FRANK  
I told you he'd turn around the offense.

Grace takes Jean's binoculars and gazes out the window as behind her the TV picture shows one very handsome COACH.

ANNOUNCER  
This is the first game for David Madsen, the new offensive  
(more)

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)  
 coordinator, and I think this school  
 finally picked a good one.

**INSERT - FOOTBALL FIELD THROUGH BINOCULARS**

The binoculars focus on the home team, then dart about until they come to rest on DAVID MADSEN, the offensive coordinator.

The binoculars give him the once over. His broad shoulders, his thin hips. His extremely handsome face.

JEAN (O.S.)  
 He looks good, doesn't he?

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace glances at Jean and raises a reproachful eyebrow.

GRACE  
 You're his mother. You're supposed  
 to think he looks good.

Grace returns to her binoculars.

**INSERT - FOOTBALL FIELD THROUGH BINOCULARS**

Coach Madsen. He does look good. Then he looks up into the stands and right at Grace.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace steps back, even though he never could see her.

JEAN  
 I think he took this job to be near  
 you.

GRACE  
 I think he took the job because of  
 the money.

Jean chuckles.

JEAN  
 It's nearly half-time. I'm going  
 to get a hot dog. Try and beat the  
 rush. Anybody want anything?

Every man turns and hollers, "yeah." Jean moves to Frank, who's gazing out the window along with a handful of other men.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 Honey, give me some money. I left  
 my purse in the car.

He pulls out his wallet and gives her a couple twenties.

**INSERT - GAME CLOCK**

It clicks down to Zero.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

The crowd goes WILD as the teams leave the field.

**INT. STADIUM FOOD VENDORS - NIGHT**

Jean's jostled as she pushes down a crowded ramp to the food court.

JEAN  
Excuse me. Excuse me, please.

But she's pushed toward the exit.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Excuse... Please, I have to...

People and faces come at her. She looks around, everywhere people come at her.

Then she sees the restroom sign and shoves her way toward it.

**INT. STADIUM RESTROOM - NIGHT**

There's a line of women that winds out the door. Jean enters and pushes past them.

JEAN  
Excuse me... Excuse me, please.

The women in line stare at her.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I don't, I don't feel well.

A woman exits a stall. Jean pushes past a woman and into the stall.

**INT. STADIUM RESTROOM/STALL - NIGHT**

Jean enters, slams the door and throws the lock. Her chest heaves... Her hands shake... She presses against the door, her whole body shaking. She grabs the walls to steady herself...she has just "gone off."

**INT. STADIUM/PRESIDENT'S VIP BOX - NIGHT**

The game's in full swing with everybody at the window.

The door opens and Jean enters, perfectly pulled together, with food enough for ten.

JEAN

Soups on.

Heads turn and she is inundated.

FRANK

Where've you been? Did they have  
kill the cow?

Her hand shakes as she hands a burger to Frank. The men surround her, grabbing food.

Then a CHEER from the crowd. They rush to the window. Jean just stands there, a lone burger in her box. She looks around. Everyone's having such a good time. Why isn't she?

GRACE (O.S.)

You okay?

JEAN

Yes, yes, of course... Here.

She thrusts the last burger at Grace, then sits in the back.

GRACE

What's wrong?

Grace sits next to her.

JEAN

I can't... I can't help you with  
those girls. I'm not up to it.

Grace nods and takes her hand, reassuringly.

GRACE

It's okay...it's fine.

Jean smiles sadly, then moves off.

**EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT**

The stadium belches out its fans, elated by victory, including Grace, Jean and Frank. Grace kisses Jean's cheek.

GRACE

I'll see you tomorrow.

JEAN

I'll give you the list.

Grace nods and disappears into the crowd as Jean watches her.

**EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT/GRACE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Grace, along with half the state of Utah, makes her way to her car, when:

DAVID (O.S.)  
You shouldn't walk to your car alone.

Grace stops, a wry smile cracks her lips.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
A pretty girl like you.

She turns. DAVID MADSEN, the offensive coach, and just as drop-dead handsome in person as on TV, meanders toward her.

GRACE  
But this is Provo.

DAVID  
Nasty things happen in Provo, too.

GRACE  
Don't I know it.

David walks up to her.

DAVID  
I wondered when I'd bump into you.

GRACE  
Did you "bump" into me?

He smiles, caught.

DAVID  
Busted.

They stand a moment awkwardly, then a fan strides by and slaps him on the back.

FAN#1  
Good game, man.

DAVID  
Thanks.

GRACE  
Yes, good game. It's nice to win for a change.

He nods his thanks, sort of shyly.

DAVID  
How are you? You look good.

GRACE  
You look great. You're not quite so...

DAVID  
Fat?

GRACE

Beefy. I would never be married to  
a fat man.

He smiles, and nods.

DAVID

Mom said you're still living in the  
old house.

She nods. Then:

FRANK (O.S.)

Davey!

Grace and David look up. On the other side of the parking lot,  
Frank waves as he and Jean make their way through the cars.

GRACE

Your father's calling.

He smiles and nods.

DAVID

It was good seeing you.

He quickly steals a kiss on the lips. She pulls back. He trots  
off. She watches him a moment then climbs into her car.

**EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT/FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT**

David trots up to Frank and Jean. Frank's on the phone. David  
slows when he sees the car, its door open and its window smashed.

DAVID

Mom, what happened?

JEAN

They stole my purse. Why did I  
leave it in there?

David looks at the window.

DAVID

Looks like they took a bat to it.  
They take anything else?

FRANK

Nothing else to take.

JEAN

It was stupid. They say don't leave  
things in the car. But I hid it  
under the floor mat.

David puts a comforting arm around her shoulder.

DAVID  
Don't worry about it, Ma.

JEAN  
But all of my things. My wallet,  
my credit cards...  
(then a thought)  
Oh, no...

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - DAY**

Jean is on the phone.

JEAN  
No, they didn't. But Grace...The  
list was in my purse.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace works over a stack of papers.

GRACE  
Please... I doubt the thief cares.  
Just be sure and cancel your credit  
cards.

**INTERCUT - MADSEN KITCHEN/GRACE'S OFFICE**

JEAN  
I just feel so stupid...

GRACE  
These things happen....Okay, maybe  
I'll pop over this weekend...I will,  
bye.

She goes back to her work.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace sleeps peacefully as the moon shines brightly outside. Then the phone RINGS. Grace starts and fumbles for the phone.

GRACE  
Hello...

**INT. STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT**

Police mill around the living room of an old house. Lieutenant Kinch speaks on his cell phone.

KINCH  
Doc. Sorry to disturb you, but I  
need you to see something.

**INT. STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT**

The police efficiently go about their work. An occasional camera FLASH punctuates the scene as Grace enters.

She looks around, a bit disoriented, and spots Kinch talking with two YOUNG WOMEN. She starts toward him, but notices most of the activity happening in a room off the hall.

GRACE  
Lieutenant?

Kinch looks up.

KINCH  
Doc.  
(to the women)  
'Scuse me.

He starts toward the hall.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

He leads her to the bed room.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
Her name's Jennifer Hardman. Know her?

Grace shakes her head.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
Twenty-four. Returned missionary.  
Family lives in California. Her  
roommates got home from an institute  
dance in Salt Lake and found her.

They turn into the room. Grace stops dead.

**INT. STUDENT ROOM - NIGHT**

Except for fewer candles, the place is almost a snapshot of the first suicide scene. A lovely young woman dressed in a white gown... White shoes... White soles...

KINCH  
We found an empty bottle of Valium  
in the medicine cabinet made out to  
her mother.

GRACE  
Her mother gave her the pills?

KINCH  
To help her sleep. Said she was so  
stressed she couldn't sleep.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE  
Was there a note?

KINCH  
(nodding)  
In her hand. Typed.

GRACE  
Like on a typewriter?

Kinch shrugs.

KINCH  
Possibly. It told her parents not  
to worry. Gave her car to her  
younger brother. More like a will  
than a suicide note. And this was  
playing.

He hands her a baggie with CD jewel case of "The Mormon Tabernacle  
Choir" inside.

GRACE  
A CD? What kid these days has a CD  
player?

KINCH  
She did. Actually had a CD  
collection.

He points to a shelf with a dozen or so CDs. Grace walks to them  
and peers at the titles.

**INSERT - CD SPINES - TITLES**

Iron Maiden, Judas Priest, Metalica, Megadeth...

KINCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I've heard about copycat killers,  
but copycat suicides?

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace turns to Kinch.

GRACE  
These are all Heavy Metal bands  
from the 80s.

She holds up the "Mo-Tab" choir CD.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
And you think this was hers.

KINCH

What Mormon girl doesn't listen to the Tab Choir?

GRACE

A lot of them.

Kinch shakes his head.

KINCH

You sayin' this isn't a suicide?

GRACE

I'm saying this is not the same.  
I'm saying this seems...staged.

KINCH

And the other one wasn't?

She shakes her head...how does she get it through to him?

GRACE

The "feeling" is different.

KINCH

Ah, geez...You women an your intuition.

Grace looks at him, rather gob-smacked. Did he actually SAY that?

KINCH (CONT'D)

You've been reading too many "who-done-its." Until we have reason to believe otherwise, it's a suicide.

He takes her arm and leads her out the door. She's ready to slap him.

**INT. STUDENT HOUSE - DAY**

Grace stands outside the room as:

KINCH (O.S.)

Geez, women.

The sound of MEN CHUCKLING. Grace clenches her jaw and smolders, as inside, FLASH...FLASH!

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - DAY**

Grace sits on the counter as Jean wipes down the table.

JEAN

They called her on her cell phone?  
Her mother shouldn't have to hear it like that. No mother should hear it like that.

GRACE

No mother should hear it at all.

Jean stands a moment, then:

JEAN

Would you give me the list again?

Grace smiles, fetches her hand-written list out of her purse and hands it to Jean.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, good. You took Liberty off.

Grace takes the paper and writes.

GRACE

No, that's an early list. She's still there.

Jean watches as Grace writes, then she smiles.

JEAN

I know just what I'm going to do.

CUT TO:

**INT. MADSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

The front door opens. Liberty stands on the door step, a bottle of root beer in her hand.

JEAN

Liberty!

LIBERTY

Happy Thanksgiving, Sister Madsen!

Jean swings the door wide and beckons her in.

JEAN

Thank you! Come in, come in. I'm so glad you could come.

LIBERTY

I can't stay long, I'm swamped with home work.

Suddenly a man YELLS in another room.

JEAN

Frank is watching football.

LIBERTY

President Madsen watches football?

JEAN  
He does. Come on.

Jean leads Liberty into the kitchen.

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jean and Liberty enter. There are two other young women helping in the kitchen: STEPHANIE MERCADO, a slightly overweight, sad-looking woman of 23 who slices up a yam. The other is MELISSA JUDD, a very well-dressed, stunningly beautiful woman of 24.

JEAN  
We have another helper. Let me take your coat. Ladies, this is Liberty Bell.

The young women eye each other.

LIBERTY  
Yeah, you heard right. My parents had a sense of humor.

JEAN  
Liberty, that is Stephanie at the side board and Melissa at the stove.

The women greet each other.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I could use some celery sticks.

She thumps down a stalk of celery on a cutting board.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Here's a knife. I'll hang up your coat.

She smiles and exits. The women stand looking at one another

LIBERTY  
Are we, like, the servants?

They look at each other, strangers in a strange place.

**INT. MADSEN FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

Frank is engrossed in a game on T.V. as Jean enters the room.

JEAN  
Honey, people are here. I need you to change.

He changes the channel to another game.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Not the channel.

She smacks him good-naturedly. He chuckles, turns off the T.V. and rises.

**INT. GRACE'S VOLVO - NIGHT**

Grace drives along, a huge salad on the passenger seat. Then:

GRACE

Oh, crap.

Through the windshield she sees Jean's house. There are cars everywhere and every light is on. She sighs...she hates big functions.

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Grace enters, cautiously, her salad in her hands. The kitchen is packed with women and kids, all busily getting dinner ready.

DAVID (O.S.)

Mom told me you were coming.

Grace spins, clutching her salad. There's David looking handsome.

GRACE

She didn't tell me you were. Is everybody here?

DAVID

Yep.

GRACE

All seven of you?

DAVID

With kids. And some orphans.

Grace sighs. This is going to be agony. David helps her off with her coat and pauses, close. She steps away.

GRACE

I'll take this to the kitchen.

She moves off, quickly. David stands holding her coat.

**INT. MADSEN DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The table is crammed with people, eating, gabbing, and enjoying the evening. In an adjoining room are small tables filled with kids.

The din is deafening. In the middle of it all is Grace, a silent island in a sea of happy chaos. Around her everyone seems to be younger... Happier... Two younger WOMEN on either side talk across her.

Jean, at the foot of the table, beams, as does Frank at its head, surrounded by their posterity. The "orphans" from the list, even Liberty, seem to be enjoying themselves, though Stephanie not quite as much.

JEAN  
 (to Stephanie)  
 Did you get enough to eat?

Stephanie smiles and nods. Jean watches her.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 Don't leave hungry. I'll send some  
 food home with you.

Stephanie smiles.

STEPHANIE  
 Thanks.

Grace catches David's eye. He's watching her, with a grin. She raises a questioning eyebrow. He shrugs. She raises another eyebrow. He chuckles, nods at everyone and strangles himself.

She chortles and returns to her plate. Jean, however, has seen the whole thing and smiles...it's just what she wanted.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Grace stands at the rail, coatless, and just gazes at the moon in the clear autumn night. Then from behind:

DAVID  
 Needed a little air?

She jumps! David stands, her coat in his hands.

GRACE  
 Are you stalking me?

DAVID  
 Naw... Just like scaring you.

He holds up her coat. He waits to place it upon her shoulders. She pauses, then takes the coat and throws it over her shoulders.

GRACE  
 Why aren't you in watching football?

DAVID  
 I'm sick of football.

GRACE  
 I never thought I'd hear you say that.

He smiles, sort of self-consciously and joins her at the rail. They are silent, as the SOUND of the happy family floats out to them.

DAVID

You miss this, don't you? All this craziness.

GRACE

How can I miss it? I'm here.

DAVID

Because you're not status quo. Nor am I. We're single.

Grace studies him a moment.

GRACE

Why did you come back? There must've been other colleges that wanted you.

DAVID

Actually, there weren't. This was pretty much it. I was a mediocre halfback and most people don't want mediocrity.

GRACE

Except this university, which seems to thrive on it.

He looks away. That stung. Grace turns to him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean... I wasn't implying that you were—

DAVID

It's okay... Mom told me Dad didn't give you the deanship.

He faces her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Grace... I miss you...

She steps back.

GRACE

Don't. Please... Don't start something that can't and won't go anywhere.

He stops, she turns from him.

DAVID

Pumpkin pie's being served.  
(she is motionless)  
Yeah... I don't like it either.

He disappears inside. Grace stands silently at the rail and sighs.

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The house is nearly dark and nearly silent, just a hall light and the faint sounds of a T.V. upstairs. Jean's hand dunks a cut crystal glass into soapy water.

JEAN

This is my favorite part of Thanksgiving.

GRACE

Cleaning?

JEAN

No, the calm. Rachel and I would be in here and gab till the wee hours.

GRACE

'Bout what?

JEAN

Oh, things. Her school. My food. The fights.

She hands the glass to Grace who dries.

GRACE

Mormon's don't fight.

JEAN

We don't fight in public.

GRACE

We converts fight. We like fighting.

JEAN

I know.

Grace places the glass in the cupboard.

GRACE

Do you? Did David tell you everything?

JEAN

I'm sure not everything.

GRACE

Just the juicy parts?

Jean hands her the glass.

JEAN

He wants you back.

Grace just puts the glass away.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Why can't you give him another chance? Forgiveness is part of our religion, you know.

GRACE

So is fidelity.

JEAN

People make mistakes.

GRACE

Adultery is not a mistake. He didn't slip and accidentally fall naked on top of that woman.

JEAN

Once, it happened once.

GRACE

That we know of.

JEAN

Grace—

GRACE

Jean, stop.

Silence. Jean washes another glass.

JEAN

You still love him.

GRACE

I'll get over it.

JEAN

Why do you want to?

Jean gazes at Grace a moment, then returns to her dishes.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Yep. My favorite part of the day.

**EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT**

The stadium lights blaze as two teams run onto the field. The crowd roars.

**INT. STADIUM/PRESIDENT'S VIP BOX - NIGHT**

A taco chip stabs into a 9 layer bean dip and scoops out a glob. Grace shoves the chip into her mouth.

She looks around. Most of the same people from before, with some high rollers to boot. Frank talks to a NICELY DRESSED COUPLE.

Grace moves to the window and as she passes Frank she hears:

FRANK

I think we have a chance tonight.

Grace stops.

GRACE

Against USC? Frank, we may have a Prophet, but they have an offense.

Frank's smile disappears.

FRANK

Well, hope springs eternal.

GRACE

So does denial.

Grace goes to the window and gazes out. The teams line up for the kick off as the school fight song plays.

Grace gazes at the university's bench, then grabs a pair of binoculars from a table and looks through them.

**INSERT - FOOTBALL FIELD**

The binoculars find David, all handsome and focused on the game.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace stands transfixed, as:

FRANK

Do you stay up nights thinking of ways to embarrass me?

Grace looks up.

GRACE

Well, yeah, but not very late.

He sighs, exasperatedly.

FRANK

That was Martin Huntsville.

GRACE

Martin, "the richest man in Utah," Huntsville?

(he nods)

Sorry. I didn't know—

FRANK

It's a VIP booth, Grace. VIPs often attend.

Grace gazes back out the window. Frank joins her gaze.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
No harm done this time. He agreed  
with me that women don't know  
anything about football.

That stings.

GRACE  
Maybe you'll both change your mind  
when we lose.

He moves away.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Where's Jean?

FRANK  
Paying a call to one of her girls.  
(he turns)  
And will you please take that list  
from her.

He moves to his "buddies." Her eyes sear through his back.

**EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jean stands at the door of an old red brick house with a "For Rent" sign in front. She has a pan of brownies in her hand as she KNOCKS on the door. She waits patiently, but...nothing.

She knocks again and peers in the window.

**JEAN'S POV**

The house is dark except for a light coming from a back room.

She looks at the brownies, dismayed, then back at the house. She tries the knob... It turns... and the door SQUEAKS open.

**INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's a house like all other student rentals. Second-hand furniture. Bare walls, save for a picture of the Salt Lake Temple on the wall. In a back room comes the melancholy sound of the MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

JEAN  
Hello?

Jean peeks around the door... Then ventures in.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Stephanie?

Suddenly, a CRASH from the back of the house. She listens...  
Something's not right. She eyes a light down the hall and starts  
toward it.

**INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jean turns the corner, brownies in hand.

JEAN  
Stephanie?

All is quiet as she comes upon the lighted room. As she clears  
the door, first she sees lit candles...

Then the bed...

Then Stephanie, in a white gown, lying on the bed... Dead.

Jean gasps...

The brownies fall, in slow motion, and as they hit the floor...

MATCH CUT:

**INT. STADIUM - NIGHT**

A football bounces on the ground right through the hands of it's  
intended receiver.

Then the buzzer! The game's over. The scoreboard relays the  
slaughter: Visitor-61, Home-10.

Grace stares out the window and shakes her head. The VIP box is  
nearly empty. Only Frank and a handful of diehards remain.

Grace gathers her things and heads for the door.

GRACE  
Geez, sure wish I knew more about  
football.

Frank's not amused. Then his cell phone rings. He fishes it from  
his pocket.

FRANK  
Hi. What?!... When?...

At the door, Grace stops and looks back.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
...Are you all right? Yes... Yes...  
I'm on my way.

He hangs up and sits, stunned.

GRACE  
What?...

He looks at her.

JEAN (O.S.)  
I made no difference. No difference  
at all.

**INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Grace sits with her arm around Jean.

JEAN  
I know she seemed a little down at  
Thanksgiving, but she was fine when  
I called her? What happened? What  
didn't I see?

Grace looks around as cameras FLASH and the police do what police  
do. Frank stands at the door talking with Kinch.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Have they told her mother yet?

GRACE  
I don't know.

JEAN  
Would you find out?

Grace nods, rises and moves to Kinch. They acknowledge one another.

GRACE  
Has Stephanie's mother been told?

KINCH  
I've got a call in.

FRANK  
We have to do something about this,  
Grace.

GRACE  
You could fast and pray.

FRANK  
I don't need your sarcasm.

GRACE  
I wasn't being sarcastic.

FRANK  
Lieutenant, if you're finished, I'd  
like to take my wife home.

KINCH  
Sure.

Frank goes to Jean and helps her up.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 You know... For a shrink... You're pretty hard.

GRACE  
 I wasn't being sarcastic!

Kinch shakes his head.

KINCH  
 Go home, doc, we don't need you.

Grace sighs, misunderstood. She turns to go, when something catches her eye: An unbuckled shoe on Stephanie's foot.

GRACE  
 Lieutenant?

Kinch keeps walking.

KINCH  
 Go home, Doc.

**INT. STEPHANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Grace looks at Stephanie's feet... One shoe is buckled and one is not.

GRACE  
 What do you make of that?

Now he turns.

KINCH  
 What?

GRACE  
 Her right shoe. It's unbuckled.

KINCH  
 So?

GRACE  
 So... She went to a lot of trouble with everything else. Why not take the time to buckle her shoe?

That gets Kinch's interest.

KINCH  
 Anybody touch or move anything in here?

Everyone shakes their heads.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 What about Mrs. Madsen?

JEAN (O.S.)

No.

Grace and Kinch turn.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I just checked her pulse and called  
911. Why?

FRANK

Come on, Jean.

Jean ignores him as Grace and Kinch examine the body on either side.

GRACE

Gloves.

Kinch pulls a couple out of his pocket and tosses them to her. She puts them on then slips the unbuckled shoe off.

GRACE (CONT'D)

These aren't hers.

She measures it on Stephanie's foot. It's way too big.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Did she go on a mission?

JEAN (O.S.)

No.

Both Grace and Kinch look to her.

GRACE

Had she been through the temple?

No one knows.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is this even her dress?!

Then, a couple candles at the bedside flicker. Grace looks up and sees an open window.

JEAN

That was open when I got here.

Grace and Kinch move to the window and look out.

### **GRACE'S POV**

A garbage can is turned over. A cat eats out of it. Grace closes her eyes as her heart sinks.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What?

(more)

JEAN (cont'd)  
 (Grace looks at her.)  
 What is it?

**INT. POLICE STATION/WAR ROOM - DAY**

Kinch tapes a picture of the deceased Stephanie on a white board.

KINCH  
 We have a murder on our hands,  
 gentlemen.

Again, there's nothing but MEN in the room. He tapes up the picture of the second dead girl.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 I want the evidence from the Jennifer  
 Hardman case.

A DETECTIVE pipes up.

DETECTIVE  
 Don't have it. Her mother took  
 everything.

KINCH  
 Then get it back.

DETECTIVE  
 But clearly it was a suicide.

KINCH  
 Nothing's clear now.

DETECTIVE  
 Is this because of that shrink?

KINCH  
 Look, get the effects. I don't  
 care how corrupted. Find the dress,  
 find the shoes, find everything and  
 find it now.

He looks to them. No one moves.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 Now!

They all return to their desks. A couple of them start for the door.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 And if this leaks to the press, every  
 butt in this room is in a sling.

**EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY**

The campus bustles as a light snow falls.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 ...According to police sources, the death, which had been believed to be a suicide, is now confirmed as a murder...

**INT. STUDENT UNION/TELEVISION SET - DAY**

An homogenized NEWS ANCHOR reads at a news desk.

NEWS ANCHOR  
 ...And even possibly the work of a serial killer.

A dozen STUDENTS gaze at the set. They are joined by SEVERAL MORE.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
 Not since Ted Bundy's killing spree of 1974 has there been a serial killer at work in the state of Utah.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE/TELEVISION SET - DAY**

Grace watches the news in her office, Liberty at her side.

NEWS ANCHOR  
 And like Ted Bundy the killer has focused on coeds at a Utah university.

Liberty mutes the TV.

GRACE  
 So much for leaking to the press.

LIBERTY  
 You think it is a serial killer?

GRACE  
 Don't know.

LIBERTY  
 Does his M.O. fit?

Grace shrugs.

GRACE  
 He's systematic. Methodical. Ritualistic.

LIBERTY  
 Does he take trophies?

GRACE  
 (shrugs)  
 Nothing seems to be missing.

Grace's phone rings. She answers.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 Doctor Ensley... Lieutenant...  
 (she flashes a look  
 to Liberty)  
 Why would I leak it?

**INT. KINCH'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kinch paces.

KINCH  
 Well, somebody leaked it.

Grace tries not to laugh.

GRACE (V.O.)  
 Or we have a telepathic killer?

KINCH  
 You know, your sarcasm annoys me.

**INTERCUT - GRACE'S OFFICE/KINCH'S OFFICE**

Grace eyes Liberty.

GRACE  
 I'll have to remember that. Is  
 there anything else?

KINCH  
 Yeah, there is. You ever heard of  
 a guy named Patrick O'Connell?

Grace presses the "speaker phone" button.

GRACE  
 No, who is he?

KINCH  
 F.B.I.

Kinch peers through the Venetian blinds into the war room. PATRICK O'CONNELL, a man in his late 20s, studies the white board. He's clean cut, serious and better looking than any F.B.I. agent should be.

Kinch grabs a folder and reads.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 He studied clinical psychology at  
 Yale and then got his PhD in forensic  
 psychology at Princeton.

Grace sits on the edge of her desk.

GRACE  
 Good schools. Must know his stuff.

KINCH

But he looks about twelve.

GRACE

That's only because you look sixty.

KINCH'S VOICE

What did I say about sarcasm.

GRACE

And see, I remembered.

Liberty nearly "spit-takes" into her Rockstar can.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Say, Lieutenant, since the press knows, you might tell them that the dead woman knew her attacker.

KINCH

We don't know that's true.

GRACE'S VOICE

Yeah, we do. No signs of struggle. No forced entry.

KINCH

Doors might have been unlocked.

GRACE

And a snowball might have a chance in hell.

Liberty smiles.

KINCH

Thanks for your input...

Kinch tosses the file folder on his desk.

KINCH (CONT'D)

But I don't want to show the killer our hand.

GRACE

I'm not thinking about the killer and he's holding all the cards anyway, to continue your extremely pallid metaphor. I'm thinking about his next victim which I assure you he has selected.

KINCH'S VOICE

Maybe this guy's got it out of his system.

Grace shakes her head. He is naive.

GRACE  
Lieutenant, this guy has just begun.

Silence on the other end.

KINCH (V.O.)  
Good-bye, Doctor.

**INT. KINCH'S OFFICE - DAY**

He hangs up, thinks a moment, then exits.

**INT. POLICE STATION/WAR ROOM - DAY**

Kinch exits his office and strides up to Patrick, who stares at the pictures.

KINCH  
Well, Agent O'Connell. What do you think?

PATRICK  
Well, they obviously knew their attacker.

That stops Kinch.

KINCH  
That's what I thought. No signs of struggle or forced entry.

PATRICK  
Exactly.

Kinch folds his arms.

KINCH  
Though the door might have been unlocked.

PATRICK  
Possible, but unlikely.

He scans the pictures.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Fascinating. Truly.

KINCH  
So... Who is this guy?

Patrick shakes his head, almost imperceptibly.

PATRICK  
White male... Thirty-ish. Professional man, maybe. Fancies himself a romantic. Obsessive-compulsive.

KINCH

What about the unbuckled shoe?

PATRICK

Got interrupted, I'd say. Who did you say found her?

KINCH

The university president's wife.

PATRICK

I'd like to talk with her.

Kinch nods as Patrick moves closer to the photos and stares at one...then the next.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Who is he killing? And why copy a suicide? No sign of sexual assault?

Kinch shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fingers, toes, ears, tongue, all accounted for?

KINCH

Yeah.

Patrick sighs.

PATRICK

Well, he's killing someone society forbids having sex with, that's obvious. A sister or a mother.

KINCH

A mother? These girls are not even twenty-five.

PATRICK

Doesn't matter. You don't know how old he was when these patterns were set or how he saw his mother.

KINCH

Could it be his wife?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK

Wives are for sex, even if he doesn't get any.

He studies a wide-angle photo.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Why the white?

KINCH  
Mormons are often buried—

PATRICK  
In their temple clothes, yeah, I  
read that.

Patrick moves away from the wall.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant, do you know Doctor Grace  
Ensley?

KINCH  
Yeah. Worked with her before.

PATRICK  
I'd like to bring her in to consult.

That takes Kinch off guard.

KINCH  
My...thought exactly. I just got  
off the phone with her. She said  
she'd help anyway she could.

PATRICK  
Excellent.

Patrick finally smiles. He's even better looking when he does.

**EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - DAY**

Patrick exits his car, a briefcase in hand, and walks into the  
psychology building.

**INT. PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - DAY**

Patrick enters with, it seems, every member of the student body.  
The place is packed. He finds the building directory, then the  
floor he needs and climbs the stairs.

**INT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT RECEPTION/HALLWAY - DAY**

A RECEPTIONIST sits at the desk as Patrick enters.

RECEPTIONIST  
May I help you?

PATRICK  
Yes, Dr. Patrick O'Connell to see  
Dr. Ensley.

RECEPTIONIST

She's not here.

Then the door opens and Grace struggles in, laden with books and talking on her cell.

GRACE

I understand that but—

Patrick looks over and quickly opens the door for her. She looks up and catches his eye. He smiles, warmly. She, perfunctory.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(into phone)

Do you have any data to back it up?

She moves through the office and down a hall. Patrick turns back to the Receptionist.

PATRICK

Is she coming back?

The Receptionist shrugs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Would you tell her I'm here and that I have an appointment.

Grace pops her head around the corner and gives him the once over. This young man is impeccably dressed. Maybe even has a tailor.

GRACE

Are you Agent O'Connell?

Patrick turns and smiles.

PATRICK

Yes.

GRACE

(into phone)

I'll call you back. My three o'clock is here.

Grace pockets her phone and walks toward him, her arm outstretched.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm late. For some reason I keep getting classrooms across campus.

They shake hands.

PATRICK

It's a pleasure to finally meet you.

GRACE

Finally? Have you tried to meet me before?

PATRICK

I wrote a couple letters.

GRACE

Really? Did you mail them?

He chuckles. Grace looks to the Receptionist.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Forward all my calls to voice mail.

The Receptionist nods as Grace motions to Patrick.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Follow me.

She starts down the hall, Patrick close behind.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace plops her books on the desk then sits behind it.

Patrick looks around. The place seems more like a library than an office. Every wall is lined with books. Thick books. Scholarly books. There's not a John Grisham in sight.

GRACE

Now, what can I do for you?

He reaches into his briefcase and pulls out three books, each one of them a bit ragged, dog-eared, and full of post-it notes.

PATRICK

Well, first you can sign these.

He hands her the books. They're all by her. She smiles a little self-consciously.

GRACE

And you've even read them... A lot.

PATRICK

They're my bibles.

GRACE

Well, not really sacred texts, but I like to think inspired.

He smiles that smile of his and turns a book over. On the back cover is a very good picture of Grace.

PATRICK

I like this picture the best.

GRACE

I don't like any of them.

She looks up. He looks intently at her, a little too intently. She shifts a bit, then opens up "Inside the Serial Killer's Mind."

GRACE (CONT'D)

What's your first name.

PATRICK

Patrick.

GRACE

Patrick O'Connell? Polish?

He laughs. His laugh is even better than his smile.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So, what can I do for you?

He walks around and takes in the place.

PATRICK

Well, first I'd like to speak with Mrs. Madsen, then I'd like to go to the crime scenes—

GRACE

Why do you need me for that?

PATRICK

Well, I thought since you're consulting on the case, that—

GRACE

I'm...not consulting.

PATRICK

But Lieutenant Kinch told me he'd asked you.

GRACE

No...he...didn't.

She finishes signing the books and stacks them.

PATRICK

Well, will you?

GRACE

Why?

PATRICK

Because you wrote the book on serial killers.

(more)

PATRICK (cont'd)

(pick up a book)

I mean you literally wrote the book on serial killers.

GRACE

I'm happy to help when I can, but its almost midterm and I'm swamped.

PATRICK

Dr. Ensley. Someone is killing bright, promising young women. You and I know that as sincere as this police force is, they are ill-equipped to catch your "Mr. White."

GRACE

Mr. White? Is that what you're calling him? Sounds like "Reservoir Dogs."

PATRICK

Their moniker not mine.

She thinks a moment, then picks up the phone and dials.

GRACE

I think I can get Mrs. Madsen. She's my ex-mother-in-law.

(into the phone)

Hi... You busy for the next half-hour or so...? Good, I'm coming over. Someone wants to meet you.

She hangs up and looks to Patrick, who smiles.

**INT. MADSEN LIVING ROOM - DAY**

This is a beautiful room. Perfectly decorated. Vacuum lines on the carpet. It's the room no one's allowed in.

PATRICK

Why were you visiting her?

JEAN

To bring her some brownies.

(Patrick frowns)

She seemed a little down.

GRACE

You see in the Mormon culture, sugary baked goods are used in place of the more standard psycho tropic medications... Except for Prozac.

Jean smacks Grace's leg.

JEAN  
 (to Patrick)  
 It shows someone you care.

GRACE  
 The sugary backed goods are just  
 the delivery method.

JEAN  
 I can't eat them myself, I'm  
 diabetic, but I love to cook.

Patrick is totally confused, but he shakes it off.

PATRICK  
 When you got there, did you notice  
 anything strange?

JEAN  
 Everything seemed strange. No lights  
 on. The house was deathly quiet.  
 Oh, and I heard a crash out back.

PATRICK  
 What kind of crash?

JEAN  
 Well, like a garbage can falling over.

PATRICK  
 You were aware that we found an  
 overturned garbage can behind the house?

JEAN  
 Yes, but I know what a garbage can  
 falling over sounds like when I  
 hear it.

Grace smiles. Jean can hold her own.

PATRICK  
 Was there anything else?

JEAN  
 The door was unlocked. And the  
 house... I've never felt anything  
 so cold... So devoid of the spirit.

PATRICK  
 The "spirit?"

JEAN  
 (nodding)  
 There was evil in there.

Patrick pauses at Jean's remark, then glances at Grace.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - DAY**

Grace and Patrick move down the driveway to the car.

PATRICK  
That woman is nuts.

GRACE  
Why?

PATRICK  
Come on. "There was evil in there?"  
"Devoid of the spirit?"

GRACE  
She's not nuts. She's Mormon. We  
all talk like that.

Grace gets in the car. Patrick pauses, shakes his head, then he climbs in.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A match lights a candle... Then it moves to another behind it. Somewhere in the room a woman MOANS, sleepily.

YOUNG WOMAN #2  
I'm cold.

A YOUNG WOMAN lies shivering on the bed. Someone pulls a cover over her.

YOUNG WOMAN #2 (CONT'D)  
(groggily)  
I can't... I...

A surgically gloved hand strokes her hair. The Young Woman's eyes open.

The Young Woman smiles then closes her eyes. Silence. Then one last breath... And her breathing stops forever.

**INT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - DAY**

The gold visage of the angel Moroni atop the Salt Lake L.D.S. temple stands as sentinel as the snow falls.

GRACE (O.S.)  
And why did you want to come here?

PATRICK  
Research...and I've never been here  
before. It's beautiful. I think  
the killer's a Mormon.

GRACE

I agree.

Grace and Patrick stand dwarfed by the granite behemoth.

PATRICK

I'd like to go inside.

He starts toward the door. She grabs him.

GRACE

Ah... You can't.

PATRICK

Why not?

GRACE

Because you're not a Mormon.

PATRICK

So? You go in our cathedrals and you're not Catholic.

GRACE

So? You let us.

He eyes her, suspiciously then looks up at the massive wooden temple doors. Above them is inscribed: "Holiness Unto The Lord."

PATRICK

So what do you do in there?

GRACE

Make promises to God who makes promises to us.

He looks at her, skeptically.

PATRICK

And if you don't keep your promises?

GRACE

No blessings for you.

PATRICK

Have you always kept your promises?

She eyes him.

GRACE

I think...we better head back.

PATRICK

Sorry, that was...really out of line.

She turns and starts away. He trots to catch up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Dr. Ensley.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers:

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
O'Connell... Yes, Lieutenant...

Grace turns.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
When? I see...

Grace eyes him, questioningly. He looks at her and nods. She sighs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Okay.  
(hanging up)  
Well, this guy isn't wasting any  
time.

**INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

A sheet goes over the Young Woman's dead face.

KINCH  
Her name's Rebecca Jennings. Second  
year law student.

He throws a glance at Grace.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
Both shoes were buckled this time.  
Everything's the same, music,  
candles, dress...

Grace just stares at the body.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
I spoke with her father in Kentucky.  
He said she had been very despondent  
lately. So much so that he wanted  
her to see a shrink.

GRACE  
Did she?

KINCH  
No.

Grace slips on some gloves and picks up a piece of paper.

GRACE  
From her computer?  
(more)

GRACE (cont'd)  
 (Kinch nods. Grace  
 reads)

"Dear Dad. Please don't be upset.  
 You're the best father any daughter  
 could want. I will treasure our  
 times together. I want you to call  
 mom and apologize..."

(Grace looks at Kinch)

KINCH  
 Seems her father left her mother  
 about two years ago.

GRACE  
 "...Maybe that way she'll stop crying."

Kinch moves to her and takes the letter from her.

KINCH  
 This is interesting here.

As he reads, Grace walks around the room and picks up a snapshot  
 of the dead girl and a handsome YOUNG MAN. On the back is written:  
 "Me and Jordan. Yosemite. 2015"

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 (he reads)  
 "Give my computer and my records to  
 Jordan and anything else he wants."

GRACE  
 Why is that interesting?

KINCH  
 Because her brother, Jordan, killed  
 himself eight months ago.

Grace thinks a moment.

GRACE  
 It seems Mr. White doesn't like  
 doing research.

KINCH  
 Her dad said she would never kill  
 herself. Never.

PATRICK  
 Why?

KINCH  
 Because her mother never got over  
 Jordan's death.

Patrick picks up a posed family photo.

Grace walks to him and looks at the picture. Two perfect parents. Two perfect kids. All wearing matching denim shirts. Then...

GRACE  
What did you say her name was?

KINCH  
Rebecca Jennings.

She racks her brain.

GRACE  
How do I know that name?

PATRICK  
She in one of your classes?

GRACE  
Could be...

All eyes are on her...Then, it dawns on her:

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Oh, no...

She moves to her briefcase, rifles through her files and pulls out the list.

**INSERT - THE LIST**

Her finger scans down the names then stops on "Rebecca Jennings."

KINCH (O.S.)  
What's that?

Her finger continues down the list and stops at "Stephanie Mercado."

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace looks up.

GRACE  
What was the name of the first girl?  
Not the original suicide, but the  
first copycat?

KINCH  
Jennifer Hardman.

Grace reads.

GRACE  
Oh, dear God.

She hands the list to Patrick.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
He's using the list.

**INT. BECCA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Grace paces as Patrick and Kinch stand.

GRACE  
We didn't make the list for  
publication, for crying out loud,  
it was strictly for identifying "at  
risk" individuals.

KINCH  
Who's got the list?

GRACE  
The President... My Dean... Six  
people total... But...

Kinch eyes her, warily.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
One was stolen.

KINCH  
Great. That's just great.

PATRICK  
That list could be anywhere.

KINCH  
Well, if he is using this list then we  
stake out these girls, we catch him.  
I don't want this info to get out...

GRACE  
But we have to warn these women and  
get the lists back.

KINCH  
No. No! We do nothing. We don't  
talk with them, or warn them,  
nothing. If this guy gets a whiff  
that we're on to him, he'll freeze,  
or worse, start his own list.

He glances at Patrick.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
Back me up on this.

PATRICK  
He's right. We can't do anything  
to tip him off.

She sighs and rubs her forehead. This is a nightmare. Then a warning finger at Kinch.

GRACE  
 Promise me, you won't let anything  
 happen to these girls.

KINCH  
 I promise.

He takes her arm and leads her to the door.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 We can handle this. Let the  
 professionals take it from here.

Why doesn't that make her feel any better. She shoots a look to Patrick, who smiles reassuringly.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 Now go. Get together with friends.  
 You have friends, don't you?

She raises an eyebrow.

GRACE  
 A few. I'm very discriminating.

KINCH  
 And not very friendly.

She raises the other eyebrow. Hmm, Kinch has a sense of humor. She leaves.

**EXT. BERTRAM UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

It's snowing lightly as Grace makes her way through the Quad.

**EXT. COLLEGE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES BUILDING - DAY**

Grace climbs the stairs and enters.

**INT. DEAN ANDERSON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Grace pushes through a pair of glass doors and up to BEV, an older woman at a desk.

GRACE  
 Hey, Bev.

Bev looks up.

BEV  
 Hello, Doctor Ensley.

Grace nods toward the door.

GRACE

Is he in?

Bev nods, picks up her phone and dials.

BEV

Doctor Ensley to see you...Yes,  
sir.

(to Grace)

Go on in.

Grace nods and pushes through the large oak door.

**INT. DEAN ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dean Anderson sits at his desk, a neatly stacked pile of papers in front of him. When Grace enters, he rises.

ANDERSON

Grace. How nice to see you.

He extents his hand. She takes it firmly.

GRACE

Thanks. How are you, Stewart?

ANDERSON

Good, good. Just getting up to  
speed.

Grace looks around.

GRACE

You...really changed things around  
here. It's very...neat.

ANDERSON

Yes, I like things tidy. I'm a bit  
obsessive like that. Please sit.

She does.

GRACE

I just wanted to add a name on that  
list I sent you a couple weeks ago.

ANDERSON

Oh, yes, I have it right here.

He thumbs through his inbox.

GRACE

You put it in your "inbox?" It was  
highly sensitive.

ANDERSON

Yes, I know.

GRACE  
Anyone could access it.

ANDERSON  
No one has access to my office.  
Here it is.

He's rather flip as he pulls the sheet out and looks it over.

GRACE  
Add the name Jessica Connelly.

He writes.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to everyone who has the  
list, personally, and adding her  
name. It's safer.

ANDERSON  
Okay, done. I hear you're working  
with the police.

Grace nods.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Any luck so far?

GRACE  
No. This guy is good.

As she speaks she watches him closely.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
He's smart and cunning. Detailed  
and imaginative. Simple but complex.

He listens.

ANDERSON  
I hope you catch him. Good luck.

She rises. He rises. She walks to the door, then turns.

GRACE  
If you could put that in a locked  
cabinet, I would appreciate it.

ANDERSON  
Sure thing.

She nods and is out. His smile disappears as he tosses the list  
back on the top of the inbox.

**EXT. COLLEGE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES BUILDING - DAY**

Grace exits and pulls her phone out of her coat pocket and dials.

PATRICK (V.O.)

O'Connell.

GRACE

Agent O'Connell, it's Doctor Ensley.  
I think Stuart Anderson may be our  
man.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Why?

She walks briskly through the Quad.

GRACE

Well, besides the creep factor, he  
fits the profile. White man,  
professional, obsessive-  
compulsive...and he has access to  
the list.

**INT. PATRICK'S CAR - DAY**

Patrick drives as he talks on his blue tooth.

PATRICK

I'm close to your office. I'll  
meet you there in ten.

GRACE (V.O.)

See you then.

**EXT. PATRICK'S CAR - DAY**

The car squeals as it makes a U-turn and guns down the road.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace sits back in her chair, an air of smugness about her. Patrick  
sits in a chair opposite her.

PATRICK

Don't you think he'll figure it  
out?

GRACE

No. He's too confident, too arrogant  
to follow up with his colleagues.  
No, he believed I was just adding  
another name to the list.

PATRICK

Yeah, but there are fifteen women  
on that list. He's not stupid enough  
to kill the one you just gave him.

She rises, perturbed.

GRACE

Look, I wanted to get into his office and see what was in his head.

PATRICK

Grace, you're a psychologist not a psychic. Does this Jessica Connelly even exist.

GRACE

She will. I grant you it's a long shot, but it's a shot.

He shakes his head.

PATRICK

I just wish you would have talked to me first.

She sits on the edge of her desk facing him.

GRACE

It might flush him out.

PATRICK

It might scare him away.

Grace thinks a moment...she might have screwed up. Patrick rises.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We'll put a tail on him.

She nods.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It might work, who knows? In the meantime... Would you have dinner with me.

She looks up.

GRACE

Tonight?

PATRICK

Well, tonight or... Friday.

She's a bit gob-smacked.

GRACE

You mean...a date? Don't you think that might be a bit awkward, us working together and all?

PATRICK

Not for me.

GRACE  
Well, it would for me.

She rises and goes back to her chair.

PATRICK  
Why?

GRACE  
Because we're working together..."and all."

PATRICK  
What's the "and all?"

GRACE  
"And all" I'm about ten years older than you.

PATRICK  
Oh... Is that a religious thing?

GRACE  
No, it's a—

PATRICK  
Stupid thing.

GRACE  
Sensible thing.

He sighs.

PATRICK  
Look, I didn't ask you to marry me, just have dinner.

She thinks a moment.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Come on. We'll talk about the case, I'll give you the receipt, and you can take it off your taxes.

She smiles and sits.

GRACE  
Well, as long as I can take it off my taxes.

PATRICK  
Friday at seven?

GRACE  
Sure.

He opens the door.

PATRICK

And dress up.

He's out the door. She sits a moment...that might be the second stupidest thing she did today.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/FRONT HALL - NIGHT**

The door opens. There stands Patrick, looking perfectly GQ, in an exquisite suit and tie. He holds an enormous bouquet of wildflowers. He smiles that incredible smile of his at:

Grace, looking STUNNING in a simple black cocktail dress. Her hair is perfect and she's actually showing a little cleavage.

PATRICK

You look...amazing!

He hands her the flowers.

GRACE

Thank you.

Patrick enters. She strides to the kitchen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I feel overdressed.

PATRICK

You aren't.

GRACE

Should we go?

She reenters, grabs her coat, and strides past him.

PATRICK

Guess so.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Grace is halfway down the walk as Patrick exits the house. The air is crisp with a foot of new snow in the yard. He stands on the porch.

PATRICK

Why do I get the feeling you just want this evening to be over with?

GRACE

I don't know. Why do you?

He shakes his head and hurries to catch up.

**EXT. SUNDANCE - NIGHT**

This place is a wonderland, covered with snow and decorated for Christmas. It's a place people go to to fall in love. Patrick's car rolls into the parking lot.

GRACE (O.S.)  
You're taking me to the Tree Room?

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Is that okay?

**INT. PATRICK'S CAR - NIGHT**

PATRICK  
If it's too much we could get some nachos at a gas station.

She smiles.

GRACE  
No, no... It's nice. Very nice.  
Thank you.

PATRICK  
You're welcome.

She looks at him, curiously.

GRACE  
Who are you? I've known you, what,  
a weeks and here I am in your car.  
Why is that?

PATRICK  
Good taste?

Grace laughs a charming, joyful laugh.

**INT. TREE ROOM - NIGHT**

Grace and Patrick are just finishing their meals.

PATRICK  
So she refused to move to D.C. We  
tried to stay together, but long  
distance relationships are hard.

GRACE  
They're impossible. Don't you wonder  
how the pioneers did it? Not seeing  
each other for months. Course that  
would have been a plus for my parents.

He chuckles.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
When was this long distance woman?

PATRICK  
Almost two years ago.

GRACE  
And no one since then?

He smiles, slyly.

PATRICK  
I didn't say that.

GRACE  
Ah, now comes the truth.

PATRICK  
I'm seeing a couple of great women.

GRACE  
At the same time?

PATRICK  
Yes.

GRACE  
And they know this?

PATRICK  
Yes.

She shakes her head and studies his face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What?

GRACE  
I'd forgotten what life was like on  
the outside.

PATRICK  
You sound like you're in prison.

GRACE  
Close.

PATRICK  
Why do you stay here? You're not  
valued. I see the way Kinch treats  
you. How can you, of all people,  
put up with it?

She thinks for a moment.

GRACE

When I first came out here David, my ex-husband, was with me. Then he was drafted by Green Bay, then traded to Philadelphia, then Indianapolis. He'd always come home in the off-season. When...we divorced...I stayed.

PATRICK

Why?

She looks at him, his piercing eyes drilling right into her soul.

GRACE

Because God wants me here.

PATRICK

That's bull sh—

She shoots him a withering look that stops him cold.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Look, I'm Irish Catholic. I believe in God as much as the next person, but God doesn't make us do anything we don't want to do.

GRACE

I didn't say God was making me stay here. I said God wanted me here.

PATRICK

Same thing.

GRACE

No, it's not. As much as I hate it here, as much as I hate the fraternity, the patriarchy, the inequality, there are young women here who need me. Who look up to me. Who see me and say, yes, I can excel and still believe what I believe. I don't have to give up on any of it.

He is memorized by her and her passion.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And I'm telling you that you can't find that anywhere else on this planet. Well, at least not anyplace with a football team.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

But you're divorced. How does the university feel about that?

She peers at him, so handsome and smart... She fiddles with her earring. Could she...Could she fall for this guy?

GRACE

I'm divorced because my husband cheated on me.

He takes in her words.

PATRICK

Right...And the university has rewarded him with a prestigious and lucrative position. Would they have been so kind and forgiving to a woman? Any woman?

Those eyes drill through her again.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Doesn't that get to you?

She just stares at him, speechless, because, yes, it does get to her.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Grace and Patrick amble up the walk the only sound is the squeaking of snow underneath their feet.

PATRICK

I'm sorry. I was out of line back there.

She gets to the door, thinks for a moment, then:

GRACE

It does piss me off. If I'd done it, they would have fired me. I hate it, but I don't know what to do about it.

PATRICK

Leave.

She shakes her head.

GRACE

If I leave nothing will change. If I stay, something might.

He searches her face, then kisses her. She's taken aback.

PATRICK

I've had a crush on you since you lectured at Princeton.

He kisses her again, she smiles, mid-kiss.

GRACE  
Well, why didn't you say so?

She grabs the front of his coat and pulls him to her, kissing him deeply. Then they part, breathlessly.

PATRICK  
Let me come in.

GRACE  
I have a morals clause in my contract.

She kisses him again.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
And I don't fool around.

Another kiss.

PATRICK  
Ever?

A deeper kiss.

GRACE  
Ever.

He kisses her again, hard. She wraps her arms around his neck... then breaks from him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Go.

He just stares at her, his eyes twinkle, mischievously.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I said, "go."

PATRICK  
You might change your mind.

GRACE  
I have no mind, and I really miss sex, so go.

He backs away, his eyes riveted on her, that twinkle ever present. Then he turns and strides to his car.

She takes a deep calming breath as O.S. a car starts and drives away. She revels in the moment, then takes a handful of snow from the railing and tosses it in her face.

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - DAY**

Grace pours herself a coke as Jean peels potatoes.

GRACE

I just wanted to tell you about  
this new guy—

JEAN

I don't want to hear it. He's not  
Mormon, he doesn't live here and  
he's too young for you.

GRACE

You're just pissed because he's not  
David.

JEAN

You're acting like a child.

Grace grabs her coat.

GRACE

I am not! I'm acting very  
responsibly. I made him go home  
Friday when I wanted to—

Jean glares at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Have...him...stay. Look, this is  
the first guy that I've been remotely  
interested in since David.

Jean turns away back to her cooking.

GRACE (CONT'D)

He's handsome, he's funny, he's my  
intellectual equal, for a change,  
you're right, he's not Mormon.

JEAN

Meaning?

GRACE

Meaning that I am sick of perfect  
looking yet horribly imperfect men.

She yanks on her coat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

He is a breath of fresh air from the  
pompous, narcissistic, hypocrites I  
work with.

She grabs her briefcase.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And that includes Frank, so excuse me if I am thrilled with my new boyfriend, and I don't give a rat's ass if you're not.

She is out the door, slamming it behind her. Jean frowns and attacks the potato with a furious CHOP.

**INT. POLICE STATION/PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT**

Patrick toils over some files, studying three police photos of the dead girls. Then:

GRACE (O.S.)

Hey...

Patrick looks up. Grace leans against the portal looking tired, but great. He smiles.

PATRICK

Hey.

GRACE

Anything new?

He shakes his head. She enters and sits.

PATRICK

Why doesn't this guy take trophies?

GRACE

Maybe he does. A lock of hair. A fingernail. An earring. We may not know until we catch him.

PATRICK

You still think it's Anderson?

GRACE

I don't know. I think I want it to be Anderson. That would solve a lot of problems.

He returns his attention to the photos.

PATRICK

We may never know unless he slips up.

GRACE

He will. They always do.

Silence. She watches him closely. The curve of his eyebrow. The cut of his chin. His mouth...His wonderful mouth. She smiles to herself.

PATRICK

What?

She straightens, caught.

GRACE

What?

He smiles. There it is. That twinkle again.

GRACE (CONT'D)

How much longer are you here?

He shoves the pictures in a file.

PATRICK

Now. I'm here until now. Hungry?

GRACE

Yep. Let's cook something at my place.

He beams.

PATRICK

You're on.

He grabs the file and they head out.

**INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Grace stands over a sizzling wok as Patrick chops vegetables.

PATRICK

So you became a Mormon for your husband.

GRACE

Well, not for him. I did believe it. What, no snide remark.

PATRICK

Nope.

He brings over a handful of veggies and tosses them in the wok.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Smells good.

GRACE

Thanks.

PATRICK

And so does the food.

He nuzzles her neck. She turns and kisses him.

GRACE

Hand me the corn starch.

He moves from her and fetches a box of corn starch.

PATRICK  
So were you religious before?

GRACE  
Heavens, no.

PATRICK  
Which means?

She glances at him and raises an eyebrow.

GRACE  
Which means exactly what you think it means. I slept with anything in pants, and even one or two in skirts.

PATRICK  
Really? Now I am interested. Is there any possibility that you may revert back to your previous bad habits after dinner?

He goes for her neck again.

GRACE  
No and get that smirk off your face.

He regards her.

PATRICK  
So you're really celibate?

GRACE  
It's not a dirty word.

PATRICK  
Yeah, it is.

She reaches into a cupboard and brings out a serving bowl. He shakes his head, trying to make sense out of it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
So what exactly was it that appealed to you about this religion?

She looks at him.

GRACE  
Forgiveness.

**EXT. LIBERTY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

A non-descript sedan sits across the street from a non-descript apartment building. Inside sit two men.

**INT. SEDAN - NIGHT**

Two average-looking guys eat burgers and sip sodas.

DETECTIVE #1  
I gotta get my home teaching done.

DETECTIVE #2  
Tomorrow's the 30th. Nothin' like  
waiting till the last minute.

Detective #1 chuckles and takes a huge bite of his burger. Then  
Detective #2 motions to the building.

DETECTIVE #2 (CONT'D)  
People coming.

Detective #1 puts down his burger and brings up his camera as a  
group of women walk round the corner.

DETECTIVE #1  
It's just girls.

He starts to put the camera down.

DETECTIVE #2  
Better get a shot anyway.

DETECTIVE #1  
They're girls!

Detective #2 shoots a, "you know what the Lieutenant said," glance  
at his partner. Detective #1 rolls his eyes, and points the camera  
to the building and, CLICK!

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)  
Satisfied?

He picks up his burger and stuffs the rest in his mouth.

**INT. LIBERTY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Liberty sits at her desk, an armload of books open in front of  
her. She reads from one and types into her laptop. Then...

A KNOCK at the door. Liberty just keeps typing. Another KNOCK,  
more insistent.

LIBERTY  
Okay.  
(another KNOCK)  
Okay, okay, I'm coming.

She looks through the peep hole, then pauses, surprised and opens  
the door.

LIBERTY (CONT'D)  
Hello. What are you doing here?

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The house is dark. Just the flickering light from the fire. LUSH MUSIC plays as Patrick and Grace lounge on the couch. Grace slumbers against him.

Patrick smiles and moves his lips to her ear.

PATRICK  
Are you asleep?

Her eyes pop open.

GRACE  
No! No.

PATRICK  
I hope not. Only a old person would fall asleep at...8:37.

GRACE  
Don't start with me.

She smacks him, good-naturedly. He grabs her hand and pulls her in to him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Patrick...

He kisses the palm of her hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I can not be seduced.

PATRICK  
Really?

GRACE  
Really.

He pulls her closer. She allows herself to be drawn in.

PATRICK  
Maybe if I appeal to your intellect?

He kisses her neck.

GRACE  
This is not intellectual.

He kisses her on the mouth as his hand goes to her breast. She grabs his hand.

PATRICK  
No?

GRACE  
No.

He sighs, disappointedly. She moves back into him and kisses him, deeply, as his hand goes to her butt. She stops him.

PATRICK  
No?

She shakes her head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Where can I touch you?

GRACE  
There's a lot of real estate in between.

PATRICK  
Yeah, but it's not as much fun.

GRACE  
Says you.

She moves on top of him.

PATRICK  
It's like making out with my sister.

GRACE  
You make out with your sister?

PATRICK  
All the time.

GRACE  
Perv.

She kisses him.

PATRICK  
You might have made out with my  
sister.

She laughs and kisses him passionately. His hands hover above her, not knowing where to land.

Then the phone rings.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Don't answer it.

GRACE  
I won't. My back. Hands on my  
back.

She kisses him and his hands wrap around her back and under her blouse.

Then the answering machine picks up.

JEAN (V.O.)  
Grace... Are you there?

Grace goes in for the kill and lies flat on top of him.

PATRICK  
Is this legal?

She chuckles as:

JEAN (V.O.)  
If you're there, pick up... Grace,  
it's Liberty.

Grace stops...then looks to the phone.

**EXT. PROVO STREETS - NIGHT**

Grace's Volvo squeals around a corner.

**EXT. LIBERTY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Grace storms up to the yellow police tape and pushes through the crowd, Patrick in tow. A POLICEMAN holds up his hand.

POLICEMAN  
I'm sorry, ma'am, you can't—

Grace swoops under the tape and pushes past the Policeman.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Hold it!

PATRICK  
Officer!

Patrick flashes his I.D.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
She's with me.

**INT. LIBERTY'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Grace shoves her way down the hallway toward an open door where cops and EMTs mull. From inside the apartment, cameras flash.

**INT. LIBERTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Grace forces her way through and spots Kinch talking with Detective #1 and #2. She makes a beeline to him, her eyes flaring.

GRACE  
You son-of-a-bitch!

Kinch turns just as she SHOVES HIM with everything that's in her. He reels back into the wall. All heads turn and it goes deathly quiet as the two Detectives restrain her.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You promised me!

Kinch straightens. She starts at him again.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I warned you—

The Detectives yank her back. She tries to pull away, furiously.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Get off me!

She nearly pulls them down.

PATRICK  
Let her go.

Kinch looks to Patrick then at Grace. He nods to the officers who release her.

Grace glares at Kinch, ready to castrate him. All is silent, then she pushes him out of the way and strides to the bedroom.

**INT. LIBERTY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Grace stops when she gets to the door, staring at what she sees.

The room, like all the others. Candles lit. The MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR PLAYING...

And Liberty, like all the others. Lying on the bed. Dressed all in white. Hands across her chest. Dead.

GRACE  
Turn it off.

Kinch nods and an OFFICER switches off the MUSIC.

Grace leans against the wall, devastated.

KINCH (O.S.)  
I don't know how he got in. We had two men at the door. We got pictures of everyone coming in and going out. I don't know how he did it.

Grace just stares at the pale face of the young woman. Forensic officers go back to their work and dust and FLASH and probe.

KINCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 There's a note.

But Grace doesn't move. She can't move.

Kinch's gloved hand moves the printed note in front of her.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 You'll want to read it.

Grace ignores him. Kinch sighs.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 "Doc... I can't tell you what you've  
 meant to me. What you've done for  
 me. But this is too much and I'm so  
 tired. Thank you and God be with you  
 till we meet again. Love, Lib."

Grace stares at Liberty. Her eyes well with tears.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 Look, I'm sorry, we—

Grace can stand no more! She spins around.

GRACE  
 You incompetent piece of—

PATRICK  
 Dr. Ensley!

Patrick hurries to her side. Grace glares at Kinch, then pushes past the men and storms out. Patrick looks to Kinch, then follows Grace.

**INT. LIBERTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Patrick gets to the living room in time to see Grace disappear outside. He hurries after her.

**EXT. LIBERTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Patrick runs out of the apartment building just as Grace's Volvo squeals off and around the corner. Patrick watches it a moment, then goes back into the building.

**EXT. PROVO STREETS - NIGHT**

Grace's Volvo glides down a lonely street. It passes a lounge, a few cars in front, with neon lights advertising every beer on earth.

The Volvo passes the lounge, stops and idles a moment... Then backs up and pulls in front.

**EXT. LOUNGE - NIGHT**

This is a lounge like every other lounge. Dark. Music playing and a pool game going on in the back.

The door swings open. Grace steps in...stops and surveys the place. A few guys at the bar. A young couple in a booth.

She takes a deep breath. Should she? She leans against the door jamb and closes her eyes.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Hey?

Grace looks up.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You okay?

She just stares at him... Then moves to a bar stool and sits.

GRACE

Double vodka Martini with a twist.

She gazes at the mosaic of bottles in front of her and just glimpses herself in the mirror behind them.

She stares at her reflection.

**EXT. LOUNGE - NIGHT**

The street's deserted. A light snow falls. Her Volvo is the only one in the lot.

The door opens and Grace exits the lounge and stands a moment, unsteadily, and takes a deep breath. She turns to the sky and lets the snow fall on her face. Then moves to her car.

**INT. 7-ELEVEN/BEER CASE - NIGHT**

Grace holds the door open and stands in front of the open beer case, examining each six-pack.

GRACE

Oh, for crying out loud.

**INT. 7-ELEVEN/CHECK OUT COUNTER - NIGHT**

A six-pack of beer slams onto the counter.

GRACE

How the hell are you supposed to get drunk on 3.2 percent alcohol?

The overweight CASHIER behind the counter just looks at her, stupefied. Grace peers at him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
It was rhetorical.

She's obviously half-way to drunk already. He scans the barcode.

CASHIER  
\$8.53.

Grace digs a ten out of her wallet, slams it down and starts out.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
You want your change?

And she's out the door.

**INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A bottle opener pops the top of a beer bottle. Then another then the entire six-pack. Grace's hand pulls it O.S.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

It's dark, just the light from the kitchen stabs into the room.

Grace, a beer in one hand, the six-pack in the other, takes a long swig. She loses her balance and teeters into a chair.

She steadies herself, then moves to the couch and flops down. Another long swig and she leans back, waiting.

A tear rolls down her cheek. She takes another long swig.

Then... A soft KNOCK at the door. Grace pauses. Did she hear something? She looks at the clock. It's 2:40. She pauses, then starts on her next bottle.

A louder KNOCK. She stops. Okay, she heard that.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Grace? It's Patrick.

Well...crap. She sighs and rubs her head.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I know you're there. I can see the light.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Patrick stands huddled against the cold.

PATRICK  
Grace?

He knocks louder. Then from inside:

GRACE (O.S.)  
Go away.

PATRICK  
No.

Silence.

GRACE (O.S.)  
If I say "please?"

He smiles and shakes his head.

PATRICK  
No.

Silence. Then the door opens, slowly. Grace, looking like hell, leans against the jamb, a nearly empty beer in her hand.

The two stand a moment. She walks away. Patrick hesitates, then enters and closes the door.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Grace drains the bottle, tosses it away.

GRACE  
Do you know how long it takes to get drunk in this state? Especially when you can't plan ahead and get to a liquor store?

Patrick stands at the door.

PATRICK  
Looks like you're doing pretty well.

GRACE  
Yeah, well, if I was anywhere else, I'd've been drunk three hours ago. What do you want?

PATRICK  
To make sure you're all right.

She grabs another bottle and without missing a beat, starts back to Patrick.

GRACE  
That's sweet. I'm fine, except for the fact I'm still conscious. So you can go.

She takes his arm and tries to lead him out. He doesn't budge.

PATRICK  
You should go to bed.

She stops and smiles.

GRACE  
Ooo, is that an offer?

She sidles up to him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Because I'm almost drunk, my guard's  
down, and my principles are  
definitely compromised.

He just looks at her and she looks right back at him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Come on...

Her lips touch his ear.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You've had a crush on me since  
Princeton.

He takes a deep calming breath.

PATRICK  
Grace...

GRACE  
Patrick...

PATRICK  
I know you're hurting—

Well, that broke the mood.

GRACE  
Oh, geez.

PATRICK  
And I won't take advantage—

She shoves him.

GRACE  
Get out.

He tries to grab her. She fends him off as they argue.

GRACE (CONT'D)	PATRICK
Get out! I don't want you here! Leave me alone!	Stop it! Grace, stop it!

He grabs her by the arms and shakes her. Hard.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Stop it!

She stops, her hair disheveled. She watches him, expressionless.

GRACE

Is this where I start crying?

He just stands, holding her, not knowing what to do.

She sighs wearily as the alcohol hits.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Well, finally... Good to know  
alcohol still works.

Her hands move up his chest and grasp his lapels. She rests her head on him.

He slips his arms around her and holds her up. She looks to him, her breathing deep and steady.

Then... She pulls him to her and kisses him long and passionately. He pulls away, but she holds on.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Please...

She kisses him again.

Then her hand glides down his chest...

And slips into his pants. His breath quickens as he draws away.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Don't...

Her other hand wraps around his neck and pulls him back to her. His breathing comes deep and hard and rapid.

His lips find hers. They kiss long and strong. Her hands unzip his pants.

Finally... He grabs her, turns, and pushes her into the wall. She wraps a leg around him.

His hand moves underneath her skirt, baring her thigh.

She wraps her arms around his neck...

And devours him.

#### **INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Moonlight impales the room from a small slit in the curtains.

Patrick sleeps soundly in the empty bed, his naked body wrapped in the tousled bed covers.

Grace, in a pair of pajama bottoms and a t-shirt, perches on an overstuffed chair, immersed in darkness. Her face is tired and vacant as she stares at Patrick.

**FLASHBACK**

Grace and Patrick writhe against the wall, their bodies pushing into each other rhythmically.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace rubs her forehead and closes her eyes.

**FLASHBACK**

Grace sinks onto the bed, Patrick comes down on her.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace retreats farther into the chair and pulls her legs under her, her face anguished.

**FLASHBACK**

Grace's face, a mixture of pleasure and pain, as her body pulses.

Then, a jolting sob... Then another, and another as Grace's tears begin to flow.

Patrick comes to her and kisses her cheek, tenderly. She wraps an arm around his neck...

And weeps.

**BACK TO SCENE**

A tear meanders down her cheek as she gazes at this beautiful man in her bed.

Then, a chill charges through her, as she shakes uncontrollably. What has she done?

She huddles in the chair, unable to stop the shaking. She bolts to the bathroom.

**INT. GRACE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Grace throws the lid up on the toilet and kneels over it, ghostly pale, breathing heavily. Then...the nausea passes.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Are you okay?

She calms, exhausted.

GRACE

You have to go.

He stands at the portal. What is she talking about?

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Get your clothes on.

She pulls herself up and moves past him.

**INT. GRACE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

She sweeps into the room grabbing his things.

PATRICK  
I don't—

GRACE  
You can't be seen. In the morning.  
You can't be seen leaving here.

She holds out his clothes to him. He just looks at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Don't you get it!

She hurls his clothes at him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You can't be seen here!

He swipes up his pants and yanks them on.

PATRICK  
So that's how it is? It doesn't  
matter that you do it as long as  
not body knows!

He looks up. He doesn't begin to understand.

Her face goes cold.

GRACE  
Yeah..that's how it is.

She marches past him. He stops her... Their faces close... His eyes plead with her. But her eyes are unyielding.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Zion.

She looks at his hand. He releases her. She moves away.

**EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY**

It's a gray, awful, oppressive winter day. The place is strangely vacant except for a student or two hurrying through the cold.

**INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Grace sits at her desk staring out the window, then grabs her coat and heads out.

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

Grace stands in the check-out line, five bottles of Vodka and a gallon of orange juice in her basket.

She puts them on the counter. The CLERK looks at her.

GRACE  
I'm planning ahead.

**INT. POLICE STATION/WAR ROOM - NIGHT**

The place is nearly deserted as Grace stands over a table full of photos. Photos of all the dead young women.

Her eyes stare at one... Then another... Then another.. Searching for...something...anything.

PATRICK  
Merry Christmas.

She looks up, her eyes vague and weary. Patrick stands at the door, looking...godlike.

He motions to the clock. It's nearly one.

GRACE  
Merry Christmas.

Her eyes return to the pictures.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Anything?

She shakes her head and flops down into the chair.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I feel like I should apologize, but I'm not sure what for.

GRACE  
Then don't apologize.

PATRICK  
Grace, it was just sex. Really great sex, but just sex.

She looks up at him, incredulously.

GRACE

I'd forgotten how people think "out there." Sex is recreation, like... water skiing or golf. No wonder we're so screwed up.

PATRICK

That's rather puritanical of you.

GRACE

No, just unfashionable.

She hauls her sorry self up and shoves the files into her briefcase.

PATRICK

Do you want me to take you home?

She glances at him and smirks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll be a Boy Scout, I promise. I won't try anything.

She grabs her coat and moves to him.

GRACE

No, but I might.

She smiles sadly, pats his arm, and leaves. He stands alone, then turns off the light.

**INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Vodka pours into a high-ball glass half-full of orange juice. Grace stands at the counter, and fills the glass to the brim.

She gazes at the empty bottle a moment, then pulls a couple shopping bags out of a drawer and wraps the bottle up tightly until every trace of its shape is gone. Then she shoves it into the trash.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Grace meanders into the living room, the drink in her hand and passes the clock. It's nearly three.

She stands over the living room table and fingers the pictures of the crime scenes. Then, a long drink.

She stares at each crime scene picture. All so alike. Gruesome in their innocence. She blinks hard, but the Vodka's doing its job.

She shoves the pictures aside and pulls out another folder marked "stomach contents." She takes a drink, then pulls out the first sheet and studies it.

**INSERT - CONTENT SHEET - LIBERTY BELL**

Liberty's list of ingredients: Chicken, romaine lettuce, Parmesan cheese, root beer, brownies...

**BACK TO SCENE**

She puts it aside and pulls out the next.

**INSERT - CONTENT SHEET - JENNIFER HARDMAN**

Jennifer's list...blurs.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace falters, steps back and takes a deep breath. Somewhere, a clock CHIMES three.

She rubs her forehead and tosses the folder onto the table. She looks at the folders on the table, then with a frustrated SCREAM, she pushes them off!

She teeters and stumbles into the wall.

She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes... and another breath as she leans against the wall...

The very wall where...

**FLASHBACK**

She and Patrick kiss passionately.

**BACK TO SCENE**

She bolts from the wall.

GRACE

Dammit!

How can she get that image out of her mind?!

GRACE (CONT'D)

Dammit, dammit, dammit!

A tear rolls down her cheek.

She swipes it away, but another takes its place. She steadies herself on the back of a chair.

Then...

She looks around, spots her cell phone, scoops it up and dials.

She waits for, it seems like, e-ver!

DAVID (V.O.)  
 (groggily)  
 Yeah...?

Grace pauses, breathing in the phone.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

GRACE  
 Did I wake you?

DAVID (V.O.)  
 Grace? It's three in the morning.

She does her best to sound, and be sober. She doesn't.

GRACE  
 I'm sorry that's the wrong answer.  
 I repeat, did I wake you?

DAVID (V.O.)  
 ...Yes.

Her eyes are tired...so tired.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Are you all right?

GRACE  
 I'm sorry I woke you.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Are you all right?

Grace stands...a little wobbly...

GRACE  
 Why did you sleep with that girl?

DAVID (V.O.)  
 What?

GRACE  
 Why did you sleep with that girl?

Silence.

DAVID (V.O.)  
 Have you been drinking?

GRACE  
 Yes. See, I can answer a question,  
 can you?

Silence.

DAVID (V.O.)  
I'm coming over.

GRACE  
No!

DAVID (V.O.)  
I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

GRACE  
No, I just— David? David!? I  
don't want—!

She SCREAMS and hurls the phone across the room!

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/SOFA - NIGHT**

Grace sits in the dark, the papers and folder still strewn all over the floor.

A KNOCK. She looks up. Another KNOCK, and:

DAVID (O.S.)  
Grace? Grace, open the door.

She sighs, then pulls herself up, shuffles to the door and opens it.

A disheveled David stands in front of her. Still, even disheveled, he looks wonderful.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about Liberty.

She stares at him, blankly.

GRACE  
Are you here to answer my question?

He stands there gazing at her, his breath misty in the winter night.

DAVID  
You look like crap.

She scoffs.

GRACE  
I love it when you sweet-talk me.

She pauses, then stands aside. He walks in and she shuts the door.

He takes in the room. It's a mess. Papers on the floor. The high-ball glass. The cell phone in the corner.

She leans against the door.

DAVID  
I like what you've done to the place.

She shakes her head and laughs.

GRACE

So... I ask, yet again... Why did you sleep with that girl?

DAVID

Why has it taken you so long to ask?

GRACE

Because I didn't want to know.

DAVID

What changed your mind?

She just stares at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Because she wanted me.

GRACE

She wanted you? She wanted you?! I wanted you! I wanted you every time we were in the same room! Hell, I want you now!

His eyes go to the floor.

GRACE (CONT'D)

How was it? The truth. Only the truth here tonight.

(he nods)

How was it?

DAVID

Wonderful.

She pauses, then nods.

GRACE

Yes...it was...

She leans against the kitchen portal. He takes a step to her.

DAVID

I miss you.

He takes another step. They are close.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let me come back.

She thinks a moment, pained to her very soul, and shakes her head.

GRACE

There are... Complications.



KINCH

It's Christmas for crying out loud,  
Grace, go home.

GRACE

No. And what are you doing here?

KINCH

I hate Christmas. Same as you.

He joins her at the board.

KINCH (CONT'D)

So...Who is our Mr. White? And it  
ain't Anderson...he was home all  
night with his family.

She pulls herself away from the pictures.

GRACE

Well, that's disappointing.

Motioning to the board.

GRACE (CONT'D)

There's something there. He's left  
us something, they always do.

She stares at them a moment.

GRACE (CONT'D)

A print...or a hair...He wants to  
be caught. He has to be caught.  
He hates what he's doing, or it's  
the only way to be recognized, to  
be famous. But to complete it for  
him, he has to be caught!

PATRICK (O.S.)

Maybe he's different.

Both Grace and Kinch turn. Patrick saunters into the room.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Maybe this one doesn't want to be  
caught. Maybe he loves what he's  
doing and wants to go on doing it.

She sighs, walks to the table and pulls out the "stomach contents"  
file folder again and lays them out on the table.

As they talk she peruses the papers:

**INSERT - CONTENT SHEET - JENNIFER HARDMAN**

List of ingredients: Pepperoni pizza, brownies, lettuce...

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Let's look at the similarities.  
 Maybe we've missed something.

The list switches to Stephanie Marcado's: Rahman noodles, brownies, Doritos, Cocoa Pebbles...

KINCH (O.S.)  
 Similarities. Everything is similar.  
 Same candles, same music, same drugs,  
 same position, they're almost the  
 same girl. What isn't similar?

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace studies the papers.

PATRICK  
 Okay, then the differences. What's  
 different?

KINCH  
 Different dress.

**INSERT - CONTENT SHEET - LIBERTY BELL**

Liberty's list of ingredients: Chicken, romaine lettuce, Parmesan  
 cheese, root beer, brownies...

**BACK TO SCENE**

Grace rubs her aching forehead. Then... Something dawns on her.  
 She goes back to the lists.

**INSERT - CONTENT SHEETS**

Rahman noodles, brownies, Doritos...

Another list: Pepperoni pizza, brownies, lettuce...

Another list: Parmesan cheese, root beer, brownies...

Brownies...

Brownies...

Brownies...

GRACE  
 Where's Liberty's suicide note?!

KINCH  
 In the file.

Grace rifles through the file and find the note:

**INSERT - NOTE**

"Doc...I can't tell you what you've done for me..."

**BACK TO SCENE**

Doc... GRACE

Grace's face pales.

Oh, god... GRACE (CONT'D)

The men turn to her.

What? PATRICK

Grace dies inside.

Oh, dear god... GRACE

Patrick strides to her.

What?! PATRICK

Grace bolts from the chair, grabs her stuff and dashes out.

Tell the coroner to check the autopsies for insulin! GRACE

Grace?! KINCH

But she's gone. Patrick thinks, then looks to the "content sheets."

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - DAY**

Grace sits in her car staring out the window. She watches Jean through the kitchen window as Jean moves back and forth. Maybe she's wrong...please God, let her be wrong.

**INT. MADSEN KITCHEN - DAY**

Jean stands near the sink stuffing a HUGE turkey, when behind her, a soft KNOCK at the door. She turns. Grace pokes her head in.

Merry Christmas. GRACE

Jean beams!

JEAN  
Merry Christmas!

She crosses to Grace, her gooey hands held up.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I'm so glad you're here. Pardon my hands.

She kisses Grace's cheek, warmly.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You're out and about early.

GRACE  
Was reviewing the murder files at the station...

JEAN  
Well, that's cheery. Come here and help me.

They move to the turkey. Jean grabs its legs and holds them up.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Hold these out, like this.

Grace grabs the legs and holds them "spread eagle."

GRACE  
It's a big one this year.

JEAN  
Twenty-six pounds. Had to order it special.  
(glancing at Grace)  
David called this morning. Said the two of you had come to an understanding.

Her gooey hand touches Grace's gooey hand.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
It was the best Christmas present I could've had.

Grace smiles at her, sadly. Jean pats her hand, then returns to her stuffing.

GRACE  
Where's Frank?

JEAN  
Over at Julie's playing Santa. Communication is the most important thing in a marriage. Young people  
(more)

JEAN (cont'd)  
 think it's sex, but it's not. Not  
 that sex isn't important, it is, but...

She looks at Grace.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 And you're not an easy person to  
 talk to.  
 (Grace frowns)  
 I know I shouldn't say this, but  
 you always think you know best.

GRACE  
 No, I don't.

Jean grabs a handful of stuffing and shoves it in the turkey.

JEAN  
 Yes, you do. It's your way or the  
 highway. That's how you were with  
 David. That's how you are with Frank.

GRACE  
 Well...it turns out Frank was right.

Jean looks up, surprised.

JEAN  
 I'm glad to hear you say that.  
 Frank knows us better than you think,  
 and he's a better man than you think.

Jean jams dressing in the turkey.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 You just expect everyone to be  
 perfect like you.

GRACE  
 I don't think I'm—

JEAN  
 But we're not. We're messy. We're  
 messy imperfect creatures...

Grace studies Jean as she slips into her own world.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 ...Who can't be perfect, no matter  
 how hard we try. It's impossible...  
 But we try, heaven knows, we  
 try...and it makes us a little...  
 crazy, you know? That's what  
 happened to Rachel. She just  
 couldn't keep it up anymore.

Jean slows and stops.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Trying to be everything to everyone  
is exhausting...

Grace takes her hand. A tear ambles down Jean's cheek. She pushes it away.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
But we're supposed to be, we're  
taught to be, "Be ye therefore  
perfect, even as your Father which  
is in heaven is perfect." But I  
can't, I try, but I can't...Neither  
could Rachel...

Then she stops as it dawns on her. She looks to Grace, the blood drains out of her face.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Why are you here so early?

Grace looks at her, sadly.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You know...

Grace nods.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
How?

GRACE  
The brownies.

Jean shakes her head, incredulously.

JEAN  
I knew I should have made Libby  
snicker-doodles.

Grace smiles.

GRACE  
And you're the only common denominator  
that knew Lib called me "Doc."

Jean grabs a towel.

JEAN  
Does "he" know? That young agent  
of yours?

Grace shakes her head. Jean sits at the table. Grace watches her closely.

GRACE

Why?

Jean pauses, wiping her hands on the towel.

JEAN

When that first girl... And her mother. It was Rachel all over again... Expecting too much of her. Demanding too much of her. Those girls...that I "helped"...would have done what Rachel did. I couldn't let another mother feel that. Better to have it happen this way.

She dabs her eyes with the towel.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I have to turn myself in, of course. But it's Christmas... Couldn't I just have Christmas?

She looks up at Grace who stands there sadly.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my heck, It's almost nine-thirty, I've got to get that bird in.

She bolts to the fridge, shoves something in her apron pocket and pulls out a cube of butter already cut up in slices and places the slices on the turkey.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I hate an underdone Turkey. Easier to pull it out early than try to hurry it up.

Grace moves to her and takes her arm. Jean looks up.

JEAN (CONT'D)

No... Not on Christmas. Give me one day, please.

This is killing Grace.

GRACE

I...can't.

JEAN

Please...All the kids together...You and David...

Grace is immovable. Jean nods.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I understand.

Jean leans against the counter, her hands in her pockets.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I'll leave Frank a note. What is  
he going to think...?

She starts to break down. Grace wraps her arms around Jean,  
comfortingly.

GRACE  
I'll stay with you. Through the  
whole thing.

Jean holds onto her.

JEAN  
Thank you. But I can't let you do  
that.

GRACE  
But I want to—

Suddenly, Grace's eyes widen as she gasps in pain! She grabs Jean's  
shoulders and looks down.

Jean holds a syringe in Grace's stomach and pushes in the plunger.

JEAN  
I'm so sorry, sweetheart. You gave  
me no choice.

Grace backs up and sinks down in a chair.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Now, you're going to get very warm  
and your heart will start racing...  
And you might feel a little nauseous.  
And you'll shake.

Grace looks at Jean, unbelievably.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Insulin's not terribly painful.  
But it is uncomfortable for awhile...

GRACE  
Please... Don't do this. Give me  
some...orange juice, or—

JEAN  
Brownies?

Jean rips off a long piece of tin foil.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Got to be careful with brownies and  
insulin.

She covers the turkey.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Can counteract one another. Have  
to chat a little first before the  
injection.

She opens the oven. Grace leaps for the phone on the wall. Jean catches her.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Don't do that.

GRACE  
Please... You can't...

Grace loses her balance. Jean catches her. Grace's face goes white and her breath comes quickly.

JEAN  
It's all right, I've got you.

Jean guides her back to the chair.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Now you sit right there. I don't  
want you hurting yourself.

She sets Grace in the chair, gently. Grace nearly pants as sweat breaks out on her face. Jean feels her forehead.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You're burning up.

She hurries to the stove.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Let me just get the turkey in and  
I'll take you home.

Grace watches her, dazed. Then, she looks down. Her hand trembles. This can't be happening to her. The tremors overtake her whole body, coming in waves.

Jean closes the oven then grabs Grace's coat, pulls it around her shoulders and lifts Grace to her feet.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
All right. Here we go. Can you  
walk?

Grace grasps Jean's lapel.

GRACE  
Call 911.

JEAN

I can't.

Jean leads Grace toward the door. Grace grasps Jean's lapel.

GRACE

Please. Jean, please. David...

JEAN

It's a little late to be thinking  
of David, don't you think?

Jean leads Grace toward the door.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Come. It'll be over soon.

Grace looks at her friend, unbelievably, then... Collapses to the floor, pulling Jean with her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Grace! I can't hold you!

Grace looks at her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Get up. Get up, please.

Grace studies Jean's face a moment, her breath rapid, her hands shaking.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I have to take you home.

Grace thinks a moment then rests her head on Jean and nods.

GRACE

Take my car.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - DAY**

Jean helps Grace to her Volvo and reaches for the passenger door.

GRACE

The back...in the back.

Jean opens the back door, gently helps Grace in then trots around to the driver's side.

**EXT. PROVO STREETS - DAY**

The Volvo clips down the nearly deserted streets, past abandoned Christmas tree lots and empty stores.

**INT. GRACE'S VOLVO - DAY**

Grace lies on the seat, sweat beading on her face. Her shaky hand reaches for the ash tray at the back of the console. Inside is a half-eaten bag of M&Ms.

She glances at Jean, who concentrates on the road. She pulls the candy out of the tray.

Suddenly, her cell phone rings in her purse on the seat. Grace retreats from the candy.

GRACE

It's David...

Jean moves the purse away as Grace dumps the bag of candy on the floor and shoves a handful in her mouth.

**EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY**

The Volvo pulls into the driveway and Jean gets out. She looks around. The neighborhood is quiet. She opens the car door and reaches in for Grace. The candy's gone.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The phone RINGS as the front door opens. Jean enters, helping Grace, who breathes a little easier, and walks more steadily.

The answering machine picks up:

DAVID (V.O.)

Hi, it's me again. Where are you?  
You're not at home. You're not on  
your cell. You're not at the station.

Jean leads Grace across the room.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mom wants us at her house at three-  
thirty. I'll come get you a little  
after three...

Jean and Grace disappear O.S.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I hope you're all right.

He hangs up.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jean sits Grace on the bed then takes off Grace's shoes.

JEAN

We don't have much time. I haven't even started the yams.

GRACE

How did you do it? We would've seen needle marks. Under a toenail?

Jean goes to the closet and pulls down a small, nondescript overnight case. Inside is a white temple dress, a white slip, white hose and white shoes.

JEAN

(scoffing)

In the navel. After the Valium...or the Prozac or Zoloft or whatever. They all had something.

She pulls a medicine bottle out of her purse.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Just like you will. I'll tell them you borrowed them from me. The two mixed together work perfectly.

Jean pulls out the dress.

JEAN (CONT'D)

It'll be good to see you in this again.

Jean starts to unbutton Grace's blouse. Grace grabs Jean's hands as her shaking returns and her breathing comes in gasps.

GRACE

This'll kill David.

Jean pauses...she didn't think of that.

JEAN

I'll help him through it. He's—

GRACE

No!

Grace slams her fists into Jean's face, knocking her to the floor. Grace hurries to the door.

Jean, looks over dazed. Then grabs Grace's pant leg.

Grace smashes to the floor.

Grace kicks at her, frantically, and drags herself away.

Jean hauls herself to her feet, breathless, watching Grace struggle into the door.

Jean sighs, goes to her purse and brings out another full syringe.

JEAN

Don't do this.

Grace, sweating and panting, pulls herself toward the phone. Then...pain. Pain that stops her.

She throws a look back.

Jean pushes the syringe in Grace's thigh.

Grace grasps Jean's wrist and wrenches the needle out. There's still half a syringe left.

Grace stares at her, still gripping Jean's wrist.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's more than enough.

Grace's eyes fill with rage as she yanks Jean to her. Jean tumbles over, her face close to Grace's. Jean struggles against her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Grace...it's inevitable.

Grace's eyes fill with hot, furious tears.

Then...something catches her eye as her focus shifts. There's something. Something behind them, by the bed.

GRACE

Rachel...?

Jean stops.

JEAN

What?

Jean's face turns hard.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What?!

Grace frowns, still focused on "Rachel" then she turns her focus to Jean.

GRACE

It's Rachel.

Jean pauses, transfixed.

Then, Jean's cell phone rings. She pauses, staring at Grace, then wrenches free and grabs her cell, trying to sound "together."

JEAN

David! Merry Christmas!... No, I haven't, isn't she at the station?

Jean walks out into the living room.

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jean takes a deep calming breath.

JEAN  
Oh, well she hasn't been here.

Suddenly, Grace leaps out of the bedroom, tackling Jean. The cell phone skirts across the floor.

GRACE  
David!

Jean kicks Grace away, but Grace holds on tightly.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Help!

Jean kicks Grace, fiercely, wriggles away and swipes up the cell. The antique clock CHIMES.

JEAN  
David?

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY**

David holds the phone, stunned, the CHIMES ring through the phone.

JEAN (V.O.)  
David!

DAVID  
Mom?

GRACE (V.O.)  
Help...!

The phone goes dead.

DAVID  
Mom?

**INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jean stands, white with dread. Then looks at Grace, her eyes intense and angry. Grace shakes and sweats, barely conscious.

GRACE  
I'm here...

JEAN  
You ruin everything!

She steps over Grace and snatches up the hypodermic.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You always ruin everything!

Grace's breathes short and shallow. Jean kneels next to her, the hypodermic poised above Grace's thigh.

Then, the tip touches her leg. Jean pauses, then looks over her shoulder into the bedroom.

Suddenly, the front door BURSTS open! Patrick flies in, Kinch and a handful of OFFICERS behind him, guns drawn!

Jean looks up.

PATRICK  
Drop it!

INSTANTLY, Jean SCRAMBLES into the bedroom and slams the door.

Patrick motions for Kinch to get the door as Patrick rushes to Grace and gathers her in his arms.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Grace? Grace open your eyes!

Behind him Kinch and the Officers stand on either side of the door. Kinch tries the knob. It's locked. He HAMMERS on it.

KINCH  
Mrs. Madsen!

PATRICK  
Grace! Look at me!

Grace's eyes struggle open.

GRACE  
Insulin... It's insulin....

PATRICK  
We need a bus! Someone call a bus!

Kinch motions to an Officer who grabs his mic and steps away.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You'll be all right.

Kinch pounds on the door.

KINCH  
There's no way out, Mrs. Madsen!  
Open the door.

GRACE  
Orange juice. In the...fridge...

OFFICER #2

I'll get it.

He hurries off. Patrick holds her close.

PATRICK

Stay with me.

She tries to smile as her eyes close. He shakes her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Grace! Grace!

Kinch pounds on the bedroom door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just break it in!

A glass of orange juice appears by him. He takes it.

He puts it to her lips and pours a little in her mouth as behind him Kinch tries to break down the door.

Grace opens her eyes, and drinks as best she can.

KINCH

(to Officers)

Help me with this.

The Officers join Kinch "shouldering" the door.

Grace drinks deeply now, the juice starting to work.

Then, a commotion at the front door. David tries to push his way through a gang of OFFICERS.

DAVID

I'm her husband!

Patrick looks up. David catches sight of him, Grace in his arms.

David pushes past the cops, bolts to Grace and kneels beside her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Gracie?

Grace opens her eyes and reaches for him. He takes her hand. She eyes them both, then smiles, ironically.

GRACE

This is awkward.

Then behind them, the officers finally break open the door and push a chair out of the way.

David looks up and catches sight of his mother; eyes open, lying on the bed, the empty hypodermic on the floor, the bottle of pills

empty on the dressing table, the white dress draped over her, barely alive.

DAVID

Mom!?

Kinch rushes into the bedroom as David looks to Grace.

GRACE

Go...

David sprints to his mother.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kinch feels Jean neck.

KINCH

There's a pulse.  
(calling out)  
Where's that bus!

David leans over her and takes her hand.

DAVID

Mom! Mom!

Jean stares at the foot of the bed, then her eyes shift to David.

JEAN

Is Grace all right?

David nods as Grace appears at David's side, held up by Patrick. Jean looks to Grace.

Tears well in Grace's eyes. Jean takes her hand.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Rachel...

A tear rolls down Jean's cheek as she closes her eyes...a final breath...and she's gone.

Kinch bursts through the door, PARAMEDICS behind him.

KINCH

Insulin and Valium.

David pulls Grace out of the way, and holds her tightly as the Paramedics go to work. She sighs and leans her head on David's shoulder. Patrick watches the two of them...then steps away.

**INT. MADSEN LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The mood is somber as the family, dressed in black, mingle with other WELL-WISHERS. Grace, also in black, stands at a table laden

with memorabilia of Jean; Jean as a child, as a young bride, as a grandmother, and everything in between.

Grace picks up a picture of a younger Jean embracing a beautiful teenage GIRL...Rachel. Then from behind:

FRANK (O.S.)  
Was she really there?

Frank moves to Grace's side, his eyes sad and kind, and takes the picture.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Did you really see her?

Grace pauses, then:

GRACE  
May I speak with you?

**INT. MADSEN HOUSE/STUDY - DAY**

This is a classically masculine room, with leather chairs and wood panelling. Grace enters. Frank closes the door and moves into the room. Grace takes a deep breath. This isn't going to be easy.

GRACE  
God was right...and so were you.

He doesn't understand.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
About Anderson.

He gets it.

FRANK  
Ahh...

She pauses a moment then girds her loins.

GRACE  
There's a morals clause in my contract.  
(a swallow)  
I think you'll have to exercise it.

He sits on the desk.

FRANK  
Have you talked with your Bishop about this?

GRACE  
Not yet.

FRANK

And David?

GRACE

Not yet. I wanted him to get through the funeral.

He rises, walks to the window and sighs.

FRANK

What would you do if you were me?

GRACE

I'd kick my ass out.

FRANK

Grace, if I terminated everyone who made a mistake...

GRACE

You'd be the only one here.

He glances at her and shakes his head.

FRANK

My wife...murdered four young women. I'm in no place to judge you.

She just stands waiting for the verdict.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're needed here, Grace...more than you know.

(turns to her)

I want you to take a semester off without pay. Talk to your Bishop. Get your life in order and come back next fall.

She nearly collapses with relief.

GRACE

Thank you.

A soft KNOCK at the door.

FRANK

Yes?

The door opens and David peeks in. To Grace:

DAVID

There's someone to see you.

**INT. MADSEN FRONT HALL - DAY**

Grace turns the corner. There stand Patrick, casually dressed, but still looking stunning. Grace stops. Patrick smiles, sadly.

PATRICK  
How are you feeling? I mean...  
physically.

GRACE  
I'm fine.

They stand, awkwardly.

PATRICK  
You should have told me about the  
brownies.

GRACE  
(nods)  
I wanted to be wrong.

She nods. He shifts, uncomfortably.

PATRICK  
I'm not usually at a loss for words.

She smiles and watches this beautiful young man as he struggles with his thoughts.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I...I know that...We don't have a  
lot in common—

She takes his arm and leads him outside.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Grace leads Patrick onto the porch then shuts the door.

GRACE  
David and I are getting back  
together.

He looks at her, floored.

PATRICK  
When did...?

GRACE  
Just after you and I...

He nods. She needn't say anything more.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry, I... Took advantage  
of you...

PATRICK  
I guess we should've kept it  
professional.

GRACE  
Us working together..."and all."

**INT. MADSEN FRONT HALL - DAY**

David peeks through the curtains. Grace and Patrick stand close at the rail. He lets the curtain fall, putting it together.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Grace and Patrick stand a moment as a light snow falls.

PATRICK  
He's a lucky man.

GRACE  
No...he's not.

He turns to her.

PATRICK  
Thank you. I learned a lot.

She smiles, wryly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You know what I mean.

Then...he leans in and kisses her. Her hand grasps his lapel  
Damn! Her stomach still goes down to her knees.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I hope nobody saw.

GRACE  
I don't much care if they did.

He smiles that damn smile of his, then walks to his car. She doesn't even watch him, just pauses until the engine starts, then walks back inside.

**EXT. MADSEN FRONT HALL - DAY**

Grace enters, closes the door behind her and leans on it. She looks up...there's David waiting by the jamb.

DAVID  
Was that the "complication" you  
were talking about?

She nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Does it further complicate anything?

She looks at him, his handsome face. His kind and trusting eyes.  
She kisses him, tenderly.

GRACE

No.

They move off together.

**EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - DAY**

Patrick pauses in his car. Then drives away.

The snow falls.

FADE OUT.