

HEARTBEAT
final draft
June 28, 2023

Written by
Jan Westbrook

1978 charles street
bellmore NY 11710
516 313 3060
jwestbrook3@gmail.com

EXT. PARKWAY -DAY

A massive pile-up.

Burning, mangled cars, trucks. A jack-knifed big rig.

Emergency vehicles. Firemen, Police, Ambulances....

ABAGAIL, 30, red-head, confident, and ROBERT, 33, buff, stoic, snake through to a crumpled two-door sub-compact.

MALE VICTIM, LARRY, 21, presents as female, body akimbo, wedged inside. FIREMAN TWO uses the jaws of life, on the driver's side door.

FIREMAN ONE pulls on it.

Squeals open like a 100 crumpled tin cans. The car settles.

ABAGAIL

What's your name? Can you hear me?

Abigail squeezes in.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Multiple lacerations, possible
broken ribs, effused fracture to
the left tibia, probable
concussion, possible spine injury.

Robert sprints off.

The contents of the purse, strewn about, Abigail finds the driver's license, Larry Strose.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

What's your name?

LARRY/LUCY

Lucy...

ABAGAIL

Lucy, you've been in a terrible car
accident.

Abigail looks from the purse, to the dress, to the impressionist painting of make-up.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

We're going to take good care of
you.

Abigail backs out of the car.

OFFICER HARRISON, 25, male, lanky, tentative, hands Abigail a tattered paper note:

I'm tired of living like this. For all the burden I've caused. I love you all. -Lucy

OFFICER HARRISON
For a suicide, why was he wearing a seat belt?

Abigail crumples the note presses it hard into Harrison's chest.

ABAGAIL
Suicide is selfish, to give up on hope. And it's *She*, be respectful.

Robert returns with another back board. Abigail shows him the driver's license, points at the heart symbol.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
She goes by Lucy.

Lucy groans, twitches her head.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Lucy, please remain still.
(to FIREMAN ONE)
Can you remove this?

Abigail points to the piece separating the doors.

FIREMAN TWO
Roof would collapse.

ABAGAIL
Back door?

Fireman Two uses the jaws of life to open the back door.

Robert and Abigail wedge a back board underneath, strap her in, legs protected from the steering wheel.

Board tilts, Lucy lets loose a basso shrill, body goes limp.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
She's in shock.

The car settles more...

Abigail squeezes into the back.

Abigail scrunches down, adjusts the back of the driver's seat as flat as it goes.

Robert checks for a pulse.

ROBERT
No pulse.

Abigail cuts the seat belt.

ABAGAIL
Cut the steering wheel.

Robert squares himself, braces his end of the back board.

Abigail readies herself for the weight.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Okay.

Fireman One cuts the steering wheel.

Abigail and Robert twist and contort Lucy out the driver's side door.

Abigail hands her end to Fireman One. Robert and Fireman One lay Lucy on the pavement.

Robert and Abigail strap another back board and flip Lucy.

Abigail removes the top back board. Lucy is a mess.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)	ROBERT
Head contusions, fractured ribs, internal bleeding, left forearm...	Lucy, you still with us.

Robert checks for a pulse again, twists his head "NO."

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(no response)
Not breathing.

Abigail taps her broken leg. No response. She pulls a sheet over Lucy's face.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ABAGAIL
She's an organ donor.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

Hands crush pills on a cutting board.

Cut into lines.

Hands lift the cutting board, brushes the powder onto a salad.

A finger licks the cutting board clean.

The salad bowl is lifted from the counter.

Another hand grabs an oxygen tank.

GRACE BARRIS, 57, pear shaped, sickly, holds the bowl and tank, walks with slow purposefulness over to the dining room table, sets the bowl down, leans on the table catches her breath.

EXT. PARKWAY -DAY

Robert charges the AED.

ABAGAIL

You think that's what she'd want?

ROBERT

I know it's what you don't want.

Robert cuts Lucy's top, fake breasts flop to the ground.

Robert holds the paddles to Lucy's chest.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Clear!

He shocks her.

Lucy arches like a dolphin, blood rivers from her mouth and open wounds. No response.

Abigail rapidly packs up her things, looks at her watch.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Charging, 300.

Lucy's body arches like a dolphin. Nothing.

Abigail takes the paddles from Robert.

She checks her watch.

ABAGAIL
Time of death 2:36 pm

They place their equipment between her legs and shoulder what doesn't fit.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

Grace at the counter, grabs the glass...

Her cell phone chimes, vibrates, DANCES close to the edge of table. CALLER ID: HEARTBEAT

She takes a long step, steadies herself.

...DANCES CLOSER TO THE EDGE...

GRACE
(barely a whisper)
Hey google.

She drops her drink.

Glass like shrapnel...

Liquid spews...

...DANCES EVER CLOSER TO THE EDGE...

GOOGLE ASSIST VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, Grace.

GRACE
(barely a whisper)
Answer.

...DANCES CLOSER TEETERS ON THE EDGE...

GOOGLE ASSIST VOICE (V.O.)
Ok, answering.

The phone cascades to the floor. Skitters under the table.

Oxygen tank bounces off the floor.

The cannal Rips from Grace's nose, she pants for breath.

UNOS WOMAN (V.O.)
Grace Barris?

Grace winded, body goes limp, pitches toward the table.

Her hand slaps the bowl.

Salad explodes like a volcanic eruption.

She crashes to the floor.

EXT. PARKWAY -DAY

LIGHTS and SIRENS.

Abigail places ice packs on and around Lucy's body.

ROBERT

Dispatch, Bus 31, we have a code orange. Hopkin's General. ETA 7 minutes.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Copy. Will let them know you're on your way.

Robert swerves through an intersection.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

Grace motionless, the spilled drink oozes toward her face.

Grace's life alert flashes.

UNOS WOMAN (V.O.)

Grace...Grace Barris

LIFE ALERT WOMAN (V.O.)

Yes, we know it's you. Are you all right?

UNOS WOMAN (V.O.)

That's what I'm trying to find out.

LIFE ALERT WOMAN (V.O.)

Who are you, if you're not Grace?

UNOS WOMAN (V.O.)

This is United Network of Organ Sharing. Is Grace Barris there?

LIFE ALERT WOMAN (V.O.)

I'm assuming so.

Grace is motionless on the floor.

I/E. AMBULANCE -DAY

Lights and sirens, Robert speeds through the streets.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Assistance needed at 458 Terrance
court.

Abigail stares at Robert in the rearview mirror.

ROBERT
We can't and you know it.

Abigail lunges forward, reaches for the handset.

Robert grabs her arm.

ABAGAIL
(anxiously)
It's my mother.

ROBERT
I know.

Robert looks back at the road, sharply swerves, narrowly misses a school bus.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

The spilled drink makes it to Grace's face.

UNOS WOMAN (V.O.)
So if you're not Grace Barris, are
you there with her?

LIFE ALERT WOMAN (V.O.)
No, this is life alert.

UNOS WOMAN (V.O.)
Listen, I don't know what game
you're playing at, but I need to
call the next person in line.

The call disconnects, phone goes dark.

Grace breathes in the drink and chokes it out.

LIFE ALERT WOMAN (V.O.)
Hello?

Grace rolls onto her side struggling to breathe.

LIFE ALERT WOMAN (V.O.)
 An ambulance is on its way.
 They'll take you to Hopkin's
 general. I'll stay on the line
 until the ambulance arrives.

Ambulance sirens approach.

INT. GRACE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -DAY

Grace sits up on the bed, breathing labored.

Dr. SANJAY, 32, effeminate, direct, listens to her breathing with a wireless device that shows the results on his tablet.

JOCELYN, 54, expressionless, hands stained from pottery clay, stares out the window.

No one notices Abigail rush in.

DR. SANJAY
 Finger please.

Grace barely holds out her hand, he puts a wireless oxygen reader on her finger. Her hand falls back on the bed.

Abigail, looks over his shoulder, sees the number 92 appear on the screen.

ABAGAIL
 You need to get her on oxygen.

They all turn. Abigail reaches for a oxygen mask.

Dr. Sanjay turns, stays her hand.

DR. SANJAY
 She's not your patient, Abigail.

ABAGAIL
 She's my mother.

Jocelyn looks back out the window, clenches her fists, squints her eyes closed.

DR. SANJAY
 Your mother had a bad episode.

ABAGAIL
 What does that mean?

JOCELYN
 Abigail, she's dying, dear.

They all look at her, she looks at Grace, lips pursed in a half-smile.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Isn't that the reality?

Abigail goes over and holds Grace's hand.

GRACE
Use your words, Dr. Sanjay. How long have I got?

Dr. Sanjay closes his tablet.

DR. SANJAY
I'm not a hospice nurse.

GRACE
What does that mean?

JOCELYN
We should make funeral arrangements.

They all turn and look at her. Jocelyn turns back to the window. Grace pulls her hand from Abigail's grip.

ABAGAIL
Aunt Jocelyn, she's your sister.

JOCELYN
I'm sorry Abigail, you're right. What does that mean?

DR. SANJAY
They can read the signs of dying patients...

Grace looks back at Dr. Sanjay.

GRACE
Your best guess?

DR. SANJAY
I want her to stay for a couple of hours, until her oxygen level increases.

GRACE
What does it matter? I'm dying anyway. How long?

DR. SANJAY
A week maybe.

ABAGAIL
You're wrong.

DR. SANJAY
I'm sorry Abigail.

Abigail stares through Dr. Sanjay, looking for an answer.

ABAGAIL
There has to be something you can
do. You're her doctor.

DR. SANJAY
Without a transplant, your mother
doesn't have much time. You know
this.

GRACE
Go, Abigail, I know what tonight
means to you.

JOCELYN
Tonight's a big night for you. I'm
so proud of you.

Jocelyn hugs Abigail.

ABAGAIL
Thank you. Just another step in a
continuing road of recovery.

DR. SANJAY
I'll be back later to check on her.

Dr. Sanjay leaves. Abigail grabs Grace's hand.

ABAGAIL
Mom, you're running out of time,
who is she?

GRACE
Me. That should be enough. Not
all adoptions are open.

Abigail yanks her hand away.

ABAGAIL
I'll be back after my meeting.
(looks at Jocelyn)
Aunt Jocelyn, make sure she stays.

Jocelyn looks like she smelled expired liverwurst.

JOCELYN

Of course.

Abigail leaves.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

We have to tell her.

GRACE

We will not tell her.

Jocelyn holds her stare, turns and walks out of the room.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Detective KARIN MACADAM, 43, buff, sarcastic, stands in front of her Murder Board. There is a big "?" above photos of murdered individuals: Terry Millman -Pawnbroker; Andie Gillis -sales clerk(transfemale); Gabby Johns -Real Estate Agent. A handwritten note underneath each photo from the murderer.

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)

Karin.

CHIEF O'FLANNAGAN(always smoking a pipe, and has one for different moods), 57, looks like he's 68, pasty skin, thin as spaghetti, stands outside his office, smoke like a halo from his tiger's eye pipe.

Karin turns, O'Flannagan goes back into his office, trailing smoke like plane fuel condensation.

O'FLANNAGAN'S OFFICE

O'Flannagan leans on his desk, next to a bowl of puffy diner mints. Karin comes in.

KARIN

You're going to make Nancy a fine widow someday.

O'FLANNAGAN

Your case, looks to me like you're standing in molasses.

Karin looks out the door at the murder board, back again.

KARIN

He's talking to me, I just do not understand his language yet.

O'FLANNAGAN

Get a translator.

Karin leans forward and grabs one of the mints.

KARIN
Google or Firefox?

O'FLANNAGAN
Fuck knuckles, Karin, I'm getting
smoke blown up my pipe.

KARIN
Then sit down.

O'Flannagan trades his tiger's eye pipe for the green one
from the ash tray, focuses on his computer.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Pushed that button again, didn't I?

O'FLANNAGAN
Fuck biscuits, Karin, you're a
great detective, but even so, you
still need a partner.

Karin stares at him, slowly pops the mint in her mouth, works
it around her mouth. O'Flannagan takes a pull. The tobacco
screams red.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
Forensics to analyze the notes, get
a personality profile on this guy.

KARIN
Copy, that Chief.

Karin grabs another mint and leaves.

KARIN'S DESK

A framed newspaper picture of a younger Karin, with the
headline: Train Track Killer caught! she's shaking
O'Flannagan's hand, a medal drapes her neck.

Karin stares over at her murder board, twists a stress snake
like she's strangling it. Abigail comes over with two
Starbucks coffees.

ABAGAIL
Caffeine?

Karin holds out her hand without looking directly at Abigail.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
That bad?

Karin puts the stress snake on the desk.

KARIN
What about you? Nervous or scared?

ABAGAIL
Both.

KARIN
Is it your mother? Maybe you
should take some time off.

Abigail takes a calculated sip of her coffee.

Karin leans forward, cups Abigail's hand on her desk.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Talk to me, don't go there again.

ABAGAIL
She has seven days.

Abigail looks up into Karin's eyes. Karin's body deflates.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Seven days.

KARIN
I'm sorry Abbs. Be with her.

Abigail blots the tears from her eyes.

ABAGAIL
I need to be where I can be
helpful.

KARIN
She's dying, Abigail.

ABAGAIL
She's abandoning me.

KARIN
She's not abandoning you.
(grabs her coffee)
We've got to go. Are you okay to
drive?

Abigail dangles her keys.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Good.

They walk out together.

INT. PINK PILL BAR -DAY

A "cop bar," a preserved former speakeasy, touches of modern day living.

An *IN MEMORIAM* wall of fallen law enforcement.

TV monitor on the bar scrolls through CRIMINALS and SUSPECTS.

REAR ROOM

A 70's era basement brought upstairs, with better lighting, chairs arranged in a circle.

An oversized police shield reads, "*Felons and Mentors of Mestro Heights*," hangs from a slender podium.

Abigail and Karin, commingle with officers, detectives, rehabilitated felons.

KARIN

(aside to O'Flannagan)

Anxious?

O'Flannagan looks at his yellow pipe, shrugs his eyes.

O'Flannagan trades his pipe with a tartan one from his charred inside jacket pocket. He gets up behind the podium. Smoke like a chimney from his tartan pipe.

O'FLANNAGAN

Muster up people.

Karin moves up next to O'Flannagan.

Law enforcement and civilians sit in pairs. The seat next to Abigail is empty.

The seat next to Harrison is also empty.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)

Harrison, where's your mentee?

OFFICER HARRISON

He's *with* ladder 4, sir.

O'Flannagan nods in approval.

O'FLANNAGAN

Before we share, we have some business to tend to. Karin.

O'Flannagan mouths the pipe as Karin steps to the podium.

KARIN

13 years ago I convinced the Chief to initiate a program; rehabilitate felons instead of jailing them. Radical idea. *Felons and Mentors* became reality. Success stories include managers, fathers, mothers, civil servants, even an EMT.

Karin looks at Abigail, waves her forward. Abigail goes up and stands next to Karin. O'Flannagan shakes her hand.

KARIN (CONT'D)

(applause)

I am so proud to be the mentor of she who started it all, someone who turned their life around. Abigail Barris.

Applause. Karin steps back, Abigail takes the podium.

ABAGAIL

It's been years...challenging years...you all can empathize... Today I'm *rehabilitated* 13 years.

Applause and congratulations. O'Flannagan hands Karin a replica police shield with the number "13." She pins it on Abigail.

KARIN

And?

ABAGAIL

And I'm studying to be a paramedic.

More applause and congratulations.

REAR ROOM -LATER

The room has thinned out.

Abigail comes over to Karin.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

I must get Grace.

O'Flannagan comes over.

O'FLANNAGAN

Quite the accomplishment, Abigail.

ABAGAIL
 It's a daily struggle.
 (turns to Karin)
 I have to go.

They watch Abigail leave the bar.

O'FLANNAGAN
 What's going on with her?

KARIN
 She's not slipping, if that's what
 you're implying.

O'FLANNAGAN
 As long as you two are talking the
 same language.

O'Flannagan pats Karin on her back, walks away.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Light scissors through the blind slats, casts stripes of
 light. Mysterious furnishings, glints off metal.

The door opens, a light comes on.

A stairway in front of the door, dusty unused chair lift.

Paintings on the wall, get progressively darker: Abigail
 portrait, Grace and Abigail, Jocelyn and Abigail.

Abigail, toting her EMT jump bag, holds the door open.

GRACE (O.S.)
 Well, I'm dying.

Grace enters, holding a portable oxygen tank.

ABAGAIL
 Mom, you've been saying that for
 over a year now. Please stop.

GRACE
 I've been dying for over a year.

Abigail drops her EMT jump bag, pulls the cannula from Grace's
 nose, grabs the tank.

ABAGAIL
 Today could have changed that.

Abigail moves the tank next to the couch, made up like a bivouac bed. Medical apparatus, hoses and an army of medicine bottles and vials by the head of the couch.

Grace's painting, a dark self-portrait, on an easel at the foot of the couch.

GRACE

I have a mess to clean up.

Grace struggles toward the kitchen, leans against the wall, casts her eyes over to Abigail.

Abigail pulls a medical textbook from her jump bag, adds it to other textbooks on the table next to her laptop. She helps Grace over to the couch.

Abigail turns on a larger oxygen tank, fits the cannula onto Grace's nose. Abigail goes into the...

KITCHEN

Abigail microwaves water for tea, cleans the mess on the floor.

ABAGAIL

What did you think you were doing?

GRACE (O.S.)

Isn't it obvious?

ABAGAIL

I can't worry about you when I'm not here.

LIVING ROOM

ABAGAIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I think we need to consider in home nursing care.

Grace grabs a brush, starts painting.

GRACE

I can take care of myself.

ABAGAIL (O.S.)

Mom. I can't lose you.

Tweep, tweep, tweep.

Abigail comes back, sets the tea on the table.

GRACE

You act as if I'm abandoning you.

Abigail, falters, flushes the port on Grace's chest, preps a syringe of anti rejection medication.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm not, I'm dying.

ABAGAIL

Mom...An RN can stay with you while I'm at work. I can ask my instructor for a recommendation.

Abigail walks up stairs.

GRACE

I don't want all this attention.

Grace works at her painting.

Abigail comes back down, changed, a fancy yin/yang necklace hangs outside her shirt.

ABAGAIL

Yes you do.

Abigail injects the medication, drops the syringe in the sharps container.

Grace looks at Abigail, fixates on the necklace, turns back to her painting. The canvas bows as she uses the palette knife to spread the paint.

Abigail hugs Grace from behind.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

I love you mom.

Abigail sits at her laptop, clicks to a paramedic practice exam.

INT. GRACE'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE -DAY

Abigail sits across from Dr. Sanjay's desk. There is a fleet of identical USB drives, nicked with initials.

Abigail leans over the desk, looks through them.

Dr. Sanjay comes in, closes the door, Abigail leans back. He sits behind his desk.

DR. SANJAY
Did you find what you're looking
for?

Abigail sits down. He sifts through the USB drives and pulls
one with GFB on it.

DR. SANJAY (CONT'D)
Grace Francine Barris. My *favorite*
patient.

He plugs it into the computer, types in his password.

Abigail cranes around and looks at the screen.

DR. SANJAY (CONT'D)
Her last escapade did nothing but
make her situation worse.

ABAGAIL
What can we do?

On the screen are pictures of a heart, like frames of a movie
film. They show progression of a sickly heart getting worse.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
How bad?

He dials the phone. Abigail fingers her yin/yang necklace.

DR. SANJAY
She needs a heart transplant, you
know this.
(into phone)
Yes, hello. This is doctor Raul
Sanjay. One of my patients, Grace
Barris, is on the heart transplant
list...yes, can you tell me where
she is on the list? I see, thank
you.

He hangs up.

DR. SANJAY (CONT'D)
She's sixth on the list.

ABAGAIL
Move her to the top.

DR. SANJAY
I cannot do that.

ABAGAIL
I need my mother.

Dr. Sanjay pulls the USB drive from the PC, his diploma appears on the screen.

He holds out the USB drive for Abigail, she looks at it as if it were a cup of acid.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Hold onto it.

DR. SANJAY

Reality check, Abigail. Unless a relative gives her their heart, prepare yourself for the inevitable.

ABAGAIL

I can't stop trying.

Abigail leaves. He takes the USB drive and adds it to 2 others in an OUT box.

INT. AMBULANCE -DAY

Abigail inside the ambulance refills supplies. Her phone is on the gurney, intermixed with the supplies.

ATHENA (V.O.)

Hello, Athena, UNOS regional office. How may be of assistance.

ABAGAIL

Yes, hi, I'm Abigail Barris. My mother is on the heart recipient list.

ATHENA (V.O.)

I'm sorry to hear that. How can I help you, Abigail?

The garage door opens.

ABAGAIL

My mother has less than a week to live. I need her moved to the top of the recipient list.

Robert hastily pokes his head into the ambulance.

ROBERT

We've gotta roll.

Robert closes the ambulance doors.

ATHENA (V.O.)
I cannot just do that.

ABAGAIL
Give me their names and I'll ask.

Abagail is thrown backwards as the ambulance pulls off. She, her phone, and the supplies are tossed about the ambulance.

ATHENA (V.O.)
HIPPA and ePHI prevents me from disclosing any patient information.

ABAGAIL
Please, I'm an EMT, there has to be something you can do?

ATHENA (V.O.)
I cannot give out protected information.

ABAGAIL
Who can?

ATHENA (V.O.)
Doctor's medically necessary release or as mandated by a warrant. Otherwise, there's nothing I can do.

ABAGAIL
She's my adoptive mother, she chose me, I need her with me!

ATHENA (V.O.)
I'm truly sorry, Abagail. I will keep Grace in my prayers. I have to go.

The line goes dead. Abagail gets hit on the head with boxes of syringes.

I/E. ABAGAIL'S CAR -PHARMACY -DAY

Abagail and Grace are at a pharmacy drive through.

GRACE
I don't know why you insist on wasting your money?

ABAGAIL
It's hope.

They pull up to the window.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Barris, Grace.

She slides her license to the Pharmacist, SUZIE, 20's.

PHARMACIST
Hi Abby.

ABAGAIL
Hi Suzie.

Suzie hands Abigail her driver's license back and walks away.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
I'd think you'd be nicer with the
time you have left.

Grace slumps in her seat, slides onto Abigail's shoulder.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Sit up, we're almost done.

Abigail shoulders her upright. Grace slides onto the door.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Mom?

Abigail feels for a pulse, none. She leaps out, pulls Grace onto the ground, begins CPR.

Suzie comes back with the medication.

SUZIE
That'll be \$120.50.

She sees Abigail on the ground with Grace and picks up the phone.

ABAGAIL
Call an ambulance!

An INCONSIDERATE MAN leans on his horn.

INCONSIDERATE MAN
C'mon , move it!

The Inconsiderate Man does nothing.

ABAGAIL
(to no one specific)
Call an ambulance!

Suzie is on the phone. She presses the intercom button.

SUZIE
One is on the way.

INCONSIDERATE MAN
Move your car!

Abigail shakes, on the verge of a breakdown. A HELPFUL MAN comes over.

ABAGAIL
It's too soon.

HELPFUL MAN
I've taken CPR training.

ABAGAIL
Chest compressions.

They do CPR like they've rehearsed this a hundred times.
Grace opens her eyes. They stop and lean back.

INT. GRACE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -DAY

A nurse, GRETCHEN 45, adjusts machines, checks the oxygen levels and settings and readings.

Grace lays in the bed, hooked up to IV and oxygen.

Abigail is at Grace's side, peeks at the oxygen levels.

Dr. Sanjay uses his device, takes Grace's vital signs.

ABAGAIL
Gretchen, the oxygen mix is too low.

GRETCHEN
Abigail, your mother is getting the best care.

ABAGAIL
I know, I'm sorry.

Grace's eyes open, disoriented. She scrapes at the IV.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Mom, stop.

Abigail stops her from ripping the needle from her arm.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
You're in the hospital.

Grace looks over at the heart monitor, back to Abigail.

GRACE
That your sense of irony?

Dr. Sanjay looks directly at Abigail.

DR. SANJAY
Your mother had a heart attack.

GRACE
I'm right here.

Abigail grabs Grace's hand in both of hers.

ABAGAIL
What's the damage?

Dr. Sanjay looks up from his tablet, directly at Grace.

DR. SANJAY
I recommend you look into hospice.

ABAGAIL
No.

DR. SANJAY
They have in home hospice.

GRACE
Abigail is taking care of me. No. ABAGAIL

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
Just tell us.

DR. SANJAY
The damage is significant. I'd say
you have no more than 72 hours.

Abigail's hands slide from Grace's and she folds into the chair.

GRACE
If that's true, take me home. I
need to finish my painting with the
hours I have left.

Grace gets up, yanks away the breathing tube.

She holds out her arm to Gretchen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You take it out or I pull it out.

Abigail shakes from her shock and walks around the bed, takes the IV from Grace's arm. Gretchen band-aids the needle hole.

Abigail helps Grace from the room.

INT. CLASSROOM -NIGHT

Aged through 100's of classes and a dozen times as many students. Anachronistic modern technology.

Abigail is one of a dozen or so students.

NURSE RUMFORD, 45, has nervous tics, is teaching. An eye with blood in the white part is on the screen.

NURSE RUMFORD

How do you treat subconjunctival hemorrhage?

A scattering of hands go up, Abigail's included.

NURSE RUMFORD (CONT'D)

Abigail.

ABAGAIL

Eye drops for the itching, and time. The eye absorbs the blood in about 2 weeks.

The image changes to an x-ray of a torn rotator cuff.

NURSE RUMFORD

Excellent. How do we treat a torn rotator cuff?

Abigail's hand is one of only a few left raised. Nurse Rumford scans.

NURSE RUMFORD (CONT'D)

Chrietina. We haven't heard from you in a while.

CHRIETINA, 22, Native American, on the edge of punk, doesn't have her hand raised. Her eyes go wide, swallows hard.

CHRIETINA

Surgical intervention to repair the rotator cuff tendon.

NURSE RUMFORD
 To repair the coracoacromial
 ligament. What is the procedure
 called?

Chrietina, panicked, struggles for an answer.

CHRINETINA
 Rotator cuff surgery?

Abigail raises her hand, looks over at Chrietina, who looks embarrassed.

Nurse Rumford scans the room, points to Abigail.

ABAGAIL
 Acromioplasty.

Chrietina phonetically writes *ackroameo plasty* and a single tear bleeds the ink.

Nurse Rumford's phone plays an industrial hard rock song.
 The students pack up.

NURSE RUMFORD
 Next week is your final exam.

Chrietina hurries out of the classroom, Abigail follows.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -NIGHT

Students file out of the building, Chrietina hurries across the parking lot.

Abigail exits and spots Chrietina.

ABAGAIL
 Cree! Wait!

She opens her car door, turns around.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
 I didn't mean to embarrass you.

CHRINETINA
 I'll just never be as good as you.

ABAGAIL
 It's what I do. I can help you.

CHRINETINA
 I'll only hold you back.

Chrietina starts her car, looks in the mirror and pulls away.

INT. OPEN HOUSE HOUSE -DAY

A FEMALE REAL ESTATE AGENT is dead on the floor. Crime scene activity and emergency personnel.

Karin is scanning the scene. She turns to the HOME OWNER.

KARIN

Where is your surveillance footage?

Karin follows the Home Owner into a closet. A computer monitor has exterior and interior images of the house.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Go to the time of the open house.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The images black out and new images of the Female Real Estate Agent setting up the place for the open house. Footage of a hooded person reflected in the hall mirror.

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM -DAY

The footage of the hooded person freezes. Footage of a hooded person in a pawn shop runs next to it, a bloody knife chops up and down from behind the counter.

Karin is at her desk. Abigail comes in, stands in front of Karin's desk.

ABAGAIL

I need you.

Karin pauses the footage, the hooded person popped up from behind the counter.

KARIN

What's going on?

ABAGAIL

I need a warrant.

KARIN

I can't just get a warrant.

O'Flannagan comes out of his office, holding his green pipe, drinks in Karin's murder board, doesn't look away.

ABAGAIL
We both know you *can*.

O'FLANNAGAN
Karin! We need to talk.

O'Flannagan walks back to his office.

KARIN
Just wait.

Karin enters O'Flannagan's office and closes the door.

Abigail opens a drawer, takes Karin's detective shield and puts it in her pocketbook and takes a photo of her ID card.

Abigail just sits for a moment, then spins around up out of the chair.

Karin comes out of O'Flannagan's office, no Abigail.

Karin walks past detective JACKIE JACKSON "JECKLE", 20's tea pot round, "Oliver Hardy-esque." She looks down the stairs, comes back.

JECKLE
Karin. Can I run something by you?

KARIN
Don't you have a partner for that?

Jeckle cants his monitor. He clicks through a bloody crime scene and stops on a note on torn hotel paper.

HECTOR RAMIREZ "HECKLE", 20's , Hispanic, "Stan Laurel" thin, strides over, Hardy Boys book in hand.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Are we back in elementary school?

HECKLE
These books, my dear Watson, help me think outside the box.

He sits at his desk and places it with other books: Nancy Drew, Hardy Boys, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Agatha Christie, Edgar Allan Poe. He leans around, sees the monitor.

JECKLE
Not much to go on.

KARIN
There's plenty. Find out what hotel it is first, then
(MORE)

KARIN (CONT'D)
(faces Heckle)
Think inside the box.

Karin, back to her desk, cues up the pawn shop footage, follows the cloaked figure leave, waves to the camera.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Open medical textbooks next to her computer. On the screen Abigail is finishing up typing a word document:

Here within the state remands local United Network for Organ Sharing(UNOS) to make available the names of the first ten heart recipients. The request is made on behalf of the City of Mestro Heights Police Department to facilitate the ongoing investigation into the underground syndicate of black market organ harvesting. Specifically heart recipients. Local UNOS branch is responsible to the handing over of said materials in the good faith that said information will be used in the explicit use of law enforcement.

Abigail opens a web page: *how to make a flawless police warrant.*

Her eyes scan as she scrolls:

-preheat oven to 325 degrees

-open warrant and fill in the active fields

Abigail opens a fake warrant, pastes the word document, fills in the remaining active fields.

The oven beeps.

Abigail hits print and walks down the hall.

Grace comes out of the bathroom, starts toward the couch, turns toward the table.

GRACE
You never tell me what you are doing.

Abigail comes up behind her. As she turns the laptop, Abigail closes it, places the paper face down on the table.

ABAGAIL
I have a test coming up. You'll be so proud of me.

GRACE

I raised you. You need to give me my medication.

Abigail helps Grace to the couch.

ABAGAIL

You think I'd forget?

Grace works on her painting.

Abigail, opens her laptop, reads the next steps:

-place form in oven for 35 seconds

-right from the oven, roll over a whisk

She puts the warrant in the oven, goes back to her laptop.

She opens Photoshop, a picture of Karin's badge. She manipulates a photo of her over Karin's picture. Hits print.

Her phone timer *twinkles*.

She goes into the kitchen, takes out the warrant, rolls it over the whisk, walks down the hall.

Abigail comes back to the table with the warrant and the laminated photo of the ID.

Grace turns and watches Abigail for a moment.

-when cooled, forge any one of the listed judge's names

-fold in equal thirds

GRACE

Abigail, my medication. I want to focus on my painting.

Abigail practices one of the judge's signatures, then signs the warrant. She trims the excess lamination from the ID.

ABAGAIL

I've got it all under control.

She prints and signs Karin Macadam, folds it in thirds, sticks it and the ID in her pocketbook, next to Karin's badge.

Abigail goes over to Grace, preps a syringe, exposes the port.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Mom, please tell me who my mother is?

GRACE

Me. That should be enough.

ABAGAIL

You always say that. It isn't enough.

Abigail injects the medication, Grace lays back against the couch. Abigail disposes of the syringe, grabs her bag and leaves.

INT. UNOS LOCAL BRANCH OFFICE -DAY

Abigail stands in front of the RECEPTIONIST, 40's trying and failing to look in her 30's. United Network for Organ Sharing, in large letters on the wall behind her.

The Receptionist dials a number.

RECEPTIONIST

Athena, there is a detective Mackadems... Better if she tells you. OK.

The receptionist straightens herself, slips into her heels.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Follow me.

The Receptionist and Abigail serpentine her way through the department. Abigail notices the names on the desks: Ben Wright; Henry Sheevers; Kelly McCloughan; Ricky James.

ATHENA CRUMPLES'S DESK

ATHENA CRUMPLES, 40's, no-nonsense, tom-boyish. She's the same woman Abigail spoke to on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

This is detective Mackadems.

Abigail extends her hand, the Receptionist walks away. Athena doesn't shake, then Abigail spots the gallon jug of hand sanitizer.

ABAGAIL

It's Macadam.

She sits, shows her the badge and her fake ID.

ATHENA
You sound familiar.

She inspects the badge and ID. Abigail remains dutifully composed. She slides them back to Abigail.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Tell me detective, what can I help you with today?

ABAGAIL
There is a black market organ donor syndicate, specifically hearts and we need your help.

ATHENA
I don't understand.

ABAGAIL
We are looking for a recipient to help set up a sting operation to bring them down.

Abigail hands Athena the warrant, she studies it.

ATHENA
Why not just use a detective?

ABAGAIL
Authenticity. We have reason to believe they have the list of those needing the transplant. We need that list.

ATHENA
There are HIPPA and patient ePHI protocols.

ABAGAIL
And with a warrant, you need to cooperate.

Athena picks up the phone.

ATHENA
Garry? I need you.

GARRY ABLLIES, 40's, sky scraper tall in a suit too small for his frame, comes over. Athena shows him the warrant.

Garry holds the warrant as if it were a sacred scroll.

GARRY
I'll need to talk to your chief.

ABAGAIL

This comes from the judge. Any attempt in contacting him will be considered impeding an active investigation and an arrest warrant will be issued against you.

Garry holds the phone, contemplates, replaces the handset.

GARRY

This information goes nowhere detective.

(to Athena)

Give the detective ten names on the list.

ABAGAIL

It has to be the first ten as stipulated in the warrant.

He consults the warrant again.

GARRY

(to Athena)

Print the names and addresses of the first ten.

Garry hands the warrant back to Abigail and goes back to his office. The printer *klacks* to life.

RECIPIENTS MONTAGE -VARIOUS LOCATIONS -DAY/NIGHT

-Abigail at a PLAYGROUND sits next to FIONA GITTS, mid-40's, attractive though visibly sickly.

ABAGAIL

Fiona?

Fiona faces Abigail.

FIONA

How do I know...college?

ABAGAIL

Brittany House.

FIONA

Yes. I forgot your name?

ABAGAIL

Kelly...

-STEVE TALC, 44, paraplegic works in a PLUMBING WAREHOUSE, waves Abigail to kneel down.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
 ...McCloughan, from United Network
 of Organ Sharing. I hate to
 impose, but...

He coughs, puts the oxygen mask on, takes a couple deep, labored breaths.

-Abigail stands on the dock, next to *WRECKLESS ABANDON* HOUSEBOAT. She presses the button that says "ring me." A whale call rings.

PATRICK, 26, fit, gorgeous comes out.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
 Jared Smalls.

PATRICK
 What do you want with Jared?

Abigail shows a picture of a sickly Grace hooked up to breathing tubes.

ABAGAIL
 Grace Barris has days left to live
 and I'm asking on her behalf if she
 can go ahead of Jared.

-Abigail is at SUSAN PRICHARD'S HOUSE. The sun is almost set. SUSAN answers.

-Abigail shows Fiona the picture of Grace.

Fiona hands Abigail back her phone and collects her things.

FIONA
 Grace is fortunate she has someone
 as nice as you advocating for her.
 (turns to the playground)
 Rachel!

RACHEL, a bubbly 8-year old peeks out from a playground apparatus.

RACHEL
 A few more minutes?

FIONA
 Not today.
 (faces Abigail)
 My daughter.
 (MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

(nods at the playground)

Is a tough little girl. She keeps me going. I don't know what I'd do without her. Come on little snap, we've got to go!

-Patrick hands Abigail her phone back.

PATRICK

He's my love, my life, Kelly. We'll be together for as long as we have. So I hope this answers your question.

-HARROLD holds the car door for JASMINE FIDELS, 37, pouty. She holds the top of the door, half in/half out of the car. Abigail comes up to them.

-Steve hands Abigail her phone back. He wheels away, Abigail follows. He spins around in front of an employee only door.

STEVE

None of us have much time left. This is employees only.

-Fiona stands and collects her things. Rachel comes over in that slow, disappointed 8-year old way.

FIONA

She doesn't know what's going on with me. I am hopeful I'll be around to see my grandchildren.

Fiona meets Rachel at the edge of the play area, they walk away.

-Jasmine gets in the car and locks the door, looks straight ahead. Harrold gets in and drives away.

-Steve backs into the door and enters the break room, door closes.

-Jared turns, goes back inside, and closes the door.

-Susan closes the door.

-Abigail holds for a moment, rings the bell again, the outdoor light goes out.

END MONTAGE

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS/WOODS -DAY

Gawkers peer over the drop-off, some filming, some take pictures.

TOMMY, 36, fit, lies in a twisted heap on a ledge.

Abigail and Robert repel, delicately position themselves on the ledge.

<p>ABAGAIL Compound fracture femur, with protrusion, multiple lacerations, broken ulna, probable concussion...he's a mess.</p>	<p>ROBERT Pulse 45, 80 over 60, shallow breathing, eyes fixed and dilated.</p>
--	--

Robert opens Abigail's bag as Abigail takes out Tommy's wallet, his driver's license, heart symbol.

ABAGAIL
Tommy, can you hear me?

No response. Abigail grabs her bag as Robert opens the side pocket.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
That's my bag.

ROBERT
Hasn't mattered before.

Robert grabs his bag and pulls out his phone.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is 31, we need wings, Gulliver's pass, widow's peak.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Chopper is 7 minutes out.

ROBERT
The beacon is lit.

Robert ends the call.

ABAGAIL
I just don't see the urgency for an airlift.

ROBERT
Light the beacon.

ABAGAIL
Does it look like he would want to
survive this?

Robert jams a bullet looking metal object on the ground. The top splits open in thirds, a red laser light shoots into the sky.

ROBERT
Maybe you should take some time
away.

Abigail stops CPR, leans onto Tommy's chest, puts her ear to his nose.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

Robert pushes her off, feels for a pulse, checks for breath. Nothing.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You just put us, me, in an
impossible position.

ABAGAIL
He died, Robert. We couldn't have
saved him.

A helicopter approaches.

ROBERT
You're on your own.

He packs up his jump bag, ascends and pulls up his line.

The chopper hovers above the clearing, lowers the basket.

Abigail kneels next to Tommy, cleans up the used medical supplies, wipes the blood from his forehead, fixes his hair, closes his eyelids.

INT. PINK PILL BAR -DAY

Abigail fixates on the scroll of criminals and felons. She opens the inside pocket of her jump bag. She fingers the recipient list and Karin's detective shield.

ERIC, the bartender, sets a ginger ale in front of her. She quickly closes the bag.

BARTENDER
Evening Abigail.

Abigail slides the ginger ale to the side.

ABAGAIL
Bloody Mary.

BARTENDER
I can't do that.

ABAGAIL
Drink, please, Eric.

He's making the drink when Karin walks in. He eyeballs the drink, then tocks his eyes toward Abigail. Karin shakes her head. Eric downs the drink.

Abigail zips the pocket closed as Karin leans in next to Abigail.

KARIN
Don't do this to yourself.

Abigail closes the bag, grabs the ginger ale, spins the glass like she's drilling into the bar top.

ABAGAIL
I'm scared of what will happen.

Abigail gets up and Karin grabs her by the arm, immediately lets go.

KARIN
I know you're scared. Your mother is dying and there is nothing we can do to prevent that. That's the cold reality, I'm sorry.

ABAGAIL
Our meeting is about to start.

Karin follows Abigail into the rear room.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

Jocelyn sets the funeral planning binder, coffee and pastry on the table, carefully moves Abigail's laptop and textbooks.

JOCELYN
I'm glad she didn't turn out like me.

GRACE
I sacrificed everything to make
sure of that.

Jocelyn rips off a piece of her croissant.

JOCELYN
That's nothing to what I'm
sacrificing now.

Grace pulls the cannell from her nose She sits at the table,
flips through the pages, perfectly pulls off a piece of her
danish.

GRACE
She is mine now.

JOCELYN
I gave birth to her.

GRACE
I was, am, the only mother she
knows.

She takes a sip of coffee, pulls off another perfect piece of
her danish.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I will never abandon her.

Jocelyn takes an angry sip of her coffee, hot! She rips off
a piece of croissant, jams it in her mouth.

JOCELYN
You're dying.

GRACE
Not my choice. You chose drugs
over Abigail.

She pulls off another perfect piece of danish

JOCELYN
She's my daughter! I want her
back.

GRACE
You're still in recovery. We keep
the status quo.

Jocelyn flattens her croissant as she rips a piece off.

JOCELYN
I'll always be in recovery.

GRACE
So will Abigail.

JOCELYN
We can support each other, not like
you understand what that is.

Grace stops flipping the pages, lands on the urns selections.

GRACE
I want to be cremated. You can mix
my ashes with your clay and make a
urn for Abigail, this way I'll
always be close to her.

Jocelyn forcefully closes the binder, stares at Grace. Grace takes an exaggerated bite of her danish, chases it with a sip of coffee.

INT. PINK PILL BAR -DAY

REAR ROOM

The meeting has ended, post-meeting rituals are happening. O'Flannagan pulls out his red pipe, gets Karin's attention.

O'FLANNAGAN
Abigail, she's not herself.

KARIN
Her mother is dying in front of
her.

Karin peeks around O'Flannagan, looks at Abigail. She silently sits, vacantly staring through them.

KARIN (CONT'D)
You can feel the sadness behind her
eyes.

Abigail turns her back toward them, pulls Karin's shield from her jump bag.

OFFICER TAFT, male, 30's, comes up from behind, as she pulls out the shield.

OFFICER TAFT
How is your mother?

Abigail startled, drops the shield, it *pings* off the chair. She grabs it before Taft sees what it is and stuffs it in her bag.

ABAGAIL

Scared.

OFFICER TAFT

Sorry, Abigail. I don't know what to say.

Abigail twists and sees Karin and O'Flannagan looking in her direction.

Taft walks off.

Abigail turns her back to Karin and O'Flannagan, pulls out the shield. Abigail sticks the shield in Karin's bag, turns and locks eyes with them both. Did they see? She puts on her coat and goes to leave.

O'FLANNAGAN

Abigail.

She turns, O'Flannagan's gestures for her to come over. They saw?! Anxiety runs through her, she stands in front of them.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)

Awfully quiet today.

ABAGAIL

It happens.

Abigail's phone rings and she answers.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Kris? Now? I'll be right in.
(to Karin & O'Flannagan)
I have to go, Kris wants me in.

KARIN

Wait here, I'll walk out with you.

Karin collects her things.

O'FLANNAGAN

I know you're handling a lot,
Abigail, just don't forget about
your mentor.

ABAGAIL

How can I.

Karin comes back over.

KARIN

See you tomorrow chief.

O'FLANNAGAN
Karin, wait.

They watch Abigail exit the bar.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
You got close. That's dangerous,
your words.

KARIN
Stay out of my words.

Karin walks off, O'Flannagan trades his red pipe with the green one from his pocket.

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE -DAY

Dim, cramped room, an overhead light flickers.

An old analog clock tensely ticks, breaks the silence.

KRIS CHINOSKY, 62, beard stubble, unkempt, sits behind his desk. His fingers and everything he touches is stained red.

He picks at a pomegranate, continuously spits out the seeds.

Robert and Abigail sit across from him.

Kris taps on his keyboard, opens Robert's field report.

KRIS CHINOSKY
What we have here is a conundrum.

He pulls Abigail's report from under the pomegranate seed plate, evidentially held a couple of times.

KRIS CHINOSKY (CONT'D)
Your reports vary in great detail.

ABAGAIL
Differences of perspective

KRIS CHINOSKY
Robert goes into detail about what he saw and how you were acting.

Abigail turns to Robert.

ABAGAIL
How could you betray me like this?

ROBERT
I am your partner. You're
jeopardizing my reputation and job.

Kris prints a suspension form, pulls it from the printer.

ABAGAIL
I thought we had each other's back.

ROBERT
You are not yourself lately. It's
about our patients, Abigail.

KRIS CHINOSKY
I think your mother is affecting
your judgement.

Kris pushes the suspension document across his desk.

KRIS CHINOSKY (CONT'D)
I'll need your signature.

Abigail looks from the form to Robert to Kris. Kris holds
out the pen to Abigail.

KRIS CHINOSKY (CONT'D)
This is about your performance,
Abigail. Sign or not, you are
suspended. Possible termination
pending a review.

Abigail stands, grabs the pen and stabs the pomegranate. She
then takes a pomegranate seed and signs her name.

KRIS CHINOSKY (CONT'D)
Abigail?

She pauses at the door.

KRIS CHINOSKY (CONT'D)
You are a skilled EMT. I will do
all I can to keep you here.

Abigail rips open the door, steps through, and pulls the
door, it janks closed.

INT. CLASSROOM -NIGHT

The class takes their final exams, 15 minutes is written on
the chalk board. Nurse Rumford plays a game on her phone.

Chrietina, panicked, looks up from her test.

CHRINETINA
(whispers)
Abigail? Abigail, what you get for
number 12?

Nurse Rumford looks up from her phone.

Abigail makes the letter "C" with her hand, doesn't look up
from her test.

Chrietina marks the answer, skips ahead to another question.

CHRINETINA (CONT'D)
What about 21?

Abigail continues working on her exam, ignores her this time.

Nurse Rumford changes the time to 11 minutes.

Chrietina looks from the instructor over to Abigail's test.

NURSE RUMFORD
Eleven minutes...

Nurse Rumford sees Chrietina looking at Abigail's test.

She comes to their desks, rips up their final exams.

ABAGAIL
What are you doing?

NURSE RUMFORD
I'll not tolerate cheating.

ABAGAIL
Do you really think I need to
cheat?

NURSE RUMFORD
You're disturbing your fellow
students. You both may leave now.

Abigail gives Chrietina a scathing look.

ABAGAIL
What did you do?

Chrietina hurries out of the classroom.

NURSE RUMFORD
They'll be another class in six
months, leave my classroom.

Abigail rips her bag from the floor, stampedes out.

Nurse Rumford adds 5 minutes to the exam time.

EXT. PARKING LOT -NIGHT

Pouring rain. Chrietina pops her umbrella, rushes to her car.

Abagail quickens out, catches Chrietina opening her car door.

ABAGAIL

You know what you did?

CHRIETINA

I'm sorry Abby.

Abagail spins her around.

ABAGAIL

You go back in there and make her believe you.

CHRIETINA

It won't make a difference.

Abagail grabs her shoulders and shoves her backward, into her car. She slips, hits her head on the mirror, breaks it, the door slams closed. She crumples to the ground.

Abagail pauses a second, sees she's not moving.

The gash. Blood pools, mixes with the puddles of water.

She leaves. Chrietina lays on the muddy ground.

Abagail comes back with her EMT jump bag. She starts dressing her wound.

A couple of students come out. Abagail goes around the back her car, waits for them to drive away.

Chrietina isn't breathing. Abagail, stares at her, removes the bandages, cleans up the first aid refuse, packs her bag.

INT. LIQUOR STORE -NIGHT

Abagail brings a bottle of vodka to the counter and grabs a handful of sample bottles from the display.

The SALES CLERK comes over, ducks down to get a bag.

ABAGAIL

And the 25 year old Jack.

He stands on the stool, grabs the bottle. She pockets the sample bottles, grabs her vodka and leaves.

He turns. Abigail is gone.

SALES CLERK

Not again.

Abigail crosses the window behind him.

INT. ABAGAIL'S CAR -NIGHT

She is parked in front of the abandoned glass factory, rain like tears on the windshield.

She looks at herself in the rear view mirror, takes a swallow of vodka.

ABAGAIL

You gave me a chance, mom, a future, believed in me.

INT. ABANDONED GLASS FACTORY -CONTINUOUS

Abigail crosses chiaroscuro shadows from the car headlights.

She paces like a scared rabbit in slow motion, swinging the bottle of vodka.

She stumbles catches herself, barely misses a used needle. She grabs a handful of dirt and debris, squeezes it and it waterfalls through her fingers, dumps the rest. Tiny pinpricks of blood bloom on her palm.

ABAGAIL (V.O.)

Chrietina, you stupid...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Just a hit, I'm colding out here.

-Abigail pushes Chrietina

-CHRIS, drug addict, emaciated, crashes through the rusty railing, the sound of rending, dying, rusty metal...

ABAGAIL (V.O.)

...you made me...

ABAGAIL (V.O.)

It's mine Chris!

-Chrietina hits her head, side mirror breaks.

-Chris lands on the ground among the rusty railing, we hear an *OMPH* echo...

ABAGAIL (V.O.)
 ...you took my future.

-we hear a liquid *THUD*... Chrietina motionless on the ground, next to Chris, akimbo...

Chrietina vanishes, leaving Chris in a heap on the ground amid the twisted metal of the railing.

Abigail sits over the edge of the catwalk, stares at the twisted metal railing, takes a swig as Chris vanishes replaced by...

RICKY, his body ravaged by excessive drug abuse and homelessness.

RICKY
 Abigail? Abbs?

He barely makes it up the stairs. He stands next to Abigail, looks at her like a foggy memory.

Abigail pulls the small bottles from her pocket and lines them up like good soldiers.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 Tell me you did not?

ABAGAIL
 Adrenaline rush.

Abigail takes a healthy swallow of her bottle.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
 Felt like an old friend.

Ricky holds up a bottle and Abigail nods, he swallows it.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
 Do you have *my* old friend?

RICKY
 You are not supposed to be here.

ABAGAIL
 You can't take the past out of the girl, it only lies dormant.

RICKY
 Do not come back, Abigail. You made it out, one of the chosen few.

ABAGAIL
 K?

RICKY
I can't do it, Abbs.

ABAGAIL
20 grams.

She palms him money, he looks at it.

RICKY
Do not do this Abbs.

ABAGAIL
I've made choices.

RICKY
This won't unmake them.

He downs the penultimate bottle.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Accept them, own them. Your past
is not moving forward.

Ricky faces her, downs the last of the small bottles.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Do not fail them, Abigail. Do
everything you can for them
however, whenever, wherever.

He digs a packet out of his pocket and leaves it on the catwalk. Abigail snatches it up, slides the vodka over to him, walks along the catwalk.

She comes upon a FEMALE DRUG ADDICT crumpled in a former office, needle sticks out of her arm. She rubs her own arm.

She pulls out the needle, checks for a pulse. She grabs a grimy blanket, tucks her in like a mother to a child.

Abigail takes her head scarf and glasses.

Ricky takes a long pull from the bottle as she walks past him and down the stairs.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I do not want to find you back
here, Abby.

Ricky watches Abigail leave. The chiaroscuro shadows dance as she drives away.

INT. DINER -NIGHT

Jasmine and Harrold are in a booth, excited.

The waitress, HEATHER, 63, waitressing is her whole life, comes over.

HEATHER

Hi guys. Your Tuesday night usual?

Jasmine extends her hand and shows her her engagement ring. Heather pulls her hand closer.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Congratulations!

Abigail enters, her hair tucked in the head scarf, has on the fake glasses and takes a seat at a table behind them. Her yin/yang necklace hangs outside her shirt.

Heather twists and gives them hugs.

JASMINE

The invitations go out tomorrow.
Of course you're invited.

Heather sees Abigail, bows off and brings a menu and a glass of water over to her.

HEATHER

Good evening. Can I get you something to drink?

ABAGAIL

An unsweetened iced tea.

Heather pats Jasmine's hand as she passes by. She returns with the iced tea.

HEATHER

You need more time?

ABAGAIL

Yes, I do.

Behind Heather, Jasmine walks toward the bathroom.

Heather goes behind the counter and tends to customers.

Abigail makes a simple show of looking at the menu. Jasmine enters the bathroom. Abigail slides her chair back, hesitates. Can I? Can't I?

As if shocked, she gets up and goes to the bathroom.

INT. WOMAN'S BATHROOM -CONTINUOUS

Two of the three stalls are occupied. Abigail looks at the shoes, but doesn't know which ones are Jasmine's.

One of the toilets flush and Abigail makes a show of preening herself in the mirror.

Jasmine comes out, washes her hands like a surgeon.

The other toilet flushes. The woman makes a cursory show of washing her hands.

Jasmine dries her hands under the electric drier. The woman grabs paper a paper towel, dries her hands and leaves as Jasmine finishes.

Abigail gets Jasmine in a headlock and drags her into the corner stall.

Jasmine passes out, Abigail sits her on the toilet. She takes a syringe from her bag and the door opens again. Someone at the sink.

Jasmine starts to stir. The bathroom door opens again. Quiet.

Jasmine is alert and Abigail pins her awkwardly in the corner of the stall. She pops the top of the needle and it falls into the toilet.

Abigail exposes her jugular vein and injects her.

Jasmine's eye go wide, breathing shallows, eyes roll back and she goes limp.

Abigail cannot grab the top, so she breaks off the needle in the toilet and flushes it away. She pockets the syringe.

Abigail props Jasmine on the toilet and leaves. Her body slides, falling into a fleshy pile in the corner.

INT. DINER -CONTINUOUS

Abigail quickens through the diner and out. She passes a DAINTY WOMAN going into the bathroom.

A BANSHEE SHRILL and the shocked Dainty Woman backs out into the opposite wall.

DAINTY WOMAN
She's dead!

Heather rushes in, comes back out, looks over at Harrold. He looks across the booth at the empty seat.

He takes lunging steps to the bathroom, Heather stops him.

HEATHER

You won't want to remember her this way.

Harrold stands like a lost fart in a wind storm.

INT. DINER -LATER

Emergency personnel, inside and outside. Red, blue, white lights strobe throughout the restaurant.

OFFICER MONROE, 30's, female is with Harrold in the booth, Harrold keeps emptying sugar packets into his coffee, rising ever closer to the rim.

Karin enters, Monroe points to Harrold. Karin takes out her tablet, records notes throughout scene.

KARIN

You the husband.

HARROLD

We just set a date.

KARIN

Fiance, then. What happened?

HARROLD

She never came out.
(looks at Karin)
What am I going to do now?

His coffee spills over the top. Harrold just watches it river across the table onto his leg.

Karin napkins the spill, places her card on the table.

KARIN

Come down to the station, we can talk tomorrow.

WOMAN'S BATHROOM

Jasmine crumpled in the last stall. JOE, the forensics guy examining the body.

Karin comes in, gets an awkward view of a twisted Jasmine.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Joe.

She and Joe pirouette.

Karin snaps on her gloves, examines her, sees a neck puncture wound.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Did you find a needle.

JOE

No.

KARIN

Can't be self-inflicted then.

DINING AREA

Robert and JULIA, 25-year old EMT, maze through the dining area.

Karin comes out of the bathroom, inspects Robert without Abigail.

KARIN (CONT'D)

What happened to Abigail?

ROBERT

She's not coming in. I thought you would know. Julia is pinch hitting.

JULIA

I was called in about 2 hours ago.

Karin chews the air.

KARIN

She hasn't called me. Did she sound okay?

ROBERT

She sounded distant, I just assumed it had something to do with Grace.

Karin looks off them over to Heather at the...

COUNTER

Heather tries to balance a salt shaker throughout scene. Karin stands diagonally in front of Heather.

KARIN

Heather?

HEATHER

Helps calm me, focus internally.

KARIN

I'm detective Macadam. I understand you found the body?

HEATHER

Jasmine and Harrold are regulars. No, a customer did, she ran out. Stuffed me on the check.

Karin moves so Heather's back is to Julia and Robert wheeling the body bag out of the diner.

KARIN

Did you notice anyone acting strange?

HEATHER

She asked for an unsweetened iced tea. Been doing this my life, she wasn't interested in the menu.

KARIN

Can you describe her?

HEATHER

Not really. She had on a scarf and glasses. I don't audition the customers.

KARIN

Anything else about her?

Heather gets the salt shaker to stand on end.

KARIN (CONT'D)

I'd like you to come to the station for a formal statement.

Karin slides her card in front of her.

HEATHER

I have the early shift tomorrow.

KARIN

You'll be taking tomorrow off, trust me.

Karin walks away, Heather tips the shaker upright.

EXT. POST OFFICE -DAY

ROLANDO, 32, street wise informant, sticks empty envelopes into the wall mail slot.

Karin pulls up across the street. She scans the area, walks up to Rolando, who keeps feeding envelopes into the slot.

KARIN
What's the word?

ROLANDO
A dark colored coupe, possibly a 2004 Pontiac GTO or a 1997 Chevy Cavalier. Partial plate, "E8T."

KARIN
So precise. Are you sure?

ROLANDO
I trust my sources.

KARIN
Anything else?

ROLANDO
Best information I have.

KARIN
Thanks, Rolando. What can I do?

ROLANDO
Gessup, has a nickle for petty larceny. Bergen street.

KARIN
I'll see what I can do.

ROLANDO
Thanks, Karin.

Karin gets into her car, drives off. Rolando stuffs the rest of the unaddressed envelopes into his pocket and walks away.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

"E8T" is on the "?" murder board. On Karin's monitor is:

DOM-E8T Pontiac GTO, male, Richard Manblane 31yrs

She is at her desk with RICHARD MANBLANE, 31, a suspect in her "?" case.

KARIN

So on the 31st you just happen to be shopping for a new car?

RICHARD MANBLANE

Coincidence.

KARIN

Coincidences are nooses, they strangle the truth.

Harrold enters and Jeckle points in Karin's direction and has him wait where he is.

KARIN (CONT'D)

So on April 3rd, you just happened to be at the movies? Not too cliché.

Richard pulls a score of movie tickets out of his wallet. Deals through them, slides the one validating his alibi to Karin.

KARIN (CONT'D)

You keep your movie tickets?

Richard collects the remaining tickets, pockets his wallet.

KARIN (CONT'D)

No alibi for the second night?

RICHARD MANBLANE

When the other one trues out, that one will be superfluous.

KARIN

There are three murders I need answers to.

RICHARD MANBLANE

Well, *detective*, I cannot be of any help to you.

KARIN

And I think you can. This is a classic case of deflection.

RICHARD MANBLANE

You have all I wish for me to say.

KARIN

I don't like loose ends, they give me a headache.

Richard rubs his temples, looks off her around the squad room.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Expect a call from me.

RICHARD MANBLANE
With an apology, I'll be waiting.
I am going now.

Richard twists like a screw, up and out of the chair. Karin follows him, stops in front of Harrold.

KARIN
Thank you for coming in.

Richard turns, sees Karin look over to Harrold. He leaves.

KARIN (CONT'D)
How are you holding up?

HARROLD
Jasmine was my world and now she's gone! I'm sorry, that was rude.

KARIN
You're entitled. Let's go to my desk.

Harrold barely holding it together, follows Karin to her desk.

HARROLD
I don't know why I came.

KARIN
For Jasmine, just tell me what you remember.

Heather comes in, looks lost. She locks eyes with Karin and sees Harrold.

HARROLD
I don't remember much.

Heather starts toward Karin, when Heckle walks past, holding his book. He makes a motion for her to stay, and walks toward the bathroom.

HARROLD (CONT'D)
I remember Heather going over to a woman. She was wearing something on her head.

KARIN
Can you be more specific?

HARROLD
Jasmine would know what it was.

Heather comes up behind Harrold.

HEATHER
I'm so sorry Harrold.

Harrold cranes around. Karin turns her monitor and places her keyboard in front of him.

KARIN
Take a minute to write down what you do remember.

Karin takes Heather by the elbow and escorts her to an empty desk chair.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Wait here a minute.

HEATHER
I remember something.

KARIN
I'll be with you when I am done with Harrold. I don't want to have either of your statements compromised.

Harrold comes up behind Karin, as Karin turns around.

HARROLD
I did the best I could.

Heather gives Harrold an unreturned hug.

HEATHER
I loved Jasmine. See you soon?

HARROLD
I don't think I can go back there. I'm sorry Heather.

Harrold walks off. Karin motions for Heather to follow her.

KARIN
What is it you remember?

Karin turns the monitor away from Heather, directs her to sit in the chair next to her desk.

HEATHER
They were two of my best
customers...friends.

KARIN
I'll find whoever did this. What
is it you remember?

HEATHER
Her necklace. Two tear drops. I
thought it looked pretty.

KARIN
Anything else?

Heather shakes her head, shrugs.

HEATHER
No. I know, things might come back
to me in time.

Karin walks Heather to the stairs, passes Heckle who stops at
her murder board.

KARIN
Thank you for coming in Heather.

Karin comes back to her murder board.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Thinking outside the box, Watson?

Heckle smirks, Karin's eyes go wide, lips slightly part and
she jets to Heckle's desk, pulls out the Sherlock Holmes
short story compendium, and goes back to the murder board.

HECKLE
Get your own...

Heckle grabs for the book, Karin yanks it back.

KARIN
Wait!

Karin flips to the end, scans the summaries of the stories.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Pawn broker, that tracks.
Transfemale, identity crisis
character, it makes sense. Real
Estate agent, landowner, that's a
stretch.

Karin looks up at Heckle, staring at the murder board. Karin changes the "?" to "Sherlock Holmes."

KARIN (CONT'D)
Sherlock Holmes. These are all characters in Conan Doyle's short stories.

Karin pulls the notes from the murder board and sits at her desk, looks off the notes, skims through the book.

KARIN (CONT'D)
He's telegraphing. His notes point to the next victim. "The Five Orange Pips" is the next story.

Karin immediately starts reading the story and Heckle watches with an amused and awed look on his face.

EXT. PLUMBING WAREHOUSE -DAY

A car parks by the entrance, shadows cast across the license plate, only "E8T" visible.

INT. PLUMBING WAREHOUSE -NIGHT

AUSTIN'S OFFICE

The monitor behind divided into 8 squares of security cameras:

Piping yard...

Warehouse entrance, the car cloaked in shadow and mystery...

Rear of building, lone car...

Side of building with large piping and fittings...

Long shot of inside warehouse toward the front garage door...

Panning the aisles, Steve restocking supplies. Drops a fitting reaches for it with his grabber...

Close shot of rear door...

Austin in his office, above racked pipe...

Austin adjusts the monitor so it shows one camera, then closes the lights and leaves his office.

ON SECURITY MONITOR

Steve reaches at a high shelf with the grabber...

STOCK AREA -CONTINUOUS

Steve sings along to "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" by Green Day, doesn't notice Austin. Song plays throughout.

AUSTIN

Steve!

STEVE

...what's fucked up and everything's aright, check my vital signs, no, I'm still alive and I wheelchair alone...

MUSIC PLAYER

...what's fucked up and everything's aright, check my vital signs, no, I'm still alive and I walk alone...

AUSTIN

Steve!

Austin waves his arms like someone guiding a plane. Steve, startled, sweeps fittings off a shelf with the grabber, pulls out an ear pod.

STEVE

Stop creeping up on me.

AUSTIN

I'm leaving, you lock up tonight?

Steve nods, puts his ear pod back in, gets into the music.

ON SECURITY MONITOR, ONE IMAGE AT A TIME

Pans the aisles, Austin picks up fittings...

Warehouse entrance, Abigail flips up her jacket hood, squeezes through the front gate...

Austin's office, dark, above racked pipe, Austin passes in front...

Steve really into the song, lips moving, body sways, counts plumbing fittings...

Rear of building, lone car...

Warehouse entrance, car parked outside of gate...

Warehouse, garage door, Abigail steps through side door...

Side of building with large piping and fittings...

Pans the aisles, Abigail peeks out from a aisle...

Warehouse, garage door, side door open...

Warehouse entrance, car parked outside gate...

Rear of building, raining, Austin outside, pauses getting into his car...

Abigail looks down Steve's aisle, readies a syringe...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Warehouse entrance, raining, car parked outside gate...

Pans the aisles, Abigail pins Steve to the floor, wheelchair tipped over, syringe to Steve's neck...

Close on rear door, Austin walks back into the warehouse...

Warehouse, garage door, side door open...

Austin's office, dark, above racked pipe. Austin walks in front of pipe...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Warehouse entrance, raining, car parked outside gate...

Abigail twists, face partially exposed from hood...

Rear of building, raining, Austin's car door open...

Austin's office, dark, above racked pipe, Austin darts out of frame...

Warehouse, garage door, side door open...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Warehouse entrance, raining, car parked outside gate...

Abigail hides behind the piping...

Long shot of warehouse, garage door, side door open, Austin scans the area, looks directly into the camera...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Pans the aisles, Austin with Steve, phone on the ground, caller ID 911...

Close shot of rear door...

Warehouse, garage door, Abigail steps through side door...

Pans the aisles, Austin twists, rolls to his feet, darts out the aisle...

Rear of building, raining, Austin's car door open...

Warehouse entrance, raining, car parked outside gate...

Pans the aisles, Steve lies on the floor...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Warehouse, garage door, Austin steps through side door...

Warehouse entrance, raining, car parked outside gate, Abigail runs across the yard...

Rear of building, Austin's car door open, raining...

Warehouse entrance, Austin runs to the gate, holding his phone, flash going off like a strobe...

Austin's office, dark, above racked pipe...

Pans the aisles, Steve lies on the floor...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Warehouse entrance, raining, car headlights off, car pulls from the curb...

Long shot of inside warehouse toward the front garage door, side door open...

Warehouse entrance, raining, Austin opening the gate, faint ambulance lights...

Pans the aisles, Steve lies on the floor...

Rear of building, Austin's car door open, raining...

Side of building with large piping and fittings, raining...

Warehouse, Austin presses a button, garage door opening, raining, emergency lights strobe...

Warehouse entrance, raining, emergency lights approaching...

Pans the aisles, Steve lies on the floor...

INT. PLUMBING WAREHOUSE -LATER

AUSTIN'S OFFICE

ON SECURITY MONITOR

An ambulance, police cars, first responders, an unmarked police car.

Heckle, walks without care. Jeckle avoids puddles.

WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE

OFFICER ADAMS, 20's male, lanky, stands in front of the at entrance.

OFFICER ADAMS

And you guys are?

HECKLE

Detectives Jackie Jackson and Hector Ramirez.

JECKLE

Detectives Jackie Jackson and Hector Ramirez.

They produce their badges.

News van pulls into the lot. ALMAGAIRE, 27, dapper, and FREDRICKA, 54, svelte, covers her camera. They protect themselves from the rain, move to the warehouse entrance.

INT. PLUMBING WAREHOUSE -CONTINUOUS

Jeckle goes to Steve's body. Heckle goes up to...

AUSTIN'S OFFICE

Monroe stands next to Austin, looking important.

HECKLE

Can you tell me what happened?

AUSTIN

Like I was telling this officer, I came back in and saw Steve on the floor, someone standing over him. I ran after. Before I knew it, he was in his car and drove away.

HECKLE

Can you describe him?

AUSTIN
 Couldn't see his face. I took
 pictures of the car driving away.

Austin scrolls through the blurry pictures of the car, the
 license plate all blurred. Shrugs his shoulders.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
 I'm no Ansel Adams.

HECKLE
 He didn't photograph cars.

ON SECURITY CAMERA

Jeckle stands over Steve, visually inspects the body.
 Forensics working the scene.

AUSTIN'S OFFICE -CONTINUOUS

Austin flips back to earlier, and we see Abigail entering the
 warehouse.

HECKLE (CONT'D)
 Do you have any additional footage?

Austin nods, unplugs an external hard drive and hands it to
 Heckle.

AUSTIN
 I keep a back up, just in case.

WAREHOUSE -STEVE'S BODY

Jeckle pulls off his gloves, Heckle comes down the aisle.

HECKLE
 Anything?

JECKLE
 Nothing conclusive. Forensics is
 going to put a rush on the autopsy.

HECKLE
 We have a movie to watch.

He shakes the hard drive.

JECKLE
 I'll make the popcorn.

HECKLE
 We'll need a lot.

Almagaire and Fredricka intercept them as they leave the warehouse.

ALMAGAIRE

Can you tell us anything
detectives?

Fredricka positions herself to get the shot.

HECKLE

One victim, male, 40's. The rest,
will come out in the wash.

They skitter to their car much the same way they entered.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -DAY

Has that *autopsy-lived-in-look*, full of death and mystery. A
cliche skeleton in the corner, with a train engineer's hat.

GILLIAN JERKIN, 35, nicotine pasty skin, stoic. She is
autopsying a body, dictating her notes.

GILLIAN

Left lung, 395 grams, right lung
437 grams. Heart, 283.7 grams.

The door to the autopsy room opens, Karin enters with 2
coffees. She turns her back to the table.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Surprisingly no blow to the back of
the head.

Karin holds out her hand, Gillian takes her coffee.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Stop.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Recording stopped Gillian.

GILLIAN

Lightweight.

KARIN

Why did you call me?

Gillian covers the body. Walks to another table and uncovers
Steve's head.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Is this necessary?

GILLIAN
Not really, just for effect. The
plumbing guy.

KARIN
Not my case.

GILLIAN
It will be.

She points to the puncture wound.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Puncture wound to the carotid
artery.

Gillian opens Jasmine's drawer, points to the puncture wound.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
She has the same puncture wound.

Karin straightens up, intrigued.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Still waiting on toxicology.

KARIN
So you couldn't have said this to
me over the phone?

GILLIAN
More fun this way.

Gillian closes the drawer and covers Steve's head.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Karin enters O'Flannagan's office, drops the folder with the
autopsy reports in front of him.

O'FLANNAGAN
What's the punch line?

KARIN
Jasmine Fidels, Steve Talc. They
both have puncture wounds on their
necks.

O'FLANNAGAN
Talc isn't your case.

KARIN
It will be when you give it to me.

O'FLANNAGAN
 Sure Chief Macadam. Give your
 notes from Fidels to Hector and
 Jackie.

O'Flannagan sucks his green pipe back to life. He holds out
 the folder to Karin. She looks at it like it's a cactus.

KARIN
 Them giving Talc to me sounds
 better.

O'FLANNAGAN
 Fuck biscuits Karin. Two serial
 killer cases, no partner?

O'Flannagan holds on Karin, goes to the door.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
 Hector. Jackie.

He sits back behind his desk, Karin stands confident as they
 come to the door.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
 You'll be working the Fidels
 murder.

KARIN
 Chief?

HECKLE
 Chief?

JECKLE
 Chief?

O'FLANNAGAN
 Karin will fill you in.

He holds out the folder, Hector reaches for it, Karin
 snatches it. He focuses back on reports on his desk.

KARIN
 Fidels is my case.

O'FLANNAGAN
 My chair, my decision.

Heckle takes the folder from Karin's frozen hands. They all
 look at O'Flannagan, waiting for more. There isn't.

EXT. NAIL SALON -NIGHT

Women and a man getting manicures and pedicures.

A FEMALE GOTH NAIL TECHNICIAN, XI-XI, 23, is giving Susan her pedicure.

a MALE CHINESE NAIL TECHNICIAN, SOLOMAN, 25, is giving a man a manicure.

We can't hear what they are saying to each other.

Abigail walks slowly past the window, eyes locked on Susan.

I/E. ABAGAIL'S CAR -NIGHT

Raining. License plate number: A2YE8TF. Abigail waits in her car. She opens the door, hits a switch on the ceiling turning off the interior light, then closes the door.

She sees Susan in her rearview mirror, walking to the parking lot, invested in her phone.

Susan passes in front of Abigail's car. Abigail slides from her car, leaves the door ajar.

EXT. NAIL SALON -CONTINUOUS

Susan touches her door handle, lights flash, *chuch, chuch* of the car. Susan stands there, finishing her text.

Abigail creeps behind her car, her sleeve gets caught on the fence, she eases it free.

Susan opens the door, Abigail comes up on the other side of the door, slams it into Susan, she drops her keys, crumples into her car.

SUSAN

What...Kelly...What the holy moses are you doing?

ABAGAIL

My mother is dying and you're getting a mani/pedi.

Abigail belts Susan in tightly, her arms trapped like a straight jacket.

Susan kicks Abigail from the car. The door bounces open, then slings closed. Susan uses her elbow to lock the door.

Abigail pulls a syringe from her pocket.

Susan struggles against the belt.

Abigail touches the handle and the lights flash, *chuch, chuch* of the car. Abigail opens the door, tosses the keys on the passenger's seat.

Susan struggles an arm free and swats the syringe from Abigail's hand.

She puts Susan in a headlock until her head lolls to the side and forward. She checks for a pulse, there, but low. She picks up the syringe.

Abigail taps the jugular vein, watches it throb faster and faster. Susan begins to stir, Abigail pins her head to the headrest, injects her.

Xi-Xi and Soloman come out of the salon, light a joint.

Abigail finishes and tries to close the door, but Susan slides toward the door and blocks it from closing. The interior light silhouettes Abigail.

XI-XI

Miss Susan, ok, you?

Xi-Xi comes around the car and Abigail is gone. Susan is leaning out of the car, still belted in.

Abigail moves along the fence to her car, her sleeve gets caught, tearing it, drawing blood.

Xi-Xi gets nearer, sees Susan's predicament.

XI-XI (CONT'D)

You stuck miss Susan?

Abigail gets in her car and closes the door with a quiet *shump*. Xi-Xi turns toward the sound, then back to Susan.

Soloman looks from the salon door to the car.

SOLOMAN

Bìxu huí dào limiàn.
(have to get back inside)

Xi-Xi lets out a scream like a screeching duck, drops the joint and runs back into the salon. Soloman follows, looking back at Susan's car.

Abigail starts her car, swerves out of the parking lot.

INT. PINK PILL BAR -REAR ROOM -NIGHT

Karin sits next to an empty seat. O'Flannagan eyeballs the empty seat and strides over to Karin, pulls out a red and yellow pipe from his pocket, chooses the red one.

KARIN
Between her mother and being an
EMT, I'm sure there is a valid
reason.

O'FLANNAGAN
You know the rules.

Karin's phone rings.

KARIN
I designed the program.
(into phone)
Detective Macadam. When? Where?
I'm on my way.

She stares at O'Flannagan as she gets her jacket on leaves.

EXT. NAIL SALON -NIGHT

Flood lights illuminate the area. Susan's body sits in the car like a test dummy.

Joe, the Forensic's Guy dusts for prints straddles a drying puddle of plaster-of-paris by the door.

Karin walks to the car, scans for security cameras. None.

FORENSICS GUY
Stop! Booties. Footprints.

She is handed a pair of hard bottom booties, goes over to the car.

KARIN
A cluster of foot prints. No drag
marks. She was killed in her car.

Harrison stands at the back of the car.

OFFICER HARRISON
Xi-Xi.

Points to her by the rear salon door.

OFFICER HARRISON (CONT'D)
She found the body.

They walk over to her.

OFFICER HARRISON (CONT'D)
This is Xi-Xi. This is hers.

He holds out the bagged joint.

KARIN
Give it back to her.
(to Xi-Xi)
Did you see anybody?

XI-XI
Not see.

Karin goes back to the crime scene, follows footprints going toward the fence, stop, then over to a now empty spot.

KARIN
Joe. Get these tire treads, and
there is a clean shoe print here.

Karin stares at the footprint, as if she's willing it to tell it's story.

INT. JOCELYN'S HOUSE -DAY

Jocelyn at her pottery wheel, sculpting an elaborate bowl or something.

The dead bolt kniks back and Abigail enters.

Jocelyn stops the pottery wheel, obligatorily wipes her hands on her apron.

JOCELYN
This is a nice surprise.

Jocelyn hugs Abigail a bit too long. She holds Abigail's trembling hand and stares into her eyes.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
You're not...again?

ABAGAIL
That's not it.

JOCELYN
What's going on?

Jocelyn notices a thin line of blood on Abigail's sleeve. She rolls up the sleeve, caresses the track marks like reading braille, inspects the cut more closely.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Abigail, hon, how did you get this?

ABAGAIL
Can you talk to her?

JOCELYN
I wish I could.

She gets up and goes to the bathroom, we see her face in the medicine chest mirror when it is closed.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
She took you in.
(she opens the mirror)
That is selfless of her, hard for me to admit that.
(closes the mirror)
So maybe she's afraid you'll go back to her.

She comes back with a handful of supplies and sits Abigail down at the table. She dresses the cut delicately.

ABAGAIL
My birth mother abandoned me.

JOCELYN
I'm sure it was the hardest decision she had to make.

Jocelyn finishes, sits back. Abigail fixes her sleeve.

ABAGAIL
But why? I need to know why she left me.

Jocelyn goes back to her pottery wheel.

JOCELYN
Maybe your she was a teenager who made a mistake, the victim of rape. An addict.

ABAGAIL
That would explain a lot.

Jocelyn starts up the pottery wheel, wets her hands, works at what she is making. Abigail looks at her like she's prey.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
You know.

Jocelyn doesn't break her concentration.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Who is it?!

JOCELYN

Abigail...

ABAGAIL

Don't Aunt Jocelyn.

The pottery wheel spins faster. Abigail crouches in front of Jocelyn, lifts her face, they are eye to eye.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Who?

JOCELYN

You can't unknow things once you know.

Jocelyn tightens her grip, cuts the top off with her fingers.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

Behind the painting of us three.

Grace is the most prominent of the three, Jocelyn is the darkest. Abigail pulls the painting forward from the wall, an envelope drops to the floor.

Jocelyn keeps the pottery wheel spinning, just stares at the clay going round.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

I was on the streets. It was only temporary, while I got clean.

Abigail looks at the lone piece of paper, folds it neatly in thirds.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

(she looks up at Abigail)

You know how hard that is. It took years, too many. I'm sorry.

Abigail pushes the birth certificate into the clay. Her hand hits the wheel, she spins, catches her cheek as she falls to the floor.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

She didn't want you to know.

Jocelyn helps Abigail up, rubs her cheek with her apron. Abigail shakes her off.

ABAGAIL

And you?!

Jocelyn shoves her face in her clay covered hands.

JOCELYN

I was afraid she was right. She raised you and knew you best.

Abigail leaves, the door forcefully janks closed.

Jocelyn unfolds the birth certificate:

Mother: Jocelyn Barris Father: unknown

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

A dark, fractured self-portrait, on it's way to completion.

Grace wields her brush like a sword, contemplating her next brush stroke on her.

The door pushes open with precise force. Abigail deftly steps in, the door janks closed.

GRACE

She told you?

ABAGAIL

You should have.

GRACE

It was only supposed to be temporary. A couple of months while she got clean. She lied to me.

Abigail pulls the brush from Grace's hand, makes a paint splurch on the painting drops the brush on the palette.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Months turned to years. Many, many years. When Jocelyn eventually cleaned out, it...complicated things for me.

ABAGAIL

For you? You think about how it affected me?

GRACE

Look at it from your mother's point of view.

ABAGAIL

Which one!?

Abigail unzips the inside pocket of her jump bag, pulls out the list.

KITCHEN

Abigail lights the stove, flames lick up, looking for something to burn.

She pulls a pot from a cabinet, holds the list high above the stove, they whisper into flames. Streams of smoke.

GRACE (O.S.)

All I sacrificed. You were mine.

The smoke alarm SCREAMS.

She drop them in the pot, pot in the sink, douses the flames.

She stands on the counter, pulls the battery from the smoke alarm. It goes silent.

GRACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I wanted to keep the status quo.

LIVING ROOM

Grace sits on the edge of the couch, paint brush in her hand. The cannal in her nose, breathing heavy. She lays back on the couch, weakened.

ABAGAIL

You made sure of that. And if you died, what then?

GRACE

You mean when. That would be her decision.

Abigail drops the brush in the water cup, it tips over.

Grace watches the stream of water slow to a drip, as if it were crying for her.

Abigail stops halfway out the door.

ABAGAIL

I've made *my* decision.

Abigail leaves, the door janks closed.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -DAY

Gillian has Susan's open body on the table. Karin comes in, immediately turns away from the table.

Gillian covers Susan's body.

GILLIAN
I probably could have told you this
over the phone...

KARIN
But you have more fun this way.

GILLIAN
Toxicology came back. There were
fatal doses of Ketamine in both
Jasmine and Steve. I have no doubt
toxicology will prove "K" is in
Susan's system as well. And
something I wasn't expecting.

Gillian moves to her blood and fluid stained computer and keyboard. She opens autopsy reports.

KARIN
Ketamine? This is not my case.

GILLIAN
It will be. All three were in need
of heart transplants.

KARIN
Heart transplants?

GILLIAN
I think you have a real deranged
serial killer on your hands.

KARIN
Let me know as soon as you know.

GILLIAN
I thought this wasn't your case?

KARIN
It will be soon.

Gillian hands her a folder with victim's photos, autopsy reports.

GILLIAN
There's my girl.

Karin just stares at Susan's covered body.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

O'FLANNAGAN'S OFFICE

O'Flannagan focused on his computer monitor, holds his tartan pipe. Karin enters, Heckle and Jeckle right behind. She drops the folder on his desk. O'Flannagan goes through it.

O'FLANNAGAN
What's the punch line?

KARIN
Ketamine. All three had deadly doses in their systems. They also needed heart transplants.

O'Flannagan moves his tartan pipe across his lips. Karin hands him a warrant.

O'FLANNAGAN
Fuck cookies, this isn't your case, Karin.

KARIN
I want this case back.

O'FLANNAGAN
Hector and Jackie are on the case, give it all to them.

He holds out the folder and warrant, Heckle reaches for them, Karin grabs them first.

KARIN
Quid pro quo.

O'Flannagan cants his eyes at her.

KARIN (CONT'D)
My "Sherlock Holmes" case, I'll partner up.

This is a rarity. He trades his pipe for the tiger's eye one from the ash tray.

O'FLANNAGAN
I'll select who you work with.

KARIN
I know who I want to partner with.

O'FLANNAGAN

Hector. Jackie. Jasmine Fidels
and Steve Talc, give Karin your
notes.

HECKLE

Chief? We're making progress.

O'FLANNAGAN

Then you'll have much to give her.

KARIN

His chair, his decision.

O'Flannagan works his pipe, signs the warrant, leans in close
to his computer monitor.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -LATER

Another murder board titled: "*Ketamine*" next to one labeled
"*Sherlock Holmes*". Photos, victim's information, crime scene
details. Karin on the phone, wrestles with the stress snake.

KARIN

Qué pasa, Paola. Judge Mathers in?
I have a warrant I need him to
sign. I'll be right over.

She stuffs the warrant in her bag and leaves.

INT. UNOS LOCAL BRANCH -DAY

Garry stands at the edge of Athena's desk. He hands Karin
her badge back.

GARRY

That's nice detective Macadam, but
we gave it to you, or a version of
you, two days ago.

KARIN

I haven't been here before,
otherwise I wouldn't be talking to
your sausage clothes wearing self.

GARRY

I'm sorry, but I cannot give you
what you ask for. You can leave
now, *detective*.

Karin shows them a picture of Abigail on her phone.

KARIN
This her?

Garry and Athena lean in.

GARRY
Yes, that's her.

ATHENA
She's the one.

KARIN
She's not me.

GARRY
Then you have a bigger problem,
detective.

Silence.

Karin dials O'Flannagan's number, places her phone on the desk on speaker.

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)
Karin?

KARIN
The supervisor, Garry Applies, here
at UNOS. He's having a hard time
believing I am me.

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)
What the fuck biscuits is an UNOS?

GARRY
This is supervisor Applies from
United Network of Organ Sharing.
Do you know a detective Macadam?

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)
Take me off speaker.

Karin picks up the phone.

KARIN
I know what immediately means.

Karin places the phone back on the desk, on speaker.

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)
Detective Macadam is a detective
second grade of the 81st precinct.

GARRY
But can you describe her?

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)
 How about, Mr. Apples, I describe
 the officer on his way to charge
 you with obstruction of a criminal
 investigation instead.

MR. APPLIES
 I have to dot my "t's" and cross my
 "i's" sir.

O'FLANNAGAN (O.S.)
 Chief. I earned that title. Your
 decision Applies.

O'Flannagan ends the call, Karin pockets her phone.

There is a commotion at the reception area.

OFFICER HAYES, 30's, female, stiff, comes over to them.

OFFICER HAYES
 Mr. Applies, you are under arrest
 for obstruction of an on going
 investigation.

Hayes hand cuffs him.

GARRY
 You've made your point. Athena,
 give detective Macadam what she
 needs.

Athena prints the list. The *twing* of the printer.

KARIN
 You can let him go.

Hayes releases Garry.

Athena hands the list to Karin.

Karin grabs the list, locks in on the 5 names above Grace's.
 They include Jasmine's, Susan's and Steve's.

EXT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Abigail stopped in traffic. She looks out the window, arms
 slide from the steering wheel, she sees Grace escorting her
 down the steps.

GRACE (V.O.)
 You are making this a habit.

ABAGAIL (V.O.)
This place is like my second home.

GRACE (V.O.)
You are better than this.

Grace and Abigail turn into a MOTHER and a JUVENILE GIRL walking down the steps.

A horn *howls*. The Juvenile Girl walks ahead of her Mother, gets in the back of the car.

MOTHER
You can sit in the front.

JUVENILE GIRL
I'm used to the view from the back.

A horn *howls*.

Abigail waits as the Mother pulls ahead of her, the Juvenile Girl and Abigail lock eyes, share a sadness as they pass.

A horn *howls*.

Abigail stares at the animated driver in her rearview mirror. She wipes at a single tear, rubs her hands across the wheel, pulls forward.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

Grace puts up a weak struggle as Julia and Robert get her onto the stretcher. Abigail, glassy eyed, watches helplessly.

GRACE
I want to stay here.

ABAGAIL
(to Grace)
You need better care than I can
give you right now.
(to the EMTs)
Roslyn House Hospice.

ROBERT
I'm sorry, Abigail.

GRACE
I won't have it. You need me here
so you know I'm okay.

Karin squeezes past, and over to Abigail.

KARIN
Hospice?

GRACE
Talk some sense into her, Karin.
Now she's abandoning me.

ABAGAIL
She needs better care than I can
give her here.

Karin notices Abigail's necklace, her shoulders drop.

KARIN
Tear drops.

Abigail tracks her gaze to her necklace.

ABAGAIL
Yin yang.

JULIA
You can follow us or meet us there.

They take Grace out. Abigail looks up at Karin, a calculating, introverted look on her face.

ABAGAIL
I have to get things ready.

The ambulance drives away. Karin gives her a hug.

KARIN
I know.

Abigail watches Karin drive away.

KITCHEN

She dumps the wet and burnt list with a squishy *splat* in the sink.

She picks through the wet, desiccated ash, just a gopy mess.

DINING ROOM

She picks up the blank pad, cannot see the names, drops it on the table.

She sees a part of a name in her finger print.

BATHROOM

Abigail cleans her hands, soot runs off in dirty rivers.

She stares at her reflection in the mirror, doesn't recognize her own face.

DINING ROOM

Headlights cast ribbons of light. Ash swiped across Jared's and Fiona's names on the etched on the pad. The room plunges into darkness.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -NIGHT

A yin/yang picture is on the "Ketamine" murder board.

Karin reviews footage from the nail salon and the warehouse. She's twisting the stress snake like a wrestling match. Her phone rings.

KARIN

Digger?

The nail salon parking lot footage on the screen. It switches to the warehouse entrance, zooms in on the partial license plate.

KARIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Consistent with a Chevrolet Cavalier.

License plate hits come on the screen.

Karin scrolls down and highlights Abigail's car.

WHY9E8T Ford Fiesta, female, Anita Williams 80yrs

9AHSE8T Kia Soul, male, Lionel Goshwin 57yrs

OUE8TIU Pontiac Firebird, female, Cindy Dimimeu 45yrs

DOM-E8T Pontiac GTO, male, Richard Manblane 31yrs

A2YE8TF Chevrolet Cavalier, female, Abigail Barris 30yrs

L56PE8T Jeep Compass, female, Jenny Tribulane 36yrs

KARIN (CONT'D)

You're sure about this, Greg?

She hangs up, erases the "E8T" and Richard's name from the "Sherlock Holmes" murder board.

She writes Abigail Barris, A2YE8TF on the "Ketamine" murder board.

O'FLANNAGAN'S OFFICE

O'Flannagan's yellow and red pipes are out in the ashtray.

KARIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I never saw your pipe out.

Karin slides the recipient's names list in front of him, the three victim's names crossed out.

O'FLANNAGAN
You pulled an all-nighter again?

He packs his red pipe.

KARIN
Crime doesn't sleep.

He eyeballs the list.

O'FLANNAGAN
Where's the punch line?

KARIN
I want surveillance.

O'FLANNAGAN
Fuck bubbles, Karin. Seven people, two blues per day, figure minimum of too many days. All that equals not in our budget.

He hands the list back to Karin, she stares bullets at him.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
No sarcastic comeback?

KARIN
My silence isn't enough?

Karin keeps her stare, precisely folds the list in half, she breaks a little bit.

KARIN (CONT'D)
No more than 24 hours. Only Jared Smalls and Fiona Gitts. One of them is her next target.

O'FLANNAGAN
Her? How did you get there?

KARIN
I'm a detective, I'm good at what I do.

He dials the phone, takes a long pull and breathes out the smoke as he talks.

O'FLANNAGAN
 Jimmy, it's Scott. Sorry for the early hour. Crime never sleeps. I know, neither does she.

O'Flannagan and Karin lock eyes, a silent conversation.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
 I need a favor. Quid pro quo.

Karin grabs a mint and leans back on the couch, eyes closed.

O'FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)
 Ok, Jimmy.

He hangs up and taps the tobacco into his yellow pipe, holds out the list.

KARIN
 I'm not going to like your answer.

O'FLANNAGAN
 That's a hard no.

Karin stares at O'Flannagan, takes the list and walks out like a thunder cloud.

KARIN'S DESK

Karin stares at the list. She dials her phone.

KARIN
 Lucy? Hi, it's Karin. Of course. Is Chip in? I'll hold.

She calls up Abigail's photo, sends copies to the printer.

KARIN (CONT'D)
 It's detective Macadam. I need four officers for surveillance. He thought it best if I call. Great, have them come up the back stairs.

Karin hangs up and immediately prints out Fiona's and Jared's information.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -LATER

MUSTER ROOM

Karin holds photos of Abigail, and Fiona's and Jared's information. She stares into the empty room.

Heckle holds a Sherlock Holmes short story compendium, pokes his head in.

HECKLE
Preparing for a speech?

Karin turns, looks sallow. Heckle hands her the book.

HECKLE (CONT'D)
From one detective to another.

KARIN
I want to talk to you later.

His eyes go wide, then furrows his brow, starts out the door.

Officers Taft, Adams, Monroe, and Hayes squeeze in past Heckle.

Karin closes the door. Hands them each a photo of Abigail.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Abigail Barris, she's wanted for questioning in the murders of Susan Prichard, Jasmine Fidels and Steve Talc.

OFFICER MONROE
Abigail?

KARIN
(to Taft and Hayes)
You two 370 Jay street. Fiona Gitts
(to Adams and Monroe)
You two Neuman's Marina, Wreckless Abandon houseboat. Jared Smalls.

OFFICER HAYES
We're baby sitting?

OFFICER MONROE
I hate the water.

KARIN
No one is asking you to go for a swim. I want to know as soon as she is apprehended.

The officers leave. Karin leans back on the table, rocks the book in her hands.

INT. PINK PILL BAR -NIGHT

The scroll of perpetrators, criminals and persons-of-interest.

The monitor gets bigger and fills the screen as Abigail's sketch and the photo from the warehouse appear as a Person of Interest in the killings of Steve Talc, Jasmine Fidels, and Susan Prichard.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

The foyer light clicks on. Karin enters, stares at the nearly finished painting.

Karin flicks off the foyer light, she waits in the near darkness.

EXT. FIONA'S HOUSE -NIGHT

The garage door opens, a sedan pulls into the driveway, pauses while the door raises.

A Chevy Cavalier pulls to the curb, the license plate reads: A2YE8TF.

FROM INSIDE CAVALIER

The sedan pulls into the garage, Fiona's husband helps Fiona from the car. She leans on the car door, exhausted.

Husband takes a sleeping Rachel from the back seat and into the house. A light blinks on upstairs, winks off.

Fiona gingerly walks to the inside door.

Abigail grabs her jump bag, gets out of the car and darts behind a large bush.

Husband comes back, closes the rear door and helps Fiona into the house.

Abigail starts toward the garage, Husband comes back, Abigail freezes, darts behind the large bush.

Husband turns in her direction, gets in the sedan, backs out of the garage, down the driveway.

Abigail sniggers around the large bush keeping out of sight.

The garage door starts to close as the sedan twists into the street and drives away.

INT. GARAGE -CONTINUOUS

The door is almost closed. Abigail slides under, like Indiana Jones. Her bag slips from her hand and she cannot get it before the door closes, unlike Indiana Jones.

Abigail tries the inner door. Locked. She looks around, playing over cans, bins, behind hanging objects. She lifts up a rusty paint can and there is a key. It fits!

INT. FIONA'S HOUSE -NIGHT

KITCHEN

Abigail patiently opens the door, creeps in, slowly across the floor, hand slides down the counter, stopping just before hitting a plant.

She looks around the corner, sees Fiona connecting an IV tube to her port in her arm. She steps toward the living room, but a *susshing* sound stops her.

Rachel comes down the stairs.

Abigail steps back behind the wall.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Mommy?

LIVING ROOM

Abigail watches them.

Fiona lazily turns toward her.

FIONA

What are you still doing up little
snap?

RACHEL

I'm thirsty.

Fiona tries at a tired smile.

FIONA

Remember what happened last time?

RACHEL

I'm bigger now.

Fiona's face grows taut, fighting back emotions. She outstretches her arms, envelops Rachel in a giant mommy hug.

Fiona fails at holding back her tears, kisses Rachel's head.
Abigail turns away, fingers her necklace.

Fiona releases Rachel, evidence of her crying on her cheeks.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
What's wrong mommy?

FIONA
Mommy's tired. Can you tuck
yourself in tonight...big girl?

Rachel nods her head.

FIONA (CONT'D)
You are my big girl.

Rachel hugs Fiona around her neck, nearly pulling her from
the couch. She lets go.

FIONA (CONT'D)
I love you little snap.

Rachel smiles and runs up the stairs.

RACHEL
I love you too mommy.

Fiona leans back, adjusts the hose and lays on the couch,
closes her teary eyes.

Abigail silences over to Fiona. Fiona opens her eyes.

FIONA
What are you doing, Kelly? How did
you get in here?

ABAGAIL
Your husband let me in, in a way.

FIONA
Leave or I'll call the police.

Abigail puts her phone on the chair.

ABAGAIL
Not that I needed to do that.

She grabs a pillow from the chair.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
I love my mother as much as Rachel
loves you.

Abigail holds the pillow in front of her, sizes up Fiona and smothers Fiona's face. Fiona puts up a weak struggle.

Rachel comes down the stairs, SCREAMS LIKE A STEAM WHISTLE.

Abigail turns, the pillow slides from Fiona's face.

FIONA
(barely breathing)
Call the good guys.

Rachel runs up the stairs, a door SLAMS closed.

Through the front window, a police cruiser pulls up behind Abigail's car.

Abigail goes back to smothering Fiona. She is too weak to fight, goes limp.

Taft and Hayes step from their car. Taft inspects Abigail's car as Hayes walks up to the house.

Abigail checks for a pulse. Nothing.

Abigail is about to open the front door, Hayes knocks on the door.

OFFICER HAYES (O.S.)
Fiona Gitts? This is Officer
Hayes. Detective Macadam sent me
to watch over you tonight.

Abigail starts to the garage door, hears it trying to be opened.

Hayes looks in the window, wraps on it.

OFFICER HAYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mrs Gitts?

Hayes registers the pillow on her face, smashes on the door.

OFFICER HAYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Taft, around back.

Abigail goes for the stairs, stops on the first step.

Another smash on the door, the frame splinters.

Abigail dashes up the stairs, turns down the hall.

Another smash on the door and Hayes bursts through the door, nearly falling to the ground. She goes over to Fiona.

EXT. FIONA'S HOUSE -CONTINUOUS

Abigail slides out the upstairs window, sees Taft and pushes against the window frame.

OFFICER HAYES (O.S.)
She got Fiona, she might have gone
out the back.

Taft disappears around the corner of the house.

Abigail slides down the roof and lands hard in the shrubs. She hurries to her car favoring her right leg.

Hayes steps out the front door.

OFFICER HAYES (CONT'D)
Freeze, Abigail!

She draws her weapon as Taft comes around front.

Abigail makes it to her car.

Hayes fires, shattering the passenger's side window.

Abigail crouches, gets in her car.

Taft shoots, the bullet ricochets off the fender.

She speeds away.

Hayes goes back inside. Taft runs after Abigail, fires off two more shots, shatters the tail light, cracks the rear window.

INT. FIONA'S HOUSE -CONTINUOUS

Hayes bends down over Fiona, calls Karin.

OFFICER HAYES
Karin, she got at Fiona.

Rachel comes down the stairs and lets out another STEAM WHISTLE SCREAM.

INT. WRECKLESS ABANDON HOUSEBOAT -NIGHT

Patrick comes down the stairs, into the kitchen. Jared follows slowly behind.

PATRICK (O.S.)
You can't cut yourself off from
your friends.

JARED
I'm titrating off people.

Jared hooks himself up to the IV pole, leans back in his
chair exhausted. Closes his eyes.

PATRICK (O.S.)
How about peeling the onions.

JARED
Too many layers.

PATRICK (O.S.)
They're pearls.

Jared opens his eyes, Abigail stands in front of him.

JARED
What are you doing here?

Abigail comes at him.

JARED (CONT'D)
Patrick!

Patrick bolts in from the kitchen, holds an unfinished kabob,
drops it, gets Abigail in a headlock.

PATRICK
Call the cops!

Abigail hooks her foot behind Patrick's feet and pushes
backward. They cascade to the floor. She lands on top of
him, knocks the wind from him.

Abigail pulls a syringe from her pocket.

Patrick picks up the kabob and jabs Abigail in her side. She
drops the syringe and pulls the kabob, stabs him in the arm.

Jared reaches for his phone, Abigail kicks at his hand, the
phone skitters away.

Police sirens approach, getting louder.

Jared falls on top of Abigail like a blanket.

Patrick pulls the kabob from his arm.

She picks up the syringe, the needle is bent, drops it.

Abigail shrugs Jared off, right into Patrick. He lowers Jared onto the couch.

Police sirens get louder then go silent.

Abigail grabs one of Jared's syringes and jabs it into the drip bag, pulls a full syringe, mixed with air.

Patrick jabs the kabob into Abigail's shoulder. Her arm goes limp, she drops the syringe.

She pulls the kabob from her shoulder and jabs it at Patrick, he bows backward, tumbling over the table, a lantern impales him.

What sounds like a battalion of footsteps approach.

She leans across Jared's body, pins him to the couch.

Patrick pulls the lantern free, rips Abigail off Jared.

Abigail grabs the IV pole, swings it, catches Patrick in the head, he goes down, breaks the table, lies still.

Jared flops to the floor, reaches for the phone.

Abigail pins him to the floor, kneels on his arms, exposes his jugular, struggles to inject him with her injured arm.

A thunder of footsteps hit the boat deck. Ambulance sirens scream.

She leaves the syringe sticking out of his neck, he lay motionless face down on the floor.

Abigail wields the IV pole, struggles to break the window. She steps through as Karin and Monroe thunder down the steps.

KARIN
Freeze Abigail.

Monroe checks Jared's pulse.

Abigail continues out the window. Karin aims her weapon, cannot pull the trigger.

A *sploosh* in the water.

EXT. WRECKLESS ABANDON HOUSEBOAT -NIGHT

Ambulance sirens silence, emergency vehicle lights swirl. Adams stands at the head of the pier.

Abigail pulls herself, one-handed up the ladder, onto the pier. Karin comes out, aims at her.

KARIN
Abigail, freeze.

She stops, then spins.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Don't Abigail. Hands behind your back.

She starts for the edge of the pier.

Karin fires a warning shot at her feet. Adams closes in on Abigail, blocks her escape.

Abigail freezes at the edge, turns to face Karin, her good arm behind her back, her injured arm barely past her side.

Karin doesn't move. Monroe comes out.

OFFICER MONROE
He's dead. An ambulance is on the way for the *boyfriend*.

Robert and Julia hurry down the pier, Robert falters upon seeing Abigail.

KARIN
(to Robert)
She needs medical attention first.
(to Abigail)
Abigail, you are charged with the murder of Jared Smalls, and are the main suspect in four other murders.

She cuffs Abigail's good arm, then cuffs her to the gurney. Robert and Julia tend to her wounds.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Abigail, you have the right to stay silent. Should you say anything, it can be used against you.

Karin watches as Robert and Julia wheel Abigail away, Adams walks with them.

INT. DETECTIVE INTERROGATION ROOM -NIGHT

Bland, two-way mirrors on opposing walls, a monitor hangs in corner, the precinct shield proudly displayed on it.

Abigail, her wounds dressed, is cuffed to a square bolt on the table. Trace puddles of water surround the chair.

Karin enters with her tablet and two Starbucks coffees.

She places one in front of Abigail. They drink throughout the scene.

ABAGAIL

Have a straw?

Karin releases her injured arm, attaches the cuff to the table bolt.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Can I get ice?

Karin sits, opens the tablet; crime scene and victim's photos scroll on the tablet, mirror on the monitor throughout scene.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)

Arthralgia.

(Karin just stares)

My shoulder hurts.

Karin raps on the door, Harrison peeks in.

KARIN

Two ice packs.

She closes the door, forces him out of the room.

ABAGAIL

Can I change out of these wet clothes?

KARIN

Abigail, you're our prime suspect in the murders of...Why Abigail?

ABAGAIL

Why what?

KARIN

What's this going to do to your mother?

ABAGAIL

Which one?

KARIN

You found her?

Harrison comes in, hands Karin two ice packs, gives Abigail a condescending glare.

OFFICER HARRISON
Is she worth it?

Karin forces him back out again.

ABAGAIL
Am I?

Karin places the ice packs in front of Abigail.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
A little help?

Karin comes around the table.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
One under my arm and one on top of
my shoulder.

Karin obeys, then back to her tablet and screen shots of Abigail at crime scenes, victim's photos, the artist sketch.

KARIN
You're the prime suspect in the
murders of Steve Talc, Jasmine
Fidels, Susan Prichard,
Fiona...Fiona Gitts. You are
charged with the murder of Jared
Smalls.

ABAGAIL
Can I be with my mother in her
final hours?

KARIN
Quid pro quo?

ABAGAIL
I'll give you what you can't ask
for.

KARIN
Full confession, details.

Karin raps on the door again and Harrison peeks in.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Have a squad car meet me at 458
Terrace Court.

Abigail gives off a slight grin, the ice pack slides off her shoulder.

Karin stops Harrison from closing the door.

KARIN (CONT'D)

It's ok.

Karin cuffs Abigail's wrists, she twists from her, and Karin grabs her injured arm, Abigail winces and grabs her coffee, takes a heathy sip.

ABAGAIL

Who knows if I'll have one of these again.

Karin shuts down her tablet, the artist's sketch vanishes from the monitor as she escorts Abigail from the room.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Karin and Taft follow Abigail to her bedroom.

ABAGAIL

I've been dressing myself since I was 5, I got this.

Taft stands in front of Abigail's bedroom.

Karin goes over to the table, thumbs through the text books. She clicks through the laptop, finds the warrant document and clicks through the layers of the photoshop image. She hovers over *delete* on the file menu.

BEDROOM

Abigail lays clothes on the bed, goes to close the door, Taft stops her.

OFFICER TAFT

Stays open.

ABAGAIL

A little privacy?

Taft pushes the door fully open and turns his back to Abigail.

She opens the UBER app on her phone, enters a location and hits find ride and confirms. Five minutes out.

Abigail silently closes the door, jams a chair under the handle.

She struggles to open the window, steps out.

The handle jiggles. A *thump* on the door.

OFFICER TAFT (O.S.)

Abigail!

LIVING ROOM

Taft rams the door. Karin exits the menu, comes over.

KARIN

Forget it, she's not in there.

(tucks her head)

Back door.

Karin rushes out the front door, Taft to the back door.

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE -CONTINUOUS

FRONT

Abigail rounds the corner, sees Karin exit the house, runs like a goblin back around the house.

BACKYARD

Abigail struggles to climb fence one handed, her injured arm barely doing anything. Taft comes out the rear door.

OFFICER TAFT

Stop, Abigail!

Taft shoots Abigail in the leg. Abigail flops over the fence.

I/E. UBER CAR -NIGHT

An UBER is idling. Abigail staggers through the yard of a house and gets in. The UBER DRIVER looks at her in the mirror.

UBER DRIVER

Abigail Barris?

ABAGAIL

Yes.

UBER DRIVER
Roslyn House Hospice?

ABAGAIL
I need to see my mother.

The UBER driver makes the heart shape with his hands, sees her bleeding leg.

UBER DRIVER
You're bleeding all over my car!
Gang?

Abigail twists, looks out the back window.

ABAGAIL
No, just drive.

UBER DRIVER
Cops then. Cool.

He drives off, rounds a corner, nothing behind but darkness.

INT. GRACE'S HOSPICE ROOM -NIGHT

Grace lies in her bed, Jocelyn at a distance from her. Abigail staggers in, a broken line of blood trails behind her, arm limp at her side.

ABAGAIL
I was hoping you were here.

Jocelyn and Grace look at her.

EXT. HOSPICE -CONTINUOUS

Karin leaps from her car, NURSE GIBBONS smoking a cigarette, gets in her face.

NURSE GIBBONS
You can't park there.

Karin pulls her shield and runs inside.

INT. GRACE'S HOSPICE ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Abigail fishes out a used syringe from the sharps container.

JOCELYN
Abigail, my daughter.

ABAGAIL
By blood only.

The door handle *chinks* a couple of times. Locked.

Abigail grabs Jocelyn, puts her in a painful headlock. She shifts and turns against it.

GRACE
I gave up everything for you.

ABAGAIL
And I for you
(to Jocelyn)
Had I only known.

JOCELYN
Now you do.

*Schritch*ing of metal against metal. The door opens.

Jocelyn close to unconsciousness. Karin stands in the doorway, Gibbons stands behind her.

KARIN
Abigail.

They face Karin, Abigail uses Jocelyn as a human shield.

Karin draws her weapon.

NURSE GIBBONS
(to Karin)
There's oxygen in this room!

KARIN
Then you should leave.

Gibbons leaves. Abigail struggles to jab the needle in the morphine bag with her injured arm, pulls a full syringe.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Don't Abigail.

Karin steps closer. Abigail eases up on her choke hold, hobbles around the other side of the bed. Jocelyn starts to regain consciousness.

ABAGAIL
I thought I was giving my adopted
mother my aunt's heart, but now...

KARIN
I'm sorry Jocelyn.

Karin shoots Jocelyn in the shoulder!

Abigail cannot hold up Jocelyn, drops her to the floor.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Abigail, I won't abandon you.

ABAGAIL
I was wrong, suicide can be
justified. When there's a purpose.
I get it now.

Abigail jabs the needle into her jugular vein.

ABAGAIL (CONT'D)
(to Karin)
You've been more than a mentor.
I'm sorry to disappoint you.
You should leave.

KARIN
Don't do it Abigail!

GRACE
Abigail, don't do this to me!

Grace falls back on the bed. Jocelyn weakly grabs Abigail's leg. Abigail falls on top of her, pins her good arm to the floor.

JOCELYN
Please, Abigail...my daughter.

Jocelyn reaches for the syringe, cannot use her injured arm. She passes out.

Karin comes around opposite side of the bed. Abigail pushes the plunger, emptying all the fluid. She spasms, convulses, vomits on Jocelyn and falls still.

Gibbons returns with an emergency cart, points to Jocelyn and Abigail respectively.

NURSE GIBBONS
She's bleeding out. She has no
pulse.

She tends to Jocelyn's shoulder, injects Abigail with a dose of adrenaline. Nothing happens.

Grace rolls off the bed, pulls Abigail over to her, cradles her head in her lap.

Grace's head slowly dips forward. The heart monitor blips, slows to flatline...EEEEEEEEPPPP

KARIN
 (to Gibbons)
 She's an organ donor.

Gibbons presses an orange colored button on the room phone.

NURSE GIBBONS
 Hopkin's General, I need two
 ambulances... No, gun shot and an
 organ donor. Immediately.

Gibbons leaves and returns with cart of ice packs. Jocelyn leans on her good side, watches Gibbons place ice packs on Abigail's and Grace's chest and around their bodies.

Karin grabs Abigail's hand in hers, squeezes it tight.

EXT. CEMETERY -DAY

Friends and co-workers. Some are arriving, some are at the grave site.

A limo arrives, followed by an ambulance.

Jocelyn, her jacket sleeve draped over her injured arm, and Karin get out of the limo.

The priest is at the grave site. An acolyte holds an incense smoking thurible.

Robert and Julia get out of the ambulance.

Jocelyn comes over. Pokes her head into the ambulance.

JOCELYN
 I'm glad you made it.

Robert and Julia pull Grace from the ambulance, half sitting up on the stretcher. Gauze peeks out from under the ace bandage wrapped around her chest.

Jocelyn cups Grace's arm. Grace doesn't flinch away.

Robert and Julia wheel Grace to the front of the crowd.

PRIEST
 John 14:1-3 Do not let your hearts
 be troubled. You believe in God;
 believe also in me. My Father's
 house has many rooms; if that were
 not so, would I have told you that
 I am going there to prepare a place
 for you?
 (MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.

The priest turns facing the grave. He takes the thurbile and waves it back and forth over and around the coffin.

He spritzes holy water on the coffin.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We are gathered on this day not to mourn the loss of our sister, Abigail, but to celebrate the life she led. Even in death, she casts the shadow of renewed life.

The priest looks directly at Grace and Jocelyn.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Ashes as ashes, dust as dust, we all are called back to where we all began. Only to be risen again, in the image of our holy father's son. Amen.

Jocelyn, Karin and most of the group reply "Amen." Grace doesn't.

The Priest steps away. Everyone throws flowers on the coffin, give condolences to Grace and Jocelyn.

Jocelyn and Karin wheel Grace close to the coffin. Karin tosses her flower onto the coffin, goes back to the limo.

JOCELYN

I lost you twice. I miss the years apart from you. Just when the time came for you to be my daughter again, you took that from me.

Jocelyn tosses her flower onto the coffin. Grace looks at her chest, then drops her flower on the coffin.

They watch as the coffin is lowered into the grave. The grave diggers shovel dirt onto the coffin. Whump, whump.

Whump, whump.

Robert leans over to Grace.

ROBERT

We have to go now.

JOCELYN
You and I have things to do.

GRACE
I can take care of it.

Whump, whump.

JOCELYN
From your hospital room?

GRACE
I'll manage.

Whump, whump.

Robert and Julia wheel Grace to the ambulance.

Whump, whump.

Jocelyn and Karin get into the limo.

Whump, whump.

The ambulance and limo parade away from the grave site.

Whump, whump.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE -DAY

Paintings of Jocelyn and Grace as teenagers; Jocelyn and Abigail; Grace and Abigail, as a child.

Jocelyn hangs the painting of Grace, the paint splurch Abigail made still there.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Karin is at her murder board. She archives the "Ketamine" murder information, clears the board. Her phone rings.

KARIN
Detective Macadam.

She writes on her tablet: heir to the Moundain estate, Judge Stolz, male, 50's, drowned.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Leave the letter alone.

Karin hangs up, flips through the Sherlock Holmes compendium, stops on the story "The Five Orange Pips."

O'FLANNAGAN'S OFFICE

O'Flannagan studies Karin's "Ketamine" report, his tiger's eye pipe hangs on his lips. Karen enters, sits on the couch.

KARIN (CONT'D)

The five orange pips. My Sherlock Holmes case.

O'Flannagan looks at Karin as a curiosity.

O'FLANNAGAN

What the fuck chips is an orange pip?

KARIN

Seeds, orange seeds. Opponents of the K.K.K. would get them. Judge Stolz was against white supremacists. He *drowned* in his koi pond.

O'FLANNAGAN

Okay. I want you to work with...

KARIN

Heckle...Hector.

O'FLANNAGAN

What's the punch line?

KARIN

There is no punch line.

O'Flannagan nods his approval and Karin leaves the office, walks right to Heckle's desk.

O'Flannagan digs out a virtually new white pipe from his drawer, packs it with tobacco and inhales gently.