

TV
MA
DSL

BVG

BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

(c) 2007

TEASER

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

Dozens of flashing lights. Scores of dancing women. Hundreds of open containers of alcohol. LOUD BASS MUSIC plays in the background, keeping a persistent BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

A trio of laughing WOMEN cross the screen. As they leave, we see DARIEN GRAUNGER (early 40s, bald, slightly plump) sitting against the wall, shirt buttoned up to his neck.

Darien's face is a racket of emotions, as his mouth tries to smile -- to fit in -- but it never quite comes. Completely out of his element, Darien brings his glass of beer up to his mouth and takes a tiny sip.

INT. LOCAL BAR - LATER

Everyone seems to be having a good time. Then there's Darien, who's walking now through the crowd of people. He holds his beer with two hands.

Darien eyes a REDHEAD near the dance floor, having a good time. He licks his lips and looks her up and down.

DARIEN'S P.O.V.

- The redhead appears completely disfigured, with ugly teeth and facial scars.

Darien shakes his head and looks around. He sees a cute blonde COCKTAIL WAITRESS. He fixates on her.

DARIEN'S P.O.V.

- The waitress also appears disfigured, with no hair.

Darien turns to another group of scantily-clad LADIES, this group older and more experienced. A BRUNETTE stands against the bar, laughing with her friends.

DARIEN'S P.O.V.

- The brunette radiates a glow of beauty.

Darien smiles at the brunette. He CHUGS the rest of his beer, then approaches.

The brunette turns from her friends as she sees Darien standing there, just staring at her.

BRUNETTE

Hey. Can I help you with something?

DARIEN

I--I--I'm Darien. Would you--you--
Can I get you a d--drink?

The brunette turns to her friends and they all LAUGH.

BRUNETTE

Why don't you hit the road,
buddy?

The brunette sets her martini down on the bar then goes back to talking to her friends. Darien takes a step forward and puts his arm around her. As he does, we see him SPRINKLE SOME POWDER into her martini.

DARIEN

You're beauti--beautiful.

LADY #2

Hey. She said to move on.

BRUNETTE

It's okay. I think we're the ones
that are going to move.

The brunette grabs her martini and escorts her friends away. As she walks, she takes a long drink. Darien remains still. A soft smile suddenly creeps onto his sweaty face.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The front door of the townhouse BURSTS open. Darien GRUNTS as he struggles to pull the brunette into the house. She's almost completely unconscious, but still aware of what's going on. Once inside, Darien kicks the door shut.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Darien manages to pull the brunette down the staircase and into the darkened basement. He throws her onto a table.

BRUNETTE

(drugged out)
Please.... please....

DARIEN

Ssh. It'll be -- It'll be --
It'll be painless.

Darien pulls up his shirt, and UNCLASPS his belt.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the tiny bedroom, there are two twin beds a foot apart. Two hands meet in between the beds, holding each other lovingly as "Conan O'Brien" airs in the background.

PULL OUT. On one bed lies MELLIE GRAUNGER (60s). She's extremely heavy, with red hair and wearing sunglasses.

On the other bed is JANICE HALIAN, slightly younger, but just as big. Janice appears healthier and able-minded than her partner. They both CHUCKLE at one of Conan's jokes.

CLOSE ON: a floor vent in between the two beds, where repetitive soft SCREAMING can be heard.

MELLIE

Do you hear that?

JANICE

(still chuckling)
What?

MELLIE

Screaming. From downstairs. I'm going to go check.

JANICE

No. You stay here.

Janice stands up and tightens her robe around her waste.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Darien must be home. I'll go.

Janice walks over to Mellie's bed and KISSES her on the forehead, before exiting the room.

STAY ON MELLIE. Mellie's happy face slowly becomes filled with worryment... and fear.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door at the top of the stairs opens and Janice stares down into the darkness. The light from the door illuminates only a small portion of the basement, where we see:

Darien, pants pulled down to his ankles, thrusting violently, repetitively. The brunette lies on the table, her legs up in the air. She's SCREAMING loudly.

Darien STOPS what he's doing. He turns to Janice at the top of the stairs, his entire face luminous from sweat.

DARIEN

Hey! Shut that door!

JANICE

Darien? Just wanted to make sure everything's all right.

DARIEN

Everything's f--fine!

JANICE

Good.

Janice takes a step back, preparing to close the door. The brunette continues to YELL and MOAN.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Well, quiet her down, huh? Don't let the neighbors hear.

Janice SLAMS THE DOOR shut.

CLOSE UP: the brunette's face. All hope has just been lost. She's about to scream again when Darien SLAPS her across the face. He pulls her body close... and begins thrusting again.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Janice steps back into her bedroom. She takes off her slippers, undoes her nightgown, and gets back into bed.

MELLIE

Well?

JANICE

He's fine. She's a pretty one.

MELLIE

Good....

Mellie smiles, the wrinkles of her dry face cracking.

WIDER: Mellie and Janice lie in their designated beds, watching TV again. They both extend their hands into the gap between the beds and hold each other softly.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"ONDRAEDAN ENDE"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Guest Starring
Jason Cravits

Conchata Ferrell

Camryn Manheim

Alberta Watson

Lisa Nicole Carson

Kyle Gallner

Theme by
Mark Snow

Art Director
JT Vaughn

Producer
Angelo Shrine

Producer
Brendan M. Leonard

Written by
Angelo Shrine

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"It is not flesh and blood but the heart
which makes us fathers and sons."

-- Johann Schiller

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

FOCUS ON a slide show on the wall, which currently displays a gruesome photo of a black man, 30s, covered in blood, his head slammed through the windshield of his small Ford car.

The slide CLICKS, and another photo comes up: a view of the Ford, which has been hit head-on by an SUV. The man's head drips blood onto the hood of his car.

DANNER (O.S.)

Clyde Eric Managerie was the focus of an inter-departmental sting operation for nearly two years. Our detectives had been following him, staking out his home and his work, waiting to catch him in the act.

CLICK. Another view of the man, Managerie, who's quite dead. Then we PAN OVER and see CAPTAIN ELIZABETH DANNER, standing at attention in front of several Detectives.

DANNER (CONT'D)

In those two years, Managerie was seen with several known members of the Delico crime family. But Managerie himself was never on the scene when anything went down.

(re: the slides)

Needless to say, two years of surveillance... all for nothing. Ten days ago, Managerie's car sped through a red light and crashed into an SUV. The two men driving the SUV were killed instantly. Managerie suffered for about five minutes before ultimately succumbing to his wounds.

A MALE DETECTIVE in the back raises his hand.

MALE DETECTIVE

What do you want us to do,
Captain?

DANNER

In death, we may finally get our
answers. Burns, Rockner, and
Shehaley, go to his apartment.
Search everything. Leave no
drawer unopened. It may not
matter anymore to us what crimes
he was responsible for, but for
the families, it'll be hope.

A higher male voice suddenly CLEARS HIS THROAT at the back
of the room. Danner raises her chin as the man, BRAD LOCKE,
begins speaking.

LOCKE

What about the two men?

DANNER

In the SUV?

LOCKE

Shouldn't we investigate them,
you think? What if they were
rivals of this guy? What if it
wasn't an accident at all?

DANNER

It was. Officers at the scene
made their decision.

LOCKE

Crime families always make it
look like an accident.

DANNER

Are you actually suggesting that
these two men, these --

Danner rifles through her papers, trying to find their
names.

DANNER (CONT'D)

-- William and Karl Graunger, two
brothers in their forties, with
no previous convictions, are
actually mobsters, Detective?

A few people in the room CHUCKLE. Locke holds his ground.

LOCKE

What I'm saying is, there was more than just one victim in that accident.

DANNER

Then suit yourself. You're on the brothers.

LOCKE

Leave no drawer unopened, huh?

DANNER

And the moment you find out they weren't connected to the Delico family? Get back here and do some real work.

Locke looks down at the papers in front of him, trying to hide a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. COLESVILLE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Locke walks down the quiet corridor of the local hospital. Everyone he passes -- nurses, doctors, patients -- gives a big smile.

Locke walks up to the reception desk, where a young MALE INTERN looks up happily.

MALE INTERN

Good afternoon. How can I help you?

Locke pulls out his badge.

LOCKE

Detective Brad Locke, Washington. I need to talk to your morgue attendant.

MALE INTERN

Oh. Go ahead and take that elevator. Hit "M" then take a left when the doors open.

Locke steps away without anything more. As he walks to the elevator, we see a familiar face watching him from a safe distance. Janice Halian, the woman from the Teaser.

As Locke disappears into the elevator, Janice lowers her eyebrows in curiosity. Janice is holding a hospital clipboard, and wearing a nurse's uniform.

INT. COLESVILLE HOSPITAL - MORGUE - DAY

The morgue attendant, PAULO, is in his late-60s. He's wearing large headphones, currently around his neck, and has an old-school Walkman clipped to his pants.

Locke stands over Paulo, who's sitting at his computer, typing away.

PAULO

Let's see, let's see. Granger,
Granger, Granger.

(beat)

Nothing.

LOCKE

Look, you spelled it wrong.
There's a U. Here.

Locke points to the screen, in between the 'A' and 'N.'

PAULO

Graunger, huh? Graunger. That's
an old name.

LOCKE

I'm not interested in the history
of their last name. I just need
to know what your autopsy last
week uncovered.

PAULO

Yes, here we go. Again, I
apologize for not remembering. We
all get to be of a ripe age
eventually, don't we?

Locke just stares at him. Finally, the computer BEEPS and two files come up on the screen, side-by-side. One file is for WILLIAM GRAUNGER (attractive; thin). The other depicts KARL GRAUNGER (balding; glasses).

Paulo skims the files.

PAULO (CONT'D)

Let's see, let's see. Yes.

LOCKE

Yes what?

PAULO

Just as I thought. Nothing
abnormal at all. Neither brother
had any traces of drugs in his
system. Alcohol played no part.
They were simply on the wrong
road...

LOCKE

...at the wrong time.

(beat)

I must say, I'm confused here.

PAULO

Over?

LOCKE

These men were autopsied, so someone must have suspected foul play. Why else would they have been cut open?

PAULO

You'd have to ask one of our nurses about that. Janice Halian. Works in the recovery ward. Told me she knew these men. I did it as a favor.

Locke nods his thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

FOCUS ON: the air vent between the two beds, as we hear blood-curdling SCREAMS.

We PULL OUT to reveal Mellie, still bed-bound and wearing her sunglasses. Sitting next to her is Darien, who's pulled up a chair next to her bed. They're eating a sandwich, using Mellie's bed as a table to hold their plates.

Neither of them speaks. Their full attention is paid to the television, where a loud JUDGE yells at his two litigants. The judge on-screen says something funny, and both Mellie and Darien quietly CHUCKLE to themselves.

Darien takes a bite of his sandwich, then quickly pulls it away from his mouth, MOANING in pain.

MELLIE

What is it?

DARIEN

Damn. I just b--bit my tongue.

MELLIE

Are you all right, sweetie --

Mellie reaches a hand up to his face, but Darien quickly brushes it away. He goes back to watching TV.

DARIEN

I'm fine.

The SCREAMS from downstairs get louder.

DARIEN (CONT'D)
Can you turn it up?

Mellie nods and holds up the remote. She turns the volume up several notches, and the judge's voice completely drowns out the desperate yells from below.

CUT TO:

INT. COLESVILLE HOSPITAL - RECOVERY WARD - DAY

Nurse Janice walks back and forth throughout this entire scene, from the patient's beds, to the front desk, and back again. Locke tries desperately to follow her.

JANICE
Yeah. I set up the autopsies. So what?

LOCKE
I'm just curious, why a nurse from this area of the hospital would care about two brothers lying in a slab at the morgue.

Janice suddenly stops walking. She turns angrily to Locke.

JANICE
You show some respect for those boys, huh? What happened was a tragedy. They were so young.

LOCKE
Weren't they... in their forties?

Janice SCOFFS and continues her barrage through the recovery ward. Locke has to dodge out of her way at one point so as not to get run over.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Nurse, have you ever heard of the Delico crime family?

JANICE
No.

LOCKE
How about a man named Clyde Eric Managerie.

JANICE
No. And unless you have --

She stops.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I do know that name. He's the man who killed them.

LOCKE

Managerie was a suspected member of this crime family. A very dangerous man, whose last act on earth was to ram into the Graunger's SUV. I need to know why.

JANICE

He was being chased by the police is what I heard. That's why they were at the scene so fast. That's how they determined that Bill and Karl died on impact.

LOCKE

(beat)
"Bill"?

Janice looks down.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You knew these men, didn't you?

Janice EXHALES unexpectedly. She sits down in a patient's chair and puts her hand on her head.

JANICE

They were my sons. Not through blood, but....

Locke sits down next to her.

LOCKE

I'm sorry.

JANICE

My partner, Mellie. They're her sons. Imagine losing two of your boys on the same day. It's like someone stabbed her in the heart. She couldn't accept their deaths.

LOCKE

Denial is the first stage of grieving.

JANICE

She was adamant. She asked me for the autopsies. She had to know what happened. Her own flesh and blood, felled in an automobile accident?

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

After everything she's been through these past seven years, that was truly the last straw.

LOCKE

Past seven years?

JANICE

December 31st, 1999. Her husband Thomas and her three sons, they were at a New Year's party. As the ball dropped, the excitement was too much for Thomas to handle. He'd had a history of heart attacks, and that one he had at midnight as the great ball dropped saw him to the floor, and eventually to the grave.

LOCKE

That's terrible.

JANICE

That's not the end of it. Mellie lost a bit of herself when Thomas died. She tried to kill herself multiple times. One day in 2003, she tried to drown herself in her tub. Her youngest son Darien pulled her out before she died, but not soon enough not to cause serious brain damage. She came here, to this ward. She slept there in that bed for four months.

Locke looks over at the bed Janice is pointing to. It's a simple-looking bed with red sheets.

JANICE (CONT'D)

That last attempt cost her her vision.

LOCKE

She's blind?

JANICE

I was there to help her through it. God knows what would have happened to her if she didn't meet me.

LOCKE

And now you two are... happy?

JANICE

Very. At least, until last week.
Mellie hasn't been the same
since.

(beat)

Detective, I appreciate you
coming down. I really do. Thank
you for inquiring into my boys.
But this is a private matter. And
I'll ask that you leave it so.

Janice stands and walks away. Locke looks down to the
ground.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BAR - DAY

Locke sits at the bar, a glass of beer in his hand. Big
burly guys play pool in the background. This is the same
bar from the teaser, but it's a totally different
atmosphere during the daytime.

Locke pulls out his phone and dials.

DANNER (O.S.)

(filtered)

Captain Danner.

LOCKE

Hi.

INTERCUT SCENES
WITH:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Danner leans back in her chair, holding her phone and
smiling.

DANNER

(arrogant tone)

Detective Locke. How are things
up there in... Colesville.

LOCKE

Fine.

DANNER

Have you found your connection to
the Delico crime family?

LOCKE

No. And I don't think there is
one, after all.

DANNER

Then pack up your stuff and come back home.

LOCKE

Captain, I can't help feel that there's something going on here. Something big.

DANNER

(exhales)

Like what?

LOCKE

This nurse at the hospital, the adoptive mother of those two men who died. Every answer she gave me was perfectly structured to give me the information I needed, yet to keep me from investigating further.

DANNER

Investigating what? You're wasting my time. Detectives Rockner and Shehaley just found hard evidence that put the deceased Managerie at the scene of two murders in the summer of '06.

LOCKE

Then you don't need me there.

DANNER

(beat)

Is this about him?

LOCKE

Excuse me?

DANNER

Frank Black.

LOCKE

This has nothing to do with Frank.

DANNER

Really? The old Brad Locke never would have gone to Colesville... on a hunch.

Locke stares down at the bubbly beer in his hand.

LOCKE

I'll call back.

Locke hangs up the phone, then chugs the rest of the beer in one quick gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Janice arrives home from work. She enters the bedroom and sees Mellie lying in bed, her sunglasses on the nightstand beside her. We see her eyes for the first time -- they're red and puffy, with the skin around them appearing raw.

Janice throws her bag on the ground and gives Mellie a soft kiss on the forehead.

MELLIE

Hi.

JANICE

Ssh. I didn't mean to wake you.

MELLIE

No, it's okay. I was listening to the TV anyway.

JANICE

(serious tone)

Mellie. We have trouble.

Mellie leans up in bed -- a tough task for her large frame. She grabs her sunglasses from the night stand.

MELLIE

What?

JANICE

There was a detective at work today. Asking all kinds of questions.

MELLIE

About what?

JANICE

Bill and Karl. And us.

MELLIE

(hyperventilating)

Oh God, oh God....

Janice sits on the bed and hugs her tightly.

JANICE

Ssh, ssh, it's okay. I told him what he wanted to hear. He won't be bothering us anymore.

MELLIE

Are you sure?

Janice leans in and gives Mellie a tender kiss on the lips. This relaxes Mellie a lot.

JANICE

I'm sure. The man who killed the boys was a mobster or something. It's him they're curious about. We're just --

MELLIE

Collateral damage.

Mellie turns her head to the ground, deep in thought. Finally, she looks back in Janice's direction.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

It's time for the move.

JANICE

What?

MELLIE

The police are sniffing around, Janice. Move them now.

JANICE

Darien's not here --

MELLIE

Then do it yourself. You understand?

Janice nods, a solemn look in her eyes and she EXHALES, defeated. She stands off the bed and walks to the door.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

You're the love of my life, sweetheart. Don't ever forget that.

Janice smiles, and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Janice walks down the ECHOING staircase of the dark, DRIPPING basement. As she steps down onto the ground, soft WHISPERS are heard in the background.

JANICE

Quiet, dammit.

Janice walks several steps and finally reaches the light. She pulls the chain, and a soft HUMMING sounds from above. Janice squints her eyes, then finally sees

FIVE BLOOD-STREAKED WOMEN

sitting against the wall. Each of the girls is almost naked -- two are huddled in a blanket, one lies on the ground, her eyes closed.

The brunette from the teaser appears to look the healthiest, with anger in her eyes as opposed to the sheer fear in the eyes of her fellow captors.

Janice walks close to the five victims. Streaks of blood line their hair and legs.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Hello, hello, hello, ladies. Get up and clean yourselves off. Time to move out.

As Janice gives a creepy smile, several of the girls begin MOANING in fear.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. FBI ACADEMY - LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

FRANK BLACK stands at the head of the lecture room, standing and watching the many CADETS before him as they take a multiple-page exam.

**FBI ACADEMY
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**

A slight smile crosses Frank's withered face as he watches his pupils struggling with the test.

Behind him on the blackboard, he has written:

COMPREHENSIVE EXAM
NOW IS THE TIME TO DECIDE
WHAT IS THIS WORTH TO YOU?

WIDE ANGLE: We see all of the lecture chairs, with all of the stressed-out students, and Frank standing at attention in front of them all.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - LATER

Frank sits at his desk now, smiling as each of the Cadets, one after the other, places his or her test in Frank's waiting hands.

CADET #1
Thank you.

CADET #2
Thanks Mr. Black.

CADET #3
Thanks for the opportunity.

The brown-nosing continues up until the very last person. Once they're all gone, Frank sorts the large handful of papers in his hands, lining up all the corners.

LOCKE (O.S.)
I was never a brown-noser like
that, was I?

Frank smiles and looks up.

FRANK
And look what happened to you.

Locke smiles as the two men shake hands. Locke eyes the blackboard. The word "worth" sticks out to him.

LOCKE

Worth.

FRANK

Some of them get it, some of them don't.

(beat)

What brings you here, Brad?

Brad looks on.

EXT. LOCKE'S CAR - DAY

Locke drives down the interstate, heading north to Colesville according to the road signs they pass.

INT. LOCKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Locke is the driver, with Frank in the passenger seat. Frank is currently staring at a crime scene photo of a young woman. It's the Brunette from the Teaser.

FRANK

Tell me.

LOCKE

That's the body of Cindy Forshenz. She went missing a few days ago. A homeless man found her body last night. In a dumpster.

Frank examines the photo closer.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The woman having sex
- Screaming!
- Blood dripping from her eyes
- A halo of light surrounding her head

Frank looks over to Locke.

FRANK

She was found naked.

(beat)

She'd been raped.

LOCKE

And not just once.

Locke tightens his grasp on the steering wheel.

FRANK

Are there any suspects?

LOCKE

Not yet.

FRANK

Brad, what are you doing on this case? Colesville has its own police department. Its own investigators.

LOCKE

Because I could have stopped it.

FRANK

What?

LOCKE

I was here two days ago. I knew something was wrong. I could feel it. But I just left.

FRANK

Brad, you couldn't have known.

LOCKE

You would have.

FRANK

Brad.

LOCKE

I need to find out who killed her. And where he's holding the others.

FRANK

Others?

Locke nods. Frank flips through more photos. He comes across four "MISSING" signs, each depicting the face of a beautiful young woman, all of whom we recognize from the last scene in the basement.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Four other victims.

LOCKE

I've already called a search on all the surrounding dumpsters and alleyways.

FRANK

You won't find them. Something went wrong with this victim. She fought back. She stood up to her captor. That's why she was killed.

Frank skims the file of the brunette, Cindy. Frank points to the part reading "Occupation: Professional Athlete."

FRANK (CONT'D)

A professional athlete. She was strong. Stronger than the others.
(skimming the other files)

Cocktail waitress, salon worker, bank teller.... These women won't stand up. They won't be killed.

LOCKE

So they'll be held against their will indefinitely.

FRANK

Brad?
(beat)
Get us there.

EXT. LOCKE'S CAR - DAY

The car speeds forward down the interstate.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Mellie is lying on her bed, still wearing the same clothes we'd seen her in earlier. She's shoving her mouth full of popcorn while listening to the midday news.

NEWSCASTER

...and tensions rise as the body of one of these missing women was found last night. Cindy Forshenz, a 26 year-old senior at Georgetown, who played on the volleyball team for three years. In lieu of flowers, Cindy's family will ask that --

The Newscaster is silenced as Mellie turns the television off. She sits up in bed and stares into nothingness.

MELLIE

Darien. What did you do?

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER COMPANY - COPY ROOM - DAY

This copy room is quite small, with a copy machine and several filing cabinets. Sitting quietly in his chair, just sitting, is Darien Graunger. Waiting for work.

The door opens and STEVE (mid-20s) enters. He's wearing a suit and carrying a file folder.

STEVE
Graunger, look alive.

DARIEN
Yessssir.

Darien quickly stands. Steve hands him the folder.

STEVE
I need 100 copies of the blue flier, and fifty of the red. But minimize the red one first and shrink it down to fifty percent so you can get two copies on each of the fifty fliers. I'll be back at noon. Got it?

Steve doesn't wait for a response. He pulls out his cell phone and calls someone, then exits.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(leaving)
Hey. I gave it to Graunger. I'll get back to you.

When Steve's gone, Darien looks down at the folder in his hand. He slowly walks over to the copy machine and lifts up the top. Staring down at the bright light, Darien seems to be in some kind of trance.

CLOSE ON: Darien's eyes, which reveal a hollow iciness as they reflect the light from the copier.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COLESVILLE ALLEY - DAY

Two headlights from a cop car fill the screen. The lights turn off and a sophisticated, full-figured woman (40s) steps out of her car. This is DETECTIVE YELENA HOLMES.

Yelena walks down the alley, where she meets with Brad and Frank. They're all staring at a garbage bin.

YELENA
Hey. Can I help you?

LOCKE
Brad Locke, Washington P.D. And this is Frank Black. We're here to look over the scene.

Yelena looks them both up and down.

YELENA

I didn't call Washington P.D.
This is our case.

LOCKE

Excuse me, Officer...?

YELENA

Detective. Yelena Holmes.

FRANK

Detective Holmes, we're just here
to find out what happened to this
woman. There are four others
currently missing, and we must
assume that the same man is
responsible.

YELENA

There is no "assumption." We know
it's the same guy. We've been
investigating these kidnappings
for weeks now. We know who he is.

LOCKE

Is that so?

YELENA

We went to each of the bars where
these women were last seen. A few
of the bartenders gave us
composite drawings of a man who
was seen talking to these girls.
A man who they all agreed seemed
out of place in his surroundings.

FRANK

May we see them?

Yelena looks each of the men up and down. Finally, she
EXHALES and walks to the car.

YELENA

Wait here.

When she's gone, Frank and Brad go back to examining the
garbage bins. There's a streak of blood and a hand mark on
the outside, indicating she was left to hang over the rail.

LOCKE

This guy didn't even have the
decency to hide his work. He left
her hanging out.

Frank stares intently at the blood marks.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The body is sprawled half-out of the garbage bin
- Trickling blood
- Cindy looking extremely beautiful
- Cindy screaming!
- Cindy covered in blood

Frank looks over as Yelena returns with several black-and-white composite drawings.

YELENA

We have these posted at every rest stop, supermarket, and car dealership in town.

Each of the three drawings bears a close resemblance to Darien Graunger.

FRANK

You'll call us, Detective Holmes, when this man is positively identified?

YELENA

Again, this is a Colesville case. We have enough cooks in the kitchen already.

(beat)

What'll it be worth to you?

LOCKE

Saving the lives of four woman. How is that not worth it all?

For the first time, a friendly air crosses Yelena's face. She nods softly.

YELENA

Meanwhile, why do you think this guy's doing it? What's his motive?

FRANK

The murderer is a loner. Keeps to himself.

As Frank continues to profile, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - DAY

We PAN ACROSS the faces of each of the FOUR WOMEN in this new captive room.

Two girls are sleeping while the others are sitting quietly. All of their hands are tied together by a coarse rope. The victims are streaked with blood and sweat. All of their eyes reveal that they have lost hope long ago.

FRANK (V.O.)

By kidnapping these victims, he's hoping to find companionship, as it were. This first victim gave him more than he bargained for, so she had to be removed. The remaining four women are quiet, restrained, and they follow orders. He won't kill them unless he has to. We need to find them now, before they decide to stand up for themselves.

A door off-camera opens, letting in some soft light. The woman all turn to the door and begin SCREAMING!

DISSOLVE BACK
TO:

EXT. COLESVILLE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP on Frank's face, as he finishes his profile.

FRANK
Before it's too late.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The women continue to scream as a dim light is turned on. The sounds of FOOTSTEPS cross the room, echoing loudly in the large open area.

ANGLE ON: Janice. She's dressed in her nurse's uniform, carrying a tiny box in her hands. She smiles down at the four frightened ladies.

JANICE
Morning, ladies. I have something for you.

Some of the victims open their mouths, fresh hope in their eyes. When Janice opens up the box, their hope fades away.

It's a box full of PREGNANCY TESTS.

Janice throws a white test at each of the women. Each stick is held in a tiny plastic bag, and each of the bags has one word written crudely in a black felt pen: "black," "red," "brown," and "blonde."

The hair colors of each of the victims.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Do your thing, then zip 'em back in the bags. You all understand. I'll be back in five minutes.

With that, Janice turns the light off, and then exits.

We stay with the four victims, each of them terribly frightened and confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

This is pretty much a normal-looking cemetery, with green grass, iron gates, and rows and rows of gravestones.

Darien pushes his mother Mellie in her oversized wheelchair. She's wearing her sunglasses and has a blanket wrapped around her body.

Her pale skin lights up in the afternoon sunlight, indicating that she hasn't been outside in quite a while.

DARIEN

Here. It's just over here.

Mellie nods and waits for Darien to push her to their destination. Finally, they arrive. Mellie turns her head down at the plot before her.

MELLIE

What's it say?

DARIEN

Ma, I don't --

MELLIE

Read it.

Darien clears his throat and looks down at the grave sites. It's a Graunger family plot, with the names of three deceased relatives.

DARIEN

Thomas Graunger, loving father,
rest in peace.

MELLIE

The others.

DARIEN

William Graunger. Karl Graunger.
Ma, you know what they say. You
wrrrrrote them.

MELLIE

What does this mean to you?

DARIEN

Ma, I don't --

MELLIE

Darien! What does it mean to you seeing these gravestones. The people who meant the most to you. The people who made you who you are.

Darien reads the epitaphs over and over again.

DARIEN

It doesn't matter. They're dead.

MELLIE

Why? Why them and not you?

DARIEN

I don't know. It should have been me.

MELLIE

But it wasn't. You were chosen, Darien. You were chosen to survive. Do you understand?

DARIEN

I....

Silent tears begin falling from Darien's eyes.

MELLIE

Look at me. Look at me, boy.

Darien slowly walks around to the front of his mother's wheelchair. She looks up in his direction, her face squinting due to the harsh sunlight.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

Your father is watching down on you, and he is counting on you to keep his name alive. Our work must continue, until we're successful.

DARIEN

I know. I know, Ma.

MELLIE

And when you get angry, Darien, and when you hit one of your ladies too hard and she stops breathing, that doesn't help anyone. Do you understand?

Darien nods.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

I can't hear you.

DARIEN

Yes!

MELLIE

Promise me you won't do it again.

DARIEN

It was an accident!

Mellie suddenly SLAPS Darien roughly on the cheek. He falls back slightly, shocked at her physical punishment.

MELLIE

Accidents like that can't happen. The cops will get suspicious. They'll put an end to us. Do you want to be responsible?

DARIEN

No.

MELLIE

Say it again.

DARIEN

No!

MELLIE

What we're doing is illegal. But we can look past the illegality because we know that in the long run, we're doing what is right for our family. If you make another "accident," no one will understand. Not me. Not your father. Not even God.

DARIEN

Yes, Ma.

MELLIE

Now, let's go and see if there's any news.

Darien nods and steps behind his mother's wheelchair. He pushes her away from the Graunger headstones, and toward the cemetery's exit.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Janice comes home after a day at work and throws her bag onto the kitchen table. She's shocked to see Mellie sitting in her wheelchair in the living room.

JANICE

Mellie? What are you doing out of your room?

Janice walks over and kisses Mellie on the head.

MELLIE

Darien and I made a visit to the cemetery. To see his family.

JANICE

Why?

MELLIE

Because of the girl that died.

JANICE

That can't happen again.

MELLIE

It won't happen.

(beat)

Did you get the results?

JANICE

I did.

MELLIE

And?

JANICE

Mellie....

MELLIE

Tell me.

JANICE

None of them.

MELLIE

Are you serious?

JANICE

I am. I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I'll have Darien... try again.

MELLIE

Yes you will. But first, send Darien out again.

JANICE

Mellie, I --

MELLIE

Send him out again! Have him bring back two if that's what it takes! Those women will get pregnant! They will have a child! This family's name will not die out with me!

Janice nods softly.

MELLIE (CONT'D)
(calmer now)
Go get Darien. Go, please.

Janice kisses Mellie again, then stands and exits the scene. We get a final CLOSE UP on Mellie, whose face reveals a tough determination. It's clear that she has nothing to lose, and that she's truly capable of anything.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. COLESVILLE P.D. - DAY

It's business as usual in the tiny Colesville Police Department. The precinct is half as big as Locke's, with only a small amount of people running around in the background.

Frank and Locke are sitting next to each other in old wooden chairs. Detective Holmes suddenly rounds the corner, drinking coffee from a styrofoam cup.

YELENA

Guys, guys, guys. Follow me.

After giving a "whatever" look between them, Frank and Locke stand and follow the high-strung Detective into her office.

INT. DETECTIVE HOLMES'S OFFICE - DAY

Locke and Frank follow her inside her office. She sits on the corner of her desk, still drinking coffee.

LOCKE

You have your own office here?

YELENA

Yeah. That a problem?

LOCKE

No, no. Detective. Not at all.

FRANK

What's the news? Why call us in here?

YELENA

Because I need to know just how good you two are.

LOCKE

We're great. Why?

Yelena looks them both up and down, as if testing them. She chugs the rest of her coffee, then holds up a file. Depicted is a beautiful female TEENAGER, a big smile on her face.

YELENA

'Cause he struck again last night.

LOCKE

Oh God.

Frank takes the girl's photo and examines it.

FRANK

Who is she?

YELENA

Samantha Brazentide. She turns 20 next month. She used a fake ID last night to gain entry to a downtown club on Hawthorne.

FRANK

(focused on the photo)
Twenty....

YELENA

But there is some good news in all this.

LOCKE

You caught the guy?

YELENA

No. But we got a witness.

CUT TO:

INT. COLESVILLE P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Despite the fact that this is an interrogation room, the boy being questioned is being handled very delicately. This is JESSE BRAZENTIDE, a handsome young boy (21) whose face is smeared with tears.

Yelena, Locke, Frank, and several other members of the Colesville Police Department are present, sitting or standing around the room.

JESSE

I didn't know. I didn't know....
I never would have let her use my girlfriend's old ID. She just wanted to come out with us and our friends. Just to have some fun. I didn't know....

FRANK

Jesse, we're going to find your sister.

JESSE

I'm never going out again. I can't ever....

FRANK

Jesse, look at me. This wasn't your fault.

LOCKE

We need information. Everything you know about the guy who took her.

Frank eyes Locke, a bit annoyed by his brazenness. Nevertheless, it works.

JESSE

He was weird. Like, way weird. We saw him earlier that night. He was hitting on one of my girlfriend's classmates, and we were all kind of making fun of him. I mean, not so he could hear, just amongst us. He stuttered a lot and he had to be like 50.

YELENA

When did he make his move on Samantha?

JESSE

All last night, she was talking about how she wanted guys to buy her drinks. I try to be a good brother, you know, look out for her, but...

(beat)

Some of the others teased her to go up to this guy and ask him. She did. She asked him to buy her a shot. She took the shot and then he bought her a lemon drop.

YELENA

How many drinks did she have?

JESSE

I don't know. But all night she would hang out with us, then go back to that guy to get more drinks. After a while, I just lost track of her. I know I should have kept a closer watch on her, that I shouldn't have let her...

(beat; holding back sobs)

...I know that now. We looked all over the bar. We even asked the bartender if he knew where that weird guy went. But nothing.

FRANK

Jesse, would you be able to work with our composite artist? If you remember enough of his face.

Jesse takes a sip of water.

JESSE

I don't remember enough of his face, but Sam did get his name. I'm sure that'll help, right?

LOCKE

That'll be a big help.

JESSE

I think she told him it was Darien. He was probably lying, but --

FRANK

No.
(to Yelena)
That's him.

YELENA

Darien.

FRANK

You have a name. You have previous composites. Find him, Detective.

Yelena nods and rushes out of the room. Frank looks over to Locke, then back down to the sniffing young boy. Frank heads for the exit after Yelena, but Locke holds for a moment.

LOCKE

Listen to me, Jesse. We're gonna find your sister. Nothing bad is going to happen. It'll be okay... I promise.

Frank looks slightly puzzled at this side of Locke that he hasn't seen much of before, wondering what's going through his mind, but doesn't confront him on it. He just walks out and waits for Locke to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Samantha's eyes, welling up with tears. She's lying on her back with duct tape over her mouth, slowly jerking back and forth in the camera's focus.

PULL BACK to reveal that she's on a table, with Darien standing in between her legs, thrusting himself wildly.

DARIEN

Ssh. Ssh. Good girl....

Samantha's strong. She doesn't make a sound, but the sheer terror in her eyes reveals how much she wants to scream at the top of her voice.

DARIEN (CONT'D)

Ssh. You're going to -- to be the one. I know it. Ssh. We're almost done. Almosst.

CUT TO:

INT. COLESVILLE HOSPITAL - RECOVERY WARD - DAY

Janice is making her rounds in the recovery ward. A few patients in the rec room are watching the news. Janice walks by, carrying a tray of pills and water, when she hears:

NEWSCASTER

Thank you, Marc. Now this just in: Colesville police finally have a lead in the multiple kidnapping case of late. This man's face, who we've been showing you all week, finally has a name to go with it. Darien. That's D-A-R-I-E-N.

On screen, the word "DARIEN" appears below the three previously drawn composite pictures, along with a number.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Police urge you to call this number immediately if you have any information on this Darien. Remember, this man is considered extremely dangerous, as he's already killed one of his victims.

Janice stands in silence, staring at the newscast with her mouth open wide.

Suddenly, her fingers lose their grasp around the tray and the pills and water cups go FALLING IN SLOW MOTION to the ground, where they finally CRASH loudly.

Patients and fellow nurses look over at Janice, who looks around like a deer caught in the headlights.

JANICE

Oh. Oh....

NURSE #1

Janice? Are you all right?

Janice avoids eye contact with everyone. She leaves her mess on the floor and starts booking it down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

It's nighttime now in the main living area of the Graunger townhouse. Everything's calm. Mellie still sits downstairs in silence, with her head tilted back in her wheelchair, fast asleep with her CAT on her lap.

The silence is ended as the door suddenly BURSTS DOWN!

Several POLICE OFFICERS with guns and full protective gear rush into the house, followed close behind by Yelena, Locke, and Frank.

YELENA

All right, search the house!
Every room!

Mellie wakes up with a start. She's not too happy.

MELLIE

What the hell is this?!

FRANK

Ma'am, please stay calm. We have
a warrant to search the premises.

MELLIE

A warrant? What in God's name
for?

The officers and Yelena spread out, searching every room in the house, upstairs and down.

FRANK

Several Colesville residents just
called the police hotline
claiming that Darien Graunger is
the man we've been looking for in
a series of kidnappings.

LOCKE

You wouldn't happen to know where
he is right now, do you?

MELLIE

Darien? Good God, he's at work.
Why don't you all just calm down!

Mellie looks all around her as she yells. Frank puts two and two together and gestures to Locke that she's blind.

FRANK

What's your name, ma'am?

MELLIE

(rudely)

Mrs. Graunger. What's yours?

Yelena suddenly enters the living area from having been searching upstairs. She shakes her head no to Frank.

LOCKE

Where are the girls, Mrs. Graunger? Where is he keeping them?

MELLIE

I don't know what you're talking about!

LOCKE

He's your son. Come on. How could you not know what he does in his free time?

MELLIE

If you haven't noticed already, Mr. Twelve-Year-Old, I'm sort of sight-impaired.

LOCKE

So you're saying that it's possible he is the kidnapper, but that you just haven't seen anything?

MELLIE

That's not -- no! That's not what I'm saying. I want a lawyer. Call me a lawyer!

One of the police officers who went downstairs pokes his head back up.

OFFICER #1

Detective Holmes? You'd better come down here.

Yelena looks over to Frank and Locke, who quickly follow her to the staircase.

YELENA

(to the officers)

Watch her. Close.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Frank, Locke, and Yelena slowly make their way down the staircase. They cover their mouth due to some foul stench.

Darkness overcomes them, completely hiding their bodies from view. Finally, Locke reaches up and pulls on a chain. A dim overhead light ILLUMINATES the room.

Frank sees it first. The look on his face says it all.

FRANK

We've got the wrong house.

ANGLE: the basement. In the days since we were last down here, nothing is the same. The dark walls, the bloody table, the rancid puddles, all gone.

Instead, this basement is literally filled to the top with CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. Bright red and green colors, Christmas trees, decorative lights, cut-out Santas, crystal white garland, fake cotton snow, etc.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Four officers stand around Mellie, their arms crossed, glaring down at the fat old blind lady.

Mellie, meanwhile, stares ahead, a slight smile creeping onto her old withered face.

CUT TO:

INT. COLESVILLE HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT

Janice is still frantically running through the hospital, after having seen the shocking newscast about Darien.

Janice pulls out her keys and opens the door to a room marked "MORGUE TOOLS/SUPPLIES; PLEASE ASK PAULO FOR ADMITTANCE". She quickly steps inside the:

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Darien had just finished up with Samantha, and he's tying her back up to the other four girls. He quickly turns to the door as Janice stands there, GASPING for breath.

DARIEN

Janice? What -- what is it?

JANICE

You messed up, kid.

DARIEN

I... what?

JANICE

Sorry.

ANGLE: the expressions on each of the victims' faces reveals it all. What the heck are their two captors talking about?

They get their answer when Janice pulls out a handful of sharp SCALPELS from her nurse uniform.

Darien takes several steps back. In all his fear, he seems to finally speak with authority. He never stutters again.

DARIEN

What are you doing? Please. If Ma found out what you're doing right now, that'd be the end of you.

JANICE

You had plenty of time. Plenty of time to continue your father's name. But you failed.

DARIEN

Stop. Just think about this.

JANICE

No. You were careless. The police know about you. It'll lead to us.

DARIEN

No. If I'm gone, there's no one to carry on his name. No one! The bloodline will end with me!

JANICE

(icily)
You should have thought about that.

SLICE!

Janice swings the scalpels through the air! Blood splatters everywhere as the weapons make contact with Darien's flesh.

SLICE!

The girls scream as blood splatters their faces.

CLOSE ON: Janice's sweaty face. She's clearly not enjoying this. It's just something that has to be done.

DARIEN (O.S.)

Please! Please! Dad!

Janice looks up to the ceiling, then looks back at Darien. With one final SLICE, we

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The house is a lot calmer than the previous night. Janice sits on the couch, next to Mellie in her wheelchair.

Frank, Locke, and Yelena are standing over them.

Janice is putting on one hell of an act, with tears streaming down her face and everything.

JANICE

I swear. I haven't seen him in, what, two days now? Officers, I don't know where he could be.

MELLIE

You all scared him off. He comes home every night and kisses me before bed. He must have seen you all here and ran away.

JANICE

That's probably it.

MELLIE

I swear. If I never see my son again because of you people, you don't want to know what I'll do.

YELENA

Mrs. Graunger and Mrs....

JANICE

Halian.

YELENA

Halian. Your son is our number one suspect in the kidnappings of five women, and the murder of one more.

(leans in)

I don't care if you never see him again. In fact, it'd probably be for the best, wouldn't you think?

Janice stands, angry.

JANICE

I want you three out of my house. Now.

FRANK
Mrs. Halian --

JANICE
Now!

Yelena and Frank turn to leave. Locke stays behind.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Detective?

LOCKE
Frank, Yelena, you guys go along.
I'll be right there.

FRANK
Sure thing.

Frank and Yelena exit.

Locke turns to Janice, who sits back down grumpily and holds Mellie's hands.

JANICE
What? You want to have a tea party? Celebrate that time we spoke in the recovery ward?

LOCKE
I knew something was off that day. I could feel it when I talked to you.

JANICE
"Off"? What do you mean off?
(pounds the table)
I don't know what's going on any more than you do!

LOCKE
That can't be true, can it?

JANICE
It is. After Bill and Karl were killed --

She stops as Mellie SNIFFLES over the mentioning of her son's names. Mellie pulls her hand out of Janice's grasp and wipes her wet eyes.

MELLIE
Sorry.

JANICE
After the accident, I had them autopsied on Mellie's request. She was in denial, as I said.
(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Nothing I told you that day was a lie. Nothing I'm telling you now as a lie. In fact, you remind me of him. William, the eldest.

Locks looks back and forth between the two women.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you this so that you know where I'm coming from. When those boys were killed, I went crazy, because she went crazy. And now, with all this talk of Darien being a killer? You have no idea what this is going to do to her.

LOCKE

All right, look. We're going to go to his work. We're going to stake out the bars he hangs out at. But if he happens to come back here in the meantime, you call me. Immediately.

Locke hands Janice his card.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry for your losses. Both of you.

With that, he leaves out the front door.

STAY ON the women. They wait several moments before they move a muscle.

It's Mellie who makes the first move. She slowly turns her head to Janice, a look of pure hatred on her face. She pulls back her arm and SLAPS Janice across the face.

JANICE

Hey!

Mellie slaps her again, and Janice falls to the floor!

JANICE (CONT'D)

Hey, stop! Mellie!

MELLIE

You killed him! You killed him!

Mellie grabs ashtrays and magazines off the coffee table and throws them with all her might at the fallen nurse.

MELLIE (CONT'D)

You bitch! You bitch, you bitch!

JANICE

Mellie, stop! I did it to --
STOP! I did it to protect you. To
protect this family!

MELLIE

Shut up!

With inhuman strength -- at least for Mellie -- she lifts the entire wooden coffee table and lets it fall down onto Janice!

Janice scoots out from underneath it and scitters across the room. She finally stops when she reaches the wall. She sits up against it, breathing heavily, trying to catch her breath.

JANICE

Mellie. Stop. Listen to me.
Darien made a mistake. More than
one. You know that as well as I.

MELLIE

Everything we worked for....

JANICE

It can still be done. You can
still carry on your husband's
name. You can still honor him,
even in Darien's death.

MELLIE

You stupid cow....

Janice is obviously hurt by her lover's words, but that doesn't stop her from scooting across the floor and grabbing onto both of Mellie's hands.

JANICE

Listen. Listen to me. There is a
way. The Graunger name can
continue.

MELLIE

You tell me how.

JANICE

Through you.

Mellie is taken aback.

MELLIE

What?

JANICE

It won't be the bloodline
necessarily.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

But Mellie, if you were to have a child, he would still have the name. He'd be a part of this family. And that, in the end, is what you've been trying to do, ever since Bill and Karl died.

MELLIE

I'm... too old.

JANICE

You're not. You're still menstruating, Mellie. You probably have another year left. You can do this.

She tightens her grip on Mellie's hands.

JANICE (CONT'D)

We can do this.

MELLIE

No. There's been too much suffering. I couldn't --

JANICE

Ssh. You can. Time is running out, but you can still make it happen.

Mellie pulls her hands out of Janice's grasp. She leans in close to Janice and the two women touch noses.

MELLIE

But who? Who would want to... with me? Look at me.

JANICE

You are beautiful.

Janice kisses her.

JANICE (CONT'D)

But you leave that up to me.
(beat)
You're the love of my life, sweetheart.

MELLIE

Don't ever forget that.

Off of their soft embrace, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPUTER COMPANY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Frank, Locke, and Yelena are walking away from the Computer Company where Darien worked.

FRANK

He won't be back here. This place
has heard the last of employee
Darien Graunger.

YELENA

What makes you so sure?

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Blood!
- Darien screaming!
- Each of the victims screaming
- Scalpels slashing toward camera

Frank looks over to Yelena.

FRANK

He's not avoiding us. He's not
hiding out. Something happened to
him.

LOCKE

What?

FRANK

It's clear now. The Graunger
family lost two of its sons, as
well as its father. Darien was
the last hope for the family name
to continue on through the years,
to be here in the next
millennium.

YELENA

Which is why he kidnapped all
those girls.

FRANK

He didn't see what he was doing
as necessarily evil. But now that
he's been discovered, all bets
are off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Jesse walks up to the bench, having left the police
station, and collapses onto it to wait. He begins CRYING
to himself, holding his palms to his forehead.

At that moment, his cell phone RINGS. He looks at the
caller ID and sees his sister's name, 'SAMANTHA', flash up.

JESSE

Sam?!

GRUFF VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
No, I'm afraid not. 121
Hawthorne. Come alone. Come
tonight.

JESSE
What? Who is this? Where's my
sister?!

GRUFF VOICE (O.C.)
Tell no one. Your sister's alive,
for now, and if you want her back
you'll come. This is a one-time
deal. If you don't show, or if
you show with others, she dies.

The phone CLICKS OFF.

JESSE
Hello? Hello?!!

He slowly slides the phone away from his ear and looks out
desperately into the empty street.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPUTER COMPANY - PARKING LOT - DAY

We're back with Frank and Locke as Yelena moves off.

FRANK
Why did you take this case, Brad?

LOCKE
Huh? You know why. These women
were in danger and it needed to
be done.

FRANK
But why you? Why so determined?
I saw the way you were with
Jesse. Is there something I
should know?

LOCKE
(awkward)
It's nothing, just...
(beat)
Ask me again sometime, okay?

Locke starts walking away, not waiting for a reply.

Frank lets him go, respecting his privacy. He just eyes his
friend oddly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAWTHORNE STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT

Jesse now stands against a building, waiting patiently for someone -- anyone -- to arrive.

He zips up his jacket and breathes into his hands, trying to keep warm. Finally, he hears the sounds of a car BRAKING.

Curious, Jesse walks out of the alley. He reaches for his cell phone and holds it tightly at his side.

A big white-and-red MEDICAL VAN speeds up to the alley then SLAMS on its brakes.

Jesse stands there staring at the van, shaking nervously.

Just then, the sliding door quickly OPENS, and Janice emerges with a scalpel held against the throat of Samantha who is dazed.

JANICE

Don't move a muscle.

SAMANTHA

Jesse? Jay, is that you?

Samantha is more or less naked, covered in streaks of blood. She's hurt, but happy to be alive.

JESSE

Oh my God. Sam! What the hell?
Are you okay?

He instinctively moves to help his sister, but Janice tightens her grip on the scalpel.

JANICE

Stay back. Stay back and she
wont get hurt. Just do what I
tell you and I'll let her go.

JESSE

Who are you? You're sick! Why
would you do this, you--

JANICE

Just shut up!

SAMANTHA

(dazed)

Jay, don't leave me here. You've
got to help me, please, please...

Jesse has to fight the urge to run, hearing his sister's pleas. He's fighting back nervous sweat and tears, unable to handle being in this kind of situation.

JESSE
(to Janice)
What do you want from me?

JANICE
First you can drop that phone.
You wont be needing that.

He looks down to see that he still has an ultra-tight grip on his phone, but his reactions froze a long time ago.

He sets it down on the ground obediently, not shifting his gaze from Samantha who is still in Janice's grip.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Lay on your stomach and put your hands behind your back.

JESSE
What the -- why?

JANICE
Just do it. Just do it like I tell you and your sister goes free.

Samantha gazes across at her brother, wanting to be able to tell him to run away and leave her, but instead begging him with her eyes to obey.

JANICE (CONT'D)
It's a trade. Isn't it worth it?

Jesse looks from Samantha, to Janice with scalpel in hand, and back again. Finally, he gets down on his knees.

Janice releases her grip on Samantha and quickly gets up behind Jesse to handcuff his hands together. She forces him into the van and pushes Samantha out in the process.

SAMANTHA
I'm sorry.

JESSE
No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I got you into this in the first place.

Janice slides the van door shut to cut off the exchange, leaving Samantha in a dazed and weakened state in the alley.

INT. MEDICAL VAN - CONTINUOUS

Janice secures her new captive and examines him with her eyes. She runs her palm over his cheek delicately.

JANICE

Such an attractive young man.
Fit. Healthy. In the prime of
your... productivity.

The look in Jesse's eyes turns from utterly afraid to sickeningly disturbed.

CUT TO:

INT. YELENA'S CAR - NIGHT

Yelena is driving, with Locke riding shotgun and Frank in the back seat. He's staring intently out the window, when he finally comes to a realization. Locke notices his face in the rear-view mirror.

LOCKE

What? Something wrong?

FRANK

The basement. With all the
decorations. Do you remember the
smell down there?

YELENA

Yeah. A foul stench. But lots of
basements smell. Mine smells like
coffee. Why?

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Frank's determined face.

FRANK

Drive.

YELENA

I am.

FRANK

The Graunger townhouse. Darien's
not the only one who's guilty.

EXT. YELENA'S CAR - NIGHT

The police car suddenly does a U-turn and begins speeding in the opposite direction.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The front door of the townhouse BURSTS open, reminiscent of the Teaser sequence when Darien pulled in the brunette.

Janice GRUNTS as she struggles to pull Brad Jesse's now dazed and limp body into the house. He's almost completely unconscious, but still slightly aware of what's going on. Once inside, she kicks the door shut.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mellie waits on her bed, wearing a very revealing nightgown.

She hears the grunts from downstairs, and an unexpected frown crosses her wrinkled face.

MELLIE

(softly)

Dear God, what's this come to?

EXT. YELENA'S CAR - NIGHT

The car continues speeding down the road.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Janice finally pulls Jesse into the bedroom. She's sweating profusely, having dragged him up the entire staircase.

JANICE

Are you ready for this?

(looks him over)

'Cause he is.

MELLIE

Janice... there's no going back.

JANICE

No. You have to decide now. Is this worth it?

MELLIE

My husband's dying wish was that our children keep his name alive. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I didn't....

JANICE

All right.

Janice stands. As she acts next, she recites what she's doing to her sightless partner.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I'm lifting him up now, and I'm taking off his pants.

Mellie frowns. She EXHALES loudly.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Frank, Locke and Yelena run up the stairs to the front door of the townhouse. They burst inside!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The trio rush through the house and open the door to the basement. It's too dark to see anything down there.

YELENA

Hello? This is the police! Answer me! Anyone down there?

Frank doesn't want to wait for a response. He sees the light on upstairs, and runs up the staircase.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank finally arrives at the upstairs bedroom... and stares in utter shock at the sight before him.

Mellie is dead, lying half-on, half-off of the bed. Her nightgown is stretched tightly around her big frame.

Jesse lies in the other bed, on his back, his belt unclasped but completely clothed, and completely knocked out.

Janice sits in Mellie's wheelchair, her head in her hands, crying real tears this time.

FRANK

What...

Frank runs across the room and tests Jesse's pulse.

JANICE

He's alive, don't worry.
(beat)
She's not.

FRANK

What's going on? Why is he here?

Yelena and Locke arrive in the room, both with guns raised.

LOCKE

Frank, what's going on?

FRANK

I was hoping Nurse Halian here could explain that.

JANICE

She had a heart attack.
(drained)
She's gone. The love of my life.... Darien too. I'm alone.
We failed.

Janice completely breaks down, crying into her hands.

FRANK
Arrest this woman.

YELENA
What charges, specifically?

Frank doesn't answer. He goes to Jesse's side, raising his head up in the air.

AERIAL VIEW: Mellie lies dead, being examined by Locke. Janice sits in the wheelchair, being cuffed by Yelena. Frank holds Jesse's body in his arms, trying to wake him up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Locke's sitting at his desk, leaning back in his chair. Frank stands over him, a numbed look on his face.

LOCKE
Nothing happened with the boy. She died before anything could happen. Her heart gave out, Frank. She was old. She couldn't go through with it.

FRANK
Is that what Jesse said?

LOCKE
Yeah. He was trying to save his sister. Trying to make up for the guilt he felt in letting her get taken in the first place.

FRANK
How is Samantha?

LOCKE
She's been recovering at the hospital in Colesville. She's going to be okay. They both are.

FRANK
And Janice?

LOCKE
She still thinks she was doing the right thing. What was going on that twisted head of hers?

FRANK

A family, fearing the end,
decided that anything - no matter
how morally reprehensible - was
worth it as long as they kept
their bloodline thriving.

LOCKE

I checked on the name. Graunger.
Followed it back all the way to
the Mayflower. This family had a
lot to live up to, Frank, being
such an important part of our
history.

FRANK

But somewhere along the line,
perhaps with Mellie, or perhaps
long before she joined the
family, that name became
tarnished.

LOCKE

Well, at least there's one saving
grace. The Graunger name is
officially dead.

Locke CLOSES his file.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLESVILLE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Two siblings, Samantha and Jesse Brazentide, sit patiently
in the hospital corridor, watching as nurses and patients
zip by in the hall.

SAMANTHA

I wanted to...
(beat)
I still haven't thanked you. For
what you did for me.

JESSE

I had to. It was my fault.

SAMANTHA

No, it was mine. I wanted to
tell you to get out of there, to
leave me, but after everything...
everything they did to me...
(beat)
I just couldn't.

Jesse puts an arm around his sister.

JESSE

It's okay. It's over now.

From the corridor, a NURSE steps up to them.

NURSE

Let's see... Samantha?

SAMANTHA

That's me.

NURSE

Would you like to come with me?

SAMANTHA

No. Anything you can say, you can say in front of my brother.

NURSE

All right. Well, after the tests we performed, I can say without a shadow of a doubt, that yes, you are pregnant.

The siblings shoot their mouths open in shock.

JESSE

Oh my God...

NURSE

Now, there are options, you should know. In fact, I'll direct you to Nurse --

SAMANTHA

No.

NURSE

Excuse me?

SAMANTHA

No. I don't believe in abortion. Our family doesn't believe in that.

JESSE

Sam, think about this.

SAMANTHA

No. I won't do it. I'm going to have this baby. I am. I'm going to have it and I'm going to love it...

Samantha rubs her stomach softly. Off of the slow circular motions of her hand, we

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
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TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS