

# The Helper

By  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA NEAR PINE RIDGE - DAY, 1926

SOUND of PRAIRIE WIND rises.

A young girl, LITTLE BIRD sits against the trunk of an old cottonwood near a shallow, slowly-flowing river.

A hundred feet away, the opposite bank is high, steep, and stepped. A coyote's den is on the third step above the river.

A coyote trots INTO FRAME, approaches the den and enters it.

Little Bird's POV: She flies to the opening of the den and enters what becomes a very faintly lit tunnel that angles down. Her speed increases as she descends.

EXT. VAST PLAIN - CONTINUOUS

Little Bird's POV: she emerges onto the plain; PTE-SKA WANBLI, a beautiful white bison cow, stands in front of her.

The bison turns and speaks in a woman's voice with a Lakota accent.

PTE-SKA WANBLI

Hold on to my tail and don't let go.

Little Bird grasps the bison's tail and together they take flight.

They rise into the clouds.

SOUND of EAGLE CALLS

They fly in the midst of eagles that approach closely and eye the girl. Little Bird looks at them without fear.

LITTLE BIRD'S FATHER (O.S.)

(softly)

Little Bird, wake up Little Bird.

The bison descends quickly. An opening in the earth approaches rapidly.

Little Bird's POV: brief, rapid flight up through the tunnel.

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA NEAR PINE RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Little Bird is sleeping against the cottonwood. She wakes. Her FATHER is on his haunches next to her and smiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOHO LOFT BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - FALL, THE PRESENT

CLOSE UP of the closed eyes of HARRY WALKER, an elderly man of Navaho descent illuminated by candle light in the darkened room.

SOFT but RAPID RATTLE CADENCE begins.

GRANDMOTHER WINSTON, an Oglala Lakota of great age and great spirit, begins CHANTING OFF SCREEN.

CLOSE UP of candle flame.

ROLL CREDITS.

Grandmother's dancing shadow from the candlelight passes across a large painting of Southwestern landscape.

Follow Grandmother's dancing shadow across fine Hopi pottery atop a one-of-a-kind chest of drawers, and across a wall hung with small framed paintings having Native American themes, to a large wrought iron bed in which Walker lies.

A sheet and an exquisite Navaho blanket are pulled over the man's bare chest. His atrophied arms are outside the covers and lying by his side. His head rests on a single pillow, and his face is gaunt.

A HAND DRUM begins BEATING to the rhythm of Grandmother's rattles and chanting. Grandmother's chant rises in volume.

CLOSE SHOT of Grandmother, eyes closed, dancing and chanting.

Grandmother's wrinkled face is ruddy and expressive. She wears a simple print house dress cinched with a substantial silver and turquoise link belt. A long white braid hangs down her back, and her feet are bare.

Grandmother dances in front of MARTIN WINSTON, her 40-year-old grandson, who is beating the hand drum and wearing blue jeans, a plaid flannel shirt, cowboy boots, and a belt with a huge silver buckle.

Martin sits in a straight-backed chair next to MARIANNE, Walker's 60-year-old daughter. She is wearing casual designer clothes and jewelry. Her eyes express skeptical concern as she watches Grandmother.

Grandmother shakes her rattles toward the ceiling and then stops dancing. She stands transfixed with half-closed eyes.

The rattles drop to the floor with a CLATTER.

Martin gives the drum FOUR SHARP RAPS out of cadence.

Grandmother awakens from the trance, spreads her arms as if in flight, and moves to Walker.

Grandmother motions for the daughter to help her raise Walker to a seated position; the daughter does so.

Grandmother places her cupped hands against the top of Walker's head, places her mouth between them and blows hard.

Grandmother and the daughter ease Walker back to the bed.

Walker opens his eyes and after a beat looks at Grandmother with startled wonder in his eyes. He sits up under his own power and turns to Marianne.

WALKER

I am flying with eagles!

Marianne rushes to drapes that hide a wall of French doors and pulls back the drapes to reveal a balcony and the sun, bracketed by buildings, setting over Hoboken.

SLOW ZOOM on the sun until it FILLS THE FRAME.

END CREDITS.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM (O.S.)

You have homework to do, and you need to be in bed by nine.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The 4000 square foot apartment is in a building on Central Park West between 70th and 80th.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM stands in front of a polished granite counter next to a gas range and assembles the ingredients for a casserole. She is a stylish, perky, 40-year-old brunette. Her casual designer clothes and lean, toned body testify to her membership in Manhattan's upper middle class.

11-year-old JENNIFER NUSSBAUM sits on a stool opposite Kathryn. Jennifer is an adorable strawberry blond somewhere between tom-boy and princess. Pre-teen annoyance is etched on her face.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I did my homework.

Kathryn puts her hands on her hips and half smiles, half frowns at Jennifer.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Don't be a pain in the butt. You have a  
 science quiz tomorrow.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
 I hate science.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Since when?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
 Since always.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 What is your problem?

SELENA, a middle-aged, Guatemalan baby-sitter/housekeeper,  
 enters with a bucket of wash water in one hand and the handle  
 of a mop in the other; the mop is in the bucket.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 There you are. I was just going over the  
 evening with Jenny.

Kathryn opens the oven door and picks up the casserole.

Simultaneously, Selena places the bucket on the floor, leans  
 the mop handle against the counter, and steps away.

The handle slides off the counter and hits the ceramic tile  
 floor with a LOUD THWACK.

Kathryn starts at the sound, and the casserole drops to the  
 floor with a CRASH and shatters; the contents fly across the  
 floor.

Kathryn stands frozen in place, her stare fixed on the mop  
 handle, her eyes hinting at confusion and fear.

A PHONE BEEPS

Selena and Jennifer stare at Kathryn as all three ignore the  
 phone.

Jennifer tentatively approaches Kathryn and touches her arm.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
 Mom?

Kathryn looks at Jennifer, confusion in her eyes for a beat,  
 shakes her head and smiles.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 What in the world?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
 Mom, you want to answer it?

Kathryn picks up a cell phone from the counter. Selena and Jennifer exchange a glance.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Nussbaum Residence. Kate speaking.

INTER-CUT

INT. OFFICE IN LOWER MANHATTAN BUILDING

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM sits at his file-cluttered desk and looks out on the city through the windows of an expansive, corner office sparkling with glass and chrome.

There is a sitting area with a sofa and lounge chairs opposite William's desk. Glass walls separate the office from a large, cubby-filled work area where only a few OFFICE WORKERS remain, including his SECRETARY at a nearby desk.

William is somewhat older than Kathryn, but is a bookend to her in style. His dress and demeanor are appropriate for his position as a senior attorney with Lauder milk and Guilford, a prominent firm that writes municipal bonds.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 Hey Kate.

Kathryn walks into the dining room with the phone.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 You can't make it.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 Can't be helped.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 That's crap. You've known about this for over a month.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 I've got work that has to be done.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Every waking minute? Nobody works that much. How do I know you're actually working?

HAROLD LAUDERMILK, 55-year-old senior partner, enters with a file. He stares at William, his eyes cold, his face hard.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Damn it, Kate. That's not fair. Look around. Like what you see? You have it because of the work I do.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I work for it too, goddamn it. You're a real bastard, you know that?

Laudermilk's body conveys impatience.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

What if Jenny heard that?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Do you think I'm stupid?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Does it matter what I think?

Laudermilk slams the file on William's desk.

William covers the phone with his hand and looks at Laudermilk who storms toward the door where PATRICE, thirty-something, blond, and upscale gorgeous, is standing in the doorway.

Patrice gives way as Laudermilk exits, enters the office and spreads her hands. The gesture and her eyes ask, what's up?

William looks disgusted and shakes his head.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

(to Kathryn)

You have no idea the pressure I'm under right now.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Go to hell.

Kathryn cuts off the call and turns.

Jennifer stands in the doorway; her head hangs.

Kathryn does a double-take, and looks away.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Daddy can't make it.

Kathryn regroups and walks quickly past Jennifer; Jennifer follows.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I'll just go by myself.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Why would you go without Daddy?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I happen to like the opera.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Stay home with me.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I've been looking forward to this evening  
for a long time. I'm going.

Kathryn enters the kitchen.

Selena is on her hands and knees cleaning up the casserole  
mess.

Jennifer enters, head hanging.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
(to Selena)  
That was Mr. Nussbaum. He won't be coming  
home until later.

SELENA  
You won't be needing me?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I'm still going, so I need you to stay.

SELENA  
OK, Miss Kate. It's not a problem.

Kathryn exits in a hurry. Selena turns to Jennifer and smiles  
sweetly.

SELENA  
Why don't you study your science while I  
get you some dinner?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
I already studied.

SELENA  
But your mother said you didn't.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
(terminally obstinate)  
I'm saying I did.

INT. OFFICE IN NUSSBAUM APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The office decor is eclectic and suggests the productive lair of an author.

An open laptop rests on an old desk that has more charm than style. A comic screensaver plays across the display.

The laptop is surrounded by piles of books and magazines. A nearly finished manuscript stands alone next to the laptop.

Kathryn, talking on her cell phone, wears a simple but elegant black dress and nylons but no shoes. She wiggles one foot into a designer shoe.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'll be there in thirty minutes.

Kathryn ends the call as she puts on the matching shoe. She turns off the computer, picks up a designer bag and a black leather coat from the bed, drops the phone in her bag, and heads for the door.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn stands by the door and rummages through her purse. She extracts keys.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

(loud)

I'm going.

Jennifer appears in a doorway to the foyer.

Kathryn gives Jennifer a perfunctory kiss on the cheek.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Be good. Don't give Selena a hard time.

I'll be home around midnight.

Jennifer glances at Kathryn and then hangs her head. Kathryn looks at Jennifer, at the door, and back at Jennifer. With a flash expression of anger, Kathryn storms out of the apartment.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn glares at the floor indicator, nods her head impatiently, and taps her fingers on her clutch purse.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn hails a taxi.

The taxi stops.

REVEREND ROBERT LACEY hands his fare to the CABBIE through the divider. Kathryn waits impatiently.

Kathryn opens the back door. Lacey emerges and there is an instant of surprised recognition by both Lacey and Kathryn.

Lacey is the 62-year-old pastor of a prominent Manhattan congregation and is wearing a work-a-day clerical suit and collar. Tall and slim with an impressive shock of silver hair, Lacey has an air befitting his role as a church and civic leader.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Dad!

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I was hoping I'd catch you with a few minutes to spare. Where are you off to?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'm late for the opera.

Kathryn climbs inside the taxi.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I've missed you. When can I see you?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'll call you. Sorry, but I'm late.

Kathryn closes the door.

Lacey leans toward the window and raises his voice to be heard.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I'll go up and say hello to Jenny.

Kathryn quickly gestures "whatever" and turns to the cabbie.

INT. CAB

The cabbie looks at Kathryn in the rear view mirror.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Twenty-third and Fifth.

CABBIE

There's an opera at Twenty-third and Fifth?

Kathryn eyeballs the cabbie. He starts to drive.

CABBIE  
Twenty-third and Fifth it is.

With an emotionless face, Kathryn waves dutifully to Lacey.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST SIDEWALK

Rev. Lacey halfheartedly waves goodbye to the departing taxi. His hand remains suspended and still for a beat as he stares at the cab.

Grizzled, 55-year-old NICK ARENA, sits in a late model sedan parked a building away. He pulls away from the curb and follows the taxi.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LATER

Dr. Edna Beldin sits in a dark, upholstered Queen Anne chair in her office. Kathryn is nearly engulfed as she slouches in a large, plush club chair on Beldin's right.

A large desk, long sofa, a second club chair, a coffee table and filled bookshelves complete the office furnishings. Large framed copies of expressionist paintings hang on two walls of the high-ceilinged office.

Beldin is nearing 60 and is rail thin with jet black hair. Reading glasses perch on her nose, and expensive shoes adorn her long, narrow feet. She wears a slight, practiced smile.

DR. BELDIN  
You're especially agitated tonight.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
That's why I called you.

DR. BELDIN  
Which is why I'm here. (beat) Well?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
The crowd in my head is out of control.

DR. BELDIN  
This is nothing new. You obviously haven't used the medication I've prescribed.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
We've been over this a million times.

DR. BELDIN  
Perhaps we should go over it once more.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

It makes me feel like a zombie, and things still freak me out.

DR. BELDIN

Because you don't follow the regimen.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Damn the regimen.

DR. BELDIN

A bit hostile, don't you think?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I have reason to be. A stupid mop handle hits the floor and I freak.

DR. BELDIN

The medicine would help. Why not go home, take the medication, get a good night's sleep.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

And call for another appointment.

DR. BELDIN

It's a suggestion.

Kathryn bolts out of the chair and paces, feline like.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Fuck your suggestion.

DR. BELDIN

Kathryn, really.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Yes really! I felt this way when I first walked in here a year ago, like an out of control committee was in my head. Nothing's changed. I don't know how much longer I can deal with this.

DR. BELDIN

Let me write you a different prescription.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'm worried about who's going to be elected chairman of my brain tonight. I need help, not a goddamned drug.

Kathryn stops in front of Dr. Beldin, leans forward, and puts both hands on the arms of Beldin's chair so that Kathryn's face is inches away from the doctor's.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I haven't moved beyond square one in a year. All you want to do is medicate me.

DR. BELDIN

You're obviously upset.

Kathryn drops her head for a beat and then looks into Beldin's eyes.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

And you're obviously an idiot.

Kathryn stands up, picks up her coat and bag, and speaks without turning around as she heads out of the door.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Send me a bill. I won't be coming back.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn speed dials a number as she waits for an elevator.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Ollie? It's Kate. (beat) Fine thanks.  
Look, we won't be able to make it.

INTERCUT

INT. BEDROOM IN BRADFORD APARTMENT

OLIVER BRADFORD, 40, short, stocky and bald, hands the phone to his wife, MARY BRADFORD. Mary is 42, taller than Oliver, and attractively androgenous.

Mary wears a black sweater, panties, and knee high hose. Oliver wears a black turtle neck, boxer shorts covered with hearts, and over-the-calf black socks.

Mary looks at the phone and then at Oliver. Her expression conveys "not again".

Oliver shrugs his shoulders and finishes dressing.

MARY BRADFORD

Bill's working late.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

So what else is new?

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 (yells, lighthearted)  
 He's not working. He's having an affair.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Tell Ollie I didn't think coroners were  
 supposed to have a sense of humor.

MARY BRADFORD  
 They're supposed to have a sense of  
 propriety. Just ignore him. I do.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 He may be on to something.

MARY BRADFORD  
 Oh come on. William? He'd never.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 He's a man.

MARY BRADFORD  
 And you're a paranoid woman. Why don't  
 you come with us? I haven't seen you in  
 ages.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 My heart wouldn't be in it.

MARY BRADFORD  
 I'll miss you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 I'm beyond guilt, Miss Mary. I'll talk to  
 you later in the week.

Kathryn ends the call. The elevator door opens and she  
 enters.

INT. BEDROOM IN BRADFORD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mary hangs up the phone. She goes to Oliver and puts her arms  
 around him.

MARY BRADFORD  
 Knowing what she has to deal with makes  
 me really appreciate you.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 So it's a good thing that my best friend  
 is a total moron at relationships?

Mary lays her head against his chest and smiles.

MARY BRADFORD

He makes you look like a genius.

INT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN RESTAURANT - A SHORT TIME LATER

There are only a few CUSTOMERS in the modest restaurant.

Grandmother and Martin Winston sit at a table. Empty soup bowls and glasses of iced-tea are in front of them.

Grandmother is sitting back in her chair, hands on her lap, gazing at the customers. She smiles at a few.

Martin sits forward in his chair and looks skeptically at Grandmother.

MARTIN WINSTON

How do you do it?

GRANDMOTHER

Do what, Martin?

MARTIN WINSTON

I thought the guy was almost dead.

GRANDMOTHER

I do what others taught me.

MARTIN WINSTON

Don't you ever wonder why the things you do work?

GRANDMOTHER

What would it help to wonder? They work. Like with Mr. Walker tonight.

MARTIN WINSTON

How did he get so rich? I never saw a place like that.

GRANDMOTHER

Wealthy *Wasichu* like his paintings. They have made him rich, but being rich has made him forget where he came from. I knew this.

MARTIN WINSTON

How?

GRANDMOTHER

You worry too much about how. I don't know how, but I knew he needed to go back to the place of his ancestors. I asked the spirits to send his power animal to  
(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (cont'd)

be his guardian, to carry him back. They sent an eagle.

MARTIN WINSTON

You were dancing like an eagle.

GRANDMOTHER

His guardian. When I blew it into him, it carried him back to where he belongs, back to where life was waiting for him. Now he must listen to the eagle.

MARTIN WINSTON

What if he doesn't?

GRANDMOTHER

He will die, but I'm not worried because the power was strong. He will listen.

MARTIN WINSTON

I'm supposed to accept all of this without wondering.

GRANDMOTHER

Accept what you want, Grandson. I know the man is better. What more do I need to know? After we eat, let's go to a movie.

A WAITRESS delivers dinner to the table.

Grandmother smiles at the waitress before enthusiastically attacking the food. Martin watches in mild bewilderment.

INT. TUSCANY BAR IN LITTLE ITALY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The Tuscany is small, dark, and frequented by rough trade. A bar runs the length of one wall; booths are against the other wall. Six tables are in the middle of the room.

The Tuscany is half full of PATRONS, mostly working class men and a few of their part-time women.

Kathryn enters and surveys the room. She walks to the bar with the arrogance of a runway model and flows onto a stool. She stares at the bartender, NORMAN, and raises an eyebrow.

Norman, middle-aged, rotund, and expressionless, is drying a wine glass. He yawns, puts down the glass, approaches the bar, and stares at Kathryn.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Single malt...Glenlivet 12 if you've got it.

NORMAN

Lady, I got it all. Rocks?

Kathryn nods and stares at herself in the mirror behind the bar as she waits.

Nick Arena enters and sits unobtrusively at the far end of the bar.

TONY appears beside Kathryn at the same time the scotch arrives. He is a very large, forty-something, small-time hood who is wearing a black leather jacket, jeans, dress shirt and silk tie. His black hair is medium length and slicked back.

TONY

I got it Norm.

Tony puts a one hundred dollar bill on the counter, nervously tightens his tie, and gives Kathryn the once-over.

Kathryn looks at him with brass waiting for his move.

TONY

So, I don't think we've met, OK? Name's Tony.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Why am I not surprised?

Tony waits for an awkward beat.

TONY

And you are?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Names are just unimportant little baubles, don't you think?

Kathryn reaches out and feels the fabric of Tony's tie.

TONY

I don't know nothing about no fucking baubles, but I just, I don't know, you want to maybe sit in a booth? You can get to know my tie, and whatever else you want to feel, up close and personal. Whadaya say?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Why not?

Kathryn slides from the bar stool and walks toward an empty booth.

Tony follows.

Nick Arena discretely aims and snaps shots of Kathryn and Tony using a tiny camera that he has placed on the bar.

TONY  
(to himself)  
Yo baby. Going uptown tonight.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET CORNER - MIDNIGHT, SAME DAY

William approaches the corner on the sidewalk. He is looking down, his expression serious and thoughtful. His pace is steady but not brisk.

THE HELPER, a tall, slim man, approaches rapidly pushing a shopping cart. He wears worn black jeans, black Converse sneakers, and an oversized, black, hooded sweatshirt. His face is in the shadow of the hood.

A stuffed dark green plastic garbage bag fills the cart.

The Helper nearly runs into William and almost loses control of the cart as he darts around him.

William whips around as the Helper scurries away.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Watch where the hell you're going!

William frowns at the Helper for a beat before continuing down the sidewalk.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Helper turns his shopping cart into the large, darkened alcove of an apartment building. He stops in front of a large dumpster, which is open, pauses to catch his breath, and furtively looks about, his face hidden by the hood.

The Helper pushes open the side door of the dumpster and struggles to lift the bag into the door. The bag catches on a sharp edge, partially opens, and reveals the face of a dead five-year-old GIRL. A sooty cross is marked on her forehead.

The Helper recovers, throws the child's body into the dumpster, and then hurries off with the empty cart.

INT. JENNIFER NUSSBAUM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer, wrapped in a fleece throw, leans out her open window looking at the street several floors below.

William walks INTO FRAME on the sidewalk.

Jennifer watches for a beat, closes the window, and crawls into her bed.

EXT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

William enters the foyer, slips off his overcoat, and hangs it in the guest closet.

Selena enters yawning and rubbing your eyes.

SELENA

Hello Mr. William. Miss Jenny was an angel. She went to her room at nine without me even having to ask.

Selena takes her coat from the closet and puts it on.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

That's news. (beat) I don't suppose Kate's home.

SELENA

Miss Kate said midnight.

William looks at his watch and frowns. Selena looks at her watch; her expression conveys "uh-oh".

SELENA

I'm sure she'll be home soon. Good night Mr. William.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Good night, Selena.

William opens the door and closes it behind Selena.

Cell phone BEEPS; William answers.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Hello. (beat) It's done and on Betty's desk. (beat) I have a meeting with Walt first thing tomorrow. (beat) But... (beat) O.K., O.K., I'll reschedule. (beat) Right, first thing.

The conversation over, William shuts off the phone.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

*Goddamn son-of-a-bitch.*

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM (O.S.)

Daddy!

Jennifer INTO VIEW in the hallway, hands on hips.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Selena said you went to bed three hours ago.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
She said I went to my room. I can't sleep.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You have school tomorrow.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Where's Mom?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I don't know. You should be in bed. Skee-daddle. I'll be right behind to tuck you in.

Jennifer heads for her room; William follows.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer jumps on her bed and crawls under the covers.

William enters, tucks the covers around Jennifer, and sits on the edge of the bed.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Who was on the phone?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
My boss.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
I don't like it when you talk that way.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
When have you heard me talk that way?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
When you and Mom fight. I don't go deaf when I go to bed. (beat) You're having an affair, aren't you?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
What?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
I watch enough TV to know that when fathers work late it's because they're having an affair.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Whoa! Stop right there. Sometimes fathers work late because their bosses expect them to do the work of fifty people.

Jennifer eyes William skeptically for a beat.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Mom hates it when you work late. She gets so lonely.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

She has you here to keep her company.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I'm a kid! She loves you. She wants to be with you more than me. Isn't that the way it's supposed to be?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Your mom thinks the world of you.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I know that, Daddy. I'm eleven, not stupid. What I'm trying to tell you is, when you don't come home, she gets mad, and then there's like, I don't know, like this other person who doesn't want to be here. It's like she has to run away.

(starts to cry)

It's your fault.

William's eyes well up but he quickly recovers. He lifts Jennifer into his arms and gently rocks her.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - 4:00 A.M.

It is very dark; the only light comes from a streetlight through a single window. The apartment is a long narrow hovel divided into two rooms that are in a state of disarray. The first room is a kitchen, the second is a bedroom.

GRUNTING and SQUEAKING BED SPRINGS

Tony and Kathryn INTO VIEW.

Kathryn, her eyes closed in concentration, is buried beneath Tony as he thrusts into her like a machine.

Kathryn's eyes snap open. She jerks her head back and looks at Tony's face and then looks about as though she does not know where she is.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

What are you doing? Stop it! Oh my God.  
Stop it!

Tony doesn't stop.

Kathryn tries to extricate herself but cannot. She looks from side to side and sees a large chromed ashtray on a nightstand.

Despite Tony's incessant thrusting, Kathryn grabs the ashtray and crashes it against the side of his head.

Tony stops thrusting, raises a hand to his head, rolls off of Kathryn and onto the floor, landing on his back.

Tony MOANS.

Kathryn leans over the edge of the bed. Her eyes widen, and she slaps a hand over her mouth when she sees blood.

Tony rolls onto his belly and passes out.

Kathryn crawls off the bed and stares at Tony. When he doesn't move, she covers her mouth with her hands and shock fills her eyes.

Kathryn rushes about the room and picks up panties, slip, purse, dress and coat. She hastily dresses and hurries into the hallway, pausing twice to put on her shoes. She does not close the apartment door.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Tony's apartment building is a narrow building nestled between two cheesy stores.

Kathryn rushes out of the building's entrance and collides with LOUIS, a twenty-year-old, emaciated, raggedly-dressed addict in need of a fix.

Louis nearly loses his balance as he steps back. Kathryn recoils in disgust and runs down the sidewalk.

Louis watches her run. His eyes narrow. He snaps his gaze toward the slowly closing apartment door, runs to it and grabs it before it latches.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK, LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Martin drives slowly along the empty street. Grandmother studies the buildings on each side of the street, her face a picture of concern and concentration.

MARTIN WINSTON  
Who are we looking for?

GRANDMOTHER  
I don't know.

MARTIN WINSTON  
You don't know. It's four in the morning,  
you wake me up in the middle of the night  
and tell me we've got to drive around  
Manhattan to find a woman who's in  
trouble, but you don't know who she is.

GRANDMOTHER  
Her name was not in the vision.

MARTIN WINSTON  
Then how will you know her?

GRANDMOTHER  
I have seen her.

MARTIN WINSTON  
You've seen her?

Martin stops the truck at a traffic light and looks at  
Grandmother. Grandmother looks at him and raises an eyebrow.

MARTIN WINSTON  
OK, you've seen her. How much longer are  
we going to do this?

GRANDMOTHER  
Until we find her.

MARTIN WINSTON  
This is crazy.

Grandmother smiles, pats his knee, and returns her attention  
to the buildings along the street as the truck begins to  
move.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It is dark except for the light visible through the slightly  
open door. The silhouette of Louis' head appears in the  
opening.

Louis enters cautiously.

Louis sees a watch and some change on the tiny kitchen table,  
scoops them up, and stuffs them into his pockets.

Louis goes into the bedroom cautiously, discovers Tony, and goes through the pockets of the pants lying next to Tony. He finds a wallet, opens it, and discovers a substantial wad of cash.

Tony moans and starts to move.

Louis sees the ashtray on the bed, grabs it, clubs Tony with it three times, and kills him.

Louis takes the wallet and runs out of the apartment.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A new silver BMW SUV with Connecticut plates drives slowly along the street.

RAP POUNDS inside the SUV.

INT. MINIVAN

Four wealthy teenagers, FRANK, BOBBY, CHAS, and BRAD, the driver, are drinking and smoking dope; the inside of the SUV is smoky.

All four boys are high. Frank is especially juiced.

FRANK

I'm not going home until we get laid.

BRAD

I was supposed to be home four hours ago.

FRANK

You a fucking fag or what?

CHAS

(giggles)

He's going to be in big fucking trouble.

FRANK

Another fucking fag. You guys are all fucking fags.

Bobby points.

BOBBY

Look.

BRAD

Asshole, she's old enough to be your mom.

FRANK

I like moms. Yours was good.

Bobby and Chas giggle.

BRAD  
Fuck you!

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET

Kathryn walks quickly along the sidewalk.

The SUV pulls alongside Kathryn. Frank leans across Brad and shouts through the open driver-side window.

FRANK  
Hey lady, need a ride?

Kathryn glances at the SUV. Panic fills her eyes; she walks faster.

FRANK  
Come on, Lady. We got a joint with your name on it.

Kathryn starts to run.

The SUV stops. Frank, Bobby and Chas jump out and give chase.

Kathryn, wearing high heels, falls. She bounces up, kicks off the shoes and starts running in her bare feet.

The boys close in on her.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK, LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn, INTO VIEW through the windshield, is in a violent struggle with the boys as they try to corral her. Her coat is ripped off and her purse goes flying as she flails at them.

Grandmother sees her.

GRANDMOTHER  
Martin! There she is.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET

Martin's truck rushes onto the sidewalk and slides to a stop fifteen feet from the boys and Kathryn.

The boys back away.

Kathryn wavers for a beat and then falls to the sidewalk. The top of her dress has been ripped away, her hair is awry, blood is running from a cut on her lip. She tries to get up but cannot.

Martin jumps from the truck, an ax handle in his hand, and rushes the boys. Grandmother exits the truck more slowly, but she shuffles toward Kathryn as fast as her ancient legs will carry her.

Bobby and Chas backstep quickly toward the SUV, but Frank takes a step toward Martin with drunken bravado.

FRANK

What's your fucking problem, man?

Martin snaps the ax handle overhead and takes a quick, threatening step toward Frank.

MARTIN WINSTON

Get your ass out of here, or swear to God, I'll bust your skull.

Bobby and Chas run around the front of the SUV. Chas jumps in. Bobby stands in the doorway and shouts over the roof.

BOBBY

Come on Frank!

Martin charges Frank, who turns and runs to the SUV.

Bobby jumps inside and SLAMS the door.

Frank runs around the SUV, jumps inside the open front door, and SLAMS it shut as Martin arrives at the left front of the SUV. Frank leans across Brad, which keeps Brad from driving away.

FRANK

Fuck you, man!

Martin smashes the left side middle window with a home run swing of the ax handle. Brad pushes Frank away, and speeds the SUV down the street.

Martin takes a step into the street, watches the SUV drive away for a beat, and then runs to where Grandmother is kneeling on the sidewalk. She is holding Kathryn who is sobbing violently.

Martin kneels beside them.

MARTIN WINSTON

Is she OK?

GRANDMOTHER

I don't know.

MARTIN WINSTON

We should get her to a hospital.

Kathryn's sobbing subsides because she is going into shock.

GRANDMOTHER

How will we find one?

MARTIN WINSTON

We'll find a phone and call 9-1-1.

Kathryn looks at Grandmother and weakly shakes her head.

GRANDMOTHER

What is it, child?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Don't call. Please. I can't go to a hospital.

MARTIN WINSTON

Lady, you're hurt.

Kathryn turns to Martin.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

They'll call the police. I can't have them call the police.

MARTIN WINSTON

If we called right now, they might get those guys.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I don't care.

Kathryn starts crying again.

MARTIN WINSTON

Kunshi, we've got to do something.

GRANDMOTHER

We'll take her home.

MARTIN WINSTON

We're not doing that. She has to have family. Somebody. They'll take care of her.

(to Kathryn)

Who can we call?

Kathryn passes out.

GRANDMOTHER

Help me get her to the truck. We will  
take her home.

MARTIN WINSTON

Kunshi!

GRANDMOTHER

Help me. She'll be all right.

Martin closes his eyes, shakes his head, takes a deep breath,  
and stands up. He helps Grandmother to stand, and then he  
picks up Kathryn and carries her to his truck.

Grandmother opens the passenger side door, and Martin places  
Kathryn into the truck.

INT. WEST SIDE GENERIC BROWNSTONE - 6:00 A.M.

Rev. Lacey is stroking his lather covered face with a safety  
razor. He is bare-chested and wears pajama bottoms.

DOOR CHIMES

Lacey looks a question at his reflection.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Who in God's name could that be?

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Rev. Lacey, wearing a robe and slippers, opens the front  
door.

William stands on the front stoop, stone-faced. Concern  
etches Lacey's face.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

William! What's wrong?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

May I come in?

REV. ROBERT LACEY

What is it?

Lacey stands aside. William enters and walks toward the  
parlor. Lacey follows.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE PARLOR

William enters and plops on a sofa. Lacey enters and stands  
in front of William.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Is it Jenny? Has something happened to  
her?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Kate's been out all night.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
What?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
The guy I talked to at the local precinct  
said I had to wait twenty-four hours  
before they'd accept a missing person  
report.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Missing person report?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I came over to see if you'd be willing to  
call your brother. I haven't talked to  
him in a long time and thought it would  
be better if...

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
You're getting ahead of yourself. How do  
you know something's happened? Did you  
try her friends?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Which friends?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
What's that supposed to mean?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I think she has friends I don't know or  
don't want to know.

Lacey glares at William.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
What're you talking about?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
She's done this before when I've had to  
work late, gone out I don't know where,  
and when I ask where she's been, she  
won't tell me.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
I don't believe it.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Believe what you want.

William leans forward, props his elbows on his knees, and rests his chin on his clasped hands.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I haven't been home much.

Lacey looks sharply at William. Quick concern crosses William's face; he sits up and looks at Lacey.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
It's been hell at work lately.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
She can't be happy about that.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You know how she is.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Like a child. My fault, I suppose. She needed her mother, God rest her soul.

William leans back on the sofa. Both men stare vacantly for a beat, and then Lacey walks toward the foyer.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Where are you going?

Lacey stops at the doorway.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
To get dressed. I've been finding excuses to wake up my little brother since I was six. I Finally have a reason he'll understand.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Do you have my office number?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
You're going to work?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Harold scheduled a meeting with a major client for first thing.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Surely he'll understand.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I'm already on his shit list. Do I want him to know I don't know where my wife is? I can't afford to lose this job.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Don't you have a job to do at home? Jenny is going to need you.

The two men exchange glances. There is a suggestion of annoyance in Lacey's eyes. William looks away.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I'll let you know what Al has to say. Call me as soon as you hear anything.

William gets up and offers his hand to Lacey.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Thanks, Bob.

Lacey watches William exit.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK ON I-95 BRIDGE OVER CONNECTICUT RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn sleeps between Grandmother and Martin in the cab of the truck, her head rests against Martin's shoulder. He gives her a sideways glance. There is annoyance in his eyes.

Kathryn wakes with a start, She is groggy and disoriented for a few beats, and then looks out the side window. She leans her head back against the rear window and closes her eyes.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

This is the Connecticut River. Billy and I used to stay at a Bed and Breakfast near here.

GRANDMOTHER

Try to rest, child.

Kathryn glances at Grandmother, lays her head against Grandmother's shoulder, and closes her eyes.

EXT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK ON I-95

The truck crosses the bridge and drives off amidst heavy traffic on the interstate.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE GENERIC BROWNSTONE - LATER

Rev. Lacey bounds up the steps and pushes the doorbell, and then shifts from one foot to the other for a few seconds. He pushes the doorbell again.

NYC Police Commissioner ALBERT LACEY, who is 55, tall, and slim like his brother, opens the door in his bathrobe and slippers. Other than build and hair color, the brothers bear little resemblance to one another.

Albert's expression conveys strained patience. He nods for Rev. Lacey to enter, and the Reverend does.

INT. ALBERT LACEY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Rev. Lacey drinks tea seated at a small table in a sterile-looking, white-dominated kitchen with Albert, who drinks a Bloody Mary.

Body language and tone of voice convey impatience on the part of both brothers.

ALBERT LACEY

Christ, Bob. I can't flaunt procedure for a relative.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

She's not just a relative. She's your niece.

ALBERT LACEY

I'm the one who's supposed to make sure people follow procedure.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

As Police Commissioner, you've got the authority to make exceptions.

ALBERT LACEY

You don't get what you're asking of me.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Why don't I ask you to remember the support you got from the Ecumenical Council when the Mayor was ready to drop you on your head?

ALBERT LACEY

Jesus, Bob.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Those black preachers sure did sing your praise, didn't they? I had them ready to march to City Hall.

ALBERT LACEY

That's a cheap shot and you know it. This is an awkward time for me and the mayor.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

When your neck was in a noose, I stuck mine in there with you and got those recalcitrant clerics on your side. I know what your problems are. I'm all about image and spin on God's behalf. When my congregation needs me to politic, I'm damn well going to politic, but right now I don't care about image or spin. I want to know where my daughter is.

Albert glares at Rev. Lacey for a beat, and then his eyes soften.

ALBERT LACEY

I don't mean to be such a prick. I'm just tired as hell.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Obviously a late night. Partying?

ALBERT LACEY

Reporters.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Can you talk about it?

ALBERT LACEY

Last week a homicide detective noticed similarities between the killing of an eight-year-old girl, homeless, we think, with another case he worked on four years ago.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I read about it in the Times. Terrible.

ALBERT LACEY

Since then, he's found the same M.O. in a couple dozen other unsolved cases.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

How many?

ALBERT LACEY

I know. Nobody's paid attention because, far as we can tell, they're throw-aways. Probably homeless or kids whose parents are addicts, alcoholics, whatever. Less than half were ever identified. None of them were reported missing.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

If one of those kids lived on Fifth Avenue you'd have thrown everything at it and made an arrest a long time ago. The media will be all over this.

ALBERT LACEY

Are all over this. It's why I didn't get to bed until way after midnight. Somebody leaked something, and I had to brief the press. It'll be in the papers this morning.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I shouldn't have barged in on you so early.

Albert looks hard at Rev. Lacey and sighs.

ALBERT LACEY

I'll see what I can do about Kate.

Rev. Lacey stands, extends his hand, and breaks into a Sunday morning preacher smile.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I knew you'd help your big brother.

Albert gives Rev. Lacey a dubious look and shakes his hand.

ALBERT LACEY

I'm sure she's OK. You know, she hasn't come around much in the last ten years.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Hopefully, having grounds to say thank you will give her a reason to visit.

EXT. CONNECTICUT HIGHWAYS - LATER

AERIAL SHOTS of Martin's truck exiting I-95, driving along a wooded two-lane toward Foxwood Casino, which comes INTO VIEW in the distance.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Martin, Kathryn, and Grandmother are in the truck.

Walela SINGS from the truck's speakers.

Martin wears a slight frown, Kathryn stares straight ahead without expression, but Grandmother is smiling and HUMMING along with Walela.

Martin looks at Kathryn. Grandmother turns to Martin

GRANDMOTHER  
Keep your eyes on the road, Martin.

MARTIN WINSTON  
I'm looking at the road.

GRANDMOTHER  
You were looking at her.

Grandmother looks at Kathryn.

GRANDMOTHER  
I don't even know your name.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Kathryn...Kate.

GRANDMOTHER  
Good name.

MARTIN WINSTON  
How come your vision didn't tell you her name?

GRANDMOTHER  
Mind your tongue.  
(to Kathryn)  
He is a sweet boy who asks too many questions.

All three stare ahead for a few seconds.

Kathryn turns and looks at Grandmother, who smiles back.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
There's a reservation near here. It's where we're going, isn't it?

GRANDMOTHER  
That's right, child.

EXT. MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Martin's truck pulls into a short, gravel driveway that leads to the right side of a modest, light green, clapboarded Cape Cod.

The tiny lawn is a bit ragged, and plantings in flower beds along the front of the house have no apparent logic to them, but the overall affect is a property that is cared for.

Martin and Grandmother get out of the truck. Kathryn slides out the driver's side with Martin's help. Grandmother and Martin each take one of Kathryn's arms. Kathryn's steps are not steady as they guide her to the front door.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - LATER

An unmarked police car parks. Albert Lacey exits on the driver's side and crosses the sidewalk toward his brownstone.

A few PEDESTRIANS walk the sidewalk, oblivious to BILLY, a frail, eight-year-old boy, beautiful underneath street grime and tattered clothes, who is picking through the contents of a trash can.

Albert notices Billy and approaches him. A passing WOMAN smiles as Albert settles onto his haunches so he can be at eye level with Billy.

ALBERT LACEY

What's your name, little man?

BILLY

Billy. You got a buck?

ALBERT LACEY

Where's your mother?

BILLY

She's at home.

ALBERT LACEY

And where would that be?

BILLY

You going to give me a buck or what?

ALBERT LACEY

Tell you what. When was the last time you had something to eat?

Albert smiles and extends his hand.

Billy hesitantly takes the proffered hand.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Billy sits at the kitchen table. He attacks a bowl of cereal and occasionally glances at Albert.

Albert stands with his back to Billy and speaks into a phone.

ALBERT LACEY  
I've got one, a real cute one.

CLOSE SHOT on Albert.

ALBERT LACEY  
That's right. (pause) Isn't it obvious  
that I don't want people finding out  
given my position?

Chair legs SCRAPE on tile floor.

Albert turns. Billy's empty chair INTO VIEW. It is pushed back from the table.

ALBERT LACEY  
Damn!

Albert goes to the doorway of the next room.

A door SLAMS.

Albert leans against the jam and frowns as he speaks into the phone.

ALBERT LACEY  
He took off. I'll call when I get  
another.

Albert puts down the phone and stares at nothing.

INT./EXT. VISION SEQUENCE - LATER

DREAMER'S POV

Progress through a downward sloping, round tunnel chisled through rock.

The speed of progress increases. There is a growing light coming from the unseen end of the tunnel.

As the end of the tunnel approaches, a vista of Tibetan high plains surrounded by mountains INTO VIEW.

ZOOM IN until vista FILLS FRAME.

The head of a huge golden alligator, teeth bared, flashes INTO FRAME.

The alligator slams its jaws shut.

The alligator slithers away and looks back over its shoulder, upon which sits a beautiful, blond, five-year-old SALLY STANLEY in a sun dress.

Sally beckons the dreamer to follow.

INT. BEDROOM IN MARTIN WINSTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grandmother rocks in a rocking chair beside the bed. Martin dozes in another chair across the room.

Kathryn Nussbaum lies on the bed. She sits bolt upright and glances around. Her eyes are wide open with alarm.

Grandmother stops rocking

There is momentary recognition in Kathryn's expression. She closes her eyes and flops back onto the bed.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I thought I was home.

Grandmother goes to the bed and sits on the edge. She strokes Kathryn's hair.

GRANDMOTHER

What's wrong, child?

Kathryn's face contorts as if she is in physical pain. She covers her eyes with her forearm.

Martin and Grandmother's eyes meet; he shakes his head, gets up, and exits the room.

INT. OFFICE IN LOWER MANHATTAN BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

William looks out of his window. Patrice paces. She stops and glares at William.

PATRICE

I can't believe she's doing this to you.

William shrugs.

PATRICE

I can't stand it when you're like this.  
How can we...

SECRETARY (INTERCOM)

Mr. Nussbaum? A Mr. Arena to see you.

William looks through the inner glass wall of his office toward his secretary and sees Nick Arena standing beside her desk. Arena holds a large manila envelope.

William looks at Patrice; his eyes beg forbearance. Patrice glares and walks out, passes Rev. Lacey who looks at her and then at William before walking in front of Arena to enter the office.

Arena looks daggers at Lacey.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

(to secretary via intercom)

Tell Mr. Arena to hold on a minute.

(to Lacey)

I thought you were going to call.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I was...

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

...in the neighborhood?

William glances at Arena, who looks like a malevolent wallflower.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Would you mind waiting outside for just a minute? I've got to talk to this guy.

William nods to Arena, who enters the office as Lacey exits.

Rev. Lacey stands a few feet from William's secretary as Arena and William, unheard, converse.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Do you know who that is?

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, but I don't.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

You've never seen him before?

Arena pulls 8X10 photos from the manila envelope.

SECRETARY

A few times.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 What business would someone like that  
 have with Bill?

The secretary glances at Lacey and returns to her computer.

Lacey raises an eyebrow at the secretary and then enters  
 William's office.

William is looking at the photos: Kathryn talking to Tony,  
 leaving with Tony, kissing Tony, entering a building with  
 Tony.

Rev. Lacey's approach startles William. Lacey sees Kathryn in  
 the top picture.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 What are those?

William looks at Arena.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 Damn it, Bill. If this cockroach has  
 taken pictures of Kate, by God, I'm going  
 to see them.

Arena puffs up and glares at Lacey, who takes the photos from  
 William.

Rev. Lacey looks at the top photo and takes a threatening  
 step toward Arena.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 Did you take these?

Arena stands his ground.

NICK ARENA  
 Last night.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 (to William)  
 These are important. We've got to give  
 them to my brother. The bastard in this  
 picture may have done something to Kate.

William turns away.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 What's going on?

NICK ARENA  
 I know who your brother is. I don't think  
 you're going to want him to see these.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Why the hell not?

NICK ARENA  
The guy in the photos was found this morning with his head bashed in.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
My God.

Lacey stares at Arena and places the photos back into the envelope.

NICK ARENA  
They found him naked on the floor next to his bed. When they bagged him there was a bra...an expensive bra...underneath him. Your brother's boys have that and fingerprints all over an ashtray used to kill the guy. That may be all they need to eventually find a suspect, but if you want to give them these pictures to speed up the process, go ahead. You're a big fucking deal. You know more than a lowly fucking cockroach like myself. Who do you think the prime suspect is going to be, Preacher? I'd bet on a good looking woman who wears a custom fit bra. 36 B cup. Your daughter got perky tits?

Rev. Lacey takes a swing at Arena who ducks and swings back wildly. William intervenes and the three men, locked together, pirouette around the office.

Furniture and papers fly; a vase CRASHES.

Harold Laudermilk and two other EXECUTIVES enter and separate the combatants. EMPLOYEES gather outside the office. Lacey ends up sitting on the floor.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK  
What the hell's going on?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
We're a bit tense.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK  
Tense? You don't know from tense! I'm the poster child for tense.  
(finger in William's face)  
You and I need to talk right now.

Laudermilk storms out. Employees head for their cubbies.

Arena wipes blood from his lip.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
(to Arena)  
Get out of here.

NICK ARENA  
I'm already gone.

Arena glares at Lacey and exits.

William helps Lacey to his feet.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I've got to see what the boss wants.

William exits.

Rev. Lacey sees the pictures on the floor, picks them up, stacks them, puts them on William's desk, and stares at them.

EXT. BACK DECK OF MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The sun is low in a crystal sky that follows the passage of a Canadian cold front.

Kathryn and Grandmother, each wrapped in a blanket, sit on the floor of the deck and stare at a fire in a small fire pit a few feet away from where they are seated.

GRANDMOTHER  
You will have to go back.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
My life is completely upside down. I feel totally disconnected from anything that used to be real.

GRANDMOTHER  
I understand, but do you feel the love that surrounds you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
No. (beat) No, I don't feel it.

GRANDMOTHER  
Because you fight it, as though you don't deserve it. I think you have fought it for a long time, but that means there must be someone who loves you, or you'd have nothing to fight.

Grandmother goes to the fire, rearranges the fire and adds pieces of tree branches. She returns to her seat next to Kathryn and serenely closes her eyes.

GRANDMOTHER

You didn't kill the man last night.

(Kathryn looks at Grandmother  
with surprise)

I see two spirits in you. One, full of light, an arm around a girl child. Much power in this spirit. The other is dark, also much power, and at the feet of this one are snakes, so many they make my heart cold, but it is the spirit of light who hurt the man. You did hurt him, but you didn't kill him.

Kathryn stares at the fire.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

God, I want to believe you. (beat)  
Sometimes I remember things, evil things that it seems I've done, but only like you remember dreams.

GRANDMOTHER

I'll tell you about an evil thing. The alligator is evil; the golden one that frightened you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

(astonished)  
That was in my dream.

GRANDMOTHER

You didn't follow it because the good spirit in you knows that animals with scales are *Gnaski* in disguise.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Nasty?

GRANDMOTHER

*Gnaski*, child. *Gnaski*. *Gnaski* is the demon. When I saw him, I was afraid.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

It was a dream.

GRANDMOTHER

It was more than just a dream. It was a vision. The good spirit, the spirit of light, wants to find your power, but the alligator keeps you from it.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

That's not your everyday neurosis, is it?

Grandmother laughs out loud. She gets up and tends the fire.

GRANDMOTHER

I know how hard it is for you to accept these things.

Grandmother sits next to Kathryn.

GRANDMOTHER

You come from a world that cannot believe *Gnaski* would shape an alligator to frighten you from your power, or that you even have power.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Because it's all in my mind.

Grandmother looks at the stars and then closes her eyes.

GRANDMOTHER

Then how was it I saw what you saw?  
(beat) Who was the little girl sitting on the alligator?

Kathryn's eyes snap toward Grandmother and narrow as Kathryn stares at her.

INT. HAROLD LAUDERMILK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is tiered, with a spacious sitting area on the lower tier containing two sofas, three matching club chairs, and a coffee table and bachelor's chest with a collection of paper weights on top.

Laudermilk is seated on the upper tier, which is reached by four stairs. The Manhattan skyline is visible through a wall of windows behind him as he sits and types into a laptop on the table that serves as his desk.

Laudermilk appears to be ignoring William, who is pacing about the lower tier.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I've worked my ass off for you.

Laudermilk looks up.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK

That's your problem. You should be working your ass off for you by trying to impress me. You're not selfish enough.

(MORE)

HAROLD LAUDERMILK (cont'd)

Christ, man. Selfishness is what drives everyone who is someone on this island. I thought you were a selfish son-of-a-bitch when I hired you, thought you were the kind of guy who would stop at nothing to get ahead. That's not what I'm hearing.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Right now, getting ahead doesn't seem all that important. Do you have any idea what it's like to see your kid upset because she doesn't know where her mom is?

HAROLD LAUDERMILK

Two days ago you were telling me about boarding schools. You were hoping to get rid of the little twit.

William stops pacing in front of the bachelor's chest and glares at Laudermilk. His hand rests on a paperweight and he grips it.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

That was two days ago. Last night I saw myself through that little twit's eyes.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK

You should've been worried about what my eyes see, and what I just saw in your office was the last straw. You'll get your severance pay in the mail. Consider yourself lucky.

Laudermilk returns to his keyboard.

William picks up the paperweight, grasps it tightly, turns and glares at Laudermilk, and then returns the paperweight to its original location.

Laudermilk looks up.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK

What?

William glares for a beat and then exits.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Kathryn puts change in a pay phone near the front door of the store; Martin is nearby in his truck.

A few NATIVE AMERICAN CUSTOMERS pass IN AND OUT OF FRAME.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM

Jennifer sits on her bed reading a paperback.

The phone on the nightstand BEEPS. Jennifer lunges for it.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Mom?

INT. WILLIAM NUSSBAUM'S OFFICE

Patrice stands by her desk with the phone to her ear. She frowns as she takes the phone from her ear, and then stares thoughtfully out the window.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM (ON PHONE)

Hello?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

BUSY SIGNAL as Kathryn holds the phone to her ear. She hangs up, collects her change from the return, puts it back in the phone, dials again, and waits a beat.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Jenny? It's Mom. (beat) Don't cry honey.

INTER-CUT

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM

Jennifer wipes away tears as she speaks into the phone.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Where are you?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'm staying with some very nice people.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Who?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I don't want to say right now. You'll just have to trust me, OK?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I want you to come home.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I know, honey. I want to come home too, but I can't just yet. Let me talk to Daddy.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

He's not home. (beat) He really misses you. He really does.

Kathryn pauses as she smiles dubiously.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

When he gets home, tell him I'm all right and not to worry. Tell him I'll call him tomorrow.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

And that you love him.

Kathryn closes her eyes and sighs before responding.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I love you, Sweetheart. I can't wait to give you a big hug.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I miss you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I miss you too. Please don't worry. Everything is going to be all right.

Jennifer puts the phone down, hugs a Teddy bear, and cries.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK - LATER

The sun has set; darkness and an occasional approaching set of headlights are seen through the truck windows.

Martin and Kathryn are driving on a Connecticut two-lane.

Kathryn stares at Martin, who is concentrating on the road. His expression is somewhere between annoyed and resigned.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

My husband wasn't home.  
(to herself)  
Big surprise.

Martin GRUNTS.

Kathryn looks out the windshield for a beat and then looks back at Martin.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Your grandmother is an amazing woman.

Martin GRUNTS.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I've heard you call her Kunshi.

Kathryn looks at Martin and waits for a response that does not come.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Is that her Indian name?

Martin glances at Kathryn; his face is a mask of strained patience. He looks back at the road and keeps his eyes there as he talks with Kathryn.

MARTIN WINSTON  
It means grandmother. It's what I've always called her. Her name is *Pte-ska wanbli ob kinyan win*. It means White Buffalo Flying with Eagles.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Te ska...

MARTIN WINSTON  
Pte...Pte-ska wanbli ob kinyan win.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Is she Pequot?

MARTIN WINSTON  
Grandmother is Lakota. Oglala Lakota. Born at Pine Ridge...South Dakota.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
How did she end up in Connecticut?

MARTIN WINSTON  
She met my grandfather through her brother. Grandfather was Mohawk and worked the high steel in New York with my uncle.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Skyscrapers?

MARTIN WINSTON  
And bridges. Grandfather worked the high steel for years. Very good money. His blood runs strong in me. It's what I do, work the high steel.

EXT. HIGHWAY

A Cadillac loaded with elderly WASPS slowly enters the highway from a gas station directly in front of Martin.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK

Martin jerks the steering wheel to the right, and the truck responds.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Gravel and dust spew behind the truck as it passes the Cadillac on the shoulder.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK

MARTIN WINSTON  
Goddamned *Wasichus!*

Martin glances at Kathryn and blushes.

Kathryn smiles; Martin frowns. They are silent for a beat.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
You build skyscrapers?

MARTIN WINSTON  
Not by myself.

Kathryn laughs.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Why do you live so far from your work?

MARTIN WINSTON  
The City feels foreign to me, but it is far. A couple nights a week I stay with a friend.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Has your Grandmother ever been back?

MARTIN WINSTON  
Back?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
To Pine Ridge.

MARTIN WINSTON  
Kunshi's been many places. She has great medicine and people know this. They call her when they're sick or in pain, and she goes to where they are and helps them.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
You mean she's like a medicine man?

Martin chuckles.

MARTIN WINSTON

She's just an old woman who has powers that help people. I've seen it work, but I'll be damned if I understand it.

Kathryn stares at the dashboard for a beat.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

It's amazing in this day and age that you're willing to take care of her.

Martin glances at Kathryn.

MARTIN WINSTON

Can't you see she takes care of herself? If she needed me to take care of her, wouldn't it be amazing if I didn't?

Kathryn falls into silent concentration; Martin's expression conveys "thank goodness."

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - LATER

William quietly enters the dark room and tucks Jennifer in. He kisses her forehead and goes to the door.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Daddy?  
(turns on light on nightstand)  
Where have you been?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Actually, I've been walking. Walking and thinking.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Walking and thinking? Mommy called.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

(intense)  
Where is she?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

She wouldn't tell me, but she said she's OK, and she said she's going to call you tomorrow before you go to work.

William sits on the bed next to his daughter and picks up the phone.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I already tried to get the number. I think it's a pay phone. Uncle Al could find out.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
And you know this because...?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
I watch TV. (beat) Daddy, Mommy said I  
should tell you she loves you.

William puts down the phone and hugs Jennifer. She settles comfortably into his arms, but William's expression conveys deep concern.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME - LATER

RAPID REGULAR DRUM BEATS

Kathryn walks down a darkened hallway toward the sound, which comes from a den illuminated by a single candle in a corner.

Grandmother lies on her back on the floor. Her forearm rests across her eyes. A portable CD player is next to her.

FOUR LOUD DRUM RAPS OUT OF CADENCE

Grandmother stirs and turns off the CD player.

Kathryn enters when Grandmother tries to sit up.

Grandmother smiles broadly as Kathryn helps her to her feet.

GRANDMOTHER  
I'd like to have some tea.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Grandmother sits at the kitchen table. Kathryn pours hot water into Grandmother's cup and then into her own cup.

Kathryn sits down and stares at the tea bag in her cup.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
What were you doing?

GRANDMOTHER  
Journeying.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
You believe you actually go to a place?

GRANDMOTHER  
I went where you went, the broad plain  
surrounded by mountains.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It was a dream.

GRANDMOTHER

So you say, but you know I saw what you saw. Are you so tied to this world that you're afraid to think there might be another?

Kathryn ponders for a beat.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Martin says you have "great medicine".

Grandmother laughs.

GRANDMOTHER

Martin thinks I'm crazy. He may have said it, but I don't think he believes it.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

But you do have, what would you call it, an unusual aptitude?

GRANDMOTHER

It doesn't need to be called anything. I discovered this (chuckles) aptitude when I was a little girl, maybe seven, maybe eight. My father just called it a vision and asked me what I had seen. When I told him, he became very serious and gave me my name.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

White Buffalo that Flies with Eagles.

GRANDMOTHER

Martin told you. He is a good boy.

(looks at Kathryn and smiles)

You are like Martin. You wonder why I can journey, or why you have journeyed and other people, most other people, even most of my people, cannot. The "why" is not important. What is important is finding power on my journeys that helps people.

(serious)

Who was the little girl in your dream?

Kathryn glances at Grandmother and then stares at the darkness outside a kitchen window and takes a sip of tea.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Sally...My best friend.

GRANDMOTHER

She wanted you to come with her.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I couldn't.

GRANDMOTHER

Because of the alligator Gnaski sent to scare you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I wanted so badly to follow her.

Grandmother smiles and grasps Kathryn's hand.

GRANDMOTHER

We must chase the alligator away. There is something Sally knows that will open your heart.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

What could it be?

GRANDMOTHER

She is the one who will have to tell you.

INT. OFFICE IN WEST SIDE CHRIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The office is lined with dark wood paneling and bookshelves crowded with books and memorabilia of a cleric's life. There is a small sitting area with a sofa, club chair, and coffee table.

Rev. Lacey sits at a large mahogany desk, his back to the only window. He speaks into a phone.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Nothing yet? (beat) You'll let me know the instant you hear something? (beat) Thank you, Detective.

Rev. Lacey hangs up the phone and picks up a brass picture frame containing a smiling college graduation portrait of Kathryn. He examines the picture and then puts it down.

Rev. Lacey opens a manila folder and pulls out a photo: Arena's shot of Kathryn kissing Tony. Lacey's expression gradually changes from near tears to intense anger as he stares at the photo.

Lacey ROARS and whisks papers and the photos from his desk with a dramatic sweep of his arm.

Lacey's anger changes quickly to tears of grief. He buries his head in his arms on his desk.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT - EARLY NEXT MORNING

William sits on a sofa in the living room. He stares out at the new morning. A cell phone RINGS. William takes it out of his shirt pocket and answers the call.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Bill Nussbaum.

INTER-CUT

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE NEAR RESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn uses the pay phone.

Martin is in his truck; CUSTOMERS pass IN AND OUT OF FRAME.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It's Kate.

William abruptly sits up.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Thank God. Where are you?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I don't want to say.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Please don't play games.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It's not a game, Bill. I'm in trouble.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
The guy from the Tuscany.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
My God. How did you know?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I just know.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
But how?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
It doesn't matter. What matters is whether or not you're OK.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I'm not OK. My life isn't OK.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Let me come get you. We'll figure it out together.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

You used to say that.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I used to say a lot of things. Come home.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I will come home, but I need more time to figure things out, including why you're even talking to me.

(waits for response that doesn't come.)

Tell Jenny I'm OK and that I love her.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Kate...

Kathryn hangs up.

William seems lost as he speaks into the dead phone.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I got fired.

William puts the phone down and stares at the floor.

Selena enters with a vacuum cleaner, plugs it in, and then sees William. She shakes her head slightly, pulls the plug and leaves the room with the vacuum cleaner.

INT. DEN IN MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME - LATER

The room is dimly lit because the shades are pulled.

Kathryn lies on her back on the floor in a relaxed position with her hands at her sides. Her eyes are closed.

Grandmother, eyes closed, is on her knees beside Kathryn; Martin sits cross-legged close behind Grandmother with a small plastic bucket and his hand drum next to him.

Grandmother slowly passes her hand above the entirety of Kathryn's torso but does not touch her.

The hand begins to center its movement over a spot just above Kathryn's forehead. Grandmother holds the hand there for a beat and tilts her head back, her eyes still closed.

Grandmother's face creases in concentration. Her eyes open and she stares at Kathryn's forehead. She places her mouth on it and begins to suck.

Grandmother's body begins to convulse.

Martin hands Grandmother the bucket, and she retches into it violently.

Kathryn does not open her eyes, but her expression conveys concern.

Grandmother recovers and shakes a rattle around the perimeter of Kathryn's body four times as she speaks.

GRANDMOTHER

This place is now sacred, child. The alligator has gone. It is time for you to find your power.

Martin begins beating his hand drum in the usual steady, rapid cadence.

INT./EXT. VISION SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

A DRUM BEAT is heard as if from a great distance.

KATHRYN'S POV

Kathryn hovers in midair at the end of the usual tunnel and is greeted by a RED WOLF. It gambols about with the joy of an animal happy to see its long absent mistress.

The wolf's body language convinces Kathryn to follow it. The wolf sprints toward the horizon of a vast Tibetan-like high plain with increasing speed.

Kathryn flies after the wolf. Her speed increases until she passes above the wolf, and at hundreds of miles per hour, she covers a great expanse of the plain.

A tiny white speck is seen in the distance. It quickly grows into a modest, white church with a steeple that FILLS THE FRAME.

WIND HOWLING IS ONLY SOUND

BLACK AND WHITE, SLOW MOTION

Sally stands in front of The Helper. His face hidden beneath the cowl of a dark grey robe. Her face is a mask of terror.

Sally silently mouths the scream, "I'm telling my mommy."

The Helper swings a mop handle; Sally ducks.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Over the wind, we hear a MOP HANDLE CRACKING A SKULL.

FOUR WOLF BARKS OVER THE WIND

INT. DEN IN MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark; Kathryn, clearly distraught, gets up and leaves the room. Martin stops drumming and stares after her.

Grandmother watches Kathryn exit, struggles to her feet, and sits in a nearby chair. She CHANTS mournfully as she rocks her body back and forth.

EXT. MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn, crying, exits the house and runs to a path leading into the woods adjacent to Martin's small yard.

EXT. CONNECTICUT WOODS

SERIES of SHOTS as Kathryn follows the path to a small pond approximately an acre in size. It has a peaceful ambiance with cattails fringing the opposite bank and a mound of glacial boulders marking the near bank.

Kathryn sits on one of the boulders and cries.

INT. WEST SIDE CHRIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - LATER

Rev. Lacey stands in a circle in the middle of the room with the TWELVE MEMBERS of the Governing Board of the church's senior center. They are holding hands, and their heads are bowed in prayer.

Lacey is not wearing his clerical coat and his sleeves are rolled back, but his clerical collar indicates he is on duty. He prays in a powerful and moving voice, eyes closed, head tilted back, the picture of piety.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

And we ask that you keep safe those of  
your flock who have strayed and lead to  
safety those who are under the cloak of  
evil. Keep us ever mindful that your Son  
suffered for us, and in so doing, he  
taught us that we should not retaliate  
against those who cause us to suffer. We

(MORE)

REV. ROBERT LACEY (cont'd)  
 should ever seek to follow in the example  
 of your Son...

Lacey's voice catches; a few members glance at him. He  
 regroupes.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 ...your Son who taught us to forgive. If  
 we follow His example, surely we will be  
 rewarded in Heaven. Surely...

Lacey's face contorts in grief but he does not cry. He breaks  
 from the circle and hurries from the room.

The Seniors' collective body language and expressions convey  
 commiseration with Lacey's behavior.

EXT. MICHELLINA'S CAFE NEAR GRAMERCY PARK - CONTINUOUS

It's a beautiful spring day.

Oliver and Mary Bradford walk quickly through a LUNCHTIME  
 CROWD on the sidewalk and enter the cafe.

INT. MICHELLINA'S CAFE

Busy WAITERS serve a house full of PATRONS. William sits at a  
 small table on the side of the narrow cafe.

Oliver Bradford speaks to the MAITRE D', who gestures toward  
 William. Oliver and Mary go to the table and sit.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 Any word?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 She called me this morning.

MARY BRADFORD  
 Thank God. Where is she?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 I don't know.

MARY BRADFORD  
 You don't know? When did she call?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 While I was watching the sun come up and  
 thinking about getting fired.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 What the hell are you talking about?

William is a picture of defeat.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Harold and I never quite saw eye to eye,  
and yesterday he fired me.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
That son-of-a-bitch. You've worked your  
ass off for him.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
That's exactly what I told him, and he  
tells me that's what my problem is.

MARY BRADFORD  
What the hell does that mean?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
It doesn't matter. Maybe I deserve it.  
(beat) Jenny asked me if I was having an  
affair.

William takes a drink and looks away from his friends.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
You're undoubtedly experiencing one of  
the great weeks in recorded history.  
(beat) Are you?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
What?

OLIVER BRADFORD  
Having an affair.

William looks at Oliver with annoyance in his eyes.

MARY BRADFORD  
How would an eleven-year-old ever think  
of that?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM & OLIVER  
BRADFORD  
TV.

William and Oliver look at each other. Oliver smiles, but  
William only gives a fleeting hint of one.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Her saying that was like a two-by-four  
between the eyes. How did things between  
Kate and I get so fucked up?

MARY BRADFORD  
You let it get fucked up.

William looks at Mary and at Oliver and then stares at his glass.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I can't say I've been the best of friends to you too either.

MARY BRADFORD  
You can say it.

William leans slightly toward Mary, looks into her eyes, and smiles faintly.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You're right. I'm sorry. Things have got to change.  
(looks at Oliver)  
I know I have no business asking under the circumstances, but I need a favor.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
Anything.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Wait until you hear what it is.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
Christ, I've been bailing you out since you were nine. Why wouldn't I help you?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Because I'm going to ask about something that could get you into trouble.

MARY BRADFORD  
What does this have to do with Kate?

William looks at Mary and Oliver and then at his glass.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Everything.

EXT. CONNECTICUT WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn stares at the pond and ponders.

Grandmother quietly approaches from the woods, sits beside Kathryn, and stares at the pond.

GRANDMOTHER

Do you remember when I told you I saw two spirits in you?

Kathryn nods.

GRANDMOTHER

There are more, and every one of them wants to speak.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

There are always voices in my head.

GRANDMOTHER

The spirits' voices. Sometimes spirits keep Gnaski's secrets, secrets that are hard to keep. The spirits want to let the secrets go so they can be at peace.

(Grandmother looks at Kathryn for a beat)

Who was the man in the robe?

Kathryn does a double take.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I couldn't see his face.

GRANDMOTHER

I think the spirits have seen the face, and it is Gnaski's. Ask them. You are strong enough to hear what they have to say. I think they are tired of Gnaski's secrets.

Kathryn ponders for a few seconds and then looks at Grandmother.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Would Martin let me borrow his truck?

GRANDMOTHER

Martin loves his truck. I think it is why he never got married again.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

He wouldn't let me borrow it?

GRANDMOTHER

He will take you where you need to go.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I can't ask him to do that.

GRANDMOTHER  
 You won't have to. I will.  
 (stands)  
 I've been outside enough for one day.

Grandmother walks to the path.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Kunshi...

Grandmother turns to Kathryn.

GRANDMOTHER  
 When you are strong enough, the voices  
 will tell you the secret of the face you  
 cannot see.

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK - LATER

Oliver inserts a key into the iron gate, opens it, and holds it to allow William to enter.

They slowly walk a circuit ignored by several other KEY HOLDERS seated on benches or walking.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 I'm not telling you any of what I'm about to tell you.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 OK.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 He had bruises on his face and a cut above his eye, which happened several hours before his death. There were scratches likely caused by someone attempting to resist an attack.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 Self defense.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 He had blunt force wounds on his head.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 She was desperate.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 He was twice her size. And naked.

William stops walking and looks a question. Oliver stops.

OLIVER BRADFORD

I don't think rapists as a rule bother to get naked.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

You know that for a fact?

OLIVER BRADFORD

No, but there is the possibility something consensual may have gotten out of hand.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Still a reason to defend herself.

OLIVER BRADFORD

I can't picture a jury being sympathetic. A good prosecutor will imply that she was asking for it.

William resumes walking. Oliver watches him walk to a bench. William sits and Oliver joins him.

OLIVER BRADFORD

Look, everyone's going to be asking themselves what the hell a well-to-do mom and supposedly respectable author was doing in the apartment of a two-bit hood. Hell, I'm asking. (beat) You need to talk about this, Buddy.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I don't think it was the first time.

OLIVER BRADFORD

With him?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I don't know aboutoiiu him. I think there may have been others. One night stands.

OLIVER BRADFORD

Christ. This isn't the Kate I know.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Jenny says after I've done something stupid it's like Kate becomes this other person.

OLIVER BRADFORD

Something stupid like reneging on taking her out because of work?

William leans forward, puts his elbows on his knees, and his head between his fists.

Oliver leans back, hands locked behind his head.

OLIVER BRADFORD

The forensic guys had a field day with pubic hairs. There have been a lot of people in that bed since the sheets were changed, at least that was what they said after a quick look. Their assumption is, the victim hooked up with a hooker who intended to rob the son of a bitch. It won't take long for them to establish where he'd been earlier.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I'd bet my portfolio the Tuscany is close to his apartment. It's where he picked her up. (beat) Let's walk.

William and Oliver get up and walk the park circuit.

OLIVER BRADFORD

I want to think self defense, but there's a problem.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

What?

OLIVER BRADFORD

There were four significant wounds on the guy's head, all blunt force, right? They found a big metal ashtray on the floor beside him, and I matched the wounds with the ashtray. Nasty. One blow broke the cheek bone, but it didn't kill him. The other three wounds on the back of the skull were worse. The skull was crushed. Any one of those three could have killed him.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

She hit him to get him off of her.

OLIVER BRADFORD

The ones that killed him were on the back of his head.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

What's your point?

OLIVER BRADFORD

The killer had to be behind him to get  
that much power into the blows.

William thinks for a beat, and then his face hardens.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

It's just as well the bastard is dead,  
because I would've killed him.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND HIGHWAYS - LATER

SERIES OF ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the journey of Martin  
Winston's truck from Connecticut to North Falls, New York.

EXT. NORTH FALLS - LATER

North Falls is a Berkshires town with a village green. The  
church on the green is the same church seen on the barren  
plain in Kathryn's vision. On one side of the church is a  
substantial white frame parsonage.

Martin's truck passes the parsonage and church.

The truck stops in front of a small house a few houses down  
the street from the church.

Kathryn exits the truck and walks purposefully toward the  
front door. Martin remains in the truck.

INT. FOYER OF ISABEL STANLEY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

ISABEL STANLEY, seventy-five-years-old and of solid Yankee  
stock, opens the door and greets Kathryn with a hug.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Isabel sits on an overstuffed chair, and Kathryn sits nearby  
on an old love seat.

Both women are sipping tea solemnly from ancient china cups.

ISABEL STANLEY

I haven't thought about this in over  
thirty years. It's like a dream. I was  
sitting in this very chair, tatting. She  
came running in. I remember seeing the  
indentation above her ear. She kept  
screaming, "I'm sorry Mommy. I'm sorry  
Mommy."

Isabel puts down her tea and wipes tears from her eyes.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'm so sorry to put you through this.

ISABEL STANLEY

It's all right. She was my baby. Just snuck up on me.

Kathryn waits a beat.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Did she tell you how it happened?

ISABEL STANLEY

When I asked her, all she said was that she was sorry. It wasn't more than five minutes before she passed out. She never woke up. Such a sweet child.

Isabel smiles in a melancholy way and picks up her tea. Kathryn takes a sip from her own cup.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

You never found out what happened.

ISABEL STANLEY

The great mystery of my life. I assumed she was running and tripped. That was what Dr. Connors thought too, but to this day no one knows. Do you know something? Is that why you're here?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I've had some...dreams. Troubling dreams. (beat) I may have seen what happened, but I don't remember anything for certain.

ISABEL STANLEY

The two of you were inseparable, especially after your mother passed.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Wouldn't it make sense that we'd have been playing together that day?

ISABEL STANLEY

I thought you were, but we talked to you later that evening, Marvin and I, God rest his soul, and you said you hadn't been playing together. Odd, now that I think of it. I remember your uncle telling me you didn't cry at all.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

My uncle?

ISABEL STANLEY

Your Uncle...Was it Albert? I think it was, yes, that's it, Albert was staying with your father. On vacation, I think. He was very kind. (beat) Your father's eulogy was beautiful. I'll be ever grateful to him for that. To both of them really.

Kathryn wipes a tear from her cheek. Isabel sits beside Kathryn and puts her arm around her.

ISABEL STANLEY

And look at you. What a beautiful young woman you've become. Your father had his hands full after your mother passed, and you so young, but it seems he did a fine job of being both mother and father to you.

Kathryn wipes her eyes and looks at Isabel.

INT. NORTH FALLS CHURCH SANCTUARY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The sanctuary is illuminated only by the late afternoon light coming through the windows.

Kathryn walks down the center isle followed by Martin. She is heading for a doorway to the right of the elevated altar.

MARTIN WINSTON

Churches spook me.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I spent a lot of my childhood in churches.

MARTIN WINSTON

You don't seem very religious.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

My father was a minister. Pastor of this church and a long line of others. I was religious when I was a kid. I didn't have much choice.

MARTIN WINSTON

Sure spooks me.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

You may want to stay up here then.

MARTIN WINSTON

I'm not staying up here by myself.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE SHOT of five-year-old ADRIENNE walking. Her eyes are red and her cheeks are tear-stained. She wears only panties.

She moves ahead of The Helper. The only part of him that is IN FRAME is the part of his dark grey robe that is belted by a rope and below.

A piece of duct tape restrains Adrienne's sobs. Her hands are duct-taped together in prayer position, and tape binds her arms to her chest so that her hands are over her heart.

INT. NORTH FALLS CHURCH CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn pauses at the doorway to the cellar before disappearing into the stairway.

Martin hesitates and then follows.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE STAIRWAY TO CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The Helper's POV.

Adrienne is followed down the stairs. She makes the abrupt turn at a landing near the bottom. The stairway is illuminated by a single bulb above the landing. The walls are poorly-mortared brick and stone.

INT. NORTH FALLS CHURCH CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The narrow cellar runs the width of the church and is illuminated only by diffused light from the stairway. Several old wooden folding chairs are stacked against the stone foundation.

The opposite wall is tongue-and-grooved wood filthy with decades of cellar grime. Three doors are evenly distributed along this wall.

Kathryn INTO VIEW. She gropes along the wall of doors feeling for light switches.

Martin INTO VIEW. He stops at the base of the stairs and looks around.

MARTIN WINSTON

This spooks me worse than upstairs.

Kathryn flips a switch next to the third door and one bare bulb turns on above their heads.

MARTIN WINSTON

I said, this ain't better than upstairs.

Kathryn grabs the doorknob of the third door.

MARTIN WINSTON

What the hell are you looking for?

Kathryn looks into the pitch black room through the small opening she has created.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Gnaski.

MARTIN WINSTON

I don't like the sound of that.

Kathryn stares into the darkness.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

You don't know about Gnaski?

MARTIN WINSTON

I know about Gnaski. I just don't want to hear about him down here. I don't know why the hell Kunshi had to tell you about Gnaski.

Kathryn flips another switch but no light comes on.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Damn it.

Kathryn slowly opens the door farther. Light from the outer room penetrates the darkness. Visible in the light is an ornate wooden cross on an abandoned altar table. The cross and table are covered by years of dust and cobwebs.

Kathryn takes one step inside.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The Helper's POV

Adrienne lies on her back on an imposing oak table, the head of which abuts a 6-inch, metal support pole. Her mid-torso and above are IN FRAME. Candles are burning in short but substantial brass candle holders arranged around her.

Adrienne is being rhythmically moved implying rape. She is in mortal pain, but the duct tape stifles her screams.

One of The Helper's hands comes INTO FRAME and presses on Adrienne's taped arms to hold her in place.

The other hand comes INTO FRAME and covers Adrienne's nose.

Adrienne's eyes widen in terror. She struggles for breath.

FADE TO BLACK.

SILENCE

DEAFENING SCREAM

INT. NORTH FALLS CHURCH CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn SCREAMS inside the cellar room.

Martin rushes into the room, wraps his arms around Kathryn from behind, and drags her out of the room.

Kathryn stops screaming. She turns around in Martin's arms and holds him tightly.

Martin holds Kathryn close.

MARTIN WINSTON

What was it? What did you see?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

My uncle.

MARTIN WINSTON

Your uncle? Jesus Christ.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

What am I going to do?

Martin keeps one arm around Kathryn and holds her other hand as he hurries her toward the stairs.

MARTIN WINSTON

Let's go home. Maybe the White Buffalo will tell Kunshi what you should do.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT - LATER

Jennifer Nussbaum sits at the kitchen table, a picture of dejection.

A full glass of milk and a plate of cookies, one of which is missing a bite, are in front of Jennifer.

SELENA washes pots in the kitchen sink.

SELENA

Muchachita, I made them fresh for you.

When Jennifer doesn't answer, Selena looks at her and shakes her head.

A DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SELENA  
(enthusiastic)  
Your daddy is home.

Jennifer looks at the doorway as William Nussbaum enters.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Did Mom call you again?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Not since this morning. Hey Selena.

Jennifer frowns.

SELENA  
Hello Mr. William. I'm glad you're home.  
Jenny's been very sad today.

William gives Jennifer a kiss and a pat on the head.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I bet she'll be calling any minute.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
How do you know?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I just know.

Jennifer looks at William for a beat and then drinks her milk and munches on cookies somewhat energetically.

William sits at the table.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Want to go to the Park? I feel like a hot dog.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
You look like one.

Selena places a mug of coffee in front of William, and he gestures thanks.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
(to Jennifer)  
Do you want to?

SELENA  
Pardon me, Mr. William, but you'll both ruin your appetite. The cookies are bad enough. I have dinner in the oven.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I guess we have to stay. Can't  
countermand the General's orders.

Selena smiles and busies herself with dinner. Jennifer mopes.

William softly snaps his fingers in a gesture of remembrance.  
He gets up and motions for Jennifer to follow.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer enters; William follows.

Jennifer jumps onto her bed and hugs a pillow.

William sits on the bed and gives Jennifer a melancholy  
smile.

Jennifer cocks her head and looks questioningly at William.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I got fired.

Jennifer stares blankly at her father for a beat, leaps off  
the bed, and does an "endzone dance".

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Wahooooo!

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I'm a little confused here.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

(sing song)

We're going to have to move.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Jenny...

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

(sing song)

Little house in a little town.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Would you mind calming down?

Jennifer stops dancing and takes her father's hands.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I hate living in the city. I hate it.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

But you've never said...

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
I knew you'd get mad.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I don't get...

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Don't get mad? Daddy!

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
OK, OK. Sometimes I do.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Don't you see? You could get a job in a  
little town.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Jobs don't grow on trees.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
You're always telling me I can do  
anything I put my mind to, right? Doesn't  
that work for you too?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
It's not that easy.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
We could have a little house on a little  
street. A dog. A garden. I could ride a  
bike and not have to worry about somebody  
stealing it. I'd have...

Jennifer is struck by an insight. She plops onto the bed.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
Mom doesn't know.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
She doesn't.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM  
She'll be upset.

William puts his arm around Jennifer.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Maybe, but that isn't important right  
now. What's important is getting her back  
home, right?

Jennifer hugs William.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

DREAMER'S POV

A large bonfire illuminates huge trunks of trees that are arrayed like columns in an ancient temple. The darkness behind the trunks is impenetrable.

Fifty MONKS chant and march in lockstep single file around the bonfire behind The Helper.

The monks wear dark grey robes tied with rope identical to his. Their faces are hidden by the shadows of their cowls and their collective body language conveys malicious intent.

The Helper heads the procession toward the camera until his full figure FILLS THE FRAME. He loosens the rope and his robe opens to reveal his naked body, but his face remains in the cowl's shadow.

The other monks do the same. The image is that of repeating images in opposing mirrors.

The Helper slowly opens his arms.

SLOW ZOOM into the black shadow under the Helper's cowl until Albert Lacey's shadowed face FILLS THE FRAME.

INT. BEDROOM IN MARTIN WINSTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn awakens with a start and gags with her mouth open painfully wide.

Kathryn staggers to the doorway.

Grandmother appears and hugs Kathryn in a motherly way.

Kathryn stops gagging and calms.

GRANDMOTHER

It is time to do what you must do.

Grandmother holds her close.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

An altar table with large brass candelabra and an ornately carved and painted wooden cross contrast with the dark, spare cellar. The altar is against a rough foundation wall. Candles provide the only light.

The Helper is standing with raised arms at the altar. His face is hidden in the shadow of his robe's cowl. He speaks in

the whisper of someone thinking out loud, a whisper easily heard in the stone silence of the cellar.

THE HELPER

Suffer not this little angel. Let her come unto you, Oh Lord. Bless me for having spared her the pain of this world.

The Helper goes to the oaken table on which Adrienne lies dead, surrounded by burning candles.

Adrienne's eyes are open in death's stare, and her head and bare shoulders protrude from an ornately-embroidered purple shroud. Marks remain on her face, arms, and chest from where duct tape has been.

The Helper wets his fingers at his mouth and extinguishes the flame of a candle. He draws a line from Adrienne's hairline to the bridge of her nose with the candle soot on his finger.

THE HELPER

In the name of the Father...

The Helper extinguishes a second candle and draws a line across Adrienne's forehead to make a cross.

THE HELPER

...and the Son...

The Helper folds his hands in prayer, closes his eyes and looks heavenward.

THE HELPER

...and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

INT. I-95 SERVICE AREA WEST OF NEW HAVEN - EVENING - SAME DAY

Kathryn is standing at a pay phone waiting for William to answer the phone. Martin is nearby.

TRAVELERS mill about the lobby of the service building. Headlights pierce the night, visible through the building's windows as cars slowly navigate the parking lot.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Bill, it's Kate...me too. Look...I know...look...

Kathryn gestures to Martin that she won't be long.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Listen...(beat) Listen...(beat) Bill! I *am* coming home. I hope to be there before midnight. I need to talk to Daddy first.  
(MORE)

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM (cont'd)

(beat) By myself, Bill. (beat) I need to do this for me, but I'm beginning to feel like I'm doing this for us. (beat) I'll tell you everything when I see you. Please be patient with me. (beat) Me too.

Kathryn depresses the receiver hook and looks at Martin.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Let's go.

EXT. THRUWAYS - LATER

It is pouring.

SERIES OF SHOTS of Martin's truck traveling from the I-95 rest area into Manhattan.

EXT. WEST SIDE CHRIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

It is pouring and very windy.

Martin's truck double-parks across the street from the church. The truck's flashers go on.

Kathryn exits the truck with a jacket pulled up over her head and runs across the street to the church.

INT. WEST SIDE CHRIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Dark wood paneling and high ceilings characterize the well-maintained building. The foyer and hallways are dimly lit.

Kathryn, dripping wet, enters the foyer. Her heels click loudly on marble floors.

Kathryn winds her way through hallways and up stairs until she reaches a large door at the end of a hall. The door is slightly open, and light comes through the crack.

Kathryn pushes the door open slowly.

INT. OFFICE

Lacey sits at his desk reading the Bible. He looks up.

Kathryn is in the doorway. She enters.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Thank God!

Lacey goes to Kathryn and embraces her; she reciprocates.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Thank God you're safe. I've been giving  
thanks ever since you called.

Lacey lets go of Kathryn and steps back.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Sit down. What did you need to tell me?

Kathryn sits on the sofa. Lacey watches her pick up a Bible  
from the coffee table, look at the cover, and then put it  
down. Lacey sits in the club chair.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Katie...what is it?

Kathryn looks into his eyes. There is a hint of worry in  
hers.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I have something to tell you that I'm  
afraid is really going to upset you.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Katie, I know about what happened the  
other night.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It's not that.  
(double take)  
How do you know?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
It doesn't matter. What do you need to  
tell me?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It's about your brother.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Albert?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I don't know how to say this other than  
to just say it. It's a long story about  
how I know this, but you remember Sally  
Stanley?

Lacey stands and walks slowly toward his desk. Kathryn does  
not take her eyes off him.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
I remember.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
She didn't fall down the steps.

Lacey, next to his desk, turns around.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Of course she did.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Daddy, Uncle Al killed her.

Lacey laughs and walks toward Kathryn.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
That's preposterous.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I was there.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
After all these years you're finally saying something? It doesn't make sense. What's happened to you? You can't make accusations like that. First of all, just mention of it would crush your uncle. It would ruin him.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I need you to believe me, Daddy. I need you to believe me before I go to the police.

Lacey walks to where Kathryn is sitting and looks down on her from on high. There is no mistaking his indignation.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Now you listen and you listen well. You are not going to go anywhere with this nonsense. I can't believe you'd even consider this. It's ludicrous.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
(hurt, defiant)  
I saw him do it.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
You did not.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It came to me today. It's been buried inside, and it finally came out. Why won't you believe me?

Lacey walks to the window, places his hands on sill, and looks out at Martin's pickup truck with its flashers on.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK

Martin looks at Reverend Lacey's backlighted silhouette in the window. Martin looks at his watch, looks at Lacey, grabs hold of the steering wheel, and leans back in the seat with a worried frown.

INT. OFFICE

Kathryn stares at Lacey's back.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Daddy?

Lacey turns around. His expression has softened, and concern is in his eyes as he walks to the sofa and sits next to Kathryn. He takes her hand.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

There is a secret, but it's not one you'll want to hear.

Lacey pauses for effect. Neither takes their eyes from the other's.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

The two of you were playing in the sanctuary. I had told you girls not to run in the church many times, but you were both headstrong. I was outside talking to Al...he was visiting...and I could hear the two of you running on that old wood floor.

EXT. NORTH FALLS CHURCH - FLASHBACK - SUMMER DAY

25-YEAR-OLD REV. LACEY is talking to 23-YEAR-OLD ALBERT LACEY on the side lawn of the church near a side entrance.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS inside the church

PLAYFUL SQUEALS

REV. ROBERT LACEY (V.O.)

I fully intended to give you a piece of my mind.

Rev. Lacey starts toward the church and Albert follows.

INT. NORTH FALLS CHURCH SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Sally and YOUNG KATHRYN run toward the cellar doorway.

Rev. Lacey and Albert INTO FRAME.

REV. ROBERT LACEY (V.O.)  
I saw the two of you running toward the  
cellar steps. Before I could say  
anything, Sally stopped.

Sally stops abruptly.

Young Kathryn collides with Sally.

INT. OFFICE - RETURN TO PRESENT

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
You ran into her, and she fell down the  
steps. It was an accident, Katie, an  
accident.

Kathryn stares at Lacey for a beat and then stands and begins  
pacing slowly.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
That's the secret. I couldn't stand the  
idea of people looking at you for the  
rest of your life, knowing what you had  
done, and your Uncle agreed with me. Your  
uncle and I took Sally to her mother,  
told her we had found her but didn't know  
what happened. I know I shouldn't have,  
but I told you over and over that no one  
knew what happened, and in time, you  
seemed to forget what happened. I never  
expected to hear about this again.

Kathryn stops pacing and stares at Lacey in amazement.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
You're lying.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
What I've told you is the truth.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Daddy, it's a lie. Sally walked home on  
her own.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Don't be ridiculous. It's not possible.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
It happened. I know it.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
You've remembered some dream, some  
fantasy, not what really happened.

Kathryn walks to where Lacey is sitting.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I talked to her mother today.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
What?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
She told me Sally walked into the house,  
said she was sorry, and died. No one  
knows what really happened, no one but me  
and your brother. Why did you just lie to  
me?

Lacey stands and towers over Kathryn.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Because I will not let you crucify my  
brother. Maybe you've remembered  
something, but people's minds play tricks  
on them. For some reason, maybe something  
Isabel said today made you think of your  
uncle, and it got twisted with some  
nightmare you've never forgotten, some  
horrid figment of the night, and it came  
out seeming real.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Daddy, please!

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
(Angry)  
Your uncle never did anything to that  
girl. I will not let you take this lie to  
the police.

Lacey grabs Kathryn's arm. She jerks it away, and Lacey  
nearly loses his balance; Kathryn heads for the door.

Kathryn stops in the doorway, turns and faces Lacey. There  
are tears of anger and hurt in her eyes.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I've been tormented by something all my  
life, not just what happened to Sally.  
It's beginning to come to me. Voices are  
(MORE)

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM (cont'd)  
talking to me. It wasn't just Sally. He  
made me do things, horrible things.

Kathryn begins to sob great heaving sobs.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
You should have protected me.

Lacey, tears in his eyes, goes to Kathryn and holds her. His eyes convey the guilt of a father who did not shield his daughter from pain.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Katie, please. You're troubled. We'll get  
you a good therapist. Don't do something  
you're going to regret for the rest of  
your life. You may find that what you  
think is the truth could take away what  
you love most in this world.

Kathryn's crying ends as she slowly but definitively pushes Lacey away. She looks deeply into his eyes and exits.

Lacey stares after Kathryn for a beat with a tortured expression. He walks to his desk, picks up a large envelope, and pulls 8X10 photos part way out of it.

Lacey stares at the photos for a beat. He puts the envelope down, leans forward with his hands on the desk and stares.

Lacey slowly shakes his head, stands up, turns on the fax machine next to his desk, picks up his telephone and starts to punch in a number, and then stops.

Lacey looks at the photos, puts down the phone, turns off the fax machine, and sits on his chair. He stares at the photos and slowly rocks the chair.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER

Martin's truck stops in front of the Nussbaum apartment.

INT. MARTIN WINSTON'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Martin and Kathryn stare straight ahead for a moment.

MARTIN WINSTON  
You scared to go in?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I've got to own up to some bad things.

MARTIN WINSTON  
Do you love him?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Two days ago, I didn't think so. I was angry...and hurt...I guess because I do love him. He sounded different on the phone, like he used to sound. I want it to be different.

MARTIN WINSTON

Maybe that's why you're scared to go in.

Kathryn looks at Martin.

Martin writes something on a slip of paper and hands it to Kathryn. His normal indifference has softened.

MARTIN WINSTON

Call when you need her. She helps people. I don't know how, but she does, and she will help you. Kunshi has taken a liking to you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

And you, Martin? Have you taken a liking to me?

Martin blushes and squirms slightly.

MARTIN WINSTON

I think your husband has been a fool.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

You are so sweet.

Kathryn kisses Martin's cheek and gently touches the other. He fights back a smile.

MARTIN WINSTON

What are you going to tell him?

Kathryn stares straight ahead.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

That Pte-Ska Wanbli ob Kinyan Win helped me look into the shadows of my life.

Martin squeezes Kathryn's hand. Kathryn exits the truck.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn crosses the sidewalk and enters the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -CONTINUOUS

Kathryn nods at the doorman, NELSON, as she crosses to the elevator; his mouth drops at the sight of her.

Elevator doors open; Kathryn enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn stands still, a picture of resolute calm.

INT. 10TH FLOOR ELEVATOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

William stands by the elevator.

The doors open; Kathryn hesitates.

William opens his arms; they embrace.

Kathryn pulls back and looks into William's eyes as if to verify that she isn't dreaming.

Kathryn leaves William's embrace and walks to the open door of the apartment. He follows close behind her.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer is sound asleep in the darkened room.

Kathryn enters, sits on the edge of Jennifer's bed, and lightly strokes Jennifer's hair.

William appears in the doorway and watches for a moment. He goes to Kathryn and kisses her head.

Kathryn stands and leads William from the room by the hand.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathryn leads William to the couch.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
There are things I need to tell you.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
There's something I need to tell you too.

Kathryn gently places her forefinger against William's lips.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
For now, just listen.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The Helper wears old jeans and a black sweatshirt, his face in the shadow of the hood. He stuffs Adrienne's body into a black plastic bag with difficulty, ties it shut, and struggles to carry the bag to the foot of the stairs.

He methodically replaces candle stubs with new tapers in candle holders on the oaken table.

INT. NUSSBAUM APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

William holds Kathryn on the sofa. She is crying.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You don't have to tell me any more.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I need to.

Kathryn takes a deep breath and sits up.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I don't know where I got the strength,  
but I hit him with it. I hit him hard.

Kathryn's attention drifts.

William pulls Kathryn back to him. She rests her head on his shoulder and fiddles with a button on his shirt.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I don't remember how he ended up on the  
floor. All I know is that he was off of  
me. There was a lot of blood.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
(softly)  
Jesus Christ.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
That I might have killed him made me  
crazy, but I wasn't going to get close  
enough to find out because if he was  
still alive, I was terrified he'd wake up  
and grab me.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The Helper, his face still hidden, struggles to carry the bag with Adrienne's body from the back-door of the brownstone to an alleyway, where he deposits it into a shopping cart. He pushes the cart toward the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

William holds Kathryn on the sofa.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You only hit him once?

Kathryn sits up.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I think so.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You're not sure?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I don't remember hitting him again.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
The back of the man's skull was crushed  
by that ashtray. Three times. Maybe he  
started to wake up, and you hit him again  
so that he'd stay down.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I don't remember hitting him more than  
once. Sometimes I don't remember things.  
Maybe I did hit him again.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Let's not worry about it. What happened  
once you got out of there?

Kathryn stares blankly.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - FLASHBACK - NIGHT OF MURDER

The Connecticut minivan pulls alongside Kathryn.

FRANK  
Hey lady, need a ride?

Kathryn starts to run.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NUSSBAUM APARTMENT - RETURN TO PRESENT

Kathryn stares blankly. William leans toward Kathryn and  
gently turns her face toward his.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
When you're ready, you'll tell me.

William kisses Kathryn, and she returns the kiss  
passionately.

William slowly pulls away.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
What's wrong?

William takes her hand. They get up and walk to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY

The night air is fresh; the city sparkles under a full moon.

William stares out at the city. Kathryn stands next to him.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
The last few days feel like years.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Something's changed.

They turn to each other.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I lost you...us.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Who is she?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
What?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
You said there was something you needed  
to tell me. Is it Patrice?

William takes Kathryn's hands and looks into her eyes.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
The only thing Patrice and I did was work  
together.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Why won't you...

William holds up a hand to silence Kathryn, pulls out his  
cell phone and speed dials a number.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Who are you calling?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
There was never anything between Patrice  
and me. We worked together until she  
stabbed me in the back.

Kathryn looks a question at William as he waits for the call to be answered.

INT. PATRICE'S BEDROOM

Patrice is asleep, naked beneath a sheet. A man is on his side next to her, asleep, his face turned away from view.

Phone SOUNDS

Patrice stirs enough to pick up the phone.

PATRICE

Hello?

EXT. NUSSBAUM BALCONY

Kathryn looks searchingly into William's eyes as he looks into hers. William has his hand over the phone.

PATRICE (ON PHONE)

Hello? Hello?

Kathryn takes the phone from William and does not take her eyes from his.

PATRICE (ON PHONE)

Hello!

Kathryn ends the call, embraces William and kisses him as he puts his arms around her.

INT. PATRICE'S BEDROOM

Patrice looks annoyed at the phone and puts it down.

Harold Lauder milk rolls over, his face INTO VIEW.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK

Who the hell was that?

PATRICE

Hung up.

HAROLD LAUDERMILK

Fuck.

Harold rolls back to his previous position.

INT. NUSSBAUM'S MASTER BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

The room basks in moonlight. Kathryn and William are in silhouette. They make love with the physical enthusiasm of young lovers.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - 6:00 A.M. - THE NEXT DAY

William lies on his back in bed and stares at the ceiling.

Kathryn is nestled against William's side with her head on his chest. She traces light circles with her fingers across hairs on his lower belly.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I had forgotten how incredible you are.

Kathryn smiles. William slowly traces his fingers up and down her arm. Kathryn's expression turns wistful.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

An extraordinary woman found me on the parkway.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

I can't imagine ever taking in a total stranger.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

A good Samaritan. (beat) I told you last night there was something else we have to talk about...something about Uncle Al.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM (O.S.)

Mom!

Jennifer runs into the bedroom in her PJs and leaps onto the bed. She hugs Kathryn, who energetically returns the gesture. Jennifer lets go but remains on the bed on her knees.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Are you OK?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

I'm OK, Honey. It's so good...

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

What happened to your lip?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Bumped it.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Did Dad tell you he got fired?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

He did.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Did he tell you we're going to live in a little town someplace?

SEVERAL LOUD RAPS on the apartment's front door.

Everyone stares in the direction of the sound. Kathryn looks at William with a hint of alarm in her eyes.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

William, robed, opens the door.

Albert Lacey, DETECTIVE STOVALL, and Nelson the doorman are standing outside the apartment in the hall.

ALBERT LACEY

I'm sorry, Bill, but I need to talk with Kate.

Albert and Stovall move into the foyer. Nelson exits.

ALBERT LACEY

Where is she?

William stands frozen.

Kathryn appears in her robe and slippers, her face a picture of fury and defiance. Jennifer is beside Kathryn holding her hand.

Albert looks at Jennifer and hesitates for a beat.

ALBERT LACEY

(to Kathryn)

This is a bit awkward. I wonder...perhaps I could speak with you privately.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

I'm not going anywhere.

ALBERT LACEY

I really think...

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Get it over with.

Albert looks at William, at Jennifer, back at William, and then takes a deep breath.

ALBERT LACEY

(to Kathryn)

A man was murdered two nights ago.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

A little girl was murdered thirty-five years ago. Know anything about that?

ALBERT LACEY

(taken aback)

I thought my coming might make this easier for you.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Making up for lost time? Can you even begin to imagine how hard my life has been?

ALBERT LACEY

What the hell are you talking about?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

You know what I'm talking about.

ALBERT LACEY

Kate, I'm talking about pictures of you and a murder victim taken the night he was killed, and things at the crime scene that I'm afraid will turn out to be yours.

Jennifer begins to cry and hugs her mother.

Kathryn looks at William and then at Albert.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Pictures?

(to William)

Pictures?

There is sadness in Albert's eyes as he looks at Stovall and nods.

DETECTIVE STOVALL

Kathryn Nussbaum, I am arresting you for the murder of Tony Francis. You have the right to remain silent...

EXT. SIDEWALK, CENTRAL PARK WEST - A SHORT TIME LATER

Two police cars, one unmarked, are at the curb with lights flashing. There is a small crowd of BYSTANDERS.

Jennifer clutches William as they watch a UNIFORMED OFFICER assist Kathryn into the marked car.

Albert and Stovall are in the front seat of the second car. The police cars drive away as William and Jennifer watch.

Jennifer starts to cry and buries her face in William's shirt. He puts his arms around her and stares down the street at the departing police cars.

INT. NUSSBAUM LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer hugs William around the waist as he speaks on his cell phone.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I'll wait until you get here.

William ends the call and gently untangles Jennifer's arms. He gets on his haunches and looks into Jennifer's eyes.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I want you to wash up and get dressed.  
Selena will be here in a few minutes. I  
won't leave until she gets here.

Jennifer hugs William and exits.

William stands and punches in a number on his cell phone.

INTER-CUT

INT. NICK ARENA'S BEDROOM

Arena is on his back in bed smoking a cigarette. He watches the exhaled smoke while a very TACKY LADY, casually chewing gum and wearing only a red lace, open-tipped bra, sits on Arena and performs a slow screw.

TELEPHONE RINGS.

Arena twists his upper body enough to crush the butt in an ashtray on the nightstand, grabs the phone, and returns to his original position. The Tacky Lady does not miss a beat.

NICK ARENA  
This better be fucking good.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Bill Nussbaum. Glad you're up.

NICK ARENA  
I been up for a while now.

Arena puts his hand over the receiver.

NICK ARENA  
Get it, been up for a while?

The Tacky Lady gives a hint of a smile but doesn't miss a beat. Arena puts the phone to his ear.

NICK ARENA  
You still there?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
I'm still here.

NICK ARENA  
So?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
The police have the pictures you took of Kate.

NICK ARENA  
So why are you telling me about it at six-fucking-thirty in the morning?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Where did they get them?

NICK ARENA  
Ask your pain-in-the-ass father-in-law.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
What?

NICK ARENA  
After that fucking brouhaha, I didn't pick them up, and obviously you didn't either.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
What are you saying?

NICK ARENA  
You're supposed to be a brilliant guy, right? Be brilliant. I ain't got them. You ain't got them. Who else was in the office?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
You're saying Lacey took them?

NICK ARENA  
See? Brilliant. Don't mean to be rude, but I got a pressing engagement here.

INT. NICK ARENA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arena puts the phone on the night stand, grabs a pack of cigarettes, and pulls a cigarette out with his lips. He locates a lighter in the sheets, lights up, and takes a drag.

NICK ARENA  
What a fucking moron.  
(chuckles)  
Pressing engagement. Get it?

The Tacky Lady does not miss a beat.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT BOOKING ROOM - LATER

A FEMALE OFFICER gestures for Kathryn to stand against a wall marked in increments of fractions of inches.

There is a FLASH.

Kathryn turns her head to the side. There is another FLASH.

INT. FINGERPRINTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A MALE OFFICER takes Kathryn's fingerprints.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Kathryn and a FEMALE DETECTIVE enter. The detective pulls out a chair at the end of a table.

Kathryn sits and the detective leaves. Kathryn stares at nothing.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vending machines line a wall. William sits in one of a row of chairs along the opposite wall.

A few DISREPUTABLE CHARACTERS sit further down the hall.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS, DETECTIVES in various dress, and CIVILIAN CLERKS are IN and OUT OF FRAME.

A DOOR SLAMS AGAINST A WALL.

DIN OF VOICES

Rev. Lacey strides toward William with a small MEDIA ENTOURAGE in tow.

A few apparently curious OFFICERS appear.

When Rev. Lacey is a few feet from William, he extends his right hand.

CAMERA PERSONS roll tape.

William sends a lightning-fast right toward Rev. Lacey, who bobs backward. William's fist just misses.

Officers grab William as the media entourage surrounds them.

William does not struggle as the officers hustle him to the opposite end of the hall.

The entourage sticks microphones in Rev. Lacey's face and shout out questions.

1ST MEDIA PERSON  
Wasn't that her husband?

2ND MEDIA PERSON  
Can you explain why he threw a punch?

3RD MEDIA PERSON  
How long have you been feuding?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Everyone, please. Give me some room.

4TH MEDIA PERSON  
Will you press charges?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
(shouts with authority)  
That will be enough!

The entourage quiets.

Oliver and Mary Bradford INTO FRAME at the back of the small crowd.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
I have no explanation for what just happened.

3RD MEDIA PERSON  
The two of you have never had problems before?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Never. Quite out of character.

1ST MEDIA PERSON  
Then why did he attack you?

Two UNDERCOVER DETECTIVES approach the entourage with Louis. He is handcuffed, hobbled, and in a drug haze.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

As I said, I have no explanation. Living with Kate...with my daughter...can be trying. She's prone to...flights of fancy. Ever since she was a child, she's had the most incredible imaginings.

4TH MEDIA PERSON

She's delusional?

The detectives push through the entourage with Louis. Louis sees Lacey and his haze changes to a look of fear.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

If she is responsible for what she has allegedly done, I'm afraid I may have to agree with you.

1ST MEDIA PERSON

So you think she did it?

REV. ROBERT LACEY

I certainly hope not. Now, if you gentlemen...ladies...will excuse me, I would like to find out if I will be able to see my daughter.

Rev. Lacey moves down the hall followed by the resurrected INDECIPHERABLE DIN of VOICES as an officer approaches the Bradleys, who appear to ask a question. The officer directs them toward chairs along the wall.

INT. LARGE PRECINCT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is cluttered with desks, file cabinets, piles of papers, assorted UNIFORMED OFFICERS, DETECTIVES, CLERKS, and SUSPECTS.

Louis is in a small holding cell near the entrance to the office.

William is by himself seated next to a desk.

A detective opens the door to the holding cell.

Louis attempts to bolt, but the detective snags him. They struggle, crash into a desk, and knock over a computer and piles of paper.

Precinct Captain CHISHOLM enters and helps subdue Louis.

Chisholm, an officer, and the detective manhandle Louis back to the cell. The detective slams the door shut.

LOUIS  
(screams)  
Fucking pigs!

DETECTIVE  
Shut the fuck up!

Louis sits down and mumbles to himself.

DETECTIVE  
(to Chisholm)  
Thanks.

Chisholm jerks his head toward his office. The detective heads that way.

William looks at Louis.

LOUIS  
What the fuck are you looking at?

William quickly looks away; Chisholm approaches William and nods at Louis.

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
He's your killer.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
What do you mean?

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
Narcotics busted him this morning. Found the victim's wallet in his room. He knows how the system works and capitulated pretty damn quick.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Capitulated?

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
Confessed.

Rev. Lacey enters the office area without the entourage.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
(to Chisholm)  
Where's my brother?

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
He left about a half hour ago.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
I was hoping he'd want to be involved  
with what was happening to his niece.

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
Kathryn's free to go.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Thank God.

William is out of his seat like a shot in Lacey's direction.

Chisholm slams William back into the chair, glances at Rev. Lacey, and then glares at William.

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
The last thing I need is lawyers punching  
preachers in the middle of my goddamned  
precinct office.

Louis extends his arm from the cell and points toward Rev. Lacey.

LOUIS  
(loud, slurred)  
I know him.

Chisholm goes to the cell.

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
(loud and threatening)  
I thought we told you to shut up.

Louis cowers.

LOUIS  
(very timid)  
But I know him.

Chisholm glares; Louis cowers even more.

Kathryn enters the room with a MATRON.

William looks at Kathryn and then at Chisholm, who nods in the direction of the door.

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM  
(gently to William)  
Get her out of here.

William and Kathryn walk toward each other. They hug for a beat until Kathryn sees Rev. Lacey.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Kathryn...Dear...

Kathryn's eyes are full of hurt and disappointment as she turns on her heel, and with William, walks past Louis toward a doorway where Oliver and Mary are waiting.

Louis reaches through the bars and grabs Kathryn's sleeve. She yanks free and looks warily at him.

Louis points at Lacey.

LOUIS  
(whispers)  
He used to be my preacher.

Kathryn looks at Lacey with narrowed eyes. Lacey glances at her as he walks to the cell.

William puts his arm around Kathryn.

Lacey's posture is relaxed, and his eyes convey empathy as he addresses Louis.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
It's been a lot of years, Louis. I'm  
sorry to see you like this. Is there  
anything I can do?

CLOSE UP of Louis' fear-frozen, dirt-streaked face as he shakes his head, no.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. VISION SEQUENCE

A WOLF HOWLS.

FADE IN:

DREAMER'S POV

Rapid passage through a tunnel to the Lowerworld.

Emerge into the light of the Tibetan-like high plain.

Follow a white buffalo cow galloping at unnaturally high speed toward a tiny speck that is the North Falls church until the church FILLS THE FRAME.

A howling red wolf stands in front of the church.

The door to the church opens; the wolf goes inside.

Kathryn is crucified on a large cross mounted on the altar. She writhes in pain; her face is a picture of torment.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 (a man's powerful, mournful  
 bass spoken slowly)  
 Why have you forsaken me?

INT. DEN IN MARTIN WINSTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grandmother is sitting in the rocking chair in the darkened den. Her eyes snap open, and she struggles to her feet.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grandmother enters.

Martin is fully-dressed and napping on his made bed.

Grandmother goes to him and shakes him.

GRANDMOTHER  
 Martin. Wake up.

Martin struggles to open his eyes.

MARTIN WINSTON  
 What is it? What's the matter?

GRANDMOTHER  
 I must go to the city.

MARTIN WINSTON  
 New York? Right now?

GRANDMOTHER  
 Someone is in trouble.

MARTIN WINSTON  
 Kunshi, please. I just got home, and I'm  
 tired as hell.

GRANDMOTHER  
 I'm going.

Martin sits up.

MARTIN WINSTON  
 How?

GRANDMOTHER  
 The casino bus.

Grandmother exits.

Martin gets up and stretches.

MARTIN WINSTON

(loud)

You're not taking the casino bus. I'll take you.

(to himself)

This vision bullshit is a pain in my ass.

Martin grabs his ironworker's union jacket and Yankees hat and exits the bedroom.

INT. MARTIN'S LIVING ROOM

Grandmother is standing by an open closet next to the front door. She frowns as she puts on a dark green plaid raincoat.

Martin enters.

GRANDMOTHER

I'm sorry that my powers annoy you.

Martin opens his mouth. Grandmother silences him with a raised hand.

GRANDMOTHER

Don't apologize. I understand and would not bother you, but Kate is in danger.

Martin's eyes narrow in concern. His voice has an uncharacteristic urgency.

MARTIN WINSTON

What's wrong?

GRANDMOTHER

I don't know for sure, but we must hurry.

Grandmother opens the front door and exits.

EXT. MARTIN WINSTON'S HOME

Martin closes the door and follows Grandmother down the front steps.

MARTIN WINSTON

Where is she?

GRANDMOTHER

She will be with Gnaski. You will help me find him.

Martin hustles past Grandmother to his truck, which is parked close by the house on a gravel driveway. Grandmother waddles across the grass.

Martin opens the passenger door and helps Grandmother inside. He runs around the front of the truck and jumps in. Martin starts up the truck with a roar and backs out of the driveway with stones flying.

INT. PHIL'S DINER - A SHORT TIME LATER

Phil's is loaded with lunchtime CUSTOMERS. Four WAITRESSES work the counter and booths.

The Nussbaumes are seated on one side of a booth, the Bradfords are on the other. Sodas and empty plates are in front of William, Mary, and Oliver. Kathryn is drinking coffee. All four are somber-faced.

MARY BRADFORD

When we got there he was telling reporters you've been out of touch with reality all your life. You have the most incredible imaginings, is what he said.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

From what you've said, maybe he thinks he can protect his brother by discrediting you, get people to think you're crazy.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Maybe I am.

OLIVER BRADFORD

You're not crazy.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Really?

Kate looks out the window. Tears fill angry eyes.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Maybe they were just hallucinations. Maybe she hypnotized me or put something in my tea.

MARY BRADFORD

You can't believe that, not after how that woman took care of you. I've never heard a truer act of kindness. Whatever you've seen has to have come from somewhere in your past.

Kathryn leans forward, picks up her coffee cup with both hands, and with elbows on the table, takes a sip and stares.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

People just don't invent these things.

OLIVER BRADFORD

Some do. Sometimes things get combined with other things in our minds. What we think we remember is only partly accurate.

MARY BRADFORD

Whose side are you on?

OLIVER BRADFORD

Kate didn't remember her uncle's involvement until after Mrs. Stanley tells Kate that he was there, right? By saying it, she could have put the notion into Kate's mind.

MARY BRADFORD

So you think Kate made this up.

OLIVER BRADFORD

That's exactly what I'm *not* saying. All I'm trying to say is, a mind can unconsciously invent things that come out as being real. I'm not saying that's what happened to Kate, but it could have.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

What about this White Buffalo woman and what she saw?

OLIVER BRADFORD

She does sound like a bona fide shaman, and from what I've read, there may be something to non-ordinary reality.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Talk English.

OLIVER BRADFORD

Shaman all over the world who've never had contact with each other have similar experiences. They go through tunnels, just like in your dreams, claim to go to places they can describe in detail, places they could never have seen, like a guy who describes a desert in detail even though he's spent his entire life in a rainforest.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

How do you know this stuff?

MARY BRADFORD

Can you believe this is the kind of thing he reads?

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

The things you're talking about are real to these people?

OLIVER BRADFORD

Non-ordinary reality.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Maybe it's a function of being human. Maybe we're all wired the same. Maybe we have the collected memories of ancestors wired into our brains.

OLIVER BRADFORD

Experiences don't alter sperm or egg DNA. Memories can't be passed on.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

So we think.

OLIVER BRADFORD

It's fundamental.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Right now, biology isn't the point.  
(to Kate)

The point is, I don't think what you've remembered are the experiences of some ancestor. I think they happened to you, maybe not exactly, like Ollie said, but something happened.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

What evidence do I have other than just a questionable memory?

OLIVER BRADFORD

There's cause to get Sally's body exhumed. If her skull bears out her mother's description of the injury, it's likely a fall didn't kill her. What I might find could even support the possibility of what you remember: the broom handle hitting the side of her head.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Don't Kate's memories have any credibility at all?

OLIVER BRADFORD

There's precedent, but it would be an uphill battle.

(to Kathryn)

You'd be the bad guy. False memory syndrome fanatics would come out of the woodwork. The Religious Right would cite you as further evidence of societal decay. On top of that, a man who has kept secrets like these this long won't take your accusations lying down.

Oliver, Mary, and William drink their coffees and look at Kathryn.

Kathryn looks out the window with resignation in her eyes as William slowly rubs her back.

CELL PHONE RINGS.

William pulls out his phone.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Bill Nussbaum.

William's eyes narrow and his brow furrows with concern.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM

Hold on a minute.

(to Kate)

Selena thinks your father picked up Jenny. Why would he do that?

Kate takes the phone.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

What do you mean you *think* it was my father?

INTER-CUT

INT. BRADFORD KITCHEN

Selena paces nervously as she speaks into a phone.

SELENA

I'm so sorry. I was using the bathroom and heard the doorbell. When I came out of the bathroom she was gone. I called the new doorman, and he said Miss Jenny  
(MORE)

SELENA (cont'd)  
 had just left with a man. I looked over  
 the balcony and saw her walking away with  
 Mr. Reverend.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Could it have been my uncle?

SELENA  
 Your uncle?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 You're eight stories up. They're both the  
 same height and build, the same color  
 hair. What was he wearing?

SELENA  
 It looked like jeans and a sweatshirt.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 For God's sake Selena, have you ever seen  
 my father in jeans and a sweatshirt?

Kathryn ends the call.

William, Oliver and Mary all have concern in their eyes.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 My uncle has Jenny.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 What the hell for?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 My father must have told him. Daddy would  
 never have thought he'd do something like  
 this.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
 Like what?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 Like keeping me quiet by threatening  
 Jenny.

MARY BRADFORD  
 You've got to call the police. Now.

OLIVER BRADFORD  
 He's the commissioner. What makes you  
 think they'd do anything?

Kathryn energetically leaves the booth and walks past  
 William.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Where are you going?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
To find my daughter.

William hurries after Kathryn. Oliver and Mary look at each other and then at their departing friends.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE CELLAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Jennifer lies on the oaken table surrounded closely by candles that The Helper is lighting.

Jennifer's mouth, hands, and arms are taped as were Adrienne's. She is wearing panties and a T-shirt, her arms and legs are red and scratched in spots, and her hair is disheveled.

A DOOR BELL CHIMES upstairs.

The Helper exits.

Jennifer inches, worm-like, in the direction of her feet. She struggles to avoid bumping the candles as she moves by them, but bumps one. She freezes and watches wide-eyed as it spins slightly before returning to stationary.

Jennifer starts inching forward again.

EXT. WEST SIDE GENERIC BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn stands on the stoop, rings the bell, and pounds on the door. William stands next to her.

The door opens and Albert Lacey appears dressed in an old oxford cloth shirt, blue jeans, and sneakers.

Kathryn knocks into Albert as she lunges past him.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE

Kathryn runs down a short hallway.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Jenny! Jenny!

Albert and William are on her heels.

Kathryn runs into the living room and stops with a jolt. Albert and William nearly collide with her.

SUE, a five-year-old girl with greasy blond hair and wearing a tattered dress, sits on the sofa beside MARTHA MACBRIDE, a 40-something social worker.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 (to Martha)  
 Who the hell are you?

MacBride looks at Albert in bewilderment.

ALBERT LACEY  
 This is Martha MacBride, the social worker who helps the kids I find on the street.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 What?

ALBERT LACEY  
 When I see kids like her on the street, I pick them up and call Martha, especially now that I know that lunatic is out there. Now, do you want to tell me why you're here?

Kathryn looks at Albert and her eyes open wide in surprised recognition. She goes to William and grabs both his arms.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 It wasn't him.

Kathryn flies past William, who runs after her.

ALBERT LACEY  
 (yells after them)  
 What the hell is going on?  
 (to Martha)  
 I'm going to make a couple phone calls.  
 I've got to find out what's going on.

Albert exits quickly.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Rev. Lacey looks through a crack in the curtains of a sidelight to the right of the front door. Two BROWNIES and a MOTHER carrying two bags of Girl Scout Cookies turn away from the door and go down the steps to the sidewalk.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE CELLAR

Jennifer, still bound, stands next to the oaken table and glances at a burning rag next to a fallen candle and then looks for escape.

There are three doorways opening into blackness, one on each of three walls. The stairway is to the left of the altar on the fourth wall.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS

Jennifer heads toward the doorway opposite the altar.

The rag burns more vigorously. The adjacent, tongue-in-groove wood wall becomes slightly engaged.

Rev. Lacey into view wearing a dark grey robe. The cowl is off his head. He sees the flames.

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Good Jesus!

Lacey runs into the room where Jennifer is hiding.

INT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE FURNACE ROOM

Jennifer's POV through cracked door.

Rev. Lacey is silhouetted in the doorway. He reaches out and yanks a pull chain to switch on a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

The room contains an old, oil-fired furnace, two neglected coal bins filled with battered boxes, and a row of dingy, wooden closets with slightly open doors.

A double laundry tub is on a side wall between two metal shelves filled with old paint cans, buckets and other materials.

Rev. Lacey hustles toward the tubs.

SOUND OF CRACKLING FIRE

Lacey grabs a bucket and begins filling it from a faucet that lets out a heavy stream of water.

INT. FURNACE ROOM CLOSET

Jennifer leans back into shadow. Restrained by the tape around her arms and body, she just manages to grab hold of the corner of the tape covering her mouth with the tips of her praying fingers.

Jennifer slowly pulls against the tape.

EXT. GENERIC BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

A taxi screeches to a stop in front of the brownstone.

William and Kathryn get out of the taxi. Kathryn runs to the front door as William pays the CABBIE.

William runs to the front door as Kathryn inserts a key and opens it. She looks at William for a beat and then enters. William follows.

INT. BROWNSTONE CELLAR

Rev. Lacey throws water on the fire and nearly drowns it, but a small section of wall still flickers. He turns quickly toward the furnace room.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM (O.S.)  
(calling out)  
Jenny?

Rev. Lacey looks at the three doors in panic. He rushes through the doorway to the right of the table.

INT. FURNACE ROOM CLOSET

Jennifer's face is contorted in pain as she gingerly pulls the last bit of tape from her mouth.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM (O.S.)  
Jenny?

Jennifer's eyes open wide; she looks out the crack in the door.

INT. HALLWAY AT DOORWAY TO CELLAR

Kathryn and William approach the open doorway.

FIRE CRACKLES

Firelight flickers on the walls of the stairway. William sees it, looks at Kathryn, and flies down the stairs. She follows.

INT. BROWNSTONE CELLAR

The fire has engaged a larger patch of wall. There is smoke.

William runs down the stairs, sees the altar and table, and stops. He glances at the three doors.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Jenny!

Kathryn appears and stops four steps from the bottom.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM (O.S.)  
Daddy!

William runs to the right of the table toward Jennifer's voice. As he passes the right-hand doorway, Rev. Lacey rushes out of it with an old coal shovel lofted overhead.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
(screams)  
Bill!

Rev. Lacey slams the shovel on William's head. William goes down hard and stays there.

Kathryn rushes Lacey and starts pummeling his back.

Rev. Lacey whips around wide-eyed and pushes Kathryn away. She falls backward as he heads up the stairs.

Kathryn glances toward the stairs and then crawls quickly to William. As she feels for a pulse, she glances at the doorways and calls out.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Jenny?

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM (O.S.)  
Mommy! In here!

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Stay there! I'm coming!  
(quietly to William)  
Don't leave me, Billy.

Kathryn gets up quickly and runs into the furnace room.

INT. FURNACE ROOM

Kathryn glances about.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Where are you?

Jennifer bursts out of the closet and runs to Kathryn, who wraps her arms around her for an instant.

Kathryn pushes her away and looks with horror at how Jennifer is bound.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Oh my God.

Kathryn glances around and spies an old rusted box cutter on a shelf. She grabs it and quickly cuts Jennifer free.

FIRE CRACKLES

A FLASH of orange light comes from the other room.

JENNIFER NUSSBAUM

Mommy!

Kathryn spies a stack of old plastic buckets. She yanks one from the top, quickly fills it at the laundry tub, and gives it to Jennifer.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

Throw it on the fire. Quick.

As Jennifer runs out of the room, Kathryn grabs a second bucket and quickly fills it.

LOUD HISS FROM OTHER ROOM

Kathryn runs out of the room.

EXT. CELLAR ROOM

There is smoke and steam and a few flames coming from the wall.

Kathryn runs into the room with the bucket and pitches it onto what is left of the flames. She turns and freezes.

Jennifer INTO VIEW, frozen by the table; Rev. Lacey INTO VIEW standing near the altar with a silver-plated revolver pointed at her.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM

What're you doing?

REV. ROBERT LACEY

Encouraging you to help me wrap things up.

Rev. Lacey takes a roll of duct tape from a pocket of his robe and tosses it to Kathryn.

INT. MARTIN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Martin drives slowly to a stop in front of the West Side Christ Church. He and Grandmother look at the church, all the windows of which are dark.

MARTIN WINSTON

There it is.

GRANDMOTHER

He isn't in there.

MARTIN WINSTON  
 (impatient)  
 Where then?

Grandmother looks to the right and left of the church.

GRANDMOTHER  
 I don't know for sure, but he is close.

INT. CELLAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer stands bound with duct tape to the metal support pole at the head of the table. Her mouth is taped. William lies unconscious on the floor next to the table.

Rev. Lacey points the gun at Kathryn, who stands on the first step of the stairs. She turns toward Lacey.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 We can't leave them down here.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 You cooperate with me, and nothing more will happen to them.

Kathryn hesitates. Lacey raises the gun.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
 I will use this right here.

Jennifer whimpers.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
 (to Jennifer)  
 It's going to be all right.

Kathryn goes up the stairs. Lacey follows.

SLOW PAN to the doorway opposite where William lies.

LOUD WHOOSH

A FLASH of orange light shows in the doorway, followed by a growing, flickering orange glow.

Jennifer looks toward the doorway, her eyes wide with fear.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is spacious with understated Victorian decor. A wide doorway leads to the entry hall, and another doorway on the adjacent wall leads to a formal dining room.

Kathryn is in front of an ornate fireplace, her expression defiant. Rev. Lacey stands a few feet away with the gun pointed at her.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
How could you do it?

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
I was lonely after your mother died.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
We were children!

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
God took my angel. He left me alone.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
He left you with me!

Rev. Lacey slumps into a chair, his gun hand on the arm of the chair. He stares blankly at the floor.

Kathryn glances at the hallway and back at Lacey.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
(wistful)  
God showed me he wanted angels, so I've been his helper. The innocents sin with me so they can be saved, and then I send them to him. Many of them.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
How many?

Kathryn glances at the hallway and leans as though ready to bolt.

Rev. Lacey sits up and glares at Kathryn with his eyes aflame.

REV. ROBERT LACEY  
Not enough.

In a flash, Rev. Lacey stands and points the gun between Kathryn's eyes.

A DOOR OPENS and SLAMS AGAINST A WALL.

Rev. Lacey turns toward the hallway.

Kathryn grabs the wrist of Lacey's gun hand as Grandmother and Martin appear in the doorway to the entry hall.

GRANDMOTHER  
GNASKI!

Rev. Lacey lifts the gun toward grandmother despite Kathryn's hold.

The gun BOOMS and a bullet SLAMS into the wall behind and slightly to the right of Grandmother's head.

Martin rushes Lacey and grabs the wrist of Lacey's gun hand. Martin's momentum knocks Kathryn away and nearly knocks Lacey over.

The gun BOOMS and a front window SHATTERS.

As Martin and Lacey struggle for control of the gun, they stagger through the doorway and disappear into the dining room.

Kathryn pulls Grandmother down behind a sofa as the gun BOOMS and a bullet POPS through a wall and SMASHES an urn on the mantle.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Stay down!

FURNITURE CRASHES, DISHES SHATTER.

Kathryn jumps up and runs into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY AT DOORWAY TO CELLAR

Smoke is coming up the stairway.

Kathryn flies down the stairs.

INT. CELLAR

One side of the room is significantly engaged in fire. Smoke does not completely obscure Jennifer and William. William is on his hands and knees trying to shake the cobwebs out of his head.

Kathryn runs past William to Jennifer and tears the tape to free her.

Jennifer and Kathryn go to William and get him to his feet.

Cross, candles, and Bible sail when Kathryn yanks off the cloth covering the altar. She hands it to Jennifer, who wraps it around herself.

The Nussbaumes hurry up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer, Kathryn, and William peer into the living room. It is silent and no one else is present. There are several bullet holes in the wall and furniture.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Martin? (beat) Kunshi?

The Nussbaumes take a step into the living room.

Rev. Lacey staggers into the room from the dining room and points the gun at Kathryn. Jennifer SCREAMS as he pulls the trigger.

The gun CLICKS.

The Nussbaumes stand transfixed as Lacey looks at the gun, at a growing spot of blood on his robe, and then at them before his eyes roll upward. He drops to the ground, dead.

Martin staggers out of the dining room, exhausted, disheveled, and bleeding from a gunshot wound to his hand.

Kathryn goes to him and helps him into a chair.

Jennifer runs to Kathryn and hugs her waist.

Martin smiles wearily at Jennifer and at Kathryn, and then his expression conveys alarm.

MARTIN WINSTON  
Where is Kunshi?

William stands next to the sofa and looks behind it.

WILLIAM NUSSBAUM  
Kate...

Kathryn goes to William and follows his gaze.

Grandmother INTO VIEW, on her back, shot in the chest by a stray bullet. Grandmother blinks at them.

Kathryn kneels by Grandmother's side and holds the old woman to her breast. Martin and Jennifer approach the sofa. Martin goes to Grandmother and drops to his knees beside her.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Kunshi...Kunshi...

Grandmother manages to smile. Her breathing is labored, her voice weak.

GRANDMOTHER  
He killed Sally, didn't he?

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Yes.

GRANDMOTHER  
I feel the pain of many others like her.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I can't bear what he's done.

GRANDMOTHER  
But you will because you have a child. Do not hide behind shame. You have saved many others. People must know what has happened, that together we had more power than *Gnaski*.  
(closes her eyes)  
I have lived a long time.

Martin looks upward and CHANTS softly as tears roll down his cheeks.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
Kunshi, please don't leave us.

GRANDMOTHER  
Where I am going, I have been many times. I am not afraid. The she buffalo waits for me.

KATHRYN NUSSBAUM  
I will never forget you.

Grandmother smiles at Kathryn, smiles at Martin, touches his cheek, and dies.

Martin looks up, closes his eyes, raises his hands, and CHANTS LOUDER.

CLOSE SHOT of Grandmother in Kathryn's arms.

PULL BACK until all are IN VIEW. Wisps of smoke are visible in the room

DOOR SLAMS OPEN

RUSH OF FEET, CACOPHONY OF LOUD MALE VOICES

Albert Lacey rushes into the living room, stops short, and surveys the carnage.

Martin's CHANT CRESCENDOES.

FIREFIGHTERS in full gear rush into the room as other  
FIREFIGHTERS rush past the doorway toward the fire.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. VISION SEQUENCE

SLOW PAN of rolling prairie.

POUNING HOOVES CRESCENDO TO A DEAFENING ROAR.

A huge herd of BUFFALO crests a hill.

Running in the center of the lead bulls is a WHITE BUFFALO  
COW.

The herd approaches rapidly.

FREEZE FRAME when White Buffalo FILLS THE FRAME.

POUNING HOOVES FADE AWAY.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END