

Scar Tissue

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY, SUBWAY PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING

The platform is packed with commuters anxious to start another day.

The SCREECH of an approaching train grows LOUDER as we scan the crowd: all shapes, sizes and ages. Many glued to their phones, others jockeying for position. Strangers, but somehow, connected because of this daily survival ritual.

The train WHOOSHES into the station and comes to a abrupt stop. The doors pop open and the crowd surges forward. Our eyes stay on one car.

The first to enter scatter for the available seats and prime standing spots. A man lunges for the last seat leaving a pregnant woman standing. He buries his face in his phone. She glowers as she grabs the closest pole.

INT. INSIDE THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The BELL sounds and the last commuters scurry in just before the doors close. The packed car sits for a moment then lurches forward.

The shot scans the many faces, all having the look of people with a story to tell, then settles on FOUR RIDERS, clustered together: Clyde Dillon(Male,70); Claire Bishop(Female,40); Jeremiah Collins(Male,30); and Kaylee Crawford(Female,13).

Claire and Kaylee occupy adjacent seats. Jeremiah and Clyde stand nearby.

Claire, a Wall Street executive, is dressed accordingly, with briefcase securely positioned on her lap. Attractive, she has an impenetrable, professional, yet sexy veneer.

Kaylee, a Junior High student, wears headphones and protectively hugs a cello case and backpack. Small for her age, she has an angelic sweetness that seems out of place.

Jeremiah, a tech specialist, is dressed upscale casual, with an expensive bag slung over his shoulder. He has a certain handsomeness that draws a first look but rarely a second. The look of a man yet to be tested.

And then there is Clyde, an aging Nam Vet, in faded army jacket and Yankees' cap. His aura is that of a man who has spent too many days and nights alone with his demons.

The Four observe one another as strangers do, a quick glance, a look away, except for Claire who catches Kaylee's eye and smiles warmly; Kaylee returns it. Close on Claire for a moment as she studies Kaylee.

Clyde takes in Jeremiah and blankly turns away.

As the train begins to slow, the Four prepare to exit. Coming to a SCREECHING, abrupt stop, the doors pop open and the Four, along with a pack of fellow commuters, exit and scatter.

For a moment, we follow them in the crowd. Claire surges forward, giving Kaylee a quick smile as she hops onto the escalator. Kaylee gets on behind her, struggling with her cello, giving an apologetic smile to the woman behind her.

Jeremiah, irritated by the slow walking man blocking his path(Clyde), flashes him a nasty look as he passes.

Separating from the crowd, Clyde begins to slowly climb the stairs.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Close on Female Therapist(50). Her eyes are welcoming, imploring, hopeful.

She sits in a comfortable chair. Her patient not visible.

THERAPIST

Can you tell me where the sadness
comes from?

Long pause without an answer.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I can help, but I need you to talk
to me.

Another long pause.

Close on patient. It's Claire, the woman from the subway.

CLAIRE

I don't know.
(looking off)
Too much work. Not enough love. Who
knows. The cosmic price we pay for
success.

THERAPIST

You don't really believe that, do you? I don't believe in cosmic justice, and I certainly don't believe in cosmic punishment.

She looks at her patient with caring eyes.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean there aren't consequences. Every choice we make has consequences. Claire...I want to know why you're so sad.

A long silence as Claire struggles to respond.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

What brings tears to your eyes every time you sit in that chair.

Long silence.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I've been doing this a long time Claire. I know... and you know, it's deeper than the price of success.

Claire continues to struggle, looking off at a picture on the wall: pastoral, uncomplicated, calming.

She then looks directly into the eyes of her Therapist. An angry, self-mocking edge enters her voice.

CLAIRE

Well, let me see. Why am I so sad? The million dollar fucking question.

A long pause as she fights back tears.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Well, for one, I wish I hadn't screwed the equivalent of a football team by the time I graduated from College...or didn't enjoy emasculating any man who shows the slightest interest in me.

Looking off at the picture on the wall.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I guess I'm just damaged goods.

They sit quietly for a moment as Claire continues to avoid eye contact.

THERAPIST

I've never liked that word 'damaged'. There isn't an adult alive that doesn't have secrets or regrets.

(Beat)

I want you to do me a favor.

The Therapist leans forward, trying to get Claire to look at her. Claire finally does.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Promise me something. That you'll stop asking yourself 'what's wrong with me?', and begin asking yourself 'what happened to me?'. Do you think you can do that?

Claire wiping away tears, nods Yes.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Good. What we need to do, if we're going to make any progress, is begin talking about what you're afraid to talk about. What do you carry around with you every day. Let's look at it, hold it in front of us. What color is it, how much does it weigh? It has to be heavy... carrying it all by yourself.

Leaning in, gently.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Claire, it's just the two of us in this room. Let me help you.

Claire continues to sit in silence. The Therapist waits.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You mentioned that you have regrets about your sexuality. Can we talk about that?

Claire remains silent, looking off. Tears begin to run down her cheeks; she wipes them away.

CLAIRE

I'd rather not.

THERAPIST

Okay. You once mentioned that you would like to be a mother. Can we talk about that?

CLAIRE

There's nothing to talk about.

She wipes away tears.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(Distant, Angry, Sad)

I can't have children. The doctor, to quote him, said that my "two abortions and advanced age, likely took that option off the table."

THERAPIST

Let's talk about the abortions. I can see the topic upsets you.

Claire stares back at her.

CLAIRE

You think? Let's see. I'm forty, loads of money and what I want most in my life, I can't have.

She looks away before continuing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How do you think I feel about them? At the time, I didn't give it much thought. In and out in twenty minutes. Problem solved. I was single, just starting my career. I hardly knew the men. I did what I had to do.

Claire looks at her defiantly then looks away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now, every time I see...

Claire stops and looks away. They sit in silence for a long moment as Claire struggles to continue. The Therapist glances at her watch.

THERAPIST

Our time is almost up.

The Therapist leans forward trying to make eye contact.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Claire, please look at me.

Claire does.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
You opened a number of very heavy
doors today. Be proud of yourself.
Take a moment before you leave.

With that, the Therapist gets up and exits the room. Claire doesn't move from her chair, looking as though all the air has been sucked out of her.

INT. FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH, LADIES ROOM - DAY

Kaylee Crawford, a Grade 7 student, enters the washroom.

Four 9th Grade Girls are standing at the mirrors applying makeup and brushing their hair.

When they see Kaylee, they stop what they're doing to size up the day's prey. They look at one another and smile. The leader of the pack is Amy, short blonde hair, tight jeans, tank top and ankle boots. Alpha hyena and nasty.

AMY
(studying Kaylee)
Well, what do we have here?

She steps in front of Kaylee, then slowly circles her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hey, little girl, kindergarten is
in the next building.

The girls laugh.

Kaylee avoids Amy's eyes, then attempts to move toward one of the stalls. The other Girls block her path.

GIRL #2
I think she might need a diaper
change. Maybe we should take a
look.

Suddenly, all four girls grab Kaylee and push her to the ground. Amy pulls at her jeans as the others hold her down.

AMY
Let's take a peek.

Amy pulls Kaylee's underwear down as she continues to struggle.

AMY (CONT'D)

Not much down there little girl.

The girls laugh as Kaylee continues to struggle, tears coming to her eyes. Calmly, Amy gets up, grabs her purse and searches for something. She retrieves a black marker, holding it up for all to see and smiles.

She walks over to Kaylee, uncaps the marker, bends down and smiling all the while, carefully begins to draw hair on Kaylee's pubic area. When finished, she stands, taking a moment to admire her work.

AMY (CONT'D)

Now, that's more like it. Little girl all grown up.

The girls continue laughing, holding Kaylee down. She has stopped struggling.

AMY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

The girls grab their purses and as they leave, Amy looks at Kaylee, smiles and licks her lips. Kaylee lies absolutely still on the washroom floor, curled into a fetal position.

Close on Kaylee's face: stricken; devastated; streaked with tears.

She lies motionless for a long moment. The late BELL RINGS.

Kaylee pulls up her underwear and jeans, gets up and enters a toilet stall, locking it.

Close on Kaylee: shaking, in shock.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jeremiah Collins, sits alone in his AUDI 4, parked a safe distance from the Restaurant he's watching.

He appears anxious; a pair of binoculars rest in his lap.

A couple appears in the restaurant window.

He raises the binoculars. From his POV: the image comes into focus. Jeremiah watches as a Male Server(20s) greets the arriving couple like old friends.

Jeremiah watches, riveted, barely breathing, as his wife of 5 years, Cleo (30), sits down to lunch with a Male Companion(40s), both clearly at ease and enjoying themselves.

As they share a laugh, the man reaches across the table for Cleo's left hand. She welcomes and returns his affection.

Close on Jerimiah: He lowers the binoculars, takes a breath that catches in his throat and sits motionless, his eyes pooling with tears

Later

Jeremiah's POV through binoculars: Cleo and Companion get up to leave, smiling, chatting with their Server.

EXT. RESTAURANT/PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Cleo and Companion exit the restaurant, pausing for a moment to exchange a familiar hug and kiss, then separate, fingers lingering affectionately, before heading to separate cars.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Close on Jerimiah: devastated and in shock, Jerimiah watches as the two cars, (Cleo's/BMW 328i and the Man's/Mercedes E Class), exit the parking lot, one behind the other.

INT. AN APARTMENT - DAY

Clyde Dillon sits at his kitchen table. The apartment has the look of a place devoid of hope. A gun sits on the table with a single bullet next to it. Clyde picks up the bullet and begins to play with it between his fingers.

He stares at it as though he wants to tell it something, then calmly picks up the gun and loads the single bullet into one of its chambers.

He places the gun in his lap.

Sitting, staring at nothing in particular, waiting. A curtain mystically blows from a nearby open window as the LAUGHTER of children playing floats up from the street. He sits motionless, waiting... for something.

INT. CLAIRE'S PARK AVENUE OFFICE, GRINES HELLER - DAY

Claire sits at a conference table with 6 Men(30s), in her beautifully appointed office at the investment bank, GRINES HELLER. She is clearly the person in charge.

CLAIRE

We're out of the oil sands for the next year, maybe two. For me, it's not a play until oil stabilizes. And I don't see that happening anytime soon.

MALE # 1

Claire, you know things can change in a heartbeat. Oil went from one-o-six to forty-five in six months. Shouldn't we be primed and ready to jump back in.

CLAIRE

Fine, be ready if the Gods smile on us, but let's stay on the sidelines for now. We got our money out just in time to preserve our win. If we get back in, I want it to be for the long term.

She looks for agreement around the table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Keep your ears to the ground and work your connections.

She again surveys the faces around the table. All respectfully wait for her to continue.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

With domestic production strong, and Russia flooding the market to pay its way out of problems, I don't see a tightening of supply unless all goes to bat shit. But... with the usual cast of crazies, who knows. Bat shit boom boom just might be on the menu.

The group laughs as Claire closes her laptop.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Right now our focus needs to be on merger, take-over opportunities, especially with medium sized, over-leveraged players.

She looks into the fresh, eager faces around the table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My thinking is that a good number are going to need help if they're going to meet their long term commitments. That's our opportunity for the next six to twelve months, unless I'm wrong about everything and then... well...I'll be looking for cover.

Everyone laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you, all. Let's make some money.

Claire's staff dutifully exits her office. She gets up, walks over to her desk and sits. She gazes out the window. Her mood is serious, far away. Something's on her mind.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Kaylee walks through the front door, struggling with her cello case and backpack in the narrow townhouse vestibule. As she begins to navigate the stairs with cello and backpack in tow, her Mother(mid-40s), CALLS OUT.

MOTHER

Kaylee, is that you?

KAYLEE

Hi, Mom. Sorry I'm late. Mr. Wikowski wanted to talk.

MOTHER

Oh yeah, what about?

KAYLEE

Nothing really. He just wanted to talk Bach. I guess we got a little carried away.

MOTHER

Glad you're home sweetie. Dinner in one hour.

Kaylee continues up the stairs, reaches the top landing and walks down the hall to her bedroom.

INT. KAYLEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The walls are FILLED with posters of Ofra Harnoy and Han-Na Chang. Otherwise, it's the room of a typical 13-year-old girl, bright colors and stuffed animals.

She throws her backpack on the bed, carefully rests her cello case against the wall, then exits her room and walks down the hall to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee closes the bathroom door behind her, locks it and begins to fill the sink with steaming, hot water.

She unbuttons her jeans and lowers them to her knees, grabs a washcloth, wets it and works in soap from the soap dispenser.

Close on her face as she attempts to delicately scrub the black marker from her body. When it doesn't wash off, she begins to frantically and aggressively scrub herself.

Tears run down her cheeks. Desperate. Angry.

She stops and pulls up her jeans, then stands frozen, staring at the girl in the mirror, wondering who she is.

She then unlocks the door, exits and walks back to her bedroom.

INT. KAYLEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Upon entering, Kaylee closes the door, walks directly to her cello case, opens it and removes her cello. In one corner of the room sits a lone straight-backed chair.

With cello and bow in hand, she sits, eyes closed, breathing, calming herself. She then opens her eyes and BEGINS TO PLAY the Prelude to Bach's 1st of Six Suites, magically and beautifully. She is in the world she understands.

INT. JEREMIAH'S AND CLEO'S APARTMENT

Not large, but comfortable, the apartment is stylishly decorated with the look of a young couple on the way up.

Jeremiah is at the kitchen island/bar, alone, having a beer.

He HEARS the door open and close but says nothing. It's Cleo.

CLEO
Hello. Honey. You home?

O.S. HEELS can be heard on the hardwood floor. Cleo walks into the kitchen.

CLEO (CONT'D)
There you are. Didn't you hear me?

Cleo walks over to Jeremiah and kisses him on the cheek.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I guess somebody had a bad day. The world of Apps and Algorithms not treating you well?

JEREMIAH
As a matter of fact it was a very productive day. How about you?

CLEO
Not bad, the usual. Just busy with all the new staff and renovations.

JEREMIAH
I hope they at least give you time for lunch. If you're not careful, you'll burn out.

CLEO
I know, it's been crazy lately. Today, I barely had time for a desk sandwich.

Jeremiah smiles at the comment and then affectionately touches Cleo's left hand and ring finger.

JEREMIAH
I'm glad you're home. I wanted to talk to you.

CLEO
What about?

JEREMIAH
A baby.

Cleo pulls her hand away.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
We decided to push it off for a year. Well, it's been a year.

CLEO

I know, but this is not the right time. Anyhow, what's the rush. We have time. Lots of people are waiting.

JEREMIAH

Well, we're not lots of people. Call me old-fashioned, but I still think having a baby speaks to love and commitment.

CLEO

I agree, you know I do, but I'm not there yet. Life is just too busy right now. A new job, a new boss. What will they think if I walk in pregnant?

JEREMIAH

Let's at least set a real date. Make a commitment to our future, to our family.

CLEO

Not tonight, please. It's been a stressful couple of days and I just want to enjoy a glass of wine and have a bath.

Cleo takes a wine glass from the shelf, grabs a bottle of white wine from the fridge and pours herself a glass. She takes a long sip, refills the glass and without a word, walks off to the bathroom, wineglass in hand.

Jeremiah stands alone in the kitchen. He finishes his beer with one long pull and places the bottle on the counter.

O.S. we HEAR THE BATHTUB BEGIN TO FILL.

CU on Jeremiah: Frozen, mind racing, he tries to sort out the events of the day and the implications of what just happened.

EXT. A BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Clyde is out for a walk and stops at a red light. Up ahead we see a corner bar. He crosses on green and enters the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The place is quiet. Clyde walks past a long bar with just a handful of patrons and enters a back room.

TEN MEN, (25 to 45), are sitting in a circle. The group leader, Dave(40), greets Clyde.

DAVE

Welcome, Clyde. I thought we might not see you tonight.

CLYDE

Sorry. I guess I lost track of time. Too much fun in my life.

The other men chuckle. A few shake hands with Clyde as he grabs a chair and joins the circle.

DAVE

Hector, why don't you continue.

Hector(30), has recently returned from Afghanistan.

HECTOR

As I was saying, I pick and yell at my wife, even my kids, for no reason. Little things bug me...set me off. I can't seem to stop myself.

Head down, he searches.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I can't tell her what it was like over there. What I saw. What I did. I don't want to get into it. If I do, I'm not sure what will happen.

Dave looks around at the faces, hoping for a comment. He breaks the silence.

DAVE

Why don't you start small. Tell her about your routine. What you did when you got up. What the mess served. A day in Hector's Afghanistan.

A few chuckles around the circle.

HECTOR

Yeah, my very own reality show.

All laugh. Hector pauses, gathering his thoughts.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I know I need to open up. I'm just so fucking tired.

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Everything just seems stupid.
Shopping for groceries, my wife
worrying that she's getting fat,
washing the car. I'm not the same
guy. I used to love washing and
waxing my car.

Hector looks depressed and tired of it all.

DAVE

Does anyone have anything for
Hector?

Dave looks around the circle. No takers. Clyde finally breaks
the silence.

CLYDE

I'm certainly no one to give
anybody advice. I'm not exactly
living the Ralph Lauren dream.

The guys get a laugh out of that.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

But the one thing I do know is that
you're still young, your wife loves
you, you have a family...so start
talking. Where it goes might
surprise you. You can't stay stuck.
(Beat, far away)
I wish I'd dealt with my issues
long ago... when I still had a life
ahead of me.

Clyde looks around the circle, then leans into Hector.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Don't let what happened to you over
there, become that big thing you
can't shake. The thing that
destroys every good thing you have.
You did your job honorably and
you're alive. You survived.

Hector looks at Clyde, thankful for the words. Tears fill his
eyes. The others CLAP their encouragement.

DAVE

Clyde, you're new to the group. Why
don't you tell us about yourself.

Everyone looks to Clyde, a few nod, MURMUR encouragement.

CLYDE

You sure you have time for the
story of an old soldier?

Clyde pauses, gathering memories, uncomfortable. A few guys
CLAP encouragement.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Where to begin?
Well, I served in Nam with the
Hundred and First.

He looks around the circle. All eyes on him.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I was drafted at nineteen and went
over, scared, but a little excited
too. I'd never been away from home,
let alone ten thousand miles away.
Just like you guys, the things I
saw and did, well, no green,
nineteen-year-old should experience
that shit. I remember the first VC
I killed.

He pauses, collecting the memory.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

He just appeared out of nowhere. I
shot first. Luck of the draw. I had
to sit down I was shaking so bad.
That was my first kill. I stood
over the body just looking at his
face. He was probably eighteen,
twenty at most. I remember he had a
pack of Lucky Strikes in his
pocket. I managed to survive and
then, crazy me, I reupped.

Locking eyes with Hector.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I know what you're talking about.
When I got home from my first, I
couldn't get used to the boredom. I
missed the life.

He looks down at the floor, grappling with memories.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

It became addictive. Kill, survive,
party and then do it all over
again.

He looks into the faces around him.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
I missed the guys. We shared
something that's hard for civilians
to understand.

Everyone in the room is listening intently, some nodding
agreement, encouragement.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
When I got back home for good, I
was a different animal.

Clyde wrings his hands as he looks at the floor.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
Life changes you slowly, but war...
up close... it changes everything
about you. And fast. It rearranges
your DNA. And in seventy-one, we
weren't exactly welcomed back as
heroes. Not like you guys.

INT. 1971. U.S. - AIRPORT ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Clyde(23), and FIVE fellow Soldiers(early-20s), are greeted
at the gate by a pack of aggressive antiwar Protesters(Mixed-
ages/sexes), SCREAMING and carrying placards that read: Baby
Killers; Shame on You; Criminals.

The protesters form a gauntlet that the soldiers are forced
to pass through. Clyde, carrying duffel bag, walks quickly,
head down.

The protesters SCREAM in the soldiers' faces.

MALE PROTESTER #1(30)
Murderers! Baby killers!

FEMALE PROTESTER #2(20)
You deserve to die! Cowards!

FEMALE PROTESTER #3(40)
Shame! Shame!

A Female Protester(30s) spits at the passing soldiers. A
Soldier(20s), shoves an overly aggressive Male
Protester(30s), and is immediately grabbed and pulled along.

Close on Clyde: With the gauntlet behind him, Clyde stops to
look back at the SCREAMING Protesters. Shock, bewilderment
and sadness.

INT. BAR. BACK TO PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

CLYDE

We were considered monsters and baby killers. Believe me, If anyone I knew had killed a baby over there, it would have been his last. We were just kids who did what we were told. What I never understood and still don't, is why everyone blamed us for the mess. We were 19-year-olds who were drafted. We didn't volunteer to go to war. We didn't have a choice. It was either go to Nam or go to prison. Unless daddy was rich and connected.

Clyde looks around at the circle of faces hanging on his words.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

You guys are thanked for your service and sacrifice and I'm glad for that, truly. When we came home, there were no job fairs for vets or front of the line privileges. No one talked about PTSD. The guys that served in Nam have never been welcomed back. It's still a kind of a permanent stain to say you served there. Sorry, I didn't mean to go on like that.

There is quiet as Clyde surveys supportive faces around the circle.

DAVE

How are you doing now? Today?

CLYDE

Well...
(looking off)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

...for the past two weeks, every afternoon, I've sat at the kitchen table with a gun in my lap, working up the courage to pull the trigger. I guess I'm here again, today, because a little voice keeps telling me that if I don't get help, some afternoon, there won't be a reason not to do it.

Clyde sits quietly with his hands folded in his lap. The other men begin to CLAP.

DAVE

Thank you for that, Clyde. I know I can speak for the group when I say, we're glad you're here and thank you for your service.

The men begin to CLAP again and SHOUT their encouragement. Clyde looks around at the friendly faces.

INT. CLAIRE'S CO-OP - INSIDE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

KEYS are HEARD in the front door lock. The door opens and Claire steps into the vestibule of her plush co-op. It's decorated in a conservative, almost business-like style.

She hangs up her raincoat, sets her briefcase down, then walks directly to the kitchen. She removes a bottle of white wine from the fridge, pours herself a tall glass and drinks it down in one practiced motion.

She pours herself another, picks up the glass and bottle and walks into the living room and sits, placing the half-empty bottle on a nearby coffee table.

She sits, surrounded by opulence, very alone in her thoughts.

INT. PAST. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MORNING

12 year-old Claire walks down the stairs and enters the kitchen. It's a mess. The sink is filled with dirty dishes and the kitchen counter cluttered with empty wine bottles and meal remnants.

Claire looks at the mess without emotion, then gets to work.

She fills the sink with soapy water and throws out last night's mess in a trash can. Her practiced movements tell us that she's done this before.

She looks in the fridge. It's empty but for a few beer cans and take out containers. She takes in the empty fridge without a hint of emotion, then gets back to work.

INT. RETURN TO PRESENT - CLAIRE'S CO-OP

Claire sits, drinking her wine, with a sad, far away look.

INT. FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

Kaylee is rushing down the hall, cello in tow. She sees the four Bully Girls from the washroom walking toward her. She lowers her head, hoping they won't recognize her, but they do. Amy grabs Kaylee's cello case.

AMY

What do we have here. Looks big
enough to hold this little shit.

Amy opens the case, removes the cello, and throws it to the floor. She then grabs Kaylee's upper arm.

AMY (CONT'D)

Let's see if she fits.

The other girls join in and grab Kaylee. She fights back. They laugh. The BELL RINGS and Amy pushes Kaylee hard against the lockers.

AMY (CONT'D)

Lucky you. We'll see you later.

As the girls hurry off to class, Amy looks back at Kaylee and smiles.

Kaylee picks up her cello and examines it before carefully placing it back in its case. Tears fill her eyes as she runs down the hall and enters her class...

INT. FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH - ORCHESTRA PRACTICE - CONTINUOUS

...which has already started. Mr. Wikowski(early-60s), standing at the podium, glances her way without a word. Kaylee quickly takes her seat in the string section.

MR. WIKOWSKI

Okay, class. Let's begin where we
left off yesterday. From the top.

He raises his baton and with a dramatic down stroke, the orchestra BEGINS TO PLAY.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

The class has ended with students packing up their instruments. Mr. Wikowski remains at the podium.

MR. WIKOWSKI

Kaylee, can you stay for a minute?

Kaylee puts her cello aside and walks over to where Mr. Wikowski has taken a seat.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)
Have a seat, Kaylee.

KAYLEE
Is anything wrong?

MR. WIKOWSKI
No. I was just wondering how things are going. You seem a bit distracted lately. Everything good at home? With your other classes? I know that starting a new school can be a big adjustment.

KAYLEE
(pausing, uncomfortable)
Everything's good.

MR. WIKOWSKI
You know you can tell me if you're having trouble with anything.

KAYLEE
Thank you, Mr. Wikowski, but really, I'm fine. I'll try not to be distracted. And I'm sorry for being late.

He pauses and looks at her with a concerned expression.

MR. WIKOWSKI
So, is Bach speaking to you yet?

She smiles at the question.

KAYLEE
I'm still working on the Prelude to his Second Suite. It's so beautiful. When I play it, I don't know... I can't explain it.

MR. WIKOWSKI
(smiling)
I think that would make Johann very happy. Now...off you go.

Kaylee walks over to where she's left her cello.

Off Kaylee: she looks over at Mr. Wikowski, hesitating, wanting to say something, then leaves.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - MOVING - STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jeremiah drives slowly through the parking lot of a low rent strip mall. Spotting what he's looking for, he parks. POV through windshield, a sign reads: J.D.FELLOWS, PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS & SECURITY.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah exits the car and pauses, taking in the unimpressive office of J.D. Fellows, then walks to the front door and...

INT. OFFICE OF J.D. FELLOWS - CONTINUOUS

...enters. The office is sparsely furnished, but professional looking. There's no one in sight.

JEREMIAH
Hello? Mr. Fellows?

Jeremiah hears NOISE in the back room. J.D. Fellows(late-40s), appears with his right hand outstretched.

J.D.
Hello. You must be Jeremiah.

They shake.

J.D. (CONT'D)
Pleased to meet you. I hope my little paradise wasn't too hard to find. As you can see, I don't believe in spending all my money on rent. I'd rather spend it on my vices.

J.D. Fellows is well dressed, exuding a casual professionalism and easy confidence. He walks behind his desk and MOTIONS for Jeremiah to take a seat.

JEREMIAH
Thank you for seeing me, Mr. Fellows.

J.D.
Please, J.D.

JEREMIAH

J.D., as I mentioned over the phone, I have some suspicions that need investigating and I need it to be done quickly and discreetly.

J.D. looks at Jeremiah with a knowing smile.

J.D.

By 'discreetly', you mean you want to know if you can trust me with your secret?

Jeremiah begins to say something, but J.D. holds up his hand.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Don't worry, that's the first thing everybody asks and you know what, I don't blame them and I don't blame you, Jeremiah. Trust is everything. You wouldn't be here if you didn't have trust issues. People come to me when they need some truth about something that's burning a hole in the center of their lives.

He pauses and points to a picture of himself in uniform.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I used to be a New York City detective, so, as you can probably imagine, I've looked into every dirty crack and around every corner imaginable. Nothing can surprise me. Nothing.

(ironic smile)

J.D. (CONT'D)

People that look together and proper on the outside are capable of the worst shit you can imagine.

Smiling. Easy.

J.D. (CONT'D)

One of the reasons I have my office in the middle of suburban nowhere, is that there is slim chance that my clients will run into their neighbors or club buddies at a rundown strip mall. I like to be invisible. And the rent is cheap.

He looks directly at Jeremiah.

J.D. (CONT'D)

So Jeremiah, tell me what's burning that hole into your life. And yes, you can trust me.

Jeremiah is relieved by J.D.'s candor. Hesitating for a moment, he leans forward.

JEREMIAH

I think my wife may be cheating on me.

J.D.

What makes you say that?

JEREMIAH

She's just been different lately, ever since she started that new job, about six months ago. She's seems like a different person.

He hesitates, gathering his thoughts.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

She used to love being together. Last year we were excited about starting a family. Now, she refuses to discuss it.

J.D.

What makes you suspect another man? Maybe she's just losing interest in you. It happens.

JEREMIAH

I saw her having lunch with a man. I could tell it wasn't the first time they'd been together.

Looking off.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

He was holding her left hand at the table.

Looking directly into J.D.'s eyes.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Our hand. She wasn't even trying to hide it.

J.D.

Any idea who he might be?

JEREMIAH

No. That's why I'm here.
When can you start?

J.D. Leans back in his chair, not taking his eyes off Jeremiah.

J.D.

Alright. I'll need you to give me some information and sign a standard contract and then, I should be able to get busy in a couple of days. I suspect it won't take more than a week to track down the truth and then, you and I will sit down again. Oh, and I'll need a deposit.

JEREMIAH

Not a problem. How much and what do you need to know?

Off a dead serious Jeremiah.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Claire is at her desk studying a large computer screen with charts and graphs displayed. A Man(mid-40s), knocks on her door and pokes his head in.

MAN

Hey. We have a car booked for the Whitney bash... you coming?

CLAIRE

Oh God, I'm sorry. I can't make it. Something's come up that I really need to deal with. Give my regrets to Cynthia and Jonathan, will you?

MAN

Too bad, it should be a fun time. You'll be missed.

CLAIRE

Have fun. See you tomorrow.

The Man leaves and Claire gets back to work.

INT. BLUE COLLAR BAR - NIGHT - LATER

From the side we see a woman with bleached blonde hair, low cut top, short skirt and four inch heels. A Male Bartender(30s) sets down a martini, she smiles her thanks.

It's Claire.

The bar is packed. Claire captures the attention of a Man(mid-30s), who's wearing a tight t-shirt with tattoos down both arms. He approaches with drink in hand.

MAN

Hey, beautiful. You're new to the neighborhood.

He flashes a big smile. Claire pretends to ignore him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Consider me your welcoming committee.

Claire faces him and takes a good look.

CLAIRE

Thank you, it's nice to be welcome. But, from where I come from, a committee always has more than one. So, where are the others?

MAN

(leaning in)

If that's what you're looking for sweetie, I'm sure it can be arranged.

Claire smiles, downs her martini, gets up and heads to the back of the bar. Her new friend downs his drink and follows.

As he walks the length of the bar, he MOTIONS for two friends to follow. Claire walks out the back door into a dark alley.

The three men follow her behind a dumpster. The tattooed man aggressively pins her against the building wall. She lifts her shirt as he unbuckles his belt, pulling at his jeans.

He pushes her against the wall and enters her as the two other men look at one another, smirking, searching for unwanted eyes, waiting their turn.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Kaylee is sitting on a crowded subway car, dwarfed by her cello case. A Woman(late-50s), seated across from her, watches her with the look of an admiring mother. She catches Kaylee's eye and smiles; Kaylee returns it.

As the car slows, the woman gets up and walks over to Kaylee. She places a hand on Kaylee's hands and leans in.

WOMAN

You remind me of my daughter at your age. So beautiful. She's now at Julliard on scholarship. She plays the violin.

The car comes to a stop and people begin to disembark. The woman gives Kaylee's hand a squeeze.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Music is a wonderful thing. A gift to the soul. Never let it go.

She smiles at Kaylee, then exits the car. Through the car window, the woman and Kaylee share a warm and knowing smile.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOME - EVENING

Kaylee is seated at a dining room table having dinner with her Mother and Father(late-40s).

FATHER

(to Kaylee)

You haven't said much about your new school. How do you like it?

KAYLEE

It's Okay.

FATHER

Have you made any new friends?

KAYLEE

Only one, sort of. Her name is Anabelle.

MOTHER

Give it time sweetie. You'll make lots of new friends.

Her Father, not in a good mood, is getting frustrated with Kaylee's lack of response and enthusiasm.

FATHER

Young lady, when I ask you a question, I expect you to answer in a complete sentence. You need to use your brain for things other than just music.

MOTHER

Let's not start on the music thing again.

FATHER

I just want to know how school is. I don't think I'm being unreasonable. Just a simple, complete answer is all I expect. "Yes Daddy, Junior High is so much fun. Yes Daddy, I love it. My teachers are weird, but nice."

Kaylee sits with her head down and answers in a quiet voice.

KAYLEE

School's fine. Everything's fine.

Mother and Father glare at one another across the table as Kaylee picks at her food.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOME - SAME NIGHT - LATER

Close on Kaylee as she sits on the stairs listening to her parent's heated argument. Suddenly, the yelling stops and Kaylee hears her father's approaching footsteps. She races up the stairs.

INT. KAYLEE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee quietly shuts the bedroom door behind her and lies down on her bed.

She stares at the ceiling for a long moment before getting up and opening her cello case. She stares at it, tears pooling, then closes the case and turns out the light.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Claire is sitting, waiting for her date to arrive. Looking around the room, she focuses on the Couples(mixed-ages) in the room.

Some are talkative, while others barely acknowledge one another, eating in painful silence. She looks at her watch as she downs her martini, MOTIONING to the waiter for another. Her date, Peter(50), finally arrives.

PETER

Claire, I am so sorry. Every time I tried to leave, someone popped their head in.

CLAIRE

Did you forget your phone?

PETER

I know, I should have called. Here I am screwing up already and it's only our third date.

CLAIRE

You're way ahead of schedule. Most men manage to hide their faults until they get you into bed.

She looks at him with unforgiving eyes. He looks taken aback.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Then they revert back to that pouty, insecure thirteen-year-old who won't eat his vegetables.

He pauses, careful in his response.

PETER

I think you're being a little hard on men in general and if I may say, a bit insulting to me. I haven't been thirteen in a long, long time, and, I love vegetables.

He gives her a 'let's relax' smile.

CLAIRE

Sorry. Long day, long week. Let's look at the menu and get you a drink.

Claire MOTIONS to the waiter.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Peter are half-way through their meal and at the bottom of a bottle of wine. The waiter appears with another bottle, uncorks it and fills fresh wine glasses.

CLAIRE

Tell me something about your kids.
You never really talk about them.

PETER

Well, Olivia is eight and Tyler
thirteen.

Looking off and taking a sip.

PETER (CONT'D)

They live with their mother and
brand new husband number three in
beautiful Connecticut.

A pained, sarcastic smile crosses his face.

PETER (CONT'D)

I was number two after a six week
first marriage to a disturbed
sculptor who stopped bathing and
wouldn't wear shoes.

He drains his wine glass then pours another, also topping up
Claire's glass.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's see, what can I tell you?
They go to private school at thirty
thousand a year each, which I pay
for, and live in a four thousand
sq. ft. house, with big beautiful
trees everywhere, which I *paid* for,
and spend their summers at Camp
Ticonderoga or some Indian sounding
camp, which I also pay for.

Pausing for another big sip of wine.

PETER (CONT'D)

And now, they have a new daddy,
who's a freelance, mostly
underemployed journalist, living in
the house that my money continues
to heat, repair and renovate.
Did you know that a kitchen island
must be at least five feet by ten
feet to be of any practical use and
that a stove... do they even still
call it a stove? I'm not sure. But
a stove of any quality comes in at
twenty grand.

Peter's agitation is growing.

PETER (CONT'D)

I wonder if the women of Syria worry about the size of their fucking kitchen islands or how many features their stove has as they wander through their bombed out cities begging for clean water?

He drains his wine glass.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry...

CLAIRE

What do they say? "Be careful who you marry and be really careful who you divorce".

She smiles. He grimaces.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So, about your kids, do you get to see them much? Weekends, holidays?

PETER

To be honest, not much. They seem happier when I'm not around.

CLAIRE

I'm sure that's not true. They're kids. They don't know what they want, or what's best for them.

PETER

Claire, with all due respect, you're not close to the situation and, it's complicated. With schedules...and their mother...the eternal victim...

CLAIRE

I'm sure that's all true, but I do know that having a father around is critical. And not just for boys.

She takes a sip of wine.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Girls need their father just as much. Studies have shown that at a young age, girls learn how to be comfortable and safe around men by falling in love with their father.

PETER

Where did you read that?

He glares at her.

PETER (CONT'D)

So what you're saying, is that my not being around will screw up my daughter's ability to fall in love.

He's losing patience with the conversation.

PETER (CONT'D)

Once again Claire, with all due respect, how would you know, you've never had children. You may be a brilliant businesswoman, but that doesn't qualify you to give me parenting advice.

CLAIRE

You're right, it's none of my business. But my advice is valid, whether you want it to be or not.

Pushing the point.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I was a little girl once. And I know how the actions of a father can change the life of a daughter.

PETER

So, what did your father do to you? You're forty, single, never been married, no kids.

He tops up their wine glasses.

PETER (CONT'D)

Can we change the subject? Let's talk about something we both have in common. How about the FED's quarter point increase? That should be safe.

Claire looks at him with a combination of disgust and resignation. She takes a sip of her wine as she watches a middle-age couple holding hands across the table.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Peter are standing in front of the restaurant.

PETER

So, can I talk you into a nightcap?

CLAIRE

No, I've had enough.

PETER

Well, at least let me take you home.

Peter MOTIONS to a passing cab. The cab stops.

CLAIRE

I think I'd rather be alone.

Claire opens the cab door and gets in. Peter moves to shut the door behind her, but she yanks it shut. As the cab pulls away, Peter stands watching, frustrated and bewildered.

INT. CAB INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

Close on Claire: she looks out the window at the passing city with sad, far away eyes.

EXT. JERIMIAH'S CAR - MOVING - OFFICE OF J.D. FELLOWS - DAY

Jeremiah parks in front of the office of J.D. Fellows, exits the car and...

INT. OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...enters. J.D. is at his desk.

J.D.

Jeremiah, nice to see you. I appreciate a man who's punctual.

Gesturing to a chair.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Please, make yourself comfortable.

Jeremiah sits and looks at J.D. with an anxious expression.

JEREMIAH

So, what's the verdict?

J.D.

Relax Jeremiah, we'll get to that. First a few preliminaries.

Jeremiah leans back in his chair and responds with a gesture that says: 'It's your show'.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I just want to tell you how we spent the week and spent your money.

J.D is all business.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I had an associate on her for six days, during her out-of-office periods, over lunch, after work, on her way to and from the office. I also had a friend at the phone company get me her cell records. We were able to piece together a pretty complete picture from surveillance, texts.

Jeremiah sits anxiously. J.D. pauses and looks directly into Jeremiah's eyes.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Your suspicions proved correct, I'm sorry to say. She's seeing someone, and she's seeing him every day.

Jeremiah seems to wilt in his chair.

JEREMIAH

Who?

J.D.

Her boss. Parker Reston the Third.

JEREMIAH

Fuck!

He shakes his head in disgust.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Her fucking boss.

Jeremiah's anger begins to percolate.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

He sounds like a trust fund asshole.

J.D.

Close. Upper East Side pedigree,
gentleman C student at Amherst.
Daddy has lots of money.

Jeremiah is distraught. They sit in silence.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Sorry...Now this is the part I
hate, but you need to see for
yourself.

J.D. Passes an envelope filled with photographs across the
desk to Jeremiah, who hesitates before reaching for it.

Jeremiah opens it and removes the photographs.

Close on photos as Jeremiah goes through one-by-one without
comment or expression.(Photos: Cleo kissing Parker; dining
together; Cleo entering motel room; Cleo leaving motel room;
Parker leaving same motel room)

JEREMIAH

Can I keep these?

J.D.

They're all yours. I'll email you
the complete file. There's about a
hundred more.

They sit in silence.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Now, the question is, what are you
going to do about it?

Jeremiah is unresponsive.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I always advise my clients to take
a breath before doing anything.
Sleep on it, think it out and act
in your best interests. Raw emotion
can cause a person to do really
stupid things.

JEREMIAH

Good advice. Does anyone ever take
it?

Jeremiah sits dead still, staring past J.D.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Everything's been a fucking lie.
Everything. She's been sharing my
bed at night and fucking some rich
asshole named Parker during the
day. My sweet, devoted wife.
Parker...fuck. Who the hell names
their kid Parker, anyway.

Jeremiah gathers up the photos and slides them back into the envelope. J.D. Looks at him with concern.

J.D.

Why don't you take a few minutes
before getting behind the wheel.

JEREMIAH

I'm fine. This just confirms what I
already knew. I've been preparing
myself.

He laughs at himself.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

When your wife lets another man
caress her hand at lunch and kiss
her goodbye, you pretty much know
you're fucked.

Jeremiah gets up to leave.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Thanks for this J.D. E-mail me what
I owe you. It's been a pleasure
doing business.

J.D. stands and they shake.

J.D.

Call me if you need to talk. I'm a
highly skilled listener. Comes with
the job.

Jeremiah walks toward the door.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Be smart now, Jeremiah. No crazy
shit. I know a great divorce
lawyer.

Jeremiah turns to J.D. with a sad smile, exits the office,
walks to his car and gets in.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah stares at the envelope in his hand, then tosses it like trash onto the passenger seat and starts the car.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Clyde is searching the shelves for his brand of bourbon when a Man(70), approaches him.

MAN

Clyde, Clyde Dillon... is that you?

Clyde turns to see a man about his age extending his hand.

Clyde offers his hand and they shake. The Man continues to grip Clyde's hand.

CLYDE

Do we know one another?

MAN

My God, you're certainly older, but you're still Clyde. I'm Ron, Ron Pearce from the Hundred and First. We served together, man.

CLYDE

My God, Ron Pearce. It's been a long time. How are you?

RON

Hey, life could always be better, but no complaints.

Ron can barely contain his excitement. He finally let's go of Clyde's hand.

RON (CONT'D)

What the hell have you been up to for almost fifty years? Do you live around here?

CLYDE

Yeah, around the corner. Wow. Can it be fifty years?

RON

It'll be fifty next year. Every day after that cluster fuck is a blessing. Am I right? I can't believe I'm talking to you.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Just last week I was wondering if you were still alive. So many of the guys aren't with us any longer.

Ron grips Clyde's shoulder.

RON (CONT'D)

The Hundred and First is having a reunion next Wednesday. The Excelsior Hotel, seven o'clock. You can get a ticket at the door. Drinks. Dinner. Hey man, you gotta come. Some of the guys will be there. We can catch up.

CLYDE

Maybe. I'll think about it.

RON

No thinking. Just come.

CLYDE

It *would* be terrific to see some of the guys.

RON

Great. I'll look for you. Remember, Wednesday, seven o'clock, Excelsior Hotel.

They shake. Ron has a hard time letting go as he locks eyes with his long lost friend.

Finally he lets go, a bit embarrassed. As he turns to leave, he takes a few steps then stops, turning back...

RON (CONT'D)

Great seeing you again, Clyde.

Pointing his finger at Clyde.

RON (CONT'D)

Don't disappoint me now, Corporal.

Ron leaves the store. Clyde stands a long moment, taking it all in. He smiles and shakes his head in a 'can you beat that' way, as he reaches for a bottle of cheap bourbon.

INT. FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH/SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

The cafeteria is BUZZING with the chatter of 300 adolescents.

Kaylee, having passed through the food line, pays the Cashier and carrying her lunch tray, looks for a friendly face.

She spots her new friend ANABELLE(13), and takes the empty seat next to her. Anabelle is happy to see her.

ANABELLE

Pretty scary, huh. I hate lunch.

KAYLEE

Yeah. I don't think I'll ever get use to this place.

ANABELLE

My mother says we will, but I'm not sure either.

Kaylee opens her milk carton and inserts a straw. As she's about to take a sip, an apple HITS HER HARD in the back of her head. Her face is knocked forward onto her tray of food, spilling her milk and sending food flying.

She lifts her head slowly and looks around as tears fill her eyes. She spots Amy and friends at a table behind her, pointing and laughing. The girls high-five one another.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Kaylee, are you alright?

Kaylee rubs her head and turns back to face Amy, who sits smirking while her friends continue to laugh. Kaylee sits for a long moment, then gets up and calmly walks out of the cafeteria, leaving Anabelle and her uneaten lunch behind.

Close on Amy and friends as they continue to laugh.

Anabelle picks up the apple and throws it back at them. The Girls yell threats as she gathers both Kaylee's and her tray and dumping them in the garbage.

Before exiting, she looks back at the girls and after getting their attention, gives them the finger. One of the girls stands and gestures at her threateningly.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Anabelle runs down the hall, catching up to Kaylee.

ANABELLE

Kaylee! Wait!

She grabs Kaylee's shoulder to stop her.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Are you Okay?

Kaylee crying, head down, doesn't respond.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

You can't let them see you cry
Kaylee. As my mother would say,
"they're little shits raised by
bigger shits".

With that comment, Kaylee begins to laugh.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

That's better. Some day we'll show
them. Until then, we need to stick
together and stay out of their way.

KAYLEE

But they're everywhere. I can't
hide all day.

ANABELLE

You should tell your parents or
maybe Mr. Wikowski. He'd help.

KAYLEE

No, that'll just make it worse. I
don't know what to do.

Tears fill her eyes.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

Why do they hate me? I've never
done anything to them. I don't even
know their names.

Kaylee and Anabelle walk silently down the long hall.

INT. SCHOOL MUSIC ROOM - DAY - LATER

Kaylee and Mr. Wikowski are alone in the music room. Kaylee
sits with her cello, Mr. Wikowski is at the piano.

MR. WIKOWSKI

I love what you're doing, Kaylee.
But what I would suggest, is that
you try and inject more of you into
the piece. You're playing is
technically very good, but it lacks
an emotional edge. It needs you.

He leans forward looking into her eyes.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)

When you play it, what emotions do you feel? Sadness? Happiness? Peace? Don't be afraid to tap into them, use them. Okay, let's start again from the top.

Kaylee closes her eyes for a brief moment, takes a few deep breaths and begins to PLAY the Prelude to Bach's 2nd Suite.

Mr. Wikowski sits at the piano with his eyes closed, listening, while Kaylee plays like she has never played before. When finished, Mr. Wikowski opens his eyes, walks over to her and gently kisses the top of her head. Kaylee smiles.

INT. JEREMIAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeremiah and Cleo are eating dinner. He refills her wine glass.

JEREMIAH

So, how's work. Still enjoying it?

CLEO

Yeah, it's great. I've only been there six months, but I feel like I belong. More responsibility and who knows, maybe a promotion when everything settles down.

JEREMIAH

How's your boss? What's his name? Parker?

CLEO

That's right. How did you know that? I don't think I've mentioned it before.

JEREMIAH

You must have. It's an unusual name. Hard to forget.

CLEO

It is. I like it. You don't hear it every day.

JEREMIAH

That's for sure.

CLEO

What's that supposed to mean?

JEREMIAH

Nothing. I just mean it's unusual.
A bit Upper Eastside-ish, that's
all.

CLEO

And what do you know about the
Upper East Side?

JEREMIAH

If you can read, you know a bit
about how the one percent lives.

Cleo's not pleased. Jeremiah takes a sip of wine.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Private schools, names like Parker,
Daddy's money. 'Let them eat cake'
spring socials.

Cleo shakes her head, a dismissive chuckle.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Is he married?

CLEO

Yes.

JEREMIAH

Children?

CLEO

Three, I think.

JEREMIAH

Wow. That's commitment.

Cleo gives him a 'don't go there' stare.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I think it's great. Heart warming.
A committed family man is rare
these days.

Cleo continues to eat without saying a word. The silence
becomes uncomfortable.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I have an idea. Let's have Parker
and wife over to dinner. I'd like
to meet him.

CLEO

I don't think that's a good idea.
I'm just getting to know him. He's
a busy man.

JEREMIAH

I'm sure he is.

Jeremiah smiles.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

What better way to get to know your
boss than to cook him dinner. You
two would have something to talk
about at the office. A real
connection.

CLEO

Drop it. Not going to happen.

Jeremiah takes another sip of wine as he looks at an
irritated Cleo. She ignores him as she resumes eating her
dinner.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

It's a rainy day. She slows as she approaches her
destination.

EXT. CAR/NURSING HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire's car turns into the parking lot of a drab,
institutional looking building. She parks the car, gets out
and walks to the entrance. The sign on the building reads:
ST. MARK'S ASSISTED LIVING RESIDENCES. She enters.

INT. LOBBY OF RESIDENCES - CONTINUOUS

Claire signs in at the reception desk, then walks down a long
hallway to Room 166 and enters. A ELDERLY MAN(late-70s) is
propped up in bed, sleeping, mouth open. Claire sits in a
chair next to his bed, then gently touches his shoulder.

CLAIRE

Daddy. Wake up. Daddy.

The man stirs and slowly opens his eyes. He looks at her
without recognition.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Hi, Daddy. It's Claire. How are you
 today? I'm sorry I missed last
 week, it was crazy busy at work.

Her father continues to stare. Not a flicker of recognition.
 Claire holds his hand, looking around the depressingly plain
 room. A lone cross is on the wall.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Have you had your lunch already?

Just then a Nurse(mid-40s) strides into the room. She speaks
 in a 'take control' nurse voice.

NURSE
 So, how are we today, Mr. Bishop?
 It's nice to have your daughter
 visit, isn't it?

CLAIRE
 (to nurse)
 He seems to have slipped a bit.

NURSE
 It's to be expected. We just want
 to keep him fed, changed and
 comfortable. That's all we can do
 now.

CLAIRE
 Yes. Thank you.

The nurse reclines the bed to a more restful position, smiles
 at Claire and leaves the room. Claire sits quietly, holding
 her father's hand as he continues to stare into space.

EXT. NURSING HOME PARKING LOT - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Claire unlocks her car door and...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

... she gets in. The rain is pounding the windshield. She
 sits for a long moment, keys in hand, as tears pool in her
 eyes. She rests her head on the steering wheel.

INT. YOUNG CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - PAST

10-year-old Claire is curled up in her bed fast asleep. The
 room is dark.

The bedroom door opens slowly. Light from the hallway spills in as her Father(late-40s) enters and quietly closes the door behind him. The room goes dark. He sits on the edge of Claire's bed and speaks softly.

FATHER
 Claire, honey. Wake-up.

He gently shakes her awake.

CLAIRE
 (stirring)
 Please Daddy, no.

FATHER
 But Daddy needs his cuddle.

He stands, unbuckles his pants, removes them and climbs into the bed.

FATHER (CONT'D)
 You love Daddy, don't you?

In the dark room, Claire can be heard quietly whimpering 'yes'.

INT. CAR - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Claire lifts her head from the steering wheel, her face tear streaked. She takes a deep, calming breath and exhales, then starts the car.

INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Clyde is looking for the 101st reunion. He's substituted a sports jacket for his faded army jacket. He spots a Reception Table up ahead and as he begins to walk toward it, he stops.

From his POV, a welcome sign that reads: 101st Airborne Screaming Eagles Reunion. He turns and begins to walk away, gets about 10 steps and stops again.

Close on Clyde. His face reflects his internal struggle. He turns again and walks toward the table. A Woman(early-50s), greets him.

WOMAN
 Hello, Sir. Can I help you?

CLYDE
 Yes, I was hoping to buy a ticket.

WOMAN

You're in luck. We still have a few. That will be forty dollars. Cash or Visa?

CLYDE

Let's make it cash.

He takes forty dollars from his wallet and hands it to the woman.

WOMAN

Thank you Mr... ?

CLYDE

Dillon. Clyde Dillon. Nam, sixty-nine to seventy-two.

She writes his name on a Name Tag and hands it to him.

WOMAN

Welcome, Mr. Dillon. Great to have you here and thank you for your service.

Clyde flashes a big smile and fixes the Name tag to his jacket lapel.

CLYDE

Thank you.

He enters the reception hall.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with men of all ages, some are dressed in street clothes, others in uniform. Clyde surveys the room and makes his way to the bar.

CLYDE

(To bartender)
Bourbon.

As he's waiting for his drink, Ron Pearce grabs his shoulder.

RON

Hey, you made it! Great to see you, Clyde. I was just telling a group of the guys I bumped into you and they couldn't believe it. They all thought you were dead.

Ron laughs heartily.

CLYDE

I guess I'd better get over there
and prove them wrong.

Ron lets out another big laugh and motions for Clyde to follow him.

Clyde grabs his drink, downs it, tips the bartender a dollar and follows. Ron stops at a group of 4 guys and points to Clyde, walking toward them.

RON

I told you guys he was alive and
well. Clyde Dillon in the flesh.

Clyde joins the happy group. All are about Clyde's age(late-60s) and dressed in civilian clothes. One of the men, Dan Carpenter, gives him a hug.

DAN

Good to see you, Corporal. Man, it
seems like yesterday. You remember
the rest of the guys, Mitch, Revo,
Jim and of course, Ron the Man.

They all shake hands enthusiastically.

CLYDE

I can't believe it. It's great to
see you guys.

Clyde has tears in his eyes.

DAN

Before you arrived, we all made a
pact. Whenever one of us gets weepy
or sentimental, it's Jack time.

CLYDE

(laughing, wiping a tear)
Sounds good to me.

Dan grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels from the nearby cruiser table and pours a shot. He hands it to Clyde who downs it. The guys laugh and hoot. The group draws close and the men begin to talk all at once.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Clyde, Ron and Dan are seated at a table following dinner.

DAN

I'm telling ya Clyde, you should come with me. How many good years we got left, ten, maybe fifteen if we're lucky. Before we start to drool and crap our pants. My buddy runs a place that has a golf course, shooting range and a whole bunch of other shit. He needs good people and he's a Nam vet.

CLYDE

Sounds great, but I don't know.

DAN

What do you mean you don't know? What's keeping you here? You living in a penthouse or something? Beaches, warm weather, a guaranteed job for as long as you want.

Dan looks at him seriously.

DAN (CONT'D)

We hooked up for a reason, Corporal.

Clyde takes a sip of his beer.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm leaving for good in four weeks.

RON

Sounds sweet to me. I'd go, but I know my wife would hunt me down and have me killed.

Ron laughs.

CLYDE

Hey, I appreciate the offer. I really do. It sounds fantastic. Can I think about it?

DAN

Sure. Believe me, it will be fantastic. This guy is solid. It's a chance to start over and have some fun before we die. We all deserve that.

Clyde takes a long satisfying pull on his beer. At home for the first time in a long time.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

Kaylee approaches Mr. Wikowski, seated at his desk.

KAYLEE

Mr. Wikowski, can I ask you a question?

MR. WIKOWSKI

Sure, ask away.

KAYLEE

What do you know about Julliard?

MR. WIKOWSKI

Why do you ask?

KAYLEE

I met someone who said it was a good school.

MR. WIKOWSKI

It is. One of the best in the world. Interesting you should ask, because I was going to mention it to you.

Smiling, a twinkle in his eye.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)

They have a brand new Mentorship Program for bright, young talent, and because you just turned thirteen, you young lady, are now eligible.

KAYLEE

Really?

MR. WIKOWSKI

Really.

KAYLEE

So... tell me!

She's excited.

MR. WIKOWSKI

Well, they accept ten students a year from the New York area who are matched with a student mentor at the school.

(MORE)

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)
You would get to participate in workshops and receive one-on-one training with some of the very best teachers.

He smiles at her growing excitement.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)
Your mentor would be a sort of guardian angel. Someone to help you with whatever you need. Answer any questions. Sound like something you might be interested in?

KAYLEE
Are you kidding? You mean you would help me?

MR. WIKOWSKI
Absolutely. We'll need to register you online and then there'll be an audition, but I think you have an excellent chance.

KAYLEE
Can I register today?

He laughs.

MR. WIKOWSKI
Slow down. First, you'll need to talk to your parents and get their permission.

KAYLEE
Then I can apply?

MR. WIKOWSKI
Then you can apply.

Kaylee walks around the desk and is about to hug Mr. Wikowski, then stops.

KAYLEE
Am I allowed to hug a teacher?

MR. WIKOWSKI
Just this once, let's break the rules.

Kaylee gives a smiling Mr. Wikowski a warm hug.

EXT. SCHOOL STEPS - SAME DAY - LATER

Kaylee exits the school, sits on the front steps, phone in hand. From her POV: she searches Julliard and begins scrolling through its website.

Engrossed, she doesn't notice Amy and friends standing across the street, smoking and looking her way. From Amy's POV: we see Kaylee on the steps. Close on Amy's sinister sneer.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM THE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

A school bus stops. Amy flicks her cigarette to the sidewalk and boards the bus with a Group of Students(13 to 15 yrs.). Through the window we see Amy making faces and giving the finger to her friends as the bus pulls away.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Amy dons headphones and settles in for the ride home.

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The school bus stops across the street from Amy's apartment building.

She exits and crosses the street. The building is run down. She climbs the building stairs and enters.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She unlocks her apartment door and enters...

INT. APARTMENT ENTRANCE/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...closing it behind her. The hallway is cluttered with shoes and junk.

She drops her backpack to the floor and enters the living room. The room is a mess. Empty beer bottles and empty take-out cartons scattered about. Her Stepfather(40s), is on the couch, asleep and snoring. She looks around, disgusted.

AMY
(sotto)
Shit.

She walks through the living room into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amy opens the fridge door. It's empty except for a half dozen beers and one can of Coke. She grabs the Coke, opens it and takes a long swig. Her stepfather YELLS from the living room.

STEPFATHER (O.S.)

Amy, that you?

AMY

(disgusted)

Yeah.

STEPFATHER (O.S.)

Get me a beer.

AMY

Get it yourself. The exercise will do you good.

STEPFATHER (O.S.)

Get me a beer, you little bitch.

Amy walks back to the living room and stares at the creature on the couch in his wife beater t-shirt and four day growth.

AMY

Get your own fucking beer, you asshole.

STEPFATHER

You can't talk to me like that. Who the fuck---

AMY

I know exactly who I am. And I know exactly who you are. You're a worthless piece of shit and you're not my father. You may be fucking my mother, but to me, you're a worthless, pathetic bag of shit.

STEPFATHER

You little fucker. I'm gonna teach you.

AMY

You do and I'll have the cops here in two seconds. So please, teach me a lesson... Daddy.

Amy stares at him with killer eyes. He tries to get up and gives up, falling back onto the couch.

With a look of pure disgust, she walks to her bedroom and unlocks the door...

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and enters. She closes the door and locks it. The room is nothing like the rest of the house. It's clean, everything in its place. The bed is made perfectly and her desk is neat. A laptop is open.

It's her refuge from the chaos. She sits on her bed, not moving, staring into space.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Kaylee enters, rests her cello case against the wall, drops her backpack to the floor and runs into the kitchen. Her mother is preparing dinner.

KAYLEE

(very excited)

I need your approval to apply to Julliard. Mr. Wikowski says I have a good chance of getting in.

MOTHER

Slow down, sweetie. Take a breath and tell me what you're talking about.

KAYLEE

Julliard has a Student Mentorship Program and I would get to take classes and workshops and...

MOTHER

Is this a summer program?

KAYLEE

Sort of. It's all year with a three week full-time semester in the summer. You have to be at least thirteen to apply and I just turned thirteen!

She claps excitedly.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

I can apply online and they have a bunch of information I can show you.

MOTHER

Tell you what, after dinner we can take a look at the website. Julliard is a great school honey, they'd be lucky to have you.

KAYLEE

Is Dad Home?

MOTHER

(serious)

Your Dad is going to be away for awhile, but he'll be calling every night. You can tell him all about it.

KAYLEE

Is this because you guys are always fighting?

Kaylee's mother looks surprised.

MOTHER

No...it's just that sometimes, husbands and wives need a break from one another.

Kaylee looks at her mother with a questioning expression that turns into a smile, as she excitedly exits the kitchen.

Close on a smiling mother as she resumes preparing dinner.

EXT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jeremiah follows Cleo's car at a safe distance. She pulls into the parking lot of a Motor Lodge.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He pulls over to the side of the road and grabs his binoculars.

EXT. MOTOR LODGE PARKING LOT/STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She exits her car, quickly walks toward the exterior stairs, climbs to the second floor and walks down a long open air corridor. She stops at a room and knocks.

POV: through Jeremiah's binoculars. The door opens to a smiling Parker. They kiss before he pulls Cleo into the room.

The door closes.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah checks his watch. It reads: 3:00 p.m.

INT. CAR - LATER

Jeremiah checks his watch; it reads: 4:00 p.m. He sits patiently, watching the door. It opens.

He grabs his binoculars. POV through binoculars: Cleo exits the room, looks around cautiously before hurrying down the hallway, descending the stairs and walking to her car. She gets in and drives away.

Jeremiah waits and watches as Parker exits the room a few moments later.

Continue POV through binoculars: Jeremiah watches Parker cross the parking lot, enter his car and speed away. Jeremiah sets the binoculars down.

Close on Jeremiah: No tears this time. Only rage.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Jeremiah enters. From his POV: a gun paradise. The wall behind the counter is covered with them.

He surveys the place before making his way to the sales counter, where a friendly Male Salesman(40s), greets him.

SALESMAN

Afternoon. What can I help you with?

JEREMIAH

I think I need to buy a gun.

SALESMAN

Great. What type of gun are you looking for?

JEREMIAH

A pistol, I think.

The salesman sizes him up, seeing a man that knows nothing about guns. He takes charge.

SALESMAN

I think I know what you might be looking for. A handgun for personal protection. Am I right?

Jeremiah nods yes.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Something reliable and uncomplicated. I have a number that'll do the trick.

The Salesman grabs 5 handguns from below the counter and lays them out for Jeremiah.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Any of these will meet your needs. They're all semi-automatic which will give you increased firing capacity and efficiency.

The salesman points to each as he gives his pitch.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

We have a Glock Safe Action, a Walther P-Ninety-Nine, a Baretta Ninety-Two, a Heckler and Koch Mark Twenty-Three and a SIG Sauer P-Two-Fifty. All great guns and our best sellers.

He looks at Jeremiah who is laser focused on the guns.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Go ahead, pick'em up, try'em. You'll notice that each has its own feel and personality.

Jeremiah picks up the guns one at a time, awkwardly assessing the weight and grip of each.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Which one feels the most comfortable on your hand?

JEREMIAH

I really like this one.

SALESMAN

Ah, the Walther P-Ninety-Nine. James Bond's favorite gun.

Jeremiah likes the sound of that.

JEREMIAH

Really?

SALESMAN

A slightly different model, but his gun of choice. Easy, light weight and powerful. If you hit someone with that, let's just say, they won't be going out for a fucking latte.

The salesman laughs and Jeremiah joins in.

JEREMIAH

I'll take it.

SALESMAN

Great. I'll need some information for the background check. You should be able to pick it up in a few days.

JEREMIAH

Oh, I forgot about that.

SALESMAN

Yeah, the bastards are making it more difficult by the day. You know, with all the shit going on recently.

INT. GUN SHOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER - CONTINUOUS

The salesman is typing on a laptop.

SALESMAN

That should do it, Mr. Collins.

JEREMIAH

So, you'll call me when everything's legal.

SALESMAN

Will do. It's been a pleasure sir.

He extends his hand. They shake.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

One of the fastest sales I've had this month. Believe me, you won't be disappointed with the Walther. A great weapon.

Jeremiah smiles and picks up the gun again. He points and pretends to shoot, smiles, then carefully lays it down on the counter. In no hurry to leave, he shakes the salesman's hand again, turns and leaves. The salesman watches him go.

Off a smiling salesman smiling to himself.

INT. CYLDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clyde is seated at his kitchen table with his gun and a single bullet on the table. He picks up the bullet and looks at it for a long moment, just as he's done every day for two weeks. He then balls his fist around the bullet, picks up the gun, places it in a small carry bag and leaves his apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Clyde is walking down a busy street carrying the bag. He comes to the local POLICE PRECINCT and enters.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Clyde approaches the Front Desk and addresses the Officer on duty, Male(mid-30s).

CLYDE

I'd like to turn my gun in.

Clyde removes his gun from the bag and the single bullet from his pocket and lays them on the desk. The Officer looks at Clyde with curiosity, quickly removing the gun and bullet from the desktop.

The Officer speaks with a strong New York accent.

POLICE OFFICER

Forgive my surprise, but unless it's 'Please Surrender Your Gun Week', we don't get many people walking in here asking us to take their gun.

Smiling at a serious Clyde.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

We're all out of Taco Bell certificates, so I guess you'll have to be satisfied with a handshake.

The Officer chuckles, extends his hand and they shake.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 If you could take a seat sir, an
 officer will be right with you.
 We'll need to get some information.
 It shouldn't take long.

Clyde takes a seat in the waiting area. The Officer makes a quick phone call, then hangs up.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (to Clyde)
 You a vet?

CLYDE
 Yeah. Hundred and First, Nam.

POLICE OFFICER
 Thought so. Served two tours in
 Iraq.

Clyde responds with a half smile and knowing look.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 We have donuts and coffee in the
 next room. Help yourself.

CLYDE
 Thanks.

Clyde gives a thank you nod to the Officer and enters the adjoining room, where there's donuts and coffee.

He pours himself a cup and notices a paper sign taped to the wall above the table. It reads: IT TAKES JUST ONE GOOD DECISION TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE. He stands looking at the sign as he sips his coffee.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire is at her desk. The phone RINGS. She answers it.

CLAIRE
 Hello. Claire Bishop.

WOMAN
 (through phone)
 Hello, Ms. Bishop, it's Carmen
 Rocco from St. Marks. I'm sorry to
 be the one to tell you, but your
 father passed away in his sleep an
 hour ago. I am so sorry.

CLAIRE

Oh, I see.

(without emotion)

I guess you'll need me to come down
and settle things.

CARMEN

(through phone)

Yes, that would be helpful.

CLAIRE

I can't tonight, I have someplace I
need to be, but I can be there in
the morning.

CARMEN

(through phone)

That would be fine. I'll set
everything in motion. We'll see you
tomorrow.

Claire hangs up. Off Claire staring at the phone.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, STERN SCHOOL, AUDITORIUM - THAT
NIGHT

The auditorium is filled and BUZZING.

The stage is empty except for a Single Lectern to one side
and two Comfortable Chairs center stage.

Stanley Kravitz(late-40s), appears and walks to the lectern.

The crowd APPLAUDS.

STANLEY

Good evening, my Name is Stanley
Kravitz, Dean of the Stern School
of Business and I would like to
welcome you all to the final
evening in our Bold Thinkers
Series.

Audience APPLAUDS.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

It has been another glorious season
of ideas, conversation and debate.

The crowd APPLAUDS LOUDLY.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Our speakers have all shared one important trait. They are bold in their thoughts and actions and recognized as mavericks in their respective fields. Tonight is no exception. Our guest for this evening has recently been awarded the Bloomberg Prize for Executive Excellence and voted Wall Street Woman of the Year by Fortune Magazine.

(applause)

Claire Bishop is an extraordinary person. Graduate of the Wharton School and Stanford Law, she has excelled in the competitive "take no prisoners" world of Wall Street at the prestigious firm, Grines Heller. She has not only blazed a trail for hundreds of women on Wall Street, but has more importantly, shown us all, that success can be achieved while maintaining one's integrity and moral compass. Tonight we will follow Claire's words with a one-on-one sit down and exploration of her life and ideas. Now, it is my pleasure to welcome Claire Bishop to our stage.

The crowd APPLAUDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

Claire walks to the lectern and shakes Stanley's hand. He exits. She surveys the crowd, smiles and begins.

CLAIRE

Thank you Stanley, for your kind words. I am very pleased to be here at the Stern School of Business, one of the world's finest and most progressive institutions.

She clears her throat and pauses to calm her nerves.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's an honor to speak to you tonight and share a bit of my experience and hopefully insights on the business world and just plain life. Too often, business people act as though what they do and the decisions they make have no impact or affect on real people.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The truth is, everything we do in the business world affects people. Every decision we make eventually makes its way to families, to main street, to you. To think that we can separate ourselves from responsibility and consequences and operate based on our own, often narrow interests, is ridiculous. And as we have seen all too often, a recipe for trouble in our own backyards and across the planet.

Looking over the crowd.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If Wall Street is to remain relevant, influential and admired, yes, I said admired...

Scattered LAUGHTER from the crowd. Claire smiles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...it needs to have a greater understanding of main street and a deeper appreciation for a much wider and diverse world.

Loud applause from the crowd.

Close ON Claire as she acknowledges the crowd's reaction.

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Stanley are comfortably seated for the follow-up interview/conversation.

STANLEY

Okay, Claire. Now it's time to learn a bit about you.

CLAIRE

Be gentle, Stanley.

The crowd LAUGHS.

STANLEY

Tell us about your childhood. Where did you grow up? What were your parents like?

CLAIRE

Well, I grew up a Jersey girl, just across the river.

Scattered APPLAUSE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Pretty typical childhood really. Kind of a geek, a bit shy until around sixteen. I guess I found comfort more in my studies than boys. But that's probably because they weren't interested in me.

The crowd LAUGHS.

STANLEY

I'm always fascinated by successful peoples' childhoods. You say your life was typical. In what way?

Claire pauses, considering the question. Stanley probes.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

How did you get along with your parents? Were they strict or were you self-motivated as many successful people were in childhood.

CLAIRE

Don't you have any easy questions about interest rates or the price of oil?

The crowd LAUGHS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My mother was a good woman, who I think struggled with her identity, but did her best.

Pausing, trying to control her unexpected emotions.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She and I were close, but didn't have what you might call a typical mother, daughter relationship. My father...

Claire's voice cracks at the mention of her father. She is unnerved and flustered by her rising emotions. Stanley notices her discomfort and steps in to help.

STANLEY

Family relationships are always complex, but in the end, they make us who we are at our core. I've also been accused of being a supreme geek and probably still am. I place the blame squarely on my father's shoulders. A professor of physics and mathematics.

The crowd LAUGHS with appreciation.

CLAIRE

Stanley, you may be a geek, but that's what makes you so lovable.

The crowd APPLAUDS LOUDLY. Claire mouths "thank you" to a smiling Stanley who reaches over and gently squeezes her hand.

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING - NIGHT - LATER

Claire sits alone in the back of a taxi, staring blankly at her reflection as the City rushes by.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Kaylee is seated on a subway car holding her cello. Excited and anxious, she is on her way to audition for the Julliard Mentorship Program.

She looks around at the other passengers, itching to share her excitement.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee walks down a busy street looking for Julliard. She stops to check her phone for the address, then realizes she's close and hurries off.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY TO JULLIARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee stands in the school's lobby, taking it all in. She approaches a Reception Desk, where a Female(40s), is stationed.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello there, may I help you?

KAYLEE

Hi, I hope so. I'm here to audition for the Mentorship Program.

RECEPTIONIST

Wonderful. Welcome to Julliard. Can I have your name.

KAYLEE

Kaylee Crawford.

The Receptionist checks her iPad.

RECEPTIONIST

There you are. Miss Crawford, your audition will be in Practice Room number six on the second floor. The elevators are just over there.

Pointing.

KAYLEE

Thank you.

As Kaylee begins to walk away.

RECEPTIONIST

Good luck.

Kaylee turns and gives the Receptionist a nervous smile, then resumes walking.

INT. ELEVATOR CAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Excited, but anxious, Kaylee looks at herself in the cab mirror. The elevator doors open and she exits.

She walks slowly down the hallway looking for room # 6, then abruptly stops before a door sign that reads: Practice Room 6. She stands for a moment, trying to compose herself, then leans against the wall for support.

She takes a few deep breaths then looks down the hall toward the elevators. Before she can run, the door opens and a Man, Niles Witfield(early-30s), peeks out. He greets Kaylee with a warm smile.

NILES

Hello. You must be Kaylee. My Name is Niles. Please, come in.

Kaylee enters. The room is empty save for a piano, four Judges' chairs grouped together and one lone chair and music stand positioned at the front of the room. Kaylee smiles nervously at the three seated Judges.

Niles takes his place with the other Judges.

NILES (CONT'D)

Kaylee Crawford of Franklin Junior High School, welcome to Julliard.

The Judges smile warmly at Kaylee.

NILES (CONT'D)

Mr. Wikowski has told us wonderful things about you and that cello you're holding. Before we ask you to play for us, can you tell us a bit about yourself.

Kaylee, gripping her cello case, speaks shyly and softly.

KAYLEE

Well, I'm thirteen and go to Franklin Junior High. I play the cello in the school orchestra...

She self-consciously smiles and looks down. The Judges smile encouragingly.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

But you probably already know all that.

NILES

Kaylee, just tell us what music means to you.

She considers the question before answering with renewed confidence.

KAYLEE

I guess, basically, more than anything, it makes me happy.

Looking directly at the judges.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

It's something I can always count on no matter what. When I play I almost feel like, like I'm not where I am. Does that make any sense?

The judges smile.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

That whatever I'm feeling,
everything will be Okay.
It's something that I understand.
And what I really love is that
every time I play one of my
favorites, it's different. Same
notes, same instrument, but
different. I love that.

She shyly smiles at the judges.

NILES

Thank you, Kaylee. So, what have
you chosen to play for us today?

KAYLEE

Bach's Prelude to his Second Suite
for Cello in D.

Kaylee removes her cello from its case and settles into the chair. She moves the music stand she won't be needing to the side and out of the way, then closes her eyes, takes a deep breath and exhales.

She begins to play. The Judges exchange glances. Kaylee plays beautifully and as the Judges listen, a few take notes. When she finishes, silence, then Niles speaks.

NILES

Thank you, Kaylee. That was
beautiful. You made a wonderful
selection. Bach is a favorite of
mine.

All the Judges nod yes in agreement and smile warmly.

Kaylee stands and begins packing up her cello. Niles then escorts her out of the room into the hallway.

NILES (CONT'D)

Thank you again, Kaylee. You have a
wonderful passion for one so young.

He looks into her anxious eyes.

NILES (CONT'D)

We'll be making our final
selections by the end of the month.

They shake. He re-enters the room. As the door closes behind him, Kaylee stands alone in the quiet hallway.

She leans against the wall, eyes closed, feeling the thrill and exhaustion of the experience. She then hurries down the hall, cello in tow.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Jeremiah is standing in a shooting bay. He's wearing ear and eye protective gear. A Male Instructor(mid-30s), is teaching him the basics.

INSTRUCTOR

This weapon is like an instrument.
If you take care of it and
practice, it will become part of
you. A loyal friend who won't let
you down. So, how much do you know?

JEREMIAH

Not much.

INSTRUCTOR

Okay. So let's start at the
beginning. How's that sound?

A tightly wound Jeremiah nods yes.

INT. GUN RANGE - CONTINUOUS - LATER

The Instructor is reminding Jeremiah of the proper shooting stance.

INSTRUCTOR

Now just as I showed you. Get your
feet in position, arms straight,
aim and squeeze. Don't think about
it too much. It's all about rhythm
and confidence.

Jeremiah positions himself, aims and shoots one round. He smiles and looks back at the Instructor. Jeremiah then fully discharges the gun into the target. He removes his protective gear and excitedly looks at the instructor, who retrieves the target for a look.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Not bad for a virgin. You even hit
the sweet spot a couple of times.
With practice, I think the two of
you will be able to make beautiful
music.

JEREMIAH

I'm counting on it.

Jeremiah releases the spent magazine and clips in a replacement as the Instructor sends out a fresh target.

With a new confidence, Jeremiah dons his gear, takes aim and empties the magazine into the target.

Jeremiah holds his position, savoring the moment, before slowly lowering his weapon. He removes his eye gear. Close on an excited Jeremiah.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Clyde sits at the bar nursing a beer and talking to the Male Bartender(40s).

CLYDE

I'm not sure what I'm afraid of. I have nothing here. No wife or kids to leave behind. I keep thinking, if I don't do this, then what?

BARTENDER

I hear you, man. If I could pick up and start over I would.... in a fuckin heartbeat. I think most men would if they could. The only problem is...

(leaning in)

...my kids are ten and twelve and my Ex would cut off my manhood before I got on the plane.

Clyde laughs.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You laugh, but she would. Really. That's one of the reasons I moved out. She threatened to do it a couple times a month. I could have lived with maybe once a year, but bi-weekly? I don't know about you, but in my world, every inch counts.

They both laugh.

CLYDE

I've seen some pretty scary things in my time, but that would scare any man.

Clyde looks down at his crotch. They laugh again, then Clyde gets serious.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I've made a mess of my life all on my own. Thankfully, I didn't mess up any kids along the way.

He takes a sip of his beer.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Congrats on your kids. You're lucky to have them.

BARTENDER

Yeah, all in all, they're great, but keeping my Ex happy is a very different story.

The bartender grabs two shot glasses and fills them.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

On me. Control the fear, man. You only live once.

They both drain their shots.

Clyde sits toying with his empty shot glass as the bartender turns his attention to other customers.

INT. CLAIRE'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire and Therapist sit looking at one another. The Therapist breaks the silence.

THERAPIST

Have you always struggled with perfection?

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

THERAPIST

A need for everything to be in its proper place. Whether its couch pillows or your emotions. Order is what gives you balance.

Claire pauses to think.

CLAIRE

I've thought about it. My mother was disengaged.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She just wasn't there much of the time. Physically, yes, but mentally, she was somewhere else. I always got the felling that I'd wake up one morning and she'd be gone.

Looking off at the calming pastoral painting on the wall.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

As a young girl, the first thing I'd do every morning would be to clean up the mess my mother left from the night before.

Turns back to meet the Therapist's eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I learned early to expect nothing. If the bathroom needed cleaning, I did it. If we were out of food, I rode my bike to the store and got it. My father relied on me. We couldn't count on my mother.

THERAPIST

We've never really talked about your father. Tell me about him. Is he still alive?

CLAIRE

No. He died recently.

THERAPIST

I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

He hadn't been well for a long time. He was in a home and...

Claire goes silent.

THERAPIST

And what?

CLAIRE

Growing up, it seemed like I was all he had.

Claire shifts her gaze to the painting.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He always told me he needed me and didn't know what he'd do without me. For the longest time I hated my mother for it. It was her job, not mine.

Claire begins to tear up, then cry, then SOB.

The therapist inches her chair in closer, gently touching Claire's shoulder.

THERAPIST

Claire, can you tell me about it?
What is making you so sad?

CLAIRE

(sobbing)
I didn't know it was wrong.

She struggles to speak.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He said it was normal. That my mother didn't like to cuddle.

THERAPIST

So, you did what was expected of you. What your mother wouldn't do. Just like doing the dishes or the laundry.

Claire remains distraught, avoiding eye contact.

CLAIRE

I said no, but he said he needed me.

Claire begins to gain control. They sit for a long moment without speaking.

THERAPIST

I'm proud of you. You are strong and courageous. You need to know that. You've freed one arm and that's all we need to do today.

The therapist gently puts her arm around Claire's Shoulder. They sit without speaking.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOME, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Kaylee enters and notices a stack of mail on the hall table. She leans her cello case against the wall, drops her backpack to the floor, picks up the stack and excitedly sorts through it, stopping abruptly.

From her POV: we see an envelope with the Julliard logo addressed to Miss Kaylee Crawford. She stares at it, then with envelope in hand, grabs her cello and runs up the stairs and...

INT. KAYLEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...enters. She shuts the door behind her and leans against it, staring at the envelope. She rips it open, and reads. A big smile appears. Hugging the letter to her chest, she looks at the posters on her wall as if to tell them, "I did it".

Kaylee then removes her cello from its case and sits in her chair. With a peaceful, distant look, she begins to play.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Jeremiah enters the range carrying his gun case and is greeted by the attendant, Willie (20s).

WILLIE

Hey, Jeremiah. We're gonna have to rent you a room in the back. You're our best customer.

JEREMIAH

Well Willie, as they say, practice makes perfect and... keeps you from shooting the wrong people.

Willie laughs.

WILLIE

Aim small, kill big. Right?

Jeremiah punches his membership number into a keypad on the desk. Willie hands him a bunch of paper targets.

JEREMIAH

Words to live by, Willie.

Jeremiah then walks down a corridor that opens to a shooting range. GUN FIRE can be heard.

Jerimiah selects a shooting bay and places his gun case on the counter. He presses a button and the target hanger travels toward him.

He clips a new target in place and returns it to position. Removing his gun from its case, Jerimiah places multiple magazines on the counter and dons his protective gear.

In a fluid, practiced motion, he loads a magazine, takes position, aims and empties the clip into the target. He is cool, practiced efficiency. He then retrieves the target and examines it. All hits are through the heart and head.

He clips in a fresh target, sends it back, loads another magazine, sets, aims and fires, holding his shooter pose after the magazine is empty, savoring the feeling.

INT. CLEO'S OFFICE, RECEPTION - DAY

The elevator doors open and Jeremiah steps out, looks around, then walks directly toward the Female Receptionist(20s).

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you, sir.

JEREMIAH
Yes, I'm here to see Cleo Collins.
I'm Jeremiah, her husband.

She gives him a welcoming smile.

RECEPTIONIST
Just a moment, Mr. Collins, I'll ring her.

The receptionist connects with Cleo.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
(lowered voice, smiling)
Hi, Cleo. Your husband is in Reception. Should I send him back?

Her smile leaving, she disconnects.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
She'll be right out, Mr. Collins.
Can I get you anything?

JEREMIAH
No, thank you.

Jeremiah remains standing, waiting for Cleo, who suddenly appears. Irritation showing.

CLEO
Jeremiah, what are you doing here?

JEREMIAH
(big smile)
Is that anyway to greet the love of
your life? I was in the area, so I
thought I'd take you to lunch.

CLEO
Jeremiah, I can't. I have a
business lunch scheduled with my
boss and a full afternoon. I can't
just drop everything.

JEREMIAH
Hey, you've always wanted me to be
more spontaneous, so, I'm being
spontaneous.

Angle on elevator as a well dressed man exits. It's Cleo's
boss, PARKER, who casually addresses Cleo as he passes.

PARKER
Cleo, we should probably leave
soon.

CLEO
I'll just be a minute.

Before Parker can disappear, Jeremiah calls out to him.

JEREMIAH
Parker Reston? Cleo's new boss?

Parker turns and studies Jeremiah before answering.

PARKER
Yes, Parker Reston the Third.

Jeremiah extends his hand.

JEREMIAH
Jeremiah Collins, Cleo's husband.

They shake.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
The Third. Wow. Impressive. I'm a
First.

Parker smiles politely. Cleo looks embarrassed.

PARKER

Great to meet you. Cleo's told me a lot about you.

JEREMIAH

Well, that's certainly nice to hear...I think.

Jeremiah smiles at Cleo, who doesn't return the smile.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

It's always nice to put a face to a name. I thought I'd surprise my wife and take her to lunch, but I guess the two of you have a business lunch scheduled.

PARKER

We did, but you two go ahead. Cleo, we can reschedule.

Parker looks at Cleo for agreement.

CLEO

Parker, we really need to discuss tomorrow's pitch. We're going to time-out otherwise.

She touches Jeremiah's arm.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Honey, you don't mind do you? I'll see you tonight. Okay?

JEREMIAH

Hey, I understand, I should have called first. You two need to work.

All three stand in awkward silence. Jeremiah breaks it.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I'll see you later, sweetie.

He kisses Cleo on the lips and shakes Parker's hand.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Good luck with the pitch.

PARKER

Thanks.

Jeremiah turns and walks to the elevators, standing with his back to them as he waits for a cab. Behind his back, Cleo and Parker share a concerned look just as Jeremiah turns.

JEREMIAH

Say Parker, why don't you and your wife come to dinner this Saturday. It'll be fun. You could sample some of Cleo's fantastic cooking. Believe me, you won't be disappointed.

Parker looks at a friendly, smiling Jeremiah, then locks eyes with a concerned Cleo for a split-second before answering.

PARKER

Sure, why not. Sounds like fun.

JEREMIAH

Great. Isn't that great, Cleo?

Stunned, Cleo responds.

CLEO

Yes. Absolutely.

The elevator doors open and Jeremiah steps in, turns and waves goodbye, smiling as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR CAB - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah pushes the ground floor button and studies his reflection in the cab mirror, deadly serious.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Claire Bishop, taking a break from the office, sits alone on a bench across from a playground filled with 4 and 5 year-olds playing. Nannies have gathered at a nearby bench.

A Woman(early-40s), pushing a pram, approaches. She stops to check on her baby, then sits at the end of Claire's bench.

She and Claire exchange polite smiles. After a moment, she reaches into the pram, picks up her baby and begins to breast feed, discreetly placing a cover blanket around the baby.

Close on the woman, her full attention on her baby.

No sound.

Close on Claire as she looks over at the woman and then at the children playing. A sad, faraway look comes into her eyes.

After a moment, Claire smiles at the woman and leaves.

Close ON Claire walking as tears pool in her eyes.

EXT. JERIMIAH'S CAR - RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER

Jeremiah sits, waiting. Binoculars rest on the dash. Then... there she is. Cleo's car enters the restaurant parking lot followed by Parker's.

POV through binoculars: they exit their cars, greet one another with a quick, familiar kiss and enter the restaurant.

They're shown to their window table, where Parker exchanges friendly words with the Server. Parker and Cleo sit and immediately begin to have an intense conversation.

The Server reappears with a bottle of wine, opens it and pours a splash into Parker's glass.

Parker samples it and nods his approval. The Server fills both glasses and leaves. They resume their conversation, as Parker affectionately caresses Cleo's left hand.

Close on Jeremiah as he lowers the binoculars, setting them down on the passenger seat. His face is stone cold.

JEREMIAH
Business lunch my ass.

He starts the car.

INT. FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is filled with Students, Teachers and Parents for the annual Thanksgiving holiday concert.

The school orchestra occupies the stage with Mr. Wikowski conducting.

It SOUNDS like a typical junior high orchestra, tempo challenged with flashes of competence. The piece ends and the crowd APPLAUDS. Mr. Wikowski turns to address the audience.

MR. WIKOWSKI
Thank you. Weren't they terrific?

He motions for the orchestra to stand and take a bow. They do and the crowd APPLAUDS enthusiastically.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)
Welcome to our tenth annual
Thanksgiving Holiday Concert.

APPLAUSE.

MR. WIKOWSKI

When students express an interest in joining our school orchestra, I ask just two questions.

A smiling glance back at the orchestra.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)

"Do you love music and are you willing to work"? I am proud to say that this year's orchestra is as passionate and hard working as any group I have ever had the privilege of teaching. Everyone, let's again show these young musicians just how much we enjoyed that.

The audience CHEERS AND CLAPS. Mr. Wikowski waits for the applause to quiet.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)

We have a special treat for you today. One of our very own has been accepted into the prestigious Julliard School of Music Mentorship Program. Out of three hundred talented applicants, only ten were accepted. It's a year long program of study and performance with some of the best teachers and musicians in the world. It is my pleasure to introduce you to Miss Kaylee Crawford, a seventh grader and a valued member of the Franklin Orchestra.

The orchestra members enthusiastically CHEER one of their own as the crowd applauds.

Kaylee self-consciously leaves her seat in the orchestra's string section and makes her way to the front of the stage with cello and bow in hand.

At Mr. Wikowski's urging, she takes a bow and then takes a seat in a chair positioned at the front of the stage.

The auditorium goes quiet.

Close on Amy sitting with Friends. As Kaylee prepares to play, Amy and Friends look at one another and laugh. Amy licks her lips and they break-up again.

Mr. Wikowski continues.

MR. WIKOWSKI (CONT'D)

Kaylee has agreed to indulge me and play something from one of my favorites, Johann Sebastian Bach. Suite Number One in G Major.

Mr. Wikowski smiles at Kaylee and leaves the stage. Kaylee sits motionless with her eyes closed.

Close on Amy and friends break the silence with laughter. A Female Teacher(40s), seated behind them grabs Amy's shoulder. Amy turns and gives her a 'SCREW YOU' look.

Close on Kaylee as she opens her eyes and BEGINS TO PLAY. The crowd is absolutely silent.

As Kaylee plays, Close on audience members as they exchange glances of surprise and amazement.

Close on Kaylee's mother who sits with an empty seat next to her. Tears of joy fill her eyes.

Close on Amy as she listens, fighting back tears. A deep sadness crosses her face.

Kaylee finishes playing and for a few seconds, absolute silence fills the auditorium before THUNDEROUS CHEERS and APPLAUSE ERUPT. Kaylee stands, holding her cello and bow.

Mr. Wikowski reappears from off-stage and holds her hand as she takes a bow. The audience is standing and CHEERING, all except for Amy and friends.

Close on Amy, her face hard.

INT. BAR BACKROOM - NIGHT

Clyde sits in a circle with his Vet group and Dave, Group Leader. JAMES(late-20s), has the floor.

JAMES

I really liked it. I wasn't cooped up all day. Once I'd loaded the truck, I was on the road. It was great. After Iraq, I can't stand to be in one place for too long. I get antsy. My wife calls it my Jihady Jitters. Whatever.

He looks at the encouraging faces around him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to hit her. She just wouldn't get out of my face. I don't know why everyone won't leave me the fuck alone.

He looks down, ashamed.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The cops showed up and I spent the next two days in jail. I couldn't call my boss and tell him I needed two days because I hit my wife. So, when I didn't show up for my shift, he fired me. I don't know what I'm gonna do now.

Tears fill his eyes.

DAVE

Anyone?

Alfie(30s), speaks up.

ALFIE

The biggest thing I had to deal with was my anger.

He looks around the circle.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I didn't know where it was coming from. One minute I'd be fine, the next I'd blow. I hooked up with a therapist. Got the name from a VA Counselor. So far, it's been good.

Hector(30s), speaks up.

HECTOR

I know a guy at the food terminal. A Vet. He's always looking for strong guys. If you want, I can hook you up.

ALFIE

Thanks, man. That'd be great.

DAVE

Anyone else?

Dave looks around the circle.

CLYDE

I have some news.
 (smiling)
 I think I'm moving to Hawaii.

This brings smiles to the guys' faces and a few HOOTS.

HECTOR

Shit, man. That's great. You goin
 for the 'leis' or the weather?

The guys all LAUGH.

CLYDE

Very funny. It just came out of the
 blue. I met an old soldier buddy
 from the Hundred and First and he
 set me up with a job, place to live
 and decent money. The boss is a Nam
 Vet, so he gets it. It looks like,
 barring death or falling in love...

The guys all LAUGH.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

...I'll be leaving in a few weeks.

The guys all begin to APPLAUD. One SHOUTS out "ALL RIGHT
 MAN". Clyde looks around the room at his friends. Smiling.
 Happy.

INT. TAXI, BACK SEAT - NIGHT

Kaylee and her Mother are all dressed up for a night out.

MOTHER

(uneasy)
 I've been waiting for the right
 moment to tell you Honey, but there
 never seemed to be one.
 Yes, to your question. Your father
 and I are taking a break.

KAYLEE

You mean you're getting divorced.

MOTHER

To be honest, probably. We're
 trying, but I don't know if that
 will be good enough.

Kaylee sits quietly looking out the window, then turns and
 looks directly at her Mother.

KAYLEE

You and Daddy fight all the time.
That's all you seem to do anymore.
Is he mad at me?

MOTHER

No, absolutely not. It has nothing
to do with you, sweetie. It's
complicated. We try not to fight
and then... we just do.

She reaches over and takes Kaylee's hand.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Your father will be back in town
next week and I know he'll want to
talk to you.

KAYLEE

Thanks for telling me. I just want
you to stop fighting.

Kaylee looks at her Mother with a sad smile.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The cab pulls up to the curb and and Kaylee and her mother
get out. As it pulls away, they join the crowd streaming
toward the Hall's entrance.

At the entrance is a large poster for the New York
Philharmonic, featuring the evening's Guest Soloist, Cellist
Ofra Harnoy. As they enter...

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

...and hand their their tickets to the attendant, Kaylee
beams an excited smile at her Mother.

INT. DAVID GEFFIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Hall is filled to capacity. Kaylee and her Mother are
seated 10 rows from the stage.

The orchestra is seated. The Conductor(late- 40s), enters and
takes his place, then turns to the audience and bows,
acknowledging the APPLAUSE.

CONDUCTOR

Good evening. My Name is Johan
Scibling.

APPLAUSE.

JOHAN

Tonight we are honored to have as our featured guest performer, one of the world's foremost Cellists, Ms. Ofra Harnoy.

Enthusiastic applause.

JOHAN (CONT'D)

We are all in for a treat tonight, as Ms. Harnoy has selected Johann Sebastian Bach's Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Suites for Cello. Please welcome, Ms. Ofra Harnoy.

The audience APPLAUDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY as Ofra Harnoy walks onto the stage carrying cello and bow. She shakes Johan's hand, bows to the audience and takes her seat.

Close on Kaylee and Mother: Kaylee is applauding, wide-eyed with anticipation and excitement. Her Mother looks at her and smiles. The audience quiets.

Ofra Harnoy begins to PLAY.

Close on Kaylee who is transfixed, hardly breathing, as she listens, studying Ofra Harnoy's every stroke.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Kaylee and her Mother enter the house and hang up their coats. Kaylee runs up the stairs to her bedroom. Her mother smiles at her excitement and joy.

INT. KAYLEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She removes her cello from its case and sits, then urgently flips through the pages of music on the stand before her. Finding what she's looking for, she smiles.

From her POV: the sheet music reads: Johan Sebastian Bach, 4th Suite. She takes a deep breath and begins to play.

INT. JEREMIAH AND CLEO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's a KNOCK at the door. Jeremiah CALLS to Cleo as he answers it.

JEREMIAH
I'll get it, sweetie.

He opens the door to Parker and wife Jessica(38).

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Hello. Please come in. How are you,
Parker?

He shakes Parker's hand.

PARKER
I'm well, thank you.

JEREMIAH
And you must be Jessica. So nice to
meet you, I'm Jeremiah.

JESSICA
Nice to meet you, Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH
Let me take your coats and please,
leave your shoes on. I hate it when
you're invited into someone's home
and the first thing they say is
"take your shoes off". You get all
dressed up and then have to walk
around in stocking feet all night.

Jeremiah hangs their coats in the hall closet before
escorting them into the living room where Cleo joins them.

CLEO
(smiling)
Parker.

She extends both hands and Parker takes them. They kiss on
the cheek. Cleo turns to Jessica.

CLEO (CONT'D)
And you must be Jessica. So great
to finally meet you.

The women shake hands.

JESSICA
Wonderful to meet you, Cleo. It's
so nice of you to have us over. I
rarely get the chance to meet
Parker's work colleagues. He's told
me about the great job you're
doing.

Jessica leans in close to Cleo.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

And I understand that you're a great cook. Maybe I can learn a few things tonight.

CLEO

Well, sometimes Jeremiah gets carried away in his praise. But I do love to cook when I can find the time. Parker works us so hard you know.

The ladies share a laugh.

PARKER

Okay, let's be nice to Parker tonight.

JEREMIAH

Let me take drink orders and then we can get comfortable.

PARKER

I'll take a scotch on ice. White wine Honey?

JESSICA

Yes, that would be wonderful.

JEREMIAH

And I know what Cleo likes.

Jeremiah flashes Cleo a big smile.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two couples are seated at the dining room table and in the middle of their meal.

JESSICA

Cleo, I can't tell you how good this is. This is absolutely the best lamb I have ever had. Maybe some day you could share your recipe? Is it awful of me to ask?

CLEO

No, not at all. I'd be happy to. My mother was a great cook and always said, "if you can tie your shoes, you can read a recipe". She was a 'no excuses' type.

JESSICA

I only wish it were that easy.

Jeremiah changes the topic.

JEREMIAH

So, Jessica, I understand you have three beautiful children.

JESSICA

We do. And all under the age of eight. Two girls and a boy. Sasha 7, Molly 5 and Marcus 3.

JEREMIAH

That's fantastic. Isn't that fantastic, Cleo?

Jeremiah looks at Cleo intently, smiling.

CLEO

Yes, I don't know how you do it.

JEREMIAH

Cleo and I have been talking about children for what Honey, about a year now?

Jeremiah looks at Cleo. She stares back without comment.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

We were ready to set a date and then the new job took over. I haven't given up though. I'm still trying to convince my beautiful wife that there's never a perfect time.

JESSICA

Cleo, take it from me, you'll never regret it. Isn't that right, Honey?

PARKER

Absolutely. I can't imagine life without them. Although, I have to admit that Jessica does most of the heavy lifting.

JESSICA

Don't be modest, you're a wonderful father. You're just not home enough. You work too hard and I think you're working Cleo too hard.

JEREMIAH

I can attest to that. Just this week I thought I'd be spontaneous, so I just showed up at Cleo's work, hoping to take her to lunch, but...she and Parker had already scheduled an important working lunch. I was told to go home and try again. And here I thought women wanted their men to be more spontaneous and romantic.

CLEO

Jeremiah, you know that's not fair. We had an important pitch the next day and we had to prepare. It couldn't be helped. Isn't that right, Parker?

PARKER

Yes, absolutely true. And I'm happy to say our working lunch paid dividends. We nailed the pitch.

Parker looks around and smiles. Cleo gives Jeremiah a stern glance.

JEREMIAH

That's great news. It's always satisfying when hard work pays off. Well, all I can say is that this has been a wonderful evening. Parker, I'm so glad you said 'yes' and Jessica, well, she is definitely your better half.

Parker nods his agreement, while Jessica smiles, loving the attention. Cleo tries to catch Jeremiah's eye.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

And I think the two of you may have nudged Cleo a little bit closer to the thought of starting a family. Thank you for that.

Jeremiah bows his head in thanks and flashes Cleo an exaggerated smile. She smiles back with dagger eyes.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how refreshing it is to meet two people so committed to one another and the old fashioned idea of family. So many couples we know are cheating and splitting up. I'd like to make a toast... to love, commitment and family.

He raises his glass as does a happy Jessica. Parker and Cleo exchange a quick glance before raising their glasses.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

To love, commitment and family.

Cleo fixes her eyes on Jeremiah. Parker keeps his eyes safely fixed on a beaming Jessica.

INT. JEREMIAH'S AND CLEO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - LATER

Jeremiah and Cleo close the door behind a departing Parker and Jessica and walk to the kitchen, standing on opposite sides of the island. Cleo is not happy.

CLEO

What was that all about?

JEREMIAH

I don't know about you, but I had a wonderful evening. What a great couple.

Cleo glares at him.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You know, sometimes you meet a couple and you just know that they're perfect for one another. I think that marriage is a keeper. Don't you agree?

CLEO

You deliberately put me on the spot tonight and you seemed to enjoy doing it.

JEREMIAH

What are you talking about?

CLEO

The conversation about children.

JEREMIAH

They have children, so we talked about children. I don't see the problem. Even your boss, Parker the third, thinks it's a good idea if we have a few.

CLEO

He never said that and you know it.

JEREMIAH

Hey, it was a great evening. Be happy. I think you scored a few points with your boss and Jessica certainly bonded with you. You have a new BFF.

Cleo is pissed.

CLEO

If you had such a good time tonight, then I'll let you clean up. I'm going to bed.

She finishes her glass of wine sitting on the island and abruptly heads off to bed. Jeremiah begins loading the dishwasher. He stops and takes a sip of his scotch. A small smile crosses his face.

INT. FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

Kaylee and Anabelle are walking to class. Amy and two friends appear around a corner and begin walking towards them.

KAYLEE

Oh, no. Let's go.

ANABELLE

I'm not going anywhere.

Amy and friends smile menacingly as they approach and surround the two girls.

AMY

I was just thinking about you. How wonderful you are and talented you are and what a fucking suck-up you are.

Amy's friends laugh menacingly. Kaylee stands terrified while Annabelle looks defiant.

ANABELLE

Get out of the way you asshole.

Amy looks at her friends and mockingly laughs.

AMY

Hey, we have a brave little one here. Not like the big shot cello player. I think she expects us to applaud or something.

Amy and friends laugh.

ANABELLE

We're not afraid of you. I told my mother about you and do you know what she said?

Amy looks at her with a "TELL ME" look.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

She said you're a loser and you'll always be a loser. That at fifteen-years-old, you've peaked. You'll never get any better. While Kaylee and me, we're just beginning. You get that, asshole?

Amy SLAMS Anabelle against a locker and then turns on Kaylee.

AMY

You brought this on yourself you fucking suck-up.

Amy pushes Kaylee to the ground. With violence in her eyes, she stands over a cowering Kaylee.

KAYLEE

What are you?! Just leave me alone. I've never done anything to you.

Amy looks at her friends and smirks dismissively.

AMY

We're done here.

As Amy and friends leave, they shove Anabelle hard against the lockers. Annabelle, defiant, immediately helps Kaylee up.

ANABELLE

Are you Okay?

They gather their things and begin to slowly walk down the hall. Anabelle puts a protective arm around Kaylee.

INT. CITY BUS - EARLY EVENING

Amy sits alone on a half-filled city bus, headphones on, she is lost in thought. Her head rests against the window.

Close on Amy: a vulnerable, far away look.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clyde is sitting at the kitchen table with a steaming cup of coffee. He takes an occasional sip as he looks around the stark and depressing room he's called home for a decade.

Something has changed, something in his eyes. The room no longer fits. He gets up and walks to the bedroom, looks under his bed and retrieves an old battered suitcase covered in dust. He brushes the dust off before placing it on the bed.

He then walks to a nearby closet, grabs a bunch of shirts and places them on the bed. As he begins to fold them, he HEARS children playing and LAUGHING. He goes to the window for a look and as he looks down, he smiles.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - DAY

Jeremiah stops at a red light. A police car cruises up next to him.

Jeremiah looks over and acknowledges the cop with a quick smile and nod. The cop returns the nod and accelerates quickly on the green light.

Jeremiah follows him through the light, then abruptly pulls over to the curb. Anxious, he sits for a moment to calm himself, then opens his glove compartment. We see his gun.

He stares at it for a moment, closes the compartment, then checks his side mirror before accelerating back into traffic.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Kaylee sits with cello wearing headphones. The car rounds a turn and SCREECHES LOUDLY. She looks around at the other passengers. The NOISE from a passing train fills the car.

The SUBWAY NOISES suddenly cut out and change to the MUSIC that's playing in Kaylee's head, Bach's 6th Suite.

While the music plays, we see the other passengers through her eyes, a collection of faces and emotions. Kaylee sits holding her cello close, taking in the world around her.

The JARRING SOUNDS of the subway return.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE, ADJOINING MEETING ROOM - DAY

SILENCE. Through a glass partition, Claire can be seen chairing a meeting of 10 people. We see Claire asking questions of a presenter standing at a white board.

The meeting ends and the door opens. A RUSH of VOICES FILLS THE AIR.

Claire enters her office and sits at her desk, taps a keyboard. The screen comes to life with graphs and data.

She studies the screen, but immediately loses focus, her attention going to the bottom drawer of her desk. She takes a key from her purse, unlocks it and slowly pulls it open. A blonde wig, leopard print top and heels fill the drawer.

She looks at them without expression, closes the drawer and locks it, turning her attention back to her screen.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Amy enters and closes the door behind her. She pauses in the cluttered hallway and listens, then walks into the living room and looks around at the clutter of beer bottles, empty pizza boxes and cheap, worn furniture.

She stands looking at the room without emotion, then, with a resigned sigh, begins to collect beer bottles.

She fills her arms to overflowing and walks into a kitchen, where dirty dishes fill every counter. Angrily, she kicks the lid off a garbage can, dumps the beer bottles and stands frozen and defeated.

INT. KAYLEE'S HOUSE - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Kaylee runs down the stairs.

KAYLEE

Hurry Mom, we're gonna be late.

Her mother, from the kitchen, responds with a RAISED voice.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Okay, Okay, I'm coming. We have oodles of time honey.

KAYLEE

Yeah, but you never know, with traffic and everything.

Kaylee's mother appears from the kitchen.

MOTHER

I'm ready.

They grab coats on and Kaylee her cello. As her mother opens the door, Kaylee rushes out. Her mother smiles and closes the door behind them.

INT. JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC - DAY - LATER

Kaylee and Mother enter the school's lobby and walk to the Reception Desk. The Female Receptionist at the desk welcomes them.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Julliard.

She looks at Kaylee with recognition.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I think we've met before.

KAYLEE

Kaylee Crawford. I was here for my audition and you wished me luck.

The Receptionist takes a quick glance at her iPad screen.

RECEPTIONIST

That's right, I remember. I see that you didn't need any luck. Congratulations Kaylee and welcome to Julliard.

Kaylee beams a smile and looks up at her mother.

KAYLEE

Thank you.

WOMAN

The gathering is on the second floor, Reception Room C.

MOTHER

Thank you.

As Kaylee and mother begin to walk toward the elevators, Kaylee looks back at the woman and smiles. The Receptionist returns the smile and waves.

INT. 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee and mother approach a Reception Table with a Woman(40s), seated behind it. Name tags are displayed.

WOMAN

Welcome to Julliard. May I have your names?

Kaylee looks at her mother who gestures for Kaylee to answer.

KAYLEE

Kaylee Crawford and this is my mother.

The Woman checks her list.

WOMAN

Yes. Welcome Kaylee and Mrs. Crawford.

The Woman crosses their names off the list.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

The reception is just starting and everyone gets one of these.

The woman hands each a Name Tag.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

May I take your coats?

MOTHER

Yes, thank you.

They remove their coats and hand them to the woman and then attach their Name Tags to the front of their dresses. As they enter the reception, a smiling man approaches.

MAN

Hello, Kaylee. Niles Witfield. We met the day of your audition.

KAYLEE

Yes. Hi.

They shake hands.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)
This is my mother.

NILES
Wonderful to meet you.

He extends his hand and they shake.

MOTHER
Monica Crawford. It's wonderful to be here.

NILES
I have to tell you Mrs. Crawford, Kaylee gave a spectacular audition. You must be very proud of her gift and I know, her hard work.

MOTHER
I am. At seven she decided she wanted to play the cello and that was that.

Niles looks at Kaylee with mock seriousness.

NILES
So Kaylee, are you ready to meet your Mentor? But before we do that, let me take your cello and put it in a safe place. You won't be needing it tonight.

Kaylee looks at her mother wide-eyed and excited. Niles takes her cello and leaves them for a brief moment, returning with a beautiful, young Black Woman(20).

NILES (CONT'D)
Kaylee, Mrs. Crawford, may I introduce Violet Massey.

VIOLET
It's so great to meet you Kaylee and you, Mrs. Crawford. I've heard so much about you, Kaylee.

Violet extends her hand to Mrs. Crawford and then Kaylee.

Kaylee is beaming, not able to take her eyes off Violet.

KAYLEE
Me too. I mean, it's great to meet you too. What do you play?

VIOLET
The cello, of course.

Kaylee smiles and giggles.

NILES
I'm going to let you ladies get acquainted. Wonderful to meet you, Mrs. Crawford. Kaylee, welcome to Julliard. It will change your life. I promise.

Niles hurries off while the ladies stand talking.

INT. JULLIARD PRACTICE ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Kaylee and Violet are sitting alone in a Practice Room with cellos in hand.

VIOLET
We're not supposed to be doing this tonight, so if you don't tell, I won't.

They exchange conspiratorial smiles.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Bach is one of my favorites too. Although, it's been a while since I've played this particular piece.

She gives Kaylee a determined look.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
So, Kaylee Crawford, are you ready to do this?

With a determined look, Kaylee nods and they begin to play the Prelude to Bach's 2nd Suite.

A short time later.

They finish and sit in silence. Violet looks into Kaylee's eyes and smiles. Two kindred spirits.

INT. AIRPORT - GATE DEPARTURE AREA - DAY

Clyde is sitting in the Waiting Area, looking at the activity around him. He removes his ticket from his pocket and looks at it, then returns it and anxiously looks at his watch. An announcement comes over the PA system.

ANNOUNCEMENT(FEMALE V.O.)

Boarding will now commence for United Flight 152 to Los Angeles with a connecting flight to Honolulu. Please have your boarding pass and photo identification ready for the gate attendant. And thank you for flying United.

Clyde gets up carrying a shoulder bag and joins the line.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

Jeremiah is following Cleo, three cars ahead. She pulls into the parking lot of the same Motor Lodge.

He pulls in behind her and parks a safe distance away, watching as she brushes her hair and applies makeup in the mirror.

She exits the car and walks at a brisk pace toward the motel, climbs the motel's stairs to the second floor and stops before one of the rooms. She fluffs her hair, then knocks.

The door opens to a smiling Parker.

They embrace as Parker pulls her into the room, closing the door behind them.

Jeremiah sits watching, looking pale and tired.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Claire is at her desk, closing out the day. She takes one last look at her computer screen then turns it off. Her eyes are drawn to the bottom drawer. She unlocks and opens it, staring at its contents before abruptly closing it.

She sits for a moment, thinking, looking down at the closed drawer. Then, conflict resolved, opens it, removing the blonde wig, heels, leopard print top and black skirt.

She exits her office carrying a large bag and her purse. As she walks through the Reception Area, the Female Receptionist(25), bids her a good night.

RECEPTIONIST

Have a nice evening, Ms. Bishop.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Darlene. You too. See you bright and early.

Claire presses the elevator button and waits. The elevator DINGS, the doors open and she enters.

Close on Claire as she waits for the doors to close, her expression is blank and far away. The doors close.

INT. INTERIOR OF PLANE - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Clyde walks down the aisle, checking his Boarding Pass as he looks for his seat, 17a. He spots it, places his shoulder bag in the overhead and squeezes himself into the window seat.

From his POV: he watches as others cram their bags into the overhead bins and settle into their seats.

A Woman(late-40s), with flaming red hair, stops, looks at her Boarding Pass and smiles at Clyde.

WOMAN

I guess you're stuck with me.

She places her bag in the overhead and takes the aisle seat, leaving the middle seat free.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

The middle seat is mine, but I'll give you some space unless somebody joins us.

She sits. Clyde extends his hand. They shake.

CLYDE

Clyde Dillon.

WOMAN

Brenda Radich.

BRENDA

(using air quotes)

'Not radish' as my friends used to call me. Are you headed for L.A. or onto Honolulu?

CLYDE

Honolulu.

BRENDA

Me too. A little R and R?

CLYDE

No, actually I'm moving there. Leaving New York for good.

BRENDA

Wow. Well, you only live once. I rarely leave the mainland, so I'm excited. Even better, the client's paying.

CLYDE

Not bad. The way you talk, did you ever serve?

BRENDA

I sure did. Marines. Desert Storm. Was stationed in Kuwait for a year or as we used to call it.. 'YouWait'. I never did see any real action.

CLYDE

Hundred and First, Nam. A long time ago. So, what are you doing now?

BRENDA

I'm a journalist, a dirty word these days, and a part-time filmmaker. Documentaries.

CLYDE

That sounds interesting.

BRENDA

It can be. Depends on the story and the expense account. I'm a bit of an adventurer by nature.

CLYDE

I admire that. After Nam, I decided I'd had enough adventure. I guess you could say that this is my last adventure.

He laughs.

BRENDA

Hey, go for it. As my first husband used to say, "when you're dead, you're rotting". So, in other words, live your life. He wasn't much of a poet.

CLYDE

I kinda like the rotting part.

They both laugh.

INT. JULLIARD LOBBY - NIGHT

Kaylee stands with her mother and Violet.

VIOLET

I really enjoyed meeting you,
Kaylee. I just know that we're
going to be great friends.

She looks into Kaylee's eyes and smiles.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

And Mrs. Crawford, thank you for
coming. A pleasure meeting you.

MOTHER

Thank you so much, Violet. It's
been a wonderful evening.

Kaylee gives Violet a big hug. Then looking into Kaylee's
eyes...

VIOLET

I'll be seeing you in a few weeks.
It's going to be hard work, but a
lot of fun too. You're going to
love the workshops and our
instructors. They're amazing.
You have a rare gift Kaylee. I
can't wait to see where you take
it.

All three hug and say their goodbyes.

KAYLEE

Bye, Violet. See you soon.

Kaylee turns to leave.

VIOLET

Can't wait.

INT. INTERIOR OF PLANE - NIGHT

Clyde and Brenda sit talking.

BRENDA

Your story is so topical. With all
the attention on the new crop of
Vets, the Vietnam guys have been
largely forgotten. Almost as bad as
what the Korea vets experienced.

She takes a sip of her drink.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I'm not diminishing what the guys in Iraq and Afghanistan faced, but Korea, fifty-thousand dead, Vietnam, fifty-eight thousand. They were brutal by comparison. Different time, different wars. Different country that's for sure. When you guys stepped off the plane, there weren't any bands playing or country western stars writing songs about your blood and sacrifice.

Clyde sits listening with a thoughtful, reflective look on his face.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Tell me to get lost if you want, but I would love to do an article on you, maybe even a short doc. Talk about your Nam experience, coming home, your life now. Your last adventure before the rot sets in.

They both laugh.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I think there might be a lot of Clydes out there. What do you say?

He pauses, thinking before answering.

CLYDE

I've been a pretty private guy for a long time. Maybe it's time to change that.

Brenda picks up her glass of scotch and Clyde his beer.

BRENDA

A toast. To all the Clydes.

They both drink and seal the deal.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeremiah continues to sit, watching the motel. It's getting dark.

He calmly reaches into his glove compartment and pulls out his gun.

Releasing the gun's magazine, he checks it, reloads, puts the gun in his jacket pocket and exits...

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT/EXTERIOR STAIRS/ROOM

...walks toward the motel, climbing the motel stairs slowly and deliberately, making his way to room 212. He stands for a long moment then puts his ear to the door. O.S.

MUFFLED VOICES can be heard; a woman's LAUGH.

He KNOCKS.

PARKER (O.S.)

Who is it?

JEREMIAH

Motel management. We've had reports of flooding and need to check the rooms.

PARKER (O.S.)

Well, there's no flooding in here.

JEREMIAH

Maybe so, but safety code says we've got to check each room for moisture.

CLEO'S voice can be heard.

CLEO (O.S.)

It's all right, let him in.

PARKER (O.S.)

Okay.

Jeremiah waits. We hear the SOUND OF A DOOR CHAIN being removed. The door opens and Parker instantly recognizes Jeremiah. He tries to slam the door shut.

Jeremiah pushes his way in...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...dropping Parker to the floor.

Cleo screams, in bed with the sheet pulled up to her chin. Jeremiah, gun in hand, calmly addresses Parker, still sprawled on the floor.

JEREMIAH

Get into bed with your girlfriend.

Terrified, Parker gets up slowly. Jeremiah keeps his gun fixed on Parker.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Don't be a hero Mr. Parker Reston the Third. I'm actually quite good with this thing. You might even call me a sharp shooter. Now, get the fuck into the bed.

Parker hustles into bed beside Cleo.

CLEO

Jeremiah, this is insane. You---

JEREMIAH

Don't begin to tell me anything.

Pointing the gun at Cleo.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You lied! You both lied to the people who love you.

PARKER

Jeremiah, this is no way to resolve this.

JEREMIAH

"Resolve?" Is that what you think? That I'm here to "resolve" this. To come to some kind of mutually agreed understanding?

Jeremiah laughs.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Just shut the fuck up you asshole. I wonder what lovely Jessica would like me to do? She's probably home right now telling your three children that daddy had to work late... again. And my beautiful Cleo. What did you tell me? That you didn't know when you'd be home. Parker needed some really important report.

Parker and Cleo are frozen, wide-eyed and terrified.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Now the question is, what do I do?
I've been watching you guys for
months. Even hired a private
detective.

Close on Cleo and Parker.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

He took lots of pictures. Just so
you know Parker, I've sent the file
to your lovely wife. She's probably
looking at it right now. I wonder
what she's thinking?

Jeremiah looks at his gun.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I've come to love this gun. Been
shooting at paper targets for weeks
now. Practicing my craft.

(smiling)

I'm kinda curious how a bullet
hitting living, breathing flesh
will sound. Will it go splat or
thud?

CLEO

Jeremiah, please.

JEREMIAH

"Please"?. Wow. I haven't heard
that in a long, long time.

Just as Parker begins to move, a DEAFENING BANG is heard as
Jeremiah puts a bullet between Parker's eyes. Cleo screams as
Parker falls across her legs, bleeding, dead.

CLEO

Jeremiah. I love you. We can work
this---

Another DEAFENING BANG is heard as Jeremiah puts a bullet
into her chest. She falls back, eyes wide, not yet dead. He
calmly walks to the edge of the bed and as she looks up at
him, another BANG. He puts one into her head.

He then reaches down, holds her left hand for a moment, then
removes her wedding rings.

Jeremiah stands for a long moment, looking down at a very
dead Cleo.

He then calmly exits the room...

EXT. MOTEL STAIRS/PARKING LOT

...and walks back to his car...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

...gets in and sits, bone tired, resigned to his choices, his fate. A peaceful look comes to his face.

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Claire reaches into her bag and pulls out her blonde wig, leopard print top, mini-skirt and 4 inch heels.

She changes into the skirt and top and out of her sensible office shoes, slips her wig on, adjusting it in the window's reflection. She then stuffs the cast-offs into the bag and addresses the cabbie.

CLAIRE
I'll get out here.

She hands him a twenty.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

She exits the cab and walks a short block before entering a local bar.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

She spots an empty corner table and takes a seat. A Barmaid(30s) approaches.

BARMAID
Welcome to Pete's. You're new here.

CLAIRE
Was just passing by and needed a martini. Gin, dry, olives... and keep them coming.

BARMAID
You got it. Should get busy real soon.

CLAIRE
Sounds perfect.

Claire sits in the half filled bar, waiting, anticipating.

INT. KAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kaylee sits on her bed looking through an information package from Julliard. She reads a letter addressed to her.

Close on letter.

Dear Kaylee,

It is with great pleasure that we welcome you to the Julliard School of Music.

Our year long Mentorship Program has been designed to match exceptional young talent with gifted Julliard students.

Through a series of one-on-one instructions, guest lectures, workshops and performances, you will experience the joy of challenging and expanding your considerable talent. Welcome to Julliard Kaylee and get ready for a remarkable year.

Yours Truly,

Caroline Duffy, Director, Special Projects, Julliard School of Music

Kaylee puts the letter aside and lays down on the bed. Her mind dancing with excitement.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy walks into the kitchen and sees her mother at the sink. Her mother's back is to her

AMY

Haven't seen you in a while.

MOTHER

Double shifts.

AMY

Maybe if that shit-hole would get a job or get out, you could have a life.

Amy's mother turns her head slightly and Amy sees something.

AMY (CONT'D)

What the hell Mom!?

She moves closer and sees that her mother has a black eye and broken nose.

AMY (CONT'D)

That bastard. I'll kill him!

MOTHER

It's nothing. He feels terrible about it.

AMY

He feels terrible? I'm gonna call the cops and get him locked up.

MOTHER

No, Amy. I'll handle this. He doesn't do it much anymore.

AMY

"Much?"..."Anymore?" Shit on that, Mom. He shouldn't do it at all! He's a pathetic pig.

Her mother begins to cry. Amy holds and comforts her.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'll take care of you, Mommy. I'll take care of everything.

Close on Amy. Her eyes are cold and dark.

INT. CLAIRE'S CO-OP, ENTRANCE DOOR - NIGHT

We hear keys in the door. It opens and Claire hurriedly enters and closes it, dropping her coat and purse to the floor. HER FACE IS NOT VISIBLE.

Her blonde wig and heels spill out of her carry bag onto the hallway floor. She walks to the bar, pours a tall scotch and downs it. HER FACE STILL NOT VISIBLE.

She then hurries into the bathroom and turns on the light.

A bruised and battered face stares back at her from the mirror. Tears begin to run down her cheeks. She collapses to the floor, sobbing.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - NIGHT

It's dark and Jeremiah hasn't moved. He takes Cleo's rings from his pocket and looks at them before setting them on the dash. He then pulls the gun from his pocket and rests it on his lap, shutting his eyes for a long moment as though in prayer.

Opening his eyes, he puts the gun to his head and without hesitation, pulls the trigger. The BANG is deafening as the windshield and side window are splattered with an explosion of blood. His head falls forward onto the steering wheel.

SILENCE. Close on the wedding rings.

INT. KAYLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kaylee is lying on her back on the bed as the SOUNDS of Bach's 4th Suite fill the room. She is at peace.

INT. INTERIOR OF PLANE - NIGHT

Clyde sits looking out the window. The Captain comes over the P.A.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

I'm happy to tell you that it's
eighty-two Degrees in Honolulu
today and probably tomorrow and the
day after that.

He chuckles.

CAPTAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What can I say? It's torture in
paradise. We'll be touching down in
just a few minutes in one of my
favorite places on this beautiful
planet. Enjoy and thank you for
flying United.

Clyde looks out the window. His POV: the Hawaiian Islands are visible in the distance. He looks over at Brenda and smiles.

BRENDA

Excited?

CLYDE

Yeah, I think I am.

He looks out the window, happy.

FADE OUT:

THE END